

LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 4: Is there a loophole?

"Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck."

Jack was pacing the room, his hands gripping the sides of his new feminine head. The movement caused the pink sports bra to strain, the new, soft mounds of flesh bouncing with a distracting, rhythmic heavy-handedness. "I can't be a girl, Lucas! I have a girlfriend! I have a dick! Well, I had a dick! Where is my dick, Lucas?!"

"Jack, keep your voice down!" Lucas hissed, glancing at the door.

"Don't tell me to keep it down!" Jack shrieked, the voice cracking into a high, feminine squeal. He stopped pacing and looked down, grabbing the breasts with trembling hands. It wasn't sexual anymore; it was a desperate reality check. "I can feel them. I can feel the weight of them on my chest. This isn't a suit, man. This is me." He looked up, eyes welling with tears. "I'm trapped."

Lucas felt a cold pit open in his stomach. He spun around to Aria. "How could you not tell me?" he snapped, his voice harsh. "Irreversible? That's the first thing you should have mentioned! 'Hello, I'm a genie, by the way, no take-backs!' How is that not page one of the manual?"

Aria flinched. The radiant confidence she usually exuded shattered instantly. She shrank back, her amethyst eyes widening with moisture. Her lower lip quivered.

"I... I thought you knew, Master," she stammered, wringing her hands together. "You spoke with such authority. You seemed so sure. I thought... I thought you were testing me." A single, crystalline tear rolled down her cheek. "Have I displeased you? I only wanted to grant your wish. Please... please don't be angry. I exist only to serve you."

She looked so broken, so genuinely terrified of his disapproval, that Lucas's anger evaporated, replaced by a wave of guilt. She was practically a slave to his will; yelling at her for obeying him felt wretched.

"No, hey, no," Lucas said, stepping forward and awkwardly patting her shoulder. Her skin was incredibly soft. "Don't cry. I'm not mad at you. I'm just... panicked. I should have asked. It's my fault. I'm sorry, Aria. You did good. You did exactly what I asked."

She sniffled, looking up at him through wet lashes. "Truly, Master?"

"Truly."

He turned back to Jack, who was currently hyperventilating on the edge of the bed. Jack was staring at his legs... smooth, shapely, and terminating in delicate ankles.

For a split second, a dark, intrusive thought wormed its way into Lucas's brain. I could fix this right now. He could look at Aria and wish that Jack was happy this way. Wish that Jack loved being a girl, that he wanted to be a slutty bimbo for the rest of his life. It would solve the panic. It would be the kindest thing to do, in a twisted way.

Lucas shook his head violently. No. That was a line he couldn't cross. Changing his friend's body was an accident; rewriting his mind was a violation. He couldn't do that to his best friend.

"Jack," Lucas said, grabbing the girl's slender shoulders. He gave him a shake. "Dude. Chill out. Look at me."

Jack looked up, mascara slightly smudged. "What am I gonna do? My life is over. I can't go home like this. My mom will call the cops. Liv will... god, Liv."

"We can fix this," Lucas lied, trying to inject confidence into his voice. "We just need to think. We have magic. We can hack the rules."

"How?" Jack whimpered. "My sister. I have to pick up Kaley. She's waiting at the pool."

"Okay," Lucas said, brain spinning. "I can wish she's home safe?"

"No!" Jack yelled, pulling away. "No more wishes until we know what the hell we're doing! You might wish her home safe and she'll teleport into a wall or something! I can't trust you right now!"

"Then what? You gonna walk into the pool area looking like a fitness model and tell Kaley you ate her brother?"

"I don't know!" Jack buried his face in his hands. "It's too hard to keep track of. I'm already stuck like this forever. God, I need a cigarette?"

"Okay, stop," Lucas said. He held up a hand. "I have an idea. A patch. We can't change you back yet, but we can change how the world sees you. Just for now. Until we figure out the reversal logic."

"What do you mean?" Jack asked, wiping his nose.

"I can wish that everyone thinks you've always been a girl. To them, nothing changed. You're just... Jackie. Or whatever."

"Don't you dare," Jack warned, his eyes narrowing. "If you do that, then when we do fix me, everyone will think the guy version is the impostor. I'll lose my identity completely."

"Right. Good point." Lucas paced the room. "Okay. Okay, I got it. A toggle. A manual override."

He turned to his desk and pointed at his laptop. "Aria," he said, his voice steady. "I need you to listen very carefully."

"Dude, don't," Jack pleaded.

"Trust me," Lucas said. "Aria, I wish that everyone in the world, except for myself and Jack, will remember Jack as having always been a woman who looks exactly like he does right now. Their memories, photos, everything shifts to fit this reality. However," Lucas raised a finger, "I wish that this effect is tied to the 'Escape' key on my laptop. When I press that key, the spell breaks. Everyone's memories revert to normal, they forget they ever saw him as a girl, and the key becomes a normal button again."

Aria nodded, her face serious.

<Granted.>

The air in the room shimmered, a heavy, static charge passing through them. It settled instantly.

"Did it work?" Jack asked, looking at his hands.

"Check your phone," Lucas said.

Jack picked up his phone. He unlocked it and opened his photos. He scrolled back. "Holy shit," he whispered. "It's me. At prom... in a dress. At graduation... with long hair." He looked up, pale.

"It worked," Lucas exhaled, slumping against the desk. "You're safe. You can go pick up Kaley. To her, you're just her big sister. You've always been her big sister."

"So I have to live like this?" Jack asked, standing up. He tugged at the hem of the yoga shorts. "Just... exist as a chick?"

"Only until we find the loophole to turn you back," Lucas promised. "Everyone still sees you, Jack. Just... with tits. And a great ass."

Jack glared at him, but there was no heat in it, only exhaustion. "You're an asshole, Lucas." He grabbed his car keys off the desk. "I gotta go. If I'm late, Mom's gonna kill me, regardless of my gender. I'll be back tonight. You better have a solution by then."

Jack walked to the door, the movement of his hips unnervingly natural. He paused at the threshold. "And if I get hit on by any guys at the pool, I'm kicking your ass."

"Love you too, man," Lucas smirked.

Jack left. Lucas heard the front door close, and then the sound of Jack's car peeling out of the driveway.

Lucas sat on the edge of the bed and fell backward, staring at the ceiling. Silence reclaimed the room.

"Are you okay, Master?" Aria asked softly, appearing by the bedside. She was back in the yoga outfit, looking concerned.

"Yeah," Lucas sighed, rubbing his temples. "Just... that was close. Too close."

He replayed the morning in his head. The rush of power, the mistake, the fix. It was intoxicating and terrifying. He had literally rewritten reality for his best friend.

Then, a thought struck him like a physical blow.

"Wait," Lucas sat up. "Mom. Susie."

Aria tilted her head. "Yes?"

"The wishes I made this morning. The nudity. The looking younger. Susie flashing me."

"Yes?"

"Are those... permanent?"

Aria hesitated, biting her lip. "Well, you wished for them to be nudists while in the house. And you wished for your mother's youth... indefinitely."

Lucas stared at her. "So... my sister is going to think being nude is normal... forever?"

"Unless you leave the house," Aria offered weakly. "Or she does."

"And my mom is just... stuck looking like a thirty-year-old swimsuit model?"

"Yes, Master."

Lucas put his head in his hands. "I broke my family."

He sat there for a minute, the weight of it pressing down on him. But then, a insidious little voice in the back of his mind spoke up. Is it really that bad?

Mom was happy. She had a date tonight. She felt confident, energetic. He had given her her youth back. Was that a crime? And the nudity... well, it was just bodies. They were comfortable. And Susie... okay, the flashing thing was weird, but it was just a sibling rivalry thing now. A quirks of the house.

It's not the worst thing in the world, he told himself. Mom is better off. Susie is... well, Susie is Susie. Nothing really changed except the scenery.

He took a deep breath. He could live with this. He would live with this.

His eyes drifted to his laptop. The 'Escape' key.

"That button loophole," Lucas murmured. "That was genius."

If he could tie a reality-altering spell to a button, he could do anything. He could create control mechanisms. He didn't need to rely on verbal phrasing every time. He could build a control panel for his life.

"Aria," Lucas said, a plan forming. "I want to test something. I want to refine the button concept."

"Whatever you wish, Master."

"I wish," Lucas said slowly, enunciating every word, "that I had two red buttons on my desk. One labeled 'Mom' and one labeled 'Sister'. Right now, they do nothing."

<Granted.>

Two plastic, industrial-looking buttons appeared on the wood of his desk. They looked like emergency stop buttons from a factory.

Lucas walked over and ran his finger over the smooth red plastic. This was it. Control.

"Okay," he said, turning to Aria. "Here is the test. I wish that until I press these buttons to deactivate the effect, my mom and sister will perceive the act of sexually pleasing me as being as casual, relaxing, and enjoyable as watching reality TV. No taboo, no sexual romantic attachment, just... a way to unwind. Like a two-way massage."

He watched Aria. She didn't blink. <Granted.>

Lucas felt a surge of adrenaline that was almost painful. He looked at the 'Sister' button.

"And," he added, his voice dropping to a whisper, "I wish that the next time I see Susie's naked breasts, they will instantly grow two cup sizes. But nobody except me will notice the size difference; to everyone else, she's always been that big. And this growth effect will revert if I press the 'Sister' button."

<Granted.>

Lucas stood there, trembling slightly. This was the ultimate test. If this worked, he had the perfect system. He could indulge, have his fun, and then hit the button and go back to being the ignored brother. No harm, no foul.

He walked to the door. "Stay here," he told Aria.

"I'll be watching," she promised with a wink.

Lucas walked down the hall. The house was quiet. Mom had left for her errands. That

meant Susie was alone.

He reached Susie's door. He could hear music thumping faintly from inside... some generic pop track she used for her routines.

He knocked.

"Yeah?" Susie's voice. "What do you want, dork?"

"Just... checking if you're home," Lucas called out, turning the knob.

He pushed the door open.

Susie was standing in front of her full-length mirror. She was prepping for practice, wearing her pleated cheer skirt and white sneakers. But she hadn't put her top on yet.

She spun around as he entered, hands on her hips. "Do you not know how to knock properly?"

She stopped.

As Lucas's eyes landed on her chest, the magic took hold.

It wasn't subtle. It was explosive.

Susie's breasts, already perky and exposed, suddenly surged. It was as if invisible balloons were being inflated beneath the skin. The flesh swelled outward, heavy and pale. They went from a handful to a mouthful in seconds, then kept going. The skin stretched tight, shimmering under the overhead lights, faint blue veins appearing like a roadmap to paradise.

They grew heavy, sagging just enough to create a teardrop shape that screamed 'fertility goddess' rather than 'high school cheerleader'. They expanded past D, past DD, settling into a massive, heavy E-cup that dwarfed her frame. They bobbed with their own momentum, the heavy weight pulling her shoulders forward slightly.

Lucas's mouth went dry.

Susie didn't scream. She didn't look down. She just looked at him, annoyed.

"Well?" she huffed, crossing her arms over the massive new additions. "Are you just gonna stare at me? I'm busy."

It worked. She didn't notice. To her, those massive milk-cannons were normal.

"Oh, sorry," Lucas managed, stepping into the room and closing the door. "I just... you looked stressed. I was wondering if you wanted to... relax? Have some fun?"

Susie paused. She looked at the clock on her wall. The magical suggestion Lucas had planted wormed its way through her synapses, recontextualizing the offer.

"I mean," she sighed, her shoulders dropping. "I have like twenty minutes before Mitchell picks me up. Practice is gonna be hell today. I could use a break."

She looked at him, her expression shifting from annoyance to a bored, casual acceptance. "It would help me wind down, I guess."

She walked over to him. The movement was hypnotic. The massive breasts swayed heavily, left, right, left, right, hitting each other with soft, fleshy thuds.

"Well, come on," she said, gesturing to his crotch. "Strip. I don't have all day."

Lucas felt like he was in a trance. He fumbled with his belt, his hands shaking. He pushed his jeans and boxers down.

His nine-inch enhancement sprang free, slapping against his stomach.

Susie's eyes widened slightly. "Whoa," she murmured, arching an eyebrow. "Since when was it this big?"

"Growth spurt," Lucas choked out.

"Whatever," she muttered. She dropped to her knees in front of him.

The sight was burned into his retinas instantly: his sister, the head cheerleader, kneeling between his legs in her skirt and sneakers, topless, with breasts the size of cantaloupes resting on her knees.

She reached out and grabbed him. Her grip was firm, practiced. She gave it a squeeze, and he hissed.

"Relax," she said. "Let me take care of it."

She leaned forward and took him into her mouth.

It was... heaven.

There was no hesitation, no awkwardness. It was purely mechanical, efficient, and incredibly erotic. Her mouth was hot and wet, her tongue swirling around the head before she bobbed down, taking inch after inch.

She worked him with a rhythm that matched the beat of the pop song still playing in the background. She was thorough. One hand pumped the base while her mouth worked the top. Her eyes were open, but she wasn't looking at him with lust; she was looking at the wall, her expression vacant and relaxed, like she really was just watching TV.

Every time she bobbed her head, her massive breasts bounced, slapping against his thighs, soft and warm. Lucas reached down, unable to stop himself, and buried his hands in the soft flesh. She didn't flinch. She just kept sucking, making wet, sloppy noises that filled the quiet room.

It was the most degrading, empowering, surreal moment of his life.

"I'm gonna... I'm gonna cum," Lucas gasped, his hips bucking involuntarily.

Susie didn't pull away. She hummed against his cock, vibrating him, and went deeper.

He exploded. He poured into her, wave after wave, his knees buckling. She took it all, swallowing rhythmically, draining him dry until he was twitching and empty.

She pulled back with a wet pop. She wiped a stray drop from her lip with the back of her hand, then stood up, brushing her knees off.

"Thanks for that," she said, stretching her arms up. Her breasts lifted, mesmerizingly heavy. "That actually helped. I feel way more chill."

She tied her hair up, then walked over to her dresser and grabbed her cheer top. She struggled to pull it over the new, massive curves. "Ugh, this thing shrank in the wash," she muttered, yanking it down. It was tight, the fabric straining to contain her, leaving a massive amount of cleavage exposed and her midriff bare.

"Okay, get out of my room, twerp," she said, grabbing her pom-poms. "I gotta go."

Lucas pulled his pants up, dazed. "Yeah. Okay. Have a good practice."

"Whatever."

He stumbled out of the room.

Back in his bedroom, Lucas leaned against the door and slid down to the floor. His heart was hammering against his ribs like a trapped bird.

"That was... that was perfect," he whispered.

Aria was sitting on the bed, legs crossed, smiling. "Did you have fun, Master?"

"Fun? Aria, that was... incredible. And the best part is," he scrambled to his feet and walked to the desk, hovering his hand over the 'Sister' button, "I can just turn it off. No harm done. She goes back to normal, I go back to normal."

He looked at Aria, grinning. "Why didn't you tell me I could do this button loophole earlier? This changes everything!"

Aria didn't smile back. She looked... nervous. She was fidgeting with the hem of her yoga top.

"Yeah... about that, Master," she said, her voice small.

Lucas froze. His hand was inches from the red button. "What?"

"That won't work," she whispered.

"What won't work?" Lucas asked, the blood draining from his face. "The button. I wished for the button to reverse the effects."

"I know," Aria said, looking down at her lap. "But... timed wishes and conditional reversal wishes? They were outlawed by the Djinn Council centuries ago. After the... incident with Nero."

Lucas stared at her. "What are you talking about?"

"It's against the spirit of wishing," she explained, her voice trembling. "A wish must be a commitment. You cannot wish for a 'take-back'. If you wish for a condition that reverses the wish, the magic simply... ignores the condition. It grants the primary wish, but discards the reversal clause."

The room spun.

"So," Lucas said, his voice a hoarse croak. "When I press this button..."

"Nothing will happen," Aria confirmed. "It's just a plastic button, Master."

Lucas looked at the red button. It mocked him.

"But... my sister," he stammered. "The pleasure thing. The... the breasts." Then it dawned on him. He wished everyone thought Jack had always looked like a woman. Jack had no idea this was...

"Permanent," Aria whimpered. "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry, Master! You wished so quickly again! You didn't summon me for a consultation! I have to comply with the wish as spoken, minus the illegal clauses! Please forgive me!"

Lucas sank into his chair. He'd have to explain this to Jack. Plus, his sister was now permanently re-wired to view giving him blowjobs as a relaxing hobby. Her breasts were permanently massive.

"Oh my god," he whispered. "I'm a monster."

He spiraled. He imagined Thanksgiving. He imagined her bringing a boyfriend home. He imagined her getting stressed about exams and coming into his room to 'relax'.

It was a nightmare. It was a fantasy. It was a catastrophe.

But as the panic crested, it began to recede, leaving behind a cold, hard resolve.

It's done, he thought. I can't undo it.

He took a deep breath. Okay. So Susie was different now. So Mom was different. So Jack was a girl.

He hadn't hurt them. Susie felt relaxed. She wasn't traumatized; she was happy. The breasts? She didn't even notice the size.

I just need to be more careful, he told himself, the mantra becoming a shield against his conscience. Moving forward. No more permanent changes to people I know. I can navigate this.

He looked at Aria, who was crying again.

"Stop crying," he said, his voice weary but calm. "It's... it's okay. We learn. We adapt."

"You're not mad?" she sniffed.

"I'm horrified," he admitted. "But I'm the one who made the wish. It's on me."

He thought about what he could have done. "Is there any way I could have done it temporarily?"

"You could have wished she had a 'sudden urge' to please you," Aria offered helpfully. "That implies a singular event. Once the urge is satisfied, it is gone. No reversal required."

Lucas closed his eyes. "Right. 'Sudden urge'. Good to know. I'll remember that."

He heard the front door slam downstairs. Susie was leaving for practice.

He walked to the window and watched her jog to Mitchell's car. Even from here, the difference was staggering. Her cheer top was struggling to contain the bouncing mass of her chest.

Lucas turned away. He couldn't look at it right now.

He needed a break. He needed to get out of this house. He had a few hours until Jack came back expecting a solution. He'd have to break the news to him...

He looked at Aria. She was beautiful, powerful, and dangerous. And she was the only one who knew his secret.

"Okay," Lucas said, grabbing a hoodie. "That's enough messing with my family for one day. I need air."

"Are we going somewhere?" Aria asked, perking up.

"Yeah," Lucas smiled, a darker, more adventurous glint entering his eye. "Let's test these powers on people I don't know." Maybe he could learn something before Jack came back. But really, he wanted a distraction.

Aria clapped her hands, her face lighting up with joy. "Oh! A field trip! I haven't seen the world in a hundred years!"

"Well, get ready," Lucas said, opening the door.