

Or: What if...

Edited by Michael-Leonard

She was undeniably sexy; an over-exaggeration of femininity. Six-and-a-half feet of female with curves any man - and a few women - would die for. Long voluminous fiery-red hair flowed down around her large powerful shoulders nearly reaching the floor. Her eyes were such a deep blue they were almost violet. Behind her long thick lashes those bright orbs radiated charisma and willful strength. Her tan skin was silky soft, and looking at it you were filled with the need to reach out and caress it. Her breasts were so massive and perky that they had to be fake, but after staring at them all evening I was now convinced they could not be. She did not seem to mind my lewd attention, but had been provocatively squirming in her skintight seamless green dress to show off her perfect body and expansive cleavage through out the date. Her large nipples were clearly visible under the straining fabric. The only jewelry she wore was in that immense cleavage: a fine chain with a single gem at the end that would vanish between her orbs only to reemerge again, riding on a sea of perfectly tanned flesh. I envied that jewel its placement, and was also sure at this point was truly glowing with its own light, not simply reflecting light.

Her luscious scarlet lips devoured the four-course meal with gusto. I could not help but gape at this monument to sexuality, and I had only the vaguest sense that everyone else at the restaurant was doing the same; men with wanton lust and woman with unabashed envy. She seemed to drink it all in, like she was drinking the bottle of expensive wine I had ordered.

"Are you going to finish that?" It was the first thing she had said to me. I had just enough wits about me order dessert, but had been too spellbound to eat it. The extra-large slice of rich chocolate cake was untouched, and my date has just finished hers, after eating a 22-ounce steak as well as a large appetizer, and soup. I slightly shook my head "no."

She reached across the table with her gracefully dominating arms. While her skin was soft and her arms ladylike I could not help but notice how strong they seemed, as if they could take anything from anyone. Her nails painted and flawless, she reached down and took my plate. The decadent cake, which was so large I was sure you were not really meant to finish it, quickly disappearing past her flashing white teeth.

When she was done she stretched, her long formidable arms reaching up to the sky as they seductively squished her humongous breasts together. I got a glimpse of her washboard tummy under them and it almost looked as if her ultra-tight dress was about to give way. Suddenly, she rose to her full six feet, nine inches. Her high-heel-sandal-shod, unending overwhelming tan legs visible in the slit of her green evening dress.

"I'll be in the ladies room. If the bill is paid when I get back we can go to my place together." With that she sauntered to the bathroom. All eyes were on her swaying devastating hips and irresistible butt as she did.

I got up in a hurry to find our waiter.

I had never seen this woman before yesterday when she had practically accosted me on the street and told me she wanted a date that night, giving me the time and place I was to make reservations. On such short notice I had to basically bribe the *maitre de* for a table, and I was convinced it was a joke of some kind. However, she had been so stunning and had made such an overwhelming impression in that short encounter I felt compelled to at least try to see her again.

Just as I finished paying the bill she came strolling out of the ladies room, and I knew I was to follow. While her pace seemed causal, her perfect long legs were quickly propelling her from the ladies room to the door. I was thankful she had warned me to pay quickly as I scampered after my mystery woman, all eyes following. I almost lost her in the street. She was hailing a cab; her pose statuesque. There was almost a pileup as four cabs all tried to get to her first. She was so beautiful I could not believe I had never seen her or heard of her before. She simply had to be famous.

She got into the cab and moved over, clearly making room for me.

"*What does she want with me?*" I thought as I scooted into the cab after her.

I was so close I could literally smell just how intoxicating she was.

"On second thought, let's go to your place. Mine's still a mess," she said in her melodious voice that allowed no argument, and gave the driver my address. The driver had been in a daze, but seemed to snap out of it when given his marching orders.

I was still speechless as I was crammed up against the most perfect body I had ever seen anywhere.

I tried to speak, "You... you seem to know my name, but... well... I'm sure I'd remember if we'd met before this week. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't," she said coolly. "But, you, and you alone, may call me Laura."

"Laura," I said, still in something of a stupor. "I knew a Laura, once..."

"Yes. You did, John," she said almost coldly. Her deep bright blue eyes seemed to flash dangerously.

I felt like I had somehow offended her, and decided to not speak again until spoken to. There was something about her scent that was clouding my wits, but I knew I would not want to offend her again. I barely questioned how she knew my name let alone my address. This obvious supermodel had such an incredible domineering quality about her, and I knew if I did not find out more about this alluring woman I'd never forgive myself. Well, she was probably not a supermodel; she was much more voluptuous and powerful than a supermodel.

I spent the rest of the cab ride trying to guess what profession she could be. By the time we got to my place I decided, if not for her provocative actions and lack of an accent, she must be some kind of foreign baroness.

When we got out of the cab I quickly paid the driver, who seemed to have lapsed back into his stupid. As I was doing this, my mystery woman was already on her way into the building. I followed after her wonderful swaying hips as fast as I could. I got there just as she stepped into the elevator. The doors closed and we were together alone. I was staring up lost in her

spectacular visage, as I had been the whole evening. She was tapping her foot impatiently. Even that sound coming from her sandal-heels was enchanting.

Finally, she stared down at me. "Your key?" she said, but it was more of command than a question.

"Oh, yes, right, I'm so sorry," I said as I fumbled my elevator key out of my pants and placed it into the appropriate spot. The elevator moved and again she went back to regarding the door. Her flawless eyes were such a bright cold blue. They were like two sapphire gems shining in the dim light. I was finding them more interesting than her extensive cleavage; her cleavage with that glowing jewel....

Suddenly, I was snapped back to where I was as the doors opened and we were in my condo. She walked out into the room like she had been there many times before, her body swaying and moving in such an alluring way.

She swaggered out into the middle of my living room and turned around. Her cold eyes became warm as she did. "Well, John, what are you waiting for?" She asked as she began to take off her dress. Rock hard, I almost came right then and there.

Her dress fell to the floor and before I knew it all she had on was her sandal-heels, and her necklace. As I had surmised early in the evening but could hardly believe, she had not been wearing anything under that seamless skintight green dress. Impossibly, her massive breasts were unaffected by gravity, her nipples big and proud, and every inch of her skin was utterly flawless, holding the exact same perfect tone. She was hairless from her regal neck to her toes, except her perfect fiery red mane that cascaded off her wide shoulders down to her toned butt.

Seeing her naked I could not believe how fit she was. The only fat on her seemed to be on her chest and just the right amount on her hips. Her abs and legs held perfect definition. She walked over to one of my big armchairs, moving in ways I could barely comprehend. Her whole body seemed to twist like a multitude of powerful snakes and my mind was alight with lust to see it. Nonchalantly, she sat down and spread her impossibly athletic legs. Her fully exposed cunt was the most magnificent thing I had ever seen. I felt like I could not fully appreciate the heavenly way it smelled.

"You'd not last long within me," she said giving out a musical chuckle. "By the looks of things," she said eying my painfully hard crotch with her sparkling blue eyes as she batted her long lashes, "you'll probably not last long without." Then in her more dominating tone she simply said, "So, orally please me."

Quickly falling my knees before her. I gazed up at her imposing figure, surrounded by her saintly aroma. I became completely overwhelmed by this divine experience, and came. I could see her disappointment as I did, but, regardless, I recovered myself as fast as I could and started to pleasure her.

I was quite experienced, and my tongue did all it could to her irresistible cunt. It was womanhood distilled and I was sure I would orgasm again as I slaved away at her enormous

clitoris. Everything about this woman was absolutely overpowering, and I felt like I might faint from experiencing everything she was.

It seemed like she was becoming disinterested even as I assaulted her clitoris. I had never received complaints about my cunnilingus before, and I did not think I could endure this woman's criticism.

I redoubled my efforts and was rewarded by my mystery woman's radiant smile. But, I felt myself about to lose it again. I had never suffered premature ejaculation before, and now I was about to in front of this goddess of a woman, twice.

Frantically, I tried to control myself while I did everything I could to please her. If I slowed down for even a moment I would see the start of a frown on those sumptuous lips. Closing my eyes I came at her with everything I had. I felt like this went on for hours, but it was probably no time at all. Soon, I could not hold back any longer. Slick with sweat and effort, overcome with her sweet scent, I came again.

I collapsed in a panting heap, in all ways completely spent.

This shrine to womanliness gazed down at me with her cold disappointed blue eyes. Even sitting with her endless legs spread, fully exposed, she held the dignity of a queen, an empress. I found her disapproval unbearable, but could not rise.

After a pause where she seemed to drink in my wretchedness, she said in a voice that matched her eyes. "Now who's inadequate?"

"Wh... wha... what?" was all I managed to whisper.

"But," she said, her eyes starting to warm. "What if you weren't?"

"What... if...?" I asked.

"Yes," she said as her necklace started to glow with her gem-like eyes. "What if you were always vigorous and energized?"

The question seemed to penetrate my psyche. I found myself contemplating the possibility that I was not, in fact, completely used up.

And, suddenly, I found I wasn't.

I stood up, so shocked I was at my quick turn around. Bewildered, I viewed this perfect woman before me.

Her bright blue eyes sparkled with amusement. It was like I was the most interesting plaything she had ever owned. She regarded me, sitting as if my chair was her throne. She almost allowed

my confusion to wear off before she said, "You're not one to leave a job unfinished, are you John?" Gesturing to her crotch.

As fast as I could I was on my knees before her again. Although I'd already cum twice, she was no less overpowering this time. I tried to keep my mind off exactly how smooth and silky her legs were and kept my focus on my work. My unearthly vigor carried me through another cunnilingus session. As I worked tirelessly, my month slowly became sore from overuse. However, she seemed to be enjoying herself more this time and I was rewarded with her entertained demeanor as she squirmed with pleasure.

Finally, when I could swear I tasted blood from my tongue, she surveyed me from her seat, and said, like an empress handing out an edict: "That's enough."

Relieved, I slumped down as she stood up. She gazed down at me with her deep cold blue eyes past her immense, suspended bosom. I still could not get over how such large massive orbs could remain so round without support. Then, turning she strolled her stupendous naked body into my bedroom.

Meekly, I followed, not knowing if I was tired or not.

She laid down on my bed, spreading her mammoth self out on it. It was a queen-sized bed, but it seemed to only just fit this gargantuan queen. She looked at me expectantly. I quickly took off my pants. My larger than average member beat in time with my heart, big and strong. Her cool blue eyes regarded it. "How long do you think you will last *this time*?" she said almost matter-of-factly.

I could feel my cheeks burning with shame. If she had been any other woman I would have told her what I thought of her comment, but around her I was so unsure of myself I did not know what to say. "I... I..."

"Well," she said, her jeweled necklace and deep cold blue eyes starting to glow again. "What if you couldn't come unless I said so?"

"What?" I said, starting to feel even more unease.

She leaned forward; her eyes seemed to be radiating energy. Very slowly and deliberately she said again, "What if you could not come without my express permission?"

"What if...?" I repeated as her words bore into me.

It was the strangest sensation. I felt everything spiraling out of control. Staring at the most beautiful creature I had ever seen, all I could ask myself was what was happening. But, this temptress just inspected me, expectantly. There was a hunger in her eyes I had not seen before, but was sure had always been there. She wanted something from me; something so much more than just physical satisfaction.

Her exquisite naked form lounged on my bed as if she owned it, observing me with those piercing deep blue eyes. Everything about her was just so perfect, flawless, undeniable, and

compelling. My instinct overrode my reason and I was on top of her, my pride forgoing any farther foreplay. I entered her as I ravaged her perfect gravity-immune breasts. Her nipples were so large and red. I sucked one while fingering the other, continually switching. In and out of her I thrust as I stimulated her erogenous zones. She just looked at me, unamused. She was just so, wet, willing, and... wide.

No one had ever protested about my member not being big enough, if anything I had gotten one or two protests about being too large. But, she was just so much more than me. She just kept studying me with her penetrating cold blue eyes, dispassionately impassible.

After our last encounter I did not think I could take any more emasculation. Desperately, I used the unnatural stamina to attempt to get some kind of reaction from her. The only emotion my ferocity earned me was the indifferent look in her eyes changed to one of pity, which was even worse. She was simply too much woman for me.

Finally, after I tried every trick I knew to no avail, she showed some small amount of mercy and put her hand on my chest. She forcibly made us switch positions without removing my throbbing member from her monstrous pussy. Her strength was insurmountable, and I knew I could not resist even if I had wanted to. She gazed down at me, her cool expression returning as she inspected me, her necklace hidden by her impressive bust.

"You're not enough for me," she said in her melodic voice.

What made the statement so devastating was that it was not an insult, it was the truth.

"But," she continued, "What if you weren't?"

My shame gave way to fear as I heard those words. "What..."

"Yes," she said, her eyes glowing and I could see the same light coming from her cleavage, where that gem was currently located. "What if you were more than big enough to satisfy me?"

Her vagina went from roomy to painfully small in a heartbeat as my cock enlarged. Her vaginal muscles were as mightily as the rest of her, and she threw her head back and let out a bestially guttural sound of satisfaction. I wanted to run, to flee and hide. This was not right; it was, in fact, very wrong. But, there could be no escape.

She assaulted me, unremittingly. Her smallest movements excited every part of me, and now she was writhing with motion. Her lovemaking was sex redefined. She was so dexterous, so vigorous, so lusty. She tirelessly rode me and everything she did was absolute arousal. The pressure and friction were indescribable. I felt my own orgasm building and building, but there was no release. There could be no climax, just an endless crescendo. Pleasure was amplified and heightened until it became unbearable.

I was begging her to end it. Pleading with her, but she just laughed in ecstasy. Her head whipping her fiery red hair all around us as her chest quivered and heaved in delight. The sounds she made were like cherubs raping devils.

After an eternity her breathing finally became labored and she started to slow. I thought I had been used up before, I was wrong. My lips dry, still I begged her for the absolution only she could give.

She slowed even more, gazing at me with those sharp penetrating blue eyes. I gazed back into them, peering past the elation, the contempt, the hunger, until I saw... "Laura Lee?" I murmured.

Her deep blue eyes went wide, and as they did I could see compassion in them. She leaned down, her hair and irresistible scent was all around us. "You may come," she whispered in my ear.

I howled. My mind was buffeted with pure exoneration. Rapture and relief flowed through me. Bliss and fulfillment were all I could feel, then calm and contentment. At last, I perceived hollowed unconsciousness coming to claim me.

When I came to I felt like an amazon had used me as a sex toy, which was exactly what had happened. Every part of me was raw. Surprisingly, I was not tired, just quite sore. I opened my eyes and, not without effort, turned my head. There she was, my demonic angel. Seated, she was dressed again and had been watching me as I slept.

"What..." I muttered past my parched lips. "Who are you?" My voice hoarse.

She stood and walked to the center of the room. She was serene and despite what had happened hours ago she was completely refreshed. She looked at me and said "What if..." I almost screamed when she said it, but she paid me no heed as light flowed from her. "I was who I was before? What if I looked the way I used to?"

The light was all around her as she shrank. Her hair shortened and straightened, became so dark as to be black. Her muscles receded, becoming soft. The tanned skin took on a different tan hue. Her breasts deflated and started to sag like a normal human's. She lost 8 inches in height as her eyes narrowed and an epicanthic fold covered their inner corners. They went from a deep blue to a dark brown. I was astonished that what I had seen before in her eyes had been real. Standing before me was my Laura.

Laura Lee, my Korean ex-wife.

* * * * *

I had met Laura Lee in graduate school. I was getting my degree in Quantitative Analysis and had foolishly decided to take a Numerical Methods class from the Physics department. Laura Lee was the only reason I was able to get through that class. She had moved from South Korea to study what at the time was her only passion, Quantum Probability. I had always liked shy girls and was instantly drawn to this shy, yet independent, woman. The fact that she was very intelligent and cute helped as well. I found out that she had never really had a boyfriend before, having fully dedicated herself to her work. I spent the better part of that first year trying to crack her shell, and by year's end we were dating.

She told me that I was the only man to ever touch her heart as well as other parts of her. We were deeply in love. I did not want to offend her upbringing by having us moved in together before we

were engaged. We married shortly thereafter. For two more years we went to the same school and saw each other every day as husband and wife. It was wonderful.

But, I graduated and got a job on Wall Street, and she moved to Washington. We did the long distance thing for another 2 years, but it was just not working out. Both of us were career oriented and neither was willing to make the necessary sacrifice to our jobs to move closer to the other. I knew one of us had to be the bad guy and break it off, so I took it upon myself to play that part. Also, I had met this really cute redhead at work.

Laura Lee did not take the news well. However, she still was not willing to drop her work to come to New York, claiming she was at the edge of a major breakthrough, and I was unwilling to move to Washington. So, reluctantly, she signed the papers and that was the end of it. We had not spoken in several years. Yet, now, here she was, in my condo, wearing a green dress that was much too large to fit her at all anymore. But, she was just as cute as I remembered from graduate school.

Her heels and dress did not fit her now five-foot-ten frame. I was still in a complete state of shock, lying there on the bed. She took off her overlarge dress and shoes and went over to my dresser and pulled out a shirt to wear. She was tall but I was taller, and least at this moment. The shirt was too big for her. I could see that she still wore that glowing necklace. I might not be a rocket scientist but I could figure out at this point that jewel must somehow be linked to what was happening.

At least I now had a good idea what was going on, and was feeling more in control. I knew how to handle my ex-wife. Well, at least as well as any man knows how to handle his ex-wife. I also noted, not without some pride, that my member was still enhanced from last night.

"Where did you get that gem? Is it magical or something?" I said to her, as I maneuvered myself into a sitting position.

"You figured out it was responsible, did you?" She said condescendingly as she buttoned up the shirt, "I see you still have that base cunning you used to get through graduate school. It's been serving you well in the financial markets, has it?"

"I get by," I said with an equally condescending smile. "Why did you come here? Just to insult me?"

"Just? No," she said coolly. Her dark brown eyes still seemed to glitter, and there was definitely something very different about my ex-wife. For one, all hints of her accent were gone. I admit I was becoming unsettled again.

I decide to try and move the conversation back to her new jewelry. "So, the gem, did you make it or something? Is that your big breakthrough you were talking about those years ago?"

"What does it matter?" She said finishing dressing in my clothes. "Maybe I found it hiking in the Himalayas; maybe my great grandmother bequeathed it to me; or maybe in my lab," she said, her

dark eyes glittering even more, "I pierced the very fabric of the multiverse and pulled it out of the spinning chaos that is the beginning and end of all things."

I was taken aback by her fervor in that last statement, but then the intensity left her voice and she said almost causally, "But it doesn't matter. What you should be concerning your tiny mind with is that I have it."

"Tiny mind"? 'Base cunning'?" I almost snarled, "Did you pull a handful of arrogance out of that spinning chaos, too?" I stood. I was easily 3 inches taller than my ex-wife and much stronger. She was unflinching as I did, however, and just looked at me as if I was some yapping dog.

"Look," I said trying to calm down. I was not one to hit a woman, as my ex knew well, but I was not used to anyone talking like that to me especially not shy, reserved Laura Lee. "You've now had your fun. You made a fool of me all last night with your little game. But, now I'd like you to leave."

She just scoffed.

"I don't think you fully understand the gravity of this situation." She said to me.

"Yes, yes," I replied, deciding honesty would be the best in this situation. "You have a magic gem that can control people's appearances and you're out for revenge on your ex. I got it. It worked. I was humiliated. Consider yourself avenged."

Laura Lee let out a haughty laugh. "I'm not leaving. If you think last night was the end of this you've got another think coming."

"Then I'm calling the police, unless you want me to carry you out."

"I'd like to see you try," she said, goading me.

Based on the events of last night, I had a feeling that was probably a really bad idea. So, instead I walked past my ex-wife into the living room to the phone, picking up my pants as I did. There was no hope of wearing underwear with my member this size, but I did not feel like calling the police half-naked.

Laura Lee went to the doorway of my bedroom, watching me. Then, in a tone that reminded me of the tender wife I once knew she said, "What if you still loved me?"

I turned around with one leg in my pants. She was standing there in my oversized shirt looking so cute and vulnerable. "Laura," I replied sympathetically, "I never stopped loving you."

"Then... why?" She asked. I was sure I detected a tremble.

"Because we both love our jobs more. I love you Laura, but I need a person that will be there for me. Don't you?"

She was visibly upset. "I never needed anyone until I met you. You opened my heart and then just left it there, bleeding."

"The first cut is the deepest." I said the cliché offhandedly without meaning to. I could see her sadness turn to anger as I did.

"What if you worked for me?" She asked, her glittering dark eyes narrowing further.

I laughed a little at the absurdity of the statement, which did nothing for my ex-wife's mood.

"But, I don't, do I? Look, why don't we have this discussion later. We can talk about it over dinner or something. This time you can come as yourself and we can have meaningful discourse without me drooling over you."

"You lusted over that big redhead more than you ever lusted over me!" Her face was twisted in rage and misery. "That's the kind of woman you always wanted!"

I knew this mood of hers. She was just looking for a fight. At this point, anything I said would be spitefully flung back in my face. When we were married I would have just fallen silent when she got like this, but I had put up with enough from my ex-wife for one day. "Leave or I'm calling the police," was my retort.

She let out a bitter laugh, and her gem and eyes started to glow again. "What if you couldn't?" She spat.

I froze as my mood changed to terror.

"What if I was the epitome of beauty and feminine power?" She almost screamed and the glow from her eyes and her necklace surrounded everything.

I squinted through that light and was in awe of what I saw. She did not so much start to glow as everything about her became amplified. Her breasts inflated, and all sagging within them vanished. They became so large my shirt ripped and tore off her. Her legs lengthened, as did her hair. That pitch-black mane took on an otherworldly sheen, falling down to her butt, which was becoming firmer by the moment. Her skin was becoming touchably soft as her hips rounded and waist slimmed. Her body became perfectly hour-glassed. Large firm breasts, narrow waist, and wide powerful hips. I half expected her to become Caucasian again, but realized that was something of a racist thought. She must have used something different to become the redhead. This time she was becoming an Asian fertility goddess not a tanned Amazon.

Her eyes, which were now sparkling black holes, tugged at my very soul. The power she radiated as she transformed was palpable, and somehow I knew it would not dissipate when she finished. She was more arousing to me than the redhead had ever been. I was still comically large from her meddling the night before, and I found myself becoming unbearably hard just looking at her. "Flawless," I whispered as a tear rolled down my cheek. And she was. There could be no question.

Staring at her metamorphosis into a divine wet dream, I found myself almost unable to look away from this perfect beauty that was emerging. But, I dug deep, turned, and fled.

Running to the elevator I pushed the button. I waited without turning as I felt more than heard the transformation taking place behind me. I jumped inside, pushing the ground floor and turned around as the door closed. That was a mistake.

A glimpse of my ex-wife in her naked glory and it took every ounce of my will not to rip the doors open and run to her. She was femininity made flesh. Every part of me that was male longed for her, and I knew - having witnessed her almost fully transcended naked self - I would never be the same.

The doors closed and I felt like weeping as the elevator went down. I attempted to make myself more presentable, trying desperately to stuff my giant rock hard member into my trousers. Despite my efforts my member was still obscenely visible under my suit pants and it was exceedingly difficult for me to walk. When the elevator reached the ground floor I moved quickly out of the building, disheveled, still in my garb from yesterday, and without shoes.

But, the New York I found myself in was not my New York; it was hers.

That gem of hers had somehow not just changed her appearance, but reality itself. From the doorstep of my building I could see three billboards all featuring my ex-wife in her new ascended form, as if she was now the ultimate sex symbol.

Honestly, I did not even want to think about what was going on. I reached into my pocket and was reassured to find my wallet still there from the evening before. Suddenly, fear gripped me again and I opened it and looked at the money within. Relief washed over me again as I saw the bills looked just like they always had. I was half afraid I would see my ex-wife's picture on them.

I knew I looked like a homeless person, or out of work porn star, but hoped I could hail a cab anyway. I just wanted to get to the one place I felt safer than my condo; my office, far away from whatever was going on in my living-room. It was a Saturday and I knew I could find solace there.

On my third try I was able to get a cab to pull over. He insisted I show him the money first, and I handed him a 50 and told him to take me my office on Wall Street. He gave me a very funny look, but complied.

When I looked out the window I saw more and more billboards with my ex-wife's image on them. All very tastefully done and all reminded me of my recent ordeal, something I definitely did not want to remember. I just closed my eyes and hoped this was just an erotic nightmare.

I busied myself by trying to make myself as presentable as possible. I was finally soft, and by the time I reached my bank's building I was passable, except for the lack of shoes.

I quickly exited the cab and walked into the building, looking the security guard right in the eyes so he would not look down at my feet. He knew me well, and I was not the first time I, or another Quant, had come to work on a Saturday. I made it to the elevator without incident and was on my way to my office.

When I got to my floor I was surprised to find my redheaded secretary had both dyed her hair black, and was working on a Saturday. When I got there she gaped at me; I knew I was not as neat as I should be, but at least the desk was hiding my bare feet.

"Ms. Lee is waiting for you, sir," she said.

I felt all color drain from my face; my knees almost buckled. I wanted to fall on the floor and give up. But, no, I would not. I took a deep breath trying to regain some sense of composure. I saw, worst of all, my secretary was acting like this reaction was normal for a visit from "Ms. Lee."

"Good luck," she said serenely as I went into my office.

There, sitting at my desk with a huge bodyguard on either side of her was my goddess of an ex-wife, Laura Lee.

Thankfully, Laura Lee was wearing a garment that seemed tailor made to hide her sexuality, but even so I could feel the absolute feminine power she emitted. The only part of her that was exposed, her face, was achingly pretty. Unable to control myself, my enlarged member literally tore my pants in two as it sprung to attention at her silent primal command. I knew there was no hope in hiding my shame, and decided not to bother. I let my mighty shaft protrude out in front of me. She was the one that did this to me, after all. I was sure that the two bodyguards would pummel me for such an affront. I almost wish they would so I would have a good excuse to leave, but, eerily, they were acting as if this was perfectly normal.

"I warned you that you did not understand the gravity of this situation, John. Have a seat," she said to me in a voice that would make angels jealous. She was unbelievably comely. "Don't mind my eunuchs."

I sat, my gargantuan throbbing member predominant.

"How did you get here before me?" I said.

"Private helicopter," she replied nonchalantly.

I could not take it anymore. "Look woman, what the hell is going on!?" I shouted. Unlike my spontaneous exposure the eunuch bodyguards did react to this outburst, but Laura Lee waved them back.

"You two, wait outside," she said in a domineering voice, and they instantly complied. I was alone with my ex-wife once again.

She regarded me with eyes like bottomless dark pools. I had to turn away from those orbs or I was sure my will would be lost forever.

"You don't know?" she said musically. "You've yet to figure it out? Then allow me to explain. This gem allows me to reach into the Quantum Probabilities and pull out any logically possible world."

I could not meet her eyes, my dick was painfully erect and more than twice the size it should be, and my best suit was ruined. It was all her fault and I was pissed. "That doesn't make any sense. It's not logically possible for you to have blue eyes, both your parents were Asian!" It was an absurd thing to say given the circumstance, but I did not know what else to do.

Laura Lee let out a melodious sigh. Not without a little annoyance in her wonderful voice she said, "What if you knew the difference between nomologically possible and logically possible?"

"What?" I said, then I calmed as sudden realization filled me. "But, if your gem works based on what is logically possible not what's nomologically possible that means it can't be scientific it has..."

She cut me off. "What if you knew the Many-Worlds Interpretation of Quantum Probability?"

"Well, yes," I said with more understanding, "But you would still be limited to..."

"And," she continued, "What if you had a good understanding of [Tenth Dimensional Physics](#)?"

My eyes went wide with the shocking revelation. "But, that means you would be limited only to things..."

"... Logically possible," she finished for me "Yes, I'm glad we're back on the same page."

I wilted in despair, every part of me, even my massive tool, drooped. My mind retreating from the hopeless knowledge finally found refuge in denial.

"I don't believe you," I said quietly. "No one could control Quantum Probability like that. It's impossible."

Clearly exasperated Laura Lee started to say, "What if..."

I winced knowing my sanity would no doubt be unable to take what came next. She seemed to sense this and did not finish what she was about to say. Instead, "No," she said almost under her breath, "not this way."

There was a long pause.

Finally, I spoke. "Why are you here?"

"Oh," she said sounding happy to have a change in subject, "I came to check on my assets."

"Your what?" I said, stoically. Sure nothing would ever be able to surprise or shock me again.

"My assets. You're my analyst. Well, really this bank is mine. Its exclusive job is to manage my portfolio."

With visible effort I tried to keep my face implacable. Whatever she had done to my mind must have strengthened it somehow because I kept my wits about me. "What? So, your some kind of super-celebrity here instead of a brilliant scientist?"

"What if I was both?" she replied. Standing, her willful eyes flashing with her gem as she walked around the desk towards me.

"Oh God," was my retort rolling my eyes.

"Not yet," She countered flippantly.

"So, I work for you then?" I said trying to change the subject, aware my exposed member was becoming stiff again.

She sat in front of me on the deck and crossed her covered legs. Even bundled up like she was, her sex was tangible. My monstrous member was throbbing inches from her. She was clearly enjoying this. I did my best to remain calm, but my heart was racing.

"Yes," she said, and I was shaken as she started to remove her attire, "everyone in the building does. I own you." She leaned down and was about to kiss my aching bulbous head.

Finding strength I knew not where, I bolted for the door.

"Don't let him leave," Laura Lee called out in a clear piercing voice to her guards.

Stopping at the door, I found courage in righteous anger. "You're going to rape me?" I said, trying not to sound hysterical. This perfect specimen of a woman did not respond and just continued to disrobe.

I panicked.

I lunged at her, trying to grab her necklace. She was strong, but not ready for me and I was able to knock her to the ground and tried to pry the gem out from her layers of clothing. The heat of her desirability was almost overpowering me, but I knew I had to flight through it.

Her eyes flashed dangerously. "What if I was the strongest thing on Earth?" She asked me, effortlessly standing up. I fell to the ground. She moved as if I was not even there.

She continued taking off her clothing. Before she could regain her balance I crashed into her again, but it was like hitting a wall made of diamonds. Even with her off-balance, I could only hurt myself as I tried to knock her down again.

Laughing at me, she just tore off her garments and fully exposed me to her naked self. It hurt to look at her. I collapsed to the ground and closed my eyes. I could smell her seductiveness; I felt her perfection. She was the paragon of women, but using all of my will I was able to resist.

She again sat on my desk and waited to see if I would break. My dick was pulsating with the beating of my heart, but eyes closed I was able to calm myself. She noticed and stamped her glorious foot in frustration. "You always were so stubborn," she cried. "But, this is not a fight you can win."

"Never stopped me before," I said facetiously, regaining control of myself. I even was able to open my eyes and look into hers, just not for very long. I tried to look as defiant as I could manage. "Our marriage always was about the small victories," I whispered.

"You think this is a pissing contest?" she asked, trying to get angry, but as I shut my eyes again I could see a flicker of enjoyment cross her stunning face. "Fine. I could just raise your libido but there's time enough for that later." I heard her come off of my desk.

"What do you respect anyway? You were always strong, and physical strength does not impress you." She said as I could hear her walking around me. "Material wealth? What if everyone acknowledged me as the rightful owner of... everything? What if I was Sultâna of the world?" I could hear her hoping back up on my desk.

Even through my eyelids I could see the light from her gem, and this time I could feel reality bending around me. I opened my eyes to see the room contort on all sides of me. My naked ex-wife was seated on my desk as her single-gemmed necklace became a multitude. Instead of being naked, Laura Lee was now dressed exclusively in priceless jewelry. Her garments before were made to hide her sexuality, but now they were crafted to boost, magnify, and enhance it. The word 'stunning' had become obsolete when describing her glory.

My desk was becoming a platinum throne, rising high above me as the room morphed into a colossal auditorium of sorts. Only it was a reverse auditorium. All around that throne, now 50 feet above me, was set the stage of over-extravagance. All for Laura Lee.

Silk curtains, also bejeweled, were draped over everything. I could see the platinum of the throne giving way under her supreme strength, molding itself to her perfect unstoppable body. I did not even know there was that much platinum in the entire world. But, as I thought about what was happening, guessed there probably was just that amount of platinum.

Gorgeous people that had to be slaves appeared to pamper my ex-wife as she lounged above me. More appeared around the throne, dancing or performing other acts all for Laura Lee's amusement. All of them could have gotten jobs as professional models anywhere in the world, and all paled next to the supremacy that was my ex-wife. Though I was completely filled with awe, I also fully understood jealousy at that moment.

From 50 feet away she seemed to sense this all from me. "Do I win?" she said and the room reverberated with her voice's harmonious resonance. It was as if everything here was designed

explicitly to amplify all Laura Lee was. If I could have orgasmed, I would have. I felt like a worm crawling on the floor beneath the throne of this absolute ruler. I needed to close my eyes again, but as I did I heard a question fill the air: "What if you had to look at me?"

I raised my head in time to see her stand and start to walk towards me again, down the silver-gold steps that lead to her platinum throne. Slaves gave way and helped her down as she swayed suggestively on long stiletto heels that seemed to me made of two enormous sapphires.

"I still don't win?" she said in mock petulant voice with a smile that would not have looked out of place on a tiger.

Then a shiver went down my spine as I heard: "What if I was even greater in every way than I am now?" Her voice seemed to fill the room to overflowing and, impossibly, she became more. I was sure I was the only thing in the room with testicles as she simply swelled with sexual power. Her movements became so graceful and willowy it was heartbreaking. Her breasts expanded to epic proportions; her legs lengthened and strengthened. Even though she was already physically the most powerful thing on the planet I could see her muscles become bolstered and absolutely unyielding. Her thick dark sultry lashes could not hide the charisma oozing from her indescribable eyes. Her hair flowed around her like a deadly waterspout in the blackest of nights. Her shoulders were beyond statuesque. If her hips were compared to Aphrodite's the goddess would kill herself in shame. Her magnificence was greater than moral understanding. Her allured exquisiteness was paramount splendor and overriding grandeur.

"What if I was even more awe-inspiring?" I heard and could only weep as I wished with all my soul that I could turn away.

Her ultimate beauty was doubled and redoubled before me. I saw eyeless masks appear on all of her servants, as if look at her was as dangerous as looking into the sun. I was sure it was.

Every sensation I was being forced to feel was intensified. I was writhing on the ground, my oversized member vibrating with my heart, as I felt a building of pleasure that was akin to pure torment.

This being of perfection knelt beside me. Her warm breath was all around me. It was ridiculously sweet. Everything about her was fundamentally extreme. Her superlative lips kissed my straining ample member on its elephantine purple head.

My heart stopped as I smiled.

* * * * *

But, Laura Lee took even the small victory of death from me. "Not that easily," I heard in a voice Zeus would have envied for its forceful presence. "What if you couldn't die? What if you were immortal? What if you couldn't even black out?" I felt my heart start up again and resume its breakneck pace.

I was forced to stare into the black holes that were her eyes. I could not match wills with this supreme goddess and every part of me wanted to turn away. I was wrong when I thought that looking at her was as dangerous as looking into the sun; it was far worse.

I could feel my will and sanity slipping away, I was about to beg her and I did not even know what for, when suddenly I heard her speak again in that completely controlling commandeering voice. "John, come."

I felt like I exploded in a shower of alleviation. Laura Lee was still looking at me with her soul-sapping eyes, when I heard her ask another question. "What if each orgasm you felt was twice as powerful as the last?" I was about to say something when she cut me off in that undeniable voice "John, come."

My mind turned inside out. Peering deep into my eyes I could swear I almost saw a hint of jealousy in hers were I wanted to see remorse. I was about to beg her, to tell her she had won, that I would do everything she asked and more, when I heard another question.

"What if each orgasm you felt was ten times as powerful as the last?" I tried to scream but all I heard was her irrefutable commands. "John, come for me. John, come for me. John, come for me."

My body was rocked with sensation impossible to understand as my mind twisted, desperately trying to shut itself off, but was unable. There was no escape from the overwhelming pleasure that assaulted every fiber of my being. My pleas turned into the howling of a madman. I knew one more and I would be lost forever, my thoughts shattered beyond repair. And, staring into my ex-wife's god-like eyes I knew she knew it too. I thought I saw a flicker of divine mercy flash across Laura Lee's face, but as soon as it was there, it was gone.

"What if you found me even more irresistible? What if everything about me was further heightened?" She mounted me. I bucked and heaved, altogether unable to control the desires racing through me. One more orgasm and I would be lost forever, but I was chasing it like there was no tomorrow. I guessed, for me there was not one anyway.

My ex-wife allowed me to thrust into her from underneath as she simply penetrated into me with her ever more over-whelming will. Another question filled my existence: "What if you were more than big enough to satisfy me? What if you could please me?"

Laura Lee had asked one of those before, but she had taken on new meaning since then and subsequently so had that question.

I felt myself fully fill her deistic saintly pussy.

My unearthly stamina, immortality, and understanding of the universe got me through sexing an over-deity. No words could describe what it is like to pleasure a god, to feel her shattering and cooing above you, to feel her squirming on your dimensionless dick. Heaven, Hell, eternal bliss, unending torment, I experienced it all as our bodies became one in that perpetual dance across reality. I know only she was able to take that which only I could give. I felt only contentment and fulfillment, as I understood my place in existence, to please Laura Lee.

But, through our eons of lovemaking, I could see that Gem of Possibilities heaving on her endless godly bosom. Time and space were losing meaning, but I felt like Laura Lee was coming upon the end of her continual revelry. I couldn't guess what would be done with to me then. As I could feel that which was without end start to end - while Laura Lee was distracted from the full effects of either her fourth or four thousandth full being extended soulgasm - I reached up into eternity towards that sparking jewel. As I did reality fractured and the Possibilities spanned infinity.

* * * * *

What if...

As I did reality fractured and the Possibilities spanned infinity. The Gem of Possibilities was in my hands and I shouted "What if this gem always was mine?" I felt everything change.

...

I remembered I had met Laura Lee in graduate school. She was getting her degree in Quantitative Analysis and had inexplicably decided to take a Numerical Methods class from the Physics department. I had helped her get through that class while I focused on my true passion, Quantum Probability. I have never dated before not having time, and because I was shy about the scars from my penis reduction surgery, but when Laura Lee asked me out I found myself saying "Yes."

Married to her I was happier than I had ever been. Our jobs forced us apart, but I was determined to make it work. When she had rejected me in favor of that redheaded bastard I was in pure anguish. I felt so inadequate. However, that anger and depression had driven me deeper into my research, and now it all had paid off.

In my lab in Washington I was now holding the Gem of Possibilities that I had just pulled from the spinning chaos that was the beginning and end of all things. Laughing, I could only think about how I would make Laura Lee pay for the pain and heartbreak she inflicted on me.

To Be Continued?

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What if...

As I did reality fractured and the Possibilities spanned infinity. As I reached for the gem I felt Laura Lee's perfect fingers close over mine and felt the full blunt of her divine disappointment. "Even now you defy me?" She said in a voice that sounded like everything in existence speaking at once. "I see now I've been going at this all wrong. What if we started again? What if we did it over differently?"

...

There was a spinning sensation and suddenly I was back on campus. The chaos around me faded and I remembered I was on my way to my first Numerical Methods class. I was apprehensive because I had decided to take it from the Physics department instead of the Economics department. When I entered the room I saw all eyes were on the most stunningly beautiful girl I had ever seen. My overlarge member almost destroyed my pants as it become rock hard. Luckily, that had happen through out my life and I had taken to only wearing sweets, but I had to sit down quickly in the back as to not embarrass myself. I did not know at the time that this spectacular

girl was the international sensation Laura Lee, who was, of course, the smartest, richest, and prettiest girl in the world. I could not hope to be able to focus on anything else with such a perfect girl sitting in front of me. My throbbing member did not go soft once through the lecture. Lucky, the professor and everyone else was paying too much attention to Laura Lee to notice my obscene bulge.

After that first class I was convinced I was going to fail and was on my way to transfer out. When, out of the blue, Laura Lee asked me if I would be her study partner; her deep brown eyes glittering in time with the pendant she was wearing as she did.....

To Be Continued?

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What if...

As I did reality fractured and the Possibilities spanned infinity. I took hold of the gem; it firmly in my hands.

"What if I am something I'm not while simultaneously being what I am?" I shouted into the spinning chaos that was the beginning and end of all things, which we were currently using like a cheap motel room.

There was a cracking sound and I was not sure if it was my fragile psyche or the multiverse itself. But, I felt the gem break in my fingers as I asked it to do the one thing the Gem of Possibilities could not: the impossible.

Release, escape, liberation.

...

Then I heard an all-powerful laugh.

"Really, John," said a voice that could only belong to Laura Lee and came from everywhere and nowhere. "The first thing I did when I got that gem was give myself a four-digit IQ. The second was internalize its power. Now, am I going to have to shatter your essence and rebuild you piece by piece, or are you going to apologize?"

I hung my head, utterly defeated. I paused for as long as I dared, but finally I said, "You win, honey. I was wrong."

-FIN?

What if you held the The Gem of Possibilities? What if you wrote an ending to the story?