

**SEXY FANTASY
PUBLISHING PRESENTS**

Cups Runneth Over

**An Erotic Transformation
Collaboration created and
edited by Dan Standing**



Cups Runneth Over

Created and Collaborated on by
Dan Standing

Collaborated with
Venus McNaughty

Original art by
A+A

Patreon Edition

Based on and expanded from an illustration found in the Patreon version of Dan Standing's story
[Rebound](#)

Published by
Sexy Fantasy Publishing

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Concept

This story is an experimental collaboration with Venus McNaughty. I pitched the original idea based on an image from a previous story called *Rebound*. When this was started it was meant to just be a quick scenario, a little 500 word experiment.

It blew up into a 5,000 word project.

So I provided the idea, Venus wrote the story, and then I went in and added my own additional spin and material to it. What you're going to read first is the final product, the ultimate combination of her work and my transformation inclinations.

Following that you'll get to read the original pitch, and each version as it was sent to me for approval. You essentially get 2.5 stories, as things changed quite a bit between certain versions.

Anyway, I had a blast doing this and I hope you enjoy this experiment!

~ds

Cups Runneth Over

Exhausted, exhilarated, and sweaty from their intense session of lovemaking Clea looked over at her wife, Nancy. She loved the way Nancy's slim body had the shape and proportions of a super model. Kate Moss would scratch Nancy's eyes out for her gentle curves and perfectly flat abs. Nancy had much to be vain about, but Clea was always impressed with her down-home country values and the way that contrasted with her naughty, sexy mind.

Clea, just as exhausted, exhilarated, and sweaty as her wife, leaned over to gently kiss Nancy, rubbing her own lips against the thinner lips of her partner before deftly delving her warm tongue inside her mouth. There was a deep bonding feeling to their kisses after sex. It was if they had given all they could to pleasure their partner and only the sweetness of their lips remained to express their gratitude for the pleasure they received in exchange.

"What do you think about going to check out the new lingerie store that just opened on Vixen Street? I think it is called Provocateur," Clea asked, letting her eyes roam over her partner's bare neck, breasts, and belly, then they settled on where an errant shock of blonde hair curved around, embracing one of Nancy's small pink nipples.

Clea was mentally picturing her educated, upper middle class wife in a tiny French Maid's outfit and her cleft began throbbing at the concept. Nancy would never be anyone's servant, other than in role play. Her bold and brassy personality was too high-energy to ever pull off 'demure' or 'servant' but it was Clea's favorite fantasy. That and convincing her to get her small boobs enhanced a bit.

"Sure, but I get to pick out your outfit...and YOU get to pick out mine. Nothing too binding. That last thing you bought me was like a bunch of well-placed ropes with a crotch patch. It didn't last too long because you cut it off me. And if you hadn't, I wouldn't have been able to get out of it," Nancy complained.

"Deal! You pick for me and I pick for you. Something risqué, sexy, and will last longer than a second...for all practical purposes, it might need to last at least two sessions for us," Clea said, laughing. Their lingerie habits were a bit spotty, but they were pretty committed to fulfilling each other's hottest fantasies and keeping things interesting in and out of the bedroom.

Since they were going to a sex store anyway, with no stops between the house and there, Clea put on a super-duper tight pair of shredded jean-shorts that barely covered her bush and a tight green tank top that made her cantaloupe-sized breasts peek out of both sides and stretch dangerously tight in the middle. Clea's nipples, constantly hard whenever Nancy was present, jutted out against the fabric.

Clea knew that her boobs made Nancy crazy, especially when she wore something really tight, like today. This shirt was good for a very sexy, high tension flirting session for the rest of the day, then a very energetic sucking and licking session tonight.

Nancy chose more sedate clothes, a long sleeve white shirt, no bra, buttoned only to mid chest, so that Clea's eyes would play peek-a-boo to see a little nipple peek out every once and a while. She finished off her outfit with a straight black skirt, which emphasized her heart-shaped ass, and tall strappy high heels to complete the look. Her blonde wavy hair hanging behind her

made an impressive sight. She wore her hair down and loose, because that's the way Clea preferred her hair, so she could wrap it around her arm in mock domination.

They were soon on their way, arms interlocked and long legs taking sexy steps in unison. They were indeed a traffic stopping sight.

As they approached the lingerie store the neon sign buzzed, *Provocateur Lingerie* casting a glow of pink over the door. Stepping into the store's modern interior was like being drawn into a vault of lovely, classy, happiness-provoking sights and sounds. All the merchandise almost begged to be touched, as it was showcased in such a beautiful configuration on racks and shelves. The women drifted inside the store propelled by their sudden want of almost everything.

"Good afternoon, ladies. Can I get you a glass of champagne?" asked a beautiful busty lady in a green dragon-scale mini-dress that was so short that it showed off a generous amount of her long, lovely legs with each step. The woman gave them a flirty wink as the two women body-checked her simultaneously. Her name tag read *Bridgette* they noticed, as she stood demurely awaiting their answer and enjoying their lusty looks.

Nancy put her hand on Clea's arm, pulling Clea toward her body and up against her, in mock possessiveness. They took a couple steps in unison toward the lovely woman, considering her offer.

"Certainly," Nancy said, acting as if this kind of first-class treatment happened to them every day. She eyed Clea and gave her THE look, her specialty, the jaunty head tilt with the saucy wink. It usually made Clea giggle...and if the mood was right, it made her pants a little wet.

The look was not wasted on Clea, because she giggled and then had to slightly adjust her labia inside her cleft-splitting short shorts, because they were getting a bit sticky. Bridgette's subservient act was also a turn on for Clea, and she wondered what the young woman would look like in the maid outfit she'd fantasized onto Nancy earlier – especially when Bridgette turned around and Clea watched her scale-clad ass wiggle back and forth away from the couple, the dress allowing for the under-curve of her cheeks to peak out.

Nancy smiled and tugged her gawking wife along with her. The couple was looking for intimate clothes not intimate company – although that *was* a bedroom pleasure they'd brought home in the past. They began looking around the shop, eyeing the merchandise, comparing prices, and trying to put on their most debonair act. Their nonplussed feeling at the unexpected informal atmosphere was submerged below their excitement for the moment.

After a few minutes Bridgette returned - this time in a French Maid's uniform with a tray holding two filled flutes. Nancy and Clea were engrossed in their own private flirty world and Bridgette quietly cleared her throat.

As Nancy and Clea turned to Bridgette they gasped in unison.

"Oh, aren't you scrumptious!" Nancy exclaimed, while Clea walked to her slowly, circling Bridgette and going toward Nancy, never taking her eyes off of the shop girl, enjoying the sight of this lovely woman in a perfectly tailored maid's outfit, serving them champagne. It was, impossibly, exactly what Clea had envisioned on the young woman.

Nancy noticed Clea's fascination, giving Bridgette a wry smile. She had no idea the full reason for Clea's bright-eyed enrapture, chocking it up to their usual games.

Finally shaking the fascination from her head Clea stepped aside and she and Nancy clinked their glasses together, saying their favorite toast at the same time, “Salud, Dinero, Amor, Y Sexo!”

Health, Money, Love and Sex!

They laughed and smiled as they said it because they already had all of those blessings, but it never hurt to have MORE – a fortunate thing for them to believe.

With the potent and bubbly champagne still sweet on their tongues, they turned again to look at the merchandise, browsing the lingerie, looking over at each other to giggle.

“Sweetie, this one would look fabulous on you! You have to try it on!” Clea squealed excitedly.

“Only if you try THIS one on,” Nancy replied, holding up a little green spandex nightie that just melted under her fingertips. She knew it would be amazing on her partner’s body, and awesome fun to lift up so as to lick Clea’s luscious over-ripe boobs.

Although she’d never admit it out loud she envied Clea’s outstanding profile, with her bubble-ass being balanced in the back by her voluptuous boobs in the front. She would love to have boobs like that – but there was no way Nancy was going through surgery to get them, a thought tinged of sadness.

They picked up their respective outfits, making their way to the glass blocked dressing room. The light glinted in and out of the perfect cubes, playing with the reflection and refraction to their sight. They could see the blocks, but not see through them, yet a luminescent light shined out of the blocks from the other direction.

They entered the dressing room to discover that it was much larger than it had appeared from the outside. The room set the ambiance of comfort and elegance. It was a place a woman wanted to be naked in. It was as if the room itself liked to see women undress and parade around nude for its own pleasure.

There was a beautiful ancient looking stone fountain on one wall, its water slowly trickling down to pool in the basin, which had a figurine prominently placed, wading in the water.

On the opposite side of the room there was a large cream ultra-soft couch with over-stuffed cushions, which was located opposite a large bank of strategically placed mirrors.

Testing the configuration of the mirrors Clea stepped in front of them to be able to see herself from all angles. She stood, squatted, and turned, to see parts of herself she rarely if ever saw.

“Forget it. I am never going home. I live here now...” Clea said decisively, “With the woman in the French Maid’s uniform serving me champagne and then these amazingly placed mirrors...” she said with a great satisfied sigh, “My law firm is going to have to set up offices inside here. I don’t think I can ever leave,” she said giggling, “Watch! I can sit on the couch and see right into my crotch at three different angles. I could masturbate while watching myself in panoramic views!” Clea laughed excitedly.

Nancy looked sideways, a wry grin on her face, because that behavior was expected from her wily woman. She then walked across the room to stand in front of the lovely fountain. She placed her hand on the silhouette of the beautiful woman’s figurine that was carved into the

water basin, caressing the figurine's breasts gently with a swipe of her finger back and forth a couple times, enjoying their bumpy, hard texture under her sensitive digit.

Nancy read the placard aloud, "YOUR GENEROSITY WILL BE RICHLY REWARDED." She noticed there were three coins in the water of the fountain, all pennies. Then she reached around into her large purse, past all her bigger stuff and into the crazy muddle of change that always sifted to the bottom. She scooped up and deposited a tight handful of coins into the basin surrounding the ceramic figurine, three though not by intent, making the water glitter with copper and silver coins of varying denominations.

"Well, take that, if you will. I wanted to get rid of those coins and you gave me the best excuse," Nancy said, her voice light and teasing. She turned back toward the couch, to watch Clea preen in front of the mirrors, showing off her sexy body and big, bounteous boobs. Nancy's panties became delightfully sticky at the sight of her woman basking in her own confident beauty.

Suddenly, they both heard a noise, like a sputter, coming from the fountain area. They turned around in unison to see the most beautiful woman they had ever laid eyes on appear out of thin air in front of the burbling fountain. From her long black hair, which fell down her bare back in a silky curtain to her blue sandals, she was nothing short of gorgeous. Her skin was a light chocolate brown, which was contrasted by the most luscious aqua-marine bikini dress that stretched across her ample curves, with her erect nipples poking out prominently.

The dark-skinned lady smiled. It was a smile that emphasized her mysterious beauty, high cheek bones, and pearly white teeth.

Neither noticed, nor had reason to care, that the tiny stone figure was no longer bathing in the fountain.

"I am Serendipity, your Genie, captive of this fountain. You will receive three wishes for your generosity," she said demurely, looking down to her feet in subservience. "Although please know that I cannot alter anything beyond the confines of this room." Then she slowly looked up and executed a sly wink aimed directly at Nancy, letting her know that she had felt the caress to the fountain figurine.

"Wha---t?" Clea said, eyeing the bronzed beauty whose splendor barely outmatched her own.

Nancy recovered her powers of speech, "Are you serious?" she said hesitantly. Serendipity nodded in part with a bow, her generous breasts shifting, her nipples dragging across the fabric. "Yes, three wishes."

She was surrounded by four bouncing succulent breasts, her pussy getting wetter and wetter, and Nancy couldn't help herself.

"Then, I wish I could have perfect boobs the same size as my wife's," she exclaimed impulsively, indicating the direction of Clea.

"Your wish is my command," Serendipity replied, bowing her head in submission to Nancy, waving her hand at the eager woman in a grand swoosh.

Suddenly, Nancy's body began changing, her breasts growing little by little as intense rapturous feelings of pure pleasure brought her to her knees. Her skin stretched and pulled as her boobs grew, sending lightning-like electric feelings shooting to her clit.

Nancy writhed and moaned in orgasmic delight, ripping off her shirt when it dared push back against her fantasy. By the time her boobs were the size of Clea's breasts she was almost in a puddle on the floor, touching herself with one hand on her breast and the other up her tight black skirt to focus on her clit. The sensations were rocking her body in wave after wave of pleasure and orgasm over and over.

Clea was at first concerned for her mate, then she saw Nancy's familiar orgasmic profile, realizing that she was in pleasure, not pain. She watched as Nancy's chest grew, slowly, a cup size every several seconds, each stage sending more and more pleasure to her partner, making her moan, squirm, and call out in ecstasy. Clea was intensely stimulated by her partner's pleasure, so she put a well-manicured finger to the outside of her tight jean shorts pressing there as her cleft began throbbing with arousal. Nancy's experience appeared to be divine, and for the first time in a long time Clea felt a tinge of jealousy.

As Nancy's transformation became complete she rested a moment before she stood up, topless and clad only in her tight black skirt and heels – which were not helping her get a handle on her altered center of gravity. She began running her hands over her very sensitive new boobs, enjoying their bounce and their weight and their wiggle. Despite their size they had practically no slope, and Nancy realized the increased sensitive and impossibly sexy shape must have stemmed for her request for “perfect” boobs.

She giggled, unperturbed by the use of magic to make her most secret fantasy come true. Nancy kept touching her breasts, pushing them together in all kinds of configurations as if testing out a new toy, her thighs squeezing together as she sent more and more pleasure to her pussy.

“See! Clea, now we match!!” Nancy said, her voice excited almost to the point of being shrill.

“What is your second wish, Mistress?” Serendipity asked, casting her eyes downward, but her downturned face was amused by Nancy's conspicuous delight.

Clea now was unable to control herself, and piped up before Nancy could respond, “I want you to double the boobs I have!” she exclaimed.

“Her generosity, her wish,” Serendipity said sternly, looking straight at Clea before turning to Nancy, then her look softened in subservience, “Mistress? Would this be your wish as well or a different wish?” the genie asked demurely. Nancy looked to Clea for some sort of explanation.

“Well, everyone knows I've got twice what you have, we don't want to confuse people, do we?” Clea shook her shirt and give her sexiest smile. Nancy had no choice to laugh – she was curious how that shirt would look if she gave Clea her wish.

“Oh, yes, if that is her wish, please fulfill it,” Nancy said, “I wish you'd give her twice what I have, especially the sensitivity. I want her to be as happy as I am!”

“Your wish is my command,” Serendipity replied, bowing her head in deference to Nancy, waving her hand at Clea in another grand swoosh.

Clea was stunned as she looked down, watching with a smile as her breasts firmed up, a bulge forming at the top of her shirt as the natural slope of her breasts vanished. She eagerly waited for them to start growing.

But Clea was surprised when she felt the area over her ribcage below her breasts growing out. She abruptly sat down on the couch as waves of intense pleasure washed over her, making her orgasm over and over again. Her hands flew to her ribs and met with the nubbiness of new and very stiff nipples. She was exhilarated by the feelings that swept over her, pounding her with electricity, vibration, and stimulation from her new breasts – skin that moments before would have done nothing for her – to her clit.

Clea felt like she was being ravished by a thousand tongues running over her expanding flesh as her new set of boobs stretched, filled, and plumped. Their sensitivity was epic and she succumbed to their insistent command for release, first by throwing off her shirt. She touched her original breasts and her new ones with one hand and started grinding her jean-clad crotch against her other hand, the sensations coming from her breasts making it impossible to ignore the needs of her pussy.

When the transformation was complete and the overwhelming pleasure sensations of transformation subsided, Clea looked down, her chest filled with four cantaloupe sized boobs. She couldn't believe her eyes. She blinked to clear her vision, sure that what she was seeing wasn't real.

“Wha---when I said twice the boobs I didn't want four boobs! I wanted them twice as big,” Clea said, exasperated.

“I am sorry, I misunderstood...” Serendipity replied, “I can't undo any previous wishes. I would love to, but it is not possible,” Serendipity said, her gaze downcast in shame.

Clea turned towards Nancy, who stared as Clea's many boobs swung from her ribs. She pulled her gaze up to Clea's eyes, which betrayed that the rubbing of her new tits felt quite good.

“Well,” said Nancy, looking for the silver lining, “...it never hurt to have MORE.”

Clea laughed, sending all four breasts jiggling and jostling against each other. She couldn't deny that they felt exquisite, a kind of pleasure Clea didn't think possible, and the long moan betrayed her satisfaction. She opened her eyes and saw Nancy over her. She helped her double-busted wife stand, and Nancy and Clea embraced.

As their new tits pressed and intermingled with each other the magically enhanced sensitivity created a renewed interest in the women's improved figures. They touched each other's breasts, shooting more pleasure to their respective clits each time. The pleasure prompted them to eagerly shed the last of their clothing so they could fully feast their eyes upon the complete vision of their mate's body with their new breasts – and their own in the reflection of the mirrors.

The first time that Clea's mouth licked Nancy's inflated breast she cried out in intense orgasm, arching her back, making her prostrate with pleasure. Each lick, each touch, each sensation was unlike anything they had ever felt before. It was like using a vibrator, hot oil massage, warmed stone massage, and hours of concentrated lovemaking in each micro-second of touch.

If Nancy nearly melted into orgasm with each caress, Clea most certainly did. And it was hard to not caress one of her many breasts, and Nancy was all too eager to experiment with the unique fun of trying to play with all four nipples at once whilst her face was battered from all side by breast flesh.

“Oh, I will definitely enjoy these, then....” Clea said, looking down at her breasts, “Every time you touch me, I want to pour down into a puddle of pleasure. Four times the pleasure, if I am not mistaken,” Clea said, arching her eyebrow and winking directly at Serendipity, letting her know she was forgiven for the egregious mistake.



Nancy and Clea began writhing all over one another, licking here, sucking there, and eagerly doing everything at once. Because everything felt so incredible with each touch, they were in orgasm and recovery cycles simultaneously, completely forgetting their audience.

“What is your third wish, Mistress?” Serendipity finally asked, her voice tight with sexual tension and arousal as she watched these two beautiful, loving women. Her voice was elevated at the end of the sentence, heavy with a tinge of envy toward their relationship.

Nancy looked up from sucking one of Clea’s new breasts, her mouth only a centimeter from Clea’s bottom-most right nipple, its sensitive skin barely brushing her face as she turned her head.

“I wish to free you from the bondage of the fountain and granting wishes on command. You will be able to grant wishes only of your own choice and to determine your own destiny. That is my fondest wish,” Nancy said, her eyes doing a body sweep of Serendipity. The beautiful genie stood there in an ancient slave’s garb with a diamond collar that led to an aqua-marine bikini top, down to a long skirt that was slit up to the top of the hip in a very provocative way. She was a beautiful slave, but a slave never-the-less.

“Your wish is my command,” Serendipity replied, bowing her head in obedience to Nancy, waving her hand at herself in a grand swoosh.

The thick diamond collar around Serendipity’s neck broke apart into thousands of individual gemstones, scattering on the floor in a brilliant glittering mess. She was freed from its bondage both physically and emotionally. Serendipity looked at Nancy and Clea confidently for the first time.

“Thank you for my freedom, Mistress,” Serendipity replied, with tears rolling down her lovely face, “I have been a slave for a thousand years,” she stated in despair.

Nancy and Clea both rose from the couch to go over and comfort the devastated woman. Serendipity leaned her head on Clea’s shoulder, sobbing softly. Nancy and Clea began rubbing Serendipity’s back, holding her up against their bodies, trying to comfort her through this crisis. They tried to remain their composure even though Serendipity’s scarves were caressing all six of the nipples surrounding her.

Within a couple minutes Serendipity slowed her sobbing and lowered her arm from her face to put her hand on Clea’s shoulder. Her inner elbow accidently caressed one of Clea’s bottom boobs on the nipple, and Clea could no longer control herself and started to collapse in convulsions of orgasm. The other two women reacted quickly, helping to hold her up during the spasms as her legs grew weak.

When Clea recovered from the orgasm, she looked into Serendipity’s eyes, “I guess I am a little over-sensitive.” she said with a hearty guffaw, laughing off her new quirk.

“I think that, in the spirit of *quality control*, I should feel and inspect each of your breasts just to make sure I did a good job. Don’t you agree?” Serendipity asked with a lusty wink.

Clea and Nancy both agreed, shaking their heads ‘yes’ without hesitation, looking toward the exotic, beautiful woman with desire that was already betrayed by their dripping pussies.

“I only wish we had a grander and more spacious place to enjoy ourselves,” Nancy sighed.

“Your wish is my command!”

Serendipity waved her hand in her familiar swoosh, making an extra-large bed appear, with ceiling to floor tapestries and dozens of intricate looking pillows of a Persian design. Their whirls and swirls and textures were fascinating and alluring. None of the additions bocked the revealing mirrors.

“I can now grant whatever wishes I desire. This should make us more comfortable, during the *test*,” Serendipity said, mocking her own words as she led the two other women to the side of the bed.

“You are now my guests. Are there any foods or drinks or toys which would make you feel more comfortable in any way?” Serendipity asked hopefully, “You need only wish it.”

“How about a sexual buffet with large fruits and vegetables with knobby skins and interesting shapes that we can use to pleasure each other? I have always wanted to do that...” Nancy said, almost breathless with excitement, “But make them room temperature, because cold items don’t sound as much fun.”

“I still need it phrased as a wish for me to be able grant it,” Serendipity explained.

“I wish you would grant everything my wife just said,” Clea exclaimed, bouncing in excitement and sending her many tits tumbling against each other once more.

“Your wish...” Serendipity cast her eyes downward, then hesitated, correcting herself and looking up to their eyes, “Umm, sorry, old habit. I would love to provide that for your pleasure, my beautiful friends,” Serendipity said with a confident command in her voice, waving her hand. As she did that, a linen-draped table, with all sorts of delicious looking produce and exotic fruits, appeared at the bedside.

Nancy and Clea began slowly, leisurely undressing Serendipity, their motions in tandem, removing the bikini top, sliding it down her flat belly, then removing the long skirt, until it was a pool at Serendipity’s feet on the floor. The woman who stood before them was stunningly beautiful in her own right on a superficial level, but extra-ordinarily beautiful as her confidence continued to grow. In fact, she was teeth-gnashing jealousy-inducing level of beautiful. Clea was used to being the loveliest creature in any room, but this woman turned her on so much that she forgave her for being her best competition.

Clea was the first to dip her head down to capture one of Serendipity’s abundant breasts in her hot mouth. Nancy followed suit on Serendipity’s other breast. They helped gently lower the moaning bronzed-skinned beauty toward the bed, gently giving her support while stroking their hands on her soft fragrant skin, enjoying the textures as they stroked.

Serendipity was unused to any physical attention or touch, so she pushed her head back into the bed in rapture, prostrate with the sensation called forth from these two women. Nancy and Clea were a perfectly suited sexual team who knew how to make love to a woman in such a way as to leave her weak and dripping with need.

They licked, sucked, teased, pleased, and taunted Serendipity until she was writhing in excitement, out of her mind, almost levitating in the throes of pleasure. They continued to double-team Serendipity, pushing her nerve endings beyond their capacity, then backing off and teasing her with less pressure or sensation, then pushing her into deeper and deeper levels of ravishment.

Serendipity was out of her mind with wave after wave of orgasm as the women rubbed their bodies and multiple breasts up against her in sexy caresses. Nancy kissed Serendipity deeply, fondling her breasts, while Clea kneeled and arranged herself between Serendipity's fragrant thighs as her folds were wet and dripping with desire.

At the first flick and simultaneous sideways brush of Clea's tongue on Serendipity's clit, the room exploded in multi-colored confetti – quite literally.

Nancy laughed, looking around the room and then down at Clea, "You did that thing again, didn't you...?" she said, laughing, and looking around as all the confetti continually danced through the air to the ground.

"Yeah, I did. Although in my defense licking a woman's clit has never made the room explode in confetti, so that's a first," Clea said, with a hearty belly laugh.

Serendipity looked sheepishly from one woman's face to the other, "Sorry! I've never felt like that before, it was like my body was granted its own wish! I could not control it," she said as she moaned and arched her back as Clea began a deeper sexual exploration.

Clea dipped her head, returning her warm mouth to Serendipity's delicious bush. She was flicking her tongue wildly on the woman's clit, then swiping her tongue followed by her nose into the pink lips up to the clit, and plunging her tongue deeply inside the folds.

Clea raised her head, locking eyes with Nancy for a moment to gauge her reaction, then clamped her mouth over Serendipity's clit with an ultra-tight seal and she hummed powerfully. She hummed not just from her throat, but all the way from her toes in a way that was so powerful and resonant that the energy broke loose from time and space, into its own synchronous vibration.

At that moment, short lightning bolts shot from the ceiling in several bursts and began racing around the room, striking objects then bounding off those objects, changing course and going off in another direction with a small popping noise and the lingering smell of buttery popcorn.

Nancy laughed, looking down between Serendipity's breasts toward Clea's surprised face, "You did that other thing again, didn't you...?" she said, smirking. She continued watching as the lightning bounced from place to place several times and fizzled its energy in a puff of magic.

Clea looked directly at Nancy this time, with a little shrug, "I got nothin'," she said in the way of explanation.

Clea bent her head to her task again, but because of where Serendipity had resettled herself after the last orgasm Clea's second set of boobs were in the way of her complete descent. She was having a hard time maneuvering around them to get at Serendipity's lower folds the way she was used to, and she was shuddering uncontrollably as she mashed her extra breasts into the bed.

"Serendipity, these extra boobs are in the way when I try to lay down and lick you as I want to...and you won't want to miss what I am going to do to you next...I wish there was something you could do," Clea stated, curious, without irritation in her voice, and without thinking about how she had worded her request.

Serendipity thought about her statement for a micro-second, and waved her hand in a broad swoosh.

Clea could feel her flesh shifting. She placed one hand on an underboob and felt it contracting, while the other hand felt her upper breasts growing! She looked to one of the mirrors and watched as her second bust shrunk away until all that was left atop her ribs were her second set of nipples. But those were almost entirely obscured by how far down her upper breasts now hung, having taken in all the scrumptious fat of her lower bust.

The whole experience was accompanied by a growing fire betwixt her legs, and as the last of the flesh finished its travels Clea cried out with an intense orgasm.

“I thought you couldn’t undo them?” Clea gasped, trying to sit up while staring down at her two luscious perfect breasts, now twice the size cantaloupes. She rubbed her titanic tits, testing their still enhanced sensitivity, enjoying their engorged but impossibly round shape.

“I still cannot, but your wish allowed me to be creative in a solution for you,” Serendipity smiled, “You still have four breasts, just look at those nipples! But now they magically share their total mass, and the bottom set can be regrown!”

“How do I get the second set back?” Clea asked, curious.

“All you have to do is stimulate those nipples where the second set were and they will pop out just as before, highly sensitized and ready to play,” Serendipity said, blushing, “Your fingers will do the trick, but be careful of future outfits as any stimulation will bring them out, and out they will stay until you cum.”

Nancy looked lovingly at her partner, almost missing the second set of tits but certainly enjoying the look of Clea’s expanded breasts. Her gorgeous figure was still intact and with a little sensual extra, when they wanted it. She was glad her mate was completely happy, but that made her think about what she would want if she could have it.

“Serendipity, you are under no obligation what-so-ever, but could I have my clit become an oversized cock on my command? That would come in very handy when my vibe is out of batteries and Clea is teasing me unmercifully,” Nancy said.

“Sure, point to the vegetable that will be the size of your retractable clit-cock...” Serendipity replied, “And make your wish!”

“Oh, that medium zucchini, Clea, hand her that one,” Nancy said motioning to Clea to hand Serendipity the bumpy zucchini.

Clea leaned over toward the vegetable laden table, careful not to fall over onto it, and scooped up the zucchini as she was bid. Her index and pinky finger swiped something cold and she secretly palmed it into her hand.

“I wish that on command my clit would grow to a big hard cock just as big as that!”

Serendipity waved her hand with a familiar swoosh.

As Clea handed the phallic vegetable to Serendipity, Nancy was caught in the throes of a writhing pleasure-attack. She rolled over on her back as her clit grew, stretched, and pulsed with sensitized warmth. Nancy stroked her hard cock, shivering with intense pleasure. She was almost undone when she touched the ultra-sensitive bulbous tip.

“Oh, I am going to have this grown out all the time while we are at home...and I am going to chase you around the house with it,” Nancy said, pointing her clit-cock toward Clea in

lascivious suggestion, cracking herself up, laughing a great belly laugh and making the cock bounce suggestively.

“It will return to normal after you cum,” Serendipity explained, “And if anything aside from your labia touches your clit it will grow back. You may want to be mindful of thongs or anything that gives you camel toe.”

“Because you’ll get a camel tail!” Clea laughed.

Now, with her chest unburdened from the extra set of breasts, Clea comfortably leaned over Serendipity’s spread thighs to lick her sweet pussy with renewed passion and exuberance, her expanded breasts resting within the Y of Serendipity’s legs quite comfortably.

Nancy moved so that she was positioned directly behind Clea’s crouched form, coaxing her knees apart and mounting behind her. Nancy began to slide her sensitive clit-cock inside her beloved partner, inch by sensitive inch until she was deeply connected to Clea’s feminine center. The first stroke felt so good, she could hardly bear it, Clea’s canal gripping her with titillating tightness. Clea was shuddering with every inch that pushed inside her, thankful for the copious amounts of juices she’d already coated herself with. She wanted grind herself on her wife’s new cock but she had something she wanted to concentrate on first.

Clea’s palm quickly swiped across Serendipity’s mid-section, depositing something there, then caressed up under her bottom and between her ass cheeks, as she simultaneously ground and lapped her mouth on Serendipity’s clit.

Suddenly Serendipity disappeared in a puff of smoke, the room itself shuddered with a burst of lights, and in another moment the genie had returned. Her hair was matted, her skin covered in sweat, her muscles locked and her body prone. She was clearly coming down from the most intense orgasm so far.

“You did that belly-button ice cube thing again, didn’t you...?” Nancy said, looking around at Clea’s face, over her shoulders to her turned head and partially twisted torso. What could she do but laugh and be exasperated at the same time?

“Yeah, but I didn’t know it would...do what, exactly” Clea asked, laughing so hard her tight muscles almost expelled Nancy’s clit-cock from her cleft. Her dancing breasts were enough to make Nancy’s dick harden all the more. “No confetti or lightning bolts this time?”

“Well...not in this dimension...” the genie finally gasped, “You should see...how I left...the Seventh Plane...”

“Are you okay there, Serendipity?” Nancy questioned.

“Yes, I am certainly fine,” Serendipity said, finally sitting up, “But I fear any more attention from the two of you may crack open the universe.”

“What should we do now?” Clea asked, looking back at Nancy, the momentum of the moment was broken and she wasn’t quite sure how this would play out.

“You two enjoy each other...” Serendipity smiled. She leaned forward and quickly flicked each of Clea’s under nipples. The woman gasped, and Clea’s face twisted in pleasure as her second set of tits grew in while her upper set pulled back. She clenched so tightly Nancy almost came inside her from the pressure.

After a moment Clea bent her leg, and with the grace of a ballerina rotated herself around so that Nancy could take her missionary style. It was a vanilla position for the pair – or it would have been had it not allowed each of them to enjoy their new additions.

As she was fucked by her wife's cock Clea licked and massaged Nancy's expanded breasts, losing herself in the smell and softness of them against her face. She'd always loved Nancy's body, but now there was certainly nothing about her wife that wasn't like a goddess. She wrapped her legs around Nancy's ass, pulling her deeper inside.

Nancy was mesmerized by the jiggling sea of breasts beneath her, and was taking every opportunity she could to lick or suck whatever nipple bounced closest to her lips. Her hands gripped the sheets to either side of Clea, Nancy's body fully dedicated to her first phallic fuck. Clea's pussy was so tight, and wet, and warm, she just wanted to be inside of it all the time. She could feel herself building, an intense sensation unlike anything she felt before. She needed release, she needed to feel the pure joy she had inside of her flow into Clea, and in a moment she felt the hot pleasure explode from her loins and rush intensely into Clea's.

To the side of the couple Serendipity watched. She had one hand on a free breast, the other to her free pussy, and she celebrated her overall freedom by watching Nancy fuck Clea before her and from every angle in the many mirrors.

All three of them came together.

EPILOGUE

It was a full ten minutes before anyone was ready to move again. Slowly Clea and Nancy, their magical additions having retracted, gathered themselves up off the bed. The couple stepped forward and helped Serendipity up from the couch. As they did so the room around them shimmered and faded back to the dressing room it had been before.

“So what will you do now?” asked Nancy to Serendipity, as all three gathered up their clothes.

“I would like to see the world,” the genie replied, slipping her blue scarves back on, “My fountain had been moved from place to place all over the world, but I never had the chance to leave and see any of it.”

“Well, you may draw the wrong attention with that outfit, I wish you were always dressed to blend in!” Clea exclaimed. Serendipity smiled and waved at herself, and her outfit transformed into a lacy nightie.

“We *are* in a lingerie store,” Serendipity smiled at a curious Clea.

“Speaking of, we need to buy these!” Nancy laughed, gathering up the items she and Clea had brought in with them, “I'm certain Bridgette must think the worst of us!”

“I assure you she is unable,” Serendipity replied, “And if you asked her to give them to you for free she would.”

“What makes you say that?” asked Clea, but Nancy already knew.

“Those three pennies in your fountain, Bridgette already found you, didn't she?”

“Indeed, and what a horrible rude woman,” the genie exclaimed, shocking the couple.

“She was quite demure with us!” Clea responded, carefully pulling on her tank top. There was no fear of it brushing her second set of nipples, there was no way it would reach – her care was to try and fit her larger breasts into the already tight top without bursting it.

“My doing. She cursed at me when she found me, called me a joke at best and a demon at worst. So when she rattled off her wishes I had a little fun with them,” Serendipity smiled mischievously.

“Oh? How so?”

“Well, her first wish was to never have to worry about being late to work. So I made it that whenever she tries to leave the store she suddenly remembers something else that she must do before leaving,” the genie gleefully explained, “She hasn’t left in a week!”

“Has she eaten?” asked Nancy.

“She doesn’t need to. Her second wish was to always look and be dressed best to entice customers. So that wish keeps her healthy and refreshed, while magically altering her outfit to become whatever would make someone the horniest.” Nancy could see Serendipity start to get turned on as she continued with her story. The women were fascinated.

“That explains the French Maid outfit!” Clea exclaimed.

“But why could we just ask for these outfits for free?” Nancy inquired.

“Her third wish, which I suppose was her only moment of self-reflection, was to get along better with people. So she is now totally subservient. It even overwhelms the other wishes...” Serendipity gave a wink to the girls as she started to walk towards the exit of the dressing room, “If someone ordered her to come home with them only then would she be able to leave.”

“Yes, but she sounds horrible,” Nancy replied, her eyes now cast down as she concentrated on getting on her skirt without summoning forth her cock, “I wish she had something in common with each of us.”

“Well, she must like lingerie to work here!” Clea laughed, as she pulled on her shorts. After buttoning them she noticed the diamonds from Serendipity’s collar were still scattered about the floor. She picked one up and examined it in the light. She was no diamond expert, but anyone could see that these were of incredible quality. A small fortune was scattered about their feet.

“Hey, Serendipity...” Clea began to say, but trailed off as she looked up and saw that the genie was gone.

“I didn’t see her leave,” Nancy said quietly, their selection of frilly things in her arms.

“It would have been difficult to say goodbye anyhow. I’m sure we’ll see her again,” Clea replied. The pair gathered up the jewels and went back out to the store’s main floor.

As they approached the sales area the couple could hear the sounds of a woman gasping in pleasure. As they rounded the corner they saw Bridgette behind the counter. She was doubled over, a look of sexual pleasure twisted onto her face, one hand grasping at the bulging bust of the French Maid outfit, but it would not give away to her.

Clea and Nancy looked to each other, curious about what was going on.

“Bridgette, would you come around the counter, please?” asked Clea.

“Certainly,” the woman gasped, and she began to walk on shaky legs. As she went Nancy imagined her in something more exotic, and the maid’s clothes shimmered away to nothing but gold and jewels adorning her body, wrapped around her arms and perched on her nipples.

As Bridgette moved into full view and the outfit shifted to reveal more of her Clea and Nancy gasped at a parting gift from Serendipity. Bridgette did indeed have something more in common with the pair now – a second set of generous breasts, and a long cock growing from the top of her pussy. And the women wondered if Bridgette’s additions had been enchanted to retract.

The pair looked to each other, then back to the moaning woman.

“Bridgette, would you like to come home with us?”

“Oh yes, oh yes, please...”

Nancy and Clea smiled, and that day they took with them all of the generous bounty Serendipity had given them, growing a home that would be full of love forever.

THE END

The Pitch

Story idea: In an upscale clothier romantic partners have an unexpected wish granted.

Plot: Lovers Clea and Nancy visit an upscale clothier to treat themselves. Whilst changing in a shared room Nancy sees Clea's busty chest and mentions how she knows Clea likes busty women and playfully wishes she had twice the bust that Nancy has that they would both enjoy. A freed genie is changing in a room with a connecting air vent, hears the wish, and she grants it. The majority of the text involves Nancy experiencing and enjoying the very erotic sensation of her small breasts growing to match Clea's, and then Nancy grows a second pair beneath them that feel even better. Since she wished they would both enjoy her new breasts this is a fun and pleasurable shared experience.

Characters: Nancy is a lithe brunette country woman with a flat chest, and Clea is a busty blonde city woman with natural breasts larger than oranges. Both are college graduates, independently successful in their own jobs, enjoying a happy long term relationship. Nancy is enamored with city life and Clea enjoys showing her the wonders of where she grew up. They are secure in their body images and relationship, and Nancy's wish is in a teasing nature knowing Clea's superficial attractions and not sourced from any body issue.

Setting: the changing room of an upscale clothier

Version 1

As they approached the lingerie store, they read the neon sign, Provocateur Lingerie over the door. Stepping into the door was like being drawn into a vault of lovely, classy, happiness-provoking sights and sounds.

“Good Afternoon, Ladies, can I get you a glass of champagne?” A beautiful busty lady with the name tag, Bridgette asked as she gave them a little wink.

Nancy put her hand on Clea’s arm, pulling her toward her body, in mock possessiveness. They took a couple more steps toward the lovely woman, thinking over her offer.

“Certainly,” Nancy said, acting as if this kind of first class treatment happened to them every day. She eyed Clea and gave her a look, her specialty, the jaunty head tilt with the saucy wink. It usually made Clea giggle...and if the mood was right, it made her pants a little wet.

The look was not wasted on Clea, because she giggled and then had to slightly adjust her panties because they got a bit sticky.

The couple began looking around the shop, eyeing the merchandise, comparing prices, and trying to put on their most debonair act.

Bridgette handed them each a glass of champagne in long fluted glasses from a silver tray.

“Sweetie, this one would look fabulous on you! You have to try it on!” Clea squealed excitedly.

“Only if you try THIS one on,” Nancy replied, holding up a little green spandex nightie that just melted under her fingertips. She knew it would be amazing on her partner’s body. And awesome fun to lift up.

They picked up their respective outfits, making their way to the glass blocked dressing room. The light glinted in and out of the perfect cubes, playing peek-a-boo with their eyes.

They entered the same dressing room to discover that it was much larger than it appeared from the outside. There was a beautiful fountain on one wall and a large cream ultra-soft couch in the back, opposite a bank of strategically placed mirrors. With how they were adjusted, Clea stepped in front of them to be able to see herself from all angles.

“Forget it. I am never going home. I live here now. Champagne and these beautiful banks of mirrors. I never want to leave,” She said giggling, “Watch, I can sit on the couch and see right up my skirt at three different angles. I could masturbate while watching myself in panoramic views!” Clea laughed.

Nancy walked across the room, looking at the ornate fountain, which held a placard, “Your generosity will be rewarded.” She reached around into her purse, to the crazy muddle at the bottom of her purse, and dropped a handful of coins into the fountain.

“Well, take that, for generosity. I wanted to get rid of those coins and you gave me the best excuse,” Nancy said, turning back to watch Clea preen in front of the mirrors in the sexiest poses imaginable. Her panties became delightfully sticky at the sight.

They both heard a noise, like a sputter, coming from the fountain area. They turned in unison to see the most beautiful woman who appeared out of thin air to stand in front of the fountain.

“I am Serendipity, your magical genie, you get three wishes for your generosity,” She said, with a wink.

Version 2

Clea looked over at her wife, Nancy. They were both exhausted, exhilarated, and sweaty from their intense session of lovemaking. She loved the way Nancy's slim body had the shape and proportions of a Super Model. She was always impressed with her down home country values that belied her naughty, sexy mind.

Clea leaned over to gently kiss Nancy, rubbing her own lips against the thinner lips of her partner before deftly delving her tongue inside her mouth. There was a deep bonding feeling to their kisses after sex. It was if they had given all they could to pleasure the other woman and only the sweetness of their lips remained.

"What do you think about going to check out the new lingerie store that just opened on Sesso Street? I think it is called Provocateur." Clea asked, letting her eyes roam over her partner's bare neck, breasts, and belly then settled on where an errant shock of blonde hair curved around, embracing one of Nancy's small nipples.

She was mentally picturing her educated, upper middle class wife in a tiny French Maid's outfit and her cleft began throbbing at the concept. Nancy would never be anyone's servant, other than in role play. Her bold and brassy personality was too high energy to ever pull off 'demure' or 'servant' but it was Clea's favorite fantasy. That and convincing her to get her boobs enhanced a bit.

"Sure, but I get to pick out your outfit...and YOU get to pick out mine. Nothing too binding. That last thing you bought me was like a bunch of well-placed ropes with a crotch patch. It didn't last too long because you cut it off me. And if you hadn't, I wouldn't have been able to get out of it." Nancy complained.

"Deal, you pick for me and I pick for you. Something risqué, sexy, and will last longer than a second...for all practical purposes, it might need to last at least two sessions for us," Clea said laughing. Their lingerie habits were a bit spotty, but they were pretty committed to fulfilling each other's hottest fantasies.

Since they were going to a sex store anyway, with no stops between the house and there, Clea put on a super-duper tight pair of shredded jean shorts that barely covered her bush and a tight green wife beater that made her cantaloupe-sized breasts peek out of both sides and stretch dangerously tight in the middle. She knew that her boobs made Nancy crazy, especially when she wore something really tight, like today. This shirt was good for a very sexy, high tension flirting session for the rest of the day.

Nancy chose more sedate clothes, a long sleeve white shirt, no bra, buttoned only to mid chest, so that Clea's eyes would play peek-a-boo to see a little nipple peek out every once and a while. She finished it off with a straight black skirt and tall strappy high heels. Her blonde wavy hair hanging to her ass made an impressive sight.

As they approached the lingerie store, they read the neon sign, Provocateur Lingerie over the door. Stepping into the door was like being drawn into a vault of lovely, classy, happiness-provoking sights and sounds.

"Good Afternoon, Ladies, can I get you a glass of champagne?" A beautiful busty lady with the name tag, Bridgette asked as she nodded and gave them a flirty little wink.

Nancy put her hand on Clea's arm, pulling her toward her body, in mock possessiveness. They took a couple more steps toward the lovely woman, thinking over her offer.

"Certainly," Nancy said, acting as if this kind of first class treatment happened to them every day. She eyed Clea and gave her a look, her specialty, the jaunty head tilt with the saucy wink. It usually made Clea giggle...and if the mood was right, it made her pants a little wet.

The look was not wasted on Clea, because she giggled and then had to slightly adjust her panties inside her lower lip splitting short shorts, because they got a bit sticky.

The couple began looking around the shop, eyeing the merchandise, comparing prices, and trying to put on their most debonair act. Their nonplussed feeling at the unexpected informal atmosphere was submerged below their excitement for the moment.

Bridgette returned and handed them each a glass of champagne in long fluted glasses from a silver tray.

"Sweetie, this one would look fabulous on you! You have to try it on!" Clea squealed excitedly.

"Only if you try THIS one on," Nancy replied, holding up a little green spandex nightie that just melted under her fingertips. She knew it would be amazing on her partner's body. And awesome fun to lift up and lick her luscious over-ripe boobs. She envied Clea's outstanding profile, with her bubble ass being balanced in the back by her voluptuous boobs in the front. She would love to have boobs like that, but there was no way she was going through surgery to get them, she thought with a little sadness.

They picked up their respective outfits, making their way to the glass blocked dressing room. The light glinted in and out of the perfect cubes, playing with the reflection and refraction to their eyes.

They entered the dressing room to discover that it was much larger than it appeared from the outside. There was a beautiful ornate fountain on one wall and a large cream ultra-soft couch in the back, opposite a bank of strategically placed mirrors.

Testing the configuration of the mirrors, Clea stepped in front of them to be able to see herself from all angles. She stood, squatted, and turned, to see herself from all angles.

"Forget it. I am never going home. I live here now..." Clea said decisively, "Champagne and these beautiful banks of mirrors. My law firm is going to have to set up offices inside here. I don't think I can ever leave," She said giggling, "Watch, I can sit on the couch and see right at my tight crotch with three different angles. I could masturbate while watching myself in panoramic views!" Clea laughed.

Nancy looked sideways, a wry grin on her face, because that behavior was expected from her wily woman. She walked across the room to stand in front of the splashing fountain. She placed her hand on the silhouette of an exotic woman figurine that was carved into the water basin, caressing the figurine's breasts gently with a swipe of her finger back and forth a couple times.

Nancy read the placard aloud, "YOUR GENEROSITY WILL BE RICHLY REWARDED." There were three coins in the water of the fountain, all pennies. She reached around into her

purse, into the crazy muddle at the bottom, and scooped up and deposited a handful of coins into the basin surrounding the ceramic figurine.

“Well, take that, if you will. I wanted to get rid of those coins and you gave me the best excuse,” Nancy said, turning back to watch Clea preen in front of the mirrors in the sexiest poses imaginable. Her panties became delightfully sticky at the sight of her woman basking in her own confident beauty.

They both heard a noise, like a sputter, coming from the fountain area. They turned around in unison to see the most beautiful woman they had ever laid eyes on, appear out of thin air to stand in front of the burbling fountain. Her skin was a light chocolate brown, which was prominently displayed in the most luscious bikini dress that barely covered her ample curves. Her long black hair fell down her bare back to swish at her hips when she moved.

She smiled, a smile that emphasized her dark mysterious beauty, high cheek bones, and pearly white teeth.

“I am Serendipity, your Genie. You will receive three wishes for your generosity,” She said, with a sly wink at Nancy, letting her know that she had felt the caress because her nipples were erect, poking against the aqua-marine bikini top of her tight dress.

“Wha---t?” Clea said, eyeing the bronzed beauty whose figure barely outmatched her own.

Nancy recovered her powers of speech, “Are you serious?” She said hesitantly, “Then, I wish I could have perfect boobs the same size and shape as my wife’s,” She said, indicating the direction of Clea.

“Your wish is my command,” Serendipity replied, with a wave of her hand.

Suddenly, Nancy’s body began changing, her breasts growing little by little as intense rapturous feelings brought her to her knees. Her skin stretched and pulled as her boobs grew, sending fast lightning electricity feelings to her clit. She writhed and moaned in orgasmic delight. By the time her boobs were the size and shape of Clea’s breasts, she was almost in a puddle on the floor, touching herself with one hand on her breast and the other up her tight black skirt to focus on her clit. The sensations were rocking her body in wave after wave of pleasure and orgasm.

Clea was at first concerned for her mate, then she saw Nancy’s familiar orgasmic profile and realized that she was in pleasure, not pain. She watched as Nancy’s chest grew, slowly, a cup size every several seconds, each stage sending more and more pleasure to her partner, making her moan and call out in ecstasy. Clea put her manicured finger to the outside of her tight jean shorts, because her cleft was throbbing with its own heartbeat.

Nancy’s transformation became complete and she rested a moment before she stood up, only clad in her black skirt with no shirt. She was running her hands over the very sensitive new boobs, enjoying their bounce and their weight and their wiggle. She giggled, unperturbed by the use of magic to make her most secret fantasy come true. She kept touching her breasts, pushing them together, and all kinds of configurations like testing out a new toy.

“See! Clea now we match!!” Nancy said, her voice excited almost to the point of being shrill.

“What is your second wish, Mistress?” Serendipity asked, her face amused by Nancy’s delight.

Clea piped up, “I want an additional set of boobs, just like the ones I have but just below them,” She suggested.

“Her generosity, her wish,” She said sternly, looking straight at Nancy, then her look softened in subservience, “Mistress? Would this be your wish as well or a different wish?” Serendipity said demurely.

“Oh, yes, two more breasts exactly like her own set, put just below the original pair, and fully sensitized just like the pair she has,” Nancy said, covering her bases. She didn’t marry an attorney for nothing. She was making sure that she explained size, placement, and function to make sure there were no misunderstandings.

“Your wish is my command,” Serendipity said, with a wave of her hand.

Clea was stunned as she looked down, the area over her ribcage below her breasts was growing an enlargement. She sat down on the couch as waves of intense pleasure washed over her, making her orgasm over and over again. She was exhilarated by the feelings that swept over her, pounding her with electricity, vibration, and stimulation from her new breasts to her clit. She felt like she was being ravished by a thousand tongues, running over her skin as her boobs stretched and plumped. Their sensitivity was epic and she succumbed to their insistent command for release. She touched her original breasts and her new ones with one hand and started grinding her jean clad crotch against her other hand.

At the end of the process, the Nancy and Clea walked toward each other, embracing with renewed interest in their improved figures. They touched each other’s breasts, shooting more pleasure to their respective clits each time. They quickly shed the last of their clothing, preferring to feast their eyes upon their mate’s new breasts and then to their own.

The first time that Clea’s mouth licked Nancy’s breast, she cried out in intense orgasm, arching her back, making her prostrate with pleasure. Each lick, each touch, each sensation was unlike anything they had felt before. It was like using a vibrator, hot oil massage, warmed stone massage, and hours of concentrated lovemaking in each micro-second of touch.

They began writhing all over one another, licking here, sucking there, and trying to do everything at once. Because everything felt so incredible all of the time, they were in orgasm and recovery cycles simultaneously, completely forgetting their audience.

“What is your third wish, Mistress?” Serendipity asked, her voice tight with sexual tension and arousal as she watched these two beautiful loving women, her throat elevated with a little bit of envy.

Nancy looked up, her mouth moved a centimeter from Clea’s bottom-most right nipple, with it barely brushing her face.

“I wish to free you from the bondage of granting wishes on command. You will be able to grant wishes only on your own command and to determine your own destiny. That is my fondest wish,” Nancy said, her eyes doing a body sweep of Serendipity. The beautiful Genie stood there in an ancient slave’s garb with a diamond collar that led to an aqua-marine bikini top, down to a long skirt that was slit up to the top of the hip in a provocative way.

“Your wish is my command,” Serendipity said, with a wave of her hand.

The diamond collar around the Genie’s neck broke apart into thousands of individual perfect diamonds, scattering on the floor in a brilliant glittering mess.

“Thank you for my freedom, Mistress,” Serendipity replied, tears rolling down her lovely face, “I have been a slave for a thousand years,” She stated in despair.

Nancy and Clea both rose from the couch, to go over and comfort the devastated woman. Serendipity leaned her head on Clea’s shoulder, sobbing softly. Nancy and Clea began rubbing Serendipity’s back, holding her up against their bodies, trying to comfort her through this crisis.

Within a couple minutes, Serendipity slowed her sobbing and lowered her arm from her face to put her hand on Clea’s shoulder. Her inner elbow accidentally caressed one of Clea’s bottom boobs on the nipple, and Clea almost collapsed in spasms of orgasm. The other two women had to help hold her up.

When Clea recovered from the orgasm, she looked into Serendipity’s eyes, “I guess I am still a little over-sensitive?” She said with a hearty guffaw.

“I think, in the spirit of quality control that I should feel and inspect each of your breasts just to make sure I did a good job. Don’t you agree?” Serendipity asked with a hearty wink.

Clea and Nancy agreed, shaking their heads ‘yes’ without hesitation, looking toward the exotic, beautiful woman in desire.

Serendipity waved her hand, making an extra-large bed appear, with ceiling to floor tapestries and dozens of intricate looking pillows of a Persian design. Their whirls and swirls and textures were fascinating and alluring.

“This should make us more comfortable, during the test,” Serendipity said mockingly.

Serendipity led the two other women to the side of the bed.

“You are now my guests. Are there any foods or drinks or toys which would make you feel more comfortable in any way?” Serendipity asked.

“How about a sexual buffet with large fruits and vegetables with knobby skins and interesting shapes that we can use to pleasure each other? I have always wanted to do that. But make them room temperature, cold items don’t sound as much fun,” Nancy said laughing.

“Your wish...” Serendipity hesitated, correcting herself, “Umm, sorry, old habit. I would love to provide that for your pleasure, my beautiful friend,” Serendipity said with command in her voice, waving her hand as a linen draped table appeared with all sorts of delicious looking produce and exotic fruits appeared at the bedside.

Nancy and Clea began undressing Serendipity, their motions in tandem, removing the bikini top, sliding it down her flat belly, then removing the long slit skirt, until it was a pool at Serendipity’s feet on the floor. The woman that stood before them was stunningly beautiful. In fact, she was teeth-gnashing jealousy-inducing level of beautiful. Clea was used to being the loveliest creature in any room, but this woman turned her on so much that she forgave her for being so lovely.

Clea was the first to dip her head down to capture one of Serendipity’s abundant breasts in her hot mouth. Nancy followed suit on Serendipity’s other breast. The each gently lowered the

bronzed skin beauty to the bed, stroking their hands on her unfamiliar skin, enjoying the textures and the fragrance of her smell.

Serendipity was unused to any physical attention or touch, so she pushed her head back into the bed in rapture at the attention that was being paid to her body from these two women. Nancy and Clea were a perfectly suited team who knew how to make love to a woman in such a way to leave her weakened and dripping with need.

They licked, sucked, teased, pleased, and taunted Serendipity until she was writhing in excitement, out of her mind, almost levitating in the throes of pleasure. They continued to double team Serendipity, pushing her nerve endings beyond their capacity, then backing off and teasing them with less pressure or sensation, then pushing them into deeper and deeper levels of ravishment.

Serendipity was out of her mind in wave after wave of orgasm as the women rubbed their bodies up against her in sexy caresses. Nancy went up to kiss Serendipity deeply while Clea arranged herself between Serendipity's fragrant thighs, her folds wet and dripping with desire. At the first flick and simultaneous sideways brush of Clea's tongue on Serendipity's clit, the room exploded in confetti---quite literally.

Nancy laughed, looking down at Clea, "You did that thing again, didn't you....?" She said, laughing, and looking around as all the confetti continually drifted to the ground.

"Yeah, I did, although in my defense no woman's clit has ever made the room explode in confetti, so that's a first," Clea said, with a hearty belly laugh.

Serendipity looked sheepishly from one woman's face to the other, "Sorry! It's not like I could control it," She said as she moaned and arched her back.

Clea had returned her warm mouth to Serendipity's delicious bush and was flicking her tongue wildly on the woman's clit, then swiping her tongue followed by her nose into the pink lips up to the clit, and plunging her tongue deeply inside the folds...and then she clamped her mouth over her clit with an ultra-tight seal and she hummed. She hummed a vibration not just from her throat, but from her toes, so powerful and resonant that it broke loose from the time, space, and sound barrier into its own resonant energy.

At that moment, short lightning bolts shot from the ceiling in several bursts and began racing around the room, striking tiny areas of the room.

Nancy laughed, looking down at Clea, smurking, "You did that other thing again, didn't you....?" She said, laughing, and looking around as the lightning bounced from place to place and fizzled its energy in a puff of magic.

Version 3

Clea looked over at her wife, Nancy. They were both exhausted, exhilarated, and sweaty from their intense session of lovemaking. She loved the way Nancy's slim body had the shape and proportions of a Super Model. Kate Moss would scratch Nancy's eyes out for her gentle curves and perfectly flat abs. Nancy had much to be vain about, but Clea was always impressed with her down-home country values and the way that contrasted with her naughty, sexy mind.

Clea leaned over to gently kiss Nancy, rubbing her own lips against the thinner lips of her partner before deftly delving her warm tongue inside her mouth. There was a deep bonding feeling to their kisses after sex. It was if they had given all they could to pleasure their partner and only the sweetness of their lips remained to express their gratitude for the pleasure they received in exchange.

"What do you think about going to check out the new lingerie store that just opened on Vixen Street? I think it is called Provocateur." Clea asked, letting her eyes roam over her partner's bare neck, breasts, and belly then settled on where an errant shock of blonde hair curved around, embracing one of Nancy's small pink nipples.

Clea was mentally picturing her educated, upper middle class wife in a tiny French Maid's outfit and her cleft began throbbing at the concept. Nancy would never be anyone's servant, other than in role play. Her bold and brassy personality was too high-energy to ever pull off 'demure' or 'servant' but it was Clea's favorite fantasy. That and convincing her to get her small boobs enhanced a bit.

"Sure, but I get to pick out your outfit...and YOU get to pick out mine. Nothing too binding. That last thing you bought me was like a bunch of well-placed ropes with a crotch patch. It didn't last too long because you cut it off me. And if you hadn't, I wouldn't have been able to get out of it." Nancy complained.

"Deal! You pick for me and I pick for you. Something risqué, sexy, and will last longer than a second...for all practical purposes, it might need to last at least two sessions for us," Clea said, laughing. Their lingerie habits were a bit spotty, but they were pretty committed to fulfilling each other's hottest fantasies and keeping things interesting in and out of the bedroom.

Since they were going to a sex store anyway, with no stops between the house and there, Clea put on a super-duper tight pair of shredded jean-shorts that barely covered her bush and a tight green wife beater that made her cantaloupe-sized breasts peek out of both sides and stretch dangerously tight in the middle.

Clea knew that her boobs made Nancy crazy, especially when she wore something really tight, like today. This shirt was good for a very sexy, high tension flirting session for the rest of the day, then a very energetic sucking and licking session tonight.

Nancy choose more sedate clothes, a long sleeve white shirt, no bra, buttoned only to mid chest, so that Clea's eyes would play peek-a-boo to see a little nipple peek out every once and a while. She finished off her outfit with a straight black skirt, which emphasized her heart-shaped ass, and tall strappy high heels to complete the look. Her blonde wavy hair hanging behind her made an impressive sight. She wore her hair down and loose, because that's the way Clea preferred her hair, so she could wrap it around her arm in mock domination.

As they approached the lingerie store, they read the neon sign, Provocateur Lingerie over the door. Stepping into the store's modern interior was like being drawn into a vault of lovely, classy, happiness-provoking sights and sounds. All the merchandise almost begged to be touched, as it was showcased in such a beautiful configuration on racks and shelves. The women drifted inside the store propelled by their sudden want of almost everything.

“Good Afternoon, Ladies. Can I get you a glass of champagne?” said a beautiful busty lady in a green dragon-scale mini-dress that was so short that it showed off a generous amount of her long, lovely legs with each step. The woman gave them a flirty wink as the two women body-checked her simultaneously. Her name tag read Bridgette, they noticed as she stood demurely awaiting their answer and enjoying their lusty looks.

Nancy put her hand on Clea's arm, pulling Clea toward her body and up against her, in mock possessiveness. They took a couple steps in unison toward the lovely woman, considering her offer.

“Certainly,” Nancy said, acting as if this kind of first-class treatment happened to them every day. She eyed Clea and gave her THE look, her specialty, the jaunty head tilt with the saucy wink. It usually made Clea giggle...and if the mood was right, it made her pants a little wet.

The look was not wasted on Clea, because she giggled and then had to slightly adjust her labia inside her cleft splitting short shorts, because they were getting a bit sticky.

The couple began looking around the shop, eyeing the merchandise, comparing prices, and trying to put on their most debonair act in front of the beautiful store employee. Their nonplussed feeling at the unexpected informal atmosphere was submerged below their excitement for the moment.

Bridgette returned, this time in a French Maid's uniform, handing each woman a glass of bubbling champagne in long, fluted glasses from an ornate silver tray.

As Nancy and Clea turned to Bridgette, gasping in unison, “Oh, aren't you scrumptious!”

Clea walked slowly, circling Bridgette and going toward Nancy, never taking her eyes off of her, enjoying the sight of this lovely woman in a perfectly tailored maid's outfit, serving them champagne.

Nancy noticed Clea's fascination, giving Bridgette a wry smile.

Nancy and Clea clinked their glasses together, saying their favorite toast at the same time, “Salud, Dinero, Amor, Y Sexo!” (Health, Money, Love and Sex) They laughed and smiled as they said it because they already had all of those blessings, but it never hurt to have MORE.

With the bubbly champagne still sweet on their tongues, they turned again to look at the merchandise, browsing the lingerie, looking over at each other to giggle.

“Sweetie, this one would look fabulous on you! You have to try it on!” Clea squealed excitedly.

“Only if you try THIS one on,” Nancy replied, holding up a little green spandex nightie that just melted under her fingertips. She knew it would be amazing on her partner's body. And awesome fun to lift up and lick her luscious over-ripe boobs. She envied Clea's outstanding profile, with her bubble-ass being balanced in the back by her voluptuous boobs in the front. She

would love to have boobs like that, but there was no way she was going through surgery to get them, she thought with a tinge of sadness.

They picked up their respective outfits, making their way to the glass blocked dressing room. The light glinted in and out of the perfect cubes, playing with the reflection and refraction to their sight. They could see the blocks, but not see through them, yet a luminescent light shined out of the blocks from the other direction.

They entered the dressing room to discover that it was much larger than it had appeared from the outside. The room set the ambiance of comfort and elegance. It was a place a woman wanted to be naked in. It was as if the room itself liked to see women undress and parade around nude for its own pleasure.

There was a beautiful ancient looking stone fountain on one wall, its water slowly trickling down to pool in the basin, which had a figurine prominently placed, wading in the water.

On the opposite side of the room, there was a large cream ultra-soft couch with over-stuffed cushions, which was located opposite a large bank of strategically placed mirrors.

Testing the configuration of the mirrors, Clea stepped in front of them to be able to see herself from all angles. She stood, squatted, and turned, to see parts of herself she rarely if ever saw.

“Forget it. I am never going home. I live here now...” Clea said decisively, “With the woman in the French Maid’s uniform serving me champagne and then these amazingly placed mirrors...” She said with a great satisfied sigh, “My law firm is going to have to set up offices inside here. I don’t think I can ever leave,” She said giggling, “Watch! I can sit on the couch and see right into my crotch at three different angles. I could masturbate while watching myself in panoramic views!” Clea laughed excitedly.

Nancy looked sideways, a wry grin on her face, because that behavior was expected from her wily woman. She then walked across the room to stand in front of the lovely fountain. She placed her hand on the silhouette of the exotic woman’s figurine that was carved into the water basin, caressing the figurine’s breasts gently with a swipe of her finger back and forth a couple times, enjoying bumpy, hard texture under her sensitive digit.

Nancy read the placard aloud, “YOUR GENEROSITY WILL BE RICHLY REWARDED.” She noticed there were three coins in the water of the fountain, all pennies. Then she reached around into her large purse, past all her bigger stuff and into the crazy muddle of change that always sifted to the bottom. She scooped up and deposited a tight handful of coins into the basin surrounding the ceramic figurine, making the water glitter with copper and silver coins of all denominations.

“Well, take that, if you will. I wanted to get rid of those coins and you gave me the best excuse,” Nancy said, her voice light and teasing. She turned back toward the couch, to watch Clea preen in front of the mirrors showing off her sexy body and big, bounteous boobs. Nancy’s panties became delightfully sticky at the sight of her woman basking in her own confident beauty.

Suddenly, they both heard a noise, like a sputter, coming from the fountain area. They turned around in unison to see the most beautiful woman they had ever laid eyes on appear out of thin air in front of the burbling fountain. From her long black hair, which fell down her bare back

in a silky curtain to her blue sandals, she was nothing short of gorgeous. Her skin was a light chocolate brown, which was contrasted by the most luscious aqua-marine bikini dress that stretched across her ample curves, with her erect nipples poking out prominently.

The dark-skinned lady smiled. It was a smile that emphasized her dark mysterious beauty, high cheek bones, and pearly white teeth.

“I am Serendipity, your Genie. You will receive three wishes for your generosity,” She said demurely, looking down to her feet in subservience. Then she slowly looked up and executed a sly wink aimed directly at Nancy, letting her know that she had felt the caress to the fountain figurine.

“Wha--t?” Clea said, eyeing the bronzed beauty whose beauty barely outmatched her own.

Nancy recovered her powers of speech, “Are you serious?” She said hesitantly, “Then, I wish I could have perfect boobs the same size and shape as my wife’s,” She said, indicating the direction of Clea.

“Your wish is my command,” Serendipity replied, bowing her head in submission to Nancy, waving her hand in a grand swoosh.

Suddenly, Nancy’s body began changing, her breasts growing little by little as intense rapturous feelings of pure pleasure brought her to her knees. Her skin stretched and pulled as her boobs grew, sending lightning-like electricity feelings shooting to her clit.

Nancy writhed and moaned in orgasmic delight. By the time her boobs were the size and shape of Clea’s breasts, she was almost in a puddle on the floor, touching herself with one hand on her breast and the other up her tight black skirt to focus on her clit. The sensations were rocking her body in wave after wave of pleasure and orgasm over and over.

Clea was at first concerned for her mate, then she saw Nancy’s familiar orgasmic profile, realizing that she was in pleasure, not pain. She watched as Nancy’s chest grew, slowly, a cup size every several seconds, each stage sending more and more pleasure to her partner, making her moan, squirm, and call out in ecstasy. Clea was very stimulated by her partner’s arousal, so she put a well-manicured finger to the outside of her tight jean shorts pressing there as her cleft began throbbing with arousal.

Nancy’s transformation became complete and she rested a moment before she stood up, only clad in her tight black skirt without her shirt. She began running her hands over the very sensitive new boobs, enjoying their bounce and their weight and their wiggle. She giggled, unperturbed by the use of magic to make her most secret fantasy come true. She kept touching her breasts, pushing them together, and all kinds of configurations like testing out a new toy.

“See! Clea now we match!!” Nancy said, her voice excited almost to the point of being shrill.

“What is your second wish, Mistress?” Serendipity asked, casting her eyes downward, but her downturned face was amused by Nancy’s conspicuous delight.

Clea pipped up, “I want twice the boobs I have!” She suggested.

“Her generosity, her wish,” She said sternly, looking straight at Nancy, then her look softened in subservience, “Mistress? Would this be your wish as well or a different wish?” Serendipity said demurely.

“Oh, yes, if that is her wish, please fulfill it,” Nancy said, “I want her to be as happy as I am!”

“Your wish is my command,” Serendipity replied, bowing her head in deference to Nancy, waving her hand in a grand swoosh.

Clea was stunned as she looked down, the area over her ribcage below her breasts began growing an enlargement. She abruptly sat down on the couch as waves of intense pleasure washed over her, making her orgasm over and over again. She was exhilarated by the feelings that swept over her, pounding her with electricity, vibration, and stimulation from her new breasts to her clit.

Clea felt like she was being ravished by a thousand tongues, running over her skin as her boobs stretched, filled, and plumped. Their sensitivity was epic and she succumbed to their insistent command for release. She touched her original breasts and her new ones with one hand and started grinding her jean clad crotch against her other hand to get double release.

When the transformation was complete and the overwhelming pleasure sensations subsided, Clea looked down, her chest filled with four cantaloupe sized boobs. She couldn't believe her eyes. She blinked to clear her vision, sure that what she was seeing wasn't real.

“Wha----I said twice the boobs! I didn't want four boobs! I wanted them twice as big,” Clea said, exasperated.

“I am sorry, I misunderstood....” Serendipity replied, “I can't undo any previous wishes. I would love to, but it is not possible,” Serendipity said, her gaze downcast in shame.

Ever opportunists, Nancy and Clea walked toward each other. They embraced with renewed interest in their improved figures. They touched each other's breasts, shooting more pleasure to their respective clits each time. The pleasure prompted them to eagerly shed the last of their clothing so they could feast their eyes upon their mate's new breasts and their own.

The first time that Clea's mouth licked Nancy's breast, she cried out in intense orgasm, arching her back, making her prostrate with pleasure. Each lick, each touch, each sensation was unlike anything they had ever felt before. It was like using a vibrator, hot oil massage, warmed stone massage, and hours of concentrated lovemaking in each micro-second of touch.

“Oh, I will definitely enjoy these, then....” Clea said, looking down at her breasts, “Every time you touch me, I want to melt into a puddle of pleasure. Four times the pleasure, if I am not mistaken,” Clea said, arching her eyebrow and winking directly at Serendipity, letting her know she was forgiven for the egregious mistake.

Nancy and Clea began writhing all over one another, licking here, sucking there, and eagerly doing everything at once. Because everything felt so incredible with each touch, they were in orgasm and recovery cycles simultaneously, completely forgetting their audience.

“What is your third wish, Mistress?” Serendipity asked, her voice tight with sexual tension and arousal as she watched these two beautiful, loving women. Her voice was elevated at the end of the sentence, heavy with a tinge of envy toward their relationship.

Nancy looked up from sucking Clea's breast, her mouth only a centimeter from Clea's bottom-most right nipple, its sensitive skin barely brushing her face as she turned her head.

“I wish to free you from the bondage of granting wishes on command. You will be able to grant wishes only on your own command and to determine your own destiny. That is my fondest wish,” Nancy said, her eyes doing a body sweep of Serendipity. The beautiful Genie stood there in an ancient slave’s garb with a diamond collar that led to an aqua-marine bikini top, down to a long skirt that was slit up to the top of the hip in a very provocative way. She was a beautiful slave, but a slave never-the-less.

“Your wish is my command,” Serendipity replied, bowing her head in obedience to Nancy, waving her hand in a grand swoosh.

The thick diamond collar around Serendipity’s neck broke apart into thousands of individual perfect diamonds, scattering on the floor in a brilliant glittering mess. She was freed from its bondage both physically and emotionally. Serendipity looked at Nancy and Clea confidently for the first time.

“Thank you for my freedom, Mistress,” Serendipity replied, with tears rolling down her lovely face, “I have been a slave for a thousand years,” She stated in despair.

Nancy and Clea both rose from the couch, to go over and comfort the devastated woman. Serendipity leaned her head on Clea’s shoulder, sobbing softly. Nancy and Clea began rubbing Serendipity’s back, holding her up against their bodies, trying to comfort her through this crisis.

Within a couple minutes, Serendipity slowed her sobbing and lowered her arm from her face to put her hand on Clea’s shoulder. Her inner elbow accidentally caressed one of Clea’s bottom boobs on the nipple, and Clea almost collapsed in spasms of orgasm. The other two women reacted quickly helping to hold her up during the spasms as her legs grew weak.

When Clea recovered from the orgasm, she looked into Serendipity’s eyes, “I guess I am still a little over-sensitive?” She said with a hearty guffaw, laughing off her new quirk.

“I think, in the spirit of quality control that I should feel and inspect each of your breasts just to make sure I did a good job. Don’t you agree?” Serendipity asked with a lusty wink.

Clea and Nancy both agreed, shaking their heads ‘yes’ without hesitation, looking toward the exotic, beautiful woman in desire.

Serendipity waved her hand in her familiar swoosh, making an extra-large bed appear, with ceiling to floor tapestries and dozens of intricate looking pillows of a Persian design. Their whirls and swirls and textures were fascinating and alluring.

“This should make us more comfortable, during the test,” Serendipity said mockingly.

Serendipity led the two other women to the side of the bed.

“You are now my guests. Are there any foods or drinks or toys which would make you feel more comfortable in any way?” Serendipity asked hopefully.

“How about a sexual buffet with large fruits and vegetables with knobby skins and interesting shapes that we can use to pleasure each other? I have always wanted to do that....” Nancy said, almost breathless with excitement, “But make them room temperature, because cold items don’t sound as much fun,” She said in explanation.

“Your wish...” Serendipity casting her eyes downward, then hesitated, correcting herself and looking up to their eyes, “Umm, sorry, old habit. I would love to provide that for your

pleasure, my beautiful friend,” Serendipity said with confident command in her voice, waving her hand. As she did that, a linen draped table appeared with all sorts of delicious looking produce and exotic fruits appeared at the bedside.

Nancy and Clea began slowly, leisurely undressing Serendipity, their motions in tandem, removing the bikini top, sliding it down her flat belly then removing the long skirt, until it was a pool at Serendipity’s feet on the floor. The woman who stood before them was stunningly beautiful in her own right on a superficial level, but extra-ordinarily beautiful as her confidence continued to grow. In fact, she was teeth-gnashing jealousy-inducing level of beautiful. Clea was used to being the loveliest creature in any room, but this woman turned her on so much that she forgave her for being her best competition.

Clea was the first to dip her head down to capture one of Serendipity’s abundant breasts in her hot mouth. Nancy followed suit on Serendipity’s other breast. They helped gently lower the bronzed-skinned beauty toward the bed gently giving her support while stroking their hands on her soft fragrant skin, enjoying the textures as they stroked.

Serendipity was unused to any physical attention or touch, so she pushed her head back into the bed in rapture, prostrate with sensation called forth from these two women. Nancy and Clea were a perfectly suited sexual team who knew how to make love to a woman in such a way as to leave her weak dripping with need.

They licked, sucked, teased, pleased, and taunted Serendipity until she was writhing in excitement, out of her mind, almost levitating in the throes of pleasure. They continued to double-team Serendipity, pushing her nerve endings beyond their capacity, then backing off and teasing her with less pressure or sensation, then pushing her into deeper and deeper levels of ravishment.

Serendipity was out of her mind with wave after wave of orgasm as the women rubbed their bodies up against her in sexy caresses. Nancy kissed Serendipity deeply fondling her breasts, while Clea arranged herself between Serendipity’s fragrant thighs as her folds were wet and dripping with desire.

At the first flick and simultaneous sideways brush of Clea’s tongue on Serendipity’s clit, the room exploded in multi-colored confetti---quite literally.

Nancy laughed, looking around the room and then down at Clea, “You did that thing again, didn’t you....?” She said, laughing, and looking around as all the confetti continually danced through the air to the ground.

“Yeah, I did. Although in my defense licking a woman’s clit has never made the room explode in confetti, so that’s a first,” Clea said, with a hearty belly laugh.

Serendipity looked sheepishly from one woman’s face to the other, “Sorry! It’s not like I could control it,” She said as she moaned and arched her back as Clea began a deeper sexual exploration.

Clea dipped her head, returning her warm mouth to Serendipity’s delicious bush. She was flicking her tongue wildly on the woman’s clit, then swiping her tongue followed by her nose into the pink lips up to the clit, and plunging her tongue deeply inside the folds.

Clea raised her head, locking eyes with Nancy for a moment to gauge her reaction, then clamped her mouth over Serendipity’s clit with an ultra-tight seal and she hummed powerfully.

She hummed not just from her throat, but all the way from her toes in a way that was so powerful and resonant that the energy broke loose from time and space, into its own synchronous vibration.

At that moment, short lightning bolts shot from the ceiling in several bursts and began racing around the room, striking objects then bounding off those objects, changing course and going off in another direction with a small popping noise and the lingering smell of buttery popcorn.

Nancy laughed, looking down between Serendipity's breast toward Clea's surprised face, "You did that other thing again, didn't you....?" She said, smirking. She continued watching as the lightning bounced from place to place several times and fizzled its energy in a puff of magic.

Clea looked directly at Nancy this time, with a little shrug, "I got nothin,'" she said in the way of explanation.

As Clea bent her head to her task again, but her second set of boobs were in the way of her complete descent. She was having a hard time maneuvering around them to get at Serendipity's lower folds the way she was used to.

"Serendipity, these extra boobs are in the way when I try to lay down and lick you as I want to....And you won't want to miss what I am going to do to you next....So can my second set of boobs be made retractable, like Go-Go Gadget tits? When I want them to come out to play, then they do?" Clea asked, curious, without irritation in her voice.

Serendipity thought about her request for a micro-second, maybe only to wonder what the 'thing she was going to do' would be...and waved her hand in a broad swoosh to make her boobs retractable on Clea's desire.

Clea's chest returned to her old shape, with two luscious perfect breasts the size of small cantaloupes. She rubbed her top breasts, testing their sensitivity, once again enjoying their shape.

"How do I get the second set back?" Clea asked, curious.

"All you have to do is stimulate the area where the second set are and they will pop out just as before, highly sensitized and ready to play," Serendipity said, blushing.

Clea looked down, noticing that here were little circular areas below each of her breasts that had a slightly different skin texture, which was softer than the surrounding skin. This was where she could stimulate to make them plump up again.

Nancy looked lovingly at her partner, back just the way she loved to see her. Her gorgeous figure intact and a little sensual extra, when they wanted it. She was glad her mate was completely happy, but that made her think about what she would want if she could have it.

"Serendipity, you are under no obligation what-so-ever, but could I have my clit become an oversized cock on my command? That would come in very handy when my vibe is out of batteries and Clea is teasing me unmercifully," Nancy said.

"Sure, point to the vegetable that will be the size of your retractable clit-cock...." Serendipity replied.

"Oh, that medium zucchini, Clea, hand her that one," Nancy said motioning to Clea to hand Serendipity the bumpy zucchini.

Clea leaned over toward the vegetable laden table, scooping up the zucchini as she was bid. Her index and pinky finger swiped something cold and she secretly palmed it into her hand.

Serendipity waved her hand with a familiar swoosh.

As Clea handed the phallic vegetable to Serendipity, Nancy was caught in the throes of a writhing pleasure-attack. She rolled over on her back as the cock grew, stretched, and pulsed with sensitized warmth. Nancy stroked her hard cock, shivering with intense pleasure. She was almost undone when she touched the ultra-sensitive bulbous tip.

“Oh, I am going to have this grown out all the time while we are at home...and I am going to chase you around the house with it,” Nancy said, pointing her clit-cock toward Clea in lascivious suggestion, cracking herself up, laughing a great belly laugh and making the cock bounce suggestively.

With her chest unburdened from the extra set of breasts, Clea comfortably leaned over Serendipity’s spread thighs to lick her sweet pussy with renewed passion and exuberance.

Nancy moved so that she was positioned directly behind Clea’s crouched form, coaxing her knees apart mounting behind her. Nancy began to slide her sensitive clit-cock inside her beloved partner, inch by sensitive inch until she was deeply connected to Clea’s feminine center. The first stroke felt so good, she could hardly bear it.

Clea’s palm quickly swiped across Serendipity’s mid-section, depositing something there, then caressed up under her bottom and between her ass cheeks, as she simultaneously ground and lapped her mouth on Serendipity’s clit.

Suddenly Serendipity disappeared in a puff of smoke, in her place was a medium-sized green scaly dragon, with emerald green eyes and a kind expression on its face.

“You did that belly-button ice cube thing again, didn’t you?...” Nancy said, looking around at Clea’s face, over her shoulders to her turned head and partially twisted torso. What could she do but laugh and be exasperated at the same time?

“Yeah, but I didn’t know it would make her turn into a dragon!” Clea said, laughing so hard her tight muscles almost expelled Nancy’s clit-cock from her cleft.

“Well...I have to admit...I have always fantasized about being with a dragon,” Nancy said, shrugging off the oddness of that fantasy.

“Are you okay in there, Serendipity?” Nancy questioned.

“Yes, I am certainly fine,” Serendipity said, in the voice of Sean Connery, the sexiest voice any woman could ever want to hear coming from a dragon.

“What should we do now?” Clea asked looking back at Nancy, the momentum of the moment was broken and she wasn’t quite sure how this would play out.

“We enjoy her....and fulfill my wildest fantasy!..... Serendipity, can you stay a dragon for a few hours....or maybe a couple of days?” Nancy asked gently, thinking maybe she was pushing her luck.

Serendipity then licked Nancy, practically from head to toe with her ultra-long thick tongue, rasping its velvety surface along her body, setting off incredible pleasure sensations as it went, which was all the reply she needed.

EPILOGUE:

Nancy and Clea picked up the thousands of perfect diamonds from Serendipity's slave collar, their generous reward for freeing her and they lived in luxury for the rest of their lives on the proceeds.

Nancy and Clea took Serendipity home with them, giving her love and a family forever.

THE END

About

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Dan Standing