

Summary:

I want to write a goddamn genie girl and by God I'm going to get this brain worm out of my head if it kills me.

Within the Kobold Queen's treasure hoard is a handheld oil lamp that gleams with gold, and atop its lid is a single flawless ruby. That's all it is, though: a fancy oil-burning lamp. Open it up, put in some oil, light up the open end, and you have yourself a flame. The PC can ask for it from the Kobold Queen and she'll give it up without a fight, since you've contributed so much to her pile by the time you meet her.

However, it's a bit dirty from neglect over the years, and on the side of the lamp is an inscription written in ancient Jotun. When the PC gives it a rub, out pops a genie: a tall, slender woman named Oma (in Sanskrit, means 'Cedar Tree;' in Arabic, means 'Giver of Life,' but it's typically a male name). From there, she gives the PC three wishes, which they can choose from a pre-written selection (power, money, etc). Except Oma is a bitter Monkey's Paw genie: if the PC asks for power, she zaps them with lightning; if they ask for money, it's dropped as a massive lump of solid gold/electrum that the PC can't transport.

One of the wishes they can choose is for Oma's freedom, which she's never had the pleasure of granting. If the PC's Cunning is high enough, they can wish for that first, but phrase the wish so that it's only granted after the PC makes two more wishes. After that, she becomes a 'legit' genie and grants your wishes as you intend them. If the PC is a bimbo, they can bumble their words into getting the same result.

If the PC makes three wishes and one of them isn't for her freedom, then she vanishes into the lamp, and the lamp itself vanishes, to reappear at some other time and place unbeknownst to the PC. If the PC *does* wish for her freedom, she becomes infatuated with you – the first person in her many, many years of existence to grant *her* a wish – and she becomes a traveling follower.

For sex scenes, Oma is meant to be Wish Fulfilment: The Character. Since she's a genie, she can transform into *anything* the writer wants. Want her to have a dick? Sure, she can do that. Want her to be a centaur – with a dick? Donezo. Want to fuck a massive harem of Omas, each of them slightly different from each other? She can do that.

But it'll also be light on the parsers: the layout of a sex scene would be a paragraph or two establishing what the sex scene is going to be, and then the rest of the scene assumes that Oma will always be what was established at the beginning. Like, if she's a futa centaur for a scene, she won't be anything else for that scene, and she'll revert back when you're done.

For follower stuff: Oma can't directly harm any living person or creature that doesn't wish for it. Keyword is *directly*: she can transform into a sword, or some other weapon, for the PC to wield, and if she's a sword being swung and she happens to hit someone, well, that's not her fault.

Because Oma could, in theory, be or do anything, she'd also be an attractive option for new writers to use her to cut their teeth for writing content. Any writer could contribute, in fact, and I was hoping that one or two people would pitch in a scene to give her some extra padding.

[=Browse=]

// Add this button to the Kobold Queen's talking topics after the player has chosen to talk about [=Treasure=]

// (scene: Shopping)

Your eyes wander through the massive pile of gold and treasure that the Kobold Queen's been hoarding to herself. There's enough money here to buy a country – she could be more than just a queen of some kobolds living in some caves if she knew how to spend it. Well, and if she could get out in the first place. The caves might be too small for her.

You lean down and pick up a fistful of coins, letting them flow off the side of your palms and between your fingers, trickling back onto the pile. You don't dare take any for yourself – you can feel the Kobold Queen's eyes boring into you from on high, watching you like a

hawk. But she doesn't stop you from touching the goods: as long as you don't try to pull a fast one, she seems okay with you being a little handsy.

When you do it again, you notice something particular among the glints and gleams of the falling coins. Namely, the distinct **lack** of something shiny resting among the piles of coins. You rifle through the pile, seeking it out... and your fingers wrap around something long, solid, and thin, like a pipe.

The coins part when you pull, revealing what looks to be an oil lamp of some sort. It has a fairly plain design: the handle is only large enough for your index finger, and the body is wide enough that you could squeeze the whole thing in your hand. It has a flared base to keep it steady when set on a flat surface; the spout has a slight curve upward, ending in an open point for a flame to wick from; and its cap, perhaps its most ornate feature, is a small disc with a number of ornamental carvings and etches strewn about its rim, with a simple, rusted chain going from it to the handle to keep it from getting misplaced. Adorned on top of the cap is a gemstone, but it's been crusted with dirt and mud, hiding whatever value it might truly have.

All in all, it's not an impressive thing, and frankly, you wonder what it's doing in the Kobold Queen's stash. The lamp's crusted with dirt and it's been scratched and pockmarked with misuse and neglect. In a past life, it might have been described as 'shiny,' but now, you'd sooner find it in a trash pile than in a mountain of gold coins. Perhaps the metal it's made of just needs a bit of polish? Out of curiosity, you flip open the lid and peer inside – and, as expected, the most you find is more dust and caked mud. There isn't even a wick to feed into the oil.

When you rub your thumb along its side to scrap off a bit of dirt, you feel something else: something etched directly into the metal. It's difficult to see exactly what it might be, though, especially in this light, and especially in the dirty condition the oil lamp is in.

[pc.isBimbo]You've only been looking at this lamp for a few minutes, but you've already gotten so attached to it! You're probably the first friend it's had in **years**! You don't want to put it back into the pile; imagine how sad it'd be! [Honestly, fuck it: this thing's caught your interest. It's too unique an item in the Kobold Queen's pile, as dirty and forgotten as it is. If it's not worth anything, then at least it'd make for a good night light.] You ask the Kobold Queen if she wouldn't mind if you had it.

The Queen's normally jovial and carefree attitude changes the moment you suggest you take something from her stash. Her face scrunches up in thought, bordering on frustration, and her massive tail thumps once, causing an eruption of coins to launch out in every direction before raining back down. But she doesn't say no.

"Give it here?" she asks, holding out her hand. You place the oil lamp in her palm and she brings it to her eyes, inspecting it for herself, to see if it's something she's willing to let go. She hums, her lips pursing and her eyes narrowing; she turns the lamp over a few times, and flecks of its dirt and mud fall to the cave's floor as she does.

"You know what?" she eventually says rhetorically, her expression brightening up as she returns to her previous personality. Her fist closes and she moves to toss the oil lamp over her shoulder and back onto the gold pile before stopping herself – a developed reflex that she's had to fight, you suppose. "You've added quite a bit to my pile, and whatever this is isn't very shiny at all. You have my permission to take this one – this **one** – thing from it."

She hands you back the oil lamp. When you hold it in your hands again, it somehow feels **different** now that you've been given permission to own it.

// end scene (scene: Shopping); display the Kobold Queen's talking topics but remove the [=Browse=] button; add a unique item called Oil Lamp to the PC's inventory

// Oil Lamp description:

An old, dirty, beaten-up oil lamp that's been so neglected over the years that you can't tell what metal it's made of. Aside from the jewel adorning its lid, it's worthless in its current state... unless you happen to have some oil handy.

// Unique, Sellable, worth 10 coins

// By itself, the Oil Lamp does nothing. But if the PC has at least one vial of Oil of Oliban on them, the Oil Lamp can be interacted with.

// Continue here if the PC has both the Oil Lamp and at least one vial of Oil of Oliban in their inventory, and they [=Use=] the Oil Lamp. Must be at a camp.

// If possible, display the following tooltip: Now that you have some oil with you, you can put this oil lamp to use.

// (scene: Fire Starter)

You pull out the old oil lamp that you had taken from the Kobold Queen's gold stash. It's been taking up space in your pack up until this point, but you also have some oil handy; it couldn't hurt to put it to use now that you've set up camp. [pc.isBimbo]Imagine how happy the lamp will be to finally be used again!|It'll give you a few hours of some gentle light – good to read something by, perhaps.]

Before you put the oil in, you fashion a simple wick from woven hemp grass to feed into the spout, and you give the lamp a quick, not-particularly-thorough cleaning along the inside and the outside; enough to be confident that the dirt won't affect the quality of the oil and that it won't be uncomfortable to place your hand on its side. As you do, you're distracted by the etchings on the side of the lamp again, so you give that spot in particular a thorough cleaning.

Once you're done, you recognize what the etchings are: lettering. Instructions on how to work the lamp? But they aren't written in Belran, or, in fact, any language that you immediately recognize. [party.has Atugia]You call Atugia to your side – maybe she can recognize it?

Atugia gently lifts the lamp to her eyes, her face scrunching up as she studies the text on its side. "This is Jotun lettering," she announces after a few moments. "At least, I'm pretty sure."

You clarify: she doesn't know for absolute certain?

"This lamp's been so badly weathered that all the lines and squiggles that could tell me for sure have been sanded off," she explains. "But there's still a few letters that I can make out."

If there's so little to go by, then she probably couldn't tell you what it said.

"Yeah, sorry," she says with a shrug, handing the lamp back to you. "There's enough here for a sentence, maybe two, but even if the letters weren't so faded, it's been a hell of an age since I last studied my Jotun. But hey!" she continues, bounding on her feet, "that means that this lamp is ancient! You've got yourself a real artifact, [pc.name] – there's history to learn with it! If you decide you don't want it, I'll take it off your hands."

You tell her that you'll keep that in mind, and you excuse yourself.|A mystery that'll go unsolved for now, unfortunately.]

Once you're satisfied with how clean the lamp is, you lift the lid and pour in the oil before closing it again. All that's left is to set the wick aflame.[party.has Agnimitra] Before you do, you call out for Agnimitra – perhaps she'd like to do the honors?

“You need something on fire?” she asks with a bright smile. She snaps her fingers, and when she does, her index finger lights up, wreathed in a gentle flame. “I’m your gal!”

She takes the oil lamp from your hands, holding it by its wide base... and then stops. Her finger stays lifted into the air, the fire dancing in the light breeze of the camp, but she doesn't light the wick. Instead, she stares at the lamp, like she had just found a piece of art that truly spoke to her.

You ask her if she's alright. She's a million miles away.

“Uh,” she says with a start, blinking her eyes a few times and shaking her head, causing the fiery red plumes on her scalp to flare up. “Yeah. Yeah... I’m fine, just... I’m getting such a wicked case of déjà vu right now.”

Oh, does she recognize the lamp? It's pretty old, and she's been reborn who knows how many times by now. It's reasonable to think she might know where it's from, or who made it.

At first, Agnimitra doesn't answer. Her eyes are firmly trained on the lamp. “Mmmmmaybe?” she grunts, her face eventually scrunching up and tilting to one side as she desperately tries to remember. “Gods, this looks so familiar. Everything about this. I feel like I remember lighting an oil lamp like this before, and it was a big deal back then.”

Well, you reassure her that, as far as you know, it's just an ordinary oil lamp. You cleaned it out and put in the oil yourself just now. Maybe it was important because she was around when oil lamps were first invented.

“Right, maybe,” she says under her breath, her brow furrowing in frustration. After another moment, she blinks a few more times, and her expression resets. “Well, whatever. I’m sure it’ll come to me later.”

Without further ado, Agnimitra brings her light finger to the wick and sets it alight. She holds the lamp by the base for another moment, her arm outstretched, keeping it pointed away from herself...

And nothing happens. She turns the lamp around so that the handle is facing you. “Enjoy!” she says, and then she leaves.]

Gently holding the lamp by its handle, you step towards the campfire, bringing the spout to the flame's edge. The oil swishes inside the lamp's cauldron, making it feel heavier, somehow – like the lamp is anticipating the fire. You can feel its metal getting warmer the closer you bring it to the blaze.

When the spout enters the campfire's flame, there's a quick spark and a light ‘pop!’ as the wick alights. The lamp jumps in your grip, started by the sudden ignition inside it...

And then nothing else.

Well, now your lamp is lit! So that's nice.]

You lift the oil lamp into the sky, testing its weight and how far the light of the gentle flame at its spout can reach. Not very far, but it's not a powerful flame: all it's meant to do is

give you a bit of low light to help navigate your way around your nearest surroundings. Or the words on a page, perhaps.

This is nice. Just you and your lamp.

You bring your free hand to the lamp's side, resting your palm against the metal, to see how well the cauldron insulates the heat. Your earlier cleaning job was insufficient, however: when you bring your hand to the lamp's side, you feel the dirt and grime that you missed more than you feel the metal or the heat inside it. Maybe it just needs a bit more rubbing.

You grind your palm across the surface of the lamp a few times....

[=Next=]

After a moment, you've brushed off enough of the dirt and grime that you feel the heat that you were looking for radiate from the lamp's metal cauldron. It's pretty warm – warmer than you had expected.

And getting hotter.

You stop rubbing, resting your fingers against the lamp's surface... but the lamp itself continues to bounce and jostle, like you hadn't stopped. You pull your whole hand away from it, and the[pc.isDK| damn] thing keeps moving on its own, like a rat was caught inside it and was fighting to escape. It pulls and yanks on the fingers looped through its handle, fighting to get away from you, and as it does, the flame on its wick suddenly extinguishes – and out from its spout billows a thick, ruby-red smoke that doesn't light into the sky: it sinks to the ground.[pc.isBimbo| Wow, you must have been more right than you thought: this lamp is really happy to be used!]

You don't want to just toss the oil lamp away – you might cause a fire. But the decision is made for you: with a particularly strong yank, the oil lamp pulls itself free from your fingers, but rather than drop to the ground, it floats in the air, suspended on nothing. The ruby-red smoke continues to spill from its spout at an incredible rate: already it's blown more smoke than you feel like the little lamp should have been able to hold.

The lamp spins in a circle as clouds of smoke pour from its spout, spewing the smoke in every direction as it goes. But similarly to how the smoke doesn't rise, it also doesn't spread out: it falls in a neat circular pile to the ground, piling up and up on top of itself, forming a tight cylinder until the smoke obscures the lamp. And even then, the smoke continues to pile up, slowly reaching higher into the sky.

A part of you realizes that this is very much not normal, and perhaps you should start running: who knows what you might have just unleashed? But another, larger part of you is curious – terribly curious. Wielding magic is as common as wielding the sword in Savarra, and [pc.isMage|even you don't have any idea what could be causing this|you very much doubt any mage in Savarra could tell you what's happening. All you did was light some oil!]

The smoke clouds spin and rotate with the lamp inside its cylinder, the layers of the smoke spinning in opposite directions – before suddenly picking up speed, a lot of it. In front of you is a whirling pillar of red smoke... until, just as suddenly, all of the smoke begins to get sucked back into the cylinder's center, as if the oil lamp was inhaling it all back in.

The pillar shrinks from the top down, vanishing back into the lamp and dropping the cylinder. After a few inches of smoke disappears, you see the curve of someone's head, adorned by long, flowing red hair. Someone's in there!

More and more of the person inside the cloud is revealed to you as the smoke disappears back into the lamp. Where there was nobody before, there's now an elven woman with a flawless, dark-tan complexion, standing maybe seven feet tall, and with two of the brightest, fiercest red irises you've ever seen. Her ruby-red hair is fashioned into a ponytail as thick around as your arm and reaches down to her ankles. And as the smoke continues to vanish, you see that she's not wearing a lot of clothes: a simple, functional, but largely inelegant white cloth with gold trimmings covers her shoulders and chest, and a pair of expansive harem pants with a similar color style make her legs look four times thicker than they probably are.

With one final puff, the last of the smoke is sucked back into the lamp, which is now resting flatly on the woman's upturned right palm, with her left hand held behind her back. You're **pretty** sure it's the same lamp, but the one she's holding is polished to a mirror shine, its metal flawless all around without a single chink anywhere to be found. Although... there's another chain on it, this one much larger, thicker, and heavier, and rather than connecting to itself, it instead connects to a large, thick, solid-gold choker surrounding the woman's neck.

The woman [pc.heightRange 0 80 86]looks down at you|looks across at you|looks up at you], regarding you with an expression that's difficult to judge[pc.cunningRange 0 75|.], although from the way her lips subtly curl downwards and her eyes lock fiercely onto yours, you'd best describe it as 'muted disdain.' Her back is straight and stiff: her posture is immaculate, as if she's been trained to stand this way all her life.

After a tense moment – with you mostly still reeling from what you've seen, and from what you **are** seeing – the tall woman lowers herself, getting on one knee and bowing her head to you in reverence.

"I am at your command, [pc.mascFem|Master|Mistress]," she says.

[=Next=]

You stay on your back foot, your arms up defensively, still shocked by everything that's happened. You have a million and one questions going through your head but your mouth can't grasp onto any of them.

After a moment, the woman stands, returning to her previous stance. "I am Oma," she says, her eyes locking onto yours. "I am a denizen of the lamp. Whosoever possesses the lamp and summons me from within it is entitled to any three wishes that their heart desires."

[pc.isBimbo|Her words go in through one ear and out the other. You're too distracted from... current events. "That was **awesome!**" you eventually say, bounding on your [pc.feet] in excitement. "Did you see that? All that smoke came from the lamp; then it went all 'fwoosh!' as it got all piled up; and then it got sucked all back into the lamp, and now—" You pause, realizing that you're speaking to someone new. "Gosh, you're pretty! Have we met?"|Your eyes keep travelling from her and her admittedly-striking-beauty, to the lamp. You didn't imagine all of that. Whatever just happened, this is real – you lit the wick; you gave the lamp a rub; and now, here's a woman claiming that she can grant you any three wishes that you want.]

Oma takes a deep breath in through her nose. Her nostrils flare as she does so[pc.cunningRange 0 75|: it's the practiced restraint of someone having had to deal with idiots all her life]. "There are, however, three rules," she continues. Her left hand comes out from behind her back, holding one index finger straight up. "First: I cannot directly harm any individual that does not wish for it." Her middle finger rises up. "Second: my powers cannot

impress upon any individual's person, either mentally or physically.” Her ring finger rises up. “And third: I cannot resurrect an individual from the afterlife.”

[pc.isBimbo|Wait, what? Oh, right! She said something about wishes. She can grant wishes?]You tentatively ask her if answering questions is something she can do for free, without needing to use one of your wishes.

“Ask, and I will answer,” she says sternly.

Okay, that's good.

You start with the first one that comes to mind: what[pc.isBimbo|?] the hell is she?]

Oma hums to herself as she considers how to answer the question. “It seems you still speak modern Savarran,” she answers. “In your language, I would be what you would call a ‘genie.’ I reside within this lamp,” she continues, hefting it for emphasis, “and I am at the mercy of any individual that lights the wick and rubs the lamp. You are the latest in a long line of Masters and Mistresses to possess it; ergo, you are the newest [pc.mascFem|Master|Mistress].”

She... lives in the lamp? But it was empty when you got it! Was she that red smoke that you saw earlier? [pc.isBimbo|And how the heck does a whole person fit in a space that teeny?]

She sighs. “In order: yes; I do not literally, physically reside inside the lamp; [pc.isBimbo|yes; and, I'm sure for an actual [pc.race], with much pain and effort|and yes].”[party.has Agnimitra Arona Atugia Azyrran Berwyn Brienne Brint Cait Etheryn Kiyoko Quintillus]

Your phoenix companion Agnimitra stands beside you, but... she's not nearly as agape as you are about the situation. From the look on her face, she seems more perplexed than anything: her head tilts to one side and her chin rests on her hand as she tries to figure something out in her head.

“This is so bizarrely familiar to me,” she sighs under her breath. “Hey, Oma. Was I ever your Master once before?”

Oma turns her head towards Agnimitra. Her eyes narrow as if Agnimitra had just asked the stupidest question she could have. “Impossible,” she says flatly.

“Not for me,” Agnimitra says back, puffing out her chest and flaring her plume proudly. “I'm a phoenix. You might have heard—”

“Impossible,” Oma says again, with much more force and finality than before.

“Oh, well, guess I'll go fuck myself, then,” Agnimitra says snappily before turning away.[]

Then, Oma stands still as a statue, resuming her earlier posture. Her right hand carries the lamp at around her navel, and her eyes stay firmly trained on yours.

She's totally at your command. All you have to do is make a wish, and she'll grant it....

// end scene (scene: Fire Starter); display Oma's main menu

// Change the Oil Lamp item to Genie Lamp

// Genie Lamp description:
// An oil lamp made of what appears to be solid gold, polished and shined to perfection, with a sparkling ruby placed atop its lid. Light the wick and give the lamp a rub, and you'll summon Oma, the genie residing within.
// Unique, Unsellable

// Continue here if the PC summons Oma
// (scene: Summoning Oma)
// **Need to write a freed variant**

You pull the golden oil lamp from your pack. You want to speak with Oma, the genie within it, again.

First, in order to summon her, you need to light the lamp's wick: the tiny rope sticking from the lamp's spout. Simple enough – all you have to do there is stick the spout of the lamp into the campfire until it lights. The lamp is empty, but you don't need oil, and you only need the wick to light for a few seconds.

Once it's alight, you lay the flat of your palm on against the bulge of the lamp's cauldron, and you give it a rub.

That's all it takes for you to summon her: the lamp, recognizing the sequence, begins to bounce and pull in your grip, wanting to get away from you. Your fingers release the lamp's handle, and the lamp hovers in the air – and soon, ruby-red smoke begins to pour from the oil's spout as the lamp itself begins spinning in place, spewing the smoke in every direction.

The smoke stacks on top of itself as it falls, forming a cylinder wide enough for a person to step inside. The column rises up into the air, maintaining its form and staying packed together, until it's roughly eight feet tall – as tall as Oma with some overhang. After another moment of whirling, tightly-packed red smoke, it, just as quickly as it started, begins to get sucked back into the lamp.

And there stands Oma, her eyes trained straight ahead and her back kept stiff. The lamp comes to rest on her upturned palm, held just above her navel, with a new, massive golden chain with thick rings connecting it to a golden choker wrapped around her neck.

“[pc.mascFem|Master|Mistress],” Oma says once, getting down on one knee reverently as her greeting before standing back up. “Your {wishes remaining|three wishes are|two wishes are|wish is} my command.”

[=Appearance=][=Talk=][=Wishes=][=Dismiss=]
// end scene (scene: Summoning Oma)

[=Dismiss=]
// Tooltip: Tell Oma that that will be all for now, and that she's dismissed.
// (scene: Dismissing Oma)

[pc.isBimbo|Well... as fun as it's been talking with Oma, you're also getting bored. You don't know what you want to wish for, and while you could think about it, thinking is kinda hard? And there's other stuff you could be doing instead.|You tell Oma that you still need a bit more time to think about what you want to wish for, and that she's dismissed for now. You'll summon her again when you need her.]

“As you say,” she says with a deep sigh through her nose. She closes her eyes and bows her head as she gets on one knee – and the ruby-red smoke from the lamp bursts from its spout, fountaining from its tip, enveloping Oma as it had when she appeared. The smoke wraps tightly around herself, forming a thick column that doesn’t reach nearly as high as it did when you summoned her.

Once the smoke completely obscures your sight of her, the clouds begin to swirl clockwise, spinning around her kneeling form at a high speed, before, just as quickly as they came out, the clouds are sucked back into the lamp until there aren’t any left. All that remains is a golden oil lamp, standing upright on the ground where Oma was kneeling.

If you want to summon her again, all you need is to light the lamp and give it a rub.

And, in the meantime, you have a perfectly functional oil lamp, to boot.

// end scene (scene: Dismissing Oma); return to camp

[=Appearance=]

// Tooltip: Oma claims that she’s a magical genie. Give her a once over to judge for yourself if she looks the part.

// (scene: Inspect Oma)

By all appearances, you assume that Oma’s most likely to be an elf, given the familiar features – the flawless complexion; the dark-tan skin; the pointed, almost knife-like triangular ears that jut horizontally from her skull – but she’s more than just that: she’s a magical genie, capable of granting any three wishes to whosoever possesses her lamp. It’d be hard to believe if you didn’t see her transform into a puff of smoke and enter and exit the lamp at your discretion.

Oma stands at exactly seven feet tall from sole to scalp. Atop her head is a flowing head of beautifully-maintained, flaming-red hair, tied into a ponytail as thick as your arm that reaches down to the bottom of her rump. Underneath her hairline are a pair of eyes that are just as red, if not more so: each iris seems to sparkle no matter how much or how little light there is to reflect in them. Her cheekbones sit high and her nose is thin and button-like, atop a set of full-but-flat lips – she’s quite beautiful {freed|, and ever since you wished for her freedom, she’s been smiling more often, which compliments that beauty even more|, although it’s often hidden behind an indifferent-at-best frown}.

Her body is fairly toned, but not such that you could see her muscles at rest. There’s just the barest hint of abdominal muscles along her exposed midriff, and her waist blossoms into a pair of hips that wouldn’t look out of place on an experienced belly-dancer. Although you can’t see her legs through her harem pants, they still give enough of an outline for you to imagine the power she’s got hidden in them.

Oma’s clothing is elegant, but simple and focuses more on the function than on the presentation. She wears a thin top that covers her shoulders and breasts, but not her neck, biceps, or belly. At the waist, she wears a pair of harem pants that reach to her ankles: overly-baggy pants that grossly exaggerates the crotch area, giving her legs a huge amount of breathing room and range while fully obscuring your view of her legs and leaving everything about her body below the waist to your imagination. Every piece of clothing she wears is pure-white silk with gold trimmings, which implies a high status. Her arms down from the shoulders and her ankles and feet are totally bare.

{Freed|Nowadays, although Oma is free to go wherever and do whatever she wants, she spends her time as a pearl piercing in the flat of your right ear. With a word or a motion of the hand, she can be summoned wherever you like. She used to be beholden to a magic oil lamp that

she was forced to carry with her whenever she was summoned, but you've since relieved her of that duty, and she spends her time with you of her own volition. | She's never seen without her lamp nearby: it's most often sitting in her upturned right hand, the base resting on her flat palm. The lamp itself has been polished and shined to a flawless sheen, appearing as though it had just rolled out of the mold earlier that day, and even the ruby sitting atop its lid is impeccable enough to amplify light. }

{ Freed | Before you wished for her freedom, Oma was forced to wear a massive golden choker, thick enough that you could club someone to death with it, that was itself chained to the lamp. However, that's now vanished, and it didn't leave behind any unsightly blemishes on her neck – it was like the chains were never there to begin with. | However, the most prominent feature of Oma's is the thick golden choker that she wears around her neck, and from it, a set of six, thick, heavy rings form a chain that connects the choker to the handle of the lamp. That's one such reason why she's never seen without it: she literally cannot escape it. }

Sitting atop Oma's chest are a pair of firm, pert C-cup breasts, and her rear end is raised and compact, probably trained taut from all that stiff posing. { Sexed Oma | And, although you doubt she needs it, she has a butthole placed between her buttocks, where it belongs. }

// end scene (scene: Inspect Oma)

[=Talk=]

// Tooltip (Freed): Ever since you wished for her freedom, Oma's been rather receptive towards you. She'd probably love to have a chat over absolutely anything.

// Tooltip (Not Freed): Oma said that talking with her and asking questions were 'free.' There's certainly a handful of things you'd like to ask a genie!

// (scene: Talk To Oma)

{ Freed | You ask Oma if she'd like to have a talk.

At the question, she takes a long, drawn-out sigh through her nose. She tilts her head back, closes her eyes, and a wide smile spreads across her lips. "It's wonderful that you'd ask," she replies. "I'd love to. I'd love nothing more than to talk. I'd love to choose to stop talking. I love that I can choose not to talk."

You're... getting a few mixed messages, here.

"Yes, sorry," she says with a sheepish laugh. "Let's talk. About anything. About everything, if we can! There's so much for us to learn about each other."

In that case, you'd like to go first... | Although you asked her this before, you ask again, just to be sure, if questions are considered 'for free' and you don't need to use a wish when all you want is to talk a bit. As a genie, she probably has quite a lot to teach you.

"Yes, you may ask questions 'for free,'" she says with an impatient scowl. "And I will answer to the utmost of my abilities. Though you may be surprised at how much or how little I have to say."

Well, that sounds cryptic. At least you know for sure that you can ask her whatever you want. }

[=About Wishes=][=Masters=][=Her Past=][=BeingAGenie=][=Freedom=][=Back=]

// end scene (scene: Talk To Oma)

[=About Wishes=]

// Tooltip (Freed): Although she's her own master now, you still have some questions about how the whole wish-granting processed work. It's not like you're asking her to grant you more wishes.

// Tooltip (Not Freed): You still have {three wishes|two wishes|one wish} for Oma to grant. You'd like to know exactly what it is you're getting into before you make {them|it} – you wouldn't want to say something by accident.

// (scene: Talk About Wishes)