

The Curio Shoppe

Hers was a small town, and so Kelsey knew to be on her guard when she went into The Curio Shoppe. She tried to ignore the corny slogan written in massive font on a banner above the door. "Ugh, I can't tell if that's a gross pun or just stupid phrasing," she mumbled to herself. She'd not have put either option past old Mr. Jasper.

The store's owner and proprietor, Cornelius Jasper, was an odd man to put it mildly. Kelsey herself didn't put it mildly, though. She thought he was a weirdo creep she'd never be in the same room with if she could avoid it, and she'd be happy to say so to his face if he bothered her.

However, Halloween was here so like it or not, The Curio Shoppe had hands down the best selection of costumes to be found. These weren't just the usual chintzy one-size-fits-all made-in-Taiwan off-brand knock-offs like you found in any department store. These were quality hand-crafted goods. Honestly, with the vast selection Mr. Jasper had, Kelsey couldn't imagine how he turned a profit. There were only so many customers in this town, after all.

Kelsey picked him out then, hovering around Holly Warner, one of her fellow classmates from the geek squad. How a girl could be so attractive and choose to hide it behind bulky clothes, dorky glasses, an unflattering haircut and no makeup blew her mind.

Not that Kelsey minded Holly withdrawing from competition (and not that she'd ever acknowledge that this nerd girl could be competition for the likes of Kelsey). For now, she was just happy Holly was around to keep that lecher Mr. Jasper away from her.

The comely brunette was just starting to navigate the racks and start looking for a killer costume when she almost tripped over her friend Casey. It might be more accurate to say "friend" Casey; after vying for top of their social ladder for most of their young lives, they were hardly friendly. Casey was a jock, tall and leggy, though it was said she'd started taping her boobs down during games starting back in 8th grade so they didn't throw off her balance. Kelsey though the story was exaggerated, but there was no doubt in her mind that if there was a girl in class who could rival her own tits, it was Casey. Kelsey had worked hard to cultivate her sexy-yet-unattainable girl-next-door persona, even if inside she had the heart of a Viking princess without all the fuzzy sentimentality when it came to beheading rivals.

"Oh, hey there, Casey," she said, trying to force some cheerfulness into her tone. "Guess I don't need to wonder what you're doing here."

"Same goes to you," said the blonde without looking up. "I think slutty kittens are two aisles down."

"Good to know. What're you looking at down there, a cow costume? Something that'll make good use of those udders?"

"Fuck you, bitch."

"Eat me, dyke."

A pretty typical exchange, really; both girls enjoyed these rare opportunities to take the gloves off when there was no one around to see their little cat fights.

Kelsey wandered into another aisle and left her friend behind. She passed by rows of frilly princess garb, cowgirls, pop culture costumes like Harley Quinn and Elsa. The girl didn't know quite what she was looking for, but she'd know it when she saw it.

“Anything I can help you with?”

Kelsey nearly jumped out of her skin at the sound of Mr. Jasper’s voice right in her ear. She yelped in surprise, whirling to face him with sincere irritation. “How about you start by not sneaking up on me?”

“I’m sorry, I’m sure I thought you must have heard my approach. Sincere apologies, young miss.” He smiled disarmingly, an expression that in her estimation made him look even less trustworthy. “Can I point you in the direction of anything in particular? We have some very... *special*... deals this year”

His giggle was somewhere between maniacal and horror movie cliché. Kelsey hoped it was an affectation for the season, but from how natural it sounded coming from the lips of Cornelius Jasper, she suspected it might just be how he laughed.

“Look, just... I don’t want anything... weird. OK? Just a normal costume.” She fixed him with a hard look.

Tales were common about Cornelius Jasper and his Curio Shoppe in these parts. Some folks thought he was some kind of witch doctor; some a mad scientist; still others thought he had a pipeline to the ACME factory that delivered doomsday devices to Wile E. Coyote. Whatever the truth of it was, enough freaky tales involved this man’s name that Kelsey was wary to accept his offer to help.

“Oh, but where’s the fun in conventionality!” He laughed again, steepling his gaunt fingers. “We have all manner of ghoulish delights!”

“Hey, look. I’ve heard the stories about the year you sold off pumpkins with mouths that screamed all night until sun-up. And I was in middle school when the zombie makeup people bought here actually turned them into brainless wandering mobs for the evening.”

Mr. Jasper smiled at the fond memories. “Well it isn’t as if they actually went around eating people, is it? Just a little harmless ambiance to complement the trick-or-treating experience. After all, as the signs says...” He pointed to that gaudy banner and took a deep breath to read it with salesman-like bravado.

Kelsey cut him off before he could. “Look. I just want to find a cute costume with no weird strings attached. I don’t want a costume that turns invisible in the moonlight, or a costume that turns me into the costume. Just a normal costume.”

Mr. Jasper just laughed and waved away her ranting like it was absurd paranoia. “Fear not – we’re sold out of invisible costumes (which are ever so hard to sell, you know), and I only have one costume that, as you say, ‘turns someone into the costume.’ You’re sure you don’t want it? It’s really quite impressive.”

Kelsey rolled her eyes. “No, I don’t want it.”

“That’s just what the other young ladies said.” Our conversation carried, and she shared a brief look of commiseration with Casey where she was looking at cop outfits, and even geeky Holly as she contemplated some kind of lame-ass scarecrow get-up.

Then, the for the second time since she’d walked in here, there was a voice right behind her.

“Could I see it?”

Kelsey nearly cold-cocked the speaker for sneaking up on her. Then she saw who it was and wished she had. It was Vinnie Hoffman, who’d been two years ahead of the girls in school. One of those pathetic guys who thought being twenty gave him tremendous sex appeal to teenagers.

He hadn't quit hitting on high school girls when they graduated. Not that it had ever succeeded that she'd heard of, skeezeball that he was.

Happily, however, his interest drew away Mr. Jasper as the old man launched into some excited sales pitch for whatever the hell it was. He got his chance to read off that stupid slogan after all. Kelsey resumed her browsing in peace. She found a few contenders, things that were hot enough for a girl like her without just being outright slutty. A biker bitch costume that would contrast her good-girl reputation nicely; a witch outfit with just enough cleavage to be interesting without being skanky; a cute little Dorothy-style gingham dress with sparkly red shoes that were uncomfortable but she could probably bear for a night.

Then suddenly Kelsey dropped what was in her hands and abandoned her search. She knew exactly what costume to get. She dropped what was in her hands and went three aisles down – a spot in the store she hadn't even been to yet – and found it immediately. She picked up the costume, selected suitable accessories, and made immediately for one of the changing rooms to try it on.

As she entered, she saw Casey just ahead of her and Holly not far behind. She couldn't make out their costumes, but they were moving in just the same determined way that she was. Weird timing, that.

Kelsey took her time putting on the costume – it was vital that everything be Just So. She hadn't been ordered to hurry, just to get dressed. The collar, the gaudy jewelry, the coiffe that held her hair into place, the bejeweled slippers. She even took a few minutes to redo her makeup to complement her new look.

It took her long enough that Casey had beaten her out, and if she could have made her legs cease moving, Kelsey would have stopped in her tracks at the sight of her.

The school's basketball center was clad in a fairy costume that had plainly never been intended for a woman of her size. For one, Casey's breasts were surging out of the filmy green top to the point that it was – perhaps appropriately – somewhat cartoonish. One of her areola was clearly peaking out as both huge tits strained to burst free of the cramped confines.

For two, the thing was quite simply too damn short for her frame. It was obviously meant to be worn by someone who wasn't self-conscious about their legs, as the leaf-styled skirt would only come down barely past the butts of most girls. On a girl Casey's height, it was simply inadequate; her back was to Kelsey, but the way the bottom half of her ass was hanging out the back, there was no doubt her pussy was showing in the front. Especially since it was clear she wasn't wearing underwear.

She could have tugged it down to conceal matters, except for one, it would make her boobs burst right out, and for two, Vinnie hadn't made her.

Kelsey walked near to her and stood waiting as Vinnie inspected his first arrival. He had a costume too, now, or part of one – some kind of mask that mostly entailed a huge swollen cranium fitted over his hair, like some kind of cliché cartoon villain super genius. He was grinning like an idiot as Casey twirled in place, the costume's fairy wings fluttering somehow, her tits bouncing and wobbling like mad as she pranced for him. As her spinning put her face to face with Kelsey, she was smiling vacantly with unfocused eyes.

Kelsey saw then that the jock's pussy was indeed showing, and that she didn't seem the least bit bothered.

“You see, what did I tell you?” Mr. Jasper was saying, grinning beside Vinnie at the still-pirouetting pixie. “Your costume functions just as well as the real thing!”

“I can’t believe I doubted you,” said Vinnie, leering at Casey. He didn’t seem to have even noticed Kelsey yet. She wasn’t offended. She would have to be capable of independent thought to be offended. For now she’d been told to stand where she was standing, so when she had to think again, she would.

“Well, I’ll let you finish... trying things on, and when you’re ready to make your purchases, I’ll be out front.” The creepy shopkeeper excused himself, leaving Vinnie alone with Kelsey and Casey in the store’s isolated back room.

“You are positively rocking that outfit Casey, I gotta say,” he said as she twirled closer to him, still simpering at nothing.

Kelsey could hardly believe her ears when Casey responded – her voice was a high-pitched parody of a fairy, nothing like her usual pushy, butch tone. “Why, I’m ever so happy that you like it! Making people feel good and looking pretty is what we fairies are all about!”

Casey suddenly stopped spinning and stood facing Vinnie, doing her best to stand still despite the dizziness she must be feeling. She positively wriggled as the man helped himself to a handful of her solid posterior, giggling in that same high-pitched way. “Looks like all that time in the gym paid off.”

“Gym? Teeheehee! We fairies don’t have to exercise – we have naturally bubbly booties and jiggly juggies!” She giggled some more, squeezing her breasts together with her arms until one popped right out. “Oopsie, there’s one now!” She tucked it back in – barely, but barely was the only way they fit – and turned to rub her ass against Vinnie’s groin, wings fluttering around his face as she grinded on him.

Suddenly, Vinnie’s eyes were on Kelsey, and as a thick blue vein throbbed in his costume’s exaggerated forehead, Casey pranced a short ways away. She stood there wriggling and bouncing in place, flitting about like a butterfly who couldn’t make herself hold still. Kelsey, moved by the same force that had made her put on this costume, took two steps toward him before she suddenly halted and returned to right where she’d been. She might have wondered why the sudden reversal, but then she realized Holly had arrived.

Or at least, a girl who resembled Holly. She had on a bright blonde wig over her pixie cut, but it was drawn up in pigtails held up by bright pink ribbons. Although Kelsey had been getting up-staged by Holly the nerd girl in classes together most of their lives, this was the first time she’d ever seen her wear makeup or show her face in public without her glasses on. The dork was actually prettier than she would have given her credit for.

“Pretty,” however, was clearly not what the rest of the costume was meant to accentuate. It was a cliché cheerleader uniform – if one’s school let its cheerleaders do their fund raising by moonlighting as strippers. Holly wore a short red skirt that showed the bottom of her bright yellow panties even standing still, and her midriff bared to show a flat smooth stomach. Her top read “T&A HS” in block letters.

She skipped over to Vinnie. “Like, oh to the em gee! Vinnie! Super cray-cray to see you here! Sup, K to the C? You ready to kick butt against Valley on Saturday?!”

Casey didn’t respond, and Vinnie didn’t seem to care what she’d been saying. “Well hey there, Holly. Damn, look at you...” He did just that.

“We like, got new uniforms and stuff. I think they’re super way cuter than the old ones. Don’t you think?” Holly enabled him by twisting side to side, making sure he got a good look from all angles. Her giggle was pure ditz, a contrast to Casey’s maniacally chirpy one.

“You know, I almost went with another persona for you, babe, like a French maid or something. Still not sure I made the right call, but this is definitely an improvement. Do you remember our lit class we had together? You were always up on some high horse about empowerment bullshit, and I tell ya, I just had to fuck with you a little.”

“Well you did a super good job. Cheerleaders are like, totally objectified! At least a maid actually has a job and makes money and stuff. Not like us cheerleaders – we just wave our butts and shake our titties just to make people happy!”

Over to the side, Casey clapped her hands merrily. “That’s right! Because happiness is the purest magic of all!”

Kelsey watched Vinnie help himself to Holly’s charms, fondling her butt and squeezing her boobs through her top. He grew frustrated with the latter – it was a bit too thick for proper fondling, and Holly wasn’t as well-endowed as Casey or Kelsey.

“You know, maybe instead of... hey, yeah!” Vinnie looked over at Kelsey, and right then she felt the need to move again. She bowed her head and scurried over, standing perpendicular to him as if she were an ornamentation rather than part of the goings-on.

“How may I serve you, Master?” Kelsey didn’t actually know why she called him that, any more than she knew why she’d picked up this outfit and changed into it, why she’d done herself up to look the part. She didn’t even wonder. She just waited for that presence in her mind to tell her how to behave next.

Kelsey’s costume was an effective illusion, to be sure. The gauzy, semi-transparent material that hid nothing of her body despite covering most everything; the big hoop earrings, the gaudy rings festooning her fingers, the glitter she’d sprinkled across her face and chest; the Arabian-inspired slippers and makeup.

She looked every inch of her the part of a genie. Or at least a genie in a porno.

And she knew who had rubbed her bottle, because Vinnie wanted her to know this so she could play her part correctly.

“Say, how many wishes do I get?”

“Only three,” Kelsey said firmly, “so think them through carefully and use them wisely.” Not that she could grant wishes at all; the only thing Kelsey could do was obey Vinnie. But if he made a wish and she pretended to grant it and he made other people obey accordingly... well, she supposed that was as close to being a good genie for him as she could be.

“But say I want more.”

She wagged an emerald-studded finger at him. “Alas, you may have but three. These are the rules, set in forth long ago.”

“You have to obey me, though, right?”

“Of course, Master. I obey anything you ask.”

“Then I wish you would grant me all the wishes I want.”

Casey joined the trio, prancing around the perimeter. “Of course! There’s always enough magic to go around if a girl obeys when she’s told!”

“Done.” She did obey, after all. Kelsey snapped her fingers, though that was all she could do. She couldn’t grant wishes any more than Casey’s fairy wings allowed her to fly. She knew it was Vinnie who would supply the results of any “wishes” she might grant, but he’d made her to act like she was granting them, so she did.

“Thanks, babe. Now, here I am already having buyer’s remorse. Genie, I wish Holly was my personal secretary and not a bimbo cheerleader.”

Kelsey snapped her fingers again, and suddenly Holly’s eyes widened in shock as Vinnie changed her. “Sir!” she squeaked as she looked herself over. “I... I don’t know why I’m... I sincerely apologize for failing to adhere to the office dress code, sir. I honestly don’t know what came over me!”

“Yeah, you look ridiculous, coming to work dressed like some ditzy porno cheerleader,” Vinnie said wryly. “You better take that off.”

“Oh of course, sir,” she said, hurriedly tugging off the top. She had no bra on underneath, and Kelsey appreciated why. Holly’s tits, B or maybe C cups from the look, were perfect little teardrops all on their own. Without a moment’s hesitation, she removed the skirt and panties as well, stopping only when she stood completely naked before them.

“Much better,” he said. “Damn, those titties look hotter than I thought they would.”

“Why thank you, sir – you know I just want to get the job done right.” Holly stood by with a calm, patient expression as Vinnie sucked a nipple into his mouth while pawing the other breast.

“Oh I know, baby. Tell you what, why don’t you and Casey get down and suck my dick, OK?”

“Absolutely, sir,” Holly said, sinking to her knees instantly. “Would you like a cup of coffee first, or a copy of the Journal?”

“Nah, blowjob will do just fine.”

“Yaaaay!” cheered Casey as she spun in a little circle, spiraling down until she landed on her knees. The movement threw both of those gigantic tits of hers out of her top, but this time she just left them out. As Holly finished removing Vinnie’s pants and took his cock directly into her mouth, she grinned at the display from an inch or two away. “This is where the real magic happens!”

“Damn, Holly, faceful of dick is a good look on you. And Casey, looks like you’re good at handling more than one type of ball, eh?”

Kelsey, meanwhile, stepped forward and thrust her chest out as she felt the need arise; Vinnie grabbed one of her boobs in each hand and squeezed them hard, artlessly fondling her. The genie top didn’t do the least bit to impede him; she may as well be wearing plastic wrap for all it concealed or denied him the feel of her.

Things went on like this for some time, Holly administering her intensely professional blowjob while Casey’s mouth flitted about licking and sucking where it would and Kelsey stood still as the lamp she belonged to getting felt up.

“I sure wish I could hear what you girls were thinking,” Vinnie remarked casually as his blowjob continued. Kelsey didn’t actually feel the compulsion this time, but she was a genie and he was her master and genies obeyed their master.

She snapped her fingers, and all three girls spoke in unison.

“I obey,” said Holly.

“I obey,” said Casey.

"I obey," said Kelsey.

Vinnie chuckled at the results of his accidental wish, but then nudged Holly and Casey back with a hand to their foreheads. They stretched out their tongues in an effort to continue to pleasure him, squirming and trying to get past his blockade. "You know, what's the point in my costume if I only control your actions and not your thoughts?"

The question seemed rhetorical, so Kelsey had nothing to obey. She just stood there, tits thrust out, waiting for nothing.

And then she could think again – not just the instinctual thoughts of a domesticated genie, but her own thoughts. That son of a bitch! How dare he degrade her like this, dress her up in this whorish costume, leer at her, grope her! Remove her ability to control her own body!

That last one was especially rough, she quickly decided upon realizing she had no ability to express these thoughts.

Casey and Holly showed no change in behavior, still working to nudge past his hand to resume their blowjob; still, there was the subtlest change in their eyes, darting around side to side, that told her they felt were themselves again on the inside too.

"Not that I need to ask or even really care all that much about the answers, but what's on your minds now, ladies?" Vinnie asked, grinning broadly.

This time, he made them answer one by one. "I'm furious that you're turning me into your slutty little plaything," Kelsey answered in her servile genie tone. She had more she wanted to say, but Vinnie cut her off.

"And I'm using the power of my imagination to think of how badly I'll kick your ass when I'm free again!" Casey said, giggling triumphantly as she landed her tongue on his balls for a moment.

"And I'm just so embarrassed, sir... I've never been naked in front of a boy before." Holly wasn't blushing though, not even as her wig slid off as she tried to squirm past Vinnie's hand to get her mouth back on his cock.

Vinnie just grinned smugly, removing his forestalling hands from the girls' heads. Per some unspoken order of his, Kelsey surmised, they simply held position as if frozen in place, though still craned their tongues in desperation to get just a taste. He pushed their tongues back in with a finger; the girls sucked on his digits as he pulled them back out.

"Kick my ass, eh Casey?" In character, Casey nodded vigorously, wide eyes swirling. He gave her a few playful slaps to the cheeks and nose with his hard-on, but she didn't let up. "Well we can't have that. Kelsey?"

Kelsey, eyes lowered submissively, performed a deep bow at being acknowledged. "Yes Master?" She wanted to call him a creep, a pervert, a dead man walking, but for all that Vinnie was letting her think her own thoughts, she was still his obedient little fake wish-granter.

"You know, Genie, I know you can't really grant wishes, but it sure is hot watching you and your little co-whores pretend you can."

"Your genie is glad her efforts please you, Master." Kelsey wanted to spit in his face, but instead she just smiled softly and kept her tits thrust out lewdly.

He patted them affectionately. "I wish Casey really was a happy slutty little fairy, mentally and physically."

"Done."

Kelsey snapped her fingers in Casey's direction, feeling a quiet thrill just at being a token part of fucking over Casey. Rubbing his cock on Casey's brightly smiling cheeks, he asked, "How about now? Still want to beat me up?"

"Who, me?" She laughed at the utterly preposterous notion. "That's now how fairies get their revenge! Why, I think I might just play a merry little trick upon you just for saying so!"

"Yeah? Like what?"

"Oh I don't know – I could make your splendiferous cock simply disappear!"

He stopped rubbing her face with it, smile slipping. "And how might you do that, exactly?"

"Well it's not a prank if I reveal it, but believe me when I say I have all manner of hidey holes I could conceal it in!"

Vinnie's smug grin returned as he understood her devious prank. (Though to Kelsey, it seemed hardly "devious" at all, and not in the least a "prank.") "I dunno, I bet I could still find it... why don't you try?"

The only thing keeping a smirk of immense satisfaction from Kelsey's face was that Vinnie hadn't made her do so. She watched as her nemesis Casey rose to her feet, wriggling about as if to confuse observers as to which hole might be used for her mischief. Kelsey even had to give her credit; when she suddenly twisted about and impaled her pussy on Vinnie's cock, it was like she was laser-guided. He was balls-deep in the blink of an eye.

"Where oh where does a missing dick go? Everyone wonders, but nobody knows!" She giggled hysterically at her rhyme as she gyrated her hips against him.

"That's more like it, Casey." She cooed and giggled and offered the occasional fresh fairy rhyme as Vinnie began a slow rhythm in her cunt. Kelsey wished she could get a picture of this almost as much as she wished she could get free of Vinnie's control herself.

When he addressed Holly, he spoke slowly and with obvious distraction, permitting Casey to use her pussy as creatively as her fairy brain knew how. "Holly, we can't have you going on feeling embarrassed like this. Rude of me, I know."

"Think nothing of it, sir," she said, waving away his pseudo-apology, though her cheeks and chest were bright red from the discomfort of standing here nude in front of all these people. "I'm here to make *you* look good, not the other way around."

"Right, right, but... With those cute little tits, tight caboose, doll face... I think you ought to feel good and proud of it. Piece of ass like you should never be ashamed to be seen for what you are."

"Kind of you to say, sir – I promise you, I'm willing to give my all to you for this job." She smiled like she'd been given a long weekend.

"That's my girl. I tell you what, you go find yourself the sluttiest little secretary outfit you can, OK?"

"I'll get right on that, sir," she said, casually striding out into the store buck-ass nude, browsing the racks for something appropriate.

Or, well, inappropriate as the case may be.

Kelsey just stood there and watched Vinnie give Casey a rather unorthodox fuck. She was doing her best to blend in with the background, all the while seething that this little prick was so blatantly lording his power over her by having her do so. Doing this to Casey was just giving the

bitch what she had coming, and for that geek Holly it would probably do her some good to loosen up and embrace her sexuality.

Kelsey, however... not cool. She hadn't done anything to deserve this. What a fucking asshole. "You know, I'm learning that one of the drawbacks to being a mind controller is having to hear people's thoughts," Vinnie said, interrupting Kelsey's sulking. Casey was engaged in an effort to hook one of her long legs over Vinnie's shoulder without letting him fall out of her pussy. (It wasn't going any better than one might expect, but she seemed to be having a delightful time trying.)

Vinnie was permitting her to talk, so she used the freedom – respectfully, of course, in the presence of her master. "Pardon, Master, but I humbly pray you explain then why you had us express to you aloud what we're thinking if you already know?"

"Same reason I'm gonna rip that genie costume off you before I fuck that snatch of yours. In that get-up I already know what you look like naked, but I still wanna see it."

Casey tittered merrily as she fell on her ass in her acrobatic stunt, but before Vinnie could more than tease her about having found his cock again, she enveloped it between her big tits. "How can it be that of all your three pretties, it's somehow the fairy who has the big titties?" She giggled as her tit-fuck commenced.

Vinnie, however, wasn't done addressing Kelsey and her funk. "Now since you're so intent on spoiling the mood here, we really need to do something about you."

"Never would I intend to disrupt your pleasures, Master, but it is difficult not to think and feel when you don't prohibit it." *And fuck you for that, by the way*, she thought at him.

"Yeah I know, but mindless drone wasn't much fun either. I tell you what, how about we take all that smug superiority towards Casey here and... tell you what. I wish you felt superior for the right reasons. How's that?"

As she snapped her fingers, Kelsey wasn't sure what he meant. Casey knelt there, using her mouth to keep his cock good and wet to help her titjob, but Kelsey still felt nothing but disdain for the bitch.

She could be doing *such* a better job, after all. Casey didn't know the first thing about pleasing a man like Vinnie. To her, this was all just a game. To Kelsey, pleasing a man was serious business, and you didn't just take it for granted. She watched Casey work, noting all the ways in which she could be doing better. Keeping his cock wetter. Moaning to show her appreciation. A little begging, a little thanking, so he'd feel powerful.

It was embarrassing that that dumb jock didn't know this stuff.

Then Holly was back. This time, she was embracing her new persona completely in an uninspired but still fully effective slutty parody of a secretary outfit. A thin white blouse that you could just out her nipples through with minimal effort, too small to be closed even on Holly's narrow frame. She'd untucked the bottom and tied it taught just beneath her breasts to hold it on. Holly had matched it with a black pencil skirt so tight that it had to be cut nearly to the hip along one side just to fit, stockings that came up to mid-thigh suspended by garters trailing enticingly up into the skirt.

"I hope this is more to your liking, sir?" Holly asked, taking no notice of her athletic classmate tit-fucking him right in front of her.

“Perfect, just perfect. And now... Kelsey, I wish Holly’s highest aspiration in life was to serve me in any and every way.” He winked at her as she snapped her fingers, his own power accomplishing his wish.

Kelsey watched the girl’s nipples harden all over again with a bit of disdain, even as Holly’s knees momentarily buckled and she began thanking him at length for hiring her and promising to never let him down.

Ugh. Attractive as she was, Kelsey knew she was so much sexier than this girl that all the attention he was spending on her was just baffling. Set alongside her, a girl like Holly was just pointless. Not that Kelsey wasn’t glad he was for some reason distracted by this flat-chested dork. Hell, even that jock bitch turned fairy ditz Casey was hotter than Holly. What a waste of anyone’s time.

Kelsey barely even noticed Vinnie frowning at her as her condescending thoughts once more gnawed at him. Kelsey was too preoccupied by wondering how a girl like Holly could one-up her.

“I wish you thought of these girls as your equals.”

Kelsey barely heard him, but went through the motions of granting his wish, snapped her fingers, “done,” went back to her sulking.

Why should Holly get all the attention?

Holly was so lucky. Casey too. Kelsey wanted boys to notice her like that. She’d just have to work harder at it, that was all. If she tried hard, she could still look easier and more fuckable than either of these bitches. She’d do whatever she had to do to get that kind of notice, even if she had to walk around in the nude holding up a sign that said “look at me, I’m naked and willing.”

It was just a shame she didn’t have anyone here to appreciate her other than that loser Vinnie...

“I swear, you’re just incorrigible,” Vinnie said, shaking his head.

“Would Master like to wish me otherwise? I am sure I could manage better than these girls if you only but gave me the opportunity.”

“Nope, no more wish-granting for you. From now on, we’re going to find a better use for that costume of yours.”

Holly smirked at her then, looking down her nose through half-rimmed glasses. Casey just giggled in triumph as she finally made Vinnie cum, thick spurts mostly caught between her massive tits but some that shot up and hit her in the chin. “Ha! Fairy wings are made from all the cum we drink! Joke’s on you!” She stuck out her tongue at Kelsey.

Vinnie pulled up his pants, careful not to let his mask come loose as he bent over. “Come on, babes. Let’s check out.

Kelsey followed along without a word as Vinnie lead the girls to where Old Man Jasper waited at the counter. “Taking all four, are we?”

Vinnie nodded, sliding his credit card across the counter. “Yep. If it’s all right, we’ll just wear these out of the store.”

“Quite all right, I can just look up the bar codes. So let’s see, we have one authentic mind controller costume?”

“Yep, as good as advertised,” said Vinnie as the man entered the code.

“One fairy princess?”

Casey fluttered her wings, a feat Kelsey still wasn't sure how it was possible. "Fairy cum guzzler, actually!" She reached a finger down into her cleavage and scooped up a little blob and sucked her finger clean.

"Fairy princess, yeah," Vinnie said, nodding to Mr. Jasper as he failed to find Casey's suggestion in his book.

"One bimbo secretary?"

Holly looked down at herself. "Is there something wrong with my attire, sir? I was striving to comply with the office dress code."

"Call it a slutty secretary – she'd still sharp as a tack in there, right?" He knocked gently on the side of Holly's head, making a little knocking noise by clicking his tongue in time. Holly smiled vacantly, just proud to be part of a joke.

Mr. Jasper chuckled. "You got it. And then what do we have here. Ah, a genie! Very good."

"Not a genie, actually," Vinnie corrected him. "Go on, tell the nice man what you are, Kelsey."

She bowed deeply, watching to be sure everyone who might want to enjoyed a good long look at her dangling tits. It was important to be patient; looking at her tits pleased men, and pleasing men was her entire purpose in life. "Master. Sir. Kelsey is a simple harem girl, and she wishes to express her gratitude that Master is so generous as to purchase her."

"Ah, of course you are – and might I say, you're one marvelous-looking slave girl."

Kelsey remembered wanting to call the man a creep earlier. Even though she hadn't ever said it, she fell to her knees and apologized, offering to suck his dick in gratitude if Master would only allow her to.

"Oh, I'm quite all right in that department, Miss. Now let's just get you added to the purchase,"

Mr. Jasper said with a chuckle as he gave Kelsey's nipple a pinch through her filmy costume. She smiled, delighted that her tits were no longer just sitting there useless and unfondled, and quietly proud that a man had chosen to grope her rather than her fellow slaves.

The proprietor handed Vinnie his slip and Vinnie signed for it. It seemed a princely fee, far more than Kelsey thought she was worth. She had a lot to repay him for, she supposed.

Then her master wrapped one arm around her and one around Holly, with Casey skipping and prancing and fluttering in circles around them, waving her fairy wand about in the breeze.

Kelsey made out with Casey in the backseat on the way home, taking turns fucking each other with the handle of the fairy wand. Holly jacked off Vinnie as he drove and droned on about suggestions for coordinating his entourage more efficiently.

The girls' old clothes – and the cheerleader costume, which Vinnie had had Holly run back in for before they left – were in a plastic bag at her feet, bearing the name and seasonal slogan of The Curio Shoppe.

"Costumes guaranteed to get you the greatest haul of Halloween booty!"