

# My Best Friend is a Genie! (Genie TFTG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Frank and James are two best friends, but Frank has been a bit lazy compared to James. After he buys a strange lamp from a mysterious store, however, his entire life is turned upside down, and there will be no more slacking off; not now that Frank is a gorgeous genie woman compelled to grant her master James' wishes!*

## My Best Friend is a Genie!

I looked at my watch and sighed. Frank was late yet again. The man just couldn't organise anything in his life, I swear! I already had three messages from Elizabeth, all of them asking where my friend was and why he hadn't arrived on time for the interview. I messaged an apology back and lied about him becoming unexpectedly sick. Perhaps she would help reorganise the time, perhaps not. I wouldn't blame her if she didn't want to see Frank at all, not after all the work I had to put in to get him this job interview.

"Goddamn it, Frank," I grumbled. "Why do you have to be such a total slacker?"

It was at that moment the door opened, and my friend stepped in.

"Hey James, sorry I'm late!"

"Dude, you're meant to be at the interview for the mattress place. You know, the interview I got you after a whole heap of work I did?"

Frank winced, his brow knitting together in realisation. He ran a hand through his short blonde hair. "Shit. Fuck. Dude, I just completely forgot. I was playing that new *Erutrell Unleashed* fantasy game and I just couldn't put it down. I thought we were meeting up?"

I took a deep breath. "After a successful interview, yeah. Dude, you've really gotta get your life in shape. You gotta get a *job*. I can't keep helping you pay your rent and you can't move in."

"Why not?"

I cocked an eyebrow. "Because if you haven't noticed, I keep my apartment spick and span, while yours is covered in five inches of rubbish."

"Please, it's like three inches at the most."

There was a beat, and then we both laughed.

"I can't believe I keep you around," I said.

"You just love my winning sense of humour. Plus I kick your ass at basketball."

He wasn't wrong; he was a damn good basketball player. If only he put as much effort into the rest of his life as he did with sport, and even then he wasn't big leagues material or anything.

“Okay, so you kick my ass at basketball. So why won’t you let me kick your ass into gear and get you some work? There’s no way you’ve got that much left in the bank!”

Frank shrugged. “Well, I’m not extremely liquid, I’ll admit. Something will fall into my lap dude, just like your job did for you.”

I almost snorted. “My job fell into my lap?”

He brought a glass out from the bench and began taking some of my fruit juice to pour out for himself. “Sure! You’re rolling in the sweet green now.”

“In the job that fell into my lap.”

“Exactly.”

“The job I went to university for five years for. The job I endlessly applied to various building companies for. The job that tells people I’m an officially degreed architect. That job?”

Frank sculled down the juice. Damn it, it was the last bit of it. I loved passion fruit juice. It was my luxury gift to myself each week.

“Okay, so you studied really hard and stuff. But I didn’t go to college or anything-”

“Despite me telling you that you should.”

“-and besides, none of the jobs you find for me are quite right, you know?”

At this point I was almost fuming. Frank had been my best buddy since we were kids. We played video games together, played sports together, climbed trees and broken limbs together. We’d been each others’ wingmen successfully and unsuccessfully, and even now he was always willing to take me to the club to find me a girlfriend, even if the best I got recently were one-night stands. Ours was a total bromance, but his slacker attitude to everything was starting to get on my nerves even more than usual.

“Dude, can you seriously not take ownership of your life for even one second!?”

He paused, looking as if I’d shot him. “James?”

“You can’t just always lean on me, Frank. You’ve got to live on your own and find your own way. I don’t care what way it is, I don’t care if it’s not a job you like, but goddamn it, you’ve got to find *something* to do that’ll support yourself, and I can’t always be the one making these decisions for you!”

Frank slowly nodded, taking my words in. “Yeah, okay, I’m sorry. Damn. Yeah. You’re right, dude.”

I exhaled, happy that he agreed. “I’m glad you see it my way. Now I’m happy to help you organis-”

“Which is why I bought this good luck lamp on the way here! This is some Aladdin shit, check it out!”

My heart somehow nestled itself in my stomach as my friend pulled a golden Arabian-looking lamp out of the bag he’d brought with him and placed it on my kitchen island top with a loud *thunk*. It looked to be made of real gold, but obviously that couldn’t be the

case, and there were numerous engravings in an ancient language that *looked* like old Arabic, but slightly different, at least as far as I could tell. I was an architect, not a translator. Certainly, it looked like a replica of an artefact, though it seemed to glow a subtle pink where it opened up.

“Dude, what the hell is this?”

“Like I said, it’s my good luck lamp!” he said cheerily. “I found it at this weird store filled with mysterious junk. You know where Dave’s Fries used to be? Well, this place was suddenly there, calling itself the Mad Monk’s Menagerie. Pretty cool name, right? He was a weird guy, all dressed up in red with a turban and everything. He acted all aloof and stuff, and when I asked him when he set up the place he just said ‘I’ve always been here, but tomorrow I will not.’ He was obviously playing a part. Anyway, the place was full of cool junk but when this one caught my eye, he told me it was a good luck lamp, one that could even grant wishes. And you know how much I’m big on generating my luck. He warned me that it could have repercussions yada yada yada, all that Mad Monk shtick he was playing, but it only cost me forty bucks, so why not? How sick does it look!?”

By this point, I was resting my face in my hands. “Please don’t tell me you spent your rent money on a worthless junk replica lamp, Frank.”

He just dismissed my point: “Dude, you gotta spend money to make money. Besides, it’s like you said, this might give me opportunities to finally find a job.”

I could barely believe it. In fact, I didn’t even really know what to say. I pinched the bridge of my nose and prepared a long, rather frustrated rant. “Frank, you know luck isn’t a real thing, right? Like, you can’t just induce it?”

“Sure you can! The Mad Monk guy told me how. He said, what was it again? That’s right, you just have to hold the lamp in your left hand like this, and rub it in your right hand like this, three times to be exact, and then you just say ‘*I summon the power to bring luck and fortune*’ and then the luck should st-”

He halted, and for a moment I wondered why. Then I saw it; the lamp was starting to *glow*. Pink smoke was emerging from its spout, drifting upwards and growing rapidly in volume.

“What the hell?” I asked. “Is this some kind of bit?”

“I’m not pranking you, I swear! Dude, I told you it works! It’s going to bring me fortune! It’s going to - ack! - bring me - ack! - fortune! ACK!”

He began to cough as the smoke enveloped him. It was getting everywhere, turning into a huge pink cloud of fog that seemed to curl its tendrils around him almost unnaturally. The lamp continued to glow, gleaming as if it were truly some ancient holy relic, and I won’t lie; my heart began to pound in my chest. I stood from my chair and stepped backwards, eyes wide at this strange spectacle.

“Dude, throw it away!” I cried.

“I’m - ack! - trying to but I c-can’t! It’s like my hand is stuck to it!”

For emphasis, he waved his hand about, and true enough, the lamp did not leave it, as if it were glued to him. “Okay, uh, maybe this doesn’t feel so lucky now! Do you think that maybe - HOLY SHIT WHAT THE FUCK!?”

“Frank! Frank!? What’s going on oh my God your legs what’s happening to your legs!?”

He pointed down to his feet, which I had thought were simply being overwhelmed by the pink fog, but now I could see were literally *becoming* part of the fog. His ankles were next, followed by his calves and then his knees. His entire being was being pulled into the smoke!

“Dude, help me! Get this thing off of me! You need to take it! I’m losing my legs here man!”

But he wasn’t collapsing; he was *floating*, his entire body careening a little to the right as if he were bobbing in water, only he was levitating in the middle of my damn kitchen. He looked at me and gestured hurriedly to the lamp in his hand.

“Hurry the fuck up, James! I don’t know what the hell is happening here!”

I stopped being a deer in headlights and leapt into action, rounding the kitchen island and entering the thick smoke. It was pungent and sweet-smelling, like it was made of the most exotic spices, and it seemed to radiate a slight electricity that set the hairs on my arm and neck on end, as if it were full of some strange power. I ignored these strange sensitive experiences and grabbed the lamp from his hand. There was a moment’s resistance, and then it came free of his hand. It glowed brilliantly bright the moment it entered my grip, and something like a flow of power entered me as well.

“Christ!” I cried. I quickly threw the lamp over into my adjacent living room, where it landed on a plush bean bag near my TV. The pillar of pink smoke billowing from it stretched like a thrown tear gas grenade, still reaching to Frank.

“I’ve done it!” I cried, and for a moment I felt victorious, only for my heart to beat more rapidly as I saw my friend was still disintegrating; only this time he was also being pulled towards the glowing lamp.

“Dude! You gotta help me! That Mad Monk scammed me! This wasn’t what I asked foooooorrr . . .”

His voice became tinny and high-pitched as he was pulled all the way to the lamp, his legs and hips now entirely comprised of smoke, like his lower half was a mermaid tail made of roiling pink mist, or a genie from a lamp.

“A genie from a lamp,” I repeated near-silently, witnessing my friend’s smoky lower half pull into the bottle. He cried out in shock, reaching for me, but he was pulled and

stretched into the opening, impossibly squeezing into it. I feared that it would kill him, but his cries echoed even as his chest flattened and his shoulders squeezed in, and then there was just his head being pulled through the tiny tube, his expression across the room one of pure disbelief.

“Get me out of this! I’ll get an interview! I’ll accept any job! I’ll be a garbageman for Christ’s sake, just don’t put me in here! PLEASE!”

There was nothing to say. What could I possibly say? I was half convinced I had accidentally drugged myself or something, or that the pink smoke from the lamp was some kind of dose of hallucinogen. My buddy yelled out one last time and then his face was literally compressed like a cartoon character’s as he was sucked into the lamp and gone for good. What little remained of the pink smoke went with him, and then everything went silent. It was as if Frank had never been here, and the only evidence he had was the lamp sitting on the beanbag.

My oven timer dinged.

My muffins must have been ready.

With a shaking hand, I reached over and turned it off. Then, slowly and with a great deal of trepidation, I approached the lamp. I had no idea what to expect. Was Frank dead? Was he trapped? Was he a genie now? The last part almost made me chuckle from the sheer ridiculousness of it; way to find a job alright!

“Frank?” I said with a trembling voice. “Are you there, buddy? Can you hear me?”

There was no reply. Even the lamp had gone still, no longer glowing or looking out of place in any way. Even its golden surface had dimmed considerably, reminding me why I had assumed it was a fake. I steadied my hands, which were shaking like a palsied old man, and took a deep breath.

“Okay, here goes,” I said aloud, as if asking the universe for permission to grant me courage. I seized my hands around the lamp and pulled them back just as quickly.

Nothing happened.

I gingerly placed my fingers on the lamp a second time. Again, nothing happened. With a better sense of my own security, I took the lamp and lifted it into my hands, cradling it like a child. Still nothing.

“Frank? Frank, can you hear me, buddy? Are you in there?”

There was the faintest glow of pink from within, the merest stirring of magical fog. I spoke his name again, and the mist flared, brightening, but it did not come out.

“Shit, shit, shit. Holy shit, what do I do? Um, do I rub the lamp? Do I hold it and rub it? What if that traps me in there too?”

I had to risk it. For all his faults, Frank would risk it without a second thought. He could be a real slacker and deadbeat, but he’d always had my back when I needed him, and

he needed me now. I calmed my beating heart and got some breath back into my lungs, and then I held the lamp just as he'd done.

"Three rubs with your right hand," I said, repeating the motion, "and then say the words-"

The pink smoke *exploded* out of the lamp, making me drop it back onto the floor and stagger backwards. Right before my eyes a humanoid figure materialised, forming from the smoke and regaining two legs.

"Frank, thank God!" I cried, moving forward to embrace my friend, but I halted again. This wasn't Frank at all; the profile was all wrong, mostly because it was a *woman's* shadow within the thinning pink mist. A woman's voice cried out in relief as it began to clear.

"Dude, that was the weirdest shit I've ever experienced! I could hear you out there - I was stuck in this little pocket dimension or something with lots of plush pillows, and then I felt you rub the lamp and you got me out of there, you brilliant son of a bitch! Ack! So much smoke, where are you? Oh, there you are, man. I tell you, my body feels really weird. And what's up with my voice? I sound like a total chick!"

The pink fog cleared, the last of the woman before me manifesting. She was speaking Frank's language, but she did not look like Frank in any way whatsoever.

She was the most goddamned attractive woman I'd ever seen.

Her skin was a mid-tone olive, as if tanned by the desert sun. Her hair was thick and long, easily falling to her waist with loose natural curls. Her eyes were grey-green, presiding over a regal nose with a long aquiline shape, below which was a set of full luscious lips. Her makeup was naturalistic, enhancing her already staggering beauty, and this was just her face; her body was equally enthralling. She had the kind of shape women would kill for, the kind very few are naturally blessed with; petite shoulders, itty bitty waist, wide hips and big boobs. She was shorter than Frank, who was easily six feet two; this woman had to be only five-six at best, but somehow she still seemed to possess long, luscious legs. I could note all of this because her style of clothing was quite . . . harem-like.

In fact, there was barely any clothing at all, really. The woman - who definitely looked Arabic or Persian to my eyes - wore something like a pink tube top around her large breasts, hoisting them up to show more than an ample amount of cleavage. It connected to two short sleeves that barely covered her upper arms, and that was it for her upper body, except for a transparent pink scarf around her neck that looped into her hair and was held in place by jewellery. Her pants were also in the harem style and also pink, though they were see-through to show off her gorgeous legs, with only the section around her hips and covering her pelvis being opaque. Even so, where the baggy pants began a tight set of underwear I could see the clear absence between her legs, confirming that this really was a woman. Her feet were entirely bare but for anklets that jingled and jangled with her steps. All

in all, it was like she'd stepped out of some kind of kinky Arabian bellydancing girl fantasy, complete with her perfect curves and voluptuous chest.

"Dude, are you okay? Dude?" she said, snapping her fingers. "Ack! Something's wrong with my voice. Are you taller? Did something happen to you? My chest feels weird. Buddy can you answer me. *Master?*"

At the last, which seemed to shock even her, I finally exploded.

"FRANK, LOOK DOWN AT YOURSELF, WILL YOU!?"

The incredibly seductive paused, hands on her wide hips. "Fine, *Master!*" she said, though her use of the word seemed to confuse her. She looked down.

Blinked.

Raised her hands slowly.

Cupped her breasts.

Jiggled them.

Jiggled them some more.

Jiggled them a third time.

And then, around the time I was *really* struggling not to get hard, she finally let loose a high-pitched squeal.

"Dude, what the fuck? *Master*, I've turned into a chick with big tits!"

"I can see that, Frank!" I said, taking in the sight of her and really trying hard to keep my eyes on hers rather than the delectable cleavage she was shaking about.

"*Name is Farah, Master, and I am your servant.*"

She gave a slight bow, once again presenting those breasts, which seemed quite natural from the way they sloped from her movements - though none of this situation was natural. She clutched them again, forcing them into a jiggle.

"Jesus, they're heavy! And sensitive! Mhm! How the fuck did this happen? Wait, did I just call myself Farah, *Master*? Wait times two, did I just call you Master, *Master?*"

You could have heard the world's tiniest pin drop upon the world's quietest floor.

"Um, I rather think you did, Frank."

"*I told you, Master, my name is Farah, your own personal genie.*"

Again, the pin could have dropped. I bit back my immediate reaction, which was something between 'holy shit' and 'this will totally corrupt me.' Of course, I didn't say either of those things. Instead, I hesitantly approached my changed friend and put my hand on his shoulder; his soft, olive-skinned shoulder. *Her* shoulder, really.

"Frank - Farah - are you okay?"

She shook her head, causing all manner of jewellery to jingle and jangle. I noticed that she even had a sexy belly button piercing as well, but chose not to mention this. I was already busy fighting an erection and needed to focus on *her*.

“When you say I’m your Master, what do you mean by that?”

She perked up - which had the effect of almost poking me in the chest with her left boob - and recited her duties automatically.

*“I am now a genie, my Master. As I have touched an empty lamp, I am now bound to it in immortal power, destined to serve a master’s many wishes for as long as he will live. As you rubbed the lamp while I resided within it, Master, I have become your personal genie. Anything you wish I can grant you, provided it is in my power to do so.”*

She blinked, clearly surprised at what she had just recited.

“What the hell, I’ve got programmed *speaking* now? Wait, I seriously turned into a genie? A real live genie? You should wish me back, *Master!* Right now, so I can, you know, have a dick again!”

I put up my hands in a calming gesture. “Wait, wait, we need to figure this out.”

“*Master*, I’ve got tits out to here! They’re wobbling and bouncing and they weigh like a sandbag each! And I’ve got no dick. Oh God, I’ve got a real pussy. And what the hell am I wearing? I’m about to star in an Arabian porno here, *Master!*”

“That’s exactly why we can’t rush! Why did you even turn into a woman? And why do you look Middle-Eastern?”

“Hell if I know, *Master*, all I know is I got sucked into a lamp, *and the magic lamp is ancient, and has always housed genies or djinni, as they might be called, who maintain their appearance from the ancient land. As my skin was fair and this was a lamp for a female genie, certain corrections had to be made. In addition, every genie must be appropriately attractive to their Master in order to better please him. As you can see, I have such a form, Master, and I can bring you all manner of pleasure with it, as well as any other act you desire of me.*”

As she said that last part, she stuck out her chest a little further, all while sliding her hands down her sumptuous form in an obvious display of her body. I couldn’t help myself, I had to adjust my dick in my pants so it was upright.

“Dude!” Farah exclaimed. “Are you seriously getting an erection over my *desirous body, Master?*”

“Obviously I am! Did you just hear yourself? Hell, have you seen yourself?”

“No! I would very much like to, though!” she said in an angry voice, though her tone remained sensual, as if she were permanently locked in a breathy, aroused kind of voice. She marched past me, her harem pants shifting, her hips swaying, her breasts noticeably bouncing, not to mention her hair trailing, and it was very clear that she was not happy with her body, because she had to hold her chest with both hands to stop putting on such a show. I watched her go but didn’t follow, and was treated with the sight of a wonderfully peachy derriere likewise bouncing with her movements.

“And don’t look at my ass, *unless you desire to grasp it, Master!*” she called out.  
“RGGH! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!”

I was a bit embarrassed to realise I had one hand on my dick, touching myself. I pulled it away. This was my friend! Magic was real! Genies were real! Frank had been turned into a really hot olive-skinned chick with perfect dark hair and the kind of body that would give an old man heart failure to look upon! All of this was insane, and here my male mind was sending all the blood not to my brain but my penis.

She was just. That. Hot.

After several minutes, Farah returned, her hips still swaying sensually, far more than a regular woman, almost as if she were deliberately putting on a performance for me. She noticed me noticing her dance-like movements, and frowned, her arms crossed beneath her breasts and accidentally lifting them up for an even more tantalising view.

“I literally can’t *not* walk this way, *Master. We genies must also look as attractive as possible, to please our wonderful masters.*” She scoffed, blew a curl of dark hair out of her eyes. “See? Literally can’t help it. Now can we start experimenting with wishes already? This body feels super weird, and I don’t want to be stuck like this.”

“It would certainly be one kind of job to finally have,” I remarked with a smirk.

He actually chuckled before he caught himself. “Hey, none of that thanks, my *handsome Master*. This is serious; I’ll work at the damn sewer treatment plant if it means I don’t have to be stuck as a horny genie girl for life.”

“Did you just say horny?”

She paled, briefly. “Ignore that! I told you, this body feels all weird. My nipples are brown now and super big and they’re throbbing, and my pussy is . . .”

She didn’t finish the sentence, but I could guess. She was squirming, rubbing her thighs together. I realised then that I was probably not the only one in the room who was aroused. Holy shit, my best friend was looking me up and down, staring at my chest, my upper arms, my jaw. It was the kind of stare a guy like me hoped to get from girls like her. Just what the hell was going on?

“Dude, stop looking at my boobs! Just make a wish, *Master!*”

I shook my head, gathering my thoughts. The connection between us was magical and strong, I could feel it. No wonder she felt something weird on her end. “Of course, sorry. It’s just, you’re super hot.”

“I’m aware! These things feel way, way bigger than D-cups.”

“Okay, Frank - Farah - I wish you to make me a billionaire, with all my money entirely legally acquired and unable to be taken from me, and the denomination to be in USD.”

Farah’s jaw dropped, but her hands raised anyway, her fingers ready to click together.

*“As you wish, Master!”* she said in a singsong voice, and then she clicked them together. There was a spark of pink light from her fingertips, and then nothing. Her face rearranged into confused annoyance. “Dude, what the hell?”

“C’mon, man!” I replied. “You turned into a freaking genie! How can I not take advantage of that to help us?”

“Help yourself, you mean!”

“Well, you owe me money, Farah. Let’s just consider this with *major* interest. Hang on, lemme check if the wish worked.”

I got my phone out and quickly logged in to my account through my banking app. There, in plain sight, was a hell of a lot of zeroes. I had to look over it five times just to really make sure I had what I thought I had.

*That’s over a billion dollars. Holy fucking shit.*

“Did it work?” Farah asked, stepping closer. I was *very* aware of her warm skin as she brushed my arm, now to mention her voluptuous curves. Still, I met her gorgeous grey eyes instead, and slowly nodded.

“Farah, I now have several billion dollars. You really can grant wishes!”

She pouted; unfortunately for her, it was a very sexy pout, and it made me wonder what else those lips could do before I remembered again that this was my friend.

“Why did you make your wish so specific?”

“Well, legends are full of genies who misinterpret wishes deliberately. I know you’d never do that, dude - dudette - but I thought it would be more helpful to be as specific as possible.”

“Okay, great, you’re a billionaire. Now can we wrap this up?”

“How many wishes do I get?”

Her arms shot out in exasperation, setting off another round of bouncing and jiggling. “Are you kidding me, *Master?*”

“Again, I can wish to change you back, but why don’t we get other things before that point. It makes sense, right? So how many wishes do I get from you, Farah?”

She went into recital mode again. *“As many as you desire, oh mighty and handsome master, for as long as you shall live. My lamp is bound to you, as is my flesh, in all the ways you could desire.”*

She practically *purred* those last few words, and consequently I had a major erection again. Farah looked at the way I was tenting at my pants and actually licked her lips.

“*Master*, you gotta put that away. It’s making this body f-feel things.”

“I can’t help it! You’re literally the hottest woman I’ve ever seen! Even when you’re complaining you sound like you’re asking for it, and the way you move!”

"I can't help being this *sexy and horny for my Master,*" she said, her tone sultry and tempting. She cupped her breasts in a seductive manner. "*Is there another wish I could grant to please you, Master?*"

"Okay, okay. I'll make sure to turn you back. But first let's just get a few things sorted out. Stuff that will benefit us both!"

Farah frowned, but both of us knew I was right.

"Just . . . just be quick about it, *Master*. I don't like all these weird genie things this body is making me say about you, and there's . . . other stuff too."

She didn't elaborate, but I did notice that her nipples were poking against the fabric of her top quite prominently, and her gaze kept going to my hard crotch. I tried not to take in her beauty too much as I gave my wishes one by one, each one carefully measured and judged, much to Farah's irritation. She squirmed, rubbing her thighs together and getting what seemed to be a kind of dopamine hit every time I finally made a wish.

"Mhmm, *your wish is my command, Master!*" she declared, moaning with barely concealed passion when clicking her fingers together.

The list of 'desires' to fulfil (her wording, not mine) was pretty simple.

I wished to live a long healthy life.

I wished for my aging to slow by over half.

I wished for perfect health, free of disease or injury.

I wished to always be muscular, and to be a couple of inches taller.

I wished to be able to speak, read, and understand every language fluently.

I wished to have my own mansion and private island, and a private jet that was always ready to go.

I even wished to be a perfect lover in bed who always made my woman orgasm multiple times in perfect bliss.

"*Your w-wish is my c-command, M-Master! Mhmm!*"

She moaned, unable to help herself as she granted that final wish. She ran one hand over her left breast, cupping it and rubbing her nipple beneath the fabric, her eyes squeezed shut as my final wish took effect.

"Um, Farah, are you okay?"

"N-no! Obviously not, *Master!* Your wishes - your voice! - are making me so fucking horny! I'm getting all wet here, and it feels damn weird! I keep imagining things - ohhhhh, s-sexy things - you need to wish me back before this body takes control! I want to be my lazy self again, this is already too much work!"

I gave him a sheepish look of apology. This was a real opportunity, but I'd probably taken it too far. I'd definitely be sharing a billion bucks to my friend - and besides, I'd wished a lot of my benefits to her as well, once she turned back.

“Okay, here goes nothing. I wish that my personal genie *Farah* was transformed back into a man again, no longer a genie or connected to the lamp, and able to live his life again as it was before he bought the lamp.”

Farah raised her hands, sighing in relief. She was covered in a light sheen of sweat that was really hot, clearly from her state of arousal.

“*Your wish is my command, Master!*” she said. But when she clicked her fingers together, nothing happened. She looked at her hand, confused at the lack of pink sparks, and then clicked them again. And again. And again. Still nothing happened.

“Wish it again,” she said, before adding, “*My handsome Master who I wish to please in wish and flesh.*”

I gulped at that, but made the wish again. And again. And again. Still nothing happened also. I tried several more variations, but nothing worked, and poor Farah was starting to get agitated at the fact that she wasn’t becoming Frank each and every time.

“Why isn’t this working!?” she cried. “Can you wish me to be a male genie at least?”

“Okay, I wish you to be a male genie, who looks like Frank.”

“*Your wish is my command, Master,*” she purred, but her fingers were just ordinary clicks, with no magic or wish-granting whatsoever.

“Why isn’t it working!?” she cried.

“I don’t know!” I exclaimed. “You tell me!”

Her eyes glowed a faint pink, and she recited the next piece of genie lore: “*Master, I may grant you many wishes, but some are outside of my power. For instance, I cannot rewrite time nor change major world events. I also cannot change the mind of someone, such as to make them love you. And most sacrosanct of all, I cannot renounce my geniehood, particularly if it has been blessedly bestowed on me and I have a wonderfully handsome master to please in all possible ways. Likewise, I cannot change gender, as this vessel was intended for a female genie, and besides, my virile master cannot be pleased by my body if I am not female, for that is his preference. I feel such lust for him now; will he grant me release like a good Master should?*”

The recital ended, leaving us both looking at one another. There were too many revelations to count that had just come out of this particular explanation. My best friend was stuck as a genie for life. My best friend was stuck as the world’s hottest woman for life. My friend was *my* genie now, and had a desperate, seemingly compelled and libidinous need to please *me*, her master. And apparently only I could grant her the release she needed?

Farah was panting heavily, trying not to feel up her own body and failing badly. She groaned in disbelief.

“Why d-did I buy that stupid lamp? I shoulda gone to that interview! Now I’m f-feeling all wet and warm and *I need you to help me, Master. I live to serve your needs, and you can help my own!*”

I shuddered. God, I was so fucking hard I might burst. And here was this woman with her tremendous bust, her baby-making hips, her hourglass figure, her mesmerising face and eyes. And that wasn’t even getting into the sexy pink genie girl outfit. We looked each other up and down, both of us knowing exactly how we were now thinking of each other, and both of us feeling this magical connection that was binding us together as Master and Genie.

“Farah.”

“James.”

And then we raced to one another, embracing and kissing, both of us making sweet sounds of bliss as we ran our fingers over our forms. I kissed her neck and she sucked on mine. I gripped her ass and she unbuckled my belt. I pressed my face into her chest and she removed her top, giving me greater access to her massive melons. Before we knew it, we were in my bedroom, both of us naked and falling back onto the bed. Her legs snapped wide, ready to receive me, and I crawled on top of her, making perfect love as I sucked on her nipples.

“Mhmm! Oh God, I can’t b-believe we’re doing this! But I need it so badly! Don’t s-stop! Just get it over with but - ahhh - not too quickly! Did you wish to b-be the perfect lover before?”

I caressed her with every possible pleasurable variable accounted for, and it made her shudder in ecstasy. “I sure did. God, you are so fucking sexy, Farah.”

“Ohhh, M-Master!” she cried, grabbing my cock and pulling it towards her waiting entrance. *“I’ll be sexy for you forever. Now let me make your wishes come true; all of them.”*

I entered her, and my best friend cried out in awe as I slid my length into her depths. We were bound together now, me as her Master, she as my wish-granting genie, and both of us as a very sexual couple, it seemed. One thing was for sure: despite my love for my best friend, I was really happy she decided to be such a slacker.

Her new job was making us both very, very happy indeed.

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The best thing about having your best friend be a genie is . . . everything. Just . . . *everything*, including the fact that she’s a very, *very* active gal when it comes to pleasing me in the sack. Thanks to my friend finally getting a ‘job’ of sorts, we both had everything we could possibly want in the world, at least in terms of luxuries and lifestyle. We had a private mansion *and* a private island, not to mention numerous investments and a bank account with

more zeros on it than you can fit on a sheet of paper. And that wasn't even getting into the perfect health, being free of disease, and being granted magical luck that kept us both impervious to sudden disaster. I'd also made sure that I could be just as immortal as Farah, in order to always be her Master. Even with her annoyance at being stuck in her servile and libidinous form, she recognised that she'd rather be granting her best friend-turned-boyfriend's wishes rather than anyone else's. It wasn't like she could change back; the Mad Monk's Menagerie had disappeared as quickly as it had arrived, and none of our independent research gave any fruit. Not that I was complaining too much: we now had a life of comfort and plenty, and the best sex you could imagine over three times a day.

And frankly, on mornings like these, when she swam the length of our enormous backyard pool, wearing a harem-style swimming outfit that showed off all her voluptuous curves, I was fairly sure she was even starting to like being my genie, even if it embarrassed the hell out of her.

"You're looking gorgeous this morning, sexy!" I called out to her.

She stopped her strokes as she reached the end and then snapped her fingers. She was instantly transported to the edge of the pool which she clung to, her large breasts resting on said edge while she looked up at me. The water glistened on her perfect olive skin, and I could not have imagined a more pleasing sight.

"Like what you see, do you, Master?" she asked, injecting as much sarcasm as possible into her voice.

"Well, how can I not, Farah, with you looking like that? I'm surprised you're up so early. You usually like to rest up against me; you know, me spooning you."

She let out an involuntary moan as she clambered up the ladder out of the pool, her breasts heaving, water dripping down her cleavage.

"God, I hate how much I love that," she complained, fixing up her hair and adopting an attractive pose. "But since you mumbled in your sleep that you wished for a blowjob, I was pretty away by that point . . . *my Master.*"

I gave a sheepish grin, remembering back to just a couple of hours ago when I'd woken up to the softest pair of lips upon my hard dick, sucking away slowly and sensually as she caressed my balls. I blinked my eyes open to see her grey-green ones staring back at me in a mix of annoyance and arousal, but eventually the latter had won out - I'd made a wish that whenever I came, she came too, and that worked even for blowjobs. She said she didn't like cumming from sucking me off - that it was too 'humiliating' - but judging from her moans as she swallowed my cum, I was pretty sure Farah was just being her usual embarrassed self when it came to her submissive geniehood. Besides, it was kind of fun to masturbate in front of her sometimes, and make her orgasm just from that.

“Yeah, sorry about that,” I said. “I don’t even remember making that wish. I guess I’ll make sure to wish that I don’t make wishes in my sleep going forward . . . though that one wasn’t too bad, was it?”

She bit her lip to stop herself from smiling. “Stop it, *Master*, you know this horny body can’t help but enjoy it. It’s so addicted to your *powerful manly body*.”

At that, my formerly male best friend, pressed herself against me, and with a click of her fingers we were both dry anyway. She kissed me again, passionately, and while I knew that it was in her genie nature to be so often horny for me, I’d long given up on fighting it, and frankly so had she. I simply let her gyrate against my hard member and make her usual pleading.

“Please, Master, I need you to attend to my needs. I promise to keep granting all your wishes if you cum inside of me.”

“Are you sure?” I asked her. “I thought you didn’t want anymore sex today. When you gave me that blowjob you said-”

But then she shoved my face into her giant bust and pulled aside the fabric so I could start licking her nipples.

“Ohhhhh, Master, you’re so *perfect!* Don’t s-stop!”

“Are you really sure?”

She nodded, caught in ecstasy as I lowered back onto my sunchair and she began to straddle me, removing my shorts. “I’m s-sick of fighting this. I’m never gonna be human again. I’ll always be your genie, your *sexy, dutiful genie who pleases your flesh whenever you want her*, and I might as well enjoy it too. Mhmm . . . I need you inside me. Please, *Master*.”

I squeezed her breasts together, making her exhale in a high, feminine tone.

“How can I resist a wish like that?” I said. “Especially when you turned out to be so right about so many things.”

“What do you - ahhh - mean, my Master?” she asked, even as she lowered herself upon my mast and allowed me to enter her.

“I mean,” I said, removing her pink harem bikini top and flinging it to the side, “that you were always such a slacker, Farah. I kept telling you that you needed a job. Well, I guess you were right; one really did fall into your lap after all!”

She moaned as I slid further into her. I clutched her hips, sinking my fingers into the flesh of her soft ass, making her whimper.

“It r-really did, Master!” she cried. “I just w-wish it had been a bit different! But I’m n-not complaining during m-moments like thisssss!”

“I hope not,” I said, playing with her breasts. “A job fell into your lap. And then you fell into mine, again and again, like *this*.”

I thrust into her, causing her to squirm in pleasure. I loved how she always did that, my horny genie girl. She began to cry out, thanking me again and again as we fucked like we did at least thrice daily in our new immortal lives.

“Damn, I’m so glad my best friend is a genie!”

And I’d make sure we were both together for all our eternal lives. If nothing else, it was a good amount of time for Farah to not only accept her new ‘job,’ but to totally excel at it. It was her Master’s wish.

**The End**