

# A Genie Story (Squire to Genie TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for CreepyJ

*It is the Siege of Antioch in the First Crusade, and the young squire Richomer is following his master knight's example in raiding the city after it has fallen. But when he takes a valuable bottle, ignoring a woman's warning, he is shocked when he opens it and he is instead transformed into an attractive Arabic djinni! The new djinn must grapple with her changed gender, species, and powers as she hopes for a master to let her out.*

## A Genie Story

### Part 1: The Bottle

The city had fallen for good. The crusaders cheered as they stormed through the streets of Antioch, proclaiming the greatness of their God as they triumphed over their Muslim foes. The enemy was routed, and after bloody fighting the numerous knights and military forces of Christendom were making their way through the streets, pillaging and taking what they wanted, revelling in their glorious victory with the further spilling of blood, and the taking of precious gold.

“Kerboghha’s relief force is defeated!” Knight Lothar announced happily to his squire Richomer. “That’s the second relief force crushed, and the Seljuks will not be able to muster another! Ha! Soon we shall be on our way to the Holy Land in full, now that this foothold is established.”

Richomer beamed with excitement. He knew he was merely a squire, a boy of twenty from a minor Frankish family, red in the cheeks and with sun-kissed red hair, but standing by his master he felt anything but small. The final defenders of the inner city were surrendering, exiting their towers and gates to be put in chains or sold away. The Seljuk menace still had a powerful might, but they had been dealt three crushing blows now: the loss of the outer city, and the defeat of two relief armies. Antioch was finally in the hands of the great crusaders, and *he* was here to witness it.

“It’s astonishing,” Richomer said to his knight as Lothar grabbed a tankard from a passing servant. They were heading past a tavern, and the local olive-skinned wenches were celebrating the victory as much as they. The city had retained a large God-fearing population, after all. The Christian God, that was. “I truly feel as if we have made a difference, sir. We are now crusaders! Crusading knights!”

Lothar chugged down his drink and threw away the metal tankard before belching. He had never been the most . . . well-mannered of knights, but he was the best that Richomer's family could set him up with to learn the nature of knighthood.

"Ah, my boy! You're still young and naive. Trust me, the best is yet to come."

"Oh, of course. I know now that we shall conquer Jerusalem and reclaim it in God's name!"

Again Lothar laughed, though he still made the sign of the cross out of some superstitious habit. "Ah, yes, of course, of course. But I'm not talking about that, squire. I'm talking about far more exciting matters. Look at all the celebrators, look at our cheering comrades-in-arms . . . and look at what they are doing!"

Richomer's eyes widened as he realised what Lothar was gesturing to across the sun-scorched streets of the citadel. Several knights, still wearing the banner of the cross, were breaking into local shops, shoving aside women, and taking what merchant goods they desired.

"We should stop th-"

But Lothar pulled Richomer back before the squire could even draw his shortsword. "Don't be an imbecile, boy! It's right and natural. It's the right of conquest for ordinary soldiers and even noble knights - or squires - like ourselves to relieve the locals of some possessions. Sacking a city is a tale as old as time, young one, and this is not even a sack. Not even a pillage, really!"

"But sir, it is unChristian to do such a thing. To thieve is to break one of the sacred ten commandments and -"

Lothar fixed him with a stare, and it left Richomer to wither before it. The squire had grown athletic and fit during his long marches and aid to his knight, but Lothar was a larger man still, broad and cantankerous at times, though thankfully never violent.

"Boy, you have a lot to learn. This isn't stealing, it's taking payment from the locals. We're getting the reward for cleansing this city of the Muslim invaders and liberating it properly. Look at the hired Norman filth; they loot far worse than the rest of us, and they call us the uncivilised ones! Now come, I'll show you what's what and let you enjoy your first bit of looting. We aren't getting greedy, just supporting ourselves for the long marches and needs of a warrior's life. If you're timid, we won't even take you by a brothel-"

"I've known a woman's touch!" Richomer said, somewhat defensively. He blushed immediately after, though thankfully the hot sun had burned his skin somewhat to make it less obvious.

"Aye, that girl you did the prayers for. The fishwife's daughter back home."

A further blush. It was more obvious now. "Aye. I knew it was a sin, but I'm also a man."

“The same applies here then, lad. Come. I’ll show you what I mean.”

He did, and over the next hour, Richomer felt he came to understand what his master meant. Lothar was a crude man, but not a particularly cruel one. He ventured over to merchant stalls and into local shops and made it clear by his mere presence that he was here to take. Several locals tried to argue otherwise or beg him not to, sometimes even using crude translations, but he would push them lightly aside and take what goods he desired; gold and silver coins mostly, but also small decorative items, jewels and jewellery, and fine silks.

“Never too much from one place lad,” he cautioned when Richomer dared to take coins from a counter himself. He gestured to a man who owned the store, whose expression radiated hatred. “Don’t want to get gutted by a local. Only take enough that they’re resentful, but not more than that.”

It was wise advice, and something about the practicality of it made their actions easier to stomach, because soon their looting ramped up. All of Antioch’s crusaders were celebrating, and many of the local Muslim populace were suffering for it, their shops being easy targets, including by Richomer and Lothar. That also made it easier to accept; these people were the enemy, were they not? Indeed, just thinking along those lines allowed him greater moral flexibility than he’d ever allowed himself, and soon he was taking treasures with relish, adding them to his sack, and gesturing to the cross over his cuirass whenever a local non-believer in Christ complained.

“We should split up,” he said as they left a shop, heading further into the interior of Antioch. “We can get more if we do so.”

Lothar gave a great belly laugh and slapped him on the back. “Ho! The boy has spirit! Where are your Christian morals?”

“It . . . isn’t immoral to take from those who spurn God. Theirs is the far greater sin.”

Lothar grinned. “Whatever lets you have an excuse. Very well. We’ll meet back here when the sun hits the edge of the tower there. See it? Good. We’ll be much wealthier, lad, and deserving of it too! Trust me, you’ll be a changed man!”

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The shop looked finer than the others, and judging from the Arabic - or was it Turkic? - script upon the wall, the owners were rightful targets. At least, that’s how Richomer judged it. He tried to enter through the door but found it locked, the owners clearly anticipating looting across the city in celebration. This was no matter; he simply took his shortsword and used it to smash open the window boards, entering easily through there instead. Something had awakened in the young man. It was akin to the sensation of being in battle against the Seljuk

Turks for the first time: when the blood was up, he had truly felt as if he were a man and a warrior. He'd never experienced that rush before, but this was certainly enough to replicate a part of it. He stormed through the shop, and was amazed to see just how refined and expensive its wares were. Numerous items; jugs, bottles, amphorae, glasses, cups, and so forth, all lined various shelves. Many of them were crafted from glass, lined with gold and silver and other fine metals, their embroidery and engravings incredibly fine. He instantly began grabbing some of the smaller items and shoving them inside his bag.

"No! No! You cannot do this thing!"

He swivelled around, drawing his sword, but felt himself a fool; only an old woman with dark, wrinkled skin was there, dressed in the garb of a local. Clearly the owner or the wife of the owner of the shop, or perhaps the owner's mother. It mattered little to him.

"Relax, old woman," he said, trying to keep his voice deep. "I am only taking a few items as payment for the crusade. It will go to a good cause."

Even he felt that was a lie too far.

But the woman just shook her head, gesturing to the bottle that was in his hand. He had grabbed it from behind the counter, easily shattering the lock with the hilt of his sword. It was easily the finest item he had ever seen up close, the kind of thing he imagined in the chamber or displays of a king, not some random merchant woman's store. The glass had been stained purple, the very colour of royalty, and it was wreathed in bands of what had to be gold and silver, with writing that was most certainly Arabic engraved along their lengths. Something smokey seemed to coil within the bottle, like a miniature storm. It held him briefly captivated, though he knew it could not be magic. Only God could measure out such things.

"You cannot take that one!" the woman repeated in a croaky voice. "You will regret it! It is empty of djinn! It has the old magic of the desert! It was to be sold to a Seljuk princess, as thanks for-"

He held up his hand to indicate for her to stop speaking. "For a Seljuk princess, hm? Well, then this would very much help the crusade for her not to have it."

"You do not understand, child. She was meant to ascend and serve her master! It is impossible to explain. She would be djinn!"

Richomer snorted. He could barely understand the woman's accent, but whatever word she was using was entirely unfamiliar to him. What was familiar was the sound of other crusaders running through the streets, hollering and half-drunk and looking to make trouble. While the looting occurred, many of his comrades were no longer allies, but competition. He grabbed the bottle, still part-mesmerised by its strangeness, and stuffed it into his sack.

"Child, you know not what you do!" the woman claimed. "Do not open it! Especially alone by yourself! Let it go to the sands, or you will regret it. It desires another, and will entrap you, as she was meant to be entrapped!"

But Richomer was barely listening, and her accent was getting too thick to understand in her agitation. He gave a slightly apologetic grin, as if recognising that he was committing the sin of theft, and then left out the window once more. He had enough of what he came for, and there were more places to loot.

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The sun wasn't too far from falling over the tower, but Richomer still had a little time. He'd earned quite a bit of coin from his looting, but didn't want to get too adventurous. Nevertheless, he felt like a changed man indeed; how had he been so self-righteous before? Surely no God could look down upon what he had done, if so many other good Christians were doing the same, or worse? Still, it was not worth angering the heavens, so he found a peaceful alley free from the celebrations and sat down upon a sandstone step to look over his new possessions. There were quite a few, but chief among them was the purple glass bottle with its smokey interior and expensive metal bands. Even the stopper looked finely crafted.

"A curse to open," he muttered to himself, before giggling. His blood was still up, and he was excited. "Sure, and I'm the King of the Franks."

He grabbed the stopper and pulled it off with some effort. It didn't come off. He tried again, but there was no removing it. Frustrated, he glanced over the item itself. It had gotten dusty in the sack, mingling with numerous other items.

"Perhaps the writing has something to do with it?" he asked aloud.

He began wiping it with the sleeve of his tunic, clearing away the dust and grit to better see the finery of the Arabic engraving, hoping that one of the images would tell him something. Instead, the stopper on the bottle came free all on its own, falling away and leaving the thick purple smoke to begin pouring from the bottle, much to the squire's astonishment.

"What - how could it have - and how does it have so much smoke?"

He stood, still tucked away in the shaded alley, as more and more of the purple smoke swirled around him like morning fog. Tendrils of crackling energy surged through it, but it did not simply remain at his feet even as he dropped the bottle to the ground. Instead, it spread all over him, enveloping the young man so that it was almost impossible to see. He tried to dash, but as he reached out his hands to grip the wall or feel for the path he could sense neither. He tried to run anyway but staggered as he breathed in the smoke. No, breathing it in implied that he was the one bringing the strange purple mist into his body, and the truth was far more terrifying; it was *pouring* into him, as if the fog were alive and seeking to invade him.

Something strange was happening.

## Part 2: The New Djinn

Richomer called out, coughing on the thick purple fog.

“M-Master! Sir Lothar, h-help me! I think a w-woman has p-poisoned me!”

But if Lothar had arrived around the corner, he showed no signs of hearing his squire. Richomer tried to scream, but every time he opened his mouth more of the smoke poured in, and it was coming in his nostrils anyway. He coughed and gagged, but soon a more worrying sensation was developing deep within him. It was impossible to describe, but it was like there was a *storm* ravaging his insides, remaking him, suffusing him with its power and brilliance.

Richomer groaned, falling back to the ground even if all he could see was the purple smoke and his own form. To his horror, the sensation of power and change danced along his arms and through to his hands. He lost control of them, and they shook automatically, clenching and unclenching as they shrank. Calluses disappeared, chipped fingernails became feminine in their length and perfection. Even the skin colour changed, becoming a dark olive like the Arabs and Seljuk Turks had had helped fight.

“No! No, this c-can’t be! God, help me! Save me from this - nnggh! - from this unholy terror! Please, I p-pray! Aahhh!!”

The power coursed up his arms, returning to the source in his stomach. As it did so, his arms shrank too, not just in length and size but the muscle redistributing so that they became lithe. His meagre arm hair fell away, disappearing into the fog. Worse, as the changes occurred his very armour began to give away, first along the arms and then around the shoulders as they too pulled inwards.

“This cannot be happening, this simply cannot be happeninnnngggg!!”

More of his skin turned to that rich dark olive-brown tone. His cuirass was no longer in existence at all, instead replaced by the kind of feminine undergarment that was be utterly salacious and scandalous in any region outside of an Arabian harem! It had turned a rich turquoise, a harem top that exposed the greater part of his chest where already a pressure was making itself known. His midsection flattening, muscles dissipating though thankfully not entirely. It gave the young man an impression of a woman’s toned stomach, like that of the dancer he’d once seen in Byzantium as the Crusade collected its forces.

“I can’t be . . . no!”

It all clicked together in his head at the very moment that the prominent cups of his new colourful turquoise top began to be filled. His nipples flared outwards, growing and darkening like the rest of his skin. In his panic he breathed in more of the purple smoke, and the energy within it seemed to flood directly to his chest, causing it to swell.

“Ohhhhh,” he moaned, voice cracking yet higher, sweeter. “You can’t unman me! I won’t be unmanned! Ugghhh!!!”

But he was being unmanned, and slowly enough to make the experience both a horror and a reluctant pleasure. His chest bloomed, gaining an impressive pair of woman’s breasts that grew and grew until they were sizeable indeed. They rose and fell with each breath, fully filling the cups of the squire’s new top, with much of their upper halves and and cleavage displayed quite delectably.

“Oh God, no! Oh Go-ooooood!”

His neck slimmed, and though he could not see it, he could feel his face change with every panicked inhalation of the misty fog. His jaw rearranged, the bone flexing and changing shape. The warmth of the skin darkening reached up to his face, leaving him to clutch it in a panic. He was rewarded with the sensation of his hair changing, growing outwards until it was long and voluminous. But whereas his skin had darkened, his hair did not become the expected black of a woman of the desert, but instead an almost ethereal copper-blond. It spiralled out, growing from his head so quickly that it left him gasping, feeling at his scalp in disbelief. His lips swelled just a little, his nose shrinking from its slightly bulbous shape to something far more small and cute. A flash hit his eyes, and though he could not see it yet, he had the distinct sense that they had changed colour. Certainly, his eyelashes were now long and perfectly curled. His hair, still growing past his backside, pulled into a knot at the back of his head, held together by four long golden pins and a golden circlet with gleaming white pearls. Now his hair was like a long tail, holding together almost perfectly and curling at the end. The hair was surprisingly heavy, but already Richomer’s concerns were going elsewhere.

“Ears - my ears!? What in the name of unholy hell!?”

He touched them, feeling them grow to longer points, like the elves of local folklore from his Frankish town’s legends. Little golden caps topped them, and hanging jewels sat from the earrings that suddenly punctured his lobes. He squealed a little in pain in response to this, increasingly reminded of how feminine his voice was becoming.

“I won’t become a woman, do you hear me!?” he cried, but even that attempt to be bold and obstinate in the wake of his changes only brought on more: he was suddenly speaking not just with a fully female - and quite sensuous - voice, but one that had a very exotic eastern *accent*.

“You won’t take my voice,” the changing man whimpered, even as his hips slowly and uncomfortably pushed outwards. “You won’t take my voice.”

Of course, his voice was already gone, replaced with that of an eastern temptress, the kind of which men of the west sang lustful songs about, much to Richomer’s new shame. More evidence of such a stereotype now appeared on his arms; a dark tattoo of some ancient glyph or rune upon each upper arm, followed by a golden band around them as well. A necklace with gleaming blue sapphire appeared on his neck, and his lower armour shrank and melted away, becoming a turquoise dancer’s skirt with golden coins hanging around the hem. They dangling and clicked and jingled as he swayed his wider hips in a panic, and the effect was further completed by the expansion of pantaloon pants, white and semi-transparent, around his new shapely legs down to just below his knees. His feet became dainty and soft, adorned in rich slippers of that same turquoise colouring, and sapphires laid in golden anklet bracers wreathed themselves into existence from the smoke too.

“I won’t be a - I won’t be a - no! NO! I already am! When did that happen!?”

He was patting his hands, both of which now had golden bracelets around the wrists, over his crotch, feeling at the soft, silken material in a maddened panic. His penis, his manhood, his cock, was gone! In all the discomfort of the growth of his large breasts and the changes to his skin and even the increasingly *rondure* nature of his behind (was it still expanding?), he had only felt a tingle and then . . . nothing.

“A c-cunt. I’ve got a fucking *cunt*.”

It was the foulest sentence he had ever conjured, one he would never have dared to say before, even when his blood was up in the heat of battle or lust, but with his new voice and accent it somehow sounded libidinous and sultry. The young man coughed on final time, drawing in a last puff of purple smoke. The final parts of his changes - his fine eyebrows, his slim frame, his gorgeous legs and the outer features of his feminine flower - all completed themselves.

And then, like the magic that had changed him, the smoke suddenly dispersed away, leaving the confused and terrified new woman in the alley all alone.

“A dream!” she declared in her accent. “This has to be a dream.”

Voices of partying crusaders came past, and he determined that this was most certainly not a dream. He pressed his slimmer female body back against the wall until they passed, terrified of how they would see him, and what they might do. She looked down at her breasts as she breathed rapidly, still unable to believe she had breasts now, with their own distinct weight and bounce. The kind of breasts that would make any man go hard with desire, including Richomer if he had anything to be hard with still. His entire outfit was showy; his entire midriff exposed all the way up to the bottom of his breasts, his calves

entirely exposed, and his shoulders bare but for the inch-wide strips of blue fabric keeping his harem top up. And the cleavage!

“There must be a way to turn back. God, there must be a way!”

“*There is not,*” came a voice, echoing from the entrance of the alley.

Richomer squeaked like a woman, holding his beautifully lithe dancer’s arms up in front of his new face to protect himself, until he realised who was talking: the old woman from the store.

“What did you do to me?” he asked.

“Nothing,” she said, stepping in just after making sure no one else was looking into the alley. “You did this to yourself, you foolish young . . . well, you are hardly a man now, or even a boy, are you?”

Richomer bit his fuller lip, instinctively lowering a hand down to his crotch before pulling it up out of embarrassment.

“I didn’t know! You have to change me back! I’m not meant to be this eastern slut, this eastern temptress!”

The woman scoffed, folding her arms. “No, you are not. But you did bring this upon yourself. I told you not to take the bottle, and you did. I told you that it carried magic, and you ignored me. I told you that it was intended for another to make her ascend, and now you have ascended instead.”

Richomer gestured to his nubile form. “*This* is ascension!? This is not like Christ the Redeemer returning to heaven! Or Enoch and Elijah! This is . . . a humiliation! Unholy!”

The woman smirked, her aged wrinkles on display as she did so. “Oh, I imagine many a man would view you as holy, and many more in Arabia. You are, after all, no longer human. You are now a *djinn*.”

“A djinn? What in hell is a djinn? And how come I can understand your accent?”

The woman chuckled. “It is easy to understand me, when we are both speaking Arabic.”

Richomer’s eyes went wide. “We’re speaking Arabic right . . . now?”

They were. The new woman realised she had been speaking - and thinking - in that language without meaning to the whole time. Her Frankish language was still thankfully with her, but it was . . . secondary, now.

“By God . . .”

“And the power of a djinn,” the woman said. “I am Zaira, and I came across that bottle many years ago, slowly translating its script and preparing to work its magic so that I could be rewarded with youth and prosperity. That was the deal I made with the Seljuk ruler; I would be granted extension of life if a worthy noble vessel was transformed into a djinn to fill the bottle’s emptiness. Only one of noble blood can become so, such as a fine wife or

daughter of a Seljuk, but . . . evidently you must carry enough nobility to satisfy. Hmm. I wonder if I can get my wishes from you instead.”

Richomer’s rage increased. Despite his smaller body, he was prepared to attack this woman if it meant getting what he needed back again. He shifted forward, his numerous bells and coins clacking together in a symphony of his dancer’s sashay. His hips shifted from side to side easily, and his fine breasts bobbed while his hair swayed, trailing as it did past his own behind in length.

“You *will* turn me back!” he nearly shouted. “Or else I will - ngh!”

He stopped even as he reached out to grab the woman. The braces on his wrists glowed a heated orange as if they were in the middle of a smelter, though it did not hurt. He simply could not shift them any further forward. He growled, shrieking like the angered woman he now was, but nothing could bring him to harm this woman.

“What do you know?” the woman said. “It seems that I was the one that wasted time, believing I needed to go so far as an empire’s ruler when some low noble’s son would truly suffice. You cannot harm me, djinn.”

“What - what is a djinn!?”

She chuckled. “You have not heard the stories? Surely your people would know of them? Or do you know them as the genie?”

Richomer’s eyes widened. “The genie . . . eastern spirits who grant wishes. Who serve . . . masters.”

“And it appears I am your master now. Or mistress. Oh, this is a wonderful day. According to the translation, you are bound to the lamp and those braces. You cannot harm humans, only grant their wishes. There are limits, and I’ll leave you to discover them, but for now, you should recognise me as your mistress.”

And in that moment, as if being told it made it so, Richomer did.

“Y-yes, Mistress,” he said almost demurely, as if this woman and not Lothar were the individual he served.

“And you should be given a new nature. I imagine the magic will work slower there, but all genies have a djinn name.”

Richomer searched deep within himself - within *herself* - and found the truth. She didn’t want to admit it, or acknowledge it, but a new name was bubbling up from that deep and trying to encroach upon the surface: *Saida. Saida the gorgeous Djinn.*

“N-no, Mistress. Please, just change me back!”

The woman shook her head. “You have looted your last store, barbarian. At least you intended no harm, so I shall be sympathetic, and after my wishes are cast, your new home will find a new place in the desert, waiting to be discovered again. So let’s make this quick, before your crusaders find us.”

Richomer strained, but couldn't help but say, "yes, my Mistress."

The woman looked around, checking no one else was coming. "I shall make my wishes then, and let you come to know your new life. First, new djinn, I wish to be young again - in my early twenties - and deeply beautiful."

The new djinn felt a sudden urge to express his power flowing through him.

"Your w-wish is my command, m-mistress!"

He clicked his fingers and folded his arms across his breasts, letting the trailing transparent silk from his wrists wreath through the air artfully. Suddenly, before Richomer's eyes, the woman reverted in age quickly, becoming young and beautiful.

"Oh, this is wonderful!" she declared in her younger voice. "Though you look still better than I. I am almost jealous. I now wish that I shall live a life of noble prosperity and good fortune, free of sickness and ill health."

Again, the new genie granted the wish. It was impossible not to; the power that emanated from Richomer's female core pushed out of him - *her* - like it needed to be released. Or *birthed*.

"It is done, Mistress," he purred automatically.

"And lastly, I would like my aging to be much slower. Ten times as much, but people are incapable of noticing this so that I am not harassed over it!"

The final surge of energy, the final release. For a moment, Richomer has the sense that this wish could be twisted in some way, perhaps by interpretation, but such power was as-yet beyond the transformed former male. It was something that could only be unlocked by embracing his new identity as Saida, and that was something he absolutely refused to do.

"It is done, Mistress," he said again, "your three wishes are fulfilled, and now I must return to my bottle and find a new Mistress or Master in another corner of the world."

The woman smiled, tears in her de-aged eyes. "Thank you, Saida. And though I am not unglad about this, I wish you well in your new life! I'm sorry to say it is yours!"

Richomer snapped out of it as a new, stranger form of power overcame him. He gasped in terror as his legs began to thin and turn to the same smoky material he had inhaled before, as if it had suffused with his essence completely. He did not fall as expected, but floated on the spot, even rising up into the air over the captivated Zaira, who beheld his form with awe.

"The legends were indeed entirely true," she said.

"What legends!? What is happening to m-me!? My legs!"

They entwined together like those of a mythical siren's tail, only this tail was made of the purple fog, and the end of the tail drew towards the bottle upon the ground, hovering at its open aperture. Somehow Richomer felt a connection to that bottle in that very moment, an instinctive understanding that it was tied to his power, part of its source . . . or

containment. And that's when he remembered one of the *other* famous parts of the genie legend that had managed to trickle to his far western homeland, the part about how genies - male and female - were enslaved to their lamps or bottles, cursed to reside within them until discovered by mortal hand.

"God, help me!" he cried, shrieking with his female voice. It was loud enough to gain the attention of those outside the alley, and suddenly there were shuffling boots upon the ground.

"Silence!" Zaira hissed. "You do not want this attention."

"Then change me back!" he screamed hurriedly as his hips became smoky, his entire lower half now drawing into the bottle, slowly circling into its opening.

"I cannot! Nothing can, as far as I know! You must accept the fate you brought upon yourself with your looting."

"But I'm just a squire! Sir Lothar needs me! He-"

"You are not a squire anymore, child. You are a *djinn*. A beautiful one at that, blessed in looks and body, immortal and powerful. I wish you well, truly. Your power has granted me the life I desire, so I hope that one day you can accept your own. For now though, there is nothing that can be done."

"No! Noooooo!"

But his screams grew ethereal and faint as the bottom began to suck him in, drawing his essence into its aperture. His entire form turned to that purple smoke, though his upper half remained at least far more identifiable until it reached the glass, at which point his shape thinned, pulled through the thin tube rapidly. For the merest moment he could see through the purple glass, staring up at the gargantuan form of his former Mistress Zaira. But then there was a flash of that power, this time emanating from his braces and the bottle itself, and the environment around him changed completely to one of a blazing orange desert in the middle of the far east. The middle of nowhere. The last thing he had seen was Zaira moving away in a hurry, and Sir Lothar approaching in surprise, uncertain of what was going on. Richomer wasn't certain if Lothar had seen him at all, but if he had, he wouldn't have recognised Richomer.

He would only have seen Saida.

### **Part 3: A New Home**

Richomer shouted and wailed, bashing his tiny fists against the glass wall of his prison. As usual, it was useless. He had been stuck in the bottle for well over a week, and there was

nothing but desert outside when he chose to look. His djinn power still resided with himself, but it also spread throughout the strangely magnificent interior of the bottle, and this too was partly subject to his will. He could make the walls return to a fully opaque purple glass, or have them draped in fine silk and cloth curtains, or simply make them provide windows to the outer world again to check on its progress and mark the changing days. There were other tricks he could indulge in as well: he could make the lighting dark when he wanted to sleep, or have it light up like the night sky to give the appearance of such, so that he could reimagine camping under the stars. Or he could make it bright with eastern lanterns, as if a festival were occurring within. He could not conjure food or drink as far as he could tell, but perhaps such things were not beyond Saida, were he to 'let her out,' so to speak, and embrace his new djinn - or djinni - nature.

He would rather die.

The same was true of exploring his female form. The potion bottle had many rooms and chambers, some of which he could summon adjacent to the central one, as if deciding upon a door's nature would change its destination. There was a sort of heating room where he could relax with nothing but a towel, pouring water on hot embers, as well as a magnificent walk-in wardrobe that was incredibly expansive. Unfortunately, the hundreds of outfits within were just more expressions of a scantily clad djinn, some even more scandalous than his own turquoise outfit. He tried a few on just to see the colours and attempt some kind of magical alteration to himself, but all he succeeded in was looking utterly luscious and libidinous in the massive reflective mirrors by his new change rooms. The red satin one expressed his cleavage and hips far, far too much. The worst part was that while he knew he was incredibly attractive - even with the fae-like ears - he was not actually aroused by his own appearance.

Indeed, little aroused him, nor did he want it to. He explored his new womanhood briefly, but refused to give it attention beyond that. Occasionally, when he slept upon a mound of plush purple pillows, he dreamed of strong arms and muscled figures, but he always awoke gasping, casting the Saida part of himself from his mind and refusing to acknowledge the dream's substance. In such moments, his nipples throbbed, his large breasts aching to be touched. But when he thumbed his soft fingers over his nipples, he would always catch himself moaning like a whore in heat, and quickly stop.

"Lothar would enjoy this sight," he grumbled, putting his small harem top back on and adjusting his ludicrously long hair. "Stupid old man. I miss him. But I wish I never listened to him. I'd still be a man. Still be human. Still have my manhood!"

He sighed, flopping back. He had barely explored half the bottle's interior in the time he'd been trapped, but his lethargy grew each day. Why explore? What was to be gained? God had seemingly forsaken him, leaving him incredibly female and otherworldly, a strange

spirit of the east, trapped in the sands of that region. At times, he found himself talking to old figures: his parents, Lothar, other crusaders, his childhood dog, even imaginary friends he conjured to be invested in the various outfits in the change room, the ones adorning the mannequins in various sensual poses. It was just a way of passing the time, particularly as days stretched on, becoming weeks.

He continued to explore after this period, though talking to himself did help; it reminded him of who he was, that he wasn't truly female. It particularly reminded himself *not* to touch himself *down there*, no matter how much he dreamed.

"I shall dream of food and drink only," he said, touching his flat stomach as he moved, wearing little but his skirt and harem top, through the halls of his new realm. "And maybe one day I shall actually feel hungry or thirsty again. Did she say I was immortal, or was I imagining it? Surely no being under God would be. Surely not . . . and if so, why this torment?"

He sagged, drooping his shoulders as he entered another room he had missed, one that was almost invisible due to the bright mosaic upon it that merged seamlessly with the wall around it. His breasts drooped too as a result, hanging like two ripe melons from the North African coast. He'd never get used to the feeling of those breasts, he swore.

But he forgot all about them as he entered the room and saw what was within.

"A library!" he declared, staring up at the largest such institute he'd ever seen. It was immense, with spiralling staircases, rows upon rows of books in numerous languages and archetypes and thicknesses and subject matter, scaffolding up several stories in height and far into the distance. "Finally, I won't be totally alone! Thank God I learned to read, and to think Sir Lothar mocked me for my learning!"

He practically *danced* forward, uncaring how feminine his movements were, or how his hair swished from side to side and his breasts bounced heavily in his top, his chest straining against its containment. He finally had something to do beyond trying to relax and ignore his new feelings, emotions, and womanhood. He ran from section to section, recognising some texts, not knowing others, and seeing that others still would require him to learn a new language; a daunting but possible prospect. The new djinn laughed, finally feeling a small but powerful relief, but even as that reached a crescendo, he stopped before a single purple covered tome, ancient and marvellous, that stood upon a stand in the very centre of the library. It was in the most ancient script, pre-Arabic. Something far older. Something primordial.

And he could read it.

"*The Magic of the Djinn and its Four Elemental Aspects*," he read. "*An Instruction on the Nature of the Power of the Djinn, their Wishmaking, and How it Can Be Wielded.*"

His eyes widened as he realised what he was looking at: an actual *guide* to djinn magic, one that he could finally learn from and use to his advantage.

"I can use it to escape," he said. "Perhaps even transform back. Zaira was wrong: I won't have to become Saida!"

He moved his dainty hand to the tome, prying it open after undoing the latch, and carefully looking over the pages. There were numerous instructions on spells, powers, wish-granting and limitations, and even matters of *transformation*.

"Yes," she gasped, heart beating in his immortal and very fine chest. "Yes!"

But then suddenly there was a rumble. A surge of power. Automatically, Richomer flicked his hand and allowed himself to see through the walls of his prison. To his shock, a hand was clutching at the bottle and beginning to rub it. Beginning to *activate it*.

"No! No! Just wait! Wait one more moment!" he cried in his high voice.

But it was too late. Richomer was already being summoned as Saida the Djinni, his form turning to mystic smoke - now turquoise in colour to match his essence - as he was catapulted out of the bottle and into his new reality upon the sands.

Out to meet his new Master or Mistress.

#### **Part 4: Masters Across Time**

Richomer dissolved, and Saida emerged. Despite her time in the bottle getting used to her form, it was still an utterly foreign experience being summoned as a gorgeous, well-sculpted eastern woman. Her jewellery clinked audibly as her form materialised, a slight trail of smoke leading back to her bottle, but otherwise her human form was back in reality, breathing true air and free again.

That was, until she realised she was standing before an astonished figure, one who was gaping at her annoyingly tempting form. She was standing beneath the bright desert sun at an oasis. In the distance nearby was a small village of some kind, though it certainly wasn't the kind of village Richomer had been used to; it consisted of mainly tents and far too many camels and horses. The whole thing looked like it was only made to be temporary, and judging from the man's dark olive complexion and his hooded garb before her, it was obvious this was some kind of Bedoin gathering. How far had the battle taken her? She was deep into the land of Muhammed from what it seems!

"Great God above!" the man declared, staggering back. He had to be in his forties, with a grizzled beard and misshapen eye from some war or accident. "Be back, demon!"

He drew a scimitar, the curved blade something Richomer had been on the other side of. But when he stabbed forward into Saida's body, it only went straight through her. She gasped, shocked at not just the action but the lack of pain or bleeding either.

"You stabbed me, you bastard!" she said, glaring at him. "How dare you stab me, you Eastern *master*."

She had intended something much more provocative, but the last word had simply slipped in. The man staggered back again with the sword, falling to the ground so that she was standing over him. The new djinn wanted nothing more than to get back home, but even as she tried to turn, something kept her compelled to stay. She folded her arms over her annoyingly large (and on display) bust, cocking her hip to one side. Her long hair coiled near her ankles, and the sentence that followed simply leapt from her mouth.

*"I am a great djinn of the desert, and you have summoned me, human. This makes you my master. I may grant you three wishes before I am returned to the bottle."*

The man gaped. "You are a djinn," he said.

*"That is correct,"* she was forced to say. *"And I may grant you three wishes for summoning me to your realm."*

The Richomer part of her wanted to scream. To steal a camel or horse and make his way back to Frankish land no matter how long or arduous the journey was. But instead *she* was here, her gorgeous midriff on fine display before this Arab man's eyes. He looked over her with lust in his eyes and renewed excitement.

"Three wishes? Three wishes! I am but a humble shepherder, great djinn. But with your wishes, I could become so much more."

And he did. To Saida's annoyance, she was indeed bound to grant his wishes. Over the next several days he took his time musing upon them, slowly perfecting his wishes until Saida had to give them. Until that time, she at least was able to walk and talk and exist back in reality, but she had to accompany this man, whose name was Oman, throughout his day and sleep in his room. The only respite was that when he tried to touch her, she could recoil, dissipating back into her body until summoned again. The grotesque man was disappointed by this turn of events, but Saida couldn't be happier. After several attempts of trying to have his way with Saida - something that continued to disgust her, particularly his lecherous gaze upon her voluptuous form - he finally made his wishes. It was entirely undeserved, but in the end Oman was left a very rich man, an Emir of his own great lands, and with a harem of women to call his own. Saida's power could not compel love or sex - a good thing, as far as she was concerned - but it could certainly give a man power enough to compile his own circle of women from beautiful local girls.

“Your wish is my command, master,” she said upon the last wish, granting it easily with the click of her finger. Oman grinned, now dressed in fine regalia as an Emir, knowing his riches and power were now his to enjoy.

“Perhaps now I shall be free,” Saida muttered. She knew what the older woman Zaira had told her about this fate being eternal, but surely she didn’t know everything, right? Surely the good Christian God would not allow such a turn of fate?

But instead, the power of the bottle drew her inward. Her gorgeous, bare shoulders sagged as her form began smoky once again, and she was pulled into the aperture, which was promptly corked, and the bottle again whisked away elsewhere. Saida was deposited on her mountain of plush pillows, lounging almost languidly in the comfort of her crystallised lair.

“Back again,” she muttered. “Three days of being outside and I was just a lusted after slave with unholy magic. Magic I can’t even help but use!”

She sighed, then used the magic anyway, summoning the door that would lead to the relaxing bath area she had discovered not long prior to her summoning. She slipped out of her clothing, and it carried easily over the bathroom hooks by some unnatural connection.

“This cannot be my body for eternity,” the former squire said, gazing over her naked, olive-skinned form. Her breasts were full, tipped by dark nipples, and they bobbed with each step. Her hips swayed from side to side by instinct, and it was almost impossible *not* to walk in a highly sensual manner, the kind that all the churchmen railed against when speaking of harlots and ‘fallen women.’ Richomer had experienced some fallen women before - it was a small sin, but understandable for a crusader - and he was beginning to understand that his days of condemning such temptresses afterwards was perhaps a little hypocritical now that she effectively *was* one.

Of course, Saida hadn’t at least experienced the touch of a man, that was certain. And she never would - she was determined on that point too. But as she relaxed into the hot, steaming waters, a kind of need did come over her. She had been caught in the gaze of men - particularly Oman - for several days back in the ‘material’ world, and while that had frustrated and shamed her deeply, her body had still . . . responded, at times. Something about being a subject of awe and interest, of feeling strong eyes - male and female - roam over her, had left an impression.

“Forgive me God,” she muttered to herself, lowering her hand down between her thighs, and her other over her well-formed left breast. “But if you can’t free me from this prison, then what joys I *can* find should not be seen as sin.”

Slowly, Saida began to moan, as she touched her most sensitive places.

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Oman was not the last master of the new djinn's, not by far. She would go on to be summoned many times, but the gaps in-between were far larger, and required a strong mental fortitude to not go completely mad from solitude. Saida spent a great deal of time in her bottle, exploring her numerous rooms and amusing herself with the numerous tomes there. Her ability to read Arabic was a great help, and she still had her native Frankish tongue, but other books required learning the script from scratch, and while Richomer had never imagined himself to be a linguist in any form, Saida had more than enough time to read the various texts compiled that taught different scripts and pronunciations. Many of them were, seemingly, written by the previous djinn of this bottle!

She also continued to read that magical tome, the one that taught her the nature of her own powers and gifts. It was by far the most interesting tome in the grand library, and certainly the most empowering - literally. Saida had only heard rumours of djinn or genies in her previous male life, so their exact purpose, powers, and general limitations were chiefly unknown to her. Thanks to the book, she was able to learn the following major nuggets of information to guide her new, unwanted, purpose.

1. Djinn were originally powerful spirits of the desert, allegedly. They held dominion over many humans, ruling over them as gods, until they were overthrown when it was discovered that a djinn's power could be contained in a bottle or lamp, their bracers or necklaces or collars used to limit their power.
2. A djinn's ability to rewrite and craft new realities was therefore limited only to mortal desires, chiefly, while constrained as such. Each master or mistress received three wishes, and there was no limitation on how long it would take for such wishes to be asked for, meaning some djinn accompanied their master or mistress for life - not something Saida wanted. A crafty djinn could reinterpret the wishes if they were made poorly, something more skilled djinn took advantage of for mischief. *That* interested Saida.
3. A djinn was immortal, unable to die unless they were freed and chose to do so. Many djinn had finally died this way, and there were few remaining. The only other way to die was for the receptacle to be destroyed - but this was very difficult to achieve as each had different formulae to do so. In the meantime, a djinn could change their appearance and clothing, but they would always return to their 'innate form and dress' - Saida was annoyed to realise her sultry blue outfit and beautiful eastern form would be 'innate.'
4. A djinn could only be freed by the wish of a mortal. *This* was what Saida desperately wanted, and she decided that every time she was summoned, she would do her best to be wished for freedom. Maybe then she could become Richomer again, seek salvation from God, and reunite with her master Sir Lothar.

Lastly, there was the ordinary, everyday magic of the djinn that her imprisonment could not take away. This she practised a great deal, learning how to shift around the rooms within her bottle, how to change the colours and minor details of her outfit, and how to clean her body and adjust her hair with just a flourish. She learned how to make objects float, and even herself as well, her legs crossed and eyes shut in the classical pose from the tome. It was, in a way, surprisingly joyous, the same way as summoning fire and frost from her fingertips, or making plants grow around her chamber. To wield elemental power was astonishing, but the limitations upon it reminded Saida that she was, in the end, a trapped woman.

A woman.

“Not a crusader. Not a righteous servant of God. Not even a man, nor human.”

Always that awareness returned, and often when she was in her most feminine repose. When she lounged, eating grapes upon her piles of pillows, there were times when she was aware of just how much like a harem woman she appeared to be. When she pleased herself - which was increasingly often as the vacant, unknowable time passed - she was often ashamed in the aftermath of her feminine bliss, especially from how she'd clutched her own breasts and wailed in a high, sensual voice. And with so little to do at times, she even took to practising traditional djinn dances, taught to her by magical tomes with changing images upon the pages. It involved a lot of swaying of hips and shaking of the chest, and while it made her laugh at times, maybe even feel proud upon perfecting a new dance, there was always the epiphany of how far she had fallen from a stoic man of God. It didn't help that, just like a woman - at least in her estimation - she obsessed more and more over her own attire and appearance. When you were stuck in a bottle in a desert for weeks and months and with no true company other than your imagined audience, it was easy to waste time learning how to adjust one's makeup perfectly, how to refine one's hair, and how to match an outfit to work with the contours of your fine flesh. Which was why it was such a relief whenever she was summoned, even *if* she presented herself so erotically female.

*“What are your wishes, my master?”* she asked another Arab who had summoned her, this time a woman. She wished for youth and beauty, for a good marriage, and for her children to flourish. Despite Saida's hints, she was not given freedom; the woman was too canny and wise to the threat of djinn. And so she was returned to the bottle, to repeat her endless days.

The next summoning was not in a desert at all. The bottle had been picked up at some point, carried in a satchel for a great deal of time. It was only later that she was finally summoned, when the satchel was opened and a surprised older man saw her.

“Good God in heaven above! You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen! Are you an angel?”

“No, I’m a *djinn*, master. Here to grant you your three wishes. I’ve been stuck like this for some time. If you would make your third wish to free me, I may return to my human form as a Frankish squire and see my master again, and rejoin him upon the great crusade.”

The man was confused by this information. He was richly garbed. “Crusade? Crusade!? The Fourth Crusade is ended; a total catastrophe! Not that we here in Venice can complain much, with how greatly we have profited from the sack of Constantinople.”

Saida couldn’t help but gape, floating slightly by mere habit (something that was easy for her now). “The - the *Fourth* Crusade? That’s - that’s impossible. There’s only been one. We took Antioch perhaps only a few months ago.”

But the Venetian man simply smirked. “Oh, I imagine time must be passing quite differently in that bottle of yours. That was a little over a hundred years ago now.”

Saida’s jaw fell yet further, stunned. The man looked over her lecherously, his gaze upon her divine cleavage, her elegant midriff.

“Yes, very sad,” he mused. “Now, for my wishes . . .”

The man did not leave a favourable impression upon her. She was with him not for days, but for three entire *years*. Venice was indeed doing well, and was quite beautiful, but Saida spent the entire time acting as if she were this man’s wife. Oh, no attraction or seduction could be compelled, but she did have to go along with his pretensions, even as her powers helped him rise to the position of Doge. She was on his arms at balls, events, meetings, and diplomatic affairs, and always the eyes of men were upon her, and women’s with jealousy. She hated being paraded around like a piece of flesh, and even more for the condemnation that churchmen occasionally heaped upon her, directly and indirectly, all despite the fact that her own situation was not her fault. Well, perhaps it was, but had she not been punished by God enough? The knowledge that Sir Lothar had been dead nearly a century now, that her family was gone, that her *world* was gone while she’d spent it trapped in a bottle, it was maddening. And no one sympathised.

Thankfully, she got hers back. The Doge lived a life of wealth and comfort, holding onto his last wish, jealously guarding it. But one day, while preparing for another great banquet while many lowly individuals in Venice starved, he made a mistake.

“Good God, another meeting with the Benvetones. Sometimes I wish I could just go to sleep forever so I couldn’t put up with them.”

“Your wish is my command, master.”

He turned to her with wide eyes. “No! Wait, I didn’t mean-”

But she clicked her fingers, and it was so. He slipped into a dreaming sleep, and she returned to her bottle. She even felt slightly good about what she’d done. The man had been a greed, self-obsessed ruler, and was she not a djinn now? Was not her old life gone fully?

Why not play the part she had been given? If God would not return her to her own time and body and place, then she would twist wishes as she saw fit for them to be deserved.

This was the pattern that followed over the next few centuries as time distorted inside her bottle. Slowly, Saida slipped further and further into her new identity, her life as Richomer the ambitious squire receding steadily into the distant past. She continued to be summoned, and each time the world was new and different, her masters and mistresses informing her that years and decades had passed, where it had only seemed months or weeks to her in the bottle. Each time she was glad to be free, only to be immediately disappointed by the greed of those around her, a mirror to her own greed that had landed her in this situation in the first place. None desired to free her, even those that seemed nice for a time. Her own Christian beliefs - she wasn't even sure if she could call herself God-fearing anymore, after the lack of answer to her prayers - were turned against her. She was a 'demon', a 'witch,' a 'shameful harlot.' All things she had once denounced heartily as she embarked upon crusade with now-dead Sir Lothar. Once, a master even tried to have her burned at the stake.

"It tickles," she said, dancing a little on the spot just to mock him, even knowing she was putting on a bit of a show. "Now, may I have your wishes, *master?*"

Thankfully, the bottle was immune to flame, and none tried hurling it in the ocean. Across her time serving numerous figures, Saida felt that she received a greater insight into human nature than she ever had as a mortal man. For despite the fear and awe that she inspired, the condemnation of churchmen (and one particular Germanic priest who kept throwing holy water on her), and the sneering condescension she experienced because of her sultry manner of dress and curvaceous fae figure, in the end all her masters and mistresses used their wishes anyway. Yes, no matter how much they claimed to oppose evil magic and witchcraft, still they were willing to use it, and almost always to benefit themselves. Very rarely did she get the opportunity to use healing magic to repair a sickened child, or to undo the recent death of a loved one (djinn could only undo recent deaths, alas), or to simply help someone find their truth love. Instead, the refrains were constant:

*"I wish for riches."*

*"I wish for immortality."*

*"I wish for power and respect."*

*"I wish for beautiful woman to always be attracted to me."*

*"I wish for money. Lost of it."*

Slowly, she got a lot better at twisting these wishes when she felt they were undeserved, or if she was treated poorly. A Sultan asked for riches, and she gave him immense wealth . . . stolen from the treasury of his more powerful rival. A cruel torturer and serial killer in Byzantium desired immortality. She gave it to him; he would be forever stuck

as a statue of his own likeness, overlooking the nearby cathedral that would be an eternal salvation out of reach. He was particularly distasteful, but providing a fate worse than death did provoke a reaction in her, particularly in view of God's temple; perhaps such outcomes should be left to a great Creator, even if she was unsure of His - or Her - nature. The philosophical wing of the library was getting to her, perhaps. Still, there were other manipulations of wishes. A lustful Frank from her own homeland, the one who'd commented on her "perfect tits and childbearing hips" one too many times, had made the aforementioned wish to always have beautiful women attracted to him. She made him so eminently attractive in their eyes that they were all far, far too anxious and fearful to ever approach him. When trade somehow took her farther east than she'd ever been, she realised she was in the land of India. A domineering single father who treated his kids cruelly demanded - not just wished, but *demanded* - to the floating djinn that he be given "power and respect." she acquiesced, clicking her fingers and remaking his body. The shocked man became a woman for good just as Saida had been transformed.

"What have you done!?" the now beautiful woman had screeched, horrified at her very maternal body. "I wanted power and respect, this is not what I wished for!"

"You will have power and respect, *mistress*," Saida answered with a smug grin on her features. While she didn't like being stuck in female form, she was happy to show hers off as a point of pride just to rub it in this former man's face. "From now on, your many children will respect your power over them, and they will do so because you will be compelled to be a kind and caring figure to all of them. Now that is your third wish done, so good luck!"

It felt good to subject another to her own fate, even if not to djinnhood. After the statue incident, this at least seemed to be a karmic fate that could be meted out somewhat 'fairly,' and she was in the right place for karma too, because her next few masters and mistresses were all in India too, and she made a maharaja of a peasant woman (one of her few deserving mistresses/masters) and a peasant woman of a maharaja, the latter destined to birth an entire horde of children after he wished for a "great army loyal to my bloodline." As she improved her magical skill and resigned herself again and again to her bottle space, it was easy for her to play the role of mischevious genie in this way, particularly after reading so many tales of others like her. It made her want to meet another genie, but in all her time that had not been the case.

Which was not to say she was without admirers, much to the chagrin of her fragmenting but still present male pride. There was the constant wish for her to "make love," "deliver satisfaction," or simply "fuck" her masters (and one clearly interested mistress). She was able to turn these down, but she would be lying if she didn't admit to herself that the need to release her internal tension with someone actually real wasn't there. When she returned to her bottle space, she would lie languidly in her bed in her gorgeous teal or pink

or purple outfit, her see-through pantaloons revealing her luscious legs, her top dipping to reveal her delectable cleavage, her soft stomach on display. She was a vision, and while that still nipped at her, she couldn't pretend that she didn't do her makeup perfectly - sometimes via magic, sometimes via practised hand - and dress herself, all to stroke a new developing part of her ego. The jealousy on women's faces when they saw her body, and the fascination in men's eyes, it was indeed a small morsel of appreciation to be smug about.

And yet there she was, upon the bed, dressed up and seductive, with no one to truly appreciate her. She continued to feel herself, pleasuring her body, and that could often satisfy her urges. At first she had shame in it, but over time she cared less and less: she had 'tugged the one-eyed snake' as a boy, why was a woman's pleasure so frowned upon? Becoming a woman - even if she was a djinn - had more than made her realise the rank hypocrisies of the church and the often-lustful clergy. She had gotten very good at it too; her nipples and breasts were wonderfully sensitive, all of her skin was, in fact, and her womanhood could produce ecstasy that no male body had known.

And yet, it was not always enough. On those occasions where she slept, she dreamed of handsome men, even former masters, and imagined them taking her. For the first few months of this, she shook off these dreams, disgusted by them. But over time their draw became positively magnetic. She would wake and continue to pleasure herself, spreading her legs and imagining a strong master to undo her clothing, to suck upon her breasts, to grope and squeeze them as he thrusting into her most private parts. It was an utter taboo, before God and before her own male history, and somehow that made it all the more exciting.

Finally, she cracked. Reading too many pages in the Karma Sutra and other tomes of sexual passion made the prospect of the real thing all too alluring for her. Over three hundred years in the material plane had passed during her time as a genie, and indeed at least several years within her bottle by that point. She had seen men naked before, and now wished to do so again. Not that she'd lost a taste for women either. She'd take either option at that point, but something about the forbidden fruit of being a woman in conjugal partnership with a man was enticing.

"I can be strong," she muttered to herself, rubbing her pointed ears as was her habit by that point. "I can be strong. I am still Richomer, deep down. Deep, deep, deep down."

But then she looked down at her gorgeous olive breasts, which were straining the bodice of her harem outfit, and she would sigh, an act that made them all the more prominent.

"Who am I kidding? I have been Saida for too long to go by any other name, or identity. Or to deny myself a woman djinni's wants."

And indeed, the following summoning broke her resolve entirely. A dashing man in a

frozen northern landscape was shocked to find his raiding haul contained her. He was something called a 'Viking,' a warrior from where the Varangians perhaps had come from, and he was deeply handsome at that, with a thick but well-trimmed beard, and dark eyes to match his hair colour. He was powerfully built, and perhaps only in his late twenties.

"Freja!" he called, bowing before her, thinking she was a goddess. Saida was used to this: she floated, legs crossed, beautiful silver-blond hair flowing down behind her.

"No, master, I am a djinn from a far away land, and you are my master. I have three wishes to grant you, anything you desire but for some limitations I may tell you. But . . . you need not wish quickly. You can . . . take your time."

She said this as she looked over his strong form, her eyebrow arching as she took in his rugged appearance, his manly jawline, his tough arm muscles. Suffice to say, when he took her and the bottle back to the mead hall she was celebrated, toasted to by many warriors. For the first time in a long time, she was able to drink mead - there were many wines and ales in her bottle, but mead had escaped her. She could even get a little drunk, though her magic prevented hangovers. It was enough to allow her to let loose and dance before these Norsemen, shaking her hips and chest and letting them cheer and flirt and call out all sorts of things as she revelled in her body for once.

And by the end of the night, she took her master to bed, the first time she had ever done so. She kissed him, felt him, let him peel her clothing from her even as she felt his manhood. It was the first manhood she had felt since she had lost her own cock and balls, but now she wanted it *inside* her, not on her. She spread her legs like a whore in heat, like the brothel woman she had visited on crusade as Richomer, and she gasped as he entered her.

"Ohhhhhhh, master! It has been too long! Make me - make me a woman tonight!"

She could barely believe the words escaping her mouth, but she meant them all the same. He fucked her that night, and in the morning too. She squealed in delight, sounding supremely feminine, as he slid his long hardness inside of her, thrusting in and out until he worked her to her full. The eruption of his seed inside her sent cascades of pleasure coursing through her body, made all the better by how he grasped her breasts and nibbled lightly upon her nipples, enhancing the ecstasy of the moment. It was enough of a connection to make her wonder if this was the one; if this man would finally be the figure to set her free.

Alas, she only fell further into dejected suspicion of humanity. Ravarr - this was his name - proceeded to give his wishes. He wanted to be the greatest Viking ever known. He wanted to be a supreme raider. He wanted to be a king among men. Despite her requests to free him, when the time came he simply rattled off his wishes one after the other, each carefully worded. In bedding her, he had learned enough about genie kind during their

after-talk to avoid any possibility of mischievous trickery on her part. He got everything he wanted, and she was sent back into the bottle, which made its way elsewhere.

“F-fucking knave!” she cried out from within the bottle, shaking her fists and making her breasts jiggle with every angered motion. “Villain! Godless pagan!”

But then she sank to her knees and did one last thing she had once mocked women for; she cried and cried openly, weeping with wild abandon. Her heart turned cold towards humanity, and she decided that the reason she had not been saved by God was the same reason they had not been saved either; she had been a greedy, hypocritical sinner, and so were all of them. The least she could do was serve as an agent for the Creator, and twist wishes to serve what punishments her future masters and mistresses were owed, and take her pleasures of the flesh along the way.

If people were to use and discard her, why could she not do the same?

So she would wait. And wait. And wait, all for a new master, and she would be the djinn that legends had once feared; all misinterpreted words, lawyer’s tricks, and smug karmic deliverance upon those who served to enrich only themselves. Yes, she would do that, and she would learn to love it.

But first, there was the waiting.

## **Part 5: The College Girl**

More than any other time, the wait stretched out. After the experience with the Viking, the bottle had become magically lost once more as it always was. Saida waited impatiently, occasionally switching the view so that she could see ‘outside’ to the material plane, and always she was annoyed by what she saw: the bottle floating in the ocean, the bottle being lost upon the beach. A wild creature - a dog of some kind - even dragged it inland, half-burying it. She wasn’t concerned . . . at first. The bottle was always eventually found, and always more time had passed than had done so inside its magical space.

But this time things were different.

This time, the isolation and boredom continued.

And continued.

And continued.

And continued and continued and continued and continued.

More than ever, Saida was forced to entertain herself. She read books, learned languages, enhanced her magical tricks - she even learned how to temporarily change her hair colour, and became quite adept at changing shape. Unfortunately, taking on a male form

was simply beyond her, so once more she faced a reality without ever possessing a manhood again. Instead, she took on the appearance of Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, and even her childhood crush Brunhild, who had been quite the looker when Richomer had been a young man of near-age. Of course, as Saida, she had to smirk at the fact that her fine bronze bosom was much more impressive than her original crush had been.

But even improving her magic wasn't enough to sate her desire for company. She may have grown to view humanity with a hefty dose of cynicism, but she was still just human enough to desire social interaction of *some* sort. And so it was that she began to conjure apparitions . . . of herself. Numerous aspects of her own personality were projected throughout the rooms and chambers of her bottle, each wearing different clothes - all of them supremely stylish and showy, ranging from taut swimwear to elegant purple ballgowns to the outfits of bedroom seductresses with lots of red silk. Each had hair colours to match their clothing and personalities, and she conversed with each of them, fully aware they were just reflections of her mind. Which was not to say they didn't stir conversations."

"You are looking very arousing to the gaze today, Saida!"

"Saida," another said, almost naked in her pool dress. "Would you like to come swim with us? We look spectacular doing it!"

"Please, you're still a man deep down," a third said, dressed like some kind of sexy squire. "Summon your inner Richomer and train swords with us, Saida."

"Or we could always read together, and philosophise over how much we hate our masters," said a last one, wearing spectacles and a tight dress.

"It's good to be in such fine and beautiful company," Saida said, and she meant it . . . for a time. But eventually the reflections and refractions of her own mind did little for her, and more often than not she ended up dismissing them all with a wave of her hand. It was all artificial. It was all fake. She needed something, but what it was she couldn't say. She had come to dismiss humanity, but they were the only tether she had to her old life, and despite all their skullduggery, greed, and self-entitlement, they were also the only true interactions she could claim to have.

And yet still no one opened up the bottle. Still nothing found it, not even when it was picked up by strange looking metal scoops and deposited in a noisy chamber she couldn't understand. Not when the bottle was placed in an empty space, or when it was wrapped, or when it was carried.

Until finally one day it was.

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Saida steamed out of the open stopper of the bottle, immersed in the fog that formed part of her being. Over the centuries it had turned blue, as had the bottle, all the better to match her aesthetic. She could have cried, and indeed she did cheer, leaping to her feet as soon as they were formed and stretching her renewed limbs outward.

“Yes! Yes! Finally, a new master! Thank you, I was caught in the throes of madness for aching too long. Tell me, what century is this? What time? Is it yet the year thirteen hundred? How bears the Frankish state? Was the Holy Land reconquered? Does the Hagia Sophia still ring with . . .”

Several things stopped Saida from continuing her barrage of borderline manic questions. The first was the realisation that her master was not a master at all, but a *mistress*. More than that, she looked vastly different from any mistress she’d ever had, albeit just as confused and terrified as many others. She was young, likely only in her twenties, but she had more perfect skin than anyone Saida had ever seen - at least *before* they wished to be beautiful. Her skin was light olive, and she had the eyes of a woman from the far east; almond-shaped, and nestled behind a strange pair of spectacles that appeared quite different from the thin, wiry things she was used to seeing. Her hair was short, and for some reason that seemed scandalous to Saida, despite the woman’s clear beauty. Her attire was strange too; far more showy for a woman than most. Not harem attire, but her top revealed much of her arms and part of her midriff, while her pants were made of an unusual blue material with shredded parts around the knees. She had a black box in her hand and the bottle in the other. The top said something in the language of the Anglo-Saxons, albeit she couldn’t understand what on earth it even meant: *Sesame Streetgang*. It appeared to show a variety of strangely silly monsters on the front, all wearing black outfits and making what looked like gang signs; the kind that the Greens and Blues would use in Constantinople.

“Woah, holy shit! What the fuck!? What the actual fuck!? Are you real!?”

Saida blinked. She’d never heard such foul language escape from a woman’s mouth before, not even her own. Still, the compulsion to serve came over her, and so she folded her arms, levitated a little as demonstration of her power, and began to recite the words.

“Yes mistress, I am real. I am Saida, a powerful djinn who resides in the bottle you have touched. I can grant you three wishes of your heart’s desire, and there is no limit for how long it can take you to make these wishes. Until then, I am shackled to your service . . . unless you would choose to kindly free me from it.”

She tried to emphasise that last part as much as possible, but was distracted by the strange decor around her. The room was not immense, but it was rich. There was a strange black box affixed to a wall, and a bed that, while not impressively sized, seemed richly comfortable. Decorations of strange figures lined the walls - posters that talked of wars in the stars and a python named Monty. There were little figurines, shaped warriors that could have

been chess pieces, all along a shelf wall, as well as what looked like a calendar, albeit one with numerous images of the woman in question and what must have been her family, somehow painted intricately along its surface. Saida had no idea what to make of this.

“You - you’re a genie?”

“That is what I said, mistress,” she said, placing her hands almost proudly on her hips. It made the woman blush, and from the way her eyes roamed over Saida’s form it was obvious that this was an individual who found her attractive. She had encountered them across her time, and had once considered it a great sin. Now, she just found it amusing. At least the gaze of women was not so openly lecherous as that of men. “I am a djinn, or genie. Your tongue is unusual to me, but I can always understand the language of my masters and mistresses while I serve them, at least, and can study further. This allows me to facilitate your wishes as you desire them.”

Still, the room looked so curious, she kept wandering her eyes over it. There were posters of women in strange outfits, with odd-coloured hair, clutching instruments she did not recognise. Their outfits were almost as ridiculous as her own!

“I’ve got a hot elf lady genie in my room,” the woman said, bewildered. “I - this is crazy. I’ve got a hot elf lady genie in my room. I seriously have to be dreaming.”

She pinched herself several times, but Saida could only roll her eyes as the woman realised this was indeed true. Were people more sceptical of magic in this age now? Surely not so much time had passed?

“Y-you’re real.”

“Yes, mistress, that is what I said.”

The woman screamed. Literally covered her face with her hands, screamed, and ran to another room, slamming the door shut behind her.

“Well, I didn’t expect that,” Saida said to herself. She waited a while, still examining the strangeness of the room. Some music was playing, but she couldn’t understand where it was coming from. Surely not that little box on the shelf?

Eventually, the door creaked open again, and the young woman emerged, cheeks a little red, her gaze embarrassed. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to freak out. It’s just . . . you’re a genie.”

“How do you think I felt when I became one?”

“You used to be a person?”

Saida sighed. She didn’t feel like revealing her past as a man, which from her perspective must have been roughly ten years or so ago no, if not a little longer.

“I did, but that is irrelevant now. I am Said, djinn of the bottle. Tell me mistress, what is your name?”

The young woman snapped back to reality and adjusted her glasses. "Um, my name is Jess. Jessica Sato. But people just call me Jess."

"Hmm, well, Jessica, may I inquire as to why you are dressed so strangely?"

The woman named Jess/Jessica looked over her garb with a bit of confusion.

"This? I mean, it's a bit nerdy, and I know not everyone likes the ripped jeans look, but it's pretty ordinary. I mean, I know lots of ladies who dress this way. Dudes too."

"Dudes?"

She cocked her head like that of an owl. "Yeah, dudes."

"I am unfamiliar with this term."

"Guys. Lads. Men."

"Ah, language shifts and changes, of course."

"So I really get three wishes?"

Saida nodded. "There are limitations. I can only bring back the recently deceased. I cannot grant you immortality as you perhaps would desire it. I cannot force someone to love you, or make love to you, and you cannot will my own actions completely in those matters either. I cannot deliver death, at least directly, nor shape events on a wide scale that would disrupt a natural order."

Jess sat down on the edge of her bed. She gazed up at the floating Saida, clearly astonished. "But you're a real life genie. What's your name?"

"Saida."

"That's a pretty name."

Saida smirked. "Thank you. I have gotten used to it, at least."

"A real life genie. I thought you were a legend. Holy shit, I get wishes. Wait, do you twist them?"

Saida smirked. This one was smarter than she appeared. "Specificity would be recommended. Humanity can be foolish so often."

"But you used to be human."

"A long time ago, particularly from your perspective of time. Since then I have seen the true soul of humanity in all its greed and short-sightedness and hypocrisy, so I would warn you, Jessica Sato, to think deeply on your wishes and what you want of them. A disapproving genie and an ill-worded wish can be an . . . amusing combination."

Jess swallowed, clearly nervous. Good, in Saida's view.

"I see," she said.

Silence reigned for a while, and Saida used the moment to levitate down to the floor and walked around the room, examining the strange trinkets and objects.

"Tell me, Jessica Sato, what year is it? You never answered my question from when you summoned me? Have we passed the year of our Lord thirteen hundred yet?"

Jessica's eyes bulged, and she nervously adjusted her spectacles. It made a nervousness dawn in Saida's heart, which beat tremulously in her chest.

"Um, I don't know quite how to tell you this, but it's the year two thousand and twenty four. I think you were in that bottle for quite a long time. You were just dug up recently by a college archaeology group I'm a part of. I was gifted the bottle because we assumed it to be a fake, and I liked the appearance of it . . ."

Saida lost all smooth genie composure. She gaped, shoulders sagging, her sensual motions abandoned to leave her looking like a marionette - albeit an arousing one to the eyes - whose strings had been cut.

"It cannot be that long."

"I don't know what else to tell you, but it has been. I'm very sorry." Jessica fidgeted nervously. She moved and pulled up a curtain, revealing the outside world. Saida stepped forward to witness the sight of brick buildings and windows, or numerous young people moving about, and tall crystal spires in the distance, tall beyond imagining.

"What - what are those?"

"Um, those are skyscrapers. They're like . . . really tall buildings."

"Far too tall. Surely the people of Babel never . . . does God not mix up their tongues as punishment?"

Jessica shrugged. "Um, not as far as I've heard. But there's lot of languages in America anyway."

Saida turned. "Ah-meh-ree-cah?"

"Yeah, America. Oh shit! If you've been stuck in that bottle since before thirteen hundred, you wouldn't have heard of it at all! It's an entire continent that was discovered - well, sort of - in fourteen ninety two. Obviously it had native people here, and that's a whole thing I won't get into right now, but it's a landmass about the size of Asia. Certainly bigger than the Mediterranean and Middle East, assuming that's where you're from."

It was all too much for Saida. Over seven hundred years had passed. The year two thousand and twenty four had arrived. The world outside was unrecognisable. Its people were alien. Everything tangible was gone. A roar echoed from overhead, and a great silver beast coursed over the sky. No one outside even looked up at this metal dragon.

Slowly, Saida fell into a laugh. It started small, then raised in pitch, then became positively hysterical.

"This is a farce, yes? An elaborate joke of some kind? Perhaps you are a player, and the ability to make effects on stage has improved since my own age, hmm? Or perhaps you are a genie - you certainly dress scandalously enough! Are you another of my kind, or just another human playing tricks and manipulating me, as you all do?"

But Jess's expression was not malicious. Worse, it was full of sympathy. She reached out and actually *touch*ed Saida's hand, and Saida's pulled back, shocked at this act of empathy.

"I'm sorry Said, I really am. I know we've just met and you're a genie and this is crazy, but I'm telling the truth. Seven hundred years have passed. You're on a new continent. I'm sorry."

Many emotions bubbled over Saida, and she couldn't fully grasp hold of any one of them. She clenched her teeth, her fists, closed her eyes. She ran her fingers over her elven ears, tried to adjust her clothing. Nothing worked to calm her, not even the meditative chants inside her mind that she had learned during her isolation. In that moment of weakness, a calming hand fell upon her shoulder.

"Would you like some time alone?" Jessica asked.

"I would," she said in a monotone, soulless voice. "I would, mistress. Summon me when you are ready."

And with that, she manifested back into her bottle, her body becoming blue fog before materialising in her space.

"Seven hundred years. A new world. Nothing is the same."

Saida had never felt more again like Richomer. Once again, she was thrust into a situation that turned her world around entirely. Everything had changed, and for the first time in quite some months - or was it years? - she wanted to be that silly squire boy again, ignorant and mortal and non magical and . . . and long disappeared into the past. Saida looked at her fine form in the mirror, the one she had finally started feeling pride in, and instead could only find a foreigner. A being she had been transformed into, all those centuries ago.

"When will I be free!?"

She smashed the mirror with but a touch of her finger, and the mirrors and glass everywhere inside her bottle shattered completely, resonating with her anger and outrage.

She collapsed into her pillows, weeping.

"When will I be free?" she asked again, whimpering.

## **Part 6: Dreams & Gifts**

Richomer woke flat upon his back. The sun was high and hot, scorching his skin in a way he had not felt in a long time. He raised his hand to block it out, and to his shock saw that his palm was pink-white, with obvious palm hairs and thick, unfeminine fingers.

"What on earth has -"

He stopped, blinked, cleared his throat. The sound was distinctly masculine. His voice had been masculine. Not just that of a man's either, but of his old voice. *Richomer's* voice. The person he had once been.

"I'm a man again," he said. "I'm . . . me again."

He could even feel the light hairs on his face, his shortened hair. His chest was unburdened by the heft of the large breasts he'd become accustomed to, and his form lacked the slim elegance and dark olive skin that the bottle had forced upon him. Even his clothing had changed: he was in light armour, with the sign of the holy cross in red upon his tabard, its background white.

"By holy God," he proclaimed, patting himself over. "I'm a man!"

"Ha! What, you were expecting something else? Someone's taken a fall upon the head, I suspect. C'mon, up you come."

Richomer's jaw fell. The man was the spitting image of Sir Lothar, his old Frankish master. It was impossible to be true, and yet it was. He reached a powerful gloved hand out to Richomer, who took it. It was as physical and real as could be. The older man lifted the younger to his feet.

"Sir Lothar," Richomer said, strangely unused to his original voice. "How are you here? How are you alive?"

The man scratched at his beard and chuckled. "Ha! I sometimes wonder that myself. Battle favours a man who is prepared, but fortune favours only the lucky, my lad." The man paused, squinted. "Are you alright, squire? You seem at odds with yourself. Don't tell me you have gotten drunk, or worse, drunk off of looting! The spoils of Antioch shouldn't have caused such a commotion in your mind and soul, surely? Tis just a bit of deserved extra pay for our hard crusading work."

It was then that Richomer realised where he was. It was not the strange, far distant land of twenty twenty four, with the odd, strangely garbed woman named Jessica. It was not a future of flying tin dragons or bizarre technology or devices that could emit music as if the musician were present in the very room. This was Antioch. The great eastern city, an oasis in the desert of Syria. Crusaders were celebrating, Christians everywhere were holding up the sign of the cross and weeping tears from their great victory. Looting was happening, and the great Seljuk menace was fleeing to the horizons for now. The Muslims that remained in the city feared reprisal, and their stores were in the midst of being looted.

"I'm back," Richomer said, gazing around the centre of the city, staring at the wounded battlements. "I thought . . . was it just a test?"

Lothar looked at him curiously. "What a test? A test from God? My lad, you have much to learn, though I suppose you've knocked your skull something fierce. Or did you simply strain yourself from too much well-deserved looting?"

He gave a deep belly laugh, and after a moment's pause, Richomer actually joined him. His laugh was now nearly as low or brass baritone as his master's, but it was a manly laugh, the laugh of a *warrior*, which he had almost forgotten he was. Years of imagined entrapment as an enticing woman left him, years of dressing himself in that olive-skinned Arabian woman's body with her elven ears and manner, of coming to desire men as well as women, of pleasing others in their eyes and later even their bodies, or granting wish after endless wish to the numerous greedy and short-sighted persons across the great span of history. All of it was whisked away. God had tested him, and now he had passed. Or perhaps, more likely, he had *learned*. He knew now to be humbled, to not steal, to take no pleasure in looting. He hefted the bag before Lothar with a deep sigh and wiped the joyous tears from his face.

"What is it, son?" Lothar asked.

"Nothing I can say but that it is between myself and God, good sir," Richomer said, before grabbing his master and kissing him on the cheek. "I swear, I will return all these items and make myself a better man, and continue the war for Christ. I advise you to do as well, sir."

Lothar looked at him, one eyebrow raised. Then, after a moment's pause, he *cackled*. "Oh God!" he cried, "one conquered city and you are as born anew as Saint John the Baptist and all of his followers! I wish I had such good fortune as you seem to do, Richomer!"

Richomer went to laugh with him, only to halt suddenly, even as Lothar cackled. Something was pulling at him. Tugging at him. Forcing him to do something. He raised his hands without meaning to, the features of his face trembling as he struggled against the compulsion. Something was wrong with his arms: they were thinner. Browner. His fingernails were long and perfectly maintained and painted a vibrant turquoise colour.

"Y-y-your wish is m-my command, my m-master," he said, voice cracking slightly.

"Good," Lothar said, expression suddenly altogether different. He licked his lips. "Because I wish to see you in a much more appealing light, *Saida*."

Richomer whimpered, trying to fight it. The man before him was changing, right down to his accent. One moment he was a greedy vizier, then a haughty Germanic lord, then a violent Norse noble, then a cruel and vindictive village woman from lands unknown. All masters he'd served before. He raised his hands, and found that his arms were bare. His legs were largely bare too, but for the transparent harem pants he now wore. His entire form was altering, his hips cracking wider as the figure opposite continued to lick his or her or its lips, his chest aching as it expanded to fill his contracting clothing.

"Y-your wish is my command, my master," he said again, voice even more feminine.

“Good!” the figure cried with a hundred voices. It was a nightmarish combination of every master he or she had served across the centuries, and it wanted more.

Richomer fled, mind already twisting, flaying away the male parts of him to make him Saida was once. He ran for the Zaira’s shop, grasping out of the bag of loot the purple bottle that had started his whole accursed journey. Even as he did so, his thighs softened, his breasts began to grow, his midriff was exposed by the pulling apart of his clothing. His hair spiralled out longer and longer, changing to its impossible colour, and his ears began to sharpen and extend.

“No, no more wishes! No more masters!”

He burst through the door, screaming out for Zaira to forgive him.

Instead he found himself in his family home. His mother and father were seated at the dinner table, making their prayers of grace before they consumed their rabbit stew. Their home was simply, humble, better only against that of peasants due to their incredibly minor nobility.

“Mother! Father! Please help me! I’m sorry for all I’ve done!”

It was Saida’s voice now, and Saida’s body. Her bountiful bosom strained against her tight harem top, and her hair fell below her waist. Her figure was gorgeous and feminine, sultry and submissive, and so much of it was on display. She pressed her slim hands against the table, breathing heavily as she tried to summon up the words to explain to her parents what had transpired and who she was.

Instead, her father and mother turned their faces towards her in a manner most eerie, and spoke with one voice. Zaira’s voice.

*“The longer you fight it, Saida, the more your punishment will only get worse.”*

“No!” she cried, slamming her fists down. The table splintered, her reality splintered, and all its matter fell apart, shrinking and warping until it fell upon her wrists in this endless white void, forging the bracelets that marked her enslavement to the bottle.

She was sent screaming down into that void.

Forever a slave.

Forever a female djinn.

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Saida did not wake with a dramatic scream, nor did she pull herself up in alarm after such a dreadful dream. Instead she simply opened her eyes with a whispered, “no,” only to find herself once again in an alien space. This one, though, was most certainly real.

“I’m out of the bottle?” she said aloud, curious.

She was in the woman Jessica's housing. Or was it a rented apartment? Or some kind of large tavern-based charge room attached to her university? It was unclear to her still. The more significant point was that she was not Richomer again, and never would be unless she were freed. She was Saida the attractive genie, with her mid-tone olive skin and sumptuous form, not the pasty Frankish male physique of her now literally ancient past.

"But I'm out of the bottle," she said, raising herself off of the couch she found herself on. She touched her surroundings, seeing if her magic would influence them, in order to test if this was not simply a recreation of the bottle. Blue sparks flew from her fingers, but nothing was altered - at least not for long. The couch changed colour, but slowly altered back. There had been no wish, after all.

"How did I get out with no master around?"

She searched through the rooms of the small area, but indeed Jessica was not present. Saida was all alone, though she could hear and see the crowds of other young students outside the window, see them kicking strange-shaped balls to one another or speaking freely. It was astonishing to see women at such an institution, and what clothes they wore! Had they no shame?

The last thought made her chuckle as she looked over her very revealing attire and large bust, the latter of which still obscured her view of her toes when standing straight.

"You are not one to talk, Saida," she said. It was something one of her other aspects would have told her back in her bottle, and others still would have laughed at in response. But she was not in her bottle, she had somehow exited it of her own free will. She wracked her brains as to how this might be the case, and a small piece of knowledge from a tome she'd read years ago in her library flitted into her mind.

*Only a djinn whose power has increased to test the limits of his bondage can exit and enter their confinement freely as they choose.*

She looked at her braces, at the cute cuff around her neck that nevertheless hinted at her forcible submission. She touched them each in turn.

"I'm getting stronger?" she said aloud.

The thought was a marvel, and almost too much to truly take in, or to hope for. She distracted herself from a potentially foolish hope by looking further around the room, gaining nuggets of wisdom about Jessica along the way. Her newest master was an interesting one. The delicate paintings - far too accurate to be believed - indicated that she had loving parents and a younger brother. Apparently she had won prizes in her previous educational institute; some were for history and mathematics. Impressive for a woman, and something that made Saida oddly happy. She was a woman now, but that had been a resigned and saddened acceptance for her. It was strangely good to know that perhaps her own original

culture had been deeply wrong about the possibilities of the fairer sex, if indeed they were 'fairer.'

She inspected the little monster along the shelves as well. They appeared to be like legions from hell: a round floating creature on a transparent stand with eight eyestalks and a large central eye. A red dragon, its wings outstretched. A creature of death in red vestments. A black panther-like creature with tentacles extending from its back. A chest with a slobbering maw and many teeth.

"Are these items of worship? Trinkets of power?"

She inspected them. They were all hand-painted, it appeared. Other items in the room showed similar care. Even the life-like pieces of art upon the wall were well-framed. Perhaps she was a rich woman indeed. She would have to be, to go to college. And likely from some powerful noble house. There were enough clues to at least determine a few things: this Jessica Sato was clearly an intelligent and driven woman, and one used to success. She also clearly had a number of hobbies, none of which involves spinning the loom or weaving, or mending clothes. She was not married either, nor was there any evidence of a paramour in her life as far as Saida could tell. But she could not piece together much more. Instead, she sat near the strange black rectangle and waited to see if it would show more strange images from far off lands again. It did not, so she simply mused on her mistress and the fact that she was apparently in the two thousandth and twenty fourth year of the Lord, in a faraway land unknown to her or any of her original people.

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Jessica returned several hours later. As soon as the door opened Saida immediately stood to attention, the compulsion of her bondage coming over her immediately. She bowed deeply, her jewellery clinking together.

"My mistress, welcome back!"

"Saida!" Jessica exclaimed, closing the door immediately. "You're out of your bottle! I thought - I mean, I'm glad you're up and about. I thought you said I had to summon you, though?"

Saida gave an awkward smile. "I thought as well, but it seems my powers have grown to a point where I can exit the bottle sometimes, though I do not yet know how."

"I see."

An awkward silence followed. It was clear that Jessica was not used to the idea of djinn, and moreover the supernatural in general.

“Um, I bought you some things. You said you can understand English while I am your mistress, right? Well, just in case I got you a book on how to speak English. Ignore the title, I know you’re not a ‘dummy’, but-”

“What is a dummy?”

“Oh, it’s . . . nevermind. It’s just a good book for learning the basics of the language. You can put it in your bottle, right?”

She passed over the book, and Saida studied it. She had never been given a gift before as a genie. The trinkets and dresses from the Venetian Doge did not count: they were for *his* pleasure, and conditional upon her submission. They could not be taken into her bottle. This, on the other hand, was freely given. It made her unexpectedly emotional, a feeling that only increased as Jessica handed her more books from the bag she was carrying.

“And these will help you adjust, I think. I’m sorry to say that some are books for children, but I think they’ll be a good introduction to the modern world. This one covers major developments in the past thousand years. This one just has random facts about modern technology and how it functions. Um, this is a foreigner’s guide to America and our culture. It’s meant to be for immigrants, but I think there’s never been a more foreign immigrant than you, I suppose.”

More books, more possibilities of understanding Saito pressed them against her chest, savouring the feel of them. By God, or any Creator she might still believe in, she had come to love books dearly. Unexpectedly, tears began to flow from her eyes.

“Oh shit. Sorry! I was just trying to he-”

“No, this is . . . this is perfect. Thank you, Jessica. I have never received gifts as a djinn before. Not in my years of being one, not once.”

“Wait, not once?”

Saida shook her head. “Never. I was used for wishes, or sometimes dressed up as a consort and expected to look beautiful, but true gifts like this? Never.”

Jessica did something very unexpected then. She took the books gently from Saida’s hands, placed them on the desk beside them, and then wrapped her arms around Saida’s thin form. She had been hugged before - as a man, and as a woman - but not in this way. There was something sisterly about it. It was an act of genuine compassion and reassurance, and with it the last of Saida’s defences broke down.

She sobbed. It was the weeping of a woman, something she rarely let herself fall to even after all her years alone in the bottle.

“There, there,” Jessica whispered, the woman amusingly shorter despite feeling so much bigger in that moment. “It’s okay, it’s okay. Just let it out, alright? I can’t imagine what you’re going through now, but I’m here to help, okay? I mean, this is all so crazy for me too.

God, *I'm* getting emotional! You've been trapped for so long that I think it will take a long time to adjust, but if you'll let me help I promise I'll do all I can."

Saida pulled back. She folded her arms beneath her bust, feeling suddenly exposed, even more than usual.

"Why would you help me, my mistress? You are my mistress, and can make your three wishes as you desire. These are the rules. Unless you plan to free me, I don't understand why you are doing this?"

Jessica blinked. "Jesus, you came from a harsh time if you can't understand why I would want to help someone suffering."

"I came from a time where uttering 'Jesus' in such blasphemy could see you in the stocks."

Jessica did another unexpected thing: she chuckled. "Well, I don't really go in for Jesus personally, or any God. Maybe I should evaluate that if djinn exist, right? You've opened a philosophical can of worms for me."

"You eat worms?"

Jessica laughed. "It's a saying. It means 'you've opened a big discussion that we can't get into.' Look, I've got a weird idea that might cheer you up. I have three wishes, right?"

"Right."

"But I can make them anytime? No time limits?"

"Until death take you."

Jessica snorted. "Okay, grim, but that makes sense. Then I won't rush things. Besides, I'd like to get to know you better, and frankly I'd rather not have a hyper emotional genie grant my wishes after the trauma or waking up after seven hundred years. So let's go get something wonderful to show you that this time can be wonderful. You can get to know me, and I can get to know you, and most importantly of all we can get you understanding what time you're in now."

Saida sighed. It didn't sound bad, but she still took her long hair and ran her hands through it nervously. "I have known many times. There is little point, my mistress. All things fade, and I will be elsewhere and in another time when we are done."

Jessica shrugged. "Well, I'll just have to free you on my third wish if I like you, then. C'mon. Can you change clothes? We might have to get you into something a little more . . . modern."

Saida was startled. Had the point about giving her freedom been just a joke, or had she meant it? She had been burned before . . . but something seemed different about this woman.

“I can indeed change clothing, my mistress,” the djinn said. She indicated to her form, and altered her outfit to a gorgeous Genoese dress from the fourteenth century, complete with resplendent finery and a gorgeous red colouring.”

Jessica marvelled at this. “Okay, that’s fucking rad. And really, really historically accurate. I’ve studied this period: Venetian, right?”

“Genoan.”

“Astounding. And I could seriously watch you walk around in this for days. It’s beautiful - you’re beautiful! But . . . I don’t think it’ll exactly fit in for the twenty first century. Let’s get you a little bit more modern.”

Saida nodded. “I understand. One thing, however. A limitation or expectation placed upon female djinn in particular. We must always be very beautiful, and our clothing must reflect that.”

“Oh, well I don’t think that will be too much trouble. I’ll show you what’s ‘attractive’, you can change, and then I’ll show you some of the wonders of this brave new world.”

## **Part 7: Brave New World**

Everything was so overwhelming. Despite attempting not to care, Saida had seven hundred questions; one for each year she had been absent, it seemed! She held them tight to herself however, not wanting to anger her mistress and make her recall that seeming desire to free the djinn. She looked down at herself as Jessica walked her through the campus area of the university. It was a marvellous series of buildings. Not as beautiful as Byzantine cathedrals or Genoese architecture, but it was fascinating in its own right. She had never seen so many panels of glass so elegantly arranged, and these paled in comparison to the scrapers of the sky that Jessica had indicated were the names of the towers in the far distance.

“I know it’s a lot to take in,” Jessica said as they walked across the greenery of the university. “A lot has obviously changed.” She indicated to the groups of students across the greenery, some relaxing under the tree shade, others chatting in groups. They were dressed so vibrantly and sparsely. Some women were quite uncovered, bare midribs and all, their shoulders open for view. Some even had visible cleavage. And the men seemed quite casual; their so-called ‘t-shirts’ looked more like undergarments than professional dress in Saida’s opinion. There were people of all different ages and shades, though this was not so astonishing to her: the crusades had brought together Christians from all places. What was more astonishing was how much less religion seemed to dominate. Apparently there was an area of Muslim prayer and several Christian groups on campus, but Jessica also mentioned a local Buddhist society, a Hindu group, and an atheist society.

“What is an atheist society?” she ended up asked.

“It’s people who don’t believe in God.”

Saida had been so blindsided by that that she dropped the discussion entirely. Not believe in a creator? Then what could have made the universe and its four elements?

A number of heads turned her way as she walked, dragging her thoughts back to the present.

“Mistress,” she said.

“You can just call me Jessica, to avoid awkwardness,” Jessica said. “Or Jess.”

“Jess,” Saida continued. “I worry I am sticking out. Many eyes are looking my way.”

“Yeah, your style is still pretty unique, I’m afraid, though it fits in much better. The hair is noticeable too. Honestly though, I think everyone’s just looking because you’re hot as hell.”

Saida felt her forehead. “I am not burning.”

“It means you are very attractive, Saida,” Jessica said, laughing.

Saida looked over herself and realised exactly what her mistress was saying. It had been a long number of years in her bottle while she waited that she had almost forgotten that her genie form was astonishingly beautiful, inviting the lust of men and even women towards it. Her clothing was no longer her djinn harem outfit, but was a kind of modernised version of it, in a way. She no longer had transparent harem pants, but her light blue ‘yoga pants’ clung tightly to her, ending mid-thigh. Her shoes were stylish and of the same colour, and had slight heels to them. Her midriff was bare as it often was, with her harem top far less changed. It was made of a silkier material and the straps across her shoulders were thicker, but it evidently fit the standards of women for the day, somehow. It simply fell a little bit lower to the top of her stomach, though her breasts were still quite emphasised. She had far less jewellery, she supposed, though earrings had evidently never gone out of fashion, nor crystal pendants at the end of a necklace, which nestled in the curve between her breasts. Mostly, there was less general adornment, such as the large pins through her hair and sash around her waist. But she must have looked exotic enough, with her vibrant green eyes and sensual form, and her long light brown-golden hair that spilled down to her bottom.

“Ah,” she said. “It has been a long time since I was last out of my bottle. It seems the tastes of men have not changed.”

“Yeah, trust me, men can still be total dogs. I get it bad too, though next to you I’m a lot more invisible.”

Saida nodded, looking down at Jessica, who was wearing a rather cute red top and skirt. “You would indeed run afoul of such comments, my mi- Jess. You are very attractive as a woman yourself.”

Jessica blushed. "Well, aren't you something? Now come this way. Just for that, I'm buying you ice cream."

"Iced . . . cream?"

"Trust me, you'll love it."

Saida did. In fact, she could scarcely believe its taste, or how it was even possible to make. How could the maker keep such an item cold in such warm weather?

"This is the most incredible thing I have eaten," Saida said, positively devouring the ice cream.

"Careful! You'll get a brain freeze."

"A brain - ahh! This is uncomfortable."

She flicked a hand and the feeling disappeared, and then she went right back to devouring it. "Can I have another?"

"Of course! They're not super expensive. You can choose a different flavour?"

Saida marvelled. "It comes in different flavours?"

"Oh yeah! Just don't eat too much or it'll all go to your hips."

Saida shrugged. "I don't put on or lose weight, not anymore."

"Lucky you," Jessica said. "The rest of us women have to watch ourselves."

"I was not always a woman."

Saida stopped eating her ice cream, realising what she had just said. She hadn't meant to; when was the last time she confided in *anybody* that she had once been a man? And yet now she had let her guard slip, and had revealed something deeply personal and painful.

Jessica leaned forward, her expression fascinated. "You used to be a man, you mean? Before you were a genie?"

"I don't wish to talk about it."

"Of course. I'm sorry. We can talk about other things. I'm happy to answer any questions you have, of course."

Saida gazed around the little so-called 'cafe' they were situated in. Lots of groups were in their own discussions, though as usual a number of men and even some women were looking her way with clear arousal. She sighed. Some things never changed, but other things did: people were paying for their food and drink with a card, with no visible tender.

"I wish to know a few things," she said. "But the first that comes to mind is your strange religion in this brave new world, as you call it."

"My . . . religion?"

"Yes. The dark gods you worship in the form of those foul trinkets upon your wall. And the Monty Python that blasphemously claims to hold the power of the Holy Grail."

Jessica ran her hands through her hair. Saida raised an eyebrow. The woman really was quite attractive, as were a number of men in this time. No boils or signs of disease anywhere among them.

“Um, look. There’s a lot to unpack there, but I’ll try my best . . .”

Towards the end of the explanation Saida began to laugh openly, her breasts jiggling a little in her more loose modern top in a way she had to be cautious of.

“So you’re telling me that people play these creatures on a board as a game, and pretend to be great knights of old?”

“Sort of. They pretend to be wizards as well. Monks too.”

“The life of a monk is quite boring. And for all their humility, their wishes can be most petty.”

“Ah, well, these monks are a little . . . different.”

“They fight this . . . this beholder creature?”

“Any creature, really. I’ll show you how the game works, but it’s not my religion, I swear. It’s a great excuse for friends to catch up and have a good time over drink. It’s very nerdy, but I’m a huge nerd.”

“And nerd is to be knowledgeable, yes?”

“Sort of. I suppose, yes. That’s a positive way to see it.”

Saida rested back, for once enjoying the company of a master. “Then you must be most nerdy indeed, Jess.”

The woman smiled. “Thank you. I’ll let Stephen know, since he thought he’d claimed the title. Would you like to see a bit more of the city?”

Saida considered the ice cream. “Yes. I would like to see all of this America.”

“Well, if anyone could in a lifespan, it would be you. Let’s just settle for the city of Seattle for now, shall we?”

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The city was indeed truly astonishing. Jessica Sato had apparently been attending a lecture while Saida had slept, but had chosen to skip part of her education for the afternoon in order to give her a general tour of the city hub away from the university. The ocean views were incredible, and the aquarium was full of wonders, and by far Saida’s favourite thing she had seen in the modern world, at least so far. She could scarcely believe how many people there were around; the crowds were beyond even the sights of the city of the Romans in Byzantium when she had visited, and that had held almost a hundred thousand people or more to hear some tell it! And that was to say nothing of the ‘cars’ and ‘buses’ and ‘bikes’ which sent people to and fro with such rapid paces. They had ‘horsepower’, but there were

no horses in sight! It was as if after centuries where the world had largely stayed recognisable, there had been an explosion of new knowledge and new ways of being.

“There was,” Jessica explained as they walked through a mall together, once Saida had posed the question. “It was called the Enlightenment, and then the Industrial Revolution. These days a lot of problems of the past, such as many diseases, child mortality, death of women by childbirth, even warfare, have been heavily reduced. Not gone, sadly, and still pretty bad in some places, but far reduced. Of course, we do have weapons which can destroy entire cities in one go, so we’re not necessarily better either.”

Every statement, every answer just beget more questions. Saida felt like a squire of sorts again, questioning Sir Lothar on everything and hearing the faint amusement in his voice as he explained it step by step, only for Richomer to ask even more questions in turn. There was something wonderfully familiar in it, and so despite the alien nature of this world with all its steel and concrete and glass, she found her anxiety over the passage of centuries beginning to decrease.

“Hey nice lady! Would you like to come over here and show us those big ripe tits!”

Saida snapped her head around. A man with pale skin and light blonde hair was calling these foul words out to her.

“Ignore him,” Jessica said.

“You can bring your hot Asian friend too! I love a sexy Chinese chick!”

“I’m Japanese, asshole,” Jess muttered under her breath. “Keep walking Saida. I’m sure you’ve had experience with idiots like that, before.”

Saida had. It infuriated her, how powerless she was. She snapped back to look at the man, who was starting to follow them, still calling out and making comments on her own rear and hips.

“Why don’t you see how it feels?” she said suddenly, and without even thinking she clicked her fingers.

The man paused, clutched his gut, and then the change began in an instant. Jessica gasped, and so did Saida, who hadn’t even realised she was summoning her magical power. The revolting man’s form rapidly changed, his hair growing out long, his form becoming slender, his chest developing large supple breasts. His hips cracked out wider, and his legs became long and shapely. His clothing became even more revealing than Saida’s, and in moments a blonde beauty who looked very fertile indeed was standing there, terrified at what had happened to the new *her*.

“Shit, what did you do to m-me?”

“I - I did not mean to.”

“Change me back! Holy shit, I’ve got a goddam pussy!”

Saida tried to change him back, but the braces on her wrist and light fabric cuff around her neck tensed, restricting her a little painfully. Whatever magic she had managed to get loose had been spent, at least for now. But she *had* been able to cast magic without being confined to a wish. She *was* getting stronger. She looked again at the panicking new woman and smirked. The change was temporary, she could sense. It would last only a little longer than a week.

“Enjoy your new life, *woman*,” she said with a cruel smile. “If you learn your lesson, you may yet turn back.”

“What!?”

“Bother me further, and you can become a cockroach.”

“Um, shouldn’t we turn him back?” Jessica asked.

“It’s only temporary,” Saida said. “And I can’t. I have some spare magic I can somehow use without a wish. I don’t even know if I can do it again. But he’ll turn back, don’t worry.”

Jessica looked again at the new woman, and then smirked. “Well, I wish we could do that to more dickheads like that.”

“Is that a true wish, my master?”

“No! Definitely not! Scratch that, let’s get out of here though, and quick.”

They left, heading back towards the campus before Saida got overwhelmed. On the way back Jessica was feeling hungry, and so they stopped at a place that sold ‘fast burgers,’ another concept that Saida did not understand immediately but quickly became delighted by.

“It is like the quick serving stations in the larger cities!” she proclaimed. “There are even seating areas for those who wish to be social.”

“Exactly! But if you look at the menu . . .”

The options were incredible and greatly varied. Saida did not need to eat but always enjoyed it, so she was more than happy to allow her mistress to purchase her a large burger with lots of onion; she adored onion. She consumed it readily on the way back to Jessica’s room on campus, and not even the male stares at her figure as she swayed her hips gently could halt her lifted mood. When they entered the room, Saida actually embraced Jessica, pressing her form close against her own and letting some quiet tears flow again.

“Thank you,” she said. “You are a kind mistress. The kindest I have ever had.”

“Oh dear. Oh, you poor thing. You deserve much better, Saida. You seem like a good person, from what little I know of you.”

Saida felt a brief temptation to speak more on her past, but decided not to. She wasn’t ready just yet.

“I am not a good person,” she said. “I don’t deserve to be free.”

“Well, you let me make that judgement. I haven’t used any wishes yet. Maybe don’t go around changing people’s gender anymore though, even if it was sort of an accident, kinda.”

“I shall try, mistress. Jess.”

“Great!” she said. “Then in that case, if you really do seem to be the person I think you are, then I think I’m happy to use two wishes for myself and one to free you. I’d like to get to know you a bit before I cast a third wish, though. I’ll think of my first two in the meantime.”

Saida nodded, wiping a stray tear from her perfect face.

“Thank you again, Jess. May I . . . may I go back inside my bottle again?”

“Of course! You don’t need my permission - or maybe I guess you do? Either way, it’s been a long day. You catch some rest and so will I. I’ll wake you up tomorrow morning.”

Saida agreed, and then she dissolved into her bottle, Jessica marvelling at the sight before her face disappeared from view. The djinn stared at the broken mirrors and ruined landscape of her bottle, and then she looked at the pile of books Jessica had given her, the ones she had transported with her. With a smile, she summoned her djinn magic and repaired everything she had torn down, making her home a pristine palace once more.

And then she sat down to read. She wanted to know everything about this world, especially if she were to be free in it.

## **Part 8: What is this *Yoga* You Refer to?**

Saida read and read and read and read. The pile of books Jessica had been kind enough to lend to her were simple, and yet they positively *oozed* with information they likely didn’t even intend to provide. For instance, this *A Child’s Guide to America* referred to something called a ‘teenager.’ Saida had to read through the dictionary that Jessica had given her to find out that a teenager was a girl or boy aged thirteen to nineteen, though usually it was given to seventeen years old and younger. A whole new category of human had been invented! In her own day as a medieval squire (the word medieval *fascinated* her also, as if summing up her own age in just one word) there had just been babies, then boys or girls, and then, once they were old enough to work alongside their fathers or produce healthy children, they were men and women. Now *teenagers* existed, with their own training and rites of passage and ways of learning - yes, learning was everywhere! Educational institutes had expanded beyond imagining if the *Welcome to America, Friend!* text was telling the truth. Children of all

classes were sent to school, without regard for their class or social function, or even their sex.

It was this last part that marvelled Saida the most. Across the centuries, her many masters had looked at her with lust, seeing her as an exotic beauty due to her bare midriff and obvious cleavage, the transparent and colourful material wrapping her body doing much to entice as much as it did to break church law and cause great scandal and taboo. She had accepted this, or perhaps just resigned herself to this, but now, in just the last hundred and so years, and full revolution had taken place! Going through the *Beginner's Guide to World History* had shown her that women were now considered fully equal in many parts of the world. They wore pants, they often wore very little at all if they so chose, and there was this item called *the bikini* that she added to her private bottle collection, along with many other kinds of fashion. She adored the ballroom gowns of the eighteen hundreds, the slinky sequins of the seventies, and the modern 'crop top' and 'ripped jeans' look had her positively *cackling*.

"I look like a prostitute of Byzantium!" she declared, giggling as she looked herself over in the mirror. "But some of their richest women wear these items openly, and are celebrated!"

It was utterly astonishing. She read history, simplistic as it was. She was overjoyed to find out that Christianity was still alive and well and powerful just as Jessica had mentioned to her. Even if her own relationship with the Creator had long since fallen away, it was a nostalgic connection to the past. As was, she was shocked to discover the revelation that the Muslim world also still existed. The old hated enemy now felt like a long lost and oddly respected rival, though part of her wanted to have a master wish Byzantium and the Anatolian plains back to this modern day Greece, just to keep things fair and even.

She read more, and many parts she did not understand. The world wars were a blitz of information she could not understand, but the staggering numbers of dead *had* to be forgeries, she decided. Like when the Basileus Komnenos had declared his army of thirty thousand, when even she as a squire knew it to be effectively half that. But other inventions were so very wonderful, like the speaking devices across great space, and the metal birds that could transport one almost as fast, and the vehicles that had replaced wagons. And, best of all, medical science, and the *vaccine* in particular.

"Leprosy is gone," she muttered. "The black plague is gone. Influenza is gone."

It was simply marvellous, and to know that many *women* had contributed to the spread of such technology heartened her further.

"I have decided I am a feminist," she declared to herself, laughing in joy as she scoured across Jessica's books. For so long she had been ashamed of turning into a woman, especially one as exotic and scantily clad as her genie self. But now, in this age,

being a woman was to be an equal, and to show a sultry side was far from condemned! And a woman of great power could indeed go far . . .

She mulled on this as she read further, summoning extra versions of herself to help her read and scour for information. She ended up spending hours purely just reading the dictionary, but after a while she began to develop a headache, something she rarely got as a magical being.

“Maybe I need to destress,” she mused. “Spend some time in the pool . . . with my new bikini.”

As much as the idea enticed her, to embrace her womanhood even further and celebrate it, she decided against it. She needed to get out of her bottle. Jessica had allowed this, and why not spend some time actually *seeing* this strange new world?

She emerged quickly, adorned in her regular djinn outfit, albeit in a dark red shade and with more of a crop top style of modernity that was evident in one of the books’ images. It was quite comfortable, in fact.

“Mistress Jessica, I thank you for your books,” she started to recite. “I find myself much more . . . comfortable . . . now.”

There was no one home, only a little note of yellow paper that had a strange, honey-like stickiness to it that kept it clung to the side of Saida’s bottle.

*Sorry, I have to attend a lecture - be back soon. Enjoy yourself while I’m gone.*

*- Jessica*

Saida frowned. She had hoped to ask Jessica a few thousand questions or so, but she understood that this was an institute of learning, and that people did have to learn - and women too in this strange new ‘Americaland.’ Though obviously the standards of female cleaning had become quite lax. It was amusing to Saida that she still held this bias against women, but then again she had also instinctively cultivated it herself while in the bottle, and in her long time in Genoa: a woman’s virtue should be in maintaining an orderly house.

“Perhaps I can help her out while she is gone,” she mused. “I was a squire, once. I know how to serve a master and make things clean.”

She used her magic. This was only a small gesture, and so did not need to rise to the occasion of a wish. She motioned for clothes to go in the baskets, for various journals and books to be ordered together on the low table, and for various fallen objects, lint, and dust to be vacuumed up and disposed out into the breeze.

“Hmm,” she mused, tapping her chin. “Still a lot to do, and I can’t use too much more magic. Ah, but so long as no one is watching!”

She clicked her fingers, splitting herself into two more copies: a bubbly blue sari’d one and a resplendent green-garbed woman encompassing the older Genoese fashion she recalled from her long years there.

“Cleaning?” the latter asked.

“Cleaning!?” the former said with far more excitement.

“Cleaning,” she declared calmly, and soon all three of them were at work, ordering pillows and sweeping the kitchen and returning pots and pans to their places, as well as numerous strange gadgets and gizmos to places they *assumed* were the right places, though this caused some argument among the split triplets.

“Dear God, this reminds me of my worst years inside that lamp!” the original Saida groaned as another fight broke out over how to deal with a strange tubed device that had been left out, one labelled as *Dyson*. They ended up putting it beneath the sink, as it looked like it was a plumbing device.

“Not my fault!” blue Saida declared. “I’m your most decisive and impulsive part!”

“And I’m your traditional part,” the green Saida declared. “We shouldn’t move anything we are unsure of.”

“Well, it’s too late now,” the red, original Saida said, snapping her fingers, “and besides, Mistress Jessica will understand. Now merge back with me before we end up getting even more attention in this strange, superstitionless world!”

They did so immediately, summoned forth by her magic, and suddenly she was alone again, itching to do something. She looked out the window, still a little daunted by the outside world despite - or perhaps because of - all the wonders she had been shown so recently by Jessica. Her taste buds desired more ice cream, but she didn’t dare make the trip alone, not with all the bustling noise. To think there were bigger cities and larger places of learning than this Seetle! See-attle? She could barely remember how it was pronounced!

Instead, she wandered the room, observing more of Jessica’s strange collection of little plastic monsters on the shelves, ones that were apparently *not* items of demon worship. The now-ancient djinni considered the many photos around the place of Jessica, and smirked at some of them. The woman truly was quite attractive, in a strange, intellectual way that Saida had never really thought a woman could be. It made her shiver a little.

“Don’t be foolish,” she told herself. “You’re a woman now. Such proclivities towards women barely helps you. You had one master out of dozens and dozens who was a woman and saw you that way, and it did not end well, for you or her.”

She passed by Jessica’s calendar, which she had explained the previous day. It was shocking to know that the calendar of Julius Caesar still existed, but there it was! Something called ‘yoga’ was listed for the day, immediately after Jessica’s lesson.

“What is yoga?” she wondered aloud.

It was a mystery, but then so many things were. She decided to focus her attention on the one that offered the most promise, intrigue, and yet possible relaxation: the black box that Jessica had called the ‘Tee Vee.’

“How did she do it?” Saida mused, settling down by the coffee table. “There was a small device, like a dark magician’s wand. It was - there!”

She grabbed the device and began to press the buttons randomly. It was a bad decision, because all of a sudden the Tee Vee’s dark front lit up with a fiery explosion, horses fleeing left and right and villains firing weapons like muskets only with far greater rapidity! Saida doubled back, hiding behind the couch and nearly summoning herself back into the lamp before she halted herself.

“It is just an image, like a prophecy. Or a puppet play.”

She worked the buttons again, and found to her wonder and delight that she could see other such ‘visions.’ There were visions of instructions on how to cook, images of women engaging in filthy and frankly *hilarious* talk, visions of weather predictions by oracles more impressive than any from Delphi, visions of news across the entire world more terrible than she could imagine. She flicked through them faster and faster, in awe of the sheer amount of knowledge that could be imparted far more vividly than any book. She barely spent a second on any of them because they were all so fascinating and there was so much to see and it was all so strange and weird and wonderful and STOP!

There it was, up on the screen in the big, simple letters of the English language.

“Yoga,” Saida read aloud, leaning forward, even closer to the screen.

It was *not* what she expected at all. She thought it could have been some kind of cultural education or philosophical gathering. Instead, it seemed to consist of a series of rather attractive women, all wearing tight clothing that emphasised their lovely and surprisingly athletic forms, and all of them posing in ways that stretched beyond what most people were capable of. It was as intriguing as it was oddly arousing. Without even meaning to, Saida found herself swaying just a little in time with the movements of the women on the so-called ‘screen,’ even as she apparently talked right to her!

*‘Okay, now viewers at home, this may be a difficult one, but try to hold your position to the left here. Just breathe and focus on your wellbeing. Again, we’re imagining the ocean here, the power of your lungs matched to the tides of the beach. In, out, hold that stretch and feel one with everything.’*

Saida did just that. Slowly, she fell into following the routine, and just as the brunette woman at the front of the ‘yoga group,’ as she called it, had said, it was indeed much more than just an exercise routine. Saida may have become an immortal genie, but even she could appreciate the feeling of a good stretch and pose of the muscles, particularly when she was out of her bottle. But as she focused on that image of a beautiful beach, her mind instead drifted to a far more comfortable place; the simple farmstead she had grown up on as a minor noble before being elevated to squire. Her family had long since passed, but that place she had once ached to escape from to become a great knight now held a fixed

familiarity to her, a retreat back to her origins. She could never be there again, and yet it gave her a quiet strength. For her, the rustling of the wind through the fields of grain and across the apple trees was what she matched to her breathing, and that intimate awareness of her lungs - however much she didn't, technically speaking, *need* air to breathe - gave her a sense of calm she had not experienced in . . . well, not since she was a man, really, and even then before the Crusade itself.

"To think, I'd only heard of such far eastern wisdom when I was a young man," she mused. "But to wear such tight outfits!"

It made her chuckle. It was a good thing, she thought, that her tastes of attraction, while widening to encompass men, had not left behind women either. The brunette was rather appealing, and when she sat back and calmly aided the meditative aspect of the yoga exercise, she had to refocus herself so as not to be taken too much in with the woman's beauty. Oddly enough, it was Jessica's face that next came to mind when she closed her eyes, those beautiful eastern features with the cute spectacles and scandalously short hair for a woman.

In fact, that very image calmed her, and she was thinking of it still when far more time had passed and the door unexpectedly opened.

"Saida! You're out of your, er, bottle! What are you doing? Wait, is that yoga?"

The djinni smiled, shutting her eyes again for a moment. "It is, Mistress Jessica! It is incredibly calming. The people on this magical Tee Vee are able to impart such wisdom."

"Just Jessica, remember," her Mistress and Master said as she approached. "Jess, really. Have you been doing this long?"

"For hours, now! Trust me, one finds great patience in a bottle over the centuries, even if they pass as shorter years. This yoga instructor has moved through such impressive poses. Observe!"

She stretched her body out, lifting one leg up high and holding it beside her head. Then, she dropped to all fours, slowly lowering her upper half and then her rear, which was outlined against the tight material she wore.

"It is so . . . calming," she said, but when she opened her eyes she noticed that there was a distinct blush upon Jessica Sato's features, and that her gaze was . . . wandering. Over Saida's body, that was. Over two prominent locations that were now outlined as she thrust her chest out in a particular yoga position, in fact.

Ah, she thought to herself, so her newest master had certain predilections. Not that Saida judged such things anymore. In fact, she felt rather flattered.

"I see you are admiring not just my yoga form, but my body, Jess."

The blush grew deeper. Even through her yellow-olive skin, the red of embarrassment was obvious.

“Oh, shit, I didn’t mean to be so obvious! Sorry, it’s just that, well, you’re pretty damn hot!”

She creased her brow and cocked her head, letting her long hair fall to one side.

“My temperature is well under control, I assure you. The eastern plateau of Byzantium was much worse.”

“No, I mean you are attractive. I mean in general, not just to me. Seriously, I’d kill for a body like yours.”

“Well, perhaps that will be your wish. If it’s any consolation, Jess, even in the time of my bottle I feel as if I am quite long-lived, and there are few I’ve met who equaled your own beauty, as . . . different as your modern styling is to my own. And besides, as far as masters go, you have already proven yourself far kinder and more humane than most people across the ages.”

*That* just made the blushing deeper. “Wow, that’s seriously one of the best things I’ve ever been complimented with. Thank you.”

“My pleasure,” Saida said, before letting loose an unexpectedly silly giggle.

“What is it?”

“Oh, just that I was once a humble male squire serving a knight who taught me great crudity. I think all that time in the bottle reading and reciting has left me sounding like a stuffy academic.”

“Or perhaps a wise sage,” Jessica said.

“I think I’m more pessimistic and cynical than I could ever be wise,” Saida replied. She stood, instantly changing her outfit back to her classic genie wear. “Have you thought of a wish you would like granted, mistress? You have all three remaining?”

Jessica gave an awkward frown. “Sorry, this is just still so much for me. I have all the time in the world, and I don’t want you lost to the ages again, particularly after all you’ve been through. Say, why don’t we spend more time together while I think on it, and you can get used to the modern world? That is, unless you went out already?”

The words were said with a kind of hope, and Saida was surprised to realise she was saddened to disappoint this young woman.

“Well, not exactly,” she said, rubbing one arm. “I spent time here, practising yoga, and cleaning.”

Jessica gasped. “My God! You did! This place looks incredible - um, where’s the vacuum cleaner?”

“Under the plumbing bench, where it belongs.”

“S-sure. Still, this is incredible. Okay, now I *have* to thank you. Okay, why don’t we make dinner together and I can show you some of the crazy new vegetables from the

Americas that you definitely wouldn't have tried. Hell, why don't I introduce you to *ramen* while I'm at it?"

"Rah-men? Who are they?"

"The best noodles you'll ever have."

Saida had had noodles before, and seen the far east, but only briefly. The food had been exquisite though . . .

"That would be quite lovely, actually," she said.

"And tomorrow I'm visiting my family's home as well. It's across state, so it's a bit of a drive, but why don't you come along? You can be my new 'roommate student', one who's become my close friend. It's not that far from the truth, right?"

This time it was Saida's turn to blush. "That would be far too kind of you. But I am a genie, Jessica. I am not human, and pretending I still am is a folly. I am immortal, and you will wither away one day, and I will have to move on, even as I am a slave to some future master's wishes. Trying to humanise me is pointless; I have not been human in so many years, and have forgotten so much of what it is to be human."

The statement was serious, said with great ominous portentousness. Which was why Saida was very confused when Jessica actually burst out laughing.

"What? What is amusing?"

"Sorry, it's just that you sound so *serious*. Like a Batman villain delivering some speech about why Gotham City will always be doom and gloom."

"I . . . *Batman*?"

Jessica waved this off. "Never mind, we're totally watching that once I introduce you to the concept of animation and movies. Seriously, *BTAS* is something else. The point is, I may not be a psychologist or anything yet, but even I can tell when someone is making grand statements because they're afraid and down in the dumps. C'mon, come meet my family tomorrow, you'll love it."

"I - I don't know . . ."

"They have ice cream. Lots of it. Many flavours. And sticky date pudding."

Saida grinned. "I do like ice cream. And pudding."

"Then let's make it a date! C'mon, shall we get cooking? I want to show you all the flavours of the world before you go back to that bottle of yours."

Saida should have been infuriated at how easily Jessica had cast aside her little speech, but instead she was oddly comforted by it. This woman saw her as a person, as something more than a djinn, and more than that, she'd called her a *friend*. Saida had to go back to being a man to find a time when she'd had friends.

Maybe she could stand to have another.

"Okay, show me where you keep your pigs," she said. "I am good at carving them

Jessica snorted. "Let me introduce you to something called a *fridge*."

## Part 9: Visitations

Sato was nervous. For one, she was in a strange steel trap that could move on its own without any horsepower, though Jessica assured her that there was "a kind of horsepower." For two, she was being introduced to her mistress' family, not as a genie, but as a friend. It was a nerve wracking experience, even for a thousand year old genie, and so she was spending as much time as possible in her bottle relaxing on a veritable mountain of pillows, all while a duplicate of herself tried on various modern fashions.

"*We're here!*" a voice called. "*Come on out, Saida!*"

With a final nervous exhalation, Saida emerged from her bottle, corporealising in the passenger seat beside Jessica. Her friend was looking quite casual in a grey shirt and the thing called 'jeans,' but Saida found it hard to 'dress down' as part of a genie, and instead she was wearing women's pants (a very exciting thing, to be wearing pants again!) and a fine blue silk blouse. Her hair was still very long, but she had styled it to disguise her pointed ears. She still had her jewellery, though it was reduced a bit to fit in. Her bracelets, of course, were still present.

"Hey, it's gonna be alright," Jessica said, taking her hand. The woman's touch was warm, and left Saida a little flustered; many women had been attracted to her across time, but none had been so . . . kind as Jess was. Nor so understanding; she removed the hand rather than let it linger.

"I am just nervous," Saida said. "I have weathered time that would erode a man to dust, but *this* is what irks me."

"I guess you're still pretty human," Jess quipped. "Hey, did you want to bring one of your old books in? My Dad loves ancient history stuff, it would be a nice way to get on his good side."

With a nod and grin, Saida poofed back into her bottle and summoned a number of old texts. She selected a slim volume covering Justinian's reign - a rather salacious Procopius original - but before she could quickly return, something impossible happened. Something that had never, ever happened to her before. A door that wasn't hers appeared in the middle of her central chambers, and opened itself.

Light flooded from the door, obscuring whatever was behind it, but a large figure stepped through the door into her realm. A man with olive skin, vibrant green eyes, and a deeply handsome face that rested atop a muscular body. He wore what looked like Arabian clothing, albeit sparsely so that his impressive pecs and abs were on display.

“By God,” Saida said, as if reaching out again for a creator she no longer believed in.

“By many Gods, and the Djinn who preceded them,” the man said in a low, attractive baritone. “I am Cassiam, an original djinn, unlike you who took on our kind’s magic where the bottle was absent its deceased owner.”

Saida gaped, not knowing what to say. “You . . . you are djinn?”

“As I have said,” the man said, nodding. “And I am here out of curiosity only. Sometimes we *original* djinn check in on our transformed brothers and sisters, from time to time, when they sway from their duty.”

She noticed he too had braces upon his wrists.

“Must you answer wishes as well?”

Again, a gentle nod. “Though as I have lived a long time I have certain . . . privileges. This is one of them. Saida, you are a beautiful creature, and you are blessed with immortality, but such things come with a price, as you know.”

“I well know it! You could have visited me any time over the last *thousand* years and I could have told you it!”

A small laugh. “Yes, I understand. But such time is little to the djinn, though you were once human, so perhaps not as much to you. Regardless, you used magic that was not from a wish recently. A man became a woman.”

Saida bit her lip. “I . . . it was just temporary.”

“But it was not sanctioned. Only your mistress has that power. Also, you did not enact a wish she had moments later, to visit such actual punishments on other men.”

“She - she didn’t mean to say the word ‘wish,’ it was not a true wish!”

Cassiam wagged a finger. “Such considerations are not for the djinn. I know you have not bothered with such restraint before. You must be with this woman and answer her wishes alone. Has she made others?”

Saida shook her head. “None. I swear it. She is most patient and . . . kind.”

Something about Cassiam’s expression softened. He floated closer to her, and placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. It could have been a connective moment, but she sensed no lust in him, and indeed, she liked to imagine it was Jess’ hand, not his, upon her.

“A patient and kind master is rarer than the loneliest flower. I can understand such . . . errors, if you wish to be loyal to such a one as her. But no more indiscretions, or I shall have to visit again. You don’t want that, and neither do I. Do you understand?”

Saida nodded, and Cassiam began to walk back to his door.

“Wait!” she cried.

The djinn halted.

“There are others of us? More djinn and djinni that I might meet? Others of my own kind?”

Cassiam smiled. "Yes, though some you would not want to meet, and others prefer to be alone. But there are indeed others, if you care to meet your own kind. You simply need earn your way. Answer Jessica Sato's wishes, for a start. I look forward to finding out what wishes she makes. Goodbye for now, Saida. Perhaps in a millenia, we shall meet again."

He vanished, the door dissipating with him also.

Saida was left very confused.

"There are others like me," she whispered.

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"Are you really sure you're okay?" Jess asked as they mounted the steps of her family's place. "Was it the drive? Maybe I should have let you teleport us like you offered."

"It would be a waste of a wish, mis - Jess. Besides, it is just . . . jitters."

"You were gone a while in that bottle."

Saida bit her lip, then raised up the cobloaf she had in her hands. "I was just getting this right. One must bring food to a feast, after all."

Jessica chuckled, then knocked upon the door. It wasn't long until it was answered, and a surprisingly tall man with square glasses and a grin only a father could have opened the door.

"Jessie!" he cried, wrapping his hands around her. "Took you long enough, kiddo!"

"Hey, Dad."

"Hey Dad, yourself! I'll take 'I missed you too, Dad' instead, thank you very much."

"I missed you too, Dad."

It seemed that Jess had to pry herself apart from her father just to gesture to Saida, who stood there holding the meal, her bottle in her back pocket, and her expression uncertain.

"Dad, this is my good . . . friend. Her name is Saida. She's the one I said I was bringing."

"It is excellent to be welcomed to the warmth of your home and hearth, Mr Sato," Saida said, bowing low. "I promise not to abuse the guest rite you offer."

There was a slight pause before Jess' father realised she was being serious. He gave an amused and bemused look to Jessica, who just shrugged.

"She's . . . not exactly from around here, Dad," she explained.

Saida could have broken out laughing. She'd committed some kind of social faux pas evidently, but her mistress's - her *friend's* - explanation was wonderful.

"Well, that just means one thing," Mr Sato said, gesturing for the pair to come into the hall. "We need to make you feel at home!"

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The Sato household was a warm and friendly one. Mrs Sato was a very striking woman with long black hair that moved like strands of dark silk, and it was very clear where Jessica got much of her own beauty from. She had dimples in her cheeks and a terrific laugh, and gave Saida a close hug upon meeting her. Then she raced back to the kitchen to keep working on the turkey that was cooking.

"That's Mom alright," Jessica joked. "If she's expecting a guest she always acts like it's the fourth of July."

"Is there something important that happens on the fourth of July?"

"Yeah, I'd say so. Must have missed that in all your history study. Maybe you were doing yoga! I can catch you up later. Oh, someone emerges from his den! Hey there, little brother!"

A rather lanky boy - no, *teenager*, Saida remembered this modern term - emerged from the top of the stairs and joined them all on the ground floor. He had dark clothing and a mussed-up hairstyle, and his face looked weary, as if he had been reading a book too closely. But his face perked right up when he saw Jess.

"Jess? Sis, is that you?"

"I'm not another gaming screen, if that's what you're asking."

He moved forward and gripped her in a hug. Despite being clearly younger, he was much taller than her, which made for an amusing sight.

"I missed you too, Benjie," she said. "Hey Saida, meet my not-so-little brother, Benjie. He's a total nerd like me, only he can't stop playing *games* on the screen, which is why his eyeballs are melting."

Saida knew enough to know that Jess was referring to a Tee Vee screen, and that his eyes were not literally melting, so she laughed at the apparent joke. Benjie withdrew his hug from his sister and looked Saida up and down, and that was when she experienced what was now a *very* familiar sensation, especially as he took in her chest and face and hair.

"Hello," she said, extending a hand rather than bowing. "I am Saida. It is good to meet you, Benjie."

"It - it's good to meet you too," he said. His cheeks were red, and he scratched the back of his head. "I didn't realise you were bringing a friend, Jess."

"She's an *older* friend, Benjie. Much older than you think."

"Y-yeah. Um, what do you do, Saida?"

Jess had prepared her for this, and Saida had remembered. "I am studying at Jessica's university. I am studying tourism, which allows people to travel where they want

and experience wonders beyond their imagination. Jessica and I met on the campus green and she showed me the delights of ice cream, and we have been friends ever since. Now we are roommates!"

Jess squeezed her hand as if to say 'nice job,' and the sensation flooded Saida with warm feelings.

"That's really awesome. I wish I was at university. Instead I'm trapped here."

For some reason, it made Saida giggle.

"Is something funny?" he asked, genuinely curious.

"Oh, no. It's just that . . . trust me, there are far worse imprisonments!"

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The meals that even those of the working and middle class ate in the modern age were far beyond anything those of the Byzantine age could ever dream of. The turkey was delicious, but Saida was far more interested in the various sauces and side-dishes which continued to flow, and she peppered Mrs Sato with questions that were probably obvious to most who were not djinn, but the woman seemed delighted by them. Benjie kept sneaking glances at her, but she couldn't blame him. In fact, the young man - whose full name was apparently 'Benjamin' - reminded her a lot of her own self back in her old village, long before she'd become djinn, woman, or even squire. There was a boyishness to him, a shy interest in women, a feeling of being trapped with his parents and longing to see and do more. It brought back lovely memories she'd locked away for a long time, of her parents' love and her desire to see them again. They were long gone now, but perhaps some day . . .

"Saida! Can you pass the gravy!"

Saida blinked, jolting herself from these thoughts. "Of course, my apologies. Here it is, Mr Sato. What a wonderful house you have. You must be very proud of it, and your daughter."

"Oh, we are. We always knew our Jess would do well, and find the most interesting friends!"

"That I did," Jessica said with a wink. "Though the poor thing sometimes has barely an idea of what I'm talking about."

"You're not alone there!" Mrs Sato said, smiling in Saida's direction. "Do you play this 'Dee-And-Dee', Saida?"

"I'm afraid I do not. Most games I know are a little more . . . antique."

"Like chess?" Benjie asked.

"Indeed, I am quite talented at it."

"I'd love to play you sometime."

Jess ribbed her brother in the side. "I bet you would!"

"Hey, don't be weird, sis! I really would like to play with her."

"Get in line," she said, and Jess gave Saida a look that once again tingled the nerves in her magical body.

But then it was time to pass the gravy to someone else again, and Mrs Sato wanted to propose a toast, and Benjie wanted a refill of his soda, and dessert was almost ready. It was messy, and pointless, and tasty, and familiar in the way that so many family households can be. Nothing unique, and yet all the more powerful because of its ubiquitousness. And in the middle of it was Saida, laughing and joking and trying to keep up with all manner of conversation, feeling more mortal than she had in centuries.

It was a delightful illusion to have, for a time.

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It was much later, and Saida was preparing to go to sleep in her bottle. She knew she had a spare bed, but it was far more relaxing and *right* to be in her domain, resting on her pillows or grand bed, and immersing herself in the magic of her own nature. It was a djinni thing that mortals wouldn't understand, perhaps not even Jessica.

"I am so very lucky to have her as a mistress," she said to herself. "I almost worry that she will make her three wishes, and I won't see her again."

Her bottle began to vibrate and shift. Someone was picking it up. Saida stood, waving her hand and commanding the glass-like walls to become transparent. She was indeed being lifted, and carried to . . . Jessica's room.

"*It's okay, it's me,*" Jessica said. She uncorked the bottle, rubbing its side and coaxing Saida to come out. The genie woman did so, coming to rest beside Jessica on her bed. The other woman was wearing a simple set of sleeping clothes. This was her old room, and there was still evidence of it; the brightly costumed figurines on the shelf, the drawings in pink on the walls, the various books in the case opposite them. It was a fascinating insight into the woman's childhood.

"Mistress," Saida said, turning her attention back to Jess. "Do you have a wish for me to grant?"

"S-sort of," Jess said. She looked nervous. "It's not really a wish. And it's not a command! I don't want this to be anything . . . unethical, I guess. It's just, I've been looking at you, and I've noticed you looking at me, too. And I thought, you know, maybe you wanted to talk about that, or something. Don't worry, my parents can't hear us. Trust me, this place is sound-proofed, and Benjie is playing his games with his full headset on. You know, if you're worried about that kind of thing. Like, I'm not imagining this, right? You've been looking at me

and I think you've been checking me out, but you're also like a thousand year old genie who used to be a man and you've probably seen some serious shit, so if this is too weird for you-

Saida placed a finger on Jessica's lips, silencing the young woman. She smiled, delighted by how eager and adorable this woman was.

"Mistress," she said. "Perhaps, in this one thing, *I* should lead the way?"

Jessica nodded rapidly, as if *she* were the servile djinni and Saida the master, and not the other way around. With this permission, Saida leaned forward and planted a delicate kiss on Jess's forehead, before moving those lips down to Jess's own.

"Oh my God," the woman breathed, before their lips locked, and then the two were kissing, first slowly and then with great passion. Saida's body stirred in response to the young beauty, and she carefully unbuttons Jessica's top and helped her remove it. With a rippling of her own fingers, her own clothing dematerialised slowly, leaving her naked against the other woman, their breasts touching, their bodies warm and ready for one another.

"Is - is this really happening?" Jess asked, even as Saida caressed her breasts slowly, magnifying each burst of bliss in her mistress.

"It is, if you want it to continue," Saida said. "I have known many lovers, most of them men. But I have known women. And I know the Kama Sutra inside and out." She leaned forward, whispering in Jessica's ear. "And one thing I know, Jess, is that there is still ancient knowledge that can surpass our modern understandings. Pleasure is one of them."

Jess gulped, running her hands over Saida's nubile form, submissive to her.

"Please, take me there."

And Saida did. She worked her magic, literally and figuratively, upon the passion that followed, and soon the pair were moaning in bliss, their voices quiet so as not to arouse suspicion, as they brought one another to new heights. Saida felt a connection to Jess, and not just because the woman was sliding her fingers across her sensitive womanhood or sucking upon her wonderful breasts, but because the two were in perfect concert, lovers like she had never known before. When her climax came she had to bite down softly upon her mistress' neck, squirming against her, even as Jessica softly cooed, clutching Saida as if she were the only driftwood keeping her afloat upon a stormy sea.

In the aftermath that followed, Jessica played with Saida's hair, the two naked in bed together.

"Thank you for that," she said.

"No, thank you," Saida replied, turning over to face her. "I have had masters take advantage of me before. You did not. That was . . . bliss."

Jess smiled, then her expression turned. "Saida, will you tell me of your life . . . before? How you came to be a genie, I mean? I'd like to know you. The whole of you. If that's a story you're willing to tell all of."

Saida never had. Not in full, not in great detail. Even Jess had only been offered glimpses. But somehow in this strange new modern age, with this beautiful woman who was so young and yet so wise and kind, she felt something finally open inside her.

“Very well,” she said. “You will be the first to hear it all, Jess. My name was Richomer. I was born a long time ago, among the Franks . . .”

## **Part 10: Martial Master**

“Are you okay, Saida?”

The genie woman blinked. She had wandered away from Jess, and was staring at the sign of a small eatery: *Charlene’s Diner*.

“Oh, I’m fine, Jess. I was just musing on how your hometown is almost . . . familiar to me.”

Jess folded her arms and smirked. “Really? How so?”

It was mid-morning and cool, and they were both standing on the sidewalk. Saida had wanted to see more of the modern world, and so Jess had decided to show her around the blocks of the town centre. Despite her mistress finding this all very normal, Saida found it *fascinating*.

“It’s very much like the villages I grew up around,” Saida said. “Once you look past the hard surfaces, the abundance of steel, the brilliant electricity you channel, there are still many of the same functions. Here is your tavern, where locals gather to drink and carouse. There is the local washerwoman, helping serve with excess laundry. And over there, a church! The steeple of Christ stands still, even though I’ve long left behind the faith I have still not outlasted it . . . yet. I noticed we crossed the street before, too.”

Jess made a funny face. “Yeah, sorry about that. Bernard isn’t bad, but he can be . . . crass.”

“The village idiot! Or drunk.”

“Or both.”

“Exactly, my - Jess. And people still have their pet dogs, and some of the houses here have chickens! You may not have a liege lord, but there is still a central building for a councilman leader, chosen from among the local populace. And I see a number of youth running about, making fun and mischief.”

“Humanity hasn’t changed much, huh?”

Saida grinned. “Not as much as you would think. Though I must admit, the fashion is far more . . . free, for a woman. Is this too much?”

She turned, showing off her exotic-looking jacket and long-skirt. Both had the element of the djinn in their design, bright teal colouring mingling with purple lining. Her hair was shorter once more, for convenience, but something about her outfit still seemed strange to wear. She was used to being revealing for her luscious form, but not to be revealing and yet also . . . not stand out. Some middle-aged women walking by were showing off more than she, even in the cooler weather.

“You look perfect,” Jess said, as they turned onto a quieter, less travelled street. She took Saida by the hand. “You looked perfect from the first moment I accidentally summoned you.”

And with that, she gave Saida an appreciative peck on the lips. Saida stopped her from withdrawing, and made the kiss just that little bit more passionate. When they parted, Jess was smiling.

“I’m really glad I met you, Saida. I - oh, shit.”

Saida turned. A young man and several delinquents, all about Jess’ age, were crossing the street and staring right at them. The man had blonde hair and pale skin, with a piercing in his left ear and what looked like a scar on the opposing cheek.

“If it isn’t Jessica Sato! Come back to our little nothing town to look down on us, have you?”

“Fuck, it’s my ex.”

Saida stood beside Jessica. The other woman was tense, her body rigid and fists balled. “Ex? What does that mean?”

“It means he was my boyfriend. Um, we were ‘courting,’ but I broke it off. His name’s Pete, and he was an asshole who mistreated me, and he lost his shit when he found out I was leaving for Seattle, saying I was just doing it because I thought I was ‘better’ than him.”

Saida frowned. She could feel the magic swelling in her, that desire to protect the master of the bottle part of her djinni obligations, but also . . . she had to be careful. Cassiam had warned her not to abuse her powers, even if they only functioned temporarily. She resolved to grit her teeth and hear out the situation as the angry-looking man crossed the street.

“What? No hello, Jess? We were together three whole years, and you’re not even gonna drop a line now that you’re back in town.”

Jess narrowed her eyes. “I’m just visiting family, Pete. Let’s not get into this. We broke up, remember.”

She moved to leave, but Pete moved in front of her. His two male friends positioned themselves around Saida. They were unsavoury looking, and she could smell something on them, perhaps illicit chemicals. She knew about such things, from ages past.

“Pete, let me just fucking go, okay?”

The man gave a rather malicious smile, the kind that turns the lip up at the corner, and narrowed his eyes.

“That’s a pretty cute friend you’ve got there, Jess. She’s a real looker. Didn’t realise you were such a lesbo.”

His friends tittered, as if this was the funniest thing in the world. “Pete, I’m serious, leave us alone. And take your monkeys with you.”

She went to move but Pete grabbed her arm.

“Hey, get your hands off of my mistress!” Saida shouted, moving to intercept him.

“What? Mistress? What kind of freaky shit are you two into? Is this just to compensate for the fact that you can’t get a good fucking anymore, huh, Jess?”

“She looks like she needs one, Pete,” the red-headed friend said. “And so does the other dyke. With those lips I bet she’d give great blowjobs.”

Saida curled her own fists up, anger coursing through her. She was aware of the ‘French technique,’ and had performed it a number of times upon masters or concubines in front of masters. No wish could compel her to do such things, but blackmail had; masters who promised freedom, or to seal her bottle away for good. It no longer disgusted her purely as an act, but as a threat? Then it became positively *odious*.

“You had better be warned, knave,” she declared. “If you hurt one hair on Jess’s head, she possesses the power to overwhelm you and reduce you to nought!”

Her threat failed to have any convincing effect, because Pete just chuckled, his expression almost bewildered.

“The fuck? Is she on drugs? Jess, where did you find this crazy bitch?”

“In a purple bottle,” she murmured.

“Yeah, she looks like a weirdo,” Pete said, narrowing his eyes again. “I bet you met her on campus in the big city. Now you’re all *woke* and going through a lesbian phase. Typical that you’d turn out to be a holier-than-thou bitch while getting involved in dyke stuff. No wonder I broke up with you.”

“I broke up with you, asshole. Now, if you’re done with your fucking intimidation shit, I’m going.”

She turned to leave, but Pete grabbed her arm again. Then, before Saida could react, he pulled Jess into a forced kiss. She tried to push him back but he held it longer. Saida yelled in rage, launching herself forward to shove the attacker away, but Pete’s two friends were quick to restrain her, and no one else was out on this less busy street to notice them. Saida may have had magnificent power, but she only had human strength unless otherwise commanded.

“You cruel villains! Get your wandering hands off of her!”

Pete pulled back, wiping his lips. "I really missed that. Seems you're still a good kisser even when you're pretending you're not into it, Jess. I knew you were still into guys. And I bit this bitch is too."

His eyes wandered to Saida. She stared him down; she had served far worse men than him. But it was his treatment of Jess that disgusted her.

"C'mon there, got a kiss for me? Or do I just get to cop a free feel and make a dyke realise what she's missing?"

Saida was about to snap back a comment, probably about how she looked forward to pissing on his bones in eighty years' time, but it was Jess that spoke, and Saida's ears caught her words very carefully.

"Saida," her mistress said, intoning clearly. "*I wish that I knew martial arts. All martial arts.*"

Said grinned. "That took you long enough, mistress," she said. She raised her fingers before a confused Pete's face and clicked her fingers. Instantly, there was a snap of violet-teal magic that flickered only momentarily in the air like a split-second flame.

"What the -?" Pete said, and one of his friends made a similar comment.

Jess dropped.

There was a flurry of movement.

Pete gasped as his legs were no longer beneath him.

It all happened in a blur, and then continued to unfold in one. Even Saida was surprised, stumbling back as the two harassers released her to turn on the other woman. Jessica now had her hands up, palms flat, her body in a battle-ready stance. Her eyes were wide with knowledge, the accumulated skill and discipline of *all* martial arts flowing into her. Saida could sense them being pulled from every part of the globe, even though she barely understood what they meant: muay thai, ju-jitsu, kickboxing, krav maga, aikido, pro-wrestling, and dozens of more both ancient and modern collapsed into Jess' mind, and Saida could sense in her aura the way they coalesed in her mind.

"Woah," she said, looking at her own hands. "I know kung-fu."

She leapt forwards, easily batting aside her attacker's hands and kicking them back, delivering strikes to the throat and nerve points that left them reeling. Pete got back up but was instantly disabled yet again as she leapt up into a spinning kick. Saida beamed at the side of this battle, wondering how easily the Crusades could have been won if they'd had fighters like Jess was now. The genie had the power to deliver wishes in her own interpretive way, but she'd given Jess the best possible interpretation; her muscles were now taut and developed, her form agile and acrobatic, flexible and precise enough to deliver any kind of blow. And that she did, smacking Pete aside with ease and giving him one last kick so that

his face smashed right into the telephone pole. He groaned from the pain, blood trickling from his nose, before collapsing entirely. His friends were in no better condition.

“Fuck. Oh my God, that was incredible!”

Saida rushed to her side and kissed her on the lips most passionately. It was ironic; this woman now knew her whole story, that she had once been a fighter hoping to get a woman. How amusing that she was now the woman lusting after a protective fighter.

“You did very well, Jess.”

“I still can’t believe I did this. What a wish! I mean, maybe it was a waste but it felt right at the time, I guess. And I did kickass. Oh, God, they’re not dead, are they?”

Pete groaned, looking up at them before his head collapsed back down again.

“They’re fine,” Saida said. “This was medieval justice. The kind of justice my time was better at meting out, I think.”

“You may be right. We should probably go.”

They ran away, turning a number of corners and rounding the block until they were much closer to the Sato homestead, right across from the town park. They caught their breath as they passed through the park (not that Saida technically needed to breathe).

“That was crazy. I’m a total martial arts master. I feel like I could take on the best of the best.”

“You can,” Saida said. “Though it might raise some eyebrows.”

“I should probably lay low about that, then.”

Saida was silent for a time, until she found the words. “I’m . . . sorry that I had to grant the wish. You said it might be a waste. I had a visitor in my bottle, another djinn who said I had to grant them when you use ‘wish’ in a sentence, and not to hold back. So . . . I felt that I had to.”

Jess laughed, pulling Saida against her around the waist. “Are you kidding? Saida, you helped save me from that asshole back there! I’ll be smarter about my other two wishes, but I’m not going to ever regret this, or that moment. I doubt Pete will mess with me now.”

“He seems quite the horse’s ass.”

Her mistress chuckled. “Yeah, he was. And is. I imagine you’ve dealt with a few of them in your long time.”

“More than a few of them.”

“Did . . . did any of them take advantage of you?”

Saida nodded, a little more shyly this time. “Often.”

“I’m sorry. Pete pressured me into lots of things. I hate him. I guess I shouldn’t complain. You used to be a man, and then to become a beautiful woman and forced to grant wishes from a lot of terrible men, I can’t imagine that.”

Saida stopped to caress Jess' cheek. "I would have thought so, once. But you have been kind to me, Jess, and reminded me of who I once was, and how much I once cared for mortal concerns and can again. So I can say this; there is no competition between us. We are both survivors, and we survive still."

Jessica flexed her now stronger biceps. "Especially now that I'm a *Cobra Kai* warrior."

"I don't know what that is, but you are indeed a warrior."

Jess gave her a peck on the cheek. "Saida, I'm so very glad I found your bottle."

"I'm glad you did too."

For a moment, there was a rustle in the bushes far behind them. Saida turned, but could see nothing. She turned her attention back to Jess, held her hand, and the two headed back to her mistress' cold shoulder.

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The drive back was long, but this time Saida was in a great deal more comfort. She had to retreat to her bottle at times, but otherwise sat beside Jess in the passenger seat, marvelling at the speed with which they travelled, and the way mankind had come to dominate nature in a way that was both impressive and terrifying. After one too many daunting explanations, the conversation turned, and Jess began asking questions of Saida's old life, especially her time as Richomer.

This conversation continued when they reached Seattle again, and returned to Jessica's dormitory. The pair of them relaxed on the bed together after another passionate connection.

"I still can't believe you were in the Crusades. That's crazy to me."

"Just the First Crusade. Only a few of us thought of ourselves as Crusaders. And Antioch . . . what a city! You have shown me such wonders of Seattle, but the age and strength of Antioch is something I wish I could show you. Actually, I can! Just a minor magic."

Saida showed her an image of the great walled city on the ceiling above, wowing the other woman.

"I love history. I mean, it's part of my major. But to see it like this . . ."

"And this is me," Saida said, changing the image to reveal her original self. Part of her heart broke to see him, this long-gone version of herself. This young man who had such dreams of returning as a great hero, of finding a beautiful wife and siring children. Of being a good Christian man with his own lands and titles.

"Aww, you look cute!"

"I do not look cute. I was fierce when I needed to be."

“You had freckles!”

“I suppose they could be considered cute. But I was a squire, worthy of some respect. That is what my knight, Ser Lothar, looked like.”

“Hard looking fella. Seriously, he could be out of a DnD Campaign.”

“One of your adventure stories? Yes, I suppose so. He was a powerful man, but his last advice put me on this path. And now . . .”

The image flickered through dozens of images of Saida across the centuries, in all her forms of beauty.

“There’s you,” Jess said. “Do you think it’s the real you, now?”

“They both are. I’ve read a great deal of philosophy, and the ideas that appeal to me most say that the soul changes over time, but it is never not true to the one who holds it. I was Richomer, the mortal, and now I am Saida, the genie. They are both me. And . . . it is good to be reminded of that. It gives me a tether to this world to continue caring. Thank you, Jess.”

The pair kissed again. Then, after a little more cuddling, Jess took her back into the main living room, and showed Saida her first proper film.

“It’s called *Gladiator*,” she said. “I figure something historical would suit. It’s not very accurate, but I think you’ll enjoy it.”

Saida did, very much so. She especially liked the costuming, and when she returned to her bottle for the night she summoned a duplicate to make a dress for herself. And then, because she had finally opened up about her past, she made sure a replica of her old armour was also on display, and a small painting of Richomer beside a portrait of herself.

It finally felt right to acknowledge the man she used to be.

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Something shifted. Saida’s domain rocked, startling her from her sleep. She had been dreaming of Jessica, and the delights she could give to her mistress’ body. But now it was like her bottle was moving.

It was moving.

There were hushed whispers, and Saida waved a hand to render her glass walls transparent and increase her hearing range.

*“Have you got it?”*

*“Looks like. It has to be this, right?”*

*“She said bottle? You’re sure she said bottle?”*

*“Of course, Pete! She said ‘found your bottle’ or some shit, and this thing looks ancient. It’s gotta be it.”*

*“Right, then let’s get out of here.”*

Saida’s heart leapt in her chest, and her skin crawled at the realisation of what was happening. Her surroundings were dark, but she could just make out two figures in black, wearing facial coverings that disguised their features. But it was obvious who they were: Pete and one of his miscreant followers.

“That bastard villain,” Saida spat. “That animal! Jess! JESSICA!”

But she was powerless to leave her bottle now. She was in the possession of another master, or at least he would be once he rubbed or opened the bottle and summoned her.

“Shit. Shit!” Saida cried. She had served many terrible masters, and did not fear another one. But she feared, for the first time in a long, long time, being separated from her present one, or what could happen to Jessica Sato if Pete used her own magic vindictively.

*“Pass it here. We’ll get out of here. She’s dead asleep.”*

The bottle changed hands, but in the darkness it was fumbled, and dropped out of both. Immediately Saida seized the opportunity. She *burst* from the bottle, ownership transferring back to Jess, and screamed out for her.

“JESS! JESS, THEY’RE TAKING MY BOTTLE!”

“Fuck, pick it up!”

“JESS!”

Her master stirred, stumbling out of bed in a shock. Saida acted quickly, reaching out with her magic for a mere cosmetic change; a single sheet of paper on the coffee table gained a small ink message. But then Pete’s hands were on her bottle again, and she was pulled back into it as if sucked in by a whirling magical vortex.

“S-Saida!?” Jess cried, unable to see through the dark.

But it was too late. By the time the light came on, Pete and his accomplice were running out of the room and out of the building, their prize in hand.

And Saida was helpless to do anything.

## **Part 11: New Master**

Saida wasn’t sure how much time had passed, but it couldn’t be more than twenty minutes or so; not too far from the university building. Her bottle was thrown into the backseat of a car, but an argument quickly developed.

*“Dude, what the fuck? I got the bottle first, I should be the one to use it. It’s real magic! It’s a real fucking genie! A hot one!”*

*“Hey, it’s my plan, and I’m the leader here. So shut the fuck up or I’ll kick you out, got it? And then you get no goddamn wishes. That girl is mine until I’m done with her.”*

She didn't like the sound of that, but could only muse on the meaning of the words as the car pulled to a stop upon what felt like gravel. Saida sat, trying to meditate and calm herself, floating above her pile of pillows. She had reverted to her classical genie look, as she did for all new masters by instinct, her midriff displayed, her tight top showing off her impressive bust, her hair long down to below her buttocks and her ears elven once more. She winced at the thought of how Pete would look at her now. It was clear that this was not a man who respected women, and she kept that thought in mind as her bottle was carried into what looked like a dark space.

*"Use the bolt cutters."*

*"Are you sure about this? We can try it tomorrow, Pete."*

*"Fuck that noise. I wanna see if it works now. It's an old fucking warehouse, no one will care. Let's just see if the lights work."*

Evidently they did, because the place became suddenly bright. Seconds later, the bottle was uncorked, the side rubbed, and Saida was summoned forth, floating in the air with her bottom half like an ethereal, ghostly tail before settling upon the ground, resplendent and out of place in this dank setting. It was clearly a disused storage house, the kind that she had seen many times before, particularly in her time in Venice, though never made of steel like this one.

"Goddamn," Pete said, folding his arms before her. "So you really are a genie."

He had a thick bandage over his nose where it had clearly been busted up, and several scratches were on his face. But his expression was positively gleeful.

"How can I help you, my M-Master?" Saida said, biting out each word with venom.

"Jesus, she's a fucking hottie," Pete's friend said.

"I can see that, Dave."

"*She is right in front of you,*" the genie said. "*And her name is Saida, thank you very much. And I would appreciate being returned to my Mistress, Jessica Sato, or else you shall face me wr-wr-wishes. I may grant you three wishes.*"

Saida grimaced. She had hoped to rely on a bluff, but her bound nature ensured that she made the contract clear. She folded her arms, clearly furious over this, especially as Pete circled her, his hands roaming across her form.

"Stop touching me?"

"Or what? I'm your Master, right? I think I should have the right to have a little fun. See what *goods* I'm dealing with."

As he emphasised that word, he cupped her breasts within her top, causing her to snarl. It left him laughing, and his stupid henchment, the one called 'Dave.'

"Can I have a feel?"

"When it's your turn, Dave. If I give you a turn."

“That’s not fucking fair, Dave! You always take charge on shit like this, but this is a real life genie! I should get some damn wishes.”

“If you let me think first. Fuck!”

Saida sensed the tension between the two, but otherwise said nothing. Pete rubbed his hands together.

“Okay!” he said, grinning with excitement, almost dancing on his feet. “I’ve thought of a wish. I wish I was a billionaire, all in USD, in my bank account, all legally acquired and non-taxable, and incapable of being stolen from me!”

Saida sighed, clicked her fingers, and crossed her arms. A blue light emanated from her briefly. The man’s wish, sadly, had no holes in it as far as she could tell; she *had* to grant it properly, giving him all that he wanted. But she could provide the sign that she had warned Jessica about on her message; a bright blue plume in the air. Her magic shot forth up into the sky like a flare, vanishing through the ceiling. To the two knaves, it looked like just another part of her wish-granting, which it truly was, but it served a dual purpose for her now.

“It is done, M-Master!” she said, words like acid.

The two froze. Slowly, they shared a look, then Pete got his phone out and quickly accessed something. Saida didn’t fully understand this banking-without-notes thing just yet, but understood enough from seeing the Tee Vee that something was being communicated to him. His eyes widened.

“Fuck me, that’s a hell of a lot of zeroes! Dave, look!”

Dave’s jaw dropped. “Holy shit. Pete, you gotta let me make that same wish. C’mon, Pete, ya gotta!”

Pete was clearly hesitant, but handed over the bottle. “Fine, fine, but be quick. I’ve got an idea for my second wish.”

Dave made a ridiculous gleeful sound like a pig as he took the bottle.

“Am I the Master now?”

“You are,” Saida said. “You have three wishes. Be aware that when the third wish is made, the bottle will disappear and me with it.”

“Cool, cool. Okay, well, I wish I had what Pete has!”

Saida almost burst out laughing, but managed just barely to keep a straight face. “Very well, your wish is my command, Master.”

Once again, she clicked her fingers and short forth the magic through the ceiling, yet another flare of blue light to hopefully guide a rescuer. She let this one linger a little longer, making the roof almost glow just a little. Perhaps other curious eyes would come, but she only wanted one person to see.

As for Dave, however, he suddenly yelped. “What the - something’s happened to my clothes!”

He pulled up the hem of his black shirt to reveal . . . another black shirt.

“The fuck is this?”

Saida giggled, floating on the spot so that she was ‘lying’ forward, one hand raised to cradle her chin in a condescending manner. “You wished for what Pete has. He has a black shirt right now, so you can have one too. It’s not my fault that you did not specify *what* of his you wanted.”

The piggish man’s jaw dropped again, but not in a happy way this time. “You - you bitch! That’s not fucking fair!”

“Fairness is in the eye of the beholder. You took me from my favourite master, so you should be more careful in your wishes, stupid mortal.”

Dave’s face twisted into ugliness, and he stepped forwards, ready to scream as he raised a fist. Pete caught his arm, however, and took back the bottle.

“Better luck next time, dip shit,” he said.

“What the fuck, Pete?”

“My turn again. Maybe word your next wish better.”

The tension in the room returned again. Saida watched her new Master’s eyes shift, gears turning in his mind. She knew this kind of master; cruel, but intelligent. He may have been a bigot and a knave, but he knew an opportunity when he saw one, and he wasn’t going to waste it. He paced on the spot, occasionally checking his phone, making sure the money was still there and wasn’t going away. Dave was petulant and whiny, but Pete silenced him yet again.

“If you keep talking you’ll get nothing, and I won’t even throw you a million spare bucks as a consolation prize, got it? I need to think about this.”

Saida kept her calm. The expenditure of a little additional magic was making her a bit more tired than usual, and she thought to use that.

“Master, I can return to my bottle to regain my energy, if you wish. This might be necessary for a powerful wish, and give you time to think of one.”

“Fine, whatever. Don’t go anywhere else, got it?”

She did so, and re-entered her bottle with another splash of power, once again sending a plume of magic through the roof. It was a Hail Mary - a concept that had survived over a thousand years, it seemed - but it was all that she could do.

“Fine me, Jess. Find me. You can do this.”

She waited, trying to distract herself. The portraits of Richomer and her current self were on the wall, and just in case things went sideways, she added a third one; Jess herself, smiling, in that attractive outfit that Saida had first seen her in.

“In case I don’t see you again,” she whispered. She wiped away the tears that trickled in the corners of her eyes. She had lost so much over her long existence, become so

disconnected, and only now was finally feeling attached to mortal life again. And now this cruel man was ruining it. Despoiling it. She wanted to snuff him out, but she knew if she even temporarily used her magic, Cassiam would return and take her away, or punish her even worse. He didn't want that, but had said he would have to.

"Please, Jess," she repeated. "Find me."

Those were her last words before being summoned again. She rose from the bottle as a magnificent genie again, her form delectable, and the only thing to spoil it was the *entire fucking situation*, and how Pete licked his lips as he sampled her breasts with his gaze.

"You know, I've been thinking," he said, winking at Dave, who still looked a bit miserable. "It's not really fair of me to take advantage of a hot, magical lady like you. I mean, you're a fucking immortal genie!"

"Djinni, technically," Saida corrected.

"Whatever. My point is, it wouldn't be right of me to have my way with that fucking rockin' bod of yours, even if I can't wait to have a go on you. I reckon you'd be up for that, right?"

Saida's response was as cold as it was delayed. "I would, Master. What my Master wishes, I can provide."

"Fuck yeah."

She held up her hand rather haughtily, her various jewellery jangling. "*Except* conjugal relations like that. Those cannot be compelled by a mere mortal."

Saida grinned in a smug fashion at her tormentor, but rather than seeing disappointment on his features as she expected, he instead gave an even smugger grin straight back.

"Well, that's pretty ace to hear, isn't it, Dave?"

"It is?" his stupid minion asked.

"Oh yeah. Because what good is billions of dollars if I still have to play by a lot of rules? If I've got three freakin' wishes, then why not go for the whole hog, huh? Genie-"

"Saida."

"Saida," he said, and he made the name sound revolting, somehow. "I've got a wish for you. I think you're going to like it. It's way better than some martial arts like that dyke bitch Jess wished for."

Saida gritted her teeth, but she had to give a kindly smile to her master. "What do you command, my Master?"

Pete let the moment draw out, clearly enjoying this little power play. But it gave time for Saida to notice the warehouse door sliding open in the far distance. It creaked slightly, and so Saida worked quickly to make her power hum audibly, bringing the attention upon her.

"I sense that this will be a mighty wish, Master," she said.

"Fuck yeah it is. You'll be all mine when this is done, and so will she."

The door opened. Saida tried not to look over Pete's head too obviously. It was indeed Jess. She was moving slowly, clearly having got Saida's message: *Pete taking bottle. Follow him. I'll put a blue flare into the sky!*

Her face was all concern, but she was still all the way across the warehouse, not close enough to use her martial prowess effectively, not while Pete could stop her with just a few words. Saida's heart beat faster and faster within her chest, and this was despite not needing one!

"I wish to be . . ." Pete started, rubbing his hands together. Jess began to work up to a light job, her feet tapping against the ground near silently. Dave turned, hearing her.

"Pete! It's her!"

Saida cringed as Pete half-turned to see her. Jess was picking up impressive speed, roaring as she ran. "You give her back, you bastard! Give Saida back!"

But she wasn't close enough, and Dave was intercepting her. She leapt forward to easily strike him down, but Pete chuckled, knowing he had enough time.

"As I was saying, Saida. I wish I had the power to control magic like yours, like a goddamn wizard, and not a weak one either!"

Perhaps there was a workaround. Perhaps there was a loophole. But everything was happening so quickly, and so much of it all at the same time. Saida folded her arms, whispered a silent apology to Jess, and looked her tormentor right into the eyes.

"Your wish is my command, master," the genie said.

And power began to flow into him in a blitz of blue light.

## **Part 12: Final Wishes**

Pete's clothing changed. They became a rich garb, appropriately modern to this new world, and yet possessing a kind of ancient look to it as well, with golden lining around the hem of his blue shirt and a pattern of runes upon it that looked at once stylish and also deeply expensive. His pants similarly transformed, and even his hair changed according to his own will, making him look as if he were a lord of his own realm.

"That's better," he said, grinning.

"Give her back, you monster!" Jess cried.

But Pete simply stretched out one hand, and blast of wind knocked her back ten feet, winding her. Saida's chest tightened in anger. She immediately worried for the other woman, but Jess managed to clutch her stomach and rise to her feet, looking to her ex with awe.

“What the hell have you done?”

The man was unrepentant. “Just put you in your place, that’s all. I bet you regret dumping me now, Saida, don’t you? I’m all-powerful now. I’ve got fucking *magic*. I’m the kind of boyfriend you can only dream of. But hey, I’ll happily accept you back as my very own concubine, if you come willingly.”

“You’re out of your fucking mind.”

“She would never do that!” Saida said.

“Shut it,” he told her, and Saida had to obey him. He was her master now. All she could do was watch as Pete lashed out and struck Jess with another blast of wind, knocking her again. “Damn it, I was trying to singe her that time. Need to figure this out.”

“You could wish to know your powers, master?” she suggested.

“Don’t try to trick me. I know that’d be a total waste. I’ll figure this shit out.”

It was at this point that Dave approached his friend. “Pete, let me make my wish now. It’s my turn already! I could wish for magic like you.”

“Are you kidding? You’re not getting this. And you can’t be trusted with the bottle.”

“Dude, don’t be a fucking asshole, you promised!”

“I didn’t promise anything. You had your chance.”

“Then at least use your magic to help me! Make me powerful too!”

Pete rolled his eyes, though he kept his gaze firmly on Jess. “Fiiiiine. I’ll amp you up, man. You can serve as my enforcer when I really take power.”

He cast out one hand, eyes still on Jess, and suddenly a yellow beam of light enveloped Dave. The idiot friend laughed with joy as the power leapt into him, but Saida immediately saw what was wrong. She knew the ins and outs of magic, especially djinni magic, from her years and years of study. And that was *not* the kind of transformation Dave wanted. After all, it was the kind of change she’d dealt to haughty men on dozens of occasions.

“Yes! I can feel it - I can feel - what the hell!?”

His form diminished, as did his clothing. Dave’s skin darkened, taking on a gorgeous olive tone as his form feminised. His hips cracked wider, his chest surged forth in a pair of C-cup breasts, and his face altered to appear like a sultry Arabian female, complete with dark wavy hair and an emptiness between her perfect thighs. A purple harem girl outfit enveloped her, veil and pantaloon pants and all, with a very bare midriff and a purple wrap-top that barely contained her bosom.

“I’m - I’m a girl!? Why am I a fucking girl, Pete!?”

Pete looked at her with astonishment, then at his hands, then back to Dave. The new woman moaned, clutching her breasts, almost sobbing. Her slender hand went down to her new womanhood. “I’ve got a pussy! Oh shit, it’s wet!”

She was looking at Pete hungrily. "I'm - why am I feeling like this!?"

Saida knew straight away. Her master looked at her with confusion in his eyes. "Tell me what's going on, genie. I demand it!"

"Master," she said. "It appears you were thinking of your desires for Jessica Sato when you used your power upon your friend. As such, he was changed into the fantasy you wished her to become.

Dave was trying not to masturbate, but kept feeling her form and cooing, her cheeks red with humiliation. "I'm soooo hornyyyy!" she cried.

"But why is she like that? You said I couldn't make someone love me or change their mind."

"Yes, Master," she said, feeling a dreadful cliff edge approaching. "But you can change their libido. You have upped Dave's considerably, and made his body lust specifically for the criteria you fulfil."

"Change me baaaaack!"

"Yeah, fuck man, just gimme a second! So you're telling me I *can* make someone totally into me, in that kind of way?"

Another anxious heartbeat in her chest. "Yes, Master," she replied.

Jess was wide-eyed at this point, but was trapped in place, unwilling to run because everyone knew Pete could simply use his gust of wind to pull or push her back. The cruel man grinned maliciously.

"Then it looks like I've got options. Here you go, Dave." He cast out his hand to change him back, but the yellow light emerged again. Dave whined, then clutched her breasts, feeling them expand yet again. "D-dude! You gave me bigger tits! My ass too! What the fuck!?"

"I - shit. I didn't mean to. You look seriously hot though."

"I'm horny too, change me back! Ohhhh, my body really wants you to fuck me! So do it quickly - the changing part, that is!"

But repeated attempts did nothing. Pete was getting angry by this point. "Why isn't it working?"

"Because you're a shit wizard, asshole," Jess said, spitting on the floor. "Just like you were a shit boyfriend, and a shit man."

He sent her sprawling again. "Shut up! Genie, tell me what's wrong?"

"Master, the mastery of magic is an ancient art, one that takes decades to master. It is driven by emotion, but requires a strong will and great concentration. Otherwise, even dark intrusive thoughts may turn to reality, and even end your own existence."

It was a truthful answer, but she hoped he would contemplate that possibility and accidentally destroy his own existence. Alas, it did not occur.

“Then I’ve got my final wish, just as you suggest, I wish-”

Jessica cackled. It was a long laugh, one full of insult, and Saida had to admit it was an impressive performance. Her nose was bloody, her eyesocket bruised, but still she raised herself up from her scraped knees to point at Pete, still laughing.

“You absolute moron! No wonder I dumped your ass. Even with all that power, you’re still so small.”

“You’ll see, when I make you my sexy slave, obsessed with my dick.”

“Yeah? A tiny thing like that? You know, the funniest thing is, Pete, that even with all this change, you’ll still only be the second most powerful person in this room. Saida is the one you owe all your gifts too, and I know that’ll burn you up inside. You’re going to be reliant on a girlfriend who is tougher and better than you are. And we both know that you just can’t put up with that, can you? And there’s *nothing* you can do about it.”

Pete raged, gritting his teeth. Dave pleaded to be changed back, her fingers already slipping into her opening so she could get some sexual relief, but he told her to shut it.

“Or else I’ll keep you as mine, and I’m pretty tempted. But don’t you worry, Jess, because I won’t be reliant on any girl. They’ll all be reliant on me. Even this one. Saida, I’m changing my final wish. I wish to become a genie like you, only a powerful *male* one. Do it now!”

“Your wish is my command, Master,” Saida said. She grinned, first to Pete, and then with a wink to Jess. It was then that her tormentor realised what was wrong.

“Wait, no, I mean without the damn-”

But it was too late. Power *poured* out of Saida, more than she’d ever expelled before. She screamed as she let it flow, but she never interrupted it. Pete was driven into the air, flailing about as his body underwent a transformation even more dramatic than his friend’s. His ears turned pointed and elven, and his hair flowed out, long and luscious and golden blonde to the point where it was practically *shining*. In fact, it pretty much was.

“Noooo!” he cried, voice turning into a high soprano as his face shifted to become that of a very enticing woman. “Not like this! Not fucking like thissss! Ohhhh!”

His chest bloomed, growing a pair of large, melon-like breasts that were easily the size of his head each. His hips shifted wider, his penis and testicles sliding back into his body in an orgasmic transformation. His derriere expanded, and his lips became full and pouty, all the better for enticing future masters to pleasure them when desired. In short, Saida made sure that this pale-skinned, blonde-haired genie would be as exaggeratedly female as possible, with a figure that was remarkably fertile and attractive, the kind that men would want to *breed*. The kind that masters would never want to get rid of. The piercing over her eyebrow turned golden, and it became the equivalent of a djinni’s braces: a mark of her status, bound to a lamp that Saida conjured into existence.

Pete screamed invectives. He tried to grab Dave, holding onto the changed woman, but she kicked her back.

“Fuck you, Pete!” she cried, still clutching her chest. “Go to your lamp, you traitor!”

The new female djinni howled in impotent rage as she was pulled into her golden lamp, but her smokey form could not hold in this place. She disappeared entirely.

Jess acted quickly, so quickly that even Saida was caught by surprise. She *leapt* towards Saida’s lamp, which was now on the floor of the warehouse, and grabbed it before Pete’s wish was fully complete.

*“I am your mistress now, you can’t leave. I am your mistress now, you can’t leave! You can’t leave, Saida! I’m your mistress now and I still have two wishes!”*

Saida breathed a sigh of relief. “You have thought far quicker than I, Jess. I was so worried for you, that I forgot that I would disappear with my bottle without a master.”

Jess rose to her feet. “But you’re staying.”

“You got there in time. You are my Mistress again.”

Tears rose in her eyes. “Thank God. Oh, thank God. I thought I’d lost you, Saida. I don’t ever want to lose you. You’re . . . you’re very special to me.”

She embraced Saida, and Saida found herself embracing the woman back, feeling her warmth and savouring it. Tears formed in her own eyes, and she gladly shed them.

“I could not ask for a better Mistress,” she said. “Or a better friend.”

“Just friend?” Jess asked, pressing her forehead against Saida’s.

“Or . . . perhaps something more. It has been some time since I felt this way about anybody. I don’t know that I ever have. But Jessica, you must know that we cannot be together. The danger we just experienced, the knowledge of what I am if it came out. And I will remain bound to my bottle, doomed to wander the earth as a djinni forever, where you will grow old and experience the fullness of life. I -”

“Change me back! I’m still fucking here!”

The moment was broken by Dave, still in her harem outfit, and very much *not* looking like a ‘Dave’ at all. Her body was even more attractive than before, and Jess blushed a little to look at it.

“Why should I? You were going to turn me into some kind of sex slave!”

“Please! I’m so horny! I need a dick inside me and all the dicks in this place are gone! I don’t wanna be like this!”

It was pathetic, but it seemed to give Jess an idea, because she suddenly smiled.

“Saida, what if I wished you to be free?”

Saida’s heart skipped a beat. She had tried to get masters to do this for centuries, to no avail. And yet now it seemed like much too big an ask.

“I would not ask that of you, Jess.”

“But I could free you, right? What would happen?”

“I think . . . I am not sure. I would become a human again. Perhaps I would be Richomer once more, or remain Saida. I genuinely don't know. But I would be mortal again, and no longer have masters. But Jess, that would be a waste! You still have two wishes left!”

But at this point, Jess' confidence was returning. She wiped her bloodied nose with her sleeve. “Then I'll use them, right now. Saida, I wish this situation to be dealt with, and by that I mean for Dave here to have a new identity *she* can rely on, without any memory of what occurred, for myself to not be bloodied up, and for Pete to *never* be able to harm us in any way whatsoever.”

The wish could easily be twisted or rejected, but Saida embraced it happily, clicking her fingers. “You wish is my command, Mistress!”

Jessica's injuries healed immediately. Dave howled in protest, but suddenly clutched her head. “Shit, where am I? What's happened to me? Why do I have tits? Why do I feel so . . . sleepy . . .”

Her form slowly disappeared.

“She will wake up in her own college dorm,” Saida said. “Her new name is Dina, and she has her own identity. She will not know why she is suddenly a woman, nor why her libido is so strong, but I imagine she will adapt. I have held her tongue so she cannot tell other people this truth or else they will think her insane. I consider this karma . . . though I couldn't do much about her outfits. Many of them will be quite harem-like at best.”

Jess chuckled. “I'd say she doesn't deserve it, but she really does. Thank you, Saida.”

“As for the part of your wish involving Pete, that is a more difficult manner, as I cannot override another djinni's magic, even a new one, so easily. In fact-”

An idea suddenly hit her.

“Wait here.”

She retreated into her lamp, and focused her power. A door opened up, and Cassiam the genie stepped through, his expression interested.

“You are indeed a fast learner, Saida. Do you come bearing concerns to me? I have not felt a use of magic that was unpermitted, so you need not worry. And yet . . .”

He sniffed the air, curious.

“Oh my, another genie? A new one? What wayward wish led to this, and what power you must have channelled with great skill to complete this process. Few can manage it.”

Saida bit her lip sheepishly before telling him the full story. She worried about incurring this man's wrath, but as before he was eminently reasonable, and even laughed.

“I see! Yes, that could be perilous, if she were to seek revenge by tricking a mortal. But . . . there are contingencies in play for this. You became a genie by examining an empty

vessel, that is a worthy transition. But to be created from a foolhardy wish? That will require a great deal of oversight from a fellow djinn. One that can curtail her power and channel it. And we djinn count our training days by the centuries.”

Saida breathed a sigh of relief. “Will you do this?”

“I think I can be persuaded. Let me see her.”

They emerged from her bottle, and Jess squeaked at the sight of Cassiam.

“Who is this?”

“This is . . . a friend. Another djinn. One I met the other day, before your parents. Look, I will tell you everything soon, Jess.”

“Are you both . . . ?”

Saida blinked, then caught her meaning. “Oh! No, not at all.”

“To my great despair,” Cassiam joked, before floating over to the discarded lamp. “But I sense that Saida here is already taken with a mortal. Once a mortal, always one, it seems. I never understand it. Ah, and our new djinni is here. Let’s look at her.”

He raised the lamp, rubbed his hand across it, and suddenly it became transparent. Jess and Said leaned in close to see an overly ample blonde woman in a very revealing pink outfit, one that was basically just a thong and boob tube along with some transparent strips to wave around while belly dancing. Her face was full of rage as she beat against the walls of the lamp, her breasts jiggling heavily with each movement, her ass and hips too.

“My, my, she is a delightful creature. Like a powerful mare, in need of breaking in,” Cassiam said. “I shall take her from you and train her, and as per the wish I sense, she will never harm you. In fact, she will never harm anyone. Please them, on the other hand? That she will.”

“Thank you again,” Saida said.

“Yeah, thanks!” Jess piped up. “And feel free to stick around for dinner if you wish!”

“I think you mean breakfast, young one. It has been a long night for you. Alas, I must be going. But allow me to transport you back to your domicile for the time being. A djinn as ancient as myself has such privileges.”

He clicked his fingers, and suddenly in a flash they were in Jess’s apartment again. Pete’s wallet landed with them upon the ground with a loud clunk, and several golden coins spilled from it. For a few moments, neither said anything, seated on the couch as they were, almost in disbelief that the recent and shocking events had even happened. And then Jess reached out to grip Saida’s hand, and she gripped it back, finding comfort in this mortal’s touch, in the kindness of her very being.

“Jess,” she said. “You are the best person I have met. And that is a long life to count my meetings against. You just save me with your quick thinking.”

“Well, I was just copying *Aladdin*. Pete was too dumb to notice; he always hated Disney films.”

“I . . . don’t understand a word you just said.”

Jess laughed, and Saida found herself laughing with her. Then the tears of joy and relief flowed from both of them, and they embraced again, pressing their lips together in passion, and then their foreheads in a moment of deep understanding.

“Jess,” Saida started. “Your final wish. You shouldn’t-”

“Oh, shut up,” Jess said, holding her lover’s head gently and stroking her head. “For someone so immortal and wise, you sure can’t recognise someone as pig-headed as me. Said, for my final wish, I wish you were *free*.”

The tears came again, and Saida almost couldn’t click her fingers they were shaking so much.

“Your wish . . . is my wish too, Mistress.”

She clicked them. There was a blinding flash.

And then she was free.

### **Part 13: Mortal Life**

There were times when Saida missed her old form, and this was one of them. Previously, she could have conjured up her magic to fix up a broken seam in a dress, or simply never contend with the issue if it were her own. Her old bottle never had such issues, nor did it require knowledge of breast sizes, waist measurements, or anything about the variability of women’s bodies that working at a dress shop evidently required. And yet here she was, a working woman in the modern world, clad in a lovely blue summer dress and advising customers on what worked, what wouldn’t, where an item needed to be let out or reigned in, and - most frustratingly - also dealing with repair jobs. By hand.

“Would that I could just click my fingers and have this fixed!” she muttered, inserting the needle and thread again.

“Ha, imagine that!” her coworker Alicia said. “Just having the power to deal with all the hard bits. I wouldn’t complain about being a genie, that’s for sure. I could hurry up and make Brian actually interested in me.”

“That’s not how - I mean, yes, that would be fascinating. Alas, we must do our work as it is, and earn our good keep.”

Alicia snorted and rubbed Saida’s long silvery-blond hair. “Oh, Saida, I never get tired of you. You talk like someone from another age!”

Saide smirked. "I suppose I sometimes feel like one. This dress is now done. Anything else you need me to do, Alicia?"

"No, I think it's time to clean up shop. You've done well today; I saw you selling a whole heap of those new cocktail items we brought in. But who was that girl you were chatting to? The darker-skinned one like yourself? Is she related to you or something? She looked it, if you don't mind me saying. And she was wearing that clothing like you sometimes do, only more, um, *revealing*."

Saida smiled knowingly. "No, we are not related, but she went through a change similar to myself, and I like to keep an eye out for her when she drops by."

"Well, she's certainly a big spender. We'll have to buy up some more of that lingerie stuff, as well as the crop tops and sheer pants."

A further smile from Saida. "I imagine so. Dina really can't help herself. Anything that attracts the men is something she can't resist. And besides, I think she's even starting to like the company."

Alicia shook her head. "I swear, you are the most mysterious person I've met, Saida, but a damn good worker. You head off now. See you tomorrow."

"Indeed I shall, Alicia. And every working day afterwards! I'm not going anywhere, and it's wonderful!"

Alicia just sighed, clearly having no idea about this woman and her ways. Saida didn't care; she left the store with a hop and a skip in her step, making her way to her car. Several moans sounded from several cars over, and she couldn't help but notice that Dina was making love to the owner in his backseat, her lovely form flinging aside the revealing new clothing she'd purchased less than an hour ago. The gorgeous Arabian woman was crying out as she was thrust into, her hands pressing against the windows.

"She certainly looks like she's enjoying herself," Saida said, though there was also a clear blush upon Dina's cheeks. Perhaps it was just the warm glow of enjoyment. Either way, it was her life now, and at least the orgasms would flow. "Best of luck, Dina. I hope you learned your lesson. If not, well, you'll be learning it for a while yet. And if so, perhaps you will come to accept your womanhood as I did."

She got into her car before either party could notice she was watching. Part of her was always nervous about this. Jess had teased her about the fact that Saida had read the entire car manual from start to finish.

"Why not?" she queried. "I read my entire library back to front repeatedly. One should always read the instructions."

Still, she'd purchased an automatic. They weren't rich, but the golden coins that had fallen from Pete's wallet had been impressively priced, and so the pair had been able to get their own cars and their own place quite easily. She drove to it presently, arriving at a

pleasant suburban neighbourhood, the house she shared with her lover possessing a rosy front garden and an even more impressive one out back. Saida had long cultivated a green thumb in her bottle, and she had applied it here too. And she had done it by hand. It wasn't perfect, but it was getting better everyday. Somehow, the imperfection made it all the better. That was life, really, especially mortal life. One had to earn one's keep. There was no magic to make it easy.

And that was always true of love.

"Saida!" Jess exclaimed when the former genie arrived through the garage door. "I didn't expect you for another half-hour. Was it an early finish today?"

"Alicia said I could go once the crowd died off. How are you, my sweetest love?"

Jess rose up from the couch and the pair embraced. Saida welcomed the warm feeling of her lover against her body, her full breasts against hers. Her own hands wandered down to cup Jess' rear, and her former mistress chuckled.

"Oh, it's that kind of return home, is it?"

"I have been thinking about you. Quite a lot, in fact."

Jess got that sly look. "I don't know, I've been writing up this tabletop session. You know, taking inspiration from all that you've told me. I was thinking it could start in the Crusades, and travel across time. Lots of dice, lots of writing up, lots of -"

Saida gave her cutest pout. "Please? I know you are, as you mortals say, a 'total nerd,' but surely I could entice you?"

Jess rubbed her hands over Saida's form. "Hmm, I guess I could be persuaded . . . rather easily in fact. And don't forget, you're a mortal too."

But Saida hushed her. "Shh. We're 'playing', remember?"

"Oh, gotcha. Yes, my gorgeous djinni. I would greatly enjoy the fruits of your body, if you serve me. Is that good?"

"A bit too much, but I like it. Shall I go put the costume on?"

"Oh, please, please, please do that."

"Great!"

Saida leapt to their room, grabbing the blue harem outfit that she had carefully tailored to look just like her old one. Of course, she no longer had her pointed ears, and her hair was not quite so long, though it had retained that silvery quality in her unnaturally blondeness, for which she was thankful. She was still a great beauty, but now that beauty would fade one day. It gave it more meaning, she had decided. Everything had more meaning now that she was finally on a clock. It's what made it all special, just like getting dressed up was a lot more fun now that she had to work through all the steps to get the desired effect. Everything now had a sense of accomplishment, and even failure could bring its own delights.

Of course, there were times when it was fun to play at being a djinni again, and this was one of those times. Saida emerged from the bedroom in her glorious harem outfit, her hips swaying sensually, her breasts jiggling with each movement. She danced in a slow yet erotic fashion, showing off her belly dancing skills that left her jewellery jangling. Jess' eyes were locked upon her, all thoughts of her own nerdy hobbies long forgotten.

"Holy shit," she said. "I am so glad I met you."

"As am I, Jess," she said, drawing close to the woman she loved. "Now, how can I please you, my Mistress?"

Jess showed her *exactly* how she would like to be pleased, and Saida shared in that bliss. It left her with no doubts whatsoever about her mortal life, and who she had chosen to spend it with. In the aftermath, the two lay naked together on their comfortable floor rug.

"Wow, that was amazing," Jess managed.

"Very much so."

"Tell me, is sex better as a genie or a mortal?"

Saida shrugged, running her fingers along Jessica's naked body, tracing over her hips as the woman shifted to face her. "It is not as different as you imagine. Less . . . creative, as a mortal. I can't change form. But some dances are not about the moves, but more about who you dance with. And you are my favourite dancer."

"Goddamn, I am in your shadow when it comes to this stuff. I guess a thousand years will give you a head start, right?"

"You should have heard me as Richomer. I was a lot less eloquent then! But I am glad I took this journey. I still don't know what God I believe in, or if there is a force or some greater purpose, but I believe that, in some way, I was meant to arrive here, with you, Jess."

"You know what? I believe that too. What a long journey though, huh?"

Saida chuckled. "I could have used some shortcuts, but perhaps I just took that long to become the person I was meant to be. Which reminds me, I saw Dina today."

"Really?"

"Yes, I sold her some rather revealing clothes in her Arabian style. And I also saw her having sex in a car near mine."

"Pfft. I guess she's really a slut now, huh? I feel kinda bad at times. Maybe I should have changed her back."

"Well, we can't now. I came to accept being a woman. She will too, or at least resign herself to her passions."

"I suppose daily multiple orgasms could do that. Hey, it makes me wonder what happened to Pete. I mean, she ended up in Cassiam's care. Do you think she will change?"

Saida considered this for a moment. "Perhaps. I hope so. I truly do. But Pete was far more vicious and cruel than I ever was as Richomer. I imagine if she does change, it will take even longer than I did to find a new perspective."

"Wow. Yeah. I don't feel sorry for *him*, though. Her, I guess."

Saida shrugged again, then began to caress her lover's breasts. Jess cooed softly.

"Then let's not think about her. Let's enjoy one another. We only have a mortal's time now, my Mistress. And I want to enjoy every second of it."

Judging from the way Jess moved to kiss her passionately, enfolding her body against Saida's, the feeling was absolutely mutual.

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Parvati sighed as she folded her arms. Another mortal testing her boundaries with another stupid wish. This one was simple, she'd heard it all before: "*I wish to be stinking filthy rich.*"

"As you wish, Master. Enjoy your final wish," she said. And with that, she clicked her fingers, and piles of manure and mud suddenly fell down upon the man, drenching him with all manner of reeking matter.

"What the fuck!? Why am I covered in shit!?" he managed after several rounds of dry heaving and clearing his face up.

"You wished to be stinking filthy rich. You are now stinking, you are now filthy, and you are rich in both these qualities. Asshole."

And with that, she disappeared back into her lamp, her revealing pink outfit still adorning her body, leaving her practically naked in this space. She sighed, trying to figure out how to change her outfit again. Cassiam said she would learn, just as she might learn one day how to make it so that she wasn't always naked all the time, or stuck wearing pink, or in a lamp setting that looked so damn fucking *girly!* Yet everyday she made progress, her anger at her fate overwhelmed her, her hatred for Jess and Saida sticking in her craw.

"Damn it!" she exclaimed. "How much longer am I going to be stuck like this! I refuse to be stuck like this forever!"

But alas, she knew herself to be immortal now, and a djinni enslaved to her new commands. And one command was above all; to please not just her human masters, but the djinn who served as her True Master. His door opened up before her, summoned within her lamp, and it gently opened.

"Goddamn it," she muttered. "Fucking Cassiam. Fucking stupid wishes. Fucking True Master bullshit. Fucking horny goddamn slutty body that needs some goddamn dicking. I don't deserve this! I should be the one fucking hot genie girls!"

And still she entered through, her pussy already becoming wet, her nipples throbbing against the thin, near-transparent material that kept her huge breasts supported. Cassiam was waiting for her in his realm, an expectant smile upon his face. He was a djinn of immense power, she had learned, and yet somehow that still only put him in the middle of the hierarchy, answering to powers so supreme they could reign over their own universes. That was the kind of power she craved, but he continued to tell her to set her sights lower. Looking at his own realm - a place of heavenly clouds one could step upon and perfect sunsets that never ended - there was only jealousy on her mind. Well, jealousy and a desperate, unbearable need for sexual relief.

"You summoned me . . . Master," she said, bowing low so that her huge breasts hung dramatically, and then wobbled annoyingly when she rose again. God, why did that damn genie have to leave her so busty and horny? Why did this have to be her True Form!?

"Indeed, Parvati, and I am most pleased to see you, as always. Still haven't learned how to change your clothing."

She held one arm, blushing furiously. She was always practically naked *still*, apart from those times when she was *literally* naked, as was coming soon, she sensed. What she wouldn't give to at least not always have her divine ass hanging out from her ridiculously skimpy pink thong, or at least for better support for her head-sized tits.

"I *will* get there, True Master," she said. "And then I will be a man again. A powerful genie lord."

Cassiam scoffed. "Please, by the time you actually gain the power to change your form beyond my desire, it'll be the end of time itself at this rate! And besides, you will have finally have gotten it into that pretty head of yours that no djinn can change their innate form, only the transcended ones who are as gods. And that is not a power you can *ever* have, djinn-made djinni."

Her shoulders sagged, which had the effect of showing off more of her mountainous mammaries. "So this is me then? Fuck! How come you never told me! I thought if I worked hard enough I could become a true djinni, like that bitch Saida was!"

"You will be, and perhaps you will even find freedom as she did. But for now, you must be trained. And while I can appreciate your trickster-like granting of wishes, your spite still outstrips the flexibility of our rules. You must learn to occasionally grant a Master's wishes as they desire them, if they word their wishes accordingly."

Another, even deeper sigh. "God, this will never end. I hate this."

"You will learn to love it, even if it takes a thousand years. Hmm, at the rate you are going, perhaps two thousand."

"Two thousand years of becoming stuck as a horny, busty, bimbo genie! Christ, this sucks."

Cassiam gave a deep belly laugh. “Oh no, I meant two thousand years of training you to properly! Not all can take to this as Saida did, but then she found an empty vessel, and became a truer djinni. No, you’ll be spending your days as a ‘horny, busty, bimbo genie’, as you put it, for an *eternity*. Or until you are freed, which I will not permit until you are trained.”

“So still at least two thousand fucking years until even the slimmest goddamn chance of being free comes up?”

“Precisely. And even then, as with Saida, your mortal form would be . . . *this*.”

He summoned a mirror upon the clouds they were standing on, and she took herself in. Huge breasts. Hourglass figure. Wide, breedable hips. Lips that were made for sucking dick, and a face of raw sensuality. Every time she saw it, she was still not used to it. If only she had not been outsmarted by that damn whore, Jessica Sato!

“But then again,” Cassiam continued, a sly grin on his handsome features. “You know that I like *another* variation on your appearance. One you *can* take on, just for me. Do it now for me, Parvati.”

The former male pouted, but she was submissive to her True Master, and could do no other. She bowed low and clicked her fingers, and soon her body began to change. It was the one thing she could do to transform; obey her True Master’s desires. Unfortunately for her, he wasn’t too interested in making her a man again. Instead, her waist thickened, her hips becoming ever wider until they had a remarkably maternal quality. Her breasts became even larger, and she gained a slight pooch in her belly. Her young appearance aged until she appeared to be in her late thirties or early forties, her hair now falling just to her neck instead of her ass. Even her areolas enlarged and darkened, as if she’d had a child at one point. Her thick thighs jiggled with her movements.

“Ahhh, much better,” Cassiam said, beholding her. “I do like my women so.”

“I’ve damn well noticed, True Master,” she said angrily. “You’re a goddamned MILF hunter.”

Cassiam laughed. “I do so like maternal terminology! And it is true, you do look like a mother I would, in fact, like to fuck.”

Her nipples throbbed, aching with desire at his words. God, she wanted to kill Jess and Saida more than ever. But there was nothing she could do about it. They were protected by Cassiam now, who ensured they were going to have long and prosperous lives. Her own life would be far, far longer, and defined entirely by the incremental gain of djinni power. That, and the needs she currently felt. Somehow they were even greater when she took on the maternal curves that her True Master found so attractive.

Cassiam indeed to sense her own arousal, because he parted his legs upon his seat of clouds and smiled at her, raising one eyebrow curiously. His member tented his pants, and it inflamed the desire within her.

“Are you ready for further training, Parvati?” he asked. “Perhaps in the arts of providing the deepest of sensual pleasures?”

“Goddamnit, you know I am. This stupid horny MILF body wants your big dick.”

He chuckled. “We still have to work on your lessons when it comes to speech. But as for matters of the body, let me test your knowledge now. I wish to make you as experienced in matters of sex as your altered body appears to be.”

She bit her lip, a coo escaping her lips, and Parvati gave into the inevitable. Her lust was too great, her huge nipples throbbing, her pussy wet with need. This was the fate she had wished for Jessica, not for herself, but in the end, punishment had come her way. She moved sensually to Cassiam’s lab and crawled up onto it so that her thighs were around his waist, her mound rubbing up against his big, hard member. Her breasts rubbed against his bare chest, and with a simple movement, he removed her top, leaving her upper half naked. The genie cupped her breasts, leaving her to writhe and moan, her enlarged ass jiggling with each shift against him. God, why did he have to have this fetish, and why did it turn her on so damn much?

“One day you will learn to alter your body temporarily in other ways, Parvati. I promise you even greater pleasures than this. But for now, these lovely motherly curves are what I desire most. Please me as best as you can, and I shall please you in turn.”

He pulled her thong to one side and slid his enormous length into her. The genie woman was still not used to this, even years on from her initial transformation. Her male ego refused to allow it to become normalised. And so she gasped, clutching to him and writhing as he sucked upon her nipples, lost in the alien pleasure that left her so damn submissive it shamed her.

“Anything you ask,” she stammered, as he slowly began to thrust into her. “Your wish is my - ohhh! - my command, m-my True Master.”

And then the real pleasure began, as it would over and over and over again, for the next two thousand years of her life as a servile and sexual genie woman. Perhaps it would be just long enough - just - for Parvati to become a better person too.

Perhaps.

But that is another genie story, for another time.

**The End**