A small gathering of young men and women in loose-fitting, comfortable clothing milled about. They seemed somewhat apprehensive. This was the backroom of their favorite nightclub, so they all felt a bit underdressed. This had been advertised as a class, though. Skin-tight outfits, revealing outfits, or some combination of the two didn’t seem proper.

Any concern or confusion they may have felt faded swiftly as a fiery-eyed and spritely instructor bobbed through the door. Anyone else dressed as she was would have appeared to be in some sort of ridiculous costume. Her top had the sheen of fine satin, and was somewhere between a tiny vest and an oddly styled bra. Either way, it presented her chest in a way that was as tasteful as it was tantalizing. She had billowy, gauzy leggings that shifted artistically in the air with each motion and revealed long, lean legs. Small slippers completed what could only be called a genie ensemble. On her, not only did it fail to look comical, it looked precisely suited to every detail of her body and personality.

“Greetings, my friends!” she said brightly, spreading her arms wide and teetering gracefully on one pointed toe. “If you are here, it means that you have wisely chosen to learn the art of seduction in motion, or as it is so deceiving known, the art of *dance*.”

The students gathered themselves into some sort of order and focused their attentions on their instructor.

“My name is Majesca.” She nodded to a young woman in the front row. “Some of you I’ve seen before, but most of you are new. So let me introduce myself. I am a servant of only a single mistress. But with her permission, I serve all of you on this fine day. But *only* if you listen closely to what I say, watch closely what I do, and open your hearts, minds, and souls to the magic I shall inject into your lives today.”

She grinned and nodded once.

“But let us not waste any time. Music!”

A lilting, exotic tune wove itself into the room, seeming to have been summoned by her words alone.Its thumping beat and jangling melody seemed to thread itself through Majesca’s body. She shifted and rippled with the music with fluidity and grace that seemed to defy physics.

“We begin by selecting a partner,” Majesca said, eyes shut and lips dreamily curved into a grin. “Dancing alone is lovely, but sharing the music with someone you love is divine. Now, I realize that not all of you came here with a lover.” Her grin widened. “But if you follow my lessons properly, you’ll certainly *leave* with one… As for me? I have my partner.”

She turned.

“Eden! If it pleases you, it is time for you to join me.”

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The only person in the room with a warmer and wider smile than Majesca was Eden. She’d been watching from the corner of the room, quietly proud of Majesca. Technically the one Mistress that Majesca served was Eden herself, though she still chafed the sound of that word. Eden’s idea of a relationship was not so one-sided as a slave and a master. Granted, until recently her idea of a relationship hadn’t included two women, and certainly hadn’t included a genie--let alone a genie that lived inside her womb. Life had taken some interesting twists and turns since then. She’d learned that her bi-curiousness didn’t need much coaxing at all to blossom into full bisexuality, and that with only slightly more work, a genie could be coaxed into demonstrating something resembling independence.

That last point had only just begun to bear fruit. Majesca still, in a quite literal way, lived to serve Eden. She technically couldn’t even exist in the outside world until Eden summoned her with a few naughty strokes of her vagina in order to have a wish granted. But their time together had unearthed a far deeper, far more complete woman than any of Majesca’s prior masters had dreamed might exist. And one thing had become clear. While Majesca was quite enthusiastic about anything that Eden desired, *dance* was the one place where the mystic creature was ready, willing, and able to take charge. It was a victory to see her come out of her shell (even though technically Eden’s body *was* her shell) and pursue her own interest.

“Oh *mistress*,” Majesca called again. “We are ready to begin.”

“Oh! Sorry, I was a million miles away,” Eden said.

She trotted over to Majesca. Unlike the genie, Eden was dressed a bit more traditionally for the dance floor. Snug but comfortable clothes that fashionably hugged her curves and a pair of low-heeled shoes. She took her place beside Majesca and gave a somewhat sheepish nod to the students. Eden was less than comfortable in front of crowds, particularly in light of the direction this lesson was going to be heading.

Majesca turned to Eden and gently took her hand. The flutter of stage fright was replaced with a far more insistent sort of flutter. The genie, even when mostly stationary, still kept the beat with her every subtle motion. A metronomic sway of her hips and shift of her shoulders kept her precisely aligned with the song in a way that put Eden in mind of a video game character’s idle animation. The music was like the pulse of her very being.

“Dance is magic, pure and simple. You may *think* you don’t know how to cast a love spell, but if you learn how to move and the right sort of person sees it, the effects will astound you. Now, for this to work properly, you and your partner…”

The genie paused, looking out over the crowd. She placed her hands on her swaying hips.

“I happen to know there isn’t an odd number of people in this class, so *everyone* should have a partner.”

Eden glanced at the groupings of people and found that only about a half the class had formed pairs. The rest were a scattering of individuals standing alone. Majesca marched up to the first of the holdouts, a rather diminutive young woman with short black hair. Majesca wasn’t exactly tall, but this woman was a head and shoulder shorter, which made her the shortest person in the class.

“Do you have a partner today?” Majesca asked.

“I don’t,” she said, eyes turned shyly away.

“There are more women than men left. Would you mind dancing with a woman?” Majesca asked sweetly.

“I wouldn’t mind, but…”

Majesca turned. “Who would like to help this young lady learn the art of the dance?”

The response was less than enthusiastic, but one woman, one of the taller members of the class, shrugged and stepped forward.

“Oh, no, I couldn’t,” the shorter woman said, staring at her feet. “The size difference. It’d be awkward.”

“I assure you it wouldn’t but if it would make you more comfortable…” Majesca turned to Eden.

Eden sighed. “I wish you’d do whatever it took to get this class moving along in the proper direction.”

“Granted!” Majesca said in a playful trill.

She looked to the taller woman. “I’d like to thank you for being flexible enough to volunteer as a partner. If you don’t mind, I think this will solve the problem.”

The genie reached up and placed both hands on the woman’s shoulders. She put a bit of pressure on the shoulders and the woman’s body quite obligingly started to slide down the size chart. After a couple calculated nudges, she’d shrunk the woman down to match the height of her partner. The scaling was entirely proportional, so she ended appearing quite a bit more delicate and slender than her partner, who was a bit of a what some might call a shortstack.

Eden sighed in relief. Once she ‘took the limiter off’ with an open-ended wish like that, Majesca could get a bit… creative with her problem solving. As her solutions went, that was fairly tame. It should have sent a ripple of disbelief through the rest of the audience, but the genie always seemed to fold a bit of externally enforced suspension of disbelief into her spellcasting, lest some combination of police and research scientists take too much of an interest in her activities. Instead of shock and awe, the flex of mystic might simply made the remaining students that much more interested in the coming lesson.

“What about you?” Majesca said to one of the rare men in the class. “Why are *you* alone? And while we’re at it, why didn’t you volunteer just now.”

“I’d hoped to learn to dance to surprise my wife. Dancing with another partner… especially if *seduction* is the goal…”

Majesca nodded. “Say no more. Where is your wife now?”

“She works the night shift, so she’s at home asleep.”

*“Perfect*! Problem solved then.”

She held out a hand and stirred the air to the beat of the music. With each rhythmic swish, the air glittered, then gleamed, then shined like polished glass. A small, smoked glass jar appeared with a blank label affixed to the lid. Majesca handed it to him, then conjured a pen.

“Write your wife’s name on the lid, would you?” she said. “I’ll be with you again in a moment.”

Majesca bobbed over to the next woman without a partner.

“Ah! Maye!” she said. “Ladies and gentlemen, this is my good friend may. We have shard the dancefloor once before. Though I believe she hogged it a bit that night. Why haven’t you joined one of these young ladies as a partner?”

Maye lowered her head slightly. “I uh… I didn’t really come here to dance. I just sort of… when we danced last time… Things sort of…”

Majesca raised her hand.

“Say no more. I sense that Maye here is a little uncomfortable with herself. I think she is perfectly lovely and perfectly belongs, but I want her to be comfortable so…”

As her voice trailed off, a swirl of magic sparkled around Maye, then the rest of the students. Maye was the first to show a change. Her outfit shifted to a shimmering red dress, and her body sculpted itself into something utterly divine to fill it out.

“The rest of you may feel free to adjust yourselves as you wish,” Majesca said, as simply as if she were offering a cup of coffee. “Though please remember that we are here to *dance* so certain endowments might make that a bit more challenging. Now, back to you.”

She stepped back to the confused husband, holding the jar with a freshly inscribed woman’s name on the lid. He had it held up to the light and peering at the faint, half-visible form that was now leaning against the glass. He couldn’t quite make it out through the translucent jar, but it did seem awfully familiar.

“Ah, wonderful,” Majesca said, plucking the jar from his hand. “The dream jars have been so very useful of late.”

She unscrewed the lid and gently shook the contents into her palm. Unsurprisingly, it was a tiny, somewhat bewildered woman, the dutiful husband’s wife. She was dressed in a night gown and staring curiously up at the genie who was holding her.

“Honey?” the man said, in disbelief.

“We’ve just got one more thing to take care of and you’ll be ready to start.”

Majesca set the jar and lid on a table in the corner of the room, then hefted the little woman in her palm, bouncing her up and down as she mused.

“Let’s see… Yes! That will do nicely.”

Without warning, she clapped her hands, with the woman still between them. After vigorous rub, she held out her palm once more, which was now filled with nothing but what looked like pink glitter. Before the stunned husband could react, she blew gently on the powder and it swirled into the air, curling and twisting until the air shimmered in a feminine shape. The glittering intensified until it revealed the woman, now full-sized and dressed in a breathtaking sequined gown.

“There! Perfect. I think we can…” Majesca slumped. “Oh. Now that we’ve introduced her we’ve got an odd number of people.”

“Um… I think I can take care of it,” Maye said, a devilish grin coming to her face. She stepped up to one of the remaining women, then paused. “Will it work if I…”

“Whatever you think you need to do to make yourself comfortable will work just fine,” Majesca said with a nod.

Maye looked over the two women who lacked a partner. Lingered in front of one.

“Would you mind if I picked her? I promise you’ll have a fun place to wait for your turn.”

The passed-over dance partner shrugged. “I guess. Where should I—”

\*\*\*FWOOMP\*\*\*

Maye eagerly clasped her hands behind the woman’s head and, with a playful tug, thrust it into her cleavage. Of all those in attendance, Maye was second only to Eden herself in terms of knowing the kind of things that Majesca’s abilities could do. Having taken a brief but memorable ride in Eden’s cleavage, it would appear she’d been itching for the opportunity to pay that favor forward. The other woman’s head and shoulders slipped easily between her breasts, and with a well timed bend and scoop, Maye was able to flip her legs up and let her slide from view. When she was through, there was no sign of the other woman.

“Now then,” Majesca said, slowly slipping more thoroughly into the rhythm. “If we are all ready… It’s time to begin.”

She held out her hand.

“Eden?” Majesca said.

Eden stepped forward, a warm smile on her face. Even the simple fact that she was remembering to call her by her name was sign enough that Majesca was learning to be less of a servant and more of a friend. But when she offered her hand and found herself twirled into something between an embrace and choreographed dip, she knew for certain of she ever wanted her precious genie to take the lead, she’d need only put on a sensual tune.

Majesca pivoted and turned, sweeping in front of Eden.

“Lesson number one,” Majesca said. “If you aren’t moving your hips. You aren’t dancing.”

She began to sway just a bit more, letting the music guide her. Her hips swept back and forth. She scarcely needed to tell the class to watch them. Anyone with a pulse couldn’t take their eyes off them.

“You need to *feel* it. When you feel the music, when it gets inside you, you won’t be able to help yourself.” She shut her eyes and started to swish her hair one way while sweeping her hips the other. “Obey the music…”

She took a half step back, such that each sweep of her hips brushed tantalizingly against Eden. It wasn’t grinding. It was something infinitely more elegant. The members of the class began to imitate her motions. Slowly they found the groove. There was some laughter and blushing from the shyer members of the class, but that lasted for only a minute or two. Soon the only sounds were the music, deep, sultry breathing, and scattered murmurs.

“Mmm…” Majesca said. “Next lesson.”

She reached back and slid Eden’s hands to her hips and held them beneath her own.

“If you aren’t touching your partner, you aren’t dancing together.”

Majesca’s motions became more subtle. The sway turned into gentle circular motions, sliding her smooth skin and satiny outfit across Eden and turning to brush her cheek against her master’s.

“Let them feel what the music does to you. Let it move you, and use it to move them.”

Majesca pulled Eden’s hands further, crossing them across her waist until Eden couldn’t help but match her motions.

The sounds of flesh caressing flesh folded smoothly with the music. Eden found herself squirming. The warmth of Majesca’s body, the unearthly grace with which she moved. More than once she found herself fighting the urge to whisper her desires to Majesca. To murmur the sort of thing that would cut this lesson short and give the master and servant the sort of privacy she was aching for. But she had to hold off at least until the end of the lesson.

“Discipline,” Eden whispered to herself.

As if Majesca could hear tell what she was thinking—which, of course, she could—the genie chose that moment to turn and curl a leg around Eden’s thigh and pull herself closer.

“It is important to make your partner a part of the dance. Let them support you. Hold you. Let them feel your weight and move to balance your motions.”

She spoke, Majesca pulled closer to Eden, until they were nuzzled close enough to be modeling for a romance cover. Held so tight, pressed so close, Eden had no choice but to match her motions, dancing to the music despite a rather poorly developed sense of rhythm. She wasn’t *really* following the beat. She was dancing to *Majesca.*

The genie gazed over her students.

“That’s good. That’s good. Just a bit closer now. You don’t have to follow my motions exactly. Let the music tell you what you need to do. … Maye, please remember you’ll need at least one partner on the floor with you.”

Eden glanced up to spot what had prompted the comment. A blushing face and a shock of red hair were sliding the last few inches into Maye’s cleavage. How she’d managed to scoop her parter in feet first without anyone noticing was a testimate to how closely the other dancers were focused on the instruction. And each other, as it turned out. Skirts were hiking up as the not-quite-supernaturally-graceful students slipped into grinding and rubbing upon one another. The husband and wife had stuck to the dance, eyes locked in a loving gaze and already improvising with spins and dips. At least one couple were entirely missing. By virtue of the sensuality and magic, it was impossible to say if they’d slipped off to blow off the steam that the dance had build up, or else simply ended up tucked away in other dancers, as was curiously common once an open ended wish was in play.

Maye managed to fish out the first would-be-partner and catch her up on the lesson in time for the next bit of instruction.

“Good, good. Now this next piece is advanced,” Majesca said, her voice breathy and her heart racing. “Try it only if you are comfortable. But by now you should have your partner transfixed. Swept up in the music, and in their desire for you. I like to think of this as a test. A test of the depths of their desire, and of how closely they’ve attuned themselves with you. If you’ve done everything right, I needn’t explain what to do at all.”

Majesca peeled herself away from Eden. The master was almost unwilling to let the genie slip from her embrace, but she gathered herself and waited. They’d not rehearsed this. This was only the second official class Majesca had been able to teach, and the last one had to be cut short when certain longings couldn’t wait any longer.

The genie took a few paces back, then launched herself forward in three graceful bounds. With the final one, she leaped at Eden. Her mistress didn’t think. She didn’t need to. Something in Majesca’s motion made it clear where she wished to be, and Eden couldn’t help but oblige. Her hands and body acted on their own, catching Majesca while she was still rising to the peak of her leap and holding her up in a perfect dance lift. She held her and did a full rotation while Majesca held a supple pose. Then the instructor glided down Eden’s body until they were wrapped in one another’s arms again.

When they came eye to eye, Eden’s gaze was painfully intense.

“I don’t understand it,” she whispered to her lover. “Nowadays I can tell when you’re doing magic, and you *aren’t* doing it right now. But the things you do to me…”

“But it is magic,” Majesca said. “Dancing *is* magic.”

They turned to the class. Two couples were in the midst of their own variation of the final lesson. The husband and wife were in a giggling heap on the ground after he had attempted to have his rather petite wife do the lifting. Another woman was riding her partner in slow circles, after having leaped and wrapped her legs around their waist. She gazed down into their eyes with the sort of expression that suggested it was a very good thing the class was ending, as they wouldn’t be able to focus on any further lessons. Maye was sitting with her back against a wall, dress tugged up and fingers sliding hungrily into her slit. Her partners, as well as the couple who had been dancing nearest to her, were missing. Those two things may have been related.

A startled squeak drew Majesca and Eden’s attention to the couple she’d matched heights for. The short woman had really come out of her shell. She’d taken a flying leap at her customized partner, who had managed to catch her quite comfortably. But the nature of the height adjustment spell was such that as soon as her weight was upon her, she started to slip down the height scale until she’d collapsed beneath the full-size woman.

She rolled aside to find her partner was now less than a foot tall and pinned between her meaty thighs.

Majesca sighed. “It seems like you humans can’t seem to keep yourselves out of trouble when magic is involved.’

She leaned aside and rested her head on Eden’s shoulder. Her hand idly slipped down Eden’s body, lingering on her sweat-slicked midriff before drifting between her legs for a casual tweak.

She may as well pulled the pin on a grenade. The motion—most certainly an answer to a silent but urgent desire boiling over in Eden’s soul—sparked her passion to an unquenciable flame.

“I wish you would wrap this up so we could have some privacy…” Eden said.

Majesca smiled and gave Eden a soft kiss on her lips. “So wished, so commanded.”

She turned her head to the others while escorting Eden to the rear doorway. “That is all for this week! All of the little ways I helped you should sort themselves out in an hour or two. Sir! Please remember to put your wife back in the jar and put the lid back on before she wakes up.”

The still giggly man glanced between his wife and the jar. It was scarcely large enough for one of her hands, let alone her whole body.

“How?” he said.

“I’m sure you’ll think of something,” Majesca said simply.

She turned the knob of what should have been a broom closet and revealed Eden’s bedroom. When she shut the door behind them, Eden practically tackled Majesca to the bed.

“I win again, mistress,” she giggled as Eden kissed her way up the squirming genie.

When she reached Majesca’s lips, Eden looked her in the eyes.

“One of these days, you’ll be the one who breaks first,” Eden said between kisses.

“Mmm… If your dancing keeps improving, I have no doubt you are right.”

As Eden started to kiss her way back down Majesca’s body, the genie helpfully banished the pesky clothes that clung to each of them. They wouldn’t be needing them for a while.

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For the next hour, the mistress and her genie moved to an entirely different sort of rhythm. Thanks to a wish that had been granted not so long ago, every stroke, lick, nibble, tweak, and grind she gave Majesca sent a matching jolt of pleasure through her as well. With that sort of feedback, Eden had become a *very* skilled and generous lover.

When they’d each had their share of pleasure, they lay draped in each other’s arms cuddling in the after glow. Majesca traced lines up and down Eden’s side and gazed dreamily into Eden’s eyes.

“You look distracted, Mistress.” Majesca squinted a bit. “My apologies, *Eden*.”

Eden hugged her a bit tighter. “Oh, don’t worry about it anymore. When we’re alone, you can call me whatever you want. By now we each know how we feel. The rest is just words.”

Majesca nuzzled Eden’s neck. “Thank you, Mistress. But please, what is on your mind?”

“You can’t tell?” she said.

“It isn’t anything you want from me. What I feel, mostly, is that you have *everything* you want from me. But there is an… *introspective* color to it.”

Eden smiled. “One of these days I’m going to have to try out that intuition of yours again. It’s nice having that sort of insight.”

“I can be more open in my thoughts and desires, if you prefer.”

Eden laughed. “I’m not sure you could. You’re an open book, Majesca. But I was just thinking about how when we met—and don’t think it isn’t lost on me that ‘met’ is a funny word to use for ‘used your bottle to pleasure myself until I ended up replacing it”—I was just a beleaguered paralegal. All I had was a lot of debt, long hours, and a string of lackluster relationships behind me. I was beginning to think I’d never meet a nice guy to settle down with. And I guess I didn’t. I met a nice woman. Who happens to be a genie. Didn’t see that coming.”

She wriggled in bed until she was eye to eye with Majesca again.

“I guess I just wasn’t aiming high enough,” she said.

“You honor me,” Majesca said. “Fate *has* been kind. Most genies serve faithfully… for the most part. But we all, deep inside, hope that through our actions we can make our masters or mistresses just a bit closer to the sort of person we would *want* to serve. It is an impossible dream. We can’t change you. Not without permission, and even then, any fundamental changes wouldn’t be *you*. But with you… you gave me the chance to brush away the layers of yourself that you’d built up. You let me reveal what you’d buried deep down. And it was exactly what I’d always hoped I would find. Not just in a mistress, but in a lover, and a friend.”

She shut her eyes and smiled warmly.

“You are my friend, Eden. I know for humans, a friend is not as deep a relationship as a lover, but love is something many masters and mistresses had sought. Friendship is…” She snuggled closer. “Wonderful.”

“I don’t know. I think a friend can be closer than a lover. Lust can bring two people together. But friendship is what helps them to stay together.”

“I like the words you are using, mistress. ‘Settling down,’ ‘stay together.’ You wish to keep me by your side.”

“I think it’s safe to say this one is going to last. I almost wi- I almost *want* to say the words to ensure you never leave.”

“I would like that very much, Mistress.”

“Maybe so, but I’d like it even better if you made that decision on your own.”

“I already have.” Majesca yawned. “Again you’ve left me out of my bottle long enough for me to become sleepy.”

“Mmmhmm.” Eden purred. “It’s your turn to pick where we spend the night.”

Majesca brushed her fingers across Eden’s midriff. “You know where I want to go.”

Eden chucked. “You know, if we *both* keep choosing my womb, it sort of defeats the purpose of taking turns picking.”

“It is just that you have become such a comfortable bottle, Mistress,” Majesca said.

The genie turned and made ready to assume “little spoon” position. Reality wobbled and quivered around them for a moment, and a moist, fragrant heat was suddenly radiating from behind her. She glanced back to find that she was leaning against a very familiar slit. She looked up to find her own massive form behind her (also looking up at a still more massive one). Majesca’s absolutely stunning ass loomed before them. Just for the novelty of it, Eden glanced down between her own legs and found a smaller version of herself (also looking down at a still more miniscule Eden) and a tiny Majesca. Her mind-bending view was cut short when Majesca slid back to cuddle with Eden again. Like a chain reaction, the bigger Majescas pressed their butts against the small ones, in turn pressing the Majescas into the Edens, and thus forcing Edens into the larger Edens.

With a soft shlick, the pair plunged into the warm, slick flesh. Eden shut her eyes and focused. Night after night she’d been tasked with delivering herself and her lover into the depths of her own body, so she’d she’d gotten a lot of practice with muscle control. She squeezed and rolled at herself, slurping deeper inside and while she simultaneously felt her own tiny form gliding into her depths.

A soft nudge against a knot of muscle allowed the pair to slither into her womb. Majesca hopped to her feet and helped Eden up.

“Dibs on the lavender silk cushion!” Eden said, bounding across the silken flesh of her own anatomy until she reached the pleasant little home that Majesca had set up within her.

It looked like the sort of place a sultan would keep his harem, though there were some modern elements scattered about.

Eden flopped down and took a deep breath of the sultry atmosphere, then tipped her head in confusion. She dug between the pillows beside her.

“Oh! This is where I left my Kindle.”

“Mmmhmm. You were reading that Traitor in the Shadows book, remember?” Majesca said, settling down beside her.

They resumed their cuddling.

“How strange is it that I’m so used to sleeping inside my own body I’ve started leaving things in here…” Eden asked. “And how strange is it that it doesn’t feel strange at all? It just feels… I don’t know. Like my life.”

“It isn’t strange at all, Mistress. It is just as it should be.” Majesca let her hand wander over Eden’s body, tweaking this sensitive place or that. “May I ask something?”

“Of course.”

“We want to stay together, right?”

“Of *course*.”

“I believe the videos you showed me called that ‘Going Steady.’”

She laughed. “Not so much now that I’m not in junior high, but yeah.”

“So… When do I get to meet your parents?”

Eden laughed again. Majesca simply gazed at her and waited.

“Are you serious?” Eden said.

“Family is very important, mistress. Unless you are embarrassed about our relationship.”

“No! No not at all. It’s just.” She waved her hand at their general surroundings. “*This* is kind of a lot for them to understand. They kind of don’t know I’m attracted to women. Hardly surprising, since *I* wasn’t even sure until you came along.”

“I see… Then I suppose we’ll have to meet them at their house rather than bringing them to visit my bottle.”

Eden shut her eyes tight. “Yeah. They’re not visiting here. God no. But… Gosh… I guess I *should* introduce you. Not tomorrow though. Not for a while. Let’s just enjoy this for a while longer.”

“For as long as you wish, Mistresss.”