

# LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 10: Masters unite

Outside the café, Ellie parked the inconspicuous sedan along the curb. She killed the engine and let out a slow, stabilizing breath.

"What's the plan?" Gene asked from the passenger seat, his voice a low rumble.

"I need to introduce myself," Ellie said, checking her reflection in the rearview mirror.

"Approach him. Earn his trust. And ideally, I'd like to avoid him finding out I have a Djinn for as long as possible. We need to see how he operates in the wild."

Gene tilted his head. "Maybe ask him on a date? A young man with his newfound power... he'll be susceptible to flattery."

Ellie smiled, a sharp, calculating curve of her lips. "That is a wonderful idea, Gene."

She reached for the door handle and got out of the car. Before she could walk towards the cafe, Gene cleared his throat.

"Wait. If you're going to try and seduce a nineteen-year-old boy, shouldn't you be dressed a little more... appropriately?"

Ellie looked down at her black stakeout clothes. She laughed, a crisp sound. "Oh. Right. Target demographics. I wish I was wearing something a nineteen-year-old boy wouldn't be able to resist."

A pulse of magic washed over her. Ellie looked down.

She groaned, dropping her forehead against the steering wheel. She was suddenly squeezed

into a ridiculously short, pleated plaid skirt and a white, tie-front crop top with a plunging neckline that practically framed her cleavage with neon signs.

"Oh my god, Gene," Ellie sighed. "This is ridiculous. I look like a bad Halloween costume. I can't go in wearing this?! I just wanted something a little less boring than my all black outfit."

"Hey," Gene shrugged innocently. "This fits the wish perfectly based on his demographic's search algorithms."

"Men," Ellie rolled her eyes. "I wish to be wearing a ribbed crop camisole and cute, comfortable striped shorts."

The schoolgirl outfit vanished, replaced by a tasteful, fitted white crop top and soft, beige-stripped shorts that hugged her hips.

"This is better," Ellie said, adjusting the hem. "I have standards, Gene."

"My apologies, Master."

"Stay close. But stay invisible," Ellie ordered. She stepped out of the car. "Here goes nothing."

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Inside the café, Lucas was standing near the pickup counter, staring blankly at the artisanal menu written in chalk.

"I don't even know what half this shit is," Lucas muttered. "What did you order?"

Jackie, currently radiating feminine energy in her floral sundress, bounced on the balls of her feet. "I got an iced matcha latte with oat milk and, like, two pumps of vanilla."

Lucas chuckled, shaking his head. "God, you really leaned into it, didn't you?"

"I can't help it," Jackie smiled, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. "It's so nice just..."

thinking like a girl. Everything feels lighter. Less aggressive, you know?"

"Yeah, well, I'm getting aggressively impatient," Lucas grumbled, looking at the barista who was meticulously chatting with a coworker instead of pulling shots. He leaned against the counter. "I wish that barista would hurry the fuck up and make our orders right now."

The barista stopped mid-sentence. Her eyes glazed over for a fraction of a second. She immediately spun around, grabbed two cups, and began rapidly preparing an iced matcha and a black cold brew, moving with machine-like efficiency.

Jackie smirked, leaning against Lucas's arm. "Nicely done."

They grabbed their drinks and turned to find a table, but a voice cut through the ambient chatter of the café.

"How'd you skip the queue? Do you know the barista or something?"

Lucas looked up. Standing a few feet away was a stunning blonde woman. She was wearing a white crop top and striped shorts, her toned stomach on full display. Lucas felt a jolt of recognition, though he couldn't quite place her.

"Uhhh... no," Lucas stammered, caught off guard by her intense blue eyes. "Just lucky, I guess."

"I'm still waiting for mine," the blonde smiled, stepping closer. "I'm Ellie, by the way."

Lucas reached out, shaking her soft hand. "Uhhh, Lucas. And this is..."

"No way!" Jackie interrupted, her voice hitting a pitch that only dogs and teenage girls could achieve. "Are you Ellie Vance?!"

Ellie paused, offering a modest, practiced smile. "Yeah, I am. You're a fan, I take it?"

Jackie had a full-blown girl moment, practically vibrating. "Omg, yes! I used to love your commercials when I was a guy... uhhh, when I was a teen!" She stammered.

Lucas frowned. Ellie Vance... Vance... why does that ring a bell?

"Lucas, this is Ellie Vance," Jackie explained rapidly, grabbing his arm. "She's a popular model! She's been on the cover of Vogue twice and she's the spokesperson for a bunch of brands!"

Ellie blushed, waving a hand dismissively. "Oh, stop it."

"You have to sit with us," Jackie insisted, gesturing to an empty booth.

Lucas nodded slowly as they sat down. "I feel like I've heard your name before. Vance seems familiar."

"Yeah, dude, it's 'cause she's semi-famous," Jackie said, rolling her eyes.

Jackie leaned in close to Lucas as Ellie took a seat opposite them, dropping her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "When I was a guy, I totally used to jerk off to her Instagram photos."

Lucas let out a sudden, surprised giggle at the confession.

Jackie physically shuddered, her new female sensibilities deeply offended by the memory of what her male brain used to do. "Ugh, God, that is so gross to think about now. Why was I like that?"

Lucas just chuckled, thoroughly enjoying the sheer absurdity of his best friend's crisis.

They fell into a relatively normal chat. Ellie was charismatic, steering the conversation expertly, engaging Jackie about fashion while keeping her focus locked on Lucas.

As they talked, Lucas stared at her. She was gorgeous. Perfect. And she was sitting right in front of him. When her and Jackie were caught in a conversation about a makeup brand Ellie models for, Lucas took that chance to look up her instagram. Holy shit, 2 million followers. And that body... she wasn't absurdly curvy like what Lucas liked, but damn she was attractive.

He leaned back, whispering under his breath to an invisible Aria hovering near the ceiling. "I

wish Ellie here found me stunningly attractive." Aria granted it, without realizing it wouldn't affect Ellie.

Across the table, Ellie kept smiling at Jackie, but inside her mind, Gene's deep voice echoed clearly: *She made a wish, Master. He wishes you found him stunningly attractive.*

Ellie couldn't believe it. *He's already making wishes about me?!* But she didn't miss a beat. She needed to play along.

She abruptly stopped her conversation with Jackie, blinking as if shaking off a daze, and turned her piercing blue eyes slowly to Lucas. She let her breath hitch perfectly.

"I... I don't know how I didn't notice it before but..." Ellie murmured, her voice dropping an octave. "You're stunning, Lucas. Are you two together?"

Jackie opened her mouth to say yes, but Lucas cut her off. "No. We're uh... friends."

Jackie got the hint instantly. She offered Lucas a subtle wink and took a sip of her matcha.

Ellie reached across the table, her hand resting gently on Lucas's knee. She squeezed it, her thumb tracing his jeans. "I never realized how attractive you were. It's almost... distracting."

Internally, she was gagging. He's a gross, misogynistic freak. But on the outside, she was the picture of a woman utterly captivated.

Lucas puffed his chest out. The wish worked. It was too easy.

Ellie pulled her hand back, feigning a flushed embarrassment. "I need to... I need some water. Excuse me."

She stood up and walked toward the self-serve water station at the counter.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Jackie whispered, leaning over the table.

"She has to join the harem," Lucas said, his eyes tracking Ellie's toned legs.

"Agreed," Jackie nodded.

"But first..." Lucas smirked, a wicked idea forming. "Let's see more of this so-called model body. And let's make the atmosphere fit."

Lucas whispered to Aria. "I wish that her clothes would become much more revealing and slutty. And I wish this whole café would change into a sexy, themed cafe with everyone inside except me and Jackie wearing revealing clothes. And nobody but me and my harem will notice the shift."

By the water station, Ellie grabbed a paper cup.

Suddenly, the air pressure in the room dropped. She felt a bizarre, sweeping sensation across her skin.

She looked down. To her absolute horror, her tasteful white crop top and shorts were dissolving. The fabric morphed, tightening and restructuring itself until she was standing in a sheer, nude-colored mesh corset that barely contained her breasts, paired with tiny, ribbed beige booty shorts.

She looked around. The rustic, quiet café was gone. In its place was a pulsating, dimly lit cafe that seemed more like a rave than anything else. The acoustic guitar music was replaced by a heavy bassline. Every single person in the room... the businessmen, the college students, the barista... were suddenly wearing fishnets, leather harnesses, and thongs.

Ellie gripped the water cup until the paper crushed.

*Master, he just...*

*I can tell, Gene.* Ellie snapped in her mind, her rage boiling.

She maintained a perfectly neutral face, acting as if nothing had changed, but internally she was screaming. *Gene, why did it affect me? You said his wishes couldn't touch me!*

*Wishes cannot directly affect your mind or your physical biology, Master. Gene explained calmly. But your clothes are inanimate objects. They are not 'you'. The magic targeted the environment and the fabric.*

*So this freak can make me naked if he wants to? she seethed.*

*Only if he specifically targets your garments. But your mind and body remain untouched.*

Ellie took a deep breath, smoothing down the scandalous mesh corset, and walked back to the table, forcing a sultry, captivated smile onto her face.

She slid into the booth. "Sorry about that. It's just... hot in here."

Lucas was practically drooling. He loved it. The club, the clothes, the power.

"So, what do you think of me?" Ellie purred, batting her eyelashes.

"To be honest, you're nice," Lucas said, leaning in. "But..."

He couldn't help himself. He was drunk on the power. He wanted to push it to the absolute limit.

"I wish Ellie would grow E-cup tits," Lucas said casually, not even bothering to whisper. "And that nobody but me and my harem will notice. I also wish she'd forget I just made that wish."

He leaned back, folding his arms, waiting for the massive, magical expansion.

Five seconds passed.

Nothing happened.

Ellie just sat there, her perfectly normal chest resting in the mesh corset. She stared at him.

The fake, captivated smile slowly, deliberately melted off her face, replaced by a look of profound, icy disgust.

"Uhhh..." Lucas frowned, looking at the ceiling. "Aria?"

"I tried, Master!" Aria's voice echoed nervously in his head. "It... it didn't work! The magic bounced off her!"

Lucas stared at Ellie, entirely confused.

Ellie rolled her eyes, letting out a long, exhausted sigh. "God. You really couldn't help yourself, could you?"

"What?" Lucas stammered.

"I was hoping to reveal this when we were alone," Ellie said, crossing her arms and glaring at him. "But I guess your little wish just outed me."

Jackie and Lucas exchanged bewildered looks.

"Gene. I wish Jackie here was back at Lucas's house." She said to the empty space behind her.

Jackie opened her mouth to ask what she was talking about.

Pop.

Jackie was gone. Empty air rushed in to fill the space where she had been sitting.

Lucas leaped up from the booth, knocking his iced coffee over. It spilled across the table. He stared at the empty seat, then slowly looked back at Ellie. The color drained from his face.

"You..." Lucas whispered.

"Yeah," Ellie said dryly, standing up and brushing off her ridiculous booty shorts. "I have a genie. We need to talk. Let's go for a walk."

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Back at the mansion.

Francine was standing in the sprawling, marble kitchen, chatting amicably with Sandy Parker. Sandy was, as usual, completely naked, leaning against the counter while Francine prepped vegetables in her straining chauffeur suit.

Pop.

Jackie materialized directly in front of the kitchen island, holding her half-empty iced matcha.

Francine jumped, nearly slicing her finger with the chef's knife. "Good lord!"

Jackie spun around, her eyes wide with panic. "Holy shit... holy shit! She has a genie! That bitch has a genie!"

"Who has a genie, dear?" Sandy asked pleasantly, taking a sip of lemonade.

"I gotta go find Lucas," Jackie hyperventilated, the floral dress swishing as she scrambled toward the foyer. "What if he's in trouble? What if she turns him into a toad?!"

She reached the massive front doors and yanked them open, intending to run down the street.

Instead, she came face-to-face with Liv.

Liv was standing on the porch, her fist raised to knock. She was wearing tight jeans and a low-cut top that was struggling a losing battle against the massive DD-cup breasts Lucas had gifted her the day before.

Liv blinked, startled. "Oh... Jack. Uhhh... hi."

Jackie froze. The panic about Lucas momentarily short-circuited. "Liv???"

Ten minutes later, they were sitting on the plush sofas in the opulent lounge room. The reality

of the magic had been fully explained.

"Whoa," Liv said, her eyes tracing the curve of Jackie's hips in the sundress. "So you're, like, fully a chick? Inside and out?"

"Yeah," Jackie nodded, crossing her legs. "It's been really nice, honestly. Surprisingly natural."

"Whoa," Liv repeated. She looked down at her own chest, grabbing the heavy, cleavage-spilling mounds. "I can't believe until this morning I thought I'd always had these. I'm so grateful to Lucas. God, I want to see him." She bit her lip, squirming slightly on the leather cushions. "Oh, uhhh... sorry. That's weird to say to you."

"No, it's fine," Jackie assured her, offering a genuine, sisterly smile. "We both love him now. The magic made sure of it. I love him more than I love you, and I know you feel the same way."

"It's so wild, isn't it?" Liv breathed, a flush rising on her cheeks.

"Yeah, I know," Jackie said, leaning in. "But trust me... when you feel Lucas fuck you? It's... god."

Hearing that made them both visibly squirm. The room felt suddenly very hot.

Liv uncrossed her legs. "What about us, though?"

"What do you mean?" Jackie asked.

"Well, like..." Liv trailed her fingers over the couch cushion toward Jackie. "I still care about you, Jack... uhh, Jackie. Sorry. And Lucas isn't here right now."

"I care about you too," Jackie said, "but we're Lucas's now."

"I know," Liv whispered, her breath hitching. "But just thinking about him has made me so wet... and I mean, I'm still attracted to you. You look incredible. Can we..."

Jackie realized what Liv was suggesting. She pulled back, holding her hands up. "Whoa... no."

Liv looked hurt, her face falling. "What? Why? We're all part of this harem together. Our Master isn't here to play with us."

"Yeah, but," Jackie struggled to explain the boundaries of her magically altered brain, "as Jackie... I'm not attracted to you anymore. At all. I'm only attracted to men. Mainly Lucas."

Liv frowned. "Well, his wish didn't make me straight. I'm still bisexual. And god, I am so horny." Liv's eyes drifted down to the hem of Jackie's floral dress. A clever spark lit up her eyes. "Why don't you take off your clothes?"

"Liv, I just said we can't..."

"No, think about it," Liv interrupted, leaning forward. "If you take them off, won't your mind revert to the Jack I know? The one attracted to me?"

Jackie looked down at the floral fabric. "Yes... I guess it will."

Jackie was intensely conflicted. As a woman, the thought of sleeping with Liv did absolutely nothing for her. But she still loved Liv, somewhere deep beneath the magic. And seeing Liv looking so distressed and horny... maybe it was for the best.

"Okay," Jackie said softly.

Liv squealed, bouncing on the cushions.

Jackie stood up nervously. She pulled off her dress, and let it fall to the floor in a pool of fabric, standing completely naked in the center of the room.

She blinked.

The soft, feminine haze evaporated. The sharp, aggressive clarity of the male brain snapped back into place.

Jack looked down at his body. He cupped his breasts, feeling the heavy, delightful weight of

them in his palms. A massive, shit-eating grin spread across his feminine face.

"Oh fuck yeah," Jack growled, his voice still breathy but the cadence entirely male. "It is good to be back."

Liv looked up at him, her eyes wide. "Jackie?"

"It's Jack," he corrected, dropping his hands to his hips. He looked Liv up and down, zeroing in on her massive chest. "Hey, babe. God, you look so fucking hot with those big tits."

Liv let out a desperate, needy whine and began aggressively stripping her jeans and top off.

Jack didn't wait. He threw himself onto the couch, tackling his girlfriend. Their lips crashed together in a messy, hungry kiss. Jack's hands immediately went for her DDs, kneading the heavy flesh, while Liv's hands roamed all over Jack's soft, hairless curves.

It was a total mind-fuck, but Jack didn't care. He was a straight guy trapped in a stunning female body, fucking his bisexual girlfriend.

Liv pushed Jack onto his back, her mouth trailing down his neck to suck hard on his sensitive, perky nipples. Jack threw his head back and moaned, a high, feminine sound that sent a jolt of pure electricity straight to his own clit.

"Holy shit," Jack gasped, his hands tangling in Liv's hair. "This body is so fucking sensitive."

Liv slid down, parting Jack's smooth thighs. She buried her face between his legs, her tongue finding the wet, swollen nub instantly.

Jack screamed. The pleasure was blinding. It wasn't localized like a male orgasm; it radiated outward, setting every nerve ending on fire. He bucked his hips upward, grinding his wet pussy against Liv's mouth, completely surrendering to the female biology.

Liv came up for air, her face slick, and climbed up to straddle Jack's face. Jack happily returned

the favor, his tongue working expertly over Liv's dripping slit, making her thrash and cry out.

They rolled over, scissoring wildly on the expensive leather couch, their heavy breasts smashing together. Jack found that using his new hips came naturally, grinding his clit against Liv's in a frantic, slippery rhythm.

"I'm cumming!" Liv shrieked, her body convulsing hard against him.

The friction triggered Jack. He didn't just cum; he shattered. Wave after wave of intense, shuddering pleasure ripped through his female body, leaving him gasping for air, tears prickling the corners of his eyes.

They lay there in a tangled, sweaty heap, the afternoon sun filtering through the mansion windows.

"God, this is wonderful," Liv panted, resting her head on Jack's soft stomach.

Jack laughed, a breathy chuckle, playing with his own nipple. "Just wait until you fuck Lucas. You think this is good? It's magical with him."

Liv looked up, her eyes glazed. "I can get used to this life."

"It ain't half bad," Jack agreed, perfectly content to be a lesbian for the afternoon.

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Back downtown, Lucas and Ellie were walking down the bustling sidewalk. Lucas was still reeling from the revelation.

"So, let me get this straight..." Lucas said, side-eyeing her mesh corset, which was drawing stares from everyone they passed. "You're over a hundred years old?"

Ellie just smiled, looking perfectly at ease. "Yep."

"And you look that way because one of your first wishes was to stay this age?"

"Yep."

"And wishes can't affect other Masters?"

"Obviously," Ellie smirked. "Otherwise, it would be chaos."

She glanced at him. "Honestly, I'm surprised you haven't done anything to upgrade yourself. I mean, no offense, but you're not exactly the most attractive guy out there."

Lucas frowned. "I did one thing..." He subtly gestured toward his crotch.

Ellie rolled her eyes. "Men. Let me guess, hung like a horse?"

"Yeah. But that was before I found out wishes weren't reversible," Lucas admitted. "After that, I've been too scared to change myself."

*Yet not too scared to ruin the lives of everyone around you, it seems,* Ellie thought to herself. She bit her tongue. She needed him to feel like she was on his side.

"The fact that wishes aren't reversible means we do need to be extremely careful," Ellie said smoothly. "I was lucky that my own body upgrades weren't too crazy, since I'm stuck with this body now. There's no way to reverse it."

Lucas thought about the mind-body swap loophole Madeline had invented, but decided to keep his mouth shut. He wasn't giving up his secrets that easily.

Trailing a few paces behind them, Aria and Gene were walking side-by-side.

"It's been a long time, Gene," Aria said, her voice a soft, melodic hum.

"Seventy years, if I recall," Gene replied, adjusting the cuffs of his suit. "But you wouldn't remember your past master. Before that, I believe it was 214 years? Berlin, right? You were

bound to that eccentric playwright."

"Oh, yes! He was lovely. Terrible writer, but a wonderful dancer," Aria giggled. "How is your current Master? She seems... intense."

"Miss Vance is highly structured," Gene said diplomatically. "She has learned the value of subtlety. And yours?"

Aria looked ahead at Lucas. "Oh, he is very sweet! A bit reckless, but he has such a creative mind! We made a woman's breasts inflate when she sleeps!"

Gene sighed, a heavy, ancient sound. "They always start sweet, Aria. Then the power sets in." He looked at her chest, noting the size of it. I see he's already had his way with your once elegant body.

Aria hefted her breasts. "What, don't you like them? Most masters give me big boobs. I'm used to it." She smiled at him.

Gene just sighed. "Men," he said.

Back with Lucas and Ellie, the conversation was turning tense.

"How did you find me, anyway?" Lucas asked.

Ellie laughed. "Well, you weren't exactly subtle. A Ferrari out of thin air? A suburban house mutating into a mansion? This is what I mean, Lucas. We can't risk ruining the lives of the people around us, or revealing ourselves. We need to blend in. Subtly shape the life we have. With great power comes..."

"Yeah, yeah, great responsibility," Lucas cut her off, rolling his eyes. "I've seen Spider-Man."

Ellie frowned, a flash of genuine annoyance cracking her facade. She's had her genie for almost a full century, and this boy thinks he knows more than her.

"Look," she pressed, "think about what you did back there in the café. All of those people, their lives, the shop owner... you warped reality for a joke."

"To me, it seemed like they were having fun," Lucas shrugged defensively.

*This arrogant little shit*, Ellie raged internally. *Yes, but who are we to decide that for them?* She wanted to scream. Instead, she sensed him pulling away and immediately backed off. She needed him to believe she's on his side.

"Look, I'm just saying be careful," Ellie softened her tone, placing a hand on his arm. "It's like how eating a whole pint of ice cream sounds great in the moment, but the next day it hits. Hard."

Lucas thought about how he felt when Jack couldn't change back. The panic. The guilt. But... he was better like this, right? Jack seemed to think so. Lucas's logic felt shaky, but he pushed the doubt down.

Seeing the conflict in his eyes, Ellie decided to lighten the topic.

"Hey," she said, gesturing down at her mesh corset and tiny shorts. "How about something a little less... provocative?"

Lucas blushed, realizing she was still practically naked in public because of him. "Oh, right. Sorry. I wish she was wearing her outfit from earlier."

The mesh dissolved, replaced by the white camisole and striped shorts.

"Thank you," Ellie said, brushing out the fabric.

"You could have just wished that yourself, right?" Lucas asked.

"Yeah," Ellie smiled, looking up at him through her lashes. "But I wanted to see what kind of person you are. And so far... I'm liking this side of you."

It was a blatant ego stroke, but it worked flawlessly. Lucas puffed his chest out.

They stopped at a crosswalk. Lucas turned to her, his confidence surging. "So... would you like to go out on a date?"

He expected a yes. He always got a yes now.

"No," Ellie said instantly.

Lucas blinked, completely derailed. "Why not?"

Ellie laughed, a genuine, amused sound. "You're too used to wishing for your way, Lucas."

Lucas stared at her. She wasn't the big-titted, submissive babe he usually liked, but the sheer fact that she was the only woman on earth he couldn't control made him want her with a burning, desperate intensity.

"Come on," Lucas pressed. "We're both gods here. Shouldn't we stick together?"

"I couldn't agree more," Ellie said smoothly. "But as friends."

"How come?" Lucas frowned.

"You're not my type."

"Well... what if I wished I was more attractive?"

Ellie laughed harder. "What happened to being cautious with your own appearance? Besides, it's not that. It's..." She paused, taking a breath and going for the kill. "I'm into women. Not men."

It was a total lie. She was strictly heterosexual. But if this trap worked... he might be tempted.

Lucas looked stunned. "Oh... uhhh."

"I only sleep with women," Ellie shrugged apologetically. "If you were a chick, that's another

story..."

Lucas paused. The gears in his head started turning. Jack really loves being Jackie.

"Uhhh, right," Lucas stammered. "Couldn't you, like, wish you were bisexual or something?"

"Dude, I'm not doing that," Ellie laughed, putting a hand on her hip. "Come on. Aren't all the women you're already sleeping with enough? You don't need me." She let the silence hang for a beat before adding softly, "Unless you were willing to join this side of the fence."

Lucas stared at her.

"God, you have no idea what it's like cumming as a girl," Ellie whispered, leaning in close, letting her perfume wash over him. "The female orgasm is so strong, Lucas. It rips through your entire body. You can go multiple times. And having your own breasts? It's intoxicating."

Lucas seriously considered it. He thought about Jackie's absolute bliss that morning. But... permanently? Being a girl forever? No. He couldn't do that.

*But it wouldn't be forever.* He thought. *If I wished someone else to have my exact body, I could just bodyswap into them. It's the Jack solution.* He deliberated in his head. How much did he really want this woman?

Ultimately, he came to a decision. "No. I like being a guy. Not yet, at least".

Ellie's heart sank. Damn it. So close.

She immediately pivoted, playing hard to get. "Okay, well, never mind then. We can just be buddies."

She started walking again. Lucas followed, thoroughly annoyed by the outcome. The only woman he couldn't have.

Suddenly, Gene stepped forward, materializing just enough for Ellie to sense him. Master.

Your next shoot is coming up.

Ellie checked her Rolex. "Oh crap, thanks Gene."

Lucas stopped. "You're leaving?"

"Aww, missing me already?" Ellie teased.

Lucas stammered, tripping over his words.

Ellie reached out, cupping his face in her soft hands. "How about we do dinner tomorrow night? As friends."

Lucas stared into her striking blue eyes, completely enthralled. How do I make this woman mine?

"Okay," Lucas agreed.

"Perfect," Ellie smiled. "I'll swing by your house at seven to pick you up. I can teach you a thing or two about wishing."

She kissed his cheek, the brief contact sending a jolt through him. She turned to empty air.

"Gene, I wish our motorbikes were here in front of us, with helmets."

Two sleek, black Ducati motorcycles materialized at the curb, startling Lucas.

Ellie threw her leg over the leather seat, strapping her helmet on. She revved the engine, the roar drowning out the city noise.

She lifted the visor, winking at him. "See ya later, kid."

She peeled away into traffic, Gene following close behind on the second bike.

Lucas stood on the sidewalk, watching her disappear. His fists clenched at his sides.

"God," Lucas whispered to himself. "I need to have her."