



Genie Troubles
- A Quick Short -
By Razmagurk

“What the hell did you just do!?”

I slammed the apartment door shut behind me as I stomped my way to the bedroom.

“I granted your wish!” the voice echoed. “Isn’t it great?”

"Great!?" I couldn't believe this. "You call this great? How am I supposed to win my ex back with *this*?" I tore down my yoga pants to free the massive donkey-boner barely constrained within my panties. "You gave me a dick!"

"You don't like it? But I worked so hard on it!" Even though the genie didn't have a face, I could *hear* its grin. "What's the matter, not big enough for you?"

"Where are you? Show yourself!"

"Fine, fine." Somehow I could tell it was rolling its non-existent eyes. "As my Mistress commands."

A blast of smoke almost knocked me over, condensing out of nothing into a whirling ashy mist before thickening into the form of a man.

Well, 'Man' was being generous.

He was short, with wide hips, thick thighs, and delicate limbs. If not for the bare, naked chest and rather prominent bulge in his diaphanous harem pants, I'd have easily mistaken him for a girl. And that wasn't even commenting on his face. Soft lips, round features. Something so ancient had no business being so damn cute.

"I mean, I know how some mortals can get." He fell to his knees before me and poked appraisingly at the offending appendage. I tried not to grunt at the unfamiliar sensation as the twin red flames that were his eyes sparkled in curiosity. "I made sure to put you in the top percentile for length and girth. Did you not want to be the best endowed woman around, Mistress?"

"That's the whole fucking problem - look what you did!"

I pointed at the movie posters up on my wall. A few popular comedies and romances, and now in every full-body shot you could see the girl's impressive dick well-displayed by her outfit.

"The posters, Mistress?"

"That's the least of it!"

I threw my phone at him, the thing bouncing off his bronze chest then floating up into his field of vision.

He raised an eyebrow as the phone scrolled downwards of its own accord - a simple google search showing rows and rows of women with big fat meaty cocks. Occasionally one would be lifting their balls to show off the pussy beneath.

His smile widened. He looked so fucking pleased with himself.

"Look!" I turned on the TV just for good measure. A model was walking down the runway, her dick wrapped in delicate spring flair.

"Ah! I see." He nodded in understanding. "You think I went too far on the whole penis fashion thing? To be honest, it was easier to have it be a big deal than not, but it's always a tricky call how big to make a new concept like that. Should I have made it less risqué? More? I think I did."

I slapped my head against my forehead.

"WHY DID YOU GIVE EVERYBODY DICKS!?"

I tried not to yell it, really I did, but this was the last straw.

"What?" He looked back over at me, blinking those big smouldering puppy dog eyes, as though he didn't understand the question. "But this is what you wished for, Mistress. I spent subjective months crafting this one! I put a lot of care and artistry into these changes. Do you know how hard it is to manifest genetic drift in the early ages of evolution and still have society come out mostly the same? And now you're telling me--"

"What I wished for..." I glared at him, my words as stern as the fists I'd balled my hands up into. - "...was to be my ex-boyfriend's greatest fantasy come to life! Not to be some..." I took a laboured breath and gestured downwards. "Big-dicked freak!"

I took another breath, trying to pull myself together, to not think about my fat cock. It was so damn hard. It seemed to bounce and wiggle with every little movement. So present, so *there*. Constantly demanding attention. How did guys get anything done?

The genie, for his part, just glanced away awkwardly.

"What?"

"Mistress, it's just, well, about that. How well do you know this Edwin guy anyway?"

"We dated for a few months, then we broke up because he said I wasn't giving him what he needed. Why?"

"So you never... for example... saw his browser history? Had any deep conversations about sexual desires or fetishes?"

"What, no! Why would we- wait."

My eyes widened as I looked down at the turgid giga-cock tenting out from between my legs.

"You're saying that Edwin..."

"Desperately wanted to get bent over and pounded by a girl with a big old dick, yes."

I stumbled back, suddenly dizzy.

"And you - you didn't think to ask me about it before granting the wish?"

"Mistress." He cocked his hips. "If I had to ask for confirmation on every aspect of a wish, I'd never get anything done. You wanted to bring your ex's fantasy to life, that's what I did. A whole world of big-dick girls to fuck him senseless. And it was no small feat either. Used a hell of a lot of skill and magic, but I got it done. A little appreciation would be nice!"

"I didn't want you to change the whole world." I stomped my foot. "I wanted you to change */me/*! I was supposed to give him what no other girl could, that's what was important!"

"Well, I did give you an exceptionally large one." His smile was catlike as he patted my crotch reassuringly. It took all I had not to lean in to the pressure. "All you've got to do is put it to use, right? I fail to see the problem."

I bit my lip and turned away. The same blood pounding in my dick was pounding in my brain. Hormonal. Horny. Hungry.

Edwin. I sighed. What I wouldn't give to have him back. We'd been so good together. So happy. Those gentle mornings, those wild evenings. How many months had it been? I couldn't move past him. How long had I pined over what we could have been?

And for what? For the want of a dick? For some fetish I was ill-equipped to cater to? I hadn't even known, hadn't even opened up to him about this sort of thing.

Well, I was ill-equipped no more. It */was/* a hell of a dick.

Maybe the genie was right? I pressed tentatively down upon it, my breath hitching as it bounced back up. Maybe I was looking a gift horse in the mouth. I mean - I bit my lip - maybe I could at least try it out first? Wouldn't this be all worth it if it let me hook up with him again? Hadn't I wanted him back no matter the cost?

I let out a hot breath. Just the thought of him was making this all seem so worth it.

"What - what is he doing right now?"

The genie snapped his fingers and an image appeared on the TV in lifelike fidelity. My jaw dropped.

The lacrosse-player physique of my ex-boyfriend Edwin was bent over a table getting pounded from behind by a brunette as he slurped the balls of a stacked redhead. My heart leapt into my throat. I didn't know what was worse, that he was taking it up the ass from these girls, or that it wasn't me in their place.

"Ah, right." The genie pursed his lips. "So, sure, your boyfriend may have ended up a slut. But I'm sure if you go down and talk to him-"

"No." I turned away. "It's too much! I've seen enough."

"Mistress?"

"Change it back!" I waved my arm. "Change it all back. Fix this."

I rubbed at my forehead, doubting myself even as I issued my command. Was I really that foolish a romantic? What had I been thinking, keeping things like this? That had to have been the dick talking, right? I hadn't seriously been considering using this thing, had I?

"Back!?" The genie balked. "Are you crazy? After all the time and effort I put into this? Look, I know you mortals may not have the best perspective, but this is a masterpiece of reality manipulation. I bent back the course of infinity for you! You might as well be ask me to whitewash over the Mona Lisa!"

"No one asked you to do any of that! I just- I just wanted you to make me hot for Edwin."

"And now you are! In spades!"

I sighed. I wasn't getting through to him.

"Okay, fine, fine. Let's try this again." Maybe I could go at it from another direction. "What if I made it an official wish? How much energy do you have left?"

His eyes flashed. His grin sharpened. I'd said the magic words.

"Well," he put on an aura of faux-modesty. "I meant it when I said I'd really gone all out on this one. It was a really, really big wish. Most genies couldn't come close. But did I mention I graduated top of my class? Never fear, Mistress, I have a fair chunk left to be sure."

"Okay, let's try this again then. My second wish. It's simple. Nothing crazy, nothing big. Nice and easy."

"Name it, Mistress," he gave a coy bow, "and it is yours."

I tried to consider how I wanted to phrase this, but it was hard to think clearly with the sound of Edwin getting fucked down like a slut at prom still blaring away on the TV.

"I want you to make it so that Edwin and I never broke up. So that we have whatever it takes for a lasting relationship together. Do you understand? I don't want him just taking it up the ass from every girl he sees. I wish we'd have good sexual compatibility - a happy relationship. Do you understand?"

"Hmm." The genie frowned slightly as he chewed the request over. "I suppose you're right, the current situation isn't really sustainable, is it?"

"Exactly! And look..." I let out a sigh. "I know you put a lot of work into that first wish, but if you can find a way to fix the whole 'girls are hermaphrodites' thing along the way...?"

"Oh!" his eyes flashed. "I see what you're saying. Right! Yes. I get it. One hundred percent. I can do that for you. A small task for one so great as I."

I let out a sigh of relief, glad we were on the same page.

"I mean, we still need a system of chromosomal exchange still sure, but what even is the purpose of the guys in this scenario? They're evolutionarily redundant, we've got to fix that."

“Uh -”

But the genie’s wheels were already turning; the wish already spoke.

“Ooh, maybe if I go back to the earliest offshoot and just double down on junk-DNA transposition I can alter some of the phenotypes without causing too much trouble. I mean, come on, I’m already halfway there - I can keep a good bit of my probability infrastructure in place as I build around the changes! It would take a lot of skill but hey, look who you’re dealing with. Did I mention I graduated top of my class?”

“And that...” I squinted and pretended to understand what he was talking about. “That’ll fix the dick problem?”

“Oh, yes.” he grinned happily, teeth glinting sharklike. “No more errant dicks. This is going to be my greatest work yet. You’re going to love it.”

“Just... just make sure Edwin and I are compatible, okay?”

“Oh yes, Mistress, when I’m through with him he’ll fit you like a glove!”

“Wait - what?”

But with the snap of his fingers, the genie was gone.

And just like the last wish, everything lurched and shifted three inches to the left. My belly leapt into my throat as time and space came unhinged.

I reached a hand out to steady myself. I was suddenly in the kitchen. At least, it looked like my kitchen. There were more gadgets than I remembered and the smell of spices was more potent.

And I wasn’t alone.

There was a man standing in front of me, his back to me as he whipped something creamy in a large bowl. He was wearing tight jeans and no shirt.

“Wait...” I squinted, dreamlike. I knew that smell. “Edwin?”

“Hmm?” He glanced at me from over his shoulder. “What’s the matter, baby?”

The physicality of him was like a lightning bolt in my heart. It left me tender and vulnerable. All those months. All the things I didn’t know I missed about him, the sound of his footsteps, the hitch of his breath, the swell of his ass cheeks. It was all coming back to me.

I took a step forward; it was like everything out of my fantasies. All the joy I remembered from those happy months, just like I’d dreamt of reliving ever since the breakup. The genie had really done it!

He was here. With me.

And fuck, he smelled so good.

Then my dick slapped up against his back.

I panicked. I swore. I did my best to shove it back in my pants but that just made it even worse. In my dream I didn't have a massive fucking boner flopping around all over the place.

"Babe?" He furrowed his brow. "You okay?"

"Huh?"

"What's wrong, did I leave the seat down again?" he laughed, turning around. "You only call me by my real name when I'm in trouble."

And that's when I noticed the pregnant swell of his belly.

Suddenly this stupid fat cock of mine seemed like the least of my worries.

"Ah." He raised an eyebrow as he caught me staring. He crossed his hands over his chest self-consciously. "I know I've put on a bit of baby weight, but hey, I'm trying here."

"No, no, no!" I tried to assuage his fears, I tried to play it cool. Anything to keep this fantasy going just a few more moments. "It's not that. You look good. Great, even! Look at you!" And it was true. His skin was clear and glowing, his muscles had softened a bit but were still prominent. Every bit the man I'd fallen in love with. With one very expectant exception. "Wait," I squinted. "What should I be calling you then?"

"Aw, thank you, baby, you know just what to say." He grinned that dopey way boys do when they receive a compliment. "And come on, anything but my name. Sweetheart? Honey? Mmm..." his voice went down a pitch. "Your big strong jizz-rag?"

I gulped.

Even when we'd been together he'd never been so forward. There had always been this hesitancy to our sex. Now I guess I knew why.

He walked over and took me in his arms, my head resting against the familiar cleft of his chest. Then he leaned me back and gave me a kiss. His tongue was hot and firm and sent a fluttering deep within my soul.

I let out a hot sigh. It had been a long time since the breakup. And I was a horny girl even before this ridiculous dick started yapping like a chihuahua. I tried not to focus on it, tried not to let it ruin the moment, but he just pressed himself tighter against it, he made it feel so damn good.

Sexually compatible indeed.

Wait, fuck. Focus.

“J-jizz rag?”

The words sent a shiver through him.

“What can I say?” he blushed and grinned. “Being pregnant makes us guys super horny.” He scooped a dollop of the cream off the bowl and licked it off his finger. “I know we just did it like, three times this morning, but mmm are you up for one more round? You have no idea how badly I need my pussy pounded with that big fat baby maker of yours.”

There was a lot to unpack there, and I had the mental bandwidth for none of it.

“Uh.”

“See how wet I am for you, baby?” He took one of my hands in his and slid it gently down his pants to where his perfect pussy rested. It was as hot and wet as my own dick was hard.

My boyfriend had a pussy.

And god help me, I gave the slick thing a tentative rub. I don’t know if it was curiosity or my own perverse arousal. Maybe it was just the feeling of this man pressed against me, making my heart race. I couldn’t help it.

He shivered at my touch, his masculine muscles tensing, a grunting gasp escaping his lips.

My dick twitched coquettishly between us. I’d never heard a boy make that noise before but damn, I kind of liked it.

“Ah...” He bit his lip and held me tighter, my cockhead rubbing against his naked pregnant belly. “Why don’t we take this to the bedroom?” He teased a finger across my lips. “I’ll slip into something a little more comfortable?”

I was too stunned to do anything but nod along.

“Thanks for this baby.” He stepped away with a wink. “You know how needy I can get.” Then he scampered excitedly to the bedroom.

And with him gone – and a few deep breaths – I could think again.

Wait, shit. My eyes widened.

Had he just implied all guys got horny when they were pregnant? As in... he wasn’t the only one?

I dove for my phone to confirm my suspicions, then swore at what I saw.

“Genie!?” I yelled as quietly as I could. “What the hell did you do?”

This time there were no theatrics, the genie was just there, sitting on the edge of the kitchen counter. His diaphanous harem pants had gone from incredibly loose to skin-tight. His crotch was so vividly outlined in fact, that it left no uncertainty about the genital configuration beneath.

“Okay, okay, hear me out.” He was out of breath, barely manifesting any of the magical verve he had been so proud of earlier. “That was a lot trickier than I expected, but I think I got it pretty damn close. There was this period in the early primordial soup, I just had to move a few genes from one chromosome to another, no problem, right? Turns out natural selection is not happy with this one. It was a struggle, not my best work, lot of duct tape behind the scenes, but I got there! Even if the boys came out a bit nymphomaniaca...” He paused to rub experimentally at his crotch. “But that shouldn’t be a problem, should it?”

“You gave boys pussies!?”

“Uh, yes?” He raised an eyebrow. “How else are they going to have the babies, Mistress?”

“How does that fix anything!?”

“You wanted someone compatible! You wanted to fix the dick thing. No more hermaphrodites. Now boys have pussies and girls have dicks and there’s no extras cluttering up the equation. It’s very clean, very symmetrical. Girls having both was just no good, I absolutely agree.”

“Oh my god.” I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. We were back to this, were we?

I scrolled through the porn still pulled up on my phone in horror. I don’t know what I’d been expecting. It was all weirdly vanilla, save the genitals were reversed. There was even the same male gaze, except now the focus was much more prominently on the girl’s dicks. I’d expected the guys to be lying back and taking it, but the boys were still topping, still active and in the lead, even if that now meant bouncing up and down on a girl’s rigid pole.

“See?” The genie grinned again, pleased at his work. “Perfect sexual compatibility.”

“No - no!” I shook my head. “Absolutely not! Undo it. This is even worse than the first one.”

“What? Why!? This is a masterpiece!”

“Because I like my dicks attached to my men, thank you very much!”

“Oh!” He grinned excitedly. “Well don’t worry, I’ve got you covered. There’s this great hentai trend out of Japan where all the dudes have these big fat anime cocks. You should check it out.”

Great. I slapped my forehead. Now I was on the other end of that equation.

“Baby?” Edwin’s horny voice rang out from the bedroom. “Is everything okay?”

“I’ll be right in!” I called back.

"Alright," he cooed. "But the longer you take the more fun Mrs. Dildo is going to have. I'm all warmed up for you."

"You have to fix this!" I turned back to the genie. "Boys with pussies! It's not right!"

"Oh come on! After everything I did to set this all up? This is exactly what you wanted: he's your perfect sexual partner! You can be happy together! All you have to do is give it a try."

"How much energy do you have left?" I rubbed at the bridge of my nose.

"Some?" He shrugged. "I'll be honest, Mistress, I'm feeling a little winded."

"Well I want you to use whatever you have left to fix all this! I wish you'd make it so that the ones with pussies were girls, not boys. Just pussies, no dicks. Do you hear me?"

"What? You're going to waste a whole wish on that?"

"Just do it!"

"Fine, fine!" The genie rolled his burning eyes. "No appreciation for all my hard work. But this is it. The last of my magic. Let's see... I think there might be a few early triggers I can pull that should domino everything back into place..."

"Good, yes."

"I might have to do it slowly though. It'll be a lot more energy efficient. I don't have a whole lot left in me. It could take a long, long time. From your mortal perspective it could be... Minutes? Hours? There's no way to know."

"That's fine!" I let out a sigh of relief. "As long as it gets done. Now if you'll excuse me I have to go very awkwardly fuck my boyfriend. Husband? Fiancé? Baby daddy?" I furrowed my brow. "What is he to me?"

"Your cumdump?" suggested the genie, his lips curling mischievously. "He really does love all this, you know. I'm sure he'd be perfectly happy – grateful even – with the current state of affairs."

I shut him down with a glare.

"Relax, relax." He held up his hands. "I'm on it. I'll be done by the time you two are. You go enjoy my handiwork while it lasts. A genie's work is never done."

And just like that he was gone.

I took a breath. I was... nervous? Apprehensive? Excited.

I looked down at the ramrod dick I still had. Well, I'd been at least a little curious right? Maybe it was worth trying out after all.

This was Edwin we were talking about, right? I'd dreamed of this every lonely night we'd spent apart. Or, well, something close to it, anyway.

Tentatively I opened the door. He had lit candles. Candles! But that's about as far as the romance seemed to extend. He was bent over the edge of the bed like a slutty school girl, a hefty camo-colored dildo buried deep in his squidgy cunt.

"Hey you," he purred as I closed the door behind me. I could really smell him now. "I've been waiting."

Look, I'm not gay, okay? Women do nothing for me. The whole idea of having sex with a girl is weird to me. I need to be clear about this upfront, even if it's just for my own sake. I need to lay that out here so that when I explain what I saw, you understand where I was coming from.

Yes, my boyfriend had a pussy. But he was very much not a woman.

I approached him tentatively. He was resplendent in his masculinity, tall and broad and handsome and muscular. That these things were in contrast with his dripping cunt and whorish pose just brought them more to the fore.

He threw the dildo - almost as big as I was - to the side as I approached.

"I can't wait to get you inside me baby. You fill me up so good. Of all the dicks in the world, I'm so lucky that the girl I fell in love with has the biggest. Fill me up, sugarplum, breed me for all I'm worth."

The dirty talking was new, and weird, but hearing his need, his hunger... it lit something within me. My cock was aching just as much as his cunt.

I'd never seen him so desperate. I'd never seen him so passionate. But now as I wrapped my fingers around my throbbing dick I understood. I had what he needed. The thing he craved most in the world. He was begging for it.

And only I could give it to him.

This was what I'd been after, wasn't it? This was what was missing from our whole relationship.

I squeezed my dick tighter and rolled up my proverbial sleeves. I threw off my top and wiggled out of my yoga pants. Well, /he/ was what I wanted. We'd both have each other soon enough.

I gave his muscular butt a grope as I approached and spread his cheeks. Had his butt always been so pillowy? It seemed to jiggle as I gripped it.

Clumsily, I tried to aim my penis. There was an irony here, that I knew his anatomy better than my own. But how hard could a dick be, right? I rubbed the head around his clitoris, teasing it gently as I stroked my big fat juicy cockhead all along his labia.

Then, as soon as it was lined up, he pressed his hips into me, and I was his.

"Oh!" I gasped. "Fuck."

Was this what having a cock felt like? The pleasure was so keenly focused, so precisely located, like an entire body's worth of sex was pressed down into one incredible stick. But it wasn't just pleasure, no. There was an imperative about it, like when you fall and your body catches you. The sensation provoked motion. The body wanted more. It wanted to rut harder, to climb and scale that mountain of pleasure.

And from the sounds of his grunts, so did Edwin.

I mewled, he moaned, never forgetting his own bucking, his own pressing upwards, as much fucking me as I was fucking him. Giving all he had despite the awkwardness of his position. I'd been expecting to take the lead, but time and again he took control, directed the pace.

And then without even coming off my cock, he flipped over onto his back. I could see the soft swell of his pregnant belly now, and the gentle mounds of his little tits bouncing with each thrust below that loving smile on his rapturous face. I could feel his heat and softness as he pulled himself up and into my chest, as he wrapped his strong masculine legs around me. His skin seemed so smooth, his thighs so thick.

Wait a minute.

His hips and thighs had definitely gotten wider. And he hadn't had those budding little tits a minute ago.

Now though - shit, it was like they were getting bigger with every thrust. His whole body was becoming more delicate, more feminine. Lips plumper, skin softer. So pregnant. So ripe. And yet still his pussy ground hot around my cock, still he was squeezing like the perfect little fuck-glove.

He was more fem than the genie at this point. The genie - what the hell had he done?

But - shit - it felt too good to stop. Even as the final traces of masculinity left him. Even as his hair grew long. Even as his thrusting grew more rhythmic, more sensitive. His touch was so delicate now, as it traced along my back, his plump lips and soft tongue yielding and pulling me in.

God help me I almost faltered - I'm not gay, I swear! But with a pussy that good wrapped around my dick, I don't think my straightness mattered.

There was no questioning it now. Edwin was a girl. A girl with a pussy. A pussy - fuck - that was wrapped so goddamn good around my girl cock. Was my dick next? Would it vanish at any moment, leaving us grinding our girlish cunts together?

I tried to focus on how he had been before, those hard muscles and thick body and his own amazing dick, but there was something so unmistakably sweet and sapphic to his touch now. No man had fingers like that. Their tips gentle and yielding against my own flesh in ways I'd never dreamed.

I was trembling with my own pleasure. I didn't know how much longer I could hold out.

Not long, as it turned out.

I was as surprised as anyone when our bodies tensed. She was coming! And her squeezing and writhing sent me over my own edge. I was coming too! And fuck - it was nothing like the orgasms I was used to. A

powerful focus in my dick, a hot urgent need. Suddenly all that mattered was that this girl in front of me was a receptive hole, hot, yielding, soft. And I was right there to fill her.

I came.

I came and I came and I came some more. Months worth of sexual frustration pouring into my jizz-rag boyfriend's girly cunt.

And then the pleasure ebbed, and we fell upon each other in a pile of naked cuddling limbs.

"Oh wow!" she purred, her body as hot with orgasmic afterglow as my own. "Did anyone ever tell you, you have the best cock, baby?"

She pulled me tighter into a snuggle, our bodies sweaty and glowing, my dick not even leaving her pussy. I was so wiped I couldn't think to do anything else but lie there, head pressed up against her enormous pillowy boobs.

"Baby?" she lifted her head just a little. "Is everything okay?"

"Huh?"

"You seem tense." She let out a little laugh. "I know you like my pussy, but you're not acting like someone who's already fucked me three times today. Is something wrong?"

Edwin. Despite everything, this was still him. For all the strange womanly aspects there was too much of him in her to not be. His smile, his humor, his laugh. The way he held me after sex. The same soul I'd fallen in love with.

Right?

I had to be sure.

"Edwin?"

"Oh no, what? Am I in trouble?" She raised her head. Her voice was so strangely musical. "Is it something serious?"

"I mean..." I shut my gaping jaw. "No, it's fine. It's all fine, uh, darling."

This woman was Edwin.

Shit.

For a moment I had forgotten the situation I was in. Now that all the sex had passed everything seemed to be shining in a new light. Had I really just fucked a girl? I was straight!

"Let me just uh - I have to go to the bathroom."

“Okay, I’m going to lay here in the afterglow for a little. I love you!”

“I love you too.” My heart fluttered. How long had I waited to say those words again?

I was kicking myself all the way over to the lamp. The house was different again, little touches everywhere that told me I was no longer living alone. And yet, in all of it, the happy photos, the scattered clothing, the little decorations, no trace of masculinity could be found.

The genie didn’t even wait for my accusations this time. He was standing there in the kitchen, dipping a strawberry into the whip cream Edwin had been making. He too had been feminized, his bare tits well on display, as though he’d been a girl all along.

“I did it!” the genie boasted. “Took most of my remaining power, and sure they may have come out a little slutty, but I did it. No more guys with pussies. They’re all women now, proper ones. Just like you wished.”

“A-all guys?”

“All of them.”

The ground fell out from under me. I don’t know what I’d been expecting. You’d think I’d have learned by now.

“You idiot!”

I had to see for myself. I had to know. I pulled out my phone. I threw open the windows. I even turned on the television to be sure. Nothing but women. Some had scandalously-clothed cocks sticking out from beneath skirts and flies, but it was women as far as the eye could see. Every male name, every male celebrity I could pull up was now a girl too.

“This isn’t what I wanted!”

“Oh come on!” The genie sighed, her voice high and cute. “Isn’t it? After all I’ve done for you! You’ve got the guy you wanted. You didn’t even need to wish for love, it was right there! Now you have a good life with someone who cares for you, and you get to be their greatest sexual fantasy! Wasn’t that what you were after? The one thing missing? Was that not great sex?”

“No, you don’t understand.” I put my hands on her shoulders. “We have to fix things, put them back. You have to undo everything!” Tears were welling up in my eyes, panic. This wasn’t good. “Please, I wish everything was how it was before I’d made my first wish. I wish it, I wish it, I wish it.”

“Stop.” the genie shook her head. “Look, I’m sorry, but that’s not happening. I’ve already exhausted most of my magic power.”

“I thought you said you had tons! You said I’d lucked out! Top of your class, enough wishes for days, you’d said.”

"I did!" She stretched out her arms as though finishing a workout. "And these were some big wishes. All of history doesn't bend so easy, let me tell you. I haven't had to put so much effort in since my college days."

"But I never asked for any of this!"

"That does it!" Her eyes managed one last flare. She suddenly seemed much taller than her form suggested. "I put an age's worth of hard work and artistry into this, and this is the thanks I get? I'm tired, Mistress, of the lack of respect. If you don't like it, maybe I will take my leave. Maybe my next master will show some gratitude after all I've done for them."

"Wait no, hold on." I stumbled back. "You can't leave me like this!"

"Can't I?" Lightning flashed and the room grew dim, her eyes smouldering. "You should be lucky to end up with even this, with the insults you've given me."

"Wait, I'm sorry, I just - please. Please! I've learned my lesson, I swear."

"Mistress," Her words were firm and sharp. "I am not trying to teach you a lesson!" She let out an exasperated sigh. "Really I'm not! I'm not that kind of genie. I am genuinely trying to help you. Have I not given you the relationship you asked for? Have I not painstakingly preserved this boy's heart, his soul, that part of him you love so much, even as the world shifted around you time and again!? Have I not given you every opportunity to be with him in a way that doesn't make you both freaks?"

I - shit. I hadn't thought of it that way.

"All you had to do was talk to this boy! All you had to do was be open and receptive of his desires and the two of you would have never broken up in the first place. All you needed to do was have an open mind. But if you can't have things your way, you don't want to have them at all!"

"I'm sorry - really!" I could barely speak. "Please, forgive me. Don't leave things like this."

The genie crossed her hands under her brazen bosom, fingers tapping in contemplation.

"Fine." she rolled her eyes. "Let it be known I'm nothing if not gracious. You get one more wish. A small one!"

I thought back to the Edwin I'd known and dated, the big strong man I'd fallen in love with. So different and yet so similar to the girl in the other room.

"I wish I could be with Edwin, but I don't know if I can do this. That's what I'm trying to say - I'm not gay! He just doesn't have what I need!"

"Oh!" The genie's eyes went wide in realization, then she fell over laughing. "That would be a problem, wouldn't it? You want him to match your desire? Like you matched his?"

"Yes!"

"If that is all?" She snapped her fingers. "Then your wish is my command."

I retched.

The image of Edwin I had in my head - that vision of masculine perfection - suddenly seemed so strange, so repulsive. A moment ago, I'd been desperate for it, but now it seemed so unwieldy and brutish.

"What did you do?"

My mind was drifting to how Edwin was now. Her tight athletic body and supple skin and her sultry moaning voice as she bounced so enthusiastically, driving my dick wild. Just the thought of her breasts - like two perfect moons pulling me in with their gravity, was enough to get my dick ready for round two.

Fuck, my girlfriend was */hot/*.

My freshly fucked, pregnant girlfriend looked so damn good. God, I couldn't wait to go again, To explore every inch of her tender skin with my fingers, my lips, my dick.

And then, one day, when that baby was ready. I couldn't wait to start a family with her. To be with her and grow old together. To spend the rest of my life holding those gentle hands.

Oh wow.

"How's that?" the genie smirked. "Still think I should turn everything back? Still taking my wishes for granted?"

"No!" I yelped. The idea of suddenly */not/* being able to bury my massive cock down my girlfriend's pussy every night seemed like the worst thing in the whole world.

"I mean, uh," I swallowed and tried to regain my composure. "Uh - you know what? I'm feeling pretty good about them."

"That's what I thought." She grinned just wide enough to flash her sharp teeth. "And with that, my work is done. It has been a pleasure, Mistress. I hope in time you come to appreciate the care I took in crafting this new world."

"Wait, you're leaving? Just like that?"

"Mistress," she smirked - god she was cute when she smirked - "for me it's been an age. It's time for a rest. Fear not, I'll be back to check on you some day. In the meantime..." she looked over at the bedroom door.

"Baby?" Edwin purred in the other room. "Are you coming back to bed?"

"It sounds like you have some work ahead of you yet. Enjoy."

"Oh." I swallowed. "I shall. Thank you."

I turned and skipped my way to the bedroom.

It wasn't quit how I'd pictured things going, but well, this was just what I'd wished for, wasn't it?

The End.