

"Any three wishes i want?" came the little green kobold's timid question.

"Any three that you wish, within certain common sense restrictions. I'm a genie, not a god. Even my cosmic power has limits."

The genie in question looked almost nothing like the Disney's Aladdin style of genie that most people would expect. Instead Nisa found herself looking at the form of a meticulously groomed black-furred Jackal in a pressed business suit that seemed to hug every contour of his lean body as if it were grown on him like second pelt rather than just tailored for his body's proportions. if it wasn't for the main genie-like feature of his body from the waist down dissolving into a trail of ebony smoke that emitted from the end of the oil lamp in place of legs she might have almost been inclined to believe such a creature to be some kind of deal-making demon rather than a genie. But, despite his appearance, every other cliché so far had rang true. She had rubbed the side of the lamp she had found at a flea market while polishing it and a semi-ethereal creature had popped out to offer her wishes. What person in their right mind would argue with that? Not that she was in much of a mind set to argue, mind you. She was far too absorbed in trying to figure out what she was going to wish for.

as the little kobold girl, barely more than 5 feet tall if you counted the top of her horns, pondered over her options the genie already knew where this was heading. He watched the changing expressions on her short, toothy muzzle and read every thought and idea like she were an open book. he had done this dozens of times and could always tell the ones that either were simply looking to game the system, or were simply interested in seeing if they could. this little leafy-haired kobold seemed like the latter, one to try the most extreme wish first and, if that didn't work, work her way backwards. He wanted to say he couldn't blame them but he had seen far too many greedy mortals who seemed intent on milking every ounce of whatever they could get out of the literal wish granting to not have become just a little bit jaded by the whole process. At least he knew where this was going and knew what to expect.

"So i can wish for anything, and if its within your power, you'll give it to me?" she asked, a tiny flicker of resolve coming in to her words. at the genie's nod, she continued. "Well then. since i already know you're capable of granting wishes, I wish that i had infinite wishes."

And there it was, just as he had expected. Despite his best efforts, he simply couldn't keep the smirk off of the edges of his expression.

"I figured that's what you would ask for. you're not the first, and you won't be the last. Sadly, as you can probably assume from the lack of other people running around ruling the world with their infinite wishes, that is something that is beyond my power. My power is limited even in the amount of power i am able to bestow upon a person." When he saw the flash of disappointment and annoyance cross her face he quickly continued, still smirking. "However, a wish is a wish and I must grant it to the best of my ability, but you will forfeit all three of your wishes to gain this one wish."

Nisa's eyes suddenly lit up, losing that dreary expression that had begun building. her eyes locked on the oddly glowing violet colored eyes of the genie as she waited for him to continue. She hadn't honestly expected that wish to work, but considering apparently she as going to actually get her infinite wishes she didn't mind that it was the only wish she got. when the genie continued explaining though, she felt that hope turn into confusion and uncertainty.

"You will get your wishes, you will be able to do anything and everything that you wish. However, you will only be able to do so for twenty four hours, after that my power will be expended and the world will revert back to before you made any of your wishes. that is the best way that i am able to grant such a wish." When he saw Nisa start to open her muzzle he grinned wider and added "And no, there are no take backsies. That was your wish and it is the wish you shall have granted."

With that, his fingers raised and, before Nisa had a chance to protest or ask any further questions he snapped his fingers. the sound of that snap seemed to echo in her mind like a stubborn thought that wont go away as well as around the room as an audible sound. At the same time the room seemed to swim around her as an overwhelming sense of dizziness overtook the little kobold girl for several seconds. when it finally cleared and she could regain her bearings, the genie and his lamp both were nowhere to be found. for several long moments she simply stood there, looking around as she tried to decide if that had really happened or not. Finally she decided that, regardless of how silly it made her feel, there was only one way to be sure. Tentatively, she held out one hand with her palm up and spoke aloud:

"I wish i had a coke"

Instantly, there was an ice cold can of cola in her outstretched hand. One second her palm had been empty and the next it was just there. as she stood there for easily a full minute just staring at the can, her mind whirled with the possibilities this created. Before she knew it a wide, manic grin was spread, cheek to cheek, across her muzzle. It was true, she really could just wish up anything she wanted. If that was true then what else the genie had said must be true as well, she only had 24 hours to enjoy this. She intended to make the most of the next day. with that grin still spread across her face she spoke the magic words once again

"I wish..."

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Dragonien didn't hear any of the commotion outside until it was practically at his doorstep. He was sprawled out haphazardly across his couch snoring up a storm in the midst of a lazy afternoon nap when all of the yelling, honking and sirens started to go off. Unfortunately it wasn't until a small earthquake outside literally sent him tumbling off of the couch that he finally woke up and became aware of the chaos. Shortly after being snapped awake he ran outside to try and find out what was interrupting his nap, only to stumble to a stop and stare wide eyed at the sight outside his home.

The neighbor's car that was always parked across the street was gone. In its place was a pile of crushed metal pushed into a strangely shaped crater in the concrete of the street. power-lines had snapped from the piles lining the street and one of the houses further down the road looked like it had simply collapsed in on itself like something heavy had fallen through the roof. but none of that was what had left the dragon speechless. Rather, it was the sight of his girl friend (sometimes with benefits) Nisa, standing across the street from his home. More specifically, all one hundred feet of her standing with one foot resting on the roof of the home across the street from his, threatening to cave the building in

beneath what had to be dozens of tons of weight in that one leg and foot alone. It was like finding yourself face to face with Godzilla, though some hilariously out of place voice in the back of his head was assuring him that Godzilla was much bigger than she was. He also noted that, unlike Godzilla, Nisa was fully clothed. she wore the same black runner's shorts and matching black sports bra that both hugged her generously curvaceous form that she wore every time she was out for her morning jog. the only different was that this time those articles of clothing were both big enough to be used as large tarps.

Before Dragonien had mustered the mental fortitude to regain control of his faculties and run, the gigantic kobold was already bending down, gigantic arm reaching towards him with fingers thicker around than his thighs. He snapped out of his stupor and turned to try and run but was far too late. He had barely gotten turned around before those massive digits circled around his torso like steel girders and he abruptly felt himself being lifted dozens of feet into the air. when he was able to regain his bearings from the sudden sense of vertigo that came with being raised so high so quickly, he found himself going a bit pale at abruptly finding himself being held face to gigantic billboard-sized face with the giant kobold.

"Hi there, Drago." She said in the same playful, sultry tone she usually used to greet him when she was feeling flirtation. the big difference this time, however, was the fact that the sheer size of her caused her normally soft and higher pitched voice to rumble and reverberate around him as if amplified through a loudspeaker and dropped in pitch several octaves. "You'll never guess what happened to me today."

Dragonien, for his part, was always one to try to hide his discomfort and reflexively went in to smart-ass mode to cover for his insecurity.

"Well there is something different about you, for sure. Did you do something different with your hair? No, that can't be it. Oh, you got your horns shined, right?" As his words came out in a rapid stream that was just a bit too fast to be seen as casual, the giant kobold girl raised him closer still to her gigantic muzzle. As she did her lips pulled back into a devious grin that showed off her teeth to the captive dragon. That sight raised his visible discomfort up a notch and his voice stammered briefly as he struggled to recover. "W-why, what big teeth you have."

"Thanks" She cooed playfully "I grew them myself."

"So... uh... whats uh... whats going on?" The dragon stammered nervously, trying to prod some answers out of the gigantic kobold girl when she made no attempt to explain the situation.

"Would you believe me if i told you i met a wish granting genie and he basically gave me unlimited cosmic power within a certain time limit?"

The red Dragon's muzzle started to open on a reflexive response but his brain caught up to his mouth before he spoke. His jaw clamped shut as he took on a look of contemplation for several long seconds, thinking over both the whole situation and his response to it before finally answering her.

"See, i want to say no and accuse you of fucking with me. But then again I'm not sure what alternate explanation i would come up with for you being able to manhandle me like a toy as you are right now that would be any more plausible than a wish granting genie. So... yea, sure I'll accept that."

Nisa's rather girlish giggle in response rumbled through the air at a very ungirlish volume and pitch and only seemed to make the dragon she held captive that much more nervous. He started to outright panic when the hand holding him started to move him closer to her massive jaws, his veneer of calm in the face of absurdity breaking at the thought of being tossed into the waiting garage-sized muzzle in front of him. Thankfully he never made it past the fang lined lips of her jaw, and instead found himself sandwiched between the warm flesh of her palm and her left cheek as she affectionately started nuzzling the side of her face against him. This time when she spoke he could actually feel the reverberation of her size-deepened voice vibrating through him like his joints were some kind of organic tuning forks.

"See this is why I like you! Always so practical and pragmatic." She cooed happily as she quite literally smothered the comparatively little dragon in her affections. "Its one of your best qualities. you know..."

She paused, pulling him away from her cheek to again be held in front of her muzzle as it twisted in to a more sultry and suggestive expression. "... Other than how attractive you are."

With his confidence that he wasn't about to be eaten partially restored, the dragon had regained a bit of his controlled demeanor. However her last comment easily cracked that tenuous bravado once more as he found his cheeks suddenly flushing with the heat of an uncontrolled blush. Though it was hard to spot considering his skin was always red, Nisa was familiar enough with him that she easily picked up both the slight shift in color of his cheeks and the faint adjustment of his scent to detect the embarrassment that was oh-so-rare to find on the dragon that normally went so far out of his way to always be in control, or at least seem like he was in control. In response, her muzzle leaned in close enough that her huge lips pushed down on the dragon's front, again pinning him between the flesh of her face and the palm of her hand in the closest approximation of a kiss that someone could manage when one party is over ten times the size of the other.

As the giant kobold girl rubbed and suckled her lips across her draconian captive she slowly lowered herself down onto the ground, seemingly oblivious to the flimsy pre-fab wooden shed that was in the backyard her backside was descending towards. She barely even noticed the minor resistance the building gave to the multiple tons of kobold ass that descended on it before the building crumbled into debris beneath her, being ground into an ass-shaped imprint in the soft dirt of the yard. All the while she continued to gently rub and nuzzle her lips and the tip of her snout across Dragonien's torso. The captive dragon's tension was rapidly starting to ease as the calming, sensual affection began to overcome the initial concern over the intimidating size difference. Of course, he started to tense right back up when Nisa's lips curled into a playful grin once more and her jaw parted just enough to let her front-most teeth catch on the hem of Dragonien's shirt and give it an abrupt tug.

Rrrrip!

Small bits of torn, saliva dampened cloth fluttered down from Nisa's lips as she effortlessly tore the front of the dragon's shirt into scraps. With his torso now exposed the next kiss of her giant lips on his upper body was significantly more intimate and heated. He could feel the hot wash of breath from her lips blow across his now bared skin, shivering a bit from the sensation. His arms reached up to gently hug around the front of her muzzle almost of their own accord as that brief spark of tension melted into a more welcoming acceptance of the situation. She knew that he was getting turned on by the treatment, and he knew that she could both smell it and feel the side effects of such a state when her chin brushed

against his waistline during her kissing. It was an odd make out session, but one that was still causing both of their passions to rise just as effectively as if they had been of a similar enough size to properly kiss one another. If anything, the more dominant actions of the kobold and that brief flash of hungry aggression when she ripped his shirt open made it that much more an intense experience for the both of them.

So it was a pretty big buzzkill when the slightly distorted call of a megaphone-augmented voice interrupted the two.

"Put down your prisoner and put your hands above your head, you are under arrest!"

Both Dragonien and Nisa turned to look down at the ground where they saw three police cars were currently lined up in the street a few dozen yards away. Five out of the six officers were standing behind their doors with their guns drawn and aimed at the giant kobold girl while the sixth, a slightly overweight brown-furred bear, stood in front of the cars with a megaphone receiver held up to his muzzle.

"This is your last warning, put the man down and put your hands above your head or we will open fire!"

The bear, for his part was doing a rather impressive job holding on to his assertive cop persona in the face of what was probably the most intimidating person he could ever meet. Sure Nisa might look like the attractive girl next door type, but no amount of friendly appearance could erase the intimidating presence of someone the size of a small building. The other cops behind him were not holding up quite so well, many of their hands noticeably trembling where they held their guns aimed at the giantess. It was most likely only the bear's leadership that was keeping the rest of them from giving up and running away, screaming. The fact that Nisa was now visibly annoyed at the interruption to what had been for her a very intimate moment with the rarely-vulnerable Dragonien certainly didn't help any of their confidences. For several long moments after the bear's demand the giant green kobold simply glared down at the police officers, letting the silence drag on and their discomfort grew into concern. Then an idea struck her and her expression of annoyance slowly morphed into a playful grin once more.

"Want to see something cool?" she cooed affectionately at the dragon in her hands.

Rather than waiting for a response she lowered him down to the ground in front of where she was sitting on her knees. Then, she turned her attention back to the police officers, the widening smile on her muzzle only further unnerving the officers. Abruptly she started to shift her position, legs stretching out in front of her one at a time before curling inwards so she could sit cross-legged instead of on her knees. The sudden movements and the minor shaking of the ground that several hundred tons of kobold caused nearly freaked the cops out enough to open fire. Thankfully she had settled herself before one of them lost their cool. Now that she was sitting more comfortably she raised her hands to rest them against the back of her head, the movements drawn out and clearly mocking in intention. Before the bear could make any other demands, however, Nisa spoke her next wish.

"I wish all of you little police officers were toy sized."

Both Nisa and Dragonien got to watch as all six of the police officers abruptly began to shrink so quickly that their feet actually lifted up off the ground as they compacted in on themselves. The clatter of guns and the megaphone receiver hitting the floor seemed to echo through the now long-abandoned street as, while their clothes seem to have shrunk with them, whatever they had been holding had not. This was particularly inopportune for one feline officer who's legs were now trapped beneath a, to him, car-sized pistol that had fallen on him during the shrinking process. So when the cat heard and felt the increasingly thunderous footsteps approaching he was unable to run away from the massive red feet that were casually strolling towards his trapped form. Though even as the 8-inch tall cat found himself looking up the now building-sized legs of Dragonien, he couldn't help but notice that the other officers had abandoned him in favor of hiding behind the nearest tires of their respective police cruisers. Which meant he was all alone when the now gigantic red dragon crouched down and reached a comparatively gigantic hand to scoop him up from beneath the gun pinning him in place.

"Well shit" Dragonien said aloud as he glanced back at the giant kobold "You weren't joking about the wish thing were you?"



When she just grinned impishly down at him he returned his attention to the terrified police officer trapped in his fist. Despite his desperate struggles and angry, high pitched protests he was unable to so much as budge the fingers holding his arms against his sides. His struggles were no more effective when he found himself unceremoniously stuffed into the dragon's left pocket along with the dragon's car keys and some loose change. With his first captive safely stowed, Dragonien lowered himself down onto all fours, looking around underneath the police cars for the other five officers that had been shrunk. Nisa watched from high above as Dragonien quickly rounded up four out of the remaining officers, each one being stuffed into one of the dragon's pockets after being retrieved so that his hands were free. The last one, the bear that had led them, was a bit more elusive. It took nearly five minutes of carefully scanning the underside of each car before Dragonien finally caught sight of a flash of blue fabric near the rim of one of the tires. Once spotted, the officer wasn't able to get very far even at a dead run and quickly found himself held in front of Dragonien's muzzle much the same way the dragon had been held by Nisa minutes earlier. The difference being that his expression wasn't so much sultry as it was devious and intimidating.

The poor bear for his part was coming undone at the seams. He squirmed and flailed desperately against the dragon's grasp while yelling in a mixture of panicked fear and angry protest to be set free and to fix whatever had been done to him. When Dragonien glanced over his shoulder back at Nisa to ask her what she wanted him to do with them all, the bear suddenly went silent. He struggled to actually make out all of Nisa considering the ridiculous size difference but he knew there weren't many other giant living walls of green that could be filling the sky above his captor. Maybe the size tiering was just too much for him, or maybe he had just finally realized the situation he was in. Either way, he abruptly went quiet and stopped struggling. While Dragonien had been gathering up the police officers Nisa had been shifting position again, now laying on her front with her muzzle hovering just above the dragon and seeming to fill the sky above him with her grin.

"Eat him."

Dragonien's eyebrows went up in surprise. Granted, it was an idea that the two had talked about before. Nisa had a bit of a thing for the whole big bad dragon ravaging the countryside stereotype and she had told him more than once about fantasies she'd had of things she would picture him doing were he some mythic dragon of fantasy. So the idea crossing her mind wasn't that big of a surprise. Her actually wanting him to really do it, though, was another thing entirely. The worst part was that the idea wasn't exactly unappealing and as the mental image flashed through Dragonien's head of its own accord he couldn't help but be a bit aroused by the idea. Though the fact that Nisa's giant muzzle was hovering

directly above and behind him and could easily do to him what she was encouraging him to do to the police officer was a factor that helped encourage him as well. Not that he thought she'd actually eat him, but one couldn't help feeling an unspoken implication of 'or else' in the situation. So, with far less reluctance than he felt he probably should have had, Dragonien raised the petrified bear up over his opening muzzle and simply dropped him inside.

At first the bear's struggles were odd and uncomfortable, a sensation that he couldn't really properly describe. He wasn't used to things he put in his mouth still moving around. In response he shoved upwards against the bear with his tongue, using the semi-prehensile length of muscle to pin the ursine between the saliva-coated appendage and the roof of his mouth. Then, with his tongue hooking up under the bear's legs, he started to swallow the bear bit by bit. Every time his throat muscles gyrated to pull the bear down further he could feel the tiny ursine's arms flailing and pushing ineffectively at the walls of pink flesh surrounding him. He couldn't help but feel a thrill of excitement and power as a more primal and predatory part of his mind reveled in the feeling of such utter dominance over another creature, over his prey. When a final, forceful swallow sent the bear's legs sliding the rest of their way down his throat his jaws opened wide in a satisfied exhalation of breath at having his airway clear once more. He had felt the bear fighting the entire way down, and yet it hadn't done the police officer a damned bit of good. Those lingering predatory thoughts left him in an almost orgasmic afterglow that had his eyes half lidded in bliss and his pants obscenely straining from the clear outline of an almost violently raging erection threatening to burst the fly of his pants wide open.

Nisa was fairing little better, for her part. Her breath came out in quick, short pants that each blew a breath of hot air over Dragonien like a small gust of wind. The entire time Dragonien had been eating the bear she had been chewing on her lower lip so hard that she had nearly broken the skin and started bleeding. The sight of watching him not just eat a person, but do so because she told him to was driving her absolutely wild. It was only the knowledge that the action would probably have crushed the comparatively small red dragon that stopped her from simply jumping him right there like she wanted too. When the two finally locked eyes with one another again after he had seemed to recover from the after effects of his impromptu meal Dragonien could see the undisguised lust burning in her eyes and reflexively took a step backwards. It wasn't so much that he was opposed to what he was sure were incredibly appealing and provocative ideas going through her head, but rather that he was concerned for his safety in the process of them due to the drastic size difference.

"Uh... n-now Nisa. Before you do anything hasty..." He started to say in an attempt to mollify her burning desire. Instead, he found himself cut off by a lusty growl from the giantess that made his eyes go wide, words clearly spoken at him rather than too him.

"I wish you were bigger, as big as me."

Just like before, the effects started the moment the words left her lips. A sudden wave of vertigo overtook the red dragon, sending him stumbling and falling back on his ass between the cop cars as his height abruptly shot up two feet in less than a second. The cop cars rapidly found themselves being shoved out of the way by a growing wall of jeans-clad hip and thigh as the dragon's expanding backside took up more and more space in the middle of the street. Ten feet passed, twenty, then thirty with no signs of the dragon's growth slowing. He hadn't even finished growing before Nisa had pounced atop him, slamming the comparatively smaller man down flat onto his back. One of the cop cars had the poor positioning to have been right behind him and its front half found itself being pancaked beneath the two's combined weight even as his growing body continued to expand over and crush more of it beneath him. Nisa's hands gripped at his shoulders to keep them pressed down to the ground while her thighs gripped tightly around his hips. He didn't even have a chance to speak before her muzzle was forcing itself against his in one of the most passionate, lustful kisses they had ever shared.

As the two's kissing escalated into more lustful grinding against one another Dragonien's body continued to expand beneath her. She could feel his thickening and swelling thighs spreading her legs apart, feel his broadening shoulders growing under her palms as his increasing mass lifted her up off of the ground. If anything the feeling of the dragon pinned beneath her rapidly outgrowing her overbearing mass was just that much more of a turn on to her and she expressed it by grinding her hips down against his own. When the growth finally stopped the two took a moment to break their kiss and catch their breath, both panting heavily and unwilling to let their lips part more than a few inches from each other. One of Nisa's hands started to stroke its way down the side of the dragon's chest, neither of them having any doubts where it's intended destination was. Before it made it all the way to his fly, though, it stopped near his hip. Her lustful expression fractured into a look of minor confusion as she felt over the pocket of the dragons jeans, which had grown along with him as her clothes had, where she felt something moving. Then it dawned on her what the movement was, and her lips pulled back into another wicked grin. A few moments later she pushed herself up off of Dragonien's chest and rose to straddle his waist as she sat her plush backside down atop his lap, purposefully grinding just a bit more than necessary onto the clearly outlined erection still straining the front of his jeans. As she did, her hand retreated from the pocket it had invaded, dropping the prize she had retrieved from within onto the prone dragon's chest: an equine police officer.

The frazzled, confused, and terrified police officer didn't even seem to realize that he had more or less returned to normal size. Apparently since he had been inside of Dragonien's pocket when the dragon

had grown the horse, and most likely his other surviving fellow officers, had grown along with the dragon and his clothing. However, considering he was still proportionally the same size to Dragonien and now Nisa it didn't really register since he still found himself comparatively toy sized to the two giants below and above him. It wouldn't have helped him to realize this and try to escape anyway as the moment Dragonien had realized what she had dropped on his chest the kobold girl was pushing a hand down on top of the horse and sliding his body further up Dragonien's chest towards his throat and face. When the giant girl locked eyes with Dragonien again she spoke two familiar words in the exact same tone of voice, with the exact same lustful demand in her words that she had done only a couple of minutes before hand. Had he not already been painfully aroused the words, and the thoughts and mental images associated with them, would have all but instantly pushed him to that point.

"Eat him."