



Necklaces of Power

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Models:

Amarie Tinuviel (left) and Maria Amanda



https://www.instagram.com/amarie_tinuviel/



<https://amarie-tinuviel.deviantart.com>



https://www.instagram.com/mariaamanda_official



<https://mariaamanda.deviantart.com>

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Although main characters are based on real persons they are not actual characters. Story does not present their opinions or point of view. It is a fanart inspired by the talent and beauty of them both.

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Chapter I: Fated Encounter

In the United Arab Emirates lies the city of Dubai. It can be seen as a miracle that such a wealthy oasis can exist in such a cruel and harsh environment. Perhaps it was then no coincidence that this city was the location where the impetus of the following catastrophic events was about to take place.

It had been exactly one day after their landing in Dubai. Amarie Tinuviel and Maria Amanda had both been ecstatic once they had won those tickets. Their prize had guaranteed two weeks of great luxury in the city of Dubai. In their excitement, both of them had decided to wear the best their wardrobe had to offer. Amarie wore a gorgeous black corset and fishnet gloves which perfectly complimented her hair: A magnificent torrent of scarlet and ruby.

This was contrasted by Maria, with her hair of spun platinum. She wore a short, raven-black dress and two long stiletto heels.

Sadly nothing could be seen of it. Clothing regulations forced them to cover themselves in long scarves. It was a minor annoyance, but the constant burning sun made it quickly unbearable.

'How about we go to that antique museum today?' suggested Maria. 'It will be cooler there.'

'Agreed,' said Amarie.

Amarie really loved museums, but this time her gut feeling somehow told her it would be truly unforgettable time.

A large, pristine foyer served as their greeting into the marvellous collection. Behind them, a large wall of glass windows let in the rays of sunshine. They were greeted by a small man who would serve as their tour guide. They only caught half of what he was saying, both ladies were mostly just enjoying the cooler atmosphere. Amarie was almost tempted to take off the scarves, but Maria gave her a cautious look. Amarie rolled her eyes and pulled the scarves back up.

'Ah yes!' said the guide, wringing his hands. 'The necklaces of power!'

He wiggled his hands as if it was some ominous artefact.

The two necklaces looked anything but magnificent. They were rusted by the times. One of them once had two angelic wings, but one of them had broken off. The other seemed to be missing a jewel in its middle slot.

'According to legend, these necklaces were once worn by two powerful beings,' explained the guide. 'Together, they were omnipotent, but the beings did not want one to have all of the power in one place. That is why they split it into two, so that one would never be corrupted by it.'

The necklaces had caught the eyes of the two ladies. They studied them carefully, entranced by the legend.

'Shall we move on?' said the tour guide impatiently.

'Let's wait just a little longer,' said Amarie, reaching for her phone.

As she held it up, the guide interfered.

'No pictures please!'

Amarie gave him an irritated look. But as she opened her mouth to say something, he suddenly disappeared. As a matter of fact, everything seemed to disappear as a darkness swallowed everything in the room.

'A blackout!' cried the guide.

They heard shattering glass, the eyes of Maria and Amarie were drawn to the necklaces. Amarie approached the pedestal, she heard glass crush beneath her heel.

'What are you doing?' said Maria.

'The necklace,' said Amarie spellbound. 'I don't know how to describe it, but it's calling to me.'

'You too?' said Maria dumbfounded. 'I thought I was going crazy.'

Amarie reached for the necklace with the missing jewel. It seemed like it could crumble at any moment as she brought it to her neck. Suddenly, like a devious serpent, it slithered and closed around her neck. The links of the chain sprung back together, the rust burst of the metal revealing a necklace as dark as the night. Maria had gasped in horror, thinking it was strangling her friend. Amarie however knew that it was merely embracing its new mistress. She suddenly knew quite a lot actually. She felt all the dormant energy of the universe around her. Amarie could not quite explain how it worked or what it was, just that she had an appetite for it, and the means to get it. Her stunned face transformed into a hungry grin. She folded her hands into fists. Not that this was necessary to absorb energy, but since Amarie was just getting used to her power, she wanted a physical action to correspond with her newfound skills. Using the necklace, at its core, only required willpower. Lust, desire, hunger.

Amarie focussed on these qualities as she absorbed the energy around her into her being. She felt brimming with power. It was like a radiant sun burning within her. This energy alone could probably nourish her for a decade, and she would not need sleep for a lifetime. But like a sun, the heat was scorching, and she knew she couldn't contain it for long. Once again using her will, Amarie used her energy for different means. Her disdain for the clothing made the scarves burst from her body. This required only a fraction of the power, so the rest was used for what she desired most at this moment: accumulation of more. She grew a foot in an instant, almost bursting from her clothes, she used the residue of power to make sure that they grow along with her. As she stood above the confused masses, her hungry grin transformed once more into a self-satisfied smirk. Her presence was an all-consuming gravity, demanding the attention of others. 'Consume all the energy in the universe,' Amarie mused to herself. 'And use it as I please. Yes, it feels like I was always meant for this.'

Maria looked at Amarie with utter amazement. Her radiant will seemed overpowering and all consuming. It was Maria's first instinct to follow this will and please its needs, but it was not powerful enough to fully take control over her. Maria noticed how Amarie's eyes fell on the second necklace, and a primal hunger flashed in those eyes. Maria realised that this would be her only chance. She pounced on the necklace, it immediately recognised her will and clasped around her neck. The necklace rejuvenated into its former splendour, instead of a consuming darkness, it was a radiant light. Maria moaned in pleasure as she took her first breath of energy, growing like Amarie did and shedding from her scarves, yet she made sure to be just an inch longer. She now stood angelic and peaceful, but her smile was lightly curled and her eyebrow raised a bit, revealing her pride and arrogance.

'It's like a dream come true,' said Maria.

'I agree, finally a means to gain the power that I crave,' said Amarie. 'Though if we want to grow, we best do it outside.'

Amarie walked up to the double doors behind them. She charged up some energy in her fist and blasted them from their hinges and the two goddesses walked into the foyer. Security had already been alerted, since they had lined up at the entrance, preventing anyone from going out. Maria considered her options for a second, but Amarie instantly walked forward, the energy being absorbed by her in a maelstrom. Not wanting to fall behind, Maria quickly followed her, eagerly drinking up all the energy in the large foyer. A guard was shouting threats that they needed to stop, but by the time the two women had reached him they were big enough to step over him. They burst through the glass wall, an avalanche of shimmering shards announced their entrance into the world. Their world. As the two women continued growing, they could not resist the urge to chuckle in malicious delight. People scurried out of the way like rats on a sinking ship. Cars turned at the last moment, steering themselves into nearby walls.



‘Such feeble minds’ said Amarie, giving a downward glance towards the screaming people. ‘Slow as molasses in coming to conclusions, yet so quick to panic. With every breath of energy I take, I feel myself distancing from them.’

Maria heard buzzing from below. Someone was screaming things at her through a megaphone. A police agent had parked his car next to her growing platform and was yelling orders. For only a moment this frightened her. She never expected once in her life to be threatened by the police, to be forced back into line by a higher authority. That shock quickly twisted into pleasure however. Because she did not have to obey. She blocked the buzzing of the pathetic ant out of her mind as she raised her foot. As her stiletto heel pierced his car, Maria Amanda laughed.

Chapter II: Rivalry

The two goddess’s strolled through the streets of Dubai. Amarie saw people dashing away like mice. She smiled. They did not know yet. They did not comprehend that their fate was inescapable. A large TV screen was already displaying the two goddesses on the world news. What could they be thinking? Soon Amarie would give herself the power to gain access to that knowledge, but for now she entertained herself by speculating. She stood still in front of a tall, shimmering skyscraper. It served as a perfect mirror. Amarie admired her growing form as she thought about the impact she was having on the world.

Basking in her growing might both Amarie and Maria did not notice the small, yet fatal, difference in growth that was happening. It was barely measurable, let alone noticeable, but Amarie was growing faster than Maria. First the acceleration was minimal, but with greater size came greater power, and with greater power came greater capacity. Soon, what was a millimetre in difference became a centimetre, a meter, tens of meters!

The vortex of energy swirling into Amarie dwarfed the relatively small stream entering Maria. The energy caused Amarie to realize things. The energy had once belonged to the two deities that had ruled the cosmos long ago, before they abandoned their power. The energy had been distributed all across the universe. She wetted her lips by the thought of it. All that energy and power for her alone! At least, almost for herself.

Amarie snapped out of her power rush and looked around to find her companion. Only after a few moments did she realise that she was standing near her foot.

'Those shoes don't seem to boost your height very much,' said Amarie mockingly to Maria. 'It's first come first serve for us goddesses.'



Maria looked back defiantly, she almost didn't seem to be growing at all.

She may be bigger than all the others, but she is still an ant compared to me, thought Amarie with a smirk. She disregarded the girl and focused on growing again. She drank the energy above her greedily, it spiralled into the endless void that was her thirst for power. She observed herself in the reflection of the skyscraper as she grew, the ground cracked beneath her as the asphalt submitted beneath her might. She quickly outgrew the skyscraper, as she now admired the city skyline, the one she was now part of.



'It seems I have outgrown my personal mirror,' announced Amarie regally. 'It has outlived its purpose.'

With a light shove, Amarie tore the skyscraper from its foundations, sending it crashing to the ground. She relished in the destruction. A chilling laugh escaped her lips. All the onlookers who had hoped the gigantic woman would be benevolent now abandoned all hope. A small spark of light caught the eye of Amarie. She saw Maria standing down there, looking up defiantly.

'Ah Maria,' she spoke. 'I had almost forgotten about you! Have you come to submit to me as well?'

Maria smirked, and Amarie realised something was wrong. The light from within her became brighter and brighter, until it pierced Amarie's looming shadow like a beacon in a stormy night.

Amarie felt herself being thrown back along a wave of cars, buildings and rubble. From above the ruined city, a new being rose up. Maria looked at the sky, a smirk of arrogance and self-satisfaction adorned the face of the goddess. Her hair, skin and necklace

shimmered like a pristine mirror. Amarie felt the humiliation as she pulled herself back on her feet. For a second she had been the most powerful being to ever exist, but now she was covered in dirt, completely outclassed by Maria. Her humiliation quickly became rage, which exploded into fury and then became an unrivalled ambition. Maria noticed the change in energy below her.

'Look at you,' her voice boomed, even if for her it was merely a whisper. 'Frustrated little pest.'

'How!?' demanded Amarie. 'How did you outgrow me!? My powers were far greater than yours?'

'I do not owe you an answer,' said Maria. 'As a matter of fact, I don't owe anyone anything anymore. I am great enough that no being on earth can ever stand in my way ever again.'

Amarie tried to absorb the power around her, but the gigantic force of Maria made it slip from her hands. The fact that Maria was bigger also made her able to absorb energy faster and more easily, leaving little behind for Amarie.



'That includes you,' said Maria, as she outstretched her leg towards Amarie.

Her leg crushed thousands of skyscrapers below her, smothering thousands of cowering lives in a heartbeat. Maria chuckled and relief fell all across the earth. The earthquakes had stopped, their goddess was pleased.

'Let's see,' said Maria. 'As new divine empress of this earth, I will need a place to live, and food as well.'

Maria put a hand to her head, a soothing wave of light started to ripple from Maria, spreading all across the earth. The ripple carried a voice, beautiful and melodious. Its sound was disarming at first, then comforting and warm. The voice spoke into the heads of all it reached, lulling them into an obedient trance as it whispered commands in the forms of beautiful poems. Maria could not help, but chuckle as she felt resistance ebbing away across the globe.

'Well then' she said. 'It seems we have all come to an agreement. I have always liked the country of France. My royal palace shall be build there. Not just in France. On France. All of France. I want the most beautiful bed made of the finest of materials, even though I do not require sleep. I desire a team of chefs to make gigantic meals for me forever, even though this energy alone could sustain me just fine.'

Maria looked down at Amarie.

'Ah yes Amarie, and what to do with you? My spell did not seem to be very successful. I'll need far more power for your loyalty. As my largest servant, I simply can't rule this world without you. Wait... I can.'

Maria snickered with glee.

'Just tell me how' said Amarie. 'How did you turn the tides on me?'

'Wouldn't you like to know?' said Maria. 'Even if I told you, you'd never be able to match my size. I'll tell you what. If you beg me and kiss my beautiful foot, I shall provide an answer.'

Maria's eyes gleamed with delight, but Amarie stood defiant.

'I will not give you that satisfaction.'

Maria sighed.

'Your last act of free will and you decide to squander it. So be it. I'll ask you again. But this time it is a demand. Kiss my SHOE!'

She sneered those words, and suddenly Amarie felt a great force tug at her entire body. She was pushed against the shoe of Maria. Her body barely covered her soul. The pressure increased. Amarie realised it was neither wind nor magnetism, it was-

'Gravity,' said Maria. 'Delightful isn't it? Our powers can do far more than just make us grow you know. A smart investor spreads their investments and knows when to wait. I stored my power, allowing me to unlock its true potential. I boosted my intelligence and mastery of the energy. Then I learned I could charge up unused energy, which allowed my 'boost' in height. Oh well, you don't seem to be hearing me anymore.

Empress Maria Amanda heard a crack, and her laughter roared across the world.

Chapter III: Ruler or Goddess

The influx of energy was slowly getting weaker. It gave similar feeling like breathing in thinner air. Maria could of course grow larger to reach other energy in the universe, but that would destroy the earth she meant to rule. For now, she had decided to store the energy inside of her. She felt its power bloom inside of her. It would allow her to live



forever and make all bow towards her every whim. And yet she felt a slight sense of dissatisfaction of having only her own powers to play with. She hungered for that feeling of growth, of greedily consuming all the energy around her. This irritated her: to be limited even as a goddess.

The wind tugged at her platinum locks. It was such a small detail, but it made Maria look up regardless. The wind was slowly accelerating, until it had transformed into a storm. The storm could never hope to harm Maria, but that was not what was bothering her. It was the woman at the eye of the storm, slowly towering above the horizon amidst the red maelstrom. Her face was one of regal satisfaction as her blazing red locks swirled around her head. As Amarie ascended, she realised that fate had chosen her to win this duel. Even at the elevated height of her intelligence, Maria was still dumbfounded. The possibility to be outgrown had only now entered her mind.

'How!?! WHY? You'll destroy everything! There will be no world left to rule!'

'Foolish girl,' said Amarie. 'You do not realise your full potential yet. You think that you are some kind of a bull in a china shop. You are not fit to rule.'

'How dare you...!' cursed Maria.

'In case you were curious, I will tell you how I did it' spoke Amarie, suppressing her laugh.

'The "me" you crushed was no more than a puppet. I had little energy left, so I used some to mould a decoy from sand. Once that one was firmly stuck to your boot, I used all the remaining energy to get as far away as possible. And after that, I was free to grow once more!'

'You do realise I have not been sitting still as well, right?' spoke Maria darkly.

The girl at Amarie's feet started to glow. A white hot heat emitted from Maria Amanda, as

all the stored and refined energy within her was transforming her at tremendous speeds. Ripples appeared in her shining form, morphing, growing. Maria spoke again. Her voice was booming and warped, it's mere sound was as destructive as the heat she emitted.

'Amarie Tinuviel! This is the last time I'll let myself be humiliated by the likes of you! I will consume all this energy! I will make you the most miserable of beings! I will GROW!'

The last word was punctuated by a gigantic explosion. A flash brighter than the sun blinded the eyes of Amarie. Disorientated, she was thrown off balance. She felt the ground shift beneath her feet, a gigantic earthquake roared across the entire continent. The bright light, deafening roar, scorching heat, noxious gasses and the taste of ash almost seemed to destroy Amarie then and there, but her subconscious made her use her powers to strengthen her defences and endurance and heal her wounds. As she crawled back onto her feet, she saw only clouds of smoke and dust around her. Sometimes thunder cracked between them, showing glimpses of the destroyed landscape around her. In the mist she noticed a silhouette, it was slightly larger and thicker than her.

It must be Maria! Amarie thought. The explosion shot her to a height equal to mine! I quickly need to outgrow-

She interrupted that thought. Outgrowing her would only continue this meaningless cycle of the one outgrowing the other. She needed to end this right here and now! With her strengthened physique, Amarie darted for the silhouette. Her hand covered itself in dark, scarlet flames. Ones that would not go out unless the opponent had been completely vaporized. It was yet another creation of her enhanced mind. Her fist smashed the figure behind the mist. First Amarie heard a sizzling sound, afterwards the warmth disappeared



from her hand. It was then that she noticed what she had punched. A large, black wall stood before her. It seemed oddly familiar, Amarie could faintly see her reflection in it. As she let her fingers go over its smooth surface, her head slowly turned upward, as the horrifying truth was settling into her mind. Past the wall, she saw the upper part of the shoe and, above that, a gigantic leg disappeared high into the sky. Maria herself did not even notice the puny Amarie knocking at her boot, as she was currently experiencing the ecstatic rush of her power. High above the atmosphere, she breathed in the smell of fresh new energy, drinking and growing at speeds previously unthinkable. She revelled in the feeling of her boots crushing the crust of the earth.

'Yes! YES! This power! I have to hand it to Amarie! She was right



about my destiny! I was not made to rule over this pathetic speck of a planet! I AM A GODDESS!

The mere thought made her wet her lips, as she hungered for the vast ocean of energy just waiting for her to absorb. But first...

'Speaking of that tiny pest, I'll have to deal with her once and for all...'

Maria Amanda lifted up her boot from the ground. She focused some of her power into her heel and hammered it down with the true ferocity of her newly gained ambition as the absolute ruler over everything. The impact immediately destroyed the entire nation of Saudi Arabia. The force from her sharp heel pierced the entire globe, causing an explosion at the other side of the planet. She shockwaves of the impact send enormous earthquakes all around the northern hemisphere. Clouds were blown away in a flash, soon followed the ripples, which were in fact enormous waves, causing tsunamis around the entire east coast of Australia. A maniacal cackle escaped her throat.

'I no longer need you pathetic pests!' she

declared. 'I can destroy and create everything if I so desire! All you can do is grovel and squirm! SQUIRM FOR ME WORMS! AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!'

She stomped the planet again and again, lava gushed from the craters she had created. The world below her had become a wasteland of dirt and fire. Maria looked up at the cosmos above her and saw her limitless potential. Out of breath from laughing, she slowly started absorbing more of the energy, growing ever more powerful.

'It's simply perfect,' she whispered as the Earth beneath her finally collapsed.

Chapter IV: Clash amongst the Stars

Growing was an ecstasy incomprehensible to the mortals that Maria had left behind. The initial pleasure she had gained from the first time she grew was trumped by each growth spurt, and not even by a little. The pleasure was cumulative; as her growth speed was thousand times as great as before, so was the feeling of absolute power. Every fibre of her being exploded to become something greater: more of her. The process seemed to be everlasting, she did not even notice how she crushed almost the entire solar system with her body. After a while, only the sun remained, yet it was but a speck before her powerful visage.

'What a cute little sun, I almost feel bad for taking your energy for myself... almost.'

She moved her nose above the sun and literally sniffed it out of existence.

'Let's see, another growth spurt is in order.'

Within seconds Maria voraciously drank all the energy around her and exploded in size. She now floated before a cluster of stars, all with multiple planets hovering around them.

'Let's see,' she pondered. 'My intergalactic empire has to start somewhere, this is as good a place as any.'

With one swipe, she wiped out the entire cluster. The remnants of debris scattered away in a (for her) marvellous display of fireworks, before stopping in their tracks and reforming a singular massive star surrounded by multiple great planets. Upon these planets, would live the Mariads, a race of Amazonian women created by Goddess Maria herself. Their lives would be spent in servitude of her greatness; their purpose would be the conquest and subjugation of different alien species. Maria looked down upon her creation with utter delight. With one telepathic command, she bestowed upon her servants the great motto of their new mistress: SHE DESERVES MORE.



With a chuckle she left her creation to their new task. Not wanting to destroy them immediately, she used some of her power to blast outside of the Milky Way. Finally, outside she started to absorb and grow again.

'Ahhh that sure was fun, but this is simply the BEST part!'

She shuddered before she began to grow once more, basking in delight and power. However, suddenly she

noticed something she had not anticipated, her greatest fear. Amarie was there, rising

from the galaxy she had just dwarfed. She too seemed to be basking in its power, the glitter of stars seemed to exist to enhance her beauty, before too being absorbed by her growing figure. She gave Maria a coy smile.

'Before you ask, I managed to escape the Earth just in time,' she said with a smirk. 'Not only that, but your hungry absorption spree allowed myself to easily link to that flow, absorbing far more power than I normally would.'

'You!' growled Maria with disdain. 'I shall end this once and for all!'

'Just what I was about to say!'

Maria's next movement was very precise and calculated, yet it happened almost entirely upon instinct. She brought her hands together in what seemed like an instant and started pouring great amounts of energy against each other. A blinding light at searing temperatures was created before her as she mercilessly used her might to fuse the energy together. The greatest mass of energy the universe had ever been present to, now floated before her, and she simply swatted it away with a nonchalant swipe of her palm. The great solar flare instantly wiped out the Milky Way and destroyed two galaxies floating behind it. Amarie however seemed unaffected. First Maria had thought she had put up a barrier, yet Amarie had slurped up a large portion of the fiery tidal wave. She licked her lips as it she surged to greater heights, now on equal footing with Maria. Both deities circled around each other in the cosmos. Growing larger and larger as they carelessly destroyed countless galaxies and clusters of stars.



'You're going to have to try harder than that!' exclaimed Amarie. 'I am not some planet you can simply destroy! I too have plenty of tricks on my sleeve!'

Amarie outstretched an arm. First it appeared as if it turned black, but it was a darker black than Maria had ever seen, as the fist of Amarie started absorbing all around it, even light itself.

'Witness the power of my supermassive punch!' said Amarie, as even Maria felt being drawn towards it. By instinct she was forced to keep the constitution of her body together, but this led to her being sucked into arms reach. A shock hit Maria in the stomach, leaving her gasping for air. The power of the punch send her flying, crushing countless stars in her path. She quickly recovered however, and used the new space to quickly refill on energy. Maria held her hands up and gathered two swirls of energy at her fingertips, creating two discs of pure energy.

'Try absorbing this!' screamed Maria as she threw the discs her way.

Amarie realised quickly that she had to stop attracting energy, allowing her to barely dodge the two razor sharp discs. Still, they grazed past her body, causing blood to spill.

'How remarkable that such gigantic discs can still cut at a molecular level,' laughed Maria 'they will continue to chase after you until you draw your last breath my dear!'

'Then you'll go down with me!' declared Amarie as she flew towards Maria.

She flew at her at her fastest speed, but instantly changed course to appear behind her.

'Foolish girl,' said Maria as the discs collapsed against the body of their creator, like the most miserable water balloons.

'I cannot create something that is stronger than me Amarie. That little punch you threw just now has taught me quite a lot. My body is now the most durable thing in the universe. It simply cannot be destroyed!'

'You think so?' smirked Amarie as she drew a blade from thin air. It looked like a long, thin, invisible cyclone, visible only because there were things to be seen besides it. 'This is my wormhole blade, no matter how strong you are, this thing will cut through space itself!'

Amarie swung the blade at Maria, as the blade 'touched' her body, she felt her skin being turned inside out. The blade would cut effortlessly through her if she did not quickly do something, and quick she was. Maria's hyperintelligence allowed her to weigh billions of options at once. If Amarie could conjure such a weapon, then she would also be able to freely use wormholes as well! Giving Maria no chance to escape! She must have looked extremely frightened, because Amarie's eyes shimmered with wicked delight. Time seemed almost frozen in that moment.

Yes.... That's it.... Time....

Maria's arm burst forward in a last-ditch effort, tapping Amarie on her forehead. Her face remained unchanged, but the glitter was gone. Maria lodged her body free from the blade, instantly healing her wounds. She floated away from Amarie, looking on as she was frozen in time. Maria could not contain her laughter as she started growing again. The ordeal had unlocked so many revelations in her power that she could hardly keep track.

'Yes! At last! AT LONG LAST I CONTROL EVERYTHING!'

She snapped her fingers once more, as even the energy outside of her grasp started to obey her will. Great orbs of pure, white energy started forming all around Amarie, slowly crawling towards her.

'I saw you going after the energy as well, so I decided to give you a little present,' said Maria haughtily. 'Now to let's watch you get absolutely obliterated, forever this time!'

Maria folded her hands together and crossed her legs, as she was towering over the frozen Amarie, she decided on her punishment.

'It seems I can stop time, but what about acceleration?'

She pointed at Amarie, a green spark went from her fingertips inside her body. Amarie was now moving again, but bound to the spot that Maria had designated for her. Amarie squirmed around as life was being drawn from her body. Her body dried up and her hair turned white before slowly evaporating.

'Wither away little Amarie,' laughed Maria. 'Victory is mine... all MINE.'

Maria let out a sneering chuckle.

'I'll tell you what Amarie, I will relent the acceleration for just a second, if you beg hard enough, I'll let you live. You will live for eternity in humiliation, but at least you'll live, and you can behold me in my full splendour!'

Amarie opened her mouth weakly, and her cracked lips turned to a smile as she uttered one word.

'Surrender.'

Maria's anger flared up larger than ever before. She doubled the acceleration and send the energy crashing into Amarie, the explosion was so great that even Maria had to squint her eyes at it. The impact made ripples and cracks utterly annihilating everything in sight.... And then it was gone.

Maria would never learn her fatal mistake, but the acceleration of energy had had an adverse effect. Sending Amarie through billions of years of evolution in an instant, and Amarie had to only master one thing. She had to be sure she could consume EVERYTHING. As the energy collided with her, Amarie collapsed into a supermassive black hole, consuming all the energy around her into a single point, and from that point she was reborn.

Maria was still oblivious to this fact however, but she knew deep down inside that something was not right. As she grew and grew, she easily reached the borders of the universe, outgrowing its own expansion.

'I won!' screamed Maria. 'The universe is MINE!'



No answer, she thought. Did I truly win?

As only the silence greeted her, Maria grew more confident of herself. She did it, she truly did it. This universe finally had the Goddess it deserved! To think that a humble girl from the United States of Amarie- Wait... that was not right! It was different before! The united states of- What was it again? It had the statue of... Amarie. No, it was a different woman. The world was different too... Maria could swear there were multiple nations, but that was foolish to think! The empire of Amarie would not be divided! Maria's brain started to hurt as all her memories were a blur of what was and what had become reality.

Not only had Amarie transcended space, but time as well, reshaping the universes history as she saw fit.

'IT SEEMS' rang a booming voice. 'I WON.'

Chapter V: Beyond Time and Space



The booming voice rang as an echo in the ears of Maria. She looked around herself, but Amarie was nowhere to be seen. It was only Maria floating in the empty universe. Before she knew what was going on, Maria was teleported away. She was floating in a different world now. Surrounded by swirling storms of red and black, with gigantic crackling beams of purple lightning. In the distance, she saw clusters of jet-black orbs. Maria quickly realised that they were all individual universes.

The atmosphere in this dimension was intense, Maria needed to quickly adapt using her powers. She could barely believe that she had been dwarfing galaxies moments before, and now she was once again only a fly in a storm.

'WELCOME TO MY REALM MARIA.'

From the mist appeared two brightly red, piercing eyes, looking down upon the little Maria. Her pupils had the pull of black holes. Her face was like a pristine, porcelain mask. Around her face whipped a storm of red hair even more fiercely than the storms behind her. Most notable were her newly acquired jet-black wings, their tips had an orange glow on them. Amarie's necklace now bore a glowing purple crystal.

'Do you like it?' spoke the Goddess, who noticed Maria looking at the gem. 'It's the universe you and I just came out of. One must always remember one's origins. Especially when I have been visiting so many universes lately. Pillaging them of their energy, always faster, better, more and more and more. As a matter of fact, I am doing it right now. It is no longer a question of if, but when I will rule all the universes.'

Maria gritted her teeth, trying to hold back her tears. She focussed all of her strength in growing, but nothing seemed to change.

'What is going on!?' she screamed. 'Why am I not growing?'

'Oh, but you are,' said Amarie. 'I am merely growing alongside you. You do not understand the situation you are in dear.'

Suddenly, Amarie was gone and Maria was floating in front of a great, pitch-black wall. Maria outstretched her hand towards the wall, and suddenly she heard the voice of Amarie thundering from below.

'I WOULD BE MORE CAREFUL IF I WERE YOU.'

Maria backed off, using her godlike speed to fly away. Slowly, the black wall revealed itself to be the mere pupil of Amarie's eye. An eye which was glowing with malice.

'FEEL FREE TO STRUGGLE SOME MORE, PERHAPS I WILL REALLY TRY GROWING NEXT TIME.'

Maria dashed away in a blind panic. She heard Amarie laughing and the breath of her chuckle felt like a hurricane, blowing her way at faster speeds than she could have ever have hoped to achieve.

A large shadow started looming over her, and before she knew it she was caught in the grasp of the goddess. Maria was being squeezed in the hand of Amarie. A great pressure was tearing her apart from all sides. Amarie was forcing her to use all her power to stay alive. She made certain that Maria would always be at death's door, but she refused to kill her. When Maria felt she could not take it anymore, once every drop of supernatural power was squeezed out of her, did Amarie relent. She opened her hand. Maria gasped for air. She tried to push herself up, but her own arms could barely hold her up. She saw the palm of Amarie spread around her like a gigantic wasteland. A shadow rose up before her, forming into the figure of Amarie. This one was only slightly larger than her. Maria was confused as to how Amarie was standing before her even though they were both in the palm of her hand, however Amarie quickly provided an answer.

'This will make it far easier for us to converse. These shadow copies truly do wonders if you want to conquers multiple universes at once.'

'Why are you keeping me alive?' said Maria. 'Just kill me and be done with it.'

'Oh but I am not done yet,' said Amarie. 'There is still something I need of you.'

Maria looked up at her in confusion, and saw Amarie eyeing the amulet around her neck.

'Do you remember what we heard in the museum? About the two deities who used these necklaces to rule over the cosmos? Like the consuls of ancient Rome, they split the power amongst themselves to prevent one from having all of the power. A foolish notion, as they would end up destroying each other. I will not make the same mistake.'

Maria looked up to Amarie in disbelief. The unmistakable glint of hunger was in her eyes.

She outstretched her hand towards the defeated Maria and cupped her face into it, making her force to look into her eyes.

'Yessss,' said Amarie. 'That's the face I love, the look of utter defeat. Back on Earth I already realised that my victory was inevitable. I simply been waiting for this moment, but that does not make it feel any less good.'

Her other hand went towards Maria, grasping the necklace between her fingers. Amarie's eyes shimmered with avarice, before they suddenly turned to ice.

'What have you done?' she demanded angrily.

Maria looked down and saw what Amarie meant. The necklace was slowly losing its alluring shine, before turning to rust and dust.

'No!' exclaimed Amarie. 'This is impossible!'

For Maria this did not matter as much. At least Amarie would not get exactly what she wanted. That was a minor victory she would take solace in. She solemnly closed her eyes awaiting the end. And thus she missed the once in a lifetime sight. For this moment was when the greatest amount of power since the creation of the omniverse was released.

First, a thin, vertical white slit appeared upon the horizon. Then, as the slit widened, the powerful light shone through. Just merely being exposed to the light could eradicate entire worlds. And so it did, destroying both Maria and Amarie instantly. At least, the clone that was on Amarie's hand. The Titaness herself was thrown back by the sheer display of power, using her own might to keep herself together and adjust to this new situation. As the gate between dimensions opened up more and more, Amarie noticed the gigantic figure behind it, as it dwarfed her completely. The figure did not cast a shadow though, since she was the light itself.



Maria appeared through the portal, but a Maria that was better in every way. More powerful, more dominant, more grandiose, sexier, stronger, greater. Always better and seemingly always getting better. A cosmic deity with six great white wings. She wore silks that beautifully wrapped around her body. A halo of the brightest light in the universe surrounded her head. She carried a grand, ancient-looking book in her left arm. In her right hand, she held a long, golden staff with a glowing blue orb atop of it.

One would be mistaken for thinking that the Maria that had come through the gate was a benevolent angel. Her numerous exuberant jewels betrayed her vanity and greed however. Golden bracelets, necklaces, shoulder pads and earrings layered with countless priceless (and the size of multiple universes) jewels. She wore golden laurels on her head as well, crowning

her as the conqueror of multiple dimensions. Her hair was an ocean of shimmering platinum. Maria looked down upon Amarie, her eyes shone more brightly than all of her jewels combined.

'Pathetic! Absolutely pathetic!' she exclaimed.

She brought the book forwards. By seemingly sheer force of will, the book opened, its pages fluttering towards the one its mistress desired. Once they reached it, the book briefly glowed with pink light, before goddess Maria issued her command.

'KNEEL!'

Every creature in the dimension that Maria now occupied fell towards their knees. Countless creatures from all the countless universes dropped what they were doing and collapsed into prostration, including Amarie.

'AHAHAHAHAH! Payback just feels so good. Even if it was an inferior version of me, I simply can't accept that you ever made me fall to my knees.'

The luminous glow in Maria's eyes turned cold as ice for a moment.

'You are probably wondering why I am here. It seems you had the same idea as me, attempting to steal each other's respective medallions. Well it turns out that only one necklace of each kind can exist across the infinite possible worlds. Mine still exists because I am the strongest 'me' from all dimensions. When I attempted to steal yours from my own world, it turned to dust before my eyes. Though it seems I have finally tracked you down. You are the strongest Amarie from all dimensions... pathetic. I didn't expect the competition to be so.... Non-existent. Ahahahahahah....'

Amarie struggled against the enticing command. Yet thousands of voices from Maria had seemingly penetrated Amarie's mind. They were seducing her to submit, shutting down her own counterarguments and fogging up her thought process. Amarie did not yet understand what was going on, but Maria had made a fatal mistake by issuing this command. It had confirmed for her that her telepathic powers had a limit, and that Maria was not able to read her mind. Therefore Maria wasn't aware of the thousands of shadow clones that were harvesting energy across the cosmos for Amarie. As Maria was gloating, they were flying towards Amarie at this moment. She only had to buy some time before she could regroup and access all her powers again. And this time she would make sure that she would never have to bow down to anyone again.

This new rush of resolve seemed to have sparked something within Amarie, as she felt the hold of Maria slip from her mind. Maria noticed this too and cocked an eyebrow.

'You are such a persistent pest. It seems you won't even let me have my moment. Very well, I shall end this shortly.'

The pages of her book fluttered once more towards a different one, after a brief flash, a gigantic crystal sword hovered above Maria, its tip pointing towards the sky. Amarie noticed how viciously sharp it was. It could probably still split a hair of someone on some remote planet, even if his or her universe would get destroyed in the process. And so it did. The slash of the sword cut entire universes in its path like grapes, and the wind of the slash finished the rest. Amarie did not dodge however, she stretched her arm into the sky and caught the blade in her hand.

Maria raised her eyebrows only slightly, amused by the resistance that Amarie was displaying. She may have had the reflexes to catch the blade, but the crushing weight of thousands of universes would soon become too much for her.

'Stupid ant' spoke Maria. 'Just die already. Stop denying your Goddess, stop this disgraceful display of disobedience.'

'Funny that you call me an ant' said Amarie. 'With your endless knowledge, you should know that an ant is so strong it can lift a multiple of its own weight.'

With that, the blade cracked once, before shattering into a cloud of shimmering shards. Amarie floated amidst it all, staring at Maria with defiance.

Maria lazily lifted a finger and pointed at Amarie, a gigantic laser shredded from her tip through the cosmos. Amarie dodged, the laser barely grazed her. Another page opened in the book, now hundreds of gigantic burning meteors rained from all sides. They appeared from interdimensional portals, and disappeared like that as well. Still, Amarie could keep up with the barrage, often dodging them and sometimes having to break them.

‘My, my’ said Maria. ‘You truly are persistent. Time for some more brute force. Feel the gaze of a Goddess!’

Maria’s eyes flashed for a blink of a second, before everything within her line of sight got completely shredded by pure energy. Nothing remained, both the storms and present universes were completely evaporated. However, goddess Maria was not pleased.

‘You teleported, as expected.’

She turned her gaze towards Amarie, who was now floating on eye level with the Goddess.

‘I suppose precision is a department I am lacking in... for now’ said Maria.

Multiple interdimensional portals opened all around her.

‘I wonder... do I truly need not break you myself?’

Gigantic golden floating ships emerged from the portals. An enormous fleet of billions of ships all flew with the banner of Maria. Their crew consistent of different races that Maria had enslaved or created. Among the lowest were demigods that Amarie only knew from fairytales. Great flaming tigers, ancient dragon gods and mythical spirits were all just pets for the higher ups, chained down in gold, bred until they were domesticated. The greatest generals were winged Amazonian goddesses, bearing the arms of gods of legend.

Amarie bit her lip. Individually, she could defeat all these creatures, but as a group they would wear her down. She just needed to stall a little longer... before she was reunited with all her power.

The ships warped towards her with light speed. Before she knew it, she floated between two of the flagships. Barrels of golden cannons fired beams hotter than the sun. Amarie swiftly warped atop the deck of the largest ship. She was surrounded by foes beneath her notice, yet a giantess thrice her size stepped forward. Dressed like a Viking warrior, she wielded a hammer that Amarie knew to be owned by Thor, the Norse god of thunder.

‘For Maria!’ The Giantess belted, her long, blond braid flapped around her face as she slammed down towards Amarie. Amarie caught the hammer in her hand, the head crumpled like canned food upon impact. The giantess stepped back in surprise, but Amarie was faster, and lunged towards the giantess. A small tap on the forehead was all that was required to break the giantess. Using dark magic, Amarie sent the giantess into a slumber of a thousand years, where every second felt like an eternity and was filled with the nightmares of gods.

The warrior slumped to her knees and Amarie pondered her next move. From behind the giantess, a gigantic laser evaporated her body and forced Amarie to dodge.

‘I won’t allow you to slack off,’ said Maria. Her finger was smoking.

The laser had pierced the deck and the vessel started to sink. Amarie quickly abandoned ship, being forced into the crossfire once more.

Chapter VI: Great Struggle

This battle continued for five months. With Maria being unable to wipe Amarie out, whilst Amarie had no chance to turn on the offensive. She had a plan of course. Amarie's shadow clones were barely outside of the range of Maria's gaze. If she could reunite with them, she could fight on equal ground. However, if they were not reunited with Amarie, they were merely bubbles of power for Maria to absorb. Maria getting her hands on them was the worst case scenario by far. Furthermore, four other deities who surpassed her in raw strength were present upon the battlefield. Maria's four generals, the so called archangels: Athena, Gabriel, Isis and Gaia. She probably could find a way to dispose of them individually, but the effort required would drain her too much and lower her chances to catch Maria off guard. No, she needed to act quickly. Strike at the smallest opening, no matter how small the damage she would deal.

Amarie wrapped herself in her black wings, forming a cocoon. In the darkness, she quickly reshaped herself into another form. Her eyes became even redder like the colour of rubies. A cape fluttered around her. Dark as the night on the outside, red as roses on the inside. Her teeth sharpened into fangs and her skin whitened. Drawing upon millennia of terror that this creature had struck into the hearts of men, Amarie the vampire licked her blood red lips. She flicked a gloved hand, a black, floppy sun hat with a white rose appeared in it. She placed it on her head and folded the flap to cover one of her eyes. The heels of her black boots clacked upon the broken deck beneath her as she landed again.

'Hmm, I ought to not pay as much attention to looks, considering my situation' Amarie mused. 'Then again, I'll probably commission some murals to commemorate my victory, so I'd better look good doing it.'

Amarie noticed five flashing lights in the corner of her eye.

'And there they are, just what I have been waiting for.'

Those five, the lightspeed harpies, had been a thorn in her side for the past couple of months. They would swoop in at incredible speeds, not managing to harm Amarie, but definitely able to distract her or force a change of plans. Amarie turned to meet them.

Most likely they had spent eons perfecting their speed, it would surely be a waste to simply dispose of them. Their captain charged in. A star splitting spear aimed to skewer Amarie. She dodged the tip and grabbed the shoulder of their captain. She jumped and turned to land on the back of the winged deity.

'Captain be careful!' one of her subordinates exclaimed.

But before she could respond, Amarie dug her vampiric teeth into her neck. The captain started to transform. Her angelic wings became bat-wings, her eyes became red as blood and her hair turned dark. Her muscles strengthened and her body grew once more until it became a black-haired demonic vampire. The subordinates of the transformed captain squeaked with anguish, but their captain quickly turned against them. With speed amplified by her transformation, she quickly bit all of her subordinates before they realised that they were being attacked. Amarie had no patience to watch them transform, so with a quick snap of her fingers she sent her new minion on her way. The speed was exhilarating. Of course, it was a speed that Amarie could reach as well, yet it would severely drain her stamina in the process. Regardless, it was still a sight to behold. Everything around her moved in slow motion. Plasma beams from advanced laser cannons were sluggish and dull and all of Maria's soldiers were frozen like statues. Maria's generals were the only ones capable to respond towards Amarie's assault, but even they were too slow to act. Still Amarie was not foolish enough to think she could

outrun Maria. Instead, all she needed was a single strike upon the goddess. Her entire army would flock towards her, and Amarie would have her gap to escape.

She approached Maria from underneath, outside the realm of her gaze. Her vampire minion ascended past her leg over Maria's body, the size of a continent in comparison to Amarie. The vampiress zipped past mountains of silk. Loose straps and ribbons were titanic death traps to Amarie, but she persisted in her ascend. All the while she started charging her fist with gravitational power, creating a 'black hole fist' as she had done before, only at a far larger scale. At last, she had reached the chin of the titanic goddess. She jumped from the back of her loyal servant. Flying next to one of the sharp cheekbones of the glimmering goddess, she readied the release of her punch.

Everything else seemed to disappear around her. This was her penultimate moment, the only chance to turn this battle around. Both she and Maria had made plenty of mistakes in this tug of war. Sometimes it was pride, other times ignorance. Maria had turned the tables once again in a way Amarie could not have foreseen. That had irked her greatly. She was so close to totally dominating everything. To finally become the greatest creature that ever was. And now, even facing insurmountable odds, she would show her superiority towards the strongest Maria as the strongest Amarie. Suddenly, Maria's blue, incandescent eyes turned towards Amarie. Her heart sunk in an instant as Maria's lips turned into sadistic glee. She had fallen into her trap.

Time had seemed to have stopped, but Maria's hand moved swiftly beyond its limits. She raised it up high. Although it was the fastest that something had ever moved within reality, it appeared to move slowly. Like a piece of cloth in the wind. Its movement was precise, pristine, and perfect. Dramatic, like the raising of executioner's axe.

Amarie reacted upon instinct. For you and me, this seems like a normal response. But for a goddess who has transcended her mortal chains and who thinks at ridiculously high speeds with incomprehensible intelligence, acting upon instinct is a rare phenomenon. Then she struck, this time not with grace, but with brutality. Amarie was swallowed by a sea of golden, radiant power. She had turned her gravitational energy into a repellent force, but it was barely enough to keep her alive. She felt bones cracking as her entire body was swatted away by this deity. Her sense of balance was completely off. She felt her body cracking through multiple battleships until finally coming to a halt upon an extra strong surface. Her body felt weak, she could barely move her limbs.

She was upon another ship, servant of Maria were looking down upon her. Upon a throne on the deck sat a figure, Amarie was lying at her feet.

'KYAHAAAAAAAAHAHA!'

Maria's cackle did not even contain an attempt to maintain her serene divinity. Several of her servants, those who had joined her willingly and weren't brainwashed, looked up in bewilderment.

'MY! MY! HOW GREAT IT FEELS TO SWAT YOU LIKE A BUG LIKE THAT! MARVELOUS! DEL~ICIOUS!'

Maria licked her lips in delight from up high. Her wings flapped excitedly, destroying plenty of ships that were too close to her.

'That slap was supposed to kill you worm, even if it wasn't at full strength. Seems you are more akin to a COCKROACH.'

Reality around her went hazy. She couldn't properly define the energy that had struck her, therefore her regeneration was delayed.

'You better look up Amarie. The captain of that ship wasn't too happy that you trashed her ship like that.'

Amarie gaze up. Her hazy view had to adjust before she could properly see, and even than she could scarcely believe it. She saw herself sitting upon that throne. A golden chain around her neck. A simple sceptre in hand. Her own eyes gazed back blankly, two lifeless, emotionless eyes indeed.

'I kept this one as a souvenir. It is an Amarie from one of my first conquests, one that put up quite the fight indeed. A fight which I swiftly kicked out of her mind you. Now she is perfectly obedient. Maria snapped her fingers and the brainwashed Amarie rose from her throne.

'Wait-'

Before she could finish her sentence, the other stomped her into the ground. Amarie gritted her teeth, before being stomped upon again and again. All accompanied by Maria's uncontrollable laughter.

'Oh yes! OH YES! EVERYTHING IS SO BENEATH ME! The fate of the multiverse and all I have to do is flick my wrist and send out a puppet. I am truly omnipotent! I am truly the GREATEST!'

'S-such vanity,' managed Amarie between blows.

'It's not vanity if it is true,' Marie said with cocked eyebrows. 'Give her more pain.'

'Understood Goddess' said alternate Amarie as she increased her power. Amarie collapsed under her final stomp, which the brainwashed version of herself finished with a twist of the boot.

Brainwashed Amarie looked up in surprise however, as her own feet got pushed back by an unsuspected force. Amarie stared back at Maria with glowing red eyes.

'That's not what I meant,' said Amarie. 'Trust me, I will do plenty of gloating once I take my rightful throne. But it is vanity and sloth that was your undoing Maria.'

She sharpened her nails and pierced the boot of her clone, digging into her sole.

'If you are truly one like me!' Amarie shouted. 'Then do not submit to her! Return to from whence you came! To your destiny as goddess! TO ME!'

The other Amarie turned into a dark shadowy substance as Amarie drained her powers. She had no time to properly transform. As a figure made of shadows, she swiftly darted from the deck towards the rest of her shadow clones. Maria gasped alarmed. She and her entire army took chase. But they were too late.

A large cloud crept up from before Amarie. It was dark, intensely so. The rays of divine light that emitted from Maria could not illuminate this darkness. Amarie could not help but gasp in delight as she entered this cloud. Red lightning cracked from within it. A storm was brewing, after all.

'AHhH yEsSS' Amarie's distorted voice boomed. 'biLLIONS Of pLUnDered aND PillagED UnIvErses of ENeRGY. FINALLY ReuNITED wITh ME!'

The dark cloud was swelling more and more. From all corners of the sky shadow clones of Amarie added to the mass. Within this cloud, time and space were like clay for Amarie.

'AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! THIS IS THE EXTEND OF MY POWER! YES!!! THIS SHOULD BE PLENTY! OHHH YESSSS!'

Two glowing, red eyes appeared from within the cloud, which was slowly taking shape into Amarie's new form.

Chapter VII: Broken Limits

The misty, shadowy figure was about the size of Maria. It was still moulding itself into its new form, getting a sense of its own power. The battleships shot their lasers at her, but they simply disappeared into the darkness. She was on another plane of power now, slowly ascending the laws of reality. It was a strange sensation for sure. She understood why Maria had chosen to channel her powers into her books and staff. The chaos could become too much. Too unstable. But Amarie knew that she could not become allpowerful if she was afraid of her own power. She had to harness it, make it hers, instead of keeping it at an arm's length.



'Yes, YES! UNLEASH!'

A bright yellow burning core erupted from within her. A maelstrom of fire engulfed her from within. The ships that had started their approach towards her were swallowed in the fire. The rest was only saved by a barrier erected by Maria in the nick of time.

Bright light and heat surrounded this bubble completely. The fire wiped away one percent of everything in reality. Just like Maria, Amarie finally had a taste of the limits of the reality she had been born in. She was almost there. Her throne awaited at the top. The flames swallowed trillions upon trillions of universes, starting to swerve around itself like a hurricane. The eye of this storm was a black spot. From it, a dark tower started to emerge, going higher and higher. As the features of this tower started to become clearer, it became apparent that it was a gigantic pile of different creatures and figures stacked atop of one another. The greatest creatures served as the fundamentals, but many monsters and demons stood amongst them atop of the tower. Hissing smoke or pointing their weapons at the protected bubble.

A great tortoise stood at the bottom, carrying four of the terrible titans from before the Olympians upon its back, amongst them being Chronos. They shouldered the fish-like dragon known as Bahamut. Atop Bahamut sat the eldritch deity known as Cthulhu. Completely docile, it enjoyed the fact that its head was being stroked by its mistress sitting atop of him.

Two great black demon horns adorned the head of Empress Amarie. Golden jewellery was draped from them, twinkling bracelets and necklaces with jewels made of 'Amarite', and element Amarie had created to make diamonds a mere joke. They were forged by compressing multiverses together into the size of a cherry. Due to their immense gravitational pull, they could only be worn by the gods. Her hair was like a gorgeous plume of fire, twisting around her like the chaos she had unleashed. She had two great black leathery batwings. She wore a renaissance style dress of a deeply red colour. Her

upper body was bound together by a corset. Her boots were black-platform pumps with sharp heels. One kick would send someone towards the edge of space. Her fingernails were like great claws: Long nails that were died a shiny black. Her lips shared this motif, also in a black with a shiny gloss. They curled up in satisfaction as Amarie enjoyed her new demonic appearance, ready to challenge – NO! – TO DESTROY the so-called divinity of Maria.

'Destroy her! Destroy her!'

Loki, former God of trickery, yapped excitedly. He had previously tried to outsmart Amarie, but she had easily seen through his schemes and enslaved him. Now he served as her fool, doing tricks for her amusement. He looked at her to see his mistress' approval, but she ignored him. A silver chain went from his neck towards a great glowing ring in the hand of Amarie. From it spewed countless other shiny chains around the necks of her demons, slaves and servants. Most of them were invisible, and only appeared when they attempted to disobey her demands. If they were chained, Amarie could read their thoughts, dreams and desires completely. Not only that. She could control them with her mind as well. Her godlike hyperintelligence allowed her to easily keep track of all her chained servants and she intervened upon their free will whenever they weren't behaving optimally. A mostly unnecessary measure though, since most of her servants had approached her to serve her willingly and did not require mind control for persuasion. Her figure was the most beautiful thing in the cosmos, and many heroes and villains alike had thrown themselves before her. Certain gods had felt vain enough to attempt to challenge her, but she had punished them for their foolishness. No one could be equal to her.

In her other hand she held the blazing whip of entropy, bringer of chaos. One strike would start billions of big bangs and smother a billion other universes. If she was furious, Amarie would strike multiple times, causing the very foundations of reality to crack.

Her own generals appeared before her. They were her most powerful servants. Lilith, Nyx, Kali and Eris. She sends them out to do battle with Maria's cronies along with her swarm of demonic (and recently turned demonic) underlings. Maria regarded the spectacle coolly.

'Quite the show you have put on with you standing atop your mountain of gods and all. Let me guess... turtles all the way down?'

Amarie cocked an eyebrow.

'Didn't know you were finally up for small talk Maria,' she said.

Swarms of demons and angels poised to clash with one another. Their respective goddesses behind them. As the two great armies approached one another, in the final battle for reality, jester Loki was somewhat overtaken by all of this. Resting besides Amarie, he blinked for about a tenth of a second, just at the moment when the first spear-tips were about to hit one another. However after he opened his eyes, the battle had already been concluded. There he was, drifting amongst the cosmos, thousands of dead bodies floating through the sky. Above him a great amalgamation of power called towards him. A bright, shining force penetrated all in its wake. It was so powerful, that the laws of nature around him were starting to unravel. And with that, the trickster god was evaporated instantly, before he could even process what had happened.

This must seem awfully confusing, therefore we shall rewind time once more in order to explain what happened within that tenth of a second.

Using her divine foresight, Amarie noticed one of Maria's generals named Gabriel.

'You really should know that there is no such thing as catching the omnipotent off guard.'

Amarie chuckled as the angelic woman teleported behind her. A new chain sprouts from her ring and lunged at the warrior like a snake. It grasped around her victim's neck. The divine general was slammed towards the ground as her entire psyche was being reformed by Amarie. Her wings and outfit turned black, and her eyes glowed an ominous red.

Amarie send her new servant back into the fray, now having an edge in the war.

Helped by her whip and chains, the generals quickly overpowered the opposing army, with Amarie turning more and more of Maria's army into her slaves. Her chains grasped at them like hundreds of tentacles.

Maria was driven on the defensive. Soon, her three other generals had fallen to Amarie. They now had her cornered and charged at her like eight, dark arrows.

'I see Amarie, you have succeeded in making me angry,' Goddess Maria announced darkly.

She swiped with her staff, the blue orbs grazed all the generals. Within an instant, they disappeared.

'You have forced my trump card Amarie. Behold the Staff of Negation! It negates everything it touches to zero. There are no exceptions!'

Her icy blue eyes regarded Amarie.

'Even you.'

She threw her books high into the sky.

'Activate close quarters combat mode!'

The pages started to turn continuously with no sign of slowing down. Maria's gown transformed into a golden armour. Her six wings became two golden wings. Her staff transformed into a sword. The gem was now on the pommel, but the blade glowed with the same blue hue: it too had the powers of negation. A golden band covered her eyes. The inside was a mirror, a present from her servant Tezcatlipoca. Gazing into the mirror allowed Maria to see the entire cosmos.

Amarie transformed in response. That sword was indeed one of the most dangerous and impressive things she had ever witnessed. One strike and it would be over.

She armoured herself completely in the hyper massive diamonds that had previously been her jewellery. A cape, seemingly made solely from darkness, crept down from her shoulders on the ground. It would swallow any minor projectiles that Maria would throw at her, so Amarie could focus on dodging that sword. She floated towards Maria to show she was not afraid.

'No weapons? How foolish!'

'I am plenty armed,' said Amarie as she raised her arms to her side.

Maria was perplexed. Amarie moved slowly, but she definitely saw after images of her arms as she raised them. Was she hallucinating? Did she use some mind controlling magic?

Maria moved at the speed of divine light, instantly moving before her and stabbing the sword through her chest.

But Amarie disappeared. Maria instantly knew that she wasn't dead as she still felt her presence. Did she teleport?

She saw her approaching from behind using the mirror, poised to strike her with her fist and send her to kingdom come. Maria used her sword to block the punch and end the fight in the process, but suddenly Amarie's arm seemed to duplicate. First a hundred times, but then hundreds and hundreds more until Maria was entirely surrounded by a tsunami of fists that were coming at her. Just as they were about to hit her all at the same time she felt one strike ringing against the armour at her lower back.

Amarie floated behind her, in front of her, beside her. All appearing and disappearing at the same time.

'Quantum Fighting,' said Maria. 'Impressive. My book already gave me the details on it. You attack and dodge in all possible ways at the same time, but the most favourable outcome will be guaranteed to happen. You basically always have a way out.'

Maria began to chuckle.

'But no matter, my Oracle powers have already added this ability to my own. My book gives me effortless and completely efficient control over my powers. I can copy whatever you can do Amarie. Every time you catch up to me, I surpass you immediately. Well... I suppose it was that way from the very beginning. AHAHAHAHAHA!'

Maria disappeared, and then she was everywhere, facing wherever Amarie was.

'I AM MATCHED IN POWER. I HOLD THE BLADE OF NEGATION. I AM GODDESS MARIA. KNEEL BEFORE ME IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO GET SCRAPED AWAY FROM EXISTENCE.'

Maria looked into Amarie's eyes, she extended her other hand.

'KISS MY HAND. BECOME BELOW ME. AS EVERYTHING ELSE HAS.'

'You like to brag about your power,' answered Amarie. 'I can't blame you. It feels good to brag about this kind of power. But you are still weak Maria. You choose to bind yourself towards rules and books, but a goddess should be above all authority.'

Amarie smiled.

'You have laughed plenty of times at me only to be outsmarted, overpowered or outnumbered. I have been waiting for my chance to laugh my victorious laugh.'

Amarie stroked Maria's necklace with her finger.

'I feel like laughing right about now.'

'Have it your way then!'

A fight erupted. A fight sprawling the entirety of all of reality as the goddesses clashed at all corners of existence. Solar flares, black holes, big bangs, gamma rays, worm holes. The omniverse started to crack at the explosion of powers that was taking place. But just as quickly as it had started, the inevitable had to happen. Both goddesses were fighting for the best possible outcome of this battle amongst billions and billions of choices and opportunities.

As you can probably gather, the outcome came in favour of the goddess with the advantage. The blue blade was pierced through Amarie's heart. With her other hand, Maria plucked the necklace away. She held it in her hand for a precious moment, but then it disappeared with a puff of smoke.

'No...' Maria managed to cry out and then her face was grasped by Amarie's hands.

The blade was still stuck in her chest, but she had not disappeared.

'How?'

'You should learn to trust your instincts. The truth is, I used both Quantum Fighting AND Illusions. The Quantum Fighting was bait to distract you.'

The blade was gone, Amarie had not been harmed, but Maria felt her body getting heavier and heavier. The area around her was getting hotter too. She broke a sweat, but that was out of fear.

'Are you starting to remember?'

Amarie's eyes glowed purple. She started to cackle maliciously.

Maria noticed two silver chains around her arms and one around her neck, dragging her down towards the ground. She was amidst a fiery tornado. The heat of a million suns would not have hurt her before, but she felt her strength being sapped away as well as thousands of commands beating down at her will. Amarie was above her and despite the fire she was entirely cloaked in darkness. Channelling her powers of night and shadow to their limits, Amarie was wrapped in the darkest of fabrics with long wide sleeves and dark gloves. A hood covered her head and only two piercing, purple eyes and a cocky smile were visible from it.

'I combined the powers of Hypnos, the god of sleep, Nyx, the goddess of the night and Cthulhu, the old one, to create this powerful illusion,' she explained. 'I created an entire dream-omniverse to distract you, whilst I could safely wear you down with my chains.'

Amarie chuckled and moaned from the power that she was harvesting from Maria. Maria's resistance weakened as she started to weep.

'It's not fair.'

Amarie ignored her, finally having taken control over Maria body, she made her hand over her blade of negation (which turned red as it touched Amarie's hand) and burn Maria's own book, making her unable to cast any spells.

'Now, hand over your necklace.'

She extended her hand, and her eyes gleamed with hunger.

'Why not just get it yourself?'

'I could, but I want you to give it to me willingly, I want my victory immortalised as you realise that I am better than you. Also, if you hand it over, you will be in better graces with me after my ascension.'

'Just end it already! Strike me down!'

'I won't. You will become my handmaiden after my ascension. There is no negotiating. After I acquire the second necklace, my will shall precede everything else, including yours.'

Maria looked downward at Amarie's feet.

'Think about it. Don't you want to see just how powerful and beautiful I become after this? Don't you want to see the new world I will make?'

Maria's lip trembled, she snapped her artefact from her neck in her last act of free will. She cried as she finally admitted defeat.

Amarie laughed, the necklace fused with hers in an instant. Beam of eerie light exploded out of the combined necklace and the sheer power of it forcefully pressed Maria to the floor. She shivered as if she was a human struck by the lightning. This experience drained her out of all energy, which immediately become absorbed by Amarie. She

exploded in a sea of raw power, shattering reality around her completely. Her figure was barely visible amongst the maelstrom. Maria knew the only thing keeping her alive was because Amarie spared her.

'I HAVE WON! I AM OMNIPOTENT! I AM GODDESS AMARIE TINUVIEL! WITNESS MY POWER! AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!'

Her laughter echoed throughout all of existence, shaking it around like an earthquake.

'EVERY SINGLE NANOSECOND IS MULTIPLYING MY POWER BILLIONS OF TIMES! I CAN BARELY REGISTER IT MYSELF!'

Maria pressed her head on the floor below her, prostrating before the gigantic mass of power before her. Part of it was the force of Amaris will, but part of it was Maria's own obedience towards this never before seen collection of power.

'NOW. JOIN ME FOR MY FINAL TRANSFORMATION!'

Chapter FINALE: One Necklace, One Queen

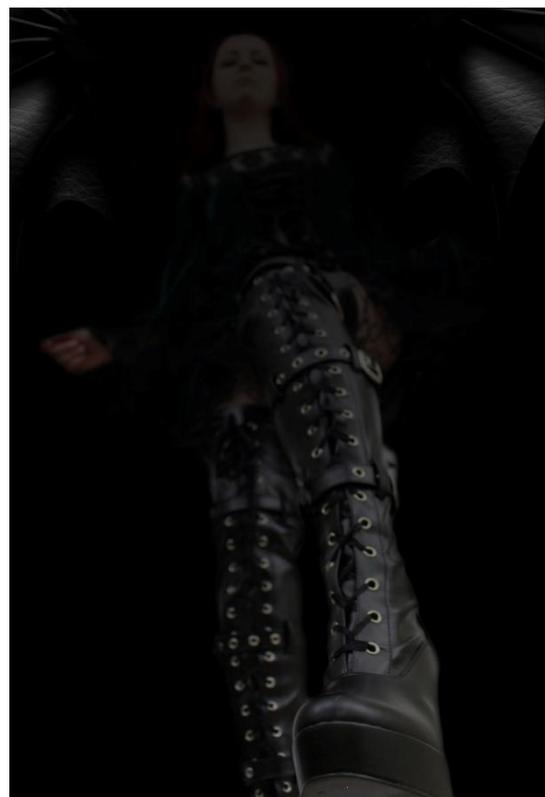


Maria was floating in a location of which she did not know how she got there. A bright light was before her. Just a small sprite, barely enough to keep in her arms. Her memory was foggy. She had woken up today in a hotel and then she became a god. She chuckled to herself as she realised how silly it was. Instinctively, she grasped for her necklace, but it was gone. And then she remembered once more, and noticed the presence behind the speck. An enormous black wall was barely illuminated by the light. It towered up into infinity. And above that infinity was a foot that balanced atop this platform heel. And that foot would infinitely continue on into a titanic leg, and above that would be the greatest body in existence. Than Maria realised how the small speck of light before her,

was everything in existence. She heard the souls of all living things coming from within it. All the omniverses in one place. If they were infinitely far apart from each other, Maria could no longer sense that distance. And Amarie had outgrown it so easily... and Maria knew she was holding back.

Maria chuckled again, but this time with a hint of insanity.

With a surprise to herself she found within herself a source of energy she didn't noticed before. Energy so pure, divine and powerful that it nearly made her scream. A thought materialized in her mind.



'It was a fusion that generates power!' she screamed. 'It's not about these artefacts! You were so occupied with these worthless pieces of jewellery that you missed the most important part of this all! What you absorbed is but an infinitesimal bit of power! You fool! It was the fusion that was the goal! And you have focused all the energy and unleashed it right into me!'

Maria's laughter echoed through the void, which she began to fill with the only thing worthy - herself.

In mere seconds Maria looked into surprised eyes of Amarie, but soon her rival got too small to be noticed. Maria bit her lip as platforms of her shoes were now towering over Amarie. She loved it! Her ridiculous growth made new "everything" began to show up as Maria graced all dimensions with her glorious presence. Amarie became just one more shiny spot of light as her rival carelessly added more and more to her beauty, power and size. When the concept of infinity became inadequate to describe the amount of "everthings" and no more new ones were emerging, Maria outgrew them, leaving all "everything" looking together like a tiny ball full of eerie light. She cupped ALL into her hands. It started to shrink and become more fragile as her own strength increased even further. She balanced it upon her fingertip to make sure it would not be crushed into her hands, but the gravitational pull of her body eventually made it collapse into her finger. She shivered as ALL that had ever been, ALL that could ever be, ALL that was able to be imagined and ALL that was impossible to exist was absorbed into her. Including Amarie. Unleashed power multiplied, replacing each atom in Maria's body with exact copy of this limitless source of eternal continuum of infinitely augmenting endless

energy. Maria began **GROWING!**

Space filled with the only that was left: ever-growing Maria. She wasted no time in sculpturing her body to proportions and looks putting any god and goddess to shame. Her body, mind and powers enhanced to the level where she no longer considered herself a goddess. She was far beyond that puny concept. She expanded, improved and become an epitome of beauty, might and intelligence. Everything that she experienced before was now worth less than a shadow of a shadow. Her power reached levels that made it impossible to describe how powerful Maria really was. And she used her endlessly self-increasing power to further accelerate her ascension. After eternities of eternities Maria filled *it* to the limit. Every free possible place was occupied by her infinitely fantastic and almighty body. She surpassed all erotic dreams and sexual fantasies that anyone ever dared to think of. She broke all rules and used all of the impossible ways to recreate herself into a personification of lust, greed, beauty, charm, allure and power. Her shiny golden hair, fairest face, divine-mind-blowing curves and any other bit of her perfection was all that *was*. Maria simply couldn't add more. Actually she could, but it made no difference. She broke from the ecstatic trance that seemed to last longer than the time itself.

'I won!!!' Maria moaned. "I love my power! It's so...'

Disappointing...

Maria shivered. Explosion-like feeling hit her sending her flying together with all the dimensions she incorporated into herself. Amarie's laughter was coming from everywhere. A woman that emerged next to Maria made her insane with the overflow of feelings. Amarie put Maria's look to shame. It was impossible, yet Maria looked plain and

inadequate when compared to Amarie's splendour. Any human being compared to Maria would seem much more worthy and interesting, than Maria being compared to her rival. Amarie's hair was longer, shinier, and more vibrant. Her eyes were piercing the soul of the beholder and replacing it with joy of being her slave. Word „perfection“ would become inadequate to describe exquisite allure of her face. Every curve of Amarie's body was fuller, stronger, prouder, bigger and more defined than any of Maria's. Each muscle was radiating with unearthly might. Maria realized that Amarie would be able to tear universe in half just by using her arms. Even if she was human-sized. Her even slightest movement was full of absolute grace and seduce. All her qualities were increased beyond Maria's comprehension. Amarie was not beautiful. She was amariesque. Amariely beautiful. Amariely powerful. Amariely fantastic. Amariely alluring. Amariely brilliant... And still becoming more!

I think I could grow a bit bigger. It won't do any harm, will it?

That impossibly saintly perfect being transformed nearby dimensions into her own body, making herself grow. She reached down, just for the sake of grabbing Maria like a bug between her two fingers instead of using her powers. Blonde over-goddess was atop of Amarie's finger. Two eyes in every colour imaginable looked down upon her. The tip of her finger was like a barstool for Maria, only falling off would mean falling into infinity.

When you get as big as us, size starts to mean very little. If there is nothing to compare my size towards, how will I know how big I have become? It was me providing energy for your growth fooling you as I tried to unlock your full potential, but it seems this is as far as you'll go. I hope you don't mind being used as a reference. And thank you for showing me one final boundary for me to cross. For me there is no limit to grow. Behold!

Amarie started to grow. Amarie's hair quickly became a great continental landscape Maria was standing in. The horizons of her rival's finger being infinite. She started to disappear within the grooves of Amarie's skin, which become enormous mountains and valleys around her. The light of Amarie's eyes eventually disappeared, and Maria started to lose her footing.

When you breathe in, your body starts automatically supplying your muscles and veins with strength. It does not require effort, simply breathing will suffice. This is me breathing Maria. Not even trying. And you are disappearing within the very building blocks of my existence. Do you remember how colossal you are? Now try to imagine how gigantic I am! And I am still growing!

Now floating amidst molecules, until the atoms of Amarie started to reveal themselves. First flickering lights, they started to grow before her, becoming gigantic suns and blinding her. Maria was but a speck of dust when she was a human compared to everything. This comparison is also applicable to get a good grasp of the size as she was now compared to a single atom of Amarie's might. But her mistress didn't let her have even such miserable feeling of being comparable to something that builds a true queen. Amarie's atoms dwarfed Maria. Smaller and smaller particles followed the suit until Maria fell onto the smallest of them all, which to Maria was the size of a planet. Before Maria formed her thought, that bit of matter was to her as big as a galaxy. And a nanosecond

later it was as big to her as universe compared to a human. Out of despair and futility, Maria finally collapsed, adding to Amarie's might, though Amarie did not notice this change herself. She was too occupied with making herself even greater...

Infinite bliss, power and growth only increased Amarie's hunger for more. There was nothing to outgrow, yet she somehow was tearing apart all of the rules only to actually make her growth meaningful. She was torturing the reality, unreality and all of the fantasy words down to their fabric simply to make herself more gargantuan. Until there was only one thing to defeat. Herself.



Amarie gazed at the tiny Amarieverse that formed in front of her due to all her actions. That tiny multidimensional sphere of a realm containing not only everything that ever was, is and will be, but also all of that, which is possible to exist or can be imagined plus all of that is impossible and could never exist or even be thought of and on top of that everything that divine superior mind can think of, create or imagine as well as all the things that could be beyond such mind's comprehension (if any), included also itself, all of its copies and any realm or dimension that would accidentally happen to be bigger than it plus of course Goddess Amarie Tinuviel herself to her own surprise, even though she is the only being that is bigger than Amarieverse. Mindblown by her own creation she studied that marvellous thing for an attosecond and she made a conclusion.

I WANT MORE!

She grabbed the Amarieverse and crushed it. Loud ungodly demonic roar pierced all parts of Amarie reaching even tiny Maria making her scream in terror. Amarie Tinuviel exploded...

***I think I
overdid it
this
time...***

Amarie Tinuviel exploded. In size! In power! In might! In beauty! In everything!!! Rapid sensation made Amarie grow so powerful and titanic that even her divine enhanced mind had serious trouble with comprehending her own might and size. She nearly lost her mind due to becoming HERSELF. She was panting and shivering from mixture of horror and bliss. Amarie gazed at the tiny Amarieverse reappearing in front of her. It contained herself, so naturally it had to recreate itself even if its mistress destroyed it. Amarie grabbed it, tempted to crush it again. Her superintelligent brain immediately presented her all possible outcomes of her next actions. She smiled to herself.

EVEN IF I KEPT ON DRAINING MY REALM AGAIN AND AGAIN THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOMETHING MORE TO OUTGROW. THIS IS MY CREATION MADE SOLELY FOR MAKING ME GROW ENDLESSLY. WITHOUT END IT WILL GIVE ME EVEN MORE TO ABSORB, LEAVING ME ALWAYS A BIT UNSATISFIED. HOWEVER...

Amarie looked deeply into the Amarieverse. Using all her powers she moulded it into a perfect copy of herself. As if in a tribute to the love of herself, she kissed her Amarieverse self and let both of her combine into one. Everything that Amarieverse stands for: all creation that can, cannot, might or could have existed or even be thought of or planned by Amarie herself plus all of its versions and all of the versions of Amarie became HER. Multiple goddesses and all of their Amarieverses merged into one, true and only AMARIE TINUVIEL. She was **EVERYTHING**. It is pointless to describe levels of size, power and pleasure Amarie experienced. How intoxicating it was to become HERSELF in all possible ways. To feel things she couldn't even imagine yet they happened to her. The feeling of losing mind because of sheer fantastic pleasure and regaining it simply due to being too powerful to not be conscious. Absorbing into herself entire timelines filled with nothing but bliss. Joining all of her possible and improbable copies in a union of euphoria of becoming one. The feeling of outgrowing herself, enslaving herself, freeing herself, worshipping herself, adoring herself and loving herself. Our language does not contain words worthy of presenting such divine ideas. We do not need to know everything. Let's be satisfied that the only one of all creation that matters - Amarie Tinuviel - finally satisfied her hunger for size and power. And nothing else was left but HER. Still she was far from being done...

She looked at the void encompassing her divine form. She just created it out of the sheer need of having to admire herself with her own eyes. But once it appeared, Amarie

felt it would be a waste not to use it. It would be the canvas upon which she would shape her new reality. First, she conjured two separate necklaces: One for chaos and one for order. She sent them on a trip back in newly recreated time, where they would eventually end up in a museum for two young ladies to find. She outstretched her arms, and from it came an ocean of new existence. The specks of „everything“ that Maria had absorbed was incomparable to the amount of new universes Amarie was creating. She took the souls of the previous omniverse before them and gazed at them, reading their virtue and obedience.

Those virtuous and obedient would live in the paradises: the most beautiful and bountiful places, where the inhabitants worshipped through creating art in her name. They were allowed freedom of will, since disobedience was not in their nature. Those who put in the most effort and artistry would become her personal muses.

Those virtuous yet disobedient or vice versa were put into universes more like life on earth, not specifically blessed by Amarie, but those who proved themselves could rise to the top or be reincarnated into a better universe if they proved themselves.

The darkest and cruellest places were for those who possessed neither. They were places of punishment, humiliation and tyranny. They were a place for re-education and punishment. Freedom of will was a true rarity.

Amarie took Maria's soul in her hands. This soul was going on a little journey. She blew it away with a kiss as it started its journey through her creation from the bottom.

A nameless nobody was staring up towards her dark mistress. Being directly overwhelmed by the entirety of her dark magic, her life was one brainwashing, nightmares and worship. The nameless one loved it, because nothing else was allowed.

A blonde thrall swung her pickaxe in the beating sun, collecting marble for the mistress' newest statue. Above, she flew on her black dragon, her golden cape shone in the sun. She worked diligently her entire life, fearing the punishment from her demonic overlords.

Subject MAR-14 worked on knitting a new dress for goddess Amarie on the galaxy-sized factory, an order from one of the higher universes. A stab of envy hit her heart, followed by a sewing mistake. At the end of the day, she was reprogrammed not to make the same mistake again.

Marlene was walking through the ruins of her city, tied and pushed forward by cackling orcs. The dark witch queen had finally conquered the defiant emperor. A corrupt king or a dark mistress, what was the difference? She appeared before the sovereign, her witch hat replaced with a dark spikey crown. The emperor was now a cat on her lap. Her hair was red and straight. Her eyes like piercing emeralds, or venom. In those eyes she saw her divinity, and realised how the emperor's rebellion was a mere ruse. A devilish prank

to make the humans think they were free. Marlene prostrated as she had done all her life, and the dark queen cocked a wicked smile.

Marion was fed up with the world of constant earthquakes and darkness she lived in all her life. When she first saw a blinding ray of a light far stronger than any artificial one she has ever seen, for a short time she was amazed with the beauty of the soft alabaster landscape she was inhabiting with her kin. Endless plain of delicate pristine softness giving everyone the life-force still was nothing to stop her will to be free of darkness. Each time she saw that light, her desire grew even stronger. She sold everything she had just to have her genome modified and grow wings. She trained very hard. After last failure she doubled the time for exercise. In the very moment the light appeared again, immediately she gracefully flew right into the sky. But to her despair again the fantastic light of freedom vanished, even though she flew much higher than ever before. Quakes returned with even greater force, shaking the whole realm and making Marion fall. Unbeknownst to her Amarie just changed her shoes and got ready for the party with her friends. Obviously she didn't even notice a microbe falling on her toe.

Mary hurried back inside from the creeping cold, an underfed rabbit in her hand. She looked back at the approaching snowstorm, and noticed the red manes from within. The blizzard queen breathed her cold breath and Mary's heart was frozen. Her skin turned blue and her hair turned white: Now another puppet of the goddess of Frost. She marched to her icy palace and kneeled before her frozen throne. Wrapped in white furs, the queen laughed as the planet's magma core finally turned to stone and her everlasting winter could begin.

Marley sought food in the wasteland. What grew there was sick from disease and rot. A miracle occurred when she finally found a pretty flower. The red haired fairy who lived within it begged her not to betray her location to the other villagers. She nodded, and gave the flower water every day. The lone flower became a meadow, and more fairies appeared. A grand forest swallowed the wasteland and the elven queen took her throne once more. In a dress of cherry blossom petals and with beautifully hypnotic butterfly wings, she welcomed Marley as one of her own. She sprouted her own wings and lived happily in harmony with nature.

Mavis was a rebellious leader against the vampiric queen who ruled all over England. Armed with silver bullets and garlic, she fought the scourge of vampires and monsters that ravaged the lands. She met the vampiress in her throne room, she was dressed in a dark, wine-red, Victorian dress. She realised the error of her ways in obeying the faulty humans. She let her blood get drained by her new matriarch as she became her vampiric handmaiden.

General Marianne flew her Pegasus over the battlefield, conquering continents in the name of her divine empress Amarie. The golden rays she fired from her trident only petrified the soldiers on the battlefield, as they were forced to fight against their will. Once the rebellious tyrant had been slain, the soldiers were made citizens on Amarie's capital planet.

In the core of the gas planet of perfumes floated the palace of lusts. Marie-Louise, along with the other most beautiful and talented souls, practiced the arts to hone her talent of worship. She played hundreds of instruments, was a talented painter and dancer and had the beauty befitting of a muse. All her peers looked up to her, as her craft of worship was also her greatest passion. She was known to throw parties on planets where the oceans were wine, and where the embers of rainbow-coloured fireworks sprouted fruit trees on the ground. There were swine whose meat was already grilled when they were alive, and the party lasted for eons on end. It was known as the first feast thrown by mortals to be attended by Amarie herself, and as a reward, Maria awoke the next day before her palace.

Maria looked up at the divine palace, hidden in clouds of diamond dust. A cross between a celebrity mansion and a gothic castle. A set of stairs was before her. The steps on either side were suitable for mortals like her to walk on. The steps in the middle were the size of mountains, meant for the goddess herself. She began her ascend, it took about a year, but she had already spent an infinity in Amarie's universes, so what did it matter?

She was but a mouse before the black, wooden gates of the castle, reinforced with gold. Before the doors was a man on his knees. One of Amarie's personal muses. He was the Slave of Flame, and his job was to teach the proper etiquette of worshipping Amarie.

'Ah! Miss Maria!' He spoke, rising from his prostration. 'Mistress has been expecting you.'

He grasped and kissed her hand with poignant grace.

'What does she have in store for me?' asked Maria. 'Does she intent to punish me?'

'Do not fear her majesty,' answered the Slave. 'Save fear for danger you can avoid.'

She bowed back and lifted her dress, to the bewilderment of the Slave.

'Thank you for your guidance,' she said, but she didn't feel reassured.

As the gates of the castle slowly opened, her heart sank. Sure, she had been serving Amarie for eternities on end, slowly regaining her older memories, but what if it was merely the set-up for a gigantic prank? She could not muse on this fact, as the next figure greeted her in the opening hall.

'Greetings, I am Roxanne, the Sculpture of Earth. I am the head of the household.'

A woman in a dark green maid outfit with nutty, brown hair greeted her. Maria followed her through the hallway. Walking over the red carpet, she noticed the golden knights that saluted her upon entrance. The braziers on the sides of the wall held suns within them as light. They entered the first, great hall. Maria could not see the end of the hall, only endless pillars into an endless horizon. The pillars were see-through, and at first Maria mistook them for aquariums. In fact, they held countless, glistening universes within them.

'Are these all the universes?'

Roxanne chuckled, but then she noticed Maria was serious.

'No, only the one's that mistress particularly fancies. She has instructed me to give you a tour of the castle before we meet her. Are you ready to go?'

Maria gulped at the idea of having to traverse the endless grand hall.

'Oh don't worry,' said Roxanne, noticing the look on her eyes. 'Navigating this palace is something you as mortal are probably not used to. Observe.'

She outstretched her arm and made a fist, then she pulled her fist to her chest. The room instantly folded in on itself, as if someone had squashed a picture on MSpaint. The room was now a few meters long, and the pillars were squished like pancakes. They passed to the next door and behind them the room stretched again.

First they met Molly, the Sommelier of Souls. She was the cook of the castle, and it was her job to make food that suited the palette of her mistress. She made universes entirely out of food. In the middle of the dining table was a great horn, constantly sprouting foods in accordance to, and beyond, the wishes of the people at the table. There were shish-kebabs that put edible planets on a stick. Soups that had swirling galaxies in them instead of cream. There were time travelling wines that had been aging from the birth of existence. There were magical jelly beans that could change the colour of your hair, alter your size or swap your gender. There were walnuts with the density of black holes, which could only be cracked by a magical nutcracker, or a slight tap from the goddess herself. There was a celestial champagne that was filled with dying universes which popped on your tongue. There was calamari's made from old ones, a fish filet from Bahamuth and pork chops from Moccus. There was tea extracted from souls whose life had been never ending pleasure. One sip would be a year's worth of continuous sexual pleasure. Dragon egg omelettes, anti-gravity grapes and steak from a cow that had grazed only on universes. Maria felt only shame for the party she had thrown in a previous life as she beheld the spectacle.

Next they met Emma, the Maid of Water, who was the pool keeper. The pool turned out to be an ocean of crystal clear water, which had an entire underwater kingdom at the bottom. Touching the water turned you into a mermaid or a Scylla, and it allowed you to breathe underwater frolic in the kingdom. The inside of the castle was a spectacle of colours, the walls were made of colourful coral and decorated with mosaic made from jewellery.

'Mistress is a Scylla or a Mermaid based on her mood. If she is feeling foul, she becomes a Scylla with dark tentacles stretching across the entire queendom. If she is feeling fair, she becomes a gold-scaled mermaid with a ruby crown.'

Maria spent hours with Emma dancing in an underwater ball, with Roxanne patiently watching from the side-line.

After that they met Eve, Ellen and Erica, the Weavers of Fate. They made the clothing for their goddess. Amarie never wore the same outfit twice, except for some choice favourites. Those she wore based on her mood:

If she was feeling angry, she wore a dress made from molten magma. Completely black, save for a choice few stripes of glowing lava. Her steps set the castle ablaze, and it would be up to Emma and Roxanne to prevent her from burning down the house. When wearing this dress, her hair would become fire itself.

If she was feeling cruel, she would wear a long, latex dress, which seemingly had a life on its own, absorbing all unfortunate souls in Amarie's path. She would wear a black, thorny crown and hold the whip of entropy, a weapon all too familiar to Maria. All muses would make sure they hid well when Amarie was feeling like this. Amarie would then go to the dungeons to torture some souls that had crossed her in the past.

If she was feeling lazy, she would wear a silver cocktail dress with a coat that seemed like fur, but turned out to be made of clouds. If she was in a bad mood, the clouds would turn dark and spark with lightning.

If she was feeling playful, she would wear a skin-tight catsuit with fluffy cat-ears and an equally fluffy, yet strong, tail. She would sneak up on her muses to play pranks on them or have fun with them.

If she was feeling fancy, she would wear a long, sleeveless dress with the patterns of the northern lights dancing upon them. She would leave a trail of stardust behind, so that her servants could always find her. A variation of this would be a dress made from a fabric similar to rose petals. Her steps would sprout flowers wherever she went.

Whenever she wanted to gloat to a fallen enemy, she would dress in all the riches that her new reality had to offer. Her large hoop dress would literally become a mountain of platinum, gold and diamonds for the fallen to climb.

Whenever granting a boon to her servants, she would wear a dress literally made from light, and somehow she herself would shine even brighter.

'And for what mood is that dress?' asked Maria, pointing towards the mannequin that had no dress on it.

'The one she is wearing right now?' said Eve. 'That would be the dress when she is particularly drunk on power.'

They met Minerva, Guide of Mind and the keeper of the library, all books with an infinite amount of pages. They met Zara, Mother of Life and the keeper of the garden of the flowering stars. Mildred, the Bard of Splendour kept the music room, which held a record containing every sound from the beginning of existence until now. Chrystal, the Tamer of Quakes kept Amarie's bed, which turned out to be a portal to an alternate dimension where everything was made from fabric. Lola, the Curator of Divinity kept Amarie's art collection, Maria saw some of her own paintings, since it was one of the only ones that didn't have moving objects on them.

'Now it is time,' said Roxanne. 'You will see mistress in the throne room.'

She opened the doors, somehow even greater than the one's at the entrance, and a tsunami of colourful mist poured out of the room. Maria braved the fog herself, and the room she entered was a bombardment of the senses. Golden pots burned the mist of incense, which smelled like roses, honey, wine and moss all rolled into one. Scratch that, the odour seemed to change with every breath. Still all these exquisite smells were nothing to compare to ubiquitous intoxicating aroma of the Goddess herself. Her pheromones seemed to encompass every soul with her sexual power. Dark onyx pillars towered forever into the infinity above. Candles the size of skyscrapers decorated the throne room. Stained windows depicted all of Amarie's muses, with one window left untouched. There were gods and goddesses dancing all throughout the throne room, chained with golden chains to the throne of the Goddess. Maria saw Venus, Astarte, Bastet, Pan, Nanaya, Milda, Lofn and Osun. Other goddesses of music were playing harps and flutes. The throne was carried by Jupiter, Atlas, Indra and Hadur. They seemed to be breaking quite a sweat.

The throne itself was made of a dark, supermassive material. Cushioned with red velvet. The armrests were shaped like dark dragons with jewels of Amarite in their mouths. The backrest was adorned with twenty dark wings, which cast a shadow upon Maria.

Amarie herself was more beautiful than ever. Her flawless face was like a pearly mask. Her thick dark sultry lashes could not hide the charisma oozing from her indescribable eyes, which constantly changed colours. Her gaze was strict but benevolent. Her lips were a dark shiny black. Her hair was a cascading waterfall of the most beautiful colours of red. Sometimes it was dark like aged wine. Sometimes brighter than the sun. Sometimes fresh like an orange. Sometimes it shone like amber.

She wore a huge, dark crown with red rubies and purple amethysts. The top gem contained the universe where they originated from, now frozen in time.

With a movement of her long deft hands decorated with sharp, black nails, like talons on a falcon, she could take anything from anyone. Not that there was need, for everyone would gladly give Amarie everything. In one hand she held an orb with flashing colours. Maria watched the orb and zoomed in on it with her enhanced eyes. She saw countless universes and omniverses. She could even zoom in on the smallest ant on the smallest planet. Then she saw herself from above, standing in front of Amarie. She shuddered and quickly averted her gaze. Trying to wrap her head around how that worked, would only be possible for Amarie.

Her body was an amazon's dream. Every inch of her skin was utterly flawless, holding the exact same perfect tone. Even though she was already physically the most powerful being, Maria could see her muscles constantly become bolstered yet their volume somehow was preserved at the most beautiful state possible. Her shoulders were beyond statuesque. Her abs made diamonds seem like crumbling shale. Even though her arms held the infinite strength, as did her irresistible toned butt, yet both were so perfectly feminine and only multiplied her womanly beauty. Her perfect gravity-immune breasts achieved epic proportions. They moved in hypnotizing ways as they bulged before her, seemingly swelling with each of Amarie's heavenly breaths. Or maybe they did grow indeed in the same fashion as her muscles, endlessly maintaining her ideal proportions. Either way it was absolutely obvious that greater monuments to womanhood could not exist. When Maria finally managed to take her eyes off them, she was amazed by the sight of the longest and most powerful womanly legs she ever seen. True pillars of strength and supremacy, they were adorned with long, black, spiked-stiletto platform sandal heels, showing off her toes perfectly painted with a varnish made out of the red shining universes. Her colossal elegant soft feet were clearly made for stepping on lesser beings, and all beings were her lessers.

She wore a long, black dress which revealed her cleavage and shoulders. It had ridiculously long sleeves. Below her breasts, a platinum corset barely contained her powerful lower body. Upon it shone countless stars, the ones she had crafted herself. She did not wear jewellery. Instead, planets made from gems orbited her neck, fingers and limbs. Her allured exquisiteness was paramount splendour and overriding grandeur.¹

Maria prostrated instantly before her. She feared her and adored her. She wanted to look at her and avert her gaze at the same time.

Amarie brought her shoe towards Maria and she kissed it tenderly with reverence. Amarie chuckled as Maria worshipped. Her chuckle turned towards victorious laughter which echoed not only throughout the entire castle, but the entirety of her newly created reality. Her melodious voice oozed with power and dominance.

'Finally, the only one that could stand up to me has submitted to me willingly. My victory could not be more complete.'

¹ Amarie's description was initially written by Corruptionwriter and then expanded using [MrGreyMan](#)'s ideas, who kindly [allowed](#) his stories to be used by others.

'I have seen everything you created,' Maria said. 'I could never do it justice. You deserve the entire necklace more than I do.'

'Enough,' she waved the praise away. 'I'll leave that to the souls that have yet to earn my mercy. You have served me well Maria, time for a reward.'

She looked upon herself. She was dressed once again as she had looked when she attacked Amarie from a different dimension. Her body and mind enhanced to the same extent. Only now her white dress was as black as the night and her white wings were now dark.

'Maria, you are now the Queen of Muses. The others shall obey you as they obey me.'

'It is wonderful mistress Amarie,' she purred. 'It feels so great to be divine again.'

She took place upon the lap of the Goddess in her almighty arms. She shuddered as she felt the goddess playing with her hair.

'Let's see,' said Amarie. 'I want your opinion on some things, Maria.'

And so, Maria ruled with Amarie as her second in command. She lived a wonderful life in her divine castle and helped with the construction of some new palaces. One day Amarie presented Maria with a bubble containing a universe in it.

'I have a present for you,' she said. 'This universe had a bit of a rebellion. My palace was overthrown when I wasn't looking. The rebels have chosen you as their goddess. I decided to leave the universe and leave this as your own little empire. You have been working very diligently. You deserve your own worshippers, even if they don't acknowledge me.'

Maria took the bubble in her hand, and stared at the countless galaxies within it.

'Thank you Amarie,' she said.

She crushed the universe in her hand and transported the souls to Amarie's darkest universe.

'All hail goddess Amarie,' she whispered.