

Pass It On - Part 2

For Matthew Knuckles

By TheSpiralledEye

After a few weeks as a woman a strange mental connection forms and our protagonist finds himself drawn to the person whose wishes he received.

Trying to find one person on a planet with billions was like looking for a needle in a haystack. Trying to find one person while knowing absolutely nothing about them, other than that they would know genies are real, was like looking for a grain of sand in a haystack. I was nothing if not adaptable though; most men in my position would have fallen into some sort of identity crisis but not me. I had decided not to look a gift horse in the mouth; this new face essentially gave me a clean slate and with my new powers of seduction it had never been easier to open locked doors.

Charming my way into a counterfeiters office and getting my hands on a new set of ID papers was laughably easy. Especially after I got on my knees. I felt dirty at first, like I had with the security guard but it was so much fun and so easy I couldn't just ignore it. Seduction was the most powerful tool in my toolkit. Sure I'd smooth talked my way into a few places before as a man but this was something else. It was like my whole body was a skeleton key.

Most men turned to putty in my hands with just a flirty look or a casual touch and the few that held out never lasted long once I really started going. It had become a game of sorts, seeing how quickly I could make a man cum and watching him go beet red and try to explain that he normally lasted much longer.

Still, after three weeks of seduction, I was starting to worry. As fun as this was, I did want to find the person who's wishes I'd used. If only to find out if they knew a way to reverse things, at least partially. I wouldn't mind being able to seduce women as easily as I could men once I got my male body back.

If I got it back.

I woke up one morning in a stranger's bed. It was easier to charm my way into free hotel rooms and men's apartments than go through the trouble of finding my own for this new identity. The fake IDs I had made were good, but I still didn't want unnecessary scrutiny. I'd forgotten this guy's name, but he had great taste in dinner dates and I was still full from the night before as I slipped into my new clothes and left.

That was one thing I was enjoying about this new body, the sheer variety of clothes I could wear. My seductress senses seemed to give me a natural talent for finding outfits that would suit my new curvy body and oddly enough, the most effective ones weren't the skimpy slutty clothes that showed off more skin than a doctor's convention. It was the clothing that implied more than anything; low cut blouses, tight fitting but long skirts; stockings. The sort of clothing men couldn't help but imagine peeling off to reveal the treasures within.

Today I had gone with such an outfit; a simple but tightfitting red blouse and a tight fitting skirt, stockings and heels. Finished off with a layer of red lipstick.

As I stepped outside I felt a strange...tingle, at the back of my head. No, not my head, my mind. There was no other way to describe it, I could feel something tugging at me, mentally, drawing me towards the business district of the city. My eyes narrowed and I began walking in that direction, my outfit would have me blend right in around all those stock investors and bank managers downtown. Maybe that was why I subconsciously chose this outfit in the first place.

The wind blew my hair back and I did my best not to smirk as I walked along. I could feel the sway of my hips increasing just a fraction every time a man looked at me. Other women, even the most beautiful, seemed dull in my presence. I really was the most beautiful woman in any given place at a time and that sort of power was addictive. I'd spent so long learning how to blend in and not be seen in order to become a master thief but now, I was revelling in the spotlight.

As I followed the strange tug in my mind I felt it getting stronger. I was being led somewhere that was for sure but where; I had no idea. Eventually I stopped before a huge skyscraper. It was one of those stock exchange buildings with floor upon floors of market investor offices. I'd never liked stocks; too much of a risk. That probably seemed ironic coming from a master thief but that took actual skill, not luck.

Still, I felt compelled to enter. Nobody stopped me, even when I breezed past a security guard without even attempting to show a badge. Confidence was key; nobody ever believed a person would just brazenly walk into a place like this unless they belonged. So nobody stopped me as I stepped into the elevator and pressed the button for the top floor.

A fresh faced looking man was standing with me, alone in the elevator; his face was sweating with nerves and I smiled. This was a tall building, it would take time to get to the top, maybe I could have a little fun. I shifted, pretending to feel a little too warm as I unbuttoned the top of my blouse. I didn't need to glance to know the man was trying not to stare at my chest; so I undid another button. I pressed my arms in to push up my chest even higher and heard the man swallow.

"Busy today?" I asked huskily, turning and batting my lashes at him.

“Oh uh...a little.” He cleared his throat and then added, “I’m about to close a big deal today.”

It was sort of cute, the way he was puffing up to try and impress me. I leaned in closer and watched his pupils dilate as I laid a soft arm on him.

“Oh, how lovely. I’m not nearly clever enough to do stocks.”

“Oh it’s not that hard...”

I smirked, letting my eyes duck down to his crotch.

“But you are.”

“Wha-OH!”

I giggled, watching his face turn beet red as he scrambled to try and hide the obvious bulge in his pants. I laughed as the elevator opened, revealing us to a floor full of office cubicles.

“Careful, people might get the wrong idea.” I taunted before stepping out and into the sea of cubicles.

He didn't get off with me, maybe he did get off later though after the doors closed. It wouldn't be the first time I'd managed to make a man cum without having to touch him; I was just that good. That strange tugging was so strong now I could tell exactly the direction I needed to head. It led me to the very back of the floor where several penthouse officers were. A mousy looking receptionist stopped me just as I placed a hand on the door to push open the right one.

“Excuse me, miss, you need an appointment to see Mr. Victor.”

I blinked in surprise, I was so used to getting in place with my looks alone now it hadn't occurred to me to even come up with a believable lie for being here. Hell, I didn't even know why I was here at all. All I knew was that I was being drawn into this Mr. Victor's office; could it be...had he found the lamp? Was that why I was being drawn here, had this man been the one to receive my wishes the same way I'd received the mystery woman's?

“Miss? Are you alright?”

“Yes sorry, I spaced out there. You know how things are when you’re lost in your own head.”

The woman just looked at me expectantly, eyes ducking down a few times with jealousy.

“I am here to see Mr. Victor.” I lied.

“Do you have an appointment?” She asked pointedly.

Her voice was hard now; she knew damn well I didn’t have an appointment and her envy at my body was obvious. I’d experimented with sweet talking women but I’d had mixed success. Something told me I wouldn’t be able to seduce my way into this one. But I couldn’t let her call security or something, I *needed* to know what was behind that door.

I may have boobs now but that hadn’t replaced my brains. I raced to try and find a solution and remembered how I’d seen other women all clustered together in the bathroom at the various clubs I;d visited since my change. They complemented each other, offering to help one another with creeps. Maybe instead of flaunting myself, I needed to engage with my softer feminine side.

“I don’t.” I admitted. “But I do really need to see him, just for a minute.”

“Well, Mr. Victor is very particular, I am not going to let you walk in there-”

“Please, uh Naomi is it?” I looked at her name badge. “The truth is...we met up for drinks a few nights ago and he stood me up. I want him to look me in the eye and say he doesn’t want to see me again. I don’t want him to think he can just discard women like that.”

She blinked in surprise, the hardness falling from her face in an instant.

“And you’re actually going to confront him about it?”

I felt an odd twinge of pain in my heart; she believed me so readily. Was that really so common? I suddenly felt a strange sort of male guilt swirl inside me before pushing it away.

“Yes. So, please let me just go in there for a minute?”

She bit her lip.

“I’ll say you were on a bathroom break and snuck in. Don’t worry sister, I won’t throw you under the bus.”

She smiled at me and nodded.

“Give that asshole hell, he’s a right cad sometimes.” She winked before getting up from her desk and walking away.

She paused before she passed though and whispered to me.

“He’s crazy for doing that to you, I don’t think it’s possible for him to do any better.”

“I agree.” I giggled and she disappeared.

I felt a little bad about throwing Mr. Victor, whoever he was, under the bus but according to Naomi he was a bit of an ass anyway so maybe it would all work out. I pushed open the door and entered the extravagant penthouse office. The whole back wall was a floor to ceiling window overlooking the cityscape below, the furniture was made of rich mahogany wood and I instantly spotted at least seven easy to conceal and expensive decorations on the shelves that I could lift if I wanted to.

A smart looking man in an Armani suit with slicked back blonde hair looked up suddenly from the desk, clearly surprised to see anybody entering without so much as knocking.

“Who the hell do you think you are-ah...”

The anger faded from his voice half way through the sentence and I felt that strange mental tug dissipate into a faint buzz at the back of my skull. No longer pulling because it had finally led me right to the source; this man.

I watched as a smile spread across his face and he leaned over to the intercom.

“Naomi, cancel any appointments for the next few hours. I ‘m going to be busy.”

“She’s gone to the bathroom.” I said simply. “Who...are you?”

For a second that smile reminded me of the genie and I grit my teeth; expecting a puff of smoke and that dick to appear again.

“I’m Jason Victor.” The man smiled, “And you, I am guessing, finally found that lamp.”

“Yes!”

“Wow, I can’t believe it took almost five years.” Jason smiled. “Ah memories.”

“But the wishes I got were about having boobs bigger than somebody called Katie and...and being a beautiful woman and you’re-”

“Not a woman?” Jason raised an eyebrow. “No, I was when I made those wishes but just like you, I got the wishes of the person before me.”

I looked around the penthouse office and suddenly felt cheated; he’d gotten rich and I got a pair of tits.

“I got to be the stock broker in the district, fabulously wealthy and handsome.” James smirked. “Of course, if the fool before me hadn’t specifically said the most successful *man* in the district, maybe I wouldn’t have ended up like this.”

“And you’ve been like this for five years?” I asked, feeling my heart start to sink a little.

“Yeah, I may never have outshone Katie in the chest department but I did get to watch her stay a middle manager while I rose to the top in this new body so, I take it as a win.” James smirked.

All the fun I’d been having in this body suddenly soured; I’d only been letting myself have so much fun because I knew it was temporary, or at least I’d convinced myself it was temporary. There has never been something I wanted that I couldn’t get, through one means or another but finally I’d run into something that sticky fingers couldn’t get me; my life back.

“Let me guess, you were a guy?” James looked at me sympathetically and winced as I nodded. “Sorry, my wishes were made right after I’d turned twenty, I was pretty immature and well...you’ve got the consequences I guess.”

“At least you got rich off the other person’s wishes.” I muttered a little jealousy.

“I mean, you’re not in the worst position in the world. Looking like that.” James circled the desk. “Damn, I am actually jealous, you look exactly like I dreamed. A few years ago I would have given anything to look like you.”

There was sympathy in his voice but also something else, something hungry and arrogant. He reached out and ran a finger down the side of my face and it sent a shiver down my spine. After a few weeks in this body I was used to men desiring me but this was different; this was a man seeing his ultimate female self in me.

It gave whole new levels of meaning to the term ‘go fuck yourself’ and for some reason it was making me wet between my legs. I may not have been able to get my life back but I had something James wanted and could never have as well. He looked down at me and leaned in close, testing to see if I’d move away.

I didn’t.

He smiled.

“You know, we could make quite the team.” He murmured, “I know for a fact you’re a seduction master thanks to my wish and I’m the most business savvy man in the city.”

He had a point.

“Is there no way to reverse it?” I asked, the last kernel of hope slowly dimming.

“Not that I know of, I was never able to find the genie again.” James sighed, bringing his other hand to rest on my hip. “The person who’s wishes I got came to see me a few years ago, but other than that, I’ve just moved on. I’m James Victor now and frankly, it’s not a bad life.”

That was easy for him to say! Then again, maybe he had originally felt the same way I did when he was turned into a man. I looked up into the handsome face and felt my heart flutter

a little; I couldn't say I was happy to be stuck as a woman for the rest of my life but James did have a point; it wasn't like I was ugly or destitute. And here was the only other person on the planet who could ever really know me and understand what I'd been through.

And he wasn't bad looking either.

“What do you say?” James asked, leaning in so close that our lips almost brushed.
“Want to give us a try?”

“Why the hell not?” I whispered, leaning in to claim the last inch of air between us.

Even if things between us didn't work out, I was sure James' house had just as many lovely little treasures. I could help myself too if I ever wanted to make a quick exit. James' lips slid against mine perfectly and we both moaned loudly. Electricity seemed to shoot down my spine, sending a lovely tingling excitement through my entire body; it was as if we were made for each other. Then again, in a way we were.

James' hands came down to cup my ass and squeezed with a groan. His hands fanned out across my cheeks and I felt his whole body tremble with want.

“Oh damn, it feels even better than I'd imagined.”

He massaged his fingers into the skin and I leaned into the touch; fuck, nobody had paid such careful attention to my body before. They were all so desperate to be in me they came fast and hard. I'd gotten off on the power of it but it felt so good to have somebody taking their time.

James' hand found my skirt button and flicked them open with ease, allowing my skirt to fall to the floor leaving me in just my stockings. To my surprise he stepped back to fully admire my figure and bit his lip.

“Those legs...”

He was on his knees in a second, both hands feeling down the length of my thighs and calves. Pressing into the soft fabric of my stockings and making my pussy burn. His thumbs brushed my inner thighs but never went close to my folds. It was the biggest tease I'd ever experienced. James wasn't just feeling me up, he was worshipping my body. I let my eyes flutter closed so I could focus on the sensations his fingers caused as they brushed down my

legs. It felt like an age, and yet too soon when he stopped and stood back up to focus on my chest.

My breathing was coming in short, excited bursts now making my chest heave with each intake of air. James undid each button slowly, taking the time to savour how my chest looked at each moment until it was finally bare and he could push the blouse off my shoulders. He stepped closed and let his arms encircle me and I shivered as his fingers traced down the curve of my spine, brushing over the hooks of my bra.

“What if somebody comes in?”

“They won’t.” He murmured against my neck. “My employees know I don’t like to be disturbed.”

I reached around and pulled his hips close; I could feel the bulge in his pants pressing against my mound and decided that actually, I didn't give a fuck if somebody walked in. There was a quiet click as my bra hooks came undone and the bra fell to the floor, leaving me in just the stockings and heels.

I expected him to take another step back to fully appreciate me but it seemed my breasts proved too alluring. His hands hefted up their weight and dropped them so they jiggled against me and I couldn't help but laugh. It reminded me of fumbling around as a teenager. The laughter turned to moaning seconds later though, as his fingers found my nipples and began to play.

“Oh yes, you're voice Fuck it's amazing, keep making those sounds.”

I wasn't used to taking orders in this body but I couldn't help but obey. Sex had felt good before but this was something else, if nothing else, I wanted to stay with James for this. His touch felt so good I realised embarrassingly late that I hadn't even started to undress him. My fingers fumbled with his buttons as I opened up his suit jacket and shirt but by the time I reached his belt my pussy was burning with need so much that I could barely concentrate. Especially with his hands still playing with my tits.

“Please...” I begged finally.

“Please what?” James grinned as he kissed me again.

This was a man who was used to getting what he wanted; hearing me beg was turning him on. I could feel his cock twitch with excitement against my leg and I slowly drew it out. It was hot in my hands and my hole ached for it.

“Please fuck me.”

He shuddered.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

He slid down to his knees once more, this time catching my stockings and dragging them to my ankles in one swift movement. I stepped out of them and he placed a gentle kiss at each of my ankles, then along my calves then up my thighs. I could feel his hot breath just inches from my sex and I almost wailed with need.

For the briefest of moments, his tongue darted between my folds and I saw white. The next thing I knew, I was being pushed up against his desk and James’ body was pressing against mine, then *into* it. I spread my legs wide and let him thrust into me, making sure to keep my eyes on his face so I could see the look of ecstasy on it.

It was my turn to grin as I tightened myself around him and elicited a deep groan. He’d been playing me before but now, he was all mine. He began to thrust and I rhythmically squeezed him inside me, teasing out every tough and making my own pleasure double. I could hear the loud thud of our bodies slamming against the wood, I braced my hands back on the desk and wrapped my legs around his waist to hold myself in place as he plunged into me over and over.

It was wild; I loved it. We really were made for each other. Before I knew it, I felt my whole body going rigid as orgasm took me by surprise, the sound that came out of me was unlike anything I’d ever heard and James seemed to agree because he was cumming seconds later. I squeezed him tightly inside me, making both our pleasure last as long as possible before finally, we collapsed in a sweaty heap on his desk.

“That was...fuck me.” James breathed.

“You sort of did.”

He snorted with laughter and I grinned. I couldn't say I was happy about staying a woman, but there were certainly worse fates than sticking with James. At least for now. Already my mind was thinking up ways to pinch little treasures from his rich friends; maybe even seduce

a few. Something told me James would get off on seeing this body fuck other people. It was the beginning of a beautiful partnership.