

LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 6: Lucas' New Girlfriend

They reached the imposing glass doors of Madeline's apartment building, the city sounds of traffic and distant sirens humming around them. Madeline punched in a code on the keypad, then paused, her finger hovering over the hash key.

"Here we are," she said, looking back at Lucas with a furrowed brow. "But wait... why did we walk? Why didn't we just wish to teleport here? We have a literal genie."

Aria clapped her hands together. "Oh! Teleportation is fun! It tickles a little bit, like carbonated water in your veins, but it's very efficient!"

Lucas shook his head, running a hand through his hair. "No. We're not teleporting. Not unless it's an emergency."

"Why?" Madeline pressed, her scientific curiosity piqued. "Efficiency is key, Lucas."

"Because wishing isn't reversible," Lucas explained, his voice serious. "I'm trying to be purposeful with every single command. If I wish 'teleport us inside,' what if someone is in the hallway and sees us materialize? What if the sudden displacement causes a pressure vacuum? I don't know the physics, and unlike you, I can't calculate them on the fly. Walking is safe. Walking doesn't break reality."

Madeline opened her mouth as if to debate him, to explain that displacement physics could be accounted for in the syntax of the wish, but then her eyes glazed over for a fraction of a second. The resistance melted from her posture.

"You're right," she said softly, a warm smile spreading across her face. "I trust you. Walking gave us time to think. It was the right call."

Lucas felt a twinge of guilt mixed with awe. It was almost too easy.

He held the door for her. As she passed, Aria leaned in close to his ear, her voice a velvety whisper. "Making use of your wish that she trusts you. Very good, Master."

Lucas paused in the lobby. "Wait," he whispered to the genie. "So that wish... it's still active? Does that mean she trusts literally anything I say? Even if I said the sky was green?"

"Well," Aria pursed her lips thoughtfully, "your intention with the wish was to make her believe you when you were telling the truth about her breast exposure in the café. You knew nobody would notice, and you wanted her to bypass her doubt to see that truth. So, in essence..."

"She believes me if I'm telling the truth without needing convincing," Lucas finished, nodding slowly as he understood the nuance. "And she'll trust my judgment on subjective matters. But she won't instantly believe a blatant, objective lie?"

"Exactly!" Aria beamed, doing a little spin in the air. "You're getting quite smart, Master! You're learning to read the weave of the magic."

"Door's open, let's go," Madeline called from the elevator bank, holding the car for them.

They rode up to the 14th floor in silence, the anticipation building. They stood outside apartment 14B. Madeline reached for her keys, then stopped, her hand trembling slightly.

"Wait," she whispered. "My boyfriend... Chad. He's... well, he's the jealous type. A bit of a gym-bro alpha wannabe. I can't just show up with a strange guy and a hot girl in yoga pants. What's our story?"

Lucas thought for a second. "Maybe this is the perfect time for a wish. I..." He paused, the words forming on his tongue. I wish you were my girlfriend.

He stopped himself. "Wait. Aria, if I wish she was my girlfriend right now, would that mean she is forever my girlfriend? Like, bound by magic?"

"Yep!" Aria confirmed cheerfully. "Girlfriend status would be permanent. Unless you wished for her to break up with you, but that gets messy with emotional residue."

"Whoa. Good thing we checked," Lucas exhaled. "See? This is why we need to be careful."

Madeline looked crestfallen. Her lower lip jutted out. "What? But I want to be your girlfriend! Why wouldn't you wish for that?"

Lucas looked at her. She was brilliant, beautiful, and thanks to his earlier wish, completely devoted to him. "You can be," he said gently, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. "But we don't need a wish for that, right? We can just... be together."

Her face lit up. "Really?"

"Really," Lucas smiled. And honestly, he half-meant it. She was growing on him fast. "But first, we deal with Chad."

He turned to the door. "Okay. I wish that Chad thinks it is undeniably best for everyone if Madeline and I are together instead of him and Madeline. I wish that he believes this will make him happy. And I wish that Chad will do whatever I ask him to do, immediately and without question."

<Granted.>

"Aria," Lucas added, "go invisible. Stay silent unless I call for you."

Aria vanished with a wink.

Madeline unlocked the door and pushed it open. "Chad? I'm home."

The apartment was modern, clean, and smelled faintly of protein powder. A guy was sitting on the couch, watching ESPN. He looked exactly as Madeline had described, thick neck, tight t-shirt, jawline you could cut glass on.

He stood up as they entered. "Mads? You're back early. Who's this? And what happened to your leggings?"

Lucas braced himself, but Chad's expression wasn't angry. It was calm. serene, even.

"I'm Lucas," Lucas said, stepping forward.

Chad looked at Lucas, then at Madeline. A strange, peaceful smile spread across his face.

"Lucas. Hey, man." He walked over and shook Lucas's hand firmly. Then he turned to Madeline.

"Mads, listen. I know I've never met this guy, but... seeing you two together? I just really feel like you should be with him."

Madeline blinked, even though she knew it was coming. "You do?"

"Yeah," Chad said earnestly. "I love you, babe, but this... this is what I want. It feels right. Like destiny. You guys are perfect."

It was sweet, in a terrifying, manufactured way.

"Okay, Chad," Lucas said, taking charge. "Take a seat on that chair. Stay still and quiet."

"You got it," Chad said. He walked over to the dining chair and sat down, placing his hands on his knees like an obedient schoolboy.

Lucas let out a breath. "Okay. What now?"

Madeline's eyes sharpened. The scientist was back. "Repeat the wishes you used on Jack. Word for word. But add the clause that I will perceive the change as well."

Lucas nodded. He faced Chad. "I wish Chad would transform into a beautiful, sexy woman."

<Granted.>

The change was violent and instant. Chad gasped, his back arching. His broad shoulders

crunched inward, bone reshaping under skin. His jaw softened, his stubble retreating. His chest swelled, pushing against his tight Under Armour shirt, forming perky C-cup breasts. His hair shot out, cascading down his back in brunette waves.

In ten seconds, Chad was gone. In his place sat a stunning woman who looked exactly like the female version of Jack.

"What the..." Chad's voice cracked, high and feminine. "What is happening?!"

He looked down, grabbing his new breasts. "Oh my god! I have tits! Why do I have tits?!"

"Stay seated," Lucas commanded.

Chad froze, terror in his eyes, but his body obeyed the previous wish. He sat there, hyperventilating, clutching his own chest.

"Okay," Lucas said, looking at Madeline. "He noticed. Just like Jack did."

"Phase two," Madeline nodded, checking her notebook. "We need to establish the baseline reality before we bring in the witness. You need to cast the perception anchor so his sister doesn't freak out."

Lucas nodded. He faced Chad, who was sitting obediently in the chair, hyperventilating in his new female form.

"I wish," Lucas said clearly, "that everyone in the world, except for myself, Madeline, and Chad, will remember Chad as having always been a woman who looks exactly like he does right now. I wish that all memories and records alter to reflect this, so that he has always been their daughter, sister, or female friend."

<Granted.>

A ripple of magic moved through the room, settling into the walls, the photos on the mantle,

and the world beyond.

"Okay," Lucas exhaled. "Now the test."

"I wish Chad's sister was here," Lucas said. "And I wish that she wouldn't think it's weird that she just teleported here."

Pop.

A girl appeared in the middle of the living room. She was holding a half-eaten bagel, mid-chew. She looked a bit like Chad—same nose—but softer.

"Whoa," she said, blinking as she looked around the apartment. "Hey guys. Madeline? Who's this?" She looked at Lucas, completely unfazed by the sudden shift in location. "I'm Mika."

Chad stared at her. "Mika?! What are you doing here?"

"I don't know," Mika chewed her bagel, shrugging. "Just... here. Hey, Sis. You look stressed. Did you run out of protein powder again?"

Chad's eyes bulged. "Sis?! Mika, it's me! It's Chad!"

Mika rolled her eyes, taking another bite. "I know it's you, Chad. God, you're so dramatic. Why are you grabbing your boobs like that? They're not going anywhere, lucky bitch. Mom always said you got the good genes."

Madeline smirked, leaning against the wall. "It works. To her, Chad has always been her sister."

"It works," Lucas whispered.

"The swap," Madeline hissed. "Finish it."

"I wish that Mika's body would become an identical replica of Chad's original male body," Lucas commanded. "And I wish she wouldn't notice the wish."

<Granted.>

Mika dropped her bagel. Her body expanded rapidly. Her hips narrowed, her shoulders broadened. Her voice dropped. In seconds, Mika was standing there, looking exactly like the old Chad... muscular, tall, male. It looked funny in Mika's leggings and her t shirt.

She looked down at her massive hands. "Whoa," she said, sounding dazed but calm thanks to the wish. "My head just spun like crazy." She went back to eating her bagel like nothing had happened.

"Now swap them," Madeline urged.

"I wish that Mika and Chad would swap bodies," Lucas said. "I wish that Mika and everyone apart from me, Chad and Madeline would believe she has always inhabited the female body she ends up in. And I wish that the world accepts Chad as a man, interpreting his new male appearance as the result of him transitioning."

<Granted.>

There was no flash of light. Just a subtle shift in posture.

The person in the chair, the sexy brunette woman, blinked. She looked around, confused. Then she looked at the bagel on the floor. "Hey! That was my bagel!" It was Mika. It had worked. She looked down at herself, sitting in the chair, in Chad's workout clothes. To her, this was normal. This was just her body.

The person standing up, the muscular guy who looked like Chad, looked at his hands. He patted his chest. He felt his face.

"Oh my god," Chad whispered. It was his voice. His real voice. "I'm... I'm back. I have a dick. I can feel it." He clearly wasn't too concerned with wearing Mika's clothes, he seemed happy just to be him again.

He looked at the woman in the chair. "Mika?"

"Yeah?" Mika asked, crossing her legs comfortably. "Why are you looking at me like that, Sis?"

Chad took a deep breath. He looked at Lucas, then back at Mika. "I... I'm not your sister Mika. I'm your brother. I'm a man."

Mika blinked. She looked him up and down, the broad shoulders, the stubble, the lack of breasts. A smile spread across her face.

"Oh! You're finally transitioning? That explains the haircut and the muscles! I didn't know you were on T already!" She stood up and hugged him. "That's awesome! I always knew you were a tomboy, but this makes so much sense. Congrats, bro!"

Chad hugged her back, tears of relief streaming down his face. "Thanks, Mika. Yeah. I'm a bro."

Madeline squeezed Lucas's arm. "It worked perfectly. Mika is happy in the female body because she thinks it's hers. Chad is back in a male body. And the world just thinks Chad is a trans man. The logic holds."

"Lucas," Chad called out, wiping his eyes. "I don't know what you did. But thank you. Can I... can I go now? This is weird."

"Yeah," Lucas said. "One last thing to clean this up."

He looked at the pair. "I wish Chad moved in with Mika immediately. I wish all his stuff has magically moved to Mika's place already. I wish both of them would teleport there right now. And I wish that nobody apart from me and Madeline will think there's anything weird about that."

Pop.

The apartment was empty. The bagel was gone.

Silence descended on the room.

Lucas let out a long, shuddering breath. "We did it."

"You did it," Madeline said softly.

He turned to look at her. The apartment was quiet, the late afternoon sun casting long shadows across the floor. The adrenaline of the magical surgery was fading, replaced by something heavier, hotter.

He grabbed Madeline by the waist and pulled her flush against him. She gasped, a flush rising on her cheeks instantly.

"God," she whispered, looking up at him with those wide, adoring eyes. "How am I so in love with you? It defies every law of chemistry I know."

Lucas just grinned. He felt unstoppable. He had a genie. He had a genius girl who adored him. He had solved the impossible puzzle with Jack. He kissed her. It wasn't gentle. It was possessive, fueled by the rush of power. She melted into him, her arms wrapping around his neck, her body molding to his.

"Lucas," she moaned against his lips. "I have to feel you."

She reached down, her hand cupping the bulge in his jeans. She froze. Her eyes went wide.

"Jesus," she breathed. "You're... you're huge."

"Is that a problem?" Lucas murmured, grinding his hips against her hand.

"No," she whimpered. "It's a challenge."

She dropped to her knees right there in the living room. She fumbled with his belt, her hands shaking with eagerness. She pulled his jeans and boxers down, and his cock sprang free, heavy and thick.

She stared at it. "Is that a wish?" she chuckled nervously, running a finger along the prominent vein.

"Yeah," Lucas admitted, looking down at her. "I wished for nine inches."

"Well," she swallowed hard. "You might need to make some more wishes so I can even handle it. That looks... lethal."

She leaned forward and licked the tip. She tried to take him into her mouth, but she gagged almost immediately. It was too thick, too long. She pulled back, saliva shining on the head.

"I can't," she apologized, looking up with big, wet eyes. "My jaw... it won't open that wide."

Lucas smiled. "I wish you could deepthroat me without any gag reflex."

Madeline blinked. She opened her mouth again. This time, her jaw unhinged slightly, muscles relaxing supernaturally. She slid down him. Inch after inch disappeared into her throat. It was seamless. She took the entire length, her nose brushing his pubic hair, and held it there.

She hummed, the vibration travelling straight to his spine. She bobbed her head, sucking hard on the upstroke. It was incredible. The wet heat of her throat, the suction...

"Fuck," Lucas groaned, gripping her hair. "You're good at that."

She pulled off with a wet pop. "I wish I was," she teased. "Make another wish. Make it better."

"I wish you loved the taste of cum," Lucas gasped. "Like it was the best thing you've ever tasted."

"Done," she grinned. She went back down. She worked him with a fervor that was insane.

Lucas didn't last long. The combination of the deepthroat wish and the sheer visual of Madeline worshipping him was too much. "I'm gonna cum!"

She didn't pull away. She clamped her lips around the base and sucked harder. He erupted. He filled her mouth, wave after wave. Instead of choking or swallowing reluctantly, she moaned in delight. She swallowed greedily, licking her lips as he finished, looking like she'd just eaten a Michelin-star dessert.

"Yum," she whispered, cleaning him off.

"Okay," she said, standing up and shedding her clothes. She kicked off her leggings and pulled her crop top over her head. Her body was tight, athletic, with those small, perky breasts that would soon be growing. "My turn."

"I... I can't," Lucas admitted, pointing to his softening member. "I just came."

"So wish you're ready to go again, idiot," she laughed, pushing him onto the couch.

"Oh. Right." Lucas shook his head. "I wish I was fully recharged and rock hard."

Snap.

Blood rushed back instantly. He was at full mast in seconds.

"I can't believe I'm helplessly in love with a twenty-year-old idiot," she giggled, climbing onto the couch. She spread her legs, positioning herself over his face. "Eat me."

Lucas hesitated. He looked at the perfect, pink slit hovering above him. "I uh... I've never really eaten a girl out before. I've barely even had sex."

Madeline paused. She looked down at him, her expression softening. "That is so cute. My virgin god." She smirked. "Wish for it, Lucas. Wish you were the best pussy eater in the world."

Lucas closed his eyes. "I wish I was the absolute best at cunnilingus. I wish I knew exactly what to do to make you scream."

He felt a shift in his brain. Knowledge downloaded itself. Pressure points, rhythms, tongue

techniques.

He grabbed her hips and pulled her down.

He went to work. His tongue moved with a dexterity that shouldn't have been possible. He found the little bundle of nerves instantly. He flicked, he circled, he hummed. Madeline screamed. Her head fell back, her hands gripping the couch cushions.

"Oh my god! Lucas! FUCK!"

He didn't stop. He played her like an instrument. He knew exactly when to apply pressure, when to back off. He made her cum in under two minutes, her body convulsing violently against his face.

She collapsed onto him, panting. "Okay," she gasped. "You learn fast."

She spun around, straddling his lap. She lined herself up with his erection. She started to lower herself, but stopped.

"It's too big," she winced. "It hurts."

"I wish you could accommodate any size dick comfortably," Lucas commanded breathlessly.

"And I wish you could only get pregnant when you consciously want to."

Madeline sighed in relief. "Better."

She sank down. This time, she slid all the way to the hilt. She threw her head back and moaned, a long, primal sound.

"Oh god, you fill me up completely," she panted.

She began to ride him. Up and down, her athletic thighs doing the work. Her small breasts bounced with the rhythm. Lucas reached up and played with them, tweaking her nipples.

"Turn around," Lucas said, slapping her thigh. "I want to see your ass."

"No," she shook her head, leaning forward to kiss him. "I want to see your face. I want to look at you."

Lucas grinned. "I wish you loved reverse cowgirl as much as regular cowgirl."

Madeline stopped. She blinked. "Actually... yeah. I do want that."

She spun around instantly. She backed onto him, taking him deep again. Now Lucas had the view he wanted. Her ass was toned, tight, and perfect. It bounced slightly as she rode him.

"I wish you were more vocal," Lucas whispered.

"Oh god! Yes! Fuck me, Lucas! Harder!" she instantly began screaming, her voice echoing in the apartment.

Lucas grabbed her hips. The sight of her ass moving up and down was driving him crazy. But in the haze of lust, he wanted more. He wanted soft. He wanted thick.

He gripped her cheeks, his fingers digging in.

"God," he groaned, losing himself in the sensation. "I wish your ass was bigger. I wish your thighs were sexier. Both at least ten times sexier."

He didn't even realize he'd said "I wish."

But Aria was listening.

Under his hands, the flesh began to surge.

It wasn't a subtle growth like the earlier experiments. It was explosive. Madeline's tight, runner's glutes suddenly swelled. They expanded outward, softening, widening. The muscle was layered over with plush, soft fat. Her hips flared, cracking audibly as they widened to

support the new mass. Her thighs thickened, losing the gap, becoming luscious and heavy.

Lucas watched, mesmerized, as his hands were swallowed by the expanding cheeks. She grew heavy on his lap. Her ass ballooned into a magnificent, heart-shaped shelf, jiggling with a hypnotic rhythm as she continued to ride him, completely unaware of the transformation.

It was too much. The sensation of all that new, soft flesh slamming against him pushed him over the edge.

"I'm cumming!" he roared. "I wish you'd cum with me!"

Madeline screamed as her orgasm hit her. Her inner muscles clamped down on him like a vice. He unloaded inside her, gripping her massive new hips, burying his face in the small of her back.

They collapsed. Madeline fell forward onto the couch cushions, panting. Lucas slumped back, his mind slowly rebooting.

Silence returned to the room.

Then, Madeline stood up. "Bathroom," she gasped. "Need to clean up."

She walked away.

Lucas watched her go. And his blood ran cold.

She waddled.

Her ass was... enormous. It was comical. It was glorious. It was huge. Her thighs rubbed together with a distinct swish-swish sound. She looked like a completely different woman from the waist down. The tight athlete was gone; in her place was a thick, bottom-heavy goddess.

"Oh crap," Lucas whispered. "I wished for it."

"Aria?"

Aria materialized on the arm of the couch. "Right here, Master!"

"Did I... is that permanent?"

"You wished for her ass and thighs to be ten times sexier," Aria nodded happily. "Based on your subconscious files, 'sexier' meant 'thicker'. So, yes. Permanent."

"Shit. She's going to kill me. She's a runner! She can't run with that wagon!"

The bathroom door creaked open.

"Quick," Lucas hissed. "I wish that when Madeline discovers the transformation, she will think it's great despite being stuck like that."

Madeline came rushing out of the bathroom. She was looking back over her shoulder, twisting her neck to see her own backside.

"LUCAS!" she screamed. "MY ASS!"

Lucas held up his hands. "Maddy, look, I'm sorry. I got carried away in the moment. I didn't mean to..."

"Are you kidding?!" she interrupted, spinning around to show it off. She slapped her own cheek, sending a ripple through the massive mound of flesh. "It's... it's incredible!"

Lucas blinked. "It is?"

"Look at the curvature!" she squealed, running her hands over her widened hips. "The mass distribution! God, this is so hot! Do you..." She suddenly looked shy, biting her lip. "Do you like it?"

Lucas looked at her. She was a pawg now. A verified thick-girl. "Yeah," he breathed honestly.

"You look so fucking hot."

"Well, that's what matters to me," she beamed.

"What about your family?" Lucas asked cautiously. "Your work? The marathons?"

"Lucas," she laughed, walking over and sitting on his lap. The weight was significant now. Soft, heavy, and warm. "You have a genie. We can just wish that they always thought I looked like this! Besides, I'm stuck like this now, right?"

"Yeah," Lucas admitted. "Irreversible."

"I can live with it," she shrugged. "Boobs are one thing. I'm glad we made the flux wish for those, because running with H-cups would be a nightmare. But a nice juicy ass? Please. It's just extra cushion. Power for the glutes. I can definitely work with this. Especially if you like it."

Lucas shook his head in disbelief. "God, where did I find you?"

She blushed, leaning her forehead against his. "You're the one that made me madly in love with you, remember?"

"Well, to be honest," Lucas smiled, kissing her nose. "You're growing on me. Real fast."

She giggled. "I'm growing on you? I think I just grew on you, literally" she said with a wink.

They held each other for a moment. The sun was setting, casting a golden glow over the apartment. Lucas felt a sense of clarity he hadn't felt since finding the statue. He wasn't alone in this anymore. He had a partner. A brilliant, slightly mad partner who accepted his chaos.

"A promise is a promise," Lucas said softly. "Madeline... will you be my girlfriend?"

In his head, the logic was sound. Having such a smart, daring, and scientifically minded woman by his side was the best strategic move he could make. Plus, the sex was

mind-bending.

Madeline's eyes filled with tears. She squealed, throwing her arms around his neck. "Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes!"

She kissed him deeply, then pulled back, a mischievous, hungry light in her eyes.

"Why stop here, though?" she grinned, looking around the room. "We have a fucking genie, Lucas. We have the apartment to ourselves. And I have a whole notebook of hypotheses to test."

She reached for the notepad on the coffee table.

"I think," she said, tapping the pen against her lips, "it's time to make some more wishes."