

Rubbed the Wrong Way
Wish 2
The Money Maker
By Jessie Star
Art by Red V

Artemis was a man of simple tastes. He sat on the beach in his red shirt and swim trunks, drinking whiskey and coke, watching the waves. It wasn't his favorite place to hang out, nor was this the best whiskey he had ever had. No, his tastes were more aligned with what was being set up a little way up the beach. Today was the day of the great Golden Bay Bikini Contest, the only national swimsuit modeling competition offering \$500,000 for the first-place winner. That kind of prize was sure to bring some insanely pretty women to compete, and Artemis would be sure to cheer them on, respectfully. He rubbed his beard and smiled, thinking of the lovely competition to come. There is truly no better way to enjoy a Saturday than with a whiskey and coke and a sea of bikinis who expect you to watch. He started heading over as not to miss it.

"Oof!" Artemis stumbled and looked down at his foot. In the wet sand, there was a bottle crusted in sand and seawater. "What do we have here?" He reached down and pulled it out of the sand.

"Hey there, buddy! Hands off!" A woman in a genie costume was running down the shore yelling at him. "I did not chase my bottle through the zoo drainage all the way to the ocean just to have somebody walk off with it-!"

"Woah hold on, I just found it. I didn't know it was your prop." The man adjusted his glasses and tried not to let his eyes linger on her bouncing, freckled cleavage. "I didn't know you could do themes like that for the bikini contest."

"Contest? I'm not part of any contest." She took the bottle from him and checked for damage.

"Oh, well, you should consider it." Artemis smiled to calm her. "You have the um... you're very pretty." He cleared his throat. "I'm Artemis, by the way."

"Jessie," she replied, not fully paying attention. "I'm in a bit of a bind, not sure a contest would help me out."

"Would sure help me out!" He laughed. "The winner gets half a million dollars. It's this huge televised thing. Someone is gonna have a great day at the beach."

She dusted off the bottle, satisfied that it seemed intact. "I have to figure this thing out, and there are far too many people here. And while that's a lot of money, I don't have time to get into a 'whoever has the biggest tits and ass crammed into the smallest bikini' pony show."

Artemis laughed. "Well, I wish I had that kinda body, made to earn me cash so I can see \$500k in my account."

Jessie's eyes widened as her body began to shimmy and shake and *Poof!* "Shit," Jessie muttered. Artemis had disappeared.

~ + ~

Artemis blinked. One minute he was talking to a cute redhead on the beach, and the next, there was pink smoke, and he was on a stage. Backstage actually. And he had a chill. Artemis looked down to see his body wrapped in a red bikini. "What the heck!?" His flat male chest dawned a top with two very empty cups, and the thong below cupped his bulge tightly. A group of swimsuit models was coming up the stairs, and he had no choice but to hide behind the curtain. "I can't even change out of this cuz my clothes are gone!" He peeked through the curtain. Woman after curvy woman passed by his hiding space, tanned, full curves bouncing and wiggling in their little triangles that passed for bathing suits. Two particularly bubbly blondes giggled as they scurried by, and Artemis waved away the pink smoke to get a better view. Wait, smoke?! His body was smoking, curling, and lengthening his hair, making the bones in his face shift and shrink painlessly.

The smoke swirled around his mouth, plumping and swelling lips into two fat glossy pillows thicker than his fingers, before diving up his nose and down his throat. "What was that? Eep!" Artemis covered his mouth, shocked at the girly high pitch of his voice. "Testing? Testing? Gah, I sound like a chipmunk!" It was an overreaction, but he was startled after all. He pulled his hand away and saw shedding beard hair all over it. What was happening to him, he had a feminized face, a lengthening hairdo, and a flat chest and boner packed into a girl's bikini. *Glug-glug*

"Oh no, what now?!" He chirped, feeling the smoke gurgle and swirl inside of him. Like bulges moving through a hose, tiny surges swept mass away from his extremities and pumped it to his core. At first, it was most noticeable on his fingers and toes, thinning and shrinking as muscle, bone, and fat became interchangeable materials to be decided upon elsewhere. In seconds his hands and feet were dainty, girly things, with the changes only speeding up. With each mass sapping *Glug-glug*, Artemis felt his muscles and height melt away. Inch after inch pulled inwards into a swelling pot belly. He gripped the curtain, whimpering, shivering, and sweating as his body shrunk to the sizes he hadn't been since early puberty. His belly, on the other hand, was enormous. It sat heavily on his pelvis, stretched tight by all the stored mass robbed from the rest of his body. The sheer size and tightness gave off the impression he was at term, pregnant with twins. What in the hell was happening. *Gurgle... Gurgle-Gurgle.*

Something deep inside his mismatched form of petite and bloated went flippity flop. Like a swarm of butterflies spreading through his heated flesh. "Ah... Ah shit, that feels so... odd." Artemis blushed at how girly his voice was, how tingly and aroused his body was becoming. And how much he wished he didn't have this forty-pound boulder of a belly. He was sure it

created a giant bulge in the curtain and he was destined to get caught. The shivering man gripped the huge mass that was his midsection and tried to spread it across his body with all his might. He pushed and prodded, adjusting his glasses and sweeping his still lengthening hair over his shoulder in between attempts. "Come on, Come on!! Oh... Oh no." Artemis froze. He had that sensation you got when your body was about to do something entirely out of your control, like right before you throw up or worse, but it wasn't attached to feeling sick. It was.. arousing. Insanely arousing. His swollen belly tightened and shifted in his grasp and then began to sink inward. All the stored tissue or whatever it was, surged like a river through a broken dam. He felt like hot jello was being forced into his legs and his tiny pecks. Pressure built behind his nipples. His ass throbbed as it filled like a water balloon, and each *glug-glug* of body fat that stretched his skin faster than it could keep up with, brought him closer and closer to orgasm.

That was the most concerning part. All of it was frightening, from his widening, wobbling backside to his plush, swaying hips and thighs to the fact that his red triangle bikini was starting to be pushed away from his ribs by dense, sensitive, swelling tit flesh. Yet all he could think about was his massive hard-on and overfull balls, pressing forcefully against his thong, squished between two very soft, swelling thighs. "Ah... AHH Oh god, I'm gonna"

The curtain flew open, revealing the red-headed genie. She cupped Artemis' mouth just in time for the transformed victim to wail a muffled orgasmic scream into her hand. The new swimsuit model shuddered, eyes rolling, body quivering. They fell into Jessie's arms, only slightly aware of the heavy sway of their tits or how their cushy ass spread out so wide on the floor as Jess lowered her down. Artemis' mind was a fog of erotic heat and overload, letting out an extra "eep" as his balls and cock retracted into a forming feminine slit.

"Wow.. that was... a crazy wish, buddy." Jess shook her head. Artemis could only let out a tiny burb in response, the last of the pink smoke filtering through the ginger genie's fingers.

~ + ~

"What is this!? Why am I a woman?" Artemis waved her arms at the mirror in front of her. The reflection was not hers, his, whatever! It was the reflection they were used to. "And why am I so stacked?" She turned to her side, taking in how her pert breasts jutted out firm and proud and, well, large. "I have to be like, a double D? Triple?"

Jess pinched the bridge of her nose and took a deep sigh. The swimsuit competition had been going on in the background for twenty minutes now. It had taken the ginger-turned genie that whole time to bring Artemis out of their orgasm coma and start to accept and understand what had happened. "So like I told you, you wished 'I had that kinda body, made to earn me cash so I could see \$500k in my account.' And since we were talking about the contest, and the contest was a bikini beauty pageant thingy, well"

"But, I fill out this bikini and then some!" Artemis had their back to the mirror, looking over their

shoulder. Her hands were digging into her ass cheeks, which may not have been a good idea. It seemed any of the new curves she was saddled with were maddeningly sensitive to the touch. Then again, the pale soft flesh bubbling between her fingers as she squeezed was hers, so it wasn't wrong, was it? She wasn't objectifying or ogling anyone's ass, just their own. Holy shit, did that mean she could go check herself out naked? "I um... I should go to the bathroom, maybe."

Jess stepped in front of the blushing bikini babe. "No, we should fix you before you bounce out of that little top of yours, bud."

"Right right, but..." As awkward and embarrassing as this was, it could also be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. "Maybe just give me an hour like this? Just one tiny hour, and then I change back?"

"No can do, Arti. I'm not even supposed to be a genie. I gotta go figure this out I can't be waiting around for an hour?" Jessie crossed her arms under her freckled bosom shoved into her tight pink top.

Artemis looked back at the mirror, appraising her perfect, full cleavage before groaning and giving in. "Fine, I wish I was myself again." Jessie's body did a little dance and- nothing happened. Arti adjusted her glasses and watched the mirror closely. She started to smile, thinking maybe she was going to get an hour after all. "Well, looks like you'll change me back later instead then?"

"Um, no, something is wrong. I can't change you back, or at least the wish-granting isn't allowing it." Jessie scratched her head.

"Wait, what do you mean not allowing it?" Arti's pleased expression contorted quickly back to worry and panic. "Like walking around as a woman for an hour or day or whatever could be cool, but I can't be stuck like this!" She hoisted her tits for emphasis, regretting it immediately as it sent arousal flowing down between her thighs. So damn sensitive!

"I don't know, I told you I'm not supposed to be a genie, remember?" Jessie's face looked worried as well. "My guess is it has something to do with you needing to get the first wish fulfilled."

"I look pretty fucking fulfilled already, don't you think?" This time the blushing brunette in glasses just pointed at her boobs to avoid more arousal.

"No, your wish wasn't just to look like that. It was to look like so you could *GET* half a million dollars in your bank account." The genie pointed out. "Open-ended stuff never ends well. I'm assuming it thinks this is the body you need to win the grand prize here."

"Only because you said this was a "biggest tits and ass" competition. Looking around at these

other girls, I'm pretty sure I'm the biggest." The more worked up Arti got, the more her breasts bobbed and swayed in her suit. She hooked her strap and tried to resettle it on her shoulder, hoping to secure her tits better. "Oh shit, does that mean I have to win to change back?"

Before Jess could answer, the two blondes from earlier walked up to them. "Oh my gosh, Tracey doesn't that girl have like the cutest suit ever."

"Totes Lacey. That suit makes your tits look amazeballs. So perky." Tracey complimented the blushing Arti.

"Um thanks." blushed Arti. "I haven't had them long enough for an informed opinion but I um, guess they look pretty nice."

"No way!" Lacey gasped. "Those are implants? They look so natural! Can I feel?"

"Me too! Me too!" pled Tracey. In seconds, the two strangers had Artemis' plump ass backed against a wall, their hands prodding and squeezing her tits like they were picking produce. "Holy cow! They are firm but like, it doesn't feel like an implant at all! Is this a new fat transfer procedure or something?" Arti couldn't answer. Each squeeze and grope made her knees tremble, and fat nipples go hard. It would probably be a good idea to ask them to stop, but how could she? Two extremely hot women in bikinis were essentially groping her. All she could do was hold back her whimper as her body trembled. Between her legs where a dick and balls should be, her new sensitive slit swelled and parted. Warm gooey heat built in her belly, radiating pleasure, making its way lower and lower like warm erotic honey. Damn, she needed to cool off before she soaked her thong. Jess motioned behind the blondes, mouthing 'what the heck dude' All Arti could do was shrug.

"Hey Arti, they just called your name." Jess, the temporary genie, finally broke the odd grope fest.

"Oh I need to get out there or I may be stuck-" Arti stopped short, looking from Lacey to Tracey and back again. "-in my tiny ass apartment. Right girls?" The duo giggled and wished Artemis luck as they left.

"Artemis!" Jessie growled. "You can't go out there like that? You're walking like a dude who's trying to balance giant jello molds on your chest an ass."

"What am I supposed to do, Jess? I don't want to miss my entry time just so I can spend the next few years learning how to walk sexy!?" Arti huffed. "It's not like I can learn it in the next few-" Jessie motioned to her genie outfit. Arti's face went from confused to the 'lightbulb' of realization.

"Just wish it, missy!" Jess implored him to hurry.

“Right right” She stumbled over her words as they walked towards the outdoor stage together. “Okay, I wish that both my moves and my body would...um... be filled with.. sex energy befitting my curves?” Artemis finished just as they got to the edge, where Jess couldn’t follow her.

As the genie began to shimmy and dance the wish into existence, Jess shook her head. “I’m pretty sure they meant ‘sensual’ energy. Crap!”

~ + ~

Artemis could feel her latest wish washing over her body as they walked onto the stage to a screaming multitude of pageant fans. There were so many people and cameras and lights. She struck a pose, and the crowd cheered. “Oh good, they liked that.” the brunette thought. Even more, her body liked it, liked it a bit too much, actually. She wasn’t quite sure how to pose so she had just let her body go for it, and boy, howdy did it. Arms behind her head, legs spread wide, lewd as hell. They were so glad that the volume of the audience was making her moans inaudible. “M-my body is so fucking charged.” She whined as her hips made grinding motions in the air. The hip pops and quick turns made her ass and tits bounce wildly in her suit. Her body was so electrified, so wound tight, she feared her throbbing nipples and clit would cut right through her bikini. Arti looked more like a stripper who was begging to be screwed, and that wasn’t so far from the truth. All they could do was hang on and hope they won.

“She’s going so lewd.” Giggled Tracey from backstage.

“Yeah, but they won’t care, she has the best rack in the competition.” Lacey shook her head, disappointed.

Meanwhile, Jessie started to get anxious. Being around people could make things a lot worse, but she couldn’t just leave this guy like this. Stuck in a bombshell body whose tits and ass were now being pumped full of erotic pleasure and need.

“Well,” Lacey sighed. “If she wins, she wins. I just wish I was the one with the biggest rack on the Beach.” Jessie’s eyes went wide.

“I’m happy with my tits. I wish I had the biggest ass on the beach, though.” Tracey replied back.

“Shut up! SHUT UP YOU IDIOTS!” Jessie screamed, but her body was already dancing. She prayed there wasn’t some giant lady statue nearby that would lead to blonde and blonder becoming beached whales of flesh. The dance ended, and Lacey was the first to start swelling up.

On stage, Arti stumbled mid-step. Her manicured nails swept her long hair out of her face as her breath became ragged and short. Sweat spread across her face and cleavage. She was only halfway down the runway, and her body was driving her nuts. One hand squeezed her tit

roughly while the other snaked down her abs to palm her crotch. It took all her willpower not to slide her hand under her thong and shove a couple of fingers in her snatch. "Holy shit I'm gonna cum on stage." She whimpered. "J-just gotta m-make it to the end, w-win and ah AH, change back. *Glug-glug* Artemis' already large breasts bloated in her hand, flesh bubbling between her fingers, gaining size and weight, and worst (or best) of all, even more, "sex" energy.

"Um Arti, we may have a problem." called a tiny voice.

"Who said that?" Artemis turned to see a tiny genie Jess floating next to her head. "Ack you are tiny!"

"Yeah I just found out I could do this. Anyways, I need to talk to you about your curves."

Artemis went red. "Yeah, what the hell happened to my boobs? I went up another cup size?"

"Only your tits?" Tiny Jess asked. "Oh well, that's good news."

"What do you mean 'only my titsss-aaah'" The overly blessed bikini model, doubled over, butt out to half the crowd. With a wobbling shudder, her ass cheeks wobbled and grew, extra fat piling on rear, hips, and thighs. It was hard to tell what was more embarrassing. The way her fat tits swayed heavily beneath her, or that her ass (and pussy) was aimed at the cameras, televised to the world. "Why am I getting bigger?!" She squealed. The little genie grabbed Arti by the chin and turned her head back to the stage. Peeking from the curtain were Lacey and Tracey. One now had jugs just shy of Arti's new size, and the other had a dump truck for an ass that wasn't there before. The one's boobs jumped another size, popping her top. "Woah" Artemis' boobs buzzed again, swelling again, causing her back to arch and her top to creak. Pushing into the F cup range was enough for her to soak her panties. "Gaaaah fuck! What is happening!?"

"So, just to break this down really quickly. We might have a wish feedback loop situation. They wished to have the biggest curves on the beach." Jess nervously giggled. "And you sorta implied the winners of these things always had the biggest curves-"

"And since I need to win, mine are competing for the b-biggest!" Another wave of thickening pushed into Arti's lower half. Her bikini bottom was giving her a double wedgie, pulling tightly against her soft feminine mound and up into her ass crack. "How do I stop this!?" The bigger she got the more aroused she became, her swelling figure an orgasmic ticking time bomb.

"We have to get you off the beach." Advised the tiny genie jess circling her head.

"But if I lose how will I change back?!" Arti whimpered, clamping her warm soft pillowy thighs together.

"One step at a time! If you don't leave the beach you'll end up as a mountain of nonstop

orgasming tits and ass!” That’s all Jess had to say. Artemis was gingerly lowering herself to hop off the stage, ignoring how her quaking backside now spread wider than her shoulders when she sat, or the damp little streak she left when she slid off the catwalk. “Wait!” Jessie screamed as Arti pushed her bloated body into the crowd. “You could just wish to be in the parking lot.” But Arti couldn’t hear her over the cheers of the crowd.

Getting through the sea of people was no easy feat. Everyone was packed in tight, and too entrenched or shocked by her figure to do much more than stare. There was no easy way to navigate it. It was like carrying two watermelons through a mob with her pants full of eight gallons of jello. But she wasn’t wearing pants, it was all her. Hips ultra-thick and soft, swaying and bumping into people, ass cheeks like pumpkins pressing against crotches and butts and hands and whatever else it had to slide by to get through.

Men tried to talk to her, but she couldn’t make out what they were saying. Her head was swimming in hormones and erotic sensations. Every step shoved her giant tits into somebody new. At one point she got an accidental motorboat from a short college girl. The crowd was packed too tightly together to remove her easily, and another growth spurt had the flailing stranger’s face disappearing into the canyon of cleavage.

Arti’s pushing and wiggling did little to speed up her exit, and by the time she got to the edge of the crowd, both her top and bottom half had received two more growth spurts. Stumbling into the open, blushing and panting, Artemis adjusted her top and surveyed the damage. The tiny red triangles and straps that claimed to be a bathing suit creaked under the added mass and flesh of her body. Her tits were truly ginormous, having blimped up from watermelons to beach balls in size, if only they were full of air instead of sensitive aching tit flesh. Below them, out of sight, soft, full thighs rubbed and smacked together, and even turning around she couldn’t see the end of her ass.

Running was her only hope. Her body was raging with hormones and need, reshaping each moment into a human bouncy castle of sweat-shimmering flesh. On the first bounding step her body and gravity openly rebelled against her. Her breasts bounced heavily, swaying like giant boulders on her ribs, rising up towards her chin and coming down hard on her rib cage, her ass and thighs clapped and jiggled wildly, there was no controlling any of it. The minute her body turned one way it took a full two seconds for her boobs to catch up. All the wild wobbling was too much, and Arti’s body boiled over like a pot too long on the stove. She stopped and bit her fat glossy lip, clenching her fists and thighs trying to hold back the raging orgasm that was crashing through her body.

“Dude! Hurry up before you turn into a parade float!” Genie Jessie had finally caught up and was very disappointed he had stopped ten feet from the edge of the beach. “Get going!” She smacked his ass and giggled at how much it made his cheek jiggle and shake.



That was the final straw. The spank sent Arti tumbling forward like a tree chopped by a lumberjack. Facedown in her sea of cleavage that, even spread out and squashed beneath her, still kept her a supported a foot above the sand, she gave in. The brunette's body could feel her feminine opening buzz as it was pressed into the ground by the ton of ass above it. It exploded with orgasmic euphoria and pleasure, rocketing up her spine, into the mountainous breasts that pooled under her armpits and against her chin. Her nipples hardened as if they were trying to dig down into the sand, and her fingers wrapped around her long shiny hair and yanked on it like a madwoman. She opened her mouth and wailed and moaned, and continued to do so as orgasm after orgasm rocked her blimped out beach bod.

In all the screaming she couldn't hear the genie screaming, "I'm being dragged away! Someone found my bottle. Wish for my bottle, quick! Do you hear me? Wish for my-" But she was lost

between Artemis' never ending screams and the crowd that surrounded her, wondering if she was ok.

~ + ~

Arti sat in her car an hour later. Her breasts and bottom had finally stopped growing, just as the genie had said they would when she got off the beach. They however, did not shrink back to normal either, she notes as she looked down into her enormous sandy cleavage that was mashed between herself and the steering wheel. She was lucky to even get the car door closed with how wide her ass and hips had become. She waited for the genie to arrive and talk her through how to end the wish, but she never came, and now Arti was a cartoon character of curves, smooshed into her tiny car, dreading the fact that she could already feel the "Sex energy" building back up in her belly, crotch and nipples.

"W-well I can't go back to the beach in case that would start the growing back up, and the competition is over by now anyways, so..." She whimpered as the realization happened. "My body will probably revert the minute I get \$500,000 in my bank account." He gulped and shivered in both fear and arousal. "Yeah Artemis, it's a piece of cake." It was going to be anything but.