



# **SIDE EFFECTS INCLUDE...**

**(CHAPTERS 1-7)**



**A NOVELLA BY  
THE ETHICAL HYPNOTIST**

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## Chapter One: A Woman In Need of a Change

Grace moaned, softly, as she worked the vibrator. Her other hand roughly pinched a nipple. On her phone, a blonde bimbo got plowed by two studs, the grunts and groans piping into Grace's airpods. She felt her orgasm rising in time to the bimbo's pumping, and she imagined the taste of the stud's thick cock in her own mouth...

BANG BANG BANG "Gracie! Gracie, are you in there?"

*Goddamnit, every fucking time!* "Yeah, mom, I was taking a nap."

Gritting her teeth in frustration, Grace jammed the sex toy under her mattress and scrambled into her clothes. She did her best 'just woke up' impression and cracked the bedroom door.

"Sweetie, you've got therapy at 6, you need to get up."

Grace turned to look at the clock, then turned back to her mother with exasperation. "*Mom*, it's only 2:30! I could've slept two or three times - er, hours!"

"I know, but we need groceries and I want you to stop at the Hobby Lobby and pick up some lavender oil for my soaps. I ran out and I need to make a condolence basket for Mrs. Westfall across the way." Grace's mom leaned in to whisper. "Her chihuahua died."

"You don't have to whisper mom, the dog can't hear you." Groaning inwardly, she shut the door and went to shower.

—

Grace Stavros drifted through her chores on autopilot, lost in thought. Here she was at 27 - living at home in Queens, working as a secretary, and desperately single.

One major problem, in Grace's mind at least, was her looks. She was *cute* - almost terminally cute. She stood 5' 1", 100 pounds soaking wet, with modest curves, and a face that was adorable no matter how she did her makeup. Adjectives people used included "lovely," "dainty," "slight," and "mousy."

Grace looked like the girl next door, the girl you imagined holding back happy tears as you lifted her wedding veil, a future mom who would age gracefully into a grandmother.

But Grace wasn't the girl next door, not inside.

Grace was a horny freak who wanted to get *fucking railed*, hard and nasty, around the clock.

Puberty had hit Grace like a hammer, and she'd been hornier than any of her friends - hell, hornier than most of the teenage boys around her. She had a collection of sex toys before she had a driver's license, and had gotten a Pornhub Premium account the moment she had her own laptop.

High school had been a mess - Grace had been too scared of being branded a 'slut' to sleep around, and didn't lose her virginity until senior year.

College had been the opposite problem. On her own for the first time, she absolutely cut loose. Her freshman year had been an endless parade of cheap beer, weed, and cute boys. By the time she came out of the bacchanal, Grace had a D- average and chlamydia.

She eventually pulled out of the tailspin, and found a balance between the classroom and the bedroom. Grace left school with a theatre degree and a sexual appetite that had only sharpened with four years of boyfriends and hookups.

Soon it felt like she was on her way - she got a lighting job at the Atlantic Theater, her own (tiny) apartment in Manhattan, and a pretty actor boyfriend who could keep up with her in bed. She was a strong, confident young woman with a bright future ahead of her.

Then COVID hit, and everything went to hell.

The theater shut down, Ethan went home to Chicago, and Grace moved back with her mom. Then months of lockdown, trapped at home, unemployed and masturbating. By the time things opened up again, Grace was stuck in a full-blown depression.

It had taken a year of exercise and therapy to pull herself together, and another year to find a job. But even then, things had never gotten back on track. Grace's confidence had evaporated and she almost radiated an aura of 'tiny sweet girl that needs lots of snuggles.'

Grace *hated* snuggles.

At work, she was everyone's kid sister. One time she had hit on DeAndre Lawson and he not only missed the hint, but actually *patted her head*, like she was ten years old.

Dating was a disaster too. The decent guys all took things *way too slow*, and the fuckbois were all creeps. One notable asshole hadn't taken the hint until she threw her martini in his face and kicked him in the balls. Grace had abandoned Tinder after that.

Now she stood alone, comparing frozen lasagnas, six fuckless months later.

*I just need a push, she thought, something to get me in the game again! Something to remind them all I'm not 'cute!'*

---

Groceries and oils delivered, Grace took the N train to 28th Street, to the offices of Doctor Linda Featherstone. The psychiatrist had helped her through the really black times of the depression, gotten her back into the world when everything seemed hopeless - and for that Grace would be forever grateful.

They'd had less success in Grace's love life. Things had been improving, but Mr Kick-to-the-Balls had sent her back to square one, and the doctor's reassurances hadn't been terribly reassuring. "Still gotta do it," Grace muttered to herself. "I'm not going to magic my insecurities away."

The hair on the back of Grace's neck stood up as she opened the office door. Something was off, a strange vibration in the air, a noise she could feel but not hear. The normal reception lady was gone - in her place was a small man, middle aged, with graying brown hair and a neat beard. He was dressed in a nice gray suit, an old-fashioned cut, which seemed overly formal for the situation. He smiled politely at her as she stood in the hall.

"Ah, Ms Stavros, yes? Perfect timing!" He stood up and offered Grace his hand, not moving from the desk. Not wanting to be rude, she entered and took it. "I'm Robert, filling in for Delilah. I'm afraid she's taken ill - as has Doctor Featherstone. Very sudden, very short notice."

Grace sighed, shoulders sagging. "So I came all the way here for nothing? Crap."

"Oh no no!" Robert shook his head, still smiling. "Your session hasn't been cancelled. Doctor Featherstone has transferred all her clients to my employer until she recovers." He pointed back to the door. "His office is just down the hall on the right. I can escort you there."

Grace took a small step back. "That seems... kinda weird. I think I should call the doctor..."

Robert waved a dismissive hand as Grace pulled out her phone. "There's no need to call - the doctor is in her office, resting a bit before heading home." He picked up the desk phone. "Excuse me Doctor, could you come out? Ms Stavros is here, and she's concerned about the transfer."

After a moment, Doctor Featherstone emerged from her office. She was shockingly pale, shivering beneath a black turtleneck. "Hello Grace... sorry for all this trouble. I just got... so tired and weak all of the sudden. My apologies, I'll have Delilah reschedule ASAP."

Grace raised an eyebrow. "This guy says you transferred my appointment?"

The doctor raised an eyebrow in return, looking askance at Robert. "What? That's ridic - " Then she stopped speaking, her jaw audibly clicking shut. Her eyes were glassy as she turned back to Grace.

"That is correct. I am unwell, and the good doctor has graciously agreed to take on my caseload until I recover. He is an excellent psychiatrist, and is well equipped to help you with your sexual issues. He is Romanian. Everything is normal."

*Something is **deeply** wrong*, Grace thought to herself.

*No, everything is fine and normal*, a thought in her head replied - which logically, Grace herself must have thought. *You - I mean, I - should immediately head to your appointment - MY appointment, damnit!*

Her concerns apparently addressed, Grace said goodbye and let Robert escort her down the hall. The door at the end was a large slab of smoke-blackened oak, ornately carved and set in a medieval frame. The whole thing was *deeply* out of place among the contemporary Manhattan chic, but Grace realized *it had always been there and was normal*.

She moved to grab the iron handle, but the door opened by itself. Beyond was an average waiting room, a handful of chairs next to a water cooler and some dog-eared magazines. A single door of modern design sat at the far end.

Robert moved to the desk and pressed a button, and the second door clicked open.

"The doctor is waiting inside. Please, enter of your own free will."

Grace swallowed hard as she approached the door. She paused for a moment, then walked through. The room seemed more or less like any other psychiatrist's office - warm lighting, wall of books, couch for Grace to lay on, huge black oak desk carved to look like a dragon.

Behind the desk, the doctor looked up at her. He was a large man, with wild black hair and a long droopy mustache. He wore a white dress shirt under a grey sweater vest, khakis and a long black cape. His eyes were grey and shined like fire, and his smile seemed to have too many teeth.

*All perfectly normal.*

"Ah, Ms Grace Stavros. I bid you welcome to my office." He rose, and then was next to her and kissing her hand.

Grace jumped slightly at the greeting. "Oh! Um... yeah. Pleased to meet you, Doctor..."

He took a step back and bowed. "Acula. I am... Doctor Acula. Please, rest upon the couch and tell me of your troubles. **Hold nothing back, no matter how carnal** - no secrets can be kept from Doctor Acula."

Feeling dazed, Grace nonetheless laid back on the couch and told her story from the top, the doctor back at his desk. The words seemed to spill out - her life, her troubles, her frustrations, and her *burning lust*. That she discussed in both length and detail. Doctor Acula listened intently, taking notes and interrupting only occasionally with questions.

"Was it three or four men you serviced at the fraternity party?"

"Would you prefer sexual congress *on* the first date, or *before* the first date?"

"So the officer dropped the speeding ticket but not the illegal lane change. How did that make you feel?"

After what felt like hours, Grace finally got to today's interrupted masturbation. As she finished the monologue, her mind cleared - and she realized that she'd just told a complete stranger every graphic detail of her sex life and her desires. She blushed furiously, filling with shame. She turned to face the doctor, ready for judgement and condemnation.

She saw only compassion and sympathy in those burning grey eyes, a kindred spirit who understood her *perfectly*. The relief that cascaded through her body was almost as good as an orgasm. He rose from his desk and he seemed to fill the room, a shadow that shielded and soothed her. **Which, again, was perfectly normal.**

"The people of this grey world condemn you, Grace Stavros. They call you harlot, they call you whore, they call you slut. They hate you, because their souls are tiny sparks while yours is a bonfire."

"But Doctor Acula does not hate you. I see you, I see your *hunger*, and I revel in it. I too am a... creature of appetite. I know what it is to have red desire overwhelm all reason - and in turn to have black melancholy smother all desire."

"You found the balance once, Grace Stavros, but this modern plague stole it from you. Doctor Featherstone could not help you reclaim it - **but I can!**" The Doctor raised a hand dramatically, cape fluttering as he pointed to the heavens. Lightning flashed in the window behind him, the thundercrack making Grace jump.

**"DOCTOR ACULA SHALL HELP YOU GET YOUR GROOVE BACK!"**

There was a long, somewhat awkward pause as Grace took this in. She moved to a sitting position and tried to collect her thoughts. "Um, ok, thanks Doc. I'd really like to 'get my groove back.' But how? I've been on the couch for years now, and we've tried every antidepressant known to man."

“Ahh...” the doctor smiled, flawless white teeth bared. “That is where Featherstone failed. She limited herself to things known to man.”

Doctor Acula opened a desk drawer and removed a small bottle shaped like a heart - not a cartoon heart, but a real human heart. It was dark crimson, nearly black, and it glowed in the light of the full moon. Grace’s eyes were drawn to it like a magnet, and she *wanted* it.

“You have the soul of a Venus, a Freya, an Ishtar - chained to a life of grey mundanity. This phial can pick the locks of those chains, make your outer life properly reflect your inner life. It can transform you into something more worthy of your appetites.”

*Transform?* The word set off an alarm bell in Grace’s mind. Part of her knew **everything was normal and fine**, but another part of her knew the first part of her was full of shit. She stood and took a step backwards. “I... I don’t think I want...”

Then she was standing next to the doctor at the window, staring into his burning eyes. “But you *do* want it, Grace Stavros. You *want* to live a life unchained. Simply submit to your desire...”

“Holy shit, you’re trying to drug me!” Grace drove her knee into the doctor’s groin, and he crumpled to the ground, groaning and swearing in Romanian. She darted across the room, grabbing her purse and shoes up off the floor.

From his back, balls aching, Doctor Acula waved limply at the door, which slammed shut just before Grace reached it. She wheeled, dropping the shoes and pulling pepper spray from the bag. “Come on creep, just fucking try it! I will melt the eyes from **your fucking skull!**”

“*Jesus fuck* woman, calm down!” The doctor dragged himself into his chair, tried to catch his breath. “I’m not trying to drug you!” He paused. “I *am* trying to give you a drug - but I’m a doctor! I’m supposed to give you drugs! I’m not, like, *slipping* you a drug!”

“You’re no doctor - you’re just a Russian sex-creep!” Grace was furious, her fear washed away by the outrage of it all. It had been a long time since she’d been this mad. She marched up to the desk, spray in hand.

Now it was Doctor Acula’s turn to be outraged. “Hey *fuck you!* I *am* a doctor! MD, John Hopkins, 1949! ABPN certified since 1953! And **I AM ROMANIAN, not RUSSIAN!**” With a snarl, he pointed to the opposite wall, which was filled with diplomas, certifications and awards.

Grace stared at the wall for a moment, then back at the doctor. She lowered the pepper spray a little. “Ok...fair enough.” Sheepishly she added, “Sorry I caved your balls in.”

He waved her off as he composed himself. “Forget it. I got caught up, tried to do it old school. You’re a strong willed woman - seduction by moonlight wasn’t gonna work.” He opened the drawer again, and pulled out a bottle. “You want a drink? I love wine.”



The suggestion of booze, after a drug scare, didn't go over well at first - but the doctor took a long pull off the bottle before handing it over. Mollified, Grace took her paper water cup and poured. "So you say you're a doctor and you're trying to help. Assuming I believe you, what's this medicine in the creepy bottle gonna do?" She knocked back her drink - a really good red.

"It'll change you. Your body, your life, your past - whatever. A drop on the tongue by moonlight, a clear and heartfelt description of your desire and... whammo!" Dr Acula pounded his left fist into his palm to emphasize the point.

"Oh *come on*. Whammo? First you're a doctor, now you're a magic doctor?" She stood up and made to leave. "This is nuttier than a squirrel fart. Thanks for the drink, Gandalf."

Doctor Acula gritted his teeth. "Goddamnit, I have tickets to Book of Mormon tonight!" He gestured and Grace rose a foot into the air, floating back to the desk. As she rotated to face him, her eyes were full of fury.

"Now stop being an asshole and **stick out your tongue.**"

As Grace's jaw levered open, Doctor Acula pulled the dropper from the phial. The fluid inside glowed a faint red. A single drop fell onto her outstretched tongue. She tasted blood and honey, and her whole body started to tingle.

"Grace Stavros, daughter of lust, **I command you to speak!** What would you change?"

"I..I.." Grace's mind swam - the whole situation was insane, she couldn't find her voice. Doctor Acula, clearly irritated, tapped his watch and scowled. As the tingling redoubled, her anger and fear faded, and the possibilities suddenly sprang up. *What if it was true?*

"I want long legs!"

There were two loud pops, and suddenly Grace was standing again... though she hadn't been lowered to the ground. She looked down. Her feet were firmly planted on the carpet, attached to legs that were almost a foot longer than they used to be. She looked back up at Doctor Acula, eyes wide with shock.

He shoved the phial into her unresisting hands. "One drop before midnight, any time the moon is visible. Side effects include dry mouth, headache, insomnia and lowered inhibitions. Do not take it while driving or operating heavy machinery. We'll have a follow up appointment in 28 days to see how you're doing."

**"NOW SLEEEEEEEEP!"** He waved his hand dramatically and Grace slumped to the floor.

## Chapter Two: She's Got Legs, She's Not Totally Sure How To Use Them

Grace awoke with a start in her bed, sweating bullets and breathing hard. She shook herself, trying to chase away the nightmare. Her head was pounding and her mouth was dry. She glanced at the clock - 3am. Groaning, she pulled back the covers and sat up. Time for an advil and a glass of water.

She swung her feet to the floor and stood up... and up. Grace looked straight ahead at the top of her TV, silhouetted in the moonlight. She hadn't been able to see the top of her TV last night.

She reached down to turn on the light, then had to reach down further. As her eyes adjusted, she saw the heart-shaped bottle on the nightstand.

**“MOOOOOOMMMMMM!”**

Ten minutes later, Grace and her mother were staring at Grace's legs as she sat on the living room couch. They were long - very, very long. They were still quite shapely, but the sheer length threw off Grace's proportions. She had become almost ridiculously coltish.

“I dunno Gracie... maybe it's an allergic reaction?”

Grace tilted her head, staring at her mother in disbelief. “An allergic reaction that made my legs a foot longer?”

“I don't know!” Mrs Stavros threw her hands up in exasperation. “There's got to be a reasonable explanation!”

*An explanation, yes, Grace thought. Just not a reasonable one.*

“It's ok mom, I'm fine. We'll figure it out in the morning.” She stood up, which took longer than it used to.

“*It's clearly NOT ok!*” Mrs Stavros grabbed her daughter's hand, eyes full of concern. “We have to go to the hospital right now!”

“Yeah, you're right. Let me just use the washroom.”

Grace went back into her bedroom, grabbing the bottle and moving to her bathroom. She stared at herself in the mirror for a few long breaths, then opened the blinds and pulled the dropper.

*It's 3am, she thought. That's 'before midnight' technically.*

She tasted the blood and honey again, felt the tingling start to spread.

"I want to be the only person aware of the changes," Grace said to herself in the mirror. There was strange pressure in her head for a moment, then the tingling ceased.

She went back to the living room, where mom was asleep on the couch. She put a blanket over her then returned to her own bed. *We'll figure all this out in the morning.*

—

The morning alarm snapped Grace awake, and she pulled back the covers. There they were - her new crazy long legs. She hadn't *really* expected it all to be a dream, but it was still hard to process. Someone - a creepy weirdo, apparently a doctor - had given her a bottle full of wishes.

Why? To what end? What did he want? *What was the cost?*

That last question stopped her dead as she showered. In the moment, the whole thing had been mostly surreal, but also oddly comforting. She'd told the doctor all her horny secrets, and he'd simply nodded and offered help. But now, in the cold light of dawn, it was all *profoundly sinister*.

Also painful. Her head was pounding. The doctor wasn't kidding about the side effects.

Grace looked in the mirror, staring herself in the eyes as she swallowed some advil. "Deal with the Devil or not, you still gotta go to work." She paused, blinking slowly. "Why didn't you wish yourself a fortune? Idiot."

She spent a few minutes trying to find something in her closet that would draw attention away from her new... extensions, but it was fruitless. "Fuck it, turn into the skid." She picked out a cute dress, once tastefully cut just above the knee. Now it was damn near a miniskirt - yards of creamy thigh on full display.

"I may look like a giraffe, but at least I'm a *hot* giraffe. I'm nobody's kid sister anymore."

Mom gave her some static about her 'scandalous' dress, but she didn't freak out about the extra foot of height, so apparently wish number two had worked. Grace wondered how everyone at work would react.

The pigs on the E train reacted with leers and wolf whistles, but that was just the MTA. She'd be irritated tomorrow, but suddenly Grace felt sexier than she had in years - she'd allow it this once.

Getting off at Lexington and 53rd, she made her way to the offices of Blue Horizon, way up on the 43rd floor of Citigroup Center. As an Administrative Assistant, Grace spent her days coordinating the schedules of millionaires who sold yachts to billionaires.

It was... it was work. A lot of people had it a lot worse. Her coworkers and bosses were tolerable, and she made enough money to live comfortably in Manhattan - once she worked up the courage to move out again.

Grace immediately felt the eyes on her as she entered. Every man turned to watch her as she passed - and most of the women too. Internally she pumped her fist.

*About time you people noticed me*, she thought with some satisfaction. *A little bit of freak factor at the moment, but we'll fix that. At least I'm not invisible anymore.*

She spent the morning in the Nautilus Room, assisting DeAndre as he tried to sell 50 million dollars worth of boat to some Wall Street bigshot and his wife. More than once, Grace's new assets left the man momentarily tongue tied, stumbling over his words as she brought in the coffee or leaned over the desk to poke at the laptop. The wife had a sour expression as they left.

"Thanks for the help, Grace. I think we've got him on the hook." DeAndre tried not to stare at her legs, and failed miserably. "You wanna go grab some lunch?"

*Yes!* Grace cheered inside. *Finally!* A vision of getting plowed in the supply closet flashed in her mind, but she shook it off. She didn't think he was ready for that just yet. Soon though, God willing.

"God or somebody," she murmured.

"I'm sorry?" DeAndre tilted his head in confusion.

"God, I wish I could," she improvised, "but I'm already going out with Mercy." Grace gave him her sexy smile, brushed her hair back behind her ear. "Tomorrow?"

DeAndre nodded excitedly, dopey grin on his face. "Sure!"

Bubbling with confidence and lust, Grace packed up her stuff and left - taking a moment to lean over the table and give DeAndre an "accidental" look at her butt.

—

"How's your love life, Stretch? Any water in the desert?"

Merziyah Khan - Mercy to everyone in the office - pointed a playful fork of salad at Grace as she sat down. Mercy was hired around the same time as Grace, and the pair had quickly moved from 'office friends' to 'actual friends.'

The woman was loud, brash and mischievous; Grace's late father would have called her a 'firecracker.' She sang and played bass for Chappal Attack, an all-girl, all-Pakistani-American punk rock band. Grace ran lights for their shows sometimes - whenever they played somewhere big enough to *have* lights.

The 'Stretch' nickname was new, but it was *much* better than the previous 'Shorty.'

"I think I finally see an oasis on the horizon, Mercy. And not a minute too soon, because I am *fucking thirsty*." Grace sat down, and the pair chatted and ate as the food court filled. Every man in the place glanced at her legs as they passed.

She discreetly adjusted her skirt to give them a better show.

"Bout damn time, girl. You've been gettin' real twitchy lately - lowering your standards. You hit on that security guy last week at the show."

"He was kinda cute..." Grace retorted weakly.

Mercy raised an accusing eyebrow and Grace withered. "Yeah, if you had three or four drinks in you - and he was *definitely* high on K."

She waved it off and raised her Pelligrino. "But here's hoping the SS Good Dick steams into your port soon. Mine too, come to think of it. *Fucking* Scott, cheating *bastard*..."

Mercy shook her head. "Ah to hell with him - Let's both get laid!" Grace raised her iced tea and gave a hearty 'amen'.

## Chapter Three: Hunger Unleashed

Grace stumbled through the rest of the work day totally distracted. She kept imagining all the things she could change, all the ways she could 'become more worthy of her appetites,' as Dr Acula put it.

New ass, new tits, some big ol' DSLs - visions of strippers, porn stars and hookers swirled through her head. She had to duck into the bathroom at one point to calm down.

*Ok girl, let's not jump right to turbo-bimbo. Grace closed her eyes, took deep breaths. Let's just start with balancing things out - and getting some money. A few million ought to do for a start. Enough to quit my job and focus on getting laid.*

By the time she made it home, Grace was practically humming with anticipation. She raced up to her room, locked the door and grabbed the heart-shaped bottle - only to realize that nightfall in mid-July was hours away. She'd never been so *mad* at the sun in her life. Two agonizing hours later, the stupid idiot sun slunk away and the glorious moon rose above the neighbor's garage.

Grace disrobed and stood naked in front of her mirror. She'd wanted to watch the change this time. With an air of ceremony, she pulled the dropper, crimson fluid glowing in the glass pipette. She took five deep breaths and squeezed the bulb. Blood and honey filled her mouth, tingling spreading from her tongue. She spoke with solemn authority.

"I want fifty million dollars and a beautiful body to match my legs."

Her mouth instantly filled with the worst taste she'd ever experienced in her life, a burning tire that had contracted dysentery and used her throat as a toilet. She gagged and spit, trying not to vomit, shouting profanity that would have given her absent mom a heart attack.

She lurched towards her bathroom, either to gargle some mouthwash or cut out her tongue, but the foulness faded after a few steps - then realized she was still tingling with the power.

"Ok, didn't like the wish, I guess." Grace tried to think, but the sensation was becoming urgent. She took a stab - maybe a compound wish wasn't allowed.

"I want fifty million dollars!" The taste returned, the Devil using her tonsils as an ashtray.

**"FUCK! Ok, fine - no money! I want a sexy body to match my sexy legs! HAPPY NOW!?"**

The blood and honey mercifully returned, and the tingling sunk into her chest, throbbing in time to her heartbeat. Grace gasped at the sensation, then gasped again as her body started to change.

At first, she simply seemed to 'scale up,' limbs and torso lengthening to match her legs. That was good, she supposed. She was proportional now, a six foot version of her five foot self, but it wasn't exactly what she'd envisioned.

Then her tits started to swell, throbbing forward with each breath, heavier and heavier on her chest. The nipples were hard as diamonds, becoming longer and thicker as she stared. The sensation of growing and warping flesh was incredibly alien - but also incredibly arousing.

It moved down her torso, and she watched her belly fat contract, replaced with a flat tummy that would have taken five years of crunches to achieve. There was a gentle hint of the abs beneath while remaining pleasingly soft - flawlessly toned without actually being muscular.

Her waist contracted as her hips expanded, bones shifting like quicksilver beneath her skin before resettling into an amazing hourglass shape. Her thighs flared out a bit, though they'd already been decently thick from the first wish - just a bit of extra padding to accentuate the other changes.

Grace twisted as the sensation moved behind her and watched her previously average butt turn into a full-on booty, thick and juicy, a magical Brazilian butt lift. She shifted back to a forward position, but could still see hints of it behind her.

Her calf muscles swelled a bit as the changes moved farther down, just a bit of definition that would really pop in heels - then the sensation reached the soles of her feet and bounced back up, spreading out to her skin and racing upward. Blemishes faded and hair retracted, leaving only flawless olive skin.

She felt her face start to shift, but the wave hit her scalp and her hair exploded outward with an audible pop, an extra foot of auburn waves cascading down her back and covering her eyes. She scrambled to push it aside.

Grace stood in front of the mirror, stunned, breathing heavy, staring in shock at her new body. She ran an elegant hand across her flawless skin, soft as silk, looked into emerald green eyes set into a model's version of her own face.

"I'm the hottest woman I've ever seen in my life." Even her voice seemed different, breathy where it had once been simply reedy.

Her other hand moved down to her sex, and she ran a finger along her perfect vagina. A single stroke of her clit sent a flame of desire running up her spine. Urgent lust broke the mirror's spell and Grace moved with purpose to her bed, pulling out the vibrator and casting PornHub to the TV.

Soon she was huffing and groaning in time to the bimbo on the screen, free hand pawing at her new tits. Just as the action on the screen was ramping up, the inevitable knock came at the bedroom door.

“Gracie, what’s going on in there? What’s on the TV? What are you doing?”

Grace opened her eyes, furious. *Every Fucking Time!*

**“I’M MASTURBATING TO PORNOGRAPHY!”** she shouted. **“WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK IS HAPPENING!?”** There was a gasp from beyond the door and the sound of a dropped water glass. Grace turned up the volume and got back to work.

Thirty minutes and two orgasms later, Grace showered and dressed. Nothing fit right anymore; it was all too tight and too short. This wasn’t a problem from the ‘looking hot as hell’ perspective - tight and short was what Grace was going for - but underwear and lingerie needed to be at least *a little* comfortable. She cobbled together some support out of a string bikini and shoelaces, then squeezed into a crop top and miniskirt.

Mom was eating her dinner when Grace emerged, and the woman turned beet red when they made eye contact.

“I... I...” she stammered, then broke eye contact. “I apologize for bothering you during your... personal time. I didn’t mean to..”

“Yes you did, mom.” Grace’s voice was firm and authoritative, commanding. “You knock on my door any time you think I’m masturbating, to try and scare me into stopping. But that’s done right now. I’m a grown woman, and I can get off any time I want. You’re not going to stop me, and you’re not going to shame me.”

While the woman tried to sputter out a reply, Grace grabbed her purse and moved to the door.

Mom stood up, trying to regain some control. “Where are you going, young lady? It’s almost ten.”

She turned back to face her. “I’m going out to get laid, mom. Don’t wait up.” The look on her mother’s face as Grace shut the door was immensely satisfying.

It took her thirty minutes to reach the East Village. Grace turned the head of every man she walked past, and she drank in their stares, the hunger inside her growing the whole way. By the time she walked into The Wayland, she felt hornier than she had in years.

Had there been a piano player in the building, he would have stopped playing when Grace entered. She drew eyes like an electromagnet, and she saw several groups of guys start urgently talking to each other.



With a flirty smile to the room at large, Grace sashayed to the bar and took a seat. She felt the effect was slightly spoiled by wearing sandals instead of three inch heels, but none of hers fit anymore, so it would have to do.

She asked the bartender for a glass of water, and discreetly pulled some advil from her purse. The dry mouth and headache were both kicking in, but Grace would be damned if she went home empty handed tonight. *What were those other side effects?* she wondered idly as she turned to the room, a lioness looking for a gazelle.

The first free drink appeared before she had time to finish her water. A tall guy, handsome, well-dressed with a dark beard, toasted her from the opposite end of the bar - his buddies looking on. *Finance guy, Grace figured, out for drinks after some big Wall Street plunder.*

*You'll do.*

She gave a little smirk, took a sip of the martini (top shelf gin, she noted), then gave the tiniest flick of her head, beckoning him over. He got a slap on the back from a coworker as he joined her.

"Edison," he said by way of introduction, raising his glass.

"Grace." She returned the gesture, then locked eyes with him. He flushed, swallowed.

"So, what do you do, Edison? What brings you out on a Monday night?"

She listened to the man babble for a few minutes, for the look of the thing. He was an options trader (*called it*), and was celebrating some big trade. Grace wasn't really listening - she just nodded and smiled, gave a few "oh cools!" and waited for the story to end.

"Congratulations, Edison! Well done." Grace leaned in, cleavage spilling out, and put a finger on his chest. She stared him hard in the eyes, and he leaned back a little. "How about you and I go somewhere and... celebrate?"

He nodded dumbly, vein in his neck throbbing. Grace glanced down, saw his Tom Ford slacks tent up. She licked her lips in anticipation.

Grace led Edison out of the bar, the guy giving a thumbs up to his hooting co-workers as they left.

The pair grabbed an Uber, drove to Edison's apartment in NoHo. Grace kept him talking, flirting with him, keeping his erection on a simmer. She stuck her tongue down his throat as the elevator took them to his apartment. They stumbled through the front door, and she kicked it closed as she grabbed his tie.

"It really is your lucky day, Edison. 'Cause I'm a girl that doesn't wait for the third date. I am *absolutely done waiting*." Grace put a hand down his pants.

"Bedroom. *Now*."

Mouth slack, Edison practically scrambled down the hall. Grace took the moment of privacy to strip - she didn't want to ruin the moment awkwardly untying shoelaces. Taking a breath to compose herself, she stalked down the hall, an apex predator trapping its prey.

He was still fumbling with his pants as Grace reached the bedroom, cute butt and erection both visible against his boxer-briefs. She nodded approvingly - lean and muscular, lots of dark chest hair and what looked to be a serviceable cock - then leaned against the door frame and waited.

Edison gasped when he saw Grace, unbelievable figure silhouetted against the hallway light. "*Jesus Christ*," he whispered.

"Oh, he's not here tonight." She strutted to him, slowly, pressed a hand to his chest. "If you need to pray, pray to me." Then she shoved him onto the bed.

Grace crawled on top of Edison and kissed him deep, tongue urgently probing. Her hands roamed frantically, from chest to butt to cock, gently squeezing it and sighing with relief at its hardness.

Edison tangled his right hand into her hair as they kissed for long minutes, left hand grabbing her ass before sliding up her back and down to her left breast. He broke the kiss to suck on the right, and Grace shivered at the sensation.

She released his cock to rub at her clit, breath growing heavy, imagination filling with pornographic images. She saw herself as a platinum blonde bimbo, tits big as bowling balls, getting double teamed by well hung studs.

Her eyes snapped open and Edison froze as he met her gaze. "Foreplay's over, Edison." she half growled, "Time to get to work. Time to impress me." With that, she rose up and spun around, sitting on his face while staring hungrily at his erection.

The man licked and sucked at Grace's pussy, and she moaned with pleasure. She squeezed her breasts roughly, moved her hips in time to his tongue, watched the precum ooze from Edison's pulsing cock. Grace let him eat her out for a full minute, losing herself to lust, exulting in his worship - then she leaned forward, pressing her body against his, and took his cock in her mouth.

*Fucking finally.* Grace worked the shaft, soft lips moving the entire length, tongue swirling across the head, hands gripping his knees. She was indifferent to the taste of cock and cum, but here and now it was indescribably delicious.

Her sucking became urgent, almost desperate, as she felt her orgasm starting to rise. She pressed him with her thighs, wordlessly commanding him to keep going, and Edison took the hint. Time lost meaning - there was only pleasure, animal sensation, a wordless blur of porn in her mind - and then Grace came hard.

She moaned loud and low, still sucking, and squeezed Edison's head between her thighs like a vise. The pleasure raced up her spine, spreading across her body like lightning, thought evaporating when it reached her brain. Grace was still riding the aftershocks when Edison exploded into her mouth, and she swallowed hungrily before rolling off and collapsing.

Breath ragged and cock still dribbling, Edison got up on an elbow to look at Grace and his eyes were big as saucers. "*Good god!*" he gasped.

"Goddess," Grace retorted from her side. "You weren't so bad yourself. If you're as good at fucking as you are at eating box, we are going to have a *lovely* evening."

They did indeed have a lovely evening. Grace gave him half an hour to recover, taking the time to chat, snack and split a joint. Edison seemed a decent enough guy - warm and witty once he overcame the shock of Grace's sexual hunger.

Grace rode him for more than half an hour before he came a second time, giving her two more orgasms along the way. As she peeled the condom off his softening cock, she was already planning for more.

'You wanna get a drink tomorrow night?' Grace asked as she tied her panties back together. He nodded, still huffing. She added herself to his contacts, leaving a topless pic for her profile, then said her good-byes and left.

## Chapter Four: The New New Girl

The useless talentless asshole sun rose ridiculously early, upsetting Grace's sleep in a very pointed and deliberate way. She bared her teeth at the fucking thing as it went out of its way to shine through her blinds. "If you had a face, I'd punch it," she mumbled.

Her crappy mood followed her into the shower, and she was still muttering until she absently rubbed some body wash onto a breast. A spark of pleasure ran up to her brain and soon she was leaning against the wall, pawing at her tits as she sprayed the showerhead against her clit.

She emerged from the shower with a *much* better attitude, but it curdled slightly as she tried to find an outfit for work. Her work blouses were all too tight - not 'sexy' tight, but 'too goddamn small' tight. She could just about close them if she held her breath, but the buttons were visibly straining against the load, little cleavage windows between each one. It felt like they'd shoot off if she gasped too hard.

Her slacks and blue jeans were all lost causes too. She spent a few pointless minutes lying in the bed, trying to force ten pounds of ass into a five pound bag, before throwing them on the growing heap.

"Damnit, I'm not buying a new wardrobe," she said to the room at large, "especially this early in the process." She picked up the heart-shaped bottle from her nightstand, and stared at it. "Are you gonna let me have some nice clothes, or are you gonna shit in my mouth again?"

Unfortunately, the answer to that question wouldn't come until nightfall, so Grace was stuck for now. She emailed her boss, feigning some vague family emergency to take a half day. Then she squeezed herself into her biggest yoga pants and a Chappal Attack t-shirt. She jury-rigged another bikini bottom to avoid camel toe, but skipped the top.

Mom was eating breakfast as Grace emerged, and gave her daughter some serious side-eye.

"You're going to work dressed like *that*? You're not even wearing a bra!"

Grace let out an exasperated sigh. She was getting real tired of her mother's shit.

"No, mom, I am not going to work dressed like this. I am going to the store, so I can buy work clothes. I don't have anything that fits right now."

"Maybe if you didn't buy so many skin tight booty shorts..." Mom mumbled into her toast.

"*You know what?*" Grace pointed an accusing finger at Mom, fury in her eyes. "You can be a bitch to me later. I have shit to do." She stomped out, ignoring Mom's outraged protests.

She was in a foul mood all the way to Target, but some retail therapy buoyed her spirit. She wore a size seven shoe now, and a 32G bra. By ten, she was on her way to the office in a purple sleeveless dress and matching blazer, both tight without being *too* tight.

After five solid orgasms in twelve hours, Grace wasn't quite as desperate for attention, so everyone staring at her as she entered wasn't quite so life affirming. She nodded to her coworkers, grabbed her laptop, and headed for the Admiral Room.

DeAndre was in the middle of a presentation, but stopped dead as she slid in the door. The clients turned to see the interruption, and four pairs of eyes went wide.

"Sorry gentlemen." She pointed at the flustered salesman. "DeAndre, you were saying?"

"Saying? Oh, uh, yeah... we were discussing flooring options for the main deck..."

The meeting proceeded, the banal minutiae of obscene wealth. Grace watched DeAndre work; the man was smooth and confident, the consummate salesman. That style had always turned her on... she wondered if he could keep it up under pressure.

Grace flirted with him mercilessly from the back of the room - lots of eye contact, smiling, playing with her hair, nibbling on her pen. She repeatedly leaned forward to show off her cleavage, and twice uncrossed and recrossed her legs. It did not take him long to notice, and watching him squirm and try to hide his erection filled her with wicked delight.

She escorted the clients out, then returned to the Admiral Room to help clean up. DeAndre swallowed hard as she entered, but gave her his warmest smile. "Thanks Grace. I think we made quite an impression." She smirked at that and he swallowed again. "Did you do something special today? You look, um, different."

Looking up from her work, Grace leaned forward, tits pressed against the table, ass straining against the skirt behind her.

"New haircut." She gave DeAndre her dirtiest smile and arched an eyebrow. "You wanna eat?"

As the pair left the Admiral Room, Grace let DeAndre keep talking about the deal, while subtly steering him down the back way. He was still babbling when Grace suddenly pushed him into the wellness room, locking the door behind her.

She had her tongue in his mouth immediately - wordlessly declaring her intentions while keeping him quiet. He was shocked for a moment, but soon he grabbed her ass and leaned in. They kissed and writhed for several minutes, then Grace broke away and started to undress.

DeAndre followed her lead, eyes wide and panting. "What if someone shows up?"

"I booked the room for an hour." She pulled off her panties from beneath her skirt. "So don't waste time talking."

Soon Grace was sprawled in an office chair, moaning and shuddering as DeAndre knelt before her, face buried in her snatch. "Fuck, oh fuck, *oh fuck*," she breathed, trying to keep quiet. She tangled her fingers into his curly hair, his smooth face contrasting wonderfully with Edison's beard. The thought of Edison made her reach for her phone, rifling through her purse.

DeAndre looked up at the motion, gave Grace an inquiring look. She only shuddered and pushed his face back down. His work resumed, Grace sent Edison a text.

The Wren at 10. Can't wait to see you!

DeAndre stopped, panting, and rested an elbow on Grace's thigh. "What *are* you doing?"

She looked down at him, lapping at her sex, and decided not to be annoyed that he stopped. It was a fair question, even if she wasn't going to answer it.

"I'm getting ready for the main event." She slid down off the chair, pushed him firmly to his back, and put his cock in her mouth. As she worked, she switched her phone to the camera app and started filming, watching herself suck and bob. The sight turned her on immensely, and she stroked her clit. She tried to deep throat his cock, but gagged halfway down. *We'll have to fix that*, she thought.

"Ok, it's time." Grace sat up, pulled a condom from her purse. Ripping it open with her teeth, she presented the latex roll to DeAndre before sticking it in her mouth. She bobbed on his cock twice more, rolling it out with her lips and tongue, then lay back before handing him her phone.

"Film it," she commanded. "I want something to watch when I bury a dildo in my wet snatch."

He didn't need to be told twice. Holding the phone in his left hand, DeAndre lifted a leg with his right and slid into her. Grace looked at herself on the phone's screen, sighed and smiled. All her fantasies were coming true; she was becoming the fuckable slut she'd always wanted to be.

He pounded her for ten minutes - a very respectable showing - before cumming with a full body shudder. She was damn close herself, and a few moments of rubbing brought a delicious climax as DeAndre lay down on her heavy tits. "Holy shit Grace, that was *amazing*."

"Oh, it's a good start," she breathed. "Tomorrow will be even better."

—

Mom was out when Grace came home, for which she was profoundly grateful. She cooked herself some dinner, scrolled through Instagram, and strategized her next move while she

waited for the stupid sun to go down. By the time the beautiful moon rose over Queens, she was ready.

Grace stood naked before her closet, all the old useless clothes thrown onto the bed. She held the heart-shaped bottle in her hand and tried to hype herself up.

"It's gonna work," she repeated to herself, "It's gonna work. It's gonna work. It'll make things sexier - It's gonna work."

Not at all resolved, Grace nevertheless pulled the pipette and let the drop fall.

"I want a closet and dresser that are always filled with top end clothes, shoes and lingerie - the best of the best - that make me look sexy, that fit and flatter my body, no matter what shape it takes."

She tensed, ready for the taste of Sasquatch urine, but slumped with relief as blood and honey filled her mouth. There was a moment of tension, then release, followed by a cacophony of little pops as clothes materialized in the closet.

Blouses, pants, dresses and more - yard after yard of beautiful fabric, in every cut and style, every color of the rainbow. A whole shoe store of heels appeared on the floor, ranging from high to very high. There was a single pair of gym shoes as well, thank god... or whoever.

The dresser was practically *stuffed* with lingerie, an ocean of silk and lace. Everything was delicate, sheer and left nothing to the imagination. She looked at a few tags and her eyes popped. "Agent Provocateur!? Holy fuck, this is a 900 dollar bra!"

Grace grabbed armfuls of clothes from the closet, half-emptying it, then did the same with the dresser. She covered the bed with the sexiest wardrobe she'd ever seen in her life, a pile of clothes that was worth more than she'd ever possibly earn at her job.

Then she closed the closet door, shut her eyes and counted to ten.

When she opened it again, the closet was full, the mound of dresses and garters still on the mattress. The dresser was the same.

Grace pumped her fist in triumph. "FUCK YEAH! Hack the planet!"

She raced to Encore Resale, black heels clacking through the door five minutes before close, arms full of cloth grocery bags. "I am *so sorry*, but I have a few things to sell - rent's due, you know?"

An hour later, she walked into The Wren in a Dolce and Gabbana black dress, sides cut to the waist, that cost more than a used car. The plunging neckline showed off about a yard of

cleavage, and it was just sheer enough to highlight the lacy lingerie beneath - half cup bra, stockings, garter and high cut g-string. She wore a sparkly black choker, and a pair of three inch heels.

There was also about three thousand dollars in her Gucci purse, which was nice.

It took Edison almost ten seconds to collect himself when he saw Grace, mouth literally agape at the vision of elegant sex before him. "Buh... Buh..." he stuttered.

She put a finger to his mouth and smiled. "Oh this old thing? I just threw something together after work. Should we get a drink?"

—

Grace made her way home around 1am, watching herself get railed by Edison on her phone. She licked her lips at the memory, getting turned on by her own dirty talk and heavy breathing. As she unlocked the door, Edison pulled the condom off his throbbing cock and shot his load all over her tits as she moaned. *Just gonna rub one more out before bed*, she thought with deep satisfaction.

"Hello Gracie."

Grace jumped, dropping her phone and keys. She knelt down to grab it all, hoping her mom hadn't seen her scooping cum off her tits and into her mouth. "Mom, what the hell are you doing up so late?"

Mom rolled her eyes. "Oh, you know me - I love watching infomercials at 1am. But since you're up too, why don't we have a talk?"

Grace grimaced, pinched the bridge of her nose, but sat down at the table. "Ok mom, go ahead and scold me. Please just do it quick so I can go to bed."

Mrs Stavros gave her a sour look. "I was going to start with an apology, if that's ok with you."

Grace slumped, eyes dropping to the table. "Sorry mom," she mumbled.

"And I'm sorry that I keep interrupting your private time. You're right - it's your body. I shouldn't try to pour cold water on you like a dog in heat." Grace chuckled at that, gave her mom a tiny smile.

"But I worry about you, Grace. I'm your mom, I'm allowed to do that. You're going out every night, staying out all hours god knows where, going out in thousand dollar dresses with your butt hanging out, trying to have sex."



"Are you ok? Are you drinking, taking drugs? *Are you being safe with these men?*"

Grace took a long, deep breath. "To answer your questions in order - I go to bars with my dates, but don't drink too much. I've smoked pot since the tenth grade, but don't touch anything else."

"I've got an IUD and I always use condoms. And I only go with nice guys, who know how to treat a woman." She gestured at her insane figure. "Look at me! I don't have to settle for jerks and fuckbois! Anyone I go to bed with is someone I'd be proud to bring home to meet you."

She took her mom's hand. "I'm ok, Mom. I'm finally coming out of my funk and I'm celebrating."

"I'm becoming who I always wanted to be."

Mom looked at her for a few moments, trying to take it all in. "You've been smoking reefers all this time? It's only been legal for two years! You could've gone to jail!"

"Also, are you using protection when..." She hesitated, clearly uncomfortable. "...When you do mouth stuff? You can catch diseases from mouth stuff."

*Fuck, she's right.* Grace had always been sloppy about oral sex safety. Condom blowjobs were unpleasant, and she'd never been able to get off when she used a dental dam. However, she'd also caught Chlamydia freshmen year from a drunken blowjob. It was a miracle she'd never caught herpes - or worse.

*I'm gonna have to fix that, damnit. A boring maintenance wish.*

"It's all good mom, I promise." She took mom's hand, and the two of them rose and hugged. Mrs Stavros stepped back and looked her daughter up and down.

"How *do* you go out like that? You look like a damn lingerie model - you must have to keep the men down with a cattle prod!"

## Chapter Five: The Saddest Bitch in the Burrough

Rising with the stupid sun, Grace masturbated in the shower and got dressed. She had decided to go full 'hot secretary' today, then realized that she didn't actually have a choice. As specified, *all* of her clothes made her look sexy. She tried, just as an experiment, to assemble a modest outfit, but no dice.

Grace was a full time hot chick now - which was fine. She'd been a regular woman long enough.

She walked out the door in a skin tight black skirt and gauzy white blouse, neckline basically down to her navel, lacy red bra peeking out. Her four inch heels made her calves pop in the black stockings. She'd tied her hair up in a messy bun, and had even found a pair of Cartier sunglasses in her purse.

Every eye was on her the whole way to the office, every head turned as she passed. Men practically drooled, women boiled with jealousy and/or lust. She just let the attention wash over her; she was going to have to get used to it. Grace sat on the E train and pondered her next move.

She apparently had *dozens* of changes left, assuming the bottle was meant to last the whole 28 nights. There were a few maintenance wishes to get through - STI protection, pregnancy protection, probably a few others she hadn't thought of yet. But that still left a universe of possibilities...

How far did she want to go? And how far was too far? Could she 'unwish' for something if she overdid it?

Grace was strategizing as she walked into the office, but she was shocked back to reality by Jenny the receptionist. The two had been friendly co-workers for years, but the woman's 'welcome' was frostbite cold. Grace looked up from her phone in surprise, and the barely concealed contempt in Jenny's eyes made her recoil. She wordlessly walked away, hurt and confused.

It soon became clear that becoming the porno parody version of a secretary had damaged her reputation, and all her hard-won respect had evaporated. The guys all leered and the girls gave her the cold shoulder. Grace tried to plow through her work, be extra diligent and professional - *zero* flirting - but everyone still talked to her half-exposed tits and called her 'sweetie.'

By ten, she was crying in a bathroom stall. "Goddamnit," she mumble-sobbed to herself. "It's not fair. I'm not hurting anyone, I'm not slacking off - why are they being such *assholes*? Am I going to have to spend half my wishes unfucking the other half?"

There was a gentle knock at the stall door, and Grace dropped her phone in surprise. **“Occupied!”** she shouted.

“You okay in there, Grace? DeAndre saw you run in...” It was Mercy, and the concern in her voice was a beam of sunlight through black clouds. Grace threw open the door, and when she saw the warmth in Mercy’s eyes she hugged her tight, burying her head in her friend’s shoulder.

“I’m having a *shitty* morning.”

Mercy pulled away and stared at Grace’s face. “Yeah, looks like. Your eyeliner’s all smeared.” She looked down. “Onto my blouse.” Grace took in a breath to apologize, but Mercy smiled and gave her a playful poke in the ribs.

“Gimme one of your spare five thousand dollar dresses, and we’ll call it even. Come on girl - fix your makeup and come out. You, me and DeAndre are going downstairs for a liquid lunch. It’s martini-o-clock somewhere!”

Twenty minutes later, all three were bellied up to the bar at The Red Candle. DeAndre and Mercy listened as Grace unloaded. Both of them were sympathetic, but totally unsurprised.

“Every man in this dump is a greasy horndog!” Mercy declared. “No offense,” she corrected to DeAndre.

DeAndre raised an eyebrow. “Some offense, Mercy. Some offense - and it’s not like the women are much better.” He turned to Grace, eyes all sympathy. “They’re just jealous, Grace - and intimidated.”

“You’re the most beautiful woman at the office, and it’s not even close.” He turned to Mercy and smirked. “No offense.”

Mercy nodded. “Who’s arguing? And screw the office - Sugar Tits here is the baddest bitch in the burrough. Plus, wearing ten grand in pencil skirts and lingerie every day - and *fucking slaying in them* - isn’t gonna win any friends with the Filene’s Basement crowd.”

Grace smiled at DeAndre’s complement and snorted at ‘Sugar Tits.’ Internally, she thanked... whoever was doing all this... that not everyone had been twisted up by her changes. Even so, the *next* wish had to be unfucking this situation. Everything else had to wait.

With gin in her stomach and friends at her side, the baddest bitch in the borough was ready to go back to work. She hugged Mercy again as they parted, then turned to DeAndre.

“Ok, I’m feeling more like myself... Do you want to hit the wellness room?”

He raised an eyebrow in surprise. “Do *you*? I’m not saying no, but you don’t owe me anything - I got your back either way.”

Grace’s expression got saucy, and she stuck a hand in his back pocket. “Men who talk like that get their dicks sucked. Come on, handsome.”

—

Life always felt better after a good fucking. Grace left the wellness room with a smile on her face - and a little semen, but she cleaned that up before anyone noticed. She finished out the day without incident, ignoring the leering pigs and icy bitches, and headed home with her head held high. Grace was hot as fuck and dressed to kill, and anyone who didn’t like it could eat shit.

Mom was making her soaps when Grace got home. She hugged the woman and started dinner, boiling some spaghetti and plussing up a can of sauce.

“Oh Gracie, be careful! You’ll never be able to wash spaghetti sauce out of that lace bra!” Mrs Stavros shook her head. “I don’t understand how you can go to work dressed like that. Aren’t you cold in that air conditioned office with your tits hanging out? Don’t you own *anything* that isn’t see-through?”

Grace rolled her eyes but smiled. “It’s sheer mom, not see-through. It’s elegant, alluring! I’m a sexy woman, and I’m not gonna hide it.” She moved to the cupboard. “You’re right about the sauce though. I’ll put on an apron.”

“No one is saying you aren’t beautiful, Gracie - “

“Sexy mom. I’m sexy. Say it.”

*Sigh.* “No one is saying you aren’t sexy, Gracie, but there’s a time and place! People are going to lose respect if you keep dolling yourself up! What’s wrong with a nice cardigan? You can buy a *real tight one* to show off if you need to...”

Grace put a hand on her mom’s shoulder. “Don’t worry about work, mom. I’m a team player - everyone there respects me.” *Or at least they will soon*, she added internally. “Also, I have tighter cardigans than you can possibly imagine - but I appreciate your concern.”

“Where *do* you get all these fancy clothes anyway? You can’t be making *that* much money as a secretary...”

Grace was ready for this question; she’d worked it out on the train this morning. “I flip most of those clothes mom! Buy low, sell high! It’s a tough economy out there - you gotta have a side hustle.”

Mom nodded approvingly. "That's my thrifty girl." She paused. "Must be a lot of unemployed models though. I guess with the internet nowadays..."

---

An hour later, Grace stood in her room, moonlight streaming in the window. She had a date with Edison at 10, so she was *really* hoping this was gonna work. She pulled the pipette, closed her eyes, and squeezed out a drop.

"I want people who see me to treat me nicely, without jealousy or envy or intimidation."

A dead rat filled with expired oysters exploded in her mouth. Grace stumbled back, fell onto the bed gagging.

"*That's the wish, damnit!*" she growled through the nausea. "I'm not going to live my life as a miserable slut! I'm gonna be a happy, well-liked slut who's appreciated for her slut *and* non-slut work!"

The wish continued to be disgusting at her. A hint of afterbirth wafted up her nostrils and she raced to the toilet.

"Oh *come on!*" she cried from the floor. "If you're not gonna do this, I'm not making any more wishes! I'll just get back on Wellbutrin! *I'll throw you in the fucking East River!*"

There was... well, Grace didn't have words to describe it. The filth kinda... lifted off her tongue, but was still somehow in her mouth, threatening. She thought fast.

"I swear to God, I have tons of horny wishes! But there's important boring shit too! I can't be a turbo-slut if I'm worried about getting knocked up, or catching something, or I'm miserable and alone! *Give a bitch a break!*"

Slowly, *very slowly*, the blood and honey filled her mouth. Grace leaned on the toilet bowl, panting with relief. "Tomorrow will be slutty as fuck, I promise."

Grace headed out in a red microskirt and matching crop top so short she was sporting some major under-cleavage, a specialty bra keeping the girls from popping out every time she moved. As she clacked along on her heels, people were staring like always - but the mood was totally different. Men smiled and winked at her, women nodded approval.

Nobody was mad, nobody was jealous, nobody was being a creep. It was just sexy vibes and good energy all around. By the time Grace made it to Edison's apartment, she was so horny they never left. She slammed the door closed and blew him there in the vestibule, popping the snaps off her skirt so she could finger herself with a free hand.

A minute later she swallowed and smiled up at him from her knees. "You would not *believe* the day I had."

They ordered takeout, lit up a few joints, watched some Drag Race and fucked twice on Edison's couch. He'd very sweetly bought a smartphone stand so Grace could film their sex hands-free. She was so touched by the gesture she let him do anal for their second round.

It was a lovely evening.

## Chapter Six: Upgrades, People - Upgrades!

Dawn came in like a fuckwit, and Grace spent a full minute flipping it the bird before dragging herself to the shower. She washed and jilled off, threw on a green Dior with spaghetti straps and a bias cut, and headed for the subway. She chatted with an old lady about her outfit, flirted with some college boys, and generally had a lovely start to her day.

Jenny smiled warmly as she entered. They talked for a minute, then the woman passed her a brown bag. "Thanks for lending me the lingerie. It didn't fit *exactly right* - " she pointed to Grace's chest and winked, "- but my fiance didn't seem to care." More somberly, she added. "I took it off before we actually... you know."

"Before you fucked," Grace finished. "It's ok to say it."

Grace hadn't lent Jenny anything, but this situation was a huge improvement over yesterday. She decided to be generous. "And it wasn't a loan, it was a gift. I'm drowning in lace - it'd just sit in a drawer. If you go to the Sarrieri store, they can probably alter it."

Emails ate up the first hour of her day, but the rest of the day was booked solid with meetings - all of them with Lucas.

Lucas Vandenberg was the founder and CEO of Blue Horizon, old money that could trace his Dutch ancestry all the way back to New Amsterdam. He was 52, about six feet tall - he used to tower over little Grace - and had a swimmer's frame. Lucas always dressed to the nines and kept himself fit and well-groomed.

In short, huge silver fox energy.

Grace hadn't really been into him before - she preferred men her own age - and he had never given the slightest indication of interest. But that was before she'd gotten the heart-shaped bottle. Now he was sending *all* the signals as they moved through the weekly executive meeting, and Grace started to see the appeal.

As a hot secretary, it seemed like a duty to bed the boss, and she started to fantasize about him ripping her dress off and bending her over his mahogany desk. *Then* she started to fantasize about putting a stockinged foot into his mouth, grabbing him by his Tom Ford tie and forcing him under the conference room table to eat her out.

"Decisions, decisions..." she mumbled.

Several people at the table turned to look at her, and she put a hand up in apology. Grace kept it under control for the rest of the meeting, but started giving Lucas the smiles and hair touching.

After the executive meeting, DeAndre had a final contract signing in the Admiral Room, a 70 million dollar deal he'd been working on for almost a year. Lucas was there too, along with the client and a fistful of lawyers. Grace flirted with *both* of them as they worked, though with some subtlety - she didn't want to foul anything up. The other men in the room were *certainly* distracted by her, but that was just part of being a hot chick.

As they walked the newly-minted yacht owners out the door, Lucas turned hungry eyes to Grace. "Ms Stavros, could you join me in my office? I need you for a while."

"Of course, sir."

The pair moved to Lucas' office on the upper level, where he spent a few moments checking his email while Grace dutifully set up her laptop. She pulled a pair of green-rimmed glasses from her purse. She didn't need glasses, but these things should be done properly.

The charade complete, Lucas pressed the privacy button on the desk, two glass walls instantly going opaque, then turned back to her with eyes full of promise.

"Ms Stavros, I have a Zoom meeting starting momentarily, but... I'm feeling sort of tense... unfocused."

Grace gave her sultriest smile. She liked where this was going.

"That won't do, sir. That won't do at all." Grace took off her glasses then stood up and pulled the pencil from her hair. Her auburn locks cascaded down. "Perhaps I can do something to help you relax while you're on the call."

She leaned forward on the desk, cleavage inches from his face. "Leave the camera on."

Lucas nodded, immensely satisfied. "Lose the dress."

Grace unzipped and let the dress fall away, leaving her in her emerald lingerie. Then with her dirtiest look, she dropped down and crawled under the desk. She peered up at him from the floor, smirking and licking her lips, then looked down at his pants and reached for the zipper.

She paused. *No fucking way*, she thought to herself as she stared at the shocking bulge in Lucas' slacks. Grace looked up again, and he smiled wickedly at her. He gestured for her to get started before connecting to the Zoom call. "Hello gentlemen, sorry to keep you waiting."

Grace unzipped his pants, and the biggest cock she'd ever seen in real life sprang out. It was at least nine inches long, thick as a Red Bull can, with a purple head bigger than a walnut. She stroked it for a few moments, watching precum ooze out, as she tried to come to grips with its immensity.



Ultimately, there was nothing to do but to start sucking. Grace gave it the old college try, but she couldn't take more than a few inches of it in her mouth before she started to gag. She focused on wrapping her lips around the head, bobbing on what she could as she worked the massive shaft with both hands.

It seemed to do the job; Grace watched him squirm and writhe in his executive chair, trying desperately to remain composed as he discussed quarterly expenses and ROI projections.

She pulled the monster from her mouth, to give her jaw a rest. Lucas glanced down, and Grace swirled her tongue on the head while looking him dead in the eyes, gently squeezing his balls to emphasize the point.

After a few minutes of sucking, stroking and teasing, Lucas grabbed a pen and post-it pad, wrote "on your tits," and passed it down to her. She nodded and undid her bra, then quickly bobbed a few more times before letting go and pushing her naked breasts together. Lucas put a hand down and stroked frantically, then unloaded all over her chest, letting out a low deep moan as his monster throbbed and pulsed.

"Sorry guys, cramp. I've been sitting too long today - gonna have to stand and stretch. Let's wrap this up."

Grace licked his cock clean as he talked, then tapped his thigh so he saw her scoop the cum on her tits into her mouth. Lucas finished the call and slumped into the chair, spent.

"Goddamn Grace, that was impressive. Most women can't even wrap their lips around it."

"I can do better," she mused. *And tomorrow I will*, she thought with delight. Then she stood up, rising between his legs while being careful not to spread the slime. From his seat, Grace towered above him. She pulled off her panties, stuffed them in his breast pocket, then sat on the desk and spread her legs, pulling him forward by the tie.

"But now it's my turn to be the boss. On your knees, get to work."

—

They cleaned up with baby wipes from Lucas' desk, then spent a few minutes doing *actual* work before Grace left. She had been a little underwhelmed by Lucas' oral skills - it had been *fine*, she'd come, but he was definitely the number three box muncher among her current lovers.

She went and found number one, and spent a marvelous half hour in the wellness room with DeAndre between her thighs. The man buzzed with excitement after closing the deal, and he licked and sucked with more gusto than ever before. Grace came twice before pushing him off, blowing him quick so she didn't miss lunch with Mercy.

His human-sized cock was a relief after trying to swallow Lucas' anaconda, and she took most of it before hitting her gag reflex again. He came quickly, and Grace swallowed it all down before getting dressed and kissing him goodbye.

—

*"Both of them? Before noon?"*

Grace smiled, nodded and lifted her iced tea. Mercy whistled in appreciation. "I guess the drought is over - now you're swimming in it!"

"Mercy, I never intend to go another day without a long cool drink. Or two or three." She sipped on her tea and smiled again. "My record in college was five."

Mercy sighed theatrically. "At this point, I would take a quick sip from the bathroom sink. I swear to God, if I can't find a decent man soon I'm gonna switch teams! Go full lesbian - Subaru Outback and everything!"

They both laughed hard at that one, Grace having to wipe away a tear.

"What I'll never understand is how you went so long without getting laid in the first place. Look at you!" Mercy poked Grace in the boob, which made them both giggle again. "You must have to beat men off with a stick!"

"Oh, I beat them off alright." Grace retorted, just as Mercy took a drink. Seeing her shoot mineral water out her nose made Grace howl with laughter.

"Yeah, yeah, very funny. The very *soul* of wit." Mercy dabbed at her shirt, trying to clean up the mess. "But seriously babe, how do you do it? You're juggling three men at once, getting railed six ways from Sunday - and looking like a runway model while you do it! What's your secret?"

Grace's salad fork paused halfway to her mouth, the smile draining from her face. "I don't know, Mercy. I really don't know."

"I wish I did."

—

The heart-shaped bottle sat in the moonlight, and Grace stared at it as she paced.

"What's your deal, sinister bottle of dark secrets? What's the catch? What's the cost?" She'd asked variations of these questions for several minutes, but the bottle refused to speak.

Grace didn't know what to do. Part of her was screaming to stop - this was unnatural, this was wrong, this was a fucking monkey's paw.

But another, much larger part of Grace, simply groped her big tits and reminded her that she'd had three orgasms before lunch - and Edison was waiting to give her a few more.

Grace stared at the ceiling, sighing and groaning, paralyzed with indecision. Finally, she moved. She grabbed the bottle and squeezed out a drop.

"I want to be the *fucking master* of oral sex - the best in all five boroughs. Fucking *zero* gag reflex, you hear me!?"

The blood and honey exploded in her mouth, and she fell to her knees as her mind flooded with knowledge - everything there was to know about sucking dick and eating pussy downloaded into her brain at speed.

"Oh wow - I hadn't even considered cunnilingus. I just meant giving head. I'm not really into - "

Grace stopped mid sentence. Her head filled with the alien sensation of transformation. She ran to the bathroom, and watched with shock as her lips swelled up. In the space of five heartbeats, she went from a pair of kissable lips to full-on DSLs, thick and pillowy without looking unnatural - the kind of lips porn stars would pay a million dollars to buy.

"Holy shit," she breathed - then realized that something in her mouth felt different. Grace stuck out her tongue... and then kept sticking it out. Her tongue was outrageously long, at least twice as long as it used to be. A titanium barbell protruded from the middle of its insane mass.

"Oh my god!" She swirled it around her new lips, entranced. They were sensitive, far more than before. The feeling was delicious.

Obscene possibilities filled her imagination. Morbidly curious, she pointed her tongue upward, and poked the tip of it into her nostril.

"O I Od!" she repeated, tongue still stuck in her nose.

The spell was broken by her phone buzzing. Edison was on his way to the bar, and couldn't wait to see her. Grace stared at it for a long moment, licking her massive lips with her giant tongue.

"Turn into the skid, girl. I'm sure Edison will like it."

They met at The Wren an hour later, and when they kissed Grace stuck her tongue as far down his throat as she could. He came up for air, shocked and gasping. "Wow.. Hello to you too Grace!"

A few old fashionededs helped melt away Grace's apprehensions, and a few aspirin helped with the headache. *What do I have to worry about? The doctor is trying to help me, You're sure of it. Just enjoy the ride...*

"Listen Grace," Edison took her hand, shaking her from her pondering. "I'm not gonna be around tomorrow night - nephew's birthday party - but I thought maybe we could go out on a date Saturday? Like, a date-date? Dinner and dancing kind of date?"

"Why Edison... are you getting all sappy on me?" Grace moved his hands to her new lips. "Not satisfied with fucking me stupid every night?" She took one of his fingers into her mouth, sucking gently on it, swirling it with her incredible tongue.

He moved to explain, or maybe apologize, but Grace laughed and released his hand before kissing his cheek. "A date sounds wonderful. I'm partial to karaoke. As for tomorrow, I'm sure I can entertain myself."

"But let's focus on tonight. Order us another round and let's go. I have something new to show you..."

The pair knocked back their drinks and headed into the night. Grace felt the final drink swirling in her brain, mixing with the perpetual drum beat of her lust, and halfway to Edison's apartment she was burning with drunken desire.

The moment she spotted a secluded gap between apartment buildings, she grabbed Edison's arm and dragged him inside. She kissed him hard to keep him from shouting, her new mouth particularly adept at this trick. After a moment, he took the hint and grabbed her ass to pull her in close.

They made out for a minute, hands exploring, then Grace fished out his cock and started to stroke. Edison shuddered, and Grace stepped back and scrambled out of her dress.

She had gone commando tonight, anticipating this moment, and stood naked before him in the moonlight, save for her thigh-high boots. His eyes went wide, flicking to the sides to see if anyone was watching.

Grace pressed her phone into his hand. "Film," she commanded, then squatted down and buried his cock down her throat. She saw the light of the screen as she deepthroated him, easily swallowing every inch. She looked up as she worked, seeing herself effortlessly bob up and down his entire length, pillowy lips wrapped obscenely around its girth.

She stuck desperate fingers in her own pussy as Edison huffed and groaned. Grace envisioned herself in a porno, pumping and sucking under the hot camera lights, gangbanged by a half dozen studs at once, a film crew recording her wantonness to post online for the whole world to see.

She timed Edison's orgasm to her own, precisely calibrating the motion of her mouth and tongue to give her maximum time to get off. The moment she felt the wave rise, she squeezed her lips tight and ran her tongue stud along Edison's entire shaft. The man wordlessly moaned and exploded in her mouth, his cum spilling out as her mind faded into pleasure.

"Oh my fucking goddess," he whispered, sliding to the ground. Edison sat stunned for several heartbeats, slumped against the wall, before he could speak again. "That was the best blowjob I've ever had in my life..."

Grace lay against the opposite wall, naked and panting, legs spread, cum on her face and staring into the sky. "I'm such a whore," she said with deep satisfaction.

—

For once, the sun had the good sense to stay away, and Grace slept until her alarm. The noise and gloom of the rain were a comfort, especially with the hangover she had.

She got ready, rewatching last night's perversity as she masturbated, then dressed and left, black raincoat clinging to her curves.

Jenny greeted Grace as she hung up her coat, revealing her skin tight business suit, black tie lost in her cleavage, the 'vest' closer to a corset. There were emails to answer, then a sales pitch with DeAndre.

She toyed with him as he worked, rubbing a finger against her fat lips and sucking on a pen from the back of the room. He was mostly unphased, though he had to pause for water when she slid the pen up and down in her cleavage.

As they escorted the clients out, DeAndre discreetly slid a hand down the back of her pants and squeezed her ass. "I've got the wellness room booked at two," she promised, then moved to Lucas' office.

They started with an hour of actual work, a conference call with an Italian shipwright. Grace was *mostly* a good girl - this was an important call involving huge sums of money - but as things drew to a conclusion, she started playing footsie with his cock under the table.

"So, what's next on the agenda, sir?" Grace looked at him over her delicate glasses, nibbling on the end of her pen.

Lucas templed his hands in front of his face, mischief playing in his eyes. "A zoom call with my ex-wife and her lawyer."

Grace let out a loud 'hah!' and leaned back in her chair. "This is *kinky*, Lucas. I love it. But I brought my A-game today, and I'm betting you can't keep a straight face on camera."

"Ok - what are the stakes?"

She smiled, knowing he was cooked. "You win, you get anal after the call. You lose... you gotta wear my g-string the rest of the day."

"Deal." They shook hands. "Now get naked and under the desk. I'm gonna start the call."

Grace did as ordered, giving Lucas a little striptease as he connected and went through the pleasantries. Then she crawled across the floor, *slowly*, ass swaying hypnotically as she inched towards him. She paused to put her g-string on the desk before disappearing beneath.

"Maurine, I have already made a *liberal* settlement - it's not my fault you built on a flood plain."

She undid his belt as he argued, pulled out his fat cock and spit into her hands. Grace stroked and lubricated, strings of saliva hanging from her lips. Lucas was cool as a cucumber, not so much as glancing down as she worked.

Then, once she knew he was properly lubed, she ran her enormous tongue up the length of his shaft, dragging the tongue stud the whole way. *That* got his fucking attention. He looked down, trying to keep cool.

Grace winked at him, and in a single motion swallowed all nine inches in one go.

Lucas' eyes popped in shock, and his whole body tensed as she started deep throating him, pumping back and forth as casually as drinking a glass of water.

(Grace was fairly certain she'd dislocated her jaw to stuff it in, but there wasn't any discomfort and the motion was smooth and automatic - so what Lucas didn't know wouldn't hurt him.)

"Um.. umm.. What?" Lucas turned panicked eyes to the computer screen and Grace doubled down, making sure to keep the tongue stud working, taking a deep breath every few strokes without breaking rhythm. "I.. the insurance... what about the insurance?"

He tried for a minute to get a grip, but when Grace moved the tip of her tongue to his ballsack with his cock still sheathed in her throat, Lucas was done.

"*I'vegotanemergencyherecallbacklater!*" He pounded on the mouse frantically and looked down in awe. "How... how... how..." he repeated, over and over, for what seemed like forever as she worked. Then he stopped talking and just groaned, a loud deep growl of animal pleasure. He gripped her head and came hard, Grace feeling it throb all the way down her throat.

Grace pulled back, his slime-covered cock emerging from her mouth with an audible pop. She spent a second flexing her jaw back into place, then smiled at him and caught her breath. She slid up naked before him, wiped the spit and cum off her lips, then jammed her fingers in his huffing mouth.

"I told you, I brought my A-game today. Yesterday was just a warmup."

Lucas dutifully licked her fingers clean, still slumped in the chair. "Oh my god, that was the best blowjob I've ever had in my life." His eyes rolled up to take in her flawless body and devilish smile. "How would you like to be the next ex-Mrs Vandenberg? I've gotten very good at buying bad women big houses."

She put her legs up on the arms of his chair, grabbed a condom from her purse. "You have exactly ten minutes to get hard, get naked and fuck me. Eat me out while you pull yourself together." She held up the g-string in triumph. "Then it's dress-up time."

Grace emerged half an hour later, smiling ear to ear. Lucas might not know how to eat box, but he *definitely* knew how to fuck. She worried she might not walk straight after a fucking like that - and next time, if she could, she'd make him try again until she *definitely* couldn't.

—

DeAndre wasn't as good a lay as Lucas, but he was miles ahead in the pussy eating game. Grace let him play to his strengths, and the pair sixty-nined in the Wellness Room, mouths working as hands groped and squeezed.

She took things slow, teasing him for long minutes, keeping him right on the edge for as long as possible. It was only after her second orgasm that she finally polished him off, pulling his cock free to cum all over her tits.

He rolled off and stared blankly at the ceiling, fuses totally blown. He lay there for so long that Grace actually got a little scared - she crawled over to him, just to make sure he wasn't having a stroke or something. DeAndre slowly focused on her concerned face, and gave a weak thumbs up.

"Oh my god..."

"Yeah, yeah," Grace interrupted, smiling. "That was the best blowjob you've ever had in your life."

He nodded like an idiot. "You wanna move in with me?"

## Chapter Seven: Two Major Developments

It was still raining when Grace got home, still raining after she got out of the shower, still raining as she and Mom cleaned up dinner. The sky went from gray clouds, to dark gray clouds, to the not-quite-black night clouds you got over a major city.

The doctor had been very explicit - one drop before midnight, any time the moon is visible. Well, it was now 8 pm and the moon was nowhere to be seen.

*Maybe I don't go out, she thought. Maybe I stay in and wait for the storm to pass. Just a quiet evening at home, masturbating to PornHub. Once I see the moon, I can burn off one of the boring wishes. I don't have to get plowed every night...*

"I don't *have to*," she said aloud. "But I really, really *want to*."

Edison being busy complicated things a little. Grace hadn't promised him anything - she was regularly fucking two other men - but she'd already grown comfortable with him as her nighttime thing. He was sweet and funny and good in bed, a warm bubble bath at the end of the day.

But on the other hand, it was Friday night, and there was a city full of hot studs out there, eager to buy her drinks and fill her snatch. Edison was getting a date out of her tomorrow - *surely* he wouldn't begrudge her a random hookup on his night off?

She looked at the heart-shaped bottle on her nightstand. Its crimson glimmer seemed to pulse in time to her heartbeat.

"Ok, you've convinced me," she said to the bottle. "But you're coming with, just in case I get a chance to burn off a wish."

With a cowl neck backless halter top that showed off a ton of cleavage, the micro-est micro-skirt she could find in the closet and a pair of 5 inch heels, Grace created a slutty club look that screamed, "I want to fuck." She did her hair and makeup to emphasize the point.

She double checked she had condoms and lube in her purse, then added the heart-shaped bottle and a few prerolls and edibles she'd gotten at the dispensary last week. With a final nod of determination, Grace donned a raincoat and launched herself into the night.

The line to get into Nebula was long, but that didn't matter when you looked like Grace. She walked right up, the bouncers falling over themselves to let her in. The place was packed, three floors of throbbing lights, pounding music and writhing people looking to cut loose.



That primal hunger rose up as she took it in, the thrill of the hunt. Grace realized she had gotten too complacent. She'd been unleashed less than a week ago, and she'd already put herself back in a box.

Lucas for breakfast, DeAndre for lunch, Edison for dinner - like buying orgasms from the grocery store. *Very good* orgasms, to be fair to them - but still, prepackaged. No mystery, no challenge, no danger.

Here, in this sea of pheromones, anything could happen.

Grace stalked through the crowd, all eyes on her. People parted to let her through, a shark swimming through a school of fish. She made eyes at a few men, danced with a few more. A cute fuckboi bought her a martini from the bar, and she flirted with him for a few minutes, sizing him up. He seemed ok, but Grace wanted better than ok.

Then his cute friend came over and joined them. That changed the math *entirely*.

The three of them had a few more drinks, shouting small talk above the pulsing EDM. By 11, she was feeling great and ready to make her move. "You boys wanna get out of here? Go somewhere a little quieter to party?" The two guys exchanged an excited look and nodded vigorously.

They left the nightclub, rain stopped, then ducked around the back to smoke some weed. Ten minutes later, drunk and high, all three of them stumbled into the Knickerbocker hotel. As they moved towards the elevators, flirting transitioning into dirty talk, the first rays of moonlight broke through the clouds.

—

Grace lay on the bed, eyes squeezed closed. Through the pounding headache of her hangover, she decided that the sun had crossed her for the last time. She was going to quit her job on Monday, and dedicate her life to destroying that disgusting ball of burning plasma. Perhaps a rocket full of hydrogen bombs or something... With a silent snarl, she opened her eyes and took in the ceiling.

It wasn't her ceiling.

Memories drifted up, drops of oil rising to the surface of her mind. The jackhammer in her skull was doing its best to keep things shook up though. She'd picked up two guys at the nightclub, they'd all gotten wasted, and she'd rented a hotel room to fuck.

So far, so good - it had been years since she'd been double teamed - but she couldn't quite remember what happened once they'd gotten down to business. She didn't *think* they'd done

anything to her she didn't want done, but the details were a greasy smear, and that was concerning.

"My phone," she mumbled. "I must've filmed it." Grace started to move, but felt the fuckbois' heads resting on her chest, laying on each side of her. It was *really* fucking early, and if they woke up with the same hangover she woke up with, things might get pukey real fast.

Very, very slowly, she turned her head to the right, looking for her phone in the dim light between the curtains.

There was no one laying next to her on that side.

Very, very quickly she turned her head to the right. There was no one laying next to her on that side either. The two fuckbois were both sprawled on the couch across the room, fast asleep.

Grace sat up, and the weight followed her up. There was a heavy bouncing sensation, and the silk sheet fell away.

A pair of breasts bigger than bowling balls hung off her chest, two rock hard pink marshmallows poking off the ends.

"FUUUUUUUUUUCK!" she silently screamed.

Grace scrambled out of the bed, massive breasts swinging wild, and looked around the room in a panic. She found her phone on a coffee table then locked herself into the bathroom. There was a two hour video clogging up most of her storage, and she played it, volume turned low.

She watched herself walk away from the camera, naked and clearly messed up. The two fuckbois were lounging on the couch staring at her, also naked, also fucked up, cocks hard as coffin nails. She took a minute to stroke them both, talking dirty and promising them all sorts of crazy shit, then put a condom on fuckboi number one before deepthroating fuckboi number two.

They double teamed her for several minutes, the three of them grunting and moaning, the two fuckbois babbling about how hot Grace was and how they felt inside her.

Grace didn't realize she'd snaked a hand down to her pussy until she started rubbing her clit. She spread her legs on the toilet seat, masturbating to the sight of herself being spitroasted - then physically jumped when she idly grabbed a breast. They were unbelievably sensitive; a single squeeze sent torrents of pleasure racing up her spine, and her ungroped nipple visibly throbbed in sympathy.

She redoubled her efforts, frantically rubbing her clit while pawing her left breast, and was shuddering with an exquisite orgasm in less than a minute. The video played on as she slowly

came back to reality. Grace watched herself get railed for a while longer, then climb off of the exhausted men to present her cum-filled mouth to the camera before swallowing.

“STI wish!” she reminded herself angrily.

The trio lounged around for a while then, splitting an edible and ordering room service. Grace started to blow them again while they waited, but paused, staring at something off camera.

“What time is it?” Camera Grace asked a fuckboi. He glanced at his phone. “11:58.”

Her eyes lit up and she grabbed for her purse before turning to the men, bottle in hand.

“You two wanna see a magic trick!?”

Hungover Bathroom Grace dropped her head into her hands. “Oh you dumb slut.”

Camera Grace put a drop on her tongue and turned back to the camera. “I want big tits. BIG tits. Huge knockers, giant jugs, massive mammaries! Like, 90s mega-tit porn star big - but real and beautiful and super sensitive! With big fucking nipples! The tittiest titties to ever fuck a titty fuck!”

“Oh you *dumb slut!*” she shouted at the screen, making her head hurt.

Grace watched numbly as Camera Grace fell to her knees, a long moan of pure lust rising up as her breasts swelled in her hands. It took about ten seconds, her already amazing breasts stretching and expanding like water balloons hooked to a garden hose. The nipples forced their way between her fingers and she moaned again, tugging on them hard as they grew.

Then the show was over. Camera Grace sat panting for a moment, then stood up and turned around. Her new mega-tits were clearly visible from behind as she raised her hands to the air.

“TA-DA!”

The two fuckbois looked at each other, confused. “Yeah, they’re fucking amazing tits,” the first guy said, “But what’s the magic trick?”

There was an awkward pause. “Oh. I guess that makes sense,” Camera Grace said, deflated. Then she rebounded and put her arms up again. “Whatever, nevermind. First one of you over here gets to tiffuck me.”

The pair practically exploded off the couch, and the ensuing argument almost came to blows. Eventually, cooler heads prevailed, and one man tiffucked Grace while she sat on the face of the other - then they switched once the first guy blew a load all over her jugs.

The second fuckboi had just finished when the room service arrived. Giggling, Grace stood up and answered the door, naked and covered in cum. "God damn I'm hungry," she announced as she returned with the cart. There was a ton of food and a bottle of *very expensive* tequila.

Hungover Grace remembered that she'd put her credit card down for the room and groaned.

The trio ate, passed the bottle around, then fucked some more. At one point, the two men both sucked her giant nipples, driving Camera Grace wild. She bucked her hips, jammed both hands in her snatch and cried out in pleasure, loud enough to wake the neighbors. The bacchanal wrapped up with her blowing both of them on the couch, each fuckboi now sleeping where she'd sucked them off.

Camera Grace picked up the phone and spoke to her future self. "This was a fucking great idea! I've never cum harder in my life! Edison is gonna *lose his goddamn mind* when I tittfuck him tomorrow! Thanks Doctor Acula!" Then the recording ended.

"I'm going to kill that bitch," Grace said to nobody. She stared at the black screen of the phone for a moment, then sighed and went to shower. She cleaned off the cum, washed her hair, and very carefully avoided masturbating - which was trickier than it sounded with breasts that begged to be touched.

The two fuckbois were still asleep when she came out in a towel, looking for her clothes. Grace had no idea how she'd get home - that halter top wouldn't cover *one* of her tits now - but when she pulled the garment from under the bed, it was several times larger than it'd been last night. It fit perfectly... if one's definition of 'perfect' involved acres of cleavage and sideboob. She slipped on the rest of her clothes and ducked out before the men woke up.

Grace hadn't really understood the word 'gawked' before her trip home on the E train Saturday morning. Every single person - man, woman and in-between - openly gawked at her unbelievable tits. A few were so shocked their mouths went slack. No one was rude or creepy, her earlier wish still holding true, but they were all gobsmacked by the surreal amount of breast flesh jiggling in the back corner seat.

Scrolling on her phone to avoid the universal gawk, Grace was shocked to discover that her boobular transformation was retroactive. All of her videos from the past week had been updated to reflect her new chest, giant breasts rocking and bouncing as she worked various cocks. She scrolled further back and there they were - huge boobs at the company party, huge boobs at Christmas, huge boobs at the theater with Ethan before COVID. There were even huge boobs back in high school, her prom photo half obscured by the biggest tits a seventeen year old ever had.

Back in her room, Grace assessed the damage. Rummaging through her dresser, she discovered she now wore a 34U bra. She counted off letters on her hands. "21 inches," she

groaned. "So I'm a 55 - 22 - 40 now. Jesus fucking Christ." A ruler showed that her tits stuck out nine inches from her chest - nearly eleven if you counted the nipples.

All of her clothes had changed to accommodate her new shape - rows of custom fitted dresses, shirts and blouses, totally useless to anyone but her, and lacy bras that you could use to haul groceries. "And now I can't sell off any clothes that go above the waist," she added sourly.

Grace yawned hugely. She had been up with the fuckbois until at least two, then rose with the sun at five. It was now seven thirty, and she was exhausted. She closed the blackout curtain, disrobed and crawled into bed. Grace tried for almost an hour to fall asleep, but between her new tits and the sun outside it just wouldn't take. Groaning, she decided orgasms would have to substitute for sleep - she pulled out her vibrator and fired up Pornhub.

***Hand me a mic, hand me a match,  
Burn my sari and never look back!***

The sound of Chappal Attack pulled Grace out of her masturbation reverie - Mercy was calling. "Wake the fuck up, Sugar Tits - *we've got a gig!*"

Grace sat up, boobs swinging into her lap.

"What, tonight!? How!?"

"The lead singer of Hammer To The Groin got into a fist fight with the bouncers at The Double Down and wound up in jail! We're playing The Mercury Lounge!"

They both squealed in unison - it was the biggest venue Chappal Attack had ever played. She texted Edison, rescheduling their date to Sunday morning brunch, then hauled herself out of bed. She threw on a pair of daisy dukes, stretched a Led Zeppelin T-shirt over her zeppelins, then grabbed her precious gym shoes and left, kissing mom on the way out the door.

"Gonna be hanging out with Mercy! No sex tonight!"

Grace made it to the Mercury Lounge by three for soundcheck. Once the security guard pulled his jaw off the floor, he found her name on the list and let her in.

**"SWEET TITS!"**

Mercy's voice boomed over the PA, and two dozen people turned. To a man, their eyes went wide with shock. There was loud feedback as a sound guy dropped a microphone.

"Yeah, hi Mercy." She waved weakly and said hello to the rest of the girls. Grace moved to the booth and greeted the sound tech setting up. He mumbled a hello to her tits and made space for her to sit. She attached her laptop to the console and got to work.

It took a minute to get up to speed - she couldn't see the keyboard anymore - but everything was programmed and cued by the end of the soundcheck. There wasn't a lot to do, honestly; Chappal Attack was the first opener and they only had 30 minutes to play, but Grace used every trick she knew to maximize that time.

She found the work deeply satisfying - it was her (non-sexual) passion, and if COVID hadn't fucked up her life, this would have still been her career.

Job done, Grace joined the other girls in the green room. The other opening group was in there too - a noise punk band called Sherman Burns Atlanta - and everyone was having a good time as show time drew near. Everyone except Mercy.

"Damnit Grace, what am I doing wrong?" She lay back on a chair, vodka bottle in her hand, staring at the ceiling. "I'm reasonably hot, I'm a punk rock chick, I'm easy - why can't I get laid?"

Grace put a hand on her friend's shoulder. "We all have droughts, Mercy. I mean, look at me!" She waved a hand at her impossible figure. "Even I had a six month cold streak."

Mercy looked up, clearly skeptical. "My heart believes you, but my brain says 'no'. Dead men get hard when they see you. Your tits have their own zip code."

"Looks aren't the only..." Grace stopped, not wanting to lie to her best friend. "I'm a bad example, Mercy. I'm an outlier. You're a beautiful woman! You're sexy as hell! Pretty face, fantastic ass!"

"You like my ass?" Mercy was genuinely touched at the compliment.

They talked and drank until show time. Grace did her best to buoy the woman's spirit, and as they parted ways, Mercy gave her a huge hug, burying her face in her chest.

"Thanks Grace. Love you girl." She paused. "Holy crap, your tits are so fucking soft."

"So I've been told," she said with a smirk.

***We are the rebels, the ones who refuse,  
We shatter our chains, got nothing to lose!  
Good night!***

The crowd applauded with *some* enthusiasm as Chappal Attack wrapped up their set. Grace made her way backstage, where the whole band was riding high in the green room. She laughed and hugged and shook hands and hugged - a *lot* of people wanted to hug Grace all of the sudden. She went to find Mercy, but saw the woman chatting up a cute bassist. *Go get em tiger*, she thought happily and headed for home.

Grace was in her room by 11 - quite early for her new lifestyle - feeling lighter than she had in days. (Not counting the weights on her chest.) Maybe she'd been overdoing it on the sex thing. There was a *whole world* of possibilities inside the heart-shaped bottle, not just ways to come harder. She could improve her life in all sorts of ways!

She could improve *other people's* lives...

"Holy shit..." she said to the room at large. "I can spread it around..."

Resolute, Grace grabbed the bottle and took a drop. She spoke with confidence and conviction.

"I want Mercy Khan to have a sweet and thoughtful lover who can really satisfy her in bed."

"Who are you talking to?" Grace's head jerked towards the bathroom as blood and honey filled her mouth.

Mercy stepped out, confused. She was naked, freshly showered and brushing her teeth.

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Thanks for reading!

*Want more?*

The full 154-page story - along with all my other work! - is available at

<https://the-ethical-hypnotist.itch.io/>

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