

LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 9: Lucas's New Life

"Rise and shine, my beautiful boy."

The voice was a soft, maternal purr. Lucas cracked his eyes open against the harsh morning sunlight slicing through the floor-to-ceiling windows of his impossibly large master bedroom. He groaned, feeling the heavy, warm limbs of two women tangled around his body. Madeline lay on his left side, her back to him, the thick down comforter pulled up over her shoulders. On his right, Jackie was dead to the world, one of her smooth, hairless legs draped over his waist, a soft line of drool pooling on the silk pillowcase.



Lucas shifted, his eyes adjusting to the figure standing at the foot of the bed.

His mother.

Sandy Parker stood there holding a silver tray loaded with eggs, bacon, and steaming coffee. She was entirely, casually naked. The morning light caught the dew of the shower on her skin, illuminating the impossibly high, perky breasts that belonged on a thirty-year-old fitness model, not the woman who had packed his lunches for a decade.



"Breakfast," she chimed, walking around the edge of the California King. "Francine whipped it up downstairs. She said you need your strength after... well, after last night."

Sandy knelt on the edge of the mattress, the movement causing a hypnotic sway in her chest. She set the tray on the nightstand and leaned over him. Lucas propped himself up, a familiar, heavy stir in his groin battling the lingering weirdness of the situation.

She kissed him. Not on the cheek. On the lips. It was lingering, wet, and deeply intimate.



"Eat up," she whispered, her thumb tracing his jawline with reverent adoration. "Let me know if you need anything else to start your day. Anything."

She offered a slow, wicked smile and sauntered out of the room, her firm, rejuvenated ass swaying with every step.

Lucas rubbed his eyes, the surreal weight of his godhood settling over him like a heavy blanket. God, I need to get used to that. He sat up, the sheet falling to his waist. It had been a marathon. Hours of skin, moans, and magical stamina. He didn't blame the others for retreating to their new, custom rooms to sleep it off.

Beside him, Jackie stirred. She stretched her arms over her head, arching her back. She blinked, her brown eyes finding Lucas.

"Morning," she croaked, her voice thick. She sat up, running a hand through her tangled brunette hair. She glanced over at Madeline, who was snoring softly, entirely buried under the

heavy duvet. "She's dead to the world."

"Let her sleep," Lucas said, picking up the heavy silver tray from the nightstand. "She had a long night. Let's go eat downstairs."

Jackie nodded, sliding out of bed. She grabbed one of Lucas's oversized hoodies off a chair, slipping it over her head. It barely covered her panties, but it was comfortable. Lucas pulled on a pair of sweatpants, and together they navigated the sprawling, unfamiliar hallways of their new mansion, heading down the grand staircase to the massive, sunlit kitchen.

They set the tray on the marble island and pulled up a pair of sleek barstools. For a moment, they just sat there, two friends eating breakfast. But the dynamic was fundamentally shattered. The soft curve of her waist, the smooth expanse of her thighs peaking out from the hoodie... she was undeniably a woman. *What was it like?* He thought.



"Dude," Jackie said, her mouth half-full. She swallowed. "You should try it."

Lucas frowned around his coffee mug. "What? The eggs? They're great."

"No, idiot." Jackie bumped her shoulder against his. "Being a chick."

Lucas choked on his coffee, coughing into his fist. "Huh?"

"I'm serious," Jackie said, leaning in. The casual bro-talk clashed violently with the lush, feminine body delivering it. "It's fucking incredible. The sensitivity? The way orgasms just... roll through your entire body? I've never felt pleasure like that. It's like seeing in color for the first time."

She looked down at her own chest, cupping her breasts over the thick cotton of the hoodie with a practiced, absentminded squeeze. "I know I only really want to stay like this because of that wish you made, because I'm completely, hopelessly in love with you and I want to be part of your harem. But honestly? Even if you stripped that wish away right now, I think I'd still want to keep the body. Jackie's body is built for pleasure."



Lucas stared at her, stunned. The absolute surrender in her voice was intoxicating. He considered it for a fraction of a second... the curiosity, the taboo. But he shook his head.

"Nah," Lucas said, taking another bite of bacon. "A harem needs to be led by a man. And besides, wishes can't be reversed, remember? I'm not getting stuck in a sports bra."

"Your loss," Jackie shrugged, unabashed. She reached across the stool, her fingers wrapping expertly over the bulge in his sweatpants. She squeezed gently. "I don't mind you being a dude. I might not be attracted to dick, but yours? I'm obsessed with yours."

Lucas leaned back, letting her stroke him. "So you're really happy to live here? In this madhouse?"

"Are you kidding?" Jackie laughed, pulling her hand back to grab a piece of toast. "It's fucking amazing. I never have to work a day in my life. You can just wish for money, food, whatever. We just get to hang out and fuck. This rocks."

Lucas grinned, relaxing. It was the perfect setup. "What about your friends, though? Your family? Are they going to be cool with you suddenly moving into a mansion with me?"

"I'll just tell them I'm your sugar baby," Jackie smirked.

"What about..." Lucas stopped. The blood drained from his face. The bacon turned to ash in his mouth. He dropped his fork onto his plate with a loud clatter. "Oh fuck. Liv. Dude, what about Liv?!"

Jackie's chewing slowed. She blinked, her feminine features scrunching in sudden realization. "Oh... shit. I... I guess I got so caught up in the magic and the sex, I kinda forgot about her for a minute."

"You forgot your girlfriend?!"

"Well, yeah!" Jackie defended. "You literally rewired my brain to be obsessed with you!"

Priorities shifted!"

Lucas ran his hands over his face. "Are you guys even still dating? Now that you're... you?"

"Yeah," Jackie nodded slowly. "She called me yesterday when I was at the pool. Turns out, me magically turning into a hot chick basically flipped a switch in her head. She's bisexual in this new reality. We're still together." Jackie paused, looking at Lucas with that glassy, devoted stare. "But... compared to how I feel about you? She's nothing. I should just break up with her. I'll text her right now."

Jackie reached into the hoodie pocket for her phone.

"No! Wait," Lucas said, catching her wrist. A much better, far more decadent idea bloomed in his mind. "I have a better idea."

"Aria!"

The air next to the kitchen island shimmered, and the Djinn materialized, sitting cross-legged in the air. She was wearing a sheer silk robe that left nothing to the imagination. Jackie jumped, a tiny shriek escaping her lips.

"Still not used to that," Jackie muttered, clutching her chest.

"I wish," Lucas began, his voice authoritative, "that Liv, Jackie's girlfriend, felt the exact same way about me as Jackie, Madeline, my mom, and my sister do. I wish she knew everything about the wishes and the magic, that she loved the idea of it, and that she desperately wanted to join our harem." He grinned. "Oh, and add another custom room to the house for her."

Aria's amethyst eyes glowed. <Granted.>

The floorboards beneath them vibrated for a brief second as the house expanded yet again, slotting a new reality into the architecture.

"Good idea," Jackie beamed, completely unbothered by the manipulation of her former lover. "I do still love Liv. She's great. It's just funny... compared to how I feel about you, it's like a drop of water next to the ocean."

Lucas felt a swell of profound pride. He had always thought Liv was incredibly hot—tight body, pretty face. And with the whimsical breast expansion wish he had thrown at her yesterday, she was a walking fantasy.

His phone buzzed on the kitchen counter.

He picked it up. A text from Liv.

Lucas! Honey! These titties were YOU?! Thank you! Oh god, this is the best. I'll be over the second I finish my shift. I can't wait for my life with you and the others.

Lucas turned the screen so Jackie could see it. "Are you jealous?"

Jackie scoffed, tossing her hair over her shoulder. "Hell no. The more the merrier. But I'm keen for her to join us, I still haven't seen her bigger boobs yet since your wish yesterday."

Boobie upgrade.

The thought hit Lucas like a freight train. He snapped his fingers. "Madeline."

"What about her?" Jackie asked.

"The biological flux wish," Lucas realized. "The sleep trigger. We left her up there asleep all night. Her tits will be..."

As if on cue, footsteps padded heavily down the grand staircase. Madeline walked into the kitchen.

"Guys!" Madeline gasped, her voice breathless. "Check me out!"

She was topless, wearing only her sleep shorts. But the firm B-cups from yesterday were completely gone. In their place was a landscape of impossible, gravity-defying flesh. They were colossal, heavy mounds of pale skin, easily an H-cup, spilling outward and flattening slightly under their own immense weight. The skin was stretched tight and veined with faint blue lines, her nipples the size of silver dollars.



"They are enormous," Lucas said, his mouth dry.

"They feel so full, too," Madeline blushed, a bead of sweat forming on her brow as she cupped them, struggling to support the sudden, agonizing weight. "Like they're going to burst. The milk production must be completely maxed out."

Lucas walked around the island. He reached out and buried his hands in the soft, yielding flesh. They were boiling hot. He gave the right breast a firm, experimental squeeze.

A thick stream of white milk arched through the air, splashing onto the marble countertop.

Madeline threw her head back and let out a guttural moan, her hips bucking forward. "Oh god, yes. The pressure relief... it feels so good."

Lucas was instantly rock hard. The visual of the brilliant scientist reduced to a leaking, desperate mess in his kitchen was overwhelming. Madeline let go of her chest and reached out, wrapping her hand around his pulsing erection through the sweatpants.

"You like that, huh?" she purred, her eyes dark with lust.

"Yeah," Lucas growled, leaning in to kiss her neck. "Let's fuck."

"Unfortunately," Madeline sighed, her hand leaving his cock to cradle her breasts again, "as much as I would love to spend the morning getting railed on the counter... I have work. I have a presentation at the lab in two hours. I need to milk these so they go back to my normal size."

"Aw, come on," Jackie whined from her stool. "You don't need to work! Lucas can just wish you a billion dollars."

"My work is important to me, Jackie," Madeline insisted, staggering slightly under the burden.

"It's who I am. Lucas, grab a bowl. Help me."



For the next ten minutes, the massive kitchen island turned into a surreal dairy farm. Lucas and Jackie flanked her, kneading and pressing the massive breasts into large mixing bowls, watching in fascination as the milk flowed and the flesh slowly, steadily deflated. By the time they were done, Madeline was back to her athletic, perky B-cups, panting and flushed.



"Thank you," she exhaled, grabbing a paper towel.

"What about your ass?" Lucas asked.

"I'm stuck with it," Madeline shrugged, heading toward the stairs to get changed. "I can just tell my coworkers I got a BBL or something. Or... you could just wish that everyone always thought I looked like this?"

"If he can wish that," Jackie pointed out, "why not just wish everyone thought your boobs were always big, too? Then you wouldn't need to milk them down."

Madeline laughed. "Big boobs are impractical, Jackie. Try running a marathon with them."

Jackie looked down at her own chest. "Hey, I like mine."

"Yours aren't big!" Madeline teased from the stairs. "They're a nice, manageable size. What are you, a C-cup?"

"I dunno, I guess?" Jackie frowned.

Madeline laughed, shaking her head. "Ugh, I keep forgetting you're actually a guy inside there. You don't know bra sizes. Trust me, small boobs are much easier for daily life. I like the flux."

She looked back at Lucas. "Do the perception filter wish for my ass, baby. Please?"

Lucas sighed, begrudgingly raising his voice. "I wish everyone except me and the girls in this house thought Madeline has always had this exact lower body shape."

<Granted.>

"Thank you," Madeline beamed, blowing him a kiss before running upstairs to get ready.

"Wait," Jackie said, a wicked glint in her eye. "Dude, you could just wish that she didn't want to work anymore."

"No," Lucas said firmly. "I like her like this. Plus, I've already upended her entire life. She deserves to keep something outside of this crazy bubble."

Jackie smirked, hopping off her barstool and walking over to him. "Well, I don't want anything outside of this bubble. Speaking of which... wanna fuck?"

Lucas grinned, his morning wood completely unsatiated. "You bet."

They moved into the expansive living room, tumbling onto the plush velvet couch. Jackie laughed, straddling him and pulling his sweatpants down.

Halfway through, Madeline came back downstairs, fully dressed in a tailored skirt and a lab coat that barely contained her massive new hips. "Bye guys! Francine is driving me."



She waved, completely unbothered by the sight of them fucking on the sofa, and walked out the front door. Lucas and Jackie waved back, mid-thrust.



Outside, parked half a block down the quiet suburban street, a sleek, unremarkable black sedan sat idling.

Ellie Vance sat in the passenger seat, staring through a pair of high-end military binoculars. She wore a dark baby tee with leggings, her blonde hair pulled back tightly. Beside her, sitting in the driver's seat, was Gene. He looked like an impeccably dressed bodyguard, but the static charge of ancient magic hummed beneath his skin.

"Someone is leaving," Ellie murmured, adjusting the focus.

She watched the front door of the mansion open. The woman with the massive hips and the lab coat walked out, followed by the impossibly tall, stunning chauffeur. They climbed into the Maybach parked in the driveway and smoothly pulled out into the street, driving right past Ellie's sedan.

"Is that him?" Gene asked, his voice a low rumble.



"No, Gene," Ellie said, lowering the binoculars. "Just two women. Aria is a female Djinn. She can only bind to a male master. It's a fundamental rule."

She paused, her brow furrowing. "Unless... he turned himself into a girl?"

"No," Gene said definitively. "That's impossible."

"Why?"

"Because if a male Master alters his own gender to female, the tether snaps," Gene explained, staring straight ahead. "Female Djinn cannot serve female Masters. If he wishes himself into a woman, Aria will be forcefully detached. She'll be sucked back into her vessel, and the vessel will teleport to a new location, waiting for a new Master."

Ellie dropped the binoculars into her lap, staring at her companion in stunned silence. "Gene. I

have been your Master for over a hundred years. This is the first time I am hearing that changing genders acts as a magical reset button."



Gene offered a tight, unapologetic smile. "Master, how many times do I have to remind you? We cannot willingly give up mechanical information about how our magic works unless the specific context arises or we are directly asked. You never asked."

Ellie rolled her eyes, leaning back against the leather seat. "Yeah, yeah, don't remind me. I'm just lucky my first wish to look forever twenty-five was a decent one to make before I realized these things were permanent."

She picked up the binoculars again, aiming them at the house. "But... this gives me an idea. If we can somehow convince this new Master to wish himself into being a woman, we might be able to neutralize him without doing what we had to do to the last guy."

Gene's expression darkened slightly. "Yes. That was quite cruel. But necessary, Master. He was

unstable. He would have turned the entire world into his mindless sex slaves."

"Hey, he deserved it after what he did at that tech conference," Ellie snapped, the memory flashing hot in her mind. "All those bright, young women hoping for a career in STEM, and he turned them into drooling, mindless addicts who only wanted to service him. Using a truck to cause that car crash and send him into a coma... it was the cleanest outcome for everyone. Aria went back into her vessel after he passed away, and the world was safe."

Ellie adjusted the lens, peering through the large bay window on the second floor of the mansion. She could clearly see two women, one older, completely naked, and one younger, wearing only a cheerleader skirt, dusting a bookshelf together, pausing to giggle and touch each other intimately.

"This Master is on the exact same path," Ellie said, disgust lacing her tone. "He's already warping the women around him. Tricking him into becoming a woman, stripping him of his power... it feels like poetic justice for a man who treats women like literal objects. But it's going to require precision planning. I'll need to earn his trust."

Gene smirked, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel. "I like the sound of this. Shall we approach his door? Kick it in?"

He reached for the door handle.

"No!" Ellie hissed, grabbing his arm. "We need to do it in public. And he needs to feel like he's in control. If we back him into a corner in his own stronghold and he feels threatened, god knows what he might panic-wish for."

"You are immune from his wishing, Master," Gene reminded her. "Djinn magic cannot affect another Djinn's Master."

"Yeah, but the rest of the world isn't," Ellie countered. "I'm not risking collateral damage. We just need to wait for him to leave the house, follow him to a public place, and I'll introduce

myself covertly. We absolutely cannot let him know I have a genie yet."

They settled back into the seats, eyes locked on the house.

"God, stakeouts are boring," Ellie muttered. "I'm starving. I wish I had a bag of peanut M&Ms right here."

A yellow bag materialized in her lap. She tore it open and started popping the candies into her mouth, chewing aggressively as she watched the mansion.

Back in the living room, the heavy breathing had finally subsided.



Lucas lay back on the couch, staring at the ceiling. Jackie was curled against his side, drawing idle circles on his chest.

"Are you sure?" Jackie asked, breaking the comfortable silence.

"Dude, trust me," Lucas said, running a hand down her smooth back. "It'll be a worthy upgrade."

Jackie frowned, chewing her bottom lip. "Yeah, but... I don't know. I mean, I've only been a girl for a day. This feels... extreme."

"Trust me, you'll love it," Lucas pressed, shifting to look at her. "And more importantly, I'll love it."

"It's one thing to put me in a different body," Jackie argued, her voice taking on that familiar, stubborn Jack cadence. "It's another to alter my actual mind. I really don't like the idea of you wishing that I would act and think more feminine."

Lucas let out a frustrated sigh. "Look, dude. You want to be with me, right? You want to be part of this?"

"Absolutely!" Jackie said instantly, the devotion wish overriding her hesitation.

"Well, it's making it a little hard to think of you as a hottie I want to fuck when the way you talk, the way you sit, the way you argue with me... it just reminds me of my bro. It's weird."

"But I *am* your best friend!" Jackie protested, sitting up. She grabbed her tits and squeezed them together, pushing them toward Lucas's face. "Isn't it perfect? I'm your best friend, but in a hot body!"

Lucas ignored the display. "It's jarring. A feminine mind is the best way forward. You'd know how to do makeup. You'd know how to walk in heels. You wouldn't slouch." Lucas pointed at her current posture. "Look at how you're sitting right now. You're manspreading. If anything,

you act like a butch lesbian."

"I kinda am a lesbian outside of my magical obsession with you," Jackie shot back.



Lucas waved a hand, dismissing the technicality. "The point is, the way you talk and act is still too... Jack."

Jackie huffed, crossing her arms over her chest and slouching deeper into the couch cushions. She clearly hated the idea of losing her core identity, but the overwhelming need to please Lucas was tearing her apart.

"What about something temporary?" Jackie bargained.

Lucas sat up. "Like what? We can't wish for magic buttons that change your brain when you press them. Aria already explained that conditional reversals are illegal."

"What about Madeline's boob thing?" Jackie countered, her eyes lighting up.

Lucas blinked. "The biological flux? The sleep trigger?"

He looked at Aria, who was floating near the television. "Aria. Is there a way to make it so Jack can sometimes act like he does right now, but there's a trigger to activate a fully feminine persona?"

Aria pressed her lips together. "I cannot offer strategic advice on how to construct loopholes, Master. It violates the bylaws of the Council."

"Goddammit!" Jackie yelled, slamming her fist into the cushion in a pure, unadulterated frat-boy tantrum. "This is bullshit!"

Lucas thought furiously. "What if... what if we tie the mental shift to clothing? Make it so whenever you wear certain clothes, the persona activates?"

"Imbuing magic into items is forbidden," Aria stated flatly.

"Not a specific item," Jackie said, catching on. "What about a category? Like... whenever I wear women's clothing in general. Any dress, any skirt. Like Madeline's body responding to the act of sleeping."

Aria tilted her head, her amethyst eyes calculating the syntax. A slow smile spread across her face. "That... that is a valid parameter. It establishes a psychological flux state based on environmental interaction. It works."

Jackie looked at Lucas, apprehension warring with relief. "But, whenever I put on chick clothes... I'll think like a chick?"

"You'll still be you!" Lucas encouraged, gripping her shoulders. "Just... with a girl's brain. You won't have to fake it. You'll naturally know how to be a girl."

Jackie swallowed hard. The devotion in her eyes won out. "Okay. Do it."

Lucas took a deep breath, visualizing the exact mechanics of the shift. He couldn't afford a mistake here.

"I wish," Lucas commanded, "that whenever Jackie is not wearing women's clothing, she will think of herself as 'he/him' and as 'Jack'. She will retain her current male personality, sexual preferences, mannerisms, and attitudes. But, the moment she wears any item of clothing designed specifically for a woman, her mind will instantly alter to become a fully feminine persona named 'Jackie'. She will have feminine mannerisms, interests, a straight sexual orientation directed at men, and will fully identify as 'she/her'."

<Granted.>



The room felt perfectly still.

Jackie blinked. She looked down at herself. She was naked, sitting on the couch. She looked at Lucas.

"How do you feel?" Lucas asked carefully.

"I uhh..." Jackie rubbed her face. "I feel exactly the same." She looked down at the fabric of the men's hoodie she was wearing over her breasts, then back at Lucas. "Except... before I was okay accepting you calling me Jackie and I was getting used to you calling me she/her... but now I really feel like you should call me Jack. Like my gender identity as a dude is more important than it was before. I know I have a chick's body, but I'm Jack."

She... no, he... looked at Aria floating nearby. "And I'm definitely still into girls. Still turned on by my own tits. Still feel like a bro." He looked back at Lucas, his expression softening into that helpless adoration. "And still hopelessly in love with you."

"Perfect," Lucas grinned. "Okay, Jack. I'll try to remember to use male pronouns."

Lucas turned back to Aria. "I wish I was holding a cute sundress," he said quickly. A floral, mini-dress appeared in his hands. He tossed it to his friend.

Jack caught it, looking at the fabric nervously. "Now?"

"Yes," Lucas said, crossing his arms. "We need to see how it works."

Jack sighed. He stood up, awkwardly pulling the hoodie over his head, then kicking off his boxers. He picked up the dress. He tried to put it on like a t-shirt, getting his arms tangled in the straps. He cursed, a deep, masculine grunt escaping him as he wrestled the fabric over his breasts and pulled it down over his flared hips.



He stood there, barefoot in the center of the living room. He looked ridiculous. A stunning woman standing with hunched shoulders, legs spread in a wide stance, arms hanging awkwardly at her sides like a gorilla.

"How do you feel?" Lucas asked.

Jack looked down at the hem of the dress. "I feel fucking ridiculous, dude. This is so drafty. I..."

He stopped.

A visible shudder ripped through his body. He blinked, a slow, deliberate flutter of his eyelashes.

When he opened his eyes, the tension in his shoulders was gone. His posture shifted. His spine straightened, the hunch vanishing. He brought his knees together, his hips cocking to

one side in a naturally alluring stance. He brought a hand up, gently sweeping a lock of brunette hair behind his ear.



He looked down at the floral fabric. "Whoa..."

"Jack?" Lucas asked softly.

The woman looked up. The hard edge in her brown eyes had melted away, replaced by a soft, luminous warmth.

"Uhhh... it's Jackie," she said.

The voice was the same pitch, but the tone was entirely different. It wasn't abrupt or harsh. It was melodic, breathy, and inherently feminine.

"Jackie," Lucas smiled, feeling a rush of triumph. "Right. How do you feel, Jackie?"

Jackie ran her hands down the sides of the dress, smoothing the fabric over her hips. "I feel... normal. But like... in a girly way? It's so weird. I know a second ago I was Jack, and I was panicking about how stupid I looked. But now it's like a switch has flipped in my head. I feel... right."

She looked up at Aria, who was floating near the ceiling. "Wow. I'm definitely not attracted to her anymore. Or myself." She looked down at her cleavage, adjusting the neckline of the dress to show a bit more skin. "I feel really pretty in this! Like, I really am a girl now. Fully."

"So it worked," Lucas said, stepping toward her.

"I guess it did," Jackie giggled, a bright, bubbly sound. "God, I don't know what I was so nervous about. I love this." She sat back down on the edge of the couch, her knees pressed together, ankles crossed elegantly. She looked up at Lucas through her lashes. "I'm showing a bit too much cleavage, but I guess that's okay if it's for you."



Lucas grinned. It was perfect. The bro was gone. In his place was the ultimate, devoted girlfriend. "So, when you take that off, you'll be Jack again. Do you want to?"

"Hell no," Jackie said instantly, smoothing her dress. "At least, not yet. For the first time since you transformed me, the dissonance in my head is gone. I feel normal. Although I'm a little weirded out by how I was looking at myself in the mirror this morning. God, I can't believe I was sexualizing myself!"

"Perfect," Lucas said, grabbing his phone. "But I'm bored sitting around the house. Why don't we take the new Jackie out for a spin?"

Jackie's face lit up with genuine excitement. She clapped her hands together. "Oooh! Can we get an iced matcha?!"

Lucas burst out laughing. "Okay, Jack is definitely gone. An iced matcha?"

Jackie pouted, sticking her bottom lip out playfully. "What a girl wants, a girl wants. Don't judge me."

"I'm not," Lucas smiled. He turned to the room at large. "Okay, Aria. I wish I was fresh, like I just showered and brushed my teeth, and I wish I was wearing a nice pair of jeans instead of these sweats."

<Granted.>

A wave of cool mint washed over Lucas's mouth. His skin felt scrubbed clean, and the heavy sweatpants vanished, replaced by perfectly tailored denim.

They walked toward the front door. Jackie linked her arm through his, leaning her head on his shoulder. "What about Francine? She's not back from dropping Madeline off yet."

"Oh," Lucas smirked, feeling the godhood thrum in his veins. "I've got something better than Francine."

Outside, Ellie Vance was halfway through her bag of M&Ms when she sat bolt upright.

"Wait. They're leaving."



She grabbed the binoculars. The massive oak front door of the mansion opened.

"It's a young guy," Ellie narrated, adjusting the focus. "Looks completely ordinary. College age. And he's with a young woman in a floral dress." She scanned the porch. "And... there she is. Aria. The short woman in the tight athleisure. The one who just walked out the door. I recognize her."

Gene squinted through the windshield. "That must be him. The Master."

Ellie watched as the trio walked down the driveway to the curb. The young man looked around the empty street. He said something to the air, and the short woman—Aria—smiled

and snapped her fingers.

Pop.

A cherry-red Ferrari 488 Spider materialized out of thin air, parked perfectly parallel to the curb.



Ellie gasped, dropping the binoculars. She looked wildly up and down the street. A woman walking a golden retriever on the opposite sidewalk didn't even break stride, completely ignoring the million-dollar supercar that had just popped into existence.

"That confirms it," Ellie breathed, her heart hammering against her ribs. "That's our target. And he's reckless. Summoning a Ferrari in broad daylight then seemingly wishing that nobody noticed?"

She turned to Gene, a wicked plan forming. "I wish I knew exactly where he was going."

Gene stared straight ahead, his hands gripping the steering wheel. "I am sorry, Master. I cannot grant wishes involving the location or mental state of other Masters. It violates the non-interference pact."

Ellie smiled, a cold, sharp expression. "Bingo. That's him, then."

Gene glanced at her. "Oh. A logic trap. Smart test, Master."

"I wish I knew where the woman in the dress is going," Ellie corrected, finding the loophole.

Gene snapped his fingers. "A café downtown. But she doesn't know the exact address; he's driving."

Ellie watched as the young man opened the passenger door for the girl in the dress, then slid into the driver's seat. The Ferrari's engine roared to life, a deafening mechanical scream that tore through the quiet suburb.

"Here we go," Ellie said, reaching into her coat and pulling out a compact mirror to check her lipstick.

The Ferrari peeled away from the curb, leaving black tire marks on the asphalt.

Ellie snapped the mirror shut. "Follow him, Gene. Keep your distance. It's time to go introduce myself."