

LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 8: All In

"You guys mind if I watch?"

Lucas froze, his hips suspended mid-thrust. He turned his head, panting, to see Madeline leaning against the bedroom doorframe. She was wearing only her sleeping shorts. Her crop top was gone, and the first thing that hit him was the sheer, undeniable mass of her chest.

She had gone down for a nap as a firm B-cup. Now, the flesh spilled over her forearms where she had them crossed beneath her bust. They were easily a full C, bordering on D, the skin flushed with the rapid, magical expansion.

"Whoa," Lucas breathed, his eyes glued to the heavy sway of her new assets. "The sleep wish... it really worked."

"It's working overtime," Madeline smirked, shifting her weight. The massive, newly formed cheeks of her ass pushed against the thin fabric of her shorts. "But my data collection can wait. Please, don't let me interrupt."

Lucas felt a wicked grin split his face. The wish. He had wished she wouldn't feel an ounce of jealousy, that she would find watching him fuck other women incredibly arousing. The magic was executing flawlessly.

He looked down at the beautiful brunette pinned beneath him. "Jack... do you mind?"

The woman on the couch blinked, her chest heaving, her soft breasts rising and falling against Lucas's chest. She looked at Madeline, then back at Lucas. A flush crept up her neck. "Yeah, I mind... but... I don't care. Just... call me Jackie while I'm like this, okay?"

Madeline raised a single, perfectly sculpted eyebrow, but her smile only widened. "Jackie it is."

Lucas didn't need another invitation. He gripped Jackie's hips and slammed back into her.

Jackie let out a high, genuine shriek of pleasure, her nails biting into Lucas's shoulders.

From the doorway, Madeline let out a soft, shuddering breath. She didn't move closer. She just leaned her head back against the wood, her hand slipping down the waistband of her sleep shorts. She hooked two fingers past the elastic and began to rub her clit, her eyes locked onto the sight of the man she loved burying himself inside a woman who, hours ago, had been his male best friend.

Aria, who had been sitting cross-legged on the coffee table watching the proceedings with academic interest, tilted her head. She floated off the table, drifting over to Madeline.

"What are you doing?" the ancient Djinn asked, her amethyst eyes tracking Madeline's frantic hand movements.

Madeline bit her lip, her hips bucking slightly against the doorframe. "Touching myself. God, it's so hot."

Aria floated closer, genuinely perplexed. "Why? What does that do?"

Madeline's hand stopped. She looked at the magical being standing beside her, her brilliant scientific mind stalling. "Are you serious? You're an immortal genie of infinite cosmic power, and you've never rubbed one out?"

"I am only allowed to do what my Masters permit," Aria explained, her voice entirely devoid of shame. "My purpose is to serve. Nobody has ever asked me to touch my own body. Why would they? I am here for them."

Madeline let out a breathless laugh. "Oh, honey. Try it."

Aria looked nervously toward the couch. Lucas was entirely preoccupied, his face buried in

the crook of Jackie's neck as the ex-bro moaned and thrashed beneath him. But the magic connected them, and Lucas's ears caught the exchange.

"Yeah, yeah," Lucas grunted, pulling his hips back before driving deep again. "Do whatever, Aria. Have fun."

"Permission granted," Madeline whispered, her eyes dark with lust. "Here. Let me show you."

Aria was still wearing the tight yoga shorts Lucas had wished upon her. Madeline reached out, her fingers warm and wet, and gently guided Aria's hand down to the seam of the fabric.

"Right here," Madeline instructed, her voice a husky purr. "Just press. Feel the nerve endings. You have a physical form right now. Use it."

Aria pressed two fingers against her own crotch. She gasped. A jolt of pure, unadulterated electricity shot up her spine. Her amethyst eyes blew wide open.

"Oh," the Djinn whispered. "Oh, my."

"Right?" Madeline giggled, going back to her own shorts. "Now, match my rhythm. And watch them."

The visual was staggering. Lucas, the newly minted god of this small universe, was sweating, his body straining as he pounded into Jackie. On the periphery, two breathtaking women, one a genius astrophysicist with magically expanding breasts, the other an ancient spirit of limitless power, stood shoulder-to-shoulder, intensely fingering themselves to the show.

"Lucas!" Jackie screamed, her voice losing all traces of her former male cadence. "Fuck, dude, it's hitting so deep! I'm... I'm getting close I think! Fuck it's so different with a pussy!"

"Me too," Lucas gritted out. The friction, the tightness, the overwhelming sensory input of the three women completely devoted to his pleasure was pushing him over the edge. "I'm about to cum."

"Nooo," Jackie whined, her hips chasing his. "Not yet. Don't leave me behind!"

Lucas felt the familiar, unstoppable build-up at the base of his spine. The power hummed in his blood, demanding to be used.

"I wish," Lucas roared, his voice echoing off the apartment walls, "that all three of you will cum exactly when I do this one time!"

<Granted.>

The magic snapped into the air, heavy and ozone-scented. Lucas exploded inside Jackie, a massive, pulsing flood of heat.

The reaction was instantaneous. Jackie's spine bowed completely off the couch, her inner walls clamping down on Lucas's cock with bone-crushing force. She screamed a long, continuous wail of pure female climax.

By the door, Madeline's knees buckled. She collapsed against the wall, her fingers digging frantically into her own soaking wet folds, crying out his name. Beside her, Aria literally floated an inch off the ground, her back arched, a sound like shattering glass and ringing bells tearing from her throat as she experienced her first orgasm in five thousand years.

For ten seconds, the living room was a symphony of absolute, magical devastation.

Then, the wave crested and broke.

Lucas collapsed onto Jackie's chest, panting heavily. The brunette beneath him was a mess of sweat and tangled hair, her chest heaving. By the door, Madeline and Aria were a heap of limbs on the hardwood floor, both breathing like they'd just run a marathon.

Jackie kept her legs locked tightly around Lucas's waist, her inner muscles still twitching around his softening cock.

"My god," Jackie whispered, staring blankly at the ceiling. "Being a girl is fucking awesome."

From the floor, Madeline propped herself up on one elbow. She looked at the tangled mess on the couch, then at Aria, who was staring at her own fingers in awe.

"Okay," Madeline rasped, wiping a bead of sweat from her forehead. "Can someone please explain to me what the hell is going on here?"

The apartment was bathed in the cool, blue light of dusk. The city outside hummed with the evening commute, completely ignorant of the reality-bending events that had occurred on the 14th floor.

They were sitting in the living room. Lucas was in an armchair, nursing a glass of water. Jackie sat cross-legged on the far end of the couch, wearing one of Lucas's oversized hoodies that barely covered her panties. Madeline sat adjacent, wearing a fresh t-shirt that stretched tight over her new chest. Aria sat cross-legged floating above the floor between them, looking entirely too pleased with herself.

Madeline stared at Jackie, her brilliant mind turning the facts over. A smirk touched her lips. "So... you actually want to stay like this?"

Jackie looked down, picking at a loose thread on the hoodie. "Well, kinda. I mean... I still want to be Jack. Deep down, I know I'm a dude. But..." She looked up, her brown eyes locking onto Lucas with terrifying intensity. "I know that Lucas won't want to be with Jack. And right now, it feels like the only thing that matters in the entire universe is doing whatever I can to be with him. If being Jackie means he looks at me the way he looked at me on that couch... I'm willing to give up my old life."

Lucas sank deeper into the armchair. A heavy, cold stone of guilt settled in his stomach. "Jack... Jackie... I literally brainwashed you. You're only saying this because I panicked and made a

wish."

"It's okay, Lucas," Madeline interjected gently. She leaned forward, resting her chin on her hand. "I totally get it. I think we quite literally feel the exact same way about him. The wish you made said he... uh... she... felt the same way about you as I do, right?"

"Yeah," Lucas muttered.

"Then the data is consistent," Madeline reasoned. "I know magic rewrote my brain. I know my life plan didn't involve becoming a thick-thighed harem girl for a twenty-year-old college dropout. But the feeling? The love? It's real to me. My heart races when you look at me. It's not a simulation. It's my new reality. And it feels incredible." She looked at Jackie. "You feel it too, don't you?"

Jackie nodded slowly. "Yeah. I can't promise I won't ever want to change back to Jack. I'm still me in here. Still your best friend, dude. But for now... I want nothing more than to be with you. To make you happy. This body is just a tool to do that."

"I just wrecked your lives," Lucas whispered, looking at his hands.

"No," Madeline said fiercely. "I have never been so sure about something in my entire life."

"Even though it's just cause of a wish?" Lucas pressed.

"Doesn't matter," Jackie said, offering a soft, feminine smile. "The feeling is real."

Lucas looked at them. Two stunning, devoted women. He thought about the absolute power he wielded. He thought about the boring, pathetic life he had been living just twenty-four hours ago, bouncing a tennis ball against a wall.

Why was he fighting this? They were happy. He was a god, and gods didn't need to apologize for shaping the clay of the universe to their liking.

A slow, confident grin spread across his face. The guilt was still there, but it was getting easier to ignore, replaced by the intoxicating heat of supreme authority.

"You guys really are better off like this, right?" he asked, needing to hear it one more time.

"Absolutely," Madeline and Jackie said in unison.

"And you don't mind sharing me?"

Madeline shook her head. "Since you worded the wish so Jackie feels the same way about you as I do, the jealousy wipe must have ported over too. I just want you happy. And seeing you fuck her? It was hot. I'm sure she'd feel the same if she saw you fucking me, or any girl for that matter."

"It's still weird thinking of Jack as a 'her'," Lucas admitted, looking at his best friend's luscious thighs.

"Yeah, me too," Jackie laughed, a light, breathy sound. "But I think I can get used to it... for now."

Madeline clapped her hands together, the scientist back in charge. "Okay. So you have two girlfriends. One was your bro, the other was a stranger screaming at you in a coffee shop this morning. What now, Mr. All-Powerful?"

Lucas stood up, a new plan forming in his mind. The apartment was great, but it belonged to the old Madeline. He needed a sanctuary. He needed a kingdom.

"We should all live together," Lucas declared.

Jackie's eyes lit up. "Oh, hell yeah. Slumber party every night."

"I love the idea," Madeline agreed, standing up. "But where? My lease is up in two months, and this place is a bit cramped for three people and a magical entity."

"I got an idea," Lucas smirked. "Grab your stuff."

Madeline threw on some yoga shorts since they were the only things she had that fit, and she loaned Jackie a camisole with some leggings to wear as well, then they filed out of the apartment building, the cool night air a stark contrast to the heavy heat of the afternoon.

Lucas pulled his phone out of his pocket.

"I'll call us an Uber," he said, opening the app.

Jackie slapped his arm playfully. "Dude, are you kidding? You have a literal genie floating behind you. Use her."

"Oh, I can provide transportation, Master!" Aria perked up

Lucas tapped his phone against his chin. "Hmmm. Okay. I wish I had a personal driver, and that they were already en route, pulling up right now."

<Granted.>

In mere moments, a massive, blacked-out Mercedes-Benz glided silently around the corner. It pulled up to the curb, the tires crunching softly against the pavement. A man in a sharp, immaculate black suit stepped out. He was older, perhaps in his late fifties, with a distinguished dusting of grey at his temples.

He opened the rear door and bowed slightly. "Master Lucas. Good to see you. Where to?"

Madeline and Jackie exchanged impressed looks. They practically skipped toward the luxury vehicle.

"Home," Lucas said, slipping into the plush leather interior. "Right away."

The doors closed, sealing them in a soundproof bubble of luxury. Soft ambient lighting illuminated the cabin, which was stocked with a crystal decanter and chilled champagne.

Jackie immediately popped a bottle, laughing as the bubbles fizzed over the rim.

Madeline turned to Aria, who was sitting comfortably near her. "Okay, mechanics question. Who is the driver? Did you just create a human being out of thin air? I thought you said acts of global creation were forbidden."

"Who the fuck cares?" Jackie cheered, taking a swig straight from the bottle. "This is awesome!"

"It matters for the data," Madeline insisted.

"I cannot create life, Madeline," Aria explained patiently. "I can only alter the existing threads of reality. That is a hard limitation of Djinn magic."

"So who is this guy?"

"I scanned the immediate radius for a matching variable," Aria said, her eyes glowing faintly. "I found an out-of-work chauffeur who desperately needed a job to pay his mortgage. I altered reality so that, on paper, he was hired by a shell corporation owned by Lucas three weeks ago. I created a secure bank account and filled it with untraceable funds to handle his payroll. To him, this is just his new, incredibly well-paying job."

Madeline's jaw dropped. "That is... terrifyingly logical. You interpret the wishes in the most efficient, benevolent way possible?"

"According to Lucas's inner desires, yes," Aria nodded proudly.

Lucas leaned forward. "So does... Frank? Does Frank know about you?"

"Nope!" Aria chirped. "Do you want him to?"

"Might make things easier," Lucas mused. "Having a mundane around who asks questions could get annoying. I wish you'd upgrade him to my personal assistant as well as driver. I wish

you'd give him a full understanding of the magic, the wishes, and everything that has happened so far today. But, I wish that he will keep it an absolute secret, because I am his employer, and he is entirely fine with whatever I do."

<Granted.>

The privacy window buzzed down. Frank looked in the rearview mirror, his eyes wide but incredibly calm. "Master Lucas. Thank you so much for the knowledge, and the promotion. I had no idea the scope of your... enterprise. I am entirely at your service, sir. Whatever you require."

He wound the window back up.

Madeline sighed, leaning back against the leather seats. "Too bad he's just some old guy. It would be nice to have a hot man around to serve us." She caught Lucas's eye and quickly backpedaled, panic flashing across her face. "Not that I'd ever do anything with another man! Just... fun to look at! Nobody compares to you, Lucas. I swear."

Lucas laughed, wrapping an arm around her newly widened hips. "It's okay, Maddy. I won't get jealous. I know you're mine."

Madeline slumped against his chest, audibly relieved. "God, I love you."

Lucas looked at the black partition separating them from the driver. "Actually, that is a good idea. Why settle for an old dude?"

He raised his voice. "I wish that Frank would become Francine, an incredibly hot, stunning supermodel. I wish that the rest of the world always remembers her as Francine, and reality updates her history accordingly. And I wish she absolutely loves this new life and body."

<Granted.>

The Maybach suddenly swerved, the tires screeching against the asphalt before correcting.

The car pulled over to the shoulder of the road and slammed into park.

The privacy window whirred down again.

Poking her head through the gap was a woman who belonged on the cover of Vogue. She had razor-sharp cheekbones, flawless skin, and piercing green eyes. The chauffeur suit she was wearing was suddenly two sizes too small. The jacket strained violently across her chest, the buttons hanging on by a literal thread, revealing a massive, heaving cleavage that threatened to spill out completely.

"I am so sorry!" Francine gasped, her voice sultry and breathless. "I just didn't expect... well, this."

She looked down at her massive, bursting chest, her hands coming up to cup the heavy weight. A massive, radiant smile broke across her perfect face. "My god... thank you, Master Lucas! I feel incredible!"

"Keep your eyes on the road, Francine," Lucas grinned.

"Right away, sir!" She beamed, rolling the window up and putting the car back in drive.

Aria tugged on Lucas's sleeve, pouting slightly. "Hey. Why does she get to call you Master, and I don't?"

Lucas laughed, patting the Djinn's head. "Don't worry about it, Aria. 'Master' in public is just a term for a younger wealthy man. Like calling me 'Mr. Lucas' but fancier. For you, 'Master' means something else entirely."

Aria seemed satisfied with that, curling back up on the floorboards.

Twenty minutes later, the car pulled onto Lucas's familiar, quiet suburban street. Francine parked smoothly and scrambled out to open the door for them. They all piled out, looking up at the modest, two-story brick house Lucas had lived in his entire life.

Madeline frowned, looking at the peeling paint on the shutters. "What are we doing here, Lucas? You brought us to your house?"

"This is going to be our new home," Lucas said, walking up the driveway.

"It's a bit small, isn't it?" Madeline noted, doing the math on the square footage. "For four women and you?"

"Just trust me," Lucas said, unlocking the front door.

He pushed the door open. "Mom? I'm home!"

Footsteps echoed from the kitchen. "Oh, hi Lucas!" Sandy called out, rounding the corner. "Hi Jackie, haven't seen you in a..."

She stopped, blinking at the small crowd filtering into her foyer. She looked at Madeline, then at the towering, busty supermodel in the chauffeur suit, and finally at Aria, whom she had never seen before.

But the shock on Sandy's face was nothing compared to the shock on the faces of Lucas's new entourage.

Sandy Parker was completely, entirely naked.

She stood there, her rejuvenated, 30-year-old body glowing in the hallway light. Her breasts sat high and proud, her stomach was perfectly flat, and she seemed completely unbothered by the fact that she was greeting strangers without a stitch of clothing on.

"Oh, hello!" Sandy smiled warmly, giving a little wave that made her breasts bounce cheerfully.

"I didn't realize Lucas was bringing friends over. I'm Sandy."

Madeline froze. She leaned in, her lips brushing Lucas's ear. "Lucas... why is your mom naked? And... kinda hot?"

"These are my friends, Mom," Lucas said quickly, feeling the heat rise in his cheeks. "This is Madeline, Francine, and Aria. And you know Jack. Uhhh I mean Jackie."

"Always a pleasure Jackie, and lovely to meet you all," Sandy beamed. "Would anyone like some lemonade? I just made a fresh pitcher."

"That would be great, Mrs. Parker," Francine said smoothly.

Sandy turned and sauntered back to the kitchen, her perfect, youthful ass swaying with every step.

The moment she was out of earshot, Madeline turned on Lucas, her eyes wide. "Okay. Spill."

Lucas sighed, rubbing his temples. He quickly explained the events of the morning. The accidental nudity wish. The "relaxing hobby" brain-rewrite for both his mom and sister. The permanent physical upgrades to their bodies.

Madeline burst out laughing, a bright, clear sound that echoed in the small hallway. "God, you are such a boy." She teased him, poking a finger into his chest. "You get limitless cosmic power, and the first thing you do is turn your house into a nudist colony and make your family obsessed with your dick? That is the most stereotypical male fantasy I've ever heard."

"It was an accident!" Lucas protested, though the flush on his cheeks betrayed him.

Jackie, who was leaning against the banister in her oversized hoodie, snorted. "Okay, but what's the plan, dude? We all live here? How are you going to explain that to her? 'Hey Mom, here are my three new girlfriends, one of whom is my old best friend and another is my genie.'"

Lucas looked at the three women. Four, counting Aria. He thought about the agonizing guilt he'd felt earlier that day when he realized he couldn't undo what he'd done to his family.

But then he looked at Jackie. He looked at Madeline. He looked at Francine.

They were happy. They were devoted. They loved the new reality he had crafted for them. Why was he fighting his own power? Why was he trying to fit his godhood into the cramped, pathetic box of his old life?

A slow, terrifying grin spread across his face.

"Well," Lucas said, his voice dropping an octave, "I was worried I'd never be able to fix Mom and Susie. But after seeing how happy you two are... and now Francine... I think I have a solution for everyone."

Madeline's eyes widened, a thrill of anticipation lighting up her features. "Don't tell me you're going to..."

Lucas just grinned. The intoxicating rush of absolute authority washed away the last lingering shreds of his mortal conscience. It was for the best. He was improving their lives. He was giving them purpose.

He squared his shoulders, looking directly at Aria.

"I wish," Lucas commanded, his voice ringing with absolute certainty, "that my mom and Susie are fully aware of Aria and the fact that she is my genie, and they feel the exact same way about me as Francine, Madeline, and Jackie do. I wish they were madly, unconditionally in love with me, that they crave my body and my commands, and that they feel zero jealousy toward anyone else I choose to be with."

<Granted.>

Jackie's jaw dropped. "Dude... your own mom and sister? Are you serious?"

"They were already altered," Lucas reasoned, a cold logic settling over him. "This way, they're at least aware of the changes. They aren't in the dark anymore. And they can enjoy it. Like you guys."

Jackie blinked, processing the information. It was fucked up... but she knew how much happier she was like this, in love with Lucas as Jackie. A slow, wicked smile mirrored his own. "Good point. Good choice."

Madeline clapped her hands together, practically bouncing on her heels. "I love it! The more the merrier. A true harem."

At that moment, Sandy walked back into the hallway, carrying a tray with five glasses of lemonade.

She stopped dead in her tracks. The glass pitcher trembled slightly in her hands. She looked at Lucas, really looked at him, and her pupils dilated. A flush spread across her chest, coloring the tops of her perky breasts.

She carefully set the tray down on a side table.

"My god," Sandy breathed, her voice thick with sudden, overwhelming lust. She took a step toward him. "Lucas, honey. Thank you. Thank you so much for these wishes. I..." she looked down at her own body. "... I know what you've done, and thank you for this gift my boy." She looked back at Lucas "God... how did I create such a hot fucking son."

She reached out, running a hand down his arm. "I am so, so grateful to be yours."

Lucas couldn't believe it. He had actually done it. The final taboo, shattered with a sentence. His mother was looking at him with the same hungry devotion as the others.

Sandy leaned in, her naked body pressing against his. "Do you want to feel Mommy's boobs?" she whispered, her breath hot against his ear.

Lucas swallowed hard, the power trip threatening to overwhelm him completely. "Maybe later," he said, gently putting a hand on her waist. "We have guests."

Sandy pulled back, blushing prettily, and turned to the others. "Of course. Welcome, everyone."

Truly. But Lucas, honey..." She looked around the cramped, peeling hallway. "How are we all going to fit in this house? Susie will be home from practice soon, and we only have three bedrooms."

Jackie nodded in agreement. "That was what I was wondering too. I'm not sleeping on the couch, dude."

"You won't have to," Lucas said, turning back to Aria.

"The final wish for the night," Lucas declared. "I wish that this house would instantly transform into a luxurious suburban mansion. I wish it had enough space so that each person... Francine, Madeline, Jackie, Mom, Susie, and Aria... has their own private, custom-designed room. I wish Francine will also become our in-house, world-class chef, in addition to her other duties, and her room will reflect that status. I wish that everyone in the world apart from the people in this room would think it has always been this way."

He paused, a smirk playing on his lips. "And I wish my room will be the Master bedroom. The biggest, most opulent room in the house."

<Granted.>

The reaction was immediate. A low, resonant hum vibrated through the floorboards.

Francine, Madeline, Jackie, and Sandy all shuddered simultaneously as the magic washed over them, physically altering the reality they stood in.

The walls of the hallway suddenly stretched outward, the peeling wallpaper dissolving into rich, dark mahogany paneling. The ceiling vaulted upward, a massive crystal chandelier blooming into existence overhead. The cramped staircase widened into a sweeping, grand spiral of marble and wrought iron.

They stood in the center of the expanding foyer, watching as the house swallowed the tiny

front yard, pushing the property lines outward to accommodate the new square footage.

Within thirty seconds, the hum faded. The transformation was complete.

They were standing in the entryway of a multi-million-dollar estate, seamlessly integrated into the quiet suburban street through the perception filter Lucas had implicitly relied upon.

Lucas turned to his stunned harem. "What do you all think?"

One hour later.

The Master bedroom was a testament to excess, featuring a sprawling, custom-built California King bed draped in Egyptian cotton, a massive stone fireplace, and floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the magically expanded backyard.

Francine knocked softly on the heavy oak door. She entered, balancing a massive silver tray loaded with steaming filet mignon, truffled mashed potatoes, and roasted asparagus. She was still wearing the straining chauffeur jacket, though she had managed to unbutton it slightly to prevent a total blowout.

She stopped in the center of the room.

Lucas was lying naked in the center of the massive bed. On his left, Susie (who had arrived home an hour ago and had been immediately brought up to speed by the new magic) was straddling his chest. She was wearing only her cheer skirt, her massive, magically enhanced E-cup breasts swaying heavily as Lucas kneaded them with both hands.

"You like them, Lucas?" Susie giggled, leaning down to kiss him. "I'm so glad you made them bigger for me."

On his right, Madeline was on her knees, her head bobbing rhythmically as she worshipped his nine-inch erection, taking the full length down her magically relaxed throat.

Above them all, Aria floated near the ceiling, her legs crossed, leaning down to share a deep, languid kiss with Lucas while he worked on Susie.

Off to the side, lounging on a plush velvet chaise, Sandy and Jackie were watching the show intently. Both women had their hands buried between their own legs, their fingers moving in a synchronized, frantic rhythm as they enjoyed the display of their shared Master.

Francine cleared her throat. "Dinner is served, Master Lucas."

Lucas pulled away from Aria's kiss and gently nudged Susie off his chest. Madeline pulled back with a wet pop, wiping her mouth elegantly.

"Ah, yes," Lucas sighed, sitting up and stretching his arms. He looked at the five incredible women in the room. "Thank you, Francine. Actually, I wish we were all clothed for dinner."

<Granted.>

Instantly, the nudity vanished. Susie was back in her full cheer uniform. Madeline was in her yoga gear. Sandy was wearing a classy, form-fitting sundress. Jackie was back in the clothes she'd borrowed from Madeline, and Lucas was wearing a comfortable pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt. Even Aria was dressed in her yoga outfit again.

A collective "Awwwww" went up from the women in the room.

"I was really enjoying the view," Jackie pouted, crossing her arms over her chest.

"We have plenty of time for that," Lucas laughed, sliding off the bed and walking toward the silver tray. "First, food. Francine, it smells incredible."

He turned to look at Aria, who had drifted down to land softly beside the fireplace.

"I am so, so glad I found you," Lucas said softly.

Aria beamed, a flush coloring her pale cheeks. "And I am glad to serve you, Master."

Meanwhile, across town, in a sleek, hyper-modern loft studio.

The flashes of cameras illuminated the room like lightning strikes. In the center of the set, a stunningly attractive woman in her early twenties was posing. She had cascading blonde hair, piercing blue eyes, and a face that could launch a thousand ad campaigns. She moved with a liquid, effortless grace, shifting from pose to pose as the photographer barked instructions.

"Beautiful, Ellie," the photographer called out. "Give me fierce. Yes. Perfect."

Off to the side, standing near the craft services table, was a man. He was tall, impeccably dressed in a tailored charcoal suit, and possessed a severe, handsome face that looked like it had been carved from marble. He held a sleek black iPad in one hand.

He tapped the screen twice. A notification pinged. He frowned, his eyes narrowing as he read the alert.

He looked up and caught Ellie's eye between flashes. He tapped his wrist, a sharp, urgent gesture.

Ellie paused, holding a pose. "Oh, already?" she asked, her voice carrying over the music playing in the studio.

The man shook his head slowly. "No. Something else came up. Code Red."

Ellie's entire demeanor shifted instantly. The model persona vanished, replaced by a cold, calculating intensity. She dropped her arms and turned to the photographer.

"I am so, so sorry," she said, her voice dripping with heartfelt, manufactured sincerity. "I have an absolute family emergency. I have to leave immediately."

The photographer and his assistants looked star-struck and disappointed, but they nodded

quickly. "Of course, Ellie. No worries at all. Family first."

Ellie grabbed her designer coat from a chair and swept out of the studio, the tall man falling into step right behind her.

They walked down the concrete hallway toward the private elevator.

"Can it be?" Ellie asked, her voice low and tight.

"I'm sorry, Master, but yes," the man replied, his voice a smooth baritone. "It's a Code Red. It has to be."

Ellie scowled at her elaborate, uncomfortable couture gown. They rounded a corner, and after checking the coast is clear, she turned to her assistant.

"I wish I was wearing something more comfortable." she said quietly.

The man snapped his fingers.

The tight outfit she was wearing dissolved, replaced instantly by high-end athleisure. A long-sleeve ribbed top and tight, comfortable leggings.

He handed her the iPad. "Look at this."

Ellie looked at the screen. It was grainy security footage from a municipal traffic camera pointed at a quiet suburban street. She watched as a modest, two-story brick house suddenly, violently expanded. The walls pushed outward, the roof raised, and within thirty seconds, a massive mansion sat nestled between two normal suburban homes.

She rewound it and watched it again.

"What city is this?" Ellie demanded.

"Our city," the assistant answered.

Ellie looked up at him, her blue eyes flashing. "What are the chances that a Djinn could appear in the exact same city twice when changing owners?"

"It's actually quite common," the assistant explained smoothly. "They don't tend to go far from their original owner's final resting place. Because when the vessels were created, human civilizations were heavily centralized. The magical tethers tend to bind them to a specific geographic radius."

Ellie looked frustrated. "Clearly, the note I left with Aria's vessel didn't deter him".

A young production assistant walked past them down the hallway, carrying a tray of coffees.

Ellie reached out and stopped the girl. "Excuse me. What do you see here?"

She turned the iPad around, playing the footage of the house transforming.

The PA squinted at the screen. She shrugged. "I don't know. Just some boring footage of a random mansion in the middle of a neighborhood? What am I supposed to be looking at?"

"Thank you," Ellie said softly.

The PA walked off, completely oblivious to the reality-altering magic she had just witnessed.

"That confirms it," Ellie said, handing the iPad back. "Someone has been wishing, and they've been trying to alter reality around them too. Only another Master such as myself can see through the illusion of a fellow Djinn."

The assistant nodded. "It's like I said, Master. Code Red."

Ellie turned to him, her expression hardening into something dangerous and ancient.

"Someone's found Aria."

They reached the underground parking garage. A sleek, silver Bentley Continental was waiting, the driver standing at attention holding the rear door open.

"Welcome back, Miss Vance," the driver said respectfully.

"Thank you, Henry," Ellie smiled sincerely, slipping into the plush interior.

The assistant slid in beside her, and the heavy doors closed.

"What now, Master?" the assistant asked as the Bentley pulled out into the city traffic.

Ellie looked out the tinted window, her reflection cold and hard in the glass.

"I think we need to pay this new owner a visit," she said quietly. "We need to see what kind of mess they're making."

She turned and shot the man a withering glare.

"And what have I told you about calling me Master in public?"