

# LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 7: Changing Jack Back

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Settle down there, Einstein."

Lucas held up his hands, laughing as he cut off Madeline's stream of consciousness. She stopped mid-sentence, her mouth slightly open, eyes wide and manic with possibilities. For the last thirty seconds, she had been pacing the living room, listing off potential wishes that ranged from antigravity sex chambers to genetically modifying their taste buds to taste chocolate in everything.

"But the potential applications..." Madeline started, breathless, her chest heaving slightly under her crop top.

"I know," Lucas said, stepping forward and placing his hands on her shoulders. He felt the heat radiating off her. She was running hot, fueled by the adrenaline of discovering magic and the unnatural, overwhelming love coursing through her veins. "But we need to reel it in a bit. You're vibrating. And you're forgetting that wishes aren't reversible."

She blinked, then a slow, sheepish smile spread across her face. "I am, aren't I? It's just... the data, Lucas. The data is infinite."

"We have all the time in the world," Lucas assured her. "But first, I need to clean up my mess. I need to fix Jack. Once I know he's okay, then I'll feel better about playing god again."

Madeline's expression softened instantly. She nodded, leaning into his touch. "That's... that's really noble of you. Prioritizing your friend. I think that's a great idea."

"Thanks," Lucas said. He glanced at her chest. "Besides, didn't you say you wanted to test that biological flux theory? Something about a nap?"

Madeline smirked, a wicked glint returning to her eyes. She looked down at her small, athletic breasts. "Right. The sleep trigger. How about I go lay down in the bedroom for an hour? Let the magic do its work on my breasts while you handle Jack. When I wake up... there should be more of me to love."

"Great idea," Lucas grinned. "Go. Sleep. Grow."

She stood on her tiptoes, kissed him hard, and then turned, sashaying toward the bedroom. Her massive, magically enhanced ass swayed hypnotically, the heavy cheeks rubbing together with a soft swish-swish. She closed the door behind her with a click.

Lucas let out a long exhale, the silence of the apartment settling around him. "Okay. Aria?"

The air shimmered near the window, and Aria coalesced into existence. She was beaming, looking thoroughly entertained. "Right here, Master! Oh, you seemed to be really enjoying yourself with the scientist! She has such a... vibrant energy!"

"She's a lot," Lucas admitted, rubbing the back of his neck. "But in a good way."

"Would you like me to summon Jackie here?" Aria asked, tilting her head.

"Yeah," Lucas said. "But call him Jack, please. Even if he looks like a Jackie."

He opened his mouth to wish for Jack to appear in the room, but stopped. He remembered the cafe. He remembered the rules. "Wait. If I just wish him here, he might vanish in front of people. That raises questions."

He thought for a moment, channeling Madeline's logic. "Okay. I wish that Jack would stop whatever he is doing immediately and have an overwhelming urge to come to this apartment. I wish that he makes up a believable excuse to anyone he is with, and that he drives safely but quickly."

Aria clapped her hands softly. "Oh, very good, Master! You're starting to think like Madeline

now. Much more intelligent. Covering your tracks."

<Granted.>

Lucas sat on the couch to wait. He browsed his phone to kill time, and Aria snuggled up to him. He was really loving having her around.

It didn't take long, only 30 minutes. A sharp knock at the door, followed by the handle turning. Madeline had given him a key earlier, but Jack just barged in, looking flushed and confused. He was dripping wet from head to toe.

"Dude, what the fuck?" Jack panted, slamming the door.

He wasn't wearing the tight gym outfit Lucas had wished on him earlier. Instead, he was wearing a rash guard and swim trunks, both ill-fitting on his feminine body since they appeared to be Jack's normal swimming outfit. He must have been swimming when Lucas wished him to come here. He looked like a mess. But god, he looked hot.

"Did you... did you make me come here?" Jack asked, eyes wide. "I was at the pool with Kaley. I was literally buying a churro, and then suddenly I just... I had to leave. I told Kaley I had explosive diarrhea and ran to the car. I left my sister at the pool, Lucas! What is wrong with me?"

"I wished for you to come here," Lucas said calmly. "Sit down. We need to talk."

"You wished for me to leave my sister?" Jack stormed over, his hips swaying violently with the angry strides, still dripping water everywhere. "What the fuck man!"

"Dude you're getting water everywhere!" Lucas yelled back. "Aria, I wish jack was dry."

<Granted.>

In a second, the water vanished, and he was completely bone-dry. Even his hair was, although

it still looked messy.

“Dude, what about my sister!” He said.

“Oh, right. Uhhh Aria, I wish...” He paused, considering the wish carefully. “I wish Kaley would suddenly get the urge to walk home. She will not tire from this walk, and nothing bad will happen to her. She will talk to nobody until she gets home, and nobody will talk to her. Nobody will find this strange.”

“Brilliant wish master” Aria said.

<Granted.>

“There. Sorted. Now can we talk?” Lucas said, a little annoyed.

Jack flopped onto the couch, crossing his arms over his chest. His boobs pushed up as he did this. “You can't just remote control me, man.”

“I had to,” Lucas said. “Because I found a fix.”

Jack froze. “A fix?” The air shifted from frustration to eagerness in an instant.

“Yes. I met someone. A girl. Madeline.” Lucas quickly filled him in. The cafe, the accidental love wish, her genius IQ, the experiments. “She figured it out, Jack. We even tested it on her boyfriend. It works.”

Jack listened, his mouth hanging open. “No way,” he whispered. “You tested it? And the guy is back to normal?”

“Completely. Well, he’s a dude again.” Lucas said. He hadn’t explained the whole *everyone thinks you’re a trans man thing* yet.

Jack looked down at his lap. He ran his hands over his smooth, yoga-pant-clad thighs. He tweaked the strap of his bra absentmindedly.

"Dude," Jack said quietly. "I knew you'd figure something out."

"I told you I got you," Lucas said, feeling a swell of pride.

"Let me tell you," Jack sighed, leaning back and spreading his legs in a very un-ladylike manspread. "It was fun at first. The attention at the pool? Insane. Guys were buying me drinks, holding doors. But god, I am sick of everyone treating me like a girl. The staring. The 'sweetie' and 'honey'. It's exhausting."

Lucas laughed. "You are a girl, Jack."

"Yeah, don't remind me," Jack grumbled. He reached down and cupped his crotch. "Pussies are fun when you're playing with them, sure. I may have... explored a bit in the car. But peeing? A nightmare. I had to hover, dude. Hover. I miss my dick. I miss aiming."

He grabbed his breasts, lifting them and letting them drop. "These are nice though. Not gonna lie. They're great stress balls. I'm kinda gonna miss them."

"So, you're ready?" Lucas asked. "We can do it right now. Aria is ready."

Jack looked at Aria, then back at Lucas. "Wait. What about how everyone thinks I'm a girl right now? Don't you have that button you need to press to reverse that wish? I don't see it anywhere here."

"Oh... about that" Lucas looked away. Jack just stared, getting worried. "The button tricks don't work," Lucas explained patiently. "Aria told me. Conditional reversals are illegal magic. We have to layer the reality forward. Basically, there are no loopholes to reversing a wish."

"So everyone is going to be confused when I transform back into a man then? They'll all still think I'm Jackie?!" Jack was starting to panic.

"No, dude, listen. We thought of everything. People only think you're a girl, we never made it so they explicitly think this Jackie form is the real you. So when we make the swap with

someone who we've wished looks like you, we wish everyone thought you always looked like that, then we add a new clause that everyone has accepted you're a trans man. They'll see you as a man, and they'll see your body as really you, but...

Jack finished the sentence "...they'll think I'm a girl who was born with a dick looking and sounding like a man who finally decided to transition into the gender they look like?"

"Exactly!" Lucas seemed happy with himself, but Jack wasn't so sure.

"How is that a fucking solution?!" He yelled. "I get my dick back. I get my body back. But everyone thinks I was born a girl and transitioned!"

Lucas tried to explain it further. "Dude, they'll use your correct pronouns. It may take a little convincing at the start, but in no time things will feel normal again!"

Jack frowned. His brow furrowed. "That's... that's not a solution, man! That's a patch! So what, everyone treats me like a trans man forever? My grandma? My boss?"

"It's better than being a girl forever, isn't it?" Lucas asked, feeling a prickle of annoyance.

"Is it?" Jack stood up, throwing his hands in the air. "I don't want to be a trans man, Lucas! I want to be me! I want to be Jack! Regular, boring Jack!"

"This is the best I can do!" Lucas snapped, standing up to meet him. "Dude, I have been stressing all day about how to fix this. I dragged a stranger into this, I risked exposing Aria, just to find a way to get you your dick back! It's a good solution!"

He looked at Aria. "Tell him."

"It is a very elegant solution, Master," Aria nodded politely. "Given the constraints of the immutable laws."

"Shut up!" Jack yelled at the genie. He turned on Lucas, his face red. "Dude, I am only in this

mess because of you and your stupid wishes! You act like you're saving me, but you're just cleaning up your own spill! You should have tested this shit before you wished me into a chick!"

"That was your idea!" Lucas yelled back. "You begged me! 'Wish me into a chick, Lucas! Make me a slut, Lucas!' Don't put this all on me!"

"Yeah, but I didn't think it was permanent!" Jack screamed, his voice cracking into a shrill shriek. "You're the Master! You should have known! You're incompetent!"

The word stung. Incompetent. After everything he'd done today. After the power trip with Madeline, the success with Chad, the feeling of being a god... to have his best friend call him incompetent broke something inside him.

"You know what?" Lucas said, his voice dropping to a dangerous, low register. "You should be a little more grateful. I came up with a solution for you. I am rewriting reality for you."

"Grateful?" Jack scoffed, crossing his arms and popping a hip. "For what? For making me a fucking chick!?"

"Maybe I should leave you like this a little longer," Lucas threatened. "Maybe you could learn a thing or two about humility."

Jack's eyes went wide. "What the fuck, dude! No! Change me back! Right now!"

"No," Lucas said coldly. "You're forgetting that I'm the one with the genie. I'm in charge here. Not you."

"What's gotten into you?" Jack backed away, looking genuinely scared now. "You're tripping on power, man."

"I could have done anything!" Lucas yelled, the frustration boiling over. "I could have wished that you liked being this way! I could have brainwashed you like I did everyone else! But I

chose to try and help you, and this is the thanks I get?"

"You're crazy," Jack spat. "Fix me, or I swear to god..."

"You should respect me!" Lucas roared. "You should respect me like Madeline does! I wish you loved me the way she did! Then maybe you'd see I'm just trying to help!"

The words hung in the air, vibrating with magic.

Lucas froze. His hand flew to his mouth.

"I uhhh..."

Snap.

Jack stopped moving. The anger on his face didn't fade; it dissolved. It was replaced by a look of sheer, utter shock. He blinked rapidly, his breath hitching in his throat.

"Dude..." Jack whispered. "I... what the fuck."

He stumbled back, his legs hitting the couch. He sat down hard. He looked at Lucas, his eyes searching, desperate, and... burning.

"I feel... you..." Jack stammered. He put a hand over his head. "What did you do?"

Lucas was speechless. He'd done it again. Another "rewrite."

"I've never felt..." Jack's voice was trembling. He looked down at his body, then back at Lucas. He reached between his legs, rubbing the fabric of his shorts. "Just looking at you... it's making me feel all... like I should be hard, but it's different. It's wet. What the hell?! I'm not gay! But I... I love you?"

"Jack, I'm sorry," Lucas gasped, stepping forward. "I just got carried away. I didn't mean to..."

"No," Jack interrupted softly. He looked up, his eyes glassy with adoration. "It's okay. I'm sorry

too. I... wow. You really are special, aren't you? I should have been more grateful. You're doing so much for me."

The change was terrifying. The aggression was gone, replaced by a puppy-dog devotion that mirrored Madeline's, but with the confusing layer of Jack's original personality underneath.

"The change is wild," Jack murmured, biting his lip. "It hurts, but in a good way."

"Dude... how do you feel?" Lucas asked, terrified.

"You know what?" Jack stood up slowly. He walked toward Lucas. The walk wasn't the angry stomp from before; it was a sway. A prowl. "Maybe I could stay like this a little longer. I mean, the plan isn't going anywhere, right? We can fix me later."

He stopped inches from Lucas, looking up at him through long lashes. "And I mean... you like how I look, right? You wished me to be a 'sexy woman'."

"Dude, I'm not gonna..." Lucas started, backing up.

"Look, I'm a hottie," Jack cut him off, grinning. It was Jack's grin, but softer. Flirtatious. "I know you think I'm attractive like this, and I know you're not attracted to the real me. Maybe we could... try out this body. See what it can do."

Lucas couldn't believe it. His best friend. A girl. Trying to fuck him.

"Jack, this is the magic talking," Lucas warned.

"I know it's just because of the wish," Jack whispered, stepping closer, pressing his soft chest against Lucas's arm. "But I don't care. I want to be whatever will allow me to be with you. I... I love you, Lucas. God, I do. If being Jackie means I can be closer to you... then I want to be Jackie."

Lucas didn't know what to say. His brain was screaming ABORT, but his body... his body was

reacting to the proximity of a beautiful, desperate woman.

"Jack, I..."

"No," Jack whispered, leaning in. "Call me Jackie."

He...She...kissed him.

It wasn't a tentative peck. It was a hungry, devouring smash of lips. Jackie tasted like cherry lip balm and desperation.

Lucas panicked for a split second. This was his bro. But then, the sensation took over. The soft lips, the female body pressed against him, the intoxicating knowledge that he had bent this person's will entirely to his own.

He didn't pull away. He kissed Jackie back.

The kiss deepened, tongues clashing. Jackie moaned, a low, needy sound, and wrapped her arms around Lucas's neck. Lucas's hands found her waist, gripping the Lycra.

They started stripping. It was frantic. Jackie ripped Lucas's shirt off, her nails raking down his back. Lucas shoved the yoga shorts down Jackie's legs.

"Bedroom?" Lucas gasped.

"Couch," Jackie commanded. "Now."

They tumbled onto the leather. Lucas was already rock hard, his nine-inch enhancement throbbing. Jackie was naked now, her body glowing in the dim light. She looked incredible. Smooth skin, perky breasts, the perfect curve of her hips. She pushed Lucas down onto his back.

"I got this," she growled. She straddled him. There was no hesitation, no feminine shyness. She grabbed his cock like it was a joystick and lined it up.

"You're fucking me like a dude," Lucas chuckled breathlessly as she pinned his shoulders down.

"Well, I don't know how to have sex as a chick!" Jackie laughed, a guttural sound. "Shut up and take it."

She slammed her hips down.

"Fuck!" Lucas groaned as she impaled herself.

She started thrusting. It wasn't the rhythmic riding Madeline had done. It was pounding. Piston-like. She was using her hips to fuck into him, driving herself down with masculine aggression.

"God, you're tight," Lucas gasped.

"You're huge," Jackie moaned, throwing her head back, her breasts bouncing wildly. "This feels... WOW, it's SO MUCH better than fucking as a dude. It hits everything. Jesus, Lucas."

Lucas looked up at her. His best friend. A woman. Fucking him. It was the most surreal, taboo, powerful moment of his life.

Suddenly, the bedroom door clicked open.

"Lucas, baby! Look!"

Madeline walked out. She was wearing only her sleeping shorts. She was topless. And she was different.

"My boobies! I..."

She stopped. She stood in the hallway, looking at the couch. At her boyfriend, buried deep inside another woman.

For a second, silence reigned.

"Oh," Madeline said. Her eyes scanned the scene.

Because of the earlier wish, that she felt zero jealousy and found it arousing, she didn't scream. She didn't cry. Her pupils dilated.

"Madeline," Lucas gasped, trying to sit up but pinned by Jackie's weight. "I uhhh... this is Jack... Jackie..."

Jackie stopped thrusting. She turned her head, hair falling over her face. "Oh, hey."

Lucas's penis was still inside her, pulsing.

Madeline smirked, leaning against the doorframe, crossing her arms under her new assets, pushing them up. "So, I guess changing Jackie back is going well?"

Jackie looked at Madeline, then back at Lucas. She shrugged. "I've decided to stay as Jackie for the time being." She started grinding her hips again, which made Lucas moan.

"You guys mind if I watch?" Madeline asked, her voice thick.