

LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 3: Testing Wishes With A Friend

Back in his room, he closed the door and leaned against it, exhaling hard.

"Aria?"

She materialized instantly, standing by the window. She was naked again, tracing a pattern on the glass.

"Yes, Master?"

"Okay, wow," Lucas breathed. "That... worked really well. With... mom and Susie."

Aria giggled. "I told you. I aim to please."

He looked at her. Naked. Then he thought about the kitchen. It was a lot of nudity for 10:00 AM.

"Can you... get dressed?" he asked.

Aria looked down at herself. "Why? You seemed to enjoy your family being nude."

"Yeah, that's... different. That's recreational," Lucas said, walking over to his desk. "With you, it's distracting. It's hard to focus on planning when you're standing there looking like a pin-up."

"Oh, I get it," she teased, walking closer. "It makes the naked times more special if I'm clothed the rest of the time. Denying yourself a treat until you've earned it."

"Sure, let's go with that. Plus, clothes can be sexy."

"Preference?"

"Uh, athleisure? Like, yoga pants and a tank top. No, wait... yoga shorts, not pants. All tight."

Snap.

She was suddenly wearing a pair of cream yoga shorts that sculpted her ass like a second

skin and a matching sports bra tank top that left nothing to the imagination.

"Perfect," Lucas said.

She pointed at the phone in his hand. "What are you doing on that glowing block?"

"This? It's my phone. A communication device." He tapped out a message. "I'm texting my friend Jack. Telling him to get his ass over here."

"What have you planned?"

"I'm going to introduce you. And show him... well, everything. It'll be fun to test some wishes with an outside observer."

Aria's eyes lit up. "A witness! Fun."

Lucas paused, his thumb hovering over the 'Send' button. He looked at Aria, then at the phone.

"Wait. I'm an idiot. I can just wish him here, right?"

"Of course," Aria said. "Though you should be specific about where here is."

"Right." Lucas stood in the center of the room. "I wish Jack was standing right here, in front of me."

<Granted.>

The air in the center of the room distorted, like heat rising off asphalt. Then, with a sound like a vacuum seal breaking, Jack appeared.

He was dripping wet. And wearing nothing but a towel.

"AHHH!" Jack screamed, slipping on the carpet and flailing his arms. "WHAT THE FUCK!"

"Jack! Calm down!" Lucas yelled.

Jack scrambled back, clutching the towel for dear life. "Lucas?! Where am I? I was in the shower! I was washing my balls, dude! What is happening?!"

"Shit," Lucas muttered. "Aria, fix this. I wish Jack was clothed in his normal clothes. Like, t-shirt and cargo shorts. And dry!"

Snap.

The water vanished from Jack's skin. The towel dissolved and was instantly replaced by a t-shirt and beige cargo shorts.

Jack stopped screaming. He looked down at his dry arms. He patted his shorts. He looked at Lucas, eyes wide with terror.

"Did you... did you just dress me?" Jack whispered.

"Jack, listen to me," Lucas said, holding up his hands. "I can explain. But you have to promise not to freak out."

"Freak out? I teleported! Naked! And now I'm dry!" Jack pointed a trembling finger. "And who is she?"

He had finally spotted Aria, leaning casually against the desk, smirking.

"Jack, this is Aria," Lucas said, stepping to the side. "She's... my genie."

Jack stared. "Your what?"

"My genie. Djinn. Whatever. I found a statue in the wall, I released her, and now she grants my wishes. Unlimited wishes."

Jack looked at Aria. He looked at Lucas. He looked at his own shorts.

"You're high," Jack said. "We're both high. This is the weed from behind the library. It was laced."

"Jack," Lucas said. "I just teleported you here."

"Mass hallucination."

"Watch," Lucas said. "I wish... I wish your computer at home was replaced with a top-of-the-line Alienware setup with dual 4K monitors."

Jack blinked. His phone buzzed. He pulled it out slowly. It was a notification from his home security camera app: Motion Detected in Bedroom.

He opened the feed. On the screen, his messy desk was no longer home to his dusty laptop.

Instead, a glowing, pulsating beast of a PC tower hummed with neon lights, flanked by two massive screens.

Jack dropped his phone on the bed.

"Holy shit."

"Believe me now?" Lucas grinned.

"You... you have a genie," Jack whispered. A slow grin started to spread across his face, warring with the shock. "Dude. Dude!"

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door.

Aria vanished instantly.

"Come in!" Lucas called, shooting a warning look at Jack.

The door opened and Sandy walked in. "Lucas, honey, I just wanted to let you know I'm heading out later."

Jack's jaw hit the floor.

Sandy stood in the doorway, completely naked. Her rejuvenated body gleamed in the hallway light. Her breasts were high and proud, her stomach flat, a neatly trimmed vagina between her legs.

"Oh, hi Jack!" she said cheerfully, giving a little wave. Her breasts jiggled. "Didn't hear you come in."

Jack made a noise like a dying kettle. "H-h-hi, Mrs. Parker."

"So, Lucas," Sandy continued, leaning against the doorframe, thrusting her hip out. "My phone has been blowing up since breakfast! Suddenly I have matches on all the apps. So I got a new date for tonight! Can you believe it?"

"That's great, Mom," Lucas said, trying to act casual while his best friend hyperventilated beside him.

"So you boys will have to figure out dinner. Don't make a mess!"

She blew them a kiss and sauntered down the hall, her perfect ass swaying hypnotically.

The door clicked shut.

Silence stretched for ten seconds.

"WHAT. THE. ACTUAL. FUCK," Jack screamed.

Lucas burst out laughing. "Aria, you can come back."

She reappeared, giggling.

"Dude!" Jack grabbed Lucas by the shoulders. "Since when is your mom a total smoke show? And why was she naked?! Why was she just casually naked?!"

"Wishes, my friend," Lucas said, feeling like a king. "I wished she looked like she was thirty again. And I wished her and Susie would be naked at home."

Jack's eyes bugged out. "Susie? You mean... if I go into the hallway right now, Susie Parker is naked?"

"Probably."

"This is... this is the best day of my life," Jack said, sinking onto the bed. He looked at Aria with reverence. "I love you. I don't know you, but I love you."

Aria winked. "I wish I could say the feeling is mutual, Jack. But unfortunately my devotion is to Lucas"

"So," Lucas said, changing the topic and rubbing his hands together. "What next? We have unlimited power. We need to test the parameters."

Jack sat up, his eyes gleaming with manic energy. "Okay. Okay. We gotta go big. Wish for... wish for Susie to come in here and suck my dick."

"Dude, no," Lucas scowled. "That's my sister. Gross."

"Oh, come on! You've got her walking around naked!"

"That's for aesthetics. Touching is a different story. And you have a girlfriend."

"Liv?" Jack scoffed. "Yeah, but... come on. This is magic. Magic cheating doesn't count."

"No Susie," Lucas said firmly. "Pick something else."

Jack pouted for a second, then his face lit up. "Okay. Fine. You won't let me have Susie's tits? Then let's upgrade Liv's."

Lucas raised an eyebrow. "Now we're talking."

"Liv is great," Jack said, using his hands to demonstrate size. "But she's like... a solid B-cup. Imagine if she was... huge. Like, back-breaking huge."

"Done," Lucas turned to Aria. "I wish Olivia's breasts would double in size instantly. And I wish that nobody except me and Jack notices the change, not even her. And... I wish she would send me a topless selfie right now."

"Why you?" Jack protested.

"Because I'm the Master," Lucas grinned. "Aria?"

<Granted.>

Five seconds passed. Then, Lucas's phone pinged.

He unlocked it and turned the screen toward Jack.

It was a photo. Liv, standing in a bathroom mirror. She was wearing nothing from the waist up. Her chest was dominated by two massive, swollen mounds of flesh, easily a DD or E cup now. They were heavy, round, and veined with blue, the nipples pointing sharply forward. The caption read: *Felt cute, might delete later.*

Then, immediately below it, another text appeared: *Oops, meant for Jack! Sorry Lucas! Eeek! Please don't look!*

"Holy shit," Jack whispered, grabbing the phone. "Look at those puppies."

"Careful," Lucas teased. "That's your girlfriend sending nudes to your best friend."

"I don't care," Jack stammered, zooming in. "Look at them! I can't wait to motorboat those."

"See?" Lucas took the phone back. "Unlimited potential."

They spent the next hour running small tests. They wished for a pizza (it appeared, piping

hot). They wished for a bottle of 1942 Don Julio (it appeared, they took shots). They wished for Jack's car to be washed and detailed in the driveway.

Jack was buzzing, pacing the room, staring at Aria every few seconds like she was a goddess.

"God, she's perfect," Jack murmured, looking at Aria's ass in the tight leggings. "I wonder what it's like?"

"What?" Lucas asked, leaning back in his gaming chair. "To be a genie?"

"No, man," Jack said, turning to face him. "To be a chick."

Lucas paused. "What?"

"You know," Jack shrugged, trying to be casual but his cheeks flushing pink. "You've never wondered? Like, what it feels like? To have boobs? To be soft? To wear the clothes?"

Lucas thought about it. "I mean... curiosity, sure. But not really a fantasy."

Jack sat on the edge of the bed. "I used to read these stories. On this site called Fictionmania? It was all stories about guys turning into girls."

"Whoa," Lucas laughed. "Is this a coming-out moment? Are you trans, bro? Because that's cool if you are."

"No, no, it's not like that," Jack said quickly. "It's not... identity. It's sexual. It's a fantasy. Just... feeling the difference. Having your own tits to play with. Multiple orgasms. The power girls have just by walking into a room. Haven't you ever wanted to just... switch? Even for a day?"

Lucas looked at Aria. She was watching Jack with intense interest.

"I guess," Lucas admitted. "It would be wild."

"Dude," Jack stood up, eyes wide. "Wish me into a chick."

Lucas laughed. "You're serious?"

"Dead serious. We can just wish me back later, right? Just for like... ten minutes. I want to see."

"Come on, man," Jack pleaded. "How often do you get a chance like this?"

"Okay," Lucas relented. "But I'm making you hot. I'm not hanging out with an ugly girl."

"Duh," Jack grinned. "Make me a total slut."

Lucas cleared his throat. He felt a surge of power, heavier this time. "I wish... I wish Jack would transform into a beautiful, sexy woman."

<Granted.>

Jack gasped, his hands flying to his chest. "Whoa. It... it's hot."

It started with his skin. A visible ripple of golden light washed over him, and where it passed, the rough texture of his arms smoothed out instantly. His body hair receded and vanished, leaving behind skin as soft and pale as cream, glowing with a supernatural sheen. His shoulders, broad and square, began to grind and pop, audible crunches filling the room as the bone structure dissolved and re-knit itself. He groaned, his head thrown back, his neck lengthening and becoming elegant and slender.

"Oh god," Jack moaned, his voice cracking and pitching higher. "It feels... insane."

His waist cinched in violently, visibly narrowing as his pelvis cracked and widened. His hips flared out with a sudden, erotic pop, creating a luscious, deep curve that made his cargo shorts hang precariously off his new frame.

Then, the chest. Jack looked down, his eyes bulging, as the fabric of his band t-shirt began to tent outward. Two mounds of flesh pushed out from his ribcage, swelling rapidly. They grew heavy and round, filling with fat and glandular tissue, bouncing slightly with their own momentum. They didn't stop until they were a perfect, handful-sized C-cup, pushing the limit of the cotton shirt. His nipples burned as they expanded, becoming sensitive and hard against the fabric.

His face softened, the stubble retreating into his pores. His jawline shaved itself down, becoming heart-shaped and feminine. His lips plumped up, turning a deep, inviting rose color, and his eyelashes lengthened, framing eyes that seemed to grow larger and brighter. His short, messy hair shot outward, cascading down his neck in thick, lustrous waves of chestnut brown.

Finally, Jack let out a high-pitched, needy whimper. He shuddered, his legs trembling, as the heat centered between his thighs. His manhood shrank, retreating into his body, inverting with a wet, slick sound, replaced by a neat, smooth mound and a delicate slit.

The transformation settled. Standing there was a stunning brunette bombshell.

"Whoa," Jack breathed. He put a hand to his throat. "Dude! My voice!"

It was higher, breathy, and undeniably female, but the cadence was still pure Jack.

"Jack?" Lucas asked, staring. "You look... incredible."

Jack looked down at himself. A slow, lust-filled grin spread across his pretty face. He reached up and grabbed his own breasts through the shirt, his fingers digging into the soft yielding flesh. "Holy shit! They're real! I can feel them!"

He squeezed them hard, a moan escaping his lips. "Oh fuck, dude, my nipples are so sensitive. This is crazy."

He spun around, giggling. "I have tits! Lucas, I have tits!"

He reached down and pulled the oversized t-shirt up and dropped his shorts, revealing his new body. "Look at this! I'm so smooth!" He ran his hands over his widened hips, his fingers tracing the dip of his new waist, then slid them back to slap his own ass. It jiggled... a perfect, round, spankable bubble butt.

"This is insane!" Jack squealed, turning to look at his backside in the mirror. He shimmied, watching his ass shake. "I'd fuck me. I would totally fuck me."

Lucas and Aria were both watching, captivated. Jack's enthusiasm was infectious, and frankly, arousing.

"How does it feel down there?" Lucas asked, his eyes drifting to the smooth patch between Jack's legs.

Jack blushed, a deep scarlet rising on his cheeks. "It's... weird. Drafty. But like... good." He slid a hand down his stomach, slipping his fingers between his legs. His eyes rolled back. "It's throbbing, dude. But no boner. It's just... wet. I'm soaking wet. Is this what girls feel like all the time? It makes my knees weak."

He kept touching himself, clearly lost in the sensation of the new anatomy. "Can you wish me some clothes? I look like a hobo, and I want to see what I look like in the tight shit Liv wears."

"I wish Jack was wearing a sexy gym outfit," Lucas commanded, his voice thick.

Snap.

The baggy clothes vanished. Jack was instantly clad in a tight pink sports bra that pushed his new cleavage together and black yoga shorts that were so tight they left absolutely nothing to the imagination, hugging every inch of his new curves and riding high on his thighs.

Jack posed, thrusting his chest out and popping his hip. "Oh yeah. This is the life." He ran his hands down his sides, accentuating the hourglass figure. "I feel so... exposed. It's hot."

They spent twenty minutes just exploring the changes. Jack was fascinated by everything... his new center of gravity, the way his ass rubbed together when he walked, the electric jolt he got every time his arm brushed against his nipples.

Then, Jack's phone rang on the bed.

Jack froze, mid-pose. He looked at the screen. "Shit. It's my mom."

He reached for it, then stopped, his hand hovering. "My voice. I can't answer. I sound like a sorority girl."

"Let it go to voicemail," Lucas said.

Jack watched it ring out, biting his full lip nervously. Then a text came through.

Hey honey, just checking you're still good to pick up Kaley from swimming at 12?

"Fuck!" Jack cried, his voice shrill and panicked. "I forgot! I have to pick up my sister in twenty minutes!"

"You can't go like that," Lucas said, gesturing to the yoga shorts. "She won't recognize you."

"No shit!" Jack grabbed Lucas's arm. His grip was weaker now, soft and desperate, his manicured nails digging in. "Okay, fun's over. This was amazing, seriously, 10 out of 10. Best nut

I almost had. But you gotta wish me back. I need to drive."

"Alright," Lucas said, though a part of him was sad to see the hot version of Jack go. "We can do this again tonight maybe. Head out to a bar, see if we can get you some free drinks."

"Hell yeah," Jack grinned, hiking up his bra strap. "I'm gonna be such a tease."

Lucas turned to Aria. "Okay, Aria. I wish Jack was back to his original male self."

He waited for the snap.

It didn't come.

Jack stood there, still a girl in a pink sports bra, his breasts rising and falling with his breath. "Lucas? Come on, I'm gonna be late."

"Aria?" Lucas looked at the Djinn. "I wished Jack was back to a male."

Aria looked at him, her expression pleasant and unbothered, hands clasped behind her back. She tilted her head.

"I heard you, Master."

"So... grant it."

"I cannot," she said simply.

The room went ice cold. The fun evaporated instantly.

"What do you mean you can't?" Jack asked, panic creeping into his high-pitched voice. He took a step back.

"Wishes cannot be reversed, Master," Aria said, her tone apologetic but matter-of-fact. "It is a fundamental rule of magic. To create is divine; to undo is destruction. I can change things forward, but I cannot revert them to a previous state."

Lucas felt the blood drain from his face. "You... you never said that."

"You never asked," Aria said, smiling sweetly, as if it were a minor detail.

Lucas turned to Jack. Jack was staring at his reflection in the mirror. The curves, the breasts, the long hair. The reflection stared back, eyes wide with dawning horror. He touched

his face, the soft, hairless skin feeling alien under his fingers.

"Lucas?" Jack whispered, clutching his chest, his knuckles white against the pink fabric.

Lucas looked at his best friend. He looked at the permanent, irreversible woman standing in his bedroom.

"Oh, fuck."