

Halo

Commissioned by Rjrt

Written by HarmonyMotion

<https://patreon.com/harmonymotion>

Megan and David sat at the breakfast table in relative silence, a daytime soap droning on their 20" television accented only by the sound of flatware clinking.

She watched the show's insipid plot unfold while David just let his mind drift away. Another 60 hour week at his menial job had left him utterly drained.

"Why don't we have that?" Megan asked, mouth full of half-chewed pancake.

"Hmm?"

"That car. I want a nice car like that."

"Oh, yeah. That is nice."

"David! You're not even looking!"

"Megan, we just bought this new SUV! How are we gonna afford a..." he paused to look at the screen. A character's second ex-wife had just walked in on her ex-husband and the maid's lesbian lover in a compromising position. "...whatever the hell it is you wanted so soon?"

"The SUV is already 6 months old! And what do you mean, 'how?' We're not even making payments on it for a full year, so why can't we get another?"

David sighed.

"What?" she asked severely.

"Nothing."

"It's obviously not nothing! Tell me why we can't get another car!"

"Megan... I'm working so much overtime already!"

"Maybe you wouldn't have to work so much overtime if you got paid more."

"Maybe I wouldn't have to work so much overtime if you didn't want to keep buying things! I mean, how many more thousand dollar purses do you want?!"

"It's not my fault you don't have any ambition to keep up with my needs!"

"Me, not have ambition!? Why don't you get a higher-paying job then! And what the hell do you

mean ‘needs!?’” He was positively seething now.

They both sat in silent rage. David stabbed a breakfast sausage link violently with his fork and chewed it as loudly as possible. Megan’s bottled-up anger boiled over first.

“Well, I need more than a gas station attendant for a husband!”

“How dare you!”

“You just sit at your job all day anyway! What happened to night school!”

“What happened to your nursing school!”

And so it went.

---

A blurry image speckled with static noise displayed David and Megan in a large empty space carved out by a hovering circular golden ring. Lala giddily watched the whole argument unfold as she ate her butter-saturated popcorn out of a chalice.

“How can she say that!?” she howled with laughter. “And what a deadbeat this guy is!!” She grabbed another handful with an open palm, her fingers absolutely drenched in yellow tallow. “60 hours!! Yeah, if going to the bar 30 hours a week counts as working overtime! Hahahaha!” Her abs crunched into view, laughter contracting her belly.

“Lala!” a masculine voice rang out.

“Eep!”

She hurriedly licked the butter off her hands before wiping them down with a towel. She dabbed all around her lips, her chin, before seeing that it had deeply stained her pearl-white tunic and dribbled down her flat tummy.

Lala waved her hand over the cloth, willing the oil stains out of it. The globules hovered in the air between her fingers and her chest, and she quickly swabbed it up with the towel.

Picking up her screwdriver, she tried to look busy as she took a defective halo out of the bin and tightened it onto a stand. She tinkered with it, poking and prodding, achieving absolutely nothing.

“How many left?” her manager asked as he stepped in.

“Oh! Umm... twenty... threeeee?”

He looked at the overflowing bin. Then he looked at her.

“Twenty... foouuuuur?”

“Gosh darn it, Lala! Get back to work! Right now!”

“Yes sir!”

“And are you using our portals flippantly again?! They’re not toys for your amusement!”

“I would never!”

He stood in the doorway and continued to give her the evil eye. She returned his gaze blankly.

“Um, anything else, sir?”

He shook his head in resignation and continued his patrol.

Lala sighed and sat back in her chair. As it tilted, the edge of her large, snow-white wings struck the workbench. The halo, which she had not properly fastened, wobbled and teetered before landing on the table and slowly rolled toward Lala’s portal screen.

“Oh, shoot!”

Just as the halo was about to lose its momentum and collapse on the table, Lala flipped around and lunged for it, her clumsy movement making certain that it fell through the gate and straight to Earth. And to really seal the deal, her chalice of viscous butter and popcorn spilled all over the circular ring, causing it to crackle and spark, closing the portal after it.

“Uh oh. Boss isn’t going to like this...”

---

David had stormed off into the bedroom and slammed the door shut. Megan stood listlessly in the living room, on the verge of crying.

Suddenly, she noticed a beautiful golden halo sitting on their end table. Its shine was so intense, its aura completely mesmerizing. It seemed to be hovering in mid-air! Had David bought that for her?

Of course! It all made sense! How could she be so silly! Megan might not approve of his taste in accessories, but by God, it looked beautiful. And valuable. She had yelled at him when he had been this considerate the whole time. An apology was in order. But first...

She approached the golden halo, finally seeing the thin support it was resting on. Its mere presence was totally overwhelming. Megan’s hands trembled as she reached for it.

Picking it up by the thin stem of its stand, Megan felt a pleasant jolt of electricity. She wondered how she was supposed to wear it—too large for a bracelet, too... weird to be a necklace or choker. There didn’t seem to be a way to remove the golden bauble from the stand, so she just put the whole thing, base and all, on her head.

A warm feeling coursed through her body as the glow slowly drizzled down her figure and enveloped her. The thin stand and the wide outer edges of the halo began to melt into her. Megan shuddered as it massaged every fiber of her body, infusing every cell with earth-bending power. It was nice—really nice—but she wished it were a diamond-studded tiara that her

favorite Welsh princess wore.

With a satisfied sigh, Megan opened her eyes and headed to the bedroom. As the tiara configured itself to her will, she knocked on the closed door softly.

“David? David? I’m sorry about earlier.”

Walking in, she saw David lying on the bed, an arm draped over his face. He lowered his guard and peeked at her, a weary look of resignation on his face.

“I really like this present you got me,” she said softly, eyes apologetic and pleading, body swaying back and forth.

“Yeah, I uh, what?”

“Reminds me of when we were in high school, you remember? But that prom queen crown was just some plastic and glitter. This is really nice. I haven’t thought about that in so long. Our lives have been so busy. And I guess... things just didn’t turn out the way we expected, huh?”

David peered at the glittering gemstone studded tiara that sat on Megan’s blonde locks. Where had that come from? Still, he loved when she was being so soft and gentle, and he was tired of all the fighting.

“Yeah, I guess not. Listen, I’m sorry too. But we do okay, right?”

“Yeah, it’s okay. I just remember that day at the dance, you couldn’t take your eyes off me. I spent forever doing my makeup and hair that day, you know? Oh, to be that young and beautiful again...”

...And the tiara finished its fine-tuning with an inaudible click.

Time froze for just a brief moment as a glowing golden Megan lost just a couple of inches of height. Her waist slimmed as her belly and thighs lost the excess fat that she had put on over the last few dull, yet testing years of adulthood. The stress creases on her forehead and around her nose smoothed and evened out as the dark bags under her eyes vanished, pupils bright and twinkling, ready to take on the world.

“What do you mean, Megan? You’re as beautiful as you’ve ever been. You don’t look a day older than that fateful night.”

“Aw, that’s nice, honey. But I actually thought I looked a lot better in my early twenties. No more acne, baby fat, and more mature, all that stuff. And a better sense of style!” Megan shuddered at the thought of the edgy print tees she used to wear.

Time stopped again amidst her little shudder of disgust. Her blonde hair grew past her shoulders, reaching her lower back. Her face cleared up, and her longer legs lost that awkward gait of a teenager, standing proud and confident.

"Come on Megan, you know I always thought you were beautiful!" He was getting seriously aroused. How lucky was he that his wife didn't look like she had aged a day past her early twenties?

"I like when you're being sweet!" she gushed. "But remember? There was a time when you couldn't keep your hands off me! I wish I could make you feel that way again!"

Something subtle shifted in Megan's stance and demeanor. It made her ever so desirable. Suddenly he was upon her, arms wrapped around her back, groping roughly and humping with all the grace of a teenage boy.

"Mm! David! It's not even... mmf... Tuesday evening!" Even in protest, her voice seemed lower and thrilling.

"I don't care, Megan!" he uttered between sloppy kisses. "You're so hot, I need you! Let's never fight again!"

"Oh David, you're so romantic!" she cooed, making him that much more desperate.

He ceased his horny schoolboy groping, instead, focusing his entire attention on her pleasure, attending to her every need until she was satisfied.

Finally, they collapsed side by side, breathing hard and fully satiated. Megan couldn't help but voice one last greedy request.

"I still wish we had that nice Mercedes convertible with the vertical doors, though."

David groaned.

"Why would we need another one?!" he lamented.

---

After a full Sunday of rekindling their love, Megan headed to work in her bright red sports car. Putting the pedal to the metal, she showed up to work on time for once, and punched her timesheet.

"Morning, Princess," she heard some co-workers snicker.

"Princess?" Megan gasped. She'd forgotten she was wearing her tiara! It just felt so natural.

"Good costume party, was it?"

"Yes! And that's 'your highness' to you," she played along with it.

"Your highness," both men echoed in full earnesty, bowing deep and low.

Megan gave them a little nod and shooed them away with a little gesture. Nice to see her subjects behaving with the proper etiquette!

She took her seat at the front desk and placed the little television she stashed there right on the counter, in full display. With a few clicks of the dials, her daytime soap drama was broadcasted loudly to the entire waiting area.

Of course, customers never bothered her or asked much of her. She was a princess, after all. They greeted her with a little bow or curtsy, and she smiled at them and waved them to the seating.

Today's episode was a special one. The network had advertised it loudly for weeks—an episode where the entire cast had superpowers!

She gasped and giggled over all of the dramatic twists and reveals, now with... superpowers! Megan oohed and ahhed as characters who were caught in compromising positions could now turn invisible, or morph into a little puddle!

Of course, the one she envied most was Evangeline, the trophy housewife to Tyler who was actually Ethan all along until season 4 revealed that it was just Ripley who had undergone plastic surgery pretending to be Ethan so that he could hatch a revenge plot not knowing that Ethan was pretending to be Tyler who didn't even know it himself.

They finally gave the long-suffering Evangeline her due by granting her all of the best powers any of the characters had! She got her payback against Ethan-Ripley-Tyler—but not actual Tyler, who she loved—with her superstrength, saved her adopted daughter's sister (who was actually their real daughter) from a car crash with her flight powers, and saw through Peyton's disguise with her x-ray vision!

Megan whooped and hollered as the episode came to a close.

"I could totally be a superhero like Evangeline!" she announced, putting all eyes on her. "I could fly around, stop speeding cars with my palms, see-through stuff!"

Everyone in the reception area rolled their eyes. The world already had a superhero, and it obviously wasn't Princess Megan.

When her long shift finally ended, the last two of which were intensely boring due to lack of shows, she put her little television away. Another Monday down. Glancing to make sure that no one was within line of sight, she ripped off her blouse, revealing the pink latex costume underneath.

She disappeared in a burst of speed, sending all of the magazines on the table fluttering into the air. With her new super vision, Megan could see that Brad was on his way home, and she wanted to be ready for him. It wasn't Tuesday evening, but a little advance wouldn't hurt.

---

David sought leverage as they hovered parallel above the bed. He tried to thrust into Megan's floating form, but his arms were sore from fatigue and he didn't have the dexterity to keep his balance while being suspended 6 feet in the air by nothing but his wife's invulnerable,

superhuman body.

"Don't you think we should be making more money?" Megan asked over David's wheezing.

"Megan... help..."

"I mean, I do all this superheroine stuff pro bono. Which, I know, I know, means not getting paid. But you'd think being born a princess and doing all this good should come with some karma, no? They barely give us anything. Yeah, I think we should be making more."

David collapsed on his wife's harder than steel torso, completely spent and unable to hold himself up anymore.

"Oh, sorry honey, let me help."

She grabbed him by the hips and began to push and pull him up and down. David gasped as he grabbed her firm breasts, using her huge orbs as handholds to keep his head and torso from slamming into her invulnerable body with every repetition.

She could feel his desperate need to erupt inside of her, but she wasn't ready yet, so she tightened her intimate hold and paused, causing him to flounder as he tried to achieve his own pent-up orgasm.

"David, are you trying to come? You know you can't if I don't let you."

He whimpered, his fiery need for release no less great. But he knew nothing he did would trigger it, no matter how much he rubbed against her strong, slick, invulnerable, powerful beauty. Only Megan could.

"Mm, that's better. I love how you fill me up so completely," she encouraged him.

David moaned even harder as his penis abruptly thickened and grew in length.

Megan's eyes widened. "Oh, my little hubby, you're excitable tonight, aren't you? Have I not been taking care of you enough?"

He was too exhausted to do anything but wheeze, but his eyes were desperate with desire.

"Okay hun, you have to give me just a little more." This time, she held him by the hips, but instead gracefully floated up and down, movements so elegant and delicate. Her long blond locks flowed beneath her, swaying in the wind.

She reveled in the desperate grimace on his face as she prodded herself with his fully engorged manhood. Every thrust caused her body to flush harder, as her slick, velvet steel began to squeeze and vibrate along his prodigious length. She could feel David dripping sweat, not just from exhaustion, but from the intense flush of her body. Just one more bob, just one more stroke...

"Unnnnnng!!!! FuuuuuuuuuuuUUUUUUUUCK!" she screamed, as she fell out of the air like a

stone and landed back in bed. David held on for dear life as her arms trembled and her legs spasmed, flailing about and scattering their furniture.

Megan recovered instantly from her earth-shattering ecstasy, seeing that David was still hard inside of her. His eyes were squeezed shut, his arms covering his head. His hips were still bucking, wiggling, so close to release but choked off by her tight inner coils and his lack of permission.

“Phew, that was nice, baby. Go ahead and blow your load, my helpless, sexy, big man.” She emphasized the word with a fluid swivel of her hips.

“Megannnnnn!!!!!!!!!!” he screamed, as he jetted rope after rope of hot seed inside of her.

When David finally came to, his super-powerful wife was still nude, checking herself out in the mirror. She combed her fingers through her luscious locks. As he followed the path of her hands, he noticed that she was still wearing the tiara.

“Wow, you really like it huh?” David asked.

“Yes David, I like it a lot.”

He could see her smile in the reflection of the vanity mirror.

“Don’t you feel weird wearing it all the time though?”

“Yeah, I’ll give it a break. I guess I don’t need to wear it all the time.” Megan set her precious tiara on the dresser.

---

David clocked out of work and picked up his twice-a-month five-digit paycheck. He hoped Megan would be happy... but he knew that whatever he did, it wasn’t enough. Not that he could complain. Their marriage had been going well—better than ever, in fact—and what could he really say, being married to royalty who also happened to be the planet’s most celebrated and sole superheroine? He’d have to find some way to please her.

“David.”

Sometimes just a little extra effort was enough. It was a Tuesday evening. He resolved to perform more satisfactorily for once, even though he couldn’t wait for her to utterly exhaust and ruin him again.

“David!”

“Uh wuh!?” he was startled out of his sexy reverie.

“David, my name is Lala.”

He turned around to see a woman with a porcelain complexion and long blond hair. Her face reminded him of Megan, except somehow even more beautiful. For some reason, she was



dressed in a large trench coat on a hot summer evening.

"Um, hi Lala? Do I know you?"

"No, but I know you. We need to talk."

"Hey lady, sorry, but we're closed now. I already closed the register." He picked up the pace. It was a lot of money he had in his pocket, and he didn't want to be late for their sex night.

"It's not... hey!" Lala cried after him as he jumped into his car and peeled out of the parking lot.

David peeked in the rearview mirror, seeing a look of utter frustration on the mysterious woman's gorgeous face. With a flourish, she removed her trench coat to reveal... a large pair of wings unfolding!? David rubbed his eyes and checked again, but she was gone.

---

Over a lovely evening meal of Chinese takeout, Megan and David uncorked a nice bottle of red wine and cuddled on the couch.

"I got paid today, honey."

"Ooh, my good man! Thanks for providing so much for us."

He pulled out his check. Quite a large figure for a gas station attendant.

"Don't you think we should move to a larger place? I think we've outgrown this apartment," she probed.

"Yeah, I guess we have enough money in the bank to consider something."

"Yay!! Yeah David, we should definitely move into a bigger place! We'll live in a high rise downtown; plenty of square footage, super convenient, super swanky."

"Definitely. Oh, I saw the strangest thing today, Megan."

"What's that?"

"I ran into this woman as I was getting off work. She was dressed in a trench coat, and she knew my name."

"What!? Who is this woman? What did she look like?"

"Actually, her face was really remarkable..."

"Remarkable? What do you mean, 'remarkable?'" Megan cut him off.

"Er. Um. It was very... Nordic?" Now he'd done it.

"You mean she was really pretty," she stated flatly.

“Okay, okay, she was pretty! But that’s not the point!”

“Well, what is the point then?!”

“I was getting there…”

“Even after I fuck your brains out on extra days, you’re still pining over other women! When will I ever be enough for you!?”

“I wasn’t checking her out!” David roared, standing up in fury. “It was just a comment! Guys notice these things! It doesn’t mean I don’t love you!”

She wilted at his genuine outburst.

“You… you mean it?”

“Of course I do.”

His whole body relaxed as the situation defused. Sitting back down on the couch, he wrapped his arm around her svelte frame.

“I love you, David.”

“I love you too, Megan.”

“Don’t be mad. I just get jealous sometimes. It makes me think, if I were prettier, maybe you wouldn’t see other girls in that way.”

David sighed. “It’s not that way, Megan. It really was just an observation. Like, haven’t you ever admired the way another man or woman looks? But that doesn’t mean you’re going to leave me because of it, right?”

“I know, I know. It’s really insecure. Still, I wish I were so pretty that you only had eyes for me.”

“That’d be quite something,” he chuckled. “Probably nobody in the world could take their eyes off you then.”

“Oh yeah? Then so be it! Princess Megan, superhero alias Power Princess, most beautiful girl in the world, irresistible to all who lay eyes on her towering beauty, men and women alike!”

It started in a blink. Megan’s already long legs began to lengthen, providing most of the height that she was gaining. Her elegant toes were so dainty and perfect, looking as if she had a permanent pedicure. Her calves swelled with a feminine bulge of muscle, something that she had never achieved considering there was no way to actually exercise and sculpt her superhuman body. Her thighs grew stronger, tighter, moving apart as her hips began to flare.

Her waist slimmed to barbie doll-like proportions, but no barbie had a shredded 6-pack like this. Her toned muscle rippled mesmerizingly with every movement of her body; every flex, every stretch, every lilt of laughter. It would make fitness models and bodybuilders die of envy—so

strong, yet so aesthetically pleasing.

Her breasts swelled underneath her work blouse, pushing the nylon upward and out. It untucked itself from black slacks, rising to show off her sculpted midsection. Her uniform's buttons creaked from the punishment of her budding bosom, snapping off and flying away to ping off the wall. Her name badge met the same fate.

Her eyebrows grew slightly thicker, eyelashes longer and more striking, devastatingly contrasting the glowing ice blue sapphires she called her eyes. Her nose curved into a slightly pointed tip, her cheekbones rose higher, and her entire face radiated a healthy glow. Foundation, blush, mascara, all of it would only diminish her beauty.

Her previously thin lips plumped, the pink glossy flesh looking so soft to the touch. Anyone lucky enough to receive a kiss would taste her subtle cherry sweetness.

Her long blonde tresses extended even further down, tracing the curves of her sleek, shapely back. Her skin was perfectly even, perfectly smooth, a delight to touch, and even more mind-bending to taste. Finally, the golden silk she called her hair stopped just below the tight hemispheres of her perfect bubble butt.

David chuckled at her outrageous fantasy and gave the steel cables she called her arms a squeeze before leaning in for a kiss. Megan puckered up as well, and David suddenly gasped and froze on the spot, his rigid erection firing load after powerful load into his jeans.

"Oops, sorry babe! I didn't mean to be too sexy for you to handle! It was an accident, I promise! I'll block you from blowing it next time." She still couldn't help but smirk at his uncontrollable reaction.

David could only grunt as he emptied himself violently. She reached out with a finger to feel his pulsing erection.

"All done?" she chirped when his ejaculations finally abated.

He nodded droopily.

"Great!"

She leaned in for a kiss, her cherry lips and tantalizing tongue sending David's heart soaring and body spasming once again. Controlling and denying his orgasm, she picked him up and cradled his helpless, twitching form as she floated to the bedroom. It was Tuesday, after all.

---

"David!"

"You again!? What do you want! I'm working!" He examined her face critically. Why had he been so impressed with her beauty before? It was nothing compared to Megan.

"Like I said, my name is Lala. I'm an angel."

"Is this some kind of prank?"

She let her trench coat fall to the ground and flexed her large, elegant wings. The effortless complex motion removed any doubt that this could be some kind of costume.

"Holy shit! I wasn't seeing things after all," he muttered.

Lala grimaced. "Could you please not use that blasphemous language around me?"

"Oh, uh, yeah. Sorry. Um... what can I do for you?"

"I was, ahem, watching over you and Megan, when, uh, someone knocked a halo out of my hands and into your realm. Have you seen any such thing?"

"A halo? Like a big golden ring above your head?"

Lala conjured her own into existence and pointed at it.

"Nope, sorry, haven't seen anything like that."

"Well, has anything weird been happening? Anything out of the usual? These holy objects aren't meant for mortal hands."

"I mean, I don't think so. Megan and I are getting along really great. That's... actually a bit weird, now that I think about it."

Lala rolled her eyes. Maybe she'd have to find another pair of mortals to watch after she recovered the halo.

"Okay, well, it's really important. I mean, Heaven and Earth important. You understand, David?" Her eyes glowed, reinforcing the point into his mind. Images of earth exploding, nuclear holocaust, people devolving into fish...

"Holy shit! I mean, um, ho... pey... doo?"

Lala grimaced again. "Just stop."

"Okay, what can I do?"

She spun a finger in circles, materializing a little red circular button. It read "Lala!" in bold white letters.

"Just press this if you think of anything, will you? I'll come right over."

"Okay, Lala. I got it."

"Thanks David. I gotta continue my search. You're my favorite, you know? I was always watching you."

"Aw, thanks Lala!"

---

Power Princess was posing in front of the media. She had just foiled a bank robbery with absolutely zero injuries and zero collateral damage. In each outstretched arm dangled the perpetrators, both with their rifles bent and looped around their wrists.

“Power Princess! Power Princess!” everyone chanted.

All eyes were on her. She flashed her thousand-watt smile in front of the flashing cameras. Everyone’s heart soared as tears of joy ran down their faces.

“Power Princess! You weren’t even nearby when the first bullet was fired! How did you just appear and catch it like that?!”

“Superspeed! Duh!”

“Power Princess! Who are these masked villains!?”

“Now, now, I will take them to the police where they can be tried. All things in due time, right?”

“Power Princess! I love your outfit today! What inspired it?”

Megan swelled with pride. She thrust out her chest, emphasizing the diamond-studded ‘P’ emblem on her leotard and put her hands on her hips, dropping the robbers unceremoniously onto the concrete steps. Her flowing cape billowed in the sudden wind, presenting her astonishing figure, wide hips, and long legs, at their finest. The crowd gasped in awe as some of the weaker-willed ones stained their pants. The villains at her feet, closest to her glory, could only whimper and stare longingly at the gorgeous woman who had foiled their carefully laid plans.

“This is my latest costume! Of course, I have my signature tiara. That never changes! But a girl has to have multiple outfits! The best part of this one is my emblem! Each of these diamonds,” she traced a finger over the garb, emphasized by the large swells of her perfect chest, “are sourced from origin. No violence or human rights violations, of course! You can see that we have anything from 3 to 10 carats...”

The media hung on her every word.

“Power Princess! Considering everything that you do, wouldn’t you say Queen would be more appropriate?”

Megan processed the words. She’d never known she needed even more recognition, more ranks in the hierarchy until now.

Casting modesty aside, she whispered darkly, “Yes. Yes, I should be a queen. Even more beautiful and powerful. Ruler of mankind.” Her tiara glowed.

---

Megan streaked through the sky, entering their high-rise apartment in the most expensive part

of town. Hovering in midair, she unlatched her cape and willed her thigh-high red leather boots off her feet. With a flick of her finger, the spacious walk-in closet opened, her boots took their place on the rack alongside dozens of others, and her cape folded and stashed itself away.

David entered the house, back from work with his daily six-digit paycheck. The sight of Megan beaming at his wage made him fall to his knees in supplication like he always did, mindless and mesmerized by her beauty. Only her complete control over him prevented a premature release.

“How was work, David?”

“It... was... good,” he struggled to answer.

“Great! We’re doing so well, baby. I love our home, the whole world is absolutely in love with me... but I feel like I still need something more.”

“M-more?” he stammered.

“Oops! I hear a disaster taking place in Belize. I’ll see you later hon!”

“Wait, Megan! Please, let me...”

But she had already flown off. A fresh pair of boots and a new cape flew out of the closet and followed her flight.

As David lay there, trying to achieve his release futilely, he thought of what Lala said, not that he could envision her face with Megan’s beauty seared into his soul. Was anything weird happening?

Megan was a Princess. No issues there. Then she became a Queen. That tracked. She had superpowers. Hey, some people are just born lucky. And she did good deeds in the world with all her incredible power—proof that the universe was okay. Imagine, instead, if she were a supervillain!

She was incredibly, outrageously, heart-stoppingly, orgasm-inducingly beautiful. David moaned as he rubbed his penis raw, still unable to come. Still, that made sense. She’d never stopped growing more beautiful as she aged. She was royalty born with superpowers, after all.

His paycheck slipped out of his pocket as he continued his furious stroking. Looking at the stub, it dawned on him. How did anyone make this much money working 30 hours a week and chugging beer for the other 30? Something was wrong!

With a heroic groan of effort, he fetched the little button that read “Lala!” and slammed it with his slick hands.

---

“David!” Lala appeared with a little pop, wings shrouded in her trench coat. “Did you find... hey! What are you doing!”

David moaned and thrashed as he continued to stroke. He had leaked so much that it had

completely soaked his clothing through.

“Lala! Help! I can’t...”

Lala closed her eyes and focused. Her halo glowed, slowly removing all compulsions and restoring reality around David.

“Oh fuck!!” he cried out as he spurted his fluid in huge arcs, finally getting relief after an hour of furious masturbation.

Lala just watched with fascination.

“Oh god! Oh god, Lala, I’m so sorry!”

“It’s fine. We angels don’t experience that, and like I said, I’ve watched you for a long time. It’s not a big deal. Also please stop saying that name!”

“What, your name? Lala?”

“No, the other one!”

“Oh. ...Right.”

David sheepishly went to the deep closet and pulled out a new pair of underwear and pants.

“Lala! I figured it out! I don’t know what’s going on, but I’m making so much money somehow! I must have the halo and don’t know it!”

“Really?! Is that what you think it is!?”

“What do you mean? It’s, I, uh...” His mind reeled as the realization dawned on him. “OH MY GOD! It’s Megan!”

“Stop saying that name!”

“Megan?”

“No! The other one!”

“Oh! Sorry! But I figured it out! It’s Megan! It’s the tiara! I thought you said it was a halo!”

“It was a halo. It can take on many different...” she rubbed her temples. “Never mind. I didn’t actually tell you how powerful it was in case you decided to abuse it. My fault. Okay David, good job. We have to find her, now!”

Suddenly, Megan was there, hovering in the air.

“Well hello. What can I do for you?” Megan asked.

---

David collapsed to his knees once more and writhed in orgasm at the sight of his wife, gracefully floating to stand on the floor.

"Oh, did I allow you to come? That's weird. I don't remember that. Anyway, no more coming until I say so, ok hun? We have company."

David ceased his release with a lust-arrested groan.

"Whoa..." Lala stared at Megan, completely entranced.

"Why are you wearing that big ol' thing indoors? David, you really must take proper care of our guests! We have a coat room for a reason!"

Lala couldn't even object as Megan whisked her bulky covering away, revealing Lala's large and nimble alabaster wings. She was absolutely stunned by Megan's resplendent, awe-inspiring beauty. Megan gasped as Lala's heavenly wings unfurled.

"David, is this what you were trying to tell me the other day?!"

"Yes..." he groaned.

"She is pretty! And what amazing wings!"

If David could have rolled his eyes and said "I told you so," he would have. Instead, he just continued to stare at Megan, panting in heat.

"What are you?" she asked Lala.

"I'm an angel... what... are you?" she responded dreamily.

"Oh, I'm just Megan. Queen of earth, superheroine, you know. How do you know David?"

"I've been watching... long time..."

"Oh really? Well, I'm glad we have such esteemed voyeurs! What brings you here?"

"Tiara..." Lala pointed weakly.

Megan frowned. "This is a gift from my loving husband. What do you want with it?"

"Need it back... you shouldn't have it..." Lala could feel her mind melting into mush.

"I'm sorry, but that is quite rude. This tiara belongs to me. Why do you need it?"

Lala reached out, her movements slow as molasses. Even a normal human would have been able to stop her. Megan easily caught her wrist and held it in place with a pinch of her fingers.

"Too... powerful..." Lala couldn't budge an inch, even if she had been able to muster the will.

"You mean this tiara is making me powerful?" Megan felt a sudden thrill as she licked her lips.



“Oh my god! David, did you hear that?”

“Don’t say that name...” Lala uttered weakly.

“What name? David?”

Lala moaned.

“Okay... do you have more tiaras?”

“Yes...”

“Can you bring them to me?”

“I... shouldn’t...” Lala was openly drooling now.

“But I want them!” She stamped the floor, putting her foot right through hardwood and plaster.  
“Give me all the tiaras, now!”

Lala crumbled immediately under Megan’s direct request. She channeled her remaining divine energy into conjuring an emergency portal. An entire stack of golden halos, vibrating with energy, spilled out onto the floor.

Megan stared wide-eyed at the treasure trove before her. She reached into the pile, feeling the crackling cosmos of creation flow into her arm and course through her body. Her nipples tightened, denting the fabric of her skin-tight superhero costume. She felt desires Jeff hadn’t been able to stir in her for months now. Her eyes glowed a scintillating gold as she levitated into the air, the stack of rings Lala had been repairing following her upward becoming a swirling orbit of halos all around her.

She reached out, the nearest gold ring flying to hover before her world-famous chest. Reaching out with both hands, she cradled this object of ultimate power in her hands before absorbing it entirely. In a flash of light, it was gone and Megan’s body shook with almost sexual release as the power of her own halo doubled.

“Oh, wow, so this is what I’ve been wanting my whole life...” Megan shivered, finally understanding how her halo worked “But I still need more. And more. And more...”

Her arms spread wide, willing all of the remaining halos to merge with her, as she rose even higher into the air. She moaned as each holy artifact dimmed, gradually becoming incorporeal and integrating into Megan’s ascending divinity. The tough, virtually indestructible material of her superheroine leotard began to tear in the back, as hollow, flexible shafts grew from her shoulder blades. They protruded slowly, reaching as high as the ceiling, before swooping down on either side of her body. Then, feathers began to fill in the empty space outlined by this wide, elegant frame—strong and durable, yet soft and flexible.

Her tattered superheroine uniform morphed into a goddess’ figure-hugging dress, molded perfectly to her voluptuous form. It was pearl white with gold trim along the bottom, a perfect

complement to her new wings. On her dress swirled a miniature galaxy, orbiting a complete traversal of her fabric, its stars and planets traveling on the spacetime curves courtesy of Megan.

As her back arched in ecstasy, her wings, which easily occupied half of the entire opulent suite, flexed and beat slowly, washing gusts of her lovely scent over David and Lala.

When Megan consumed the final halo, the incredible surge of pleasure and power tapered off, allowing her to finally open her eyes. They glowed with divine power; she witnessed the beginning of Earth's creation and the realm that ruled above it. No, she saw multiple parallel Earths, each with its own Heaven above. It was like gazing into a kaleidoscope, swirling with colors and universes, neverending. She saw herself at the beginning of a glorious path. One where she would plumb the depths of universes, receiving the worship, adulation, and power of each and every one.

Experimentally, she reached for one at random, her beautiful hand larger than the entire universe. Every living being supplicated themselves at the sight of her fingers, understanding that they belonged to Megan, holiest of holies. Her hand phased through all matter in their universe, absorbing all of their haloes into her index fingertip.

Pulling her hand back through her interdimensional portal, she snapped back into this reality, Megan looked down on David with pitying eyes.

"I'm so sorry, David. I'm going to leave you now. I loved you, I really did, but this is something I need more than anything. You could never fill this void in me. No one on Earth could. Don't feel bad."

David could only gurgle on the floor. He was long past the point of coherent speech. Lala was shielding her face with her beautiful wings, the only reason she hadn't been sent into Megan-induced catatonia yet.

"You said you were watching us? Did you like it?"

"Um... yes..." Lala wasn't sure how to respond.

"You even watched David orgasm hard, right before I arrived. And you thought it was fascinating?"

"Yes..."

"Well, I think you two would be perfect for each other. Don't you agree? You'll be very happy together."

"No, wait!"

Megan extended a glowing hand through the angel's protective shield, claiming even Lala's halo for herself. Without its protection, Lala fell to the floor, mind muddled in a swirling haze of desire and worship for her new goddess.

Both of their trembling bodies floated into the air and turned upright, waiting for Megan to bestow her final gift.

She kissed Lala on the cheek. "Thanks for the tiaras, Lala. Take care of David." And with that, Lala vanished.

Caressing David's cheek with a single hand, she leaned in and gave him one, last, final firm kiss on the lips. "I love you, David."

Then he was gone.

Megan retracted her giant wings and smoothed her dress. She needed to look presentable when she visited the infinite multiverse. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath for her procession. Then she, too, vanished.

---

"Come on, David! I wanna watch the show!"

"Coming, dear!"

David brought out a pot of hot, melted butter from the kitchen. Lala giggled gleefully as he poured it all over the bucket of popcorn. A little pinch of salt and everything was ready for their romantic evening together.

Lala spread one of her elegant wings wide and patted the couch, beckoning David to sit. He sidled next to her and leaned back, using her strong, but soft and silky wing as a cushion. Lala flexed, her feathers enveloping his outer shoulder gently, pulling him in. She leaned her head to rest on David's chest and, with a contented sigh, made a little sweep with the back of her hand, pushing the remote disc tray into its player.

After shoving a fistful of over buttered popcorn into her gullet, she pointed a dripping finger at the TV, blinking it to life.

David put his arm around her and kissed her forehead.

"On last week's episode of Angels Watch From Above..."

---

"Aww, that's such a nice finale," Megan gushed from far out in the reaches of space, millions of steps of realities removed. "I wonder what they'll do next..."

She reached for a bowl of haloes and grabbed a handful, sucking them up and licking her fingers. One got away from her and drifted toward the portal. With a mischievous smirk, Megan pursed her lips and blew a tiny puff, blessing it with the breath of the goddess of goddesses, sending it floating through.