

PILEUP

A HIT AND RUN STORY



BY THE ETHICAL HYPNOTIST

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Dominick Vasquez awoke to a blindfold on his eyes and lips on his cock. He lay back, savoring the sensation, making no effort to peak. It was slow and sensual, teasing, delicate. She was in no hurry to make Dom come; this was all about the journey. The pleasure built and built, and after what seemed like forever he erupted, spraying his load all over his lover's face. "Oh god, Zoey!" he bellowed.

"BZZZZT! Wrong!" came his wife's voice from elsewhere. She started to giggle uncontrollably.

He tore off the blindfold and sat up. Lola Russell lay in his lap, quietly shuddering in the throes of an orgasm. He gave her a moment to recover; she was his sex slave, and touching his semen always made her come. Dom turned to Zoey, his wife - she was sitting in the corner chair, nude, vibrator to her clit.

"I like to watch her work," she said with a wink.

"How... did you do that Lola?" he gasped. Lola looked up at him, still cum-drunk, licking her hand clean.

"Master, if you don't know how a blowjob works *at this point...*" She started to giggle too, and rolled over to give Zoey a thumbs up.

"Ha ha, smartass. But seriously - you did an impression of Zoey's blowjob. How the fuck do you do an *impression* of a blowjob?"

Lola shrugged. "I've seen her suck you off enough - I got the general idea."

Zoey moaned loudly in the corner. "Enough shop talk! Get over here and help me come!"

They didn't need to be told twice. Dominick buried his tongue in Zoey's sweet pussy, while Lola grabbed her hair and kissed her deep, her massive breasts pressing into Zoey's chest. After a minute of their combined efforts, she started to thrash and squeak, her tiny frame pressed into the chair by her two lovers. Everyone satisfied, they started their day. There was work, fucking, chores, fucking, dinner and finally more fucking. They said their good nights and fell asleep together on the Alaskan King mattress.

It had been a month since they had all been transformed, before cosmic horror had entered their lives. But 'horror' wasn't the right word, was it? The thing that had intruded on Dominick's life - that had accidentally cracked his very soul - could not be comprehended by the human mind. To look upon it squeezed your sanity like a hydraulic press.

But it turned out people were people, no matter how many dimensions of space and time they occupy. The horror had created a simulation in Dom's mind where it *could* be comprehended, and it was real chill. It's daughter had harmed him by accident, and after repairing the damage it gave Dominick a machine that could grant a few wishes.

However, the instructions got lost, and hijinks ensued. Dom's best friend became his sex slave, his roommate became his wife. He had been tormented with guilt, afraid that he'd warped them to suit his sick fantasies - but it turned out the cosmic beings frowned on the unwelcome transformation of sentients. The Reconfig-a-Mabob required consent from all involved, though only the person making the changes remembered the negotiations.

Lola had *wanted* to be a busty, insatiable sex slave - her dark impossible sexual fantasy - and Zoey... well, Zoey had always been Zoey. Her change just fixed nature's mistake, and married her to her best friend at the same time. It had all worked out, they were a little family now - happy and horny together.

But in the final reckoning with the horror from beyond space and time, Dom had asked for more - a recharge of the Reconfig-a-Mabob. And it had agreed.

"Hell, why not dude? You've been super chill about all the crap I've put you through, and you used the last ones responsibly. *Fuck it, let'er rip!*" A few tentacles up his ass later, and he felt the power flow into his mind. However, the horror had put the Reconfig-a-Mabob on a timer - blocked any changes from happening.

"I don't mean to yuck your yum, but I got my vacay coming up, and I won't be able to help if shit goes sideways. So let things mellow for one of your Earth 'months.' We'll hang after that!"

Waking at 4am, Dom crept to the guest room. He opened the hidden floor safe, pulled out the purple Royal Crown bag and revealed *The Shining Dodecahedron*. It had been given to him by the horror - a gateway to Beyond, a kaleidoscope pointed at Infinity. He stared into its eerie facets and mentally intoned the words etched in his brain.

<<*The will is Infinite. I rend space, I twist time, I open my soul to the Beyond. I summon one of The Many-Angled Ones. I call that which put its mark upon my soul. Īa! Awaken sleeper! Attend!>>*

And then it was there, a black infinity of eyes, teeth and tentacles, its very presence pressing against his sanity. But Dom had been practicing every day, memorizing the shape of The Shining Dodecahedron, forcing himself to visualize the horror, steeling himself to the howling winds of the beyond.

He was able to look at it for five heartbeats before the panic rose up. Tentacles exploded from its immensity, penetrating every hole in his body. This moment was always where the terror reached its height - and then he was in the simulation.

“WAZZUUUUUP!?!” The horror held its human-ish cardboard cutout on a stick, this time wearing a lei and a straw hat glued to the head. “I’m telling ya man, ain’t no party like a Yuggoth party, ‘cause a Yuggoth party *don’t stop!*”

A tentacle presented a black leather DVD case. “Thanks for lending me the movies bro - super handy on the flight. I *loved* Barbie!” Dom accepted the case, which dissolved back into reality.

“Yeah anytime...” he paused. “Look, this is awkward, but what do I *call* you? It seems really shitty to keep thinking of you as ‘The Horror’ - it’s not your fault I can’t cope with your form.”

“Hmm.” The horror rubbed a tentacle against the cutout’s chin. “My true name would shatter your mind like glass - so that’s out. How about... how about you call me Margot Robbie?” It shook the cutout forward and back, nodding. “Yeah, Margot Robbie. She’s *great!*”

“Ok... Margot it is. I’m glad you had fun!”

The two chatted for a minute, but Margot politely cut it off. “Sorry bro, but I have a *ton* of work waiting for me at the office - so let’s get the party started!” It wrote ‘claps hands’ on the cutout. “I’m *hella* stoked to see what sexy shenanigans you three get up to!”

Dominick coughed politely. “Actually, I’ve decided I don’t want to use the Reconfig-a-Mabob. Things are great right now, and I don’t want to spoil it. Plus, I felt super selfish once I got home.” He nodded, resolved. “So you can just pull it out. I’m sure someone else needs it more.”

Margot wrote ‘tugs on collar’ on the cutout. “Oof! Yeah, sorry man but no can do. It’s armed and loaded - it ain’t coming out until all six rounds are used.”

Dom sighed. “Well fuck. Ok, that’s my fault. Just turn it off, we’ll leave it in place.”

Margot shook the cutout. “Fuse is lit, fam. I set the timer last time we met. Your first change is coming online in thirty of your Earth minutes.”

“*Fuck!*” Dominick was livid. “*Why did you arm it last time? Why didn’t you wait until now!?*”

Margot wrote ‘sheepish’ on the cutout. “My fault bro - I was already half-checked out last time. Already on vacation in my head, ya know?” It slapped a friendly tentacle on Dom’s shoulder. “*Chillax, brah!* You absolutely got this! Just have fun with it - change something for yourself this time! I know you’re gonna - “

An ear-piercing shriek penetrated the simulation, and Dom’s awareness fell back into real space. He was suspended above the floor, black tentacles forced into every orifice - and in real space that *hurt*. But Dominick wasn’t worried about that now. Zoey was in the doorway. She had dropped to her knees, screaming and screaming at the eldritch horror assaulting her sanity. Her

petite hands pounded on her temples, a futile attempt to beat herself unconscious rather than behold this nightmare.

<<**HELP HER!**>> Dom thought-screamed at Margot, and it responded by penetrating her as well. She rose up as though skewered, spasming in agony as glowing black fluid started to pour from her mouth, ass and pussy. Her stomach distended, filling with otherworldly power.

And then Margot was gone, and they were both on the floor. Zoey, naked and covered in evaporating black ooze, stared at her husband, profoundly embarrassed.

“I had to go potty and I saw the light on. Margot Robbie apologized very nicely for almost driving me mad, but said it had to ‘bounce’ and would ‘hit you on the flip.’”

Lola appeared at the doorway, fire axe in her hand, ready to fight. “What happened?”

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Lola paced the master bedroom, furious. She hadn’t released the axe yet, and watching her stomp around nude, massive breasts jiggling in anger, was terrifying. “*You had more wishes!? AND YOU DIDN’T TELL US!?* Of all the *ignorant, selfish shit!* We’re your family, Master - *you’re supposed to trust us.*”

Zoey agreed, and the disappointment on her face cut Dominick deep. “Oh Nicky, if you didn’t want to use the Reconfig-a-Mabob, that was always your choice. But the fact that you hid it hurts. It hurts a lot, Nicky.”

Dom felt like an asshole, a lying prick. “It was stupid, I’m so sorry. I asked for the wishes impulsively, and immediately regretted it. Getting both of you in my life was a *miracle* - I was afraid more changes would ruin what we have. I was ashamed that I wanted more than this.”

Lola stared hard at Dominick, her face a mask, for long seconds. Then she put down the axe and hugged her Master. “You are a sweet lovely *fucking idiot*, Master.” Zoey joined in the hug, wrapping herself around his waist. “It’s ok, Nicky. We’ll get through this together.”

“Yeah, and we’re gonna have to get through it in about two minutes.” Zola pulled back and sat down on the bed. “So what’s our wish?”

“Can we get rid of homelessness?” Zoey posited.

Lola closed her eyes, accessing the tutorial accidentally imprinted in her brain last time. “Not with this model of Reconfig-a-Mabob. Far too many sentients to reach consensus. One primary and a handful of secondaries, that’s it. All the other changes are completed by auto-poll.”

“People can accept roles in the new reality, and they get some benefit in return. Everyone else just filters the change, ignores it as much as possible. No helping the whole world - but no damaging it either.”

They discussed more ideas. Dom was adamant they had to use the wish to help someone else, as did Zoey. “Who? *In what time?* We’ve got six wishes - why can’t we use one for us? We’ll have all day to plan for change #2!” Dom started to protest, but then he felt the power rise.

He shuddered, fell out of his chair, and gripped his sides trying to hold in the change. Zoey moved to help her husband out of reflex, but caught herself before touching him. “What should we do, Nicky?” He only shook his head - he wasn’t in a position to think anymore.

Lola knelt beside him. “Master, I have a plan - I can make it work for everyone.” She put out a hand. “Trust me.” Dominick nodded, grabbed her hand.

<It is my wish.>

He felt the power arc into her, there was a flash of black anti-light, and they vanished from the room. All three fell bodily onto an enormous bed, with the softest silk sheets they’d ever touched. “Woo! It worked!” Lola popped up, jiggling and giggling as she danced around the room.

Dom and Zoey took in the space. It was a bedroom - in the sense that was a room that had a bed - but otherwise it was a palace, a seemingly endless expanse of modern luxury. It was expensive in that subtle way when something is *so expensive* that it doesn’t need to show off. Every stick of furniture was tasteful and elegant. The ceiling was 20 feet above them, and the far wall was one long expanse of curtains.

“Lola?” Dom and Zoey said in unison. She bounced with joy around the room. “Master, I am *delighted* to welcome you and Beanpole to...” She pushed a button on the wall, and the curtains slid away - revealing the greatest view of the New York skyline any of them had ever seen. “*Our new home!*”

Dom moved in a daze to the window. “Christ, we must be 70 stories up!” He turned on Lola, a deeply skeptical look on his face. “How much Lola? How much did you wish for?”

“...1.8 Billion, Master.”

He awoke on the floor, his head resting in Zoey’s lap, Lola at his side. “Breathe, Nicky, relax. Lola caught you before you hurt yourself.” Zoey kissed him on the forehead. “It’s gonna be ok.” He turned to look at Lola, and she shrank from him.

“Please don’t yell at me, Master! Remember, we all *agreed* to this! No changes without consent!”

He took her hand. "It's a good idea Lola. We can do a lot of good and still live comfortably. It's just... So. Much. Money." Relief poured off her like steam, and she pulled Dominick to his feet.

"And we've got 24 hours to find someone else to help. It's all gonna be great, Master, I promise. When we're done, you'll be able to enjoy all this with a clear conscience!" She walked him to the window, then wrapped her arms around him, breasts pressed deliciously into his back. "It's a gift, for us and for the whole world."

Then Lola nibbled at Dominick's neck and fished his cock out of his boxers. "And now you both need to get onto that bed," she announced to the room. "I intend to fuck you stupid while we watch the sun rise over Manhattan." Dom turned to Zoey, who just shrugged and slipped off her nightie.

Zoey moaned and shook as she sat on Lola's face, the woman's tongue working its magic, while Dominick thrust into Lola's pussy from the other side, rubbing her clit with a free hand. Dom and Zola reached out, kissed deeply across Lola's body as they played with her wonderful breasts. All three were slick with sweat and sex, getting close to climax.

Then the huge double doors opened and Violet Watts entered the room.

No woman on earth dressed more like a hot secretary than Violet Watts without actually doing "hot secretary" dress-up. Every part of her outfit was just *a little* daring, but not so much that it was inappropriate on its own - but the cumulative effect was devastating.

Her heels showed off her calves *just enough*. The stockings were a delicate ivory, *just barely* revealing a band of her chocolate skin below her pencil skirt, which was a tasteful few inches above her knees. Her white blouse showed off her pleasing figure without being actually tight, and you could *only barely* see her lacy bra underneath. She wore a thin gold necklace which dipped into her collar. Her glasses were round with red rims, artfully accentuating her tasteful makeup, and her ebony hair was neatly braided and bound in a tight bun, a pencil stuck in it at just the right angle.

Zoey and Dom both tried to pull away when she entered, but Lola grabbed them, urged them with her body to continue. Violet walked to the bed, unaffected, tablet in her hand. "Good morning, Ms Russell. It's 6:45 - you have fifteen minutes to finish, then you'll need to shower and eat. We need to get you into makeup by 8 for the interview at 9. Given your lifestyle, the crew will need additional time to provide complete coverage. After that, you have a number of meetings before lunch at DiLillo's with the Ambassador." Lola mumbled assent, tongue still buried in Zoey's pussy.

"I will be waiting in the office when you're ready." She nodded to the two sweaty naked people fucking her boss. "Ms Vasquez, Mr Vasquez, good morning to you as well. I've emailed you your itineraries for the day. Mr Vasquez, you'll need to meet Ms Russell here by one so she can

fellate you. There's bagels and coffee waiting in the breakfast nook." With that she turned and left.

Dom had a hundred questions, but his throbbing cock demanded completion. He pumped hard, while thumbing Lola's clit in time to her moans. Zoey exploded, squeezing her own lovely breasts as the orgasm washed over her, and Dominick pressed on. Within a minute he filled Lola's snatch with cum and she groaned with her own climax.

Five minutes later, they were in the cavernous shower - room enough for ten, water pouring from every direction. "Okay, so..." Lola lathered her long black hair while she composed her thoughts.

"I'm a tech genius billionaire now. I created and run Happy.freak, the only social media site that encourages explicit content. We're huge in the US, Canada, parts of Europe, Japan - and weirdly Papua New Guinea."

"You would make yourself a Porn Billionaire!" Zoey snickered.

"*There was an untapped market for people who want to talk about horny stuff!*" Lola pointed a rebuking finger. "We've got over a million users in New York state alone - and I didn't wish that! There's tons and tons of people who were *aching* to talk about their kinks without judgment - and I gave it to them!"

"Lola, it really is ok." Dominick put a reassuring hand on her back. "People are probably too uptight about sex stuff - Lord knows I was. But what does it mean for *us*? What does it mean for our relationship?"

"Oh, you're still my master, Master. I wasn't gonna fuck *that* up - not for all the money in the world." She pecked Dom on the cheek. "I'm an out and proud sex slave. Modern women really *can* have it all! I'm an inspiration to all aspiring sex slaves - and You, Zoey and I are the poster children of a healthy poly relationship."

Zoey froze mid-scrub. "People know about us? Like, lots of people? People know about *me*?" She seemed to shrink, curl in on herself. "I spent so long wishing people wouldn't look at me..."

Lola moved to Zoey, hugged her tight. "You are so *lovely*, Beanpole. You always were. Now the whole world knows it."

Zoey smiled in her arms. "It's hard to stay upset when you're swallowed up by huge boobs."

There was a bang at the door. "Five minutes, ma'am!" Violet shouted from outside.

"Fuck!" Lola scrubbed at her hair frantically, then pushed Dom against the wall. "Gotta make this quick!" She dropped to her knees and started stroking his cock. "It'll be fine Zoey. Trust me!"

Have a great day!” She gargled a goodbye, mouth full of dick, as Zoey stepped out of the shower.

— Zoey’s Day —

Zoey sat in the breakfast nook, gnawing on an excellent bagel, reading the itinerary Lola’s mega-secretary had prepared. Each entry sparked a memory, seeded her mind with a past she hadn’t lived.

It had been like that the first time, that magical morning weeks ago, emerging from the egg. She’d gained *so much* and hadn’t lost anything worth keeping - her friends and loved ones were still there. But the world had become a funhouse mirror, bending to account for Zoey being born right. She encountered the changes constantly as she explored her life. Additions blossomed in her mind, her new past replaying at lightning speed, while deletions faded to a nub - a book she could recite from memory, not a lived experience. And she really did *feel* those changes - a shiver down her spine and a hot flash as neurons warped like putty in her brain.

She had tried hard not to think about it, tried to be grateful for the rich and rewarding (and hot - *god* it was so hot!) life she’d been gifted. But the encounter with “Margot Robbie” had rattled her, even after it had apologized so sincerely. Margot had given Nicky the power to warp all reality so casually, then given him the power *again* as a *goof*.

Were there other Margots out there? Other Nickys, other Lolas, other Zoey’s? Was there any part of the world that was real? Did the word ‘real’ even have meaning when vast cosmic intelligences could change everything on a whim?

“Fuck it. If this is the price of living my truth, bring on the weirdness.” She finished her bagel and headed for the elevator.

A driver took her to The Center on 14th Street - she was a part of the Transgender Organization Committee, and spent two hours discussing budgets and schedules for next year. Then it was on to the ASPCA building to help organize the summer dog adoption event.

Her whole day - her whole *life* - was filled with meetings and committees for various non-profits throughout the city, meaning and purpose for a housewife whose house was filled with maids and cooks.

Lunch was a salad, then Zoey went to the dojo. She had studied Brazillian Jiu-Jitsu for years in her youth - one of her endless efforts to ‘feel manly’ - but her immense height and strength had made it feel redundant. Well, now she was 5’ 3” and 100 pounds soaking wet, so self-defense was important. For two hours she punched, kicked and grappled with her instructor - by the time she got back into the car, she was exhausted.

— Dominick’s Day —

Dom sat on the floor of the shower, recovering from Lola's blowjob, then stumbled out to the bedroom to get dressed. Lola and Violet were standing at the desk, discussing something on the secretary's tablet. He had the instinct to hide his body, but the woman had walked in on them screwing without batting an eye.

"Fuck it. If this is the price to make the girls happy, bring on the weirdness." He greeted them both and walked naked to the closet.

His section of the cavernous closet was filled with fine suits, each shirt worth more than his entire previous wardrobe. He chose navy blue and pulled together all the accoutrements - tie, cufflinks, etc. One drawer was filled with outrageously expensive watches, lighting up as he opened it.

Dom headed downstairs, and his driver took him to Hudson Yards for a pitch meeting. His webcomic had been popular, even before the Reconfig-a-Mabob - between books, merch and the Patreon, he'd been able to comfortably support himself. Supporting three people on that income was *less* comfortable, but they got by, and the tradeoff had been *very* pleasant.

Lola's wish had turned his work into a worldwide sensation. Dom had a readership that put him in the absolute top tier of webcomics, and a small staff to deal with business stuff. Now Cartoon Network was pitching a cartoon adaptation. There was a few minutes of small talk, then they went into their pitch.

It didn't go well. "Wait, wait." Dominick rubbed his temples, trying to understand. "Why would we put Dr. Duck in the lead position? The comic is called *Mr. Hedgehog!*"

"Dr. Duck is clearly the breakout character!" "His recognition with Gen Alpha kids is through the roof!" "He's *hugely* toyetic!" "Remember that Popeye started in Thimble Theater..." The suits and creatives were all talking, all at once, trying to convince him - but it just made his head hurt.

Dom came home in a funk, the whole morning down the drain. He was looking forward to his time with Lola. She always had good advice and a sympathetic ear. Plus, it was impossible to stay mad with your slave's lips around your cock. But he was stopped outside the bedroom by the secretary, Violet. "Ms Russell is on a call. She will service you as soon as she's free. Please disrobe and wait in the living room."

Dom did as ordered, then sat naked and alone for an hour, stewing.

— Lola's Day —

Violet was waiting outside of the shower when Lola emerged, licking her fingers. "Impressive work Ma'am. That was less than three minutes by my watch."

“Um, thanks Violet.” The woman wasn’t wrong - Lola prided herself on her oral skill - but it was odd to get the compliment from her assistant. (Also, Violet was *timing* her?) Lola wondered if all this was crazy. *Technically* she had only changed Zoey, Master and herself - the Reconfig-a-Mabob had accepted the wish - but the extent the world bent around those desires alarmed her. She could see why Master had been angsty when she made her wish.

She shrugged. “Eh, fuck it. If this is the price to pay for the sweet life, bring on the weirdness.”

Violet stared at her non-sequitur. “Are the makeup people here? Let’s do this.” She waved to Master as he walked naked through the room.

“Yes Ma’am!” Three women entered and got to work, covering every inch of flesh with makeup. Lola felt gross, sticky, but she was going on national TV. Violet and Lola then moved to a guest bedroom, converted into a small studio for the interview. The crew of gaffers and riggers froze as she entered.

Sighing, she lifted up her breasts. “They’re tits boys. Nothing to be scared of - a lot of people are wearing them these days.”

There was more trouble with the sound crew. The intern looked like she was going to cry. “I... I don’t know where to clip the mic,” she whispered. Lola gave her a reassuring smile. “Happens all the time, sweetie. Get some gaffer’s tape and secure it in my cleavage. It’ll be fine.”

Then it was showtime.

“Welcome back. Our next guest is one of the most controversial figures in the country today. Some people call her a hero of self-determination, others a crass pornographer. She’s a billionaire, a full-time nudist, a tech innovator, and a self-declared sex slave. The founder and CEO of happy.freak, Ms Lola Russell joins us on Marketwatch Morning. Lola, thanks for joining us.”

“Thanks for having me, Drake.”

“Let’s start with the elephant in the room. You have loudly and publicly declared yourself the sex slave of cartoonist Dominick Vasquez. Needless to say, this has caused incredible outrage among people on both sides of the political fence. Pat Roberson Jr called you the Whore of Babylon, while Dr. Jocelyn Albert of Harvard called you the worst blow to sexual freedom since female circumcision. How do you respond to these accusations?”

“If I listened to all the people who have an opinion on how I live *my* life, it wouldn’t be my life anymore. What consenting adults do with their life and their love is their choice - and *only* their choice. I’m a sex slave. I chose to do it, and Master honors my choice. I’m planting my freak flag where everyone can see, so that maybe others will feel safe to plant their own.”

“Would you say that ethos informs happy.freak? Is it a place for people to plant their freak flag?”

“Exactly Drake. People are not made in a factory. They're not all the same. Every person on Earth has a freak flag, and the success of happy.freak is proof of that...”

—

“I feel that went quite well Ma'am.” Violet spoke loudly from the bedroom as Lola showered off the makeup. “Your answer about the Good Morning America interview was very well put.”

“Why did that get everyone so upset?” Lola shouted back, “They wanted proof of my commitment to Master, so I gave it to them!”

“It *was* the first time unsimulated sex aired on ABC, Ma'am. It was a historical moment.”

“Plus,” Lola added, “everyone got to see Master's lovely penis. He had *nothing* to be embarrassed about.”

“Couldn't say Ma'am. He was certainly able to blush through the makeup.”

“But he still came on national television.” Lola emerged with a towel around her head. “I wear *that* as a badge of honor.”

The remainder of the morning was far less fun. There was a meeting with the board - endless talk of monetization and engagement, growth at any cost. Eventually, Lola pounded her fist on the table, tits shaking.

“Listen as hard as you can, *you apes* - the only shareholders that matter are me, Master, and Zoey Vasquez. We own 61% of the company. Everyone else can take their dividends and fuck off. I'm not spoiling a good thing for quarterly growth.”

Lunch with the Canadian ambassador was a bunch of nothing - the woman prattled on about balancing freedom with morality, porn addiction, won't somebody think of the children, *blah blah blah*. Lola let Violet do most of the talking, nibbled at her salad and dreamed of getting home and fucking Master. This 'tech genius billionaire' thing was less fun than she imagined - though it was nice to *really* understand computers after all these years.

Finally she was home, wet with desire. Lola realized that this had been the most she'd been away from Master and Zoey since the change. He worked from home, she was a housewife - none of them had a reason to be apart for long.

Violet interrupted her pondering. “Phone call, Ma'am. I'll forward it to the bedroom desk.”

"*Take a message!*" she snapped. "Otherwise all they're gonna hear is sucking noises and groans."

"Ma'am, it's your lawyer. She has follow up questions about the deposition - it won't wait."

Lola wanted to cry. She just wanted an hour with Master, a little break in the day to please him. The call was unbearably long and tedious. Her mind wandered to Master's beautiful cock, unsucked, just one room over while she was stuck here. Lola started to softly masturbate, just to take the edge off.

She dropped the receiver *the moment* the questions stopped, and charged into the living room. Dom didn't even have time to say hi; Lola *dove* at his dick, sliding the last few inches on her knees to get it in her mouth. Her moan of relief echoed from the high ceiling and she jammed two fingers in her snatch as she sucked. Gone was any semblance of teasing or seduction - Lola was here to get her mouth *filled with cum, right now*.

She pumped and sucked and moaned and furiously fingered herself, and kept her eyes locked with her beautiful Master. When he came, she collapsed to the floor, still jilling herself as the orgasm crested.

Dom slid down to the floor and hugged her tight. "...Rough day?"

They cuddled on the couch for a while, recounting their mornings and cracking jokes. Violet entered after a discrete interval with Gatorade and snacks for recovery.

"I just want to point out - I didn't try to cover myself when she came in. I'm trying to be naked-er for you. Let my freak flag fly."

Lola, who didn't own so much as a sock, kissed him sweetly. "I appreciate the effort, Master."

They soon fucked face to face, Lola's legs wrapped around Dom's waist while they sat. It was slow and gentle, with lots of kisses and soft touches. Lola came first, shuddering and burying her tongue in Dom's mouth - then came again when Dominick filled her. On cue, Violet appeared with warm towels, and the pair cleaned themselves up.

"I gotta get back to work, Lola. Stupid pitch meeting burned away half of my drawing day. If you're *really* aching, I'm in the studio - otherwise I'll see you for dinner tonight." He kissed her on the cheek. "Love you!"

Lola held her cheek for a moment as he left, then jumped when Violet politely coughed. "You have two more meetings this afternoon, Ma'am. It'll be done by 5. Shall I make dinner reservations for you and the Vasquezes?"

"I'd like to stay home tonight - can you please order some Thai - and a bottle of Glengoolie Blue?" Lola turned and smiled at Violet. "Thank you so much Vi - I'd fall apart without you."

"Thank you, Ma'am. It's my pleasure to assist you."

Zoey returned at 4, exhausted and sweaty, and dragged herself to the shower. She didn't remember falling asleep, but Violet gently woke her anyway. She stumbled to the living room, where Lola gave her a raised eyebrow. "I thought I was the naked chick in this relationship."

Zoey looked down. She was, in fact, nude. She shrugged. "Rich housewives can wear whatever they want." She flopped into the couch and snuggled against Lola. Within a minute she was snoring. She was *still* snoring when Dominick came in from the studio.

Dom gestured at his naked sleeping wife, and Lola mouthed 'long day'. Dom nodded, then stripped and snuggled with them. Zoey woke a few minutes later. "Good way to wake up," she murmured. They ate their dinner sitting naked on the floor, passing around the bottle of bourbon, and watched a movie. There was no talk of sex - they just relaxed and hung out.

The three moved to bed, tired and drunk. Dom and Zoey started drifting off, but Lola shook them. "I'm sorry Master, but I can't let you fall asleep with cum in your balls. It's the principle." Dom groaned and started to move, but Lola pushed him back down.

"Just chill - both of you.. It's your first night as billionaires and you're tired. I got this." She crawled under the covers and worked on them both, switching between mouth and hands in turn. Zoey squirmed and giggled, Dominick groaned and bucked. They made out as Lola writhed beneath the sheets.

It was wonderful. They all came, they all kissed, and they all fell asleep.

"Sir? We have a blip."

Rodney Hahn nodded at the underling - Dave or Don or something, who cares? He stood, turned to watch the sunset from his office window. "Tell me."

What's-his-face put a printout on the long mahogany desk. "CHECKSUM triggered at 6:12 am Pacific time - roughly sunrise in Seattle. Significant nano-second disturbances across all major markets, starting in Manhattan and spreading at 90% light speed."

"So they're in New York now. That narrows it down, but there are a lot of billionaires in that town."

“I considered that sir.” What’s-his-face smiled. “I ran a secondary check, broad sweep, at that timestamp. *Massive* disruption in social media, an order of magnitude above the financial changes. Someone made themselves a new social network from scratch.”

Hahn nodded, impressed. He’d have to learn this one’s name. “Now that’s a clue. Most of those twerps are here in the Valley.” Rodney went to the bar, poured two whiskeys and handed one to What’s-his-Face. “Looks like we’re taking a trip.”

—

Dominick opened his eyes, and wished he hadn’t. The hangover was a demon, sent from Hell to punish him for his inequity. He sat up, fell back onto the pillow, sat up slower. He nudged Lola. “Gotta wake up...”

“Fuck off Master,” she mumbled before rolling over.

There was something... something he had to do... Dominick struggled to think. He stumbled out of the bed, staggered towards the bathroom.

“Mr Vasquez, can I be of assistance?” Violet had silently entered, and her voice made him jump.

“*Aspirin...*” he begged, leaning on her for support.

“Of course sir. I imagine Mrs Vasquez and Ms Russell joined you for drinks?” He nodded dumbly. “Then it will be aspirin and Gatorade all around. You should sit.” He gratefully followed her to the desk and slumped into the chair. She put a hand on his shoulder to steady him.

“Let me just open the curtains.”

<<It is my wish.>>

Lola and Zoey both shouted protests as the light hit their eyes, but sat up when they heard Violet moan and collapse to the floor.

“Nicky, what happened?” Zoey stumbled to help the stricken woman.

Dom was gasping in the chair, his head feeling like it would split. “*She used the wish!*”

Lola leapt up to join Zoey. “*Ohfuckohfuckohfuck!!*” She held Violet’s head for a moment, hoping to keep her comfortable, but reeled back in fear as the transformation began.

Violet’s clothes unraveled, the thread pulling apart and coiling into thick cords that orbited her naked body in eye-watering patterns. Her legs began to stretch, the bones and tendons popping

beneath her skin. She gained half a foot of height, then her hips and thighs flared deliciously. The butt expanded slightly, giving her a pleasant apple bottom. Her breasts, by contrast, grew enormously, bigger than basketballs, resting low against her slender frame, and all the blemishes cleared from her mocha skin.

Zoey turned to her husband. "Again Nicky?" You *have to* put your foot down about this stuff - we can't start a harem!"

"It's not my wish!" he insisted.

Violet moaned, moved a hand to her sex. As she masturbated, a kaleidoscope of colors exploded across her skin from her wet snatch, tattoos that spread down her left leg, across her whole torso below the breasts, up her back and down her right arm to the wrist. Piercings materialized everywhere - ears, nose, eyebrows, navel, nipples, labia - and they saw a tongue stud when she gasped with pleasure. Her tight braids snaked down her back and turned blood red.

Lola cocked an eyebrow at Dominick. "Master, if you want tattoos and piercings, we can make that happen. And I knew you liked 'em big, but *seriously...*"

"*IT'S NOT MY WISH!*" he shouted.

Violet was lifted into the air bodily, floating several feet above the floor. Her secretary outfit rematerialized - but it was now the pornographic parody of a secretary she had avoided before, all in latex. Six inch red heels led to black thigh-highs, clipped to a garter beneath her cartoonishly short pencil skirt. The white blouse became skin-tight, a deep V of cleavage to her belly button. She wore neither bra nor panties, and her nipple piercings were clearly visible beneath it all.

She grunted with displeasure as her hands were pulled away from her pussy, bent behind her back. Then the orbiting string wrapped itself around her, binding her body tight in complex shibari knots, hands tied behind her back. Her giant breasts stretched the skin-tight vinyl and ropes like a drum.

Finally a red leather collar appeared on her throat, the clasp a silver pentagram. She cried out in orgasm as she floated to the floor and dropped to her knees. Violet, transformed, knelt on the ground panting, hands bound at her back.

"*Goddamn Master, she's fucking hot.*" Lola nodded approvingly. "But how the hell did you find *another* woman who wanted - "

Violet's newly blue eyes snapped open, filled with lust.

"**MISTRESS!**"

She scrambled forward and buried her face in Lola's crotch, pushing the woman against the window. Violet licked and sucked at her Mistress' pussy with desperation, breasts heaving, and Lola's eyes went wide with pleasure.

Dominick and Zoey exchanged a shocked look, stared at the scene - and promptly collapsed on the floor with laughter.

"It's -" *gasp* "not funny you two!" Lola was trying hard to maintain her composure as her slave lapped at her sex. "This is -" *groan* "a really complicated situation!"

"Oh, YA THINK!?" Dom could barely speak from laughter. "Welcome to my world, Lola!"

Zoey was rolling on the floor, gasping for air. "It's sex slaves all the way down!"

The four of them were soon seated in the breakfast nook - or rather three of them sat at the table while Violet knelt at her Mistress' side. Dominick took in the situation.

"Ok, so you're Lola's slave. Fair enough, we've all been there. But you're also still her secretary? How do you do your job with your hands tied up?"

"A fair question, Mr Vasquez. Should I have need of my hands, the bindings will adjust to let me use them. Otherwise, I remain in perfect submission."

She demonstrated, reaching out to put cream cheese on Lola's bagel. The bindings stretched like light bungee cord, zero strain on Violet's arms. Then the moment she was done, her arms snapped back into place, and the rope was totally immobile again. Lola nodded and took a bite.

"I have a question." Zoey started to raise her hand but thought better of it. "What does this mean for our bedroom situation? Are we... you know, dealing you in?"

"I live to serve my Mistress. If she commands me to sleep with either of you, naturally - "

"NO! We don't do that here!" Zola pointed at her new slave. "You are *forbidden* from sleeping with anyone you don't want to! That's rule one!" Violet gasped as the command set in.

Lola turned to Dominick. "That's more or less how you put it, right?"

"Thank you Mistress," Violet purred, then turned to Dom. "In that event, I won't be sleeping with you, Mr Vasquez. Nothing personal sir, I'm gay." Dom shrugged. "Now, if Ms Vasquez were to ask..."

Zoey just shook her head. "I'm good for now, thanks. Also, please call us Zoey and Dom - feels like we're past the formalities at *this* point."

“No Ma’am. I speak to my superiors with deference and respect - and if Mistress submits to *you*, then you are definitely *my* superiors.” Violet’s phone buzzed before Zoey could object. She picked it up, her bindings stretching. “Mistress, your next meeting is in an hour - we’ll have to leave immediately to reach the office in time.”

She slipped the tablet into her bag, slung it over her shoulder, and was immediately tied up again. “If you would please get my leash, we’ll get moving. Mr Vasquez, Ms Vasquez - we’ll see you tonight.”

Zoey snickered. “Yeah Mistress, don’t forget your slave’s leash.”

“*Cram it*, Beanpole.” Lola was apprehensive about walking a human being around on a leash - but they had apparently agreed to it, and she’d feel like The Queen of Hypocrites if she didn’t honor Violet’s wishes. She thought about the blowjob she’d given Master at the doctor’s office that first day - she could now see why he squirmed.

Being a CEO was stressful work, and having a submissive bondage slave at her side wasn’t as useful as Lola had hoped. To be fair, Violet was still an indispensable assistant, as efficient and diligent as ever. But now she knelt at Lola’s side, making wimpers of sexual pleasure every time she was given an order.

There were several “break for cunnilingus” entries on her calendar - those were *great*, but Lola already had such a busy schedule. She made a suggestion, but Violet shook her head. “I’m sorry Mistress, but I can’t service you *in* the meetings. I wouldn’t be able to take notes.”

Then there was the matter of lunch. Violet insisted she eat her meal from a bowl on the floor. Lola was *very much* against that. “You are not a *dog*, Violet!” But the woman was adamant - squatting down on the floor, hands behind her back, jamming her face into the bowl was *vital* important to her submission. Seeing a person eat a Green Goddess salad hands-free was a sight Lola would never forget - nor would anyone else at the table.

An afternoon of meetings and cunnilingus followed, and by the car ride home, for the first time since her transformation - Lola was tired of sex. “Violet, please get up. I need a break.”

Violet rose, face dripping. “Of course Mistress!” She sat beside Lola and buckled up, her hands instantly bound behind her. “Can I do anything else to serve you?”

“I don’t know - what do you want to do? What about dinner? What sounds good for dinner?”

“My desires are irrelevant, Mistress. Whatever you want to eat is what I want to eat.”

Lola grimaced, pinched the bridge of her nose. “I don’t *want* to make all of your decisions! I don’t *want* to ignore your desires! I *command you* to have an opinion on dinner!”

Violet shuddered with lust, squirmed in the leather seat. "I've been craving molé for days, Mistress. There's an excellent Mexican restaurant near the penthouse." Lola said that sounded great, and Violet's right hand unbound so she could coordinate with Zoey and Dom. After a few minutes of texting, everything was settled. "Dinner will be waiting when we arrive."

"Thank you Vi, you're a lifesaver." There was an awkward pause. "Listen Violet, I would really appreciate it if you would eat at the table with us. I'd like to look at your pretty face."

Violet looked crestfallen. "If you command it, Mistress."

Lola felt like a jerk. "Oh sweetie, I'm sorry! I'm new to this whole 'Mistress' thing - I'm usually on the supply side of sex slavery." She unbuckled and hugged Violet. "We're going to have to stumble through this together. How about we compromise - you have the chicken molé at the table, and I'll serve the flan in your bowl. I'll even step on your back while you eat!"

Violet nodded, grateful. "...will you hold my leash taut?"

"Anything to make you happy."

—

"But that can't be right, Mr Vasquez." Violet took a sip of her margarita. "I became Mistress' sex slave yesterday, but I have been her assistant for a year! Happy.freak is almost six years old!"

"It's almost six years old as of two dawns ago. Sorry Violet, but it's true. People don't notice the changes unless they're directly involved or in the immediate vicinity."

"Look at me." Zoey stood up, twirled a little. "Last month I looked *totally different*, had a different life - but only Nicky and Lola remember. To the rest of the world, I've always been the adorable girl next door. And I have *no* memory of Lola before her wish - she's been Nicky's naked boobalicious sex slave since we graduated high school."

"Good riddance!" Lola raised her glass. "We're both as hot as we were meant to be."

"But there *must* be some evidence! How do you rewrite the past of an entire world?"

Dom only shrugged. "No idea. From what Lola says, the user manual doesn't explain how it works on a quantum level or whatever. But people don't notice - can't notice. They either buy in or ignore it."

Violet chewed thoughtfully. "The idea that I had an old life that's just gone is unsettling."

Lola put a hand on her shoulder. "I don't think your *whole* life was changed. The manual says that changes are minimized, and anyone who buys in gains from it. Maybe you just had a shitty assistant job before?"

"I suppose. In any case, I'm sure anything I had before pales to what I have now. Thank you Mistress." Violet moved to the counter. "Now, who's for dessert?"

—

The meal finished, they tried to figure out how to use the next wish. Dom insisted that it be used on a stranger, someone who could use the help - and that Dom make the wish.

"I'm putting a hard cap of four horny people in our bed. I'll make a wish for health and wealth and pick a target - if I come to them with it all pre-packaged, hopefully I can keep things on the tracks."

"But who Nicky? How do we pick?"

"I have a suggestion, Mr Vasquez." Violet rose and brought them to the window. "There's a man who begs near the building across the street. I believe his name is Edgar. Youngish man, red flannel, big backpack and a dog. He sleeps somewhere around here, though heaven knows where."

"And we're up here with vaulted ceilings and \$200 tequila." Dom nodded sharply. "Excellent idea, Violet. But do you think you can find him? I have to touch him when the Reconfig-a-Mabob triggers at dawn."

"I don't foresee a problem, Mr Vasquez. I'll begin the search after I've serviced my Mistress." She turned to Lola, eyes full of playful lust. "Now that we have some privacy, I can be more *thorough* in my work."

Lola's eyes went wide. "You weren't being thorough before!? You damn near licked my clit off!"

Violet knelt before her Mistress, the devil in her eyes. "I don't intend to use my tongue, Mistress."

Lola looked back and forth between her Master and her Slave. "Ok, this I want to see - but I have some servicing of my own to do, and we cannot forget Ms Vasquez. We all come together or not at all."

She clapped her hands with authority. "Talking part's over! Everyone in the bedroom, clothes off! *Move it people!*"

Violet retreated to the bathroom while the other three jumped into bed. She was gone for several minutes, and they had started fooling around when she returned. “Ahem.” Heads turned. Violet had removed her latex and stood naked before them, save the shibari ropes. Her massive breasts stood out impossibly from her torso, a chain linking her nipple rings. She had a black leather valise in her left hand. “Mistress, allow me to present my tool kit.”

Inside was a wonderland of toys - vibrators, dildos, bead, clamps, things Lola had never seen - all neatly arranged for easy access. Lola ran a hand over them, heart racing. “Did you make this case yourself?”

“The valise is Hermés - I 3d printed the organizer trays.” Violet put a finger to Lola’s lip before she could get distracted. “I think we’ll begin with something simple, Mistress.” She removed a blue rabbit and matching egg, presenting both before inserting the egg inside herself. Violet pushed a button, and a brief blip of midi music came from her snatch. “Linked by bluetooth. What you feel, I feel.”

Lola nodded excitedly. “Hell yeah. Master you better get over here quick. I don’t think I’m going to be moving much once she starts.” Dominick moved close, knelt in front of Lola. She lay back and took his cock in her mouth, looking up into his eyes. She moaned as the rabbit entered her, and began pumping and sucking.

After a few strokes, Zoey stepped between the pair. She gave her husband her dirtiest look, pointed at her sex. “On your back mister. This thing ain’t gonna lick itself.” Ever the dutiful husband, he complied, and she sat on his face.

The four moaned and writhed as a single body, each person sending the pleasure they felt up the chain of bodies. Zoey pulled on her cute nipples as Dominick licked, calling out to God with ever-increasing urgency. Dominick twitched and bucked, Lola’s Olympic-level oral performance driving away all thought, while she gripped the silk sheets ever tighter with both hands. Violet moved the vibrator in time to Lola’s thrusts, free hand desperately pushing into her own pussy.

Zoey came first, half suffocating Dom as she squeezed him with her velvety thighs. The pressure sent him over the edge, and he unloaded into Lola’s mouth. She thrashed, moans muffled by cock, drinking up everything Dominick pumped into her mouth, then redoubled her spasms as the rabbit completed its work. Violet pulled out the vibrator and buried her face in Lola’s snatch, crying out as the egg and her Mistress’ pleasure sent an orgasm ripping through her. She fell to the floor, bucking against her bindings and babbling incoherently.

“I think... I’m having... an aneurysm...” Lola mumbled between ragged breaths. “Nothing that feels *that good*... can be healthy...”

After a *long* rest, the group showered. They helped Violet out of her ropes, and the woman was oddly shy given what they’d done. “I feel undressed, Mistress.” she said sheepishly. That got a belly laugh from Zoey, while Lola just hugged her.

While Dom, Zoey and Lola got ready for bed, Violet redressed. "I'm going to start searching for Edgar. I will keep you apprised of the situation, and I took the liberty of setting an alarm to make sure we don't miss our moment."

She addressed the Vasquezes. "I wanted to thank you for letting me into your home and your bed. I interposed myself into your family, and you have shown me nothing but grace and friendship. I see why my Mistress chose you as her Masters."

Zoey smiled warmly. "It's ok Violet. Bed this big, we had room for one more." Her look grew flirty. "Besides, I'd like a demonstration of your toolbox myself. Lola seemed *very* satisfied." Lola put two thumbs up from her back.

"I'm afraid those are just for my Mistress - but *your* toolbox should be here soon."

She turned to Dom. "I'm afraid I don't have anything coming for you Mr Vasquez. Again, it's nothing personal. But I hope that I prove an asset -"

"Shhh." Dom waved her off. "Anyone that makes Zoey come is a friend of mine. I promise you - I have as much pussy as I can handle. We're good - so long as you understand that *no one* sleeps on the floor in this house."

"...I will cancel the dog bed order in the morning, sir."

With that, Violet went on her hunt, and the others fell asleep watching a movie.

—

Dom awoke to something poking his face. "...Margot?" he mumbled. He kept his eyes tight, focusing. He had been practicing, honing his skill - he *could* look at Margot without fear. He opened his eyes.

He was staring down the barrel of a shotgun. "Would you care to guess again?"

A huge goon pulled him from the bed, threw him to the floor, then put a knee in his back and handcuffed him. Face pinned to the marble tile, he saw Lola and Zoey sitting in front of the desk, guarded by another armed goon, mouths taped closed, panic in their eyes.

Fury filled Dominick, a white hot rage he'd never before felt. *These fuckers had attacked his wives!* He thrashed, trying to shake the man on his back.

"Shh... *shh*..." A tall well built man in a gray suit squatted in front of Dom, a smaller man beside him. A third goon guarded them. "Don't get upset Nick, don't fight. Just be calm and professional and everything will be fine real soon."

Dom recognized this man from somewhere. The man was important, a big shot - a billionaire.
“Rodney Hahn? *What the fuck are you doing here!?*”

“Nick, my friend.” Hahn grabbed Dom’s face tight. “*I told you to be calm.*” He stood up, dropping Dom’s head on the marble. “I am here because you’ve made some very interesting wishes, and I’m a regular magpie when it comes to shiny things like that.”

“I must say, making your bimbo sex slave into the billionaire is a kinky new twist. It must make you hard as blue steel, knowing that the 15th richest woman on Earth has to suck your dick on command.”

Dom’s rage was replaced with shock and fear. “How do you know about the wish? No one knows - the world changed around it, no one remembers things different!”

“Absolutely correct, sir!” Hahn gave Dom a polite golf clap. “It was exactly the same when I made *my* wish years ago. ‘One billion dollars please!’ I said, and then that’s how it had always been. Suddenly I had robber baron ancestors and an uncle who’d been President.”

“So I took my billion and started Orthanc. Started making drones for the army, hacking governments for the CIA, inserting my sniffers into every telecom interchange on Earth. There’s good money in being the bad guy, and I needed that money - *because I needed to know who’s pulling the strings.*”

“Wait!” Dom shook off the goon and sat up. “You got a billion from a wish, I got a billion from a wish, ok. Are you saying another billionaire did too?”

He shook his head. “No, Nick. I’m saying *every billionaire* got their money from a wish. Marx was half right - no person can *earn* a billion dollars. But exploiting the masses won’t get you there either. It’s magic, every time - I promise you. Gates, Buffett, Ambani, Arnault - even that idiot Musk.”

“*Every. Single. One.*”

“Doesn’t that scare you? Knowing the past is just putty - that your memories are just some billionaire’s backstory? It scares *the fuck* out of me, Nick. People can’t remember, don’t know what their lives used to be. Even I can’t remember. I distinctly recall your bimbo starting her porn site years ago. Wish I’d invested in it.”

“*How. Did. You. Find. Us?*” Dominick was getting angry again, felt the fire rising inside him.
“*What the fuck do you want?*”

“The how is very clever, if I do say so myself. *People* can’t remember when a wish changes the world, but that’s not the same as it being invisible. It’s kinda like radiation - you can’t sense it at

all, but it'll still tear your life apart if it touches you. And it *can* be detected, with the right equipment."

"So we built CHECKSUM. It's an AI, constantly scanning... everything. Web traffic, stock markets, news feeds, weather patterns, government secrets, whatever. Watching for the tiny changes that human minds refuse to see. It's a geiger counter for reality, and it led me right to you."

"As for the what, that should be obvious. I'm taking your wishes, whatever you have left. Turns out, there are some things money can't buy. But you can wish for them."

He stood up and moved to Lola. "Starting with your sex slave! Using a whole wish to fuck a bimbo 24/7 always seemed too frivolous, but you found a *brilliant* loophole - a billion dollars with amazing tits. Well played, sir! I'm taking the bimbo, but leaving you the cash, out of respect. Can't say fairer than that."

"Eat shit fuckface! Lola is not property to be passed around!"

Hahn looked at him, genuinely confused. "She's a slave. Being passed around is half the point. You buy and sell slaves. You *steal* slaves. They did it all the time, back in the day."

"WHAT PART OF EAT SHIT IS UNCLEAR!? YOU CAN'T FUCKING HAVE HER!"

Rodney Hahn sighed dramatically. "Ok, you want the whole song and dance. Fine by me. Don?"

The man beside him coughed. "Dave, sir."

"Dave? Gun." Dave handed him a large pistol from his messenger bag. Hahn loaded it and pointed it at Zoey's head. Dom and Lola both screamed in protest. "**SHUT UP!**"

"It's real simple Nick. You can keep the wife or the bimbo, your choice. But you need to choose real quick, otherwise I'll just kill them both."

Dom jumped to his feet, ready to charge, and got a shotgun butt in the kidneys for his trouble. "I can't!" he gasped. "It doesn't work like that!"

"*Oh for fuck's sake!* You want me to count to three or something!?" Hahn pressed the gun into Zoey's temple. "Don't throw your wife's life away for a cum dumpster!"

"STOP! DON'T HURT HER!" Lola had torn the tape from her mouth. "I'll do it. If you promise - *if you fucking swear!* - not to hurt them, I'll be your slave." Zoey shook her head wildly, trying to talk. Dom was dumbstruck.

"Finally, someone talking sense. Dave - time!" Dave checked his watch. "Ten seconds sir."

“Alright slut, say your goodbyes and get it done.”

Lola hugged Zoey hard, crying. “I love you Beanpole, I love you so much.” Then she moved to Dom. Hahn pressed a button on the desk, and the curtains opened wide. The sun touched Dominick, and the power rose. He gritted his teeth, shut his eyes. He could hold it in - *he could hold it in goddamnit! The will is infinite!* Lola touched his face.

<It is my wish.>

He opened his eyes, crying. Lola was crying too.

“I love you Dominick.” Hearing his name on her lips broke his heart in half, shattered him.

“Alright, show’s over. Time to get to work, slut.”

“Yes master.” She rose and walked to him with as much dignity as she could muster. He flopped into the desk chair, and she dutifully unzipped his fly and started to suck his dick.

The fire growing inside Dom became an inferno, a volcano, a supernova. He felt like he could reach out and scorch the flesh from Hahn’s bones. He breathed, collected himself, held it back.

“I’ll make you pay for this Hahn. That’s a promise. Your reckoning comes at dawn.” Dom’s voice was calm and steady, like he was giving the time.

“*Blah blah blah.*” Rodney Hahn made the ‘flappy mouth’ with his hand. “My *next wish* comes at dawn. Till then, you and your wife get to relax in the safe room. My boy Dave hacked the locks, so don’t worry about escaping. Same deal tomorrow - the wish or her life.” He gestured at the goons and left the room.

Zoey and Dom were trapped in the safe room all day, helplessly watching the security cameras. Hahn and his goons made themselves at home, sending away the help as they arrived with an AI voice changer. Twice they had to watch Lola get fucked by Hahn - he made a point to do it where they could see. They consoled one another, tried to think of a way out. But mostly they talked about Lola.

“She’s our family Nicky. She’s... she’s our wife. Whatever happens, we have to save her.”

“We will Zoey. Hahn’s cocky and stupid. He has *no idea* how the Reconfig-a-Mabob works. He just assumed I made a bunch of selfish wishes, because he’s a *fucking pig* and that’s what he would have done. Lola did what he said, but he’s got no memory of the negotiation, so he’s got no clue.”

“But how does that help us protect her? How does that get us out of here?”

Dominick sighed. "I'm working on that. If you have any ideas, I'm all ears."

The pair brainstormed for hours, but all their plans depended on being on the other side of the door, away from the goons with guns. Eventually they had to admit defeat. They would just have to beg for Lola back, hope they could buy her freedom. They cried some more, cuddled, made love. What else was there to do?

"Ok Zoey, try to get some sleep. I'm going to meditate, clear my mind. I'm so mad I hardly think straight."

After Zoey drifted off, Dom sat down and tried to focus. He could feel the Reconfig-a-Mabob inside, coiled in his brain like a snake. He could feel that fire too, the white hot fury at seeing his beautiful Lola raped by that monster. They were right there, just behind his eyes - he only had to reach them. Dominick closed his eyes, shut out the world and focused. He imagined the Shining Dodecahedron, imagined it spinning in his mind.

And then Dom was in the simulation, inside his own mind. Without Margot's oppressive presence, he could see that it stretched forever in all directions. He concentrated *hard*, focused his will, took a step forward - and then he was looking at the back of his own head. He turned his head back, to see himself turn his head back again and again into infinity, like two mirrors reflecting each other.

"Ok, now for the hard part." Dom reached inside, called up the fire. His right arm burst into flame up to the elbow, started to spread. Through the pain, he concentrated. "No. You come when I call and not before." The fire pulled back, becoming a pinpoint of destruction on his fingertip. Then he turned to the back of head, and started cutting his skull open.

It wasn't real, his *actual* meat brain wasn't being lanced open, but even the metaphor fucking hurt. After what felt like an hour, he finally found the Reconfig-a-Mabob. It was an incoherent mess, a pile of coiling metal wire and nonsense gears.

"This is just a metaphor," he intoned. "I choose a different metaphor." Now he was looking at a cartoon bomb, big sticks of dynamite attached to a ticking clock. With his non-burning hand, he reached in and moved the hands to midnight.

The power leapt into him, and he fell out of the simulation. He dropped to his knees, pounded his fists on the floor. Zoey snapped awake, moved to help him. He put a hand out and she froze. "I can hold it," he groaned. "*I can hold it!*" He wanted to let it go, to wish them free, to wish Lola free - but Hahn would be part of that wish now. Who knows what price he'd demand? No, they had to get out first.

Dom screamed into the night. "**YOU COME WHEN I CALL!**" And then it was done. The wish fell back into his mind, waiting to be summoned. He opened his eyes and hugged Zoey fiercely.

"I did it, Zoey. I trapped the wish." He started to cry with relief.

The door to the safe room opened. The two goons stepped in, one pointing a shotgun at the pair. "What the fuck is going on?" The one without a gun moved forward, grabbed Zoey by the wrist and dragged her off of Dom. Dom moved to stand, but Mr Shotgun jabbed the gun in his direction. "Sit the fuck down, loverboy!" The other one wiped a greasy hand across Zoey's thigh. "Jesus Billy, she's got cum all over her legs. They've been *fucking* in here!"

Billy snickered. "Goddamn Vasquez, you're the horniest motherfucker I've ever - " Then his lewd comment was cut off by a red cord slipping over his neck. He was yanked out of the room with a wet choking noise, shotgun tumbling to the floor. The goon holding Zoey turned at the sound - and Zoey drove her fist into his solar plexus. The air shot from his lungs and he staggered back. Zoey twisted his arm, pulling him down and putting a right uppercut into his chin. He went out like a light.

Violet walked into the safe room and picked up the shotgun. "My apologies for not coming sooner, I couldn't find an opening." She looked at the scene. "Where's Mistress? Why isn't she with you?" Zoey explained the situation, and Violet nodded grimly.

"Ok, so we kill him."

"No, we don't kill him. We can't risk hurting Lola - and even if we pull it off, we'd still have a dead billionaire in our penthouse. We just need to sneak her out of here. We can fix everything with a wish afterwards."

Violet was skeptical. "And if we can't sneak her out?"

Zoey put her hand up. "I have a plan B." She talked, they listened.

Shotgun in hand, Violet led the group out of the safe room. They spoke in whispers. "There's Hahn, his tech monkey and one more goon with a shotgun. I can draw out the goon and tie him up. I'm quite good with knots. Ms Vasquez, you seem more than capable of disabling the nerd. That leaves you to deal with Hahn, Mr Vasquez."

"Any thoughts on how to do that?" Dominick was a reasonably strong man, and could throw hands if need be, but getting the jump on an armed man seemed sketchy.

Violet shook her head. "No idea how events will unfold. You'll have to improvise."

"Great, good plan. I'm glad to be a part of it." He grabbed a poker as they passed the fireplace.

They crept towards the bedroom, and found the goon and the geek lounging on the living room couch. Lola's moans came from the bedroom, along with Hahn calling her a "whore." Dom

gritted his teeth, fury rising, and nodded to the girls. They circled around the far side to get behind them.

Dom counted slowly to ten, then stepped into the room. “**HAAAAAAAAAHN!**” The goon jumped up, reaching for his shotgun. Dave the geek just jumped. Then Violet and Zoey were on top of them. Violet got a rope around the goon’s hand, pinning to his back, then looped it around his throat and *pulled*. Zoey got the geek in a choke hold and dragged him over the back of the couch, lifting her feet entirely off the ground for leverage.

Dom charged the door and dove. The shot rang out as he hit the floor, and he scrambled behind the desk. “You fucking idiot! *I’ve got a fucking gun!*”

“And if you kill me, you get nothing! Your move, dipshit!” Dom slapped the control panel on the desk, killing the lights. He heard struggling from the bed.

“Let go you *stupid whore!* I command you to let go!”

Dom popped up, saw Lola struggling for the gun. He made his move, sprinting to the bed with the poker. He seemed to move in slow motion - the room was *so fucking big!*

“I order you to blow me!” Lola fought it for a moment, but the command took hold and she dropped the gun to service him. Hahn brought the gun around - and Dom smashed the poker onto his hand. The gun spun away and they both scrambled for it. They struggled, punched, bit, choked.

And then Hahn had the gun pointed in Dominick’s face. He took two steps back, and pulled back the hammer. “I’m officially done being nice.” Lola scrambled to Hahn, put his cock back in her mouth.

“I’m going to let you watch while she sucks me dry, watch while she thanks me for my hot cum. Then I’m going to blow your fucking legs off and cauterize the stumps. You won’t need them to grant my wishes. Once I have what I want, I’ll use the last wish to make you and your whore wife disappear. It’ll be like you never existed - only my sex slave and I will remember you, and I’ll make her say your name every time I pump a hot load in her ass.”

“**NO! PLEASE!**” Zoey ran in the room, wrapped herself around Dom. “I’ll give you the deed! Just don’t hurt him!” She was crying uncontrollably.

Hahn looked at her, deeply skeptical. “Talk fast woman, my finger’s getting tired.”

She nodded, sniffing. “The deed. Lola’s deed. It’s the thing that makes the wishes happen. If I give it to you, you can take the wishes and leave. *Please...*”

“You see, Nick? *You fucking see?! You could have just done this in the first place and saved yourself a lot of trouble. But you were too stupid to know when you were beat.*” He gestured with the gun for them to rise.

“Vasquez, you stand up and take five *big* steps back. The woman stays here until you’re well out of arm’s reach. Then she gets this deed. If you move *one fucking inch*, I blow her brains out. Understand? Good boy.”

They did as ordered. Zoey crossed the room, opened the safe hidden behind the painting. She started walking towards Hahn, hands full.

“Zoey, you stupid bitch, you’re ruining everything!” Contempt rang in Dom’s voice.

Her eyes filled with tears and she ran to her husband, hugged him tight.. “Oh Nicky, I’m sorry, I’m sorry!”

“HEY! GET YOUR FUCKING ASS OVER HERE NOW!” Zoey nodded meekly, walked slowly towards Hahn, clearly terrified. She put herself between Dominick and the gun.

And from behind her cover, Dom discreetly pulled the stone from the Crown Royal bag.

<<*The will is Infinite. I rend space, I twist time, I open my soul to the Beyond...*>

Zoey handed over the deed, head bowed, shaking. “Please... don’t hurt him.” Hahn snatched the paper from her, stepped back and looked at it.

“What happens now? What do I do?”

The fear evaporated from Zoey’s face. All that was left was anger. “Now, you start screaming.”

“RODNEY HAHN.” Dominick’s voice was deep, unnatural, filled with thunder. Hahn turned the gun towards Dom - giving Zoey the opportunity to grab his wrist and tear it loose. He turned to look at her for a moment, tried to be angry, but his eyes were drawn magnetically to the glowing stone in Dom’s outstretched hand.

Dominick opened his eyes. They were filled with fire, the white fire of righteous fury.

“I WANT YOU TO MEET MY FRIEND MARGOT.”

Zoey dove for Lola and covered her eyes. **“DON’T LOOK!”**

The horror appeared behind Dom, and Zoey was right - Rodney Hahn screamed, screamed and screamed and screamed.

Dom turned. He faced the horror, and he was unafraid. He pointed at Hahn.

“Rapist.”

The roar that erupted from the horror was the most horrible thing anyone in the building would ever hear. Zoey and Lola both screamed in absolute terror, covering their ears uselessly. A tentacle punched through Hahn, not bothering with the nicety of finding an orifice - It went right through his ribcage and out his back, shattering the marble floor beneath. Blood and entrails poured out for a moment, then came the black ooze.

More tentacles snaked out, penetrating Lola and Zoey, lifting them in the air. Another came for Dom, but he held up a hand. The tentacle slowed, stopped, and delicately touched his palm.

“Oh this guy is a complete douche nozzle!” Margot’s cutout was wearing a Judge’s wig. The word ANGRY was written on its chest. “A real sack of crap! Everything ok, Dom?” Hahn hung in the air, afraid but otherwise unconcerned about the massive tentacle impaling him through the lung.

Dom nodded. “Not yet, but it will be. Once I roll back the damage this greedy prick has done.”

“*Excuse me!*” Lola had her hand raised. “Where the hell are we, Dom? Why am I not shitting my pants with terror?”

He winced at ‘Dom,’ but kept his cool. “You don’t wear pants. Lola, meet Margot - Margot, Lola. Margot is the friend that gave me the Reconfig-a-Mabob.” Margot shook its cutout by way of greeting.

“Uh huh. Pleased to me you... Margot.” She turned to Dom and Zoey and started to tear up. “Is it over? Are we safe?” They exchanged a look, and just hugged her tight. Lola sobbed.

“Sorry for the bad trip, babe.” Margot put a consoling tentacle on Lola’s shoulder. “I promise, this fuckwit is *going to pay* for what he did to you.” Hahn was hauled in front of the trio, and Margot’s cutout leaned in ominously.

“You, my total not-friend, are going before *The Judges*, and then you are going to hyper-jail. Have you ever seen a prison movie? Shawshack Redemption? Cool Hand Luke? Con-Air?”

Rodney Hahn nodded, upside down.

“None of that will prepare you for hyper-jail. Bye dickcheese!” Hahn screamed and fell away - not *into* anywhere just... away. He shrank into nothing and was gone.

“Alright, that’s one ass goblin dealt with. You good, fam?”

Dom nodded warmly. "We're good fam. Thanks Margot - I hope I didn't pull you away from work."

Margot wrote 'shrug'. "Eh, I'm on a Zoom call. I just muted my mic. No worries. Catch you later!"

They fell back into realspace, and Dom and Zoey both moved to hug Lola. They stood there for a moment, silent, reunited.

"Mistress? Mr Vasquez? Is everything ok?" Violet shouted from the living room, fear plain in her voice. "Is whatever made that noise gone?" They assured her it was safe, and entered, leading Dave in with a shotgun in his back. "The muscle is tied up. This one seemed intelligent enough to interrogate."

Lola scooped up the pistol and jammed it in Dave's face. "Simple choice, dork - either work for me or eat lead. Which do you prefer?"

He saluted. "Happy to be a part of the team, Ma'am. What can I do to help?"

"You're gonna give me a complete rundown of this CHECKSUM thing. Be specific and technical - I know from computers, so don't sugarcoat it. But that's later. Now, you're gonna do whatever Violet tells you to do." He saluted again and the pair headed off.

"So, we're stuck til dawn, huh?" Lola slumped on the bed, unloading the gun. "I guess you got me to call you Dominick after all..."

He sat down next to her and held her hand. "Lola, you never have to call me that again if you don't want to." He closed his eyes and reached inside himself.

<It is my wish.>

"MASTER!" Lola squeezed him tight, dragged him down to the bed and kissed him all over. "Oh Master, Master, Master! How? How did you do it!?"

He laughed, pushed her off. "Easy slave! Your master can't afford a boner just now. We have two more wishes to burn off. I want this damn thing out of my head asap - so I hacked it. I can set off a charge anytime."

Lola nodded vigorously - she was done with wishes. "Hey, what was all that business about the deed? What deed?"

Zoey picked it up off the floor and presented it. "*Your* deed Lola. Your deed of property, owned by one Dominick Vasquez. Legally, you're real estate." She grabbed Lola's ass. "Acres of rolling hills, and a *lovely* valley in the back 40."

Lola kissed her, grabbed her ass back. "You are a *fucking dork*, Beanpole. But what was that all about the deed being magic or whatever?"

"That my dear was called a *distraction*. I needed an excuse to get Dom his magic rock so he could call for backup. Sold it pretty good, huh? Oh *please sir*, spare my husband!"

"I have an incredibly smart wife!" Dom gave Zoey a peck on the cheek. "Damn good in hand to hand combat as well." They sat for a while, just being a family again.

"Mr Vasquez, I have Edgar." Violet led the young man and his dog into the bedroom. He looked in awe at his surroundings, but he was also nervous. "This lady says you have something for me? Some money?"

Dominick reached inside himself, drew up another charge. "Something like that."

<It is my wish.>

The man staggered back, stunned, and fell to his knees. His dog licked his face urgently. The changes were subtle this time. Cloth mended, dirt washed away, teeth regenerated. His skinny frame filled out. His eyes rolled around in his head for a moment as his mind cleared. He sat up, and stared at the group in awe.

"Why? Why me?"

Zoey helped him stand. "Why not? You deserve happiness as much as anyone."

"How do I ever repay you?"

"You don't repay *us*." Lola pointed out the window. "You repay someone else, a stranger like we did."

He thanked them all, and left in a daze.

"Ok, that felt fucking awesome. You had the right idea from the get-go, Master. One wish to go - any ideas?"

Dom and Zoey exchanged a glance. "Oh yes, Lola. We wish for you."

"...I'm flattered but confused, Master. What do you mean?"

They took her hands. "We love you Lola, both of us. We want you to be part of our family - officially. Ring, wows, honeymoon, the whole thing. It's the only thing we want in the whole world."

Lola's eyes filled with happy tears and she turned away. Violet gave her a big hug. "It's a lovely gesture, Mistress. Congratulations."

"...You two are such huge dorks. Of course I'll do it, I love you. But you don't have to blow a wish on *that*."

Dom only smiled. "Trust me."

<It is my wish.>

All four of them fell onto the Alaskan King. Zoey squealed with delight. "We're home!"

"Merry Christmas you old savings and loan!" Lola's Jimmy Stewart impression was *terrible*, and Dom giggled uncontrollably.

"Pardon me, Mistress, where are we?"

"Good question." All four of them sat up. Dave the tech guy was sitting in the corner.

Lola pointed an accusing finger. "*The fuck are you doing here!?*"

"You said I *work* for you! I was in the room when you did the thing! Where *the hell* am I!?"

"Oh stop bitching!" She got up, poked Dave in the chest. "You're lucky I didn't blow your head off! You're in Redmond, Washington! Now go find a room to sleep in and fuck off!"

Dave wandered off, grumbling, only to come back a moment later. "What floor are the spare bedrooms on?" In unison, Zoey and Lola shouted, "WHAT FLOOR!?"

Dominick kept on laughing, laughing til he cried.

"Oh Nicky, you kept the master bedroom the same as a *joke*?" The whole group - Dave included - stared at the huge house, set back on a massive yard.

"How much Master? How much did you wish for?"

Dom smirked. "180 million. 10%. Enough to do whatever we want without raising so much attention." He put an arm round Lola. "I kept happy.freak for you too. It's a really good idea. I'm afraid it's not the social media titan it was, but you're still a million users deep. It's a good start, I'm sure you'll make it grow."

"I don't like the idea of ever being too busy to fuck your brains out, but I suppose it'll have to do."

“Oh don’t worry, Mistress. I’ll arrange your work load so you have ample time for sex.” Violet gave her a very suggestive look. “I can guarantee it.”

“Excuse me, Dominick.” Everyone turned to look at Dave. “What about CHECKSUM? It’s kinda my baby. Where is it now?”

“It’s running in our datacenter. You’re still in charge of it - but you use it for us now. We’re gonna make sure none of the Rodney Hahns of the world mess with things.”

“Oh, okay. Fair enough. ...What’s the pay?”

—

“My dude! How’s it hanging? Everything all squared away?” Margot had put an effort into drawing the face this time, hopeful and sympathetic. “You ready to be done with the Reconfig-a-Mabob?”

“*Fuck yes.* Get this thing out of me.”

There was a tentacle, a few moments of agony, and the mass of wires was finally out of his head. “Awesome. I’m glad everything worked out - that Hahn was a *complete* buzzkill.”

“You’re not kidding.” Dominick rubbed at his temples. He’d be tasting blood all day.

“Hey Margot, I don’t think I need the Shining Dodecahedron anymore.” He conjured it into the simulation.

“What?” Margot wrote ‘sad and confused’ on the cutout. “You don’t want to hang anymore?”

“No no!” Dom put up his hands. “I really *like* hanging out with you! I just don’t need the rock! I can get here without it - I didn’t use it this time. I can just kinda... imagine it now, and that’s enough to bring up the simulation.”

“No way man...” It wrote ‘shocked’ on the cutout. “You internalized the Dodecahedron? Really!?”

“Yeah - I had to! I couldn’t get to it when I hacked the Reconfig-a-Mabob! I’d been studying the rock *a bunch* in that month you were away. I was trying to toughen up, you know? It seemed shitty to be scared of somebody who’s been so cool to me.”

“...Did it work? Are we chill now?” Margot did nothing to the cutout at all.

“Oh yeah, I got so mad at that dick Hahn that I really got some perspective. Compared to monsters like him, how could I be scared of you?”

Margot was silent for a long moment. “What if I put down this stupid cutout?”

Dominick walked over to Margot, crossed the gap between them, and pulled the cutout from its tentacles. It disappeared, leaving Dom staring directly into the unshielded dimensionality of Margot. “Not a problem.”

Margot picked Dom up, hugged him with thousands of tentacles. “HOLY SHIT DUDE! You Pierced the Fucking Veil *and* Opened the Gate *in one day!*? Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick, that’s amazing! You’re a fucking prodigy!”

Dom laughed as he got bounced around. “Relax Margot, you're gonna make me puke!”

“Holy balls man! The guys in my gaming group are going to *completely lose their shit* when they find out I have my own warlock!”

“...Excuse me, what?”

Author's Note:

Thanks again to SoylentOrange for help with continuity and editing.

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