

Djinni Wishes

As she strained to close the shears' cutting grasp on the iron collar which held the djinn in bondage, Meri had only one thing on her mind. Herself. People would praise her as a hero in the coming weeks for prying open her despicable brother's iron grip. They would pledge themselves to her as the new Queen of Kamandar. Those were just bonuses. This was her chance to finally be what she had always dreamed of being. What she had been teased with for nearly three years.

Considered beautiful beyond compare, many at court said she would make an ideal wife. Her almond-shaped eyes were bright. Her face was narrow and pointed, framed by coils of light blue locks. Her brown skin seemed to glow with an inner light from the way light shimmered over it. She was fine with all of these things, if anything it made her happy that people thought she was desirable.

After all, none of them knew the truth. Not one of them was aware of how she had unknowingly confessed her desires to the djinn her brother had captured. No one knew she had made a wish. They did not even remember her once being the older brother of the siblings. All they saw was the pretty maiden who was not a maiden.

She found out later Jeleth had made a wish before her, a wish to put her out of the picture so he could ascend the throne. When she confronted him about it, he swore that he would fix it once coronated, but that time had come and passed. He had neither turned her back into a man nor allowed her transformation to finish. When she had last gone to confront him about it, she found out why.

He was speaking with a visiting monarch from the north, negotiating a transaction. Her hand in exchange for land and safe passage for trade. The dignitary expressed disappointment about her small, lithe frame and her brother assured the other king that he could make his sister

into whatever fantasy his trading partner desired. He had left her stuck, he said, craving a complete transformation into womanhood. The king thought he meant her becoming an adult. She knew what Jeleth meant however.

The reminder of her brother's manipulation throbbed against her leg, her blood pumping from the exertion of trying to cut through the iron with her scrawny arms. The djinn just watched her, bestial face impassive. He had taunted her in the beginning, when she first came down here. Threatening to impale her on its long wicked looking horns or to burn her to a crisp from touching its skin. Now, she could tell he wanted to be free almost as much as she did.

Her brother had grown cold since ascending to the throne. Nothing was ever good enough and he demanded ever more of his magical source of power. A carefully worded request here, a sharp command there. The djinn never had the chance to exploit an opening.

"Damn this frail body!" She swore as she relaxed her whole body grasp on the pair of rods. "Ugh! Cut you infernal tool!"

Then there was a snap. The collar disintegrated and blew away. The Djinn had her in its grasp before she could even open her mouth.

"I know you can't kill me," she said, gasping for breath. "You are in my debt and djinni always repay their debts."

"What would you ask of me, child?"

"I wish I was a sex goddess," Marie said, the words pouring out of her. As soon as she said it, she knew the wish was too broad, but the djinn had yet to cast its spell.

"Child, it is beyond my power to make you into a goddess. Though I greatly desire doing such. Why not wish more specifically?"

This was strange. Djinn never offered guidance, they just granted the wish in whatever way tickled their fancy. She had thought the wish to become a sex goddess would have resulted

in her body becoming twisted into a dark version of her fantasy. What she not expected was a chance to have her wish come true exactly as she imagined it.

“I want to have the body of a woman. Not just any woman, the sexiest woman ever. I wish to be the personification of lust and passion and burning devotion.”

“That, I can do. Anything else?”

She was silent for a moment, completely astounded this was how things were playing out.

“While I desire the body of a woman, I want to keep my penis as well. In fact, I wish it would grow to a size that would fill my partner and then grow a little more than that,” she paused for a moment, trying to find the words. “I could care less about my ability to get another woman pregnant, so do what you must to ensure I can carry my own child, but I want to have such a release that they look pregnant when we are finished.”

“Done.”

There was a crack of thunder, a bright flash and Meri felt herself growing, her body filling out as muscle and curve and height each coiled around her. The feeling of her center developing was intense, leaving her gasping by time she felt a twitching inside that she hoped was her new womb.

As fast as it came, it was over and she was standing much taller than a moment ago. Each tentative step felt amazing, as her muscles shifted under her thick thighs and down her lengthy legs. Grasping her breasts, they overflowed her hands and they were so sensitive!

“My, my. That certainly came out better than I expected.”

She turned to find her equal staring back at her. The intensely sensual woman’s skin was a faint orange and her eyes sparkled in a way that was not natural. In the mass of her fiery red hair, a pair of short curved horns could be seen, as if a hair accessory.

“Now then, let us go pay your dearest brother back for all his kindness...” (1023)

Self-Discovery is a Hell of a Drug

Back from a harrowing day at the office, Mistress Meredith Klein entered her corner condo with a relieved sigh. Pausing for a moment to pull off her heels, her height dropped from just over six feet to a paltry five-foot-nine. Padding silently along the hallway in her sheer knee-highs, the sunset danced on her pale skin as it reflected off the glass windows of the next building over in the skyline. Her wide, round ass swayed back and forth under her tight canvas skirt. Massive boobs, their fullness verging on fake, strained a pink silk blouse and a black sport coat.

She shuddered with anticipation upon entering her sanctum. It had long ceased being just her bedroom. The huge four post bed in the middle of the floor was laced with straps and loops of colorful rope. Just looking at the frame made the moans of her most recent pet fill her ears and she anticipated even more later. For tonight was the night that Aaron Matthews irreversibly became Erin Klein.

Ms. Klein absently rolled a glass vial full of seafoam green liquid between her fingers. The feeling of it sloshing in her grasp was almost hypnotic. When her watch beeped the half hour, she realized she had been caught up in imagining what it would be like after tonight. This was actually all Erin's idea. The sex change the last leg of a journey begun months ago.

Aaron had been Erin for most of it. The once meek man had accepted thinking of herself as a woman quickly after becoming Meredith's sub. The gender transition had been enthusiastic...too enthusiastic, even. Ms. Klein had broken men before and made them her sissies, but Aaron had been unlike any before him. The IT tech seemed to be enjoying himself as she stripped away his masculine identity, but her new personality had not been molded into a subservient sissy.

As Aaron's mind morphed into Erin's, her confidence soared. It was completely unexpected, but there was no denying the mental transformation had strengthened Erin. Her unwavering obedience was not from humiliation, but from deeply held respect for her alpha. There was no subservience in her stance or voice. There was no fear in her eyes when bound and powerless. Her pleading while they fucked was not of a man choking on his pride, but of another woman who loved being fucked.

Meredith might have chosen Aaron to be a lapdog, but Erin turned into a wolf.

Shivering with excitement, Ms. Klein put the vial on the nightstand and stripped down until all that remained were matching underwear of pink silk and black lace. Though they had fit wonderfully that morning, both were a little undersized now. It seemed taking four pills last night had caused a noticeable effect. She would have to make sure Erin took five before they got started that evening.

Undoing the front clasps, her full tits sank only slightly as the firm mounds settled against her ribs. She lost herself for a moment as she explored her expanding endowments. They had grown quite hefty, their weight like ripe honeydew melons. They were also so very, very warm against her skin. Letting them slip through her grasp, a coo became a moan as her nipples dragged across her palm.

This was one of those unexpected turns. It had begun as something of a setup to make Aaron more pliable. She wanted him to ask for the drug which would fill his mind with the desire for sex, so she had left the documentation open when Aaron came to service her PC. Her eager pet had pretty much begged to give the supplements a try and she made it happen that very evening.

Being the VP for marketing had its advantages. No one questioned what she was doing with the free samples. Because they were for handing out at trade shows, it turned out samples

were actually much stronger than the real thing. This heightened the intensity of the side effects from long term use. When she saw scrawny Aaron begin to fill out with womanly curves in just a week on one pill a day, she strongly suggested he take two every night. As he did that, she started taking a dose of her own each evening.

She had told herself then it was just for a little boost to her own libido. Bit by bit, that little boost had quickly turned into a central part of her life as she and Erin both reveled in the supplement's side effects. By time they were up to three pills a night, her bust line had gained more than five inches. The significant growth swelled her from an average bra she could get anywhere to a massive one that she had to order online.

It had become impossible to hide she was partaking, never mind the massive changes to Erin. When the CFO returned this morning, after being gone for two weeks, he called her into his office. She expected to be fired. Instead, he pitched the idea of her launching a rebranding campaign for the drug based around the changes to their bodies.

He offered a handsome amount of compensation for her additional time and exposure. He had no idea Meredith was the kind of woman who would gladly stand around in almost nothing or that Erin would agree to anything her dominant suggested.

She made sure to not snap accept and emailed him around lunch to agree, including terms that Erin was to get a hefty bonus as well. Then, she went down to the lab.

From what Dr. Orgisa told her during her visit just scant hours ago, the two of them would keep growing so long as they kept taking the supplement at an elevated dosage. The changes to libido and stature would become permanent, but there were not many other risks beyond the growth accelerating.

That, however, was the future. The now was all about Erin.

Pulling on something loose and easily removable, she planted her ass in her plush arm chair. The seat had been crafted to be just wide enough for someone's knees on either side of her thick hips. That was most of why she liked it.

Not thirty seconds later, Erin walked through the door. She was so very tall, her sculpted runner's legs seeming to go on forever. She slipped out of calf length boots and hustled down the hall. Her now flawless skin had slowly taken on a tan cast as she spent more time outside.

Each hurried step made her marvelous leg muscles flex under her tights. Her bust wobbled under a wide collared peasant top as tits about as big as grapefruits shifted in her hand-me down bra. Tan lines from her bikini top glowed on her shoulders below a very subtle leather collar that looked like a choker. Her long red and black braid swayed opposite her chest, occasionally bouncing off her truly phenomenal ass. The long locks had started as extensions Erin had picked out, but something about the side effects fused the false hair with real. At this point, it was as if she had been growing her hair for the better part of ten years.

Erin waited at the doorway to be permitted entry into the bedroom and then knelt at her master's feet when she entered.

"I got here early, Ms. Klein," she said before grinning wide enough that her bright green eyes closed.

Meredith rubbed her pet's head. "That's my good girl."

As Erin's stretched lips relaxed, they puffed up a significant amount. Her face had become reminiscent of Marilyn Monroe's, only turned to eleven. It was hard to believe that a few weeks ago that same face had been thin lipped, gaunt, and hidden under a sparse scraggly beard.

"So...did Orgisa come through?"

Ms. Klein produced the vial and swirled its contents. Erin's eyes followed the fluid's movement with a hunger usually only displayed when pinned down under her master and forced

to eat her out. She actually licked those full lips as she reached for it. A slap sounded in the room and she whimpered as she clutched her hand.

“You forget yourself, pet. What must good girls do?”

“Ask before touching, Ms. Klein.”

“Exactly. Now, are you sure you want to do this? Orgisa said this will not be reversible.”

“I’m sure, Ms. Klein. I’ve never been more sure in all my life.”

She raised a brow. “Oh? Even more sure than choosing to become my pet?”

“Point taken, Ms. Klein. I’ve only been more sure once in my life.”

“Excellent! I will see you on the other side, Erin.”

“Thank you, Ms. Klein.” She pulled the stopper out of the vial and paused.

Meredith watched the last vestiges of Aaron tighten for a moment before they relaxed into Erin. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath and let it out, but she did not drink the serum. She stoppered the vial and handed it back after a moment.

“You know what? I don’t need to do this.”

“Don’t need to? I thought you hated being male, that you wanted to change everything about yourself.”

“Yes, on both counts, but now...I like being in this space kind of in between sexes. I’m certainly not a man anymore, but not a woman either. I’ve found a me I enjoy being and you helped me find it. You showed me how to find the confidence to become that person.”

“If you had that confidence, why did you say nothing, pet?”

“I was trying to find the right time. You were so excited about this and I love seeing you excited. This is not the end of me changing, I want to keep finding out things about myself, but I don’t think becoming irreversibly female is what I need right now.”

“I...I guess I can understand that and respect it. I promised you I would not force you to do anything, but I’m not sure where to go from here.”

“If you’ll have me as I am, Ms Klein, I am more than happy to continue being your partner.”

“Partner, huh? A little presumptuous aren’t we, my pet?”

“Am I? You’re the one who had the paperwork for us to get married in her Documents folder on the network.”

Meredith was surprised to find herself blushing at that.

“Ma’am? Do you still want to get married?”

“I love Erin after all and you are still Erin.”

Neither of them remembered their wedding night, but they awoke in each other’s arms.

Erin cooked breakfast in just an apron like always, though her cock peeked out from behind now instead of being tucked back. The scene was not anything like Meredith had imagined...it was better, honestly. (1807)

A Riddle in the Dark

A Knights of Two Realms Story

I arrived at the place Ban Chi Tham's agent had designated ahead of the appointed time. The building which bore the name *Griffin's Clutch West* was the same solid, but ancient construction as the rest of the fortified city of Batorul in what had once been Mongolia. It had been a border town when it was founded and it was one again as The New Soviet State and Neo China were at each other's throats.

The sheer, polished solid granite walls were reminiscent of the American skyscraper, or perhaps that inspiration went in the other direction? These buildings had been here first, but they did not have the daring floor to ceiling glass windows. No, theirs was merely a tall, thin rectangle wide enough for someone to cast a spell through.

At any rate, the shimmering stone was reinforced by both steel and barely noticeable hardening sigils carved into the stones. Faint and worn from years of erosion, I only knew tell the spells were there because of the hum.

This whole city hummed like no other. Not even the decadence of Vanaheim was this loud in my head, though I had a feeling I knew why. While that metropolis straddled the border between worlds and was pretty much solid magic to endure the turbulence of the rift, those wards and protections were modern spells, spells crafted by the souls of machines. These sigils were much more alive, their power renewed by generations of Magi.

Despite the street being a bustling marketplace, and the anachronistic feeling Sunbucks occupying the only corner not monopolized by thick pillars, approaching the building made my hackles rise. This was fortress and being here felt like a trap, but I knew avoiding the meeting was not an option.

Fate had a funny sense of humor. Only now that I was a criminal was I getting to meet with a woman who I had spent no small portion of my life trying to capture. I had dismantled Ban Chi's operations across both worlds numerous times, both in Europe and Arthuria, but never managed to capture her or her lieutenants. Come to think of it, I had never even seen her face to face. She did everything voice only, the video replaced by the image of a fox-like kabuki mask.

How I managed an audience with the so-called Queen of Thieves was a mystery beyond waking up with a knife at my throat. I had tried to ask, but her agent had only left a note. Not that I blamed them. I pretty much severed their arm at shoulder with my magic. I had a hunch she simply knew I was here from the hole I had torn in the wards while booking it from a seemingly wild Razorbear drone.

It was not like I had any measure of international clout anymore. I mean, shit, after what happened with Emel Fay at the UN, it was safe to assume my name appeared on a list near hers. Just another disgraced mage of a bygone age who could not handle the changes happening in the dimension that echoed our own. Not that Fay had gotten in touch either, though I suppose she did not have to. I could sense the energy her blasted eye even in the other world. If I was captured, such information would be pretty much useless to the Imper.

Which is why I was sure the the A.I. attacking me was no aberrant. They were trying to goad me into making contact since it was getting increasingly hard for me to fight on my own. The machine empire from across the rift was adapting, changing to face what it felt was a threat to its order. For whatever reason, the recent iterations of Imper's constructs were able to resist my ability to control energy. I could not pull at the electrical energy coursing through their copper and fiber veins to disable them.

Had I encountered something smaller, I probably could have fought it and carved through the ceramic and carbon fiber plating with a blade of hardened energy. Against a massive Razorbear though, which had been created to deal with the increasing number of riot situations and could tear through metal and magical armor alike, my only option was to flee.

I strode past the busy Sunbucks into the business complex. I had run from a bear, only to end up in a dragon's lair. I was not positive that was an improvement. After hitting the call button for the elevator, my attention wandered. The names of the offices in the building were a strange mix of Cyrillic and Han which was unreadable to me. The elevator arrived, I stepped in and flipped open the blood-stained note. Hitting the buttons in the correct order, the car began to shake and rattle. The hum of magic filled my mind. Dizzy, I reached for the handrail as I stumbled back into the wall.

It was not until I was on the floor, sick to my stomach, that the spell resolved. The doors opened and two masked humanoids pulled me to my feet. I was just so happy to be out of the mind numbingly raw magic, I did not protest as they half-carried, half-dragged me down a hall lit by flickering flames that hung in mid-air.

The passageway turned left, right, and then left twice more. After a moment, it opened to a massive, cathedral-like room. The curved wall was lined with countless pipes of varying dimensions, but they all vanished up into a ghostly blue mist that illuminated the space like a cloudy day. It seemed I had crossed over to the other world at some point.

The space was otherwise empty aside from a thick rug from the hallway to a huge throne made of scrap metal, upon which sat a lithe older woman in white and pink silk robes. Massive thick tails of puffy white fur, more than I could count, swayed behind her. Her face had traces of wrinkles, especially around her brow and mouth. If this was Ban Chi Tham, it seemed she was an expressive speaker.

A masked henchman appeared out of thin air to hand her a fan, another knelt and held slippers that she stepped into. Flicking the fan open and getting to her feet, the woman with the multitude of tails looked at me with an expression that made me nervous. Her acid green eyes seemed to stare right into my soul. I was in way over my head.

“You really are,” she said replying to my thoughts, clapping the fan closed. “I am surprised that you even came at all. I had thought someone that could be disruptive as you had been would be much more adept, but it seems that my estimation was wrong.”

There was only the briefest warning as she called up her magic and sent a torrent of green fire scattering in my direction. The burning flow washed around the shield I had thrown up, the heat from all sides wearing down my concentration.

As I tried to think of a response, I could feel her mind pressing against mine. I braced myself as best I could, but her awareness was gigantic and I could feel my mental defenses starting to crack as the flames finally stopped.

“Why did you come, mage?” She was standing right over me. I tried to focus on a counter attack, but my already taxed awareness focused on the plethora of tattoos which were visible through the semi-sheer silk. She seemed content to keep talking, her tails flicking idly.

“Did you harbor some hope that I would join you and those foolhardy knights against the machines? Do you believe me to be the enemy of your enemy? You could not be more wrong. Our world is vast, even their empire does not reach this soil. I care not for what The Imper do.”

She continued, bearing down on me with her monologue as her mind strove to crush mine. Everything melted as my perception was dragged under the edges of her awareness. Grabbing desperately, I hit an imperfection in that endless curve and for some reason, a riddle crossed my mind.

[I consist of three pieces. Take one away and I become strong. Take two and I become ten. What is my name?]

Pushed to one knee in the real world as my connection to my body was strained, I grappled with the question that was likely the answer to surviving this. What was significant about ten? Fingers were the first thing that came to mind, but that did not work for the other parts. Maybe the middle was the riddle's weak point. What two piece item was strong? Answer after answer flashed through my mind, but nothing that also had anything to do with ten.

I could hear her taunting me, the sound distorted like I was hearing it in another room down a hallway. I tried to focus, to stay aware. Okay, what two piece word became ten when one word was removed? The pressure on my mind lessened just a hair and I knew that was the right train of thought. Perhaps it was just one word. What three letter word became ten after becoming strong?

The weight of her mind pulled back and then crashed down once more. I could actually feel my psyche being crushed. I had to guess. Guess or die.

"Fox! The answer is the word fox!"

The pressure vanished. As my vision cleared, the older woman had shrunk and in her place was a very fluffy white fox with significantly more than nine tails. Wait, did this mean-?

"That is correct, mage, you look upon the true form of Ban Chi Tham. You should consider yourself fortunate." Her voice was more in my mind than my ears.

Disarmed, I said the first thing that came to mind. "I thought Kitsune had at most nine tails?"

Ban Chi hissed and I felt something like a weak slap. "Huli Jing."

"Pardon?"

"If you must call me something other than a fox, at least use the right words, human."

“My apologies. Well, this certainly explains why I could never corner you.”

“Even without this sanctum I would have eluded you. A human simply cannot outfox a fox.”

I did not mean to, but I laughed at the statement. It was such an amazing tautology that I could not even wrap my head around it.

The fox bristled. “What do you find so funny, mage?”

“I mean, of course I can’t outfox you, but I don’t need to either.” I reached out and pinched her big pointy ear. The ends of the ring of binding coming together like magnets. “You did that yourself.”

“What did-?” Blue runes flared to life as the enchantment took effect. I had finally captured Ban Chi. Except for one thing, the spell symbols continued to brighten until cracks formed in the metal. With an anti-climatic pop, the ring shattered. We both looked at the pile of shards and dust. When I looked back up, Ban Chi was human once more and her piercing green eyes were inches from my own.

“I should kill you for that, but I also respect that you seized an opportunity. Had that artifact not shattered, I would be your servant now.”

I gulped, but said nothing.

“Tell me what you came for and I will see what I can do.”

“But I didn’t come for anything, you summoned me.”

“To make the encounter on my terms, nothing more. I was sure you had come to recruit me to Fay’s cause.”

“Fay and I aren’t in communication at the moment. She’s letting me operate on my own.”

Her eyes flashed solid green before she closed them and exhaled. “Well, whatever the reason, a promise given is my bond.”

She turned and lifted my chin, her lips drew close to mine. “If you ever need me mage, just whisper my name and I’ll be there.” Then I was sitting in Sunbucks, but the heat from her breath lingered against me. (2026)