

SOAPED UP

a dS/reDUX

written by Dan Standing

Sheri thought for a second, her brow scrunching up. She fidgeted with the little bottle of shampoo, the same bottle that had just released a rather sexual genie. The genie floated impatiently aside Sheri, pink-skinned floating djinn crossing her arms and pushing and squishing her cantaloupe-sized breasts, each capped with thumb-sized orange nipples.

Sheri's eye was drawn down the curves of the genie. Her ample bosom melted into a cinched waist that bloomed out again to a set of magnificent hips. From there the genie's body tapered into a long tale that finally slipped inside the shampoo bottle. As if to further push into Sheri's face the being's femininity, the genie did indeed have a pussy despite a lack of crotch. It sat with plump glistening lips at the start of her tale's taper.

They were in Sheri's bedroom, and the young "mistress" was seated on her bed. Her tomboyish figure was wrapped in a towel, fresh from the shower. Across from her was a mirror that certainly captured Sheri's thin

physique. Glancing back to the genie Sheri had no second thoughts about what she was about to say.

“I wish my body was curvier and sexier!” Sheri exclaimed. The genie crossed her arms and nodded.

“Wish one of three granted!”

Sheri immediately felt her hips crack and spread beneath her, forcing the young woman’s legs apart. Her thin thighs tingled and then became warm as luscious fat started to give them a fuller and more squeezable shape. As her legs became softer so did Sheri’s ass. It plumped and billowed out beneath her, flesh engorging beneath her in pulses. She gasped with every new inch of skin, every new ounce of sensuality, bumping her further and further up from the bed.

Sheri through aside the towel as her expanding flesh tugged at it. Her breasts would have pushed it off of her anyhow. They were becoming warm and heavy, filling like milk in a balloon. Sheri gasped as nipples stiffened and grew thicker as her breasts grew rounder.

Her tits flowed down her chest rib by rib, and she leaned back to deal with the extra pounds. Her hands abandoned her legs and Sherri gripped her growing tits. She hefted them as they grew, her skin stretching and then relaxing as it tried to keep up with the flow of flesh.

Everything was more sensitive, and the transforming woman didn't think she could stand for long the sensation of her palms caressing her teats. She gingerly cupped from below the heavy fleshy grapefruits that were growing from her formerly flat bust.

Looking to the mirror Sheri saw that she had filled out all over, her gaunt face round and sultry, her short brunette locks now deep red and long. Her lips and nails had taken on a matching hue. Sheri sent a red-tipped hand down between her hips. She slipped a finger in between her puffy labia, while her other hand toyed with her tits. Sheri was very turned on from the experience, but she was disappointed to find that – as was the norm for her – she was barely moist at all.

“Fuck, I wish I could get wet and stay wet down here!” she murmured through a bit lip.

“Wish two of three granted!”

Suddenly Sheri felt a flush of fluid wash over her fingers. In her horny haze she'd forgotten all about the genie, or about watching her wording. But this was fine – no, better than fine. Sheri always had to administer copious amounts of bottled cold lube when she was feeling frisky. Now her own natural and warm moisture was coating her labia...and fingers...and thighs. She squeezed her legs and felt her juices squeeze out. The sensation alone was turning her on even more so! Sheri

rocked back and forth on the bed as she fingered herself and soaked her mattress.

“Mmm...yes...mmm...” Sheri moaned. She was getting much closer to orgasm, but a little voice in her head asked, *Do you want your first cum in this body to be by your own hand?*

The masturbating woman groaned as she realized she wanted more. Her thoughts wandered to the image of a movie star she often fantasized about.

“I wish...I wish I could be in Mitchel Fandbesser’s hands, being used by him whenever he felt dirty, even if it was to just be rubbed against his slick skin...” Sheri gasped.

“Wish three of three granted!”

Sheri suddenly felt what seemed like the wind of a vacuum rush over her. Her arms began to grow stiff, and her hands were pulled from within her groin. Her legs stiffened and folded, and she began to feel slick and wet all over her body.

In a snap she was someplace other than her room. It was humid, and giant blue and white squares covered the walls. Sheri felt that her bare ass was now sitting atop something stiff and slick. She tried to look down but neither her head nor eyes would move. Her view was

locked forward, although she could still see her bulbous breasts...which had taken on a somewhat pale pallor.

She smelled lavender.

Do I smell...soap? Sheri thought, her mouth refusing to form the words. She continued to test her body – elbows, abs, knees, toes – nothing would budge in even the slightest wriggle.

The sound of rushing water turned Sheri's attention outward, and with a second look she realized she was in an enormous shower.

And she wasn't alone.

As she stared up the huge ass of a naked man was stepping into view. Sheri could see between his thighs the end of a massive dangling cock longer and thicker than she must be!

Then she recognized it. The shrunken woman had seen the film *Remorse* enough times to identify the sculpted body as Mitchel Fandbesser's. At her new scale even the water droplets cascading down his perfect-yet-rugged skin were massive.

Sheri instinctively tried to escape the giant, but was reminded of her stilled situation. Her mind struggled but her even her white tits wouldn't jiggle. Before she could further consider her predicament a shadow fell over

Sheri. She silently cried out as Fandbesser's fingers surrounded her and lifted her up.

In quick time Sheri found herself being rubbed all over the giant's body. She wasn't crushed or bruised, instead the transformed woman realized that she had become – Fandbesser's bar of soap. Sheri could feel her skin, especially that of her breasts, ass, and pussy, sensuously rubbing over Fandbesser's curly chest, smooth butt, and veined cock. It was like the most sensual exfoliation she had ever felt, every stroke pushing her closer and closer to...

Sheri couldn't count how many times she'd cum during that first shower. She *could* recall how much she'd wanted to scream in pleasure, to pant in release, to moan in afterglow. But she could not. Soap didn't do any of those things.

At the end of it the giant actor placed Sheri back atop her soap dish and he left, like he always would. Sheri could feel herself slowly regain whatever mass she'd lost as if it was hair growing back after a trim. That would always get her randy again despite how many times she'd cum in Fandbesser's warm hands.

As time went on Sheri adjusted to her new existence. She'd been placed all over the bathroom, or taken along on travels to various hotels. Maybe she couldn't move anymore, but she certainly could enjoy. She didn't need

to eat or sleep any more, but her constantly flowing juices seemed to keep her at a consistent lather for use at any time.

Sometimes those uses were for the rare evening when Fandbesser needed to release a little tension alone. Sheri's mind could barely handle the sensation of soaping up the star's big thick shaft.

Although not as intended, Sheri did indeed find herself forever more in Mitchel Fandbesser's hands whenever he felt dirty.

And she was okay with that.

FIN

The Original Version

SOAP DOWN

Written by Dan Standing

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Sheri thought for a second, her brow scrunching up. The genie she had just released from her dry shampoo canister smiled and waved. They were in Sheri's bedroom, seated on her bed, and Sheri could see her tomboyish figure in the mirror. Her tank top and boy shorts only accentuated her underdeveloped features.

"I wish my body was curvier and sexier!" Sheri exclaimed. The genie crossed her arms and nodded.

"Wish one of three granted!"

It happened very quickly. Sheri's hips suddenly cracked and spread beneath her, the young woman's legs flopping open as her thin thighs started to shape. Her ass plumped and billowed out beneath her, and it was all too much for her shorts which managed to pull tight into the slit of her pussy while also shredding around the waistband. Sheri sent down her hands to try and free her shredded shorts from her pussy but was distracted by how soft her pillowing skin was.

And then she couldn't see her lap. Her breasts had ballooned up from under her shirt, the fabric dragging across her swiftly hardening and sensitizing nipples. Sheri cooed from the fabric's attention, her freshly filled-out thighs and ass jiggling as she shuddered. Her hands abandoned her legs and Sherri gripped her growing tits. They had once been no bigger than crab apples, but were already past the size of oranges.

Sheri hefted her breasts as they grew, her skin stretching and then relaxing as it tried to keep of with the flow of flesh. Everything was more sensitive, and the transforming woman didn't think she could stand the fabric on her teats any longer. She pulled it over her head, her breath gasping from the last few moments of material stimulation. As she threw the shirt aside she cupped from below the heavy fleshy grapefruits that were growing from her ribs.

Looking to the mirror Sheri saw that she had filled out all over, her gaunt face round and sultry, her short brunette locks now deep red and long. Her lips and nails had taken on a matching hue. Sheri sent a red-tipped hand down between her hips and pulled aside the remaining fabric of her shorts. She slipped a finger in between her puffy labia, while her other hand toyed with her tits. Sheri was very turned on from the experience, but she was disappointed to find that – as was the norm for her – she was barely moist at all.

“Fuck, I wish I could get wet and stay wet down here!” she murmured through a bit lip.

“Wish two of three granted!”

Suddenly Sheri felt a flush of fluid wash over her fingers. In her horny haze she’d forgotten all about the genie, or about watching her wording. But this was fine – no, better than fine. Sheri always had to interrupt her love making – alone or with a partner – to administer copious amounts of usually cold lube. Feeling her own natural and warm moisture turned her on twice fold, and Sheri rocked back and forth on the bed as she fingered herself and soaked her mattress.

“Mmm...yes...mmm...” Sheri moaned. She was getting much closer to orgasm, but a little voice in her head asked “Do you want your first cum in this body to be by your own hand?”

The masturbating woman groaned as she realized she wanted more. Her thoughts wandered to the image of a movie star she often fantasized about.

“I wish...I wish I could be in Mitchel Fandbesser’s hands, even just being rubbed against his slick skin...” Sheri gasped.

“Wish three of three granted!”

Sheri suddenly felt what seemed like the wind of a vacuum rush over her. The last bits of fabric from her shorts practically swallowed her up, and in a snap she was someplace other than her room. It was humid, and giant blue and white squares covered the walls. Sheri felt that her bare ass was now sitting atop something stiff and slick. She looked down and saw she was atop some sort of purple oval. Her hand ran across it, and when she lifted the palm to her face she saw a light sheen. She also smelled lavender.

“Soap?”

The sound of water rushing from above turned Sheri’s attention around, and she realized she was in an enormous shower.

And she wasn’t alone.

She looked up at the huge sculpted ass of a naked man. Sheri could see between his thighs the end of a massive dangling cock. The shrunken woman had seen the film Remorse enough times to recognize the body as Mitchel Fandbesser’s. At her new scale the water droplets cascading down his perfect-yet-rugged skin were massive.

Sheri attempted to step off from the soap bar but found she could not. She was able to otherwise move her body just fine, and covered her curves in soapy film as

she struggled. But she couldn't leave the soap. Before she could further consider her predicament a shadow fell over Sheri. Startled, she cried out in shock as Fandbesser's fingers surrounded her and lifted her up.

In quick time Sheri found herself being rubbed all over the giant's body. She wasn't crushed or bruised, instead the transformed woman realized that she had become – or at least was being treated as - Fandbesser's luffa sponge. Once her shock and fear were gone Sheri used her seemingly unnoticed mobility to position her breasts, ass, or pussy so that they would get as much stimulation as possible as Fandbesser cleaned by rubbing Sheri over his curly chest, smooth butt, and veined cock.

Sheri couldn't count how many times she'd cum that first shower.

At the end of it the giant actor placed Sheri back atop her soap and left. The exhausted woman would lay there for hours.

As time went on Sheri adjusted to her new existence. She could never leave whatever place Fandbesser put her, but she was often left atop the soap. She didn't need to eat or sleep any more, so she used her own constantly flowing juices to keep her soap bar wet and play with her needy pussy and full tits.

Although her own diddling felt good, Sheri could never be thankful enough for the pure blissful orgasms she got from being Mitchel Fandbesser's personal little sponge.

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