

The Butler and His Genie

In a house at the edge of town, on the top of a hill that nobody dared walk upon, sat the Van-Heusen family mansion. A family that built the town of Astoria. The family who were the first ones to lay claim to the land and it was their family that still ruled over its citizens. Their reach stretched deep into the veins of the city; controlling the local law enforcement, holding positions within the city council, even housing many of the citizens within their own home as their servants. Families stretching almost as far back as the Van-Heusen's have always served them; never daring to leave the family, knowing nothing else but servitude. But when the latest ancestor of a family of butlers finds a way to break free of the families grasp, does he find freedom or just another master for him to service.

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Matthew Clemson crept through the forbidden attic of the Van-Heusen house. He didn't believe the tales his grandfather spun about a magical lamp that was hidden away within the attic. How the Van-Heusen's were nothing but a family of thieves hundreds of years ago, but thanks to a wish granter they were granted current seat of power. Matthew had never believed the ravings of his grandfather when he was a child but with his dying breath, he made Matthew promise that he would find the lamp and wish the family to be free. Matthew knew that his grandfather had been serving the family as the head butler since his 18th birthday and now that he was gone and Matthew's father had passed many years prior; he was to be named the head butler. A title that sealed his fate and stripped him of any hope of freedom. And at that moment he prayed that his grandfather wasn't as crazy as everyone had said.

"Where the fuck is it?" Matthew whispered to himself as he stepped lightly across the creaky floorboards of the attic. With each step, a deep moan echoed through the crowded attic. Hundreds of antiques were scattered throughout the open space; paintings, vases, statues, fur coats. Anything that Matthew had disappeared over the years had been placed within the attic to be forgotten. He couldn't believe the hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of items that were scattered around him. How the Van-Heusen's had all this money and space, while his entire family was placed in small, secluded quarters that were hidden away from the main house.

"Lord Jesus, fucking Christ," Matthew cursed as he continued to search through the items on the westernmost part of the attic. The last area that he had not searched.

This was not the first night that Matthew had spent sifting through the forgotten objects; actually, it was the twelfth straight night he had spent looking through the dusty recesses of the attic. All day long he spent waiting on the Van-Heusen's hand and foot, literally scrubbing their nails and their feet obediently. Then while everyone slept he would hunt for the supposed treasure that was hidden away on the top floor. The only hint that he had was a painting that hung at the top of the grand staircase of Garrett Van-Heusen, the first head of the Van-Heusen family, holding an ancient-looking jar within his hands. His grandfather had whispered to him that it was that jar that held the power to free the family. But as Matthew moved aside the last group of objects he felt that his grandfather's stories were just that, stories.

"Crazy old man," Matthew whispered to himself while the corner of his lips turned downward. Even though the idea was crazy, it still had given him a glimmer of hope of a better life for himself and his descendants. Matthew took one deep, sighing a breath of defeat and turned around to exit the room. But having forgotten about the boxes that Matthew had moved out of the way he fell over taking piles of boxes with him.

Life moved in slow motion as Matthew watched the boxes topple over one another like dominoes, leading further down the line and towards the area of the attic that held the most expensive of the families antiques. Matthew moved as quick as possible, but even at his fastest the falling boxes took their first victim; an immensely large statue that was of the first family. The statue came crashing down onto the floor and shattered into a million pieces.

"FUCK!" Matthew screeched as the pieces of the statue scattered across his floor and onto his feet. But as the feeling of dread and fear filled his body Matthew realized something. Statues aren't supposed to break this easily, especially ones carved of marble. Matthew walked softly, pushing the shattered pieces aside until he came to a large piece that was overturned on the ground. Matthew's heart beat rapidly with anticipation. He moved the shard aside and there it was; the jar that he had been searching for endlessly. "Holy shit it is real," Matthew cursed once more as he lifted the jar from the ground. It looked exactly like the one from the painting except for it was now vastly older.

The gems that decorated the top of the jar had grown dull, the symbols around the edges had become faded, the paint was now worn and chipped away. Matthew held the jar as if it were the most expensive piece of art in the entire world. With much trepidation, Matthew pulled the top from the jar unsure of what he would find within.

Dark green smoke immediately began to seep from the edges of the side of the jar, over Matthew's hands, and waterfall onto the ground. Matthew let out a yelp of surprise, dropping the jar

onto the ground as more smoke filtered into the room. The fog grew thick among the floor, growing larger and higher. Matthew grew fearful at what he had just released when a form began to grow within the fog.

“Freeedom,” a deep voice said; the voice slithered across Matthew as if it were made of snakes. A hunched over body formed within the fog. Matthew could see the outline of something human growing. The fog, slowly adding to the form, grew the humanoid larger and more muscular. Its face looked upward, the eyes belonging to the creature were black. Nothing but darkness stared at Matthew as the thing stood from the ground. Its sharp features grew solid as the rest of its body began to form. Its head was completely shaved and devoid of hair while its hardened, muscular upper body was covered in curly black hair. The creature stretched its arms and flexed its massive muscles. Its skin was dark and tanned but tinted green as if he were covered in a green shimmery paint. Matthew’s eyes searched the monster’s body, watching it continue to grow and stretch before his eyes. Even though his fear, he could still feel his cock begin to harden as the manly body formed before his eyes. The creature locked its eyes with Matthew once more.

“Are you the one who opened the jar?” Matthew nodded in silence. “Perfect,” the creature purred. His voice crept along Matthew’s spine causing gooseflesh to appear along every inch of his body.

“Are you – are you a genie?” Matthew stuttered. The creature raised one of its dark, sleek eyebrows as a smirk appeared on his face. Its perfect white teeth stood in contrast to the dark features of its face.

“What do you think?” Matthew took a deep gulp of air, hoping to fill his body with confidence as he stepped towards the creature. The creature could see the fear dot along Matthew’s brow as sweat began to pour down his forehead. The man took let out a deep sigh and the dark green fog that swept across the floor began to fade and he began to shrink to a normal sized man. Even to normal standards though he was still extremely muscular. He could tell that if he were going to get anywhere with his new master he would need to tone down the theatrics just slightly. Or at least until the real fun began.

“I prefer the title of djinn. Not genie,” the man explained as his lower body took form. His long muscular legs hit the ground with a stop tap while the rest of the fog vanished revealing his entire body to Matthew. Matthew had partially hoped that he would appear naked, but his lower regions were covered by only a cloth that was tightly wrapped around his hips, leaving very little to the imagination. He could see the way the cloth bulged out towards Matthew, signifying the ample surprise that the djinn kept hidden beneath his loincloth.

“So does that mean I still get a wish?” Matthew asked, finally able to form the question that had been bouncing around in his head since he opened the jar. The djinn let out a deep, hearty laugh. A laugh that was comforting yet unnerving at the same time.

“Always to the wishes with you humans. But business is business I guess,” the djinn said as he began to walk around the attic looking at the different objects and the shattered statue that covered the floor. He lifted up a partial piece of the face of Garrett. “Horrible man,” he spit as he dropped the piece back to the floor causing it to break even further. “Now what is your wish, my young master?”

His mind immediately went to the idea of freedom, freeing his family from their current servitude and the future that his children and his children’s children would be subjected too. He could wish them to live a happy and joyful life far away from these horrible people. But he knew something else was nagging at the back of his head; a dark feeling that he buried down most evenings. Dark horrible thoughts that kept the fire burning in his stomach whenever his father would come home tired and beaten after a horrible day of work. His mouth opened to say freedom, but my darker thoughts won out.

“Revenge,” Matthew hissed. His mischievous grin grew larger at my response.

“Perfect.” And with a snap of his fingers, Matthew’s vision went dark.

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Matthew awoke the sound of his phone ringing loudly next to my ear, signaling to him that it was six am and time to get ready for the day. As he begrudgingly pulled myself from his small twin-sized cot he thought back to the wildest dream last night; the thought that his grandfather’s ranting were actually being true caused a smirk to appear. He shook my head at the nonsense.

“Fucking genies,” he laughed at the green-skinned creature that invaded his dreams, mostly remembering how perfect his body was and how he had wished to see what was hidden underneath his small loincloth. Matthew’s cock jolted slightly at the thought of the massive cock that was usually present in all of his sexual dreams. He tucked it to the side of his briefs, knowing that he wouldn’t have the time he wanted in order to jerk off. Matthew quickly dressed in his appointed uniform; black slacks, white button-down shirt, and shiny black leather shoes. All which were “given” to him by the Van-Heusen’s, while the cost was deducted as one of his weekly expenditures.

As he slipped on his uncomfortable leather shoes a loud bell sounded throughout the house. A bell which signified a guest was arriving on the property.

“We weren’t expecting anyone today,” he said to myself as stepped outside of the small cottage which my family occupied. He dashed across the lawn as a large expensive car pull towards the front

door of the large mansion. Matthew hoped the guest rooms were already attended too. He came to the front door and stood at attention, and not a moment later did four people step from within the house. Each of them dress in expensive silky bedclothes that probably cost more than his month's wages

"Clemson," the older, slender man shouted as he walked in front of Matthew while two young, attractive men followed behind him while the older woman stayed in the shadow of the front door.

"Yes Mr. Van-Heusen." Matthew responded like an obedient servant should even though he hated the head of the family with every bone in his body.

"Who is this person who awakens my family on this Sunday morning?" He asked as he raised an eyebrow in suspicion, nodding to the darkened windows of the vehicle that sat before the group. Matthew raked his head but no answer came to the forefront of his memory. Luckily the moment he opened my mouth to respond to his employer the door to the vehicle opened, allowing a billow of darkens green smoke to filter out of the vehicle into the open air. One rather long leg, extended from the vehicle. From the dark recesses of the vehicle, I could see the air clouded with even more smoke covering the features of the unknown visitor. My eyes grew wide as the unknown figure exited from the clouds of smoke and into the light.

"You have to be fucking with me," Matthew cursed. It was the same face as the djinn from his dreams the night before.

"COUSIN!" The deep voice of the djinn bellowed as he crossed the short distance between him and Mr. Van-Heusen; his arms extended in a familiar manner. Unlike the dream, the djinn was now clothed in one of the finest suits that Matthew had ever seen. The long pinstriped pants clung to the Djinn's thick bottom half, accentuating his bulbous butt cheeks and muscular quads. While his crisp white shirt could barely contain this upper body, which looked ready to burst with one wrong move.

"Unhand me you -!" Mr. Van-Heusen began to exclaim, but before he could finish his sentence the djinn looked into Matthew's employer's eyes.

"Now you wouldn't speak so unkindly to a family member. Would you cousin?" He asked as his dark green iris's began to swirl as if filled with smoke. "You remember that I was coming to stay with you while my house was under construction. Don't you remember?" I could see something was happening between the two men, while everyone else stood there obliviously to what was really transpiring between the two.

"Of course I remember," Mr. Van-Heusen stuttered as he pushed away from his "cousin" and adjusted his silken pajamas. "I just wasn't expecting you at such an ungodly hour. Clemson show. . .show. . ." He ordered, trying to remember the man's name.

“Jamison,” the man inserted. Mr. Van-Heusen narrowed his eyes at the man.

“I know who you are cousin,” he snapped. He turned his anger infused attention towards me. “Take Jamison to the guest wing of the house and we will have breakfast served in the parlor today in honor of our guest’s arrival.” Mr. Van-Heusen did not wait for a response, he made a very abrupt turn and walked back into the house; followed by his silent sons and wife. But before the two son’s entered the house the older one looked at Matthew in disgust.

“Next time we have guests coming, maybe you shouldn’t look like you just came from rolling around in the mud. Spend a little more time on your appearance if you want to continue to be employed by us pig,” he commented as he looked down at Matthew’s shoes which were now covered in mud after running across the lawn.

“Of course Master Gregory,” Matthew said shortly before returning his attention to the guest.

“Wow, he’s just as friendly as Garrett. Good to know some families never change,” the man laughed as he turned to Matthew. “I can see why you needed my help.” Matthew stared at the man, still not fully believing the night before was real. It had to be a trick of the light, or his memory filling in the faces of his dream. The man could see the shocked look on Matthew’s face and gave a chuckle. “Yes, baby boy. I’m real. Last night was real. Now, where would you like to start?” He asked as he adjusted his suit. Matthew opened his mouth to ask what the man meant, but he knew the answer before even asking the question. His wishes, what were Matthew’s wishes?

Matthew mind instantly went to the comment that Quintin, the older Van-Heusen son, said to him just moments ago. Matthew knew that Quintin cared about his appearance above all else, and he couldn’t think of a more deserving family member to start with.

“Quintin. The tall one. Make him dirty,” Matthew said. He looked to the Djinn who had an eyebrow raised in confusion.

“Dirty?” That’s all you got? You want me to rub a little dirt on his knees? You call that revenge? You have the powers of the universe at your – well my fingertips and all you can think is make him dirty?” The djinn asked demeaningly.

“Okay, Mr. Phenomenal cosmic power! What would you do?” Matthew asked as he crossed his arms and cocked his hip to the side.

“Why go dirty when we can go downright filthy,” the djinn suggested, his grin grew wide as ideas began to filter into his brain. His eyes already began to swirl with that same green smoke as if he was itching to use his powers once more. “Make him so filthy that he loves his new overbearing scent. And give him a proper personality change to enjoy his new filthy persona as well.”

Matthew sat silently thinking about the ramifications of the wish and what it would mean for Quintin, and the family. He liked it.

“Do it,” Matthew said forcefully. The Djinn’s eyes blazed a bright green as the energy around them surged for a brief moment. The temperature skyrocket within the area. Matthew could see the morning dew evaporate and blades of grass singe as the heat of the desert was unleashed around them. Then with a single, well-rehearsed movement the energy was flung from the Djinn’s hands and into the manor in search of its victim. The heat immediately vanished and the air became thick with the early morning coolness Matthew was accustomed too. “Now I was told there would be a guest wing?” The djinn smiled; a smile which I returned.

“Right this way Mr. . .uhh.”

“Just call me Jamison,” he said with a wink as he followed Matthew into the large manor. Both of them itched with excitement and interest at what Gregory was going to become.

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Quintin Van-Heusen sauntered into his bedroom, ready to fall back asleep until breakfast, but as he went to remove his slippers he saw that his feet were speckled of mud. He knew he had not stepped foot onto the grass, but he did know of one person who did.

“Fucking dirty ass servant!” He shouted as he kicked his slippers across the room in anger. He was going to make Matthew pay but first, he needed a shower. Someone of his statue should never been seen dirty, he thought to himself as he walked across his expansive bedroom and into his spotless bathroom. He gave a gentle flick to the light switch and illuminated his massive bathroom.

The white marble shined underneath the bright clear lighting. Flecks of gold highlighted the room on the faucets, the shower head, and the towel rack. Perfectly crisp white lined adorned the shelves and racks, each piece of cloth looked to never have never touched a human hand before. Not even a hair graced the floor in his immaculate space. Quintin placed his pajamas down the nearest clothing chute, turned on the water, and stepped into the shower; eager to cleanse his body of the mud. He sat underneath the already scalding hot water, enjoying seeing the mud fall from his skin and down the drain. He closed his eyes and relaxed as thick, hot steam filled the air cleansing everything it touched.

“Ooo,” he groaned, shaking his appendages, as a weird feeling enveloped his body. It was like slime was dumped over his body, and wouldn’t fall free of his form. His hand immediately went to the water and turned up the heat but could not feel it against his body. He turned the water until the faucet could no longer move and still did not feel anything. He switched between hot and cold unsure of what

was going on with the water. He looked at his body and it appeared as if the water was just sliding off some unseen surface that surrounded his body. Even though he could no longer feel the water pelting against his skin he could indeed smell an odor that only seemed to grow. His nose wrinkled at the odor as it filled the shower.

“Blah,” he shouted as his hand dove for the soap and began to pour it into his body. Quintin lathered the soap over his body. He could smell the harsh scent of sandalwood as it filled the air, but with an undertone of the scent. It was like an over-ripen jockstrap that had sat in a sauna, that had never been washed before. He rinsed the suds from his body, hoping the fresh scent would stay but immediately vanished. And the musky odor grew only stronger.

“What the fuck!” Quintin shouted as he jumped from the shower and grabbed the nearest towel. He pressed the towel to his skin thinking, maybe it was the water that went bad? But as his hand grasped the towel the fresh white lined began to wilt and turn in on itself. The white towel turned a dingy yellow and its smell grew harsher until Quintin could no longer hold the towel. He dropped it onto the floor as horrible stains appeared across its surface. “What’s happening!” He screamed in terror.

Quintin moved to run from the bathroom and hopefully the scent but stopped when he saw his reflection. His once perfectly smoothed skin began to show small blades of dark body hair. He looked down at his chest and saw the hair grow at an expedited rate, faster than any hair should ever grow, until it was completely covered and both of his nipples were hidden beneath. Quintin felt revulsion fill his chest as he stared at his hairier body. He had gotten his hair surgically removed years ago, and hadn’t seen a single blade on his body until today. Quintin stood frozen in place as he watched dark, coarse hair cover every inch of his body. He watched as a dark forest filled across his chest, his abdomen, his legs, and especially his cock. The hair grew so thick that his average sized cock was almost completely hidden from view. He could feel the hair not only growing across his body but intensifying the scent with fresh sweat and oil as it was pushed from his opening pores.

“So fucking nasty,” he groaned as he lifted his armpit and saw a fresh dense patch of hair. An intense swell of body odor slammed into Quintin’s nostrils causing him to recoil in disgust. But as he dropped his arm to his oily side he could feel his cock begin to inflate. He looked down at his cock and how it poked out from his pubes. “God I’m so rank,” Quintin groaned mindlessly as he took cock in hand. He felt his own oils slather his cock as he rubbed his hand up and down his dick while he raised his other arm into the air.

Quintin stared at the bush of armpit hair as sweat began to roll down his arm as if he had just walked out of a sauna. As the bead slide down his skin, he had an urge which he could not explain. He

pushed out his tongue and licked the line of sweat, ending in his armpit, and took a large hit of his own personal stench.

“FUCCKK,” he moaned as he jerked his cock more intensely. He looked down and saw large globs of cum push from his cock and fall into the floor of his bathroom. With every drop, the white porcelain turned a rancid yellow. His own body fluids were creating an even worse stench than he could have imagined. He watched in the mirror as his face began to change.

“No. Please not my face,” he pleaded as he watched facial hair overtake his features. The hair on his head receded until nothing was there but a short stubble. His eyebrows grew dense and furry while a small patch sprouted causing them to become one. He looked like a filthy truck driver and now Quintin Van-Heusen, heir to the Van-Heusen fortune. He looked over his shoulder and saw the dark hair did not stop at his front but it covered over his entire backside and grew even thicker around his ass cheeks. Quintin grabbed only of his plump cheeks and pulled open his crack and released a loud noxious fart that only intensified the horrible smells that occupied the room.

“God so fucking dirty,” he moaned feels his features growing more manly; a large brow, thicker lips, a heavier jawline. The man in the mirror did not know privilege. Quintin knew he should have been disgusted by his reflection but he could not stop his cock leaking now a steady fluid of precum onto the floor beneath him. He looked down at himself, past the long dark curly hairs until his vision landed on his cock.

“Ugh,” he moaned as he felt his cock surge in size growing several inches girth. Quintin’s hand continued to open up until he could no longer close his hand around his cock. With every stroke of his hands he could feel his balls slapping against his inner thighs, and with every slap, he could feel them grow heavier and lower. It wasn’t until he felt them grow to the size of two literal oranges did the growing finally stop. “So disgusting. So dirty. God, you’re nasty. Look at you, you fucking hairy beast.” Quintin’s words degraded himself. He felt humiliated at the changes to his body but couldn’t help the feeling of his balls begin to grow tight, enacting orgasm. “God, you smell like a fucking nasty ass jockstrap. So ugly. So. . .so. . .FILTHY!” He shouted, his voice dropping several octaves lower than normal. His load showered the top of the countertop of his bathroom. With every drop of his cum, he watched his clean countertop become ruined, resembling something closer to a truck stop than his million dollar bathroom.

“God that felt good,” Q said as he walked away from his load, letting it sit on the counter without any worry of cleaning away his load. He gave his cock a squeeze letting the last drop of his cum

fall before he let out a massive fart which caused him to give a deep laugh of amusement. “Fucking nasty,” he smirked before he exited his bathroom and laid on his massive bed ready for a nap.

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Matthew and his djinn watched the first wish unfold from the other side of the house. In a crystal ball that was conjured with the djinn’s power. They watched as the rot took over Quintin’s body and spread across his room. The sheets turned a dingy brown, his expensive clothing turned to stained wifebeaters and mud covered bluejeans, the very air filled with the odor of farts and body odor; every inch of his body and room was transformed. Quintin Van-Heusen the once pompous rich heir to the Van-Heusen fortune and estate, was no longer there. He had no become Q Van, a local trucker driver and obscene slob. Everyone knew who he was in the village, but not from his riches or his appearance but from the smell that followed him where ever he went.

As Matthew watched the entire transformation he could feel his dick harden weirdly in his pants. Just watching Quintin, now Q, mindlessly jerk and cum over all his expensive furniture was enough to get Matthew riled up. He also couldn’t help but giggle and laugh while he watched Q transform against his will. How he freaked out and pleaded for it to stop, but in the end he couldn’t help but get off his rotten scent. Luckily, the djinn’s powers were as strong as he had proclaimed.

During the whole process, the djinn watched intently over the crystal ball. The green smoke in his eyes continued to swirl the entire time as if he was adjusting the magic or shaping it in some way during the transformation. After the last piece of Quintin’s identity vanished from reality, so too did the room. The image in the crystal ball went black as if the room no longer existed.

“What happened?” Matthew asked as he tapped the crystal ball as if it were a television that was no longer working. The djinn’s arm snapped into action and slapped away Matthew’s hand. “Hey, that hurt!” Matthew exclaimed, cradling his hand gingerly.

“Well don’t touch things that aren’t yours,” the djinn retorted. With a wave of his hand the crystal ball became clear but now showed Quintin and all his belongings in a small run-down trailer. Matthew knew the area, it was in a poor part of town where the Van-Heusens donated an embarrassingly low amount of money. What they gave barely kept the lights on for those who lived in the trailer park. Matthew wondered if the Van-Heusens would donate more money now that their own son was a permanent resident of the Happy Acres Trailer Park community.

“Will they remember him?” Matthew asked as he watched Quintin turn over in bed and release a very loud, and very wet sounding fart. Matthew was pretty sure he had just witnessed the once prime and proper master of the house, shit himself and not care in the least.

“Sometimes they do. Sometimes they don’t. But that’s magic for you, wild and unpredictable at times.” The djinn explained with a shrug of his shoulders in a dismissive manner. Matthew felt a tug of his heartstrings. They were horrible people but did they really deserve this, he wondered.

“You aren’t getting a heart, are you? I thought you wanted revenge on them, not just to sit around and talk about what’s gonna happen to that pig.” The djinn cocked an eyebrow disapprovingly. Matthew sat silently, not denying his feeling on the matter. With a huff the djinn moved from his position and paced around the crystal ball.

“You have two more wishes. So use them as you please - I guess.” Matthew knew that the djinn was taunting him, playing a game with him; obviously eager to get the wishes out of the way. And it was a game that Matthew was also ready to play. He told himself he couldn’t get a heart with only two wishes he needed to make things right with his life, and for his family.

“Show me, Gregory,” Matthew ordered. The djinn’s face lit up with excitement. He gave a wave of his hand and the image shimmered and showed the older of the two Van-Heusen brothers. Matthew’s face turned red as he saw the older brother shirtless posing in the mirror. His iPhone in one hand while his bicep was flexed in the other. He snapped a repeated pictures, posing slightly different in every single image. Matthew couldn’t help but become enraptured in watching Gregory. He was beautiful; square jawline, piercing eyes, and a near perfect body. His arms were thick, his pectorals were heavy, and his ass was as bubbly as they came.

Matthew had spent many nights, when he wasn’t tired beyond all reason, jerking off to the mental images he created for himself of a naked Gregory. In all his time he had spent living on the estate he had never seen him naked, save for the occasions when he would be laying by the pool. Gregory would always wear the skimpiest of speedos, wanting to tan every inch of his body. Nothing made Matthew’s mouth water more or dick harden more than seeing the outline of Gregory’s speedo on his waist when he bent over. Those moments were more than enough for him to create mental images of the rest of his body.

“Oh he’s a lot more attractive when he is isn’t next to his go horrible father. You sure you wanna do something to this hunk of man meat?” The djinn asked as he closed in on the image, enjoying the view much like Matthew. Even though he hadn’t been downright horrible to Matthew, he was still a Van-Heusen, and therefore the enemy. But could he truly ruin his body?

Matthew watched as he took a long swig of a shaker of his favorite muscle milk proteins and saw a line drip down his jaw and onto his pectoral. The crystal was so clear he could see the droplet

form on the top of his tanned nipple before it was quickly wiped away. Why ruin his body when he could use it to his advantage, Matthew thought.

“Let’s make him leak.”

“What?”

“Let’s make those pecs a real pair of leaking tits.” He looked up to the djinn and he saw the meaning by the way Matthew’s eyebrows lifted suggestively. A large grin crossed the djinn’s face as his eyes began to swirl that green smoke vigorously once more. The magic was practically brimming under the surface, ready to pop.

“Just say the words master.”

“I wish that Gregory had a real pair of knickers that wouldn’t stop leaking even if he begged for them to stop. Oh! And make sure he hates that he loves it so much.”

“Your wish is my command.” The djinn waved his hand over the crystal ball and the colors began to shift to the dark green signaling his magic was doing its job and out searching for its next victim. Matthew leaned forward and waited, eagerly for the next wish to take hold of the second brother.

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“Hell yeah!” Gregory grunted as he set his tripod into position, placed his phone on the top, and set the timer. He ran back towards the wall to wall mirror, turned his body profile to the camera, and puffed out his chest. He held his breath, contorting his lower body to give the illusion of an even larger set of butt cheeks. Standing only in his underwear at this point, he knew these pictures were the type that would get him the most likes on his Instagram. His hair was perfect, his muscles were shiny, and his underwear was designer. He posed continuously for the next twenty minutes, taking a picture at every possible angle. Gregory only stopped he a loud buzz filled the gymnasium, which signaled to him that it was time for breakfast.

Gregory packed up his tripod and pushed his free weights to the side, knowing he would be back for another round of photos as soon as his breakfast was done. He crossed the room and entered a small service elevator that would bring him from the bottom level up to the kitchen, much quicker than the stairs. But as he stood within the small enclosed area a small amount of green smoke filtered through the vents and into the elevator.

“Fuck,” Gregory said, as he covered his mouth. This wasn’t the first time the ancient elevator caught fire, but usually, it was only a waiter or maid stuck in the elevator and not him! Gregory couldn’t cover his mouth soon enough to keep the smoke from invading his nostrils. “Hey! Someone help!” Gregory shouted through his fingers. The smoke continued to fill the small elevator as it slowly climbed,

but not quick enough. By the time the door opened Gregory fell forward into the kitchen. The smoke quickly evaporated behind him as if it was never there in the first place.

“Sir are you okay?” The cook asked as he ran from the kitchen counter and reached a hand to Gregory who now laid on the floor.

“Don’t touch me!” Gregory shouted as he pulled himself to his feet. “What the hell are you staring at? Get me something to drink.” The cook quickly ran away from Gregory, fetching the first class he could find.

Gregory snapped the glass from the cook’s hand and took a deep gulp of the cool liquid. Before he could even swallow he spewed it out onto the cook.

“What the fuck is this!” Gregory spewed.

“I’m sorry sir, it’s just milk,” the cook stammered.

“MILK!?” Gregory shouted. He diet wouldn’t allow any type of dairy. It was as if the houses cook had given him poison. Gregory threw the glass angrily into the nearest sink, shattering the glass on impact. “WHY ARE YOU STANDING THERE LIKE AN IDIOT! Get me a fucking towel!” Gregory shouted. The cook immediately jumped in fear and grabbed the nearest towel. The cook stood silently as he dabbed the milk from his face and the drips that fell onto his upper body.

“When I’m done with you I’m going to go to my father and -.” Gregory began to threaten but stopped when he felt a wet sensation on the tip of his nipples. He looked down and saw two large white droplets which hung from his nipples. He blotted the towel against his pecs once again, soaking up the liquid but it was immediately replaced with two more droplets. “What the hell?” Gregory asked. He repeated moved the cloth from one pectoral to the other as his nipples began to leak.

“Mmm smells good. Like fresh milk,” the cook grunted. Gregory looked to the cook and saw his meek face had been replaced with one of determination and hunger. “Fuck, look at those udders.” He groaned as he rubbed his cock through his white pants. Gregory’s eyes widened as he saw a thick cylinder within the man’s pants.

“Udders!? What the fuck are you talking about you Freak?” Gregory asked. Gregory turned to the nearest shiny surface and saw that his once toned pectorals had inflated to obscene proportions. Gregory looked to his chest and saw his overinflated pecs now obscured his entire lower body. Before had somehow transformed to something between a woman’s breasts and a set of huge pectorals. They had become so large that he couldn’t even see his nipples when he looked down. In the reflection he saw his once small pert nipples had enlarged to the size of silver dollars. Both tips had a small white droplet dripping from the tip.

But it wasn't only the size that caught him off guard but the pressure that was building behind them. Gregory turned his attention back to the cook as the cook's loud groans of lust became more apparent. The cook's eyes looked as if he were under a daze; both were glossed over as if his mind was somewhere else completely. His jaw grew slack as drool began to gather and drip from his lips.

"Hello?" Gregory asked as he waved his hand back and forth; his beefy chest bounced and swayed with his movements. It was several seconds of Gregory waving his hand as he tried to bring his only help back to reality.

Unknown to Gregory the green vapor did not only change Gregory's body but also filtered into the cook's body. Because every pair of udders needed a man who was happy to milk them. Gregory snapped his fingers in front of the cook's eyes, not realizing his iris' change from blue to green.

"Whew," the cook shouted, his voice taking on a slightly southern accent in his exasperation. The cook's eyes narrowed down to Gregory's chest and lit up with excitement. "Looks like those babies are in need of milking." He slapped his hands against the upper side of Gregory's left pectoral, feeling that it was tight like a drum.

"Get off me!" Gregory shouted as he attempted to swat away the cook's hand once again but the cook was now too quick for him. Before Gregory's hand could make contact, the cook fingers latched onto his nipple and twisted.

"OOOOO," Gregory groaned as his knees grew weak. His muscles turned to mush as a wave of unbearable pleasure erupted into his body. He could feel his nipple leak into the cook's hand from the hand twist that it was given. The cook withdrew his hand, which was now covered in thick white goo. Taking a long lick from his hand, the cook devoured every drop of Gregory's sweet juice.

"Mmm, that shit is even better fresh!" The cook groaned as he rubbed his clean hand against his ever increasing bulge. Gregory's eyes grew wide with worry as he felt his pectorals grew and inflate more with what he could assume was his milk.

"Please stop. We need to figure out what's wrong. Somethings wrong with me." Gregory pleaded as he began to back away from the cook until he was up against a wall. "We need to-."

"We need to milk those tits. Wouldn't want them to get too big. You remember what happened last time when you didn't come in for your daily milk?" The cook taunted as he began to unbutton his crisp white chef's coat, revealing long rows of toned muscles and a light dusting of body hair.

"Last time?" Gregory asked himself, and memories immediately flooded his mind. His world spun upside as he remembered the last year of his life but now with these overinflated pectorals. He remembered, waking up with tits so heavy he could barely move, nipples that were leaking so obscenely

he would have to pad his shirt, sometimes being so large that he couldn't ever see his feet. It was the cook who would milk his pectorals like he was a cow. Gregory would moan and groan against his hands as they roughly pulled and tugged on his nipples, stretching them wider and longer.

Gregory lifted his head as he fell into the new life that the Djinn's magic had created. A life where he was nothing but a pair of tits that were meant to be fondled and milked by the help. Gregory hated how he loved every moment spent with the cook. He had tried on multiple occasions to milk himself but he just couldn't get the same feeling of release.

"Can you please, Ummm, can you take care of them. They are starting to hurt sir," Gregory said nervously. The entitled persona had fallen and been transformed into a nervous little mouse. The cook smirked.

"You gotta say what you want," the cook laughed as he flicked the underside of Gregory's nipple, causing a large glob of milk to ooze from the tip.

"Ughh," Gregory moaned, pushing out his chest in response to the touch hoping for more but alas the cook pulled his hand away. "Please!" Gregory moaned as he squeezes his balloons together, like a girl trying to show off her cleavage. The cook asked close and pressed his own toned chest against Gregory's humongous pecs. Gregory could feel his own dick grow hard in his pants, causing him to squeeze his legs together in humiliation.

"Is there something that you want Greg? Something that you need help with?" Gregory squirm between the cook and the wall, his body unconsciously pressing himself hard against the cook's bare chest.

"Please milk me."

"I'm sorry, I couldn't hear you? Come again?"

"Please milk me. Please, they are starting to hurt," Gregory mumbled; only slightly louder than before.

"Only one more change big boy. I have food that needs to be cooked for your family." He paused, but Gregory said nothing. With a shrug of his shoulders, the cook began to turn away from Gregory.

"PLEASE MILK MY HUGE TITS!" Gregory shouted at the top of his lungs, shouting so loud his voice cracked mid-sentence. The cook's grin grew wide like that of a Cheshire Cat. He turned around and grasped both of Gregory's pectorals and squeeze. Gregory melted into the cook's hands as his tits were manhandled.

“Fuck these babies really are full today,” the cook groaned. “I’m surprised you lasted this long. Usually, you are in the kitchen before anyone else begging for me to milk them dry.” The cook’s hands maneuvered around Gregory’s pectorals, squeezing and massaging the muscular undersides of both of them.

“Ugh, fuck please they are so big.” Gregory whimpered as he felt them slowly begin to leak fluid into the cook’s hands.

“But why go quickly? Its always much more fun when you squirm.” Removing his hands, the cook slowly brought his lips to one of Gregory’s oversized nipples and slowly rubbed his tongue against it. He circled his tongue around one nipple before he moved to the opposite pectoral. The leaking only seemed to increase as the licking became more aggressive. “Please. Please. I’m begging you. Please, I can’t stand it anymore.”

Gregory grabbed the backside of the cook’s head and pushed him into his left pectoral and felt the man’s teeth bite down on his nipple and pull. Immediately Gregory let out a moan of relief as his pectoral spewed an ample amount of his milk into the cook’s mouth. The cook pulled away and pressed his lips against Gregory’s, forcing Gregory to swallow the milk. Gregory let out a groan of delight, he loved the taste of his milk; especially when it was fed to him by the cook.

The same motion was continued; the cook would bite down on his nipple, gather a mouthful of Gregory’s milk, and then force Gregory to down the entire load. All the while Gregory’s cock pulsed aggressively within his pants. With every squirt of his milk, he could feel his cock growing even closer to orgasm. It took over an hour for both of his pecs to deflate and when the last mouthful was pushed into Gregory’s gullet he could feel his cock explode within his pants. Gregory let out loud feminine cries of pleasure as he dick unloaded and leaked down his inner thigh. While the cum was dripping into his pants his tits both let out a large surprise splash of milk, finally, fully emptying himself. Gregory collapsed onto the floor feeling like every ounce of energy was milked from his body with his milk.

“Damn you were really full big boy,” the cook said as he rubbed the corners of his mouth and adjusted his hard cock within his pants. Gregory wondered, why hadn’t he finished himself off as he normally did?

“Your father is probably wondering where breakfast is by now,” the cook said as he looked to his watch. Gregory watched in a daze as the cook began to dress once again; his toned shoulders, his athletic build, and handsome face were all that was needed to make Gregory’s pecs begin to fill once again and his cock to grow erect.

“You should probably go put something on. They’re already starting to swell again,” the cook said with a wink. Gregory looked down and saw both of his pectorals already beginning to inflate as if a pump was attached to both of them. He covered his chest with his own muscular arms and ran from the kitchen, forgoing breakfast. “See you at lunch!” the cook shouted, knowing it would be one of those days where Gregory would need multiple milking’s. Maybe it was lucky he could titty fuck Gregory in the pantry, he thought as he began to make the houses breakfast.

* * *

Matthew stared disbelievingly at the crystal as his hand gently slide up and down his shaft. A stain had begun to form where his tip sat, which made his already apparent attraction to the situation even that much more obvious. The djinn had left Matthew alone. Uninterested in his wish the djinn ventured off through the house while Matthew watched his wish unfold.

“Fuck so huge,” Matthew groaned as he unbuttoned his pants and pulled his cock from beneath his underwear. It was an average sized cock with a well-trimmed bush, but what was nestled beneath was anything but average. Below his cock were a pair of hefty sized balls which constantly caused his dick to leak. Matthew leaned closer to the crystal ball as his hand fully wrapped around his cock. He watched as Gregory’s tits were assaulted by the cook’s hungry hands. The cook milked and pulled on both of his engorged nipples, while Gregory’s hard cock jumped and jolted from the overwhelming pleasure.

“Fuck I want to just push my cock between those tits. I wanna fuck them and make you my bitch,” Gregory groaned as his hand swirled around the tip of his head. “Treat you like the fucking slut I know you like to be! Gonna enjoy posting pictures of that rack online and get messages from guys begging to tit fuck you!” He watched as Gregory’s body convulsed and shook as his muscle tits unloaded and his dick shot within his pants. Matthew could no longer contain himself and he too shot his load while images of Gregory’s future danced in his head.

“Make you a fucking slut,” He grunted as he unloaded onto his torso. Long thick white ropes of cum covered his entire lower body, soaking into his crisp white shirt and tie. Matthew’s dick bounced aggressively with every heavy spurt. Each time he had thought his orgasm had completed; another rope of cum shot from his dick.

“Enjoying the show?” A voice asked from the doorway of the bedroom.

“Oh shit!” Matthew screamed as his hands immediately went to cover his exposed member, not realizing who was at the door.

“Calm down its just me,” the djinn said as he walked into the room. The door slammed behind him with a flick of his wrist. Matthew could see the grin which covered most of the djinn’s face as he approached with an eyebrow raised. “Enjoying the show?”

“Shut up, and get me a tissue,” Matthew barked, embarrassed at his current predicament. The djinn circled a finger into the air and conjured a medium sized towel from thin air and threw it to Matthew. “Looks to me like you will need something a little bit sizable with those cantaloupes you have hiding in your pants,” he said with a wink. It was subtle but Matthew could feel both of his balls swell gently. Not much larger than their previous state but enough for him to notice that they had gone from the size of limes to lemons.

“Hey!” Matthew shouted as he tucked his larger set of testicles and cock into his pants with slight difficulty. Feeling his cock already beginning to inflate again as if his balls had been refilled with their larger size. “Can you not make them any bigger. I already have a hard time trying to hide them in my uniform.” Matthew saw a slight swirl of the green mist within the eyes of the djinn and felt another surge of growth. He let out a groan as he felt his privates bulge against his pants. “Can you please stop! I need to get to work!”

“Looks like you were really busy before I came in,” the djinn taunted. “I didn’t think you would be working today anyway. We have one more member of the family to take down,” he said eagerly.

“Yes, I know. But what’s the rush!” Matthew said as he adjusted his oversized bulge and tucked in his shirt into his pants. “It’s not like you have anywhere important to be,” he laughed. The djinn crossed his arms in disagreement.

“I have other things on my mind that I have been planning all that time spent in that blasted chachki. You don’t think I was just sitting on a pile of pillows counting the hours, did you?”

“Well no, I guess not,” Matthew responded in a sincere manner, accepting the djinn’s want to finish what they had started. But his answer only seemed to cause more questions. “So what exactly have you been planning?” Matthew asked. They had never discussed the djinn’s plans. What exactly happened after he made his final wish.

“No, no.” The djinn wagged his finger back and forth. “That’s not part of the deal. My business is my business. But let’s pivot shall we.” The djinn snapped his finger and the towel disappeared from Matthew’s hand and the fresh cum stain vanished. “Any thoughts on what the final wish will be? You only have one family member left.”

Matthew drummed his fingers across the table beside the crystal ball which had grown dark from misuse.

“I have one idea but we will have to prepare for it,” Matthew smiled, feeling renewed with his final wish as it sat on the tip of his tongue. “But it will have to wait until dinner time.” The djinn walked over to his bed and jumped onto his stomach. He propped his head into his hands like a giddy teenage girl ready to gossip with her best friends.

“Oh do tell! I’m fine with prolonging it slightly for the right reasons.” Matthew opened his mouth and began to explain the intricate wish that had bounced around his head during the long nights of serving the head of the household.

Several hours later Matthew escorted the Djinn down into the formal dining room, having been summoned by Roderick Van-Heusen for dinner time. Matthew had worked through the plan with the djinn, putting every piece of the plan into action.

“I’m here cousin!” The djinn shouted as he pushed through the large wooden doors and found Roderick sitting at the head of the table alone. Neither of his sons at in their appointed chairs. One was probably mindlessly milking his tits while filming himself and jerking his cock while the other was farting like the pig he had become. “I have spent the day with Matthew here and he has been such a delight walking me through the mansion. You have a real gem on your hand’s cousin!” The djinn slapped Matthew in the back playfully as he took his seat at the opposite end of the table and Matthew walked into the corner. Roderick waved his hand in a dismissive manner.

“Yes Marcus is wonderful,” he said dryly.

“Matthew I believe it is,” the djinn corrected as he adjusted himself in the chair. The corners of his lips turned upward at the sight of a vein that throbbed in Roderick’s forehead by being corrected.

“Excuse me?”

“Nothing cousin. I must be confused. But either way, he has been a pleasure to be around,” the djinn turned his beaming smile towards Matthew as he stood awkwardly away from the table.

“Yes, he is a very good lap dog. Always comes when he is called,” Roderick said demeaningly. Matthew felt a twitch in his eye at being called a lapdog but it wasn’t the first time he had been called a dog by the family. But tonight would surely be the last time.

“His whole family are a bunch of dogs. Luckily we keep them in their place. Don’t we Marcus? You love working for the family, am I correct?” Roderick asked as he circled a finger around the rim of an empty wine glass, obviously taunting Matthew with his ownership. Matthew ground his back teeth. He held back his real feeling of his entire line being the families so-called “Lapdogs.”

“Yes, sir. We are very proud to be working for the Van-Heusens.” Was all Matthew could muster. He knew if he needed to say anything else he tone would go sarcastic, and he wouldn’t have as much fun when dinner truly began if the djinn needed to step in.

“See he loves it! Every bitch needs an owner. Could you even imagine what life would be like for them? Probably begging on the streets!” Roderick laughed as he slammed his hands on the table to punctuate his sentence. The djinn’s eyes darted to the side and watched as Matthew’s hands gripped his pants tightly.

“Still the same demeaning assholes,” the djinn muttered to himself as he watched Roderick gain control of himself at the other side of the table.

“Now that, we are all done with that. Marcus! Go bring in the dinner! Let the cook know that it will only be the two of us tonight for dinner.” Matthew’s anger dissipated and a smile replaced it.

“It would be my pleasure Master Roderick,” Matthew said shortly before he walked into the kitchen and almost instantly returned with a plate covered with a cloche. “Jamison has helped the cook prepare something very special this evening in honor of his arrival.” Matthew sat the plate directly in front of Roderick who seemed put off by Matthew’s words.

“What is that smell?” Roderick asked as he sniffed the air, uncertain at what was hidden beneath the silver dome. Matthew grimed wildly as he withdrew the cloche and revealed the food.

“Are those dog treats?!”

Stacked neatly upon the tray was multiple different bone shaped treats. Each iced and filled with an unknown filling.

“Try one cousin! You haven’t lived until you have tried one of my desserts,” the djinn said as he leaned forward onto the table, wrapping his hands within one another. “There very. . . transformative,” the djinn added. Roderick looked at the dog shaped treats.

“No! I’m not some sort of beast! Marcus take these away and have the cook whip up something else, something less canine,” Roderick ordered as he pushed the plate away from him. Matthew stood next to the tray, but instead of taking the plate from the table he pulled the topmost treat from the pile which caused a chuckle to come from Roderick. “Of course the lapdog would want a dog treat.”

“Actually I believe you will enjoy these very much pup,” Matthew countered as he leaned towards Roderick.

“Who the fuck do you think-,” Roderick began to ask but was interrupted when Matthew shoved the treat into his mouth. Roderick saw this as his servant assaulting him. Matthew saw this as the first step in a very painful change of events for his former master.

Roderick coughed and fought against Matthew as the treat was forced into his mouth. Roderick's hands immediately grabbed onto Matthew's arm and pushed him away but Matthew's resolve was stronger than Roderick. Matthew pulled away after part of the treat was eaten and smiled, knowing the magic would soon take effect.

"What the fuck are you doing Mar-ster. What the fuck? Master! Master! Why can't I say your name you fucking master!" Roderick shouted as he attempted to form the words, realizing what was happening to him. Roderick forcibly pushed himself from the chair and stepped forward, ready to hurt Matthew.

"SIT!" Matthew shouted, and immediately Roderick fell to his hands and feet. He stood at attention just like a dog would as he waited for his next order from his master.

"What did you do to me!" Roderick shouted as he struggled to move but his body was frozen in place.

"Shut up!" Matthew screamed, his face turned dark red as his anger from years of abuse overflowed. "Shut up you horrible, disgusting, awful, cruel person! You will never speak again unless you are told too!" Roderick's mouth continued to move but nothing came from him as if his voicebox was turned off.

"Thank god!" The djinn said from the other end of the table. "That moron was insufferable to listen too. Interesting to see that the family hasn't changed in the last couple hundred years." He propped his feet up on the table, kicking plates and silverware out of the way. Roderick sat obediently but wide-eyed and mouth gaped at what was unfolding. "Yes I knew the first of your line and he was a little cunt just like you. Shoved me into an attic for 300 hundred fucking years to dust. Asshole." The djinn waved his hand and conjured a full glass of wine to his hand and began to drink. Roderick stared in disbelief at the conjured item. He realized something far more powerful was in control.

"You are nothing but a stupid beast!" Matthew said, and his words began to alter Roderick's reality. He could feel it harder to concentrate, to form a coherent thought. "I'm your master. I am your world!" Roderick's eyes softened as he stared up at Matthew, he could feel something happening inside of him as he looked at Matthew. He began to admire Matthews fit body and the stubble that covered his chin. How his uniform formed around his body and cupped his heavy bulge. "You want nothing more than to worship me and the very ground I walk on!" Roderick could feel his body begin to itch, wanting the feeling of his master's hands on his body. Drool began to form in Roderick's mouth as his eyes focused harder on the bulge in his pants. He began to whimper like a dog wanting his bone, and this particular bone was Matthew's.

“You want this?” Matthew cupped his groin. “You want your master’s cock?” Roderick nodded eagerly and opened his mouth. “God that tongue is so long, you look like a nasty hound!” Roderick felt his tongue grow uncomfortable in his mouth and felt it flop out onto his chin, reaching much farther than any normal tongue should. He moved it from side to side feeling it rub against his lips and face. Matthew unbuttoned his pants and dropped it to the floor. He stood only in his underwear. Underwear which clung tightly to his thick legs and overflowing pouch.

“Maybe he would like a bigger bone to play with,” the djinn said suggestively. And Matthew felt his underwear sag that much further as his balls inflated to the size of oranges and his dick now the size of a monster can. Matthew narrowed his eyes and glared at the djinn who responded with a shrug of his shoulders. Matthew heard a much louder resounding whimper from Roderick that brought his attention back to the pup.

“Seems like someone is enjoying your enhancements,” the djinn joked. Roderick could be seen visibly attempting to break free of his invisible restraints. Matthew grabbed a hold of his crotch and jiggled the hardening mass in front of the hungry pup. The tip of his cock was already beginning to show through his nearly translucent underwear as precum continued to seep into the fabric.

“Your just a cock hungry hound that was his master’s – no NEEDS his master’s cock!” Roderick felt the need to see his Matthew’s cock increase tenfold. He felt like he would do anything for it. All he wanted was to see the magnificent dick that belonged to his owner. Roderick could feel his own cock, now unbearable hard within his trousers. “Bet your hard right now aren’t you pup?” Matthew asked. Roderick nodded eagerly. “Too bad you will never cum again with that cage around your cock.”

Roderick made a silent yelp of surprise as he felt a cool metal encase his cock and tighten around his hard cock. He let out repeated whimpers of pain and hornless as his boner stayed uncomfortably hard within his steel confines. Matthews cruel grin only seemed to grow.

“What you don’t like the cage? What about the puppy tail in your asshole? Like that any better?” Roderick then felt a fullness radiate from his asshole as if something was expanding within his body. The backside of his pants bulged awkwardly as something grew larger underneath the cloth. “Djinn do you mind taking care of those pants for me?” Matthew asked.

“Not a problem master.” The djinn snapped his fingers and the pants vanished from Roderick’s body and revealed his caged cock and the robust puppy tail that now hung from his hole.

“So much better,” Matthew said as he walked around Roderick and inspected the tail. “Wow, I’m surprised you can hold such a large plug in your hole and not leak like the bitch that you are. Especially with the enlarged prostate that you have.” Roderick felt the plug within his asshole begin to

inflate once more as well as his prostate. The puppy tail pressed firmly against his prostate and caused his caged cock to leak onto the floor. Matthew watched his pup wither in pleasure as he mindlessly rubbed his cock through his underwear, slowly hardening to its newly massive size. Roderick's eyes never left his master's growing bulge even as his own pleasure grew. "Looks like someone is making quite a mess pup. Lick it up!" Matthew ordered. Roderick's face flew to the ground while his long tongue licked greedily on the floor. He lapped up every drop and reached for the tip of his cock and licked any new precum that formed. Even though he could not speak, his moans were loud enough for both Matthew and the djinn to hear. Matthew leaned forward and pulled his Roderick's face to his own.

"You will be nothing but a dumb beast here to worship me and my cock as your master. I want you to say that you I am your master."

"You are my master."

"I am the only thing in your life that will ever matter."

"You are the only thing that will ever matter."

"You are mine. Forever. Now be a good slave and suck your master's cock." Matthew allowed his cock to flop free of his underwear and slapped Roderick in the face. He angled his head slightly and engulfed his cock in whole. He wrapped his long tongue around his cock and pulled free any of the cum that was hidden within his shaft. Matthew could feel his pup's tongue continue to extend until it touched his ballsack and licked his engorged testicles eagerly. Matthew grabbed onto Roderick's head and pulled his cock from his pup's lips before it was shoved down his tight throat. Both echoed loud moans of pleasure and lust as pup worshipped his master's cock. Matthew's grip grew tighter as he moved his cock slower, readying himself to cum. "Fucking eat my cum you slut!" Matthew shouted.

"UGHH!" Was all that Roderick could say before his mouth was flooded with cum. Matthew's balls pumped their huge load into his pup's mouth as he tried to swallow. Mouth full after mouth full Roderick attempted to keep up with his master's capacity but could not. Cum seeped from the corners of Roderick's mouth and onto the floor. Roderick's own cock continued to leak through its cage through the whole endeavor, wishing that it would receive the same care but he knew it never would happen again.

"Fuck!" Matthew groaned as his partially hard cock slipped from his pup's mouth and slapped onto his thigh. His heavy balls still pushed out a thin line of cum but Matthew allowed it to dribble onto the floor. He waddled over to the head of the table and took a seat in Roderick's former place. "God that felt good! Go ahead and clean up the rest of the cum pup, and don't stop until I say so." Matthew shouted as he spread his legs wide enough, leaving enough space for his monstrous cock and balls to

hang. "We are gonna have to fix these by the way. I don't think I can live with them on a daily basis," Matthew joked as he pointed downward. The djinn made a squinted face of disagreement.

"I don't think so friend," the Djinn said. "I think they look good just the way they are." Matthew's smiling face turned downward.

"Well it isn't what you want, now is it? It's what I want. I am the master. It is my decision. So change me back!" Matthew commanded, feeling the heat rise to his face.

"Sorry, buddy. You're not the master any longer," the djinn said as he raised his hands and wiggled his fingers, signifying his freedom. Matthew stood from his chair and slammed his hands on the table in anger, almost mirroring the outrageous Roderick before his transformation. "Sit down Matthew," the djinn said calmly as the chair slide underneath Matthew, taking him out at the knees and squaring him at the table. The djinn now stood from his chair. "You never wondered why the Van-Heusens kept me locked away in a dusty attic, did you? Why they didn't continue to make wish after wish? Of course, this money is nice, and control of the town is nice, but why not the world? Why not complete an utter power over all things?" The djinn asked as he stroked his finger along the wood table. His nail dug into the finely finished surface, leaving a scorched trail in its midst.

"I just assumed -," Matthew began to say but the djinn ended his wonders when he pressed his own finger to his lips and shushed him.

"No interrupting Matthew. That is very unbecoming of you when one is trying to tell a story. Now where was I, or yes. Garret Van-Heusen, he was a greedy lad. Very greedy but also very smart. He knew that everything came with a price. A price that was to be paid upon a final wish. I don't know if it was luck, fear, or knowledge that kept him from making the third one. But after his second wish, the bastard locked me away in the attic to be forgotten about. I knew that someone would come. That some greedy little child would set me free. Someone that would not know the ramifications that came with such power." The djinn crept closer to Matthew as he struggled to be free from his chair. Matthew watched as the one handsome djinn began to show his true features; his face grew longer, his eyes grew darker, his teeth grew sharper. The djinn brought the sharpest of his fingernails and placed it beneath Matthew's face and turned it to him. Matthew squirmed in fear as he felt heat radiate from the djinn and onto his body.

"You didn't really think I was going to allow you to take this home. A home that was built by my powers did you?"

“Please let me go! I didn’t do anything wrong! We both hate the Van-Heusens. Remember they are the enemy. Please have some compassion!” Matthew begged tears began to appear on the corner of his eyes. He was afraid of what was to come.

“Oh Matthew, don’t be afraid of me. I won’t harm you. I know none of this is your fault. But I seem to have some need of a servant. Someone who can satisfy some – other urges of mine. Don’t worry, eternity is that long.” And with a snap of the djinn’s fingers, Matthew’s vision went black.