

Dressed for the Occasion

Commissioned by Rjrt

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"Whoaaa! Lookin good, Amanda!"

"Yeaaa!!!"

"Who's that with the mask? The belly dancer. With the... high heeled sandals?"

"I mean, would you go barefoot here?"

"Good point."

"That's Amanda, Brad's girlfriend."

"Damn, lucky guy."

Amanda sashayed into the opulent mansion to the cheers of the party, getting into character and wiggling her way through the crowd. Where was Brad, anyway? She'd gone to a lot of trouble to sew and hem this outfit for him. And she still had an element to don.

She grabbed a drink and texted him.

"Brad are you here"

"Yeah! Where are you? This place is HUGE"

"I'm in the uh kitchen? I can't tell but I got a drink out of a punch bowl"

"I'll find you dont move"

She nearly gagged on the boozy mix. Setting it aside, she checked out other people's costumes. Pirates, sexy pirates, a guy with a basket of lemons wearing a nametag "Hello, I'm Life!", nurses, sexy nurses...

"Amanda!" A familiar voice called from across the room.

"Brad!"

A tall, rugged man wearing camo fatigues rushed across the room. They embraced in a quick hug.

"Hey Mr. Soldier. Your outfit blends in so much with the sexy zombies and sexy nurses that I almost couldn't see you!"

"Very funny, Amanda! I just found this costume in some cheap second hand store."

"Ugh, don't remind me. You know how long I spent on mine?"

"I know, Amanda! You are the hottest genie ever!"

"Shh, keep it down! Everyone thinks I'm a belly dancer, ok? And I have more in my backpack. Are you sure this costume even makes sense!?"

"Yeah, it's gonna be awesome! Come on, I found an empty room. I can't believe this place!"

"It's crazy, right!? Rick was always sort of creepy and weird, but I mean, I heard he was home-schooled by private tutors and grew up in this place! Can you blame him?"

"If being awkward and antisocial is the price of being this rich, well, I would just buy friends with all this money. Look at all the people who showed up to this party!"

"Brad! That's really mean!" She punched him in the arm, hard. "He invited me, and I said yes. Don't make me regret bringing you."

"Ow! Okay, you're right, I went too far. But still, his black eye stuff and black nails are creepy, right?"

"It's called mascara and eyeliner. Maybe he's just fashion forward! What do you think we girls do all the time?" Amanda defended Rick out of irritation towards Brad's behavior, especially considering the particular request that he had and how much effort she had put into it, when he had simply bought some ill-fitting second hand camouflage outfit.

"Okay, okay, I get it. Will you still show me?" He opened one of a myriad of doors in the hall and gestured her in.

Amanda rolled her eyes. "Fine."

Brad closed the door behind them as Amanda threw her backpack onto the big leather sofa. From it emerged a long, blue, flowing cape, adorned along its edges once again by a gold border. Brad's eyes grew wide as saucers as Amanda showed it off.

"Tada!"

"Oh babe, that looks good! Will you put it on?"

"Yeah, just in here..."

She wrapped the collar of the cape around her neck and clipped the ends together. With a flourish, she threw her hands back, causing it to billow out behind her as she struck a hands-on-hips superheroine pose.

"Villains beware! Supergenie is here to crush you! That is... if master allows it. I guess." She reached into her backpack and tossed a lamp to Brad, which slipped through his hands dumbly.

Brad stared at the contours of his gorgeous girlfriend. It was one thing to have seen her naked, but her personally tailored outfit of his wildest fantasies was another thing to behold entirely. Her long shimmering light brown hair was tied into a ponytail, held twice near the top and bottom with hair bands. He followed the lines of her toned arms as they rested on her hips. Her pink crop top with gold bands emphasized her flat belly, and her slender legs, accentuated by her wedge sandals, looked endlessly long on her high waisted baggy satin pants.

"Hello? Earth to master? Should I wiggle my nose? Or chant some rhyme?"

"Buh... that's a witch show, not a genie show." Brad wiped the drool that was accumulating at the corner of his mouth.

"Oh whatever! Do I have to go out like this?"

"Yes! You look great! And you have to attach the edges of your cape to your gold bracelets!"

"Brad, you better appreciate this. Do you know how long it takes to make a costume this intricate? These bracelets alone! I don't just buy this at a store like everyone else!"

"Yeah, yeah, I get it, Amanda! I owe you big time! You don't think you look good?"

Amanda turned around and checked herself out in a full length mirror. She readjusted her top, which suddenly seemed a bit too tight.

"I dunno... something feels weird..."

She wasn't wrong.

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"I would like to thank everyone for coming to my party!" Rick announced from the top of the stairwell to the majority of party attendees below. His face was powdered pale white, eyes and pupils as dark as night. In his hand was a sceptre with a large, deep purple gem. "And now, let us become the mask we have chosen to put on tonight..." he began to mutter under his breath as the gem began to glow.

"Yo, cool effect."

"What is he doing?"

"I mean, he is some sort of warlock."

"Okay, but this is weird as fuck. Are we supposed to just stand here? Is he doing a bit?"

"Guys, he knows this isn't real life, right?"

Reaching the end of his incantation, he banged his staff. A pulse flooded outward, until it ultimately settled into a sphere of dark energy crackling with purple lightning that surrounded the enormous mansion.

Time stopped. Every partygoer froze in place as the fabric of reality began to bend around them...

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"Brad, I feel really warm..."

"Amanda? You okay? Grk!"

A black and purple sphere enveloped Brad. He felt his muscles burning as they tightened up and swelled, a result of his ROTC training. Falling to his knees, the sphere dissipated as its energies seemed to surge into him.

Meanwhile, a similar, but much denser, opaque sphere had enveloped Amanda, but its effect was much more profound. As the swirling energies penetrated her body, her healthy, silky mane of light brown hair gained even more volume, the strands thick and strong, exuding a wonderful, irresistible feminine scent. Her neatly tied ponytail grew longer, past her waist, settling just beneath her ass.

Her eyes, already a wonderful hue of blue, grew even more mesmerizing, seeming to emit their own pale light. Her lashes grew thick and lustrous, completely natural yet looking as if they had been adorned by a master stroke of perfectly applied mascara. Any blemishes and pores on her face gradually winked away, sure to make any supermodel envious.

Amanda's previously cute but thin lips plumped tastefully, her upper lip gaining definition into a perfect cupid's bow while her lower lip grew thicker. They looked pink and glossy, full, soft, pillowy and wet. A little pucker from her could cause a man to fall in love.

But she was too engrossed in the heat radiating from her womb to notice such things. Her clit throbbed with needy ache, begging for stimulation. Her short stature was apparently a thing of the past as she surged in height, almost all of it in her sculpted legs. Her calves took on a beautiful yet still feminine definition, an aesthetic swell of muscle that only the truly dedicated body sculptors developed. Her thighs were strong and tight, all of her skin shiny and silky smooth, looking as if they had been given the cleanest shave, not that she would ever need to again.

Her endless legs allowed her to match Brad's height now, her hips reaching much higher than his thanks to her sinuous stems. She couldn't help but squirm as the throes of an orgasm began to take over, her heartbeat pounding palpably in her intimacy, gushing with wetness. Amanda reached down and rubbed herself from outside her satiny outfit, tugging and pulling until she found her release.

As her world exploded in pleasure from the wonderful pressure of her touch, her breasts began to expand in her crop top. They grew firmer even as they grew larger, causing her to readjust her arms as her swells pressed hard against them. As they continued to expand, her outfit grew apace to contain them, but nothing could prepare her for how sensitive her budding pink nipples felt now. Despite still remaining completely covered up, her jutting, enormous breasts were far more awe and lust inspiring than any other woman's had ever been, covered up or not. Her

toned upper arms rubbed against that newly sensitive flesh as she continued to trace and tease her pulsating pussy lips, causing her to give voice to her pleasure as she gushed once again.

Her voluptuous bosom looked completely outlandish against the tanned, toned flesh of her cinched waist. Her previously flat but soft belly was now anything but. Soft ridges formed where her lack of abs used to be, and as the mysterious energy sphere finally began to lose mass and become translucent, she cried out in pleasure one more time, her whole body clenching and doubling over, flexing a beautiful wall of abdominal muscle that could arouse the dead.

Her transformation complete, she floated off the ground, gasping for recovery from her life-changing pleasure. A thin, nearly invisible strand of smoke seemed to link her glorious beauty to the lamp that she had tossed Brad. If someone looked carefully, they could almost see her lascivious legs flicker in appearance between their beautiful, superhuman mind-melting appearance and that thin, wispy trail of smoke.

The final tendrils of energy surrounding Amanda rushed into her, and she shuddered as she opened her eyes. Brad was standing there, mouth agape as he stared at her.

“Hey Brad,” her husky voice sent shivers of desire rattling through his very core. “Does that door have a lock?”

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Rick smiled as he witnessed the chaos below him. It had worked even better than he could have imagined, though, of course, there were unforeseen side effects. Some princesses were singing, quite melodiously, songs about how distraught they were. A zombie outbreak was underway, but in between the regular nurses and the sexy nurses who had been forged in the chaos of zombie apocalypse video games, they just about had it under control. A tiny dinosaur marched through a patch of pumpkins and bunches of grapes in the middle of the floor where the food costumes used to be. Wailing, translucent ghosts haunted the main antechamber, spreading mischief as they skittered about, before being wrangled and captured by nuclear powered ghost hunting plasma beams.

But Rick had more important things to do than witness this cacophony. Turning to scour his mansion, he found himself face to face with a man in a ski mask wielding a knife. The startled host screamed and jumped in fright as he fell backwards, before understanding what he was witnessing and laughing at the stupidity of it all. He pointed his sceptre at the mysterious serial killer, muttered a quick incantation, and fired a bolt of energy that tore a hole through the cliché villain. Though who knew, maybe he would be back. They always did seem to come back.

He climbed to his feet, using his rare, expensive sceptre as a walking aid. Casting such a tremendous forbidden spell that engulfed the whole mansion had taken its toll, but he couldn't fail here. He was so close to his goal.

Rick focused his black, hollow pupils into his dark gem and tried to scry, but only cried in pain as a jet of shocking red blood spurted out of a nostril, spraying down his sickly, wan face. Fine. Perhaps he had overdone it with his destruction beam. Rubbing his sleeve under his dripping

nose, he took a deep breath and reminded himself what was at stake. On trembling legs, with blurred vision, the warlock began to hobble down the endless hallways of his estate.

There had been a genie in the guest list of his party, and he knew how seriously this genie took her cosplaying. And he was going to find her.

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As Brad hurried to lock the door to their bedroom, Amanda snapped her fingers, vanishing her bracelet-cape combo as well as her genie uniform. Her body blurred as she ran to the bed. Waiting for him to turn around, she presented herself, head resting on her cocked elbow, silken, elegant hair parallel to her back going nearly all the way down, long legs on full display.

Brad turned around, catching his first glimpse of the visual feast that lay before him.

“Well soldier, see anything you like?” Amanda traced an elegant finger over her crowning pink nipple.

Brad had never stripped off his uniform so fast in all of his training. Amanda waited impatiently as she played with herself, sliding a finger past her smooth, hairless folds and vibrating it against the hood of her aching clit.

He climbed into bed alongside her, and they mashed their lips together. Their tongues dueled, each kiss accented by a swipe of that delicious flesh. Amanda took care not to use her superhero strength on him, wrapping her tongue around his and squeezing gently enough not to bruise him. He moaned in response.

“Come on, touch me,” she whispered, as she leaned in for another kiss.

Brad placed his palms on her generous bosoms and traced circles over her hard nipples. Rolling his hands over them, he was rewarded by her siren’s moan. Encouraged, he tried to wrap his hands around her breasts and squeeze, but they were just too firm and too large.

“If you can’t do it harder, then touch me down there,” Amanda commanded, as her own hand slithered down his masculine abs, tracing through his pubic hair, and gripping his angry erection. Her hand was still coated in her own nectar, and she spread it across his entire length, its aphrodisiacal effect far greater than any lubricant.

Barely had Brad began to trace her nether lips with his own unskilled fingers did he feel her soft, steely fingers wrap themselves against his iron hardness. He tried to find her most sensitive spot, but his hand was beginning to tire from struggling to part her lips. His efforts were completely shattered when she pumped her hand along the length of his cock, sliding from his shaft to grind against his overly sensitive head. She swirled her fingers and pumped again, her juices mixing with his precum and driving him past the point of no return.

Amanda waited patiently as she let go of his twitching cock just as he was about to come, ruining his orgasm and letting him hump the air as she held him at bay. Despite the lack of contact, he still spurted rope after rope powerfully all over her torso, his body trembling as he

grunted.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck!!!" Brad screamed for a few blissful seconds, before his body relaxed.

"Didn't they teach you discipline, soldier? What about me?" Amanda goaded gently, tracing her index finger across his broad chest.

"Oh baby, I'm so sorry. Let me keep trying. You're so good at this... I wish I could last longer."

Amanda's sky blue eyes glowed violet as her voice grew deep. "Your wish is my command."

She touched his chest with a finger, a glow transferring through their bodies, granting him more endurance than he had before.

Brad switched hands, substituting in a fresh one. Finally, he breached the gates, collected some of her nectar, and stroked upward, feeling for her sheath. She gasped and shuddered when he rubbed against that tingling hood of her clit, and he pressed his fingers against it and grinded it in a circular motion.

"Mmm, that's good. Harder. I'm so turned on, Brad! I need to feel it!"

Her arousal only served to further stoke his, even though he was just spent. Her fingers sought out his perpetually erect hardness, still slick with her juices, and she began to pump him again.

"Oh! Fuck! Amanda!" he cried out by the fourth repetition. His ministrations against her sex had become erratic as he felt himself about to tip over the edge again.

"Already?!" Amanda fumed. She let go of his iron, but it was too late. He clenched again, seemingly frozen for a few seconds as he tried to hold it back, before he produced yet another voluminous contactless orgasm.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry!" He choked out in between his powerful spasms.

"It's okay, Brad. Can you keep going? I won't touch you this time."

"I wish... I wish I could satisfy you the way you satisfy me," Brad lamented.

Amanda's eyes glazed violet again as her voice took on that deep timbre. "Your wish is my command."

She turned to look at Brad, hoping she hadn't hurt his feelings. The sight of him caused her to suck in a deep breath as her heartbeat accelerated. A wave of arousal washed over her as he looked upon her boyfriend and lover. Wow, he was so sexy! How hadn't she realized it before?! Her pussy lips began to pulse with need, seeking something to grip.

"Oh god, Brad! You're so hot! I need to come!"

Brad had lost his place. He gingerly traced his fingers across her wet slit, hoping to return some of the favor she had given him. To his surprise, as he tried to once again part her seemingly

superhumanly tight folds, her back arched, her proud and full, perky breasts on display as her long legs twitched uncontrollably and her toes curled. Her nether lips sucked his fingers inside and tugged at them.

“Oh! I’m coming! Brad! I’m coming so hard!”

Not wasting his opportunity, he leaned into her spasming form and rubbed his fingers against her intimacy as hard as he could, despite not knowing what he was doing. Bringing himself across her body, he fondled her inner breast with his close hand while nibbling and chewing on her far nipple.

“I’m... coming again!!!!” Her body flushed with heat as pleasure coursed through her marvelous form, radiating tingles all the way through her extremities. Her head and toes floated off the bed, her wracked body supported by nothing in midair. Her ponytail was long enough to pool on the bed even as she floated higher. Amanda cried out in pleasure again as she splashed her juices all over his hand with incredible force.

Not to be outdone, she gathered her nectar with a few fingers and slathered it all over his penis once again. As she continued to orgasm, her fingers swirled against his manhood at superspeed, sliding all of them across the top of his shaft and shifting a finger below it in a tight vise as she traced back down. She repeated the process, one finger after the other, the wet friction and speed too much for him to handle. He ejaculated all over the bedsheets in seconds. Her body hovered ever higher into the air as she tried to process the pleasure that his amateurish efforts were inspiring in her, and Brad had no choice but to go along with her superhuman ride. The two of them were stuck in a never ending loop of ecstasy, until one of them would invariably wear out.

Obviously, it would have been Brad who was already at his limit, but they were so busy grunting and wailing that they didn’t even hear the door unlock.

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Lost in the midst of her pleasure, Amanda suddenly found herself whisked away. She reappeared before a frail looking Rick. He held in his hands the key to her entire fate: the genie’s lamp.

“My new master, I can grant you three wishes,” the words came out of her mouth. After this automatic compulsion passed, her awareness went back to normal, and she gasped and tried to cover herself. She had just been enjoying new sexual heights with Brad, her former master. But now... now, she was fully dressed in her pink genie’s outfit, sitting cross legged in the air, waiting on this dark magician’s commands.

“I... I have you!” Rick cheered as loudly as his deteriorating form could muster. He cradled the lamp.

“Master? Rick? Where is Brad?!”

“That... fool,” he coughed weakly, “is your master no longer! Now, you belong to me.”



“What!? He’s not a fool! Wait, what are you going to do?”

Amanda didn’t know what to feel. She had only had one master in her young genie’s lifespan, and it had been nothing but carnal joy. What would new master be like?

“First things first, I wish to be fully healed,” Rick stated.

Amanda’s eyes glowed. “Your wish is my command,” her voice thrummed.

Reaching out with a finger, she emitted a soft pink trail of energy that enveloped Rick’s body. The constant drip of blood from his nose finally stopped, and his legs regained their strength and stopped wobbling. His spine straightened after years of hunching over dark tomes, crafting and perfecting his art for this very moment. He felt his magical reserves swell, as if he were pleasantly full after a large meal.

He stood up straight for the first time in a long time and inhaled deeply. Yes, it worked... it had really worked! All his study, all his sacrifice, and now, he had the ancient, ultimate power of a genie in his grasp.

Amanda broke him out of his reverie.

“Rick? You know magic? What are you going to do? What will you wish for next?”

He opened his eyes and looked upon Amanda’s glorious body. A shudder of arousal, quite an unfamiliar feeling, coursed through him. He hadn’t felt such desires ever since he had traded so many parts of his humanity in exchange for his unnatural powers. It was... pleasant. Very pleasant. But he would have time to explore that later.

“Amanda.”

“Yes, Rick?”

“I wish for unlimited wishes.”

Amanda’s eyes glowed violet as an ominous rumble shook the mansion. “Your wish is my command.”

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A naked Brad lay shuddering on the bed after his superheroine genie girlfriend had suddenly vanished. He struggled to put himself together after such an intense and draining five minute lovemaking session, calling upon his army reserve training to get up and keep moving despite his exhaustion.

“Amanda? Amanda, your master is calling you. I still have one wish, don’t I?” She didn’t appear in the usual puff of smoke.

The mansion was dark, and he could hear screaming and other horrible, unidentifiable noises echoing. Grabbing his rifle, he cleared both corners before exiting the room and moving into the hallway, weapon at the ready. He traced his attached flashlight along the path as he walked,

occasionally getting spooked by what he swore were ghosts flying behind him. But when he turned, they were never there.

He came across what looked to be a corpse. No, a re-dead corpse. Its brains had been blown out, but its body was necrotic, its flesh rotten. What the fuck was going on here? Surely Amanda had to be okay. What could be more powerful than a genie? Wait, Amanda probably could have caused this... did he wish for this?! No way! More sexual endurance, being a sexual god to Amanda, and a zombie apocalypse?

Suddenly, the entire mansion started to rumble. Doors in the hallway opened and slammed shut by themselves as the quake intensified. As Brad struggled to retain his footing, it looked as if a thin veneer of reality was being peeled back. The zombie corpse before him seemed to fade away, its smelly, rotting flesh turning back to human skin. He watched in relief as it looked like the body was being healed, until the process traveled all the way to its head, where the damage still remained. Before Brad could retch at the sight of it, he felt that tug of reality against his own being as well.

His rifle which he had assembled and disassembled, fired, and cleaned in training time and time again, turned to plastic. His memories of being enrolled in ROTC vanished, a distant memory that seemed like a dream.

Amanda? Why did he think his girlfriend was some sort of superhero genie? It was just a costume! Right?

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Rick watched in shock at the unexpected side effect of his wish. He wasn't some cartoony villain who would get foiled by some do-gooder when he held the omnipotent power of a gorgeous genie in his hands.

Still, the power to receive unlimited wishes from a genie had its costs. Amanda began to absorb the power of Rick's forbidden spell in order to potentially fuel his twisted desires, but it wasn't remotely enough. The earth, the galaxy, the entire universe shuddered as its magical energies seeped into her beautiful form, granting her the power to complete whatever wish would be asked of her.

It almost looked as if the world were wilting away, its colors less vibrant, its materials shriveling, as she soaked it all in.

Amanda looked on in horror even as she grew in power. It was hard to keep this well of unfathomable energy inside. She took on an otherworldly outer glow as she bent in half and clutched her stomach for fear of bursting. But the tendrils of magic never stopped flowing.

"Why are you doing this!?" she cried.

"Because I've earned it," he smiled wickedly. "My whole life, I've been weak and sickly, teased and tormented. Bullied for a cursed fortune, which I didn't earn, born into a broken body, that was unable to defend itself! The universe is a sick joke! And now, I'm going to fix it."

"I'm... sorry... this happened... to you..." Amanda choked as her power escalated. "But... you can't..."

"I wish you would enjoy this."

Amanda's eyes glowed. "Your wish is my command." The pain subsided, and she felt almost elation as the universe withered while granting her its power.

"Wow..." Amanda revelled in the serenity of the world growing still.

"See? I can be a gentle Master. I could wish for you not to fight me on this, but I respect you too much. You were the critical piece that could bring my plan to fruition."

"Me? I don't... what are you talking about? I led a normal life. Then I came to this party. I was only born into existence as a genie under an hour ago."

Rick laughed at how she accepted the absurd series of events caused by his spell.

"No, Amanda. You were the most passionate of everyone here, besides me, of course. Your dedication and effort into your costume is what made you a vessel worthy enough of containing such power."

"What are you talking about?"

"The spell I cast manifests the effort and passion that every person puts into their craft. And I know how much effort you put into yours. Unlike your idiot boyfriend, who takes everything you do for granted, I understand you."

"I'm, I'm just a genie..."

"I wish you could understand the whole picture of what I am telling you."

"Your wish is my command," her voice echoed. Followed by a sudden, normally pitched, "Oh my god! I wish I'd never told you about any of my cosplaying stuff!"

"So now you know. And I liked hearing about it, just like you like talking about it, right? I can appreciate it, what you do, who you are. I appreciate you. I'd make a much better partner for you than Brad." He spit out the name venomously.

"Brad wouldn't use me to destroy the universe!"

"I thought I told you to enjoy this."

"I still have a brain, Rick!"

"Well, no worries. With you by my side, I'll just make a new one. You... you are beautiful, you know. I thought so even before you became... this. Now, your beauty is matched only by your power. And what a power it is."

“Fuck off, Rick. Are you trying to sweet talk me? I’m never going to go along with this. Why don’t you just rape my mind with your wishes then? Not the same, is it?”

Rick sighed, a genuine expression of sadness on his face. “No, I’m afraid not. Of course you’re right. Beautiful, powerful, and brilliant. In time, you’ll see that we belong together. There won’t be anyone else around, anyway. Certainly not your worthless Brad.”

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“Arrrrrrrh!!!!” Brad screamed as he hurled his plastic toy rifle at Rick. It bounced weakly off the back of the warlock’s robe. As Rick turned, sceptre in one hand and lamp in the other, Brad leapt forward, intending to tackle Rick to the ground as hard as he could.

He found himself frozen in midair as Rick pointed that damn wand at him.

“Brad!!” Amanda screamed.

“What a moron he is! That might have actually worked if he didn’t throw his stupid toy at me! How do you stay with this guy?” Rick taunted.

“Brad... Brad... I’m so sorry! I can’t help you!” she wailed, tears streaming down her face.

“Let... Amanda... go! Freak!” he managed to utter despite his immobility.

“This universe isn’t going to last long, but I’m going to enjoy blasting you to pieces,” Rick’s morbid face took on a sinister grin. Aiming his staff, he cast another destruction beam, completely effortless this time thanks to his restored vitality.

Brad watched in slow motion as his life flashed before his eyes. That beam was headed right for his head.

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Amanda moved faster than the spell could resolve. Her body blurred as she sped into action, appearing in between Brad and the beam of death. Her blue and gold cape fluttered from her superhuman movement as she crossed her wrists, bringing her bracelets together, the cape-bracelet attachment forming a cocoon of protection in front of Brad.

The purple destruction beam struck Amanda’s mystical bangles, absorbing all of the impact. She held her ground—well, air—as she hovered in place. The shockwave and the deadly energies of Rick’s spell caused her cape to billow back violently.

“Amanda!?” Brad yelled over the deafening roar of the spell.

“Brad! Are you safe?”

“Yeah! How are you doing this? I thought he was controlling you!”

“I... I just... had to protect you! I feel like I have a duty to protect people!”

“Thanks babe!!! But what can we do now?!”

The beam suddenly stopped, and Brad collapsed onto the floor with a clumsy thud.

"Amanda?! What is this? How can you defy me?" Rick was flabbergasted.

She struck a superhero pose.

"What the hell kind of a genie are you supposed to be!?" he continued.

Brad dashed out from behind Amanda's protection and made another charge at it. Rick swept his sceptre horizontally, disintegrating a wide swath of the mansion, but Amanda shielded Brad yet again, deflecting the beam into the sky with her bracelets.

"Amanda! You cannot do this! You belong to me!" He waved the lamp.

"I shall never serve evil!"

"But you will serve me! I wish..."

Amanda blurred once again, charging at Rick far more effectively than Brad ever could. She placed her hand over his mouth and gripped, lifting him off the floor. Rick squirmed as Amanda squeezed him tightly to prevent his speech.

"Brad! Do something! I... there's a conflict inside me! I need to fight evil, but I can't deny his power over me forever! Hurry!!"

"Can you just, I dunno, kill him!?"

"How can you say that!?!?"

"Just look at what he's done!!!"

"Yeah, I know, but if I kill him, I'm no better than a villain. I have a code to maintain! I... can't...!!!! ARRRGH! My head!"

Rick's midnight eyes blazed with fury. Amanda began to wilt at his imperious stare. It was becoming harder to maintain her silencing grip over him. Her superhuman strength was more than enough to keep him suspended forever, but her willpower was fading. Her mind was draped in molasses. Thoughts fuzzy, unclear. Protect innocents. Fight evil. Obey master. Enjoy the gradual death of the universe. Slowly, she began to lower him to the ground.

"No! Amanda! Don't let him go!" Brad cried.

She released his mouth from the steely grip of her slender fingers.

"I wish for no more ridiculous heroics from you!" Rick forced her will upon him.

"Your wish is my command," Amanda's voice echoed.

"Give me that!" Brad was suddenly upon Rick. They fought over his sceptre, Rick attempting to fire it at Brad point blank, but Brad shifted his weight at the last moment and twisted, sending a

shearing beam of energy through the roof, firing far off into space.

"You useless human mortal!" Rick hissed.

"Freak! Put everything back the way it was!" Brad had nearly wrested control of the staff away from Rick.

Holding on tight, Rick began chanting a terror spell. With a gleam in his hollow eyes, he completed it, staring straight into Brad's soul. Brad let go of the sceptre immediately and scurried away to cower against one of the mansion's only remaining walls. He whimpered, trying to scuttle back futilely as Rick advanced on him, sceptre aimed and ready.

"Yes, Brad. Know your place. You are not worthy to wield my magicks. You are not worthy of Amanda. It's people like you, you idiots who don't appreciate what they have, that made me the way I am today. You are given everything and waste it, while I had to suffer this joke of a life I was handed. You make me sick. And now, I will take everything from you."

Still terrified, teeth chattering, Brad displayed the lamp.

"H-h-h-how ab-b-bout t-t-this?"

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Brad rubbed the lamp furiously with his uncontrollable, shivering hands. How did this damn thing work!? None of today made any sense! He was so fucking TERRIFIED!

"No! Give that back!" Rick screamed. His sceptre began to glow.

"I w-w-w-wish... f-f-f-f," Brad stammered. "F-f-ff-fuck! I w-w-w-wish f-f-ffor..."

For the second time in five minutes, his life flashed before his eyes again. The beam of death was traveling right for him, and Amanda's face was frozen in a soundless scream. She wouldn't be coming to his rescue this time.

He just wanted to be away from here. Away from Rick. Not to be scared anymore. He could wish for himself to be immune to Rick's purple beam. He could wish to be away on some tropical island. He could wish for this day to have never happened. No more time. No more thinking. Just imminent death. So scared. He wasn't even aware of what he was saying.

The beam struck him squarely in the chest as he locked in his wish. "F-f-f-ff-freedom..."

And then the lamp rattled to the ground. There was nothing left of Brad but dust.

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"Brad!! Oh no oh no oh no! Brad!!!!" she sobbed.

"Now now, there'll be no more of that," Rick condescended her as he cradled his treasured lamp. "I've had a change of heart about letting you come around. Clearly, you are too powerful for me to be taking these indulgences. I guess I will have to satisfy myself with just having your beauty and power, if not your mind." He licked his lips lasciviously.

"Don't. You. Fuckin. Dare." Amanda's eyes glowed as they radiated immense heat, causing her flowing tears to sizzle.

"Or what? The all powerful genie will have to obey her master?" he chuckled. "Let's see..."

He approached Amanda's floating form, tracing a finger across the magnificent swells of her chest. Amanda shuddered in disgust.

"I wish..." he grazed her cheek with his own, "for you..." he whispered in her ear, dragging it out.

Amanda clenched her fists and closed her eyes. She prepared to say goodbye to her identity, to everything. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she silently thanked Brad, the big dummy, for trying to rescue her.

"...to fall head over heels in love with me," Rick concluded. He smiled as he awaited her scripted response.

"Your wish..." Amanda started as she squeezed her eyes shut tight.

"Yessss," Rick hissed, enjoying her torment.

"Is the dumbest fucking thing I've ever heard!" Amanda yelled. "Wait, did I just say that out loud?"

"What?!" Rick shouted. "I said I wish for you to fall head over heels in love with me!"

"And I said you can eat a big fat dick!"

"No! No no no no!!!" He pointed his sceptre at the lamp he had just retrieved. "I will destroy this, you stupid girl! You know what happens to a genie without her lamp?"

"Hmm," Amanda mused. She snapped her fingers. All of a sudden, the lamp was in her open palm, not his. She closed her little fist around it, crushing it until it was molten and dribbled out the cracks between her fingers.

"Why don't you tell me?" she smiled triumphantly.

"You stupid wench! You're just like all the rest of them! You owe me everything!!" Rick wailed in agony. "Die!"

He poured his full energies into the spell, slamming her with a thick beam of destructive force. Amanda merely examined her fingernails as it smashed into her body, absorbing its energies along with the universe's.

"I wouldn't say I'm just like the rest of them. Wouldn't you agree?" She redirected his spell with a little twist of her hand, and it curved to flow right into her welcoming mouth. Pursing her lips, she sucked all of it up, taking more from his glowing gem than it could produce, licking her seductive pink lips when the beam finally dissipated. His precious magical gem had gone inert.

Her tongue glowed with energy.

Rick collapsed onto his knees, unable to halt Amanda's easy siphoning. He dropped his sceptre with a loud clang, the rare, expensive stone now an inert rock, clattering out of its setting and rolling across the floor with a few soft thuds. His skin was clammy, his cheeks sunken. He looked even worse than when he had cast his reality warping spell.

"Look at me," Amanda ordered. "This is what you've made me. Do you like what you see?"

Rick had no choice but to obey her edict. He squinted against the brilliant white shimmer that her body was radiating. She had become even more powerful, more beautiful than he could ever have imagined. The sclera of her eyes glowed white, her perfect breasts and succulent legs were now visible through her genie outfit that had somehow become sheer. Her previously brown hair flowed in the wind, immeasurably long, all emanating a golden hue. As each second passed, her power grew ever more compelling as expanses of the universe winked away. His overworked heart began to drum rapidly in his chest as he drank in her ethereal otherworldly splendor.

"I love you..." he heard himself say.

"Did you know our universe is expanding? Or was, I should say." She straightened an arm, and a whole galaxy's power from billions of light years away rolled up into a little ball in her hand. She cradled it delicately, massaging and handling such unfathomable power so easily, before dipping a finger into it and swirling it into herself.

"Goddess!!" Rick cried out.

"You were right about some things, you know. Brad couldn't have appreciated this." She splayed her fingers, manipulating strands of visible energy. Tracing circles in the air, the rubble of the mansion around them began to rewind in time, reconstructing itself partially. But all the colors were still faded, as if the resolution of the world were going down.

"But Brad has something you don't. He has the heart of a hero. I think you understand that now, don't you?"

"Yes, goddess! Anything you say!"

"And you... are just an indignant mortal scoundrel. Not worthy of the attention of a goddess."

"I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, goddess! Please forgive me! Let me worship you!"

"You don't deserve to see me like this. Let me go back."

Amanda confined her endless power inside of herself, not letting it wash over Rick. Her eyes ceased glowing and returned to their scintillating ice blue. Her outfit became solid once again, though the effect of her beauty was still profound. Her hair stopped flowing, the strands winking away as they shrank back to her normal length, down to her lower back. She luxuriated at how wonderful it felt as she ran her fingers through her silken mane and tied it up with just a gesture



of her fingers.

Rick stopped squinting and was finally able to take a breath in the presence of his goddess. How could he have been so deluded as to think that he should remake the universe? It clearly belonged to her.

"Amanda, I didn't mean for this to happen," he kowtowed before her.

"Yes you did. You just thought you would be in control of it."

"Okay... yes, but... I didn't think it would be this bad," he spoke honestly, knowing that anything else was futile. He gestured at his surroundings, all of which was shriveling and disintegrating before his eyes. "I felt so righteous about it at the time. I don't... I don't know how to fix it. I'm... sorry about Brad."

"I guess that's good enough." She pinched her fingers and made a zipping gesture. Rick's eyes went wide as his mouth suddenly sealed over. He scratched his fingers over the foreign flesh in a panic.

"Calm down," Amanda's eyes glowed as she shushed him. His body went slack, and he fell back on his haunches to gaze at this beauty-turned-genie-turned-goddess.

"Now, let me fix this mess you've created."

Pursing her lips, Amanda exhaled a gentle gust of her divine breath. Hovering in the air, she turned her head to make sure to saturate every corner of the universe. Her invigorating sweet wind restored everything it touched, bringing vibrant colors and sparking activity back into the distant, standstill reaches of the cosmos. She kickstarted the boundaries of the universe once again, sending it back into its normal expansion. Her breath caused particles to swirl and vibrate, stars to coalesce and supernovae to detonate.

"Well, that was easy! And now, let's patch things up locally."

A translucent glow outlined both herself and Rick, before tracing the fallen remains of the mansion and extending first around planet Earth, and then the entire solar system. With a crooked smile, she winked herself and Rick out of existence as her magical embrace began to flicker, caressing and reshaping...

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"What a wild party!" Brad gushed to Amanda the next morning in barely understandable syllables while brushing his teeth.

"Mmm, yeah," Amanda replied sleepily from the covers.

Brad spit and rinsed with a loud gurgle. He crawled back into bed to cuddle his beautiful girlfriend, taking the opportunity to trace his fingers across her cobbled abs and fondle her much-more-than-a-handful breasts.

"That's nice," Amanda moaned. "I had a heartfelt talk with Rick, you know," she mentioned dreamily.

"That freak!? What on earth could you have talked about? I bet he wanted you to do some weird shit! Like... Dungeons and Dragons or something!"

Amanda turned to face him. "Brad, I told you to be nicer to him. He says you need to appreciate me more."

"But I do! You're the best, babe!"

She rolled her eyes. "Is that it?"

"Yeah! What more can I say? Hey, can you materialize a TV? I want to see if that super hot supergirl who showed up yesterday is on."

"You call this being appreciative!?" Amanda huffed.

"I can't help it! She's so powerful and cool! And she, like, prevented an earthquake! You can't tell me you don't think she's cool!"

Amanda couldn't help but smirk. "I guess she's alright." She sighed and waved a finger. A large, high resolution widescreen TV appeared with a "pop!" and turned itself on.

"And live from New York, our new superheroine has just caught someone who jumped from the roof of a twenty story building! She appears to be carrying him down to the sidewalk now... and she's here! The paramedics are taking the jumper away. What a lucky fellow he turned out to be! Let's see if we can get an interview..."

Amanda smiled as she saw herself on live national TV. It was effortless for her to be everywhere at once. Two more copies of her were currently flying around, untelevised. One was preventing a hurricane from forming over the Atlantic with her freeze breath, while another was holding up a collapsing bridge in eastern Asia.

"Miss, miss, do you have a name? How are you able to do the things you do?"

She ignored his question entirely. "Please, nobody jump off a building hoping that I will come rescue them. Thank you!"

The reporter turned back to face the camera, his eyes glowing with energy. "You heard her, folks," he said in a drone. "Don't try to meet her by endangering yourself." The energy blasted from his eyes, into the camera, and out through the television sets of all the watchers on the opposite end. Her request burrowed deep into the subconscious of the viewers' minds. She wouldn't have to worry about this happening again.

Amanda's alter ego smiled at the cameras and waved before flying off.

"Aw man!" Brad shouted as he regained control of his senses after he'd been struck by the

superheroine's command. "I wish we knew something about her. Hey Amanda, what about breakfast?"

"I conjure TVs out of thin air, I snap my fingers and you get a plate of hot food, and all you care about is drooling over a hot girl on TV? You call that appreciation?" Amanda furrowed her beautiful brows.

"Hey, she's not just a girl! And it's, like, super easy for you, right? I thought it was crazy how you could do things like that, but then you told me not to worry about it, and then I didn't! Nobody does! You said something about wanting to use your powers freely or something. I forget. I was playing video games."

Amanda sighed. "Dammit. Yeah, I guess I did do that."

"Hey, since you can do all this crazy stuff, who would win in a fight? You, or that mysterious superheroine?"

Brad continued his thought before Amanda could even answer.

"Aw, who am I kidding, it's gotta be her, right? She's a hero! She can fly!"

Amanda was about to counter that she flew all the time when she was with him, regardless of whether they were in public or private. Oh hell, just drop it, she thought. She couldn't blame the world for being blind to her omnipotence. She had wired it that way, after all.

"Okay Brad, I'll make you breakfast. But you have to appreciate me first. And I mean, really appreciate me."

"What do you—ooooh," he got the hint as her pajamas vanished. "Can you do that thing where you make it so that I'm really good at fucking you?" he smiled wryly.

"No, you big dummy. You have to earn it this time."

"No problem!" He climbed on top of her enthusiastically. "You know I'd do anything for you, right?"

Amanda smiled as she recalled his desperate sacrifice that had saved not only her, but the entire universe. She dragged a glowing finger across his cheek as her wet, pink tongue slithered out of her mouth, tracing her irresistible aphrodisiac against his lips. Brad gasped and shuddered, gripped suddenly by a violent orgasm. He held onto her warm, silky, steely body for dear life as he rode out the superhuman pleasure she had induced.

"I know, babe," Amanda cooed as he struggled to recover. "But sometimes, a girl just wants to feel romanced."

Undressed for the Occasion

Brad and Amanda were having their monthly lunch date where she agreed not to use her

endless array of powers. Amanda was the one who had suggested the original idea, but these days, it didn't take much going wrong to annoy her.

They strolled through downtown, hands entwined, arms swinging in sync. Stepping onto a crosswalk, a speeding car tried to plow right through them. The driver slammed the breaks, his tires scraping across the gravel to a sudden halt.

Amanda picked Brad up and quickly placed him behind her.

"Hey, get off the road, whore!"

"Fuck off, man! We have the right of way!" Brad retorted.

"Why don't you stop hiding behind your whore and tell me that directly?!" he yelled as he held down the horn.

"Hey Brad, you wanna have sex right now?" Amanda asked.

"What?"

Amanda pointed a glowing finger at the car. Suddenly the horn stopped honking. The driver's mouth was still moving, but no sound was coming out. When he realized that he had gone silent, he began to panic.

"Amanda! I thought today was no powers day!"

"Eh. I end up using powers on no powers day all the time."

"What!? No you don't!"

"Sure I do, Brad. I just make you forget it later."

"What!? That's cheating! Amanda!"

"Hey babe, I do it like 4 out of 5 times. Don't worry about it."

"Oh, okay, I won't worry about it," he echoed dreamily.

"So, do you wanna fuck?"

"I guess so... wanna go back home?"

"How about here?"

The driver was just beginning to step out of the car when Amanda swept her arm in his general direction. His car stretched and flattened, turning into a firm gel mattress. Before the road rager could react, he had turned into a blanket that fluttered neatly onto the new bed.

"Whoa! Is he okay?" Brad asked, a bit taken aback.

"Unfortunately. Don't you think he deserves worse?"

"I mean, I guess..." he replied hesitantly.

"Sorry Brad, am I turning you off?"

"No, no, Amanda! You're always super sexy! But lately, you've just been, sort of, you know, vengeful..."

"And you like it," she declared. "You like it a lot."

And did he ever. His pants were suddenly too tight for his turgid foot-long erection. Wait, foot long? He looked at her in helpless lust as he tried to free his manhood. When it sprang forth, he gasped at its length and girth. He was huge!

"Like it?" Amanda grinned.

"I thought..." he panted, "you liked me, the way I was."

"Yeah, but it doesn't hurt to try new things," she smiled.

A soft glow surrounded him as Amanda hovered them both onto the bed in the middle of the street. Traffic was starting to pile up around them.

Amanda ignored it and impaled herself on his steel rod. It should have been impossible for her to take his entire length, but she smoothly slid herself all the way to his base in a single, slick movement.

"Unnnng!" Brad choked.

Car horns were blaring everywhere.

"Oh, stop!" she yelled. And everything stopped.

Time stood still for Amanda as she looked around. It was like she was an animation in a still painting. She took her time to examine the frozen faces of all the drivers, the bend of tree branches in the wind, a formation of birds in mid flight, completely unmoving. Looking below her, she saw Brad's dumb grimace of pleasure. She smiled and caressed his face gently before she thrust herself up and down, flying her grip all the way up to the very tip of his penis before slamming back down.

Up and down she went, sometimes giving it a little twist, as she rode her frozen fucktoy for her own pleasure. She could feel his giant shaft penetrating deep inside her, yet never causing her any discomfort. She decided he could go a little bigger. So he did.

She rammed herself on him over and over until she was near her climax. Sliding all the way back down, wrapping her arms around him and squeezing his chest against her round, firm, goddess' breasts, she wriggled her pelvis, grinding her own pleasure center against him.

Amanda glowed as her sexual peak hit, and a shockwave erupted from her orgasm. As soon as it left her body, it, too, was frozen in time. She quivered and gushed all over his foot-and-a-half long cock, soaking him and the road-raging-former-driver-turned-blanket completely wet. As she twitched and shuddered, she tapped Brad on the forehead with a single finger, and he resumed his movement.

“Oh, what, oh, FUUUUUUUUUUUCK!” Brad screamed as he felt all of her enrapturing motions at once. He began to come in huge gouts inside of her, searing hot pleasure racing through his entire length to erupt violently.

“Pretty, unf, good, right, Brad?” she panted rhythmically. She loved feeling his wet warmth jetting inside of her.

Soon, it wasn’t only Amanda’s gushing that was flooding the bed. Brad was coming so much that his sticky semen seeped out from inside her too. After a minute long ejaculation, she could tell he was starting to fade.

“Don’t worry Brad, you can’t run out,” she whispered sensuously into his ear as her eyes glowed.

His eruptions renewed continuously and endlessly.

By now, she had stacked up quite a few orgasms of her own as she held him tight and squeezed his pulsing organ inside of her. With a snap of her fingers, she resumed time, and her multiple orgasmic shockwaves raced outward, overturning cars and shattering windows.

“Yes! Yes! Now this is a date!” she screamed, her cry of ecstasy blotting out the sound of the destruction all around her.

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Brad checked his watch. It was now 2PM, and he was roaming the sunny streets with his goddess of a girlfriend.

“Hey Amanda, I know we just ate lunch and all, but I’m really hungry! You wanna get another meal?”

“Sure Brad,” she smiled as they walked past a heavily stained blanket in the driver’s seat of a car.