

LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 13: A Grave Mistake

With a soft, silent pop, Lucas materialized in the grand foyer of his magically expanded mansion. A few seconds later, Ellie appeared behind him too.

Her blue eyes scanned the entryway, taking in the sweeping staircase, the crystal chandelier, and the sheer, absurd scale of the reality Lucas had warped to fit his ego. Internally, Ellie's stomach turned. It was a monument to male hubris.

"Welcome to the funhouse," Lucas said, gesturing toward the sprawling lounge room.

Ellie followed him, her heels clicking rhythmically against the floor. As they entered the lounge, she was forced to suppress a physical shudder. The room was a den of hyper-sexualized devotion.

Liv, wearing only a pair of denim shorts, was draped over the back of the sofa, her massive breasts squished against the leather. Jack was dressed in his... or should we say *her*... tight floral sundress, sitting on the floor filing her nails with an elegant, perfectly feminine posture. In the adjoining kitchen, Madeline with her ridiculously wide, enhanced hips swaying as she walked, was bringing drinks for everyone. Her breasts were small, so Lucas figured one of the girls must have milked her to ease the pressure.

"Master!" Jackie beamed, dropping her nail file and springing up to hug Lucas. She shot Ellie a welcoming, entirely submissive smile. "You brought Ellie back! Hi!"

"Quite the setup you have here," Ellie said, forcing her voice to sound impressed and sultry rather than utterly disgusted. "You really weren't kidding at the restaurant. They look... eager."

"They're perfect," Lucas bragged, wrapping an arm around Jackie's waist.

"We'll see about that," Ellie purred, walking toward the center of the room. She looked back at Lucas, her eyes flashing with a challenge. "But before we get to the fun part... have you thought about my offer?"

Lucas's heart hammered against his ribs. The offer to become a woman. To experience the ultimate, infinite pleasure she had described at the restaurant. And most of all... the chance to fuck this seemingly unobtainable woman.

"I have," Lucas said, his voice dropping. "But... I need to do something first. Just give me five minutes with Madeline."

Ellie's jaw tightened imperceptibly. *Gene, what is he doing?*

I cannot read his mind, Master, Gene's voice echoed in her head. But do not let him derail the plan. You are too close.

"Take your time, darling," Ellie smiled, taking a seat on the leather sofa next to Liv. "I'll just get acquainted with the girls."

Lucas gestured for Madeline, and the brilliant scientist followed him out of the lounge and up the grand staircase into the master bedroom. He shut the heavy oak door behind them, leaning against it with a heavy sigh.

"Okay," Lucas whispered. "I'm seriously considering it. She wants me to turn into a woman tonight. She says we can be lesbian masters together."

Madeline's eyes widened, her scientific curiosity instantly overriding any other emotion. "Oh my god. That's incredible! The neuroplasticity of a total gender shift?! Lucas, you have to do it!"

"I know, but I'm terrified of getting stuck," Lucas admitted, running a hand through his hair. "I know we talked about the body-swap loophole with Chad and Mika... but I'm still nervous

about being stuck as a chick."

Madeline tapped her chin, pacing the room. Her massive hips swayed like a pendulum. "Right. If you turn into a woman, your male body doesn't just wait in the ether. It's overwritten. So... we need an anchor. A vessel. One that you can simply swap bodies with using a simple wish once you're ready to change back. Just like how we planned with Jack."

"Right. Do you think I'm safe to do this?" He asked, nervously.

"Lucas, we already tested this. Just... wish yourself an empty vessel first. A duplicate."

"A duplicate? Now? But I can just do that later."

"Yes..." Madeline rushed forward, grabbing his arms. "But if you wish for a mindless, soulless, exact physical replica of yourself now, seeing it may help you feel safer about making the change. He'll just be here, waiting for you whenever you're ready. Just make the wish to swap bodies and boom, loophole achieved, you're back."

Lucas blinked. "Just a braindead clone standing in the corner?"

"We can stash him in the walk-in closet," Madeline reasoned excitedly. "It's the perfect backup! Plus..." Her voice dropped into a husky, completely corrupted purr. "If you're going to be a woman... you have to try dick. It's basic science. And what's better than fucking yourself?"

Lucas considered what she was saying. "That does beat trying to find some random guy to fuck... since I'm not gay".

"Exactly! We can all share him! You can fuck him, I can fuck him, Jackie can fuck him..."

Lucas stared at her. The absolute narcissism of the idea was staggering. But in this house, surrounded by limitless power, it sounded like heaven. He could experience the ultimate female orgasm, getting railed by his own nine-inch, magically enhanced cock, and then just snap back into his own body whenever he felt like it.

"You're a genius, Maddy," Lucas grinned.

He tapped the silver pin on his lapel. "Aria. I wish for an exact, living, breathing physical replica of my current male body to appear in the walk-in closet. I wish for it to be completely mindless, devoid of a soul or consciousness, existing only as an empty biological vessel, kept alive by magic until I need it."

<Granted.>

Lucas and Madeline walked over to the massive, cedar-lined walk-in closet. Lucas pulled the door open.

Standing between a row of tailored suits and a rack of designer shoes was... Lucas. The clone was staring blankly ahead, chest rising and falling rhythmically. Its eyes were vacant, glassy, completely devoid of thought. It was standing completely naked, the heavy, nine-inch cock resting against its thighs.

It was deeply creepy, and undeniably hot.

"Perfect," Madeline whispered, reaching out to stroke the clone's chest. The skin was warm.

"We'll keep him right here."

Lucas shut the closet door, locking it. His safety net was secured.

"Let's go downstairs," Lucas said, his confidence surging to absolute maximum capacity. "It's time to see what this Wall Street bitch can do."

When they returned to the lounge, Ellie had already gone to work.

She was sitting in the center of the plush rug. Liv was straddling Ellie's lap, her massive breasts spilling out of her top as she ground her hips down against Ellie's thigh. Ellie's hands

were running expertly over Liv's curves, her long manicured fingers tracing the edge of Liv's unzipped denim shorts.

"That's right, sweetheart," Ellie purred, leaning up to bite Liv's neck. "You've never felt anything like a woman's touch, have you?"

"Oh god," Liv moaned, her head thrown back. "It feels so different... so good."

Lucas leaned against the archway, crossing his arms. It was an incredible visual. Ellie, the elegant, commanding immortal, absolutely dominating the brainwashed, submissive blonde.

But internally, Ellie was screaming. *Gene, this is repulsive!*

Focus on the objective, Master, Gene replied coolly. *Show him the bait.*

Ellie forced a moan, sliding two fingers directly into her soaking wet core. Liv shrieked, her entire body arching like a bowstring. Ellie knew every nerve ending in the human body. She had spent a century mastering biology. She curled her fingers, striking the exact rhythm needed to shatter the girl's composure.

Madeline, standing next to Lucas, let out a desperate, needy whine. She crossed her legs tightly, watching Ellie manipulate Liv with surgical precision.

"Master," Madeline begged, tugging on Lucas's sleeve. "I want in. Please. Look at what she's doing to her."

Lucas chuckled. "I wish Madeline was fully bisexual so she can join in."

<Granted.>

The moment the magic hit her brain, Madeline gasped. Her pupils dilated. She ripped her lab coat off, tossing it over a chair, and scrambled onto the rug next to them. She pushed Liv's heavy breasts out of the way and smashed her lips directly against Ellie's.

Ellie flinched internally, but she powered through it. She grabbed Madeline by the back of the head, pulling her into a deep, aggressive kiss. Within seconds, Ellie was working both women, her hands flying over their curves, orchestrating a symphony of moans and wet, slapping sounds that filled the lounge.

Lucas watched, his breath catching in his throat. He turned to Jackie, who was sitting on the couch, watching the pile of writhing women with zero sexual interest. Because Jackie was wearing the floral dress, her mind was entirely straight. She only had eyes for Lucas.

"Come here," Lucas ordered, unzipping his pants.

Jackie's eyes lit up. She crawled across the leather cushions, pushing her sundress up to her waist. She straddled his lap, sinking down onto his heavy erection with a breathless gasp.

Lucas gripped her hips, driving into her. Jackie moaned, her soft hands gripping his shoulders, her brown eyes completely devoted to his pleasure.

But Lucas couldn't focus.

He was fucking his best friend in a female body, but his eyes were locked on the rug. Ellie had Liv pinned down, her face buried between Liv's thighs, while Madeline rode Ellie's thigh, screaming as she orgasmed over and over again.

Lucas remembered the words Ellie had spoken at the restaurant. The male orgasm is a sneeze, Lucas. The female orgasm is an earthquake. It rips through your entire nervous system. It's infinite.

He looked at Liv, convulsing on the rug, tears of absolute, blinding pleasure streaming down her face as Ellie worked her. He looked at Madeline, shaking violently, completely lost to the sensation.

He wanted it. He wanted that power. He wanted that release. He wanted to feel the magic

coursing through a body designed for infinite pleasure.

And more than anything, he needed Ellie. He needed the one woman in the room who wasn't brainwashed by his power. He wanted to join her.

Lucas stopped thrusting.

"Wait," Lucas grunted.

Jackie whined, her hips chasing his. "Master? What's wrong? Did I do something wrong?"

"No," Lucas said, grabbing her waist and lifting her off his lap. He hurriedly pulled his pants up.

"I'm done watching."

He walked over to the rug, breathing heavily.

Ellie pulled her face away from Liv's soaking thighs. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, looking up at him. She saw the manic, desperate hunger in his eyes.

Her heart soared. *He's breaking, Gene.*

Ellie stood up, elegantly stepping over the two panting, exhausted women on the floor. She walked toward Lucas, her blue eyes locking onto his. She could smell the ozone scent of Aria's magic radiating off the lapel pin.

"Okay," Lucas rasped, his fists clenching at his sides. "I'll do it."

Ellie's pulse skyrocketed. The adrenaline was deafening. This was it. One sentence, and his tether would snap. One sentence, and she would win the century.

She reached out, grabbing his arms. Her grip was tight, urgent. She stepped into his space, pressing her chest against his.

"Yes," Ellie breathed, her eyes wide with manufactured, intoxicating lust. "Yes, Lucas. Join me."

Let me show you what it feels like to be a goddess."

She was so close. She couldn't let him stutter. She couldn't let him back out. She had to guide him across the finish line.

"Say it," Ellie urged, her voice a frantic, desperate whisper. "Just say the words. Say, 'I wish...'"

"I wish..." Lucas repeated, his voice trembling with anticipation.

"That I was..." Ellie pushed, stepping closer, her lips inches from his.

"That I was..." Lucas echoed, completely lost in her eyes.

"The opposite gender," Ellie demanded, her voice ringing with absolute, triumphant authority.

"The opposite gender... but really sexy!" Lucas declared, adding that last part on a whim.

For a fraction of a millisecond, the universe held its breath.

Then, two distinct, overlapping voices echoed simultaneously through the grand lounge room.

Aria's voice, chiming from the lapel pin: <Granted.>

Gene's voice, rumbling from the diamond necklace: <Granted.>

"YES!" Ellie screamed, throwing her hands up in the air in pure, unadulterated triumph. She had done it! She had neutralized the rogue god!

But the celebration lasted exactly one second.

Clatter.

A heavy, metallic weight hit the hardwood floor between her feet.

Ellie froze. She looked down.

Lying on the floorboards, completely inert, was the diamond teardrop necklace. Gene's vessel.

"Wait..." Ellie whispered, the blood draining from her face. "Why are you..."

A strange sensation took over her body, one she hadn't experienced in a very long time. She recognized it. *Gene*? She thought. But no answer.

She looked up at Lucas. He was excitedly looking down at his body, waiting for the transformation to hit him. She saw his pin drop to the floor, morphing back into Aria's statue before it hit the ground.

At that moment, she realized her mistake... what she had said. She looked down at her hands in terror as she saw them start to change. Her fingers hardened, her hands became more rugged, and she continued to watch as the transformation moved up her arm.

"Oh, fuck," she whispered.