



## Genie of the Beanie

### Chapter 1: A fateful meeting

To begin our tale, my master insisted that I share his note with you. Although, I told him it would awfully confusing for him to directly address the audience and break down the 4<sup>th</sup> wall while the rest of the story is in third person. Well, master has really lost their patience with me, so please just indulge master!!

*“Don’t get me wrong. I’m not the kind of guy to believe this sort of nonsense. I’m even less likely to believe it when it rhymes. I mean, come on, Genie of the beanie? Who would believe in such a thing, right? I’m fairly certain that genies can be “of the lamp,” or perhaps, “of the novelty sized cowboy hat,” but of a propeller beanie? Yeah, well, you may have guessed it. I am mistaken on all counts. Everything I thought I knew was wrong. I thought I knew how the world worked, I thought I knew where my life was headed, and I thought I knew who my real friends were. Well, enough about that. I’m sure you want to hear how this Genie ruined me, don’t you? That’s why you’re reading this right? Some genie came along, I said something vague and got punished for it. A tale as old as time. Not this time, though! This genie was specifically designed so that the user got EXACTLY what they wanted. A fool-proof genie? If only... As they say, the best laid plans of mice and men, often turn into overly long winded diatribes about how magic turned them into a freak. I may be getting that quote wrong... so sue me.”*

My poor master. I only did what was asked. Then again, I suppose master was right. Master was pure of heart and a worthy man with only the best intentions in the world. Well, now just look at the poor, poor thing. Honestly, my master seems to be having a rather good time, though this isn’t exactly what master expected...

It all began a while back when a young man was sifting through his parent’s attic looking for some vintage things for his apartment. Roger was home alone for Spring break and his parents were out of town again on one of their cruises. As far as Roger could tell, once he went off to college, his parents just began to party non-stop. He didn’t really take it personally, as that’s exactly what Roger would have done in their place.

Eventually, Roger stumbled upon a large chest in a corner of the attic, with the name “Williams” written across it. Williams was the last name of his grandfather on his mother’s side. He never really met anyone on his mother’s side of the family except at a funeral when he was very young. He remembered that his mother’s family members were all quite strange. Perhaps gypsies, or just a tad insane, he couldn’t really recall because he was merely five years old when he met them.

“Well pop,” said Roger, “what’s behind door number one?” Roger slowly opened the box to reveal a few newspaper clippings, a few old coats, some vinyl records, a few pictures, a couple of hats, and a propeller beanie. You know, those little caps with the propellers on top.

Hey that’s me!! I’m the one in the hat. Just go ahead and put it on!

*Genie, you’re interrupting the story again. Just shut up will you?*

I’m so sorry master; I just get overly excited about all of this. I don’t get out very much you know.

*Alright, alright, just settle down. I’m sure these nice folks reading this just want to get on with the story, instead of hearing you ramble on about yourself all the time.*

Sorry, master. To think you *used* to be such a nice boy.

*That’s enough. So what I did next was try to take the chest down stairs, but it was too heavy.*

Roger tried to take the chest out of the attic, but he found it was a pretty dense piece of furniture. He was thinking he might be able to get it down with some luck, but instead of risking injury he decided to call his friend Sam.

Luckily, Roger and Sam were actually roommates back on campus. Sam had been friends with Roger since they were in fifth grade, thus their homes were in the same area. They met back in simpler times to say the least. They first met after Roger was being bullied on the playground and Sam gave him a hand.

“Give me yer lunch money kid!!” said the brutish fifth grader (as brutish as a fifth grader could be).

“No, leave me alone!!” said the fifth grade Roger.

Oh master, you were such a cutie back then!

*Can it, genie!!!*

The brutish fifth grader grabbed Roger by the shirt collar and said, “this is your last warning punk!”

“Get off of me, someone... help!!” said Roger.

Unfortunately, a few students saw this but were afraid to interfere. All except for one young man of course!

Seemingly all at once, Sam appeared and dashed through the crowd of bystanders right behind the bully. Without a moment's hesitation, Sam grabbed the bully's underwear and pulled it up with all of his might. It didn't stop there, as Sam pulled harder and harder until his underpants were pulled all the way to the bully's head. Yes, indeed, the ultimate in pain and school yard disgrace, Sam had just unleashed the ultimate attack – the atomic wedgie.

The bully yelped in pain as he released his grip from Roger. Roger was thankful that anyone was willing to help, but Sam was a man among men, even when he was just in fifth grade. All around nice guy, boy scout to the end, graceful in every way, and a nice looking kid. From here on out Roger and Sam were the best of friends. For the longest time, though, Roger felt like he was Sam's inferior. It wasn't until high school when Roger was finally able to pay Sam back. That is to say, Sam has a little bit of trouble with math and sciences. So Roger made sure to give him all the help he could until the graduated. It was only natural that they continue their friendship on and into college.

"That's a huge chest, man. Why do you want it?" said Sam.

"I think it'd be a nice replacement for that dinky coffee table we have in the living room back on campus. It has a lot of character to it, don't ya think?" said Roger.

"It's alright, I guess. I mean... yeah, that coffee table has seen better days. Our place could use a bit of character," said Sam.

The two slowly made their way out of the attic with the chest and placed it near the front door.

"Alright, we'll get this loaded up when we head back up to campus this weekend. I'm going to clean it up a bit. It looks like it's just been sitting up there for years," said Roger.

"Alright man. We still on for Friday?" said Sam.

"Hell ya, bro!" Roger replied.

Roger and Sam loved heading to the local club when they were in town. The chance to head to the club over spring break was an event in and of itself. So many women would be dancing around after having had a bit too much to drink. Roger and Sam may have been a couple of relatively normal, attractive young men, but they sure were sheepish around the ladies.

*Genie!?*

*Yes master?*

*Who the hell is saying all this shit about me? I was debonair, I was suave, I was...*

*There, there now master. Don't take it personally. That's just the narrator.*

*Who? Narrator? I just assumed this was you again.*

Alas, there are some powers that even supersede my own, master! The power of narration is not to be trifled with!

*Um... whatever you say genie. Anyways, let's skip the part where you prove that I was sheepish around women. In fact, let's not talk about how much of a loser I was. Let's just get on to this god-damned beanie. So there I was. Sitting around, cleaning off the case, and emptying it out. I dusted off the hats, and records and that's when I saw the beanie again.*

After Sam left, Roger went to cleaning off the chest. It didn't take too long to clean up the outside and polish the wood, but cleaning out the inside was a bit of a different story. He start to organize all of the newspaper articles in envelopes for better storage, set the jackets aside to be dry cleaned, then clean off the hats a bit. To do this he took them into the bathroom with a lint roller and some cleaning supplies.

"What have we here" said Roger as he picked up a bowler. He placed it on his head and proclaimed, "ah yes indeed sir, one cannot wear such a hat without a fine mustache!"

Next he picked up a top hat and proclaimed, "ah... like a sir!"

Finally he picked up the beanie, put it on his head and gave the little propeller a spin, "uhhh... I'm not sure what sort of people wear beanies..." he said.

"Why, my master does, of course!" said a voice.

Hey that's me!!! Finally the star arrives!

*Genie... I think they've figured that out already...*

"What the fuck?" said Roger. He thought to himself, "woah does this thing talk?"

He spun the beanie again and heard a very feminine giggle. "hehehe, ok ok, I'll come out!" said the energetic female voice.

There was an explosive burst of purple dust that covered the entirety of the bathroom, covering poor Roger from head to toe. His mouth hung agape at the image before him. A beautiful, exotic fair skinned elf of a woman. He had an athletic figure with slim facial features, and even pointy ears at the top of her head. She wore a purple tunic, with purple pants, with strange pointed purple shoes.

"My new master! Hello sir! You seem a lot more purple than my last master," said the woman.

Roger stood there unsure of what happened. He started to back away from the woman and tripped and fell into the bathtub behind him, as his head hit the back wall and a cloud of purple dust spring off of him. He lost consciousness with his little fall, but he'd soon realize that this genie was all too real.

Roger woke up a few hours later with the elf woman standing over him.

"Oh I'm so pleased master is back! You humans always falling asleep at the most awkward of times," said the woman.

Roger sprung to his feet, and saw a trail of purple dust follow him. "Who the hell are you, and what the hell is all of this purple stuff?!"

The woman said, "I'm sorry master, I thought you knew. When a genie gets out of their little holding room, they tend to make a bit of a mess. Sorry about that... allow me," she said. She then made a puckering posture with her lips and began to inhale deeply. At first Roger thought she was insane, until he felt a massive force pulling him in towards her. He could barely stand his ground as the dust was sucked back into the woman.

"Ahhh... there you are, master," said the woman.

"Look... who are you?" said Roger.

"I am the genie of the magic beanie!" she said.

"What..... magic... beanie? Are you kidding me. Well, I mean, that was quite a display. Who am I to question a woman with such crazy magical skills," Said Roger.

See you could be such a nice young man.

*Oh no no no, don't interrupt the almighty narrator now. We're getting on a roll. Soon enough everyone will know why you're a no good villain!*

"Yes indeed, Mr. Roger," she said. "I assume you know the rules, right? After I grant three wishes my power is \*ka-put\* for a few decades. Keep in mind, not just anyone can make these wishes. I only allow myself to serve those who truly deserve it. I have looked deep inside your heart and I know you are a good man. So please, use my power to give yourself the life you've always wanted," said the genie.

"Wow," said Roger. "I mean, we've all dreamed about this before, haven't we? What would we wish for if we had the chance. Wait, wait, wait... how do I know I'm not going to saying something a bit too vague and you screw me over for saying it wrong!?!?!"

"Ah ha," said the genie. "I am a very special genie. Since I can only be used by those who are pure of heart, I only grant the wishes that you truly desire. It is impossible for me to do something that you do not actually intend. Never has a person said, 'but that's not what I meant,' when I granted their wishes."

"My god... a fool-proof genie!" said Roger.

"Pretty much!" chirped the genie.

"So just help me understand, genie. What if I asked for 10 billion dollars? What would you do?" said Roger.

"Well I would ask you to try something else. Unlike other genies, I don't normally make assumptions. Also, I know what money is to you mortal people. If I were to suddenly make 10 billion dollars appear out of nowhere, it would create massive inflation, and the poor people would become even poorer. I

know since you, being a man of pure heart, do not wish to hurt people with your sudden change in fortune,” said the genie.

Roger had a bit of a smile on his face, “wow, a genie with ethics. Who knew?”

The genie tilted her head and smiled.

“Alright, so what can I do... you know I’ve always wanted to start a non-profit organization to help all over world. I am hoping to one day get a degree in chemistry or pharmacology... so perhaps... just maybe. Genei... tell me if you think this is a viable plan,” said Roger.

“I’m all ears!” said the genie.

“Alright, suppose you help me create a non-profit business and you ensure that it will get major funding from those top 1% folks that have too much money anyways. After we get investors, you ensure that I get a bunch of talented people. Further, you ensure that we find the cure for a big list of disease and our group begins to save people all over the world by bringing together the most brilliant minds of our time. So, I think, for my first wish, I want you to ensure that my dream non-profit company gets fully funded and staffed,” Roger said.

“So you want me to use my magic to help bring this group together? Your nobility brings a tear to my eye, young master!” said the genie. “Just remember, I’m the kind of genie that allows things to happen naturally, more so than forcing a magical change out of nowhere (unless it can’t be avoided of course). So, if this is your wish, I will begin working as your personal assistant, and I will make this organization becomes a reality.

“Genie, let it be so!” said Roger.

“Your wish is my command!” said the genie.

With an extravagant \*POP\* she clapped her hands together as a cloud of purple dust shot all over the room.

“Genie... again???” said Roger.

“Sorry master!” said the woman.

Chapter 2: The best of intentions

Roger was on top of the world. He knew that within a few months this dream project would begin and he would be responsible for saving people all over the world. Now he just needed to ensure he could make it through the remainder of college.

“well...” he thought to himself, “I’ve already committed to making the world a better place. Perhaps I need to make myself capable enough to bare such a burden. Should I try to change myself with the next wish into being some sort of world leader? Maybe... maybe... or wait. Could I bring Sam into this? He

could be the face of this operation. He was never much of a thinker, but his natural charisma would be perfect as a spokesman. He's gotta meet this genie lady anyways!"

*I hate to say it, but this is where I made my big mistake. He was such a good friend to me that I just had to make him part of this.*

Don't sound so discouraged. I know you love the way things turned out. No need to lie to me, master, we both know the truth!

Sam came over the day after Roger had met with Genie. Roger had Sam try on the beanie and give it a spin.

"What is this some kind of joke?" said Sam.

"No, no I'm serious. You gotta spin it!" said Roger.

KA-BOOOOOM the room filled with purple dust as Genie appeared.

"Hey! A new master has come! Just how many of them are there?" said Genie.

"Genie, this is my friend Samuel, but you can call him Sam. Sam, this is Genie. She going to be helping us save the world!" said Roger.

Sam was flabbergasted, to say the least. After a few minutes of explanation, he had calmed down a bit.

"Genie, seriously, could you stop making all this purple dust all the time," said Roger as pointed at the mess all over the room.

"My apologies master," said Genie.

"So, your first wish was an amazing one. I mean, I think most people would have just wished for a flying car that could shoot lasers, or a trillion dollars or something," said Sam.

"That's the thing, Sam. This type of genie helps makes things happen, but she tries to keep the balance of the world intact. So if I wished for money, she wouldn't make it just appear, it would have to come from something tangible," said Roger.

"Wow that's pretty deep, bro," said Sam making himself sound a bit duller than he really was.

"So what do you want to do for your second wish?" said Sam.

"I want to bring you into this, if you are willing. I want to make you into the perfect guy for this project. I want to dedicate my life to the science, and I want to make you into the ultimate salesman. This means you will get to meet rich and famous people all over the world and you will convince them to invest in our work. I'm serious. With Genie's help, you can't fail. So what do you say? Will you become the perfect face of our company?" said Roger.

“Wow... this is unbelievable. I mean, are you sure you don’t just want to wish to be immortal?” said Sam.

“Hah... we both know she’s not that kind of Genie,” said Roger.

Genie, sort of, dismissively shrugged.

*So wait. You’re saying you were that kind of Genie!? Why didn’t you say so?*

Oh, now there you go again. Things worked out in the end, didn’t they?!

With that, the wish was granted and the die was cast.

That night Sam, Roger, and Genie stayed together all night discussing strategy. Mostly, Roger would say how he wanted it to play out, Genie would talk about what she could do, and Sam would just nod along. He was in for a ton of work in the coming years, but this was going to be an amazing journey.

Chapter 3: Only three wishes. Period.

*This is where things went from amazing, to horrific. All the plans we made, all the things we would do, suddenly taken away from one misguided lonely man. Well genie already made this clear... it’s not all that bad.*

That night after the long discussions, Roger offered the guest rooms to Genie and Sam. It was getting awfully late, so Sam decided to stick around at Roger’s house. This certainly wasn’t the first time he’d done this, of course.

Sam was having an awful lot of trouble sleeping, though. He kept thinking about this wish that was just made. Is this really what he wanted to do with his life? You know, it really was interesting to him. He was just a little nervous about it.

Sam walked down the hallway at 3 in the morning and opened the door to genie’s room.

He whispered, “hey are you awake?”

Genie replied, “well of course, Sammy, genie’s don’t really need to sleep.”

“I’m just so nervous about all of this. This is so sudden, you know? Just a few days ago I was just an average guy in school, now I’m on the fast track to being some sort of face of the biggest scientific think tank in the world. This is so scary to me,” said Sam.

“I’m sorry, Sammy. This sounds awfully hard on you. What do you think we could do?” she said.

“Well, honestly, I feel like most of this would be so much easier if I had someone I could really trust in. You know, like Roger, but something more,” said Sam.

“I’m sorry Sam, you humans can be so confusing. You two have each other, what else do you need?” she said.



“Umm, maybe it’s different for genies, Genie, but we’re both men. Neither of us are into guys either, hah. That’s not the point,” said Sam.

“What is the point,” said Genie.

“Well if I could just find someone like Roger. He’s been the perfect friend to me for so long. He knows me so well, he even put an entire wish aside just for me. I mean, if that’s not love, I don’t know what is. It’s just... that’s not how we are. I can only get so close to another guy, of course. So I just wish I could find a woman, just like Roger who would be a match perfect for me.”

“So, you want a woman who is basically just like Roger, but is physically attractive to you as well?” said Genie.

“Well yeah, I mean, I’m sure he wants the same thing from me too, haha...” said Sam.

“Granted,” she said.

“Wait, I didn’t mean wish wish, it’s just a phrase!!” said Sam.

“Uhhh... Sam. Why would you use the word Wish around a genie unless you meant wish? I even asked you to clarify, and you said ‘yes.’ Master, you can be so dull!” said Genie.

*There you have it. My dense friend, while he had good intentions, just got me in a load of trouble. So he decided to tell a genie of all things, that he wanted a female version of me. Well, you can just begin to guess what happens next, right? This genie is one who likes to use as little magic as possible, and be subtle. So what would be easier? Create a woman entirely out of thin air to be his mate or to alter someone who was already there?*

Mere moments later, the two hear a scream from the other room.

“Genie, oh no... you didn’t!? I didn’t tell you to change him!!” said Sam.

“Well I can’t just create a woman out of thin air. That’s insanity,” said Genie. “You better tell your friend what happened...”

Sam rushed into the room and saw Roger getting out of bed. He was breathing heavily and taking off his cloths.

“Holy shit, ouch, it itches. What’s going on!?” said Roger “I think I need to get to the E.R.”

“Uhh, you might want to sit down, Roger. I accidentally made a wish around the genie. I didn’t mean to, but I was just so distracted. I’m sorry I’m so stupid, Roger, please forgive me!” said Sam.

“What did you do.....” said Roger with an evil glare.

"I... I told genie how hard this was going to be and how lonely I have always been. I basically wished for a girlfriend. I sort of described this dream girl as being just like you... well... she wasn't about to create another woman out of thin air just for me, so she thought she would just ----" Sam was cut off.

"YOU'RE FUCKING KIDDING ME!" said Roger. His hands quickly went up towards his head as his hair was getting longer. "oh come on... what is this turning red? You're into red heads... well, well yeah you were..." Roger said.

"Fucking shit, Sam..." Roger said as he stormed off to the bathroom and slammed the door. Roger was watching in horror as it all began to unfold. His hair was getting longer, now down to his shoulder. He felt a bit dizzy, and he began to lose his balance. With a thud, he was on the ground. He felt a bit weaker as he tried to stand up. When he did, he realized he was a bit smaller. Recently a man who was just about six feet tall was now beginning to dwindle down. His average build was becoming more petit, as his shoulders were becoming less broad, and his chin less pronounced. His scruffy facial hair all seemed to disappear.

Now he was staring at a man who was shrinking in front of him, with red hair, light skin, wearing nothing but boxers. Then he began to notice little marks on his face. Are those... freckles? "Geez..." said Roger, as the freckles began to sprinkle across his face.

"Oh shit..." he said in a voice that was not familiar to him. "wow I sound... so strange" said the new feminine voice. "Holy shit..." Roger whispered as his nipples became extremely hard. He'd never felt like this before. They kept getting harder and harder, and within a few moments, his nipples felt a little bit thicker. His areolas became noticeably larger when it suddenly hit him – the sudden weight on his chest. They just looked a bit flabby at first, until they started taking shape. The weight seemed to slowly fill them as his breast became just large enough to make his chest stick out, then slowly his chest became larger and larger as the weight made his breast filled out in a more typical shape. He began to cup them, they were just large enough to start filling his hand. When he let his hand go, his breasts wobbled back into place.

"This is unreal," said Roger.

A sharp pain in his crotch was the fleeting farewell from his man hood as it began to recede into his body. He saw it shrinking away as he was no longer considered a man at all. His penis has shrunk all the way down till merely a tiny nub. He now had himself a clit, and pussy.

He was afraid to touch it, but nervously he did. It felt strange to him. It didn't feel awful, but it's not like he was feeling all that aroused as he watched his life change forever before him.

He looked back up and saw this freckled, red haired woman in front of him. Firm b-cup breasts, red hair down to her shoulders, a night firm ass, and she finally settled on being about five feet four inches tall.

"holy shit..." she said while feeling herself all over. "This is just unreal... ok ok... just need to use my third wish to change back, and we'll be all good. You know... I could finally find out what it's like for both a man and a woman. As a scientist, that is. I might enjoy this for a day, but then I have to change back."

*Or so I thought. Unfortunately for me, I thought my entire change was just a physical thing, but no no no, it went all the way to the top (aka my brain).*

Don't be so negative master!

It took an awful lot of coaxing but Sam was able to convince Roger to step outside with some clothes on.

"Wow... you look amazing," said Sam.

"Go fuck yourself...." Roger tried to say, but he found himself stuck staring back up at Sam. Roger never noticed how Sam looked so nice with that blonde hair hanging down around his face. His voice was so soothing, and his chiseled features were so enthralling. His manly physique and those broad shoulders, "wow," Roger thought to herself... "wow."

"Uhh... I'm not feeling too good, Sam. Please just let me... ugh.." said Roger as she collapsed to the ground.

"These mortals, always taking such random naps. I'll never understand," said Genie.

Sam picked up the new and improved Roger and brought her to her old room. Everything seemed to be a little bit different. The same university stuff was around, but instead there were pictures of this female Roger and Sam doing things together. After looking around more, Sam realized that Roger's past was completely re-written. This seemed like an awfully intrusive thing for the genie to do who went to such lengths to avoid real magical intervention.

"Genie, why did you change him, and his past?!" Sam Said.

"Well it was easier than creating a new person out of nothing, or forcing someone who didn't know you to basically become a copy of someone who already existed. I really think this was the best solution," said Genie.

"You better give us some space..." said Sam.

A few hours later, Roger woke up.

"Hey... Roger, sorry. Really really... sorry," said Sam.

"I'm not sure what to say, Sam. I mean, it's alright. You just got tied up in this project I thrust you in and were feeling nervous. We'll get this straightened out soon enough. Hey... is this my room?" said Roger.

She looked around and saw this room that seemed familiar, yet foreign at the same time.

"Yeah... it seems like the Genie found it easier to edit just your life instead of creating a female clone of you. I mean, she's right that it required less work, but wrong in that I didn't really want it," said Sam.

Ha! He's dead wrong about that!!!!

"Oh well. I mean, this is a strange place. Hey, are these pictures of us? Wow, it looks like we have been dating for a while. Hah, look, there's a picture of us when we were just 10... 11... 12, wow. I guess we've still known each other for the same amount of time.

"It looks like your name is 'Penny,' now. Are you ok with that?" said Sam.

When Sam said the name "Penny" it seemed to echo in her ears. She found that her nipples became slightly hardened, and she found herself getting a bit moist when those words left his lips.

"ugh sorry, what," said Penny.

"It's says your name is Penny," said Sam.

It hit her again. It caused her to slightly shudder as he said the name again...

"Woah Penny, err Roger, are you ok?" said Sam.

"Please, just come here," said Penny.

Sam came closer to her bed and sat next to her as she was lying down.

"Please, just call me," she lifted her hand and placed it around his broad shoulders, "Penny."

"Okay..." he said as he looked her into the eyes, "Penny."

With that she was unable to resist her impulses any longer as she pushed herself onto him and gave him a kiss. A surge of energy went through their bodies as they kept kissing and rubbing each other. They were both moving towards the bed when suddenly Sam stopped.

"Woah this is crazy, Roger," he said as he tried to get out of bed.

"Sam, please, do this for me. You turned me into this woman, and now I have to know what it's like. I just can't resist you anyways. You turned me into your dream girl, remember?" said Penny.

"I don't... woaaaah!" he said as she ripped his pants off and placed her mouth on his crotch.

"Woah I thought you wanted to have sex... this is... ummm... ahhh... woah..."

Roger... penny... whoever she is, thought to herself, "wait I did want to know what sex was like as a woman. Why am I giving him a blow job." She continued bobbing her head up and down on his cock feeling it slide in and out of her mouth.

"I just want him to feel so good, he means so much to me. Wait is that what I really think?" Penny thought. "I will just change back after this, so let's just enjoy it for now!"

After his cock was completely firm she decided to throw him onto the bed and mount him.

In unison they shouted, "oooh god!"

Penny could feel the waves of pleasure shooting through her body feeling his cock slide inside of her moist pussy. She grinded on top of him for a just over a minute before Sam started coming.

“uuuuugh,” Sam said while panting

She could feel Sam’s cock pulsing in side of her. With each pulse, more jizz would shoot out, filling her up.

“Oh my god...” she said slowly dismounting him. “This feels so good, I gotta... I gotta...” her speaking trailed off as she went to the bathroom.

A few minutes later Sam could hear her shouting in ecstasy, clearly finishing the job by herself in the bathroom.

“Sorry, it was sort of my first time,” he said.

“Hey, there will be a next time, babe,” she said without thinking about it. After a moment the two stared at each other with weird looks on their face. “Let’s pretend I didn’t say that?”

“Deal,” said Sam.

About thirty minutes later, they found themselves holding each other again, and once more, Sam was fucking his best friend again. In fact, they didn’t find much else to do that night.

Before they finally fell asleep at the wee hours of the morning, they took a break to look through Penny’s cloths.

“Look, I found a bunch of your bras,” said Sam.

“Oh yeah, what do they say?” said Penny.

“B-cup, it looks like,” said Sam.

“You don’t have to sound so disappointed,” said Penny.

“Well, hey you’re beautiful, what more could I ask for, right? Brilliant mind, beautiful face, perfect friend?” said Sam.

“Wait. Let me make sure of something. Are you telling me you envisioned a 5’4” red head with b-cup breasts?” said Penny.

“Well I never really specified,” said Sam, “you know I was just talking about the person, not the physical stuff.”

“Come on, I know the kind of girls you like. The girls with the huge boobs! Weird, maybe you weren’t into that like I thought you were...” said Penny.

“Uhh, who knows. But hey, it sure was something, even if it was just one night,” said Sam.

## Chapter 4 – Priorities

“Genie!?” said Penny.

“Yes master, what can I do for you?” said Genie.

“Ok look, after my talk with Sam last night,” Penny began.

“Talk? I thought you were mating with him. That was the point after all, perhaps I am mistaken?” said Genie.

“Ok fine, we fucked. So sue me,” said Penny. “Anyways, did he really just want a girl who likes like this? I could have sworn he was into a different type of woman.”

“Well, I wanted to ease you into it, Master. If I threw it all on you at once, you would be overwhelmed. You’ll be all the way there in no time, master! Just keep an eye on your room. It’s will always change before you do.” said Genie. “In fact, I think sense a change there already!”

Hearing that, Penny dashed to her room, “wake up,” she said shaking Sam. “I’m going to start changing again, because of your pervy ass desires Sam. Genie told me the room would change first, then I would. Do you see anything different in here?” said Penny.

“Wow really? Let’s see...” he said while getting out of bed and looking around. “what should I be looking for?”

“I don’t know,” said Penny. “Any little thing that could tell you about what might happen next. I’m your supposed dream girl after all, you probably know deep down inside exactly what’s going to happen next, don’t you?”

“Hey... I don’t remember this picture being here,” said Sam as he held up a photo. “I saw that one yesterday, wait... no it’s different isn’t it. We’re at that water park, but I look younger than last time. But am I really younger, because my chest looks pretty, woah, it looks a bit bigger, and I look shorter. What the fuck, Sam?”

Sam pick up some clothing, “oh shit,” he said, “look at this.”

He held up a d-cup bra and tossed it to her. “I should have known you freaking perv.”

“So sue me, dude!” said Sam. “A fantasy is just that, isn’t it!”

“Look, I’ve had it up to here with this shi.... O... woah...” Penny said as she lost her balance.

“Woah, are you alright, Penny,” said Sam.

“I’m... I’m fine. Just come here,” said Penny.

As Sam came closer, Penny lunged at him and grabbed him by the pants, throwing them back off in a flash. Within seconds she was sucking on his cock all over again.

“Hey woah, Penny. We have to make sure you’reeeeEEEEEEE Ooooooooooooo....”

She kept sliding his cock in and out of her mouth until it was firm enough for her liking.

“There we go!” Penny said looking down at his throbbing cock.

“Wait Penny. Look we don’t know what’s going to happen,” said Sam.

“Oh come on, we know exactly what’s going to happen. You’re going to get fucked!” said Penny.

She stood up, and appeared to still be 5’4”, and her chest seemed the same as before. They had no idea how long this might take, after all.

She climbed on top of him, and once again they shouted with pleasure as his throbbing cock slid into Penny’s soaking wet pussy.

“Ohhh god!” she said as she rubbed up and down on it. This time, however, Sam was ready for her. He held on to her hips and began thrusting in time with each of her bounces. Each time, he would get in deeper and deeper.

“oooooh shit, it’s coming,” she said, “oooooooAAAAAAHHHH!!!!” she screamed as she was wracked with a massive orgasm as she kept pumping his cock.

That’s when Sam noticed with each pump on his cock she seemed to be getting a tad bit smaller. Her pussy was getting tighter around his cock, her tits were getting a bit bigger as he starred... and he was loving it.

He had always loved the shorter woman with the larger chests, but he had no idea how arousing it would be to watch this unfold, he wanted to just watch those tits keep on growing, and watch her keep shrinking down.

“Ohhh god!” she said as the orgasm died down, “that was insane... ok, wow... wow..” Penny said as she came back to reality.

“Ok can you help me get off? I feel like I got a bit shorter...” she said.

This made Sam’s cock rock hard and Penny twitched when this happened. “Woah” he said as he tried to get her off.

“I can’t, it’s like you’re stuck. Ah shit, I was so deep into you, and you kept getting a little bit smaller... oh shit, this is... ok we just gotta stay calm,” he said.

Penny looked annoyed at first, but then said, “I have a better idea,” as she began grinding up and down on his swollen cock.

“Ohh my god!” he said as he started doing it again.

He watched as her tits slowly swelled with each little hop. They kept flopping around a little bit more and more as she kept going, and she eventually noticed.

“Woah, geez Sam. My tits are huge... my god, these are what, c or d cups?” she said. “Well good thing that bra you picked up just said D, right, haha!” she said.

Sam looked back with a blank look on his face.

“Sam... uh... oh shit Sam, how big are you going to make me?!”

She wasn’t able to be mad for too long as he kept grinding up and down on him until she went off again.

“oooooh my god this is amazing!” she shouted.

Finally, Sam starting cumming. Each burst of cum seemed to physically knock her back as she was in throw of ecstasy.

“Oh my god!” she said as she was finally able to slide him out of her.

She tried to stand up but stumble to the floor.

She stood up and was no longer 5’4” but maybe between 5’ and 5’1”.

She went over to her mirror and saw her bust proudly standing off of her chest.

“Wow I’m fucking hot! You have some good taste, my man!” she said.

“alright, alright. While I’m still able to control myself, I need to talk to that genie,” said Penny.

She put panties and a bra on, and staggered into the hallway. She didn’t even realize how much of a habit it felt like to her to put on this underwear she had never worn.

“Genie. Alright, it’s time to get this stuff fixed up,” said Penny.

“What are you talking about,” said Genie.

“I need to use my last wish to change back,” said Penny.

“Well, what do you mean your last wish? Your last wish was to make your boyfriend over their into the perfect head of your little group, right?” said Genie.

“What, no. That was just my second wish,” said Penny.

“I understand the confusion now. Like I said before, and I quote,’ after I grant three wishes my power is \*ka-put\* for a few decades.’ You see, I can grant three wishes, but I only give them to those who are pure of heart. You had two, Sam had one, all and all that makes three. If anything you should thank me, silly!”

A look of horror was all over Penny’s face. She was stuck like this? Forever?



“Wait I’m stuck being this giant breasted woman for Sam?!” said Penny.

“Hey now, don’t pretend like you don’t love this. You are just adjusting. Speaking of adjusting that bra looks WAY too big for you,” she said point Penny’s bra.

“What, are my boobs actually getting smaller... no wait... this came from the room and the cloths change first... OH SHIT! Ouch ouch ouch, my waist!” Penny looked down and saw her panties digging into her waist. Her panties were getting much smaller.

“How tiny is he going to make me... and such giant tits? Are you kidding me,” said Penny.

“Please, Penny, tell me something. Just calm down, and tell me something,” said Genie.

“What... what is it?” said Penny.

“While this isn’t what you asked for, can you honestly say that this doesn’t have the potential to be the most amazing thing to ever happen to you? You will learn to love this, I promise you, even if you are a little cynical for now,” said Genie.

Penny ignored Genie and ran back to her room where Sam was recovering from their latest bout of sex.

“I’m so scared, Sam, just hold me for now. Let me know it’s going to be Ok...” said Penny.

Penny laid down next to same as they peeled her panties that were way too small off of her. They took the giant bra and laid it down. Penny almost asked what size it was, but she’d rather not know. Penny laid in bed, with her back to his chest, being spooned by her best friend. While Sam couldn’t help but cup those beautiful d-cup breasts with his hands as they were slowly becomes firmer.

“mmmm,” she said as he rubbed her chest.

“Wow, Penny, these things are still growing... I’m sorry I’m such a sick freak,” said Sam.

Penny turned around and climb back on top of Sam.

“I’m not going to lie to you, Sam, this is scary... but I love it. I love this feeling so much. I can’t believe I would enjoy having such giant tits, but here they are. I mean, when I was a guy, I fucking loved giant boobs, but now you’ve given them to me. I would have done the same thing, Sam. If I turned you into my dream girl. So, let’s just live the dream, Sam!” she said then began to kiss him.

The poor kids were unable to hold back for very long as Sam jumped on top of her this time. As he started to penetrate her, he watched her d-cup tits swelling and rocking back and forth as he slammed into her. Every few pushes they would look slightly larger, after a minute of fucking had past, she was already a double D. Then the first orgasm rocked them both, but Sam was ready this time. He made sure not to push in too deep as she did look slightly smaller again, and felt a lot tighter. Her breasts were growing as she was shrinking, making it seem even more dynamic.

They started up again, and once more her breasts were slowly and steadily growing larger. She didn't seem to be getting any smaller this time, and honestly it would have caused them some major issues if she did shrink again!

She had him stop for a moment as she insisted she jump on top.

She said, "I want to feel this tits hang off me, as I fuck my boyfriend."

This made Sam rock hard once more as she got to work on him again. Her tits kept slowly pulsing, and grow, as she was hunching over him, they were getting extremely close to his face. Sam wasn't sure how big they were now, but don't worry, the narrator has your back on this one (DDD cups!).

At this point Sam had her tits right in his face as she kept grinding into him. She continued fucking him until they both went off two more times. Finally they laid back down together starring at her breasts.

"How big are they going to get, just tell me," said Penny.

"Ummm... this looks like an J on this label? Is that even a real size?" said Sam.

"oh my god... yeah it sure is. I hate that I know that, but it seems like I know a lot about this girl named Penny. She is just like Roger was, except she knows about being female. This is... oooo... damn that feels nice," she said as Sam began nibbling at her swelling chest.

He lashed his tongue around her nipples as they kept getting firmer and broader. Sucking them into his mouth gently massaging them with his tongue.

"oooh, yeah, do your thing, magic man!" said Penny.

"Oh woah, that feels amazing, keep going!" she said as she was getting awfully hot.

Penny's hand crept its way down to her crotch as she began to finger herself while her nipples were being sucked on, all the while they were slowly getting bigger.

They began to overflow out of Sam's hands as he kept going, getting heavier and larger. Within another minute, they grew even faster. They had gone from DDD, all the way to H cup in just a matter of minutes, and according to the bra, they still had to keep growing.

He stopped and started spooning her again. His erection was getting harder as they both cupped her growing breasts in their hands, feeling them grow to their final size of J cup. After a few minutes, it finally stopped. She slowly got out of bed, and had a lot of trouble keeping her balance.

"Wow, I'm damned near a midget!" said Penny.

"How tall are you?" Sam asked.

"Well my memory is telling me 4'11" ... wow, you're a pervert Sam," said Penny.

"Well so are you, Penny!" said Sam.

“Ok, fine, fine. I was just giving my man a hard time. I’m just a short little thing with a giant rack. I mean I had planned so much for us, but now I think the most fulfilling life I could ever have is just to be with you. Wait, is that all I ever really wanted? Here I thought I needed to save the world, but I just wanted to be with you all along?” said Penny.

That night they both enjoy the new world that had been brought up them. Penny realized how that this new life was everything she had ever wanted, and Sam couldn’t have been more pleased. I would say they lived happily ever after, but genies seldom make such things so simple!

So maybe I mislead them a little. Did they actually use three wishes? Nope. They just used the one. I have two more to spend at my leisure, but I’m not going to tell them that. They are both living a wonderful, fulfilled life, and now I began my search for another worthy host! Who knows you could be next!

***YOU DID WHAT!?!?! GENIE GET YOU ASS BACK HERE!!!!***

Sorry Penny, so many people to see, so little time!!!!!!

Thanks for sharing in the adventure of the Genie of the Beanie!

