

There's an App for That

By Novus Peregrine

Gwen stared at the unfamiliar app on her phone in considerable confusion. She certainly didn't put it there! So, where had it come from? Was it some sort of malware or an unwanted bit of bloatware from the phone manufacturer? Curiosity fought with concern for long seconds before, inevitably, curiosity won. Thankfully, she knew herself well enough never to do anything truly important, like banking, on her personal phone. So, even if this was some sort of virus or other nastiness, all they'd get was her personal data, which every online retailer she shopped at sold to *everyone else* anyway.

Tapping the icon, which looked rather like the silhouette of a female body, she blinked in renewed confusion at the name of the app as it popped up. Wish Fulfillment by Desires Ltd? Was this some sort of porn game she'd downloaded when she was extra horny and just didn't remember? Maybe it would be interesting after all! Though, most such games kinda sucked on mobile. Still, she could hope for the best. It seemed to be taking forever to load. Though it was probably less than a minute, really. A long time for a phone app, but not much by the world's standards. When it finally did load, however, she was presented with a little chibi in a harem outfit. Maybe this *was* a porn game? Oh, the little genie looking harem girl had a speech bubble now...

"Welcome Gwendolyn Viylan! You've somehow caught the interest of a Desires Ltd genie! They've granted you access to the Wish Fulfillment App. Let me give you a quick tour!"

The background, previously blank, quickly filled with a series of icons...and then the genie chibi *crawled out of the screen*. Gwen yelped and almost dropped her phone, barely catching it on reflex as she stared, wide-eyed. Was she asleep and this was all some sort of dream? Then her perception of reality tilted even farther as the genie *spoke*.

"Nope! You're not asleep! Or dreaming! I'm your Guide Sprite! I'm here to help explain how your new app works, as well as to make sure you follow the rules. The app has a *lot* of power, after all!"

Gwen made several incoherent noises, pinched herself, yelped at the pain, blinked a few times, checked her coffee cup suspiciously...and only then looked at the grinning...sprite?

"Riiiiigghhtt. So, what is this app then? And, what are you...and do you have a name?"

The 'sprite' blinked. The smiled hugely.

"I do have a name! I'm Jenna V.2.1.45, but you can just call me Jenna! I'm...I suppose you could call me an AI, though I'm both a bit more and less than that. As for the app! Why, it's the Wish Fulfillment App. An app that gives you the power to fulfil your fantasies and, more critically, the fantasies of other people!"

Gwen sat, reached for her very suspicious cup of coffee, and drank several long gulps. It tasted normal. It was even still hot. Maybe it wasn't laced with some sort of hallucinogenic then. Certainly, everything else looked normal enough. No blurry vision or pink elephants, or whatever was supposed to happen with that sort of thing. Gwen wasn't really sure. She was a good girl who'd said no to drugs. 'Yes' to lots of kinky porn. But 'no' to drugs, thank you very much! Confronted with the fact that she was

either insane or this was actually happening, she took the more interesting choice and asked her next question.

“Okay, so...what kind of fantasies are we talking about here. World domination, or wild orgies?”

The little sprite grinned up at her and raised two fingers.

“The second one! But...only sort of. Here, it’s best if I show you! Press this icon here, please!”

Jenna pointed at one of the two largest icons, taking up a half the space at the top of her screen. One showed the silhouette of several men and women, the other showed only one. Jenna was pointing at the one that showed just one. Curious despite her possible insanity, Gwen tapped the icon...and her eyes popped wide open as a new screen opened, one showing Gwen’s own nude body in vivid detail! She yelped again and hastily looked around.

“Don’t worry! No one can see me or the app but you. Though if you keep yelping and looking around wildly, they might think something weird is up!”

It did, in fact, seem like a few people were looking at her oddly. Gwen quickly looked back down at the phone screen. Taking a better, less panicked look at the model...she was startled to see it seemed *very* accurate. When she zoomed it, it even showed the little scar she had above her left eyebrow from an incident with an inconveniently placed wall when she was seven.

“What the fuck is going on here?”

She whispered it incredulously, but Jenna took the question cheerfully enough.

“That’s not the interesting bit yet! Touch that icon on the right that said ‘fantasies.’”

There was, indeed, such an icon. It was sitting innocently above another two, one of which said ‘balance’ and the other ‘challenges.’ Deciding to go along with Jenna again, for now at least, she tapped the fantasies icon and watched as her nude model disappeared, to be replaced by a color-coded list. There were numerous bars, the ones at the top colored green and the ones at the bottom red, with a number of other colors in between. It was only when she started reading them that she began to blush ever deeper colors. She skimmed, just reading a few...

Wardrobe Limitations

Body Modification

Public Toy Use

Public Masturbation

Public Nudity

Public Sex

Somehow, without understanding how, she knew that each of these were linked to some of her own personal fantasies. Instinctively, she knew that if she selected one, it would bring up both a description and a lot of options and conditions. Shaken by the knowledge dumped into her brain more than anything so far, she actually set the phone down.

“Don’t worry! Part of why I’m here is to explain the rules! None of those things can happen without you being okay with it. And that’s the same with the other menu. Here, switch over to it real quick! I just needed you to see yours so that you’d know this was real!”

Hesitantly, treating her phone almost like a dangerous animal, she tapped the back button to get out of the menu, then another back button to reach the original screen. With Jenna prompting her, she selected the other large icon, the one with the multiple silhouettes. This time, instead of a nude image, a list of names with brief descriptions behind them appeared.

Jim – Accountant; Brown; 5 inches; 2m SE

Sandra – Waitress; Blonde; C-Cup; 3 meters NNE

Melody – Yoga Instructor; Red; B-Cup; 3m W

Jane – Mother; Brunette; E-Cup; 3m E

Tim – Car Salesman; 7 inches; 3m E

Elton – Cook; 4 inches; 4m NE

Even as she watched, the number behind Sandra’s name changed and Gwen quickly looked up. She saw her favorite waitress coming toward her with a coffee refill and instinctively went to hide her phone. But...then she remembered what Jenna had said about no one being able to see her or the app. She left the phone in plain sight even as Sandra approached. It would be a good test, to see if the waitress reacted to the little guide standing next to her phone on the table.

The cheerful waitress, half the reason Gwen came here every morning, didn’t even blink. She greeted Gwen and made small talk, even as she quickly refilled Gwen’s coffee. When Gwen smiled and thanked her, saying she didn’t need anything else for now, the waitress left again, never having reacted. Staring at the woman’s *fantastic* ass as it walked away from her in it’s short skirt, Gwen hummed and instinctively reached to tap the woman’s name on the phone app, looking down at it as she did.

Wardrobe Limitations

Teasing

Public Toy Use

Low Level Commands

Public Affection

Arousal Control

Body Modification

Orgasm Control

Bondage

Sexual Commands

Public Nudity

Public Sex

“Oh my, she’s a kinky one! A great first target! Well, assuming you don’t want to use yourself.”

Gwen’s eyes zeroed in on the guide.

“What do you mean?”

Jenna smirked.

“You know exactly what I mean, or you’ve guessed at least. These are her fantasies, and you have an app that can fulfill them! With conditions you can set. Of course, there are the rules. Well, honestly, more like several hundred way of restating and clarifying the ONE rule.”

Gwen swallowed hard and took another sip of her coffee. Wishing there was something stronger in it.

“Which is?”

“Don’t be an asshole! More specifically, don’t try to do things people won’t enjoy! As I’m sure you’ve guessed by now, the color-coding is sorted by how much the target would be okay with something happening to them and you specifically be the source of it. I’m guessing Sandra knows you and maybe has a bit of a crush, since normally not so many things would be green with a stranger.”

Gwen breathed in deeply and held it for a three count, then expelled the breath. She was caught between absolute desire and similar levels of fear.

“And how does all of this, you know, even work?”

Jenna beamed up at her, seemingly unaware or unworried about Gwen’s near anxiety attack in progress.

“Magic, of course! Genies and other wish givers rarely take a personal approach these days. Too inefficient. They give apps like this, rarely mind you, to people that they decide are interesting. Yours is from a genie of Desire, as it happens! I looked you up to see just now, and it says you got tipsy and spilled out quite an interesting tale about your sexuality, interests, and recent troubles to her last night!”

Gwen froze, flushing deep red in embarrassment as she remembered drinking too much last night at the local bar by her flat. She vaguely recalled spilling her guts to a businesswoman in a *very* flattering and kinda skimpy suit. That had been...a genie? Was that why she’d babbled about her fanfiction reading and hentai habits? She heard Jenna chuckle and only then realized she’d looked away, staring at the wall.

“Don’t worry! She thought you were a riot! And that you’d have fun with her app. So long as you don’t break the rules, the worst you have to worry about is her getting bored with you. And that shouldn’t happen unless you don’t, you know, use it. So, whatcha gonna try first?”

Gwen poked at her phone, exploring and examining the app’s menus even as her mind worried at the implications. She saw...a *lot* of *very* interesting things. But...there were a few critical questions she needed to ask before she even considered trying them out on anyone, even herself. Perhaps especially herself. Stopping on a promising option for Sandra, she set the phone down with it selected and looked over at the bouncing, bubbly form of the tiny guide.

“Jenna? What does this...genie get out of this? This seems far too good to be true.”

The guide blinked, then settled down with a sigh.

“Ah. That. You humans, always so cruel to each other than you can’t believe in good things anymore, not without a cost. Still, it’s hardly a new question, so I’ll explain it...along with a little bit of history to make it make more sense, alright?”

At Gwen’s nod, the little genie’s harem outfit morphed into some sort of pervert’s idea of a teacher’s uniform and a little lecturer’s stand with a suspiciously shaped microphone appeared in front of her. Gwen rolled her eyes but paid close attention to every word as the little sprite spoke.

“I’m sure you’ve heard all sorts of stories about genies, right? Some good, some bad, some with twists to them that make the wish more a karmic punishment for greed than anything, right? Well, a lot of them probably actually happened. Or a version of them at least. But they were all in ye olden days, before modern magitek allowed genies to police their users better. You see, even back in those stories, genies *did* get something out of the wishes. What they get depends on the type of genie, obviously. But, essentially, all of them subsist off the type of emotion that drive them. This does *not* come at the cost of the wisher. Rather, they feed on the ambient rise in specific emotions that the wish itself allows.”

The lectern vanished and Jenna’s harem outfit reappeared, the little being striking a sexy pose.

“In your case, since you grabbed the attention of a *desire* genie, what she gets from you is the *completely natural* charge of energy that is given off by humans experiencing lust or love. Everyone already gives off little bits of that energy anyway. What the wish energy does is *amplify* that natural output, making it much easier for the genie to collect a lot of it. Since, through the app, your genie can remotely collect that energy, you become a sort of walking energy collector for her. That she can also peak in on your doings for her own amusement is also true, but that minor privacy invasion is literally the only potential negative. Everything else is harmless to both you and those you do things to.”

Gwen mulled that over seriously, examining every word carefully for tricks.

“If that’s the case, why the one rule?”

Jenna shrugged.

“You mean, aside from having actual morals? Those old karmic wishes weren’t for no reason, they happened when a genie realized the person with the wish was scum. Genies are actually naturally aligned toward good. It’s just that humans all too often got greedy, you know? Power corrupts and all that. Aside from that, though, the energy gained from corrupted usage sort of...tastes awful. That’s not

quite the right way to put it, but as a human you have no frame of reference. Since genies are naturally inclined toward positive energy, feeding on energy that comes from pain or distress is both bad for them *and* unpleasant. So, both ideological and practical reasons to keep the fun good and clean, you know?"

Okay. That seemed...remarkable plausible. Mind, Gwen was well aware that she was only getting the genie's side of the story. All of that could be so much bullshit and this could be dangerous as fuck. But...Gwen wanted to believe. She knew it was foolish. Even knew that this 'genie' might have picked her out as gullible because of the pseudo-depressed drunken rant the night previously. Gwen...wasn't exactly in the best place right now, though her brain immediately shied away from that. Thinking on why her life was bad was a great way to start spiraling, exactly like she had last night. And that wasn't going to solve her current issues. She stared at the app, trying to force herself to be careful. Jenna started fidgeting but Gwen ignored her. Her eyes darted up to Sandra, who was serving another customer.

Fuck it.

She tapped the activate button to the command she'd chosen for Sandra. Then waited, hovering on the edge between wanting it to be a joke and desperately wanting it to be real. It seemed to take forever for it to happen. But then, absently, just as Sandra turned to leave her customer, that customer idly thanked her. Gwen had just the right angle to see it as the blonde waitress' eyes popped wide open and her mouth twisted into a 'O' of mixed surprise and pleasure. It only last a few long, frozen seconds, and the Sandra was moving by reflex, though the expression didn't fully fade for several more moments. The blonde looked bewildered...and Gwen couldn't help but smile hugely and glance down at the 'command' that she'd set for the woman.

Every time someone thanks you, you will experience a five second burst of intense pleasure.

Regardless of how often this happens, it will not make you cum.

It had worked. There was no pretending otherwise now. Giddy with that knowledge, Gwen boldly flagged her favorite waitress down. The still confused looking Sandra quickly noticed and moved over to Gwen's table. Gwen had already paid but, as the waitress came over, she placed a cash tip on the table. It wasn't foolproof, but it was at least a *little* harder for employers to steal cash tips and count them against Sandra's pay. Having had a waitressing job herself before, she always tipped in cash. She didn't usually make it obvious, but this time...

"Hey Sandra, just letting you know I was heading out! Oh and I hope you like your gift. It will last until I come back at the end of your shift. When is that, anyway?"

Gwen's heart was hammering and palms sweating as she forced confidence and mischief into her voice. Sandra looked even more confused.

"Gift?"

"Yes. It's a *thank you* for your service. It's been so good today, after a rough night, that I just had to make sure to express my *thanks*."

Sandra's eyes bulged at the first thank you. And Gwen timed her second to hit just as the first burst of pleasure ended. A moan slipped from the waitress' lips even as realization and disbelief flickered through her eyes. Gwen stood and brushed past her.

"Really, *thanks*. Have a good day! And when was that shift ending again?"

Sandra barely bit back a second moan, then blurted out a time.

"Three! My shift ends at three!"

Gwen grinned and patted the waitress on the shoulder.

"I'll see you then! Have fun with the extra little gift...and *thanks* again!"

Gwen did her best rolling saunter away from the table, heart hammering as she made it through the door. She let out a huge gust of air and she half-collapsed against the side of the building, clutching her phone to her breast.

"Oh god, I hope she doesn't hate me now."

She heard a giggle from her phone and looked down to see Jenna looking out from its screen, once again in 2D sprite form.

"Don't worry! She loved it! And she's turned on as all heck! Check the app, you'll see!"

Curiously, Gwen looked down at the app, seeing a new set of data from Sandra. Amazingly, it showed stats on 'active fulfillment,' including a happy/angry face that was clearly leaning to happy at the moment. There was also an arousal bar and statistics like 'times activated' and 'orgasms.'

"Huh. That's really useful."

Jenna rolled her eyes and huffed.

"The RULE, remember? We know that, just because someone would be okay with something in the moment, doesn't mean lasting effects might not bring some regrets. So, active fulfillments are tracked! And you'll get notifications if something goes wrong."

That...both made a lot of sense and actually made Gwen feel a *lot* better about this. Why, after all, would they go to this much trouble if they were doing it all for nefarious purposes? She shook herself and started moving. She needed to get back to her apartment and play with the app some more, see what she was working with...

It was almost three hours later that Gwen shook her head, staring at herself in the mirror. She'd gone through a lot of options for her own body, enthralled by the sheer variety of what she could go to herself. In the end, though, she'd reverted most of the changes. She'd guiltily kept a slightly bigger chest, removed a few stubborn excess pounds, added a little muscle tone, rid herself of tan lines, and increased her erogenous zone sensitivity a little bit. She already sort of missed the cat ears and tail she'd given herself at one point. But it would have been pretty hard to hide those.

Despite the fun she was having, though, there was a pit of anxiety creeping in from the back of her mind. She shouldn't have wasted so much time on this. She had problems to solve, and she could feel them coming to drag her back into the bottle she'd been in last night. She shuddered, trying to push it all away again...and was thankful for a small voice distracting her.

"You should really take a look at the Challenges, you know. Mistress didn't decide to give you access *just* because you had a lot of fun fantasies. She wanted to help, too."

Gwen blinked, looking back at the bed where her little guide had been acting as a cheer squad for her many changes for the last few hours. Jenna was looking exasperated with her. What was the little AI talking about?

"Oh. Just open the bloody Challenges page so I can explain already! I promise, you'll be way farther from the edge of a breakdown once you do, you silly human."

Cautiously, a lump forming in her throat as she knew she was about to be forced to confront her problems, Gwen picked up her phone with a shaky hand. It was already showing her own page, so all she needed to do was tap the previously untouched 'challenges' button. She rocked on her feet, gathering her will, then sighed and opened the unexplored feature. She blinked as a long, *long* color-coded list appeared. She scrolled down it, only reading a handful of entries.

Challenges!

Braless

Pantyless

Absolute Cleavage

A French Hello

Pleasure in the Truth

Time of Denial

Passworded

Name Flash

The Bimbo Act

Turn No One Down

Public Slut

There were dozens, possibly hundreds, of entries! Just what the heck was all of this? Curiosity helping her power through previous anxiety, she scrolled back to the top and tapped 'Braless.'

---Braless---

For twenty four hours, you'll be unable to wear a bra, no matter how hard you try.

If in public, knowing you are without one will increase your base arousal by 1% every ten minutes.

Reward – Wish Energy Valued at \$50.00

Gwen gaped, not at the challenge which was rather tame...but at the reward. Money? It was just straight up money? She snapped her gaze up to Jenna when the little guide cleared her throat.

“So, you know how I said you become an energy collector for your genie? Well, you can also generate energy yourself by accepting bindings that fit with your genie’s theme. Better, this type of energy is different than that collected by others, as it can be traded with other genies.”

Jenna paused and actually scowled. Tiny fists on tiny hips.

“The rewards are *not* always money. In fact, they aren’t actually money at all. Rather, you are rewarded a percentage of the accrued energy as limited wishes. Since monetary value is the easiest way to compare something, most low-level wishes are given in cash terms, even though genies are a little leery of that for reasons of not wanting to perpetuate mindless greed.”

The little guide relaxed and smiled again.

“You can open another part of the app that will allow you to search for anything you want by the wish value in your wish-power-wallet. You can also just cash it out for straight up cash though. Oh, and higher-difficulty or more against-the-grain challenges won’t list things in cash terms, but give you examples of things you could ask for. In fact, since there is a risk of those becoming tainted energy, rewards for large ones have to be asked for in advance and *can’t* be monetary. They also include more caveats to ensure energy doesn’t come through tainted. Honestly, the genie association prefers you don’t use them much, if at all.”

Curious, Gwen looked back at the phone and scrolled down to one of the red marked entries and tapped it.

--- Public Slut---

You will be unable to wear clothes for one month, during which time anyone that sees you will feel desire for you, based on their own sexuality. You will be completely unable to refuse any non-harmful sex request from them, and will feel overwhelming arousal and desire to do whatever it is they ask, regardless of your normal attraction levels to them or willingness to do the desired action.

WARNING – Can have permeant psychological effects, as you will be magically compelled to enjoy acts you might not otherwise, and to be attracted to those that might normally be repulsive to you.

Reward – Major Wish. Examples: Gain a single power permanently. Gain an immunity permanently. Reverse a Major Curse. Create a Magic Item (Major). Undo a single event that happened to you personally. Bring a favorite TV show back.

Boggling at both the description *and* the rewards, Gwen quickly closed the entry. Yeah, she'd not be doing *that* any time soon. Even if, apparently, it could give her freaking superpowers or force that one studio to give her favorite anime another season. Seriously, the show had been popular, why did they cancel it! There were plenty more manga in the series! Hmm, maybe if she just earned enough money from limited challenges, she could buy the studio and bring the show back anyway? Shaking her head and pulling herself back from *that* distracting series of thought, Gwen stared down at the app, then frowned and looked at her guide.

"This is a little suspicious, you know."

Jenna shrugged helplessly.

"Not as much as you probably think? I told you, the genie wanted to help you. There are a lot of kinky people out there...but not all of them really are in trouble. And if you can help someone that's fallen into a rough time, shouldn't you? That it also gives the Mistress another source of energy doesn't hurt. But honestly, she's doing fine as is. She's one of the more powerful genies on the continent, actually. Something about jumping onto the hentai bandwagon early with one of her other users? That was decades ago and she's apparently still practically swimming in energy from the side effects. But, she heard your story, and wanted to help..."

Gwen trembled, remembering the kind stranger that she'd spilled everything to the night before. She hadn't meant to and...it wasn't all the alcohol that had done it. The beautiful woman had been genuinely open and kind, even trying to cheer her up and make her laugh whenever she could. She found herself sitting and felt tears on her cheeks. This...fine. She didn't know if this was really the miracle it seemed like, but she'd take it. After the last few weeks she'd had, she didn't have much left to lose, anyway.

Just three weeks ago she'd caught her boyfriend cheating, been arrested and fined for trespassing in the apartment they'd been supposed to move into together in a month, then found out his dad had fired her for 'trying to dishonor his son.' Since then, she'd discovered that no one would hire her, not in this town anyway. Worse, she didn't even have enough money to cover rent, since she'd paid the deposit on the new place and couldn't get it back. The joint savings account they'd set up had been drained when she was still in the police station, leaving her only the last paycheck she'd gotten that was still in her personal checking account. And a credit card that was almost maxed out from buying stuff for the new apartment, too.

It had all come spilling out to a stranger last night. And, as she looked through shimmering vision at the little guide, who seemed to be panicking that she was crying, Gwen couldn't help but giggle. Maybe, just maybe, that had been the best thing she'd ever done. She had to hope it was, in any case. And so, she chose to believe, despite all the betrayal she'd suffered so far, that *just maybe* someone out there cared...

Taking a deep breath, she released it, letting as much of her stress, anger and anxiety go as she could with that breath. Picturing it as a dark energy to be expelled in an exercise a past therapist had taught her. She would believe. And she would get cleaned up after her little breakdown was over. She had a cute waitress to have fun with in a few hours, after all...and some challenges to pick before then.

Gwen tried not to squirm as she waited outside the coffee shop, suffering the consequences of her challenges as she waited for Sandra to, hopefully, appear at the end of her shift. She'd only realized after getting halfway to the shop that she *might* have overreached with her first set of challenges. The Braless and Pantyless options had been logical, easy choices. Absolute Cleavage and Wiggle-Jiggle had seemed pretty tame, too. The first simply modified her choice of outfit (temporarily, Jenna assured her) to always show off maximum cleavage without causing an actual wardrobe malfunction. Admittedly, that was rather a *lot* of cleavage from a shirt that now had a deeply plunging neckline, since magic was involved. Still, Gwen didn't mind showing off her new, lightly enhanced, breasts. It was giving her a bit of a charge, actually, the amount of attention she was getting from both genders.

Which was...sort of the problem. Wiggle-Jiggle had added another twist that Gwen would find a need, any need, to wiggle a bit at random intervals. An itch to scratch, a slight clothing pinch, or just an urge to move. And the Jiggle portion made her breasts, and to a lesser extent her butt, move rather more than they should with every little wiggle. Which, in turn, was drawing attention to her. Which was nice...but also feeding the Attention Causes Arousal challenge which was the final choice she'd selected. Between the 3% arousal increase every 10 minutes in public from her Absolutely Cleavage combined with her mentally nicknamed 'Going Commando Combo,' the physical effects of all that jiggling on her body, which she'd permanently increased the erogenous sensitivity of earlier, and the small bursts of additional arousal she got with every new source of attention she got from others...

Gwen was horny as fuck already and she'd barely been outside for half an hour.

She wasn't even sure, at this point, how much of it was caused artificially by the challenges and how much from the fact that she'd unthinkingly selected several things that set off her own mild exhibitionist streak. But, as she tried desperately to stop *Wiggling* and squirming as she danced from foot to foot while waiting, there was no denying the fact that she wanted to run home...or maybe even just to a nearby bathroom...and take care of herself.

Finally, after *another* ten minutes where the situation only got worse, Sandra appeared from the coffee shop's rear entrance. The waitress only made it a few steps before spotting Gwen, her eyes widening...and then the blonde darted toward her, crushing her in a hug...and then *kissing her?!*

Gwen.exe has crashed. Please call your local administrator for reboot assistance.

...

...

...

It was only when Sandra finally broke off for air, causing Gwen to whimper, that she realized she'd apparently taken control of the kiss and had the blonde pinned against the alley wall. It was only with a *supreme* effort of will that she released the waitress's hands from the over-the-head hold she'd had them in and stepped back. Sandra actually seemed a bit disappointed by that...but shook herself visibly a few moments later.

"I'm sorry! I'm just so horny after what you did what did you do to me it's amazing and..."

Gwen blinked in confusion and growing amusement as the smaller woman spit words out faster than most rappers, and with even less clarity. The sight actually helped her own control as she reached out to grab Sandra by the shoulders.

“Breathe! We should probably go somewhere other than an alleyway to talk, right?”

Sandra obeyed, taking a deep breath, then a second, before seeming to settle a bit and nod. She rocked back and forth under Gwen’s touch as she spoke in a more understandable manner.

“Um. We can go to my apartment? Or would that be too awkward...”

It probably *would* be awkward. But Gwen’s own apartment would be even more so...and if she didn’t get out of *public* soon, the combination of Challenge effects Gwen was under might have her jumping the adorable waitress right here in the alleyway.

“No, that’s fine. If you’re comfortable with it.”

Sandra bit her lip, clear uncertainty in her eyes for a moment...but then she seemed to come to a decision and nodded...

Gwen was immensely thankful that Sandra’s tiny studio apartment was closer than her own, slightly larger, place. She was even more thankful that they hadn’t needed to use public transport again to get there, limiting the new sets of ‘attention’ that Gwen got along the way. As it was, she had barely resisted the temptation to ‘check her phone’ and do something else to make sure Sandra was ready to...blow off some mutual steam, as it were...the moment they walked in. Thankfully, womanfully, she’d kept herself in check. Barely. And even now, she was discovering a new, unknown, thing about herself. Apparently, being *extremely horny*, was an effective way to kill most of her anxiety and get her to talk confidently. Who knew?

Well, she did, now. And she knew because an adorable bubbly waitress had pounced on her with questions the moment she’d closed her own apartment door. Gwen, having already decided (after consulting with her guide) what to tell her, had spun Sandra a *mostly* accurate story. The only thing she’d fibbed about was, per Jenna’s request, the source of power for her phone app. And really, nanites were kinda more believable than genies to a modern girl like Sandra anyway. At least, that was apparently the case, as the only demand that the blonde had made was for her to prove it. Which was exactly why Gwen once again had her phone in her hand, app open...and was trying not to drool at the other woman who had stripped down to her panties with barely a blush when Gwen suggested a more *physical* test to go with the mental one Sandra was already under.

Of course, she’d made the suggestion as much as a test as to get Sandra out of her clothes. Or...well...okay, maybe 20% as a test and the rest as an excuse to get Sandra out of her clothes. She was fucking horny, so she wasn’t going to apologize for that. And at least there *was* a legitimate reason considered as well. As for the test...it had been the desire to push the boundaries a little by dipping into a Yellow category. On looking into the other girl’s menu, she’d discovered that Yellow categories tended to be so as they contained a mix of things a target *would* be completely okay with, things they would be *uncertain* about, and things that they *definitely* wouldn’t be okay with. In short, they were a more mixed bag that you had to be a bit more careful with. Preferably by actually consulting the person in question.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, an option that was familiar with Gwen from her own experiments was one of the safer choices. What woman, aside from those already naturally 'gifted,' wasn't at least a *little* curious, after all?

---Increase Breast Size---

Playing with the options for a few moments, Gwen decided to go for a more dramatic change than what she currently had in place for herself. She could always reverse it, after all. Selecting a G-cup and sub-selecting a growth period of five minutes to help sell the 'nanite' story, she activated it before looking up to warn the other woman.

"I activated the effect. You should already be feeling a tingle." When the blonde nodded, expression one of slight pleasure, Gwen continued. "I went for a fairly dramatic change, just to show you what's possible. Don't freak out, it's completely and painlessly reversable."

Sandra looked a little concerned about that, even as her hands went up to her breasts, which were noticeably swelling at this point.

"Umm...how dramatic? I'm no going to be like, stuck to the floor via tits bigger than me or something, right? I've seen some *really* weird stuff online..."

Gwen giggled.

"No, just a G-cup. Dramatic on your frame, but nothing a good surgeon couldn't do. And my version doesn't even cause back problems, since it will strengthen certain muscle groups to help with that."

Sandra looked both relieved and intrigued, moving over to a slightly cracked full-length mirror to watch as her breasts visibly grew. Gwen knew from experience how good it felt, so she wasn't surprised when the other girl couldn't resist mauling her breasts a bit by the halfway point...though the sight wasn't helping Gwen keep calm. Her own fingers twitched, wanting desperately to either sink in Gwen's panty-covered ass or under the hem of her own jeans. She bit her lip, trying not to give herself away as Sandra's body continued changing...

The five minutes seemed to both pass quickly and take forever...and Sandra didn't stop playing with her new breasts even after the change stopped. It took her another couple of minutes of 'exploring' herself to get over her incredulity. When she did, she turned to Gwen with a huge grin...and an unexpectedly sharp look in her eyes.

"This is amazing! Buuuuuuuu, I think there's a bigger issue before we explore any farther."

Gwen blinked, looking blankly at her. Sandra giggled, doing things to her newly enormous chest that completely blanked any attempt by Gwen to figure out what the blonde was talking about. Thankfully, Sandra seemed more than willing to elaborate.

"I was watching you in the mirror almost as much as what was happening to me. I admit I've caught you looking before...but I suspect something else is going on too. Particularly as your tits are at least a size bigger than they were this morning, I think. You did something to *yourself* with this marvelous app, didn't you?"

Gwen gaped for a moment, then shook her head. She'd already known Sandra was smart from her previous interactions with the woman. But she might just have underestimated her despite that.

"Yes. It has a...challenge mode. Where I can set certain conditions to effect myself. Sort of like I did with the command I gave you earlier today, only self-targeted." Smirking and wanting to get back on even ground a bit, Gwen added. "*Thank you* for not freaking out too much, by the way."

Sandra shuddered as the still-in-place command triggered, flushing as a little moan slipped past her lips.

"Do you know, I had to replace my panties *twice* today already. *Best day of work, ever.*"

There was a huskiness to Sandra's voice that sent a shiver down Gwen's spine and a certain something in her eyes. It clicked for Gwen just a moment later, remembering Sandra's reaction to being pinned to the alley wall helplessly, hands above her head. Adding that together with some of the things she'd seen in the woman's app menu...Gwen smirked and rolled to her feet from where she'd been sitting on Sandra's bed. Stepping closer to the blonde, putting a bit of command she didn't even realize she was *capable* of into her voice, she spoke.

"Well...I think you need to give a nice *thank you* to the person that gave you that good day, don't you?"

Taking advantage of the new shudder of pleasure that her thank you sent through the blonde, Gwen slid right into the blonde's personal space, capturing her hands and pushing them behind the other woman.

"No hands."

With only those words, she drew the blonde into a searing kiss, finding absolutely no resistance to her advances. Sandra even obeyed the order, leaving her hands where they were, despite an obvious desire to wrapped them around Gwen. Intent on seeing how far she could take this, Gwen quickly lifted her own hands to the woman's breasts, currently squished with Gwen's own, and began kneading them. The blonde keened into the kiss...and Gwen knew she wasn't going to find any resistance *at all*.

Giving a quick flick to Sandra's nipples, Gwen slowly pulled away...and took off her shirt. The woman's eyes were riveted to Gwen's braless breasts...but only for a few moments as Gwen turned away and unbuttoned her jeans, making sure to give a sexy little shimmy as she worked the tight pants down her legs, exposing the fact that a bra wasn't the *only* thing she'd gone without. She grinned as she heard a little whimper of desire from behind her. Turning as slowly as she could bring herself too, she cocked her hips into a sexy pose for just a few seconds, then stepped back to the bed and sat again, spreading her legs but placing one hand over her sex to hide it. Crooking a finger of her other hand, she gestured Sandra forward, shifting the covering hand to instead display her pussy, pulling her lips apart so the woman could see how wet she was as the blonde obeyed.

"On your knees."

There as zero hesitation as Sandra obeyed, eyes riveted to Gwen's open and leaking pussy.

"Give me your best *thank you*. If you do good enough, I might do something nice for you too. And remember...no hands."

Sandra's knees hit the floor with an enthusiasm that actually caused the blonde to wince for a moment. That moment didn't last for more than a heartbeat or two, however, and the topless waitress shuffled forward between Gwen's lewdly spread legs, arms held obediently behind her. The other woman's lips parted and her tongue flicked out, confidently enough to speak of previous experience, but just a bit tentative as it explored Gwen's pussy. Gwen pulled her hand away, moving it up to join her other in gently kneading her breasts. She let her voice out freely, moaning and gasping whenever Sandra's exploring tongue found a place she liked. The vocal feedback did exactly what Gwen knew it would, letting the blonde learn her sensitive places...but any deliberate effort on Gwen's part was washed away in seconds as she struggled not to cum immediately. She'd been so horny before this even started that it was a very real struggle...but she didn't want this to end too soon. That just wouldn't be satisfying after the teasing and wait.

In the end, she could only be grateful that Sandra stayed away from her clit for several minutes, drawing out the pleasure as the blonde explored ever other part of her most intimate of places. Finally, however, after what couldn't have been more than five minutes, the woman zeroed in on Gwen's clit and went for the kill. To be fair, even there, Sandra tried to experiment...but Gwen was simply too far gone, loosing it with a spasming howl only seconds after Sandra's tongue first flicked her magic button. The blonde was clearly game to keep going, but Gwen quickly pushed her away, some remaining part of her brain that wasn't blissed out noting that she needed to see if the app could help her regain her previous multi-orgasmic abilities. The new sensitivity she'd given herself apparently left her unable to handle that...which was a little disappointing.

Still, as she slowly recovered and found Sandra waiting patiently on her knees, she decided that could wait for later. For now...

"Well now, I'd say someone earned a reward! And then, perhaps a few new commands..."

Sandra's face lit up at the latter statement even more than the promise of a reward, causing Gwen to smirk. Jenna had been right, the blonde waitress she'd chosen for her first tests really *was* pretty kinky...

<End Part 1>