

# LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 5: A New Friend

The Wishing Well.

Lucas stood in front of the rustic wooden sign, a dry chuckle escaping his lips. The irony was thick enough to choke on. He'd been coming to this café for two years because they made a decent cold brew and the Wi-Fi was fast enough for competitive gaming. Now, the name felt like a cosmic joke aimed squarely at his forehead.

He pushed the door open, the bell jingling cheerfully. It was a reprieve. A sanctuary. Here, amidst the smell of roasted beans and the hum of espresso machines, maybe he could pretend his life hadn't spiraled into a chaotic, erotic fever dream. He could pretend his mother wasn't a nudist 30-year-old, his sister wasn't a walking hentai trope with a penchant for "relaxing" orally, and his best friend Jack wasn't trapped in the body of a curvaceous brunette named Jackie.

"Master?"

Lucas flinched, glancing down. Aria was right on his heels, looking wide-eyed at the interior of the shop. She was wearing the yoga outfit he'd wished on her earlier, tight shorts and a sports bra that left nothing to the imagination.

"Don't call me that in public," Lucas hissed, keeping his voice low as they joined the line. "Call me Lucas."

"Sorry, Ma-Lucas," she corrected, bouncing on her toes. "What is this place? It smells... burnt. But also delicious."

"It's a café. They sell coffee. Just... act normal. Please. No magic unless I ask for it."

Aria mimed zipping her lips, her amethyst eyes sparkling with mischief. She looked around, fascinated by the students on laptops and the hipsters judging each other's footwear.

They reached the counter. The barista, a guy with a handlebar mustache and a beanie, looked Lucas over. "What can I get you?"

"Large cold brew, black," Lucas said. He looked at Aria. "You want anything?"

"I will have whatever you are having, Mas-uh-Lucas," she beamed.

"Two cold brews," Lucas said, tapping his card.

They moved to the waiting area. It was crowded. Lucas leaned against the pick-up counter, drumming his fingers on the granite. His mind was racing, replaying the disastrous conversation with Jack. He needed a plan. He needed to understand the mechanics of this reality-bending power before he accidentally turned the moon into cheese or wiped out the human race.

Five minutes passed. Then ten.

Lucas watched the baristas moving with agonizing slowness. One was flirting with a customer. Another was meticulously pouring oat milk into a latte art swan.

"God," Lucas muttered under his breath, frustration bubbling up. "I wish they'd hurry the fuck up with my order."

Snap.

The sound was crisp, cutting through the ambient noise of the café. Lucas froze. His stomach dropped.

He looked up. The female barista who had been wiping down the steam wand suddenly stopped mid-motion. Her eyes glazed over for a microsecond. She dropped the rag, turned, and walked directly to the cold brew tap. She ignored the line of tickets hanging in front of her face, easily four or five orders ahead of Lucas. She filled two cups with frantic speed, capped them, and slammed them onto the counter.

"Lucas!" she yelled, her voice tight.

Several people waiting near the counter frowned. "Hey, I was before him," a woman in a business suit snapped.

"Order for Lucas!" the barista repeated, staring straight ahead, robotically.

Lucas grabbed the cups, his face burning. "Sorry," he mumbled to the angry woman, grabbing Aria's arm and dragging her toward a corner table. "Let's go."

They sat down. Lucas put his head in his hands. "I didn't mean to wish that. It just slipped out."

"It was a wish, Lucas," Aria said, taking a sip of her coffee. Her eyes widened. "Oh! Oh my. This is bitter. I love it. It makes my heart race!"

"Wait, this means I really need to be careful," Lucas whispered, leaning in. "'I wish' isn't just a phrase anymore. It's a trigger. I could accidentally wish for something by mistake that's not reversible."

He looked around the café. He needed to organize his thoughts. He needed to document this madness before he forgot a rule and made another permanent mistake.

"I need a notebook," he muttered. Then, catching himself, he focused. "I wish I had a leather-bound notebook and a fountain pen right here in front of me."

Pop.

A black Moleskine and a sleek silver pen materialized out of thin air onto the wobbly wooden table.

"Gah!"

The sound came from the table next to them. A guy in a hoodie, typing on a laptop, had just spit a mouthful of latte onto his screen. He was staring at the notebook, eyes bulging. "Did..."

did that just appear?"

Lucas panicked. "Shit. Uh... I wish you would forget you saw any magic just now and go back to your work."

The guy blinked. His expression went slack. He wiped the latte off his screen with his sleeve, shook his head as if clearing a cobweb, and started typing again, completely unbothered.

"Jesus," Lucas exhaled, his heart hammering. "I am walking on a razor's edge here."

"You handled it well!" Aria chirped, vibrating slightly from the caffeine. "Why do you need the book?"

"To keep track," Lucas said, opening the fresh pages. "I'm playing god, Aria. And gods who don't have a manual tend to make messes. Look at Zeus. Look at me."

He uncapped the pen and started writing, his handwriting jagged with adrenaline.

### *THE RULES OF WISHING*

#### *1. I AM THE MASTER*

*Aria is bound. Total obedience. Zero safeguards. She is a nuclear weapon with a smile. I have to aim before I fire.*

#### *2. WISHES CANNOT BE REVERSED*

*This is the killer. Magic moves forward.*

*No "undo."*

*No "return to previous state."*

*No conditional reversals (The button failure).*

*Current Status: Jack is permanently female. Susie is permanently expanded. Mom is permanently young.*

#### *3. STACKING WISHES*

*I can't go back, but I can steer.*

*I can't turn Jack back into a man (reversal). BUT: I could wish Jack loves being a girl*

*(forward motion/acceptance).*

#### *4. PERCEPTION IS REALITY*

*Unless I specify "nobody notices," everyone FREAKS OUT.*

*The "Perception Filter" is my best friend. Use it.*

#### *USEFUL TIPS:*

##### *A. SUDDEN URGES vs. REWRITES*

*"Sudden Urge": Temporary. Great for quick fun. Fades after satisfaction.*

*"Rewrite": Permanent brain alteration. (e.g., Mom and Susie). Dangerous.*

##### *B. WATCH YOUR MOUTH*

*"I wish" is a loaded gun. Don't say it unless you mean it.*

Lucas paused, taking a long drag of the cold brew. He turned the page.

#### *THE DAMAGE REPORT*

*ME: 9-inch cock, infinite stamina, King bed.*

*MOM: Younger body. Nudist at home. Views incestuous acts as "relaxing." Happier than before.*

*SUSIE: E-Cup Cheerleader. Nudist at home. Views sexual service to me as "relaxing." Does not perceive her own size increase.*

*JACK: Physically Female. Mentally Male. World perceives him as "Jackie" (female). Panic levels: Critical.*

*LIV: Busty. Nobody but me or Jack notice.*

"That's... a start," Lucas sighed, clicking the pen cap.

"Great!" Aria grinned, her knee bouncing under the table. "What now?"

Lucas looked around the bustling café. "I don't know. We need to figure out how to fix Jack without brainwashing him. And I need to test the 'Urge' theory properly."

He was just about to close the book when a heavy impact jarred his shoulder.

"Hey! Watch it!"

Lucas spun in his chair. A torrent of hot liquid splashed over his hoodie. Standing there was a woman in tight, high-end gym gear with leggings that sculpted incredibly toned legs and a crop top. She was holding an empty oat milk latte cup, glaring at him.

"What the fuck?" Lucas yelled, jumping up and shaking his wet sleeve.

"You were sitting way too far out!" the woman snapped. She was hot... blonde, sharp features, fit in that intimidating, SoulCycle instructor way. And clearly, she had an attitude. "You bumped my arm!"

"I was sitting still!" Lucas argued.

"Whatever," she huffed, rolling her eyes. "Watch where you exist next time."

She turned on her heel, her ponytail whipping around, and started to walk away.

Rage, hot and sudden, flared in Lucas's chest. The audacity. He was a god in training, and this Karen was spilling coffee on him and blaming him?

"I wish you'd apologize," Lucas snarled at her retreating back.

The effect was instantaneous. The woman stopped dead in her tracks, her sneakers squeaking on the polished concrete. She stood rigid for a second, then pivoted slowly. Her face was a mask of confusion.

"I... I'm sorry," she said. The words seemed to tumble out of her mouth against her will.

She blinked rapidly, touching her forehead. "Wait. Why did I say that?"

Lucas wiped his sleeve, his anger cooling into a dark, opportunistic curiosity. "I wish you were actually sorry," he murmured, low enough that only she and Aria could hear.

The woman's posture collapsed. The arrogance drained out of her spine. Her eyes went wide, filling with genuine, watery distress. She took a step toward him.

"Oh my god," she gasped, her voice trembling. "I am so sorry. I don't know what came over me. I was so rude. That was completely my fault. Are you burned? God, I feel terrible."

Lucas grinned. It was intoxicating. The shift from hostility to subservience was absolute. He glanced around; a few people were watching the drama, but most had gone back to their screens.

"Is there anything I can do?" the woman asked, wringing her hands. "Anything to make it right? I'll pay for dry cleaning. I'll buy you a new coffee."

Lucas looked her over. She really was fit. Small, athletic chest, tight core.

"Anything?" Lucas asked softly.

"Anything," she nodded desperately.

"There is something," Lucas said, his voice dropping an octave. He looked at her tight crop top. "Show me your boobs."

The woman blinked, her mouth falling open slightly. "Excuse me?"

The apology wish was still active, so she wasn't angry, just baffled. "I... I want to make it right, really, but... that's a bit much, isn't it?"

Lucas leaned back, crossing his arms. "I wish you wanted to show me your boobs because you believed it was the only fair way to make things right."

Her expression shifted instantly. The confusion melted away, replaced by a dawn of logical clarity. She nodded slowly. "Actually... you're right. I ruined your shirt. It's a fair trade. Tit for tat."

She reached for the hem of her top, then froze, looking around the crowded café. "Can we go out back? I don't want anyone else to see."

"That's okay," Lucas said, a reckless grin splitting his face. "I wish everyone in this café would act like what you do right now is completely normal and not noteworthy."

She frowned, her hand hovering over her stomach. "I wish I could do it here too, but that's not how reality works. People will stare."

"Trust me," Lucas said, leaning in. "They won't notice."

"I can't..." she bit her lip.

"I wish you trusted everything I said implicitly."

Her eyes lost their last bit of resistance. She smiled, a warm, trusting expression. "Okay. If you say they won't notice."

She grabbed the hem of her crop top and yanked it up to her neck. She wasn't wearing a bra.

Her breasts tumbled out... small, athletic, perky B-cups with hard, dark nipples reacting to the air conditioning. She stood there in the middle of The Wishing Well, topless, holding her shirt up.

Lucas glanced around. A guy at the next table looked up from his phone, his eyes sliding right over her exposed chest as if she were a potted plant, then went back to scrolling.

"Nice," Lucas smirked, feeling a twitch in his jeans.

"There," she said, dropping her shirt. She looked relieved, but also eager for validation. "Are we all good? Is the debt settled?"

Lucas looked at her. She was beautiful, smart-looking, and currently dancing on his strings.

The power was intoxicating. It was a rush unlike anything he'd ever felt.

"I don't know," Lucas murmured. "Are we?"

He looked into her eyes. He wanted to see how far this could go. "I wish you were in love with me."

She blinked. She took a breath to speak, but it hitched in her throat. Her pupils dilated. A flush rose up her neck. She looked at Lucas, really looked at him, and her expression softened into something adoring, desperate, and overwhelming.

"What the fuck?" she whispered, her hand flying to her heart. "How... why am I...?"

"What's wrong?" Lucas asked innocently.

"I..." She stared at him, breathless. "I love you. Like, really love you. More than... god, more than my own boyfriend! Why do I feel like this?"

"Do you want to get out of here?" Lucas asked, standing up.

"Yes," she breathed. "Please."

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The walk from the café to the park was a quiet collision of two worlds. The girl walked beside him, her brow furrowed, fingers twitching at her side as she tried to reconcile the impossible equation in her head.

"I'm an astrophysicist," she muttered, more to herself than him. "I deal in constants. Gravity. Light speed. You just... you broke causality." She looked at him, her eyes searching. "My logical brain is screaming that this is a hallucination. But my heart... god, my heart feels like it's been beating for you for a decade. I trust you. Implicitly. And that terrifies me. I Don't even know your name!"

Lucas glanced at her. Up close, away from the dim café lighting, she was stunning. High

cheekbones, intelligent eyes, and a body honed by discipline. "You're an astrophysicist? You look... I mean, I thought you were my age. And I'm Lucas, by the way."

She offered a small, flushed smile. "I'm Madeline, and I'm twenty-eight. PhD at twenty-six."

"Damn," Lucas blinked. "I'm twenty. You don't look twenty-eight."

"Sunscreen and good genetics, I guess," she said, a blush coloring her cheeks. She seemed genuinely flattered, her eyes darting to the ground then back to him with that overwhelming, manufactured affection. "And you... you're a god. A twenty-year-old god."

They found a secluded bench under the sprawling canopy of an oak tree. Aria sat on the grass nearby, weaving a chain out of dandelions, humming a tune that sounded centuries old.

Madeline sat close, her knee pressing against his. The contact sent a jolt through him. "Okay," she said, her voice steady. "Prove it again. I need data. If I'm going to surrender my sanity to this... I need to see the limits."

"I don't know," Lucas hesitated. "I've made mistakes. Ruined lives, arguably. My friend Jack... I transformed him into a girl, permanently! And I wished that everyone knew him as a woman, as Jackie. The look on his face... I ruined his life. And then there's..." He trailed off for a moment thinking about his Mom and sister, but he decided not to share those details yet with Madeline. "...I've just been..."

"...Reckless," she whispered, leaning in. Her breath smelled like oat milk and mint. "Be reckless."

"What?"

"You wished I thought showing you my tits was a fair apology? You wished I loved you?" She laughed, a dark, thrilled sound. "That's not careful, Lucas. That's reckless. And honestly? I love it. I feel... liberated. So show me. What else can you do?"

Lucas looked around the park. It was a sunny afternoon, populated by joggers, dog walkers,

and idlers. He spotted a guy walking a golden retriever about fifty feet away. The guy was fit, lean, wearing expensive running gear.

"Okay," Lucas said, feeling the itch of power. "See him? I wish he would bark like a dog."

Aria snapped her fingers from the grass without looking up.

The man stopped mid-stride. He opened his mouth to maybe call his dog, but instead, a loud, guttural WOOF erupted from his throat. He clapped a hand over his mouth, eyes wide. People nearby turned to stare.

Madeline giggled. "That's it? Come on. That's a party trick."

"I don't want to hurt him," Lucas defended.

"You're a god," she countered, her hand sliding up his thigh. "Stop thinking like a mortal. Push it."

Lucas felt a surge of adrenaline, fueled by her approval. "Fine. I wish he would get on his hands and knees and walk like a dog for thirty seconds."

<Granted.>

The runner dropped. His knees hit the grass. He tried to stand, but his limbs wouldn't cooperate. He began to crawl forward on all fours, his leash dragging. He looked terrified, his head whipping around as he struggled against his own body.

"Look at him," Madeline whispered, fascinated.

Thirty seconds passed. The man didn't get up. He kept crawling, whining now.

"Time's up," Lucas frowned. "Why isn't he stopping?"

"Timed wishes do not work, Master," Aria called out cheerfully. "You must commit to the state

of reality!"

"Shit, I forgot about that" Lucas panicked. "He's stuck? People are staring."

"Fix it," Madeline said calmly. "Just wish he likes it. Wish nobody cares."

"Is that... isn't that wrong?"

"Who is it hurting if he likes it?" she reasoned, her logic twisted by the magic binding her to him. "Just smooth it over."

Lucas took a breath. "I wish that man enjoyed walking like a dog, and I wish that everyone in the park, except for us, thought it was completely normal behavior."

The change was instant. The man's panicked expression melted into a happy, panting grin. He trotted alongside his retriever, tail-bone wiggling. The people staring simply turned away, their faces blank, accepting the sight of a grown man crawling through the park as mundane background noise.

"See?" Madeline squeezed his leg. "No harm done. He's happy."

Lucas felt a weird knot in his stomach loosen. She was right. Everyone was happy.

"Okay," Lucas said, scanning the crowd. "Your turn. Pick a target."

Madeline pointed a manicured finger. "Him. The frat bro trying to hit on that poor girl by the fountain."

The guy was a stereotype. Backwards hat, tank top, aggressive body language. The girl looked trapped.

"I wish he had a vagina," Lucas said, smirking.

The guy froze mid-sentence. His eyes went wide. His hands flew to his crotch, groping at the

denim of his shorts. He looked around wildly, panic setting in.

"He noticed," Madeline laughed. "Fix the perception."

"I wish he thought he'd always been like this," Lucas said quickly. "And that everyone apart from us thinks it's normal. Oh, and I wish he'd come show us his pussy and that nobody apart from me and Madeline thinks it's weird for him to do this right now for us."

The panic vanished from the bro's face. He adjusted his shorts, shrugged, and walked straight over to their bench.

"Sup," the guy nodded at them. "Nice weather, right? Hey, check this out."

He hooked his thumbs into his waistband and dropped his shorts and boxers to his ankles. There, nestled between hairy thighs, was a perfectly formed vulva.

"Pretty sweet, huh?" he grinned.

"Very nice," Madeline said, biting her lip to keep from exploding with laughter.

"Cool," the guy said. He pulled his pants up and walked away as if he'd just shown them a new watch.

"You are incredible," Madeline breathed, looking at Lucas with worshipful eyes. "Do another. That woman over there."

She pointed to a dark-haired woman in her late twenties or early thirties, jogging in Lululemon shorts and a tight sports bra. She was cute, with curly hair tied back in a ponytail.

"Do something wild," Madeline challenged.

Lucas felt the heat rising in his blood. "I wish she had gigantic, watermelon-sized tits. But only you and I notice the size difference."

Snap.

The jogger didn't break her stride, but her chest exploded. It wasn't gradual. One step she was a B-cup, the next, two massive, vein-heavy spheres of flesh burst outward. They were colossal, easily a J-cup or bigger, swaying violently with every step. She slowed to a walk, looking down, her hands coming up to cradle the sudden, impossible weight. She didn't seem to act like it was out of the ordinary, just like she was trying to support their weight.

"Look at the bounce," Lucas murmured. It was mesmerizing.

"I could make her come over here and have sex with me," Lucas said, the power drunk taking hold.

"NO!" Madeline snapped.

Lucas pulled back, surprised. "What?"

Madeline looked away, her face flushing a deep crimson. "I... I mean, you can do whatever you want. But... I don't want to watch you fuck someone else." She looked down at her hands. "I'm jealous. God, it's stupid. I've known you for an hour and I'm jealous."

"Oh," Lucas said, feeling awkward. "I won't do it then."

"No," Madeline said, her head snapping up. Her eyes were sharp, calculating. "That's wrong. Jealousy is a variable. It's a hindrance. If I'm going to be yours, Lucas, if I'm going to be the partner of a god, I can't be held back by petty insecurity. It limits your potential."

She grabbed his hand, pressing it to her chest. "Fix me."

"What?"

"Wish it away," she demanded, her voice intense. "I don't want to be jealous. I want to enjoy everything you do. I want to be turned on by your power, no matter who you use it on. Wish

that seeing you with other women makes me horny instead of jealous."

Lucas stared at her. "Are you sure?"

"Do it," she hissed. "Upgrade me."

Lucas swallowed hard. "I wish Madeline felt zero jealousy if I had sex with other women. I wish she found it incredibly arousing to watch."

<Granted.>

Madeline gasped, her eyes dilating. Her posture relaxed instantly, the tension bleeding out of her shoulders. A hungry, predatory smile spread across her lips. She looked at the busty jogger, then back at Lucas's crotch.

"Oh. Wow. Okay. Yeah. That... that feels much better." She licked her lips. "Actually... I really want to see you use that cock. Go for it. Fuck her."

Lucas turned his attention to the curly-haired jogger who was struggling to hold up her new chest.

"I wish she had the sudden urge to have sex with me right now," Lucas said. "And I wish everyone except us viewed it as completely normal and unremarkable."

The jogger stopped. She looked at Lucas. Her distress over her breasts vanished, replaced by a laser-focused lust. She walked over, her massive breasts bouncing heavily.

"Hey," she said, her voice husky. "I uhh... this might sound weird... but..." she looked nervous, like she was scared to ask it.

"You wanna fuck?" Lucas asked.

"God, yes," she breathed.

Without a second of hesitation, she shimmied out of her shorts and pulled her panties down. She straddled Lucas right there on the park bench. She was wet, soaking wet.

Madeline watched, transfixed.

The jogger sank down onto Lucas's lap. "Oh fuck," she moaned, taking the full nine inches. Her massive, watermelon-sized breasts were right in Lucas's face. He grabbed them, burying his face in the soft, warm cleavage as she rode him.

It was animalistic. Public. Raw. People walked by, pushing strollers, eating ice cream, completely ignoring the trio on the bench.

Madeline leaned in, her breath hot on Lucas's neck. "Fuck her," she whispered. "God, she's so big. Look at them. It's so hot."

Lucas pounded into the stranger, the sensation overwhelming. He came hard, filling her, and she collapsed against him, panting.

A moment later, the urge faded. The woman stood up, pulled her shorts on, and wiped herself with a tissue from her pocket.

"Thanks," she said casually, adjusting her massive top-heavy frame. "Have a good one."

She jogged away, her new breasts swinging wildly.

Lucas adjusted his jeans, his heart racing. He looked at Madeline. She was flushed, sweaty, and looked like she was about to devour him.

"That," Madeline exhaled, staring at the jogger retreating with her massive, bouncing burden, "was the hottest thing I have ever seen. The physics of it... the mass, the momentum. God, I want that."

"Really?" Lucas asked. He was *really* starting to like Madeline.

She turned to Lucas, her eyes burning with a mix of scientific curiosity and raw lust. "I want to feel that weight. But I'm practical. I run marathons. I work in a lab. I can't have watermelons strapped to my chest 24/7. We need a variable state."

"A variable state?" Lucas asked.

"Control," she said, tapping her temple. "I want to be huge for you, but sleek for me. Let's test the limits of your wishing syntax."

She pulled a small notepad from her gym bag, because of course she traveled with one.

"Hypothesis one: Magic Items," she said, scribbling. "Wish for a blue potion that increases breast size by one cup, and a red potion that decreases it. Simple chemistry."

"Aria?" Lucas asked.

Aria shook her head sadly. "I cannot grant that, Master. I cannot engrain dormant wishing power into inanimate objects. If I created a 'shrinking potion,' anyone who drank it would be affected. That creates a loophole where magic exists without a Master. The Council forbade it eons ago."

Madeline frowned, crossing out the line. "Okay. No external tools. Hypothesis two: Willpower. Wish that I have the ability to alter my breast size at will. Mental command."

"Sorry," Aria interrupted again. "A 'wish' requires intent. If she uses her will to change her form, she is effectively casting a spell herself. Only the djinn can cast."

"Damn," Madeline muttered, tapping the pen against her lip. "No tools. No mental triggers. The magic can't be reactive to will outside of the wish."

She stood up and paced in front of the bench, her mind working furiously. Lucas watched her, fascinated. She was treating his godhood like a physics problem to be solved. 'How the fuck did I find her' he thought. They are going to have some serious fun together.

"We need a passive system," she murmured. "A biological constant. Something that happens to me, not something I do."

She stopped, snapping her fingers. "Flux! We need a biological flux state."

"In English?" Lucas asked.

"Think about hair or fingernails," she explained, her voice speeding up with excitement. "They are always growing. You don't will them to grow; they just do. And to manage them, you perform a mechanical action. You cut them. We apply that logic to my boobs."

She knelt in front of him, grabbing his knees. "Wish for a hyper-accelerated lactation and tissue expansion cycle. Wish that my breasts are in a constant state of filling and growing, but only when I sleep. That's the passive trigger. When I'm unconscious, the magic accelerates the biology."

"Okay," Lucas nodded, following along. "And to shrink them?"

"Mechanical removal," she grinned, a wicked glint in her eye. "Milking. If I milk myself, I extract the volume. It's not magic shrinking them; it's just mass extraction. The wish establishes a new biological rule for my body: Sleep equals growth. Milking equals reduction. No magic items, no willpower. Just a new, weird physiology."

"That... actually makes sense," Lucas admitted.

"Let's set safety parameters," Madeline added, calculating. "If I have a coma, I don't want to explode. Cap the growth at... let's say an H-cup. That's massive, but survivable. And the floor is my current size, B-cup. I can never be smaller than I am now."

Lucas looked at Aria. "Does that track?"

Aria looked impressed. "Yes, Master. That is a valid wish."

Lucas looked back at Madeline. "You really want to wake up with massive tits every morning and have to milk yourself down just to go for a run?"

"Lucas," she whispered, leaning forward to kiss him, "I want to wake up, realize I'm huge, and know that you did this to me. And then I want you to milk me dry. It sounds like heaven. It can just be a new part of my routine."

Lucas felt a heavy throb in his jeans. "Done."

He cleared his throat. "I wish that Madeline's breasts will enter a state of biological flux. I wish that whenever she sleeps, her breasts will rapidly produce milk and expand in tissue size, growing up to a maximum of an H-cup. I wish that this size is retained until she is milked, at which point they will reduce in volume relative to the amount expressed, down to a minimum of her natural B-cup."

<Granted.>

Madeline looked down at her chest. She poked her small breast. Nothing happened.

"It won't start until you sleep," Lucas reminded her.

"I know," she shivered, looking delightedly terrified. "Tonight is going to be interesting. And we have more understanding on how Aria's power works. So now, we can solve your friend's problem."

He sobered up. He'd almost forgotten about Jack with all of this fun. "Right. Jack. Wait... how do we solve that?"

She grinned confidently, flipping to a fresh page in her notebook. "With the scientific method! But I need data. Give me the exact syntax. Word for word, what did you wish for?"

Lucas took a breath, racking his brain to recall the exact phrasing of his mistakes. "Okay. The first one was: 'I wish Jack would transform into a beautiful, sexy woman.'"

Madeline scribbled furiously. "Okay. No memory clause in the primary execution string. That's why he retained his male consciousness. Continue."

"Then he panicked," Lucas explained, rubbing the back of his neck. "So I tried to fix the social fallout. I wished: 'I wish that everyone in the world, except for myself and Jack, will remember Jack as having always been a woman who looks exactly like he does right now.'"

"And the reversal clause?" she asked, not looking up.

"I tied it to the Escape key on my laptop. I wished that pressing it would break the spell."

Madeline stopped writing. She tapped the pen against her lips, her eyes scanning the two sentences she'd written. "Interesting. And clearly that didn't work for the same reason we couldn't wish that I had the power to grow and shrink my breasts."

She looked up, her brilliant mind working through the magical constraints. "Okay. I see the path. Three options. One: Brainwash him into thinking he's always been that way. You said no, which makes sense, you don't want to lose your friend. Two: Make him love it."

I shook my head. "Maybe that can be a last resort".

She held up a third finger. "So then I guess it's option three: Body Swap."

"Body swap?"

"You can't reverse the change since magic only moves forward, not backwards," she explained.

"But you can move his consciousness. Wish for someone else to look exactly like Jack, then swap bodies with Jack. Jack gets his male body back. The other person gets Jack's female body."

"Holy shit," Lucas said. Of all the hotties to stumble across today, he found the freaking astrophysicist genius.

"It's forward motion," she nodded. "But we have the perception filter to deal with. If Jack walks into a room looking like a dude, and everyone's memories say he's a woman, people will be confused. It's messy."

Lucas slumped. She was right. He'd painted Jack into a corner. "So the body swap is useless."

"No," Madeline said, a slow, brilliant smile spreading across her face. "Language is key. You said everyone thinks he's always been a woman. You didn't specify they think he's always looked exactly like he does right now. The visual memory is fluid. The gender identity in their heads is fixed."

Lucas blinked, trying to catch up. "So?"

"So, we use the modern world to our advantage," she grinned. "We swap him back into a male body. We wish that everyone perceives this new male form as his standard look. And if anyone asks why Jackie suddenly wants to be called Jack and go by he/him..."

Lucas's eyes widened as the realization hit him. "He just tells them he transitioned. He's a trans man."

"Boom," Madeline clapped her hands together. "It's perfect. He gets his male body back. The world thinks he was born female, but transitioned to male. It's socially acceptable. It requires zero magic to explain. Sure, he'll have to deal with his aunt accidentally using 'she/her' pronouns at Thanksgiving, but physically, mentally, socially... he's safe. And new people who meet him like me won't know any different."

Lucas stared at her in awe. It was a massive workaround, but it actually made perfect, terrifying sense. "You are a genius."

Madeline blushed, preening under his praise. "Scientific method, baby. But..." Her smile faded into a look of serious caution. "This is a complex stack of highly volatile magical commands. Body swapping, memory modification, physical cloning. If one clause fails, Jack is

double-fucked."

"I don't want to risk fucking his life even more." Lucas said, deflated.

"Then we test the plan on someone else first," Madeline said, her eyes flashing with a ruthless, predatory intelligence. "We need a trial run. A guinea pig."

Lucas frowned. "Who? Just grab a random guy off the street and ruin his life?"

"No," Madeline agreed calmly. "We shouldn't use a random." She looked at him, her expression completely flat. "We should use my boyfriend."

Lucas choked. "Your... your boyfriend?"

"Yeah. Chad. He's... fine. We've been dating for two years. He works in finance."

"Madeline," Lucas said, stunned by her casualness. "You seriously want to risk permanently turning your boyfriend into a woman?"

She reached out and took Lucas's hands. "Lucas, I love you. The magic made it happen, but the feeling is real to me. Chad is... my old life. I still love him, sure, but compared to you?

Compared to this?" She gestured to Aria and the glowing aura of power around them. "He doesn't matter. I want to be by your side. I want access to your power. A part of me, the part that loves Chad, wants to go back to him." She paused for a moment, looking conflicted before continuing. "But I can't. I need this. I need you. So if he's stuck as a woman, any temptation I may have to my old life will be gone."

The absolute devotion in her eyes was chilling, but it fed something deep and dark inside Lucas. It was the ultimate submission. A slow, wicked grin spread across Lucas's face.

"Okay," Lucas said, standing up. "It's a plan. Where is Chad right now?"

Madeline checked her sleek smartwatch. "It's Sunday afternoon. He's at our apartment,

probably watching the game and drinking an IPA." She stood up, smoothing down her leggings and started walking. "It's about a ten-minute walk."

Lucas looked at her, at her ass in those leggings, and with a smirk he said "I wish Madeline was wearing something that better showed off her ass".

Snap

She paused, and looked down at her leggings vanished, replaced by what can only be described as the thong version of her leggings. They had the high compression waistband of her leggings, but they cut deep into her ass the same way some tight high-rise briefs would. She felt her bare ass, then turned back towards Lucas and Grinned.

"Fuck you" she chuckled, flipping him off playfully.

Lucas smirked. "Just thought it was getting hot out here."

"Just try not to make any more irreversible wishes about me" She winked. "Now c'mon".

Lucas looked at Aria, who was dusting grass off her yoga shorts. "Ready for phase two of the field trip?"

Aria beamed, her amethyst eyes glowing with excitement. "Oh, yes!"

Lucas caught up to Madeline and placed a hand on her butt, making her heart skip a beat.

"Lead the way, Maddy."