

**Author's Note**

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This is (or will eventually become) an extremely explicit erotic story written by FrigOfFury. You should not read it if you are not of legal age to read graphic depictions of sex.

This is just a teaser! When the story is complete the author expects to release the whole story to the public, but Patrons can see more of the story, decide what happens next, what parts get expanded, and which fetishes the story includes.

FOF can be reached at: <https://www.patreon.com/frigoffury>

Fetish content for Part I: Breast & bum growth; bimbofication

## A First Wish

### New At College

“Candi! You should totally come out with us!” offered Kelly, Candace’s not-at-all-identical twin sister. Kelly was smiling and welcoming, but the expressions on the faces of Kelly’s friends Mary and Tina were much more noncommittal. Candace could tell that they didn’t want Kelly’s awkward sister tagging along to ruin the mood. Candace thought they were right: she would ruin the mood.

“I should finish unpacking, Kels,” Candace said, disappointing Kelly and relieving her friends, “Plus, first class tomorrow.”

“Not until, like, one in the afternoon, though!” Kelly objected.

“I know, I know, but I don’t have clothes for it, either.”

“True,” Kelly acknowledged, looking up and down Candace’s baggy outfit, “We should totally go shopping and fix that this weekend.”

“Sure, that would be great,” Candace said, looking away to hide her embarrassment. It wouldn’t matter what clothes she wore; she wouldn’t fit in with Kelly’s friends. Kelly was tall, athletic, had a glorious auburn mane, and even more glorious breasts. Candace was stuck with below average stature, a dumpy body, thin colourless hair that she dyed black, and slightly droopy breasts that were kind of big but had become mismatched recently as one boob grew without the other.

“Maybe I should help unpack,” Kelly said gently, more perceptive than she usually let on.

“No! There’s not that much to do. You should definitely enjoy your last night before classes.”

“Okay,” Kelly said, unconvinced, but she yielded to Mary and Tina’s cajolery.

Once they were gone, Candace sat on the sofa of the flat she was now sharing with Kelly, contemplating what she’d gotten herself into. Kelly had always been a popular girl with both boys and other girls, and Candace had always looked up to her ‘big sister’ who was the eldest by a few minutes. Kelly, being the outgoing one, had made friends for the both of them, made sure Candace wasn’t an outcast, and stood up for her when, shortly after Candace had acquired a reputation as a lesbian, she’d been accused of ogling other girls in the locker room. Kelly’s grades weren’t as good as Candace’s, but between modelling income and a sport scholarship, Kelly had actually been able to afford attending her favoured university from the start.

Candace, meanwhile, had taken part-time jobs while saving money by living with Mother and taking what courses she could, feeling like a useless leech. When Kelly had offered to share a flat with her, it had seemed like a perfect opportunity. Candace wouldn’t be living at home any more, and she could finally enrol full-time at university. Now Candace was realising that she would likely become a burden on her sister. For one thing, though she wasn’t precisely a lesbian,

it was true that she didn't much fancy boys, especially the meatheads Kelly and her friends favoured. Even if Candace could look like she belonged in Kelly's set, there was no way she could be a part of their endless trawling for hot guys.

Even worse, she was beginning to resent her sister's success. Kelly could pretty much bat her eyes and get anything she wanted. The one girl Candace had ever kind of dated had turned out to be more interested in Kelly than Candace. Here at university, Candace thought things might be a little different, and it was: it was even worse.

Candace had transferred from the branch of an international coffee shop in her home town to one near the university and her first shift had been earlier that afternoon. She'd hit it off with her gothish coworker Gwendolyn right away, commiserating about the 'basic bitches' and 'rich bimbos' that comprised a large part of the students who patronised the shop - in both senses of the word. Kelly had been on Candace's mind even then, but of course she didn't mean *her sister* when she agreed to how irritating the vapid party girls were.

Gwendolyn did, though. Kelly had come in only a few minutes later, accompanying a slim, attractive, well-dressed bloke and not noticing that Candace was there working. Gwendolyn noticed the direction of Candace's gaze and, continuing her practice of giving the newest employee all the details about the regulars, derisively described the leggy beauty as 'the biggest bimbo in the whole school', who was with a different guy every time she came in the shop, and constantly forgot her own order.

When her gaze finally took in the baristas behind the counter, Kelly seemed a little surprised to see her sister working. Kelly gave her a discreet wink of acknowledgement but kept up an appearance of intense focus on the boy talking to her. Candace stood off to the side as Gwendolyn took Kelly's order with unusually sweet friendliness. Kelly addressed Gwendolyn by name and complimented her on her outfit, which startled a blush from the barista.

"You were really nice to that girl," Candace said afterwards to obliquely call out Gwendolyn's apparent hypocrisy.

"Of course. I'm not going to be a cunt to a customer just because she's a bit of an airhead. Besides, she's always really nice."

The subtle hunger in the way Gwendolyn's eyes cut to Kelly told Candace that Gwendolyn found her 'bimbo' sister attractive.

And by contrast, *not* Candace.

So Candace had already had multiple reminders that Kelly was both an infamous bimbo and the object of far more girl thirst than Candace could ever hope for.

## Closing Up

Gwendolyn called out sick Friday night to go see one of her favourite bands, placing

Candace in charge of closing up the shop. She was so new to her position at that location that she didn't know precisely what this entailed, or who was supposed to do what. While she was checking the work log, the two other baristas clocked out and went home, leaving Candace in possession of a barely half-cleaned shop. The front area was well enough, but behind the counter needed some work, and the back was an absolute shambles.

"Has anyone *ever* cleaned back here?" Candace grouched as she energetically scrubbed petrified coffee off what appeared to be some kind of spare part for a cold brew apparatus.

"Well, it's been quite a while, at least," a voice answered.

Candace spun around, but there was no one there.

"I'm right here," the voice spoke again, and Candace spun back to see a beautiful woman with jet-black hair, a nose stud, blood-red lips and unsettling green eyes standing just two meters away.

"Where did you come from?" Candace asked, taking in the rest of the new arrival's appearance. Sort of old-school goth. Or at least, 1990s-old. She looked like one of the girls from *The Craft*.

The woman just nodded at the stainless steel container in Candace's hands. "I'm a genie, you know."

Candace laughed. "Sure, but seriously, how did you get there? Is there a door in the back of the cleaning closet?"

The woman smiled crookedly and started rising into the air. "I'm serious about being a genie. The kind that grants wishes. Been stuck in that bottle for a long time. I mean, time passes faster in there, but even I can tell it's been years out here."

Candace goggled for a moment, trying to figure out how it could all be trick.

"Okay, just to convince you that I'm really a genie, I'll give you a free small wish."

"A small wish?"

"Right, you can wish for something small and I'll make it happen. Has to be something that you could have done yourself, like wishing to be home already. And then I'll blink and it'll be done."

"I can't leave this place a mess for the morning shift, though," Candace said absently.

"Do you wish it was already all clean?" the woman suggested.

"Um, yeah, that sounds good," Candace said, expecting that the joke-or-whatever would end then, and the woman would start cleaning.

Instead, she blinked, and the entire back area was instantly spotless. Still a mess, but the floor, the cups, and all the equipment was all gleamingly clean.

"Am I mad?" she muttered.

"No, *I* am a genie. Man, you are hard to convince. You're not getting another freebie."

"No! I don't doubt you! It's just a lot to take in" I said, though I honestly did still doubt, but

was too polite to say so. It still seemed more likely that it was some elaborate prank or a psychotic break.

“Yes you do. I know a skeptic when I see one. Well, no matter. We can still get on with it. You’ve got three medium wishes, one medium and one large, or one major wish. Avoid unreasonable wishes like wishing for more wishes and bollox like that; you won’t like the result.”

“You have a very posh accent,” Candace commented.

“Do I? I was a princess, once. But that was a long time ago in a different language. I suppose the magic that translates into your language renders it that way. Funny that no one has mentioned it before, though.”

“Have you granted a great number of wishes over the years?” Candace asked, fascinated.

“I don’t know what ‘a great number’ means to you. I’ve been granting wishes for centuries, but at times I’ve gone years without anyone discovering me.”

“How many centuries?”

“Uh, a dozen or so. You ask a lot of questions.”

“Sorry! I am just very curious. Am I keeping you? Maybe I should hurry up and think of something to wish for?”

The genie laughed, “I have all the time in the world. I enjoy getting out and seeing what has become of the world. Especially if I have a considerate mistress.”

“A mistress?” Candace said, boggling again. “Oh, you just mean a female person who asks for wishes.”

“Just so.”

“But you were a princess! It must be very bothersome to have to grant wishes to a bunch of ‘masters’, some of whom were probably not very nice people at all.”

“I knew the cost when I made my final wish,” the genie said, shrugging. “Besides, it has its compensations. I would never have gotten to see an aeroplane or men on the Moon if I’d stayed.”

“But it’s not worth it, is it?” Candace asked, noting the genie’s small sigh.

“It was worth it,” the genie said assertively, “I did get my wish granted.”

“What was your wish?” Candace asked, then caught herself. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t pry.”

“It’s okay. I’m not allowed to tell, though. I can’t tell you anyone anyone’s wishes. And I will never tell anyone else of yours. All of the wishes will operate so that no one will realise anything supernatural is afoot.”

“Except me and you,” Candace asked.

“Well, yes. But even for you, the memories may be less clear than usual. Think back to the moment I cleaned the room. You may notice the memory getting a bit hazy. Did you clean for hours or did it all happen suddenly?”

Strangely, Candace *did* have a memory of having cleaned for hours. She also had a memory

of everything becoming clean instantly, and a glance at the clock made clear that it had *not* been hours. Strange as it was, the instant clean memory was the true one. Candace was a bit late getting out, but not *hours* late.

“Oh! I should clock out!” Candace exclaimed, and hurried to do so. “We’re not supposed to clock out long after closing time,” she explained. “Let me just tidy up a bit and then we can... uh... do you go back inside, or do we just walk home, or?”

“I don’t go back inside until I’ve granted all wishes, or at least as many as feasible.”

“Oh. Well, uh, would you like anything while you wait? I could make you something. Do you eat and drink?”

“I can get by without,” the genie said politely.

“Oh,” Candace said and took a step toward the pile of cups before stopping again. “But would you *like* something? I would be very little trouble to make you a cuppa. Or a juice. I’m allowed one per shift.”

“A juice would be very nice,” the genie admitted.

“Pick as you please from the display case there,” Candace said as she tidied. “By the way, what is your name?”

“Feel free to call me ‘Genie’,” the genie said.

“Is that what you prefer?” Candace asked.

“I’ve grown used to it. My old name would sound strange after all this time.”

“I imagine so many centuries would tend to wear those things away. Are you doomed to appear young forever?”

“Doomed?” Genie asked.

“Sorry if I’m being presumptuous, but it seems like being forever young and beautiful would be a bit of a burden, especially if all manner of different people are allowed to demand wishes. I would imagine some of them make quite improper demands.”

Candace didn’t notice Genie’s shudder.

“That is truer than you know,” Genie said, “It has not been so long for me as you may think, however. Only time spent outside the container counts at full rate. Otherwise it’s usually just a few hours to me. I should tell you: having me as your companion is not safe for you, and you should find a way to make your wishes quickly.”

Candace looked up from the cold goods she was arranging. “Oh? Like, I need to make them now?”

“It’s not that urgent. I just mean that if someone else hand-cleans the bottle or I get too far from you, the wishes end and I either go back in the bottle or on to the next master.”

“Oh! What’s to keep people from just handing the bottle off from one to the other?”

“I don’t go back into the same bottle when it’s all done, unless the original master *loses* the bottle. It’s part of the karmic logic that makes abusing the rules difficult and dangerous. You

wouldn't believe how many greedy masters have come to bad ends in their attempt to get more than their allotment of wishes."

Candace made a worried face, as if she might accidentally abuse the rules.

"Don't worry, I'll try to avoid getting caught up in that as well. I enjoy my time out of the bottle very much. As time goes on, though, the magic that prevents people from recognising that I'm a genie starts to work to try to end the contract. A few days is perfectly fine, but after a couple weeks, it starts to get noticeable. I was once kept out of the bottle for almost three months through extraordinary means, but eventually the magic came to my rescue."

"Oh no! That sounds like it must have been terrible."

"It was," Genie admitted. "But he was emasculated, then decapitated by his own men in the end, so karma got its due."

Candace froze, open-mouthed at the horrible story.

"I shouldn't have said so much," the genie said quickly, "Here, let me help you."

Suddenly everything was just where Candace would have put it.

"Oh! Thank you!" she said. "Do you normally just do nice things for people like that?"

"No, it was just an apology for my story, which I'm sure worries you. Some magic outside the contract is permitted, obviously. I just don't do it because I have to pay for it later."

"How?" Candace asked, worried.

"Just time back in the bottle is less pleasant. Nothing to worry about," Genie said hastily, and Candace suspected it cost Genie more than she was letting on.

Candace didn't know how to express her growing appreciation of how *nice* Genie seemed, so she asked instead, "Will you be cold, walking home like that? It's not a long walk, but it's a bit brisk out."

"Genies aren't very susceptible to the weather," Genie said with a smile, and they started home.

## At Home

Before they arrived at the flat, an obvious practical problem occurred to Candace: what was she going to tell Kelly? She'd been living in the flat for such a short time, and already she was bringing home... Someone.

"I'm going to need to introduce you to my sister as someone who needs to stay with us for a bit. And probably any guy she brings home. God, I wish she wasn't the biggest bimbo at City."

"Wishes can't change other people," Genie quickly informed her, "Besides, I don't think it's very likely that she's really the biggest bimbo in London"

"Oh! That wasn't an actual wish," Candace said, relieved that she hadn't accidentally expended one of her wishes, "And I just meant the uni."

"It was a figure of speech and you don't actually desire it?" the genie confirmed.

“Well, it’s a figure of speech and I... I guess I do wish she wasn’t... I guess it’s cool that she lives her life how she likes. I just w... would prefer that she wasn’t so famous for it. It puts me in a weird position. I’m her twin, but I’m kind of her opposite and it sets up this huge contrast.”

“Why do you care about the contrast?” Genie asked.

“We used to be so close, and I really looked up to her. Still do. But I can’t really be a part of her whole *thing*. I mean, I barely ever fancy blokes, and even if I did, I wouldn’t look the part.”

“Do you want to find men more attractive?” Genie asked .

Candace laughed. “No, no conversion therapy for me. I do wish... I mean, I would like it if I looked, you know, a little hotter and all that. Well, a lot hotter,” she amended with a glance at the gorgeous genie walking beside her, “So I wouldn’t be a drag on her every time we go out. But I also wish she didn’t have this reputation, right? So people are trying to make me feel better or superior by saying she’s just a busty bimbo compared to me. That doesn’t make me feel good at all. If at least there was someone else who was the school’s acknowledged queen bimbo or whatever, that would take the focus off. I know, there’s nothing you can really do about that. I guess I’m just ranting about my problems.”

“No, I think I can help,” Genie said. “When was the last time she saw you with your shirt off?”

“What? What do you mean? You’re not trying to give me *another* free wish, are you? You’re very kind, but you shouldn’t.”

“Not at all,” Genie said, giggling slightly. “Why do you dye your hair black?”

Candace was caught off-guard by the question. “My hair?”

“Yes, I can see that your natural hair is blonde. Do you prefer another colour?”

“You can see that?” Candace asked, pulling at her bangs as if she could see her roots that way.

“I’m a genie, so I have advantages,” Genie explained.

“Oh. Well, black hair is cooler,” Candace said, “And blonde is for tarts, right?” She tried to make a joke of it.

“That’s not the real reason. You should really be honest with me, Candace. You can be very certain I won’t tell anyone anything you tell me, and trust that no matter what you tell me, I’ve encountered far, far more outrageous desires.”

“How do you know that, if you haven’t heard yet?” Candace challenged the genie.

“Because I’m a genie. And also I knew... have known people a bit like you. And like me before I became a genie, if we’re being honest. Regardless, I don’t know nearly everything about you yet, and if I’m going to make your wishes come true, it’s best that I understand your preferences properly.”

Candace didn’t say anything immediately. What *were* her preferences? She knew what she liked to think she preferred, but sometimes she wondered.



“Okay, the truth is that my hair is just really thin, and if I don’t dye it a dark colour, I look a bit bald. When I was younger, I thought I could have those long golden waves you see in adverts, but my hair grows slow and thin, and gets wispy past the shoulder. But I’m not about to spend a wish on nice hair.”

Genie laughed. “Of course not. Do you want to make a lot of money?”

“I guess, but really I just wish... Strike that, I would *like* to make enough money so that I’m paying my own way and not leeching off Kelly.”

“How about lots of romantic success?” Genie asked.

“More than I’ve had, surely, but that’s saying very little. Honestly I’d be happy if I could flirt with attractive strangers without making an utter fool of myself. But one actual partner is enough for me.”

“And what kind of partner would that be?”

Candace opened her mouth to answer Genie’s question, but the sentence playing across her tongue wasn’t something she’d ever admitted to anyone, perhaps even herself.

“I understand,” Genie said compassionately, and took Candace’s hand in hers. “Do you want me to take a look for myself, or would you rather keep that private?”

“What do you mean? Are you asking if I want you to read my mind?” Candace asked uneasily.

“Yes. More or less. It’s not something I can do without invitation or cooperation. I just hold your hand while you think of people to whom you’ve been attracted over the years, and I get glimpses of them.”

“That does seem easier,” Candace admitted, and before she could lose her nerve she said, “Let’s do it.”

She blushed slightly when the phrasing made her think of Genie’s gorgeous body and her mind’s eye of what it would look like if they were ‘doing it’ naked. Of course, her own podgy body intruded on the mental vignette and she pushed it away. Genie didn’t look appalled or embarrassed, though; she was still smiling in a calm, friendly way. Truly Genie was a beautiful person, and not just physically. But that’s not what she was supposed to be thinking about, so she tried to think back to people who had excited her in the past. Whoops, not Kelly. Eek, or that one floppy-haired boy with the fascinatingly huge package. God, not Sophie Reade! More like, well, not the busty anime dragon-girl she’d kept as an ‘ironic’ screensaver, either. Okay, what about Angelina Jolie’s Tomb Raider? That was better. Whoops, not the demented fan-fiction version! So many fan-fiction alternates. This is why she should have had more actual girlfriends, or boyfriends, instead of contenting herself with exaggerated fantasies in the bathtub.

She let go of Genie’s hand in mortification. “Well, I guess now you know more about me,” she said, feeling like her weird fantasy life had probably put Genie’s claims to the test.

“Oh, Candace, don’t be embarrassed!” Genie said reassuringly, “That how it is for everyone.

I mean, not the specifics, but everyone has a mix of fantasies that aren't quite what they'd like to share with the world. That's part of fantasy."

"Really?" Candace said, feeling significantly better.

"Really. And I always like when I can make a harmless fantasy come true. Is this your home?"

"It is," Candace confirmed, wanting to address Genie comment about fantasies coming true, but distracted by the need to see if she'd gotten a text from Kelly that would let her know if her sister was home. She was relieved to find that Kelly's last text was telling her that she and her friends were 'going to wind down a bit' at the pub if Candace wanted to join them after work. "It's just us, for at least a little longer. That makes this easier. I'll text her that... Oh, we never quite settled on the story we'd tell about you."

"You haven't seen her in some time, so can we say that I'm a friend of yours visiting from your place of origin? And I am a recent arrival in that place from, let's say, Cornwall."

"Do you know Cornwall?" Candace asked.

"Not recently, but I think I could pass myself off well enough, with a little research. Last I was out of the bottle you had an excellent thing called the 'World Wide Web' that contained quite a lot of information. I expect it's common enough now that nearly everyone has a connection to it?"

Candace laughed as she typed out her text to Kelly. "We call it 'internet' these days, and yes, I have it on my phone, my laptop, and basically everything else. Here, you can use my laptop, if you want. You probably should acquaint yourself with some of the lingo, or you'll sound very out of date."

"This is very nice," Genie commented, then chuckled slightly to see the busty anime girl from Candace's mind's eye in the background of her computer.

Candace blushed, but muddled through. "This is Google. They pretty much took over all searches, and now searching for something on the internet is called 'googling'. There's also social media, but you look really cool so you can probably just say you don't use it. Though you also look kind of..."

"Outdated? I'm sure I do, though I'll change my look to fit the current need when we meet your sister and her friends."

"I was going to say that you look a little too sexy to be a friend of mine. But I'm supposed to be truthful, right? I kind of like that. It will impress them that someone as hot as you are would be friends with me."

"If you don't want me to change at all, I can remain just as I am. Or I can assume a somewhat similar 'look', updated for the current task. Or I could change to maximally impress them. I could even be male, if you prefer."

"No!" Candace exclaimed at the last option. "I'm sure you would be a very hot guy, but I..."

Wait, would *you* like to be male?"

Genie looked surprised. "That's not the relevant question."

"Sure it is. You only get so much time out of your bottle. You should be able to enjoy it."

"I assure you I enjoy it very much either way."

"I want you to look whichever way would entertain you the most," Candace insisted.

Genie paused to consider. "Agreed. Can I use the internet for a few minutes? I think I can navigate for myself from here."

Candace felt a little self-conscious letting the genie use her laptop, but then she considered that the genie had already looked inside her private mind, so it was a little late to be bashful about what the supernatural being might discover in her browser history. Maybe the dreadful slashfics, but would a genie care at all about that? Genie wouldn't. Candace sighed.

"Would you like some tea? Or something else to drink? Or are you hungry at all?"

Genie laughed. "I'm a magical creature, mistress. I don't need to eat or drink."

"Didn't you have a juice earlier?"

"I did, but I didn't *need* it."

"Well, I asked if you would *like* something, didn't I? Lord knows I don't only eat when I *need* to," Candace said, grabbing at the fat at her tummy. "Maybe I should wish for a faster metabolism or to have more motivation to get fit. How about a muffin with some butter and jam?"

"I could do something about the metabolism, but motivation is harder," Genie said absently, "And a muffin sounds lovely. Thank you very much, mistress."

"You're not going to keep calling me that, are you?"

"No, I'm just reminding us both who and what I am."

Candace considered that as she watched the toaster. "It seems to me that you're my guest. A guest who is gifting me with three wishes because... because I'm lucky. This isn't very fair, is it? I should wish for the end of hunger or something."

"That's not a *medium* wish. It's also not really how genie wishes work. They usually have to be centred on the person doing the wishing. You could wish for a better income, then donate your wages. It... you're supposed to wish for things you want for *you*. It's the nature of these things."

"I guess karma evens it all out?"

"It is perhaps a good thing that it does not, or it would punish the fortunate as well as help the downtrodden. In reality it's mainly useful for punishing those who would abuse magic. The best I can say of Karma's treatment of the kind and good is that it sometimes exacts terrible judgements on those who prey on them. But I have never yet seen it come to anyone's aid just because of their goodness." Genie sounded faintly bitter.

"So what *would* happen if I wished for the good of others?"

"The results would be disappointing. The magic gets weaker when the beneficiary is more

distant to the wisher.”

“I suppose that assuages my conscience, then,” Candace said. “Is that enough butter? I don’t know how you like it.”

Genie looked up into Candace’s eyes and smiled. It was just a regular, friendly smile of thanks, but it filled Candace with happiness. Then she remembered that Genie was here to perform a service, not be her mistress’ best friend. Her *only* friend, given that she had screwed up her other friendships one way or another.

“What’s wrong?” Genie asked, seeing the change on Candace’s face.

“Sorry. My stupid brain likes to bring up dreadful thoughts to ruin the happiest moments. Like karma, I guess.”

Genie frowned thoughtfully. “I don’t think I can help that directly.”

“I didn’t even say anything about wishing this time,” Candace objected.

“Yes, you are right, of course,” the genie acknowledged, pushing back from Candace’s laptop. “And anyway, we should give this time to play out a little.”

Genie rose higher than her previous stature when she stood from the chair, and her hair brightened to a fire-engine red, growing longer as it did. Her makeup shifted, becoming slightly darker and more subtle. Fishnets faded into nylons, and combat boots elongated until they became heeled thigh-highs. Her scrappy top became a dark navy grenadier’s jacket with an open neck displaying an impressive amount of cleavage. Below it her short shorts merged and extended into a matching skirt with toggle decorations down the front. When the transformation was complete, Genie still looked like Genie, but a little larger in every dimension and dressed somewhere between a gothic steampunk, a Suicide Girl, and a fashion designer.

“Wow! You look amazing! I didn’t think it was possible for you to be any... better looking,” Candace gushed, saving herself at the last moment from saying something a little more pervy than intended.

Kelly’s key in the door forestalled any response.

### Meeting Kelly

“Candi!” Kelly said, “You gotta meet my friend Jeff, who... Oh! Hello! You must be Candi’s friend. I’m her sister Kelly. This is Jeff. Candi! This is my friend Jeff. He’s a nice guy. And Candi is fucking amazing, Jeff, so you better be nice as fuck.”

“Hi Jeff,” Candace said, rescuing Jeff from her inebriated sister. “This is my friend,” she hesitated just a moment, unsure of what name to use.

“Genie,” Genie said.

“Jenny?” Kelly asked.

“Close enough,” Genie said.

“Jeff. You can get home, right? You know how to go home?”

“Yes, Kelly, I know how to go home,” Jeff told Kelly.

“Good. I’m going to bed, because I have definitely had enough to drink tonight. Candi! You are the best, and your friend is smoking hot. Remember we’re going shopping tomorrow! And Jenny can come, too. Get Jeff’s digits! G’night.”

They all watched as she swayed into her room, then looked at each-other and laughed.

“How long have you known my sister, Jeff?” Candace asked.

“Bout, oh, two hours? Seems really nice.”

“She is,” Candace confirmed, though she doubted that Jeff was hanging out with Kelly because she was ‘nice’. Jeff was a good-looking guy, but not in the muscular athlete kind of way Kelly usually favoured. More of a long-haired, vaguely nerdy, but engaging kind of fellow. He didn’t look like the sort who would be at a rager. He was also smiling at Candace.

“Uh, I was chosen to walk her home because her friends agreed I was harmless,” he said, half-jokingly. “A bit embarrassing to admit that they’re right.”

“How did you meet Kelly and her friends?” Genie asked.

“Luckiest day of my life. Got placed on their team for trivia,” Jeff said, blushing and carefully enunciating his words. “Kelly is a lot smarter than you’d think. I mean, not that you’d think she wasn’t smart or anything, just you know, you wouldn’t think she’d know so many...” Candace’s raised eyebrow brought his statement to a flustered stop. “I’m a bit pissed myself. I should prolly go.”

“I believe we are supposed to get your digits before you do,” Genie said.

“Oh year! Definitely. Do you have something to write with?”

“You could just text,” Candace suggested.

“That would be simpler. Never given my phone number to a girl before. I know you wouldn’t think that a beefcake like me would be able to go two steps without fighting off hot girls asking for my number, but somehow it never happens. Mysterious.”

Candace giggled. “You’re cute.”

Jeff paused. “You sound just like Kelly when you laugh.”

“We *are* twins, believe it or not,” Candace said before giving him her number to type in. Seconds later, they had exchanged texts and were making farewells.

“Was he to your taste?” Genie asked when he’d gone.

“Yeah, sure,” Candace said, “Do you think he could be convinced? I know wishes aren’t supposed to affect other people, I’m just asking if you think I’d have a shot.”

“Generally speaking, yes,” Genie began, but then stopped and turned to watch Kelly stealthily crack open her door.

“He’s gone, right?” Kelly said, opening the door the rest of the way.

“It would sure be embarrassing if he’s merely gone to the loo and overheard you,” Candace teased.

“Yeah,” Kelly agreed with a smile. “So what did you think?”

Suddenly it dawned on Candace. “You’re not even drunk!”

Kelly laughed. “A little buzzed, at least. I just wanted to bring him home to see if you’d like him. He seems like a really nice guy. Barely even looked at my tits once. I thought he might be gay, but then I realised he was constantly embarrassed by the girls, and so he’s actually just kind of a nerd. But a cute one, right?”

“Right,” Candace agreed, laughing. “Wait! Does that mean you ended your night early just to bring me a boy?”

“Nope! I was thinking about going to bed, but apparently the girls found a fab do in Harringay. Want to come with us?” Kelly’s question encompassed Genie as well.

“Oh, you’re rejoining Mary and Tina?” Candace said.

“Tina and Noor tonight.”

Candace liked Noor; she had been welcoming and friendly when they met. Tina always completely ignored Candace. Maybe with Genie, though... “Would *you* like to go?” she asked Genie.

“Absolutely!” Genie said enthusiastically.

“Really?” Kelly asked, delighted.

“Of course! Candi’s one of my best mates, and she has only good things to say about her sister, so obviously it would be a good time. Plus, it’s about time Candi started getting out and about more. Unfortunately, it’s quite late. Perhaps it will be better next time, after you’ve had a chance to get some fit clothes?”

Candace let out the breath she hadn’t known she’d been holding. “Right, yes. Shopping tomorrow!” she said to Kelly, who was visibly disappointed at Genie’s seeming support turning the wrong direction.

“Okay, but next time for sure. Promise.”

“I promise!” Candace said, thinking that Genie would help her make it through one way or another.

“Good. Also, Genie, thank you. You must be the good influence on my homebody sister. Fucking killer style, too. Don’t wait up for me!”

When Kelly was gone, Candace breathed a sigh of relief. “I thought you were going to say yes! I was so anxious.”

Genie smiled reassuringly. “Well, tomorrow will be a much better day for it. We should get some sleep and start early.”

“Kelly won’t be up until late, though.”

“We’ll need to be finished before she wakes, and you need a good night’s sleep.”

“Finished with what?” Candace asked.

“Preparing to make your first wish come true.”

“Oh, I guess that does make sense. And I’ll definitely want to sleep on that. Which reminds me. Where do you want to sleep? Do genies sleep?”

“I do. Quite a lot sometimes, if I’ve been overexerting myself.”

“Have you been?” Candace asked with concern, thinking about the two extra wishes Genie had given her.

“A little. Not too much.”

“My bed is pretty big, if you don’t mind sharing.”

“Not at all,” Genie said easily, as if she didn’t know Candace was totally perving on her.

At least, Candace felt like she was. She tried to suppress it, but when Genie started disrobing, it was basically impossible not to stare. Not just because she was stunningly gorgeous, either: each time she removed an item of clothing, it would vanish with a soft popping noise. Also, her breasts were not only huge, they were impossibly pert and round. Not to the point of being the kind of bolt-on tits one might see in straight porn, but definitely the kind of boobs where Candace at least suspected well-concealed implants.

“Would you like to feel them?” Genie asked.

“No!” Candace yelped, and turned away. “I beg your pardon! I hadn’t meant to stare.”

“Mistress, it’s okay,” Genie said gently, “I’m glad you looked. You’ll need to have opinions, after all.”

That didn’t make much sense to Candace, but she was reassured by Genie’s tone anyway. *Everything will be okay*, that calm alto told Candace’s hindbrain.

“You know I fancy girls, right?” Candace asked warningly.

“How could I not? Do you think I should be unhappy about that for some reason?”

“Are you trying to seduce me? Because you don’t have to be subtle about it.”

Genie laughed. “No, of course not. I’m just adhering to the spirit of the contract.”

“Oh,” Candace said, taken off guard by the depth of her disappointment. Apparently one of her wishes was to sleep with her genie. As soon as she thought about it in her mind’s eye, with Genie’s expert and elegant perfection writhing on a bed with an inexperienced and awkward lumpy bag of rotten potatoes that was Candace’s body, she felt ashamed of even contemplating it. Genie or not, Genie was way out of her league. “Well, I should get a bath.”

“Good night, Candi,” Genie said, laying out on the bed like a painter’s muse, “I’ll no doubt be asleep by the time you’re through.”

Genie was right, but Candi spent a certain amount of extra time in the tub making sure of it.

## Dreaming

Candace's dreams were full of beautiful women, all of them with faces like hers, but not her. Sometimes she thought they were distorted versions of Kelly or even Genie, but she kept finding that she was actually looking in mirrors. As soon as she'd try to confirm that it was truly her own reflection, however, the images would slide out of view, as if the mirrors were turning.

Throughout it all, Genie was murmuring words that Candace couldn't quite make out, but which she understood to be encouraging her to select the image that she liked best. At first, she gravitated toward the elegant ones, but she felt like they were just stumpier imitations of her sister. The happier, plumper ones called to her more. Especially the sultry ones. And the ones with dewy makeup. And fluttery eyelashes, and glossy nails, and long, luscious curls draping her back, and bigger boobs. Bigger like Genie's.

As her image's boobs got bigger, her waist got smaller, and selecting images with ample bums did so even more, until some images showed underlying abdominal muscle. Candace shied away from those images not because she didn't like musculature but because the contrast with the butt and boobs was too much. After that she focused on smaller and smaller tweaks, but the image was becoming indistinct and difficult to see. It frustrated her; she'd been labouring to see how sexy she could make herself look and now she wasn't going to get to see the results.

As she backed away, she had a vague impression of the absolute bimbo, which simultaneously embarrassed and excited her, but soon it was gone, and she was just looking at her regular old self.

## Morning

Candace awoke a little disgruntled, wondering at the bizarre dreams she'd been having ranging from having found a Genie to crafting a bimbo version of herself. And now it felt like she was coming down with a fever. She'd have to beg off going shopping.

"Are you ready to begin?" a familiar voice asked.

Candace bolt upright to see Genie sitting on her bureau, wearing a satin camisole and bloomers that almost made her look like an actual genie. Well, she was an actual genie, and she was in Candace's room, which means that the previous evening had *not* been a dream. "You're real."

"I knew you were a skeptic. Yes, I'm real, and I've a wish to begin granting."

"What's that?"

"To make it so Kelly isn't the biggest bimbo in the university."

"I thought you couldn't change other people," Candace countered.

"I cannot directly. But, *you* can be the biggest bimbo, so you will be, for a time."

"Wait, that's not what I wished for," Candace objected.

"Not exactly, no, but this addresses several wishful desires at once. You'll be able to fit in on Kelly's outings, avert people dismissing her to you as a bimbo, and take the focus off of her.



When the wish ends, it will be up to you what to do with your new body, which is really the only thing I can change.”

“New body?” Candace asked weakly, but she could feel something changing already. She still felt the way she had before, but she was recognising that it wasn’t really that much like the flu. She was unusually warm and her skin felt sensitive, but the only ache was a powerful pressure at the small of her back, radiating out into her hips. It didn’t *hurt*, but she felt like her hips were being subtly stretched apart. More obvious was the changing contours of her torso as fat drained from around her waist, flowing down to her bum and up to her breasts.

Candace groaned. “Why, Genie? You know this wasn’t what I meant!”

Genie looked concerned, but held up a hand and said, “Suspend judgement for a moment and remember you have more wishes if you need to make things right.”

That did make Candace feel better. Also, the recasting was beginning to feel rather nice, like she was sitting on an ever-softer pillow. And her breasts... They were looking so much rounder and fuller. She put a hand under each to feel them as they grew, and she let out another groan that she knew didn’t sound entirely displeased. She stood to watch the progress in the mirror, and she was shocked at how unbelievably hot she was looking. There was still a lot of pudge left around her middle, but her hips had already widened enough to form the bottom of an hourglass.

As she watched, the top started to catch up. She had worn a 36D bra, but she was well beyond that. Her band size had surely shrunk while her cup size skyrocketed. G cups? Even bigger?

“How big am I going to get?” Candace asked, hefting holding breasts the size of cantaloupes and still growing, “And what in the world am I going to wear?”

“I got you some basics,” Genie said, handing Candace one of several bras from a pile.

Candace switch to supporting her chest with one arm while examining a huge nursing bra. 32J, the tag said. Was that even a size? Her eyes returned to her breasts, which continued to become rounder and the skin more taut. She worried whether the skin would stretch to accommodate all the new tissue, but as she watched she could see that the areolae were spreading wider without becoming distorted, and her nipples were growing to keep proportion as well. And hardening with the excitement of the magical transformation.

She turned to the side to inspect the profile of her buttocks, also plumping and tautening as they grew.

“I suppose I’m ready to star in a music video,” Candace joked hopelessly. She brushed hair out of her face. Was her hair growing too? It was, a bit; a new short crop of hairs had emerged from her scalp to jostle amongst the bases of the old. And other hair was falling out. Her not-so-neat patch of pubic hair was looking very ragged now, and when she brushed at it, it came out in clumps. A few more brushes, and all that was left was a perfectly trimmed patch.

“Holy. Fucking. Shit.”

“Please understand, at the default medium wish level I have to basically retain the gross structure of your body, so I couldn’t dispense with adipose tissue,” Genie explained anxiously. “Not right away, at least. So I asked your unconscious about where to put it as best I could.”

Candace didn’t respond, looking at the mountainous orbs on her chest. Though quite unnaturally large for her frame and rounder than would have been possible at their size, they were undeniably beautiful: perfectly symmetrical, featuring proud, prominent nipples and perfectly teardrop-shaped. Likewise, her thighs below looked amazing, with the curve of her bum just visible from the front, and her cellulose nowhere in evidence. It was as if she’d been airbrushed.

“Even my face!” she said, looking more closely to see that her lips were just a smidge plumper, her eyelashes a little longer, the sparse patches of her eyebrows filled in, and her acne scars smoothed away. “I’m... I’m...” she said, and started weeping. She wasn’t even sure why, but there were just too many different emotions bombarding her at once.

“Now now, sweet,” Genie said, wrapping her in a strong embrace, “Anything you don’t like can be corrected, in the fullness of time. It will all come out for the best, I promise.”

The feeling of kilograms of breast keeping them separated made her cry even harder at her freakishly busty future, but also... was a little exciting. After collecting herself a little, she pulled back to look at herself in the mirror again, and already she was feeling a little less alienated from her body. Maybe it was unusual, but not artificial-looking. She felt at her breasts. “There’s no implants in there, are there?”

“No, it’s all your own skin. I could give you implants if you want,” Genie offered.

“No! This is good. But impossible.”

“Not impossible. I retroactively gave you a form of macromastia where breast development is prolonged far beyond the usual two to three years. No doctor would find anything uncanny about it. All of the changes are carefully calibrated and staged not to be noticed. Obviously this one needed to happen before any shopping trip.”

“So I can buy clothes that fit my new body? I don’t think that’s the biggest concern facing me at the moment.”

“No, so that the first time your sister sees you underneath your oversized jumpers, she sees the body you’re becoming, so that she can conclude that you have been hiding your form because it was embarrassingly hot, not because it was embarrassingly...”

“Lumpy?” Candace supplied.

“Adipose,” Genie said. “Not all changes are complete, but everything is in place to complete the beginning of the wish period by the end of the day.”

“What other changes are there?” Candace asked with trepidation.

“For your hair to grow the rest of the way out, for one. I’ll have that happen during the visit to the salon.”

“What visit to what salon?”

“The one we’re going to visit before you sister wakes up. Put that on and let’s go.”

Candace looked at the bra. “It’s a nursing bra.”

“Yes, the bras I found that would fit acceptably and are in your price range are nursing bras.”

“Did you *buy* these for me?” Candace asked, surprised at the pedestrian methods of genies.

“No, but it unduly expends the force of the wish to summon items that don’t fit your life.”

“Oh. That does make sense,” Candace admitted, and got to putting it on. It took a bit of adjustment, but ultimately it fit better than her old bras had. “Wait, how do I explain my actual bras?”

“Any clothing items you had before that wouldn’t fit are either gone or replaced with versions that will fit,” Genie explained.

“That’s nice. It looks like my jumper is still huge, though.”

“Right. We’ll stay with baggy outerwear until you’re out with Kelly, choosing your new outfits. I think she will be very excited to be involved.”

“Oh my God, what is she going to say?” Candace exclaimed. “She has always been the hot one. I wasn’t trying to outshine her.”

“You wanted her outshone,” Genie pointed out, “And so she is. And this way, she gets to be happy about it.”

“Happy about being outshone by her stumpy little sister?” Candace said incredulously, but quietly, because they were walking through the flat to the front door and she didn’t want to be overheard.

“Perhaps ‘outshone’ is the wrong word to use here, as different people shine in different ways to different people. But certainly she will be eclipsed as the ‘biggest bimbo’ at school.”

“Literally eclipsed,” Candace wisecracked, lifting her two heavenly spheres for emphasis. “So what happens when the wish expires? I go back to my normal body?”

Genie waited until Candace had her trainers on before opening the door. “To some degree that’s up to you. The wish is, in effect, that you will be the biggest bimbo at school for a period of time, probably a complete cycle of the moon, or perhaps more, if the magic lasts. Then the magic will stop working to manage your bimboness.”

“My bimbosity?” Candace said, her sense of humour starting to overcome her.

Genie smiled as well. “Your bimbological quotient.”

“Bimbosis? Bimbitis? That sounds like a medical condition.”

“Bimbotic rank,” Genie suggested, “Though technically it *is* a medical condition.”

“Good point. Acute bimbosis.”

“A cute bimbo sis, anyway,” Genie said with a smile.

Candace flushed with pleasure at Genie calling her ‘cute’. “I’m sorry I got so upset earlier. I’m sure you’re right and it will all work out.” She wasn’t so sure, but she wanted to believe

Genie, at least. She was a genie after all. She would know, wouldn't she?

"It is I who owes you an apology," Genie said, "I did trick you a little by not being perfectly clear about how the wish would play out. However, I frequently find I get the best outcomes if I don't explain too much in advance."

"The best outcomes for whom?" Candace asked curiously.

Genie looked self-conscious. "The wisher, usually. I admit that I have a habit of interfering, but it has a cost."

"Like extra wishes have costs?"

Genie nodded. "A different cost, but yes."

"Would it be rude of me to ask what the cost is?"

"I take no offence," Genie said, but didn't answer immediately.

Candace wanted to ask where the salon was that they were going to, but her curiosity about Genie was greater.

Genie paused at a street corner as if to get her bearings before continuing. "Over time, we - genies, I mean - can sort of store up... I guess it's easiest to describe it as credit for wishes granted. With enough credit accumulated, I could make a wish for myself. If I ever want to escape the bottle for good, I'll need a sizeable wish of my own. But, by the logic of the wish magic, if I manipulate a wish to punish an evil wisher, it takes away a lot of that credit."

"That hardly seems fair," Candace said, "I thought karma meant that bad people are supposed to get what they deserve, or something of that nature?"

"Karma, yes, but genie magic was created by men, not karma, and not all those men cared for ethics. The wizard who turned me into a genie was a collector of slaves with had a taste for adolescents."

"Oh my God, that's dreadful! I'm so sorry!" Candace said, stopping to embrace Genie.

"It's... It's okay. I've had plenty of time to get over it."

"Sorry! I forget you're over a thousand years old because you look my age. You even sort of talk like you're my age."

"Well, I haven't *experienced* all those years. By far the majority I've spent stuffed into a bottle. Plus, there's something about having to start over every time I have wishes to grant that keeps me from getting set in my ways."

"You've probably met a hundred girls just like me," Candace said, a little crestfallen.

"No. Maybe once before, but no more," Genie said solemnly. "Here we are."

Candace was distracted from her follow-up question. "This place looks awfully posh."

"I think it will be worth it."

"Genie magic told you?"

"No, Google."

## Candi Shopping

Genie had made an appointment for “Candi,” which Candace protested until Genie pointed out that: first, it was a much better ‘bimbo’ name and second, any plans to distance herself from her bimbo persona would be aided if she didn’t use her full given name. Given that Kelly already called her Candi, Candace didn’t argue the point and also didn’t end up enduring any disparaging looks from the stylists.

Tamara, her stylist, was mostly focused on how immensely skilled she perceived herself to have been in restoring Candi’s natural hair colour, bringing out her waves, and generally volumising her hair. Because Candace already knew what was going to happen, she noticed hairs lengthening and becoming more substantial. Very likely Tamara’s efforts had their own role to play, but when Candace walked out with a glorious golden halo of waves bordering on loose curls.

“Bloody brilliant, Candi!” Kelly explosively complimented her sister’s hair. “Genie, is this your doing?”

Caught flat-footed, the supernatural being didn’t answer immediately, so Candace interceded. “I rather think Tamara the stylist did.”

Kelly laughed. “I meant, ‘did Genie make you go to the salon,’ you spoon. I’m so glad you did. I always knew you had untapped potential, and I’m *so excited* to see you explore it. You’re going to reel them in and blow them away.”

“That’s good, I hope,” Genie said, giggling a bit at Kelly’s mixed idioms.

“It’s a wish come true,” Kelly said. “What?” she asked Candace.

“I wouldn’t have expected *this* to be your wish,” she said, pointing at her hair.

“I’ve always wished that you felt more comfortable putting yourself out there, and hanging out with my friends and me. You’re probably more of the romantic type, but it kind of doesn’t matter what you want to do with them, it’s so much *fun* to be out with your squad and know you’re the queens. You’ll see. Oh my god, I haven’t been this excited about going shopping in *ages*.”

That gratifying welcome set the theme of the day.

Naturally there was a sequel at the first store they hit

“What’s your waist size?” Kelly asked while they browsed the racks at the charity shop.

“I don’t know, really; it’s changed recently. I’d say a size six or so.”

“Really? Good for you, sis! That makes me want to get you out of you baggy clothes even more. You’ll see that you look way better than you might have thought.”

“Oh, I’m sure of it,” Candace said, unable to resist exchanging a look of private amusement with Genie.

“That confidence is totally hot, Candi.” Kelly took another look at her sister. “Wait, Candi,

did you get ultra fit and not tell me?”

“I don’t know about ultra fit, but I have changed some since you last saw me with my shirt off.”

Kelly clapped excitedly. “This. Is. Amazing. Is there, like, a camera crew waiting to get my reaction? Because there should be, like one of the Snog Marry Avoid reveals.”

Candace groaned.

Kelly laughed, “I know, that show is *awful*. But you have to admit it’s compelling.”

“I don’t have to admit anything. But I do hope you like it.”

“Of course I will, Candi! I already like what it’s doing for your swagger! Alright, let’s take this and this and get to the big reveal.”

Candace got nervous in the changing room, discarding her oversized jumper and replacing it with a stretchy loose-sleeved top that made her feel like she was mostly naked. It stretched to the point of being sheep at her bust, displaying her bra underneath. She exchanged it for the shorter-waisted but thicker button-down. It had less stretch and remained entirely opaque, but she couldn’t fasten a single button, and it sort of squeezed her boobs together to make her cleavage look cavernous. The hem also rode up to expose basically her entire belly.

“I wish this didn’t feel so weird,” she mumbled to herself, then bit her tongue, hoping that didn’t count as another *wish* wish. Apparently not, because she still felt *really* weird about her reflection. She took a deep breath and opened the door.

Kelly clapped a hand over her own mouth to muffle her squeal of delight. “Oh. My. God. Sis, you got ‘em done! They look *perfect*. I’m so proud of you! That was so brave!”

Candace motioned for Kelly to lower her voice. “I didn’t quite...” Candace started, but couldn’t think of what to say.

“She didn’t actually get implants,” Genie explained, “She has a condition that’s been making her grow up top. It’s called macromastia.”

“Really?” Kelly asked, concerned, “Are you okay?”

“Yes, better than okay,” Candace said, smiling with all her force. She much preferred Kelly’s congratulations to her sympathy. “It’s been an adjustment, of course, but you’re helping with that *so much*, Kels.”

Kelly gave her a short squeeze of a hug. “I’m so happy for you. And proud, either way. Are you going to keep growing?”

“I don’t know. I guess we’ll wait and see,” Candace said, and looked at Genie.

“Doctors say it’s difficult to predict. It can come and go, or stop forever. That’s how we met. I have the same condition,” Genie explained.

“Oh! *That’s* how you know so much about it. Makes sense,” Kelly said. “How long have you known?”

Candace shrugged. “I guess it would have started a long time ago, but I became aware of it

more recently. I wasn't really sure how to tell you, but I guess I shouldn't have been worried."

"Worried? Why should you be worried about what I would say? Did you think I would think less of you with big boobs? Quite the contrary, sis!" Kelly put a full-stop to her statement with a hug. "Also you look well fit in that top. We are definitely getting it."

"I think it's a little too small?" Candace suggested, motioning at her cleavage. "I can't fasten any buttons."

Kelly grinned and looked at Genie. "Do you think it's too small? I think it's just right."

Genie bit her lip and looked Candace up and down. "I think it's just right too. Though, maybe the look isn't quite complete."

"Definitely need some leggings," Kelly said, "I'm going to get you some yoga pants. And wedge trainers."

With Kelly and Genie by her side both cajoling and cheering her, Candace found herself embracing her new, overtly sexy look, and the attention it brought. A few men tried to say crude things to her, but Genie and Kelly's withering counters were both effective and quite a lot of fun. It made her feel powerful and invulnerable. It made her want to try out all the outfits and looks she never would have even considered for herself before.

She was also a little afraid that Genie had heard her wish, and a little afraid that she *hadn't*.

"Genie, how many wishes have you granted for me so far?" she asked while Kelly was in the loo.

"Three, though two were gratis minor wishes, and one is in progress," Genie answered.

"That's reassuring. I thought maybe you'd heard me when I accidentally made another wish today."

"The one about not wanting to feel weird? I heard it, but it's not a separate wish."

"Does that mean you granted it as part of the overall wish, or that you didn't do anything?"

"I can't change your mind about things. I *can* cause your body to release calming chemicals, and I did a little of that to get you through rough patches."

"Thank you. It's been a wonderful time. I had no idea being a bimbo could be so fun."

"You didn't?" Genie asked.

"Okay, I should rephrase: I had no idea I could have so much fun as a bimbo."

Genie smiled. "I'm glad you're enjoying it. That is my goal, and I thought you would."

"You thought I would enjoy playing at being a bimbo?" Candace asked.

"I thought you would enjoy excelling in ways that your sister excels, both because I would expect twins to have a lot in common, and because I sensed that your sister would be happy for you to exceed her. I am happy to see my predictions borne out."

"How are you so wise, Genie?" Candace said, feeling a swell of emotion toward the supernatural being.

"I've had a lot of practice," Genie said, "Also, being able to consult magical sources gives

me a big advantage.”

“Magic told you that Kelly would be happy for me?”

“No, you did. You knew that Kelly would be happy for you, and when you allowed me to peek inside your thoughts, I saw as well.”

Candace flushed. “Then you probably saw other things I’m not as proud of.”

Genie smiled. “Do you think I haven’t seen it a hundred times before? If I arranged a procession of the thoughts I’ve seen from the most vile and deranged to sweetest and purest, your thoughts about Kelly would be much further to the back of the line than you seem to understand.”

Candace’s relief brought tears to her eyes. “Genie, you are amazing. You keep granting all my wishes.”

“I strive to do my best,” Genie said, and Kelly’s return ended candid conversation.

By the end of the outing, Candace had spent less than she would have thought possible for such a large haul. A lot of it was pretty trashy and a lot of gaps remained in her wardrobe, but where gaps remained Kelly showed her where to order cheap clothes online.

“A lot of it won’t fit right, but at these prices you can bin half of it and still be ahead. There’s a few places where it’s worth it to pay the name brand premium, though, like DarkMilk and Argon 84”

“I got some discount codes through the Stitch affiliate program!” Genie piped up, and soon Candace was blowing her budget entirely despite the suspiciously-deep discounts Genie summoned for her. Still, the clothes looked *so* hot, yet basically classy at the same time.

“Don’t worry, Candi, I got you covered if you’re short, and I can show you how to make loads of money on Stitch, if you want to.”

“Oh no, by being a Stitch Bitch?”

Kelly laughed. “Yeah, but you don’t have to if you don’t want to. I don’t care what those knuckle-dragging units call us, I think it’s good fun.”

“I bet you have loads of followers.”

“Not that many because I haven’t really gotten out and promoted myself. Plus, I go out too often. But you like to stay home more, so I bet you’d do better. Also, the fans would love your rack. It’s just astounding. Both of you have the best tits I’ve ever seen. And I’ve seen a *lot* of nice tits.”

“Why?”

“Because the parties I attend have loads of fit girls. And guys. You’ll see for yourself. Tonight.”

“Wait, *tonight*?” Some of Candace’s newfound confidence leaked out. She wasn’t quite ready.

“You don’t have to, but I think you should strike while the iron is hot. And it’s *blazing* hot



right now.” Kelly motioned to Candace’s slinky periwinkle minidress. “Don’t worry, it’s not really a ‘shirts off’ kind of do. Gotta wear the heels, though.”

That made Candace feel better and worse. She still felt self-conscious about her nursing bras and her need for them, so events without pressure to expose either were very preferable. On the other hand, it sounded like a classier event than she knew how to handle. She could hardly say no to Kelly, though, so she agreed.

That meant that it was time to get her nails cleaned up. “I can do it for you, but I really only know how to do the stick-on gels. Fortunately I have loads of them handy!”

Candace was apprehensive that they would spike her chav quotient, but they actually looked pretty nice, though the French-style squovals were a little longer than she would have preferred for her very first evening with nails.

“The ones from a manicurist’s shop last longer and are nice and blunt so you don’t scrape yourself,” Kelly explained, “But my favourite beautician wouldn’t be available right now. Besides, it is a bit pricey to do when you’re not even sure how you’ll like them.”

“I do like them, quite a lot,” Candace said, both to reassure Kelly and because, surprisingly, it was true. Looking at herself with, to her untutored eye, impeccable femme nails at the ends of her fingers sent thrills of excitement through her from her absurdly large nipples to her attentive clitoris. Was the wish making her aroused at the thought of her increasing bimbofication? Or was she just turned on by the idea of being sexy in a hyper feminine way?

## A Night Out

“Can you help me walk in heels?” Candace asked Genie later when they were in her room getting ready for the evening.

Genie seemed to consider for a moment. “Yes, that seems to fall within the scope of the wish. I can’t teach you to walk in heels, but I can make it so your feet and ankles are more comfortable and natural-feeling in heels. Would you like that?”

“Yes, thank you. You are the absolute best, Genie.”

“Just trying to help. Which heels?”

“Can you make it so I could walk in these?” Candace asked, holding up her new strappy stiletto heels with gold metallic accents. She felt like they were the most sophisticated of her new shoes, but they also had by far the highest heels. Kelly had called them ‘aspirational’, and Candace hadn’t been sure she’d ever be able to walk creditably in them.

Genie shook her head and shrugged. “Maybe. I’ll have to see what the wish will allow. It may be best if you sit down on the bed there.”

Candace did so, and soon felt warmth spreading from the soles of her feet up to her ankle and

diffusing well up into her calves. Before her eyes, the toe of her foot started to extend down without her willing it, while her toes pulled back slightly. The changes weren't done, either: her foot narrowed slightly and her baby toe shortened, losing its incipient hammertoe appearance in the process.

"Okay, try them on now," Genie suggested.

Candace did, finding that the slightly too-snug feeling on her little toe was lessened even before she stood. Standing, though, was when she felt the true difference. Before she had felt like she was struggling to hold her feet in the correct position without pronating or sliding down into the toe boxes. Now she felt like the shoes followed the natural contours of her soles, requiring no more effort than standing in a trainer. "This is fantastic!" she exclaimed in an excited whisper.

"Walk *carefully*," Genie suggested.

Candace decided to take a few quick strides to demonstrate the tremendous change the wish magic had wrought, and immediately stumbled.

Genie caught her in a blink of an eye. "Careful! You still have to learn to walk differently. You'll learn swiftly, I'm sure, but just because the shoes fit better doesn't mean you can walk just as you did before. Try again."

The second time Candace followed Genie's instruction and the outcome was far better, but Candace still felt disappointed at her awkwardness. "I'm going to look like such a twit tonight."

"You'll improve rapidly, and you already look better. Don't worry. Also, it would be strange if you were suddenly perfect. This is more realistic. Realistic, but with an advantage that allows you to learn faster than any other person could."

"I hadn't thought of it like that. That does sound prudent, doesn't it? Then I guess I should get practicing!"

"Candi! You're wearing the stilettos!" Kelly exclaimed later when she saw Candace walking around in them, "You look absolutely stunning, but are you sure you want to start out with a 10cm heel? You'll have to take them off really early in the night, I guarantee it."

"I've been practicing and I think I'll be able to manage it," Candace said.

"Are you sure? You should bring flats in your purse just in case," Kelly said with concern.

"I will," Candace promised, and proceeded to impress her sister with the speed of her improvement.

They were attending an art gallery opening - not something that Candace had anticipated as a possibility, but she should have. Kelly did have a high culture side. It was also a gallery of street art featuring a locally-famous club DJ spinning electronic dance music, so it wasn't at all stuffy. The crowd was a real mix, with some more punky girls, a very few trashy chavs, young men in suits with expensive dates, some eccentric artist types, and some, like Candace and Kelly, who might be described as 'classy party girls'. There was a presentation by the featured artist of a

concept video with a soundtrack by the DJ, followed by a more general dance party. It was a very exclusive do, and Candace was unsure of how exactly Kelly managed to get them in until it turned out that she knew the DJ.

“Kelbun!” he called her, “I’m so glad you made it! And I see you brought the most beautiful women in the world with you.”

“Hey luv!” she said, and gave him a peck on the cheek, “Of course I did. That’s why you invited me, isn’t it?”

“You wound me! But also yes,” he said, laughing. He was a little older, but knew how to take advantage of the grey shocks in his hair to lend himself a look of distinction, and when he laughed, he was downright handsome.

“Jacko, this is my twin sister Candi, and her friend Genie.”

“Jenny?” Jacko confirmed.

“Genie, like bluejeans,” Kelly corrected, then turned to Genie for confirmation, “Right?”

“Correct,” Genie said with a smile.

By then Jacko’s eyes had slid back to Candace and her cleavage. “Candi, you’re Kelly’s twin?”

“Not identical twin, obviously,” Candace said, miming the difference in their heights.

“Yeah, there are some differences. But I’m not complaining,” he said, and glanced mischievously at Kelly.

“Stop it, you lech,” Kelly said, swatting Jacko’s arm playfully, “You only have eyes for me, and all that rubbish.”

“But you turned me down, Kelbun!”

“Not entirely,” Kelly said, giving him a wink. “So, what’s the afterparty?”

“Tonight this is it for me. I’m headed to the States for a tour and gotta get packing.”

Kelly’s pouty face changed. “Oh, congratulations! You’ve got so many things going on. Have you quit your job?”

“Leave of absence,” Jacko said. “But this could be my break.”

“Congratulations!” Kelly said, giving him a quick hug. “I knew you could do it!”

“Elaine!” Jacko addressed the feature artist, “Come here and meet my friend Kelly and her sister Candi!”

“I’ve heard good things,” Elaine said with a mild American accent, smiling at Kelly for the introduction, then her eyes panned over Candace to Genie before snapping back to Candace.

“You’re Kelly’s sister?”

“Her twin, if you’ll believe it,” Candace confirmed.

“I do! You have a strong resemblance!” Elaine said. “The difference in stature threw me off at first, but it’s really quite remarkable.”

No one had ever said that before, and the twins shared a surprised look. But, they *did* look

much more alike now.

“Thank you!” Candace said, feeling *very* complimented.

Kelly caught the note in her sister’s voice and gave her a little encouraging smile. “Candi was the late bloomer.. I used to be ‘big sister’ in more than just stature, but she’s got me beat now.”

Jacko laughed loudly while Elaine’s small smile was more calculating. “Kelly, you’ve done glamour modelling, haven’t you?”

“A little, not much.”

“What about you, Candi?”

“None at all.”

That seemed to please Elaine. “Would you consider appearing in an art video set to gothic industrial music by the band Blood Barbie?”

“You’re making a video for them?” Jacko cut in excitedly, “I heard they’re blowing up huge in East Asia.”

“I’ve been considering it, but I didn’t have an inspiration until now. I want you to play sexy serial killer sisters. The song is... well, I’ll tell you more if you agree to do it. You too, if you want,” she said, including Genie in the invitation, “I’m sure I could work you in.”

“Me?” Genie said, a little embarrassed to be drawn into it, “I’m just Candi’s... uh, friend.”

“Her *uh* friend?” Elaine said, smiling wider.

“Elaine, don’t scare off my friends,” Jacko complained.

“I’m just kidding around,” Elaine said, “But I’m serious about the offer.”

“I don’t know much about gothic industrial, but I think I’ve heard of Blood Barbie. I’m interested. Candi, what do you think?”

Candace thought about Gwendolyn gushing about Blood Barbie the same day she’d called Kelly a bimbo and nodded slowly. “Yeah, I’m on board. What about you, Genie? Would you like to join in?”

“Of course, it sounds very interesting,” Genie said.

“Awesome!” Elaine said, “I should get back to the money bags. Jacko, can you get their digits for me to I can send the the deetz?”

“Get contact info for three beautiful women? It’s terrible, *terrible* what you demand of me, Elaine.”

Elaine answered him with a parting wink as she went to stroke the egos of the wealthier attendees.

“Genie is actually between mobiles right now,” Candace told Jacko, “But she’s staying with me right now so you can reach us both at once.”

Jacko seemed surprised at that unusual circumstance, but just nodded and changed the subject. “Elaine is a bit mercurial, but she’s a good one. Made sure to pay me when she said she would, and all that. Which I can’t say about most arty types I’ve gigged for.”

“Is it because she’s so successful?” Kelly asked.

“Honestly, it’s the ones with no money and no fame that are the best about delivering on their promises. It’s the famous ones who think I should be glad just to be working with them. She’s an exception, which is why I’m so fond of her.”

“Fond, Jacko? Do you have intentions in that direction?” Kelly asked playfully.

He laughed uncomfortably. “She’s not looking to have a relationship,” he said, and added, “Besides, I don’t even know if she’ll still be in London when I get back. Speaking of which, she’s likely to shoot tomorrow, so expect a call early.”

“She was only considering it a moment ago, and now she’s shooting it early in the morning?”

Jacko laughed. “She’s always shooting, and once an idea comes to her she moves fast.”

“Always in a rush,” Kelly complained, more excited than inconvenienced.

“I think she might be bipolar or something,” Jacko said seriously, “But she gets loads done on a manic tear. You’ll see. It’s a wild ride.”

“I guess so,” Kelly agreed.

At that point a gaggle of Jacko’s fans arrived to monopolise his attention. He shot them an apologetic smile, but Kelly moved them away.

“He pretends he hates being fawned over, but you know he loves it,” she explained without rancour.

Candace looked back at Jacko and wondered if this was the truth. “Did you two date?”

“No,” Kelly said, then modified, “Not really. We hooked up one night but then he wanted to get serious right away and I was, like, ‘Woah, slow down.’ He wasn’t bad or anything, but I want to play the field a little before settling down. Find out what’s out there.”

Candace didn’t know what to say to that. She’d never before looked so much like her sister, yet felt so dissimilar.

“Some experiences are only to be had within a more sustained relationship,” Genie suggested gently.

“Sure, of course, but I’ve got time. Besides, I’m not sure I’m into guys.”

Candace nearly choked on her wine. “Pardon?”

“I mean, I like fucking guys, but I’m not sure if I’m, what’s the term? Heteroromantic.”

“Does that mean you’re into girls?” Candace finally managed to ask.

“I don’t know. Sure, I guess,” Kelly said uncomfortably, “But don’t tell anyone, okay?”

Candace’s brows rose in surprise. “I wouldn’t have thought you to be shy about anything like that, Kels.”

“Oh, it’s not like that, it’s just that I don’t want to make my besties uncomfortable.”

“I’m sure they’d get over it in a trice,” Candace opined, then had a bad thought. “You wouldn’t be friends with homophobes, would you?”

“No! Of course not, Candi, but what if they asked what kind of girls I fancy?”

Candace was confused for a half a moment as to why this would be such a concern, then the explanation burst upon her. “You fancy your friends!” Candace almost exclaimed, though she lowered her voice just in time to avoid blurting it out loud enough for others to hear.

Kelly just shrugged. “Some of them a bit. They’re fit bitches, why wouldn’t I fancy them?”

Candace laughed ruefully. She knew just what Kelly was talking about.

“Plus,” Kelly continued mischievously, “It’s not like we don’t get to fool around sometimes; we just do it in front of the lads, and no one really knows how real it is. Nothing wrong with snogging your mates to make the lads randy, innit? All’s fair.” Kelly looked at Genie for confirmation but only got a blank look.

“I guess not,” Candace said, though the ethics of it seemed questionable.

“Come on, let’s find someone hot for you to dance with,” Kelly said in a blatant attempt to change the subject. “How are your feet feeling?”

“Fine, actually,” Candace admitted. Though she was neither a good dancer nor an adept wearer of heels, she felt about as comfortable in heels as she ever had wearing boots.

“Brilliant! Let’s go!” Kelly said, and pulled them both out onto the dance floor. “Let’s remind Elaine why she thought we were perfect for sexy serial killer sisters.”

Kelly was an excellent dancer, and Candace was not. Candace’s latent anxiety that she would look clumsy next to her practiced and athletic sister blossomed into embarrassment at her own weak gyrations. Being a good sister, Kelly noticed this right away and switched to holding Candace by her waist to guide her in time with the music. Getting guidance was a great relief until Candace began to decode some of the looks they were getting. The people around them thought they were sexy. And they were.

The juxtaposition of Kelly’s reassuring sisterly assistance and the awareness of presenting an provocative intimacy disconcerted Candace, but didn’t entirely displease her. There was something very pleasing about feeling protected and exhibited at the same time. The sensation intensified as Kelly expressed silent satisfaction at the somewhat better dancing she’d craved from Candace, and moved on to lend the same assistance to Genie, who was elegant, but also somewhat uncertain as to how move to modern dance music.

Candace didn’t blame anyone for staring; now that she could observe from a slight distance, the spectacle of two curvy girls dancing with hands on each others’ hips was making her tingle in all the usual places. Even with that crowd pleaser in progress, there were still some people looking at Candace with lust and envy. The three of them were the centre of attention, even from the people trying to ignore them, and it was a *blast*.

Normally, the very thought of it would terrify and revolt her, but Candace couldn’t deny she was enjoying it in her altered circumstances. Through her sister she knew both the artist and the DJ, she could dance well enough not to embarrass herself, her very own Genie was present to provide assistance in case anything should go awry, and she was conscious of looking extremely

hot.

What a *rush*.

### A Night In

"I'm well knackered, but I did last much longer than I expected!" Candace told Genie when they finally retired to her room. She was barely tipsy, but her determination to keep up with Kelly's athleticism had completely exhausted her. "Weren't you sweating earlier? Now you look cool like you haven't exerted yourself at all."

"I am a magical creature, you know," Genie reminded her with bright eyes. "I had an outstanding time. I think you did, as well?"

"I did! Thank you for dancing with me. It made me feel more hot and less, well, odd." It also saved her from feeling like she was sexy dancing with her sister. "Speaking of odd, is my hair still growing? More than would be natural, I mean."

"Yes, the wish is still working through the first phase of the grant. It will be mostly finished by morning."

"What won't be finished?"

"If anything occurs to, let's say, dethrone you as the biggest bimbo in the university, it will have to respond. Anytime the next four weeks. But I think that you needn't worry very much. Your breasts seem very unlikely to be surpassed, for example."

"They are huge, aren't they? I thought I'd be more uncomfortable, physically, but they're really not bad. Like the heels."

"For the same reason. When the wish reshaped your feet, it was part of a suite of changes focused on easing your life as a bimbo, one of which was to make it easier to carry a lot of bosom."

"What are the others?" Candace asked.

"I'm not entirely sure of all of them, but one I could tell you about you'll notice when you bathe."

"What's that?" Candace asked, but Genie just winked and refused to answer.

The answer came when Candace found her remaining body hair all coming off with a scrubbing, until it looked like she'd had a full body waxing, including a Brazilian. It was jarring to see her bare slit, both because last time she'd tried to shave she'd ended up with irritated skin and acute regrets, and because her previously-asymmetrical labia now looked like picture-perfect porn star folds. As she examined herself in a hand mirror, they puffed up a with mild arousal, and they still looked perfect. She wanted to eat herself out, to see if she tasted and pristine as she looked. Was there something wrong with her, to be so attracted to herself?

Candace ran her fore and middle fingers up and down her vulva, feeling its smoothness and

watching it puff up gratifyingly. She thrilled at the gentle tracery of her fake nails against her bare skin, though she knew that if she tried to frig in earnest she was bound to scratch herself. Though, porn stars did it. Maybe she could? She attempted a slightly more vigorous stroke.

She yelped as she accidentally scraped the side of her nail against her sensitive labia. It hadn't actually hurt, but it would have with just a tiny bit more pressure, she feared. "I need to get these off."

But she also didn't want to get out of the bath. Fortunately, she'd brought equipment, both literally and figuratively. For some reason, she decided to try the large fake cock she'd won at a hen do. It was just a joke, but she'd kept it around for some reason she couldn't fathom. Perhaps to remind herself of one of the many friends she'd pushed away in a fit of anxiety or preemptive bitchiness? She forced the self-recriminations out of her mind by summoning her most demented fantasy of being Well, now she had a use for it.

It had a suction cup to affix it to the tub, making it easy for Candace to push herself back onto it. She stopped after its oversized head started to stretch her vestibule open. Still too big. Or was it? She kept pushing slowly back, waiting for the taut sensation to become painful, but it didn't; she started to actually take the rubber shaft into her. What's more, it actually felt sort of good. She had to wiggle slightly to allow her increasing excitement to lubricate its entrance, but in very little time she had made her way well down the prick and it still felt good.

Leaning forward and back rhythmically, she started to fuck herself with it while also massaging her clit. Any traces of discomfort gave way to a sense of pleasure that mounted so fast that Candace had to bite her lip to keep herself from making noise. It wasn't the first time she'd tried penetration, but it was the first time it had felt so good. She started moving faster and faster, relishing the feeling of being filled, and the slap of her immense new breasts against her tummy and chin as they swung wildly back and forth. Candace was unable to entirely quiet herself but too invested in the experience to notice.

Then it came: the most powerful orgasm she'd ever experienced. A spasm of her thigh muscles almost pulled her entirely off the dildo and she pushed back a mite too vigorously. Somehow its rubber head bumping her cervix hard didn't hurt, but slamming the fake nail of her middle finger into the dildo's tough base did.

"Ow!" she said, embarrassed and angry at herself for ruining the moment. "Bloody hell!"

"Are you okay?" Kelly asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just hurt my fingernail," Candace said, hastily lifting the seal on the dildo and sitting upright with it still burning in her so that it wouldn't be visible when Kelly entered, which she did.

Candace waved her hand as if trying to shake out the pain, which wasn't really an act. "Not used to wearing these and jammed one against the tub."

"Apologies! I should have helped you get them off before you went in for a bath," Kelly said,



“Do you want me to bring you a bowl of acetone to soak in?”

“That would be lovely,” Candace said, wishing she’d done so earlier.

Kelly started to leave but paused for an instant to give her sister a second look. “God, you are *well* stacked, Candi.”

Candace managed to get her blush under control by the time Kelly returned with the bowl of acetone.

“I’m glad you’re letting me bring you out of your shell a bit, sis. It would be a shame for you to have a body like yours and not take advantage of it. You are going to be *the* it girl. I mean, if you’re willing.”

“I don’t know. It’s not an ambition I’ve had before, but, you know, I’m still a bit new to this myself.” Candace said, motioning toward her body.

“Yeah, late bloomer,” Kelly giggled, then looked more serious. “Hey, it’s not really my business, but I think I should ask before I muck things up. Do you, uh, have any *plans* for you and Genie?”

“Kels!” Candace protested and blushed again.

“Sorry! Forget I asked. None of my business,” Kelly said apologetically.

“Don’t try to get me together with her, Kels. It wouldn’t work out,” Candace warned her sister.

“Oh, is *that* how it is?” Kelly said, too perceptive as usual. “I think she’d be open to it, if you asked her. I’ve seen how she looks at you.”

“She does? When did... I mean, it doesn’t matter, because she has to go away in a month no matter what. Or even earlier. I’m not sure exactly how soon, but she has to go.”

“Where is she going?”

“I think I’m not supposed to say,” Candace dodged. “But she doesn’t have a choice. And besides, it would be weird.”

Kelly raised an eyebrow at her, but then shrugged to show her acceptance. “Alright, I guess I can understand that. What if - and I’m not saying this is likely - I hooked up with her?”

“Kels!”

Kelly smiled. “Alright then, I won’t. But your reaction makes me think you should.”

“Kelly, you’re always trying to get everyone to shag everyone else,” Candace complained.

“Not true. But I want you to shag someone. You’re dying for it, and I think you don’t even know it.”

Deeply aware of the sexual aid buried in her, Candace blushed yet again.

“Or maybe you do know it,” Kelly said, laughing. “How *did* you hurt your finger?”

Candace blushed even deeper, if that was possible, and Kelly laughed all the way out of the bathroom.

"I think my sister fancies you," Candace told Genie when she returned to the room. "And she thinks you fancy me. I didn't explain why that was unlikely, but I think you can expect her to start flirting with you."

"How does that make you feel?" Genie asked.

"I don't know. I told her you had to go away, but she doesn't care about that sort of thing, you know."

"You do care about that sort of thing."

"Yes."

Genie sighed. "There's no help for it, though. What happened to your finger?"

"Oh, I jammed the nail when I was still wearing the press-ons. I have to say, I don't like wearing them, even if they do look glamorous."

"Because you're worried about injury?"

"Right."

"Alright, fixed."

The pain in Candace's nail disappeared, and her fingernails all became suddenly glossy and pristine. "Nice! This is another freebie?"

"Not really; it's just part of the main wish that I shaped slightly for your benefit."

"You are such a generous person. Are you always this nice?"

"No, though I'll remind you that it's to my advantage that my masters be as happy as possible with the results of their wishes."

"Right, of course. I forgot," Candace said, feeling slightly deflated.

### **A Wish Fulfilled**

Candace woke from a long, weirdly banal dream of Genie waking her early and taking her to an appointment with a beautician, who waxed her all over, then gave her new French nails. When she jerked awake, though, she saw Genie sleeping next to her peacefully, hair mussed yet perfectly adorable. And of course, Candace had already lost all her body hair, so there was nothing to wax.

The nails, though, were another story. Candace held up her hand to see that she'd somehow sprouted French nails overnight. They felt very different from the stick-on nails from the previous day; blunter and softer, and not as long.

"Genie?" she asked softly.

"Yes?" Genie said, waking instantly.

"Terribly sorry to wake you. Did you give me these nails?" Candace held them up for Genie's inspection.

"No. Well, yes, but only indirectly. Apparently the wish thinks you need the long decorated nails. I hope they're less chancy for you?"

“I don’t know, I’ve only had them for a moment. I suppose they will be. Are you saying I’m going to be wearing long fingernails for a month?”

“It would appear so,” Genie agreed.

“They’re incredibly precise, aren’t they? I can’t tell where my real nail leaves off and the false ones begin.”

“I don’t know if there is a ‘real’ nail underneath. They might be your actual nails for the duration.”

“What? That’s imp...robable. Won’t that run a risk of someone discovering something so unnatural?”

“Are you sure that nothing of this nature exists?” Genie asked

“I don’t know, but it can’t be common, and I reckon it would arouse suspicion to discover I have some rare, experimental nails.”

“You should try to avoid anyone suspecting,” Genie suggested. “I think you can apply polish over the top to give different appearances at different times. Also, their physical characteristics are such that they’re less likely to injure you in any way.”

“Did you know this was going to happen, Genie?” Candace asked suspiciously.

“I didn’t *know*, but it’s very much within the normal range of outcomes.”

Candace looked at Genie for a moment. “Sometimes I can almost forget you’re a great deal older than you look, but then you say things like that and I’m reminded you’ve probably met a hundred girls like me.”

“Not... not a hundred, no.”

“But you’ve have, though. Met girls like me.”

“Maybe one before,” Genie said, shrugging, “A very long time ago. Come on, it’s time for breakfast, isn’t it?”

“My, I *am* famished,” Candace said, surprised by how hungry she suddenly was. “Yes, let’s get something to eat.”

Candace swung out of bed and noticed that her feet hadn’t relaxed from the previous night’s long time in high heels, and the ball of her foot still wanted to remain extended toward the floor. She had a disturbing thought. “Genie, are my feet stuck like this for the duration?”

“Probably, yes.”

“So that’s the other side of being able to spend all night in heels. Okay, I guess that shouldn’t surprise me at this point.”

Candace unconsciously reached up to take her earbuds out of her ears; she had a bad habit of falling asleep with them in. She wasn’t wearing any, though. “Earrings?”

“Yes,” Genie agreed.

“They’re huge. I bet I look a perfect chav.” A look in the mirror rendered a conflicted judgement. They certainly didn’t make her look any smarter, but she couldn’t pretend she didn’t

enjoy the effect. “Wait, are these just solid loops? How do they come off?”

“They might not come off without wire cutters,” Genie said.

Candace brushed her eyelashes with a long nail. “Are the eyelash extensions permanent as well, then?”

“As permanent as the nails, I expect. All of it is.”

“Won’t this look odd to Kelly, if I’m always kitted out like this?”

“I think you’re going to learn to apply all those things. I’ll help you. And then the permanent cosmetic accoutrements will take on whatever form you give them each day.”

“But if I don’t, then the wish decides for me?”

“Precisely.”

Candace was unsettled, but there was something freeing about not having the choice whether to look like a bimbo. And if she couldn’t chose *not* to look like a bimbo, then she couldn’t for looking like one. It was virtuous, even, to make the best of the hand she was dealt.

Standing in wedge slippers, looking at herself in the mirror, she had to agree that she looked every inch the bimbo, from glossy platinum hair to glossy, white-tipped toenails. She hefted her J-cup boobs and assumed an Instagram-worthy pose to show off her round bum. Was she really the biggest bimbo in the university?

Undeniably.