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Acknowledgments

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For my readers, I hope you enjoy Anya's trip into fantasyland. This is for Jamie, who always calls and says, "What are you doing, besides writing?"

Chapter One

“Now this is perfect. You should buy this.”

Anya Bartholomew glanced up from the collection of silver spoons she was examining to see her best friend, Heather, dangling a bra in front of her face.

“For what? I don’t think it would be appropriate for business meetings.”

“Oh please. It’s not for practical purposes, Anya.” This voice came from behind her. She turned to glance at Sheri, her other best friend. “It belongs to a belly-dancer outfit.”

Anya’s burst of laughter brought disapproving glances from other customers. “Right. One little shimmy in that skimpy thing and it would be more like a strip tease than a belly dance.”

She turned back to the spoons when she realized other customers were still staring at her. “What do you think of these spoons? I think my mother would like them for Christmas.”

“We have those in other sizes.”

Anya looked up as an attractive woman took the bra from Heather’s hands. “These aren’t antiques, obviously, but we sell quite a few. With your coloring, I’m thinking the green outfit, or maybe the red?”

“No, really. It was just a joke. They—”

“The green,” Heather and Sheri said at the same time. The clerk smiled and headed toward the back room.

“What are you doing?” Anya hissed at her friends.

“Hopefully we’re getting you to live a little,” Heather replied. “Anya, you live at your office. It practically took an act of Congress to get you to come here with us this weekend.”

Anya tried not to look guilty and failed. She knew it was true. When Sheri had proposed the trip to the small town of Pleasant, Maine, Anya had balked, saying it was no more than a tourist trip. But after weeks of cajoling from her friends she’d finally agreed. After all, if she weren’t here, where would she be? In her office working on the Baxter account? Or sitting at home watching movies on pay-per-view?

It’s not like she had a real life. No boyfriend. Her only real friends were Heather and

Sheri, and both were happily married with kids. They were taking this trip to “get away from it all.” What did she have? Her hobbies? Reading and watching TV. Maybe she should add belly dancing to the list.

“I’m not buying it.” She shook her head even as she trained her eyes on the curtain through which the clerk had disappeared. “What would I do with it?”

“Belly dance,” Sheri said. “You’ve got the curves for it.”

“Oh yeah, I’ve got the curves. Miles and miles of them. Forget it.”

“Anya, just because you’re not rail thin doesn’t mean—”

“Rail thin? Sheri, I weigh more than two hundred pounds. Or has that escaped your attention?”

“You’re voluptuous. You have an hour-glass figure that a lot of women would die for.”

“Yeah, except it’s a 48-hour glass instead of a 24-hour one.”

“You’re so beautiful,” Heather said. “I’d kill for all that hair you’ve got. And your smile? It’s perfect. And those gorgeous green eyes, always huge and bright with laughter? Plus, you make scads of money, and what do you do with it? Nothing. You sit at home all the time. Take a belly dancing class. Get out in the world and meet people you don’t work with. Meet guys!”

“And scare everyone in the room? Be laughed at by the other students? Have a man tell me that if he wanted another pillow on his bed he’d go to the mall and buy one? Not on your life.”

Anya turned and stepped back suddenly when she realized the clerk was standing right behind her, the shiny outfit in her hands. The woman was looking at her as if she could see straight into her soul. It was more than a little disconcerting.

“Try it on.” She held it out to Anya. “With your dark hair, it will be very, very becoming.”

“And very, very impractical.” Anya sighed, then bit her lip. “How much is it?”

“Try it on.”

“Oh I see, get me hooked and then tell me it costs a fortune. You can’t fool me, ma’am, I work in advertising.”

The clerk took a scarf and draped it over Anya’s shoulder. Even through her heavy sweater, Anya could practically feel the material as it caressed her skin. It felt light and airy, as if a thousand fingers were trailing up and down her shoulders and arms.

“Try it on.” The woman’s voice was soft. Anya looked into her eyes and shivered. “Back here.”

She turned and walked away, but Anya felt compelled to follow her. Once behind the curtains, she directed Anya to a dressing room. It was larger than she thought it would be, with three full-length mirrors to provide views from every direction.

“I’ll be right outside,” the woman said, handing over the outfit. “If you need help, let me know.”

When she was gone, Anya locked the door and stared at herself in the mirrors. “Who are you kidding? A belly dancer outfit?”

And yet... it had been a fantasy of hers for years. She’d always dreamed of dancing in a room full of men, of getting them all hard and needy for her, and then going home to that one special man she could love forever. But there wasn’t one special man, was there? There hadn’t been one for four years now.

At the age of thirty-three, Anya was quite alone. She still had her mother and father, and her two friends, but men never entered the equation. Not since Nicholas, who had told her he would marry her, if she dropped seventy pounds or so.

She’d tried so hard to meet his demands, but it hadn’t worked. It seemed as if for every pound she’d lost, she’d gained two back. Finally she’d given up and told Nicholas he could take her as she was, or leave her. And he’d left.

Closing her eyes, she fought back tears. Taking a deep breath, she opened her eyes and looked at the material in her hands. Little more than scraps, it seemed like. Heavy scraps, though, since most of it was decorated with beautiful beads. Even if she didn’t wear it for anyone, she could wear it around the house, wear it while she fantasized.

After quickly shedding her clothing, she wiggled into the pants. They hung low on her hips, hugging her full curves. Beautiful beads decorated the belt. She moved her hips back and forth and the beads tinkled together, making a light, seductive sound. The gossamer material caressed her legs. She leaned over and tightened the fastenings around her ankles.

She held up the bra, examining it carefully. It was a halter type with an extremely low cut scoop neckline. She lifted it up and over her head, then bent over to settle her breasts into the material before fastening it behind her.

When she stood, the strands of beads tickled her belly. Her breasts were on prominent

display, her nipples hard and tingly as they rubbed against the soft material inside the bra. It seemed as if she would fall right out with one little movement.

She ran her hands down her sides and closed her eyes. What would it feel like to dance for men? To actually have them desire her instead of calling her ugly names when she walked by?

She moved back and forth to imaginary strains of exotic music. She trailed her hands up her stomach and cupped the heavy bra, then slowly moved them down to her hips as she continued to sway. It felt so very sexy, so naughty. Wetness pooled between her legs and for a brief second, Anya worried about staining the material. But what did it matter? She was going to buy it. She knew that for a certainty.

One little stroke and she might blast off into orbit, right here in the dressing room.

“Their shafts are hard for you.” Anya’s eyes flew open. The clerk stood behind her, gently stroking Anya’s hair. “Do you see them? Look.”

“How did you get in here? I locked the door.” Her heartbeat quickened as she looked toward the mirror. There was a man standing there, no wait—two men. Their skin was the color of light cocoa, their eyes dark and piercing. They were so handsome. Strong and muscular, both of them wearing low-slung linen pants, their chests bare. And both of them sported huge erections.

“Do you want them, Anya? They want you. See how hard they are for you?”

“Yes.” The word was a caress.

“All you have to do is rub the lamp. Rub it.” The woman held an old, beat up lamp in front of her. It was brass, and looked to have seen better days.

Anya stroked her hands across the cool surface. As soon as she did, heat filled her palm. Her already hardened nipples pebbled more, and the bundle of nerves between her legs twitched in need.

“Isn’t smoke supposed to come out? Isn’t the genie supposed to grant my wish now?” Anya felt as if she were in a dream. She looked to the mirror. The men were smiling at her, their hands inside their pants, stroking their erections. She stepped toward them as the woman whispered, “Very good. That’s it. Go to them.”

She was within inches of reaching out and stroking their chests when a sharp rap at the door broke the spell. She jerked her head and stepped back. She was alone. The clerk was gone.

The men were gone.

“Anya! We want to see. Show us.” Sheri’s voice was full of laughter. “Come on!”

“Wow,” she mumbled beneath her breath. “If this outfit can induce that sort of fantasy, it’s definitely mine.” She opened the door, delighted when her friends hooted and hollered with joy.

“Gorgeous!”

“Oh my,” Heather said. “I wish I could look like that. Jake would love it.”

Anya kept her mouth shut. She didn’t want to remind Heather that her husband Jake thought Anya was a “tub-o.”

Anya looked at the clerk who stood behind them, smiling.

“I’ll take it,” she said. Heather and Sheri cackled with glee as they went back into the main shop. The clerk made to follow them, but Anya stopped her.

“I’ll take the red one, too.”

Chapter Two

On Monday morning, Anya sat in her office, trying to focus on the Baxter file. The old man, in all his glory, didn't like any of the slogans she'd come up with for his appliance shop. He said they were all too trite, too used.

She tapped her pen against her cheek and tried to think. Appliances. Useful items. Things that you needed.

Like vibrators.

She threw down her pen. *Stop that! Concentrate on work.* She never should have bought those stupid outfits. The damn things cost almost two hundred dollars each, with the extra scarves, coin bracelets and hairdressings the woman had talked her into.

Anya had wanted to ask about the lamp, but she'd restrained herself. The two men weren't from any lamp, they were fantasies induced by the seductive clothing she'd been wearing. There was no magical lamp. There were no men.

"Let's see. Appliances. Appliances. Betcha Baxter Can Open Your Can. Betcha Baxter Can Make Your Life Easier. Betcha Baxter Can..."

"Hey, Bart!"

She turned toward the door as a voice sounded. She hated the way some of her co-workers shortened her last name. "I'm busy."

"Yeah, talking to yourself." Nathan Mirren, the handsome man who had the office next to hers, laughed. He really could be a huge jerk. "Mr. Tyson wants to see you in his office. Now."

She stood quickly. She was one of Tyson's top moneymakers, and when he summoned her, she obeyed. She hurried to his office where his assistant pointed toward the conference room. She opened the door and stepped inside, skidding to a halt when she saw her boss sitting at the table talking to two men. And not just any two men. The two men from her fantasy on Saturday.

Today they wore tailored business suits, both of them light gray. One man had long dark hair; the other was bald, his dark head glimmering. Both of their faces were strong and determined.

They all stood as she neared the table, then Phil Tyson held out his hand. "Gentlemen, this is Anya Bartholomew, my most successful agent. She's a genius with words, and I'm sure you're going to love what she comes up with."

"I'm sure we will." The first man spoke, his voice seductive and low. "Anya, a pleasure to see you again."

She nodded. Had he said again? "Thank you."

"Anya, this is Mr. Anuis, and Mr. Makin. They are opening a string of lamp factories and they're looking for advertising that will light the way."

Phil laughed at his joke and Anya swallowed hard.

"I see. Well, you've come to the right place." Her palms began to sweat. "With our help, your business will be very successful."

"I'm sure. And please, call us Anuis and Makin. There is no Mr. for Djinn."

"Excuse me?"

The one with the long hair rounded the table and took her hand. "I am Anuis, and this is Makin. You look flushed, little one. Perhaps an orgasm will help calm you."

"What?" Anya shot a stricken look at Phil, who had returned to his seat and was taking to Makin, who winked at her and waved his hand. The business suit she was wearing disappeared. In its place was the green outfit she'd tried on at the shop.

"No. The red one." Anuis made the same movement and the outfit changed.

"No. The green one."

"Perhaps we should just have her naked. That is something we both could agree on." Anuis raised his hand and Anya stepped back, the beads tinkling.

"Oh my lord, I'm having a break-down. I took a vacation. Okay, only two days, but still. Breathe in, breathe out. Breathe in, breathe out."

She bent over to put her hands on her knees and then shot back up when Anuis stepped behind her and grabbed her hips, pulling her back into his groin.

"I like this. She's ready for us to take her."

"No. Wait, I..." His arms came around her and she fought to control her panic.

“Hush, little one,” Anuis said, his breath hot on her neck. “We gave you a few days to get used to the idea.”

“What idea?”

“You summoned us,” Makin said. “You rubbed the lamp.”

“Who exactly are you?”

“Pleasure Djinn,” Anuis said, trailing his lips over her bare shoulders. “When a woman rubs the lamp, she’s granted five wishes to make her fantasies come true. Makin and I were fighting over who would come to you, so we decided to share. I hope you don’t mind.”

His lips were on her back now, soft and tender.

“Of course she doesn’t,” Makin said. “She reached for both of us, and both of us she shall have. Get on with it. My shaft is near to bursting with need of her.”

Anya moaned. No man had ever had need of her, much less had a cock “near to bursting.”

She glanced at Phil, who still talked as if they were in the middle of a business meeting.

“Do not worry about him,” Anuis said. “He will not know of this. Now, tell us your fantasies.”

“Doubt it.” She tried to push away. “Look, I don’t know...”

“Oh, you naughty little girl. Do you see, Makin? Do you see what she wants?”

“Oh I see.” Makin’s voice was thick with lust. “And I love it.”

“If you won’t tell us, we’ll pull the thoughts from you. So, the first one is to dance, to excite a room full of men.”

“She won’t have a problem with that,” Makin said. “And I know just the place to take her.”

“Excellent,” Anuis replied, his hands roaming over her body. Her nipples were harder than they’d ever been, and she could feel wetness pooling inside her.

“No. This isn’t real. This isn’t happening.” She tried to close her mind off, but images kept appearing; desires that she’d never told anyone before.

“Three of us, hum?” Makin raised his brow. “Who shall we invite for that one, Anuis?”

Anuis lifted his lips from the small of her back. “Paran, I think. He likes to do things like that. But of course, don’t we all?” He laughed softly, and then his lips returned, trailing over her skin.

Anya shivered. Any minute now she expected the dream bubble to burst. Then Phil would scream at her for spacing out during the meeting.

“Number three,” Makin said. He closed his eyes, and then laughed. “Oh, you are a bad little girl. I love it. She wants to be tied and spanked.”

“No. No. It’s just a fantasy. Stop. Please.” *Oh, please don’t stop.* Anuis was now kissing her buttocks, his hands on her hips as his lips grazed her skin through the soft material of the harem pants.

“Now that is a pleasurable idea,” Anuis said.

“Yes, I agree with you, my friend,” Makin said.

“What else?” Anuis’ voice was deep. “I can’t wait much longer.”

“No. No, please. Stop it! Stop it!” She wanted to stop thinking about things, wanted to close her mind off to him. But everything she thought of, he said aloud, much to her embarrassment.

“Don’t deny it,” Makin said. “I see it in your mind. She wants to take part in an orgy.”

He stood and his clothes disappeared. He was beautifully naked and Anya inhaled sharply. He stroked his cock and walked toward her.

“No. I, oh my lord, what’s happening?”

Anuis stood beside her. He too was naked now, his hand on his cock.

“You must touch us,” Makin’s voice was demanding. “That shows your willingness. Take our shafts in your hands.”

“No.” She looked toward Phil, who still talked as if Makin was sitting right next to him. “I can’t. I’m not that type of girl. I just...”

“Touch us.” The desire in Anuis’ voice almost drove her over the edge. “Stroke us. We want you. Show us that you want us.”

She wanted to. She wanted to do it so badly she thought she would explode. But this wasn’t real. She needed to see a therapist, or more to the point, a psychiatrist who could prescribe some heavy medication.

Makin’s hands joined Anuis’ in caressing her body.

“Touch us. Stroke us. Show us what you desire.” Their voices sounded as one and she shivered. She reached out her hands, then pulled them back.

Then she reached again. This time, they both took a hand and guided it down to their

shafts. She gripped them, rubbing the length, reveling in the moans of delight her movements brought.

When both their hands disappeared between her legs she shivered.

“Oh, yes.” She ground her hips against them as she continued to stroke their massive members. Anuis’ soft fingers parted her folds, slipping inside her wetness, while Makin stroked her clit. It took mere seconds for her to come. She screamed so loudly, she was sure the whole office would come running to see what was going on. Moments later, she felt warm fluid coat both of her hands. The men beside her were panting and their hips undulated as she held their cocks firm.

Her eyes widened. What had just happened? Had she just jacked off two guys who had provided her with the most intense orgasm she’d ever had? This was the most incredible fantasy ever.

Anuis tipped her head toward him, claiming her lips in a sweet, soft kiss. When he was done, Makin turned her, his lips harsh and demanding against her own.

They stepped in front of her. When she blinked, they were both dressed again, their suits impeccable. As if nothing happened, they both moved to the table and sat back down. Anya looked down at herself. Her business suit had replaced the belly dancer outfit.

“So, what do you think, Anya?” Phil lifted a smile to her. “I think they have some great ideas, and I know the three of you are going to work well together. So what do you say gentlemen, shall we draw up the papers?”

“Most definitely,” Makin replied. “But we want only Anya to work on the account.”

“Done.” Phil nodded as Anya’s head swam. She really had to call that psychiatrist. Today.

“Of course,” Anya said. “I’m more than happy to work with you gentlemen. What’s the name of your company?”

“*Aladdin’s*,” Makin said with a grin. “Catchy, don’t you think?”

Chapter Three

“So, chubs, I hear you have a new client. Or should I say new clients?” Aliya Baban sat down next to Anya in the break room. “Rumor has it they’re gorgeous.”

“Yes, I do.” Anya fixed a sweet smile on her. “And yes, they are. Jealous?”

“Oh, don’t worry. I’ve already told Phil that I need to work with them. After all, you’re so overloaded already with the Baxter account that you can’t seem to find a decent idea for him. Pity. So, it won’t be long before Phil takes the account away from you. It would be a shame for you to bring two accounts down in flames.”

Anya laughed. “You may have asked, but I know for a fact that the two requested me, personally. So you can just, um, kiss my ass?”

Aliya’s eyes narrowed and then smiled. “Don’t push me, chubby. You’re out of your league when it comes to me, and you know it.”

“Oh really? Is that why I’m number one on the leader board, and you’re what, number four?”

“It’s not my fault the last campaign tanked. It was those idiots I was forced to work with. I’ll do this one alone, and push you to the bottom of the pack.”

“Dream on. This one is mine.” *Thank the heavens.*

Anya’s body shivered at the memory of the fantasy she’d had about Anuis and Makin. It had seemed so very real, their hands on her, and her hands on them. Of course they matched exactly the two men she’d fantasized about Saturday while wearing the belly-dancer outfit. She figured that could mean only one thing: Despite her misgivings about how horribly she was always treated in a relationship, she needed to find a flesh-and-blood man. And she needed to find him fast.

If she was so starved for affection that she was starting to have fantasies about clients, then something was wrong. Her newest customers would probably be horrified if they knew

what she'd thought about while they were discussing ways to make their business well known, and more profitable.

"Are you even listening to me?"

"No." Anya took a bite of her apple and shook her head. "Go away."

"Don't think I'm not going to fight for them. I'm sick of playing second chair to you."

Anya stood and threw the trash from her lunch into the can. "You mean fourth chair, right? Get over it, Aliya. Your pretty face is not enough to make you successful in this business. You have to have talent, too. And the ability to take responsibility when something fails, instead of blaming it on others."

Aliya stood quickly, a furious look spreading across her face. She clenched her fists, then seemed to gain hold of her emotions. "When the lamp makers fail because of you, they'll come running to me. Mark my words."

"Doubt it." Anya swept from the room before Aliya could say anything else. She wasn't worried about her ability to come up with slogans for ads. Several were already swimming around in her mind.

She was worried about keeping her cool around the two handsome men she was now working for. Both of them were extremely gorgeous, and would want a woman like Aliya, small and svelte, with her beautiful face and gorgeous body.

Anya had to find a way to fight whatever was taking her over. She was pretty sure the problem was that it had been so long since she'd been in a relationship, but it wasn't that easy to find someone to hook up with. There were men who liked a curvaceous woman, but she never seemed to find them.

She took a deep breath and sat down behind her desk, putting her head in her hands. Maybe she should consider taking the rest of the afternoon off. Maybe, just maybe, she *should* find a psychiatrist and talk to her. It would have to be a "her". She couldn't talk about things like this with a man. Truthfully, she couldn't talk about them with a woman she didn't know, either.

Sheri would listen, and then laugh. Only Heather would truly listen and offer helpful suggestions. She picked up the phone, hoping her longtime friend was at home and not out carpooling or whatever it was mothers did during the day.

When she answered on the second ring, Anya sighed. "Hi."

"Hey, gorgeous. What's up?"

“Are you coming into the city tonight?”

“No. Jake’s out of town on a business trip until Thursday and I have the kids. Why, is something wrong?”

“I was just hoping for a dinner companion.”

“What’s wrong, sweetie? I can tell something’s bugging you.”

“I just had a strange thing happen, and I need someone to talk to, but if you can’t make it to town, that’s okay.”

“Nonsense. My mother called this morning and asked us to let the kids stay overnight some night this week. I’ll call and see if tonight’s good for her, then I’ll call you back. If she says yes, you have to promise me pizza.”

“Done. But I want to talk about heavy stuff, so it’ll have to be delivery.”

“Now I’m really intrigued. I’ll take the train and meet you at your house around six.”

“So, were they really hung?” Heather wiggled her eyebrows as she took a bite of her pizza.

“Are you listening to me? I had a fantasy about two clients. While I was in a business meeting! Something’s wrong with me!”

“Nothing wrong that getting laid wouldn’t cure. And you didn’t answer my question.” She wiggled her brows again.

“Yes, they were. It was a fantasy, they wouldn’t be short and stubby.”

Heather’s bark of laughter made Anya smile. She’d been nervous all day, terrified that her two fantasy men would drop by and strip her again. Maybe ‘terrified’ wasn’t the right word. More like nervous excitement.

She took a bite of her own pizza.

“You say these two men came to you Saturday, too? At the shop? Why didn’t you say anything?”

“Are you kidding me? What was I suppose to say? I don’t talk about my fantasies a lot. It was just the outfit I was wearing. It gave me ideas.”

“Bull. Listen to me. It had nothing to do with the outfits and everything to do with the fact that all you do is work. Do you know how hard it was for Sheri and me to convince you to come on that trip with us? You have got to start letting go or you’re going to explode. Maybe

next time you'll undress them for real, and then you'll lose your job."

Anya put her slice back on her plate and picked up her beer. She took a deep swig. "So, what should I do? Go and pick someone up and bring him back here?"

"Heavens, no! You should let me introduce you to Jake's friend, Bobby. He's a nice guy. I told him all about you."

"Did you tell him that I weigh as much as he does?"

"He doesn't care. Bobby's not superficial. He's really a good person." When Anya didn't answer, Heather said, "Please?"

"I don't know. Let me think about it. I just...think I'm losing it."

"You're not losing it. You're frustrated with your personal life, and it's bleeding over into your work life. You need to let yourself feel happiness again."

"And you think Bobby can provide it?"

"You could make each other happy trying, that's for sure." Heather gave her a sympathetic smile. "Don't you think you owe it to yourself?"

"I don't know. Don't say anything to him until I decide."

"Sure. Except I've already mentioned you to him."

"Be truthful, did you tell him I'm fat?"

Heather's gaze dropped down.

"I thought not. Thanks, but no thanks."

"Sweetie, when he meets you, he'll love you."

Anya shook her head.

Heather sighed. "How about the belly dancing class? I'm sure we could find one here in the city that you could attend." She jumped up and ran for the kitchen, then came back out, phone book in hand. After several seconds of leafing through the pages, she gave a triumphant yell. "Here we go. And in your neighborhood, too."

Heather dove for the phone and was dialing before Anya could stop her. "What are you doing?"

"Seeing if there's one meeting tonight, so we can at least go and watch."

"No. Give me that phone." Anya lunged for it, but Heather quickly stepped away.

Anya settled onto the couch as she heard Heather inquire about belly dancing classes. She called three different studios before Anya heard, "You do? Terrific."

Anya groaned and turned her face into the cushions.

“There’s one at eight, and it’s in your neighborhood. Let’s go. It’s a few blocks from here, but we can hoof it over, and then take a cab back.”

Anya lifted her gaze to her friend. “No.”

“Yes, you’re going. I mean it, Anya. Get up and put your shoes on, now.” When Anya didn’t move, Heather put her hands on her hips. “Right now, young lady.”

“I hate it when you use the Mom voice.”

“You’re going to hate a lot more if I have to call Sheri. We’ll drag you there together.”

“Fine.” Anya stood and moved toward her bedroom. “But I don’t have to like it.”

Chapter Four

Heather's idea of a few blocks and Anya's were two different things. The dance studio ended up being nineteen blocks from her house, which was not such a great distance in New York, Anya supposed. By the time they arrived it was just after eight.

Heather pulled her up the stairs and they checked the building directory.

"Second floor, studio two," Heather said. "Let's go."

They hurried up the remaining stairs, getting to the door just as the instructor was shutting it. Anya was happy to see she wasn't a svelte Barbie, but was a woman with curves, even if she wasn't fat.

"Students?" She smiled at the two of them.

"Actually, we were hoping we could maybe audit the class, to see if we want to take it?"

"Of course. Come on in. We're always happy to have new converts."

There were about seven women in the room, all dressed in loose linen outfits. Anya's fears lessened more when she saw that two of them were her size. They all smiled and introductions were made.

"If you have questions let me know," the instructor, Annette, said. "Belly dancing is fun. It's sensuous, it's magical and playful and it's a great work out."

She clapped her hands and stepped in front of the class. "Ladies, we're going to warm up and open our chakras. Remember to stay loose and enjoy yourselves. Just relax."

"What's a chakra?" She whispered to Heather, but maybe Annette was a mind reader.

"Chakras are energy centers in the body. For you to truly enjoy, and for your body to perform as it should, your chakras should be open. Breathe and up. Breathe and down." She repeated her words as she lifted her hands above her head, placed her hands together and then lowered them down to her chest and out. The class followed suit and then they changed the movements a little, pointing their hands down and moving them out.

By the time they were moving their arms and hips, Anya was mesmerized. They all looked so sensual, so graceful. There was no way she could look that way, or feel that way. But the more she watched them, the more she wanted to be like them. Her shoulders started to sway, the movement snaking down her body to her hips.

“Do you like it?” Annette’s question startled her. She straightened guilty, realizing she’d been dancing with them.

“Yes, I think I do. But my body...”

She let the words trail off.

“Nonsense. Being a female is about curves and sensuality. American society has taught us that women should be stick figures. The man in your life will love the fact that you’re learning to belly dance.”

“There is no man in my life.” *Only two figments of my imagination that gave me a great orgasm this morning.*

“Then do it for yourself. It’s a great workout, and it will help you become in tune with yourself, both physically and mentally. Trust me.”

Heather stood beside her, quiet for the first time that day. Anya knew she had to make the decision on her own. She’d loved watching the ladies, who were still dancing. She loved the fact they were giggling and obviously enjoying themselves. Plus, this would give her something to do at night, something that would take her mind off the fact she didn’t have a man. Hopefully it would make it so she didn’t fantasize about clients anymore.

“How much are the classes?”

“We meet three nights a week, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. Classes are a hundred and twenty-five a week. The class started two weeks ago, but I think we can get you caught up, if you want to come in tomorrow, I can give you a private class. You’ll need some looser clothing, though. I can give you the name of a store to go to.”

“Great. Sign me up.”

Anya threw herself on her bed and crossed her arm over her eyes. She’d gone with Heather to the train station, saw her aboard, and then taken a cab home. She’d half expected her over-active imagination to conjure Anuis and Makin into the living room. But they weren’t waiting for her.

She sat up and took the card Annette had given her from her purse. The store the instructor had recommended was in the Village, and Anya would have to leave early from work tomorrow to get some workout clothes and still make it to the dance studio on time. Since she never left early, she would have to find an excuse.

She supposed she could tell the boss she was going to the doctor, or that she had an appointment with... uh, who? Maybe tell him—

“Tell him you are learning to dance, to pleasure yourself and your lovers.”

She jerked her head toward the sound. Makin stood in the doorway. He wore the loose linen pants he’d worn on Saturday.

Anuis pushed his way past Makin and winked. “Hello, little one. I can’t wait to see you dance.” He wore the same type of pants but his long black hair hung loose tonight, draping over his shoulders.

“No. No. You’re not real. Oh lord, I’m losing my mind.”

“Anya, my sweet. Relax.” Makin’s voice was soft. “We mean you no harm.”

“Except to drive me crazy.”

Anuis knelt next to her on the bed. “Crazy with passion. Admit that you need us. That you want us.”

“Of course I do, otherwise I wouldn’t have fantasized about you.”

Anuis rubbed her shoulders. “Do I feel like a fantasy?”

“Yes, you do.” She jerked and yelped when Makin appeared next to her, lounging on his side and floating on the air.

“Show off. Stop that, you’ll frighten her.” Anuis increased the ministrations on her shoulders. “Ignore him, sweet one.”

“Lord, what is happening to me?”

“Why, your handsome Djinn are here to please you,” Makin said. “Don’t you remember us?”

“You’re not real.”

“Of course we’re real,” Anuis said. “I thought you got over that little misconception this morning when we made you shudder in delight.”

Her body shivered and Makin groaned. “That’s it, little one. Remember your pleasure. Remember our pleasure.”

She closed her eyes as the memory of that morning burned into her brain. She could almost feel them again. She took several deep breaths, then sighed.

“What would it take to convince you we’re real?” Makin asked.

“I don’t know. I just...I don’t know. How can this be?”

“Do you not believe in magic?”

“Yes, I do. But when I looked up Djinn on the Internet this morning, after you left, I found conflicting information. Some sites said you were demons, another magical creatures, and yet another that you were figments of people’s imaginations.”

“I assure you, we’re real.” Makin lowered himself to the bed. “We’re not demons. Some Djinn may be, but not us. We choose to use our powers to spread pleasure.”

“As part of your Aladdin’s Lamp business?”

“No, the Aladdin business is not part of that,” Anuis laughed. “We used it, though, to have an excuse to come and see you in public. We hoped you wouldn’t be frightened of us that way.”

“Yeah, I’m never frightened of men who can undress me with their minds. Literally.” They started to caress her arms and she shivered again. “So what are you, exactly?”

“We are part of a society called The Desires of The Lamp, a group of Djinn who spread pleasure throughout the world.”

“To us poor lonely schmucks who can’t find it on our own?”

“No. To you lovely ladies who have lost faith in yourselves. We will restore your faith, and leave you a better person.”

“By fucking me?”

“Sex is more than physical,” Makin said. “You have to learn to open your mind, to open your heart. You feel bad about yourself because of your size. We will teach you that size has nothing to do with love, or with you. It’s a physical shell that will be cast off upon your death. Your mind and soul are what matter. And yours are so very beautiful.”

Tears welled in Anya’s eyes. She brushed them away and drew her legs up as far as she could. Makin waved his hand in front of her and her clothing disappeared.

“Stop that! Give me back my clothes.”

“No. We like you this way,” Anuis said. “Relax, little one. We have a month to live out your fantasies. We are not going to rush things. We just want to make you more comfortable

around us.”

“By making me naked? I don’t think so.” She tried to stand up but Makin pushed her back down.

“Behave, or I’ll spank you.” Anya lifted a surprised gaze to him. “I think she likes that idea.”

“Me too.” Anuis’ growl was low, and right in her ear. “You naughty girl.”

His arms were strong around her. She settled back into his chest. Maybe she was wrong. Maybe they were real. Or maybe she was having the most sensual psychotic break anyone had ever had.

“Lie back,” Anuis said gently. He moved to her side and lowered her to the bed. She kept her arms crossed in front of her chest. Then, realizing her lower half was naked, she moved one hand down to cover the place in between her thighs.

“Don’t, sweet one,” Makin said. “Let us see your pretty little quim.”

“Quim?”

“Yes,” Anuis replied. “Your American word for it is so ugly. We like quim, soft and sweet. Show us your quim.”

“I, no.” Anya shook her head violently. Makin took her hand and squeezed it gently. His fingers brushed against her pubic hair and she groaned.

“Show us.”

She’d only been with one man, and that had been Nicholas. She’d always made him turn off the lights when they made love, so lying here, naked, with the lights on, next to two incredibly gorgeous men, made her more than a little nervous.

“Too much light,” she whispered, turning her head into Anuis’ thigh. She could see his cock hard and throbbing right next to her.

She inhaled sharply when the lights disappeared and the room lit up with many candles. Her gaze lifted to the candles that floated in the air.

“Better?” Anuis stroked her hair. “Now, show us.”

“Don’t be afraid,” Makin said. “We’re here to love you, to pleasure you. After all, we’ve already explored your sweetness. Now we want to look, to see how beautiful you truly are.”

His words were like butter melting over her. She relaxed more and moved her hand. His hand replaced hers, gently but firmly prodding her thigh. She spread her legs. When his finger

traced her slit, she shivered and moaned.

“Open your eyes,” Anuis said. “Watch him.”

She looked at him through lowered lids as he traced her outer lips. It took very little pressure for him to part them. She could feel her wetness seep in between them, and then coat his fingers.

His murmurs of delight made her feel so sexy. And when he lifted his fingers to his mouth and sucked them inside, she groaned with him.

“Very tasty,” he said. He dipped his head down and kissed her thigh, then lifted his gaze to hers. “May I?”

He caressed her and Anya stopped breathing, for at least a minute, she was sure. When her lungs filled again, she whimpered. “I can’t. No one’s ever, I...”

“Shush, let me, little one. Relax and enjoy our attentions.” He kissed her thigh again as Anuis rubbed her shoulders, his hands dipping down to cup her breasts.

When Makin’s tongue traced her slit, she sat up, pulling her legs tightly together.

“Stop. Stop, please.”

“Why, it’s so tasty.”

“You’re not real, and it’s not good for me to get my hopes up.”

“Not real?” Anuis pulled her back against his chest, cradling her in his arms. “How can you say we’re not real?”

“It’s easy. You say I’m beautiful, and desirable. No man has ever said that. They want my mind, they want my creativity, but not my body. I’m just not a sexual person. Please stop.”

Anya squeezed her eyes shut, but need forced her to open them again. The Djinn were still there. In the candlelight she could make out their faces. They weren’t full of pity, or disgust. They simply watched her as if they could see deep into her soul.

Makin gave her an evil grin and lowered his head again. She stiffened when his tongue traced her thigh, first one and then the other.

“Open for me.”

“No. I can’t.”

“Shush. Open.”

She settled into Anuis’ chest, parting her legs slightly, then more at Makin’s insistence. When his tongue traced her slit this time, she tried to relax, tried to think that he was doing it

because he wanted to, not because of some cosmic contract they'd been forced into because she'd rubbed a lamp.

"We were forced into nothing," Anuis said, stroking her shoulder. "We fought to take your case, battling several other Djinn who wanted the honor."

She moaned, then hissed when Makin's tongue slipped inside her. "Oh, so, oh—"

"Tell us how it feels, Anya, tell us you like our attentions."

His tongue swirled along her softness, his murmurs of pleasure making her shiver with delight.

"It tickles, and it feels so delicious, almost decadent. Oh, yes."

Makin's tongue had found her clit, flicking back and forth over the tiny bundle of nerves as her hips rolled in appreciation. He sucked it into his mouth and started to nibble on her. Her hip movements surged and Anya thought she would die of pleasure.

"Please, please. Oh, so very good."

"Come for us," Anuis whispered in her ear. "Show us how much you like it."

Anya concentrated on the sensations running through her body. She'd had orgasms, sure, but she'd usually been alone. Nicholas had never wanted to stay in her long enough for her to enjoy it. She'd always had the feeling that she was just an available woman with him, someone to help him get his rocks off before he went home to his own bed.

"You must relax," Anuis said. "You are as light as air, as soft as feathers. Feel his tongue on your sweet center, circling your clit, wanting to give you pleasure."

Anya's mind wrapped itself around his words. Anuis was right. They were here for her, cosmic contract or not.

"I can feel it building."

"Grab it," Anuis said. "Reach out with your body and grab the sensation, pull it into your center and feel yourself explode."

Makin's tongue continued to taste her as he stroked her folds with his fingers. When he pushed one, and then two, of his long digits inside her, Anya bucked against him. He began to fuck her gently, in soft sure motions that matched the attention his tongue lavished on her clit.

It took mere seconds for her body to explode. Brilliant displays of light played before her eyes as the heady sensation spread out from her center and grabbed hold of her legs and arms.

She was barely aware of Anuis' soft words of encouragement, or even of Makin's

continued attention on her clit. A second wave of pleasure spread through her and she jerked in response.

“Very good, little one, very good. Beautiful,” Anuis murmured.

When the delicious tension left her body, she collapsed into his arms. Makin sat up and ran his tongue over his lips, smacking them both together before sucking his fingers deep into his mouth.

“Now that’s what I call a very tasty treat.” He covered her body with his, cradling her head as he kissed her forcefully. She could taste herself in his mouth, taste the tangy sweetness of her juices as he forced his tongue into her, swirling it around until she moaned.

“Wow,” she said when he’d pulled back. “Well, that was real.”

“Very,” Makin replied with a wink. “Sleep now.”

“Sleep? What about...” she trailed off, blushing furiously.

“That is for another time,” Anuis said. “We just wanted to make you comfortable with our presence. Sleep, little Anya, and we shall be back tomorrow. We promise.”

Her body felt heavy and sated. She closed her eyes as they both stroked her arms. Seconds later she was asleep, still cuddled in Anuis’ arms.

Chapter Five

“Hey, chubby. Got any new ideas on the lamp account?”

Anya lifted her gaze to her open doorway. Aliya stood just inside, her eyes wide with amusement.

“Yes, Twiggy, my newest idea is *Rub Your Cares Away*. The artwork is going to be me rubbing the lamp and you disappearing. Perfect, don’t you think?”

“Very clever. Shame that it sucks. But don’t worry, I’ve been coming up with some ideas of my own. I’m going to submit them to Phil this afternoon. Toodles.”

She sashayed out of the office and Anya stood, throwing down her pen. “Aliya! Get back here. You stay away from my account.”

“Shards of light, that woman needs to have her bum spanked.”

Anya jumped and turned to Anuis. “You can’t just pop in any time you want. What if I had a client in here?”

“I checked first. Relax, little one. I just wanted to say good day.”

A smile grabbed Anya’s face. “Good day to you, too.” She sat back down and picked up her pen. “But it hasn’t been that long ago since I saw you. Just a few hours.”

“True, but I missed you.”

His smile made her groan. “Thanks. Where’s your partner in crime?”

“Setting up your fantasy for tonight. Your first one.”

Anya blushed furiously. “My first one? Seems to me we’ve had sex together for the last week.”

“We’ve played, yes, but we haven’t completed the act. Tonight will change that, will take us to a higher level together.”

“Sounds good.” She fiddled with her pen and he sat down in a chair across from her.

“Why do you let her bother you so?”

“Hmm? Didn’t I yell at her?”

“After she was gone, but not before. Why is that?”

Anya sat back in her chair. “She’s got it all. She intimidates me. There, I said it. Are you happy? I thought you were supposed to build me up, not remind me of things that bother me, like Aliya.”

“But I don’t understand why she intimidates you. She is so unpleasant. I’ve already starting making plans for her.”

Anya stared at him. “You want to give her wishes?”

“Not me, no. But she needs, how do you say, an attitude adjustment? My friend Matuse will be perfect for her. He is strong, and deals with women such as her, lets her know she needs to change her ways. He’s very excited at the prospect.”

“I’m sure he is. She’s very beautiful.”

Anuis leaned toward her. “Looks do not matter. Not in the least.”

“Right. I can’t tell you the number of people who’ve said to me, ‘you’re so smart, and if you just lost some weight and had a little work done, you’d be pretty, too.’”

“Who has said this?” His face turned dark.

“Lots of people, my mother for one. My ex-boyfriend. My mother again when the boyfriend left me. It was my fault, she said. Men want a pretty woman on their arms, a woman who makes them look good, she said. I waste my talent by being overweight and unattractive, she said.”

“I am sorry for that.”

“Me too. He was a nice guy.”

“Was he?” Anuis sat back and shook his head. “He sounds like an idiot to me.”

“Maybe to you, but he was one of the first men to pay attention to me in a long time.”

“And what do you call me? I’m a man. Or Makin? He’s partially a man.”

“I heard that!” Makin’s voice boomed out. “Watch it, Anuis, or I will have you banished for the remainder of our time with Anya and keep her all to myself.”

A loud slurping noise made Anya laugh. When she looked at Anuis, his eyebrows were raised. “You didn’t answer my question.”

“Yes, you’re men, but you’re doing this because you have to, because it’s your job.”

“It’s a calling,” Anuis said. “And we chose you. Never forget that.”

He stood and straightened his jacket. “Now, take your idea to Phil before Little Miss Attitude beats you there.”

“Idea? I don’t have a new idea for your account. Plus, the account’s not real.”

The shocked look on his face made her wince.

“It most certainly is, very real. The lamp factory truly exists.”

“You’re kidding. I thought it was just an excuse to come in here.”

Anuis shook his head. “Hardly. *Aladdin’s* is real and employs many people.”

“Real people, or supernatural Djinn?”

“Both. Those of us who work the ‘other side,’ are employees of the subsidiary, *Desires of the Lamp*.”

“Right. *Desires of the Lamp*.”

This time his smile was mischievous and he lowered his eyes to her desk. Anya picked up the paper that lay there. A very handsome man with long dark hair lay on his side, a lamp placed in front of his abs. He wore loose harem pants and his chest was bare. And his nipples were pierced. A seductive smile lit up his face. The copy read, “Light up your fantasies with Aladdin’s Lamps.”

“These are the ideas I’ve been thinking about. How did you know?” She shook her head and laughed. “Mind-reading again? Who is this?”

“Paran. You’ll meet him soon, and he asked me to tell you he’s looking forward to it.”

Anuis disappeared and Anya sat back down. There were several layouts under the first one. Paran lounging on a bank of large pillows, lamps hanging from mid-air. Paran replacing the bulb on another lamp, and finally, Paran with a woman in a harem outfit. She was soft and beautiful, and, she was at least a size eighteen.

Anya laughed. “You’re not supposed to do my work for me,” she whispered to herself, half expecting Anuis to answer. When he didn’t, she grabbed the papers and headed for Phil’s office.

His assistant buzzed her inside and she found her boss poring over papers with Nathan.

“Bart,” Nathan said. “We’re busy.”

“I just wanted to drop these off.” She put the papers on Phil’s desk and nodded at her boss. She made a grab for the papers as Nathan picked them up.

“Not bad,” Nathan said as he shuffled through them. Then he stopped and frowned. “The

woman's too fat. You should change that."

"She's perfect," Anya said.

"To you, maybe. But I can guarantee you that a man wouldn't look twice at that woman."

Anya crossed her arms over her chest as Phil took the papers from Nathan. "When was the last time you bought a lamp? These aren't designed to pull in men. Women buy lamps, and women don't want to see tiny stick figures. If they see this handsome man with a woman who has a little meat on their bones they're going to put themselves in her place. They'll look at it. Trust me."

Nathan opened his mouth, then shut it again when Phil said, "I like it. All of it. And Anya's right. This plays toward women's fantasies. Good work, Bart."

"Thanks." *Except for the fact I didn't do it. My pleasure Djinn did.*

Nathan's cell phone rang and as he stepped away to answer it, Anya turned to leave.

"Bart?"

She turned back toward Phil. "Yes?"

"Something's different about you lately. Got a new friend?"

Two of them, as a matter of fact. "No. It's the same old me."

"No. You seem to glow this week. I like it. Keep it up."

"Thanks, Phil."

"You're welcome. Good work on this." He held up the layouts and she smiled.

When she was back in her office she shut the door. "Anuis? Makin?" When they didn't appear she called their names again. This time the air changed, and the man from the layouts appeared. He wore the same clothing as he did in the pictures.

"Paran?"

"Yes. I am pleased your superior likes the photos. Will I be paid?" He laughed, throwing his head back, and then he disappeared.

Anya shook her head. Did all Djinn just pop in and out as they please? She sat down in her desk chair and sighed. She had a dance lesson tonight, and then who knew what. She closed her eyes and tried to remember the fantasies that had run through her mind when Anuis had stroked it with his.

Being tied and spanked, going to a sex party, dancing, pretending to be an adult actress, and what else? Oh yes, sex with three men at once. Stars above, there must be something wrong

with her to think of such self-indulgent things. She stared at the spot where Paran had just stood. “Oh, my. I hope they give me a little bit of a warning before that one occurs.”

She wondered what they had planned for tonight, her first “official” wish. She hoped it included intercourse, because heavens above she needed it. They’d played with her body for a week, bringing her to orgasm over and over, but never allowing her to do the same for them. They hadn’t penetrated her, saying they were waiting for just the right moment, just the right time.

Each night she went to sleep snuggled between them, and each morning she woke with their arms wrapped around her, their kisses gentle on her body, her lips. They made her feel cherished and needed, wanted and loved.

She sighed. “Three more weeks.” *How am I ever going to be able to give them up when my wishes have been fulfilled?*

Chapter Six

Anya's muscles ached. Annette had been particularly demanding tonight, telling Anya that she was a natural dancer, and needed to recognize that. She'd watched her warm up, and then stood next to her during the whole class while she practiced the snake movements, rolling her hips and moving her chest.

The movements were sensual, and always made her feel very, very sexy. She was more than happy that Heather had talked her into taking the class. For her dance fantasy she wanted to use the movements she'd learned, even though belly dancing wasn't done as stripping.

As she walked home, she wondered what her two friends had planned for tonight. Of course she should know, since all the fantasies were pulled from her mind. She thought about what she'd wished for, and doubt ran through her, wondering exactly why she'd thought of those things when Anuis had probed her mind. Realization hit like a ton of bricks and she stopped to sit on a bus bench.

They all had to do with Nicholas. There were all things she'd wanted to try, or things he'd mentioned to her and then discarded because of her weight. A friend of his was a swinger, and Nicholas had wanted to attend a party. But he was afraid of what the friend would say when he brought Anya.

She'd wanted to learn belly dancing. He'd told her that no man wanted to see a fat dancer. She'd wanted to be spanked, to be dominated for a night. He'd told her that dominants would not put up with a woman of her size, so why should he?

He'd wanted to invite a friend to join them; then told her that none of his friends thought her attractive enough.

Tears formed in her eyes as she sat. If Anuis and Makin knew her fantasies, they knew the reasoning behind them, too. The idea that the two handsome Djinn had seen her humiliation at the hands of Nicholas made her shudder. Tonight was their first "official" night together. And

now, at the realization she was trying to live out the things she'd wanted to do with Nicholas, she wasn't sure if it was something she wanted to go through with.

What if, once they'd started, they decided Nicholas was right? What if they already had? What if they were only doing these things because they had to?

She sat back on the bench, jumping when Makin appeared next to her. "Why are you sitting here, doubting yourself?"

"Listen, I think we should—"

"And I think you need to come and play. Get up. Now."

"Makin, I don't think—"

"As you shouldn't. Tonight is not for thinking. Tonight is for pleasure."

He snapped his fingers and they were in the foyer of her brownstone. His smile was seductive and made her quiver.

"Strip."

"The lights. They've always been lowered."

"You will not question me. You've been a bad girl, and bad girls get punished. I said strip. The lights are as I want them to be." The timbre of his voice made her shudder. She'd always dreamed of submitting to a strong, take-charge man.

She put down her briefcase and the bag that held her dancing outfit, and then turned to him.

"I would like candlelight, please."

He snapped his fingers and the jeans he had been wearing changed into the soft linen pants he'd worn the first time she'd seen him. "Not tonight. Step outside of your comfort area. Do you not trust me? Trust us?"

His words hit her like a ton of bricks. In the week they'd been coming to her she'd learned to trust them more than she'd trusted Nicholas the whole time they'd been dating.

"Of course I do."

"Then do as I say, naughty, naughty girl. Or face the penalty."

His smile made her quiver, and she lifted trembling fingers to the buttons of her blouse. This was what she wanted. This was what she'd fantasized about. And yet, now that it was here, she was scared to death. Especially when she realized why she wanted it. Was she trying to prove something to herself, or Nicholas?

She lifted her gaze to Makin, who watched her with his beautiful eyes. She dropped her blouse to the floor and slipped out of her skirt, leaving only her bra and panties. She'd refused to put her pantyhose back on after dancing class.

"Remove the rest." His voice was deep with desire.

Part of her wanted to argue, but the part that wanted to feel him, feel Anuis, inside her, won out. She dropped the intimate clothing to the floor, fighting the urge to wrap her arms around herself and hide the flab that she so detested.

"Follow me." He led her up the short steps that ran between the entryway of her brownstone and the first floor. She stopped and gasped as she entered. She'd been expecting something different, but not this.

All her furniture was gone. Long strips of colorful material draped down from the ceiling. Her padded carpeting had been replaced with soft fur. In one corner sat a large mound of pillows. Sitting in front of that mound was a large wooden chair with arms.

He walked to the chair and turned to her.

"Sit."

She moved to him quickly. The chair was huge, swallowing her body.

"Now, tonight you will be punished for arguing with me about the lights, and for disrespecting your body."

"Makin, I..."

"Put a leg over each arm, then drape your arms over your shoulders, grasping the back."

Anya swallowed down panic. If she did as he asked she would be exposed, her breasts and vagina on display for him. The idea both titillated her and scared her half to death.

She swallowed hard and followed his instructions. Her breasts were proudly displayed, and the dark triangle between her legs glistened with her desire.

Makin stared at her, and when he clasped his hands behind his back and circled the chair, she held her breath. He needed to say something—anything—that would ease her nerves. He stayed behind her and she stared at the seductive scene in front of her.

"You look so very beautiful. But now, we are going to remove the patch of hair between your thighs. Denuding your pelvic area will increase the sensations you will when we take you."

She sucked in a breath as Makin floated by her, resting on his stomach. He turned to his side and floated back. A standing ewer of water appeared with a wave of his hand. Then, floating

in mid-air, was a square stone slab. Resting on it was a marble bowl of shaving cream with a marble-handled brush and a straight-edged razor with a red handle. Sitting next to the razor was a strop.

“Um, I don’t know if...”

“You don’t have to. Stay in position.”

Makin floated backward, and Anuis appeared. He had the razor and strop in his hand, sharpening the blade by running it across the strop.

“Bring your body forward little one, so that your behind is level with the edge of the chair.

Anya did as he asked, feeling even more exposed, more vulnerable than she had just seconds ago. She closed her eyes, then popped them open again and gasped as the chair floated upwards.

“What are you doing?”

“Bringing you up to my level,” Anuis said. “I don’t wish to kneel to perform my task.”

The chair floated in front of him, and Anya’s stomach felt much as it did when she rode a roller coaster.

“What if the chair moves?” Her voice trembled as her feet kicked out and met with nothing but air.

“The chair will only move when you do. Sit still, little one, as Makin instructed you. I will give you a few moments to calm your nerves.”

A few moments? Anya felt as if she would need a few months. She took several deep breaths, aware that Makin had floated nearby so he could watch. She tried not to think about her body being so exposed for both of them to see.

She licked her lips and nodded. There was no time like the present, as the old saying went. Anuis placed the razor and strop on the marble slab, taking up the bowl of cream.

The bristles tickled as they spread the gel over her mons. She was glad that she already kept herself trimmed. She’d never tried this before, although she heard that it increased stimulation. She knew both of her Djinn were bare, but didn’t dare ask them about it now. She would wait until later, when submission night was over

The thought almost made her laugh. When Anuis slid the razor down the center of her mound, she closed her eyes, concentrating on remaining still instead of moaning, and possibly

moving, under his attentions.

He was quick and efficient at his task, the steel moving over her softness, the cream moving along its patch. It took little time for him to completely remove her pubic hair. When it was done, a wet cloth appeared on the slab and he used it wash away the remains of the lotion.

She moaned softly, more than happy with herself and her ability to stay still, despite her desire to cover herself.

“Very good,” Makin said. “And very beautiful.”

She shivered when a cool gel spread across her warm flesh.

“’Twill sooth any burn,” Anuis said. “And it will prevent any discomfort later.”

When he was done, he stepped back and nodded at Makin. “She is ready for us.”

“So I see.” Makin’s voice sent shivers down her spine. The chair floated down to the ground, but Anya stayed in place.

“Now, you naughty girl. It is time to be spanked.” Makin stood next to Anuis, and then they both moved to reveal a new addition to the room. It was a bench, with a very small padded area in the middle. Four padded limbs surrounding it were in place to hold her arms and legs.

“Place your beautiful quim on the center, then lie down on it so your limbs are on the arms and legs of the bench.”

“Right,” Anya said with a snort. “That tiny piece of furniture is supposed to hold me up? I think we should...”

“And I think you should obey before your punishment increases,” Anuis said.

“Um, I don’t know. I...”

Makin held out his hand and a small, round paddle appeared in it. “It’s made of leather. Do you like it?”

Anuis did the same thing and Anya gulped loudly.

“Mount the chair,” Anuis said. “Right now.”

Anya moved to it, throwing her leg over the center. It rested right on her now bald mons. She gently grasped the top of the bench and brought her own legs up to rest on the padded legs of the chair.

“Rest on your forearms, so that your body is level with the middle beam.” She followed Makin’s instructions, her heart going into overdrive. “Very good. Now stretch your fingers out and grasp the edges of the arms.”

When he caressed her bottom with the cool leather, she moaned nervously.

“Relax, little pet. Take several deep breaths and relax.”

Anya did as he said, but she still felt off-center, and more than a little nervous. She’d just started to calm down a little when ropes began wrapping themselves around her arms and legs. Before she had time to argue, she was firmly secured to the bench.

“Very nice,” Anuis said with a laugh. “She looks good enough to eat.”

“Maybe later,” Makin said. “Right now, she will be punished for making us wait.”

Anya gasped as the leather paddles caressed her rear, one on each side.

“Bad, bad girl.” Anuis laughed softly, then swatted her left cheek. Seconds later Makin swatted her other cheek. They set up a lazy pace, alternating swats between them as Anya shivered in delight.

The leather stung against her bottom, but not so hard that she wanted it to stop. The erotic sensations were almost overwhelming. She felt wicked and naughty, like she’d fantasized. The swats warmed her backside, the tension and pleasure spreading throughout her body. She rolled her hips, her clit rubbing on the leather bench under her.

“That’s it, little one,” Makin said. “Increase the pressure, enjoy the sensations.”

The intensity of the swats increased and Anya bucked into the bench. The ropes around her arms and legs kept her in place, and the sharp waves of pressure running through her body made her body tingle. Sharp prickles of pleasure warmed her as she moved.

Her two Djinn slowed their ministrations, almost teasing her now, dropping the paddles against her bottom and rubbing it gently.

“Such a nasty little girl,” Makin said. “Look at her red bottom, and the way she moves, as if she’s enjoying her punishment.”

“It’s beautiful,” Anuis replied. “I love the ropes around her body. Think of the way she will look with the rope impressions on her beautiful skin. I want her first.”

“Never. You will watch, and then you can take her. I will have her first.”

Anya moaned as they continued to argue. She’d never had men argue over her before. It was exhilarating to hear them say they both wanted her first. It made her feel alive, desirable.

It was a feeling so alien that it overwhelmed her. Tears filled her eyes and she thought her heart would beat out of her chest. Her movements stopped, and the paddling stopped along with

it.

Her two lovers rubbed the leather against her bottom.

“Move your hips, little one.” Anuis rubbed the small of her back, then smacked her bottom with his bare hand. “You must climax for us before we take you, and both of us are dying to be inside you.”

His words washed over her. She’d never felt this way before. Even in the week leading up to this there had been a part of her that thought it was a fantasy; that she had made the two of them up. Her experiences thus far had been pleasurable, but they didn’t compare to the feelings flowing through her at this moment.

They slapped her behind with their hands, harder and harder as she began to rock on the bench again. The feelings built inside her. Gone were her wishes for low light. Gone were her ideas that she wasn’t desirable. This was how an erotic spanking should feel. This was the most incredible thing she’d ever experienced in her life.

When they both slapped her behind at the same time, pushing her forward on the bench and sending her clit harder into the leather, she came, screaming out her release as they continued to spank her, harder and harder.

“Yes, that’s it sweet one. I can feel it. Come again for us, come again.” Makin stroked her back with his free hand as the spanking continued.

Anuis did the same thing and Anya came again, her hips lifting and dropping onto the bench as she screamed out her release.

When it was over, she blinked her eyes in confusion. She was no longer on the bench, the ropes no longer held her in place. Instead she lay in the middle of the pillows, Makin on one side, Anuis on the other. Their hands were caressing her breasts, tweaking her nipples as she slowly came back to reality. When she sighed in pleasure, they dropped their heads to her chest, each one taking a nipple into his mouth and tugging on it with his teeth until she groaned.

“Too much, too much.”

“Too much what?” Anuis lifted his head, a huge grin on his face.

“Too much sensation.”

“Nonsense,” Makin said. “No such thing. Are you ready for me, sweet one?”

“Oh yes, more than ready.”

Anuis gently massaged her thighs and she spread them. When Makin centered himself

between them she threw her arms above her head and said, “fuck me, oh, please, fuck me.”

She’d never said anything like that in her life. Nicholas would have told her it was nasty, that it wasn’t ladylike to say such things, even while having sex. But with Makin and Anuis it felt right. It was deliciously nasty, deliciously perfect.

“With pleasure,” Makin replied. He pushed her legs wider, settling himself at her opening. During the previous week, they’d allowed her to touch them with her hands, but with nothing else.

Now she wanted to touch them, to feel them everywhere in her body. She turned her eyes to Anuis, who knelt near her side. Her hand sought his cock, closing around him as Makin’s hard flesh slipped into her tightness.

“Yes,” she said as she pumped Anuis. “Harder. Harder. Oh, please.”

Makin pushed in more as Anuis placed a pillow under her neck, then offered her his cock. Her mouth swallowed him greedily as her pussy swallowed Makin. The two of them groaned in unison as they began to move, pumping in and out of her pussy and mouth.

She sucked Anuis in deeper, just as she wrapped her legs around Makin’s hips. She’d never been so full, never felt so wanted.

Makin rode her harder, the tip of his cock grazing her womb as she moved with him. Anuis was careful not to thrust too hard, giving her just enough of his cock to give them both extreme pleasure. She tongued the tip of his slit, flicking her tongue back and forth before sucking him in deeper and deeper.

“Will you accept my gift, beautiful Anya?” Anuis’ voice sounded far away, his pleasure evident.

She pulled back and wrapped her hand around him, moving her saliva over his thick rod. “Yes.” She didn’t even have to think about it. She’d never done it before, but for what she was feeling right now, there was no way she would turn it down.

He leaned over and kissed her, his mouth plundering her own, his tongue grazing over her teeth, her lips. Then he straightened and offered himself to her again. She sucked him in deeply, feeling his cock swell.

She moved her hands around and tickled his balls, which were tight and full. His hand stroked her hair and seconds later, he groaned, his warm seed hitting the back of her throat. She swallowed hungrily, her mouth tightening as if to beg him for more.

Makin pumped her as Anuis emptied himself into her. When Anuis pulled back, she licked him clean, swirling her tongue around the head of his cock as his fingers dipped to her clit.

He found it easily, rubbing it as Makin continued to thrust.

“So good, but too much.” The pleasure swirled inside her, threatening to break.

“Nonsense,” Makin said, he lifted her hips, resting them on his thighs. From this position his cock slammed into her G-spot repeatedly. That, along with Anuis’ sweet caresses, sent Anya flying.

“Makin! Anuis! Oh, oh!” She felt Makin swell as Anuis whispered words of encouragement to them both. Hot steams of his essence filled her and she clenched him.

When Makin was done, he let go of her legs and collapsed next to her. Anuis leaned over and kissed her gently, his lips trailing over her lips and cheek. When he moved, Makin replaced him, giving the other half of her face the same treatment.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “That was incredible.”

Anuis’ laugh made her shiver.

“We’ve only just started, little pet. By tomorrow, you will be well and truly sated.

Chapter Seven

“Well, aren’t you happy? What’s up? Are they having a sale on cheesecake at the A&P? Did you win ten gallons of ice cream in some drawing? That might last you through tonight.”

Anya turned from the coffee machine, for once unfazed by Aliya’s nastiness. Nathan snickered, but Anya continued to stir her drink. She gave Aliya a sweet smile and then took a sip.

Aliya’s eyes shot up. “Oh please, don’t tell me you had sex? You? I think I may be sick.”

“My feelings are none of your business,” Anya said. “I’m just happy, and I don’t have to tell you why.”

Nothing Aliya or Nathan said would ruin her day. She felt as if her body were still on fire. Each time she sat she remembered the erotic spanking her two lovers had given her. Each time she moved she felt the wonderful soreness deep inside where Makin, and then Anuis, had pounded into her.

When she’d woken that morning they’d been there, croissants and coffee waiting for her. They’d showered together, both of them soaping her body up before they brought her to orgasm with their hands.

Then, they’d helped her dress, saying they wanted to go with her to find clothing that more suited her.

“These are business clothes,” she’d said. “Suits and things that make people take me seriously.”

“You can dress as the sensuous woman you are and still be taken seriously,” Anuis said as he stared with disdain into her closet. “We’ll have a selection of clothing for you to look at tonight.”

“I’m going to cook,” Makin said. “Wonderful, sensual food that will put you in the mood for love.”

She’d laughed. “You mean you’re going to snap your fingers and conjure up food.”

“No,” Makin had said, frowning. “I’m going to cook.”

She reminded them that she had an extra dance class that night, then smiled the whole way to work. Even the taxi driver had commented on her cheerfulness.

Anya had wanted to tell him it was difficult not to be cheerful when you’d been so wonderfully loved.

“So, who’s the unlucky guy?” Aliya’s question brought her back to the present.

“No one you know.”

“Well, that goes without saying, or else he would have been in my bed last night.”

Anya took a deep breath. “What’s wrong, Aliya? Spend the night alone? Did you run down the batteries on your vibrator?”

Nathan’s snort of laughter bolstered Anya’s self-confidence. Nathan never laughed at anything she said.

Aliya narrowed her eyes for just a moment before smiling sweetly at Anya. “By the way, I gave Phil my ideas for the lamp account, since you were behind. I’ll stop by this afternoon to pick up the file.”

Her words made Anya balk inwardly. She didn’t have a file on the lamp account. She had no storyboards, no notes on copy or any requisitions for the photos that had mysteriously appeared on her desk.

“That account is already taken care of,” she said. “Phil loved my ideas. Maybe you should spend the afternoon shopping for more batteries.”

“We’ll see about that,” Aliya said, sweeping out of the room.

Nathan sat back in his chair and assessed her. She wondered if she really looked that different today. After all, she’d been having orgasms ever since Makin and Anuis had appeared in her life. It was hard to believe that last night’s fantasy, as beautiful as it had been, would alter her appearance so that others would notice.

“Be careful of her.”

“What?” She stared at Nathan.

“It’s no secret that you’re our top money maker, Bart. I’m more than a little jealous, but I’ll just keep trucking along and try to overtake you. But Aliya? She’d kill her own mother to take your spot. And you just pissed her off.”

Anya laughed, the sound coming from deep inside her. “I don’t care. She can be as pissed

as she wants. The *Aladdin* account is mine and there is nothing she can do about it. And nothing she could do today would hurt the fantastic way I'm feeling."

Nathan's smile was gentle. "I'm glad. It's nice to see a smile on your face."

"Are you saying I don't smile?"

"I'm saying you're a workaholic who doesn't take the time to smile." He winked at her, picked up his coffee and stood. "But it's nice to see that might be changing."

Anya stared at his empty chair. It was the first time that Nathan had ever talked to her in a friendly manner. Was he really just jealous because Phil gave her the good accounts? She'd always thought he'd avoided her because of her size.

She thought back to the years they'd worked together and sighed. No, she was wrong. Nathan had never said anything disparaging about her size. He might have laughed when Aliya did, but he'd never called her fat. He'd always just called her Bart.

The idea that Anya had projected her own negative image of herself onto others made her feel bad, for all of ten seconds. That time was over. Makin and Anuis were letting her know that she was more than just a smart woman. She was also desirable, and fun. And she planned to let it be known to her co-workers. Starting now.

By the time she got home that evening, she was flying high. She'd smiled all day long, and people had noticed, and said things. It made her feel fantastic, and it made her wonder why she hadn't done it sooner.

The boost she'd received from her two Djinn, plus a fantastic workout during dance class, had her feeling as if nothing could stop her.

She stepped inside and sniffed the air. She could smell butter, and herbs, and was that...? Oh my stars it was. Chocolate. She put her briefcase and workout bag down and took off her jacket.

"I'm home." It sounded so strange to hear those words.

"Good evening, little pet." Anuis appeared behind her, stroking her shoulders. "Have a good day?"

"Yes. I had a fantastic day."

He kissed her neck, sliding his tongue under the collar of her blouse, then he snapped his fingers and she was naked.

“Anuis.” She giggled, but didn’t try to hug herself. Instead she stood and shivered under his lips as he traced her shoulder blades.

“Very good. The suit you were wearing has been put in the trash.”

“What? That suit cost me a fortune! Bring it back.” She wheeled on him, putting her hands on her hips. “How come you’re not naked?”

Anuis lowered his gaze to the pants he wore. “I’m not going to try on clothing. Come, Makin has some appetizers for us before we start the fashion show.”

He wrapped his arms around her, his front to her back, and they walked up the stairs together. Anya giggled as they walked, trying not to fall as Anuis’ hands moved up and down her sides.

Her living room still looked like a sultan’s harem. She smiled at Makin, who stood naked in the doorway of her kitchen, a plate of food held out in front of him.

“Hungry, little one?”

“For food, or other things?”

“Food, for now.” He held out a slice of papaya. “Eat.”

Anya took a bite, then watched Makin feed the other half to Anuis.

“Delicious,” she whispered.

“Nice and juicy,” Makin replied, offering her another piece. “Don’t bite it in half, just suck it into your mouth.”

She did as he asked, moaning softly when he leaned over and bit the fruit in two, sucking half into his mouth and kissing her at the same time. She sucked in her own piece and ate it, swallowing it quickly as she stared at the plate.

There were many different fruits there besides the papayas. Makin had prepared peaches, figs, dates, and plums. They fed them to each other hungrily, sucking each other’s fingers into their mouths to lick off wayward juices as they took in the fruit.

Their lips met over and over, and Anya felt the wonderful sensations of desire and lust take over her body. But their hands didn’t stray. They concentrated on the food, on her lips, on their lips. Somehow it made the situation much more sensual, and it amazed her that she could feel so hot, so needful, when they hadn’t touched any of her sexual organs.

Makin’s laugh made her giggle. “Stop doing that.”

“What?”

“I know you’re reading my mind.”

“I am. The mind is a sexual organ, Anya. It has to be engaged for you to fully enjoy the sexual experience. You have to learn to let yourself go, to let yourself explore, to let yourself experiment.”

He kissed her then, his tongue going deep into her mouth. The taste of the fruit mixed with the salty taste of his lips sent her senses spiraling. Anuis kissed her shoulder, then he and Makin both stepped back.

“The appetizers are gone,” Makin said. “Time to try on clothing.”

Anya groaned. “There’s nothing wrong with what I wear now.”

“On the contrary,” Anuis said. “You dress in drab colors and long skirts. We need to shake things up a bit.”

“I dress as a business woman should.”

“No,” Makin said. “You do not. You dress down. You can still dress as a businesswoman and make yourself noticeable.”

They moved into her bedroom. Anya gasped at what she saw. Clothing covered the bed. Business suits in grays and blacks were there. But added to the mix were rich silk blouses in reds and greens; and soft sweater sets in beautiful colors. Shoes with heels had replaced her sensible shoes.

“This isn’t going to work. The skirts are too short. And those heels? I wear flats. I’m tall enough without heels.”

“Oh yes, it will work,” Makin said. “The skirts will hit just above the knee. And the heels will make your already beautiful legs more beautiful. Put them on and practice walking in them.”

Anya stared at them. The heels were thick, and about two and a half inches high.

“I’ll be almost five ten with them on,” she said softly. “Too tall, and too big.”

“Learn to revel in your size, Anya,” Anuis said, stroking her shoulders. “Don’t be embarrassed by it. The more confidence you have, the more people will notice you, and notice the fact that you feel good about yourself.”

“They noticed today,” she said, almost under her breath.

“Yes, they did,” Makin said. “But beware the snake in the grass.”

She lifted her gaze to his and he smiled, offering her the shoe.

“Sit, and I will put it on your foot.”

Anya sat amongst the clothing and held out her foot, feeling much like Cinderella. Makin knelt and slid her foot into the leather, fastening the T-strap over her ankle.

“Perfect,” Anuis said. “And very beautiful. I have great taste, if I do say so myself.”

His grin made Anya laugh. Makin slipped the other shoe on her foot and she stood. She felt as if she towered over them, but she knew it wasn’t true. They were both well over six feet tall, so she wasn’t taller than they were, but she felt very, very large.

“Stop that,” Anuis said, slapping her behind. She jumped and then gulped.

“Wear them for the rest of the night,” Makin said. “It will help you get used to them before wearing them to work tomorrow.”

Anya thought she would argue, but she didn’t. She should wear the shoes. She’d seen Aliya, and several of the smaller women, wear shoes like this. Why shouldn’t she?

“What about the rest of the clothes?”

“There isn’t much difference,” Anuis said. “I added some color, and lifted the hems a little bit. The blouses are silk, and will look soft, yet professional. The sweaters can be worn with skirts, or pants, and will allow you to show your beautiful figure.”

“Anuis, my figure is not beautiful.”

“It is, Anya. A woman should look like a woman. You have an hourglass figure that you hide in your too loose clothing. It is time to tighten it up and show your curves.”

Anya looked at Makin, whose wink made her nerves settle a little. “Let’s go and eat.”

“More food?”

“Oh yes, the fruit was the appetizer. We’ll have the main meal now, then we’ll enjoy cheeses and dessert.”

“I smell chocolate,” Anya said with a grin.

“Perhaps,” Makin replied. “But you have to eat your dinner, first.”

They went back to the dining room, Anya working hard not to trip in her new shoes. She felt very sexy, though, wearing nothing but the heels. Didn’t actresses in porno movies always wear high heels?

“Yes,” Anuis said, stopping at a square of wood that sat on the ground. “But theirs are stilettos. We’ll try those later.”

She laughed, then took Makin’s hand and sat on the square. She’d expected it to be cold, but it wasn’t. She glanced at the table where the food sat.

“Shouldn’t we go over there?”

“No,” Makin said, sitting down. He waved his hand and Anuis’ pants disappeared.

“Come and join the party.” Anuis sat, completing the triangle. Their knees touched and when the slab of wood floated upwards, Anya gasped.

“I guess I should be used to this by now,” she said, taking Anuis’ hand.

“As you should,” Makin replied. He took a dish that floated toward them. “Scallops, seared in buttered herb sauce.”

He took the slippery food in his fingers and held it to Anya. She took it in one bite, savoring the taste as she chewed.

“Delicious.” She watched Makin feed a piece to Anuis, and then she fed a bite to Makin. The scallops were delicious, rich and tasty.

The next plate Makin produced held clams. They’d been steamed, and then covered in the same buttery sauce that had flavored the scallops.

“This will do wonders for my cholesterol level,” Anya said as she chewed a spoonful that Anuis fed her.

“The seafood is good for you,” Makin replied. “Sensual, and very good for your body.”

“Yes, I’ve heard that. My favorite seafood, though is...” She gasped as another plate appeared. “Lobster.”

“I’ve already cracked the shells,” Makin said, giving her a small fork. A bowl of melted butter floated to her right. “Enjoy it, sweet one.”

Anya didn’t hesitate. She devoured the first tail on the plate, watching as her lovers enjoyed the lobster on their plates. Soon, the three of them abandoned their forks and began eating the meat with their fingers. They fed each other and laughed as butter dripped onto chins and chests, licking the slippery trails until they were all moaning.

When it was gone, the plates disappeared and the table floated to the ground.

“Delicious,” Anya said. “So very good.”

They lay down on the table, with Anya in the middle. “I’m stuffed.”

“But we still have dessert,” Anuis said, pouting like a child. “I’ve been looking forward to this all day.”

“You’re such a baby,” Makin replied. “We’ll relax and talk. And then have dessert.”

“I like that idea,” Anya said. “Tell me more about Djinn land.”

Their shared laughter made her smile.

“Djinn land?” Anuis shook his head. “We live in your world, Anya, not any other.”

“Yes, but as Djinn you have your own society, right? You have different laws that you follow, and different ways that you live. For instance, do you live forever?”

“No,” Makin replied. “We live much longer than you do, but we don’t live forever.”

“How old are you?” She looked back and forth between them. “Are you the same age? Are you brothers, or cousins?”

“No,” Anuis replied. “We are not related, not in a blood way. Makin is older than I.”

“Yes, Anuis is a baby. Barely one hundred and twenty years old.”

Anya stared at Anuis with wide eyes. “One hundred twenty is a baby?”

“Yes,” Anuis said, nodding. “Now Makin, he’s an old man. He’s been spreading pleasure for more than two hundred years.”

“You’re two hundred years old?”

“No, two hundred thirty,” Makin said. “I did not become Djinn until I was older. I was not born to it as Anuis was.”

“I don’t understand.”

“There are three ways to become Djinn,” Makin replied. “If your parents are Djinn, as Anuis’ are, you are born to it, or you are made Djinn by the gift of another Djinn.”

“And the third?”

The two men cleared their throats and sat up.

“What? Tell me.”

“Not all Djinn are pleasure Djinn,” Makin said. “Some are demons, mischievous demons who cause trouble and wreak havoc. Those Djinn were cursed into their lifestyle.”

Anya shivered. “That sucks. If you weren’t born into it, which one are you?”

Makin laughed, then gave her a mock angry look. “You think me a demon?”

“No, obviously not. Sorry.”

“Apology accepted. A very beautiful woman gifted me into the life. She came to me when I was young and grieving over my wife, who had died in childbirth. I wished for the ability to make my pain go away. She gave it to me.”

“Oh Makin, I’m so sorry.” Tears filled Anya’s eyes as she watched Makin’s eyes cloud, then clear.

“‘Twas a long time ago, and I have learned to live with my loss.” He caressed her forehead, tracing the outline of her hair. “And I have enjoyed spreading pleasure to those who need it in their lives.”

“People like me?”

“Yes,” Makin kissed her forehead. “Exactly like you.”

“How long can a Djinn live?”

“More than a thousand years,” Anuis said. “We can be hurt physically, but only by other Djinn.”

“How many are there?”

“More than you would think,” Makin replied. “Some Djinn live as mortals. Others flit about looking to spread joy.”

“I’m happy you two flit about,” she said softly. “So tell me about this Desires of the Lamp group you talked about. Do you work there?”

“In a way,” Makin replied. “The organization is worldwide. The woman who runs the shop where you found the lamp is a Djinn. She recognized you as someone who was hurting, who needed our aid.”

“I have to remember to thank her.” Anya shivered as they each kissed a shoulder. Makin’s finger toyed with her bellybutton and she moaned softly.

“We already did,” Anuis said. “But she would be happy to know that you are pleased, also.”

“You thanked her for me?” Anya’s stomach did flip-flops. These two men, supernatural men, were happy to be with her? Happy to play with her body? The idea boggled her mind.

“Yes, we did,” Makin replied, sliding down her body and pushing his tongue into her belly button. Anya bucked against him as sweetness stirred inside her. He licked around it, nibbling on her skin as she moaned.

“I think he’s hungry again,” Anuis said. “Are you hungry, Anya?”

“For food? Or for sex?”

“Both, little pet,” Anuis said as Makin’s tongue probed her belly button again. Makin lifted his gaze to Anuis’ and she watched silent communication take place.

“Very well,” Anuis said. “I’ll be the canvas this time, but I’ll want a taste, too.”

“A taste of what?” Anya smiled at him. “Are we talking about chocolate?”

“We’re talking about artwork,” Makin replied. “Edible artwork done with chocolate.”

Chapter Eight

Anya giggled like a child seeing her first fireworks display. “Am I the canvas, or the artist?”

“Which would you like to be?” Anuis sucked one of her nipples into his mouth, his fingers toying with the other. With Makin at her middle, and Anuis at her breasts, Anya thought she could very well be the happiest woman on the planet.

Would it be better to be painted, and then licked? Or to paint, and then lick? And if she chose the latter, whom would she choose to be the canvas? Both of her lovers were large, strong men whom she would love to please with her brush and tongue. But would she be the only one doing the pleasuring? Would one of the strong Djinn join her in painting, and licking?

She knew they could read her mind. They knew she had questions, but both of them remained silent, their tongues lapping at her body.

“Somebody tell me what to do.”

Makin’s laugh was soft. “You must decide. You make business decisions every day. Why is this one any different?”

Anya knew he was right. She made tough decisions every day about advertising campaigns, about things she thought clients would like, or wouldn’t like. And she was right ninety percent of the time. That’s why she was the top earner at Phil’s agency. Plus, did it really matter what she chose? Either way would be a unique experience; either way would bring extreme pleasure to all three of them.

She thought of the things they had told her, about their ages and how they came to be Pleasure Djinn. Makin was the oldest, and had suffered a horrific loss when his wife and child had died. Anuis was born a Djinn, and born to be a pleasure slave. Trying to decide which one would make the better canvas was hard, so she closed her eyes.

Eeny, meeny, miney, mo...

"Makin," she said softly. "I want Makin to be the canvas."

Makin's head shot up and he clapped his hands together loudly.

"I love it. Stand up, sweet pet."

Anuis helped her to her feet as Makin walked to the pillows in her living room, throwing himself down and putting his hands behind his head.

"I'm all yours," he said with a laugh.

Anya took Anuis' hand and they walked toward the pillows. When they arrived, two trays appeared, both with small pots of warm chocolate, hovering just above a flame. The trays also contained raspberries, strawberries, several brushes and a bowl of whipped cream.

Anuis took a brush from his tray and dipped it in the chocolate.

"Is it hot?"

"Warm. Warm enough to paint his skin, but not hot enough to burn him. Do as you like, little pet. Paint him and adorn him with fruit and cream. Then we'll eat him, together."

Anya looked down at Makin's cock. It was ramrod hard, pointing straight at his head. His balls were heavy and full. She picked up a brush and dipped it in the chocolate, trailing the warm liquid over the head of his cock.

Makin hissed in delight and she dipped the brush again, her stroke bolder this time as she painted chocolate down his shaft. Anuis was painting around his smooth nipples, making a spiral of circles with the dark concoction.

Anya made streaks of chocolate on Makin's stomach, then painted four on each side of his hard, straining shaft. She took raspberries from the tray and scattered them along the trails.

They continued painting, their brushes dancing around each other's as they covered Makin's skin. They both sat back at the same time to admire their work. They picked up strawberries and raspberries and dotted them on his body, then dabbled cream on the fruit.

"You are killing me," Makin said, his voice dangerously low. "Someone had better start to eat, or the canvas is coming to life."

"Your wish is my command," Anya said.

She dipped her head and trailed her tongue along Makin's shaft. It bobbed under her attention and Makin groaned as Anuis leaned over and snaked his tongue over the older man's chest. Anuis sucked in a raspberry, causing Makin to groan louder.

Anya swirled her tongue over and over Makin's shaft, then took his cock into her mouth.

“Oh, sweet dreams of lust,” Makin said, bucking his hips toward her mouth. “Harder, little pet, harder.”

Anya sucked deeper, the chocolate making him slide easily over her lips and back into her mouth. When he was clean, she grasped his shaft, stroking it harder and harder as her tongue moved to his balls, also licking them clean.

Anuis’ tongue had moved to Makin’s belly, following the path of chocolate that led to Makin’s cock. Anya wondered if he would lick it, even though she’d already cleaned the hard, throbbing rod of its sweetness.

When his tongue was near the shaft, Anuis picked a strawberry up in his teeth. He leaned toward Anya, offering her the treat. She drew it into her mouth and they kissed, their lips soft and slippery from the chocolate.

Anya followed Anuis’ lead, taking a strawberry into her mouth and offering it to Makin. He ate hungrily, then grasped her head in his hands as he held her tight for a kiss.

Makin pushed himself to a sitting position, then stood. He gestured to Anya and she lay in the spot he’s just vacated. A large pillow was in the small of her back, arching her hips. When Makin straddled her, his thighs rubbing against her breasts, she giggled in delight.

He scooped cream from the bowl and spread it over her breasts, making them soft and slippery. When he pushed his cock between them, and pressed them together tightly, Anya moaned. He rocked back and forth, his cock sliding in and out of the makeshift channel.

Anuis knelt behind him, pushing her legs up onto his chest, so that they were parallel with Makin’s back. He entered her in one hard stroke, causing her to gasp and arch in delight.

Anuis reached around Makin and clasped her hands, lifting them both to Makin’s shoulder. The movement deepened Makin’s thrusts into her breasts as they rocked in sync.

Anya savored the delicious feel of their cocks providing her with sinfully sweet pleasure. The pressure on her clit was almost overwhelming, and she hovered on the edge of orgasm. Each time she thought she would fall over the precipice, Anuis decreased his momentum just a bit, allowing the sensation to fade before he started again. Each thrust built the pressure higher and higher until she thought she would die.

“Please, Anuis, let me come.” She moaned in need, growling deep in her throat when he chuckled.

“Not yet,” he replied. “Let it build just a bit.”

“I can’t. I need it. Please.”

Their thrusting increased, the weight from both their bodies heavy on Anya. She dropped her head into the pillows, trying to pull her hands away from Anuis, groaning when he wouldn’t let go.

She lifted back into them, her body trembling with desire. She felt Makin’s body tighten and she knew he was about to let loose. Anuis must have sensed it too, because his movements increased. He wedged his fingers into her softness and found her clit, and Anya came, shooting her hips upwards and clasping him tightly.

Her movements caused a chain reaction. Anuis’ cock pulsed inside her and she felt the warmth of his essence fill her. Makin’s movements increased and his seed spilled over her neck and chest.

The three of them releasing at the same time produced heady emotions unlike anything Anya had ever felt. She felt needed, and loved and wanted. But she also felt as if she were part of them, as if they had gathered her in their arms and would never let go.

She forced the feelings aside, worried that they would see the pain of them leaving in her mind. Knowing that she only had a month with them. Less than three weeks, actually.

Even though they cared about her, and she knew they truly did, they were there to perform their duties, to make a lonely woman feel wanted and loved. She fought back tears as their bodies separated and they lay down on either side of her, wrapping her in their arms.

“Do not cry, little one,” Anuis said. A wet cloth appeared in his hands and he cleaned the seed Makin had gifted her with.

“And always remember we’re here because we want to be,” Makin whispered in her ear. They snuggled together and she soon heard the soft snores of sleep filter into the room, making her laugh. Even though they were Djinn, sex still drained them, still made them fall into a deep sleep.

She lay awake and listened to their breathing, feeling safe in their arms, and trying to forget that in three weeks from now she would be alone in her bed, again.

Chapter Nine

“Oh, no. You are not ruining the beautiful clothing I selected for you with that.”

Anya sat back on the bed as Anuis grabbed the pantyhose from her hand.

“I have to wear hose. I can’t go bare-legged to work, especially in a skirt that’s above my knees.”

“I didn’t say you had to go bare-legged. I just said you are not wearing these, these... things.” The pantyhose disappeared in a poof of fire and Anya gasped.

“Those are expensive.” She stood and put her hands on her hips. “I have more, you know. I stock up when they’re on sale.”

Anuis looked at her chest of drawers and shook his head. Smoke appeared from the top drawer.

“What? Stop that!” Anya stomped her foot. “All my good underwear was in there. My bras, my panties.”

“Open it up now,” he said, crossing his arms over his chest. She shook her head and moved across the room, opening the drawer and gasping. In place of her sensible panties, hose and bras, there were lace-covered panties, demi-bras, and thigh-high hose, complete with garter belts to keep them in place.

“I can’t wear these.”

“Why not? There is a set of each in many different colors. Today you will wear the midnight blue sweater set with the light gray skirt. Wear the cream underclothing with it. It will look absolutely stunning.”

“No one will see it. The other things were sensible and probably cost me a month’s salary.”

Anuis kissed her gently and gathered her in his arms.

“I will see them, and Makin will see them. But most importantly, you will feel them.

They will remind you that you are a woman. That you are desirable. That you are beautiful.”

“Listen to him,” Makin said from the doorway. “He’s right about this.”

Anya nodded, then picked up the garter belt. “I’ve never worn one before.”

“Just make sure the straps are lined up, two in the front, and two in the back,” Anuis said.

“The skirt is lined, so no one will see them. You need not worry about that.”

They watched her dress, offering little snippets of encouragement, or little tugs on clothing they thought needed adjusted. When she was dressed, she turned to the mirror and stared.

“Is that really me?”

The skirt wasn’t short. Its length was sexy, yet tasteful, hitting just above her knees. The shoes made her feel tall, but elegant, like a runway model, and the soft blue sweater hugged her curves, emphasizing the fullness of her assets.

“Yes, it’s you,” Anuis said. He kissed her again and she kissed him back. “You look so beautiful.”

“Thank you.” She turned to Makin to receive a kiss from him, and then looked at her watch. “Heavens above, I’m going to be late.”

She hurried toward the door, then stopped. “I have class tonight, so I’ll be late coming home. Do we have plans?”

“Indeed we do,” Anuis said. “I’ll lay out clothing for you to change into when you arrive.”

She laughed and ran for the front door, praying she could find an empty cab nearby.

When she was gone, Anuis sighed.

“Stop that,” Makin said. “It will do you no good.”

“She’s different than the others. So sweet. So soft. So welcoming.”

“I agree with you, but loving her can only lead to tragedy.”

“How?”

“Do you think she would accept our lifestyle? Do you think she would sit calmly at home knowing the men in her life were out spreading pleasure to other women?”

“No, but...”

“No buts, Anuis. Put the idea far from your mind. Banish it forever, or I will see about

having you pulled.”

Anuis’ eyes darkened in anger. “You would, wouldn’t you? Just because you cannot feel love does not mean others can’t.”

Anuis ducked as Makin swung a fist toward his face. “How dare you? Never forget, Anuis, that I am higher in the ranks than you are. We may get along in many things, but you will never, ever say anything like that to me again. Do you understand?”

“Oh, I understand. I understand that because you loved, and lost, you refuse to try again. Giving pleasure without love can be empty. Anya makes me feel warm inside. I won’t let you take that from me.”

For a moment, Makin considered swinging at Anuis again. Instead, he sighed and shook his head. “If you feel warmth, or the stirrings of love, keep it to yourself. No good can come of it.”

“As you wish.” Anuis bowed, and then disappeared.

He knew Anuis was right. Anya was different. But Pleasure Djinn were not allowed to love their charges, only to nurture them through the dark patches of their lives. Falling in love with Anya would bring heartache, for all three of them.

Chapter Ten

“Bart?”

Anya turned toward Nathan’s voice, pasting a smile on her face. “Yes?”

“You look, um, spectacular.”

“Thanks, Nathan. I have a new stylist. He’s helping me to find myself.”

“He’s doing a great job. Don’t take this the wrong way, but I’m stunned. I never thought you would, that is...sorry. You look great. Let’s just leave it at that.”

She returned his smile, then made her way to her office. Had she looked so drab in the past that a little bit of color and some new clothing would make Nathan react this way? She hadn’t expected his obvious look of approval, and she wondered how the rest of her co-workers would respond.

A trip to the break room answered that question. She received flattering statements from both male and female employees, with a few outright stares mixed in from men. The attention made her a little nervous, but it bolstered her self-confidence all the more.

When Makin and Anuis were gone, she would just have to follow the advice they’d given her on clothing, and so many other things, to stay confident, to give off an air of self-assurance. She took her coffee and went to her office, closing the door behind her.

The idea of her two lovers leaving left her feeling empty inside. She knew they wouldn’t stay, that if they did come back after their month was up it would be only to “check” on the lamp account. The idea made her very, very sad.

They had helped her to see that she could be a beautiful person, even if she wasn’t the perfect size two. She sat down and took a sip of her coffee. When her intercom buzzed, she answered with a spring in her voice. And was told that Phil needed to see her, ASAP.

After talking to his assistant about her new look, she went into his office where he stood by the large window, looking out at the New York skyline.

“Bart.”

“Phil? Something wrong?”

“I’m going to get right to the point, but I want you to know it pains me to do this.”

Her stomach clenched and she said, “Okay?”

“Aliya has accused you of stealing her ideas for the Aladdin campaign. She says she set up the photo shoot, and wrote the copy, and had the boards made. Worse yet, she has paperwork to back up her claim, and I can find nothing with your name on it about the campaign in the art department, or the photography department. Can you explain that?”

If she told Phil that a Djinn had put the storyboards on her desk he would have her locked in the loony bin. “You know how forgetful I am about paperwork.”

“Yes, I do. So I went to the art department myself. No one remembers anything about photographs or mock-ups for this campaign. No one except Christie Cheves. And you know she and Aliya are tight, so I don’t put any stock in her information. But I find the entire situation perplexing, to say the least.”

Anya nodded and tried to think, fast. Could she call Paran in as a witness, to say that she’d orchestrated the campaign? But how could she do that, really, when she hadn’t orchestrated the campaign? The ideas on the boards had flashed through her mind, and she knew either Makin or Anuis had plucked them out, and then done the boards in an effort to help her.

But she’d never expected the little bitch to accuse her of stealing. The idea made the hairs on the back of her neck stand up.

“I don’t steal things, Phil,” she said softly. “Those ideas were mine.”

“I’m going to have to see some proof, Anya. Something. Anything. Notes from your house, an e-mail with a date on it to the art department. I hate to do it, you have to believe me, but if I don’t look into this, she’s going to take it to the other partners. I don’t want things to get ugly.”

“They already are.”

“Bring me proof, before five today.”

“Are you telling me to fabricate it?”

“No. But I know that you have a habit of setting up photo shoots by talking to the art department. Go down there and get someone who can tell me you talked to them. Please.”

He turned back toward the window. She could see the tension in his shoulders, and the

way he held his hands behind his back.

"I'll be back," she said softly. She made her way to her office. She had several friends in the art department who would support her, but she didn't want to have them lie for her, and that's exactly what it would be, a lie. She needed to talk to Makin and Anuis, now, and tell them she needed to talk to Paran.

If Phil talked to the model, that would bolster her claim.

She shut the door to her office and gave a startled yelp.

"We were just trying to help," Anuis said.

"I know. But I can't fabricate evidence. I don't know what to do. Those ideas were mine, but I never should have turned the boards in as my own. I should have had a set done, in house."

"In house?" Makin stretched his legs out in front of him. "Why can't you tell Mr. Phil that the work was outsourced?"

"Because he would scream at me for wasting money by not using our own people. Of course, I could say the model was under contract to a particular photographer. I need to get Paran in here. Can you do that?"

"They'll tell you they can do anything, but truly, I'm the talented one."

Anya swiveled her head toward her desk. Paran lay stretched out, his chest bare, the thin pants he wore doing nothing to hide the erection that rose between his legs.

"You're delicious. I'm sorry I didn't fight harder for you."

Anya blushed and glanced back at the door. It wouldn't do for someone to walk in and see a half-naked Djinn sprawled across her desk.

"Like what you see?"

"Paran." Makin's voice was harsh. "Behave yourself. We have a serious situation here."

He sat up, his eyes roving Anya's body. "I'll talk to your boss, but give it the day. The outsourcing idea will work, and I will bring Luca with me."

"Luca?"

"The Djinn I posed with. She resembles you, does she not? Thick and delicious. It's why I chose her."

Anya's laughter filled the room. "Thick and delicious?"

"Very." Paran's smile made her shiver. It didn't help matters when his hand made a lazy trail down his chest, then stroked his erection.

“Stop that,” Anuis said. “Anya, ignore him. What you need to do is make her think she’s won. Give her one night of victory, then pull the rug out from under her.”

“And how am I supposed to do that when Phil wants proof by five?”

“Simple,” Makin said. “Tell him the models cannot be here until tomorrow. When they know you, but not her, it will prove your point.”

“Good idea,” Anya said. “Hopefully it will work.”

“You’re forgetting one important thing, little pet.”

“What’s that, Anuis?”

“The ideas were yours. We just pushed them through faster than we should have. Would you like to spank us tonight?”

He winked as Anya laughed.

“Oh, let me,” Paran said. “I love to spank, and spanking the two of them could prove to be great fun.”

“No,” Anya said, fighting back more laughter. “But you’re all right about making her wait. She’s tried to discredit me before, but she’d never gone so far as to say I stole something from her. I want her to think she’s won before I pull the rug out from under her.”

Paran sighed heavily, the movement puffing out his muscled chest. “Well, since I’m here already, why don’t we try that fantasy that—”

“No.” Makin’s voice was harsh. “You will wait.”

“Spoilsport.” He disappeared in a bright flash of light.

Anya laughed. “He knows how to make an exit, that’s for sure.”

“Don’t worry about things, sweet pet,” Anuis said. “They will work out.”

When the door opened with no warning, Anya was happy they were wearing business suits, and not the skimpy clothing Paran had worn.

Heather poked her head in. “Am I interrupting?”

“No. Come in. What are you doing here?”

“I’m meeting my hubby for lunch and I thought I’d stop by and say hi, since your phone is broken.”

“Broken?”

“Yeah, I haven’t heard from you in days. Weeks.”

“One week, maybe. Or, um, maybe longer? I’m sorry.”

“No, I’m sorry,” Heather said. “I didn’t mean to interrupt a meeting.”

“Come in,” Anuis said. “We were just finishing our appointment.”

Heather stepped inside and closed the door. For a few seconds, Anya debated whether to tell her friend that these were the Djinn she’d told her about. Then, she decided to throw caution to the wind.

“Heather, these are my Djinn, Makin and Anuis. Gentlemen, this is Heather, one of my best friends.”

“A pleasure,” Makin said, bowing. Anuis did the same, winking at her.

“Your Djinn? Oh, Anya, please don’t tell me you still think...” Her voice trailed off and she looked at the two men.

“You obviously have things to talk about,” Makin said. “We’ll leave you alone.”

They disappeared and Heather gasped. “Oh, holy crap.”

“Told you. I can’t believe you’d think I’d lie to you.”

Heather stared at the now vacant spots where the men had stood. “I think I had too much coffee this morning.” She turned to her friend and her eyes widened. “Look at you! I love it. When did this happen?”

“When Anuis started picking out my clothes.”

“Well, he’s got great taste. But then again, if he choose you, that’s a given.”

Anya sat down on her desk, pulling at her skirt when it slid up more than she was used to.

“I’ve learned a lot about myself these last few weeks.”

Heather dropped into an open chair. “How’s the dancing going?”

“Perfect. I love it so much. I feel so free, and so beautiful when I dance. It’s something I’ve always wanted to do. Thanks for talking me into it.”

“No problem. And now that you’re buying gorgeous clothes, why don’t we take advantage of my afternoon in the city and go shopping? I can call Sheri. Can you take the afternoon off?”

Anya thought about the Baxter account, and about the trouble brewing with Aliya and her accusations. Her eyes lit up as she thought about buying beautiful clothes, something she’d never allowed herself to do.

“Yes, I can. Let’s go and spend a lot of money.”

“Now you’re talking. You make enough, it’s time to spoil yourself.”

Heather stood quickly and headed for the door. "See you around two?"

"Perfect. I've got to talk to my boss first, but I'll be able to make it. Heather?" Her friend turned toward her. "Don't tell Sheri about my Djinn. She'd think I'm nuts."

"So do I, and I saw them."

Anya smiled, then squared her shoulders, ready for her meeting with Phil.

Several hours later, the three friends sat in a coffee shop, mounds of sacks stuffed under the table.

"Great buys," Sheri said, taking a sip of her latte. "So I just have to ask, Anya, what brought this about? We've tried for years to get you to buy sexy clothing. You ignored us until now, so what gives?"

"Just a change of heart," Anya said, holding her cappuccino close to her mouth, the warm steam tickling her lips.

"Bull," Sheri said, shooting a look at Heather. "Tell me."

Anya grimaced, then smiled. "I'm taking dancing lessons, and it's made me feel, well, attractive. And free."

"Dancing lessons? What kind?"

"Belly dancing."

"Oh my Lord. Why wasn't I told about this?" People from several tables over stared at them as Sheri's loud words filled the café.

"It was spur of the moment," Anya said, holding up her hands in surrender. "I'm sorry."

"So am I. What else aren't you telling me?" The table got quiet and Sheri's eyes narrowed. "Have you met a man?"

Anya gulped. "Well, actually, I've met two of them."

Chapter Eleven

“Just give me a few more minutes,” Anya said through the bathroom door. “I’m dressing the old fashioned way, without your help.”

Anuis’ laughter made her smile. “As you wish, sweet pet.”

Anya stared into the mirror, taking a deep breath. The plunging neckline of the halter dress showed off her breasts to perfection. The waist cinched her in tight, and the flowing handkerchief hem showed just enough leg to be very sexy. The dress was a beautiful sapphire blue, with rich beading around the neckline and all around the hem of the skirt. She’d never owned anything so beautiful in her life.

She felt silky and sensual, and she felt very, very beautiful.

She’d had great fun shopping that afternoon, even while apologizing over and over to Sheri about not keeping her informed on her love life. Her friend was at first amazed, then jealous, when Anya told her about Makin and Anuis. She left out their supernatural abilities, letting Sheri think they were just regular men she’d met through work.

She had a hard enough time trying to explain them to Heather. She still wasn’t sure Heather believed they were more than just men.

She took a deep breath and looked at herself in the mirror. “I’m coming out now,” she said in a singsong voice. She opened the door and prayed she didn’t fall off the stiletto heels Sheri had selected for her. She found Makin and Anuis lounging on the bed.

When she stepped inside, they both gasped.

“Shards of light, you look incredible.”

The wonder in Anuis’ voice made her shiver. “Does that mean you like it?”

“It means, sweet pet, that we’re not sitting home tonight,” Makin said. He snapped his fingers, changing their lounging clothing to tailored pants and silk button down shirts.

“Dancing?” She wiggled her brows in encouragement.

“Dancing.” Anuis said. “And every man in the room will be green with envy when he sees you with us. I can’t wait.”

They selected a popular club with a huge dance floor. Anya had never had men look at her in public, so the stares she received made her very nervous, at first. She soon realized that even though she was large, there were men who thought she was attractive. She’d just never had the confidence to dress in a way to attract attention.

Until now.

Sitting in a corner booth with Makin on one side, and Anuis on the other, she sipped from her Manhattan and wiggled when Anuis kissed her bare shoulder, trailing his lips up her neck.

“They all want you,” he said. “Every one of them.”

“Not all of them, but some of them.” She shivered when Makin’s hand snaked up her thigh, toying with the garter belt she wore.

“So soft,” he said in her ear. “But we’re not here to sit and drink. We’re here to dance.”

“Who wants to dance first?”

Anuis stood and offered her his hand. “We dance together, the three of us.”

Anya took his hand, then Makin took her other hand and they headed for the dance floor. The music was soft and seductive, and when they gathered her in between them. She moaned softly.

Several women dancing nearby shot jealous glances at Anya, something that had never happened to her before.

“We’re attracting attention,” Anya said, laughing.

“Perfect,” Makin replied. “Since this is one of your fantasies.”

“Dancing? My idea was a little different, but this will work.”

“No,” Anuis said. “The dancing will be you, and a room full of men, just as you fantasized. This is perfect, though, for the fantasy of having sex in public.”

“Here? On the dance floor?” Anya gulped as she felt her underwear disappear. “Anuis! Makin, I don’t think...”

“Hush,” Makin said. “You will enjoy this.”

He kissed her, his tongue tracing her lips, encouraging her to open for him. As Makin’s hands caressed her hips, Anuis’ hands cupped her breasts.

“Don’t.” The word was breathy. “People will see.”

“That’s the idea, isn’t it?” Anuis’ voice carried to her over the music. “Don’t worry, little one. They’ll watch, and wish it were them.”

Their hands roamed her body, caressing and stroking her until she cried out for more. She closed her eyes and rested her head against Anuis’ shoulder as Makin pushed the low-cut blouse aside and took a nipple in his mouth. She cradled his head and undulated her hips against Anuis’ pelvis. He responded in kind, his fingers stroking her sides through the material.

Makin moved his head to the other breast and Anya’s eyes fluttered in pleasure. She’d always fantasized about having sex in public, and the low, seductive lighting of the dance floor provided the perfect setting.

She knew that people had to see what they were doing, had to notice that Makin was suckling her as Anuis held her close, but she didn’t care. She wanted this more than she’d wanted anything in a long, long time.

Anuis’ hands disappeared under the skirt, lifting the flowing material to expose her bare genitals. His fingers dipped into her wetness and she sighed with pleasure.

“So wet for us,” he said in her ear. “I want to watch Makin fuck you. I want to hold you close and feel the thrusts he gives you, feel you rock under his attentions.”

She rolled her head from side to side, whispering yes over and over as he found her clit. Her eyes popped open when Makin lifted her in his arms.

“Bring your legs up, and clasp my hips with them.” She did as he asked, bracing her back against Anuis’ chest. Around them, the dancers watched, entranced. Anya decided they must be under some sort of Djinn spell, because not a one of them uttered a word of dissent.

Anuis continued to stroke her as the tip of Makin’s cock thrust into her opening, pulling back just a little before thrusting in again. He gave her just the tip, and held her close.

“Beg me. Beg me loud enough for them to hear.”

“Makin, please.”

“Louder. Beg me!”

“Fuck me! Fuck me now, please!”

His cock thrust into her as the crowd gasped. He pumped harder, her breasts now free of the halter and shaking with each thrust. Anuis took one in his hand as he continued to stroke her clit. She could feel his hard cock nudging her backside and she wanted to beg for it, too. When he whispered, “Not yet, not tonight,” in her ear, she sighed. She knew that fantasy was coming,

too.

Their strokes took her higher and higher. Anya lost awareness of the room, focusing only on Makin and Anuis, on their hands and their lips, on their cocks. The silky material of her dress caressed her just as their hands stroked her body, bringing her closer to orgasm.

She didn't worry that she was too heavy for them to hold up, or that anyone who saw them would say, "the least they could do is pick a prettier woman to screw." She felt sexy and light, desirable and beautiful.

"Come for us," Makin said, his lips near her ear. "Come hard, sweet one."

Anuis pinched her clit and Anya came, the lights from the ballroom turning into brilliant flashes of color as the pleasure roared through her body. Makin pumped into her harder and she felt his warmth spill into her.

The dancers milled about them, gyrating to the beat of the music and ignoring the threesome that took place right in front of their eyes.

"Something to be said for Djinn magic," Anya said with a laugh.

"They see what's happening," Makin replied, kissing her neck. "But the power of suggestion has made them enjoy it, and not think it's wrong."

"I like that idea." She felt as if she were floating in their arms. "You can put me down now."

"Not yet," Makin replied. "I like having you here, in our arms."

"As do I," Anuis said.

Anya turned her head to him. "You've not climaxed."

"Don't worry about me," he said with a grin. "I'll slake my lust on you later tonight. For now, it was a pleasure to watch."

He kissed her, and then Makin did the same before setting her feet on the ground. Her legs shook from exertion and she held on to them as music swelled.

While they rocked with her to the beat, she sighed. "I guess it's two down, three to go."

"Technically," Makin said. "But we still have two and a half weeks, so we don't want to go too fast. We can enjoy some other activities as well, as we did last night."

Anya moaned as she remembered the fruit, the seafood, but most of all, the chocolate.

"Good, but next time I want to be the canvas."

Chapter Twelve

Anya had expected Paran to be in her office the next morning, lounging on her desk, or straddling a chair, naked and stroking his cock. She only seen him for seconds at a time, but it was obvious that he was insatiable.

When her office was empty, she was disappointed. She checked her watch, figuring she had ten minutes until she had to be in Phil's office. If Paran stood her up, she would never forgive him.

No, no, this is your thing to deal with, she thought to herself. You're the one who took the boards without doing any work, even if you thought of the slogans.

She'd sat for about five minutes when a receptionist announced there was "someone to see her." She went to office door to see Paran, and Luca, walking down the hall. People were stopping to stare and who could blame them?

Paran wore tight jeans that showed every muscle in his thighs, and outlined the thick cock between his legs. A light blue linen shirt showed half his chest. His nipple rings flashed at her and Anya fought back a laugh. Luca wore matching clothes, although her pants were not as tight. But her shirt was low, and displayed magnificent breasts. She was absolutely stunning.

She pulled Anya into a hug and kissed her cheek.

"It's wonderful to meet you," she whispered in her ear.

"You too," Anya whispered back. "Thank you for coming, Paran."

"It is my pleasure, and tonight, it will be yours." She shivered as he hugged her, tracing his fingers up her spine. "Work first, play later."

He kept his arm around her shoulders and Anya thought Denise, an executive whose office was across the hall from her, would jump into his open arm.

She straightened when a receptionist showed Makin and Anuis down the hall. They wore sleek business suits and looked very professional.

“I didn’t know you were coming,” she said as she shook their hands. It felt strange to greet them so formally, after all they’d shared. “We should go. Phil’s expecting us.”

They started down the hallway and Paran put his arm around her waist.

“Let me do the talking.”

She stiffened and shook her head. “I can handle myself in business matters.”

“I’m sure you can, but I’d like to take care of it.”

Anya pulled to a sudden stop, and everyone in the group turned to her. “No mind tricks. No making Phil think I’ve given him something, or that I said something I didn’t say. Understand?”

“Of course,” Makin and Anuis said at the same time. Paran just lifted his brows at her.

“I mean it, Paran. I won’t put my integrity in harm’s way by doing something like that. Promise me.”

“Oh very well. But it would have been so easy to take care of that way.”

They started walking again and Phil’s receptionist smiled at them, and stared openly at the Djinn.

“He’s expecting us,” Anya said.

Anya wasn’t surprised to find Aliya, and her friend Christie, waiting in the office. When Aliya saw the models her face dropped, just a little. Then she turned dark eyes to Anya.

“Can I offer anyone coffee?” Phil indicated a pot on the credenza. After everyone had beverages, they settled around the large table and he cleared his throat.

“Gentlemen, and ladies, I’m happy to see you here. I’m sure Anya’s filled you in on the situation.”

“I did,” Anya said. “I wanted you to know, Phil, that...”

“You must forgive us,” Paran said, interrupting Anya, “for not following procedure. Makin, Anuis and I discussed the ideas Anya had proposed to them, and I’m afraid I was so excited about getting my face in print that I just ran with it. I’ve never been part of an advertising campaign before, and I didn’t know I was breaking the rules.”

“Excuse me,” Aliya said. “But she discussed the idea with you, a model, before clearing it with Mr. Tyson? That right there is very unethical.”

“Aliya.” Phil’s voice was stern.

She sat back in her seat and clamped her mouth shut. Then she jumped and her hand shot

to her backside.

“Something wrong?” Paran smiled at her.

“Something just hit my behind.”

Luca stifled a laugh, and Anya shook her head, gasping when Paran’s voice sounded in her head. “That woman needs a good spanking.”

“Phil,” Anya said in a hurry. “I’m sorry about the paperwork, really I am, and I shouldn’t have taken the boards that Paran gave me. But they were so perfect that I didn’t want to wait. I broke the rules, I know.” She glared at Aliya, who glared right back. “But the ideas are mine, and mine alone.”

“This is bull,” her co-worker interjected. “I have a requisition order here that shows I was shooting these very pictures for this ad campaign.”

Anya gave her a sweet look. “Really, and was your model a BBW?”

“Of course,” Aliya responded. “She’s perfect for the ad.”

Phil cleared his throat and the room grew silent. “Gentlemen, and Ms. Luca, I appreciate you coming in today. Mr. Paran, thank you for the information, and I’m sorry that you were dragged into the middle of this situation.”

“Not at all,” Paran replied.

“We loved the ideas that Anya proposed,” Makin offered with a smile. “She’s very talented.”

“Yes, she is,” Phil said. “I’m taking it that this means you are happy with the campaign? That you like the ideas and we can move forward with plotting out ad space and costs?”

“We are,” Anuis said. “As long as Anya stays in charge of the account.”

“She will.” Phil rose to his feet. “Thank you for coming in. Christie, thank you for attending. Anya and Aliya, if you’ll stay for a moment, please.”

They stood at the doorway and talked for a moment. Anuis and Makin caressed her mind with gentle thoughts and she sighed as their lips met hers in soft kisses only the three of them could see and feel. She stifled a laugh when she realized that Paran and Luca could see them too.

When they were gone, Phil shut the door and stalked to the table. “Sit. Both of you.”

They did as he asked, but he remained standing. “I don’t know what the problem is with the two of you, but it ends here, do you understand?”

“Phil, I...” Aliya closed her mouth when he held up his hand.

“Don’t,” he muttered. “Do you have any idea how embarrassing that was for me? Two new clients with money to spend and I have one employee try to undermine another in front of them?”

“She didn’t follow procedure! There were no requisition forms for the photos, there was no work order for the boards.”

“And how would you know that? Were you checking up on her? Were you checking files to see what she had done so you could try to steal the account out from under her?”

Aliya’s blush answered his questions.

“You’re lucky I don’t fire you right now. And I can assure you if it ever happens again, I will. Now, go back to work, both of you.”

When they were in the hallway, Anya turned to Aliya.

“Listen, I—”

“Don’t talk to me. You get everything, and it makes me sick.”

“Me?” Anya’s head swirled. The little skinny girl was jealous of her?

“That’s right, you. Every new account goes through you first. You get first choice of all the big accounts. I’m as good as you are, and I have to wait to get your seconds. It sucks, and I’m sick of it.”

“So what, you’re going to try and cut me off at the knees? Aliya, we can work together.”

“Nice try, Chubby. No way would I work with you. But you know what I am going to do? Your ex offered me a job, and I’m taking it. And then we’ll steal every big account that you have, ‘cause my ideas are better. Once the advertisers get the chance to see that, they’ll know it.”

“Nicholas offered you a job?”

“That’s right. Not only that, but he fucked me last night. Said it was nice to be with a real woman instead of a tub of lard.” Aliya looked Anya up and down, sneered and then stalked off.

The world reeled as Anya watched her leave. She sucked in a sharp breath when Makin’s voice sounded in her head.

“Easy, little one. Don’t let her get to you. Come to your office. We’re waiting for you.”

She walked the hall in a daze, Aliya’s sharp words echoing in her mind. *A real woman instead of a tub of lard.*

She shut the door to her office and stared at Makin and Anuis.

“You’re all right,” Anuis said. “Sit down, sweet pet.”

“No. I just can’t...no. I knew Nicholas hated me, but for him to go to Aliya? I think I’m going to be sick.”

“Stop that,” Makin said sternly. “Sit down and analyze the situation. You’re letting your emotions get the better of you.”

“Am I? Well I’m sorry, but I’m not an all powerful Djinn who can turn emotions on and off at will.”

Makin reeled back, his eyes focused on Anya. “We feel things, too, Anya.”

“Maybe, but you don’t show it. You’re with me because of your job, I know that. Plus, I just found out that a man I loved is screwing a woman who hates me.”

“And he’s doing it to get back at you,” Anuis said. “Did Nicholas work here?”

“Yes. That’s how we met.”

“I see,” Anuis said. “And were you above him in sales, as you are Aliya, and Nathan?”

“Yes. I’ve been the top seller for a few years now.”

“It’s that vivid imagination,” Anuis said with a grin. “Makes you think up sexy fantasies, and great advertising slogans.”

Anya laughed, her smile not reaching her eyes. “So you’re saying that my troubles with Nicholas happened because of professional jealousy?”

“Probably,” Anuis said. “Tell me, Anya, did you really love him, or were you simply thrilled that he paid attention to you?”

“I thought I loved him But now I’m thinking maybe he just paid attention to me in an effort to get in with me professionally.”

“It would explain his comments about your size.” Makin’s voice was soft and Anya looked at him. He looked sad, and more than a little upset. “Love is more than just physical. If you truly love a person you see them in heart, mind, and body.”

“The old saying that love is blind?”

Makin nodded, and continued. “Would you care for your friends less if they were obese, or if they had one eye, or missing limbs?”

Anya pulled back. “Of course not.”

“Would you try to change them?”

“No.”

“Yet you think yourself in love with a man who tried to change you.”

“It’s just that ...” tears spilled down her cheeks. “Men don’t pay attention to me, and he did. I thought, I just thought...”

Anuis put his arm around her and stroked her leg. “Would you like to know what I think?”

“Sure,” she sniffled.

“I think you’ve been told one too many times that you’re not beautiful because you are not skinny, when nothing is further from the truth. You’re so very beautiful, Anya. But you’ve allowed people’s words to influence you. You dressed as you thought a larger woman should, instead of wearing clothing that would flatter your figure. And you’ve thrown yourself into your job, and neglected your personal life. You thought it would be the only thing you ever had.”

“I had Nicholas, and now I find out that all he wanted me for was my business sense. What does that tell me? Maybe I am good for nothing but business, if that’s the only reason he wanted me.”

“You’d better curb your tongue,” Makin said. “Because spankings can be done for things other than eroticism.”

“He’s not worthy of you,” Anuis said softly. “Do not grieve for that which you never had.”

“That’s just it, Anuis. I did have him, and I thought he cared. Knowing he didn’t leaves a huge hole in my heart. And please don’t say that you care, because I know if it weren’t for the lamp, you wouldn’t be here.”

“Maybe,” Anuis said. “But maybe you went to Pleasant that day for a reason. Maybe you were led there, so that we could meet. Have you thought of that?”

“Fate? I’m fated to meet two Djinn, have wonderful sex and then what? You’ll still leave in the end, just like Nicholas did.” She turned toward her desk, pulling her arms around herself. “Maybe you should go. Maybe we should just forget this whole thing.”

She heard Anuis’, “As you wish,” accompanied by a soft whoosh of air, and she buried her face in her hands.

“Anya.”

She wheeled toward Makin, “Please, don’t.”

“Listen to me.” He stepped toward her, his hand gentle on her arm. “If you allow her words to hurt you, then you’ve let her win. You are a loving, wonderful woman with many

things to offer. Don't let her tear you down, and don't let your pain sully the beauty of what the three of us have shared."

She turned her tear-filled eyes toward the window.

"You think me cold?"

"No."

"Yes, you do, and you're right. I'm able to shut myself off from the emotional aspects of love, while still enjoying the physical. It's a safety net, one I developed hundreds of years ago. When my wife died, I thought I could never love again. I was afraid of the pain. A wise Djinn taught me that you learn from each experience, and if you cut yourself off, whether the experience is good or bad, you can't grow from what you have learned."

"Yes, but Makin, your wife loved you. It's different knowing that Nicholas only used me."

"Grow from the experience. Don't allow yourself to become uncaring, as I have. I spent years alone until I learned my lesson. Truthfully, I still don't offer all of myself. But I'm learning."

She put her hand on his cheek. "You're not uncaring. You've shown me great love just by being here while I'm acting like an idiot."

Shock spread through her as tears leaked from his eyes. Instead of turning away from her, he stepped closer and took her finger, trailing it down the path the tear made on his cheek.

"Don't pull away from us, please. If you do, then we have failed."

She put her hands on his chest and he gently stroked her back. They stood that way for a few moments before he leaned down and kissed her hair, laying his cheek on the top of her head.

"We will be home tonight when you arrive. You have dancing class?"

"Yes, but I think maybe I'll skip it tonight."

"No, you should go. We will see you afterwards. Or do you want us to leave?"

The weight of his words hung in the air. Anya knew that if she told them to leave they would, and she would never see them again. Could she stand that? True, they were leaving at the end of the month, but maybe Makin was right. You could learn from every experience, good or bad. And if she allowed the callous way Nicholas, and in turn Aliya, had treated her to ruin the good things that happened when her Djinn were around, then she not only didn't learn from the experience, she lost part of her soul.

“Will you cook?”

His laugh was soft and he stroked her hair. “You wish is my desire. Seafood? Or something else?”

“Surprise me.”

“With pleasure.” He disappeared and Anya sniffed. It galled her to think that Aliya was in her office right now, gloating over the fact that Anya was upset, that she was more than likely crying.

She took her compact out of her purse and checked her eyes. They didn’t look too bad. Then she picked up her coffee mug and opened the door. Aliya stood in the hallway, laughing and talking with Nathan.

She shot Anya a malicious smile, which Anya returned with a sweet one.

“I’m going for coffee. Would anyone like some?”

Her heart jumped at Nathan’s smile. “Coffee? It’s time for lunch. Aliya and I were just making plans. Wanna join us?”

“I’d love to,” Anya said with a smile. Makin was right. If she allowed Aliya’s words to wound her, she’d destroy everything she’d built in the last few weeks. And she wasn’t going to let that happen. Not if she could help it.

Chapter Thirteen

“Yum. You made Italian food?”

“I did,” Makin stepped out from the kitchen. He was naked except for the apron that he wore. “Ravioli with cheese, and a seafood pasta, with shrimp and scallops. How does that sound?”

“Sounds yummy.” She turned toward Anuis, who was coming down the stairs.

“Good evening, sweet pet. How was the remainder of your day?”

“It was good.” She turned to Makin. “And you were right. I had lunch with Nathan, and we had a good time. Aliya was supposed to go, but when she saw me, she canceled.”

Makin cocked his head at her. “I’m glad you didn’t pout all day.”

She responded by sticking her tongue out at him and then laughing. “I did a lot of thinking today.”

“And?” Anuis came up behind her and massaged her shoulders.

“And, you guys are right. If Nicholas, or anyone else, doesn’t want me, it’s only the end of the world if I allow it to be.”

“You’re so very smart,” Makin said with a laugh. “And we have a surprise for you that will reinforce your sense of desirability.”

“Really? What’s that?”

“We’re going to an orgy.”

Anya clasped her hands in front of her, then pulled them apart and clasped them again.

“Are you sure it’s fine to wear this? I feel a little strange.”

Anuis turned from the door and assessed her. She smoothed her hands down the gauzy pants. They’d talked her into wearing one of the belly-dancer outfits, the red one. The halter-top displayed her breasts to perfection and the pants hugged her hips. She felt very sexy, but she was

still very nervous.

“How does one act at an orgy?”

“Horny,” Makin said with a grin, which softened at her look of distress. “Don’t worry, little one, if all you want to do is watch, then that’s what we’ll do. But I distinctly remember seeing this fantasy in your mind.”

“It’s enticing, yes, but I’m still nervous.”

Anuis turned to her. “The people here are a mix of Djinn and regular folk, just like yourself. Relax and enjoy.”

She wanted to tell him that she would probably be the only person wearing a belly-dancer outfit, but the second she stepped through the door she knew that was wrong. Several women were dressed just as she was, and some were totally naked.

Plus, several of them were her size, or larger. She felt much more at ease as Makin and Anuis led her into the room.

The furniture was all plush, large chairs and sofas with numerous groupings of pillows on the floor. The lights were low, provided by the same floating candles that Makin and Anuis could produce.

The sounds and smells of sex permeated the room. There was also the low hum of music, flutes and drums that provided a slow, sensuous rhythm. Anya’s heart beat faster, and she could feel wetness forming between her thighs.

Anuis led them into a large room. There was a sunken pit in the middle, surrounded by soft couches. There were people in the center, touching and feeling each other, their hands and lips wandering. People sitting on the couches watched, their hands either gliding over themselves, or over the people next to them. One man stroked his cock while his tongue pleased a woman, who was pleasuring another woman.

Anya focused on the people in the pit. She’d thought at first they were just touching but as she watched she could see movements that indicated there was penetration. Several of the couples were fucking, slowly and sensuously. She moaned softly and Makin kissed her shoulder.

“Would you like to join them?”

“No.” She pulled her shoulders together and gave him a shy look. “I’m not ready for that.”

“But you like what you see,” Anuis said. “Why deny yourself the pleasure? Come, let’s

sit on the couch and watch, and then we will seek out Paran.”

“Paran?”

“Of course, Anya. Two fantasies in one, an orgy and three men loving you at one time.”

“Oh. It’s a great fantasy; I just never expected to live it out. I’ve never, um, well...” She bit her lip and looked into Anuis’ face.

“We know, little one.” He stroked her cheek, his caress soft. “Your virgin hole will not suffer pain when we penetrate you.”

She laughed nervously.

“Do you not desire this?” Makin stroked her shoulder. “Tell us now, and we will leave.”

“Oh no, I do. Just a little nervous, that’s all.”

Anuis stretched out on his side on one of the couches that surrounded the pit. “Then let us sit, and watch. It might calm your nerves a little.”

He helped Anya to lie in front of him, and Makin floated over the top, sitting so he was cuddled into her stomach, and so that his feet dangled into the round area. Anya measured the space in her mind. It was about twelve feet wide, and about five feet deep. She supposed that made it perfect if someone wanted to sit on the side and have someone from the pit perform oral sex on them.

She shivered and focused on the people. Anuis caressed her side and Makin her thigh and calf. She pushed ideas about this being wrong out of her mind. This was a fantasy, a pure indulgence that she was going to enjoy with no feelings of guilt.

The lovers seemed to mix together, hands and lips and body parts entwined where it was hard to distinguish who was who. Anya thought it was fun to watch, but she wasn’t sure she would want to take part.

Just as the thought went through her mind she noticed Luca, standing very near them. A man stood behind her, his hands on her hips, thrusting into her. Luca sighed in pleasure, then lowered her head between the thighs of a woman sitting on the edge. The woman threw her head back and groaned in pleasure.

Anya watched, wishing she were as free, and as confident as Luca. Of course the woman was a Djinn. She had everything that she needed, and more.

“Not always,” Makin said.

“Stop that.” Anya batted at his hand and he laughed.

“Luca was a mortal, too, brought over by Paran.”

“Did he bring you over, too?” She tore her gaze away from where Luca’s female lover was now crying out in orgasm.

“No.” He didn’t elaborate and Anya covered his hand with hers. “Did Luca?”

“No, she’s younger than Anuis. My mother, so to speak, was a woman called Delphia. She lives quietly now in Paris, spreading pleasure where she can, and when she wants.”

“While you still have to work?” Anya laughed to lighten the question.

“I don’t have to,” Makin said. “I work because I want to, because I enjoy it.”

“He works because he’s a horny devil.”

Anya turned toward Paran’s voice. “Hello.”

“I’m saddened that I had to come search for you. I would think that after weeks with these two, you would run for me. I’m so much more appealing.”

Anya laughed and grabbed Makin’s hand. He squeezed it in a reassuring manner.

“Anya’s a little nervous about our outing.”

“About me?” Paran gave her a shocked look. “But I’m so sweet, so lovable. How could you be nervous about me?”

Anuis snorted at the same time Makin said, “Bright stars above save her from his bad influence.”

“What?” Anya turned her head to Makin, who laughed.

“Just kidding, sweet one.”

Luca’s moans drifted toward them and Anya turned her gaze toward them. The woman Luca had been pleasuring was now on her knees, performing the same service for Luca as the man continued to pound her from behind. Luca’s hands were based on the side of the wall and the look of pleasure on her face made Anya gasp.

“Oh my.”

“Do you like that?” Anuis’ voice was soft in her ear. “Would you like to play with Luca?”

“No.” Anya shook her head.

“Don’t be ashamed of what you are feeling,” Makin replied. “She’s a beautiful woman.”

Luca cried out in release, then lifted the woman to her feet and kissed her deeply as the man behind her groaned out his own orgasm. Luca then turned and kissed him, and ducked away

from the two as they kissed each other.

She glided toward them as Anya stared, her heart beating a mile a minute. When she reached them, she stroked Anya's thigh and smiled.

"All went well today?"

"Yes, thank you for your support."

Her laughter was very feminine. "It was my pleasure. I'd like more pleasure, with you, but I will bide my time."

Luca licked her lips and winked at Anya, then moaned in delight as a man cupped her breasts and pulled her back into the crowd of arms and legs and hands.

Would she ever be like that? Free of sexual restraints and willing to try new things that brought such obvious pleasure?

"Come, sweet pet." Anuis held out his hand. She hadn't even notice that he and Makin had stood, that they were watching her intently. She gave him her hand and stood. Paran stood nearby, a wicked grin on his face.

"Shall we go and play? I've been more than patient today,"

"You act as if this is about you," Makin said, shooting him an evil glare.

"I just know the pleasure I can bring her, and I'm anxious. It is my calling, after all."

"Don't forget you're just here for this one night," Anuis said, stepping in front of Anya. "The sweet one is ours. Not yours."

Anya laughed. "You know, I kinda like that you're arguing over me, but stop it."

Paran's laugh was light. "I know my place, and won't interfere in your time with her. Unless she asks me to."

"He needs to remember which side he is on," Makin whispered under his breath.

When he took off for the stairs, Anya fell into step with Makin and Anuis. "What does that mean? About being on sides?"

Anuis stopped and kissed her forehead. "Paran is a demon. Reformed, yes, but sometimes I think he forgets that, and tries to let his other side shine through."

They stared up the stairs and Anya stayed at the bottom, dumbfounded.

"Demon? He's a demon?" She stared at them, her mouth open. "I'm about to have sex with a demon?"

Makin came back down the stairs, taking her hand and lifting it to his lips. "He was a

demon, about two hundred years ago. He's been a pleasure Djinn since then, and although I hate to admit it, his sexual prowess is remarkable. We would do nothing to put you in harm's way. You should know that by now."

Anuis had stopped on the stairs. He watched her with concerned eyes. "Anya? If you wish to stop, let us know."

She thought about it for a minute, and then shook her head. "No. I'm fine. It's just a little disconcerting."

"Then come," Makin said. "Let us live out your fantasy, and bring us all great pleasure."

Chapter Fourteen

They found Paran in a room that looked exactly like her living room had for the past few weeks. Except this one had a huge mattress in the middle of it. The mattress sat on the floor, and was surrounded with colorful pillows and low-slung tables. The tables were filled with food and drink.

Paran lay in the middle of the mattress, naked. Anya sucked in her breath as she stared at him. His body was clean of hair, just as her two Djinn's were. He was stroking his long, hard cock.

Anya fastened her gaze on it, her eyes widening. A thick silver ring protruded from the tip of his shaft. She knew the piercing was called a Prince Albert, but she'd never seen one before. She wondered if the rings in all male piercings were so thick. Then she wondered what it would feel like sliding in and out of her pussy.

She stepped closer, moaning softly as she watched him. There was a line of piercings, five of them, along the underside of his shaft. Silver balls on either side attached to rods that ran under his skin.

He was beside her in seconds, leading her hand down. She grasped him and moaned again. The ridge was under his skin, and felt like balls.

"Is this, um...? Were you...?" She wasn't sure what to ask, or what it was.

"Piercings. They're not natural. And don't worry little one, my demon half will stay hidden. Jealous, but hidden." His upturn on the word jealous made her laugh.

He stroked her hand up and down his shaft and Anya looked down. Then he took her hand and led it behind his balls. There was a piercing there, too, in the soft area that ran down to his anus, two small rings.

Paran hissed in delight as she stroked it. He cupped her neck and kissed her, his tongue snaking into her mouth. Anya gasped and pulled back.

“Your tongue, too?”

“Pleasure spots, little one. Wait until that ball rubs on your clit. You will be happy with my piercings.”

He waved his hands in front of her and Anya’s clothes disappeared. Within seconds his mouth was on her breast, his teeth teasing her nipple. When he ran his tongue over and over it, and the ball ran over and over her, she shivered in delight. He moved to the other breast as his hand lowered to her mons.

She shifted her weight to allow him better access, spreading her legs and sighing with delight as his fingers probed her wetness. It took him very little time to find her clit, and he pulled and pinched until she came, screaming out in pleasure as the sweet torture continued.

When she was silent, he pulled back and pushed her onto the mattress.

“I want to be nice and sweet for you, to take my time, but what I want more than that is to fuck you, hard. Do you want me to fuck you?”

Anya’s heart went crazy. She nodded, seemingly unable to form words that would let him know that yes, she wanted him to fuck her. He dove onto her, burying his lips against her neck and kissing her.

The rigid length of his cock rested along her slit, its weight pushing her lips apart. She gasped as he lifted her legs, wrapping them around him. He grasped her hands, resting them on the bed so that they framed her face. Then he probed for her opening, found it and pushed inside.

His cock rings and balls slid along the sensitive walls of her pussy and she gasped. He laughed deviously as he stilled his motions, then rammed into her, the balls raking across her flesh as he started to fuck her.

Anya came, screaming out in pleasure as Paran rode her, the ring slamming into her G-spot. When her orgasm had faded, he sat back on his knees, sliding her onto his thighs.

Anuis placed himself above her, his cock poised at her mouth as his mouth swallowed her clit. The twin sensations of fucking and sucking sent her over the edge again. Anuis pumped her mouth as Makin knelt down beside her, his voice intoxicatingly low in her ear.

“Fuck them. Suck them. So beautiful, does it feel good, sweet Anya?”

Anuis removed his cock from her mouth, sliding down the length of the bed and recapturing her clit. Makin mounted her, his cock appearing before her face. She sucked him in greedily as he took her hand and guided it to Anuis’ cock, still slick from her saliva.

He joined his hand with hers as they pumped Anuis' cock together.

Anya's mind reeled at the sensations running through her body. She wasn't sure which one to concentrate on, what to do to bring pleasure to her three lovers. She wanted them to feel what she was feeling, to come as hard as she just had.

As if reading her thoughts, Anuis tightened his hold on her clit, his teeth raking against her sensitive flesh, each movement increasing the pressure she felt. It took little time for her to come again, but she moaned in displeasure as Paran withdrew his cock. Makin did the same and Anuis lifted his lips from her pussy, where he had been feasting.

Her body tingled and pulsed as the three of them stroked her arms, her legs, and her breasts.

"I love to hear a woman scream in pleasure," Paran said. "I do believe she came more than once."

Makin laughed as she undulated beneath their touch.

"Roll over on your belly, sweet one. We'll do a little preparation, and then you need to rest, to prepare you for us again."

They rolled her over, their hands still caressing her. This time, though, their concentration was on her back, and her buttocks. They would squeeze her cheeks, spreading them apart to expose her anus.

With hands were full of cream, they continued to rub her down. A finger stroked her sensitive back entrance. She bucked against the new feeling and the finger pushed, parting her virgin area and delving in, the cream easing the entry.

Anya moaned in pleasure, then gasped as a second finger, someone else's finger, joined the first one. She'd barely adjusted to it when a third joined, and she realized that each of her lovers had a finger inside her, gently probing where no one had ever touched her before.

They moved in and out, varying movements that increased the pressure, and tripled her pleasure.

Just as she stared to adjust to it, they withdrew, and a small, metallic ball was placed at the opening. She tensed as it was pushed inside, and then, seconds later, a second ball was added. It pushed the first one further into her anus and she gasped.

"Shush, little one," Anuis said. "The balls will open you up, will prepare you for Makin's cock."

They added a third ball, and then a fourth. They felt heavy inside her, and her muscles clenched them tightly. When a fifth one was pushed inside she groaned loudly.

“That’s all,” Makin said, his hands on her lower back “Just rest. Relax and enjoy the pleasure their weight can provide.”

Now their were hands on her hips, moving her up and down, sending the balls into each other and bringing pleasure Anya had never felt it before. They stroked her insides just as her lovers stroked her outsides.

She closed her eyes and floated. The reality of this fantasy far outweighed what she’d dreamed it would be like. Her hips lifted and someone’s fingers found her clit, gently pulling on it as her hips moved faster and faster.

When her orgasm slammed into her, she felt as if her breath had left her body. She cried out, and at the same time the balls were pulled from her anus, sending her over the edge yet again. She collapsed into the mattress, begging for rest, begging for them, begging to be fucked.

She wasn’t sure what she wanted. She didn’t think she could take anymore. Her orgasms had been so hard, had rolled through her with such intensity that she wasn’t sure she could stand another one

Her arms and legs felt like jelly, and yet the Djinn didn’t stop. Their hands continued to probe her, to stroke and soothe her.

“Please, I...” She lifted her hips in invitation.

Anuis’ voice was soft as he asked, “Are you ready for us?”

She nodded, then licked her lips and whispered, “Yes, I’m ready,” even though she wasn’t sure that she was. She was nervous. Very nervous. She trusted her Djinn, but taking three men at once was a fantasy that she’d never dreamed of fulfilling. It was one of those things a woman thought about, and fantasized about as she stroked her own clit, but never something she’d imagined actually doing.

Anuis’ hands were on her hips, lifting her to a standing position. He kissed her gently, and then lay down in the spot she’d just vacated. He held out his arms in invitation and she hesitated.

“Am I not too heavy for this? Maybe we should try another posit ... ouch!” She turned to Makin, her hand flying to the spot he’d just swatted.

“You were saying?” He tilted his head at her and she knelt on the mattress, straddling

Anuis and centering her pussy above his cock. He stroked her thighs as she lowered herself, swallowing him slowly inside her wetness.

At his urging she started to rock, relaxing into the rhythm and relishing the feel of him buried deep within her. When the mattress dipped with Makin's weight, she stiffened a little, but Anuis caressed her thighs, and Paran gently stroked her hair.

Makin put his body flush against her backside, his hard cock sliding into the rise of her behind.

"Come to me, Anya," Anuis said. "Come and give me those beautiful lips."

She bent and kissed him as Paran stroked her back. When Makin applied cream to her anus, she didn't flinch, remembering the glorious feel of the beads as they were removed from her. Their entrance, though, had been a different matter. It hadn't hurt, but she had been very nervous. She needed to calm down, to relax and enjoy this.

Anya knew her Djinn would not do this if it would not bring her pleasure. Anuis continued to kiss her, his lips strong yet gentle against her own.

When Makin placed the tip of his cock at her rosy opening she tensed, until his mind brushed her own, stilling her with gentle words that made her sigh with pleasure.

"You will love this, little one. The fullness will be intense, and the pleasure will be beyond belief."

She nodded as his words raced through her mind. Following his silent directions, she pushed out with her anus when the head of his cock pushed for entrance. She felt very full and her lovers had been right. She felt no pain at Makin's entrance. No one moved except Paran, who stayed silent and rubbed her shoulders, his cock inches away from her mouth.

She snaked out her tongue and licked the tip of him as Makin pushed in further. This time there was no pain, only a powerful sense of being stuffed. Makin pressed in more and Anya groaned. He was right, it was wonderful beyond belief.

When he was fully inside her she whimpered in delight. They remained still for several minutes and then they started to move, sliding against each other in a rhythm that drove Anya crazy.

Just when she thought she'd grown used to the two of them inside her, Paran lifted her chin and offered her his cock. She took it greedily, sucking him in and out as Makin and Anuis thrust into her.

She toyed with the ring, and slid her tongue along the ring of piercings on his shaft. Paran clasped her hair tight, urging her to go faster. And she did, welcoming the roughness of his hands on her and the way he filled her mouth.

It was Anuis who came first. She felt his cock swell inside her and his murmured, “Stars above,” as he flooded her.

When Paran came, she accepted each drop he gave her, something she’d never done until she met these men. And then she collapsed onto Anuis chest, her body humming as Makin continued to pound into her, harder and harder.

When he came, it was as if a dam burst. She could feel the intensity of his orgasm wash over her, settling into her clit and making her come again.

“What’s—oh...” The incredible feeling spread into her limbs, tingling down to her fingers and toes. Further surprise spread through her as she felt Anuis’ cock swell, and spill again.

They’d never done anything like that before, not in the weeks that they’d been together. Their bodies shook, and just when Anya thought it was over, it started again. Wave after wave of passion flowed over her until she thought she would surely die of it. As she cried out in pleasure, colorful bolts of lightning appeared, sizzling the air around them. She closed her eyes, but the brilliant sparks of light went off behind her eyelids, just as if she was watching a fireworks show.

“Shazzan above, I’ve never seen it before,” Paran said in awe.

His statement made her wonder exactly what *it* was. She finally collapsed onto Anuis’ chest, his rapid heartbeat reassuring. Makin collapsed onto her back, pressing into Anuis.

She lifted her eyes to him, gasping when she realized he was unconscious. A quick look at Makin showed him to be in the same state. She glanced at Paran, who stared at them, his mouth open.

“What’s wrong? What’s happening?”

Suddenly, another wave of pleasure washed over her and Anya’s body went numb. Seconds later she too slipped into oblivion, her body still held firm between her lovers.

Chapter Fifteen

Anya woke in her own bed, her body tender, but pleasantly warm. She sat up and looked around the darkened room.

“Makin? Anuis?”

“Sorry.” Paran appeared at her bedside. “Just me. How are you feeling?”

“Fine. Where are Makin and Anuis?”

“They had business to attend to. Are you hungry? Shall I conjure dinner for you? Perhaps something French, or Italian?”

“Dinner? What time is it?”

“It is after seven.”

Her head swam. “After seven on Friday? I missed work and I didn’t call in?”

“It is after seven on Saturday, and Makin called your Phil, told him that he was kidnapping you for the weekend so he could show you the lamp factory.”

“Lamp factory? What happened to me? What happened to us?” She laid back and then sat bolt upright. “Wait a minute. It’s Saturday?”

Paran’s smile was warm and tender. “Something I never thought I’d see. Something that let me know I was right when I gave up the fight for your assignment. And yes, it is Saturday.”

“But what happened? And where are they?”

“They are trying to decide what happens next, and they needed to talk with the elders. They will return tomorrow. Until then, consider me your babysitter. Would you like to play bad little girl and stern au pair? I give wonderful spankings.”

She laughed, and shook her head. “No. But thank you for the offer. I am hungry, though. And I would like more of an explanation than you gave me.”

“Food I can give, explanations, no. That will be up to your men. Now, Italian, or French, or maybe Greek?”

“Italian. I love lasagna.”

A table appeared and Paran offered her his hand. She started to stand, and then realized she was naked. She shook her head at him.

“Oh very well, spoil all my fun,” he muttered, before he produced clothes for her.

He escorted her to the table and her stomach rumbled as the smells hit her. The only thing that would make it better was if Makin and Anuis could share the meal. She took a piece of bread as she pondered where they were, what had happened, and how she could miss two full days of her life and not even know it.

“You cannot force the situation.”

Makin stood, his hands balled into fists. “We are forcing nothing. The mating happened. We felt it, all three of us.”

“Be that as it may, she is a mortal. She must be allowed to choose, and she must be given all the facts. All of them.”

“Are you saying she can’t be turned? Must you forget that I was turned?”

“You were, but you were given a choice. You cannot do it without her consent. And for the three of you to mate? It is almost unheard of.”

Anuis, who had sat silently, now stood. “Are you saying she would have to choose?”

The elder shook his head. “It is *mate*, after all, not *mates*.” He said the words as if explaining them to a small child.

“Love can bloom between three people.”

The elder turned to Makin. “I’m surprised at you. You who keeps yourself hidden from everything except physical pleasure. For you to say you feel love is most extraordinary. Does this woman know that if she mates with one of you, if she becomes Djinn, that she will have to work, that she will have to provide pleasure to other people? Physical pleasure?”

“We have not spoken of anything to her,” Anuis said. “We wanted all the facts first.”

Makin cleared his throat. “What if I asked to be mortal again?”

The silence in the room was deafening. Finally, the elder said in a whisper, “What did you say?”

“If I turned back. I could live with her as a mortal.”

“You could. But Anuis could not. He was born Djinn, and must stay that way.”

“Why?” Anuis straightened. “I have heard tales of Djinn who have asked to be released of their calling.”

The elder turned to Anuis. “You would be banished forever, with no contact of this world, your world, and your people. Would you give that up for one woman?”

“For what I felt a few days ago, yes.”

The three elders conferred amongst themselves before turning to Makin and Anuis.

“You must decide what to do. You have free will, after all. But you must make her aware of the situation, and what could happen. We will know your decisions by your actions and take appropriate measures.”

The three men disappeared and Anuis turned to Makin. “Do you truly love her, or is it only the mating call you felt?”

Makin looked at the floor, and then back at Anuis. “I’ve asked myself that for two days now. What I felt was more than the call. I tried to deny it, but my heart told me differently.”

“I tried to tell you, but you didn’t listen.”

Makin laughed. “Would you be willing to share her with me?”

“It wouldn’t be sharing, if the three of us were mated. It would be bonding, between all of us. We would be bonded together, the three of us.”

“Paran tells me she’s awake. We will let her decide whether we live as Djinn, or die as mortals.”

Chapter Sixteen

“Are you kidding me? Why is this my decision? I can’t believe you would leave this to me and not try to help me.”

Anya paced her bedroom, her mind reeling. She knew that what she’d felt with them the other night had been different, had not been in the realm of what she’d normally felt. But for them to tell her now that it was a mating call, that they wanted her to decide whether she would turn Djinn, or stay human or they would change—it just wasn’t fair.

She sat down on the bed next to Anuis. Makin was lounging against the headboard.

“Do you not love us?” Anuis’ voice was soft and he caressed her shoulder.

Anya shivered under his touch. “Of course I do. But this is so much to throw at me, so much to try and decide in what, a week?”

“Actually, there are four days left.” Makin said.

She turned to him. His handsome face was full of emotion, and emotion she’d never seen there before. This was the man who’d told her he couldn’t love, that he could give pleasure, but couldn’t love. She could see now that he did. Whether he said the words or not, he loved her, and he loved Anuis.

They could be together, the three of them. Living as a family. Loving each other. The question was how they would do it. Would they live as humans, or as Djinn? They’d already explained to her that if she were turned Djinn, that she would have “the calling.” She would work for the Desires of the Lamp organization and spread pleasure to other humans, just as Makin and Anuis had to her. The idea was nerve racking. She wasn’t sure what to do. Could she ask them to give up their immortality to live with her here, in New York City?

And for what? For her job, and her friends? She wasn’t close to her mother, but Heather, and Sheri, they would be hard to give up.

She turned back to Anuis. “Where would we live? On some otherworldly plane? Floating

amongst the clouds and traveling by blinking our eyes?”

“Actually we have cloud taxis that flit from realm to realm.”

Anya and Anuis both whirled around to face Makin, who laughed. “Just kidding.”

“You cracked a joke?” Anya giggled, the feeling grabbing her in the pit of her stomach and spreading through her body, making her insides quiver in delight and spreading a warm feeling throughout her body.

“I’m not without humor,” he said, his face falling.

“I’m sorry, it’s just you’re always so serious.”

“I’m serious about you, Anya. About the three of us.”

She shivered as Anuis moved her back onto the bed. Soon she was nestled between them, their hard cocks pressed against her front and back.

“Will it be like that every time? The thunderbolts? The lights? The unconsciousness?”

“No,” Makin said as Anuis kissed her shoulders. “The initial mating call is that way, to let the Djinn know he, or she, has found their mate. A three-way mating is almost unheard of, and the elders are most surprised.”

“Why have we not felt it in the last three weeks? We’ve been together, with both of you in my body.”

“Not as we were on Thursday,” Makin said. “The feel of our bodies, of you clutching us tightly and the rub of our cocks together, inside your body, produced the emotions that brought it about.”

“So, it’s not emotional, it’s physical.”

“No,” Anuis said, his lips moving lower. He pushed her onto Makin’s body and began to kiss her buttocks. “It’s emotional, too.”

“So it just forces it to the forefront.”

“Something like that,” Makin replied, his fingers tracing her sides.

“What about children? If we have children how would we explain it to them? To others? This is my mother and these are my fathers? I don’t know which one is my true father?”

Makin pulled her face to his, kissing her gently. “We will know. A Djinn knows when he has impregnated his mate. And we will love the children equally, because they come from you, from us. From our love.”

Tears filled Anya’s eyes as Makin lifted her onto his cock, sliding her down and gently

moving her back and forth. Anuis was still behind her, his hands tracing her buttocks, his touch sending shivers up her spine.

Makin set an easy pace, sliding her up and down on his cock as Anuis teased her. When his fingers smoothed warm cream onto her anus she shivered in delight, holding still while he positioned himself at her rosy opening, and pushed inside.

Makin's groan of pleasure matched her own as Anuis gently inserted himself into her anus, stopping each time Anya moaned, allowing her to adjust to the both of them.

When she was ready, she bucked her hips and they began to move, sliding in and out of her in a rhythm that brought her close to orgasm, backed off, and brought her close again.

She closed her eyes and imagined sleeping with the two of them each night, of them holding her close. Of her belly being full with their babies. She closed her eyes and gasped.

"I can see into your minds. How is that possible? Have I made a choice, unconsciously?" Her words were deep, coming on deep ragged breaths of air as she fought off an orgasm yet again. She didn't want this to end, not yet. She wanted to keep them buried inside her forever.

No. Makin's voice sounded in her mind. *It is the link between us. The love we feel for one another.*

We don't want it to end, either. Anuis said. *We want to be with you, forever.*

Forever. The word echoed through her mind as they rocked together. The pressure on her clit was intense, building yet again. She knew she couldn't fight off climax another time, knew that she didn't want to. She rocked harder and they did the same.

Makin's finger dipped into the tight space between them and pinched her clit. It was all it took. Anya screamed out her release, her Djinn screaming theirs with her. They collapsed together, their hearts beating as one.

When she'd recovered her voice, she sighed and said, "Explain to me *exactly* what I'd have to do as a Djinn."

Chapter Seventeen

“You seem pensive, Bart.” Anya lifted her gaze to the doorway of her office where Nathan stood. “Something wrong?”

“No. I’m just thinking. Trying to make decisions and figuring how that decision will play out in my life.”

“Oh, well, good luck with that. I just thought maybe you wanted to run slogans by me or something.”

The humor in his voice made her smile. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to get personal.”

When he didn’t leave, she lifted her eyebrows at him. “Is something wrong?”

“You seem different. It’s not just the clothes, although they are a nice change, but you seem more normal.”

Anya snorted, then covered her mouth and nose and laughed. “I think there’s a compliment in there, but I’m not sure where.”

“Yeah, there is. You know I never thought of you as more than the, um...”

She could tell he was struggling for something to say. “The fat woman next door?” she offered.

“Yeah. Sorry.”

“That’s okay. That’s how I thought of myself, too. Until I met Makin and Anuis.”

Nathan’s eyes widened. “You fell in love with a client? Which one?”

“Both of them.”

“Oh crap, does Phil know this?”

“Yes. I told him this morning.” *Or should I say we told him. The three of us.*

Anya thought back to the conversation, to Phil’s angry look and the way her Djinn had defended her. She may not have decided whether or not to live as mortal or Djinn yet, but she knew she had to have them in her life. Phil had been furious with her for her lack of

professionalism.

For a moment, she'd thought Makin would punch him, but Anuis had held him back. She'd thought Phil would fire her, but he didn't. And she was glad. If she chose for them to live as mortals, they would need the income. She had no idea how Makin and Anuis would find jobs, much less prove that they were citizens of the U.S., or any other country.

"So what did he say?"

"After he yelled at me? Not much."

"Damn Anya, how embarrassing. What happens when they find out? You'll have to give up the account."

Anger boiled up in Anya's body. "What do you mean when they find out? When they discover that a fat woman loves them?"

"Well, not to put too blunt a point on it, but yeah. I mean they hired you to write slogans, not fantasize about them like a teen-age kid. Plus, what makes you think..."

Nathan's words died down as he realized what he was about to say. Anya stared at him, her eyes dark with rage.

"Go ahead, Nathan. What makes me think they'd love me back? After all, I'm too fat for a boyfriend, right?"

"Anya, I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

"Sure you did. You know, Nathan, I thought maybe you'd changed, that you were different, too, since Aliya left. But I guess I was wrong. For your information, the feeling is mutual. We're moving in together, the three of us. We love each other."

"They're fags? Figures." He crinkled his nose in disgust.

"I'm not going to try and explain something to you that you obviously have no capacity to believe, or feel. I want you to leave. Right now."

"Fine. But you should know, Anya, that I'm normal. It's you and your new *friends* who are weird."

He slammed the door as he left and Anuis' voice rang out. "He needs a visit. I'm thinking from Luca, beautiful, soft Luca."

"Luca's too good for him," Makin said. "He needs someone harsher, someone who can teach him a lesson, like Rhiana."

When they materialized, they were sitting in the chairs opposite from her desk, dressed in

jeans and button-downs.

“Who is Rhiana?”

“A demon Djinn,” Makin said with a laugh. “She takes the harsher cases, like the idiot who just left.”

“Nathan’s not such a bad guy. He’s just very superficial.”

“He’s a moron,” Anuis said. “He needs to learn that love knows no boundaries, male or female, large or small. It would do him a world of good.”

Anya toyed with the pen on her desk, her gaze cast down.

“You have made a decision?” Anuis cocked his head at her.

“No, I haven’t. But I have until tomorrow, right?” Where had the last few days gone? It seemed like only yesterday that they told her of the bonding, and of the choice that had to be made. They’d made love over and over, each time taking her to new heights that left her feeling drained, and undeniably thrilled with life. When they were not making love, they were talking, laughing at each other’s jokes and sharing tidbits about their lives, and about what they’d done, and what they hoped to do.

“Tonight at midnight,” Makin said softly. “That is tomorrow.”

“So I don’t get all day tomorrow? What happens if I haven’t decided?”

“Then we might get called to another assignment,” Anuis said. “You must decide.”

“Some help with the decision would be nice,” she said. “You haven’t even bothered to tell me what you want. Plus, I still have one more wish.”

“Which will take place tonight,” Anuis replied. “Dancing for a roomful of men, making every last one of them hungry for you.”

Anya shook her head. “Suddenly it doesn’t seem like such a great wish. I don’t want them all hungry for me. I just want the two of you that way.”

“You already have that,” Makin replied, his grin making her stomach do flip-flops. “I’m hard for you even now.”

They stared at each other, and Anya jumped when the phone rang. She gave her name as she answered, then a cry of delight.

“Annette. Hi! This is a surprise. Need an advertising agent for the dance studio?”

She listened; then laughed. “Tonight? I’m sorry, I already have plans. Plus, I’m not ready to dance in public.”

Anya lifted her gaze to Anuis when he cleared his throat and nodded at her. Realization dawned and she smiled. This was her final wish, to dance and excite everyone in the room. But instead of whisking her to a sultan's palace, or even a strip club, they were giving her the opportunity to dance with the people she'd been practicing with for a month now, to put her new found skills to the test.

"Oh, wait, on second thought, I'd love to. What's the address?"

There were six of them, waiting to entertain the crowd. Four of the dancers were friends of Annette's who were much more experienced than Anya and Kate, another woman from their class. Annette had assured both of them that they were ready.

It was a birthday party, after all, and everyone would be having a good time. The guests would love the exotic dancers that had been brought in, and after the initial entrance which would be in sync, the ladies would break off and entertain their own sections, dancing for two songs before meeting in the center and taking their bows together.

Annette reminded them that they were not strippers; they were to keep their clothing on. But they could accept tips, slid into the waists of their outfits, or into the bras.

The house was outside the city. It was very spacious, and they would be dancing in the ballroom. Anya's nerves were on high alert as they waited. Her two Djinn couldn't decide which color she should wear, so they'd conjured a new outfit for her, this one in sexy black and copper colors. Long strands of beads cascaded from the bra and onto her belly. She felt as if her breasts would fall out the first time she shimmied, but Annette had taped her breasts into place, so she prayed that wouldn't happen.

The bottom half of the outfit was made from long pieces of gauzy material, flowing together to create a skirt. It would twirl and provide glimpses of her legs. As a final touch, Makin had slipped a beautiful copper jewel into her belly button.

"It won't stay," she said with a laugh.

"It will," he replied. "Trust me."

She wanted to ask him how he knew, how he figured anything would stay, but she didn't. She knew that he just knew, not because he was a Djinn, but because he had faith in things; something she'd never had before. That is, until Makin and Anuis had come into her life.

The difference in her was just like the difference between night and day. Even Nathan

had noticed it. How could she take them away from their calling? They were so good at it, so perfect. But then again how could she share them with other women? What if, during one of their assignments, they fell for another woman as they had fallen for her? Did Djinn do that? Or did they mate for life? If she became a Djinn would they be together forever, or was there the chance that they would leave her? That they would tire of her after the first one hundred years or so?

She waited for one of them to give her the answer, to pop into her brain and say that she was crazy, that of course mating with someone meant forever, whether or not forever was ten years, or ten thousand years.

But they didn't. Their laughter didn't interfere in her mind and their reassurances didn't kick her bad thoughts out. She knew why. They'd told her that the decision had to be hers, and hers alone. They couldn't tell her what they wanted. They couldn't influence her by saying that they wanted to remain Djinn, or that they wanted to live life as mortals in her brownstone.

The first strains of Middle Eastern music reached her ears. Annette stood at the doorway, her eyes sparkling as she winked at her dancers. The ladies had already warmed up, and when they had, Anya was happy to see that she wasn't the only BBW in the group.

"Ready ladies? Don't forget, above all else, enjoy yourselves and your audience will join in the fun. Open your chakras, and let your energy flow through your bodies."

Anya's hands shook at the music crescendo. She closed her eyes to fight off panic, and when she did, a picture of Anuis and Makin appeared. She smiled to herself, marveling at the gift they had given her. They had made her love herself as much as she loved them. And at that point she made her decision.

She twirled onto the dance floor with the other ladies, swaying and shimmying before going to her assigned area. Familiar faces smiled back at her, Heather and Sheri, and their husbands, all laughing and having a good time. How was it that they were at the party? Even as she asked the question, Anya knew the answer. Her lovers had arranged it, had arranged for the people that she loved to see the new Anya.

Her mother watched, too, her look not as happy as the others, but not nearly as disapproving as Anya thought it would be. Paran floated above the crowd with Luca at his side. He licked his lips and thrust his hips toward her. Luca slapped at him playfully, telling him to behave. And when she saw Nathan, the look of desire on his face made her laugh out loud. She twirled and shimmied, sliding back and forth and accepting tips from men and women alike.

Her Djinn had done this for her. They'd helped her to fulfill every fantasy she'd ever had, and she would love them for it forever. When the music ended, and she received hugs from the people that she loved, she wondered how life would play out, but she knew that no matter what, as long as Anuis and Makin were at her side, life would be perfect.

Heather hugged her close, as did Sheri. She pulled back and heaved a sigh as her friends told her how proud they were of her. "I'm so thirsty. Time for some water. I'll be right back."

"Where are you going?" Heather stared at her. "There's a water bottle in your hand."

She pointed down and Anya gasped. She looked up to find Makin and Anuis standing nearby, dressed in the loose linen pants of the Djinn. She crossed to them, noticing as she walked away that Heather and Sheri were talking as if she hadn't been there at all. Her two lovers must have mesmerized them much as they had Phil the first day in the office.

"Thanks for the water."

"That was not us, sweet pet," Anuis said. "It was you who conjured the water bottle. It would seem you have made your decision."

She gasped and stared at the bottle. "I did this?"

"Yes," Makin said, kissing her lightly. When he was done, Anuis kissed her, too, his tongue probing her mouth.

"What pushed you to become a Djinn?"

"You two. If I can give one person the joy and the self-confidence that you two have given me, then it will be worth it."

She closed her eyes and sighed as they caressed her cheeks. Then she gazed at them both.

"So, there's no ceremony, no installation of powers?"

"No," Makin replied. "When you made your decision, you became Djinn. We will go over the rules tonight."

"There are rules? Why have the power if there are rules?"

"To keep people like me in line," Paran said, coming up behind her. He put his hands on her hips and kissed her neck. "Welcome, little one."

Makin pushed away his hands, his eyes glinting with anger. Anya laughed at the look they exchanged.

"Men are the same, mortal or Djinn," Luca replied, kissing Anya's cheek. "They are always trying to one-up each other."

Anya shivered as Makin and Anuis slid her body between them, their hands wandering her curves. No one seemed to notice except the other Djinn.

“So what happens now?”

“We love, and laugh,” Anuis said.

“And we help others,” Makin said. “Something you are going to be perfect at.”

“Do we get to decide cases?”

“You have someone in mind?” Anuis said with a laugh.

“Several,” Anya said. “Starting with someone who will give Aliya a good spanking, and help Nathan to see through people to their inner beauty.”

“You’re going to be perfect,” Makin replied. “So very perfect.”

They kissed her, each one claiming an edge of her mouth before their lips caressed together, the three of them moaning in pleasure. Anya knew she had made the right choice, and that their love would last for an eternity.

The End