

A Spanish Lesson

For Apple Pie

By TheSpiralledEye

Ken makes a genie wish to ensure he doesn't fail his Spanish final; things don't go as planned.

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Ken stared at the page in front of him; the letters barely made sense, let alone the words. He scowled; taking a Spanish minor had sounded like a great idea at the beginning of the semester. He'd imagined only two possible outcomes; either he took to Spanish and he'd be flirting with hot Spanish girls on spring break or he struggled and he could get himself a hot Latina tutor.

As it turned out, he did suck at Spanish and there were a lot less pick up lines and a lot more grammar classes. But when he'd gone looking for a hot tutor, all he'd found were old men and guys his own age, with the occasional ugly woman thrown in. Nothing like the sexy scenario he'd pictured in his head.

So here he was, days away from the midterm, dangerously close to failing and marring his otherwise perfect academic record with not a single Latina kiss to make it worth it. He hated this stupid language; if only it didn't sound so damn sexy he wouldn't be in this mess. Yes he could drop the minor but then he'd have to make up the credits somewhere else and that would mean summer college courses, a waste of such a fine time of year in his opinion, or he'd have no choice but to defer his graduation and only dumb people did that.

What didn't help was this damn library; weren't these places supposed to be quiet? It seemed like at this particular college, study groups mostly just chatted to one another and the voices, hushed as they were, were driving him insane. Frustrated, he slammed the book closed and headed deeper into the shelves. There had to be at least one quiet place where he could learn these stupid verbs and sentence structures.

Eventually, after much procrastinating he reached the back wall of the library where nobody ever went. All the books here were dusty and outdated, the only students who seemed to visit were those visiting the college's small archaeology department. Perfect. Well, it would be if there were any desks or chairs; he wasn't about to sit on the floor like a kid in grade school. After a bit of searching he found a door that looked like it hadn't been opened in about a decade; an old study hall perhaps?

It creaked as he forced it open and revealed a small office space; the area was thick with dust and seemed to have been used as makeshift storage for a number of boxes filled with books and other knick knacks. Dusty, but at least it was quiet. He shifted several boxes

off the table and placed his book down only to realise there was one thing he'd overlooked. No light.

The tiny box of a room had no windows and a few flicks of the switch on the wall revealed nothing but a long burnt out bulb. He could use his phone but then he wouldn't be able to use his translation app. He blew away the dust and began rifling through the boxes, one of them had to have a lamp or something right?

As Ken sifted through the piles of forgotten books and ancient artefacts, his fingers brushed against something cold and metallic. Intrigued, he pulled out an old, tarnished lamp from the dusty abyss. It was heavy, covered in grime, but had a distinctly kerosene scent. It felt heavy too, maybe he could still light it; studying by kerosene lamp was a bit old fashioned but he'd take what he could get.

With a rag he'd found nearby, Ken meticulously wiped away the layers of dirt and grime, revealing the lamp's intricate patterns and engravings. As he polished it, he noticed the faintest hint of a shimmer beneath the tarnished surface. Curiosity piqued, he rubbed the lamp harder, his fingers inadvertently tracing the ancient symbols etched into its metal.

Suddenly, a brilliant burst of light erupted from the lamp, blinding Ken momentarily. Shielding his eyes, he stumbled back, his heart racing. When the radiance dimmed, a surreal sight greeted him: a towering figure, dressed in shimmering robes and crowned with a swirling, ethereal mist, stood before him.

"About time Michael! Do you have any idea how much dust was in there!?" boomed a voice that seemed to resonate in the walls.

Ken stammered, his words caught in his throat. He believed in facts, not magic and fairy tales, but the facts stated that right in front of him was a magical being; he had no idea how to reconcile that.

The genie fixed his penetrating gaze on Ken, his eyes filled with ancient wisdom and power.

"You're not Michael..." The Genie mused, "How long has it been since somebody rubbed my lamp."

"Uh..." Ken blinked in confusion, "I guess that depends on what the date was last time you were out."

"May 11th." The Genie said seriously.

"Year...?"

"1943."

"Ah, yeah that was like, decades before even my dad was born. I'm guessing if Michael's alive, he isn't around." Ken shuffled awkwardly. "This might be a stupid question but are you...a genie?"

The being nodded, a knowing smile playing on his lips.

"Indeed, I am. Though if you were hoping for three wishes I am afraid you're out of luck."

Ken felt a stab of disappointment; he was still trying to grapple with what he was seeing, he hadn't even had the chance to get excited by the prospect of wishes and now the idea had been dashed.

"Michael used two, I still have one remaining before I am freed from this lamp. Normally the laws of magic dictate that all three wishes be used by the same person but given the circumstances...I suppose you can use it."

Ken's heart raced.

"Really? Just like that, I get anything I want?"

"Well, not anything." The genie admitted, "I don't have a lot of magic..."

The genie actually looked embarrassed.

"I am a genie of intellectual pursuits only, hence why I was brought here to a place of learning."

Ken felt like he was on a yo-yo, disappointment and exciting coming in waves. His idea of riches had been dashed but if this genie specialised in intellectual things, maybe his worries for his Spanish minor were over. He'd have to be careful about the wording though; he wasn't sure if this was one of those monkey paw situations; if he just wished to be fluent in

Spanish he might only get that fluency for a few minutes. He thought carefully and then asked.

“Can I say ‘I wish I was fluent in Spanish for life?’ Good enough that I can pick up girls at least.”

“You just did!” The Genie beamed.

“Wait, what? No, I was just asking if that was the sort of thing you granted.”

“Too bad!” The Genie smiled, snapping its fingers and sighing as the gold bangles around its wrists melted away. “Fluency in Spanish, and because I am kind I will even give you an edge with the ladies!”

Ken huffed; oh well, gaining a whole second language with no study was a pretty good use of a wish really. The snap of the genie’s fingers was still reverberating around the room but once it settled they were left in silence; Ken couldn’t help but feel...underwhelmed. He picked up his Spanish textbook and flipped open a random page, seeing nothing but nonsense as usual but then...he felt something in his brain shift. The words started to make sense and a huge grin split across his face; it had actually worked!

“This is awesome thank-”

The words died in his throat; something about them sounded...wrong. It took him a moment to realise they had been spoken with a thick accent, a Latina one to be exact and he did mean *Latina, female*.

“Que...?”

That wasn’t the only thing changing, he could feel his skin tingling, almost as if it had a life of its own as it started to move. His shirt began to strain and feel tight around his chest and loose at the shoulder and waist and he lifted it to see his hips widening and his middle cinching. His mouth hung open in pure shock; this hadn't been part of his wish!

His vision was suddenly obscured by long dark hair that was sprouting from his skull; he could feel it brushing down his back and shirt collar until it came to rest just above his hips. Or rather it would be a truly spectacular ass not stopping it from falling further.

It was fortunate his hips were so wide now otherwise he would have to bend forward just to support the heft of those new curvy cheeks. Ken felt his face heat with humiliation as he awkwardly twisted, watching his butt grow bubbly and round. Just like all those beautiful Mexican girls he'd seen on holiday as a young teen, the ones who had awakened this obsession with Latina's in him.

The genie was watching him with mirth in its eyes and Ken realised he'd been tricked! He opened his mouth to curse the damn creature but had to pause when he felt his lips changing shape; they were growing full and he'd be lying if he said it didn't feel nice. It was as if the number of nerves he had were doubling; his lips becoming as soft and sensitive as a woman's folds.

Speaking of folds; he should have seen it coming, considering he was growing tits but somehow it still took him by surprise when he felt his cock beginning to shrink. Sucked up between his legs by an invisible vacuum and replaced with warm wetness that he was quite familiar with. It was even more sensitive than his lips and just standing there, feeling the soft fabric of his boxers brush against the skin there made him shiver. He'd wanted to spend more time around pussies, but not like this!

He twisted and turned on his toes only to stumble and realise his feet were too small for his shoes. Everywhere he looked he saw his clothing hanging awkwardly; his thighs were too thick, his shoulders too sloped. His whole body looked wrong and different; but undeniably sexy. He had no idea what to say.

Ken turned his head, immediately getting hit in the face with his own long hair as it whipped around. The genie smiled and gave him a thumbs up before saying...something. The words made no sense despite being clear. He blinked in confusion and the Genie chuckled before disappearing under the crack in the door in a puff of smoke.

Ken ran forward, stumbling a little as he adjusted to his new centre of gravity, and pushed open the door back into the library. He scanned the shelves but saw no sign of the genie, he ran forward, ready to search when he realised something odd...he couldn't read the spines of any of these old books. The letters yes, but the words meant very little.

Chattering voices made his ears prick and he followed to find a group of students gathered around a table talking animatedly. He couldn't understand a thing they were saying. One looked up and smiled.

"Hello!"

"He...llo?" he copied, his own voice thick with accent.

He swore he used to know that word; but for the life of him he couldn't remember it. The woman who greeted him furrowed her brow and said some more things that made no sense.

"I don't think she speaks English, maybe she's a foreign student?"

Ken's eyes bounced back and forth, his confusion only mounting. Then he noticed one of the books sitting on the table; it was the same text book he had for history but the words on the cover were all voids in his mind. Realisation dawned; he couldn't understand what these people were saying, or read the books on the shelves...because they were in English.

"Am I speaking Spanish?" He asked, the words sounding comfortable yet different on his tongue.

"Did she just say Espanol? She's speaking Spanish!" The girl cried, "Anybody speak Spanish?"

Spanish! That word felt familiar, Ken was sure it was important somehow. While the group talked amongst themselves, one was putting out their phone to translate, Ken made a plan. He'd learn enough English to fix this damn wish, they find that genie. He'd make them pay for this, if it was the last thing he ever did. His anger was abated somewhat when he noticed the way several of the men around the table were looking at him. One's eyes were hastily darting between his book and phone while writing on a piece of paper, which he read over several times before standing and walking over.

"Do you tutor Spanish?" He asked in broken Spanish. "I no good, want practice partner."

Once again Ken looked down at his new body in those ill fitting clothes; maybe there were worse fates than being turned into a sexy Latina woman. He smiled widely at the man and nodded enthusiastically. Who knows, maybe he could learn to live with this.