

Juri of the Lamp, Part 2: Juri Strikes Back (Genie TF, Hypnosis, Food TF, Expansion, Street Fighter)

Chun-Li's footsteps echoed through the museum as she marched towards the exit, her mission complete and her target in her hands. Striding past the skeletons and fertility idols, she felt a tremendous sense of satisfaction: everything had gone *exactly* to plan.

Her captive, on the other hand, didn't seem quite as happy.

"Mmmphf! Mmmphf! Mmmmmphf!" The lamp rattled in Chun-Li's hands as Juri fought furiously to escape it. Fortunately, the same magic that had turned her into a genie in the first place would keep her bound to it indefinitely—the only way for her to escape was for Chun-Li to let her out, and even then, she'd still be compelled to follow her orders. "Mmmphf!"

Leaving the museum behind, Chun-Li strolled out into the courtyard, enjoying the feeling of the cool night air against her skin. But as she studied the moon shining high in the sky above, she experienced something that really ruined the moment:

Her stomach rumbled, loudly. It sounded like Zangief snoring.

She worked her jaw in thought. She supposed it had been a long time since she'd eaten—she'd deliberately avoided it in preparation for fighting Juri, but now she supposed she shouldn't have bothered. Still, with Juri contained, there was no reason she couldn't get a snack now, was there? The only question was... where should she get one...?

She scanned the city skyline in thought. There were probably still some late night takeaways or similar open, but the museum was far away from the rest of the city, and by the time she reached them, her hunger might well have passed. No, as far as she could tell, there was only one way she was going to get to eat tonight, and it was sitting in the palm of her hands.

The lamp shook furiously. "Mmmphf! Mmmphf!"

Chun-Li studied it with a frown. Did she dare? Could she really do something quite so risky, just to sate her hunger? Then again, she supposed there wasn't any *real* risk in it. After all, as a genie, Juri would be compelled to carry out her commands. It still struck her as an unnecessary risk, however—

Her stomach rumbled again. She sighed. Well, what harm could it do?

Grabbing the lamp's handle, she used her free hand to rub its side. A little tickle, and it started to shake and smoke like a bomb about to explode, so hard she almost dropped it. With a whoosh, a thick plume of pink gas burst from the lamp's spout, swirling through the air like a miniature twister, and finally settled into the familiar shape of Juri Han... Familiar if you ignored her strange new garments, anyway.

"Finally!" cried the new genie, throwing up her arms. "Oh, thank you, mistress! I'm so grateful you've let me out that I'm not even going to complain! I definitely won't say anything like:

‘what took you so long, you dumb bitch?!’, because you wished for me to be pleasant, so I’m going to be pleasant. I also won’t say: ‘Do you know what it’s like being trapped in that stupid thing?! I had my nose stuck right in my snatch!’”

Chun-Li decided not to respond to this.

After a second or two, Juri stopped fuming to look around. “Where are we, anyway? What did you let me out for, mistress?”

“I want something to eat,” said Chun-Li.

“Oh!” asked Juri, cocking her head. “Wow, that’s incredible, mistress! Here’s something I would like to say, but can’t, since you ordered me to be nice: ‘what, you want me to make you a sandwich or something? Why don’t you make your own, you fat pig? Do I look like your personal sous chef?’”

“You look like my obedient genie,” said Chun-Li.

Juri’s expression faltered. “Oh. Right,” she said, sounding suddenly very meek. She regained her spirit quickly, however: “Fine! Fine! Well, if you want me to grant your wish, you’ve gotta ask me properly, mistress! That’s ‘I wish you’d make me something to eat!’”

“I wish—” Chun-Li caught herself before she could finish speaking. “As if I’d fall for such a stupid trick.”

Juri folded her arms and huffed. “Fine,” she said. “If you’re so clever, why don’t you phrase your wish yourself then?”

“I will. I wish you’d *produce* something for me to eat!”

Juri grit her teeth. “You wish is...” A look of sudden amusement came over her face. “...Your wish is my command,” she said, licking her lips.

Chun-Li felt a sudden flash of regret. What was that look about? What was wrong with what she’d said? She hadn’t left another loophole, had she? Just what was Juri planning? “Wait!” she said. “I take it back! I have another wish I’d like to—”

“Too late!” said Juri, throwing up her hands, which crackled with magical energy. “No takesy-backsies, mistress!” Grinning, she wiggled her fingers, and with a flash of light and a puff of smoke and a great crack of thunder—

—a group of young women appeared floating in the air over their heads.

Chun-Li blinked, struggling to comprehend what she was seeing. There were ten of them in total, all roughly her own age, and all exquisitely beautiful, though otherwise they shared no feature between them. There was a businesswoman with long black hair and glasses, a brunette in skimpy red lingerie; a busty blonde dressed like a cheerleader, and a redhead clothed like she’d been serving fast food. She still had a bag of fries in her hand, in fact.

As one, the ten of them squealed and flailed and generally protested the fact they'd been snatched out of their lives and made to float in midair.

"Ta-da!" said Juri, throwing Chun-Li a big smile.

"What the hell have you done?" cried Chun-Li. "How is *this* granting my wish?!"

Juri's smile stretched into an evil smirk. "You didn't specify *what* you wanted to eat. So, naturally, I got to chose."

Chun-Li paled. "You expect me to eat them?!"

"Oh no, no no no," said Juri, shaking her head. "I'm not *that* cruel." She paused. "Well, I don't expect you to eat them as they are, anyway." And raising her hand, she snapped.

Magical lightning struck the dark-haired businesswoman's breast. She squirmed, screwing up her eyes and screaming, as it danced in shining arcs over her flesh.

In a flash, her clothing dissolves, burned away, and the body beneath it started to pulse and bloat like dough in the oven. The businesswoman's screams cut off as her swelling cheeks forced her mouth shut, though the cries of the others more than made up the difference.

Chun-Li's eyes went wide in horror. She clenched her fists, eager to throw herself in and fight, but she couldn't even tell what was happening. What was Juri doing?!

And then she realized.

With a pop, the businesswoman bloated into a fat, steaming bun. Of her old self, only a few hints remained: dark spots like nipples near her middle; the impression of a terrified face near her top. Chun-Li could only stare at it in horror.

Juri snapped again, and with a little puff the giant bun shrank to a more reasonable size. Snatching it out of the air, she floated towards Chun-Li. "Go on," she said, raising it. "Eat up, mistress! I *really* hope you enjoy her!"

"Turn her back!" cried Chun-Li. "Turn—!"

She didn't get another word out. Before she could, Juri drew back her arm and slammed the businesswoman-turned-bread straight into Chun-Li's mouth. Her eyes went wide with shock; she struggled to scream and spit it out. But Juri held her hand firm, and in the end, Chun-Li had no choice but to started chewing.

Only as the last of the former businesswoman slid down her throat did Juri finally release her. Chun-Li dropped to her knees, panting for breath and wanting to throw up. "What have you done?!"

“Granted your wish, of course,” said the genie, smirking like a cat. “You asked me to produce a meal for you, so I’ve produced one. Oh, and don’t worry—I’ve made sure it’s *extra* filling.”

“Extra filling?” Chun-Li looked up in shock. “What does that—?” She got an answer in the form of a sudden pain in her chest and in her butt, one sharp enough to make her leap back to her feet in shock. “What—?” It felt as if she’d slipped into a set of lingerie six sizes too small for her, but that was impossible. How could she have—?”

With a twang, her bra straps gave, and with a snap her panties followed a second later. Before Chun-Li could react, the next layer of her clothing tore as her once modest curves spilled out of their containers like canned bread left in a hot car. Grabbing her swollen breasts, she squeezed them and squealed, struggling to hide her nipples from Juri’s lecherous sight. “What are you doing to me?!”

“What’s the matter, master?” said Juri, twirling a lock of hair innocently. “Don’t you like your new assets? Well, get ready. Because there’s plenty more to come!” With a laugh, she snapped her fingers again, making the brunette in the sexy lingerie scream as she thickened into a giant hotdog.

“Stop it!” cried Chun-Li, struggling to stand. “Stop—! Mmmphf!” The former brunette slammed through her lips and threatened to choke her. “Mmmphf!” Unable to pull away, all she could do was chew, and soon enough, another former woman slid down her throat to land in her belly. Her boobs and her buttcheeks pulsed and started to fatten again.

Spiraling in laughter, Juri snapped her fingers and transformed another woman in a snack—this time, it was the busty cheerleader, who became an enormous hamburger, the thick meat of her patty spilling out of her buns. “Choo-choo! Here comes the plane!” With a mad laugh, Juri thrust her into Chun-Li’s mouth and held her there, forcing her to chew. “Eat up, mistress!”

One by one, she repeated this evil process, reducing her kidnapped women to food and stuffing them into Chun-Li’s mouth. In a series of puffs, they became hot dogs, burgers, sandwiches, and fries. Pasta, lasagna, a whole bowl of rice, and finally a big ice cream, and a large cup of soda to wash it all down.

There’d been a point early in this sequence of events where Chun-Li might have been able to resist, had she had the forethought. But as the third and the fourth of Juri’s victims slid, all chewed into mush, down her throat, as her stomach bulged and her bust and her asscheeks swelled, fighting against her became impossible. Between the delicious taste of her meals and the pleasure roaring through her form, she simply couldn’t resist it. All she could do was eat and eat like the fat pig Juri had called her.

Finally, after half an hour of this massacre, Chun-Li finished slurping up her soda and collapsed, the empty cup falling from her hands and rolling across the plaza. Lying there on her hands and her knees, she moaned, struggling to regain her breath. Her buttcheeks had swollen to the size of exercise balls, and her boobs weren’t much smaller. Squeezed between her arms, they felt so intensely erogenous—even the soft breath of the night wind was enough to make her pussy burn.

Of Juri's victims, not a single one remained. The only consolation was that Chun-Li was no longer hungry.

Hovering over her, Juri Han smirked in amusement. "Well, there you go, that's all of them. Are you feeling *full* now, mistress?" Floating down, she poked Chun-Li in the boob, earning a sharp squeal. "You certainly *look* full."

Snarling, Chun-Li snatched up the lamp. "I'll show you full!" she snapped.

Juri paled. "H-hey, h-hold on—! I was only messing with you, mistress! I was only messing around! Wait, don't—!"

Gritting her teeth, Chun-Li raised the lamp and started to rub.