

NO PARKING

A HIT AND RUN STORY



BY THE ETHICAL HYPNOTIST

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By The Ethical Hypnotist

Chapter One: Mind Games

Dominick Vasquez sat on the tatami, eyes closed, breathing slowly. There was incense in the air - sandalwood - and the smell of cherry blossoms. He could feel the warmth of the morning sunlight on his face.

“Ready dude?”

He nodded, stood, smoothed out his ivory gi, and opened his eyes. The light of the dojo was soft, filtered through the translucent shoji doors and reflected off the mahogany floor. Dom pushed the tatami out of the way with his foot, then turned to face his friend.

On the opposite side of the dojo, the vast multidimensional form of the creature that called himself Margot Robbie hovered, a howling tornado of eyes, tentacles and teeth.

A year ago, when fate had brought Margot (literally) crashing into his life, the very sight of him attacked Dom’s sanity like a rabid dog. He was a Horror, a nightmare beyond his capacity to understand.

But Margot was not a monster. He was a lot of things - goofy, absentminded, addicted to ‘Bro Speak’ - but not a monster. Margot was a person, like Dominick... he just lived in a few more dimensions than Dom could tolerate.

There *were* monsters though. They had found Dom and his friends. They had money and power and no regard for others. A monster with a human face had attacked his home, hurt his family, stolen his best friend - just because they could.

In the face of that monstrous cruelty, how could Dominick be scared of Margot? A fire burned in Dom’s soul now, white hot, and in its light he could look upon Margot without fear.

So here they were, inside Dom’s mind, training. He’d become Margot’s little project, his student - a warlock, to use Margot’s own term.

“Ready? Not really. Let’s do it.”

Dom charged, lept, rained blows down on Margot - a flurry of punches, kicks, knees, elbows. Margot blocked and dodged, tentacles flying, pushed back against a wooden pillar by the onslaught. Dominick threw a right cross, missing by inches and shattering the pillar. Margot grabbed his outstretched arm in his tentacle, twisted and threw him across the room.

Margot leaned over Dom, insofar as a floating dimensionality can lean.

“Good! Adaptation, Improvisation - but your weakness is not your technique.”

Dominick groaned. “Why *the hell* did I show you The Matrix!?”

He sprung up, lashing out with whirling kicks, pushing Margot back again as he defended. Dom redoubled his attack, putting every ounce of his will into each blow. Twice, three times he came within a hair’s breadth of striking - and then Margot launched a dozen tentacles, all at once. Dom smashed into a pillar, breaking it in half.

As he knelt, panting and groaning, Margot casually floated over to him. He made an imitation of casually looking at its nails. “How did I beat you?” he asked sarcastically.

There was a tap on Margot’s back. He metaphorically turned - Margot had eyes in every direction, but his focus had been on Dom.

A second Dom drove a straight right directly into Margot’s center, sending him flying. A third caught Margot midair and piledrived him into the floor, shattering the wood. A fourth and a fifth hammered on Margot’s prone form, dozens of blows delivered in furious staccato.

“You didn’t,” Dom said in chorus. “I haven’t shown you the sequels yet.”

Margot roared with laughter and the dojo dissolved back into the endless white expanse of the simulation. “Fuckin’ A dude, that was amazing! You had complete control of the metaphor the whole time - played me like a damn fiddle! Well done.”

“Thanks man. That was brutal - you’ve really stepped it up lately.” Dom wiped metaphorical sweat from his brow.

“Gotta go hard, chief - if you’re gonna be a baller warlock, we can’t half-ass it. Mental combat is no joke.”

“You’re not wrong there... but I’m still kinda uncomfortable with where this is leading, Margot. Messing with people’s heads, reading their thoughts - it all feels kinda gross.”

Margot put a comforting tentacle on his shoulder. “Exactly why I’m teaching you, bro. You’d never fuck with people, but there’s lots of people who would. If you’re trained, you can *unfuck* things. Besides, learning the defenses are *hella* useful, even if you never touch another mind.”

“Fair enough.” Dominick shook Margot’s tentacle. “But I gotta go man. Time to say good morning to the missuses and get to work. See you tomorrow!”

They said their goodbyes and Dom’s mind fell back into realspace.

Chapter Two: The Family Vasquez

Zoey was sitting in her jammies on the couch as he unbolted the door to the training room, typing away at her laptop and drinking coffee. "Morning Nicky!" She rose to kiss him, a little peck on the lips. "How was class?"

Dom wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her close. "Sometimes my teacher's a real beast."

"Be nice, Nicky - Margot's our friend." Zoey wrapped her arms around Dominick's neck, giving him her best bedroom eyes. "But you must be so *hot* and *sweaty* after your workout. How about we clean up?"

Dominick nodded, kissed his wife deeply. "Should we get Lola?"

Zoey shook her head playfully. "Lola's working. Besides, she's got a slave to take care of her. So do you, actually. I'm the only one in the house without somebody to boss around. So march your ass into the shower!"

"Of course, mistress."

—

Zoey moaned, hot water pouring down her naked body, back against the wall, hands buried in Dominick's black hair as he knelt before her, lapping at her sex. The huge bathroom filled with steam as he worked, his wife panting and babbling, legs shaking.

"OhfuckOhgodJustlikethatOhnickyOhgod.."

She bit down on a fist as she came, muffling her cries. Zoey's legs gave way and she slid down the wet tile, into Dom's arms. He held her while she came back to reality.

"Did I please you, mistress?"

Zoey wrinkled her nose at Dom and tweaked one of his nipples, making him jump. "Shut up and lay back, dummy. We're gonna run out of hot water." He complied and she wrapped her lips around his throbbing cock.

—

Lola Russell-Vasquez was on a Zoom call when Zoey and Dom entered the office. Violet Watts, her assistant / sex slave sat beside her, the pair running an all-hands meeting of happy.freak

employees. The webcam was framed to show Lola to the waist, huge naked breasts dominating the screen.

Zoey and Dom took a seat while Lola wrapped things up. "Thank you all for coming - we'll see you at The Ballard for happy hour tonight!" Business settled, she stood and embraced them both.

"Morning Beanpole, morning Master. What're you two up to today?"

They chatted for a minute - Dominick had to work on his webcomic, while Zoey had a shift at the dog shelter. Lola's day was packed with meetings - the business life of a tech CEO.

"I've got an investor meeting this afternoon at the office - we'll meet at the bar afterwards." She took Dominick's hand. "I'm afraid I'll only be able to fuck you twice before I go, Master."

Violet tapped at her tablet, bound arms briefly released. "We've got you scheduled for 11 and 2, Mr Vasquez."

Zoey rolled her eyes, smiling. "You're strong Nicky - you'll struggle through somehow."

Lola used her free hand to pinch Zoey's butt. "Hey, you're the one who's leaving to wash dogs. I'd fuck you too if you stuck around. I'm a loyal wife *and* a loyal slave."

Dom put his hands up for peace. "Where's Dave? I need to touch base before I get to work."

Lola nodded towards the door. "In his nerd nest I assume." She made sarcastic air quotes. "We gave him a nice desk up here, but he said my "naked body" and "huge jiggling tits" were "distracting." - guy needs to loosen up."

Dave Ashcroft was indeed in his basement lab, or 'makerspace,' as he called it. It was filled with every hobbyist fabrication machine known to man and walls of neatly organized junk. As Dominick entered, Dave was soldering something into a circuit board while his six monitors buzzed with information.

"Aren't you working?" Dom leaned over the desk and observed Dave's handiwork. "What's this?"

Dave waved his soldering iron dismissively. "I'm the CTO - I don't do actual work anymore. And this is the step motor control for my ping-pong ball random number generator."

"Ok, if you say so. Any CHECKSUM activity overnight?"

Dave spun his chair around, pushed a few keys. "Nothing unusual. No one has changed the world with eldritch magic. You know I'd tell you if someone did. What's up?"

Dom shrugged, worry on his face. "It feels like something is coming, like there's a storm on the horizon. I dunno, maybe I'm just paranoid. That piece of shit Hahn was right - the idea of people twisting the past for their own selfish wishes scares me."

Dave turned back around, looked Dominick hard in the eyes. "Let me ask you a question, Nick. How many times have you had sex this month?"

The question took him aback. He considered. "...Are we talking calendar month, or the last 30 days?"

"Yeah, that's what I thought. Nick, you've got millions of dollars, a giant house and two hot wives ready to fuck around the clock. You've got everything a man could want and you got it without hurting anyone."

"Fucking relax." Dave got up and slapped him on the shoulder. "Enjoy your sexy porno fantasy life. If trouble comes, we'll be ready."

Dominick sighed. "Yeah, you're right. I'm getting bent out of shape. It's nothing. Thanks man."

—

The rest of the day was uneventful, by Vasquez standards. Dom finished two Mr Hedgehog strips, pausing for sex with Lola, a light lunch, and more sex with Lola. They kissed goodbye and Dom did some chores. He was making dinner when Zoey came home. Dominick, Zoey and Dave ate burgers and tots, then left for the company party.

The whole family spent the evening drinking and singing karaoke with the happy.freak team. By midnight they were three sheets to the wind, singing in the back of an Uber as they rolled home. The kissing and groping began within five minutes.

Dave, in the front, gave an apologetic shrug to the driver. "Yeah... they're gonna do that. I'll pay for any stains."

Dave unlocked the front door when they arrived, and the rest of the family charged in, half mad with lust.

"Night Dave."

"Thanks Dave!"

"Good night Mr. Ashcroft."

"See ya Dave - glad I didn't blow your brains out in New York!"

Dave accepted their thanks, went down to his makerspace, and turned the volume *all the way up* on his noise-canceling headphones as the moans began.

Chapter Three: We Got One!

Training for psychic battle had many challenges. It was taxing to the mind, taxing to the will. Often, it was tedious. Often, it was frustrating.

There were advantages though. For example, when Dominick was inside his own mind, he couldn't feel the hangover his body was experiencing.

"Ok bro, today we're gonna focus on defense. You're a baller on offense, but your D is hella sloppy. Can't skip leg day, my dude."

Dominick had to agree - he'd been metaphorically kicked around yesterday. If they'd been fighting for real, he'd be dead. The pair spent a minute warming up, catching up and making small talk - then they were back in the dojo. Dom took up his stance and waited.

The blows came thick and fast, tentacles flying. Dom blocked and dodged, dancing around the room as Margot relentlessly attacked. For a minute or two, Dom held off every attack, and he started to feel a little cocky - which is when the tentacles struck from five directions at once.

He caught a hammer blow to the kidneys, a second to the chin, and it was all over. Margot wailed on him for a moment, then lifted him into the air.

"For real this time, man - how did I beat you?" Margot's tone was serious but not unkind.

Dom was huffing, pain throbbing through his metaphorical head. "Too many attacks at once. I couldn't turn fast enough to block them all."

Margot chuckled and did his best Morpheus impersonation. "*Do you think turning matters in this place?* It's just a metaphor, man. You took it too literally, and you paid for it. If this metaphor isn't working, *pick another one.*"

Dom was set down as the dojo faded away. He took a moment to collect himself.

"Alright, I think I got something. Check this out."

The white infinity of the simulation was replaced with a large medieval throne room. Dominick stood, karate gi transforming into long white robes. An ornate staff appeared in his right hand, and a floppy wizard hat dropped onto his head.

Margot gave the multi-dimensional equivalent of a nod. "There you go - full Gandalf on my ass!"

Dom lifted his staff and the head burst into white flame. "After that last beating, I'm *really* hoping you shall not pass."

They went again, Dominick throwing spells and raising shields. Margot pressed harder, attacks coming from every direction, and Dom pushed them back without looking. Finally, Margot simply dropped onto him bodily, his vast interdimensional bulk like a man stomping an ant. Dom lifted his staff, dome of magical runes keeping the immensity from smashing him flat.

As they were struggling, a ripple passed through the metaphorical room. The walls and ceiling shimmered, warped, bulged at their seams. Dom's shield crackled and sparked, like a bug zapper struck by ten thousand mosquitos. Margot stopped attacking, but an intense force still pressed against Dom's mind for several seconds. Then it was gone, as quickly as it came.

Dom wiped the sweat from his brow. "That last move was new. Some kind of sneak attack?"

"Wasn't me, bro."

"...What do you mean it wasn't you?" The throne room scene vanished, leaving them in the blank whiteness. "It was squeezing me like a vice!"

"Yeah, me too." Margot scanned the space, rotating, body still in a way Dominick had never seen before. "You better go check on your family."

Dom fell back into realspace and scrambled out of the training room. Zoey and Lola were snuggling on the couch outside. Their eyes were full of lust, eager for the morning's fun, but their enthusiasm faltered when they saw his expression.

"Master?"

"*Are you alright?*" Dom dropped down in front of them, touching each woman's face in turn, looking for something, fear plain in his eyes.

"Nicky, Nicky! What's happening, what's wrong?" Dom started babbling about shields and rippling and Margot didn't do it. Zoey shut down his panic with a deep kiss, probing with her tongue until she felt his tension break.

"Nicky, sweetie, we are fine. Nothing's wrong." She held him, stroking his hair. Lola slid down off the couch and joined the embrace.

"I'm fine, Zoey's fine, our green dragon Jethro is fine."

Dominick's head jerked up, and she stuck her tongue out at him. "I'm joking, Master. Jethro is blue." He started to laugh and the pair laughed with him - which quickly moved to kissing and touching.

Soon Lola was on her knees, face buried in Zoey's pussy as Dominick pounded Lola from behind. She shuddered as his cock slid in and out, moving her tongue in time to his thrusts.

Zoey put one hand into Lola's long black hair, the other playing with her own nipples as she writhed. Her back arched as Lola worked, whispering thanks to God and her beautiful wife. Lola smiled at Zoey's babbling, then her eyes rolled back in her head as Dom doubled down.

They were still bucking and thrusting when Dave stumbled into the room.

He went beet red as he locked eyes with Dominick. Silently, without breaking rhythm, he gave Dave a 'two minutes' gesture then jerked his thumb for the man to leave. Dave was happy to go - he hated walking in on them. He never knew where to look.

Soon the three were lying on the carpet, tangled together and happily panting.

"Feeling better Nicky?" Zoey stroked his face, smiling.

He touched her face back, but his expression was worried. "It is *literally* impossible to feel bad when I'm with you two... but I think trouble's waiting for us in the next room. *Dave?*"

"I'm not coming in until you're dressed and fluid-free! You have a great big bedroom, damnit - fuck in there!"

Lola sat up, irritated. "Sex is natural and beautiful! Stop being such a repressed nerd and get in here!"

"I don't have to put up with this shit! I can find a better job anytime - one with a zero percent chance of slipping on a puddle of cum!"

"Lola, I order you to *shut up*!" Lola's toes curled as Dom's command filled her with pleasure. "Dave, we're disrespecting you and I'm sorry - but please tell us what's going on."

"*Sigh*. You were right Nick - CHECKSUM went off twenty minutes ago. Somebody's making wishes."

—

The three of them were showered - and two of them dressed - then joined Dave and Violet in the office. There was a complex chart on the big monitor, hundreds of short green columns suddenly spiking red past the top of the screen.

"The board lit up at 8:01, about thirty minutes ago. Standard market disturbances, social media disruption - all the signposts of a newly minted billionaire."

"I remain impressed with your system, Mr Ashcroft. Building an AI to see invisible changes to reality is quite the feat." Violet was busily typing as she spoke. "But are there any more clues? There are something like 3200 billionaires at present."

Lola moved to the monitor, Dave awkwardly averting his eyes. “Yeah, we’ve been tweaking the algorithm for a while now, improving the data set and automating the followup checks.” She tapped on the red column and it expanded into a chaotic word cloud.

“Rides, lines, parking, games... A theme park?”

Dave nodded, staring *hard* at his laptop. “That was my guess as well. I pulled up some amusement park statistics and cross-referenced with billionaire shareholders. I’ve got about 70 candidates.”

A spreadsheet appeared on screen, full of names and statistics. Everyone stared at it, taking notes and brainstorming ideas on narrowing the list. Then Dom stood up, walked to the screen, and pointed at an entry halfway down.

“What the hell is this? Who’s Krystallo Orfanos? What’s Bacchanal Bay?”

Everyone in the room stared at him like he was crazy. “Nicky, you *know* Bacchanal Bay. We *went* to Bacchanal Bay for our honeymoon...”

He shook his head, deeply confused.. “We went to Disneyland for our honeymoon.”

Zoey was equally confused. “You and I went to Disneyland.” She pointed between Dom, Lola and herself. “*We* went to Bacchanal Bay when we married Lola... You really don’t remember?”

Dominick’s eyes went wide. “Holy shit. *Holy shit. HOLY SHIT I BLOCKED IT!*” He pumped his fist, jumped into the air. “I blocked it - I can remember! I could fucking kiss Margot!”

The rest of the room shared a confused look, then Violet spoke up. “Mr Vasquez, are you saying you resisted the mental changes of a Reconfig-a-mabob? How?”

“We were practicing mental defense this morning! It must’ve come through while I had my shield up - that was the weird crazy pressure! *Oh this changes everything!*” He stared at the screen, mind racing.

With a final fist pump he turned back to his family, triumph in his eyes.

“Pack your shit kids - we’re going on vacation.”

Chapter Four: The Happiest Place On Earth

— Interlude —

"What's up my freakazoids!? It's Ya Boi, the Loudmouthed Leviathan, Doctor Kraken! Today we're comin' at'cha from Bacchanal Bay on beautiful St Lucia in the Caribbean!"

"It's the biggest adults-only resort on Earth - almost *thirty square miles* of grown up fun in the tropical sun! It's rides, drinks and fucking as far as the eye can see! Leave the kids at home - it's time for mom and dad to *play!*"

"And Ya Boi is giving you an *exclusive, all-access* tour of the park, with the founder and CEO, Krystallo Orfanos! It's all up next after a word from our sponsor!"

"Don't forget to like, comment, subscribe and *hit that bell!*"

Being wealthy has its advantages. Violet chartered a plane from Sea-Tac to Hewanorra airport, and by sundown they were checking into the Elysium Suites, a wildly luxurious vision of ancient decadence, all marble and purple velvet, mock amphorae along the walls depicting rather risqué versions of Greek myth. A waterfall poured from the third floor, filling the cavernous lobby with white noise.

Zoey squeezed Dom's arm as they checked in. "*None* of this is familiar to you?"

"I'm sorry sweetie, but no. I've never been here in my life - I'd remember a place like this."

There was sadness in her eyes. "We had such a lovely time. I don't like that it wasn't true."

He squeezed her hard, tickled her beneath the ribs, which brought back her smile.

"We'll have twice as much fun this time, I promise. I'm in no rush to tear down the walls - this Orfanos lady might be ok and we're certainly in *no position* to point fingers at people changing things. We're just gonna... have a look around, kick the tires."

"If we happen to have a few drinks, enjoy a few rides, give the beds a good test - well, that's all part of the job."

Lola squeezed between them, wrapping an arm around each spouse.. "Yeah, we're gonna search for clues, question suspects, the whole nine yards!" She turned her head back to Violet. "I'm gonna be Sherlock Holmes, but with better tits! What do you say, Watson?"

Violet smirked. "I'll order you a deerstalker cap immediately, Mistress... though perhaps not the intravenous cocaine."

"You're no fun. Speaking of no fun, we should probably have dinner with Dave before we... retire. He was kinda grumpy on the flight."

Zoey poked Lola in the breast, gave her a stern look. "He asked you very politely not to fellate Nicky, but you did it anyway. You need to be more considerate of his feelings."

"*Fiiiiiiiine*. I'll be good - for Master's sake." Lola harrumphed dramatically. "Next thing you know, I'll have to wear *clothes*..."

The five of them were soon in the steakhouse. Violet knelt at her Mistress' side, arms dutifully bound, while Lola argued with the waiter. "Miss, it's simply impossible - I cannot serve her meal *on the floor*! The health inspector would skin us alive!"

"I'm not asking you to serve it on the floor! Serve it *on a plate* on the floor! Big difference. What happened to the customer is always right?"

Dave gave Dominick a pleading look. Dom sighed and put a hand up. "Lola, leave the poor waiter alone. Violet, please join us at the table - we gotta do as the Romans do for a while."

"Greeks, Mr Vasquez. The Roman style would have more frescos." Violet gave him a smirk as she took a seat. "Though Bacchus was the Roman name for Dionysus, so who knows?"

After that the meal went without issue. They split a few bottles of excellent red, ate and speculated.

Saying goodnight to Dave, Violet and the Vasquezes had a quick fuck and got to bed early. They woke at 7, fucked in the shower and headed to breakfast. Dave was waiting for them, nursing a diet coke and working intently at his laptop. Lola arrived a few minutes behind the group.

"Sorry. It takes me *a long time* to put on sunscreen." She sat next to Dave, his eyes *locking* onto the laptop. "Whatcha got Dave?" She looked at his haggard expression. "Did you get any sleep?"

"Sleep is for the weak." He tapped a few times, turned the screen to face Lola. She snickered, snorted, then full on laughed.

"The firewalls are using *the default password*?"

He nodded, a wicked smile on his face. "Oh, not just the firewalls. The wireless access system, point of sale terminals, backend switches - and security control." Dave turned to the others. "I have damn near complete control of the whole fucking system. Apparently Krystallo Orfanos didn't wish for a competent IT team."

Lola turned Dave's chair to look him in the eyes. "Tell me you brought the card writer..."

“Oh I brought the card writer.” He pulled a handful of white plastic cards from his pocket. “Full superuser access.”

She put a hand behind his head and kissed him, lips parting. “*God* I fucking love this hacker shit.” Dave turned beet red as he pulled away.

Zoey put a hand up. “So... we can open doors in the park?”

“Oh babe, we can do *anything we want* in the park.” Lola’s eyes were full of mischief. She gestured at the fiercely blushing tech. “And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was *Dave*, and Hell followed with him.”

“Wow, well done.” Dom nodded, impressed. “Does this change the plan at all?”

Dave shook his head. “Not for me. I’m gonna stay back in the hotel and run support.”

“Mistress and I will start at Hades’ Halls, while you and Mrs. Vasquez begin at Poseidon’s Plunge.” Violet spread the little map out, pointing to opposite ends of the massive park. “We act casual, enjoy ourselves, but keep our eyes open for trouble. If all goes well, we meet at Elysium Fields for dinner - Mr Ashcroft included - and discuss our findings.”

—

An hour later, Dom and Zoey were moving through the throng of Poseidon’s Plunge, the waterpark section of the resort. Dominick was in his blue swim trunks, towel over his shoulders, while Zoey was in a flowery bikini with a gauzy sarong and a floppy hat.

The crowds were already dense at 10am, queueing for the myriad rides and slides. At the center were four vast pools surrounded by “the world’s largest lazy river,” and hundreds of men and women were splashing around, lying on inner tubes or just soaking up the sun.

And quite a few of them were nude. Generally the older guests, but folks of all ages were taking advantage of the Plunge’s ‘clothing optional’ policies.

“I feel overdressed,” Dom joked.

Zoey gave him a saucy look. “You could fix that, if you’re not a chicken.”

“Let’s hit a few slides first.” She wrinkled her nose at him, but didn’t press the matter. They locked up their bags and lined up for a doubles’ tube ride. It was a beautiful Caribbean fall day, warm without being hot, a gentle breeze coming in from the east.

As they waited, several of the Bay mascots wandered by - big cartoon Greek gods made of cloth and foam with googly eyes. There was Bacchy (God-Mascot of Wine), Dotty

(Goddess-Mascot of Love), Hermes (Messenger God-Mascot), and Poppy (Wife of Hades, and Goddess-Mascot of Goth Chicks).

Zoey squealed all the way down the tube slide, laughing and whooping as they raced. As they splashed into the unloading zone, she jumped up and half-dragged Dom from the tube. "More! More!" He beamed at his lovely wife - Dom lived for her joy, for Lola's joy. Maybe this place was ok.

They spent the morning up and down the slides, Zoey hauling her happy husband around like an excited kid. She finally ran out of steam around noon, and they grabbed tacos and margaritas for lunch, watching the people go by.

"You were right, Nicky. I'm having twice as much fun this time." Zoey took Dom's hand, eyes filled with delight. "I wish you were there before, but I'm glad you're here now." They shared a long kiss, Zoey's hands in Dom's hair. When Dom pulled away, she was still staring at him - but there was another look in her eyes.

"Come on, it's time for a dip."

A minute's walk brought them to Eros' Grotto, the smallest pool at the heart of the Plunge, a quiet and discreet place away from the noise all around. Zoey had her arm around Dom's waist as she led him to the entrance. "Ok mister, time to fix that overdressed feeling." She started to untie her bikini. "No clothes in the Grotto - rules of the house."

Indeed, the sign above the entrance warned that it was a fully nude space. Dom hesitated for a moment - but Zoey darted through the entrance, naked and smiling. She stuck a hand around the corner, and curled her finger for him to follow. His shorts were gone in a moment and he was inside.

They paused at the showers to rinse off, Zoey's long hair clinging to her back. "You know, this is very freeing - I see why Lola goes around like this."

Dom snickered. "She just does it to show off. Not that I'm complaining."

"Well, she's got a *lot* to show off. Way Lola tells it, she turned herself into your ideal woman." Zoey pressed herself against Dom, hands gripping his butt, voice playful. "Would you say she's your ideal woman?"

Dominick leaned down and kissed her. "One of them."

"Good answer."

They headed inside, Dom absently using the hand sanitizer station. "Nicky!" He turned to look at her, only for a jet of... not sanitizer... to cover his hands. "What the hell?"

“Sweetie, that’s astroglide.” He stared at her, baffled. “I suggest you *look* at the vending machine.”

Dom turned to actually look at the thing. “For Lovers” was printed on the top, and there was a small cup dispenser beside the lube canister - along with a variety of condoms and dental dams.

Beyond the final doorway, beneath a black translucent canopy, dozens of couples were having sex. On their towels, on the beach chairs, in the pool itself - the whole space was filled with lovers, moaning and thrusting without an ounce of shame.

“Come on Nicky, let’s not waste that lube.” Zoey strutted to an open chair, lay back and spread her legs. Dominick rubbed the astroglide into his cock and joined her. “Happiest place on Earth,” she murmured as he entered her. He thrust deep and slow, her legs wrapped around him, eyes fluttering. Zoey gripped the chair slats above her head and started pushing, driving herself on Dom’s dick, speed increasing as the minutes went by.

He leaned in, kissed Zoey deep, and wrapped his hands behind her neck. Dom pulled her up into the lotus position, drawing a deep moan from both of them, and she started riding as they kissed, bodies pressed tight. Dom’s breath grew ragged, orgasm mounting, and Zoey’s babbling meant she wasn’t far behind.

Dom shifted again, laying back and letting Zoey ride cowgirl. She rode fast and hard, running her fingers through Dominick’s chest hair. The words left her, and she simply moaned and whispered - then a cry of pure delight as she climaxed, leaning forward on her hands as she slumped in release. Dom held Zoey’s hips and thrust, and was soon groaning himself as he filled her.

They lay side by side, panting and kissing in the open air. Zoey put a hand to Dominick’s cheek, content and beautiful in the sunlight.

“We should get an annual pass.”

Chapter Five: The (Horny) Haunted Mansion

After breakfast, Lola and Violet made their way to Hades’ Halls, the ‘haunted’ part of Bacchanal Bay. Largely, this meant the staff were in black togas and wore a lot of eyeliner, but there were several popular rollercoasters and The Halls of Tartarus, Bacchanal Bay’s answer to The Haunted Mansion.

The pair drew attention from the moment they walked through the gates. Unlike in Poseidon’s Plunge, nudity was not encouraged - Lola was the only naked person here, and while people were never upset with her nudity (she had been careful to specify that in her wish), they certainly noticed.

Violet fared little better. People *did* wear bondage gear in the park - and in The Halls particularly - but no one had gone nearly as far as her. She'd worn her white 'summer' latex dress to avoid overheating, a deep V highlighting her gigantic breasts, and her arms were bound behind her back with the lightest rope she owned. Her 6" thigh high stiletto boots completed the ensemble. The only incongruous piece was a neon fanny pack to hold their stuff - neither of them had pockets.

Lola loosely held Violet's leash as they walked, all eyes on them as they wandered.

"Ok, we're certainly drawing the attention away from Master and Beanpole." Lola waved to a gawking couple. "Though I feel it's going to make it difficult for *us* to do any snooping."

"We could always purchase clothes from the gift shop and change..." Violet made the suggestion half-heartedly, and when Lola made a sour expression she nodded in agreement.

"I haven't worn a stitch in over a year, and I don't intend to start now."

"Not true, Mistress - you wore a veil *and* a garter at your wedding."

"Don't split hairs with me, slave!" Lola smiled and gave Violet a peck on the cheek, drawing further stares. "Anyway, I guess we just wander around and take notes. There's bound to be some interesting doors and gates we can pop into."

Phones in hand, they queued for Cerebus Chase, one of the most popular roller coasters in the park. They marched along for the better part of an hour, casually taking notes and snapping pictures of locked doors and side entrances. The ride itself was brief but thrilling, chased by the famous hellhound as their car raced around the rails. They were both giddy with excitement as they left.

"My god Violet, I've never heard you shriek before! It was adorable!"

Violet blushed at her mistress' words. "You make me shriek all the time."

Lola considered. "No, those are more like cries... or yips maybe. In any event, you've never been *scared* when I got those noises out of you."

"Let's ask Mr and Mrs Vasquez for a ruling. We should stick to the task at hand for now, Mistress."

The pair stopped at Charon's Churros for a snack and discussed.

"Everything seems pretty normal." Lola gnawed on her treat, then pointed the stub at a large steel gate, between a gift shop and the goth bar, at the end of the main thoroughfare. "Except

for that. It's big enough to drive a truck through, but doesn't seem to go anywhere. There's nothing that way but cliffs, if Google Maps is right. Yet those two plainclothes goons have been sitting there since before we got on the coaster."

Violet looked up from the pavement, cinnamon and sugar on her lips. "Supposedly Orfanos has a private villa inside the park. A cliffside mansion, secluded from the mob, would definitely fit the bill. Perhaps Mr Ashcroft can provide some insight?"

"Good call." Lola took a picture of the gate, as casually as possible, and messaged Dave.

::Hey dork-ass, what's on the other side of this gate? Hades' Halls, western edge.::

::Don't pretend you're not a dork-ass too, just because you fuck around the clock. Hold on.::

Lola was shocked by the accusation. "Violet, am I a dork-ass?"

From her knees, Violet considered the question as she finished her churro. "I wouldn't phrase it that way, Mistress. You have an analytical mind and a passion for technology. Happy.freak has grown notably from the seed Mr Vasquez created, due to your vision and dedication. Let's say you're a futurist."

"My god, I AM a dork-ass..." Lola's moment of clarity was interrupted by her phone buzzing.

::Guard house about 50 yard behind the gate, fancy looking mansion maybe 300 yards beyond that.::

A series of security stills followed, showing the modernist compound and its surrounding landscaping. A helicopter pad sat on the roof. Lola gestured Violet to rise, and showed her the pictures. "You got it exactly right, sweetie. Dollars to donuts, anything we're looking for is in there."

"Thank you, Mistress. I agree, though hopefully it won't come to actual breaking and entering."

"Speak for yourself."

Violet stood, and Lola took a moment to wipe her mouth and give her a drink of water. "Ok, let's go try Halls of Tartarus before the line gets too crazy."

They had just stepped into the line (Wait time from here: 40 minutes) when Dave texted again.

::Don't look up. They've noticed you - someone is tracking you with the cameras.::

Lola almost looked up anyway, but stopped herself. She showed her phone to Violet, who only nodded. "Drawing attention is the plan, Mistress - though it is oddly unsettling."

::Any idea who's doing it?:: Lola *really* wanted to look for the camera tracking them.

::I mean, there's like twenty guys in the security booth. Not sure who's your peeper.::

::Let's see if we can figure it out. Keep watching the security goons.::

Lola turned back to Violet. "Time to draw some *more* attention." She grabbed Violet's waist, pulled her close and stuck her tongue down the woman's throat. One hand moved to Violet's ass, the one with her phone to Violet's neck. Lola let out a soft moan as their tongues explored.

Heads turned and somebody whistled. The writhing couple politely moved as the line advanced, never breaking their embrace. Lola moved a hand to grope a massive latex-clad breast, and a guy farther up shouted "YEAH!" Violet leaned in, and Lola shifted her hand again to grab the woman's thigh and lift up her leg.

Another guy whistled, and Lola gave him a wink. Then her phone buzzed behind Violet's neck. She glanced at it, shifting her head to both look and kiss.

::Found it. 3-4 staff all moved to one guy's desk. Pigs. I can shut down his terminal if you want.::

Lola released Violet, stepping back and wiping her mouth. There was a smattering of applause and more whistling, and Lola bowed theatrically. Show over, she went back to her phone.

::Not yet. Thanks Dave!::

Violet was still flushed and panting when Lola looked up. "Thank you for the attention, Mistress."

It took another half hour before they were seated in their "chariot." Lola fiddled with her phone, discreetly taking pictures of exit doors and operator controls as the safety bar came down.

"Do you think we'll get anything useful shooting pics on the ride?"

Violet reached out, ropes stretching like taffy, and gently removed the phone from Lola's hand.

"I doubt it, Mistress." She put the phone in her fanny pack - then removed a compact rabbit vibrator. "I suggest instead you relax and enjoy yourself."

Lola's eyes went wide and she gave Violet a excited smile. "Do you think we have time?"

“Oh yes, Mistress. The ride will last about 10 minutes. *Ample* time.”

As the chariot crawled forward in the dark, the noise of rattling chains and tormented souls was accompanied by an all-together different sort of moaning.

Chapter Six: Hot Girls™

Zoey and Dominick strolled down Olympian Way, the main thoroughfare of the resort, arm in arm, drinking in the afternoon sun. It had been an amazing day, and they were both feeling very generous toward Bacchanal Bay.

“Is it petty of me to say I’m glad there’s no kids here?” Zoey ate her ice cream cone, looking out over the crowd.

“Well, there certainly wouldn’t be an Eros’ Grotto if there were kids running around. I, for one, would consider that a tragedy.” Dom took a sip of his frozen margarita as Zoey stuck her tongue out at him.

“I really like this place, Nicky. It’s magical... pun half intended.” She squeezed Dom’s hand. “Can we keep it?” Dom turned to look at her, and she took a very suggestive lick of her cone.

“Save *that* for after dinner. But I’m inclined to agree - this all seems like harmless fun. We should still talk to Orfanos, though. Just make sure she’s not a creep or weirdo. Maybe Lola could use her connections to get us a meeting. They’re in related fields...”

The pair wandered aimlessly, getting their pictures taken with Hades and Poppy, then headed to one of the massive gift shops. It had the usual tourist crap - t-shirts, stuffed animals, a huge wall of pins - but a number of unique gifts better suited for their specific clientele.

Zoey held up two dildos, one gold and sparkly, the other fluorescent purple. “Which of these do you like more, Nicky? If we buy two, they give you a bottle of lube for free. I thought I’d get a matched set for me and Lola.”

Dom put a hand to his chin mockingly. “A tough decision. The purple one highlights your eyes, but the gold one would be easier to find in the dark. Are there any deals for three? We do have Violet...” He stopped mid-joke, eyes drifting away from Zoey.

“Nicky?”

Goosebumps spread across Dominick’s body. A distant roaring sound filled his ears, growing louder fast. He tasted copper and smelled ozone.

It was coming. There was no time to think, only act. He prayed Zoey would forgive him.

Dom lunged at her, squeezed his hands against her temples. He stared hard into her eyes, and when he blinked his own eyes were filled with white fire.

LET ME IN. Dominick's voice was guttural, inhuman, a noise no man's vocal chords could make.

Then they were both inside Zoey's mind. Dom noted, idly, that the blank infinity of her mind was a pale blue.

"Nicky!? What's happening? Where are we?"

Dominick didn't speak, only gripped her tight as his wizard gear materialized. He lifted his burning staff just as the wish crashed down, a blaze of sparks exploding against his shield. He gritted his teeth in effort - the power was *so close*, and he was protecting two minds at once.

Zoey screamed and Dom buckled, dropping to a knee as the shield pressed down, an inch from their faces. For what seemed like eternity, he pitted his will against the weight of infinity - but he held. The wave passed, the pressure evaporating like morning mist. They fell back into realspace.

He moved a hand to her mouth to stifle her scream, Zoey's eyes filled with terror. "*Shh... shh... it's over sweetie. I'm so sorry I scared you. I'm so sorry,*" he whispered.

"Miss, are you alright?"

They turned. A forty-something black woman was looking at them, full of concern. Dom moved to speak, but then the woman *changed*. With an audible pop, she disappeared, replaced with a buxom twenty-something in a skintight striped onesie. Her nametag said "Aaliyah - Hot Girl™ - Atlanta, GA."

Dom nodded apologetically. "I'm sorry Aaliyah. I snuck up on my wife to spook her - must've done too good a job. We're fine."

The new Aaliyah turned to Zoey to make sure she agreed. Zoey nodded weakly, eyes wide. "Been in the sun too long," she mumbled.

With a shrug, the young woman moved on. Zoey's eyes snapped to Dominick. "*Holy shit,*" she whispered, "*that was another wish, wasn't it?*" Dom nodded grimly. "You stopped it from changing my mind?" He nodded again.

She pressed herself against him. "It's ok, Nicky. Thank you." His tension unwound in her embrace.

Zoey looked around the gift shop and gasped. "Nicky, *all* the employees have changed. They're all Hot Girls tee-emm now."

It was true - the dozen plus employees in the store had all been replaced with beautiful curvy young women. There wasn't one of them who wasn't a perfect ten, poured into their lycra outfits, acres of cleavage spilling out from low cut v-necks.

"Do... do you still want to buy the dildos?"

Zoey slugged him in the arm. "Shut up dummy! We need to check this out."

They exited the store, and stared in shock at what they saw. Every employee, from the vendors to the camerawomen to the janitors, were now Hot Girls™. As far as the eye could see, an endless parade of busty women in sexy uniforms.

"*Jesus Christ*," Zoey gasped, "They *all* got turned into Hot Girls. There must be ten thousand people working here - just today!"

"We need to regroup, talk this through." Dom pulled out his phone.

::Everyone back to the hotel - now.::

—

"The Hot Girls™ are *new*?" Lola was trying to take Dom's word for it, but the idea was daunting. "There's thousands of them - it's half the point of coming here! Nothing but sexy chicks around every corner! They sell the little uniforms in the gift shop!"

"Lola, he's telling the truth." Zoey was rattled, agitated. "I watched a middle aged lady *disappear* and get replaced by a college girl with a great rack."

"Waitwaitwait..." Dave cut in, puzzled. "How did you notice this time? It can't have been a coincidence twice."

"I just... felt it coming. I don't know how to describe it. I grabbed Zoey and threw up my shield."

Dave threw his hands up in exasperation. "Great, so if we're not standing next to you when a change happens, we're screwed."

Violet gestured for calm. "Everyone relax for a moment. I'm sure seeing the moment of transition was jarring, but let's get some perspective. Two days ago, this park did not exist at all. Fully one fifth of this island was transformed."

“Krystallo Orfanos must have access to a significantly more powerful reconfig-a-mabob than Mr Vasquez did. The extent of her changes would demand it. Presumably, this second wish drew in young women from around the world to work here, in the same way I was drawn into my Mistress’ employ.”

Dom considered that for a long moment. “I hope so. Let’s find out. What do you all want for dinner?”

An hour later, there was a knock at the door. “Room service!” A cheerful Hot Girl™ named Tiffany wheeled in a huge cart full of food. She cheerfully handed out everyone’s meal. “Wow, three slices of cheesecake? How decadent!”

“Thankfully I don’t have to worry about watching my figure anymore.” Lola took her loaded plate and retreated to a table. “Part of my wish - I’m always fit and sexy for Master.”

Tiffany gave her an odd look, but said nothing. “And a buffalo chicken sandwich for... Dominick. Is Dominick here?”

There was a tap on her shoulder and she turned. Dom pressed his hands to her temples.

LET ME IN. Zoey grabbed the plate as Tiffany’s hands went limp.

The inside of Tiffany’s mind was dark, almost black save for a faint pink backlight. She stood ramrod straight in the center of the room, staring into the distance.

“Hot Girls™ work hard. Hot Girls™ always smile. Hot Girls™ put the customer first...” Tiffany repeated a long litany of Hot Girl™ commandments in a loop.

Dread mounting, Dominick circled her, trying to understand. The pink glow intensified along her back. He reached out for it, and a glowing strand appeared in his hand, connected to the back of her skull. He followed it in the other direction, moving without moving, and soon found the other end.

It ran to a large glass tank, filled with opalescent pink fluid and covered in nonsense wires and lights. A gray haired woman floated inside, curled in a ball. Dominick touched the glass, and her eyes opened. She stared at him for a long moment - then pounded on the glass, noiselessly screaming for help.

Dom felt the fury rise up, let the white fire engulf his arm, and smashed his fist into the glass. He hammered on it again and again, blood spraying from his knuckles. The cracks spread with each blow, until at last it exploded, pink slime pouring out at his feet along with the woman.

She belched up lungfuls of the slime, choking and sobbing, as Dom picked her up. The blackness in her mind faded, replaced by the gentle orange of fall leaves. He lifted up her chin, looked her in the eyes.

"It's gonna be ok. We got you." They fell back into realspace.

Tiffany gasped, drawing in a huge lungful of air, before Dominick clamped a hand over her mouth. "*Don't scream*. You're safe, just breathe." Her eyes were filled with fear, but quickly lost focus. She passed out, and Lola helped Dominick lay her on the bed.

Zoey stared at the scene with confusion and fear. "Nicky... what happened?"

"They changed her body and altered her mind - without permission."

Lola put a hand to her mouth, horrified. "I thought that was impossible..."

— Interlude —

"*What's up my freakazoids!?* It's Ya Boi, the Loudmouthed Leviathan, Doctor Kraken! It's day two at Bacchanal Bay - and we got tons of huge news! First off, the Hot Girls™ have officially arrived! **AWWW YEAH!** Thousands and thousands of *smokin' hot hotties*, working every single job in the park! We got Hottie ride operators, Hottie waitresses, Hottie electricians, and of course *Hottie security!* You thought Da Bacchie couldn't get any sexier - *but you was wrong, sucka!*"

"And speaking of sexy, our second piece of Bacchie news is the arrival of one of the sexiest guests we've ever seen - Lola Russell-Vasquez, CEO of happy.freak! Our favorite naked Chief Executive *of Oral* was spotted enjoying herself in Hades' Halls - *and I do mean enjoying herself!*"

"Here she is gettin' her mack on with her *very* private secretary - and then she **really** had a good time on The Halls of Tartarus. Check out these low light video clips! Goddamn those titties can shake!"

"Stay tuned for more *super hot* footage from Bacchanal Bay - right after this word from our sponsor! Don't forget to like, comment, subscribe and *hit that bell!*"

—

Chapter Seven - Law and Order in the Ninth Dimension

"I never said it was impossible, dudes - I said it was illegal."

Margot hovered in the center of the simulation, inside Dom's mind. Dom had called Margot directly into his mind space, rather than into the hotel room. It was more difficult, but kept

anyone from stumbling in. Margot was holding up the cardboard cutout again, so as not to shatter the minds of the others Dominick had brought along.

"So how could it happen?" Lola was pacing the space, mind spinning. "Aren't there, like, Dimension Cops or something?"

Margot held up a small sign, "Shrug" printed on it. "Murder's illegal in your dimension and mine, we've both got cops - but Citizens still get killed. Douchebags' gonna douche, ya know?"

"Your implication being there's a criminal alien somewhere in our dimension." Violet was sitting, taking copious notes on a metaphorical legal pad. "Are they doing this themselves? What is Krystallo Orfanos' culpability for all this?"

"No clue dudette. Almost certainly she's making wishes. But it's a coin toss whether she knows how they're being fulfilled. She might know and not care, or her patron might just be lying."

Dom sat behind Zoey, arms wrapped around her. "So what can we do to stop her? Can I pull her reconfig-a-mabob out? If I can get close enough, I can get into her head."

"I doubt our dimensional dipshit gave it to her. If they hang onto it, they keep control of the wishes."

"So I gotta pull this mess up by the roots. Fair enough."

Zoey turned around, gave her husband a deeply skeptical look. "First of all, don't say 'I', Nicky. We are going to pull it up by the roots. Secondly, *are you crazy!*? You're going to fight one of these things?" She put a hand up to her mouth. "Oh my god, Margot, *I'm so sorry!*"

Margot put up a tentacle. "Peace, Mrs Dude, I know we're cool. Also, you're right. Dom, my man, I love you like a brother - but going *mano-a-mano* with a ninth dimension criminal is gonna get you squished. No, we gotta go to the law with this. We gotta call in a Judge."

Dominick conceded the point, shrugging. "What *is* a Judge exactly? You say it with a capital J in your voice."

"They're the Main Dudes, my man - way up at the tipitty-top of the dimensional curve. They enforce the law all the way down the chain. They run the hyper-jails at the edge of reality." Margot held up the 'shrug' sign again. "Frankly, they scare the shit out of me."

Lola stepped to the center. "Alright, call in the cavalry. But how long til they show up? What do we do in the meanwhile?"

“Time... doesn’t really work for them in a way you’d understand - sorry. They’ll be here when they’re meant to be here. Til then, case the joint, search for clues, maybe free a few more Hot Girls - get as much evidence as we can for the judgment.”

Lola turned back to Violet. “Sherlock Holmes with better tits.”

Margot held up a ‘claps hands’ sign. “Why don’t you ladies get started with that? Maybe help that woman in your hotel room? She’ll still be trippin’ for real when she comes to. I need to talk to Dom for a hot minute. No biggie.”

The three women exchanged a glance, then nodded. They disappeared from the simulation.

Margot dropped the cutout, but his body language, such as it is, was deeply guilty. “So, um, I have been meaning to talk to you about some stuff, bro.”

Dom raised an eyebrow. “Okay...”

“I know which dickweed is fucking with your world.”

“That’s great.. Right, Margot?”

“Yeah, totally bro. But also... You, um... you know YouTube?”

Dom nodded, skepticism growing on his face. “What about it?”

“Yeah, well, we’ve got a kind of YouTube - Citizens of the ninth dimension, I mean. Obviously, it’s not the same, what with the multiple axes of time...”

Dominick gave Margot a ‘shush.’ “Yeah, yeah, you’re speaking in metaphor. But what does 9D YouTube have to do with all this?”

“The guy that’s fucking with your world is a YouTuber. Goes by the handle Doctor Kraken. One of those loud, annoying channels for teenagers and assholes. Moderately big, around 3.2×10^{15} subscribers. He’s been posting about Bacchanal Bay all week. Park tours, filming the rides, shit like that. This Krystallo chick is in most of them, talking up the place.”

“A few hours ago, he posted a video about the new Hot Girls™... and about Lola. It’s pulling down big numbers, going viral.”

Dom’s eyes filled with fury. “He’s posting videos of my wife for views? *HE’S WARPED TENS OF THOUSANDS OF LIVES FOR VIEWS!?* Why *the fuck* hasn’t he been arrested already!?”

Margot shrugged. “He’s not filming the *crimes*, bro! He’s a top shelf buttwipe, but he’s not that stupid. It looks like normal reconfig-a-mabob reaction footage.”

“Ok, fuck that guy for real. But this is good.” Dom started to pace. “I mean, not *good*, but we know who’s doing it. We can get the evidence and call in a Judge.”

Margot pulled at his metaphorical collar. “Yeah, of course... but there’s just one *little* complication...” Margot paused as Dom turned skeptical eyes towards him. “Because he’s posting footage of the Vasquez family, it triggered a copyright claim... *My* copyright claim.”

Dom stopped dead, slowly turned to face Margot. “What. The Fuck. Does that mean?”

Margot put up some tentacles defensively. “I just had a little vlog thing! Videos of my daughter, vacations, just anything interesting in my life - and meeting you was *crazy* interesting! I made some videos about it; I didn’t think they would take off!”

“You put videos of my family online!? *DUDE!*”

Margot waved that off. “NoNoNoNO - I never posted anything about Zoey or Lola or anyone else! Just you, man! The toothpaste was already out of the tube, ya know? You’re super cool! A solid dude and warlock prodigy - it’s amazing content. Our training sessions are a big deal. You’re blowing up!”

Dominick closed his eyes, rubbed his temples, took a long slow breath. “There are people in your dimension who know who I am? I’m a meme or something?”

“...There’s merch.” Margot whispered the words, sheepish.

The air was still, electric with tension. Dominick stared daggers at Margot, who tried his best to slink into a less visible dimension. Finally, Dom slumped and sighed heavily.

“I’m not gonna get mad. *I’m not gonna get mad*. I just... man, you shoulda told me!”

“I know. I’m sorry.” Margot shut his hundreds of eyes, ashamed. “It just kinda spiraled out of control. I didn’t know what to say.”

“Yeah... yeah, I get that.” Dom thought back to his own spiral, when he’d asked for more charges in his Reconfig-a-mabob and didn’t tell his wives. He couldn’t point fingers.

He straightened up, put a hand on Margot’s form. “Whatever man, nobody’s perfect. It’s cool.”

“We’ll deal with that shit later - but what does all this mean for us now? What do *your* videos have to do with Doctor Kraken’s videos?”

Margot let out his version of a sigh. “I don’t think Doctor Kraken had any idea Lola existed before. Most folks can’t distinguish between lower-dimension Citizens - no offense. She was just

some hot naked human, clickbait for the thumbnail. But now she's tied to me, and my channel is all about you, man. Won't have taken long to find you on the security footage."

"So he knows you're here, he knows you're snooping around, and he knows he's going to hyper-jail if you get proof of what he's done. There's no telling how far he'll go to stop you."

Chapter Eight: Sex as an Act of Resistance

Dom fell back into realspace, to find his wives consoling Tiffany.

"...not even my real name! My name's Lorraine!"

Correction - Dom found his wives consoling Lorraine. Zoey squeezed her tight, pressed the terrified woman's head to her shoulder. "I'm so sorry, Lorraine. It's gonna be ok. I promise we're gonna fix it. It's kind of our thing."

Lorraine sniffled, returned the hug. She looked up, eyes full of hope. "You've done this before?"

There was a polite cough from Lola. "Not this *specific* scenario. Not as such. But we're well prepared! Zoey is a martial artist, Dave's a crazy super-hacker, and Master is a powerful wizard... apparently." She turned to Dom, who mouthed 'wizard?' Lola only put her hands up in an 'I don't know!'.

"This is crazy!" Lorraine stood up and started pacing the room. "I just wanted a part time job! Norman had passed and the kids were all out of state, I was going nuts alone in the house. 'Why not go down to work in the Caribbean for a year?' I thought. 'What could it hurt? And then suddenly I'm strapped into this ride, and it feels like my brain's in a vice and - *holy shit, look at me!*'"

Lorraine stared at herself in the bathroom mirror in shock. "Oh my god, I'm a fox!" She squeezed her breasts experimentally, then turned to look at her backside. "Look at this ass - my ass has *never* looked this good in my life!"

Dave blushed fiercely and turned to his laptop. "Um, Lorraine, you mentioned your late husband - my condolences - and grown children. ...How old are you?"

She patted her new ass in the mirror. "I'll be seventy-one on Christmas Day."

Everyone exchanged a look as Dave typed. "Well, according to payroll, *Tiffany* Scott is 23 years old." He poked around for a few seconds, then groaned. "Jesus Christ - look at this, Lola!"

He turned the screen to face her and after a moment she scoffed. "*Fucking amateurs...*"

"What?" Zoey asked it first, but everyone turned with the same question.

Dave cleared his throat. "Tiffany Scott, age 23. Partner, Norman Scott, age 75, deceased. Children, Norman Jr, age 50, Bridget, age 48. They didn't even *try*!"

Lorraine slumped into a chair. "How can they do this?"

"Well, Ms Scott, the answer to that question is complex." Violet adjusted her glasses with her shoulder. "It begins with the concept of the dimensional curve. You see..."

"I meant *morally*," Lorraine interrupted.

"Oh, that's simple." Violet shrugged. "They're assholes."

Dom nodded. "Unbelievable assholes."

—

They shared their room service with Lorraine, Lola graciously giving up an entire slice of cheesecake, and the woman's fear and wonder gave way to confusion as Dom unpacked the current situation.

"Merch?" Zoey was intrigued. "What kind of merch?"

"He didn't say. Their equivalent of t-shirts and pins I assume."

"I don't exactly need a t-shirt," Lola interjected, "but I'd still like some of that merch - or a cut of the cash. Can we hire a ninth dimension IP lawyer?"

"Probably pointless, Mistress. Our minds likely cannot comprehend their terrifying apparel."

Lola rolled her eyes. "Yes, Violet, trenchant insight. Thank you very much."

Violet stuck out her tongue. "I'm permitted to make jokes, on occasion."

Lorraine put up her hand. "I'm sorry, who or what is Margot? Margot is a person?"

"Yes," said Dom.

"No," said Dave.

"Kinda?" said Lola.

"They're very nice," said Zoey.

"It's complex," said Violet.

Lorraine rubbed her temples. "This is too big, too crazy. I need to get some rest - I'm heading back to my apartment."

Dom pointed his sandwich at her. "I'm not sure that's a good idea. It might not be safe. Sorry. Dave, can she bunk with you?"

"Um... yeah, sure." Dave nodded awkwardly and started packing up. "I can sleep on the foldout couch."

"I'm sorry to be a bother." Lorraine gave Dave a peck on the cheek. "Thank you, young man."

He smiled, blushing. "Technically, you're younger than me now - but anytime."

—

The Vasquez family lay in the bed, watched a movie and talked. It was their coping mechanism when things got weird. Slowly they drifted off to sleep - Zoey first, as Wilford Brimley ran his simulation, then Violet after the blood testing scene. Dom and Lola stayed up to the end, half watching and half reminiscing about high school days.

"What happened to Billy anyway? Didn't you two have a thing?"

"Billy!?" Lola was incredulous. "Billy was *super* gay. I used to cover for him when he went out with his boyfriend. Haven't seen him in years - might live in Chicago or something?"

"Lola, did I ever tell you you're the coolest person I know?" Dom ran a hand along her cheek. "That was a very sweet thing to do."

She gave him a flirty look and traced a finger down his chest. "Flattery will get you everywhere, Master." Her hand drifted farther down.

Dom's expression was pleased but incredulous. "Really? Now? After all this business today? With some interdimensional asshole nipping at our heels?"

"Yes. Now." Lola's face grew serious. "I won't let the evil, selfish pricks of the dimensional curve steal our happiness. We're not their toys. I'm gonna fuck you - here and now - to stick a finger in their fucking eye."

"Sex as an act of resistance. I think Bakunin would approve." Dom nodded approvingly and moved a hand to her breast. "I love you, Mrs. Vasquez."

Lola pushed him down on his back. "Don't you forget it, Master."

Dominick jerked a thumb at the sleeping women, inquiring.

"If they wake up, they wake up. But for right now, I intend to serve only you."

Lola pulled down Dom's boxers with authority, spent a minute stroking and sucking, then climbed on top. She stared him dead in the eyes as she lowered herself onto his cock, then kissed him as she bottomed out. They made love gently, quietly, trying not to wake the others - but neither of them could totally silence the moans and gasps. They breathed in time as Lola rode, kissing and smiling, giggling and whispering dirty talk to each other.

As Lola tangled her fingers into Dom's chest hair, pumping fast, pleasing her Master, she felt a hand on her thigh. She glanced to her right, into the sleepy eyes of Zoey. She smiled at Lola, looking over the situation, then mouthed 'love you' to her beautiful wife before rolling over.

Dominick came a handful of heartbeats later, and Lola shuddered uncontrollably as her own orgasm ripped through her. She crumpled onto his chest, listening to his racing heart.

"I love you, Mrs Vasquez," he repeated with ragged breath. They cleaned up and fell asleep in each others' arms.

Chapter Nine: Breakin' the Law, Breakin' the Law

"You sure you're cool with this, bro?" Margot was fidgeting as Dominick sat.

"Yeah, it's fine. We gotta get some evidence and this'll do it. Plus... we gotta grow your channel. That merch isn't gonna sell itself." Dom gave Margot a smirk and a wink.

"Big talk for a man who's got a tentacle inside his skull."

"I'm *trying* not to think about that." He sat as still as he could while Margot worked, and after a long minute he felt the tentacle withdrawn.

"Ok, bro, it's all done. You just gotta think it on and off. Give it a shot."

Dominick concentrated for a moment, and a large screen appeared in the middle distance. It showed Margot from Dom's perspective.

"Testing, testing, one two. This is VTV - Vasquez Television. All Vasquez, all the time. Hello to all my fans watching farther up the dimensional curve. Gonna have some exciting footage for you real soon, so stay tuned." He concentrated again and the screen disappeared.

"Alright dude, when you turn it on, you're broadcasting - so maybe *don't* use it with your wives around. Although... it would definitely boost our ratings..."

"Get your mind out of the gutter." Dom poked a playful finger into Margot's side. "You just focus on keeping their brains unscrambled - all of them, Dave and Violet too. And heads up - I gave the rock to Lola. If shit goes sideways, you might be getting a call."

“And you said you didn’t need it...”

—

Job done, Dom fell back into realspace and joined the family for room service breakfast.

“Dave, you’re *sure* this ‘secret ride’ is in Elysium Gardens?”

“Sure? No. But the whole goddamn park is *covered* in cameras... except for right here.” He pointed at an anonymous spot between two popular rides. “There’s a whole building behind that mural of the mascots. It’s not labeled on the map, it has no front facing entrance, and there’s not one camera *anywhere* around or inside it.”

“If there’s a brainwashing ride, that’s where it is.”

Dominick nodded. “Fair enough. Zoey and I will check that out. If they’re fucking with people, we’ll get enough footage to send ‘em up the interdimensional river.”

“And while my fearless wife and virile Master are braving the depths of Tartarus,” Lola interjected, “Violet and I will *ascend* to the *very heights* of Mount Olympus!” She raised a breakfast sausage by way of emphasis.

“Fucking dork-ass,” Dave mumbled.

Violet sighed melodramatically. “Which is to say, we’ll sneak into Orfanos’ mansion and search for evidence. Perhaps confront the woman directly. She may not know what her ‘patron’ is doing to her employees.”

Dave shook his head, eyes closed. “I think this is all a bad idea. You’re breaking and entering into a major theme park and the home of a billionaire - both of which are protected by private security. I haven’t *seen* any guns yet, but that’s not *nearly* the same as no guns. This could get really bad, really fast.”

“...You’re right man.” Dom paused, drumming his fingers on the table. “But the genie is literally out of the bottle. There’s an amoral interdimensional influencer with an illegal Reconfig-a-Mabob, tearing the world apart for views - and he knows we’re here.”

“If we retreat or stall, how much more damage will he do before one of these Judges steps in? To the world, or to us? And what will these Judges do to fix everything? We have to stop any more changes and get whatever evidence we can - and fast.”

“Just because you’re right doesn’t mean I like it.” Dave put his hands up in defeat. “Alright fine, let’s go save the world... or whatever.”

Everyone said their goodbyes and departed, leaving Dave and Lorraine to assist from the suite.

—

“I feel so weird, exposed. Metaphorically, obviously.”

Lola squirmed as she walked, Hot Girl™ uniform clinging to her curves. Violet walked behind her, equally uncomfortable in a matching lycra jumpsuit. They pushed a stolen tool cart between them. “Perhaps we should have handled the ride building instead.”

“No dice - the staff are all Hot Girls. Master would’ve been a dead giveaway. He’s 100% man.”
Lola got a dreamy look in her eyes for a moment, then shook it off. She tapped on her earpiece.
“You there?”

“Operator,” Dave replied.

“Dork,” she snarked. “Are you ready?”

“Yeah, I just called the security babes with the request. They should let you right through.”

“The word ‘should’ doesn’t fill me with confidence.”

Lola nodded back to Violet, then swallowed and approached the gate. The two Security Girls™ scanned their badges, and radioed to the other women inside. The one called Piper chatted as the gate clattered open. “What’s going on?”

Lola gave her an indifferent shrug, trying not to worry about the tasers on their belts. “I dunno - something wrong with a sink in the master bathroom. Whatever the boss needs, we do.”

“Customer service is job one,” replied the other one, in a slightly robotic tone.

The pair waved to the Security Girls™ in the guardhouse inside the gate, then trundled up to the mansion. The modernist building was boxy, black and chrome with huge windows. Violet waved her badge and the front door popped open.

There was no noise inside, save for the air conditioning.

—

Dom and Zoey moved through the shaded thoroughfares of Elysium Gardens, queueing up for Zeus’ Fury. They stood in line patiently for 30 minutes, until they neared a particular bend in the rope maze.

“Okay, Dave, we’re in position.” Zoey pressed a finger to her ear as she spoke, which Dom gently pulled away. “He can hear you sweetie.”

“Alright, Zoey, I’m ready here. The cameras are going down... now.”

The pair moved out of line, Dom complaining of stomach trouble. They ducked under a rope, and walked down an emergency exit corridor. Dom’s badge opened the door without raising an alarm, and they darted across an empty courtyard and over a chain link fence.

On the far side, there was an unassuming beige building, with a steel door and loading dock. The sign above the door said **Processing and Induction**.

Dominick concentrated. “Ok, I’m recording. Hello, Citizens of the Dimensional Curve - this is Dominick Vasquez. I’m coming to you live from Bacchanal Bay, on Earth, Milky Way galaxy, in the Fourth Dimension. Many of you have been watching Doctor Kraken’s videos about this theme park, but he’s not showing you the whole story. Today I’m going to prove he’s a criminal with dark secrets that are going to land him in hyper-jail. Stay tuned!”

They badged their way through the door, and beyond lay a wide corridor with offices on either side. The lights were off, the space lit only by dim skylights. Music drifted from an open door at the end of the hall - a cheery, whimsical tune they couldn’t quite hear.

“I don’t like this Nicky,” Zoey whispered.

“Agreed.” Dom nodded grimly. “But when have we let a bad idea stop us?”

They crept along, glancing into each room. It was all very banal, just endless desks and chairs, bland corporate art on the walls. They were nearing the open door when a loud click came from the entrance. Zoey yanked Dom into the nearest office, and watched as a pair of park mascots dragged an unconscious man through the door.

Zoey jerked a thumb towards the approaching mascots and raised an eyebrow to Dom. Baffled, he mouthed ‘what?’ to her, to which she rolled her eyes and mimed punching. Dom mouthed ‘oh!’ and nodded.

The resulting fight was rather lopsided - combat is difficult when you’re in a huge foam costume. Zoey dispatched Zeus, spinning his head around with a right hook before putting a foot in his guts. There was a feminine groan from inside and the god dropped. Dom, meanwhile, simply yanked the foam head off Hera, and grabbed the temples of the shocked woman inside.

SLEEP. he commanded, and she immediately collapsed.

He caught her as she fell, then moved to Zoey’s side and repeated his command to the groaning woman inside the Zeus outfit. Zoey gave him a look that was both impressed and unsettled. “Holy shit, you *are* a wizard.”

“The term of art is Warlock,” he corrected. “Let’s suit up.”

Lola and Violet wandered the vast mansion, looking for clues. They had pushed the cart along at first, ready to fake a plumbing job - but the house was totally empty. Not a maid, not a cook, not a secretary - no one.

“I’m getting the jibblies, Vi. This is really spooky.”

“Something is definitely wrong, Mistress, but we keep looking. There must be an office or bedroom upstairs.”

They climbed the stairs in eerie silence, reaching a long corridor of shut rooms, ending in an ornate set of double doors. “It’s locked, Mistress - a proper lock.”

“No worries, I can get us in.” Lola began fidgeting with her hair, squatting down in front of the lock.

Violet crouched beside her. “You’re going to pick it with a bobby pin?”

“Bobby pin? What is this, Scooby Doo?” She pulled a pair of thin metal strips from the depths of her long black curls. “Wave rake and tensioner. Thank you, Lockpicking Lawyer.” She inserted the tools, fiddled for a moment, and then the handle turned. Lola stood, deeply smug.

“Mistress, Mr Ashcroft is correct - you are a dork-ass.”

“Body of a goddess, mind of a genius - y’all are *just jealous*.” She threw open the doors.

Beyond was the master bedroom. It was sleek and modern, discreetly expensive - not dissimilar from their own bedroom when they’d briefly had a Manhattan penthouse. To the right were doors - probably the bathroom and a closet. To the left was an office area, with a matching Herman Miller desk and chair.

Krystallo Orfanos was standing in front of the desk. She wore a navy blazer and knee length skirt, with black stockings and sensible pumps. Her salt and pepper hair was tied in a ponytail, and she had elegant blue glasses. All in all, she radiated power and authority - a proper modern CEO.

She was also floating a few inches above the floor, frozen in place, angrily pointing a finger at someone no longer there.

Lola walked up to the woman, waved a hand in front of her face. She tentatively poked the floating woman, and she drifted gently away.

“Huh. Wasn’t expecting this.” Lola turned to Violet for guidance, who only shrugged.

Chapter Ten: Going for a Ride

“Can you see anything, Nicky?”

Dom adjusted the foam head on his costume. “No, not really.”

The pair got up, and despite their limited visibility headed on through the open door. Beyond lay a wide catwalk with what appeared to be dressing rooms on the left.

On the right, there was a ramp down, leading to a canal. A faintly glowing pink liquid ran swiftly past a large condola, a fiberglass ‘boat’ on a track, with perhaps 40 seats on it. About 25 people, of all shapes and sizes, sat docile inside it. A pair of mascots secured one of them into the ride, then walked off into a side door.

“We are inside the unmarked processing center,” Dom whispered, “where costumed employees are putting unconscious people onto this mysterious ride. I’m going to investigate.”

Zoey turned to look at him. “What are you doing?” she hissed.

“Narrating for the audience,” he answered. “We’re livestreaming... apparently. That’s what Margot said anyway.”

“What the hell is that stuff in the canal?” Zoey’s tone was fearful as they moved down the ramp.

“WHY, THAT’S THE PATENTED GENDER FLUID!™”

The lights of the cavernous room flared as Dom and Zoey recoiled. On the opposite end of the canal, on a raised platform near the ceiling, a Poseidon mascot stood with his arms spread wide in presentation.

“What’s up my freakazoids!? It’s Ya Boi, the Loudmouthed Leviathan, Doctor Kraken! We’re here on day three of our all-access trip to Bacchanal Bay with the Ninth Dimension’s latest viral sensation, Dominick Vasquez! Hey Dom, welcome to The Depths!”

Dom removed his mascot head and scowled at the figure. “I wondered when you’d finally show up. You’re in deep shit, Kraken.”

Doctor Kraken continued as though Dom hadn’t spoken. “Dom and his family have been enjoying *everything* Da Bacchie has to offer - sun, fun, and *fucking fucking fucking!* But get

ready freakazoids 'cause I have some incredible news! Dominick is about to join the Bacchanal Bay team and become the newest member of the Hot Girls™! I can't wait to see how it turns out! Thanks for helping Dom - are you excited to get going?"

Zoey tore her head off and pointed at Doctor Kraken. "You've brainwashed and twisted all the employees on the whole island - for your stupid YouTube channel!? *You're such a dick!*"

Again, there was no response from Kraken. He simply pressed on.

"Alright, freakazoids, stay tuned for that incredible footage and so much more - right after this word from our sponsor! Don't forget to like, comment, subscribe and *hit that bell!*"

"And cut."

Kraken dropped his hands and his huge mascot head finally lowered to look at them. The eyes were black from edge to edge. Unsettling writhing began beneath the outfit, like snakes straining against the cloth to escape.

"You *fucking flatlanders* are seriously messing with the show. Do you have any idea how much *editing* I'm gonna have to do for this scene to cut together? I won't have you lame-ass 4D *BETAS* screwing up *my* ad revenue!"

Dominick shook his head, stared up at Kraken. "So you sent ten thousand employees through this "ride" to brainwash them and sex them up? Seems pretty stupid to me - and incredibly illegal."

"Yeah, that *would* be stupid - so I didn't do it, *idiot!* I just used my modded Reconfig-a-Mabob to change their pasts so they *had already* gone on the ride. Now I just use it to get new employees up to speed. You, for instance, and the redhead. Once I find the blonde and the black chick, they'll be joining you."

He extended a hand, and a roiling mass of gears and wires appeared in his foam palm, an upsetting black-purple glow peeking out from the gaps as it moved. Zoey turned away, eyes burning from the otherworldly glow.

"Turns out one of these bad boys is pretty fucking powerful in your shitbox dimension."

"What about Krystallo Orfanos?" Dom stared hard, annunciated. "What's she got to do with your evil criminal theme park bullshit?"

The Reconfig-a-mabob vanished as Doctor Kraken waved his hand. "Oh who gives a shit about that dumb bitch? She came up with the park idea, but started complaining when I brought in the Hot Girls™. I just drag her out when I need a sound bite from a flatlander in a suit."

“You’ve got her imprisoned somewhere?”

“Wrong again, *stupid!* She’s just trapped outside of time in her ugly mansion. Way simpler than locking her up.”

“So, just to be clear,” Dom narrated, “you’re using an illegally modified Reconfig-a-mabob to reshape reality in the Fourth Dimension, transforming tens of thousands of Citizens against their will, all to make some shitty influencer videos?”

“MY VIDEOS ARE INCREDIBLE!” Kraken roared, shaking the walls. **“I am going to be the NUMBER ONE influencer in my dimension with this stunt! The merch sales are going to be off the chain! And I am NOT going to let a handful of *fucking flatlanders* get in my way!”**

Tentacles erupted from the arms of the costume. Zoey and Dom tried to run, but they were effortlessly snagged and slammed into adjoining seats. The ride’s elaborate safety restraints lowered onto them, pinning them in place.

“The best part of all of this is that, once you’ve been properly indoctrinated, you’re gonna *help* me run the park! You four are going to be my Executive Hot Girls™! You’ll run things, recruit more Hot Girls™, and shoot footage for me so I can keep the series going without having to come down to your *shitty dimension*.”

There was a heavy ‘thunk’ and the gondola started to move. Doctor Kraken waved them goodbye. “Enjoy the ride, assholes! See you on the other side!”

After a few seconds, the gondola turned the corner and was plunged into darkness.

Zoey gripped Dom’s hand. “You have a plan, right? Please tell me you have a plan.”

He squeezed her hand back. “Sure. I’m going to livestream this entire evil ride, and when we get to the end we’re gonna bust out and escape. Once he’s in hyper-jail, we figure out how to unfuck the situation.”

Dom’s tone changed slightly. “If there’s anyone out there watching this, please do whatever you can to help. Doctor Kraken’s a deranged dimensional criminal... and a huge idiot to boot.”

“Downvote the shit out of him!” Zoey added, “File a content warning!”

She was going to say more, but the gondola turned the corner... and **The Pink** was upon them.

The tunnel was filled with the pinkest light either of them had ever seen - a hyperdimensional pink that made mere neon pink look brown in comparison. It punched through the eyes and filled the brain directly with elemental pinkness.

The walls were lined, floor to ceiling, for dozens of yards, with cute little animatronic Hot Girl™ puppets. They danced and moved, black button eyes shining in The Pink and they pantomimed working every part of the park. Occasionally there was a puppet of one of the mascots as well.

The music was blasting at this point, a cheerful tinkly tune that was unbearably catching - more an ear lamprey than an earworm. "WHAT'S HAPPENING, NICKY!?" Zoey shouted over the din. Dom opened his mouth to speak, then the lyrics started.

You're a girl that laughs,
You've got no more tears!

You will do your best,
You will smile and cheer!

You'll work hard everyday!
You won't ask about pay!
You're a Hot Girl, after all!

You're a Hot Girl, after all!
You're a Hot Girl, after all!
You're a Hot Girl, after all!
You're a Hot, Hot Girl!

They both groaned as the words hammered at their minds. The other sedated passengers twitched and sighed from their chairs.

Dom thought, 'oh, I *am* a Hot Girl,' but knew it wasn't *his* thought. He brought up his defenses and turned to look at Zoey. Her eyes were slowly closing, like she was fighting off sleep, and she was mouthing the words to the song.

Dom squeezed her hand hard. **LET ME IN!** he screamed.

The pale blue of Zoey's mind had been infected by **The Pink**. Jagged streaks of it pulsed across the sky, a terrible wound going septic. On a great platform in the center stood two empty tanks, ready to receive their minds, a Hot Girl wired to each a few feet away.

Dozens of blank, faceless Hot Girls were dragging Zoey up the stairs, lycra jumpsuits hugging their curves as they grabbed and lifted her up. Dom moved to help Zoey, but a hand grabbed his wrist. He was suddenly surrounded by an small army of the faceless Hot Girls.

"You're a Hot Girl," they whispered in unison.

"BACK!" He shouted, pushing the legion away a few paces. The view from Dom's eyes appeared in the sky as a huge screen, the interdimensional webcam livestreaming the scene.

Hand free, he smashed his staff against the ground, and a blast of white fire turned the Hot Girls around him to ash. He sprinted towards Zoey, racing up the stairs. A mob of Hot Girls turned from Zoey to face him, leaping over his head to come at him from both sides.

As he swung and blasted, more and more of the Hot Girls holding Zoey dropped away to join the fight. Finally, she was able to lash out with her feet, kicking the two holding her down the stairs. Zoey planted her feet and tossed the one on her right arm, Judo style, then drove her freed fist into the face of the one on her left. It shattered like a smashed plate and collapsed to the ground.

She charged down the stairs, driving her shoulder into the throng, sending several tumbling off the sides. Zoey rained down blows - smashing fists, feet, knees and elbows into the Hot Girls - and soon she was at Dom's side.

"Hi sweetie," she panted, "Thanks for the help!"

"Anytime," he huffed, before sending a jet of white fire down the stairs. "This way please!"

They raced down the stairs, the remaining Hot Girl blanks trailing behind them. Dom and Zoey beat them off with fire and fist, and soon were standing alone in a pile of shattered bodies.

"Well, that was the most terrifying moment of my life," Zoey said conversationally.

"Fun's not over yet." Dom took her hand. "Time to go back."

They fell back into realspace, and the music was gone - replaced by the roar of falling water. Only it wasn't water falling in a sheet in front of them - it was the eerie glowing fluid that surrounded the boat.

As it hit the first row of passengers, they began to shake - vibrate like they were in a paint mixer. Then, with an audible 'POP!' they transformed into Hot Girls™, curvy models in skin tight lycra.

"*Jesus Christ...*" Dominick tensed, gripped Zoey hand hard.

"It'll be ok, Nicky, we'll fix it Nicky..." She was talking fast, desperately trying to reassure herself as much as Dom.

And then the glowing waterfall sprayed all over them, drenched them both to the bone.

Dom tensed, waiting for pain or something... but he felt fine. He wasn't even shaking.

He turned to Zoey, excited that they'd somehow gotten away with it, but she turned to look at him and she was vibrating. POP! Dom tensed, but other than a change of outfit she looked just

the same. Dom was certain his defenses had held, so his mind *probably* hadn't been altered. She was still his wife Zoey.

"Oh thank god we're -" he stopped dead when he heard his voice.

"I don't think it did anything to me, Nicky! Other than this tacky uniform I'm -" She looked at him. "HOLY FUCK! NICKY?!"

Dominick looked down at himself, into a deep expanse of cleavage in a lycra uniform. He could see wide shapely hips beneath the tits. His nails were half an inch long and painted pink.

"Doctor Kraken used his illegal Reconfig-a-Mabob to... turn me into a woman, apparently - very much against my will."

He turned to Zoey, eyes fearful. "What's my name? Where are we from? How long have we been married?" His new voice was, for lack of a better word, cute. Spunky.

Zoey was staring at him in shock, eyes moving up and down. "You're Dominick Rafael Vasquez. We live in Redmond, Washington. Technically we've been married for about four years, but I became your wife on February 19th of last year. Our dragon Jethro is blue."

"Oh thank god," he breathed.

Zoey's eyes were still wandering over him. "I thought I was the only one in this family who'd ever thank God for becoming a woman."

"This is a temporary problem - no offense. We'll catch that bastard and..."

Dom stopped as the gondola turned a corner and the music rose again as they reentered **The Pink**. Dom pushed his way into Zoey's mind again as the lyrics hit their ears.

**Who you were before,
You have now surpassed!**

**You must look ahead,
And forget your past!**

**And of course, who's to say
You weren't always this way?
Been a Hot Girl all this time!**

**Been a Hot Girl all this time!
Been a Hot Girl all this time!
Been a Hot Girl all this time!**

Been a Hot, Hot Girl!

They emerged into a vast library, two great rows of shelves stretching for 100 yards. Dozens of Hot Girl blanks were throwing books to the floor, while dozens more followed behind replacing them with **Pink Books**.

Zoey stuck fingers in her mouth and whistled hard. Every blank face turned.

“GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY MIND, ASSHOLES!” She charged.

Dominick and Zoey made short work of the Hot Girls, fists and fire shattering their porcelain faces. When the last one fell, the **Pink Books** disappeared and the shelves were restored.

“You look normal in here, Nicky.” Zoey massaged her metaphorical knuckles. “That’s good, right?”

Dom put his hands up in confusion. “I have no idea. Probably? I didn’t get mind-fucked, I guess.”

He looked at Zoey, full of trepidation. “Was... was it bad?”

She shook her head. “...Bad’s not the right word. It’s a lot.” Zoey took his hand. “But I promise we’ll fix it, and I’ll make sure no one misgenders you.”

“Thanks Zoey.” Dom sighed. “Ok, let’s go see what’s happening. We’re not out of the trap yet.”

The music was fading behind them as they fell into realspace, the lighting neutral. The other Girls were chatting casually, like they were at the end of a pleasant little ride. Four Girls waited at the ramp, helping the passengers off the ride. As each newly minted Hot Girl™ disembarked, a name tag was pinned on them and they walked off with purpose towards the exit.

“Okay!” A Girl named Brooklyn cheerfully unlocked Dom and Zoey’s restraints. “Looks like we’ve got Zoey... and... Nicole. *OOH!* They’re executives, girls!” She held up two golden name tags.

The other Hot Girls™ all stopped and clapped, with the energy of a high school cheer squad.

“If you don’t shut ‘em up, I will.” Zoey hissed.

SLEEP. Dom’s voice resonated unnaturally off the walls and all the other Girls slumped down where they stood. Zoey had to catch the one who’d released them so she didn’t fall in the pink goo.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here!” Dom jumped out of the gondola, but stumbled after a few steps.

Zoey climbed out and offered a hand. "Take the heels off, sweetie. We'll find you some sneakers."

— Interlude —

"*What's up my freakazoids!?* It's Ya Boi, the Loudmouthed Leviathan, Doctor Kraken! We're here at the *hottest* of the hot rides to meet our new executive Hot Girl™ - Nicole Vasquez! *Wazzup Nikki!?*"

Doctor Kraken burst into the room with a flourish, lights flaring at his entrance.

Around thirty Girls slept soundly in the room, snoring gently wherever they fell.

"CUT DAMNIT, CUT!"

Kraken exploded from his mascot outfit, his full multidimensional horror rising up from sheer fury. He picked up a limp Girl from the floor and shook her. "*WHERE THE FUCK ARE THEY!?*" he bellowed, cracking several nearby windows. The Girl just snored at him, in a way he found highly disrespectful. He dropped her on top of another Girl and floated away in disgust.

"You are *fucking dead*, Vasquez. No fucking flatlander spoils MY video series and lives to vlog about it! I'm gonna stomp you flat and post the gif on 8³⁶chan! I'm gonna turn you inside out and show you..."

Doctor Kraken paused, a call coming in on his phone.

"What? ..What!? *FUCKING WHAT!?* **WHAT DO YOU MEAN I'M BANNED!? WHO WAS LIVESTREAMING THE WHOLE THING!?**"

He roared with inhuman fury, lightning arcing through the room from his writhing form, then vanished.

Chapter Eleven: Who's the New Girl?

"Zoey's on her way up, fast - and she's got another Hot Girl™ with her. I don't see Vasquez anywhere." Dave watched the camera feed, pounding a diet coke, fear plain on his face. "We should pack the fuck up once she gets here and bail. Sooner or later, they're gonna figure out where we are."

Lola gave him a dirty look, "And go where exactly? The tentacled prick knows who we are and where we live. Hell, he can probably get to Redmond before we could and hook some non-Euclidean pipe bomb to the front door. Besides, we're not leaving without Master. *Not a chance.*"

“There’s also Ms Scott to consider,” Violet interjected, “and Ms Orfanos.” She gestured to the blanket-covered floating figure in the corner.

“We need Mr Vasquez to summon Margot. He’ll put us on equal footing with the criminal, and he can call the dimensional authorities.”

“Why can’t we summon Margot? We’ve got the rock, we know the words, and he’s a cool enough monster - he won’t mind.”

“Mr Ashcroft, there’s only one of us that can do it safely - and it’s Mr Vasquez. Any other option has to be our last resort.”

There was a knock at the door. “It’s me!” Zoey whispered, “Let me in, I don’t have my key.”

Lorraine looked through the peephole, then threw the door open.

“Zoey, Nicole, thank god you’re ok! David said he didn’t see you on the cameras!”

“Who’s Nicole?” Lola put a hand on her hip. “Coworker?”

Lorraine looked at her like she was stupid. “Nicole! The woman who saved me! You know, your wife.”

Dom put his hands up before the chaos could commence. “I forgot to ask Margot to protect her! She remembers different. ...It’s me, Dominick.”

The eyes of everyone in the room went wide. They were frozen with shock as Zoey and Dom came in and locked the door.

Finally, Lola spoke. “Would you believe this isn’t the weirdest thing I’ve seen today?” She jerked a thumb at the floating blanket.

—

“Dude, that sucks! We’ll get it fixed for sure, man - don’t even trip.”

Margot put a reassuring tentacle on Dom’s shoulder.

“I’m trying not to worry about it.” Dom was sitting, breathing slow, trying to calm his nerves. Once he and Zoey had explained the situation, he’d sat down and called Margot directly into his mind. The suite wasn’t big enough to summon him materially without squeezing everyone else’s sanity.

"We have to deal with Kraken. He's an unbelievable asshole - I'm amazed he hasn't made his move already."

"Brother, he has way bigger fish to fry than you. The idiot admitted to *thousands* of felonies on the livestream, and it was watched by *a fuckton* of people. Plus, you know... forcibly transforming 27 people live on camera."

"His channel got nuked, sponsors and collaborators have publicly denounced him, and there's warrants out for his arrest. If Doctor Kraken has any brains at all, he's gonna crawl under a rock and never come out."

Dom shook his head. "Being an impulsive shithead is Kraken's brand. He'll be back, and soon. If he's waiting, it's just for the most dramatic moment to show up and kill me."

"It's all good in the hood, dawg. I'm on the case and the law isn't far behind. You and the family just hunker down, try to relax. The "good" Doctor will be in the cooler before you know it." Margot made air quotes with his tentacles to emphasize the point.

—

"Holy shit, she's beautiful."

Lola sat on the bed, staring at Dominick as he sat lotus in the center of the room. His new body sat somewhere between Zoey and Lola on the bombshell meter, curvy and leggy without being a full-on sexual fantasy. - a beautiful latina woman with a messy brown pixie cut. He looked like his own younger sister - his gorgeous younger sister.

"He, Lola." Zoey was polite but firm. "Nicky is our husband - remember that. He's just a little... sexually inconvenienced for the moment."

"Yeah, my *brain* knows that." Lola's eyes were locked on Dom, hungry. "But the message hasn't reached my libido yet. All it sees is Master in an *exciting* new shape."

Lola turned to Zoey, one eyebrow arched. "You're not the least bit curious?"

Zoey swallowed. "I didn't say that. But we have to think about Nicky's needs first. Besides, we don't have time to fool around - that monster could be back any time."

Dominick opened his eyes. They were pure white edge to edge for a moment, then he blinked and they returned to their normal hazel color.

"Okay, Margot suggests we stay put. He's playing defense for us farther up the dimensional curve. Doctor Kraken is running from the authorities, and Margot is hopeful their version of the cops will catch him before there's more trouble."

"And what do you think, Master?" Lola seemed skeptical.

"I think Kraken is a fucking idiot, and he's gonna do something stupid. But running won't help. We sit tight and wait for the storm to come. Besides, we can't leave Orfalos behind, and she won't fit in the overhead luggage."

Dom looked around the room. "Where are Dave and Lorraine?"

"They've withdrawn to Mr Ashcroft's room for now, Mr Vasquez." Violet sat behind the desk, working at her laptop. "I believe they wanted to give us some space."

"Alright." Dom stood on dainty feet and rubbed his hairless face. "I'm going to take a shower." He looked at Zoey with a slightly pained expression. "May I please borrow some clothes? My pants don't fit right now, and I'll be damned if I'm wearing this uniform anymore."

"I have some nice pajamas. Very soft and neutral."

Nodding gratefully, he withdrew.

Lola took a deep breath. "Listen, Beanpole - "

Zoey turned with a sour expression. "*Drop it, Lola.*"

"Just talk to him!" She put her hands up defensively. "Feel him out! We don't *know* he's not interested, not curious. A strong marriage is based on honesty and communication."

"...I am going to give him a minute." Zoey clenched her fists, torn. "Then I will knock on the door and see if I can come in. The moment there is any resistance or apprehension, we are *done*."

They sat in awkward silence for that full minute, just staring at each other. Lola fidgeted a little. Then Zoey sighed, grabbed the pajamas, and softly knocked on the door. "Dominick, sweetie, can I come in?"

There was a pause. "Yeah, come in hon."

Zoey opened the door, slid in, and shut it behind her. The shower was one of those modern designs, where a glass partition led to a tile floor and a showerhead. Dom was scrubbing his hair, eyes closed. Zoey swallowed hard.

Dominick *was* beautiful like this - a honey skinned goddess with auburn hair. Flawless legs climbed to a pert butt, a tight midriff with a hint of abs, firm heavy breasts with caramel nipples, lips that begged to be kissed. But the sexiest part were his eyes, because they were *his* eyes -

the same warm hazel eyes she'd gazed into for years, but recontextualized in the face of a gorgeous woman.

He opened those eyes and met hers. Dom smiled and reached for a towel. "Pretty wild, huh?"

"It is." Zoey nodded, trying not to gawk. "It really is."

Dom wrapped the towel around himself, long legs sticking out enticingly. "Lola didn't have the stones to ask herself?" Zoey's eyes went wide and Dominick's tongue poked out from his ruby lips.

"Not sure if asking with words would have been her play." Zoey put the pajamas on the sink and moved closer. "Diplomacy is in order."

"You're very cute when you're diplomatic." He took a step forward and pecked her on the cheek.

"Dominick, no one wants to pressure you to do anything - not me, not Violet, not even Lola."

Dom nodded, smiling. "But you're looking at me like wolves staring at a lamb." He pulled open the towel. Zoey's eyes were drawn downward magnetically, and she blushed furiously. "I'm sorry, Dominick. I'm being a pig, thoughtless..." Zoey turned away, ashamed at herself.

"No no no!" Dom quickly covered himself up and hugged her tight. "I'm not mad, it's cute! I'm flattered - just... uncertain. I'm new to this gender."

Zoey looked up, soothed by his words. "Sex, sweetie. Your gender didn't change. You're still a man, still my husband. This is just a brief detour."

"You've been on both sides of this 'detour'. I know it's not exactly the same, but you're the only person here who can give me advice. Is it gonna be weird? Am I gonna freak out halfway through or something? I'm as curious as the rest of you, but I'm scared too. "

"I don't think you'll freak out. We'll absolutely stop if anything makes you uncomfortable. Ravenous as she is, Lola'd chop her own head off before she'd hurt you." Zoey sighed. She didn't like to talk about her life before. "It feels good with a penis or a vagina - just different. I'd love to share that experience with you."

Dom kissed her again. "You had me at 'it feels good.' I'm convinced. Come on, let's go feed the animals."

He stepped out into the bedroom and Lola sat at attention, staring. Dom imagined himself turning into a sizzling steak in her mind's eye.

“Alright Lola.” Dominick gave her his best bedroom eyes and dropped the towel. “Come and get it.” She squealed with delight and jumped up, before physically scooping the petite new Dom up and throwing him on the bed. Zoey and Violet exchanged a look then started to undress.

“Oh Master, this is gonna be great!” They kissed deep, tongues entwining. “Holy shit, your skin is so *soft*. You’re so beautiful.” Dom pulled back from the kiss to smile at her. “You’re babbling, Lola.”

She responded by sticking a pair of fingers into Dom’s mouth, his eyes widening in surprise. Lola pulled them out slowly, showed them glistening with his saliva.

“Gonna make you babble real quick.” She moved her moistened fingers down to Dom’s crotch. He gasped as she rubbed his labia, thumb moving to find his clitoris. After a few moments teasing, she pressed her fingers into his vagina. “Welcome to the club, Master.”

Zoey and Violet lay down beside Dominick as Lola worked. Dom kissed his wife, hips beginning to move in time to Lola’s thrusts, then turned to Violet. “You sure?”

“When will we get another chance, Mr Vasquez? Here and now, you are *very much* my type. Besides, your beautiful wives have told tales of your amazing oral skills. I want to see if the reality lives up to the hype.” She put a hand in Dom’s auburn pixie cut and pressed her tongue between his lips.

Lola worked her fingers as Zoey and Violet moved between Dom’s ruby lips and tender nipples. He moaned, bit his lip, bucked against the mounting pleasure in his new pussy. Everything felt so different but so amazing. Zoey was right, and he was glad he could share this part of her life. But these heady thoughts quickly faded as he felt the orgasm building.

Lola did exactly what she promised. Dominick babbled as he came, legs shaking and toes curling. He buried his hands in the sheets as he cried out, gasping for air.

—

“What was that?” Lorraine turned her head towards the sound from the next room.

Dave sighed theatrically. “That would be the Vasquez family having sex. If I had to guess, they’re fucking the new Mrs Vasquez before he gets turned back.”

She looked shocked. “Really? Now? With this outer space monster on the rampage?”

“Lorraine,” he explained, “If there were ten seconds until the end of the world, they’d spend eight of them fucking. They’re absolutely *insatiable* - all of them. Horniest people on Earth.”

There was a long silence, only punctuated by the muffled moans next door.

She turned to face him. "Dave?"

"Yeah Lorraine?"

"Do you want to have sex?"

—

The four of them cuddled and kissed for a while, then Lola got up on an elbow. "Alright, he's ready for more. Mrs Vasquez, I give you the first taste."

Zoey gave Lola a flirty wink. "Why thank you, Mrs Vasquez." She turned lustful eyes to Dom. "I'm no Nicky when it comes to eating box, but I do my best." She slid down Dom's body, skin to skin, never breaking eye contact as she descended. Her mouth found his sweet sex, and he immediately began to squirm as her tongue probed.

Lola glanced at Violet, who was entranced by the sight. "Hey Mikey, I think he likes it!"

—

"Well why not?" Lorraine was slightly indignant at Dave's stammering refusal. "We've got nothing else to do for a while, and frankly I haven't been this full of life in a long time. Why not have a quick roll in the hay?"

"We just met each other yesterday! You're a married woman with grandchildren!"

"Dave, I'm a widow. I'll love Norman forever, but he's gone. Death did us part! And my grandchildren have nothing to do with this - I'm a young free woman now, and I have needs like anyone else. I haven't gotten laid in a decade!" She leaned forward, cleavage spilling from her uniform. "Don't you like what you see?"

—

"Well?" Lola glanced down at Zoey as Dom's second round of fireworks began.

Zoey leaned on an elbow, wiping her mouth with a free hand. "It tastes like Nicky. It's crazy, but it's true!"

"No way. I gotta try this." Lola moved to switch positions.

"Wait..." Dominick gasped. "Need a minute..."

"Not the way I'm gonna do it. Violet - sit on his face. Shut that pretty yap of his!"

“Of course, Mistress.”

“You look lovely, Dave! A strapping young man with a healthy penis. So many computer guys get all flabby.” Lorraine ran a hand along Dave’s naked chest.

“It’s so weird to hear a girl that looks like you say ‘strapping young man.’”

“Are you still going on about the age difference? You said yourself I’m younger than you now...”

“I know, I know, you’re right! I’m trying to get it out of my mind.” He put an arm around her waist, trying to focus.

“You’re thinking too much. Perhaps if I grab *this*, it will clear your mind.”

“Ohhhh God! Ohh GOD! Mr Vasquez! *Mr Vasquez!*”

“Told you,” Zoey and Lola said in unison. They looked at each other and laughed, but Lola was cut short by Dominick pushing her head down to his pussy.

“Welp - duty calls!” She dove back into her work.

The Vasquez family lay tangled in the hotel sheets, breathing heavy and cuddling.

“Well ladies, you were right,” Dominick sighed, “Nothing better than a skilled tongue on your clit.”

Zoey snorted and punched him gently in the arm. “You beautiful dummy.”

“But seriously, what do you think, Master?” Lola moved a hand gently along his left breast. “Now that you’ve tried both varieties, which orgasm do you prefer?”

“Hmm, tough call.” Dom considered. “I’ve had a lovely afternoon. I’m glad you talked me into it. But all things considered, I’m looking forward to having my cock again. Nothing personal - silver medal still gets on the podium.”

“Respectfully, dear husband, I disagree - but different strokes.” Zoey kissed Dom on the cheek.

“Do you hear something?” Violet shifted, and they all went silent to listen. Faintly, on the other side of the wall, the groaning, thrusting sounds of sex could be heard.

"Oh yes, Dave - just like that!"

"Hey!" Lola beamed. "Good for him!"

Chapter Twelve: The Crappiest Place on Earth

Margot held up a shiny new cutout as he addressed the group, a full size standee of his namesake as Barbie.

"Sorry dudes and dudettes, no sign of Doctor Kraken. Cops have been searching high and low, but nothing in our dimensions. I've been patrolling here - also zip. It could be that he's gone completely to ground."

"But Dom's probably right - he's gonna do something loud and stupid. Dickweed's gonna dick, ya know?"

"Ok, fine. So what is the plan?" Dave's tone was equal parts afraid and annoyed. "Are we just gonna sit here until he shows up and burns the park down?"

"Yes, actually." Everyone turned to look at Dom and he put his hands up. "I mean, we'll keep him from burning the park down, but otherwise we *are* just gonna sit tight. Margot's here, so once Kraken shows up, he can call in the cops or a Judge or whatever - then we can whip his multi-dimensional ass. There'll be no way out of the trap."

"So we're bait. Fantastic."

Dom took a deep breath. He was irritated at Dave's energy... but the man was right. He pointed at Lorraine. "There's tens of thousands of people in the same spot Lorraine was yesterday. Transformed and brainwashed into busty slaves, so Doctor Kraken would have some T&A to jazz up a YouTube video."

"That shit wont stand. That's why *you* made CHECKSUM in the first place. That's why *we're* all here. We're standing up for the folks who can't, and that means the target is on our backs. We kicked the hornet's nest - can't be surprised an angry hornet flew out. This is our best chance to catch the fucker and fix all this."

Dave slumped, sighed heavily, pinched the bridge of his nose. "Like I said before, just because you're right doesn't mean I have to like it." Lorraine took his hand, and he looked at her with a lopsided smile.

Lola slapped Dave on the back. "Come on dork-ass, we got this. Dom'll do his magic act, Zoey'll cave a few skulls in, Violet'll do her rope tricks and you'll run the command center. This whole

hotel is your personal mousetrap! You've got the cameras, the door locks, everything. Plus, we got Margot here to guard the metaphorical back door!"

Lola gestured at Margot... who was gone. There was only empty air where he'd been floating a moment before.

"Nicky?" Zoey stood up and reached out where Margot'd been, touching nothing.

"*Everyone out.*" Dominick dropped everyone into realspace, following behind. Loud alarms greeted him. He turned to Dave, who was already lunging for his laptop.

"Fire alarm!" he shouted. "Building's being evacuated!" He turned to Dom. "What the fuck happened to your friend?"

"Gotta be Kraken's doing. Is there an actual fire somewhere?"

"I don't see anything on the cameras. Just lots of Girls guiding tourists out."

There was the sound of thunder from outside. "It wasn't raining five minutes ago..." Zoey moved to the window, pulled back the curtains to sheets of rain hitting the glass. A bolt of lightning cracked in the distance and there was another boom.

Lola put her hands on her hips, sneering at the display. "This guy is a fucking drama queen. I look forward to kicking his ass."

"Lola, you got the rock?" Dom was calmly watching the chaos unfold on Dave's laptop.

She fished the Crown Royal bag from its hiding place. "Yes, Master."

"You remember the words?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good." He moved to the center of the room and sat in the lotus position. "When it starts, Dave and Zoey are gonna have their hands full and I'm going to be... busy. You start calling Margot and don't stop. If he's still out there, the rock ought to bring him back."

With that, Dominick closed his eyes and imagined the Shining Dodecahedron, setting it spinning in his mind.

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

He continued intoning for a time, but opened his eyes when Violet called. "Mr Vasquez, you need to see this!" Dom moved to the window and Violet pointed down.

The Poseidon mascot stood in the courtyard, fleeing tourists giving it a wide berth as they scattered. Its face lifted as Dominick looked down into its black eyes and the foam expression shifted into a cruel smile. The right arm extended, tentacles encircling the Reconfig-a-mabob. It flashed purple-black, and the throng of people froze in place. Vibrating, one by one they were replaced with Hot Girls™, who stared up along with their new master.

Dom concentrated. "Hello, Citizens of the Dimensional Curve - this is Dominick Vasquez. I'm coming to you live from Bacchanal Bay, on Earth, Milky Way galaxy, in the Fourth Dimension. Doctor Kraken has come for me and my family. I'm going to hold him back as long as I can. If you can hear me, call the cops, call the army, do whatever you can."

Zoey moved to Dom, took his hand. "Be careful, Nicky. I love you."

"Love you too, sweetie." He turned. "Love you, Lola - ready?"

"Ready, Master!" She pulled the Dodecahedron from the bag and sat on the bed, mumbling to herself.

"Alright sweetie, go wrap your hands up. No good breaking your wrists fighting. Dave, full lockdown. Make 'em climb ten flights of stairs in the dark. Then you, Violet and Lorraine barricade the doors."

With that, Dominick walked out onto the balcony, rain whipping into his face. He stared down at Doctor Kraken, who spread his arms wide, tentacles flailing.

"IT'S YA BOI!" he screamed, a crack of lightning punctuating his words.

Dom cupped his hands and shouted. "*How's the channel, asshole?!*"

"YOU'RE DEAD, FLATLANDER! YOU'RE *FUCKING* DEAD!"

In his mind, Dominick continued his intonation. <<*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...*>> In the world, he sneered and gave Kraken the 'bring it' gesture, like Morpheus in The Matrix.

"Shut up and fight."

The legion of Hot Girls™ moved as one, racing towards the front lobby. Doctor Kraken simply flew, space warping around him as he launched into the sky.

Dominick had just enough time to shout a warning before Kraken reached him, tentacle lashing out and throwing him through the open balcony door. He hit the back wall and fell onto his ass.

“Tell me you’re filming this, Vasquez! *Please* tell me you’re filming this!” The horror-filled mascot loomed over him, foam lips moving to the words. “I *really* want all your ‘fans’ to see me smash your fucking head like a melon!”

Dom saw Zoey start to move, but he put up a hand to stop her. He stared up at Kraken, talking too softly to hear.

“Speak up Flatlander!” Doctor Kraken lifted Dom to his feet, pulled him nose-to-foam-nose. “Don’t want to mumble your last words!”

Dom screamed. “*I summon one of The Many-Angled Ones into the palace of my mind! I call the STUPID FUCKER who dared to lay a hand on MY WIFE! Īa! Awaken sleeper! ATTEND!!!*”

The foam suit crumpled, empty, and Dominick collapsed to the floor.

—

The multidimensional thing that was Doctor Kraken screamed with inhuman fury, shaking the walls of Dominick’s mind. He lashed out with teeth and tentacles, hammer blows that echoed like thunder. Dom dodged, blocked, threw bolts of white fire into Kraken’s crazed eyes. His first person view became a vast screen on the back of his mind palace, livestream broadcasting to worlds beyond.

A subtitle appeared on the screen, over and over again. *Attend! Attend! Attend! Attend!*

“Nice try Vasquez, but you’re still *totally fucked!*” Kraken charged, missing Dom by inches, a dozen grasping tentacles tearing at his defenses. “I’m from the Ninth dimension - your mind is *fucking tissue paper* to me! I can see you from every direction, all at once! I can see your past, your present, your future! And I’m gonna smash them ALL!”

“You’re not gonna smash shit.” Dom turned, took his battle stance. Around them both, the dojo materialized. Doctor Kraken turned, baffled, all eyes on Dominick.

“You’re in *my house*, fuckface.”

A dozen flaming blows smashed into the horror from behind.

—

“I can’t wake him!” Zoey shook Dominick as hard as she dared, but he was senseless to the world. “Come on Nicky, wake up!”

“Leave him, Zoey.” Dave’s voice was calm, or at least he was trying to make it calm. “He’s got Kraken caged up in his head - we gotta keep him safe from the Hot Girls until he wins the fight.”

Or dies, he thought to himself.

"They're pouring up the stairs." He and Lorraine watched the progress on his laptop. "It'll take 'em a minute to pry the stairwell door open, but then they'll be on us."

Violet took in the situation. "They'll attempt to enter from the front door and the two adjoining rooms. We've barricaded them as best we can, but they won't keep forever. Mistress, any progress?"

Lola sat cross-legged on the bed, furiously mumbling to herself and staring at the Dodecahedron. "I... I think something..." Then as she spoke, it gently lifted into the air, an inch above her palm. The rock started to spin, slowly, and it glowed a pale purple.

"*Holy shit... it's working.*" She stared in wonder as the spinning stone began to fill her mind. "It's fucking working. I'm doing *magic*..."

"Well, do it fast!" Dave barked the order and stood up. "They're through the stairwell door - they're coming!" The sound of running feet grew in the distance.

—

Dom hammered on Doctor Kraken, fists and feet raining down from every direction. For a minute it worked - the horror was pummeled and bashed, driven from one corner of the dojo to another. But then Kraken recovered, and took out five Dominick doppelgangers with a single tentacle swipe.

"Ok," Dom thought, "time for a new metaphor."

Suddenly Doctor Kraken was standing (insofar as he could be said to stand) waist deep in water. He looked around in a panic and saw tiny buildings stretching out in front of him - he was enormous, hundreds of yards tall, standing in the ocean in front of a coastal town.

A roaring noise made Kraken turn, only for an enormous robotic Dominick to smash into him, rockets blazing from his cybernetic feet. He piledrived the horror into a shinto temple, smashing it flat and knocking the wind from Kraken's metaphorical lungs.

Mecha-Dom tensed his fists, and large missile pods emerged from his back. Hundreds of missiles launched, blasting into Kraken's prone form, the explosions tearing into his body. Doctor Kraken groaned in pain, tried to stand - only for Mecha-Dom to grab him by a tentacle and swing the horror into an office building.

Attend! Attend! Attend! Attend!

<<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 into the palace of my mind. I call that which put its mark upon my husband's soul. Īa! Awaken sleeper! Attend! Attend! Attend goddamnit!>>

Lola thought as hard as she could, repeating the summoning song over and over again, as the pounding on the doors grew ever louder.

<<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 into the palace of my mind. I call that which - oh damn it! MARGOT, GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE! WE'RE IN DEEP SHIT!>>

"Holy shit my dude! I won't believe how far that fuckass threw me! I haven't been to that corner of the multiverse since - *Lola!*?" Margot floated in shock as he took in the forest green expanse of Lola's mind.

"CUTOUT! CUTOUT!" she screamed, her mind reeling at Margot's unshielded dimensionality.

"Oh fuck!" He fumbled to put up his Barbie standee, Lola gasping with relief as the pressure on her sanity released. "What the hell, dudette? What's happening? Where's Dom?"

"Master... Master is fighting that Kraken guy. Pulled the guy into his head, just like this. I'm on 'find Margot' duty. Zoey and Violet and all are holding back a bunch of brainwashed tourists!"

"That fucking influencer prick! Let's get out there and save the fucking day!"

Lola put her hands up. "You can't! You'll blast everyone's brain to bouillabaisse!"

Margot put his tentacles up in exasperation. "Well what should we do!?"

Another ax blow punched a hole in the main door, a beautiful blue eye peeking through the gap. Dozens of voices in the hall spoke at once. "Housekeeping," they droned.

"Come back later!" Lorraine shrieked.

Dave jammed the end of a standing lamp through the gap, pushing the Girl away, but hands on the other side grabbed it and started pulling. He turned back to assess the scene, then dropped the lamp. "ZOEY - THE BALCONY!"

Two Hot Girls had crawled from the adjoining balcony, ten stories up, and were only a few paces from Dominick's prone body. Zoey charged, kicking the first one in the chest and driving a hammerblow left into the temple of the second. That one fell limp to the floor.

"Sorry! I know you don't mean it!" Zoey hated hurting these Girls, it wasn't their fault, but *nobody* was going to lay a hand on her Nicky.

The other Girl tackled Zoey, slamming her into the wall and onto the floor. Zoey drove a right into her kidney, then twisted, leveraging the Girl and flipping on top of her. She headbutted the Girl, neatly breaking her nose and knocking her out. Zoey stood, wiping blood from her forehead, then darted out onto the balcony. Two more Girls were preparing to cross from the other side. "GET BACK!" she shouted, brandishing a chair to keep them at bay.

"*Hey Daaaave....*" Lola called. At that moment, Dave was quite busy trying to prevent a dozen Girls from pulling the door apart with their hands, but her tone was distant and eerie and the room was starting to turn purple. He turned to see the Dodecahedron spinning wildly above her hand, throwing fierce purple light around the room like a disco ball.

"Um, Lola?"

She looked at him, and her eyes were forest green from edge to edge. When she spoke, two voices came out at once.

"I found Margot. Shit's about to get weird."

Lola rose above the bed, levitating, coils of purple energy snaking around her naked form from the stone. She pointed it towards the door, and a writhing mass of ethereal tentacles emerged, exploding through the gap and into the throng of Girls. There was a smell of ozone and a crackling sound that made everyone's hair stand on end.

Then the attack ceased, replaced by the sound of panicked women running for their lives. From the balcony, Zoey saw two tentacles plunge intangibly into the climbing Girls' skulls, watched their eyes roll back, then consciousness return. They looked at the situation in absolute confusion and fear. "Fuck off!" Zoey threw the chair near them, hitting the adjoining balcony. They did as they were told.

The attack receded, but the fear did not. Everyone in the room looked at the floating figure on the edge of panic, improvised weapons held high. Dave took one step forward, lamp ready to swing. "Lola? Lola, what's happening?"

"Chillax, bro - it's me." Lola and Margot's voice emerged at once from her throat. "Lola let me borrow her body for a sec - you all know how bad it is when I just pop out. Much more pleasant this way."

Dave lowered the lamp... a little. "Yeah, this is *much* less horrifying. What did you do to them?"

"Same thing Dom did to the new dudette over there," Lola/Margot pointed at Lorraine. "Cut their minds loose. Bodies'll take more work, but it stopped them from attacking." She/he floated over to Dom. "Now let's just jump into Dom's head real quick, and the two of us will curbstomp Doctor Kraken."

She/he reached a ghostly tentacle down to Dom's forehead... then stopped.

"Oh fuck," she/he murmured. "He actually did it."

Zoey put a hand on Lola's floating leg. "What happened, what's wrong?"

"I can't get in." Lola/Margot shook her/his head in shock. "No room left. His mind is filled with something else..."

—

Attend! Attend! Attend! Attend!

Dom moved from metaphor to metaphor, never letting Doctor Kraken gain his footing. He was a boxer, a Jedi, a knight on horseback, John Wick briefly, and a hundred other things. Everytime the horror got his bearings, Dominick yanked them away again, landing hundreds of burning blows. There were broken tentacles now, smashed teeth, blackened eyes.

But Doctor Kraken was vast and relentless. For all that Dom was hammering away, he knew he wasn't anything more than a swarm of ants crawling up a lion's leg. And he was getting tired and running out of ideas.

Attend! Attend! Attend! Attend!

"Why... *huff*... why won't you just die already!?" Kraken spun slowly, panting, trying to find Dominick in the blackness of the forest. He responded by throwing ninja stars into the horror's eyes. "Fuuuck!"

Attend! Attend! Attend! - !!!

Dom froze as his summons connected, his mind opening impossibly to draw it in. Doctor Kraken sensed the change and lashed out in all directions, catching Dom in the chest and smashing him into the floor. The forest scene evaporated as Kraken pressed down hard, pinning him in place.

"Fucking FINALLY!" Doctor Kraken metaphorically leaned over Dominick, the increased pressure making him groan. "What was the point of all this, Vasquez? You fought and you

fought and it didn't do a *fucking thing*. Nada. Zip. A flatlander like you couldn't beat a ninth dimensional on your best day. We're just *better* than you - superior, higher up the curve."

"I'm glad you're still filming. It's time to teach that lesson to everyone." He lifted his tentacles high for the killing blow. "So, like I said before, any last words for your fans?"

"One word, actually." Dom wheezed this out, ribs aching from the blow, rather spoiling his dramatic pronouncement. He pressed on anyway.

"Judgement."

Doctor Kraken paused. "...What?"

"I DEMAND JUDGEMENT!" Dom's words echoed in his own ears as he screamed. Then the entire ceiling of his mental palace tore away, and he saw *everything*. The complete dimensional curve, from edge to edge, an infinity of infinities. For a single heartbeat, he stared eye-to-eye with a being of the Forty Second Dimension in all of its terrible glory.

The act snuffed his mind like a blown candle. His metaphorical body vanished instantly, mist evaporating away, leaving the white fire of his soul to gutter in the winds of the impossible.

Doctor Kraken screamed in absolute terror as he beheld *his* superior. A hand the size of a planet squeezed him tight before he could move. A second hand gently scooped up the white fire, stared at it quizzically. A vast white mask materialized in front of the Judge, big as a star, and it gently blew on the fire. It caught, kindled, blazed - and Dominick reappeared gasping.

He beheld the Judge's shattering immensity and was dumbstruck, mouth flapping uselessly trying to find words to describe it.

"You summon me to pass judgement? What is the charge?" The Judge's voice was a supernova, stripping away the atmosphere of a distant world.

Dom gritted his teeth, gathered himself. "Illegal transformation of a sentient, tens of thousands of counts! Possession of an illegally modified Reconfig-a-mabob! And unauthorized use of copyrighted material, specifically my likeness!"

The Judge turned to Doctor Kraken. "How do you plead?"

"Not guilty!" Kraken shouted, outraged. "You can't listen to this flatlander! He's from the fourth dimension - he only counts as sentient on a technicality! I want a lawyer!"

"SILENCE." The command punched into both of them like a bullet. Neither Dominick or Kraken would be able to speak again until The Judge willed it. "I will now review the evidence." Both of

them writhed as The Judge rifled through their minds and their pasts, memories shooting up like a geyser.

The Judge turned its cyclopean eyes to Doctor Kraken. "I find you *GUILTY* on all counts. The sentence is imprisonment, until such time as you are rehabilitated. GO." Screaming, Doctor Kraken rocketed up the dimensional curve and disappeared.

Dom took a relieved breath, but then those terrible eyes fixed on him.

"It is forbidden to summon a Judge to the lower dimensions without writ or warrant. You have circumvented justice to bring me forth." The vast mountain ranges of The Judge's fingers began to close. "I judge you as well, Dominick Vasquez. The sentence..."

There was a pause. "Excuse me, your name is Dominick Vasquez?" The vastness of The Judge's voice was gone. It was just a guy asking him a question.

"Um, yes, your Honor?"

"*The* Dominick Vasquez? The warlock from YouTube?"

Dom stood up slowly. He wasn't *exactly* sure what was happening. "Yes, your Honor, that's me."

"My granddaughter is *obsessed* with your videos! Won't shut up about them! I purchased her a Lil' Dom stuffie for her birthday." A glossy photo materialized in the air before Dominick - a headshot of himself. "Would you mind terribly signing this? It would make her entire aeon. Her name is - " Dominick winced as the eldritch name assaulted his mind.

"I'd be happy to, your Honor... though you'll need to help me with the spelling. She might be watching right now - do you want to say hello?"

The Judge's stellar mask looked around. "We're on video?"

Dom put his hands up. "Your Honor, I've been livestreaming everything for days! I was told that the authorities had been called - I had to pull you in ahead of schedule because Doctor Kraken was *trying to kill me!* It was self defense!"

The Judge's mask tilted, confused. "Really? I wasn't made aware. Wait a moment." It looked up, and the livestream playback appeared, as big as the whole sky. The Judge scrubbed through it, vast finger moving the time slider back and forth.

"Ah well... seems like I might have dropped the ball on this one." The Judge shrugged sheepishly. "It appears I had some files mixed up. Your case is dismissed." A pen appeared next to the photo. "Once you sign."

Dom signed, 'To My (Literally) Biggest Fan,' - followed by a dozen arcane sigils - 'All the Best From Me and Your Grandpa. Dominick!'

"Thank you, Mr Vasquez. I'm going to win Best Grandpa Ever for this one."

"Of course, your Honor." There was a pause. "So, um, sir... how do we fix all the damage Kraken did? There's a lot of people who got changed against their will."

"We?" The Judge's tone was dismissive. "I'm sorry, but that's not my department. Besides, if I descended to your dimension, I would shatter your planet like glass. No, I'm afraid you're in charge of cleanup. If this livestream footage is any indication, that's kind of your 'thing' anyway, right? Protecting the fourth dimension from criminals?"

Dom sighed to himself. "You know, a year ago, I was just a cartoonist." He turned back to The Judge. "Yes, your Honor. That is, in fact, my thing."

"Perfect!" The Judge bisected Dominick in half vertically. Each half spasmed in shock and pain.

"I'm just gonna stick a *Deconfig-a-Mabob* inside you so you can clean up, and a private line to my chambers. It was a delight to meet you, but I'd prefer you call before you summon me this far down the Dimensional Curve. The commute is *outrageous*."

A shining blue ball of interlocking crystal spheres was jammed into the left side of his exposed brain, a cell phone into the right. Then The Judge smashed Dominick back together. He collapsed into The Judge's palm.

"Speaking of the commute..." The Judge mimed looking at a galaxy-sized watch. "I have to get going. It's a long drive home, and I'm sure you have lots to do. Have a good day!"

Dom fell back into realspace. He blinked, got up on an elbow - and was immediately bearhugged by Zoey. "Oh Nicky, Nicky, Nicky - tell me you're ok, *please tell me you're ok!*"

"*Too hard!*" he gasped, and she released him slightly. "I'm ok, Zoey. It's done - Doctor Kraken is gone." Dom looked at the relieved expressions of his family - then stopped dead when he saw Lola floating in the air.

"Um, Lola, sweetie... you ok?"

"We're fine, Master Dude." She/he landed and knelt at Dominick's side. "So you called down a Judge, huh?" Dom nodded, a bit sheepishly. "Probably a dumb idea, but I was out of options."

Lola/Margot shrugged. "Eh, I kinda figured you'd do it. I just wasn't sure you'd be able to talk your way out of the ticket for calling a Judge without the proper paperwork."

"Yeah, it turns out The Judge knew who I was - thanks to your videos. Let me off easy - just some community service. I gotta unfuck this whole situation."

"They give you a Deconfig-a-mabob?" Dom nodded. "That'll simplify things."

"Listen, I'm gonna bounce fam. Lola's gotta use the can - gonna give her some privacy. Talk to you later!" The Dodecahedron stopped spinning, falling into Lola's palm as the power faded.

"Gee, thanks Margot for sharing that." Lola hugged Dom. "I'm glad you're not dead, Master. That would have ruined my day." She paused. "I do actually need to use the restroom. Be right back."

Dave and Violet helped Dom up, and took in the room. "Those Hot Girls really fucked up the doors. I hope they don't try to bill us."

"I can't imagine we're liable Mr Ashcroft, but I'm sure - " Violet paused as a woman started shouting in the corner.

"...DO THAT TO PEOPLE! THAT'S NOT WHAT I WISHED, GODDAMNIT!" The woman paused. "Why is there a blanket on my head?"

Epilogue

It took several days to clean up Doctor Kraken's mess. Zoey, Violet and Lorraine spread out through the park, finding the tourists who had been transformed and freed, while Dominick, Lola and Dave added a reverse setting to the Hot Girl™ Ride. Then they had to tear that down and rework it, when a notable portion of the de-Hottified tourists demanded to be Hot Girls again - Lorraine included.

The Mark Three ride started processing park employees a gondola at a time, around the clock, with hourly runs to re-Hottify those that requested it. Memories were restored, pasts set right - or changed. Everyone got what they wanted out of their job at Bacchanal Bay, and future Hot Girls™ would be strictly voluntary.

There was also a long meeting with Krystallo Orfanos. She wasn't a bad person, all things considered, but she hadn't asked questions about her 'genie' when he first appeared. She wished for her billions and the park, and didn't think about all the changes she'd made to get them. It was only days later that Doctor Kraken's true nature came out - and then suddenly she had a blanket on her head and days of her life were gone.

Violet was able to determine that the land had *technically* been paid for, but it was agreed that those displaced should get a couple billion split between them, just in case. The lawyers and accountants were set to work.

Beyond that, the family was able to spend some time actually enjoying themselves. They had some more fun with 'Nicole' after everything calmed down, then Dom used the Deconfig-a-Mabob to change himself back. Body restored, Dom took Lola to Eros' Grotto for some one-on-one time. Zoey rode every rollercoaster in the park, her all-access wristband putting her at the front of every line, dragging her husband and wife along as she laughed and shrieked.

Dave and Lorraine had a couple of dates, leaving the park to see St Lucia proper and getting to know each other. Dominick had accidentally walked in on them once, absently barging into Dave's room with a question about the cameras. The pair were fucking on the bed, Lorraine facing the wall and moaning as Dave took her doggy style. Dom went beet red as he locked eyes with Dave. Silently, without breaking rhythm, he gave Dom a 'two minutes' gesture then jerked his thumb for the man to leave.

Then at last, it was time to go home.

Lorraine and Dave had a tearful goodbye at the airport - she really did like working at Bacchanal Bay, and wasn't ready to uproot her life... yet. Dave was already planning another trip before the plane took off. By midnight, they were home in their beds again.

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"I dunno, Lola, this is a big deal." Dave looked at her, unsure.

"That's why I want to do it. I've been a jerk to you - but you're a valuable member of our team. Of our family. Besides, you awakened my inner dork-ass - you deserve a reward for that."

"But what about Dom and Zoey? What about Violet? Hell, what about Lorraine?"

She looked him hard in the eyes. "This isn't for *them*. This is for *you* and for *me - together*."

Dave swallowed hard and was silent for a long while. "Ok Lola. If this is what you really want, I'm ready. We'll deal with the consequences when they come."

Lola took Dave's hand, gently, and brought it up. "Touch it, Dave. It's for you."

He took hold of the lapel of Lola's robe, feeling the material. "Wow, that's real silk. The red really suits you - and I see that it's not *particularly* long. What is it, three inches above the knee?"

"Four," she corrected. "I'm willing to put on a robe for you - occasionally - but there are limits..."

"God forbid I make you uncomfortable, Lola." Dave smiled at her. "Thank you, dork-ass."

"You're welcome, dork-ass."

Author's Note:

Thanks again to SoylenOrange for help with continuity and editing.

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