

LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 14: We're In This Mess Together

Lucas stood frozen in the center of the Persian rug, his hands instinctively coming up to cup the immense, foreign weight anchored to his chest. The grey turtleneck was suddenly stretched, the soft fabric pulled taut over the sudden, violent expansion of two heavy, teardrop-shaped globes of flesh. They were breathtakingly full, the sheer mass of his new D-cups pushing insistently against the knit material, clearly outlining the hard, distended peaks of his nipples beneath the fabric.

He looked down, thick, messy brunette hair cascading over his shoulders in a heavy wave. His boxer briefs were riding dangerously low, the elastic waistband digging sharply into the soft, plush flare of his newly widened hips. His thighs had thickened too, but not as insanely as his tits had, rubbing together with a completely unfamiliar, soft friction. Beneath the cotton of the boxers, the masculine bulge was entirely gone, replaced by a deep, pulsing, and undeniably wet female core that sent agonizingly sharp, electric jolts of pleasure straight up his spine.

He squeezed the plush mounds through the tight sweater, marveling at how they yielded to his fingers, the dense, fatty tissue vibrating with every breath he took.

"Holy shit," Lucas breathed. His voice was a melodic, breathy soprano, entirely alien to his own ears. He looked down at his new body, completely dumbfounded. "I don't know what I was so worried about. This is fucking awesome."

From the sofa, Jack let out a loud, appreciative, highly masculine whistle. Because he wasn't wearing a dress, Jack's mind was pure bro, and he was staring at Lucas's thick thighs and massive, sweater-stretching rack with unapologetic hunger. "Damn, dude. You're stacked."

Those are glorious."

Lucas preened instinctively, shifting his weight. His newly flared hips rolled with the movement, his thick thighs rubbing together with a soft swish. The sheer mass on his chest was intoxicating, but as he stood there, the dull ache in his lower back became apparent. They were magnificent, but heavy, a bit too cumbersome for everyday use.

"Yeah, they're a lot," Lucas chuckled, a distinctly girlish giggle escaping his throat. He looked up at the ceiling. "Aria, I wish my boobs were a C-cup. Just a bit more manageable."

He waited for the familiar, ozone-scented hum of magic. He waited for the tingle across his skin.

Nothing happened.

The heavy, swollen globes of flesh remained exactly as they were, pulling heavily at the skin of his chest.

Lucas frowned. "Aria. Shrink them down a bit."

Silence.

A cold spike of dread pierced the euphoric haze of his new biology. Lucas looked down. Lying inert on the intricate pattern of the rug was the silver and amethyst lapel pin. It had lost its faint, inner glow. It was just a piece of metal.

He slowly lifted his gaze to Ellie.

Ellie was staring at the lifeless diamond necklace between her large, male hands. She slowly raised her hands, turning them over. They were broad, calloused, with thick veins running over the knuckles. She ran a hand over her sharp, stubble-covered jaw.

"You idiot!" Ellie roared.

The sound that tore from her throat was a booming, aggressive baritone that shook the windows. Driven by a sudden, testosterone-fueled rage, she lunged across the rug, grabbing Lucas by his soft, feminine shoulders and slamming him back against the mahogany side table.

"What the fuck is your problem?!" Lucas shrieked, his female vocal cords pitching upward in genuine panic as he shoved hard against Ellie's broad, muscular chest. "You told me to say it! You literally walked me through the sentence!"

"I trapped you, you arrogant little shit!" Ellie bellowed, her hands gripping the lapels of Lucas's shredded jacket. "I'm not your buddy! I've been trying to neutralize you since I saw you warping reality like a toddler with a hand grenade! You treat women like living sex toys, you rewrite minds because you're too pathetic to earn affection, and you were going to burn this city to the ground for a cheap thrill!"

Lucas glared up at her, his soft features twisting into a sneer. Even pinned against the table, his ego refused to yield.

"You think you outsmarted me?" Lucas spat, his chest heaving, the massive breasts brushing against Ellie's solid torso. "I'm not trapped, bitch. I made a backup."

Ellie froze. "What?"

"I made an exact, mindless male clone of myself right before we came down here," Lucas gloated, a vicious, triumphant smile spreading across his painted lips. "Stashed in the closet. The second I get Aria working again, I'm just gonna body-swap my mind back into it."

Ellie stared at him, her masculine jaw clenching so hard her teeth ground together. She had sacrificed her godhood, trapped herself in a testosterone-poisoned meat sack. He didn't understand what was happening. He still thought there was a way out of it. But that didn't matter, she was trapped now too.

Before Ellie could wrap her large hands around his throat, a sharp voice cut through the

chaos.

"Arguing doesn't fix the data."

Madeline stepped between them, her massive hips brushing against Ellie's leg. Her brilliant, analytical mind was trying to figure out what was going on. She looked at the two inert pieces of jewelry on the floor, then at the two furious, gender-swapped gods.

"Mads, let's go get my clone and change back. Ellie is a freak!" Lucas shouted, his feminine voice softening the blow of his words.

"Don't you see?!" Madeline snapped at him. She saw Ellie loosen her grip on Lucas and step back, clearly distracted. "The biological tethers snapped," Madeline deduced coldly. "The moment you swapped genders, both your genie's retreated into their closest vessels."

Ellie was silent, barely listening, but Lucas looked confused. "So?" He said.

Madeline rolled her eyes. "It's obvious. You had a girl genie, Ellie had a guy genie. Once you swapped genders... Aria needs a man. Gene needs a woman. You're locked out of the system."

Lucas's sexy eyes widened. "Oh... fuck".

"You're both stuck like this." Madeline said. "Who knows how long until Aria and Gene find new masters now..."

Ellie stepped back, running a heavy hand through her short, swept-back hair. She took a deep, stabilizing breath, trying to calm the aggressive, unfamiliar thrum of her new male heart.

"We have forty-eight hours," Ellie said, her voice tight. "When a Master severs the bond, the vessel enters a grace period. It was a failsafe established centuries ago. After exactly forty-eight hours, those vessels will teleport to random coordinates on the globe, waiting for

new Masters. If we don't fix this before then, we're stuck like this forever."

"So we just need someone in the house to pick them up and wish us back into our clone bodies," Lucas said quickly. He pointed at Jack. "Jack, pick up the pin."

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"He can't," Ellie interrupted, stepping in front of the jewelry to block Jack's path. "None of them can."

Lucas frowned, his arms crossing defensively over the massive, heavy breasts straining against his grey turtleneck. "Why not?"

"Because they're tainted," Ellie explained, her deep, masculine voice tight with frustration. "It's a foundational rule of Djinn binding. A vessel cannot awaken for a mortal who is actively under the effects of another Master's magic. It creates a paradox of free will. Your entire harem is magically brainwashed, body-modified, or both. Their minds and biology are completely saturated with your residual spells."

Lucas looked at Jack, who was staring blankly between the two of them as he unabashedly ogled Lucas's new, thick female body.

"To Aria and Gene, they aren't valid hosts," Ellie continued bitterly, rubbing her square, stubble-covered jaw. "They're just extensions of your prior wishes. If Jack touches that pin, it stays exactly what it is right now... a useless piece of metal. Besides, he couldn't wish us back anyway, magic isn't reversible remember, dipshit?"

"Point taken," Lucas muttered, the grim realization sinking in as he shifted his weight on his new hips.

"There's another way," Ellie said, her mind racing. "An old Master from the 1970s. A wealthy,

degenerate French aristocrat who loved swapping his wives' bodies around. He wished up a permanent magical artifact. A localized body-swap ray gun."

"A ray gun?" Madeline asked, her eyes lighting up.

"Yes," Ellie nodded. "He died in a car crash..." *which I caused because he was a pig, just like you* she thought grimly, "...and his Djinn vanished. But the gun is a permanent item. His estate in the South of France is still occupied by his five widows. The gun is in their vault I'd guess."

Lucas pushed himself off the table. "Perfect. Take me there."

Ellie let out a harsh, barking laugh. "Hell no. I'll live out the rest of my life as a man if it means keeping Aria out of your hands. I'm going to France, getting my body back, and leaving you to rot in that body. Maybe you'd learn a thing or two about respect."

"Really?" Lucas smirked, his melodic voice dripping with venom. "And once you have the gun, what exactly are you going to swap your mind into? You don't have a backup clone."

Ellie paused. "I'll figure it out."

"What if I could help you out with that..." Lucas said, examining his manicured fingernails.

Ellie's stomach dropped. "What are you talking about?"

"I had a neighbor," Lucas explained casually. "Sweet old Mrs. Alcott. I offered her a new lease on life. But instead of de-aging her, I turned her into an exact, flawless, biological replica of you."

Ellie stared at him, a wave of profound, absolute revulsion washing over her. "You... you cloned me so you could fuck me?!"

"And it was a great time," Lucas said smoothly. "But here's the catch, Ellie. Margaret is magically brainwashed. She is utterly, unconditionally devoted to me. If you try to approach

her looking like some random dude, she'll call the cops. She only submits to her Master. I could just ask her to run away so you'd never find her. You need me to command her to submit to the body swap."

The silence in the lounge room was deafening.

Ellie glared at Lucas. The teenager had outmaneuvered her. They were deadlocked. She needed his brainwashed clone. He needed her knowledge of the ray gun.

"Fine," Ellie spat, the word tasting like ash in her mouth. "A truce. Forty-eight hours. We get the gun, we use the proxies, and then we go our separate ways."

"Deal," Lucas said.

Ellie picked up some random pants she'd found on the floor, then picked up her phone. Despite losing Gene, she still had a century of accumulated, mundane wealth and aliases. She quickly typed out a secure message. "I'm chartering a jet. We leave in twenty minutes."

From the sofa, Madeline, Liv, and Jack exchanged crestfallen looks.

"What about us, Master?" Madeline asked, her lips pouting. "You're just leaving?"

Lucas looked at his devoted harem. He sighed, gesturing toward the stairs. "I've got a surprise for you guys. Go up to the master bedroom. Unlock the walk-in closet. You'll find my clone in there. Have fun."

Madeline's eyes widened. She grabbed Liv by the hand, hauling her off the sofa, and Jack eagerly followed them toward the stairs.

A sudden, violent flush rushed through Lucas's entire body.

His new female biology reacted instantly to the thought of his own nine-inch, magically enhanced cock being unleashed on the harem. A deep, wet throb pulsed between his legs, his

core clenching with a desperate, biological hunger. His knees actually buckled slightly, a soft, involuntary whimper escaping his lips as his mind was suddenly assaulted by the overwhelming urge to run upstairs, throw himself on the bed, and get mercilessly bred by his own male body.

He took a shaky step toward the staircase.

Ellie grabbed his arm, her large, masculine grip bruising his soft skin. She yanked him toward the front door as she put on a loose t-shirt. She had picked up a spare pair of clothes she'd brought

"Clock's ticking, sweetheart," Ellie growled as she tossed Lucas her old clothes.

3 hours later: Airborne, thirty thousand feet over the Atlantic Ocean.

Ellie's ultra-luxurious Gulfstream G650 was a masterpiece of mundane excess, but the atmosphere inside the main cabin was suffocating. They were sitting opposite each other in the plush leather club chairs, entirely silent, radiating a furious, unspoken hatred.

Lucas was slumped in his seat, his legs splayed wide in a textbook manspread. He was currently wearing the outfit Ellie had stashed in the jet: the same light cream waffle-knit lounge set she wore the other day. The loose, high-waisted drawstring shorts in a cream-and-tan pinstripe clung snugly to his thick, fleshy thighs. The top, a fitted, high-neck cropped tank, was an absolute disaster on his new frame. It had been tailored for Ellie's modest B-cups. On Lucas's full, heavy chest, the fabric strained to cover the front, while the wide-cut armholes left an unavoidable, generous amount of pale side-boob spilling out completely exposed to the cabin air. It was better than wearing her black dress from dinner, but not by much.

He crossed his arms, fiercely annoyed. He wished he had taken the time to find some of

Madeline's or Jackie's oversized clothes, but Ellie had rushed them out the door the second they realized the gravity of their situation.

A sleekly dressed flight hostess stepped quietly into the cabin, carrying a silver tray with two crystal flutes of champagne.

"Refreshments, sir, madam?" she asked with a polite smile.

Lucas scowled at the tray. "I'll have a beer. Thanks."

The hostess blinked, her smile faltering slightly. She looked at this beautiful, thick-thighed woman sitting like a disgruntled frat boy, asking for a beer. "Of... of course, miss. I'll fetch that right away. And for you, sir?"

She turned to Ellie, who was wearing some random dark slacks and a grey t-shirt she had pillaged from Lucas's closet.

Ellie waved her large, masculine hand dismissively. "No. Nothing for me."

"Are you quite sure, sir?" the hostess pressed gently. "Miss Vance generally insists her guests relax and take full advantage of the stocked fridge. She has some of the finest vintages on board."

Ellie's male jaw clenched so hard a muscle ticked in her cheek. She was visibly pissed off. She *was* Miss Vance. This was *her* jet, *her* champagne, *her* life. But the hostess didn't know that. Thankfully, to avoid a logistical nightmare, Ellie had quickly texted the flight crew ahead of time from her secure phone, stating that "Eddie," a VIP client, and his companion "Luca" would be needing a lift to France, and to accommodate them fully. She clearly wasn't enjoying pretending to be a guest in her own empire.

"I said no, thank you," Ellie gritted out.

"Very well. I'll get that beer," the hostess nodded, beating a hasty retreat toward the galley.

The moment she was out of earshot, Ellie glared across the aisle. "You know, if you're going to be a girl, you should at least try to start acting like one. You look ridiculous sitting like that."

Lucas ignored her, staring out the window at the black sky.

"Whatever," Ellie scoffed, turning her head away.

Lucas's blood boiled. He was still furious at her. It was her fault they were in this mess. If she hadn't played her stupid Simon Says trap, he would still have his magic. He wouldn't be trapped in this heavy, aching, unfamiliar meat suit.

Without a word, Lucas stood up and stormed down the narrow aisle toward the back of the plane where the private stateroom was located. He needed to get away from her before he tried to strangle her with his bare hands, something that probably won't go down well considering he's the one who possessed the weak-feminine body now.

He pushed the heavy mahogany door shut behind him, locking it. The stateroom was dim, lit only by the soft glow of the bedside lamps. Lucas leaned back against the door, letting out a long, shaky breath.

"Okay, Lucas..." he whispered to himself, trying to calm his racing heart. "It's okay. We're going to get the ray gun. We're going to fix this."

Suddenly, the jet hit a pocket of turbulence. The floor dropped slightly beneath his feet.

Lucas stumbled forward, throwing his hands out to catch himself. His balance was completely thrown off. He wasn't used to the forward-pulling weight on his chest, nor the soft wideness of his hips.

He caught himself against the edge of the mahogany vanity, breathing heavily. Slowly, he looked up.

A large, backlit mirror hung above the vanity.

For the first time since the transformation, Lucas actually stopped and looked at himself.

He stared at the reflection. She was... undeniably hot. He remembered the wording of his wish, asking the magic to make him a "sexy" woman. The thick brunette hair tumbled over his shoulders, framing soft, pretty features and full lips.

His eyes drifted down. The cream waffle-knit tank top was struggling. While it covered his front, the heavy, soft flesh of his breasts swelled outward, spilling heavily out the sides. The taut skin shifted with every breath he took, resting against the soft curve of his exposed midriff.

A sudden, sharp twitch pulsed between his legs.

It was the same deep, wet throb he had felt earlier at the house when he thought about his clone. The biological hunger of the female body was waking up, reacting to the sheer eroticism of its own reflection.

Not really thinking straight, guided by a potent mix of narcissism and newfound hormones, Lucas reached down to the waistband of the pinstripe shorts. He untied the drawstring and pushed them down over his thick thighs, letting them pool around his ankles, kicking them aside.

He stared at his crotch in the mirror. With trembling fingers, he reached down, his fingers tentatively brushing over the smooth, hairless mound. He spread the soft, swollen outer lips, inspecting the delicate pink folds of his own pussy in the mirror's reflection. It looked flawless, and the moment his fingers brushed the slick, glistening entrance, he realized it was getting wetter by the second. A bead of clear moisture ran down his finger.

The visceral, tactile proof of his transformation sent a jolt of pure electricity straight to his brain. This was why he had even wanted to try being a woman in the first place.

He reached up, grabbing the hem of the restrictive waffle-knit top, and yanked it over his

head.

His full breasts sprang free, bouncing softly against his ribs before settling into their natural, heavy teardrop shape. He gasped at the sudden rush of cool air against his hypersensitive nipples. He cupped the soft flesh in both hands, lifting them, squeezing them together to form a deep valley of cleavage.

It was fucking awesome.

The existential panic of being stuck in this body, the anger at Ellie, the fear of the future... it all faded into the background noise of his mind as he inspected his body more. The biological demands were screaming at him, hijacking his male consciousness. The wetness pooling between his legs was a constant, maddening friction against his incredibly sensitive flesh. He felt like he was burning from the inside out, a hollow, aching void that his male brain simply didn't know how to process.

With shaky hands, Lucas let go of his breasts. He moved toward the plush, silk-sheeted bed and sat on the edge, his knees falling wide open.

He slipped two fingers down into the slick, swollen folds.

He gasped, his back arching violently off the mattress as his fingertips brushed the taut, hyper-sensitive bundle of nerves at the apex. The sensation was blinding. It wasn't the localized, mechanical build-up he was used to as a man; it was a cascading wave of electricity that lit up his spine, his chest, his toes.

He began to rub, clumsily at first, then finding a desperate, frantic rhythm. His full breasts bounced against his ribs, his nipples tight and aching with the sympathetic pleasure. A high, keening moan tore from his throat, echoing off the mahogany paneling. The pleasure was a tidal wave, drowning his thoughts, dragging him under until his vision literally spotted with white light. His body convulsed in a violent, shuddering climax, a continuous, rolling

earthquake of bliss that left him weeping into the silk sheets, his thick thighs twitching helplessly.

In the front cabin, Ellie was fighting a losing battle of her own.

She was experiencing morning-wood-level arousal, but fueled by adrenaline, spite, and the sheer, unyielding testosterone flooding her new veins. After a century of localized, internal female biology, the aggressive, visual, undeniable hunger of the male libido was shocking to her. Her dark slacks were painfully tight, the thick, heavy length of raw muscle and pulsing veins pressing against the zipper, demanding attention with an arrogant hunger she hadn't felt since the roaring twenties.

She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to meditate, trying to focus on the mission in France. But her new biology didn't care about discipline. It only cared about conquest. With a frustrated, masculine growl, Ellie unzipped her trousers, wrapping her large hand around her own throbbing erection, stunned by the sheer, primal urge to dominate something.

Thirty minutes later, Lucas stumbled out of the back cabin to get a drink of water from the galley bar. He had managed to pull the shorts and the poorly-fitting top back on, but he was flushed, his hair a tangled mess, his legs trembling slightly with the aftershocks of a pleasure he had never truly understood until now.

Ellie stepped out of the front lounge at the exact same moment.

They locked eyes in the narrow galley.

The air in the cabin seemed to ignite. The heavy, musky pheromones of their respective arousal hung thick in the air. The intense new biologies, combined with the residual adrenaline from their fight and the sheer, unspoken hatred between them, overrode their rational minds.

Ellie moved first. Driven by pure, masculine instinct, she closed the distance, grabbing Lucas

by his soft waist and slamming him back against the mahogany bar.

Lucas gasped, but he didn't push her away. The deep, aching void inside his female body screamed for the solid, grounding weight of the man pinning him. He wrapped his bare legs around Ellie's waist, his hands tangling in her short hair, pulling her down into a vicious, bruising kiss.

It wasn't romantic. It was aggressive, confusing hate-sex.

Ellie fumbled blindly with Lucas's clothes, pulling the shorts off aggressively. She groaned, a deep, guttural male sound, as her hands gripping his fleshy hips like a vice. She didn't bother with foreplay. The male hormones were throwing her off, she didn't know how to handle it.

She lined herself up, pushed his panties aside, and drove forward.

Lucas screamed as he experienced penetration for the very first time. The blunt, stretching fullness was a shock to his system, tearing a frantic, desperate sob from his lips. But within seconds, the pain dissolved into a frantic, mind-shattering euphoria.

Ellie pounded into him ruthlessly, her hips snapping with brutal, relentless force. Lucas threw his head back, his fingernails digging bloody crescents into Ellie's broad shoulders. His mind shattered under the weight of the physical feedback. This was what he had forced on his harem. This was the absolute, terrifying surrender of the female biology.

They fed off each other's rage and desperation. Ellie grunted, her male instincts narrowing her entire world down to the slick, tight heat wrapping around her cock. Lucas cried out, orgasm after orgasm rippling through his core, his inner walls clamping down on Ellie with violent spasms.

With a final, roaring shout, Ellie bottomed out, emptying her newfound male body deep inside Lucas's shivering core.

They collapsed against the mahogany bar, panting, slick with sweat, the hum of the jet engines the only sound in the cabin.

Instantly, the post-nut clarity hit them both like a freight train.

The heavy, suffocating weight of what they had just done crashed down on them. They wordlessly untangled themselves. Ellie stepped back, her face pale as she hastily zipped up her trousers, refusing to look at him. Lucas slid off the bar, his legs shaking so badly he nearly fell, pulling his shorts up.

Without speaking a single word, Ellie turned and retreated to the front lounge. Lucas limped back to the private stateroom. They sat in their separate corners of the jet, staring out the tiny oval windows into the black night, trapped in an agonizing, unspoken silence.