

Lawyered (Male Genie to Submissive Changer TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

When the genie Arash is summoned, he expects to be able to turn a wish against the mortal who has brought him forth. But what happens when a lawyer who understands loopholes gets to make wishes? Soon, the tables are turned . . .

Lawyered

So I've always been a damn slick lawyer as far as I'm concerned. Sharp, smart, and always able to sway the jury to my favour, and the right woman to my bed. The name is Kabir, and yes, that puts me as Indian in heritage. It also explains how wonderfully lush, black, and well-taken care of my moustache is, just in case any ladies are reading this.

But I digress. I write this as record of a binding legal contract. Think of it as a will and testament, though it might not be available for potentially hundreds of years. It'll depend on when I tire of living, and living well, I suppose. Still, as a lawyer, it never hurts to make sure that all your records of a contract and the signees thereof are kept archived, and this is my informal archive, as you'll see.

I first came across the djinn named Arash when I was helping a client with a filing regarding their will. This was a really rich client. I'm talking the kind of zeroes that even hotshot lawyers like me blink twice at. But he was in a lot of financial trouble, and the sharks were in the water to collect when he got a terminal illness. Sharks here being his greedy adult children. Naturally, he wanted to disperse the money to the causes and people he actually cared about. I was an excellent executor of his state, all things considered, despite the bribes of the family.

Imagine to my surprise when he left me a strange lamp, almost stereotypically golden and shining. It came with a set of instructions:

To my good friend and lawyer Kabir I leave my most valued and dangerous object. Perhaps you will know how to deal with this infernal thing better than I. The being within can be summoned simply by speaking his name - Arash. But beware, though he will grant you three wishes, he is a trickster. I was given an immortal lifespan, but it did not account for me contracting cancer. It was just a 'potential.' I was gifted with immense wealth . . . for my children to turn ugly and cruel over. I was given a wonderful wife . . . but she divorced me a

year later with half of that wealth! So be careful my lawyer friend, but if anyone can wrangle the wish-granter inside, I'm sure it can be you.

I won't lie, I thought the client was crazy. Well, formerly crazy, given that he was now dead. The notion of wish granting was ridiculous. But hey, who doesn't love a good bit of indulgence in the supernatural from time to time, if only to reassure yourself that it isn't real?

So naturally I said the secret summoning name.

"Arash."

Instantly, my worldview of what was real and what was fantastical shattered as a great plume of smoke summoned a terrifying red-skinned man with curved horns, glowing eyes, and an enormously muscled body. His ears were long and pointed, his fingers long talons, and he had no lower section; it simply dissipated into smoke.

"You have summoned Arash, greatest of the Djinn, wish-granter supreme!" he bellowed in a deep voice. I was grateful that I'd summoned him in the privacy of my luxury apartment and not out on the street. "What do you wish for, my master?"

I swallowed. "You're real."

"Yes, but you must give me your wishes, petty mortal, that I may return to my lands and see to my livestock and estates. Make your wishes: you have three. You cannot wish for more wishes, nor great changes to the world, but I can bring you fortune, long life, and beautiful women."

Now, I'd known more than one bridge-seller in my time, and this guy was selling one big bridge. Surprised at my own calm, I began to work out the rules.

"So, how long can these wishes be, in wording?"

"As long as you desire them, provided they ask for no more than one outcome at a time."

"Define 'one outcome'."

The djinn Arash looked puzzled. "One outcome. One end that you wish."

"Yes, yes, I get that, but I'd also like to get on the same page here. And the important part of any contract is that we have the same definitional understandings. Let me get my laptop."

"JUST MAKE YOUR WISHES, MORTAL!"

But I knew better. End up with cancer, or worse? No thank you! I was going to figure out exactly what I could get away with. And so, likely for the first time in his entire, thousands of year long existence, Arash the djinn had to put up with a *lawyer*. And a damn slick one at that. It was well into the morning, after a nice little nap, when I finally presented my 'wish' to Arash: a sixty-seven page document that outlined the agreed upon definitions of numerous important pieces of terminology, particular clauses, and contractual obligations between djinn and human. He looked horrified, but he read it all.

"This is ridiculous! I have never had a petty mortal master go to such lengths to avoid trickery."

"You've not met many lawyers."

"Beasts of the sand, you are."

"I prefer shark of the sea, but I'll take it. Do you understand the contract?"

He sneered, but nodded slowly. "You wish to be immortal, to have a gorgeous woman who always meets your desires, and to always be successful without becoming famous or gaining notoriety. Does that cover it, master?"

"According to the terms of the contract," I indicated.

"According to the terms of the contract. Very well, human. I grant you these wishes." He began to laugh. It was a dark, sadistic laugh at that. "And a gorgeous submissive woman you have: because *you* will be the woman, and your new nymphomaniac desires will be what you meet! And you will always be successful, at landing men into your bed despite your true wants! And you will live immortal in brothels for all eternity and - what are you doing?"

I was flicking through the contract. "Yeaahh, sorry, but that would be a violation of Clause 3, Subsection C: 'desires of the wisher in this instance refers to the desires at the time of making the wish, and changes in these desires can only be altered by the spoken and volunteered statement of said wisher, without outside compulsion and pressure, magical and otherwise.'"

Arash looked like he was about to fume, but instead his eyes gleamed. "Ahhhh, but then that opens up deeper horrors, petty mortal. You see, I can give you all the women you desire, and success, but your immortality will be marked by such fatigue and weakness that-"

"Read Clause 6, Subsection D. I'll wait."

He did so out loud. "Immortality in this instance refers to a magically enhanced lifespan that comes without further aging, but in which ordinary day-to-day processes of biological necessity continued unabated. Example: an immortal thirty one year old would not gain new diseases or age visibly or otherwise, but could gain muscle if they so wishes to do so. Furthermore, the wisher has the right to self-terminate at a time of their choosing, using the agreed upon pass phrase in Subsection E. This process is painless and is the only way to end the life of the wisher - what is this nonsense! Surely you have not thought of everything!?"

"I told you. I'm a lawyer. A damn good one. But I can tell you the wishes you can grant, because they're the only ones. You're going to make me wonderfully immortal, always successful, and oh, the submissive gorgeous woman I want? The one that my contract leaves literally no wriggle room at all for? That'll be you, my client."

Arash's temple throbbed. He snatched the contract and looked through it again. And again. And again. As he did, his form began to change.

"No. No, this is impossible! You can't! Aghgh!"

He read through in fury, even as his muscles deflated, and his hair grew long, and his body hair diminished. Even as his pecs swelled into lovely, big, and soft breasts, capped by large dark nipples. He flipped through page after page, looking down only to grunt in frustration as his hips widened, and his body developed a set of absolutely killer legs. The very female kind. I won't lie, I was already getting mega turned on. There's nothing quite like landing a hot lady purely off your talents as a wordsmith and contract maker, but here it was.

"I won't become your wife! I refuse! No wish is this ironclad! No one should be able to ensnare - ohhh, my voice! Damn you, petty mortal! I will fight this and win, I'll . . . I'll . . . why do I f-feel so hot?"

His breasts grew, his voice became sensuous, like a femme fatale's. His eyes turned a gorgeous amber, the one remaining sign of his magical nature, and his lips became full, with a gorgeous dark makeup upon them. He groaned as his shoulders shrunk, and then again as his manhood drew back into his body - he roared with anger at that. His ass expanded, becoming full and peachy, while his waist pulled in. He was developing the most delicious hourglass figure. But I won't lie, I've always been a breast man, and Clause 19, Subsection A through F ensured that she ended up with a pair of perfect, bouncy, wobbly, soft-yet-pert G-cups that made me go wild. It was the next letter in the alphabet after those subsections anyway, right?

In moments, standing before me was a gorgeous Middle Eastern woman with a sexy accent, demure face and expression, dynamite figure and positively voluptuous dress. The harem outfit only made her all the hotter.

"Oh, by the Gods, you've made me into a horny woman, you petty human! You must change me back, you revolting mortal!"

"Ah ah ah, I don't think so. I'm out of wishes, remember, and according to the last clause in that contract, you can only go back into that bottle when I choose to self-terminate. And you can't get me into a situation in which I want to do that, because you'll rescue me from it using your powers."

She fumed, shaking with anger. It only made her chest shake more, and I could see that her silver-dollar sized nipples were swollen with arousal.

"But you can help me with something else, Arash. Though you may notice from the contract that your new name is Delphine. I've always liked that name. You can help me *help you* lose your new womanly virginity. Don't you want your *master* to make you feel all better?"

I stepped forward, and she stepped back. But then, as if unable to fight it anymore, she launched herself at me, kissing me all over and pressing her huge knockers against me.

"Ohhhhh, I hate you, master! I hate you, and I will destroy you! I have the force of a hundred millenia on my side! You will lose, and suffer for all eternity but - ahhhh! For now, I need you to f-fuck me! Fuck me, master!"

Wooh! Just writing this all down got me excited. Sorry for all the extra detail there. Suffice to say, reader, I did fuck her. A lot. She was begging for it, and who am I to say not to such a luscious woman? She hated me, of course, but she was a cruel and evil person, so frankly I thought of it as just avenging my former client, who I could never be more thankful towards.

From that day, Delphine was my sexy, horny, submissive wife. She was stuck for all eternity to please me in every way, from running the apartment, to making me delicious meals, to massaging me and entertaining groups when I had friends over. She placed herself on my arm, no matter how much she wanted to kill me, when I took her to work events, often wearing a deeply sexy dress that showed off how much hotter my wife was than any other woman imaginable.

And, of course, she and I fucked like rabbits doused in aphrodisiacs in the middle of mating season by a goddamn private beach resort. I'm sure Arash, so proud of his masculinity,

would have hated what he became, and certainly Delphine tried to make that clear, but certain clauses of the wish contract meant that she couldn't help but cry out in pleasure and beg for more when I slid my cock into her, and certainly she enjoyed it.

She enjoyed it a lot, actually. It took many years - at least two decades, in fact, but who counts for an immortal? - for her to come around, but slowly I began to notice that she was complaining less and less about what I'd made her, and even her threats to send me to the deepest circle of hell or strand me beneath the sun in a great deserts had a playful, borderline flirty quality to them. Almost as if she said them to save face, and have a bit of fun, rather than out of genuine hatred. I couldn't blame her: thanks to sections of the contract, she orgasmed powerfully and many times whenever we had sex, and my own orgasms were amplified too. Not to mention that we had a lot of fun: thanks to Clauses 7, 8, and 9 she was invested with the power to change her shape into anything I desired. Her base form was incredible, but whenever I was bored of it or wanted something new, I simply changed her race, or parts of her body (who doesn't love a pair of tits that are even bigger?), or even her species: more times than once she's been a hot alien space girl with green skin, or a sexy mermaid, or a luscious satyr woman.

And while I imagine a small, tiny ember of Arash is still there inside her, longing to get out, I think it's mostly kept aflame because it adds some spice to our relationship. Arash had thrived on twisted people's wishes against them, but now he - she - was living a life with the wish twisted back. She would be my hot, curvaceous, fertile wife for eternity, and as far as I was concerned, I wasn't getting tired of life any time soon. I'm still not, even eighty extra years in. And, judging from how last night she surprised me with a sexy maid costume and a very, very good job of sucking my cock until we both moaned in ecstasy, I'd say that she won't be wanting to escape from her submissive wifedom.

So that's that. This is the record of what is, as far as I'm concerned, the greatest contract anyone has ever managed. I managed to out-lawyer and immortal djinn, and I'm not letting her back into the bottle anytime soon. We both love the outcome of our contract too much.

Signed,

Kabir