Kendra wore one of the back braces the genie conjured up and nothing else. It helped alleviate some of the weight on her back, allowing her to move about without much strain. The size of her bust made setting up her new toy more challenging that it should be. The genie floated by her, watching her fumble around.

“Do you have a name?” Kendra asked absentmindedly.

“I did, at one point but I’ve forgotten. You’re the first one in a long time to ask.” She went silent.

“Why do you only grant sex wishes anyway?”

“Because I like to? I could grant normal wishes like most other genies but I prefer to be more restrictive. Plus, I get to watch you have fun.”

“Don’t you get bored? Like, you’re watching me get all the action but you’re not getting any?” Kendra fiddled to fit the parts of her new toy.

“Sometimes...” The genie looked as if she was deep in thought.

They returned to silence while Kendra assembled her toy.

“Ginny,” the genie said.

“What?”

“Call me Ginny. G-I-N-N-Y.”

“Really?” Kendra scoffed lightly. “That’s creative.”

“Oh, you want creative?” Ginny said. “I’ll show you creative.” She snapped her fingers.

Kendra yelped. She was floating mid-air, her tits hanging down freely. Her legs spread apart by an unknown force. The same force that held her hands outstretched to her side. She could not move her body, only her head. She looked up to see Ginny’s face right in front. They locked eyes. Kendra’s heart beat fast. Fear at what was going to happen. The fear brought with it some excitement and lust.

Ginny took Kendra’s hands and placed them on her breasts. Compared to Kendra now, Ginny was much smaller, even though her breasts were the same size as when they first met. Ginny then brought her crotch to the floating girl’s face.

Kendra knew what Ginny wanted and gave it her. She buried her face and licked. Down at her own crotch, she felt the something licking her. She lifted her face from Ginny and craned her neck back, there was nothing and the licking stopped when she did. Something whipped her head back to Ginny’s lips. Kendra felt something hold her head down. A harness tied her head to the genie’s crotch. She resumed eating Ginny out while playing with her godly tits, feeling herself getting eaten out by, well, herself.

Ginny moaned and moaned, driving Kendra to go even harder. The genie’s breast was getting more and more difficult to grasp. They were growing! As they did, Kendra felt her own breasts being fondled and getting tighter. She felt something else enter lower lips. It wasn’t her tongue. It was something big.

Ginny had assembled her toy and floated it to her dripping wet sex, pushing it into her and turned it on. The dildo fixed to the toy was thicker than her fist, filling her up. The sensation was out of the world. She could feel herself getting fucked hard by the machine and her tongue working furiously. They were separate but the same.

It was incredible. Kendra felt the orgasm building, her tits were not getting bigger but they felt tighter and fuller. She moaned into Ginny’s moist pussy. The orgasm just kept building. Something was wrong, getting fucked and stimulated like she was, she should have come ages ago but she hadn’t.

It just kept building and building, driving her mad with lust as her pussy was licked by her own tongue and violated by the massive dildo that stretched her wide.

Kendra felt Ginny’s hands on the back of her head, pushing her deeper between the magical being’s legs. Ginny tasted good. Very good. So sweet and delicious. It drove her insane. She needed more.

As if Ginny read her mind, Kendra felt the machine thrust harder and faster, the dildo growing inside her, vibrating. Then, something else entered her. This time from her backdoor. Another dildo forced itself into her asshole and pumped as hard and fast as the one in her pussy. They violated both her holes in a constant, alternating rhythm.

Her tits were getting even tighter. She felt the pressure building even in the ecstasy of her own orgasm building and Ginny’s cries of pleasure.

Finally, she came. They both did. Kendra screamed into Ginny, relishing the intense pleasure that surged through her entire being. The pressure in her huge breasts kept building as they grew, however. Her hands squeezed Ginny’s tits. Fluid sprayed out from her erect nipples and she felt her own mammaries do the same, covering the room with milk. Even with the pressure relieved, Kendra felt her breasts grow tighter and hang lower.

Her whole body convulsed mid-air, shaking without control, her eyes rolled back, her mind lost all rational thought, lost in the waves of pleasure cresting within. Seconds, minutes, maybe even hours passed, Kendra did not know how long. Her mind and body was numb and exhausted.

Kendra felt her body shift up right, her legs still floating above ground, her breasts reaching her hips. Ginny’s hands gave her tight ass a squeeze, eliciting a moan from Kendra. The hands moved around to her crotch, then to her breasts, then a pinch on her nipples. Ginny cupped her face and pulled her in for a kiss. Her half open eyes shot open. A warmth spread through her. It was not lust. It was comforting and warming. The tiredness evaporated. Energy coursed through her.

Ginny pulled apart from their kiss. Kendra noticed for the first time how red the genie’s eyes were. Something was different, however. Ginny’s red hair lost their lustre and her skin looked dull.

“Thank you.” Ginny smiled. “Now, I need to rest.” And she was gone, the book that laid open on the floor closed. Kendra landed on her feet. She picked up Ginny’s book and opened it, nothing. She shrugged and tossed the book on her bed.

Her fuck machine laid on its side, and a second one that she did not order sitting beside. Ginny must have conjured it. Kendra bent down to pick it up. She misjudged her new balance and fell over.

“God...these are such a hassle...” She hauled one breast aside to give herself some room to detach the dildo, slick with her juices. It was larger than she remembered it looking, almost as thick as her thigh and longer than her forearm.

The room smelled of sex, milk, and sweat. Kendra looked around and sighed. “This is going to be a bitch to clean up.”

Kendra waddled to the bathroom. She looked at the mirror and admired her new figure. Her eyes moved from her enormous breasts up to her face and her hazel brown eyes. She remembered how alluring Ginny’s eyes were. The redness that could seduce any man or woman. She quietly wished to have eyes like that.

Bathing proved to be a challenge. With her tits now in an absurd size of beach balls, Kendra was less fitting in the shower, more squeezing into it. Her breasts pushed against the glass and wall, making it difficult to reach the shower knob and soap. Still, she managed.

She ran her hands over her tits, lathering them up, feeling the soapy water run through her deep canyon of a cleavage. It was tantalising.

Kendra got out of the shower and dried herself. Her towel no longer wrapped around her whole body with her new mammaries so she just toss it in the basket once she was dry, entering her bedroom naked. The weight of her unsupported tits strained her back.

“Ugh, so heavy. I should hit the gym or my back is going to break.”

She looked around her bedroom looking for Ginny’s book and noticed something odd.

The smell of sweat, sex, and milk was gone. Her bed was made with fresh sheets. Her toy(s) sat on her study desk, neatly packed. There was no sign of the debauchery that took place before her shower.

“Huh...guess Ginny must have taken care of it while I was in the shower.” Kendra picked up Ginny’s book and opened it to summon her. But nothing. “Hmm...she said she was tired...Do genies even get tired?”

A curiosity sparked within Kendra. She wanted to know more about Ginny and how she came to be. And she knew just the place to find answers.

What Ginny said was right, her bras and supports did grow to match her new size. It looked like she stuffed two over inflated beach balls into her bra, except they were her tits. Clasping on the bra, she felt the weight lift somewhat.

Her wardrobe were filled with clothes that would’ve fit her just right a few hours ago. But now, they were a size or two too small. She would have to ask Ginny for more clothes. Browsing through, she noticed all the shirts had buttons. Kendra picked out a pencil skirt and a white button-up shirt.

The skirt was easy enough, given nothing much had changed down below. It was a tight fit that showcased her butt. But the shirt was a challenge. The buttons at the peak of her chest would not reach. Kendra fiddled with the bra straps to tighten them, squishing her breasts against her body. Finally, she was able to button the shirt up, except the top few buttons, leaving an impressive view of her glorious cleavage.

The tightness of the bra and shirt forced her to take shallow breaths, fearing that the buttons may not hold on if she took a deep one.

Kendra packed the book in her handbag and left the apartment. Larry was the security guard on duty. He was always courteous and warm. She toyed with the idea of having some fun with him at some point in time. She greeted him on her way out and could have sworn his eyes popped out of their sockets.

She got into her car. Although it was more like squeezing. Her breasts pressed against the steering wheel, even after she pushed the driver seat as far back as it would go. Driving is out of question. She decided to call a cab instead. As she got out of her car, someone called her name.

It was Mike. And there was a huge bulge at his crotch.