

## Author's Note

Patreon+ Edition 2019/10/17

This is an explicit erotic novel written by FrigOfFury for her generous patrons. You should not read it if you are not of legal age to read graphic depictions of sex.

FOF can be reached at:

<https://www.patreon.com/frigoffury>

or

pairafeelya@gmail.com

Erotic content: Breast & bum growth; bimbofication; M/F; F/F; group sex; lactation; mild exhibitionism; futanari; excessive cum; manual and mechanical milking; breastfeeding; impregnation; light bondage; brief prostitution; incest

# Bigger Sister

## Table of Contents

A First Wish.....	4
New At College.....	4
Closing Up.....	6
At Home.....	10
Meeting Kelly.....	15
Dreaming.....	18
Morning.....	19
Candi Shopping.....	23
A Night Out.....	28
A Night In.....	34
A Wish Fulfilled.....	37
Arms Race.....	40
Photoshoot.....	40

Barista Babe.....	41
Videoshoot.....	47
Giving Thanks.....	54
Blood Barbie.....	57
Postcoitus.....	61
Candi Baby.....	65
To Norwich.....	68
Hunting.....	73
Encounters.....	77
Wily Wishes.....	84
Further Developments.....	91
Heading home.....	91
A Ride.....	93
Facing the Music.....	97
Slight Errors.....	103
Another First Wish.....	107
Unfinished Business.....	109
Big Sister Gets Bigger.....	112
Making Plans.....	117
Milker.....	121
Flaunting It.....	125
Appetites.....	130
A Big Little Wish.....	133
A Growing Future.....	141
Unanxiety.....	141
Consequences.....	144
Appointment.....	148
Coming Clean.....	152
Plot Thickening.....	153
Return to Norwich.....	158
A New Deal.....	162
Returns to London.....	165
Results.....	170
In a Family Way.....	174
The New Reality.....	178
Predicting The Future.....	182
Rivalry.....	184

Making a Splash.....	188
All Good Things.....	194
Coming To An End.....	194
Outings.....	195
Back To Earth.....	199
Swan Song.....	202
Surprise Surprise.....	205
Diplomatic Mission.....	209
Home Alone.....	212
Friend Benefits.....	219
Sister Benefits.....	220
Carpe Septem.....	221
Last Wish.....	222
Epilogue.....	228
Happy Housesister.....	228
Love.....	232

# A First Wish

## New At College

“Candi! You should totally come out with us!” offered Kelly, Candace Andersen’s not-at-all-identical twin sister. Kelly’s smile was 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 to be going out in, 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 chic London friends. Kelly had overcome her provincial upbringing partly by being tall and athletic, with 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 Candace pretended she needed to use the loo, and while Candace was absent Kelly yielded to Mary and Tina’s cajolery.

Which was Candace’s intent, but she felt bad that it succeeded so well.

After 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 a sport scholarship that had paid for Kelly’s first year and modelling income more lately, Kelly had actually been able to afford attending her favoured university from the start.

Candace, meanwhile, had taken part-time jobs whilst 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.

It especially galled Candace that 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 Thursday afternoon. Her relative experience had allowed her to start as an assistant shift manager, and she'd hit it off with her gothish shift manager Gwendolyn right away, sharing music preferences and 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 hadn't meant *her sister* when she agreed to how irritating the vapid party girls were.

Gwendolyn *had* specifically meant Candace's sister, 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 followed 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 returned to 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.

It was sadly amusing how she’d specifically swapped shifts so as to not to have a late night before her first class because she wanted a good night’s sleep. Instead she spent hours abed but sleepless, contemplating all the ways she was destined to become an unsightly burden once again.

## Closing Up

Gwendolyn called out sick the next day to go see one of her favourite bands, placing Candace in charge of closing up the shop after a busy Friday night. Candace 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 woman’s 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 statuesque 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” Candace said, though she 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?”

“Hmm. More than a dozen. 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 that 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 was granted a very great wish of my own."

"What was your wish?" Candace asked, then caught herself. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't pry."

"I don't take offence at the request, though I'm not allowed to tell. 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. Those who notice changes will be supplied with more mundane explanations, and their memories might be nudged toward alternative recollections more consistent with those explanations."

"Except yours and mine," Candace asked.

"Even for you, the memories may be less clear than usual. Think back to the moment I cleaned the room. You may notice a new memory competing with reality. Did it all happen suddenly due to a wish, or did you clean for hours?"

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 the vessel, 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 whilst 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 you could have 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 do I experience 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, or the new recipient discovers it entirely by chance. 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 Veil, 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. After two turns of the moon it becomes really quite insistent. 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 whilst 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, Norwich.”

“Do you know Norwich?” 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 larger and more impressive in every dimension,

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, stumbling in on the arm of a boy Candace hadn’t seen Kelly with before. Not that this was especially surprising, though Jeff lacked the smug swagger of her usuals.

“You gotta meet my friend Jeff, who,” Kelly stopped mid sentence when she noticed Candace’s guest. “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 supplied.

“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 noncommittally, “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. Noor was intimidatingly pretty, but she was also nearly as heavysset as Candace used to be. Noor, however,



had the courage and hips to carry it like a hot girl. Candace sometimes wondered if Noor was subtly encouraging Candace to embrace her body. If Candace had had Noor's fierce independence - and her fierce thighs - maybe she could have followed Noor's example and not felt so overshadowed by Kelly.

Tina, meanwhile, had a thin dancer's body that was a fashion designer's idea of a female body, and had always completely ignored Candace. Even now, she'd probably think Candace was a cow. 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," Candace agreed, thinking that she should think seriously about wishes before making a real one. "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 unacknowledged 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 directly."

"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 felt unusually warm and her skin tingled with sensitivity, 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. Candace 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. F cups? G cups? Was there anything bigger than G?

“How big am I going to get?” Candace asked, hefting breasts approaching the size of cantaloupes, “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 switched to supporting her chest with one arm whilst examining a huge nursing bra. 32H, 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 tiny, 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 much 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 a 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. They were soft, and very heavy, but there was some firmness as well. "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! They're already as big as my head!" That was an exaggeration, but her melons were really melon-sized. Cantaloupes at least. "They're impossibly big and round."

"Not *impossibly*. 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 very uncanny about it. All of the changes are carefully calibrated and staged so that it is plausible that any physician wouldn't have noticed, and to yield the most pleasing natural shape. Obviously this change 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. Then 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 bimbiness.”

“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 ultimately turned me into a genie was a collector of slaves with 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, the totality of the change was clearly more than any stylist could achieve.

Candace had had only a little bit of time to adjust to being visibly gorgeous in public before meeting Kelly as the

“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, and Candace flinched. “What?” Kelly asked.

“I wouldn’t have expected *this* to be your wish,” Candace 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 what you find.”

“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 sheer 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 had the same condition,” Genie explained, “Though mine has gone into remission.”

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

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 whilst 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 pleased 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 until her newly-ordered bras arrived, 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 erect 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. The kitten heels were probably a wiser choice, but she felt like the stilettos were the most sophisticated of her new shoes, just the thing to wear to a fancy do. Unfortunately 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. Concomitantly, she was given hazy 'memories' of being diagnosed by her previous GP of having unusually-shaped tarsi bones. Something about a cuboid bone. The important part was that it was harmless besides giving her feet a tendency to be on tiptoe at rest, which meant they were literally made for stilettos. "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! Your feet have changed, but you still have to learn to walk differently. You'll learn swiftly, I'm sure, but just because the shoes fit better and your feet are more comfortable 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 taking place amongst the artist's eclectic paintings and sculptures. It was a very exclusive do, and Candace was unsure of how exactly Kelly managed to get them in at the last moment 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." His eyes glanced appreciatively over Candace and up to Genie, whose little black dress could have been called discreet and muted if not for her contrasting red hair and towering stature.

"Hey luv!" Kelly told the DJ, and gave him a peck on the cheek, "Of course I brought hotties. 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 called out to the feature artist who was moving through the crowd nearby, “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 think I want you to play sexy serial killer sisters, though knowing me I’ll change my mind three times before we shoot. 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 Kelly an apologetic smile and 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 a 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 coaxed

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 tight 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 before nudging Candace to take her bath.

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? Well, now she had a use for it. She forced the self-recriminations out of her mind by summoning her most demented fantasy of being rogered by a giant.

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 whilst 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 buried 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 have surprised me, what with the bone thing."

Candace unconsciously reached up to take her earbuds out of her ears; she had a bad habit of falling asleep with them in. That wasn't what was hanging from her ears, 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 be guilty 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 the heavy H-cup melons dominating her chest until her swollen nipples pointed straight out and assumed an Instagram-worthy pose to show off her round bum. Was she really the biggest bimbo in the university?

Undeniably.

# Arms Race

## Photoshoot

Jacko had been correct in his prediction of an early call about the Blood Barbie video shoot from Elaine, though “early” for nightlife aficionados like Jacko and Kelly skewed later than for Candace. She’d already had a chance to breakfast and dress, and get comfortable with the idea that she was going to be tarted up for a while. Her new nails reminded her all morning how glamorous she was, while she quickly ceased to notice the elevated heels of her sandals except in how they increased her stature.

Kelly blearily complimented Candace on her look when Elaine’s text roused her from bed, but she had nothing more specific to say until after bathing, when she was more focused on the appearance of an omelette Candace produced for her. “Candi, I am so chuffed you decided to come live with me.”

“So I can make you breakfast?” Candace asked, inwardly elated at Kelly’s statement. It was in itself a dream come true.

“Only for that reason,” Kelly joked. “Today is going to be *lit*.”

“She said she only wanted to take a few shots of us for storyboarding,” Candace pointed out.

“Yeah, but she said she’s paying us, *and* she’s providing outfits. We’re pros after this.”

“You’re already a pro. Don’t you model all the time?”

“Not like this. This could make us *famous*.”

“Really?” Candace said nervously, “I’m not sure I’m ready for that.”

“Come on, Candi, at least come today and try it out.”

Candace looked at Genie for guidance.

“I’m game,” Genie said with a smile.

“Alright, I’ll go.”

Elaine was even more brisk and businesslike than Jacko had implied, rapidly measuring and providing the trio somewhat misshapen outfits that weren’t sized for them but were made of the material from which their outfits would be cut so that Elaine could calibrate colour saturation and myriad other technical and aesthetic factors. When the hour and a half was over, Elaine paid them £50 each and confirmed that they would all three be available Tuesday for actual filming.

“It’s pretty good money considering we didn’t even have to give her any rights to the pictures,” Kelly said afterwards.

“Fifty quid for barely more than two hours including travel is splendid. It’s thrice my normal



wage.”

“We’ll be getting more than that Tuesday!” Kelly said gleefully.

“£300 in a single day!” Candace marvelled.

“And we get to meet Blood Barbie!”

“Not until the second shoot, though, right?” Candace asked she’d rather not deal with any famous people during her very first foray into acting. Not that there seemed to be a lot of acting; just a great deal of glowering like a sexy murderess.

“Right. You can get Thursday off, though, right? You *have* to get it off. Please say you will.”

“Elaine said they’d probably finish early enough for me to make my shift, and she seems very professional about these things, don’t you think?”

“That’s not the point. If you can get off work then we can probably hang out with Blood Barbie afterwards.”

“You don’t even listen to them.”

“Well, not before, but of course I do now. Or at least, I will have by then.”

“You just want to shag someone famous, don’t you?” Candace asked.

“Famous and fit. Have you seen them? Very cute, and *brothers*. I can take of both of them myself, but I’d rather you were there. And we don’t have to fuck them or anything; we can just snog, or even hang out and be cool. Whatever you’re comfortable with.”

“Okay, I’ll try to get it off,” Candace agreed, though she was still unsure how hard she’d try. She really wanted no part of it, but she didn’t want to disappoint Kelly, either.

## Barista Babe

“Remind me - do you always have to remain near the bottle?” Candace asked Genie as she changed into her work clothes.

“Not always, but of course a long departure risks something happening to it. Why do you ask?”

“I was wondering if I should go with Kelly on Tuesday, and if you wanted to come with me if I do.”

“My understanding was that you had already agreed to go.”

“Yes, but it’s a level of exposure that scares me, to be perfectly honest.”

“Not going will make the wish have to work harder, which you may not prefer,” Genie said.

“I think I’m okay with it working harder? At least, I’m okay if I turn out less of a bimbo than originally promised.”

“That’s not how this works. The wish *must* come true, but if it can’t arrange for you to be famous for your current physical state, it will have to amplify the changes until it achieves its

goal within the time window. It would actually be better if *only* the two of us showed up, if you want to minimise the physical changes. That would elevate your profile as a bimbo without also raising hers.”

“Oh. Well, I can’t ask her to not go whilst going myself, so I guess I’m going. What about you? You have to stay near me, correct?”

“A day trip where both of us remain within the city wouldn’t be a matter for concern. Would my presence make you feel comfortable?”

“Stop trying to help! Just tell me whether you want to go or not! Please?”

“Mistress, I’m here to serve you, not be your friend,” Genie insisted firmly. “Recall that, however nice you are to me, I’ll still disappear forever once the wishes are exhausted.”

Candace couldn’t hide how crushed she felt. “I’m sorry. I know I was asking too much. Just, I don’t know, after all these centuries of you making *other* people happy, I wish I could make *you* happy somehow.”

Genie recoiled. “That was a very reckless thing to say.”

“Oh! I didn’t mean it like that!” Candace said, clapping a hand over her mouth.

“A figure of speech, I know,” Genie said, her customary calm returning. “It should be fine. That’s such a big wish that it could hardly be granted anyway. But do be more careful; an earnest wish like that,” Genie paused for a moment as if to recollect herself, “Can force me to grant the wish even if unwise.”

Candace blinked at the unbearable bleakness of Genie’s statement. “That’s horrible, Genie! What can be done? Could I have helped if I’d wished for it from the start? I’m so sorry I didn’t think of it!”

Genie gritted her teeth. “Mistress, you are very sweet and selfless, but you’re also being dense. I’ve said before that my role here is to make you happy, and the happier you are with the results, the more benefit I get. That’s the *only* way you can help me, so focus on improving your life. Worrying about other people will actually make things worse.”

Candace recoiled. “I’m sorry. I’m really not a selfless person at all. It just doesn’t seem fair that… Never mind. Um. What were we discussing before?”

“Whether I should come along Tuesday,” Genie said, all traces of her previous frustration so completely eradicated from her expression that Candace wondered if she’d misread the magical woman.

“Let’s sayyy…” Candace said, drawing out the word as she examined Genie’s face for clues. “No. I’ll tell them you couldn’t make it.”

“Very brave of you,” Genie said approvingly, and Candace sighed with relief that she’d made the right choice.

“Could you go with me to work? Just for the trip there? I was going to tell my coworkers that you gave me a makeover. You’re really cool, so they won’t be shits about it.”

“You’re worried about Gwendolyn?” Genie asked.

Candace coloured. “Yes.”

“Sure, it’s probably better to help you ease into your new role.”

“Do I have to? Can’t I confine my bimbo infamy to school?”

“I’m afraid Gwendolyn’s judgment is somewhat integral to the wish, given its place in your motivation,” Genie said.

“How did you know about Gwendolyn?” Candace said, but continued on without giving her a chance to answer, “I know, I know: you’re magic.”

Not wanting to think too much about what Genie knew about her, Candace changed the subject. “Do you think it’s obvious how big I am underneath? I mean...” Candace bounced slightly in the mirror to see if the gyrations of her breasts were visible despite her oversized top. They were, but she wasn’t sure if they were that much more obvious than before.

“I think someone who has not seen you before might suspect, but those who have will tend to see what they expect to see,” Genie said, “Do you prefer that they be able to guess?”

“No. Well, not yet at least. Maybe if I slouched. I mean, I usually do, but they’re easier to carry if I stand up straighter, like...” Candace pulled her shoulder back and unconsciously thrust out her new bubble bum. “I always thought the models were standing oddly in order to emphasise their backsides, but it actually feels quite natural.”

Genie nodded. “Yes, it’s part of the wish. I think you’ll find that a number of poses and, hmm, I think you might call *fierce* manners of movement will feel easy and natural. It’s due to very slight reshaping of your skeleton plus adjustment of the resting tension of muscles and tendons your shoulders and lower back.”

“Oh, so it’s not everyone, just me.”

“I reckon not; many other ‘bimbos’ will have practiced until their muscles and tendons have become similarly accustomed to those poses and motions. That’s not to mention that standing up straight is also healthy for everyone, I believe.”

“That is true, isn’t it?” Candace mused, caught between embarrassment and a frisson of pleasure at her hidden hotness. Partly hidden; her clothes couldn’t obscure her glamorous makeup and glorious locks. “Yeah, with you there, she’s going to be impressed.”

Candace wasn’t wrong; Gwendolyn immediately identified Genie as occupying a perch much higher in the unspoken hierarchy of subcultural cachet, and hastened to approve Genie’s efforts to ‘Pull Candi out of her shell.’ Candace’s makeover, therefore, was just what she needed and “played with the whole ‘bimbo’ motif.” It made Candace sound like pop art project, which worked brilliantly. Gwendolyn accorded Candace new respect that persisted even after Genie left the shop.

It possibly helped that Candace was still wearing her baggy and shapeless jumper that helped

obscure the fact that Candace's body fat had migrated away from her waist. Even so, the tips increased noticeably along with the flirting.

It felt profoundly validating to be the target of so much playful appreciation, and to have the chance to share speaking glances with Gwendolyn or the other baristas when the appreciation veered more toward boorishness.

"I hope I don't overstep my bounds, but are you and Genie dating?" Gwendolyn asked as they were closing up.

Candace coloured. "What? No. We're just friends. Why do you ask?"

Gwendolyn looked innocent. "I just wondered if she's available."

"Well, she's not dating anyone, but she's going to the States soon, so..." Candace shrugged.

"They always are, aren't they?" Gwendolyn said, shrugging as if sharing a sad old truth.

Candace nodded, even though she wasn't entirely sure what Gwendolyn was saying. If she was saying anything at all. Candace strongly suspected that Gwendolyn produced wise-sounding utterances to cover over awkward moments.

"She's done you a world of good, though, don't you think? I normally don't pay attention to looks, but your new look makes you seem a lot sassier and more stylish." Gwendolyn said.

Candace set aside the absurdity of Gwendolyn claiming she didn't care about appearances and took it to heart. "I'm glad you think so! I was a little worried you'd think I was going a little too bimbo," Candace said.

"Bimbo? No, you don't look like a bimbo at all," Gwendolyn said, the modified too, "Not really. I mean, the earrings and nails are a bit in that direction, but it's kind of subversive, don't you think?"

"Really?" Candace said, thinking that describing her look as 'subversive' was only a little less absurd than Gwendolyn's claim not to care about appearances.

"Yeah, it's kind of like you're tricking them. They look at you and think you're a slutty girl, but you're actually an educated woman who could care less about blokes."

Candace restrained herself from pointing out that the phrase was '*couldn't* care less,' both because she didn't want to derail the conversation and because it had never gone well for her when she succumbed to the temptation to irritating pedantry. Besides, Gwendolyn was accidentally correct: Candace *could* care less. She wasn't boy crazy by any stretch, but she found that she enjoyed masculine attention, at least in controllable doses.

As for being 'slutty,' Candace was conscious of a strong desire to show off her new bum to her coworker and see what happened. Having to wear her old shapeless trousers was disappointing, even frustrating, which was not a reaction she would have predicted from herself. Maybe she was more like Kelly than she thought.

"I like looking fit more than I thought, though," Candace offered as a half-admission.

"Well, yeah," Gwendolyn said with a shrug, "But you're not a bubbly bimbo sort. More like

a barista babe.”

Candace laughed. “I guess I like the sound of ‘barista babe,’ though I submit that you are the original barista babe.”

“What, me? No,” Gwendolyn said, shaking her head, but something told Candace that Gwendolyn was pleased. “You are definitely the official barista babe of this coffee shop.”

Gwendolyn took this so far as to write ‘B.B.’ in place of Candace’s name on the Monday work schedule as a joke, leading other workers on her shift to ask what the letters were short for and Candace to answer honestly because she assumed it would be harmless to tell two other girls the truth. It wasn’t a foolish assumption; they giggled a little but it seemed forgotten almost immediately.

That was, until her elongated nails knocked a can of whipping cream violently from the counter while spinning from grinder back to the espresso maker. The can top hit the metal edge of the under-counter fridge side-on and exploded all over her like she was starring in bukkake porn, necessitating an immediate exchange of outerwear. Candace suspected the covert influence of her wish, but she wasn’t about to expend another just to fix a messed jumper and trousers. After a hasty retreat to the back of the shop she reemerged in black leggings and fitted charcoal blouse from her bag, reasoning to herself that her apron would soften the impact of the change of wardrobe.

It was true that the apron did tend to obscure her curvature for customers facing her from the front, but there was no hiding from her coworkers.

“Oh my God, you really *are* the Barista Babe, Candi! You’ve got an arse like a Kardashian,” Candace’s shiftmate Leila marvelled at her in a quiet moment.

A customer entered the shop before Candace hit upon of a way to dissuade Leila from calling her ‘Candi’, so she had to settle for shaking her rump at Leila sarcastically whilst approaching the till.

There was bit of wit about it tossed around, but Candi felt a little more flattered than anything else. At the end of her shift, Candace tried to bring up that she wasn’t called ‘Candi’, but got no further than, “My actual name is…” before her other shift mate Justine silenced her with a finger held theatrically to her lips.

“Don’t worry, Barista Babe, your secret identity is safe with us!”

Leila, noticing the look of frustration rippling across Candace’s face, asked seriously, “Does us calling you Barista Babe bother you? It’s just meant in fun.”

“Oh not at all,” Candace said, though she did have conflicted feelings about it. “It’s just that… Oh, hello Genie!”

“Hello Candi,” Genie said back, and though some part of Candace recalled that she didn’t want to be called ‘Candi’ around her coworkers, much more of her awareness focused on the

magical woman's openly appreciative gaze.

Justine openly gawked at the sight of Candace and Genie's greeting hug. "Is this a reality TV setup? Is this like a Snog Marry Avoid spinoff?"

"Pardon? Does this have to do with Candi's makeover?" Genie asked.

"More wondering why all Candi's friends are glamour models. Or look like them. The first two shifts working with Candi last week she looks like a dumpy goth - apologies, but it's only true - then suddenly now she's all blonde with superb hair and it turns out she was hot and stacked under her sweater the whole time. It's got to be a prank or something, doesn't it?" By the end of it Justine sounded very convinced of her reasoning.

Candace worried that Justine had gotten too suspicious and something bad would happen with the wish, but Genie chuckled unconcernedly. "Nothing like that. I felt I had to take extreme measures to overcome Candi's bashfulness about blooming late, but I think it's working, don't you? She couldn't pretend to be dumpy forever, so she has to learn to accept the hotness."

Leila made a nonsense sound taken from some internet meme that Candace understood to communicate a stylish victory flourish, though she hadn't seen the original reference. Regardless, she smiled because it was obviously meant to be supportive.

"So, did you enjoy your first shift as an extra hot girl?" Genie asked her.

"I did, a little," Candace admitted.

"Good. The more you enjoy it, the better for everyone. Just let me know if there's anything I can do to make you happier."

Candace stopped herself from propositioning Genie in jest, because she was a little too aware of the fact that not only would it not really be in jest, Genie would know it. Despite usual post-work exhaustion, Candace was feeling very horny in general and amorous toward Genie in specific. Genie was just so smooth and cultured, yet kind and gentle. And *insanely* fit. She desperately wanted to find out if Genie thought Candace was as hot as Candace found Genie. Probably not, but Candace would take what she could get.

She wanted to spend time with Genie when they returned to the flat, but she didn't trust herself not to do or say something she couldn't take back, so she took a bath with her toys first thing. While the sound of the faucet filling the tub provided auditory cover, Candace knelt in the rising water and pushed herself rhythmically onto her suction dildo. She didn't even need to stroke her clit once she'd gotten wet enough to take the fake cock; the combined feeling of a huge prong driving deep into her and the pronounced swaying of her heavy breasts were enough to bring her to orgasm. It didn't quite satisfy her, though, and she switched to plain old manual masturbation despite worrying a bit about her long nails. Her blunt nails were slightly pliable, perfect for teasing her love bud, but still she wasn't quite managing to reach her second climax.

Increasingly desperate to pacify her sex drive, she positioned the shelving unit against the

door to block anyone who might try to barge in, then climbed up on the sink. Soon she was riding her dildo cowgirl on the countertop and stroking herself. Watching the busty nympho in the mirror bounce, huge tits almost hitting her in the chin and buttocks wobbling on impact with the counter surface made it even hotter. Had she lost her mind? Did it matter? She was supposed to be a bimbo, right? This was probably how she was supposed to be.

She whimpered softly and sagged against the mirror as she finally came.

Even after her ecstatic shudders ebbed she rested against the glass for a bit longer. “God, that was so good,” she whispered to herself, then quickly cleaned up her mess before returning to her bath.

Candace tried to make it quick, but Kelly had returned home and was chatting with Genie by the time Candace donned her pyjamas. It was fun hanging out with the two of them, but it meant Candace didn’t get the opportunity to discuss her heightened libido with Genie before giving in to post-O sleepiness.

## Videoshoot

Though she’d washed all makeup from her face, Candace woke wearing natural-look makeup that might have qualified as subtle if it didn’t look like she was wearing obtrusive false eyelashes. She’d left her hoop earrings in when she’d gone to bed but intended to clip them off in the morning because they seemed a little too out of place for classes. During the night they had likewise become less conspicuous, with the large thin loops halving their diameter but doubling in thickness.

“Let me show you how to apply kohl,” Genie told her.

“I’m already made up,” Candace said.

“Recall I need to teach you how to apply the sort of makeup that the wish expects of you. If you have makeup on that you don’t know how to apply yourself then the Veil will find its own reasons for you to be wearing it, and you may not prefer them.”

“That sounds ominous,” Candace said.

“As I intend it to. Don’t worry, though. You don’t need to become an expert; just plausibly capable.”

“I guess that’s not too bad. I suppose now is as good a time as any.”

“Do I *have* to wear the higher heels now?” Candace asked Genie later while dressing.

“Why do you ask?”

“My feet started to hurt in the kitten heels, right here.” Candace pointed at the base of her heel.

“I see. You can wear low or non-heels, but just as a woman wearing higher heels than usual becomes uncomfortable in them, you will become uncomfortable in flats or lower heels.

“So it’s actually healthier for me to wear high heels than flats?”

“I’m not a podiatrist to say ‘healthier’, but that might be true, yes.”

“Huh,” Candace said, preparing herself mentally to present the girl in the mirror to the world.

Monday classes took place in lecture halls where wearing a jacket was enough for Candace’s new curves to mostly meld into the crowd, but for whatever reason she decided to re-enlarge her earrings and give her slightly longer nails for her Tuesday morning discussion section. Based on the surreptitious glances in her direction Candace thought that a lot of the discussion was about her. In her own group, everyone pretended not to notice, apart from a few resentful glances from a student who plainly thought Candace’s body was vulgar and in poor taste.

In her subsequent class Candace made sure to exit the class straightaway when the lab concluded, but partly due to her exaggerated care about her long nails and her bust’s occasional tendency to block line of sight to the lab equipment, her group wasn’t the fastest. Thus there was already a gauntlet of others to run out in the hallway. Most of the other students were already engaged with their own friends and drifting away, but one intense bloke with scraggly facial hair and a perpetually frustrated look was trying to look nonchalant as he surreptitiously took a picture of her.

Before she could confront the creep, though, a girl Candace didn’t recognise intercepted her and asked, “Are you Honey Melons?”

Candace just looked at the girl. She was pretty in a forgettable way, with straight, light brown hair, light-touch makeup, and a nondescript City University outfit. “What?”

“Are you Honey Melons? Or Candace Mallinson?”

“I’m Candace, but not... the other ones.”

“So you’re not a model?”

“Well, I guess I am,” Candace had to admit, especially as her next destination was to a gig as a model in a music video, “But I’m...” she started to explain, then stopped, because she wasn’t sure whether she’d heard those names before or not. Was ‘Honey Melons’ the name of a page 3 girl? Or was it a hentai character? The girl could hardly be mistaking her for an anime character.

“Hello?” the girl asked, trying to draw her attention back.

“Pardon, what were you asking?” Candace asked, aware that she’d missed a question.

“Nothing, I was just wondering,” the girl said, giggling.

“I didn’t hear the question,” Candace said.

“You just started as a student, right?”

“Yes,” Candace confirmed.



“Kind of a coincidence, don’t you think?”

“A coincidence?” Candace asked, shaking her head at the girl’s opacity, then had to free her huge hoop earrings from her hair.

“Could two busty blonde bimbos be starting school at the same time? I mean, no offence, but look at you.”

Candace opened her mouth to object to being called a bimbo, then remembered that she was *supposed* to be a bimbo. Instead she struck a pose. “Well, I guess I *do* look pretty good, don’t I?”

Instead of getting offended or disgusted, the girl just laughed and shrugged. “Yeah. It’ll be funny to see what that bitch Kelly says now that the guys aren’t looking at her anymore, right? Oh! That’s my friend. See you later!”

The girl missed Candace’s look of dislike as she hurried away.

“Candi! So glad you made it!” Elaine greeted Candace from the gloom inside her workshop, which Candace should have expected after the dark backdrop of the pictures taken on Sunday, “Is Jenny with you?”

“Genie wasn’t able to make it,” Candace said, feeling guilty not to have warned Elaine in advance, “I’m very sorry. I should have contacted you about it earlier.”

“Oh, that’s okay. A friend of mine is visiting and she expressed interest in the part, so it’s actually quite convenient.”

Candace’s anxiety ebbed. “Oh? Good!”

“It’s really perfect. Your friend is a little bit tall and it was going to complicate some of the shots on my new idea that fits your energy better. Plus, I think you’re really going to like each-other. She just started going to your school and it will be good for her to know other students, especially since she’s a bit older.”

Some of Candace’s anxiety returned at the thought of meeting yet another classmate under the circumstances. As much as she enjoyed looking gorgeous, she was beginning to wonder how another wish could correct her rising profile as City University’s biggest bimbo.

“Kelly sent that she’ll arrive presently, but in the meantime let’s get you dressed,” Elaine said, leading Candace through a brilliantly-constructed set constructed to appear like a grimly dystopian diesel punk future. One of the men working to set up the cameras smiled at them as they passed.

“Did you create all this yourself?” Candace asked, trying to ignore the man, who probably wasn’t really leering precisely, but was nevertheless openly appreciative in a way that made Candace feel awkward.

“A lot of it, but a set-designer friend of mine helped. She’s not here yet.” Elaine opened the door to the dressing room, revealing a peroxide blonde woman who was probably about Elaine’s height without heels, but who was wearing platforms that made her well over six foot. “Candi,

this is Honey.”

When Honey turned around, Candace had plenty of time to assess the size of the woman’s breasts, because they were gigantic, and extremely prominent. There could be no doubt that Honey’s implants were intended to look unnatural, and they did. A lot about Honey was unnatural. Her makeup was clearly expertly done to visually sculpt her face, narrowing her nose, enlarging her eyes, burnishing her cheekbones, and overdrawing lips already swollen with filler. “Natural look” this was not, and Candace was put in mind of a sultry android more than a human body. Like a sexbot in the flesh. And her name was Honey, and - if rumour was true - she had just started at City.

“Are you Honey Melons?” Candace asked in shocked surmise.

“I am! Are you a fan?” Honey asked, and gave Candace a greeting hug. “You must be Candi. You know, I stripped under the name Candi Melons for over a year until the other Candi Melons threatened to sue. I thought about fighting it because it’s so close to my real name, but then I decided to go honey blonde instead, and I’ve never regretted it. Hey, are you all natural?”

Candace held still as Honey felt at her breasts, unsure of what to do.

“Yeah, she’s got a condition, apparently,” Elaine explained on Candace’s behalf, “She’s still sort of coming out of her shell, embracing the boobs.”

“Good for you, girl,” Honey said, giving Candace an encouraging wink, “I’ve been building mine up the hard way, but at least that means I know they’re coming. Is this your first video shoot?”

“It is,” Candace said.

“Well, you’re in luck, because Elaine’s great. A little brusque sometimes, but she gets most shots the first time.” Honey noticed Candace stealing peeks into her cleavage and pulled her shirt up to expose them. “Is this your first time meeting someone with pro-level implants? You can give ‘em a feel if you like.”

Candace thought Honey was very proud of her augmented breasts and would be put out if Candace didn’t show proper appreciation, so she pressed tentatively at their orbits, feeling the firmness under Honey’s skin. “Are they very heavy?” she asked.

“You know they are, being pretty big yourself.”

“Not that big,” Candace said truthfully, trying to decide if Honey’s boobs were really as big as they looked. Probably not, but they were truly huge. “What do you wear for bras?”

Honey seemed pleased with the question. “Mostly a specialty brand from Poland. They’re a bit dear, but worth it when you get to my size. 34J in this brand, in case you were wondering.”

Candace had been wondering, and wasn’t disappointed. She had many more prurient questions about Honey’s boobs, but she restricted herself to expressing her appreciation. “Wow, they look amazing.”

“Don’t they?” Elaine agreed, “And they’re perfect for the part because her outfit minimises a

little bit, so a bigger rack is key to making sure you can tell she's big under there. So, let's get dressing!"

Candace's outfit was a white corset dress with a firm bustier that kept her boobs prominent and elevated, torn and smudged around the edges to emphasise innocence on the run, plus clear plastic stripper heels to evoke Cinderella which Elaine added once she saw good-looking feet. Candace's makeup was heavy on kohl to make her look haunted and desperate, but with white-lined lids to make her eyes look bigger.

When Kelly finally arrived, Elaine kitted her out in spiky leather and belts to give her the look of a rebel warrior, completed with smudges and bruises that made it look like she'd been fighting. In her heels, Candace was almost as tall as Kelly, so Elaine swapped out Kelly's traditional-style combat boots for heeled versions to maintain the height differential.

The sisters didn't get to see Honey until the first scene, which she entered wearing tight black trousers, a tailcoat and a top hat that made her seem even taller. At either side, set crew uniformed like cyberpunk paramilitaries carrying pipes and chains. Kelly and Candace had been given only general stage directions, but in the dark, post-apocalyptic set shrouded in mist from a fog machine, reacting with alarm at the sudden appearance of the imposing figures came very naturally. In her assigned role as protector, Kelly jumped in front of Candace, who also grabbed a sliver of wood to hold like a stake.

"Cut! Great work!" Elaine shouted after only a few seconds of shooting, "Let's get the camera over there and get ready to run. Thugs, back in the shadows. Just the three of you. Kelly, you stand there and look angry and frustrated. Honey, you take Candi's hand like you're seducing her. Candi, look like you're attracted but wary."

Candace put her hand in Honey's, and felt almost as conflicted as her character was supposed to as Honey leered down at her like she was a delicious morsel. Not that Candace really minded being a morsel, but she found being attracted to Honey unsettling.

"Okay, now politely try to pull away, Candi," Elaine called directions, "Put more into it than that. Yeah, like that. And be ready to pull harder and run away when time comes. You'll know. Alright, let's reset and, action!"

It wasn't wholly a surprise when the 'thugs' reemerged to threaten Candace, and there was a short chase, followed by some shots of Kelly helping Candace and others of Honey directing her minions to chase. It wasn't really clear what the 'plot' of the video was going to be, but Candace got the impression that Honey's character represented capitalism or money in some way, while Candace was the working poor and Kelly was leftist punk trying to protect her. Or something to that effect. Candace wasn't entirely sure if there was even any kind of specific allegory in play, except stylistically.

Whatever there was in Elaine's mind about it, she didn't explain much, mostly relying on

surprise and confusion to generate verisimilitude in their reactions. Her freewheeling style and relentless positivity made it very fun, though there was very little time for joking about; there wouldn't be much in the way of humorous out-takes. When there were mistakes, Elaine would tell them to pay no mind as she'd just fix it in post. Moving props around and fussing with the practical effects occupied more time than retakes, and when shooting was complete for the evening, Candace felt like she'd hardly done any work for the hundreds of pounds they were being paid.

"You were *great*," Honey told them when they were disrobing afterwards. "Some of the actors and actresses I've worked with could take lessons from you."

"I didn't do anything, though," Candace protested, "It was just reaction shots, running away, and having my hand held."

"But you looked so bashful and conflicted! It was perfect. I had to fight my usual inclination to be a little campy, which is what the softcore directors want."

"Softcore?" Candace asked.

"It's a type of porn," Kelly explained, "More focused on plot and titillation than showing people smash."

"Oh," Candace said, avoiding Honey's eyes.

"I take it you only know me from my recent work, then?" Honey said with a smile, "I'm not ashamed of the porn. Made a lot of friends and we still go out together. Not as much money in it any more, though, and I'm trying to get more mainstream work. Directors are becoming more open to casting big girls like us. Probably because there's more big girls like these in the world than there used to be." Honey bounced her breasts with her hands to demonstrate what kind of 'girls' she meant.

The sight took Candace off-guard while she was naked. Was the hardening of her nipples at the sight obvious? Based on Honey's slow smile, Candace suspected she had been caught. Honey didn't comment on it, however, and with her bra back on she started to feel a little less self-conscious.

"Are you going to be at Elaine's wrap party with Blood Barbie?" Honey asked

"Of course we'll be there. Right, Candi?" Kelly said.

"Sure," Candace said because what else could she say? Yet, she felt like Honey was at a completely different 'bimbo' level than Candace would know how to handle, given that Honey was basically an erotic actress. Though, could she really be going to City? "Hey, Honey, are you a university student anywhere?"

"No," Honey said, "Why do you ask?"

Candace's relief was tremendous. "Oh, I just thought I'd overheard you saying something about classes. Maybe it was just the pole dancing you were talking about earlier."

A silence stretched as Honey considered Candace's answer, then she shrugged. "Do you want

to take a class with me? Free if you both come.”

Candace looked at Kelly to await her inevitable acceptance, but Kelly was just looking back at her meaningfully. Candace couldn’t really read Kelly’s expression, but she was pretty sure Kelly was silently urging her to accept. “Sure, sounds fun!”

“Great! Saturday mornings at 10:30?”

“I think we’re free Saturday next week,” Candace said, and looked back at Kelly, who nodded silently.

“Brilliant. See you Thursday, and Saturday next!” Honey said cheerfully.

By then Candace knew she had made a mistake, and as soon as they were alone, she apologised.

“I’m sorry! I assumed you would want me to say yes.”

“After she lied to us like that?” Kelly asked.

“What do you mean?” Candace asked in confusion.

“Why did you even ask her if she was going to university?”

“I had heard a rumour that Honey was starting at City. Are you saying that you know that she is?”

“I don’t *know*, but I could tell she wasn’t telling the truth with that answer. Not the whole truth, at any rate. I would normally be all over a pole-dancing class - they’re very on-trend - but I’m worried she’s got something against you now.”

“Just for asking if she’s a student?” Candace asked, worried.

“I don’t know. Maybe I’m being overprotective. But I know you’re really new to this. Even newer than I am.”

“Aw, Kels, you’re really like your character, you know?” Candace said, hugging her sister.

Kelly laughed as she returned the embrace. “Right, anarchist revolutionary is *exactly* who I am.”

Candace laughed as well. “And I’m Bride of Chavenstein. But I’m serious. You’re like her in the way you’re looking out for me and stand up for me.”

“Aw, Candi, you’re so sweet. Of course I do. Don’t try to deny you’d do the same for me.”

“Maybe yeah, I suppose. But you know, I think I resented you a little because you’re so pretty and kind and have loads of friends, so I’m not as nice as you think.”

“Aw, Candi,” Kelly said sympathetically, “Don’t feel guilty about that, it’s only human. Besides, look who’s the hot one now!”

“Me?” Candace asked in disbelief. “Fitter than before, no doubt, but you can hardly call me ‘the hot one’ relative to you. You’re the hottest girl at City.”

Kelly laughed. “There’s loads of fit girls at City, and if I was the hottest before,” she said, shrugging, “Then we’re co-queens.”

Candace flushed with happiness that carried her all the way home.

## Giving Thanks

Kelly volunteered to fetch takeaway curry, and Candace excitedly recounted her day to Genie.

“You are a miracle worker. I know, that’s literally true, but also figuratively. You knew *just* what would make me happy.”

Genie smiled and stood up from the laptop to accept Candace’s excited hug. “I’ve become a good guesser, but it’s still not an exact science.”

“It’s not science at all, though, right?” Candace said, laughing.

Genie smiled but shook her head. “It does follow rules and laws of its own, so I reckon it could be a science, if we genies could compare notes and perform controlled experiments.”

“Do you ever get to talk to other genies?”

“Very rarely, and it hasn’t been pleasant. We most often encounter one-another as adversaries or rivals. That is my experience, at least.”

“That sounds very lonely,” Candace said

“One becomes accustomed,” Genie said before continuing, “Speaking of which, I take it that you are also becoming accustomed?”

“I think I am, and I like it! That’s very shallow of me, but you already already know I’m a hypocrite, so I don’t mind telling you. Besides, it’s your work!” Candace twirled in front of Genie to show off her body.

“Does that mean you intend to leave the wish as-is?” Genie asked.

“Well, no. I’m still planning on at least partly reversing it. I’m very sure I’ll eventually get over the novelty of being a bimbo,” Candace answered, hefting her breasts in visual synecdoche. “But I like being hot with Kelly. She’s genuinely happy for me, Genie! I’m so lucky to have such a good sister, and we’re becoming best mates again. Because of you. Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome,” Genie said warmly. “I feel fortunate that I’ve lucked upon a mistress I can help with so few reservations.”

“You have reservations?” Candace asked, concerned.

“That is not the message I intended to communicate,” Genie said with a sad smile, “But of course, I always have reservations. Wishes are risky things, and they can come out wrong even with the best of intentions. It is like matchmaking. I am not sure ‘matchmaker’ still means the same to you, but regardless, love is another example a powerful chaotic force, and anyone trying to make it come about should always have some reservations.”

“Brilliant comparison,” Candace said. “That does make me understand better, thank you. How did you fare here alone? Did you stay in again?”

“I had a very nice time, just like I have the other times I’ve remained here while you’ve been out,” Genie assured her.

Candace searched Genie’s face for signs of boredom or stress, but Genie was as impossible to read as ever. “If you’re going to be with us for a month, maybe you could take a class, or a take on a project, or a hobby. Or you could take a holiday and go see the sights! I imagine there’s loads to see. You said you were in Norwich once. What if you took trip there to see how it has changed? I just made a heap of dosh because of you, how about I get you an inexpensive mobile of your own with a month of data and you can travel about, have your own internet, and stay in touch. I promise to be very careful about your vessel.”

That elicited visible surprise from Genie. “Seeing Norwich in person is a more attractive idea than I can say, but I would rather remain near you to make sure I can provide assistance should you need it. I don’t know that I can help from such a distance. If I can even go that far from my master, which I’m not sure I can.”

Flinching slightly at Genie’s use of the m-word, Candace recovered with a cheery, “Oh, that’s no trouble at all! I’ll ask to exchange shifts and we can go together. It’ll be loads of fun to hear about how it used to be!” Then Candace recalled that Genie might want to be more private. “Or we can just walk around together and see the sights like regular tourists if you don’t fancy giving history lessons.”

“Of course I would enjoy that,” Genie said.

“Wonderful! I’ll try for weekend tickets if,” Candace paused slightly to edit out ‘...that works for you’ and replace it with, “I can get free.”

“Thank you! But shouldn’t you ask Kelly first?”

“I’ll offer, but I expect she’ll want to stay in town.”

Genie looked at Candace with a furrowed brow. “Weren’t you just celebrating your newfound bond with your sister?”

“Sure, but we’ll have years to catch up. Who knows when you’ll get to visit Norwich?”

“Mistress,” Genie began,

“Don’t ‘Mistress’ me again, Genie. I’m going to show you a good time and that’s final. I mean, I am the mistress and what I say goes, right?” Candace smiled as winningly as she could and bounced very slightly in her eagerness for Genie to accept her reasoning.

Genie’s smile seemed to break out despite her attempts to maintain a stern look. “You are hard to refuse.”

“Yay!” Candace said, and hugged Genie tight, enjoying the height difference that allowed Genie’s chest to sit atop her own, pressing into her shoulders. She let the hug linger to savour the feeling. “Thank you.”

“Are you thinking me for letting you do something for my enjoyment?”

“Yes! But it’s also for my enjoyment, obviously. It’ll be a nice trip to a place I’ve never been,

looking fit and accompanied by a beautiful friend. I could hardly ask for more in a holiday.” A complication occurred to Candace. “Actually I don’t think I should ask Kelly if she wants to go, because I’ll need to say that we’re visiting your family or friends, or something of that nature, and then what if she wants to go? Perhaps we could...” Candace brought up her phone to check schedules. “Let’s take a Saturday train and come back Sunday, and I don’t even have to swap shifts. Oh, there’s a few good deals on first class. The whole bit for both of us isn’t even a hundred quid. Booked!”

“So fast?” Genie asked, impressed.

“Not quite that fast, but as long as I get my payment information in in the next few minutes.”

“Where will we stay?” Genie asked.

“At a hotel, I imagine,” Candace said.

“Well, that should be interesting.”

Candace’s heart raced. Genie’s subtle cinnamon-sweet scent still lingered in the wake of the hug, and she wondered if Genie would somehow guess how randy Candace was for her. Maybe she would have an opportunity to show her when they were alone in a room in Norwich? She struggled to get ahold of herself. “I should wash up!” she said, and hurried to the bath and her toys.

While the running faucet covered the sounds of her energetic bouncing, Candace tried to imagine someone other than Genie was fucking her with the ridiculously large suction-cup dildo as a strap-on, but when it wasn’t Genie’s cryptic smile, it turned into Kelly’s sweet one, which was even more demented than fantasising about being stuffed by a supernatural being. Her twisted fantasy was only made hotter by the feel of her own long nails manipulating her big boobs and thick, taut nipples. God, it was hot to think of herself as a huge-titted nympho slut who couldn’t get enough.

It was almost true. She came quickly, like a teenage boy, but after a short pause to allow her vaginal muscles to spasm around the plastic prick, Candace discovered she was still ready to go. It was harder work to build up her second orgasm, though, and she was struggling to keep her breathing level enough that no one outside the bathroom would know how vigorously she was working herself. Finally she let go of her breasts so she could work her clit with one hand and push down on the lip of the tub with the other to support her bouncing. Titflesh made a deliciously-slutty slapping noise as it bounced between her belly and her chin, but the sound and feel of them swinging violently to and fro helped her reach orgasm number two within a few minutes.

As she gasped and shuddered, she wondered if this was going to become her new normal, and if it was, how she felt about that. It was a very nice post-climax calm, at least.

“Candi! Genie!” Kelly called, “Sorry I took so long. The queue was ridiculous, but at least the food is hot!”



“Coming!” Candace called back, wishing she could enjoy her rest for a bit longer.  
Next time.

## Blood Barbie

Genie came along to the second round of filming with Blood Barbie themselves present, though she mostly remained in the background, lending Candace what confidence she could.

At first it was mostly the same cast and crew as in the initial shooting, and Elaine played the new track over the sound system multiple times so that the three novice actresses understood the tempo to match for the particularly frenetic parts of the song. While they were practicing their stage directions, Blood Barbie roadies were arriving to set up the Blood Barbie kit and do some basic sound checks, given that the band would actually be playing the song for the video.

A very friendly, attractive, and heavily-tattooed American woman with the stage-name ‘Bam’ fronted Blood Barbie, but the other permanent members of the band were two older brothers with extensive portfolio in gothic industrial, some of which Candace really liked. Unlike Bam, however, Evil-I and Pussboy were not especially friendly to the sisters. In fact, Candace was tolerably sure Evil-I was hiding being drunk and high, while Pussboy’s seeming prior acquaintance with Honey resulted in him talking to her almost exclusively.

Candace was also mortified to be the cause of failure the first several attempts to shoot clips when her position further from Elaine resulted in her mishearing direction. Though Elaine’s criticism came without heat or derision, Candace could tell that the members of Blood Barbie thought she was a bit of a ditz. They weren’t *mean*, they were just condescendingly helpful, occasionally translating Elaine’s stage directions into simpler words as if the reason Candace couldn’t understand what Elaine was saying was because of the big words she was using rather than the fact that there was a weird echo in her section of the room that made hearing anything chancy.

Normally, Kelly would have noticed and come to her rescue, but she and Bam had been striking up a friendship and Candace didn’t want to upset that. Genie, she thought, didn’t have quite the cultural context to understand what was happening, or just didn’t know an appropriate way to get involved. In the end, it fell to Honey of all people to defend Candace.

“This is her first ever video, so of course it’s confusing,” Honey told Pussboy during a pause while Elaine reviewed the footage with Bam, Kelly, and Genie.

“Mine too,” he objected, but when Honey gave him a look he allowed, “Though of course all I had to do was play.”

“You wouldn’t believe some of the stupid shit I did on my first few films,” Honey said, and proceeded to tell a shocking, and shockingly funny, tale of her early porn career. Even Evil-I laughed, despite looking a bit green about the gills. Kelly and Bam migrated back into the

conversation just before the denouement, and Bam took over the conversation.

“We’re going to go get a bite at a little pub down the way, would you three like to come?”

“Of course!” Honey answered immediately, but Kelly looked at Candace for confirmation.

Candace could see that Kelly desperately wanted to go, so she nodded, “As long as my friend Genie can also come?”

“No doubt. Elaine and the crew are coming too, it’s not an exclusive thing,” Bam said with a smile.

That proved not to be as true as Bam implied. The pub staff tried to accommodate their large group, but Candace ended up sitting in a corner between Honey and Bam while Genie was at an entirely different table. Close by, but in such a loud environment, she might as well have been on the Moon. Bam and Kelly were deep into an intimate conversation, and Honey kept trying to include Candace, so Candace spent the next hour more or less on her own amongst strangers, trying to drink slowly and overshadowed by Honey’s brash friendliness.

The other participants on her end of the table included Stiletta, a groupie trying out as backup singer who was obviously taken with Evil-I and wary of Candace as a potential competitor. Candace didn’t really think Evil-I was interested in either of them; he was more focused on downing a truly spectacular amount of hard liquor without visible effect. It was quite the opposite with Pussboy, though, who clearly hoped to spend the night with Honey, though he made clear that he also thought Candace was attractive.

“Let’s get some lemonade instead,” Bam interceded in Evil-I’s drinking, earning a furious look from both Evil-I and Stiletta, but no one gainsaid her, and when Honey and Pussboy stood to leave, it appeared that the night might be winding down soon.

Candace’s relief was premature, though. Unexpectedly, it was Stiletta who was drunk enough to need support to make her way out. Elaine declared they should head back to the warehouse to sleep it off, which led to more rounds of socialisation.

Back at the warehouse, Candace again found herself with Honey and Pussboy, now joined by a rather below-par roadie who paid Candace some awkward compliments.

“He’s right though,” Honey whispered in Candace’s ear while Pussboy guided the drunk roadie to a place to sleep.

Candace startled. “About what?”

“Your tits are brilliant. I want to see how they bounce.”

Candace knew Honey had been drinking, but her forwardness still left her wordless. And suddenly horny.

“Want me to show you how to ride cowgirl like a pro?” Honey offered.

Candace looked around. Kelly and Bam had their heads together and were grinning at each-

other like they were planning on going to bed together. Genie... was apparently passed out on the couch.

“Maybe?” Candace said, intensely aroused by the idea of learning from a bona-fide porn star. But she needed some liquid courage. Stiletta had left a half-empty scotch on a ledge, so Candace grabbed and tossed it back. “Sure. Let’s go!”

“I like your style, baby!” Honey said, and linked elbows before heading to a back room.

It wasn’t empty, though; Pussboy was already waiting in the furnished storage closet, wearing nothing more than boots and nipple rings. As Candace watched with wide eyes, Honey shed her own clothes, stripping quickly but with undeniable style. Candace’s disoriented fascination at the situation she’d found herself in overwhelmed the sense of awkwardness, and her body was very keen to experience something erotic.

Honey and Pussboy seemed to compete for sexual skill, and both frequently looked to her as if it was a private performance for her benefit, or as if she was the judge of their efforts. She wasn’t exactly sure when she had started it, but Honey’s triumphant cry at the sight of Candace’s hand down the front of her leggings under her soaked panties partially brought Candace back to herself. Something was wrong with her; she felt drugged. Had there been something in Stiletta’s drink?

The immediacy of her need for release drew her thoughts away from that thought; she’d worry once she’d gotten herself off. It wasn’t easy with just the one hand, so she pulled up her top to expose her bra. It was going to be too hard to take it off in her current state, so she just shoved a hand underneath the cup to fondle her tit.

Her fingers encountered nipple rings. She’d caught nipple rings from Pussboy, she thought hysterically, and started giggling when a nail went through the loop and caught. “Oops, I’m stuck!”

“Uh oh, baby slut’s in trouble?” Honey said, sidling over to Candace in little steps so Pussboy’s fingers didn’t come out of her vagina.

Candace just laughed helplessly as Honey divested her of her bra and slid her leggings down. Somehow this led to Honey eating Candace out while Pussboy pounded Honey doggy-style. The impact meant that Honey’s tongue was all over the place and not especially effective, but Candace wasn’t sure how to stop being involved. She was very confused and it seemed incredibly rude to turn down cunnilingus from a real porn star.

“This isn’t doing for you, is it?” Honey asked bluntly.

“Well, you are a bit occupied,” Candace said apologetically.

Honey laughed. “Yeah. You want to try?” She motioned to Pussboy’s rubber-coated cock.

Candace stared at it entranced; the rubber made it look so smooth and shiny, like a sex toy. She giggled. “It’s a sex toy! No batteries!”

Honey motioned Pussboy to don a new condom, which he did with alacrity while she went

down on Candace much more successfully than before. Once Pussboy's member was ready, Honey spread Candace's legs to receive it.

"Hullo! What's this?" another male voice asked. Evil-I.

Candace groaned. She was *so close*.

"Evil! You look much better! Want to join?" Pussboy asked.

"I am feeling much better, thanks," Evil-I said.

"You are looking *much* better. When did you get so fucking fit?" Candace asked Evil-I, who was an extremely attractive bloke now that he didn't look ill.

"Evil-I is always the pretty one," Pussboy said sorrowfully, and unzipped Evil-I's trousers to expose a visibly larger-than-average cock that was already at half-mast.

"One for each of us, Candi!" Honey said, as if the boys were ice cream cones.

"Gotta get one of those magnum rubbers," Pussboy joked, and demonstrated his ability to apply a condom to his brother's prick with his mouth. The trick elicited cheers from Honey and a stunned silence from Evil-I that made Candace giggle harder. Here she'd been thinking Evil-I was so grizzled and grim, and here he was, looking like she felt: horny and confused.

"Wait wait," Evil-I said after Honey and Pussboy had brought him and Candy within copulation range, "Let's not skip the preliminaries, shall we?"

"She's ready to go, mate," Pussboy said, pointing at Candace's bare and glistening vulva, her puffy lips making her arousal extremely obvious.

"Well, I'm not going to just go in without saying hello," Evil-I said, and knelt to run his tongue along her slit teasingly before reaching her clit and applying the briefest of suction, making Candace jump and cry out with pleasure.

"Oh my god, how did you do that?" Candace asked.

"Practice," Evil-I said with a vaguely familiar smile, and bent back to demonstrate more techniques, now using his hands to knead and massage her bum in time with his tongue. She cried out in ecstasy, which elicited more cheers, but Evil-I just kept going. He seemed to know her body better than she knew it herself, locating and exploiting every erogenous zone she knew of, and identifying some she didn't even know she had.

Somewhere in the midst of it, Kelly and Bam had come into the room, no doubt drawn by Candace's cries, but, seeing her obvious O-face and Evil-I's obvious gentleness, didn't interfere. Instead, Bam and Kelly resumed making out after a few cheers of their own.

Pushed back into the couch cushions by a celebrity sexual virtuoso, cheered by a porn star and a sister who was finally shagging a girl, Candace's euphoria was almost complete.

"Sorry, sorry, you're very good, Mr Evil," Candace whispered into Evil-I's ear, "And I know you haven't had any, you know, orgasms yet. But I think maybe we shouldn't do this."

Evil-I stopped immediately. "Yes, of course. I don't need to have an orgasm."

"Oh, you're so sweet. I'm sorry. I should let you fuck me after all that," Candace said, both

afraid of Evil-I's big dick and wanting to experience a live cock for the first time.

"I enjoyed what I was doing, Candi, you don't owe me anything," Evil-I said gently.

"Oh, you're so nice," Candace said, feeling incredibly selfish to have left Genie to sleep alone on the couch while Candace was enjoying herself. "I need to go find my friend."

"The red-haired one? She's sleeping soundly," Evil-I said firmly.

"Are you sure? I should check on her," Candace insisted and started to shuffle toward the door to the main warehouse space.

"Okay, but let's get you dressed," Evil-I said, and discreetly helped her get her leggings back on and lent her a t-shirt to wear.

Just as Evil-I had said, Genie was passed out on the couch. Snoring even.

"I hadn't thought she'd had so much to drink," Candace commented, then spotted Stiletta, passed out nearby. "Maybe she drank one of that girl's drinks. I think there was something in 'em."

"Assuredly," Evil-I agreed.

"You're really nice. Genie would want me to fuck you. I think she would. Cause she's really nice and wants everyone to be happy. She's the nicest girl in the world."

"Be that as it may, it only matters whether you want to, um, make love to someone."

"God, you are such a sweetheart. Let's go back. Kelly will be so proud of me. Kelly's my sister, and she's the nicest sister in the world."

"Very lucky," Evil-I agreed as Candace pulled him back into the storage closet.

"You're about to get lucky," Candace told him coquettishly.

## Postcoitus

When she woke up on a couch in Elaine's warehouse, Candace realised she had never had a true hangover before. Besides the pounding headache, she noted she was also wearing a shirt that was too big for her and leggings that were stuck to her aching crotch, and she smelt of stale sweat and sex. Someone's arm was around her, which might have been nice under other circumstances, but at that moment she was remembering a night of drunken - and probably drugged - debauchery the likes of which she would never have imagined she might experience. It had been undeniably enjoyable, but it had not been at all secret. There were roadies and Stiletta and all manner of people she hardly knew sleeping everywhere throughout the warehouse, and they couldn't possibly have remained unaware of the veritable orgy in the supply room.

Very slowly, Candace levered herself up to a sitting position, wondering how she came to sleep in Genie's arms. She was also wearing Genie's blouse, which explained why it was too big. Where did her own top go? Was it in the supply room? Where was Evil-I? There he was, ironically sleeping on the couch where Genie had been sleeping last night. Candace's memory

must have been confused, because she had thought that Evil-I had given her his shirt to wear after their marathon lovemaking had ended, but he was definitely still wearing it.

Reaching under her blouse, she confirmed that the nipple rings that she recalled inexplicably appearing on her breasts were just as she remembered. Must be a wish thing. As she considered it, a "memory" of having gotten them from a piercing shop in Jarrow. They had been fun to play with during sex, so not too bad, but they really made her seem like a nympho or something. Not that it had been far from the truth. What *had* been in that drink, and was it regular weird luck or the wish's trickery?

Candace looked down fondly at Genie, sleeping just as dead to the world as she had last night, though silently now. On one hand, Candace felt a little guilty about going off with Evil-I without including Genie, but she felt like Genie would have told her that it was good for the wish. And that anything that pleased Candace was very much what Genie wanted. But if Kelly could shag with Bam, couldn't Candace have... Candace shook her head to get the thought out of her mind.

She groaned at the painful effectiveness of her attempt to distract herself. "Oh, please don't sick up," she begged her stomach.

Genie opened one eye to peer at Candace. "Drink some water."

Candace groaned again at the thought of standing and walking, but Genie's eye closed again, and there seemed to be nothing else to do but to follow orders. She picked up a cup she thought hadn't been used and got some water from the tap. It didn't taste great in her grimy mouth, but it did immediately make her feel better. Another half a cup set her up amazingly well, with almost no discomfort left to speak of. Except her vagina. That still ached.

With the headache gone and her stomach resettled, the sore pussy struck her as more of a badge of honour than a true inconvenience. She had 'smashed' for the first time. With a famous fellow, who was also an incredible lover. Obviously, given his incredible skill, she was one of a legion of women he'd made love to, but that didn't bother her. If anything, it was reassuring, both because it meant that many other women had been able to enjoy some superb sex, and because it meant he probably wouldn't expect anything more from her. As physically attractive and as good in bed as he was, he clearly had a substance abuse problem, and possibly some kind of dysfunctional relationship with Stiletta.

"Candi!" Kelly croaked happily, shuffling up to also partake.

"Good morning Kels. Have some water."

"Thanks."

Candace waited for Kelly to finish the revivifying water. "Isn't it so good?"

"You can say that again. You were a total wildcat," Kelly said as she refilled the cup.

"Pardon?"

"Watching Evil fuck your brains out was one of the hottest," Kelly paused to take another

sip, “Hottest fucking things I’ve ever seen. Pun intended. Honey was right, you would totally dominate in porn.”

“Oh, I just meant the water was good,” Candace said awkwardly.

“Eh, it’s fine. Was that really your first time? With a boy, I mean.”

“Yeah. I had no idea it was so good.”

“It’s not. I mean, that kind of fucking doesn’t come around often. You must be a prodigy.”

“Well, he was the expert. I think the masters can make anyone look good,” Candace said.

“Masters? Evil and Pussboy are supposed to be pretty kinky and all that, but Bam tells me that Puss is usually considered to be the inventive one with all the skills in bed, while Evil just a pretty big prick. Pun intended again.”

“How does she know? Are they a poly triad or something?”

“Not at all. There’s some kind of homoerotic bro dynamic between Evil and Puss, and then there’s whatever’s going on between that Stiletto bird and Evil, but Bam says stays out of it all unless Evil looks like he might go on a bender.”

“Well, she got a little involved last night, didn’t she? We were all packed in that little room, at least.”

“Just because I was a little anxious to make sure you were okay. And then it was just totally hot. For everybody. You don’t have to be straight to appreciate your titties bouncing all over. And those nipple rings! I had no idea you were so kinky! Then you were making those cute little noises leading up to the grand finale. No one had to wonder if you’re enjoying yourself, sis.”

Candace blushed deeply, but still felt a little flattered to think that she’d somehow elevated Evil-I’s efforts so much. Maybe it was some kind of wish side-effect. She’d have to ask Genie when she woke.

Candace didn’t get an opportunity to ask before she had to go to Friday lecture, which she did wearing clean workout clothes Honey lent her. They were a bit pink for Candace, but the top naturally had excellent support and Elaine let her keep a white outfit from the video to wear over the top. The overall look was definitely not sophisticated, but at least there was enough fabric to hide her nipple rings.

She caught more looks and private whispers than usual in her maths class, but it quickly died down. It was only when she arrived for her Subcultural Anthropology lecture that she thought she must have committed a serious solecism, because almost the entire mass of students in the hall stopped what they were doing to look at her.

“Good morning, are you lost?” Professor Khan asked her where she’d stopped at the threshold.

Candace was seized with the idea that she’d walked into the wrong room and she’d interrupted a lecture in progress. “My apologies! What class is this?” Even as soon as she asked,

she winced, because Dr. Khan wouldn't be teaching some other class. "Or is it not Friday?"

"It is Friday," Dr. Khan answered with a bemused smile.

"Then why," Candace began, before she spotted Honey of all people walking across the floor to her, dressed in rather more conservative attire than her own. The situation was becoming more bizarre by the second.

"Candi baby!" Honey greeted her, "Are you in this class too?"

"Hello Honey, I think so, but everyone's staring like I'm not."

Honey laughed and hugged her like they were old friends long separated. "It's not every day they see two girls like us in the same place! I just enrolled today."

Candace realised why everyone was staring. Honey *was* a student at City University after all. "I thought you said you weren't a student?"

"I just said this is my first day! There were paperwork complications but I'm in now. Hey, come sit with me."

Candace could feel all the eyes on them as they made their way to seats, and her boobs felt bigger than ever under their scrutiny. It wasn't a bad sensation, though. Being so buxom had made her feel like an outsider before, but being with someone who shared the load changed the sensation, though. Like when she'd been at Elaine's gallery party with Kelly, walking in front of the other students next to Honey made her feel like she was on the inside of something and it was the *audience* which was outside.

"I apologise about misleading you. We weren't meant to tell anyone ahead of time because of the reality show bit. Though I guess the rumours got out regardless."

"Oh," Candace said, shrugging. "I figured it must be something like that." She silently wondered whether the people she'd seen on her way to class who had been carrying camera gear were involved with Honey's reality show.

"How are you feeling?" Honey leaned close to ask quietly when they sat down.

"Amazing. Just amazing."

Honey laughed. "I bet. That was such a show. I had no idea you had such a sex machine in you."

"Phrasing," Candace said, deflecting Honey's praise.

Honey just rolled her eyes. "Puss was surprised at Evil, too. He'd never seen Evil fuck with such skill and tenderness. I was in lust *and* envy. Have you considered doing it professionally? I'm not talking about the set piece wank porn I used to do, I mean like couples erotica, or even instructional videos. You and Evil."

"As much as I enjoyed it, I think it's a one-time thing."

Honey raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Really?"

Candace shrugged sheepishly. "Okay maybe if our paths cross again, but I'm not looking for a boyfriend."



“Who needs the relationship rubbish? Just hookups for cash,” Honey said, and the start of the lecture meant the end of the conversation.

## Candi Baby

Naturally they walked together after class, which gave Candace the confidence and cheek to strut just a little for the crowd of students behind her queuing up to leave. As they exited, Candace looked back to see who was looking at her bum, which meant she didn’t see the cameras until Honey mentioned them.

“Oh, here’s the crew,” Honey said, as if she’d forgotten they’d be waiting for her. “It was great to see you again Candi baby, but I have to do my thing. Until next time! Mwah.”

Candace hurried away as best she could, but got blocked in by a wall of students signing release forms. She tried to make her way around.

“Candi Baby?” asked a woman waving a document at Candace.

“What?” Candace asked, still walking.

“Can I get your release? It’s a £50 gift card on the spot and £50 for each episode where we use your likeness.”

No wonder the students were so eager to sign the releases. “Oh, I see. How did you know my name?”

“I just overheard,” the young woman said, pleased to have gotten Candace to stop.

“It’s not quite my name,” Candace explained, aware she was contradicting herself but unsure of what she wanted to tell the woman.

“Oh, I know. Write your legal name there, sign and date, and for receipt of the card.”

Candace started to skim it but then considered that it was surely boilerplate stuff if they were having dozens of students sign. She put pen to paper before remembering stories of over broad releases getting naive girls in trouble. She paused again.

“Do you have a concern?” the woman asked.

“I don’t know. Can I just ask Honey about it first?”

“I think she’s busy right now,” the woman said apologetically.

“Can I get back to you later, then?”

“Um, they want us to get everyone right away if possible? But I can answer any questions you might have!”

Candace plucked at her lower lip as she contemplated Honey talking with a reporter and her cameraman while another set of cameras captured the whole exchange from an angle that didn’t show the students signing releases.

“What’s the ‘Lead’ project?” Candace asked, referring to the term on the release form.

“It’s just the working name of the show.”

“I still feel like I should talk to Honey before I sign anything.”

“It’s okay Teresa,” a man said, walking up on the two of them, “I’ll take it from here. Hello Candi, my name is Roger Caine and I’m a casting assistant to the executive producer. You’re a friend of Ms Mallinson’s?”

“Who?” Candace asked, though she remembered it was Honey’s real surname after she asked.

“Oh, Honey Mallinson, AKA Honey Melons.”

“Right, I knew that,” Candace said, feeling very stupid.

“You’ve worked with her recently, I expect?”

“Yeah, this week, actually,” Candace agreed, trying to emphasise the recency so he wouldn’t think she was an adult actress.

“Great great. Tell you what. We’re planning on shooting a scene at an exclusive event tonight. Honey will be there, and if it goes well, you could get cast as a season guest.”

“I have to work tonight.”

“You can’t cancel?” he asked.

“Not this close to the start, and besides I’m supposed to close out.”

He smiled. “Congratulations. Well, for now, I’m prepared to offer a one-time release for £150, further appearances to be negotiated. How does that sound?”

Thinking about the approaching weekend in Norwich, Candace gave in. “Sure, sounds fair.”

As she was signing his form, he said, “I can see why Honey has taken you as her protege. You really have the perfect look.”

“Uh, thanks?” Candace answered awkwardly as she rushed through the form to get away from the unctuous man.

“Really, I’m not at all surprised you’re feature performer. But with a little exposure I bet you could go on tour.”

“What? Oh, you mean,” Candace blushed. Caine thought she was a stripper.

He winked at her confusion. “I’m sure I’ll see you around, Candi Baby.”

“And then I remembered that I’d signed under ‘Candi Baby’, so now I feel a perfect idiot,” Candace told Kelly later.

“I don’t know, ‘Candy Baby’ is a pretty cute stripper name,” Kelly teased.

“Kels! You aren’t taking this seriously.”

“I’m taking it as seriously as it deserves, Candi. He thought something about you that wasn’t true. So what?”

“But now he thinks I’m a stripper!”

“Why is that so bad?” Kelly asked, “Do you think strippers should be ashamed?”

That brought Candace up short. “No, I just... What made me mad was... Well, it was so

presumptuous?”

“To think that someone who works with Honey is a lowly stripper rather than a grand and noble barista? Come off it, sis.”

“Wait, you haven’t...”

“No, but what if I had? Would you look down on me?” Kelly asked.

“No! Of course, never no!” Candace said, “But I know you.”

“And don’t know them. So you shouldn’t judge.”

Candace was furious at being caught out, but had to acknowledge Kelly was right. “Okay, you win. I’m a judgmental cunt.”

“No, Candi!” Kelly said, and gave her a little squeeze, “It’s really hard to always notice the ways society makes us think in its boxes. Just remember - just because you like to keep your nipple rings for yourself doesn’t mean there’s anything wrong with sharing. Though you should at least share with your sister!”

“Kels!”

Kelly coloured. “I didn’t mean it like that! I just meant I was a little sad that you hadn’t mentioned them to me before.”

“What was I supposed to say? ‘Hi sis, haven’t seen you in years, I have nipple rings now’?”

Kelly grinned. “More like, ‘Good morning sis, would you like cheddar in your omelette and also observe my pierced nips.’”

“Kels!” Candace said again, and threw a couch pillow at her sister.

“I’m sorry I left you with a bunch of strangers all day,” Candace told Genie.

The magical woman belly-laughed. “I have some experience surviving amongst people I just met, mistress.”

“Fair point. But, um, could you not call me mistress? It makes me sad.”

“Of course, Candi Baby,” Genie said mischievously.

“What’s gotten into you today? First you were a total slug this morning, and now you’re all jolly.”

“I’m just happy you’re doing so well,” Genie said.

“I *am* doing pretty well, aren’t I? And it’s not even quite a week since we met. Thank you.” Candace took Genie’s hands and looked into her eyes to make sure Genie knew she was genuinely grateful.

“You’re very welcome,” Genie said, withdrawing her hands and turning away hastily. “But it is my role. My purpose.”

“No it isn’t!” Candace objected, “Not your purpose. Becoming a genie didn’t take away your personhood. You’re just a magical person now, and your purpose is still to live your best life.”

“In a bottle, compelled to grant wishes,” Genie finished for her. “I’m always pleased when I

get to serve someone who deserves it, so this *is* my best life.”

Candace’s face fell, but Genie stopped her from responding. “It’s fine. Really. You make it sound like it’s so bleak, and there are things I wish I could experience but never will, but I also get to experience so many things other people don’t. I have seen a human walk on the Moon itself. Candi, when I was a child, it took three months to get from Londinium to Palmyra. I have learned that the Sun is a star, and the stars are the suns of other worlds, and that there were once true dragons, in the form of dinosaurs. I have seen kings replaced by democracy, slavery abolished, and women given the right to vote. And marry who they chose. Even other women, if they please. Who knows what is yet to come and I might live see it. I am very fortunate in my way.”

Candace bit her lip. “I suppose that does have its points. But what do you mean ‘might’ live to see it? It’s pretty guaranteed, isn’t it?”

“Well, I can never be sure I won’t end up in the bottom of the ocean.”

Genie was smiling as if this was supposed to be an amusing statement, but Candace was horrified. “That can’t happen, can it? It can’t, right?”

“Well, I can only end up in a basically intact bottle, but I do somewhat worry about ending up in a landfill. I was stuck in a rubbish heap near Cologne from the Great War until the early 1920s, and I really have no idea what happened to my vessel between 1998 and last week. Either way, I’m not sure if I’ve had good luck so far or if there’s a magical reason I haven’t been lost for centuries. Still, it’s always an adventure, and I do get to meet some wonderful people sometimes,” she added, smiling at Candace.

“But you don’t get to stay with them for more than a few weeks at month, right? I’m not a very social person, but that seems very hard.”

“It was difficult for the first few centuries, but I have accustomed myself. We all must accustom ourselves to our circumstances eventually.”

“Not all of us. I got a wish granted instead,” Candace pointed out.

Genie laughed. “Well, you’ve had some things to accustom yourself to since, haven’t you? How are you feeling about those nipple rings that you haven’t even mentioned to me?”

Candace was startled. “They’d slipped my mind, with everything else that’s happened. I reckon I’ve adjusted to them already.”

“Maybe you’ll even get accustomed to being Candi Baby.”

“Not likely,” Candace growled, but she actually felt pretty good.

## To Norwich

Candace woke up with two things pressing down on her. One was that she hadn’t yet told

Kelly that they'd be leaving for the weekend without her, and the other was her breasts.

The breast thing wasn't that new, of course, but they just really felt big and heavy, like she was retaining water, even though she'd just had her period. She didn't feel achy or tense, though, and if they pooched out of the top of demi she'd selected for the day, it was only very slightly so, definitely not enough to notice under her summer dress. Probably the consequence of the really salty beef stew from the previous night, she decided, and steeled herself to break the news to her sister.

Instead of being upset at not being invited to Norwich, Kelly was almost giddy.

"It's not a date, Kels," Candace told her.

"I know it's not, but still. She's taking you to meet her family, so..."

"How is that significant if we're not even dating?" Candace said, rolling her eyes.

"It just is. Trust me," Kelly said, as if she was years rather than minutes older.

"How would you know, if you don't have steady boyfriends?"

"I used to. That's why I don't any more. I was actually proposed to once. It was an horrible experience, but it taught me to read the signs. I bet you fifty quid that she's thinking about it."

"That she's thinking about proposing? That's daft!"

"No, silly," Kelly said, rolling her eyes, "I mean, she's considering making a move on you."

"You're on. You win if she makes a serious move by Valentine's day, I win if we're not even dating," Candace said, feeling a little bad about taking her sister's money based on a baldfaced lie about visiting Genie's family, but also felt like Kelly's condescension deserved a drubbing. Also, maybe it was insurance against Kelly deciding to chase Genie after all.

"I accept those terms," Kelly said. "Oh, are you okay for money?"

"Yeah, after Elaine paid I'm doing fine."

"Remember to take flats. You might be a heels prodigy, but if you have to travel all day, it's going to hurt."

"I'll be fine, Kels. I'm just sitting in a train."

"You should still take them." Her face fell slightly.

"What is it?" Candace asked.

"Oh, I just remembered that I'd made plans to meet Jeff, but now you won't be there. Hopefully he won't think it's because you don't like him."

"Kels, I don't think he'll even notice. Remember, he's only seen me with stringy black hair and wearing an oversized jumper as a tent."

Kelly giggled. "Yeah, but he'd look twice now! Especially once that video drops."

"Will that happen soon?" Candace asked, caught between worry about becoming a minor celebrity bimbo and hope that it would satisfy the wish magic that it had made her the biggest bimbo at City University, Honey and her volleyboobs notwithstanding.

"Pretty soon, at least. Bam said the band's label wanted it by next Thursday, so it must be

moving quickly.”

“Well, it doesn’t matter when it comes out, because he won’t have seen it by tonight and I’ll just have been your slag sister he talked to for a minute one time.”

“Slag? Even if you didn’t show this off,” Kelly said, motioning at Candace’s busty body, “He might still have noticed. Boys are always trying to figure out if girls are hot under their clothes, right?”

“I’m quite sure he didn’t find me out,” Candace said, containing her amusement.

Kelly shrugged and moved on to the next topic. “Do you have to work tomorrow night?”

“Yeah, every Sunday,” Candace confirmed.

“Do you mind if I bring someone in? I want to play a little trick on them.”

“Sure, but what’s the trick?” Candace asked warily.

“I haven’t figured out yet, but don’t worry. It’s not anything mean.”

“Of course, Kels, you would never play a mean joke.”

Kelly laughed mischievously. “Not *very* mean, at least. I’ll text you. Thanks Candi! This is going to be so much fun!”

The ride to Norwich was occupied with teaching Genie card games and fending off men attempting to chat them up. At first Genie had stared them down, but Candace had noticed how hungrily Genie watched the countryside rolling past out the window and swapped with her so she could look out.

“Oh, it’s fun n’all,” Candace told Genie to explain why she was exchanging seats, “I never got a chance to tell lads off before.” Both were lies, of course. She hated the fake smoothness and persistence of the sorts of fellows who didn’t scruple to butt in on their card playing, and she’d been hit on by greasier characters even when she’d been fat and nondescript. Somewhat to her advantage, though, she could now pretend to be invincibly dense in order to dodge their insinuations and they would believe that she was dumb enough to be earnest. In the one instance when that wasn’t enough to make them give up, Genie leaned in to tell the fool, “She’s underage, you know.”

That sent the man on his way, sputtering denials and nearly killing Candace with the desire to laugh.

“That was a brilliant performance, you know,” the man across the isle told them as he got to fetch his luggage prior to disembarking. Despite his receding hairline, noticeable gut, and somewhat heavy features, there was something endearing about his kind smile.

Candace laughed, “Thank you! When did you figure it out?”

“Oh, it was obvious from the start. I play All Fours myself and could see you’re good at the game.”

“You saw that, did you? Why didn’t you say something? I bet we could have found a fourth.”

He blushed and looked uncomfortable. “Well, I’m not usually one to break in on... two very pretty girls. Women. Who probably get hit on by.. Who I watched get hit on by every bloke on the train. So I figured I’d leave you be. Until now, because now you know you won’t be stuck with me trying to chat you up for the rest of the trip.”

Candace frowned. “Well, you’re sweet, but I would have welcomed a friendly game of All Fours, including chatting with someone nice who doesn’t stare at my chest the whole time.”

“Um, it would have been hard, I mean, a challenge for me, too. You’re the most gorgeous women I’ve ever seen with my own eyes, and smart, too, and I need to go now before I put my foot in it any worse. Bye!”

He basically ran away, even though the train was still some distance from the stop. His slightly hunched posture gave Candace a pretty good idea why.

“Poor fellow,” Candace sighed. “I know a bit how he feels. I’m just lucky I didn’t have a prick to give me away.”

“It is a shame that the sweet ones mostly keep to themselves, while the popinjays turn up relentlessly,” Genie agreed.

“I wish I could fulfil a fantasy for the sweet ones. I bet they’d be very considerate in bed and appreciate it. But I wouldn’t want them to think it was out of pity or anything.”

“Yet, it is, isn’t it?”

“No! It’s because they’re people. Nice people, and it would be fun to... hmm, recognise that, as long as it’s safe. But it’s so difficult to know which are the truly nice boys and which are the ‘nice guys’ who turn out to be misogynists.” Candace shuddered at an unpleasant memory.

“So, for your wish, you want to know who is truly nice and who isn’t?” Genie asked to clarify.

“Oh! I hadn’t meant it like that!” Candace exclaimed.

“Candi, you are much too liberal with your use of the phrase, especially since you are so often earnest,” Genie scolded her. “You better go give him a way to contact you.”

“You’re right!” Candace agreed. “It doesn’t have to go anywhere, but I think it’ll make him feel good regardless.”

Genie opened her mouth to explain something, but Candace hurried over to where the man stood facing away.

“Hey,” she said, and touched him lightly on the arm.

“Uh, hello again?” he said blushing, positioning his hands on the handle to his baggage to partly obscure his raging hard-on.

“Give me your hand,” Candace said, taking out a felt marker.

“Uh, why?” he asked, complying with her request.

“So I can give you my digits,” she said, feeling her nipples harden with pleasure at the thought of how sexy it was to be writing her number on his hand. He held very still as she did.

“What’s your name?” Candace asked.

“Jonathan,” he said.

“Text me, Jonathan,” she told him with a wink.

“I have a girlfriend,” he objected.

“Does she like girls?” she asked as the doors opened, “Because I do!”

That left him speechless until the doors had re-closed between them.

“That was much more enjoyable than I would have thought,” Candace confided in Genie when she got back to her seat. “I don’t think he’ll text, but still, I think I at least maybe made him feel good about himself. There’s some real upsides to looking like this.”

“I’m glad to hear it. What if he does text?”

“Probably I’ll fob him off like usual. But maybe I won’t. I reckon I’ll decide what to do if it happens, not before.”

“Are you seriously considering sleeping with him just because he seems nice?” Genie asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe not, you know, vaginal.” Candace stopped to contemplate the memory of being rogered by Evil-I’s huge cock. “But maybe a hand-job?”

“Have you ever masturbated a man before?” Genie asked.

“Um, no, but it seems like it’s pretty easy,” Candace said, making the motions with her hand.

Genie just shook her head and chuckled. “They’ve had much more practice than you have, and there is technique to it. You might want to ask Kelly for advice.”

“Or Honey,” Candace said, “I bet she’d love telling me all about it. God, I can’t believe I’m talking like this. I really am sort of turning into a bimbo, aren’t I? The curious thing is that I don’t mind nearly as much as I thought I would. I think because I know it’s temporary I feel like I can enjoy it freely without worrying excessively about the consequences.”

“That’s good to hear,” Genie said, “Especially since I think you’re in a bit of an arms race with Honey, now that she’s enrolled at your university.”

“That’s the nipple rings, right?”

“That and your breasts growing again.”

“Are they? They did feel heavy this morning,” Candace said, hefting them absent-mindedly to feel their weight. “Wait, does this mean they’re going to get as big as Honey’s tomorrow morning?” The thought was very alarming.

“No, I don’t think it will be anything as extreme as that; the wish would need material to work with. Most likely it’s merely your breast growth condition returning, I think, which would not grow your breasts faster than such a condition normally could. Plus, it can’t grow your breasts a great deal overnight because it can’t summon mass on its own.”

“That’s a relief,” Candace said, relaxing slightly.

“Still, you shouldn’t push that assumption too far. It’s going to have to make the wish come true one way or another. Perhaps...”



“What?” Candace asked anxiously.

“I’m just thinking that it would perhaps be better if Honey was persuaded to disenroll, until the wish’s timeframe is up.”

Candace’s skin crawled. “Don’t do anything mean to her! She doesn’t deserve it!”

Genie looked startled. “I wasn’t planning anything very nasty.”

“Well, don’t do anything even a little nasty. She’s a good person and it’s not her fault I’m in a tight spot.”

“You are too ethical for your own good,” Genie sighed.

“That’s ethics for you,” Candace said drily.

Genie laughed and shook her head. “Alright. We’ll just have to see how to win the arms race, then.”

“But first, it’s Norwich, innit?” Candace said, not wanting to ruin Genie’s trip, “We can consider what to do tomorrow.”

## Hunting

After leaving their baggage at the hotel and stowing Genie’s vessel in the room safe, their first destination was Norwich Castle, which they visited straightaway before it closed for the evening. Candace had hoped to surprise Genie with a building she might remember, but was disappointed.

“I’m afraid I was in the Seljuk Empire when this was built. If there’s anything I’ll recognise it’ll be in a village called Caistor St Edmund, a ways south of here.”

“Oh dear! How far?” Candace asked, checking on her phone without waiting for Genie’s answer.

“About an hour on foot. But let’s see what there is here. There’s a museum, right? I think I would like to see the artefacts therein.”

“Oh, good. And it should be very reasonable to call a car to take us that far.”

Genie seemed very interested in the surroundings as they purchased tickets at the front desk, but declined the offer of joining the final tour of the day, saying she just wanted to see the exhibits. Candace was surprised to see Genie so assertive and didn’t question her. She was definitely searching for something, because she walked right past Saxon and Viking artefacts that she would have thought would be of particular interest, until they rounded a corner to encounter a chariot, of all things, with a Roman soldier just around another corner.

“What is this doing here?” Candace asked, looking around for the card to explain it.

“It is... a chariot. Somewhat like the chariots of my youth.”

“Were you a Roman?”

Genie gave her an unreadable look. “Not exactly.”

“Wait, were you Boudicca?”

Genie gave her a grim smile and shook her head. “I expect my name is utterly lost to time.”

“I’m sorry.”

“No, it was part of the deal.”

“What deal? The one that made you a genie?”

Genie nodded, looking carefully around the room, her eyes coming to rest on some ancient coins.

“So you were a Briton, right? In Roman Britain?” Candace asked excitedly.

“Yes.”

“Should I stop asking questions? I’m sorry if I’m prying.”

Genie didn’t answer, still looking hard at the coins, and Candace fell silent.

“These are all old coins,” Genie mused.

“Well, yes. You can’t expect us to still be minting them, can you?” Candace said, trying to lighten the mood.

“I mean, they were old when I was a child.” She turned to look at the Roman soldier with discontent, and walked over to a short history of the Iceni tribe. “Let’s look around a bit more.”

“What are we looking for?”

“Maybe Roman things.”

“Well, there’s some right here.”

“Right, but this isn’t what I’m looking for,” Genie said. “I was expecting more coins. Newer coins. Maybe some pottery will explain it, or jewellery, like the Snettisham Hoard. But not that one, because it’s even older than the coins. Or the other one they’ve got in London, which is a bunch of Roman baubles.”

“May I ask why?”

“Yes,” Genie said, but then didn’t answer for a moment as she returned to studying the coins. “I’m sorry, but is it possible to call a car to take us to Caistor St Edmund straightaway?”

“Of course! This trip is meant to be for you!” Candace said. Genie’s strange intensity both frightened her and made her long to somehow prove herself useful. Genie was so hot and menacing all at once when she was like this.

“Would you like to take a rubbing of the ancient Iceni coins?” a docent asked, noting Genie’s focus on them.

“Really? Can they be removed from the case?” Genie asked.

“Oh, not those,” the docent clarified, “These replicas, which were cast from plaster dies made from the real ones, so they’re very accurate.”

“I see. Well, okay. How does one do that?”

“You just take one of these slips of paper and a pencil, and rub it lightly over the top, like so,” the docent said, demonstrating for them. “If you look carefully, you can find many kinds of

coins in there, including Roman coins.”

“Of course,” Genie said. “Thank you.”

“Would you like to make rubbings?” the docent asked Candace with a singsong voice as if speaking to a child.

“No thank you,” Candace said, and waited with her thumb ready to call a car as soon as Genie decided she was done.

“Photography is allowed,” the docent reassured her, evidently misinterpreting Candace’s pose.

“Okay, thank you,” Candace said, wishing the woman would go away, both because she really wanted Genie to tell her what was going on, and because she didn’t want to make the woman feel like she was the reason they were suddenly leaving the museum.

“Do you have any questions?” the docent asked.

“Does the museum have any more artefacts from this period?” Genie asked.

“Not on display, no. Do you have a particular interest?”

“Yes, I want to know what became of the Iceni. Who was king after Boudicca fell?”

“I don’t think there was a king, because the Iceni were defeated and the royal family enslaved, or something of that nature. It was a very brutal time,” the docent said.

Genie nodded thoughtfully. “I think we need to go, or we’ll miss supper.”

“Okay, I’ve called a car,” Candace said, and they went outside to wait.

“Can you tell me what’s going on?”

“I don’t think so,” Genie said with a note of apology, “But I don’t understand why Boudicca’s army failed at Lactodorum.”

“What is Lactodorum?”

“It was a Roman fort near where the hopes of the Iceni died.”

Candace didn’t know what to say to that, so she left Genie alone to think.

“We should just walk,” Genie said abruptly.

“For an hour on country roads, wearing heels?”

Genie nodded. “You’re right.”

“What’s going on?” Candace asked, then followed with, “Never mind, I know you can’t say. But this is very mysterious.” But exciting. She felt like she was part of something important and magical, an ancient saga reaching its climax.

“Hullo girls!” a red-faced sausage of a driver greeted them, “Demmed fine to see ya! Going to Caistor?”

“Yes we are,” Candace confirmed, irritated at his intrusion on her mystical moment, and also a little worried at the way his windows were all down and the man’s face was nearly dripping sweat. “I take it your aircon isn’t working.”

“I’m afraid it en’t,” he agreed jovially, “But ya can get in so the wind cool us off!”

Candace anticipated an uncomfortably sociable ride as the man attempted to chat them up, but she wronged him. Besides offering them a bottle of cool water, the driver seemed content to hum and bob his head along to Abba playing out of a genuine cassette deck. The interior of the car was, though run down, clean and comfortable, with fresh white terrycloth spread over the cracked seats and draped over the back.

Candace watched Genie as they rode, but besides being lost in thought, no emotion showed on her face. Compared to her normal relaxed pleasant expression, however, it struck Candace as ominous somehow. Then Genie's expression changed as they left the city, crossing over the River Yare into the countryside.

"Can we stop here?" Genie asked.

"Pardon?" the man asked, "We en't but half there, miss." He was slowing down regardless.

"There's something I want to see."

"If you're sure," the man asked, locking eyes with Candace in the the rear view.

"Yes please," Candace said, intensely interested to see what had caught Genie's attention, but not wanting to ask until they were alone.

"Do you want me to wait here?" he asked, stopped by the side of the road.

"Could you please?" Candace asked, comparing her heels to the chancy shoulder of the road.

"'Tis no trouble 'tall," he said, and turned up the music slightly after they got out.

"Why are we here?" Candace asked Genie.

"I need to go take a look at that," Genie said, pointing at a tower for high voltage transmission lines.

"That specific one?"

"Maybe," Genie said, descending a small set of stairs to reach a short path terminating in a livestock gate.

"Um, can I just wait here?" Candace asked, feeling her heels threatening to sink into the soil.

"Yes of course mistress," Genie said absently as the gate's padlock sprung open at her touch.

Being called 'mistress' hurt for some reason, and Candace contemplated why as Genie made her way across the field. It wasn't the title itself, as Genie had definitely used it before, and it wasn't just because Genie hadn't been paying attention to Candace. It was because it revealed that Genie still thought of Candace as just another person who had rubbed her vessel and thus won three wishes. But then, naturally Genie had to guard her heart against becoming attached to any given mistress, so it was unfair of Candace to expect to be special.

Genie didn't go to the transmission tower after all. Instead she went to a small depression in the field near it and walked in a circle, kneeling down every few paces.

"Everything alright?" the driver asked after Genie had been walking in circles for a few minutes.

"Yes, everything is fine."

“Oh, your friend found the henge,” he commented from his place on the roadside, “Not much to see now.”

“Pardon?” Candace asked.

“You know, like Stonehenge.”

“Where?” Candace asked, looking harder.

“It’s just yon where she is. Or so they say. Whatever’s left is under the turf. Not even many Norwich bred and born know about it, though.”

A shiver went down her spine. “I didn’t know about it. But I reckon Genie did.”

“She don’t sound like she’s local,” he said, “She one of them sensitives?”

Candace shrugged, and the consequent surge of her breasts distracted him slightly. “Well, I’ll leave you be,” he said, and went back to listening to his music.

Two catcalls from passing cars and a very warm quarter hour later, the mystique had worn off and Candace was very ready for Genie to return so they could continue.

“Did you find what you were looking for?” she asked Genie, who looked as hot and uncomfortable as Candace felt.

“I wasn’t precisely looking for anything. I simply noticed something lingering that I would not have expected.”

“The henge you were looking at?”

“Pardon, what is a ‘henge’?” Genie asked.

“Like Stonehenge,” Candace explained, as if this was something she’d known before that afternoon.

Genie looked at her blankly.

“Let’s go. Do you still want to go to Caistor St Edmund?”

“Yes, please. Thank you for being patient with me, Candi.”

Despite the heat, Candace gave Genie a little hug before getting back in the car. “I’m just glad I’m not wasting your time.”

“You’re worried that *you* are wasting *my* time?” Genie asked.

“Yeah. You only have so much time outside the bottle, right?” Candace murmured, trying to keep her voice low enough that the driver wouldn’t hear.

“That’s not quite... Well, let’s just get going.”

## Encounters

Caistor St Edmund was a tiny village, basically a collection of buildings near a church and a hotel on the road to Stoke Holy Cross. The driver dropped them off at the hotel, housed in what Candace took to be a Georgian country house.

Its sign identified it as The Boudicca Hotel, Restaurant & Bar.

“Is this where we’re supposed to be?” Candace asked.

“Let’s see,” Genie said, and led the way into a very bright and modern interior, finished with trendy materials and an open airy plan.

“Welcome!” a sunburnt middle-aged woman greeted them from the front desk.

“Hello,” Genie said abstractedly, looking around at the interior.

“Are you here for yoga?”

Candace giggled. “Yoga?”

“Yes, the class is starting soon. We have many different events and activities here.”

“We’re looking for someone named Prasu, or Prasto, or something like that. A white-haired man above 60 years of age,” Genie asked, and Candace’s heart beat faster at the deepening mystery.

“That sounds like old Paul. He does magic for the children sometimes as ‘Presto Paul’. He might be at the bar, though it’s a bit early for him.”

Candace broke out in goosebumps. Who could Presto Paul be? A former master? Someone Genie had found online? What would he think when he saw the two of them?

“Thank you. The bar is this way?”

“It is, yes,” the woman said and moved on to help the couple that was lugging their baggage up the stairs.

“Who is Presto Paul?” Candace murmured to Genie as they walked into the restaurant.

“Maybe no one,” Genie said, “But I suspect he’s a druid.”

“A druid?”

“Yes.”

“Like a wizard?”

“Hmph. Like a wizard.”

“Afternoon ladies!” the barkeep greeted them. “Thirsty?”

Candace deployed her friendliest smile as she requested lemonades. As much as she could have used a little alcohol to calm her nerves, it didn’t seem wise to face ancient magic whilst pissed.

“So, what should I do when he comes in?” Candace asked.

Genie looked at Candace over the top of her glass for a silent moment before saying, “Maybe it would be safest if you went to the loo when he enters.”

“Are we in danger?”

“Probably not, but it wouldn’t hurt to be cautious.”

“Is he a bad person?”

Genie took another swallow of her drink before answering. “Maybe.”

“I wish I could help you more,” Candace lamented.

“You’re doing plenty, Candi,” Genie said, patting Candace’s hand, “Order some red wine for

me to sip, and I'll relieve myself now."

Genie hurried to the restroom while Candace sat anxiously. What if the druid entered while Genie was away? But then she reminded herself that there was nothing remarkable about her and he wouldn't pay any attention.

Which was a stupid, outdated view of herself, she recalled as a white-haired man who looked to be well into his 70s entered the bar and took a long, appreciative look before coming to her directly. "Well, I know you're not from around here! I would have remembered you for sure," he said, sitting down on the far side of Genie's vacant seat. Fortunately there was no seat on Candace's other side because she was at the end of the bar.

"Are you a local?" Candace said, as if this would be an impressive feat.

"I reckon I'm about as local as a body can get," he confirmed, motioning to barkeep for his regular, "Are you from London? No, you're from up north, I can tell."

"I am! How did you know?" Candace said, feeling chilled but acting charmed.

"Oh, I've been around awhile," he said, waggling his eyebrows, "I've learned some things."

There was something captivating and disarming about his eyebrows, and her nipples tightened with unbidden arousal.

"Did you want something else?" the barkeep asked Candace as he placed a stout in front of the white-haired man, and she was surprised to find her lemonade empty.

"The house red, and a water," Candace answered

"Red wine for your lady friend?" he asked.

"How did you know?!" Candace said, not having to fake her light-headedness now. She could tell that the man was influencing her somehow, but she couldn't think of what to do about it. She couldn't give away that she knew there was something afoot, could she?

"Just a guess," he said, and tapped the base of the wine glass when it was put down.

"Wow," Candace said, and found herself dribbling water in her lap when she tried to drink.

"Whoops!" the man said jovially, and dabbed at her crotch with a cocktail napkin, each light touch infusing her with lust. "My, but you *are* a bimbo, aren't you?" he murmured to himself, seemingly confident that she was entirely under his spell, "Is your friend a much of a slut as you are, lass?"

"No," she responded helplessly. When the back of his hand brushed over her nipples they swelled with need as an unbidden vision of herself as a new mother giving milk for her babies surfaced in her mind.

"What's her name?"

"I don't know," she managed to answer instead of referring to her as Genie. She did *not* want to become mother to this man's children. Though it would be nice not to worry about studies and money and just... She shook her head, trying to clear it.

"You don't know your friend's name? Is she your friend or your lover?"

“Umm,” she said, unsure of how to answer.

“By Epona, you are almost perfect,” he said, and touched her lips. “Shh.” Candace found her lips feeling suddenly tight and swollen.

“Don’t touch her,” Genie said.

“She doesn’t mind, do you?”

Candace found herself unable to move her lips as she shook her head.

“Remove your geas, Paul” Genie demanded.

Paul’s eyes widened. “A geas? What do you imagine yourself to be?”

“A person who is going to have a conversation with you, and to whom you are going to tell the truth.”

“I think you should just calm down, lass,” Paul said reasonably, reaching out to almost touch Genie on her shoulder in an avuncular way.

Genie shrugged out of his reach. “Remove the geas, or I will destroy you.”

“Destroy me, witch? You think you can? I’m older and more powerful than you can imagine.”

“I think your powers have waned, Prasto. If they were ever half as powerful as you claimed, which I begin to believe they were not.”

No one else at the bar seemed to have noticed the heated discussion, but the nearest couple nevertheless abruptly decided to move several seats down.

“Who are you?” He asked again, a note of fear creeping into his voice.

“Your little niece, don’t you remember?”

“I don’t have any n...” He stopped as something terrible seemed to dawn on him.  
“Dornollë?”

“Ah, you *do* remember the teenaged girl you sold to a slave-trading Assyrian warlock.”

He smiled awkwardly. “Congratulations! You won your way free of the lamp! You are indeed a great sorceress now. I of course apologise for treading on what is yours. I’ll just, uh... if you will permit me to touch her again to recall the geases?”

“No, you can keep your hands to yourself. Just break the links. I’ll clean up your mess later.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said obsequiously, and suddenly Candace felt like she was in full control of her body again.

“So have you been malingering here debauching women with your cantrips ever since you abandoned your oath to Boudicca and all the united Brittonic tribes?”

“I tried to fulfil my oath. It just... the Romans were too strong.”

Genie - or Dornollë - looked unimpressed with that defence. “That is not what you told me, or my aunt. Shall I quote you? The words are still burned in my mind. They were my solace when I gave up my honour, my dignity, my identity.”

“I was young and didn’t grasp what we were up against.”



“Young? You must have been a century older than general Suetonius. Besides, historians say that we outnumbered them greatly.”

“They had their own wizards,” he pleaded.

“Who didn’t hunt you down after the battle, for some reason,” she said skeptically.

“No, they did,” he said bitterly.

“Oh,” Genie said, her eyes widening, “And now you are bound here.”

He nodded. “But you could unbind me. And I would do anything you ask, I swear it.”

“I’ve had enough of your oaths. Besides, I’m not a sorceress just yet, and you have trifled with my mistress. She *could* ask me to free you, and she is compassionate enough to have spent a wish to free you, if you hadn’t already revealed that you are not a man who deserves such a gift.”

“Come on, I meant no harm. She would have enjoyed it!”

“Don’t lie to me,” Genie warned him.

“I’m not lying! I’m always very good with the children!”

Despite her resolve to stay out of the conversation, Candace’s hand impacted the wizard’s face with all her furious might.

Whatever bubble had prevented the other people in the bar from noticing the intense conversation collapsed, and the barkeep intervened. “What’s happening over here. Paul, did you say something inappropriate to these two young ladies?”

“It’s just a misunderstanding,” Paul said, holding his cheek and giving Candace a wounded look as if he couldn’t understand why she was angry.

Candace covered her mouth in shock at what she’d done, also fearful that she had somehow ruined some magic Genie had created.

Genie, however, just started laughing as she tossed off most of her glass of wine in a single gulp. “Well, I suppose we’ll be going. Perhaps we’ll meet again, since I know just where to meet you.”

“I’m sure you will, since I’m the one person who could unbind *you*!” he shot back in a furious mutter.

“Clearly not, or you would have known I was still a djinn, liar. Let’s go, Candace.”

Candace gave the barkeep and the other patrons a nervous smile. They didn’t seem to be paying as much attention now, and the barkeep’s expression didn’t indicate that he’d heard the quiet exchange. “Okay.”

“Wait! Wait! You’re making a mistake! I could really help you!” Paul said, following them out of the hotel.

“I’ve had enough of your help, too,” Genie said.

“I’m speaking to your mistress, genie!”

Genie looked furious, but stopped.

“Why should I listen to you?” Candace challenged him.

“Because you’re clearly falling prey to your genie’s influence and don’t know the danger. Did you know that the ordinary way for a djinn to free himself is to trick his master into making a wish that would cause the master to replace the djinn in the lamp?”

Candace looked at Genie’s face in the light of the setting sun, and saw that the old druid was telling the truth. “So? I already made a wish like that, and she refused to grant it.”

That startled both Genie and Paul.

“What do you mean?” Genie asked.

“I said I wished I could make you happy somehow. If you were free, wouldn’t that make you happy?”

Genie seemed unable to respond to that.

“Then you need my help even more than I thought,” Paul said. “If you wish for your genie to unbind my curse, then I can break her lamp and prevent her from putting you in her place.”

“Would that hurt her?”

“It’s entirely painless.”

“What else would happen to her? Would she become a sorceress?”

“She would just stop being a genie.”

“Would you like that?” Candace asked Genie.

“Maybe someday,” Genie said, “But not now.”

Candace didn’t even realise that she’d harboured hope that Genie might want to give up being a genie in order to stay with her until she felt the hope crush inside her. But of course it was a very stupid hope. Why would she think that, of all the people Genie had met, *Candace* of all people would be the one? She blinked and tried to put it out of her mind. “Sounds like there’s no deal to be made, then, Paul.”

“Are you mad? I just told you that at any time she could shove you in the vessel to take her place, and then she would get to keep some of her powers. If you deal with me, you’ll be safe, and I’ll owe you a boon. Ask her, she can’t lie to her mistress.”

“Is that true?” Candace asked Genie.

“It is not a lie,” Genie answered grudgingly.

Candace looked at Genie for a long time, then at the smug druid. “I’ll take my chances.”

“What?! Are you daft? She already admitted it was the truth.”

“And she’s already had every opportunity to lead me astray, but hasn’t. I can’t say the same for you.”

“You dumb cunt, even if she’s the sweetest djinn alive, she doesn’t control the wish magic completely. One slip and you’re in the lamp, lass. And don’t think it’s all fun and games in there, lass. There’s a reason they call it Zoroaster’s Purgatory.”

“Tell me, Paul, what did she do to deserve spending two thousand years in Zoroaster’s Purgatory?” Candace asked.

He struggled to respond, and Candace turned to Genie. "Can you tell me?"

"No. Or at least, if I tell the story, I'd have to leave out the key parts," Genie said.

"She wanted her sister to marry a Roman consul and her lover to be queen of the Iceni," he said, "Which required her uncle to 'die', her aunt to drive the Roman legions from Britannia, and negotiate from a position of strength. But the Romans came with their own wizards, from Macedon and Judea. I had to do a little deal with the Judean or I would also have been taken, and I was the greatest of the druids. Without me, all would have been wiped out."

"You already knew you would betray me, then, and for what? They were wiped out anyway!" Genie spit.

"You weren't the only one who sacrificed, Dornollë! I gave up the kingship! And you asked for too much. Even a Great Wish weakens when you're dealing in the fates of others."

"What came of Ailidh and Morna?" Genie asked in a subdued voice.

"I don't know what became of Ailidh. I heard she went north. Morna... fought in Boudicca's vanguard at Lactodorum."

Genie staggered as if struck, and Candace leapt to hold her up. Genie returned the embrace, and sobbed into the top of Candace's head.

"It's all Boudicca's fault," Paul insisted, "I tried to tell her they couldn't win, but she was so irrational! I could have gotten Ailidh a high ranking Roman for sure, if she'd just followed my advice."

"Come on, Genie, let's go," Candace said, surreptitiously calling a car with her phone.

Genie held tightly as they walked toward the main road like a sad, four-legged beast while Paul stood and watched them in embarrassment.

"I wasn't always so bad!" he called when they were at the edge of earshot, "You don't know what it's like!"

Candace gave him two fingers to let him know what she thought of that excuse, and hurried Genie along to get a hedge between them and the old druid, who cursed at them but came no closer.

Walking with heels on the dirt and gravel drive wasn't easy. Her closeness to Genie was also reminding her that whatever Paul had done to her wasn't entirely dispelled. But it was not the time to try to kiss Genie. No matter how close her mouth was, or how good it would feel. Or how wonderful it would feel to squeeze Genie's bum and pull her closer. Or wish that Genie would... do other, impossible things. Not when Genie was so crushed. And when magic had scrambled Candace's brain.

The lane was paved, but narrow, and when a car came, Candace had to guide them off to the shoulder, which proved too soft for Candace's heels. Their tumble granted her silent wish to kiss Genie in a quite unpleasant manner. Genie tried to soften her fall as they toppled, succeeding in that Candace smashed her mouth on the bony part of Genie's shoulder instead of slamming into

the edge of a concrete drive over the ditch.

“Ow ow ow!” Candace said, holding her mouth as she pushed herself back to her feet with her other hand.

“Oh dear, I’m so sorry!” Genie said anxiously.

The driver had stopped and hurried over to them. “Are you okay?”

“I think... It’s not too bad,” Candace said looking at her hand for blood. Yes, at least a split lip.

“Let’s get you to the hospital,” he said, and Candace belatedly realised that it was not only the driver from before, but he was there because he’d accepted the ride request.

“Oh my goodness, I feel so stupid,” she said, feeling her bruised and battered lips swelling. “We didn’t even need to get out of the way, did we?”

“Den’t you worry yourself, lass. I’ll just get you to the doc and you’ll be quite alright. No charge, since it’s clear you’re having a day.”

## Wily Wishes

Their driver kindly asked no questions as he drove them to the walk-in centre. “I’ll be around if you need a ride after. Take care.”

“Thank you Ben!” Candace mumbled through her swollen lips and waved as they went in.

Fortunately the wait was short, and the attending physician had her stitched and glued up in very short order. “It’s fortunate that the laceration remained lateral and within the labial mucosa without breaking into the vermillion. Your regular practitioner can remove the stitches in a few days, once the swelling has gone down, and there’ll probably be no lasting cosmetic impact whatsoever. As you can see, it already just looks like maybe you’ve had a bit of collagen. Of course, it’ll be gone in a few days, so enjoy it while it lasts.” He laughed awkwardly at his own joke.

Candace wasn’t really amused by his commentary, but she had to admit the truth of his statement. In the aftermath of injury and treatment, her lips looked a little bit bruised and wet, like Insta models showing off the results of fresh injections. And perversely, her lips still felt weirdly sexy despite the pain and lingering topical anaesthetic.

‘Dropping off a rider, be right there’ Ben texted in response to Candace’s ride request.

“How are you doing?” Candace asked Genie as they waited.

“Okay. I’ve always known she died long ago, so it is perverse of me to be so upset about this. It seems I never gave up hope that she had a long, happy life.”

“Your lover?”

She shook her head. “Morna wasn’t my lover.”

“But you loved her.”

Genie shrugged. “Yes, but such loves were forbidden, and she dearly wanted a family. Foolish girl that I was, I thought that if she could just become queen, she could bring back the old ways...”

After Genie trailed off, Candace filled in, “Which would have allowed you to make a family together?”

Genie shook her head. “No, I was perforce leaving Britannia. But she could at least have found an arrangement to her liking. Some way to have both love and a family.”

“And this is why you’re so against me wishing for things on behalf of others. It failed spectacularly for you.”

“Yes, though I didn’t know it had failed so spectacularly. Until today, I thought that the Romans had overcome some subsequent generation, not defeated my wish right from the start. I remain a little confused at the scale of the wish’s failure. Prasto was right that even Great Wishes are weakened by distance from the wisher, but I have not known them to founder so utterly. Not that I have witnessed so very many.”

“Have you ever granted one?”

“No. As a rule, they’re only granted in exchange for becoming a djinn, or something similar. I was involved occasionally only because it can require a wish to enable the greater sacrifice. If you don’t have a druid handy to betray you.”

“How big a wish?”

Genie laughed slightly. “I would call it a ‘medium wish’, though truthfully, wishes don’t really come in sizes, exactly. There’s Great Wishes and wishes that can be claimed from a djinn. I just name sizes so that masters understand that asking for more exhausts more of their claim.”

“Could you really have used my wish to turn me into a genie in your place?”

“Yes, but I would never do that. And don’t worry that I will lose control of the wish. After this long, I can resist wishes like these quite reliably. Not that anyone else would make such a wish.”

“Sure, loads of people would if they realised how good a person you are,” Candace protested, though she immediately saw the problem with her assertion.

Genie didn’t even need to point out that she had millennia to test Candace’s hypothesis. Instead Genie laughed and gave Candace an affectionate squeeze with one arm, then flinched slightly when Candace’s hand landed on the shoulder blade that had saved Candace from the concrete..

“Oh, are you injured? You hit your back really hard when we fell, didn’t you?”

“I could fix it if it was serious,” Genie reminded her, “But it’s not too bad and I’d rather save the energy by letting it heal normally.”

“Oh,” Candace said, and realised that Genie was looking exhausted. No doubt she’d had to use her powers in the encounter with Paul. Candace decided she would wait rather than tell

Genie she was still feeling the after-effects of the druid's magic. Better to give Genie a good night's sleep before laying more worries in her lap. "Let's grab supper on the way back to the hotel and have an evening in."

Ben arrived while they were still assessing their takeaway options. He suggested they try a tiny curry shop and had to be told to turn on his fare meter as he threatened to give them another freebie. Unlike previous rides, he was quite talkative, telling them a heartwarming story of the Pakistanis running the curry shop, following it up with a farcical account of the first time he ordered a spicy Lahore curry and tried to suppress the pain with lime water because he didn't trust lassi, which only made it worse.

"Have a good night, ladies!" he said, marking the ride complete slightly before they arrived. "I hope you have a good time in Norwich despite the rest of it. I hope you can feel at home here, bring the little ones, and all that."

"I don't think either of us will be having kids soon," Candace said with a little laugh.

"All the same," he said cheerfully, "I'm off tomorrow, but I'm sure you'll not trouble getting to the train station. Fare y'well!"

With that he drove off, leaving Candace trying to review when they'd mentioned that they took the train. Well, it wasn't that difficult to deduce, was it?

'How are you doing in Norwich?' Kelly asked via text as they walked to the room.

'Not too bad, except for falling on my face so hard I had to get stitches,' Candace responded, and followed up with a pic so Kelly wouldn't think it was worse than it was.

'What happened r u ok?' Kelly wrote back in a hurry.

'It's fine. Doc says it'll heal without scarring in a few days,' Candace said mendaciously.

'O. Not too bad, then. Actually looks kind of sexy. Like plumpers.'

Candace sent another picture with her bottom lip pulled down just slightly to expose the stitches both to gross Kelly out and to make sure Kelly didn't suspect she'd gone to Norwich to get collagen injected, which she thought she might when they got home and Candace's lips were huge.

'Ur gross,' Kelly responded, 'I'm at Jeff's flat playing video games. I think I'm turning into a nerd. Be careful on those heels, Candy,' she said, using the candy emoji instead of Candace's name.

By the time Candace looked up from her phone, Genie had already set out the food. They had not neglected to order the highly-recommended Lahore curry but Candace didn't eat it because it would inflame her lips. Even the milder korma was a bit of a chore to eat carefully enough to avoid irritating the wound.

"Oh, let me help," Genie said when she noticed.

"It's no trouble really. I know you're already tired."

"Not that tired. Here."

Suddenly Candace's lips felt uninjured. Genie looked a little puzzled. "How do they feel?"

"Fine. Good. Why?"

"I had expected the swelling to go down more, but I guess they need more time." She yawned.

"It's okay, Genie. They feel fine now. See? I can eat the Lahori curry now!"

That diverted Genie when Candace's face turned red with the spice heat and had to drink some of Genie's lassi to put the fire out. She also took off her top and noticed how her breasts drew Genie's attention.

Candace couldn't quite resist making her boobs bounce a little to tease Genie, who blushed.

"My apologies," Genie said, "I just noticed that your nipple rings have gotten a little bigger. And maybe your nipples, too."

"What do you think?" Candace asked, not in the mood to be worried about continuing changes.

"I have no complaints, of course, if you don't."

"Would you like to feel them?" Candace offered, unhooking her bra.

"Mistress..." Genie warned, unable to tear her eyes from Candace's chest.

"I know, I know. But if you would enjoy it, you can be sure I will, too. It's not a commitment. It's just, you know, blowing off some steam, innit? But only if you'd enjoy it," she repeated herself, feeling very forward, but also unbearably randy.

"I don't think it's a good idea," Genie said, but something about the way she said it made Candace think it wasn't a final decision.

"It sounds like a good idea to me," Candace said in a throaty voice, and slid down her skirt together with her panties so that her visibly swollen vulva pointed at Genie.

"By the Gods, you test me," Genie said, moving as if to make Candace pull her panties back up, but stopping instead with her hands between Candace's legs. It was a great angle, Candace though, displaying Genie's perfect cleavage to advantage.

"Is there some magical reason we can't try out this body?" Candace said, pressing on the sides of her boobs to make them bounce against one-another.

"Not exactly, but," Genie started, but Candace got impatient and wrapped her legs around Genie's back.

"Please?"

"Oh... Kay," Genie said falteringly, before dipping her head down to taste Candace's welling juices.

After that, there was no going back.

Candace woke with a familiar ache in her vagina. She vaguely remembered Genie using a strap-on later in the night, and pounding her like there was no tomorrow. It wasn't as if her

memories had faded into an alcoholic haze or been blurred by wish-induced false memories; she reckoned her difficulty was that it had been such a surreally intense experience that she could hardly grasp it. At many points it had been reminiscent of the epic fucking Evil-I had given her, except that the penetration part felt even better without a slippery condom. And watching Genie working out her frustrations on her was its own kind of sexy. They had fucked late into the night, so late that Candace had started to get hungry again. Instead of eating and going to bed, though, Candace recalled shamelessly waking Genie several times to resume, until well after midnight something seemed to release deep inside Candace, and her need was finally sated. She'd even stopped feeling so hungry.

She still felt very calm and comfortable despite the dull throb between her loins, a few scrapes on her back and some tenderness about her nips. The strange feeling around her nipples and vagina that she'd experienced after being touched by the druid seemed to have faded away, though her lips still felt just a little thick. Snoring very softly as she leaned against Candace's side, Genie lay almost face down. Candace thought she wouldn't be able to manage that position with her larger bosom.

Was it a little bigger than before? Her nipples at least were clearly larger, and her breasts felt strangely 'tight'. Gently, Candace kneaded a pierced nipple between her thumb and forefinger to test for soreness. There was very slight discomfort, but mostly it was just a sensation of pressure. There was something very odd about the nipple rings, though, and for some reason her fingers got damp.

"What the heavens?" she murmured to herself, and smelled her fingers. "Am I..."

She levered herself out of bed, ignoring the stickiness of dried fluids that seemed to coat everything from her mouth to her thighs. Once she was in the bathroom she saw in the mirror that her nipple rings had indeed changed again: the rings now appeared to intersect with a stud going directly into each nipple, and the rings had acquired bulges in the metal on either side of her nipples as if to prevent the cross-bar from sliding back and forth. She grasped one stud atop her nipple and gently tugged, but the stud was anchored to the cross-bar of the ring. A gentle test showed that the ring rotated easily, so the cross-bar wasn't adhered to the skin. How was the stud attached? She fiddled with both studs for a moment until she noticed she could rotate them anti-clockwise. As she did, she could feel them coming out of whatever they screwed into. A slight tug was needed to pull them the rest of the way out of her nipples once unscrewed. Immediately streams of creamy white droplets erupted from the vacated hole. "What. The. Fuck?"

She turned on the water and started to milk herself as the warm water coursed over her, caught between the perversely pleasant sensation of milk issuing from her lactating breasts and the certainty that it was an ill-omened turn of events.

After washing up, she contemplated the tendency of milk to resume welling slowly from her



nipples a few seconds after she stopped milking herself, so she restored the studs to their places. With her teats finally dry in a sustained fashion, she tried out her bra. She was relieved to find that they fit in the cups just fine now that she'd emptied her milk. In the strange manner of wish magic, she encountered in her memory a hazy recollection of a faceless tattoo artist performing a complicated piercing on her nipples to help manage her incipient lactation. A false memory, of course, but one that made a sort of sense of it.

Genie was awake but bleary-eyed and anxious-looking when Candace returned to the main room. "Oh no," she said, wincing at the sight of Candace.

"What? What's wrong?"

"Your breasts have gotten bigger again."

"Maybe they look that way, but I still fit in my bra," Candace said confidently.

"Check your bra's label, Candi."

"What do you mean?" Candace asked, but did as Genie asked. The tag now said 30J. "Oh, *shit*. I've gone down a band size, but up two fucking cup sizes."

"Are there other changes?"

"Yes," Candace admitted, reluctantly.

"Well?" Genie prompted when Candace didn't explain further.

"I'm making milk."

"That's unexpected," Genie said, and sat up to look at Candace's body from head to toe. "I think you've gotten a bit more petite, too."

"The arms race?" Candace asked.

"Not just that. I think the wish must have incorporated some of Prasto's magic. Usually you would be able to feel it, but someone uninitiated might not recognise or notice the sensations."

"Um, I did, but I didn't want to bother you about them because I hoped they might go away on their own. And I think they did, mostly. My nipples feel pretty normal now."

"Except you're lactating," Genie pointed out.

"There is that," Candace agreed. "Um, and also my lips still feel a bit odd."

Genie levered herself out of bed slowly and stiffly, as if recovering from a terrible hangover. "May I inspect them?"

Unfairly, Genie's post-coital scent had a hint of sex musk, but with sweet cinnamon overtones that Candace might have selected as a perfume. She held still to allow Genie to feel her lips, and the gentle touch made her want to start making love all over again. But, Candace had asserted last night that there was no commitment implied, and she didn't want to pressure Genie *again*.

"There's definitely still magic in there. But I think your wish mixed it in with the minor one I performed to heal your wound, and I can't pull it out now. I'm sorry."

"Why? Because my lips will feel better than they're supposed to until the swelling goes

down?” Candace asked, trying to be lighthearted.

“Because I’m guessing that the swelling isn’t going to ‘go down’ anytime soon. Your lips aren’t swollen.”

“What do you mean, they aren’t swollen? Look,” Candace said, pointing at her ultra-plump lips in the mirror.

“I mean, they’re just your lips now. Like the rest of your body. Which is definitely a little shorter than when we first met.”

“Not unless you’ve also gotten shorter. I distinctly recall being eye-level with your collarbones the first night, and,” Candace finished her sentence by miming the level between her eyes and Genie’s clavicle.

“And unlike then, you’re wearing wedge sandals right now, whereas I’m barefoot,” Genie countered. She backed away slightly to get a more general look, then walked a quarter turn around as Candace waited for her verdict. “It couldn’t get all the mass it needed for your breasts and so it went to the extreme of making the rest of you a bit shorter and more finely boned. Hmm, I think I was initially a bit mistaken. Some that that did indeed go to your breasts, but more went to your hips and arse. The effect isn’t *that* dramatic. That is, hopefully not so dramatic that Honey feels the need to one-up you. The arms-race is clearly still on, and the wish will use anything it needs to win.”

“A wily wish,” Candace said. She was worried about the literally massive changes to her body, but her enjoyment of the way Genie was looking at her prevented her anxiety from overcoming her awareness of looking attractive. After all, it was only temporary. She had reheated curry and the admiration of a hot lady; she might as well enjoy it.

# Further Developments

## Heading home

Candace's self-confidence frayed a little in the hotel lobby. The counter seemed noticeably higher than when she'd checked in.

"I'm just checking out," she told the clerk at the front desk. Had her voice gotten a touch higher pitched, or was she just being chipper?

The clerk looked her up and down. "Andersen, room 204, right?"

Candace giggled nervously. "Yes?"

"Okay, checked out," the clerk said, taking the key cards. "Would you like a printout, or an email?"

"Email is fine."

"Is this the right email?" the clerk asked skeptically, turning the screen so Candace could see, "It looks like a university email address."

"Yes, um, I'm a student."

"Indeed," the clerk said, somehow communicating that she was skeptical but too polite to say so.

"Are we all done, Candi?" Genie asked, arriving with their baggage.

"Um, yes, I think so?" Candace asked.

"Yes," the clerk confirmed tersely, and Candace was glad to hurry to the shuttle.

"Do I look like a freak?" Candace asked Genie anxiously as they waited on the platform.

"Like a freak?" Genie said, taken aback. "No no. Just, well, like an extremely attractive bimbo."

Knowing that Genie couldn't lie to her, Candace felt better. "I guess I don't mind too much, then. I mean, how much further could the arms race really go? Or should it be called a bimbothon?"

Genie relaxed slightly. "I'm glad to see you taking it so well."

"I don't see why I shouldn't," Candace said, stretching a point, "If people make assumptions about me, that's their problem, right?"

"That's a very philosophical way of looking at it," Genie said.

"It's easy to be philosophical when it's not permanent," Candace said.

Genie didn't seem entirely convinced, but changed the subject. "So, I have to ask a question that might sound strange: did I do anything you didn't like last night? Anything at all?"

“No! It was great! I just feel bad about continually waking you up for more.”

“Oh good.”

“Did I give the impression I didn’t like something? I can hardly imagine how,” Candace said, blushing slightly at the memory of being quite vocal in her appreciation.

“Well, the truth is that I have concluded that there was something in the wine, because I can’t really recall most of the evening. I recall the doctor’s office, less a gap here or there, and I remember the driver Ben saying something a little strange as he dropped us off at the hotel, but the gaps get bigger and bigger. We had sex, though. Of that I’m sure. I hardly remember anything, but there were plenty of other clues.”

“You don’t remember?” Candace said, upset for reasons she couldn’t put into words, “But you were *so* good.” She stopped herself from saying more, recalling that she’d promised that it wasn’t a commitment. An iron-age warrior woman named Morna was the love of Genie’s life, not an Internet-age bimbo whose greatest professional achievement was promotion to assistant shift manager at a chain coffee shop.

Though, there was no denying that Candace was a *smoking hot* bimbo whose sex appeal could drive Genie to do things she didn’t think were wise. Candace flushed with pleasure at the memory, but then recalled that Genie couldn’t remember.

“Candace?” Genie prompted her.

“What?” Candace asked, startled, and realised she’d unconsciously struck a provocative pose from the music video.

“Is lactation part of your idea of a bimbo?”

Candace knew better than to think it was a merely prurient question. “Not especially, no.”

“Hmm, I guess it’s a method the wish is using to enlarge your breasts again.”

“Are we running out of time?” Candace asked. That did frighten her.

“Surely not. It’s much too soon for the magic to exert that much pressure. It might have been a tiny part of the nudge, though.”

“Is it true that you’re going to be a sorceress someday?” Candace said, trying to hit on a happier thought.

“Unless my vessel is destroyed to lost forever, yes.”

Candace pushed past those dismal ideas. “But you didn’t tell me that. That’s wonderful! I’m sure you’ll make a superb good witch.”

“I don’t think I will end up being a very powerful sorceress. Partly because other former djinns I’ve met were not very powerful, and partly because I don’t want the things the powerful sorcerers want.”

“What do you want?” Candace asked intently.

Genie looked at her warily. “You’re not going to try to wish it into existence, are you?”

“You already told me I can’t do stuff like that, so no,” Candace said.

“Good,” Genie said, but didn’t answer Candace’s question. “Do you ‘remember’ why you’re lactating?”

“Because of a wish?” Candace said, confused by Genie’s question.

“I mean the alternate memory, like your memory of having a growth condition, or the memory of having cleaned up the back room at the coffee shop,” Genie clarified.

“Oh yes! Now I remember I stopped growing after the bad fever I had at the start of first form. I guess I’m meant to have secretly been wearing elevators in my trainers ever since I failed to break five foot. But... nothing about lactating.”

Genie thought for a moment. “Okay, how about now?”

Candace searched her memory again. “I remember now. I’ve been lactating for a bit, but too embarrassed to tell anyone about it. I asked the doctor about it before I left for London; he said that it’s likely a hormone imbalance, have to schedule follow-up with my GP. Then I got the new piercing to help control the flow from a tattooist who was high on acid last night. I guess the wish chose someone who can’t authoritatively say he didn’t do the piercing. Does the doctor part mean that’s all in my actual medical file now?”

Genie nodded. “The interaction with the druid’s magic is probably putting the wish a little out of alignment. I’m sorry for not investigating this last night while it was all still fresh.”

Candace coloured as she remembered pressuring Genie into fucking her. “I really don’t think that was your fault.”

Fortunately Genie was preoccupied with boarding the train and didn’t see the blush. “Once we’re situated, perhaps we can... No, that will need to wait until we’re back in London. I suppose we’re constrained to speak about ordinary things until we arrive.”

## A Ride

Genie ended up sleeping much of the trip back, but Candace was restless. She wanted to ask so many questions. She was also really horny again. So horny that she caught herself toying with the idea of finding someone on the train to snog. Then there was her slowly intensifying anxiety that she would start leaking milk into her strained shirt. It was already pulled so taut that the peachy colour of her bra was showing through, and any wetness would certainly be visible.

A trip to the loo to express her milk was cramped, uncomfortable, and of questionable sanitation, but damned if she didn’t bring herself to orgasm just milking herself into the basin. Hopefully she hadn’t made too much noise.

The day’s nails were a muted peachy pink that matched her lipstick, but the sedate shade couldn’t change the length of her nails any more than her ‘natural’ coloured lipstick changed the swollen plushness of her lips. Consequently it was a tricky operation to screw her nipple stub back into position, and she absolutely refused to drop it on the floor of the loo or down the drain,

so she took it very slow and steady. After finally restoring the valve jewellery into position, she contemplated how considerate the wish magic was to have provided a mechanism by which to control her flow. She contorted in the mirror just enough to reassure herself she hadn't gotten milk on any of her clothes.

"Oh my god, could that bimbo have taken any longer with her primping or whatever?" Candace heard one of the women waiting for the restroom commenting to her mate. Candace was out of earshot for the response, but she was sure it was caustic. Instead of embarrassment, though, she felt a sense of relief that they hadn't heard her, combined with a smug sensation at the note of envy in the resentment. Both women had been young and put a great deal of effort into looking sexy; in Candace's former life, they would have been completely out of her league. Now she was out of theirs, and if she actually deigned to talk to them, there was a fair chance they would be nearly sycophantic in their resentment. It was shallow of her to exult in that sort of superiority, but novelty still hadn't worn off, and it didn't hurt anyone to privately enjoy it, did it?

With the edge taken off her libido and supported by bimbo confidence, Candace also managed to get some rest on the ride. At some point she snuggled under Genie's arm to rest against her side, with Candace's head cushioned by the softness of Genie's breast. She didn't want to wake up from her heavenly nap as they entered the station, but she had to go home, and to work.

Genie heard her deep sigh and gave her a questioning look.

"It was just such a lovely time. I wish it didn't have to end," Candace explained muzzily.

"Candi," Genie admonished her, and helped her to her feet.

"Oh, sorry. You know it was just a figure of speech."

"I do, but the longer I remain, the riskier such statements become." Genie looked like she was going to say more, but instead she just looked pensive as they exited the train.

"Candi!" Kelly called, startling Candace.

"Kels! Why are you here?" Candace said, hurrying to give her sister a hug.

"Jeff has a car! So we're giving you a ride home."

"That's nice of him, and you," Candace said, looking around. "Where is he?"

"He's in said car," Kelly said with a smile.

Candace laughed at her own distracted silliness. Of course it would be a pain to park.

"Your lips look *amazing*. I know they probably hurt, but wow," Kelly said, stepping back to get another look at her. "I can hardly get over how busty you are, Candi. Like, I don't know if it's lighting or something, but you just look *huge* right now." Noting Candace's self-conscious expression, Kelly went on, "It looks good, though. *Really* sexy, but still sort of innocent. It's a good combo."

"Oh, well, it's not entirely your imagination," Candace said. "My macromastia is back, and,

it turns out, uh..." She wasn't sure how to explain.

"The etiology of this bout is that she's started to lactate," Genie offered after Kelly's look of concern grew.

Kelly looked more relieved than surprised. "Oh, thank heavens. I was afraid you were going to say it was cancer, which occurred to me as the most likely source of such a sudden growth. Well, I guess this is probably weird and not very convenient, but it's better than cancer! And you look absolutely stunning. I can't wait to see Jeff's face when he sees you."

Candace laughed. "Thanks Kels. You're not still trying to set me up with the poor fellow, are you?"

"No, I decided to try him out myself. He's not at all experienced, but he's a *really* quick study. I think he's one of the best I've brought home, you know? I mean, you can still try him out if you want, though. I'm happy to share him."

"I wouldn't think he's looking to sleep with your sister," Candace told Kelly.

"Oh come *on*, Candi. Who could resist you? Do you have any idea how hot you are?"

Candace was both embarrassed and flattered, but she continued her protest, "Even if he was attracted to me and you gave him permission, he might feel like he was being disloyal."

"Not if it's a ménage à trois." Kelly murmured into Candace's ear, giving her bum a little squeeze as she did.

Candace swallowed and tried to shake off some very improper images that intruded on her imagination.

"Are you okay, Candi?" Kelly asked, concerned. "Is it the lactation thing?"

"That's part of it," Candace said, only then thinking of how difficult it would be to explain it to any sexual partner if she started leaking mid-fuck.

"Well, I won't say anything unless you say you're ready. But, Candi... you look *really* good. Doesn't she, Genie?"

Genie agreed and pointed at a car coming. "I believe Jeff approaches."

"Oh, yeah! Here, Jeff!"

Jeff's eyes were indeed wide to see Candace. "Uh, did you find your sister?" he asked out the window as he pulled up to the curb.

"Yep! This is Candace," Kelly said, motioning to Candace.

He opened his mouth in confusion, but didn't say anything as he searched her face before looking back at Kelly to see if he was being teased. Candace felt uncomfortable on his behalf.

"I don't blame you for not recognising me, Jeff. I look extremely different," Candace said, giving him a reassuring smile before shooting Kelly a reproving look for leaving Jeff in the dark.

"Candace! I see it now. But how?"

"Well, I'm dressed differently, and I stopped dying my hair black," Candace started as she ducked into the back of Jeff's hatchback, but then couldn't figure out how to go on without

feeling like she was lying.

“Also she took a spill and has fat lips,” Kelly added, “She’s got stitches on the inside of her mouth, poor girl.”

“Oh no! Sorry to hear it!” Jeff said politely as he tried to wiggle the car back into jammed traffic.

“Well, the bitch got super lucky, because her lips are *totally awesome*,” Kelly said with an affected California accent.

“They did seem... plump,” he said, biting his own lip as he slipped through a small gap into position to make a chancy right turn.

“Do you drive in the city much?” Candace asked.

“No, and it’s completely nerve-wracking,” he admitted with a laugh. “I resolve to never do it again.”

“Not even to visit us?” Kelly asked playfully.

“I will take the Underground like a sensible person,” he vowed.

“He brought it to help a mate move, then we had beers after. I convinced him to stay until the beer’d worn off, which sort of ended up lasting until today,” Kelly explained.

Candace saw in the rearview that Jeff was blushing, so she thought a change of subject was in order. “Have you heard anything more about the video?”

“Kinda. Did you know Honey was on Jonathan Ross last night?”

“Really? Did you watch?”

“No, I just saw a backstage pic on her Insta and looked it up. It would be so cool if she promoted the video, but I bet she was talking about her new show. It has a stunningly insulting name. It’s called ‘Horse to Culture,’ and the tag line is ‘You can lead a horse to culture, but you can’t make her think.’ It’s a reality show about bunch of bimbos going back to school.”

Candace made a face. “Oh no. On one hand, I hope it’s a hit for her sake, but on the other, I hope it immediately sinks into misogynistic infamy.”

Kelly laughed. “What if they want you to join the cast? You could make so much money!”

“Really? How much, do you reckon?”

“I don’t know. A million pounds? You would totally *wreck* Kylie with your lips right now, sis. But seriously, you could make a lot of money because you have this innocent-hot look that’s just *deadly*. What do you think, Jeff? Have you ever seen anyone as fit as Candi?”

“Uh, she’s definitely very attractive,” Jeff said judiciously, “But maybe she doesn’t want to be famous just for being pretty.”

“Of course she doesn’t,” Kelly agreed impatiently, “But people would find out how smart and sweet she is soon enough.”

“I think you would make a better celebrity, Kels,” Candace said, touched but uncomfortable with Kelly’s ambitions on her behalf. “I’m still sort of a homebody, even if I’ve come out of my



shell a little.”

“If you don’t want to, I completely understand, Candi. I’m just saying you *could*, if you wanted. I’m sure of it. But you can do other things, too, if you don’t want to be famous.”

Jeff pulled over in front of their building. “Kelly, I really enjoyed spending time with you this weekend, and it was fantastic to meet you again, Candace and Genie, but it’ll be easiest if I just head back directly.”

“You can’t stay longer?” Kelly pouted facetiously. “Well, I guess it’s been almost 18 hours longer than you intended. Thank you!”

Candace and Genie added to the chorus of thanks and Jeff left.

“He’s a nice boy,” Kelly commented with satisfaction and took charge of Candace’s baggage while Candace unlocked the door.

“Isn’t he older than us?” Candace asked, trailing after Kelly and trying to figure out how to ask for her baggage back without being weird about it.

“Yes, but he’s so endearingly naive. I think I might be the first girl he’s slept with. He was very shy and nervous, at least. I think he’ll be more confident in the future. I hope he is, at least, because he can be quite inventive. That’s why I think you’d like him. You’re both sweet, shy, late-bloomers who are sexier than you knew.”

“Kels, you didn’t sleep with a guy just to try him out for me, did you?”

“That wasn’t the only reason. I mean, I had a great time, and he did too, I should think.”

“But you were clear with him that you weren’t looking for a relationship?”

“I was at least clear that I expected him to be shagging other women in the near future, which communicates the same thing, innit?”

Genie laughed, but Candace remained serious. “What if he thinks you’re poly? Did you discuss relationships in even a general way?”

Kelly looked uncomfortable. “I don’t like talking about personal stuff. Hey, I know you’re probably short on time before work. How about I fix tea while you change?”

Candace accepted Kelly’s forced change of subject as a fair trade for getting her baggage back, including Genie’s bottle.

## Facing the Music

“Wow. Those lips,” Gwendolyn said when Candace arrived for her shift, seeming to struggle without how to respond. “Did Genie?” Gwendolyn started in a questioning tone, Candace suspected so she could decide whether it was acceptable to criticise Candace’s new lips or not.

“Actually, I took a bit of a spill this weekend while visiting Genie’s family in Norwich and it banged my mouth up. I know it looks like collagen injections, but I promise it was quite unplanned.”

“Oh no, are you okay?” Gwendolyn said, settling easily on sympathy.

“It’s basically fine. The doctor said it would heal up in a trice, though I have to get the stitches taken out in a few days. Wanna see?”

Gwendolyn recoiled. “No thank you! Does it hurt very much?”

Candace shrugged and turned away to hide her smile. “I think I got lucky, because they don’t hurt much, though they feel really weird. I think they might heal strangely. I hope I don’t end up looking too bizarre, though it actually doesn’t look too bad right now. Do you want me to take the till so Leila can go on break?” It was easy to sound nonchalant about it when she already knew how it would heal.

It was a warm evening and Candace once again dispensed with her jumper halfway through her shift, and she definitely started to get some double-takes from customers despite her apron. She couldn’t judge them too harshly because the outer arcs of her breasts felt like they extended well past the edges of the apron. They might not have grown a great deal over the weekend in a relative sense, but going from a few millimetres out either side to a couple centimetres dramatically changed how many angles her chest was visible from. Of course she was wearing a branded polo and a full-coverage bra underneath her apron, but they did nothing to hide the fact that she had an enormous rack.

The creeper quotient wasn’t high, though. Most people took their looks and then left it alone. A few were very insultingly surprised that she proved capable of understanding and remembering their orders, but the more insulted and angry Candace became, the wider she smiled and the more she batted her eyes. She kept expecting someone to notice she was mocking them, but somehow they never did. She found herself emulating her sister’s mannerisms when someone told her she’d made a mistake.

“You forgot my vanilla shot,” a balding man in a track suit complained in one instance

“Oh, was I meant to put in more? Usually two pumps and it’s done.” she asked, batting her eyes in apology.

“Um, ah, I suppose I’d like just a little more,” he said, flushing, and when she’d added a bit he went to sit down somewhere that would obscure his erection.

“I think you charged me too much!” an American tourist said loud enough that the whole shop could hear in another instance.

“Oh, I’m so sorry! Let me add it up again. You had a triple caramel mocha, a frappé, a butterscotch biscuit, a bottle of water, a cake pop and the keto bar, so... does this look like the right number?” she asked, showing him what she knew to be precisely the same amount.

“Huh. That looks about right. I thought it would be less than £20, which is all I have on me,” the American said a little resentfully.

“Should I put something back?” Candace asked with a big blank smile.

“I... okay,” the tourist said sheepishly.

By the end, Candace wondered if Kelly really forgot her order as often as Gwendolyn claimed, or if Gwendolyn assumed Kelly was wrong regardless of who was in error because of how she looked. Just as Gwendolyn had remained friendly to Kelly despite her comments behind her back, nearly everyone besides the few complainers seemed friendly to Candace - more than ever before. Many seemed to think that she couldn't be expected to remember orders or anything of an intellectual nature. By the time her shift was over, her outrage had turned to amusement and she was having a blast.

"Are you okay?" Gwendolyn asked as they closed up.

"Of course! Why do you ask?" Candace asked.

"You just seem so cheerful, but everyone acted like you were forgetting their orders even when you weren't."

"Oh that. I just think it's so very funny when they jump to conclusions. Honestly, I'm having a great time."

"I think they're being insulting," Gwendolyn said.

"It's not that they're not insulting, it's that I can either feel insulted or amused, and really it's very amusing, innit? They insult my intelligence and competence, but I get to mock them to their faces and they don't even recognise it. I've never been so entertained. It's all I can do to mostly contain the laughter."

"Is *that* why you were giggling like that all the time?" Gwendolyn asked, eyes wide in realisation.

"Yes!" Candace said, and started giggling again. She could hear herself sounding sort of, well, bimboish, and it just made it funnier, which made her laugh harder. Then Gwendolyn started laughing, and the feedback loop kept them both laughing for several minutes straight.

Candace was surprised to find Genie waiting for her when she left the shop. "Hi! Nothing's wrong, is it?" she greeted the mystical being who looked for all the world like a concerned friend.

"I just wanted to make sure you were safe on your way home," Genie explained.

"That's very sweet of you."

Genie barely shrugged acknowledgement before continuing, "I also wanted to talk to you alone for a moment about what happened in Norwich."

"Which part?" Candace asked, her mind drifting guiltily to pressuring Genie into having sex with her.

"When Prasto touched you, do you remember your thoughts and sensations?"

It unsettled Candace that she had hardly thought of Prasto at all since the event, despite how frightening it had been at the time. "I do remember, yes. Mostly."

"Yes, that's the Veil, making it harder to recall. I should have asked these questions *then*, but

I was fool enough to drink the wine he'd trapped." Genie sighed. "So, I believe he must have touched your lips and nipples, and tummy. Is that correct?"

"Yes. Precisely that, I think."

"Which was first?"

Candace replayed the incident in her head. "My lap. My tummy, that is. I spilt water in it."

"And when he did, I'm guessing you felt lustful?"

"Yes."

"And the feeling went away after we, uh, had our evening together."

"Yes," Candace confirmed. "I mean, my sex drive didn't disappear, but the sort of weird feeling did."

Genie breathed a sigh of relief. "So the 'weird feeling' in your, uh, lower abdomen ceased that night, the 'weird feeling' in your nipples ceased... in the morning?"

"Yes, replaced by the much weirder one of lactating," Candace confirmed.

"And your lips?" Genie asked.

"Still feel kind of odd, though maybe it's fading. Or I'm getting used to it."

"Okay," Genie said in a reassuring tone, "That sounds like everything, and it fits with what I feel. Is there anything else you want to mention about that afternoon or evening?"

"Well, it's not a thing to mention, per se, but I have wanted to ask you about the coins, and the field you walked out into. What was that about?"

Genie squared her shoulders as if facing something unpleasant. "The coins were just signs that Prasto was the last recognised king of the Iceni."

"Prasto? The druid? He was king, too?"

"Yes. It's complicated, but druids were not just users of magic. They were sages, and nobles, and intercessors to the gods. And many other important things. Magic was really a very small part of it, though an important one. Kings they were not, until the Romans came, and - this was all before my time, you understand, so my understanding is necessarily suspect - but the Romans came with their invincible legions, outfitted with arms and armour almost beyond our imaginations. So, the royal and the druidic clove together as one in a bid to harness the gods to us. I have long since learned there were no such gods, only parlour tricks and magic that's much the same whether used while invoking Zoroaster or Quetzalcoatl, but still I had thought that, after annihilating the Romans at Camulodunum, Boudicca's victory was assured and... the commingled descendants of our royal and druidic lines would continue to rule for centuries."

"Morna amongst them," Candace said, to confirm her own understanding.

"Yes," Genie said with a sad smile.

"Was that also why you went looking for the henge in that field?"

"Yes, though it has taken me some thought to understand why I could feel the old magic still there, in a Brittonic place, rather than in the site of a Roman temple or an old Christian church

from before the old magic was finally forgotten. If we had been beaten, why hadn't our magic been overthrown? But of course, Presto and the druids didn't *really* fight the mages the Romans brought with them. They must have come to some kind of accommodation, paid for by the sale of me in particular, and Iceni independence in general. It's a tremendous task to uproot long-established magic, and I can imagine it wasn't worth it to the Romans to invest the time or effort. Or maybe they didn't even recognise the henges for what they were. I don't know. But I do know that, without someone to scatter or drain the energies, they could persist for a great deal of time. Hundreds or thousands of years would not be too much."

"Are you saying that Stonehenge and the rest are still genuinely magical places?"

"I haven't been to any others, but perhaps. Maybe most were eventually drained or destroyed by some historical event or other. It's merely evident that the Romans did not mount a concerted campaign to do so, based on the evidence that they did nothing about the henge closest to our capitol. The greatest of them would have required quite an effort indeed, however. I wish I could remember them better so I could associate the henges of your era with the Old Places of my own."

"You called them 'Old Places' in your own time?" Candace asked.

"Amongst other things. They are far older than the druids, I believe, erected by those who preceded us. We were... you know, I can't be sure how much of this is my memory and how much is taken from modern archaeology, so perhaps I should just direct you to your Internet encyclopaedia."

"Like Wikipedia?" Candace asked.

"Yes, that. I can hardly believe the wealth of knowledge available."

"It's quite impressive, but beware of trusting it too much either. I mean, it's only as accurate as the contributors."

"The same can be said of many endeavours, but... But I have digressed. My point is to say that they were hundreds and thousands of years old already in my time, which is a great deal of time to accumulate magic."

"Like you, accumulating magic as a genie?"

"Precisely."

"Would that make the oldest genies the most powerful, too?"

"Older genies are more precise, I think, but I'm not sure we're more powerful. I wonder if anyone knows. I haven't encountered a freshly-made genie since, hmm, was Attila the last?"

"Attila the Hun was a genie? Or a djinn."

"Not at all; merely his Hunnic marauders made many Greuthungi desperate. It's usually the way of Great Wishes: they require either a court magician, a noble with someone to sacrifice on their behalf, or both, so they are most common when matters are dire for a whole realm. In the case of the Greuthengi, though, they got the worth of their wishes. The Ostrogoths threw off

Hunnish domination and were led to greatness by Theoderic the Great.” Genie scowled, and Candace could see she was again wondering why her own Great Wish failed so spectacularly.

“Maybe yours was just delayed? Great Britain eventually became the greatest empire in the world.”

Genie’s scowl vanished into a bitter laugh. “After being invaded by the Angles, and Saxons, and Vikings, and Normans. Your Queen Victoria was mostly of German blood, wasn’t she? And you yourself look like one of the *götar* to me, so I’m sure your ancestors were Viking invaders. Though you are not huge like the *götar* were, so maybe Saxon.”

“I’m sorry!” Candace said.

Genie’s dark mood vanished. “Oh, Candi, *I’m* sorry. I shouldn’t have made you feel like you need to apologise for your presence here. As bitter as I am about what became of my efforts, I have learned enough to know that there’s no inherent right in blood. After all, the Romans didn’t betray me; an Iceni did. A druid, no less. And I must admit that the stories of Boudicca’s ravages of the Romans are true. If the Romans were vicious, so too were we. I doubt Boudicca would have made a comfortable queen of the Iceni, and the glory of victory is for a few of the victors while the ravages of loss is for all the rest, whose fields the horses trample, whose men are pressed under arms... I fear that if my wish had been granted in full, it might have been worse for everyone. Except those I loved.”

Candace stopped to hug Genie, whose black mood had returned as she spoke. “I honour you, though. You did the best you knew how to do, at tremendous sacrifice.”

“Was it? I gave up something that could never be, and a sister whom I’d eventually lose to marriage regardless. But I honour you, too, Candi.”

Candace was conscious of a desire to kiss Genie, but resisted. Their carriage wasn’t packed, but neither was it empty, and she was pretty sure the kiss would turn into full on snogging. Silently, she wished with all her heart that there was some way to make Genie happy, but was wise enough not to say anything aloud.

They arrived at their stop, and it was time to move.

“I want you to know that you’ve made *me* very happy,” Candace told Genie as they exited onto the platform.

“Despite it not being quite what you thought you wished for?” Genie asked sardonically.

“It’s better than what I wished for. I’ve never been so happy in my life, and I have you to thank.”

“Aren’t you worried about what might happen after this? That it might forever upset your future?”

Candace made a motion of flicking away something useless. “I won’t say there won’t be downsides, but honestly, I don’t feel like I’ve given up anything except some illusions. Even if I lived the rest of my life just like this, I think it would be better than what I had before. I mean, I

had daydreams, but they weren't going to happen."

"What do you mean?"

"In some inscrutable way, I was going to become independently wealthy and then a reclusive, mysterious benefactor of the downtrodden while raising many beautiful children with... without having married into the money, or winning the Lotto, or anything sordid like that."

"Do you consider reality television a sordid way of making money?" Genie asked curiously.

"One of the most sordid," Candace said, laughing, "Because it paints such a mean picture of life. Would you believe that I entirely respect Honey for starring in porn, but I think this show of hers is a bit immoral?"

"Of course I would," Genie said with a pleased smile. "What if your next wish is to find a buried treasure, or something of that nature? I hope that wouldn't seem sordid."

"I'm not sure now. I think I could make money from my looks in a number of ways, and maybe what I should wish for is the skills to use it best. As romantic as the idea of secretly giving money to worthy individuals is, it's a bit indulgent and self-congratulatory, isn't it? The real nobs like Bill Gates invest in studies of the most effective way to give, right? If I had a fortune, I should just give it to one of them. But I have some ideas on little things I could maybe do, if I had the skills."

"I can't really give you skills, though," Genie said apologetically.

"No, but I can learn them myself! It's great, Genie! I've done so many things I never thought I could! My future is so open. And you did it, Genie. Thank you."

They'd gone single-file up the stairs to accommodate a descending group, with Genie in the lead. She turned to smile at Candace with watery eyes, opened her mouth as if to say something, and vanished.

## Slight Errors

Candace stopped, staring at the empty space where Genie had just been, then started looking around the stairwell. No one seemed to have noticed that a full-sized adult had just disappeared in a blink. In fact, Candace had a vague recollection that she just ascended the stairs by herself after travelling solo from the shop. Was she going crazy? Was she emerging from a psychotic break? Her huge rack and the strong feeling of needing to express some milk confirmed at least a major part of her recollection.

Had she somehow exhausted her wishes on accident? She was at least confident that she hadn't uttered the word 'wish' even once, and anyway, Genie had said she was very adept at avoiding accidental wish completion, hadn't she? She had almost two thousand years of experience, didn't she?

Then she recalled another possibility: someone must have gotten ahold of Genie's vessel!

She hadn't unpacked after getting home; what if she misplaced the canister somehow? How could that be possible? Alright, panic wouldn't help anything. First thing, she should text Kelly.

When Candace got her phone out of her bag, she saw that she'd missed several texts from Kelly already, and one arrived even as she held her phone.

'Are you ok? Please text!' Kelly sent. She'd sent several that were similar, starting with one telling her that Genie was going to meet her.

'I'm fine,' Candace texted back a lie, 'Did you open up my bag?'

'No, why?'

That presented a conundrum. How to answer? 'I think something might have fallen out of it on the trip.'

'Is Genie with you?'

'She met me at work but had to leave. I'm almost home,' Candace texted, trying not to cry. She wasn't prepared for this. To lose her other wishes. To lose Genie. Just when everything seemed so perfect. Was this some kind of sick karma? To take everything from her at the moment when she began to think she might have a truly fulfilling, happy life. And now everything seemed hopeless.

She had to get home. Because at least she still had her sister, unlike poor Genie. Thinking of that, she forced herself to stand up straight and walk home with some kind of dignity, rather than bawling her eyes out in the Underground stairwell like she wanted to. It wasn't a long walk, and then she'd be able to at least dissolve into a sobbing mess in the arms of someone who loved her.

A buzz of her mobile announced another text from Kelly, 'Do you wish your boobs weren't so huge?'

It was a strange question out of the blue, but despite her recent feeling of reconciliation with it, she texted back, 'They kind of make me feel like a giant bimbo.'

'Maybe it'll get better,' Kelly responded, but Candace was too upset to even attempt to decipher Kelly's cryptic meaning.

Before she opened the door, she could hear Kelly speaking to someone excitedly. Bloody hell. It hadn't occurred to Candace that Kelly might have company, but of course she might, with her many friends. She steeled herself to walk through it without giving away her distress, then opened the door.

And there was Genie.

"Genie! Thank God!" she exclaimed in the most massive relief of her life.

"Candi!" Kelly responded, taking no offence that Candace had reacted to Genie first. "Did you know Genie is actually a genie? Like, a magic one?"

Candace stopped, and the pieces fell into place. Kelly had found Genie's vessel. Yes, there it was, sitting on the counter, with a dish towel next to it, telling the story. Well, Candace's wishes were evidently over with, but it could be much worse.



"I did know that. I'm so glad you're the one to find her next, because I dilly-dallied with making my wishes and ended up losing them," Candace managed to sort through her conflicting emotions to say, "I... I thought this sort of thing isn't supposed to happen? With someone so close to me getting your vessel?"

Genie looked apologetic. "I think the rules aren't technically broken, here. It *was* an accident."

"I thought you said you didn't open up my bag?" Candace asked Kelly.

Kelly looked a little guilty. "Well, it was already partly unzipped. I just saw that your lotion had sort of exploded on it, so I decided to clean it."

"Of course," Candace said, starting to laugh and trying to keep the hysterical edge off it. She wondered if she was stuck as a bimbo now. The idea didn't bother her as much as she thought it would. Or rather, it bothered her quite a bit, but there was also quite a lot of relief mixed in that she didn't have to decide how much of her transformation to retain. On the other hand, if the wish was over, would she wake up tomorrow in her old body? That would be even worse than being stuck like this. Genie had implied otherwise, though.

"Genie was warning me not to make them too hastily, but I already made one," Kelly admitted. "I still have two more wishes, though! We can share!"

"Um, that's not how it works," Candace said, her heart nonetheless warmed by Kelly's reflexive generosity. "You can't really wish for what I want."

"What do you mean?" Kelly asked.

"The nature of wish magic is that it produces disappointing results if you wish for things for other people," Genie explained, "It pushes you to be selfish and try to satisfy your own desires. There's a number of complications like that which I would have wanted to explain before you made your first wish."

"Oh, I'm very sorry. I was just so excited."

"I am also sorry. Normally I could have caught it in time, but I admit I was a little stunned to find myself back here," Genie said. "This hasn't happened in a very long time. Never, in fact. This has been a very singular wish-granting episode."

"You mean two sisters getting you in succession?" Candace asked, and Genie nodded. "What did you wish for?"

Kelly looked vaguely embarrassed and confused, but didn't say anything.

"Oh right, you're not supposed to talk about your wishes," Candace said.

"That stricture only applies to me," Genie said, looking at Kelly, "I think she's confused about something else."

"I said that I wanted us to be sisters more like we used to be rather than you being so much bigger and, you know, feeling like the biggest bimbo at City," Kelly said, describing a huge chest with her hands to clarify what sense of the word 'bigger' she intended. "I hope you don't mind,

but I think you won't. I mean, you don't like being so conspicuous all the time. But now I'm worried the wish won't work right."

Candace snorted and looked at Genie. "I think I know how it'll work."

"How?" Kelly asked, and looked back and forth between them.

"I expect you're going to get bigger boobs and bum, and get leaner elsewhere," Candace said, "So you look more like me."

Kelly cocked her head. "That's one way to do it, innit? I don't think I mind, but I'm sorry I didn't help as much as I thought I would."

"It's okay," Candace said, "I once would have thought walking around the world with breasts as big as mine would be debilitating, but it's not really that bad once you get used to to it. I've adjusted."

"Was that going to be one of your wishes? To shrink down a little?" Kelly asked.

"I had assumed so, but now that the chance is gone it turns out that I didn't mind the extra weight or everyone making assumptions about me as much as I thought." Candace admitted. "I even like my lips, which I had no control over, but they've really grown on me."

"Literally?" Kelly asked.

"So literally," Candace said, laughing.

"I bet I'll like it, too. They say you can't be too busty or too thin."

"That's not the saying," Candace objected.

"Whoever said it the other way was obviously wanting in judgment," Kelly tossed off, then changed the subject, "So is that why you had to leave 'for America' Genie? Because eventually Candi would make her wishes and then poof, away you go?"

"That is usually the way it works, yes. This is an unusual case where someone else happens upon the vessel before wishing is concluded. It has to be a true accident and not arranged, or it backfires."

"I cannot tell you how happy I am that it didn't turn out the usual way," Candace said, stopping herself from saying more. Kelly was Genie's 'mistress' now, not Candace, and she couldn't assume that things would be like they had been. She swallowed.

"Did you not tell me because of the 'Veil' thing?" Kelly asked Candace.

"Yes, though I have to assume it doesn't apply when we both know the genie in question, right?" Candace said.

"I... don't know. This is very novel. I would have said that it does regardless, but you are such close sisters. Twins, even. Maybe that overcomes it, or changes it somehow."

"Could it be because she didn't get to make a wish?" Kelly asks.

Candace opened her mouth to dispute that, but no sound came out. Her memory of the phrasing of her wish made her not want to mention it to Kelly, who apparently still thought that Candace was just naturally incredibly busty, and all that had changed was Candace coming out of

her shell. "I think the Veil is still operating," she said instead.

"I agree," Genie said, arriving at the same conclusion, "Though evidently Candace is at least partly 'inside' because of her previous relationship with both master and djinn."

"Mistress and genie?" Candace suggested. "Men don't have to be the default, you know."

"I'm still new to the linguistic conventions of your age," Genie said, shrugging.

Kelly suddenly started laughing, causing Genie and Candace to again exchange glances. "I'm sorry," Kelly said once she got over her fit, "I was just so worried that Genie was getting Candi into trouble somehow. Like drugs or something. And it turns out that she's a thousand year old genie! It's just so funny, like I'm clueless mum snooping through her daughter's things. I'm sorry, Candi, but I did mean only the best."

"It's okay, Kels. I'm glad I have a sister who cares enough to be nosey," Candace said, and gave Kelly a little squeeze.

It reminded her that she was lactating and very full. "Oh bugger, I need to milk myself," she said.

"Wait, did she get that from a wish? Or her lips?" Kelly asked genie, her eyes wide after Candace had got to the bathroom.

"I wouldn't be able to tell you if it did, but in one of the central ironies of the Veil, I can tell you that she did *not* get either from a wish."

"Oh. They just seem so unlikely," Kelly mused. "Wait, what were you two *really* doing in Norwich, if you weren't visiting family?"

"That was true," Genie said, "We met my uncle Paul there."

Kelly giggled. "You're a genie with an uncle Paul? That's so *normal*!"

"Perhaps not so normal as you think," Genie said. "He is a... let's call him a wizard. He enchanted Candace a bit, leading to several changes, including the lactation and the lips."

"And the little brat told me she fell! She even showed me stitches!" Kelly said, not actually upset.

"That was all real. I simply made the slight error of not removing the geas - that's an enchantment laid for the convenience of the caster - before accelerating the healing of her lips. I made a similar mistake with her breasts."

"They don't seem like errors to me. It all looks great. I mean, I'm not especially minding the prospect of looking more like Candi. She's well fit now, even more than before."

## Another First Wish

"Fortunate that you enjoy Candi's appearance, since your own is destined to become more similar to hers," Genie commented.

"That's true. The only part I didn't like about Candi's recent change is that her new lips make

us look so different. I was really enjoying how similar we were looking before. I even considered bleaching my hair to look more like hers. Just temporarily.”

“Normally I would ask you to describe in more detail exactly what you envisioned in terms of how similar you look, but I feel the wish energy is already in motion. Nevertheless, it might be best to give me more clarity on your goals so that if and when I have an opportunity to guide the course of the wish that I do so in a way that is most likely to please you.”

“Really? That’s pretty neat. Can I make my veneers into real teeth?”

“Pardon?” Genie asked.

“I chipped one of my front teeth so I got veneers, but I don’t want to have to be replacing veneers all the time for the rest of my life.”

“That’s very specific,” Genie said.

“I’m extremely afraid of dentists,” Kelly explained.

“Well, that makes sense. Your sister’s teeth are natural, so that works fine. The false material needs to go somewhere. What if it turned into lip implants?”

“You can do that?”

“Not exactly *me*, but I can guide the wish, sometimes. In this case, it’s what I think the wish is intending to do anyway, so there’s not much to do.”

“Brilliant! Well, what about the rest? Candace said I’d get thin?”

“Yes, the wish needs material. It can create a little, but mostly it moves it, and moving fat from other places in the body is the easiest thing for it to do.”

“I don’t feel like I have loads of fat, though.”

“I suggest you eat a large dessert tonight,” Genie said with a smile, “Though it’s fortunate that you don’t have as much spare material to work with.”

“Why?” Kelly asked.

“I can’t entirely explain that, I’m afraid, but one reason is that if you had sufficient spare flesh for it, the wish would probably have used it to give you breasts as big as your sister’s. However, it would have needed to do so in the form of extremely large implants in order to maintain the Veil. Your friends would believe you getting liposuction and implants more than your breasts growing as big as your sister’s overnight.”

“Shit! I forgot the girls are coming to pick me up, and we’re going to a get-together at... Don’t matter. Can you, like, magic me ready?”

“I wouldn’t recommend expending a wish on something so trivial,” Genie said.

“You’re right. Let me just nip in and touch up,” Kelly said, heading to the bathroom Candace was in.

“Kelly, I think Candi would prefer...” Genie said, trying to prevent Kelly from opening the door on her sister.

It was unsuccessful, meaning that Kelly caught sight of Candace kneeling in the bathtub with

her eyes closed, tugging on her nipples to generate alternating jets of milk. Gently, Kelly closed the door, mouth and eyes open wide.

Genie awaited Kelly's reaction with concern.

"Is it gross of me to say that was the hottest thing I've ever seen?" Kelly asked Genie, who was not prepared to answer the question. "Now I *literally* wish I had big milky boobs that take me to the edge of orgasm like that. She looked like she was in heaven."

"A figure of speech?" Genie suggested.

"What? Oh, yes, of course she wasn't *actually* in heaven. Does Heaven exist?" Kelly asked curiously.

"I don't know, I've never been dead," Genie said before clarifying, "I meant that when you literally wished you had big milky boobs, was that just a figure of speech?"

"Oh, hah! I said literally, didn't I? I know you're *supposed* to say figuratively, but it's honestly just an intensifier word now. Assuming you're a descriptivist. But who is still a prescriptive linguist these days?"

Genie wiped her face. "Kelly, you're making this very difficult for me. I'm a genie, and I grant wishes. *Wishes*."

"Oh *shit*, did I just wish for big milky boobs? *Literally* wish for them? I guess I did, didn't I? But isn't that sort of like the first wish, if Candace already has big milky tits?"

Genie shrugged and gave up. "Well, I guess it is now. You'll definitely start lactating soon, but at least you didn't spend another wish on it."

"I don't mind. I mean, it looks like fun, and I can always reverse it later, right?"

"Presumably, yes, but do be careful."

"When will I start to change?" Kelly asked, testing the weight of her breasts with her hands.

"In the morning, or at least sometime after midnight."

"Oh good. I'll be back before then. But I still need to get ready," Kelly said, taking a makeup kit from her bag, "I'll just do my best with what I have in my purse and you let me know if I'm fucking up, okay Genie?"

"Okay, sure," Genie sighed, but not without a smile.

## Unfinished Business

Milking herself was a start-and-stop affair for Candace because she frequently had to stop to rest or to wait out an orgasm. "God, am I going to spend hours a day milking myself?" she muttered, "This is ridiculous."

A knock on the door and alerted her that Genie was about to enter, but she was on the edge of another orgasm and Genie already knew about her state, so she gave into the temptation to finish.

Coming while Genie watched was a little embarrassing but a lot arousing. Seeing Genie's hard nipples was even more exciting, pushing any discontent about her situation to the back of her mind.

"Like what you see?" she asked with a flirtatious smile.

Genie had to avert her eyes, making Candace feel very powerful. She'd made an ancient magical being so randy she'd had to look away!

"I felt we needed to talk about what just happened," Genie said, which brought Candace partway to earth.

"There's not much to be done about it, is there?" Candace asked, still holding her nipples gently between thumb and forefinger, and supporting her boobs with her palms and wrists, "All the magic is done, right?"

"Not exactly. You still have almost three weeks left on your wish. It was actually a close call: you could have gotten into another arms-race with your sister, if she wasn't already so lean."

"What do you mean? Oh, you mean that if the wish could have made her as busty as I am that she'd become biggest bimbo, and then my wish would have me more bimboish, and then her wish would have to fight back, and so on?"

"Exactly. The phrasing of her wish was eerily similar, so it could easily have happened."

"Well, we *are* sisters," Candace said with pride, though she shuddered slightly at the near miss. "How upset was she, when you explained it to her? I'm not sure she quite grasped it at first. You did explain, didn't you?"

"I explained as far as I could without touching on your wish, to the extent of communicating that she'll develop larger breasts in the morning. And lactating like you do."

"Really? I kind of feel bad for that, but I'm also sort of happy to have company. And it really does feel superb. It's not normal to come just from milking, is it?"

"It's not common, at least, though you are not the only lactating woman I've ever encountered that climaxed from nursing. Your pleasure is quite a bit more pronounced, however."

"It *is* very good. I've never come this much from masturbation before," Candace said. "I'm like one of the hentai girls who likes rubbing their boobs up and down on pricks. Oh my God, that's why this is happening, isn't it? Because of my weird hentai videos? They spray milk when they come, too."

"That gives the wish scope to go in that direction, but I doubt it would have without Prasto's interference. I have to guess he has a thing for lactating breasts."

"But you like them, too. Don't you?" Candace asked hopefully.

Genie bit her lip, but wasn't able to suppress her telltale smile. "On you, they are very alluring."

Candace had thought she was sated, but suddenly she wanted Genie to fuck her again. Hard.

And, standing naked in front of Genie, she knew her resurgent desire would be visible to Genie's discerning gaze. Yet, that just made her feel even more randy. What had gotten into her? Was it just relief at seeing Genie again? Was it something else? Maybe coming to grips with the fact that she was stuck as a bimbo had the side-effect of ripping away her inhibitions?

Disquiet at this development threatened to well up in her, but a look at the slight concern on Genie's face reminded her that Genie's fate was bound to how happy her mistresses were with the outcome of their wishes. She resolved to be happy, for Genie's sake. And it shouldn't be too hard, right? She had the body for it. "I'm glad you like it," Candace said breathily, "I'm very happy now."

Genie looked a little skeptical as she studied Candace. "Did you wish for anything else before I disappeared?"

That question surprised Candace, but she dutifully thought back to just before Genie vanished, and couldn't think of any sort of wish. "No, why?"

"Because I went back to my vessel, as if all wishes had been granted."

"Didn't you go back because Kelly was trying to clean the moisturiser off it?"

"No, if it had been that, I wouldn't have gone back to the vessel even briefly. I was inside for at least a couple minutes."

"I swear I don't recall making any wishes. If I slipped up and said the 'W' word, I don't remember it, and I think I would have. We had just been discussing what I *should* select as my next wish, but it was very clearly all in the subjunctive mood."

Genie smiled unconsciously at Candace's incongruous precision while nodding thoughtfully. "Something very strange is going on. Prasto's geases felt so weak and temporary, but they seem to have disrupted the process of your wish magic all out of proportion."

"It's not going to cause you problems, is it?" Candace asked worriedly.

"Cause *me* problems?" Genie asked, "Why would it cause me problems?"

"Because you get credit for how much we like our wishes, right? I like mine a lot."

Genie's brow crinkled as she searched Candace's face. "I don't think that's the whole truth."

"Maybe not, but it will be," Candace asserted.

Genie shook her head. "That's not how it works, sweetie. You can't *trick* the wish magic."

"I'm not tricking anything. I'm just going to *learn* to enjoy it."

Genie sighed unhappily. "I felt like I had really helped you, but now I see I've just burdened you with the desire to help *me*."

"But you *have* helped me! I'm so hot now, and Kelly and I are as close as ever, and everything is going to be okay," Candace insisted.

"Candi, baby, don't. I would love for that to be true, but you can't make yourself into something you're not, deep down. Even a Great Wish can't do that."

"How can you be sure I'm not a bimbo, deep down?" Candace said throatily, bobbling her

breasts with her hands to distract Genie from self-recriminations.

It worked.

### Big Sister Gets Bigger

“Why do you always smell so delicious?” Candace murmured into the nape of Genie’s neck when she woke up the next morning. “Do you magic away all the sweat?” Candace enjoyed the feeling of her breasts pressed into Genie’s toned and strong back, though their weight had put her arm to sleep.

“No, I changed my sweat to have a better scent and evaporate faster. Have you noticed yours does as well?” Genie responded without physically stirring, “When was the last time you had to contend with underboob sweat?”

“Oh, that’s nice! I thought it was just because I’m not fat any more. Or at least, not fat like that.”

“Well, you *did* wish for it,” Genie pointed out.

“How so?”

“It was one of the things you imagined was true of bimbos,” Genie said.

“I did?” Candace said, trying to recall any such thoughts.

“You must have, or it wouldn’t have happened,” Genie said.

“What if it was Paul?” Candace asked.

“I’m certain underboob sweat would not be something Prasto would think about. Besides, his geases were too simple to have so many effects. It had to have come from the wish.”

“You know best,” Candace conceded. “Do you think Kelly is up yet?”

“No.”

Candace took that as license to continue laying in bed with Genie, though she had to mentally give herself really long nails for the day in order to provide her little hand with sufficient span to shovel her huge, milky boob off her dead arm. It wasn’t completely comfortable laying there and her boobs were demanding to be empties, but who knew when or if she’d have another chance to cuddle with Genie like this? The night had been figuratively magical, and the literal magic that made it possible might be gone forever shortly after Kelly woke up.

“Did you, like, loan Evil some of your sexual technique?” Candace asked, a question that had occurred to her during their lovemaking because several moves had been so reminiscent of Evil-I, and the same had been true during their night in Norwich.

“Not exactly,” Genie said.

“Then what?” Candace asked.

“You could say I swapped bodies with him,” Genie admitted.



“So it was you the whole time?!” Candace asked, louder than she meant to. “You bitch!” she added in a whisper, and kissed the side of Genie’s neck.

“I was concerned about what might happen in that storage room after everyone had been drinking. I didn’t mean to get quite so directly involved. I had no idea how ‘close’ the brothers would be.”

Candace squeezed Genie in a hug. “It was so good. Thank you thank you *thank* you! My first time couldn’t have been better!”

Genie patted Candace’s arm. “I’m happy to hear it, Candi. I wish I hadn’t done it under false pretences.”

“Oh, who cares about that? You gave me the fucking of a lifetime. And then again Saturday. And last night. Though next time maybe you could use the strap-on again?”

“The strap-on?” Genie asked, as if this was a strange request

“Yeah the strap-on,” Candace said, exasperated by Genie being uncharacteristically dense. “Oh my God! I’m leaking all over your back! I never put the plugs back in!” She threw herself out of bed and hurried to the bath so she could milk herself.

“I’ll put them right here,” Genie said, transferring the nipple plugs from the bedside table to the countertop next the sink.

“Thank you, love,” Candace said. “If I still had a wish, I think it would be to make this process less exhausting. It feels great, but it’s really quite laborious.”

Genie paused. “I could help.”

“Don’t think about giving me more free wishes, Genie. I’m not even your mistress any more.”

“I don’t mean that, I mean like,” Genie inserted her hands between Candace’s fingers and Candace’s nipples, and firmly grasped both of Candace’s teats. “Now, support yourself with your hands, and I’ll do the rest.”

“Oh my God, you’re going to milk me like a cow?” Candace asked, extremely turned on by the prospect.

“Yes,” Genie confirmed, and started tugging on Candace’s nipples in an oscillating pattern.

“Ohhhhh Gooooodddddd,” Candace moaned, mouth slack with ecstasy.

“I take it you like it,” Genie murmured.

Candace just whimpered in answer.

Kelly startled awake from a dream of her naked sister’s lips, breasts and bum slowly swelling up like so many balloons as she moaned helplessly. In her dream, Kelly was also naked, but the only way to protect Candace from the embarrassment of being seen by judgmental spectators was for Kelly to swell up even more, so she did. Her gigantic lips had gotten so big they were on the verge of blocking her own view when she awoke, confused and horny. And confused as to

why she was horny. There wasn't really anything about the dream that should have been erotic to her, but her nipples were hard and her pussy felt neglected.

Well, it *was* neglected, at little. Kelly had almost gotten some from a good-looking bloke at the club, but midnight approached too fast and the guy refused to fuck in the car he'd spent half the night bragging about. He probably would have been shit anyway. She thought he was the type to talk big game but then wilt the moment she tried to give him pointers on how to please her. The frustration was probably why she had such a weird erotic dream. That, and the wish she'd made to look more like her sister. Not that she'd understood that to be what she was wishing for, but she had to admit that there were worse things that could happen than looking like Candace. Sure, it probably meant no more jogging, but jogging was rubbish exercise anyway. Spin class was more expensive, sure, but hadn't she read that it was better for joints? She imagined herself in spin class with Candace-sized boobs and her body's reaction made clear that she liked it.

She gave herself a little attention to take the edge off before she got out of bed, her mind returning again and again to her sister's unexpectedly erotic body and face. Of course, Kelly didn't want to get *that* big, but it was undeniably a sexy thought, and she finished herself off to the thought of having even bigger boobs than Candace.

With that done and the aroma of Candace's omelettes emanating from the kitchen, Kelly finally got out of bed to quickly clean up and get breakfast. Just as she was donning her bathrobe, though, Candace knocked.

"Come in!" Kelly said, entirely pleased with her choice of siblings.

"I sautéed the kale a bit this time, so hopefully it isn't so tough," Candace said, bringing in the plate with a cutting board as tray, while Genie trailed afterwards.

"Were you bringing breakfast in bed?" Kelly asked, touched.

"Yes, because Genie says it's time for the initial wish fulfilment, and you'll need the sustenance."

"I did eat some dessert last night! And drank some dessert, too," Kelly said, then took a bite. She was surprisingly hungry despite the sudden butterflies in her stomach.

"Good," Genie said, waiting and watching her eat.

"Am I supposed to do something?" Kelly asked, since Candace and Genie seemed to be waiting for something.

"Just eat," Candace said.

"Okay, okay, I'm eating," Kelly said, and resumed eating. It was a good omelette, but she was too distracted to really enjoy it properly. In fact, she was beginning to feel overheated and tingly from the attention. Was it the attention? No, it was her body. Something was changing.

"Well fuck me! I can feel it happening! There's something pressing on my hips, right here." She felt a slight popping sensation, and her buttocks shifted slightly further apart while her waist

constricted. Then she could feel movement under her skin as fat migrated away from her tummy toward her tush and tits. “This feels fabulous!” she said, groping herself through the slightly diaphanous robe and feeling the increasing weight of her breasts. To her mixed relief and disappointment, they grew significantly but stopped well short of matching Candace’s magnificent mounds.

She thought perhaps then it would be over, but the changes had further to go. Tiny snaps announced the separation of her stick-on nails from the real nails underneath, which rapidly thickened and lengthened to match Candace’s impressive gels. Her eyelashes also lengthened, and turning her head to examine how they looked revealed that her hair colour had lightened from auburn to a bright strawberry blonde. It also felt like her teeth were melting into her lips, though parting them showed the same pearly white teeth she’d had before. Her lips, however, felt like there was something in them, and swelled as she watched. Tiny scars also developed, and she started to *remember* having received an experimental lip implant.

Those memories weren’t alone. She started to recall having exercised vigorously to try to control the macromastia condition she shared with her twin sister, and a physician’s prediction that her prognosis was expected to be similar to Candace’s. She even recalled dying her hair auburn ever since first form, instead of it turning darker on its own, which she *also* remembered.

“I feel like I’ve gone mad. Why am I remembering things that aren’t true?” she asked Genie fearfully.

“Don’t worry, that’s normal,” Genie said calmly, and Candace’s unworried nod settled Kelly somewhat.

“How is it normal?” Kelly asked

“It’s part of the Veil’s operation. It makes small changes in the world, and alters memories just enough that if anyone questions why you seem to have suddenly changed, there will be a comparatively mundane explanation that seems correct.”

“Wow! Is that what’s really happening with miracles and such?” Kelly asked, excited.

“Ironically, no. At least in my experience, if someone claims something to be miraculous, that means it’s not Veiled, and thus probably utterly ordinary. Coincidences, mistakes, or lies, that is. Not that I’ve necessarily seen every kind of magic that exists, of course, but I have seen quite a lot, and as far as I know I can always feel it when it’s real magic.”

“That’s wild!” Kelly said, laughing. “Did you already know this, Candi?”

“Yeah, the very first evening she appeared in the shop, she granted me a small wish for my cleaning to be finished, just to demonstrate her power, right? And then I *remembered* cleaning for hours, even though I could see by the clock that I couldn’t have been.”

“How bizarre. I like it. I like all of it. I’m going to have to get new bras, though.”

“I’ve already seen to that. You’ll find most of your bras have already been resized for you.”

“Really! That’s very thoughtful of you,” Kelly said, and plucked one from her chest of

drawers. “It looks very much the same. It doesn’t really feel bigger,” she said, because it seemed no heavier than usual.

“Check the tag,” Candace told her.

“Oh right. Wow! I’m a 32G now? That’s enormous, isn’t it? Am I really that big?”

“The smaller band size accounts for some of it,” Candace reminded her.

“Right right. Wow. I think I look pretty good,” Kelly said, turning side to side to examine herself in the mirror, “And you can see my abs! I’ve never been so thin in my life.” As she said it, she developed a fuzzy recollection of having been very feeling very ill for the last several days and secretly sicking up all her food into the toilet. “Well, that’s not a pleasant memory.”

“What’s that?” Candace asked, worried.

“Oh, apparently I’m so thin right now because I’ve been vomiting up all my food lately,” Kelly explained.

Candace blinked slightly. “I... actually feel like I remember the sound of you sicking up in the loo Friday night. And I decided not to embarrass you about it. Interesting. I wonder if your physician would have the same memory of diagnosing your macromastia. Wait! Now I remember you going with me to the visiting physician about it just last week!”

“And he rotated out Friday!” Kelly added with excitement, “Very clever and convenient, this wish magic. Is it always like that, or is this your doing, Genie?”

Genie smiled mysteriously and raised a smug eyebrow, at which the sisters both dissolved into laughter.

“Wait, do we have an appointment for gene sequencing?” Candace asked Genie.

“Do you have a feeling you do? I would check your calendar,” she suggested seriously. “I don’t arrange all the details. But yes, it does make sense that the two of you share a gene for the condition that produces very large, lactating breasts.”

“My breasts aren’t lactating, though,” Kelly said, and tugged slightly on her nipples to demonstrate. “Of if they are, they’re a lot more subtle about it.”

“Really?” Genie said, confused, “I’m not sure why not, given the nature of the wish. This is really irregular.”

“I thought you said you don’t arrange all the details,” Kelly said.

“Which is true, but this was a fairly explicit addendum. It *has* to happen. Wishes don’t just skip bits.”

“It takes time, though, doesn’t it? I mean, how long does Kelly’s wish run?” Candace asked.

“This one is variable. Somewhere between three weeks and the end of the academic year,” Genie said, “I left it more open-ended to give it more flexibility, which tends to result in less sudden changes.”

“So it could just be coming later,” Kelly said.

“It could, but that’s very unusual, and there’s been too many aberrations lately. There’s

something I'm missing. I don't know how I can blame *this* on Prasto, but I can't think of what else could be disrupting the normal progression of the wish."

"Who is Prasto?" Kelly asked.

"Her uncle Paul," Candace explained.

"The wizard?"

"Yes," Candace said, watching Genie, who was thinking hard.

"Should I be worried?" Kelly asked Genie.

Genie considered briefly before answering, "No, the wish magic will ultimately get its way, especially if I give it a nudge here and there. And if that doesn't work, you have two more wishes. We have plenty of leeway."

"I'm so glad we get to do this together, Candi," Kelly said, giving her sister a quick squeeze, "It's really exciting and fun, and I'd be really sad if I couldn't share it with you. And also it would be much scarier without you."

"Without *me*? Genie is the one making sure you're okay," Candace pointed out.

"You're the reason I know Genie will make sure I'm okay. No offence, Genie."

"None taken," Genie said easily. "I do strive to do my best for everyone I serve."

"Almost everyone," Candace corrected.

"Everyone who is a basically good person," Genie said.

"I hope I'm basically a good person," Kelly said with a hint of doubt.

"Have no fear. You are a very good person," Genie said in an offhand way that was both impersonal and as convincing as a mathematician providing an answer to basic arithmetic.

Candace smiled at Kelly. "She's got thousands of years of experience, Kels. She knows what she's talking about."

"Except I think I was maybe a little jealous of your looks when I made this wish. That's not very good, is it?"

Candace laughed ruefully. "I would be an absolute hypocrite to criticise that. Come on, Kels. Eat the rest of breakfast and let's go get some new tops."

"That's brilliant, Candi. This will be fun!"

## Making Plans

"Let's go to Brighton!" Kelly suggested from the swimsuit section of the clothing shop. "It's lovely weather these next few days, innit?"

"Does it last through to the weekend?"

"I don't know," Kelly said, and took out her phone to check. "Back to blah drizzle by Thursday. Let's go tomorrow."

"I have class tomorrow," Candace said.

“You’re smart, Candi, you don’t need to go to *every* class.”

“I don’t *need* to, but,” Candace started.

“Please? It’ll be loads of fun, and when’s the last time you really got to show off your body? Splash in the waves, all that?”

“It’s a discussion session where my absence will definitely be noticed, then a lab, which is very nearly required attendance.”

“Then let’s cycle Hyde Park in bikinis!” Kelly said, undaunted.

“Hyde Park?” Candace said with trepidation.

“Yes! It’ll be so much fun turning heads and then zipping by before anyone can really react.”

‘Turning heads’ in a public space was not usually something that appealed to Candace, but she had to admit that the ability to elicit a reaction but be gone before she had to deal with it held some attraction. She would still never do it on her own, but with Kelly and Genie there, it sounded like tolerable fun.

“Genie, would you like to come or would you rather stay?” Candace asked

“Oh, please do come, Genie! What a set we would make! Small medium large stature, big bigger biggest boobs.”

“Of course I’d be happy to come,” Genie said so naturally that Candace questioned her belief that Genie wouldn’t really want to participate in such an activity. But, Genie was committed now, so Candace may as well enjoy the sight of her in a bikini.

“I don’t think you’re ‘medium’ stature,” Candace commented.

“Maybe not, but I look it next Genie. How tall are you, Genie?”

“189cm. Six foot two.”

“Which makes five foot ten look medium,” Kelly added to complete her proof.

“Still a lot taller than five foot six,” Candace groused, though of course that was her height whilst wearing platforms now, not her stature when she was barefoot and heel-down. Not that she was ever in bare feet or flat-footed any more. Her phone vibrated, and the activity alert showed a message from her physician.

“I don’t recall making this appointment,” Candace muttered, and opened the email to read in full, since it was so strange to get an email from her doctor. And not even *her* doctor; it was a specialist of some kind. “Fuck me! I do remember this. Sort of.”

“What’s the matter?” Kelly asked.

“I have to go to the endocrinologist on Thursday.”

“Why? Wait, why does that sound familiar? You know, I think I have an appointment with one of those, too.”

“That is a wish side-effect,” Genie announced. “I would advise you to go. The wish has given you some kind of underlying medical condition in order to accomplish its tasks and it expects you to behave as you would if you had the condition and hadn’t made any wishes.”

“Is it serious?” Kelly asked, worried.

“I don’t expect so, as long as you play along. It could get a bit messier if you act like you don’t need to take it seriously because of your knowledge that it’s a wish. As an example, consider a tumour that you know to be benign, because it is the product of a wish rather than being of unknown cancerous origin. You can be confident that simple surgery will excise the tumour without issue. However, if you do not undergo surgery, instead expecting the wish to solve the problem for you, the results can be less good.”

“Why would a wish give you a tumour?” Kelly asked.

“It’s just an example. But it does seem likely that the endocrinologist will find some sort of cancerous growth somewhere in your endocrine system that is causing the growth or the lactation, which allows you to have your condition addressed by surgery. I have seen that many times since the rise of antibiotics.”

“Why since the rise of antibiotics?” Candace asked.

“Because it made simple surgeries safe and routine.”

“The wish accounts for the state of medicine?” Kelly asked.

“I think Genie does, right?” Candace said, her eyes shining with admiration.

Genie looked uncomfortable. “It’s a combination. But yes. Modern technology gives me and the wish more scope in which to work. The wish would likely find it on its own, but there are often more problems in the long term without a little guidance.”

“And long term happiness is how you build up magical credit!” Candace said, like a teacher’s pet answering a question before it was asked.

Genie smiled wryly at Candace.

“Is that true? What is magical credit?” Kelly asked.

“It’s what I need to store if I ever want to stop being a genie,” Genie said.

“If she gets enough magical credit then she can wish herself out of the bottle without trapping anyone else in it,” Candace said.

“It must take a lot, if you’ve been at this so long,” Kelly marvelled.

“It does, but most djinns seem to have freed themselves centuries ago. I am unusually slow.”

“Not because she isn’t good at it,” Candace asserted to Kelly.

Kelly looked at Genie shrewdly. “But that credit - is it *really* long term happiness that earns you the credit? You didn’t quite answer that.”

“I have faith that it does,” Genie said evasively.

“You don’t know?” Kelly asked.

“I’m working from a very limited baseline, you have to understand. I have only been a genie one time, regardless of the duration of the instance. I haven’t even had a friendly interaction with another djinn since the Crusades, so I’ve not had loads of opportunities to compare notes.”

“Huh,” Kelly grunted thoughtfully, “I bet it’s taking you so long because you’re really nice.

Nice genies free themselves last.”

“I assure you that I’m not at all nice, sometimes.”

Kelly rolled her eyes. “Sure, sure. You’re just like Candi, and she’s got the softest heart in the world. Come on, let’s see if any of these tops are big enough for her.”

There wasn’t a single bikini designed for a girl as heavy-chested as Candace, but Kelly was able to make some of the fuller coverage tops look like string bikinis that fit well enough. They didn’t find any good way of minimising Candace’s nipple piercings, though.

“Maybe I just leave them be,” Candace said.

“Really?” Kelly asked, “They’re sexy as fuck, of course, but they’re also very...”

“Prominent?” Candace suggested.

“Right. Why don’t you just milk yourself empty and leave them out for the ride?”

“I never really get empty. I mean, I get low enough that I’m only getting, like, a few drops when I tug, but I can sort of feel more inside, which starts leaking again in a few minutes.”

“We should get you a milker!” Kelly suggested excitedly, “I bet that would do the trick!”

“Come on, Kels, don’t make fun of me!” Candace complained.

“I’m not! Loads of busy mums use them. Don’t they, Genie?”

“I’m afraid that’s a gap in my knowledge,” Genie said.

“Well, I’ve seen them for sale secondhand, and they’re not so expensive that way. Maybe Genie can get us good luck on a Craigslist listing for one?”

“If it’s part of your ideas about...” Genie said, and trailed off. “Oh, I guess milkers would count as erotic enough for the wish to cover it.”

“I think you meant a ‘breast pump’, Kels,” Candace said, though Kelly too focused on her phone for Candace to be sure her sister was listening, “That’s what they call the ones humans use. And they can be quite expensive, can’t they?” Candace asked, concerned and intrigued at once.

“Nope! Here’s a listing to get one for free. Some kind of special Japanese model.”

“For free?” Candace asked skeptically.

“In exchange for some breast milk. Some sad perv bought it for his girl. She left him, now he’s got a useless machine that cost him a thousand pounds.”

“That’s so sad!” Candace said, despite also being a bit creeped out.

Kelly laughed. “Of course you would think so, Candi. Oh! He already responded! Let’s go get it!”

“That fast? What if he’s a serial killer?”

“Then we’re doing a public service,” Kelly said reasonably, “Obvs Genie would make short work of him, then we’ll have saved some other poor girl.”

Candace was surprised by the strength of Kelly’s logic. “Alright then, I suppose we almost



have a duty to go.”

Kelly laughed. “Absolutely, Candi. Let’s go get you milked for the good of humanity.”

“Breast pumped,” Candace corrected.

“Whatever,” Kelly said, leading the way to the till to pay for their purchases

## Milker

The trip to the unassuming terraced house in a well-kept part of town gave Candace plenty of time for second thoughts, but Kelly’s occasional commentary on how obsequiously grateful the bloke was being made her feel like she couldn’t back out. At worst, it might be a little embarrassment. She could do it.

The man who answered the door look absolutely dumbstruck to see them. He wasn’t a bad-looking fellow at all: younger and fitter than Candace had expected. His wispy attempt at a moustache was a mistake, but generally he didn’t look like someone who would struggle to attract women.

“You’re them?” he managed, looking at the street behind them at if to spot the hidden cameras.

“Yes we are! Or at least, she is!” Kelly said brightly, pointing at Candace.

He swallowed hard and tore his eyes from Candace’s breasts. “Thank you for agreeing to do this! Are you really... lactating?”

Candace nodded as reassuringly as she could, since he seemed to be almost frightened by the literal and figurative scale of his good fortune.

“This is the most amazing thing that has ever happened to me,” he said. “Um, would you like anything to drink or do you want to just... start?”

“Perhaps a fizzy drink?” Candace suggested, “But I’m rather full, so I could get started right away.”

“Brilliant, brilliant. Here, take anything,” he said, showing them into a tidy kitchen with expensive-looking appliances. He was clearly well-to-do. “Should we introduce ourselves, or perhaps you would rather not? I am not sure how these things work.”

“You’re not?” Kelly asked, one eye raised. “So, ‘come to my house to get milked’ is your very first kinky Craigslist post?”

“I don’t make a practice of it. Honestly, I’d been thinking about posting it for weeks, but have been too anxious about it. Something finally made me do it this morning, and, well, here you are.”

“Do you mind me asking what you do for a living?” Kelly asked, taking in the fine furnishings and what appeared to be original art on the walls.

“I’m... sort of a filmmaker.”

“Really? Anything I might have seen?”

“No no, all weird indie stuff no one cares about,” he said, “Sorry, I don’t like to talk about it, and I’m sure you didn’t come here to listen to me talk about it, either. I’m making this awkward, aren’t I? I’m sorry. I just can’t believe I did that. Posted it.”

“It’s okay. Really! I need a pump, you’d like to satisfy an urge. All very much to everyone’s benefit. Did you... want to watch me pump?”

He laughed nervously. “I would pay a thousand pounds to see it. Is that weird? I mean, you know I’m weird, so I guess it’s no surprise. But I promise I won’t do anything but watch. I’ll even stand outside while you do it, so you know I won’t do anything gross or creepy. Creepier than watching you get milked, I mean.”

“I think you’re exaggerating how unusual this is or how outrageous the request,” Kelly told him. “It’s a common paraphilia, and C... my sister doesn’t at all mind discreetly making people happy. Isn’t that right?”

“It is very true,” Candace said, “Please feel free to... enjoy yourself however you desire. From the other room. You’re already giving me the pump, so you don’t need to give me a load of money as well.”

“Now hold on,” Kelly intervened, “Fair value, don’t you think, for the greatest moment of his life?”

“Come on. It’s just a moment. A thousand pounds for that seems exorbitant,” Candace argued, not wanting the poor fellow to think that he was such a creeper that only money would convince a woman to let him watch her pump for a few minutes.

“Cand... Sis, we have bills to pay, and he’s able to help us pay them.”

It suddenly occurred to Candace that it might be to her advantage to go further with this than she normally would.

“How about you can film it for your personal use, as long as you don’t show my face,” Candace suggested, shocking Kelly and Genie. “Then you’ll have it forever.”

“Really? You would trust some guy you just met today?” He asked skeptically. Kelly’s expression echoed his.

“I know where you live,” Candace pointed out, “So if it leaked, then you’d have some legal trouble on your hands. What would that be worth to you?”

“Ten thousand pounds,” he said immediately, then added, “Though I don’t have that amount as cash. I could give you about twelve hundred in bills, but the rest I would have to arrange to give you some other way. I’m not sure of the legality of it, though,” He said, his nervousness returning.

“A thousand in cash, and nine thousand donated to Oxfam,” Candace said.

“Are you serious?” he asked.

“Of course I am. Why wouldn’t I be? That’s legal, isn’t it?” Candace looked at Kelly for

confirmation.

“Make the donation first,” Kelly said, a little gruffly. She was trying to be bad cop to Candace’s good cop, but it was more adorable than impressive.

“Uh, okay. It’s funny, because I already... But yes, it’s a very agreeable arrangement.”

They waited while he made his donation, then called his credit card company to confirm that he really intended to make the donation.

“Where’s the pump, then?” Candace asked when that was finished, wanting to alleviate the pressure in her breasts.

“Oh, it’s in the spare room. It’s all set up and I even, um, tested it a little, but I see I’m going to need to get out the largest attachments.”

Candace wondered why it needed so much setup until he opened the door to expose a contraption that was most definitely not a breast pump in any ordinary sense. It was an agricultural *milker* modified for human use, decorated with a cow pattern and adorned with busty anime girls with cow ears.

“It has the opaque metal ones like real cows use, and the glass bells like in... certain genres of Japanese animation that let you see what’s coming out. I tried both on myself, and I think the bells are actually more comfortable, but, uh, you can choose whichever you prefer. The large ones for either styles have never been used by anyone, though! See, they’re still in their original packaging.”

“This. Is.” Kelly started, looking like she was trying to find a way to back out.

“Fine! This is fine. He’s already given almost ten thousand to charity. Let’s just get started. I’ll do the bells,” Candace told the bloke, because the industrial metal ones made her feel even weirder than the fetish attachments.

“It’s too much, isn’t it?” he said, seeming stricken.

“It’s fine! Come on, just put the attachments on and let’s get milking!” Candace said impatiently.

He complied with his hands shaking, stuttering through the directions for how to apply the cups to her breasts as she unscrewed her nipple piercings.

“You’re going to need to put them on me as soon as the rings come out, or I’ll make a mess,” Candace told him, gently giving him permission for at least that much contact.

“Right, makes sense!” he said with a fleeting smile and an uncomfortable shift to accommodate his raging hard-on.

Soon she had two large glass bells attached to her tits with just enough suction to maintain the seal, and Candace was already dribbling into them rapidly.

“Where should we go?” Kelly asked.

“If Genie can stay with me, you can go wherever you feel most comfortable,” Candace said, already losing focus because of the gently rhythmic suction and moving to support herself with

her hands.

"If you want, you can use the stand there. Just put your shoulders in and it's quite comfortable, I found," the man advised.

It was comfortable, and it positioned her breasts for best drainage. "That's good."

"Shall I turn it up to normal operation?" he asked.

"Yes," Candace said, and it began in earnest.

"Oh my God. Oh my God."

"Are you okay?" Kelly asked anxiously.

"Much better than okay!" Candace said quickly, not wanting anyone to stop it. "You, stop looking like you have a stomach ache and take your pants off and enjoy the show! You paid for this! The camera will record without you, won't it?"

"Are you sure you're okay with it?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes! Yes! YES!" Candace repeated, a little ambiguous as to whether she was encouraging him or reacting to her first orgasm of the afternoon. It got the point across anyway.

Judged by the clock, it was a short interlude, but subjectively Candace's first machine milking seemed to stretch for hours. Perhaps it was that their poor host had blown his load before Candace was more than a fraction done and whimpered through the rest, trying with some success to shorten his refractory period. He at least managed to make a second mess on his own floor as he knelt at the threshold of the room.

Candace didn't mind. In fact, his very marked appreciation for the sight of her thrown into ecstasy by being milked made it hotter for her, and she felt like she was having one long, steady orgasm until she was finally milked out.

"You... are a goddess," he told her afterwards, still gasping for breath as he checked the container receiving Candace's breastmilk. "Over a litre!"

Having not needed to do anything for her orgasms, Candace wasn't breathing quite as hard, but she still felt a little tired and woozy. "I hope it was everything you could have wished," she said.

"And more. Let me go get the cash. And help you box it back up. Did you drive?"

"We walked from the train," Kelly said.

"Let me call you a car, then. This is obviously too much to walk with." He left, precious milk in hand.

When he was gone, Kelly apologised. "I'm sorry! I didn't realise there was such a difference between a breast pump and a milker."

"It's quite alright, Kels. Obviously I wasn't in agony. And besides, we made loads of money, didn't we?"

"Not as much as we could have, Mother Teresa!" Kelly said in mock outrage. "I'm proud of you, Candi. I could tell you were apprehensive, but then you just went ahead and did it. You're

so fierce!”

“Thank you, Kels. And Genie. I obviously couldn’t have done it without knowing you were here to keep me safe.”

They shared remarkably milk-free hugs, and helped Candace to clean herself up in the bathroom.

Leaving the still-nameless man’s house was a bit anticlimactic. The milker went into an anonymous cardboard box and he sent them off to the waiting car with fizzy drinks, a thousand pounds, and a heartfelt but tentative thanks. During the ride they didn’t discuss the event, but when they got home, Genie took her aside.

“Did you feel at all compelled to do that?” Genie asked seriously.

“What do you mean, ‘compelled’? Do you mean magically compelled?”

“Yes.”

“Not that I could tell. I thought it was a good idea because it would help me in the bimbo arms race if it got out, and would help a lonely guy if it didn’t.”

Genie considered that. “Sound enough logic. But, it doesn’t always work out that way. The wish wasn’t going to set you up with a murderer or anything like that, but there was no guarantee that he would keep his end of the bargain. Evidently, you already considered that possibility, so... good.” Genie seemed to force herself to relax. “You did very well. Are you leaking at all?”

“Nope! It’s only been an hour, but it seems like a good sign!”

“Yes, I suppose it is,” Genie agreed, though her brooding air lingered until Kelly returned to discuss how to spend their windfall.

## Flaunting It

“Do you think I could make money from videos of being milked?” Candace asked Kelly over breakfast. “No face, just body.”

“No doubt you would kill. Not sure how much you’d make unless you built up a fanbase, took requests from supporters and all that. It wouldn’t be instant. Though I bet it would be fast. Your body is just next level. There might not be another like it in the world.”

“I don’t like that thought,” Candace said, “I wouldn’t want it to be easy to trace it to me. Then I’ll just be known as the girl with the huge udders forever.”

Kelly looked like she was trying to decide whether to state an unpleasant truth.

“What is it, Kels? Please tell me.”

“It’s just, Candi, unless you live as a shut-in your whole life, I think you’re probably going to get famous for your boobs. I mean, they’re so big. Every girl with boobs that big is famous.”

“Every girl famous enough to be known for their big boobs is famous, but there could ten

girls as big as me that aren't famous for every one that is, and neither you nor I would have heard of them."

"Well, not as pretty, and with your lips. You just look very,"

"Bimboish," Candace finished for her.

"Unique," Kelly tried.

Candace laughed. "So, have we switched sides on the topic?"

"Which one?" Kelly asked.

"On whether I should try to make money from being milked?"

"What was my original position?"

"I think you were against it," Candace said, trying to think back.

"No, I remember now. I wasn't *against* it. I was just saying that there's no anonymity. So either do it understanding your anonymity isn't going to last, or don't do it."

"I see what you're saying," Candace said thoughtfully. "I reckon my anonymity won't last regardless."

"Are we just trading every side of the argument back and forth?" Kelly asked.

Candace grinned. "I can't help if you make good points. I think I'm going to start doing videos." As she thought about it a frisson of excitement ran through her at the thought hundred or even thousands of strangers pleasuring themselves to the sight of her body. It was a side of herself Candace would never have thought existed, though perhaps she should have - she was Kelly's sister, wasn't she? And Kelly was looking at her with pride.

"Do you need any help?" Kelly asked.

"Do you want to help?" Candace asked.

"I think I do, actually! Maybe I could be, like, your camera girl. Or your manager."

"Both," Candace said happily, but she needed to get to school.

The staring at class was more pronounced than ever, despite Candace wearing one of her most conservative outfits. There was wasn't a way to avoid looking like a porn star playing a college student. It embarrassed, amused, and aroused her to think that it was almost literally true. Probably her classmates thought she was licking her lips to be seductive or to emphasise their plumpness, but really it was just that they had a tendency to rest slightly open and thus dry out. And if it gave the lads erections, well, that was their problem, wasn't it?

When she left lab, the same student from the previous week was once again waiting for her. "I heard you're Honey Melon's friend," she said.

"Yes?" Candace said with vague impatience, remembering how the girl had called Kelly a 'bitch' in their last conversation.

"Well, you pretended not to know who she was last week."

"As it happened, I met her for the first time later than day."

“Are you on the reality show with her?”

“I don’t think I can answer that question.”

“So you *are*!” She said triumphantly.

“Why is this of interest to you?”

“I don’t know. It’s just so interesting.”

“How fortunate for me that my life entertains you,” Candace said tersely.

“Come on, don’t be a cunt about it. If you’re flaunting it like this then obviously you desire the attention.”

“Is that how it seems to you? That’s just so interesting.” Candace echoed the girl. “I need to go flaunt now! Bye!” She mockingly waved and strode away in a manner she hoped would communicate ownage rather than anger.

Of course, it was also literally true that she was going to flaunt it. She was going to meet Kelly and Genie at the park so they could all rent bicycles and ride around in bikinis, after a stop at the flat to milk herself out. The trio would be quite an eye-catching set. Genie, of course, was very tall and, though no one could deny she had a bust far above average in any other company, the least curvy. Kelly was tall and athletic, so lean that one could see her musculature except in her generous bum and incongruously large breasts. Finally came Candace, who might be called petite and delicate-looking, except that her breasts filled the space between her upper arms when she got on her bike, and her deep tush all but swallowed even her wide cruiser bike seat.

“It’s not too bad, actually,” she told Kelly, who asked how she was doing after a short practice ride in her heels. “I don’t really need to see what’s going on at my feet, and the heels are almost like pedal clips. Let’s go!”

The ride itself was pleasantly gentle. Genie was the least practiced of them, having not ridden a bicycle ‘since before the world wars’ but her natural agility came to her rescue. Because Genie was setting the pace, Candace never felt like she had to work hard to keep up. Yet, they still moved quickly enough to avoid becoming mired in awkwardness.

A few minutes in, Kelly sprung a plan on Candace that she hadn’t anticipated.

“We need sun screen! Don’t want to get sunburnt!” From a pouch on the handlebars Kelly produced a small bottle of sun cream and squirted a bit into each of their hands.

Genie went straight to it, spreading the cream very quickly and practically. Kelly, however, stopped Candace.

“Take your time, Candi. No sense in hurrying.” Kelly demonstrated by kneading the lotion into her skin with a deliberate, almost languid stroke that somehow emphasised how toned her muscles were and then, when her hands reached her cleavage, how deep it was. Candace swallowed and tried to focus on applying her own.

“Turn around, Candi,” Kelly said, “I’ll help.”

Candace could hear the mischief in Kelly's voice, but she obeyed anyway, trying to suppress her anticipation at the feeling of Kelly's hands kneading her flesh. When it began, it was all she could do to resist moaning with pleasure. It wasn't a sexual pleasure, but it was very sensual. When she opened her eyes to resume applying the cocoanut-scented creme she saw a diverse selection of people watching with varied levels of discretion. Amongst them the most delicious was a group of fit young people who appeared to be some kind of sport club on holiday. Several of them gawped openly, while others pretended they weren't looking. Irrespective of their particular reactions, it was clear that the spectacle of three busty women in bikinis applying sun creme dominated their attention.

Tentatively, Candace allowed her hands to migrate down from her head and neck to her décolletage, then away to her arms because her self-consciousness got the better of her. Kelly, however, had no such compunctions.

"Your boobs need creme, too," Kelly scolded her in a low voice.

"There's people watching," Candace responded.

"Let's give them something to watch, then," Kelly said, and reached around from behind Candace to start rubbing the creme on her breasts herself.

"Oh my God," Candace murmured. She had always enjoyed attention to her breasts on those rare moments when she could get it, but that sensitivity had increased after her wish-driven transformation, then made a huge leap since Norwich. Though it wasn't as immediately orgasmic as being milked had become, the sensation of Kelly's hands sliding across the swell of her breasts under her bikini straps pushed Candace toward a much more substantial orgasm, especially when Kelly began to knead around Candace's areolae. A little whimper of pleasure escaped her.

Kelly giggled and whispered into Candace's ear, "You're killing them."

Candace's eyes flew open and she became consciously aware of having leaned back into Kelly's chest, padded as it was by its own surplus of bosom. She didn't see the student athletes despite their remaining in her field of view, because her mind's eye was so preoccupied with what she and her sister must look like.

"Mistress, I recommend not going further," Genie warned Kelly with soft urgency.

"Pooh. She was absolutely slaying, though, wasn't she? Let's do turnabout. Now you put creme on me, Candi."

Genie made a faint disapproving noise, but Candace was in such a state that could hardly pass up the opportunity to find out what Kelly's new breasts felt like. Soft and firm, was the answer. And delicious. And at a very convenient level for sucking, though obviously Candace had no intention of doing so in public. Or in private. Definitely not. Candace looked up into Kelly's eyes. The mixed tenderness and excitement she saw reflected back to her filled her with the exhilarating thought that her sister was experiencing the same feeling.



Which, she reminded herself, she should probably *not* be feeling. But maybe she could continue to enjoy it for just a few more seconds. Unlike Candace's bikini, Kelly's had no absorbent pads to soak up milk, which meant her nipples would have less protection from the Sun, which meant in turn that of course Candace needed to massage Kelly's nipples with her sun creme-slick hands.

"Oh my God," Kelly moaned with her eyes closed, repeating Candace's own words back to her.

"Did that feel good, Kels?" Candace asked, just loud enough for her sister to hear.

"Fuuuuck," Kelly said.

"I think you may want to move on, as a number of camera phones are documenting this," Genie warned them.

"Oh!" Candace said, and would have have snatched her hands away, except that their positions up under Kelly's bikini meant that withdrawing her hands required sliding her wrists and palms down through Kelly's extensive cleavage and out. From there she moved on to Kelly's legs, being much quicker about it despite yearning to see what happened if she lingered on Kelly's thighs and buttocks.

"I bet we gave them the best show they've ever seen," Kelly said smugly as they finished up.

"I think that was perhaps excessive," Genie said.

"They didn't start video until Candi started doing me, so I think it's not too bad," Kelly said.

"Yes, but there are other factors in play that could lead to unexpected changes for you and Candi," Genie said. "Maybe it will be fine, but it would be better not to press the issue."

"Is this because of the druid guy?" Kelly asked, somewhat chastened.

"Amongst other factors," Genie said, and Candace flushed with the realisation that if Kelly exceeded Candace in her degree of bimboness, Candace's own wish would escalate the situation. She should probably explain that to Kelly because Genie could not, but she *really* didn't want to face Kelly's questions on why exactly she made the wish. And besides, Genie seemed to have the matter under control.

Fortunately being back on their bicycles didn't make it easy to continue that conversation. They returned to surprising, entertaining, and perhaps scandalising the park's occupants, which no longer felt nearly as transgressive as it had before their unintentionally-lewd sun creme application interlude. Well, not entirely intentional. At least, not on Candace's part. She should probably be upset with Kelly for tricking Candace into it. But had she *really* been unaware of what was coming? It was almost as if she had a fantasy of what was about to occur, then it came true, nearly to the point of orgasm. There was certainly no pretending to herself that she didn't participate enthusiastically once it began. Though it was her own sister, and she shouldn't think that way about her, should she? Especially with Genie looking on disapprovingly.

Maybe Genie was just jealous? It made Candace even more excited to contemplate the

possibility. Maybe they'd have furious makeup sex that night. Candace had worked late the previous night in an attempted to catch up on her studies, meaning the milker had provided her only sexual outlet, such as it was. On Sunday night Candace had enjoyed Genie's expert, tender lovemaking. but even that just wasn't the same as the heroic strap-on pounding Genie had given her Saturday night. Candace wanted that sore-pussy feeling that was a constant reminder that she drove someone wild with lust. Genie was the sort of kind person who might shag you for your sake, but even Genie couldn't fake a ferocious fucking like Saturday's. Candace tried to remember if it was a double-headed dildo or something, because Genie's enjoyment definitely hadn't been merely vicarious; she definitely climaxed while buried in Candace more than once. It was frustrating to have such a hazy memory of one of her life's best moments.

Well, tonight she'd remember.

## Appetites

"So, how fun was that?" Kelly asked afterwards, as they rode home.

"Far more than I would have thought," Candace admitted, as she knew Kelly expected to hear. It wasn't untrue, either.

"Think you might want to do it again?" Kelly asked.

"As much as I truthfully enjoyed it, I am knackered now," Candace said.

"Really? I didn't think we rode so aggressively. We could take stops next time."

"That's not my meaning. It was emotionally exhausting, not physically. I want to go to bed now." And see if she could get Genie to come with her, Candace thought but did not say.

"Oh, that does make sense. Thank you ever so much for agreeing to it, though! I had a simply wonderful time."

"Yes, I *did* get that idea!" Candace teased.

"Bitch," Kelly said with a laugh. "You were the one with your nips poking out the whole time."

"Were they? How?" Candace asked self-consciously, "I had milk absorption pads on, which should have hidden them!"

"Candi, I don't know how to tell you that when they get hard your nips are *much* too big to be hidden by those poor little pads. The effect was brilliant, though. My favourite was the grocer who just about somersaulted over the bin when he tried to watch you too long."

"That poor man!" Candace said, but couldn't help laughing. "Are you serious that even without my piercings I was still showing through?"

"Candi, do you know how huge your nipples are?" Kelly illustrated by wrapping her thumb and forefinger around an imaginary nipple.

"Are they really that big?" Candace asked, despite her acute awareness that the same thumb

and forefinger had directly felt the width of Candace's non-imaginary nipples little more than an hour prior.

"You know they are," Kelly said, "But it's great, Candi! Anyone would love them. Except maybe an actual human baby."

"Why? Oh, because they're too big to fit in a baby's mouth?" The thought made Candace feel a little anxious until she recalled that many mothers needed to pump, then feed their babies from a bottle. So Candace would be one of them with no great inconvenience to anyone. When she became a mother, someday.

"Perfect size to suck, though," Kelly said in an ironic sultry voice, which made Candace blush and look to see if there was anyone close enough to hear. There wasn't, she didn't think, but the others on the train were definitely paying attention and willing to overhear.

"Kels!" Candace protested with quiet urgency.

"Relax, Candi; it's just a joke. Plus, no one knows we're sisters."

"You're doing this on purpose!" Candace complained. Between confusion, irritation, and arousal, she didn't anticipate until too late the visual effect would be of crossing her arms below her bust.

"Hoo, nice view, bints!" a drunken man commented when the top button of Candace's cashmere lost its struggle.

Kelly's expression transitioned from appreciation of Candace's sudden cleavage to rage in a blink of an eye. "What was that?" Kelly asked the man sharply.

"Ah, shut it, tart. Less'n you want me in yer mouf," he slurred, and pulled himself up mostly straight to maintain a small advantage in stature over Kelly. Candace was worried; Kelly was clearly in much better shape than the drunkard, besides being sober, but the man's stocky build suggested someone with the strength to seriously injure.

"You shut it, you pissed wanker," Kelly said, clearly not as worried as Candace.

"I ain't 'fraid a cunty bint like you," the man said, puffing up, "Gonna bend you over..."

Then Genie stood, seeming to loom even taller and broader than usual. "You will be quiet and sit down," she commanded.

Whether it was the tone of her voice, her size, or a coincidental lurch of the train carriage, the drunken fellow sat down suddenly. A few spectators laughed and one even clapped. The man looked furious, but with the jeering coming from several directions he seemed unable or unwilling to resume his belligerence.

"I thought you were going to destroy him," Candace said as they exited onto the platform a moment later, pursued by the well-wishes of the other passengers.

"I think *he* thought so, too, judging from how quickly he sat down," Kelly added.

"Destroying a drunken sot would not be a proportionate response," Genie said, but Candace

wasn't sure if her statement was addressed to the sisters or to herself.

"Might have taught him a little respect, though," Kelly opined.

"Might have meant he wakes up thrashed and hung over with no memory of what happened," Candace said.

"Given that I'm a genie, I'm usually capable of disabling most anyone without significant injury to either party," Genie said.

"You can use your magic to do it?" Kelly asked.

"Not directly, but being a genie allows me to take on a great variety of forms as necessary. It also helps that I've had a few more centuries of experience than average."

"Are you often called upon to defend your, uh," Kelly started to ask, but was as uncomfortable referring to 'masters' and 'mistresses' as Candace was.

"Yes, they often get themselves into trouble," Genie said, knowing what Kelly was trying to ask, "Not that I think that man was real trouble in his own right. I'm very confident that you could have, ahem, *destroyed* him, Kelly. But that would be unwise attention to draw, besides any moral considerations."

"Aww, you're always the responsible one, aren't you?" Kelly said, giggling in her good mood. "What a fun day! And now I'm very hungry *again*. Let's get something disgusting and greasy, like fish and chips, or pizza."

"Really?" Candace asked, surprised. She hadn't heard Kelly express a desire for greasy junk food since primary school.

"Yes! I know it's strange, but I've had a hankering for something more substantial all day. Do you think I'll break out if I do?"

"I doubt it. I expect that while the wish is active it won't let you," Candace suggested.

"Is that true?" Kelly asked Genie.

"I would think so, yes, unless acne is attractive or sexy under some circumstances."

Kelly gave Genie a strange look. "Who would think that?"

"It's also associated with youth, and a moderate amount of acne has been welcomed in some times and places," Genie said.

"Not this one!" Kelly said, making a disgusted face, "Acne is decidedly *not* attractive. Tell the wish magic that if necessary, because I don't want it getting any bad ideas."

Genie laughed, taking it for the facetious statement it was, and they stopped to eat a truly impressive quantity of sourdough pizza before continuing home.

Kelly's phone buzzed as Candace unlocked the front door. "Oh! Tina is asking me if I'm coming to a do in Peckham. I'm not sure how much I really want to go, but I haven't been out with the girls in ages."

"Didn't you say you're behind on your studies?" Candace asked.

“Oh, not so very bad that I can’t go out tonight. Would you like to come? They’ll hardly believe their eyes when they see you. I was planning to do it a different way but then Genie turned up.”

The thought of shocking Kelly’s friends with her newfound sexiness held some attractions, but not nearly as much as an evening with Genie to herself. “I think I’ll stay home. Genie will be here for company, right? Peckham isn’t too far, I think?”

“Oh, Genie, you can come, too,” Kelly added slightly belatedly, “Though I suppose it would be a bit strange for ‘Candi’s friend’ to come but not Candi. And you don’t fancy my kind of silliness, do you, Genie? I won’t make you refuse me.”

Candace thought maybe Kelly gave Candace an encouraging wink as she departed, but she couldn’t be quite sure.

## A Big Little Wish

“I should probably have gone with her,” Genie said after a moment of contemplation.

“Did you want to? I should have offered to go,” Candace said guiltily.

“Want to? Of course not. But it would have been more dutiful. I imagine she’s not in any great danger, but today’s ride did remind me that even in your cultured and peaceful age, there remain those who cannot manage to govern themselves.”

“Dutiful? That’s a dreary word, Genie. Neither of us wants you to do anything you don’t enjoy. You know that. Don’t you?” Candace asked, stripping out of her clothes to address the growing pressure in her breasts. She’d re-fastened her nipple rings in a bathroom while Kelly had returned the bicycles but she’d already been leaking slightly then. She could put off for longer, but she had ulterior motives.

“I do know that. Of course,” Genie said, discreetly watching Candace’s disrobing.

“Do you think my nipple rings have gotten bigger? I feel like they have,” Candace asked. It wasn’t a lie, but it was also an excuse to offer her breasts to Genie for handling.

Genie reached out and gently pinched the rings between her thumb and forefinger to measure. “Yes, they’re significantly bigger. Does that concern you?”

“I like it,” Candace said, looking deep into Genie’s eyes. It also concerned her in a vague, problem-for-the-future kind of way, but mostly right now she wanted Genie to keep assessing them by touch. “Can you help me remove them?”

“Yes,” Genie said shortly. Candace fumbled with one while Genie deftly removed the other. “Here, let me do it,” Genie said, “Just hold your other nipple shut and I’ll get the other.”

“Thank you,” Candace said, and added, “You make me feel very pampered, helping me with my nipple rings.”

“It’s the least I could do. I wish I could do more,” Genie said with perceptible sadness as

Candace attached to the milker.

"You're not feeling sorry for me, are you?" Candace asked as the suction started on its gentlest setting, just enough to keep the glass bells adhered. "I'm having the time of my life."

"I'm wondering if perhaps something Prasto did is elevating your libido to unnatural levels," Genie said seriously.

"Genie, Kelly has had a strong libido for ages. I reckon all you've done is free up mine a little so I'm more like my sister."

"There's certainly truth to that," Genie said.

"Genie, that's something you can do for me if you're feeling guilty about my libido."

"What is that?" Genie asked, though Candace got the idea that Genie knew what Candace was going to ask.

"Use the strap-on on me while I'm getting milked. I want to know what it feels like."

"Ah yes, the strap-on," Genie said with a 'that again' tone.

"You don't have to! I just... it was really good. Even better than when you were Evil-I."

Genie snorted with surprised laughter. "What a comparison. Well, if that's what you want, then I'm happy to oblige."

"I do want it. I want you to pound me like... like I had a Roman pussy. I mean, you've said yourself I'm a descendant of invaders. Take revenge, warrior princess."

Genie giggled a little despite herself. "Alright then, I'll get it." She quickly fetched the accessory and donned it after a bit of awkwardness.

"Oh, I guess it isn't double-sided after all," Candace said with mild disappointment.

"What's 'double-sided'?" Genie asked, kneeling to position her mouth between Candace's legs.

"So when you thrust... Oh yeah, that's good, but you don't need any more tongue, Genie. You know I'm already ready. Past ready."

"I suppose you are," Genie admitted, and worked the end of her prosthetic cock past Candace's engorged labia, sinking deeper and deeper until Genie's hips were pressing into the soft moons of Candace's buttocks.

"Umh, nice," Candace said at the full feeling, "But I wish it was bigger. I thought it *was* bigger."

"This is almost the same size as Evil-I's," Genie said, "And I can't grant you any wishes."

"I didn't. Mean it. Literally," Candace said in time with Genie's thrusts. Genie's firm grasp guided Candace's hips back onto the plastic prick with expert precision, with Genie rolling her wrists near the base of Candace's arse to heighten her sensation. It was definitely good, but a far cry from what she expected. "Are you okay, Genie?"

"Of course. Why wouldn't I be?" Genie asked without stopping.

"You're just being so gentle, Genie. My pussy is rampaging across Britannia! You've got to

stop it!”

Genie laughed and increased her pace and force.

“Harder!” Candace demanded, and though Genie complied, it was still falling far short of what she remembered. Was it because of the druid magic? It would be really shitty if a dirty old man had a necessary role in the best sex of her life. No, that wasn’t it. It was because there was no wild, lustful abandon. It was frustrating to be so fixated on a specific experience when there were so many other ways to fuck, but Candace’s disappointment was so acute as to be almost painful.

Genie stopped. “This isn’t working. You aren’t enjoying this.”

“*You* aren’t enjoying it,” Candace responded. “Not really, not like last time. The best part was when you were slamming me like a, like a... wild woman? That sounds stupid. You seemed to enjoy it when you were Evil-I. Maybe it was because it was a real penis?”

“Yes, that was a factor,” Genie admitted.

“I wish you could have a real penis. Figuratively. Or literally, but I know you can’t grant wishes. But seriously, you offered when we first met to become a man. Maybe you would enjoy it more if you did that?”

Genie was quiet for a moment. “You take birth control conscientiously, correct?”

“Yes, why do you ask?”

“How sure are you that I was wearing a strap-on?” Genie asked.

“Very sure. I was really sore the next morning, and it wasn’t from fisting.”

“Turn your head to look back at me, Candace,” Genie said seriously.

Unsettled by Genie’s use of her full name, Candace was prepared to see something awful and shocking, but there was no preparing for the sight of Genie with an enormous cock hanging between her legs. Not a strap-on: Genie was holding that pathetic instrument in her hand. By all appearances, an actual flesh-and-blood member draped over a pair of bollocks the size of large avocados. Even relative to the size of Genie’s beans, her frank was huge: thick like a beer bottle, and perhaps 20cm long without being nearly erect.

“Oh my God. That must be it. Genie!” she said excitedly, “You have the biggest, prettiest girlcock ever!”

“So you like it?” Genie asked hopefully, and her prick swelled.

“Yes!” Candace said, her size-queen side squashing her anxieties about tight fit into remission. “Is this the ‘strap-on’ from Saturday?”

“I suspect it is,” Genie said, wrestling with mixed feelings.

“Okay, that’s what I want in me again, then. As much as will fit, any road.” Candace licked her plump lips in anticipation.

“I’ll get a rubber,” Genie said, excitement infecting her as well.

“Fuck that; you didn’t use a rubber last time. It’s all water under the bridge.”

“I’m not sure,” Genie said, but her cock had reached full attention and Candace wanted it *now*.

“JUST FUCK ME!” Candace demanded with every ounce of authority she possessed.

Genie laughed. “Okay, okay!” She started to work her bell end into Candace’s cunt.

“Oooh. That’s it! Oh God, yes, keep going!”

“I’ve hardly started,” Genie protested.

“I know, I’m just saying this is what I wanted. Exactly.”

Genie’s shaft sank deeper and deeper as Candace moaned with pleasure. And a little pain, but nothing felt like it was going to rupture.

“Wait wait,” Candace said when Genie had finally bottomed out with the tip of her prick nestled against Candace’s cervix.

“Too much?” Genie asked, still well short of burying herself completely in her former mistress.

“Not at all. Just let me get this started properly.” Candace turned the dial on the milker up. “Okay, go!”

Candace couldn’t help but scream in ecstasy as the combination of being milked by the machine, pummelled by Genie’s magical ramrod, and supported by Genie’s strong hands around her waist took her to the apex of pleasure and kept her there for an age. At some point during Candace’s uncanny long climax Genie’s thrusting stopped, but that actually made it better. “Did you come?” she asked Genie.

“I did,” Genie said in a shuddery voice.

“I wish you could get me pregnant,” Candace said.

“You’re mad,” Genie said tenderly, “Or you would be if you really meant that. It’s just oxytocin speaking.”

“Probably,” Candace agreed, “Also, it’s fun to use the ‘W’ word now that it’s not dangerous. But we would make really pretty babies, don’t you think? Wait, are my genes like my old body or my new one?”

“Your new one,” Genie answered, and pulled out. A splatter of sweet, vanilla-scented creme followed, splashing down Candace’s legs in two hot waves.

“Is that your cum?” Candace asked languidly. “Cum doesn’t usually smell like that.”

“Yes it is, and no it doesn’t. But when you’ve been a genie for a couple hundred years you start being able to, hmm, customise yourself. And I eventually decided that when I pleased a woman - or a man, depending - with a penis of my own making, I wanted it to be a maximally pleasant experience for them.”

Candace laughed. “So considerate. Does it taste as good as it smells?”

“I think it tastes well enough,” Genie said modestly, “Though currently it’s mixed with your own fluids, imparting a sort of cinnamon flavour.”



“Oh my God, I’m a frosted éclair,” Candace said, tasting the viscous white liquid. It wasn’t truly icing-sweet, but it did remind her of a flavoured coffee creamer that contained sugar. Or a slick sort of custard.

“I’ll, uh, defrost you,” Genie said.

Candace laughed and continued to get milked while Genie wiped up the mess. Candace’s fingers probing her tummy over her vagina detected a slight bump that she guessed was some of Genie’s copious semen still trapped inside of her. “This doesn’t have any actual sperm in it, does it? Like, it can’t make me pregnant.” Candace asked.

“No, it does. I have actually gotten women pregnant before when they asked me to. Your birth control is effective, however. It doesn’t matter how fertile I am; if there is no egg ovulated, there’s nothing for the sperm to fertilise.”

“Were they mad, too? The women you impregnated?”

“Not at all. Until quite recently wives of infertile powerful men have a very rational fear of failure to bear heirs.”

Candace laughed. “Are you saying you’ve cuckolded the rich and powerful through history? Brilliant!”

Genie made a noncommittal noise. “Just a few times. No more than a half dozen. And I fear that most of them were probably disappointed, as I can’t, uh, ‘father’ males without a Y chromosome. I didn’t know that was the reason until recently. I just thought it was some sort of elemental nature of gender or something.”

“So a wish couldn’t do it?”

“I probably could do it now, with my increased understanding of science. Not on my first try, of course, but within a few decades. Of course, in your time, the importance of male heirs is much reduced, so I don’t imagine I’ll get such requests again.”

“Hah,” Candace said, and subsided back into the sensation of being milked while Genie wiped the cum off her thighs.

“Can you go again? You can go again, can’t you?” Candace asked Genie when they had made sufficient progress in their respective tasks.

“I can.”

“I want a taste of the pure thing,” Candace said, sticking her tongue out mischievously.

“Do you want me to shrink it down so you can fit it in your mouth?” Genie asked.

“No, I want you to straddle and titfuck me. Come on.” Candace lay back supine on the bed. “Put your knees here and here and sit on my tummy. Yes, perfect. And I just slide my boobs up and down on... hmm, needs some lube. Oh, you’re already dribbling a little pre-cum, so let’s just use that!” Candace could hardly believe she was smearing someone’s pre-cum on her breasts, but then, it was far from the strangest thing about their lovemaking. Another was that she was doing

it so that a woman with a giant cock could slide it between what were probably two of the biggest breasts in England, which were somehow part of Candace's body.

Yet another was that this felt *amazing*. Candace had assumed that it would be hot to watch Genie thrusting through her tits like in a big-breast hentai video, but that most of Candace's pleasure would be vicarious. Instead, she felt like her breasts wanted to orgasm from the nipples, a sensation that radiated from her areolae through her torso, up to her head, and down to her vagina. She also got to lick more sweet-and-salt vanilla pre-cum off the tip of Genie's prick every time it bumped into her lips. She was feeling increasingly light-headed and euphoric as the pleasure radiated out from her breasts in waves.

"Where did your ballsack go?" she asked when she realised she couldn't feel it resting on her belly.

"When I'm not quite as *full*, I can pull them inside, which I did to avoid squishing them. Besides, I like rubbing my vulva against your belly." Genie lifted to display the smooth progression from the base of her cock to pussy lips to taut hairless skin where legs met groin.

"I like it this way, too. Makes it all very slick. Do you ever get stuck with monster erections, or can you pull your prick in, too?"

"As long as I'm single-sexed, it's just my clitoris, so it's naturally in, but while I'm dual-sexed, no."

"I'd love to see what you're strolling about town with a huge package stuffed into a pair of trousers," Candace said, giving the tip of Genie's cock a little kiss. If any kiss from Candace's pillowy lips could be described as 'small'.

"That would be a strain on the Veil, unless," Genie said breathlessly, but whatever else she was going to say was set aside as her climax approached.

"Stop," Candace instructed Genie, who started to retract her cock, but Candace grabbed Genie's firm buttocks with both hands, keeping her in position. Candace used her grip to pull Genie until the tip of her cock was nestled against the generous padding of Candace's lips. "Slide my tits up and down on your cock," Candace instructed, and Genie complied. With Genie taking care of fucking herself with Candace's breasts, Candace's hands were freed to massage Genie's generous arse, with its powerful gluteus muscles underneath a layer of firm but yielding flesh. It also allowed Candace the control to suck as much of Genie's cock-head into her fat-lipped mouth as she could, then tease it with her tongue. Candace watched Genie's eyes roll back and her mouth open wide. Her hands on Candace's breasts spasmed and Genie's manipulations of Candace's milk factories became jerky and uncoordinated. Candace reckoned she was making Genie come a way she never had before, in all her thousands of years.

At that triumphant thought, the tight balls of pleasure behind Candace's nipples finally released, ejecting a small amount of cream from her nipples. The milky ejaculate marked her very first boobgasm.

“Unngh!” Genie grunted a half second later. With a jolt, she exploded directly into Candace’s mouth. The Candace’s bimbo lips refused to release their seal on Genie’s bell-end like they had a mind of their own, but between the rush of cum and Candace backing her head away, she avoided choking on Genie’s cum. Instead jets impacted her closed lips and splattering everywhere: on her face, on her closed eyelids, in her hair, rebounding off her chin to glaze the tops of her tits and speckle her shoulders. Candace’s mouth was so full of jazz that about half her mouthful escaped when she tried to swallow the delicious baby juice. The addition of the cinnamon scent from her own vagina made her smell like a frosted cinnamon roll, which made her giggle a little as she tried to keep a puddle of semen from sliding off her chest. Some had already landed on the bed linens, no doubt.

Candace didn’t care. She felt wonderful and victorious. This time *she* had guided the sex, and been the one to introduce Genie to something new. How many people could say that? Probably no one. She had a strange urge to text Kelly to tell her of her triumph, but of course there was no way to adequately communicate the miracle that had just occurred.

“I seem to have made a mess,” Genie said somewhat sheepishly. “Are you okay?”

“I have never been better. I just miss Kelly.”

“What?” Genie asked, confused.

“I just mean, this may be the happiest moment of my life, and I wish she could be here to share it.”

There was a silence, and Candace started to wonder, in a distant, hazy sort of way, if she’d offended Genie somehow. “Did I say something rude?”

“No, not at all. I was just surprised to think that I understand how you feel.”

“Oh good. Can we do this again soon?”

“Yes, but...” Genie trailed off, as if trying to decide how to phrase something unpleasant.

“Just say it. I trust you, Genie. You could never hurt me.”

“That is not true. I can hurt anyone. Two thousand years and I haven’t found a way not to hurt people. But that’s not what I was going to say.”

“What were you going to say?” Candace asked.

“That next time you probably should wear a gag, or the neighbours are going to get upset.”

Candace giggled. “Oh, that’s hot.”

Another silence followed while Candace fantasised about Genie fucking Candace while she was gagged and tied up. It seemed like it would be great fun, though perhaps more work than it was worth. Maybe Genie could just put a pillow over Candace’s face when she started wailing. The mental image made her giggle because Genie looked so rude and disrespectful to her mind’s eye, yet it would only happen because Genie was considerate and respectful.

“Do you want help up?” Genie eventually broke the silence.

“Why?” Candace asked. She was still feeling extremely relaxed.

“To clean up?”

“If you don’t mind, I’d like to just lay here and enjoy this for a while longer.”

“Enjoy being caked with cum?” Genie asked skeptically.

“Yes. It’s very nice being frosted like a cinnamon roll,” Candace said. “Maybe I’ll just take a nap like this. You can eat me later if you get hungry.”

“I don’t think you want to let this dry in your hair,” Genie said.

“Oh. Then I suppose I’ll get up in a moment,” Candace agreed, still not fighting the lassitude.

“You’re behaving strangely, Candi,” Genie commented with concern in her voice.

“Yes, I am. But it’s really heavenly. I hope Kelly gets to experience this. I haven’t felt this good since the very first orgasm I ever had. Thank you for sharing it with me, Genie.”

“You’re welcome. I’m going to go get cleaned up a bit, if you don’t mind.”

“Sure, that’s fine. Everything’s fine,” Candace said, “Being a bimbo is very, very fine.”

# A Growing Future

## Unanxiety

Genie didn't hide her alarm at Candace's strange behaviour, but that didn't bother Candace very much. It would be okay. Everything would be okay. Candace would be the happiest former mistress of all, and that would be great for Genie. Meanwhile Candace was feeling relaxed and unashamed, even proud. Not that she wasn't proud before, but fears about the future stopped muddying that pride. Plus, everything was so *funny*. Why hadn't she seen the inherent humour in everything before? Life was absurd. Why should she agonise about whether she'd gotten all the cum out of her hair? It wasn't going to hurt anyone if she didn't. If someone saw and thought Candace was a bimbo, then they would be very correct. And wouldn't it be funny if they thought that was a *bad* thing? The only sad and unfair aspect of it all was that so few people had the good fortune to be bimbos.

She did wash up, though, and drifted toward sleep with her arm around Genie. The poor dear was sleepy after fucking her and it was so adorable. Candace felt at the bump of Genie cum still inside her, wondering if it would seep out at night. She should be grossed out at the prospect, but she wasn't. Maybe a *little*, but not enough to get up.

Morning vindicated her decision: she woke to hardly any mess at all. Her need to be milked was pressing, however, so instead of waking anyone to make a trial video of the milking session, she just propped up her phone and got right to it.

Of course, Candace forgot how much noise she tended to make. She was a little embarrassed to wake Genie from her slumber fairly quickly, which she noticed when Genie placed a silicone gag in her hand. Candace was startled but thankful, and went to put it in her mouth.

Before she did, though, she looked over her shoulder to ask, "You're about to fuck me, right?"

"I wouldn't without asking," Genie said, "But I can if you would like."

"Yes, I would like! And don't ask. It's hotter if you don't." Some of her customary self-doubt intruded. "But only if you should like." Candace shoved the ball in her mouth before Genie could ask more questions and pulled the straps taut for Genie to buckle behind Candace's head.

"Don't ask?" Genie asked dubiously.

"Mmmhmm," Candace confirmed, and spread her legs a little further so Genie could see how ready she was. Whatever embarrassment she might feel at her own forwardness, her pent up desire outweighed it significantly.

The gag worked brilliantly, and though the rogering delayed the start of the morning a bit, Candace managed to clean up and have breakfast almost complete when Kelly emerged from her room.

“What are we going to do with all these litres of milk?” Kelly asked as she waited for Candace to finish.

“I was thinking I’d donate them. There’s loads of women who don’t make enough milk. I saw a thing online about it, though I haven’t looked into it much yet.”

“I bet you could sell them to fans for a lot.”

“Maybe I’ll do both. I keep making more milk,” Candace said nonchalantly, though she knew she should be concerned about her escalating production, and the fact that her breasts still seemed to be growing. Not that worrying about it would do any good, but pointless anxiety was sort of Candace’s whole thing. Her post-coital mindset seemed to make her immune, however. It had started to wear off in the morning, but a good fucking seemed to provide all the brush-up the carnal anti-anxiety technique required.

Candace’s classes that day all benefitted from the same lack of anxiety. The immunity seemed to wear off over the course of the day, but even after it was much attenuated she found that it made everything much easier to handle emotionally. And funnier. So much of the day made her giggle, and she could tell many people thought she’d finally lost her marbles, but with a much lesser load of fear and self-doubt weighing on her it was far easier to pay attention to the material being taught. Perhaps the other students thought she was dimmer, but she was in fact brighter.

Back at the flat she was all alone, and masturbating during milking just didn’t do the trick. Instead she was obsessing pointlessly about having produced 93ml more than the last milking and having visions of becoming a housebound milk cow by the end of her wish. Heading to work without a refresher left her craving sex and the concomitant feeling of confidence. And worried about *that*, too.

And the worry made her, if effect, dumber. She genuinely did keep messing up orders. And the more she messed up orders, the more anxious she became, in a vicious spiral. Never, even on her first day on the job, had she been more muddle-headed and bumbling. And it was also the day the district manager was supposed to visit.

‘Kels, pls send Genie, fast,’ Candace texted while taking an early break.

‘kk y?’ Kelly sent back.

‘Need her help or Ill lose my job.’

‘She’s going.’

Far faster than possible without magic, Genie walked into the shop looking impassive but serious.

“Oh, thank God,” Candace said, “Let’s talk in the bathroom.”

“Okay,” Genie said dubiously.

Once they were inside Candace said, “I really need to be fucked right now.”

“Now?” Genie asked.

“It takes the anxiety away, and I really need it. I’m a wreck, I’m fumbling every order, and the district manager is coming to visit in, like half an hour.” As she spoke, she pulled down her leggings and panties to expose her slaving cunt.

“There’s something seriously wrong, Candi. This shouldn’t be happening.”

“Can we talk about that later?” Candace muttered urgently, “We can’t be in here long.”

Genie scowled seriously as she pulled out her cock, but within seconds she was pounding Candace against the back wall with one hand over her mouth to try to make it as quiet as possible. It was hasty and crude, but it did the job. It was like Genie shot liquid unanxiety into her, and her mind cleared. Cum dribbled out onto her panties and leggings. Well, they were done for. Might as well make use of them. Candace finished stripping out of them and wiped off her nether bits with their non-soiled parts while Genie cleaned her legs. In less than a minute, Candace was basically clean.

“Okay, I’ll leave first, then you follow a minute later, okay?” Candace said smoothly. There remained a high likelihood of this going awry, but it wasn’t bothering her any more.

“Good luck,” Genie said grimly, and Candace walked out and back to her work, no longer wearing anything at all underneath her skirt. It was really quite comfortable to work like that in the heat behind the counter. She just had to be a little careful to keep her vaginal muscles taut to keep the last of Genie’s seed from leaking out and down her leg. Easy enough, since she was mostly standing still, or only taking small steps. Genie evidently got herself home through magical means, because Candace never saw Genie leave.

“How are you doing?” Gwendolyn asked when she arrived for her shift.

“I was a wreck earlier, but I’m feeling much better now,” Candace said.

“Oh good,” Gwendolyn said, “I sort of heard from David that you seemed to be having trouble.”

David was the preceding shift manager, and he’d been around for the beginning of Candace’s shift, though happily he hadn’t seen the worst of it. “He wasn’t wrong,” Candace admitted calmly, “But I got it together.”

Gwendolyn was reassured. “Good. Supposedly Alton is on the warpath. Alton being the district manager who’s visiting today.”

“Right,” Candace said.

“He’ll try to trip you up, but just remember that no one’s really going to get in trouble just for answering questions wrong, so be relaxed.”

“I’m certainly relaxed,” Candace said truthfully.

Gwendolyn looked at her carefully. “You didn’t take a pill or something, did you?”

Candace laughed. “No, nothing like that. I just took a moment in the bathroom to calm down and now I’m fine.”

Genie’s cum continued to leak and slide down Candace’s inner thighs throughout the balance of the shift, but Candace wasn’t worried. Better to let it drain steadily and wipe when she had a moment than to risk a large dollop squirting out at an inopportune moment. Besides, the scent of Genie’s cum blended nicely with that of the baked sweets and flavoured syrups. If her legs were a bit sticky while she was answering the district manager’s questions, it didn’t impact her swift and accurate answers at all.

## Consequences

Just because she wasn’t feeling anxious didn’t mean that Candace had entirely lost the plot. On her trip home she calmly considered the ramifications of her growing dependence on sex to calm her nerves. Reflecting on the days since Norwich, she thought the intensity of the effect might have been growing. It had worked out well for her that night, but what would happen once Genie was truly gone? Would she need to find an alternative source of sex, or go through some kind of withdrawal period? It would be a dangerous time.

Until then, however, she looked forward to having more sex with Genie. Considered dispassionately, she could tell that there was some part of her that was in love with Genie and that she was destined for heartbreak. Even with her suppressed anxiety the thought was so black that she almost stumbled, but she was able to remind herself that even once Genie left, she would still have Kelly’s love. Further, in her moments without anxiety Candace could accept the possibility that Genie might return her feelings: a first for Candace, and something that would, if true, place the relationship in a ‘tragic love’ category rather than ‘pathetic failure’ like all of her other attempts. Some day she would heal from the heartbreak and be able to draw strength from the thought that someone wise and beautiful had loved her. Would she be able to hold on to that as the years passed? She doubted it.

Perhaps she should stop taking her birth control and get pregnant. Then she would always have a concrete memento of their love. Candace thought she would likely find a child created by Genie to be intelligent, beautiful, and thoughtful. Reluctantly, however, she dismissed the idea. Not only was she doubtful she had the personal wherewithal to properly raise a child on her own, it would be unethical to trick Genie into fathering a child.

Candace laughed a little to herself at the thought of calling it ‘fathering’ a child, when Genie wouldn’t be a father in any meaningful sense. It was not a pleasant thought, though, so she returned to contemplating the next time they might have sex. Dwelling on the impossible would just make Candace unhappy, while anticipating probable pleasures made her happy.

By the time she got home, anticipating her next fucking had her nethers drooling again. Kelly



was out and Genie was asleep, as she often was after needing to use her magic. It wasn't a great surprise, and she still could count on an orgasm or two from her evening milking.

With the immediate need out of the way, she went out to feed her other hunger in the kitchen, and found a large package on the counter with a note from Kelly on it.

'I saw this and thought it might help you sleep better. Love you!'

Inside the shipping bag was another bag containing a tightly wrapped object. "Milky Mom Sleep Pillow, Best Sleep for Milky Mom XXL," the product package declared in awkwardly-translated English, showing an attractive woman sleeping face down on some sort of cushion. Freed from the plastic keeping it contained, it decompressed to reveal two different kinds of fabric sew together to contain several unusually-shaped bits of memory foam. The top and outer fabric was a soft, slightly fuzzy fabric, while the more inner sections were a satiny and cool synthetic fibre .

It took almost a full minute for it to both take on its true form and for Candace to discern what the different parts were supposed to do through a combination of reading strangely-phrased instructions and applying common sense. The two zippers above the extra-firm "hip support" pads allowed two belly section to be removed to accommodate a pregnant woman's belly as her pregnancy progressed, or both left in place when not pregnant. Just below the shoulder support pads were two depressions to allow space for breasts that would be entirely inadequate to Candace, but the section forming the bottoms of those depressions were also unzippable so that 'side sleeper' piece could be substituted. It was probably not meant to be left off entirely, but doing so would leave a much larger space that could potentially accommodate her chest.

There were two additional long firm bits that could attach to either side of the cushiony contraption that provided extra support and helped prevent rolling to one side or another. Candace preemptively added them both because after removing the chest piece entirely the whole thing needed a little extra stabilisation, and because the whole cushion was extremely thick and looked to hold her well off the bed. Once she did, though, the whole thing looked very promising.

Carefully, so as to not wake Genie, Candace lowered herself down on her new contraption. Her breasts at that widest were a little large for the aperture formed by the side bolster and main cushions, but the slick satiny fabric allowed them to slip through without forcing anything. Once she was fully settled she felt like it was probably at least partly intended as a sex aid because it held her hips up so high, but it held her torso equally high, which meant that her breasts had a good amount of room.

The cushion also had a headpiece with a hole in the middle to allow easy breathing with her head facing down. Back sleeping had become much less comfortable as her breasts had begun to weigh down her chest, but one big problem with her new lips was that they exacerbated her tendency to drool into her pillow when side-sleeping. Facing down seemed likely to make it even

worse, but at least she could place a towel beneath her face to catch it.

But it turned out that gravity plus her slightly-sticky lipstick actually helped keep her lips closed. Perfect.

She woke from one of the best rests in her life the next morning to find it a little more difficult to extract herself from the cushions, or, more precisely, to extract the cushions from her. When she straightened up, her-milk-full breasts were too large to fit easily through the aperture formed by the side-bolsters and the torso supports, meaning that she pulled the cushion up with her.

Candace fell back flat on the bed with a laugh.

“What’s that?” Genie asked, stirring to see the Candace-cushion hybrid creature kneeling on the bed next to her.

“Kelly got me a thing to make sleeping more comfortable, but I’m so full of milk that,” Candace forced the cushion off of her, “My boobs don’t come out as easy as they go in.”

“Ingenious,” Genie commented, examining the cushions while Candace inserted her gag into her mouth and settled into the milker’s rests with her bum out.

“We need to talk about what happened last night,” Genie said, sounding like she was still tired, “And the night previous.”

“Mmm-mmm. Aammrr uhih,” Candace said around the gag.

“Alright. Afterwards, then,” Genie granted, and gave Candace the fucking she craved.

Candace loved how she couldn’t really close her legs when Genie was inserted, but she was disappointed that she could only take about half of Genie’s length before her ranging thrusts reached some resistance. It still felt great for Candace, but it didn’t seem fair to Genie. They both came, but Candace reckoned that it wasn’t as copious as it should have been.

Candace mimed Genie titfucking again when she had milked enough. She wanted to take out the gag so she could suck on Genie’s cock head, but she knew she would make noise when she came. Instead she did her best with her hands and boobs, and rubbed the tip of Genie’s member with her cheeks, occasionally giving it a bit of a squeeze between chin and collarbone. It worked well enough, and both of them climaxed again, both somewhat messily.

“Semen seems to be doing something to your brain chemistry,” Genie commented as they showered together.

“I think it is, yes,” Candace agreed. “Whatever it’s doing, it takes away my anxiety without impeding my thoughts otherwise. Maybe it’s taking away all the cortisol?”

“It could be a cortisol or adrenaline antagonist, yes,” Genie said, “Which could potentially cause some form of addiction.”

“Yes, but it’s worth the risk.”

“You say that *now*,” Genie said, raising a skeptical eyebrow.

"I intend to take maximum advantage rather than going through a potential withdrawal now and forgoing benefits. Or benefitting, but then having to go through another withdrawal. And if it's your semen, it's not like I'll be tempted like a junkie who knows she can just buy more."

"I'm afraid you'll try to go to a witch or a sorcerer in an effort to get me back, which would not work out well."

"Oh Genie, don't you know that if I thought that had any chance of working, I'd do it regardless of any addiction?"

The shower water coursed over them as they stood looking at each other without speaking.

"Don't dare do that," Genie finally said.

"Why not?" Candace asked, filing away the impression Genie was giving that it wasn't quite as impossible as Candace had assumed.

"Because I can't bear to think of the possible consequences. For you, and for Kelly, if you try to bring her into it."

"Genie. You know, don't you? That I'm in love with you."

"You're infatuated, Candace," Genie said sternly.

"I'm *also* infatuated," Candace agreed calmly.

"Infatuated people think they're in love, and other foolish things. Especially just after having sex. The oxytocin can be difficult to resist."

"Genie, you can't seriously dispute whether I'm really in love. I even think that maybe you love me a little."

"I love you as a sister," Genie said, "And not else." She looked a little pallid and drawn in the wake of saying it.

Despite her calm, Candace flinched. "I see. Thank you."

"I'm sorry," Genie said, sounding like she was in pain. Candace certainly was.

"I'm glad we got it out in the open right now. It would hurt much more later," Candace said practically, though tears ran down her face along with the shower water.

"I'll get out now," Genie said awkwardly, and stepped away.

Candace turned around and tried to think about something else. Even with her post-coital calm, she couldn't do it. Ironically, she wished they could fuck again, even though she wasn't sure it would take the pain away. It probably wouldn't.

Instead, she forced herself to recall that, even if Genie didn't love Candace herself, she had trouble resisting Candace's body. The woman Candace loved didn't love her back, but her love would definitely *make* love to her. Or fuck her. Whatever. The important bit was that Candace could get *some* of what she desired. For a little while longer. Then she'd just be a lonely bimbo.

Candace had made her own choices. She had to live with the consequences.

## Appointment

On their way to the endocrinologist's office, Candace was able to mostly hide her private devastation while Kelly excitedly recounted her discovery of her breasts having increased by a cup size overnight. Candace, too, had increased by at least one cup size, even after milking out. Her boobs had overflowed her largest bra, driving her to wear the improvised bikini under a stretchy scoop neck. It was quite slutty looking paired with her leggings, but she wasn't going to go back to wearing giant jumpers, especially under her raincoat.

The change in the size of Kelly's breasts seemed a touch more dramatic anyway, given that she started from a more modest base. Or less immodest. Candace was glad that Kelly seemed so happy with her growth, and how it had not been accompanied by any stretch marks thus far. Kelly, Candace reflected, would stay even when Genie left, and her sister's happiness would doubly contribute to Genie's magical credit by making Candace happier as well. Perhaps.

They breezed through the preliminaries, as reception seemed to be waiting for them. Really, there was a suspiciously large number of people on duty ready to observe their arrival. In short order, they were in Dr Chen's office.

"Thank you for coming together. It's a very unusual request for an unusual case," Dr Chen explained, seeming a little dumbfounded herself. "This is the first case I've even heard of that was quite like this. Let me just make sure I have my case histories correct. Ms. Andersen... Pardon me! Given that you share a surname, could I call you Kelly and..."

"Candi," Kelly put in before Dr Chen could bring up Candace's file.

"Oh yes, Candi," Dr Chen said, nodding. "So, Kelly, your breast growth began recently, just within recent weeks, correct?"

"Yes, very recently," Kelly agreed.

"And Candi, for you it began when you were still in secondary school?"

"More or less," Candace agreed, "I was still 17, I believe."

"And now you're lactating?"

"That's a more recent development," Candace said.

"How recent?"

"The heavy flow really just began last week, and has been ramping up ever since."

"Do you ever express milk?" Dr Chen asked gently.

"I do. I, uh, pump twice a day to release the pressure."

"Did you pump before you came today?" Dr Chen asked, assessing Candace's breasts visually.

"Yes."

"How much did that produce?"

"A bit over a litre," Candace said. She didn't really want to come out and say '1430ml'

because she felt like this might be too chocking and strange. Something told her that the doctor was uneasy about the consultation in the first place.

“Over a litre in a single session? Did you pump the previous evening as well?”

“Yes,” Candace answered.

“Could you both disrobe down to your waist, not to include undergarments? Thank you. And Kelly, have you noted any lactation?”

“None at all,” Kelly answered.

“When was your most recent period?” Dr Chen asked Candace.

“Almost four weeks ago. I’m expecting my next to ruin the weekend.”

The doctor smiled sympathetically. “Do you feel like you’re retaining water, anything like that?”

“No, which is unusual,” Candace said. She hadn’t been thinking about it, but now that Dr Chen asked, she noticed that she didn’t feel bloated at all. Another pleasant side-effect of her new body, no doubt.

“It couldn’t be pregnancy, could it?” Kelly asked, “I mean, the cause of the lactation.”

“No,” Dr Chen said easily, “It would be much too early for a pregnancy to have an impact, if Candi menstruated three weeks ago. Is it okay if I examine your lymph nodes?”

“Yes of course,” Candace said. She had a slight worry that magic had somehow retroactively impregnated her, but searching her memory for supporting phantoms didn’t turn up recollections of *not* menstruating. Though what a memory of nothing happening would be like wasn’t entirely clear to her.

“Are you wearing that swim top like that because your bras aren’t fitting?” Dr Chen asked as she palpated Candace’s lymph nodes.

“Yes. My breasts have really grown since the milk started.”

“And Kelly, what about you?”

“What do you mean?” Kelly asked.

“Your bra seems quite a bit too small for you. Is it because of a recent growth spurt?”

“As a matter of fact it is,” Kelly answered, surprised at Dr Chen’s perspicacity. She hadn’t thought it was so obvious that her bra was too small.

Dr Chen just nodded thoughtfully as she finished her manual inspection of Candace’s under-arm lymph nodes.

“May I feel your lymph nodes as well?” Dr Chen asked Kelly, putting on new gloves.

“Of course, yes,” Kelly said.

Dr Chen didn’t ask further questions while she examined Kelly, though she eventually asked them both to further disrobe so she could check lymph nodes further down.

“I don’t feel anything particularly concerning. May I also see your breasts? We can do this part separately if you would prefer.”

“No, it’s fine. We’re sisters,” Kelly said, and Candace nodded her agreement.

Even though Dr Chen had already seen Candace’s massive size, her eyes widened slightly at her large pierced nipples.

“It might seem strange, but the rings actually help prevent leakage,” Candace said, “Do you want me to remove them?”

“No, that won’t be necessary,” Dr Chen said, looking like she wanted to ask more questions but stopped herself. After staring just a bit longer than Candace thought was medically necessary, Dr Chen started looking back and forth between the sisters’ breasts. “Almost identical morphology, accounting for size and lactation. May I palpate them?”

“Absolutely,” Candace said, trying to tamp down her reflexive enthusiasm. Dr Chen was examining her as a medical professional, not as sex partner. Even so, her breath hitched as Dr Chen’s hands sank into her flesh.

Dr Chen paused. “Is that painful?”

“Quite the contrary,” Candace admitted.

Dr Chen blinked, but carried on, lifting, pressing, and visually inspecting. “Kelly, may I do the same with you?”

“Sure!”

Kelly didn’t evince the intensity of pleasure that her sister had felt, but she did look at least a little smug to have Dr Chen examining her. The endocrinologist was unusually young and pretty, so it was far from a hardship.

After a variety of other basic screening procedures, Dr Chen told them, “Out of an abundance of caution, I’m going to schedule you both for a type of mammogram that can detect cancers and other abnormalities, but I’m not finding any obvious signs for concern, apart from the breast growth itself. I’m not the appropriate specialist, but my understanding is that reduction procedures are contraindicated until growth stops. So, my task is to determine what the cause is and stop it. Because it’s occurring in both of you, I strongly suspect a genetic cause, though something teratogenic is also possible, given that you’re twins. The recent increase in growth dates approximately from your cohabitation, correct?”

“Yes,” Kelly confirmed.

“We’re learning all sorts of things about microbiotic environmental factors,” Dr Chen started.

“Like gut flora?” Candace asked.

“Yes, that is a prime example,” Dr Chen confirmed, “It could be some kind of exchange of commensals triggered your shared genes to undergo a growth spurt. Gene expression triggers might also explain the lactation, but it’s more difficult to imagine a *genetic* mechanism for that. It seems at least as likely to be sympathetic or even coincidental. It does seem likely that not every aspect of the case is fully determined. Regardless, my next steps will be to get some blood to check for signs of endocrine system malfunction, which is the reason I’m seeing you in the first

place, of course. While I originally assumed that I would find something seriously amiss, the symmetry and proportionality of your breast growth would be unlikely to occur through a simple imbalance.”

“If there’s no imbalance, does that mean there’s nothing that can be done?” Candace asked.

“Well, there’s almost certain to be *some* kind of hormonal abnormality, and we can most likely treat it. It could potentially be as simply of changing your birth control prescription. Or it could be more complex, but the important thing is that it would likely be a relatively straightforward manipulation of the hormones that drive development of secondary sexual characteristics.” Dr Chen gave them both a confident, reassuring smile.

“Could it resolve on its own?” Candace asked.

“Absolutely. That’s one of the most likely possibilities,” Dr Chen said. “Though we still want to begin investigations now before the problem gets bigger. So to speak.”

The sisters laughed.

“Are you in significant discomfort?” Dr Chen asked Candace.

“Not at all. I mean, they’re heavy, but it’s not giving me back aches or anything.”

“None at all?” Dr Chen asked, surprised.

“No,” Candace said.

“That’s very fortunate. Do you do exercises to manage it?”

“Not especially,” Candace admitted.

“I think you should probably speak to someone in sports medicine or a physiotherapist to get recommendations on how to keep it that way. But outstanding to hear you have no trouble so far. And you, Kelly?”

“All’s well with me, too.”

Dr Chen shook her head at the unlikelihood of it all, then shrugged it off. “Well, off to phlebotomy we go.”

From then on there was only blood to be drawn for tests, results to be provided ‘in a few days’, then a stop by Candace’s GP to have her unnecessary stitches removed. The doctor was surprised to see her lip healed so perfectly.

“You got this from a fall just last Saturday?”

“Yes, I fit my face right on the bony part of my friend’s shoulder. The attending physician said it would likely heal quickly.”

“They were very correct. I can hardly see the scar. But it looks like your lips are still a bit inflamed. Are they tender?”

“A little, but not too bad,” Candace answered.

“Huh. Well. You have very fortunate genes, I guess.” The doctor’s eyes glanced across Candace’s voluptuous form, but said no more.

## Coming Clean

It took some time for Kelly to see through Candace's pretence of cheerfulness, but of course Candace couldn't hide her misery from her sister for long.

"I told Genie I'm in love with her," Candace said woodenly.

"Oh Candi, I'm so sorry!" Kelly said, reading between the lines.

"Me too," Candace said, accepting Kelly's hug but still holding herself together.

"What did she say?" Kelly asked, though what she meant was, 'how mean was Genie when she rebuffed you?' because Candace could see Kelly gearing up to tear into Genie on her sister's behalf.

"She was very wise about it. She said infatuated people think they're in love, and said she loved me 'as a sister,' which...was not what I wanted to hear."

"Genie said you aren't actually in love with her?" Kelly said, getting angrier.

"She implied it. I think she was trying to let me down easy. Please don't be angry with her, Kelly. You understand that I've made things very bad for her."

"What, because it's awkward, or?" Kelly asked, confused.

"Because now I'm very unhappy, and it will hurt her magic savings, won't it? I made a terrible mistake, and none of it was her fault. I pressured her into having sex in Norwich, and other times. It was always me pushing her. She didn't take advantage of me, Kels. If anything it was the other way around."

Kelly looked very disgruntled, but didn't immediately speak. Gradually her reflexive anger drained away. "Well, I still think it reflects poorly on her not to fall in love with you. Who could be more lovable? Or hotter? No one. If she can't love the kindest, hottest girl in Britain, there's not much to do for her."

"That's you, though," Candace said, poking Kelly in her ticklish side.

"Quiet down, you. I'm trying to be angry here," Kelly said, and gave Candace a little squeeze.

"There's another thing," Candace said.

"Yes?"

"I'm finding that having sex with her is taking away my anxiety. Like a drug. It's how I've avoided being a basket case all morning, and why I asked for you to send her to me last night. I was headed toward a panic attack until we shagged in the bathroom at work. Genie believes it's working to counteract stress hormones, or something. It clears my mind even when things are at their worst and really, really helps me get through things. But it might cause dependency, And of course, she's leaving."

"Oh no! Do you think that means you'll go into withdrawals?"

"I will if we stop, but I don't plan to."



“After what she said to you?”

“I’ll take what I can get,” Candace said sadly. “And besides, it really does help. It helps me do other things, like study, and pay attention in class. And make myself think about something else than how rejected and pathetic I feel.”

“Oh Candi,” Kelly said, and hugged her again. “I think you’re just going to make it worse in the long run.”

“The long run we’re all dead,” Candace said, and resolutely changed the subject to what she intended to make for dinner.

## Plot Thickening

Genie’s gentle kindness in bed that night did more than anything else to undo Candace’s sense of calm, but having the gag in her mouth helped. And a giant cock in her cunt, of course. There was no stopping the orgasms and the sense of lassitude afterwards, especially after a second round of titfucking that Genie initiated on her own. Genie might not love Candace, but Genie did at least enjoy Candace’s body. Also, Candace couldn’t ascribe Genie’s appearance of enjoyment to her conscientious consideration because there was no faking Genie’s orgasms. That knowledge, along with complete sexual satiation, was enough to get to sleep.

Then Genie was shaking her awake. “Candi. Candi. I have to go.”

“No!” Candace said, bolting awake. “Just a little longer! Please! Not yet!” She burst into panicked tears. Had the calm from the previous night already worn off? She felt like her whole world was imploding.

“It’s not like that! We’re coming back! We just have to visit your mum. We’ll be back Sunday.”

“What? Why?” Candace’s world implosion was provisionally delayed.

“Some sort of health crisis. Kelly wasn’t able to get a coherent story out of her, so we’re about to catch a train.”

“Oh,” Candace said, calming immensely. Yes, she was still benefitting from the calming effects of the previous night’s sex, or she wouldn’t be able to recover so quickly. “Do you have time for a quick one?”

“We’re on a very short schedule, but…” Genie pulled her leggings down to expose her clitoris sprouting quickly into a ramrod as thick and long as any fisted forearm.

“Thank you,” Candace said, licking her lips and laying back.

“Shh,” Genie said, and put a hand firmly over Candace’s mouth before beginning to fuck her. Genie didn’t just thrust in fully on her first stroke, but otherwise skipped the preliminaries,

just working her way into Candace's slaving pussy with a series of shallow strokes, going deeper each time. The weight and power of Genie's hand over her mouth reminded Candace that Genie had been a Icenian warrior in a brutal time when the strong had taken what they wanted. By the standards of her time, Candace felt, Genie would have the right to take what she wanted, and Candace might have been a prized spoil of war.

Okay, laying in a soft bed being fucked at her own request wasn't quite rape and pillage, but the thought of it still brought Candace to orgasm quickly. She just wished she could take more of her warrior's cock; Genie's hips weren't really getting very close to her own before running out of vagina. Candace felt like she'd had more capacity in prior escapades with Genie. Regardless, it got the job done, and soon Candace was laying contented on the soft bed with a cunt full of Genie's sweet baby cream.

Waking again, she might have thought it was a dream, except that the cum had made a mess and Genie was gone. Reflecting that it would be some time before she got another cum injection, Candace decided to try sealing her vagina closed with skin tape to retain the remaining load. She'd have to remove it next time she peed, but maybe it would mean a few extra hours of calm.

While she was being milked she read the text from Kelly explaining the sudden need to leave, 'Mum says she's for the hospital again. Claims she had a fainting spell. Probably just wants attention, but one of us had to go. Taking Genie just in case a wish is needed. Luv U.'

When they'd been younger, Candace had sometimes resented how much Mum favoured Kelly, but Kelly being the one Mum called for comfort certainly had its advantages. 'Thx Kels. Sending my love.'

Readying herself for class, Candace considered herself dispassionately. Her breasts still weren't quite as big as Honey's, but she thought they would look even bigger on Candace's more petite frame. Without Genie to help resize Candace's bras as necessary, none of them fit anymore, but her DarkMilk bodysuit supplied a fair amount of support, with the white vest from her video costume providing additional support while masking her nipple rings. The shine of wet look fabric literally highlighted her bubble butt remarkably, but the most striking aspect was from her front. The bright white of the bustier vest contrasting with the dark, skintight material over her arms exaggerated how much the outer orbits of her breasts eclipsed the view of her slender upper arms. Candace had noticed that Honey's boobs *just* obscured her upper arms at her bust's widest point, which was not quite true of Candace. But she was close; standing just a little off centre was enough to completely hide an arm behind her boob.

In her calm state, Candace was aware of the distinct lines of thought in conflict inside her. One was enjoying the size of her breasts and relished their size. The bigger they had gotten, the better they had felt, and the more people associated her with sex, which excited her in turn. Another line of thought was that her huge breasts would overwhelmingly shape her life going forward, meaning the public invisibility that she had once found most comfortable had come

decisively to an end. Yet another contemplated the possibility that her breasts would sag instead of shrinking gracefully once she stopped milking herself and lost her lactation-related volume. Finally, she wondered what would happen to her posture or balance if they got much bigger. So far the wish had seen to it that increases in breast weight had been counteracted with back muscle, but when she was full of milk she felt like she was leaning back very slightly to account for the extra weight. She wasn't sure if she could see it in her reflection or if it mainly all in her mind, but if she kept growing, at some point it would become more obvious.

Which just made her feel excited. Time to throw on a skirt and get to class. Or maybe she should leave it off to look maximally slutty? Perhaps that would be pushing things too far. She shouldn't risk getting expelled from class for disruptive appearance.

Not that there was any way for Candace and Honey to avoid being somewhat disruptive.

"Wow! You look bigger!" Honey told her as Candace sank down on her cushy bum next to the porn star.

"Yeah. I'm actually seeing a doctor about it. I've begun lactating."

Honey's eyes widened even further. "Seriously?"

"Yes; it started last last weekend and the specialist took blood samples on Thursday. From Kelly and me; Kelly is also getting bigger and they think something triggered a hormonal anomaly we're both predisposed to." Candace felt good about how scientific and reasonable her explanation sounded.

"Oh baby, are you okay?" Honey asked with touching concern.

"I'm totally fine. It actually feels good. I got a machine that... well, it would take too long to explain, but it's sexy. I have videos." Candace was thinking that Honey would be a very knowledgeable resource for how to market and build a following of her milking videos.

"Really?" Honey asked, intrigued, "Can I see?"

Candace looked over her shoulder to see who was positioned to see and queued up one the milking videos on her phone, holding it so only Honey would be able to see.

Honey's brow furrowed as she tried to understand what she was seeing, then widened. "Oh. My God. Have you posted this somewhere?"

"No, Kelly was looking into what accounts to set up."

"I'll host you on my site. I'm blowing up right now because of the show, and this... would lift you right into the stratosphere. I'll meet you in the loo after class? Wait, no, I can't today. I'll text you."

The start of class ended that conversation, and Candace took an alternate exit to avoid dealing with the Lead A Horse To Culture cameras, so they didn't have another chance to talk. After a stop in the loo, Candace visited the library to do some research on her anthropology paper. Though she'd had to give up a lot of her cum stores, she was still fully clear and calm, and she was laser-focused for hours, to the point of almost missing her barista shift.

She didn't have a chance to milk beforehand, though, which distracted her and also made her appear more overtly lewd. She was also feeling increasingly randy as the cum satiation faded, though nothing so seriously as when the district manager visited. Regardless, she felt it was important to release some of the pressure, so on her first break she decided to milk herself in the bathroom.

With all her focus on controlling her compulsion to make noise she didn't notice Gwendolyn slip in.

Candace's shift manager froze in shock for several seconds, watching Candace rhythmically squirting milk into the basin with her eyes closed.

Belatedly, Candace became aware that someone else was in the room, and she opened her eyes to see Gwendolyn gawping at her in the mirror. The remnants of the unanxiety allowed her to overcome her own stunning embarrassment after a moment. "I recently started lactating and I was getting too full," she explained.

"Does it hurt?" Gwendolyn managed to ask, staring at Candace's hand's wrapped around her giant, hard teat.

"No, it feels great," Candace answered truthfully, "But not very convenient."

"Do you need any, uh, any help?" Gwendolyn asked.

"Not unless you want to help milk," Candace said wryly. She could only milk one teat at a time because she needed the other hand for support as she leaned over the basin.

Gwendolyn's mouth worked, producing no sound at first. "Sure, I can help," she eventually managed to say.

Candace hadn't been serious, but she was much too horny and fascinated to turn her down flat. "Well, you could take a nipple and tug, just like this," she said, demonstrating.

"You don't mind?" Gwendolyn asked.

"I'd appreciate the help," Candace said with a slow smile at the way Gwendolyn licked her lips. Gwendolyn was still attempting to act like she wasn't turned on by Candace's body, but Candace could see through Gwendolyn's pretence of disinterested assistance.

"Okay, like this?" Gwendolyn asked, tentatively encircling a nipple with her hand and tugging extremely gently.

"Much harder than that," Candace said softly, savouring the feel of Gwendolyn's hands on her.

"Like this?" Gwendolyn said, tugging harder and sending a spike of pleasure through Candace.

"Harder," Candace grunted, her eyes closed.

"How about this?" Gwendolyn asked, pulling firmly and confidently now that she could see Candace enjoying it.

"Perfect. You could milk both if you like," Candace suggested, positioning herself to one side

of the basin so Gwendolyn could reach both nipples from the other side, which she did.

It took all her self-discipline to limit herself to whimpers, but she did it even through her first orgasm, right up to the point when the district manager barged in on them.

“What in the...” he started, then ground to a halt, staring.

Candace’s recent orgasm had returned a measure of calm lucidity to her that allowed her to at least try to take control of the situation. “Close the door, sir.” He did so, somewhat limply. “As you can see, Gwendolyn is helping me with a personal matter.”

“This is very irregular!” he complained.

“I am entitled reasonable accommodations, I believe,” Candace said with calmness she didn’t feel. She was definitely on the edge of panic given the direness of the situation, but she was still managing to keep it together.

“But! This is...” he was too flustered to find words.

“An invasion of my privacy?” Candace suggested.

He coloured. “I have a right and a duty to see what’s about when both managers disappear into the loo together!”

“By barging in without so much as a knock and holding the door open for customers to see? I should think not!” Candace said. The position of the door and where the manager had stood made it unlikely that anyone apart from the manager had seen anything, but Candace had the upper hand and she intended to use it.

“I was merely shocked. This is *most* irregular!”

“You mentioned that,” Gwendolyn pointed out, starting to follow Candace’s lead, “But I think the most irregular aspect is that you forced your way in on a couple of female employees engaged in a medically-necessary accommodation!” Candace thought she recognised a direct quote from the employee handbook in Gwendolyn’s statement.

“I haven’t seen any paperwork to that effect!”

“This is my first shift since I saw the endocrinologist,” Candace said.

“And the guidelines say to submit any unusual accommodation paperwork within ten days,” Gwendolyn added, “Meaning there’s nine more days left to submit.”

The district manager paled, and Candace thought she could see him watching his career flash before his eyes. “You don’t intend to lodge a complaint, do you?”

“I do not *intend* to, no,” Candace said pointedly.

He sighed with relief. “I’m really very sorry. It’s all an honest misunderstanding and I’ll let myself out.”

After he did so, Gwendolyn and Candace stared at each-other for a moment before bursting into hysterical laughter. Eventually Candace gave Gwendolyn a little hug in thanks, being careful to avoid getting milk on her boss, and then was left alone to restore her piercings and clothing.

The district manager was waiting when she got out, not to complain about how long she’d

monopolised the loo, but rather to use it himself. Later, Candace could detect a distinct scent of cum near the toilet, and she knew it had been the district manger, working out his arousal. There it was on the wall. How wasteful.

Wasteful? Why had she thought that? It was true that she was missing Genie's cum, but what resemblance did that wonderful, delicious elixir bear to a regular human's cum? Candace resisted the urge to touch and taste it rather than wipe it off the wall with a bit of toilet tissue. She overcame the urge, but it gave her a lot of food for thought. Candace's cum compulsion was getting stronger, and it wasn't limited to just Genie's cum. She had a strong suspicion that the wish was turning Paul's geas into a compulsions to cumsluttery so as to further her bimbofication. Candace drew a logical line from that to Honey saying that the show was making her more famous. It no doubt meant that Honey's lead in the 'biggest bimbo at City University' race was widening, even though Honey didn't even have a wish operating.

Moreover, Candace had a feeling the compulsion would remain even after the wish-month expired, for the same reason her body wouldn't necessarily go back to normal: the wish had actually changed her body's natural structure and genetics. Kelly promised to allocate one of her remaining wishes to Candace, but given that the wish would still technically belong to Kelly, it would be handicapped in its ability to change Candace's body. There was only one way that she could make the wish *really* work for her.

"Do you want to maybe go with me to a thing tomorrow?" Gwendolyn asked Candace tentatively after work.

"I would, but I have to go to Norwich," Candace said.

"Norwich? Why?" Gwendolyn asked.

"I have to see someone there about my condition," Candace said.

## Return to Norwich

By morning, Candace could feel the desperation already setting in. The previous night she'd bought tickets for a later train, but now she wondered what would happen on a long train ride by herself. Her mixed fear and anticipation of giving in to a bunch of yobs confirmed that she was not entirely of sound mind. Yet, she was not willing to wait for Kelly and Genie's return. It was too long a wait, and besides, she was afraid they would stop her from going at all. As soon as it was obvious how desperate Candace had become, Kelly would likely waste her second wish trying to help Candace. Maybe she could induce Gwendolyn to go? No, Candace sensed that Gwendolyn was the last sort of person to bring into contact with the Veil.

So Candace texted Jeff. 'Hi, it's Kelly's sister Candace. Are you up?'

'I am. How are you?'

‘I’m in a bit of a jam, and I have a very unreasonable request to make.’

‘What an ominous introduction!’ he responded, but included a smiling emoji at the end.

‘For good reason. I have an emergency and I need to go back to Norwich immediately. I’m afraid the train will be too late. Is there any chance I could induce you to give me a ride?’

‘That’s a long drive. Would Kelly or Genie be coming?’

‘I’m afraid not. They’re visiting my ill mother.’ Candace felt horrible guilted him like that, so she added, ‘I completely understand if this is too much for someone you hardly know to ask of you. It is too much. I’m just trying my luck.’ Maybe she could somehow convince a ride share driver to take her the whole way? It seemed a bit dubious, but she wasn’t willing to trap Jeff with his own niceness.

There was a long pause, then he sent, ‘How long do you reckon your business there would take?’

‘Not more than an hour, I think,’ she sent, feeling optimistic.

‘I’ll be over in about twenty minutes, if you’ll be ready.’

‘Yes! I’ll make you an omelette if you haven’t eaten yet.’ She felt silly as soon as she sent it because of course he wouldn’t be able to eat an omelette while driving, but she wanted to offer something that recognised his generosity.

‘I’m sure that would be tastier, but it would be easier to get something on the way. Parking is dreadful.’

Milking herself as much as she could while waiting for Jeff to arrive gave her plenty of time to contemplate the many ways in which she hadn’t a clue what she was doing and was taking many risks. She did feel that Jeff would behave like a gentleman for the drive and would naturally support her when she faced Paul, but even with his support she was well over her head. Not to mention that she would sound like an absolute madwoman if she tried to tell him about genies and druids. So, she told part of the truth.

“I’m going to see Genie’s uncle,” Candace explained when they were well on their way. “Genie thinks something he gave me might have sparked my breasts to start lactating, and I intend to confront him about it.”

“A drug?”

“I don’t know, exactly. I intend to find out. And I’m going to tell him that if he doesn’t help fix it, his niece will be very cross with him. I would rather have come with her, of course, but she had to go, so I’ll do it myself. If I wait until she gets back I’m afraid that it’ll be too late for doctors to detect whatever it was.”

“Why don’t you go to the doctors directly?”

“I’d have no idea what to ask them to test for. Paul will know, though.”

Jeff was silent for a moment before asking, “Does Kelly know you’re doing this?”

“No, she has enough to worry about as it is.”

That argument seemed to make sense to Jeff, and he let Candace change the subject.

As the ride stretched longer and longer, Candace's libido never seemed to stop ramping up, and she became more and more anxious about how she would react to any attempt by Paul to get her to have sex with him. Especially because a significant part of her was excited by the prospect. Not nearly as large as the portion that thought that was a disgusting and foolish idea, but any desire at all seemed too dangerous when dealing with a magic user who had already proven he could push thoughts into her head. Her plan had been to use his fear of Genie's vengeance to keep him from taking too much advantage, but that required her to keep her wits about her. She had been able to put up some resistance last time. How much would she be able to muster in her current state?

"Take the bypass toward Yarmouth," she told him, nervously considering the last half hour of perfect silence.

"Alright," he said.

He'd spoken easily enough, but she could feel the weight of his eyes on her from time to time.

"We get off here," she said as they approached the slip road, and if he noticed the double-entendre, he didn't show it.

He followed her directions onto a country road. "I take it we're close now?"

"It's in a mile or two," she said. "We're headed to a little restaurant in a village up ahead."

"To a restaurant?"

"He's a regular there," she explained, blushing. No doubt he was wondering if they'd come all this way on a wild goose chase, and she couldn't assure him they hadn't.

"You don't have other contact info for him?"

"No," she admitted.

He sighed. "I hope he's there, then."

"The bar doesn't open until five, love," the hotel hostess explained to Candace with a friendly mix of apology and condescension.

"Do you know where else I might find Presto Paul this time of day?"

"Hmm. Sometimes you'll catch him taking a stroll along Stoke Road, but not too often. If you need to speak to him, you should return in the evening. He's almost always here then."

"That's a bit too long from now," Candace said.

"You can also leave a note."

"We'll just see if he's out for a stroll," Candace said, and hurried out.

"We're not going to wait until the evening, are we?" Jeff asked as he trailed behind her, "I'm supposed to be meeting some mates for dinner back in London tonight."



“Tell then you were getting lucky with a model,” Candace told him with a weak smile.

“Candi!” he complained in a mild tone.

“True, it’s more like you’re getting *unlucky* with me, but I swear I’ll make it up to you.” she said, “And hopefully we’ll find him long before then.”

Jeff’s sigh did not express confidence that they would find Paul on the road, and he was right: driving up Stoke Road almost to Norwich proper didn’t take them past any older men walking along it. Candace was feeling desperate in a variety of ways.

“Can you pull off here?” Candace asked when they arrived at the same path to a livestock gate that Genie had used to go inspect the henge.

“Here?” Jeff asked, seeing no reason to stop, but doing so anyway.

“Yes, here,” Candace said, and got out of the car. The midday heat outside the air conditioning of Jeff’s car was muggy and unpleasant, but she needed her top for support. Maybe unbuttoning a button would help.

“Where are you going?” Jeff asked as she tested the gate.

“Over there,” she said, pointing vaguely. She would need to climb over the locked gate, so she unzipped the skirt she wore over her metallic leggings. “Could you hold onto this?”

“Are you seriously climbing over the gate?” he asked, standing with her skirt in his hand like a grenade that would explode if he released his grip.

“Of course not,” she told him, “There’s nothing serious about climbing over a gate in wedges.”

He made as if to lunge to her aid as she slipped, but she caught herself just in time, at the cost of nearly clobbering herself with her own boob.

“See?” She said, laughing awkwardly, “There’s no way to be serious doing that. I’ll be back in a moment.”

“This is insane,” he said as she started walking across the field.

Privately, she thought he was right, but she just waved as if she was confident and made her way as best as she could across the field wearing 10cm platform wedges. It was a small miracle that she didn’t turn her ankle or worse before she reached the odd depression where Genie had inspected the ground a week prior.

“God, it’s absolutely hot as shit out here,” Candace complained to herself, and unbuttoned her top further.

“You make it even hotter,” Paul’s voice answered.

She spun around to see him emerging from a gap in the shrubbery nearby. “You!”

“You thought you could poke around here without me noticing?” he asked smugly.

“I *hoped* you would notice! It’s you I’m searching for, after all!” Candace said.

## A New Deal

Now it was Paul's turn to be surprised. "You were looking for me?"

"Yes. I need you to fix a mess you helped make. In return, I can get you your freedom."

"Oh?" he asked skeptically. "Where is Dornollë?"

"She's with my sister." Candace waved to Jeff and gave him a thumbs-up so he didn't come try to help.

"Who is that?" Paul asked

"A friend of my sister's."

"He's still beyond the Veil," Paul stated, "Why is he the one accompanying you here?"

"It's complicated, and it doesn't matter for this. What does matter is that Kelly - my sister Kelly - is now Genie's mistress and has two wishes left, one of which she's given to me."

"Your silly story would be more convincing if there was any such thing as giving wishes, girl," Paul said.

"I know, and that's why I'm here," Candace said nervously, deeply regretting having had no sex in so long. Surely she could have convinced Jeff to shag her.

"Pardon?" Paul asked, confused.

"What?" Candace asked, having lost track of her own thoughts.

"Why are you here?" Paul asked, rolling his eyes slightly.

"To trade. I ask my sister to wish for Genie to free you. In return, you help fix some issues I'm having that your geas caused. Partly caused."

That brought his eyes back up to her face. "You're saying that if I help you, you'll ask your sister to help me."

"Yes."

"How did your sister end up as Dornollë's mistress?"

"It was an accident. My lotion sort of exploded all over her vessel and Kelly cleaned it."

"Very unlikely," Paul said flatly.

"Genie did think so, but it happened. She returned to her vessel early - before granting all my wishes, it would appear - and then Kelly found it in my luggage almost straightaway."

Paul assessed her from head to toe again, but this time with more calculation and less lechery. Slightly less. "Your account is preposterous and impossible, but I'll admit that you're empty-headed enough to believe it. What help would you want from me?"

"I'm lactating and... and other things."

"Your tits are even bigger," he said. Maybe in agreement, or maybe he just felt like pointing it out to her.

"Yes."

He stared at her for a moment, then said, "I can help you, but I'm going to have to make sure

you deliver your part of the deal.”

“No geases,” she stipulated.

“No geases,” he agreed. “I will do what I can to stop any ongoing magical changes you specify at the time the wish frees me.”

“And reverse existing changes,” Candace added.

“And reverse existing changes,” he added with a shrug. “As far as practicable.”

“How far would be practicable, do you reckon?” Candace asked.

“Once changes have settled, I can’t dispel them. I can work *new* magic, but that’s a separate deal, requiring much more energy than I can currently spare.”

Candace thought for a moment. “You’re saying that if I wait, more will become permanent,” she said, and his nod confirmed her understanding. “What would it take for you to do it now?”

“I already said: being freed. But... I could help you some now and the rest later.”

“How can you help me now?”

“I can slow the rate the changes settle, and maybe with your ‘other things’ you mentioned, though you’ll have to explain what they are. In return, you let me impregnate you.”

“Absolutely not,” Candace said immediately.

“Very well then, see you when you return with that wish,” he said, beginning to turn away.

“Wait wait,” Candace said desperately, “We can have sex, but I’m not going to have your baby.”

He looked at her thoughtfully before saying, “Here is my best offer. We have sex one time, without a rubber or anything of that nature, and you agree not to abort if I get you pregnant. If you bear my child to term, I will see that you are supported. In return, I’ll slow the set of the wish magic, and remove as much of the behavioural compulsion as I can.”

Candace thought about that. Genie had said that there was no danger of her sperm fertilising Candace’s eggs if she didn’t ovulate. Also, she was due for her period. She didn’t like making this sort of bargain with someone who could use magic to make the unnatural happen, but it did seem like she had several factors in her favour. Besides which it might be her only option.

“Fine,” she said, “Where do we do it?”

“Right here,” he said.

“In the middle of a field, where anybody could see us?” she asked.

“No, in the shrubbery. There’s a fence for you to lean against.”

“This is sordid,” she complained, even though there was a large part of her that was extremely relieved that she was about to receive a cum injection.

“It is, a little, but it’s better where I can borrow the henge’s power. I lost a lot of it with those geases I put into you, you know.”

“How sad that your rape didn’t work out for you,” Candace said, waving and giving Jeff a cheery thumbs-up signal again before preceding Paul into the gap in the shrubbery.

“You would have enjoyed it. I’ll show you; you’ll be screaming.”

“Could you be any creepier?”

“You’re awfully cheeky for a slut who’s fucking for favours,” he said angrily.

“Just do it already,” she said, bending over to expose her pussy. She didn’t really want to look at him while it was happening.

He insulted her the entire time he was fucking her, but Candace didn’t really care; she was getting what she wanted on multiple fronts. The angrier he got, the harder he pounded her, the more her wobbly bits wobbled, and the better it all felt. It was embarrassing to whimper when he made her come, but at least she didn’t scream.

He gasped in the wake of climaxing seconds after she did, and placed a hand deliberately on the back of her hips. “You made me finish quickly on purpose, didn’t you? Well, no matter. You are now pregnant. I can feel it.”

Calmed by her orgasm and his semen, Candace was able to think clearly despite Paul’s frightening claim. “Then give me what I dealt for.”

Paul nodded, catching his breath a bit further. “Not as young as I used to be,” he said as he helped her to stand back up straight and clean off, evidently mollified now that he had achieved his objective. “The power of the henge is almost exhausted, which is why I need someone to bear children for me.”

“Why are you telling me that?”

“Because we’re going to be partners, of course. I don’t *mean* to be unkind, you know. It’s just that you’re so tempting and I have a serious need.”

Even with the benefit of her cum-calm, Candace struggled to keep her rage at that explanation out of her facial expression. “I see.”

Paul looked her up and down before touching her on her tummy just below her diaphragm. “I think that’s most of the physical aspect there. The mental...” He moved his hand up to touch behind her jaw. “Is there.”

“So, what can you do?”

“I’m afraid I can’t do very much. The wish magic is, as I expected, too powerful for me to overcome with what I have available to me now. Maybe when your baby is further along he will provide more. I think I can do two things that are two both our benefits. I can remove and replace the physical addiction to semen, and I can give you a sort of birth control replacement.”

“What do you mean a ‘birth control replacement?’ Are you going to try to forbid me from taking my birth control?”

“Take it all you want; it won’t do anything. You *do* realise that I sabotaged your hormonal birth control last week? That geas was only supposed to operate for a short time, but I can tell now that you’ve become completely immune somehow. Regardless, I wouldn’t have been such a fool as to make the deal we did if you weren’t even fertile!”

“Well, I’m due for my period any day now.”

“No you’re not. I’ve learned to feel women’s hormones and I could tell that you were ovulating. And I can also feel the outside genes mixed with yours. And don’t think it’s anyone else’s baby, either. I would have smelt it if you’d let that boy over there put his seed in you.” A slight look of doubt flashed across his face, and he took the liberty of touching her tummy again. “It *is* a little quick for fertilisation, but I expect it just means that your eggs were in *just* the right positions.”

“Eggs?” Candace asked, putting emphasis on the pluralising letter at the end.

“Yes, it looks like I got you pregnant twice already!” he said giddily. “This is just what I needed! Believe me, I will make a happy woman of you, if you’ll just cooperate. Having a mage father your children is a great advantage. Especially once I’m free of this buggared backwater. I’ll make you rich and famous, and you’ll retain your youthful beauty for as long as the Veil will allow. But for now, get on your way. This has exhausted me and it’s too early to draw any strength from my progeny.”

Candace stared at him in revulsion, unable to speak.

“Go, go!” he said, stepping further into the shrubbery. “Do as you will. Fuck the boy or anyone else you please; the magic barrier will keep you from getting any diseases, and even if you weren’t pregnant, no mortal could fill you with enough semen to force its way past the barrier now!” His voice was fading into the distance but remained clearly audible. “Don’t worry, I’ll give you as many children as you could ever want!

## Returns to London

“Candi?” Jeff asked, calling Candace out of her dark thoughts, “Are you over here?”

“Yes I am,” she said. “I’m finished with my business.”

“It went poorly?” he asked, seeing her face when she stepped out of the foliage.

“Yes. He said he would help, but I’m not sure he did.”

“Does he live in that house on the other side of the fence?”

“I don’t think so, no.”

“How did you know he would be here?” Jeff asked, looking around the field in confusion.

“It was just a guess. Genie looked for him here last week.”

“Why here, in a shrub beside a grazing field?” he asked.

“I don’t quite know,” she said, not wanting to explain. “Let’s go.”

“Back to London?”

“Yes.”

Jeff thankfully didn’t tax her with further inquiries as they rode home. Candace could feel the effects of the unanxiety waning, which allowed her to gauge how much impact Paul’s

intervention had. Some, she admitted, but not as much as she would have liked. On the positive side, her anxiety didn't spiral out of control, and her body wasn't absolutely aching for semen. On the negative, the prospect of her being pregnant with a two thousand year old druid's twins made her even more dependent on cum's ability to stave off anxiety.

'Candace, are you still in Norwich?' Gwendolyn texted.

'OMW back now.' Candace responded.

'Could you come in tonite? Leila and Justine both called out.'

'I can do closing shift,' Candace said, hoping the work would keep her from dwelling too much on her problems.

'You're fab, CU!' Gwendolyn responded.

A few minutes later a text arrived from Kelly, 'How r u?'

'Fine,' Candace lied.

'What's wrong?' Kelly asked.

'I tried to get help in a stupid way,' Candace admitted. 'Went poorly.'

'Genie's uncle?' Kelly asked, no doubt prompted by Genie's uncanny instincts.

'Yes.'

'We r on r way home first thing. Don't do ne thing desperate.'

'Don't rush. I won't make it any worse,' Candace responded, feeling like she could hardly do so.

'Im so sorry, Candi. Luv u and c u soon,' Kelly responded. Kelly knew that attempting to console Candace by text would just agitate her, so that was the end of the exchange.

They rode in silence until they were beginning to pass through London's exurbs and Candace's guilt became overwhelming.

"Jeff, could you stop somewhere slightly private?"

He glanced at her with a look of open concern but he nodded, and soon he was pulling the car behind a petrol station, past a skip bin full of construction debris.

"Could you help me with something?" she asked.

"Of course. What do you need?"

"I need to do something to express my appreciation for you driving me all over England today without prying at all, or being creepy or anything of that nature."

"I'm happy to be of service," he said, embarrassed.

"I know you are, and I appreciate it."

"Well, then, that's taken care of, then, isn't it?" he said, nervously watching Candace unbutton her top.

"No, I don't feel better yet. I just want to make sure you know that Kelly wanted to set you up with me, so she'll be glad we did this."

"What's 'this'?" he asked.

“Titfucking,” she said, noting the bulge in his trousers.

“We don’t have to,” he protested weakly, “I was just trying to help a mate.”

“I know you feel that way, and that makes me *want* to do it,” Candace said, and reached down to pull the lever beneath his seat so he slid back.

“Oh,” Jeff said, and seemed unable to decide what to say as she unzipped his fly.

“Don’t worry, it’s just a friendly thanks, Jeff, which we will both enjoy.”

“Both of us? It seems a little one-sided,” Jeff said.

“Trust me, I’ll enjoy it, and then it’ll also make me feel better about having you drive me around all day. Now, shush.” On the spur of the moment she decided to test if she could deep-throat. His prick was a good size, Candace thought: within the normal range, but, in contrast with Jeff’s general leanness, just a tad wider than usual. At least, so it seemed as it travelled through her mouth and into the back of her throat. When no gag reflex emerged, she tried to force it a little further, but she wasn’t positioned properly and didn’t want to hurt him so she pulled back.

She’s achieved her primary objective regardless: his cock was now saliva slick and ready to slide between her tits. Here his relatively normal length was a drawback because her cleavage swallowed him entirely. She had to mash them down to let her lick the tip, to tease him and also to keep him slick.

He groaned with pleasure and her nipples buzzed with frustrated pleasure. She was very full of milk, and her breasts wanted to express it. The pressure seemed to grow as she got closer to climax, but the radiating waves of euphoric shivers easily overwhelmed the growing discomfort. Then Jeff ejected a small geyser of semen that speckled her chin but mostly landed on her tits, and that set her overfull tits off in their strange form of orgasm. It seemed for a moment like the uncomfortable pressure would spike into actual pain, but instead there was a small feeling of stretching and the discomfort disappeared.

She sighed with satisfaction and relief. “That was good, wasn’t it?”

“Yes it was. Thank you,” Jeff said, breathing hard even though she’d done almost all the work.

His head was resting against the seat and Candace hoped he didn’t notice that she was lapping up his cum. It wasn’t a taste she would have liked, except that she’d evidently developed a taste for it. She preferred Genie’s baby frosting, of course, but Jeff’s wasn’t so bad in its relatively small quantity, and she could tell it was helping restore her calm a little. She wiped the residue from both her breasts and his softening prick with a paper napkin as she got up so he wouldn’t think she was *too* vulgar, though she wasn’t especially concerned about it. She had no particular inclination to rely on his services in the future, so his opinion of her cleanliness wasn’t especially important.

“Thank you,” he said, furtively tucking himself back into his pants as if the sight of it might scandalise the woman who had just caused it to ejaculate.

Despite her generally dismal situation, Candace was momentarily entertained by the absurdity and giggled a bit. If she ever did need to rely on anyone's services, she reflected, Jeff would certainly be a better choice than most.

He smiled at her laughter and seemed relieved. "So you you really do feel better?"

"Decidedly," she confirmed and didn't add that she would undoubtedly feel terrible by the time she was going to bed. It wasn't his fault, after all.

Rather to her surprise, her breasts didn't resume feeling overfull even though they remained heavy and swollen, judging by the difficulty of re-buttoning her top. She wondered if perhaps she'd burst something, but when she finally got hope to the milker, her milk came out normally and without discomfort. The only unusual thing was running out well before she expected to. Granted, 700ml per breast was still an impressive amount, but given that she'd left the house without entirely emptying and been out over eight hours altogether, she'd expected more like 1.2 litres each, in line with her steadily-escalating productivity. Perhaps Paul had helped her more than she's understood?

Whatever he'd done about her productivity, though, he hadn't made her breasts any smaller. As her milk production had accelerated, her breasts had also been inching up in size, but either they had gone through another spurt or they had tripped over a limit, because tops that used to fit without too much trouble were now straining. She found herself resorting to her old oversized jumper, though she gathered and tied it at the waist so that it could provide a bit a support. It looked a mite strange to have the baggy, too-long sleeves together with her tight top, but there wasn't much to be done about it. A chemise underneath covered her tummy so she wouldn't run afoul of the dress code that expressly forbade bared midriffs of any kind.

"Wow, that's très cute!" Gwendolyn said playfully when Candace arrived, perhaps responding Candace's carefully-maintained cheerful look.

"Thank you! It's a bit of an accident. Nothing's fitting. But I did hope it looked chic rather than chav."

"Maybe a little chav, but ironically," Gwendolyn said. "Do you think you'll need any help today?"

"I took care of it before I came in," Candace started, but seeing the slight look of disappointment, she added, "But by closing I bet I'll feel ready to let down a little."

It was perhaps inevitable that they ended up fucking in the back room after closing time. Gwendolyn went home with a belly full of Candace's milk and the knowledge that she vocalised during orgasm, and Candace went home wondering how she could be so foolish as to get into a sexual relationship with her supervisor.

Her morning milking produced a total of 3.6 litres, 1.8l per breast. Her yearning for sex was



noticeably more manageable, but her hypothesis that Paul had reduced her lactation rate was soundly disproven. Comparison with the clothes she'd been wearing earlier in the week confirmed her impression that her breasts had grown further. Tissue growth needed materials, and her new hypothesis was that the sudden decrease in pressure had been due to the wish converting her excess milk directly to extra udder size.

She was now completely bereft of any kind of cum calm, but she still felt no worse than conflicted about her breasts. On one hand, her torso had become completely dominated by her breasts and there would never be any way to hide it without donning an absolute tent. On the other, she was in the early stages of adjusting to the idea that she had no path back to a normal life. Would her breasts end up even bigger than they already were, or a bit smaller? Did it matter? There wasn't really any path where she didn't end up looking like a pervert's high end sex doll come to life. A sex doll who frankly got off on how she looked in the mirror.

A pregnant sex doll. Now that she was thinking in those terms, she thought she could already see the beginnings of her pregnancy. She would normally write it off as completely psychological, but magic could possibly accelerate pregnancy, mightn't it? How long did it take before twins would show? Probably it was psychological, even accounting for magic.

But how long before it wasn't? Was Candace already doomed to become Paul's modern-day concubine? Well, obviously she would refuse his offer of support, but when she did, she would have to support herself and perhaps some number of children while looking like a fetish porn star. Best to hope that her pregnancy didn't ruin her body, because supporting herself with sex work seemed the most likely with her body and its sex drive. What a bizarre profession for an introvert. Still, she did enjoy getting people off, so maybe it would be fine. It wasn't like Mum's opinion of her could be any lower, and Kelly would understand. Maybe Kelly would even be proud.

Candace thought she could face anything as long as Kelly helped.

Candace meant to tell her sister that as soon as she got through the door, but when Genie walked through the door, her resistance to her libido went right out the window. She'd thought she was cured of her cum addiction, but at the first whiff of Genie's cinnamon scent Candace felt like she needed Genie in her.

"Are you okay?" Kelly asked, because Candace had been in the midst of giving her sister a welcome-home hug when Genie had entered the room.

"No. Yes. I will be. Genie, could you help me right now?"

Kelly and Genie exchanged worried glances.

"I'm sorry, I thought I was better, but I'm not. I need it. Please? I my God, I'm so pathetic, I know, but Genie, please?"

"Go," Kelly told Genie, "We'll talk afterwards." There was something odd about the way

Kelly stood, but Candace was too focused on getting Genie into her bedroom to examine it closely.

"I'm worried about this," Genie told Candace as she put Candace's gag in and strapped her into the milker, "Our goal was to let you withdraw from this addiction you've developed, but it seems as bad as ever."

Candace just moaned with need as Genie's cock slid over Candace's drooling pussy lips.

"I can see that you did something with Prasto, and I can't do anything about it right now. Yes, yes, I'm starting." She stroked into Candace tentatively, and Candace tried to suck her in further, but Genie maintained her own pace, massaging Candace's sides and back with her deft hands.

"Are your breasts *bigger*? I think they are."

Candace could feel Genie's opinion of her ever-bigger boobs when Genie's cock pulsed just a bit harder than it already was. It made Candace extremely smug to reckon that no one Genie had ever fucked would have had tits as big as Candace did. If only Candace's babies were Genie's. Well, how sure was she that they weren't Genie's? Pretty sure. But not totally sure. Maybe it wouldn't be too bad to fantasise that Genie had cuckolded her own uncle in Candace's womb.

"Mmmph!" Candace said, coming at the thought.

"That was very quick!" Genie said, chuckling slightly. "That's the problem with the gag: I can't ask you what I'm doing right."

Candace wiggled her buttocks after a moment to make clear that she was ready for Genie to resume, and in short order she was rewarded with the sweet smell of Genie's cum sliding down her legs in all its excessive, sticky glory.

## Results

"The main part of the deal is that I ask Kelly to ask you to free Paul," Candace explained to both of them as she hurried to get ready for work, "In return he promises to reverse what portion of my changes he can. And I think he is bound to do so in good faith, is he not?"

Genie nodded. "Yes, but he'll still try to turn it to his advantage. Regardless, it is not a bad plan. He will be more able to make those kinds of changes than I would. Over time, at any rate. I think his power is so weak now that it would require quite a lot of time for him to make a big change. But he already did something."

"Well, that's more complicated and I'll probably have to explain after I get home, but he said he did it to try to prevent the physical changes from 'settling' so that he would be able to revert more."

"Very plausible," Genie said.

"That's not too bad. But you seemed a bit upset earlier," Kelly added, her tone demanding an explanation.

“Yeah, that part I’ll definitely have to explain when we have more time,” Candace said. In the wake of a solid fucking, she wasn’t afraid of broaching the subject, but she genuinely didn’t feel it was fair to drop the pregnancy bomb on them without time to discuss it in more depth. “He was also supposed to help me with my addiction, and I thought he had actually helped quite a lot, but then Genie walked back in and it was all back.”

“Yes, there’s something tricky about that,” Genie said with a frown.

“Like I said, I’ll explain more about it all, but I really need to go! Thank you both for trying so hard to help me. You are literally the best. I love you both.”

Candace could see Genie’s face shutter at that statement, but Candace felt only a little remorse. ‘Love’ could mean many things. It didn’t have to mean romantic love.

Work was easy enough; Candace was wearing one of Kelly’s blouses, which was large and stretchy enough to look like it mostly fit under her apron. It even minimised her rack a little, at the cost of making her look just a tad tubby. She’d be much tubbier soon, so she might as well get used to it. Regardless, her shift mate Justine was extremely impressed with her obvious growth, and inclined to envy Candace’s newfound ability to lactate.

“But it means you get to eat almost anything you like and you don’t really gain weight, right?” Justine pointed out.

“Yes, a lot of calories go into my milk,” Candace admitted, “Though it’s not always convenient to be hungry and eating all the time.”

“I understand it’s not convenient, but I think it’s worth it if it meant I could have an extra pudding after every meal.”

“They’re also very heavy,” Candace pointed out.

“You seem fine, though. Do you have backaches?”

“No,” Candace admitted again.

“See?” Justine said. “You should be proud of ‘em. You’re like a superior specimen, right?”

Candace giggled. “Right. Speaking of specimens, though, would you please mop the corner where that bloke spilled his mocha? It needs another once-over if we’re not to have creatures crawling all over.”

By the time Candace got home she was a little surprised to find Kelly and Genie already abed. Candace nudged Genie into a quick rogering before bed, but it wasn’t the time to have the whole conversation.

As she cooked breakfast for her two favourite people whilst they slept late, Candace considered how to bring up her pregnancy. Should she tell the story and work her way up to it, or just come out with it and then explain from there?

In the event, Kelly gave her no opportunity to bring it up herself, emerging from her room

with, “Did you see the email from the doctor, Candace?”

“I haven’t. I’ve been cooking, as you can see.”

“It says we’re pregnant!” Kelly said, as if this was a very funny joke.

Candace stopped and looked at Kelly seriously. “What?”

“It says we’re *months* pregnant, even. Isn’t that silly?”

Candace opened her mouth to say that it did sound a little silly, but then she noticed the pair of wet spots appearing on Kelly’s robe. “Kelly? Are you lactating?”

“Me? Why do... you... Oh my God, am I? I am!”

Genie emerged from Candace’s room, bleary-eyed but vaguely concerned. “What’s the matter?”

Candace flipped an omelette by rote. “Kelly is lactating.”

“And the blood tests say we’re pregnant,” Kelly added, though she didn’t sound as amused any more, “Both of us.”

“I have to assume that the wish magic is simulating the hormones of pregnancy in order to grow your breasts,” Genie suggested.

Kelly seemed reassured. “Oh, that does make the most sense, doesn’t it?”

Candace was quiet as she plated the omelettes.

“Candi?” Kelly queried.

“I might... really be pregnant,” she forced herself to say.

“How?” Kelly asked, looking at Genie.

“I had sex with Paul. Prasto. In exchange for his help up front. And he used magic to get me pregnant.”

“WHAT?” Kelly said, rigid with fury. “I’ll kill him! Genie, can you kill him for me?”

“I... Perhaps, but don’t make any wishes just yet,” Genie said, sounding very upset and confused, “There’s some kind of contract between them, and murder can cause problems.”

Kelly let out a growl of frustration but didn’t say more.

“Aren’t you on birth control?” Genie asked carefully.

“Yes, but he said he made it fail. Or made me immune. I’m not sure he knows exactly what happened.”

“Because of the wish interaction,” Genie said, nodding. “Candi, could you please fetch your pills?”

“Oh, I actually have them,” Kelly said apologetically. “I ran out Monday, so I borrowed the bottle, then forgot to return it.”

Candace couldn’t read the expression on Genie’s face, but there was some powerful emotion there.

“What’s the matter, Genie?” Candace asked, worried. “Are you okay?”

“Am I okay?” Genie asked with a bitter laugh. “I’m sure I’ll come out of it all much as ever.

But my conscience, I fear, is about to sustain a very serious blow.”

“What do you mean?” Candace asked, but then Kelly returned with Candace’s birth control pills.

“May I hold them for a moment?” Genie asked.

“Of course,” Kelly said, and handed it off.

Genie held it silently for a moment. “Hmm. I don’t feel anything unusual about it. There’s no obvious magical damage.” She opened it to confirm there were still pills inside as expected and breathed a sigh of relief. “I was afraid that I’d gotten both of you pregnant.

“Well, you could hardly have gotten both of us several months pregnant,” Kelly pointed out with a nervous laugh.

Candace looked at Kelly. “How would Genie have gotten *both* of us pregnant, sister?”

Kelly looked down at her hands. “Um. I just wanted to know what you scream about in there. So I asked Genie to show me.”

Candace shifted her look to Genie, who was looking guilty, and she tamped down her reflexive jealousy. Of course there was no reason why Kelly and Genie shouldn’t enjoy each other. It was beyond selfish of Candace to think that she had some kind of exclusive claim on *both* of their affections. Especially given that *Kelly* was Genie’s mistress now, not Candace. “I’m sorry! I shouldn’t make you feel guilty about it! I got jealous like an absolute twat, but I’m very much in the wrong, you know.”

“No! Candi, I completely understand. You and Genie are very close. I mean, I like Genie very much as well, but I know it’s not the same.” Kelly stopped before treading too explicitly on the sensitive ground of Candace’s unrequited love.

Both because it was an important subject and to rescue Kelly, Candace turned the topic back to her own pregnancy. “I thought that Paul wouldn’t be able to impregnate me because I’m taking birth control and it’s time for my period, but he said that I just ovulated yesterday. I have to admit that I don’t feel any of the normal PMS. Besides, he put his hand on my back right where my womb is and said that he could feel two sets of DNA.”

“Right after sex?” Genie asked.

“Yeah. He seemed a little surprised as well, but he said he would have been able to tell if I’d had sex before, and he was right. I mean... I *did* have sex a day earlier.” She smiled shyly at Genie. “Could it have been yours, still swimming around? I would much rather be having yours rather than his.”

Genie smiled sadly. “Possibly, but it seems a little unlikely. The sweetness tends not to keep sperm alive for as long. I make it up on volume. Also the sperm might swim faster because of the extra sugars,” Genie speculated, before recalling the serious matter at issue, “But that’s not important at the moment.”

Kelly giggled, then covered her mouth. “I’m sorry for laughing, but Genie’s cum *does* taste

very good, doesn't it?"

Now Candace couldn't help but giggle a little. "It does. While we're making admissions, I have to say that I gave Jeff a titjob on the way home from Norwich."

"*Did* you? You *slut*!" Kelly said in a wholly congratulatory tone. "How did he take it?"

"He was very embarrassed, but all evidence is that he had an excellent time," Candace reported.

Kelly laughed. "He's a sweetie, isn't he? I'm glad you tried him out."

"See? I know you would feel that way. You are the best sister," Candace said, giving Kelly a hug. "I promise never to get jealous again. Or at least I'll try."

"It's not at all a comparable situation, Candi," Kelly said before releasing her side of the embrace. "Oops! I got milk on your shirt!"

Candace just laughed. "We'll have to get you matching rings to plug your nipples, Kels!"

"I don't know. Did they hurt?"

"I woke up with them already in, and they felt fine then," Candace explained

"If you're only concerned about the installation process, don't worry," Genie said, "I'll make it so you wake up with them like Candi did."

"Thank you!" Kelly said. "In the meantime, maybe I could use your milker? The email says we should come in at our earliest opportunity, and it seems to me that this morning fits the bill."

"Sure! And do you want to find out what *really* makes me scream?" Candace asked, feeling magnanimous.

"I don't know, do I?" Kelly asked, looking back and forth between her sister and Genie.

"I think you do," Candace assured her, and guided her toward the milker.

## In a Family Way

"There's actually an extra set of hoses, since it's built for actual cows," Candace said, fetching them out from underneath the block-and-white decorated housing.

"Moo," Kelly joked.

"Here's the medium-sized attachments," Candace said, tearing a set out of their packaging.

"This is exciting!" Kelly said, and her nipples announced just *how* exciting.

"Would you like to use the milking harness?" Candace asked, pointing at the frame that allowed her to rest while being milked.

"That looks a little advanced, and more than I need. Maybe I could just watch you use it?"

"Makes sense," Candace agreed, relieved that she wouldn't have to lean against a chair back as she'd been planning. "I also use a gag so the neighbours don't complain. As much."

"Ooh, do you have a spare?"

“Yes I do!” Candace said, surprised to find Kelly into that. “I have a few of them so I don’t have to wash the same one every time. Here, this one’s clean.” She handed it to Kelly, then demonstrated how to put it on by donning her own. Then she got into her milking harness for Genie to strap her in. It was embarrassing and freeing at the same time to have Kelly watch her effectively get put in bondage. No need to keep secrets from each other. Not any more.

“Oh, this... this is going to be brilliant,” Kelly said before putting in her gag and kneeling down next to Candace.

If Candace worried that she would suffer a recrudescence of her earlier jealousy, being fucked next to her sister put that fear to rest. Kelly murmured encouragingly and even steadied Candace’s breasts when Genie’s rhythmic pumps threatened to impart too much wobble. Something about Kelly’s gentle goodwill made it even more special.

Then when it was Kelly’s turn, Candace had the privilege of seeing her sister’s orgasmic expression while still enjoying the reverberations of her own. Kelly was so beautiful, and sexy, and kind. And less intimidating than Genie.

Then Kelly turned her smiling eyes directly to Candace, and suddenly Candace was ready to go again, but this time not because of Genie. Candace looked away, blushing. How fortunate that her gag prevented her from anyone asking her what she was feeling.

Unlike Candace, Kelly was able to remove her own gag. “No wonder you got a little addicted to this, Candi! Anyone would! Thank you, Genie, that was absolutely fabulous.”

“Sorry about the mess,” Genie said, distributing flannels to the sisters.

“Very worth it. Besides, your cum smells so delicious. I think Candace should bake with it.”

Genie having removed Candace’s gag, she answered, “I’ve thought about using it as actual frosting on cinnamon buns, but isn’t that a bit twisted?”

“I’d eat it.”

“Well, *you’re* a bit twisted,” Candace said with a laugh as she wiped up the rivulets of Genie’s cum coating her inner thighs.

Kelly laughed. “So, now that we all know what’s afoot, what are we going to do?”

Candace appreciated Kelly’s easy broaching of the topic. Post-coital lassitude and the cum calm made the topic easier and less frightening to consider in detail, but she still hadn’t been sure how to return to her predicament without giving the impression that she expected Kelly and Genie to solve it for her. “Genie, Paul said he was going to draw power from my babies. Is he planning on sacrificing them or something?”

“No, not his own. Given his age and weakness, I expect he’s trying to create a new body to jump into, but he could also draw power from them until he’s ready to do so.”

“What do you mean, ‘a new body to jump into’? You mean he expects to possess his own child?”

“Kill and replace, really. I don’t believe brains can accommodate more than one

consciousness for long.”

“That’s murder!” Kelly said, outraged.

“I agree, but he probably doesn’t see it that way. In my time, a patriarch would regard himself as having a right to do whatever he pleased with his women and children. It would appear that he has not quite caught up with modern times in that respect.”

“Well, I’m not going to bear him children just so he can murder them,” Candace said.

“Breaking the contract would have serious consequences,” Genie warned, “But you can protect your child in other ways.”

“Why do you keep saying ‘children’ rather than ‘child’?” Kelly asked.

“Because he said I’m carrying twins.”

“Really?” Kelly asked, trying to contain her excitement. “Like us?”

“Well, yeah. But not like I’d want a dirty minded, vicious old codger for my children’s father,” Candace complained

“Yes, but... It’s not as if *we* had brilliant parents. And I swear I’d be the *best* aunt.”

“Perhaps,” Genie put in, “We should go to the doctor, and see what we’re really dealing with.”

“Is Candi in danger?” Kelly asked, concerned at the note of caution in Genie’s voice.

“Probably no immediate danger, but let’s go and do what we’re meant to,” Genie said, which was inarguably good advice.

“It’s extremely unlikely that the blood tests are mistaken. It’s not impossible, but two false positives at once is so unlikely as to be nearly impossible,” the obstetrician asserted.

Candace didn’t say anything, as there was nothing she could say that wouldn’t sound strange. Kelly might have arrived at the same conclusion, because she also let the topic drop with a shrug. “Then examine away.”

“I take it as twins you don’t feel a need for privacy during the examination?” the obstetrician asked, as mystified as the endocrinologist had been as to how exactly a tandem appointment had been scheduled.

“Yeah, Candi’s my best mate,” Kelly said as she lay down on the bed, “We share everything.”

“Hmm,” the doctor said thoughtfully, but said no more as she began her standard exam, including a quick head-to-toe examination. Kelly, being very sure she would turn out not to be pregnant after all, became somewhat bored with the pointless process, and entertained herself by making funny faces at Candace when the doctor wasn’t looking. Candace returned the faces half-heartedly. Even though the obstetrician was completely professional and hadn’t begun any kind of vaginal inspection yet, something about the process was making Candace randy. Turning her mind from that tended to stray into thoughts about her prospective future as the bother of a dodgy druid’s children, or contemplation of how inappropriate her thoughts about her sister’s



body were, or how Genie would leave someday soon. It wasn't a horrible anxiety spiral like she would have suffered without the cum calm, but it left her at least a little distracted.

"Yes, that feels like 10 to 12 weeks," the obstetrician remarked after palpating Kelly's abdomen, which brought both sisters' attention back.

"Pardon?" Kelly asked.

"Your uterus is the typical size I expect at 10 to 12 weeks."

Kelly looked at Candace with wide eyes, and Candace was confused as well. Why would the wish make Kelly's uterus swell up? Yet, an actual pregnancy still seemed unlikely to Candace. Not so far along.

The rest of the exam completed without comment, though the doctor's thoughtful palpation of the skin around Kelly's nipples felt a little pointed to Candace. Then it was Candace's turn to lay in the bed.

Because Candace's breasts flattened out somewhat and covered much of her torso when she lay down, the doctor frequently had to shove mounds of titflesh to one side or another in order to inspect the lymph nodes under Candace's arms, or to listen beneath her rib cage.

"Do you both wax frequently? Or why am I only seeing vellus body hair? That's the little colourless hairs. I don't see the longer hair I would expect in your armpits and in your groin area, but I'm not seeing the usual signs of waxing, either."

"We never developed it," Kelly said, giving the cover story according to their alternative memories.

"Hmm," the doctor intoned thoughtfully, acknowledging that strange fact as her exam reached Candace's lower abdomen. "I'm going to estimate 20 to 24 weeks."

"You're saying I'm five to six months pregnant?" Candace said.

"Your uterus is deep seated, but it's quite large despite the fact that it's not showing very visibly. From this point forward, though, I think you can anticipate much more rapid development of the typical pregnancy belly. Shall we do an ultrasound?"

"Yes!" Kelly blurted out before adding, "If you should like it, Candi."

"Sure!" Candace said, making sure to sound chipper.

That the ultrasound revealed twins was not a great surprise to Candace by then, though it did shock the obstetrician, who said Candace was actually more like 18 weeks pregnant and her uterus was larger than usual because she was carrying twins. It was also a bit of a good omen for Candace that the sonographer believed they were both girls. She tried to keep her hopes under control, but she was beginning to think that Genie has gotten her pregnant after all, and Paul had been mistaken.

Kelly's ultrasound missed the foetus at first and Candace's heart dropped, but then the doctor shifted the pad positions and there she was: Genie's baby in Kelly's belly. Candace was sure it couldn't be Paul's, so it had to be Genie's.

Candace almost cried from happiness. She kept herself together because she knew it would be a blow to Kelly to find out that she was in fact pregnant, but for Candace it was one of the happiest, most relieving moments of her life. Yes, motherhood was going to be a challenge, and yes, she would not have many options for how to support herself, but compared to facing the rest of her life potentially dependent on the goodwill of Genie's dodgy uncle, raising children with her sister seemed almost idyllic.

Candace thought she could see many of the same thoughts running through Kelly's head, but without sparking the same exultant emotion.

"It's very unusual to have a significant amount of mammary development and even lactation this early in the process, but you clearly share rather unusual genetic predispositions, so I see no particular reason to be alarmed at this time. Let's just make follow-up appointments to continue your antenatal care and keep a close eye out for anything further out of the ordinary."

## The New Reality

They emerged from the doctor's office carrying pamphlets and paperwork to find Genie pacing in agitation.

"So?" she asked, searching the sisters' faces.

"We're pregnant," Kelly said.

Genie checked to make sure no one was close enough to hear. "They're all mine, aren't they?"

"They are," Candace said, letting her big smile break out, "I'm sure of it! That's why I got pregnant so fast, and why they're so far along, and all three are girls. You said all yours are girls, right?"

"Yes, but I owe you both an apology for my irresponsibility. I must have trusted your modern birth control too much. Maybe something about the wish made it ineffective for you."

"Paul said he'd made me immune to it, though he seemed a bit surprised by that outcome."

"I doubt he knows the truth. He didn't even notice you were already pregnant. Besides, he didn't touch Kelly." She shook her head as if to free it of that line of thinking. "Before anything else is said, please understand that I will not fault you for terminating the pregnancies, if that's what you chose to do."

"No! Not in a million years, for me!" Candace exclaimed, "The timing is not *entirely* convenient, but I've always wanted children, and this way I can be so proud of their, uh..."

"Father?" Genie asked with a half-smile.

"There's got to be a better term for it than that. But... Kelly, don't let my enthusiasm bully you."

“Don’t worry Candi, I’ll make up my own mind. I want kids too! I just wanted to get rich and become the sort of toff who hires a nanny. Kids are great, but I can’t imagine being around them all the time.”

“Kels, you know you can count on me, don’t you? I reckon I can take care of three sisters about as well as two. I surely produce enough milk! I don’t mind becoming your housewife sister or whatever. It would be better than working at the coffee shop.”

“What about school?”

Candace shrugged. “Obviously I’ll have to pause that for a bit, or perhaps work in a class here and there.

“And money?”

“Maybe preggo porn sells? Maybe I could sell my milk? I don’t know, but I’m pretty sure these are worth some income.” Candace discreetly bobbed her breasts to make perfectly clear what ‘these’ were.

“If you don’t give it all away to charity!” Kelly said, smiling. “I think I’ll keep mine, too. The two of us can raise our kids together better than our our parents ever did.”

“Not a difficult bar,” Candace said.

“I’m glad you are both taking it so well,” Genie said, “Especially since I will have to go in time.”

“That’s one of the best parts! Not that you’re leaving; I mean that having something of you with me in them will be so special to me.” Thinking about Genie being gone was difficult. Besides the personal loss, she would miss the ability to be clear-headed and unafraid, which had been such a revelation. “I’m only sad the kids won’t get to meet you.”

That hurt. It hurt everyone. But there was no helping it.

“Let’t not be dismal, alright?” Kelly suggested, “Let’s remember the good parts.”

“Yes, and it’s very good for me,” Candace told Genie, “Please believe that I’m happy. This is going to be so much fun. I’m very excited about all the things we’ll do. I don’t suppose the Veil would let us show them your picture, but...” Candace faltered, seeing the pain on Genie’s face. “We’ll tell them about you one way or another.”

Candace wasn’t able to tell quite how Genie took that because they had to press onto a crowded carriage.

“It also explains why I’ve been feeling like I can’t press in as far as I did,” Genie later told Candace while fucking her during her mid-afternoon milking.

Candace hummed an affirmative noise around her gag.

“Of course, I could just make myself smaller to fit the available space, but for some reason your wish doesn’t want me to, and I’m loath to override it.”

Candace didn’t want Genie’s cock smaller either. She wished it could all fit, but she couldn’t

do without the incredible full feeling she got from Genie's oversized prick forcing her open. No, she told herself, she *could* do without it. She just didn't *want* to.. But she needed to stop maundering and focus on the experience like it was the last time Genie would ever fuck her.

"I also understand now why you were so desperate for me when Kelly and I returned home. Prasto consolidated all your cravings on the father of your children, believing it to be himself. He no doubt expects you to satisfy them by returning to him."

Candace laughed with delight to think of how frustrated and confused Paul would be at her inexplicable failure to come crawling back to him and his shrivelled old cock. Well, not really shrivelled; but nothing compared to his niece's heroic member. "I'm glad, Genie. You know I'm foolishly addicted to you anyway."

Genie pulled Candace's hair a little to excite and distract her from her ill-advised infatuation.

That night, Genie retired directly after her third performance which once again included Kelly in a milky trio. As much as Candace enjoyed resting as little spoon in Genie's arms, she couldn't indulge that night. She needed to take some time to discuss the new reality with Kelly without the subject making Genie feel guilty and sad.

"Are you really okay with having Genie's baby?" Candace asked her sister.

"It's scary, but I really am excited to be a mum. I just worry that I'll end up fobbing her off on you. I still plan on getting my degree, and building a career, and all that."

"I meant it when I said it was okay. I almost prefer it. It's a role I feel I would excel at. I don't mean raising the children by myself like an old time housewife, but I'm ready to take on a larger role in it given that you will probably be carrying the whole family financially at some points. I can't imagine I could sustain a career in pornography while raising our children, and who knows what my body will look like after giving birth to twins?" Candace was a little sad to think she might not get to enjoy her pristine body much longer, but even if her image became a little smudged by stretch marks and loose skin, it would still represent a vast improvement over her previous body.

"A family," Kelly breathed, sounding almost reverent. "You know, I wondered if I'd ever have one because I couldn't imagine spending that much time with anyone. But you... You're the exception, Candi. I think..." Kelly stopped herself from saying something, and switched to an alternative. "I think we will make a very good family together."

Candace jumped up to squeeze her sister tightly, and Kelly returned it.

"Are your boobs bigger?" Candace asked, close proximity reminding her of something she noticed during milking.

"Yeah. They're huge. I mean, not compared to yours, but 32H already seemed unbelievably huge to me, and I'm definitely starting to pop out again. Do you think I'll catch up with you?"

"I don't know. Do you want to?"

“No, I don’t really want to get bigger, honestly.” Kelly seemed conscious that she might be subtly implying that Candace was too big and rushed to say, “But you look so hot like this. Like, when you’re thinking hard your lips make a little natural ‘O’ and you look like you’re totally spacing out and then you do the thing where you sort of bump your boobs up with the back of your thumb? It’s So. Fucking. Hot.”

Candace hadn’t even noticed she was still doing that. It was a tic she’d developed in her former days as an overweight girl with chronic underboob sweats. She didn’t have that problem any more, but it still felt nice to lighten the load just a tiny bit while enjoying the sensations. Now it would naturally emphasise her bimbo aspect. With a start, she noticed she was doing it again.

Kelly giggled, noticing Candace noticing. “We’re quite a pair, aren’t we?”

“We are,” Candace agreed, warmed by the idea of being part of a pair of bimbos.

“I already made my second wish, you know. So it’s down to you. When you’re ready, you can ask me to make the final wish. You’re not really going to ask for her to free her uncle, are you?”

“I don’t know. Probably not. I don’t know how much bigger I’ll get, but I think it’s better if I just stay like this and he remains bound to that place. It seems dangerous to free him.”

“Oh good. I agree. And I can still wish for you to get smaller or whathaveyou, even though it isn’t as effective.”

“True” Candace said, feeling a bit of relief. She had been wondering what would happen if Kelly kept growing and she had to grow in turn. “Maybe the best thing would be to repeal the wish that’s making you bigger.” If Kelly kept getting bigger, it would drive Candace’s wish to make her bigger as well.

“Why?” Kelly asked, “Are you concerned I won’t be able to support us?”

“Um, yeah,” Candace said, realising she’d been about to betray the substance of her own wish.

“I guess that’s not an entirely unfounded concern,” Kelly admitted, “But I have a question: do you still feel like you did before? Needing sex and cum?”

“It’s not as bad as it was, but it’s not gone, either. I feel like the calm afterwards isn’t as strong, but it lasts longer. But I think not having sex isn’t going to work for me any more. I reckon I’m going to need to get a boyfriend or something after Genie leaves.”

“Maybe not,” Kelly said with a mischievous smile.

“I know, Kels, you’ll help me take home as many hot guys as I can shake my bum at. That’s not really my favourite idea, but maybe I’ll warm up to it.”

“We’ll see,” Kelly said, and giggled as if enjoying a private joke.

## Predicting The Future

“It wouldn’t change anything for you,” Genie said, gesturing with her breakfast crepe when presented with Candace’s idea for the final wish, “Kelly’s wish has much longer left to run than Candace’s, so Kelly wouldn’t begin to approach Candace physically for months, by which time Candace’s wish will be long expired. The best thing Kelly can do is be a bit circumspect and let you be the most visibly bimboish you can be. That *might* make her wish work harder for a little while, but I don’t think it would have a strong effect in the time there is left.”

Candace sighed, letting the idea drop as Kelly returned to the kitchen from washing her face. “Your crêpe, Kels.”

“Thanks Candi! It looks delish.”

Candi preened slightly. Cooking for her loved ones was one of her favourite things, and it had seemed like a good time to remind Kelly of her sister’s naturally domestic inclinations.

“Really, freeing Prasto is still your best chance for significant reversal of your changes, Candi. I’ll see to it that he leaves you alone afterwards.”

“That’s very kind of you, Genie - too kind, really - but then he’ll still be free to bother other people all over, instead of just in that one area. Besides, is he perhaps not long for the world, with the henge running low on magic power?”

Genie looked thoughtful. “Yes, he might be down to his last life worth. That would make him desperate.”

“Is that dangerous?”

“It was, as you have experienced directly, but I think he’s shot his bolt as far as you go, unless you return. He tried to guarantee it by tying his mitigation spell to the life growing inside you, thinking that it was his.”

“Instead it’s yours,” Kelly said, laughing at Paul’s misfortune.

“Indeed,” Genie agreed.

“So that means... I’ll return to you instead?” Candace asked Genie with a smile, leaving unsaid her intensified need for Genie’s sexual attention.

Genie ignored Candace’s double meaning and responded to the spoken question. “It’s not a geas in that sense. I do not expect that aspect of the spell to affect you at all, in fact, for reasons I can’t reveal, because they’re bound up in a wish.”

That confused Candace. The spell was already effecting her, wasn’t it?

“Do you have to be so mysterious?” Kelly complained, rolling her eyes. “So, if she’s not going to free Paul, then what should she wish for?”

“The next best option would be to wish directly on her behalf, though we will have to be careful about it to make sure there aren’t any unpleasant side effects. Don’t worry, though. I’ll guide you through it.”

“Hah! That was what I said!” Kelly crowed to Candace.

“How much longer can you stay?” Candace asked Genie after sticking her tongue out at her smug sister.

“I would normally predict at least several weeks, but two periods of wish-granting with the same people likely don’t operate the same as two usual cases. It might even shorten our time, I’m afraid. I think I can promise another week, but every indication is that Candace’s trip to visit Prasto was an early manifestation of the Veil attempting to force you to exhaust your wishes. To be perfectly honest, I thought perhaps your mother’s.... Indisposition was a bit coincidentally timed. The Veil, after all, has none of the limitations of wish magic - it can affect anyone in order to restore itself in any place it becomes threadbare.”

The conversation paused for a moment as they all contemplated this.

“Might I get another crêpe?” Kelly broke the silence.

“Certainly!” Candace said, jumping up to make more. “I’m glad you like it! I wasn’t quite satisfied with last week’s attempt.”

“It was wonderful as well!” Kelly said, “Though I admit this is even better.”

Genie nodded agreement. “I am very glad I moved beyond my customary reluctance to take food from my host.” A slight hitch before the final word betrayed that she was avoiding referring to them as her mistresses.

“I so wish you didn’t have to leave,” Candace said as she turned the heat back up, “If there was any way to wish for that, I would.”

“I’ve told you before that being a djinn has its compensations,” Genie reminded her with a gentle smile.

“That was before I found out that sorceresses live for a long time. Two thousand years, perhaps?” She looked at Genie for confirmation, which she did not provide. “Am I wrong?”

“No, you are not necessarily wrong,” Genie admitted. “But I would need to be careful with my power, and I would be tempted to...” Genie didn’t finish the sentence. “I’m just afraid that after a while I would lose my way and become something evil, like Prasto did.”

“Prasto was never that good,” Candace pointed out. “He knowingly sacrificed you, didn’t he? You would never do that.”

“Are you sure?” Genie challenged her.

“I am,” Candace insisted.

Kelly added, “I think you’re still a genie because you like making things better rather than just serving whomever can help you.”

“I think you have an overly idealised idea of what I’ve been doing these centuries. It may be true that sometimes I can’t bring myself to grant a master’s wishes as he would prefer, but I’ve granted some wishes I regret, for my own comfort. And... you know that even now, I am drawing power from my offspring in Candi’s womb.”

“Does it hurt them?” Candace said, unconsciously placing a hand on the slight bump between her hips

“I suppose it could if a sorcerer drew too much power too quickly, but I don’t think such links are wide enough for that to be my real concern. What if, some day, I found myself running low on power, and I felt like impregnating you was the only way to restore it?”

“I would be honoured to give you another baby, if it would restore your power to do good,” Candace said immediately.

That shocked even Kelly. “Candi, that might be a bit much,” she warned.

“I know you would only ask it if the need was great. And what better reason to bring another person into the world than to help it?”

“But be practical, Candi. You can’t raise, like, ten kids,” Kelly said.

“She’s not talking about ten kids,” Candace pointed out, though she was conscious of a funny feeling in her tummy about the prospect.

“Even *one* more is quite a lot, don’t you think?”

“If Genie was around to help, I’m sure it would more than make up for it,” Candace countered. “Speaking of ‘one more’, here’s one more crêpe. That has to be the last because I’m washing up now.”

“Thank you Candi! And I guess you’re right about it being easier raising more kids if there’s more parents,” Kelly said before taking another bite.

Genie shook her head wistfully. “Well, it’s a good thing it’s not possible, because you tempt me terribly.”

Candace checked the time. “Oh dear! Kels, could you finish the dishes? I need to get to class.”

“Of course. Back to regular life, right?”

“Not quite *regular*,” Candace said, chuckling as she put on her school rucksack and left.

## Rivalry

That night, after the sisters were fully milked and fucked, Kelly showed Candace the content she’d assembled for inclusion on Honey’s website. “Jacko got me in touch with a friend of his who does hentai art. You know what hentai is, right?”

Candace flushed. “Yes, you might say I’m a fan.”

“Candi! I had no idea!” Kelly said, pleased, “Well, this friend has experience designing naughty websites and even drawing for fetish porn games, so I thought she was the perfect choice. So, here’s what it looks like!”

“Is that me?” Candace asked, her eye widening at a drawn figure with waves of platinum hair, big blue eyes, and huge breasts standing with one long fingernail plucking at her luscious



lips. Definitely the archetype of bimboness. Because of the stylised nature of the drawing, it wasn't as if anyone would be able to say precisely who it was, but Candace found it both unsettling and validating to realise that the drawn character's proportions weren't especially exaggerated compared to her own. She was literally as stacked as a busty anime babe.

"I thought it would be a good touch, since we don't show your face in the videos. I also set up a Twitter account, an Insta... the whole bit."

"As Candi Baby?" Candace asked, seeing Honey's name for her at the top of the page.

"Yeah, Honey suggested it. There's two versions to choose from. This is the regular one, and this," Kelly switched to another page done in a Holstein cow pattern theme, including changing Candi Baby's skimpy dress to match.

Candace burst out laughing. "Really? Isn't that a bit too comical to be sexy?"

"I don't think so. Hucows are a thing."

"A what?" Candace asked.

"Humanoid cows. I did my research, sis. This is absolutely your niche. Remember the bloke paying ten thousand pounds to watch you get milked? Hucow fetish."

"Makes quite a virtue of necessity, doesn't it?" Candace considered the figure, who had a somewhat bovine expression. "Can you switch back to the first again for a moment?"

Kelly did, revealing a vacant-looking bimbo. Candace hadn't even noticed bimbo Candi Baby's blank expression before. She glanced in the mirror. Yes, that was how she looked when she was thinking, wasn't it? "Maybe the cow version is better after all."

"Why do you say that?" Kelly asked.

"Because honestly, the other version is a little too true to life," Candace said, laughing. "I like them both, though. Perhaps we'll start with the hucow Candi Baby and use bimbo Candi Baby later. The site overall is brilliant. Thank you so much for arranging all this!"

"It's been my pleasure and honour, if you'll believe it," Kelly said. "I'm so proud of you."

"Thank you, Kels," Candace said, and gave her sister a warm kiss of thanks.

"Wow, you got bigger *again*," Honey told Candace when they met up at lecture. She didn't sound entirely pleased.

"It turns out I'm pregnant," Candace said with a sheepish smile.

Honey's eyebrows flew up and she looked carefully at Candace to ascertain that she was not being facetious. "Really!? Congratulations!"

"Thank you!" Candace said before Honey's hug buried Candace's face too deeply into Honey's cleavage.

"When are you due?" Honey asked.

"March, if you'll believe it," Candace answered when Honey had loosened her embrace enough that Candace was again able to speak clearly.

“And you just found out?”

“It’s complicated, but yes.”

“Does the father know?”

“Yes, but I’m going to raise them myself,” Candace said.

“*Them?* Are you having twins?”

Candace smiled sheepishly again. “Yes.”

“Wow. Wow. And here I was wondering if maybe you were secretly getting implants to surpass me. That I was nurturing a rival for the big boob crown in my bosom.”

“You could do a lot of nurturing in your bosom,” Candace joked.

Honey laughed and shot back, “You will be doing a lot of nurturing *with* your bosom, won’t you?”

Candace nodded agreement and sat down next to Honey as she usually did. “Kelly said you were really helpful getting my site ready to be added to yours.”

“Oh, of course! I’m really impressed with both of you. Very professional work. I honestly expected to have to tell you that we couldn’t use some of it, but it’s all good. A little niche, but good. The only advice I would give you is to cut back on the cum splatter. I’m not saying it’s not sexy, but I think it might break suspension of disbelief.”

Candace’s confused expression received no immediate resolution, however, because the lecture began.

“I’m especially glad that you’re going on the site because I’m going to have to take a short hiatus,” Honey said after the lecture was over. “My revision is scheduled for this afternoon, so I’ll be in recovery for a while.”

“Revision?” Candace asked.

“Oh, did I not tell you?” Honey asked innocently, “I’m going up a size.” She tapped the side of one enormous sphere of flesh-covered silicone.

“You’re going to be even bigger?” Candace asked, surprised and unsettled.

Honey gave her a lopsided smile. “I need to do a revision anyway, and the show paid for them to be bigger as part of a rivalry storyline. A good thing, too, since it looks like you might get even bigger than me because of your pregnancy. You already *look* bigger, because you’re so petite otherwise. Hey,” Honey said, changing the topic, “I mentioned it to Kelly but she didn’t answer: do you want to do a girl/girl skit? I’d put it on my part of the site as an ‘Introducing Candy Baby’ teaser and edit so there weren’t any clear shots of your face. Kelly told me you’re not revealing that yet. Though we’ll have to see if there’s a way around that, because an intro needs a face in some respect. We’ll try some things, cut what we need to, and I’ll let you have the uncut version to release on your affiliate site when you’re ready.”

“That sounds like a great idea!”

“Brilliant. I’ll have my video guy get in touch with Kelly. Oh, do you have plans for lunch or tea?”

“I had intended to eat what I brought, but I seem to have left it at home,” Candace said ruefully. Her hunger had been relentless ever since she’d started lactating, so she was famished.

“Then let me feed you! The show isn’t filming today so you don’t have to fear walking with me, and my studio is quite nearby. There’s plenty of food there.”

“Thank you! I admit I’m more than a little peckish,” Candace said, and hurried to follow the taller porn star.

To Candace’s surprise, Honey’s studio was full of people and equipment as if preparing to shoot a scene, and Honey introduced her to everyone. Fortunately, she did so very rapidly, minimising the delay before Candace could stuff her face in a tiny but well-stocked kitchen area.

“You really were peckish, weren’t you?” Honey commented after Candace had hoovered up a packaged salad, two slices of pizza, and two biscuits. Honey could only look on wistfully as Candace feasted because Honey’s impending surgery required her to fast.

“I’ve got lots of milk to make,” Candace said, hefting her rack with a smile that was meant to imply that she was joking, though she wasn’t.

A knock on the door interrupted Honey’s laugh. “Come in,” she said.

“The script, ma’am,” the woman Honey had introduced as the production assistant said, and handed Honey a thin sheaf of papers composed of two clipped-together sets of pages.

“Oh good, thank you!” Honey said, and the production assistant withdrew. “One copy for you,” Honey said, handing Candace one of the sets.

“What’s this?” Candace asked.

“The script for our scene. It’s just a suggestion, so absolutely do not hesitate to strike out or change any parts you don’t like.”

“Oh, how interesting!” Candace said, interested to see what a porn script looked like. Having not read a script since Shakespeare in third form, she didn’t have much basis for comparison, but it struck her as very professional. It painted a picture of an ambitious young starlet trying to entice a powerful porn producer away from an established star, a former mentor who had become a rival.

“This is very on the nose, isn’t it?” Candace asked Honey. “Not to say I’m attempting to displace you, but my boobs seem like they have their own agenda.”

“Right?” Honey said, laughing. “That’s exactly what I was going for. I thought it would get us started right. It sets up a friendly rivalry that keeps the punters entertained, but since it’s on my part of the site, you’d have to be really dense to take it too seriously. Which some will be, I’m sure, but mostly not the sort that actually pay for membership.”

“Is that something to be concerned about?”

“Not usually. I have a girl who goes through the messages periodically and looks for the problem loons, then she does a thing and the site stops loading properly for them instead of actually banning them. I introduced Kelly to her so she can do the same for you if you like.”

“I didn’t know how much work Kelly has been doing on my behalf,” Candace admitted.

“She’s a smart one, your sister. I wish my first manager had been as diligent and careful as your sister.”

“I’m a very lucky girl,” Candace agreed.

Honey smiled. “So, are you ready?”

“Ready?” Candace asked.

“Do do the scene,” Honey clarified.

“What, now?” Candace asked. “I hadn’t realised...”

“I have to go for surgery in a bit more than an hour, so we have to knock it out now or never,” Honey said, explaining what Candace realised in retrospect should have been obvious.

“Besides, I was hoping to have something to do to take my mind off my stomach.”

“Oh, well, I guess now is the time,” Candace forced herself to say when no acceptable excuse to demur occurred to her.

“Relax; it’ll be fun. I promise.”

## Making a Splash

“If we’re lucky, we can do a lot of it in a single take,” Honey said, “I don’t expect you to stick exactly to your lines as long as you keep the spirit of it. I saw you improvise wonderfully for Elaine.”

“I’ll do my best,” Candace said nervously.

“Don’t worry, it doesn’t have to be perfect at all.”

“I’m thinking I might play it as if my character is not not entirely aware that she’s crossing boundaries in her ambitions. It’s the producer who is trying to play Candi Baby off against Honey Melons, and I only recognise that I’ve made a terrible mistake after I’m already on the bed and gagged.”

“Brilliant! I love it. But, you do know that fans take these things to heart a little? Some of them will think you’re actually that obtuse.”

Candace shrugged. “I think that might be helpful to play that up. If I encounter someone who assumes I’m as dimwitted as the character, I’ll know right away that I’m dealing with someone truly thick.”

“I’m not sure, Candi. Loads of otherwise intelligent people I’ve met over the years assumed a porn actress like me couldn’t be as smart as they were, without me ever needing to establish an empty-headed persona.”

“I mean, if my persona is really dense, a thoroughgoing bimbo, then the pillocks won’t just think they’re smarter than me, they’ll assume I’m an absolute idiot. That will be easier to distinguish from general unconscious bias. That’s my hypothesis, at least.”

Honey laughed in delight. “How scientific! I adore you, Baby. I’m not sure it’ll be as easy as you think, but I am very interested to hear your experimental results! Ready?”

“As I’ll ever be,” Candace said with a nervous laugh.

“You want me to wear this for my scene?” Candi Baby asked Max the Producer, holding a face mask that included a gag.

“Yes. Honey will be wearing it in her scene, so you as her understudy have to be able to wear it, too,” Max told her, and helped her put it on.

“Aa ah aaa?” Candi asked with the gag in.

“Now we’ll just hook those cuffs to the bed, and I’ll be right back.”

“Ah ah,” Candi said, passively accepting being handcuffed to the bed.

Max stepped out of the studio with the camera rolling to have a loud but indistinct argument with Honey’s character, after which Honey barged in and accused Candi of betrayal before proceeding to ‘punish’ her by taking off the last of her underwear.

“Well, what have we here?” Honey said when Candi’s nipple rings were revealed, and proceeded to pretend to tweak her nipples viciously.

Candi pretended to squirm in mixed pleasure and pain, but made plain that she was actually enjoying it each time Honey discreetly paused to make sure that Candace wasn’t signalling real distress. Candace didn’t notice until too late that Honey had inadvertently loosened the central studs that prevented Candi from leaking. There wasn’t much play in the threading so not much milk escaped, but Candi’s breasts were overdue for milking and there was significant pressure forcing out the slight dribble.

Honey rolled with it, ‘punishing’ Candi by sucking on her nipples and telling her what a dumb bimbo she was to have gotten herself knocked up.

Honey’s two forefingers were rubbing Candace’s slick vulva, so the simultaneous oral stimulation of her nipple drove her toward orgasm rapidly. Somewhat belatedly she signaled for Honey to slow down. As a consummate professional, Honey backed up slightly to assess Candace’s state before switching to a spoken interlude where she played with Candi’s breasts and monologued about how Candi’s plans to become England’s biggest porn actress were doomed to failure, adding that no one was going to hire a prego.

Scene in front of a camera or no, Candace’s arousal remained strong. When Honey switched to suckling the other nipple, Candace climaxed loudly, and the loosened stud popped out of her nipple, propelled by her milk.

“What the?” Honey asked, genuinely shocked and worried that she’d somehow hurt her

counterpart. When she plucked the dislodged stud out of her mouth deduced what happened, she started laughing uncontrollably. Though Honey couldn't stop herself from laughing, she did quickly adapt it to the scenario, telling Candi that she was a perfect dumb cow, and unscrewing the other stud so that both breasts could squirt milk as Honey tugged on them. Candi's ecstasy wasn't feigned, and she only heard Honey's demands that Candi moo for her after the third, most imperious repetition.

"Moo!" Candi said with enthusiasm, and Honey played the rest of the scene as if distracted from punishing Candi by her desire to play with the lactating ingénue's teats. Candace couldn't tell if this was improvisational acting or genuine interest on Honey's part. When Honey finally presented Candace with porn star cunt to eat, though, it was already very wet and puffy. Candace thought Honey's resulting orgasm was as real as her own had been.

After the scene was over, Honey hugged her costar. "You were brilliant! I hope you didn't dislike the milk play bit."

Candace laughed, noting that her titjuice was getting all over Honey because of the embrace. "I didn't fake any of those orgasms, Honey."

"Nor did I!" Honey said, laughing in wonder. "You're very good at cunnilingus, by the way."

"I've had a bit of practice," Candace said. She insisted on eating out Genie every chance she got, and Genie's tutelage had been invaluable. Candace's goal was usually to get Genie's cock to come out to play, but sometimes her enthusiasm got away with her.

"So you've done girl-girl before?"

"Yes. That's most of what I've done," Candace said.

"Oh? Oh. Oh!" Honey said, apparently reassessing what she knew about Candace. "But you go for blokes as well?"

Candace shrugged, "Sure, in a pinch."

Honey laughed. "You're going to be a star, Candi Baby. Thank you so much for this. I wouldn't have thought I'd get to 'O' when I'm so hungry, but I did, and now I feel appreciably better. But we'd best get going. You can join me in the shower if you like."

Candace did so, and was a little surprised to find that there was nothing erotic about how they helped wash each-other. An extra person was simply convenient when extra huge boobs got in the way. While that was in progress, Candace reflected that though Honey's impending implants would surely outstrip Candace in some respects, Candace believed having just presented herself as a thick as a brick bimbo in a video should more than satisfy the wish's criteria, and it would be released before any footage of Honey's new boobs.

The edited version arrived in Kelly's inbox before nightfall, and Candace was eager to approve it to minimise the chance of Honey releasing a video with her 'after' boobs first. As promised, Honey's video editor had made sure Candace's face was never clearly visible in

even a single frame until after she had the mask on.

“Honey told me that I was good at cunnilingus today, so thank you, Genie,” Candace said later, licking Genie’s vaginal juices around her lips after switching to encouraging Genie’s growing cock with a hand job.

“It was literally my pleasure,” Genie said wryly, pushing Candace on her back for the next phase in their lovemaking.

“Mine, too. I think I really dodged a bullet, too.”

“How so?”

“Honey getting her boobs enlarged again seems like it might drive the wish to another round of expansion, but I’m a total bimbo in that video, so I think that should satisfy the wish. Don’t you?”

“I would think so,” Genie said, but she didn’t sound entirely convinced.

“You’re not so sure,” Candace said, a little concerned, but much more focused on kissing the huge cock sliding between her breasts in time with Genie’s thrusts.

“You were using an assumed name and wearing a mask in a fictional scene, so it’s possible the wish will not regard that as counting toward your bimbo quotient.”

“Honey said that half the fans will think I’m as daft as my character, so I should think it will count.”

“No doubt you’re right,” Genie said.

Candace could sense she was being placated, but she had more immediate concerns. “Can you stick it in me now?” she pleaded, then donned the gag.

“Yes of course,” Genie said, and did.

Unusually, Kelly woke Candace up in the morning. “Candi! Candi! Candi!”

“What? What? What?” Candace said, slightly irritated at Kelly for being loud when Genie was still sleeping, but charmed as always by Kelly’s enthusiasm and her adorable bedhead.

“The new video’s going viral and traffic is exploding!”

“Really?”

“Really. By my calculations, we’ve already made almost two thousand pounds!”

“Wow!” Candace said, walking out to the kitchen to take the conversation further from Genie’s still-sleeping form. Some of Genie’s cum oozed out of her quim to slide down her naked thigh, but Candace reckoned Kelly was too excited to notice. “Is that before or after Honey takes her cut?”

“After!”

Candace noticed she was unexpectedly famished, and grabbed a large cinnamon bun from the fridge to eat after a quick nuke in the microwave.

“Shall I draw the curtains?” Kelly asked with amusement as Candace stood naked in the

kitchen cramming her face with sweets.

“Yes!” Candace said, too hungry to pay much attention.

“You look really full,” Kelly commented, miming the circumference of Candace’s milky orbs.

“Ut oo you een? Candace asked with her mouth full. Her boobs didn’t actually feel nearly as full as they usually did in the morning.

“I mean, you look really full of milk. They’re especially big, and you’ve got that tight, round look going that you do when your milking is a bit overdue.

“Eery?” Candace said, and didn’t stop eating while she went to observe herself in the mirror. She was obviously bigger and rounder. Not bolt-on round, but she would suspect herself of having implants if she didn’t know better. Not that she wouldn’t have been suspicious before, but this size and shape was even more spheroid and perky than before. Yet, she felt like she remained a ways short of full.

“Oody ell!” she swore before swallowing, “Genie was right!”

“What do you mean?” Kelly asked.

“Honey had surgery to bump her boobs up another size last night. Now the wish bumped mine up, too.”

“They’re so round,” Kelly marvelled.

Candace felt at them. “Still completely natural.”

Kelly felt at them as well. “Yeah. Natural. How much of that is milk volume?”

Candace sighed at the feeling of her sister’s hands sinking deep into her flesh. “Some. Not that much. Oh god they’re going to be so huge when they’re full.”

Kelly wiped a stray bit of frosting off Candace’s face and ate it. “Oops.”

“You can say that again.”

“Oops,” Kelly obliged with a mischievous look. “Sorry, Candi. I know I should take this more seriously, but you look so hot. You have that real porn star look without it looking unnatural at all.”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” Candace said. Her boobs definitely extended past her shoulders on both sides when resting freely. Even when she rolled her shoulders enough that her upper arms pushed her cleavage shut, the outer arcs of her enlarged boobs still almost completely eclipsed her arms. She turned sideways to examine the now-undeniable tilt her posture had taken on to counterbalance her chest. And that despite a slightly-enlarged bum providing a bit of countervailing weight.

“I meant to say that they look like your natural boobs,” Kelly said, hugging Candace from behind in the mirror so that Kelly’s smaller but still bountiful boobs bulged fascinatingly over Candace’s shoulders. “It’s going to be tough to match you, you know.”

“I’m sorry, Kels! I messed things up for you, too, didn’t I?”



Kelly squeezed Candace harder. “Candi, it’s okay. I love your boobs. We’ll face our growing future together and we’ll make the best of it.”

Candace relaxed enough to tease Kelly a bit. “Thanks, Kels. Keep it up and you’ll become my favourite sister.”

“You ass,” Kelly said, and retaliated with an affectionate slap to Candace’s lushly-padded bum.

# All Good Things

## Coming To An End

Kelly and Candace had already gobbled a meal worth of fry-up and Candace had a second round placed on the table when Genie finally emerged from the bedroom. Candace had discarded her apron so that she was once again bare-chested. It was an especially arresting sight because their recent growth spurt had brought her breasts to the point that they rested on the table.

“Do we know what’s happened now?” Genie asked, indicating Candace’s latest growth spurt with her hands held out from her chest.

“Honey’s reality television show producers wanted her in a rivalry storyline and paid for her to increase her implant size,” Kelly summarised for Candace, whose mouth was full.

“Oh,” Genie said, and sat down to eat without commenting further.

“What’s the matter?” Candace asked.

“I don’t think this is fully a coincidence. The Veil begins to push hard. It becomes counterproductive for me to remain.”

It was such an ominous statement that a shiver ran down Candace’s spine. “How much longer can you stay?”

“There’s no fixed time, but it is clear that I should not stay past the end of Candi’s month.”

“So, next Sunday?” Candace asked.

“Friday. It’s a lunar month.”

“Oh,” Candace said. After a moment staring down at her bacon as if it was the cause of Genie’s approaching departure, she looked up again with tears in her eyes. “Well, now I can prepare myself, right?”

Kelly took Candace’s hand under the table and patted it. “Yes, very true.”

Genie looked back and forth between Kelly and Candace. “It could never have lasted much longer than this, though I freely admit this is shorter than I had hoped.”

Candace patted her incipient baby bump. “And part of you will stay. Maybe you’ll even get to know them. Your vessel tends to stay in the same general region, doesn’t it? And even if not, you’ll be able to find them on the Internet. Oh Kelly! Could we decide on names before she leaves so she can look them up?”

“Of course, that’s brilliant!”

“The Veil doesn’t allow me to contact former masters lest it reveal them, but perhaps children by them will not fall under the same prohibition,” Genie mused.

“And just looking them up wouldn’t break it, would it?”

“It is a sort of contact just to look them up,” Genie said, “For the purposes of the Veil, at least. It potentially betrays interest and all that.”

“It’s so draconian,” Candace complained, “Can’t it just let you have this one thing?”

“I don’t think the Veil has any consciousness, so it is implacable. Still, there is a chance that children would be sufficiently removed that the Veil would allow it.”

A feeling of rage at the injustice of it seized Candace. “Why does everything have to be so unfair? Who set up this stupid Universe, anyway?”

Kelly squeezed Candace’s hand under the table and smiled sympathetically, but didn’t say anything.

Genie, meanwhile, who had accustomed herself to the vagaries of her situation over century upon century of indignities and frustrations, was resistant to the sense of disappointment at the possibility of never meeting her children. She was disconcerted, however, to find herself aroused by Candace’s concern on her behalf. “Perhaps... we will all feel better after our morning ritual?”

No one was confused as to which ritual she meant, and demonstrated their agreement by cleaning their plates without much further discussion.

## Outings

“Let’s go to the British Museum,” Candace suggested when they were cleaned up and they needed to decide what activities to dress for that day.

“Really? Today?” Kelly asked.

“Why not?” Candace asked.

“It seems like you’d want to make the most of the time. A museum seems a little slow.”

“They have artefacts from Boudicca’s time. I think Genie might find it interesting. Who knows when she’d get a chance to see them again?”

“That could go for lots of things. Have you ever been on a roller coaster, Genie?”

“Not as such, though I’ve been on some terribly rickety trains,” Genie said with a grin.

“We could go to Thorpe Park tomorrow,” Candace suggested.

“I just meant it as an example,” Kelly said. “What things should you like to experience that you haven’t before?”

Genie smiled and shook her head. “You are the sweetest girls, but my greatest enjoyment has really been living as a part of a family, of sorts. Breakfast was lovely, for example. The nature of the Veil and of my role have typically limited that, and it’s so precious. The wonders I have seen - and there have been many - broadly pale in the face of that. Those that were pleasant, at least. So, go about your business, and I assure you I’ll enjoy it.”

“Well then, today’s the day for the washing, innit?” Candace said, and stuck her tongue out.

“It wouldn’t be a bad idea, honestly,” Kelly said, “Tomorrow they say it’ll be sunny. Could

be the last sunny day we'll get for quite a while and shouldn't waste it in the flat cleaning."

"I'll do the laundry, and then we can go to the museum," Genie said, snapping her fingers dramatically.

Based on a sudden vague memory of having spent the morning doing the wash, Kelly had no trouble concluding that Genie had caused it to be so via wish magic. "Thank you! Does that mean you're excited to go to the museum after all?"

"I admit it does hold a certain fascination to me."

"Thank you," Candace said.

"For washing the clothes?" Genie asked.

"For sharing your actual wish. Er, preference." Candace said. "I hope we can convince you to always let us know."

"Insofar as it doesn't conflict with other duties, I will undertake to be an open book."

Unlike at the museum in Norwich, Genie was a lively source of anecdotes and commentary. Though her memories were sometimes a little jumbled by time, she nevertheless could relate personally to a stunning variety of different artefacts, far beyond those relating to Boudicca.

"Oh, the really early Christians were some wonderfully kind people. Dreadfully ignorant, of course, but no worse than some of the northern tribes, I reckon. It was only later they got so prickly about magic users. I let myself be burned at the stake once to help a mistress who had come under suspicion, but it didn't work as well as hoped. It was really too bad she was so superstitious."

"How many times *have* you been burned alive?" Kelly asked, as this was not the first such story.

"Just twice, I believe. Though there was one time when they tried to burn me but I didn't go along with it."

"Sometimes I've thought too myself that genies aren't as powerful as the myths would imply, but then you tell your stories and I'm reminded it's still quite a shocking amount of power," Candace said with a look that only Genie and Kelly would recognise as thoughtful rather than vapid. "Though of course those powers are limited in various frustrating ways."

"Yes, very true," Genie allowed, with a glance at Candace's tummy.

That hadn't seen more than a fraction of the museum before the hours drew late and Candace's needs escalated to the point where her vacant looks were no longer so misleading.

"I'm sorry to have taken us home when there was still some time before closing," Candace apologised, "But I just can't seem to think. I worry that whatever Paul did to ameliorate my addiction is breaking down."

"Possibly," Genie said. "Let's take care of that and see how you feel tomorrow."

They went to Thorpe Park the next day, leaving somewhat early in the morning so as to arrive at opening time. Unlike at the museum where any ogling had been discreet, at the park they caused a small commotion almost anywhere they went, starting from arrival.

The meaningful glances exchanged amongst the guards in the security screening tent amused Candace and Kelly greatly, and they could hardly stop giggling, especially each time they looked at Genie's bemused expression. A few minutes later as they waited in line for their first ride, they pretended not to notice the looks they got from the other guests. Accompanied by her sister and Genie, and inoculated from anxiety by a brief but adequate morning fucking, Candace felt fully ready to enjoy spending the day coming off like the bustiest bimbo in England.

The ride itself presented the first difficulty of the day. The restraints were designed to accommodate a wide variety of heights and shapes, but the extremely embarrassed young ride attendant had to ask her to squeeze her boobs together slightly so the two upright padded poles could get past to seat against her shoulders. That presented no real difficulty, but then the ride itself took hold of her breasts and fair beat her half to death with them.

Because they were plush and her cotton top covering them was soft, she wasn't in serious discomfort, but it did mean she couldn't yell and make a pleasant ruckus like Kelly and Genie could, lest a boob-strike to her open mouth split her lip. It was also a bit awkward that her sensitised breasts felt so *good*. If she wasn't already wearing wet look leggings, she would have been afterwards. How fortunate that her sexual juices smelt sweet and faintly fruity so no one would guess that she'd climaxed on the seat. Apart from Kelly, who no more than raised an eyebrow.

Candace's experiences on the ride weren't entirely private, however: the exit path from the ride included a booth where guests could see and buy pictures of themselves coming over a sharp drop. Kelly and Genie looked very fetching, yelling in glee with their hands up as tradition dictated. Candace, on the other hand, looked punch-drunk and like she was feeling herself up as her breasts escaped her futile attempts to hold them in place with her hands. It seemed like everyone on the ride felt it was worth a few pounds to secure a memento of the ride they shared with a woman whose tits won against herself by KO in the first round.

"So, what did you think?" Kelly asked Genie regarding her first experience of a roller coaster.

"I think I'd like to go again! Though, are you okay, Candi? I thought perhaps there were a few difficult moments for you."

"Worth it," Candace said.

The second ride was even better than the first, because Candace was more prepared, though not for the part where there was a small crowd waiting at the picture booth, or the request for an autograph from several people who seemed convinced that she was famous, though none of them demonstrated that they knew her name prior to her first signature. After that, though, she started

hearing ‘Candi Baby’ all day.

At lunch, a rich older man bought them drinks, then paid for their whole meal after Kelly led them over to thank their benefactor. Not a bad looking bloke, Candace thought, though far too self-satisfied.

By then Candace was beginning to feel the pressure in multiple ways. Most literally pressing was her need to milk herself, which she rather awkwardly managed in the loo. Her libido was also feeling frustrated, and though many of the rides were enjoyable, she wasn’t reaching release any more. Finally, her anxiety was returning. It hadn’t reached a fever pitch by any stretch of the imagination, but it was interfering with her ability to come, which was a vicious circle.

She asked to go on the high-speed ride a third time in the hopes of repeating her initial boobgasm, but to her chagrin, the attendants said that she wasn’t allowed to ride again because her breasts presented an unacceptable safety risk. Kelly was inclined to argue, but Candace begged her not to, and accepted the offer of being escorted to the front of the line for a different, less vigorous ride.

That just made even more of a scene, mortifying Candace even further, and suddenly she wasn’t enjoying anything at all.

“How can we help?” Kelly said after the ride was over and she could see Candace was on the verge of tears.

“It’s all in my head. It’s just my anxiety. I get horny and my anxiety gets worse, and then I can’t get off, and I get anxious about *that*, and it’s just rotten. If being horny didn’t make me so anxious it would be easier to fix it. It’s so *frustrating* and *stupid*.”

Kelly looked around to see if anyone was close. “What if we go for a quick shag?”

“In the park? And get thrown out? No. But even if we could, what about next time? I thought it was getting better, but it’s getting *worse*.”

Kelly paled and looked at Genie. “What’s going on? Is there anything you can do?”

“I think Prasto’s magic is decaying. Maybe he even meant for it to do so. Either way, I don’t see an easy way to do new work for her. But...” Genie trailed off pensively as the sisters looked hopefully at her.

“But?” Kelly prompted impatiently.

“I might be able to shape the remnants of Prasto’s geas a little. But it would have consequences.”

“What are those?” Candace asked, feeling like almost anything would be better.

“I can make it so that when you’re randy and low on cortisol antagonists, the portions of your brain that are the centres of your anxiety will go dormant to a degree. The wish will allow it because it will almost certainly make you temporarily a bit daft, which the wish would accept as within its mandate.”

“Basically, when I get horny I’ll turn into a brainless bimbo?” Candace asked.

“Only if you also haven’t had any semen in a while,” Genie clarified. “It might also slow the progression of symptoms by reducing the anxiety cycle.”

“So I lose my mind slowly rather than spiking suddenly after a panic,” Candace said, struggling to consider it rationally.

“This sounds drastic,” Kelly said, worried.

“It is, but when I’m panicking I’m hardly any better,” Candace said, feeling like she was in an impossible situation and her life was over. “Fucking hell, let’s do it.”

“Are you sure?” Kelly asked.

“Please, Genie, just do it,” Candace said.

“Perhaps we should wait until you have a quiet moment to think about it,” Genie said, glancing at Kelly.

“Please Kelly, tell her to do it. It can’t make things worse.”

Kelly bit her lip, caught between her respect for Genie’s wisdom and her empathy for Candace’s pain. Watching Candace try to control her hyperventilation, Kelly made her decision: “Please do it, Genie.”

Genie hesitated for a moment, then nodded.

The unlikely disaster scenarios and disgusted onlookers in Candace’s imagination immediately drained away, taking with them the uncomfortable tension and her sense of impending doom. Candace sighed with relief. Everything would be okay.

Candace’s subconscious desire to regress into a fetal position evaporated as well, allowing her to uncurl and stand up straight again, breasts and booty thrust out as if to announce her confident sexiness.

“How are you feeling?” Kelly asked.

“So. Good,” Candi Baby responded. “That was such a drag. Thank you Genie!” Candi gave Genie a hug, and planted a kiss on Genie’s boob that was at her mouth level. “Let’s go on the really fast rollercoaster again.”

“They already turned us away, Candi,” Kelly reminded her.

“Oh yeah. Because of my boobs,” Candi said, giggling. “I want to go again, though.”

“We can go to a different ride instead,” Kelly suggested.

“Okay!” Candi agreed, and the outing resumed, as cheerful as ever.

## Back To Earth

Her work shift was approaching, but Candi Baby didn’t want to leave the park until Genie pointed out that the milker was at home. The implied prospect of a good rogering captured

Candi's limited imagination, though it was necessary to remind her several times over the course of the ride home.

"I wonder if tall skinny blokes have long thin cocks," was an exemplar musing, "If that's true, I think I'd prefer a short fat guy, don't you think? Or a tall and fat. Fat, at least. Or maybe there's no relationship? In that case I want to see a really tiny guy with a giant dong, because it's totally hilarious, innit?"

Kelly felt a little bad for laughing at her sister, but Candi didn't seem to mind and it was really quite funny to listen to her stream of consciousness lewd musings. There was a bit of a fuss as Candi began to disrobe even before they had quite reached their front door, but there didn't happen to be any neighbours entering or exiting at that moment, so no one outside the household witnessed Candi's titanic, overfull breasts stretching her overstuffed sports bra to its max.

"It's uncomfortable!" Candi complained, "I can't wait until I get the bodysuit stuff tomorrow. Bras are dumb."

Soon enough Candi was divested of hers, and she readied herself for milking. "Okay, Genie, fuck some sense into me!"

"Yes, after putting in the gag," Genie reminded her.

"Oh! I forgot." Candi put in her gag, but continued trying to talk, evidently failing to notice that she wasn't saying anything intelligible. More understandable was Candi patting the floor next to her and looking at Kelly in invitation.

Kelly stuffed her vague feeling of unease and got down next to her sister to join in the fun.

Afterwards Candace was back to her old self. "That was a definite improvement. I don't think I can be entirely trusted on my own when in that state, but it's certainly far more pleasant than panicked desperation, and probably less crippling. Also, the orgasm was excellent." She winked at Genie.

"You're welcome," Genie said with a small smile.

"So I made the right decision?" Kelly asked.

"I think so, yes," Candace agreed. "Though, thinking dispassionately, I believe that I may need to make radical changes to assure my autonomy going forward. Perhaps getting a boyfriend, or becoming a prostitute, or something of that nature. Something that would guarantee I always have access to cum. Perhaps tomorrow would be a good day to test how long I can go between semen injections before becoming a complete airhead again."

"You're very dispassionate about this," Kelly said, unnerved.

"I'm simply thinking clearly, I can feel the scary parts of my own assessment, but it doesn't keep me from thinking logically about it, which is a nice change. If I can manage this, I think it could be a net benefit to me overall. And I don't mind being a mental bimbo under the right



conditions. With you around to make sure I don't do anything unsafe, it's really quite a lot of fun. Like taking a wonderful drug. Except it doesn't have crash or withdrawals. It *is* the withdrawal. Which makes me want to ask: would it eventually wear off on its own if I don't have any sex?"

"It seems most probable," Genie said.

"So I have options. For now I don't want to go without and be brainless, no matter how enjoyable it is. I can do that after Friday."

"Your last wish could be to be cured of it, couldn't it?" Kelly asked Candace, turning to Genie for a nod of confirmation.

"I could, yes," Candace said, noting Genie's nod. "I'll keep that option in mind. For now, though, I should get to work. I think I'm going to quit, but I should work my final shift at the very least."

"You're quitting?" Kelly asked, surprised but pleased. "So you'll focus on a new career?"

"It does seem much more lucrative than continuing on as a barista. Also, going to work while in cum withdrawals strikes me as exceedingly unwise. This week I could continue at work because I have a reliable supply of cum," Candace said, nodding at Genie as her source, "But after Friday I'll be on much shakier ground."

Kelly and Genie exchanged a look.

"Yes, I could always try out Jeff as a boyfriend; he seems like a nice enough bloke. But I think it wouldn't be fair to him; he's really more into you, Kelly. And I wouldn't expect you to take him as your boyfriend just so you can reliably share him with me. Plus, he seems like a sensitive, committed sort. I expect he'd be happier with an exclusive girlfriend. Jacko is the same way, isn't he? That's why you don't go out with him any more."

"Well, yes," Kelly granted, "But Jeff has been a bit more flexible."

"Only because I bullied him into it. I do that a lot." Candace sighed as she looked at herself in the mirror in preparation for leaving. She'd cleaned all the cum off her face, but it left her makeup looking a bit smudged, and of course her lashes remained enormously implausible. The subtle sparkle coat on her nails that had looked good in the bright of the day looked like a mottled pedestrian pink in artificial lighting. Her trousers had enough stretch to accommodate her wide hips and generous bottom, but between the lift they gave her bum and the way the tight waist highlighted the slight bulge growing in her narrow waist made her look like she had just been turned away from a rap video audition because of a little tummy pudge. And of course, her body looked fakest of all with her jacket zipped far enough to count as decent, because it made her boobs ride unnaturally high, like bolt-on implants. "I look like a chav wearing this tied-off top and athletic jacket like this, but it's really the only way to support my chest whilst my bodysuits need a wash, and the others don't arrive until tomorrow."

"I should have ordered them shipped in a rush," Kelly lamented.

"No, I don't mind," Candace said, "It's been fun to be looking a bit of a slag when I've got

control of the situation. Not something I'd want *all* the time, but I believe I'll enjoy this evening."

Kelly snorted. "I love fearless Candi. I wish I could be there to see them when you tell them you're quitting."

## Swan Song

Candace smiled slowly. "Maybe you could. Come with me to the shop. Or come a little later, so I have a chance to give notice and all that."

"What are you planning?" Kelly asked.

"I think my manager Gwendolyn fancies you. And Genie."

"And you, surely?" Genie commented.

Candace shrugged. "Perhaps, but I'm a bit too attainable. Kelly has that straight girl cachet."

"Pardon?" Kelly asked.

"I mean, you're always in the shop on the arm of an attractive bloke. Turning you is the achievement, isn't it?"

"What are you planning?" Kelly asked again.

Candace thought Kelly had formed at least a glimmer of the plan, but Candace thought it would sound too dodgy to say aloud in front of Genie. "We'll see. Let's make sure it's my final shift first. She might ask me to work Tuesday as well."

"You're not going to tease her very badly, are you?" Kelly asked, her smile telling Candace that Kelly had a very good idea what her sister had planned.

"Not *very* badly," Candace said with a wink.

Gwendolyn pretended it was a matter of indifference whether Candace quit or not, but even if her manager's exaggerated nonchalance hadn't already betrayed her dismay, the subsequent irritability would have made it unmistakable. It was funny to think that Candace's feelings of anxiety would once have caused her to conclude that Gwendolyn was eager for Candace to leave, whereas in her unanxious postcoital state she had no trouble recognising Gwendolyn's curt answers and eye-rolling as evidence of discontent and insecurity at Candace's departure.

"Ugh, that *bimbo* is here again," Gwendolyn commented when she saw Kelly entering the shop.

Candace wasn't sure if it was a covert jab at herself or a symptom of Gwendolyn reverting to the comfort of being judgmental, but either way, it made her decide that perhaps her soon-to-be-former manager would benefit from a little reproof after all.

"Kels!" Candace called out, bouncing slightly on her toes as she waved, which threw her massive chest into gyrations that were stronger than she had intended. She caught her balance on

the counter but a surge of her breasts knocked a tub of cream halfway down the bar and an airborne fleck caught Candace on the side of her chin.

“Candi!” Kelly said, playing along with Candace’s excitement.

Candace rushed out to meet Kelly, drawing all eyes and utterly stopping conversation throughout the shop as Candace weaved and wobbled in response to the surges of her massive curves. At first Candace had been slightly exaggerating to accentuate the spectacle, but before she reached her sister she became genuinely off-balance, and had Kelly not been ready to catch Candace, she would have lost her footing entirely.

“Thank you! I would have fallen!” Candace said, looking up at her sister from between her breasts, which rested on Candace’s shoulders.

“I’m glad I was ready to save you,” Kelly said, looking down with affection and licking her lips to signal Candace where she had cream on her face.

“Me too,” Candela’s said, and stood up on her tiptoes to kiss her sister. It was all part of her plan to give Gwendolyn the impression that Candace had ‘turned’ the formerly straight beauty.

Kelly, playing her part admirably, didn’t pull back or give any sign of disgust. Instead, she returned the kiss with gusto, then, when they separated, lasciviously licked Candace’s cream splatter from the corner of her mouth.

After a brief pause to recover from Kelly’s striking sensuality, Candace turned to introduce Kelly to Gwendolyn, who was as stunned as the rest of the shop.

“Kelly, this is my manager Gwendolyn. Gwendolyn, this is Kelly,” Candace said.

“Of course I would never forget Gwen,” Kelly said, giving Gwendolyn a pronounced wink that left her stammering.

“I-I wouldn’t forget either! Er, I mean, how did you know my name?” Gwendolyn asked.

Kelly pointed at one of Gwendolyn’s boobs. It was a boob with Gwendolyn’s nametag pinned to it, Candace noticed eventually, though at first she had been preoccupied with the thought that Kelly was saying that Gwendolyn’s rack was the reason Kelly knew her manager’s name.

Gwendolyn’s wide eyes and deep blush prior to bursting out laughing suggested that her thoughts had cycled through a similar sequence. “Of course you can read.”

“Pardon?” Kelly asked. “Was that in doubt?” As she spoke, she turned Candace around and hugged her from behind so they could both face Gwendolyn. Intentionally or not, Kelly’s forearms pressed Candace’s breasts up from below until Candace’s apron was nearly brushing her chin. Whatever ability to mask the true size of Candace’s breasts the apron might once have had was inverted, so now the expanse of white fabric actually exaggerated her size. Candace might have been a particularly incompetent mule in a beach ball smuggling ring.

Even though Gwendolyn had seen Candace’s melons with her own eyes, the apron’s optical illusion left the goth goggling in amazement. She was not alone; the shop had become quiet

except for a murmur of people discussing the spectacle, or pretending not to.

"I have to work, Kels," Candace said, coquettishly looking over her shoulder up at Kelly, who looked down at her with unaffected pleasure.

"That's too bad," Kelly said, as if she wanted to whisk Candace away immediately, and Candace giggled, wiggling free of Kelly's embrace with theatrical reluctance.

"I'll see you tonight, Kels," Candace said, winking one long-lashed eye at her sister and wiggling her long glossy nails in a motion in the ambiguous space between wave and shooing.

"But I'm getting a latte! With *special* cream!" Kelly insisted.

Candace dissolved into a giggle-fit at her sister's improvisation. When she could speak again, she said, "I'm sorry, Kels, we only have regular cream here."

By this time, Candace was back behind the till and she was no longer quite the centre of attention amongst the shop's patrons that she had been, but Gwendolyn couldn't hide her astonished surmise at the meaning behind Kelly's demand. Candace just about choked to death trying not to start laughing again.

"Are you having a stroke?" Kelly asked with much more of her usual sisterly unconcern.

"Stop, you're going to kill me!" Candace said, gasping.

"Oh my God, I thought you were serious," Gwendolyn told Kelly.

"About what?" Kelly asked innocently, putting Gwendolyn in the impossible position of explaining her statement.

"Um, I should, uh, get that latte started," Gwendolyn said unsteadily.

Candace and Kelly shared a deeply entertained look as Candace took Kelly's payment.

"Are you *dating* her?" Gwendolyn asked Candace later after Kelly had left.

"I wouldn't necessarily say that, but I did move into her flat."

"You *moved in* with her?" Gwendolyn asked, sounding torn between outrage and awe.

"Yes," Candace said, turning away to hide her crooked smile.

"What about Genie?"

"She came with me. We're all at Kelly's flat."

"Wow," Gwendolyn said, sounding a little intimidated.

"Well, she has to leave this week, so..." Candace said, shrugging as if thinking about that fact didn't drive a spike of pain into her heart.

"I guess you're more alike than I thought," Gwendolyn said with a hint of peevishness.

"I guess so," Candace agreed, and the conversation dropped.

Kelly and Genie returned at closing time to make sure Candace still had all her marbles. Besides feeling slightly too happy, though, she thought there was nothing to worry about.

"I overheard one bloke tell his mate, 'I'll be wanking to that memory for the rest of my life,' which I think is a sign that I've performed a bit of a public service," Candace said, feeling quite

pleased with herself.

“How was it for you, though?” Genie asked.

“Not difficult at all. Very enjoyable, really.”

“How did Gwendolyn take it?” Kelly asked.

“She’s avoided talking to be ever since your visit. I think she’s jealous.”

“Hard to blame her. You’re looking *well* fit,” Kelly pointed out. “She’s probably used to being the hot one.”

“I mean that she’s jealous of me because she thinks I turned *you*,” Candace clarified.

“She’s not *totally* wrong,” Kelly said with a wink. “Let’s get home. I have a surprise.”

“A surprise! I’ll hurry it up, then.”

“Maybe you could...” Kelly half-suggested to Genie.

“No, let’s leave Genie alone, Kels. You know it makes her knackered when she does things for us. I’ll be done in a jiffy any road.”

Kelly looked at Genie with a cryptic smile. “Can’t have Genie knackered. Alright, we’ll wait.”

## Surprise Surprise

As a matter of routine, Candace immediately disrobed sufficiently to expose her udders for imminent milking, but to her disappointment, Kelly didn’t join her that time. Candace wondered if somehow their brief snog at the shop had made things awkward. She hoped it hadn’t. It had seemed to Candace that Kelly had been just as into their kiss, not reluctant or grossed out. Maybe that had merely been a product of Kelly’s indefatigable supportiveness.

“Did I make Kelly feel bad?” Candace asked Genie, who had briefly accompanied Kelly to her room before joining Candace for milking as was custom.

“Not at all. We were just conferring on the surprise. She’ll be here momentarily.”

“Oh, good,” Candace said, relieved. “Oh, I thought of something earlier! What was it? Oh yeah. Did the brain thing really use Paul’s goose?”

“His goose?” Genie asked.

“The plural, I mean.”

Genie looked Candace as if she was daft, then comprehension dawned. “His geas?”

“That’s the ticket!” Candace exclaimed.

Genie chuckled. “Yes and no. The geas was a tiny part of it, but the bulk of it was actually a refashioning of your own wish.”

“Oh, because being daft makes me a really good bimbo! Okay! Well, I’m going to get ready!”

Candace assumed her usual all-fours position in harness to be milked and fucked like a

human dairy cow, but Genie delayed turning the milker up, or pulling out her ridiculous equipment. Gagged as she was, Candace couldn't ask about the delay, so she waited silently, if not patiently.

Finally Kelly entered the room, and walked around until she was in front of Candace, at which point Kelly knelt to show Candace the surprise.

It was a big surprise, literally: as Candace watched, Kelly stroked a clitoris that was already far too large to be any such thing.

"Mmmph!" Candace mped excitedly.

"Let's take that off, shall we?" Kelly said, and stopped long enough to remove her sister's gag to allow comprehensible commentary.

"Oh no! It's going away!" Candace lamented, as the pause in stimulation had caused Kelly's incipient member to begin to regress.

"I'll bring it back!" Kelly promised, trying to masturbate her way back to erection. "I'm usually better at this, but I'm mostly coming at it from another angle. Plus, sometimes I give a little suck before I start, if he seems like he's got good hygiene."

"Well, I know you have good hygiene, so let me," Candace demanded.

Kelly hesitated, but her cock seemed to like the idea, and started to grow again on its own. "Maybe it's fine," she said dubiously.

"Come on, I'll make sure of it!" Candace said, slavering at the idea of finding out what her sister tasted like.

"Well, if you insist," Kelly said, her reluctance weakening.

Unlike Genie's impractically-huge cock, Kelly's was impressive, but realistically-sized.

"How?" Candace asked, before leaning as far forward as her milking harness would allow so she could slurp up the tip of Kelly's prick.

"Oh my God, Candi!" Kelly said, closing her eyes reflexively at the feeling of Candace's fat lips demonstrated that they didn't merely *appear* like they were made to suck dick.

The growth that before had been intermittent and slow surged, rapidly filling Candace's mouth with Kellycock that tasted faintly of bubblegum. She did her best to coax more from her sister, hoping that her gag reflex didn't make a comeback. It didn't, but the size of Kelly's member never made it uncomfortable as Candace did her best to deep-throat. It was worth it to see the look of bliss on Kelly's face as she received what was probably the first BJ of her life.

"Be careful you don't suffocate her," Genie cautioned Kelly just before Candace thought to signal that she couldn't breathe with Kelly's bell end in her throat.

"Oh dear!" Kelly said, withdrawing immediately, the suddenness of which left Candace coughing a little. "Are you okay? Oh, I knew I shouldn't have just jumped into it," Kelly fretted.

"No! It's fine! I'm enjoying it, but I'm not any more experienced than you are."

"Probably a lot less," Kelly said with a wryness that didn't obscure how reassured she was.

“I meant that I’m not more experienced at sucking your cock than you are at being sucked,” Candace clarified. “Though I hope I’m a quick enough study. How did this happen? How did you get it?”

“I wished that I could make you feel safe and calm like Genie does. Which the wish interpreted as meaning I need to be able to have sex with you like she does.” Kelly looked away from Candace’s eyes to study the wainscoting self-consciously. “Though I guess I’m the size she started out when she first started creating a member for herself rather than the size she is now.”

“Well, I’m glad of it. There’s no way I could fit her in my mouth, though heaven knows I’ve tried. The failures weren’t entirely pleasant for poor Genie.” Candace turned her head to try to give Genie an apologetic smile, though she couldn’t be sure if Genie could see.

“It’s okay, Candi; I’m difficult to hurt.”

“Shall we get back to it?” Candace asked, noting that Kelly was beginning to droop slightly.

“If you want to,” Kelly said tentatively.

Candace answered by establishing a seal on her sister’s cock head and drawing her in with suction further and further until Candace’s pillow lips were kissing the smooth skin at the base of Kelly’s prick.

“Oh God,” Kelly breathed. “Are you okay?”

Candace tried to signal with her eyes that she was at least satisfied with how their encounter was going.

“Is this good for you? Genie, do you know if she’d enjoying this?”

“She’s at least very willing,” Genie said, rubbing a finger between Candace’s nether lips.

Candace wiggled her butt. As satisfied as she was with her ability to deep-throat Kelly, she wanted more direct stimulation. Obliging, Genie started to rub her cockhead over the entrance to Candace’s vagina as a prelude to their normal fucking.

“Wait!” Kelly said, and pulled out of Candace’s face.

“What?” Candace asked, gasping slightly for breath and a little impatient because Genie had also stopped in response to Kelly’s demand.

“We should find out if my cum works for you like hers.”

“True. Let’s be quick about it, though, because I want to get started with the main event before the milking finishes,” Candace said, nodding her head back toward Genie.

“This isn’t really fun for you, is it?” Kelly said, sounding unsurprised but still disappointed.

“I like it! I do! It’s just, my throat naturally isn’t set up to enjoy things like a vagina would. So, let me suck some cum out of you already!”

Kelly laughed with a little discomfort but followed Candace’s directions, and Candace did her best to massage Kelly’s shaft every way a throat and tongue could.

“Oh, Candi, this feels so good. I can’t even describe it to you. Genie, could you do just a little so she’s got something to enjoy as well?”

“Of course,” Genie said, and returned to sliding her horsecock through Candace’s legs, sliding along her pussy lips in the process.

“Oh Candi, this is amazing. I wish you could enjoy this as much as I am,” Kelly said, her eyes closed in ecstasy.

Candace, meanwhile, clamped Genie’s pillar of flesh tightly between her legs. Whatever warning Genie had been about to give Kelly about her word choice dissolved into a surprised grunt, and a pulse of excitement along her member that Candace felt clearly. Lest Kelly’s word choice turn into an actual wish, Candace meant to try to draw back and warn her, but the feeling of Kelly’s glans sliding through Candace’s throat felt so good that she forgot what she was doing and stretched out her neck to drive it deeper in again.

That *also* felt excellent. In fact, her throat felt like it had just developed a g-spot, and her lips had started feeling reminiscent of excited labia. Damned if Kelly’s wish hadn’t already been granted. Brilliantly so.

Candace was becoming a little light-headed for lack of oxygen, but she was so close to throatgasm that she stuck with it, and she was rewarded with a powerful wave of orgasmic pleasure as her climaxing throat clamped down on Kellycock.

Kelly grunted as she shot her load down her sister’s spasming throat. Her hands clenched and unclenched in Candace’s golden mane, but then she realised one of Candace’s eyes was closing because she had started to pass out for lack of oxygen.

“Sorry!” she yelped, and pulled out, then added another, “Sorry!” when the last of her ejaculate spurted all over Candace’s closed eye. “Are you okay?”

Candace wiggled her fingers reassuringly while she breathed deeply. “It’s fine, I don’t mind it,” Candace managed to tell Kelly as she used Candace’s milking towel to dab strawberry-scented cum off of Candace’s face.

“I really did not mean to do that!” Kelly said.

“But it was fine. Besides, this confirms it: your semen is just as effective as Genie’s.”

“Oh, I suppose it’s all okay, then,” Kelly said unsteadily.

“Well, it was almost a greater mistake than all that, making a wish in the middle like that,” Genie admonished Kelly.

Kelly gasped, just then realising what she’d said in the throes of passion.

“Don’t worry, it didn’t turn into a new wish,” Genie reassured her.

“Oh, thank goodness. I don’t know what got into me!” Kelly said, running her hand through her hair. “I would never have forgiven myself if...” She stood up, hugging herself in agitation. “I need to get myself together. Can you excuse me a moment?”

“Of course, it’s not problem and no harm done,” Candace said to Kelly’s retreating back.

“The wish did come true, though” Candace said to Genie once Kelly was out of the room. Saying it aloud frightened her with the possibility that Genie would disappear. She relaxed when



the genie remained corporeal enough to continue slowly sliding her monstrous shaft between Candace's legs.

"Yes, because you associate it with being a bimbo enough for it to count. I think that sapped all or almost all of the remaining leeway in that wish, however, so be careful!"

"Tell that to Kelly," Candace said wryly. "Or actually, don't. I mean, *do* tell her to be careful, but *don't* tell her precisely why."

"Are you never going to tell your sister about your wish?"

Candace felt ashamed of her previous exasperation with her sister. "No, I'm taking it to my grave, but I deserved to be reminded that I brought this on myself."

"No you didn't! I'm very sorry!" Kelly apologised again as she reentered the room.

"It's okay, Kels," Candace said, "But your punishment is that you have to let me blow you whenever I want."

She meant it as a joke, but the look she exchanged with her sister made clear that she was at least partly serious, and Kelly's bashful blush made clear that she was not opposed to Candace's demand. Even if Kelly had kept a poker face, though, her *other* poker would have given her away: it had been softening, but when Candace made her sexual demand it leapt back to attention.

"Let's go again, and this time with Genie on one side and Kelly on the other. Let's make it a spit roast." Candace licked her lips to rewet them. "In multiple respects."

Later, as Candace drifted toward sleep between her two favourite people in the world, she contemplated the true nature of happiness. If she wasn't at that moment an embodiment of the platonic idea of happiness, it was probably just because Plato had never had a cock in his cave.

She giggled softly at her own mental wordplay while holding her sensitive nipples gingerly. They had been milked a little excessively during their extended threesome, and now the nipple rings had grown slightly again to accommodate them. Being a huge-fitted, cock-sucking slut who went down on her own sister while being done doggy-style by a third had to be enough bimbo-osity to overshadow Honey and anyone else who might enter the lists. Candace might at that moment be the biggest bimbo in the world.

It was a thought that made for pleasant dreams, and waking Kelly with a blowjob in the morning made Candace a pleasant alarm-clock.

## Diplomatic Mission

"I'm really sorry, but can the girls come over tonight?" Kelly asked over breakfast.

"Of course! You don't have to apologise. I know you haven't seen much of them lately," Candace said, though she couldn't quite hide her disappointment. At any other time, she might

have enjoyed the prospect of their surprise at seeing what had become of Kelly's frumpy sister, but now she felt it was wasting the time they had left

"Now I feel even worse. I should tell them I'll see them next week," Kelly said, noting Candace's disappointment.

"It's not that bad," Candace said, "It's just one evening, and it's not like I have to go hide in my room this time."

Kelly brightened a little. "True! I'm really excited to introduce Candi Uncovered. They'll be blown away. I have planned to surprise them with a visit to your coffee shop, but then other things happened, so now they sort of know you've turned over a new leaf, but they don't *really* know, you know?"

Candace gave a wry grin. "Yes, the magnitude of the change is probably more than they would have imagined."

"Ha, yes, magnitude," Kelly said with a saucy wink at Candace's chest. "I think Tina might bring her latest, too, and I'm dying for Tina to see how Ben leches out. He's such a dog and it really irritates me that she pretends he isn't."

"Are you sure Candi wants to be ogled by Tina's inconstant suitor?" Genie asked skeptically.

"Oh, that's okay, as long as it's for a good cause, so to speak," Candace answered for Kelly, "I would very much dislike it if I was stuck wondering if I should say something, but if causing trouble is part of the goal, then that's okay, innit?"

Kelly laughed. "Thank you, Candi! Though of course I don't know if he'll even show up. I think I might finally have convinced him I don't like him. He made a very stupid comment about my lips and then tried to pretend it was a joke when I put him on the spot about it."

"You're always too subtle with them, Kels," Candace said.

"I'm not very subtle, I don't think," Kelly said. "He would have to *choose* not to understand my meaning."

"Which I'm sure is precisely what is happening," Genie said, "But saying it so explicitly that people like Ben are forced to acknowledge a reproof often leads to regrettable outbursts of unpleasantness. I believe they count on that to continue on as they have. It is probably preferable for Tina to notice and start the confrontation instead. I expect he would take being caught ogling better than being publicly rejected."

"You've never even met him. How do you know all this?" Kelly asked. "Is this a magic thing?"

Genie chuckled. "It's centuries of experience knowing the type. Your instincts are excellent, Kelly."

"Aren't they?" Candace said, agreeing with pride.

That embarrassed Kelly again, but a ring of the doorbell allowed her to depart to the front door rather than decide how to respond to their praise.

“Your bodysuits, Candi!” she said, returning with a small soft-sided shipping bag.

“That cost £59 on sale?” Candace asked, looking at the tiny package.

“This is all of them, so about 180,” Kelly said, carefully cutting open the bag. “Oh look, they gave you extras, with a note!”

“Really, what does it say?” Candace asked.

Kelly read aloud, “Normally we order two at a time and keep the other in inventory, but we know no one is going to order this size off the rack, so please enjoy.” Kelly laughed then, “And they include their Insta. I think they want you to be an influencer, Candi.”

“Fair enough, if they’re going to give me free clothes. They look so small, though. I know they’re stretchy, but...”

“Let’s put them on, make sure they fit,” Kelly said excitedly.

The material *was* extremely stretchy, and for the vast majority of women who were less extravagantly proportioned than Candace, the rear zipper was probably just a convenience or even a stylistic element, but it was definitely a necessity in her case. The suit fit snugly but very comfortably, just as promised. It lifted her breasts high up on her chest and drew her shoulders back slightly to counteract any tendency of her breasts to pull her into a hunch. Those and other shaping touches relied on the anchoring influence of the very tight segment around her waist. Once it was zipped, it absolutely could not be pulled down over her wide hips and bubble butt nor up over her chest. Fortunately, the shop offered optional nipple patch zippers on two designs. They were presented as erotic touches but they were a relief to Candace because they would make it easier to be milked without having to take the suit off.

“What do you think? I think you look brilliant,” Kelly said, looking Candace over with deep appreciation.

Candace studied how high and round the her boobs looked whilst supported by the suit’s clever supportive patches. “They weren’t lying when they said that it was more supportive than a bra, and it does feel quite comfortable at the moment. I’m a bit taken aback by how *big* it makes me look, when everything’s help up so high. I think I look a little fake, don’t you?”

“I think that’s just because it’s designed with augmented boobs in mind. I mean, it would have to. Who else has a 20 inch waist and a 45 inch bust?”

“Right. Let’s see how it looks under things,” Candace said.

It had a sufficiently scooped neck that it didn’t show except with plunging tops, and then the sheen of the fabric wasn’t so unusual that it looked strange where visible. At least, not so strange that anyone would notice given the body parts it stretched between.

“They were right to say it wouldn’t just squash my boobs together, but when they ride high like this it’s extra evident that each is individually as wide as my entire torso. And it really blocks quite a lot of my view of the floor.” Candace experimented with stretching her neck this way and that to test where she could see without manually squishing her chest out of the way.

“Well, you haven’t milked yet...” Kelly said in a reassuring tone.

“Very true. Maybe we could sort that now?” Candace said with a saucy smile.

Genie intervened “I believe we have another matter to mention, and we only have a few minutes to do so.”

“Oh! Yes. Oh, I’m so sorry for not mentioning it before now, Candi. Genie and I are going to Norwich today to tell off Genie’s uncle. Just going to nip over and be back this evening before my friends arrive.”

“Tell him off?” Candace asked uneasily.

“It’s really more of a diplomatic mission,” Genie said. “I remind him of the dangers of attempting to interfere with your future and in return for his wise restraint from attempting to contact you I represent that I will not interfere with his plans to prolong his immortality. We can’t all go because if you are present he may recognise that his plan has backfired. The longer he doesn’t know, the more difficult he will find it to find sources of power to recover his position.”

“Oh good. He seems like a dangerous fellow to leave to his own devices.”

“Indeed. I do want to have another look to see what those devices are, to make certain I’ve not underestimated him. But if we don’t hurry, we will miss the train, presuming we aren’t already too late.”

“I got us a car to the station, so no worries about that. But it’s almost here,” Kelly said, checking her phone, “Sorry Candi! See you tonight!”

## Home Alone

Candace felt very frustrated to be left behind, but there was nothing to do but to release the pressure. Her attempt to do so immediately revealed one flaw in her new bodysuit: the milking bell didn’t keep a good seal because of the fabric. She still got the job done by holding them on with her hands, but that meant she could only spare one hand at a time to try to release the *other* pressure. She managed to eke out a sort of orgasm, but it paled in comparison to the fireworks she’d come to expect since she’d acquired her new body. It seemed to do the job well enough to settle her, at least.

Candace had planned to blow off her classes so she could make the most of her remaining time, but with Kelly and Genie out of town she might as well attend lecture. Before she left she discovered that someone had already snarfed almost all the leftovers she’d planned to eat for lunch, leaving just a bit in the bottom. Probably Kelly getting a midnight snack and not wanting to have to clean the container. Well, there was nothing for it: she’d need to go to the grocery and replenish on the way home

She didn’t cause quite the stir she thought. The other students in the lecture hall had already seen her many times and so the increased visual buoyancy perhaps wasn’t dramatic enough to

arouse a large amount of fresh interest. The grocery afterward was flooded with a lunch crowd of young professionals in a hurry; they gave her a few double or triple-takes, but didn't have time to gawk. She worried that one man might be following her home, but he turned a different direction before she reached her street.

It seemed like it would be an anodyne, almost boring day until she realised that her blunt and pliable nails prevented her from plucking out the minuscule pull tab on the extremely fine zipper ringing her nipples. She had assumed that she'd be able to get at them with tweezers, but the angle and size of her breasts made it difficult to see what she was attempting to tweeze. There was no way she was going to damage a bodysuit she couldn't readily replace, so she decided she'd just wait until Kelly and Genie got home.

Kelly texted her from time to time to update on the progress of their quest, and Genie's presence at Kelly's side mostly allayed Candace's concerns as to whether her sister was safe. With that worry sorted, Candi Baby only crept up slowly, and she'd managed to complete a good chunk of her studies before she found herself becoming bored and distractible.

"Oops. Looks like it's bimbo time," she said with a slight giggle, and picked up her phone to check how long until Genie and her sister returned.

"Sorry Candi! The train is having mechanical trouble and Genie is knackered, so will be late. I texted the girls to let them know I'm stuck but says Tina didn't get, so she might still show. Need to turn off to save battery. <3 you!"

The thought that perhaps Paul had somehow caused the train to break down as part of a complicated magical plot crossed Candace's mind. Then she recalled that if they were delayed she might not be able to get milked until so late that the next time she orgasmed her breasts would convert milk into breast flesh as it had when she had been on the way home with Jeff. The prospect made her anxious for a moment, but then she immediately felt better. Would it really be such a bad thing if her boobies got a little bigger?

She would have liked to have masturbated, but the suit made that a little unsatisfying, so she decided to occupy her time experimenting with makeup instead. Practice made perfectly slutty, and she had a responsibility to prove she knew how to apply all kinds of makeup, didn't she?

Candi Baby giggled at the idea of being a responsible bimbo, and applied herself to her self-imposed task.

The doorbell rang while Candi was staring at her own arse, marvelling at how the bodysuit's shaping panels lifted and plumped her cheeks underneath her stretchy skirt. It was supposed to go almost to her knees, but because of her thickness it just barely covered the crease where her buttocks met her thighs. After a few seconds she wrenched her eyes from the sight and made her way to the front door.

"Tina!" she said excitedly when she saw that Tina and her boyfriend had arrived. "Kelly's

stuck on a train. You're Ben, right?"

"You've heard of me?" Ben asked smugly as he gazed into the quaking canyon formed by Candi's breasts while she bounced with excitement.

"Of course! You're Tina's boy Ben. Tina! You're looking very hot."

"I am, aren't I?" Tina asked, somewhat blearily examining her LBD and patent pumps.

"Are you okay?" Candi asked.

"I think maybe I took too much X," Tina said.

"She's just had a bit to drink," Ben told Candi.

"I don't think that's true," Candi said cheerfully. She had the feeling that Ben was the source of the drug in question and was now feeling uncomfortable. "You should have some water!"

"Tina, who is this slut?" Ben asked Tina in what he imagined to be a quiet voice as Candi led them to the fridge.

"I'm Candi, Kelly's sister, silly!" Candi answered.

Tina laughed. "Oh my god, you got absolutely massive implants, didn't you? You look like a total slut now."

"Thank you! Though I didn't actually. I just have a condition. It's called macromastia. I makes your boobs really big. I used to be embarrassed about it, but now I love it."

"What, did you get a lobotomy?" Tina asked.

Candi shrugged. "I don't know."

Ben laughed as he helped himself to a beer. "I like this bint."

Tina rolled her eyes at Ben. "Shut up, boobhead."

Candi giggled.

"There's no way your boobs got this big overnight, even if you was preggo."

"Well, I am preggo, but also it wasn't overnight, 'xactly. Though the milk kind of was. Can you help me?"

"What? Milk? You're pregnant?" Tina asked.

"Yep. And I need to get rid of some milk. I'm so full right now. Can you help?"

"No," Tina said, making a face, "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing's wrong, I just need to be milked," Candi asserted.

"Come on Tina, let's help her out," Ben cajoled Tina.

"Help her out? How" Tina asked in confusion.

"Help me out of this," Candi said, pulling off the minidress she was wearing that her breasts stretched into a ruffle top.

"Oh my God," Tina said, and helped herself to handfuls of Candi's heaving, bodysuited breasts. "These *can't* be real. How high *am* I?"

"They are real, and I'll prove it if you help me take this off," Candi said.

Tina seemed too fascinated with the feel of manipulating Candi's rack to take action, but Ben

stepped into the breach, doing his best to find the pull tab on Candi's rear zipper.

"You're a huge slut, aren't you?" Tina commented as she played with Candi's nipple piercings through the fabric.

"Yes," Candi agreed, though even she was unsure if she was responding to Tina's question or expressing approval of the feel of Tina's MDMA-fueled mammary massage.

"Where the fuck is the bloody zipper?" Ben complained.

"Top," Candi said, pressing herself onto Tina until she could quiet Tina's loopy commentary on how big of a bimbo slut Candi was. Not because she disagreed, but because it wasn't as interesting as finding out what kissing her would be like: hungry, sloppy and a bit overly vigorous. And feeling her buttocks: toned and firm.

Candi wasn't a powerhouse by any means, but she still had the strength to push Tina back onto the couch.

"Wait!" Ben said, stopping Candi from crawling the rest of the way atop Tina because he'd finally found the zipper tab.

Candi paused enough to help him divest her of the bodysuit, then changed her mind about which lips to kiss. As handicapped as her long term planning was, she still recalled that it might make her boobs grow again if she had an orgasm while full up, so she needed to unscrew her nipple studs. And if she did that she'd be spewing milk all over. Not that the mess concerned Candi, but she did have the idea that being covered with jets of warm cream might shock Tina out of her lust trance, which *did* concern Candi.

Eating Tina out, on the other hand, would be at least as fun as sharing Tina's sloppy kisses and would have the added feature of allowing Candi to offer her hindquarters up where they could be of use to Ben. After recent experiences with completely smooth twats, she was almost surprised to find that her muff-diving featured a muff. A nicely groomed one to be sure, though, so no stray hairs interfered with Tina's tasty tang.

"Oh God!" Tina whined as Candi's tongue slipped up from Tina's vagina to circle the hard nub above. "Careful!" she warned as Candi carefully stroked Tina's engorged labia with long blunt nails.

"Don't worry, I was taught by the best," Candi said smugly, then added, "Ben, what are you doing?"

"I'm trying to get it in," he said with frustration.

Candi continued moving her bum whenever he attempted to enter her anus. "Wrong hole, mate. Come on, just do my in my vag. You can take the rubber off, too; I'm already preggio."

"Ben, you aren't going to," Tina started to object, but then Candi got back to business giving Tina something else to think about. Surreptitiously she started unscrewing the studs when she could get a hand free, and had just managed to get them out when Ben had uncovered his prick and was ready to start fucking in earnest.

"I can't believe we just shagged with Kelly's sister," Tina said anxiously as Candi Baby rested on the couch pretending to be asleep. With the addition of a decent orgasm and a little bit of Ben's baby batter she was feeling a little more like herself, though she'd need more if she was going to become normal Candace again. Which she didn't *really* want to do, but in her muddled way she knew she probably should. Unfortunately, Kelly might not like Candi shagging her sister's friends to do it.

"Well, she *is* a giant slut," Ben said.

"Yeah, but what am I going to tell Kelly?"

"Offer her to join next time," Ben said, pretending to be joking.

"Don't be disgusting. They're sisters."

"Which just makes it hotter," Ben said. "They're twins, right? I bet they're both sluts."

"Don't call Kelly a slut," Tina said absently.

"You said it yourself," Ben objected.

"I was only talking about her lip implants."

"Which she got to look more like her sister the bimbo, right?" Ben said, looking down appreciatively at Candi's body

"We've got to clean this up before anyone else arrives," Tina said, and went to go get towels.

Ben's phone chimed. "Well done!" he said to himself, and went to let someone in the front door.

"Ben, what's going on?" Noor's boyfriend's voice answered. Candi didn't recall his name, but he and Ben were mates.

"Kelly's sister, Vick. We just did a threesome, and I wager she'll be up for another go. Total bimbo slut."

"Threesome? What are you going on about, Ben? We shouldn't even be here without Kelly," Vick answered dubiously.

"Vick?" Tina asked in surprise as she returned with towels. "How did you get in?"

"I let 'im in. Don't worry, he's a good mate. He won't say nothin'."

"Did you drug her?" Vick asked tensely when he had successfully manoeuvred to see who on the couch Tina was attempting to hide under a pile of towels.

"No! She was a randy little minx when we got here. Begged us to fuck her."

There was a tense silence, and Candi decided it was time to speak up. "It's alright. I really did. I could do for another go, in fact." Candace wasn't sure if she said it to convince Vick that it had been consensual or because she wanted to go again. Both, probably.

"Are you out of your tree?" Vick asked them all.

"Probably," Tina said guiltily, "Is Noor coming?"

"She is," Vick answered, "And she's concerned. Rightly so!"



“Why is she concerned?” Tina asked.

“Because she’s worried that you’re making game of Candi while Kelly’s not present,” Vick said, “Though I guess *that* isn’t what’s about.”

“What a busybody,” Ben complained, “Why are you being such a killjoy, Vick? You and Noor’s swingers, innit?”

“What? No. That’s not what ‘poly’ means.”

“It means you’re allow to fuck other people, right?” Ben said, “Get off your high horse. Bollocks, Noor is changing you, mate.”

“Yes, for the better, Ben,” Vick said.

“Congratulations!” Candi said, “I’m proud of you, and I know Kelly will be, too. Maybe we could shag to celebrate. Once Noor arrives.”

“I’m not going to have an orgy in Kelly’s flat,” Tina said, “And I don’t think Noor will be okay with that either.”

“Ok, but Noor is definitely invited,” Candi said, “Noor is *so* hot.”

“What a time to enter the room,” Noor said awkwardly, having just stepped through the door to join them.

“Hi Noor!” Candi said, sitting up to wave, “Congratulations!”

“Pardon?” Noor asked, goggling at what she could see of Candi’s body, which was largely hidden from the front door by the couch back but nevertheless exposed enough that Noor couldn’t fail to deduce the approximate scale of Candi’s bust.

“I’m congratulating you on your relationship with Vick, and on being well fit.”

“Fit isn’t a word I’d use,” Noor said with nervous laughter, exchanging an awkward glance with Tina.

“Well, I would,” Candi said, feeling bad to think that Noor might be feeling less than proud of her curves. For multiple reasons she decided she should try to cajole Noor into letting Candi show how much she appreciated Noor’s body. “Please? Could you join us?”

“Us?” Noor asked in confusion.

“Tina, Ben and Candi have been shagging,” Vick explained.

“At my request! And it was fun, but it would be even more fun with you. See? Vick agrees!” Candace said, drawing attention to Vick’s attempt to hide his erection.

“What about Kelly?” Noor asked.

“Her train is delayed, but maybe she could join later.”

“This is too weird. Let’s get out of here,” Tina told Ben.

“Let’s not be hasty!” Ben protested, “Could be fun?”

“You probably gave me too much X to trick me into this, and now you want another chance to fuck these slutty cows,” Tina accused. “I’m going!”

“That’s uncalled for,” Vick said and looked like he might have said more to defuse the

situation, but Tina had already grabbed her purse and angrily strode out without another word.

“What a bitch, amiright?” Ben commented with a shrug.

“Tina’s just embarrassed,” Noor said.

“She called you cows,” Ben pointed out.

“Moo,” Candi said to break up the mood, and was successful; they all broke out in laughter.

When it died down, Candi said, “But seriously, maybe we could pass the time with a bit of slutty fun? I promise Kelly would be okay with it. More than okay. I think she’d be proud,”

Candi said, willing to possibly stretch her point a bit to get it started.

“I don’t know,” Noor said, “You’re not going to go after Tina?”

Ben shrugged. “We’re not exclusive or anything. And I’d give my left nut to shag two hot girls with my best mate.”

Knowing that Kelly had been intending to separate Tina and Ben, Candi gave Noor a broad wink as a signal.

“Could you boys give us girls a moment?” Noor asked, and when Vick and Ben had gone off to the kitchen, she asked, “Are you really okay?”

“Yes! Also, Kelly wanted to show Tina that Ben wasn’t what she was looking for, so we’re doing what she would want. Maybe not the way she expected.”

“Really? Is that why you started talking about how fit I am?”

“No! That’s because your body is superb.”

Noor straightened up. “It is, isn’t it?”

“It is. Can I show you?”

Noor looked shy. “So you like girls, too?”

“*Like* is not strong enough a word,” Candi said with another saucy wink. “Can I show you what I was doing that made Tina come?”

“Tina’s straight, though!”

“Not *that* straight,” Candi said smugly.

“Do you think maybe Ben really did trick Tina?” Noor asked.

“Maybe, but that just means it’s even more important to split them up, right? But maybe Vick can find out, right? But first...” Candi paused. “First how about I show you how hot I think you are, with or without the boys?”

Noor looked down at Candi’s extravagant body and gulped. “Maybe?”

“I’ll go slow,” Candi promised, leading Noor back to the couch, atop the spread of towels.

## Friend Benefits

"I expect she's gone to bed already," Kelly told Genie regretfully. She felt both guilty and frustrated to think they'd left Candace to take care of herself.

"I don't think so," Genie said.

Kelly didn't ask what Genie's cryptic statement meant before opening the door to see Noor's O-face protruding from one end of the couch while Ben and Vick double-teamed the bottom half of a different woman.

"Candi?" Kelly asked, quickly and quietly closing the door behind her.

"Kels!" Candi shouted happily, then instructed Ben and Vick, "Don't stop boys! I'm almost there!"

Their need to finish overcame their embarrassment at having an audience, which was treated to the sight of them coming in rapid succession.

Noor recovered breath to speak next. "Um. Welcome home?"

Candace, by then tolerably satiated, nevertheless made a little unhappy noise to let Noor know she was sad to lose her hold on Noor's generously padded bottom.

"This wasn't what I expected to see," Kelly said, and Candace could tell that her sister was keeping tight control on a strong emotion.

"Well, we got done what we hoped," Candace said, "Tina broke up with Ben."

"Worth it," Ben said.

"I feel bad, but it wasn't really a good match, was it?" Noor said anxiously.

"Yeah, Ben's a fun slutty boy," Candace said, "Which is fine, but not Tina's cup of tea."

Ben's brow furrowed a little at being called slutty, but then shrugged and laughed. "I guess I am."

"I think Kelly has had a bit of a long day, though, and it's really quite late," Candace said, seeing how uncomfortable Kelly was getting.

"We've stayed out later than this loads of times," Ben objected, looking at Kelly hopefully.

"Today has been very trying, however," Genie said, and something about her expression convinced Ben to stop arguing and get dressed.

"Are you sure you're okay with this?" Noor asked Kelly a little later, after Vick had left with Ben, Genie had gone to bed and Candace was washing up.

"Yes. I'm really proud of you, actually," Kelly told her with a smile.

"Candi said you'd say that. I'm glad she was right. But something is still bothering you," Noor said.

Kelly didn't deny it, but it took her a moment to frame a response. "It was just a surprise. And truthfully, I was a bit jealous."

“Of me?” Noor asked.

“Of Candi, in fact. Noor... The truth is that I fancy you a bit, but I’ve always worried what you’d think if I said so.”

“*You fancy me?*” Noor asked, stunned.

“I shouldn’t have said anything,” Kelly said, blushing a deep red, “Now I’ve made everything awkward.”

“No! I mean, yeah, a little, but Kelly... Do you have any idea how flattered I am right now? It’s just about the biggest ego boost of my life. You’re literally the fittest girl in, I don’t know, the world?”

“After Candi,” Kelly said with a smile, and hugged her friend. “Thank you for making me feel better about it. Don’t tell Vick. I mean, I’m sure he’s a good fellow, but he’s Ben’s mate, and I know Ben would make a hash of it. About as discreet as a billboard. I know, that ship has sailed, but maybe let’s not add to it?”

Noor nodded. “I’ll tell Vick to tell Ben that if he ever wants a repeat, he can’t be spreading our private business about.”

“He’s the worst gossip, but maybe that’s enough incentive,” Kelly said, giggling with relief.

“Do you want... If I spent the night?” Noor asked tentatively. “I’d have to ask Vick, but I know the answer.”

“Oh my gosh. Normally I’d be so happy to accept, but tonight I have to talk to Candi about... a thing.”

Noor nodded and gave her friend a brief squeeze before leaving.

## Sister Benefits

“What did you need to talk to me about?” Candace asked with trepidation, having overheard the last bit of Kelly and Noor’s conversation. Kelly looked intensely uncomfortable and slightly hunched

“That was a bit of a fib,” Kelly admitted, and lifted up her skirt to reveal a long ridge running down one thigh of her leggings.

“Ooooh,” Candace said with a slow smile. “Though Genie’s already sleeping in the room.”

“And the couch is still drying from that wash down,” Kelly said, freeing herself of her leggings. “I guess I’m going to have to punish you for cheating on us somewhere else.”

Despite being almost certain Kelly wasn’t serious, a flash of concern crossed Candace’s face. “I thought you would approve.”

“Maybe, but you didn’t answer any of my texts and I was worried sick, Candi,” Kelly said with mostly ersatz accusation.

“I’m sorry, Kels. How can I make it up to you?” Candace asked, kneeling in supplication.

“I don’t know if I can ever forgive you,” Kelly said, biting her lip to maintain her composure as Candace ran her tongue along the underside of Kelly’s glans.

With her sister meat filling her mouth, Candace could only look up with puppy-dog eyes, and start bobbing her head.

“Oh my God, Candi, where did you learn to suck cock like this? Are you just a natural slut?”

Candace giggled affirmatively around Kelly’s shaft and did her best to demonstrate.

## Carpe Septem

The three women spent the rest of the week together as much as they could. Mostly just the three of them, though they did have Noor and Vick to dinner one evening to establish that there were truly no hard feelings, only hard body parts.

The only waste of time was one dreary Thursday evening at a television wrap party with Honey, who apologised profusely for the poor time they were having.

“I had no idea the director would get so smashed tonight,” Honey said after physically pushing the plastered man away toward one of the other ‘Horse’ stars present who was more interested in his slurred blandishments.

“I just thought there’d be more *party* to the party,” Kelly complained, “Dancing, entertainment, something like that. Everyone’s just *talking*.”

“Too true,” Honey said, laughing, “I think everyone is very concerned about getting their next job.”

“But not you?” Genie asked, sipping very fine scotch that was one of the event’s higher points.

“I’ve decided to go back to porn. It’s more honest. Besides, I have an opportunity to support the next generation,” Honey said, nodding at Candace, who had just posted a carefully-edited video of Candi Baby helplessly being found and fucked from behind by a strapon-equipped cat burglar. It had proven popular, of course, and Honey had congratulated her on becoming a minor sensation in the industry.

More even than the video, though, Honey’s online store had begun flogging Candace’s milk, and it was flying off the shelves. Candace still gave away a few hundred millilitres a day to local mums in need of more milk for their babies, but her production was so high that she was left with litres extra per day even after donating. Now every last drop of her production flew off the virtual shelves every day, netting Honey’s site and Candace hundreds of quid a day. Candace didn’t even have to ship anything herself; Honey arranged for it to be fetched by a cute bike courier who worked in a similar capacity for Honey when she sold personal effects to fans.

“I appreciate your support loads,” Candace said, “Especially because I think I’ll have to delay school and career for a bit after this term.” She patted her still-subtle baby bump.

“You won’t drop out, though, will you?” Honey asked with concern.

“I absolutely intend to finish, but raising newborn twins seems like too much.”

“Very understandable, but if there’s anything I can do to help, please let me know. I don’t intend to have children of my own, but I’ll be more than happy to borrow yours from time to time when you need a break.”

“You’re so sweet!” Kelly said.

“Like Honey,” Honey said, giving her a wink. “What say we go someplace with dancing?”

“Yes please!” Candace said. She wanted a chance to dance with Honey present, as she was the only other woman Candace knew with such huge tits. If Honey knew how to dance with her giant fake tits, then Candace should be able to do the same with her own natural milk factories. And if Honey couldn’t, then at least Candace would have another boob-incapacitated woman to commiserate with.

Honey’s dance technique relied to a degree on the support of her partner, and while Honey literally leaned on Kelly for added stability, Candace did the same with Genie, and to a much more significant degree. It was actually very pleasant to be supported by Genie’s strong, yet gentle warrior hands around her waist, occasionally pulling her back from a misstep into a momentary embrace. Sure, the onlookers took it for theatre, but despite her excellent bodysuit, it didn’t prevent fifteen kilos of swaying titflesh pulling Candace off her feet like Genie could. In fact, Genie could even take her for dips and twirls, as if Candace was a light-footed waif, and on a few occasions Genie launched her into the air with hands that sank deep into Candace’s lushly-padded bum, then caught her again without missing a step or the beat.

It was fortunate that Candace’s vaginal juices had a pleasant scent, because she was absolutely soaked long before they went home. Not that Candace would have done anything different in any event: it was their last night together and she intended to seize it.

## Last Wish

Despite an excellent and extended lovemaking, ending with Candace in her favourite “little spoon” sleeping position, her sleep was repeatedly marred by nightmares. Candace was relieved to wake still partly in Genie’s sleeping embrace, unlike in her nightmares where she woke completely alone. But the relief didn’t last: next time she woke, the nightmares would have come partly true.

Candace went to wake Kelly in the nicest way she knew how, which put Candace on a more even keel but didn’t banish the deep sense of sadness.

“We’ll still have each-other, you know. I promise you that,” Kelly told her, never failing to read Candace’s thoughts.

“Yes, and I could not possibly treasure that more than I do now. It’s a great comfort. But I’m

just gutted that... that the girls and Genie will be strangers. What use is Karma if it allows that?"

"We don't know for sure. Maybe... maybe someday they'll meet."

"Maybe," Candace allowed.

"Have you decided on your final wish?" Kelly asked, blatantly changing the subject.

"I have," Candace said, but then changed the subject again. "I think we still have enough bacon for goat cheese and bacon omelettes. How many eggs worth?"

"Is six too much?"

"I don't think so," Candace said, patting the side of Kelly's breast, "We have a lot of milk to make."

"Well, I'm not making four litres a day," Kelly said as a joke.

Candace didn't choose to point out how close to the truth Kelly's jest was. "It does keep the weight off."

"I've gained about ten pounds, you know," Kelly said.

Candace just raised an eyebrow at her sister.

Kelly shrugged and rolled onto her side. "Okay, so not much compared to ten kilos or whatever."

"Or twenty kilos or whatever," Candace pointed out, which was even more than it seemed, since she'd lost stature in the meantime. Not that Kelly knew the full extent of it.

"Do they still feel okay?" Kelly asked with a hint of worry. "Maybe I should wish for you to be able to support them."

"The bodysuits seem to be working fine," Candace said, waving off Kelly's suggestion. "I'll get the omelettes started."

No one noted that Candace had made sure Genie's omelettes had the full measure of both bacon and cheese, while Kelly and Candace's omelettes shared the rest, stretched by potatoes that Genie didn't particularly care for.

"So what was the surprise?" Kelly asked when the breakfast was finally finished.

"Honey helped me get tickets for us to go to space today," Candace said, producing tickets with a flourish.

"What? What are those really tickets for?" Kelly asked, taking one from Candace, who handed another to Genie.

"Zero G?" Genie asked, "Is it a simulator ride?"

"In a way, but it's real zero gravity. They fly a plane in a big arc so that there's effectively no gravity inside, as if you were in space."

"I heard about this! It's called the vomit comet, innit?" Kelly asked.

"Um, I have heard it called that," Candace said, checking to make sure the unfortunate nickname didn't put Genie off, "But they have pills you can take to prevent that sort of thing if

you're prone to motion sickness." Candace looked at Genie.

"I don't think that I am, though if I'm mistaken I have plenty of ways of managing it," Genie said reassuringly.

"How much did these cost?" Kelly asked.

"I don't know precisely, but Honey got them at a discount and let me have three," Candace said, not quite lying. There was no way she was going to tell Kelly and Genie that the tickets were in lieu of the ten thousand pounds that Candace would have been paid for an 'In-person Milkmaid Experience' that she'd promised to conduct for one lucky member of Honey's site who won the October raffle. Candace had been milked for other people's sexual gratification before, it would just be someone she didn't know as well this time.

"Wow, she's really nice, isn't she? You got the tickets from her last night?"

"Yes to both," Candace agreed, and soon they were on their way to 'space'.

Though Kelly got a little queasy after the tenth or eleventh arc through the sky, the plane didn't earn its regurgitative nickname from any of the passengers, and everyone enjoyed themselves tremendously.

"So, what do you think of space?" Candace asked.

"It was some of the greatest fun I've ever had, though I expect the novelty wears off if one has to try to live up there," Genie said with a warm smile. "I do not regret being bound to the Earth after all. Hopefully we take care of it so that our children can choose one or another."

Candace wasn't sure if Genie meant 'our children' to refer to humanity's children in general, or their children together specifically, but either way she heartily agreed.

"Speaking of which, I figured out why we got pregnant," Candace said.

"Someone gave you the birds and the bees talk?" Kelly joked.

"Ha, the birds and the birds, innit? But what I mean, is, I figured out what Paul did."

"*You* figured it out? What was it?" Genie sounded skeptical, but prepared to be impressed.

"He expired the bottle. The expiry says it's about five years gone. Kelly had been borrowing mine, so we both were taking expired meds. And I clearly recall getting them just before I moved in, so unless they gave me an eight or so year old bottle, it was Paul, wasn't it?"

"You don't have any other memories of how it came into your possession?" Genie asked.

"Not at all," Candace confirmed.

"Well then. It was Paul. But I reckon he had no idea. Really quite a bumbler, Well done, Candi! That does answer one of the many questions I've had."

"One down, a thousand to go," Candace said, basking in Genie's praise. "Kelly, you'll have to get your own next time."

"Well, of course I will, but it'll probably be a while. You'll have to get yours first, since you're due before I am."



“I hope so?” Candace asked. “Or am I infertile after these because of Paul’s barrier enchantment?”

“I don’t see any signs of it decaying. I expect that as long as you continue lactating, the barrier will remain.”

“Oh. Well. Three kids is probably enough,” Candace said.

“Probably?” Kelly asked, laughing. “I’ll bet you’ll be through with having babies after raising three at once.”

“Sure,” Candace agreed, and changed the subject.

After a stop at home for milking and a wardrobe change, they went out to a French restaurant with prices that raised Kelly’s eyebrows, but otherwise they all managed to pretend that Candace wasn’t spending ludicrous sums on Genie’s last hours. Genie carefully made sure to order one of the least expensive items on the menu despite Candace almost begging her to chose a fancier dish. It was delicious nevertheless, and if Kelly and Candace both had to stop at a fish and chips shop on the way home to fully address their hunger, that wasn’t so unusual.

Then there was one last, furious, sad round of lovemaking before the crucial moment arrived.

“It’s time,” Genie said, gently dabbing tears from Candace’s eyes, “There’s only a few minutes left before the moon reaches the exact phase it was in when I arrived.”

“Must you go before then? Maybe just one more night, and you can go in the morning. I could make the corned beef again.”

“Maybe we could and it would be fine, or maybe something severe will occur within minutes. It is not worth the risk, Candace.”

Kelly rubbed Candace’s arms for what reassurance she could provide, though she was smart enough to know that if she actually hugged her sister that she might dissolve into sobbing that could last much too long. “What’s the wish, Candi?”

Candace bit her lip as she looked at Kelly. “Promise you’ll make the wish I ask for? Promise?”

“What’s the wish?” Kelly asked, exchanging a worried glance with Genie.

“Promise first. On your honour as my sister.”

“Don’t do anything foolish, Candi,” Kelly warned.

“It’s not foolish,” Candace asserted, glancing at Genie.

“Then why the promise?” Kelly asked.

“Because I know you might not like it.”

“It’s not something that would hurt anyone, is it?” Kelly asked, stumped as to why Candace was being so stubborn.

“No, of course not. You know I wouldn’t do anything like that.”

“You might if *you* were the one being hurt,” Genie pointed out.

“Absolutely not. I’m not going to wish for anything that hurts you, Candi,” Kelly said

decisively.

“Oh, it’s not like that. Not really. Just promise, okay?”

“I promise, as long as it’s not going to hurt you. In any way.”

Candace thought about that, then nodded. “Fine. My wish is for Genie and her children to get to know each other as much as possible.”

Kelly blinked. “That’s not so bad, then. But will that even work?” Kelly directed her question at Genie.

“I doubt it would, because of the Veil,” Genie advised, her hard swallow the only evidence of any emotion. “It would almost certainly amount to the most superficial of knowledge, effectively a wasted wish.”

“Then let it be wasted. It’s worth the risk,” Candace insisted.

“But what about...” Kelly’s vague motion encompassed Candace’s entire body.

“It’s fine. It’s who I am now, and I’m okay with it. Happy, sometimes. Much more than before I met Genie, at any rate. But I want to live in hope that maybe someday the girls can meet their, uh, sire?”

“That’s the word I’ve been using,” Genie agreed a little woodenly.

“I’m not sure Genie is happy with this,” Kelly said, taking in Genie’s blank expression.

“She’s just trying to make me wish for something that would make me happier. But nothing would, you know? I’ve been thinking about it for a long time, and I know nothing would make me happier than hope. And there is a chance, isn’t there?”

“I honestly don’t think so, Candace. I’ve thought about it and thought about it, but I just don’t see how. The only thing that gives me even a glimmer of doubt is that this has all been so strange. You not getting all your wishes, the interference from Prasto, the unusually forceful Veil... But that could mean anything; we can’t assume it means what I *want* it to mean.”

“So you want it, too. I thought you did,” Candace said, smiling through the remnants of her earlier tears. “I’m sure I made the right choice. Just... once last... hug.”

It was tight but brief, and Candace pulled herself back while she still held herself together. “I don’t know how I would have done any of this without having had a recent shag. I’d be catatonic.”

They all laughed uncomfortably and briefly, then Candace nodded seriously at her sister.

“Okay. Genie, for my final wish, I wish that...” She paused to look at Candace. “Line?”

Candace managed a small smile despite the tension. “Genie and... no, say Dornollë. That Dornollë and her future children with us get to know each other as well as possible.”

Kelly nodded. “I wish that you, Dornollë also known as Genie, get to know your future children with my sister and me as well as possible.”

Genie nodded solemnly. “Your wish will be granted, to whatever extent possible. Fairwe...” Along with the rest of her, her voice faded away before she could finish the rest of the word,

leaving them in silence.

Kelly pulled Candace into her arms before she could begin weeping again, but though Candace gripped her sister tightly, Kelly didn't hear or feel sobs yet. "I'm sorry, Candi. I know you loved her."

"I do, but I love you, too, and I haven't lost you. So it's all really very good. A month ago, I hardly even had that. Now I'm with my bigger sister again, and there's not much that could be better than that."

# Epilogue

## Happy Housesister

"I just wish I wasn't missing so much," Kelly complained, looking at Morna and Ailidh with wistful affection as they sat together on the sofa watching cartoons on a pad. "And I don't help you as much as I should."

"Come now, you're our most stable source of income. You know once I stop looking like a teenager the revenue will start to drop."

Kelly laughed, "Well, that certainly hasn't happened. You don't look like you've aged a day since." She didn't have to specify the time reference; they both dated all their life events in terms of before Genie and after.

Because both Honey and Candace sought to continue their education elsewhere when the term was over, Kelly's wish was satisfied well short of her matching either of her competitors' proportions or infamy, though no one who saw how she filled out her 32J bras would regard her as inconspicuous. That encompassed many people, as she had lately become a successful junior solicitor with an environmental law firm, earning a reputation as a gorgeous and engaging legal shark whom her firm deployed at every opportunity because of her ability to charm judges, juries and barristers alike.

"Mummy, I've been quite good," Kelly's daughter Nelly said, entering the room with a cheese in one hand and a plastic pony in the other. "I think I should have a biscuit."

"And you have had one," Candace pointed out.

"*Another* biscuit," Nelly insisted. "The first wasn't very big, was it?"

"What, Nelly only got a small biscuit?" Kelly teased Candace.

"The smallest," Nelly confirmed. "It's a carriage of Justin!"

"Pardon?" Kelly asked, and looked at her sister.

"I believe Nelly is decrying a miscarriage of justice," Candace said.

Kelly laughed with delight. "Taking after your mum, aren't you? Maybe everyone can share a cookie if all the toys get cleaned up before bedtime."

"Corner shop cookie!" Morna was the first to shout, and the children swung into vigorous, if rather disorganised action.

As the elder girls hurried to earn their extra sweets, Kelly looked around for their youngest. "Where's the imp?"

"Adelpha is trying to convince the cat to wear a hat, last I checked," Candace said.

"Poor Cottonball. Well, if anyone can charm her way into the cat's heart, it's Adelpha. How

are *you* doing, Candi?”

Candace knew that to be a question about how she was managing her libido. “Had a couple of *appointments* at lunchtime, but starting to feel a bit vague again.”

“I’m sorry I was stuck at work, Candi. Can you wait until the girls are in bed?”

“Of course.”

It was a routine they’d been through many times before, and it might have been like any other evening except that the doorbell rang.

“Are you expecting anyone?” Kelly asked Candace.

“No. The kids weren’t even being loud...”

Kelly checked her mobile to see if anyone had messaged that they were coming over, but there were no texts to that effect. “Huh.”

The doorbell rang again, and the sisters looked at each other tensely. “It’s probably not Paul,” Candace said to reassure herself.

“Who is Paul?” Nelly asked, having become bored of tidying despite the prospect of sweets.

“A man we don’t like very much, who is not supposed to come here,” Candace explained.

The sisters’ breath caught with fear when the door audibly unlocked itself and the door handle turned. The door only opened slightly, however. “Candi? Kelly?” a feminine voice asked “Genie!” the sisters shouted in unison.

Genie opened the door, looking just as she had five years prior, when last they’d seen her. The sisters’ enthusiastic dual hugs almost knocked her back out onto the doorstep. “Well! I’m glad to see you, too!”

“I thought I’d never see you again!” Candace said with a slight air of accusation.

“I thought so, too,” Genie said, “But the amount of karmic energy I’ve been getting over the last few years has been absolutely massive, and I think it’s because of these little girls.” She gently disentangled herself from the sisters and knelt down to be closer to the curious girls’ level. “I already know you a bit, but you don’t know me. I’m Genie, and you’ve been helping me for years.”

“We’ve been helping you?” Ailidh asked in confusion.

“Yes, but you didn’t know it. Now I’m here to help you.”

“Are you our fairy godmother?” Morna asked.

“Am I?” Genie asked, looking up at Candace with one eyebrow raised in amusement.

“She is, but remember, you can’t tell anyone that’s who she is. I think you should call her... your Aunt Genie?”

“Does this mean you’re free?” Kelly asked.

“Not precisely,” Genie said with a smug smile, “But I’ve learned how to do some things I hadn’t known were possible.

“Can we have the cookie now?” Nelly asked.

“Or a biscuit!” Morna added.

“We have guests, so maybe everyone gets a biscuit?” Ailidh suggested, which seemed like very convincing small-child logic.

“Yes, tonight everyone gets a biscuit,” Candace announced to avoid the necessity of going down to the corner shop for a cookie. “But then it’s time for bed.” She looked apologetically at Genie. “Please tell me you have more than a minute to spend with us.”

“Much more than a minute,” Genie confirmed, “We can see the girls to bed and talk afterwards.”

As expected, it took far longer to get everyone to go to sleep than was reasonable, but eventually the three adults could have adult conversations around the kitchen table while sipping on adult beverages.

“Have I forgotten how big you were, or did you get bigger?” Genie asked Candace, whose breasts rested proudly on the table.

“Only a bit bigger,” Candace said giggling. She was by then quite overdue for sex, but even with her mind vague and full of anticipation of enjoying a milking tryst like old times, her curiosity about how Genie had returned was even stronger. “Tell your story. Though it’s been ages since I had sex so I love you but please be quick.

“When she had the twins they got even bigger than this for a while but they’re just a hair off their peak,” Kelly answered Genie’s question more completely. “So, are you still a djinn, or?”

“I still am, in a sense. I’m still using wish magic, at least. However, I’ve be able to radically change my relationship with the bottle, and I’m learning other sorts of magic. Most importantly, I can *give* people the bottle now, as long as I do so frequently enough.”

“So you can choose who to help!” Candace said excitedly. “Oh, Genie, I’m so proud of you! How has it been?”

“I’ve not had a great deal of time to experiment with it, so I’m still feeling my way around. But Candi, it’s a dream come true. Or more precisely, it’s a wish come true.”

“So you finally got your wish really granted?” Candace asked.

“No, Candi, *your* wish was granted.”

“Her wish that you get to know the kids?” Kelly asked skeptically, “Was it really that powerful of a wish?”

“That was *your* wish, Kelly. Though it did help, it wasn’t the most powerful one. Do you recall the mystery of why Candace never got more than the one moderately-sized wish?”

“They’re not all that moderately sized,” Candace joked, pressing at the sides of her massive wish-created breasts.

Genie smiled to acknowledge Candace’s joke but then became serious again. “You wished you could make me happy. And then you did.”

“Oh, I did?” Candace bounced with joy, “I made you happy! Can I make you happy again?” Genie’s presence was supercharging Candace’s libido, which was really rather superfluous.

“Of course,” Genie said.

Candace was excited and relieved, but her physical needs weren’t so strong that she had no further questions. “Are you staying this time?”

“Remember, Candi, she still has to grant wishes,” Kelly cautioned her sister before she got her hopes up.

“Yes. I expect that would take me away for weeks or months at a time. And there’s another aspect you must know about before deciding how much you really want me around. I know there are many sources of magical energy besides granting wishes and siring children, but for now, those are the two I know how to use. Which means I’ll be tempted to get you pregnant again, especially once I’ve removed the tap from your little ones.”

“Is the tap hurting them?” Candace asked, concerned.

“No, not now, but I believe it would eventually. There was a time in the autumn two years ago when the tap had begun to widen of its own accord and I became quite concerned.”

“Oh my God! Remember how sick the girls got and no one could figure out why?” Kelly exclaimed.

“I do remember,” Candace said, shuddering. The memory was so terrifying that it temporarily quashed her desire for Genie to hurry through her story so they could get to fucking.

“So there *was* a visible effect. I thought there would be. And thus you can see the danger. I was able to constrict the tap when I felt the mana flow accelerate dangerously, but despite that the flow has resumed growing since then and I expect it would eventually become a problem again. Except that I will remove them entirely in the morning.”

Kelly and Candace breathed a sigh of relief.

“Without the tap, will you be able to stay out of the bottle?” Candace asked, concerned.

“I expect the impact to be more limited than that,” Genie said with confidence that did not convince the sisters.

“Thank you, Genie,” Kelly said taking the magical woman’s hand in warm thanks.

“It’s okay if you have to make me pregnant again,” Candace said with a mixture of resignation and anticipation.

“Candi!” Kelly protested, “We already have *four*!”

“Which is more than three,” Candace shot back, “And I defy you to say Adelpha isn’t a wonderful addition to the family.”

Kelly narrowed her eyes at her sister but didn’t argue.

“Is Adelpha yours, Candi, or is she Kelly’s?” Genie asked curiously.

“We consider all of our children to be both of ours,” Kelly said quickly. “We’re one family. Though... you would be welcome to join it.”

“You’re already part of it, of course,” Candace said, “But you could become the mage of the house, so to speak.”

“I would like that,” Genie said. “I would like that very much. It has been my fondest wish to take you up on that offer. Though, I have to warn you that as a former mistress, I’m generally barred from using any further magic on you, at least until I get better at non-wish magic.”

Candace bounced in excitement, “Oh, we don’t care about that! Let’s go celebrate the reunion!”

Genie seemed to consider objecting, but after a long, hungry look at Candace and taking note of Kelly’s dilated eyes she relented.

“Excellent idea. Let’s celebrate.”

## Love

“Are you sure you don’t love me as more than a sister?” Candace asked the day after Genie had returned. The nanny had the children until two in the afternoon and Kelly was working, a reprieve that normally granted Candi Baby an opportunity to fulfil sexual appointments with clients. Instead she’d cancelled all her appointments for the day and was savouring the sensation of Genie’s shaft buried all the way to the hilt, mostly preventing cum from seeping out of Candace’s stretched vagina. “I feel like we fit so perfectly that I’m made for you.”

“You literally *are* made for me, Candi,” Genie said, cradling the smaller woman in her arms. “You wished to make me happy, and then the wish fashioned you so that, well, you’re perfect for me. That’s even why you’re so fertile for me, because I’d always wished I could have children somehow, and now I do, because of you.”

“That was just because my birth control expired due to Paul’s interference, remember?”

“And why do you suppose his magic turned out like that?” Genie asked gently, “Not due to any planning on *his* part, I assure you. Right from the beginning, your wish was guiding events more than I could have imagined at the time. And that’s why I love you,” Genie said, then ruined with by adding, “Like a sister.”

Candace could feel but not hear subtle laughter deep in Genie’s belly. “I’m glad I can do that for you, Genie, but why do you only love me like a sister? Is it because of Morna? The original Morna, I mean. You still love her, don’t you?”

“Of course I do, Candi, but that’s not why I said that. I just didn’t want you to try to pin your hopes on something I thought was impossible.”

“So you lied?” Candace asked, slightly outraged, but also warmed by the implicit confirmation of Genie’s love.

“It wasn’t a lie, Candi, it was a misleading truth.”

“What do you mean? You were awfully explicit. You said you loved me like a sister ‘and



naught else'. I remember it clearly. I hear it in my nightmares."

"Oh, Candi, I'm sorry. But of course I've noticed that magical barrier in your vagina is still intact, making you nearly immune to both sexually-transmitted diseases and impregnation."

"How is that relevant? Besides, I don't think it's true. I had Adelpha, after all," Candace countered.

"Which is precisely what proves that I was right about what sisterly love implies to you. To overcome entrenched magic like that by conventional means you and your sister must have made love every chance you could get for years. *Thousands* of times."

"I guess I should have known you would figure out who Adelpha's 'father' was," Candace said ruefully, but she was too happy and satiated to be embarrassed. "And you're not angry." It was both a statement and a question.

"Of course not. Though I *do* admit to taking action to prevent a recurrence."

"I thought you said you can't use magic on us any more," Candace said.

Genie leaned down to whisper into Candace's ear. "Fortunately, knocking you up only requires *figurative* magic."

Candace smiled and kissed Genie briefly. "Oh thank God. I hope we don't upset Kelly. I would be so jealous in her place, if you had a baby with her but not me."

"I don't think you have to worry about Kelly getting cross over a little thing like that, Candi. She'll be the bigger sister."