

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

"I can't believe I let you talk me into this."

All around us the house party thrummed. Bodies pressed together everywhere. The flesh and the heat were sticky and uncomfortable. God help me, I ate it up.

"You insisted!" Noland laughed.

"Only because I knew how badly you wanted to go!" Jaws dropped at the sight of us. I grinned. "Do you really think I'm going to let you sit at home and miss all this?" I stuck out a tongue. She returned the gesture. We giggled. I did my best to hide the shaking of my voice.

Despite the girlish exuberance of my outward facade, inside, I was reeling. At home missing all this was exactly where I wanted to be right now. I still needed time to process, to come to terms with the fact that a genie had turned me into some kind of stupid sexed-up slut. When had I agreed to come to this party? Why? It had all happened so fast. Noland had wanted to go and now here we were.

"Look, you gotta admit," her eyes scanned the wide variety of apparent athletes in attendance. They were - ah - tightly dressed, if at all. "This is totally our scene!"

Lord help me, I couldn't argue with that. My gaze fell to a topless woman walking by with a tequila bottle in each hand. I couldn't help the way my eyes wandered down along that nubile vixen's prodigious curves, measuring her every feature and flaw. Damn, she was hot, All these girls were!

But it wasn't even a contest - Noland and I were way hotter.

"Okay, yeah," I giggled, "it totally is."

Should we be taking our tops off too? It seemed to be the fashion. Not that we needed it. Well - I pulled my top down a little bit, at least - better not give these girls too big of a handicap.

Even as clothed as we were, we were still the center of attention. Wherever we went, crowds parted and pants tented. I grinned naughtily. I know I shouldn't be enjoying it - that this had all been forced upon me - but it just felt so damn good to show off.

I mean, come on! Everywhere I looked all eyes were on me. Big eager smiles loving what they were seeing and hungry for more. Heads literally turned in our wake. Everywhere we went, jealous women and lustful men.

Normally I had to work for this! Normally I had to struggle and drag myself through the mud - literally! - for even an ounce of this validation. By comparison this felt, well, almost too easy.

Not that I was complaining! A part of me missed the struggle, sure, but when that cute guy crashed into a wall because he was staring at my tits? Damned if that didn't feel good. And all I had to do was stand there and look amazing.

We were twelves in a world of eights. All the girls, even done up in their slutty finest for this party, had nothing on us and they knew it. I was a plant basking in the sun, I drank it all up.

Maybe this party wouldn't be so bad after all? I mean, what was the worse that could happen?

It wasn't long before Noland undid a button on her already-scandalous halter-top blouse. Her prodigious cleavage rushed in to fill the gap as she rolled her shoulders back. Eyes shifted to her. I smirked, then did the same, adding a gentle bounce on my teetering high-heels to give my girls just a hint of shake. Eyes shifted to me. She pouted, then raised her hands above her head in a faux-stretch that sent her braless beauties swaying. I was just about to lose my top entirely when a voice rang out.

"Ladies!"

"Noah!" My heart skipped a beat.

"You came!" he grinned as he pushed his way through the crowd towards us, arms held wide.

"So did you." I winked.

Despite myself, my eyes lingered overlong on his chest. His tight shirt made zero attempts at hiding the marble-cut outline of his physique. I nibbled on a lip as I failed to meet his gaze. Had he always been this built? Not as impressive as my own carefully sculpted body had been, of course, but damned if the sight of those hard lines didn't make me all warm and gooey.

"What a coincidence, we were just talking about you two!" he glanced over at the rest of the team, milling about on one of the couches.

"Mm," I pressed myself playfully into him, "good things I hope?" The unyielding rigidity of his muscle seemed all the more so against my eager, pliant body. I took a deep lungful of him. God, he smelt so good. Noland pressed into his other side, taking a deep breath of her own.

"Always the best for our favorite girls." He wrapped his arms around our waists. I giggled and swooned as he led us over.

I don't know what it was, but there was just something about Noah that stood out even among all the other deliciously hot men here tonight. Somehow, despite the very real competition, he was the biggest stud of the lot.

I guess he had to be. I giggled at the thought. After all, he had his arms around the two hottest girls at the party, didn't he?

Noah escorted us over to the familiar faces of the team. Drinks - and dicks - raised in salute at our arrival. My mouth watered at the sight of them. Shit, what was going on here? Had the genie made them all super hot too? Or was I just getting to appreciate what had always been there?

"Ah! There's our cheer girls!" Nathaniel piped, the dorky glasses I'd teased him about in the past now making him look like some kind of stupid sexy gentleman professor.

"We wanted to thank you ladies for your support before the game the other day!" Neil drummed on the counter with all the confidence of a rockstar.

"Yeah, 'support!'" Nat waggled his eyebrows and laughed.

Cheer girls? I looked over at Noland's blushing face. Ah, of course. How else would we know these guys? Its not like the two of us could be a part of the team, we certainly weren't there for all those grueling, early morning practices or long hours sweaty and shirtless in the gym. Mmff, what a shame.

They wanted to thank us, huh? My eyes traveled from one chiseled grin to another. I could think of a few ways they could show their appreciation. Were they going to pin us down and fuck us silly? Oh god, I hoped so. Noland and I exchanged a knowing glance. She was just as flush as I was.

"So come on, let's celebrate!"

A drink was shoved into my hand. I tried to hide my disappointment. I'd have preferred a dick.

And so we partied. And it was unlike any party I'd been to before. The guys were sociable and engaging and charming and funny. I was practically giggling at every word they said. The genie had to have done something, because it would have taken a miracle for these guys to have this much game.

Still, as the drinks started to flow I found myself, time and again, slipping into old behaviors and expectations. I kept trying to be the guy I'd been my whole life around them. I mean, I knew these guys. We'd gotten drinks hundreds of times, played wingman to eachother. These were the dudes I put my trust in out on the field. Well, when they weren't fucking up plays and running to Noland to come rescue them, anyway.

I had to stop myself from falling back on old habits, on giving away the whole game. Because I wasn't one of the guys anymore, was I? I was an outsider. The object of their lusty affection, to be competed over and won. I wasn't one of the players, I was the prize.

Well - I looked over at Noland - at least I was the gold and not the silver.

I wondered how the team was doing without us. Based on that photo Noah had sent this morning, I guess they had risen to the occasion. I didn't know they'd had it in them.

I was moments away from the existential crisis of asking if they had somehow gotten *better* without me, but luckily that's right when Nat took off his shirt.

I'd seen Nat shirtless thousands of times, of course - I'd seen all of them naked way more than I'd care to count. But now those locker room memories oozed with juicy new contexts. My shimmering lips curled into a coy smile. It had been so innocent hadn't it? Why hadn't I checked them out? Measured their every inch? Mmm, so many wasted opportunities. Girl-me would have been in absolute heaven. The kind of slut that loved athletes, isn't that what I had said in my wish?

Love.

My heart skipped a beat.

I looked at the adoration in Noland's eyes, and in my own. Not liked, not lusted for, *loved*.

I shivered at how badly that word played at my heart. Now that was a dangerous thing.

Every beat of Noland's heart echoed in my own. That's what it was, wasn't it? Love. I thought of what it would be like to wake up next to these men - any of them, hell, all of them. To cook breakfast for them and to settle down with them and to grow old next to them.

God help me, it sounded so good.

"Drinks!" I blurted, head swimming. "We need more drinks!"

"Oh my god," laughed Noland, "I was just going to say! I'll come with."

"No! You stay here and uh, you keep the boys entertained, okay?" I gave her a little wink like I was doing her a huge favor. I needed to get away from this madness. I needed room to breathe and think, away from her... influence.

"You're sure?" she gave me a worried look. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah! Don't even worry." I waved my hand dismissively. I was a better liar than her. "I'll be back in no time flat."

I broke off from the group and made my way through the leering crowd towards the kitchen. My brain was turning over again and again trying to make sense of this.

Maybe I was imagining it? Maybe it was just the drinks. Maybe they actually just were that charming? I mean, come on, who wouldn't be swept off their feet by those guys? They were funny and cute and gentle, with arms like tree trunks and dicks like marble stallions...

No! I shook myself out of my indulgent fantasies. I was a guy, for fucks sake! A straight guy! I wasn't even supposed to find guys cute let alone want to marry them and have kids and start a life with them.

I tried to settle my breathing. Fuck, I had it bad.

Shit, get it together.

At least none of the other guys at this party seemed to do this to me. Sure, there were plenty of totally hot dudes around, but my feeling towards them erred towards the carnal, not the romantic. I still wanted to suck their dicks - oh god did I ever - but I didn't want to wake up wrapped in their arms every morning.

Fuck, why did wanting to suck their stupid juicy dicks bother me so much less?

I was the center of attention as I jiggled my way into the kitchen, my raunchy thoughts giving my hips a sinister sway. There was an enormous stockpile of drinks arranged, box-on-box into a makeshift bar. A tall, rugged, and well composed hunk stood there mixing drinks for a few giggling girls as the party goers took respite from the thrumming heat of the dancefloor. A small crowd sat in the periphery, taking advantage of the presence of seats.

"Hey, pretty thing!" There was a rough looking guy hunched over the end of the bar, clutching an almost empty bottle of vodka. "Damn girl," he slurred, "look at the tits on you!"

"Jack!" the guy standing behind the bar chastised, "Cut it out."

"It's fine." I wanted to be mad. I wanted to take this as an excuse and throw all these bullshit girly feelings behind me and fight something. But the bile just wouldn't rise, my hackles wouldn't raise. Instead I just waved it off with a giggle.

Truth is, he wasn't wrong. They *were* great tits. I wanted people to look! These were some world-class knockers. For all the inconvenience they caused - as heavy and bouncy and as in-your-face horny as they were, I was damn proud of them.

"Shit," he licked his dry lips. He wasn't even trying to look me in the eye. "The things I'd do to those sweet cans if I got my hands on them!"

He then proceeded to lay out, in evermore exacting detail, all the incredibly filthy and surprisingly creative things he'd do if he got his hands on these sugary mammoth melons of mine.

It was almost enough to make even me blush. Almost. Talk about threatening me with a good time.

"Jack!" the bartender chastised again, sterner this time. "We've been over this. Not again." I may have been fine with it but the rest of the room clearly was not. This guy had crossed a line and this was not the first time.

Where was my line, I wondered?

I looked around at all the uncomfortable party goers, at the girls all trying to avoid his gaze. None of them wanted to risk being next. Okay, that pissed me off. Time to teach this guy a lesson.

"Ooh." I slunk over to him, foot before high-heeled foot, hips rolling and giving my tits just that perfect extra little bit of bounce. "What then, huh? You think you can handle me?"

What the hell was I doing? I had intended to deck him in the face, but my body had other ideas.

"Uh?" He rose up as I pressed near. I'd put him off guard. "I'd - uh... I'd uh..." his eyes were still caught in the hypnotic gravity on my tits. He licked his lips "I'd pull out my fat cock and fuck your brains out! I'd drop so many fat loads in your tight ass that you'd be shitting cum till next Tuesday."

"Promises, promises." I purred. "So what are you waiting for?" I pressed my chest into his. His strong masculine odor undercut by the stiffness of his drink. I had no doubt that he could feel the lurid bulge of my aching strawberry nipples. "You want to see me on my back, screaming? Begging for more?"

"I -" he swallowed in surprise. He wasn't used to this tactic actually working.

"Come on, big boy," I ran a slender finger along the throbbing crotch of his pants. "What are you waiting for?"

He lurched, body shaking as jizz flooded his underpants.

"Oops." I pulled back, pouty lips in a coy smirk. "Looks like you couldn't handle me after all."

He went bright as a tomato. There was some muffled laughter from the other patrons of the makeshift bar. He stood up, Flight or Fight playing in his drunken brain.

"You bitch!"

I had hoped he'd just run embarrassed from the room, but no, his shame had turned to rage and then drunken violence. With a rough hand he grabbed me by the arm and tried to pull me off balance. Shit, could I even take this guy? I didn't have nearly as much sheer weight as I was used to, and what I did have jiggling with every step and was balanced precariously on stiletto heels.

Somehow, I didn't need it. I twisted and leaned into his pull. He had overcommitted his action and now I had his arm wrapped behind his back. He winced in confused pain.

Holy shit. I tried to hide my own confusion as I tightened my grip. I had some kind of crazy MMA bullshit going on! I guess being able to stand up to creeps was something Noland had wanted to be good at? Body like hers it made sense.

I released the grip on his arm and shoved him away, he crashed drunkenly into the door frame, bloodying his nose. He looked back and forth between me and the blood now on his hands, mumbling something about crazy bitches. He stood up briefly to his full height, looking for all the world like he was ready to throw down. Then he stopped, bile rising in his throat. He held a hand over his mouth, turned green, and fled.

"Ohmygod," one of the girls cheered. "That was amazing!"

I grinned. The atmosphere in the room seemed suddenly much lighter as I walked back up to the makeshift bar.

"Sorry about that." The guy mixing drinks said, "Jack's a bit of an ass when he drinks too much. Or, well, most of the time, for that matter."

"Its fine, it's fine!" Again I waved my hand dismissively, eyeing the bartender's pleasantly broad chest. "He had a point - they are nice tits, don't you think?" I stuck them out to give him a better view.

"Can I pour you a drink?" He didn't take the bait.

I ordered a drink for myself and Noland. I guess our preferences tended to the fruity now, though mine was a harder alcohol.

The bartender smiled. I think it was the first time all day someone had actually looked me in the eyes. That bugged me. I mean, I have fabulous eyes, don't get me wrong, but come on, my boobs were down here! Was he gay? But no, he kept making googly eyes at this mousy thing in the corner.

I looked over at the object of his attention. I frowned. Her? Really? She had no ass and was kinda pudgy, all things considered. Nice tits but she was wearing a bulky sweater that left way too much to the imagination. She looked so weirdly out of place compared to all the effortless beauties floating past.

So what did she have that I didn't?

She looked over at him and he glanced away, grinning.

Oh.

Shit. I don't think the old me would have even noticed. Hell, I wouldn't have cared even if I did. I thanked him for the drinks and clinked my heels over to this poor girl.

"You know honey, if you want him to make a move, you're going to have to show that you're interested."

"What?" her eyes went wide as her face went red. Oh my god, it was so obvious. "I don't - I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Oh come on, the way the two of you keep giving each other glances from across the floor?" "You like him," I teased, "and he likes you."

"I do not! Wait, what? You- you think?" Somehow her face found a way to turn even more red.

"I mean come on. I'm right here, aren't I?" I gestured down to my unignorable hot body. "And trust me, I know guys. If he's not looking at these?" I gave my heavy milkers a bracing, sigh-inducing fondle for emphasis. "Then whatever he is looking at, he likes."

She was having a hard time looking away herself. I pressed closer.

"But come on," I continued, "you can't compete like that."

"Wh-What's that supposed to mean?" she tore her gaze from my jiggling melons only with extreme effort.

"I'm saying that if you want the guy to know you're interested in him, you've got to show off the goods a little!" I gave her sweater a little tug. "Guys are idiots. Especially nice ones. He's not going to think you're interested in him unless you've got your tits waving right in his face."

"Hey!" she tugged her sweater back down tight. "Listen, I don't know who you think you are, but I'm not about to go parade myself around like some kind of... photoshopped bimbo!"

"Oh?" I smirked. "So you know more about hooking up with men than me?"

I tried not to balk at my own statement. That was the problem, wasn't it? I was somehow the expert. What the hell was I doing? Why was I helping this girl?

"I just don't want him to think that I'm - I'm some kind of..."

"Honey, look around." I gestured broadly at all the gathered sluts, "You're the only person here who isn't. Come on. Show us what you're working with."

She chewed her lip as she looked between me and the cutie behind the bar. I raised a perfectly sculpted eyebrow in challenge.

"Fine!" She pulled off her sweatshirt. I grinned. She was dressed for a party after all!

"There we go!" I wrapped an arm around her and sashayed her over to the bar. "Just go over and talk to him. Flirt. Let him know you're interested. If you keep waiting for a nice guy to make a move, he's not going to. You've got to make it obvious."

"I don't know how to flirt! What if I screw it up? What if he hates me?"

"He won't even notice! Go on, girl, go get what you deserve!"

"You think so?"

"I do."

I shoved her towards the bar. She went flying, arms waving out to catch her balance, before smashing headfirst into her paramour. The drink that he was mixing went flying and crashed to the floor.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!" she cried out, pulling herself out of his arms and trying to brush the spilled rum off his damp chest.

"No, it was my fault! I wasn't paying attention. Are you alright?" The two touched hands as they both reached for the same towel.

I didn't stick around to see how it turned out.

Grinning smugly to myself, I set back in to the party, drinks in hand. I wasn't normally the type to, well, help people, but that felt pretty good. Was that Noland? Did she want to be a good person?

I pouted. Did that mean I didn't? That I hadn't?

"Excuse me?"

I turned to see a girl stepping forward. She had been in the kitchen hadn't she? Making out with some guy? Was she following me? I couldn't help but size her up. Of all the girls here, she maybe came the closest to Noland and my level, she'd be an absolute killer if her tits were only just a little bit bigger. But still, she was young and she was topless and she'd clearly been busy - her shirt was off and her makeup was all smeared from the intensity of her earlier carnal actions.

"Oh my god," the girl jiggled boobilly as she bounced on her toes. "are you Naughty Nicky 6969?"

"Uh." Was I?

"Omg!" she said the letters aloud. "I'm your biggest fan! My friends and I never miss a stream! We're all super stoked for the big collab with Nasty Neverland. We're all rooting for you!" she turned back to look at a trio of other girls with short skirts and predatory gazes. They tried to look cool and collected as I waved over at them, but they were failing miserably.

"Thanks?" It took me a second to piece together what, exactly, this girl was talking about. Then I smiled. A fan, that's what she was. Cheering for me, rooting for me. This was the roar of the crowd begging for more after a big play. "Always happy to meet a fan!"

"Hey look, I know this is may be a little old fashioned," she put a hand behind her head and scratched bashfully. "But will you - oh my god - will you sign my tits?" her eyes sparkled in hopeful adoration.

"Of course!" I looked down at her heaving chest. Round, full, bigger than her friends. Lots to work with, but not nearly as perky or large as my own. Her flesh quivered and jiggled, nipples stiffening, as I wrote in long sensual strokes along her tender sensitive flesh. I had to hold her still with my other hand. She had to struggle not to gasp.

I looked down at my Naughty Nicky signature and frowned. I had dotted the Is with hearts. That still wasn't right though, was it?

I leaned down and gave her tit a kiss, planting the lipstick silhouette of my plump dicksucking lips onto her quivering girl flesh. There we go!

"Ohmygodohmygodohmygod" she squealed, "- and and maybe-" she took her shot. "Maybe I could get a selfie with you? My fiancé would love it."

"Only if you tag me in it!" I laughed and duckfaced into the camera as she got a picture of us.

"You're the best! The best!" she was bouncing as she looked back at her phone. She had made sure to get plenty of cleavage in the shot. "Sorry for bugging you, but It isn't everyday you run into one of your heroes! I'll be rooting for you!"

"You'd better." I gave her a wink. "Thanks for all your support!"

"Oh my god!" She ran back off to her friends, who were now all staring jealously at her lipstick stained bosom. "She signed my tits!"

I turned away and proceeded back through the crowd towards Nick and the team. My grin grew wider. Oh my god, what the fuck had that been all about? That was more than just popularity or good looks. That was fame. Adulation. I was her hero! And here I thought victory was a good feeling, but this blew it out of the water.

I was so wrapped up in the feeling I actually forgot why I'd left in the first place

I returned to the assemblage of game-winning Adonises, still loitering on the couches and discussing their numerous glories, to find that Noland was gone and that she'd taken a few of the cuter boys, including Noah, with her.

I blinked.

Oh no.

I was alone with a half dozen impossibly hot and horny guys.

"Wh-Where did Noland go?" I could already feel my body heating up, I could already feel my pulse pounding in my chest.

"Where do you think?" Nash gave Niles a high five.

Oh god, of course. What had I expected? Could I not literally leave that girl alone for five minutes without her running off to fuck a boy senseless? Even without me to compete with, even without me there to drive her attention seeking to the brink, she had seen her chance and she had taken her shot.

I couldn't blame her, but still. I pouted. Without me?

I sighed and I downed my drink. Noland would have to catch up later. I needed to find her before she got into any trouble.

Okay, if I was a lovestruck bimbo at a houseparty with a trio of heart-pounding hunks, where would I go? Mmm, fuck. I eyed Nash and Niles and Nemo and Ned and the others beside. The whole team was here.

Maybe - I licked my lips - maybe it was a good thing Noland wasn't here?

She'd gotten the choice picks, sure, but quantity had a quality all of its own, didn't it? I wondered how many I could take at once. All seven - the answer popped into my brain without me even having to think about it - but it would take a bit of positioning and a good bit of lube.

I startled myself with how quickly the answer had come to mind, how effortless the impromptu orgy could be. But no, I wasn't really about to fuck seven guys at once on my first day as a girl, was I?

Was I?

My eyes roamed longingly, girlishly, over the strapping boys before me. God, they were all so cool. Handsome and playful, with big strong hands and big athletic hearts and big swinging cocks. These were men who knew how to treat a girl right. These were men who could go all night long.

No, no. This was ridiculous. I had lube in my purse, but where even would we set up? I'd be fine with doing it out in front of everybody - the more the merrier - but the guys might get a little gun shy.

And besides - I shook my head to remind myself - this would be wrong! I shouldn't want this. That's what I should be thinking, right?

Even if... even if seven beat the three that Noland had run off with.

No. Fuck, Nick, keep it together.

"You okay, Nikkie?" Nash stood up to take my finished drink.

"Huh?"

"You want to get away? Hit the dance floor maybe?" he put a warm hand to my hip as his body pressed into me. I melted into it.

Oh god yes.

"I need to-" I tried to turn, tried to leave, but his shirt had somehow come off. When had his shirt come off? Oh god, why was his shirt off? "I need to get out of here!"

I turned and somehow managed to find the will to pull myself away from the orbit of his sun-strong carnal heat.

"I need to find Noland!"

I stumbled into the crowd. Noland may have fallen victim to her girlish heart, but I was better than that. I wasn't about to give in so easily! My heart wasn't something to be played with! Not by these guys, not by me, and certainly not by that stupid genie.

"Strike!" I heard Nash say. Niles punched him on the arm. Soon they were wrestling, The image carried in my mind even after I'd departed. The two of them growing sweatier, slicker, sliprier as they worked those bulging muscles... I swallowed heavily.

Focus. Focus.

If I was a horny slut looking to hook up with some guys at a house party where would I go? Well - my pussy dripped rebelliously at the thought - I'd probably just take them then and there on the damn floor while everybody watched and cheered at how good of a fuck I was, but we'd already established that wasn't going to happen, was it?

I shook my head. Okay, same question, but this time let's assume I had even an ounce of restraint. I thought back to all the parties I'd been to. The bedrooms?

I made my way for the stairs. I don't know if it was the drinks or all the androphilic fantasies flittering around my brain, oh-so-close to living out their reality, but my body was on fire. All this girlish passion

building up inside of me was rising to some sort of frothing peak - even the regular guys, the non-athletes, were all starting to look just so damn fuckable now.

My hurried pace slowed to a sizzling saunter as I pressed through the dense bodies on the dance floor. Sparks of lava-hot need shot through me like bliss with every squeeze, every press against the hard and ready rotation of rhythmically throbbing flesh.

Oh! There were men on the dance floor. I don't know why it came to me as such a revelation, but it did. There were men on the dance floor. How many, I wondered? How many lusty eyes, how many strong reaching hands?

I swallowed and undid my last button. I wanted to feel all those hands on my skin, all those lips on mine, and a hundred other things besides. My breath grew heavier and hotter as all the terrible dirty things I wanted to do to them flashed hot and potent in my brain. I wanted it all.

I imagined myself leaning back and just falling into this sea of them, of surrendering myself entirely to the firm, steely mercies of fate, to float upon the wave of their masculine energies.

And why not? I pouted and squirmed. Why shouldn't I give myself over to them? Hadn't I suffered enough? Didn't I deserve this?

No! I had to find Noland. That's why. I stood at the base of the stairs leading up to the bedrooms. My whole body was red and I was short of air, each breath was a soft, carnally charged gasp. I clenched my abs and ran a hand down my body, electric and eager and ready.

Why - god - why was I so turned on? All day getting felt up at Hooters, I hadn't reacted like this, earlier tonight I hadn't reacted like this, even around the team I hadn't reacted like this so why - ?

A vision of hot dirty fucking flashed in my brain, of getting drilled raw. Fuck, of course.

Somewhere that little slut was getting fucked! She was awash in a sea of lusty stupid horny want!

And everything she wanted, I got!

Oh god!

I charged up the stairs as best I was able, the entire party got a prime view of the soaking wet thong beneath my tight skirt. A juicy trail of fragrant need dripped hot onto the floor behind me and still my arousal was climbing. The heat rose with each step. It didn't take me long to find out where she'd gone - the cries of her sweet voice lilted on the wind. The door wasn't even closed.

I froze in shocked arousal at what lay beyond. They were all over her. Noland pressed against her on the bed as the other two looked on, dick in hand. Noah and Nathaniel and Neil.

Noah's muscular form towered over Noland on the bed, his strength, the heat of his masculinity, crashing into her as creamy viscous fluid splashed down her thighs. Her eyes glazed over. A vision of heaven.

He had her right where he wanted her, teasing her, stringing her along, slow and long and playful. My heart froze. It was just like the changeroom all over again.

And from the other side, she alternated between the other two other cocks, pumping with her hands while alternating with her mouth. For someone on her back, leaning back from Noah's hips, it was an impressive feat.

But I could do better.

"Noland!"

"N-Nikkie!" she cried out as she saw me. She held out her precum stained hands, I took them as I ran past the grinning boys and fell onto the bed with her.

Our bodies pressed together, hot and and sweaty. Hearts pounding in mutual lust, shivering in anticipation. Her tongue found its way to mine, I took it tenderly, saphically, as much putting on a show of our carnal need as I was returning my friends gentle passion.

"Goddamn," Nick grinned his stupid sexy grin. "You girls are the best."

Damn right.

Well, what now? What was my plan exactly? I hadn't thought this through, had I? But now I was here, with this girl and with these boys and god help me, there was only thing to do wasn't there?

I waved my ass in invitation, pussy naked and fragrant and swollen in unmistakable invitation. I needed to catch up!

Nathaniel was the first to claim the prize, elbowing out Neil at the last second. Neil sulked, but not for long.

Nathaniel behind me, Noland in the front, and with Neil off to the side laughing as the two of us gripped and battled for dominance around his massive club of a cock with our free hands.

I groaned softly as Nathaniel ran his hands along my body, squeezing at my sensitive feminine flesh, tuning me like the delicate instrument of pleasure I was.

I shouldn't be liking this, I know! I shouldn't want this. I was a guy! But fuck, I did! I wanted it so goddamn bad. I had wanted this all day, I wanted this all the time.

And then, oh god - his cock pressed into me - and it was everything I had hoped it to be!

My body rang out like a bell as Nathaniel plunged deeper into me. It was every fantasy my body had promised, everything that cloying need had been begging for! And no fucking wonder. Who wouldn't want this? Oh god! Who wouldn't hunger for the heights of these pleasures? Gentle, firm, masculine confident. He knew exactly where to touch my body, exactly how to handle my wet gushing cunt with his enormous steel-hard dick. God, what a fucking gentleman.

I screamed in rapture and fell forward, crashing again into Noland and then mashing our bodies together, our huge heavy tits grinding raunchily with every thrust, drool-slick nipples hard and rubbing and electric, our bodies erupting together in sensation. She was rocking, bucking, unable to restrain the sensation shooting through her as Noah grinned and thrust. I met her pace and increased the tempo, not about to let her have the upper hand for even a moment.

She scrambled. I screamed louder.

“Tell me all the dirty things you want us to do to you.” smirked Noah, slowing down deliberately to taunt out an answer.

“Mff” Noland groaned through bit lips, bliss-blasted brain struggling to form words. “Fill me up! Oh god! I want you to fill me up and never stop! I want your fat cock so deep inside me I can feel every fucking inch!”

Noland gasped as Noah obliged.

I pressed back onto Nathaniel to get the same, rolling my hips with every thrust to feel it scraping along the most sensitive walls of my nymphomaniacal pussy. My whole being was those delicate clusters of nerves ready to explode into a galaxy of sensation at the merest touch, let alone the good fucking I was getting.

Nathaniel picked up what I was doing and, kind, sweet boy that he was, he carried it forward, filling me up so goddamn good that I stopped being able to think, stopped being able to direct my own body. All I could do was react – pure animal rutting - as I felt him filling me up again and again with every deep hard thrust.

But I... I could top that, couldn't I?

“Yes! Oh god yes!” I screamed; the words distant even to my own ears. “Harder! Fuck me harder! I want you to fuck me until I can't see straight!”

The boys, again, provided. Noland's eyes crossed in front of me and then my own followed suit, blurry in pleasure, struggling to find sensation that wasn't the hot skin-on-skin bliss of the fucking I was receiving.

“Fuck me until I'm a drooling mess!” Noland cried out.

“Fuck me until I can't think about anything but your cock!” I moaned in counter. Let's see her top that.

“I'm your cumdump!” she struggled for the words. “Your jizzrag! I want you to make me yours! Fill us up like the dirty fucksluts we are!”

Goddamn, Noland was bringing her A game. That seemed to do the trick. Nathaniel's huge cock solded and pulsed within me, pressing against every wall, I could feel the surge in his arousal our little tête-à-tête had inspired. Our dirty talk like cheering from the sidelines, screaming at him with no uncertainty exactly what kind of sluts he was fucking.

Sluts. Yes! That's what we were, what I was. Sluts to be filled! I was a hole! A receptacle! My existence, my purpose, my need! The very idea was so goddamn sexy that I felt like I was going to cum right then and there.

I shivered at the implications, at the throbbing sense of slut-self edging itself into my brain. Why did this all sound so right?

Because Noland wanted it. So badly did she want it.

And everything she wanted, I got.

"Oh god!"

I was frenzied now, unstoppable, a creature of pure sexual energy, a force of fucking nature as I screamed my way through a wash of pure hot bliss. Electric fire ate at every nerve like a lightning storm and still I clenched my teeth and pushed on, pumping with hips and hands and sucking on Noland's lips, determined to wring out every last drop of ecstasy.

Nathaniel bucked, low moans breaking his focus as that unmistakable surge of pleasure rose up within him, as all his gentlemanly thoughts, all his delicate treatment, all his rhythmic fucking pounding meant nothing in the face of the carnal ramifications of my own screaming orgasm. He came. He came hard and long and he pressed so deep inside me that there wasn't a single inch of me that he didn't fill up with his hot sticky gentlemanly cum.

Oh god, his cum. I shivered and came again at just the thought.

And now Neil was cumming as well, spraying Noland and I in a shower of sticky virility. Fragrant, delicious and masculine. Hot as candy lava it splashed over our tits and nearly-naked bodies, then immediately starting to cool. My body clenched again. Every inch of skin covered in his jizz tingled with sheer erotic force.

Nathaniel and Neil fell back, even their intense virility staggered by the fucking they'd just given me.

Panting, my weight shifted forward, arms wrapping around Noland as she wrapped hers around me, needing so badly in that moment just to hold something.

"You want more?"

What?

"Yes!" she screamed. "Oh, god, yes!"

Noah was still going, and so was Noland. I could feel the pounding of his hips echoing through her body.

More? Shit. I wanted it too.

"What do you want?" he slowed again. "What are you?"

"I want - I want -" she couldn't speak, couldn't think, "I want to be yours! I want you to make me your slave, your bitch, your whore!"

The words seemed so innocent. Why shouldn't we give ourselves over? Why shouldn't we do everything we could for them? Wasn't that a small price to pay for even a fraction of this pleasure?

But it wasn't... it wasn't enough. I could do better! I could give him more than Noland! A thousand filthy fantasies flashed through my brain before I caught myself.

Oh god, oh fuck. I whimpered in erotic need. How far would this go? Was I going to wind up some love-stupid sex slave traveling dick-to-dick on the team bus? Handed out like a trophy to the MVP of every match?

Fuck - my heart pounded - why did that sound so good? We'd spend the rest of our lives as bitch-pet fuck-trophies for Noah and this team of rugged sensitive athletes. Noland would fuck second place of course, or, wait, better yet, we could compete for the honor, see how many dicks we could take before - No! I shook the vision from my head.

For just a moment Noland and I locked eyes. They were bright and beautiful and quivering with lust-hued pre-orgasmic need. She was thinking the same thoughts. She was wanting the same wants. She shivered in lust, mouth agape to release a blissful cry. My soul cried out to her, my sister in passion.

And yet with every growing desire she pushed us further and further into this debauched nightmare.

Her eyes rolled up in the back of her head as Noah intensified into a machine gun staccato of body-shaking thrusts so powerfully directed - right into the heart of the poor girl's carnal center - that even I felt it.

"You like that? You like being my bitch?" Noah whispered in Noland's ears. "You're all mine?"

"Yes!" she screamed. It was a struggle to be coherent, to manage the cognition to even nod, her words were buried in primal ecstatic cries, but damnit she managed. "Oh god, yes! Make me yours! I want to be yours! All yours!"

Noah obliged, leaving Noland a shivering wreck.

And then - mid thrust - he turned his smouldering eyes on me. "And you?"

My heart froze in my chest, affixed as though by spikes from that carnal gaze. He smiled and all the breath left me. That grin. It left no misunderstanding about what was going to happen next. He was going to give me everything I wanted.

Was I his? God help me, I swooned. Of course I was. I was a woman, and he was masculinity incarnate. Androphilic adoration percolated through my cerebellum like a horny lovesick puppy.

Even as fat loads of cum dripped down my legs and my tits I still wanted his dick buried so deep inside me he'd never be able to pull it out. I wanted it buried into the core of me, the bulging head pressed in

right up to my cervix. I wanted to fuck and rut and cry and moan and beg until he filled every gaping inch of me with cock and cum. I wanted him to mark me and breed me and never let me go.

And the worst part was, I loved every second of it.

I forced myself to breathe. Love. Oh god, I was thinking about it now. That devotion lurking below the surface of my lust. Because this wasn't just about sex, was it? No, I was his! I wanted him to hold my hand as we fucked, I wanted him to fill me so full of cum he'd have to carry me home. I wanted to skip naked through the flowers together. Oh fuck, I wanted to stand at an altar and profess to the whole world my undying devotion. I wanted him to lift up my wedding dress and pump me full of our fat fucking babies while all our friends and family watched!

Shit. I shivered. All that from just a gaze. What would his touch feel like? His lips against mine?

What if... what if he didn't feel the same way? My throat hitched at the thought. It was terrifying.

Whether or not I truly wanted this was a moot point. If Noland wanted it, I already was. I would do anything for this man. I'd devote the rest of my life to him. The thought of not being his suddenly seemed more painful than any of the alternatives.

Love, devotion, sex. My soul whirled in a carnal blender and every lap brought me closer and closer to ignoble ends.

I nodded weakly at his expectant gaze.

"Good girl." Noah's cock even plunged faster into the depths of Noland's juicy folds as he hit his second wind. I gushed in sympathy. Noland wrapped her legs around him tighter, pulling him deeper, holding his body closer to her shivering, sweat-dappled form.

I tried to push closer, tried to show this man everything he meant to me, but Noland didn't want to share.

Her fucking intensified, desperate horny motions drawn from a reserve of strength I'd only previously seen out on the field.

She was going to prove that she should be the only one for him.

How could I top that? I had to show him that I was the better slut, the better bitch, the better whore screaming his name as I gave him a canvas to carve out his every sexual whim.

I stood shakily, blood rushing to my head and taking my focus with it. I took a step forward, but already I could feel myself losing control.

And in that moment, everything seemed so clear. I knew in then and there that if I stayed here like this there would be no turning back, that the back-and-forth escalation of our relationship would push us to the point where we were literal slaves to his lust.

But was that so bad?

I mean... I could. I wanted to. We both did. Oh god did we ever. I whimpered. But maybe somewhere Noland's want to be safe outweighed her want for that dick. Maybe that gave me the strength I needed.

"I- I have to go!" I gritted my teeth to say the words through my own harlot moaning.

"You what?" Noland stopped, mid buck, her tits bouncing as she perked upright. The break in rhythm almost sent Noah falling off the bed.

"I have to go!" I screamed again, eyes shutting against the sheer heat of this stud fucking my best friend, of where I should be. "I have to get out of here! I'm sorry!"

I turned to run, but Nash was standing between me and the door, holding that big juicy dick of his with both hands, ready for round two and waving it like an invitation to give into my urges and just pole-vault onto it for a few rounds of cunt-stuffing bliss. Fuck. I looked around for another exit. I couldn't risk even touching this guy, I'd melt the moment I felt flesh.

The window. The window was open.

We were on the second floor.

I dove anyway.

All my feminine grace, all my expertise, a lifetime of tumbling and jumping and spinning. I caught the tree branch and swung low, but it gave way to my weight with a loud crack and the violent rustle of leaves.

I came crashing to the ground butt first. At least I had plenty of padding.

"Holy shit." said a drunken reveler out on the porch as I stumbled up onto my stiletto heels. "It's raining bitches."

Everybody was staring. I mean, of course they were staring, I was me. But this time I was also naked, freshly fucked, and soaked in sweet smelling jizz. Cameras started flashing and I had to resist the urge to pose. I had to get out of there.

Up above, Nick and Noland were looking stunned out of the window. Good. I let out the breath I'd been holding. The distraction had brought me a temporary reprieve from the psychic assault of their fucking.

As soon as they could see that I was alright, I took off towards the detached garage. I took in deep lungfuls, the cool night air carrying the pheromones out of my blood. There were no men in my vision now, though I could still feel the sheer want pounding through me.

Away from prying eyes, I slid down to my knees, hands sweeping over my trembling body as they played out all the wild fantasies still dancing through my head, as they vented off all that horny lust. Noland's wants washed over me anew, becoming my own, but here it had no chance to build. Here it was weaker, distant.

Knuckle-deep in my sopping sensitive pussy, a part of me was surprised that Noland didn't give chase, but I couldn't blame her for staying. I mean, she would have wanted me to not blame her. Besides, Noah's dick was just so... - Oh god! Yes!

Somehow the screams of that first orgasm, though tinged with frustration at being left with but phantoms to fuck my needy holes, were still the greatest pleasure I had ever known.

And this was just the beginning.

-

"Are you mad at me?" my phone buzzed.

I wanted to be. I should have been. I had every right to be furious. I had somehow ended up a slave to this girl's horny will and she hadn't even realized.

But no. I sighed. I wasn't. I don't know if I was even capable of hating her. Not if she wanted to love herself. God it was all so messed up, wasn't it?

I was angry though. Angry that I was being used. Angry that I'd been forced into this life with no agency. Mostly though I was angry that I had been forced to leave her behind.

What choice did I have, even now? I texted her back. I had to comfort her, I had to help. I was trapped being who she wanted to be - the sort of person who rose above these sorts of things. Damn it Noland, why did you have to be so good?

So of course, I played it off like it was nothing. Something urgent that had come up. I tried not to show the fear gripping my heart.

My heels clicked on the hardwood as I stepped back into my apartment. I sighed and collapsed down on the couch. I was exhausted. Emotionally, spiritually, physically. This body was fit and prime and ready to go all night long, but after an entire day on my feet and then a party afterwards, I was really starting to feel it.

Plus, for how good they felt - I ran a hand over the aching boulders that were my tits - these things were heavy!

I sat there for ten minutes with my head swimming, trying to relax, but something just wasn't sitting right. I didn't know if it was the drinks or the hormones or the panic. Hell, for all I knew girls just felt like this all the time. I looked over at the squat rack - at what remained of my home gym. Times like this I'd normally pump iron. It helped me clear my head. Even tired as I was, maybe I'd give it a shot.

Well - I eyed the accompanying suite of dildos warily - maybe I'd skip that part. As fun as it was starting to sound and as primed as my body was after the night's misadventures.

The squats turned into a prelude for an hour-long aerobic workout and then an hour of yoga. It was late, but that was no excuse to miss a workout. I didn't quite know what I was getting in for but there was a whole assortment of routines pulled up on the tv. I'd always dismissed yoga as being... well, girly, but by

the end I was sweating buckets. Despite my flexibility, it turns out balancing your entire weight on your thumbs or whatever is super hard.

It didn't help that my great big wobbling sex mountains kept getting in the way. I had to adjust all of the poses to account for the additional weight and bulge. My prodigious ass helped counterbalance some of them but, well, let's just say the grinding of those sensitive nipples against the mat during downward dog made things especially challenging. Was this par for the course for this girl? Mm, no wonder she kept those dildos handy.

The cool down after had been luxurious. Nikkie had a full body massaging shower and I intended to make the most of it.

Afterwards, the buzz was gone. My blood was pumping and my heart was racing, but it had a purpose now. Peace through exhaustion.

I stared blearily at the bed. Something still wasn't right. I'd put the gunk on my face and put my hair up into a little bag to keep it safe during the night. I had even done up the corset as tight as it would go. I had found it suffocating this morning but after a day like today I found being squeezed... comforting. What was I forgetting?

Oh, right.

I slid the plug back in my ass and passed out onto the silky pink sheets.

-

I spent the next day hiding.

Noland called. Several times, in fact. But I pretended I wasn't feeling well. She offered to come over and look after me but I said no, I didn't want to risk it. She was hurt, but I could hear Noah cooking eggs in the background and you know what? Something told me she'd be fine.

Which meant that I, of course, had to sit there and stew in jealousy, unable to take part in all that giggling fun on the other end of the phone. I was going to have to figure out a way to get some private time of my own with that boy and show him exactly what he was missing. Mmm, something that would make him forget all about her.

But for now - I took a breath and pulled a hand from my steaming crotch - I needed time to myself. I needed to think.

The lamp. That was the most important thing. All I needed to do was run out the timer on the lamp, right? Then I'd get the chance to fix all this. All I had to do was put up with it till tomorrow.

Saturday. Normally there'd be a big game, but for Nikkie and Noland it was their big crossover orgy. I shivered at the idea, but lord help me, I don't know if it was with trepidation or anticipation.

I thought back to that girl from the party who'd had me sign her tits. How many people like her were there? Was I some kind of celebrity? I still knew so little about this girl I had become.

I looked around at my apartment, at Nikkie's apartment. It was as different as it was similar. A whole life.

One day. How hard could it be?

I started by getting dressed. Easy enough. A simple tank top and some daisy dukes. I still didn't trust the skirts quite yet, let alone the more complicated dresses and costumes lurking in the closet. Honestly, I don't think it actually mattered that much what I wore - I looked over my shoulder at the way the round orbs of my butt seemed to devour my shorts - I looked amazing no matter what.

I tried to watch some sports to pass the time. Big mistake. Seeing all those players, those hunky athletic men, strutting their stuff on the field? I had to struggle to keep my hand out of my panties. The fantasies it inspired just made me realize how much I'd been missing out on last night.

I briefly considered going to the gym, but I abandoned the idea the moment I realized I was more looking forward to picking up some guys there than actually working out.

I sighed and thought of Noland, prancing around Nick's place all day basking in the afterglow. I should have made my play yesterday when I had the chance.

No. Fuck. I shook my head out of this pathetic sulking. Get it together, Nick. No regrets. I did the right thing. I wasn't just going to let myself end up as some kind of slutty bitch sex slave. I let out a hot sigh. No matter how fun that would be.

Okay, this wasn't helping. I stood up from the couch. I'd left a wet stain behind.

I sat down at my computer and wiggled the mouse. Nikkie grinned back at me from the preview window of Adobe After Effects, a video editing program designed for cgi and special effects. How did I know that? I'd never heard of the thing before, but now I seemed to know everything about it. I scrubbed through the timeline of the file, it was a highlight reel of some onlyfans livestream. NaughtyNikkie6969. Damn, she lived up to the name.

I pressed play. She spoke. Holy shit, and here I had thought my voice had sounded sexy in my head.

I sat back and watched a random snippet. She was going on about a new dildo she had bought and the flirty little encounter she'd had with the proprietor of the sex shop. I don't know a lot about streaming, but damn, she was good. She was radiant and funny and seductive and somehow managed to seem down to earth despite her blazing, eager nymphomania. No wonder she was so popular.

Was this her? Was this the girl I'd become?

No, not quite. She was playing dumb in the video, but I could see right through that. This girl wasn't quite the bimbo she appeared to be. I twirled a lock of hair around my finger. I mean, she had set up her own custom scripts in this professional-level editing software, hadn't she? And hell, she'd been varsity cheerleader, right? That means she went to university.

I spent a bit of time fiddling with the editing on the cuts, but there wasn't a whole lot that really needed to be done. I found myself watching a segment of her demonstrating her deepthroating prowess on her latest toy.

I tilted my head in fascination. Watching her go at it was... artistic? I don't think I've ever felt that way about porn before. Porn. That's what this was, wasn't it? This whole body. This whole life. I bit my lip. The sight of this girl - the sight of me - going at it like this, this vicarious display, was getting me all worked up again. I could feel my body ready to replicate her every move, begging for that long hard shaft to slide so deep inside me, the fill the hole of my need with its throbbing masculine heft.

I could see the dildo sitting on the shelf. I gulped. Maybe I didn't have to just imagine?

I glanced around as I brought the thick silicone shaft back over to the computer and gave it a few tight pumps. I knew I shouldn't be doing this, but mmm, who was going to know?

I checked out Nikkie's channel in the bookmarks for more. She had a lot of content there. More importantly, a lot of positive feedback. Tons of desperately horny followers all rooting for her - for me - in tomorrow's big event.

My plump lips curled into a smile around the silicone phallus in my mouth, then a great big grin that forced it from my throat with a laugh. This was more than just a few people crowded along the sidelines to watch us play. There were tens of top-tier thousands of subscribers. Maybe more! Stadiums worth of people, all tuning in just to see me.

I hunkered down for more, but across the room the phone rang. Noland again? No. A different ring tone. It was over by the couch, I had to run to get it.

"Hey sis!" came the cheery feminine voice on the other end.

"Uh, hi?" The phone said the number was from Mary and then some little heart symbols. "Sorry, my phones being weird, who is this?"

"Mary? Your sister? Wow," she giggled, "who else have you got calling you sis these days?"

I spat the dildo out of my mouth. I didn't have a sister.

"Sorry," I tried not to let her hear how weirded out I was. "It's been a crazy day!" I ran back over to my computer and pulled up my social media.

Sure enough, pictures of my little sister's graduation, a whole timeline of selfies and familiar family photos. Wherever my brother had once been though, was now her. Shit, had he been born a girl in this reality?

I eyed her over. She was cute. Hot even. She'd posted a selfie earlier today. I raised an eyebrow at the size of her tits. With the way she was dressed she obviously took after me. Maybe in a few years she could give me a run for my money.

I shook my head and tried to focus on the more important issue here - why was this happening? Had Noland wanted to get along with his sister and now I had one as a result? I dove in deeper.

No, wait, hold on. There was a picture of my brother as a kid, just the way I remembered him but then... coming out? A transition timeline? Trans? My heart thumped. I was hardly close to my brother but he wasn't... he'd have told me if he - she - was, right? I furrowed my brow. Right? So was this the genie's magic or was I just from a world where she had been too scared to come out?

"Look," she continued, oblivious to my frantic confusion, "I just wanted to call to wish you luck tomorrow. Mum's going to be streaming the whole thing. She's been bragging about your big show to the whole neighborhood, as usual."

"Wait, what!?"

"Right? Total Mum move. But you know how she gets. She can't help but be proud of you. You'll have my vote too, and Derrick's. You know he's a huge fan. He's got the whole office tuning in."

"Derrick?"

"My fiance? Duh? Come on Nicole, you hooked us up."

"Sorry, right! Like I said, weird day."

My brother had never been on a date in his life. He'd been shy and meek and introverted, hadn't he? Honestly, we didn't really even interact that much. Had all that demureness been because he'd been stuck in the closet? This girl, on the other hand, was happy and outgoing and - based on these selfies - amazingly popular. She was a flower free to blossom. I guess having a big sister like Nikkie could really help.

We chatted for the better part of an hour. Not talked, chatted. It was insipid and it was girly but it was kind of fun. Somehow, I was this big expert on everything now. Makeup, clothes, dating, sex. I had a million little tidbits and she gobbled them up eagerly. We bonded over things I knew nothing about. The topic of boys kept coming up, but I kept diverting it away.

I had been so far removed for so long from my brother's life. From my mom's as well, come to think of it, ever since dad died. But even before all that, even at my closest, I had never had anything like this.

It was... nice.

We hung up. I took a breath. Another surreal little reminder of the world I found myself in. Another way that gold medal Nikkie kept outclassing silver medal Nick.

I looked around. That was the fucking problem, wasn't it? She outshone me in every facet of my life. Hell, even this apartment was furnished better - if girlier - than Nick could ever afford. That bitch. I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. Was I really jealous of myself?

Well, I sighed, girls had it easy, right? I wiggled my cute little toes, put my phone back on charge, and grabbed the slobbery dildo.

Moment by moment the day passed, my mind kept switching between trying to make sense of what was coming and trying to avoid thinking about it entirely.

I stared at the lamp on my table, the wobbling phallus next to it still sopping from its recent use.

A choice was coming. A choice was coming and I didn't know what I was going to do. I didn't know what sort of person I needed to be.

But - I sighed again - there was no avoiding it any longer, was there? If I waited it was only going to get worse.

"Are we - are we still on for tomorrow?" Noland's voice was tiny on the other end of the phone. She was still scared I was mad at her. She wasn't wrong, I was mad, but god help me, it was so out of character for Nikkie, wasn't it? If she was capable of feeling the depths of anger guy-me did, she didn't express it. I thought back to that phone with my sister earlier. Nikkie certainly didn't drive away all of the people in her life, did she?

And yet, what was I going to do? I was terrified of Noland. Of ending up with her, of falling back into that pattern, losing myself - my agency - to that madness.

I suppressed a wry laugh. As though I hadn't lost myself already.

But... everything had been leading up to this, hadn't it? This was the big game. Everybody would be watching, cheering for me from the sidelines. I wasn't about to just give it up without a fight, was I?

I mean, yes. Apparently, I was. As much as I hated to lose to her, as much as I roiled inside just thinking about how she had spent the day curled up in Nick's arms where I should have been, the thought of those carnal life-consuming fantasies turning into reality, of letting those desires spiral out of control... I hated those ideas even more! Was winning worth losing myself forever in this debauched nightmare?

I looked at the prize-winning bimbo pouting in the mirror. I guess that was the big question, wasn't it?

No. I couldn't risk it, could I?

I took a breath. What would guy-me have done? Thrown a tantrum, probably. I rolled my eyes. I'd have let Noland hang. He wasn't about to risk his neck for that. And then Noland would have taken all the glory while I let the jealousy and hate stew in my heart. Uhg.

I wasn't guy-me anymore though, was I? In fact, guy-me kinda sucked. I thought back to how Noland - girl-noland, yesterday after work - had spoken about striving to be like me, how I had been there to push her. She was second place but there was no bitterness there, no hate or anger.

I think that was the hardest part. That I would be letting this poor girl down.

But was that me thinking that, or was that one of Noland's wants superimposing itself into my personality?

I looked down at the phone clutched tight in my hand. Come on, Nick, you literally just met the girl yesterday. Be strong.

Strength. This wasn't about strength, was it? This wasn't about stoic resolve, or aggressive resistance, this wasn't about screaming into a storm and digging in your heels and pushing against the other team's line. This was about people. This was about deciding the kind of person I wanted to be.

I looked around at Nikkie's apartment. Was I really better off before? I had been bitter and angry and I had let that drive me all my life. I had been alone.

Well, not alone. Not really.

I looked down at the phone in my hand.

Noland had been there the whole time, hadn't he? No matter how much I hated him. He had been there every step of the way. He had never given up on me no matter how spiteful of a person I had been. My heart thumped.

Strength. Not the strength to push back the hurricane, no. This was the strength to look deep inside and make hard calls. It was about knowing that I was no less for this.

Thoughts tumbled in my head. They were strange and alien, out of character, but unquestionably mine. Winning? Losing? My friend was more important than all of that.

I took a trembling breath as I faced this truth.

And if I was going to wind up some kind of locker room slut? If I was going to fall off the cliff of reason and crash into the dark waves of depravity? Well, then at least I'd have her beside me as we raced to the bottom.

"Nikkie?" her voice was faint. "Are you still there?"

I wanted to see her smile again. Damn the consequences.

"I'm in."

"Put it in! Quick!"

There was a cheer as the next guy shoved the previous one out of the way, it was the passing of a baton straight into my hypersensitive pussy. I goggled, screaming out in bliss as he unceremoniously shoved his massive rod into my overflowing cum-filled quimm.

"Oh god! Oh god!" I clenched down on the body-shaking spasms of bliss rocking through me. I humped back furiously, matching his tempo and amping it up for good measure. I cried out theatrically, already pushing him to his limit with every act of raunchy, shameless desperation. I needed his fucking cum! I

needed him to know what a dirty girl I was, what a hot fucking slut I was as I sat here, covered in cum and - gushing - and still desperate for more! Come on you son of a bitch, fill me to the brim!

Out of the corner of my vision I could see Noland catching up. She held her stallion to her, squeezing her lewd lusty tits into his hard thick chest for all she was worth, legs wrapped around his back and pulling him in deeper - that was her secret weapon; some kind of kegle control method she'd been developing.

If I wasn't such a drooling, panting, cum-coated mess I'd have smiled. Little did she know that I was just as good at it as she was - but damned if she wasn't giving me a run for my money anyway. I laughed as I leaned over and gave her nipple a playful tug, she stuck out her tongue teasingly but I grabbed it with mine and soon we were locked in another furious makeout session, moaning and gasping as the men cheered and pounded our pussies for all we were worth.

I pulled back and tucked my hair behind my ear, face pretty and perfect and mascara running just right for the camera. I winked back at the stud fucking me, then rolled my eyes back and made Vs with my fingers right as the cameraman traced his way along my every juicy inch.

The crowd was cheering. It was the final seconds of the first half. I hurtled down the metaphoric pitch, cock pounding within me as I fucked - body pushing for all it was worth, barreling forward towards the peaks of ecstasy in a tiger's stride, cock in pussy and balls in hand. I'd pushed clear of their defenses and had him on the brink of orgasm.

I wanted to live in that moment forever, but shit, we were running out of time!

"Harder!" I screamed in encouragement. "Harder! Fill me up so good! Oh god, make me gush! Yes, yes!"

My stud blasted one final trembling staccato, grabbing me by the hips and pulling me down to his cum-drenched crotch as he unleashed his hot virile load nine inches deep.

"Break!" came the call.

I fell back, exhausted, against the chest of the guy still dick-deep inside me. I looked at the score board. Noland hadn't finished her latest before the halftime call, that put me up one whole stud. My eyes glinted, I grinned as I looked over at the jizz-stained mess that was her almost perfect body. She smiled right back. We giggled.

I pulled myself off the cock in my ass with a loud shlorp and a heavy drizzle. It was a great shot, but we were on break. The cameras had stopped as everybody was being treated to a few words from our sponsors. I guzzled greedily at a bottle of sports drink, much of it missing my fat lips entirely and rolling down my perky naked tits instead.

"Bravo, Master!" There was a clap.

I turned to look. Lounging on the couch was the familiar - though no less exotic - face of the genie. She had traded in her harem outfit for a slinky black women's business suit, nonetheless carefully tailored to accentuate all her best features well beyond the point of self-restraint. It was a suit that said confidence and power, and, on her, with those curves and all that cleavage, so much more.

"You came?" I rose unsteadily to my feet.

"Of course! Though not as much as you, it would seem." She laughed. "Satisfaction guaranteed, remember? I thought perhaps, given the violence you insistently delivered upon my lamp, that you might be in some sort of rush to change back. I came back as soon as my magic was recharged. If my nubile Master is busy, however," she waggled her eyes at the firm rigid bodies of the production crew, "I can wait outside."

"No no, perfect timing!" I beamed. "I've got fifteen minutes. Join me out in the hall and we can talk in private."

"No need!" she grinned.

I followed her gaze. All eyes in the room were focused squarely on Noland, who giggled at the attention. Even the cute guy I'd just coaxed to a mind-blowing orgasm seemed to be hanging off her every word. I pouted and shifted my posture to show off the goods a little better, but none of them even acknowledged me. Some kind of magic? How else could anybody resist a well-glazed treat like me?

"If it was all the same," I waved an ignored hand in front of the boom-mic operator's chiseled face. "I'd have preferred to have just ducked into the other room."

"I must say, I am surprised to find you in such good spirits."

"Of course I'm in good spirits," I let out a little laugh, "I've just spent the past hour having a train run on me! If that doesn't put a girl in a giddy mood, I don't know what does."

"Ah, youth!" she eyed the cadre of handsome naked men wistfully. "I take it that you are happy with your wish them, oh victorious master? I admit I thought perhaps I had gone a little too far this time. I may have taken some liberties with the interpretation. It was unprofessional of me."

"No, you were right!" I shook my head and gave a shrug that sent my tits bouncing. "I was short with you. I was so intent on making the play that I didn't even think what I was asking. I forced you into a bad situation and you put me in one in return. I apologize."

She seemed taken aback.

"Apology accepted, my enlightened Master. There are few that would take credit for their mistakes."

"Yeah, well," I scooped a pool of cum off of my melons and sucked my finger hungrily. "I've been doing a lot of thinking lately. Actual thinking, introspection. Not just jumping at my every instinct, not just letting my anger control me."

"And what have you concluded?"

"Am I happy with this wish, do you mean?" I plopped down onto the sticky couch. "I guess that's the big question, isn't it?"

"If I may say, Master," she cocked an eyebrow, "the fact that you are not currently red of face and screaming would suggest that you are. In fact, that screaming that you were doing just a few minutes ago would imply you are enjoying it quite a bit."

"Mmf," I bit my lip. She wasn't wrong. "Alright, yes, sure, I love it! Is that what you want to hear? I love everything about it! Being the center of attention? The easy grace by which I can do just about anything? I mean, look at me! I'm hotter than anyone has any right to be! And all the little victories, the little ways that I come out on top in everything I do? It's beyond anything I've ever dreamed. Not to mention" - my eyes lingered on the firm muscular butt of our set assistant - "not to mention all the little perks."

"I cannot tell you how much relief that brings me, oh nubile Mas-"

"But I can't accept it!"

"Huh?"

"This happiness! I love it, but how much of that love is actually me? How much of it is real and how much is hormones and magic and pavlovian conditioning?"

"How much is real?" she huffed. "Master! I assure you; I am no mere conjurer of cheap tricks! All of this is real!" She poked me in the boob for emphasis. I gasped.

"Sure, it's *real* real." I waved a hand. "But up here! In my head! All of these wants and desires swirling around, this urge to be everything she wants to be. How much of my happiness, how much of what I want is what - I - want and not what the wish is forcing me to feel!?"

"Oh? And what is it you want right now?"

I turned and I looked wistfully at the guys all grinning like idiots as they stared at Noland's sweet tits.

"I want to be there, with her, getting leered at by horny guys." It came out a wistful sigh. "But you see? That's what I'm saying! Why am I not an angry mess?! Why am I not disgusted by the thought of that? You changed me and yeah, I love it, but who am I to make this decision? Before all this, I would never agreed to it in a million years."

"And had I asked you the day after - had I shown up during your little tantrum that first morning - I'm sure you would have said no then, wouldn't you? But I'm not asking that person, am I? I am asking the you that you are now. I'm asking the you that has spent the past several days living this new life. Not who you were, but who you have become. The decision is yours, and no one else's. Let's put it this way - do you want me to make it so you don't want to fuck them?"

"What? No!" I recoiled. I could hardly think of a worse fate.

"Then there you go. You want an objective opinion? The only person who can make that is the person who has lived both ways. And now? Now you can be anything you want to be. You can choose the direction you want your life to go. You don't have to be what I have done to you. If you wish to be angry, be angry."

I frowned. I didn't want to be angry. Not any more. I didn't want to be that person who turned on his only friend and pushed everybody away. I didn't want to be the person who let his defeats hound into him across every aspect of his life. I looked at Noland, giggling and bouncy and content. "You know what?" I sighed "I think I'm done with all that."

"I'm glad." She laughed. "I do find that those who are able to move on with their lives tend to be the happiest. It is good to hear you won't be throwing my lamp any more."

God help me, I laughed as well.

"So, Master. Have I assuaged your concerns? Are you satisfied with your wish?"

"No." I frowned.

"No?" she furrowed her brow.

"Honestly? A big part of me still wishes I hadn't found that stupid lamp."

"You want to go back to how things were?"

"Are you kidding? And let this girl have all the good dick? Never! But now I'm going to spend the rest of my life wondering - could I have ever beaten him on my own? Could I have one day surpassed Noland?" I shook my head. "But now it's too late. Your right, I'm not that person anymore, and I don't want to be."

"So you don't want to undo the wish?"

"Undo? No. But maybe alter the terms a bit?"

"Of course!" She grinned and clapped her hands, eager to get down to business. "My contemplative Master has given it much thought! What did you have in mind?"

"Well, to start," I stood up and walked over to Noland. "I don't want to automatically have all the things she wants. I don't want to just magically be better at everything she tries. Don't get me wrong, I want to be as good as I am now, at least." I ran a sensuous hand down my body. "But if I'm going to be something, if I'm going to excel, I want it to be through my own merits, my own struggle. Even if that means I might lose."

"That is very honorable of you, Master."

"And besides," I pressed my cum-smeared tits into Noland's naked back as I reached around to give her a hug. "What good is a rival - what good is a victory - if this girl isn't even able to give me a run for my money, huh?" I pulled away and gave a little wink.

"Oh! And I want to be able to love women again too. In addition to guys. Guys are" – my heart raced as I thought of the plans we'd made to celebrate with the team after this – "guys are just, like, totally the

best! But who knows?" I ran a hand along Noland's grinning cheek. "Maybe this will turn into something more?"

"Is that all, Master? You want to otherwise keep things this way? I must admit, I did perhaps go a little overboard when I was granting things. I can tone things back if you'd like?"

"No, you granted my wish. You gave me everything I wanted. I'm a winner now. I know what it feels like and I really do love it, but it's not just the thrill of victory. I can see now that I wasn't just a loser on the field, I was in a bad state. I was a bad person. I couldn't even appreciate the friendship of my best friend."

I pressed my lips together as I looked over Noland and thought back to all the times I'd spurned and misconstrued guy-her's attempts at comradery. I shook my head.

"Besides!" My lips curled into a mischievous smirk. "What would this girl do without me, huh?" I gave one of her nipples a playful tease. She gasped and looked around for the culprit but the guys just laughed it off. "I mean, look at her!" I pulled her hips back and pushed her forward. She fell, giggling tits-first, into the arms of the well-hung cameraman she'd been eying since the break started. "She's still got so much to learn!"

"How noble." She smiled. "I am glad that you were able to find the friendship that eluded you. But you know I can still give you all that while turning you both back into men?"

"Ah, well," I bit my lip. "I may have... I mean... honestly?" I looked around the room at all the well hung hunks that had been oh so eager to please me just a minute ago. I laughed. Who was I trying to fool? "Honestly, the sex is just too freaking amazing! I don't want to give it up! I didn't wish for this but damn you delivered!"

"With how often I get asked to do stuff like this, I have become something of a specialist." she beamed at the compliment. "I am glad my Master approves. Is that everything then? If so then please, just say the words, wish your desires."

"Five minutes!" Cried the director.

"Ah, uh..." I fumbled for the words, suddenly it was all happening so fast. Was that really everything? "Will I ever see you again?"

"Of course!" She glanced at the camera with keen interest. "You have a bright future ahead of you. I have so much fun visiting my previous masters, seeing how the story plays out. Well, those masters that I end on good terms with, at least."

"Wait, what does it mean to end on bad terms?"

"Best not to think about!" Her teeth glinted like knives. "Say the words, Master!"

"Uh, I wish... I wish... all that stuff I said just now!"

"It is done!" There was a crack of thunder and wind, but this time she was still there.

"Is that it?" I didn't feel any different.

"That's it. No longer will you suddenly find yourself being whatever she desires. Not unless you work for it, at least."

"Thank you." I hugged her, my boobs pressing into her. She was hot like metal left out in the sun, but I didn't care. Tears were falling down my eyes. I didn't know where all this was coming from.

"You're very welcome. Now, come on, you've got to get ready. This girl's ready to give you a run for your money!"

"Thirty seconds! Come on, Nikkie, places!" The director grabbed me by the shoulder and guided me back down over to the huddle of well-oiled Adonises. Everybody was smiling appreciatively at me. Whatever spell had befallen them had passed seamlessly.

"You ready?" I shot a glance over to Noland.

"Bring it!"

I fell back into it right as the bell rung, landing hard on the cock, pulling a groan from this guys lips. Noland was racing to catch up and gaining fast. She wasn't going down without a fight. I dove in harder.

This! This is what I lived for!

And days hence, when the replay finally went live - an instant best seller - I couldn't help but laugh as I read out the first comment:

"Another satisfied customer."

The End.