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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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Jeanie Dreams of Boobs

## Chapter I

Peyton crept up the stairs to her apartment, wincing at every creak the wooden steps made. If Ms. Abernathy heard her coming in, she knew the old bitch was gonna give her shit about the late rent. Again.

*That would be a perfect way to end a shitty day.* She thought as she reached the landing and tiptoed down the hall, mentally reciting her list of grievances from the day.

She'd worked the slow, boring day shift. Then she got cut just before the night crowd rolled in and started buying drinks. Her last table had been a group of Karens who made substitutions on every dish and sent three plates back. To top it all off, they left a five-dollar bill as their tip for a check that totaled well over a hundred dollars. It was all Peyton could do not to slam the apartment door behind her.

She did, however, trip over a box sitting just inside the entryway of her apartment. The box had been in that spot for a month after Cassie brought it home from the flea market. Peyton hadn't moved it three months ago when Cassie unexpectedly moved out, with just a sticky note apology, leaving all Peyton's messages on "read."

"Fuck!"

Peyton stumbled to her hands and knees, wincing as her toes collided with the box. It tipped over, spilling its contents across the floor. A few seconds later, her downstairs neighbor, Katelyn, thumped the ceiling with her broom. Peyton tried to be grateful it was Katelyn in the apartment below her instead of the landlady, but she lived in constant dread of the grouchy spinster's broom.

"God damn it." Peyton cursed, rolling over to clutch her injured toes. "Fuckin' Cassie..."

Sitting up, Peyton looked over the "treasures" her prodigal roommate left behind. A couple of yellowed books, a stack of chipped and mismatched teacups, a bent Slinky, and what looked like a very old bottle of liquor. Peyton had emptied her last gin bottle a week ago, and after the day she'd had...

She reached for the bottle. It felt too heavy to be empty. It was made of dull pink glass, completely opaque, with bands of gold—or probably brass—at intervals along its length. She suspected that if it *wasn't* empty, whatever was in it would be disgusting.

She twisted the stopper loose.

Instead of what Peyton expected—the musty smell of an empty bottle or the atrocious odor of rancid liquor—a pink mist sprayed out. She jerked back, tossing the bottle to the floor, where it rolled in a lazy circle. The mist flowed in a constant stream, collecting into a single small cloud that rose to form a pillar. The pillar of mist coalesced into a humanoid shape, resolving into a woman.

The woman was average height, a few inches taller than Peyton. She had flawless tanned skin, blonde hair, and bright blue eyes.

“The fuck?” Peyton scrambled back across the floor until she hit the wall. She looked the stranger up and down.

She wore low heels and harem pants, a halter top with loose sleeves, and her hair was held in a high ponytail with a scarf. Her entire outfit was shades of pink, and projecting above her bare midriff were the biggest pair of tits Peyton had ever seen.

“Hello, Master!” The stranger said with a wide, friendly smile. She took a step closer to Peyton, who flinched back again.

“Or should I say, Mistress?” The woman cooed.

Peyton fought the urge to stare into the cleavage hanging down in front of her face. Despite being the size of cantaloupes, the woman’s breasts held their firm, gravity-defying shape.

She reached out to brush her fingers down Peyton’s cheek. “You’re quite a pretty one. Oh, I do like finding a pretty Mistress. It makes things so much more fun!”

Nobody had called Peyton pretty since she hit puberty. The best she ever got was “cool” or “nice” or the dreaded “good friend.” She scowled at the strange woman. “Who... what... are you?”

The woman stepped back and struck a pose with fists on her hips. “I’m Jeanie!”

“Genie? Like from Aladdin? Seriously?”

“*Jeanie*, with a J.”

Peyton couldn’t hear a difference in the stranger’s pronunciation. “Jeanie... why does that sound familiar? Wait, isn’t that from that super old TV show my grandma watched?”

The woman grinned. "Well, I do try to match my appearance to the culture where I'm summoned." She spread her arms and looked down at herself, twisting her hips and legs. "Is it not what you expected?"

"Um... it's a little... problematic."

"Oh!" The stranger's eyes flitted as if she were looking at something invisible in the air. "I see... What about this?" She snapped her fingers, and in a puff of pink smoke, she transformed into an identical version of herself. She wore the same outfit and had the same proportions, except now she looked vaguely Middle-Eastern. She had jet-black hair and dark olive skin, and her eyes had darkened to a deep brown.

The stranger twirled again, showing herself off. "Is this better?"

"No! That's worse!"

"Ah." She snapped again, returning to her original color palette. "It's just my clothes, then?"

Jeanie snapped, and her harem outfit was replaced with a black suit with tiny black shorts, tall leather boots, fishnet stockings, and a top hat. The buttons on her white shirt puckered against her breasts, and she wore a bright pink corset and bowtie. Her short black jacket was topped with a black cape, also lined in pink.

"Why does that seem oddly familiar?" Peyton asked.

"Alright, maybe this?" Jeanie returned to her original outfit but in all white. Her skin became pale salmon and her hair a deep rose.

"No."

She wore a full pantsuit in hot pink, with her blonde hair in a bob. A schoolgirl outfit with a rose blazer, pink tie, and pink plaid skirt. She turned pink again with a white bikini top and gold bracers, with a trail of smoke where her legs had been. A pair of ratty pink jeans with a black band tee and a pink plaid flannel. A full "goth girl" outfit where everything was pink instead of black. A long pink split skirt and corset, white lace bodice, and gigantic pink witch's hat.

"Stop!!" Peyton waved her hands at the stranger. "It's fine! I'm sorry I said anything; just please, stop that! You're giving me a headache."

Jeanie snapped her fingers, returning to her original appearance. The cloud of pink mist from her rapid transformations faded into nothing. "I'm sorry, Mistress. I don't get out much, and I sometimes get a little carried away."

Peyton stood, brushing off her black shorts and tank top. "So, what is this? Some kind of prank? Are you a hologram?"

Peyton stepped up to the woman and tried poking through her body. Her finger met warm, soft breast flesh. She jumped back.

"S-sorry..."

"It's quite alright, Mistress. I am at your service, *completely*." Her eyes met Peyton's, and her smokey gaze made the implication plain. "Your wish is my command."

"Wish?" Peyton scoffed. "Now I know this is a prank. What, are you going to magically fix all my problems? Like if I say 'I wish I could afford to pay rent,' you'd just—"

"Sure!" Jeanie grinned, raising her hand to snap.

"Wait! No!"

Jeanie froze, and Peyton went on.

"Okay, just hold on. I know how this goes. You're going to twist my words to curse me or something. "Be careful what you wish for," right?"

Jeanie clasped both hands behind her back, twisting her body back and forth as she stared at the ceiling. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean..."

"Let me think about this," Peyton said. "Just in case this *isn't* total bullshit, I need to choose my words carefully."

Jeanie's face fell. "You're not a lawyer, are you, Mistress?"

Peyton gestured at the shabby apartment. "Would a lawyer be struggling to pay rent on a dump like this?"

Jeanie shrugged.

"No," Peyton said, "I have a useless fucking dance degree."

She started to pace, mumbling at first, then growing to a rant. "...and everyone; my parents, teachers, every adult I talked to—fucking boomers and gen-xers—said I'd need a degree to get a good job. Even with the degree, the best I can get is a service industry job. Not that I'm complaining. Some of my friends can't even get those. They're stuck getting screwed by Uber or DoorDash. At least they have cars, while I'm stuck paying a whole-ass car payment every month on fucking student loans..."

As her rant wound down, Peyton stepped back in front of the stranger. "I can't just say, 'I wish to be happy,' right?"

"I could try, Mistress. But it's likely to go wrong with something so abstract."

Peyton paced again, running through the events and decisions of her life. From the time she was little, she'd loved dancing. Classes, practice, recitals, it had all felt so worth it at the time. Even in college, she thought majoring in dance would lead to performing on big stages in front of bigger crowds. The reality of trying to make it as a performer in the "real world" had broken her. But maybe... just maybe... this was her chance to change all that.

"Alright, I've got it. I wish that all the time I spent studying and practicing dance wasn't a waste and that it all led to a fulfilling career that pays the bills so I'm not struggling and miserable all the time."

Jeanie smiled. "As you wish, Mistress."

As soon as Jeanie snapped her fingers, Peyton realized she could have been more specific about the career she wanted.

"Wait!"

## Chapter II

She was too late. A chorus of strange sensations slammed into Peyton's body. She felt a dull pain in the bones and muscles of her legs. They stretched, and she watched Jeanie's face get slowly lower as she grew taller. Her ass tingled, and she felt something slide into her cleft as her simple black jean shorts changed into skin-tight booty shorts. Peyton reached around to her bottom and felt a firm round rump where her flat ass had been.

Before she got a chance to process this new development, Peyton felt a tingling heat blossom in her chest, focusing on her small breasts. She stared down at her tank top, which clung to her padded bra, giving her as much of a buff as she could manage without surgery. The band and straps of the bra started digging into her back and shoulders, and Peyton watched as her half-handfuls swelled. They grew to the size of peaches, then apples, then grapefruits. Just when Peyton was sure her bra was going to snap, the undergarment vanished. Her tank top changed from black to Kelly green.

If she hadn't been fixated on her swelling breasts, Peyton would have noticed her dull auburn undercut exploding into luscious ginger beer curls spilling over her shoulders. Her longer hair framed a face that was still Peyton's but with clear skin, threaded eyebrows, straight teeth, and full, plump pink lips.

Peyton felt the tingling as her face changed but was still staring as her breasts continued to swell, past coconuts, cantaloupes, honeydew, and finally stopping just short of peak-harvested watermelons. She clutched the overflowing flesh in her hands. They were supple and firm, pressing back against her fingers and riding high on her chest even without the aid of a bra.

Peyton glared at the blonde, who was now a few inches shorter than her, and whose formerly-impressive tits were barely half the size of her own. "What the fuck?"

Before Jeanie could answer, Peyton winced as a migraine shot through her head. Time seemed to stop, and the apartment dimmed as a flood of new memories filled her mind. Instead of awkward, disappointing puberty, her breasts had come in hard and fast, growing year-by-year, until she finally reached her current ridiculous size three years ago, just before her twenty-second birthday. She remembered many, many more dance and ballet classes, recitals, and countless hours at the gym. She had popular friends, daily skincare routines, and social media sponsorships. Bikinis, photoshoots, and so, so many bra fittings. Peyton remembered her old life, but it was like a hazy dream; the new memories felt *real*.

“What did you do to me??” Peyton’s voice sounded strange in her ears. Instead of her old sarcastic, deadpan tone, she spoke in a sultry murmur that was ready to become a sexy moan at any moment.

Jeanie shrugged, “I granted your wish, of course. That *is* why I’m here.” She stepped in close to Peyton, touching one enormous breast briefly before letting her hand glide over the redhead’s tiny waist and round hip. Her voice purred, “I must say, this is some of my best work. I can’t take all the credit, of course, unless you wish for physical changes. But I just *knew* you had... potential.”

Peyton found herself trembling at Jeanie’s touch. She hadn’t been touched like that in a long time. “But why? I didn’t wish for **this**.”

Jeanie gazed up into Peyton’s deep green eyes. “I gave you exactly what you wanted. You made choices in your youth that led to a fulfilling career. A very... what’s the word? *Lucrative* career.”

She used the hand resting on Peyton’s hip to pull their bodies close, then used the other to brush a ginger curl behind Peyton’s ear. “I meant what I said before. If you want to have some post-wish fun, I won’t count it against your quota.”

Peyton’s heartbeat thundered in her ears. “Q-quota?”

“Of course,” Jeanie grinned wickedly, “You have two wishes left.”

Peyton quirked an eyebrow. “Three wishes, seriously?”

Jeanie rose on her toes, gently grinding her body against Peyton’s. “Art imitates life, Mistress.”

–Bzzzz!–

They were interrupted by Peyton’s intercom. She extricated herself from Jeanie’s hands and walked over to the panel, feeling slightly disoriented by her long legs and offset center of gravity.

“Yeah?”

“Are you coming down? We’re gonna be late.”



Peyton had a moment of confusion; then, the new memories clarified in her mind. The voice on the intercom was her coworker, Willow. Peyton still didn't own a car—it was awkward for her to drive herself—and for half the price of an Uber, Willow drove her to work and back. They worked together—as dancers.

She pushed the button, “I’m *uh*— not feeling well...”

“Come on, don’t bullshit me,” the distorted voice replied.

Releasing the button, Peyton turned to glare at Jeanie. “You turned me into a stripper!?”

Jeanie grinned. “You should go. I promise you’ll have fun.”

Too many conflicting thoughts swirled in Peyton’s head. She could probably get out of going with Willow, but then she’d have to deal with the fallout. Pieces of her new work politics flashed through her mind. Stretching her arms, she realized she felt well-rested; her shift at the restaurant was nothing but a vague memory. She was pretty sure she still needed rent money.

She hit the button, “I’ll be right down.”

Pointing a finger at Jeanie, she added, “We’re gonna have a talk when I get back.”

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### Chapter III

Peyton and Willow arrived at *Club Lavender* at a quarter past eight. Peyton recognized the high-end strip club; she often drove past the place back in college. But now, her memories were full of nights inside the place—dancing on the stage. She silently wished she'd 'wished' for Jeanie to change her life back as she and her friend walked through the staff entrance.

The manager—Peyton remembered his name was Jace—was pacing by the door. "Where have you been? You're supposed to go on next, and you're not even dressed!"

"Isn't that kinda the point?" Willow asked with a smirk.

"Don't start with me," Jace said. "I'll have Nat go on early, right after Sam; then you're up. And you," he pointed at Peyton, "Are on after Willow. Now, both of you, go get ready."

"Sorry, Jace..." Peyton said as Willow steered her toward the dressing room.

"Don't let him get to you," Willow said. "The crowd in here doubles the nights you dance. I think he's still salty 'cause you turned him down."

"Thanks, *-uh-* babe."

The short Asian girl looked up at her, "Are you alright? You're not getting sick, are you?"

How could Peyton possibly explain that this wasn't her life an hour ago? That she'd found a literal genie who'd turned her into a teenage boy's wet dream?

"I'm fine. Just a little off, you know?"

"Mmm. Well, shake it off, yeah? There are at least thirty guys out there with their wallets in one hand and their dicks in the other, waiting just for you." Willow reached over to give Peyton's left breast a shove, sending her monumental melons wobbling. "And *these* monsters!"

Peyton was shocked at first; nobody touched her with that level of familiarity. But then memories flashed by—countless times Willow had done that much and more. The dancers at *Lavender* were a friendly and handsy bunch.

“Yeah, yeah,” she said. “There are plenty here to see you too.” She glanced down at her gorgeous, four-eleven Asian friend. A running joke popped into her mind, “You’re a specialty act.”

Willow fanned out her long, straight black hair and thrust her A-cup chest forward. “You bet your sweet ass, I am.”

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Peyton stood behind the curtain, waiting for Willow to finish her song. Her friend dangled from the pole by her legs to a fusion of electric guitars and shamisen that ‘normal Peyton’ would have considered problematic for the Asian dancer. ‘New Peyton’ knew the song was one of Willow’s favorite picks. As Willow rode the pole down to rest her middle on the stage, she arched her back, pushing up with her arms to smile at the crowd. Dark nipples pointed out from her nearly flat chest, and male patrons tossed bills on the stage appreciatively.

The DJ, Dean, switched on his mic, and the gravelly voice of a chain smoker said, “Give it up one more time for Keiko!”

Willow scooped up her earnings and grabbed her kimono. Peyton tugged at the lapels of her outfit. It was a business suit that fit remarkably well, and she remembered having it custom-made.

Dean gave her cue, “Up next on the main stage; it’s the one and only Poppy!”

## Chapter IV

Peyton's heart throbbed in her ears. She couldn't do this. But a lifetime of dancing and over two years at this club told her she could. She straightened her shoulders, pushing her way through the curtain.

There was a smattering of applause and a few whistles. Peyton heard a clapping drumbeat lead into a distorted guitar riff. *Arctic Monkeys*, at least her taste in music hadn't changed. She strutted to the front of the stage, feeling her body move with practiced grace as if on autopilot. She bent at the waist to touch the stage, then slid her hands slowly up her legs.

*Have you got colour in your cheeks?*

*Do you ever get that fear that you can't shift the tide that sticks around like summat in your teeth?*

Payton flashed the blazer of her suit open, showing off how little of the bulk beneath was anything other than tits. She spun to stalk back toward the pole, tossing up the back of the blazer to show her perfect ass straining her suit skirt.

*I've dreamt about you nearly every night this week.*

*How many secrets can you keep?*

She grabbed the pole and swung around it, shedding her blazer in one smooth motion. Then she grabbed the pole above her head, bending her strong legs and sliding down until her ass nearly touched the stage.

*'Cause there's this tune I found that makes me think of you somehow, an' I play it on repeat*

*Until I fall asleep,*

*Spillin' drinks on my settee*

Peyton grabbed the waistband of her skirt. It had snaps instead of hooks or a zipper, and she teased it open a couple of times before dropping it to slide down her legs. Without looking down, she hooked the skirt on one foot, kicking it to land with the blazer. She wore red panties, and her flesh-tone stockings were clipped to garters on her upper thighs. She rode the pole again, a little faster this time.

*(Baby, we both know)*

*That the nights were mainly made for sayin' things that you can't say tomorrow day*

*Crawlin' back to you*

Her loose necktie came off next. The shirt had normal buttons, and she took her time undoing them one by one. By the time the chorus came around a second time, Peyton had let the shirt fall open; she slid it off her arms, tossing it on the pile. Her enormous lace bra matched her panties, and she jumped onto the pole. Supporting her weight with her legs, she spun around the cold metal until she landed softly on the stage. She crawled toward the edge, her massive breasts brushing the stage, then rose to her knees, letting men stuff bills into the band of her panties.

She stood, showing the crowd her back as she undid the hooks on her bra.

*Crawlin' back to you*

When she tossed the bra to her pile and turned around, several patrons cheered. More bills flew onto the stage as she bent forward, letting her bare breasts dangle. She returned to the pole, wrapping her boobs around it with both arms. After tit-fucking the pole a few times, she bent forward and swung her legs up, repeating her spin move upside-down. Her breasts fell into her face as she swung around the pole and descended to rest her back on the stage.

As the final chorus thrummed from the speakers, Peyton rolled over and crawled across the stage again. She took another round of panty bills, then finished by resting on one knee, running a hand along her other leg as she leaned back, thrusting her chest forward.

*Do you want me crawlin' back to you?*

Whistles and cheers accompanied a shower of cash.

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Carrying her clothes back to the dressing room, Peyton counted the wad of bills in her hand. She'd made over three hundred dollars! For *one* dance! Even after paying the club their cut, she'd make enough tonight to pay her back rent and still have cash left over.

A tiny voice in her head said she should feel ashamed of herself, but as the fugue state of her performance wore off, Peyton found herself reveling in it. She felt strong, confident, and powerful. The changes Jeanie made had turned her into someone else. No, that wasn't right. She was still *her*, deep down. But she'd become so much more.

## Chapter V

At the start of the night, Peyton was working up a good long rant to give the capricious blonde for changing her whole life. But between the hours on stage soaking up the admiration of her fans and time backstage laughing and hanging out with her fellow dancers, she just didn't have it in her. All her anger and frustration were gone. She felt emotionally satisfied from a work experience that was, surprisingly, far less toxic than restaurant work. She felt physically exhausted from dancing, but in a good way. Waiting tables was far from a sedentary job, but being able to really push her body, to stretch her capabilities to their limit, was rewarding in a way she hadn't expected.

When Peyton returned to her apartment a few hours before dawn, Jeanie was nowhere to be found. Assuming the genie was back in her bottle, Peyton changed for bed. In the drawer that had once held a pile of boy shorts and tees with the printing flaking off, she found neatly folded pajama sets, every last one made of silk or satin. Realizing that she was wearing makeup and covered in layers of candy-scented body spray, Peyton decided she should shower before bed.

Stripping down while she waited for the water to heat up, Peyton washed the makeup off her face. Of course, she'd seen herself topless in the club's dressing room, but now that she was alone, she could take all of herself in.

Her breasts were topped by dark pink nipples that puffed up in the open air. They bobbed and rippled every time she moved but stood high on her chest, full and firm. Her butt formed two perfectly round cheeks that were even more firm. Every inch of her skin was smooth and clear, and her arms and legs were well-toned without being overly muscular. Despite being in her mid-twenties, she had the healthy glow of a teenager. When her face was clean, she saw that she'd only worn makeup to compensate for the stage lights at the club. Her lips were plump and pink, and the contour of her cheeks showed flawlessly. Her lashes were long and thick, and her eyelids were naturally a shade darker.

Peyton grinned at her reflection. For all the liberties Jeanie had taken with her wish, she certainly didn't miss any details.

The shower stall was larger than Peyton remembered, and as she stepped into the steaming water, she remembered picking the apartment for its big shower—though it still felt a little cramped. As the water splashed onto the tops of her bare breasts, Peyton felt every drop send a spark of pleasure through her body. Her shower had a

fixed head and a detachable handle, so she leaned into the luxurious spray, grabbed the handheld, and let a second jet of hot water push her over the edge. She muffled her ecstatic cries to avoid waking grumpy Katelyn downstairs.

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When Peyton woke early in the afternoon, she felt warm breath on her breasts. The top few buttons of her silk pajamas were undone, and when she opened her eyes, Peyton saw a blonde head and pink headscarf nestled into her cleavage. At first, she was annoyed that Jeanie had crawled into bed with her without asking, but as she felt the warmth of the genie's large breasts smooched against her huge ones, Peyton felt soothed. It reminded her of being a little girl again, letting the family dog sleep on her bed.

They lay together like that until the change in Peyton's breathing made Jeanie open her eyes.

"Good morning, Mistress. Did you sleep well?"

Peyton murmured in agreement.

"Sorry for sleeping in your bed. You just looked so warm and soft I couldn't help myself."

Peyton stroked the genie's hair. "It's fine."

Jeanie tilted her head into Peyton's touch, arching her back and hugging herself into her mistress' enormous breasts. "Are you hungry? Do you want some breakfast?"

"Is it gonna cost me a wish?"

Jeanie laughed into Peyton's chest. "No, of course not! Using a whole wish just for some pancakes would be pretty silly." She looked thoughtful. "Though I did do that once. But that Master was really dumb. Not smart like you, Mistress." She cuddled tighter into Peyton.

"Okay, then."

"Yay!"

Jeanie jumped out of bed. "You wait here; I'll be right back."



As she bounded out to the kitchen, Peyton smiled. It was kind of like having a pet. A cute, sexy pet who'd changed her whole life with a snap of her fingers.

Jeanie returned a few minutes later with a tray. It held a stack of six perfectly golden pancakes on a plate, a steaming mug of coffee, and a tall glass of orange juice. Peyton wondered if she'd cooked the food or made it using magic.

She sat up in bed while Jeanie positioned the tray over her lap. "This is *-um-* a lot of food..."

Jeanie beamed. "It's alright, Mistress. You burn way more calories now than you used to. I wouldn't overfeed you."

Peyton did feel famished after a night of intense dancing, so she shrugged and dug in.

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## Chapter VI

Once she settled into her new routine, Peyton wondered why she stayed in the same apartment now that she was making such good money. She did some searching online, and while she found some nicer places, the rent was much higher.

*There's no point in living in a building with an elevator if I have to go back to eating instant ramen.*

Peyton grabbed another shrimp and dipped it in cocktail sauce. The side she'd added to her crab ravioli order cost as much as three meals from her old life. Even with indulgences like these, she was able to save and invest over half of what she earned. Peyton was on track to retire from dancing before she turned forty, with enough saved to buy and start up her own club. As the horseradish in the sauce tickled her taste buds, Peyton decided that this apartment would do just fine.

The decision was made easier by some of the side effects of Jeanie's changes to her personal history. The cheap apartment was much nicer than it had been before. The peeling facade was freshly painted, and none of the stairs squeaked. Peyton had a faint memory of the landlady's son coming around more, trying to hit on her. Maybe he pushed his mom to take better care of the place to impress her.

*Too bad I don't swing that way...*

There was still one thing about Peyton's apartment that she found less than ideal.

"Aha! In your face!" Jeanie cheered as Peyton's character hit the edge of the screen in an explosive burst.

Peyton sighed. "You're cheating."

"What!? I am not! I can't help that my fingers are faster than your slow mortal ones."

*-THUMP THUMP-*

Katelyn's broom sounded through the floor.

"You could always *wish* to be better at this game, Mistress..."

“What I wish,” Peyton said, “is that my downstairs neighbor wasn’t such a bitch.”

“Okay!” Jeanie grinned.

“Wait!” Peyton cried.

Jeanie froze with her hand raised, and Peyton considered. Sure, she could make another wish for herself. But honestly, her life was pretty good. Sure, she could wish to be a CEO or some other kind of one-percenter, but what kind of monkey’s paw consequences would *that* wish cause? She’d been given three wishes, after all; why not use one for someone else?

“I can’t wish for, like, world peace or anything, can I?”

Jeanie dropped her hand back to the controller. “Unfortunately not, Mistress. I can only affect the life of an individual.”

“What if I wish for Hitler to, I don’t know, spend more time on his art?”

Jeanie quirked a wry smile. “Well, *that* would certainly set off some ripples. But no, that’s too far in the past. And besides, it has to be something directly connected to my Master’s life.”

“I guess that makes sense. Alright then, I wish that Katelyn wasn’t such a bitch. That we get along as neighbors. I’m guessing she’s had a pretty shitty life to make her so miserable, and you can change that?”

“Your wish is my command!” Jeanie beamed as she snapped her fingers.

Pain shot through Peyton’s head as her memories changed again. She’d assumed Katelyn was somewhere in her fifties but now realized that a lifetime of hard living and depression had aged her prematurely. The woman she saw in her new memories didn’t look a day over thirty-five.

–*knock, knock*–

“Come in!” Jeanie chirped.

Katelyn stepped through the door. The emaciated, knotty-haired shrew from downstairs was now a darkly beautiful bombshell. Straight black hair hung almost to her waist. Her dark eyes were warm and full of mirth. And, of course, she had massive

breasts. Peyton gaped. Her neighbor was bigger than Jeanie, almost as big as Peyton herself. She wore a cream cable-knit sweater and carried a plastic food container.

Katelyn bounced across the room. "Hi, girls. I made some brownies and thought you might want some. Are you playing that game again?"

She plopped down on the couch beside Peyton, making all four breasts wobble. She opened the container and held it out to Peyton. Stunned and trying not to stare, Peyton plucked a gooey chocolate square and took a bite.

"Do you like it?" Katelyn asked.

Peyton nodded. "Delicious."

"It's my grandma's secret recipe," she said with a wink.

Peyton chewed her brownie and raised an eyebrow at Jeanie. "Boobs again?"

Jeanie shrugged. "I like boobs. Don't you?"

"I mean, I guess..."

Katelyn held up the container again. "Of course, my little Peytikins likes boobs." She patted the side of Peyton's left breast. "It would be kinda weird if she didn't."

For a second, Peyton was shocked at the woman's familiar touch. Then, new memories of the two of them hanging out filled her mind. She'd assumed that Jeanie couldn't make people fall in love, but Katelyn was obviously into her. And pretty bad at hiding it. It took all of three seconds—and a few years' worth of memories—for Peyton to decide the feeling was mutual.

## Chapter VII

Peyton plucked another brownie, leaning into her neighbor as she chewed. “Thanks for these, Kate. You’re the best...”

A massive breast smooshed into a huge one, and Katelyn blushed at the contact. Her voice got quiet as she said, “I’m glad you like them...”

Peyton brushed away a few strands of Katelyn’s dark hair, lightly touching her ear. Katelyn met her gaze, then glanced at Jeanie, who was watching them.

Peyton shot Jeanie a meaningful glare.

“Huh? Oh! I think I hear my *uh*- telephone!” Jeanie jumped up and left the room.

“Your roommate is kinda stra—”

Peyton cut her neighbor off mid-word with a kiss.

As she lay in bed, coming down from some of the best sex of her life—and the first she’d had in almost a year—Peyton’s thoughts wandered. She could feel Katelyn’s breath on her neck. The older girl’s hand gently stroked her breast, slowing until it stopped altogether, resting on the fat lobe as she fell asleep. Some part of Peyton thought it was a pretty convenient loophole for Jeanie to make them fall in love by rewriting their backstory. But once again, it felt so damn good that she couldn’t bring herself to be upset about it. She remembered months of Katelyn dotting on her like an older sister, and the woman had spent the last hour worshipping Peyton’s new body. She was the most attentive and generous lover Peyton had ever been with by a fair margin—not to mention drop-dead gorgeous. As she drifted to sleep, Peyton completely forgot she had one more wish left.

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Jeanie gave the couple space for the first week. Katelyn came up every evening bearing cupcakes, cookies, dips, and even homemade donuts. Peyton was surprised at how much food she was able to put away, but when she went to work, she never had any trouble fitting into her various costumes, so she figured Jeanie was right about the workout she got while dancing.

Sometimes, Katelyn would stay in the apartment hanging out with Jeanie until Peyton returned in the small hours. She seemed completely unfazed by the genie's presence or the small magic she sometimes did, moving an ottoman closer or refilling a glass. If Katelyn was still there when Peyton got home—which was most mornings—they gleefully jumped into bed together, eventually falling asleep in each other's arms.

One morning, Peyton heard Katelyn behind her whisper, "Oh, hi, Jeanie..."

She rolled onto her back to see Jeanie snuggled up against Katelyn's back, a hand resting just below her left breast. "Sorry... she does that."

Katelyn grinned. "I don't mind being the meat in this sandwich. But you better not try anything. I'm a one-woman girl."

"I'll be good," Jeanie promised. "I just like cuddling with huma—pretty girls..." Her fingers pressed into Katelyn's flesh, softly kneading her ample breast. "Is this okay?"

Katelyn's cheeks darkened, but she nodded. "I suppose... though if you get me worked up again, I'll have to kick you out so Pey and I can go another round."

Peyton rolled over and laid her head on the pillow. She pulled Katelyn's hand back on top of her massive breast and held it there. "Goodnight, you two."

## Chapter VIII

Weeks became months. Peyton danced, made money, ate, made love to her girlfriend, and slept. Willow started coming over to hang out so they'd have a fourth for games, and life was good.

Peyton passed her tiny kitchen and saw Jeanie carrying a tray of cocktails. She checked that the other women were out of earshot and said, "Hey, can I ask you something?"

"Of course, Mistress!"

"How come the other girls don't notice you doing magic?"

"Oh! It's just like the wishes, Mistress. Has anyone you knew before noticed the changes from your first wish?"

Peyton thought about that. Ms. Abernathy hadn't batted an eye when she knocked on her door and paid her in a stack of five-dollar bills. She'd gone to her old work with Willow once, and the few servers there who knew her hadn't commented on her gigantic rack.

"I guess not."

"You're the only one who can tell because you're my Mistress."

She noticed for the first time that Jeanie only called her "Mistress" when the others weren't around. Most of the time, she acted like a roommate. Well, a roommate who kept the apartment clean and brought her anything she wanted, often without being asked. She told Willow and Katelyn that Jeanie was her friend and was starting to think that wasn't a lie.

"Jeanie?"

"Yes, Mistress?"

"Would you call me by my name?"

"-Um- If you like, Miss-er- Peyton." Jeanie's cheeks flushed.

"I think I've decided what I want my last wish to be."

“Oh!” Jeanie set the tray on the counter. She clasped her hands over her waist and smiled up at Peyton expectantly. “Of course!”

“I wish for you to be free.”

Jeanie’s eyes went wide, and her brow crinkled. “You... you wish for me to leave?”

Peyton took a step forward, momentarily forgetting her size as her enormous breasts bumped into Jeanie’s large ones. “No, no! That’s not what I mean. I want you to be able to choose. You’ve been living here with me like a maid, waiting for me to make my third wish. And my life is so perfect now. I can’t think of anything more I want for myself. So I want you to be free. That’s what I wish.”

Jeanie looked down at her feet. “Are you sure you wouldn’t rather have me, say, give Willow some nice big boobs?”

Willow called from the other room, “What was that?”

“Nothing!” Peyton called. Turning back to the genie, she said, “I’ve made up my mind.”

“Can... can I still stay here?”

Peyton scowled. “Is there usually this much bargaining with magic genie wishes? Of course, you can stay— if that’s what **you** want.”

Jeanie hopped on her toes, clapping. “Yay!”

She snapped her fingers, and Peyton felt... nothing.

“Did it work?”

“Of course! Well, I can’t truly free *myself*. But I bound myself to you. Now, I won’t be able to be claimed by another Master as long as you live.”

“What!? That’s not what I—“

“Are you guys coming or what?” Willow called. “We’re gonna start it without you!”

Katelyn scolded her, “Don’t say that. No, we won’t, hon!”

Jeanie grabbed her tray, and Peyton followed her into the living room. Peyton sat beside Katelyn, who popped a mini cupcake into her mouth. Jeanie wrapped an arm around Willow. “Are you *sure* you don’t want me to give her just a *little* boost?”



“No.”

Jeanie’s eyes gleamed.

She snapped, and Peyton watched Willow’s tiny lumps swell into plump grapefruits, stretching her red anime tee. She was still the smallest of the four of them, but on her tiny frame, her boobs looked massive. Jeanie squeezed Willow’s chest together, fondling her with delight.

“Just look at them! They’re so cute!”

“Oi!” Willow laughed, swatting Jeanie’s hands away. “No free touches, blonde!”

Peyton sighed. What chaos had she unleashed on the world by freeing a boob-obsessed genie? Although, if Jeanie was still bound to her, at least her mischief couldn’t be too widespread. She sat back on the couch, propping her feet on the ottoman and letting Katelyn lean into her shoulder. As the movie started, Katelyn held up another mini-cupcake, and Peyton opened her mouth to accept the offered sweet.

“Those are good, aren’t they?” Jeanie asked. “Katey uses extra butter to make them so tasty.”

Peyton nervously swallowed her mouthful of chocolate and sugar. She was suddenly aware of all the extra snacking she’d been doing since Jeanie came into her life. The weight of her massive breasts seemed to increase, and she felt a soft pop—a button left from her shirt to plink off the coffee table and onto the floor.

“Don’t tease her,” Katelyn said to the blonde. She ran a hand lovingly along the curve of Peyton’s breast. “I can’t have my growing girl wasting away...” She lifted another cupcake to Peyton’s lips.

“Jeanie!—*omf*—”

When Peyton opened her mouth to scold the genie, Katelyn stuffed the cupcake into it.

Jeanie grinned smugly. “Shh! It’s starting; no talking!”

Peyton pouted while she chewed.

