

The Perfect Her

"I'm sorry," she said, eyes brimming with tears. "I just... I just can't any more."

"Babe," my heart clenched in my chest, a lance of pain stabbing right through it. "Baby. You can't be serious. You're joking right? This is a prank, isn't it? You're not *actually* breaking up with me."

"I'm sorry," Jenny sobbed. "I have to go."

"Wait," I choked out as she turned away from me, began walking away. "You can't... You can't!"

But she wasn't listening.

She hurried away, wiping her cheek with the back of her hand.

"Babe!" I called after her, frozen in place. "Jenny!"

Why wasn't I moving? Why wasn't I going after her?

This was a mistake. It *had* to be. There was no way she was *really* breaking up with me. Not after some silly nonsense and shouted words. This *couldn't* be real.

Yet she didn't stop walking away. Didn't turn back to look at me.

And I didn't chase her. Couldn't chase her.

All I could do in that moment was stand there dumbfounded as my heart shattered into a million tiny pieces.

Jenny was the one. I'd known that since the moment my eyes first fell on her, all those years ago. We were meant to be together, destined for each other. She was supposed to be my wife, my world, my everything. We were *made* for each other.

She couldn't leave me. She *couldn't*.

I fell to my knees, the blossom of pain from the impact of my knees on the ground overshadowed by the growing agony in my chest.

I'd know her ever since we were kids; when her family had moved in next to mine.

I'd watched her all these years, waiting for my opportunity to be with her. Praying for the day she'd finally notice me, see me.

And it'd happened!

I'd asked her out on a date, gotten together with her, officially started dating her. My dream come true, my happiest fantasies morphing into a reality.

She couldn't leave me. She couldn't end things.

I wouldn't let her.

Being a genius is annoying.

Understanding the world in a way that no-one else can, seeing things that other minds couldn't even begin to comprehend. It was like living in a whole other reality. A big divide that separated me from everyone else.

It'd been the thing that'd caused Jenny to flee from me.

Intimidated by my greatness.

I'd never get her back. Never win her heart again. Not with the things I'd said; the foolish, miscalculated gestures. To change her mind would require methods that, quite frankly, I had no interest investing my time in.

Mind control is entirely possible, but very tedious.

In order to create a device that could alter a person's thoughts, I'd first need to study deeply the nuances and complexities of the human brain.

Tedious and unnecessary.

I had a far more spectacular design in mind.

Something that would give me a mind control device. Something that would allow me to reclaim my soul-mate's heart. Something that would right all the wrongs, give me absolute power over my destiny. My *reality*. Something that would forever demonstrate my superiority over all others in the cosmos, all others including myself.

"What a fool," I chuckled, pulling the ray-gun looking device from a very familiar looking wardrobe. "A lesser me, no doubt about that."

I slipped the mind-control device under my belt, reached into my pocket and pulled out a stopwatch-looking mechanism. Tweaking the dials on top, pursing my lips in thought, I considered my next move.

Finding the right reality to hop into would be annoying. It'd taken twelve jumps just to find a version of me who'd decided to go through with building a mind-control device. How many would it take for me to find a version of me that'd never met Jenny before?

There were infinite realities out there. An unlimited number of possibilities.

Realities where I hadn't been born a genius, realities of me that'd gone through with research and tedium that were beneath the true me. Realities where I'd never existed at all. And, of course, an infinite number of realities that were exact replicas of my own.

That's what the dials on my reality-hopper were for.

To set how 'far' to hop.

Set it low, and I'd simply hop to an identical version of the reality I was already in. Set it too high and I'd hop so far that I might end up on a world where humanity had never come into existence, or even one where planet Earth had never formed.

I needed a reality that was far enough from my original one that the me in it would've never met Jenny – wouldn't have had the chance to fuck it up with her. But not one so far away that Jenny didn't exist in it at all.

A world where Jenny existed but had no idea who I was.

I'd meet her, woo her, win her heart – by charm or by use of my new toy. And we'd live together happily ever after.

I closed my eyes, activated my reality-hopper.

When I opened them again, I was in a new, albeit strikingly familiar, world.

Jenny. This was where she lived.

It'd taken some sleuthing to find her. In this reality, her family had moved into a different home back when she was a child. Her and I had never been neighbours, we'd never met each other, none of that.

I stared at the apartment door, gulped.

Wiping my hair back, I raised my knuckle – knocked on the door three times. Waited.

Inside the apartment, I heard movement.

My heart quickened.

This was it. This was the first day of the rest of my life. A future together with the love of my life. A future with-

The door opened.

-with... *What!?*

There she stood. Jenny. My angel.

And she was *hideous*.

My Jenny, the *true* Jenny, was beauty incarnate. Slender and busty and pretty, with flowing blonde hair and a smile that could warm the coldest of hearts. She was radiant, alluring, amazing. Perfect.

This creature was anything but.

Fat and ugly, skin blotchy and grotesque, hair ragged and knotted.

I gagged when I saw her, backed away in shock and disgust.

"Hello?" The abomination said – even her voice was disgusting. "Mister? Are you okay?"

I turned, quickly walked away.

How? How could a version of my love exist that was so... *Wrong?* What possible

path must this Jenny have lived in order to turn her into such a freak?

No. I'd have to try again. Keep trying over and over until I got it right. Until I found the perfect Jenny. The greatest version of her in the multiverse, to go along with the greatest version of me.

Truly, it's amazing how many versions of Jenny seemed destined to destroy themselves. So many fat and ugly ones, so many who disfigured themselves with ugly piercings or tattoos, so many that'd allowed themselves to be defiled by other men.

I went through dozens of realities, spent weeks and months of my life dismissing versions of Jenny – one after the other.

Not attractive enough? Dismissed.

Wrong personality type? Dismissed.

Married? Dismissed.

Too unintelligent? Dismissed.

I kept going, not settling on any that were inadequate. With the multiverse at my fingertips, I knew there was a perfect version of her out there. I knew, as long as I kept looking, I'd find it. I'd find *her*.

And, after spending almost a year of my life searching, I did exactly that. I found her.

The beautiful blonde laughed, the sound like music to my ears.

After encountering so many failed versions, finding this Jenny was like tasting delicious cherries after eating nothing but mushy raisins for months. It was the fresh air I'd been longing for.

"So how about it?" I said with a smile. "Want to come back to my place?"

Jenny blushed, looked down at the table in front of her.

We were in a restaurant, a place that my original Jenny liked coming to but that this Jenny had never been to. Our first date together, the one we'd tell our children and grandchildren about one day. Love in the air, happiness everywhere.

"I..." My future bride said, slowly shaking her head. "I don't think that'd be a good idea. I have work tomorrow."

I knew her schedule. I'd planned the date today specifically in the knowledge that she *didn't* work tomorrow. Which meant she was making an excuse. She didn't *want* to come over. She was just too kind and shy and gentle to say it for herself.

But that was fine. A problem easy enough to solve.

Under the table, I reached into my pocket, pulled out the mind-gun I'd stolen so long ago, steadied it on my knee as I pointed it at Jenny.

"Are you sure? From the looks you've been giving me all evening, I could have sworn-" I pulled the trigger, watched as Jenny's eyes hazed over. "You want me to come over."

Jenny blushed, smiled at me.

"I do."

"You want to," I grinned. "I want to. Lets make it happen."

"But..." The beauty said, unable to look me in the eye.

"It's going to happen," I smiled at her. "Come on, let loose. You'll enjoy it, I promise."

I knew all of her weak-spots. Knew exactly what to do to make her scream my name to the heavens.

"I've never done it before," Jenny said, eyes on the table. "I'm... I'm a..."

"All the better."

A virgin. Not touched or tainted by another man. Truly, this Jenny was perfect. Well worth all the effort I'd gone through to obtain her. And, with my mind-gun, I knew I'd never lose this one. I'd not have to worry about what I said, what I did. I'd always be able to repair any damage done to our relationship with a quick blast and a few well-placed words.

"I'm not taking no for an answer," I added, pointing the gun at Jenny again. "What do you say?"

The original me in this reality had put his mind to making money. Usurping his life after banishing him to another alternate reality had been surprisingly enjoyable. A large home with a swimming pool, more money in the bank than I'd ever need in life, an air of respectability and prestige wherever I went.

I led Jenny inside, hands exploring her body as her lips mingled with mine.

More sexy now than she'd ever been in my original reality.

"Get naked," I growled into her ear when our kiss ended. "Let me see that body."

I didn't even need to use the device.

Blushing, my angel began stripping off her formal dress, revealing her too-perfect curves to me. A mouth-watering body attached to a face that belonged on the front cover of magazines.

"It's your first time?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

"Yes," Jenny breathed softly.

"Don't worry," I smiled. "It won't hurt. You'll love every single second of it. I promise."

I took my girl's hand, led her upstairs to *my* mansion's master bedroom.

This was it. All I'd ever wanted from life.

Laying in bed next to Jenny, sharing an embrace as she slept peacefully. My cum leaking out from inside her. My sperm wiggling its way to her egg, intent on starting a perfect little family.

She was the girl who got away.

But, when you're a genius, nothing gets away for long. Not if you don't want it to.

I'd hopped realities for my beautiful bride-to-be. I'd changed my own fate, changed her fate. I'd rewritten our destinies, shaped our futures together. I was, in every sense of the word, a God amongst men. And a God deserved only the best as his wife.

That was Jenny. The best woman in all of creation.

And she was *mine*.

But... Why stop there?

No woman could ever hope to match Jenny.

No woman, that was, except Jenny herself.

I had one. Why not have two? Or three? Or more?

I held down a chuckle at the idea, even as it began to take root. Multiple versions of Jenny, all serving and satisfying me at once? A fanciful fantasy, but nothing more. But then, long ago, the idea of me being with Jenny at all had been nothing more than a fantasy – and look where I was now.

Who was to say I couldn't make another fantasy my reality?