

LUCAS & HIS SEX GENIE

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 12: Dinner of Masters

With a soft, silent pop, Lucas materialized in the center of his opulent master bedroom.

He stood there, perfectly tailored in his crisp navy blazer and slacks, staring blankly at the sprawling California King bed. The room was exactly as he had left it, filled with the chaotic, wet sounds of his harem.

Madeline, Liv, and Jackie were still writhing on the mattress, their bodies slick with sweat, hips bucking frantically against the invisible, phantom cocks Aria had conjured for them. Madeline's massive BBL-ass slapped against the silk sheets; Liv's DD-breasts heaved as she threw her head back, screaming; and Jackie, currently embodying the peak of submissive, feminine devotion, was whimpering her absolute submission to the empty air.



It was a veritable paradise of flesh and magic. Every single one of them was breathtaking.

Every single one of them worshipped the ground he walked on.

And Lucas felt absolutely nothing.

Fucking Margaret... an exact, flawless physical replica of Ellie Vance... had been a spectacular failure. He thought it would scratch the itch. He thought conquering the body would conquer the obsession. Instead, it had only highlighted the hollow nature of his new reality. Margaret crying out in a posh British accent, submitting instantly because of a brain-altering wish... it was too easy. It was all too easy.

He didn't just want Ellie's body. He wanted the woman who had rolled her eyes at him. The woman who had told him he wasn't her type. The veteran god who thought she was better than him.

"Aria," Lucas muttered, his voice flat. "Make them all cum now to end the phantom cock wish."

They all screamed as they came, then the invisible magic evaporated.



On the bed, the three women collapsed, gasping for air as the relentless pleasure vanished. Madeline propped herself up on her elbows, her chest heaving, a pout forming on her flushed lips.

"Master?" Madeline whined, her brilliant mind completely clouded by lust.

"I have to go," Lucas said, adjusting his cuffs.

"Don't go, Lucas," Jackie pleaded, scrambling to the edge of the bed. She knelt there, her floral sundress discarded somewhere on the floor, offering her soft, hairless curves to him. "Just stay here. Let us take care of you. We can do whatever you want."



"Yeah, honey," Liv cooed, crawling up behind Jackie and wrapping her arms around her, her massive breasts pressing against Jackie's back. "Whatever you want. We're all yours."

"I have a dinner date," Lucas said, ignoring the incredibly tempting display. He turned to Aria, who was floating near the vanity mirror. "Aria. Pin form. And I wish I was wearing something

more suited for a date."

Aria smiled as she granted the wish, her form dissolving into a swirl of grey, ozone-scented smoke. She darted across the room and solidified onto his lapel, transforming into an elegant silver pin inlaid with a glowing amethyst. Lucas's formal attire morphed on his body into a nice turtleneck and stylish pants. He felt ready.



Good luck, Master, Aria's voice chimed pleasantly in the center of his mind. Shall I prepare any specific enchantments?

Just stay quiet and listen, Lucas thought back. I'm going to make her mine tonight.

He turned his back on the chorus of disappointed whines from the bed and strode out of the room.

The restaurant was a dimly lit, hyper-exclusive Italian place downtown. The kind of place where the menus didn't have prices and the ambient chatter was drowned out by the soft clinking of crystal wine glasses and a live string quartet. Lucas was led to a secluded booth in the back corner by a hostess.

Ellie Vance was sitting at the table, sipping a glass of Barolo. She was dressed impeccably, wearing a sleek, black silk slip dress that hugged her curves and showcased her slim body. Her golden blonde hair was pinned up elegantly, save for a few loose tendrils framing her sharp, striking face.



She looked up as he approached, a warm, perfectly calibrated smile spreading across her lips.

"Lucas," she said softly. "You clean up nicely. I was half-expecting you to show up in a tracksuit and wish it into a tuxedo at the table."

"I can be subtle when I want to be," Lucas smirked, sliding into the leather booth opposite her.

Ellie's blue eyes flicked down to his lapel. She let out a soft, amused hum. "Aria as a lapel pin. Smart idea. Keeps her close but out of sight."



"What about yours?" Lucas asked, leaning forward. "Gene, right?"

"Gene prefers to blend in as well," Ellie said. She reached up, her manicured fingers tapping a beautiful, jeweled hair clip holding up her blonde updo. "He usually disguises himself as accessories."

She pulled the clip free. Her golden hair cascaded down her shoulders in a soft, luminous wave. She held the jeweled clip in her palm, leaning her head down to whisper to it.

"Gene, necklace. Be present."

Lucas watched, utterly fascinated, as the solid metal of the hair clip suddenly liquefied. It crawled over her fingers like quicksilver, sliding down her wrist and leaping to her collarbone. The metal elongated, linking together with a soft, metallic whisper, until it formed a delicate,

feminine silver chain. A teardrop diamond rested perfectly in the hollow of her throat.

Greetings, Master Lucas, a deep, resonant male voice echoed politely in Lucas's mind.

Lucas blinked, startled. He glanced down at his lapel. *Aria? You hear that?*

Yes, Master! Gene and I are connected on the same magical frequency now that we are in proximity!

Ellie took another sip of her wine, her eyes studying him over the rim of the glass. "It's good to establish the ground rules. We have our Djinn, but tonight, it's just you and me."

"So," Lucas said, deciding to press for the information he desperately lacked. "You're over a hundred years old. How does that even work? How do you not go crazy? How do you not get caught?"

"It requires discipline," Ellie said smoothly, setting her glass down. "Something your generation sorely lacks. I reinvented my identity every three decades. When my 'mother' passes away, I step in as the daughter to inherit the estate. The wealth builds, the power consolidates, and the paper trail remains completely mundane."

"But why here?" Lucas asked. "Why this city?"

"Djinn vessels were scattered across the globe during early human civilizations," Ellie explained, her tone taking on the cadence of a professor. "Babylon, Egypt, the Indus Valley. But as empires fell and artifacts were looted, the vessels moved. When a Master dies, the Djinn is pulled back into the vessel. But they don't teleport to the other side of the planet. They stay anchored to a geographic radius around their last waking point. Someone brought Aria's statue here decades ago. I also happened to be in the same city when Gene's previous owner met his end."

Lucas found her timeless wisdom intimidating, but undeniably hot. She was a predator who

had survived a century. He was a teenager with a god complex.

Before he could ask another question, a young, nervous-looking waitress approached their table, carrying a silver tray with a basket of artisanal bread and olive oil. Her hands were visibly shaking. As she leaned over to set the basket down, her hip caught the edge of the table.

Ellie's wine glass tipped over, splashing a dark red stain across the pristine white tablecloth, barely missing Lucas's sleeve.



"Oh! Oh my god, I am so sorry!" the waitress gasped, her face draining of color. "I'll get a towel, I'll comp the drinks, I am so sorry!"

Ellie didn't miss a beat. She offered the terrified girl a warm, maternal smile.

"It's perfectly fine, dear," Ellie whispered softly. "I wish the spill was gone, that you forget you ever bumped the table, and I wish the richest man in this restaurant gives you a one-thousand

dollar tip tonight."

A faint shimmer washed over the table. The red wine stain vanished into thin air, the glass righting itself and refilling completely.

The waitress blinked, her panicked expression melting into a placid, cheerful smile. "Here's your bread. Can I get you anything else?"

"We're fine, thank you," Ellie smiled. The waitress walked away, completely oblivious.

Lucas scoffed, leaning back against the leather booth. "That's it? That's all you did? A thousand bucks and a stain removal?"

"It's called subtlety, Lucas," Ellie said, her tone tightening slightly. "It's survival. I've seen other Masters who weren't subtle. Masters who tried to turn cities into their personal playgrounds. You know what happens to them? They get careless. They attract unwanted attention. They make a contradictory wish without thinking about it, or they drive themselves mad with paranoia, or they get taken out by a mundane threat they forgot to perceive."

"They were just idiots," Lucas dismissed with a wave of his hand. "I'm not reckless. I'm efficient." He looked around for someone to demonstrate on. "Look at her."

He pointed at the waitress, who was currently taking an order at the next table. She was a pretty girl, but slightly overweight, her uniform fitting a bit snugly around her waist.

"Watch and learn," Lucas smirked. He dropped his voice. "I wish she was slim."

Across the room, the waitress gasped. The flesh on her waist, thighs, and arms rapidly dissolved. Her uniform suddenly hung off her like a potato sack. She dropped her notepad, her hands flying to her newly flat stomach. Pure, unadulterated terror washed over her face as she looked at her shrinking limbs, hyperventilating as if she were suffering a sudden, aggressive wasting disease.

"Oh my god... what's happening to me?!" she shrieked.



Ellie shot Lucas a furious glare. She immediately leaned forward and whispered, "I wish she and everyone believes she's always looked exactly like she does right now."

The waitress stopped screaming, blinking rapidly. She looked down at her slim body, her panic fading into mild confusion, then acceptance. She picked up her notepad and went back to work.

"Oh, right," Lucas chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck. "Forgot the perception filter. My bad."

"Your bad?" Ellie hissed, keeping her voice low so as not to attract attention. "That is permanent, Lucas! You just fundamentally altered her biology for a parlor trick! What if she liked looking that way? What if she was pregnant? You are swinging a sledgehammer in a glass house!"

"Relax," Lucas rolled his eyes. "I made her life better. She's hotter now. She'll get better tips."

Ellie's jaw clenched. *Gene, I want to kill him.*

Patience, Master, Gene's voice echoed calmly in her mind.

"You think this is a joke?" Ellie asked, trying to reason with him. "What if someone permanently altered you? What if you woke up tomorrow and someone had erased your identity?"



"Nobody can," Lucas grinned arrogantly. "I'm the Master."

"You need a demonstration," Ellie said, scanning the restaurant. She spotted a wealthy-looking man berating a busboy near the kitchen doors. "See him? He's a tyrant. Watch this. I wish he felt a sudden, profound empathy for the working class, compelling him to donate half his wealth to charity tomorrow."

The man stopped yelling. His face softened, tears welling in his eyes as he looked at the

busboy. He reached into his pocket, handed the kid a hundred-dollar bill, and walked out of the restaurant looking like a man reborn.

"See?" Ellie said. "Butterfly effect. No biological trauma, no broken reality. Just a nudge in the right direction."

"Boring," Lucas groaned, resting his chin on his hand. "You're playing The Sims on easy mode. If you want to change reality, change it."

Lucas scanned the room. He spotted a young couple sitting a few tables away. It was clearly a first date, and it was going terribly. The guy was looking at his phone, completely ignoring the girl, who was flat-chested, mousy, and looking miserable.



"Watch this," Lucas whispered. "I wish she was a massive, busty DD-cup. Actually, make that a JJ-cup. And I wish everyone, including her, thinks she's always looked like that."

Pop.

The girl's blouse strained violently as two massive, heavy breasts swelled into existence, resting on the edge of the table.



Instantly, the guy put his phone down. His eyes locked onto her cleavage, his posture straightening. He leaned in, suddenly incredibly engaged, asking her questions with a charming smile. The girl, oblivious to her own transformation thanks to the perception filter, beamed, her confidence skyrocketing as her date finally paid attention to her.



"See?" Lucas smirked, looking back at Ellie. "Now *that* is using wishes effectively. Boom. First date saved."

Ellie rubbed her temples, a genuine headache forming. "You reduced a human connection to cup size. You're a child playing with a loaded gun, Lucas."

"And you're a grandma playing it too safe," Lucas shot back, his ego bruised by her constant scolding. "You think I'm thinking too small? Fine. Let's go broad."

Lucas leaned back in the booth, a wicked, chaotic grin spreading across his face. He looked around the packed, upscale restaurant.

"Aria," Lucas whispered. "I wish that every heterosexual couple in this restaurant instantly swapped gender roles and personality traits, both mentally and physically. I wish the men would take on submissive, hyper-feminine, bimbo traits, and the women would take on dominant, aggressive, alpha-male traits. And I wish they all perceive this behavior as completely normal."

Ellie's eyes went wide. "Lucas, don't..."

<Granted.>

The atmosphere in the restaurant shifted violently. It was as if a massive, invisible wave crashed through the dining room.

At the table next to them, a burly, bearded man in a tailored suit suddenly giggled. He crossed his legs tightly, pressing his knees together, and began twirling his beard hair around his finger while batting his eyelashes at his petite wife.

His wife, meanwhile, slumped back in her chair, spreading her legs in a massive manspread. She grabbed her wine glass by the bowl, downing it in one gulp, and belched softly before leaning forward to aggressively hit on her husband. "You're looking mighty pretty tonight,

babe. Might have to take you home and wreck that tight little ass."



The bearded man blushed furiously, hiding his face behind his napkin. "Oh, stop it, you're embarrassing me!"

All across the restaurant, chaos erupted. Men were tossing their heads, whining about their diets, and acting incredibly submissive. Women were barking orders at the waitstaff, flexing their arms, and aggressively fondling their male dates under the tables. The sheer, bizarre eroticism of the scene was staggering.

Lucas burst out laughing, clapping his hands. "Look at them! It's hilarious!"

Ellie stared at the madness, her stomach churning. It was a localized psychological disaster. She couldn't reverse his wish, the laws of magic forbade it. She couldn't wish the men back to normal. But she had to stop it before someone started humping the maître d'.

She leaned down, whispering frantically to the diamond necklace.

"Gene. I wish every couple in this restaurant suddenly realized they left the stove on at home, and I wish they felt an overwhelming, non-negotiable urge to leave immediately and fix it."

<Granted.>

The giggling and aggressive flirting stopped on a dime.

Every single patron in the restaurant gasped simultaneously.

"My god, the soufflé!" the bearded man squeaked, grabbing his purse, which was actually his wife's clutch.

"Shit, the gas is on," his wife grunted, throwing a handful of hundreds onto the table. "Let's go, babe. Hustle!"

Chairs scraped violently against the floor. Within sixty seconds, the entire restaurant evacuated in a panicked, disorganized stampede. The doors slammed shut, leaving only Lucas, Ellie, and the thoroughly confused waitstaff.

Lucas groaned, throwing his hands up in the air. "Oh, come on! You ruined the fun! They were just getting to the good part."

"I stopped a public orgy, you idiot," Ellie snapped, her patience completely frayed. "You have no control. You're obsessed with sex and dominance."

She was about to lay into him, about to scream that he was a danger to reality itself.

But she stopped.

She looked at Lucas. He was pouting like a teenager who had his Xbox taken away. He wasn't listening to reason. He didn't care about ethics or subtlety. He only cared about his libido, his power, and gender dynamics.

Ellie took a slow breath. Her rage cooled, crystallizing into a lethal, calculated focus.

Lecturing him won't work, Ellie thought. I need to play his game. I need to be the bait.

She let her rigid posture relax. She leaned forward, resting her arms on the table, offering him a soft, understanding smile. She glanced at the empty tables where the gender-swapped couples had just been sitting.

"I have to admit," Ellie murmured, her voice dropping into a sultry, conspiratorial tone.

"Watching those men turn into submissive little playthings... it was entertaining. You were right."

Lucas blinked, surprised by her sudden shift. "I was?"



"Yes," Ellie said, tracing the rim of her wine glass. "I just wish you didn't stop there with them. You should have turned them into full women. It truly is better being a woman, you know. They were having much more fun giggling and blushing than they were being rigid and boring."

Lucas's interest was instantly piqued. "You think so? You think women have it better?"

"I know so," Ellie smirked. She took a sip of wine. "Tell me about Jackie. The girl from the café."

Lucas hesitated, then grinned. He loved bragging. "Jackie used to be Jack. My best friend. A straight dude. I accidentally turned him into a girl permanently. But honestly? He loves it. He's totally addicted to the female body."

"I don't doubt it," Ellie said. She leaned in closer, the diamond of her necklace catching the dim light. "You asked me earlier how I know so much about getting fucked by men if I'm a lesbian."

Lucas nodded. "Yeah. You said you only sleep with women."

Ellie looked around the empty restaurant, making sure nobody was listening. She locked her piercing blue eyes onto his.

"I'm not actually a lesbian, Lucas," Ellie whispered. "Well, I didn't used to be at least. I wasn't always a woman."



Lucas's jaw actually dropped. His brain stalled out. "What?"

Ellie offered a wistful, nostalgic smile. It was the performance of a century. A lie that could actually work. She just needs to make it convincing. Act like he's missing out on something spectacular.

"I started out as a guy. Just like Jack."

"You... you were a dude?" Lucas stammered, his eyes darting down to her perfect, feminine curves, her soft breasts, her delicate collarbone. "Bullshit."

"It's true," Ellie lied, spinning the tale with masterful precision. "It was the 1980s. Wall Street. I was a hotshot broker. I had money, I had cocaine, and I had Gene. I was the Master. I had a harem of supermodels that would make your little suburban setup look like a joke."

Lucas was entirely hooked. The "Wolf of Wall Street" fantasy resonated perfectly with his twenty-year-old brain.

"I fucked everyone," Ellie continued, her voice low and raspy. "I pushed the limits of the male body. But you know what I realized, watching them? Watching the women scream, and writhe, and climax over and over again while I needed twenty minutes to recover?"

Lucas swallowed hard. "What?"

"I realized they were having way more fun than I was," Ellie said, leaning back. "The male orgasm is a sneeze, Lucas. It's a localized, ten-second release. The female orgasm is an earthquake. It rips through your entire nervous system. It's infinite."

She gestured to her flawless body. "So, I made the tactical switch. I designed the perfect form for maximum pleasure. This form. I transitioned, and I never looked back."

Lucas was staring at her as if she held the secrets of the universe. It made perfect sense to him. It validated everything he had seen with Jackie. It validated the obsession.

But a shred of his old logic remained. He frowned, looking at her chest. "Wait. If you designed your perfect body from scratch... why not bigger tits?"

Ellie didn't miss a beat. She laughed, a knowing, 'bro-to-bro' chuckle.

"Rookie mistake," Ellie smirked. "I asked the women I used to fuck. The ones with massive boobs? They were always in pain. Backaches, discomfort, lack of mobility. Plus, the sheer mass dulls the nerve density. These are the tactical choice, Lucas. They are perfectly sensitive. A gentle breeze makes my nipples hard. When a man touches them, the pleasure shoots straight down to my clit. It's about engineering, not aesthetics."

Lucas bought it. He bought it hook, line, and sinker. His eyes were wide, and underneath the table, his nine-inch erection was straining against the zipper of his trousers.

"What... what is it really like?" Lucas asked, his voice barely a whisper. "Being a woman? Getting fucked?"

Ellie smiled. She had the trap set. Now she just needed to pull the trigger.

She got graphic. She didn't hold back. She described the sensation of being filled, the deep, stretching fullness that anchored you to the bed. She described the constant, thrumming sensitivity of a clitoris that never went numb. She described orgasming five, six, ten times in a row, the body convulsing in sheer, unadulterated bliss until the brain simply short-circuited from the overload.

She could see Lucas sweating. She could see his pupils dilating. He was completely, hopelessly aroused by the idea.

Ellie reached across the table. She gently laid her soft, feminine hand over his.

"Join me, Lucas," Ellie whispered, her voice a siren song. "Wish yourself into a woman. We can be masters together. You don't have to give up your power. You just upgrade the vessel."

Experience the ultimate pleasure."

Lucas was vibrating. The temptation was agonizing. To feel what Jackie felt. To feel what the women in his harem felt.

But... permanently?

His male ego screamed in terror. He liked his nine-inch cock. He liked being the man in charge. He didn't want to be stuck wearing dresses and relying on men for the rest of his life.

But then... his brain clicked.

The loophole.

He remembered Sunday afternoon. He remembered Madeline's brilliant, scientific deduction. The Chad and Mika body swap. Magic couldn't be reversed, but consciousness could be moved.

I don't have to be stuck, Lucas thought, his heart racing with adrenaline. I'll just create a male replica of myself first. I'll add him to my harem. Then, I'll wish myself into a girl. If I hate it, or if I just want to be a dude again... I'll just body-swap my mind back into the male clone.

It was foolproof. He could test-drive the ultimate female experience and still keep his safety net.

He looked at Ellie. He wasn't going to tell her his plan. He didn't want to share his loopholes with a rival god just yet.

"Maybe," Lucas said, his voice thick with lust. He pulled his hand back slightly. "But... I have some things I need to do first. Before I make a jump like that."

Internally, Ellie panicked.

Gene, he's pulling away.

If he left now, the moment would pass. He might go home, sober up, and change his mind. She needed him to make the gender-swap wish soon. The second a male Master wished to become female, the tether to a female Djinn would violently snap. Aria would vanish, the magic would cease, and Lucas would be neutralized forever.

She couldn't let him out of her sight.

"Can I come with you?" Ellie asked, forcing a pout. "I'd love to see how you run things."

Lucas raised an eyebrow, his arrogant smirk returning in full force.

"You want to come back to my place?" Lucas chuckled, leaning back. "What, you want to fuck my harem or something?"

Ellie's stomach violently churned. She was a refined, disciplined immortal. The idea of walking into a frat-house mansion filled with mind-broken, hyper-sexualized women made her want to vomit. It was everything she despised about careless Masters.

But she saw no better excuse. She had to stick to him like glue.

Ellie forced a sultry, hungry smile onto her lips. She licked them slowly.

"Uhhh, yeah," Ellie purred, burying her disgust under a layer of practiced seduction. "I'd love to. We can show you the joys of the female body you're missing out on. Before you make the switch. Before you take on a form I can be interested in. And once you change yourself... then we can fuck."

Lucas's eyes lit up like a Christmas tree.

It was the ultimate fantasy. He'd get to fuck the gorgeous veteran Master who had rejected him. He'd get to let her play with his devoted harem. And he got to have one last, massive, god-tier orgy before he safely tested out his gender-swap loophole.

"Check, please," Lucas said, throwing a black card onto the table.

He stood up, offering Ellie his hand.

Ellie took it, her skin crawling, but her smile never wavering.



We're going to the belly of the beast, Gene, Ellie thought grimly as they walked out of the restaurant.

Stay sharp, Master, Gene replied. *He is a fool, but fools with infinite power are the most dangerous creatures alive.*

And with that, the two wished they were standing in the Harem mansion.