

A Genie's Folly

By: Dragonien

"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 rung 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 was 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 it's 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 was 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 won't 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..."

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 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... what's uh... what's 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. "It's 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.

Rrrrrrip!

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 whose 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 its 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 dragon's 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."

This time there wasn't nearly as much hesitation in Dragonien's actions. one of his hands raised up to casually scoop the petrified horse up into his palm. Nisa was practically drawing blood with how hard she was chewing on her lower lip as she watched the dragon raise the terrified police officer in front of his muzzle. Now that he was no longer so drastically outsized by her, though, he felt more of his genuine confidence coming back and decided to tease the kobold girl a bit in retaliation for the teasing she had been giving him so far today. Rather than simply dumping the horse into his mouth he let his lips part slightly as they hovered right in front of the platform of his palm the horse was sitting on. His breath blew out in a long exhalation of hot, moist wind that visibly ruffled the clothes and hair of the equine cop. The horse's desperate attempts to crawl backwards away from the billboard sized muzzle only got him a foot or two, his scale, further back before he found the dragon's thumb blocking his backwards movement. He started to mutter incoherently, partially due to the size difference between him and his two captors, and partially due to his frazzled state making coherent speech difficult. Just as Dragonien seemed ready to finally dump his hand back and drop Nisa grabbed his wrist with one hand to stop him. She leaned herself forward, giving Dragonien quite the view of her ample cleavage in the

process, so her muzzle was just above the cupped palm the horse was sprawled out in and whispered five words that made both the horse's and Dragonien's eyes go wide.

"I wish he was smaller."

Instantly the already diminutive, at least to the two giants, horse began to dwindle yet smaller in Dragonien's palm. Within moments he was sliding back in to the shallow crevasse of one of the wrinkles on the dragon's hand as he reduced once more to only six inches in height. The difference this time being he was actually six inches tall, which made him only 1/200th the size of the two giants. That meant, as far as Nisa and Dragonien were concerned, the horse wasn't even half an inch tall anymore. Before Dragonien had a chance to properly react to the abrupt change in his captive Nisa tugged on the dragon's wrist and pulled it up closer to her muzzle. Her own broad tongue slid from her parted lips and gave a single, drawn out lick across Dragonien's palm. The poor horse was all but flattened against the red skin of Dragonien's hand by the wall of saliva-slickened flesh, only to be dragged away as the moisture of her tongue stuck him to the rough pink surface. Her muzzle then tipped backwards, making a show of reeling her tongue back in to her mouth and sloshing its contents around for a moment. Then, with a resounding and exaggerated gulp, she swallowed the speck of a horse down with far less effort than Dragonien had needed for the comparatively larger bear he had eaten earlier.

This only led the two in to another session of now even more intensely passionate making out and heavy petting. Dragonien's hands roamed across Nisa's hips and ass while her hands alternated between combing fingers through his hair or stroking across his shoulders or chest. The rest of the surrounding neighborhood, as well as the other police officers still trapped within Dragonien's pockets, had been all but forgotten as the two giants indulged in one another. Dragonien, for his part, was enjoying having so much 'more' of Nisa for his hands to roam across. with her normally being barely above the five-foot mark he was easily able to palm most of even her ample backside, but now each of those luscious cheeks overflowed even his large hands. Not to mention her normally impressive chest looked positively gigantic now that they were at a similar size. Forget losing a pencil in them, he felt like he could drop a candy bar down that canyon of cleavage and lose track of it. Or, he supposed, at this scale maybe a bus instead of a candy bar?

Nisa on the other hand had something very different on her mind. She was always used to Dragonien being so much larger than her, and while she was enjoying the equality of size and strength between them at the moment the sight of first him eating that bear and then how tiny the horse had been to him was bringing up those enjoyable mental images of looking up at him. This time, however, she imagined the difference in size to be more drastic. rather than looking up from around his belly button height she imagined being down below his thighs, staring up only to have her view of his face and upper body being blocked by the prodigious erection straining the front of his jeans and jutting out in front of him. Then she imagined the difference becoming even more extreme until she was below his knees, then his ankles. Finding herself staring up at a single one of his enormous toes as it towered in front of her like a sports stadium all on its own. It wasn't until she felt Dragonien's breath coming in and out sharper, almost straining pants during their kisses that she realized she had been grinding down so forcefully and aggressively onto his lap with her backside while lost in her fantasies that she had him nearly on the edge ready to blow!

After stopping her gyrations on top of the dragon's groin and pulling away from the kiss Nisa took a couple of seconds to calm herself down as well. Not that she had any concerns about Dragonien's 'stamina' if she did set him off but part of her was taking a devilish glee in denying him that release until she was good and

ready to give it to him... or, a quieter voice in the back of her mind whispered in a dreamy purr, until I can't stop him from taking it. When she finally turned her attention back to the dragon her lips curled into a wicked grin once more and quickly morphed Dragonien's sexually frustrated frown into one of nervous concern. He was starting to recognize that expression on her face, the look she good right before she was about to abuse her newfound wishing power in a way that he would probably find disorienting, concerning, and incredibly arousing.

"Look at us, Drago" She all laid down across his torso once more and started combing her fingers through his hair. "We're the size of buildings. Real life giants big enough to crush cars like soda cans and swallow people like snacks. I bet nothing short of a missile would even make a dent in either of us..." All the while as she spoke, she was rubbing and nuzzling her muzzle against the side of his own and down his neck where she knew he was the most sensitive. "Drago... we're monsters...!"

The last word, in any other context would have been an exclamation of fear, terror and revulsion. But in their case the word oozed from her lips dripping in so much lust and desire that hearing her say monster like that made Dragonien's dick throb in its denim prison. Though, to Dragonien's satisfaction, it was easy to notice how she was all but grinding down on top of him again when she said the word so he knew it had about as much effect on her as it did on him. His tastes may be weird but at least he knew he had someone to share them with! Which is what made her next words that much more surprising to him.

"But I don't want a monster." She all but purred under her breath. For a fleeting moment the dragon's libido cooled slightly from the confusion her words caused, only to be kicked right back in to gear when she continued speaking. "I don't want a monster, Drago. I want a god."

The thought was enough to get the dragon squirming underneath her all over again, fingers digging in to and kneading her plump ass encouragingly in clear approval of the thought. She started to kiss him again, slowly like they had at first, but with increasing passion with every passing second. as she did, she would pull her lips back every couple of seconds to pant and huff out small strings of words to the dragon in a throaty growl of desire and lust. Pouring her most perverse and tantalizing fantasies out to the dragon to rile him up as much as she was herself. To say she was stroking his ego was like saying that fire was kind of warm. She wasn't just stroking Dragonien's ego, she was full on depthroating it.

"Stars, Drago. I Don't want you to be some puny monster. I want you to fill the entire fucking sky. I want your every breath to be a hurricane, your every step an earthquake. I want to watch skyscrapers crumble under your toes like blades of grass and watch you swat planes out of the air like gnats. I want this whole god damn world to be able to see you from miles away and know that you could snuff their entire city out with the tip of a finger on a whim." By now she was actively grinding down on top of him again, once more raising Dragonien back towards the peak of pleasure once more with the gyration of the plump, building sized peach that was her ass. "Fuck me, I want you to wear the capital building like an earring and eat handfuls of aircraft carriers like popcorn. I want to see you every time I look up and smell you every time I wake up. I want to watch your feet change the landscape every time you take a step. And most of all I want every single other man on the entire god damn planet to look up and see the mountain range that is your dick and know they'll never even be a fraction of the man you are. And every woman on the planet to look up in the sky and know that not a single one of them is good enough for their new god. I don't want a monster. I want you to be a god. My god."

By the end of her libido fueled tirade she was all but moaning out the last words as she neared her own release simply from grinding down on top of Dragonien's dick through his jeans. As she neared her peak and felt Dragonien doing the same, she wrapped her arms as tightly around his torso as she could. She had a desperate urge to cling to him as if trying to portray her desperate need and desire through sheer physical force. But it wasn't her uncharacteristic forwardness that pushed either of them over the edge. It wasn't the powerful grinding of the two against one another or even the horny mental image she had painted in both of their minds. No, what set both of them off was the last sentence she panted out before her throat caught in the lustful moan of her own release.

"I Wish you were bigger Ten... No, A hundred times bigger...!"

Almost instantly Nisa felt Dragonien explode in size in every direction around her. Her arms were forced apart by the expanding width of his neck shortly before it grew beyond her reach. Her legs, previously intertwined with his own, dragged across his inner thighs and groin in a manner that certainly didn't help his over-stimulated state as he stretched out beneath her. In many ways to her it felt almost like she was the one shrinking as she watched the dragon who only moments before had been the same size as her spread out all around her, more and more of him growing beyond her reach with each passing second. All the while Dragonien felt cars, trees, homes, and pretty much anything else in his path being bulldozed away as his mass spread across the city like a tidal wave of flesh. The suburb they had been previously making out in was gone within the first few seconds, vanishing beneath the prodigious backside of the growing dragon. In less than half a minute his head and shoulders had started to stretch into the city proper and began bulldozing strip malls and larger office buildings out of his way. By the time his immense growth spurt was done all two miles of him was laying across a good portion of the city.

Nisa, meanwhile, was sprawled out across the seemingly enormous field of shirt-covered abdominal muscles that was the dragon's stomach. Relative to the monstrous living mountain she had made out of Dragonien even her huge 100-foot-tall form wasn't even a full inch tall. As she stood and got her bearings, she saw the shallow curvature of his abs like sprawling hills and the indentation of his navel like a deep crater in the ground, all covered in the slightly malleable layer of now, to her, coarse and thickly woven fabric that spread across the 'land' like a nearly foot thick tarp. Off in the distance she could see the thicker swell of the dragon's pectorals rising up like small ridges. Though it was when she looked back behind her and saw the monstrous and still rigid erection straining the front of the dragon's pants like a mountain all its own. Her breath caught in her throat when she saw it and any tiny iota of sexual relief was buried under a fresh wave of lust at seeing the dragon's dick, now over a dozen times her size, towering over her in the distance. It didn't help that Dragonien's own release had thoroughly wet the front of the denim and made it cling that much tighter to his jean's contents. Nor did it help when Nisa watched one of Dragonien's now-titanic arms sweeping in from the side as if in slow motion and rest a hand big enough to manhandle even her gigantic form like a barbie doll on top of his erection's outline and give himself an appreciative squeeze.

The sharp pop of a button being undone followed by the thunderous clacking of metal on metal that was a zipper unzipping soon thundered through the air as the monstrous living mountain of a dragon began undoing his pants. Despite his clear enjoyment of their escapades up to that point he was ready to relieve some of the pressure his straining erection had been under with the constant constraint of his jeans. Not that Nisa had anything to complain about as she sat there with her eyes wide, her mouth hanging open, and her thighs almost frantically grinding together while she watched Dragonien carefully extract the titanic ebony pillar of his erection from its confines. The monstrous phallus jutted up into the sky, still achingly hard and visibly

throbbing as it reached nearly up to the same level as some of the lower hanging clouds overhead. Even after having so recently cum, Dragonien's libido was strong enough that he was already leaking pre again. The clear, musky fluid mingled with the wetness already clinging to his shaft as a bead of the fluid the size of a small pond leaked from the tip of his titanic erection and dribbled down the top of his shaft. Nisa was starting to worry she might have taken things too far as she watched Dragonien's monstrous fingers wrap around the base of his cock and start slowly stroking up and down its length. The dragon was laying on top of the entire city, jerking off a cock bigger than a skyscraper after having eaten several police officers and now crushed god knows how many other people in the process of the growth spurt she had caused. But as she let her mind wander over those details it ended up just pushing her further into her lustful fantasies and ideas rather than encouraging thoughts of caution and restraint.

"Bigger. I wish you were bigger. God, I wish you were so much bigger. Just start growing, don't stop growing." She whispered under her breath, one hand sliding its way between her legs while the other stroked across her left breast. She only had a bit over 22 hours left of her unlimited wishes before everything reset and she planned to make the most of every single minute of it.

Minutes faded into hours as she made wish after wish, indulging in every perverse and arousing idea that she came up with in a seemingly endless stream of debauchery. She had started small, relatively speaking. From her perch on top of the mountain sized dragon's abs she had sparked a longer, somewhat slower growth spurt that she tied to his masturbation that grew him the more he riled himself up. by the time he was ready to blow again he was already covering a good portion of the state and when he finally did let loose his second orgasm the resulting explosion of arousal spiked his growth to the point that his afterglow was spent sprawled out on top of most of the Midwestern United States. From there it only got more extreme.

She grew herself to a matching size and let him lay her down and take her on top of the entire planet as the two of them reveled in the feeling of tectonic plates cracking and fracturing under their thrusts and gyrations. Then Dragonien found himself floating off of the planet as he surged upwards in size yet again until he was cradling the entire planet like a basketball, watching Nisa provocatively grind herself down on top of the northern hemisphere as she stared up at the celestial titan she had made out of the dragon. The planet didn't survive much longer than that, crushed between their lips as the two of them made out in the middle of another growth spurt that soon left them out-sizing the solar system entirely. Nisa straddled Dragonien's dick like a body pillow as she watched him casually swallow the sun like it were a piece of candy, only to have Dragonien being smothered into her cleavage a few minutes later as she lazily imitated a swimming backstroke through the milky way. Soon entire galaxies were demolished by their expanding forms as they indulged in one another in every way they could muster. Eventually they grew so titanic that they garnered the attention of other celestial beings. Nisa took great pleasure in listening to the formerly unstoppable gods squawk and scream in protest as she dis-empowered them with a simple wish and then used their comparatively diminutive celestial forms to jerk Dragonien off.

She wasn't content to just outgrow the universe, though. Eventually she decided to 'reset' things after about 12 hours of near-nonstop sex with one another and indulge in some more intricate fantasies. At one point she had wished for a rewrite of the entire world (after restoring it to its pre-sexpocalypse state) that placed Dragonien as some kind of living mortal god worshiped by everyone on the planet. Of course, she made sure she had been placed as his high priest and most trusted advisor and consort who reveled in lavishing her dragon god in worshipful physical stimulation from head to toe one body part at a time. After that she spent a couple of

hours in a similar scenario, save that she was the one in power. A titanic tribal kobold goddess presiding over an island full of primitive draconic subjects including Dragonien, her prized tribal chief who was the only one worthy of offering his affections to their goddess. Unfortunately for all of the seemingly limited power her wishes provided her, the one thing it couldn't do was halt the flow of time. So, far too soon for her liking, she felt the 24-hour mark pass.

The moment the 24-hour point hit, Nisa was abruptly right back where she had been exactly 24 hours ago, standing in her living room in front of the smugly grinning genie. The jackal lowered himself down a bit to be more eye level with the disoriented kobold, seeming to be perfectly content to give her time to compose herself. When she finally looked like she wasn't about to fall over or pass out he spoke.

"Well, did you have fun screwing with reality for a day?" he asked in a playfully condescending tone.

Nisa looked around for a few moments as if trying to find some kind of sign of what had happened the day before, or was it the day after? If she understood correctly the following 24 hours had never actually happened so technically, she had gone back in time. When she didn't immediately respond to his minor jab the genie started to show a bit of annoyance on his face. He had been expecting her to complain about the abrupt end, to blush and hide in embarrassment at the implication that he had seen everything she had done and was judging her on it. Instead all he saw in her expression when she finally turned to look him eye to eye was a mixture of determination and smug satisfaction.

"So, Mr. Genie. If I understand right everything I did was undone, correct?"

"Yes, that's correct" The jackal answered, an eyebrow cocking in confusion as to where she was taking this line of questioning.

"So, nothing that was broken, no one that was hurt is like that anymore?"

"Yes..."

"So literally everything that happened got rewound, as if I'd never made that first wish, correct? We're back to the point before I made my wish?"

"Yes yes yes!" He exclaimed, frustration leaking into his previously calm voice. "We're right back to the point before you made your wish! Now, if you'll excuse me, since you've had your fun I'm going to be going-"

As the jackal started to turn back towards his lamp, one of Nisa's hands grabbed at his wrist to keep him from turning away. A glare of annoyance on the genie's face immediately transitioned to confusion, then concern when he realized that he couldn't escape her grip. She was small and weak compared to him even without any kind of supernatural strength. Despite that, her grip was like a vice around his wrist and no matter how hard he pulled her fingers didn't budge an inch. It was as if his struggles had no power behind them, as her arm didn't even seem to be moving in response to his struggles. The only way that could be is if she had power over him, if she was still... his...

Realization dawned on the jackal at the same moment that Nisa spoke, her triumphant grin a perfect juxtaposition to his concerned and even slightly fearful expression.

"So, you're saying that you never granted my wish. Which means I'm still your master, and I still have wishes to make..."

All the genie could do was gulp nervously as Nisa, still his current master, started pondering what she could do with another day of unlimited wishes... or a week of them.