

Pass it On - Part 1

For Matthew Nuckles

By TheSpiralledEye

A man gets three wishes from a genie, only to be granted the wishes given by the last person. Which unfortunately include big tits, a fat ass and all the skills needed to seduce his way into any man's heart.

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It was a chilly, moonless night as I slowly scraped my glass cutter across the corner of a museum window. It was a bit cliché; breaking into a museum, nobody did it these days, except me. I'd visited this museum many times during the day and knew the layout like the back of my hand, including the little detail that the sensor on this window was broken.

Easily I slid my hand inside, undid the latch and lifted it open, sliding inside like a shadow. After taking a moment to make sure no other alarm had been tripped, I made my way down the corridor to find my big score. Not on the main gallery floor, but the storage rooms at the back.

That was the mistake most people made when they robbed museums, they went straight for the most valuable items in the glass cases on the main floor. I was too smart for that though; not only did all those items have more security but they would be missed right away, the things in the storage room though, it might be weeks, maybe even months before anybody realised they were missing; plenty of time to sell them on the black market and be long gone.

As I navigated through the dimly lit corridors, my heart pounded with anticipation and nervousness. Every creak of the floorboards echoed loudly in the empty building, heightening my senses and fueling my adrenaline.

As expected, the storage room was only protected by a simple lock which was easily picked. Almost instantly I stumbled upon a dusty old crate tucked away in a forgotten corner that looked promising. I pried open the lid, revealing an array of ancient artefacts and relics. Among them, however, one object stood out – a tarnished brass lamp, adorned with intricate engravings and gem inlays. It was the perfect score; obviously valuable, compact and not too famous.

As my fingers brushed against the cool metal surface, a faint hum filled the air, sending shivers down my spine. To my astonishment, wisps of smoke began to swirl around me, coalescing into the form of a man. No not a man; the form was humanoid and male, with strong muscles and a bare chest and sharp beard, but where its legs should have been was only wisps of smoke.

“A genie...” I whispered in awe as the figure smiled down at me.

"Congratulations, mortal," the genie boomed, his voice echoing with power. "You have awakened me from my slumber. I am bound to grant you three wishes – choose wisely."

He sounded almost...smug, I couldn't shake the feeling there was something suspicious going on. Could this be some sort of advanced security system? No, there was no way a small museum like this would have something like hologram technology in their storage room.

“I assure you mortal, I am real.” The genie rolled his eyes, “If we could skip all the disbelief and get right to the wishes so I can go back to sleep that would be great.”

Something about that knocked the reality into me, despite being a mystic being the genies seemed oddly grounded and real.

“So...three wishes?”

“Yes.”

“And you'll grant them?”

“Yes.”

“No catches?”

“I will grant exactly what you ask of me.”

I thought for a moment, I wasn't an idiot, if this was real I needed to be careful about what I asked for and why. I needed to make sure I asked for simple things that couldn't possibly backfire or be monkey pawed.

“Okay.” I grinned, “I wish to find a winning lottery ticket tomorrow worth ten million dollars.”

“Easy, the next two?” The genie smiled and my confidence grew.

“I wish to find a beautiful woman who is smart and pretty to be my wife and I want to be able to speak every language.”

“Done.”

The genie clicked his fingers and I closed my eyes for a moment, waiting for the knowledge to flow through me but nothing happened. Then again, learning every language might not be the sort of thing you feel. I opened my eyes and glanced around at the room, finding a package with a return address in French, obviously sent from another museum. It was incomprehensible.

“Hey!” I cried, “I can’t understand this!”

“No, I imagine you can’t.” The genie inspected his nails. “But the next person along will certainly have a lot to work with.”

A stone formed in my gut.

“Next person along?”

“Yes, my magic has this little quirk.” The genie’s smile turned cold. “You see, all my wishes get passed on. So everything you wish for, will get given to the next person to rub my lamp.”

“And I get...?”

“The three wishes of the person before you.”

As the words left his mouth I felt an odd jolt in my chest; my heart began to beat against my ribcage and for a moment I thought I was about to have a heart attack. There was a tightness, then a pressure pressing outwards from my chest and I groaned; what on Earth

had the last person wished for that would cause such a strange sensation? With each beat of my heart I could feel my chest getting heavier and when I looked down I was shocked to see that there was a lot more chest to beat against. Two round, very distinct shapes were starting to grow out of my chest, complete with a hard nub in the centre.

“Wha-ahhhh!”

They kept growing, becoming round, bouncy breasts that moved slightly with each pound of my heart.

“Now, what were those last wishes...” The genie mused, pretending not to notice my panic. “Ah yes, I believe the first was to have boobs bigger than ‘that bitch Katie’.”

“Who the hell is Katie?!”

“Somebody with smaller boobs than you.” The genie chuckled.

“Almost anybody would have smaller boobs than me!” I cried as they continued to grow, they were making me bend over to keep my balance, it was all over the place.

I tried to take deep breaths, you don’t become a burglar without learning how to keep a cool head in a hot situation. Granted this situation was very hot and not in the normal way, but still. They were just tits, enormous ones, but tits nonetheless. I just had to find a surgeon to remove them and I’d be myself again.

But then I felt something else changing, my legs, their shape was melting and warping in subtle ways. It wasn’t as intense as my breasts growing in but enough that my panic began anew. My thighs were getting thicker, the calves thinner and my shoes started to feel loose as my feet subtly shifted in shape.

I was so distracted trying to see what was happening through my jeans that I didn’t notice my hair growing until it started to tickle at my nose.

“What? Is that blonde-ah...ahhhh...AAACHOO!”

As I sneezed, I felt my ass rip through the back of my jeans, doubling in size within the span of the sneeze. It was so sudden compared to my boobs that I tumbled back, landing heavily on my now cushioned butt.

“Now what was that second wish...”

“Stop! Stop this right now!”

“Ah that’s right! She wanted to be the hottest woman in the room at any time.”

As soon as he uttered the word ‘woman’ a shudder ran down my spine and my crotch seemed to clench. To my horror, I felt my cock changing in the same way my legs had, the skin melting together and smoothing over into a distinct mound, it was painless, but that didn’t mean it was pleasant.

I could feel a new hole forming inside me, a warm wet one with sensitive walls that made me shiver as the rest of my body continued to change. That hair got even longer and I could feel my lips growing fuller with every moan and groan that escaped them.

“My, I do have a talent for beauty.” The genie said smugly as he floated around me, studying my changing body with a clinical gaze. “What a lovely figure.”

“You asshole!”

“Now, what was her final wish...Oh yes! To be so desirable she could get any man she wanted!”

This change was more subtle, I could only describe it as an aura that seemed to settle over me. I felt knowledge flooding my brain but instead of being languages it was...the art of seduction. The knowledge of subtle touches and soft smiles; I felt my cheeks turning red as I realised I knew exactly how to talk any man into my arms. Men specifically too, that made things even more embarrassing.

The changes came to an end and I stood there, chest still heaving up and down (with great difficulty thanks to the extra weight I was still getting used to) and eyes wide with shock.

“You...! You said no strings attached!” I cried, “You lied!”

“No, I said I would grant anything you asked, and I will...when the next person comes along.”

I was struck dumb, how could I have been so stupid! Looking back it was so obvious he'd been talking around the question but the idea of finding a real genie...I'd let it blind me in my greed. Now I was stuck as a busty, seductive blonde and there was nothing, short of a sex change, that I could do about it.

"Oh and one more thing..." The genie floated right up to my face with that same shit eating grin. "You can't tell anybody about me, or my magic. Unless they already know."

"What!? But how am I going to explain who I am to people?"

"Not my problem, besides, who's going to believe you?"

The genie shrugged, gave me a little wave then turned back into a swirling mass of blue smoke that funnelled itself down the spout of the lamp. I lunged for it, ready to rub it against the first stranger I saw on the street and beg them to change me back but before my fingers could close around the handle, it was gone. A little puff of smoke and the space where the lamp had been was empty; my only chance at salvation literally evaporated into thin air.

I winced in pain, when I'd lunged against the crate my breasts had been squashed into the wood; how was I supposed to do anything with those damn melons getting in the way? I always wore a skin tight burglar's body suit when I was on jobs, without only a small tool belt at my side, gloves and a mask. It gave me maximum flexibility and ensured I wouldn't get any loose ends caught on doorknobs or ripped against loose nails. Now though, I couldn't help but feel indecent; I was practically naked and my new curves were huge enough that they got in the way themselves.

I cursed in pain as I banged my hips into the crates while trying to navigate my way out. How was I supposed to slip in and out undetected? The sound of footsteps had me freeze and I sucked in a breath nervously as I heard the storage room door open.

"Who's in here?" Called a deep voice, the night security guard. "I heard you shuffling around so don't try and deny it! There is only one way out of here and it's through me, so come out now and maybe I will go easy on you."

I bit my lip and managed to keep back a gasp of shock that hurt a lot more than I intended, probably because my lips were so full and sensitive now. What was I going to do now? That damn genie had ruined everything! Not only had he transformed me but now I was going to jail!

I peaked out from behind the crates and saw the man standing there, flashlight in hand. The little ring of light was slowly roaming over the room, it was only a matter of time before he found me, and there was no way I could sneak out that door without being caught even if he wasn't standing five feet from it.

I racked my brain, trying to think of some way I could talk myself out of this when I realised there was another way. All those seductive skills the Genie had given me, as I stared at the night guard I could almost feel myself running the calculations on a subconscious level; the perfect way to seduce him.

It was an utterly humiliating prospect but...what choice did I have? If I couldn't fight or flee, I was going to have to fuck. With much less effort than I cared to admit, I slipped out of the shadows and put on my best sultry look.

"Okay, you caught me, big man." I cooed, "but look, I haven't taken anything so why don't we just call it even?"

I walked toward him slowly, putting a little extra sway in my hips as I did so. He turned to face me and I watched as his face went from hard to shocked, to utterly entranced. A new sense of power flowed through me, my new instincts feeding me the perfect words to make him put his guard down.

"See, you can tell I haven't got anything hidden up my sleeves. Or anywhere else." I giggled, running my hands down the curves of my sides. "It's all me in here, so you can let me go with a warning."

"I...I can't just let you walk out of here, you broke in."

"Aw, are you going to punish me?" I asked, placing a finger on my lips, "Are you going to spank me, maybe call me a bad girl?"

God, this was so embarrassing. Hearing those simpering words coming out my own mouth was utterly humiliating, but it had the desired effect. The man's hands were lowering from his walkie talking, his eyes were fixed on my chest and face, darting between the two nervously. I could even see a small tent starting to form at the front of his pants.

"N-No but I...I have to call the police..." He stammered and I walked right up to him confidently, placing that same finger against his chin.

“You don’t sound very sure…” I whispered, “Maybe… I could do a little something for you and then… we could call it square? Nobody ever has to know I was here, it’ll be our little secret.”

He was shaking with want and I felt something warm forming between my legs. Oh god, I was getting turned on as well. Was I seriously about to sleep with a security guard to get out of here? My body ached, it wanted to be touched so badly but I couldn’t, no I couldn’t do this it was far too embarrassing.

My eyes darted down to the man’s side where his baton was hooked around his hip. With lightning fast reflexes I grabbed for it and knocked him across the back of the head hard enough that he went down like a sack of potatoes.

My body screamed at me; that wasn’t what it wanted. But I couldn’t help it, I had to get out of here while I had the chance. In a blind panic I grabbed a handful of antique jewellery from the nearby box and fled out into the night. With every long stride I could feel my breasts moving, my butt jiggling and most painfully of all; my pussy lips rubbing together. It fanned the flame of arousal within me and I couldn’t help but let out pleased moans as I ran back to my window and jumped out into the bushes below.

I was so turned on it was crazy. Even laying here hidden in the bushes, back against the cool ground, my skin still felt hot. Hot and sensitive. I swallowed, rolling onto my side enough that I could raise a hand to the zip at the base of my chin.

It was crazy, masturbate right here where I could be caught? I only had a limited amount of time before that guard woke up and alerted the police. I should be running. But instead I was slowly unzipping the body suit and slipping a hand inside to fondle at my new breasts. They were so soft and warm, not to mention delightfully sensitive to my touch. The gloves put a thin layer between skin on skin contact but that almost made things better. It was like a gentle tease as I rubbed a circle around my new nipple.

“Ohhh…” The soft sound escaped me and I forced my mouth shut, this was how I got caught in the first place. Well… sort of.

My free hand continued to lower the zip on my jumpsuit, down past my navel until it was loose enough that I could slip a hand between my new folds. My finger brushed over my new clit and it took all my self control not to cry out. With one hand teasing my new breast and the other swirling around that sensitive nub I was almost overwhelmed. But not so overwhelmed that I couldn’t hear sirens in the distance. The police were on their way.

The thrill of almost being caught with my pants (metaphorically) down only added to my delight and I began to press my finger into my new hole. How did women not cum

immediately? That was amazing! My inner walls were so silky and soft, yet rough at the same time and it felt so lovely pressing my finger inside.

Soon I was pumping it in and out as policemen rushed past my hiding place and into the museum. None of them thought to check the bushes for a horny woman desperately fingering herself while she played with her tit.

The pleasure built and that beautiful burning sensation between my legs grew until finally, it was too much. The orgasm washed over me and I was forced to bite down on my lip so hard it almost drew blood just to stop from crying out. When it was finally over I let out a gasp and struggled to catch my breath; did I really just do that? The entire evening flashed before my eyes; it was unreal.

The flashing blue and red lights of the police cars filtered through the thick bushes and reality set in. I was only a few feet from being caught and sent either to prison or the nut house depending on which story I decided to tell. Slowly I began to zip up my jumpsuit only to hear a dog begin to bark.

“You hear something, girl?” A voice asked and the dog barked again.

My hand froze on the zip, so much for that; I had no choice but to make a run for it. I waited for a moment, then sprung like a coiled spring. Out of the bush, across the lawn and over the fence I'd originally climbed over. My chest was moving even more now that the jumpsuit had been unzipped; my new tits were totally unsupported.

Climbing the fence was difficult, I wasn't used to my new curves and they got in the way far more than I was used to. I could hear the dog barking as I scrambled over the top and down into the alley below. I landed hard, zipped up the jumpsuit and made a mad dash for it. Weaving from street to street, running through every muddy puddle I could find.

By the time I reached my getaway car, parked securely almost a mile away I was out of breath and ideas. I looked down at my newly made female body with a mixture of awe and disbelief. My skin still tingled from the orgasm and I could see my chest subtly pounding as my heart continued to beat furiously.

The genie was gone, my body changed and I had no way to tell anybody what had happened or resume my old life. I had a new slate with just my looks and new skills to use. Not only that but the only person who'd seen me was that security guard so I couldn't even use my new face as a cover.

“Come on...think...”

I wasn't one to wallow in misfortune or look a gift horse in the mouth; if I was going to fix this I was going to have to act fast and that meant coming up with a plan. I hopped into the car and turned the key as I thought; according to the genie these were somebody else's wishes. Which meant there was a woman out there somewhere who wanted this body and knew about the genie. My best bet was to figure out who she was and then work together; perhaps we could help one another.

Until then I was going to have to get used to this body. As the car drove I felt my cushioned ass sliding into the seat. My pussy throbbed occasionally with aftershocks from my orgasm and despite everything a small smile flicked across my face. So long as it was temporary maybe being in this body wouldn't be so bad.