

Saintly Perfect Goddess

Author's disclaimer: *This is not about the nearly unknown Arctic Press character by the same name as the title. She was, however, something of an inspiration for this work. I will probably not be writing more in this universe, but I invite others to do so if the fancy takes them. Please, just put my name somewhere near your own if you do.*

*Sincerely,
Mr. GreyMan*

Sofie, a very pretty blonde thirty-one year old housewife, was cleaning her attic while her husband was at work when she came across an old cardboard box left to her husband by his grandfather. She did not know much about the man, but she knew he had left this box to her husband.

Sofie also knew her husband, being a very successful banking lawyer, had not ever bothered to open it, despite his grandfather's wishes that he did upon his death. Her husband had told her that his grandfather has said all kinds of crazy things about the contents of the box, about embracing the family's destiny, how it had been passed from male family member to male family member for untold eons, and her husband really did not want to have to deal with all that, already having so much to do at work. Knowing the history of the box, and wanting to take a break from cleaning before she headed off to the gym, Sofie decided to open it. Inside she found an ornate wooden box, and upon opening that, a old brass oil lamp, that looked like over the years had only gotten a few rubs of polish.

"Hu," she thought, "and I wanted to take a break from cleaning." With that she squirted some brass cleaner on to her old rag and started to polish the lamp.

As soon as she did there was a loud *boom* and before her, in the spacious attic, stood a 7 foot tall muscular man of middle eastern descent wearing nothing but a thong and a turban. His eyes glowed and lightening raced along his skin The man turned to Sofie and proclaimed, "I am the Jinn of the lamp. Master..." Looking down he corrected himself, "Urr... Mistress. Anyway, what are your wishes?"

A little taken aback Sofie, not knowing what else to say said, "What?"

Seeing she was waiting for an answer the Jinn said, "I am the Jinn of the lamp. What are your three wishes my... mistress?" It was clearly the first time the Jinn had had a mistress.

Sofie, having regained a little of her composure, replied, "I don't quite know what you mean. Wishes?"

It was now the Jinn's turn to be surprised, "Yes, you know, three wishes, the 'genie,' by Allah I hate that term, of the lamp? Surly, you've heard of this? You rub the lamp, I show up and grant you three wish, yada-yada-yada."

Sofie, still wondering why this man was in her attic without a shirt, simply shook her head and said, "No, not really." Seeing the Jinn was a little hurt by this she quickly continued, "but I've not hear of a lot of stuff. I don't get out much. How does this normally work?"

The Jinn rolled his eyes at that. "Normally? Well, normally people wish for something, then realize they don't really want it and wish to have the first wish taken back, and then they wish for something else they don't want, but at that point they've used their wishes and I stop caring.

OR" he continued, "they draw up this elaborate contract about all this stuff and try to get the most out of each wish, but end up not getting what they want, or the contract gets write on by someone else. Heck, I had this one fellow that never made anyway wishes just kept thinking about it and changing his mind until he died."

"Oh," said Sofie, "that sounds awful dull." The Jinn nodded his agreement. "Well," Sofie continued, "I have to go to the gym soon. Can I just make all three wishes at the same time to save some time?"

The Jinn looked taken aback. "All three at the same time? Like, you just tell me three things you want and I grant them?"

"If that's alright?" said Sofie, still a little lost about what was happening.

"Uh, sure." said the Jinn "It's highly unorthodox, but I don't see why not."

Sofie, knowing she did really have to get to the gym soon to meet her friend Kimberly, was relived. "Well, lets see.... I've always wanted people to be more giving... and people are always telling me I should not be so passive, so I guess I should be more dominant... and, oh, I don't know. What would you wish for?"

The Jinn got a far away look in his glowing eyes. "I would wish to be free of the lamp and be with the other Jinni."

"Oh," said Sofie a little misty eyed, I've never had much family myself, but I'd love to help you with yours. Ok, that can be my third wish."

The Jinn did not know what to say at that simple statement. "What, your third wish is to free me?"

"Yeah," said Sofie looking at her watch.

The Jinn, with tears in his eyes said. "So, your three wishes are: That people give you whatever you want or ask for. That everyone and everything will recognize your dominance over them, and for me to be free?"

"Well, that's not quite what I meant," Said Sofie. But, when she said that the Jinn looked as if he was about to cry.

"Oh, I knew it was too easy. No one ever wishes for me to be free in the end."

"No, no," said Sofie not wanting to see the big man cry, "those three things will be fine. I wish for those three things, just like you said."

The Jinn was elated. "Really? Praise be to Him! For that, I'm not even going to screw you over on your wishes. Heck, I'll make sure those other two wishes are extra potent. I'll use all my power and skill to make them perfect for you!"

With that there was a lot of lightening in the air and Sofie felt her soul tingling with energy. Then the Jinn turned and faced East. As he bowing his head she was alone again in the room. The only change, besides her tingling soul, was her now gold eyes, which glowed in the dim light of the attic. She looked down at her watch.

"Oh, better hurry, I don't want to be late meeting Kimberly at the gym." She said as she went downstairs.

Getting in her SUV she started her drive to the gym. The birds were singing and the sun was shining. It really is a pleasant day, she thought. Unexpectedly, she seemed to hit all of the green lights on the way to the gym and got there in record time. It was almost as if all of the traffic simply got out of the way for her.

She got to the gym, happy to see that a parking spot right next to the front had just opened up for her. Getting out she hurried to the entrance rummaging around in her

purse for her gym pass. When she go inside she realized, in her rush, she must have forgotten it. Her glowing golden eyes fixed themselves at the man on duty.

"I forgot my pass," she said a little pleadingly, "would it be alright if I went inside anyway."

The man looked at her a little stunned. Then said, "Yes... yes of course. Please."

She flashed him a smile, thinking how good it was that a little charm still worked in this world. She went inside and started to get changed, realizing she was early. Deciding to meet Kimberly at the elliptical, she got dressed and went out into the gym. She was upset to see that someone else was already at her favorite machine.

She went over to the man that was using it. As she did she could not help but notice how fit he was. He was taking quick long strides with his powerful legs. She could not help feeling a little jealous watching him as he seemed to effortlessly run faster than she ever could on the same machine. She she approached he seemed to realize her golden eyes were watching him. He slowed and quickly came to a stop, looking at her.

"Oh, are you done? Because I was hoping to use that." Sofie was surprised that he was stopping since he barely looked winded.

He looked into her golden glowing eyes and then said, "Yes, yes, of course you can use it. Please." He said getting off and offering it to her

She smiled up at him. "Oh, good" she said, pleased, and then almost on a whim, "You seemed very majestic there. I'd love to have your strength and stamina."

He looked at her as she said that, her glowing golden eyes burrowing into his being. "You would?" He said, "Uh, ok." And with that he grabbed her shoulders. The light from Sofie's golden eyes evolved him, and Sofie felt her soul start to tingle more intensely, as if she was drawing something important out of him. Sofie could feel her muscles start to tighten and harden. Her physique become more toned and defined. "*I really feel just great!*" she thought.

Suddenly, the man holding her was breathing hard. Sweat beaded all over his body. He slumped down, enervated.

"Oh," said Sofie, surprised at how fast he seemed to deteriorate, "I guess you were done."

"I'm done." He mumbled and started to lug his body into the men's change room.

Sofie got on the elliptical machine and decided she might as well start without Kimberly. As she did she was surprised how easy using the machine felt now. After a bit Kimberly did show up. Sofie got off her the machine to greet her. Kimberly was younger than Sofie and had red hair and DD cup breasts. Kimberly was always complaining about the weight of those mammary glands. Looking into Sofie's glowing eyes Kimberly started to profusely apologize for being late.

"Oh, don't worry." Said Sofie, and Kimberly looked very relieved.

Kimberly said "Well, I should go get changed. I have to put on my reinforced sorts bra."

Sofie had been feeling rather odd the whole time she had been using the machine. "You know, I am just not feeling like I am getting much of a workout today. It just is too easy. You wouldn't feel disappointed if I just when home would you?"

"Oh, no not at all." said Kimberly quickly. "You should go home if you want to."

"Well, it was good seeing you. Hopefully I will be feeling more up for some exercise in two days. See you then."

Sofie started to leave, and then turned around, looking at Kimberly's breasts with her glowing gold eyes. "Your breasts, Kimberly."

Kimberly looked nervous, "Yes?"

"Oh, never mind." said Sofie and went back to the changing room.

Sofie got changed and drove home. She decided to try and finish cleaning before he husband came home. She really hated cleaning and wanted to get it done. While she was cleaning she found one of her husband's dirty magazine. Signing she idly flipped through it. "I wish I had the beauty and vitality of all of the girls in this magazine" she said putting it down. She felt a little tingle in her soul when she said that. "Oh, I better start dinner." said to herself, and went to the kitchen.

She was still cooking when her husband came home.

As he came in Sofie said jovially. "Look at your poor wife slaving away for your dinner."

His eyes went wide when she said that. "Oh, I am sorry! Let me do that!"

He started to her, she was a little surprised by that response. "If you want to help me, please do." She said, pleased that he was finally offering to help around the house more. "You should clean the house too." She said with a little laugh and a wink of her golden eyes. He turned and looked deeply into them. "Yes. I will do that."

Surprised at that response, she said, "Well, tomorrow, lets eat now."

"Yes." he responded and started to set the table. She hugged him when he did that. It was the little things that remind her how much she loved him. "I wish I had everything going for me that you do, sweetie." She said.

When Sofie said that she could see fear race through her husband's face. You.. you do?" he said.

"What's wrong, honey?" She said, "Of course I do."

He looked even more frightened, but then hugged her even harder. She could feel her soul tingling again. This time even more intense than ever before. Her husband slumped in her arms. His hard muscles weaken, his breath becoming shallow, his eyes sunken. The reverse was happening to Sofie. She felt more alive than ever before, and smarter too. A single silver spark was now flashing in each of her golden glowing eyes. Her husband started to weep in her arms and she comforted him as best she could. "*He must have had a rough day at work,*" she thought.

Sofie was really pleased with the way her husband was acting. She decided to maybe give him a few more orders. Usually so passive, she felt more assertive than she ever had. Soon, they were in their bed and he was orally pleasuring her. He never did that anymore, but now was very open to the idea. She directed him, being more forward than she ever had. She was feeling very frisky and vigorous, much more than she ever had even when she was younger. He husband slaved away under her direction, his tongue and fingers finally bring her to orgasm. His skin was slick with sweat by the end, but Sofie, if anything, felt energized.

"Well, that was lovely." she said. Then, a little sympathetically, "but you seem tired. Why don't you get some rest."

"Yes." He said, and almost immediately feel asleep. She looked lovingly down at her husband, and sighed a little. For some reason, right now, she felt he just wasn't enough. She quickly banished those thoughts from her head and went to bed. She was having such odd thoughts. For some reason she felt like she wanted more out of life, something she had never really felt before. She stayed up a little thinking on that, something else she never really did.

She awoke early, as she did every morning, and went down stairs to start making her husband's breakfast. She got to the kitchen, but for some reason she really did not feel like cooking this morning. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Not knowing who it could be at this early hour, Sofie went to the door. Opening it she saw all, that's right all, the girls from her husband's dirty magazine. Their eyes look bloodshot, as if they had taken an all-night plane ride to get here.

"You wanted something from us." The young girl in the front said. She reached out to Sofie, who was so surprised she did not even back away. The young girl took Sofie by the shoulders, as the golden light from Sofie's eyes engulf her. The model aged in front of Sofie. The adult model's breasts deflating; her hips becoming shallow; her skin becoming sickly. Sofie would have backed away in fright at that point, if the embrace did not feel so... good. She felt years younger. Sofie's pert breasts inflating; her hips becoming rounder and full her; her skin becoming radiant; Her hair lengthening and strengthening, along with the rest of her. She felt wonderful, better than she had in her whole life. The model, drained, fell to the floor as Sofie looked down in awe at her new self, finally understanding what was happening.

"That was amazing." She said, as the next model stepped in to take the first's place. The second time was even better, but did not compare to the third, or fourth, or fifth. There were a lot of models in that issue.

Sofie was angelic. Silver sparks now flow in and around her golden glowing eyes. She now stood well over six feet tall. Her legs long and toned. Her waist thin, but her abs rock hard. Her hair cascaded down to her wide perfectly shaped butt. Her golden hair silky to the touch. Very light, her hair seemed to float around her adding to her

unearthly comeliness. Standing on the lawn naked she felt, and looked, amazing. Her cloths had long since shredded under the strain of her perfect, gravity defying EE cups. Her nightgown had been no match for them as they had strove to break free from their restraints. The rest of her clothing had followed suit, unable to contain what she had become. She radiated beauty, dignity, and sex. They were adult magazine models after all. She literally glowed with vitality. She felt like she could run a hundred miles. Elated, Sofie tried not to see the ugly, decrepit bodies of the models around her. "*I will have to think of something to do with them.*" She thought, going inside. "*But I really do wear it better than them, don't I?*" She gave a spin of her agile perfect body. Her balance impeccable.

She saw her enervated husband was awake. He was gawking at her, speechless at the inhuman creature of indescribable elegance and, well, sexiness. He instinctually prostrated himself in front of her. Giggling melodiously, she said, "Why don't you make breakfast, honey? I have some phone calls I would like to make."

She called though the open door to the female models on her lawn. "You girls might as well come in and help him. Also, there is some cleaning that needs to be done, if you were not going anything else."

Soon, the black stretched limousine she had ordered arrived. The driver was a shirtless hunk, just as she had specified. He got out and opened the door. Sofie walked out, her golden hair flowing behind her. To call her stunning would be an insult. Wearing what she could find, she was still more than breathtaking. The shirtless hunk could not stop staring as she swayed by, getting to the door he was opening for her. Her long tanned legs disappearing into the limo. Getting a glass of champagne from the fully stocked bar, she called out to him. "Chop chop, let's go to that upscale mall now." He immediately complied.

She would have maxed out her husband's credit card if they had not just given everything to her for free. Walking around the mall she contently had people falling to their knees before her. She had to keep telling people to raise when she walked somewhere. She had started to enlisted the help of several young men she had found,

who were all more than happy to follow her around as she bought her new perfect self a new perfect wardrobe. She tried on everything, and just tossed things into her groupies arms, or on the floor if she did not want it. With her new strength she probably could carry everything her self, but what was the fun in that? Carrying things was a man's work. She went through all of the cloth stores. Even other women knew their place, either helping her pick up things or respectfully getting out of her way. Everyone seemed to prostrate themselves the first time they encountered her. By the end she had almost a dozen men helping her carry her cloths, and a handful of women. She was wearing the most dazzling dress in the mall. It accentuated the perfect sway of her hips and gave everyone an eyeful of her divine cleavage. Her shoes were red 7 inch heels, bring her height to seven feet one inches. Dispute this see was perfectly proportioned and had perfect balance on those heels. Everything about her screamed sex and worship, the way she walked, the way her golden eyes fell on you, even her voice was undeniable. You knew you would do anything and everything for her, anything to make her just a little more happy.

She had saved the best for last, the jewelry shop. She looked at everything, and got her follows to compare the gems to her beauty, and of course, find them wanting. The proprietor of the store said he had nothing that could do her visage justice. He said he would special order more for her, but he doubted any gems that were fitting for her existed. He was crestfallen.

Sofie told him not to worry, and that it would please her to talk what he had now, and come back for the special order gems later. She did this at the three other jewelry stores in the mall, taking all that they had. She got on the phone with each of the stores distributes. She loved gems, especially diamonds.

At the end of the day she came back to her home with her entourage loaded down with her new clothing, jewelry, and shoes, as well as some chocolate she had them pick up while she was at the jewelry stores. They could not all fit into her limo, so many had brought their own cars. She selected the most handsome young men to ride with her, and feed her sweets. When she got to her house she realized how small it was, what with her husband, used up adult models, and now a host of other people that had

followed her home, it simply must be bigger. She eminently had someone call five independent contractors to start work on a new, more fitting, home for herself. She got on the line with each to make sure there was no confusion. Then she called her neighbors and had politely asked them if they minded her house expanding into their lots. They did not.

It was quite late when Sofie was done with all this, and her husband and her models had made a wonderful dinner for her. They had spend all day cooking and cleaning, and it was just what she needed after her hard day at the mall. She told them she wanted dinner in bed, and went up with the men she had selected earlier. Despite the late hour and hard day, she felt still very energetic. She had the young men feed her gourmet chocolate as her husband and models came up with the 5 course meal. It was absolutely delicious. She was famished and eat everything herself, enough for almost five people. She could not understand why she was so hungry, having already snacked on chocolates.

"That's ok" she thought, "I will go to the gym tomorrow." When she had devoured her dinner in front of her husband, who she suspected might not have eaten, she had her husband and the models take the dishes away. She instructed them to eat something before going to bed, hoping there was still some food left in the house. It was a little depressing to see them and she resolved to find something else for them to do.

Sofie was in bed with five strong men that were still feeding her gourmet chocolates. She was feeling pretty horny at this point and she instructed them to pleasure her with they fed her. They messaged every part of her. Their tongues pleasuring her in all of her erotic zones. Late into the night this went, on and on. She used up the five young men quickly and ordered more into her room. Around 5am, after going through about 15 men and having to call more getting on the phone to order some male body builders. But, now she was starting to feel a little tired. She was on what must have been her 20th orgasm, chocolate in her mouth.

Sofie looked past her massive melons, down at the huge man that was correctly between her legs, and said. "If I had your strength and stamina too, I'd not feel so tired right now. I'd like that."

His eyes went wide with terror. "but, its 5 in the morning, and you already have so much vitality from others."

"I know," Sofie said, looking at him with her sparkling golden glowing eyes expectantly.

The big man slumped in defeat and reached up to Sofie's perfect shoulders. The light from Sofie's sparking eyes engulfed him, and he shrunk before her. Sofie felt wonderful again, and no longer tired at all. The big man, who was now not big at all, slipped onto the floor. Looking at the other huge men in the room, who had been eyeing each other with fright, Sofie said. "Take him down stairs and have him start breakfast. Wake my husband and his models too. I am really very hungry. I feel like I am eating for and army." The sparks in her glowing eyes flashed, and they turned to leave. "You two stay." She said, and opened her legs. The smell from her honey whole was ridiculously enticing, and one of them men learned down to pleasure her, while the other fed her even more chocolates. She knew she was running out. She had gotten all in the mall had, and hoped the would have more in today.

The smell of breakfast was mouth watering as she came downstairs, walking elegantly on her long legs. She had had her male servants give her a sponge bath and had put on an absolutely stunning red dress that showed just the right amount of leg and cleavage. Her breasts the size of watermelons, but she wore them fetchingly on her six and a half foot frame. She was decked out in jewry, her whole body sparkling with diamonds. Her new never-worn high heels clicked as she walked down the stairs. She would now have a new outfit for every day, maybe even two or more for each day.

Her husband had cooked all of the eggs and bacon and sausage in the house. There were plates and plates of it, and she intended to eat it all, ordering them to make some pancakes as she did. Butter and syrup and whip-cream was piled on the pancakes as she ate the eggs and bacon. Her perfect body just putting everything

away. It was so wonderful. Finally, after her 3rd or 4th long stack of pancakes, she felt full, and ready for her meeting this morning.

When the five independent contractors came in she told them what she wanted done with the house. That they would probably have to destroy most of the block to do it. She wanted a much larger pantry and at least 7 ovens, probably more like 10 or 12. They needed to have plenty of closet space as well. She need a place for all of her jewelry as well, and for her male servants to sleep. She wanted a much bigger bedroom as well. She told them she wanted them to start right away, and to be finished as soon as possible. If they needed more help they had to let her know and she would call some more. Looking at her sparking glowing eyes they nodded they understood. One of them ask her to call 4 more complains he knew about to get everything done faster, and she did. The men on the other end of the line were very agreeable, and promised they would get everything done for her.

After that, she looked down at her new sapphire incrustated watch and realized it was time to get to the gym. She waked out to her limo, which was waiting for her, and ordered it to drive to the gym. In the car she looked down at her tummy and realized, while it was still musclier, it had a small layer of fat on it. On her it looked very comely, of course, but she did not want to have any fat on her rock hard abs. "I guess I better work hard at the gym today," she said as she ate the last of the chocolates.

When she got to the gym she climbed out of her limo, her long legs being the first thing people saw. She went to the driver and gave him a view of her EE cleavage. "I would like you to go get me more chocolates," She said "please call me if you have any trouble doing so."

Again, people prostrated themselves when they saw her exquisite form. Instead of telling to rise, as she had before, she just walked on by and walk into the gym. She was starting to expect this behavior for people, and it did seem proper given her current stature. She had to duck a little to enter, with her 7 inch heels. She did not even look at the man on duty as she strode into the gym, which was very full today.

The gym fell silent when she entered it, all eyes turned to her. She again looked down at her tummy, and then looked at the people kneeling on the ground around her. "I know," she said, "you've all already worked out, so I would like your workouts. Please" she said, deciding there was no reason to be impolite about it, "give them to me. Oh, you might as well give me all your workouts, if you could." Everyone looked at each other, as if not knowing what to do, then of a cute young girl stood.

Daintily, Sofie sat down at one of the benches and crossed her legs. The girl approached. She placed her hands on Sofie's wide muscular shoulders and the light from Sofie's eyes surrounded her. Sofie felt the surge of a lifetime of workouts flow into her. It was indescribable, she felt even more awesome than before, if that was possible. The fat on Sofie's stomach vanished. The woman, who had been quite toned and fit now looked fat and dumpy, but still rather cute. Sofie looked at the woman, with her sparkling eyes. "I would like that cuteness too, if you don't mind." She said.

Horror flowed over the woman's face. "But, but, you're already so pretty!" she said.

"And now I would like to be cute too." Said Sofie coldly as she crossed and uncrossed her long, perfect legs waiting expectantly.

Defeated, the woman placed her hands on Sofie's wide shoulders. This feeling was weird, but when the light subsided the woman stopped looking cute, and Sofie, who was already the most glamorous creature in the world, looked a little cuter.

"Go wait over there, please." Sofie said to the girl coolly.

People had been forming a line as this was happening, and now all of them had their turn to give their lifetime of workouts to Sofie. Her stamina and strength became godlike. She also took something else from each of them. Some she took their strength, some their looks. Others, that had flashes of defiance in their eyes, she took their confidence or even intelligence. Of those she picked as menservants or slaves to come home with her.

From all this she grew a few inches in height, and her dress became tight over her expanding breasts and hips. She became stronger and more muscular, but still sedative and tantalizing. She was having such a good time she did not even see Kimberly come in. When she finally did she stood and walked over to her friend. One cannot put into words how she looked. Her body radiated heat and sexuality. Her skin

was flawlessly exquisite. Her long, silken, golden hair flowed like a thing alive; her toned legs looked never-ending. Her tummy was now washboard perfect. Her butt looked like it was sculpted out of stone by a master artist. Her eyes flashed dangerously with hidden will. With her heels she was seven and seven inches tall. A monument to womanliness and regality.

She looked at her friend almost distasteful, past her own massive bust. "Hello, Kimberly." She said coolly, her voice demanding sovereignty.

Kimberly was stunned, looking up at her onetime friend, then she fell to her knees, stacking in fear.

"I would like your breast, now, please." Said Sofie.

Kimberly looked up, almost like she was about to cry, "But, but, your already so big, and, and wonderful. You are the prefect specimen of a women, and, and already no one can resist you." Kimberly blubbered.

"Oh, I know." Said Sofie, "but thank you for saying." She looked expectably down at her friend, who rose. Kimberly had a hard time reaching up to Sofie's high shoulders, but managed as Sofie looked at her with her sparking eyes. As soon as she did Kimberly's bust, which at one time has seemed so large, disappeared and Sofie's incredibly voluminous one, grew, but it was already so much bigger than Kimberly's DD it only seemed to grow a little, but the strain proved too much and her new dresses top gateway. Sofie had, of course, not worn any bra, and her flawless firm round bust stood out proudly from her perfect frame. Gravity seemed to have no sway over her bosom. Sofie's perfect orbs were now the each the size of two large watermelons, but did not look that out of proportion at all on Sofie's divine figure.

Sofie looked at the now out of shape people cowering in the corner, were she had instructed them to wait. She flashed a smile that literally made the people weep from it's charm. "Now, I want all of you to work out extra had today. I plan on indulging myself quite a lot, and I need to keep my body tone and fit. So, it will be up to you to workout for me. Ok?"

They all nodded a little reluctantly but happy to do anything for Sofie. She directed those she had designated her serves, she had not taken all of their workouts, to come with her and she ducked her head as she walked out.

Outside, more people seeing her and feel to their knees around her. Traffic stopped at her divinity. She looked down at the limo, which now seemed so small next to her long legs. She could see it was also filled with chocolates, as she had asked. "That will never do. I don't want to get into the cramped thing," she said

She knew with the strength and stamina of the tens of people she now had she could probably run home in record time, but that seemed so unlady like now. Seeing a mattress shop, an idea came to her.

Soon, she had all people in the street building her a huge litter. She walked around on her stately legs overseeing its production. Then, she had a smaller one built so she could better oversee the construction of her larger one. One kingsized mattress was used for the smaller one, it taking dozens of people to carry her unsuppressed body, and her chocolates, and someone to feed her. Even here on the street she found she really wanted someone to lick between her long statuesque legs. "Must be all the stress of managing all this," she thought.

The larger litter was becoming a multivehicle production. Several cars would be needed to carry it. At this point she realized it would have been easier, if less queenly, to order a moving van, but she was having so much fun using her new knowledge to build this one. She had borrowed someone's cell phone and was constantly using it at this point. Sofie had people, all on the street, using their ipods to look up things she wanted as she fanatically called numbers to get things delivered to this street, and to her home. Several masseur were ordered, and she had her litter barriers take her to the nearest spa as her larger litter was constructed. "I really need to relax after this hard day of working-out." She thought.

When she got to the Spa she was happy to see that the extra masseurs she had order had already arrive and were preparing the Spa for her. She kicked all the other clients out when she got there. Many of them said that she was already so stunning that she did not need a Spa. She thanked them for their correct observations and set the whole staff to work on herself.

It was outstanding. Strong hands rubbed every inch of her glorious body. Sofie had two handsome men working at her pussy at all times while a dozen more massaged her mammoth bust. Her breasts felt so good with all of their hands on it. The rest of her body was not left out, as more men rubbed her feet, lengthy legs, diamond hard tummy and her proud toned arms. All while this was happening while she was talking on the cellphone, between her moans of pleasure. She lost track of how many orgasms rippled there way throughout her majestic body. Between all that, two more men would feed her chocolates. She had called three truffle factories and told them they would now produce exclusively for her. She now already boxes were being brought to her house.

Her limo filled with chocolate was nearly depleted at this point, and she ordered lunch. All of the restaurants in the area had been enlisted to make it. Having just had several life times of workouts, she was famished and probably ate enough for a hundred people. All of it expertly prepared, and all of it delicious. She had to put the cell phone down as she devoured plate after plate of wonderful food. Even this she did regally. Her dexterous quick hands never spilling any over her perfect body, and new clothes she had gotten.

Lazing in the Spa after finishing her 10th full sized cheese cake, having cleared out two bakeries, she realized that she was getting a little bit of a tummy again. She could feel a little fat on her belly while the men massaged it. "Oh well," She said "I might want to go to a different gym this time."

"No," she thought, picking up her cell phone, "I'll have them come to me."

She ordered olympic athletes to come to her, but knowing they would take a while to get here, she called all of the fitness experts in the region. Men and woman, when they arrived, one by one, she had them line up next to her massage table and give her their lifetime of hard work and good eating, while she ate truckloads of chocolates and had young men pamper her in every way imaginable. She also took other things she wanted from them, unless she thought they would make good servants, those she left alone.

Everyone else she took something else from as well. More beauty, more bust, more dominance, always strength, stamina and health. She was a Goddess. Her life

was becoming a never ending orgasm of bliss as everyone worshipped at the temple that was Sofie.

It was getting harder and harder to get men to touch her. They always seemed to be brought to an instant orgasm when they came in contact with her skin, and she finely had to have her best fluffers and masseurs give her their sex-drive, which only seemed to heighten her enjoyment of everything. She let them keep their skill, of course, but other than the pleasure of serving her, they no longer got any enjoyment out of it, only she did.

She stayed the night in the Spa, as the masseurs worked in shifts. She no longer needed to sleep even if those around her did. If she ever felt in anyway tired, which was happening less and less often, she would just take stamina from one of her nearby servants. She made sure to always be polite about it, even when they insisted she was already perfect, which, of course, she was.

She knew that the construction crews had been working into the night, and she hope they would almost be finished with at least a good part of her palace by now. Sofie ordered her larger litter to her. The littler was like a moving palace. She was ultra-strong and now over seven feet in height without her high heels, so it took a lot of her servants to lift her on to the little. She could have lifted herself, but such manual tasks seemed so below her now.

The litter had several liquor stores worth of fine wine, of only the best vintages. it had a built in message table and jacuzzi, made for her. The bed was positively immense and very soft, and she had her servants lay her on it. She had them bring her wine bottle after wine bottle as they licked all of her erogenous zones, messaging her monumental bosom, which was now each almost the size of beanbag chairs. It took almost two dozen men to fully explore each of them, while 10 men worked in shifts at her gushing saintly pussy.

She drank bottle after bottle of only the most expressive wine as her litter slowly brought her to her still being built palace. Again, when ever she started to feel a little tippy she would just take someone's tolerance, and instruct them never to drink alcohol

again. Whatever sweet she had a craving for was instantly brought to her perfect waiting lips.

Finally, after a few dozen cases of expensive wine and countless sweets, the slow-moving prosecution that was her mobile palaces made it to her real palace. It was still only half built, but it was livable. It took up 5 blocks and had everything she wanted. A gym for her servants, a massive Spa, a colossal kitchen, a mountainous master bedroom. Her closet space was now larger than her old home had been, which was perfect because she had so many new cloths to have her servants put on her.

Chefs from all parts of the world were being flown in to work exclusively for her. She was not sure she needed to eat anymore, but with all of the delicious food they would be trucking in there was no reason to ever find out.

She had called all of the African governments and had told them she really would like all of the world's diamonds. All over the world they were being collected. She had heard even now boatloads of gems were on the way here, and more were being mined just for her.

She decided she would walk into her new home, and effortlessly stood. Her grandiose body now took 20 strongmen to carry, and not without some effort, but it felt light and agile to her. Her hair was like a plume of golden fire; her breast mighty orbs of joy for anyone to look upon. Her tits long and proud. Her long graceful legs and arms inhumanly strong, but the very definition of femininity. Her skin like molten metal. Her perfect full lips looked like they would kiss you and steal your will, when they were not filled with some delectable treat. Her hands were so deft and quick you could barely make out their movements. Her butt and hips inscrutable. Her sparking glowing eyes held power and wisdom unimaginable.

Her movements were unearthly, parts of her swayed and writhed in ways that set the primal part of the mind on fire. When she walked people that still had their sex-drive fell on the ground in pleasure so intense it might as well be agony. She was both terrible and wonderful to behold.

Sofie stepped out of the palace litter. Her body radiated power, and the very sun seemed to shrink at her presence. Its glow not as intense as her golden eyes. She was

pleased to see that at least several hundred of the olympic athletes had arrived, in addition to most of the supermodels. Her subjects all fell to the ground when they saw her. Some crying out in fear, others in pleasure. She saw her husband in the crowd. "I will have to order him to a mine or something," she thought as she walked into her new home. The 30 foot doors opening to admit her. She saw before her a 5 story stairway to her throne, which was more like a massive bed. It was made exclusively from precious metals and gems. When she walked in, she seemed to suck the beauty out of the room, and next to those priceless gems, which now looked cheap, she looked even more dazzling, more divine. She could smell the mountains of food being prepared for her new kitchens. Effortlessly, she walked up the 5 stores and laid herself down on the silken sheets that adored her bed/throne. She planned not to move again for a long while, seeing the effect her doing so had on everyone. Looking down at her subjects she said, in a voice that would shake the heavens and make angels weep with its melodious resonance:

"I do hope breakfast is ready. Also, if it's not too much trouble, I would like the beauty and grace from the supermodels and the strength and skill from the olympic athletes." Everyone started up at her in awe, dread and admiration, not knowing what she would become, not knowing what she had already become.

"You may begin worshiping your Saintly Perfect Goddess Sofie, now." She ordered.

And that is what happened.

-Fin