

# Hit and Run

## By The Ethical Hypnotist

Words failed as his mind bent under the weight of the non-Euclidean horror. Tentacles, teeth, a writhing mass of eyes, a mountain of grey slime that blotted out the sun! If only he could scream, if only he could move, if only he could *die* rather than face this abomination! He could feel his essence slipping away, a crack in his very soul, everything that was Dominic Vazquez pouring into the void like a broken hourglass.

And then the thing was upon him. Grasping pseudopods tore away his clothing, wrapped around his naked body. Tentacles pulled apart his jaw, his legs, *poured into him*, filling him from both sides impossibly. His body shuddered at this hideous invasion - how much would be forced to endure before -

Dominic was standing naked in a white room. He was unharmed and unafraid. Some part of his mind said he *should be* afraid. Where he was now wasn't real. He could still sense reality - he knew he was being assaulted and destroyed by a nightmare - but he just couldn't bring himself to care. All he felt was exhaustion. Every cell and atom was ready to just sleep forever.

"Holy crap, a four-dimensional sentience! I haven't seen one of you since high school biology!"

The horror was in front of him. It held up a large cardboard printout of a human on a stick, like a beer promotion standee. It was very crude - the work of someone had an hour to finish a project for class - and roughly human sized. It completely failed to hide the mountainous bulk of tentacled horror - but it grabbed Dom's attention completely.

"Sorry for the trouble pal. Let's make sure you're ok." A tentacle shot out from behind the cutout, plunging into Dominick's asshole, lifting him off the ground. That woke him the hell up, and while he knew intellectually this was terrifying and degrading, the only sensation he actually felt was a pleasant pressure on his prostate.

"Aw jeez, she crashed right into your soul! Lemme just patch that up..." Back in reality, great torrents of glowing black fluid blasted into Dom's body, filling every inch of him. It started to pour from his lips, his nose, his ass. His belly swole like he was pregnant. But in the simulation, a wave of unbelievable relief washed over him. Whatever was broken - the terrible hole that was pouring his spirit into oblivion - was sealed. Dominick could feel himself filling with life.

"Again, sorry about that mister. You'll be right as rain in a minute." The standee was now pointing to the side, where a second horror appeared. It held a young girl standee, a badly-drawn look of embarrassment drawn on the otherwise blank face. "My little girl, she's practicing for her driver's license, and got mixed up. Jumped a dimension curb and dinged you."

Dominick stared, mind steadfastly refusing to race. This all made sense, it insisted - despite all evidence to the contrary. "Could you please remove your tentacle from my ass and put me down?" Dom was lowered to the floor, tentacle removed with a not-unpleasant sensation. "Where is my head today!?" The horror slapped the forehead of the cutout, leaving a slime trail.

"Listen..." The cutout had a conspiratorial expression. "Since you're all better, and it was an accident and all, what do you say we keep the insurance companies out of this? I'd hate for my sweetie to start her driving career with a black mark."

"...Insurance?" Dominick was completely adrift at this point, but the horror hadn't spoken to a being trapped in linear time for years - it interpreted the question as a demand. "Tell you what..." A baseball-sized mound of writhing nonsense gears and wires appeared in a tentacle. "This has still got a few rounds in it. You seem like a real nice guy... Take it, have fun! I'll check back in later, make sure everything's copacetic."

The tentacle extended towards Dom's face, and the writhing mound shot out. It gripped his face, pried his jaw open and punched up through his palette into his skull. He could feel it wrap around his brain like a vise. "Safe travels brother!" the horror added cheerfully.

Dominick screamed in his bed, screamed and screamed and screamed. Joey and Lola burst through the bedroom door, tried to calm their hysterical friend. "What the fuck is going on?" Joey shouted as he tried to hold down his thrashing friend. Lola held Dom's hand, trying to calm him. "I wish I fucking knew!" she shouted back.

There was the sensation of the world being stretched, the anti-sound of ear-splitting silence. Dom stopped screaming, stopped thrashing, and went back to sleep. "Man, that was one hell of a night terror! Any idea what that noise was Lola? ...Lola?" Joey circled the bed, where Lola lay on the floor. Her eyes were wide with wonder and she was speaking, though Joey couldn't hear what she said. "*Lola*?" She blinked, shook her head and looked at him. "Sorry Joey, I'm good. Don't touch Dominick." She got up and put a hand to his head, then covered him with the sheets. "I think maybe he's sick. Go wash your hands, I'll take him to the doctor tomorrow." Lola stood over Dom while Joey returned to bed.

Dom woke up early, feeling... off. The tatters of a nightmare flapped in his memory, something about gears and wires attacking his face. The dream imagery melted like wax, but there was still something happening that he couldn't describe. It was electricity beneath his skin, a building pressure behind his eyes. He stood up, stretched his naked form while trying to shake off his discomfort.

Then he leapt back into the bed, covering his dick with a pillow. Lola was asleep beside his bed, curled up with his comforter for a mattress. She was wearing one of his T-shirts and some cotton panties. The creaking bed woke her, and she slowly sat up. The strangeness inside Dom redoubled when he saw her small breasts against the shirt. "Lola, what the hell are you doing in here?"

"You had *really bad* night terrors last night - " She yawned hugely. "- and I thought someone should stay with you." Dominick nodded dumbly. The pressure was building inside him - he heard a low rumbling, like when he flexed his tensor tympani, growing louder by the second. "I think something's wrong with me. I feel really weird." She stood up, long legs glowing in the dawn light. "Yeah, I thought you might be sick. Sometimes a bad fever can cause nightmares." Lola put her hand to his forehead.

<<It is my wish.>>

The pressure released, all at once, into Lola. She gasped and stared into Dominick's eyes. "Lola?" He reached for her but she took a step back, breathing heavily. She put her hands to her breasts and moaned. She tweaked her hard nipples, then moved a hand under the shirt to better grope herself. The other hand went down her panties. She fell to her knees and started to masturbate.

Dom was at once horrified and aroused. His erection throbbed, and he began to stroke it. After a moment, he realized what he was doing and tried to pull away - he had to help Lola - but his hand refused to stop moving, and he couldn't stand up.

Lola saw him and her eyes went wide with lust. "Yes..." she groaned. With a frantic hand she pulled off Dom's shirt, exposing her slender chest. Then she simply tore off her panties, the seams flying apart, before returning to her work. Naked and writhing, she pumped into her pussy with the left hand while urgently rubbing her clit with the right.

As Dom watched, transfixed, her whole body began to change. The breasts were first, her perky buds swelling rapidly. Within a few seconds, they'd grown from oranges, to apples, to cantaloupes. Still they grew, the nipples stretching and expanding to match - soon two bowling balls hung absurdly huge against her runner's frame. She groped herself briefly, gasping with pleasure at her own touch.

The changes rippled out in all directions. Her lips grew thick and luscious, red as cherries, while her eyes changed from hazel to ice blue. Her whole face shifted, every flaw and blemish melting away while makeup spread. What was once the pretty face of the girl next door was now the sexpot fantasy of every teenage boy.

Gorgeous black hair erupted from her scalp, a waterfall of curly locks flowing down to her ass - which itself began to expand. She rose up as her growing rear pressed against her legs. Her thighs thickened delightfully, hips flaring with the audible crack of reshaping bone, while her waist contracted. Body hair vanished, leaving Lola as smooth as a doll, while her hard won athletic body gently softened, more pleasing to the touch. Her pussy began to drool as her fingers worked, her sex throbbing visibly with desire. She was close to an orgasm, her breathing ragged and fierce. A black leather collar appeared around her neck, like a cheap special effect, studded with tiny diamonds.

When the metal lock touched her skin she came, bucking hard against the floor for long seconds. Dominick felt himself close to orgasm, mind lost to the sensation, and then she rose. This vision of female sex stared hard into Dom's eyes, and all he could see was lust. She crawled across the bed, massive breasts dragging against the sheets, and then Lola was stroking his cock as well. With a breathy whisper, she begged, "Come on my face, Master." He exploded, thick ropes of cum splattering her makeup, and she shuddered in ecstasy.

Then the spell was broken. Dominick scrambled to Lola, terrified. "Lola, Lola, are you ok!?" He tried to cover her with the sheets, but she pushed them away. "Oh god, thank you Master! What a way to wake up! I love watching you touch yourself." She began to wipe the cum from her face into her eager mouth. "Jesus Lola, what's happening? Are you hurt?" Dom was panicking, trying to grapple with the madness before him. "Oh Master, I don't think I've ever felt better in my life..." She moved her hand to play with a massive nipple, content in post-orgasm bliss.

"Lola... Lola it's Dominick, your friend remember?" She rolled over to look at him. "No, you're Master. My Master. I'm your sex slave. I live to serve your pleasure - your desire is my desire." Dominick shook his head urgently. "NONONO, something's really wrong - we have to get you to a doctor!" She shook her head, giving him a flirty smile. "Things are so, so right, Master - I promise." She pressed herself against him, and the touch of her breasts stopped his rising panic attack dead.

"And the only person going to the doctor is *you*. Something happened last night and we need to make sure you're ok. So as much as I hate to say it, we've gotta get out of bed and go down to the clinic. Go take a shower and get dressed. I'll grab us some breakfast." With that, she stood up, and walked naked towards the kitchen, remains of Dominick's semen still dripping down her face.

Dominick's body did as commanded and his mind raced. What the fuck had just happened? What had he done to Lola? He had somehow turned her from his cute, platonic best friend into his wet dream of a sex sl - into his wet dream of a sexual partner. It had something to do with that terrible dream, he knew it. *What had happened in that dream?* It was almost gone now, just terror, metal, blood in his mouth and... insurance?

He showered, dressed and raced downstairs. Lola sat naked at the kitchen table, eating cheerios and scrolling on her phone. Dominick moved slowly, watching this living hentai girl like she was an armed bomb he had to defuse. He sat, and she poured him some cereal. "Can you grab some 2% when you're at the store Master? I don't like almond milk."

"Lola. I want you to listen to me very carefully." She nodded, breasts shaking. "Something has happened to you. Something that came from inside me changed you - it messed with your mind and body." Lola nodded again. "Yeah I know. It turned me into your ideal sex slave." She ran a hand along her amazing curves. "Isn't it great!? *Look at these tits!* You can't buy tits this nice. *Ooh!* Would you like a titty fuck while you eat?" Lola dropped under the table.

“NO!” Dom scrambled away from the table. From the floor, Lola pouted. “Why not?” Dom stood silent, mouth agape, trying not to scream at his friend. But Lola took his silence for acquiescence and she scrambled forward. “Lola please! I’m trying to help you! We can’t have sex!”

“Oh, we can have sex, I assure you.” She stroked her pussy, bringing her hand up to show her wetness. When Dom took a step back, she sighed. “Ok, ok. You’re the Master.” “*I’m not!*” he shouted. She answered by lifting up her breasts. “These magnificent titties say different, *Master*. But whatever, we have all day to fuck. Let’s go to the clinic before it gets busy.” Lola walked to the door. She put on a pair of red pumps, pulled her purse off its hook and walked outside.

Dom followed behind a moment later at a full clip, a hoodie in his hands. He tried to cover Lola’s body, but she shook it off. “Sex slaves don’t wear clothes! Do you want people to think I’m *not* your property?” “You’re naked in public!” He pleaded. Lola nodded, relieved they were finally on the same page. “Exactly! Everyone can see that I’m ready to fuck you at a moments notice! Classic sex slave.”

She gave him another boobular hug. “Come on, we gotta get moving. You wanna drive? I’m betting I can blow you before we get there.” “*You drive*,” he growled - which only made Lola shiver with sexual pleasure. “Now you’re acting like my Master. Let’s go.”

The drive to the clinic seemed to take forever. Dominick tried to bury himself in the seat, hiding from the staring eyes in the other cars. “Would you relax?” Lola’s tits shook as she changed gears. “No one is looking, no one cares. You own a sex slave - no big deal.” Dom had never heard a crazier sentence in his life, and said as much. Lola just sighed. At the next red light, she made the “roll down your window” to the next car over. She stuck her head (and massive tits) out the window. “**I’m a sex slave!**” she shouted, then pointed at Dominick. “**This is my Master! He literally owns me! It’s impossible for me to deny his sexual commands - and I wouldn’t if I could!**”

“Fuck do I care!?” was the surly reply. Lola turned back to the stunned Dominick. “See? Not a problem.”

It was more of the same at the clinic. Lola alternated between grinding on his crotch and kneeling at his feet. He was hard as a rock, desperately trying to convince her to sit still. After ten minutes of this, a woman across from them sighed heavily and looked at Dom. “Would you please *fuck her already!*? I’m trying to watch House Flippers!” In Dom’s moment of bafflement, Lola finally snagged his zipper and fished out his cock. “Don’t be rude, Master - you’re making a scene.” Argument won, she blew him in the waiting room.

“You’re *sure* there’s no brain damage? Nothing embedded in there?” Dominick stared hard, trying to will an answer out of the MRI scan. Lola sat beside him, gently stroking his cock, relief plain on her face. “No Mr. Vasquez, you’re fit as a fiddle. I suspect the night terror was just a stress reaction. Lay off alcohol for a week, take some melatonin before bed, and get some more

exercise - you should be fine.” The doctor tapped at her laptop. “You can pay at the receptionist...” she looked up, “or we could settle in trade. I bet your slave is great at eating box.” Lola jumped up, furious. “*How dare you!* I’m a one Master slave, *thank you very much!*” Dominick just buried his face in his hands.

Lola was still angry as they drove home. “The absolute nerve of that bitch! Doesn’t she know the fucking difference between a sex slave and a whore!?” “GODDAMN IT LOLA, WILL YOU SHUT UP!?” Dom shouted loud enough to shake the windows, drawing a breathy moan from the woman. “Yes Master!” she squeaked. He instantly regretted the outburst. “I’m sorry Lola - but isn’t there *any part of you* that understands how fucked up this is? I don’t want to own a person! I don’t want it to be ok for me to own a person! I want you to be free, to be your real self!”

Lola only shrugged. “People in Hell want ice water. I’m your sex slave, you’re my Master. It could be worse..” She put up a hand to stop his objections. “Listen to me as hard as you can - *I like being your sex slave*. What did I have before? A studio apartment? Assistant Manager at an Office Depot? Mediocre Tinder dates, ending in mediocre sex? Now I’m the most fuckable woman in town, and my only purpose is to get you off - as frequently and skillfully as possible. I literally have an orgasm every time your cum touches my flesh! *I’m ok, Master.*”

Lola reached over and stroked Dominick’s cheek. “I’m not afraid. Not of you, Master. I promise, if you’re stupid enough to undo this, I will *never* be mad at you for fucking me.” Dom squeezed Lola’s hand, unable to look her in the eyes. “I *am* afraid, Lola.” She lifted his head up, stared at him head-on. “Then I’ll just have to fuck the fear out of you.”

When they got home, Lola tried her damndest to do just that. She rode him hard, working his cock like the antidote was inside. Her huge beautiful breasts heaved in time to Dom’s thrusts, her moans matched his own. Lola’s ass slammed against his thighs, again and again, a staccato rhythm of pure desire. She talked dirtier than Dom ever thought possible, promising an eternity of carnal delights. Lola teased him, denied him, squeezed every atom of pleasure from her body to please her Master. When he finally came, it felt better than anything in his life. Lola thrashed, screaming with her own orgasm, and then crumpled into a heap on the sweat-soaked bed. “And.. and.. that’s just.. round one!” Lola beamed at her Master, triumphant.

They showered together. Dom had put up a token resistance, but what was the point? As Lola scrubbed his back, he tried to think his way out of the trap. Whatever happened in his dream had given him a wish. That was impossible, but no point in arguing that now. He’d used that wish to turn Lola into a cartoonish sex slave. That meant it was accidental, reflexive. The idea that he would do it on purpose... no, it was an accident, *it had to be*. He’d felt the wish before it happened - that weird pressure inside - and Lola touching him had set it off.

If it was just one wish... well, he was stuck with what he’d done. He’d take care of Lola, be the best... partner he could be. But he suspected this wasn’t over. Power was lurking behind his eyes - he could feel it. Was it recharging? On a timer? No way to know - he’d just have to be ready, and undo what he’d done.

That left a whole afternoon to kill. Work wasn't going to happen. Even if he could think about drawing, having a gorgeous eager sex slave was disastrous for concentration. They sat and watched a movie, and even that was a struggle. Lola was riding his cock within 30 minutes, her heavenly legs wrapped around him as they fucked on the recliner. They moved to the couch, to avoid sitting in the stain, but she started teasing his cock again within 20 minutes. Soon she was on her knees, mouth pumping while she fingered herself. Then Joey walked in.

Dominick tried to leap up, cover himself or something, but Lola just held him down by his balls and kept sucking. "*mmmph mmmph!*" she gargled with a wave. "Hi Lola, hey Dom. What'cha watching?" Joey sat down in the recliner. "Buh... Buh... Barbie." Dominick was close, talking was difficult. Joey started to say something about the film, but his eyes went wide and he shot up. Lola apologetically mumbled just as Dominick came, and they both went limp from orgasm. "Come on guys, *use a towel!* No sex goo on the upholstery! No cum on the carpet!" Lola popped the softening dick out of her mouth. "No worries there, Joey. Sorry, I'll buy some fuck towels today." The man grumbled and marched off to his room.

"Now there's a man that needs a sex slave." Lola stood up, stretching and licking her fingers. "*Not funny Lola,*" Dom scowled at her little shudder. "Ignoring the fact that *slavery is wrong*, a blowjob is not the answer to every problem!" She just shrugged. "Hasn't failed me yet, Master. But Joey definitely needs something. All he does is work and sulk in his room. He's super sweet, but he's haunted."

The three of them had spaghetti for dinner, a mundane meal save for the naked bombshell nibbling on garlic bread. Dominick ordered Lola to do the dishes, hoping to get some work done - but she refused. "I'm your sex slave, Master - not your maid." They compromised, Dom rinsing and Lola loading. Bedtime was more fucking, Lola's breasts swinging wildly as Dom took her from behind. After Lola licked everything clean, she pulled the comforter off the bed. "What the hell are you doing?" She looked at him like he was stupid. "A slave sleeps on the floor. The bed is for the Master." Dominick grabbed her arm and yanked her onto the mattress. "You are not a *dog* Lola. I forbid it. You will sleep next to me on the bed." She moaned at his command, started rubbing her clit. "Yes Master!" After making it *perfectly clear* that sex was done, Dom drifted off to sleep.

In spite of everything, it was wonderful to wake up with gigantic breasts pressed into your back. Dominick looked at his phone - 5:30 AM - and slipped quietly out of the bed. He watched the sleeping form of his... partner beneath the sheets, traced her marvelous curves with his eyes. Then the first beam of morning sunlight touched his naked body, and he felt it. The power welled up within him - a rising tide, an approaching storm, and the beginning of a sneeze all in one.

Dom groaned, almost buckling from the sensation. Lola woke at the noise, groggy and yawning. "Morning Master. Blowjob?" He recoiled like she had a knife. "*DON'T TOUCH ME!*" he begged. For a moment, she looked hurt and confused, but realization dawned. "Another wish..." She stood up, eyes full of excitement. "Oh Master, I have so many *amazing* ideas!" Dominick bolted

naked from the room, stumbling down the hallway. He had to get away, get out - protect Lola from more changes. He couldn't hurt her again, he couldn't -

Dominick sprinted into the kitchen and ran face first into the open freezer door. The impact left a dent and sent him sprawling. He was dizzy, ears ringing, eyes struggling to focus. Joey looked down at his roommate. "Oh fuck! Nick, are you alright!?" He grabbed Dominick's arm to help him up, and froze. The power arced into him.

<<It is my wish.>>

The man took a handful of steps back, then started to curl in on himself, every muscle contracting. Soon Joey was a tight ball on the floor. Lola turned the corner, and knelt down to help her wounded Master. They locked eyes, and she was stroking his face, talking though he couldn't hear. Then she went white and pointed. In the moment Dom had looked away, Joey had changed - his whole form seemed to have *melted*, skin and hair and clothes all fusing together into a perfect sphere. Then the color faded, evaporating off the shape like mist. All that was left was a flawless white ball.

Then it started to expand, pushing outward in regular pulses. With each pulse, an eerie blue light shone through. Something inside writhed in silhouette. Lola sat frozen, hands gripping Dom's shoulders while she pressed her boobs into his back hard. Dominick could only stare as the sphere grew and grew, bigger than the stove. Then a pair of delicate hands reached through the sphere from the inside and pulled it apart like paper. A petite woman emerged.

She was tiny, perhaps 5'3". She had a college gymnast's build, lithe, but with pleasingly large breasts for her frame. Her face was a vision of the girl next door, wholesome and beautiful, a face made for tender kisses. Long ginger hair was draped in a ponytail over her chest. She stood naked in the light of the refrigerator, staring at her body in wonder.

Dominick started to cry. He'd hurt another friend, changed them with a selfish wish he *didn't even remember making!* His head throbbed with pain and grief. As the darkness closed in, the woman knelt down and touched his face, eyes full of fear. Clothes materialized on her; yoga pants, a comfy t-shirt and puffy slippers. "Don't worry Nicky, I'm calling 911! Lola, keep his head level!" As he blacked out, he heard her speak. "My husband hit his head! Send help!"

He came to when an EMT shined a light in his eye. "Mr. Vasquez, can you hear me? Do you know where you are?" Dominick answered his questions, head *throbbing*. "I think he's ok, Mrs Vasquez. Looks like he dodged a concussion, but we should take him to the ER in case." Someone squeezed his left hand, the woman that replaced Joey. She kissed his cheek. "Oh Nicky, you scared me so bad." Lola knelt at his right, and caught his eyes. "Zoey, why don't you grab him some water?"

As the woman got up, Dom wordlessly mouthed "Zoey!?" Lola mouthed back, "Your Wife!" A nearby medicine gizmo beeped. "Got a heartbeat spike! Mr Vasquez?" He waved a hand limply.



"I'm ok," he croaked - and he actually was feeling ok. The pain was fading quickly, more like a charlie horse than a blow to the head. For the next ten minutes the EMTs poked and prodded while Lola and Zoey comforted. Finally, they admitted that his vitals were normal and the bump on his head wasn't swelling. With a stern warning to head to hospital if *anything* changed, they departed.

"Ok." Dominick sat in the recliner, head in his hands. "What did I do?"

"I'm your wife!" Zoey squealed with joy. "Look at how cute I am!" She spun around to show off, giggling. "Oh Nicky, it's going to be so great! We can go out on dates, and I can cook your dinner, and we can meet each other's parents!" She corrected herself. "Well, technically we've met each other's parents a bunch, but we'll just bluff our way through that." Zoey moved close to Dominick, making bedroom eyes and sitting on his lap. "Plus... there's a lot of advantages to having a cute little wife you can throw around..."

**"AHM."** Dom and Zoey both turned. Lola was staring at them, arms crossed somewhere beneath her massive tits. "Aren't we *forgetting* someone? I have Master's sexual needs completely taken care of, thank you very much!" Zoey just waved a hand. "Oh, you can still sleep with your sex slave! I'm a modern, sexually liberated woman, and I understand my husband has needs. So long as I get laid once a night, you can fuck like bunnies!"

Dom looked into his friend's new, beautiful green eyes. "Listen to me Zoey." "Zoey," she corrected. "Whatever! You're not thinking straight! You got turned inside out by magic! This isn't the real you!" Zoey sprung up from his lap. "It's better! No more soul-crushing work! No more gross facial hair! I have friends and hobbies! I volunteer at the dog shelter!" She turned back, took Dominick's hand. "And I have the greatest husband in the whole world."

Lola started giggling. "I guess you got your maid after all, Master!" Zoey wheeled, furious. "A housewife is not a maid! We are *partners* in this household! That's more than Nicky's cum dumpster can say!" Rage flashed across Lola's face, and she clenched her fists. "Say that again, beanpole, I dare you!" Dom stood up and darted between them. "Lola! Zoey! Stop it!"

**"NO!"** Zoey screamed at Dominick, eyes full of hurt. "NEVER CALL ME THAT NAME AGAIN! I am Zoey Hester Vasquez, and I am your *damn wife*!" She sagged to the floor and started to cry. "*Please... I am...*" Heart breaking, mind racing, Dom was paralyzed with indecision. He turned desperate eyes to Lola. She looked at Zoey, looked at Dominick, then pinched the bridge of her nose. "Take her to bed. She's your wife, Master - you're supposed to want to sleep with your wife. And please don't start with the moral agonizing. You've got responsibilities here and now, and hand-wringing about wishes isn't going to change that. So take your wife to bed."

Without a word, Dominick scooped Zoey up off the floor and carried her down the hall. She wiped her eyes as they walked. "I'm sorry I yelled at you," she whispered. "What else could you do?" he murmured back. "I wasn't listening." He set her down in the bedroom and undressed her. When he pulled off her cotton panties, he stepped back and looked at her nakedness. He

felt so guilty about what he'd done, but here and now, a sweet and beautiful woman wanted his love. Dom sighed - if he did this, he might as well own it. "You're the prettiest bride I've ever seen."

Zoey's smile lit the room. She leapt into his arms, kissing him with desperate passion, legs wrapped tight around his chest.. He returned her kiss, one hand in her hair, the other cradling her ass. He dropped her on the bed, falling on top of her, and continued to kiss her deep. After a minute of this, she pulled away. "Why are you wearing those stupid clothes?" The look in her eyes drove away the last of his hesitation. He was naked in seconds, and Zoey shimmied across the bed to put his cock in her mouth.

Dom gasped as she worked - she lacked the skill of Lola, but her sheer excitement drove him crazy. He let her go for a while, then grabbed her and threw her across the bed. She squealed in surprise, which turned into moans as he dropped between her legs. He tried to lick Zoey's sweet pussy with the excitement she'd shown his dick, and she writhed in pleasure, gasping and babbling. "Ohfuckohgodohfuck! Fuck me - fuck me now Nicky!"

He grabbed her legs, dragged her back to the edge of the bed, and stuck his cock into her while standing. As promised, Zoey's tiny frame made her easy to throw around, and he dragged her back and forth, driving her onto his cock over and over. Zoey's cries of pleasure grew louder and more insistent, and Dominick sped up. She came with a full body shudder, crying out to God and her husband in equal measure. Dominick joined her a few strokes later, filling her pussy and collapsing at her side.

He stared at Zoey as she huffed and panted, gloriously disheveled in the afterglow, and she really was one of the prettiest women he'd ever seen. He ached at having done this to his friends, but Lola was right; it could be worse, for all of them.

Zoey turned to him, beaming. "Oh my god! Oh.. oh my god!" She kissed him all over, giggling. "More please!" There was a bang on the wall. "You said once a day!" Lola shouted. "It's my turn!" Zoey tried to sit up, but her legs weren't back to full power. "Oh, *come on* - it's my honeymoon!" Another bang. "No, your honeymoon was three years ago! I found the pictures on Facebook!" Zoey looked shocked. "Where did we go?" "Disney World, you fucking dorks!"

"Both of you shut up!" Dominick smiled, but grunted as he sat up. "I'm gonna need an hour, whoever I'm fucking!" The bedroom door flew open, and Lola marched in. She looked down on the pair, imperious. "Bullshit, Master. I'll have you hard as a coffin nail in ten minutes." She crawled onto the bed - and right on top of Zoey. She pushed the petite woman down and pinned her in place with her breasts. "You want more, little girl?" She nodded, stunned. "Then follow my lead."

Lola leaned in and kissed Zoey, tongue probing the shocked woman's mouth. Zoey recovered quickly though, and then the two were twisting around each other, hands and mouths everywhere. Lola got two fingers into Zoey's pussy, and soon had the woman writhing again.

She switched hands without breaking rhythm, and presented her cum-covered fingers to Dominick. "You made *such a mess*, Master. I'll have to clean it up." She licked her fingers clean, then began to stroke his rock-hard cock. "Six minutes, forty seconds," she announced.

Dom fucked Lola from behind while she ate out Zoey. Zoey rode Dom's cock while Lola sat on his face. Zoey and Lola both blew Dom at the same time. On and on it went, in myriad combinations, until all three of them were exhausted and covered in sweat and sex. They lay in a heap, staring at the ceiling. Lola recovered enough to speak, chest heaving. "Ok Master... she can stay." They took a shower together - cramped but sexy - then split some leftover pizza for dinner.

"Ok, listen." Dominick put down his slice - he'd been thinking. "That was *amazing*. You are *both* amazing. A man couldn't have a sweeter wife, or a more loyal... companion." Lola snorted. "You're gonna have to say it eventually, Master." He gave her a sour look and continued. "You both keep telling me you're happy, that you want this - and I *really* want to believe you. But until I *know*, I won't be able to sleep." Lola and Zoey both started talking, promising him they were happy, insisting he not undo the wishes. "*I'm not going to undo anything!*"

"I'm listening to you. I'm owning my responsibility. I'm going to use the third wish to find the truth. If this is what you *really* want, then great! If it's not... well, I'll deal with the guilt. I'll be the best husband and Master I can be." He stuck his tongue out at Lola, but she looked concerned. "How do you know it's three wishes?" Dom shrugged. "I don't - it's always three in the stories." Lola took his hand. "Master... what if you're out of wishes?"

"Then I guess we're stuck with each other." With that, Dominick stood up and put his dish in the sink. "No more sex tonight- it's hard to think with two pairs of lips on my cock." Lola and Zoey both started talking *louder*. "*HUSH!* If you need to get off, get each other off. You enjoyed it in the bedroom, now enjoy it in the living room." Zoey blushed at the suggestion, but did not say no. Lola was more apprehensive. "Are you commanding me, Master?"

"LOLA RUSSELL!" Dominick pointed a finger of command. "I *ORDER YOU* to have autonomy when sleeping with anyone other than me! You are *FORBIDDEN* from being forced into sex!" Lola came on the spot, falling out of her chair - writhing, moaning, hands moving frantically across her naked body. Zoey and Dom exchanged a shocked look, then watched her shake. "Now *that* was a *fucking command!*" she hissed. "I absolutely choose to fuck Zoey. She's cute, she's got nice tits, and I like the way she squeaks when I eat her out." Leaving them to their fun, he locked himself in Zoey's old room with his laptop.

All her stuff from before was gone - it was a simple guest room now. He spent the rest of the night working and watching videos, headphones blocking the moans from down the hall, trying not to think about the dawn. It felt like that scene from American Werewolf in London - just sitting around, waiting for the nightmare to begin. Sleep was impossible. At 5:35am, Dominick stood up and opened the blinds. He felt the power rise as sunlight struck. He held it in as long as he dared, then he pressed both hands to his temples.

<<I need answers from the being who did this. I summon it. It is my wish.>>

And then the horror was before him, in all its mind-bending power, it's writhing infinity blasting into his senses. He gritted his teeth, forced down the scream, willed his body not to run in animal panic. "Help me," he groaned. Tentacles erupted.

"You ok, compadre?" The horror held up its cutout. There had been an attempt at an expression, but it was scribbled out and the words "surprise and concern" were sharpied on the chest. "Please, I don't understand the power you gave me! I transformed my friends against their will, but they keep telling me they like it! I don't know what to do!" The cutout tilted slightly. "Didn't you watch the tutorial?"

"TUTORIAL!?" Dom jumped up. "I woke up, and as soon as my friend touched me I turned her into a crazy hentai sex slave!" The horror shook the cutout. "Doesn't work like that bro! The Reconfig-a-Mabob *absolutely will not* reconfigure a sentient without the consent of all parties. You go to hyper-jail forever if you pull shit like that. That's rape, man!" Dom just stared, wordless. "Hang on a sec." The horror shot a tentacle into Dominick's ear, ramming into his skull and rooting around. It slapped a second tentacle against the cutout's forehead. "I am so, so sorry man! Somebody set the damn thing to expert mode. Man, I just can't seem to get *anything right* for you this aeon."

Dom sagged as the tentacle withdrew, relief cascading through his body. "They had to consent to the wish! Oh thank god!" He pondered. "But I still don't understand - why would I make those crazy changes? Was it a subconscious thing? Am I a repressed horndog?" The horror wrote "shrug" on the cutout. "Only change you made was summoning me, friend. Log says your wife made one change and your slave made two." The horror drew wide eyes of surprise on the cutout. "Very generous of you - those were big changes you agreed to!"

"*They* made the wishes?" Dom was stunned. "But that's crazy! Zoey was a guy! *Lola became a sex slave!* Why would they do that? Why don't I remember agreeing to all this?" The horror wrote "shrug" again. "Sentience is complicated - folks want all kinds of things. As for remembering, all negotiations happen in the mind-space of the primary wisher - you can't remember someone else's memories. They wished, you agreed - bingo bango!"

The horror tapped a picture of a wristwatch. "Listen, I gotta bounce. Lunch break's almost over. I've got you penciled in for a meeting, for what your mind would understand as 'tomorrow.' The Reconfig-a-Mabob is empty, so we'll get it out of your head and settle up." Dom nodded. "What I understand as tomorrow then. Thanks." He turned to metaphorically leave, but turned back sharply. "*What do you mean my slave made two wishes!?*"

Then he was back in the bedroom. Zoey was pounding on the door, screaming. "Nicky, what's happening!? Are you ok!? The door won't open! What was that light!?" Dom moved to answer, but an axe smashed through a door panel. Lola peeked in the hole she'd made. "He looks ok

Zoey... actually, he looks kinda pissed off." Dominick stomped into the hall, furious. "You KNEW Lola! *You knew what was happening the whole time!*"

Lola backed against the wall, hands up defensively. "It was an accident, Master! I wished for answers, and the Reconfig-a-Mabob downloaded the tutorial into my brain! When I came to, you were asleep like nothing happened! I didn't know how you'd react, so I let you sleep." Dom's expression softened - a little. "We woke up, I was groggy before my coffee, and touched you without thinking. Then it was wish time."

It all added up, Dom supposed, but it didn't answer the other question. "Jesus Lola, why did you want to be my sex slave? The only time we ever hooked up before this was at that Halloween party!" Lola crossed her arms under her chest. "Frankly Master, you're too nice a guy to give me what I really wanted, and I didn't want to ruin our friendship with some lame dom/sub cosplay. But it turns out, the kind of guys that *will* make you a sex slave are the ones that absolutely *should not* have a sex slave. I was stuck with my impossible desires, masturbating in front of the computer - and then this happened."

"I showed you my deepest fantasy, and you said yes. You had the world in your hands, and you gave it to me out of friendship. Master, it's the most generous thing anyone's ever done." She lifted up her massive boobs. "I intend to spend the rest of my life repaying your generosity." Dominick wasn't fooled. "But you didn't tell me at all, Lola. You didn't tell me the *next* morning."

She lowered her tits. "Yeah, ok, that was just greed. I don't know Master - I figured I could wish us wealth, a nice mansion in the Caymans or something! I didn't want you wasting time at work when I could be pleasuring you instead!"

"You selfish slut!" Zoey stomped her foot, outraged. "I can't believe I spent all night fucking you silly!" Lola cocked an eyebrow. "Don't flatter yourself, beanpole - you were good, not great." *"That's not the song you were singing when my tongue was rocking your clit!"*

"Zoey! Insult Lola later; I have questions for you too." She turned to him, confused. "I only had the one wish, Nicky! I touched you and you gave me my heart's desire! It was a wonderful way to start the morning!" Dom shook his head. They were talking at cross purposes. "That's not what I'm saying - I don't understand your wish." Zoey's eyes got wide and watery. "But... we talked about it. We talked for so long, Nicky. I cried a bunch and you hugged me and..."

"He doesn't remember, beanpole! Your wish, your memories!" Lola nodded helpfully at Dom. *"Oh thank god!"* Zoey squeezed Dominick hard, pressing herself into him. "I thought you were getting cold feet! I was so scared you'd changed your mind." Dom hugged her back, reassuring. "All I remember is touching... that other guy, who fell to the floor and turned into a big egg - " He stopped, understanding. "And then I hatched!" Zoey finished. "I guess it was a little on the nose, but I've always liked the metaphor."

"I spent my whole life as a gymnast in a lumberjack's body - never had a chance of passing. So I just worked and drank and sometimes had dark, dark thoughts. But my best friend Nick was always there with a kind word and a helping hand. And then you gave me a wish to fix it all, and I couldn't imagine anyone better to share my life with." Zoey kissed her husband. "Best Wedding Present Ever."

Lola gently pulled them apart and squeezed her curves between them. "So there you go, Master. We're both happy with our wishes." "So happy!" Zoey interjected. "Don't interrupt!" Lola scolded. "We're happy - *are you happy?* Are you ready to live like this? A husband and a master - no more second guessing?" Dominick responded by pushing her against the wall, kissing her deeply and squeezing her tits.

"Like you said, it could be worse."

He slept in the guest room again that night, to much protesting from the girls. Wasn't his problem though - they'd all spent the afternoon fucking, so if they still weren't satisfied they could sort it out themselves. Dom was asleep by nine, YouTube droning away on his laptop. He awoke to someone poking his face. He blinked, looked up into the horror. There was a heartbeat of icy terror before the probing tentacle found his mouth.

"*Ey, buddy!* Looks like you got it all sorted out! Got a cute wife, enthusiastic sex slave, both of them very excited to fuck you stupid! Pretty cool! So wadda ya say, we square? Get that doodad out of your head?" Dominick looked at the horror for a long moment, then smiled.

"You reload the Reconfig-a-Mabob for me - then we're square."

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