

Malignant Wish (MtF, RC, AR)

"This is unbelievable..." Lucas muttered with his eyes wide with shock. He took a step back from the couch in front of him, and he ran his hands through his short blonde hair as he tried to process this. A bead of sweat ran down his brow, and he could feel that the brass urn in his hand was shaking from the adrenaline coursing through his body.

"You're taking this remarkably well." The bearded man on the sofa said with an amused smile spread across his lips. His voice was deep, and it felt like it pierced right into the very core of Lucas's body. **"My last master ended up passing out when I first appeared."**

That would certainly be an appropriate reaction to suddenly finding a man sitting on one's couch after cleaning and scrubbing the gilded urn. It had taken everything that Lucas had not to scream when the dark-haired and immense man had appeared, and he still couldn't believe what the supernatural being had said to him when he had first appeared.

'Thanks for freeing me, master.'

'I am Golos, and, as a token of my appreciation, I will now grant you any wish that you want.'

The words swirled around Lucas's head, over and over again, and his mind began to race. It was all so surreal, so bizarre, and he found it hard to believe. It had to be a joke. Right? Then again, the man had appeared out of nowhere, and it was clear that he wasn't human.

The genie, or whatever he was, sat on Lucas's couch with a smile on his lips. He was tall, easily over seven feet, and his muscular frame was glistening slightly in the light. It looked like polished bronze, unnaturally reflecting the light around him, and his eyes gleamed like molten gold. The genie's hair and beard were black, like charcoal, and he wore a silken outfit that almost seemed to shift and change over his massive frame.

There was nothing natural about him, and his mere presence was sending chills down Lucas's spine.

At the same time, the genie was staring back at him. The supernatural giant took in every inch of the blonde man's body, analyzing every part of him. His gaze wandered over Lucas's masculine and somewhat average frame, from his large feet and up to his clean-shaven face. Lucas's looked into the bronze man's eyes with his steely blue gaze, and it was like staring into a gleaming golden river.

"I can't believe it..." Lucas said as he tried to calm himself down a bit. His breaths came in hard, and his heart was beating like a drum in his chest. **"You're a real genie."**

"Well..." Golos seemed like he was about to correct Lucas, but eventually, he bit his tongue and sighed. **"Yes, I guess you could call me that."** The genie was probably tired of explaining what he was to every master that rubbed his urn. Right now, to Lucas, it didn't matter what he was. All he cared about was what he could do for him.

"And you'll grant me wishes, correct? Anything I want?" It was hard to contain his excitement, especially now when the initial shock had begun to die down. Lucas took a seat on the chair on the other side of the small living room table, now leaning forward as he stared at the gleaming bronze giant sitting on his couch.

Once again, the giant seemed like he wanted to correct him and explain to Lucas how everything worked. But, in the end, he gave him a simple nod. **"Yes, almost."** Lucas wasn't an idiot, and there were probably some limitations to what he could ask from the supernatural man. However, the genie would probably tell him if he asked for something he couldn't do.

"And I have as many wishes as I want? Not just three, right?" Lucas could hear how manic he sounded. He leaned back and took a deep breath in hopes of calming

himself down. It was hard not to be excited, though, especially since he was about to have everything he had ever wanted.

"Yes," Golos said with a deep sigh. It was clear that this wasn't the first time someone had asked him that. **"and not just three wishes."**

"Alright. Cool." Lucas said in an attempt to calm himself down. He placed the small urn on the table, the thing clattering slightly from how much his hands were shaking. Lucas couldn't believe his luck. It had been a mere fluke that he had decided to bring the ancient yet cool-looking urn back home from his neighbor's garage sale. He had bought it for only a few bucks, and now it seemed that it would help him fulfill his every dream.

"Very well then, master." The genie said, his voice snapping Lucas out of his thoughts and bringing him back to reality again. The gleaming golden eyes stared right at him and the blonde man like they could see right through him. **"What is your first wish?"**

That was a good question as well. Lucas had been more preoccupied with figuring out how this was possible instead of trying to think of what he wanted. However, the man quickly figured that he should ask for something simple and then work up from there.

"Alright. For my first wish, I'd like a million dollars here on this table." He said, gesturing towards the empty spot in front of him. The genie snapped his fingers, and a radiant golden light blinded poor Lucas. His eyes went wide with shock when his vision cleared up after a few minutes. There was now a small pile of money on the table, with everything from pennies to hundred dollar bills that were neatly stacked together.

"Wish granted." The brass man said, his booming voice sending tingles through Lucas's body.

"Holy shit!" The blonde guy flipped through the bills, eyes wide with shock and a grin having spread over his lips. It was real, all of it, and everything that the genie had said was true. He could really wish for anything he wanted, and finally, he began to believe that this was all true.

"What is your next wish, master?" Lucas looked up at the genie, smiling widely. His mind raced, and he wasn't thinking straight in his deliriously excited state.

"Alright, okay, um..." Lucas dropped the bills back on the table, the smile on his face never disappearing. The blonde wanted a lot of things in his life. He wished to find love, and he wanted a family. But, most importantly, he didn't want to be alone anymore. Ever since college, or even since high school ended, he had felt lost and lonely. Everyone had moved out of the state after high school, and they had all moved on with their lives. Mark, one of his mates, had even died a few years ago, and it was at his funeral that had been the last time he had spoken to any of his childhood friends. They had promised each other that they would hang out and spend some time with each other after that, but it had never happened. Everyone, except he, had a family, and all he wanted now was to hang out with them again.

Mark. James. Logan. Michael. He missed them all so dearly, and all he wanted was to spend some time with them again. Not only that, but he imagined how cool it would be for them to all gather together and watch him make wishes. He wouldn't just give himself everything he wanted, but also everything they wanted as well. God, he couldn't help but smile just thinking about it. Not only that, but maybe the genie could even give back Mark his life again?

"Alright! I know what I want next," Lucas said as he stood up before taking a deep breath. **"I wish to hang out with my childhood friends again. Mark, James, Logan, and everyone else."**

Suddenly, to his surprise, he could see how an almost wicked smile spread across the genie's bronze lips. His eyes golden eyes seemed to gleam more than before, and a chill passed down Lucas's spine.

"Your wish is my command, master." The genie said as he stood up, the massive man soon towering over the poor blonde guy. The floors creaked under his immense frame, and Lucas watched in surprise and shock as the genie approached him.

"Um, w-what are you doing?" Lucas muttered, his heart beating faster and faster in his chest. **"Aren't you going to fulfill my wish?"**

"Oh, but I am, master." The genie's voice was much heavier than before, and it seemed to echo unnaturally through the room. Time had seemingly frozen around them, and the clock on the wall had stopped ticking. But, right now, Lucas was too focused on the genie grabbing his arm to notice it.

"Hey, let go of me!" Lucas groaned as the massive djinn grabbed his arm by his wrist. He tried pulling it away, but it was like trying to move a mountain. That body wasn't just for show, and it dawned on the blonde guy that the bronze giant could probably break every bone in his body without breaking out a sweat.

Golos said nothing, and he didn't even look the now panicked man in the eyes. Instead, he began to pull, press, and squeeze on Lucas's pinned hand with his massive fist. The sound of bones popping and snapping made Lucas cry out in terror, and if he wasn't panicking before, then he certainly was now. However, there was no pain. There was just sheer discomfort, which was strange considering the sickening cracks that came from his hand as Golos continued to mold it like it was clay. Heat radiated through his entire pinned limb, and it seemed to emanate from the djinn himself.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Lucas cried out again as he hammered his fist against the genie's thick chest. It was like trying to punch a slab of steel, and he only managed to hurt his hand in the process. He groaned in pain as Golos continued to mold his hand.

"You humans are so difficult to work with, so much useless and squishy parts." The genie said with his booming voice, and it almost sounded like he was amused. **"But this isn't the first time I've done this, master. There, perfect."**

Golos moved his hand away from Lucas's fist, and the blonde guy could finally see what the djinn had done to it. The masculine and thick fingers he was familiar with were gone, and his entire hand looked tiny compared to before. His fingers were now short and dainty, adorned with a short manicured nail that looked far more at home on a girl. Lucas moved his fingers, and, to his horror, he realized that it really was his hand that he saw. Then, to make matters worse, Golos began to move down on his arm with his hands to continue shaping it, just like he had done to Lucas's hand.

"S-Stop, and turn my hand back to normal again! I wish that you'd stop!" The blonde man cried out, and his heart sank when he saw the wicked grin that spread over the genie's bronze lips.

"I'm sorry, master," It was impossible not to hear the amused tone in his voice now, and it was clear that the wicked being was enjoying himself. **"but I can only grant one wish at the time."**

Panic washed over the poor guy, and he tried to pull his arm free from the wicked genie's grasp. However, it was like trying to fight against a force of nature. There was no pain as the room filled with the sounds of his arm snapping and cracking, but god was it uncomfortable. Golos seemed to become much better at molding his body, and he was now moving with remarkable ease over his limb as he shifted flesh and shrank bone expertly.

It wasn't long until the bronze giant had reached his shoulder, and Lucas stared with wide eyes at his new dainty limb. The masculine and somewhat thick arm was gone, now replaced with something far daintier. The muscles in it were gone, and it was now padded gently with a small amount of fat that made it soft without causing it to look fat or even chubby. It wasn't the arm of a man but that of a weak and feminine girl.

"One down, and more to go." Golos chuckled, finally releasing the now girly limb from his grasp before he grabbed Lucas's other arm. Then, to the blonde man's horror, he could see and feel how the djinn began to work on it as well. The poor man was too shocked to say anything as he examined his girly arm, eyes wide with fear.

"T-This isn't what I wished for!" Lucas exclaimed, once again trying to pull his arm free from Golos's firm hold. He hammered his new dainty limb against the djinn's chest, and the blonde man could feel just how weak it was.

"Oh, but it is." The bronze giant said with a chuckle as he finished off his other hand, leaving it as dainty and feminine as his other one. **"You really should have been more careful with what you wish for."**

"I just wished to be with my friends again! How the hell is this supposed to help with that?!" It was hard not to hear the fear and panic in Lucas's voice. His heart was beating hard in his chest, and sweat poured from his brow. Every inch that Golos worked on was pulsating with an infernal heat, and it only made him sweat even more.

"I cannot raise the dead from their graves." The djinn stated bluntly, now finishing off the last touches to his once masculine limb. It was now as frail and dainty as his other arm, leaving him with two womanly limbs that looked quite out of place on his otherwise manly body. **"But there are other ways of letting you see your friends again, master."**

Lucas had no idea what he meant by that, but it was clear that there was no way out of this. He let out a gasp as the massive genie grabbed his shirt and pants with his strong hands. Golos then tore them off from his body as if it was paper, and the blonde guy was surprised to find his underwear and socks destroyed in the process. He was now completely naked, and it made him feel even more vulnerable and exposed. The djinn loomed over him, now discarding the tattered remains of his clothes to the side.

At that moment, Lucas saw his opportunity to escape. It was useless, though, and he would have known that if he had been thinking straight. The blonde guy had barely taken a single step before he was pushed down to the floor by the immense man, and he groaned as he slammed against the hard wooden floor. Golos then flipped him over onto his back and grabbed one of his legs by the ankle.

"There's no point in trying to resist, master." Once again, Lucas could see and hear just how much the genie was enjoying this. He wasn't listening to him, and he used his free leg to give the gleaming golem a swift kick right in his face. The poor man got reminded what a bad idea that was a moment later when his foot pulsed in pain. It was like trying to kick a concrete wall, and Golos didn't even seem fazed by it. Hell, he didn't even flinch.

The sound of bones cracking and sinew stretching continued to fill the room. Lucas found himself feeling nauseous from hearing it, and he was beyond thankful that he at least felt no pain as the man continued to mold him. Golos worked quickly now, readjusting and shifting his body with ease, and Lucas could soon see how dainty his foot had become as the djinn moved further his leg. It was small, even for a woman, and each cute toe had a manicured nail that adorned it. They glistened in the light, and so did the ones on his finger as well, and it made it look like someone had applied clear nail polish to them.

Golos moved his hands over his left leg, reshaping muscles into fat that he was now pushing up on his limb. Bones shrank, leaving his legs shorter than before, and he could see how his masculine thigh began to plump up with feminine fat when the djinn started to work on it. It wasn't long before it was padded, giving it a girly appearance and feminine softness. Lucas could see how much shorter his left leg was to his right one, and his heart skipped a beat when he realized how tiny he would be by the end of this.

The guy told himself that this was all temporary. After all, he still had unlimited wishes to fix this, and he could wish to be back to normal again once this was over. However, it was a poor comfort now that he watched as the evil genie was molding and twisting his body into something far more womanly.

"I still don't understand how this is supposed to help me hang out with my friends again!" Lucas cried out as he watched Golos work on his foot, leaving it as dainty and tiny as his other one. The guy could feel how a few drops were running down the side of his cheek, and he didn't know if it was sweat or tears.

"You don't need to understand," Golos said, smiling as he did. **"and I suggest that you enjoy the ride, master. I know that I certainly am."** It was impossible not to notice the wicked glee in his voice as he worked on Lucas's leg. It wasn't long until it was as short and as dainty as his left one, his thighs now touching each other as Golos made the finishing touches on it. The padded things pressed against each, leaving no gap between his legs, and they looked ridiculous attached to his otherwise male body. That was about to change as Golos grabbed Lucas's cock with his hand, cupping the entire thing in his palm.

"N-No..." The blonde man muttered meekly, his heart skipping a beat as he realized what was going to happen next. He closed his eyes and gasped as the thick bronze fingers began to push and pull at his masculine member. It throbbed in Golos's hands, and it wasn't from pleasure. It was almost as if it was trying to fight against the changes, to resist turning into something hopelessly feminine. It was no use, and it dwindled in size as the genie pressed his finger down on it.

Lucas kept his eyes closed during the entire ordeal, now suppressing any weird or foreign sensation that ravaged his body as he became a she. There was a moment that he was neither as his cock shrank down in size, and his balls began to dwindle, but that changed a moment later. She gasped as she felt a finger press down against what remained of her cock, the once masculine thing twitching for one last time before becoming her new sensitive clitoris. Lucy's testicles were pushed into her body, one by one until her sack was empty. After that, Golos began to mold her new feminine snatch, using what was left of her ball-sack and slowly causing new womanly organs to grow within her.

Hormones began to flood her system as her testicles were twisted and changed into a pair of ovaries. A gentle heat then washed over her entire abdomen as her reproductive system became fully functional. There was no pain as this happened, just weird sensations that she refused to acknowledge. Lucy now knew that it was tears that ran down her cheeks, and it wasn't long before the wicked giant pulled his hands away from

her newly created pussy. Her feminine snatch was pristine and youthful, fit for a girl in her late teens or early twenties. It was untouched by any foreign fingers or by cock, and with an intact hymen.

"There, the hard part is now over, master." Golos chuckled as he admired his handiwork, and Lucy dared to open her eyes for a brief moment to see what had happened. Lucy averted her gaze when she didn't see her cock down there, her heart skipping a beat at the same time.

"T-This is only temporary..." The blonde girl muttered to herself, unable to accept that she was really a woman now. **"Deep breaths... Deep breaths..."**

However, she let out a gasp as she felt the massive man's hands on her narrow hips, fingers sinking into her flesh as if it was clay, and she stared into his wicked gleaming golden eyes. Then, with another chuckle, he began to stretch her pelvis forcefully. Heat radiated through her entire abdomen as it happened, which in turn made her feel strange tingles between her legs that she neither wanted nor could suppress.

Loud pops and cracks echoed through the room as it happened, her pelvis now widening rapidly and taking on a more womanly shape. At the same time, Golos began to knead and massage her backside, and fat soon poured into her flat derrière. It plumped up and grew until it was a soft and padded bubble-butt, one that most girls would love to have. Her pelvis continued to widen for a bit, and Golos didn't stop until her hips were curvy. They weren't massive, far from it, and they were more girly than childbearing and womanly. And yet, they felt far too wide for Lucy's taste, and she couldn't help but notice how curvy they were and how round her ass had become.

"S-Stop this, please. StooAAHHHHHHH!" Her pleas turned to a pained cry as the giant's hands gripped her midsection and began to crush it into her body. There wasn't much pain, and she mostly screamed from the sheer shock of it all. Bones snapped, and organs shrank as her waist collapsed into her body, giving her a much curvier look. Her tummy was soon flat, any excess fat that she had before was now gone, and her narrow waist made her hips look much wider. The air in her lungs got knocked out, and it made her dizzy.

"We're soon done with your body, master." The brass giant mocked her as he moved his hand over her torso. He continued to crush it down into a much daintier size, and Lucy's spine popped as it got shorter. Ribs shrank, lungs deflated, and her entire torso was beginning to shrink at a rapid rate. Lucy was dizzy as the air in her lungs continued to be pushed out, and she had to take sudden yet dainty gasps to stop herself from passing out. It only got worse when he pressed his hands down over her shoulders, causing her once broad figure to become small and narrow.

"God!" Lucy gasped when it was finally over, her breaths coming in hard and with sweat dripping from her body. Every inch of her body burned hot, and she felt dizzy from almost having suffocated during the process. She didn't dare to glance down, but she could feel how tiny she was. Everything below her neck was soft and girly, with one exception. That, however, was about to change.

Golos gripped her flat yet feminine chest, causing her to gasp again, and she realized what was about to happen next. The massive bronze hands began to knead and massage her flat mounds, pushing fat into them and teasing her nipples. Both her nipples and her flat breasts started to grow bigger, much to her shame. The worst thing about it all was just how insanely sensitive the entire area became. She groaned and almost moaned as the genie massaged her increasingly swelling tits. Suddenly, her loins began to ache in a way she had never felt before, and her face flushed red with shame as it happened. She didn't want this, any of this, and she hated the pleasure her body felt as Golos squeezed and fondled her tits.

It was thankfully over quickly, and she nervously glanced down at her chest. Two horrible growths now sat there, each one looking massive from her perspective, and the sheer size of her nipples shocked her. They weren't that big, barely C's, but they were far more massive and softer than anything she had ever wanted. One thing that seemed to stand out was how pale they looked. It wasn't just her breasts either, but her entire body seemed to have taken on a much lighter complexion.

Unfortunately, Lucy didn't get much time to 'admire' her increasingly more feminine body before Golos grabbed her throat with a meaty fist. He clenched it over her throat, causing her to gasp for air. He let go after only a moment, and Lucy coughed and

gasped for air as he let go. When she did, she could hear how soft it was. Frail, feminine, meek. However, what shocked her the most was how familiar it sounded.

"O-Oh god..." Lucy muttered, and her heart skipped yet another beat as she realized that she had heard that voice before. She didn't know from where, but she could swear that she knew someone that sounded like this.

After that, before she could ponder on it for too long, she felt his meaty fists gripping her head and feeling his thick fingers pressing over her face. It made her entire skull warm, and even her breath came in hot right now.

"Now, 'master', this might sting a bit." Golos said mockingly, now grinning as he held her head tightly in his hands. Lucy's heart skipped another beat, and she could feel how a few more drops of sweat and tears ran down the side of her cheek.

The blonde girl stared into his gleaming eyes before his thumbs moved over her eyes, forcing her to close them. After that, her ears began to ring with the loud cracking noise that came from her entire skull as it started to shrink in size. At the same time, Golos pressed down on her eyes lightly with his brass thumbs, and she could feel how they were changing. Her entire face was, her masculine and large head rapidly becoming softer and more feminine. It was the first time that the ordeal was painful, and she cried out from the faint amount of pain she experienced as her head took on a more girly shape. He shaped her face as if it was wet clay, and it wasn't long before Lucy no longer looked like a man.

It was over as quickly as it began, and she could feel how different her face was when he moved his hands away from it. Lucy could feel how defined her cheekbones were, how round and soft her face was, and how small her skull had become. Not only that, but her eyes felt different. She ran a delicate finger around her eye sockets, feeling that they were different.

Golos ran his fingers through her hair after that, and she groaned when he grabbed a handful of her short blonde locks in his metallic limbs. The genie began to pull, forcing the hair to grow thicker and longer in the process. He pulled at it, over and over again, until it was long and reached down to her waist. Not only that, but it was as if his infernal touch was burning the color from his hair. It darkened, becoming as dark as his charcoal mane, and it didn't stop until her entire mane was as dark as night.

"Now, your body is finally complete." Golos took a step back from the pale-skinned girl that lay sobbing on the floor. It was hard not to hear the mocking tone in his voice, and he stared down at her with a smile on his lips. **"What do you think about your new appearance?"**

The girl opened her eyes and looked up at the djinn, and her eyes went wide with shock. When she looked into the mirror, she couldn't see the Caucasian man she used to be. Instead, she saw a young Asian girl with tears rolling down the side of her cheek. Even worse, she had seen her before.

It was Hannah, Michael's younger sister. She had seen that cute round face, those doe-like slanted eyes, and that long black hair a million times. It was so surreal to see her like this, though. Naked on the floor and with a shocked look on her face. Tears and sweat ran down her defined cheeks. Her feminine and adorable body were fully exposed, leaving nothing to the imagination. And, even worse, she knew that she was her now. That this was her body, and the realization made her shudder. She wrapped one arm around her naked breasts, face flushing even redder from the sensations she felt as she brushed against her erect nipples. More tingles passed down to her youthful pussy, causing her to feel even more shame in the process. The other hand moved down to her crotch, hiding her innocent feminine flower from the world.

However, something was off about her. Hannah had seen the girl only a few years ago when he had visited Michael during the holidays. The girl she saw in the mirror wasn't the mature soon-to-be mother that she had seen then. Instead, this was a much younger version of the girl, one that looked barely eighteen. Hannah glanced up at Golos, now with an angry look on her face as the initial fear and shock were fading.

"Why the hell did you do this?!" The girl hissed, hearing just how soft and tender her voice sounded. It was precisely like Hannah's, and it was so bizarre to find herself talking in that voice. **"How the hell does turning me into my friend's sister count as granting me my wish?!"**

The massive towering giant let out a roaring chuckle at her tender yet angry yelling. The only reason why she hadn't completely lost her temper or collapsed into a sobbing mess was that she knew that this was only temporary. All she needed to do now was to wish to be back to normal again then this nightmare would be over.

"Oh, Hannah," Golos said, his voice seething with mocking joy as he talked. **"you're so naive. Don't worry, though. Soon you'll be able to spend as much as you want with your old friends again."**

"Hell no!" Hannah cried out as she wiped away some tears from her eyes and face. She stood up and stamped her dainty foot against the ground, an act that she quickly regretted when it made her breasts jiggle in ways she would rather ignore. **"I wish you'd turn me back into Lucas again!"**

The wicked grin that spread across his brass lips sent a shiver down her spine.

"No, I cannot do that, Hannah." Once again, she hated how amused he sounded.

"I am your master, and I command you to turn me back again! I wish to be Lucas again!" Hannah hissed, this time louder than before. Fear began to creep up her spine, and she could feel a sense of dread washing over her tiny frame.

"You don't get it, Hannah," Golos said, shaking his head. **"you aren't my master. Lucas is my master, and you certainly don't look like him."**

At that moment, her pale face grew even paler as she heard what he said. Panic and fear washed over her, and she suddenly realized why he had called her 'Hannah' and not 'master' lately.

"Besides, we aren't done with your wish yet." The massive man then took a few steps towards the girl, and he watched with glee as she began to cower before him. **"Goodbye, Hannah. Enjoy your new life."**

The djinn dropped the mirror he was holding right on top of her, and to Hannah's surprise, she found herself passing right through the reflective surface. She went tumbling into a dark and empty void, flailing her dainty limbs around and crying out with her girly yet panicked voice.

Then, without warning, her vision faded, and she found herself landing on something soft and cushion. Hannah opened her eyes, and she saw that she was in a room she had seen before but had never been inside. She sat up, feeling how pink pajamas now clung loosely over her slim and girly frame as she gazed with fear around the room. Hannah saw dirty laundry strewn about, with the scent of cheap perfume lingering in the air. On the wall were girly posters, some with bands she had never heard before or with cute boys on them.

Hannah realized that this wasn't the room of a man or even a teenage boy. It was a room fit for a girl in her late teens, one that was more concerned with high school drama and upcoming tests than anything real or important.

"N-No... Nonononononononono!" Hannah muttered over and over again as she got up on her dainty feet. **"T-The urn! I-I've got to find the urn!"** She hissed, the girl still in denial that she was stuck like this as she began to search the room. The pale-skinned girl turned the place upside down, hoping to find the brass item that had put her into this mess. And yet, she found nothing.

Fear and panic continued to bubble up in her body, and she slumped down on her knees as reality began to crumble around her. It was harder and harder to deny that this was real.

"T-This can't be happening... T-This is just a bad dream, a nightmare..." She muttered, clinging to the hope that this was all going to go away when she woke up. Hannah refused to believe that she was now her friend's sister, nor that she had been transported a decade backward in time. But, what she heard next, shattered any hope she had left.

"Hannah, breakfast is ready! You have to hurry, or else you'll be late for school." A motherly voice said, and Hannah found herself collapsing into a sobbing and screaming mess. She was stuck, she knew it, and she couldn't keep back the tears or panic anymore. Unsurprisingly, her mother and the rest of her family were quite confused by the teenage girl's sudden emotional tantrum. They were unaware of the truth, and in this reality, Lucas had never even existed.

At least now, she could spend as much time as she wanted with Mark, Michael, and everyone else. In the end, her wish got fulfilled, but not in the way she might have wanted. She could only hope she could find the urn again and undo the mess she was in, but that didn't seem likely. For now, she would have to get used to bras, periods, exams, and teen girl high school drama.