

Author's Note-BG

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Bountiful Grocer

Table of Contents-BG

Bountiful Grocer.....	2
Requital.....	2
Rush Job.....	4
Reencounters.....	8
Thotless Glamour.....	13
Enter Kaylie.....	20
Cliff's Heirs.....	25
Model Worker.....	30
Stolen Legacy.....	39
Reflections.....	46
Hot Roles And Rolls.....	54
Sweet Service.....	60
Dessert Roll.....	64
Cannoli.....	65
Checkout.....	66

Bountiful Grocer

Requital

It wouldn't be correct to call it a dusty, windswept platform, but the old fashioned style and abandoned air of the train stop had always made Olivia Sutter feel like she was in a ghost town from an old Western movie, and it was at least dusted by windblown snow, so that sort of counted. The sense of movie-set unreality lingered as the train departed despite this being in some respects *her* town. The town where she grew up, which Olivia sometimes admitted when people asked where she was from.

Notwithstanding the neglected appearance of the train station, such as it was, the town of Piny Bend wasn't abandoned. *Olivia* had abandoned it, but it was actually resurgent after a new ski resort built somewhat nearby had brought it to tourists' attentions. And even Olivia had been forced to rescind her abandonment.

Not *forced*, per se, but compelled by a sense of justice, of loyalty to the mother she had lost long ago, and maybe also other reasons that she was very resolutely not examining at that moment. Might as well get on with it.

Resurgent or not, it remained a very small town, and her destination was at the heart of it: Cliff's General Grocery, in which Olivia had grown up, like her mother before her. It was one of Piny Bend's oldest businesses, with hands down the longest uninterrupted tenure because it had remained open during the year of the two big fires when everything else had shut down. Seven year old Olivia had been there for that, and the tough years that had come after during which the town tried to recover with limited success.

The sawmill that was the original reason the town had even existed never did come back, of course, and even from a distance she could see its site was now devoted to a fancy new hotel for people in the town for skiing, hiking and such. At least, it would have seemed very fancy to her when she'd lived here; after a few years in real cities she recognised that it was comfortable and modern but wasn't really even pretending to be luxurious. The houses between it and Piny Bend's main street looked to have also have been converted to vacation rentals in at least some cases, though the wheelless van up on blocks in the Tanners' yard implied they at least were still there. Agatha's Antiques also looked like it was still there in Agatha's partially converted house, but looks could be deceiving.

Because "Cliff's General Grocery" might soon not be owned by a descendant of Grandpa

Clifton at all, and instead be owned and operated by Mountain Organic Health Stores. The company owned half the other 'local' groceries in ski resorts throughout the mountain west, and evidently that half had begun to extend over Cliff's as well in some sense. Olivia's dad, who had taken primary control of Cliff's from Grandpa Clifton when his father-in-law retired, now wanted to sell the grocery to Mountain Organic and also retire, but apparently he needed some signatures from her to do it. He'd wanted her to just sign papers remotely and said it was all a done deal, but there was some confusing language about a family trust in it that made her think that maybe it was not as done as all that.

And also, it wasn't fair to Cade. Olivia had spent the last three years trying *not* to think about her best childhood friend, but there was no way not to think about the fact that if anybody deserved Cliff's, it was Cade Laine, who had been the general manager in all but name since he'd graduated from high school, and had also been working there in one capacity or another since the year of the two fires. It would never have lasted so long without him and his mother helping keep Dad and the grocery operational through the darkest times.

Cade's mother Elise was a very good looking woman who had retained her beauty after her trucker husband had died in a terrible accident thousands of miles away, and Dad had not been very good at concealing his hope that they would be able to heal each others' broken hearts. Elise, however, had been helping out of loyalty to Olivia's mother who died in the first of the two fires, and the two women's long friendship meant she already knew that Dad was a controlling husband with tightly circumscribed ideas of what sort of work it was proper to expect the head of the house to perform.

Had it not been for Cade and Elise Laine, it all would have fallen on Olivia, so she probably also owed them her opportunity to go off to University. Cade especially, as Elise had to stop helping to avoid Dad's persistent attempts to manoeuvre her into yielding to one of his repeated attempts to court her. Perhaps she was unfair to think it, but she suspected that Dad was selling to Mountain Organic instead of letting Cade buy him out as a form of revenge.

Olivia refused to be like her father. It had hurt so, so much when Cade had rejected her, and for a brief time the pain had made her sympathise with her father over his rejection despite the knowledge that he hadn't deserved Elise and had been somewhat obnoxious about it all. But Olivia was more mature now, and she wouldn't let that old wound drive her to collaborate with her father in screwing Cade out of the just deserts of years of loyal service to Dad and the entire Piny Bend community.

Reminding herself of that, she took a deep breath, resettled the metal thermos that kept trying to work its way out of her rucksack pocket, and began trudging toward Cliff's.

Rush Job

Olivia had prepared herself for every possible reception except the one she received when she walked into Cliff's.

The surprised delight in Cade's exclamation, "Livy!" was like a shot to the heart.

"Cade!" she said, but stopped her body from rushing forward like old times. Because these weren't old times, it was now, and she was here because her father was trying to get her to join him in betraying her oldest and best friend who even then stood at the till, helping a customer.

'Friend' wasn't the word for it, was it? They hadn't really spoken since she left, and she'd left because she'd overstepped the bounds of the friendship and ruined everything.

Cade had seen her hesitation, and memories of the past visibly replaced initial joyful enthusiasm. "Visiting your dad?"

"Yes and no. I, uh, I should explain more later," she said, giving an apologetic grimace to the customer, who looked on at their interaction with interest. Not someone Olivia recognised, happily, and given that Olivia was still bundled up in a hooded winter coat that was far thicker and puffier than the weather really required, they might not have recognised her even if they had known her.

But Cade had known right away, and the thought warmed her even more than her coat, despite everything.

On the other hand, there was another customer that looked like she was also waiting to check out. Or, given the way the woman was looking at Cade, she was already in the process of checking out. Well, Olivia wasn't going to stick around for that. She gave Cade an awkward, nervous little wave and made her way to the rear of the shop, through the deeply familiar storage rooms and to the door to her family home.

It still had the chip she'd taken out of the door while riding the tines of the pallet jack like a skateboard. Cade had apologised to Dad and said a large delivery of potatoes had gotten away from him. Given that Cade had joked that Olivia was a big sack of potatoes during their silliness, she'd been amused as well as touched, and also deeply, deeply in love. She could see that very clearly now in retrospect, but she couldn't quite recall how conscious she'd been of it at the time.

Well, she might as well put down her oversized rucksack so she could take off her equally oversized coat. Because it was getting a tad warm, not because she was delaying having to meet her father face to face.

Her attempt to be quiet about it was almost foiled when the force of her dropping the rucksack beside the door caused the thermos to leap out of its pocket once again. She managed to catch it before it bounced resoundingly on the concrete floor, but it was a near thing.

"Ugh! I wish it would stop doing that!" she complained to it. It wasn't hers; someone had gotten off the train with her Klean Kanteen and left this weird one behind in its stead. She wasn't

even sure how to get the top off, in fact.

“I think I can grant that without it counting against your total,” a voice said from just behind her.

Olivia wasn't predisposed to vocalization when startled, but if she had been she'd be screaming her head off. Not that the woman looked like a knife-wielding murderer or anything, but every startling thought led to another, even more upsetting thought.

First, the woman was huge. Not nearly as big as she had looked at first from up close, but well above the ordinary for women, and something about the way she held herself implied athletic muscularity. Also, she was gorgeous in a menacingly confident way, like she believed she belonged where she was. And finally, all of that came together to form the obvious conclusion that landed on her like a ton of bricks.

“Oh my god, you're Cade's girlfriend, aren't you?” Olivia asked, already knowing the answer but not wanting to give herself any time to get her hopes up. It was just too obvious that she was the perfect woman for Case. Fit but always gentle, Cade had never enjoyed the idea of being bigger and stronger than his girlfriend, and this woman was certainly not one Cade would have to worry about hurting. And, unlike Olivia, the stranger was as pretty as Cade was.

“I am glad to report that I am not, in fact, Cade's girlfriend,” the woman said. She was clearly amused, but her English accent made it hard to understand if she was mocking Olivia or not.

“Wait, are you married? Or?” Olivia asked, too terrified to finish the question.

“Olivia, no. I've never even met Cade, or anyone else in this town. I'm what you would call a djinn, and I go by 'Genie' when I'm working.”

Olivia glared at the woman. Olivia wasn't sure what her game was, but obviously it was some kind of prank.

The woman's lips pursed and she looked apologetic in a businesslike way. “Okay, Olivia, I'm terribly sorry. I normally have quite a bit more time to explain myself and get a feel for the situation but I'm in a bit of a rush this time because I hadn't originally planned on stopping here. It's vital that I get my bottle to Chicago Union Station by Christmas Eve and I suspect I have one more round of wishes to grant on the way, so I need to grant wishes and you can bung my bottle onto the next train.”

“What?” Olivia said.

Genie helped herself to Olivia's hand and peered into her eyes. “Okay, I think I see who Cade is now. Hmm. But you aren't here for Cade, are you? Or are you? Yes, I suppose you are, in a manner of speaking. Well, that is normally just the sort of situation I like to solve, but I can't change someone else's heart. Or yours, for that matter.”

Genie looked thoughtful for a moment while Olivia's mind reeled at how the woman seemed to have read her mind. Though she was speaking vaguely enough that it was surely a cold-reading trick.

Finally Genie shook her head regretfully. “I don’t think I can fix it from here. My suggestion is to make one wish about the grocery store, which you can then give to Cade if you would prefer, then another wish about getting readmitted to university, and maybe another to get a top GMAT score.”

Genie looked like she was as unenthusiastic about her suggestions as Olivia was, which was strange considering that these should have been almost perfect answers to all her problems. And strangely, she was beginning to half believe the strange woman. Yet the vision of her life just didn’t appeal to her.

“I just... I just wish Cade could be happy with me, okay? I wish that smile had been real.”

“That’s, Olivia, don’t phrase things like that when you’re talking to a djinn, because it can be really hard to resist... Fuck! It’s granting. Sorry, I’m granting that wish. What is this, my first time? I can’t believe I did that.”

“What are you talking about?” Olivia asked.

With effort, Genie controlled her exasperation at her own obscure failure and began to answer. “It’s complicated to explain. I guess I can dispense with explaining most of the rules since they don’t matter now, but you’re meant to wish for things for yourself. Trying to wish for things for other people typically makes for weak and ineffective wishes. You’re also not meant to ask for anything that interferes with other peoples’ minds and such. Your wish sort of did both of those, and that leads to another relevant bit, which is that the whole ‘three wishes’ trope is more like a useful approximation of how wish power can be employed. If you bundle up wishes they can be stronger and you can ask for different things that a regular wish wouldn’t address. It seems that’s what happened in your case, so all three wishes, such as they are, were spent on making Cade happy with you.”

“Is that why he smiled when he saw me a few minutes ago?”

“No! You hadn’t even wished yet, Olivia,” genie said testily, then became more contrite. “My most sincere apologies. I’m upset with myself and taking it out on you. This was meant to be a rush job, but I hadn’t thought I would bollox it up like this and it’s a bit of a shock.”

Olivia narrowed her eyes. “Is this how you explain why nothing happened? This is some kind of prank, isn’t it?”

“It really isn’t, and actually, at least one thing is going to happen, but it’s hardly a Great Wish level effect. Oh! I see what’s going on.”

“What the fuck?!” Olivia asked, because something was indeed happening to the extra weight around her thighs and midsection that she’d picked up since she’d dropped out of school.

“Uh, you’re about to change shape a bit. Quite a bit, in fact. Now, it’s a change to a shape that Cade... your friend, I should say... is going to find pleasant, and so will you, because happily the wish will be interpreting that ‘with’ to mean you’re both happy together.”

“That’s not fair! He doesn’t want to be with me at all!” Olivia said, repulsed by the idea of

him being manipulated by magic rather than valuing her for herself. It was a nightmare worse even than him rejecting her again.

Genie shook her head and held up her hand to signal Olivia to stop talking, which she did. “The wish has done nothing to your friend, and will never do the least thing to your friend mentally. It can sometimes increase libido in cases like these, but it’s a secondary... sorry, I don’t have time to get into the specifics. There’s another train coming and you need to throw my bottle onto it.”

“What’s happening to me?” Olivia said, the increasing pressure on her body having drawn her attention back to herself.

“Well, remember that ‘bimbo X emo’ series you liked so much?”

“What, how did you even know about that?” Olivia asked, even though by then she wasn’t so much surprised as mortified. And distracted by the changes she was feeling. The wish magic seemed to be squeezing the pounds from around her tummy and she could feel herself bulging out of her bra a bit, as if some of it was being reallocated to making her bustier. “And I didn’t... That was all a joke!”

“Clearly not. Recall that you used to masturbate to the idea of,”

“Okay, yes,” Olivia interrupted, “But that was just a daydream!”

“A daydream that’s coming true, for both of you.”

“Wait, does that mean Cade’s going to turn into an androgynous emo boy? I don’t think he’d like that,” Olivia objected.

“Correct. Fortunately that won’t happen. You friend’s changes should be to both of your liking.”

“So it is trying to make us fall in love,” Olivia said unhappily.

“Not at all. It can’t do that. Only you can, both of you, and it’ll only happen if that’s truly what will make you happy with each other.”

“Holy shit, does he want me to have these?” Olivia said, pressing on her boobs through the puffy fabric of her coat. The scale of her chest’s growth had been hidden beneath her quilted bulk, and the coat itself seemed to have adjusted somewhat to accommodate, but once she pushed on them with her hands, it became clear that they were growing much larger than she’d assumed, and they were still palpably swelling.

“Well, I can’t speak to the specifics, but you were tired of being thought of the brainy one, expected to go off to the big city and join the jet set. Well, now they won’t think that.”

“Oh. My. God.” Olivia said, looking at the long French nails that had appeared on the hands she’d been using to feel herself.

“That’s the spirit!” Genie congratulated her.

“No one’s going to take me seriously,” Olivia said.

“Yes, exactly! They’ll assume you got enormous implants to become an influencer.”

“Holy shit, they’re giant, like that one girl in England. Wait, was that you, too?”

“No and yes. You’re not remotely as busty as she is, but that was indeed my work, more or less.”

“She’s even *bigger* than this?” Olivia asked in mixed disbelief and relief. Maybe she wouldn’t look as outrageous as she felt.

“Yes,” Genie said, smiling with great satisfaction at something in her mind’s eye. “Though now that I think about it, you likely saw pictures or media from her back when she was significantly smaller than she is now. Not as small as you are, but much more comparable.”

“*Small?*” Olivia asked incredulously. She wasn’t sure how big she was, but she knew that there was no universe in which she could be called *small*. “Cade’s going to laugh at me.”

“Oh no, definitely not,” Genie said briskly. “Okay, I’m becoming increasingly overdue to return to my bottle, so let me quickly touch on the other points you need to know. There’s something called the Veil which prevents people from knowing about the magical changes. I don’t have time to describe how it works in detail, but the summary is that it creates documents as necessary and faint memories when it must, and generally speaking it’s best not to give it too much to do, or you are unlikely to enjoy how it does it. It’s safest and you’ll be happiest if you try to go along with anything it creates to explain your situation, and also just not to bring attention to the change any more than you have to.”

“What does that mean?”

“It will become clearer as you go along. Just don’t try to push things or try to evade the Veil. It’s more powerful than the wish and I suspect it’s the most powerful magic that exists. Now, usually this knowledge exclusion would apply to everyone apart from me and you, but I was able to bring your friend into it in this case. And maybe her mum? I think her mum might be a lapsed sorceress or something. Anyway, it means she and you can discuss the changes with each other. However, she won’t change until you’re in a private place together.”

“He,” Olivia corrected her. “Cade’s a boy.”

“I suppose *Cade* may be, but... Shit, time’s up. Get me to the train!” Genie commanded her, and popped out of existence.

Reencounters

Suddenly standing alone at the door between the store rooms and her childhood home might have made her think that she had just finished experiencing some kind of very vivid illusion if she didn’t still have a heavy breast in each hand.

She let go because the changes seemed to have completed, at least as far as her boobs were concerned. Her face felt a little bit strange, but she really needed to see herself to be sure of any

changes there. Also, she belatedly recalled, she was meant to put Genie's bottle on the next train. It seemed like it was too early for another train, but her own had been quite delayed, so perhaps another had caught up? She wasn't really sure, but she didn't want to see what happened if she missed it.

Leaving her other personal effects where they were, she took Genie's bottle to the rear exit. Even such a short trip was *very* strange because it acquainted her with a variety of other changes. The first obvious one was that she was now wearing extremely elevated wedge booties, and though walking in them was easier than she would have expected, her altered gait made her hyper-aware of her far wobblier bum. That further led to the realisation that her loose trousers had shrunken into glossy snow leggings with internal fleece, and bending over to examine these changes not only demonstrated how much her boobs had altered her centre of gravity, it also revealed that she now had bright, bimbo-blonde hair. It was a loose loop of hair that flopped into her field of view, so she couldn't tell much more about it except that when she'd bent over, she could feel a distinct extra weight of hair in her hood weighing on the back of her neck. She wasn't sure how much of the added weight was a change to the hood itself now that magic had tightened the fit of her coat, but it felt like quite a significant amount.

But she couldn't further examine all that while she was focused on keeping her balance while wobbling down the stairwell to the lower level leading to the little loading dock in the rear of the shop, then up the access road back toward the train station. She gave a self-conscious smile to Billy Kenner, who seemed stunned to see her but otherwise gave no indication that he had placed her identity. Presumably the bulk of her winter clothes combined with the more level ground would make the surging of her flesh to and fro less obvious to Billy than it felt to her, but she also had a strong impression that her hips and legs just *wanted* to strut like a model, and she had a noticeably easier time balancing when she did. Probably that was also less visually dramatic than it felt, but judging by Billy's reaction, 'less dramatic' was very far from 'subtle' to spectators.

She could hear a train approaching by the time she had made her way back to the main street that ran by the train station, so she didn't try to experiment with moving less provocatively; she just needed to get there. This turned out to be a bit of a masterstroke on her part, because it solved the problem of how to make sure Genie's bottle got on.

"Hey there, aren't you a sight!" a man standing at one of the doors told her, having seen her on the platform and moved to the landing specifically to be there when she got on, as he no doubt assumed she intended to do. He wasn't a bad-looking guy for his age, but he looked like he had daughters older than Olivia.

"Uh, are you headed to Chicago?"

"Yep!" he said, very pleased, "If that's where you're headed then I could be your guide!"

"Could you do me a favor?" Olivia asked, not wanting to give Genie to him, but glad to

know he was going the right direction.

“It would be my pleasure,” he said, keeping his triumphant leer mostly friendly.

“Dad, seriously?” a woman a bit older than Olivia said to the man with exasperation.

“Oh! Perfect!” Olivia said, handing Genie’s bottle over.

The woman accepted it suspiciously. “What? What is it?”

“It’s for my friend in Chicago. Her name’s Genie and she’ll be waiting there. She’s really tall, pretty, with sort of strawberry blonde hair. You’ll know her.”

“What? Okay,” the woman said, still suspicious, but clearly understanding why Olivia wanted to give the bottle to her rather than her father.

“Bye! Thanks so much and good luck!” Olivia said as the doors slid closed.

“Thank you, and well done!” Genie’s voice said in her head.

As uncanny as the experience still was, Genie’s appreciation did make her feel nice and warm.

“Do you need directions or anything?” a woman who had disembarked asked her while her probable-husband gathered together what appeared to be quite a bit of luggage and skiing kit.

“Oh, thank you! But no, I’m actually a local, sorta. Just haven’t been back in a while.”

“A local?” the woman asked, and her quick glance up and down Olivia’s revised shape betrayed how little she expected someone who looked like Olivia to be from that town.

“Yeah. I mean, I don’t live here, but,” Olivia shrugged, not sure what to say about it. But then both of them were distracted by the movement of her boobs for a moment, and Olivia wasn’t called upon to finish her thought.

“Does she have somewhere to stay?” the woman’s husband murmured into her ear, clearly trying to avoid becoming part of the conversation directly.

“I do,” Olivia assured them, then wondered if that was even true. She had assumed she would stay with her father, but that had already felt so uncomfortable that she had been contemplating staying at one of the new hotels instead. “Though, where are you staying?”

“We’re at the Overlook,” the woman said, naming the town’s older bed and breakfast sitting above the river that separated Piny Bend from the national forest.

“How much are they charging these days?” Olivia asked, walking next to them because the Overlook was a block past Cliff’s in the same direction.

“It was a hundred dollars a night for us, but we got a discount, so I’m not sure how much they would charge you. I’m Lena, by the way, and this is Michael.”

“Hello Lena and Michael!” Olivia chirped in the same voice she had always used with first time shoppers at Cliff’s. “I’m Olivia!”

“Pleased to meet you!” Lena said with a friendly but uncertain smile that slightly undercut her claim to be pleased.

“Likewise. I’m probably going to stay with my dad, but I’m just keeping my options open,”

Olivia said. She was pretty tight on funds, but the thought of staying with Dad was feeling more and more impossible to her

“I see, that makes sense,” Lena said, mostly keeping her relief off her face. “Uh, did you just not bring anything with you because you have clothes at home, or?” Lena tailed off, and her apologetic look made Olivia realise that she looked odd for reasons quite apart from her overabundant curvature.

“I, uh,” Olivia started before the impossibility dawned on her of explaining why she would have gone home, dropped off her luggage, then come back to the train station again. They would definitely suspect it was some sort of scam or trap that she happened to be waiting for them on the platform.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Lena asked with concern.

“Yeah, I’m just thinking that my wardrobe might not fit anymore,” Olivia said, initially just to cover her uncertainty about whether staying with Dad would be tolerable, but then earnestly because the dowdy clothing she brought with her seemed likely to hang very strangely on her new body, if she could fit into it at all.

Michael had stifled a chuckle and even Lena wasn’t able to stop herself from glancing at Olivia’s poorly-concealed rack before nodding. “Yes, I could see how that might be. Is there a shop in town that would carry... more elastic clothing?”

“Probably? I hadn’t really thought about it until just now,” Olivia admitted.

Both Lena and Michael looked concerned that Olivia was far too daft to look after herself if this very obvious conundrum hadn’t occurred to her until that moment.

Not wanting to do herself any further damage, Olivia decided to make her exit at that point. “I’m going to just nip in at Cliff’s. It was nice to meet you and perhaps we’ll meet again!”

They made all the requisite departure noises and Lena and Michael continued on their way to check in at the Overlook and presumably commiserate about the hopeless bimbo they’d encountered at the station. Olivia moved quickly through the area where Cade could see her directly, but then nearly crashed into none other than Gloria Balogh wearing a shop apron and stocking a low shelf.

They’d met as freshmen in high school, and at that time it had seemed like they might be friends, but Gloria had developed big boobs while Olivia had developed big zits, and so they’d ended up at opposite ends of the social hierarchy. Gloria had never really been *mean* to Olivia, but the queen bee hadn’t really pretended to be interested in an unprepossessing worker like Olivia, either. Why had Gloria taken a job in Piny Bend?

“May I help you?” Gloria asked after giving Olivia’s body a double-take.

“Oh, I was just trying to, uh, go back there,” Olivia said apologetically. She’d felt a surprising flash of triumph that her orbs now completely eclipsed Gloria’s, but also realised that if Gloria recognised Olivia, she would immediately assume that Olivia had gone in for some

extreme cosmetic surgery.

“Are you looking for something in particular?” Gloria asked, straightening up enough that Olivia could see that Gloria’s boobs were also a bit bigger than they had been, along with the reason why: Gloria was pregnant.

“Oh, I...” The thought that Cade and Gloria were together now made her feel sick. Of course. Cade always said he didn’t fancy Gloria in the slightest, but who could deny that Gloria was the hottest girl around? Certainly not Olivia.

Well, that might not be true anymore, mightn’t it? Gloria was a very pretty expectant mother, but the way she was looking at Olivia with a sort of awe implied that perhaps the shoe was now on the other foot. But if that was Cade’s baby inside Gloria’s bump, then she was as far out of Olivia’s league as ever.

“I’m pregnant, in case you’re wondering,” Gloria told Olivia, who had spent a little too much time looking at Gloria’s tummy.

“Yes! Congratulations!” Olivia said a little too cheerily, and added, “You’re still super pretty!”

“Thanks?” Gloria said in response to that ill-chosen compliment, and added, “I’m glad to know that being pregnant hasn’t turned me into a troll yet.”

Despite her dismal suspicions, Olivia laughed at Gloria’s unexpected wryness. “That wasn’t what I meant!”

“Then what *did* you...” Gloria stopped and she looked harder at Olivia, clearly trying to place her.

That wasn’t what Olivia had intended, but she couldn’t pretend to be someone else, either. The cat was going to get out of the bag sometime. “It’s Olivia,” she said, wiggle-waving her extravagantly manicured hands because she thought trying to hug would be too presumptuous and might also bring attention back to Gloria’s baby bump.

“Olivia? Olivia Sutter?”

“Yeah, that’s me!” Olivia said with a crooked smile.

“Holy sh... Wow. Are you a... an influencer now?” Gloria asked, which was probably a hastily substituted proxy for asking if Olivia had gone into porn.

“No, I’m, uh, I’m probably between jobs right now?” Olivia said, thinking about how awkward it would be to try to go back to her job with her new body.

“Probably?” Gloria asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I don’t really know what I’m going to do next,” Olivia admitted.

“Is everything okay?” Cade asked, coming around the isle to approach from behind Olivia.

Olivia couldn’t entirely prevent herself from jumping a little in surprise, which in turn gave Cade a demonstration of exactly how bouncy her body had becomes.

“Cade!” she said, as if caught stealing something.

“Livvy?!” Cade responded, clearly confused, distracted, and trying to reconcile the sight in front of him with what he’d seen during their encounter a bare half hour previous.

“I... I’ll talk to you later, Cade! And Gloria. I need to go see Dad.”

“Didn’t you already... Okay, I guess I’ll see you later,” Cade said, seeming hurt and confused.

But there was just no way to fix it at that moment with Gloria there, and also Olivia was terrified that they would do something to confirm they were a couple, so she made some incoherent excuse sounds and fled into the back rooms once again.

Thotless Glamour

Though the back rooms provided refuge from one awkward situation, another loomed: presenting herself to Dad. In fact, as she approached the door she could hardly imagine how she could do it, so she bent over to recover her pack from where it sat. It was no longer the used rucksack she’d come with and now looked to be glossy and new kit for serious hikers. On some level this seemed natural because she faintly recalled it as some kind of complimentary gift, but the origins of this recollection were obscure.

She paused to examine why it looked familiar, and further why she should have the impression that it was sample provided to influencers for review. That didn’t make any sense because her social media accounts were basically abandoned and had no real followers, so if she had experienced anything like that, it would be a surprising and silly turn of events.

Olivia didn’t have time to finish interrogating those hazy memories because she heard what had to be her father approaching the door. She tried to hastily don her fancy new pack and escape, but she was too slow and the door opened before she’d had a chance to take more than a step away.

“Hey, what... Olive? What’s going on?” he asked, accusatory tone turning to confusion.

“Hi Dad. I said I was coming home. Here I am,” Olivia answered, caught but unsure whether to resume her escape or to give up.

“What?” he asked again, but the way he was looking her up and down with incomprehension made clear that he had heard her but her explanation hadn’t dispelled his confusion.

“Yeah, I know. I’ve changed,” Olivia said, deciding she had no choice but to brazen it out.

“I never should have let you,” he started, but Olivia interrupted.

“You didn’t *let* me, Dad, I went despite you,” she reminded him.

“And look what happened,” he said, motioning at her body. “You’ve been tempted into becoming a Jezebel!”

“Oh no, you’ve fallen further down that rabbit hole, haven’t you? Do you at least still believe

the world is round?”

“You don’t even know anything, Olive. You liked to act so smart and independent, but here you are. Did your boyfriend kick you out? Or girlfriend, or themfriend.”

Olivia looked at her father’s flushed cheeks and the smell of alcohol wafting off him. “You’re drunk,” she said, a simple statement, “And it’s barely half two in the afternoon.”

The look of enraged superiority melted off his face, and he muttered, “Well, what do you expect of an old man with no one left, betrayed by everyone he loves, who was meant to love him?”

“Betrayed?” Olivia asked, raising one eyebrow. The sudden collapse in his mood along with the physical signs of prolonged depression had punctured her own ballooning fury, only for his accusation of betrayal to reinflate it. As far as she could tell, he had been the one attempting to betray those closest to him, including her.

“Elise, Cade, Mountain Organic, and now you,” he said, gripping the door frame for support and looking more deflated than angry.

“Mountain Organic?” Olivia asked, because she had thought her father’s betrayal was in league with Mountain Organic, but perhaps the situation was more complex than she’d thought.

“They’re going to call in the loan if you don’t sign the papers, Olive, and then we won’t get anything. We have to sell.”

“What? I thought business was booming,” Olivia asked.

“That’s how they got us. Set up everything for a deli renovation to serve the tourist crowd but then had the county block our permits. Now we’re over a hundred thousand in the hole for a ruined bakery kitchen and I have to sell or lose everything.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Don’t act like you care. You left,” he said resentfully.

“What about Cade?”

“Hoping he’ll take you now that you look like that? Who paid for it? Are you running away from them?” he sneered.

Olivia shook her head with more sadness than disgust, though she felt plenty of both. “Dad, there’s no point in talking to you when you’re like this. I’ll come back tomorrow when you’re sober, hopefully.”

“Sure, just run away again,” he called after her, but he was too unsteady on his feet to follow her down the stairs. Fortunately he recognised that rather than tumbling down after her.

Once she was outside she recalled that she might have made a reservation at the Overlook. Why did she think that? She was too shaken by her encounter with Dad to think clearly about it, but it hardly mattered; she could figure it out when she got there.

It hadn’t been that long since she’d parted from Lena and Michael and she didn’t want to weird them out by turning up while they were still checking in, so she decided to take the

riverside trail to give them a little extra time and allow herself to calm down.

Only when she reached the trail and saw that it had been freshly paved and had railings installed since she left did it occur to her that her booties might have done poorly on the informal path that she remembered, which might have become muddy as the snow melted. Fortunate, then, that the dirt track had been promoted to official trail, though she was a bit sad that it was no longer a local secret.

She reached a bench protected by the trees that had remained dry and provided an excellent view upriver while being close enough to the water to listen to it babbling over the rocks.

If her phone would stop vibrating. Olivia assumed it was Dad raging at her, but she wasn't going to upset herself by reading whatever invective he was hurling at her. When she checked, however, the notifications were from Snapvid. It seemed very unlikely that he even had an account, so it must be something else.

When she opened it up, she found that her latest snapvid had over a hundred reactions and she had dozens of new followers. The text summary for the snapvid in the notification panel combined with the unfamiliar thumbnail reinforced her growing suspicion that she had been hacked, but the potential that it was some sort of belated wish effect remained as well.

She hesitated to tap on the snapvid, but rather than some random bot content, the thumbnail seemed awfully topical for the account, which she had made as a teenager partly for herself and partly out of a mistaken idea that it would somehow help Cliff's. Maybe AI had...

"What the fuck?" she said as the selfie video loaded, showing someone who looked very much like her recording herself from one outstretched arm as she ran down the train platform there in Piny Bend with a dusting of snow falling. She was wearing the same outfit, as far as Olivia could tell, and looked more than a little like she did. Her lips were bright pink and far more generous, her skin flawless, subtle makeup completely perfect, blonde hair flowing carelessly in the wind with just a hint of wave. And enormous breasts' sheer volume far beyond being hidden but their excessive true dimensions rendered slightly more ambiguous by her coat.

All of which made it hard to ignore the obvious conclusion that through some presumably magic process, a video of her had been uploaded to her old Snapvid account. Which meant that the decidedly unsophisticated-looking bombshell jogging rather pneumatically down the platform was indeed Olivia herself. Using her rear camera in place of a mirror, she confirmed that she had indeed become the big-eyed ingenue depicted on her account.

How exactly the wish magic thought posting a fabricated video on social media would be helpful was far from clear to Olivia, but it had happened and somehow or another it seemed to be in the process of going at least slightly viral. The video was marked as containing her @cliffs_general_girl handle, but also @thotcrime_fashion and @thotless_glamour, and there were DMs from the former, which appeared to be the account of the parent brand.

The DM thanked her for making her first post and assured her that she would be paid

according to the previously mentioned schedule, which for her convenience was included below, and that she would be eligible to be chosen as a preferred partner if she adhered to all the terms of the contest they were holding for the introduction of their new Thotless Glamour line. It didn't explain what exactly all the terms were, but it did mention that if for any reason she was going to be unable to post for a day, she should contact partner.relations@thotcrime-fashion.com. It also gave a payment schedule for posts, providing a base fee per unique item that could sum to a hundred dollars per day, plus scaling bonuses that could reach a thousand dollars a day if she reached a frankly fantastic level of engagement.

Though it didn't mention it, she got a strong premonition that she would find her posh new pack full of the clothing in question. She had serious misgivings when she saw how their flagship Thotcrime line seemed composed of fetishwear modified just enough to avoid being arrested in public. Not only did Olivia doubt she would have the courage to wear anything so outrageous, very little of it would be at all comfortable to wear in a Piny Bend winter.

Why in the world would they have chosen her? Her account's previous history had been mostly pictures of around Cliff's, with Olivia present in only one picture Cade had taken of her that was just fuzzy enough that she didn't appear to have blotchy skin, without being quite so blurred that everyone would ask why she shared such a terrible photo. She'd been trim in the photo but otherwise unremarkable, so that image could hardly have been what caught Thotcrime's attention.

But probably there was no point in questioning wish logic. This was at least a source of money, and as long as the clothing wasn't too outré it would allow her to live independently of her father for awhile.

Olivia spent a while longer going through other posts featuring their new clothing line Thotless Glamour for which she had been selected to help launch. Whilst it would be a little farcical to call its styling conservative given that it was clearly designed to fit snugly over curvy model bodies, it at least gave an impression of less provocative styling. Honestly, it looked very good on the models who didn't work so hard to emphasise the clothes' sexuality that they evoked actresses playing nominally teen characters in low budget porn. To Olivia's eye, both sets of models looked sexy, but the cleverer ones displayed something more like classic allure whilst others just made themselves look tawdry.

Olivia glanced at the expanse of white coat stretched across her vast chest and wondered which she would be. It seemed almost inevitable that she'd be amongst the tawdry set, but the ones with bigger boobs still seemed to do fine for themselves so presumably Olivia didn't need to be classy to make a decent sum of money. She wasn't sure how she felt about that, and she also wasn't entirely able to keep herself from speculating how Cade would see it.

Satisfied that she had solved some of the mysteries that had bothered her and not wanting to explore any more mysteries for the moment, she stood and resumed her trek to the Overlook.

Revisiting her curious “memory” of having a reservation at the bed and breakfast revealed a half memory of having sent them an email asking to use their top floor lounge, which they usually didn’t open until the ski season hit its post-Christmas peak. It was a striking space for taking pictures because it was quite rustic looking in some ways, and also the right positioning would also yield an excellent view out the sliding doors. Checking her hazy memory on her phone, she confirmed that the bed and breakfast’s reply had instructed her to discuss this with the manager at checkin.

The woman behind the reception desk did a double-take when she entered, but otherwise managed not to show too much surprise. “I’m Anna, the weekday manager. You’re Ms Sutter, I’m going to guess.”

“I am!” Olivia said, trying to be cheerful, “I’m guessing you heard about a silly girl who wants to use the lounge.”

“Uh, yeah,” Anna said, deciding it was better to agree to that than say whatever she’d actually been thinking. “So we can put you in the Sunshine Room which faces south and is one of our warmest rooms in the winter, the Townview room which looks out over Piny View’s main street, or the Cozy Patio Suite which looks out over the river. We also have a couple of mezzanine rooms still open.”

“Did the couple take the northern room? The one with the balcony where you can see Cutter Mountain.”

“I can’t give out that information, but I can confirm that the Mountain View Suite is not available at this time.”

“Okay, I’ll take the cozy one.”

“The Cozy Patio Suite? Okay, and leave it on the same card?”

“Sure!” Olivia said brightly, squashing her incipient guilt at the hope that it was some other magic credit card rather than her own. It also prevented her from asking how much it was, and soon enough she was following Anna up the stairs after declining to let her take her luggage, such as it was.

“Do the Bukmans still own the Overlook?” Olivia asked.

“No, they sold it and retired to Rosemont now that they’re getting on in years. I take it you grew up in Piny Bend?”

“I did, yes.”

“Well, that explains it. Though I don’t want to give the impression that I don’t think the Overlook and Piny Bend are worth visiting on their own! I just thought it was weird that a photographer would have you come all the way to meet her here. Anyway, here you are. If you want a fire in the fireplace, please come get one of us because the flue is tricky.”

Olivia listened to Anna with half an ear as she tried to decide if she was comfortable taking off her coat while Anna was still present, and also if it was weird of her not to have taken it off

already. Then Anna asked a question to which Olivia was obliged to respond. "I... how does it work again?"

Anna mostly suppressed her impulse to look at Olivia like she was an idiot and answered, "You tell me whether you want breakfast tomorrow, and if you do, then we'll make enough for you to join in our breakfast, which is served at 7:30, though you can come later and we'll keep a plate for you until 9."

"Oh, yeah, thanks. Yes, I'll get the breakfast."

"Great! Have a great stay in Piny Bend!"

"Thanks!"

Finally the door was closed and Olivia was alone. Alone to examine what she had become.

"Fuuuuck," she said upon removing her coat jacket to reveal her significantly less disguised chest. She had on a jumper that might be making her look bigger than she really was, but her rack still looked just absolutely enormous. She had been expecting it to an extent based on weight and the prominence of her boob-filled coat above its belt, but they looked bigger than her head! Surely that was the jumper's rib knitted material exaggerating them.

Perhaps there was exaggeration in some respect, but when she pulled off her jumper as well to reveal her torso's true contours, she looked even bustier. Not directly because of the vast amount of flesh this revealed up top, but rather because of the extremely narrow waist it revealed below. All of the weight she'd put on in the last few years had migrated upward.

Except for the portion that had migrated downward; her bum was also enormous. She couldn't get over the almost supernatural jiggle of her thighs and bum as she pulled down her snow trousers. Unbelievable that this was her body. When squeezing her bubble butt her fingers sank into her soft flesh and felt within it only more flesh. She looked so fake, but also completely unaltered.

Well, not *completely* unaltered. A quick peek showed a completely smooth vulva, noticeably puffy with the undeniable arousal she was feeling at how sexy she had become. There was no sign of stubble or ingrown hairs, but would she soon have to contend with one of those consequences, or would she prove to be permanently rid of body hair? After a moment of thought, she decided she hoped it was the latter.

And her face. What to say about her face? She'd already seen it, of course, along with her glossy blonde mane, but her innocently sensual features atop a floridly sexual body made her look like, well...

"Shit, I'm a huge bimbo now," she spoke the truth aloud. The other truth that shuddered through her was that a part of her was not only okay with this development, but almost exultant at how stupidly hot she looked.

Was this Cade's guilty pleasure, or her own? Or both? Please let it be both. Cade must see they were meant to be together.

Ugh, she was being creepy again. But people who looked like she did now were quirky, not creepy, right? She hoped Cade thought so. Genie wouldn't have set her up to fail, would she? She hadn't seemed like one of the mean genies who made every wish backfire. Hopefully Olivia wasn't simply being naive.

Rather than dwell on that until she'd managed to convince herself it was all a terrible trap, she decided it would be practical to distract herself by going through her clothing to see what was available.

This worked perfectly well, because it was truly astonishing to watch herself look great in absolutely every last article of clothing provided. Nearly all of them had some sort of stretch so that they could conform to her curves, but even so, that there wasn't a single misstep seemed unnaturally fortunate. This was not only the case with the cut and sizing; the styling was also, she suspected, unnaturally perfect. There were a number of items that felt scarily daring, but none that she didn't want to wear when the circumstances were right. Every outfit she put together was devastatingly sexy to her eye, but insofar as her over the top body body allowed it, they avoided looking vampish or otherwise over the top.

It seemed to be a primary characteristic of the whole Thotless Glamour line that articles of outerwear should not count as overtly provocative if they were not tailored to conform to her overtly provocative body. It would stretch incredulity even more than lycra blends to pretend that she wasn't conscious of how her clothing was designed to accentuate her body's immense sexuality, but it was also true that her overall look seemed designed to make it at least plausible that she was too daft to notice.

She reexamined her email to make sure she understood what exactly the rules were in her agreement with Thotcrime Fashion in terms of what clothes to wear and how she was meant to present it on social media. Upon a second look, they weren't very prescriptive beyond the demand of posting daily; they just structured compensation in a way that encouraged her to document herself wearing each item at least once with the appropriate affiliate links back to @thotless_glamour and to post it to as many social networks as possible.

She set up accounts on the other three eligible services to increase her earning potential and shared the train platform content to them as well, along with the most fetching of the closeup selfies she'd taken to examine her makeup. Such as it was; it turned out that she was wearing even less than she'd initially thought. Her light-coloured eyebrows were pencilled into better definition and her lashes had a bit of mascara so their paleness didn't make them disappear, and there was probably just a touch of inner eye lightening that she preferred not to disturb, but that was all, depending on whether some mildly glossy lip balm counted as makeup.

At least no one could accuse her of intentionally trying to look like a bimbo; she was more or less all natural. Which, realistically, wouldn't stop them from accusing her, but it would help prevent her from feeling like she was meant to be doing something else to avoid it. She reckoned

her glamour was truly “thotless.”

Enter Kaylie

By the time her adventure through her new wardrobe was concluding, she was ravenous and it was nearly time for Cliff’s to close. She re-donned her winter gear and watched from the corner of the balcony from which she could watch the shop. The Laines lived just up the hill past Agatha, so if Cade still lived with Elise then Olivia could see all routes.

Gloria left first, of course; Cade was always last to leave. It was reassuring to see her walking the other direction, just a few doors down from Cliff’s to the hardware store that used to be Piny Bend Tools and Feed. Evidently the flat above the shop had been renovated for use, because Gloria unlocked the gate and ascended the stairs out of sight.

Finally Cade left, though he stopped at the corner of the street, looking around and fiddling with his phone for an agonising moment before giving Olivia’s pounding heart relief by turning uphill toward his mother’s house. Once she saw that, she had only a short time to get downstairs and out of the Overlook to ‘coincidentally’ emerge as Cade was walking by. Though her ability to move quickly in heels seemed magically improved, there was no overcoming the physics of her bouncing bosom and she had to slow down on the stairs more than she’d hoped.

“Ms Sutter?” Anna called out as Olivia rushed past, “We received a call from...”

“I’m late! Will you be here later?” Olivia asked, pausing with an impatient hand on the cold doorknob.

“Only for another half hour.”

“Tomorrow?” Olivia offered.

“The call was about meeting with a photographer tonight,” Anna said.

“Um, I’ll be back as soon as I can, but I have to go!” Olivia said, not wanting to miss Cade or meet with any photographer. She gave Anna an apologetic grimace and left.

It hadn’t been enough; Cade was never a slow walker, and the rapidly chilling night air certainly didn’t encourage lingering, so he was already ahead of her. She tried hurrying after her old friend as quietly as she could, but though a combination of the wind and her attempt at stealth seemed to be working, she also wasn’t gaining as much ground as hoped.

“Cade!” she called when she finally acknowledged to herself that she wouldn’t catch up without outright running.

“Livy!” Cade responded with intense but inscrutable emotion, and turned around to face her.

Olivia slowed down slightly to minimise bounce severity and said, “Uh, I needed to talk to you. In private.”

“Okay,” Cade responded dubiously.

“Do you still live with your mum? I mean, sorry, that sounds bad. I’m just... is that where we’re going?”

“Yeah,” he said, sounding mortified. “By ‘private’ did you mean without her present?”

“I think so? I’m not totally sure, actually.”

“You’re not sure if you’re comfortable with her being there?” he asked anxiously.

“I don’t know if she’s meant to be there. There’s a thing. Oh man, I can’t believe I’ve done this without even talking to you.”

“Livy, is it about us?” Cade asked.

“Sorta, yes,” Olivia admitted.

Cade slowed because they had reached the pavement in front of his house and it was clear he was reluctant to let her in without saying something. “Livy. Olivia. I’m probably being presumptuous here, but no matter what, we can’t be together.”

Olivia could feel the pain in his voice, and it hit her in the gut. Cade cared deeply about her and it wounded him to wound her, and she was basically turning the knife in both of their guts, wasn’t she? But the wish was going to do the right thing, wasn’t it? She had to have faith.

“I don’t... I can’t... I believe whatever it is fixable.”

“It’s not, Livy. It’s really not. I... I do love you, but you don’t love me. Not who I really am, and I don’t think I can bear to pretend with you.”

“What? Are you an axe murderer or something? They probably had it coming, right?” she joked, hysterical mirthless laughter leaking out of her..

“I... It’s hard to explain,” he said, taking a deep breath.

“Can you explain inside?” Olivia asked.

“Uh, Mom doesn’t know either,” Cade said, wiping a weary hand down his gorgeous face and then opening the door to his house’s tiny airlock-type entry vestibule. “I’ll explain here. Please don’t tell anyone.”

It was seeming less and less likely that the barrier was as simple as Cade being romantically repulsed by Olivia, which should have been reassuring, but now she was terrified that he was dying of cancer or something. There was nothing in the wish that said how *long* they would be happy with each other, and was desolated by the thought that she could have cured him with her wish but was too selfish to think of it.

“Look, I know I seem like your type, and you deserve someone who is just what you want. I mean, look at you? Who couldn’t want... You’re amazing, Livy. But I’m not who you think I am. I don’t want to be, either. I’m, I don’t want to be...”

Cade’s confession trailed off. His tone of voice had been rising with emotion, but had kept rising and rising, until it sounded like...

“Cade!” Olivia exclaimed, eyes widening as Cade’s square jaw narrowed visibly, strong chin softened, thick eyebrows narrowed very slightly into a strikingly feminine shape.

“What’s going on?” Cade asked her.

“Uh... I think this is my fault,” Olivia said, her stomach dropping as she searched her memory for reasons why her wish would be doing this to her old friend.

“What is ‘this’ which is your fault?” Cade asked with what was very clearly a woman’s voice. Amazingly there was more wonder than anger in it. No anger that Olivia could hear, at least.

“Um, I made a sort of wish and it’s, uh, I think it may be turning you into a girl?” she explained with an apologetic grimace.

“Really? Am I dreaming?” Cade asked, his/her brow wrinkling with concern.

“Not unless we’re dreaming together,” Olivia said, feeling like the world’s biggest fuckup. “I didn’t mean to do it.”

Whatever expression had been forming on Cade’s face fell. “Well, no, and I’m sorry about that. I mean, I know this isn’t what you wanted. It’s not entirely what I wanted, but Livy... *thank you.*”

Livy had been trying to formulate the words of an abject apology, but Cade’s thanks left her flabbergasted. “*Thank me?*”

“Yeah,” Cade said, feeling around at... her... body.

Olivia recalled Genie’s misgendering. Or *had* it been misgendering? “Wait, are you trans?”

“Yeah,” Cade confirmed, laughing slightly. “Though from what I can feel, I’m not sure I fully qualify anymore. You say you made a wish for this?”

“I... Not exactly? But I’m really glad you like it,” Olivia said hesitantly. She wanted to believe she’d not done something terrible, but what if her wish had somehow turned Cade trans? “Um, when did you, uh, know?”

“Oh, that’s hard to say. In some ways I always knew. Remember how I liked acting out our own version of that anime ‘Witch From Mercury’ with you so much and would take on the Suletta role while you were Miorine?”

“Um, yeah?” Olivia said, though her memories were hazy as that had been ages ago and they’d just been kids. “Mostly I recall Dad not liking it at all because Miorine’s father was a huge villain in it.”

“Well, that wasn’t the only reason. He also found out that Suletta is a girl and flipped out about it, accusing me of trying to... honestly I’m still not sure exactly what he thought, but make you gay, I guess?”

“Oh. That sounds like him. I’m sorry,” Olivia said, thinking of her most recent encounter.

“Well, you didn’t make him do that. And now... Um, I hope you don’t think it’s creepy if I just check...” Cade tapped her crotch. “Well, that doesn’t feel like a dude’s junk. Though I’m surprised it feels so normal. Pleased, but surprised.”

“The wish kind of helps out,” Olivia explained. “You know, you’re still gorgeous, and have

the same pretty blue eyes.”

“Thanks,” Cade said with a wide, elated smile. “But *girl* gorgeous, right?” When Olivia nodded, Cade continued with a more sober tone. “I’m sorry to have taken Cade away from you, but I think I’m Kaylie at last. I mean, I already was in some places, but now I am everywhere.”

“Kaylie? Did the wish give you that name?” Olivia asked, partly overjoyed for her best friend’s transformation, and partly wondering if Kaylie was even interested in women.

“Oh no, I’ve been Kaylie online for over six years now. That’s how I realised for sure.”

“Ooh! Thank God!” Olivia said, pulling Kaylie into a tight hug. “I was so afraid my wish somehow made this happen, but this really has been going on all along, hasn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Kaylie responded with a euphoric laugh.

Suddenly the door into the house swung open to reveal Elise’s accusatory glare. “Who are you and what... Wait... Cade?”

“Kaylie!” Olivia said, motioning at her friend’s height, as if this was proof.

Elise shifted her eyes to Olivia, and they narrowed. “Olivia. What have you done?”

“Made my wishes come true, Mom!” Kaylie said.

Elise scowled at Kaylie for a moment, but whatever she saw there swiftly replaced her suspicion with sadness. “Oh, honey, really?”

“Really,” Kaylie confirmed. “Livy met a genie and wished for...”

Kaylie trailed off when she realised she didn’t know exactly what Olivia’s wish was, but then carried on gamely. “She made a wish and now I’m in the right body.”

Elise looked hard at Olivia for another moment and seemed satisfied with whatever she saw before she turned to Kaylie. “You always had so much feminine mana, but I thought that was just from being raised by a single witch mother. You never told me you’re really a girl, but I guess that’s what I get for never telling you I was a witch. I’m gutted I never made you feel safe to tell me. Now I see... Well, this is... Wait, what am I thinking? Come inside, you two! And, uh, I see there’s plenty of *big* changes.”

“Don’t be sad, Mom, this is the best thing that’s ever happened to me,” Kaylie insisted.

“I’m not sad for the present, just the past. And also I’m a touch concerned about some things that have nothing to do with you... okay, they have to do with you and *this*,” Elise said, waving her hand vaguely at her newly revealed daughter, “But not with you being a woman. Things that have to do with, well, witchy stuff. But I want to hear more about you.” She smiled at Olivia to include her and added, “Both of you.”

“Honestly now I want to hear about the ‘witchy stuff’ you mention,” Kaylie said with a laugh while distractedly feeling at her narrower waist, “I mean, I had kinda heard you had dabbled in some of that but I assumed it was just the usual Craft-inspired goth hokus pocus. Now that I’ve seen real magic actually work and you be all blasé about it, I have to guess now that you were like a legit *witch* witch. Casting real spells and all that. Which is hella cool, Mom!”

Elise's smile was noticeably wan. "The short version is that yes I was a real witch, and I suppose you could say it's not entirely possible to *stop* being a witch, but I... was lucky enough to be able to stop before I created my own disaster. Have you heard of the the Darkening, which is more often called the Veil?"

"I have heard of the Veil," Olivia said, "Genie told me about it. She said it was hella dangerous. Well, she implied it, anyway."

"Well, it is indeed 'hella' dangerous," Elise agreed. "I understand it to have been responsible for getting the Malleus Maleficarum launched, resulting in thousands and thousands of women killed during the Burning Time. Almost no witches, according to my grandmother, but people witches love are especially likely to suffer when the Veil is provoked."

That dire statement sat in silence for a moment while Elise seemed to struggle with some memory, but finally she forced herself to say something less dismal. "Fortunately, there's a sort of aura around you, Kaylie, and a bit of one around Olivia, that tell me there's magic with a very positive karmic balance at work. Er, that's just my phase for it. Granny would probably have called it 'diamond clear energy', though I was never lucky enough to see anything so pure, personally. If your intentions are evil, or the Veil gets upset, it can turn anything dark, but for the moment, it looks like you're safe. Safer than we ever were."

"We?" Olivia asked.

"Your mother and me," Elise said sadly. "I'll tell you more about it some other time, but your mom was a brave and noble woman, Olivia. Much worse would have happened during the fires without her sacrifice."

"She used magic to fight the fire?" Olivia asked, wide-eyed.

"Unfortunately I can't say more than I already have."

"Because of the Veil?" Olivia asked.

Elise blinked away tears and said, "Yes, because of that, too. But today is a happy day, and this Genie of yours has given us all a gift."

"I know what Livy and I got, but what did you get, Mom?" Kaylie asked.

"Oh, sweetheart!" Elise said, pulling Kaylie into a hug, "I got a happy daughter! When you have your own," Elise stopped and corrected herself, "If you decide to have your own kids, you'll understand why that's the best gift of all."

Kaylie and her mother parted just enough to share a tender smile that made Olivia's heart ache with longing for her own mum, but she wouldn't dare do anything to disturb it. Soon Elise released her daughter and looked at Olivia thoughtfully, then back to Kaylie. "You're not quite finished, I think, and my presence might be blocking something. I think you two should explore this situation further in private while I dig some very old books out of storage."

It was hard not to hear that as an invitation for them to explore each other sexually, which was a very strange thing to hear from a mother, even one who was evidently a real life witch.

But then Elise said something much less like a witch and more like a mom. “But first, you should get some lasagna while it’s still warm. Do you still eat cheese, Olivia, or did the city turn you into a gluten free vegan?”

“Still love cheese, Ms Laine,” Olivia answered, and the fabric of the universe was a bit repaired as they went to fetch dinner just like old times.

Cliff's Heirs

“You must be dying to check out the changes,” Olivia said, feeling a bit guilty about obliging Kaylie to go along with her mother’s suggestion.

“Well, one thing that hasn’t changed is that I’m *starving*, and it’s *lasagna*.”

“Oh goodness, thank you. Me too,” Olivia said with deep relief as they tucked in for one of the most cherished dishes of her childhood. “She used to only make it on special occasions.”

“Yeah, well, she’s been trying to be nice lately,” Kaylie said before taking a bite.

“Why? Because Dad’s trying to sell Cliff’s?”

Kaylie nodded. “Not just trying. Papers signed and everything. He wouldn’t even consider letting us buy it.”

“Us?” Olivia asked.

“Mom, me... Gloria was hoping to join in, too, but that’s complicated.”

Olivia’s feeling of dread returned. Surely her previous misgivings were ludicrous, but Gloria was so pretty and good at getting what she wanted. “Gloria?” was all Olivia managed to ask.

“Yeah, you saw she’s working at Cliff’s. She wants to be a glamour photographer, but that’s tough to live on,” Kaylie said with warm sympathy that was at once part of Kaylie’s personality that Olivia most adored, and which she didn’t, at that moment, want directed at Gloria.

“Is she, uh, with anyone?” Olivia dared to ask.

Kaylie’s expression darkened. “I’m not entirely sure. She got together with a fellow connected to, like Russian Snapvid celebrities? I don’t know all the details, but I guess he was arrested and deported.”

Olivia knew that her feeling of relief said terrible things about her, but instead of wallowing in her own badness, she tried to focus on how difficult things must be for Gloria. “Is she going to be okay?”

“Financially, maybe. She’s got some sort of dispute on with her stepmother over her father’s life insurance and she might end up with some money out of that. Dimitri also had loads of money, but Gloria doesn’t seem to be counting on any help from him. Honestly I haven’t wanted to ask too much about that.”

“That’s too bad. Though maybe I could help her now that I look like a model myself,” Olivia

said, partly to test Kaylie's reaction.

Olivia felt a flash of disappointed that Kaylie didn't act at all jealous, but Kaylie's warm smile of approval at Olivia's offer to help someone in need was the best thing in the world. Olivia searched Kaylie's gorgeous face for further confirmation that she liked what Olivia had become.

"You do look really good," Kaylie said somewhat shyly, and Olivia's food hunger was entirely eclipsed by her hunger to find out how good Kaylie really thought she looked.

"I'm glad you think so. I hope I don't look *too* much like a bimbo."

"You don't look like a *bimbo*," Kaylie said, though honestly made her edit that statement. "I mean, not in a *bad* way. My, uh... My change here," Kaylie said with a gesture encompassed the whole of her new body, "Hasn't changed... This is embarrassing, but you could hardly be any hotter to me. Turns out I'm shallower than I pretend." Kaylie laughed uncomfortably.

"I'm selfishly glad because I really want to be the hottest I can be for you and also it turns out I actually kinda like this? A lot? I mean, you could hardly be any hotter for me. I literally can't think of any way you could be hotter. Cade was painfully hot, but Kaylie is even hotter, and I... I can't think of a non-lewd way to continue that thought."

Kaylie bit her perfect lip in a way that forced Olivia to look away so she didn't soak herself worse than she already was. Lasagna. Focus on the lasagna.

"Well, I'm glad I didn't ruin anything," Kaylie said, and also focused on her lasagna.

Olivia tried to think of something apart from telling Kaylie how badly she wanted to go down on her. "Oh! Cliff's!"

"Yes?" Kaylie said, startled back from her own reverie.

"Dad tried to get me to sign a thing he needed for the sale, but I refused, because I knew you deserved it."

"Really?" Kaylie said with her eyes wide with hope, "Was that part of the wish?"

Olivia laughed. "No, that's why I'm here at all. I found Genie on the train here, in a manner of speaking. I found her bottle thing. She didn't come out until I'd gone into the back and was trying to work up the courage to go in. That's, uh, the reason why I looked so different."

"Oh!" Kaylie said with her eyes wide. "How did I not figure that out already?"

"Because of the Veil, I think? Also I tried to sort of avoid you because I couldn't bear to... Well, it was all a misunderstanding, right? I was... am... still..." Olivia rocked to a halt before she confessed her love, and watered it down to, "Into you. And I was still a blob. I mean, even more of a blob than when I left. The reason my boobs are so huge is because the wish migrated my blobs of fat into better places." Olivia was slightly glad that she hadn't yet taken off her coat to reveal how enormous those 'blobs' really were.

"You were never," Kaylie objected, but Olivia cut her off.

"Kaylie... Come on. You know I was a blob next to you. Or Gloria, for that matter. I wished

so much that I could be pretty enough to be worthy of you.”

“Olivia,” Kaylie objected, but Olivia persisted.

“In my own mind, Kaylie. In my own mind. You’ve always been the whole package: smart, hardworking, generous, and capital-H hhhhhot. Even if you were okay being with a blob, I wasn’t okay with you being with a blob. I always felt guilty about that kiss, because I knew you were too nice to be blunt about me being a blob. I know enough about anatomy to know I didn’t exactly make you hard.”

“That wasn’t why, remember?” Kaylie said, holding up an exasperated hand, which she then swept down her new body as a reminder.

“That wasn’t the only reason, but... Actually, never mind. Even if you had been fine with it, I wasn’t. Now I feel like the kind of girl you deserve. Hopefully.”

Kaylie opened her mouth to respond, and clearly had to sort through several different candidates before saying, “I don’t want to argue about the past, so I’ll just say that if anything I hope *I’m* hot enough for *you*.”

“Ohmygod *obviously* you are,” Olivia said, before laughing at how she sounded.

Kaylie joined in, but after a moment she asked, “So there’s a chance that we’ll be able to buy Cliff’s after all?”

“That’s what I came here for.”

“This is all my dreams coming true at once,” Kaylie said, “The dreams I knew about and the dreams I didn’t.”

Olivia allowed herself to feel elated for a moment before sobering. “Except that I don’t know yet if it’ll work. I didn’t really do the wish correctly, so Dad might still win. I’ll do my best, though.”

“I think he lowkey hates me,” Kaylie said with a slightly melancholy shrug. “But even if he does win, I’m okay with it. This is a *very* good trade.”

Olivia’s tummy fluttered at the way Kaylie included both of them in the ‘this’ that was a good trade. She had wolfed down all but the last bite of her not-small piece of lasagna, but she could definitely eat more. However, she really wanted to show Kaylie the true magnitude of her curves now that it seemed more likely that Kaylie would appreciate their enormity. She also, truth be told, wanted to see what Kaylie was working with.

Facially, the differences were minor in some ways. Kaylie had always had enviable lashes framing striking ice blue eyes, but now her straight nose was just a bit smaller, her brow a bit softer, eyebrows a bit more shaped. The bigger changes were around her much more feminine jawline, and the edges of her lips pulled in just a little bit to really emphasise her generous cupid’s bow. Olivia wasn’t even sure how the seemingly the exact same dimple that had once been rakishly masculine was now seductively feminine. It must have something to do with her subtly-refashioned cheeks. Kaylie still had the strong face of someone who worked a physically

demanding job, but she looked more like a fit ski instructor than a gymnast.

The combination definitely looked highly reminiscent of Cade, but there's no way Kaylie could claim to *be* Cade. Olivia's eyes widened as a terrible possibility occurred to her. "Kaylie, do you still have Cade's ID?"

"I haven't done anything with it," Kaylie said with a shake of her head, but then some of the same thoughts must have occurred to her because she hastily dug out her wallet to find out what the situation might be. It seemed promising that it was a woman's wallet, but then it occurred to Olivia that this might not be a change. Evidently Kaylie's red nails were a change, however, because she paused to splay her fingers so she could examine their moderate but glossy length.

"They look fabulous," Olivia assured Kaylie, though by then Kaylie had returned to investigating her identification documents.

"Oh my God," Kaylie said, and happy tears burst from her big blue eyes, "I'm Kaylie. Like, legally. According to this I don't even live in this state. Wait, what is this?" Kaylie fished a debit card wrapped in a slip of paper out of one of the slots, looking like she was trying to recall something as she unfolded the paper. Her eyes only had to scan the lines briefly before she barked in surprised laughter. "This is so weird. I remember writing this, but I'm pretty sure I didn't. It's the most ridiculous... Here," she said, handing it to Olivia.

It was a handwritten note 'from Cade to Kaylie' describing his desire to gift all his material possessions to 'cousin' Kaylie and join an ascetic Buddhist monastery. The phantom Cade who wrote the note assured her that he hoped Kaylie would treat the 'joint' account as her own.

"The wish must have done it," Olivia said.

"Right, but the funny thing is that I have this vague memory of having called the bank yesterday, and I can remember it from both perspectives. Meaning Cade's and mine."

"Maybe that's the Veil?" Olivia suggested.

Kaylie shrugged. "Maybe. I guess I don't care what exactly is responsible. This is exactly what I... well, it's very similar to one of the ways I imagined this. Just a stupid little fantasy to entertain myself while I was stocking shelves, but now it's real. I never..."

Kaylie had trailed off, staring at the gap in Olivia's partly unzipped coat. Olivia hadn't meant to tease Kaylie, but now that she had, she wanted very badly to see where it might go. "Sorry! I'm getting a bit overheated."

"Yeah. Me too," Kaylie said, meaning it in both senses. "These'll soak and we can wash them later," she said, placing their dishes in the sink and spritzing them with some water, more for the excuse to leave them than because it was really helpful.

They paused for just a moment at the change to Kaylie's bedroom; it hadn't been a particularly masculine-coded room before, and it wasn't hyperfeminine now, but there were more pillows, and some of her most beloved stuffies were out on display, if somewhat discreetly. Olivia remembered them well from when her friend had lent them to her to hug after her mum

died, but of course they had gone to the back of the closet once Cade was considered too old to keep such childish things. Now they overlooked a small but very cute collection of more pristine stuffies.

“How did it know?” Kaylie asked, and explained, “These are all stuffies I’ve wished I could order except for how it would look.”

“But Mrs Laine wouldn’t…” Olivia started to object, but Kaylie was already shaking her head.

“She wouldn’t, but it would get out one way or another. You know there were already rumours; if I didn’t let anyone see my room, people would talk.”

“There were rumours? About *you*?” Olivia asked, outraged.

“You know… I never dated anyone, my best friends were girls…” Kaylie said, shrugging.

“Well, that’s asinine,” Olivia pronounced, and resumed discarding her coat at last. If she had half forgotten what she was revealing, Kaylie’s wide eyes and gaping mouth reminded her. “Too big?”

“No!” Kaylie said. It would have been a yelp had it not also been somewhat hoarse.

Olivia giggled at Kaylie’s delightfully satisfying reaction. It was one of the best feelings ever, and she looked with burgeoning pride down at the vast rack obscuring the view of the rest of her body. When Kaylie looked at her that way, it was impossible to be embarrassed by them. By any of it. “How about this?” she asked, turning sideways and pulling down her snow trousers to expose her bum. Technically she was still wearing leggings, but they were tight and shiny so they emphasised rather than hid her big bouncy bubble butt.

Kaylie just made a slight wheezing noise, so Olivia resumed the more complicated process of getting the trousers off past her booties, which she didn’t want to remove yet because she wanted to be tall enough to kiss Kaylie without *too* much stooping. Soon enough she was fully revealed, at least in terms of shape; technically the only skin she’d bared was some midriff; the Thotless Glamour underclothes she was wearing were basically form-fitting full coverage.

“Um,” Kaylie said, averting her eyes from the dark spot in Olivia’s crotch that advertised how turned on she was.

“That’s your fault for being so sexy,” Olivia said, surprised at her own boldness. “But I don’t think it’s fair that you’re still fully dressed.”

Kaylie got a funny look on her face and started disrobing as well. Unlike for Olivia, though, this would be Kaylie’s first time seeing herself, and Olivia found herself not only appreciating what Kaylie revealed, but also Kaylie’s reaction to seeing herself in the door mirror. That exact floor-length mirror had been on Cade’s door for as long as Olivia could remember, but Cade had always kept it at least partly covered by something in the past. Now its full length was open to show Kaylie her new body.

Though Kaylie remained as tall as previously, her shoulders were noticeably narrower, and

her waist was decidedly snatched. Her hips had become wider than ever, though, with very generous thighs that gave way to long, toned legs. Her narrow shoulders didn't imply that she was willowy or weak; she still definitely had the body of someone who had to move heavy pallets by hand daily, albeit with a somewhat more compact frame. Though her profile was already unmistakably feminine, her breasts quite put an exclamation point on that because they were of a size that, until a few hours ago, Olivia would have described as "huge". They looked entirely natural and weren't so large that everyone would assume they were fake, but they were surely the maximum size plausible on a body as lean as Kaylie's.

"Wow," Kaylie said, turning to look at herself from multiple angles. Olivia hadn't noticed it while ogling Kaylie's body, but tears were streaming down Kaylie's cheeks, and she was blinking furiously to clear her vision. Amazingly, though, they didn't make her look crumpled or puffy, just deliriously happy.

"Yeah, wow," Olivia agreed. "I want to..." she started, then balked both at the temerity to express her profound desire to taste her friend's cunt, and at the idea that Mrs Laine might interrupt them. Both of them might be feeling much more comfortable in their bodies, but being caught having sex by Kaylie's mother would still be mortifying.

Kaylie seemed to read Olivia's thoughts and nodded wryly. "Yeah. I mean, it sort of sounded like she told us to, but..." she shuddered at the mental image of being walked in on by her mother.

"I guess... I guess we should get dressed again," Olivia said reluctantly, "And then you can come back with me to the Overlook. I'm staying there."

Olivia had never before enjoyed being leered at, but the lascivious grin Kaylie was giving her filled her with the most thrilling anticipation of her life.

Model Worker

Olivia experimented with several ways of dressing to minimise her assets without putting everything back on and overheating, but the best she could do was tying her coat around her waist. It didn't do much to hide how huge she was, but it did reduce the contrast with her tiny waist that made her boobs appear even more outsized. Kaylie, meanwhile, looked gorgeous and statuesque but basically normal in her fitted work shirt and discreetly close-cut jeans.

They breathed a sigh of relief or disappointment to see that Mrs Laine was still doing whatever it was, and Kaylie burned off a little nervous energy by actually cleaning their lasagna plates. Olivia sort of wanted to go, but Kaylie insisted on waiting, not least because she wanted her mum to see her without her coat on, and also try to gauge if she was really as okay with it all as it seemed.

“I apologise if this is a touchy subject, but why didn’t you tell her?” Olivia asked, “It’s not like she can’t keep things to herself.”

“Partly because she works the night shift ambulance so we don’t see each other as much as you might think, but also she’s gotten a bit snappish so it’s just not always fun to talk to her. I think she’s been depressed. Honestly both of us have been. I’ve been trying to keep Cliff’s afloat, and mom has been trying to avoid your dad,” Kaylie said with an apologetic shrug.

“I don’t blame her. He’s gotten worse.”

“Yeah. Is that why you’re at the Overlook?”

“I’m going to say yes, but it’s kinda complicated by wish stuff.”

“Yeah?” Kaylie asked.

“You know how it sets things up for you? It set me up with a photographer, I think. Some kind of promotional thing that I need to figure out what it is but haven’t had time yet.” Olivia looked down because she didn’t recall where exactly she’d put her phone. But of course she couldn’t see if there was anything in any of her pockets because she was just staring at her projecting chest.

“Other things distracting you?” Kaylie asked with a laugh, thinking Olivia staring at her own boobs had been an intentional reference.

Olivia laughed. “You’re not wrong, but I’m trying to remember where I put my phone.”

“I think it’s here,” Kaylie said, digging it out of one of Olivia’s coat pockets without untying it.

Before Olivia could thank her, though, Elise entered carrying what could only be called a codex. It appeared to be bound in scorched leather, with one whole corner seemingly incinerated, though evidently it was intact enough because she carried it opened to what appeared to be the start of a chapter. The characters inside were inscrutable to anyone apart from Elise herself, but the way she placed it open on the dinner table seemed to invite them to look at the yellowed and stained pages, and there were some diagrams as well, though those weren’t much clearer than the writing.

“How old is this?” Kaylie asked in awe.

Elise had been looking back and forth between her less ambiguously feminine daughter and Kaylie’s less ambiguously massive chest, but she shook her head as if to clear it. “Uh, the spellbook. We got it in…” Elise’s voice trailed off as she calculated. “I guess it’s about thirty years old.”

“Thirty?” Olivia said, looking harder at the not-so-ancient artifact.

“Yeah, it came pre-aged. Quite gimmicky, I know, but we thought it was brilliant at the time. Your mother and I.”

Kaylie and Olivia exchanged glances at this tidbit of lore, but didn’t interrupt.

“So I’m a little rusty… Okay, more than a little rusty. But I want to put a little protection

spell on you to help keep that diamond clear mana. Now understand that all this will do is dissuade anyone from casting a hex on you or anything of that nature. Unfortunately the lingering bad karma seems to draw that sort of thing. I hope no witches or warlocks would be foolish enough to be casting spells in a place with such deeply negative karma, but something that used to happen often was creating spellbound objects. You don't need to cast anything to use those, so it affords the user a measure of protection from the negative karma of this place."

"Piny Bend has negative karma?" Kaylie asked with concern.

"Not Piny Bend specifically. You know what happened to the native people of the mountains?"

"Yeah," Olivia said with a grimace, having learned at university about some truly terrible things that had happened in the early years of the state.

"When you have evils that deep, it reverberates for a long time. And because there's never been that many people up here, it hasn't had much outlet. If the native people could be returned then the magic might help them rather than hurt us, but as far as I know, they were entirely wiped out. I doubt their magic worked quite the same as the magick Gramma taught us, but I do know the Threefold Law doesn't have an expiration date."

"Does that mean the wish will turn bad?" Olivia asked, wide-eyed.

"Thus far it has remained diamond clear, so the wish magic must not be directly susceptible. But I do worry just a little that the karma might sort of tempt others to try to use magic to try to take advantage in some way. So..." Elise paused to singe the tip of a bundle of dried herbs with a lighter that looked like it might also be thirty years old. "I'm going to do a little anointing spell that'll make you especially reflective. Meaning that spells cast against you will reflect back at their users, including if they're using a spellbound object." She put a small splash of olive oil on a tray and stirred it with the charred end of the herb bundle, checked her spellbook, and made two copies of one of the designs in it with the now slightly-ashy oil.

"Okay, I don't want to botch it so budge up just a bit. Two thumbs for two girls. Two young women," Elise corrected herself as she pressed one thumb into the centre of each of the two designs. "Okay, I'm just going to put it right here," she said, pressing one thumb at the hollow at the base of Kaylie's neck. "And for you," she added as she did the same with Olivia.

She sat back and approved her work and noted the apprehensive looks on their faces. "Okay, I'm just being a nervous mother; chances seem really low that some magick user would just happen to be drifting through town now, and if they did, that they would just decide to try to get mixed up in some powerful spell they don't even understand. I'm sure this is overkill."

"But this would protect us if that *did* happen?" Olivia asked.

Elise grimaced. "Uh, in some ways. The most powerful part of the protection might be that you have someone else looking out for you. And also if they try to cast something they'll have to deal with it bouncing back at them."

“So when it bounces back it doesn’t affect us?” Kaylie asked.

“No, it just affects them more than it affects you. It complicates things for them. And because it also works against users of spellbound objects, there’s really no easy way around it. It’ll only last for a day or two, but by then hopefully the wish magic has finished working and you won’t be a temptation.” Elise glanced at Olivia’s hyper sexualized shape. “At least, not magically.”

“Could the bad karma do anything to the protection spell?” Kaylie asked.

“Not really, no. Karmic balance affects spells that try to influence the nonmagical world, or spells that scry other times and places. This doesn’t really do anything unless someone else does first, so it’s quite safe.” She sounded like she was reminding herself how it all worked.

A moment of silence settled on the kitchen as they all considered different things, until Elise recalled something else. “But I really don’t want to interfere with whatever the wish spell... I mean, the wish magic is doing. You should go about whatever your business was going to be. Like, if you were going to go have a drink at... Uh...” Elise trailed off, looking at Kaylie. “The Darkening wouldn’t allow you to just go out and say, ‘Hi, I used to be Cade but I magically changed my body and transitioned to being Kaylie this afternoon.’ I mean, the resemblance is unmistakable, but it would cause all sorts of problems. Maybe we could say Cade left for Chicago early, and you’re cousin Kaylie?”

They all looked at each other in surprise as they all simultaneously ‘remembered’ Cade’s cousin Kaylie was due to visit.

“Yeah, I think that’s what we’re meant to do,” Kaylie said, blushing as she dug her ID out of her wallet to show her mother.

“That’s good,” Elise said approvingly, “Why are you looking guilty, Kaylie? We know you’re still my daughter, so I don’t care if the world does. And honestly, it’s not your fault.”

“I feel like it’s a little bit my fault because I had this fantasy that I’d transition in Chicago and come back as Kaylie and no one would even know it was me. And now they’ll never know.”

Elise cocked her head. “And you feel bad because you feel like you’ll be lying?”

“No, I’ve kinda had to do that all along anyway,” Kaylie said with a pained look. “I just... I know our relationship hasn’t been great lately, and now it’ll look like I ran away to Chicago. Which, honestly, was kind of what I was going to do, but it wasn’t *you*.”

“Sweetie, I seriously - pardon my language - don’t give a shit what they think. And I’m so *so* happy to have you back and happy and not having to hide your real self. Having a happy niece is a thousand times better than clinging to my depressed son. Though...” She looked at Olivia, then shook her head. “We can discuss more later. You’re my gorgeous and honestly kind of stylish niece Kaylie, and... Olivia, are you still Olivia, or do you have a new identity?”

“I’m still Olivia. Just, well, more of me I guess.” Olivia said, not really needing to indicate her breasts to signal what she meant. “And I’m like a model or something now. Which isn’t exactly what my ambition was, but it looks like a way to pay the bills.”

“The wish pushed you into a career you don’t want? That’s odd, isn’t it?”

Now it was Olivia’s turn to blush. “Well, I too, had fantasies. Coming back to town as a model so hot I could, uh, change things,” she said, not explaining that her fantasies had been about changing Cade’s mind concerning her. “I think being a paid model is just, like, external proof that I’m hot, though. I don’t actually... Actually I don’t even really know what models do. Wearing flattering clothes and taking pictures seems fun, though I can’t imagine that’s all there is to it.”

“Weren’t we meant to meet a photographer at the Overlook?” Kaylie reminded her.

Olivia’s blushing was renewed at Kaylie speaking as if they were already a couple. “Yeah. I guess we should go?”

“Yes, you should,” Elise said, standing up and beginning to herd them toward the door. “I’ll see you... well, whenever you’re finished exploring. And you have my number if you need help. Go, have some fun!”

There was one more round of brief but tight hugs before they were back out into the deepening night.

“Kaylie?” Olivia asked after summoning the courage.

“Yeah?”

“Are we together now? Like, are we girlfriends?”

“Yeah?” Kaylie repeated with a smile. “Did you really have to ask that?”

“It’s just... somehow that’s the hardest part of this whole thing to believe,” Olivia said. “I just walk back into town and bam! I get the girl I’ve been dreaming about for like a decade.”

“That long?” Kaylie asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe? Hard to say when it started.”

“You didn’t dream of *me*, though,” Kaylie said, self-doubt creeping in.

“Sure I did, in basically every way that mattered. Also, you make an even hotter girl, so.”

Kaylie laughed, looking at her titillating girlfriend.

“I’m serious!” Olivia said. “Cade would have been a dream come true, but Kaylie is like two dreams at once.”

“So you’re more into girls than guys?” Kaylie asked.

Olivia shrugged. “I don’t know about before, but I definitely am now.”

“Why?” Kaylie asked.

“Um,” Olivia said, motioning at Kaylie and laughing.

“Silly,” Kaylie accused her, but Olivia shook her head.

That argument might have continued had Olivia not slipped on a depression where day’s slush had refrozen as ice. Kaylie caught her before she fell, and it was really quite thrilling to be in Kaylie’s arms. But, they couldn’t be snogging right out there on the street, could they? She straightened up and thanked her saviour.

“Those aren’t the most practical in this weather,” Kaylie said, pointing at Olivia’s high wedge booties, “I’m a bit impressed you can walk in them at all.”

“Had nothing to do with the booties and everything to do with me being out of practice walking up here. Though it was the wish that made me good at walking in heels. I hope that means it won’t give me bunions or whatever.”

“It might give you a concussion if you’re not careful on those steps,” Kaylie warned as they ascended to the Overlook’s front door.

Upon safely reaching the landing, Olivia celebrated her victory by sticking her tongue out at Kaylie, who had followed slightly behind just in case she needed to catch her wobbly new girlfriend.

“Olivia!” Gloria called out in a nearly accusatory voice after they took a few steps into the front room of the Overlook that served as both reception lobby and dining room. Lena and Michael were eating takeaway at a small table on the other end of the room whereas Gloria was seated in a recliner with its back against the front of the building so that she was initially screened by a chainsaw sculpture of a bear.

“Gloria?” Olivia asked, though she had an idea why Gloria was there.

“Are you the photographer?” Kaylie asked, delighted.

“Yeah?” Gloria said, staring hard at Kaylie. “Do I know you?”

“Not exactly, but my cousin Cade told me about you,” Kaylie said.

“Oh shit! You literally look like a girl version of him. I guess your family is all hotties,” she added, shaking her head at the injustice of the Universe and turning her attention to Olivia.

“I should have guessed the model would be you when you showed up looking so, uh, very glamorous, but why did you say you weren’t an influencer?” Gloria asked.

“Well, I guess I’m just getting started? I don’t know.” Kaylie had already started taking off her winter coat and Olivia unthinkingly emulated her until Gloria’s widened eyes reminded Olivia of what and how much she was revealing. “I, uh, I’m bigger now.”

“No shit,” Gloria said a little too loudly, then glanced at Lena and Michael, who had looked over at her exclamation. “Maybe we should go to the mezzanine? Or your room, if that’s okay? I had hoped to shoot in the top floor lounge but I think it’s too late now.”

“I’m sorry! I took so long getting back here. I met up with Kaylie and kind of forgot we were doing this,” Olivia said, grimacing at Kaylie with embarrassment. Fortunately Gloria took it in stride.

“Thanks!” Gloria told Kaylie, who had picked up some of Gloria’s bulkier gear. “Did you two arrive in town together? I think Cade did say something about his cousin visiting, but he definitely didn’t mention you, Olivia.”

This felt barbed to Olivia, but probably wasn’t meant that way.

“No, I arrived from the other direction, a bit later than Olivia did,” Kaylie said, “But we met

up to see Cade off.”

Gloria stopped and stared back at Kaylie. “He left tonight?”

“Yeah, he knew Mr Sutter was going to fire him so he moved up his departure day.”

Both Gloria and Olivia were staring at Kaylie then, for very different reasons.

“Today. Holy shit. He said it would happen eventually, but it sounded like it was going to be weeks, not today,” Gloria said, sounding flattened.

“He fired... Cade?!” Olivia said, catching herself just in time.

Kaylie shrugged as if it didn’t matter, but Olivia could tell it did.

“There’s no fucking way I’m going in without Cade,” Gloria said, then her eyes shifted to Olivia. “I’m guessing you’re not on great terms with him, either?”

“No. When I saw him he was drunk and shouting at me,” Olivia said, feeling a strange mixture of embarrassment at her sordid family and relief that she could make clear how little sway she was likely to have with her father.

“I’m sorry,” Kaylie said, squeezing her hand.

“*You’re* sorry?” Olivia objected, “*I’m* sorry.”

“It’s not a competition,” Kaylie said with a smile that warmed her whole body.

“Ugh, you sounded just like Cade when you said that,” Gloria said in a forced display of lighthearted disgust.

“Were you very close?” Olivia asked, hoping she could excuse herself to Kaylie later as having asked it as an effort at verisimilitude.

“I mean, not close to him like you were, but he was the only reason working there was tolerable. I don’t think anyone is going to stay without Cade there to take the brunt of Mr Sutter’s bullshit.”

“Well, I hope,” Olivia started before Anna opened a door onto the mezzanine to look at them.

“Oh! Are we being too loud?”

“Not exactly, no, but I wanted to make sure you weren’t going to shoot here.”

“No, it turned out we know each other so we were just catching up,” Gloria said, “But could we get the lounge key so we can shoot there?”

“Oh sure! One moment,” Anna said, disappearing for about ten seconds while they remarked on their good luck before reemerging with the keys. “You can move furniture around *carefully* if you need to, but anything on the walls please leave as-is. You girls have fun,” she said, and seemed on the point of ending the conversation but she looked again at Olivia. “Um. I’m really sorry but just to cross a T and dot an I, please remember that provocative photography isn’t allowed. I mean, like, no nudity or sexual content. Which is not to say that’s what I expect! I just want to be super clear so no one accidentally goes overboard.”

Olivia was deeply embarrassed, but also unsure of what she’d signed up for, so she just looked at Gloria, who was already in the process of assuring Anne that there wouldn’t be

anything of that nature. Olivia's relief lasted until they reached the top of the stairs and Gloria said, "Do you want to do the underwear shots in the bed, or do you just want to do that part of the shoot at another time?"

"In the bed?" Olivia repeated, put off guard both by the fact that Gloria expected to take the seemingly racier shots and by the idea of doing them in the Overlook, which she had thought Gloria had just disclaimed any intent to do.

"Yeah, that's easier," Gloria said, taking Olivia's words as agreement, "I thought we might so I brought some pinky-red satin bedclothes to sex it up some."

"Oh wow!" Olivia said, and tried to catch Kaylie's eye, except that Kaylie was blushing and pretending to look at something very interesting down the hall.

"Yeah, I try to be prepared," Gloria said smugly as she opened the door to the lounge.

Kaylie dealt with her agitation by reordering the room per Gloria's specifications while Gloria lightly touched up Olivia's makeup to fit the theme of the shoot. Olivia was a little too fascinated by this process and giddy at the evidence that she was driving Kaylie crazy to entirely follow what Gloria was saying. Obviously it was meant to align with Thotless Glamour's general marketing goal of sort of looking as sultry as possible without looking like she was *trying* to look sexy.

"You don't mind, do you?" Gloria asked before placing her hands on Olivia's breasts, at that moment stretching a sports bra with a soft underwire to the point of translucence. Olivia nodded, more focused on Kaylie's delightfully red face than on the fact that Gloria was about to touch her. Thus Olivia was a little surprised when Gloria sank her hands deep into the flesh on the undersides of her huge orbs, but Gloria was considerably more surprised. "Holy shit, are these fucking real?"

"Uh, yeah?" Olivia said apologetically.

"I didn't even know..." Gloria said in disbelief, continuing to massage Olivia's boobs to confirm to herself that there were not in fact any implants. "I apologise for assuming. But I guess this makes it easier."

"Why?" Olivia asked.

"Did you not hear me when I said I needed to figure out what kind of clothes would make your implants too obvious?" Gloria asked.

"Oh, yeah," Olivia admitted, vaguely recalling Gloria saying something like that while Olivia was paying very little attention. "I guess I misinterpreted."

Gloria snorted but remained focused on Olivia's cleavage and the tops of her breasts as she moved them around. "Okay, let's start with the puffer over the wet-look unitard, like you're just entering. Actually, it's snowing again right now. Maybe you could step out on the landing and let some snowflakes settle on them and I'll catch you as you come in? Kaylie, do you still want to help?"

“Um, how?” Kaylie asked. It was obvious to Gloria’s ear that Kaylie was keeping a metaphorical white-knuckle grip on her nonchalance, and nothing had ever made Olivia feel sexier.

“Obviously Olivia has to be the central object of the shots, but it’ll look much more natural to have her interacting with you,” Gloria said, sounding like she was inspecting some mental image. “I have a plaid flannel vest that’s way too small for you, which is to say, probably the perfect size to show off your tummy and strongly imply that you’re also stacked. Also some cutoffs. I’m thinking this smaller pair to help make your bum stand out, but that’ll mean they’re also too small, so you might not be able to close the button. Which isn’t a problem at all because I’ll crop the shots until we’re just catching the rear of your profile. Enough to know you’re also well fit but not enough to confuse the focus, which is a story we’re telling about Olivia. We’ll use the Overlook’s game collection and such to imply some hot friends getting together for some casual fun, but Olivia can’t help making everyone want to fuck her.

“Oh! Kaylie should hold one of the glasses like this, so it looks like you’re just finishing a pint. Sort of imply the ‘getting the naive hottie tipsy’ story except that it will be sexy rather than gross because they see you’re another gorgeous girl, right?”

Kaylie had been formulating an objection to that but the reminder at the end that people would see her as a girl distracted her in a very pleasant way.

Olivia thoroughly enjoyed the photoshoot for a variety of reasons, ranging from how much she thought it was inflaming Kaylie’s libido, to Gloria’s obvious satisfaction with both Olivia and Kaylie’s bodies, to the simple joy of watching an artist totally consumed with creative zeal. Being a model for Gloria was surprisingly gratifying even independent of how much fun it was to tease Kaylie.

But Olivia was also driven significantly by the anticipation that with so much pent up desire, they were going to have some very intense sex later. Especially once she was kneeling on Gloria’s substitute satin bedsheets, gazing up at Kaylie above her, she was entertaining fantasies of Kaylie suddenly cutting the whole thing short, shoving Gloria out of the room and ravishing her.

Toward the end, though, as the photoshoot stretched into the wee hours, Olivia started to notice that Kaylie’s eyelids were not drooping from desire but rather from exhaustion. In all likelihood, Kaylie had started the day early and worked very hard even before enduring the emotional roller-coaster that had comprised the rest of the day.

Kaylie did perk up a little as Gloria packed her gear and departed, but though Kaylie resolutely expressed her willingness to finally end their long wait to make love, Olivia knew it was really too much to ask. As they snuggled into bed together, though, Olivia could hardly imagine an orgasm that would outshine the exhilaration of falling asleep with Kaylie’s toned arms around Olivia’s tummy and Kaylie’s soft chest pressing warmly against Olivia’s back.

Once she was comfortable Olivia noticed that she was quite knackered as well and very ready to sleep even though her arousal hadn't subsided very much. It was an unexpectedly pleasant mixture of sensations and she decided she really couldn't have wished for a better end to her day.

Stolen Legacy

Another advantage of Kaylie having been so much more exhausted than Olivia had been was that Kaylie remained dead asleep even after Olivia had carefully manoeuvred her way out her side of the bed, then after freshening up just a little and reconfirming in the mirror that Olivia remained a megastacked bombshell, she crept back in under the covers from the foot of the bed.

Olivia wasn't sure she'd managed to reach Kaylie's vulva without waking her because there was no real way to keep her boobs from sliding along the fronts of Kaylie's legs. She did, however, manage to achieve surprise with her tongue, and was prepared for Kaylie's surprised jolt.

"Good morning Kaylie!" Olivia said in a singsong voice.

"Holy shit, that was intense."

"I haven't even gotten started!" Olivia complained and shimmied her way back into position, though she didn't immediately apply herself again just in case Kaylie really objected for some reason.

"Oh, uh..." Kaylie said, clearly struggling to decide on an appropriate response.

"May I continue?" Olivia asked, and gave Kaylie's smooth slit a little kiss. A peck on the cheek, relatively speaking.

"You want to?" Kaylie marvelled.

"Uh, *yeah*," Olivia said to this very silly question, "That's why I'm *here*, girlie."

"Oh... Okay?" Kaylie said uncertainly.

If it had been anybody else that hesitancy would have put Olivia off, but from Kaylie it was exciting. Olivia got to be the very first to eat her out, the first to show her how her new body could feel. Her few clumsy, awkward, and sometimes mortifying experimental encounters from college were going to be worth it now.

She started out slow, not wanting to overwhelm Kaylie, and hopefully giving her enough time to start providing feedback on what felt best, so she'd barely even reached the point where she could give Kaylie's eager clit its first little lip press when Olivia's phone tried to interrupt them. Not that Olivia was going to give in, of course; she just silenced it and went straight back to savouring Kaylie to her heart's content. It took a moment to get back into the swing of things, then came the text.

That, too, Olivia had intended to ignore, but this time she failed to keep Kaylie's attention.

"Uh, Olivia? I think maybe you should look at this," Kaylie said apologetically.

Olivia was frustrated and humiliated that she evidently wasn't holding Kaylie's undivided attention, but the concern in Kaylie's voice was undeniable, so she forced herself to focus.

"What?"

Kaylie handed Olivia her offending phone.

At first she thought it had to be some sort of bullshit variation on the Nigerian Prince scam that instead told the story of a legal company reaching out about how she could get an unexpected inheritance, but there weren't any spelling mistakes and they knew her correct name. Also, the automatic transcription of the voicemail seemed to follow similar lines.

"Oh, shit."

"What is it?" Kaylie asked, wrapping a reassuring arm around Olivia and resting her head on Olivia's shoulder so she could see what was upsetting Olivia.

"It looks like Dad signed for me. The Mountain Organics lawyers must be suspicious, because they're trying to reach me about it."

"Holy shit, really? Like, he forged your signature?" Kaylie asked.

"Yeah," Olivia said, rereading the message in case she was misinterpreting it.

"On what?" Kaylie asked.

"I'm not totally sure. Something to do with a family trust, I'm guessing based on the paperwork he sent me to sign a fortnight ago. But he can't think he would get away with it, does he?"

"I don't know, but he seemed pretty upset and desperate yesterday. Really, he's been that way for a while, but yesterday was way worse. I wouldn't put anything past him," Kaylie said.

"We've got to stop him. Do you think he's at their law offices or something?" Olivia shook her head at her own suggestion. "Too early in the morning. Maybe..." Her voice trailed off as she tried to think about whether there were law offices in a nearby town.

"I would bet they'd come to him. Take a look at the place and make sure it's still intact and all that," Kaylie said.

"You think so?" Olivia said, trying to imagine corporate lawyers in the isles at Cliff's, or in the grubby backrooms. However, looking from her balcony revealed what looked like a very plausible SUV for a mountain lawyer, parked in front of Cliff's in the green '20 minute' zone.

Whilst they stood there contemplating this, Gloria walked into view, dressed for work.

"I thought she wasn't going in?" Olivia asked, a little outraged on Kaylie's behalf.

Just as she said it, Gloria looked over and waved to them, as if everything was normal, then turned to open the doors. Which didn't open, prompting her to look at her phone, do something, then continue on up the road, possibly toward the Overlook.

"I think she's coming here," Kaylie said, before her phone buzzed. "Yep. I should go get

some more businesslike clothes on, but we're definitely going in there today." She paused to tap a response into her phone. "Should I send her up or do you want her to meet you downstairs when you're ready?"

"Send her up?" Olivia asked, but Kaylie knew her well enough to understand that she was asking why she would want that rather than selecting a choice.

"So she can help you get ready and presentable for when we go in," Kaylie explained, showing the texts she'd sent to Gloria giving a highly streamlined update on the situation and Gloria's offer to assist in response.

"Oh. Oooh." Olivia said, feeling silly that she hadn't already thought of it, and also warmed that they *had* thought of it. "You're the best, Kaylie. Uh, send her up. I'll leave the door unlocked but I'm jumping in the shower."

"Perfect," Kaylie said, gave her a very familiar, heart-melting wink of confidence, and headed out.

Olivia showered as quickly as she could despite how distracting her new body was, along with how much her centre of balance had shifted. Given that she mostly resisted the urge to explore and that she didn't need to wash her hair, she made good time and had the bathroom door open before she felt too guilty about keeping Gloria waiting.

But Gloria hadn't been waiting idly; laid out on the bed and atop the chest of drawers were a number of different clothing choices that she was eyeing thoughtfully. "Oh good," she said, looking at Olivia's hair. "That will save some time. Let's get you into some of these and see how they look."

It was quite a rapid adventure through her new wardrobe as she donned multiple combinations of under and outer layers, tops and bottoms, and so on, until she ended up in a white blazer over a fitted lavender satin button-up shirt, tucked into a high waisted pencil skirt that also had a satiny sheen, though was a bit more subtle about it. Gloria's sartorial eye helped Olivia look a bit more like an executive at a pornographic studio than a receptionist, which was about the best she could probably hope for, all things considered.

"Honestly, not looking too sophisticated might help you some because they won't think you were doing anything wrong on purpose," Gloria commented as she did Olivia's mascara.

"I *didn't* do anything wrong on purpose," Olivia pointed out.

"Which should make it even more believable," Gloria said.

"Do I really need the mascara?" Olivia asked.

"I think it's better to emphasise your eyes so your lips don't look as big," Gloria said. "I mean, they look really amazing, of course, but a little *too* kissable."

"Okay," Olivia said skeptically and let Gloria finish.

When Gloria completed her work, Olivia's eyes certainly did look bigger and her overall impression was somehow more innocent despite everything, but this inevitably meant she also

came off as hopelessly vapid. Well, she did at least look perfectly put together in other respects, so it was time to go.

“You can wear flats until it’s time to go in,” Gloria said as Olivia made to leave in the sky high patent pumps.

“I don’t think I actually have any flats. But don’t worry, these aren’t uncomfortable for me.”

Gloria looked deeply skeptical but it was true and though Olivia did have to walk a bit on the slow side, she didn’t have any trouble.

“Excellent, you made it in time for breakfast!” Anna said when they reached the front room.

“Oh, uh,” Olivia said, suddenly ravenous when she saw and smelled the delectable spread. “I didn’t plan for my friends.”

“It’ll be on the house. We actually made too much,” Anna said.

“We probably have time, don’t we?” Gloria said, eyeing the same food.

“I guess if we’re quick,” Olivia agreed.

Kaylie came in looking very smart while they were tucking in to eat and somehow got her own plate of what was really quite excellent breakfast. Gloria felt that Anna’s attention proved that the Overlook had very big ideas about the reach of Olivia’s social media following, but they were all too famished to question it. It did very much seem that they presented a very attractive picture sitting together, and the other guests definitely looked like they were trying to place what sort of celebrities the three girls might be. Olivia was obviously some sort of erotic model or perhaps trophy wife in the making, whereas Kaylie looked more like a bombshell athlete, or perhaps an aspiring executive. Just the two of them might still have suggested some sort of office-themed porn, albeit being filmed in a mountain village for some inscrutable reason. The addition of Gloria, whose good looks were brought more to earth by her grocery worker attire and her moderate but unmistakable baby bump, made it much harder to determine what the trio were about.

And the three of them didn’t give them much time to contemplate it.

“There’s no way they finish anything like that so fast,” Gloria said confidently.

“If Mr Sutter is prepared, it could all be done very quickly,” Kaylie said, which elicited a guffaw from Gloria.

“So, no way they finish so fast,” Gloria repeated herself.

Kaylie laughed a little bit as well, but continued eating quickly

“Thank you so much!” Olivia told Anna when they got up after a brief eternity, “I wish we could have savoured it as much as it deserved, but we’re kind of a bit late.”

“Hopefully you’ll be able to eat with more leisure tomorrow?” Anna suggested.

“Oh yeah definitely!” Olivia assured her with a broad smile, then continued after Kaylie before she considered the possibility that she wouldn’t stay another night at the Overlook. Hopefully she could afford it.

Fortunately the pavement was mostly clear and the light was good, so Olivia didn't regret her confidence in her ability walk in her pumps, which she did as quickly as she could. Whether or not the vehicles they'd seen before belonged to the Mountain Organics people, they were still there, so that was reassuring.

Kaylie took them around the back where she surreptitiously slipped Olivia a key to the lower level back door so they could enter without raising any questions about why Kaylie had a key to a building where, as far as the world knew, she had never worked. Continuing on with that logic, Olivia also led the way up the stairs so that the first person anyone inside saw would be someone with a right to be there, or at least a claim to it.

As Kaylie and Gloria had agreed was most likely, the business was being conducted in the 'ruined' bakery kitchen. To Olivia's eye, there was nothing obviously ruined about it; it simply looked unfinished to her, though the very expensive looking commercial ovens were clearly not connected to the vent hood. But there was no time to look at that; there were a bunch of businesslike people and her slightly unkempt father at one end of a prep table, looking vaguely sick, and becoming even more pale at her entrance.

"Hello?" one of the businesslike sorts inquired, a serious-faced man perhaps in his fifties.

"Hello, I'm Olivia Sutter," she said, which got a lot of significant looks.

"I believe she's a beneficiary of the family trust?" Kaylie added.

"And I'm here as an employee and witness," Gloria put in, partly in response to the angry look that Olivia's father shot at her

"Mark?" one of the Mountain Organics people asked Olivia's father. She looked like she might have her own other career as an influencer; her makeup was extensive and skillful, her outfit carefully tailored to make the most of her figure, and her hair was expensively highlighted.

"Uh, Sarah, this is my daughter, believe it or not," Mark said, "I don't know who the tall one is, and that's Gloria Balogh, one of my stockers who didn't show up today."

"Maybe because the door's locked?" Gloria shot back.

"My name is Carl Weston, and this is a business meeting between the agent for Cliff's General Grocery and Mountain Organic Health Stores," the serious-faced man cut in, speaking to Olivia. "Do you have further matters for this meeting? We're almost done here if you were trying to speak to your father."

"Of course she has further matters," Kaylie said.

"Olive," her father said, standing suddenly, one hand in his pocket the other held out to her in supplication. "Excuse us. Olive, I'm glad you came, but this is an amazing deal. Let me explain this before we cause a lot of chaos right here at the finish line. I hope you don't mind Carl?"

Carl, who seemed to be in charge of the Mountain Organic contingent, nodded toward Olivia and furrowed his brow at Sarah. "Yes of course."

“I want Kaylie with us,” Olivia told her father.

“You can join us in a moment, but I have something from your mother I want you to see. But it’s private. Just give us two minutes. Just two minutes?”

“Okay, two minutes,” Olivia agreed, though she had misgivings.

Kaylie looked even more worried than Olivia felt, but Olivia just shook her head. “Don’t worry, I won’t agree to anything dumb.”

“I’m not asking you to do anything dumb, Olive,” her father said as he stepped aside for Olivia to go into the walk-in refrigerator connected to the bakery. Like the oven, it wasn’t operational so it wasn’t any colder than the improvised meeting room behind them, but it was still a little creepy to step into a sealed room with a heavy door.

Despite the faint odour of the previous day’s binge that her father still gave off, he was not so drunk or agitated that she really feared any sort of violence. Even when very drunk he had never been inclined to assault, for all his history of breaking things.

“I’m sorry, Olive,” he said with familiar sort of contrition that Olive didn’t trust, “I didn’t share everything with you because I didn’t want to mess up your future. You see... actually, first, I should give you something from your mother I should have given you a long time ago, before you ever left.”

Olivia felt like there was an element of performance to the way he produced a locket necklace, but the mention of her mum and the familiarity of the locket was enough to capture her entire attention. “Mom’s locket!”

“Yeah. She always meant for you to have it, and I had thought I would give it to you as a wedding present,” he said, holding it up so the locket was suspended in a V from both clasps.

He clearly intended to manipulate her with the gift of something so precious, but she wasn’t going to turn away something from her mother. She simply resolved not to be swayed. Or at least, not *too* swayed. She turned to let him fasten it from behind, both because that’s what he indicated with a jerk of his head and because she didn’t want his breath in her face while he fastened it from the front. Also she wasn’t sure if her long nails would make her look like a useless fool if she attempted it herself.

“Olive, sweetie, your mother and I had hoped you would take over the grocery someday,” he said, fiddling with the clasp, “But one thing I learned was that she would still be with us today if she’d embraced her role more rather than trying to take things over. And I guess you’re doing that in your own way now so I hope you do more of that, and take guidance from loved ones who know better. I mean, obviously you don’t have a body cut out for manly business.”

As he spoke, Olivia felt stranger and stranger, until she realised for sure that something magical was being done to her, but she was so confused and fuzzy-headed that she was frozen until he’d finished. “You just cast a spell!”

“I didn’t cast anything. I just gave the Lord my hopes for you, and the Lord turned the

locket's misguided sorcery to His purposes," he said, in what felt like a practiced speech. She bet that he'd told himself those words many times.

"You shouldn't have done that, Dad," Olivia said, vaguely aware of warmth where Elise had placed her seal. "The magic is going to bounce back on you."

"No, this is the Lord's power, not occult workings. The Threefold Law doesn't apply," he insisted, though it sounded to Olivia as though he was speaking to himself even more than her. "Now, as your loved one, I advise you to accept this deal. I can retire, and your trust will get topped up with money you can pass on to your own kids. You do want babies now, right?"

"Yes, but," she started, he interrupted before she could explain that this wasn't anything new that his locket trick had created.

"That's... that's the Lord working in you," he said, though despite claiming whatever he was talking about as a confirmation of his belief, he sounded less certain than before.

"Oh no, Dad," Olivia said, wide eyed as she realised he must also be feeling some sort of magic working inside him. What would the locket's spell do, reflected onto him?

"Look, if we don't do this, we'll be deep in debt and have no way to pay it off, and that's going to empty your trust. Cade should have married you and then... But he's not the man you think he is, Olive."

Despite everything, Olivia couldn't hold in an amused snort at the deep irony.

"I'm sorry I said bad things about... this," he continued, refocusing his attention on her changed appearance. "It's best for your future, instead of getting brainwashed at university. I hope Sarah can show you the way."

There was a knock on the door, which Olivia suspected was Kaylie.

"Dad? Maybe we should," Olivia started, wanting to warn him about the spell he likely just cast on himself, but he interrupted her.

"Yes, let's get this done," he said, and opened the door back into the room.

"Welcome back Miss Sutter. Are we correct to understand that this is *not* your signature?" Carl asked, presenting her with a tablet showing the document her father had tried to get her to sign.

"You are correct. That's not my signature," she confirmed before her befuddled father could interrupt.

"She'll sign it now, though!" he asserted.

Olivia did feel a hint of compulsion to do it, but it was easily resisted, and she shook her head.

Carl was already shaking his head as well. "That's not how things work. You can't send falsified paperwork like this and expect us to just pretend it didn't happen. We also discovered that you dismissed your effective general manager yesterday."

Mark Sutter was stunned but seized on something he could dispute. "Cade wasn't general

manager, I am.”

“According to your worker, Cade performed the overwhelming majority of the tasks normally performed by a GM. Whether that’s true or not, it raises many questions about the veracity of the claims you’ve made for the business, over and above your fatally unethical misrepresentations about the agreement of others with ownership interest.”

“You’re just using the excuse to back out because of this confounded bakery, aren’t you. Dammit, Olive, why did you say anything? Why didn’t you follow my leadership?”

“Mr Sutter, I don’t think you should be angry at your daughter over your own fraud,” Carl advised the distraught man who was looking increasingly hysterical. The others had already packed up their things and were making their way out.

“I’ll sue!” Mark blustered.

“That would be an extraordinarily poor decision, Mr Sutter,” Carl called back, before thanking Gloria, who had opened the front doors for them.

“Sarah, Sarah!” Mark shouted, but whatever connection they’d had was clearly discarded now and Sarah just rolled her eyes before leaving.

“You dumb girl,” Olivia’s father addressed her vituperatively, “We’re going to be ruined like this cursed bakery! I should have known better than to rely on your mother’s even more cursed...” His attention shifted to Gloria who was still at the entrance doors and he screeched, “No, get out! You’re fired! Backstabber! I’ll call the police on you!” Mark’s voice rose and rose, both in volume and pitch.

Gloria looked at Kaylie and Olivia, who looked at each other and waved her off. Olivia was developing an idea of what was happening, and Kaylie had more than an inkling as well even though she hadn’t been in the refrigerator with them.

Best if no one apart from the two of them witnessed what was about to happen.

Reflections

“What are you doing to me!” Mark screamed once Gloria’s exit removed that distraction from whatever he was experiencing, which was making ever clearer that the name ‘Mark’ was quickly losing its applicability.

“*You* did it, Dad,” Olivia said, deeply unsettled at the impending consequences her father was going to face, but also grimly satisfied to know that whatever he’d tried to do to her would rebound on him.

“I didn’t... I asked...” the person who had been Mark objected with an ever higher pitched

voice.

“Is that what I looked like?” Kaylie asked in horrified fascination at Mark’s features melting into something else entirely.

“No, you glowed with joy and wonder, and never looked anything less than gorgeous, even for a second,” Olivia assured her.

Kaylie grimaced, because the blobby visage in front of them was very far from gorgeous. Gradually, though, the blobs reformed into elements of a less grotesque shape. In fact, if they weren’t holding a horrified expression, they would have been attractive along the same lines as Sarah’s overtly sculpted features, though there was also more than a hint of Olivia’s face as well.

It was hard to be sure how long the changes took, but Olivia would have guessed that perhaps two minutes of transformation concluded in the middle-aged peroxide blonde female body holding Olivia’s father. She wasn’t unattractive by any means, but she had the look of a woman who had acquired her look through a large amount of cosmetics and cosmetic surgery. Her lips were even bigger than Olivia’s, but they looked to be pulled by a facelift and plumped by silicone injections that were competently applied but without much effort to look natural. Ostentatious falsies partly disguised somewhat puffy lids, and thick makeup failed to completely hide incipient bags under her bloodshot eyes. Her hair was peroxide bright and hung perfectly straight past her waist, though it was notably thin nearer the ends. Her nails were preposterously long, almost twice Olivia’s, and much more ostentatiously decorated. Her body wasn’t fully visible inside Mark’s now-baggy clothing, so they could see that she had prominent melons under her top, but otherwise couldn’t make out anything else for sure except that she was wearing heels almost as high as Olivia’s.

Olivia had acquired uncanny abilities to walk in heels, but evidently that hadn’t been part of whatever hopes Olivia’s father had harboured for his daughter, because Kaylie had to stop herself from reaching out to provide steadying assistance to the wobbling victim and villain of magic in front of them.

“Eeeee,” keened a somewhat drink-roughened middle-aged woman’s voice as trousers shrank into leggings that revealed implausibly shaped thighs and bum. Likewise Mark’s blue office shirt shrank into a kind of parody of Olivia’s, because it wasn’t truly fitted and thus could only button underneath her very large, very fake-looking rack. Though on an absolute basis they weren’t quite as large as Olivia’s, the crisp definition of her upper cleavage exaggerated their size somewhat and also made extremely clear that they contained implants. Her skin didn’t look stretched taut, and she appeared to have some real flesh over the XL implants, but that only softened the characteristic bolt-on look rather than truly disguising it.

The transformation finally seemed to be complete, but they all just stared at the result for a moment before the novice heel-wearer ran-stumbled to the door headed to the warehouse.

“Wait, you shouldn’t,” Kaylie cautioned, and made to go after just a moment too late,

because they heard the deadbolt slide home.

“Oh no, she shouldn’t be left alone,” Kaylie told Olivia.

“I... I think maybe we should go to your mum first?”

“Are you sure? Your... dad? Seemed pretty panicked,” Kaylie said, picking up the now-ladies’ wallet sitting on the table where it had replaced Mark’s thick men’s wallet.

“Uh, the thing is, that’s the reflection of the spell he cast on me, and I think I can feel it working in me, too, a bit.”

“Oh. Oh, shit,” Kaylie said with former-Mark’s wallet open but as of yet unexamined in her hands.

“Yeah. I can feel it doing something in my...” Olivia started, but despite everything, curiosity got the better of her. “Is there ID?” she asked, looking pointedly at the wallet.

“Ah! Uh, yeah,” Kaylie said, looking down and furrowing her brow in alarm, and then something more like disgust. “He’s now Olive Sweetie Sutter, and is 43 years old. Same birthday, I think.” She put it back on the table and they started toward the exit.

“Eighteen years younger. He should be happy,” Olivia said.

“Except he’s a *he*,” Kaylie reminded her, “Whatever his ID or body says. I suspect that will be a much bigger deal to him.”

“Unless he’s also secretly trans?” Olivia suggested.

“That wasn’t the expression of someone getting what they always wanted, deep down,” Kaylie said. “I suppose he could be in deep denial, but it’s still going to be a rough time figuring it out.”

“Hard to feel sympathy at the moment,” Olivia said, both because it was true and to make sure that Kaylie didn’t feel guilty for any schadenfreude she was experiencing.

“How are you feeling?” Kaylie asked Olivia as they made their way carefully up the somewhat icy slope.

“Not bad. I feel like it’s kinda paused? Or moving slowly. Certainly a lot slower than for ‘Olive Sweetie.’ That was his pet name for me when,” Olivia was saying when they reached a corner to see Gloria hurrying up an even steeper incline toward them.

“Olivia! Kaylie!” Gloria called, as if chasing them down rather than walking up from less than half a block away as they waited.

“Hello Gloria, thank you for escorting them out,” Kaylie said, slipping partly into the habit of being Gloria’s manager.

Apparently Gloria heard the resemblance, because she let out a voiceless chuckle and shook her head before saying, “You really are Cade’s cousin, aren’t you?”

Kaylie sort of shrugged to avoid having to answer, so Olivia took the opportunity to ask, “How did you end up down there?”

“Oh, I walked Sarah back to her car, just in case Mr Sutter went crazier,” Gloria explained

with an apologetic grimace at Olivia for having to tell such an unpleasant truth about her surviving parent. “Turns out she’s also an Snapvid model. Small world, right?”

“We’re headed to my aunt’s house,” Kaylie said with the tiniest pause where she caught herself and substituted ‘aunt’ in for ‘mom’.

“Was he straight up raging at you?” Gloria asked sympathetically as she joined them without asking.

“Yeah, more or less,” Olivia answered, admiring Gloria’s social confidence despite the awkwardness of her presence.

“But there’s really nothing he can do, right? We should call Cade and let him know.”

“I think it’s best to let Cade go,” Kaylie said, shaking her head. “He’s wanted to go for a long time, so this just moved up his timetable. We shouldn’t try to complicate it.”

Gloria’s expression said she hadn’t considered this but accepted the argument. “Well, good for him, then. Though now I’m wondering who can take over even if Olivia saves it.”

“Well, I came specifically to take over for Cade,” Kaylie said, telling a deeper truth, “Though we’ll see what Livy really wants to do.”

“That depends on what you want to do,” Olivia said shyly. She’d daydreamed so many times about them running the grocery together as a couple, but she shouldn’t assume without checking on Kaylie’s dreams.

“Uh, Olivia has a thing she needs to talk to my aunt about,” Kaylie said as she opened the front door, preparing the way for Olivia to go off and discuss her spell situation with the witch of the house.

“Oh?” Elise’s voice asked, and took in the addition of Gloria to their group. “Oh, yes, right. Have you all had breakfast?”

“We ate at the Overlook! It was hella good,” Gloria said cheerfully.

“Good, good,” Elise said, drawing Olivia away to the ‘woodshed’, which had once been storage for firewood but had been converted into a craft room by some previous occupant. It was noticeably colder than the rest of the house, but not to the point of being uncomfortably chilly, and had been a popular place for the kids to be loud together without bothering the rest of the house. Back then it had seemed like an utterly ordinary and somewhat humble playroom, but now that she was primed to see them, Olivia recognised many aspects of the rustic decor might have some mystical function.

“The ward spell looks like it is already activated,” Elise said.

“Yeah. Dad tried to cast a spell on me somehow,” Olivia confirmed. “It bounced back to him and, well, uh, turned him into a girl. A woman. Or at least, Dad’s ID card turned into one for a 43 year old female named Olive Sweetie Sutter.”

Elise’s eyes were wide with shock, but not disbelief. “How... What was he thinking?” she marvelled before turning her attention back to Olivia. “But the spell is also trying to work in you.

It looks like it might have been partly deflected, or at least slowed down. Oh, I'm so glad I put one on Kaylie too. Was she with you? Or Gloria, for that matter?"

"Yes, but no. Kaylie wasn't with me right away, and Gloria was there even less."

"Good, good. I can't really see... let me take a proper look." Elise retrieved from the wall an implement that looked like a magnifying glass without the lens, and dangled it upside down to peer through it at Olivia. "The locket!"

"Ohmygod," Olivia said, feeling very silly that she hadn't already considered that most obvious possibility. "Fuck, I can't unlatch it with my nails. But it was Mom's and I don't really want to break it."

"No need, hon," Elise said, shaking her head and gathering Olivia's hands in her own. "The dirty karma is pretty much gone out of the locket now that Mark unleashed the portion of the spell he could activate, so all that's left is the old intentions from your mom." She sighed and got a little misty eyed. "It might even have helped correct the karma of the spell, a little. Which is kind of a relief, because I bet Kaylie got some of the reflection as well, if it was coming from the locket. And Gloria, who didn't have any protection at all! You said she was there less, but was she nearby when the spell was changing Mark?"

"She had already left and didn't rejoin us until later, after we were on our way here," Olivia said hopefully.

"That's good. I am concerned for her because she doesn't have a ward. You and Kaylie can bounce it back and forth between you, but anything that goes into Gloria would stay." She exhaled apprehensively. "Hopefully the spell energy was mostly expended or dissipated by the time she joined. Can you describe what you're feeling?"

"I, uh, I feel a tingling right... here," Olivia said, indicating her nipples and areolae. "And maybe a little here," she added, motioning to her lips."

"They do look just a tad plumper than last night, though it's really barely noticeable," Elise said reassuringly. "And it could just be different lipstick. I think your hair might have gotten a smidge lighter as well."

"Really?" Olivia said, pulling a lock into clearer view. "Oh. That's more than a smidge."

Elise tinted her head in acknowledgment. "But it's at least not so pale that it's for sure bleached, or a weave. Though, *is* it a weave? It also looks a bit longer."

"What? No..." Olivia ran her hands through her hair to check, and was relieved to find that she was correct. "Seems all natural. Though that doesn't mean it is. Could just be a magically good colour treatment, like my nails." Olivia waggled her long acrylics as illustration. Which were fortunately not *that* long. Not like Olive Sweetie's.

"Hmm," Elise said noncommittally, then followed up with, "Anything else you can feel?"

"Well, honestly my boobs in general do feel just a tad tighter than they did. Not like they *hurt* or anything, just like they want to stay round. Which, now that I think about it, that's how Olive

Sweetie's boobs were. Like, super round hemispheres bolted to her chest. I don't look like that, do I?"

Elise shook her head and waved off that idea, but the way she tapped her fingers on the old tool shelf made her sound frustrated. "That's the first thing I should have asked. Describe in more detail what happened to Mark. Or Olive Sweetie, if that's now the correct name."

Olivia gave an abbreviated recounting of the magical remodeling of her father's body, sometimes accompanied with attempts to answer Elise's questions about the exact words he'd used both whilst in the refrigeration room and afterward surrounding his somewhat gruesome transformation process.

"Not like Kaylie, though," Olivia felt compelled to note, "She was always perfect, even when she was changing."

Elise broke into a smile at this description of her daughter. "Well, that's good to hear. It might have been because it's different magic, or just the difference made by diamond clear mana." Elise shrugged at this unknowable conundrum. "Mark seems to have wanted you to become a sort of, I don't know, Real Housewife type bimbo, but the effects on you have been pretty light, whereas the impact on him was, of course, nine times as strong."

"Nine times?" Olivia asked.

"Threefold times threefold. I'm jumping to a conclusion there, but it does fit the evidence. That said, we should check on the others."

Primed with the knowledge of what to look for, Olivia saw the differences immediately this time. On Kaylie the only obvious change was that her breasts sat a fraction higher and were perhaps a cup size larger than they'd been at breakfast, though the apparent grown could also be illusory and due instead to the change in how her top fit. Gloria, on the other hand, had been adjusted in less equivocal ways. Taken individually, the tweaks were quite subtle, but taken together they amounted to quite a makeover.

"Ah. Well, what's done is done," Elise said, surreptitiously slipping the lensless magnifying glass into a pocket.

Gloria looked confused and Kaylie concerned.

"It's probably all okay," Olivia said with a nonchalant shrug, and in so doing noticed that her own boobs had probably gotten a more significant version of the changes she saw on Kaylie. Visually, they didn't look very different to Olivia, but the weight and how they sat in her clothes told a different story.

Olivia's statement reassured Kaylie but just confused Gloria, who asked, "So, like, the trust thing means you own Cliff's now or something?" She spoke to Olivia but looked at Elise for confirmation.

Unfortunately Olivia hadn't really explained that part of the morning's meeting, so Elise had to look at Olivia for a cue. Seeing that, Kaylie put in her own answer. "We can't be totally sure

just yet. There's going to be loads of financial issues we'll have to negotiate in order to service the loan and there might also be some kind of mandatory buyout clause. But we can be sure that Mr Sutter won't be in the way now."

Gloria shook her head and laughed. "You sounded so much like Cade just now. You really are just a girl version of him, aren't you?"

Gloria meant it as a joke, but Kaylie merely smiled ambiguously and shrugged, "Yeah, pretty much. We've basically the same person."

Gloria giggled in a way that fit her newly bimbofied image, but then looked a bit self-conscious at how she sounded and put on a more serious face. "Well, I got Sarah's contact info. I might be able to ask her about some of it if you think that might help."

"Definitely," Kaylie said with an approving smile before giving Olivia another look, as if assuring herself that Olivia really was okay.

Or maybe she was noticing additional changes? Olivia hadn't had a chance to look in the mirror yet, though the fact that Gloria hadn't seemed to notice any changes seemed like a good sign. Either way, she gave Kaylie her most reassuring smile.

Also, if there were more changes, maybe Kaylie liked them? She could feel her nipples getting hard at the thought, and hoped it wasn't too obvious. She needed to think about something else.

"Oh! Maybe we should go back to Cliff's and, like, check on things? Mrs Laine, do you think you could, uh, come with us?"

"You can call me Elise, you know," Elise said while considering the question. "Yeah, let's go." She gave Kaylie a meaningful look, darting her eyes toward Gloria warningly.

Kaylie took the hint and said to Gloria. "Cliff's won't open today, and there's probably going to be some family drama, so maybe you should head home for now."

Gloria looked mildly disappointed not to get to witness the spectacle but accepted easily enough. "But we still have today's shoot. I want to get daylight in the Overlook top floor lounge this time."

"Right!" Kaylie agreed to this, clearly haven forgotten until that moment that the three of them had discussed this the previous evening and glad to agree to something that draw Gloria's attention away from Cliff's for a while. Only belatedly did she look at Olivia to confirm, but honestly at that moment if Kaylie had promised that Olivia would jump off a bridge later, she would have agreed to it.

With this settled, Olivia returned to the home where she'd grown up for the third time since she'd arrived in Piny Bend, this time with Kaylie and Elise as backup. They arrived to find the door ajar and debris strewn around the foyer.

"It looks ransacked!" Elise exclaimed, but Olivia knew that much of the disorder was of long standing, and as they moved deeper into the living areas this fact became clearer for all to see,

and smell.

“I’ve seen this episode of Hoarders,” Olivia joked grimly, to break the tension.

“I’m so sorry, Livy,” Kaylie said, taking Olivia’s hand.

It was a very, very welcome hand, and Olivia clasped it for dear life, but shook her head at what Kaylie said. “This is actually what I expected. Maybe not even as bad as I feared, honestly. I mean, I had expected it would likely be a mess without me around to clean for him, and after seeing how bottle bitten he was early yesterday, I feel lucky there’s no major water damage.”

“Do you think that’s accidental?” Kaylie asked, pointing to a partly demolished area on the wall between the kitchen and dining rooms.

“Uh, yes and no. He tried to fix the socket himself while absolutely pissed, and ended up just making an enormous hole he was definitely going to fix any day.”

“So it was like this before you even left?” Kaylie asked, shocked.

“Not this bad. Remember there was that poster over it then. He must have taken another whack at it.”

“Literally,” Kaylie said, nodding. “So, uh, Olive Sweetie is definitely not here.”

“Yeah. I hope she doesn’t kill anyone,” Olivia said.

“*Kill* anyone?” Elise asked, alarmed.

“Yeah. You saw the open cupboard next the fridge,” Olivia said.

“The one with a few mugs and nothing else?” Elise asked.

Olivia nodded, and the expression on Kaylie’s face made clear she already knew what Olivia was about to explain. “That’s Dad’s liquor spot, on the upper shelf where it’s not so easy for me to reach.”

“So he’s out drink driving?” Elise asked.

“She,” Kaylie corrected, then seem to rethink. “Or he. I guess we don’t really know about that. But I think we can be pretty confident about the drinking, right?”

“Right,” Olivia sighed as she looked glumly into her childhood bedroom, which would be as she left it had not all her posters and toys had been torn or smashed at some point in the recent past. Well, some had probably been wrecked earlier based on the yellowed pattern on the back of the strip of poster hanging off the wall, but the baseball bat sitting on the bed looked to have been there a week or so since being used on her room. It didn’t have years of dust on it, and the gouges on her bedside table where he’d used it to shatter her framed picture with Cade were fresh. Liquid from the snow globe Cade had given her that featured puppies romping in a winter wonderland had been splashed all along the wall by the force of the hit and pieces scattered around the room, but that water-or-whatever had since dried, so the rampage might have been yesterday.

“What an ass,” Kaylie said, then drew her into a tight hug when she saw the tears rolling down Olivia’s cheeks.

“I’m so sorry,” she mumbled into Kaylie’s neck where Olivia was dampening her collar.

“Why are you apologising to me?” Kaylie asked.

“Because these are all the things I couldn’t bear to take because they reminded me of you, but now they’re all ruined.”

Kaylie laughed slightly and gave Olivia a little squeeze. “I got *you* back, so I can probably survive without the things.”

Olivia laughed a little as well. “Plus the picture’s probably got the wrong person in it.”

“Actually not,” Elise said, carefully extracting the photo from the crushed frame. It had taken some damage, of course, but far less than the frame. “There you go, a picture from an alternate reality, or something like it.”

“Holy shit!” Kaylie exclaimed, “It’s us back then, but, uh…” She trailed off, trying to think of the words.

“It’s us, corrected!” Olivia said, taking the the photo in both hands as if cradling a priceless artifact.

“Okay, ‘corrected’ is perfect,” Kaylie said, and kissed the top of Olivia’s head.

Olivia’s brain was fully occupied with experiencing how much she enjoyed being in Kaylie’s arms, so she simply enjoyed that for a while, until Elise returned from whatever she was looking for. Olivia didn’t let go, but she did try to look less like a woman compensating for her inability to swim by wrapping her arms around a piling.

“I can’t tell if any other spell bound items were taken, but most if not all of your mother’s magickal elements and binders are still here,” Elise reported with relief. “Strewn about, of course, but here, I think.”

“Oh! We need to look for the legal papers, too! I hope she didn’t destroy them before she left,” Kaylie said.

“It hasn’t been that long,” Olivia said. “There wasn’t much time to destroy things. Though she might have taken them with her. For all the good they’d do her now.”

“Clearly hurting you was at least as important to him as helping herself,” Kaylie said grimly.

Hot Roles And Rolls

Happily, Kaylie’s dismal observation wasn’t born out with respect to the paperwork. The contracts with Mountain Organic appeared to be tossed about by Olive Sweetie’s hurried search of the bureau for something else, but it was present and intact. Other papers pertaining to the the family trust and household finances seemed to have been scattered much longer ago. It took quite some time to reassemble the different elements and make sense of them, but after several hours of searching and cleaning that also saw Gloria rejoining to help, they constructed a tolerably

complete understanding of the situation.

Cliff's was indeed deep in debt to multiple lenders, some of them on far worse terms than offered by Mountain Organic, though happily those debts were smaller.

"Is this even legal?" Olivia asked, looking at one loan from "Russo & Gambino Short Term Lending" in Nevada.

"Probably best not to test it," Kaylie said, "I know I'm stereotyping, but I'd rather not meet debt collectors for Russo and Gambino."

"That seems wisest," Elise agreed.

"Isn't 'Gambino' the name of, like, a mafia group?" Gloria asked.

"That was my point, yes," Kaylie said.

"Oh, hah!" Gloria said, giggling before getting serious. "That's kind of a lot of money though, right?"

"Yeah, but we should be able to pay out of the trust," Olivia said.

"Not without Mark," Elise said, shaking her head. "Or at least, not until you're 25 years old, which would be too long to wait even if..." She shrugged, because she couldn't mention around Gloria that the spell had knocked two years off Olivia's age.

"That was so weird," Olivia said in acknowledgment, but let the topic drop. "Maybe we could sell the delivery can?"

Kaylie shook her head. "We absolutely need it. But I have money. I can pay all these short term loans."

"Huh?" Olivia said, wondering if this was some sort of bad joke. Kaylie looked totally serious, though, so Olivia asked, "You have fifty thousand dollars?"

"I actually have a bit more than that," Kaylie said with a crooked smile, "I've been saving up for years."

"Wow, really? For what?" Gloria asked, eyes wide.

"For a... medical procedure that it turns out I don't need," Kaylie said awkwardly.

"What the fuck? Man, fuck this country's healthcare system," Gloria said with disgust. "I know it's none of my business, but you're *sure* you're not going to need it?" Gloria asked.

Kaylie laughed. "Oh, very, very sure, thank you."

"You can't spend that on Cliff's, Kaylie! Or, wait, am I allowed to sell it to you?"

"Not until you have control of the trust. I was also thinking about, uh, giving it to Cade to buy Cliff's if Mr Sutter would sell, but it became clear after a while that Mr Sutter would rather see Cade in hell than let him buy it."

"Oh! Cade said he had a bunch of money to put in. Was he getting it from you?" Gloria asked.

Kaylie opened her mouth while she searched for an answer, but Olivia interrupted. "Well, I'll happily promise to sell you half the shop for a dollar in exchange for your investment now?"

Except what if we still can't save it? Because we owe Mountain Organic way more, and we only have six months left before we have to pay back the whole thing or Mountain Organic takes it, right? I don't want to take all the money you saved up and then you get nothing."

"All of us saved money, though," Elise put in. "I didn't realise quite how much money Kaylie had saved, but we were all saving up to try to buy it if Mark would sell it. We might need to find someone else to put in the rest, but we're not as far from being able to pay it back as you think, Olivia."

"But also not as close as we thought," Kaylie added unhappily. "If he had just let... Cade offered to fix the bakery, but Mr Sutter didn't trust Cade to do it right and said he'd find a contractor who would promise to do it cheaply, then he would threaten to sue if it didn't pass inspection. I don't know if it would have worked even if he found someone, but the one guy he hired walked off after one day."

"I remember that!" Gloria said. "Man, what a bullet that guy dodged."

Olivia sighed. "That sounds like Dad. He was terrible at DIY so everyone else had to be, too. How long would it take to fix now?"

"It's too late now," Gloria lamented, "Cade's in Chicago. Though, now that Mr Sutter freaked out and bounced, are we going to call Cade back?"

"No!" three women said at once, then looked at each other and laughed awkwardly.

"I can do it, too. Cade and I have pretty similar skills," Kaylie said.

Gloria laughed with delight and joked yet again about Kaylie being a female version of Cade, earning mild smiles from the others. "Should I stop saying that? I don't mean to be rude."

"It's fine. It's not wrong or anything. We are indeed... very similar. But also Cade's gone now and it's time to move on," Kaylie said gently.

Gloria glanced at Olivia and Elise and misinterpreted Kaylie's explanation in the exact way that Kaylie had intended. That was the last mention of Cade for a while.

"I hate to do this with all that's happened," Gloria announced later in a voice that implied she wanted the others to pause and listen. Elise had reluctantly departed for her job, but they'd put things in somewhat more order and Kaylie had collected tools necessary to work on the bakery kitchen, so they were making respectable progress. "But is there any chance we can still do the shoot at the Overlook before the sun goes down? I understand if it's too much, but it's kind of a lot of money. Actually... wait! Ohmygod, guys, I just had an idea."

"Yeah?" Olivia asked, sharing a glance with Kaylie.

"Okay, this isn't a *today* idea, but... what if, when Cliff's reopens, Olivia starts working checkout, and I put it on the socials? I bet we can make the place go viral, and people will come from all over to buy stuff here. It also totally works with the whole Thotless Glamour theme, because it's totally low key luxe."

“Uh, I think it might be too lowkey. Like working the till at a tiny logging town’s grocery doesn’t have any glamour to it at all, right?”

“That’s old thinking, Olivia!” Gloria said, rubbing her hands in glee as she warmed to the subject. “Piny Bend isn’t a ‘tiny logging town’, it’s an ‘exclusive mountain resort’. I mean, that’s why the Overlook is so excited to have you there. Properly framed, the new lodges at the mill could look plenty fancy, and wilderness photos are as glamorous as whatever gear you’re showing. And of course, you’re not just working the till, you’re the owner. That’s automatically glam. Plus, anyone visiting for socials will expect to pay higher prices.”

Kaylie looked at the suppressed horror on Olivia’s face and shook her head. “No, we still serve this town and regular folks in Piny Bend can’t afford that sort of thing.”

“We could give a steep local resident discount,” Olivia suggested, washing her hands and checking her outfit for mess as best she could given her limited visibility below her boobs.

Kaylie looked at Olivia again in surprise. “You’re okay with this?”

“Um... I’m not absolutely wild about the idea, but it seems like it has potential to save Cliff’s, and maybe really help Piny Bend. I mean, that seems like overselling it more than a bit, but it could help *some*.”

“Are you sure?” Kaylie asked.

“Actually, the more I think about it, the more I’m sure. I mean, it’s not as if I’ll be sitting there in a bikini or something. Regardless, let’s go to the Overlook.” She paused when she saw the uncertainty on Kaylie’s face. “What’s wrong? Do you not like it? I won’t do it if you don’t.”

“It’s not that. I just mean... leaving Cliff’s closed seems bad. I mean, what will people think if they know we were at the Overlook taking pictures whilst the only grocery in town is closed?”

“That wasn’t our fault. Mr Sutter fired Cade and closed the store and Olivia didn’t even have the keys. That’s exactly what we’ll tell anyone who asks, and it’s also true.” Gloria said.

“Oh, good point,” Kaylie said, having momentarily forgotten no one would expect her to keep the shop open. “Right. People can survive one day. Let’s go then!”

Despite not opening Cliff’s, there were deliveries to manage, stock to rotate, and many other tasks Kaylie couldn’t bring herself to leave entirely undone. After a sexy shoot with Gloria and dinner together from Elise’s leftovers, Kaylie and Olivia ended up back in Cliff’s like old times.

“I can’t fucking believe we’re doing this,” Olivia said, handing off the last carton of expired milk.

“Not very glamorous, is it?” Kaylie said apologetically.

“No, but fuck *glamour*. This is what I wanted to do, Kaylie. It’s like... exactly what I wanted. I know just how to do all this, and I have so many ideas about the kitchen, and also, I get to do it with *you*. It’s literally a dream come true.”

“Ha, well, I feel foolish,” Kaylie admitted, “Because my fantasies assumed that you would be

much more excited if I was rich and successful and could take you away from everything.”

“Two out of three ain’t bad,” Olivia said. “Rich doesn’t interest me, but ‘successful’ and ‘away from everything’ kinda describes running Cliff’s together, don’t you think?”

Kaylie laughed. “I’m not sure most folks would consider that ‘success’, but I’ll take it.”

“Kaylie. Darling,” Olivia said, putting on a fancy rich person’s accent, “Cliff’s will be the ultimate in ‘thotless glamour.’ Obviously.”

Kaylie chuckled and handed Olivia a very glamorous compost bin into which to place produce that had gone off.

Later, they had the idea that showering together would be sexy, and it was a little, but they were too tired to be really playful. Afterward, as they snuggled into bed together again, Olivia had to fight to stay awake long enough to say, “We’re definitely gonna fuck in the morning, this time. No interruptions.”

“That sounds nice, but if Cliff’s is going to open on time I should be back there by seven at the latest. Probably should start making calls to the suppliers at half six.”

“Ugh, when is it going to happen?” Olivia said, though her voice was fading.

“Soon,” Kaylie exhaled into the top of Olivia’s head, gave her a little squeeze, and they were unconscious within seconds.

‘Soon’ turned out to not be the next day, either. Gloria and Kaylie shared management of Cliff’s while Olivia helped where she could behind the scenes and slowly cleaned up the appalling mess that had been made of her childhood home. She was reintroduced to the rest of the staff in ones and twos, and though there was certainly a range of reactions to Olivia’s new look, the seemingly huge shakeup in how Cliff’s was to operate distracted them from her fulsomely thotless glamour. By the time they accepted that Kaylie was proving to be just as capable as her cousin the shop’s previous manager, and they gained some confidence that they wouldn’t lose their jobs, they were quite as enthusiastic as Gloria about Olivia’s role as marketing campaign for their beloved institution.

Evidently it didn’t really surprise anyone that Mr Sutter would have a meltdown and leave town; Cade’s departure was the far bigger shock and the indignation at the poor treatment of their former leader was a heartwarming as it was misplaced. Even so, they quickly learned to appreciate Kaylie, who also worked very hard, but without any of the sense of suppressed resignation and frustration that they hadn’t realised had been hanging over Cade until they saw Kaylie by contrast.

“Honestly, I’m just so happy to have work here at a good family-run business in town,” one of their older workers said when he brought in two thousand dollars of his savings to contribute after Olivia had distributed ownership share promises to all the dedicated longtime workers.

“I’m really happy to hear that, Jeremiah, but ‘worker owned’ doesn’t mean you have to invest financially. You’ve already invested so many years of your life and we want to recognise that.”

“Yeah yeah,” Jeremiah said, waving that off. “I know you’re in a bit of a fix to pay off them Mountain Organic people, so this is my part to help out.”

Olivia blinked. “Okay, tell you what. Let’s call this a loan at interest, and you can take payment in cash or additional ownership. How does that sound?”

“That sounds great. It’s wonderful to have you back, Olivia. I forgot how much of a smart cookie you are. At my age I should be able to look past appearances!”

“Thanks Jeremiah,” Olivia said, laughing. She wasn’t even sure if he noticed he’d just told her she looked stupid, but that actually made it even funnier, and she really couldn’t be the least bit mad about it.

With everyone pitching in and someone’s building inspector uncle visiting unofficially to give pointers, the kitchen was ready for its real inspection far faster than anyone had expected. Because the original permit application hadn’t expired yet, Kaylie was able to bat her eyes and convince the actual inspector to come and sign off on it before the new year, so their bakery deli could be open for almost the entire main ski season.

That meant that the menu had to be finished and some other supplies sourced straightaway, so the period of long hours every day went on and on. Going to daily photoshoots with Gloria was the most downtime Olivia felt like she was getting, and she would have felt guilty about them if they didn’t seem to be working. The one with Olivia proving how much of a submarine sandwich she could fit in her mouth was characteristically suggestive but in such a deniable way that it didn’t feel vulgar. Moreover, the amazing business the deli did from the very first day made everyone feel that all of it had been worth it: both Kaylie and crew’s construction, and her girlfriend’s seduction.

Because by then it was blatantly obvious that they were a couple, interacting as if they’d known each other forever. Not in an ‘old married couple’ way because their subtle giddiness at the new relationship wasn’t *that* subtle and so everyone read it as fresh love, but that it was love couldn’t be denied even by those who might otherwise have been inclined to take a dim view of two young women together.

It was really everything that Olivia wanted.

Except the sex. They had been together weeks by then, gone through so much together, and still barely a taste of Kaylie’s cunt. At least they knew now that the body hair was staying away, and that they didn’t actually have to do anything to maintain some touches like their perfect manicures because the wish magic saw to it for them. But they worked so hard and so long that even being hotter than the buns coming out of their commercial ovens wasn’t enough to make snogging more attracting than snuggling once they made it to bed.

Despite their grueling schedule obliging them to be some of the most chaste sex bombs around for several weeks, Olivia hoped that would just mean that when they finally, *finally* did the deed, the waiting would make it even more mind blowing. Though that put quite a bit of

pressure on, didn't it?

Sweet Service

"Yeah, they're not that sort," Sarah was telling Olivia after they'd taken a few pictures together for Sarah's socials and gone back to Olivia's parlour, which by then had been repaired, repainted, and furnished with basically tasteful cast-offs. "I mean, Mountain Organic's in-house counsel is totally ready to turn the screws legally, and can be totally ruthless in a legal way, but they don't do super shady stuff. It's usually not necessary and can get you into trouble. I mean, you saw what happened to your dad."

"Yeah," Olivia said, shrugging as if she didn't care.

"Oh! That reminds me. How well do you know your aunt Olive Sweetie?"

"Uh, better than I want to," Olivia hedged, exchanging a glance with Kaylie while Gloria snort-laughed as if she was familiar with why Sarah was bringing it up.

Sarah nodded as if this was the sort of answer she expected from Olivia. "I tried to help her, but she didn't really listen to my advice."

"Yeah, she's not used to that," Olivia said, pursing her lips insofar as her mouth could do such a thing.

Sarah shook her head ruefully. "You can say that again. She acts like someone who has never had to do what anybody else says, at least when *I'm* saying it. I guess she got a new boyfriend who isn't letting her drink herself to death anymore, so it seems she's listening to *someone*."

"A boyfriend?" Olivia said, her eyes widening.

"Yeah," Sarah said, rolling her eyes, "She's one of those girls who just does whatever her boyfriend says."

"Oh. I guess that makes a sort of sense," Olivia said, "At least she's not a hypocrite, I guess."

"Yeah?" Sarah asked, inviting Olivia to explain.

When Olivia couldn't figure out what to say in time, Kaylie saved her by saying, "Olive Sweetie has some old fashioned ideas about how women should behave."

"Really? How so?" Sarah asked, sounding nonplussed.

"Wives should obey husbands, daughters obey fathers. All that," Kaylie said, waving vaguely.

"Oh!" Sarah said, laughing. "Yeah, she does do that. I thought you meant something else."

"What?" Olivia asked, very curious.

"Well, getting railed by strangers on OnlyFans isn't super old-fashioned," Sarah said with a comical grimace. "I mean, more power to her and all, but that seems pretty out there to me. Probably the drinking, you know?"

Kaylie and Olivia shared a look.

“But her new boyfriend seems to have shut that down. Probably better for her because she was headed for trouble, but just crazy how some women won’t listen to other women. I hope he’s not too crappy to her.”

“Are you still in touch with her?” Olivia asked.

“Yeah, she won’t let me go, honestly. I think she lowkey hates you for doing such a good job with Cliff’s where her brother failed. I don’t know why she even asks me when she knows it’s just going to upset her. You know,” Sarah said, her voice dipping to signal she was about to share a juicy rumour, “I think she actually might have gotten with her boyfriend specifically to make trouble for Cliff’s.”

“How?” Kaylie asked.

“She’s with Joe Russo. One of Leonardo Russo’s boys. I suspect she had some kind of idea that she could make Joe call in their loan with Cliff’s? Though obviously it didn’t work.”

“We already paid it off,” Kaylie said.

“Oh no!” Sarah said, wincing. “I hope you didn’t pay the interest, because I don’t actually think it was a legally enforceable loan.”

“Ohmygod, that’s exactly what Olivia said!” Gloria said with a giggle.

Sarah looked at Olivia with surprised respect.

“That’s not *exactly* what I said,” Olivia said, embarrassed.

“But you said something like it, at least. She’s always saying smart stuff when people least expect it,” Gloria said, continuing her recent pattern of forgetting that Olivia had once earned good marks in school, but nevertheless being proud of her hometown ditz.

“I know how that is,” Sarah said, giving Olivia a wink, bimbo-to-bimbo.

“Oh, are you coming to the party?” Gloria asked Sarah.

“Party?” Sarah asked.

“It’s a Cliff’s Grocery staff party celebrating the full opening of the bakery deli,” Kaylie clarified in the hopes that Sarah would realise it wasn’t meant for outsiders. It hadn’t even started out as a staff party; Olivia and Kaylie had actually been planning a romantic dinner to precede their long awaited first true lovemaking now that the unending sequences of tasks and minor emergencies was meant to be at an end. Unfortunately, an attempt to be discreet while forestalling anyone on staff scheduling anything for that evening had created the impression that they were planning an event for all staff, which naturally would be a celebration of the hard work to which the whole staff had *also* contributed.

It honestly wasn’t so bad to have a nice potluck event instead of the fancy dinner; it saved money and driving time, and honestly they were so pent up it wasn’t as if they needed the romantic dinner to prime them. But she didn’t really want to add more people.

“It’s a potluck,” Kaylie said, hoping to give Sarah an extra reason to excuse herself.

“Oh! That’s perfect! I have this amazing cake for my birthday from a fancy place in Reno but it was mostly for the pic and I really don’t want to eat the whole thing or to throw it away. What a waste.”

“It’s meant to be, then!” Gloria said, and neither Kaylie or Olivia had the heart to turn her away.

It didn’t seem like a big deal given that other staff were bringing significant others, so it was not *that* tight a group. Unfortunately, it also muddied the waters about who was allowed in, which is how no one knew that Olive Sweetie wasn’t meant to be there.

Granted, she didn’t actually make it into the party. Olivia had been outside to see if Nadine had needed a hand with her casserole dishes when she happened to notice Olive Sweetie’s approach, allowing Olivia to stop her former father before she could disrupt the gathering. However, she wouldn’t have had to handle so much of the encounter alone if one of the other staff had known to intervene or at least fetch Kaylie.

“Olive,” Olivia said while on an intercept course.

“Olv, Oh-liv-ee-yah,” Olive Sweetie enunciated drunkenly. “Having a party?”

“Staff only,” Olivia said, spreading her hands wide in a ‘no entry’ motion.

“Cade ran out on you, huh?”

“Huh?” Olivia said, because that was such an obtuse thing to say that only Olive Sweetie’s tone of voice even made clear that it was meant to be some sort of attack.

“Oh yeah, you’re a dumbbo bimbo now. Who’s putting it in you?”

“You’re being so creepy,” Olivia said, shaking her head, but was goaded into saying, “No one’s putting anything in me. No one ever has.” It wasn’t really true but she knew Olive Sweetie was the sort who only considered penis-in-vagina real.

“Oh yeah, you’re a lezbo now, too, right? Lezbo dumbbo bimbo. It’s a mistake, though. Male,” Olive Sweetie illustrated the word with a long-nailed finger held aloft, then pushed it into the hole made by her other hand, which she described as, “Female. It’s how you’re made, girl. I know because you turned me into a dumb girl like you, and left me with nothing, *nothing*.” Olive Sweetie’s hand slapped at her groin. “So I had to let them stick it in me, because now I’m a hole too. But I learnt it for myself. If you do what you’re meant to do it feels good ‘cause that’s how we’re made.” Throughout she continued to drive the one finger into the circle created by her other hand while Olivia stared in stunned disbelief that the person in front of her had been her father barely three weeks ago.

“You tried to punish me, but the joke’s on you because I at least understand what a woman is and what a woman is meant to do. And I know exactly what men want, so I’m less of a freak than you even in this dumb body ‘cause I know what it’s for. And God makes me feel good when I do what I’m meant to do. Obey men and make them happy.”

Her voice shifted into a more plaintive mode. “That’s all I wanted for you, you know. You

need to give it to a good man. If you love him and obey him and make him feel good, he'll take care of you and God will make you feel good. That's all I wanted, you know."

It looked like Olive Sweetie was going to try to get her to assent to a hug on this ostensibly heartwarming confession, so Olivia stepped back and changed the subject. "What brings you to town?"

"I came here with Joe, but then he got mad and he left me here. So it's his own fault for leaving me here without... without anything. Without guidance." She shrugged and ran her hand through her hair but didn't explain what fault had occurred that needed to be allocated to someone.

"Why did Joe come here?"

"Oh, he wanted to see Bimbo Bend," she said, laughing and grabbing her own enormous boobs. "But then I distracted him too long and Cliff's closed." She made a sucking motion with her mouth that Olivia belatedly recognised was an indication of what sort of distraction Olive Sweetie had provided, then took out her phone and tapped something into it.

Olivia stood there awkwardly, glad that Olive Sweetie's focus wasn't on her anymore, but at a loss as to how to get her to go away if her ride had stranded her. "Uh, if you're stuck I could give you some cash to get a meal at Mountain Murphy's." That was the Irish-themed 'pub' less than a block back the way Olive Sweetie had come.

"Those assholes just kicked me out! Just threw the first stone, right at me. Wasn't bothering anyone. Is it your turf?"

"My turf? What are you talking about?"

"Oh yeah, you're the *lezbo* dumbbo bimbo now. Go woke go broke. Oh, here he is!" Olive Sweetie said, as a car turned in where they were, rather too quickly for Olivia's comfort.

Not that there was any comfortable speed with which a car bearing Joe Russo could approach. Olivia didn't know whether to be alarmed or reassured that it was actually a county sheriff vehicle rather than whatever the loan shark drove.

"Olivia Sweetie Sutter?" one of the officers asked, exiting the vehicle.

"She's Olivia," Olive Sweetie said, pointing unhelpfully.

"If you're looking for Olive Sweetie, that's her. She's my aunt and we have really similar names," Olivia said as quickly as she could.

"That's her," one officer said the other other, who was a woman, which Olivia hoped would help. Unfortunately, the male officer was pointing at Olivia.

"The age range in the report was higher" the female officer muttered to her partner skeptically. "They're both blond and have huge..." she motioned at her own chest to indicate which body part had been described as 'huge'.

"Was either of you just at Mountain Murphy's?" the male cop asked.

"I'm going to the party at Cliff's," Olive Sweetie non-answered.

“No you are not. It’s a staff-only party,” Olivia said, though she winced at the feeling that she was lying to police. Which she wasn’t, but she was saying things in front of police that weren’t quite true, and her hyperactive sense of guilt did the rest.

“I didn’t bother nobody,” Olive Sweetie insisted, and by then the police had also figured out which of them was stumbling drunk.

Others from the party eventually came out to back up Olivia’s version of events, but by then all she had to do was give a short statement to the police and then they could all go back inside. She didn’t tell everyone that the questions made clear that Olive Sweetie was being detained for soliciting prostitution, both because she didn’t revel in Olive Sweetie’s downfall and also because it was clear that the male officer had originally assumed the report referred to Olivia because of her blonde hair and infamous boobs. Olivia also skipped over some detail because the sticky-looking goo running stringers between Olive Sweet’s inner thigh indicated that the solicitation had been at least partly successful, which was absolutely *not* something she wanted to think about that night.

Of course the brouhaha with Olive Sweetie formed a major topic of discussion during the party, but Olivia was very happy to delegate to Sarah the role of describing a slightly expurgated version of Olive Sweetie’s sordid history. To her further relief, actual consumption of food and drink helped change the subject to the various dishes people had brought, family updates, and all the ordinary things one discussed at a social gatherings for the staff of a small community shop.

Dessert Roll

“You made this? When?” Kaylie asked, laughing at the cinnamon roll Olivia had offered up as dessert later when they were alone at last.

“This morning, mostly,” Olivia said sheepishly.

“So it wasn’t the coffee making you need to pee, was it?” Kaylie asked, “It was just an excuse?”

“Well, the coffee really was making me pee a little, but yeah, mostly I was running upstairs to do the next bit. I wanted to bring one down for lunch but then you had to talk to the cheese guy so I set it aside. But now we’ll know how well it holds up after sitting for nine hours.”

“I’m stuffed,” Kaylie said.

“Just take one bite? A nibble?” Olivia begged.

“Oh, I’m definitely taking a nibble,” Kaylie said seductively.

“Be careful! You’re getting some on your lip,” Olivia said, and moved in to kiss it away while Kaylie was sitting and thus within easy kissing range.

“Careful, I might want to taste something else, if,” Kaylie started.

“Yes!” Olivia interrupted, then grabbed the cinnamon roll out of Kaylie’s hand and slammed it back on the plate. “Carb time is over, time for some animal products!”

“You got frosting on your top,” Kaylie pointed out when Olivia pulled it off to present her mammal parts.

“I’m going to smother you with these,” Olivia threatened, licking the remaining frosting off the fingers of one hand while using the other to tug Kaylie to bed.

“Don’t threaten me with a good time,” Kaylie said, picking Olivia up and rolling onto the mattress so that Olivia lay on top, soft breasts spreading to cover Kaylie’s décolletage, shoulders, and neck. “Not dead yet,” she reported from Olivia’s cleavage.

“If I fuck your brains out, will that be fatal?” Olivia asked.

“Not if I fuck yours out first,” Kaylie said.

“Too late for that. I traded my brain in for my murder weapons,” Olivia said pushing her boobs onto Kaylie’s face.

“Does that bother you at all?” Kaylie asked, more seriously.

“What? The brainless bimbo thing? No. As long as you know that I have *several* functional neurons up here,” Olivia answered, tapping her temple with one of her immaculate French nails, “I don’t really care what anybody else thinks.”

“Well, they won’t be functional after tonight,” Kaylie joked.

“Better not be. Okay, less talking, more fucking,” Olivia said, then prevented any further discussion by pressing her plump lips onto Kaylie’s. Then she moved down to Kaylie’s other lips.

Many noises came out of Kaylie from that point, but she didn’t *talk*.

Cannoli

Finally Olivia was able to finish what they’d started weeks ago in the bed at the Outlook, and though she had to be very careful how she used her nail-tipped fingers, she was gratified to feel how a lot of tongue and a little judicious digital assistance made Kaylie’s clit absolutely as hard as could be. Honestly, Olivia had assumed that Kaylie had started that way, but once she zeroed in she could feel it swell just a little bigger.

And a little bigger than that. Actually, it was swelling really fast.

“What?” Kaylie asked, curling to get a better look at what was going on.

“I don’t...” Olivia said, having also paused to watch. “Wait, that’s... That’s yours, isn’t it? It’s your cock!” Olivia said, laughing with delight, then she sobered. “Uh, is this okay?”

“I... I have to confess that this was the one thing I missed. But how do you know what it

looked like?”

Olivia reddened. “Um, I... One time...”

Kaylie laughed at Olivia’s embarrassment. “*One* time and now you recognise it immediately?” When she saw Olivia was actually trying to answer, Kaylie just laughed again and shook her head. “I don’t care, love; it’s fine.”

“It might have been twice,” Olivia admitted, “But also, it’s a *really* pretty penis so it sort of sticks in my memory. Um, do you mind if I?” She motioned her hand toward it.

“Go right ahead,” Kaylie said. “You’re not weirded out?”

“Me? Fuck no. I was worried you would be,” Olivia said.

“I mean, it’s strange and unexpected and I hope it, uh, goes back wherever it was hiding before, but... Yeah, this is fine. Except, I should probably get a rubber.”

“If you want, but you don’t have to if you don’t want to,” Olivia said shyly.

“Are you sure? Because what if...” she trailed off.

“Having your baby would be another dream come true,” Olivia whispered in Kaylie ear.

“Shit.”

“What’s wrong?” Olivia asked.

“Um, you have my hopes up? Like way up.”

“They’re up? Up like your girlcock!” Olivia said, tapping it gently right atop the bellend where it strove for the sky. “I’ve been told it’s my job to fix that, and this time I’m going to take the advice.”

“What are you talking about?” Kaylie asked.

“Just bimbo stuff. Stick that fucking thing in me,” Olivia demanded. “Fill me up.”

“Oh. Okay,” Kaylie said, and, with some twisting and progressively deeper movements, did in fact stick the fucking thing in her.

And, after plenty of gasps and giggles, filled her up.

Though that was far from the final event of the evening.

Checkout

“You know I don’t mind, and neither would Elisa,” Olivia said two days before their official wedding almost a year later, whilst putting herself back in order after the railing Kaylie had just given her on her break.

They didn’t fuck in Kaylie’s office nearly as often as folks presumed, and even when they did they usually didn’t do anything that could make Olivia pregnant again, but every now and again Olivia just wanted to feel Kaylie inside her. She also didn’t like it as much when Kaylie wore a rubber because there was something satisfying about Kaylie’s climax painting Olivia’s insides

that helped push her to her own orgasm, and maybe intensify it. Perhaps she was simply romanticising the proof of Kaylie's pleasure, or perhaps it had something to do with the 'curse' Olive Sweetie had tried to put on Olivia. Either way, she thought the small risk of getting pregnant again was worth it.

"The doctor said it was best to wait eighteen months before getting pregnant again," Kaylie reminded her, dabbing up some droplets of milk Olivia had expressed when she came.

"It's *best*, sure, but it's not like I'm going to drop dead. Besides, I think the wish makes me recover extra fast," Olivia said, patting her flat tummy.

"Weren't you just complaining about the milk making your boobs bigger?" Kaylie, shifting in a way that made Olivia itch to see if she could make Kaylie go again.

"Was I complaining?" Olivia asked.

"Well, you said they made you look like a dumb cow," Kaylie said.

"Oh, did that sound like a complaint to you?" Olivia asked mischievously, but overcame her temptation to see what Kaylie would do if Olivia brought her milk makers to bear against Kaylie again. "Besides, Thotless Glamour is altering my dress so I won't have the double boob situation on Sunday, as long as I pump before dressing."

"I can hardly believe you got even bigger than... We should stop talking about this or I'm going to want to go again," Kaylie warned.

Olivia bit her lip and considered seeing if she could break her fiancée's professionalism, but decided that she should behave herself at work. Then she noticed Kaylie looking slightly flustered at Olivia's lips and burst out laughing. "Okay, okay! I'll get back to the till like a good girl cow."

"All cows are girls," Kaylie pointed out, but resolutely turned back to the balance sheets she was meant to be reconciling.

"Is it okay if I go in?" Nadine asked Olivia as she exited, as if Olivia had just finished fucking her boss. Which she had, obviously, but the assumption would once have gotten on Olivia's nerves but now tickled her sense of humour. After almost a year, she had gotten pretty accustomed to her new persona, but it still surprised her sometimes when the assumptions were accidentally correct.

Olivia knew she sounded like a proper ditz when she giggled at Nadine's question, but that just made her giggle more, such that she could only nod and wave Nadine in. She was still in a good mood as she got to her station, waving both at the customers waiting to make a purchase and Jeremiah who had been operating the till in Olivia's absence. Being midday Thursday, it was unsurprisingly just locals rather than social media sorts, though now that the ski season was starting again, visitors coming to take pictures with her was on its way to becoming an everyday occurrence again.

Jeremiah gave up his spot at the till to return to stocking, though he, like the other workers,

always kept half an eye on the people coming to the counter where Olivia sat, just in case a visitor got out of hand. It rarely occurred, but every once in a while visitors didn't grasp the 'look but don't touch' policy, or, on one occasion, just came and stood staring in a very unnerving way. More time-consumingly, customers would occasionally attempt to claim that Olivia had overcharged them, or given incorrect change. Olivia would pretend to blame herself for an air headed mistake, but whilst she slowly and confusingly pretended to rectify the situation, whomever else was on duty would gather up the evidence to show that Olivia had indeed charged them correctly, or given the correct change. Their system defused most incipient confrontations with minimum fuss.

Olive Sweeties hadn't been seen since the deli bakery had opened, so there was no corresponding standard process for handling her appearance. Everyone knew she was trouble, but how exactly to handle the trouble wasn't as clear. So, instead of bustling her out or any other decisive action when she appeared in the midafternoon, Jeremiah departed to fetch Kaylie from the office and Nadine hovered nearby to lend support in case Olivia should need it.

Olivia's initial fears eased once she recognised that Olive Sweetie was moving a bit strangely because her shoes didn't fit very well, not because she was drunk. Her entire outfit spoke of someone who thought it was easy to make cheap clothes look like they did on the models online, and it looked like she still hadn't quite learned how to take proper care of her own hair.

"Oliv-Olivia," Olive said to Olivia before looking nervously at Nadine, "Uh, could, could I talk to you?"

It was surprising how much Olivia found herself dreading the request of a favour that Olive Sweetie's plaintive tone and downtrodden posture said was coming. Olivia also couldn't be sure it wasn't a trick to try to ambush her with another spell.

"About what?" Olivia asked, as if she hadn't the faintest idea what was going on. She almost winced at her own mistake. It had become something of a reflex to stonewall with invincible stupidity when she needed more time to think and judge the situation, but obviously Olive Sweetie, having known Olivia all her life, would see through the act in an instant.

Or perhaps not. Olivia sighed and rolled her eyes very much as if exasperated to have to speak to someone so thick. Facing someone as daft as Olivia was pretending to be seemed to give Olive Sweetie confidence by comparison, however, and she decided to carry on. "I'm looking for a job and I know everything about how to run a grocery," she said with an arch expression on her very like that she used to use to browbeat Cliff's employees.

"You can fill out an application," Nadine said, unimpressed.

"Olive," Olive Sweetie started, using the name Olivia had never liked, but this time, it presented Olivia with a way to disrupt her now-aunt's pitch.

"Yes, that's *your* name," Olivia said brightly, as if proud of herself for remembering. "Kinda like my name, but *not* my name."

Olive Sweetie's eyelids drooped with anger she didn't yet dare show as Kaylie arrived with a stern look on her face. Kaylie being at her back comforted the child inside Olivia who might otherwise have been inclined to tremble at triggered memories. Kaylie standing tall at her shoulder reminded Olivia that things were different now, and if Olive Sweetie tried to make trouble, Kaylie would put her out on the curb in a trice.

Nevertheless, Olivia welcomed the jingle of the front door opening as a break to the tension.

"That's got to be them," said a tall woman in an English accent as she motioned toward the group around Olivia at the till. The Englishwoman wasn't Genie, but the much shorter woman next to the new arrival declared straightaway that they had *something* to do with Genie.

"My God," Nadine said, stunned by presence of someone even bustier than Olivia, the double swell of the shorter woman's chest so wide that she almost needed both doors held open to enter. "Is that girl for real?"

"No way," Olive Sweetie said, having turned to look.

"Uh, I think these might be friends of a friend," Olivia said, standing up.

"Genie?" Kaylie murmured in Olivia's ear.

"Uh, yesish?" Olivia murmured back, unable to offer a better explanation in a few words.

"Hmm," the tall newcomer said, scanning the assembled people and settling on Nadine. "Oh, uh, could you excuse us for a moment?"

Nadine looked at Kaylie, who looked at Olivia, who looked at the petite-except-for-boobs-and-butt woman who *had* to be the woman Genie had claimed was her doing, though she was certainly quite a bit boobier now than in the shocking but intriguing old video Olivia had seen. Their entrance *must* have something to do with Genie and the wish magic. "Yes, Nadine, could you give up just a few minutes, I think?"

Kaylie nodded at Nadine to confirm Olivia's request, and Nadine somewhat reluctantly departed for the storage room as directed by Kaylie's meaningful glance.

"Thanks!" the taller Englishwoman said once Nadine was out of earshot. "I'm Kelly, this is my sister Candi, and we are indeed friends of a friend, here on a bit of an errand."

Olive Sweetie had, by this point, had a chance to make up her mind about these newcomers. "You definitely look like the sort of friends Olivia would make," she said with poorly-concealed contempt.

Olivia was dumbfounded that even someone as committed to judging surface appearances as Olive Sweetie could so misjudge the situation. Granted, Candi didn't look like a genius by any means, but Kelly at least was smartly dressed, and though she was probably a bit too stacked to be natural, she looked proportionate and elegant, especially compared to Olive Sweetie's much more vulgar profile. But then, Olive Sweetie wasn't much of a judge of style or posture, so perhaps she just saw a tall bimbo and a short stack megabimbo.

Kelly didn't look offended so much as concerned. "Are we here because this one has a

mismatched body?” she asked Candi, referring to Olive Sweetie.

“The metrics implied some kind of progressive issue, not a categorical one,” Candi said, frowning her brow at her phone.

“Mismatched body?” Olive Sweetie asked, offended.

“Pardon me, I hope I didn’t give offense,” Kelly apologised, “It just looks like you have a man’s aura in a woman’s body.”

Olive Sweetie’s mouth hung open, and Kaylie’s protective arm around Olivia tensed. “What about me?”

Kelly looked at Kaylie confused. “What about you?”

“What does my aura look like?” Kaylie asked.

“I don’t know, fine?” Kelly said after another look to try to understand what Kaylie was even asking about. “You’re the most normal looking one here.” She turned to Candi and asked, “And Olivia isn’t the problem, either, right? Obviously those are wish-magic boobs, but I don’t see anything weird about her aura or anything. They’re both perfectly as they’re meant to be, from everything I can see.”

“I don’t know. *You’re* the sorceress,” Candi said, then added an apologetic, “I can only get so much from the app. You’re going to have to figure it out from here, bigger sis.”

“Maybe we should get my, uh, aunt,” Kaylie suggested.

“Your *aunt*?” Kelly asked skeptically.

“She’s a former witch,” Kaylie explained.

“I knew it!” Olive Sweetie exclaimed.

“Yes, of course you did. You got yourself into this situation by trying to cast a spell on me, remember? As spell you got from an item she and mum made together,” Olivia said bitterly.

Olive Sweetie looked as confused as she was angry, but the exchange clearly enlightened Kelly. “Oh! I see. Well, we shouldn’t bring anyone else inside the Veil. This one... oh shit, she used to be your dad?”

“Yeah,” Olivia said unhappily.

“Well, that’s definitely too confused now to fix, and I think I see what Candi’s apparatus was trying to tell us. We *might* be able to find a way to get you back to something like your old body,” Kelly speculated dubiously.

“Will I be young and healthy again?” Olive Sweetie asked.

“No I don’t have anything like that kind of power.”

“Then leave me alone,” Olive Sweetie said grumpily.

“I’m afraid I can’t do that, because Candi says you’re on your way to upsetting the Veil.”

“Me? What about them? They’re the ones who took everything from me,” Olive Sweetie said, motioning angrily at Kaylie and Olivia.

Kelly looked carefully at Kaylie and Olivia again. “No, they fit basically perfectly. I’m sure

magic did something with Kaylie or she would be outside the Veil, but whatever it is hasn't left any traces I can see. I mean, I'm going to guess it probably upped her face card a bit based on her model looks, but that's not a sorcerous vision thing, just a 'people aren't ordinarily that hot' sort of thing."

"No, she was always that hot," Olivia said. "Nothing to do with magic. Yes magic did loads for my face, but she's always been hot like this."

"Uh..." Kaylie said uncomfortably, "Not *exactly* like this. Your wish made me a girl, remember?"

"Oooh!" Kelly exclaimed, laughing with enlightenment. "I see what's going on now. No Kaylie, wishes can't make you a girl and I feel sure Genie would have told you that. I don't think any magic can. Though life experience can sometimes shift things, and clearly Olive Sweetie's life experiences are causing a problem with, uh, your former dad. Who is why we're here, I'm now confident."

"Though it's always nice to meet any of Genie's favourites!" Candi put in, smiling at Kaylie and Olivia. "Wonderful to see you doing so well! Ordinarily we aren't meant to get involved, so this is a rare but very welcome exception."

"Your genie somehow messed me up? That means you owe me a fix, right?" Olive Sweetie asked Kelly, struggling to follow the conversation but hoping that a solution to her problems was at hand.

"No, that's not how any of this works. But we're here to help anyway because we don't want you disturbing a particularly good wish and causing all sorts of other problems. I'm guessing the spell you tried to cast is what's messing everything up, though even with that you look more messed up than I would have expected," Kelly said, studying Olive Sweetie.

"Could alcoholism explain it?" Olivia asked.

Olive Sweetie started into a vituperative description of Olivia's morals and intelligence but barely got started before Kelly held up a finger that rendered Olive Sweetie mute.

"Not on its own," Kelly said, "Though it definitely can interact over time."

"My mom says there's bad magical karma, from the native people massacred here," Kaylie said.

Both Kelly and Candi looked taken aback by this, then shared a look.

"Yeah, that sounds like something that could cause this," Candi said, looking at her phone again, then turning a sympathetic look at Olivia. "Our mum was also not the best parent. Given the magical outcome I'm going to guess that your father was... that he had some serious ethical lapses?"

Olivia just nodded and exchanged a look with Kaylie as she recalled how close Olivia's father had come to embezzling the entire grocery.

"You know you're going to make things a million times worse for yourself if you do

whatever it was that you were planning on doing,” Kelly told Olive Sweetie, whom she released from whatever had been preventing her from speaking.

“It can’t get a million times worse,” Olive Sweetie complained in a defeated tone. “I got dumped and if I get arrested again it’ll be worse than ever, so I have no way to support myself and every man knows I’m a... a... that I’m used up. God, I need a drink.”

“Hmm, that drink might be our best course of action,” Kelly said thoughtfully.

“Um, she’s not good with alcohol,” Olivia objected, and Kelly had to mute Olive Sweetie’s angry denials.

“Yes, but alcohol kills brain cells, and influencing which die is one of the few ways magic can influence minds. After all that’s happened, she’s not the man you used to know, partly because the magic tampered with the brain damage she’s been inflicting on herself via the bottle. So now she’s in some weird state with a lot of her old self eaten away while some combination of bad karma and bad attitude is keeping her from forming a new one. I can’t undo that or make her fit her body, but I can maybe direct the damage she does herself so that she stops caring about it so much. What do you think?”

“Shouldn’t you be asking her?” Kaylie suggested uncomfortably.

“Yes, but I can see her answers would be unwise and self-destructive. More than that, it would probably cause problems with the Veil. She’s very lucky that you don’t hold enough of a grudge to intentionally make things worse for her.”

“Did sorcery tell you that?” Olivia asked, fascinated.

“No, she’s just a good judge of character. It makes her a brilliant lawyer, too!” Candi said proudly, eliciting a fondly embarrassed smile from her sister.

“Yeah, that might be the kindest thing for her now,” Kaylie said then, with a significant element of sadness. “I believe there was a time when she... he... had more good in him, before Olivia’s mother passed. Maybe Olive Sweetie could find that again, if the other, grimier bits were gone?”

Kelly nodded with sage approval. “I can see why the bad karma didn’t affect you. Okay... I think it’s done now.”

“What, already?” Olivia asked, startled and unsettled at how quickly things were moving.

“Yes, in the sense that the process is begun. Also, the portion that is literally magical is the smallest part of it. I’m going to give her an all expenses paid ocean cruise that is only metaphorically magical, like Disneyland. There she can feel taken care of, look for male protectors, and most importantly, drink herself stupid. That will take her far away from you and away from the bad history. By the time she comes back, she’ll hopefully be in a better place.”

“With brain damage?” Olivia asked.

“Carefully directed brain damage. And only if she drinks to excess,” Kelly said.

“So definitely brain damage,” Kaylie said, and despite the seriousness of the situation, Olivia

couldn't kept but giggle a bit.

"Yeah, that's how these things seem to work," Candi said apologetically. "I don't have magic," she said, before Kelly cut in.

"She doesn't have literal magic, but she's got *loads* of metaphorical magic," Kelly said mischievously.

Candi rolled her eyes and stuck out her tongue, but something about her expression and the way she shifted her monumental boobs made Olivia pretty sure Candi enjoyed her sister's mischief. "I don't have *literal* magic, so I can't see it directly, but I know enough about the rules to say that Olive Sweetie pretty much has to want to forget in order for it to work. And much of the time, forgetting is exactly what people are trying to do when they drink heavily. So, though she might say otherwise, and even try to convince herself otherwise, I have a strong suspicion that once she's on the cruise, her actions will tell another story."

"Speaking of which, we have to get going to deliver her to her ship," Kelly said.

"Already?" Candi asked. "We just got here and I feel like we'd have loads to talk about."

"I can't keep her muted forever, and it's the middle of their workday. Let's deliver her, then come back for a short visit. However much the Veil allows us."

"Oh, okay," Candi said, glancing at her phone and nodding. "It's been perfectly lovely meeting you, and I hope we get to do much more of it, though unfortunately we don't control that. My guess is that we'd be back tomorrow afternoon or evening, traffic permitting."

"Even sorcerers are subject to traffic?" Kaylie asked.

"No always, but in this case it's one way the Veil tells us how much it's willing to tolerate," Candi said as they walked out with silently-befuddled Olive Sweetie following them without seeming to understand why. "But if we're *very* lucky, maybe Genie can join us too! Until then, take care, loves!"

Once they were gone, Kaylie and Olivia shared a bemused look.

"Well, can you imagine them showing up for the rehearsal dinner?" Olivia joked.

"Good thing we chose Sunday rather than Saturday for the wedding," Kaylie laughed, though it had been more a matter of what day the now-trendy Overlook had available than any foresight on their part.

"I will grant that was *very* strange, but I'm also *very* thankful they stopped by," Olivia said.

"Was it kind of like this with Genie?" Kaylie asked.

"No, not even close. I suppose it's similar in that it was magical and hurried, but otherwise it's hard to compare the two experiences. Even when she first granted my wish I couldn't really believe that my *real* wish would be granted so I didn't dare feel happy. Now, well... my wishes are granted, and I guess they're just staying granted? I don't know. But back then I went from depressed and scared before she arrived, to depressed and sort of confused after she departed. This time I went from being as happy as I can imagine being to... well, still that happy."

“But still confused, right?” Kaylie asked with a teasing smile. “I feel confused.”

“No,” Olivia said firmly, “I wouldn’t say we’re confused in any way that matters. You heard what Kelly said. She checked, and confirmed we’re both now perfectly as we’re meant to be.”

