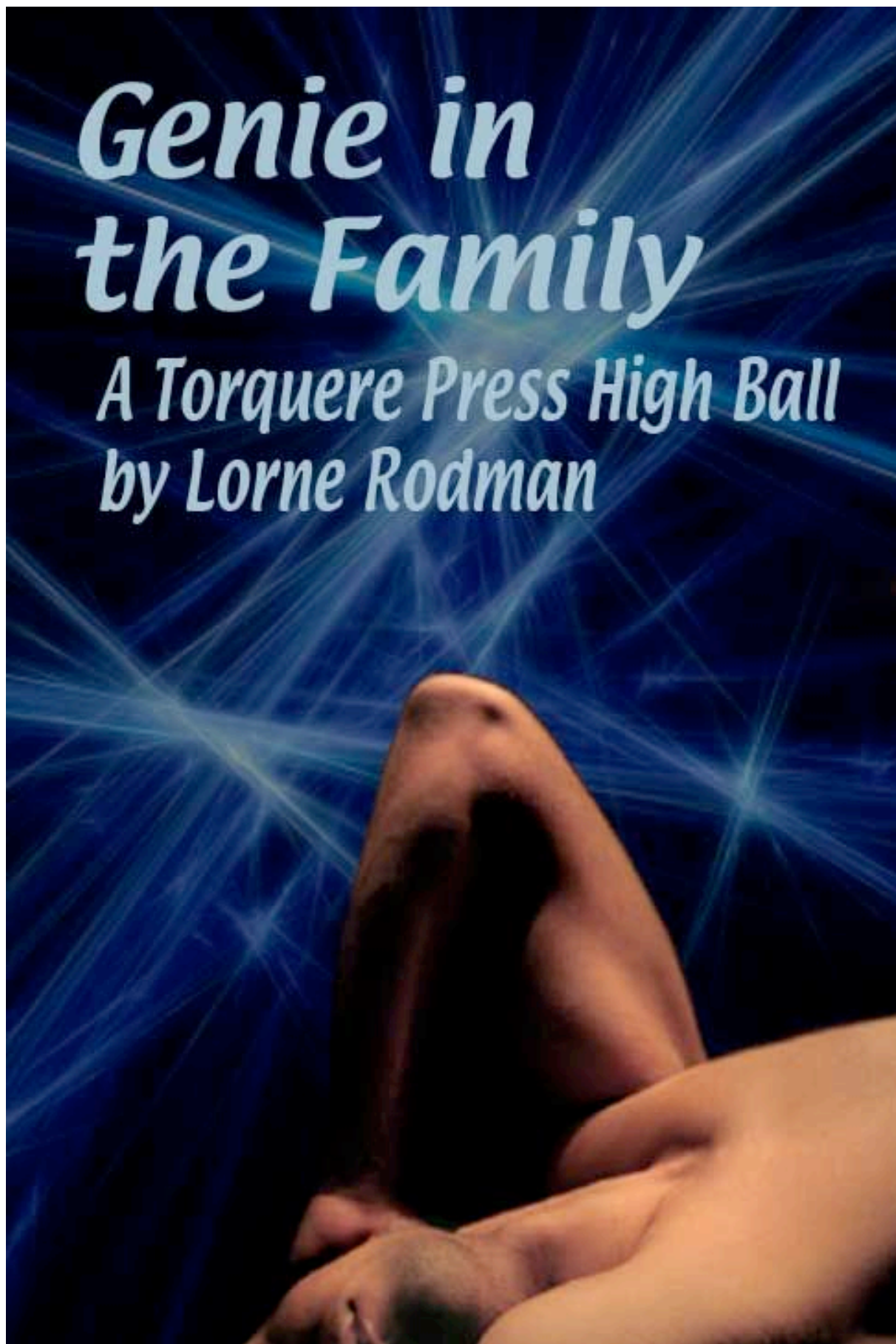


Genie in the Family

*A Torquere Press High Ball
by Lorne Rodman*



High Ball: Genie in the Family

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Chapter One

Dorm rooms were all the same. It was what you did with them that made them your own.

Now, Warren's roommate was into retro and his half of the room was a bad eighties flashback. There were posters of Loverboy and Flock of Seagulls, Duran Duran and Boy George. There was a bean bag chair by the desk, and a lava lamp next to the bed.

Warren's own style was more...eclectic. He had things that made the place feel like home, and unpacking his boxes, once he'd dealt with his clothes, was fun.

He had the chair from his desk at home, dark wood with a comic-dogs seat cushion his mom had brought home from a garage sale during his last year in high school.

He had pictures of his folks and his sister, one of his best friend Damien, and one of his dog, Shorty, who was a lab-wolfhound mix with one leg shorter than the other three. Shorty looked as scary as he sounded, but was a big old suck who'd do anything for a tummy rub or a butt scratch.

He had a poster for Blade Runner up, and a small selection of all his favorite books with cowboy boot bookends.

The last box had bits and pieces from his pens and pencils to a few little knick-knacks that he didn't really need but liked. A little, pewter dragon, a big, quartz crystal.

He frowned as he reached in for the last item, carefully wrapped in newspaper. And he laughed when he unwrapped it and realized what it was.

He'd spent the summer helping Aunt Gertrude with her big old house in the country. He'd helped her go through eighty years of accumulated crap and had played Mr. Fix-it in just about every room the big house boasted.

In return, she'd given him a roof over his head, all the food he could eat, and spending money every Friday night. And on the day he'd left, she'd pulled the ugliest ornament he'd ever seen off the shelf.

It looked like one of those Aladdin Genie lamps, only it was red with gold and orange and green and slightly misshapen, with a ding on one side.

And according to his batty old Aunt, it really *was* a genie lamp. It had been in the family for generations and it was the reason why the Bilhovens had done so well over the years. She'd left him with the admonishment to be careful what he wished for, and not to abuse the power of the lamp by rubbing it constantly.

God, what a hoot.

Like all he had to do was rub the lamp and a genie would appear.

Still, it looked awesome on the shelf over his computer, squat and dented, dwarfing his little, pewter dragon.

He broke down the boxes and shoved them into the back of the closet and looked around. There, now the dorm room was home.

Being stuck in the dorms for the holidays sucked.

It sucked big time.

And the worst of it was, it was Warren's own fault.

He'd *wanted* to stay.

Of course that was when he'd been with Bobby and they were going to spend Christmas together in the little apartment off campus that Bobby had, fucking like bunnies the entire holiday.

What kind of asshole dumped you the day before Christmas?

The kind he attracted, obviously.

He supposed he could have gone home, but that would have meant admitting he'd gotten dumped. And he would have had to hear all about Suzie and her fiancé, and his mom would have lectured him if he moped.

In the end it was easier just staying put.

So here he was on New Year's Eve, drinking vodka coolers and feeling just the littlest bit sorry for himself.

Okay, so he was feeling a great big huge bit sorry for himself.

But it sucked to be him.

He raised his bottle. Happy Fucking New Year to him.

The light glinted off his bottle and flashed over the little genie lamp, making the red stand out. He got up off the bed and grabbed the lamp, sitting down in the chair with it. "Well, lamp. It's just you and me. Even the RA is off partying, and he's the biggest geek in the school."

What was it Aunt Gertrude had said? Rub it in your time of need, but be careful what you wish for. Well, it was New Year's Eve, and he wanted a happy new year. It seemed like a pretty good wish to him.

He rubbed the side of the lamp.

Nothing.

Well, what had he expected?

Rub it again, said a little voice in his head, and he almost ignored it, almost tossed the lamp back onto his desk, but at the last minute, he put down the vodka cooler and, holding the lamp in both hands, he rubbed it between them.

A tiny, tinny beep came from inside the lamp. Then a strange, disembodied voice said, "You have reached Selim the Serene. Please listen closely to the terms and conditions. You get three wishes. Only if someone else wishes you three new wishes can you receive more than the original three. Your rub is very important to us. If you can wait, please rub again in twenty minutes. If this is an emergency, rub hard three times. Thank you."

Warren dropped the lamp.

Holy Shit. Either he'd had way, way more to drink than he'd thought, and the two empties on the desk said he hadn't, or he was imagining things or... well, or there really was a genie in the lamp and batty old Aunt Gertrude wasn't so crazy after all.

He glanced at the clock. It was 11:23. Twenty minutes would still be before midnight. He could still wish for his happy new year if he waited.

That was presuming he wasn't losing his mind, and the lamp really had... talked.

He picked the lamp up and put it on the little side table by his bed, put his sweats on -- somehow if there really was a genie, he didn't want to meet it in his boxers -- and grabbed his half finished vodka cooler.

He lay on the bed, contemplating the ceiling and slowly sipping his drink. His roommate, who's name had turned out to be Rocky, and who's taste in clothes was even more eighties than his room decor, told him that vodka coolers were a chick drink. But Warren wasn't overly fond of the taste of beer, and he didn't see why he should put any credence in the opinion of a guy who thought that Wham was the height of musical genius.

At precisely 11:43, he sat up, finished his drink, and picked up the lamp. He held it between both hands again and rubbed.

At first he figured it was just like before. Nothing. Then, slowly, a thin stream of greenish red smoke began to trickle out of the spout of the lamp. It smelled like fresh herbs and spices, kind of like that Moroccan restaurant he and Bobby had gone to once. Then there was a deep bass rumble that sort of shook the bed beneath him, and a flash of blinding light that had him blinking.

When everything cleared the lamp lay on the floor where he'd dropped it. Again. And someone else was sitting on his little dorm bed. A man, cross-legged and cross-armed, with smooth, brown skin and long, long, black hair, his eyes done up with black stuff around them. He had a sharp nose and the highest cheekbones ever, and the slightest smile on his face.

"Thank you for waiting," the guy said. "I am Selim the Serene, genie of the lamp. What would you like as your first wish?"

Okay.

There was a gorgeous, exotic looking dude on his bed there to grant him three wishes. Maybe there was something in the lamp that made people hallucinate...

He reached out to touch, to see if this Selim guy was real or not.

The guy drew back, a frown replacing the smile. "I am the genie of the lamp. Do you have a wish?"

Oh, his imagination was good. Wouldn't let him touch the guy and confirm that it was all just an illusion.

Warren nodded. "I get three though, right?"

He might as well play along -- it wasn't like he had anything else planned, and this guy was very good-looking. If nothing else he had some new jack-off fodder.

"Yes, yes. Three separate wishes. I would suggest wording them as plainly as possible and making them specific. I am not by nature a sneaky genie, but well... it's part of the contract to occasionally shake people up if they don't really know what they want."

"You have a contract?"

Warren didn't really want to ring in the New Year by himself, but he was starting to think about what if this genie thing was real and not a figment of his imagination and he didn't want to waste a wish on having someone to ring in the New Year with. Not when he had hot-genie-man here already.

Besides, he'd never spoken to a genie before.

"Don't we all in this day and age? I just have a special skill set. Look, I don't mean to rush you, but do you have any idea how many people want to make wishes on New Year's Eve?" One be-ringed hand waved languidly.

"A lot, huh?"

"You wouldn't believe." That hair shifted and slid as Selim tossed his head. "You're cute, though, so I'll make allowances."

He laughed. "Me? Thanks."

He figured Selim was the better looking of the two of them, though. All that hair, the pretty, dark eyes. And those harem pant things were almost see-through and very sexy. Unlike his sweats. Still. The genie thought he was cute -- his New Year was looking up already.

"Yes. Not bad at all. Most of my requests come from middle-aged housewives... Oh! How's Gertrude? I always liked her."

"You know Aunt Gertrude? Well of course you do, the lamp was hers." Okay, if this was just his imagination? He really was crazy. Besides, he was really starting to hope that it was real. "She's good. I'm sure she'd send her love. So, do I have to make all three wishes at the same time?"

"No, no, you can make them anytime. There's no limitation clause on that. Gertrude is a lovely woman, but oh her first wish was a disaster." A shift of those long legs showed him that genies weren't all smoke from the waist down like in the cartoons, and that harem pants were great for showing off uh... manly parts.

Warren's hands slid into his lap as his own manly parts reacted. Sweats weren't exactly good at hiding the goods once they perked up either. "Was it? What happened?" After all, she'd given him the lamp as sort of an inheritance, passing it down, it only made sense if he benefited from the experience of her mistake and didn't repeat it, right?

Selim tilted his head, hair falling over one shoulder. "Now, now. I might misconstrue that as a wish, if you aren't careful. Gertrude wished for a man. And well, there's a reason she's your spinster aunt, isn't there?"

"Hey, that *wasn't* a wish! I have to say the word wish when I make it, don't I? I mean questions aren't wishes -- they're questions. And nobody's ever told me why she's my spinster aunt. But you're telling me now that it's your fault." He glanced at the clock. 11:49 Keep talking, pretty genie.

"Well, no. It's her own fault. She asked for a man that would keep her happy in the bedroom. Sadly, he made her unhappy everywhere else, and she ended up leaving him before the wedding." Selim's eyes closed a moment, and he could almost hear a wave of voices babbling before it shut off again. "Oh, lucky you, the emergency is in the next time zone."

He had to laugh at the thought of Aunt Gertrude's first wish being a man to keep her happy in the bedroom. Maybe he had more in common with her than he'd thought. "Wait a minute. What do you mean lucky me? Are you telling me you might not stay until I've made my wish?" He wanted to kiss the genie at midnight, damn it.

"Well, other people have rights to my time, too. If you have something in mind, you'd better spit it out."

Warren snorted. "I have to say I'm not very impressed with your powers if you're so at the beck and call of people that you can't even stay and have a conversation with someone."

Selim's eyes narrowed. "You think it's easy being a genie? The days of being tied to just one lamp are over, honey. So many damned people have freed their genies thanks to that asinine cartoon movie that the rest of us feel like the psychic hotline. Back and forth."

Warren tilted his head. "I could free you?"

"You could, yes. It's in the oldest of contracts. You should see the scroll. Papyrus." Selim stretched, muscles sliding under the smooth, olive skin. Wow. "But then someone would just have to do my work, and really, what am I going to do? Go back to Constantinople and wait tables?"

"So you like being a genie? How do you become a genie in the first place?" He glanced at the clock. 11:52 -- time was *dragging*. He was going to have to use a wish to get his New Year's kiss. Of course he was thinking it would be more than worth using one of his wishes for that.

"Oh, it's not a bad gig. Busier than it used to be. Disposable society and all that. People used to be more like your aunt Gertrude. They'd take thirty years to use all their wishes." That eye closey-rolly thing happened again, and Selim sighed. "Do you mind if I pop out for like, two seconds? I promise, this one guy is like a super quick wisher."

"You'll be back before midnight?" At Selim's nod, Warren agreed. "Okay."

The flashy thing happened again, Selim disappearing, nothing but a little, black ring on his bed proving that the genie was anything but a hallucination. He touched the place where Selim had been sitting. Still warm.

Wow. Oh, wow.

He looked down at himself, at his ratty t-shirt and his baggy sweats and wondered if he had time to change into a pair of jeans and a clean t-shirt. It was New Year's Eve after all. But then Selim would think he'd done it just for the genie, which wouldn't be wrong, but he didn't want to look desperate. Even though he kind of was.

He fumbled in the little drawer on the bedside table and found a tin of Altoids. He popped two and ran his hands through his hair. It would have to do because it was 11:56 and Selim had promised to be back by midnight. He paced some, not able to sit still, growing a little more anxious with each passing moment.

But sure enough, at less than a minute until midnight, when the people on the TV had started counting down the seconds, Selim appeared, looking a little put upon, two bright spots of color in his cheeks and his hair mussed. "Ta da. See? I told you I'd come back before midnight. Make a wish, man."

Warren felt a twinge of jealousy go through him -- what exactly had Selim done to look like that? "It's almost midnight -- can't we ring in the New Year and *then* I'll make my wish?"

"Well..." Selim looked at the ceiling, eyes going unfocused for a moment. Then he nodded. "Sure. Okay, we can do that."

All of a sudden he had an armful of mostly naked genie, Selim's hard, warm body against his. Distantly he heard chanting of, "Five... four... three... two... one..."

"Happy New Year," Selim said, and kissed him hard, square on the mouth.

It was more than he'd expected, and his gasp opened his mouth for Selim's tongue, his arms wrapping automatically around Selim's waist, holding on. He stared into Selim's dark eyes as the kiss he could feel all the way to his toes continued.

He gasped again when their mouths parted. "Hap... happy New Year."

He got a glinting grin, those dark eyes just sparkling for him. "That was your free one, Warren. Next time I'll make you wish for it."

He licked his lips, tasting a hint of Selim there, spicy and different than anyone else he'd ever kissed. "I just might make that wish, Selim." He was still holding onto the strong body, his own reacting predictably, but Selim didn't seem to mind. Of course if he was going to make a wish like that, it would be for more than just a kiss.

Letting him lean, Selim put a hand under his butt and pulled him closer, smiling into his eyes. "Well, I wouldn't be opposed. But that I can do of my own free will. I have about another hour before midnight in the next time zone, after all."

His eyes widened. "You want to? With me?" God, Bobby had really done a number on him if he had to ask the guy snuggling up with him if he really wanted it.

"You're young. Cute. You like men. Why not?" He wondered if that meant Selim couldn't turn into a woman if someone wished it.

"Okay, I'm game." Like he wasn't drooling for it, hard for it.

"What kind? Elk? Antelope?" That laughter was like a bell, not a small, silver one, but more like the one Aunt Gertrude had gotten in Egypt. "Because you're not small game," Selim finished, reaching around to cup his cock through his sweats.

He gasped again -- he was going to have tape his mouth shut or something to stop that -- and pushed into Selim's hand. "You're very good for my ego," he told Selim before bringing their mouths together so he would stop gasping and saying stupid stuff.

Well, and because kissing Selim felt good.

Very, very good. Selim's tongue pushed into his mouth, a slow, leisurely exploration. Saffron and tarragon, cumin and cardamom, and cinnamon that was what he tasted. That and heat and musk, just sinking right into him. He kept one hand wrapped around Selim's waist, the other moved to slide through the long hair. It felt as silky as it looked, soft against his palm.

Humming, Selim moved against him, hands opening and closing against his ass and his cock, rubbing and squeezing. It had him going up on his tiptoes, panting against the pleasure of it. God, Selim was good at this. Much better than Bobby. A shudder went through him -- much much better.

He grabbed Selim's butt, squeezing back. Oh, wow, the gauzy pants were flimsy, and he could feel the heat and softness of Selim's skin under them. He could feel other things, too, in the

front. Selim pressed against his thigh, cock hard and hot against him through two layers of cloth.

Oh, he'd never dreamed he'd be having *this* good a New Year.

He rubbed against Selim and stroked their tongues together, moaning into the kiss.

"I think," Selim panted when they broke for air. "That we need to be rid of these." His sweats slid right off and landed at his feet. Plop.

"Yeah, this, too." He pulled off his t-shirt and then slid his hands inside Selim's vest, pushing it off the wide shoulders, fingers dragging over the lovely, warm skin.

"Mmm. There. Right there." Those muscles shivered under the fine skin as his thumbs rubbed Selim's nipples.

He did it again and then he grinned. Selim was good, probably way more experienced than him, but he wasn't a shrinking virgin. "I bet I know what would be better." Holding Selim's dark eyes, he leaned in and wrapped his lips around one nipple.

Back arching in a tight arc, Selim grunted and wiggled for him, holding his head right there so his lips and tongue could work that little bit of flesh. Goosebumps rose on Selim's skin. Someone liked that a lot.

He slid his hands beneath the waistband of Selim's flimsy pants, grabbing a double handful of that ass, and squeezing as he played with Selim's nipple. Hard, soft, slow, fast, he bit and nibbled and flicked his tongue across it, changing the sensations so Selim wouldn't know what was coming next. He got growls and whimpers, wiggles and squirms. Selim stroked him, petting his hair and his neck, fingers strong and firm.

He slid his lips over to Selim's other nipple, pretty sure he'd get the same reactions over there. He did, and he set to his task eagerly, rubbing his cock against Selim's thigh, the gauzy material almost painful against his cock.

"Need to..." Something guttural and foreign came out before Selim pushed him away and stripped off the harem pants before almost climbing him, humping like crazy.

He stumbled back, going down hard on the bed, Selim's body landing on him, making him oomph. But it didn't stop them, didn't slow them down for a second. He pushed up with his hips, rubbing them together.

Selim bit him, right on his collarbone, bringing the blood up to the surface. That heavy cock rubbed his as the same time, slipping right along it to touch his balls. His whole body jerked and surged up off the bed into Selim as a low, desperate noise came from him. "More."

"Mmmhmm. Yes. More. Now." Selim moved on him, faster and faster, sweat beginning to shine, outlining each and every one of Selim's lean muscles. He could feel that cock leaving wet trails against his, could smell them together.

He put a hand behind Selim's head and brought their mouths together, tongue sliding between Selim's lips as his hips jerked, the pleasure exploding inside him, spunk spraying out of him. Selim's head snapped up, those eyes almost black and very wide suddenly, and Selim came against him too, spattering his cock, balls and thighs with hot come.

He collapsed back onto the bed, hands sliding over the warm skin, loving the feeling of silk covered muscles.

"Oh, that was good." The eyeliner had smudged around Selim's eyes a little, the long hair sticking to both of their bodies anywhere they'd gotten good and sweaty.

He nodded, a silly smile stretching his face. "Yeah. It was. I don't think I could have wished up something that good." He rubbed a thumb beneath one of Selim's eyes, cleaning away the smudged make-up.

"Hey, even we magical dudes need some New Year happy." Selim sighed. "I really gotta go, though. Did you still want a wish?"

"Can I save it for later?" And could he rub the lamp again even if he didn't have a wish?

"Sure. Just remember. Don't abuse the privilege. Bad things can happen if you rub the lamp too much, okay?" He got a sweet kiss, and then smoke poofed out of the lamp, and Selim was all dressed again, hair and make up perfect.

"Okay." He reached out and touched Selim again. "Thanks for making it a good start to my New Year."

"No problem." Selim grinned suddenly, wide and white. "I enjoyed it. See you around."

And with a dramatic flourish and a flash of light, Selim was gone, the only reminder that he'd been there the smoke alarm, which was going off like crazy.

Warren dragged a chair over and popped out the batteries, but his mind was on other things. Like how to best use his wishes to keep Selim with him as long as possible.

Chapter Two

Warren didn't know what to wish for.

He'd think of something and then reconsider. It was only three wishes, after all, he had to make sure they really counted.

He was going to wish for Selim to stay with him forever, but he wasn't sure if that was allowed, and when he thought about it, he decided that having someone with you because they *had* to be wasn't the best thing ever.

He wanted Selim to want to be with him. Besides, what if after a date with the guy, he hated Selim? Okay, so that wasn't likely, given how he was feeling right now, but it still didn't seem like a good idea.

He waited three whole days before he rubbed the lamp again, and it had been hard to wait that long. Really hard. He wondered how often was the 'too much' that made bad things happen. He wondered what Selim meant by bad things. He would ask.

He got dressed up this time. Good jeans, a nice dove grey shirt that brought out the blue in his eyes. Brushed his teeth, used some mouthwash. Then he sat on his bed with the lamp and rubbed it firmly on both sides.

This time there wasn't a message, or even smoke and lights. Just Selim appearing, right in the middle of his room, scaring him half to death when he saw that lean form out of the corner of his eye. He must have jumped a foot off his bed. "Oh, man, I was expecting you to appear over here."

"Sorry. I'm a little tired. The whole directional thing is beyond me." Selim looked... dull. His skin and hair seemed flat and lifeless, and his eyes looked like holes in a blanket.

He went over to Selim and tugged the genie over to the bed. "Sit down before you fall down. You look sick -- are you okay?" Oh man, is this what Selim meant by bad things? But this was the first time he'd rubbed the lamp since, well the first time he'd rubbed the lamp.

"Oh, it's not you." Selim smiled and sat. "There's this kid, all of fifteen, who found his dad's genie bottle. I swear, he's been running me ragged."

Warren went to his little dorm fridge and pulled out a couple of coolers he still had from New Year's Eve. He opened them and handed one to Selim. "He been making big wishes?"

"Long, involved ones. And he doesn't realize it. He just has a teenaged boy's dreams." Sniffing the cooler, Selim shrugged and took a drink, humming happily at the taste. "Oh, that's nice. Back in the day I couldn't drink alcohol."

"Oh? Did they change the rules?" He drank some of his own. Yeah, it was good. Still better than beer, anyway. Long involved wishes... he hadn't thought of making the wishes long and involved...

"Please don't. I like the straightforward kind. I mean, I don't mind a challenge, but I'm exhausted."

Warren tilted his head. "You can read my mind? You did it last time, too, didn't you? Only I didn't really notice and then thought I'd imagined it -- but I didn't say that out loud."

"Only if it's loud. Then I can hear you clear as day." Oh, Selim leaned against him, feeling heavy and good, that amazing hair spilling down his arm.

He put his drink down on the floor in favor of touching Selim. "I don't have a wish yet," he admitted softly. "But I have questions, does that make it okay?"

"Of course." There was an odd note in Selim's voice, kind of like laughter, but it didn't seem malicious.

"What did you mean by bad things would happen if I rubbed the lamp too often?" Because damn, he wanted to rub that thing more often than he wanted to rub himself -- and that was a lot.

"It could mean a lot of work for me, like now. It could mean a kind of addiction for you, like magical feedback. Hell, it could mean you use up your wishes and pine for me forever." Those long, black eyelashes batted for him.

He giggled. God, Selim was like no one he'd ever known. "Maybe I'm willing to take that risk." Maybe he was already addicted. He knew he wanted to kiss Selim again, see if the genie tasted as good as he remembered.

His head tilted and he leaned in. Selim let him, touching his shoulder, pulling him close and opening up for him so he could get the flavor. The sweet and savory spices were just as he remembered, and he moaned, fingers moving over the warm, exposed skin. He definitely approved of the genie uniform. Easy access. Yeah. Selim's nipples were just as sensitive as he remembered, too, his every touch making Selim jump and groan.

He pushed Selim down onto his back, climbing onto the supine form as their kisses deepened.

"Mmmm. Oof." Selim laughed, breath whooshing out as his knee hit a sensitive spot.

"Oh, sorry." He shifted, put his knees on either side of Selim's thighs. Oh, that was better, their cocks pushing, rubbing through their clothes.

"No, it's good. That's...uhn. Good." It had to be good, the way Selim was wrapping around him and all, just loving on him.

He pushed his tongue in and out of Selim's mouth, loving the taste and the heat, his thumbs playing with Selim's nipples. Selim arched and moaned, hard as anything under those silky pants. Wow. So pretty.

He figured that without the rush of New Year's Eve, they maybe had more time, so he explored.

He discovered that Selim tasted good everywhere -- all variations on the same flavor, but more cinnamon along his neck, cardamom in the dip of his collarbone.

The pretty nipples were hard and tight when he got to them, like they were begging for his touch. He liked that and he gave it, licking and biting. The noises Selim made were deep, guttural, almost obscene, but so damned exciting. And when Selim touched him back, oh man it felt good. Those fingers stroked over his neck, his cheeks, down over his chest, finding all the good spots.

"Less clothes," he murmured, not caring just right now if Selim took it as a wish or a request. He just wanted naked, skin on skin. His fingers skated across Selim's amazing abs, circled the pretty, little navel.

He felt Selim's huff of a chuckle before Selim leaned and licked at his throat, hands on his hips. They were rocking, just pushing back and forth, swaying to some music he couldn't hear. God, it was good, so good.

He pulled off his t-shirt and opened his jeans before he got distracted by the way Selim's cock pushed at the flimsy pants. There was a wet spot where the tip leaked onto the material and, with a moan, Warren bent and took just the head between his lips, sucking.

"Uhn." He got a one-two punch with Selim's moan and the way those hips rolled, showing him how much Selim liked that. Which was a lot. Really.

He slid his tongue across the very tip of Selim's cock, wondering if the gauzy material was that scrappy on the inside -- it didn't hurt his tongue, but he was feeling it. He tugged at the waistband, pulling the pants down over Selim's hips.

"Yes. You need to get these clothes off, too. Why didn't you wait for me naked?" Selim growled, tugging at his pants, grumbling.

Warren helped work them off, blinking at the suggestion. "I didn't want to presume..." They hadn't even had a date after all, and he didn't want to be rude and just assume they were going to fuck.

"Well, assume from now on." Face set in determined lines, Selim got rid of the rest of their clothes, getting them skin-to-skin and pushing them down on the bed. Selim crawled atop him and rubbed, eyes closing and head falling back. All that lovely hair fell around him like a curtain and he slid his fingers through it, amazed again at how silky soft it was. Almost as silky soft as the heated flesh that slid along his own. Almost.

With a groan, he spread his legs and dug his heels into the mattress, giving himself leverage as he started humping up against Selim.

"Harder. More." Selim's voice was needy and Warren wasn't sure whether that was the humping or the hair pulling, but either one worked for him.

He slid one hand down to push against Selim's ass, increasing the friction as they humped together. He tugged Selim's hair with his other hand, pulling the genie into a kiss.

"Mmm." There. Yeah, that was the deep sound he needed, one that told him how happy Selim was with the situation. Selim bit at his lower lip, really making it sting.

His cock jerked, liquid leaking from the tip. It made their pricks really glide together, the heat along his belly, against his cock and his balls, enough to have him crying out, getting really close to coming already.

"Smell good. Hot. So alive. Come for me, sweet." Sweet. Selim was calling him pet names now. Wow. And humping him like a dog in heat. Woo.

He dove into Selim's mouth, tongue pushing and sliding with Selim's, and he could feel the pleasure getting so big. His cry was muffled by Selim's mouth as he came, great spurts of come pushing, shooting between their bellies. Selim's eyes went wide, the pupil dilating impossibly before Selim came for him, too, all heat and man, smelling like the most expensive eastern musk.

He wrapped his hands around Selim's waist, holding on tight as their lips moved together, tongues sliding slowly.

"Mmmm." This time the happy noise came slowly, more like a purr. "Oh, I needed that."

"Yeah? Cool." He hugged Selim tight. "I know what I want my first wish to be now."

"Yeah?" That dark head lifted, Selim blinking slow. "What would you like?"

"I wish I could spend more time with you."

A wide smile crossed Selim's face, seriously mischievous. "Okay, but I have to warn you, my living space is tiny."

"Is it too late to specify here? I was hoping we could go out for supper and stuff." Like dates.

"Oh, well, it's your first wish. I can cut you some slack. But I'm not used to uh...modern clothes."

"But you'll wear them for me?" At best they'd get laughed at if they went out with Selim wearing the genie get up.

"Sure. Oh, and we have to take the lamp. I have to have it with me." He got a shrug. "Sorry."

"Okay." It didn't seem like a huge inconvenience. "We'll put it in a bag." He grinned up at Selim. "Do we get to start right away?"

"Is it an official official wish? I need to have it all nicely worded and stuff." Selim touched his cheek. "Since you edited a bit."

He nuzzled into the touch. Yeah, it was an official wish -- he wanted to spend more time with

Selim; he really liked the genie. "I wish we could go on some dates together in the real world with you wearing normal clothes and kisses and stuff."

"That's a very fine wish," Selim said, nodding. "Consider it done."

The day after he'd made his first wish, the lamp had beeped at Warren, and when he'd picked it up, it beeped again and a recording started. "Be ready for your first wish to begin at six p.m." Then the lamp beeped again, and that was it.

Warren would have appreciated knowing where they were going. Was he supposed to dress for dancing or a movie or a casual dinner?

He told himself he was over-thinking it. For all he knew, Selim would be expecting him to come up with where they were going. After all, technically, he'd asked Selim out. He chewed on his lower lip, wondering what "some" was going to translate as. It had to be at least three. He should have specified. But he didn't want to be too greedy and hadn't been sure at what point he'd have overstepped the boundaries of the wish.

He shook his head at himself. Definitely over-thinking.

In the end he went with a clean, pretty, new pair of jeans and a navy turtleneck. He brushed his hair and his teeth, and wore his good sneakers. He checked his watch. Almost six. Good. He was ready and his leg was going to fall off if he bounced it for much longer.

Oh God, what if Selim believed in being fashionably late? Were genies fashionable?

Man, he just wanted this date to *start*.

A flash of light, this time like a purple strobe with kinda red sparklies in it, burst out of the lamp, along with a cloud of smoke that seemed to take over his whole dorm room, the cloud so deep and full that it was disorienting, making his head spin. Incense and perfume made him cough, and the world spun, and when he could finally open his eyes he found himself supine on a couch, or a lounge thingee, surrounded by silk hangings in jewel tones.

He half sat, using his elbows to raise himself up. "You genied my room!" His roommate was going to kill him if he came back tomorrow and found the place like this.

"No exactly, sweet." Wow, Selim was all done up, too. His vest was gone; Selim's chest was bare and oiled, gold dust sparkling there, the nipples looking like they had rouge on them. That pretty hair was loose, but little braids were sprinkled through, tied with silk ribbons.

Suddenly whether or not his room was genie-fied didn't seem important. Not important at all.

Warren swallowed and stood, eyes not knowing where to rest -- he wanted to look at it *all*.

"You're not... I mean you can't... You'll be cold," he finally finished, deciding he didn't really

care if people laughed -- he *liked* the way Selim looked. Liked it a lot. He adjusted himself in his jeans, so his cock stopped digging into his zipper -- he should have worn underwear.

"We're not going out. We're staying in." The scent of something amazing came to him, succulent meat and herbs. "I made a tagine. I so rarely get to entertain..." So hopeful, that look, with Selim bouncing on his toes.

"Oh! Your place!" God, he was thick. But who could blame him for being a little adlepatated with Selim looking like that? Selim had to be the sexiest thing he'd ever seen.

"I hope you don't mind, but I wasn't sure I was up to people tonight." He got a kiss, sweet as pie.

He cuddled in close, stealing another kiss. "I don't mind at all. It smells *amazing*."

And Selim looked so hot.

"Good." Selim beamed and pulled at his turtleneck. "We should make you more comfortable before the hors d'ouvres."

He giggled, letting Selim pull the shirt off. "If I'd known I was coming here I'd have worn less."

"Yes. Always too many clothes." Nuzzling his throat, Selim licked his skin, tasting where the turtleneck had made him sweat a little.

He hummed, hands reaching for Selim's waist, the skin warm and good under his fingertips. "I'll try to wear less," he promised.

"You look good without them. The clothes I mean. Oh, mmm." Oh, man, Selim was in a horny mood, wiggling and rubbing against him. "You like chicken and golden raisins I hope."

"Uh-huh." He wasn't sure he'd ever had chicken and raisins together, but it smelled good and really, he wasn't worrying about food right now. His fingers found the reddened nipples and he plucked at them.

Damn, Selim never let him down on that one. He could pretty well see Selim's cock through the filmy pants and it jumped for him even as Selim moved. "Remind me to dance for you," Selim panted. "You'll like that."

"Okay." But right now that wasn't hands-on enough for him. He wanted to touch and be touched, and kiss and... He moaned into Selim's mouth, his fingers sliding over glitter covered muscles.

A soft chuckle landed against his mouth, Selim moving on him nice and hard. "You want this kind of appetizer first, huh?"

He nodded. "You're so sexy. Really sexy."

"You think so? If you do, I'm happy. I'll be happier when these go. Watch me do my Bewitched impression." Selim nodded and blinked and damn but Warren's pants were gone.

His mouth dropped open and then he laughed. "That's a great trick!" He had to use good old fashioned work to get rid of Selim's pants, but it wasn't a problem, they went down over Selim's hips just like that.

Selim stretched and laughed. "I'll have to put them back on to serve you. It's part of the schtick."

"I thought this was the schtick," he said, reaching out to grab Selim's hard-on.

"No, no, that's the club. Give me some credit." Modest, too. Of course, the guy kinda had a point. Heavy, thick, Selim's cock jutted against his palm.

He stroked it nice and slowly, nodding. "My appetizer, right?"

"Oh. Uh-huh. You bet. It's best of you lick it. Slowly." Selim groaned and moved into his hand, then back, over and over again.

"Like this?" he asked, going down onto his knees and licking at the tip.

"Just...just like that, sweet. I like that." Yeah, he could see that, see the way Selim's body shook and the way that skin flushed a deep rose beneath the burnt gold.

He licked again and then wrapped his lips around the head, sucking gently, wanting a little taste.

"Oh!" When he glanced up Selim was staring back down at him, those kohled eyes wide and dazed. "Oh, again. Please."

He grinned and then turned his attention back to the hot flesh in his mouth. Go him, making Selim beg. His lips tightened around Selim's cock again, tongue playing with the underside of the head, exploring the ridges, the shape. And there suddenly was the taste he'd been searching for, a drop or two leaking from Selim's slit, the flavor sharp and strong on his tongue.

Lean hips moving, Selim started to push in and out of his mouth, hands cradling his head. Someone was getting greedy. He put his hands on Selim's hips to still them and pulled off the pretty cock. "This is my appetizer and I want to savor it -- take my time."

"Oh." Breathless and hot to the touch, Selim nodded. "All right. Yes. I...yes. Sorry."

"It's okay. I just don't want it to be over too fast."

He went back to licking and sucking, not taking too much of Selim in -- taking his time and making it last, just like he'd said. Selim grunted and cussed, or at least he thought it was cussing, but he couldn't really understand the language. The petting he understood, that and the stroking and the humping.

He finally gave in to Selim's need, and his own, really, his cock hard and bobbing just from the taste and feel of Selim's cock in his mouth. He slowly took Selim all the way down, and then his head started bobbing, his fingers tugging on Selim's hips now, encouraging the movements he'd stopped earlier.

Now he got the words, too. "Yeah. Oh. Yes. Warren. Please, more. That feels...oh, it'd been a hundred years at least." A hundred years? It had never occurred to him that Selim was that old, but that old or not, a hundred years without a blowjob? That sucked. So to speak.

He sucked, too, but in the good way, sucked harder and bobbed his head and tried to make it really good for Selim. It must have worked, because within seconds Selim came for him in hard, short bursts, right on his tongue. Salty and bitter, Selim still tasted like nutmeg and cinnamon, making it unique.

He swallowed it down and then sucked a little bit longer, enjoying the way Selim slowly softened on his tongue. Then he let Selim's cock slide away and smiled up, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Thanks. That was a *great* appetizer."

"Uhhmmnh?" Look at that floppy head! Selim's hair almost touched the floor and that lean throat worked as Selim panted, sweat pooling in the hollow where it met Selim's chest.

Oh, wow. From the hair to his throat, and the long body he was looking up at, that was sexy. Warren moaned a little and stood to rub himself against Selim, his cock hard against Selim's thigh.

"Mmm. Time for you to get a bit of relief before supper, huh?" Warm and firm, Selim's hand closed around him, pulling, thumb rubbing hard against the underside.

He groaned, pushing into the touch. "Yes, please. Or I won't... Oh, yes there... enjoy the f..food."

"Hey, we can't have that. I slaved over that stuff on a hot brazier. You know?" Laughter and lust mingled as Selim stroked him off, urging him on with soft words and strong touches, making him feel like a million bucks. Like the most special man in the world.

"You didn't make it with magic?" he managed to ask, and didn't that make him feel even more special? Like he was important enough to take the time for. Moaning, his hips jerked, pushing his cock along Selim's palm.

"It doesn't taste as good when I do that. Come for me, Warren. Now." Like the command was attached to a string around his cock, it pulled at him, forcing everything up out of him. He cried out, hands grabbing onto Selim's shoulders as his spunk poured out of him, the pleasure making his knees buckle.

"Oh, pretty. You're pretty when you come." Selim kissed him, smiling against his mouth, seeming so happy to please him. "Now come and sit and let me feed you. I have dates and almonds to start."

"Oh, that sounds good." He followed Selim to a low table with cushions spread out around it. He sat on the big, red cushion. It was really soft against his ass, though he had to admit to feeling a bit strange, eating naked.

"Looks good, too." Wow, that glance out of the corners of Selim's eyes made his cock jump a little. "You like dates? These are stuffed with pineapple and then grilled."

"Really? I've only ever had the little, dried ones. In like date squares from the cafeteria." And he had to admit, they weren't exactly inviting. But Selim's version sounded yummy. And a little bit sexy. If food could be sexy.

"Date squares. Yikes. We can do better than that." One popped right into his mouth off Selim's fingers and oh, that was tasty. Sweet and warm and like brown sugar.

He thought maybe he liked dates a whole lot. Hell, he thought maybe he'd like date squares if Selim was the one feeding them to him. He hummed over the taste and nodded happily at Selim.

"See? Told you." Okay, he could even handle Selim sounding that smug.

"Can I have another one?" he asked, opening his mouth.

"Sure!" This one he got with a bonus, Selim's mouth closing over his after he'd chewed and swallowed. Tongue tracing his lips, Selim gave him a sweet, hot kiss, nice and long.

He moaned, mouth opening wide for Selim, his cock taking a definite interest. Man, he'd never had a meal like this. He was pretty sure he liked it a whole lot.

"Mmm. Ready for the next appetizer? It's kind of spicy, and yummy on bread. Hummus. We'll both eat it so we both have garlic breath."

He giggled and nodded. "I'm ready for whatever you have for me."

A soft piece of pita bread touched his lips, and when he chewed it the earthy, spicy hot flavor of chickpeas and garlic exploded in his mouth. Selim popped a piece, too, humming happily.

He licked his lips when he was done, searching for every last bit of the flavor. "Is there more?"

"There is. See what it does when we kiss?" He got another kiss, and man, this one heated up until he was panting, until Selim pulled back and gave him a drink of something cool and fruity.

"How many courses are there?" he asked, because he wasn't sure how many he was going to survive. It was just so good. Man, going out to dinner was going to pale next to this.

"Oh, just these and the tagine and a dessert. How do you feel about almond pastry with honey?" That smile. It was wicked-wicked.

"I don't know, but it sounds like it might just do me in. I can't wait." He grinned back at Selim, happy and horny and thinking this was the best date he'd had. Ever.

"Happy?" Selim asked, stroking his cheek. "I want your wishes to go well. I really do."

He nodded, nuzzling into the touch. "This wish is going really, really well. Really."

"Oh, good. Here. More hummus."

Nearly a half hour later they got to the tagine, and by that time he was writhing on the cushion with Selim straddling him, fingers tracing his lips, sharing kisses. Selim had even licked hummus off his belly.

"I'm never going to survive the tangine." He was going to enjoy every minute of it though. Every damned minute.

"Sure you are. If you expire before the main course I'll never forgive you." Looked like Selim could do serious, too. That was kinda hot.

"I'll do my best." He leaned up and took a kiss, the flavor of Selim better than all the food he'd had this evening, good though it all was. "I don't want to miss a minute of this."

"Nope. I'm amazing." Selim finally got up, leaving him wanting that skin-to-skin contact. But the plate of food Selim brought back smelled so good that he couldn't complain. The distinctive yellow of saffron was mixed with chicken and rice, golden raisins, and what looked like olives and apricots.

He breathed in deeply. "I never knew eating could be so sensual," he admitted.

"Oh, I love food. Textures, scents. Heightens everything. And to be able to eat real food again..." Those clever fingers fed him a piece of the fruit.

He closed his eyes, enjoying the flavor on his tongue. "What do you mean to be able to eat real food again?"

"Well, you wished in the food when you said you wanted to go out to supper with me. I don't really need real food." The wistful tone let him know Selim liked it, though.

"Don't need real food? That doesn't sound like very much fun at all." Especially for someone who obviously enjoyed it as much as Selim did. "We'll have to do it again."

"We will. Next time we'll go out, but for you this is away from home, so technically it counts." Another piece of fruit dropped into his mouth, along with some amazingly tender chicken.

He moaned, the food just melting on his tongue. "Oh, this is better than any place I could think of." He was pretty sure there wasn't a restaurant *anywhere* that let you eat naked.

"We'll have fun no matter what." Selim grinned and dribbled a little of the sauce over his chest and bent to lick it off. "Mmm. Tastes even better."

He whimpered. "Can I try that?"

"Sure." With a wide smile, Selim flopped back on a purple pillow, spreading his arms and legs. Oh. Oh, oh, oh. So pretty. Selim had smooth, dark skin, and the flattest, yummiest ridged belly.

He poured a spoonful of the sauce onto Selim's belly and leaned in, slowly licking it off. Oh, wow. The sauce tasted good, but with Selim's skin added to the mix, it became totally amazing. Moaning, he took his time, licking every inch of skin on Selim's belly, saving the navel for last.

Low, growly and happy sounds came to him as Selim wiggled and stretched. "You have a great mouth."

He beamed up at Selim. "Well you have a great body."

"Do I? I try to keep in shape." Those looong eyelashes batted for him, one of Selim's best looks. Amazing. Selim dipped one finger into his own navel and then held it to Warren's lips. "More?"

"Yes, please." He wrapped his lips around Selim's finger, watching the dark eyes as he sucked.

They went even darker for him, widening as Selim shivered and moaned. "So good."

He sucked harder, moving to cover Selim's body with his own, not caring about the sticky mess between them. Selim wrapped right around him, arms and legs both, and clung. They shared an amazing kiss, long and leisurely and full of tongue. Selim's cock rubbed against him, hard and hot, leaving a wet trail.

He thought maybe he could stay here with Selim for a very long time, kissing and licking and rubbing, occasionally feeding each other. His hips humped to match Selim's movements, the glide of heat on heat making him shiver.

"Oh. Love it. Good." Selim's hand settled on the small of his back, thumbs rubbing at the base of his spine.

He arched up into that touch. "Yeah, feels so good." He nodded, and took Selim's lower lip between his lips, tugging on it.

"Mmmrrr." They just forgot about the food altogether, kissing and humping madly, Selim squirming just enough to provide all the friction he could stand.

His fingers dug into Selim's muscles as he held onto the strong arms, holding tight, body undulating. "Oh, God, Selim. Selim!"

"Not. Just a genie..." That laugh he could hear every day and be a happier man. When Selim pushed at him he went, slipping back to his own cushion as Selim grabbed one of those delicate, Egyptian, glass bottles.

"What's delicacy is that?" he asked, fingers moving to stay in contact with Selim's warm skin.

"That? Is the oil I'm going to use to ease your way into my body, sweet. You're going to enjoy this." Uh-huh. He was. That was...wow.

He'd only ever done that with someone once before, and he'd been the one being done to, and he couldn't quite believe Selim wanted him to do that. Except that it was happening here and now and... he moaned and pressed their lips together, tongue pushing into Selim's mouth.

Selim kissed him, let him take long, slow ones, lips moving on his. Then Selim pulled away and grabbed one of his hands. "Here. I'm going to get a couple of your fingers good and wet, and then you're going to stretch me. Okay?"

He nodded -- he knew how it worked.

He watched at Selim oiled up his fingers, making them shine like the muscles of Selim's chest did. That had Warren bringing his fingers to his nose, wondering if it was the same oil, but it smelled slightly different, duskier.

They rearranged themselves on the bed, Selim on his back, long legs spread as Warren lay next to the sexy genie. He slid his fingers behind Selim's balls.

Selim wiggled, opening right up to him. "That's it, sweet. I'm not one for being tentative. I want you inside me. Now."

He found Selim's hole, the skin around it wrinkled and so very hot, and two of his fingers pushed and then sank right as far as they could go. It made him gasp, as hot as Selim's skin was, inside he was much hotter.

Spine arching, Selim moaned for him, the sound one of complete pleasure. Almost agonized. "Yeah. Oh, yeah."

He pushed his fingers in and out and spread them, amazed at the heat and silkiness inside Selim's body.

"Uhn." Selim just grunted and pushed, greedy as anything. Sweat and oil shone on Selim's body, highlighting those pretty muscles.

He pushed in another finger, a little amazed that Selim could stretch wide enough to fit them. Of course Selim was going to stretch wide enough to fit around his cock... The thought made Warren whimper and he pushed harder, fingers hitting a small bump inside Selim.

"Again!" Growling, Selim pressed down on him, demanding. "Again. Warren. That feels so good."

He pushed deep again, finding that same spot and getting the same reaction, maybe even a bit more of a reaction. He did it another time, and then another, loving every noise and movement Selim made.

"Okay. Okay, stop teasing and fuck me. I can't take it anymore." Rising up, Selim pulled off his fingers and grabbed his cock, pumping it and slathering it with oil. "Need."

He hadn't been teasing, but he could go with the moving on. Selim's thumb brushed across the tip of his cock. Oh yes, he could so go for that.

He got onto his knees between Selim's legs, breath coming fast and hard as he lined up and pushed against Selim's tiny, little hole. A deep flush spread over Selim's chest and belly, Selim's cock standing high and proud for him. Those almost black eyes never left his face as Selim's hands opened and closed against his hips.

"It's not..." He shook his head; he was never going to fit. And then all of a sudden the resistance gave way, and he sank in until his hips were pressed against Selim's ass.

"Sweet...Oh, I needed you." Selim looked so damned happy, eyes heavy and sultry, mouth bruised and smiling. "Give it to me."

Warren assumed that meant move, and he so he did, whimpering at how good it felt. Oh, God, this was going to be over as soon as it began. He couldn't believe how tight and hot and amazingly good Selim felt around him.

He pulled out until just the head of his cock was being squeezed by Selim's body, and then pushed back in again. God. It was. He did it again. Growling, Selim pulled on him, humping up into his touch. Selim reached down, grabbing his own cock and yanking it, panting as they moved faster and faster.

Selim's body squeezed his cock, made everything bigger, better. Warren was panting now, trying to catch his breath and not even caring that he couldn't. He pushed in harder and harder, the pleasure in his balls growing bigger and bigger and spreading throughout his body.

"Selim!" He cried out as he shot, the pleasure huge.

"That's it. Oh, yeah." Selim came for him, words coming out in something not English. They rocked a few more times before coming to rest, both of them stroking randomly.

When he finally caught his breath again, he gave a long, happy sigh. "Wow. That was... wow."

"Uh-huh. We can do it again in about two and a half minutes..." Laughing, Selim flopped bonelessly underneath him, fingers landing on the back of his neck and stroking, making him shiver.

"Maybe *you* can, I don't think I'm even moving for at least ten."

"Okay, twenty minutes then." He got a very serious look. "Are you enjoying your wish?"

"Oh, yes! Very, very much. Are you?"

"I *am*." That cat that ate the canary look said it all, Selim putting his hands behind his head and sighing. "Food, sex, your company... it's like being a man again."

"How long have you been a genie?" he asked, resting his chin on his hand on Selim's chest, smiling up into the lovely eyes.

"Um... A while?" One long-fingered hand reached out and snagged a fig. "Since the uh. Third crusade?"

"Wow. That means you're... ah... well. Really old." Of course Selim didn't look really old. Or feel it. At all.

"Yeah, well, that's part of the gig. Never age, yadda yadda. Sometimes it's great. Sometimes it's the pits." Shrugging, Selim ran one leg up Warren's back.

"It would be hard to watch the people you cared about grow old. Are you even allowed to have lovers?" Maybe him wanting more from Selim than just three wishes was moot from the start.

"Well, that depends, doesn't it? On who owns the lamp. Would you like dessert?" Selim said it all lightly, but Warren felt like he had ventured into touchy territory. Weird.

He let it drop, for now at least. "Dessert sounds good."

Then he grinned and licked at one of Selim's nipples. "Of course I feel like I've already had it."

Selim shivered, goosebumps rising on that fine skin. "Oh, do that again. So sensitive."

Laughing, he did. He was discovering that Selim was a very sensual guy. It was a shame Selim didn't seem to get to do this very often. Warren hummed and leaned a bit to reach the other nipple, licking it as well. God, he loved the way Selim reacted to everything he did.

"I like it when you do that. Can you tell?" Heck yes he could tell, the way Selim moaned and wriggled and pushed into his touch. It was kinda obvious.

Nodding, he licked again, tongue swirling around Selim's left nipple again and again. Oh, this was better than any dessert Selim could come up with.

"You just think so. I told you, there's honey cake. You'll like it. You can even use me as a plate."

"Oh, that does sound good." Especially the using Selim as a plate part. He wriggled against his favorite plate.

"See? Dessert is our friend."

The honey stuff was amazing. He had to give Selim that. And with the salty taste of skin beneath it? Woo.

He ate quite a bit of it, making sure to lick and slurp Selim's skin as he ate. He wasn't sure which he liked better, the sweet honey cakes mixed with Selim's skin, the taste of Selim's come, or the pure spiciness he found in Selim's mouth.

"I like it all. My turn!" Rising up, Selim tossed him like a wrestler so that he bounced on the bed, then rubbed a sticky piece of pastry over his cock.

He whimpered, seeing exactly where this was going and liking it a lot. Even if the Selim reading his mind thing was still a bit odd. But soon he didn't care about that at all, just about the things Selim's mouth was doing to his cock.

And oh, what Selim did. That mouth cleaned him thoroughly, tongue slipping up and down and round and round to catch every bit of honey. Selim moaned all the while, really going to town like he really, really liked what he was up to.

Warren grabbed onto the sheets, as he figured Selim wouldn't appreciate having his hair yanked, and tried not to hump up into Selim's mouth too much. It wasn't easy though, his hips wanted to move so badly.

Selim laughed, cupping his ass with both hands and encouraging him on, letting him take what he needed. The only downside to that was Selim still held a pastry in one hand. He soon forgot about his sticky bum though, as he humped up into Selim's mouth, his cock pushing all the way in. Selim swallowed around the tip and his eyes opened wide, a strangled noise coming from him.

"Mmm," was what he heard out loud, but in his head he swore he heard Selim say, "Come on, sweet. Come on."

And he did, body bucking, shaking as he spilled himself down Selim's throat, soft whimpers coming from his own. He collapsed back onto the bed, panting, limp, convinced he was never going to move again. Ever.

Selim nuzzled his belly, then laughed, turning him over and peeling the pastry off his ass. "Sorry about that."

"Huh? Oh. Ick." He giggled and reached out to touch Selim, fingers sliding lazily through the long hair. "It's okay -- you can lick me clean."

"I can. I like honey. And you. And you and honey." Selim laughed harder, pinching his butt. "I'm a little punchy."

He squeaked at the pinch. "Seems to me you're pinchy -- not punchy." He laughed, too. God, he hadn't felt this good in... well a long time if he couldn't remember the last time. Of course he didn't think he'd come this much ever. And, sex aside, Selim was fun to be with.

They stayed just like that for a long while, wrapped up in each other, Selim's hair covering them like a blanket. Then the lamp seemed to rumble and the room swayed.

Selim sighed. "Damn it. Looks like time is up, sweet. I have to get back to work. Did you enjoy our date?"

He tried not to pout, because dates didn't last forever, and he nodded. "I did. It was the best date I've ever had. Thank you, Selim. Did *you* enjoy it?"

"I did. I really did." One finger traced over his mouth and before Warren could even blink he was back in his dorm room with Selim pressing a lingering kiss to his mouth before turning into smoke and slipping back into the lamp.

"Goodnight, sweet," he heard from the tinny confines of the lamp. "I'll see you next wish."

Thankful his roommate wasn't back before Monday, Warren flopped into bed and sighed. He was going to have to figure out how best to use his remaining two wishes to keep seeing Selim.

But not right now. Right now he was going to sleep and dream of his very own genie.

Chapter Three

The new term started with a bang and Warren found himself with a ton of books to read and two papers due in the third week. He made careful note of the teachers' names so he wouldn't get them again -- because really, what kind of a bastard assigned papers the first week of classes? Even if they were just short two to three pagers.

And then Rocky, his eighties-flashback roommate, decided that Warren was too much of a homebody, or dormbody as Rocky liked to call it, and insisted that they go to one party after another.

There was a keg party at Gamma Alpha Chi one Friday that sort of wound up being a weekender, and an Eighties Mixer the following Friday, and Warren had to admit, the music was fun and easy to dance to, and maybe he didn't quite hate the posters on Rocky's side of the room. Although the hair on the Flock of Seagulls one was still the creepiest thing he'd ever seen.

And that was followed up by a dorm party the next night, at which much booze had been smuggled in and consumed and it had taken Warren three days to lose his hangover.

He'd let Rocky drag him to the GLBT soiree last night, but had begged off the pub crawl tonight. He had to get these papers done and at least partially caught up on his reading or his grades were going to go down the toilet and then his father would stop paying and he'd have to find a job and that would suck.

So he was on his own this evening, twilight making it hard to see and reminding him that he'd skipped lunch and promised himself a pizza and beer for dinner when he finished the first paper. Which he almost had -- go him.

Pizza was about the only thing he liked beer with and he'd managed to pick up a couple of bottles of really dark ale from the local brewer, which he liked way better than the light crap.

He started debating toppings with himself, and realized he wasn't ever going to get his paper finished if he let food distract him now.

"Come on, Warren. Two more paragraphs and your conclusion and you'll be done. Focus."

"Yes, rah rah, go Warren." It wasn't his roommate's voice at all.

He spun around, mouth dropping open when he discovered Selim sitting cross-legged on his bed. "Hi."

"Hiya." All that hair was bundled into a braid and Selim wore a black turtleneck and black pants. He even had flip-flops. The one concession to genie-ness was the eyeliner.

That turtleneck did nothing to hide Selim's muscles and Warren's cock jumped at the sight of him. "I didn't make a wish," he blurted. Oh, nice, way to make Selim feel wanted.

"I know." Making a dramatic hand to forehead motion, Selim sighed. "You don't write, you don't call."

Warren laughed and shoved his chair back, going over to give Selim a big hug and kiss hello. "I've been too busy to figure out a really good wish. And I thought I wasn't supposed to rub on you -- well on the lamp -- if I didn't actually have a wish?"

"Well, not technically..." Kissing right back, Selim held on another minute or so. "Actually I came for your second date. But if you're too busy with homework, I can come back later."

"Oh! I did say *dates* didn't I?" He beamed at Selim, gave his papers a half a second's thought. "No, I'm good. We can do it now."

"Or you could finish it and I could wait, and that way you won't have any guilt..." Selim puckered up and blew him a kiss, reminding him how good Selim was at blowing.

"Well I was going to treat myself to pizza and a beer once I'd finished this first one. And it is almost done..." His eyes were caught on Selim's mouth. He wasn't even sure right this second what his paper was *about*.

"Oh, we could stay in! That is, if your roommate isn't due back..." Bouncing, Selim grinned at him. "And then you could do your paper."

He grinned back, liking the way Selim thought. "He's out on a pub crawl. There's a *lot* of pubs in this town. He might not be back until Monday." He pulled out the flyer for Tonio's Pizzeria and handed it over. "What do you like on yours?"

"I like stuff. Olives. Things not fish."

"Olives on pizza? I'm not so sure about that -- maybe we can get that on half. I like lots of meat -- pepperoni, bacon, ham, and lots and lots of cheese."

"Whatever works. I'm from the Mediterranean, remember. Olives are the staff of life." Mmm. Staffs.

He nodded and considered going back to his paper. But it was distracting, having Selim there, so he jumped back onto the bed, laughing as he made Selim bounce.

"There, that's better, isn't it? Can I have a beer?" That wistful look was back. "I miss beer."

He nodded. "I hope you like local breweries. I'm not very fond of beer, but I like some of the dark ales from the small places."

He got up again and went to the little fridge he and Rocky shared, pulled out a beer. He'd have maybe a sip of Selim's, but really, he only liked it *with* pizza.

"I like beer." Those dark eyes gleamed, watching the beer as he dangled it. "It's been awhile."

"Yeah? Well when the pizza comes you can have the other one, too -- I'll just have a pop." He waved the beer in front of Selim. "What will you give me for it?"

"A kiss? I can really knock your socks off." Well, Selim could knock his socks off anyway. With a thought. But he was more than happy to accept the kiss. Hell, he'd give Selim the beer anyway, as he was sure Selim knew.

He put the beer bottle on the side table and sat cross-legged in front of Selim. "I'm ready for my kiss."

"Come here." Kissing him long and hard, Selim hummed into his mouth, tongue licking at his lips. Selim tasted him more thoroughly than anyone ever had, counting his teeth almost. The kiss had his cock so hard by the end that his balls tingled, drawing right up.

He was almost too addled by the kiss to use his brain, but he managed to think to wriggle his toes and grin. "I seem to still be wearing my socks, Selim."

"Are you? Do I need to try harder?"

Oh, God, Selim trying harder might make him come just from the kisses. He nodded anyway.

Selim tried harder. The next kiss seared him, overheating his brain and making his cock go crazy. Man, oh, man. He whimpered as their lips parted, his mouth trying to follow Selim's.

"How are your socks?" Selim asked, touching his mouth with one hand.

"Still there." He grinned, nibbling on Selim's fingers, feeling kind of stunned.

"Rats. I must be losing my touch." Oh, no. He didn't think so at all.

He shook his head. "I glued them on."

"That's not fair." Winking, Selim settled next to him, stroking his cheek and his neck. "You feel good."

"You make me feel amazing." He nuzzled into each touch, his lips swollen, his cock throbbing.

"Good. I mean, it's my job, but it's also my pleasure, yeah? Give me my beer, and I bet I can make you like that, too."

He laughed, wriggling and trying to get his cock in a more comfortable spot as it pushed against his zipper. He handed over the beer. "I bet it tastes pretty good in your mouth."

"I'm willing to try." The beer popped open in Selim's hand, and Selim took a long drink of it, throat working. Then he got his kiss, and oh, beer tasted better on Selim's lips.

He pushed in closer, tongue sliding into Selim's mouth, searching for more of the taste of Selim

and the beer. He got it, like his wish translated into action. Selim gave him everything he wanted, deep kisses and hard touches, pumping him up and up.

He was so close to coming, Selim bringing him right to the edge so fast. Moaning, he arched, body begging.

"Mmmhmm. Come on, love. Let's take the edge off." One more kiss had him shaking and crying out, coming so hard he saw stars.

He lay in Selim's arms, panting, hands holding on to his very own genie.

"There. Better?" The little shit sounded entirely too happy with himself. He giggled though, Selim delighting him. The orgasms, of course, didn't hurt at all.

"I should order the pizza and then finish that report..." He'd much rather stay right where he was though.

"Mmmhmm. What kind of pizza did you say you liked again?" Slender fingers stroked along his throat and chest, petting him almost absently.

"I like meat." He let his hand slide over the bulge in Selim's slacks. He had to admit, he preferred the easy access the harem pants afforded...

"Well, if we're not going out." The slacks morphed under his hand, becoming thin, purple silk. Just as he was about to get happy with the whole genie outfit being there again, there came a knock on his door.

He jumped off the bed, eyes wide. The front of his jeans had a huge dark patch and Selim was... sexy as hell, but not really appropriately dressed for visitors.

"Who is it?" he called, trying to mime 'change your pants back' to Selim.

"Pizza delivery. You ordered the large deep dish Meat Fiend?"

"But I..." His jaw dropped open and he met Selim's eyes. "You... it..." He shook his head and, ignoring the mess in his pants, opened the door. "Yeah. Thanks. How much?"

"It was paid by credit card," the kid in the Pizza Parlor cap and shirt said with a gap-toothed grin. "Tip and all. Thanks, man."

"Cool." He grabbed the pizza, returned the kid's grin, and closed the door. "That's pretty cool," he told Selim, putting the pizza box on the bed.

Then he started stripping -- soggy underwear and jeans did not make for an enjoyable pizza eating experience. Well, he guessed -- he hadn't tried it before.

"Well, it saves the phone call..." Selim watched him, dark eyes heavy on him as Selim touched himself, running those pretty hands up and down from chest to crotch and back.

The thought that Selim was getting off on watching him undress made his hands stutter a moment. He liked it, though, and for a half second he considered trying to make it more sexy, but that kind of graceful, sexy seduction had never been his forte, and he was pretty sure he'd wind up looking as dorky and awkward as doing it would make him feel, so he just slowed down a little, so it lasted.

He pulled off his t-shirt, too, using it to wipe the excess off his cock and pubes. Then he looked over at Selim again, smiling a little shyly.

"Mmm, pretty, pretty. I like. C'mere. I have an appetizer." Selim did slinky, sexy and graceful really well.

"Won't my pizza get cold?" he asked, trying to keep his lips from twitching. Hell, he was trying to keep from licking his lips at the thought of sucking Selim, because that would blow the tease.

"Nope. I got magic, remember? Who needs a microwave when you have a genie?" The harem pants slid down to pool around Selim's ankles, that hard prick standing high and heavy for him.

He grinned, and moved the pizza over to his desk. Then he crawled up between Selim's legs, eyes on the prize. Selim's cock was dark and full, the tip wet, just begging him to lick it. So he did.

"Uhn." That moan spoke volumes, and Selim's dark-skinned form rippled for him, muscles shifting when Selim thrust toward him, hips rolling.

"Trying to feed me faster?" He laughed softly and licked again, still teasing, but also enjoying the salty taste as it exploded in his mouth and the velvety heat of Selim's skin.

"No more teasing, sweet. I need too much. Please." Selim's hands cupped his head, pulling at him, gentle, but insistent.

Oh, he hadn't meant to make it too hard for Selim. To make up for it, he wrapped his lips around the head of Selim's cock and went down as far as he could, and then started to bob, lips wrapped tight. Growling and grunting, Selim wiggled for him, petted him, loved on him. Yeah. Selim had needed. He could taste how much on his tongue.

He upped his suction and moved his head up and down faster, swiping at whatever skin his tongue could reach as he did it. His hands wrapped around Selim's hips, holding on as he worked to make Selim come.

It didn't take long at all. Before he could even blink Selim was coming, cinnamon-ginger flavor exploding in his mouth. He swallowed it all down, and gave the tip of Selim's prick a little kiss, before smiling up. "Yum."

"See? Appetizers." The smell of hot pizza wafted to him, spicy with sausage and pepperoni. "And the pizza is just ready."

He moved up to give Selim a quick, hard kiss. "Thank you."

Then he went and got the pizza box again, plonking it between them. The cheese was nice and gooey, long strings of it hanging off his piece as he pulled it up. Selim watched him carefully, then grabbed a piece and bit into it, eyes crossing a little like Selim was watching the pizza closely, just in case.

Giggling, he bit into his own piece. Oh yeah, bread, tomato sauce, lots of meat and all that cheese. Simply delicious. He leaned back as he chewed, grabbing the second beer and offering it over to Selim.

"T'ank you," Selim said around a mouthful of cheese. "This is not bad."

"It's great. The cheese is just perfect, almost - but not quite - burn the roof of your mouth hot." He snarfed down his first piece and grabbed a second, starving now that he'd started eating.

Mostly Selim watched him eat, nibbling the meat off his piece, then the cheese, smiling a little. The beer disappeared.

He slowed down when he hit his third piece, grabbing himself some pop out of the fridge and drinking enough to make him burp disgustingly. "Sorry, it goes with the pizza."

"That's quite all right. Back in the day that was quite a compliment." Winking, Selim set the pizza box aside and stretched out, joints popping.

He giggled, watching Selim's body as he moved, his cock perking up happily, and obviously, in his still naked lap.

"Ah. Someone is ready for dessert." That smile was a like a cat licking cream.

He blushed a little, but moved closer. "It's your fault -- you're very tempting." And sexy and pretty damned gorgeous, too.

"I try, sweet." Selim started moving, subtly at first, then more obviously, body writhing for him, doing a horizontal dance.

He moaned softly, his heartbeat throbbing in his cock as it hardened right up. He licked his lips, fingers reaching out to slide over the muscles of Selim's belly as they flexed and relaxed. The way Selim's fingers and toes curled made him smile.

"So when are you going to make another wish?" Selim asked.

"When I can think of one that lets me spend as much time as possible with you." The words were out before he could stop them, but they were true. "Unless you'd rather not spend time with me. I don't want to force you. Are you allowed to... to have someone?" He'd been going to say a lover, but he really didn't want to presume anything.

"I've had you, haven't I?" The grin faded a little, Selim shifting. "I'm not sure about the whole long time love thing..."

He blushed hard this time, stomach sinking a little. "I didn't mean to put you on the spot." God, he was an idiot.

"That's okay. I've just never tried. Oh now, none of that." Grabbing his flagging cock, Selim pulled, tugging him back to hardness.

He gasped as the sensations went through his cock and settled in his balls. It wasn't easy, being turned on and feeling like an idiot at the same time.

The being turned on was winning out. Which wasn't surprising, given there was a naked Selim in his bed, and the guy was jacking him...

"Better. Much better. Now, where were we with dessert? Do you think we need whipped cream?"

"Is that a euphemism?" he asked. Because yeah, he could get behind coming again for dessert. He pushed up against Selim, focusing on how nice it felt to be all snuggled up.

"Well, it could be. But then again, I could summon a can of Reddi-Whip." Patting him with one hand and pulling him with the other, Selim licked his lips and gave him a kiss.

He might have giggled at the thought of spraying whipped cream over each other, but he was too busy moaning. Besides, if it was something that Selim was suggesting they do it was probably pretty damned good. But then if they were going to do that, why stop at whipped cream?

"Well, if you get too much stuff going you'll hurl. We'll leave the food on the plate this time." Pouncing, Selim pushed him to his back and crawled on him sixty-nine style.

He laughed breathlessly, nuzzling at Selim's balls. Oh, Selim smelled so good. That same spice he was getting used to, but with a male musk as well. It made him moan, his mouth opening to take one of Selim's balls in.

"Uhn. That's it, sweet."

That mouth settled right on him, too, Selim giving him such good suction, good heat. Who needed whipped cream or any other garnish?

Moaning, his toes digging into his sheets, he continued to play with Selim's balls, sucking and licking and rolling them in his mouth. Then he slid his tongue up the long, hot shaft. Every motion he made had a twin, Selim sucking at his balls and his cock, making his back arch and his hips roll. His cock was aching and eager for each new touch.

Still, he took his time, tasting and licking and sucking until it felt like he was going to explode, both from what he was doing and what was being done to him. Then, when he couldn't stand it anymore, he took Selim's cock in and sucked hard. A low moan answered him, Selim's lips closing around him and pulling hard, the sensation shooting through his cock and up along his spine. Those great hands cupped his ass and pulled him in harder, helping him move, in and out.

His own mouth sucked, Selim's hips moving the long cock across his tongue, making it a circle of pleasure. He moaned, balls going tight tight.

"Mmmhmm. Mnuh" That was all the encouragement he needed to come, and Selim was right there with him, coming hard into his mouth, cock throbbing on his tongue. He swallowed and swallowed, his hips jerking, his cock pulsing and oh wow. That was incredible.

He went limp on the bed, Selim's prick sort of sliding out of his mouth.

"That was better than honey pudding..." Crawling up his body, Selim curled against him, humming happily. "Good dessert."

"Uh-huh." He kissed Selim and held on. "Better than just about anything I could think of."

"Yeah?" Not even a cat could sound that self-satisfied. "Cool. I can stay while you do your paper..."

"Cool!" He gave Selim another kiss and forced himself to get up. It would be distracting, having Selim stay, but he would risk it, because it was worth it.

He found a pair of boxers though -- no way he was going to be able to actually work on his paper if they were both butt naked. "Do you have a dressing gown?" he asked Selim.

"Uh." Selim snapped his fingers and the little pants and vest were back. "This work?"

It was still pretty distracting, but it was better than all that cinnamon colored skin with nothing at all to cover it. "Yeah, it'll do."

He took one last look and then sat and determinedly looked at his computer. He made a deal with himself. With every sentence he wrote, he could take a look.

And with that kind of incentive, as long as he didn't look too long, he was going to be done in no time.

Chapter Four

January soon moved into February, and Valentine's Day had been awesome for a change. It was a depressing holiday if you weren't part of a couple, and while Warren couldn't exactly say that he was a part of a couple, it was close enough, and he and Selim had celebrated like crazy from about midnight on. The day itself had been super busy for Selim -- who wouldn't want to make a special wish for their sweetheart?

They'd had a couple other dates in February as well, but he'd not seen Selim at all for all of March, and he was starting to feel like he'd given Selim up for Lent or something, and he wasn't even Catholic.

He figured he must have exhausted the plurality of his dates on his first wish, so he was going to have to come up with another wish. He thought and he pondered, and when Rocky told him he was going home for the Easter holiday weekend, he decided on what he needed to do.

He didn't bother with clothes, and worded his wish different ways in his head, trying to make it as specific as possible as he rubbed the lamp.

"You called, Master?" Selim looked almost transparent. Weird.

"Yeah." He tilted his head and blinked, but the effect didn't go away. "You okay?"

That wasn't his fault, was it? It couldn't be. He'd made his wish and that's what all their time together was fulfilling. He wasn't rubbing the lamp for nothing, hadn't done it but twice altogether. Maybe three times.

"Tired. I...I'm in a lot of places. But you I wanted to come for."

"A lot of places? You mean like right this second?" He reached out to touch Selim, curious, and more than a little worried.

Moving away from his touch, but not quite out of his lamp, Selim nodded. "Yeah, I'm on a couple of wishes sweet."

"Oh. Do you want me to call you back some other time for my wish?"

"No, this is fine. I mean, unless you want to wait about a half hour while I rearrange things." Wavering, Selim smiled, his form shimmering.

"Yeah, a half hour's good. It's a big wish. Well, time intensive." He gave Selim a big smile, but started rewording the wish some in his head.

"Well, then give me thirty, and I'm all yours. I'm stretched a little thin right now, as I bet you can see..."

"Yeah, sure. I can wait." He nodded, watching as Selim just kind of... faded.

It gave him the shivers. He didn't like Selim being at the beck and call of who knew how many

people. And he hated that see-through thing. It was creepy, and he didn't think it could possibly be healthy.

He reworked his wish so that the two of them could spend the long weekend at Selim's place, where, if his powers of observation were in working order, Selim was most at ease, instead of making Selim whisk them off to some resort. He also was going to have to put some sort of caveat on the wish that Selim had to ignore the other wishes until his own wish was over. He sure hoped he was allowed to do that.

By the time the clock showed a half hour had passed, his leg was bouncing as he waited impatiently. True to his word, Selim popped out exactly on the half hour, smiling at him and looking much more solid.

"Hey, babe."

"Hey."

He bounced up and wrapped his arms around Selim, tilting his head as he brought their mouths together for a kiss.

"Better?" he asked, though he could see -- and feel -- that Selim was.

"Uh-huh. Much. Man, that whole co-oping a lamp between three little old ladies in Fort Lauderdale? Damn." Selim draped around him, arms on his shoulders.

Oh, he didn't like the idea of sharing Selim with three little old ladies. At all. He leaned against Selim and kissed him again. Those little old ladies couldn't do *that*.

"Oh, ew. No images like that, okay? They're like the witches in MacBeth." He got a grin and a kiss on the nose.

He giggled, glad Selim didn't want that either.

"I have my second wish," he told Selim, not letting go of the genie.

"Shoot." Oh, that was a wicked look. Eyelashes batting and all. Selim was good at those.

"I wish I could spend the long weekend with you -- like a mini-vacation -- just you and me and nobody else is allowed to call on your services -- at the place where it's easiest for you to be, because I wish for this to be a holiday for you, too." There. He hoped it wasn't too convoluted.

Maybe it was, because he would swear he saw Selim's eyes cross. Then Selim nodded, a huge grin crossing his face. "Your wish is my command, Master."

He laughed and bounced on the balls of his feet. "Cool." He waited for them to poof or something.

"Come on." Selim took his hand, and they sort of shimmered, and when they came back to solidity they were... not in Selim's lamp, or alternate realm or whatever. This place was much

more solid. It had stone walls covered with stucco, lots of pillows on the floor, and heavy wood furniture and doors, bound in iron. Warren could hear the tinkle of a water fountain somewhere.

"Oh wow. This is gorgeous!" He moved around, touching the walls and feeling the pillows, which were soft and silky. "You sure this isn't hard on you?" he asked, turning his attention back to Selim.

"Huh? Nope. Part and parcel of the wish. You said to go where I was most comfortable. This is where I grew up." Selim chewed one thumbnail, watching him with dark, worried eyes.

"Really? Oh, cool!" He went over and took Selim's hand. "Show me everything."

"Well, I can't show you the women's quarters, but I can show you the rest." Bouncing now instead of worried, Selim pulled at him, taking him through the greatroom they'd landed in, out an arched doorway and into a courtyard with amazing flowers and citrus fruit trees. Women's quarters? That was okay, though, because he wasn't interested in any women. Just Selim.

"Wow, it's beautiful. Are we in the Middle East?"

"Mmmhmm. Well, sort of. Turkey. Some people consider that Europe in places. I guess." The fountain was beautiful, all ceramic tiles in deep, primary colors. "Did you know that water is a sign of wealth in the desert?"

"Yeah? It's beautiful." He trailed his fingers through the fountain, the water surprisingly cool to the touch. "Are we really *here*? Or is this just like a magical representation?" He still wasn't sure how everything worked.

"We're really here. I mean, I can make it so no one sees us, which I am... I hope that's okay."

He nodded. It might get weird, if people could see them and started asking questions. Like how they got here. "I'm glad you brought me. It's nice to see where you grew up."

"Wait until you see the playroom." Oh, that sounded intriguing. Selim grabbed him again, whisking him inside and along a long hallway.

He looked around as they walked, taking it all in. "Are the other people invisible to us, too? Or is it just really quiet here?" There were hardly any noises either, just the lovely sounds from outside.

"Oh, it's quiet right now. But there are parts of the palace that are busy, busy. Like the kitchens. And I bet the women's quarters are bustling." They turned, then turned again, the procession of halls making him dizzy.

He held on tight to Selim's hand. He'd hate to get separated -- there's no way he'd be able to find his way back... anywhere.

"Oh, like I'd leave you behind. Oh! We should stop here!" A heavy door opened into a cavernous room, and darned if there wasn't a swimming pool in there. Not like a concrete one, but like the fountain, all done with tile.

"Holy shit!" He grinned over at Selim and bumped their hips together. "Can we go skinny dipping?"

"Why would you want me any skinnier than I am?" The look he got was completely deadpan.

He stopped and stared for a moment and then he popped Selim in the arm. "You know what I mean!"

"Ow! No beating the genie unless he asks for it." Suddenly they were both naked. "Last one in is a rotten egg."

He laughed and ran for the pool, gasping as he leapt in, Selim already waiting for him. "You cheated!" he accused, the sensation of the water on his skin wonderful.

"I did? Well, maybe I did, but only so I could see you run naked." Selim snuggled up and put a hand on his ass.

"Things were flopping," Warren noted, rubbing said things against Selim, the genie *so* warm compared to the water. And that hand on his ass... that could stay right there.

"They were. The best kinds of things. You've got a pretty cock." Selim's other hand closed around said cock, rubbing and pulling.

His feet slipped a little on the tile and he pushed closer against Selim, a small groan coming from him. The difference in temperature between Selim's hand and the water felt even better on his cock than it did on his ass. "I like yours, too."

"Oh, good." Just as suddenly as Selim had grabbed him, the little shit let go and started backstroking away from him.

"Hey!" Laughing, he flung himself into the water and started to swim after Selim, doing his best crawl. It put him face-first in Selim's crotch once he caught up, and he nuzzled enthusiastically.

"Mmm. Oh, you're a water baby, aren't you. I love swimming. And stuff." The way Selim's hair moved in the water was fascinating. The way the eyeliner ran was just kind of funny.

"Yeah, me, too." He grinned and licked at Selim's cock before splashing Selim with water and then diving and swimming as hard as he could in the opposite direction.

A shriek of laughter followed him, and so did Selim, that sleek body cutting the water easily. He came up near the end where they'd started, gasping for breath and turning to meet Selim's retaliation head on.

Catching him by the shoulders, Selim used his body to lever out of the water a little, bouncing up to kiss him hard. He wrapped his arms around Selim, holding onto the slim body as one kiss turned into another and then another. The water buoyed them, splashing against them as they kissed.

"Mmm. It's a good thing no one can see us. You could get whipped for fouling the Sultan's pool." Breathless laughter fell on his skin even as Selim started humping him, hips moving in lazy circles.

"Whipped?" His eyes went wide, his hands grabbing hold of Selim's shoulders to push away, even as his own hips automatically met Selim's, joining in the rubbing. "Are you sure that won't happen?" He looked about, biting his lower lip, his body torn between the worry and the pleasure.

"Mmmhmm. I'm good, babe. Trust me. If I can make an old Jewish grandma in Florida look like she had an expensive face lift? I can hide us in my hometown. You were kissing me here." Selim pointed.

He giggled, letting go of his worries. Selim hadn't steered him wrong yet. And with the worry gone, that gave the want full rein and he planted his lips on Selim's, kissing eagerly, rubbing even more eagerly.

"Mmm." Yeah, Selim liked that. Those arms wrapped around and clung, and soon so did Selim's legs, putting their cocks together just so.

Thank goodness for the water, or he'd have fallen for sure, but they were buoyed up instead, Selim's weight seeming almost non-existent, and it was exciting, to be holding Selim up like this. He pushed his tongue in and out of Selim's mouth in an imitation of fucking, his body so hot despite the water.

"Want... the things you make me want." Crawling up just a little bit more, Selim got to where that hot, pretty cock rubbed Warren's belly, and Warren's cock, well, it slid right under Selim's ass.

He whimpered, hips canting automatically to rub the tip of his cock against Selim's hole. It seemed to open for him, to tug him in, and he gasped as he slid in as if they'd spent the last few minutes preparing Selim with lube and stretching.

There were distinct advantages to sex with a genie.

"Mmm. Rowl." That should have been a silly noise, but with Selim it was so genuine it was sexy.

He rolled his hips, the position strange, and the movements might have been awkward but for the water keeping them upright and the fact that it just felt so damned good, nothing else mattered. Selim's body was so hot and so tight and it felt like his cock was going to explode any minute now.

The hottest noises met each thrust, Selim's fingers digging into his shoulders like claws. Selim's head fell back and that heavy, wet rope of hair brushed his hands, slick and cool. Gasping, he latched onto Selim's throat, sucking the water off Selim's spicy skin. He moved faster as he got the hang of it, sliding into Selim's heat over and over again, the water around them making the heat inside Selim seem that much more intense.

"Soon, babe. Soon." Selim rocked on him, moving faster and faster, cock throbbing against his skin. He nodded his agreement. Oh yeah, it was going to be soon. Like right now.

He grabbed hold of Selim's ass to bring him in closer, pushing deeper as his cock throbbed and he came hard. Selim's whole body went tight, that ass clamping down around him, everything else arching and tightening into the prettiest picture ever. Selim groaned loud, swaying against him, then flopping, sinking down into the water.

His hands clutched at Selim, trying to pull him back up out of the water. "Don't drown!"

"Not gonna..." Clinging like a limpet, Selim pulled up and kissed him, brown eyes almost black and dazed as anything.

He smiled and stumbled back until he hit the side of the pool. He leaned against it, smiling at Selim, and holding on. "This is a great start to our vacation."

"Mmmhmm. Really good. And look." Selim waved a hand and the cloudy water around them cleared right up, crystal clean. "No whipping."

He giggled, hugging Selim tight. "Good. That didn't sound like fun at all."

He found himself blinking, his body wanting to nap and he had had to shake himself. "Maybe we should continue that tour. I'd hate to fall asleep and drown."

"We can go take what the Spaniards call a siesta, if you want. There's this room that has an amazing balcony, where you can sleep and see out forever and ever."

"Oh, that sounds nice." He leaned in and kissed Selim gently. "Thank you. So far this is the best vacation ever."

"Your wish, like I said." He got the feeling it was more than that, though, the way Selim smiled at him.

"Do we need to walk there or can you... you know." He waved one hand in the air.

"Oh, I can." There was a sense of vertigo, of wind rushing against his ears, and then pop, they stopped. Luckily they stopped on something soft.

"Is this your bedroom when you're here?" he asked, looking around. It was different from the room in Selim's genie lamp, though with some of the same Middle Eastern influences.

"It was, yeah. I mean, I haven't lived here in a long time." You could see groves of some kind of trees and the jagged outline of some kind of rock formation, and there was more water tinkling away here, quieter than the big fountain.

"Is it lonely?" It sounded lonely, and just the thought had him snuggling in harder with Selim.

"I guess? I mean I see a lot of people. I just don't get to spend any time with any of them." Long fingers dragged up his spine, Selim curling in with him on the silk pillows.

"It's nice having someone special," Warren pointed out, his eyes closing and his body going all loose and comfy against Selim's.

"It is..." There was something there, something he was supposed to be paying attention to, but he was so sleepy.

He could figure it out later. After all, they had four days together.

Smiling against Selim's skin, he gave in to the pull of sleep.

They napped until the sun started to go down and that big balcony Selim had mentioned proved to be the best place to watch an amazing sunset. Selim was right -- you could see forever and they sat together in a chair for a half hour just watching the skyline shift and change.

It was his stomach growling that had chased them from the early evening breeze back into the house. They dressed quickly and went back down the long, winding hallway, Selim pulling him through yet another door, which opened up into a large, sunken room.

They had to go down three steps, the cement floor cool against his feet. There was a low table set with plate after plate of things to eat, surrounded by pillows all around the floor. He let Selim lead him over to the table, checking out the rest of the room.

The walls were done in white, which seemed to be the standard here, bright and cool. Large mosaics covered one wall in blues and greens, and another wall was open onto a garden, the scent of citrus and mint wafting in on a soft breeze. The ever present sound of water trickling could be heard.

It gave off an air of elegant, understated luxury. Understated, but unmistakable.

"You like it?" Selim pulled him down on a pillow, popping some sort of savory pastry into his mouth.

He nodded, chewing happily. "It reminds me of you," he told Selim after he'd swallowed.

He chose a small pastry off the plate closest to him and offered it over.

"Mmm. I love saffron. So tell me about where you grew up," Selim said, stroking his cheek.

He nuzzled into the touch.

"A house in a small town." He grinned. "Pretty normal, really. I have a sister, no brothers."

"Ah. I had..." Selim squinted. "Fifty-two."

He felt his eyes go wide. "Fifty-two? How? I mean... all the same father?" That was quite a feat.

"My father had many wives. I imagine the sons and daughters were not all his, but he liked to say they were."

Wow.

"That must have been strange, growing up with all those sisters and brothers... How do you even keep track of everyone?"

"Oh, I mostly saw my mother's five sons. We hardly ever saw the girls."

A piece of candied citrus came next. He thought it might be lemon.

He took Selim's hand, holding it in his as he licked the sugar from the long fingers. He moaned softly, the sweet underlain with the cinnamon and cardamom taste of Selim's skin.

"Was it weird, not ever seeing girls? And why not? They were your sisters, right?"

"Well, yes, but men and women are strictly separated in the Sultan's house. It's the law. How do you think I got my love for boys?" Giving him a wicked laugh, Selim grabbed his cock and squeezed.

He giggled, hips moving automatically, pushing into Selim's hands. He'd never known anyone like Selim -- so wicked, so irreverent, and so openly sensual, sexual.

His eyes went wide suddenly. "You and your brothers?"

"No! I had many other boys I saw daily. Just no girls."

He giggled and reached over for what looked like a meatball, and popped it in Selim's mouth.

Selim's eyes watered a little and Selim chewed, grunting a little. "S'hot."

"Oh! Sorry!" He grabbed a glass and poured some water into it, handing it over to Selim.

"You didn't know." Those poor eyes were swimming, Selim's nose running. "Wow. Lots of heat. Here, try a little nibble."

"I don't know..." Still, he didn't think there was anything he wouldn't try from Selim's fingers.

He nibbled a bit, gasping at the spice that even that little bit released.

"See? You never know what you'll get around here." Selim had drawn back a little, but moved back to him now, kissing away the sting.

He leaned in, taking a second kiss and then a third before he reached for a treat on another plate.

This one was a little sausage, and he cautiously nibbled a tiny bit himself first. When it proved to be less explosively hot, he offered the suggestively shaped morsel over.

"Mmm. Good." That slick tongue rubbed his thumb, leaving little tingles in its wake.

He licked his lips and leaned close, pushing his tongue into Selim's mouth to share the flavor more fully.

"Mmmm. Yum." Selim drew back, smiling at him. "What next, lover?"

He giggled at how suggested that sounded -- how suggestive everything seemed to sound coming from Selim. And Selim calling him lover had him wiggling, too. "Something a little sweeter?"

"Hmm. A honey almond cake." The little cake floated right up off a tray and hovered between their mouths. "Like this maybe?"

He grinned and nodded, leaning in to bite from his end, eyes on Selim's. He loved how Selim used his magic to make things sexy. He took another bite, a bigger one, hoping to meet Selim's lips with this bite. Wiggling, Selim gave it right up, mouth opening so he could nip that sweet lower lip. The sweet mixed with the savory they'd just had making him gasp a little at the sudden sharpness.

Eating on his own was never ever going to be the same, not after sharing with Selim. He was becoming spoiled.

He liked it.

He let his tongue slide into Selim's mouth, enjoying the flavors as they mixed there. It made him moan softly, his hand reaching to touch Selim's chest.

"Not yet, sweet. Let's go slow, huh?" Oh, the little tease. Selim picked another tidbit. "Sesame bread."

He took a bite, leaving about half for Selim, and shifted away a little -- Selim's heat was just too distracting if they were going to focus on actually eating.

"What was your favorite thing to eat as a boy?" he asked. He could do slow. If he had to.

"Oh, I had many favorites. I was fickle. I loved lemon sweets and hot, sour tagines and apricots and dates and almonds..."

"Are you still fickle?" Warren asked, realizing as he did that Selim's answer meant more than the question about favorite foods warranted.

"No..." Selim's eyes narrowed, and Selim sighed, seeming to turn inward. "I have learned my lesson on that. I promise."

Warren tilted his head, thinking Selim was talking about more than just food, too. He reached out to stroke Selim's cheek. "You got hurt, huh?"

"More than once. And the last few years, few hundred, whatever, have been a lot of owners..." Selim's dark eyes went cloudy. "I wish sometimes, but my wishes are no more than a grain of sand in the desert."

"Oh..." he stroked Selim's cheek again. "Could someone give you one of their wishes?"

"No. I mean, someone could make a wish for me. Did we talk about that before? I mean, I like being a genie." Selim shrugged. "It's no big deal. Try this."

He would have pursued it, but Selim pushed a piece of sausage into his mouth, and then a forkful of green beans with the most interesting sweet-spicy sauce on them. He licked his lips and took a second forkful of the beans, and then fed the third forkful to Selim.

"What's the best thing about being a genie?" he asked.

"I like the magic. I admit it." He got a sweet smile, while Selim rubbed a piece of fruit over his lips.

He couldn't help but smile back, his tongue sliding over the fruit as he licked the juice from his lips. "The magic is pretty cool."

"It is. Even when I am not granting wishes, I can do neat things." They were so relaxed and so happy, and yeah, it was good.

"Like make food float. Some of us have to do it the old-fashioned way. He reached over and grabbed a slice of candied lemon. He put a third of it in his mouth and leaned close to feed Selim.

"Oh, yum. Thank you, sweet. I like those so much." Sharing the flavor with him, Selim kissed him, tongue rubbing along his lower lip.

"Let's have another one then," he murmured, reaching blindly toward the plate.

"Here." An invisible hand guided his, helping him find the right thing to bring to their mouths.

He grabbed two slices, letting the magic continue to guide him, to bring the slices to their mouths. They shared the tart sweet candy, lips sliding together as they ate.

"What's your favorite part of the genie, sweet?" Selim asked when they were done, dark eyes twinkling.

He laughed, fingers sliding over Selim's belly and down to tease across the tented front of Selim's pants. "The way you taste."

"Yeah?" Rolling all the way to his back, Selim put his arms behind his head. "Which part of me?"

"I thought we were taking it slow?" he asked, crawling over Selim's body so he could lick at Selim's lips.

"I changed my mind." Warm and firm, Selim rolled up against him, undulating almost like a belly dancer. Sexy as could be.

Moaning, Warren pressed their lips together, tongue slipping between Selim's so he could taste Selim's mouth. Lemon and sugar, the faintest hint of flavors from the spicier food they'd eaten, but the strongest flavor was cinnamon and Selim himself.

"That's where you like me the best, hmmm?" One thumb slipped across his lips, Selim touching him as if he were the magical one. "I like that, too."

"Oh, you taste good everywhere." Still, kissing Selim was one of his favorite things ever.

"Here?" Selim asked, pointing to his chin.

He grinned. "I should check, right?"

He licked Selim's chin, then wrapped his lips around it, sucking gently. Selim tasted good there, too, and the sucking got him a little moan and another wiggle that had his eyes bugging out. The genie could move, for sure.

He looked up at Selim, tongue dragging over Selim's chin one more time. "Anywhere else I should test out?"

"Oh, how about here." One slender finger moved down Selim's chest to circle a nipple, which he already knew was so sensitive.

Moaning, his tongue followed the route Selim's finger had taken, circling that left nipple again and again. He teased Selim, not touching the nipple itself.

"Oh, not fair. Come *on*." Holding his head, Selim pulled him right where his tongue would touch, right where his lips could close and suck.

He gave Selim what the genie so wanted, wrapping his lips around Selim's nipple and sucking, flicking across the tip with his tongue. Oh, Selim tasted good here, almost as good as his mouth did.

"Uhn." The little noise told him he was right on track, just right on. The flush that crept up Selim's skin told him even more.

He licked his way over to Selim's other nipple, tongue dancing lightly over the lovely skin. He didn't tease this time, though, wrapping his lips right around the hard nipple that waited for him, tugging strongly.

Gasping, Selim pushed him over all of a sudden, swarming over him to kiss him hard, rubbing against his belly through the thin pants. He was wearing a matching pair out of Selim's wardrobe and he moaned, arched, pushing his aching cock against Selim's thigh, the thin material no barrier to the heat between them. In fact, the silk added something, some friction that they both groaned at, a new layer of sensation. God, it felt amazing. He whimpered, arms wrapping around Selim, hands grabbing at the warm skin.

"Mmmhmm. Just like that." Was Selim even speaking English? Even if he wasn't, Warren understood, both the words and the desperation in them. Understood and matched it. He humped up as hard as he could, rubbing and pushing against Selim, sucking on Selim's tongue as if it was the best thing ever.

Their cocks rubbed and rubbed through the cloth, their bellies touching and their chests pushing together. Selim kissed him like there was nothing else in the world to do, like he was the only other person alive.

And then Selim came for him, crying out into his mouth. He arched and rubbed harder, wanting to be right there with Selim. And then he was, his whole body shuddering as he came, his lips clinging to Selim's.

When they collapsed in a sweaty, breathless pile, Selim nuzzled up, arms wrapping around him. "So how's wish two so far?"

"Wonderful. I wish..." he snapped his mouth shut on the words 'it could last forever'.

"Be careful," Selim said, putting one hand over Warren's mouth. "Always be careful what you wish for."

Warren couldn't believe it was already Monday evening. The four days of their 'vacation' had just flown by and he knew Selim was going to have to take him back to his dorm soon. He sighed, leaning over the balcony wall and watching the amazing sunset, the sound of trickling water a constant here in Selim's home.

He didn't want to go. Or rather, he didn't want his time with Selim to end. As soon as Selim brought him home his wish would be over, and Selim would be at the beck and call of who knew how many people, and he'd have to be careful how often he brought Selim from the lamp without a real wish.

He sighed again as the sun slipped beneath the horizon.

Warm arms slipped around him from behind, a slender body pressing against his. "What are you sighing about?"

"It's almost time to go." He slid his hands over Selim's, let his head lean back against Selim's shoulder.

"It is. I've had fun showing you my past, though." He got a kiss, right under his ear, making him shiver.

"I've loved it -- loved learning about you." He turned his head to share a soft kiss with Selim.

"Mmm. Good. If I could only... well. Yeah." Selim gave him a bright smile. "You're special, Warren. I just want you to know that."

"Yeah?" Warmth went through him at that, curling sweetly in his belly. "You're pretty special yourself. But then you know that."

"It's nice to be reminded. And I wasn't so special, once." He got a laugh that was more than a little harsh, along with a shrug. "That was how I became a genie."

He couldn't imagine Selim being anything but special, even without the genie-ness. Selim was so handsome -- almost beautiful, especially with the dark kohl around his eyes. "Tell me?" he asked, curious. How *did* one become a genie?

"Oh, I had a very special lamp... handed down for generations." That sounded familiar.

"Did you make a wish to become a genie?" That was really kind of neat, like a cosmic circle or something.

"I did. And it's been a good gig, you know?" Sometimes Selim dropped into modern slang, and it was cute as could be. Then sometimes he would just sound so old-fashioned.

He nodded. He knew Selim liked the job. His third wish would have been far easier if Selim didn't. He sighed again, turning to hug Selim tightly. "I don't want our time here to end," he admitted, though he knew better than to wish for it. He had to have something really special for his last wish. Something he didn't think would backfire on him like he was pretty sure "I wish this could last forever" would.

"I don't either, but you wouldn't like being invisible forever. You need your life, Warren. Your friends and your silly roommate and your homework. Trust me, I know."

There was that hint of sadness again and Warren pushed his hands into Selim's hair, stroking through the long mass. "You like to make like it's wonderful being a genie, but it hasn't been all good, has it?"

"Not all, no. I mean, it's kind of lonely, making people happy and then having to move on. And I can feel it. There's wishes building that I have to answer." Selim was happy with him, though. He could feel it in the way Selim turned into his touch, humming.

"We have a little longer, though, right?" He moved a little, just sort of swaying with Selim, almost dancing.

"Sure." They swung around in a lazy circle, kinda like those old waltzes his aunt liked so much. Every little music box in her house played a different, tinny one.

He liked the way the air felt against his skin, the light clothes Selim had loaned him no barrier to it. Nor were they barrier to the heat of Selim's body, warmth soaking into him wherever they happened to rub as they danced. Selim's eyes were so dark in the twilight as Warren gazed up at them, their lips meeting in one soft kiss after another.

They didn't say anything much after that, both of them knowing time was short, both of them needing to touch and touch. One of Selim's legs wrapped around him, making him groan as they rubbed hard. His hands slid down to grab hold of Selim's hips, fingers wrapping tight as he pulled Selim against his hips, driving his body against Selim's. The knowledge that this was the last time for he didn't know how long drove him faster and faster.

"Yes, sweet. Yes." Arching and humping, Selim touched him, his face and throat, neck and shoulders, fingers pressing sensitive spots.

He moaned, rubbing harder, wanting so much, wanting all of Selim all to himself. "Oh, God," he moaned, balls drawing up tight. It wasn't going to be much longer.

"Mmmhmm. Hot, Warren. Burning me up." Selim bit him! Right on the shoulder, teeth sinking right in. Pleasure pushed through the sharp surprise, though, his gasp turning into another moan, his hands gripping Selim even tighter.

"Now, sweet. Now. Aching..." He could feel Selim's hips pumping, cock rubbing against him, wet as anything.

The words sent him over, his eyes holding Selim's as his cock jerked, shooting spunk out of him.

"That's it." Petting him, Selim closed his eyes and pushed and pushed, hot seed joining Warren's in no time.

He clung to Selim, refusing to cry, just holding on as tight as he could.

"Sh. Sh. It's fine. We have one wish left, sweet." Heavy hair clung to his skin as Selim moved to hold him closer. "You'll just have to make it a good one."

He nodded. "I will."

And he would. Even if it took him the rest of his life to figure it out.

Chapter Five

Things got really busy after the Easter holiday weekend and Warren had to really push to get all his papers in, his reading done, and exams nearly killed him. Still, he was finally done and he bounced into his dorm room with a whoop, only to come to a complete stand-still when he realized the walls on Rocky's side were bare. Even the crazy lava lamp was gone.

There was a single box on Rocky's bed with a note attached to the top. "Hey W. Got a chance at a ride back home and took it. Left you a couple things -- toss 'em if you don't want 'em. Happy summer, man!"

Warren opened the box, finding the lava lamp and a bag of half-eaten cookies. He opened it up and tasted one -- not stale, bonus. The chocolate fudge was decent, but not nearly as good as the little treats he'd shared with Selim.

Mmm. Selim. He hadn't really had time to miss the genie in the last couple of weeks -- he'd just been so busy. But now he was done and the summer stretched out in front of him, long and lazy - if he didn't get a job anyway - and he wanted to celebrate school being over.

He went over and locked the door, just in case Rocky wasn't gone and came back for some reason, shucked his clothes, and grabbed the lamp. Planting himself on the bed, he started rubbing. He didn't have a wish, but he hadn't been making a pest of himself so he figured it would be okay.

Besides, if he was here and Selim showed up and he happened to be naked and things happened... well, he didn't need a wish then, did he?

He rubbed the lamp a little harder.

A tiny puff of greenish smoke came out of the lamp, and Selim appeared, looking thin and pale. Almost see through like that one time before. But Selim had a smile for him. "Give me ten, love?"

He nodded, reaching out, but stopping himself before he could touch Selim. If his hand was going to go through Selim while the genie was thin and pale like that, he didn't want to know. "See you in a bit," he murmured.

"I'll be back. Promise." The lamp seemed to suck Selim back in, like a whoosh, and then all he could hear was a clock ticking.

He went over and grabbed another cookie, looking around the dorm room. He actually missed the crazy eighties posters, and he pulled the lava lamp out, setting it up on his side-table and plugging it in.

He had two more days here himself until he had to be packed up and ready to go, and it wasn't like he had a ton of stuff. He wondered what he was going to do this summer -- until he got back home he couldn't line up a job. And if he didn't, he might wind up back at Aunt Gertrude's place in the country. Of course that hadn't been so bad, and he'd gotten Selim out of the deal...

He lay back on the bed, munching idly.

"Well, you look comfy." It was Selim, back again, looking exhausted but solid. And happy to see him.

"And you look like you need to get comfy." He held open his arms, inviting Selim to join him.

"Mmm." Settling right in, Selim sighed. "Long day. You feel good, though. I don't suppose you have tea?"

He shook his head. "Just some Coke, and I think there's a 7-Up or two left." He petted Selim's back, stroking his hand over the long spine. "Can you stay for awhile?"

"Oh, is that the lemony stuff? I would like that!" Selim's hair was braided today, and it looked half gray, which was weird. "And I'll stay as long as I can."

He gave Selim's cheek a kiss and crawled to the end of the bed, reaching over to snag a Coke and a 7-Up from the little fridge. He turned to find Selim watching his ass, and he grinned, holding out the cold soda. "We could have a nap after our drinks." He wanted to do other stuff, his cock already half hard in anticipation, and given he was naked, there was no way Selim could miss it, but Selim looked like he needed a nap more than he needed an orgasm.

"That would be good." Half of the 7-Up disappeared like nothing going, Selim burping. Then looking comically surprised.

That had him giggling and he took a couple gulps of his Coke and burped back, grinning.

"Better. Come here." Like a limpet, Selim curled up to his side, magically unbraided long hair fanning out over them, like a silk curtain.

He kissed Selim quickly and snuggled close. "Been a rough couple of weeks?"

"Busy is the life of a co-op genie. What have you been up to?" They snuggled and kissed and it was good.

"Exams. Busy is the life of a college student at end of term."

He slid his finger across Selim's nipple, almost without thinking. "Sorry. Habit." He blushed slightly and buried his face in Selim's neck. "Oh, you smell good."

Selim shivered, moaning a little. "S'okay. Feels good. I promise."

He bent and kissed Selim's other nipple. "Cool." He breathed over the wet flesh, watching Selim's nipple harden right up, the skin around it going tight.

"Oh." Whole body rippling, Selim rumbled happily for him. "Oh, sweet, that feels so good. Makes me a lot less tired."

"Yeah?" He smiled up at Selim. "That's cool -- I can keep doing this. And stuff like it." He went back to licking at Selim's nipple, his thumbnail scraping across the other one.

"Again!" The way Selim moved for him made him smile. That was a much better look than tired, this lost in need thing.

He rubbed his thumb on the one nipple and nipped the other with his teeth, mixing it up a little, but still giving Selim similar sensations. He liked being the one to make Selim look like that.

"Want to touch you, too, but if you keep that up..." Yeah, he could feel it, Selim's hardness against him through their clothes.

He grinned and rubbed, the silk feeling good against his own erection. "Are you trying to convince me to go on or to stop?" he asked, thumb flicking again.

"I don't know..." A rueful chuckle glanced over his skin. "Both. Neither. I love you."

He gasped, eyes flying to Selim's.

Those brown cheeks went dark red, but Selim met his gaze head on. "I hope that's a good sound and not a bad one."

He nodded. "Yeah. I'm just... surprised. Happy surprised, though. Truly, you do?"

"I do. You make it so easy."

He made it easy? Wow. Selim was the one who did all of those amazing things for him. "I thought it was just me falling for you," he admitted, cuddling in close, just... floored.

"Nope. Mutual, for sure." Selim's heartbeat raced against his chest even as Selim relaxed against him again.

"Cool. That's cool. It's great." He laughed and hugged Selim tight.

"Oh good. I was a little worried when I blurted it out." They laughed together then, both of them sounding nervous and shaky.

He pressed his lips to Selim's, figuring it was the best way to shut himself up so he could just enjoy the moment. They kissed and kissed, both of them moaning into it. God, it was good. Hot.

Maybe it was just his imagination, but it was even better now that he knew how much Selim cared for him, that it wasn't all one-sided. He grabbed Selim's tongue with his lips and sucked on it, fingers sliding to find those pretty, little nipples again.

"Warren!" Lean hips rolled, Selim humping against him at every tiny tug and pull.

He loved this, making Selim need like this. He tugged a little harder, and then hardly at all, keeping the sensations different -- that seemed to get the biggest response.

Growling, Selim finally snapped like he always did, pouncing and pushing him down for kisses that went on and on. And on. Until he worried that he'd never breathe again or his cock would explode, whichever came first. He tried to give back as much as he could, humping up against Selim, fingers tearing at Selim's silky pants to get to skin.

"That's it. Right there." They rocked and humped and pulled at each other's cocks. All they could do was grunt and wiggle and pant, so good it made him dizzy. He gasped for breath, hips working hard, eager for each thrust and slide of their cocks, the pleasure shooting through him.

When Selim came he could feel it all the way from Selim's toes to the tips of that amazing hair. Selim shook for him, grunting and groaning. Oh, so sexy.

He whimpered, arms wrapping around Selim as his cock throbbed and pulsed, come shooting between them.

They lay back, both of them grinning like idiots, floppy as newborns. "Oh, you do make me feel good, Warren."

"Yeah, well the feeling's entirely mutual -- you make me feel amazing." He found Selim's hand with his own, twining their fingers together.

"If I do then my wish has come true. I do love you, sweet. I truly do."

He pressed their lips together and put all his feelings into the kiss. "I love you, too, Selim."

"Then that's all we need to worry about right now."

Selim dozed right off against him, as if that was that and all was right with the world.

He didn't know what he was going to do, how he was going to use his last wish to make it work for them, but he knew he had to try, had to figure it out. Because Selim loved him, too.

He held on to Selim and tried to just enjoy being together.

Warren spent his first week back home looking for work and bored out of his mind. Most of his high school friends were working, and those that weren't he found he just didn't have all that much in common with after being away. A few times he went to rub the lamp, but he'd remember how wan and pale Selim had looked, and didn't. He didn't want to make things harder on Selim.

It was the hardest thing he'd ever done, though, and knowing that Selim loved him, too... that just made it that much worse.

So when Aunt Gertrude called on his first Sunday home to ask him to come work for her again, helping to fix up the big old house and just hang out, he accepted without a thought.

Aunt Gertrude noticed the lamp in his room on his second day there, and she gave him a knowing smile. "So you kept the lamp?"

He'd blushed and nodded. Aunt Gertrude just laughed softly and patted him on the arm.

He spent a week working hard, fixing stuff up, and then there really wasn't much to do. Aunt Gertrude shrugged and smiled and said he could stay anyway. So he did, swimming out at the little creek at the back of her property and lying in the sun. And it was while he was out watching the clouds and mooning over Selim that it hit him.

He knew what his last wish had to be.

He had to wait two more days before he had the house to himself, Aunt Gertrude going to spend the weekend at a spa with some friends. He waved them off, a little embarrassed that he'd practically shoved her out the door.

He showered and tugged on jeans and a t-shirt, and then pulled them off, before putting the jeans back on again. He was nervous. Like major exam and he didn't study and was taking the exam in his underwear nervous.

Finally he just grabbed the lamp off the shelf in his bedroom, sat on the multi-colored quilt, and rubbed.

A weak, tinny voice said, "Please hold." Then the lamp just sort of...sat there and vibrated, like an idling car.

Oh, man. He sure hoped that was because Selim was busy and not because he was sorry he'd said I love you...

Or changed his mind.

Or was unhappy Warren hadn't called on him in two weeks after they'd shared I love yous.

He bit his bottom lip and... well, waited.

When Selim appeared it was the weakest show yet for the once vibrant genie. Even the silken pants and vest looked ragged. Dark circles rested under Selim's eyes, and his lips pressed together in a tight, tired line.

"Hiya, sweet. What's up?"

"Oh, my God, are you okay?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah. There's just this guy who inherited his uncle Abdullah's lamp..." Selim rolled his head on his neck, making muscles and joints creak and pop. "He's high maintenance. And kinda... gross."

Oh, Warren didn't like the sound of that at all. Selim was *his*.

Time to make that true in more than just his mind.

"You on any other wishes right now, Selim? Anybody on hold?" He'd hate to take Selim away from anyone mid-wish, though if it was someone high maintenance and gross, he just might.

God, what if his wish wasn't allowed?

He'd cross that bridge when he came to it. He waited for Selim's answer.

"Nope. I finished up with old Fallah before I came to see you." Finally finding a smile for him, Selim came over and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "How are you, babe?"

"Missing you. Worried about you," he added, sliding his hand along Selim's cheek. "And I know what my third wish is."

"Oh-h." There was a tiny hitch in the word, a hint of hurt in those liquid dark eyes. "Okay. Shoot."

He bit his lip. "It's a good wish," he said softly. And it was -- it was for both of them, and he wasn't going to make Selim stop being a genie. And he was pretty sure it would mean they could basically be together all the time, even though he had no more wishes left after this one. He stroked Selim's cheek again and pressed their lips together softly. "It is."

Lashes fluttering, Selim nodded and kissed him back before saying, "I trust you, Warren."

He beamed at Selim for that and nodded, took a breath. "I wish you were just my genie -- no one else's, only mine." He bit his lip again as soon as he'd said it, hoping he'd been specific enough, hoping it was possible, hoping Selim liked the wish, too.

Selim's eyes flew open, wide and stunned, and then he whooped, throwing himself at Warren and kissing all over Warren's face.

"You mean it? Just your genie?"

He laughed and nodded again, arms wrapping around Selim. "Can you do it? Is it a valid wish?"

"Yes! And praise the one God that no one but you ever thought of it before. Oh, Warren, it's perfect! I always did like this lamp best." He had a double armful of wiggling, warm genie, and he'd be darned if Selim didn't look better. Cleaner, less tired. Already.

He laughed again, feeling almost giddy. When Selim had told him I love you, it had been wonderful, but he'd been worried, they'd only be able to see each other now and then, that Selim would always belong to the genie world and not to him. Now, he knew they could be together and he bounced, rubbed against Selim's slim body.

"Has it started already?"

"It has! I feel kinda sorry for the other genies who will have to take over the outstanding wishes

on my list, but I? Am yours... So what will you do with me first, Master?" The last word coincided with a wiggle that had Selim's eyes crossing and his tongue sticking out.

"I can think of a few things. But we need to be naked for what I'm going to do with you first."

"Do we? Shall I undress you?" Okay, so he was only wearing his jeans, but Selim made a real show of taking them off, kneeling at Warren's feet and undoing the button and zipper with his teeth, then sliding the denim down Warren's legs an inch at a time.

Well he'd thought Selim would just magic them naked, but he had to admit, this was even better. He moaned, his cock hard, jerking whenever Selim's mouth touched his skin. "You're so sexy."

"Yeah?" Blinking up at him from under those impossibly long lashes, Selim shook his head, sending that long hair sliding all over, touching the floor in back. "I think you are."

Oh, God, he could feel Selim's breath on his skin. "You make feel like I am." Man, his voice had gone all husky and low and, yeah, sexy.

"And you're all mine, just like I am yours..." Leaning in, Selim nuzzled at his cock, cheek sliding on him, smooth and good.

"Yes," he hissed, hips jerking, rubbing his cock against Selim's face. "Yours. Oh, God, Selim."

Humming, Selim pulled back and opened up, sucking him into the hottest, wettest mouth ever, loving him so good that all he could do was stand there and shake a minute. He spread his legs a little, trying to find his balance, and then he grabbed onto Selim's shoulders, just holding on as Selim's head started bobbing. It was too good to even moan, and he just whimpered, the sound so needy.

A low groan echoed around his flesh, telling him he wasn't alone, that Selim felt it too. He could see Selim's hips spanking the air down below, that body undulating in a dance as old as time.

If he'd had any functioning brain cells left, if he'd been able to get actual words out of his mouth, he'd have suggested them going head-to-groin on the bed and doing a sixty-nine, but there probably wasn't time anyway, he could feel his orgasm gathering in his balls, almost ready to just shoot out of him.

When one slim hand cupped said balls and squeezed just a little, and Selim sucked him all the way down and swallowed, well... It was all over but the shouting. And the shooting, which just seemed to go on and on. He clung to Selim's shoulders when they were done, legs kind of shaky, knees threatening to give out any second now.

"Selim. Oh. Love."

Licking at him, Selim gave him a heavy-lidded stare that was almost predatory. "Mmmhmm? I want you to fuck me, Warren. Do you think you can get it up for me again so you can? I want you to make me your genie, just yours, that way."

The way Selim moved, all sinuous and graceful, dancing for him on the floor like that. Hell, yes he could get it up again. He proved it, too, his cock jerking and starting to fill. Maybe not as quickly as it had the first time, but he was going to be ready before Selim was naked and on the bed for him. He nodded. Yes indeedly, he could. Then he cleared his throat and said it out loud. "No problem, Selim. Except that you're still dressed."

Flowing to his feet, Selim grinned, raising his arms over his head. Oh, wow. Look at how the metallic threads in that vest glinted.

"Would you like me to strip for you, Warren?" Selim asked.

He sat down on the bed, hard, thankful it was right behind him or he'd have landed on the floor. "Yes, please."

God, Selim was sexy. And all his now. Wow.

"Mmmhmm. Allllll yours. You're going to have to take very good care of me, Warren." That grin was like the face of a cat with all the cream. Selim started with the vest, teasing him with flashes of nipple as the vest slid down, then up, Selim's hips gyrating the whole time.

He swallowed, his cock just throbbing at the sight before him. "I will," he promised. "Really very good care of you."

"Oh, good. You'll have to promise to polish my... lamp." It was like something had been freed in Selim, something that came out now to play like it never had before. This was like Selim times ten. If this was what it felt like to have Selim's undivided attention, he was all for it.

He laughed and nodded. "It will be the most polished lamp ever, Selim. Now hurry up and get over here." He didn't want to wait anymore.

"All right." Vest and pants went flying and so did Selim, landing against him with a solid slap. Selim kissed him so hard he heard bells ring. "Hi."

He wrapped his arms around Selim and wasn't planning to let go anytime soon. "Hi," he replied, lying back on the bed and bringing their mouths back together again.

"Mmm. Taste so good. Mine." That seemed to please Selim to death, that whole yours, mine and ours thing.

He grinned and rubbed their bodies together, hips humping up off the bed. "You do, too." And Selim smelled amazing, too, hot and male and like sex. Like really good sex that left you sticky and melted. Which they needed to have like now.

"Now, what do we need besides naked, and hard? Oh yeah!" Snapping his fingers, Selim produced a bottle of oil out of thin air. "Get me ready?"

He grinned and nodded. He did love the perks of having a genie as a lover. He opened the bottle

and poured some oil out over his fingers. Then he slid them down to Selim's ass, rubbing his slick fingertips along Selim's crack.

That pretty, brown body arched for him, up and back as Selim tried to get his fingers in just the right place. "Good. Oh, Warren."

He slid his free hand over Selim's chest, managing to find a nipple and Selim's gland at the same time, fingertips scraping gently over both.

Bucking, Selim cried out, the sound oddly musical. "Fuck! Warren."

Wow, he couldn't remember making Selim curse before. At least not in English.

He hit both nipple and gland again, pulling more sounds and curses from Selim, making the sexy body dance. Him, doing that to Selim. God, he wanted to be inside the grasping heat that held his finger.

"Uh-huh. Now. I'm ready. I promise. Like magic." Grunting, Selim pulled off his finger and crawled up to rub back against his cock. "Pleasepleaseplease."

His hips bucked up at the contact with Selim's ass, and he had to force himself to still, to hold onto Selim's hip with one hand and guide his cock to Selim's hole with the other. A long groan was Selim's only answer to that, then a hard push and he was in, Selim closing about him like a velvet vise.

Both his hands wrapped around Selim's hips, fingers opening and closing as he tried to catch his breath. "Wanna move," he told Selim, even though it was more like had to. Still, he'd wait until Selim was ready, because they had all the time in the world now.

"Good. That's a good thing. Come on, sweet. Do it hard and good. Make me feel like *yours*." Hands braced on his chest, Selim began to move, rocking down, cock bobbing in front of him.

Warren planted his feet and started to thrust, pushing up hard just like Selim asked. It felt so good, each time he slid deep into Selim making his belly grow warmer, his balls beginning to ache with need.

Reaching for Selim's cock, he wrapped his fingers around Selim's heat, letting the thrusts push it through the tunnel of his hand. Hair falling all around them, Selim rocked and rolled, touching him, groaning for him. It was the sexiest thing ever.

He thrust up harder, wanting to make it as good for Selim as it was for him, needing it to be the best ever. Needing to make Selim his.

Finally, Selim cried out, shuddering as hot seed coated his hand and belly. Chest and face flushed a deep rose, Selim was the most beautiful thing ever.

Warren kept thrusting, feeling his own orgasm coming, but wanting this moment to last as long as possible. Then, with a cry of his own, he came, cock pulsing inside Selim, the sight of Selim over him burning into his brain.

"Come on, sweet, please." Sounded like Selim could hardly talk, but he managed, leaning down to give Warren a kiss.

"I did," he murmured, fingers uncurling from Selim's cock and hip to slide up over his back. "Come, I mean."

"Oh. Good." Flopping like a rag doll, Selim plopped right down on him, laughing. "We might have to do it again because I missed it..."

He giggled, fingers pushing Selim's hair off his face. "I think that can be arranged. In fact I hope we can do it a lot more times."

"We can. I'm all yours now." That laughter was like the beating of birds' wings, light and happy and good.

"All mine."

God, he loved the sound of that. He squeezed Selim tight.

"And I'm all yours."

Selim kissed him, nose resting against his. "That's the best wish we could ever make come true."

He nodded, breathing in the scent of Selim and the two of them and sex. God, he was lucky. And happy.

And all because of a little lamp.

Epilogue

Warren sat on the porch swing, looking out over the orchard, waiting for his nephew Brandon to come back out with his tea.

Brandon was a good boy, spending his summer helping his old uncle out around the house -- didn't even seem to mind spending the evenings listening to his stories. Of course Brandon was a self-proclaimed writer, and Warren wasn't sure if he'd meant it as a warning or not, but he kind of liked the idea of someone writing stuff down. Of things not being forgotten.

Brandon brought out the tray, the plump, old teapot in the middle, two mugs instead of tea cups next to it, and a little saucer with milk, neither of them took sugar.

"Do you want a sweet, Uncle Warren?"

He smiled at that, and nodded. "Did you get any baklava at the grocery store this afternoon?"

Brandon wrinkled his nose, but nodded, and Warren chuckled. He had exotic tastes in food, he knew this. "Get me a piece of that, and while you're at it, fetch me that lamp, the one that sits on the mantle over the fireplace."

"The shiny, gaudy, old-fashioned one?"

He nodded. "That's the one."

He poured out their tea while he waited, put a touch of milk in his own and whole lot more in Brandon's.

Brandon went and got the lamp, looking at it, turning it around and around. "So, what's with the lamp, Uncle Warren?"

He reached out for it, patting it gently, careful not to rub. It felt good in his hands and his lips twitched as his body responded to holding it. He didn't need to rub it anymore to call Selim to him, but they still did, for old-times sake. He didn't need an audience for that though, and that wasn't why he'd asked Brandon to bring it to him.

"Have you ever heard of genie lamps?" he asked, handing it back over.

"Sure. Rub the lamp, get a wish. Who hasn't?" Shrugging, Brandon set the lamp on the table and grabbed up his tea.

"Well this lamp has been passed from generation to generation in our family. I got it from my great-aunt Gertrude, who got it from her mother, who got it from her grandfather, I think." Warren nodded out at the land in front of them. "They say this place was one of the first wishes our family made and that it's been passed down from generation to generation, just like that lamp."

Brandon tilted his head, just like a confused puppy. "So you're saying it's a real genie lamp? I don't believe it."

He chuckled. "No, I didn't at first either. I thought Aunt Gertrude had lost the last of her marbles. Of course that was before I tried it and had my very own genie popping out of it with a puff of smoke." He grinned at the lad, knowing Brandon wasn't going to believe him. He couldn't prove it anymore, either. With his final wish, he'd essentially freed Selim from the lamp -- it wouldn't work for Brandon.

"Well, whatever you say, Uncle Warren. It's pretty. I imagine it will stay in the family."

"Not just in the family. I'm giving it to you. Now, unfortunately for you I used my last wish to set Sel--the genie free, but I would like you to keep it. To pass it down to your heirs and tell them the story of it. It would mean a lot to a sentimental old man."

"Yeah?" Brandon's eyes lit up. "That'd be cool. I like legends and shit. Thanks, Uncle Warren!"

"You're welcome, Brandon. Keep it well-polished, and think of me when you do, yeah? Remember the stories we've shared out here this summer. Maybe you'll share them with your own nieces and nephews out here on this very porch."

"I'll do that, Uncle Warren. I promise. Can I get you some more tea?" Such a helpful boy. So darned young.

"No, I'm good, thank you."

He took one of the little baklava squares Brandon'd brought out and bit into it, the honey and nut combination filling his mouth and immediately bringing Selim to mind. "I'm sure you've places you'd rather be than baby-sitting an old man. Why don't you run off -- I'll be just fine out here watching the sun set."

"Are you sure?" Brandon already looked a million miles away. "I have a deadline..."

"Go on. I won't go wandering off, I promise." He gave Brandon a wink.

"Oh, I knew that." Giving him a half hug, careful of his old bones, Brandon grinned and carefully picked up the lamp. "I'll be upstairs if you need me. Just call, okay?"

He nodded and gave Brandon's arm a squeeze. "You're a good lad, you know. Thank you."

"Night, Uncle Warren." Whistling, Brandon trotted off, lamp carefully cradled in one arm.

The sound of Brandon's footsteps had just faded when he felt a soft breeze, and the scent of cinnamon and cloves came to him on it. Selim appeared for him, smiling, that face as young as it ever was, even though Selim's hair was now pure white.

"Do you regret it, sweet? Not being able to pass me on to him?"

He shook his head, not even having to think to answer. "You're not just a genie anymore, Selim. And I might be an old old man whose bones creak, but you're still mine and always will be." He held out his arms to his lover, the pure pleasure of having Selim near coming over him.

"I am, that's true. And soon we will go to Paradise together, love, and be young again and have rivers of milk and honey to play in and drink from."

"You promise?"

"I do. Have I ever steered you wrong, sweet?" A hint of the old, mischievous teasing twinkled in Selim's eyes. "I know you're tired, love. But we'll be together, no matter what happens."

He nodded, smiled. He believed Selim, for no, the genie, his very own genie, never had steered him wrong. "As long as we're together, Selim, I will take whatever the future brings us and count myself the luckiest man who ever lived."

"And I have had the best Master a genie of the lamp could ever have. For you made me your equal. Just let me know when it's time, love." Selim stroked his cheeks, nuzzling their noses together, staring right into his eyes. "Just let me know."

"All you have to do is wish."

end