

Making The Grade
A Silly Smutty Short
- By Razmagurk -

She was perfect. A work of art. The sluttiest bimbo this town would ever see.

I couldn't have been prouder.

I put the final touches on her lashes. Long, thick, sensual. They'd swat like whips with every flutter. They'd draw every gaze to the stunning crystal blue of her naturally smoky eyes. No one would be able to resist.

I stepped back and wiped the sweat from my brow. My masterpiece was complete.

Behind me, the sun was rising. I hated finishing so close to the deadline, but it's important not to rush good magic and all that extra time and effort had really paid off. Soon my Master would see just how far I'd come. He'd see that I was ready and eager for lamp work, to start granting real wishes.

I was finally going to be a full-fledged genie!

All I had to do was present my work here tonight. To show him how wonderfully I'd granted this girl's wish. There was less than an hour left and I'd gone above and beyond. I'd been so nervous going into it, but it had all really come together. At this point nothing could possibly go wrong.

"Quinton!" came a knock at the door. "Wake up, you're going to be late!"

"Mmm..." The girl beneath the sheets stirred, the soft golden light of the morning dappling along the diaphanous fabric as it clung to her every extreme curve. "Five more minutes!"

"Now, Quinton!" The knock turned into a bang.

"Fine, fine." She rolled over, sheets falling away as she sat with her legs over the side of the bed. Her newly enormous breasts and her long blonde hair swung playfully before her.

Wait. My smile faltered. Quinton?

The girl took one good look down at her body, then screamed.

Oh shit! I dove for the assignment instructions. Quinton could be a girl's name, right? This was the right girl? This was supposed to be - fuck fuck fuck - I'd been so focused on the wish I hadn't even confirmed

the target. Was I even at the right address? 161? 191? At least I knew for sure he was of age - 21 years if he was a day – at least I didn't bimbofy some kid.

I had to fix this, fast!

"Oh my god!" The girl jumped to her - or should I say his - feet. His voice twisted in surprise at the back half of the words. His voice was strange and alien, a husky timber that oozed sex. Even his exclamation of shock sounded like a phone sex operator earning her keep.

But then he saw himself in the mirror and suddenly the voice was the least of his problems.

The girl staring back did her sexy alto justice - a creature straight from a horny adolescent fantasy. She was wide of hip and thin of waist, with classically long legs and an ass like two juicy globes. She ran a hand disbelievingly along her flawless skin, groping at its softness and daring it to be an illusion. Alas, the subtle scrape of her glitter-pink nails and the tingling trail of sensation they left in their wake confirmed that it was all too real.

And then, of course, her hands went straight for her massive tits.

"Oh fuck!" she cried out. If it was an expression of duress or delight, none could tell.

Okay, shit. I could fix this. I could make this all right. One snap of my fingers and I could return him to his proper place in the world. All this would just be a strange sexy dream.

But - ah - how could I look at those pouty pink blowjob lips, those big hyper-expressive doe eyes, that long wavy hair with its hot pink highlights - and not falter?

All my hard work. All the art I'd put into this transformation, all the time and energy I'd sunk into every detail. Gone. Just like that. I'd have had an easier time trying to smash a statue than this project. I...

Oh shit. A fresh lump rose in the back of my throat. The project.

The other shoe dropped.

My Master would be here in less than half an hour. There was no way I was going to be able to redo even a fraction of this on some other target in that time. Oh god, I was going to fail, wasn't I? I was going to lose my provisional licence! How many more centuries would I have to wait before I got a chance to redo my apprenticeship? Assuming I wasn't blacklisted entirely.

I paced circles through the air. This was a disaster, a nightmare! A worst-case scenario. And there was nothing I could do about it.

Wait.

Unless...

I watched as Quinton's experimental groping grew more intense. He sworled his hands across his warm feminine flesh, one hand eagerly plucking a tender nipple as the other played across his supple belly. His eyes were rolled up into the back of his head, lashes fluttering, lip bit, as he rode the wash of keenly-tailored sex hormones.

All his cries of alarm had given way to cries of pleasure.

My smile returned.

The assignment was to grant a wish? Well, I'd granted a wish. And if I was going to be judged on how much the recipient loved the results - then all I had to do was make sure this poor boy loved them in spades.

I took a breath. It was risky. I'd have to be subtle and I'd have to be quick. I couldn't just wiggle my nose and turn him into a brain-broken jizz dumpster. No, that was exactly the sort of cheat my Master would be looking for. I had to make it look like it was all a part of my fulfillment of the original wish.

So what was the original wish?

"Damn, look at those bimbo skanks. Look at how slutty and fun and irresistibly, effortlessly sexy they are. God, I wish I could be one of those girls."

I frowned. Only now in retrospect did it seem like at all an odd request. Genies deal with all types, we're taught not to judge. I had figured the wishee was some nerdy tomgirl who watched way too much pornography and had an unhealthy view of other women.

Okay. I could do this. I just had to convince a presumably straight cis guy that he'd love being the worlds hottest, jiggiest new slut. In 20 minutes. How hard could it be?

"Okay, don't panic!" I appeared before him in a cloud of smoke. The effect wasn't necessary, but it helped sell the pitch. "I can fix this!"

He let out a yelp, his fine fingers flying free from their perverse explorations. He blushed like a boy who had just been caught knuckle deep in their brand-new pussy. He stumbled back, the weight of his tits and ass catching him off balance as he fell back - breasts still jiggling - onto the bed.

His mouth opened, gaping in a blend of awe, disbelief, and confusion. Though truth be told on a face like that, even those expressions carried with them serious 'fuck me' undertones. Finally, he spoke.

"And who the hell are you!?"

“Look, there’s no time to explain,” I held out a hand. My Master drilled into me the ten thousand protocols and all the modes of address required for dealing with mortals. Right now they were all going right out the window. “I’m here to help. Are you going to let me or not?”

Bless his mortal heart, he got with the program quick.

“Please! Yes! Help! I’m a dude and I woke up as some kind of big-titted bimbo girl!”

“And you don’t love being a big-titted bimbo girl? Like, if someone asked you to rate it on a 1-5 scale, you’d be pretty upset about the whole ordeal?”

“What? Yes, I’d be very upset! What is happening to me? Can you help me or not?”

Damn. Oh well, it was worth a shot.

“Okay - don’t worry, calm down - I’ve got you. Here.” I put a hand dramatically on his head. Like most of the little gestures I made, it wasn’t necessary, but it telegraphed I was doing */something/*.

“What are you doing?”

It was time to ramp things up a bit.

“You’re confused, I get it. Alarmed, even. But think about it this way, haven’t you always been envious of your big-titty aunt?”

I reached across reality and made it so. His mom’s beautiful sister with the absolute boulder breasts, always posing all seductively. She always teased the waiters with her beachball tits and slipped away to give them an extra special tip. And then there was poor little Quinton, spending his whole life all hot and jealous of all the attention she commanded, how easy she made it all look, how confident and in-control she was. Oh how he wanted to grow a pair just like hers.

“I don’t...” he furrowed her brow as he tried to make sense of what he felt, as the magic settled in. “I don’t have an aunt.”

Shit.

“Okay, well, now you do. You’ve always had one. You really look up to her, don’t you? And now you get to be a hot slut just like her. Isn’t that great?”

He blinked, then looked back down at his breasts. Some of the horror faded as his new reality took hold. Okay, this was good, this was working. Role models - that’s what I needed.

“And hey, what about your mom? You like her, right? You look up to her?”

I reached out again into his past and solidified their relationship. No more arguments. I brought them as close together as a mother and son could be, the best of friends. The room shifted, becoming neater as he became a more dutiful and obedient son. They were always going out and having fun together. She was always giving little life lessons, and he was all too eager to learn everything she had to teach.

“What kind of a question is that.” He crossed his hands over his expansive chest. “Of course I like my mom, she’s great. What does any of this have to do with me waking up as a girl?”

“In fact,” The flames of my eyes flashed. “You’ve always wanted to be just like her.”

It wasn’t a question.

“M-maybe a little?” The intensity of his gaze broke. How many times had he tried on mom’s dresses? Or followed mom to work? How many times had he dreamed of being a mother himself one day? Hardly typical for most boys. “What’s wrong with that?”

“Great!” I latched onto that and twisted. “And because she’s a smoking-hot nymphomaniacal bimbo cum-slut, then that’s what you’ve always dreamed of being too.”

“I-” He furrowed his brow. “That’s not...” He couldn’t deny the truth of what I was saying. Trying on dresses? More like he’d dreamed of one day being able to fill out her skimpy lingerie, of dancing the pole the way she could, of being so confident and sexy that he could pick up a new guy every night. Wait, that didn’t seem right...

The room again adjusted to suit the new reality. Boxers had turned to panties and then lacy g-strings. Make-up cluttered the desk. A well-loved dildo appeared on the nightstand.

“But you couldn’t! Because you were, as you say, a dude! A straight dude. But now look. You have big honking tits and an aching libido, just like her. You’re both total sex kittens. In fact, it runs in the family! You can finally put to practice all those blowjob lessons. You can unabashedly walk with the hip-grinding swagger you perfected watching her. You can go out to the clubs together, wearing your skimpiest bikinis and you can shake your ass and titties for all the boys! Doesn’t that sound fun? You could never do that as a guy.”

“What? No. Stop! What are you doing? Why are you talking like that?” He turned away. “I don’t care how fun it would be. Just because I look up to my mom, doesn’t mean I’m not a guy! You can’t just say I’d be happier like this. You don’t know me!”

“But you’ve always been so jealous!” I forced the issue. “And as a guy, you could only take things so far, but now... look! You have great big slutty melons just like your mom and the rest of your family. And a dump truck ass, and a perfectly sculpted body. You’ve dreamed about this every night. You’ve yearned for it! To be the biggest slut you can be. I know you have. So come on, please, just admit it. Isn’t this everything you’ve ever wished for?”

“Stop! Please. I need to think.” The new memories were hitting him so fast he could barely keep up.

I adjusted his history with Femininity. I made it so overwhelmingly positive, so happy. He’d had so much fun playing with barbies, he’d been overjoyed at the look and feel of himself in a dress, he’d always preferred the company of women for their gentle and forthright emotions.

I did likewise for sex, for his whole new slutty life. Had he ever felt closer to anyone than when he’d been bonding with mom over her whorish makeup lessons or those extremely detailed sex ed demonstrations? Had he ever known a greater gift than the time he’d got caught trying on his aunt’s sluttiest bras and panties, only for mom to surprised him a whole drawerful just for him? And who could forget the warmth in his heart that time he caught mom passed out on the couch covered in jizz – so adorable - and put the blanket over her so she’d sleep well.

And of course, through it all, that insidious vein of envy, of an impossible want.

It was a good life, damnit.

I could see the wheels turning over in his brain like a ball swirling around the rim of the net. I prayed this would work. I was dangerously close to overplaying my hand. This was hardly subtle magic.

He took stock, once more, of the body I’d given him. The Greek Masters themselves could not have carved a better bimbo. There was no doubt now that he was hotter than both his mom and his aunt combined. I could see the want in his eyes, the longing. It was so obvious! He just needed to admit it.

But instead he shook his head.

“No. No! I don’t care how hot I am, I don’t want any part of this. Sure, I’m in touch with my feminine side, sure I’ve spent my whole life jealous, and sure I sometimes dream that things were different - but I’m still a guy, deep down.” He blushed despite himself. “And as fun as I’m sure it would be, what kind of a guy would want something like this?”

“Oh come on!” I slapped my palm to my face. “What would it take?”

“What would it take for me to surrender my manhood!? Are you listening to yourself? Who even are you? I thought you said you could help!”

“Trust me, I’m trying!”

“Baby?” There was a knock at the door.

Oh shit, what now? A girlfriend?

Without even waiting for an answer, the girl opened the door and sauntered in.

Damn, what a girlfriend. She was hot enough just standing there in those pjs to give my naked masterpiece a run for its money. She was everything I'd been trying to instill in Quinton all night. No wonder he'd been selling his manhood so preciously.

"Please!" Quinton gasped. "You've got to help me! This crazy - Mmmph!"

A groan of lust interrupted his pleading as I amped up his libido. Best I not have him giving everything away.

Okay, so he had a smoking hot girlfriend. Maybe I could use this to my advantage.

With a dramatic snap of my finger the two were ragingly bisexual and polyamorous. In fact, because I'm so nice I went in and took it a little farther, adjusting their perfect partner so that the two of them would be each other's living fantasies.

Then I kicked the girl's tits and libido up a couple sizes, just for good measure.

A hot flush ran through Quinton's face. His jaw gaped - now he was a very different type of speechless.

The girl ran up and pressed her lips to his. It was hot and tender, her smouldering tongue dancing along the plump lips of her lover, their curvaceous bodies pressing in just enough to feel their mutual heat. It was a passionate promise of what was to come.

And then she pulled away, smirking impishly.

"Mom says to move that sweet little ass of yours to breakfast, you baby."

"I -" He stammered through the heat. "I told you not to call me that."

"Then grow up." The girl winked, then strutted out the door.

"Sis, wait!" Quinton held out a pleading hand, but it was too late.

Okay, shit. Not a girlfriend. God, what had I just done? But this was fine, right? I'd just made his homelife a little more interesting, that's all. I could still work with this. If anything, the extra pressure made it all the easier.

"What the hell just happened!? What is happening!?" Quinton's face warred between furious disgust and undeniable lust. "It's like she didn't even notice I was a girl."

"Oh..." I thought back to the steamy sapphic kiss. "I wouldn't quite say that."

"Why!?" He stomped a foot. "Why did she not freak out to find some random slut masturbating in her brother's room? What the hell was that kiss? What is happening?"

"Don't worry about that." I waved a hand dismissively. "This is all perfectly normal."

"Like fuck it is! Oh god, I kissed my sister." The hitch in his voice carried the unspoken second half of that statement – and he'd liked it.

"No, I mean all of this. It's normal for you now. In so far as the world is concerned you've always been a big-titted bisexual sexpot. You've always been a girl. You've always been so insatiably horny that you could bang a whole football team breakfast lunch and dinner, and - uh - I guess you've always been bisexually amorous with your equally hot sister because... right, shit, I made it run in your family, didn't I?"

"What!?" His voice went quiet. "No one remembers I'm a guy?"

"Exactly! In so far as the world is concerned, none of that ever happened."

"You -" His fist was shaking. "You took away my whole life!?"

"Uh -" I stepped back. "I made it better?"

"Look at me!" He gestured downwards, his own eyes still catching lustfully over his expansive inches. "How is this better!?"

"Don't you see? You're perfect! Do you have any idea how many people wish for something like this? How many girls dream of this in their heart of hearts?"

"What? Who would possibly..." He gulped. His own altered upbringing made the question hit way too close to home. "Who would possibly want this?"

"Well," I glanced over at my assignment sheet. "There's at least one, I tell you that."

But that did little to assuage his anger. I was shocked at how intense he could make those eyes.

"Okay, fine. Look." I held up my hands. "This isn't getting us anywhere and I really don't have time to argue. How about you tell me what it would take, okay? I can tailor this. Bigger tits?" I enlarged his already substantial breasts. "Fatter lips?" His pink pillows pouted plumper. "Anything you want."

"Oh my god, why are those the first options you go to!? I want you to turn me back!"

"No, I mean, look, I'm working within certain confines here, okay? Anything you want that's still in line with you being a girl."

A wish is a powerful incentive, but you had to be careful. My whole life I'd heard stories of mortal wishes, of the wonder and imagination they possessed, and of all the foolish loopholes they left open. But some mortals could be tricky. Some mortals could be clever.

Quinton was not one of those mortals.

"Can you make me rich?"

"What?"

"Rich! I wanna be rich! I want to never have to work for money my whole life. My whole family too."

"Easy." I snapped my fingers. The room had been keeping up with the new histories, but this shift was a little more drastic. Gone were the cheap wood and carpet. In its place was sheer slutty luxury. It was elegant and classy, but the kind of elegance you'd find at a strip club. And spread all around were all the little decorations that a jealous boy living in a house full of beautiful women could have asked for - glittery make up and skimpy lingerie, neatly arrayed sex toys and all manner of pornography.

"Oh my god!" he ran a hand along the now silken sheets.

"See? You love it right? All I had to do is make it so that your mom regularly sleeps her way through a rotating cavalcade of hunky sugar daddies."

"What are you talking about? Mom's always brought home cute rich guys. And how is this any richer than before?"

It took me a moment to clue in to what had happened. I buried my face in my palm. Rookie mistake.

"Look, I assure you. You just think that's how it is because I adjusted your personal history." I'd been so caught up in those kinds of changes I hadn't granted this one as something he'd be aware of.

"Wait, personal history? Mom used to not fuck handsome strangers? But that's -" His eyes flashed.

"That's why dad left! You're responsible for them breaking up?"

There was no pleasing this kid.

"Fine!" I snapped my fingers. "There. Now he's also a big titty bimbo sleeping around with her sugar daddies. Just say you're happy!"

He put a hand to his head as the new reality slammed into him. Cheering for her mom as she brought home all the richest, hunkiest guys and fucked them so loud the whole house could hear. Catching high-fiving his dad as he got ploughed by those house guests the next morning over breakfast. The long arguments he'd had with the guidance councillor about how prostitution was a real profession, thank you very much, and yes he was quite serious about it.

"Maybe..." he took a deep breath. "Maybe you're right."

"Aha!"

"Maybe this body is everything I've craved. Maybe this will finally let me live out my dreams. I can be the whore I've always wanted."

"You see? I told you!"

"But even so. This isn't who I am." Again, his voice went quiet. He was shaking. "I'm still a man. Deep down. Where it counts. No matter how much you change, no matter how much you make me want it. You've brought my dreams to life, sure, but you've taken away everything I was to do so. I don't even know who I am anymore. And I'm sorry. I may not know why I'm struggling so hard, but all I know is that I have to fight you to the very last breath. Masculinity demands it."

"Oh come on!"

He was so close. It was like a sneeze that just wouldn't come out. I pressed further. So much for subtle.

"Fine. You want to fight? You think machismo will save you?" I snap my fingers. "Your father's a world-famous trans porn star. All your favorite teachers?" Another snap. "Now sluts or trans themselves. Your heavy handed football coach?" Snap. "Giggling cheer captain." Snap. Snap. Snap. "Every male role model in your life! You think you're still a man? I'll redefine her very notion of masculinity!"

"Wait!" he screamed.

"And why stop there?" Snap. "All your favorite movies and books? A lifetime's worth of positively-represented genderbending media. Hell, I'll even make it so every ounce of pornography you've ever consumed is about guys getting turned into slutty giggling bimbo girls and loving every second of it, no matter how much of the damn internet I have to rearrange to get it!"

"Wait -" his defiance broke with a quiver of his lip. "Coach bambi wasn't real? Miss fattbottom who taught me how to read and dance? All the times helping daddi film? What about - what about -" she scanned her memory but there was nothing there to latch onto. The only strong men in her life were the boys she had lusted over, and they were hardly role models. "What about Jack? The captain of the varsity football team? He was always so -" Snap "- good at shaking his tits. And he was constantly getting railed by the cheerleaders and every boy he could find. I spent three years trying to out-slut him and you mean to tell me -"

"And now you have!" I pointed to a trophy case. Dance trophies and beauty pageant ribbons, photographs of wet t-shirt contests and, hell, let's throw the interprovincial cocksucking championship trophy in there for good measure. "You see? I'm trying to help!"

The room was spinning and his breath was hot. It was too much; I'd pressed too hard too fast. His soul was reeling. He fell backward onto the bed.

"Please. Just tell me you like it."

"I mean..." he ran a hand along his supple flesh. "It is a very nice body." There was a hitch in his voice now. He slumped back and rolled into the warmth of his hands. It felt too good to deny, too good to stop.

"See?"

"But all that you've done?" He gasped as his hands found his tits once more. "It's too much. I had a life!"

"And now your life is better! Please!" I didn't know what else to do. "Just ... admit it. It feels so much better than you'd ever expect. It can be so much better. You'll like it, you'll love it! Just give it a chance."

"Stop! No - they were fantasies, that's all. They're just --" another gasp as he took one hand lower, traveling the length of his nude nubility to find the pulsing, throbbing, drooling source of his desire. "They're not something I'd ever really want. Even if it is a very fun fantasy." He groaned hotly as his hand found home. "I'm sorry. Maybe you should just leave."

I took a step back. This wasn't working.

I was going to fail. Oh god, and then Master would see just how much I'd screwed everything up by trying to cheat over my mistake and I'd be barred from the industry forever.

Quinton cried out. Both of his hands now had found his swollen labia. This had all been too much too fast. His brain couldn't keep up, his soul couldn't keep up, but his body? It knew what it wanted. He couldn't deny the eager distraction of those urges any longer. If only he knew just how good it could truly feel.

And just then there was a banging at the door.

"Quinton!" The boy's sister didn't even wait for a response before entering. "Mom says to seriously hurry up! If you're not there in five you're getting sloppy seconds again."

"Sis!" He choked on how hot and lustful the words leaving his mouth were. "I need your help! Please!"

That's when the answer hit me.

I snapped my fingers again and the buxom beauty standing in the doorway was suddenly clad in lacy lingerie and a lascivious grin.

"I bet you do, you little slut." She reached a hand down to stroke at the throbbing eight-inch dick now rising up from under her skirt. Quinton's eyes went wide as she saw it.

A cock. A real flesh and blood dick. This would kick all the biological wiring into overdrive, I was sure of it. And could there be anything, in his eyes, hotter than this? The perfect dick on the perfect mate. It would send his whole body aflutter just thinking about it.

"Sis," he gulped. "Look at me!"

"Oh, I am," She licked her lips. "And trust me, I like what I see."

"No, I mean it! Look at me! I'm a girl, for fuck's sake! A slutty horny girl! Please, you have to help!"

"Is that..." His sister furrowed her eyes and then almost laughed. "Is that really what passes for dirty talk these days?"

"No, you don't get it, it's not supposed to be this way - I had a dick!"

"Last night? Hell yeah, I'll bet you had quite a few, based on the moans I was hearing. What's the matter? They left you high and dry?"

"No!" He whimpered in frustration. Despite the seriousness of his circumstances, he couldn't stop masturbating, and the intense biological priority of that made it so hard for him to think, to form coherent statements. "Look, I need you to stop this - to - ah!" The rest of the words were drowned out by a crashing wave of bliss.

"Oh, are you not feeling alright?" She took a step closer and sat down on the bed next to her sister, hand not faltering from its masturbatorial duties. "Look, Quinton, you know I'll always have your back. Whatever you need, I'm here for you. You just say the word."

"Oh thank god!" It was half a cry of pleasure. "I can barely think. I don't know what's real and what's fantasy. It's like my brain is full of cotton and my whole body is on fire. I just need it all to stop."

"Aw, is my sister too horny to think? You want me to fill your tight cunt with my fat girl cock? You want me to dump a few good morning loads in your womb so you can start the day off right? I'm telling you, baby," the term was more endearing this time around, "if you need a good fucking, I'm here for you."

"Oh dear god yes!" To Quinton's credit there had been a genuine moment of struggle. But the suggestion was too much for him, too present, too real. He couldn't hold back when there was a real flesh and blood dick before him. Not when the promise of sex was so manifest.

His sister laughed. "Wow, next time the guys leave you high and dry, you just come snuggle into bed with me or mom, okay? We'll take care of you. Who in their right mind would leave such a hot slut like you all riled up like this? It's criminal. Now come on, spread 'em."

Quinton's response was an incoherent babble of confused need, but actions spoke louder than words. His legs parted.

"That's what I want to see. Damn, you weren't kidding. You have it bad, don't you?" His sister's stroking intensified. She chewed her plump lips as she gazed longingly at the artfully crafted cunt before her, spread open and plunged by Quinton's delicate fingers.

"Wait, no!" Quinton bolted upright. "We can't -" He was frantic for an excuse. Some aspect of his non-perverted life struggling to the last. "We need condoms!"

I snapped my fingers and his sister was wearing a ribbed ultra-magnum.

"What about mom?"

Another snap. "Oh no!" A voice rang out from downstairs, "I was so busy riding this big fat dick with your father that the eggs are burning! Never mind kids, you have 15 minutes!"

"What about - I can't believe I need to say this - you're my sister?"

She laughed. "Since when has that ever stopped us?"

I wiped my brow. I didn't even need to snap my fingers on that one.

"Come on, Quinton." Her own obvious arousal was driving her to impatience. "What is with you?"

"I just... I just..."

But his sister was already leaning in, already so close. Their lips were mere moments apart. His heart was pounding, his face was flush. Her body was so keenly, biologically ripe! So fertile and submissive. So ready to give in. Just one more inch and –

"Aw," she sighed. "Fuck it."

They kissed. Soft lip touching soft lip. Quinton's eyes rolled up into the back of her head. The girl smelt like bubble-gum and the kiss tingled like an electric candy. Quinton had no idea his lips were so sensitive. He kissed back on instinct, suckling, teasing and oh so eager for what happened next

"Damn," his sister giggled, "you're such a hot slut."

Quinton moaned at the compliment, a fresh flush of heat tickling across his cheeks. He'd waited his whole life for someone to call him that. All his wildest fantasies were finally coming true. How many times had this very situation played out in all his favorite porn?

And true to what happened next, Quinton rolled over and presented his quivering pussy.

With an eager relish of her own, his sister was up and on him in no time at all, her fat cockhead sliding up and down his delicate new vulva. He groaned in relief. Just the touch was enough to send stars to his eyes.

“Oh, you like my dick? You want more? You want to feel me in you?”

Quinton grunted in affirmation as the head of her dick pressed against the entrance of his drooling pussy. His pussy. He could feel it! It was so hot, so dick-quenchingly wet! Every cell of it was hard-wired for this specific purpose. Perfect pussy, perfect cock, perfect lover. All tailored to strike at the heart of her innermost fantasies.

His chest pounded. Stars in his eyes? In that moment they may as well have been hearts.

And then his sister pressed in, the heft and length of her dick demonstrating the sheer impossible fidelity of Quinton’s new sex. His body buckled. He could make out every ridge, every swell - he could map the vast landscape of this cock with perfect precision - and every inch of it’s real estate was a fresh wave of pleasure to discover.

“Oh - fuck!” Her sister gasped. She was being slow, delicate, deliberate. She was focusing on Quinton’s pleasure first and foremost, like a caring sister should, but that pussy wasn’t just perfect for him, no. “Your pussy feels so good, holy shit! I swear, you have the best goddamn cunt!” Despite all her prior experience with it, already her hips were floating, already her breath was short. It was exactly the sort of experience I’d tailored it to be.

I grinned. It was good to have all my hard work appreciated.

Quinton was hesitant at first - shy even. But after the first few strokes that hesitancy rapidly dwindled. The last thoughts of doubt, of masculinity, of the ridiculous notion that having this throbbing rock-hard fuckstick inside his hyper-sensitive snatch was anything other than his greatest joy in life, all began to fade away.

And in it’s place? *Pleasure.*

His hips were moving in a tango rhythm, every thrust of his sister’s was answered with one of his own. He moaned and he panted, he gasped and squeezed and cried, and then he squirmed, body tensing up through waves of bliss only to realized that all of that was just the beginning.

The first real orgasm slammed into him like a freight train. His pussy gushed like a firehose. He screamed so loud the entire neighborhood would know exactly how much he was enjoying his morning.

And that was just the first of many. The fucking continued. Highs and lows, bouncing on that dick through a whole conga line of sheer never-before-experienced sexual pleasures.

Except... I frowned. I still hadn't gotten what I was after.

"What are you?" I put the words into his sister's mouth.

"Huh?" He struggled for a semblance of coherence.

"What are you!?" She punctuated with a rise and drop of her hip, enough to cause him to bounce right to the tip and back. "I want to hear exactly what kind of girl you are!"

"Oh god!" he clued in through the explosion of sparks. "I'm a slut! I'm a whore! Please just keep fucking me, its so good, oh my god. Oh my god!"

"Yeah, you like that?" His sister leaned in and groaned the words right into her ear, hot breath ticking his perfect neck. "You like being my little slut?"

"Yes! Oh god. It's the best."

"You love your big slutty body and your big fat skanky tits? You like your quivering slut-whore pussy? Your needy fuckhole?"

"Ye~es!" The response bookended an orgasm.

"You want to spend your whole life getting your girly holes fucked by fat cock again and again? Tell me how much you love it!"

"Yes! Yes! Aahhhh! I love it. Oh my god. It's so much better than anything I could have ever imagined! I never want it to stop. I want to be your big-titty bimbo slut forever. I want to ride your big dick every day. I want to be the biggest whore on the planet. I -" somewhere in the middle of that there was a genuine tear in his eye - "This is the greatest thing that's ever happened to me! Yes!"

And just like that I had him.

I stepped back, stumbling. I hadn't realized quite how much all of that had taken out of me. But I had done it. Holy shit, I'd done it! There, in his babbling, moaning affirmations and cries. There, as he pushed forward through one screaming climax after another - I had him.

It hadn't been enough to tell him how good he had it, no. No amount of talk could do the trick. I had to show him firsthand. He had to experience all the joy his new body - his new life! - could bring.

And now - I almost laughed - I'd done so in spades.

And not a moment too soon.

"Well done!" A voice like thunder clapped behind me.

"M-m-m-master!" I jumped to attention. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Long enough." My Master stepped past me to get a better view of the proceedings. "You have ten seconds remaining. If you wish to put on any - finishing touches?" He winked.

I blinked, trying my best to keep a straight face. Finishing touches? What did he - oh!

With one last snap of my fingers, I removed myself from Quinton's mind. Now he would only remember me as a distant dream.

"There we go." He laughed. "Times up! And, wow, look at them go!" He had a sharp grin as he appraised the two mortals fucking on the bed. The intense flames of his eyes rivaled the morning light. "I must say, you've certainly outdone yourself on this one. She certainly seems to be enjoying herself."

"Thank you, Master." I blushed, waiting for the other shoe to drop. For him to realize just how colossally I'd fucked everything up. Had he noticed? He must have. He wasn't the sort to tolerate mistakes. Everything had to be perfect.

"The ancillary touches are nice - giving the girl an entire life that supports her wish. Unnecessary, and a little sloppy - not your style at all - but its nice to see that kind of forethought and creativity.

I blushed all the harder.

"But of course, first there's the little matter of how Quinton here was male when he went to bed."

Ah. There it was. I was trembling. I had a fist gripped so tight I was going to draw blood.

"Master, I can explain."

"I should hope its a very good explanation indeed. Tell me, how did you get him to finally confess to his desires?"

"Huh?" My ears burned red.

"I pulled this wish from his deepest subconscious." my Master leaned in and squinted at the beatific expression on Quinton's face as his sister bottomed out deep inside him. "They were his most shameful yearnings, something that he'd never in a million years admit to. And here you've granted it in such a way that he's whole-heartedly embraced it." He laughed. "Most of the time they wake up, scream, and start grabbing at their tits while they um -"

My master's words were interrupted as Quinton screamed his way through a particularly body-quaking orgasm, each of his hands clutching one of his tits, nipples squeezed lasciviously between fine fingers.

“Well, let’s just say they’re not normally so... enthusiastic.” Master finished.

Wait... I blinked slowly, looking back and forth between Master and Quinton. Only now were his words sinking in. I wanted to scream but I didn’t know if it was in relief or frustration.

“I...” I cleared my throat and clung as tight as I could to my poker face. “Yes. Of course. I figured it had to be something like that. What can I say? I just... gave her what she wanted.”

“That’s my apprentice!” My Master laughed and clapped me on the back. “Though honestly, after tonight I don’t know if I can call you that anymore.”

“Wait, what?”

“Well you see,” he rubbed his chin and poked a finger at the sisterly dick plunging eagerly into Quinton’s quivering quim. “You’ve also caused more collateral damage in the past ten minutes than most of my apprentices have in their entire careers. You really did quite a number on the internet.”

My heart dropped.

“But, ah,” he winked. “You can’t make an omelette without making a few eggs, aye? Or dicks, I guess, as the case may be.”

“Does - does that mean?”

“You passed.”

I passed!

I leapt up into the air. Furiously fist pumping in celebration is not quite considered proper decorum, but I think in that moment I’d earned it.

“I’ll have to go over the paperwork, of course, do the post-wish interviews, decide exactly how to score everything, but let’s not get bogged down in that right now. Quinton seems genuinely happy, if a little reluctant, and you’ve demonstrated a masterful execution of your craft. Tell me,” He put a hand on my shoulder and we stepped out of the mortal world. “Have you given any thought to lamps?”

And many orgasms later, Quinton and her sister finally made it downstairs, giggling and flirting the whole way. Quinton had no idea what strange dream spirit had finally granted her wish, had finally given her the body and life she’d always longed for, but to whoever they were - she clutched a hand over her tits where her heart was - she was eternally grateful.

The two already had plans to go clubbing. They’d bring some cute boys home and fuck them together this time so neither would get left out. But before that they had a busy day ahead. They were going to

go bikini shopping with mom and their aunt, and they were going to compete to see who could get the biggest discount. After that, they were all going to team up together to star in daddy's latest production.

She couldn't think of a more perfect day. And for once, she wouldn't be moping jealously on the sidelines because she wasn't a girl.

Now - at long last - she was everything she had wanted to be. She was the sluttiest bimbo this town would ever see. She was an utter work of art.

Now, at last, she was perfect.

And she was going to have so much fun.

The End.