

# LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 11: Limits For Someone Without Limits

"Oh, fuck yeah, Lucas!! That's it, Master!"

The frantic, wet slapping of skin against skin echoed off the vaulted ceiling of the master bedroom. Lucas gripped Madeline's hips, his fingers sinking deep into the impossibly thick, plush flesh he had wished onto her yesterday. He drove his hips forward, burying himself to the hilt, watching the massive, heart-shaped shelf of her magically enhanced ass ripple and shudder with the force of his thrusts.



It was Tuesday morning. The sunlight was pouring through the floor-to-ceiling windows, illuminating the absurd decadence of his new life.

But as Madeline threw her head back, her face twisted in a mask of absolute, manufactured ecstasy, Lucas felt a strange emptiness settling in his chest.

"Hey, dude, look at this."

Lucas didn't stop thrusting, but he turned his head. In the corner of the sprawling bedroom, Jack was sitting at a glass desk Lucas had wished into existence. Jack was currently wearing a pair of mens boxers and grey hoodie. Because he wasn't wearing women's clothing, his mind was entirely, fundamentally Jack. He was sitting with his legs splayed wide, a totally masculine posture that looked ridiculous on his hot body.



"What is it?" Lucas grunted, slapping Madeline's heavy thigh.

Jack stood up, carrying the sleek silver laptop over to the bed. "I was doing some digging. Ellie Vance. It looks like according to her Wikipedia page, she's actually Eleanor Vance the Third. Her grandmother was a huge socialite and model back in the day. Look."



Jack turned the screen toward the bed. Lucas slowed his pace, squinting at the display. It was a scanned, black-and-white photograph from a 1950s fashion magazine. The woman on the cover had her hair styled in tight vintage curls, but the face was unmistakable. The sharp cheekbones, the piercing eyes, the arrogant smirk. It was a carbon copy.

"That must be Ellie," Lucas said, his breathing evening out. "Not her grandmother. If she's been alive for over a hundred years..."

"Yeah, exactly," Jack nodded, walking back to the desk and dropping into the chair. "She just reinvented her identity every few decades to avoid suspicion. It's actually genius."

On the other side of the room, Liv turned to face them. She was entirely naked, her massive breasts spilling across her body. Her hand had been buried between her legs, her eyes glassy as she masturbated to the sight of Lucas pounding Madeline.

"I wonder if she has kids?" Liv mused, her voice thick with arousal. "Since she's that old?"

Maybe she has a whole secret family of immortals."



"Who knows," Lucas muttered. "But she told me she's gay."

Beneath him, Madeline whimpered. "Master? Please, don't stop. I'm so close."

Lucas looked down at her. She was brilliant, beautiful, and completely devoted to him.

Yesterday, she had been the most intoxicating woman he had ever touched. But right now?

She was just... there. She was too easy. They all were. The magic had stripped away the friction, the chase, the conquest.

Ellie was on his mind. The one woman who had looked at him with disgust. The one woman whose clothes he could alter, but whose mind he couldn't touch.

Lucas pulled out, the wet sound loud in the quiet room.

Madeline gasped, twisting around to look over her shoulder. "Hey, what? You didn't even

finish!"



"I'm not in the mood," Lucas sighed, rolling off the bed and grabbing a pair of dark jeans from the floor. He could feel himself already losing his erection

Madeline sat up, looking genuinely dumbfounded. "But... don't you have that dinner with her this evening? Ellie? Maybe she could satisfy you if I can't?"

"She's not interested," Lucas said flatly, pulling his belt tight. "She made that perfectly clear."

"Well, I had a really hard day at the lab yesterday, and an even worse one today," Madeline pouted, her massive hips shifting on the mattress. "Do you mind if I just..." She reached a hand down between her legs.

Lucas paused, he looked at Madeline. He looked at her small boobs he'd milked earlier so she could go to work soon. She wanted release. He then looked at all the girls in the room. Liv, dripping wet. Jack, absentmindedly scratching his boob while scrolling Wikipedia.

"Here," Lucas said. "Let me help."

He turned toward the window, where Aria was floating upside down, reading a magazine.

"Aria," Lucas called out. "I wish Madeline felt like she was being fucked by someone with a cock almost as nice as mine, and I wish it wouldn't stop until she cums."

Aria flipped upright, a bright grin on her face. <Granted.>

Instantly, Madeline squeaked. She fell flat on her back on the mattress, her legs flying open. Her hips started to buck wildly against the empty air.

"Oh fuck!" Madeline screamed, her hands gripping the sheets. "Thank you, Master... fuuuuuuck, it's so deep!"



It looked completely absurd. She was laying there, her pussy untouched by any physical object, but her body was reacting to an invisible, brutal pounding. Her massive ass jiggled

against the mattress with every phantom thrust.

Lucas smirked.

Jack and Liv leaned forward, watching the spectacle with wide eyes.

"Damn," Jack breathed, his male brain thoroughly intrigued. "That looks fun."

"Yeah," Liv whined, squeezing her thighs together.

"I wish the exact same thing would happen to both of you," Lucas added casually.

<Granted.>

Liv's head snapped back, a guttural moan tearing from her throat as the phantom cock invaded her. Jack let out a loud, masculine grunt, his hands flying down to grip the arms of the desk chair as his female body was suddenly, violently taken.



Lucas ignored the chorus of moans and screams filling the master bedroom. He walked to the window, looking out over the quiet, suburban street. His dinner with Ellie wasn't for another few hours. And despite his boredom with the harem, he was still frustrated. Still horny.

His eyes drifted to the house next door. A sweet, well-kept little cottage with a manicured rose garden. He saw a figure through the front window... Mrs. Alcott, his elderly neighbor, watering her indoor ferns.

A slow, dark grin spread across Lucas's face.

"Aria," Lucas said, turning back to the floating Djinn. "I wish to be clothed in something.. handsome. Suave."

Aria snapped her fingers. The jeans and black tee shifted, the fabric reweaving into a perfectly tailored, dark navy blazer, a crisp white shirt unbuttoned at the collar, and fitted trousers. He looked like a million bucks.

"Now, transform into a pin and attach yourself to my lapel," Lucas commanded.

Aria dissolved into a wisp of grey smoke, shooting across the room and solidifying into a sleek, silver and amethyst lapel pin on his jacket.

Where are we going, Master? Aria's voice echoed directly into his mind.

"We're going to get laid," Lucas murmured aloud.

He walked out of the bedroom, closing the heavy oak door on the sounds of his three lovers writhing against their imaginary dicks.

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Standing on Mrs. Alcott's quaint, welcome-mat-covered porch, Lucas adjusted his cuffs.

"I wish I had a plate of fresh, warm chocolate brownies," he whispered.

A soft, resonant hum vibrated from the pin on his chest. A heavy, ceramic plate covered in foil materialized in his hands, the rich smell of chocolate wafting into the air. Perfect.

He knocked three times.

A moment later, the door creaked open. Margaret Alcott stood there in a knitted cardigan and a floral skirt. She was in her late seventies, her posture slightly stooped, her face lined with decades of gentle living. She had moved from London to the States thirty years ago, and she still carried the poise of an English grandmother.

"Why, hello dear," Margaret smiled, her eyes crinkling. "I haven't seen you in quite a while! Good heavens, you look terribly smart today."

"Hi, Mrs. Alcott," Lucas smiled, offering his most charming, boyish grin. "I was just doing some baking. Made some extra brownies and wanted to bring them over."



"Oh, you sweet, sweet boy," she beamed, stepping back and pulling the door wide. "Come in,

come in! Don't stand out there in the heat. I was just putting the kettle on."

Lucas stepped into the familiar, doily-covered living room. It smelled of potpourri and old paper. He set the brownies on the coffee table.

"I've got some lovely Digestives in the tin," Margaret called from the kitchen. "The ones you always liked as a lad!"

"That sounds great," Lucas called back, taking a seat on the floral sofa.

Within minutes, they were sitting across from each other, porcelain teacups clinking gently against saucers. Margaret took a sip, adjusting her reading glasses.

"So, what have you been up to lately, Lucas?" she asked kindly. "Your mother tells me you've been doing some renovations on the house? It looks quite grand from the street."

"You could say that," Lucas chuckled, keeping his answers vague. "Just... coming into my own, I guess." Thanks to the wish, she always thought the mansion across the road was there.

After a few minutes of polite small talk about the weather and her rose bushes, Lucas set his teacup down.

"Mrs. Alcott," Lucas began, leaning forward slightly. "I must admit, there's another reason I came over today."

"Oh?" She blinked, setting a half-eaten biscuit on her napkin. "And what is that, dear?"

"Well, you see... I've found myself a genie."

Lucas tapped the silver and amethyst pin on his lapel.

Margaret stared at him for a long moment, then let out a delighted, fragile chuckle. "A genie? Oh, you youngsters and your imagination. Is that a new video game you're playing?"

"A Djinn, technically," Lucas corrected, ignoring her amusement. "But yes. This pin is actually my genie, and she will grant any wish I make."

Margaret smiled indulgently, picking up her teapot. "Well, isn't that nice. Oh, looks like we're out of tea. Let me just pop into the kitchen and make some more..."

"Here, let me show you," Lucas interrupted gently. "I wish the teapot was instantly refilled with the exact same tea, perfectly hot."

Margaret was holding the ceramic pot mid-air. The moment Lucas spoke, the weight of the pot tripled. The sudden, burning heat radiated through the ceramic.

She gasped, her frail hands losing their grip. The teapot plummeted, shattering against the hardwood floor with a violent crash. Boiling tea splashed across the rug.

Margaret shrieked, jumping back into her armchair. She stared at the broken shards, her chest heaving, then looked up at Lucas with wide, terrified eyes. "What... but... it was just empty! I felt it!"

Lucas didn't blink. "I wish the pot wasn't smashed, and was sitting neatly filled on the coffee table."

A flicker of grey magic danced across the floor. The tea un-spilled itself, the shards of ceramic flying backward, knitting together seamlessly until the teapot sat perfectly intact, steaming gently, right next to the plate of brownies.

Margaret pressed a trembling hand to her chest. "My Lord... how..."

Lucas smirked, leaning back into the sofa. "I'm here because I have a proposition for you."

She stared at him, shrinking back against the upholstery, genuinely frightened. "What kind of proposition?"

"How old are you, Mrs. Alcott?"

She swallowed nervously. "I... I shall be seventy-eight in November."

"Do you feel old?"

She looked down at her hands, the skin thin and spotted, the knuckles swollen with arthritis.

"Uhhh... yes, Lucas. I do. My back aches terribly in the mornings. My knees barely let me garden anymore. It's... it's the way of things."

"It doesn't have to be," Lucas said, his voice dropping into a smooth, hypnotic cadence. "I can take that away from you. I can return you to your peak, Mrs. Alcott."

Her eyes darted up, locking onto his. A desperate, irrational spark of hope ignited in her pupils. "You... you can???"

"My house didn't used to be a mansion," Lucas explained calmly. "I know you remember it that way now, but that's just the magic. I can rewrite reality. I can rewrite biology."

Margaret slowly turned her head, looking at a framed black-and-white photograph on the mantle. It was her on her wedding day, twenty-one years old, radiant and full of life.

She looked back at Lucas, her hands trembling. "You can return me to this? You can grant me a new lease on life?"

"Yes, I can," Lucas nodded. "But there's a catch. Wishes aren't reversible. Once I do this, you're stuck like that. Well, at least until you age back to your current age."

Margaret let out a wet, breathless laugh. "Oh, heavens! Are you serious, Lucas? This isn't a cruel trick?"

"Dead serious. So, do I have your permission?"

"Yes!" Margaret cried out, tears spilling over her wrinkled cheeks. "God, yes! Please!" She

couldn't believe her fortune. It was a miracle.

Lucas grinned, a dark, calculating expression that she was too overwhelmed to notice.

"So be it," Lucas said. He tapped the lapel pin. "Aria. I wish for what we discussed."

A deep, resonant hum vibrated from the pin, filling the living room.

Before Lucas's eyes, the elderly woman began to transform. It started slow. The spotted, paper-thin skin on her hands smoothed out, pulling tight over her knuckles. The arthritis vanished, her fingers straightening with a series of wet, popping sounds.



Margaret gasped, her spine arching as her stooped posture was forcefully corrected. She grew an inch taller. The wrinkles on her face melted away like wax near a flame. Her chest pushed outward against her knitted cardigan, her breasts perking up and regaining their youthful fullness.



She jumped up from the armchair, a startled, joyful shriek escaping her lips. "My God! This is incredible, dear! The pain... it's completely gone!"



Her voice was no longer the fragile waver of an old woman. It was strong, clear, and vibrant. She stared at her hands, running them over her smooth, tight face.

But then, she pulled a lock of her hair forward.

She froze.

"Blonde?" Margaret whispered, her thick, English accent lacing her confusion. "But... I've never been blonde?"

She turned, rushing frantically toward the antique mirror hanging above the hallway console table. She grabbed the edges of the frame, staring into the glass as the magic faded.

She stared at a face that was not hers. Sharp cheekbones, piercing blue eyes, full, arrogant lips.

"What..." Margaret stammered, touching her own cheek. "Who... who is this?"



Lucas remained seated on the sofa, simply grinning. He hadn't made her a young version of Mrs. Alcott. He had turned her into an exact, flawless physical duplicate of Ellie Vance.

Margaret spun around, her blue eyes flashing with panic and betrayal. "I thought you were going to de-age me! Not turn me into someone else! Who is this woman?!"

"I never said I'd turn you into your younger self," Lucas said calmly, picking up his teacup. "I simply said I could give you a new lease on life and make you young. You are young now."

Margaret looked down at her hands, flexing her unfamiliar fingers. She crossed her arms defensively. "Change me back!"



Lucas raised an eyebrow. "Really? You want to go back to being old? You want the arthritis back? The bad back?"

She hesitated. She nervously flexed her arms. She reached up and grabbed her small, perky breasts through the blouse. She bounced on the balls of her feet, suddenly hyper-aware of the

effortless agility she hadn't felt in fifty years.

She looked at him, tears welling in her borrowed blue eyes. "No... I... I just... what about my family? My daughter Stephanie? My grandson Charlie? They won't know me. They'll think I'm a stranger."

"We can wish that they thought you just passed away peacefully," Lucas offered coolly. "Or, we can wish that they are completely aware of my magic, and are totally comfortable with your transformation and your new identity. Whatever you like, Mrs. Alcott."

She turned back to the mirror, staring at her reflection. She traced the jawline of the supermodel's face. "This... it's not reversible?"

"You're stuck like this," Lucas confirmed.

He stood up, walking slowly across the living room to stand right behind her. "Is it really so bad?"

Margaret stared at her reflection. "No... it's... it's spectacular. This woman... she's so pretty. She's gorgeous."

As she looked at herself, the initial panic began to curdle into sheer vanity. The intoxicating drug of youth was taking hold.

Lucas leaned in, his lips near her ear. "I wish you weren't wearing those old granny clothes anymore. I wish you were wearing a string bikini."

Margaret jumped as the cardigan and floral skirt vanished. She was suddenly clad in a tiny, black string bikini. She gasped, her hands flying over her exposed stomach.

Her body was flawless. Toned core, long legs, firm, athletic breasts.

"My God..." Margaret breathed, entirely mesmerized by her own reflection. "I... I am

spectacular."



She turned to face Lucas, the anger completely evaporated. "You're right. This... I was nothing before. Just waiting at the end of the line. This... I have a whole new lease on life. I can do so much more." She reached out, placing a soft, young hand on his chest. "Thank you, Lucas. How... how can I ever repay you?"

Lucas looked down at the exact face of the woman who had rejected him. "With this... I wish you felt the exact same way about me as everyone else in my harem."

Margaret blinked. "Harem? What are you..."

The magic hit her brain like a sledgehammer. The sentence died in her throat. Her pupils dilated, blowing wide until her blue eyes were almost entirely black. She stared up at Lucas, her breath hitching.

"My God..." Margaret whispered. The sheer, overwhelming wave of devotion and primal lust crashed over her. She felt a sudden, intense heat pooling between her legs, a sensation she hadn't experienced in decades. A drop of moisture slicked her inner thighs. She looked down, profoundly confused by her own body's violent reaction.

"Been a while since you...?" Lucas chuckled, stepping into her space.

Margaret looked up, a flush painting her sharp cheekbones. "Good heavens. I rather thought menopause had closed up shop for good, but apparently, the grand reopening is today."

Lucas laughed loudly. "I can't wait to introduce you to everyone."

Margaret smirked, a wicked, hungry look replacing her polite British demeanor. "So... shall we take this new body for a spin?"



"Fuck yeah," Lucas growled.

Margaret playfully swatted his chest. "Language! Have some respect for your elders, dear."

"Sorry, Mrs. Alcott."

"Call me Margaret," she purred, reaching down and snapping the string of her bikini bottoms.

They fell to the floor.

Lucas didn't wait. He closed the distance, grabbing her waist and smashing his lips against hers. She tasted like peppermint tea and blind desperation. He pushed her backward, her spine hitting the hallway console table. She wrapped her long, toned legs around his waist, hiking her bikini top up to expose her firm, pink nipples.

They stripped frantically. Lucas shoved his trousers down, his nine-inch erection springing free. Margaret let out a very un-British squeal when she saw the size of it, her eyes rolling back as he lined himself up and plunged inside her.



"Oh, good heavens!" Margaret shrieked, her fingernails biting into his shoulders. "That is

absolutely smashing!"

Lucas gripped her hips, pounding into her with a steady, aggressive rhythm. The physical sensation was incredible. The body was perfectly tight, responsive, and flawless. She moaned loudly, her head thrown back, her golden blonde hair cascading over the edge of the table.

"Fuck," Lucas grunted, leaning down to take one of her nipples into his mouth, sucking hard. Margaret writhed, her inner walls clamping down on him in a frantic staccato. She came quickly, her body starved for touch for decades, crying out his name in a posh, trembling accent.

But as Lucas continued to thrust, staring down at her... a cold realization began to seep into his brain.

It wasn't the same.

The British accent, crying out "Oh, splendid! Deeper, darling!" was throwing the entire fantasy off its axis. And even though this was Ellie's exact face, Ellie's exact body... it wasn't her. Deep down, the omnipotent god within him knew this was just an imitation. A cheap parlor trick.

God, Lucas thought, his rhythm faltering slightly. I thought this would be enough.

He looked down at Margaret's writhing body. Why was he so obsessed with this specific form? And why wasn't this cutting it?

He dug his fingers into her hips, forcing himself to focus on the physical friction. He sped up, driving himself deep until the inevitable climax caught up with him. He groaned, emptying himself inside her.

Margaret collapsed backward onto the console table, panting heavily, a look of absolute bliss on her stolen face.



Lucas took a step back, pulling his trousers up. He stood there, staring at her naked form. He had really thought this would cure him. He thought fucking an exact replica would get Ellie Vance out of his system. But the itch was still there, burning worse than ever.

It wasn't about her body. It was about her. It was about the fact that she was off-limits. To a man who, just twenty-four hours ago, realized he had absolutely no limits, her rejection was a psychological splinter he couldn't ignore.

"So, dear," Margaret sighed, sitting up and swinging her long legs off the table. She reached down, picking up her knitted cardigan and slipping her arms into it, leaving her bikini bottom on the floor. The visual of the supermodel in a granny sweater was jarring. "What now?"

The question snapped Lucas out of his thoughts. Well, at least he had another devoted member for his harem.



"You can continue to live here if you like," Lucas said, adjusting his belt. "Or you can join me in my mansion across the street."

Margaret looked around her dusty, potpourri-filled living room, then out the window at the towering mansion next door. "I think I shall stay here for the time being, dear. It holds memories. But I'll certainly be visiting."

Ding-dong.

The sudden chime of the doorbell echoed through the quiet cottage.

Margaret froze, her manicured fingers pausing on the buttons of her cardigan. "Oh, heavens... that's... what day is it?"

Lucas frowned, checking his phone. "Uhhh... Tuesday, I think?"

"Oh, dear!" Margaret gasped, her eyes widening in panic. "I'm meant to be looking after

Charlie, my grandson, today! Stephanie, my daughter, must be dropping him off!"

She scrambled off the console table and practically sprinted toward the front door.

"Wait!" Lucas hissed, reaching out to stop her.

But it was too late. Margaret threw the heavy wooden door open.



Standing on the porch was a middle-aged woman in sensible slacks and a blouse, holding the hand of a boy who looked to be about ten years old. Stephanie had a tired, overworked expression that instantly morphed into profound, absolute confusion when the door opened. She stared at the stunning, twenty-something blonde model standing in her mother's house, wearing her mother's cardigan and nothing else. Luckily, it was long enough to cover her pussy.

"Uhhh... hi," Stephanie stammered, taking a half-step back and pulling her son closer. "Who... who are you? Is Margaret here?"

Margaret looked down, realizing her mistake. She forgot, her daughter won't recognize her.

Lucas walked up behind Margaret, tucking his hands casually into his pockets. He rolled his eyes, a heavy sigh escaping his lips.

"Margaret," Lucas said, his voice laced with boredom. "You need to make up your mind for them right now. What do you want to do?"

Margaret stared at her daughter. She looked down at her own youthful, perfectly manicured hands. Then she turned to look over her shoulder at Lucas. The magical devotion flared in her blue eyes. She loved him. She knew it was just because of the wish, but she didn't care. She didn't want to do anything that would jeopardize her place in his bizarre, wonderful new world.

"I... uhhhh..." Margaret stammered, entirely at a loss for words.

"Never mind," Lucas groaned, rolling his eyes again. He tapped the silver and amethyst pin on his lapel. "Aria. I wish they knew about my wishing ability, but couldn't tell anyone who doesn't already know about it. And I wish they fully understood what I just wished for Margaret so they know it's her. I also wish they accept it, thinking it's a great thing."

<Granted.>

The faint, ozone-scented ripple of magic washed over the porch.

Stephanie and her son blinked. Their posture went rigid for a fraction of a second as decades of logic were violently rewritten to accommodate the existence of a teenage god and his reality-altering jewelry.

Charlie was the first to break the silence. The ten-year-old looked up, a massive, awestruck

grin spreading across his face.

"Grandma!" Charlie cheered. "I love your new body! You look like a movie star!"

Stephanie's jaw unhinged. She stared at the stunning blonde, her brain seamlessly accepting the impossible truth.

"Holy fuck..." Stephanie breathed, her eyes darting from Margaret's flawless face to the unmistakable floral skirt. "Mom??? What the fuck!"

Margaret stood up a little straighter, automatically defaulting to her maternal authority despite looking thirty years younger than her own daughter. "Language, dear! Not in front of the boy."

Stephanie grabbed her head with both hands, clearly in a state of profound shock. "I... you're young. You're... you're hot. I don't... my brain is spinning."



"Here, dear, come inside," Margaret said gently, stepping back and gesturing them into the hallway. "Let's put the kettle back on and have a talk. It's quite the story."

Lucas stood in the hallway, watching the bizarre family reunion unfold. He had created another perfect, isolated bubble of reality. He had another devoted woman waiting in the wings. But the burning anticipation in his chest had nothing to do with Margaret, Stephanie, or his harem back across the street.

It was almost time for dinner with the real Ellie. He should probably keep all of this a secret from her. It's good Margaret wants to live here still.

Lucas smirked, adjusting his tailored navy blazer. He tapped his lapel pin one last time.

"Aria," Lucas said smoothly. "I wish I was back home. I've got a dinner date to prepare for."

And with a soft, silent pop, Lucas vanished into thin air, leaving a beautiful supermodel in a cardigan to explain her new life to her middle-aged daughter.