

# A Wish From The Empress

A story by Dan Standing

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Yasmine's eyes danced over the reclined nude curves of her Empress. The young woman considered herself lucky among the Empress' harem; Yasmine was one of the few whose loins also hungered for the female form.

And what a form the Empress had. Almond skin wrapped tightly around full grapefruit-like breasts, a hearted ass, and a tight waist. Long dark hair always fell along the tall woman's lines with just the right accent. Smooth lithe legs connected petite feet to wide hips holding a very plump and juicy slit. Many a time Yasmine had sucked on those toes while a hand caressed the legs and dared to tease the quivering lower lips.

"I suppose you wonder why I summoned you here alone," the Empress interrupted Yasmine's thoughts. Yasmine bowed her head and kneeled on the ornate cushion before the Empresses lounge of cushions. Out of the corner of her eye Yasmine could watch the Empress tease herself with a golden dildo. One that the woman had never seen before, and oddly shaped.

"I question not your orders, my Empress," Yasmine replied, quietly. Staring downward the harem girl could not

help but gaze at her own breasts, proud oranges with hard nubs that tented the pink gauze that barely counted as clothing. Yasmine's long blonde locks curled around the sides of her view.

"Something I have always appreciated, so I have decided to give you a reward," the Empress replied, placing down the dildo. Yasmine noted that it was shaped like an armless woman, her head and torso making up the shaft of the toy and her ass and legs curled in at the base. Yasmine could see the tiny face, molded as if the golden woman was screaming...or cumming...or both. The visage seemed strangely familiar.

Yasmine raised her gaze enough to see the Empress tip forward a nearby urn. she expected it to be filled with wine, but instead Yasmine heard the clatter of metal - coins, specifically. The Empress reached in and pulled out two gold coins, then returned the urn upright. Keeping one to herself the Empress gently tossed to the other to Yasmine, who caught it with a surprised jerk.

"I...I thank you, my Empress," Yasmine stuttered, the jiggle of her breasts stilling as she stared at the coin. It had markings she had never seen before, not that she'd seen much currency. No harem woman had any need for it, this was little more than a pretty trinket to someone in Yasmine's position.

"It is not payment I have granted you," the Empress smiled, fingering the coin in one hand whilst reaching again for the dildo with another, "It is a wish."

"A wish?" Yasmine repeated back.

"Indeed," the Empress' voice was filled with the sort of mirthful fun Yasmine had heard before, usually before someone lost their head. She was again teasing her slit with the golden figure, dragging its face over her moist cleft. The Empress of was quite fond of mind games, and had a collection of those bodiless minds which had not satisfied her standards in a nearby closet. Yasmine had never expected to be at this end of such a game.

"I do not understand, my Empress," Yasmine quietly spoke.

"I recently came into possession of some wish tokens. I already have all that I want, so I wondered what would happen if I gave each of my loyal subjects a wish of their own. What would they wish for?" the Empress explained, tapping the dildo against herself, strings of her juices falling from it with each swift lift, "So, Yasmine, you have one wish. What do you make of it?"

*What do I make of this indeed?! ran through Yasmine's mind. Her body was calm, but her thoughts were racing. This couldn't be real, could it? Why would the Empress take such a risk? What if I wished to be the Empress? Is that why she holds her own coin, to counteract a wish she doesn't like?*

*Why is she playing with that toy, to distract me? But there are no such thing as wishes. This MUST be a game. I could make any wish, just for it to fail, and it is all just so the Empress can judge us! Yes, that must be it! I must make a wish that would please her!*

"I...of course I wish that I was just an attractive fixture for and of pleasure for my Empress as long as she'll have me," Yasmine answered. She looked down as she felt something rough between her fingers and dropped her jaw as she saw the coin crumble to dust.

"My, what an excellent wish," grinned the Empress.

Suddenly Yasmine's body was not under her control. She fell forward, catching herself with her hands. Her back curved, forcing Yasmine to push her breasts out and her neck up. Her head bent backwards and she opened her mouth into the shape of a needy pout, her lips opened just an inch.

Yasmine felt her knees bend and her thighs spread, her feet pointed up in the air as her pussy opened itself up. Within moments Yasmine found herself posed as if she was ready to please one of the local princess, her ass up with her pussy presented and her mouth round and ready.

She could feel, although not see, her breasts getting heavier. Yasmine could only guess that they were growing, and indeed they were. Dangling oranges became grapefruits, and then even those grew. They were round and pulled heavily on Yasmine, but she found that her muscles were

only dull and refused to ache as much as they refused to move.

As a heat began to build in her loins Yasmine could not even let out a gasp. Her entire body had become still, making no note of her commands to sit up or grab at her engorged chest. The only exceptions were her eyes.

And Yasmine's eyes were doing a lot of moving, darting around the room as she realized she wasn't even breathing, before looking over to the Empress who had raised herself up.

"Oh, you are indeed precious!" the raven ruler squealed, placing down the dildo, slipping the coin between her fingers, and clapping her hands, "I had hoped you wouldn't wish something that would force me to turn you into a dildo like Arielle did – she wanted to fuck me, and she shall! But look what you did! Made yourself fine forever fuck furniture!"

Yasmine's watched the Empress stand and approach her. She tried to shout out for help, to ask the Empress to undo this curse, but she was trapped in her stilled body - her stilled body that was growing hornier by the second. If they could have moved Yasmine's loins would have quivered as she felt some of her juices begin to slide over her labia and down to her thighs.

"You were always the sexiest little thing, and now you will be even more so for all of time! Look at those breasts!" the Empress mewed. As she walked along side of Yasmine

she ran a finger from the stilled woman's shoulder down her side and to her curled ass. If Yasmine had considered herself horny before her slit was on fire now.

*Just fuck me, just fuck me, just fuck me...* raced through the presented woman's mind. She wanted to leap upon the Empress, but her muscles would not do as they were told. Yasmine had once allowed herself to be tied up for the Empress' entertainment, and the sensation of struggle against her erotic bonds was not entirely dissimilar to what Yasmine was feeling now – except her very body was what bound her now!

"Oh my, look at your pretty pussy," the Empress giggled, letting her finger slide over Yasmine's right butt cheek and poke around the edges of immobilized woman's glistening lips, "I wish I had a perfect dick worthy of fucking you. Oh!"

Through the fog of her desperate horniness Yasmine, of course, could only barely hear what the Empress had said. Yasmine could not see how the coin her ruler had forgotten she was carrying had crumbled away, nor could Yasmine see how the Empress' clit was swiftly ballooning out from between the woman's legs. It was stretching and stiffening, reforming into the familiar bulbous and veiny length the Empress instantly recognized. It sprung out eight inches from the woman's thighs, nearly as thick as her wrist. Below she still had her pussy, but she could feel her labia plumping up and filling with thick, sticky, jizz. It was a pressure she HAD to relieve.

“Oh my...” the Empress said quietly. Yasmine could feel the woman grab her rear, gripping it firmly. That was all the warning she got before the Empress’ clit clock plunged into Yasmine’s pussy. Her mind gasped, and she was thankful she was so wet. The newly grown phallus was thick and stiff and filled up every possible inch of Yasmine’s womanly passage.

*Fuck yes...fuck yes...fuck yes...* was a constant stream through Yasmine’s head as the Empress pumped in and out of her fuck furniture’s hole. The Empress could feel her labia hanging low and full of spunk, aching to be released through her grown clitty dick. Yasmine’s pussy was so tight around her that it only took a few moments before the Empress had pushed herself as far as she needed.

*No, not yet!* Yasmine screamed inside her mind, not realizing that she’d made herself perpetually horny – no amount of fucking was going to sate her.

The Empress would soon realize the same thing. But for the moment she was pumping the second pint of fluid from her contracting labia sack through her dick buried deep inside Yasmine. Thick white juices were spilling out of Yasmine, oozing up into her ass and down her thighs. The Empress finally pulled herself out, leaning down on Yasmine’s ass as her long cock sprung up inside the frozen woman’s thighs.

Her composure somewhat returned the Empress walked around to the other side of Yasmine, her shaft bouncing and

dripping along its entire length. The Empress remembered Yasmine's hanging and grown breasts, and in a simple motion she pushed her dick in between them, gravity pulling them together and wiping much of the stickiness from the Empress. Yasmine could only stare at the Empress' belly as she had stepped forward and squeezed into her cleavage.

However, as she pulled away the Empress could tell that she was no less in need of release than she had been a moment before. Yasmine could see the woman's pussy, lower lips hanging full and round from their new function, womanly juices dripping from their own source.

The Empress made a realization.

"Well," she smiled, "Of course a perfect cock would be one which is never incapable of use." She stepped forward, the tip of her manly clit just barely brushing Yasmine's nose. The woman's eyes went cross from staring at it.

"I suppose we should see if it fits in you anywhere else..."

Yasmine's eyes went wide. And soon that wouldn't be all of her to do so.

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