

Wishes Gone Wrong: Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better
- A Smutty Novella -
= Part 1 of 2 =
By Razmagurk

I should have known it was too good to be true. Nothing in life comes that easy. Can you blame me for hoping though? All I wanted was to be the winner for a change.

Not that, you know, I wasn't. I was athletic, I was popular, I was successful. Things didn't come easy for me, but I worked my ass off and I saw results. It's just that, well, it was never enough. No matter how hard I trained, no matter the sacrifices I made, he was always just one step ahead of me.

Would I have done things different if I knew then what I know now? I'd have thrown that fucking lamp in the trash, that much I'm sure of. "Satisfaction Guaranteed" my ass.

It was a week ago when it all began.

It was the final quarter. I hurtled down the pitch, ground pounding under each foot as I ran - legs pushing for all they were worth, barreling forward in a tiger's stride, stick in hand and ball in stick. I'd pushed clear of the defenders and had an open shot on the goalie.

This was it! Holy shit, I was doing it! A surprise break in their defenses - their whole team eating my fucking dust as the last few seconds ticked down - one final chance to turn defeat into victory.

The crowd screamed, people losing their minds as I made the game-winning play. Me! All eyes were on me! This! This is why I played.

And there! My chance. I took aim and I swung, but - no! - the ground reached out to grab me, to pull me into a rolling tumble. The ball flew up and wide.

Noland leapt, moments behind me, snatching it out of the air, grabbing it away before the other team - so close - could get to it. He landed hard and off balance but he didn't let it slow him down. The screaming of the crowd grew louder as he roared towards the net.

His shot whipped like a bullet. It was fast, but it wasn't fast enough. The goalie's shoulder caught it and sent it bouncing up and off the rim where again it bounced. We screamed, pushing at it with our minds, willing it to go in, daring it to defy us. The goalie fumbled to pull it away, but it was too late. It was good!

The crowd lost their fucking minds, cheering furiously for their golden boy's winning play. The game was over. We'd won. Noland had won.

"Great assist, dude!" He jogged over, panting for breath as he offered a sweaty hand. "Are you alright?"

Noland had won. Not me.

I pulled away. The last thing I needed was his pity. What was I going to say? That I tripped? Those kinds of excuses didn't hold up on the field. This had been my moment. My shining beautiful moment.

"Nick?"

"I'm fine." I pulled myself up onto my feet and brushed the grass off. "Good goal." I tried not to let the bitterness into my voice as I forced a smile. Another victory snatched away.

"Are you sure you're okay?" he looked at me with those soft eyes of his.

"I'm fine!"

"Alright. It you say so." He held up his hands defensively. "I guess that means I won the bet, huh?"

The bet. Uhg. I didn't even want to think about it. I was going to have to spend a whole practice in a sumo suit. It had seemed like such a sure thing when I'd made it.

The crowd had arrived on the pitch, our team just ahead of them. Everybody was rushing over to congratulate Noland on that miraculous play. The girls from the bleachers seemed especially eager to show him their gratitude.

I stepped back and let them carry him away. I didn't exactly feel like celebrating.

I gripped a fist. I wanted to scream. I wanted to yell and break my stick and punch something, but I held back, I kept it all inside. No one likes a sore loser. Instead, I kicked the ground, wincing as my toe made contact with something hard and heavy. I swore under my breath and kicked it again. A bronze handle poked out from the grass.

Wait, shit, what?

Was this what I'd tripped over?

I reached down and gave it a wiggle and then a tug. It was stuck in there good, but I was strong and I was angry. What I was not expecting was just how quickly it would give once I had put my full weight into it. It was too late - I was already overcommitted to the motion. I tumbled backwards, crashing down on my ass.

Blood coursed hot through my face. Did anybody see that? I stumbled back to my feet. No. All eyes were still on Noland.

My hand tightened around the muddy thing in my hand as I watched the girls fawning over him. That should have been me. I dashed the stupid thing right back into the ground with a hollow thud. That should have been me!

A lamp.

I looked down at it splayed out in front of me. There was no other way to describe it - it was like something out of a movie. I blinked down at it and shook my head. Was I concussed? Hallucinating? But no, it was still a lamp. I picked it back up. It was heavy. Metal. Brass? It was covered in mud and grass, but there was writing on the side. I could just barely make out the word "Satisfaction" in some weird cursive script. Was this some kind of ad?

I turned it over again and again in my hands as though there would be some clue as to why it was there. Who buries something like this beneath a lacrosse pitch?

Maybe... maybe it was magic?

No. I frowned. That would be stupid. Only an idiot would actually rub a lamp and expect a genie to pop out.

... right?

And yet... I glanced around conspiratorially, making sure no one was watching. I grabbed a towel from my bag and brought it up to rub away the dirt. The thing seemed to almost tremble in anticipation.

"Hey Nick!" yelled Noah, our goalie, "You coming?" The celebration was moving to the locker rooms.

"Coming!" I blushed. He hadn't been about to see me do that, had he? I dropped the lamp into my bag and ran back across the field.

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Honestly? That was the last I even thought about it until laundry day. I was pulling out my gym bag and it clattered to the floor of my little laundry nook. All of the mud and grime had dried into a thick gray layer.

"Uhg, gross." I picked it up with a rag and threw it into the sink, wishing I'd had the foresight to wrap the damn thing in a towel before it got dirt all over my lacrosse stuff.

It lay in the sink until the first load was humming away in the washing machine. It had landed on its side, poking up at me from the surface of the soapy, grimy water.

There was that word again.

Satisfaction.

I plucked it from the sink and ran a finger back and forth to wipe away the mud covering the second word.

"Satisfaction Guaranteed?" What the hell was that supposed to mean? What even was that advertising?

The lamp pulsed and was suddenly scoldingly hot. My grip slipped. The metal came crashing down on my foot. I yelped and kicked it in frustration, the hot, heavy brass against my unprotected toe just causing me further pain. Bright sparks ran along the metal of the lamp as it skidded across the floor, a pungent smoke pouring out from where it crashed into a pile of dirty laundry.

"Tremble, mortal!" A woman's voice boomed from the smoke. "And know that you, who has transgressed, shall face the wrath of the flame and the desert storm! Ten thousand years of suffering shall be piled upon you and ten thousand more for your arrogance, lest you beg and kneel and scrape for forgiveness, for you stand in the presence of one of the immortals, resplendent and terrifying in her wrathful - Wait, no! Stop!"

I unloaded the fire extinguisher into the smoke.

"M-Master!" a girl stepped out of the cloud, flame-retardant foam soaking her already diaphanous costume. "Really? Really!?"

I stumbled back. Holy shit, there was a girl in my apartment.

She picked up a towel off the washing machine and started drying herself off.

She was - shit, she was gorgeous. I had never seen a woman so exotically beautiful. Skin like brass and dark hair that hung down to her ass. And what an ass, round and full and perfectly presented in a scandalously fit harem-girl's outfit that drew deliberate attention to her prodigious curves.

Her unearthly beauty was capstoned by the smokeless flame that burned in each iris, not that I was looking at her eyes.

"Honestly," she crossed her hands over her prodigious chest. Her accent was exotic and playful, like spiced honey, and was like nothing I'd ever placed before. "All the trouble I go through to make a dramatic entrance, and this is the thanks I get?"

"Who are you? What are you doing in my apartment?"

"Ah!" Her eyes gleamed like sand in the desert. "As I was saying! I am the fury of the desert storm, I am she who stood before Eve, I who have crumbled kingdoms. In other words, oh witless Master, I," she gave a deep, reverent bow, "am the Djinn of the lamp. You have spoken the magical words upon the lamp and so I am beholden to grant upon you your heart's greatest desire."

"What!?"

"In other words, Master," she winked, "your wish is my command."

"Bullshit."

"I swear," she sighed and shook her head, "people these days have no sense of wonder."

"Wait, if you're a genie what was all that 'cower brief mortal' stuff? Ten thousand years of suffering?"

"Ah, well," her teeth glinted sharply as the playfulness fell away from her voice. "You kicked my lamp."

"I -" she seemed to loom despite her height. I took a step back. There was no telling what this crazy girl could do. "I'm sorry?"

"Apology accepted!" The wind fell away and the mood snapped back. There was a smug edge to the smile on her face, like a tiger with its meat. "Now tell me, oh repentant Master, what is your desire?"

"My desire?"

"Your wish! Which will be my command. Anything your mortal heart craves. The world is yours, oh fortunate Master," I shivered as she ran a slender hand down my chest. "For all of one shining want."

"Wait, hold on, one wish?"

"Ah, well," she waved a hand dismissively, "we used to do three, but its a lot better this way, trust me! People kept using their last two wishes to fix their first. It was a whole horrible thing, just a huge waste of magic and energy. So much paperwork. It's much better this way. Less waste. Very green."

"I didn't know genies cared about the environment."

"Of course! There's a lot of competition these days, we have to keep up with the times."

"Wait," I furrowed my brow, "don't most genie stories end badly? How do I know you aren't about to fuck me over?"

"Master!" she chided. "I'm hurt! We recognize that you have a number of alternatives for bespoke reality alteration these days and we value your patronage. Besides, we rely heavily on word of mouth. Where would we be if you didn't leave us a good review during the post-wish interview?"

"Interview?"

"Yes, satisfaction guaranteed! That means if you don't like your wish after the fact, we can go back over the details afterwards and change it. I pride myself on my many happy masters."

I think that was when the shock wore off. Holy shit. A genie. I wracked my brain trying to think of what that implied. I'd heard of genies, sure, but what had I seen that actually featured them? Aladdin? When I was a kid? Robin Williams wasn't nearly so hot.

Although - my eyes roamed hungrily over the exotic beauty - that did give me an idea.

"Wait, hold on." A sly smile crept its way across my face. "How do I know you're really a genie?"

"Oh no, don't you get started with that." she sighed. "Was the fact that I just came out of a lamp not enough for you? Do I need a great big glowing sign over my head that says 'Free wishes?'"

"So you say, but if you're a genie, you have to fulfill my desires, right?"

"Yes, you are my Master."

"Because I can think of some *desires* for you to fulfill." I flashed her a smile as I took a confident step towards her. I put my hand on the wall behind, pressing in close.

"Ah - careful Master," she didn't even flinch. "What kind of desires did you have in mind?"

I handed her the feather brush.

"What's this?"

"You can start by cleaning my apartment."

She laughed.

"Is that your want, oh bedraggled Master?" She grabbed the brush and her clothes melted from harem girl to a sexy french maid's. My eyes bulged at the flesh revealed by those scandalous silks - this was no dollar store costume. "That you would elevate yourself as the greatest of mortals by weirding a djinn's cosmic power for mundane domestic servitude?" Wind whipped at the detritus scattered about and my dirty clothes started floating through the air. "Is that your wish?"

"Not my wish. Just a desire."

"Ah, well." The clothes fell from the air. "That is less fun." Her maids outfit shifted from slutty to practical, though on her it was no less sexy. "Ordinarily, I wouldn't allow myself to be tricked so easily into a task, but frankly, Master, you could use the help. This place is filthy."

"Yeah, well," I frowned. "If I knew I had a genie coming over I'd have tidied up." I tilted my head to the side as she started to pick up the clothes from the ground. "Can't you just magic it all clean?"

"If you're trying to trick me into using my magic to demonstrate my power, it won't work." she wagged an admonishing finger "You get magic when you *wish* for magic, until then you just sit back and let me work."

I sat down on the couch as she started cleaning my apartment, her ass swaying too and fro as she hummed some song I had never heard. She was good. She picked up the floor, she swept, she dusted. I don't know if the apartment had ever been dusted in all the time I'd lived there.

And as she cleaned, I sat back and thought. A wish. My head pounded. What the hell was I going to wish for?

My life was already great, wasn't it?

"Hey, what sort of things do people normally wish for?"

"Ah, well..." she glanced around nervously. "These days? Sex, mostly. It's such a shame. The people of this era are so wonderfully creative! They have the most vivid and intricate of imaginations - fantasies the likes of which history has never dreamed! And they waste it all on sex." She shook her head.

"There's that many people wishing to get laid?" I stared at her ass... it had a certain appeal to it.

"Don't feel beholden to the trend, oh storied Master! You could have your own kingdom! Or walk among the clouds like a bird! I have nothing against sex, Master, as you might imagine," she wiggled her hips seductively, "but I do wish more people would wish for love."

I frowned. Love? Love was not my style. And I certainly didn't need any help picking up chicks, even if I was in a bit of a dry spell at the moment.

"Ooh, what's this? My Master is an athlete?" She had found my trophy case. "Surely, he is as strong and as virile as he looks. Those are also popular wishes, but I see you have no shortage of either.

I grinned. I worked hard. It was nice to be reminded of my success.

"Perhaps, Master, I could grant you youth unending? That you may forever reap the benefits of your prowess? Or maybe - wait - why is so much of it silver?"

I flinched.

"Oh?" her lip curved into a teasing smile. "I've struck a nerve? Perhaps my Master is not the greatest and most powerful of Masters after all?"

"Look." I rose to my feet and stormed over. "I'll have you know I'm a great athlete!" I looked over at all of the trophies and clippings and medals. "You see? A whole lifetime of accomplishments that anyone would be proud of!"

Yet she was right. There was a lot of silver. I sighed.

"You see this guy?" I pointed to the guy standing on the first place podium, grinning like an idiot as everybody fawned over him. "This is Noland." I'd tried to crop him out of the photo as best I could.

"Ooh, he's very handsome."

I shot her a glare.

"Every time I try to get ahead, every time I try to win, he's there. My whole life." I pointed to the picture of the two of us as kids, he'd won the MVP trophy while I'd won the most improved ribbon. I glanced over the articles of us in our youth - track and field, soccer, football, swimming, wherever I went he

followed. Lacross was the one damn thing I could give him a run at his money at. "All my life I've been living in his shadow." I clenched a fist.

"Ah," She grinned. The blaze of her eyes flared in excitement. "Now we are getting to the heart of the matter. Here is your heart's desire. Speak it, Master!"

"I want to win."

"There we go!"

"More than that! My whole life I've been struggling - giving it my all in everything I do - and always I land in second place! I want that to change. I want to live in a world where I've always been a winner. No more humiliation, no more silver, no more game-winning assists!"

"You want to be stronger! More powerful! Victorious from your first breath!"

"Yes!" I could finally be where I belonged. More! "And I want to rub it in his face! I want to surpass Noland at everything he holds dear. Everything he values, everything he attempts, I want to be better than him. Indisputably so. I want him to struggle to even get to my level. I want him to know the pain of humiliation because whenever I win he'll know he isn't good enough!"

Wind roiled once more around the apartment, all of the lights dimming save the fire in her eyes. The genie's hair whipping about behind her.

"Then say it Master! Make the wish!"

"I wish - I wish that - wait no. No. No."

"Master?"

I looked back at the trophy case, at that picture of Noland with his perfect smile and his beach blonde hair and all the girls fawning over him.

What would second place do?

"No, he'd still be Noland, wouldn't he? He'd still be successful and happy and everybody would still flock all over him when I wasn't around." My fist shook, my voice was heavy. "Second place is too good for him. I want him- I want him low. I want him to suffer. I want him to become something that he'd hate. Something humiliating."

"A toad perhaps, oh wrathful master? It's a little off brand for a djinn, but it is more than within my -"

"No! Worse! He thinks he's gods gift to women? He thinks he's confident and powerful and masculine - I want him as far from that as possible. I want him stripped of that. I want him reduced to a... to a... "

"A woman?" she put her hand on her cocked hip.

"Yes!" a smile crept across my face. "No better than those girls he's always picking up in the bars. The kind of horny slut that thinks guys like him are so fucking hot just because they score the big game winning goal - those slutty cheerleader types, you know? The kind you look at and you figure all they have going on is looking good, social media, and finding some fresh guy to fuck. The kind who look good no matter what they do."

"I should warn you, Master," she sighed "Those who wish femininity as an insult often find themselves in, er, unfortunate circumstances."

I furrowed my brow. Was that a threat? "I thought it was satisfaction guaranteed?"

"An observation, oh implacable Master. I have your best interest in heart, I assure you. It is only that I have seen a great many wishes granted and -"

"I don't care! I don't care! As long as he's brought low. That's my desire!"

"So which will it be? Do you wish to be better than him at everything he does and values, naturally successful in all such endeavours, or do you wish to turn him into a girly boy-loving slut?"

"Both!" my heart pounded. "I want them both! I want you to turn him into a girl and make it so that I'm better than him at everything important to him! That's my wish!"

"Master, please!" she shook her head. "This, I cannot grant."

"What?" My fists clenched. "Why!? Because of the girl thing?"

"No, Master!" She put her hands on her hips. "Because that is very clearly two wishes! You must decide down which path lies your true desire. Frankly, I think it is for the best. I do not think you quite appreciate the significance of what you are asking, it would -"

"I don't believe this!" I took a heavy step forward. "What kind of a bullshit genie are you?"

"Excuse me?"

"What kind of a shitty genie can't grant this one wish? Didn't you say whatever my heart desires? This! This is my desire!"

I loomed over her petite form. She cocked an eyebrow, rising to my challenge, daring me to take this just one step farther. The force of my aggression crashed into the wall of her resolve. The wind whipped like a sandstorm.

And then it stopped as suddenly as it had began. She sighed and gave a shrug.

"You know what?" her eyes flared and she put on a predatory grin. "I shouldn't. I really shouldn't. This sort of thing is, frankly, beneath me. I try to rise above it. I try to be better than my nature. Here I am

trying to help you, Master. Here I am trying to provide *quality client service*.” she looked at the feather duster in her hand then thrust it to my breast. “But if ever there was a Master deserving of this, it is you.”

“You’ll do it?”

“Make the wish, Master.” It was a dare. The fire in her eye danced. The room grew dark as distant thunder seemed to rise. The wind rose once more

“And, uh, you’re sure you’re not going to screw me over?”

“Satisfaction guaranteed.”

“Then, I wish... uh... I wish all that stuff I said earlier about him being a girl and me being better than him!”

“Granted!”

There was a flash of light and an eruption of sound and then nothing. She was gone.

I blinked. The folded laundry and the errant feather duster were the only indicators that any of this had been real. In the silence I could hear nothing but the beating of my own heart.

My pulse spiked as I turned to look at the trophy case. Had it worked? But no. It was unchanged. Where was my victory? Where was my wish!?

“You stupid fucking genie!” I yelled into the air as my fist slammed a hole through the drywall. “You didn’t do anything!”

I spent the rest of the night fuming and doubting my own sanity. It had to have been some kind of hallucination. Some kind of stupid dream.

A stupid, sexy dream.

I masturbated angrily and went to bed.

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Something was wrong.

I was asleep, conscious thought impossible in the thick fog of my torpor, but still I knew something was wrong. I rolled over onto my front, but landed on something heavy, something lumpy. Like two bowling balls jutting up from the mattress, pressing tightly - painfully - into my chest. My eyes squeezed tighter as I rolled back around.

I stirred. The sheets against my skin felt so smooth, so fresh. It tantalized and teased. I stirred and I wiggled and I pressed into it. Fuck, it felt so good.

I was getting weirdly horny - my body growing hot as my arousal climbed, my breathing growing heavier. Or at least, it was trying to. Something was squeezing me tight, gripping my waist and forcing me to breathe through my chest. The pace of my breath intensified in the low panic, the heat within me elevating in time with my gasping motions - a full body flush that left my whole body grinding, shifting and electrically sensate.

No dreams, not quite asleep, but my brain far from awake. On empty minded instinct, I spread my legs, silk against bare skin, my morning wood grinding up against the bed.

A soft sigh fell from my lips and then another and another. I shut my eyes tighter against the noise. I was rocking my hips now, forward and backwards, gentle yet strong. Something pressed within me as my hips rolled back, something firm and unyielding and just as hot and electric as the grinding of my throbbing meat.

My abs twitched, my back arched, my whole body was at the helpless mercy of this stupid horny buzz.

Some distant part of me frowned. It's not like this was the first time I'd awoke to my dick rock hard and rubbing in the middle of the night, - especially in a dry spell like this - but this was no flash in the pan morning ministrations. It was building, elevating, my body so electrically, sexually hot that I was having trouble coping. Alarms were going off in my brain, but I couldn't hear them over the blank-minded bliss.

Faster it built, hips bucking, my whole body given over to animalistic humping like a bitch in heat, desperate to cum, desperate for relief.

And yet something - something still wasn't right.

The shaking of my body had stirred my languorous brain. I furrowed my eyes all the tighter against it. Sleep's placid paralysis battled now not only against my horny rutting but against the rising unease, the urge to panic was quickly eclipsing my carnal inclinations. My breathing was heavy and strained, that tightness squeezing me harder, denying me the deep breathes I needed to calm myself.

Oh god, I couldn't breathe.

I kicked off the sheets. They whipped against my naked dick, the length of it pulling across it like a keelhauling of pleasure. I thrashed and I bucked and I screamed but all I heard was a woman crying out in ecstasy.

What the fuck?

Fear took precedence now, panic blasting away even my amped-up libido. I tried to rise but I couldn't - I couldn't bend my back and something heavy around my neck kept pushing me down.

I twisted onto my front and tried again, but the blanket was still wrapped tightly around my waist, still squeezing the air from me despite my kicking it away. I put a hand to it, to pull it away, but it was tight to my skin.

I rolled again, trying to claw and kick myself free of the mess I was in, but it was no use. Over the side I went, crashing chest-first to the ground.

I yelped. There was pain like never I'd felt before - like getting kicked square in the balls, but all throughout my pecs. I flopped over, tears in my eyes, hands racing up to rub my chest and meeting something else entirely.

"What - what the fuck?"

They were hot and soft and heavy. I screamed, struggling to rise to my feet as the new weight of my massive... my enormous... as my TITS heaved with every motion.

Oh my god, I could feel them. I could feel my fingers sliding around that tender tit-flesh, I could feel the low rush of raunchy endorphins surging through me with each grope and fondle of my disbelieving hands. Fuck - I swallowed - they felt so good. Even beneath the panic, my dick jumped as I brushed against one of the nipples.

Wait, fuck, my dick. My hand shot out to that most sacred of locations. No. Oh god. Not a dick: a clit. And what a clit - my knees buckled as my scream grew louder.

I fell back, gasping, onto the edge of the bed, but as I sat something shifted between the cheeks of my ass, something pressing deep within me, probing at some deep sexual core the likes of which I lacked all context for. I jumped, stars of bliss in my eyes, and fell over from the inertia of my swinging knockers.

I was left gasping on the floor, the source of my anaerobia now painfully clear - something tight was wrapped around my waist, squeezing me like a vice. I had thought it blankets, but it was something far more insidious.

I stumbled for the lights.

"Oh my god."

This wasn't my room.

The space was the same, same door, same window, bed in the same position, but that's where the similarities ended. This was the kind of room I dreamed about when I'd fantasized about horny schoolgirls pillow fighting as a teenager.

Artistic paintings of half-naked men covered the walls where the delicate darkwood wardrobe and vanity did not. Cutesy little ceramic animals mingled with condoms and lube. There was an entire shelf full of dildos and buttplugs, sorted by size and type. My face went pale as I saw one of the larger ones was missing. That would explain what I sat on just now.

A mirror. I needed a mirror.

I ran over to the full-length mirror on the back of the closed door. It was in an intricate wooden frame with "Elle Faut Souffrir Pour Être Belle" engraved in feminine script above the top. I furrowed my brow. I knew this mirror. My grandmother had one just like this. It had gone to my aunt when she had died. What was it doing here?

"Oh my god."

I held a hand up to my face. The girl in the mirror did the same.

There was no denying what I was seeing.

I was a girl.

And, holy shit - what a girl.

I would say she looked like some kind of pornstar come to life, but the effect was ruined by what appeared to be this woman's nightly beauty routine - a mask of green upon my face, fiery red hair up in a little mesh, and - most terrifyingly - a corset that sinched my already tight waist to cartoonish proportions. This was not some sexy piece of lingerie, this was an industrial, steel boned girl-squisher.

I fumbled to try to get out of it, somehow finding a way to deal with the knots despite the length of my long, intricately red nails. I gasped big lungfuls of breath as it came free. Who the hell would wear something like that to bed?

I looked back at the mirror. Jesus, the girl didn't even need it. The slimness of her waist just made it all the more apparent how curvaceous the rest of me was. Not only where these the biggest damn tits I'd ever seen, but they were the perkier as well. It was like they were hoisting themselves into the air in front of me, just begging to be seen. And all that was to say nothing about those perfect strawberry nipples, throbbing at full mast.

Shit, they couldn't be real, could they? But I could sure as hell feel them bobbed and sway and jiggle with every movement of my torso. Real tits didn't jiggle like that, did they? Not outside of anime, at least.

This had to be like... some kind of sexy mirage. Right? I reached up to grab them and was left week-kneed and gasping. Fuck. Okay, yeah, shit. Wow. They were real. I grinned as I squeezed again - okay, maybe not 100% real but real in all the ways that counted.

Ah, shit. I stumbled back, the weight of that warm flesh pressing and warping and spilling over my hands as I moved. It took a supreme effort of will to pull them away, to leave my tits cold and swinging in the air, to deny myself that sweet pleasure, but now was hardly the fucking time, was it?

I turned and shot a look back at the mirror over my shoulder, this body twisting farther and more comfortably than I'd ever have been able to go normally. My ass seemed just as gravity-defyingly round, just as huge and as jiggly and as pert as my tits. It had to be fake too, right? Oh, there was real elements in it - a healthy foundation of muscle and fat set between impossibly wide hips, but no true butt was this artistically perfect.

I turned back around and took a closer look. Long elegant legs and a tight narrow waist with just enough fat to hide the rock-hard abs beneath. Not that I could see my own waist with these stupid tits in the way.

I ran a hand along my body. I shivered and pinched and slapped in the hopes it would wake me up. My skin was smooth and supple and sensitive. There wasn't a single hair anywhere beneath the neck.

"What the hell?" It was a panicked whine. Even my voice was sexy.

I grabbed a tissue and started wiping the gunk off of my face. My heart stopped. The face beneath was my own.

Or, no. I looked closer. Not quite my own. An especially younger sexy sister perhaps? It was like one of those gender change filters on those photo apps.

My lips were especially egregious - puffy pink dicksuckers pouting plumply - but the rest of my face was softer and rounder too. Girly and feminine, but still undeniably familiar. All of my features, my slender nose and my strong brow and my sharp jaw, all softened and rounded and made stunningly attractive on this new female canvas. My freckles, once a splattered mess, now formed just the hint of a sexy blush.

Most surprisingly though was the vibrance of my green eyes. They'd always been so dull, now they blazed like emeralds.

I took a step back and took it all in.

Was this supposed to be me as a girl? I crossed my hands over my tits. I wasn't impressed. Okay, maybe a little. This was exactly the sort of slut that me and the guys were always trying to pick up after games.

Fuck. I swallowed dryly. Why was I so hot? My whole body was flush. I squirmed, a hand creeping up to my tit, the soft flesh yielding eagerly to my expert touch. My eyes rolled back; the rush of pleasure just as strong as it had been in bed. My body trembled and moaned. There was an emptiness inside me, a strange alien ache.

I looked at the dildos on the wall and bit my lip. My breath grew heavy as my flesh grew warmer and warmer.

All that grinding in bed had awoken something within me and my panic could keep it at bay no longer. Was that what this sensation was? A girl's arousal? I thought of all the big cock an ass like this could probably take, how hot and tight and throbbing this pussy must be. I smirked. Why did I feel so proud of that?

I grasped again at my tit, catching the electric pulse of my throbbing nipple between two of my fingers. My other hand crept slowly down the softness of my belly, down past the slender valley of my midriff towards my slick, girlish pussy.

Dare I?

A surge of stars exploded in my brain as my finger made contact with the engorged clit. Shit - my whole body tensed - my dick had nothing on this. I flexed my other hand. There was a need boiling inside me, and I knew just how to fill it.

I licked a finger to get it good and slick and -

Behind me on the dresser my phone screamed to life. I pulled my hands away from my hungry cunt, blushing like a schoolgirl caught in the act.

I turned to stare dumbfounded as it rang once, twice, three times, and then went to voice mail. It was like it was some strange alien artifact: a rhinestone-encrusted pink case. But this, this had to be my phone, didn't it? That signature crack in the screen was a dead give away, even if... even if it was a much nicer model.

The distraction was all it took. With my libido on hold, the weight of the situation crashed into me.

"What the fuck!?"

A dream. This had to be a dream, right? How else could I explain it? People didn't just wake up as sluts. I had to snap myself out of this. I shook my head and gave my arm a painful pinch. It was no use.

Besides, I licked my lips, no dream could feel this good, could it?

I was in the middle of a stream of angry profanity when the phone buzzed again. It was a text from Noah, and then another, and another. My heart leapt. Oh thank god, a hint of normality.

I slid a ruby-nailed thumb over the unlock and almost dropped the phone at what greeted me. A dick-pic. My eyes bulged.

This was... christ, this wasn't half bad. How long had he spent putting this together? The lighting and the framing were borderline artistic, and with just enough body to leaving no misinterpretations about who's cock this was. That coy smirk, that confidence. And no wonder - his dick was the size of my forearm. Had he always been so hung?

Not that... I tilted my head. Not that I was into that or anything. Just that... wow, I was impressed. I had no idea my friend had been packing something so... *virile*. My hand snuck back down to my juicy pussy.

I closed my eyes, breath hot. My petite fingers played their pretty part perfectly, somehow knowing exactly where and when to stroke, to rub, and to plunge to throw more fuel on the fire of my bubbling

passion. I'm not one to brag about my skill in bed - I had never considered myself especially adroit at manual ministrations - but here I was, able to accurately state first hand that I was apparently a virtuoso.

I swallowed hard and swiped to the next pic.

"Oh," I gasped, "Wow."

My fire grew higher and hotter with each breath, imagining all the wonderful things that monster cock could do to me, imagining those powerful arms picking me up and sweeping me away. I clenched my ass rhythmically around my plug, feeling it press and tug, the depth of its penetration rocking me with every little push and pull.

This body was so hot, so soft, so ready to fuck. My breath escalated to a gasping chorus in time with my rapture, fingers digging in faster and more desperate.

I needed more. I flicked to the next picture. There was no dick? I whimpered. Why was there no dick? It was just his cocky smug face as the team cheered about him.

The blood turned to ice in my veins.

Wait, I knew this picture.

This was from the game a few days ago. I read the accompanying text. Bile rose up in the back of my throat. He'd scored the game winning play? He was the fucking goalie!

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck! I threw the phone across the room and ripped my hand free from my reticent cunt.

What was I doing? What the fuck was I doing!?

That genie. That fucking genie. That was the only explanation. Somehow it had all been real. That bitch had double crossed me!

The lamp. Where the fuck was that lamp?

I stormed out of the bedroom into the apartment beyond. My heart raced. It was the same apartment, but just like the bedroom, everything was different, everything was aggressively girly with a hypersexual edge.

My personal home gym - thousands of dollars worth of exercise equipment, gone! Turned into a walk-in closet. Only the squat rack and a small pyramid of neon pink handweights remained. I tried not to think too hard about the array of easily-mountable dildos next to the rack. The smallest looked hardly used at all.

My computer, a old gaming rig, had turned into some kind of streaming set up. There was recording equipment and webcams and a greenscreen and all kinds of little fairy lights. The statistics page for an

onlyfans stared back at me from one monitor as video editing software displayed a close-up of a dripping pussy on the other.

Wait, shit, was that computer better than my old one? In fact, the whole place seemed just that much nicer. Everything was well built and cared for. No more Ikea furniture. None of the perpetual mess. Jesus, when I'd asked her to clean, this isn't what I'd fucking meant!

Then I saw my trophy case and I froze dead in my tracks.

The lustre of gold shone back at me.

There were more medals and trophies here than I'd ever seen in my life, all shining yellow and bright amid a sea of blue ribbons. There were pictures of a girl grinning atop podiums - the familiar face of the girl in the mirror. Younger, perhaps, more natural, but undoubtably me.

And that wasn't all, no. There, time and time again, laughing off her defeat - a girl that could have been Noland's sister.

My heart pounded. I was struggling to take it all in. These weren't all sports trophies. They started out as such - soccer, swimming, gymnastics? But they quickly transitioned to stranger things.

I tried to hone in on the earliest photo. There. That shot of me and Noland, exactly how I remember that day we met on the soccer field. We had just been two average boys. This time though we were anything but. Noland had a ribbon in her hair, and I had two.

I tried to put together a timeline. Kid's sports trophies turned increasingly feminine. Gymnastics turned to dance competitions turned to cheerleading rallies and beauty pageants. It was only a small jump from there to the national-level wet t-shirt contests and best up-and-coming model. Each photograph painted the two of us as more and more beautiful, but always I outshone her, it was always me in first.

I had won all of this?

Highschool me and Noland were wearing the Coxwell Academy cheerleading uniform - a microskirt and... who the hell wore stilettos at a cheer rally? Had these girl versions of us been Coxwell girls? Noland I and like, half the highschool lacross team used to bang the Coxwell girls after Lacrosse practice. They always went crazy for us private school guys. I looked at the photos of us jumping from one lewd pose to the next, pom-poms in hand as the enormous cock mascot ran around in the background. Had this me been on the other side of that equation? Had I been the one on my knees in an alleyway, the center of attention at an impromptu blowbang? I let out a short breath. I didn't even want to think about it.

I tried to focus on the most recent set trophies - what the hell was an AVN award? Best new actress?

I stood back, dizzy. All of my accomplishments, all of my glories. Gone. Replaced by this strange girl's life. Victory. But at what cost? My masculinity? My whole fucking life?

I shook my head. I didn't have time to deal with this. I refused to deal with this!

The lamp. That stupid fucking lamp.

I charged into the laundry room. The lamp - sparkling clean - was sitting neatly on a pillow on one of the shelves. I ripped it off. There was a little folded note below it.

“Good morning, Master! I hope you enjoy your double wish. I’m recharging my magic right now, but I’ll be back to check on you Saturday at 8pm! Please be near the lamp and we can go over any changes you wish to make to the terms.”

Saturday!? That was two days from now! All the panic that had been building at the back of my brain came crashing to the forefront.

I didn’t fucking believe this. I started rubbing the lamp for all it was worth. I was going to give that bitch a piece of my mind.

But nothing happened. No amount of rubbing would bring my tormenter to bear.

“Fuck!” I slammed the lamp down on the ground as hard as my girlish arms could. The lamp sparked. Had it worked? I reached down to pick it back up and an electric surge shot out into my arm. “Son of a-” I jumped back, shaking my delicate hand.

Another note was peaking out from the spout.

“PS. Stop throwing my lamp!”

I screamed. The rage within me erupted like a storm, thunderous and powerful. Were I myself it would be a frightening thing, but my body was weak and my motions hopelessly girlish. All the vastness of my fury and it sputtered out of me like a petulant drizzle.

I crossed my arms over my chest, trying not to cry.

I had never felt so helpless.

“Okay.” I collapsed on the soft plush of the pink couch and curled up into a ball. “Think.”

I was a girl until Saturday. That wasn’t so bad, was it? A couple of days? I’d miss the game on Saturday, but this girl’s life I had found myself in - I could fake it until then, right? I probably wouldn’t even need to if I played it smart. I could call in sick and order delivery. I wouldn’t even have to leave the apartment; I wouldn’t have to humiliate myself. No one was going to see me like this.

Yeah, I took a few deep breaths. I could do this.

I looked around. Did girl-me keep a schedule? Some kind of calendar? There had to be something that could tell me more about this person. Right?

I kept a personal organizer near my workout stuff. I used it to track workout logs so that I could be sure I was always making progress, always getting one step closer to beating Noland. It was still there. It looked like the two of us had this much in common at least.

Except this book - doodled on like some kind of lovestruck high school bimbo - was now full of all kinds of strange milestones and trackers. Most were mundane: hair, makeup, nails, social media goals, outfit ideas, that sort of thing. This girl kept meticulous track of what worked and what didn't. Others were a little alarming. Plug size? Corset training? Cosmetic surgeon reviews? I shuddered. This body was no accident.

I thought back to the picture of me and Noland on that soccer field. We had been born girls, but this beauty had been as painstakingly achieved as my own athletic success.

I frowned. The book didn't contain a schedule.

"Okay," I took a breath. "Keep it together."

I could feel the tears, I could feel the anguish welling up behind my eyes. The estrogen had made swift work of my mental defenses. "This is fine. This is fine. I can handle this." Saying the words out loud did little to assuage my turmoil. "Let's take it one step at a time."

I went back into the bedroom and started looking for the phone. Maybe she used an app.

There were more texts from Noah. My pulse rose when I saw the thumbnail, but I wasn't about to fall down that rabbit hole again.

God, why did the idea of seeing my friend's huge dick get me so fucking hot?

My eyes went wide. That bitch. Had she made me gay too?

No. No. I looked at the impossibly beautiful creature in the mirror and let my mind wander to all the downright filthy things I'd want to do to a girl like this. How I'd run a hand softly down her slender back, how I'd nibble on her ear until she screamed, how I'd softly brush the hair out of her eye before kissing those sweet fuckable lips.

I shook away the blush. See? Not gay. Not completely gay anyway. It wasn't even me; it was this stupid girl body! It kept getting turned on so fucking easily. I just... I had to stay away from men, that was all. How hard could that be?

I turned back to the phone. The calendar spoke of an intricately arranged social life, one hot date after another, sometimes two or three men a night or even at a time. I closed the app in disgust. A bikini-clad version of myself surrounded by huge guys at the gym stared back at me from my home screen.

Who the hell even was this girl? I scrolled through the photo roll. Duck face selfies from beautiful locations and pictures of cute food. This wasn't just me as a girl, this girl had a whole fucking life. Even if - I frowned - even if she was a bit of a basic bitch.

I pulled open my contacts. A thousand or more unfamiliar names popped up. Men, mostly, and almost all with a little 1-5 star rating next to their names. There were a lot of fives. I found one labelled work.

“Okay.” I took a deep breath. “I can do this.” I just had to tell them I was sick until further notice.

It rang.

“Nikkie? Oh my god, is that you?” the girl’s voice on the other side was unfamiliar and harried. There was some kind of commotion going on behind her.

“Uh-”

“Oh thank god, I was just about to call you, listen - I know you’re not scheduled tonight, but we’ve had a bunch of no-shows today and I really need you on deck. I’ve pulled Noland in too, but she can’t do it on her own. We need you in ASAP!”

Noland. My heart leapt into my throat.

“I-” I tried to fake a cough. “I’m actually not, like, feeling all that great? That’s why I was calling.” I winced at my own voice – it was as shallow and as girly as this apartment.

“What? Nikkie, you can’t be sick, you’re our MVP! I need you to come save our butts. Noland’s good, don’t get me wrong, but she’s no you.”

“I...” I couldn’t help the smile bubbling up inside me. They needed me. Not Noland, me. I was their MVP. My heart thumped. I didn’t know what the hell was going on, but if this was a chance to see this world’s Noland, if this was a chance to show her up and rub her nose in my superiority, then maybe... maybe that was worth a little humiliation of my own? Right?

No. What? Jesus christ, what was I thinking? I couldn’t go out like this. I looked like a fucking pornstar! And besides - I blinked - my hair was a mess and I wasn’t even dressed.

But wasn’t this what I had wanted? A chance to see Noland put low? A chance to finally show him his place. Isn’t this something I’d endure any pain, any humiliation to be a part of?

Wasn’t victory worth the price?

Besides - I took a deep breath - I was going to wish everything back to the way it had been, right? In a few days it would be like none of this had ever happened. Why not take advantage of the situation?

“Nikkie? You still there?” she was desperate.

“Don’t even worry!” My voice was bubble-gum honey. “I’ll be there as soon as I can!”

“Oh my god, thank you, Nikkie, your a total lifesaver!” There was a crash behind her and breaking plates.
“Oh come on! Shit, I’ve got to go- Hurry!”

There was a click and then silence.

I looked down at the phone. What had I just agreed to?

I trotted into the bathroom. I didn’t have much time, but I couldn’t go out like this. I still had my hair up in a net and a face smeared with beauty gunk. I wasn’t about to let girl-Noland steal the spotlight just because I rushed out the door with bed head.

The bathroom too, was different, but I didn’t have time to deal with how downright luxurious my toilet was, or the dildo sitting on the seat of the whirlpool shower, or the staggering array of products lining the sink and tub. I was the sort of guy they made all-in-one shampoo-conditioner-bodywash. I didn’t even know what any of this crap even was.

Okay - I looked into the mirror - I’d have to keep it simple.

I took off the rejuvenating overnight facial mask with an oil-based cleanser, then went back over it with a water-based one before applying some toner and eye cream and going over everything with a spf-moisturizer. It was pretty basic, but it would have to do. My hair - now swinging down almost to my butt - got a similarly basic treatment: a quick spritz of dry shampoo and a few strokes with a brush.

I took a step back and admired my handiwork. I was stunning. The hair, falling like loose waves, hung around the perfect skin of my soft round face. I blew a little kiss - cute plump lips pouted seductively beneath a soft button nose. I twisted this way and that. Long eyelashes framed vibrant, expressive green eyes. it was a face with a lot of range. I could go anywhere from innocent vixen to needy whore with just a few shifts in makeup and expression.

I ran into the bedroom and took a look at myself in front of the full-length mirror. The woman before me was still impossibly, perfectly sculpted. Though the corset was now gone, it was obvious that it’s effects still lingered. As lip-bitingly hot as my naked form was though, I needed to get dressed, and fast.

Shit, what even would be appropriate? What did this girl do for a living? Lawyers didn’t get called in like that. Was she a model? What did models wear? The drawer I normally kept my work clothes in was now occupied entirely with frilly, close-cut lingerie. Uhg, all of this girl’s clothes were like that. Nothing I could find came anywhere close to even business casual.

Okay, this was fine. I kept spare clothes at work for when I wanted to hit the nearby gym during my lunch. This girl was me, right? She’d do the same. I would just wear something normal over and change there.

I just had to find something simple.

I pulled out what I thought was a basic sweater only to see the huge hole in the front designed to show off my tits. I frowned. Forget business casual, none of these came close to even regular casual. Even the most conservative of these outfits was downright scandalous.

I considered the walk-in closet that my home gym had become, but what I'd seen of that was full-length dresses and gowns and corsets wrapped sternly around mannequin torsos.

One step at a time. My panty drawer was a bright rainbow of neatly folded silk, carefully arranged to display style and material. I frowned. Despite the variety of colors, the real choice seemed to come down to either hypersexual or ultra cute. Was I going to wear pink ruffles or have a string riding up my ass all day? I chose the latter. Somehow it was less degrading. The thin line of fabric lined up gently over my plug as I pulled it up over my tremendous ass.

Oh shit. My plug.

How the hell had I forgotten I'd been wearing a buttplug this whole time? It had just... it had settled in so comfortably. I gave it a little tug, twisting at it to try to get it to come out, but the sensation sent me buckling as a low horny groan escaped my lips. Fuck - it was like trying to draw Excalibur.

I turned back towards the mirror, naked breasts swaying with ever greater intensity as my breathing increased. Maybe... I clenched my butt around it tighter. Mmm... maybe it could stay. Who would know?

I dug around looking for something even remotely manly. The closest I could find was a pair of jeans and what I thought was a muscle shirt. Only too late did I discover that they were both painfully tight.

It was a struggle. I had to bounce around foot to foot to get my jiggling ass into the seat of the pants.

I wouldn't have thought it possible for my posterior to look any sweeter, but somehow the skin-tight denim managed, hoisting my ass up big and proud for all the world to see.

I had no less difficulty with the top. The act of manhandling my hypersensitive hooters into it had left me a hot panting mess. Only when I finally stepped away did I realize that the tight-cut sleeveless croptop had "Daddy's Girl" written on it in cutesy pink script.

My impossibly perky tits seemed to warp the soft fabric as it was somehow tight enough to cling to the underside of my melons and show off in no uncertain terms what I was packing.

Wait, shit. A bra.

I looked at the array of bras before me. Pushup, balconettes, plunges. There was little here designed with comfort over style. But no - I chewed my lip - I'd have to go without. I'd had a hard enough time getting that top on the first time, and as much as I'd love another round of frantic fondling, there was no time. Besides, how big of a deal could it be? As perky as these things were I'm sure I wouldn't even need it.

I glanced at the clock. I had to hurry.

I was already half done my makeup by the time I even realized what I was doing. I was too busy doing my waterline to even question how I knew how to do it. It was a simple but flirty summer look. Just the

basics. A face like this hardly needed it and I could touch it up or kick it up a notch afterwards if needed, but I didn't want to look like I'd just rolled out of bed.

Finally, I threw on my little six-inch black heels and sauntered out the door. I frowned. Even with them on I still wasn't as tall as I had been as a man. My first few steps were cautious and awkward, but after a little practice I was able to walk in them no problem. Shit, I didn't know what girls kept complaining about, I could probably run in these if I needed to.

Okay, I slung my little pink purse over my shoulder and gave one last check in the mirror.

I was ready.

My heart thumped as I stared at the sex object looking back at me. Was I really about to do this?

Was I really about to pretend to be some person - some *girl* - that I'd never even met? I didn't know anything about her! There was still time, I could still call back and tell them I changed my mind. Noland could fend for herself.

Noland could fend for herself.

I sighed. That was the fucking problem, wasn't it? Noland */could/* fend for herself.

If she was anything like the guy I knew she could come out of nowhere with the big damn hero play. And then where would I be? Not even second place. It made me sick just thinking about it. I was not about to sit back and hand Noland an easy win just because I'd been... what? Shy? Embarrassed to be seen?

Fuck that.

I took one last deep breath and I stepped out the door.

-

Everybody was staring.

I wasn't... I wasn't used to this. Oh, sure, I knew people would be looking, but I hadn't expected their gaze to be so... appreciative.

I had imagined harsh judgement; I had imagined humiliation beyond measure. Instead, girls gawked jealously as guys turned their heads to get a better look. For better or for worse, all eyes were on me.

And you know what? I was kind of loving it.

It's not that I had never been noticed before. Don't get me wrong - guys as built as me get all kinds of attention - but this was like playing in a whole different league.

I just couldn't decide if I was okay with this or not. I mean, I was a girl, for fucks sake. This was the wrong kind of attention. I shouldn't like this, right?

And yet I couldn't help the little skip in my step. I couldn't help but smile. It was the same rush I got when I was on the podium, when I was racing down the pitch. It was the thrill of victory, of dominance. And here all I had to do was walk down the street.

I giggled. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad?

"Hey pretty thing!" a voice cried. "Damn girl, you looking fine! Got a little kiss for me?"

It took a minute for my brain to even process that they were talking to me. I skidded to a halt. There was a construction crew - about a dozen men at least - gathered at the edge of a site to watch me pass.

"Cause I've got a little something for you!" the leader continued, grabbing his crotch. All the other men laughed and started to give howls.

I blushed, my heart pounding. I was certainly not used to getting hit on so brazenly. Especially by, shit, why was he so cute? Sort of tall and strong and rugged. A familiar heat started to spread through my body. I turned to give them a dirty glare, but with a face like mine I'm pretty sure it came across as a smoulder.

"Come on sweetness, show us some love!" he gave a sound like a wolf's howl and the others laughed. "What's the matter? No show today?"

I scowled all the harder. My fist shook, but something told me a right-hook to the face or a foot to the balls wasn't going to resolve this. I shook my head, trying not to think of a few other things I could do with his balls.

This was crazy. I was a guy for fucks sake! I was straight! Even if - fuck - even if this traitorous pussy was telling me otherwise. I needed to get out of here, fast, and without pissing this guy off.

"Sorry mister," I told him off, "but I'm running super late! Maybe next time?" I gave him a wink then turned around and trotted off so that my ass had plenty of bounce for them to stare at. There was a raucous cry as I made my getaway.

My heart pounded. Had I really just said that? Had that really fucking worked? I bit my lip. There was a downside to being the center of attention. I'd hate to think what would have happened if they'd decided to use more than just words. All those strong men with their rough hands and their big dicks and -

Fuck. I had to stop thinking about boys. I needed to hurry up and get to work. I needed a place where I could just keep myself busy and not have to worry about horny men flirting with me all day.

-

"Hooters!?"

I stood outside the red-brick facade. I hadn't even been paying attention to where I was walking, but I knew now that I was here. I worked at a fucking Hooters? What about all the modeling awards and the trophies and the camgirl setup?

"Oh thank god you're here!" A girl rushed out to meet me, pulling me into a hug. She was small and bespeckled but had a bust that almost - almost - put mine to shame. Her tits squished against my midriff as she buried her head in my cleavage.

"Uh, hi?"

"Kacey and Lacey were getting drunk off their asses last night and Eve's been hit or miss ever since she got her new boyfriend. The whole shift is AWOL! Noland's trying to hold down the fort but she's way outside her depth! I've been calling everybody but Jamie and Jean can't come till after classes. You're the only one I could get on short notice! If you can't pull a miracle out of your ass I don't know what we're going to do!"

She pulled her face out of my tits and looked up at me, one last bit of hope glinting in her eyes. I knew that desperation. This was coach telling us we were down 3 in the final period. Things were looking grim.

"Don't even worry." I gave her the same game-winning smile I gave him. "I got this."

"Thank you Nikkie. You're an absolute life saver!" She squeezed me tighter. I was unaccustomed to such close affection but I grinned at the praise. "Now hurry up and get changed!"

I rushed inside. Sure enough, the place was crowded with impatient men. There was a lone girl flittering from table to table trying to keep everybody entertained. I hurried my way past the employees-only sign to the changeroom. Mine, no surprise, was the locker done up in all kinds of glittery stickers. Inside was a variety of Hooters shirts in increasingly smaller sizes and several pairs of orange booty shorts, some modified well beyond regulation.

I held the shorts up and tugged at the waistband. Great, and after all the effort I'd gone through to squeeze my way into these jeans.

Again I caught myself questioning the reality of the situation I had found myself in. I wasn't really about to do a shift waitressing at Hooters, was I? This was ridiculous. I was a lawyer for god's sake - a man! - this was beneath me.

But if it meant seeing Noland in the same position... oh, I'd dream of seeing him mincing around in heels getting his butt pinched by all the boys. Not so manly then, are we? Not that - I tugged the tiny shorts over my ass - not that I was doing much better. My rump bulged like cleavage.

But still. This was crazy! I didn't know anything about waitressing. I didn't even know the menu! How was I going to tell them about the \$4.99 boneless chicken tenders with their choice of side and drink, or which of the rotating special sauces they could choose from? I took a deep breath. I'd just have to make it work.

I pulled the tight, form-fitting fabric down over my braless tits, the prodigious flesh of my perky melons squeezing out as proudly as was humanly possible.

Here I was. A hooters girl.

And you know what? I cracked my knuckles. It was game time.

I stepped out into the restaurant to a drunken cheer and the unmistakable odor of sweat, beer and wings.

Crowded tables of men turned to look as I took stock of the situation. The other waitress was over by the corner table getting manhandled as everybody else looked on impatiently. I blushed. I recognized some of these guys from the law firm - perverts and chauvinists the lot. I didn't envy that girl one bit.

My heels clicked as I made my way to the table. My pulse elevated. There was something about this girl that put my hackles on edge. She was smoking hot. Hell, she had a body that could put mine to shame. All the guys seemed to be eating her up. I crossed my arms over my chest. Why did that bug me so much?

Wait, this was the girl from the photos.

Noland?

Fuck. I stood up straight and hoisted my tits into position. Was she actually somehow hotter than me? No, not quite. My boobs were maybe a little bit bigger, my ass just a little bit rounder, lips just a bit fuller. She could hardly be said to be going for the natural look, but I clearly had put more work into it. It was like someone had built me by looking at her 10 and cranking it up to 11.

So - I frowned - why were those guys bothering with her when I was right here?

She took a step back, clutching the menu over her top as she retreated from their advances. From the angle I was looking I could just make out the fleshy pink orbs of her breasts peaking out from a tear in her shirt. Ah, that was why.

She was trying to extricate herself from the situation, but they were having none of it. One had a hand cupped around her sizeable ass and was keeping her from scootching away.

I clenched a fist. He wanted an ass to grab? I'd give him one.

"Hi boys." I purred, wrapping an arm intimately around the other waitress' waist. "Enjoying the service this evening?"

"Nikkie!" Noland's eyes lit up.

She had fumbled the ball and now I was here to run it to the net.

I half expected the other girl to turn away, but instead she pressed into me. I doubled down, stroking gently at her side, softly caressing her tight belly. I knew just where to touch. She gave a slight gasp. The guys grinned at the implication of girl on girl.

"You're have to be careful with Noland here, she's, ah, -" I licked her ear - "delicate." A shiver ran through her, just like I knew it would. Guffaws and wolf whistles rose from the other tables. Fuck that was a good feeling. It was like as soon as I was there Noland didn't even matter.

Noland pressed into me harder, her face flush, her breathing elevated and exaggerated. Soft saphic moans escaped her lips, amplified by my touch. She had figured out the game and was running the assist.

"But oh dear, what's this?" I stepped behind her and cupped my hands over her sweet melons, gripping the tear shut while hoisting and squeezing those jiggling mounds for the delight of our audience. She, too, was braless beneath. Good. "Gentlemen, it seems my colleague here is out of uniform. That's very naughty, isn't it? A girl like her can't help it though, poor thing. I'm sorry you had to see this. I'll have to think of a way to punish her." I gave a wink. "Why don't the two of us get you cute guys a round of beers, okay? After I've given my coworker a spanking, that is."

There was another round of cheering as I pulled Noland away, hand around her hip. She tugged her shirt back down into her waistband with one hand as she tried to still her still-quivering mammaries with the other.

"Thanks for the save, Nikkie." She let out a sigh of relief as we pressed into the changeroom. "I can't believe I froze up like that! I wish I had your confidence."

"Oh, pfft" I waved a hand dismissively, trying to hide my jubilation. "Boys are easy."

"Yeah, for you," she giggled. "You always make it look so easy." She was trying to put on a brave face, but underneath she was flush. I could count the number of times on one hand I'd seen that look on his face. She was blushing, upset, humiliated. Fuck, I couldn't hold my grin back any longer, I drank this up.

"Uhg, and I can't believe I ripped another top! Look at this!" she tugged at the wound in her shirt, her unrestrained boobs fighting beneath to see which could escape fastest. "I don't know how this keeps happening."

"Do you have a spare?"

"After last time? Yeah, yeah I learned my lesson." she pulled off her tattered top and let her enormous tits flop out like the nudity between us was nothing. I looked away, grin widening. My nipples were bigger than hers too. "But it's from before I got the latest upgrade, so it's gonna be kinda..."

Her tits spilled around the fabric as she held the new top up to her torso. It was several sizes too small and modified into a croptop. Her flesh bulged beneath as she squeezed into it, underboob threatening to spill out if she so much as raised her arms.

Croptops were technically forbidden - Hooters had strict uniform regulations - but something told me that at this particular restaurant they weren't exactly sticklers about such things.

I frowned as she tugged it on. She wore it so well that it almost made mine look small in comparison. Did I have a shirt that could compete with that?

"You know what?" I opened up my locker. There had been a few different sizes in here. One of them had to give me the effect I was looking for. "I'll wear an extra small too."

"Aw, for solidarity? You'd really do that for me?"

"Of course! You know me!" I couldn't let her get all the stares.

"Thank you Nikkie!" she pulled me into a hug, our heavy tits crashing together like blimps. My heart pulsed. Her body was hot. The heat of shame, the heat of arousal. She did a poor job hiding it. I traced a hand down her back. I knew just where to touch her to comfort her, even as my own heat climbed to reach hers.

There was something about this girl that was driving me crazy. I could feel myself growing slick, my pussy empty, hungry. I wonder what her tongue would feel like against -

I pulled away and shook my head. No! Keep it together. This was Noland, for fuck's sake.

Or, at least, the girl version of him. This world's version of him. It was so easy to forget. How different was she from he? How much of my Noland was in there? Was this truly the man I had spent my whole life struggling to reach? He was just as much of a slutty bitch now as I was.

Was this - was this really how I wanted to catch him? Was this really what I had wished for?

I mean, yes. Despite everything, my trepidation did little to spoil my amusement. The fact that it had been me who saved this girl? It felt good.

"Uhg." She wiggled. "I can't believe I let them get to my head again. I'm such a fuck-up sometimes. I was doing so good too - but today, all alone, and then my shirt ripped? I just... I froze." She shook her head then let out a little laugh. "I guess you were right."

"Right about what?" I manhandled my boobs into my new, tighter top. It seemed easier than the last one.

"I've definitely earned this." She pulled off her pants and bent over, leaning against the wall and arching her back to display her plump juicy ass and the sparkling sapphire plug within.

"Whoah- hey!" my face turned red as I looked away. "W-what are you doing?"

"Mmm, come on, I lost the bet." She wiggled her ripe rump. "I couldn't go a week without showing everybody my tits. Now I face the punishment... you said I'd earned a spanking right?"

I balked. Bet? Shit, the sumo suit had nothing on this.

"I'm not..." what the hell? "I'm not going to spank your stupid ass!"

"Aw, come on! What?" she pouted and waved her plump keister in the air, "Why not?" There was an undertone of legitimate worry to her voice, to her this was a serious rejection.

My hear lurched. Was this really just a thing we did? Noland and I were always making stupid dares as kids. Loser has to eat a worm, that sort of stuff. I pressed my lips. I had eaten a lot of proverbial worms over the years. Maybe this slut did deserve a spanking after all.

And besides - my gaze traveled along those almost perfect curves - here was a super hot slut begging me to spank her naughty ass. Who was I to turn that down?

"Fine." I rolled my eyes. "Ready?"

She nodded, biting her lip.

My hand came down thick and heavy against her flesh, a wide performative swing that let out a fleshy clap and a soft moan, her trembling pussy glistened. She squeezed her tingling cheeks around the sparkling princess plug in her ass. It was smaller than mine. I shook my head. This girl wasn't going to get anywhere if she didn't commit.

Smack!

Again and again I brought my spread palm to bear, each time sending her enormous ass jiggling and bouncing. It wasn't long before her cunt was overflowing, the smell of her arousal quickly rising to fill the small changeroom. Punishment? She was eating it up.

Every slap sent electric shivers through her as her body undulated against the locker wall. I'd never been one for spanking, but with every hit she roiled. I was good at this. I knew exactly where to hit to make her moan, to make her squirm.

By the end she was moaning and twitching with each slap, biting her tongue to keep from crying out loud enough for the customers to hear.

She was literally cumming around my hand. Lucky bitch.

"Thank you, Nikkie." Her legs trembled as she pulled her shorts back over her ripe red ass. "I really needed that."

"You did?"

"Yeah, you know how much cumming clears my head. Especially after a big fuck-up like that. But you know what?" She took a deep breath and bounced on her toes as she pulled her shorts back up, the booty spilling out still a vibrant red.

"What?"

"I think we can do this." Her eyes glinted. "I think we can win this thing. It's early on, and we're behind and we're outnumbered, but if we double down and do our best - like, if we *really* get in there and show them what we're made of, I think we can pull together a huge upset."

"Noland?" I raised an eyebrow

"What?" She laughed. "What's with that look?"

"Sorry, I just..." I shook my head. There was the Noland I knew. That all-canadian quarterback so keen to lead out on the field. I didn't buy it for a second, of course. She was trying to convince herself just as much as me. I could see the doubt in her eyes. She was still reeling from earlier.

I frowned. As much as I loved seeing her like this, this was almost too easy. I knew just how to cheer her up.

"Hey," I gave her a playful nudge. "I'll tell you what."

"What?"

"How about we make a game out of it?"

"A game?" her plump lips curled into a smile. Now I had her attention.

"I bet I can make more tips than you by the end of the night."

"Oooh," She laughed. "Jokes on you, though. I've already got a huge head start."

"What's the matter? Afraid it won't be enough?"

"You're on!" She stuck out her tongue.

I grinned. Now we were talking.

"Alright!" She gave her tits one final adjustment, "I'm heading back out! We've got a lot of work ahead of us."

"I'm right behind you!"

I took a deep breath. It was time to take to the field.

I stopped in the doorway.

Something wasn't right.

How was I not freaking out right now?

Here I was, stuck in some kind of pornographic nightmare. I'd been turned into some kind of girly slut! I should have been terrified, I should have been furious! And now, what? I was about to try to outwhore some other bitch? So that I could humiliate a girl who didn't even know she was my hated rival?

If anyone should be humiliated here, it should be me. I knew what I was and still I was prancing around like an oversexed bimbo hitting on anything with a pulse.

But... but I wasn't humiliated, was I?

Why not?

I looked down at my hands as I flexed them in the air. Sure, I was a girl, but I didn't give a fuck who saw me like this. Hell, I wanted them to see me. I was hot as fuck. I was proud, confident. And you know what? - I twisted in front of the mirror - I was ready to be the best damn slut I could be. I'd show all those yummy boys what a real woman could do.

I giggled at the thought of all those men out there with their firm muscles and their hard dicks, lavishing all their attention on me. God, it made me all warm and gooey just thinking about it.

But see, that wasn't right, was it? I shouldn't be looking forward to that! Red flags were exploding in my brain. The room went dizzy. I stumbled back in my heels and sat down.

Why was I handling this so well? I wasn't even a real girl and I still had Noland beat for sheer slutty exuberance.

Wait, fuck. The lamp. My heart pounded. The genie.

This had been my wish hadn't it? To be better than him - her - at all the things she held dear. She wanted to be confident. She wanted to be effortlessly sexy. She had to struggle for it. I didn't.

That bitch.

So of course I was confident, of course I was proud and funny and flirty and a million other things a girl like me needed to get things done. Because she wasn't, but she wanted to be.

"Fuck!"

Alien thoughts swirled around my head. Makeup and clothes and gymnastics and how to suck dick. Worse - modes of thought. Empathy and feminine confidence and emotional intelligence and a flirty can-do attitude. I should be horrified. It wouldn't let me.

This wasn't right, this wasn't *me*. Where was my determination? My grit? My rage? I had to fight this. I needed to turn around and leave. To run and to hide as long and as hard as I could. I should never have left the apartment, I should have just hunkered down and tanked through until this could all be reversed.

My heart thumped.

I looked at the door. It wasn't too late.

All I had to do was leave. I could abandon Noland to her fate, to all those men.

My heart thumped all the louder.

I mean...

All those men, all to herself.

I could just picture it. Her, laughing and giggling and getting all the attention while I went home and sulked. I frowned. And why? Because I couldn't handle a little flirting? No, that couldn't be it. I was better than her. If she could handle it then I sure as hell could do it too.

So why?

I let out a breath I didn't know I'd been holding. I'd made up my mind.

I wasn't about to let that slut win.

-

"Hi boys!" I slid up to my first table. My heart pounded. They were good looking at least. Laborers or athletes, these were boys who used their body for a living and it showed.

They grinned hungrily as they eyed the morsel that was my body. I demurred and played coy, the sheep to their wolfish appetites. Every tiny expression of body language was deliberate and flirtatious and playful. I gave them something to chase. Something to hound over.

God, the idea of them chasing me down and catching me, picking me up and taking me back to their beds, having their way with me. I bit my lip.

Not that - I tried not to furrow my brow - not that I wanted them to. No matter how horny I got at the idea. No matter how many of a thousand different ways I could use them to scratch this deep raunchy itch.

It was just the tips that I was interested in, I swear.

It was a rough shift. Crowded and rowdy. Way too many horny men here for a show and not nearly enough girls to please them all. They were hungry and bored and impatient. Noland scrambled table to table but despite her best efforts, she was in over her head.

Me though? I fucking soared. Table to table, group to group, giggling, winking, jiggling. I was everything they had come to see. I barely even had to think about it. It was so easy to sink into the role, so easy to lose myself in what I was, and what I was was sexy.

I kept glancing over at Noland. She was good, don't get me wrong, she was really good, but I was better. I was at the top of my game and - I shook my ass at a lecherous old man pulling bills out of his wallet - I was scoring big. She may have had a head start, but I was gaining.

I took a breath between tables. I was flush. Of course, the men weren't the only horny ones. All those staring eyes, all that flirting. My pulse pounded. I was hot and wet and squirmy. Every wink they gave me, every little grope or illicit caress, all tantalizing me with the promise of the good hard pounding they knew I needed. I mewled. I tried to use it, to incorporate it into my waitressing, but how much more of this could I take before I gave in and had one of them just bend me over and fuck me silly while the whole restaurant watched?

And that's when he walked in.

"Noah!" I gasped.

"Hey Nikkie," his smile was like a flash of lightning straight to my heart. "I didn't know you were working today."

"No, you're right, I'm not even supposed to be here today. But now that you're here I'm glad I came." I gave him a wink.

I was trying very hard not to think about all those mouthwatering dick pics he had sent me this morning. Did the real thing live up to the hype? God how did it taste?

"Noah!" Noland rushed over and pulled him into a hug. Her eyes sparkled. She wanted him as much as I did. I couldn't blame her. Fuck, had he always been this hot?

"Noland! How are my two favorite girls?"

"Much better now that your here," she giggled. "You want to come sit in my section? I'll get your usual?"

I flinched. She was making a play, trying to steal him away from me. I'd have to pull some tricks out of my sleeve to convince him to sit in mine. I'd show her how to -

Wait, I wasn't really going to fight with Noland over a man was I? Over Noah of all people? I mean... I'd win, right? No question. But I wasn't really going to stoop that low, was I?

I mean...

No. No. No? No. I looked at the shining love in her eyes. I wasn't gay. No matter what my body said. I'd let Noland have him.

Even if... fuck, he was so hot.

I let her drag him off into her section. Maybe it was for the best. She kept tripping over him the rest of the shift. She kept stopping to talk. Sloppy.

We may have had a rough start, but it didn't take long before Noland and I fell into a rhythm. Gone was the overwhelmed girl I had rescued earlier. My presence had bolstered her confidence. She was pushing herself, taking risks in pursuit of big payoffs. I laughed. She could see how much I was gaining on her and she wasn't about to give up without a fight.

Her play was subtle at first. Just a hint of extra cleavage. The customers ate it up, especially with how her tits bulged and jiggled as she walked around with a big tray of drinks.

I smirked and followed suit, giving my own cleavage a good tug. I was glad I had changed into this tighter top. I went all-in. If I pulled this shirt down and farther you'd see my perky little nipples peeking over the neck. I grinned. My bigger tits meant I could show more cleavage than that girl could ever hope.

It didn't take long for her to notice me returning fire. She wasn't about to take this challenge lying down. When next I saw her, I laughed. Rather than putting her cleavage on display, she'd pulled it up, her heaving melons now squeezed out of the crop-top hem as underboob.

The guys at my table turned to stare as she stepped out. She tried to hide that cocky, sexy little smirk, but I knew her too well.

So that's how it was going to be, huh? Technically, that was against regulation, but something told me that today it was going to slide.

It was time to get serious.

My next table got a little treat. Right when I was sure Noland was watching, I grabbed my shirt and flashed them my tits for one, two, three bounces. They were stunned! I grinned and played it off as an accident. God, what a rush. These boys would have this image burned into their brains for the rest of the night.

My victory was short lived. When Noland came out carrying two trays of wings, held high, her arms were up enough that her boobs spilled out entirely, her hard nipples hoisting up the hem. Even my tables turned and stared.

I was just about to come out topless when the manager girl caught me. Apparently that did qualify as being out of uniform, no matter how much the guys would have liked it.

Fine. I'd kick it up in another way. Time to dig in my heels..

I was already getting closer to these guys than most girls would be comfortable with. I had been sexy and flirty, but now I bent and I swayed and I dropped all the subtlety from my routine. We were beyond that point now.

I bent over at the waist as I reached across the table, tits pressing into the wood as my fat ass perked up for all to see. I purred up at the customers, 'accidentally' rubbing against them and giving them plenty of opportunity and encouragement to grope and fondle.

I thought I'd had them eating out of the palm of my hand before, but the heat of my hooters had these boys melting.

Noland took my lead and ran with it, she pressed into her customer's side, arm around his back, stroking his shoulder. The poor guy - just a highschool senior - was absolute jelly as his friends looked on enviously, snapping pics as she posed and winked. A happy birthday indeed.

But I... I could do better.

I turned towards my latest, an older gentleman with a perverted grin in his eye. He wasn't handsome but he was clearly successful and that gave him a certain aura. I lowered my ass down onto his seat, sitting there next to him with an arm wrapped around him and my tits pressing into his chest as I showed him the menu. I think I might have almost given him a heart attack, but he was definitely enjoying it.

Noland saw her birthday boy looking over, tearing his eyes off of her and on to me, and kicked it into third gear. She swung her juicy butt around and fell into his lap, dangling around him like a lover as she whispered something into his ear. Oh, I could do better than that.

I wrapped my arms around my man's neck, pulled myself in tight, and started to rock my hips. My tits ground against his chest as I rubbed my pussy forward and backwards over his crotch. Heat pounded through me as his dick pulsed luridly against my nethers. Shit, this old guy was packing. I bounced and I jiggled to the music playing, twisting to give him a view of my enormous ass as I all but hotdogged him through my clothing, as I vented all my horny frustration on humping this man senseless.

My passion rose higher as the music climbed, the sparks of pleasure caused by my scraping cunt igniting a roaring fire of desperate need as my grinding grew animalistic, I gasped and I cried out and I careened towards sweet relief.

Almost... fuck... almost...

"Nikkie!" the manager yelled.

My eyes snapped open. I looked down at the wicked grin on the man's face. I blushed as I realized exactly what I was doing. The entire restaurant was watching.

Okay - I blushed - maybe I'd gotten a little carried away. I gave the man a wink as I pulled off of him. The crowd laughed, and so did I. They thought it was part of the show. A lesser woman would have been mortified, but as the cheer rose up from my hungry audience, I knew it had been worth it.

I bounced up to my feet, grinning and jiggling. Noland couldn't top that. I was outclassing her every move, all while handling twice as many tables as her. My blood pounded with the thrill of impending victory. I was on fire

"You're so bad." she giggled, catching me between tables. She was out of breath.

"I think I'm winning."

"For now. Maybe I'll do something about it."

"Like what?"

She gave me a kiss on the cheek. A wolfwhistle came up from the nearby table. She pulled away, her pink little lips curled into a smile.

I kissed her back. Harder, better. Her watermelon-sweet lips parting effortlessly for my tongue as I wiped that sexy smirk off her face.

"Nikkie!" she moaned. "We can't..."

"Sorry. Here," I stepped up and swept Noland into my arms, leaning her down low, gazing deeply into her eye as I kissed again her quivering lips. There was a moment's shock through the restaurant, conversations stopping as everybody feasted their eyes on the two horny little server girls. Despite her reluctance, she kissed back, hand caressing my cheek.

We came away panting. The restaurant erupted into a raucous roar.

"So bad."

"I'm still winning" I winked.

The rest of the shift was absolute war. She showed an inch, I showed a yard. Every little trick we could think of, every little flirtation. It was fast, it was frenetic, it was... fuck, this was fun!

I hadn't enjoyed myself so much while competing in ages.

I had always been so stuck on losing, I'd always been so angry and violent that I'd forgotten to just enjoy the... wait, we were fast coming to the end of the shift. Where was Noland?

She hadn't been out in some time. There were people waiting on refills. Prime opportunities were getting passed up. Had she given up so late in the game?

I wiggled my butt over to the changeroom. What was she up to? Maybe she was going to 'accidentally' lose the shorts and let everybody see that cute plug of hers? Hell, maybe she was just getting ready to come out completely naked. Shit, how could I top that? Maybe if I got some whip-cream...

That's when I heard it. A slopping sound, a hungry sound. Moaning, gasping, grunts.

"Oh my god." I turned around the row of lockers. She was topless, on her knees, legs spread wide enough her plump butt pressed onto the ground. Noah was stood before her, his fly open and his enormous dick plunged down her saliva slick throat. He was waving a wad of bills above her head.

"Mmmf!" She was trying to moan out some gasping cry, but it was buried by the thick meat. She had one hand on the floor and the other playing with her pussy. I surge of jealousy hit me. That slut was having the time of her life.

"Noland!?"

"Nikkie!" she pulled off with a slurping pop. "Don't be mad!"

Mad? Why would I be mad?

Alright, maybe I was a little upset. But I wasn't mad she was doing this. I was mad I didn't think of it first. I was mad she was doing it without me.

I fell to my knees next to her.

"What are you doing?"

"You're doing it wrong."

"I am... What? I am not!"

"You're not even using your hands. Here, look." I wrapped my fingers around the slick base of Noah's shaft and started twisting while my other hand reached out to gently squeeze his balls. I let out a little sigh. They were hot and heavy and churning with what I could only imagine was a staggering volume of sticky virile cum.

Noah grunted in appreciation. I looked up at him and batted my eyelashes. He returned my gaze with a wink and a confident grin that sent sparks through my whole body. God, why was he so hot?

I turned back to his dick, blushing, I tried not to think about how easily it would be to fall in love with someone like this, someone tall and powerful and athletic, with a devil-may-care confidence and strong arms that could pick me up and keep me safe from the world. No, I didn't like the implications of my fluttering heart one bit. I had to focus on the sex. That's what this was about.

Not that - fuck - not that he slouched in that department. His dick was, fuck, I squeezed it tighter, it was like steel. How was it even more impressive than it was in the pictures? How was it that anything could be so overwhelmingly manly, so impossibly virile? I let out a short sigh and a whimper.

It pulsed and strained, saliva-slick, in the air, blood surging impatiently through it in response to my manual ministrations. I gulped. My mouth had been watering. This was it. This was a rubicon. I was about to suck a guy's dick.

I extended my long pink tongue and ran it along the meaty underside, stopping at the head to lick the frenulum and to swirl my tongue around the sensitive ridge of his bulging cockhead. Was my tongue longer than Noland's? I smiled. I bet it was.

Good and slick I put my pillowy lips to his head and sucked, creating a vacuum in my mouth, an emptiness inside me that could only be filled by him. I pushed myself forward, taking his dick slowly, sensually, lips tightening, tongue swirling opposite my hands. My saliva mixing with Noland's like some savory third-party kiss.

My arousal bubbled, the heat from his dick melting any resistance I made of had. It felt so fucking good inside my mouth. I needed more. I pushed in deeper, continuing to twist my hands and tongue as I pressed it further within me, as it pressed into the back of my throat. I should have gagged, but it felt too fucking good. I swallowed it down further, throat bulging at his girth,

Noland looked on jealously. Was this heaven? I never wanted to let this go.

But - I frowned internally – how was I suppose to show off how much better I was if I didn't even give her a chance? Reluctantly, I pulled back off, repeating the motions in reverse, until finally it broke free from my lips with a loud sloppy pop.

"Oh wow," Noland gasped, "I see what you're saying. Like this?" she put her own hand twisting opposite mine then took my lesson to heart. A little awkwardly maybe, but her faux inexperience just made things all the hotter.

"Mmm, yeah, just like that. Isn't that right, Noah? You like that? You like the way that horny bitch is gargling your hot fuckstick? Is she making you feel good, baby?"

"Yes!" he gasped out, head rolling backwards.

"Good." I grinned. "Show her how much you love it."

His hips started to buck, his dick thrusting forward and backward, fucking into Noland's slopping hole. His confident grin had faded away, now he was just trying to keep his composure as the two of us went to town on his heavenly meat. God, he was so cute.

I could see in her eyes Noland was struggling. I couldn't blame her, no normal woman could handle a cock so big, so thick. I grabbed her by the back of the head and pushed her gently forward, just enough to keep her from flinching as Noah fucked into her.

I took one more look at the scene before me. This had been the dick I'd been masturbating to this morning. I let out a hot sharp breath. I knew I shouldn't, I knew I should be focusing all my game on this play, but I couldn't help but reach down and start fingering my pussy beneath my tight orange shorts. I buckled as the pleasure slammed into me. It had been teased and flirted with and groped all day and now that dam of supercharged erotic energy was running over and washing me to sea.

I moved down and took his heavy balls into my mouth, sucking gently as waves of bliss shook through me. I knew from personal experience how much of a power-multiplier ballplay could be, how much it amplified the sensation of sex. What I didn't expect is for my sucking on them to amplify my own clitoral attentions. I gasped and I moaned and I cooed. I wanted Noah to know how much I was loving every second of it.

And then when Noland came up for breath, saliva and precum dripping down her chin and onto her tits, we swapped off again. It was two-on-one, we were giving Noah no chance to recover.

Despite my earlier insistence, Noland did know what she was doing - more than enough to keep up the pressure at least - though I was obviously much more skilled. Back and forth we bounced, playing off each other, working together to bring him closer, our own pleasure climbing along with his.

And then - right as I bottomed out - right as my own pleasure peaked, his balls tightened and his dick pulsed and he let out a loud gasping grunt. Oh my god, he was cuming.

I pulled back, the first of his loads blasting into my mouth, then spraying into the air as I pulled off of his dick. It pulsed like a firehouse as it sprayed me and Noland with jet after jet of thick white semen, a truly unbelievable amount of hot sticky cum, all over our eager faces, all over our horny tits.

I shivered in sheer and utter delight as I came there and then. God help me, I couldn't think of anything hotter.

We fell back panting.

I looked over at Noland and grinned, her jizz-slick face smiling up at Noah, basking in the reward of our teamwork. Mmm, should I lick it up or leave it on? Which would get more tips?

"Oh. Great." came a woman's voice. I turned around. A quartet of beautiful girls had just entered. The one in the front had her arms crossed over her chest. "Looks like the Slut Patrol here took the last shift. Way to set the bar impossibly high as always, girls."

"I knew I should have worn my pushup bra..."

"Wish I had tits that big."

"Hi Noah." one gave a little wave, biting her lip.

"Ladies." he gave a wink.

I smirked as I reached up and milked the final drops of cum from Noland's dick. They were just jealous.

The shift was over. I was tired and horny, but I'd won.

I grinned over at Noland's jizz-stained face. She was a little embarrassed she had gotten caught, even more so to find it hadn't even come close to tipping the scales in her favor, but the radiance of my smile assuaged her guilt. It was a good effort. She'd shown a lot of hustle.

"Oh my god!" the manager girl wrapped her arms around me as we stepped out, dressed once again in our civilian attire. "You're an absolute legend!" her head was once again buried in my tits. "I don't know how we would have gotten by without you. I know it's your fourth in a row, but I'm going to put you in for waitress of the month again! You've totally earned it! You'll have your own calendar at this rate!"

I tried not to laugh as I basked in the praise. Even after the shift, as Noland and I were walking together, I was bouncing. This had been the best day of my life.

And then Noland let out a long sigh and ruined it all.

"Hey, are you okay?" I bumped my hip into hers playfully.

"I'm fine." She tried to turn away, there were tears welling up in her eyes. She reminded me of myself on the pitch a few days ago after tripping over the lamp.

I froze. Crying women were not exactly something I was great at dealing with. I should just leave it well enough alone. I had no idea how to handle this.

"Hey, come on, bullshit. What's wrong?" I pulled her in close, rubbing her shoulder as I pulled out a kleenex to deftly dab at her tears without hurting her makeup.

"I..." she leaned into me. "I'm sorry, I just, I keep thinking about how I fucked up out there at the start. I totally froze! I don't know what I would have done without you. The whole shift would have been like that if you hadn't come along."

"What?" I put a hand on my hip. "No way! Look at you! Noland, you're sexy and you're capable and you're smart. I know you. When the chips are down, you rally. Sure, you may have stumbled, but you'd have gotten back up, with or without me."

Oh my god, what the hell was I saying?

"You think so?" she smiled.

"Of course! Don't sell yourself short just because you had a rough start. If I hadn't been there, you'd have hit your stride and you'd have managed that whole restaurant all by yourself."

And if she was anything like my Noland, she'd have stolen all the damn glory.

"Thank you, Nikkie. I wish I saw it that way. That," she gave me a squeeze, "that really means a lot to me. You always know just what to say."

I frowned. Of course I did. I was even better at cheering her up than she was. I was perfect in all the ways she wanted to be perfect.

"Come on, lets cut through the park, okay?" I clapped her back. "The fresh air will do us good."

It did us both good, as it turned out. Though cutting across the grass in stiletto heels to get there was easier said than done. Well, Noland was struggling, I was getting through without too much difficulty.

It was dark out. How had that happened? The entire shift had breezed by like it was nothing. I'd been so focused on all those tables, all those men, on winning... that I hadn't even noticed the time passing. I barely even noticed I was a girl.

We were just walking past the lacrosse pitch when Noland laughed.

"Hey, do you remember when we were kids?" She elbowed me and pointed to the net. "God, it all started out so innocently, didn't it?"

I remembered he and I being at each other's throats.

"God, you were never afraid to be who you were." She kicked off her oppressive heels and ran onto the field. "I always loved that about you."

"What?"

"I was always terrified, always scared of people judging me for wanting the things I wanted, for wanting to be the person I wanted to be. But not you - everything I wanted to do, you understood exactly what it meant to me. And you stepped forward and you did it. Even when I was afraid. You were always one step ahead of me. Hell, it was all so easy for you. Sports, dancing, all those pageants."

I thought back to all the trophies.

She did a cartwheel. I smirked, kicked off my own shoes and did a better one.

"Do you remember when I told you I had a crush on the captain of the football team?" she continued, "But that I was too shy to do anything about it?" She fell forward into a shaky handstand, her skirt falling about her hips as her legs balanced unsteadily and her thong-clad ass and hungry pussy strained invitingly in the air. "You were - you were on your hands and knees the next day, sucking his dick in the supply closet. Do you remember that?"

"Uh..." I blushed. Was I really the sort of girl to steal my rival's boyfriend? Fuck, it wasn't even a contest. I was, wasn't I?

"How fucking great was that?" she giggled as she teetered back onto her feet. "See, it made me realize that the only one holding me back," she gave a little bounce, "was me."

"Look, Noland, I'm sorry about all that sort of stuff. I can get a bit competitive at times."

I flipped onto my hands, cartwheeling into a handstand of my own, legs dangling in a graceful arch as I eeked my center of gravity forward. Hand over hand, I walked a circle around her, then I stopped and lifted one hand in the air, balancing unsteadily on one hand.

"No, no! See, that's what I'm trying to say - you were always there to drive me, to push me, to make me better. You made me realize that if I was going to have him, I'd have to take him from you. And I did, so you fucked the rest of the team. God," she laughed, "we must have slept with half the school that year."

My blush intensified, though it was hard to tell with all the blood rushing to my head.

"And see, most girls would be mortified by that, but you just drove me further. Whenever I was nervous about something, whenever I wanted to try something new, whenever I was terrified that I couldn't make it. You were there, running ahead of me, blazing the way, giving me something to chase. No matter what the rest of the world said. You were always there to like," she rolled her hand as she looked for the word, "to affirm the legitimacy of my desires."

I pushed up into a twisting cartwheel, landing once more in front of the girl. My heart pounded. Fury flecked at the back of my brain.

Was that how she viewed it? I had spent my whole life in second place, my whole life with someone pushing me down, stealing the spotlight, fighting for first. I had hated him for it. But this girl, she was grateful?

I swallowed my distaste. Was I... shit, was I a bad person?

Goddamnit Noland, you piece of shit. Only you could make me feel bad even now.

"Of course!" I shook my head and I faked a laugh. How else do you respond to something like that? "You know me, Noland, I'll always be there for you. What's got you all sentimental?"

"Sorry, sorry." She laughed in turn. "It's just been a rough day. I guess what I'm trying to say is - even if I can do it without, I'm glad I have you. Every time I think I'm catching up to you, every time I think I'm going to get ahead and show the world what I can do, you just blow me away. You're my hero, Nikkie. Thank you for saving me."

She gave me a hug. It was tender, sisterly. I hugged back. She was a good hugger, but I was better. Her body against me was the softest thing I've ever felt.

My heartbeat escalated. It was such an alien feeling. Guys were, well, bros. Intimacy was off limits. They'd devour each other over the slightest weakness. And hugs were right out.

This was... It was nice.

Maybe being a girl wasn't so bad after all? There was a closeness, a secureness. None of the frenzied barking of the pack, no roiling anger. I was sexy and confident and I was perfect in all the ways a girl could be perfect - all the ways Noland wanted to be perfect. Wasn't that an upgrade?

Her lips pressed to mine. Sweet. Tender. None of the frenetic energy of my hypersexual boyhunter. I kissed back, gently probing her tongue with mine. She tasted good. I smirked naughtily. I tasted better.

She broke away perhaps just a little reluctantly as we swung our hips over to where we'd left our shoes.

"Sorry," she laughed. "I guess I'm just nervous about the big colab this weekend."

"Big colab?"

"Yeah, I know you've been playing it off like it's no big deal, but my fans are super eager to see it. You know how they get."

"Yeah..." My heart skipped a beat. Fans?

"See?" She poked me in the boob. "It barely even phases you. Meanwhile it's all I've been thinking about all week. I should warn you though - I've been training. I'm not going to go down so easy!"

"Bold of you to assume I haven't." I smirked.

We burst into a fit of giggles.

"I really am lucky to have you." She stepped back into her pumps. "How many other girls have a best friend that would agree to a competitive gangbang?"

"A what?" my blood froze.

"Yeah, just the two of us, Saturday night, side by side as a train of guys just goes to town on us while we stream it live out to the internet. I'm so excited."

I smiled. I didn't want to but I couldn't help it. Saturday night? Wasn't that when I was supposed to see the genie again?

"I guess we'll finally figure out once and for all who the bigger slut is!" she giggled again.

A scream died on my lips. I didn't want to let on that something was wrong. I was good at that. Better than Noland.

A gangbang? A train of men? My heart pounded all the harder. This... this was too much. Once more the reality of my situation came crashing home. I didn't want this. I shouldn't want this. But it was what Noland wanted, what she aspired to. My blood ran cold. What choice did I have?

The prospect of that competition, of an endless stream of hung studs fucking the shit out of me while millions watched, masturbating to me over Noland...

God help me, I couldn't wait.

To be continued.