

The spa was warm and inviting as Princess Jasmine wandered in. The air was heady with incense, so thick that the princess could have sworn she was floating underwater. She did feel like she was floating. Jasmine shook her head, trying to remember how she had gotten here.

Suddenly a musical voice called out. "Greetings princess. It is an honor to have you at our spa."

Jasmine could have sworn she was alone, but found herself before two beautiful women. It seemed impossible to miss such lovely slave girls entering the room, especially when they were adorned in so much glittering gold jewels. They lifted their arms in supplication, the gold bands ringing like bells. The sound echoed in Jasmine's mind, easing her troubled thoughts.

"How did I get here?" Jasmine wondered, though it felt like such a silly thing to ask.

"You have an appointment with us, princess," the slave girl on the left said, her black hair full of dazzling curls. She grinned, her eyes shining green as emeralds.

"A gift, to celebrate your twenty first birthday," the other slave girl said with a low bow, her coal black ponytail bobbing. She glanced up at the princess, her red eyes glinting with joy.

"You may call me Ruby."

"And I am Emerald."

Jasmine stared with her mouth open, captivated by their strange beauty. Hardly able to focus, she lamely said, "Just

like your eyes."

Ruby and Emerald giggled to each other. "Not very imaginative names, we know. But we assure you, princess, that once we've finished our work you shall feel like a new woman."

The pair extended their hands out to Jasmine, gold bands tinkling musically. She took their hands numbly, allowing herself to be pulled away as if she were floating in a dream. There was some sense of panic in the back of her mind. A muted thing, like a barking animal behind a sealed door.

"Am I in danger?" Jasmine suddenly asked.

Ruby narrowed her scarlet eyes, but Emerald grinned with reassurance. "Not at all, princess. We only exist to serve, and tonight we are serving you."

Ruby matched the other slave's grin. "Of course. We only wish to make you relaxed and comfortable."

"So relax."

A pink cloud of incense blew over them. Jasmine breathed it in, the sweet smoky scent filled her. Her eyes fluttered as the anxiety bubbling just under her consciousness began to ease. Yes, she could relax here. It was a spa.

Jasmine was so relaxed that she only watched curiously as Ruby and Emerald began to undress her. Though, wasn't it natural for them to undress her? They were servants. It was their place to serve, after all.

Suddenly there was a gold cup before her, filled with deep

red wine. Ruby's eyes shone just beyond the rim of the cup, almost glowing as she proffered the wine. "Drink, princess."

Once again Jasmine felt that pulse of danger. That something was wrong. She cast her eyes around the smoky spa, but there was no one there except for the two servant girls. Maybe she did need to relax more. Jasmine felt anxious, like she had woken from a nightmare she couldn't quite remember. And Ruby was being so thoughtful, to serve her wine without needing to be asked. A good servant knew to anticipate the needs of those above them.

Jasmine didn't know why that thought ran through her head, but she couldn't deny the truth of it.

So she reached out to take the cup, only for Ruby to pull it away. "No need to trouble yourself, princess. I shall serve."

Ruby lifted the gold cup to Jasmine's lips, the princess feeling silly at being so pampered. But she had to admit the wine was exquisite. It burned wonderfully as she drank it down, a comfortable warmth radiating in her belly. As Ruby withdrew the wine Jasmine swayed on her feet. Her head felt full of fog, as if she were already drunk. Some combination of the wine and incense, the taste and smell so overpowering.

Jasmine let out a sigh. She felt so relaxed that she could drift asleep. It was almost a relief when she felt the hands of the slave girls take her arms and gingerly lead her through the spa. Jasmine was nude now, and realized after a moment that Ruby and Emerald were both naked as well. Hadn't they been dressed

just a moment ago?

Even their extravagant gold jewelry was gone, and yet Jasmine could still hear the pleasant ringing of their gold bands jangling. Jasmine lost herself listening to the music, only snapping out of her stupor when the servants brought her to a step.

"Step in, princess," commanded Emerald.

Jasmine wanted to bristle at the authority in the servants voice. Slaves should know their place. And yet Jasmine was tired, so drowsy she could barely think. And Emerald would take care of her. It was okay to obey. Just a little.

The princess dipped a foot into the shallow pool, and moaned happily at the warmth of the water. She quickly stepped into the center and knelt down, submerging herself in the luxurious heat of the tub.

Ruby and Emerald knelt on either side of the pool. They wore pleased smiles. Satisfied smiles. The smiles of slave girls happy in their work.

Slave girls...

Jasmine frowned as she stretched herself out in the water. Someone had said something, the words floating up like something from a dream. It was hard to dredge it up from her memory, especially as Ruby and Emerald began to massage her body. Their oil slick hands danced over her skin, but Jasmine knew if she let the memory go that it would be completely lost to her. So

she closed her eyes and willed the words up from her subconscious. Jasmine muttered, "I wish... I wish the princess was my... obedient slave girl."

Ruby and Emerald's hands stopped. "What was that, princess?"

Jasmine opened her eyes in surprise. For a moment the spa swam around her, a round golden room full of smoke and lights. But then the spa snapped back into focus, with Ruby and Emerald watching her closely.

"I think... someone said that to me. There was a fight in the palace..."

Faintly the sounds of clashing swords was coming back to her. Her guards fighting. And someone with a lamp. A magic lamp, just like-

"Shhhh." Delicate hands caressed her face on either side. Jasmine wanted to stay with the memory, but their touch was too wonderful to ignore. Jasmine's eyes fluttered. Her body went limp in the water.

Green eyes shining, Emerald said, "This is a place to relax, princess."

"No worries or concerns here," Ruby agreed.

"Feel all those troubles just melt away."

"Slipping away."

"Too hard to hold on to."

"Why even bother holding on?"

"So much nicer to relax."

"Forget the palace and relax."

"Forget your worries and relax."

Jasmine's expression was vacant, a faint smile on her lips as she forgot about the palace, and any fight or danger that might have been there. She relaxed, just as Ruby and Emerald told her to. It felt so good to do as they said. The incense and wine and heat from the tub all swirled within her. Jasmine realized how horny she was, and did not mind. As Ruby and Emerald returned to their massage Jasmine couldn't stop a low moan from escaping her. Their slick hands spread pleasure wherever they touched.

Emerald's fingers slid over Jasmine's tits, as Ruby lifted one limp hand. "Isn't that so much better," Ruby asked, delicately stroking her hand.

Jasmine nodded, her eyes staring distantly into the swirling incense in the air. "I guess it was a dream," she sighed, barely remembering what she had even been talking about.

"Of course, someone wishing you to be their slave girl wouldn't be such a bad thing."

The princess looked over at Emerald, just about to protest when Emerald's fingers pinched at Jasmine's nipples. Pleasure overloaded Jasmine's mind, her eyes rolling back and a lewd groan escaping her lips. Emerald kept teasing at her nipples with dexterous skill, the princess too lost in bliss to argue.

"The life of a slave girl is wonderful. Nothing to worry

about. Only simple concerns over how to please your owner. Preparing meals and cleaning is a much simpler life than running a kingdom, isn't it, princess?"

"Unnngh," moaned Jasmine, too busy being groped to think of a way to counter Emerald's point. Her drowsy mind had no choice but to agree. A slave girl would have less worries than a princess.

"It would almost be a relief to give up all those worries. To simply live as a happy slave girl."

"Our lives are lovely," Ruby agreed. She still held Jasmine's hand, but now she released it. Jasmine stared dreamily up at the ceiling, her hand falling limp back into the tub. Ruby smiled, her red eyes glowing now.

"Slave girls live a life of constant pleasure. Did you know that, princess?"

Jasmine took a deep breath, trying to focus on the question. It didn't sound right, so she shook her head, although her head barely moved at all. "Don't... they work?" she asked, barely able to string the words together.

Suddenly a cup was pressed to her lips. Jasmine obediently drank more of the sweet wine, losing herself in the taste so much that she didn't notice Emerald and Ruby's hands still massaging her body all the while. The cup was taken away as Emerald laughed.

"Yes, us slave girls work. We clean and cook and serve our

owners."

"And fuck," Ruby added with a smirk.

"And fuck, whenever our owners command," Emerald said, her eyes now glowing a deep green. Jasmine figured it was the wine making her head foggy, because it almost looked as though Emerald's skin had taken on the same green tone as her eyes.

"But you don't understand the pleasure that comes with service."

"Jasmine, it's so wonderful to serve." Ruby's skin had changed too, becoming an alluring crimson shade to match her eyes. Jasmine opened her mouth to ask what she meant, when Ruby dipped a scarlet hand under the water and slid her fingers over Jasmine's pussy.

Pure bliss flooded into Jasmine. It was better than any sex she'd ever had before. If her body wasn't so heavy and her head so empty Jasmine would have been squirming and thrashing in ecstasy. Instead she barely shuddered, limply accepting the pleasure as Ruby's fingers teased her expertly.

"To obey is pleasure. To serve is pleasure. To perform is pleasure. This is the joy that slave girls know."

"When you're a slave girl, everything that was once mundane becomes beautiful and sensual."

"Cleaning for your owner will fill you with arousal, knowing that you do it all for them."

"Cooking for your owner is more fulfilling than even the greatest feast, because you will know that you are preparing it



for the one you serve and love."

"Dancing and performing is the highest honor you can achieve, to see a smile on your owner's face."

"Every command you obey, every service you offer, every pledge of devotion, all of it is greater than anything a life of freedom could ever offer."

Jasmine felt drunk on their words. The women kept toying with her body, and already Jasmine was left perilously on the edge of orgasm. Yet no matter how they groped and pleased her neither Ruby or Emerald was letting her cum. Her head lolled to the side, all rational thought melted away in her need to cum. All she could do was listen to their words and imagine the wonders they spoke of.

Jasmine saw herself cleaning and suddenly the burning arousal grew with every floor she scrubbed and every speck of dirt she wiped clean.

Jasmine saw herself cooking, glistening with sweat proudly as she presented her meal to some unseen owner, desperate for their approval.

Jasmine saw herself twirling in sheer silk, all sense of shame or propriety lost as she wanted to put herself on display. To entertain her owner. To arouse her owner. To please her Owner.

"Pleeease," Jasmine moaned. She gazed absently between the two women above her. Truly above her, as they floated in the

air. Ruby's was gorgeous with her red nude body on display, eyes shimmering like a deep fire. And Emerald was equally beautiful, with Jasmine wanting to reach out and touch her green body. To kiss them. To thank them. To be like them.

That thought shocked her enough that her eyes cleared. Jasmine blinked up at the two nude genies above her.

"What... what are you doing?"

"What we were commanded to do," Emerald replied, her body shuddering in pleasure.

Jasmine shuddered too. She could only imagine how turned on Emerald was to obey a command from her owner. Obedience was pleasure. It was so obvious Jasmine didn't even question it.

"You see now how wonderful the life of a slave girl is, don't you?"

All Jasmine could do was nod. The fantasies in her mind were so vivid. Jasmine could so easily imagine herself as a smiling servant girl. Cleaning. Performing. Following any command from her Owner.

Fucking.

Jasmine bit her lip and let her eyes close. She dipped down into the warm water and let the fantasy envelop her. The fantasy of being a slave girl commanded to pleasure her owner. The joy she would feel as she stripped. The pleasure of climbing into her Owner's bed. Of letting their Owner feel her, taste her, use her. Fulfilling her Owner's every desire.

In the heady heat of the fantasy Jasmine was moaning, groaning, cumming in absolute delight as they were fucked. Their own pleasure paled in comparison to the satisfaction of making their Owner cum. Jasmine wanted to kneel in the afterglow of the pleasure, her blank eyes and absent smile facing her Owner, awaiting her next command.

But no command would come because she wasn't a slave girl. She was a princess. Jasmine would never be commanded. Never be owned and used and fucked as a slave girl should be used.

The loss of these joys made Jasmine's heart ache. Until she remembered where she was. Who she was with.

Jasmine burst out of the tub, shaking the water from her eyes and smoothing back her hair. When she looked up the red and green genies were still floating in the air, as if they were waiting for her.

"You're genies, aren't you?"

Ruby and Emerald exchanged pleased smirks. "We are indeed, princess."

Jasmine bristled at the title. Princesses were pampered and spoiled. They would never know the pleasure of belonging to an Owner.

"You can grant wishes. You can grant my wish."

"It depends on the wish, princess."

"I wish for you to make me a slave girl." Jasmine knew as she said the words she should stop and think. That her head felt

stuffed with incense and the taste of wine and drunk on arousal. But Jasmine also knew that she'd never been so certain of anything. She couldn't bear another moment of not being an owned slave girl.

If Ruby and Emerald were shocked, they didn't show it. They merely floated down beside Jasmine. "That we can help with."

Ruby held out the cup of wine, and Jasmine drank the rest of it down. The smoky taste of the wine filled her head, and Jasmine felt her ideas of free will dissolving in the taste.

Emerald traced her finger over Jasmine's arms, tight gold bands appearing and sealing in place. Each band filled Jasmine with cold pleasure. Marking her as a slave girl, so all would know. As Emerald reached for her throat Jasmine lifted her chin high to offer her neck. The delicate finger traced over her skin, and Jasmine thrilled at the gold collar that appeared around her neck. A constant reminder of her joyous life as a slave. That she was Owned.

Suddenly Jasmine frowned. "Wait. I... I don't have an Owner."

"Not to worry, Jasmine," giggled Ruby.

"We already have an Owner for you."

Jasmine bit her lip, uncertain. "Who are they?"

The genies glowing eyes gazed at Jasmine. "Does it matter?"

And Jasmine realized that it didn't. Red and green pleasure filled her mind, quieting her thoughts as she accepted her new

place. It did not matter who her Owner was. She would obey and love them with all the devotion in her slave heart. She would please and serve her Owner in any way they commanded.

As she embraced this obedience Jasmine moaned as pleasure radiated through her. Jasmine rose out of the water, standing at attention with a contented smile.

"You girls were right," she said absently. Her eyes were dull but filled with joy. "Obeying really is the best."

"Genies know all about serving our Owners, after all." Ruby and Emerald drifted closer, running their hands over her nude body. Where before she was dripping wet now her skin was suddenly dry, all except for her soaked pussy. Fine fabric wrapped over her, red and green silk in the skimpy outfit of a slave girl. Jasmine knew it would be her favorite outfit to wear from now on, as it was a sign of obedience to her owner.

That or being naked for her Owner. Jasmine licked her lips, wondering how quickly her Owner would command her to strip so she could know just how wonderful it would be to present herself. There were so many things she couldn't wait for her Owner to command of her.

"I think she's ready, Emerald."

"I agree, Ruby. I think our Owner will be quite proud."

"Our best work yet."

Jasmine didn't respond as they talked about her. She stood demurely in place, waiting to be told what to do.

Ruby stroked Jasmine's cheek and whispered into her ear, "Go on, then, slave. Present yourself to your owner, and make us proud."

At that Jasmine smiled. "I will be the best slave girl that anyone has ever seen."

"Still so prideful, even as a slave," Ruby giggled, although she didn't seem to mind. The pair of genies waved their hands and Jasmine was covered in red and green smoke. The same smoke that had enveloped her in the castle, just after she had heard the wish declared.

Where before she'd been terrified of being wished into a slave girl, now Jasmine couldn't wait to show what a wonderful slave she could be.

As the smoke cleared Jasmine stepped gingerly back into the palace, her back straight and her blank eyes fixed instantly upon her Owner who held the magic lamp in their hands. Jasmine dipped gracefully down to her knees and bowed her eye, extending her hands out in supplication.

"Thank you for claiming me, my Owner. This slave girl cannot wait to serve and make you proud. Please command this slave girl to do anything you wish."

And deep inside her blank, obedient mind, Jasmine only hoped that Emerald and Ruby would be pleased to see what an obedient slave girl she would be.