

The Stinky, Horrible, No Good Wishes That Ruined My Life

I watched them from afar as I rode on the stationary bike at the gymnasium. My thin toned legs peddled quickly as I stared at the men from across the room as they lifted weights. Their bulging biceps, their wide set shoulders, and their bubbly butts were all that was needed to make my dick grow hard within my ill-fitting shorts; which I wore for a particular reason. I licked my lips hungrily as I watched them lift with one another, jokingly touching one another's muscles or slapping the other on the ass. I could see the sheen of sweat that covered their body and the dark wet spots underneath their arms, which only made my cock even harder. And with the constant friction of my cock rubbing from one thigh to the other, I couldn't stop from looking at the men and fantasizing about them.

I don't know if one of them saw me staring, or if it was by sheer coincidence but eye contact was made with one of the men. I immediately looked down towards the screen attached to my bike in hopes that they did not see me staring, but when I glanced up all three of them were laughing and pointing directly at me. My face grew red with humiliation, and my cock grew even harder.

"Fuck," I winced to myself as I pulled my gaze from the men and back towards the screen.

"What I wouldn't give to be able to worship a real man."

"Have a wish? Would you give anything to make it true?" A voice on the screen said to me.

"What?" I said to myself, before I actually focused on what was on the screen. "Oh fuck," I cursed as I saw a tanned face with dark highlights staring directly back towards me. I clutched my chest in surprise at the face and felt my already rapid heartbeat increase by the scare. "God. I thought you were actually talking to me," I said to the screen, laughing slightly to myself at the thought of someone, not the television talking to me.

"But what if I was talking to you?" The man on the screen asked again, and my stomach dropped in response. This couldn't possibly be happening?

"What the hell is going on?" I asked, looking around to see if someone was watching me. "Am I on some sort of game show or something?" The men on the screen laughed in response.

"No Thomas, you aren't on a game show. I heard your wish, and was feeling quite generous," the man said as the screen pulled away from his face and revealed the rest of his body. The top half looked like a normal adult male, but as the camera pulled away I could see his lower half shifted from

human to goat. Two short furry legs extended from his muscled torso and ended in two dark cloven hooves.

“What are you supposed to be? Some sort of goat person?” I asked, trying to remember what that creature from Greek mythology was called.

“No, I am not A goat person. You could say that I am the original goat person. The name is Lucifer and it is a pleasure to meet you,” he said with a deep bow at his waist. I couldn’t help myself, but a fit of laughter tore through my lips and caused much attention to coming to me. The man on the screen’s smile turned downward into a frown. And in a puff of black smoke, he was gone from the screen.

“Believe me now?” A deep voice asked from the machine next to me. I turned and jumped in surprise. The goat man had somehow appeared in the empty bike next to mine, and without the goat legs!

“What the fuck man! How did you – weren’t you just talking – hold on. Who are you, really?” I asked, finally stopping my legs from riding the bike.

“No don’t stop,” he said with a wave of his fingers and my legs went back to peddling as if by some sort of unseen strings.

“How? What? What are you?” I asked as I attempted to stop my legs from peddling, but it was like they were glued to peddles and would not stop moving no matter how hard I tried.

“Lord. You mortals sure are dense. Cloven hooves. Lucifer. Weird powers. What do I need to come in with a pitchfork and red horns to get you to realize that I am...the...,” he left the sentence hanging knowing that I finally realized his identity.

“...the devil,” I said, finishing his sentence.

“Ding. Ding. Ding. Give the boy a prize!” He said, waving his hand once more towards my feet causing them to stop just as a cramp was filling my inner thigh. I stood from the bike and felt my legs falter, luckily I was quick enough to grab onto the side of the bike so that I would not fall.

“Need a hand fag?” One of the muscular men who was I watching earlier said as he and his friends passed me as I clung to the seat. He high-fived his friends as they all laughed at his comment and walked towards the locker room. Even with his asshole comment. I couldn’t help from my cock growing hard as the smell of their body odor wafted pass me or from taking a deep hit of the smell before it disappeared.

“Fuck,” I said, hating myself slightly at my piggish tendencies. I looked towards Lucifer, the literal fucking devil, or so he says as he raised an eyebrow in interest. “Sorry. What do you even want with me?” I asked, letting go of the seat and pulling myself up.

“I heard you call out for help. And here I am. Lucifer, ruler of hell, fallen angel, granter of wishes at your service and this is how you act?” He placed his hand on his heart. “I’m hurt,” he said, feigning sadness as he fell into his seat. “All I want to do is make all of your dreams come true, and you slap away my hand.” I knew this game. I had read enough books and seen enough movies. That the devil wasn’t this nice guy, but someone who would feast on the souls of the meek and mild. But this guy seemed different, cute even. He wasn’t the monster that literature made him out to be.

“And what’s in it for you?” I asked, walking closer to him. “What do you want? My soul?” I said, half joking. But by the way, his smile turned into a large toothy grin I knew that it was exactly what he was after. “You want my fucking soul?!” I shrieked loudly forgetting where I was located, causing people on the surrounding machines to turn towards me. “My Kia Soul,” I said to one older woman who was staring me down. She took my lie as truth and returned to her workout, luckily.

“It’s not like you are going to use it. Anyways hell isn’t that bad. I’m their. Most of the guys are their. Your grandmother is there,” he said with a wink.

“Grandma?” I gasped, shocked to hear that.

“Oh yeah, that bitch had it coming too,” he joked. “Let’s just say she had some problems that she didn’t share with the family,” he said as he sniffed and rubbed his nose. “But back to you, one soul for five wishes. After the fifth wish, your soul is mine upon death. Sound like a deal?” He held out his hand in anticipation of my immediate response.

“Uhh,” I said hesitantly as I stared at his hand as it hovered between us. Seconds seemed like hours as his Cheshire Cat-like grin seemed to continue to stretch.

“This offer does have a time limit to it, Tommy. Just think, one little soul and you could have any man you would want. Dream of any life, and make it true. All you have to do is shake my hand. Just shake my hand.” Lucifer’s voice dropped to a deep sensual tone as if his words were a lullaby trying to lure me into submission. Some part of me thought he was still faking it, but an even larger part hoped that he was telling the truth. I didn’t want to sell, my souls but death was a long way away. And if he could truly give me what I wanted in life, then it would be worth it.

“You got a deal!” His hand clasped mine and shook. It felt like a red hot iron was clasped around my wrist as his fingers wrapped around my hand. Irons that stretched between him and I. Cementing

our deal for all of eternity. The feeling of molten iron wrapped around my wrist only lasted for a brief moment but one that left a lasting mark when I yanked my hand away in pain.

“Something wrong?” He said sarcastically concerned, oblivious to the real pain that came with when a deal was struck with the devil. I shook my hand slightly, wanting the cool the burn and lessen the pain.

“Nothing,” I lied as I examined my wrist. The burn was one of a chain that encircled my wrist with intricate runes placed into each of the chain links. “What’s all this mean?” I asked, raising my wrist towards Lucifer.

“What? You didn’t think there would be a deal without fine print?” He laughed. “I have learned over the last thousand years how to make these iron clad. Excuse the pun.”

“But what does it say?” I asked, bringing my wrist close to my face. The symbols looked ancient, and swirled around each link, almost as if they were moving beneath my skin. Lucifer waved his hands in a dismissive manner, clearly not going to answer my question.

“Just lawyer mumbo jumbo. Nothing important,” he said, obviously lying.

“What if I don’t like my wish? Like it turns out that I didn’t really want it?” I asked, curious if I would ever come back to my current life.

“Oh buyers remorse? It happens. All you need to do is write three six’s in a row and then draw a circle around it.” He motioned the example in midair. “And the poof. Done! You will be back quicker than I can snap my fingers.”

I still had dozens of questions and more worries about the pact that I made with the literal devil. But I put those thoughts on the back burner, and moved forward with a more pressing matter. Right now I had five wishes, and with those; my life would be perfect until the day came that he came for me. So I had little time to waste. “So what is your first wish my friend?” He asked, lowering my hand. “I would say, I don’t have all eternity, but – you know – immortal and all.” My eyes wandered back to the men over in the corner working out, already knowing what my first wish would be.

Sweaty.

Big.

Manly.

I wanted to worship that until the day I died. And if I made my wish right, I would only really need one.

“I wish that I could worship a real man. I wish that he would want nothing more from me than to be there to worship him! And that he wanted me to worship him as much I wanted to worship him.”

The devil's eyes grew dark as his iris's completely overtook over his eyes. The dark eyes were glassy and endless. It was then that I truly saw the devil in the person on the machine next to me. He raised his hand into the air and clapped his hands twice in rapid succession. "Granted!" My vision went black as I felt my body begin to fall into an endless pit, as if I was falling into the dark pools that were his eyes. And when I leaned, I touched possibly the softest bed I had ever felt in my entire life.

The Sultan's Boy

I stretched my legs in my new location as the sensation of pins and needles ceased as the feeling returned to my extremities. The cushions beneath me were plush and soft, which were luxurious but made it slightly difficult to roll to the edge of the massive bed. I stared at the large mattress. It had to be a king sized, or California king at the very least. I examined the rest of the new location feeling the money drip from every crevice. The room was immaculate; fine artwork lined the walls, expensive clothing hung in the walk-in closet, and jeweled accessories were scattered among the various tables and pieces of furniture. I looked out the window and saw a wide courtyard with beautifully crafted hedges and flowers of every shape and size. I walked over to the balcony and felt a blast of heat assault my face as I opened the doors. It was too hot to be where I lived, and too dry to be anywhere along the coast that neighbored my city.

"Where the hell did that devil send me?" I asked myself as I saw a group of people shuffling along one of the long walkways of the courtyard. Away from the balcony.

"Hello!" I shouted loudly to the people. They all looked up to me in surprise and with looks of shock on their faces, they scurried away. I looked down at myself and realized that I was no longer in the gym clothes that I had been wearing just moments before, they had been stripped away and replaced with a skimpy, blue thong did little to hide my cock or my ass. I ran back into the room and slammed the door shut. I looked back through one of the open windows and watched the people once more. The people's features were dark, and their clothes were heavy robes of varying colors.

"Am I in the Middle East?" I asked myself, realizing the dry heat was probably the heat from the desert. And from the sweat that was already beading along my face, it was going to be a hot first day in the desert. I tried the only other door to the outside and found that it was locked. I walked around the room with so many questions filling my head; whose room was this, who was I in this place, and why was I wearing a fucking thong? After pacing for an extended period of time I heard the door unlock from the outside and open.

"Perfect you are awake," the man said as he entered the room. I had never seen the man before, and the first thing I noticed about him was his size. Entering the room, his gut was the first to come into the bedroom before the rest of his body. He was a rather stout man, but large in stature. His face was round and a mass of dark black curly hair decorated his face, while the rest of his body was

wrapped in robes similar to those that I had seen earlier. "I am in need of a good bath." He said as he stripped away his robes and threw them onto the floor and took a seat in the corner. The hair on his face extended to the rest of his body, almost to the point where I couldn't see his skin due to the thickness of his hair. I stared at the obese man as he lifted his thick legs into the air and looked back to me. "Are you going to get into position? Or do you expect me to clean my own feet?"

It was like magnetism as I felt myself drawn to his large feet. My eyes grew wider when my body moved of its own accord, dropping to my knees and onto my back. I spotted along the floor until his large feet hovered over my face and my mouth opened wide. It was then that I realized it was me who was giving the man his bath.

His sweaty feet dropped onto my face without any worry for hurting my features. My tongue immediately moved to the soles of his feet, moving from his heel to the base of his toes. The taste of sweat and dirt rolled over my tongues as I moved up and down his left foot. He settled into his seat as he rubbed his feet over my face, bathing my features in his stench. The smell the horrid, the taste was even worse, but I couldn't stop my tongue from eagerly moving nor could I keep my cock from growing hard within my thong.

"Mmm, this is exactly what I need after a long day of work," he groaned. He moved his feet around my face, moving one sole over my tongue and then replacing it with the other. Never before had I ever been in this position before, cleaning another man's feet with my tongue. I felt the taste of the man's toes seep into the back of my throat, making me want to retch but my body would not respond to the way my mind was reacting. My mouth addicted like it was addicted. Moving quickly along his feet, not leaving a single piece of dirt or smell stay untouched. He pulled way his soles and positioned his toes at my mouth. "Don't forget my toes baby," he ordered. I popped his big toe into my mouth and swirled my tongue around his toe. I moaned in pleasure as my cock issued forth a glob of pre into my thong. I could feel it seep through the fabric, causing my tented underwear to appear wet.

"Mmmmm," such a good servant the man groaned as his hands took his large moobs in hand and began to diddle his own nipples. From my vantage point I could see him pull and twist his nipples and throw his head back in enjoyment. His boner was obvious but mostly covered by his gut as it sat on his lap. He was massively fat and disgusting, but I couldn't help the need to worship him like a god. After my tongue felt like it had licked, and cleaned every available area of his toes did the man readjust himself once again. The unknown man pulled away his feet and I felt the spell that they had cast on me had been broken. I quickly wiped the saliva from my face and the taste from my mouth as I pulled myself from the floor.

“Fuck!” I said, spitting onto the floor, wishing I had mouthwash to get the taste out of my mouth. “So nasty!” I whined, unsure of why the devil would think this was what I wanted to happen.

“Oh? We playing that game today? Okay.” The man lifted himself from his chair with a deep groan and turned around. He placed his knees on his seat, hooked his fingers into his underwear, and pulled down. His two tanned, hairy cheeks came into view as a deep dread filled my stomach. Even from my seat I could taste his musk as it filtered into the air while even before pulled his cheeks apart. His dark hairy trench was calling to me as I stared at his hidden hole. “Eat my rank ass bitch!” The man said, dropping his once friendly tone and taking on more of a menacing approach. And once again I felt the draw of magnetism as my face inched closer to his ass with my tongue outstretched. If I had thought his toes were bad, I knew, even before touching his hole. That this was going to be bad, but I was going to love it.

The closer I was drawn to his ass the richer the air became as the smell of shitty hole wafted through the air. The musky scent of an unwashed ass, and the tastes that were buried deep within the curly dark forest that lined his hole enticed me and made me drool. My mouth fell open in hunger as I my lips closed around his dark hole and my tongue slithered into him. I could taste things, that I couldn't describe and even if I could I never wanted to speak the words out loud.

“Mmm, fuck get in there deep boy. I know you love the taste of a real man.” He squatted further, pushing his face harder onto my face and giving me more access to his hole. I feel the sweat of his hole run down my face and onto my tongue and I groaned loudly as I swallowed every drop. The man grunted in enjoyment as my tongue slithered around in his hole, cleaning the sweat and whatever else collected in his hole. My hands took ahold each of his chubby cheeks and pulled them further apart, my body pushed me to dig further to want more. I bathed my face face in whatever had collected between his cheeks. I wanted the scent on me, I wanted to be marked by him. I wanted to be engulfed by the true scent of a man.

“You ready for your breakfast?” he asked as I felt his cheeks tense around my face. My mind broke from the hypnotic spell that his ass cast on me, and I pulled away quickly. His eyes became twisted and devilish at my reluctance at my “breakfast”. “Oh, so we are going to have the feisty version of you today. Even more fun for me.” He stood up as I crawled across the floor on my hands and feet, not wanting whatever was going to happen next. I spit on the floor quickly and dragged my finger across the tile writing three six's in a row and then the circle. I looked back up to the mystery man one more time as he turned his round ass towards me. I felt one last twinge of hunger for his hole before the world around me fell away and I hit the strong cushion of a car seat.

Cum Guzzling Pig

“What the absolute fuck?!” I shouted as I turned towards the devil as he drove down a deserted highway. “What the fuck was that?!” I screamed again before I punched him hard in the shoulder, and pulled my hand away with more damage than I had left. I looked around the vehicle, trying to acclimate to my surroundings. I was in the front passenger seat of some sort of sports car. It looked expensive, and foreign and probably stolen knowing the person who was driving the vehicle.

“What? You said you wanted to worship some big manly man. Was that not what I gave you?” He asked. Even though he was wearing large dark shades I knew he never taking his eyes off the long stretch of road as he taunted me with my first wish. I looked out the window and saw miles of desert on either side of the vehicle and a dark sky, and pouted angrily for several long seconds. I couldn’t believe I already fucked up my first wish.

“Yeah. I guess so. But what was that shit near the end. I was okay with the ass eating, but you know-.”

“Oh? You’re not into that? Go figure. Well, there’s always the next wish,” he offered as he pulled over his vehicle onto a patch of sand right before an intersection appeared. He left the car running but stepped out with a deep groan of enjoyment. The hot desert air was a stark contrast to the easy breeze of the air conditioning within as it smacked me in the face from the open driver’s door. “Feels like home!” he groaned as he stretched his arms out towards the sky, and walked towards the center of the crossroads. I followed out of the vehicle.

“No. I’m not into THAT!” I shouted to him, over-emphasizing the word as I followed him on the hot pavement. “Anyways, I am glad I was able to get out of there when I was.” I said, thinking back to the heavy ass that was descending towards my face. I wondered what it would have been like if I would have stayed, my mind drifted to much darker and dirtier thoughts of what could have been. My cock jolted in remembrance and want. It did at least taste good, I thought to myself.

“There’s always a learning curve with this type of thing,” the devil said, breaking me out of my thoughts of fantasy, as he walked sat in the center of the crossroads.

“What are we doing out here anyways?” I asked looking around, seeing not a single car.

“You meet the devil at the crossroads. You don’t think I drum up all my business in the middle of a gym did you?” He asked as he ran a hand through his dark hair and laid on the ground. I was about to

ask him, if he thought that was safe but I knew he wasn't afraid of getting run over by a car. He was the scariest thing out here, and that included when it came to vehicular homicide.

"So I don't want to rush you. But I do have other appointments tonight, and don't enjoy an audience. Any idea what you would like for your second wish my friend?"

My second wish?

"Well you know since the first one worked out so well with my worshipping that big hairy ass. I don't think I will be going into another submissive role anytime soon," I joked, but then an idea formed in my brain. Why not reverse the roles. Why worship someone, when people can worship you? "I wish that I was worshiped by hot muscular guys," I said shooting him a look. "I wish that I was big, and meaty, and hot. And that guys wanted to worship every inch of me and couldn't get enough of me." I tried to keep adding to the wish, but before I knew it; the ground slipped out from under me once again and I slammed my head against the cement hard.

* * *

Much like last time I awoke in a space that I did not recognize. I let out a groan of annoyance as a shooting pain shot through my skull. I padded my hands around the bed, feeling around for a phone, a remote, or something that I could use to light of up the room. But before I found anything a door to a side room opened and outstepped a man.

"Well you're up early babe," he said as he dried his head with a towel. His naked muscular body was perfect. Not an ounce of fat on him, smooth, tan. He was a regular Adonis and he was calling me babe! Now this was a wish I could get used to living. Even from his backlit body I could see his massive cock swing back and forth as he walked towards me. He leaned down, and kissed me deeply. His tongue moved into my mouth and danced mine. His hands moved towards my face and took my cheeks in hand. And that was when I began to worry.

Something seemed off, I could feel him as he touched me but there was like a cushion around my face. It felt as if there was a layer of stuffing between his hands and my normally angular face. He broke my kiss and stepped away. His cock hard and rigid, pointing towards me. The tip already had formed its first sting of cum. I watched with hungry eyes as it dripped slowly from his cock and onto the floor. "Piggy hungry?" he asked. And before I could respond a snort came from my mouth.

"Piggy want daddies cock?" Another snort fell from my lips and I opened up. Like before, my body was moving in accordance with this reality and against my thoughts. He pulled away and threw back the comforter that covered my body, and that was when I realized the softness that surrounded my body wasn't pillows but my very tubby torso. If I had thought that the man in my last dream was

chubby than I was downright obese. I couldn't even see my lower body over the gut that fell to either side. My cock was completely buried within this new body. Two massive thunder thighs could be seen, and those two jutted out to either side, stretching what little give my underwear had within them. I opened my mouth to ask for answers, but I was caught off guard once again but this time by the muscular man straddling my body and placing his cock on my lips.

"Piggy wanna guzzle daddies load?" The tip of his cock oozed cum onto my gaping mouth and I nodded lost in the attraction I felt for this man. I could feel his powerful legs straddle around my large gut as he sat on my belly like it were a pillow. He slapped his cock against my mouth as I opened it wider wanting more of his cum. The sweet tease was more than enough for me to want more. "Come on. Let's hear you act like a real piggy. You know that's that gets me going." I half expected my body to oink for me again but this time, it didn't. So I forced one out. I forced several out. I watched as his cock spurting out a glob of cum onto my fatty upper body and he pushed it into my mouth with his thick manly hands.

"Fuck! Such a hot cum pig. You ready for the whole thing?" he asked, slapping his cock against my mouth more. I linked enthusiastically and hungrily as his hands found my oversized nipples and pinched and twisted them. "Bet this gets you excited doesn't it? Like your muscular daddy torturing your titties. I bet your little dick is hard too underneath all that fat."

He was right. I could feel it buried between my fatty thighs, oozing with lust at the sheer sight of this man and whatever he was putting me through. He leaned closer to me getting ready to push his cock into my mouth, but before more than his head was in my mouth. I heard a knock at the door.

"Oh, they are here earlier than expected. But I guess it would be a true birthday for you without all the guys huh?" He asked as he pulled a pair of underwear from the ground and walked to the front door.

"The guys?" I asked, unsure of what surprise was hidden before my front door. I was very afraid of what twisted reality the devil had concocted around my wish, but also very turned on.

The front door opened and I heard a collection of deep masculine voices chorus together as they greeted one another. Who was coming into my house? Would I know them? But my question was answered the two additional man came through the threshold. Ryan and Alex, those were the men's names and from the look in their eyes; they seemed as excited to see me in such a manner as I was too see such gorgeous men.

The three of them looked to be like copies of one another; each of them muscular, masculine angular faces, perfectly crafted hair, and clothes that looked like they were painted on. I could see their

upper muscles tense as they placed down the heavy plastic bags they were carrying. From the smells that entered the room with them I could tell that it was food, obviously for me.

“Well look what we have here!” Ryan, the black muscular man said. His southern accent added a personable tease to his voice as he came over and slapped my belly playfully. “Looks like we got a mighty fine hog if you ask me boys.” He placed his hands on either side of my gut, shook it, and watched it jiggle uncontrollably as if it was made from jello. “Alex? Michael? What do you guys think? Think this pig here is fat enough for us yet?” Alex came over with one of the bags of food and placed it on my bestie table and withdrew a large collection of cupcakes.

“I don’t think so, but I think we are on the right track.” Alex opened the large case and the sweet smells of chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry filtered into the room and my stomach gurgled in hunger. All three men laughed.

“Seems like someone’s hungry!” Michael chuckled as he climbed back over my wide body and resumed his seated position on my gut. He took one of the cupcakes in hand, slide his cock out over the waistband, and smeared the icing over his long shaft. “I know this is your favorite way to eat his sweets.” I opened my mouth and her forced the broken bits of cake and icing into my mouth and my cock lurched in agreement as my tongue its away around his shaft. I hungrily swallowed the desert covered cock. He pulled it free and I licked long its underside, cleaning every inch of sugar from his dick before he grabbed a second.

We continued that same method over and over again until every cupcake was gone. All while both Ryan and Alex stripped away their clothes and watched from their respective sides of the bed. I could feel them both grabbing and kneading my doughy body as they stroked their cocks. I could hear them as they teased and grunted in enjoyment.

“Fat pig.”

“Big fat boy.”

“Eat up Lardo.”

I had never thought that Humiliation was so exhilarating, let alone being the object of such horrible teasing. All throughout my feeding, their touching, and their harsh words I could feel my cock was rock hard underneath my ever expanding my belly. At times I would push my tubby legs together and rub my shrunken cock between them, smearing my precum on them, feeling as if I were actually fucking a guy. My soft hands worked their way up Michael’s body, feeling the stark contrast between our two bodies. His hard backside and plump ass was tight while I could feel my squish against the weight of our bodies. His round and heavy pectorals were firm and high while my chest was heavy and

fell to the sides of fat. My nipples, stretched from the weight. They were once dime-sized now they were nearing the size of silver dollars. My the large thighs and my even larger ass I could see why I had awoken in the nude. Comfort if not for the difficulty it would be to find something that would fit over my expanded lower body.

“Damn piggy you are hungry today!” Alex said from the side as he pulled out a large tub. But this time, it was ice cream. It was several tubs of ice cream from what I could see. “Did you get it?” Alex asked Michael who was lazily pumping his cock in and out of my mouth.

“Of course I got it!” He shouted back as he pulled away his cock. I let out a sad groan as he pulled away from my body and stepped off my stomach. It was then that I really noticed how much it had swelled from my cupcake fest. I looked at the box next to my bed and realized it wasn’t just a box of twelve that I had devoured in my lust, but two boxes of twenty four.

“Fucking pig,” I groaned, feeling my stomach and how the loose feeling had tightened from the filling of my stomach. I pushed my thighs together and moaned in bed as I fucked my inner thighs. “Fucking fat ass pig,” I cursed as my hands further explored my own body.

Unknown to me Ryan, Alex, and Michael were all preparing something in the free space beside my bed. It wasn’t until they shook me free from my lustful humping of my belly that I saw what they had done.

“A trough for a real pig,” Michael said as Ryan and Alex dumped tub after tub of ice cream into the trough. I licked my lips at the sight of all the melted ice cream. “And while piggy is eating the boys are going to have some real fun with your body.” Both I could respond Michael pulled me from the bed and onto my hands and knees. I hurried across the floor, feeling my belly drag on the carpet as my face dove into the slosh of melted ice cream. I could feel each man picking a spot on my body to touch. Michael between my cheeks, Ryan on one side of my belly while Alex positioned himself on the opposite side.

First I felt Michael’s cock squeeze between my cheeks as it dug for my hole. Alex and Ryan both found their way into separate folds around my body and began to massage their aching cocks into my body. Each of the cocks rubbed and touched me in the most erotic way possible. The three men moaned in unison as they fucked and jostled my body back and forth. I could feel my the ice cream expanding within my belly, causing more to lay on the ground and slosh as the men fucked my piggy body. I Never would have thought this was the life I would want, it was so erotic, so sensual, so pleasurable. I didn’t ever want to go back.

“Can’t wait till your so fat I cant even find your hole,” Michael said, his words breaking me from the calorie endured pleasure.

“What?” I mumbled between mouthfuls of ice cream, unable to stop.

“Yeah. You’re gonna get so fat you wouldn’t be able to even see that cock of yours. Not that it’s a cock anyways. Tiny guys so swallowed by your belly I bet you haven’t seen him in weeks,” Ryan said as his fucking quickened. He took my handful of my ass while the other griped the side of my gut. “God and those tits. Fuck. I bet you need to wear a bra with how big those babies are getting!” He moaned, obviously lost in the fantasy.

“If he isn’t now, he will be soon enough. God I wanna just parade his fat body around the gym and show off how fat we got him. Would you like that? Showing everyone your fat fucking pig body?” Alex asked. “I bet the guys wont even recognize you anymore with all the weight you have put on. Just wait until we add another 100 pounds to you and you cant even leave the bed.”

My heart continued to rise at the words they were saying. The overwhelming sense of fear and anxiety matched with my aching cock filled me with confusion. Maybe this wasn’t bad. Maybe this would be a perfect life to live. Having these gorgeous men, worshipping me everyday, feeding me every night, fucking me every time they were horny. But as their fantasies turned more twisted I realized. They werent fucking me, they were using me to fuck. They didn’t want me they wanted my body, and they wanted more of it. This moment of clarity was what I needed to know this wasn’t that I wanted. I scooped ice cream into my hand and quickly wrote across the floor with my pudgy finger’s the three six’s and heard the three men howl in ecstasy.

“FUCKING FAT ASS PIG!”

And then all three of them were gone and so was I.

Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Boyfriend

Falling back into my actual reality was an uncomfortable jolt I have come to learn from the first two wishes that failed. It felt like I was strapped into a car, with the seatbelt tightly wrapped around my entire body, and when my senses finally came too; the car slammed the brakes and I went forward into whatever was in front of me. This time it turned out to be a poker table.

“A little too drunk my friend?” The devil said as he shuffled cards in front of me. Gone were his exercise clothes and sweaty sultry demeanor and instead he had a welcoming smile with a crisp button down and black vest.

“What?” I asked, feeling the fuzziness slowly dissipate as I looked around my surroundings. Large slot machines lined the walls and created several rows that the elderly patrons walked down as they looked for just the “right” machine. Even though there were no windows or clocks within view, my internal alarm said that it was sometime during the day. Probably early afternoon. The casino was mostly empty except for the few addicts who couldn’t get away and the other patrons who had nothing else better to do.

“Are you playing?” An elderly voice grumbled from the opposite end of the poker table, which brought my attention back to the devil as he smiled and the older man who looked like he just swallowed the most sour of lemons.

“Oh I don’t have any -,” I began to say but found that several large stacks of chips sat in front of me. I didn’t know what any of them meant, but I knew that it was a lot of money. I looked towards the devil and he gave a sheepish shrug. I knew it was his money, or some poor souls that he stole it from.

“Either you are playing or not!” The elderly man shouted from his seat. “I got money to win back.” The anger in his voice and the small stack of chips that sat before him was enough to tell me, that he wasn’t having the best of days at the casino.

“Oh, yeah. Sure.” The devil smiled. The once normal looking teeth he had just moments before were changed and sharpened, which looked more animalistic than human. The devil dealt the cards between myself and the man. We only played two hands but the older man lost the rest of his chips while I won with two, unreasonably lucky hands.

“Fuck!” The older man said, burying his face in his hands. “I’m gonna be in so much trouble. I would give anything to just win a few hands.” The man’s wish was valid, and from the way the devil’s

eyes slid towards the man. He knew exactly what he was doing when he placed me at this table upon my return.

“Anything?” The devil asked. I opened my mouth to stop what was happening from unfolding, but he placed a long finger in front of his lips which told me to hush. “Even your soul?” The devil asked, being a lot more forward with the man that he was with me.

“My what? Yeah. I ain’t using that shit.” The man said as he fell deeper into his seat as well as his depression.

“Ten years of luck. Play any game, you will win. Any lottery ticket will be a big winner. You will be possessed by Lady Luck herself.” The devil held out his hand in a shaking manner. I notice his fingernails had grown long and dark while his white shirt was taking on a red tint the longer I stared. The older man took note as well, and his eyes were wide. But not with fear, with opportunity. The man eagerly extended his hand and shook it fervently. I watched as the same chains that bound me to the devil surround the wrist of the stranger. The devil broke his grasp and smiled his devilish grin as the man ran away towards the nearest slot machine, hopefully that the deal was real. It was only thirty seconds of silence before I heard the same voice shout in triumph as a nearby slot machine began to flash and ring.

“Winner!” The machine blared to the occupants. I could hear the man’s screams and shouts of excitement as everyone began to surround him. I looked back to the devil who was sheepishly shuffling cards at the table.

“It’s that easy huh?” I asked, slightly amused by some people’s quickness in giving up their soul. But then again, I didn’t take too much time either and I gave mine up to find a guy.

“Sometimes. Some people need a little more nudging than others. But luckily nowadays most people have something that they want bad enough, that they don’t want to worry about the afterlife,” he said as he shuffled the cards back and forth. He tossed one into the air and revealed the face. It was the jack of hearts but the face closely resembled my own. “Case in point,” he laughed as he flicked the card at me. I wince expecting it to smack me in the face but felt nothing. “Oh, don’t be so scared. I’m not that mean. I mean, I am the devil but I am also a good person.”

“A huh,” I said as I relaxed in my chair finally taking a good look at him. His dark features, and pitch black hair was attractive. His tightly muscled body was encased in his deep colored clothes now which only accentuated his otherworldly features. He was quite attractive, I mean for literally Lucifer. “I would beg to differ with the toilet boy you made me with my first wish and the tub of lard you made me

for my second wish.” He stuck out his tongue at me, which I found to be weirdly playful for the devil to be playful.

“Well maybe be less vague with your next wish. . .speaking of which. Any idea what you want for the third? Almost half way through and still haven’t found a winner have we?”

“What happens when I get to seven?” I asked. I looked to the tattooed contract around my wrist and wished that I had read the fine print. The devil waved his hands in a dismissive manner.

“That’s something for future you to worry about. What do you want now?” He asked as the irises in his eyes were set ablaze with excitement. I looked down at myself and chewed on his question. What did I want? As if sent from above, or from down below – a gay couple walked passed our table. Their smiles were real, the affection was obvious, and the chemistry was all I wanted. “I just wish I had a guy that always wants me to be with him, no matter where he goes.” I said, feeling the words leave my lips before I even knew what I was saying. I looked back to the devil and saw him pick up the deck of cards, and began to launch them at me. I closed my eyes expecting my body to fall back into the abyss that usually transitioned one wish to another, but when the cards stopped and I opened my eyes I was still sitting at the same table.

“Did it work?” I asked as I unclenched my hands and opened my eyes.

“Did it work?” The devil mocked. “Oh course it worked. Who do you think I am, Jesus?” He laughed. “Not every wish has to be some giant writing of history. But better put on your game face your man is coming over,” he said with a wink as he excused himself from the table.

“Babe, I have been looking everywhere for you!” He exclaimed as he wrapped his arms around my upper body.”Did you win?” he asked as his hands went straight for my chips.

“No!” I said sassily as I smacked his hands away from my winnings. “Those are mine David!” He laughed and raised his hand to my lips as he feigned pain. How did I know his name? I looked over my shoulders and felt all the memories rushing back to me. How we met, our first date, the last five – no six years of our life and how we were here one vacation together.

“Kiss it,” he begged, pushing out his overly pouty bottom lip. I grabbed his hand like a wounded animal and kissed it and then turned it into a lick. One that went all the way up his hand. “Well thanks for that,” David said as he waved his hand, as he he were shaking away the saliva that now covered it.

“I got loads more where that came from too,” I said as I leaned my lips into his and kiss him. My hands wrapped around his midsection and onto his butt, grabbing both cheeks firmly. He broke the kiss, and brushed his long curly hair from his face. His boyish good-looks were different than the overly

muscled men that were byproducts of my other wishes but the way he stared at me made me wanna scoop him up and run away with him.

“Oh, well maybe we should take these winnings and head back to the room.” I didn’t even need to answer. I took my chips and shoved them into my pocket and ran in a direction. Even though I didn’t know where I was going, I somehow knew. We run through the casino, up several short staircases, up one elevator, and down several very LONG hallways. The entire way our hands were clasped with one another pulling and tugging one another along in the most loving manner I had ever felt. And when we entered the room. We pushed open the door and immediately fell into each other’s hands.

Or arms grabbed on to each other’s faces, butts, arms. His tightly packed body was so light and agile. The more we touched the more I remembered what he liked; his neck to be licked, his nipples to be twisted, his arms to be pinned to the wall. This was what I wanted, passion! I threw him onto the massive king-sized bed and he crawled towards the headboard. I took a hold of his jeans and pulled as he horribly began to undo the button and zipper. I knew what was within his pants, and I knew I would be happy.

“Hungry?” He asked, as his massive cock bounced free of his pants. He never knew underwear, from what I could remember, and I was happy for his quirk. His heavy balls and large cock slapped against his flat stomach, and my mouth just watered at the sight. I crawled onto the bed and slowly kissed my way up his leg, towards his cock, and it was even bigger the closer I got. I stared up at his cock as he lifted it from his stomach and waved it at me. He spread his legs, giving me room between his thighs as I dragged my tongue from the base of his cock up to its tip. He shivered when my tongue found the sensitive underside of his head and the cum that spurted free. I reached out my hands and took his cock in hand and it seemed so massive. Bigger than any other cock I had ever touched. And the longer I stared the more it seemed to grow.

“Fuck, its so big!” I gasped as my hands could no longer completely wrap around his shaft. And it wasn’t just his cock that was growing, but everything seemed to be growing. His entire body seemed to get larger the more I jerked his cock. It got to the point where his cock was almost all I could see. But when I finally looked around the room, it wasn’t David that was growing. I was shrinking! His cock wasn’t any larger than it was from when we first came in, I was smaller. Much smaller! My entire body was shrinking, I looked at myself and I couldn’t believe what was happening, but then I realized the wish that I had made just moments earlier.

“I wish I want to have a guy who wants to me with me, where ever he goes.” I said as I started at my now “giant” boyfriend. And easier way to always stay with your boyfriend than when you are 13 inches tall.

“He little buddy,” He said as he wagged his dick from side to side. Even though it was layered with lust. His massive cock swayed from side to his. Just the head of his cock was now the size of my head. I crawled, or now walked, towards his cock and wrapped my entire body around his cock. My arms encircled the shaft and I kissed and licked the spot I knew that he loved and felt his cum begin to leak over my head. Dousing my head in his cum like it was slime. I tilted my head and opened my mouth, feeling his load fill my mouth and cause my cheeks to expand. There was so much of it, that I felt my stomach begin to bulge after the fourth or fifth mouthful. My entire body became slick with cum as I rubbed and climbed his cock like it was a pole, still shrinking. I felt him move slightly, which shook my entire body and he asked, “Ready for part two?”

Part two? I didn’t know what part 2 was....

Before I could even answer I felt my gigantic boyfriend pull himself from the bed and walk away from me as I laid on the expansive bed as I wiped away the “gallons” of cum that covered my bed. I watched as he dressed himself and walked back over to the bed. He opened the front pouch of his underwear and gingerly took ahold of me and placed me in his pouch. I felt my body lay against the long shaft of his cock as the tight spandex of his underwear strapped me into place. I could hear him rustle around, pulling his jeans over his underwear. This must have been the part two that he talked about. I held firmly onto his cock as the pouch began to jostle and bounce as he walked from the room. My arms and legs clung to his shaft as if I were climbing a pole. I slid up and down his cock, further milking cum from his balls and onto my body which in turn made it that much harder to stay in place.

“Fuck,” I heard David groan. “Someone’s feeling a little aggressive. Don’t wanna make me cum too soon do you?” He asked as I felt his hand grab ahold of me and his cock and give it a jiggle. I felt like I was on a roller coaster with the way his stretched out pouch moved and bounced with his actions. I knew he couldn’t hear anything that I would say, so I resounded to his taunts with a long lick under the head of his cock. I slide my body up further, pushed my lips against the slit of his cock, slid my tongue inside of his cock. I felt his entire body shiver in enjoyment at the new sensation of me literally making out with his cock. “Fuuuck.” I chuckled as he stumbled slightly at my constant assault of his cock.

I worked my tongue inside his cock as he moved, stopped, and then moved again. I tried to track his movements in my head but I couldn’t figure out exactly where he went. I could hear people around David as he settled into a specific place, sitting in a chair from what I could feel. I felt the heat from his

thighs and his balls surround me even more as his hard cock bulged outward. I wondered, did people see me and think that I was just some massive cock?

“Hey someone sitting here?” A deep foreign voice asked.

“Nope all for you?” David said, almost gleefully as he shifted slight. The two chatted while I stayed within his underwear, rubbing, kissing, licking his cock with every ounce of my energy and from what I could tell; David enjoyed it. He squirmed in his seat almost incessantly, and his load only seemed to increase and so did the heat within his pouch which only helped my predicament. The sweat, the cum, and my own load made it easy enough to slide around with ease. His intense musk and smell of sex overwhelmed my sense of taste and smell, and I couldn’t get enough of it. I buried my face in the sweaty underside of his cock and balls and took several deep whiffs. I was intoxicated by the smell and wanted more. I crawled around his his cock and towards the underside of his balls. My entire body crawled around his pouch as my hands found his taint. I could only imagine what it must have looked like as his bulge shifted and turned like it had a mind of its own.

Luckily, I had moved just in time for the stranger to grab a hold of my boyfriend’s cock. I couldn’t imagine what he would have said or done if he felt to long cylindrical things in David’s underwear.

“Oh someone’s excited!” The stranger exclaimed and my boyfriend thrust his cock towards the stranger’s hungry eager hand.

“You have no idea,” he laughed. I too laughed as I crawled back between his butt cheeks. In the darkness I bumped my head immediately against the roundness of his cheeks as well as a deeper, richer musk filled my nostrils and a hunger filled my stomach. I wiggled around as I felt him spread his legs more, giving me access to his buttocks. I pushed my body, specifically my head towards his hole and rubbed it among the sweaty recesses of his crack. I found my way towards his hole and rubbed my face all around the entrance to his hole and shivered. It was so erotic feeling my face, nearly engulfed by his hole. The taste and the smell overwhelmed every fiber of my being. I moved my legs towards his cock and put both of my feet along his shaft and rubbed. The constant friction of my face against his hole, my hands at his taint, and my feet as they rubbed along his cock I could tell he was in pure enjoyment.

“Oh – umm. . .ooo!” David groaned as my body was used as the perfect toy for him, rubbing and touching every inch of his sensitive areas. I could feel the muscles within his thighs begin to tighten as he grew closer to orgasm which only made me want to work hard. The ever constant flow of cum that leaked onto my body made me slip and slide around his private area.

“Are you – are you okay?” The stranger asked, obviously a little uneasy with how erratic he was acting but his moans of lust were all I needed to continue to work. I humped. I wiggled. I rubbed. I did

everything I could think of to create friction. David's legs tensed and jolted as his dick unloaded all around me into his underwear. I could feel the wave of cum flow over my and onto my body as. I felt my arms slip from his taint and into his hole, and my mouth was hungrily swallowing any and all cum and sweat that came close to my mouth. I wanted it all. I wanted to be his plaything, and couldn't think of a better way to live my life.

His hole continued to pull me deeper and further into him, as his cock bounced within his underwear while it unloaded around me. It felt like a waterfall of cum around me that only continued to pool around my body. I began to scream when I felt half of my body was swallowed by his asshole. Every time that it gaped open it swallowed that much more of me. I shouted my boyfriend's name but he could not hear me. Too preoccupied with the feeling of ecstasy as well as the perspectively attractive man in front of him. It was then that more memories filled my head. This was not the first time that I was nearly swallowed or for that matter; fully swallowed by his asshole.

Memories of hours that I spent trapped within his asshole, acting as if I were some sort of living vibrator. Sometimes even nights were he would spend it with another man; I would be buried within his asshole, trapped as my body slid around his prostate. Some nights I would enjoy it, others it would be a living hell. Trapped, unable to be free or return to my normal size until my boyfriend would set me free. Those memories, saddled with my partially engulfed body was more for than enough for me to pull the ejector cord on this dream. With what movement I had left in my hands I rubbed my fingers along the inside of his hole, writing the sixes and a circle, as my entire body was sucked into his hole as if by some unseen vacuum. But luckily I felt the same weightlessness that came with ending a wish and the darkness was the lack of light from my boyfriend's hole but from falling back into the true reality.

Be more ladylike

The darkness was quickly replaced with blinding lights, several blinding, flashing lights banished the darkness from my vision. Within the nearly blinding lights a shadowed hand stretched out to reach me. Invitingly, I took the hand and felt it wrap tightly within my fingers and pulled me into the light. The stranger's hand was warm and inviting and I felt it lift me from the darkness where I sat and into the light.

"Over here! Over here!" Voices shouted as flashes of light filled my vision until it became spotty. The hand clasped tightly, putting their fingers into my own. I looked at the hand and felt a warmth flow through my body like my hand was being held towards fire. It was hot, but not uncomfortable. I followed the arm up, and saw someone who I should have expected but was still surprised.

"Holy Satan!"

"Shhhh," he said, placing his fingers to his lips as he waved towards a shouting person. I looked to our surrounding area and saw a long red carpet that was held a dozen or so people. Each of them more stunningly dressed than the next. Crowds of people shouted and waved from the opposite side of a velvet rope. Cameras, phones, video cameras; all sorts of electronics were focus on the people that stood around me as well as myself. I looked at Lucifer and saw his toned body was dressed in a tailored black suit. It was form fitted and clung to all the right areas; his biceps, his thighs, and his robust buttocks. I could feel a slight amount of drool form in my mouth the longer I stared. I noticed that my clothes were also replaced with a smilier suit but instead of black, mine was a dark charcoal.

"Smile," he whispered towards me as he turned my body and faced me towards a long row of cameras.

Awkwardly, I smiled as repeated flashes which came from different people and cameras. People shouted questions accusations towards the two of us as Lucifer held me tightly towards him, like a couple would hold one another. He tilted himself slightly, pivoting towards other cameras and moved me as well until someone in my periphery motioned for us to keep walking. Which we did, quiet quickly I might add.

"Where are we?" I asked Lucifer, leaning into him. He waved at another person, this time it was someone who I recognized. "Is that Gwyneth Paltrow?!" I said, partially shrinking as Lucifer placed his

hand on my lower back and pushed me passed another group of celebrities, all of them I recognized from television or a recent movie.

“We are old friends,” Lucifer said, giving a wide toothy grin. Was about to ask more questions about why he would know her, or about their exact relationship but he spoke before I was able to ask. “Most celebrities end up calling my name once or twice in their career.”

“So she gave you her soul?” I asked, as he walked me into a monstrous ballroom filled to the brim with people who posed opulence and money. I felt like I stuck out like a slut thumb, which caused me to fall in closer into Lucifer like a scared, poor, puppy.

“I don’t always take the soul, just when the cost calls for it. For you, seven wishes for one soul was a steal. For her, just a little word of mouth to some, less than lucky starlet who would give ANYTHING to be famous. So she is one of the few that scratches my back when I scratch theirs; it’s a nice give an take. Calling on the devil isn’t as popular as it used to be,” he joked as he walked me over to a table. It was gorgeous, set with heavy well-cooked food as well as my name at one of the chairs.

“Is this for me?” I asked, feeling stupid at the question.

“Well I don’t see anyone else names Thomas?” He asked as he pulled out the chair for me, and sat down beside me. He laid the napkin on his lap and held possibly the shiniest butter knife I had ever seen. “So tell me about the last wish. I’m dying to know,” he said eagerly as he took a bite of an extra bloody piece of steak.

So I told him about the last wish, and peppered in some of what happen with the last few wishes as well, unsure of what he knew and wha the didn’t. He laughed at some parts, gasped at others, and asked several questions. By the end of my story we had eaten two plates, a whole basket of bread, and moved onto desert.

“So have you had any thought on what you would want next? Not wanting to rush you, but I do want to make the rounds before the evening gets too late.” The corners of my mouth turned downward, I had forgotten completely about the wishes and was just lost in the moment. It actually felt like we were on a date, but I had forgotten that this was a business transaction. This was somewhat the feeling that I wanted. This feeling of being wanted, being treated properly. It was what was missing from the other wishes, there was just lust and no affection.

“I wish I was treated more like this,” I said, motioning around me.

“Elaborate,” he said as he napped the corners of his lips.

“Like you have this whole evening. You held me close, you pulled out my chair, you listened to me. You treated me like a -,”

“Lady?” Lucifer asked, as his eyes tilted and took on the mischievous look I had come to expect from him.

“Yeah!” I shouted, not realizing what he was insinuating. “I wish I had a man to take care of me and treat me like a proper lady!” Lucifer smiled and took a tall glass of water that sat nearby unattended. He ran his fingers over the rim, causing the glass to sing a eerie high-pitched cry. I watched as the crystal clear water took on a deeper shade until it was dark like wine. “Drink,” he said shortly as he slid the glass over to me.

“What no snap of your fingers or wave of your hands?” I asked as I brought the glass to my lips. He shrugged his shoulders.

“Sometimes I like a little razzle dazzle. Now stop talking and down the shit. Your Prince Charming awaiting,” Lucifer teased. I held the drink, and brought it to my lips.

“I think I may have already found him,” I said, pausing before I downed the entire glass. I had hoped he didn’t hear me as I tumbled backward out of my chair. Though, I did not hit the floor and I continued to fall down the rabbit hole into whatever reality my wish formed around me. I stared up at Lucifer as he waved goodbye to me as I tumbled further downward until I landed on the ground in whatever new world settled around me.

Unlike my first wish where I had woken up in some random bed, this time it was like I was gently lowered from the ceiling into the softest pile of blankets and bedding. The goose feathers cradled me and buried me in the large blankets and plush pillows. I felt my body grow uneven as I attempted to roll to the edge of the bed. My usual thin, lithe body seemed off balance in a way. I fell to the floor and instead of cold tile I was surprised by the warmth of the ceramic floors.

“Ooo,” I cooed, taking note in my higher more feminine voice. “Hello?” I asked and then coughed. “Hello. Hello. Hello, my name is Tommy.” It was like I was testing a microphone, repeatedly trying words that seemed off. My voice was absolutely higher pitched, and my mouth seemed weirdly larger than normal. I pulled myself off the bed and immediately bent forward, feeling something heavy weigh me down. I looked down and was accosted by two large mounts covered by a loose fitting tanktop. They were round and heavy, and when I touched them I could do two things. One, that these were obviously fake and not made from time spent in the gym. Two, these were not pecs. I hurried towards the open bathroom door, peeling away the clothes that covered my body knowing that with every wish came changes. I felt other areas of my body undulate and bounce as I furiously undressed myself. And with a flip of the bathroom light I was greeted by the new and “improved” Tommy.

“Wow,” was all I could say when I saw my reflection. Lucifer took the word lady to heart when he gave that as an example. MY face was even and smooth, not a single hair covered my face. Two thin blonde eyebrows arched over my overly done eyelashes. My usual dark hair had also gone blonde and curly. My face looked plastic it was sore poreless, and when I attempted to emote I realized the smoothness was the result of Botox. Lots and lots of Botox. I found the difficulty and weirdness with talking wasn't from the Botox but from the filler that inflated my lips. Two large plump lips protruded from my lips, both were covered in a thick layer of gloss that only enhanced the fakeness of my lips. And the changes did not stop there.

My torso was completely reformed. My chest expanded and widened in all directions. I took both of the implants in hand and lifted them both and dropped. They both only fell slightly which told me they were new, or just too large to fall any further. Even though I had never seen a pair in real life, I knew these were not pectorals. These were 100% tits. My nipples were stretched nearly to the size of silver dollars and the nub was like a pencil eraser. I touched both of them and felt my body come alive with pleasure. My nipples grew longer and harder the more I touched and explored my changed body.

Further down my waist seemed smaller and closer together, like I could almost wrap my hands around my waist and touch. Two long sides of a thong rode high on my hips, and nearly flat on my crotch. I turned to the side and noticed how truly flat the front of my underwear seemed and how large my ass and hips were shaped. If the Kardashians had a long lost “sister” it would be me right now. My ass was rounded and fatty to the point where it was anything but manly. Along with the nearly nonexistent crotch from the bottom down I looked like a woman. I touched my hips and squeezed my cheeks, feeling no muscle and no firmness. I turned completely around and looked over my shoulder and jiggled my cheeks from side to side and watched as they moved and bounced like a true feminine bottom. I looked back to the front and took a deep breath of confidence and opened the pouch.

“Holy Lucifer on the cross,” I gasped as I stared at the micro cock and marble sized balls that were my privates. I completely dropped the thong to the floor, with some difficulty when I needed to pull it from between my cheeks and gawked at the changes. I touched my tiny cock, which seemed more like a clit than a proper dick, and felt nothing. No pleasure as my hand lifted and tugged at my micro-dick. My balls seemed empty even though I knew they held my marble sized testicles. As I looked I had a thought, I squeezed both of my nipples at the same time and felt the same enjoyment I felt the first time and I looked down and saw my dick begin to leak. I touched my cock with one of my hands and found that it did not grow harder or thicker while it leaked. It just sat there between my oversized hips, leaking like a useless appendage. I wondered, why would anyone want someone that looked like this?

As if on cue I heard a deep growl of approval as an older more mature man stalked into the bathroom, pulling his tie undone.

“Well hello to you too honey,” he said as he untucked his shirt and dropped his pants and underwear to the floor. His thick long cock bounced free and pointed directly at me as if it were a homing missile. “Love coming home to cakes for dinner.” He nuzzled his scruffy face into my soft smooth neck while he kissed and bit the soft skin. His cock was already positioned between my cheeks, wedged deep between them like a hotdog between a bun. He rubbed his cock up and down the deep chasm of my crack as his hands moved towards my tits.

“Oh fuck baby, not too hard first,” I groaned as he flicked and pulled on my nipples, teasing me with the potential roughness that my nipples already begged to receive. He kissed across my thin shoulders as he moved from side to side. I rolled my head back towards him, enjoying everything that he was doing to me. He pulled away his face and lined his cock up with my cock. Then without any further warning he pushed his cock into me, sinking the hole deep until his pubic hair pressed against my prestige cheeks.

“Shit! How are you still so tight!” He groaned as he already began to pick up pace while he fucked me. I arched my back and pushed out my ass, letting him pound my fattened ass with every ounce of his raw passion. I felt my ass and tits bounce in response with every thrust. I did nothing to pleasure my own cock due to the overwhelming amount of pleasure that radiated from my hole. He took my thin waist in his hands and plowed me, which I bounced back to meet his thrusts as his thrusts became longer and harder whenever his crotch met my own.

“You like that bitch? You like my big daddy cock?” He teased as his cock grew harder in my hole. I nodded eagerly as I bit my bottom, plump lip. “You want this load? You want a real man’s load in pussy baby bill?”

“YES!” I squealed as his cock grew rigid and unloaded in my hole. I milked his cock with my insides, pulling all his cum until his cock fell free completely spent while I collapsed onto my bathroom counter.

My head swirled with lust and relief as I propped myself up on the counter and looked at the man, my supposed boyfriend, as he walked away from me as if he had no care. I could still feel his cum as it trickled down my leg onto the floor. I clenched my hole but it was too stretched to hold his load within me. I chewed on my plump bottom lip as he pulled back on his suit jacket and changed out his tie.

“Where are you going?” I asked, confused about his actions. I racked my mind, trying to find an answer for this behavior. But it was like looking through my memories while it was covered in fog. I

could see the memories; nights of our fucking, presents from him with diamond watches and expensive underwear, late night dinners, and trips out of the city. The harder I looked the more I realized what I truly was to this man. I wasn't his lover, I was his whore. At the realization of my new identity it was like I was hit by a ton of bricks.

The night I met the man. The expansive suit and the shiny shoes. I lured him in like a spider lured in a fly. He took the bait, or was it I who took his? He showered me with gifts for the first few weeks, but with the gifts came requirements. I looked at my reflections. The lips gave me a week in the Bahamas. The ass, a brand new car with a driver included. My shrunken cock was one of the longest treatments, but with every inch I lost he gave me ten grand. So I did everything within my power to squirrel away the money, but it was always wasted due to my fear of him finding another. My won vanity and fear of losing Alan, his name was Alan, caused me to waste every "present" that he gave me. The watches, the underwear, the clothes; I sold myself to afford sexier clothes, cuter clothes, fancier clothes so he always enjoyed the way I looked. The money was spent on future augmentations.

When he could comment on my how big my ass looked that day, or that lips felt extra plump; that would be thanks to the four thousand dollars I blew just earlier that day so I could get that one complement from him. So I could get just one extra pat on my ass or squeeze of my tits. It was all for him. I was a living sex doll at his pleasure. What would life even be like if he left me? Would I be able to even find a real job looking like that? What office would want a siliconed himbo sitting at their front desk.

I stared at my tits and my extra wide hips. Just looking at myself was enough to make my dicklet excited. His addicted had spread to me. The want to be bigger. The need to be manipulated. I hated the images that came to my mind and the ideas.

I could spend the money made today on some nipple suckers. He loved the way my nipples looked when they were large and swollen. Maybe I could get some silicone implants under them to make them erect permanently.

Would Alan like it if my pussy always gaped? He loved it when he knew I was ready. Was their a way to make it like that always?

Could my ass be wider? Could my tits be heavier?

So many thoughts flooded my head the more I looked at myself, and every thought was more twisted than the last. And what scared me most was that I liked it. I like the ideas I had and my cock twitched with every dark manipulative thought. I had already planned out the rest of the day when Alan

left, but my train of thought was broken when he tweaked one of my nipples. The sharp and unexpected pleasure drew me from

“I will be with my wife the rest of the week. Tuesday? Same time sound good to you babe?” He asked as he brushed his hair back into place and leaned over for a peek on my cheek. I knew the answer even before my lips knew what to say. I pushed two fingers into my butthole and pulled out a smear of cum. I wrote the three sixes on the mirror and as my finger finished the circle I gave him a simple.

“Pass.” His shocked look was the last thing I saw as the darkness swam around me and swallowed me back to reality.

Another wish gone. Another wish twisted. Another erotic, yet terrifying world.

All Tied Up

I would have said I was surprised to see the Devil staying at me from across the table when I came through the darkness, but being surprised repeatedly began to lose its effects.

“Coffee,” I grumbled as I pulled my chair closer to the table. I looked at the spread and took note at the waffles, the pancakes, the freshly squeezed juices, and the piles of meats. I silently stabbed into some waffles, scooped out some eggs and bacon, and began to eat. The Devil snapped his fingers and a man appeared. Quite literally in fact. The man came from a shadowy corner, poured the coffee, and slunk back to the corner. I squinted my eyes, and could not see anyone in the corner. But I pushed my inquiries aside and took a sip of the coffee I gasped.

“Fuck that’s good!” I took another, much heavier sip and let out a breath of relaxation.

“Good?” The Devil laughed as he bit a sip of his own beverage.

“Shut up,” I said, blushing at his outward joke at my expense. “Can you pass the juice?” I asked.

“Yes sir,” he said with a wink. “So how’d it go?” I gave him a quick rundown on possibly the shortest wish in between bites of food. The man. The implants. The nearly microscopic dick. He made quips throughout the story but I threw them right back at him which made him grin his malicious grin. The story was nearly finished right in time with the food.

“Ugh,” I groaned as I rubbed my belly. I remembered one of my earlier dreams and thought of the fat pig I had become and my dick jolted slightly by the memory. The feeling was new to my true reality, but it wasn’t truly unwelcome.

Did my wishes somehow affect my REAL life?

“Did you have fun at least?”

I chewed on his question for a bit while I also chewed on my last bit of toast. I shrugged my shoulders and decided to be truthful.

“Sexually I have enjoyed all of them. Even the worst of it all. They have been fun in some sort of way, shape, or form. The guys have been hot. But that’s not what I have been looking to have. What I want is to be loved. I want someone who is just obsessed with me the way I am.” I knew, after saying it that was the wish that I needed to make, and The Devil knew it too.

“Are you going to wish for it, or are we just going to sit here and drink coffee all day? Not that this isn’t enjoyable but I do have an underworld to run,” he stuck out his tongue and it was forked like a snake.

What would that feel like against me – no, focus.

“I wish I had someone who was obsessed with me, with just the way I am right now. Nothing different. Just in love with me.” I squeezed my eyes waiting for the familiar feeling of falling, but it never came.

“What are you doing?” He asked as he snapped his fingers and the same shadowy servant came to clear the table.

“I’m waiting for the wish to – I don’t know, activate.”

“No supernatural powers needed this time. You want him to like you, and be obsessed with you as you so clearly stated. I didn’t need to change you in this world, just change him.” I opened my mouth to ask what he meant by that but he began to talk once more. “Now if you will excuse me. I need to get changed for the day.” With a wave of his hands, his robes disappeared with a swirl of smoke and his bare tan chest was revealed. His silky pajama bottoms hung low on his flat stomach. I wondered, what kind of package was Satan keeping hidden underneath his shorts? Better yet was he a boxers or a briefs kind of guy. He turned away and walked towards the back of his expansive apartment.

“Neither!” He shouted as he walked towards a large black door at the end of the hallway.

“What?” I asked as he opened a door and a blast of heat and fire flooded the door.

“I prefer to sleep naked.” He dropped his pajamas to the floor which showed off his pert tanned ass cheeks. Even at that distance, I could tell his ass was perfect, much like the rest of his body. My cock throbbed at the sight of his cheeks, and all I wanted to do was to feast on his cheeks. “Have fun today, and remember to be safe.”

Those were his last words as he entered the flame-filled room. I wasn’t sure exactly where I was, but my belongings were neatly folded on the counter along, along with a note on how to get home. For King of Hell, he did seem to have a soft spot. I exited the apartment and walked out into the open air. I breathed in the fresh breeze and smiled as I felt the sun beat down on my skin. That serene, nearly picturesque moment was quickly destroyed when I felt a rag placed against my face and darkness swarm my vision as I fought back. My limbs grew weak and my eyes grew heavy and I collapsed.