

A Beautiful Wish Chp. 5: The Heart Remembers

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Forgive, and remember those that love you.

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A Beautiful Wish by 800ibGorrila Chapter 5: The Heart Remembers The water streamed across George and Dawn's entwined bodies. It traced the lines of George's lean muscles and caressed Dawn's impossible curves. They kissed and embraced and joined over and over, enjoying a closeness that neither had felt in their short time together. George cleaned her first, starting with her golden brown hair, which looked and smelled just as intoxicating wet. He lathered up his hands and slowly ran them over her lithe and curvaceous form, like he was a sculptor rubbing out the rough edges, as if she had any. Her smooth back, her pert breasts, her taut stomach, her luscious ass, her bountiful hips, long thighs and calves, in between her cute little toes, the folds of her sex, nothing was forgotten in his mission to worship his goddess made flesh. Dawn returned in kind, her lips led the way for her lathered hands as she kissed her way up his powerful legs, washboard abs, tight butt, broad chest, and his lips that trembled every time they kissed. Her soapy hands didn't forget his member, and expertly stroked him until she could no longer wait to have him inside her. George lifted her up even more easily than he had before, and took her against the slick marble wall. It was a long blissful build filled with Dawn's sweet words of encouragement, followed by her cries of joy and ecstasy. For George, all sense of self and time had ceased. His body hadn't grown tired, his mind wasn't elsewhere, and his soul was no longer pacing the sidelines in wistful envy. His only thoughts were of her, and of them. The only time he spoke was to wish for more streams of hot water to flow over them like a waterfall from all directions. The steamy cascade cleansed, soothed, and rejuvenated them, as they lost themselves in the pleasures of the other. While George had only dared to hope that Dawn would even be there that morning, he could never have imagined Sunday being any more spectacular than Saturday. But this day was already shaping up to be even better than the last. He had woken up to a stunning display of affection and flesh, she had given him the body he had always wanted, and then they had melted into each other through the hot steamy air. George was counting his blessings as often as he could. He wasn't going to mess this up, he swore. By the time they finished toweling each other off from their soaking wet romp, (which threatened to start another) and headed back to George's room to get ready for Dawn's first venture into the outside world, it was already noon. George stopped short at the doorway when he noticed just how ridiculously messy his room was. He entered by stepping over an old skateboard, a holdover from his days of trying to be

cool, and began picking up piles of clothes and shoving them in his closet while simultaneously trying to hold his towel shut. Dawn entered behind him and helped by picking up his various action figures and collectibles and stashing them artistically around the room. She was careful to hold her towel close to her while she worked, but her repeated bending over was giving George the most delightful show of her toned legs and towel wrapped cleavage. She didn't seem to be trying to turn him on, it was just how she was, unconsciously sexy. After it was clear that his closet was filled beyond what it was designed for, George was forced to reevaluate his plan of keeping everything out of sight. He needed a system, a seating chart for all his junk, something that would help him stay organized. But he didn't really feel like figuring all that out at the moment. Maybe this was a good time to use a wish. He had done it before, why not again? But why had the room returned to its hurricane like state after his wish? "Hey Dawn, how come my wish for the room to fit the mood better wasn't permanent?" "Because you wished it to fit the mood and that mood was not permanent. Once the mood changed, the room went back to its original state." "Okay then, I wish the room to change back to when it fit our mood perfectly." Tingle. She pouted, "Sorry George, that wish is not sexual enough." "Huh? Didn't you already grant that wish before?" "No George, forgive me, at the time there was a very romantically charged mood in the air. Your wish for it to fit the mood was to facilitate us having sex, and so was quite sexual enough for the wish to go forward. However, your current desires are not related to sex, only the sense that the room is dirty and you want it cleaned." "Okay, then how do I word the wish so that it is sexual enough?" "Sorry George, I cannot help you with the formation of your wishes, as much as I would like too," she said apologetically. George thought hard about how he could keep his room from looking like he was a shut-in. He had never cared up until he met Dawn, as there had never been a reason to. His mother was the only other person besides himself that ever dared venture into his room. But thanks to his new desire to take better care of himself and Dawn, he figured it was time to start living like normal human beings did, and not a rabid animal waiting for his cage to be cleaned. But he wasn't really sure how he wanted the room to look. Start small, he thought. "Okay, how about this Dawn, I wish my clothes to be clean and pressed, to make me look as good to other women as possible. And that they smell fresh, with just a hint of whatever turns on the woman who smells it." Tingle, flash. "Done," said Dawn happily. The clothes he had tried to pile up in his closet had been folded and arranged into small stacks. The room began to smell better immediately. "Hey, not bad," he nodded smugly. Maybe this wishing thing wasn't so hard after all. He turned his attention to the action figures scattered around his room that Dawn had begun to arrange so elegantly. "Could I wish for my collectibles to be arranged in a way that would give me an air of sophistication, rather than childishness?" Tingle, "Yes, but you would have to add some sex in there somewhere." "Well, don't women prefer sophistication over childishness?" "Some do, many do not. It depends on the woman." "Ah. Well, you're a woman, what do you prefer?" "Whatever you like." "Oh shit, right," remembered George, "what if I wanted them arranged in a way that would make the greatest percentage of woman more attracted to me?" Tingle, "That... could work." "Okay, let's try that." Flash. Almost all of his toys were gone, with only a handful scattered around his desk in an interesting battle. A few had been converted to bookends. His video games were lined along the

bottom of it, almost completely hidden from sight. All but the most rare of his comics had disappeared. Those that were left had been framed and hung tastefully around the room. George was a bit surprised, he had expected that everything would have a place somewhere in his room. "As it turns out, most women don't prefer to see dork doodads all over the place, huh?" Dawn shrugged, "Sorry George, if it were just me, I would let you place them wherever you pleased. I quite like them." She picked up a robotic looking figurine and made a gesture like she was shooting at him. "I know, you're one of the good ones." He looked around, expecting his things to be piled up in a corner somewhere, but they were nowhere in sight. "So where is the rest of my childhood?" "The rest of your collectibles are in your closet. The comics are wrapped in plastic with cardboard backings, and the action figures have been secured in bubble wrap inside a large plastic box." "Nice, how did you know to do all that?" "From you. I was unaware that people took such care of their toys." "Well, you wouldn't know it from the way I took care of them. But I'm only a casual collector, I'm not hardcore about it like some people." He turned his attention to the bed. "This should be easy," he thought. He clapped his hands together in resolve. He was starting to get into the spirit of wishing. "Okay, I wish the bed to be big, comfortable, and sexy lookin, so that it's worthy of facilitating sex with THE hottest babe, I've ever laid eyes on!" Tingle, flash. "And who might that be?" Dawn giggled as she caressed the closest post of the new bed. It was a four-post once again, made of dark wood, with exquisite carvings running along the posts and frame, not unlike the ivory carving on the tar from which Dawn had sprung two nights before. Covering the soft looking mattress was a set of beautiful white sheets, with patterns resembling smoke. There were far more pillows than George would ever use thrust up against the head of the bed, but he imagined Dawn would find a use for them. The bed reached all the way to the ceiling where the fan had been removed, and large diaphanous curtains swooped down along the sides to provide some semblance of privacy for the action that would surely be taking place soon. It dominated the majority of his room though, and while it did fit, moving around would require crawling over the bed to get to anything. "You like?" hinted Dawn, as she crawled onto the bed to give him a fantastic view of her body, her blue eyes sparkling up at him. "Almost. It's just a bit large." George ran his hand along his chin as he tried to figure out a way to keep the bed as it was, but there just wasn't enough space in his small bedroom. "Man, I wish the room was big enough to be a killer sex pad, but there just isn't enough space." Tingle, flash. The room suddenly became much larger, easily the size of his mother's master bedroom. The enormous bed fit snugly against one wall. George's mouth hit the floor as he surveyed the changes wrought by his unintentional wish. Along with his towel, which he had forgotten to hold closed. Dawn giggled again, "Man, I wish my Master was naked!" George realized his sudden nudity and took great effort to suppress the urge to cover up. Instead, he leaped onto the bed on top of Dawn and began tickling her everywhere. "N-No no, stop!" She squealed, though she made no attempt to stand in his way. George let up for just a moment to grab a pillow, and Dawn quickly scrambled to do the same. Soon they were across from each other on the bed, with pillows poised to strike. For some reason, George felt unwilling to strike her. Even with a pillow and for fun, hitting her didn't feel right. He dropped his pillow slowly like a gunslinger in surrender. Dawn eyed it closely, and once his hands were off of it, she smacked him good upside his head, then

tackled him in a barrage of pillow and towel and breasts. George could only laugh at the betrayal, and let Dawn have her way with him. She quickly lost interest in pummeling him however, and shifted her focus towards tickling him, and finally kissing him. She straddled him, pinned his wrists to the bed, and bounced triumphantly. "I win!" she beamed. George took the opportunity to ogle her unbelievable body, and the view of her cleavage created by her bent position over top of him. "Are you sure?" he mused. He pushed her forward with his knee, and craned up with his neck to reach the edge of her towel with his teeth. He yanked it down, prompting a squeal from Dawn, who let go of his wrists to cover herself. "Hey! No fair! You have fewer parts to worry about!" "Call it a draw?" She eyed him suspiciously, "For now. We will continue this later, buster." She rolled off of him and fixed her towel. George looked around the room some more. He noticed that with its new size, the room looked rather stark. "Hey Dawn, what else could we do to this place?" "Well, if it were my room, I would want to make it a bit more cozy. Maybe add some candles, a larger window with some nice curtains, and there a few other adjustments I would make here and there." "That sounds really nice actually. Would you say that having those things in here would get you more in the mood to do it?" "Nope, I already want to 'do it' all the time. Some smelly candles and more natural light are not going to get me anymore willing. " "Would it make other girls more willing?" "-Some." "I wish the room to fit your's, and those other girls you mentioned, general idea of a love-nest so that if I ever do bring one home, they'll feel that much more ready to make hot, passionate, sticky love with me." Tingle, and flash. The room transformed once more. It was still large enough to fit his new bed, but his bookcase, desk, dresser, and end tables were now made of the beautiful dark wood furniture to match. There was also a new large wooden trunk at the foot of his bed. He noticed that the knobby waist-high bookcase that had been hidden in his closet was now sitting underneath the window, which had nearly doubled in width and had been framed by long curtains to match those on the bed. George was impressed. "Now this, I could get used to," he said as he walked around the room without having to step over a pile of clothes, a feat that impressed him all on its own. "You like?" asked Dawn from her perch at the foot of the bed. "Hell yeah I do! You got good taste babe." He picked up his towel and wrapped it around himself once more. Looking around some more, he found a chromed pole extending from floor to ceiling near the center of the room. "What's this thing for?" Dawn didn't answer. Instead, she leaped from the bed and swung her body around the pole. She pulled off a few athletic and sexy moves before landing next to it. She rubbed her whole body up and down like it was a giant phallus and smiled seductively at George. "Okay, that answers that question." George turned towards his new room and frowned. "Is something wrong George? Is it not what you wished for?" "Well... yes. It's great Dawn, really. I was just thinking about how I am going to explain this to my mom." He looked down at his new body, "All of this." Dawn continued to playfully spin around the pole, like she was born on one, "If you prefer George, you do not have to explain anything." "What do you mean?" "When it comes to protecting our safety and our anonymity, my powers are no longer restrained. I can make it so that nobody will think it odd that you look different than before. Or if you prefer, I can make people believe you have always looked this way. As for your room, I can keep it looking this way when it is just you and me, but when anyone else comes in, it will look as it did before. Well, maybe not exactly

like it did before." "So not even my mom will notice the changes?" "Correct, unless you want her too." "What about the outside of the house? Won't she be a little curious to know why the second floor is suddenly larger than the first?" "The house will look no different from outside, even in its current state." "Nice!" She giggled, "In order for me to properly blend into my environment and avoid suspicion from your wishes, Genie servants are allowed to do almost anything. This was put into place long ago, to allow Masters to live their lives without fear of drawing unwelcome attention from those who would seek to disrupt our arrangement." George had been watching her dance on the pole in a half-daze, wondering how her towel was staying on despite her movements, but his attention snapped back to their conversation at the mention of reprisals. "Disrupt our arrangement? Who would want to do that?" he asked. "In my time there were all sorts of people who would murder entire nations to get their hands on a Genie servant. Not to mention, plenty of magical beings who would seek to use us for their own ends, or even attempt to steal me from you outright. If I am to be your ideal companion, then I must not attract attention from those who would do us, or the people you love, harm." "You mean, there are other magical beings out there, besides Genies?" Dawn pulled herself onto the pole and hung upside down for a second, "In my time, yes, but now I am not so sure. Magic of all kinds was a much more accepted notion than it is today. This could mean one of two things: either they have gone so far underground that their existence has faded into legend, or they have disappeared entirely." George's mind raced with the possibilities. Dragons, and demons, and witches?! Could they all really exist out there somewhere? "Can you, like, detect them somehow?" "No George, I am sorry," she said simply as she enveloped the pole between her towel encased globes. It had somehow morphed into strapless towel dress he had seen a woman wear on the beach once. "I could only do so if one of them intended you harm. At the moment we are quite safe. However, if I come across any, I would be able to detect that someone was hiding something magical, though I might not be able to determine how right away. If you like, I will keep you informed of anything odd, just in case." "Um... okay," he said dumbly. He wasn't sure what he would do if they encountered a magical being in any case. She continued to dance despite the more serious nature of the conversation. George was becoming increasingly distracted as he watch her long graceful legs twist around the pole. She had never mentioned she could dance too. He shook his head sharply in an effort to snap himself back into reality. "Hey, stop that! I'm trying to get us out the door!" he said in mock agitation. She stopped and giggled. "Aww, are you sure you do not want to take advantage of some of the opportunities your new room offers?" He approached her and kissed her gently on her full lips. "You have no idea how good that sounds to me. But I can't wish for food right?" Tingle. "Not unless it is for a sexual purpose, or for your protection." "Well, I can't figure out a way to use instant pudding for protection. As for the sexual... we'll get back to that," he grinned. George started going through his clothes looking for something, anything, that would fit him. None of his clothes had shrunk with him and he was becoming a bit worried that he would have to send Dawn out alone in order to get him a change of clothes. After throwing a few sets of now ridiculously over-sized board shorts on the floor, Dawn suggested that he go in the buff. But he laughed her off. "George, if I may, I noticed from the pictures that you are similar in size to your father. Perhaps there are still some of his clothes

around that would fit you." "Um... yeah... yeah, you're probably right. I'll go look." He marched off to his mother's closet. Sure enough, in the back and wrapped in plastic, was a row of his father's old clothes. As George looked through them he found himself bombarded by memories. They came flooding into his mind in a wash of bittersweet associations. He could remember the time his father wore that t-shirt during one of his ball games, or the night he wore that tie as he walked through the front door and kissed George's mother like his life depended on it. Eventually, he settled on a pair of black trousers made of some very thin material, and a white buttoned-up shirt. He could roll the sleeves up and leave it untucked. It would be passable in the heat until he could get some new clothes. Unfortunately, he would have to go without underwear, which wasn't something he was accustomed to doing. He looked at himself in a mirror and he realized that Dawn had been right. He did look amazingly like his father. His hair was slightly longer, and quite a bit more shaggy. He had inherited his mother's slightly narrower jawline and her large sensitive eyes. But the resemblance was still uncanny. The one thing George felt he was missing was the calm confidence his Father always exuded. It wasn't the overbearing cockiness that some men put out, merely the self-assurance of a man who knew who he was and had nothing to prove. That confidence was something George had always tried to emulate, but after his Father's death he retreated further and further into his own little world and lost whatever budding self-assurance he might have had. When he arrived back in his room, he was treated to the amazing sight of Dawn trying to decide what to wear. She switched magically between one ensemble to the next so quickly that George had trouble telling them apart. When Dawn noticed he was watching her she slowed down, and took the time to pose sexily for him so that he could give her the yay or nay. After flipping between what seemed like dozens of outfits, some of which were more like costumes or lingerie, they settled on a tight sky blue tank top with a lacy white one underneath, and pair of very small and clingy cargo shorts that hugged her amazing ass in a firm grip. Her hair fell in a thick single braid down to the middle of her back with a light blue bow at the end. Her cute belly-button was left exposed. She had to pout heavily to leave the bra behind, but George allowed it as long as there wasn't too much cleavage. The result left her breasts swaying and jiggling freely with every bouncy step, so much so that George wondered what was sexier, her cleavage, or the promise of what lay beneath. Before leaving, Dawn produced a purse to match her outfit and placed one of her books inside it. George didn't see which one, but was pleased that Dawn was already doing things on her own. He wasn't sure what she was capable of outside their magical bond but he was certain that he wanted her to have as much freedom as her nature would allow. Dawn stepped into the hot muggy midday sun and stopped to absorb the sensations. She drew in a deep breath through her nose and savored it like she was on a cooking show. George watched as she slipped her sandals off and leaped barefoot into the grass of the front lawn and spun around. He imagined what it must be like for her, to feel the breeze, the sun, and the grass for the first time. She was so excited at the wealth of new experiences that she could barely contain herself and they hadn't even left the yard yet. "How long have you wanted to do that babe?" he asked half laughing. She stopped her spinning and stumbled just a bit as she caught her balance, "Since yesterday morning. I debated going outside while you slept, but I wanted you to be here for it." "I'm

glad you waited," he said softly. Her child-like delight in the simplest things made him look at the world around him in a whole new light. "It's like you were born yesterday." "I feel like I've been born everyday," she said as she flashed him her dazzling smile. They climbed into George's car, an old four-door sedan with the bumper falling off, and headed out into the world. Dawn was a blur of activity as she examined the entire contents of the car, including everything in the glove compartment, the center console, underneath her seat, and whatever she could find in the back seat, before turning her attention to the various buildings they passed as well as the other cars. They passed a mini-mall with a large two-story shop on the end that looked awfully bizarre even to George, who had driven by it numerous times. Dawn asked, "George, what is that place?" "I'm not sure, I've never been in there. I guess they sell kinda obscure stuff, like antiques and old books and whatnot." She bounced in her seat, "Wow, can we go there sometime George?" George looked at her oddly. "Why would you want to go there?" She shrugged, "Why would you not? It is not far from your home. Why not explore?" George was struck by the simplicity of her argument. Why hadn't he visited the strange shop? "I guess there wasn't anything in there I really needed." "People rarely need such oddities, even in my time. I suppose I do not really need to go, but I have never seen such a place and I think it would be fun." Dawn looked at him imploringly, he looked back with a raised eyebrow. Finally, she folded her fingers together and pleaded cutely, "Pulleeeeeeeeeeeees..." "Okay, okay!" He said laughing at her comical expression. "On our way back we'll go look at some weird stuff." "Yay!" she squealed. She bounced up and down in her seat excitedly while her breasts jiggled underneath her shirts. George was mesmerized by the sight until he heard a car honk at him as he started drifting into another lane. He quickly righted the car. "S-sorry bout that," said George embarrassed. Dawn smirked and said, "George, were you staring at my boobs?" George blushed, "Maybe, a little." She leaned over to him and nuzzled his neck while she caressed his broad chest. "W-what are you doing, Dawn?" "Punishing you for staring when you should be touching," she whispered. She slid her hand down to his thigh while she licked his ear. George's cock sprang to attention and strained the thin material of his slacks. George struggled to keep both hands on the wheel and his concentration on the road, but her proximity to his throbbing hard on was pulling his attention south. Her mouth on his ear and neck was driving him wild. Once they were stopped at a busy intersection, George let himself enjoy her assault. Then, just as he thought she was about to reach for his member, she instead pointed to the car in front of them. "Hey George, check out that license plate." "Huh?" said George as he snapped back to reality. Directly in front of them was a jeep filled with several girls in bathing suits, obviously on their way to the beach. The plate read: U WISH. It took him a second to understand what it meant beyond its initial wording. Dawn's hands had moved away from his crotch and wrapped around his neck. She giggled and kissed his temple before moving back to her seat. George playfully pushed her. "You little punk," he said as he tickled her with one hand. She laughed and pleaded for relief, but she made no attempt at stopping him. "I am so getting back at you for that one." "Promises, promises," mused Dawn. "Did you actually change the license plate?" She playfully gasped, "How dare you assume that I would use my powers in such a frivolous manner. A coincidence, I assure you." "Yeah right," said George. "Okay, seriously, we need to find a way to explain you to my mom. Any ideas?" "Could we

not just say that I am your new girlfriend?" Dawn's attention seemed to have reverted back to the outside world as they drove on, but toned down her enthusiasm for a moment, sensing that George wanted to have a serious conversation. "We could. Actually, we will, but I was thinking more in terms of the fact that you have no home, no family, no friends, no job. I mean, if anyone asks how we met, how will we answer?" "Hmm, well I can come up with most of my background on my own, as part of my power to blend in with my environment. I can't create people though, so my explanation will have to include my lack of family and friends. As for a job, well, I don't have one of those..." "What about a driver's license and a birth certificate and all that?" "I can provide myself with those as well, however, I will need a surname in order to form a complete picture." "Hmm," thought George. "You can't come up with one of those on your own?" "No, sorry George, that responsibility lies with you." George thought hard as he ran through a number of names in his head. "We could always go with a normal sounding name like Smith or Anderson, or Johnsen. Like any of those?" Dawn looked less than thrilled about them. "I will like any name you pick for me George, as long as you like it." "No, no. It has to be something we both like. It's not everyday you get to pick your own name you know. Are there any names that you like?" "Well, I haven't heard that many yet. I did like the name you gave me in the fantasy yesterday." "What, Honeywell?" he laughed. "Babe, you aren't a Bond girl. Well, not yet anyway." Tingle. "Oh my," she giggled. "Well, at least it is not Pussy Galore. But you are right, we should find something less... suggestive." George tried hard to think of a name that would be interesting but not contrived, but nothing grabbed him as perfect. He conceded defeat as he pulled into the parking lot of the supermarket. He would have to think of one soon though. His mother was coming home on Monday. "George, I like your name. Could I not be Dawn Everhart?" she smiled widely. "We'd have to get married first, and you would have to put up with people calling you smellyfart," laughed George "Okay," she shrugged, and climbed out of the car. George lingered for a moment as the meaning of what she had said sunk in. Marriage? Under normal circumstances he would have thought she was trying to make fun of him. But when it came to Dawn, he had a feeling she was completely serious. He got out of the car slowly. Dawn met him at his door, and as the two strode towards the entrance she reached for his hand. George took it without hesitation. Though it was small, its gentle pressure made him feel confident and strong. He walked very tall. The cool rush of the air conditioning hit George pleasantly as he passed through the supermarket's sliding doors. He entered first, pushing the cart, with Dawn close behind. She was so enthralled by the mechanized doors however, that she just had to go back through them again. On her sixth go, the doors remained shut, and Dawn almost smacked into them. After asking nicely they opened again, and she joined George. She cast a wary glance back at the doors. George enjoyed the show immensely, as did several passersby. Dawn blushed in mild embarrassment. Being a Sunday, the supermarket was packed with people hunting for the week's groceries. The two found it difficult to maneuver through the traffic of frantic mothers with bored children, the half dressed teenage girls, and the agonizingly slow old ladies who used their carts as walkers. It was rare that he found a semi-private moment to chat with Dawn about their situation. This was exacerbated by the fact that people seemed to be paying more attention to them than normal. He rationalized it as Dawn's beauty getting the better of

them. For her part, Dawn's childlike exuberance was in full force. As they entered the fruits and veggies section she stopped to examine every piece of produce in the bins: picking them up and squeezing them, enjoying the different textures and shapes. She loved the earthy smells mixed with the cool air of the store. She was as vibrant as the cornucopia of colors on display. George found himself bewitched as she twirled around the cases of food, her bright smile and obvious joy ensured that George would never consider a trip through the produce aisle a chore ever again. There were other men enchanted with her as well. He suddenly felt inadequate as several of them tried to move casually in her direction, resembling nothing other than sharks circling a particularly tasty bit of prey. But when they started to move in, Dawn would cuddle up to George and touch him affectionately as she showed him her latest discovery. Even George could see what she was doing. She was making it known that she belonged to him. George responded by resting his hands on her hips and stomach. He even dared to sneak a kiss in full view of several onlookers. She dropped the potato she had been admiring and kissed him back. When it was over, George couldn't help but notice the men around them looking deflated and more than a bit disappointed. With the gaggle of testosterone finally giving up, he felt like it was safe to talk to Dawn about more pressing topics. "So, how did we meet?" asked George. Dawn had gone back to her gleeful examinations of all the food, she was now on to peppers. "Well, you said you found my vessel at your work. I suppose that was when I first came into contact with you. Could we have met there?" "Hmm, that's not bad. Only thing is, I work at a college's pool facility. The only way we could meet there is if you were a student or a faculty member." "And that still leaves us with how I got there in the first place. Hmm..." thought Dawn. "Maybe we could start from the beginning and work our way to the present. That would help my life develop more organically." "Sounds pretty smart to me." Dawn blushed, "Thank you George. And thank you for liking smart girls, that wasn't something most men would have encouraged in my time." "Believe me, it isn't something a lot of men care about in this time either." The cart was quickly filling up with the bullet points of George's grocery list. With enough people out of earshot, George continued. "So where would you like to be born? I would think somewhere in the U.S. would be the easiest." "I was thinking that too," said Dawn as she sneaked a grape off of a bushel and quickly popped it in her mouth, her eyes closing in rapture as she bit into the sweet fruit. "Somewhere far from here would be best." "Doesn't get much farther than the southwest. How about..." George went through all the states he could remember. Then he hit upon a city that seemed so perfect, he couldn't help but chuckle to himself. "I've got it babe, Phoenix, Arizona." She lit up, "This is fun! Hey, I've got a whole theme going now, huh? George, am I your symbol of rebirth?" George grinned. "So we have a place, now what?" "We'll need a reason why I have no family. The easiest to explain would be that I was abandoned and raised in an orphanage." "That should work. Though a little sad. But then why are you here, and not still in Arizona?" The two quieted as an old woman passed by them. When she was far enough away, Dawn answered. "In keeping with our theme of making things easy, perhaps I was bored with the desert and wanted a change of scenery." "That's good. How about that, and you are trying to find a good college program to get into." "Hey! I like that! Could I have had really good grades in high school?" she bounced up and down some more, which drew some more attention from the various

looky-loos. Even though George was trying to stay inconspicuous, he couldn't help but be swept up in her excitement. He smiled brightly, "Hell, make it a perfect G.P.A. That will make it easier for us to find you a good school. Hey! Why not make that the reason you were at my work; you were checking out the school and felt like using the pool." She clapped her hands together excitedly, "And you being the great guy that you are, let me have a quick dip!" She playfully flung herself at George in an enchanted pose and batted her eyes at him. "And the rest is history," she said in a dreamy voice. George hugged her and kissed the top of her head, "Sounds good to me. What else are we missing?" "That's all the important details I can think of for now. I can create the rest on my own. Unless you have anymore suggestions?" "No, I think that covers the most important parts. We can always flesh it out later if we need to. Let me know if you need any more help." "Thank you, George," she sang happily. With all the fruits and vegetables crossed off his list, George pushed the cart over to the deli section and grabbed a number. There was a considerable line, so the two had time to talk. "So George, I know much about you thanks to, umm..." she looked around to make sure nobody was listening and then continued in a quiet voice, "thanks to what I know about me. But I would like to know more." "Like what?" "Just some background details. Like, where are you from? When were you born? What were you like as a child? What is your family like? Things like that." "Okay, those are fair questions. Typically those are the kind of things that are found out on the first date." George stood up straight in a sudden realization, "Hey, are we having our first date?" Dawn giggled. "Do you have sex with all your girlfriends before the first date?" A woman in front of them turned to be in a better listening position. George was slightly embarrassed and answered in a conspiratorial whisper, "Only the really hot ones." Dawn hid her laughter behind her delicate hand and whispered back, "How about after?" "How about during?" Dawn smiled wickedly at him, "If Master wishes it." She pressed herself against him and reached down to caress his cock through his trousers. He had been nursing a semi-hard on since her teasing in the car. Now, her touch drew him to his full length easily and it strained the flimsy material. "Hey, hey, hey!" he whispered. "I'm not wearing any underwear here. You are going to get me in trouble." She looked up at him with a wounded puppy dog expression, "You mean, Master does not desire his lover's attentions?" "I-I do, but, not here," he stammered. Dawn immediately took her hands away from Georges turgid shaft. The bulge in his pants was almost comical. "Very well George. But please do not keep me waiting too long. It has been exactly 1 hour, 47 minutes, and 4 seconds since you last made me realize how lucky I am to be your Genie." George's erection ached for attention. It was unlike any need he had ever encountered. He realized that since her emergence his libido had been indulged to the utmost, and he was already becoming addicted to her touch. The fact that she was still pressed against him and gazing at him hungrily was not helping. "You're not going to make this easy for me, are you?" She reached around and pinched his behind. George jumped in response. "Not even a little bit," said Dawn with a gleam in her eye. Finally, it was their turn to order. The man behind the counter took one look at Dawn and offered free samples of all the items George ordered. She accepted them gracefully and moaned appreciatively as she tasted the cuts of meat he offered. Though George only ordered a pound of each item, the packages felt a bit heavier than that. They continued down the aisles of the store. Again, they found it

difficult to talk openly without being overheard. Dawn engaged every person they passed, either by making a quick joke or sexy taunt. George couldn't help but feel a bit proud at the reactions Dawn was getting from others. Though Dawn seemed to be a shameless flirt and loved to ham it up for the crowd, she never looked at anyone the way she looked at George. Her flirtations, while somewhat over the top, were always directed in a way to excite him. The fact that others found her attractive didn't make him feel jealous at all. It only seemed to make him want her more. Eventually, George gave up trying to be discreet. They talked freely as they moseyed down the cereal aisle. "I was born on February 14th. I'm nineteen years old. My mom's name is Jessica, my dad's name was Henry. I have two half-sisters, Hayley is 11 and Corina is 5. I was born here, and up until yesterday, was certain that I would die here." "Why is that?" Dawn frowned. "It's the nature of the place. It's comfortable. It's close to a few major cities that let you get your fill of the busy life, but it's far enough away from them that you can just not worry about it if you don't want too. Not too much crime, it's got a beach, it's temperate, it's just... easy." "But now you do not think you will end up here?" "Nah, it's a cool place, but I've always wanted to get out there and see something different. Ya know, see the world. I just never felt motivated enough to actually do it. Having you with me has kind of changed my whole outlook on things." Dawn brightened, "You mean it? I have really done all that for you?" George nodded. She blushed, but couldn't hold back her glorious smile. "That is nicest thing you could have said to me." She walked with George silently for a few moments, her interest in the rest of the store suspended while she savored her thoughts. Finally, she floated back to reality and added, "So, where should we go?" "I haven't thought that far ahead yet. But I guess it really doesn't matter. As long as I'm with you, I think it would be the most fun I've ever had. Just going to the supermarket with you today is more fun than I have ever had in my entire life." Dawn placed her delicate hand on George's much larger one as they walked, and gazed up at him with her adoring eyes. "I am having fun with you too," she said. George felt like someone was tap-dancing in the pit of his stomach. While he no longer doubted that she loved him, it still made his head spin to hear her express her affection towards him so freely. He gazed back into her vibrant loving eyes, savoring the moment as he guided the cart. However, neither was watching where they were going. George steered the cart directly into a display of fruit snacks and toppled the whole thing over. George cringed as he listened to the thud of the display as it hit the floor. Dawn broke down into hysterics, and George joined her, even though he felt incredibly dumb. He thought to himself, as the two did their best to clean-up and repair the display, that if this had happened a few days ago he would have been mortified. Now he just giggled along with Dawn as they tried to clean up the mess. After grabbing a box of Chocolate Frosted Sugar Bombs for his sisters and box of Complete for his mom, George let Dawn pick a box of cereal for her own. Actually, Dawn just threw in a box of Genie Crispies with new magic lamp marshmallows. He knew they would be gross, but he wasn't about to stop her. George went through his list to find out what he needed next, when he realized he had forgotten to grab some bananas. "I will go get them George," offered Dawn enthusiastically. Without waiting for his answer, Dawn skipped down the aisle back towards the fruits. When she rounded the corner and disappeared George couldn't help but feel a sense of loss. He stood in the middle of the aisle feeling uncomfortable without Dawn's cheerful

banter to fill in the empty spaces. He was passing the time by examining other brands of cereal when he heard his name being called from the end of the aisle. "Is that you George?" George turned around, a box of Fruity-Os in his hand, and sank at what he saw. Tammy Breckers was pushing her cart towards him. She had been one of his worst tormentors in high school. Not that she played overt pranks on him like her boyfriend Brad was known for, but George always noticed a perverse pleasure in her face whenever she had the chance to add insult to injury. He waved hello, unable to speak. "Wow George, you look so... different! Have you been working out or something?" She grabbed for his bicep and George instinctively flexed as he made to move his arm out her reach. "Um, yeah, I guess..." "I thought so! I remember you being so... heavy back in high school. Who would have thought you'd become such a hunk!" She was eying him like he was a centerfold in a magazine. They stood in silence for a few uncomfortable seconds before Tammy finally asked, "So, George, how have you been?" George was a bit bewildered. She had never even given him the time of day, let alone showed any concern over how he was doing. "Um, fine, I guess. How have you been?" It was an odd question, and he felt stupid for asking it. He had never known how she was before, and though she was a beautiful girl, he didn't really care either. Tammy's eyes went wide and she began excitedly, "Oh I've been great! Me and Brad got married! You probably knew that, practically everyone in town was there." George had no idea the two had married. It wasn't exactly surprising as they had been together since they were old enough to date, but George traveled in no one's circle, and gossip like that rarely reached his ears. "And just a few months ago, we had little Brandon!" "W-wow. That... that's great!" George was surprised by this. Tammy didn't look like she had a child at all. Her body still looked toned and wonderful in her tight bicycle shorts and sports bra. When he looked a bit closer though, he noticed that her breasts looked slightly heavier and her eyes looked a bit sleep deprived. "Isn't it though! He's so handsome, just like his daddy. He and Brad are here today, they are off grabbing a box of strawberries..." she continued on about the great job Brad had landed managing part of his father's construction company and how happy and wonderful everything was at home. But she was looking at George hungrily. George was missing Dawn even more. Finally, the conversation steered towards George. "So, how are things for you? I heard you dropped out of community college. Ya know, you could probably get a job working for Brad. He needs a few guys for his crew and I don't think he is being very picky right now. He even hired some guy from Nicaragua or Paraguay or... oh fuck it, they are all Mexicans to me. Anyway, he doesn't even speak English so you could probably get a job. You are so big after all, Brad needs big strong men." The look in her eye seemed to finish her sentence with, "And so do I," but she kept quiet on that front. "So are you still living at home?" "Um, well, yeah. I mean, for now..." he looked behind him, hoping desperately that Dawn would be bounding back in his direction. "That's nice. My daddy got us a nice house close to the bay. It isn't the ocean, but what are you gonna do right? Anyway, Brad is rarely home, so I've been making it really nice. I've got some hardwood floors coming in next week..." George nodded politely as she rambled on and on about the importance of matching towels in all the bathrooms, or how the proper shade of paint will increase a baby's brainpower. "Wow George, isn't it crazy running into each other like this? I had heard you were a bit of a hermit. So, you got a girlfriend?" "Yeah, well, you see, I met this girl at

work. She's the most incredible woman I've ever met." "Uh huh..." she wasn't listening. Her eyes never even tried to look at his face. Instead, they seemed locked on his cock, still hard from Dawn's constant flirtations. Tammy moved closer to him and rubbed her hands over George's broad chest. "Do you think she will mind if I borrow you for a while?" Her touch was so different from Dawn's: very rough and appraising, like he was a piece of livestock she was thinking of buying. He recoiled slightly at her unwelcome advance. "Oh, don't be like that Georgie. We're both adults here," she moved her hands swiftly to his cock and rubbed it hard a couple of times before George pushed her away. The lust in her eyes only seemed to intensify. "Um, look, Tammy, I'm flattered really, but what about Brad? I don't think..." "Oh please, Brad is never home and I need some relief. I bet you could give me one hell of a workout. C'mon, I can see how hard you are. I know the effect I have on you." She renewed her vigorous advances. She took George's hand and placed it roughly on her breast. George did think she was very attractive. Her long blond hair and body built for cheer leading, among other things, had been the subject of many early fantasies. When he first saw her many years prior on their first day of high school he developed a crush on her that lasted until the end of junior year, when he realized what type of person she was. Her personality was a complete turn-off, but that didn't prevent him from having quite a few late night fantasies about her phenomenal body. Then he remembered Dawn and instantly felt ashamed for what they were doing. He looked around nervously, thinking that either Dawn or someone else would see them, and Tammy would have to let up. But the aisle was strangely deserted and the people who passed by ignored it like it wasn't even there. Tammy reached for his cock again, "C'mon Georgie, gimme that big dick. Fuck me like Brad never has." She pulled his head down and kissed him forcefully. George had a momentary lapse in control when he actually considered fucking her in the middle of the supermarket. But as Tammy's lips fought with his for dominance George remembered Dawn and longed for her purity and the giving nature of her kiss. He regained his composure just in time and pushed Tammy away, angry. "Stop Tammy, that's enough," whispered George, firmly. Then, from behind Tammy trotted Dawn with a bunch of bananas. She hugged George and placed them gingerly in the cart. "Sorry I took so long George," said Dawn, "Some pudgy guy with a baby was hitting on me. Oh, hello there." "Dawn, this is Tammy Breckers, we went to high school together. Tammy, this is my girlfriend Dawn." Tammy's face was classic and George secretly wished he had a camera. Her expression quickly went from annoyance at having been interrupted, to loathing when she realized how gorgeous Dawn was, and finally to something vaguely resembling politeness as Dawn offered her hand. She took it quickly, if only because she would have looked foolish if she hesitated. "Oh wow! So nice to me you!" beamed Dawn. "Um, you too," said Tammy shortly. She looked Dawn up and down. Try as she might, she couldn't wipe the jealous look from her face. "You know, if you are looking for a place to get some nicer clothes, I can suggest a few good places. They might be a bit expensive for you though." "Could you!" bounced Dawn, "I just moved to town and I didn't bring much with me in the way of clothes. Although, that pleases George just fine. Doesn't it hotstuff?" She nudged his ribs playfully and gave him a knowing smile. Either she wasn't catching on to Tammy's cattiness, or she didn't care. Either way, George was enjoying the scene immensely. "I should be going, Brad will be looking for me. See you later George."

Without waiting for a reply, she turned her cart around and rushed out of sight. "Bye Tammy!" called Dawn. Suddenly, Dawn turned and hugged George so fiercely he thought that he had been tackled by a cute brown-haired linebacker. He hugged her back, even though there were a few people walking down the aisle again. "Aww babe, what was that for?" "For being the strangest and most lovable Master I could ever have dreamed of." "I don't get it." "I was monitoring you, as part of my protection powers, when I saw Tammy approach you. She was attracted to you physically, though she was so pent up she would have had sex with you while her husband watched. You were just the outlet she was looking for. So I went ahead and gave her a bit more courage and made it so you two would not be disturbed." "That was you doing that? I thought it was a little odd. So, you aren't mad at me for kissing her?" "Of course not! I am your Genie, part my purpose is to fulfill your every fantasy, and I recognized her from some of your kinkiest. But then you turned her down. You turned down a girl who you have been lusting after for years. Why?" "She isn't you, that's why," said George laughing, he wasn't quite sure if she was serious or not. "Having sex with her would have probably been fun, but you are so much more of a beautiful person than she is. I honestly would have regretted it after it was over. And I didn't feel like I had to go through that, because I have you. Does that make sense?" She hugged him again, "No, but I appreciate it anyway." They walked on, checking off the items on their list as they went, when they caught sight of Tammy and Brad in a checkout line. Brad looked like he had gained quite a few pounds; he seemed surly and miserable. "I wonder what the deal is with those two. They always seemed so happy in high school." "Back then," started Dawn, "they were enthralled with each other for no other reason than they were the two most popular and beautiful people in school. If they had been with anybody else, it would have been a step down in their eyes and their pride would not have allowed that. But I doubt either of them were really happy with that arrangement." "Huh, I guess so. Hey, wait a minute," George said in sudden realization, "how do you know all that? You weren't there, you never even met her until today." "When it comes to sex, George, there are very few things I do not know. As soon as it was apparent that she was attracted to you, I was able to know everything I needed to know about her, sexually. I know what she has done, who she has done it with, what she wishes she could do, and what she will never do. I can detect sexually transmitted diseases, not that they matter for you, and with a wish, you could change most of that as long as it was sufficiently sexual." "Oh, so I could wish her personality was not so revolting, so that I could enjoy having sex with her?" "Sure you could, though people who know her might notice the change, so I might have to modify other's memories of her to fit with her new less prickly demeanor. Or we could just make the change pertain to you, so that she would only be different when it came to you. Shall I make it so?" "Whoa, whoa, whoa," said George, "lets not get ahead of ourselves here. I was just wondering." She shrugged, "Very well." George watched Tammy and Brad for a few moments from behind a display. Neither seemed to be talking to one another. He noticed that Tammy would look at Brad hopefully from time to time, but Brad seemed disinterested. "Sheesh, they look pitiful." "It is a little sad, isn't it." "But if they didn't really like each other anymore, why did they get married? I mean, they aren't in high school anymore. Would anyone really care?" "She became pregnant towards the end of the school year and he married her out of obligation more

than anything else. She was hoping that the birth of their son might make Brad a bit more affectionate towards her again, but he resents her for, as he sees it, ruining his future." "That's terrible." "Agreed." They continued on through the frozen food section. Dawn took particular interest in the desserts and pleaded desperately, albeit cutely, to try them all. His mother wasn't big on stocking sweets in the house, so there was no desserts on the list, but George allowed Dawn to pick out some ice cream anyway. She opened up the quart of cookie dough ice cream she chose and dipped her finger in for a morsel. She licked her finger in a way that was entirely obscene. George loved every second of it. He made a mental note to wish her some desserts later, though he had a feeling they would be too busy to eat many of them. As amazing as the show was, among all her other flirtations, George couldn't stop thinking about Tammy and Brad, and how miserable they seemed. "Hey Dawn, do you think Tammy and Brad love each other?" Dawn stopped playing with the glass freezer door and the noises it made when it opened and closed, "I think, deep down, they do. Tammy doesn't really believe there is any other man for her. And Brad, despite his resentment, does love his son and wants to be in love with Tammy. But at the moment the two are so estranged that I do not believe the marriage will last much longer. They began too young I think." George thought hard. On one hand, he hated Brad for being such a jerk to him in high school, and Tammy for goading him on. He felt a certain justification for the way their lives were turning out. But, on the other, George had Dawn, and his life was looking up. He didn't really feel committed to continuing what amounted to a childhood grudge. "Do you think, we could help them out, with a wish I mean?" "Maybe, it would have to be a sexual wish of course, but I won't be able to accurately predict the results since I only know the details of their love life, not their everyday lives." "Are they even having sex anymore, Tammy seemed like she was a bit love starved." "No, Brad lost his attraction to her physically once she started showing, and he has been afraid of getting her pregnant again. She has been working out like crazy to be attractive to him, but Brad has let himself go a bit, so she is beginning to wonder what the point is. And the shallow nature of their relationship makes it difficult for them to talk about anything serious, so working through these issues would be next to impossible. They cheat on each other regularly though, and both know it." George thought hard for a sufficiently sexual wish that would help their relationship. He was having a great deal of difficulty until he thought about his relationship to Dawn. She was so happy to be his fantasy, maybe if the two of them could become each other's fantasies, then their bond would grow. "How about this Dawn, could I wish that Tammy and Brad become each other's fantasy lover? Maybe compel them to fulfill each other's sexual needs. That each will become physically attracted to the other again, and take steps to stay that way? And can you make sure that they won't become pregnant unless they both really want to? And they will both realize that?" Tingle. "Yes, so far that all sounds possible." "Good. Do think that will help them at all?" She scrunched up her face in thought, "I cannot be completely sure, but at the very least, it should draw them closer together. Having a wonderful sex life can make the rest of the relationship easier to fix. But George, I am surprised. You say you find Tammy to be revolting, why would you want to help them?" "With great power comes great responsibility." "Huh?" "Oh never mind. It's from a comic book. Anyway, the point is, if I have the power to help somebody, I should. If I didn't, then I wouldn't deserve to have the power in the first

place.” “I understand, but I hardly think it is your responsibility to fix problems that you did not cause. I mean, where does it end? Are you going to fix everybody's broken relationship, just because you can?” “Well... I hadn't really thought about that.” “Do not misunderstand me, I think you are very noble for wanting to help them, even though they hardly deserve it. But I would not be doing my job in protecting you if I did not warn you of the dangers of meddling in other's affairs.” “Could you keep an eye on them, maybe? Make sure that I won't mess them up too badly?” She nodded. “Will that be difficult? I mean, is that going to wear you out or anything?” She gasped in offense. “Wear me out? Of course not! As long as your wishes fall within the parameters I am set, they will be as nothing at all to me.” She shook her head and mumbled, “Wear me out. Honestly.” He laughed and pulled her in close. Her wounded expression left quickly as George embraced her. “Okay then, do it.” Tingle, flash. “It is done, I will let you know what happens.” “Thanks babe.” He held her close, content to run his hands down the length of her braided hair. “George?” “Yeah Dawn?” “You are really quite sweet, you know?” “Don't tell anyone, I have a reputation to maintain.” She giggled, and kissed him. When George finally checked off the last item of his grocery list, the two made their way to the check out line to pay. After filling the conveyor belt with his haul, the woman dragging them across the scanner and the bag boy did all the work, leaving George standing there waiting to know the damage. He looked around and noticed a cute Asian girl bagging groceries a few registers down the line checking him out. They locked eyes for a moment and she quickly looked away, though she looked back a few moments later and gave him a coy smile. George smiled back. Dawn leaned in so that she was less than an inch from his ear and whispered so that only he could hear, “Like her?” Feeling like he had been caught, he laughed nervously. “Sorry, I was just looking.” “I do not mind if you look at George,” she whispered, “If you desire her, it would be my pleasure to arrange a meeting. I can tell you that she thinks you are very nice looking, and wishes to meet a guy just like you.” Keeping his voice low, he whispered back, “Really? She looks way too cute to be interested in a guy like me.” “You mean a handsome, intelligent, nice young man, whose pants are curiously tight in all the right places?” George had already forgotten that his body was now very different. Thinking back, many of the women they had passed had been giving him strange looks, but he had attributed them to Dawn's attractiveness, not his own. He admired the cute bag girl some more. She had long, raven black hair, and a pretty, exotic looking face. Her uniform wasn't very flattering, but he could tell she was beautiful. Though, much more petite than he usually preferred, and not anywhere near as curvaceous and sexy as Dawn. But that wasn't really saying much as no one he had ever seen in his life, even in show business, could come anywhere close to Dawn. “She looks a little young though. What is she, 16?” asked George. “14 actually. She is very new to her sexuality, but she fantasizes quite a bit. She is nervous about her body, but she is mentally ready for sex, if she could only gather up the courage to go through with it.” “Does she have a boyfriend?” “She did, but he turned out to be a jerk. Luckily, she realized it in time before they got farther than some heavy petting.” “Well, I think she might be a little young for me, but a little fantasy couldn't hurt. Let's give her a nice vivid dream involving her most potent fantasy tonight. Let her remember all the details and feel every sensation.” Tingle, “Done. But George, do you not wish to take her? To hear her cries of bliss as she cums with your wonderful cock

inside her, over and over again?" She reached down and traced the shape of his cock through his pants while she spoke. George looked around nervously. They were in clear view of several people, but none of them seemed to notice. A wet spot was forming at the point where the tip strained against the fabric. "M-Maybe...but the law here is 18. Younger than that and it's considered rape." "The law may say 18, but for you there is no law, as far as sex is concerned anyway. And she wants you. Look at her." George looked over at the girl, who could clearly see what Dawn was doing to him. She was trying to bag the merchandise for her customers, but was distracted by the show. Her eyes were glued to Dawn's hand on his shaft. "She wishes she was me right now. All you have to do is wish it, and the girl will be yours. Please George, I want to watch you take her. I want to hear her scream as you fill her virgin cunt with your cum." George was so aroused that he was having trouble thinking, but he didn't like where his thoughts were going. Yes, he desired the girl, but she was just a girl, and even though the age difference was not much in the grand scheme of things, she could still easily be one of the students in his swimming classes. It felt wrong somehow, that he would be having those thoughts about someone so young. Dawn's encouragements stopped being sexy. "Stop!" said George quite audibly. Several people close to them glanced their way, but Dawn's hands were back at her sides immediately, and before anyone could see. "That's 238 dollars and 48 cents," said the woman behind the register. George fumbled awkwardly with his money, but managed to count out the appropriate amount and waited for his change. He glanced over at Dawn, who had the look of a child who knew they were about to be yelled at. They left the store, passing the cute Asian girl as they went. Dawn walked a step behind George with her head down. He was unsure of what to do or say. He wasn't angry at Dawn so much as himself. He had actually considered wishing to have sex with a child. But that was just the beginning. Her powers would allow him the freedom to fuck anybody without consequence. He could wish to rape any random person that walked by, and not only would Dawn be OK with it, she would encourage him to do it. He could easily become some sort of monster that nobody could stop, like a villain in one of his video games. For the first time since he opened her vessel, George was actually frightened of her powers. What if someone else had opened the vessel? Someone who didn't care who they hurt in the process of satisfying their cravings. He and Dawn loaded the trunk with their grocery bags in silence. He pushed it closed and leaned against it, trying to come to grips with his thoughts. He turned and sat on the bumper and rubbed his forehead, Dawn sat next to him, but was careful to give him some space. "I...I am sorry George," she said quietly. The sincerity in her voice was unmistakable. The only other time he had heard her that serious was the first time she told him she loved him. "I know, Dawn. But it isn't really your fault." Dawn kept quiet, and waited for George to explain himself. She averted her eyes, her hands clenched together in her lap. "It's my fault. The only reason you did what you did was because you thought that was what I wanted. And I haven't given you any reason to think otherwise." "So...you did not desire her?" "No, I did desire her. That's the problem. She was really cute, beautiful even. And I was this close to actually going through with it. Before I met you...before I had the power to act on those impulses, I wouldn't have even thought about it. But I let the potential of your abilities go to my head." He rubbed his eyes, ashamed of himself, "She's just a child, what was I doing?" "I should have foreseen this," she said,

her voice cracking. "How could you have?" "As your Genie servant, I am supposed to completely understand your sexual wants and needs perfectly. I should have known that the thought of sex with one so young would have thrown you into turmoil. I have caused you anguish," she began to cry. It was the first time he had ever heard her cry out of sadness. "I am so sorry George. I have failed you." That wasn't what George wanted to hear, not at all. Her trembling voice cut deep into his heart. "No, Dawn no. Please don't cry, it's nobody's fault but mine. I have to have more control over myself, that's all. I just came so close to doing something terrible. The possibility was never that realistic before. It was frightening." "This must be one of those things, aspects of your sexuality, that I had to guess about. It is the only explanation for my lack of foresight. When I saw you looking at her, I did not even think to take her age into account. I figured that would be a minor hurdle. In my time..." George couldn't help but laugh. It began as a low chuckle, but it built into full on hysterics. Dawn managed a nervous smile. "What is so funny George?" "So the jail bait is now a 'minor hurdle'. No pun intended, right?" Dawn searched her words and then laughed through her tears. "That is not quite what I meant," she said while she wiped her eyes. "Come here." She obeyed, and scooted over next to him. "I know that there are going to be some obstacles, but I can say, without a doubt, that you are worth it. We'll figure each other out. Let's just...take it a little slower." She hugged him tightly, "You know, most Masters, when their servants displease them like I have done, would have them punished." "Yeah, well, you aren't my servant. You are my girlfriend, my lover, my best friend. I don't have a whole lot of experience with that sort of thing, but I know that they learn, and forgive. So...do you forgive me?" "Yes, George. Do you forgive me?" He nodded. She held his hand, and sighed heavily in relief. Then, she giggled. "Does this mean I get to punish you now?" "I think we both deserve, at the least, a stern talking to. I'll make a deal with you." "What?" "You find a fun way to punish me, and I'll punish you back." "Is that a wish?" He hesitated, but then remembered that it would have to be a sexual wish, so he wasn't too worried. "Sure, why not." Tingle. She hugged him even tighter and he felt better instantly. With their "minor hurdle" effectively hurdled, he felt like they had become a little closer. "Come on. We need to put the food away before it spoils in this heat. After that we'll go get some lunch and go to that crazy store." "Yes George. Do you think we will have time for that punishment before we go out again?" Suddenly, George stomach rumbled loudly. They both looked at each other and laughed. "Aww, is there another hotstuff in there trying to tell me something?" "Yeah, it was something like, FEED ME YOU ASSHOLE!" joked George as he gripped his stomach. Dawn collapsed on top of George in laughter. At which point, George couldn't help my tickle her mercilessly. Their closeness spurred a passionate kiss. For George, it was sweet relief. George and Dawn made their way back to the house. They were in high spirits having averted a minor crisis, although the talk was less flirtatious. George was a bit sexed out at the moment and Dawn had plenty of things to say without trying to turn him on. They laughed together as they relived her first adventure into the real world and all the people she had a chance to interact with. George took note of the fact that, although she was teasing them a little, she had friendly feelings for all of them. All except Tammy, and thanked George again for turning her down. "So, if you didn't want me to have sex with Tammy, why did you go to all that trouble of trying to make it happen?" "Because I am your Genie,

fulfilling your fantasies is my primary purpose.” “You Genies are nutty. You know that right?” She laughed, “What do you mean?” “We've already established that, on top of your role as my Genie, that there is a part of you with human-like tendencies. Right?” “Right, by virtue of your desire for me to be more free-willed.” “OK, well then why do you want me to hook up with other girls? That isn't something that women normally encourage.” “That has more to do with me being a Genie than anything. Most Genie servants were gifted to powerful men with harems. My job as a Genie servant in a situation like that would be to run the harem and keep the other girls aroused enough that they will be ready for the Master's bed.” “Really?” asked George with a raised eyebrow. “And how would you keep them aroused?” She smirked devilishly, “Let's just say that, if you had been a woman, nothing would be different between us.” “No way! You are just teasing me now,” said George. “I am serious George. All sexual Genie servants, such as myself, are created with an open mind towards both sexes. Unless of course this goes against the Master's wishes, but from my understanding of your desires, you wouldn't mind watching me with another girl. And as monogamous as you protest you are, it is only natural for a man to want to have sex with as many women as possible. While most women resent this, due to the evolutionary advantages to having a partner who takes care of them, I could not hold you back from your desires, especially if they were made into a wish. But it would make no sense for me to deny you, because I would want to be with all those women as well, thanks to my bisexual nature.” “OK, that all makes sense. But that still doesn't explain why you preferred that I didn't have sex with Tammy.” “Oh, I just did not relish the thought of running a harem with her in it. She is a total bitch! Oh, sorry George, please pardon my language.” They arrived at the house and put away all the perishable foods. The milk was already dripping with condensation in the muggy heat. They set up a system where Dawn would hand George a food item and he would show her where it belonged in the kitchen. George took the bunch of Bananas that Dawn had retrieved during his chat with Tammy and began to think more on the idea of a harem. The notion was intriguing to him, to say the least. “So, are we creating a harem now?” She smiled devilishly again, “If Master wishes it.” “You could get away with murder using that line,” mused George. “So, say I meet a pretty girl who is also smart and funny and really digs me?” “You mean like Lindsey?” she interjected. “Um, OK. For arguments sake, sure, how would we go about it?” “A wish would suffice. It is easily sexual enough.” “But what about her? I mean, would she really want to be in a harem at all, let alone my harem?” Dawn scrunched her nose up in thought, “It would take some convincing I think. But your friend is much more sexual than you probably realize.” “Oh I have got to hear this.” Dawn giggled, and turned from her station in front of the pile of shopping bags to face George. “For starters, she is hopelessly in love with you. Has been for a long time now.” “Bullshit!” Dawn looked at him, confused. “Tingle.” “Oh right, slang. I understand. No no, it is true. All throughout high school she has longed for you. But she has always been afraid to press the issue...for reasons I am unsure about. She has been waiting for you to get up the courage to ask her out. She left for college last year feeling like she had left something undone. So her primary focus besides school has been aimed at making herself more attractive to you. She joined a sorority, and promptly received a makeover and a gym membership. But then...wait, are you sure you want me to continue?” George became concerned,

“What do you mean?” “Well, you see, she has been pining over you all year, but she did meet a few people who she was...um....sexually attracted to.” “Oh,” said George, understanding that Dawn was heading towards Lindsey's sexual history. He felt a pang of jealousy that someone had reached her before he had. Though, he instantly felt a bit hypocritical, as he had never had a sexual thought towards Lindsey before that. In any case, he didn't feel like hearing all the details so he bade Dawn to skip over them. “You have nothing to worry about George, the end result was that her affection for you was only reaffirmed and strengthened. She was finally planning to take the first step last night, but I'm afraid that my presence has put a damper on her plans. She thinks you are out of reach for good now.” “Wow, I didn't know any of this.” She giggled, “I am not surprised. Boys have a tendency to be rather clueless when it comes to the inner workings of the female brain. Though, I have to say, you are better at it than most. Though I doubt you realize it.” “Why would you say that?” “You always seem to know what to say to make a girl feel good. I am rather surprised that I was your first. You seem to instinctively know how to be a good boyfriend. Although, I guess I might be a little biased.” “Well, you are the only girl I can really talk to. Besides Lindsey, but we only ever talked about nerdy things, like video games and comic books and stuff. We never talked about our feelings. With you, I can just say what I want to say without having to worry that you are going to make me feel stupid.” “Thank you George. I hope you know that you can talk to me about anything, including video games and comic books, even though I know little about them. But, I do not understand, why would someone make you feel stupid for giving them a compliment?” “Got me. I remember this one time in freshman year, I asked out a sophomore girl who I fancied. I wrote her a poem on Valentine's Day with all kinds of sappy compliments. I mean, I poured my heart out. But she came at me during lunch that day and told me off. Said that her eyes where shit brown, and what the fuck was wrong with me for liking her eyes. I learned fast to play it closer to the vest.” Dawn got a faraway look about her, then came back with a smile on her face. “She kept that poem you know.” “Really?” “Mmm-hmm, she really liked it. But she was so embarrassed at the time, and a friend saw it and gave her quite a bit of grief over it. So she did what she thought she had to do to save her reputation. But she still has that poem, and regrets the way she acted. She's still holding out for a guy who can express himself the way you did.” George was stunned but immensely pleased nonetheless at the notion that some woman out in the world kept something of his. Then It occurred to him that maybe he wasn't the complete loser he'd felt like all through high school. He wondered where she was at that moment, and what she was doing. He was no longer pining for her, but their sudden reconnection filled him with thoughts of what might have been. “George,” began Dawn, “why did you give up? On girls I mean. Why did you stop trying to find love?” George had rationalized his position several hundred times before he met Dawn. But now, they all seemed like foolish excuses. “At the time...it was just...too hard.” “What do you mean, too hard? All you have to do is walk up to a girl, and ask. What is so hard about that?” “Well when you put it that way, yeah, it's almost nothing at all. But...” he sighed heavily, “after you get shot down as many times as I have, after you get told, repeatedly, that you are worthless piece of shit, your ego starts running out of places to hide. Put it this way: If nine times out of ten, you get punched in the face when you walk outside your front door, you are going to stop going outside eventually.” “But you and

Lindsey get along so well. Why have you never asked her out?" "Lindsey and I are friends and I've never really ever looked at her like she was a girl. She was my only friend in high school. I guess I was afraid that if I did ask her out, she would cast me off like all the others did. And even if she didn't, she'd get tired of me eventually. If you haven't noticed, I'm not exactly the life of the party. I needed her. Without her, I'm not so sure I would have even finished school." "I'm sorry George, but I still do not understand. From what you describe, and from what I have observed, people seem to think of you as some sort of pariah. What could you have done to deserve such treatment?" "I...I don't want to talk about it anymore. If that's alright with you?" George asked hopefully. "Alright..." said Dawn, her voice filled with sympathy. "I have another question about Lindsey though. It is clear that my ability to detect desirable mates for you is somewhat flawed, at least for the time being. Now that you know how she feels, would you like to add Lindsey to your harem?" George started chuckling to himself. "What? I am serious!" "Dawn, I don't know what it was like back in ancient Persia, but you can't just start a harem these days. Most people frown on that sort of thing." "OK, maybe not a harem. But as your Genie, and as someone who cares about you and the ones you care about, I think you should consider the possibility that Lindsey and yourself are destined to be more than just friends." "You really think so?" "Yes, and I can show you if you like, and without any magical assistance." "What are you plotting?" "Oh nothing, just a little...educational ambush," she said with a wink. George cast her a suspicious glance. "Hey! Do not look at me like that," she said playfully, "I will not do anything to hurt your friend. And it will be fun!" George was thinking that there was no way something like this could end well. But did Lindsey really love him? Had he really been that oblivious that he didn't notice? There was only one way to find out. "OK, as long as you promise me, no magic. I don't want to make her do anything that she would regret. Deal?" "Deal!" she squealed. "Oh, I cannot wait! Do I look OK?" she rubbed out some wrinkles in her shirt and looked over her shoulder at her tight butt. The effect brought her amazing curves into full view and George found himself unable to stop from wrapping his hands around them. She forgot how she looked, and turned to gaze up at him. She bit her lower lip seductively, "Are you going to finish what your fingers have started?" George was sorely tempted to toss the remaining groceries on the floor and take her on the counter. But he had held out this long, and he was curious as to how long it would be before he lost total control. He knew that if he could wait just a little while longer, it would be that much sweeter when they finally did come together again. But he was also extremely hungry from staring at food he could touch but not taste, and putting away all the food they had bought invoked some laziness at the idea of bringing it out again. Lindsey suddenly equaled food, and Dawn's revelations about her had intrigued him to no end. He had to know what Dawn had been talking about. "I think, right now, I'm too interested in this ambush you have planned to fully enjoy anything else. But tonight, you and I are gonna finish this. And it's gonna be great." "Promise?" He responded with a kiss, and managed a muffled, "Mmm-hmm." He placed one hand on the back of her neck and the other on her perfect derrière, and pulled her in as close as he could. She melted into his loving embrace and breathed a guttural moan into him as the hand on her ass fell deeper into her. The feeling of her body, molded into his own, was a sensation he never wanted to forget. The drive over to Walt's Wiches found George a nervous wreck.

He was excited and apprehensive at the same time. And though the sun was dipping a bit lower in the sky he found himself sweating. He thought about what they were doing. Without Dawn, he would have never planned a reconnaissance mission to delve deeper into his best friend. He became very nervous, and Dawn noticed. "Do not worry George, all you have to do is be yourself and follow my lead. Pay close attention to her and you will see how enamored with you she is." "I still can't believe I let you talk me into this." "Trust me. You both need to come out of your shells a little bit. Lindsey has been trying, but she is so hopelessly hung up on you, that it would take some Major Genie intervention to get her to move on." "I trust you. But can you tell me exactly what our goal is here? I mean, aside from lunch, because I don't know about you, but I'm starving." "Mostly, to get you both to see each other in a new light. And to let her know that I do not intend to stop her from being at least friends with you." "Mostly?" "Nothing bad, I promise!" "Well...as long as you aren't going to make her do anything she isn't ready for." Dawn chuckled, "Yes Master, although, I think you would be quite surprised to learn what she is ready for." They pulled up to Walt's and George shut off the engine. As he was about to get out of the car, his heart raced at the prospect of forming a romantic relationship with his only friend. But if what Dawn had described was true, and he had no reason to think it wasn't, this was something Lindsey had wanted for a very long time. Even though he and Lindsey had known each other since they were small children, George felt like maybe he hadn't really known her that well at all. The small cafe was recovering from its lunch rush, but wasn't very busy. Only a few customers took up the seats closest to the window and appeared to be finishing up. George took a quick look around the counter, but Lindsey was nowhere in sight. However, Walt was there, and welcomed George immediately. "Oy! Is 'at you George?" Walt extended his large callused hand for a shake. George took it, but was immediately pulled in for a bone crushing hug. Walt was just as tall as George, though much more corpulent. He had always been a gregarious man, with a hearty, infectious laugh and a booming voice. George had always imagined him as a drunken, red headed, British Santa Claus, without a ride back to the north pole. "Blimey George! Who is that wit ya? George reached for Dawn who had been standing just behind him, "Walt, I'd like you to meet my girlfriend, Dawn. Dawn, this Walter Miller..." Walt pushed George out of his way to step closer to Dawn. He took off his baseball cap with the cafe's logo on it and held it to his heart. "Ay, and a pleasure it is to meet you, Miss. Has'n been a beauty like yerself come into this town since my Lindsey came home from college!" He let loose his hearty laugh. Dawn blushed when Walt bent low to kiss her hand rather than shaking it, "Thank you so much Mr. Miller. It is so nice to meet you." He waved her off, "Nah don't you start callin me Mr. That be like, puttin lettuce on a pizza. You can call me Walt, jus' like ol' George does. So, ya got a mum? A sister, an aunt? Please tell me there be more lass's like you out there somewhere." "Hmm, sorry Walt. I am afraid that they do not make many like me." "Ay, ain't that the truth. So George, what were ya doin, standin at the entrance to town with a sign that said 'Free Handbags'?" "Are you kidding Walt? All I had to do was mention I knew the owner of Walt's Wiches and the panties just disappeared." "That would assume, of course, that I was wearing panties to begin with," piped Dawn. Walt laugh heartily once more and patted George roughly on the back, "Oy! Was that a joke? You two are cheeky, you are. Blimey George, I haven't seen you looking like this since

before your dear old dad passed away.” He turned to address Dawn directly, “Ol’ Henry an me went way back. Help me get on my feet and open this shop after I lost me missus. George is the spittin image of im. I remember when he and Lindsey was little kids, he was always playin pranks, tellin jokes, and troublemakin like it was ‘is job. But he’s been so dopey these past few years that I was beginning to think he’d gone nutters.” George just rolled his eyes, “So is Lindsey around? We were hoping you could let her take a lunch break.” Walt turned towards the kitchen with a look of exasperation on his face, “Um, you two stay right here, I’ll go look for her.” He quickly shuffled to the back of the store out of sight. George and Dawn exchanged confused looks. “Was any of that odd to you, babe?” Dawn got a faraway look again, “He was trying to disguise the fact that Lindsey knows we are here and is avoiding us. She feels it would be too awkward to talk to us both at the same time. She has already set me up as a rival.” “Do you think we should...” Just then, George could hear Walt in the kitchen, “...don’t be an old ninny, get out there.” “But Dad,” came Lindsey’s voice, “I’m covered in flour and my hair is all messed up!” “George doesn’t give a damn! Just show ‘im some leg and take off that baker’s jacket. Here, I’ll hold your glasses.” George could hear rustling accompanied by Lindsey’s protests, “Dad! Stop already! OK, OK, just don’t break them.” She stumbled out of the kitchen and caught sight of George immediately. Her long red hair was tied up in a bun. A few strands hung across her freckly face, and accentuated the lines of her cheeks and chin. The clumsy way in which she tried to collect herself told of how new and uncomfortable she was with her beauty. She looked highly flustered as George’s eyes met hers. They were apprehensive and guarded, but full of energy and promise. She wore her bright yellow polo shirt that hugged the curve of her trim waist and her firm breasts. While not quite as large as Dawn’s, they still stood out proudly. Her shirt was tucked into a pair of dark brown work pants that were less flattering, and made George long to see her delicious looking thighs clad in a pair of skin tight jean shorts again. She must have changed when she made the delivery to his house. For the first time since George had known her, he saw her not as the young girl he had grown up with, but as a woman. A beautiful, intelligent, and attractive woman, to be desired and cherished. He suddenly realized that much of what Dawn was, his subconscious idea of his perfect woman, had come from Lindsey. She was the first to break the silence, “OK, OK, you can stop gawking now.” She wiped away a smear of flour that had gathered on her freckled cheek. “You, um, missed a spot,” said George as he motioned towards the tip of her nose. “Oh shoot. Did I get it?” George looked directly into her, something he had never done, and said, “Perfect.” “Oh my!” gasped Dawn. “What? Is my head on backwards?” joked Lindsey. Dawn turned to George, “George, you lied to me.” “What? How?” Dawn smiled out of the corner of her mouth that Lindsey couldn’t see and wink at him, “You told me she was pretty. She is absolutely gorgeous!” Lindsey couldn’t help but smile broadly even as she blushed, “Yeah, you heard the woman, I’m gorgeous! What the hell is wrong with you George?” Both the girls were staring at him with there arms crossed. He noticed that, standing side by side, they were within an inch in height. “Dawn, meet Lindsey. Lindsey, Dawn.” Lindsey loosened up and shook Dawn’s hand, “Sleeping beauty, right?” Dawn blushed, “Oh, sorry about that. I was having a rough day.” Lindsey scanned both their faces and George instantly knew the jig was up. He and Dawn had both turned an incriminating shade of scarlet. “I bet,” she said

finally. "So, you guys hungry?" Dawn and George nodded excitedly. "OK, I'll go whip us up something. You guys came at a good time, I was getting bored back there." She disappeared into the kitchen but called out to them, "Go sit down, I'll be right out!" George was about to find a booth when Dawn stopped him. "George, let's sit at a round table. Since there are three of us, a booth leaves one person sitting alone." "Thank you wise and all-knowing sex genie," said George in as comical a voice as he could muster. She giggled. Her smile made George's stomach flutter. "So, did you see how she was looking at you? That is not your body that makes her weak in the knees. She loves the way you look at her, it makes her tingly all over." "I definitely saw something," replied George, "though I have to admit, I wasn't looking at her eyes so much. She has really filled out since high school. She was always cute, if a little bookish, but now she's like a Victoria's Secret model." "College has given her many opportunities to broaden her horizons, both intellectually and physically, not to mention sexually. You can thank her sorority for that." George sighed heavily. "Are you alright George?" asked Dawn carefully. "Yeah, I'm fine, it's just...I feel pretty stupid for not realizing what a great girl I've had following me around all this time. We could have had years together already. And then she went off to school and I didn't even try to keep in touch. And now I'm feeling jealous that someone figured out how great she is before I could. I've been pretty selfish, huh?" "Do not be so hard on yourself. She treasures the time you and her have spent together as friends. The fact that you did not force the issue has not been lost on her. She is grateful for the respect you have always shown her. She trusts you. Which is why I complimented her through you." "That was a good line by the way, she's not pretty, she's gorgeous." "Thank you George," she beamed. "One thing I have noticed about her already is that she is not used to being appreciated for her looks. She is a bit like you in that regard. She has trouble believing that she is as beautiful as people say. But she will believe it if it is from you. So instead of just telling her she was gorgeous, I made it come partially from you, so that it holds more clout." George marveled at Dawn's incredible knack for reading people. He would never have been able to read that deeply into anyone and Dawn was reading his best friend like an open book. "Hey Dawn, you might have a future in psychology one day. You are a regular Dr. Ruth...and way cuter." Tingle. "I am sorry George, but I refuse to believe there is anything cuter in this world than a tiny old lady with a funny accent, saying 'penis' with regular frequency." George laughed. The two talked quietly about nothing, just enjoying each other's company while they waited for Lindsey to return. Finally, she reappeared out of the kitchen with a tray of food. "I didn't know what you liked Dawn, so I made you a salad and a smoothie. George, I got your club sandwich, no tomatoes. Enjoy." They dug in, George practically inhaled his sandwich as it was the first thing he had eaten all day. He looked over at Dawn who was eating her salad with less enthusiasm. He spied her eyeing the half of his sandwich he hadn't yet bitten. "Here babe, want to try mine?" he asked. She nodded emphatically. After slathering it with mayonnaise, mustard, and a few potato chips for good measure, she took a big bite and rolled her eyes back in pleasure. Lindsey stared at her in disbelief. "Holy hell girl! How do you eat like that and still look that good?" Dawn stopped mid mouthful, "Umph, I doe know." George came to her rescue, "I'm convinced she's an alien, sent here to gather information to send back to the mothership." "And the first thing I'll tell them is how good the food is here," piped Dawn as she

finished her bite, “the mothership cantina has nothing on this place.” “Yeah well, I would have pegged you for one of those girls who only eats half the peanut. But you put it away, don't you?” “I would have thought the same of you, Lindsey. How do you look so fit with all this great food around?” Lindsey blushed, “Thanks but, I don't get to sample much of the food anymore. I've been trying to eat more healthy. Did you hear that my dad had a heart attack last Christmas?” George nodded sorrowfully. George had heard. He had wanted to go see him and Lindsey then, but was too worried that Walter would die. He wasn't sure he could have handled the fallout. “Is he OK now?” asked George. “Yeah, he's fine. It's been a full time job to make sure he sticks to his diet. I've recruited an army of people to make sure. But so far he's been a good boy. Anyway, ever since then I've been doing my best to set a good example for him. It feels good to be fit, it's just...” “What?” Dawn asked as she listened intently. “I don't like how people treat you differently when you're pretty. You understand Dawn, you must be used to people talking down to you because they think you're nothing but a pretty face.” “You really think I'm pretty?” she asked wide-eyed. “Well, yeah. Of course you're pretty.” “Thank you so much, Lindsey! I was fishing shamelessly, but it's nice hear every once in a while. But yes, I do understand where you are coming from. Thankfully, George does not think that way.” “So do you go to college then?” “That is actually why I am here. I was looking into the program at Stafford and few other places.” “Ahh, that must have been when...umm...” “When I met George? Yes. I was dying for a dip in the pool and George let me in. I was hoping he would get up the courage to ask me out, but I do not think he really believed I was interested. I was the one to crack first and I just blurted it out. I was so embarrassed! Smartest thing I have ever done.” Lindsey just nodded as she listened. George could tell she was mentally kicking herself. He had the urge to comfort her in some way. Either by telling her that all hope wasn't lost, or even that Dawn was his Genie servant and wouldn't mind her joining his harem. But there was no way he could tell her any of that. He had already decided that he wanted her as a lover, but now he desperately wanted to be a better friend. Dawn continued with the conversation. “George tells me you are going to State. What are you studying?” “Computers, programing actually. I want to make my own video game someday. Do you um...play games at all?” Tingle. “Not very much, I have never really had anybody to play with before. But I would certainly enjoy trying any game you made! George, will you teach me how to play video games?” “Hell yeah I will, as soon as we get back. But actually, you should ask Lindsey. She kicks my ass every single time.” “What can I say, I've got golden thumbs,” said Lindsey. She playfully poked George's arm with her right thumb. “We should all play sometime! You guys can show me the ropes!” Dawn bounced in her chair which made her breasts jiggle once more. George couldn't help but notice that Lindsey was looking, and didn't seem to be disgusted. “Uh, OK! I'm game.” “Great!” said George, “Next time you have an afternoon off, just come over.” Lindsey shuffled nervously in her seat, “You sure I won't be...interrupting anything?” “Whatever do you mean, Lindsey?” said Dawn innocently. “Well...I don't know...like...um...” Dawn placed her hand on Lindsey's, “Lindsey, we are all friends now, we'll always make time for you.” Lindsey looked back and forth between Dawn and George, searching for some indication that Dawn was just being polite. But George was sure she meant it. He nodded in agreement. Lindsey smiled bashfully. George suddenly knew where Dawn had gotten that trait. The

threesome's conversation steered mostly towards Lindsey and Dawn. George kept quite for the most part while he enjoyed the two girls' banter. While George hadn't been planning on thrusting Dawn upon Lindsey for fear of making either of them jealous, now it looked like the two were hitting it off. He was impressed with Dawn's ability to fit so harmoniously with everything around her. Cute young Asian girls aside, Dawn was systematically improving every aspect of his life, one by one. And instead of closing doors, she was throwing them wide open. "Lindsey, is there a bathroom?" asked Dawn as she finished her half of the sandwich. "Uh, yeah. Just through there," Lindsey indicated a hallway that turned out of sight. "Thanks, I will be right back," she rose gracefully, and traced her finger across George's shoulders before she bounded around the corner. George and Lindsey sat alone together. Their sudden awkwardness was palpable. "She's really nice," said Lindsey finally. "Yeah, she is." They continued eating. After a few more awkward moments they caught each other's eye. Neither could keep from laughing at how strange everything suddenly became. "OK," laughed Lindsey, "this is awkward isn't it?" "It is," laughed George, "I can't figure out why though." "I can't blame you, it's your first girlfriend. We've never really dealt with anything like this before, have we?" "Definitely not like this," said George as he looked to the corner where Dawn disappeared. "George, I have to ask you something. Promise you won't get mad." He waved her off, "It's OK, go ahead." "Is she the real deal?" George was taken aback, "What do you mean?" "I don't know," she averted her gaze, "I guess I'm wondering if...she's 'the one'?" George thought hard. He wasn't conflicted over whether or not Dawn was the one he wanted to be with for the rest of his life, but he didn't want to shut the door on Lindsey. However, this was his best friend, he had to tell her the truth, to a point. "Honestly, I think she may be. I've never met anyone quite like her." "That's what I thought. She is pretty amazing, she's nice, and pretty, and smart," she chuckled, "Shit, I think I might be crushing on her." Lindsey looked dejected, and poked at her salad half-heartedly. George felt compelled to say something. "Look, Lindsey, I know that I haven't been a very good friend to you this past year. What with your dad in the hospital and all. But Dawn has made me realize how important you are to me. I don't want the fact that I have a girlfriend now to prevent us from being friends. And Dawn wouldn't want that either. So, I guess, what I'm trying to say is that, you and I will always be together. And for the record, you are all those things too." "Alright, alright. Enough with the mushy stuff already." She pushed him playfully, and couldn't hide another bashful smile behind the guise of brushing her hair out of her face. "But, thanks George. Friends forever?" "Yeah, good ones." Lindsey chuckled. "What?" asked George. "You've changed." "Well yeah, I've been working out a bit..." "No no, not that, you were always cute anyway. What I meant was, Dawn has been a good influence on you. You seem...better." It was his turn to blush, "You really think so?" "OK, tell me the truth. How's the sex?" "It's, uh...", George suddenly realized he had fallen into a trap, "er, what makes you think we're having sex?" "Oh bullshit! You two are fuckin like squirrels on Ecstasy and you fuckin know it!" George tried to keep a straight face, but quickly broke down under Lindsey's scrutiny. He just laughed nervously. "I knew it!" George shrugged as he tried to contain a knowing smile. "So? how is it?" she was on the edge of her seat as she waited for George to answer. "Well, it's, um...Oh God, it's so fuckin' great!" "Yeah?" "Yeah. I'm not going to go into the details, so don't ask. But I will say that she's nothing short

of magical.” “With tits like that. Shit, I think I can see what spell she's using.” “Lindsey!” “I'm just sayin!” They laughed together. It was the first time that the two friends had exchanged talk about sex. It was a huge relief in a way, to have someone besides Dawn to talk to about his situation, even if he couldn't tell her about Dawn's real magic. Dawn appeared just as they finished their gossip. The fact that they quieted down as she approached did not escape her. “So, have you two arrived at sex yet?” George and Lindsey pointed an accusatory finger at each other. “She started it, was talkin about your tits!” “It was him, he spilled the beans!” Dawn just sighed as she shook her head. They talked well after they finished eating, until the cafe started to fill up with dinner guests. They said their farewells along with promises to hang out again sometime soon. Lindsey walked them to the door, when a large group of young teen boys dressed in baseball uniforms rushed past them. George noticed a mischievous gleam in Dawn's eye. “By the way Lindsey, I love that top,” she said a little too loudly, “It makes your boobs look amazing.” Every boy within earshot, including George, immediately turned to ogle Lindsey's chest. She instinctively moved to cover herself, but let up when she remembered she wasn't naked. George suddenly realized what Dawn was doing and added a wolf whistle to goad on the crowd of admirers. “Alright, alright! Yes, I have boobs! Should I pose? Do a dance maybe?” She put her hands behind her head and thrust her chest out. One boy had whipped out his camera phone and snapped a quick picture. “Hey! Gimme that!” yelled Lindsey. George and Dawn realized it was time to beat a hasty retreat, as Lindsey made to tackle the happy teenager. They ran quickly to the car, and laughed as they sped away. Full on good food, conversation, and laughter, George flew down the road a little faster than normal. Dawn had figured out how the radio worked, and once she found a rockin 80's hair metal song, she became a mess of arms, and breasts, and hair. George knew the words and did his best to sing along. He wasn't anywhere close to the singer Dawn was, but the volume managed to hide his flubs. Dawn cheered him on nonetheless. Once the song was over and the DJ interrupted their fun, Dawn fumbled once again with the radio to find another song to rock out too. “OK, status report,” said George when he felt he had gone a safe distance from Lindsey. “Yes captain!” saluted Dawn. “In short, she feels much better then she did after last night. And, um, she no longer sees me as a rival.” “Thats great!” exclaimed George. “Wait, is it?” “That kind of depends on you, George. You see, before, she wanted to have a normal loving relationship with you. With holding hands, and a flowery wedding, a few kids, typical of the majority of women. However, she has hit something of a snag.” “A snag? What do you mean, a snag?” Dawn adopted a sheepish look, “She, um...well she is still in love with you, but she, sort of...likes me now too.” “...You mean...” “She wants to get in my pants,” said Dawn finally. George's jaw fell open, then closed as he thought about the situation a bit more, then flew open again. He looked like a fish out of water as he imagined Lindsey, his childhood friend, entwined with Dawn in a more than friendly way. “Are you mad?” she asked. “No! I mean, of course not. It's just, weird to think about.” He grappled with his thoughts for a few moments before adding, “Are you sure?” “Without a doubt. Originally, she was extremely jealous of me, and angry with herself for not making her move sooner. But now that we have had a chance to talk, she has developed a crush on me instead. However, she is now conflicted about her feelings for the both of us. She loves you, she always will, but her new desires for me are fogging up her once

ironclad resolve.” “That’s...that’s hot!” Dawn rolled her eyes as she sighed in resignation. “I know, men. Well what do you think about all that?” “I feel...flattered,” she said bashfully. “Oh come on, you are more than just flattered. You told me just a few hours ago that you were attracted to girls. And Lindsey is one hell of a catch.” “Alright! I like her! I like her a lot actually. She’s so hot. Those eyes, and that body. Not to mention the fact that she is a prodigy in bed.” Dawn adopted a dreamy look and George noticed that she was rubbing her thighs together just a bit more than usual. “Dawn’s got a girlfriend,” sang George. “S-stop that! It’s embarrassing!” she covered her reddening face in her hands. “Oh George, I am sorry! I did not mean to entice her so strongly.” “No, don’t be sorry. I am just really surprised to learn that Lindsey would want to be with another woman. I mean no offense, if anyone was worth going gay for it’s you. But it still sounds crazy that she would suddenly become a lesbian after talking with you once.” Dawn shrunk nervously, “Actually, I would not be her first lesbian experience.” “-You mean...” “Do you remember those others I told you that she was sexually attracted to? They were not guys, they were girls in her sorority.” “No way! Lindsey? A carpet muncher?” “Master!” she laughed, “I think she would prefer the term: bisexual.” “But you said there weren’t any guys.” “There has not been. She wants what she would consider to be her first true sexual encounter to be with you. She believes she is only going through a college phase, and does not consider herself to be a true lesbian. She loves everything about you, even when you resided in your previous body.” “But not anymore?” “Like I said, she still believes you are the one for her, and I happen to agree with her, but cannot help but find herself wondering what it would be like if the two of us had some alone time together.” “Wow,” mouthed George, “I guess I REALLY didn’t know Lindsey as well as I thought I did. So what do we do now?” “That is entirely up to you. You could make a sexual wish to bring her too you, by now you should know that you would not be forcing her into anything she has not already fantasized about. Or you could do nothing, and let things develop on their own.” “Well, I guess we don’t need to decide anything right now. Although, I have to admit, the idea of you two together is pretty fuckin arousing.” “So, you would not mind if Lindsey and I...became intimate?” George thought carefully about the consequences of giving Dawn permission to fuck his best friend. On one hand, he wanted Dawn, and Lindsey for that matter, all to himself. But on the other, he felt like it wasn’t really his place to stop them if they both wanted to take the next step. And this just might be the key he was looking for to help Dawn become a free-willed person. However, that didn’t mean he had to let her have her way so easily. “Fine,” huffed George, “go off and have your fun. Leave George all alone with his video games, and his comic books. No, no! It’s OK!” He feigned a snuffle, “Whatever, I get it!” “Aww, hotstuff, I would never forget about you,” she climbed on top of him, even though he was driving, and shoved her tongue down his throat. He was worried at first, but quickly realized that Dawn’s protection powers would keep them from getting into an accident. He took his hands off the wheel and enveloped her in a passionate hug. Sure enough, the car retained its speed and heading without his input. George leaned back and let himself enjoy her welcome weight on his lap. They remained entwined all the way to the antique shop. George was surprised when they arrived there instead of his home. He was looking forward to using the hard-on she had nursed along all day to ravish her properly, and antiques suddenly felt incredibly uninteresting. He continued his kissing,

savoring the giddy feeling of being kissed back. Dawn tore herself from his lips and pulled hers up and out of his reach. But George just nuzzled her neck instead. "George, we are here," she managed as she squealed delightfully from the heady sensations radiating from George's lips. "Mmm-hmm," was all George mustered as he kissed along her collarbone to the other side of her neck. "M-Master! You do like the idea of Lindsey and I together," she gasped, even as she rocked up and down along the length of his cock through his trousers. "N-not that I'm complaining, but there are people are around." George said nothing, he instead reached up and cupped her soft orbs and pinched her hardened nipples through her tops. She jumped at the sudden stimulation, and her butt hit the steering wheel, honking the car's horn in the process. Dawn was so startled that she leapt off of George's lap and hit her head on the ceiling. A passerby eyed them intently. The two broke down into laughter once more. Dawn rubbed the top of her head, wincing through her laughter, "Oooh, that smarts." George pulled her in for a consoling hug. "Dammit, I can't believe I just got cock-blocked by my own car," laughed George. "Remind me to make some wishes about this thing, starting with headroom." "I think there is plenty of room for head in here, it is the other acts that could be a problem." George chuckled. With the mood broken, there was only one thing left to do. "Well, you want to go look at some old funky shit?" She nodded happily, "I would like nothing better." "After you, babe." George heard the ding-a-ling of a bell being struck as he opened the glass door to the strange shop and held it open for Dawn. It was very dark, in stark contrast to the brightness of outside. It seemed that the only light in the place was shining through the glass door. It was cool and dusty, and once the door closed behind them with another ding-a-ling, very quiet. Though the place looked large from the outside, inside it was very claustrophobic. Stacks of old books topped with odd trinkets littered the showroom. There were antique lamps on worn wooden desks. Fragile looking metal apparatuses hung from the ceiling. The place was a maze of forgotten history. It made George a bit uneasy. He made his way through the jungle of the past slowly and cautiously, being very careful to keep his hands in his pockets for fear of knocking something over. Dawn stayed just a step behind him and held onto his arm tightly. Though she was quite curious about all the items they passed, the place gave off an air of reverence that demanded she withhold her enthusiasm. They approached a long wooden counter where George would have assumed someone would be keeping watch. But nobody seemed to be around. He could see that there was more to the store behind the counter, but it was even darker than the rest of the store. "What do you think?" he asked. "This place is...interesting. It is amazing to me what people think to keep." "Don't take this the wrong way Dawn, but this place gives me the willies. I think we may be the first customers in here since dust was invented." He swiped his finger along the counter and showed Dawn the build-up. "Agreed. It is quite creepy, isn't it?" "Wanna bail?" She sighed, "Yes, you were right, there does not seem to be anything here that would be more than a passing interest." Suddenly, George heard footsteps coming from a hall leading back through a few packed shelves behind the counter. A man appeared, wearing a very old brown suit. He looked ancient but moved with surprising alacrity. "Hello there. What can I do for you?" He spoke with an accent George could not place due to its thorough Americanization, and a deep rasp, like he had smoked two packs a day all his life. But he seemed pleasant enough. "Uh, No,

that's OK. We just came in to take a look. But we need to be going." "Now, now," the old man began, on closer inspection George figured he must be from somewhere in the Middle-East, "do not be hasty. I pride myself on having at least one item in my shop for everyone. Something they desperately need. It is only a matter of figuring out what, and then finding it of course." The old man cast an examining glare over the both of them that made Dawn recoil slightly. "Ahh, new to each other, are we?" he said, a broad grin spreading across his wrinkled face. "H-how did you know?" asked Dawn. "Fair lady, when you have been around for as long as I have, you develop a sixth sense for these things. I can see that the bond between you is very powerful, but still tenuous. It is akin to a slip knot: the harder you pull, the tighter the knot becomes. But if one tugs just the right string, the knot falls apart." George and Dawn exchanged worried looks. They knew exactly what the other was thinking. Did he know that Dawn was a Genie? The man laughed pleasantly, "Do not be troubled. It is the same with most young lovers. Stuck in an unending cycle of passion, fueled by deep fondness. Often, it only takes a strong wind to scatter the flames of love beyond ever being whole again." He addressed George directly, "I implore you, young man, do not let that happen." The old man examined them quietly for a few moments before having a sudden idea that bade him to scurry down the hallway and out of sight. "I have just the thing to prevent such an occurrence," came his disembodied voice. "Um, That's OK really, we were just leaving." George was officially creeped out, and wasn't particularly interested in whatever oddity the man would try to pawn on them. Just as they were about to leave, the man appeared holding a very ordinary looking wooden box. "Please, please, I insist. What kind of salesman would I be if I did not at least show you what I have for you in my shop." He positioned the box in front of them and opened it slowly. Inside was a pendant. Made of some bluish white stone that George had never seen, it was in the shape of a beautiful angel clutching a ruby to her bosom, and framed by ornate wings folded inward. She was wrapped in a gold sash etched with the words *Pectus Pectoris Memor*. "The Heart Remembers," read Dawn. George was surprised and impressed that she could read latin. Although it made sense, he could read it too. "Ahh, right you are, miss. Intelligent as you are beautiful I see. The story goes, that long ago, there was young couple, just like yourselves. Their passion for each other was beyond what we mortals are meant to feel. The rulers of a small country, they loved their people just as much, and were adored by them. A tyrant from a neighboring country sought to take the queen as his own, for her beauty was unrivaled. But her heart belonged to her husband, and she spurned the tyrant's attempts to woo her. Enraged, he threatened to invade the small country and murder its people. With no choice, she resigned herself to her fate, and knowing that her husband would not understand, she told him lies of how she had cheated him, plotted against him, and never loved him. She even left behind her ruby ring that the young king had given to her as a wedding gift. She broke the king's heart, so that she might save him." "That's horrible," cried Dawn. "But that is not the end, fair lady. The young king could not accept this, even in the face of her betrayals, he still loved her. He gathered his army, and united as they were for the love of the queen, fought with courage and skill. They won many victories, until finally, the evil tyrant led his army himself and smashed the young king's forces. He was captured and brought before the Tyrant to kneel at the feet of his new bride. The young king did so, for she was,

and always would be, his queen. She was tempted to rush to his side. But if she had, the lives of all her people would have been forfeit. So she bit her tongue, and wept inwardly as she cast him down with spiteful words. At the gallows the next morning, the young king clutched the ruby ring in his tortured hands. The last thing he uttered before succumbing to death was this: Pectus Pectoris Memor. The queen could not bear her guilt. She recovered the ring, and threw herself from the highest cliff. The tyrant, moved by their love, realized that as long as he sought to take what must be given, he would be doomed to be truly alone. He abandoned his evil ways and ruled both nations benevolently until his death. And in commemoration of the two who showed him what it meant to love, he gifted all newlyweds with one of the pendants you see before you, to remind them perhaps, that regardless of time, distance, boundaries or betrayals, true love never fades, for the heart remembers." Dawn had been listening in complete fascination. However, George was weary that the old man was just trying to weasel some money out of him. "OK, so how much of that story is true?" The old man laughed heartily, which quickly turned into a rasping cough, "Pardon me," he said as he collected himself. "It doesn't really matter how true the story is, only that it is told and that it is enjoyed. Have I entertained you." Dawn nodded quickly. George shrugged in agreement. The old man chuckled once again, "I like you two. I tell you what, why don't you take the pendant. Go on! It's yours." "Oh, we couldn't," gasped Dawn. "Yeah, I mean, at least let me give you some money for it," added George. He had noticed Dawn eyeing the pendant wistfully, and it suddenly felt wrong to not take it with them. But accepting a gift from a stranger was a bit out of George's reach. "We don't even know your name." "Oh dear. Where are my manners. My name is Enise. You are?" he reached out with his hand for a shake. George shook it cautiously, and Dawn did the same, "I'm George, and this is Dawn." "There, now that we are acquainted, it is quite acceptable for me to give you this. Consider it a token of our new friendship." "Oh come on, at least let me give you something in return." Enise rubbed his chin before coming to an idea, "I tell you what, if you promise to visit me here every once in a while, I would consider that a payment of a thousand times magnitude. I have little need for money, but the company would be most welcome." George and Dawn looked at each other. George couldn't shake the feeling that this man was just a really good salesman, but the look on Dawn's face told him of how much she pitied the old-timer. He had to admit feeling sorry for him as well. "Alright Enise, that sounds like a good deal." "Splendid! Here, put it on my dear. It is perhaps a bit gaudy by today's standards, but I think you could make anything work." He carefully reached for the silver chain and held it up expectantly, a huge smile on his face. Dawn turned around and held her braid out of the way. Enise lifted the pendant over her head and fastened it. She turned back around to show the boys, posing happily with her new jewelry. George thought it looked a bit comical. Both Dawn and the pendant were beautiful on their own, but together they seemed a bit over the top for some reason. "So, what do you think George?" Dawn beamed. "It's...great!" "The young man is just being polite. It looks terrible." Enise said solemnly. "Hey!" she pouted. "Oh don't worry my dear. In the proper instance, such showy displays are to be expected. And besides, you're getting the damned thing for free. Beggars can't be choosers after all." "Thanks Enise," said George. "My pleasure, Sir George," he bowed. "Now, if you will kindly excuse me, the Antique Road Show is on in five minutes." Enise didn't

wait for their farewells. He quickly shuffled down his hallway and disappeared. Dawn took off the pendant and placed it carefully in its box. The two looked around some more at the various oddities in the shop before making for home. As soon as the two entered the beat up old sedan, Dawn attacked George with loving kiss. "What was that for babe?" he asked once he had a chance to catch his breath. "For indulging my whims, and letting me have my fun. You are a very kind Master, and the best boyfriend a girl could hope for." "Well I...might have had ulterior motives," he said as he ran his hands from her hips to her sides. "Mmm, I bet you did." She leaned in close so that she could whisper to him, "I have wanted you so badly today. Will you please take me home and ravish me now. It does not feel right to go so long without your touch." George didn't need to be told twice. He rushed home as fast as he could. Dawn made concentration almost impossible as she nibbled on his ear and ran her delicate hands over his quickly hardening shaft. He felt a rush of excitement as he turned down the street towards his house. What he saw then, terrified him. In front of his house, a police car's flashing red and blue lights lit up the surrounding neighborhood. He could see his mother's minivan parked out front. "Oh no... Mom!" he rushed from his car towards the house. "George, Wait!" cried Dawn as she ran after him.