



*Forbidden Publications*

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*Say the  
Magic Words*

MARIANNE  
LACROIX

*Forbidden Delights*

SAY THE MAGIC WORDS

by

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## *Forbidden Publications*

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“What is your wish, Master?”

The sight was beyond any Logan had ever seen. He certainly never expected to see such a woman there in his dirty attic. Surrounded by dusty cardboard boxes, filled with old books, aging papers, and forgotten children’s toys, Logan found a colored glass lamp that appeared to be a treasure among the trash.

When he buffed the lapis colored surface in hopes of revealing a worthy item, she appeared.

“I’m sorry, what and who are you?”

“Master, I am the genie of the lamp.” She motioned to the blue glass lamp he still held in his hands.

“Or a djinn, whichever you prefer to call me.”

“A genie?” He must be working too hard. The stress of buying this historic home in the suburbs of Atlanta, and moving, was getting to him to imagine beautiful, voluptuous blondes dressed in see-through outfits. He shook his head to clear it. “I need a drink.”

“If you say the magic words, I can give you anything you desire.” She swept her hands seductively over her body.

“Say what words?”

“That you wish for a drink.”

He watched her dark eyes move over his body, covered in dirt from cleaning this wreck of an attic. Just so he could store his own junk up here. “Let me get this straight. You claim you’re a genie, and you want to grant me a wish?”

“Well, you get three wishes.” She ran a hand through her long blonde hair and a drink was hardly what came to mind when gazing upon this tempting woman. This

was hard to believe. He felt crazy sitting there talking to a half naked woman claiming she was a genie. Well, at least his vision was a gorgeous dream woman.

He closed his eyes and shook his head. No way was this all real. When he opened his eyes, she still stood there, gazing down at him with those chocolate brown eyes. Damn, he had a weakness for brown eyes, dark and mysterious.

"What's your name?"

"Jeanine."

"Not Jeanie?"

"No, my twin sister is Jeanie." She sounded downhearted.

"Is there something wrong?"

"Jeanie was always the favorite. She always had the boys lining up to take her to the summer solstice festivals."

"And what about you? I'm sure you had boys interested in you."

"Not really. I was the odd sister."

"Why?"

"Because I have different powers. We look like each other, but that is where the similarities end. Her special talent is wish-craft, the ability to manipulate her master's wishes into her own wants. It is practically unheard of in the land of djinn."

"And what is your special talent?" He was almost afraid to ask.

"I can shape change as well as manipulate dimensions."

"What does that mean, exactly?"

"I can change my form into anything from a puff of smoke to a flat drawing in a book. I can also twist the space about me into any location. These talents are what make my existence within my bottle tolerable."

"I can't believe I am having this conversation." He stood up, brushing the dust from his jeans and tee shirt. "I'm going downstairs and get a drink. If you are what you say you are, I'll meet you by the liquor cabinet."

He turned to the steps to leave, but then glanced back to where she had stood. Nothing. The attic was empty. Was it a dream? He climbed down the tuck away stairs

and walked into the dining room. Boxes and furniture were scattered about the room where the movers left them earlier that week. But that wasn't what stopped Logan in his tracks. There, by the cabinet, where he kept the brandy, stood his little genie dream.

"You're here." He couldn't believe his eyes. His sober eyes.

"Of course, Master. You told me to meet you here." She cocked her head at him and he sighed. Opening the wooden door, he grabbed the decanter and a glass.

"I know I did, but I was sure this was a dream."

"You're awake."

"A waking dream, then." He poured himself some brandy and gulped down the first glass, allowing the alcohol to burn a path to his stomach.

"Master, are you okay?"

"Not sure. I have a gorgeous blonde in my house dressed to seduce and I think I'm going crazy! She says she is here to grant me three wishes. Not like this happens everyday, you know." He ran splayed fingers through his hair.

"I thank you, Master. I never considered myself...pretty." She lowered her eyes and his breath caught in his throat. She was so alluring and had no clue as to her own attractiveness.

"Pretty? Hell no, you're a goddess, Jeanine. Anyone ever tell you how much you make a man want to lose himself in your eyes?" He moved toward her.

"No, Master. Never. My previous Masters weren't interested in much beyond my granting their wishes for money and power."

"Fools." He raised a hand to touch a tendril of her hair.

"Thank you," she whispered.

The blush to her cheeks was becoming and made him very aware of her. Her hips flared to ripe fullness, and her breasts strained against the tight cloth that bound them. Soft, supple flesh tempted him without her even trying to capture his attention.

Oh how he could lose himself in the long straight blonde hair that hung down to her waist, the silky strands begging to be stroked by his fingertips. "I can't imagine anyone wishing for anything but to fuck you into oblivion."

He couldn't hold his tongue as he watched her breath quicken. Breasts rising and falling within that little costume made him wish he had his cock between those luscious globes.

It would be a first for me, Master."

"No one ever wished to fuck you, Jeanine?" His voice was hoarse with building desire.

"Well, yes. Some have. But, then their wives found out."

He chuckled. "I can imagine that would be an uncomfortable situation."

"Luckily, it hasn't happened too often."

"I'm not married, nor do I have a girlfriend."

Her breath quickened. "You wish to fuck me, Master?"

"All in good time."

"Say the magic words."

He stepped to her and grasped her shoulders in a gentle hold. His fingertips burned at the contact, such warm, soft skin to treasure and stroke. "I wish to fuck you, Jeanine. I hope you wish it too."

"I do, Master. Your wish is my command."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jeanine had been trapped into servitude for three millennia, and for the first time, her Master seemed to wish for more than material gain. Was her luck finally about to change?

Her new Master, this handsome man with eyes the color of the finest amber along with his dark tanned complexion and long black hair, seemed more out of her fantasies than a real human.

When he spoke, she thought she'd come right there, for his voice was pure honey to her uptight body.

Mmm, honey smeared on her skin and he would lick it off, each and every sweet drop... Oh yes, this man brought her deepest wishes to life. His hands clasped her thin shoulders and she shivered beneath his warm touch. The urge to melt into him, her body yearning to merge into his was beyond anything she ever experienced.

What a change from her lonely time stuck in that bottle, forgotten for years, to be found now by a man, made-to-order fuckable. "Jeanine," he whispered and her entire body reacted, her heart skipped and her cunt ached.

"Master, please..."

He pulled her into his arms, toned sinew and masculine skin with dark hair dusting each delectable inch. She gave into her womanly needs and molded to his form.

"This is all so insane." He nuzzled her neck by her ear, sending shivers of excited delights across her sensitive skin.

"I'm so turned on by you, little genie. You certainly do work magic."

"I haven't even done anything yet." She was all too aware of his hands stroking down her back and curving around each buttock.

"Oh yes you did. You enchanted me with your appearance. You walked straight out of a dream and into my arms." His fingertips traced the outer edge of her garment along her backside, searching, caressing.

"Master..." she sighed as he pulled down her barely-there pantaloons, then mapping her ass with his hands.

"God, I love hearing that, but I want you to know who is bringing you such pleasure. Call me Logan. I want to hear it on your lips as I pump into that tight little cunny, scream it out when you come over and over again."

"Master Logan, yes, oh yes..."

"Mmm, that will do too..."

He squeezed her buttocks and massaged them like an expert. When his fingertip worked inward toward her anus, she almost exploded. Do men really touch a woman there? And did it always feel so unbelievably sensual?



Kissing her jaw-line, he worked upon her entire being. He was a man who knew how to give pleasure, one to perfectly match her sexual drive. Deprived while her bottle sat in storage, she was wet and ready. And this dark man awakened the passions she only dreamed upon while waiting for the call to appear. Having to take matters in her own hands much of that time to give her body some sort of relief, it was a treat for a man of such power and good looks to make her hum to life. Then his lips covered hers and she nearly passed out from joy. His tongue swirled across her lips then dove into her mouth, devouring her with each pass. Her tongue touched his, and she whimpered as they danced in a wet mating. Her senses were filled with him, his scent in her nostrils, the taste of him on her lips, the feel of him pressing his hard body into hers. Gentle at first, the kiss quickly escalated into a frenzy. His hands molded her against him, and she felt like a piece of clay in the hands of a master artiste. Her center cried out, aching for the first time in decades for a man to fill its depths. No artificial object would do. She wanted the real thing. A hard, pulsating cock.

“Oh Master,” she moaned against his hungered kisses.

“You’ve cast a spell on me,” he said, desire heavy in his voice. The sound of ripping fabric startled her for a moment, but she didn’t care. The garments she wore would be easily conjured again. Anything to get her skin next to his. She pulled at his clothes, anxious for his heat to wrap around her. His buttons were difficult, but he pulled them apart with a swift tug and removed the shirt. Echoes of buttons falling to the floor made her chuckle, but hardly before he covered her mouth with his again. So this was passion. This was sexual need. And something more, an indefinable sensation. What was this feeling creeping through her veins with each pump of her heart? Was it more than ecstasy building within her body?

His lips moved with hers in a steady, soft beat. Flesh mingled in a dance of tongues and kisses, fevered in tempo. Her fingers dove into the black silk of his hair, pulling him closer so he may devour her. Her body rubbed against his, the light hairs of his chest brushing the aching tips of her swollen breasts.

"I need you, Jeanine," he breathed against her lips. She cracked open an eye and glanced about her. Boxes, stuff everywhere. Clutter filled the room.

"I'm sorry, I just moved in yesterday. I was in the attic trying to find space for my stuff to clear this all out."

"I have a place," she said with a flick of her tongue across his chin. She relished the feel of the rough stubble against her tongue.

"But we..."

She didn't wait for him to finish. With the nod of her head, she clutched him close and used her powers. In a flash of a few seconds, they transformed into a mist and spiraled through the air upwards to the attic, and back to her bottle.

When they materialized within her bottle retreat, he fell out of her arms onto the richly colored satin pillows set around on the floor. She loved the vibrant purple, gold, and maroon decor, giving her small space a sultan's touch.

"Where...what happened? Where am I?"

"You are within my home. Welcome." With another nod, she produced a tray laden with fruits and a large carafe with two golden cups. "I hate to ask, but how did we get here? What was that, that just happened?"

"I used my powers to bring you to my home. Here, within my bottle, we can be comfortable."

He glanced around and took in the colorful surroundings. She knelt by him, setting the tray upon the pillows.

"This must be a dream," he rubbed his head with his palm. "Things like this don't really happen."

He glanced up and looked her in the eyes. His amber eyes softened as they traveled the length of her body. "A beautiful woman like you doesn't just appear from thin air."

"Master..." she whispered. The lights dimmed and sconces set along the walls glowed softly. He reached out his hand and she went to him. She smiled and her fingers worked to remove his pants. He helped her with the zipper, and she tugged off

the garment, tossing it aside. "Come to me, Jeanine," he said with a husky voice. He leaned back and she crawled atop of him. Her sensitive flesh brushed his engorged cock, and her juices flowed at the sensation. She moaned at his touch of hot steel along her slit. Blood raced through her veins, and sparkles began to appear about her. It was the way of the djinn. Magic filled the air as her excitement increased.

He entered and she cried out. Since the first second her eyes laid upon him, the foreplay had begun. Her body hummed, aching for fulfillment. And now, intimately connected to him, his penis stretching her canal to the max, she fought to withhold her orgasm.

But then he began to move within her. She nearly passed out from the joy with each thrust. He entered then retreated, entered then retreated. Each time, her body took him in, wrapped about his length, embracing the organ to bring her higher to completion.

She moved her hips in ecstasy of the moment.

Logan. My master.

Master of my body and soul.

Centuries she waited for such a man to command these reactions. She never thought possible for such delights. With each thrust, she got a peek of heaven.

His hands upon her waist, he guided her movements and she grasped her breasts, pinching the nipples into sore points. Tossing back her head, she cried out again.

"Oh yes, sweetheart. Come for me," he commanded. And she did. The waves wracked her body, and she was lost in the height of passion. He joined her in that magical place of sexual completion, spraying deep within her womb.

Once the spasms receded, she collapsed upon him. Drenched in sweat, their bodies glistened in the pale glow from the wall sconces. Their combined musk filled the air, tainting the atmosphere with sexual desire. Her heart felt whole, alive. Here with her true Master, she was free. "My lovely Jeanine," he whispered. "You pleased me so much. I wish we could go on like this forever."

She smiled. "That is a wish I can fulfill, Master." He laughed as he turned her over, pinning her beneath his weight. "Can you really do that?"

"Yes, I can."

"But I don't think I want to live in a bottle though."

"We could go back to my world, where we can live with the djinn."

"And what would they say about your human lover?" "Nothing. It is common for the djinn to ma—" Her voice stopped. Was she going to say marry?

He simply smiled. "And must I use my last wish to take us there?"

"Say the magic words, Master."