

# **STUDENT DRIVER**

## **A HIT AND RUN STORY**



**A STORY BY**  
**THE ETHICAL HYPNOTIST**

This story is dedicated to all trans people everywhere.  
You do not need magic to be valid and beautiful.

Hit and Run dreams of a world  
where everyone can be  
exactly who they want.

I hope and pray that this world becomes such a place.

- *The Ethical Hypnotist, June 2025*

# **Student Driver: A Hit and Run Story**

## **Written by The Ethical Hypnotist**

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## Chapter One: Protests and Priorities

**“WE’RE NOT GOING BACK! WE’RE NOT GOING BACK!”**

Zoey Vasquez shouted the slogan at the top of her lungs, “Protect Trans Youth” placard in hand. Dominick shouted right beside her with a “Queer Rights are Human Rights” sign. They wore matching shirts for the protest, “I Love My Cis Husband” for Zoey, “I Love My Trans Wife” for Dom.

Lola Russell-Vasquez didn’t wear clothes, as a rule - she was Dominick’s willing and eager sex slave and felt covering her fantastic body was gauche, disrespectful to her master. But Zoey was her wife *too*, and Lola wanted to show support.

With a t-shirt out of the question, she had “I Love My Trans Wife” written on her back in bodypaint, and wore a pink and purple bandana headscarf. Her massive breasts jiggled wildly as she pumped her “Love is Love” sign in the air.

Zoey smiled at Lola’s enthusiastic protesting. “I appreciate the effort, babe, but no one is looking at your *sign*.”

Lola shrugged, tits shaking. “They’re looking - that’s half the battle.”

“They *do* draw attention to an important cause.” Dominick paused, considering. “I wonder if they’ll show you on the news?”

“KING always shows me above the nipple; KIRO just blurs everything. We’ll get traction on YouTube though. It’s full frontal with no restrictions - our engagement numbers jump *way up* every time I’m on the news. I must have a special exemption or something because I run happy.freak.”

Right on cue, a happy.freak volunteer walked past, with rolling cooler full of bottled water for the crowd, stopping when she saw Lola. “Mrs. Vasquez! You folks need a drink?”

“Thank you, Brooklyn. Good timing!” They all took a bottle and the girl moved on.

“How many people do you have running around today?”

“I’m not sure, Master - Violet’s been handling logistics.” She fished her phone out of her purse. “Vi, how many volunteers are out here?”

“Twenty-eight, Mistress, between the water and the first aid stations.” Violet Watts sat in front of the webcam, huge boobs prominent in the frame. Said boobs strained mightily against the

purple latex bodysuit she'd worn for the occasion, with pink rope binding her arms behind her back.

Violet had a very specific vision of being Lola's slave, which included a lot of bondage. It wouldn't have been Lola's first choice - she preferred nudity wherever possible - but a healthy relationship is built on compromise.

"Thanks for coordinating things, hon!" Zoey and Dom both thanked her as well. Lola made a kissy face at the screen, and Violet blushed.

"Of course, Mistress - I live to serve you."

"Love you, sweetie! See you soon!" With that, Lola put her phone away. "Ok, let's go rage against the machine!"

—

"Violet, we're home!" Zoey pushed open the door, arms full of pizza boxes. Dominick and Lola followed shortly behind, hauling in their protesting gear.

"Welcome home, Ms. Vasquez. How did it go?" Violet moved to assist Lola, arms temporarily coming free to grab the cooler.

"It was *great*. Things have been bleak lately; it was refreshing to see how many people are ready to stand up. Thank you for handling the volunteers."

"Happy to help, ma'am." She dumped the contents of the cooler in the sink, arms rebound once the job was done. "We're all doing our part - you most of all."

Zoey dismissed it all with a wave. She pulled plates from the cabinet, along with Violet's bowl. "I sit in a bunch of meetings, arguing about spreadsheets. It feels like I should be doing more."

Lola squeezed Zoey from behind, breasts pressed firmly into the smaller woman's back. "You're in four different advocacy groups, you go to every rally and protest, and you've raised more funds than PBS. What else could you *possibly* be doing?"

"And that doesn't even count all your work with the humane society," Dom added. "I'm shocked you have time to sleep!"

"I guess..." She sighed again, then shook it off. "But today was amazing - that's the important thing." Soon Zoey was dishing out slices, cutting one into pieces for Violet, while Dominick grabbed some beers.

As they sat at the kitchen table (or knelt beside it), laughing and joking, Zoey's tension dissipated. Lola was right - she was busting her ass. There's only so much one woman can do, and she was doing it. After a few slices and a few rounds, Zoey was feeling very happy about the day.

—

Zoey entered the bedroom, hands full. The others were already naked on the bed, Lola laying between Dominick and Violet as they made out with her. She pulled away for a moment to speak to her wife.

"Whatcha got, Beanpole? We breakin' out the toys tonight?"

"Not exactly." She opened her hands, revealing several bodypaint pens. "Your lovely message at the protest got me thinking..."

"Oooh!" Lola sat up, eyes full of excitement. "Fun!"

Zoey disrobed and crawled onto the bed, dropping the pile of pens. She pulled the cap off one with her teeth and picked up one of Lola's breasts, drawing a large heart around the nipple. Then she blew on the paint, making Lola shiver.

"I should have put down a tarp or something - we're gonna make a mess."

Dominick shrugged. "It won't be the first set of sheets we've ruined, and it won't be the last." He sat up, cross-legged, and started drawing on Lola's stomach. Soon there was a little cartoon Dom and little cartoon Lola, hugging and smooching.

"Aww!" Zoey cooed at the drawing. "Do me next!"

"Sure babe." Dom shifted around to draw on her, smiling at her eager expression.

"No fair letting Master draw cartoons!" Lola gave Dom a faux-outraged look. "He's gonna make the rest of us look like amateurs!"

"To be fair, Mistress, we *are* amateurs - Mr Vasquez is a professional artist." Violet picked up a pen and started writing on Lola's side. She craned her neck, trying to read it, and gave Violet a confused look. "Are you writing a poem?"

"If I but see you for a moment, then all my words leave me - my tongue is broken and a sudden fire creeps through my blood." Violet smiled at her mistress, pushing a stray braid out of her eyes. "Sappho."

Lola rolled her eyes but kissed her. "That's very sweet, babe." Then she put up her hands in frustration.

"But come on guys - cartoons and poetry!? Where's the filthy language? Where's the degradation? Don't you even *look* at porn!?"

"I don't want to degrade you!" Zoey was offended by the very suggestion. "I love you!"

"Oh *come on*. It's no different than dirty talk - just without the talk. Look..." Lola sat up and grabbed a pen. She wrote HOT SLUT across Zoey's collarbone in big red letters, then turned and wrote FAT COCK on Dom's abs, followed by a crude arrow pointing down.

"See? Just some wholesome smut! You call *me* a whore, I call *you* a whore - everyone has a good time."

Zoey was unconvinced. "Can't I just write 'World's Greatest Tits' on you or something?"

"Leave her be, Zoey." Dominick poked Lola in the belly button. "I know *exactly* what you want. Roll over."

Lola shivered in pleasure at his command and eagerly flipped onto her stomach. He started drawing on her butt, pausing briefly to give Zoey access to his chest for her own art.

"What's he doing? *What's he doing?*" Lola squirmed, trying to see. "Violet, I *command* you to tell me what Master is doing!"

Violet gave a small moan and began to narrate. "Mr Vasquez is writing something on your ass, Mistress." Lola sighed in exasperation, but Violet pressed on. "I didn't realize you knew calligraphy, Sir."

"I'm a man of many talents," he said nonchalantly.

Lola groaned. "Is this what passes for submission nowadays!? *I slave better in my sleep!*"

Violet laughed and put a hand up. "Forgive me Mistress." She paused for dramatic effect. "He has written - in *excellent* handwriting - Property of Dominick Rafael Vasquez."

Lola's eyes went wide with delight. "*Get your phone*, I gotta see!"

Violet obeyed, taking a picture and passing it to Lola.

She gasped. "...It's *perfect*." Lola turned to Dominick, burning with lust. She hadn't been this turned on since that wonderful morning three years ago. She moved with purpose, ready to suck her Master's soul directly from his dick - but Zoey got between them and put a hand up.

"Nope! Not tonight!" She pointed at Dom's abs - where she'd appended "ZOEY CALLS DIBS ON NICKY'S" to Lola's previous "FAT COCK."

**"WHAT!?"** You can't do that! You can't call *dibs!*"

Zoey gave Lola an insolent look. "And yet here we are."

With a smooth motion, Zoey spun, sitting on Dominick's chest and kissing him deep. She stared Lola down, mischief in her eyes, as she made out with her husband. After a few moments, she broke the kiss, reaching back to stroke him.

"Master, help me out here!"

Dom only stared at her, smirking. "Are you suggesting I tell my wife *not* to fuck me?"

Lola turned to Violet. "Do something, Vi! *Surely* I have priority in a situation like this!"

"I'm afraid the law is clear in situations like this, Mistress." Violet shook her head, forlorn. "The Supreme Court's ruling on Finders v. Keepers is unambiguous."

**"DAMN YOU EARL WARREN!"** Lola shook her fist at the heavens. She turned back to Zoey dramatically. "You win this round, Hot Slut - but the war is *far* from over!"

Violet wrapped her arms around Lola, hands playing with her breasts. "Perhaps I can console you while you strategize, Mistress..." Lola sighed contentedly in her embrace and twisted to kiss her.

Soon Violet was beneath her Mistress, licking and sucking, while Zoey sat beside her riding Dom's cock. She turned lustful eyes to Lola, breathing heavy. "Can... can you (moan) ever forgive me?"

"(huff) (huff) Not yet, but (moan) I'll get over it." They kissed as their orgasms rose, hands in each others' hair. "Love you (huff) Beanpole - for all that you're a treacherous backstabbing bitch." Then the words stopped; Zoey and Lola simply kissed and touched until they came, taking turns supporting each other as pleasure ripped through them.

The four of them were soon lying on the bed, spent and happy. Lola stretched and gave a huge yawn. "Welp, it's been a long day - let's go wash this paint off and hit the sack." She helped Zoey off the bed, giving her a little peck on the cheek.

Zoey gave her a kiss in return and headed out of the bedroom - then jumped when Lola slammed and locked the door behind her. "Have a good night, dear wife!" she shouted from the other side.



"*What the hell!?*" Zoey banged on the door, shocked and confused. "What are you doing?"

"I'm filing my taxes!" Lola cackled, delighted with herself. "Now who's got dibs, Beanpole!?" She turned to face the room, her voice slightly muffled behind the wood. "Back on the bed, you two. We're gonna have a good old-fashioned Vasquez three-way!"

That broke Zoey - she started laughing as she pounded on the door. "My *clothes* are in there, you crazy slut!"

"Love to help, hon - but I have *so much* dick to suck. I'm totally swamped! See you in the morning!" Lola walked away, Dom and Violet giggling on the distant bed.

Zoey pounded on the door, laughing and pleading for another minute, but eventually admitted defeat. She washed up, grabbed a snack, and fell asleep on the couch watching TV.

—

"I'm up, I'm up - stop poking me..." Zoey rubbed her eyes, staring at the couch cushion as she adjusted to morning light. There was more urgent poking at her back, and she made a groan of irritation as she rolled over.

"*I'm up!* What do you -" The words died in her throat as she beheld Margot's unshielded dimensionality, the burning purple light of Beyond radiating from the twisting mass of tentacles and teeth.

Zoey did *not* scream, did *not* flee the room in animal panic, did *not* try to claw her eyes out. Three years of regular contact with Margot had given the family some protection from his sanity-smashing shape - but it was still *pretty fucking far* from pleasant.

She squeezed her eyes shut and gritted her teeth, fists clenching. "YOU'RE IN THE WRONG ROOM!" she shouted, "THE DOJO IS DOWN THE HALL!"

Margot responded by moving the tentacle to Zoey's mouth, pressing firmly against her lips, looking for an entrance. She had just enough time to shout "WAIT!" before it slammed down her throat. There was a moment of icy terror, and then they were in the pale blue infinity of Zoey's mind. She stood up from the metaphorical floor, outraged. "*What the hell!?*"

Zoey stared at the shape cowering behind a crude human-shaped cutout. There was fear radiating from it, almost panic. The voice that emerged from behind that cutout was a young woman's, on the verge of tears.

"Oh Mr. Vasquez, I screwed up! I screwed up *so bad!* Dad is gonna *kill* me when he gets back from the conference - you gotta help!"

Zoey blinked. "You're not Margot..."

Hundreds of alien eyes blinked in return. "You're not Mr Vasquez..."

And suddenly Dominick was there like a lightning bolt. He grabbed a fistful of horror and yanked, tentacles dangling as he lifted it into the air.

**"GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY WIFE!"**

The horror shrieked, cringing in his iron grip. "I'm sorry! *I'm sorry!* I'm sorry!"

"NICKY, STOP!" Zoey grabbed his arm, trying to shake him loose. "I'm ok, it was an accident! They were looking for you - they need your help!"

Dom turned to her, and when she nodded his anger turned to deep embarrassment. He released the horror, which floated back in a panic. "Oh my god, I'm *so sorry*. I didn't know what was going on - I just saw Zoey with a tentacle in her mouth..." He stopped babbling and stared at the sobbing creature. "...Don't I *know* you?"

"It's *me*, Mr Vasquez!" Then it said a name in an alien tongue which made Zoey and Dom dizzy. "I crashed into you! Margot's my dad!"

## Chapter Two: Daddy's Little Girl

Five minutes later, the whole family assembled in Dom's mindspace, where he continued to console the creature, her cutout still damp with metaphorical tears.

"I am *so, so* sorry Donna. It was totally thoughtless - you didn't deserve any of that."

"It's ok, Mr Vasquez. We were all freaking out. I'm all better now."

He turned as the others appeared. "Everybody, this is Margot's daughter. She's the one that bumped into me a few years ago. She'd like us to call her Donna." He gestured to the others. "Donna, meet my family. This is Lola, my wife, and her girlfriend Violet. You've already met my other wife Zoey."

"I prefer the term 'sex slave,' Mr Vasquez - but thank you for calling me family." Violet turned to the floating girl-thing. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Donna. Ms Vasquez said you're in trouble - what can we do to help?"

"I..." Donna shuffled her tentacles, deeply embarrassed. "I might've *kinda sorta* lost dad's Reconfig-a-Mabob... and his Deconfig-a-Mabob."

They all exchanged a look. Lola held one of Donna's tentacles. "You better tell us everything, hon."

Donna waved her cutout in agreement. "Dad's out of town for a business conference, so I've had the house to myself..."

Lola nodded, understanding. "You threw a big party and someone stole them."

There was an awkward pause. "No. I don't really have a *ton* of friends. Mostly I've been taking the time to make some... Do you know TikTok? Well, we've got a kind of TikTok..."

"*We get it*," the family said in unison.

"Ok, cool... Anyway, I've been trying to pump up my followers - I'm almost to triple digits - and the fourth dimension is *really big* right now. I figured, dad's making 4D content, and all his stuff is here, and he's not using it..."

Dominick pinched the bridge of his nose. "Social media - stupid in every dimension." He looked up. "Sorry Donna, go on."

"So, I grab the stuff, hop in the car and drive down here. I heard there's a thing called 'college' in your dimension where 4D young people hang out, so I found one of those. There's a little screaming and begging for death as I poked around - the normal stuff - but then I found this *totally cool* human!"

Donna pointed at Zoey. "They looked more like Ms Zoey than you, Mr Vasquez. They had those round things on the front. Not so old, though - no offense."

"I'm not old..." Zoey mumbled.

"They were super sweet," Donna continued. "We just chilled for a while and talked. They asked *lots* of questions, about me and the ninth dimension and the Reconfig-a-Mabob. *Lots and lots* of questions about that, actually - technical stuff I wasn't really sure about. So I uploaded the manual into their mind."

Lola winced and sucked air in through her teeth. "Whoops."

"When I started prepping for the video, they were so helpful. We did lights, greenscreen - that sort of thing." The girl visibly sagged. "I started messing with my tablet, and I asked them to hold the Reconfig-a-Mabob. Then I looked up, and they were gone."

"It's ok, hon." Lola patted her tentacle. "We all get hustled sometimes."

"Alright, this girl got the Reconfig-a-Mabob." Dominick rubbed at his chin. "But how did she then get the Deconfig-a-Mabob? How did *you* get it? You need a license for that - you'd be in deep shit if the cops in your dimension caught you with it."

Zoey gave him a baffled look. "You *don't* need a license for a Reconfig-a-Mabob? How does that make sense?"

"It's not nearly as effective higher up the curve," Dom explained, "and frankly most Citizens don't really care what happens down here, as long as the law is obeyed. It's the reason the Hot Girl ride is still running. If 4D people *want* to become beautiful women, more power to them. If they're *forced* to, that's a crime."

"But a Deconfig-a-Mabob doesn't need consent to reverse most changes - informed consent is impossible if someone's been brainwashed or whatever. It's just point and shoot." He turned back to Donna. "Which is why your dad's unit *should* have been secured."

"It was... But dad never changed the default combination on the safe. So I snagged it." Donna put two tentacles up defensively at Dom's expression. "I was worried the human was gonna do something crazy! I figured I'd just find them quick, then fix anything they'd messed up!"

"I went back to the college place and looked around. I found them spraying themselves with water in a big room, so I appeared to try and talk some sense into them."

"Only it wasn't them! I would *swear* it was the same human - I'm getting pretty good at telling you apart - but when I tried to make contact they *freaked out* like they'd never seen me before! Ran out screaming, all wet. I followed them, tried to explain, but that just made it worse!"

"I got scared that I was gonna hurt them, so I backed off." Donna sagged. "It was only later that I realized I'd dropped the Deconfig-a-Mabob during all the craziness. Now I've lost *both* gizmos, and when Dad gets home from the conference he's gonna ground me forever!"

"*Please*, you gotta help me!"

Zoey put a reassuring hand on Donna's side. "We'll help you, sweetie. It's kind of our thing- and anyway, we owe you."

Dom wrapped an arm around his wife. "Your car crash brought us all together."

Donna did the floating horror equivalent of shuffling her feet. "Um, speaking of cars... would it be ok if I stayed with you for a bit? I forgot to fill the car before I came back, and there's nowhere to buy more pseudo-quantum antiprotons in this dimension. *Sorry.*"

“That’s fine, Donna.” Zoey gave the girl-thing her most reassuring smile. “We’ve got a suit you can wear when you’re hanging out in realspace.”

Donna gave a sigh of deep relief. “Thank you, Ms Zoey. I *promise* I won’t be a bother.”

—

Lola and Zoey watched with fascination as the mascot costume slowly filled with Donna’s multi-dimensional form. They’d bought a spare from Bacchanal Bay - a cartoon version of a goth chick that was meant to represent Persephone - so Margot could hang out on movie night without driving them mad.

They’d tried a more realistic costume once, a latex human bodysuit, but the writhing tentacles beneath had been so upsetting that Lola had puked.

“*Woah...*” The plastic eyes blinked and the lips moved as Donna stared at her felt hands. “This is *so weird*.” They spent a few minutes acclimating her to the basics - gravity, linear time, bipedal locomotion - then all three moved to the kitchen, where Dominick and Violet were making breakfast.

“Ooh, is that food!?” Donna leaned over the pan of scrambled eggs. “I’ve seen a bunch of videos about food - how does it work?”

Violet discreetly moved Donna’s hand back from the flame. “We put food inside our bodies, where various chemical processes extract useful energy from it. There is also a concept called ‘flavor,’ wherein we experience pleasure when eating certain foods.”

“Cool...” She watched with rapt attention as the food was cooked and served. She stood awkwardly for a moment next to the table when everyone else sat or knelt, before Zoey helped her to a chair.

“Okay Donna, what can you tell us about the college you visited? Do you remember any details?”

“Not much, Ms Zoey. I’ve been learning a lot from YouTube, but sometimes it’s kind of a blur. I *knew* that was gonna happen, though, so I took pictures! Look!” A tentacle shot out from a seam in the mascot’s neck, directly towards Zoey’s mouth - but Dominick intercepted, putting a hand up to catch it.

He closed his eyes, looking at images inside his mind. “Grant and Sherman University, in Walla Walla. Lola, Zoey and I drove there a few times to hang out with friends from high school.”

Violet looked askance at Dom. “I only know the name ‘Walla Walla, Washington’ from Looney Tunes. It’s strange to think it’s a real place.”

"It's nothing special." Zoey took a bite of breakfast, then continued. "Seen one college town, seen 'em all. It's about five hours away, so let's not waste time. I say we eat, pack, and hit the road."

---

"Hi Lorraine!" Zoey waved at the woman on Lola's laptop screen.

"Zoey! Lola! So good to see you! How's it going?"

Lola waved her hand indifferently. "Eh, so-so. We've got more multi-dimensional nonsense to sort out. Gonna need to borrow your boyfriend."

Lorraine spoke off-screen, and after a minute Dave appeared, sighing theatrically as he sat down. "You couldn't have waited until *after* my vacation to save the world?"

"Cram it, dork. This isn't anything crazy, just a misplaced Reconfig-a-Mabob. We even know where it is, roughly. I just want some extra eyes on the CHECKSUM data."

"You know, for a perpetually horny sex slave, you can be a *real* cockblock sometimes."

"Now, be nice Dave - she's doing important work. You take a minute to help and then..."  
Lorraine whispered into Dave's ear, giggling. His eyes went wide and he blushed fiercely.

"Ok Lola, let's do this - quickly."

The pair poured over the data for several minutes, Violet taking notes as they went. In the meanwhile Zoey and Dom answered Donna's questions as they drove down I-90.

"So the trees *don't* move? How do they shop for food? Is it delivered?"

"They make their own food," Dominick explained.

Donna nodded. "Like Violet. Where's the kitchen?"

---

The streets of Campustown were thick with students as the family arrived, boys and girls heading to their Friday afternoon classes. Donna pressed her felt face to the window, drinking in the scene. "Oh my Elder Gods! Look at all the humans! This is *a million times better* than YouTube videos!"

Zoey let her gawk, turning back to Lola. “Did you and Dave find anything? Is there some teenage billionaire running around? I can’t think of one offhand.”

Lola shook her head. “No, nothing so obvious. A spike like that we would have spotted before Donna ever materialized. But CHECKSUM is a *lot* more sensitive now than it was two years ago.”

“Narrowing the search down to Walla Walla shows a *fuckton* of markers - dozens and dozens of low level disruptions in the past 72 hours, all centered around the Greek scene. So our wish thief is probably a sorority girl.”

“That should make it easy, right? This is a pretty small school.” Zoey said it with hope in her voice, but sagged when Lola shook her head again.

“There’s about six thousand students, four thousand of which are in a frat or sorority. It’s the highest ratio of any school in the US. More than fifty groups altogether.”

“Wait.” Dom turned back at the stop light. “Dozens and dozens?”

“Must’ve wished for a magic gizmo, Master. It’s allowed - it’s still gotta follow the consent rules, but like you said, they don’t really care what goes on down here.”

Dom considered. “I suppose we can’t point fingers - we’ve got the ride running - but using world-altering interdimensional technologies for college shenanigans seems deeply petty.”

They spent a while getting checked into the campus hotel, stretching and freshening up, then left to start the search. Zoey considered the group as they filed out the revolving door. She and Dom would blend in without much trouble - *probably* too old to pass as students, but otherwise anonymous.

However, Lola was naked, Violet was all latex and rope, and Donna was... just a whole thing. They had the subtlety and nuance of a rusty chainsaw.

“Alright, we’ve got a lot of ground to cover. Probably best if we split up.”

Lola grabbed Dom’s arm. “Dibs on Master!”

“Um...” Zoey was caught off guard, and tried to find a diplomatic way to object.

“In that case, I will join Ms Vasquez, Mistress.” Violet moved to her side. “Best if we travel in pairs in case of trouble.”

Donna moved to Zoey as well, plastic eyes full of excitement. “I want to be in your pair, Ms. Zoey! *Please?*”

“Of course you can come with, only...”

“Alright, cool. Good plan Zoey.” Dom considered. “Lola and I will search west of Davis Street, you three can search east. I’m guessing one of us will find a lead before too long. Send anything weird to the group chat and stay safe.”

“Yeah... thanks Nicky... you too.” Zoey stood stunned as he kissed her goodbye, Lola waving as they walked off. She turned back to Violet and Donna, eagerly awaiting her orders. After a moment, she shook off her indecision. If this is how things were going to play out, she should at least be good at it.

“Ok girls, let’s do this.”

—

“Try and palm me off to the B-team...” Lola mumbled to herself as they wandered the streets, taking in blocks of shabby apartments, interspersed Greek houses already blasting party music from open windows.

“What’d you say, Lola?”

“Nothing, Master.” She pointed at the nearest frat house. “Do you notice anything odd about all these kids?”

Dom considered the dozen frat guys, fucking around outside the chapterhouse while EDM blared. “I dunno. They’re shirtless and drinking at 4pm. That’s normal, isn’t it?”

“I was thinking more about their appearance - like, how they’re all Abercrombie models with washboard abs? Not a single fat party animal.”

He looked again, then turned back to her, shocked. “Christ, you’re right. Looks like a troupe of male strippers - not a follicle of body hair between them. All they’re missing is the baby oil.”

“It’s not just them either.” Lola waved her hand as they walked down the street. “A *lot* of girls in that last sorority could be pole dancing their way through college. A house *full* of supermodels and porn stars.”

“*Surely* they aren’t all in on it?” Dom turned, taking in all the huge Greek houses up and down Davis Street. “In 72 hours? You said there are like 50 of them!”

“I doubt it, Master. Probably our thief shared with their sorority sisters, someone spilled the secret to their boyfriend, yadda yadda. It’ll spread like wildfire over the weekend, though.”



Dom considered. "They can go nuts, I suppose - as long as we get Margot's stuff back in time. I don't want Donna to get in any trouble." He shook his head, annoyed. "I feel like a complete asshole for attacking her."

Lola responded with a huge hug, squeezing Dom tight, his tension unwinding in her embrace. "You jumped in to save Zoey, then immediately apologized when you were wrong. Top shelf spouse material all around. Donna's fine; Hell, she's having a blast in our dimension." She pecked him on the cheek. "You're a good man, Charlie Brown."

He gave her a lopsided grin. "I knew there was a reason I married you." Dom moved a hand behind Lola's neck and kissed her deeply, lips parting. She pressed herself into him, gripping his ass and soon started gently grinding against his growing erection.

There was a bright light, then loud hooting and catcalling spoiled their moment. Lola turned furious eyes towards the noise, ready to spit fire. A porch full of frat guys cheered and whistled when she looked. A tall blonde lowered a chunky-looking camera, old-timey flash bulb still glowing amber. "Blow him!" somebody shouted.

"I was *gonna* until you *assholes* ruined the mood!" She stomped towards them, naked tits jiggling with righteous indignation. "Don't any of you fuckless wonders know how to treat a sex slave with respect?"

The insult didn't land the way Lola hoped - in hindsight, their experience with sex slaves probably *was* very limited. They cheered and hooted again, several of them high fiving each other.

The blonde stepped forward.. "Forgive my ignorant friends, miss. They mostly deal with college girls - they don't know how to treat a *woman*."

Lola raised an eyebrow, not at all impressed. "What do you know about women, kid?"

"More than you'd think." He turned back to the others. "Haven't you idiots ever seen a naked supermodel walking down the street before? *Get back to work* - the party starts in three hours!"

They scrambled back inside at his command, several of them returning to some abandoned work at the entrance. Minions dispatched, he turned back to Lola, offering her a handshake and a cocky smile. "Alex Bishop, Head of Hospitality at Beta Upsilon Delta."

Still scowling, Lola took his hand. She also raised her left fist, showing off her wedding ring while also making it clear she'd *fucking sock him* if he tried anything. "*Mrs.* Lola Russell-Vasquez." She pointed to Dom. "That's my husband and master, Dominick Vasquez."

Alex stared at Dom, eyes wide. "Dominick Vasquez? 'Mr Hedgehog' Dominick Vasquez?"

Dom put his hands up, confounded. "How does *everyone* in the multiverse know me? Yeah, I make Mr Hedgehog."

"**DUDE!**" Alex darted past Lola to shake Dom's hand, then rolled up his left sleeve, revealing an ornate tattoo of Mr Hedgehog characters. "I'm *such* a huge fan! I've been reading since junior high! I've still got my Edna Echidna plushie at Mom's house!"

He shook Alex's hand in return, misgivings brushed aside for now. "I think I've seen that sleeve on the subreddit! Great to meet you."

"Listen Mr Vasquez, you and your wife *have* to come to the party! It's gonna be wilder than you can possibly imagine!" Alex fished a pair of cards out of his pocket and pressed them into Dom's hand.

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Admit One  
**Hot Girls Only!**

"I appreciate the thought, Alex, but I'm here in a group of five - and only three of us are hot girls." Dom tried to give them back, but Alex just pulled more from his pocket.

"You're all invited - any friend of Dominick Vasquez is a friend of the Deltas! And don't worry, you'll fit right in tonight... I promise." After a moment, Alex added a bunch of blue paper to the pile of cards. "Drink tickets. I'll get you and your crew as many as you need. It's the least I can do."

After a moment, Dom nodded. "Eh, fuck it. I've never been to a proper frat party. Sounds like fun. We'll see you at eight, Alex."

"See you then man!" Alex headed back, bubbling with excitement. He waved vaguely at Lola on the way inside, no longer interested in flirting. With a shrug, she returned to Dom.

"Looks like you made a friend, Master. I'm not sure whether to be relieved or insulted that he stopped hitting on me."

"He's just starstruck. He'll come to his senses in a minute." Dom stuffed all the junk in his pocket and took Lola's hand. "So, they've got a gizmo, right?"

"Obviously." Lola looked back at the frat house and rolled her eyes. "You'll fit right in - dramatic pause - I promise."

She sighed. "I wonder who he got it from. His girlfriend I assume. No doubt she'll show at some point. If we can figure out how to sneak Donna in, we should have this all sorted in time for bed."

"Alright Master, let's call Beanpole and the rest of them, grab a bite and strategize. I saw a gyro place on the main drag that looked good."

"In a minute." He jerked a thumb down the street. "I need to find something at the university library real quick."

They headed inside, Dom deflecting Lola's questions as they moved through the stacks. After a minute, he found a small study room in a distant corner and went in.

"Master, would you *please* tell me what you're looking for!?"

"Privacy." Dom turned back to Lola with the Devil in his eyes. "You called me husband first. That deserves a treat." He started unbuckling his belt and Lola locked the door.

"I knew there was a reason I married you, Master."

He smirked, pants falling to the floor. "I assumed you married me to get at my vast webcomic fortune. Jokes on you though - you'll have to split it with Zoey once you get all the arsenic in my coffee."

She pulled his shirt off then put a hand down his boxers. "Would you please shut up and order me to fuck you?"

"On your knees, slave."

Lola eagerly obeyed, moaning with pleasure as she wrapped her lips around Dom's cock. He tangled his fingers in her long black hair and began to thrust. She sank two fingers into her pussy as she worked, supporting herself against Dom's thigh with the other hand.

They worked, breathing hard, smiling at each other. "God, you're beautiful," Dom whispered, then pulled Lola up and laid her on the worn study table.

She stared up at him, flushed, glorious body slick with sweat. "Use me, Master. My only purpose is to serve you." Her breathy voice was a promise, a prayer.

He tilted his head at that. "And yet, you won't do the dishes when I command..."

Lola stuck her tongue out, laughing - then gasped when he thrust, cock sliding into her wetness. They fucked urgently, Dom pumping into Lola as they huffed and groaned, whispering dirty talk and grinning like fools as the pleasure rose.

**BANG! BANG!** “Hello? Anyone in there?” A young woman spoke from beyond the locked door.

The pair looked at each other, eyes wide, struggling not to laugh out loud at the interruption. Dominick hushed Lola, still thrusting, and spoke up. “Yeah, what’s up?”

A guy spoke next. “We’ve got this room reserved, dude. Gotta clear out.”

Lola gripped the end of the table and pushed, rocking against him for all she was worth. “No, we’ve got the room until six. Are you sure you’re in the right place? Study room five?”

“Yeah, that’s our reservation.” The girl jiggled the handle. “Five to seven.”

Dom closed his eyes as he came, Lola’s back arching as her own orgasm ripped through her. “Maybe... maybe you should go ask the librarian? We’ll pack... (huff) our bags just in case.”

“Yeah, alright dude.” Dom and Lola heard the pair walk off, and they both snorted with laughter. Dom scrambled back into his clothes as Lola cleaned up the cum, then they darted into the stacks giggling.

The two students watched them leave from an alcove, then went in behind them. “That was weird,” the girl commented. “I wonder how it got double booked?”

“Nice of them to clear out so quick,” the guy commented. Then he locked the door and kissed the girl deeply, hands moving to her breasts.

—

Zoey felt like the grandmaster of a very small, very silly parade as she led Violet and Donna down First Street. All eyes were on them as they made their way towards the dormitories, the college kids pointing and whispering.

“Ms Vasquez, you seem uneasy.”

“Sorry Violet, It’s just... *everyone* is staring at us. It’s making my skin crawl - how do you deal with it?”

“You have to embrace it, ma’am. Live your truth without fear and people are going to stare. Let them; I have nothing to hide anymore.”

“That’s so deep, Ms Violet, no cap...” Donna turned back to look at her, filled with admiration. “You could put it on a shirt or something!”

The idea made Zoey laugh, and some of her tension drained away. Violet smiled at the sentiment. “That’s a lovely thought, Donna. Thank you.”

"But let's focus on the practical. You saw your mysterious girl 'spraying themselves in a big room'. That suggests a student housing center."

Violet gestured as they entered the courtyard, a large green space surrounded on three sides by dorms and other student buildings. Several dozen students lounged in the grass or at benches and tables at the sculpture garden in the center. Most of the kids turned to gawk at the strange group. Several started taking pictures.

Zoey put a hand on Donna's felt shoulder. "Does any of this look familiar?" The girl-thing considered, walking towards the center and slowly spinning to take in the space. After a moment, her plastic eyes lit up. She ran towards the sculptures and slapped a felt hand on an abstract mass of concrete and stainless steel.

"*This!* I remember this! It looks just like -" Then she spoke a ninth-dimensional word, a burst of chaotic pseudo-sound that set the inner ear on fire. Zoey and Violet both staggered, vertigo hitting them like an ocean wave. A nearby boy fell onto the gravel, hands gripping his head.

Donna noticed none of this. "That's my pet -" Another word came out, making Zoey grab the nearest bench. The stricken boy groaned and made retching noises, while the other kids stumbled away.

"*Donna, stop!*" Violet shouted the command, eyes closed, and the girl-thing cringed back from her, pulling her suit tight in embarrassment as she realized what she'd done.

"Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!" She pounded her cloth hands on her thighs. "Oh I'm screwing this up, I'm getting everyone in trouble..."

"Sweetie, sweetie!" Zoey moved to her on unsteady legs and hugged her tight, trying mightily *not* to feel the writhing tentacles beneath the suit. "Shh... It's ok. Small mistake, no big deal. Everyone's *fine*. You recognized the sculpture, that's the important thing."

Donna wiped a lint tear from her plastic eye and tried to compose herself. "Thanks Ms Zoey. Sorry Ms Zoey, you're right." She took a moment, orienting, then pointed. "I think *that* building is the one I entered from here."

The three of them headed towards the building, Zoey still comforting Donna as they moved. She and Violet delicately pressed the girl-thing for details. This was somewhat tricky - time and space questions required a *lot* of translation - but they stumbled through.

"Um, Ms Zoey, I have a question." Donna paused, searching for the right words. "Is it normal for some humans to not have faces?"

Zoey stopped dead. "Why do you ask, Donna?"

"Well, like..." The girl-thing shuffled her feet. "It's just... I've been looking at the other buildings, and I keep seeing humans in the windows who don't have a face. There's just kind of a black space where the face would be. Is that normal? I swear I'm not trying to be rude to faceless humans - I'm sure they're very nice!"

Both Zoey and Violet's heads jerked up, scanning the windows. Zoey saw blinds pulled closed shut on the third floor of one building, but caught sight of the person for a moment. They were wearing a bright blue school hoodie, and beneath the hood there was no face - only black cloth.

"I saw one straight ahead," Zoey whispered. "And I saw two in the building on our left," Violet whispered back. "Donna, how many did you see?"

"I dunno - maybe four? Five? I didn't want to be rude and stare."

"Ok, we're leaving. *Now.*" Zoey turned and marched out of the courtyard, the others following behind. She did not run, she did not look back. As casually as possible, she made a beeline for the safety of First Street. "Violet, please text Nicky and Lola, let them know what we saw. It's time to regroup."

## Chapter Three: Hot Girls Night

The night was alive, music and chatter spilling from every Greek house on Davis Street, as the family stood in line to enter Beta Upsilon Delta. There were more than a hundred kids ahead of them, and dozens more filed in behind as they shuffled along. Every teen that walked past them did a double take, a couple taking pictures.

"Quite a turnout," Dom commented as he scanned the street. "Could be difficult to find our thief in the mob, and we'll need to be delicate about any confrontations. I don't want to fight a bunch of drunken frat bros."

"We can do subtle, Master." Lola waved at a few gawking teens as they passed. "And Violet is a master of diplomacy. Shouldn't be a problem, as long as *they* don't start shit."

Zoey was unconvinced. "I just wish I knew what was up with those masked kids at the dorms. Sexy shenanigans at a party I get - facelessly staring at strangers from your window I *don't*."

"I'm sure it'll be fine Ms Zoey!" Donna put a reassuring felt hand on Zoey's shoulder. "Everyone here seems really nice - it's probably just a misunderstanding."

Lola gave her a skeptical look. "I'm sure we'll all look back on this and laugh."

The sarcasm went entirely over the girl-thing's head and she nodded enthusiastically, which made Zoey smile. "I hope you're right, Donna - but let's be careful anyway. Nicky, are you ready?"

"Yeah, let's do it before we get too close." Dominick put a hand out, palm down, and the rest of the family piled their hands on top, Violet's arm unbinding to join. Donna slapped her hand on top, and Lola let out a "HAH!" that turned several heads.

Dom gently removed her hand, trying to be kind. "This is for 4D people, Donna - you don't need protection from thing-a-mabobs. Just sit tight and we'll head in." Then he turned back and shut his eyes, concentrating.

He spoke softly, voice resonating unnaturally with the power of the higher dimensions.

*<<The will is infinite. I bind space, I seize time, I pin our minds to the World That Is, and shelter our memories from the Winds of Change.>>*

Dominick took several deep breaths, focusing, and the women shivered in turn as they felt his protection wrap around them. "I will *never* get used to that," Zoey added when they were done.

"Sorry hon, I know it's a weird hobby - I appreciate your indulgence." He gave her a kiss on the forehead. "Now let's go get drunk with teenagers!"

The line progressed around the corner and towards a large tent near the frat's front door. A "HOT GIRLS NIGHT" banner was strung above it, and true to its word, the house itself was absolutely filled with hot girls - beautiful young women of every description filled the building and the fenced-in lawn, dancing and drinking and partying.

"*Good god*," Violet gasped. "Look at them all." Lola smiled at that, put a hand on her slave's butt. "There's my horny girl."

"The only men beyond the tent are the guys in the frat," Dom noted, "and yet we've seen at least ten dudes walk *into* it. They're letting the girls walk right past, directly inside."

"Which means..." Zoey pondered it for a moment, then locked eyes with Lola. They exchanged a wordless glance, then both turned to Violet. All three of them stared at Dominick, eyes full of excitement.

He smiled at them. "You're making me feel like a porkchop again..."

Donna raised her hand. "I don't understand Mr Vasquez. Are you worried they're going to eat you? I don't think your friends would do that."

Dom raised an eyebrow to the girls, smirking. "Depends on what you mean, Donna."

“Oh Nicky, you *know* we’d never...”

Her explanation was cut short by a kiss. “You’re cute when you’re standing up for my dignity and autonomy.” Zoey blushed and Dom hugged her tight. “It’s all good hon. We’re here to see what they’re up to, so let’s see. Besides, I’ve always enjoyed my brief trips to Girltown - when no one is trying to kill me.”

He kissed her again, then moved to the guys’ line. “See you on the other side, ladies.”

Zoey joined Lola and Violet in the girls’ line, the pair bubbling with excitement. Lola clapped like a kid meeting Mickey Mouse. “*OhmygodOhmygod!* We haven’t gotten Girl Master since Vi’s birthday!”

“It was a *wonderful* present,” Violet added, a filthy grin creeping onto her face as she remembered.

“Keep it in your pants, perverts,” Zoey playfully chided. “We’re here for work, and there’s hundreds of people inside. Not an intimate space.”

“First of all,” Lola replied, “I don’t wear pants. Second, I would fuck Master on the 50 yard line of an Eagles game if he commanded it.” She winked. “But I take your point, Beanpole.”

The trio passed through the fence, into the sea of hot college girls, hundreds of beautiful young women of every shape and size. There were no more than sixty men in the crowd - Beta Upsilon Delta brothers, bare chested in orange shorts.

One by one, new girls emerged from the tent, staring at their hands in wonder or scrambling for phones in unfamiliar purses. Team Vasquez stood just outside, watching with bated breath.

—

Dominick entered the tent, along with two other college guys. One of them gave him a knowing nod. “Dude, this is gonna be so hype! I’ve never seen so many cute girls in my life - and like zero dudes! It’s like shooting fish in a barrel...”

The smiles of both guys faded a little when they saw Dom’s expression. “We’ll see.”

A whistle made all three turn to the frat brother on their left. He was sitting at a card table, next to a strange machine. It looked like an art student welded a camcorder and a laser printer together, then glued a bunch of wires and lights to the outside. It hummed ominously, and an eerie purple light peeked out from the seams.



He jerked a thumb at a crude sign on the wall while pressing buttons. "Read this out loud." The guys hesitated, but followed Dom's lead.

This is the Beta Upsilon Delta Hot Girls Party. Only Deltas and hot girls are allowed, and since I'm not a Delta, I gotta be a hot girl to enter. I can exit the party and remove my wrist band to stop being a hot girl, but I gotta keep my wrist band on if I want to return tomorrow.

The guys gave Dom a baffled look, but he just shrugged. "What, you've never been a woman before?" He presented his wrist to the frat brother. "Let's go man, it's beer o'clock."

The band was snapped on, and Dominick closed his eyes as the transformation took hold. He began to vibrate, his whole body caught in a cosmic paint mixer for a few seconds. Then there was a burst of purple light, a 'POP!' of noise-destroying anti-sound, and it was done.

Dominick Vasquez was transformed into a vision of feminine beauty, a honey-skinned latina woman with an auburn pixie cut. He had a cheerleader's build, lithe and trim - long legs, a cute butt, a flawless midriff and C-cup breasts, with a model's face and lips made for kissing.

He was dressed in a long-sleeved crop top and a pair of dolphin shorts, both in the school's blue and gold. A purse had appeared in his hand, and he pulled his phone from it to check his makeup, noting the excellent paint job on his manicured nails.

"See guys? No big deal."

"Easy for you to say," the second guy snarked, "All it did was change your outfit. *We're* gonna have to turn into girls."

Dom raised an eyebrow at that, then turned back to the frat brother. "Does the change reverse when I leave, or do I need to take off the wristband?"

"Gotta do both to flip back," the brother corrected. Dom nodded at that and headed out.

—

Lola squealed with delight and lifted Dominick off the ground as he emerged, squeezing him tight and kissing his pretty face all over. "Oh Master, this is gonna be the best party *ever!*"

"I should wear booty shorts more often!" he joked, kissing her back.

"You absolutely should, Master - you have a magnificent ass in any form."

"*Can it*, you two!" Zoey peeled them apart, smiling. "What's the score, Nicky?"

Dom gave thumbs up. "All good. The changes are consensual and reversible." He explained about the wristband. "It's kinda cute actually - everyone knows *they* got swapped, but think everyone *e/se* forgot. At the moment, every guy inside thinks he's the only person with a clear memory."

"That *is* cute." Zoey considered the scene, looking from her transformed husband to the raucous party and back. "Well, then all we have to do is get the thing-a-mabobs back. The kids can have their fun, as long as Donna doesn't get in any more trouble."

"Um, Ms Vasquez.." Violet scanned the crowd with concern. "Where *is* Donna?"

"***HERE I AM!!!***"

They all turned, and as one their jaws dropped. Emerging from the tent, a tall pretty goth girl - a completely human goth girl - waved at them, face filled with glee. She ran to the group, grabbing Zoey's slack hand and bouncing up and down.

"This is **SO COOL!**" She spun around, delighted with herself. "I'm gonna do *like a million human things!*"

Dom looked at Zoey. Zoey looked at Violet. Violet looked at Lola.

"We're all dead." Lola said it matter-of-factly, like she was telling the time. "Margot is going to smash us into a thin red paste."

"Oh don't worry, Ms Lola - I'm not *really* a 4D person!" Donna waved her human hand, trying to reassure her. There was a wristband on it. "I just used their machine to upgrade my suit! See?"

Her jaw unhinged, head rolling back like she'd been decapitated, and a tentacle erupted from the neck stump.

"***GAAAAAH!***" they screamed in unison. Dom jumped to cover the hideous obscenity before anyone else saw. Lola turned and bent over. "I'm gonna *spew!*"

"Donna, *sweetie!*" Zoey put a hand on the girl's head, pushing it back into position. "That's so *neat* - but remember we're here to find your dad's stuff. Business first, party second!"

"Right, right - gotta stay focused." Donna nodded, *clearly* ready to abandon everything and party. Her new eyes were filled with wonder, drinking in the possibilities.

'***DEAAAAAAD.***' Lola mouthed to Zoey.

“Alright, alright.” Zoey put hands up for calm. “This Alex kid either has the gizmos or knows who does. Job one is to find him. Nicky and Lola know what he looks like, so we can make two teams to search. Violet, you’re with Nicky - Donna and Lola are with me.”

“What’s the plan when we find him?” Dom asked.

Zoey paused. “That is a *great* question.” She turned to Lola. “You’re our reconfig-a-mabob expert - how do we get it back?”

Lola considered. “Hopefully whoever’s got it didn’t implant it anywhere. If it’s loose, we just gotta pick it up. If not, we’ll have to burn off the charges to free it.”

“But we gotta *find* who’s got it first. Might be Alex, might not - dude has a big ‘steal shit from my girlfriend’ energy. We’ll have to get the info from him, one way or another.”

“I guess just improvise,” Zoey concluded.

“Just like always.” Dominick kissed the girls, then he and Violet headed off.

—

“Oh my god, that outfit is so cute! Where did you get it?”

Violet paused, mildly surprised. It wasn’t the *first* time she’d been complimented on an outfit, but people were generally put off by skin-tight latex bondage gear in public - especially with all the shibari knots binding her arms.

“Why thank you! I have a specialty seamstress in Seattle that makes my clothes.” She took in the girl’s outfit. “You have a lovely dress yourself.”

“I know, right!?” She twirled, showing off. “I found it thrifting!” The girl offered a hand, before noticing Violet’s ropes. She waved instead. “I’m Chloe, and this is my girlfriend David!”

She gestured to a dark-haired girl beside her, whose eyes were *firmly* locked on Violet’s boobs. There was an awkward pause, before Chloe angrily jabbed David in the ribs. “*OH!* Oh. Hi, I’m David.”

“Hello Chloe, David. I’m Violet Watts and this is my friend, Dominick Vasquez.” Dom waved a manicured hand at the pair, and David’s eyes were drawn to his boobs too.

“Hi Dominique!” Chloe shook Dominick’s hand, trying to suppress annoyance at her girlfriend’s wandering eyes. “Are you two grad students?”

“No, just visiting. How about you?”

"I'm studying industrial design, and David is in physical education." Chloe put a hand on David's bare shoulder. "She's captain of the men's lacrosse team - got a full ride scholarship!"

Violet raised an eyebrow, teasing. "A very progressive athletics program."

David gulped. "Yeah, um, it's... like a Title Nine thing - not that I'm not good! I'm a *fantastic* lacrosse player! Me and the guys have a real shot at the playoffs."

"You and the *team*, sweetie," Chloe corrected. "There's only two guys in the program this year." She gave Violet a 'girlfriends, am I right?' expression.

"That's right," David mused. "Caleb and Lucas are at the Post Malone show..."

Everyone turned at Dominick's laugh. "Sorry, sorry - I'm a little drunk. You two have fun, we'll catch you later!" They said their goodbyes and wandered off.

"Oh man," he said, chuckling. "There's a whole frat house full of Davids, desperately bluffing their way through the night."

Violet nodded. "I'll bet Alex and the Deltas are feeling quite amused by the whole affair."

—

"MmmphMmphMph!" Crumbs sprayed from Donna's mouth, eyes wide as she experienced cake for the first time. She swallowed, licking her lips and squeezed Zoey's hand. "That was *amazing*! This 'flavor' thing is awesome! What else should I eat?" She jammed her free hand into a bowl of chips, then pounded a fistful into her face.

"Here, try this." Lola passed her a red solo cup. "It's called booze - you're gonna *love* it."

"*LOLA!*" Zoey took the cup away, giving her a dirty look. "She's been a college girl for thirty minutes, and you're already trying to get her drunk!"

Lola only shrugged. "She wants the college experience. Besides, I'm genuinely curious to see if she can *get* drunk."

Their argument was cut short by Alex's voice above the noise. "**DOM! LOLA!**" He waved from across the room and elbowed his way to them, shaking hands all around. "You made it! What do you think? Wild, right?"

"I don't know," Lola interjected. "*I'm* having fun, but I'm not sure about Dominick here." She wrapped an arm around Zoey's waist. "She doesn't seem like herself. I can't put my finger on it. Are you *sure* you're ok, hon?" She leaned in and fake whispered. "It's not your period, is it?"

Zoey took the hint, and when she spoke everything was *definitely fine*. “NO!!! No. Shark week isn’t for days! I’m just tired, and it *is* a wild party...” Alex smirked at that.

“Wait, I don’t understand - **OW!**” Donna jumped as Zoey stepped on her foot.

“Sorry, hon.” Zoey took the girl’s hand to apologize, then turned her towards Alex. “Alex, this is our niece Donna. Donna, this is Alex - *the boy we’ve been talking about*.”

“Ohhhhhhhh...” Donna winked at Zoey, understanding, then turned back to Alex full of spunk.

“Hi Alex! I’m a human girl!”

Alex’s smile didn’t change, but there was an ever-so-subtle shift in his expression. “Well that’s just great, Donna. Always room for one more at Beta Upsilon Delta!”

“Donna, why don’t you go look around, find some kids your own age? Dom and I want to hang out with Alex, get the tour - boring grown up stuff.” The girl didn’t need much convincing; she said her goodbyes and wandered off.

“So, Mr Vasquez - Dom...” Alex rubbed his hands together, immensely satisfied. “I bet you have *lots* of questions.”

“*So many questions*. But...” Zoey looked around the crowded room, playing up the bewilderment. “Not here - and we should find Zoey and Violet first.”

—

“Were you in a sorority, Vi?” Dom asked the question idly, sipping on some jungle juice as he scanned the crowd.

“Alpha Xi Omega, Mr Vasquez. UIUC, class of 2017.” She knocked back her own cup and tossed it in a garbage can, arms returning to bondage the moment she was done. “What about you, sir? Did you join a fraternity?”

“Me and Lola never went to college. I was broke, Lola had to take care of her dad. Zoey did some community college I think, but she got her crane certification and stopped after that. That’s how the three of us wound up together - everyone else was gone.”

“Perhaps it was destiny, sir.”

They pondered the vagaries of fate for a moment, but were interrupted by the sounds of heavy breathing and desperate whispers from an open bedroom door. Dom and Violet discreetly

peeked inside. Two girls sat on the bed, a pair of beautiful blondes, lips locked, hands wandering under each others' shirts.

The taller one pulled back, panting. "Logan, I can't - I just can't! There's something..."

"I know, I know!" The small curvy one wrung her hands, visibly torn between lust and fear. "Oh Tyler, I want to just *tell you*..." They both went silent, staring into each other's eyes for long moments, then fell onto the bed and started shedding clothes.

Dom silently reached in, locked the door from the inside and closed it.

—

Wyatt Treadwell felt distinctly out of place as he skulked through the noisy chapterhouse. He'd snuck in half an hour ago, hauling an empty keg over his shoulder to get through the kitchen door - his usual MO to crash a frat party. Normally, that was all it took; there were hundreds of drunken college kids at these things - no one noticed a single townie in the throng.

But the vibe at *this* party was all fucked up and he felt exposed. First and foremost, he seemed to be the only guy here who wasn't a Delta. A couple hundred beautiful women, a few dozen shirtless hunks - Wyatt had ditched his Mastadon tee under a food table, but his chest hair still jumped out.

Also, half the girls here seemed messed up somehow. Twitchy, weird, nervous, uncomfortable. They were tugging at their dresses, looking over their shoulders, worried about something.

Maybe it's 'cause they were lesbians - all of them seem to have cute girlfriends who were trying to loosen them up or console them. Wyatt was cool with that - he dug lesbians, live your life girls - but it was hella weird for the Deltas to throw a party *exclusively* for lesbians with anxiety.

The smart play would have been to bail, but Wyatt was a sucker for mysteries. He hung back, drinking some jungle juice and trying to puzzle things out. There was an angle here, and Wyatt could always find a way to profit from a good angle.

Then he spotted her - a tall gorgeous goth chick, dancing by herself in the middle of the ballroom. *She* wasn't anxious. She was having the time of her life, a dopey grin plastered on her face as she gyrated to the throbbing dubstep, red solo cup in her hand.

There were two types of women that absolutely revved Wyatt's engine - tall chicks and goth chicks. In a few moments he was beside her, with a cup of his own, trying to match her graceless moves. She turned and her black-rimmed eyes filled with delight.

"Oh hi! I'm dancing!" she shouted.

"You're certainly trying!" he shouted back. "I'm Wyatt!"

"I'm Donna! You gonna dance with me? No one else wants to dance with me!"

"For sure!" He reached into his pocket, and stealthily presented a small sheet of paper, wrapped in plastic. "You want some acid?"

"Absolutely! What's acid?"

—

"There's nothing quite like your first time getting your pussy licked after being transformed into a woman," Dominick mused as they wandered.

"Couldn't say, sir." Violet paused for a moment, the roar of the party filling the silence. "Mr Vasquez, I just want you to know that I appreciate all the times you've made special efforts for my sexual pleasure. I haven't reciprocated - and I don't think I could. Just know that I recognize the inequity. I hope that I've balanced things in other ways."

Dom looked at her askance. "Vi, I don't know how to tell you this, but we're both into women. You turning into a dude wouldn't help either of us."

She smiled at that. "You know what I mean, sir."

"Vi, I am *up to my eyeballs* in pussy. If you weren't taking up some of the load, I think my heart would have given out months ago." Dom put a hand on her bound shoulder. "You don't need to suck my dick to be my family."

Then in a fluid motion he swung her against the nearest wall and pressed into her, his lithe feminine body tight against her massive breasts. He leaned in close, juicy lips brushing against her ears as he whispered, voice dripping with promise. "Besides, you and I have something special. You can give me something Zoey and Lola never could."

Violet closed her eyes, flushed. "Oh god, yes..."

Dom nuzzled his cheek against her. "Say it, Vi. Tell me what we're going to do."

She shuddered, started grinding her hips into his. "We are going to *fucking dominate* the euchre tournament next month."

"The Campbell brothers haven't got a *goddamn prayer*." He ran his tongue along her earlobe. "I bought a bottle of Lagavulin 16 year whiskey last week. The girls will be at the Taylor concert the night of the tourney."

“You and I are going to win, then we’re going to drink that Lagavulin from the trophy, then we’re gonna *fuck on the floor like animals*.” Dom pulled back and gave her his dirtiest look. “I already lined up a change with Margot.”

Violet’s hands unbound and she grabbed Dom’s face, pulling his ruby lips to hers and burying her tongue down his throat. He put one manicured hand to her left breast, used the other to lift her right leg. They likely would have fucked, there and then, in an available bedroom.

But then the screaming started.

—

Alex, Zoey, and Lola were pushing their way through the sea of nervous girls, the boy rambling about Beta Upsilon Delta’s storied history, when the background buzz changed. There was a noise from the foyer, an electrical buzzing, then the sound of running feet.

Three guys in dresses raced into the room, panic in their eyes, and started pushing their way towards the exits. “THEY’RE CHANGING EVERYONE BACK!” one of them shouted.

Chaos erupted. Girls started running for the exits. No one got trampled as the room emptied onto the lawn, but every stick of furniture was knocked over, food and drink flying everywhere in the rush to escape.

Alex shoved against the crush, driving like a linebacker into the grand foyer, Lola and Zoey at his heels.

There were three of them, standing alone in the crowd of running men. They were dressed in matching blue hoodies and sweatpants - except the one in the middle, who wore gold. Black cloth masks covered their faces. They wore what looked like welding gloves on their left hands, wire and tubes taped to the fingers, running to backpacks duct-taped closed. Pale blue light played between those fingers, and there was an ominous electrical sound.

As the trio entered, one of the Masks pointed at a running girl and made a fist. There was an arc of blue lightning, an intense smell of ozone and a blast of light. A boy fell to the ground, still wearing a little black dress and heels. His girlfriend looked back, shocked, then kept running.

—

Wyatt and Donna danced for a while, the girl asking *tons* of weird questions. He assumed she was high or autistic or something, but that was cool - autistic chicks were straightforward and he was down with that.



All of the sudden a couple of guys in dresses ran into the room, shouting about changes, and half the girls bolted for the exits. Wyatt assumed this was code for a raid, and he took Donna's hand to book - he wasn't gonna get caught with a sheet of blotter paper in his pocket.

She was frozen in place, staring at nothing. "The deconfig-a-mabob," she whispered. Donna turned towards the other room, then to Wyatt, looking at him with those beautiful black-rimmed eyes.

"There's someone in there who has my stuff, and I'm *screwed* if I don't get it back! Will you help me?" She squeezed his hand.

"Yeah, fuck it. This party was dull anyway." They pushed their way towards the foyer.

—

Alex stared in shock at the Masks, slowly putting his hands up for calm. "Easy pal... Easy..."

Gold Mask turned to face him and gasped, a weirdly mechanical noise. They raised their own hands, electricity playing across the glove, and when they spoke it was through some voice-changing machine. It flattened their tone, made it ominous, mechanical.

"Don't be afraid, Alex. I'm here to help. You've been changed - transformed by alien monsters. I know it sounds crazy, but it's true. We can fix it, change you back. It won't hurt, I promise."

He recoiled, and Zoey and Lola both stepped forward, Zoey speaking calmly with hands up.

"No, it doesn't work like that. Nothing is done without consent. It's illegal. Everyone is ok. You have to give back the deconfig-a-mabob. It's a felony to use it without a license."

Alex looked at Zoey, shocked. "Mr Vasquez!?"

Lola put a hand on his shoulder. "Sorry kid, it wasn't a social call - we're here for the gizmos."

Gold Mask gestured and the others pointed their gloves at Zoey and Lola. "Half the students at this school have been turned into supermodels or had their sex flipped, and you say '*everything is ok!*?' *Are you out of your mind!?* ARE YOU ONE OF THEM!?"

Zoey moved to speak - only for Donna to barge in from the next room. She pointed an accusing finger at Gold Mask.

"GIMME BACK MY STUFF, YOU JERK!" she shouted with authority.

Gold Mask took one look at Donna and screamed, a young woman's cry of pure terror rising above the voice changer. She reflexively closed her left fist, lightning building on the glove pointed at Zoey.

***"NO!"***

Lola grabbed Zoey's arm and twisted around, catching the blast fully in her back. There was a burst of light, the stink of ozone, and Lola Russell-Vasquez the naked sex goddess was gone.

In her place was Lola Russell-Vasquez, the decently attractive thirty year old woman with no clothes on. She was about 5'8", with light brown hair and hazel eyes. She had the build of a marathon runner - long toned legs, a cute butt, stomach flat as a board, small breasts.

Her face was pretty but unremarkable, a 6.5 out of 10 - probably a 7.5 if she did her makeup right. She was just a regular woman, the kind of woman a man would smile at as they passed and instantly forget.

Lola stood up, seeing the fear and shock in Zoey's eyes, then turned to face the Masks - and her own eyes were filled with fury.

"You shot at *MY WIFE YOU FUCK!!!*" she screamed, the last words said at a run as she charged the group. Gold Mask barely had time to step back before Lola's fist smashed into their stomach, driving them to the ground.

The other Masks moved to help their leader, grabbing Lola as she thrashed and kicked, but they were quickly dispatched by Wyatt, clotheslining one before caving in the balls of the second. "Eat shit, assfucks!" he said with a snarl, then gave Lola a big thumbs up.

—

Dom and Violet both froze when they heard the shouting. They darted from the bedroom, pushed their way through the panicking women to the mezzanine, just in time to see Gold Mask blast Lola.

"*Fuck!*" Dom shouted, clenching the bannister. Violet rushed towards the stairs to help her mistress, while Dominick closed his eyes and focused. When they opened again, they were filled with white fire.

He took in the fight, saw Donna helping Zoey to her feet, then put fingers in his mouth and whistled. All eyes turned to him - his family, the Masks, and the two dozen people still watching the mayhem. "EARS! EARS! EARS!" he shouted, then took a deep breath.

***"SLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!"***

Dominick's voice was a tornado siren, shattering windows and blasting into the street. Every person within a hundred feet of the Delta chapterhouse without ear protection instantly fell asleep, laying themselves down wherever they stood. The yard outside looked like it had been hit by a concussion bomb.

As he stood there panting, Dom saw that Zoey, Lola and Violet had all understood the warning - they were crouched low, hands pressed tight against their heads. Donna had not - she was leaning against a door frame, snoring loudly.

Alex had figured it out too, standing stunned in the middle of the carnage - as had Gold Mask. They were staring at their stricken comrades, clearly torn between running and trying to save them.

The kid who'd helped Lola also had hands clamped over his ears, and was staring at Dom with a look of mild surprise - which Dom found highly surprising.

"I'm not done with you!" Lola grabbed Gold Mask by the face, yanking hard. The two struggled for a moment, then Lola pulled the mask free, hood falling away. Beneath was a young woman, a skinny thing with lots of piercings and pixie undercut dyed blue.

"*Sarah!?*" Alex looked at the girl with his jaw slack.

"GET AWAY!" Sarah jumped back and pointed her glove at Zoey again. "I'LL BLAST HER, I SWEAR!"

Lola stepped back, murder in her eyes. "If you hurt her, I will *kill* you."

Sarah turned back to Alex, filled with panic. "*Please* Alex, you *have* to come with me! They're messing with you - they changed you! There's gotta be some part of you that *knows* that!"

Alex put his hands up, tried to explain. "Sarah, no one messed with me. It's ok, it's all ok..."

She screamed in frustration and pointed her fist at the chandelier, the blast plunging the room into darkness. She ran into the night and Alex chased after her.

Lola ran to Zoey, squeezing her tight. "Oh Beanpole, are you ok?"

"Am I ok!?" Zoey looked her up and down, incredulous. "You took a deconfig-a-mabob in the back for me, and you ask if *I'm ok!?*" She started to cry, sobbing into Lola's shoulder.

Violet put a consoling hand on Zoey, while speaking to Lola. "It was an incredibly selfless act, Mistress."

Dom came down the stairs, double time. “You didn’t need to do it, Lola!”

Lola looked at them both, still squeezing Zoey. “If anyone was gonna get powered down, it was gonna be me. I can handle being Clark Kent for a few hours - but I’d *die* before I’d make Zoey change back.”

“No, you don’t understand.” Dom shook his head as he approached. “Zoey’s change counts as a medically necessary transformation. It’s in the same category as curing a disease or a genetic defect. She can’t be reverted without a court order.”

All three of them stared at him, aghast. He coughed awkwardly.

“Master... dear, *sweet* Master. My loving husband.” Lola untangled herself from Zoey, and walked to Dominick. She gripped the collar of his crop top with both hands, fists pressing into his delicate collarbones.

“I quote the great Sir Adam Sandler when I say, that information could have been brought to my attention **YESTERDAY!**”

“Sorry hon...” he mumbled.

A loud whistle grabbed everyone’s attention. Wyatt threw a hoodie to Lola and a duct-taped backpack to Zoey. “Cops are coming, time to go.” He moved to Donna and slung her over his shoulder.

“Excuse me, *who* are you?” Dom stared at him, even more confused.

Wyatt gave him a wink. “I’m Donna’s friend, baby - and I’m the guy who’s gonna help you get your whatzit.” He jerked his head towards a door. “Come on, I know a back way.”

## Chapter Four: The Afterparty

“I *really* dislike this pain thing.” Donna held an ice pack to her head, leaning back in the hotel chair. “I don’t see why you put up with it.”

“Sort of a package deal with the pleasure, sweetie.” Lola patted the girl’s thigh from the floor, dressed in the stolen hoodie and a pair of Zoey’s panties. She poked and prodded at the contents of the backpack with Dom, the pair trying to make sense of the gibberish inside.

Zoey sat above on the bed, legs resting on Lola’s shoulders. “Any luck?”

“I don’t know shit about deconfig-a-mabobs, much less whatever the hell *this* is. Master?”

Dom shook his head. "It's all Greek to me."

"You don't need to understand the machine." All eyes turned to Wyatt. "You just need to understand the person who made it."

"What do we know? The chick with the blue hair is well-meaning, paranoid, and smart enough to bash together several of those backpack thingies. She's trying to save this Alex dude and she's afraid of Donna. She's crazy as a shithouse rat, but charismatic enough to recruit others. Plus, she's probably living in the dorms with the rest of her cultists."

Everyone stared at him, waiting for more. Eventually, Violet spoke. "What does it add up to, Wyatt?"

"Fuck if I know. I got roped into all this an hour ago."

Dom rolled his eyes. "*Thanks* Wyatt."

"I know you're a Bruja, lady, but forget the witchy shit for a sec." Wyatt stood up, adamant. "This is all lameass college drama. Sarah and Alex - they're dating or siblings or something. Everyone's probably bitching about it on Instagram right now."

"You might have a point there." Zoey stretched and grabbed Lola's laptop from the desk. "Gonna have to bother Dave again. I hope he's not in the middle of something."

"Like Lorraine's legs," Lola snickered.

Zoey ignored the filthy comment and started typing. She worked for several minutes as Dom and Lola continued to prod the backpack. Donna got bored, so Wyatt fired up YouTube on his phone.

"This is Fires in the Distance," he explained, the girl jumping as blaring guitars blasted into an earbud. "They're a melodic death metal band, which is a sub-genre..."

"Check this out." Zoey turned the laptop to show the room. Alex did indeed have an Instagram, filled with carefully curated pictures of frat life. The most recent were from the Hot Girls Party, nearly a hundred pics of Alex, the Deltas, and an ocean of slightly nervous hot girls.

There was no mention of the attack or the stampede at all, and the most recent picture was from twenty minutes ago.

Violet raised an eyebrow. "He rolled back the mayhem once everyone left. Probably a wise move from his end."

Lola looked down at herself, then put her hands up in frustration. "Then how come I'm still powered down!?"

"Sorry hon, de-configuring trumps re-configuring." Dominick reached out and put a hand on her thigh. "We gotta get the gizmo back to fix this."

She sighed but got thoughtful. "What happened to all the hot girls who got flipped back?"

"If I'm following this, I'd guess they wound up back at the party, as dudes in dresses."

Everyone stared at Wyatt, and he continued. "That's what happened, right? This Alex guy has a machine that makes dudes into chicks, and Sarah's mad about it?"

"You're taking all this *very* nonchalantly," Zoey replied.

Wyatt leaned back in the chair, staring at the ceiling. "We Treadwells are seekers of mystery and *strange delights*. It's a big weird universe; you gotta expect the unexpected."

Lola raised an eyebrow. "Are you high?" She asked the question sarcastically.

He nodded, eyes still skyward. "Dropped before the crazy chick crashed the party. Trip's *just* starting to ramp up." He offered up the plastic bag from his pocket to her. "Want a hit?"

"Um, Ms Zoey?" Donna was staring at her hands, eyes wide as saucers. "I think something's wrong with the suit. I'm starting to see into the fifth dimension..."

"*YOU GAVE HER ACID!?*" Dom stood up, furious.

"Easy, lady." Wyatt put hands up for calm. "I gave her a quarter tab, and I've stuck with her the whole time - I never let anyone take their first trip alone."

"You don't understand..." Zoey pinched the bridge of her nose. "Donna's not like other girls."

"I've tripped with plenty of autistics, it's fine." Wyatt started to say more, but then he sat up and looked at Donna. His eyes went wide with shock, leaning back in the chair. "*Oh wow.*"

He stood up, put a hand to Donna's cheek, while staring above her head. "You're... You're an *angel*. I never thought I'd see an *angel* again..."

Donna turned, all nerves. "Ms Zoey, *am* I an angel? Is that good, or should I be insulted?"

Probing him with questions, it soon became clear that Wyatt could see Donna - her true, ninth-dimensional form - floating above her human "body". But what they saw as a nightmare of tentacles and teeth, he saw as a vision of golden light.

"You're so *beautiful*," he murmured. Donna blushed and turned away, smiling.

"Wyatt, you said 'again.'" Lola looked between the two kids. "When did you see an angel before?"

His eyes never left Donna as he spoke. "When I was fourteen, I hitched a ride to Burning Man. Six days in, I'm fixing a dirt bike for a lesbian polycule, when I run into these three old dudes with a real cool vibe. We go back to their yurt, split a handle of Wild Turkey, drop a few peyote buttons and shoot the shit."

"Next thing I know, I'm seeing three angels, floating above their human shells. They tell me how we're all just people, connected to the great arc of the universe, and that we need to be cool and chill to each other, and not harsh anyone's mellow."

Donna took his hand. "That's so *deep*, Wyatt." He gave her a dopey grin and she blushed again.

"*Ho-kay!*" Dominick clapped his hands together and stretched theatrically. "I think maybe the kids need a little air. Some exercise and a slice of pizza might help them burn off the *hallucinogens*. Violet, would you help me chaperone?" She was slightly baffled at the request, but stood up.

"Good idea - I know just the place." Wyatt gave Donna a hand as she rose. "A quality slice for a quality trip."

Lola nodded, attention fixed on the instagram photos. "Bring me back some garlic knots, please."

"Yes dear." Dom kissed her on the forehead then herded everyone out. As he shut the door, Zoey mouthed a silent 'thank you' to him.

"I like that Wyatt guy." Lola continued to poke at the computer. "He's my kind of dirtbag."

Then the laptop was gently pulled from her hands, and Zoey sat in her lap, legs straddling the surprised woman. Zoey held Lola's face, silently staring into her eyes, radiating love and gratitude.

"You're so *beautiful*," she murmured. Lola blushed, the sincerity of the words taking her aback.

It took Lola a moment to speak. "I love you, Zoey. I'd die before I'd let anyone hurt you."

Zoey kept hold of her face. "People say that all the time. You *meant* it. It's the bravest thing anyone's ever done for me."

Lola gave her a saucy smile. "It's easy to be brave when you're properly motivated."

Zoey matched her smile, then grabbed Lola's hoodie and pulled. There were a few seconds of fumbling, the pair laughing as they struggled, and then Lola was topless.

"That's the first time I've ever had to do that," Zoey noted.

"Hopefully the last time," Lola growled. "It's humiliating - *wearing clothes*. My sex slave ancestors are shaking their heads in sex slave heaven."

"We gotta fix that - next thing you know, you'll be wearing pants!" Zoey dropped down, eyes full of lust, and grabbed Lola's panties with her teeth. She tried to pull them down, but it's harder than it looks in porn - especially if your lover is sitting on the floor.

Lola let her struggle for a bit, then sat up to give her a hand. "Good try, beanpole."

Zoey wrinkled her nose as she stood up, pulling her shirt over her head. "God forbid a woman try to be slutty for her wife! Get on the bed!"

They fell into each other's arms, smiling and laughing, which gave way to kissing and panting. Lips locked, they sank fingers into each other's sex, pressing together and breathing as one.

Zoey was soon whispering to God, eyes closed and flush with lust. She scrambled down to eat Lola out, moving a free hand to her own pussy, staring up from the woman's legs with eyes full of joy. Lola lay back, curling her fingers in Zoey's red hair, and let her work.

She went slow, drew it out, tried to show Lola the depths of her gratitude. Zoey figured the arching back, shaking legs and wordless cries of pleasure probably meant she'd gotten her point across.

Lola dragged her up as the orgasm crested, kissing her deep between ragged breaths, and added her hand to Zoey's own so they could get her off together, Lola pumping into her pussy as Zoey rubbed at her clit. The small woman came quickly after that, squirming and babbling about her perfect wife.

Soon they were snuggled up on the bed, huffing contentedly and staring at the ceiling.

"Thank god Nicky got Donna and Wyatt out of here." Zoey held her hands in prayer for a moment. "I've been wanting to do that for *hours*."

Lola agreed. "It's a very special kind of husband that takes the kids for pizza so his wife can get laid." Zoey snorted and Lola tickled her ribs, drawing further laughter.

"So," Lola gestured at her lithe naked body. "What do you think of Lola version 1.0?"



Zoey considered. "It's a different look, for sure. Were you on the track team? You look like someone who knows their way around a pole vault."

"Uh, yeah - I got bronze in pole vault and silver in triple jump at the state championship senior year. You don't remember?" Lola sat up on an elbow, confused.

"Sweetie, I don't remember this version of you *at all*. I was driving to work when you made your wish. Lola 2.0 was the teenage sex bomb with the biggest tits in school - teachers included - that all the boys lusted after."

"The day you turned eighteen, you bought your collar, burned your clothes, and showed up on Nicky's doorstep. Your dad nearly killed him, and you took the school to court over their 'draconian' dress code. Commencement was a *fucking circus*."

"HAH! Sounds like some shit I'd do." Lola smiled at the thought for a moment, then paused and touched her neck. "*Oh that bitch!* She took my collar!" Her fists curled reflexively. "Attacking my wife is one thing - *but you DON'T FUCK with the collar!*"

Laughing, Zoey took Lola's hands, unclenching them. "Good to know where I stand on the hierarchy." She started to nuzzle Lola's neck. "...You think we've got time for round two?"

Lola nodded, excited. "If I know Master, he's got all them planning and theorizing somewhere, eating their pizza nice and slow. He knew *exactly* what he was doing."

"We'll have to thank him in the shower tomorrow morning."

—

It was a disconcerting experience to wake up without a penis, but Dominick rebounded quickly when the girls dragged him into the shower. He emerged in an *excellent* mood, rubbing his auburn hair with the towel and whistling.

"Mornin', Vasquez." Wyatt waved at the (from his perspective) naked woman, then offered a can. "Beer?"

Dom shrieked and scrambled to cover himself. "What are you doing here!? How did you get in!?"

"Brought some breakfast." He gestured to the table, where a box of donuts and a 12-pack of Roger's Pilsner awaited. "And I got in through the connecting door - crashed with Donna last night. We've got work to do, and I didn't want to waste time."

Wyatt put his hands up at Dom's outraged expression. "I was a *perfect gentleman* the whole night. We Treadwells are famed for our gallantry. And it's not like I've never seen a naked lady before..."

"AAAH!" Zoey shrieked and scrambled to cover herself. "Wyatt!?"

"Morning. Beer?"

"I'll take a beer!" Lola strolled in, naked as a jaybird. Wyatt slung a brew and she caught it one handed, flopping into a chair and grabbing a chocolate frosted.

"Mistress!" Violet stuck her head around the bathroom door. "Be careful with the carbohydrates! You're not immune to weight gain at present."

Wyatt looked from Violet to Lola, eyebrow raised. "Your coven's got a real weird energy."

"You don't know the half of it." She took a bite out of the donut and washed it down with the beer. "So what's the plan, Master?"

"Fuck if I know. Try to find Sarah, then go to night two of the Hot Girls Party and find Alex. *One of them* must be willing to see reason."

"Reason seems in short supply, Mr. Vasquez." Violet emerged and knelt beside Lola, who started cutting up a donut for her. "I think emotions will be running high on both sides after last night."

"Mr. Vasquez?" Wyatt looked Dom up and down, then caught the wristband. "Oh! My bad, dawg. You're a Brujo, not a Bruja."

"And don't forget it." Dom turned to Zoey. "What do you think, hon?"

"I think Sarah's a good kid, but she's absolutely freaked out right now. In her mind, the Body Snatchers have come to town." She stared at the ceiling for a moment, thinking.

"Maybe we're being too aggro about all this. What if we just wrote her a letter, and tried to explain? Give her a safe way to reach out?"

Lola finished her beer and tossed the can into the trash. "I mean, it *might* work, but it lacks the pizzazz of Master shooting lightning bolts and calling down interdimensional gods."

"I haven't figured out lightning bolts yet," Dom retorted, tongue sticking out from kissable lips. "But I'm pretty sure I could force push a bitch, if I needed to."

Zoey gave him the side-eye. "We'll leave 'force push a bitch' as Plan B."

---

Sarah,

I know you're scared, but I promise things aren't as bad as you think. No one is being changed against their will - it's all consensual and reversible. Donna is very scary to see, but she's not a monster - she's just a girl from another dimension who screwed up.

We're trying to help her, and trying to help you.

Call me, text me, email me - whatever makes you feel safe. We'll figure it out.

---

Zoey grabbed a rock to hold down the envelope, then placed it on a picnic table in the dorm courtyard. She'd come alone to deliver it, no show of force - which made the walk back to the car very intimidating. It felt like there was a hooded face behind every window, a crackling lightning fist waiting to strike just out of sight.

When she got back in the car, Zoey let out a deep sigh and wiped the sweat away. "Ok, letter sent. Hopefully she'll see it. Now let's get the *hell* outta here."

"Yeah, it's time for the fun part of the day!" Lola turned eager eyes to Dom as he drove. "Clothes shopping for Master!"

He rolled his eyes and smiled. "You three always find an excuse to get me in a dress."

"We have to strike while the iron is hot, sir," Violet added. "And you are *incredibly hot* right now."

"Thank you for indulging us, Nicky." Zoey pecked him on the cheek.

"All good, hon. Gonna need something nicer for this next party anyway. No heels though - I've never been able to walk in the damn things."

"I mean, you *could* practice for a few weeks and get the hang of it," Lola helpfully offered. "I'm sure we'd find the strength to endure your perfect tits and sweet, sweet pussy."

"Yeah!" Donna nodded eagerly. "I want to try too!"

Everyone turned to her, shocked, and she shrank back. "What? I've never worn heels before. I want to practice..."

## Chapter Five: Hotter Girls Night

Lola shivered furiously in her white minidress as they stood in line for the party. “*Fuuuuuck*. I should have brought a jacket.”

Dom raised an eyebrow. “It’s like sixty outside.” He looked down at his own minidress. “Maybe mine’s a heavier fabric or something?”

“Master, I haven’t felt cold in years - I’m not used to it anymore.”

Then it was Zoey’s turn to raise an eyebrow. “Sweetie, you walk around naked all the time.”

“Yes dear, good of you to notice.” Lola shook her head. “That’s why I included ‘protection from the elements’ in my laundry list of changes. I don’t feel discomfort from heat, cold or any sort of weather. How do you think I went skiing naked without my tits falling off?” She shivered again. “I’m very vulnerable right now.”

Violet’s arms unbound and she wrapped them around Lola for warmth. “Mistress, when you say vulnerable...”

“I mean the opposite of invulnerable, Vi. When I’m powered up, I’m protected from weather, hunger, thirst, disease, lack of oxygen and most man-portable weapons. Also, I can bench about three hundred pounds and run a five minute mile.”

Everyone turned to stare at her, and she just shrugged. “You saw the reconfig-a-mabob and realized you could become anything. I saw it and realized I could become *everything*.”

“I’m married to Wonder Woman!” Zoey marvelled at the idea.

“I’m definitely gonna need a hit off this gizmo when we’re done,” Wyatt added.

“We can *probably* make that happen,” Zoey tentatively agreed, “But it’ll depend on how quick we get it back. There’s a limited number of charges - lord knows how many Alex has used up.”

She failed to add how trivial refilling it would be - Wyatt *seemed* like a decent guy, but one day was hardly enough time to judge a man’s character.

“No worries.” The group turned the corner and saw the Delta house, ‘HOTTER GIRLS NIGHT’ banner above the entrance. “This is where I get off, ladies. I’ll meet you all inside.”

“Bye Wyatt!” Donna waved as he skulked off. “He’s *so cool*,” she murmured.

“He’s certainly something,” Dom snarked as they pressed on, Donna stumbling on her heels.

As before, the guys were split off from the girls, but this time both groups entered tents before passing beyond the gates. No guys emerged from the guys' tent, just like before, but the girls that emerged from *either* tent were different.

To a gal, everyone popped out with either massive tits or a dumptruck ass.

There were a *lot* of women looking at themselves, taking pictures and discreetly squeezing their new assets when they thought no one was looking.

"That is a *very* narrow definition of 'hotter,' in my opinion," Dominick grumbled. "What about pretty smiles or striking eyes? Hell, what about long legs?"

"BlahBlahBlah." Lola made a flappy mouth with her hand. "Master is gonna get some mega-tits, and I am *fucking here for it*."

Soon they were in the women's tent, and two Deltas sat on opposite sides, next to more ominous machines. Crude signs are taped to the walls behind them - 'tits' and 'ass' respectively.

Girls dutifully split up into two lines, and as Dom & company watched, the lead girl in each line received a wristband and a blast of purple light. They swelled according to their choice, dresses stretching to match the change, then headed inside.

"You first, Nicky." Zoey tried to say it casually, like it was no big deal, but when he turned back to her she blushed fiercely.

Dom laughed at that and kissed her. "Anything to make you smile." Then he looked back at Lola and Violet. "Ok you perverts, I'm goin' in!" He walked up to the 'tits' desk, ready to impress his girls.

The guy started to go into his 'In order to enter' speech, then did a double take and looked at his phone. When he looked up, his eyes were a mix of fear and resolve.

"You can't come in. Alex said so."

There was a moment of tense stillness, the Delta leaning back in his chair as Dom stared him down.

"Can you send Alex a message?"

The Delta gulped but wordlessly agreed.

"Then tell him this - 'It's not yours. You can deal with Vasquez, or you can deal with me.' Text that to him, *right now*."

The Delta gulped and nodded again, feverishly tapping on his phone. "Done," he muttered.

"Fine. Now pump up my tits and I'll go."

"Excuse me?" The Delta seemed genuinely baffled at the command.

"*Did I stutter?*" All eyes turned at Dominick's shout. "Make with the boobs or there's gonna be trouble!"

Eyes wide, the Delta pushed a button and purple light enveloped Dominick. He closed his eyes, feeling the change sink in. Dom shivered as his flesh rippled and grew, chest swelling, a growing weight on his torso, nipples erect from the sensation. In a handful of heartbeats, his perky C-cups had transformed into a pair of cantaloupes, heavy on his chest.

Dom hefted his new jugs, considering. Satisfied, he turned from the Delta and wordlessly left the tent. Lola discreetly gave two thumbs up as he passed.

"I am going to fuck him *so hard*," she whispered to Zoey.

"We," she responded. "*We* are going to fuck him *so hard*."

A girl in a skintight blue dress tapped Lola on the shoulder. "*Would you go!?*" she said irritably.

"Keep your tits on, girl!" Lola moved forward, snapping at the Delta to get on with it. He gave her a wristband and pressed the button. She got the same purple light, same unearthly growing sensation, same huge boobs.

Lola looked at them for a moment, weighed them in her hands, then shook her head ambivalently. "It's a good start... I guess." Sighing, she moved forward.

Zoey paused when she reached the front of the line, considering, then moved to the ass machine. Lola raised an eyebrow, and Zoey gave her a 'what can you do' shrug. "We're a very top heavy family. There must be balance in the Force."

One blast of otherworldly energy later, and Zoey Vasquez was the (temporary) owner of a full-on booty - a thick luscious peach that strained the seams of her dress. She twisted back to look at it and her eyes went wide.

Lola whistled, a filthy smile on her face. "*Goddamn girl*, you got more cake than a bakery!"

Zoey snickered. "You're too old to use 'cake' that way."

As they bantered, Violet moved up to the Ass desk. The guy at the desk looked at her gigantic boobs, straining against her latex dress and shibari knots, and shook his head. "You've already gotten your boost. No one gets both - keep moving."

Violet stood stunned for a moment. He wasn't *technically* wrong, but explaining the nuances...

Slumping, she reluctantly joined her Mistress, who put an arm around her. "I like your butt just the way it is, hon."

"Ta-da!" Donna bounded over to the group, boosted boobs jiggling beneath her lacy black dress. "This is so cool - I look like Ms Lola!" She paused. "I mean, how Ms Lola *used* to look."

Lola let it slide. "Let's head inside. Hopefully we can have some fun before the combat starts."

—

Ominous threat delivered, Dom stormed out of the tent, trying to be as spooky a bitch as possible. He dropped the act once he was clear of the frat house, ducking into an alley and fishing the phone out of his purse.

::Where you at, Wyatt? Got booted out::

::That was fast. I'm around the corner. Get over here::

Dom found Wyatt sitting in his shitbox pickup, smoking a joint. Wyatt's eyes went wide as Dom approached. "Damn man, nice jugs." He took a long drag off the joint before offering it up.

"Why you doin' all this to yourself? Follow your star and all, but you don't need to be a big-tittied bruja to sneak into a frat."

"Wyatt, I live with three women that are *desperate* to suck on these big tits." He took a few puffs off the joint. "There's a lesbian orgy waiting for me on the other side of this bullshit."

The man bowed his head respectfully, a student at the feet of the master. "*Fuuuck*. Maybe I need some titties..."

"We can make that happen, if you really want." Dom took one last drag, then dropped the roach and stubbed it out. "Ok, how do we get in?"

"I've got an idea." Wyatt stood up, staring at the sky. "Just follow my lead."

The pair sidled along the back alley, ducking through a hole in some shrubbery and emerging beside the frathouse dumpster. A Delta stood guard at the back door, sipping a beer, clearly bored.

Wyatt put a hand up in greeting. "Sup."

The Delta waved back. "Sup."

"Me and my girl wanna party, but the line's stupid long." He fished in his pockets. "Give you fifty bucks and ten hits of acid to let us in."

"Hundred bucks and twenty."

"Done - if you throw in some drink tickets."

Deal struck, they made the exchange and entered.

Dom gave Wyatt an irritated look. "*I* could have done *that*."

—

"Mistress, are we in Heaven?" Violet squeezed Lola's arm as they moved through the sea of supernaturally-enhanced hotties, hundreds of beautiful women with porn star figures. The sexual energy in the air was electric - the awkward fear from the night before had evaporated, leaving only a mansion full of horny drunken college kids.

Lola considered, sipping on her red solo cup. "They'd have better booze in Heaven."

The group moved through the crowd, EDM blasting, searching for Alex and/or Sarah. They'd moved through several rooms when a chorus of cheers grabbed their attention. Out on the patio, girls surrounded a cluster of beer pong tables, several games running at once. A Delta sat next to a transformation gizmo nearby, watching.

BOOB PONG was written on each table in electrical tape.

Two tipsy girls had just won a game, and they drank in the applause. One of them thumped their chest in triumph - only to flinch when they punched an unfamiliar breast. There was laughter at that, along with some hoots and whistles.

Then a chant of "BOOBS! BOOBS! BOOBS!" started. The winners high fived each other and marched to the gizmo. The Delta gave them thumbs up and pushed the button, purple glow surrounding them both.

Their breasts expanded rapidly, dresses struggling to keep up with the change - after a few seconds they'd both moved firmly into "bowling ball" territory. The pair bumped chests, to the loud acclaim of the crowd.

**"I'VE GOT NEXT GAME!"** Lola's hand shot up and she elbowed her way to the table.



"I wanna play!" Donna moved to join her, but Lola gave her a skeptical look. "You any good kid? I'm here to *win*."

Donna nodded, determined. "I won't let you down."

They both turned back to Zoey, begging permission with big puppy dog eyes. She laughed and embraced Lola, gave her a sweet little kiss for luck. "Just keep them small enough that you can walk."

Lola shook her head. "No promises."

—

Dom was scanning the crowd in the dining room when Wyatt elbowed him and pointed. They watched Alex slide along the far wall, trying to be inconspicuous, then duck into the kitchen door. Nodding to each other, the pair pushed their way across the room and followed.

Hands grabbed them the moment they entered, a half dozen Deltas dragging them through before locking the door.

"*Cover her mouth! Cover her mouth!*" Duct tape was slapped onto his face as his arms were wrenched behind him. Alex stood several paces back, fists ready to fight, until he was sure Dom and Wyatt were secure. Then he moved forward.

"I don't know who the *fuck* you are, but you are *not welcome here*." Alex got close, stared into Dom's furious eyes. "My brothers are going to take you and your druggie friend to the edge of town, and I suggest you just *keep walking*. If you come around here *again*, you'll leave in a *fucking ambulance*. Are we clear?"

The anger in Dom's eyes redoubled, and when he blinked, the white fire had returned. He grunted from beneath the tape, a muffled shout of command - and the guys holding him dropped to the floor, fast asleep.

The other Deltas jumped, terrified, and Wyatt took the distraction to stomp on the nearest foot. There was a crunch and one of the guys holding him fell, groaning. The second guy caught an elbow in the stomach, while the third got a boot in the kneecap. They all fell into a heap, struggling.

Alex turned to run, sprinting hard for the exit. Dominick made a slashing motion in the air and the man's feet were kicked from beneath him. He hit the floor hard, then rolled to face his attacker. Dom swatted from five feet away, and Alex slid back, slamming into the far wall.

Dominick tore the tape from his mouth, gritting his teeth at the pain, and stomped forward.

*"DO I HAVE YOUR FUCKING ATTENTION YET, ALEX!?"*

He grabbed a fistful of Alex's collar, leaning in close and lifting him up a few inches from the floor. Dom stared hard into his terrified eyes.

"GIVE. IT. BACK. It's not yours. You stole it from someone I care about, and none of this will *stop* until it's returned. Not me, not Vasquez... and not Sarah. You've had your fun, thrown the party of the year - now cut your losses and walk away."

"I'm... not... going back," Alex hissed, then drove a hard right into Dom's tit. The pain made him recoil, and Alex lashed out, knocking Dom backwards into the counter, dishes crashing as he slipped and fell.

By the time Dom stood, Alex was gone. He wanted to pursue, but Wyatt was fighting three guys behind him. Dominick dragged the man free, putting two of the Deltas to sleep before the third scrambled away.

Wyatt stood, huffing and massaging his knuckles. "Gotta go, dude. Backup'll be here soon."

*"Fuck!"* Dom clenched his fists in frustration. "I just wanted to fucking talk to him!"

"Yeah, well, he didn't want to talk to you. Let's bounce."

—

With a delicate flick of the wrist, Donna sunk the final ball and the crowd exploded. She shrieked with delight and Lola shrieked along with her. The "BOOBS! BOOBS! BOOBS!" chant started and the pair moved to the table with the gizmo.

Donna leaned in to whisper. "Do you think Wyatt likes big boobs? All the girls I've met seem to *love* them, but what about boys?"

"Don't you worry, Donna." Lola put a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "Boys, girls - *everyone* likes big boobs. The bigger the better."

"You ladies ready?" The Delta's finger hovered over the button.

Donna looked slightly nervous, but Lola was *beyond* ready. *"Hit me!"* she shouted.

The Delta gave her a 'hell yeah' and pushed. The purple light surrounded them both and Lola sighed with deep satisfaction as massive tits filled her hands. "Back in the saddle."

Donna was less enthusiastic. She shifted, stretched her back, pushing her bowling balls even farther out. "They're really heavy. Is that normal?"

"Oh yeah, heavy is good. If you can't crack a walnut with your jugs, what's the point?"

Lola turned back to the boob pong table. "Ok, who's next? We're going for two in a row!"

The crowd roared its approval, the "BOOBS!" chant starting up. Donna gave Lola a deeply skeptical look, but reluctantly followed her back.

From the sidelines, Zoey and Violet exchanged a look, shaking their heads and smiling. "I'm always in awe of Mistress' passion for servitude. She'll do *anything* to please you and Mr Vasquez."

"Pfft." Zoey was notably less awed. "Lola's passion is being a horny slut. She'd give herself beach ball tits if she was home alone. Me and Nicky are just along for the ride."

There was a tap on Zoey's shoulder. Four Deltas were standing behind her, arms crossed and faces grim. "Dominique Vasquez? You and your friends need to go - *now*." The guy who spoke had a black eye and a nasty scratch on his forehead.

She sagged. "Wait, please! We just need to talk to Alex. We're not gonna hurt anyone - we're not even gonna spoil your party." She pointed towards Lola, already two cups ahead on game two. "We're having a ton of fun!"

The speaker pointed to his face, struggling to contain his anger. "*Tell that to your friends who snuck in the back*. Alex doesn't care what you want - you and your witch and the crazies with the gloves are *not* gonna screw shit up. If you don't leave, right this second, we'll call the cops on all of you for trespassing." He stuck fingers in his mouth to whistle, then pointed at Lola and Donna when they turned.

"OUT! NOW!"

There were boos from the crowd, and Lola turned to face him filled with defiance. "I'm in the lead, and I'm not going *anywhere* until I get another rip from the boob bong!" This brought a rousing cheer and more chanting. Donna put a hand on Lola's arm, trying to talk sense into her, but the woman stood firm.

"*Fine! Whatever!*" The Delta waved to the guy at the desk, totally exasperated. "Do it and get out!"

Lola gave a curt nod and headed to the desk, Donna quickly bowing out. She spread her arms wide and the purple light hit her, already giant breasts expanding to ridiculous proportions. They went down nearly to her navel, sticking out more than a foot from her ribcage.

The dress tried to keep up with the change, but there's no strapless minidress in 4D space that can stay up under such extreme conditions. Lola tried for a moment to adjust it, struggling to reach the front of her breasts.

"Ah, to hell with it!" She twisted, grabbed the zipper on the back, and let the dress fall, boobs making an audible 'thump' as they hit her abs. The crowd cheered again, and Lola stormed out in a g-string and heels, Violet and Donna following close behind.

Zoey watched the whole scene in a daze, eventually turning to the Delta. "Please tell Alex we want to talk to him - any way that makes him comfortable. Use the Mr Hedgehog email to reach out." With that, she ran to catch up with the girls.

## Chapter Six: Second Afterparty

Dom hugged Zoey as she entered the hotel room. "Sorry babe, I fucked it up again. *Sigh*. What a mess."

She kissed him and squeezed him tight. "How did *you* fuck it up? Your text said they jumped you."

"Yeah, but I shouldn't have gone in at all. You were right, it was too aggro. Next time -" He stopped dead as Lola entered. "*The fuck happened to you!?*"

"You like, Master?" She twisted to show off, and nearly fell over as the inertia from fifty pounds of breast yanked her around. "I figured we could salvage something fun out of the evening."

He looked her up and down, mouth slack. "It's... um..."

Lola pressed herself against him. "The hottest thing you've ever seen in your life? I agree." She tried to wrap her arm around Dom's neck, but couldn't reach. She settled for running her hands along her tits, stretching to grab the coke can nipples.

"*WHELP...*" Wyatt stood up, rocked a bit on his heels. "I'm feeling *awful* thirsty. Donna, you wanna grab a beer with me?"

"I'd love to, Wyatt, but I think we're gonna have sex now."

She looked at everyone's expression. "That's what's happening right? We're gonna have sex? You're all making that face that humans make before they have sex. I've been *really excited* to try 4D sex - I wanna see how it compares to regular sex."

Zoey put a hand on Donna's shoulder. "Sweetie, we are all going to have sex, but we're married. We have sex with each other. I'm sorry, but you and Wyatt are not invited."

"Oh... My bad..." She turned to Wyatt. "We can have sex then! We'll just go in the other room!" She moved with purpose to the connecting door, pulling off her heels along the way.

Wyatt looked from the door, to Dom, and back again - then put his hands up, unsure how to proceed.

Dom, in turn, looked to Zoey, Lola and Violet - putting his hands up too.

Zoey considered a moment, then nodded. "She's a grown woman... thing. She can make her own decisions. Do *you* want to sleep with her, Wyatt?"

"She's an amazing chick," was all he said.

"Well, show her a good time then." Lola flicked a hand towards the door. "Remember, you're representing the human race in there."

He gave them all a cocky smile. "No worries. We Treadwells are celebrated cocksmen." He left to join Donna, locking the door behind him.

"Not *exactly* how I thought that would go," Dom admitted, "but gone is gone." He turned hungry eyes to Violet. "And now it's time for my euchre partner to get her pussy licked."

Violet glanced at Lola, who gestured back at Dom. "Ladies first." Violet's smile grew huge and her arms came loose to pull off her latex dress. Zoey and Lola moved to help her, giving each other bedroom eyes as they stripped the woman nude for their husband.

She laid down on the bed, buzzing with excitement, and Dominick crawled on top of her, honey skin to chocolate skin. They kissed, long and deep, tongues probing, hands exploring.

Zoey stood watching, entranced. "*God... It's So. Fucking. Hot,*" she breathed, then shivered when she felt hands on her thighs. Lola was kneeling in front of her, her impossible breasts nearly resting on the floor as she pushed her head up Zoey's dress. There was movement she couldn't see, then Lola slid backwards and down - neatly pulling off Zoey's panties with her teeth.

She winked at her from the floor and Zoey laughed. Then Lola rose up again and ran her tongue against her wife's clit. Zoey shuddered and grabbed her brown hair, pushing the woman's face into her pussy. Lola held Zoey's thick ass with both hands as she worked, holding the tiny woman up, licking and sucking with desperate passion.

Dominick mirrored his wife on the floor, head down between Violet's legs, making the woman writhe and shake. She and Zoey met eyes as their lovers worked, and they whispered dirty talk to each other between moans and gasps.

—

Donna lay on the bed, naked and nervous. "So how does this work in your dimension?"

Wyatt smiled and put a hand on her cheek. "Well, traditionally, we start with some kissing. Are you familiar with kissing?"

She waved her hand, ambivalent. "Kinda? I watched a tutorial once..."

"Heh. Just follow my lead and listen to what your body tells you." He leaned in.

—

Zoey and Lola made out with Dominick as he lay spread eagle on the bed, one kissing him deep while the other sucked on a fat nipple, then switching, both of them probing his pussy with any free hand. He squirmed in their embrace, flush with desire, mumbling sweet nothings as they worked.

"Ahem."

All three turned to Violet, standing at the foot of the bed. She had a thick purple dildo in her hand and the devil in her eyes. "Is he ready, Mistress?"

Lola dragged a finger through his wet slit, taking a moment to rub his clit, then brought it to her mouth. She smiled as she licked it clean. "Oh yeah, Master is ready."

Violet gave Dom a hungry smile and crawled across the bed, resting the dildo on his stomach. She sampled the wares herself, licking her fingers with satisfaction, then stretched across his body to grab the lube on the nightstand.

A few moments later, the well-lubricated toy pressed gently against Dom's snatch, and his toned legs tensed as it penetrated. "I will *never* get used to that," he breathed.

"I thought the same thing at first," Zoey purred, gently pinching one of his nipples. "Get a sexy husband to dick you deep three times a day and it'll be second nature before you know it."

"I've got enough spouses, thank you." Dom was going to make another joke, but the words died in his pretty mouth as Violet started sliding the dildo in and out. He shuddered and gasped before Lola grabbed his head for another kiss.

---

“Oh. *Oh. OH!*” Donna wiggled and squirmed as Wyatt pumped into her. “This is great! *Way better* than food! I see why you’re all so obsessed with it!”

“It... is quite popular...” he huffed, pelvis rocking as he held her legs apart. “How... how does it compare to... sex in your dimension?”

“Hard to explain. We’re not limited to specific sex holes - it’s kind of a whole body experience.” She let out a little squeak as Wyatt put a thumb to her clit. “But this... it’s so *focused*, so *primal*. I could do this every day!”

“Glad to hear it.” He sped up a bit, which made her sigh and close her eyes. “You feeling the acid yet?”

Donna waved a hand in front of her face, eyes slightly unfocused. “Yeah yeah, we’re definitely slipping into the fifth dimension.”

“Perfect...” He closed his own eyes, watching the lights swirl behind his lids. “Then let me introduce you to the concept of an orgasm...”

---

Zoey rocked on her hands and knees as Dom thrust into her from behind, purple dildo locked into the strap-on belt, pony tail pulled taught. Lola rocked beside her, resting on her bean bags as Violet gave her the same. She used her free hands to push back hard against the silicone cock.

“I have a *real* penis, you know.” Dom squeezed Zoey’s pillowy ass with one hand as he pumped. “I can swap back anytime and use *that*.”

“Not... yet...” she breathed. “Can’t waste... the change. Too hot - *too fucking hot*.”

“Dibs on Master’s cock!” Lola twisted to look back at Violet. “Once you’re (*groan*) done with his sweet pussy, hon.”

Violet smiled as she pumped. “You’re so thoughtful, Mistress. I *would* like one more taste before Mr Vasquez goes back. I don’t feel I’ve thanked him properly yet...”

---

Donna fell back on the bed, smiling ear to ear. “4D sex *slaps*. It... it just *fucking slaps!*”

Wyatt laughed hard at that, tossing the condom in the trash and wiping off his cock. He turned back to look at her, beautiful body glowing in the moonlight - then gasped at the cascade of ethereal tendrils gently dancing above the bed, a tangle of whirling otherworldly light that filled his heart with joy.

“*God almighty*,” he breathed, jaw slack.

She got up on one elbow to look at him, and flushed. The worship in Wyatt’s face was so pure that she felt embarrassed, unworthy.

“You really think I’m *that* pretty?”

He nodded numbly. “You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen in my life.”

There was a moment of silence, then Donna lay back again. “I’m going to get undressed, Wyatt.” She exited the suit, the body going limp and lifeless on the bed, then pushed fully into 4D space.

The room blazed with the purple light of Beyond as she presented herself to him, and he smiled even wider, a man gazing on paradise. Glowing tendrils caressed his naked form and he shuddered with ecstasy.

A tendril brushed gently against his mouth, delicately probing. Donna spoke, and her voice was an ocean of tinkling bells.

“Thank you for teaching me about sex in your dimension, Wyatt. Now let me teach you about sex in *mine*.”

—

Dominick cried out, legs spasming, as Violet made him come yet again, tongue working hard as she gripped his thighs tight. He flopped onto the mattress and stared at Zoey and Lola as they stood above him.

“How do you handle *so many* fucking orgasms in one sitting!? I can get two, *maybe* three, in an hour - and afterward I have to pound a Gatorade.”

Lola put a hand to Dom’s face, trying to console him. “The male body is a flawed and broken thing, Master. I don’t know why we keep it around.” Then she grabbed Dom’s wristband and tore it free.

Violet scrambled away as Dom started to vibrate. His masculine form reappeared with another audible POP, though there was no light this time. He was slick with sweat, broad and strong, chest hair thick against muscular pecs.



Lola leaned over and grabbed his rock-hard cock. “*NOW* I remember why I like a man around!” She gave him her dirtiest smile. “Do you think you have the strength for another orgasm or two, Master?”

He matched her smile. “Oh yeah. Girl orgasms don’t count against my guy orgasm limit.”

She made a little ‘ooo!’ face. “That’s *very interesting information*. Could prove useful in the future.” Then she crawled on top of him, gargantuan breasts pinning him to the bed.

“Goddamn woman, you’re gonna smother me!” He laughed and tried to shift out from under them - to no effect. “Aren’t those things uncomfortable?”

“Extremely uncomfortable, Master. It’s like carrying two incredibly sensitive bags of cement on my chest. I flew too close to the sun, and I’m gonna have to go back to my little A-cups after this.”

Then she shifted, hips rising up before lowering onto his cock. “But not until I’ve milked you dry.”

Violet sat down beside Zoey as her Mistress started to ride. “You’re not going to join in, Ms Vasquez?”

Zoey shook her head limply. “I am *spent*. Lola’s a sexual superhero, dimensional upgrades or no. She’s welcome to all the cock she wants.”

“Perhaps there’s still a pizza restaurant open.” Violet grabbed her phone. “I am famished.”

The pair poked around on GrubHub as Dom and Lola fucked in front of them. Dominick tried to grab her hips, but couldn’t find his way through the wall of breast. Instead, he shifted them around and brought a gigantic nipple to his mouth, pulling a low moan from Lola as he sucked.

“Oh *fuck!*” she gasped, eyes closed as she bounced on his cock. “Oh *fuck*, Dom!”

Zoey and Violet’s heads both shot up from their phones. Dom put a finger to his lips, wordlessly begging for silence, and thrust for all he was worth. They continued for several more minutes, Lola’s dirty talk growing more insistent as she moved ever closer to the edge.

“Fuck me Dom, fill me up, *oh fuck*, give me that fat cock, just like that Dom!”

He kept sucking and thrusting and Lola came hard, squeezing her thighs around him tight and slumping onto her giant tits. A few further moments of effort and Dom unloaded into her pussy as she huffed above him.

"Do you realize I went like *twenty four hours* without your beautiful cock inside me? What the hell was I thinking!?" Lola smiled at him over her boobs. "Thank you for fucking some sense into me, Dom."

Lola's eyes went wide as she realized what she'd said.

"*Damnit*. I'd been so careful. You dicked the submission right outta me."

"Forget the words - your heart was saying Master the whole time." Dom smiled and touched Lola's face. "You're still my beautiful slave."

"That's so *romantic*," Violet whispered to Zoey, who gave a slightly baffled shrug.

"Thank you, Master..." She leaned in to kiss, but got stopped half way down.

"Stupid tits!" With a snarl Lola tore the wristband off and her impossible breasts disappeared. She physically dropped onto Dominick's chest and buried her tongue in his mouth, free hand gently stroking his flaccid member.

She came up for air just long enough to ask for garlic knots from the pizza place, then went back to making out.

—

Zoey awoke to the sound of whispers and giggling from the adjoining room. She untangled herself from the sleeping heap and padded to the door. She could hear Donna fooling around with Wyatt, happiness in their voices. Zoey smiled, glad things had worked out.

Then fierce purple light shined out from the gap in the doorframe. She recoiled, tensing for trouble, but the giggling continued - along with a number of noises not native to Zoey's corner of space-time.

"Don't know, don't care," she mumbled to herself. She grabbed a slice of pizza and a beer from the fridge, then sat on the couch to check her messages. Both Sarah and Alex had contacted her overnight - Sarah by text, Alex by email.

—

SMS MESSAGE

FROM: 555-931-2645

If you're really trying to help, let me set Alex free. Then I can find out the truth for myself.

—

From: a.bishop@bud.frat  
To: contact@mr.hedgehog  
Subject: plz leave me alone

I'm not hurting anyone. I'm happy, my frat brothers are happy, everyone who's coming to our parties is happy. My life is exactly how I want it, and I'm not going back. I'll mail you the reconfig-a-mabob when I'm done.

Please, please just leave me alone.

—

Zoey slumped on the couch as she read. These kids weren't monsters - they were just angry and afraid, trying to survive an insane situation. Their lives had been turned upside down by an interdimensional tourist, a sweet young woman trying to make friends.

They *should* be friends, damnit! None of them deserved all this chaos.

She stared at the phone for a long time, willing it to give her an answer to this mess.

Zoey was still lost in thought when Dominick sat beside her, wrapping an arm around her waist. "Hi sweetie." They snuggled a while as she showed him the messages. "What can I do to help?"

She sighed. "I dunno, Nicky. They want opposite things. I don't see a way to square the circle."

Dominick squeezed her tight then stood up. "We'll figure it out. We always do. I'm gonna take a shower - care to join me?" Zoey smiled, and Dom helped her off the couch.

Soon they were under the hot water, taking turns scrubbing each others' backs, neither of them particularly horny at the moment. Zoey stared at the tile floor as Dominick worked the body wash into her shoulders.

"Nicky, can I ask you an emotionally loaded question, that's gonna feel like a trap with no right answer?"

He paused. "Well, when you put it like that, I definitely gotta hear it."

She continued to look at the floor. "Would you still love me if I *did* get changed back? Would you have loved me if we'd never met Margot, if I was just a big meaty trans woman?"

"That is a biggie," he agreed. "The biggest two part question I've ever been asked. Let's look at the second part first. How long have you and I been friends?"

Zoey considered. "We met in the third grade? Mrs DuSable's class?"

"Sounds right. So that means you've been my best friend in the world for like twenty years. You were my brother. If you'd come out earlier, that wouldn't have changed - for better or for worse. I'd have helped and supported you every step of the way... but I don't think anything romantic would have come of it."

"And that would have been my mistake. Because I love you so hard it hurts sometimes."

She turned around to look at him, and he continued. "I love you, and will love you, no matter how you look. I'd still love you if you were a worm - looking like a man would be no obstacle at all."

He gave her a dirty smile. "My lips would be wrapped around your cock before you could *begin* to worry if I was attracted to you. You're my wife, I'm your husband. I love you and I want you. Nothing the multiverse can throw at us will change that. We're never going back to the way things were."

Zoey pressed into him and sighed, content. "I knew you'd say that... but hearing out loud *really* made my morning."

"Master can be quite the poet, when he puts his mind to it." Lola slipped into the shower, squeezing between them to join the embrace. "I've given your big question a lot of thought too, and I'd just like to say..."

She put her hand under Zoey's chin, gently lifted to look her in the eyes.

"Ditto."

Zoey started to giggle. "You fucking idiot."

"Love you too, Beanpole." They kissed, Lola's hands moving to grab Zoey's boosted butt and pull her close. Soon all three were making out, ready to express their eternal love through the medium of hot dirty sex - then Zoey froze, eyes wide.

"OH FUCK! *I get it!*" She gave Dom and Zoey each a big smooch then darted out of the shower.

Lola called to her as she left, disappointment in her voice. "What about sex!? I'm all horned up!"

"Fuck Nicky's brains out - I gotta send some emails!"

She turned back to Dominick, smiling. "Happy wife, happy life I suppose." Then she dropped to her knees and started to suck.

—

SMS MESSAGE

TO: 555-931-2645

Agreed. I will get you into the party, get you and Alex into a room so you can zap him.

But once this is done, we have to take the deconfig-a-mabob back. You and my friend are both in deep shit if we don't get it back tonight.

We'll be waiting in front of the Delta house tonight at ten. You can bring your friends if it will make you comfortable for our meetup, but I think they'll have to wait outside. We can't cause another panic.

—

From: contact@mr.hedgehog

To: a.bishop@bud.frat

Subject: RE: plz leave me alone

I'm sorry Alex, but we can't wait that long to get it back. Our friend is going to be in trouble if we don't get it back tonight. We're coming to the party to retrieve it.

I SWEAR that no one is going to undo anything you've done, or hurt you or threaten you. I will walk in front of the beam myself before I let that happen.

And I swear you won't lose any reconfig-a-mabob charges; once everything is settled, I will see to it that any wishes you still have get fulfilled. Our friend can get more charges from the store in her dimension.

Throw the party, do whatever you were going to do - I promise it will go off without a hitch, and we'll be out of your life as soon as humanly possible.

—

An hour later, everyone was assembled around the coffee table, nibbling on leftovers. Donna and Wyatt were snuggled on the couch, the girl wearing his Baroness t-shirt as pajamas.

Dominick dunked a stale donut in his coffee and sat on the floor. "Ok hon, what's the plan?"

"More or less the same plan as before - crash the third party, get back Donna's gizmos and go home." Zoey raised a finger. "Only change is that Sarah is going to join us."

Violet raised an eyebrow. "You've spoken to her? She's agreed to come?"

"Spoken? Yes. Agreed? Not *yet*, but I don't think she'll say no. She *really* wants to see Alex, and I don't see another way for her to get close."

Lola shook her head. "Ok, but what was it you figured out in the shower? How does it unfuck this situation?"

"Can't tell you."

Everyone stared at Zoey, confused, but she pressed on.

"I'm not *100%* sure I'm right, so I don't want people to go in prejudiced. Once we have Sarah and Alex sat down, it should all come together pretty quick."

She took a sip of coffee, and gave the room a cheeky smile. "Besides, I've always wanted to do a big drawing room scene. See if you can figure it out before the reveal."

"*LAAAAAAME....*" Lola rolled her eyes and balled her fists in irritation. "We gotta wait *all day* to see if you're right!?"

"And it's gonna drive you *crazy...*" Zoey smirked at Lola, who shook a comical fist at her in response.

"Alright Miss Marple - what are we gonna do in the meantime?"

"*Ooh!*" Donna raised her hand, full of excitement. "We could have sex! And then eat some food! I've heard *really* good things about ramen..."

Wyatt slid a hand around her waist, pulling Donna close. "I know a good ramen place - and we'll definitely be hungry after fucking all morning."

Lola crossed her arms, sour look on her face. "You think I can be distracted so easily? That I'm some kinda sexual magpie?"

Everyone just stared at her.

She looked down at the floor, squirming. "Just because it's *true* doesn't mean you have to *say it...*" She slumped and let out a deep sigh.

"Ok, I *suppose* we can have mind-blowing, life-affirming sex then get lunch." Then she walked to the bed and flopped on her back.

"*Sigh.* Somebody come lick my pussy."

—

They spent the day hanging out - having sex, getting lunch, having sex, watching a movie, and having some more sex - then got ready for the party. There were no fancy dresses this time - just street clothes.

Violet put on her casual wear - a blue latex bodysuit with gold shibari ropes - while Lola put on a Grant and Sherman track uniform that Wyatt had 'procured.' She looked at herself in the mirror, and was shocked to discover she liked it.

"I gotta admit, my ass works in spandex running shorts. And this crop top really shows off my abs."

"You look amazing, sweetie." Zoey put her arms around Lola's waist. "I'd love to see you take a few laps around the track."

Dominick then presented Lola a small gift bag. "I got you something from the school store to complete your outfit. It's not perfect, but I think you'll like it."

Intrigued, she reached in - then squealed with delight as she pulled out a pair of blue and gold dog collars. "They're *amazing!* Thank you, Master!"

"The second one is for Vi, so you'll match."

The two women hugged Dom, then spent a minute adjusting them. "Ooh, they've got a little slide lock on the snap!" Lola popped Violet's into place, then turned back to Dom, beaming.

"Would you please lock my slave collar, Master?"

He chuckled at that. "Yes, dear."

Zoey clapped for attention. "Ok kids, it's party time! Everybody in the truck!"

Lola saluted. "Lead on, Poirot..."

## Chapter Seven: Hottest Girls Night

***"YOU HAVE GOT TO BE FUCKING KIDDING ME!!!"***

Lola burned with outrage as the group stared at the Delta house, HOTTEST GIRLS NIGHT banner across the entrance. The usual lines of guys and girls filed into the tents - but everyone that emerged looked exactly the same.

They all looked like Lola.

Lolas in the courtyard. Lolas in the ballroom. Lolas playing boob pong. Lolas queued up for beer and jungle juice. Lolas making out with Lolas in every quiet corner.

Hundreds and hundreds of naked, curvy sex goddesses with tits like bowling balls and wavy black hair down to their flawless asses. They even had black collars with little diamonds.

Violet stretched her ropes to put a consoling arm around Lola's waist. "It's an incredible complement, Mistress - and accurate. You *are* the hottest girl of them all."

Zoey nodded in agreement. "You made quite an impression on Alex, apparently."

Lola was in no way convinced. "That would all be great, except *I don't look like that right now!* These bitches are biting my style! It's copyright infringement! I'm gonna sue their fucking pants off!"

She turned, clamping a hand on Dominick's mouth. "And don't you *dare* say 'they're not wearing pants'... Master."

A whistle drew the group's attention. One of the Masks was standing a few yards away, black face pointed towards them. They made the 'come here' gesture with a lightning-gloved finger, then ducked down an alley.

Zoey took a deep breath. "Ok, here we go. Everyone stay calm. Don't antagonize them."



There were six Masks with Sarah, anonymous in their blue hoodies. Three of them had the jury-rigged deconfig gizmos. The other three had baseball bats. Sarah stood in the middle, eyes filled with distrust. She acknowledged Zoey - then recoiled as Donna turned the corner.

She pointed a gloved finger at Donna, lightning playing on the tip. "Do you *understand* what that *thing* really is? Can you *see* her?"

Donna withered at 'thing,' trying to back away. Wyatt put an arm around her waist. "You're looking with the wrong kinda of eyes, lady. Donna's a great girl, if you could be bothered to put your prejudice aside."

Zoey put hands up for calm. "Donna's nothing to worry about. She's just a girl from out of town who made some mistakes. She didn't do anything to *anybody*. If you want the truth about all this, talk to the person who did. Talk to Alex."

Sarah lowered her hand. "Fine. Pretend I believe you. How are you gonna get me in to talk to Alex?"

"We're gonna walk right in and stand in the courtyard - right where your buddies can see. Alex will come to us, then we'll go somewhere private and sort this out. It'll all make sense in a few minutes."

"And if Alex doesn't come out?"

Zoey jerked her head towards Dom. "Then my husband starts putting people to beddy-bye until he does. Alex won't risk the party getting spoiled a third time."

"Husband? Wasn't he your wife last time?"

"Yeah," Dom said. "I chose to get transformed, and chose to change back. It really *is* voluntary and reversible, Sarah."

Sarah stared at them all for a long moment, then nodded. "Ok, let's do it."

She turned back to the other Masks. "Just... keep your eyes open and stay out of the way, alright? If you don't hear from me in an hour, run." With that, she crossed to join them.

—

"Mistress, I was wrong before - *this* is Heaven. If God is real, *this* is where I want to go when I die."

The crew stood in the courtyard of Delta house, legions of Lolas partying in all directions. The group's non-Lola-ness made them stick out like the sorest of thumbs. A Lola walked past, hair tied up, the name "BILLY" painted on her tits.

Lola grabbed her arm. "Hey sister, where'd you get the paint?" The Lola looked Lola up and down, confused by her appearance, but jerked her head to the left. "Big buckets of body paint pens in the foyer."

Lola let the Lola go, then turned to Donna and Wyatt. "Cheech, Chong, can you go grab us some pens? I need something written down."

"Cheech?" Donna was baffled, but Wyatt gently led her away.

The rest of the group stood in awkward silence for a minute. Zoey tried to break the tension.

"So, Sarah, are those others your dorm friends? Are you a Freshman?"

She hesitated for a moment before replying. "Sophomore. They're my D&D group."

Everyone turned at the mention of Dungeons and Dragons.

"Really?" Lola asked. "What's your character?"

"Um, I'm the DM."

"Oh cool! Our friend Dave runs our group." She pointed to the others. "Zoey's a Human Monk, Master's a Tiefling Warlock, Vi's a Dragonborn Paladin, and I play a Half-Elf, multi-class Rogue and Artificer. Donna's dad plays sometimes - he's a Halfling Bard."

"My character serves Tymora," Violet added, "The trickster God. Regina - that's Mistress' character - is also a worshipper. We met during a ceremony at the Thieves' Guild..."

Her monologue was interrupted by the return of Wyatt and Donna, who handed Lola a few paint pens. She shook up a black one and passed it to Dom.

"Master, would you please write 'The real Lola' on my stomach? All caps on LOLA, lots of exclamation points."

Dominick did as requested, beautiful calligraphy covering her midriff. He grabbed a red pen to underline REAL, then Zoey took it from him. In clumsy handwriting, she added 'My Beautiful Whore' along Lola's collarbone.

"Awww!" Lola gave her a peck on the cheek. "See? It's sweet when you do it right!"

Sarah watched the scene, flummoxed, and nearly missed the Deltas heading towards them. Her gloved hand snapped up at them and the group flinched.

“Easy! Easy!” Zoey interposed herself between the groups, then turned to the Deltas. “Is Alex ready to talk?”

The one with the black eye stepped forward. “He wants to know if the witch is here, Mr Vasquez.”

Zoey looked at Dom, who put his hands up in apology. “I am, in fact, the witch. Alex thought my wife was me, and we didn’t correct him. If you don’t start any trouble, I won’t start any trouble.”

The guy gave him an angry, fearful look but didn’t say anything. There was a minute of texting then he jerked a thumb towards the house. “Come on.”

They moved through the sea of Lolas in the courtyard, a Red Lolas Vs Blue Lolas touch football game happening on the lawn. There were two Lolas helping the Delta at the beer keg, a line of Lolas waiting for their drink. They passed a second line of Lolas waiting for the bathroom, then went down into the basement.

Alex sat at a table in a crowded storage room, scowling. The background noise of a hundred chattering Lolas was muffled by the heavy oak floors. He gestured, and the other Deltas left, shutting the door behind them.

“Answer me this,” he said to Dom with a tired voice. “Are you *really* Dominick Vasquez? The cartoonist?”

Dom replied by pulling the paint pen from his pocket. A few seconds of work put a drawing of Mister Hedgehog on the wall. “You want Edna Echinda too?”

Alex rubbed at his temples. “Never meet your heroes, I guess.”

Zoey stepped forward. “Alex, I’m sorry we tricked you. We didn’t understand what you were up to. We’ve had to deal with some *really* bad people in this job; we’ve gotten paranoid.”

“We assumed the worst, but you haven’t done anything but show your friends a good time.”

“You’re a good guy - a brilliant guy - who figured out some amazing hacks while still following all the reconfig-a-mabob rules.”

“The only problem is that you stole it. Donna was ready to give you whatever you wanted, ready to be your friend - and you stole it and ran off while she had her back turned.”

"Wait," Donna interrupted. "Alex didn't steal it!" She pointed at Sarah. "*Sarah* stole it! I never met Alex until the first party!"

"*I didn't steal anything!*" Sarah put her hands up defensively. "I was taking a shower when a *demon from Hell* materialized in front of me, screaming about giving something back!"

"I ran for my *fucking life*, and when I finally stopped shitting my pants, I snuck back into the bathroom and found a glowing blue ball on the ground!"

Zoey put a hand up. "You found the deconfig-a-mabob, and when you touched it, it bonded with you and downloaded the manual into your mind."

"Yeah," Sarah continued. "And then everyone started changing - only they didn't *know* they'd been changed! I could *see* the energy twisting around them, *see* the tendrils touching the minds of the unchanged." She pointed at Donna. "I could see *her*."

Zoey nodded, everything adding up. "And you're a brilliant girl - you saw how to hack *your* gizmo without breaking the rules too. You made some backup units, gave them to people you could trust, tried to save everyone."

"It was a good idea, given what you knew - very clever and very brave."

She walked around the table and stood next to Alex. "Nicky, did you ever power up your deconfig-a-mabob?"

"No - Alex hadn't done anything wrong. It's not something to wave around."

"Would you please power it up now?"

Dom shrugged and closed his eyes. Blue lightning began to play across his fingertips. He looked up again and his mouth went wide. "*Crap*. Ok, I see it now. Good catch, hon."

"*Come on!*" Lola stomped her foot, indignant. "Stop playing murder mystery and just *tell us what the fuck is happening!*"

Zoey smiled at the outburst. "Almost there, sweetie. There's just one more thing." She turned to Sarah. "I promised you a clean shot at Alex, and you'll get it in a moment." Alex turned, shocked and betrayed.

Zoey put her hand up and stepped between them. "But first, I want you to shoot me." She spread her hands wide. "You can see Alex's changes, you can see mine. Shoot me and see what happens."

Sarah raised her hand slowly, clearly afraid of a trap, but clenched her fist anyway. The blast struck and the room filled with a blinding light. The stink of ozone permeated the air as everyone blinked away spots in their eyes.

Zoey Vasquez still stood, and she was unchanged. Mostly.

She glanced at her now-normal ass. "Oh yeah..." she commented. Then she focused. She turned to Alex, and her eyes were filled with compassion.

"Alex Bishop, you are a man. You've always been a man, and you always will be. You're not going back, and neither am I."

Sarah's eyes went wide, hand dropping. Her voice was full of tears. "Alexis?"

Alex shook his head, also tearing up. "Alexander. My name is Alexander Harold Bishop."

Zoey turned back to Sarah. "He's your twin brother."

"But.. but..." Sarah struggled with the enormity of it. "Mom? Dad? They don't remember..."

"They'd never have understood! We were always the Bishop sisters, their perfect little girls - *but I'm not a girl!*" He wiped away tears.

"You weren't supposed to know either. It was supposed to be perfect. I got the life I always wanted - the life I *dreamed* about - and so much more! I have frat brothers! A girlfriend! I'm an athlete! Hell, I've got a cool car!"

Lola wiped at her eyes, understanding. "You saw the reconfig-a-mabob and realized you could be everything."

He sniffled and looked Sarah straight in the eyes. "This is the life I want, Sarah. Please don't take it away."

Sarah's eyes went huge. She pulled off the glove, tore away the backpack, and ran to her brother. They squeezed each other tight, sobbing.

Violet smiled at the scene, impressed. "You cut through the knot without violence. Well done, Ms Vasquez - very well done indeed."

Lola hugged her wife, emotion in her voice. "And you even got your cool reveal. Totally worth the wait. Good job, Beanpole."

Bawling, Donna ran forward and bear-hugged the Bishops. "I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to hurt either of you! I just wanted to meet some cool college humans!"

They both stared at her. She stared back, snot running down her nose as she whimpered.

Trying *hard* not to laugh at her heartfelt apology, Alex hugged her back. "All good, Donna. We got there in the end." He pulled away a bit and smiled. "Did you have fun at the parties?"

"Oh my god!" The sadness evaporated as she remembered. "It was so cool! I got to try *food*, and *booze* and *acid*, and I got to have kissing *and* a 4D orgasm!"

Sarah turned to Alex, shocked. "Acid? You're taking acid!?"

"No, that's on me." Wyatt raised his hand and moved forward. "A few tabs of acid really grease the wheels when you're sneaking into a party."

"Speaking of which, there's a mansion full of naked supermodels upstairs, and an alleyful of D&D nerds with lightning guns. Not to spoil your moment, but maybe Sarah can call off the dogs and we can join the fun?"

"Crap! Right, right." Sarah wiped her nose on her hoodie and fished out her phone to give the all clear.

Dom put a hand on each of the Bishop's shoulders. "There's also the matter of the gizmos. We really *do* need to get them back. Yours especially, Sarah - it's hyperjail time if you're caught with an unlicensed deconfig-a-mabob."

"That sounds bad... but I'm not sure how to get it out of my head."

Donna put a hand on her shoulder. "I can do that, if you'll let me."

There was a pause. "Ok Donna. Thank you." Another pause. "Will it hurt? It hurt going in..."

"Fuck yeah it did," Dom agreed. "But it's not nearly as bad coming out. Let's go find some place quiet."

"Not so fast." Lola poked Alex in the chest. "I have been *extremely patient* to this point - you've both been under a lot of stress - but no one is going *anywhere* until Mr Bishop gives me back my identity."

"Oh! Sure, Mrs Vasquez, of course." Alex squirmed under her glare. "Sorry I turned 250 college kids into copies of you. I meant it as a compliment.."

He reached under the table, and pulled up a paper bag with the sound of ripping duct tape. Lola tore away the paper, and the room filled with purple light.

Alex looked askance at Lola. "You know how to use that?"

"You're not the only person who's read the manual, kid." Lola closed her eyes and squeezed.

<<It is my wish.>>

Lola moaned, a deep breathy moan of elemental lust that made Wyatt and the Bishops lean back. She threw Dominick the reconfig-a-mabob and frantically tore off her clothes, before dropping to her knees and moving a hand to her pussy.

"*Whelp!*" Wyatt took Donna's arm and pulled her towards the door. "Time for us to go! You too, Bishops - this is private." They hustled upstairs, double time.

The Vasquez Family watched, fascinated, as Lola's whole body began to change back. The breasts were first, her perky buds swelling rapidly. Within a few seconds, they'd grown from oranges, to apples, to cantaloupes. Still they grew, the nipples stretching and expanding to match - soon her familiar bowling balls had reappeared, beautiful and ridiculous against her runner's frame.

"Did this happen last time?" Zoey's eyes were glued to the unearthly display.

"More or less," he commented. "I was masturbating last time."

Violet and Zoey both stared at him.

"*Not by choice!*" Dom protested. "I was compelled by interdimensional power!"

"...If you say so, Nicky."

The changes reverted in all directions. Her lips returned to their kissable perfection, red as cherries, while her lovely ice blue eyes pushed away the hazel. Her whole face shifted back to normal, flaws and blemishes melting away while makeup spread.

Her gorgeous black hair reappeared, a waterfall of curls erupting down to her ass - which itself began to expand. She rose up as her original rear pressed against her legs. Her thighs thickened delightfully, hips flaring, while her waist contracted.

Body hair vanished, leaving Lola as smooth as a doll, while her old athletic body gently softened, back to its pleasing softness. Her pussy began to drool as her fingers worked, her sex throbbing visibly with desire. She was close to an orgasm, her breathing ragged and fierce.

Her blue and gold dog collar transformed into the familiar black leather, tiny diamonds popping up one by one along its circumference. When the metal lock touched her skin she came, bucking hard against the floor for long seconds.

She crawled along the ground, massive breasts dragging against the stone floor, and then Lola was kneeling before Dominick, her delicate hands reaching for his zipper. With a breathy whisper, she begged, "Come on my face, Master."

Dom smiled at his beautiful wife, and took her hand. "Later dear," he promised, then helped her to her feet.

Zoey and Violet hugged Lola tight, welcoming her back.

Dom kissed her. "Is everything how you want it?"

"Everything and more, Master." Lola gave him a wink. "Since I was in the wish market, I decided to make two more upgrades."

"First, your beautiful art inspired me to get a little ink. I modified it a bit, but it gets the point across." She twisted, presenting her ass to her family. On her left cheek, Dom's calligraphy had reappeared - Property of Dominick Rafael Vasquez - but she'd added a few things.

Above Dom's mark, in her own handwriting, she'd added "Wife of &". Then, at the bottom, she had appended, "& also wife of Zoey and Violet."

Violet gasped, the unexpected proposal overwhelming her. "*Mistress!*"

Lola smiled at her slave. "Love you, Vi."

Then she turned back to Dom. "The second change, though, is just for you."

She pressed her body against him, one hand on his ass, the other behind his neck.

"If you're a good Master - if you treat me like your property - if you slake your basest urges on me without the slightest care for my feelings... I will, *on occasion*, give you a little treat."

Lola put her lips against his ear. "*Dominick*," she whispered.

Dom's eyes popped and he grinned like an idiot. "I suppose I can't *order* you to say that?"

"Nope." Lola gave him a little kiss, and headed for the stairs.

"Now let's go party. It's time to show these fucking *amateurs* how the *real* Lola Russell-Vasquez does business!"



## Chapter Eight: The Morning After

Zoey woke up, and regretted it.

Her head throbbed, something had died in her mouth, and she didn't recognize the room - a dingy box that hadn't been properly cleaned in her lifetime.

The natty bed squeaked as she sat up, brain's ignition struggling to turn over. The morning light through the grimy window had some kind of death wish for her eyes.

Finally a fistful of neurons got their shit together. They'd partied all night, the Hottest Girls Night becoming Alex's coming out celebration.

There had been cheap beer and jungle juice. Somebody broke out the weed vapes. Dom, Zoey, Violet and Sarah all tried being Lola for a little while. Zoey recalled the weight of those massive tits, and understood why Lola had wished to be so strong.

They'd danced and laughed and generally made fools of themselves - and then Wyatt had produced his little plastic bag. They'd all dropped acid and sat gawking at Donna in Alex's bedroom.

She really *was* beautiful. That memory was crystal clear. Sarah had started to cry, begging forgiveness for calling Donna a thing, and Donna had hugged her and said they should be best friends forever.

Based on all that, Zoey assumed she was still in the frat house.

Eyes finally focusing, she saw Lola in the bathroom across the hall, towel around her waist and brushing her teeth. Zoey stumbled out of the bed, wearing some guy's T-shirt, and joined her.

"Morning hon," she murmured, wrapping her arms around Lola's waist. She pressed herself tight, feeling that flawless skin against her face. "God, I haven't partied like that in years."

Lola's familiar warmth was invigorating, and soon Zoey had snaked a playful hand up to her right breast. "You wanna join me in the shower?"

Zoey felt Lola stiffen, and she looked up into the mirror. The woman was frozen, eyes filled with shock.

Across the hall, Lola sat up in the bed and took in the scene.

*"Hey! Asshole!"* she shouted. *"Party's over - ditch the wristband!"*

Wordlessly, the Lola in Zoey's arms complied, tearing the plastic strip from her arm. There was a POP, and Zoey was hugging a handsome Delta with designer stubble.

"Sorry miss." he said sheepishly.

—

Fifteen minutes later, the pair came downstairs to everyone hanging in the lounge, remains of coffee and donuts on the table. Dom waved as they entered. "Morning girls!"

"Afternoon, sir," Violet corrected.

Alex and Sarah sat on a couch nearby, deep in discussion. "What about Halloween last year? You, me and Dakota went as the Powerpuff Girls."

Alex brought up pictures on his phone. "Marvel-themed. I was Captain America, you were Scarlet Witch, Dakota was Black Widow."

Sarah put her hands up in frustration. "I'm *never* gonna remember all this! You couldn't have gone in drag!?" She turned to Dominick. "Mr Vasquez, can you do something? This is all so *confusing!*"

He turned to Zoey. "What do you think?"

She considered. "How many charges are left in the reconfig-a-mabob?"

"Two - but one of them belongs to Wyatt."

Wyatt and Donna were snuggled on a couch, watching YouTube. He looked up when his name was spoken, and nodded to the group.

Zoey shrugged. "Sarah's definitely earned a charge, but I promised Alex he wouldn't get short-changed."

Alex waved it off. "I've gotten my fair share. Time for my little sister to get a bite at the apple."

"I was born *40 minutes* after you!"

He smiled at Sarah, mocking. "She's so precious - our sweet baby."

Matter settled, Dom lifted the lid on a small beer cooler on the table. He reached in and pulled out the reconfig-a-mabob, filling the room with the purple light of Beyond.

He moved to Sarah. "You ready?" She gulped. "No. Let's do it." She took his hand and there was a flash.

<<It is my wish.>>

Dominick caught Sarah as her legs gave way. She shuddered in his arms, and everyone watched as she transformed. The changes were modest - longer legs, nice boobs, cute butt - a general upgrade all around. Her eyes rolled back in her head, mind filling with a second set of memories.

Sarah gasped and jerked in Dom's arms as she came to. "Holy crap!" She breathed.

"Wild, right?" Lola commented.

Sarah nodded dumbly, then turned to her brother.

"Prom King? Hockey scholarship? You dated *both* of the Malone Twins *at once*?" She shook her head in disbelief. "At least *try* to make it plausible..."

Alex shrugged. "Why?"

Zoey clapped her hands. "*Wyatt!* Stop groping Donna and get up! Come get your heart's desire so we can go home!" The man jumped up and hustled over to Dom.

"Ok Nick, I'm fucking ready." They shook hands and there was another flash.

<<It is my wish.>>

Wyatt stared at Dom for a moment, unmoving, then went back to Donna and flopped down.

Zoey blinked. "Wait - what just happened?"

"Got what I wanted, baby." He gave her a cryptic smile before sitting back down.

Everyone stared at him, baffled.

"And what exactly was that, Wyatt?"

He put an arm around Donna. "Nothing fancy. Patched up a few old gunshot wounds, put some cash in my bank account..."

"Gunshot wounds?" Violet asked.

"A *few*?" Zoey added.

He waved it off. "That's all just gravy." He put a hand on Donna's cheek. "All I really wanted was Donna's digits - and I got them."

He held up his shitty smartphone, and loaded the contacts app. The room, as one, recoiled when otherworldly light poured from the screen.

"Now I can call my girl anytime, even when she goes home."

"We're gonna try a long distance relationship," Donna added with a smile.

"We Treadwells know what's important in life." He kissed Donna, triumphant.

The light faded from the reconfig-a-mabob, and Dom dropped it in the cooler.

He turned to Zoey. "Ready to go, hon?"

"One more thing." She moved to Alex. "You and I, we've been given a gift. We have to make sure everyone who wants it can get that gift too."

She gestured to her family. "We've got a place, down in the Caribbean, where a woman can go to put things right. But we don't have a place for men."

Alex nodded, resolute. "Tell me what to do." Sarah took his hand. "Tell *us* what to do."

Zoey smiled. "Dunno yet. Just be ready to let more brothers into your fraternity."

"We're not going back," Zoey concluded, "but I *am* going home. Best of luck kids."

—

Donna sighed, long and deep, as she looked at the Shining Dodecahedron, floating in Dominick's hand. "You're *sure* you can't hold on to my suit? It's *so* pretty."

Lola put a consoling hand on her back. "Sweetie, we would if we could - but having a lifeless body in the house is *terrible* for the property value. Master says it'll be easy to put back together, now that we know how. Besides, Wyatt likes the way you *really* look."

The girl smiled at that. "He's *so cool*." Then she sighed again, and pulled off her wristband. The foam mascot suit returned with a POP. Donna turned her plastic eyes to the Vasquezes.

"Thank you *so so* much for everything! I've never had so much fun! Best. Weekend. Ever! I'm totally 4D-pilled!" She hugged everyone in turn, saving Dom for last. "Ok, Mr Vasquez, I'm ready. You can call Dad."

He gave her a big smile, then shut his eyes. Everyone put a hand on him as he spoke.

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

“MY DUDE!” Margot lifted Dom into the air, tentacles wrapping him in a bear hug while he held his Barbie cutout in front of the girls. “Thanks for letting my baby girl crash with you over the weekend! Hope she didn’t harsh your mellow.”

“Not at all, man - we had a blast.”

“*OhMyGod Dad, it was so cool!*” Donna’s cutout - a cardboard copy of her human suit - bounced up and down with excitement. “We visited a college! I met so many cool humans, and did cool human things, and I danced so hard I got dizzy! It was *amazing!*”

Margot shook his cutout in an imitation of a nod. “It’s a pretty dope dimension. I’m a big fan. *But...*” He pointed a tentacle at her, mildly scolding. “You *really* shouldn’t barge in on Dom and his family unannounced - and you *definitely* need to check the gas tank before you leave next time!”

Donna shuffled a tentacle. “You’re right, dad. Sorry - it won’t happen again.”

Zoey coughed politely. “Donna, don’t you have something else to tell your dad?”

The girl wrote ‘embarrassed’ on her cutout, and her tentacle shuffling redoubled. “Um, dad... I *kinda sorta* met a boy at the college party. He’s really sweet and thoughtful and so smart...”

Margot took this in, silent. He turned his cutout to Zoey. “What do you think about this boy, Mrs Dude? Does he... know where Donna lives?”

She considered the question. “He’s certainly unusual. But I agree with Donna - he’s a good guy. And he’s very open-minded; the dimensional gap isn’t an issue. He said Donna’s the prettiest girl he’s ever seen, and I believe him.”

“Well, if Mrs Dude gives him the OK...” Margot wrote ‘shrug’ on his cutout. “I guess I should meet him.”

“Just give him an hour’s notice before showing up,” Lola suggested.

There was a few more minutes of small talk after that, but Margot had swung by directly from his conference and was wiped out. Everyone said their goodbyes and he departed, Donna waving as she faded from Dom’s mind.

The family dropped back into realspace and Dom flopped onto his back. “Well, that turned out ok, all things considered.” His head rolled to look at Zoey. “What’s your next move, hon? Gonna make a “Hot Guys™” ride or something?”

Zoey waved that away, clearly done for now. “Probably gonna ask the Bishops to handle it - I’m sure they can figure something out. Send them down to the Bay to look at the ride, maybe.”

“Whatever - that’s a tomorrow problem. I think I’ve defended trans rights enough for one week.”

She dragged Dominick to his feet and gave him a big hug, looking at Lola and Violet over his shoulder.

“I’m heading to the bedroom. We’ve *finally* got some privacy, and there’s something I’ve wanted to do all day. You can join me if you want...”

Twenty minutes later, Zoey was fast asleep, Lola snoring in her arms. Dom pulled the covers over them, then left to help Violet start dinner.

## The End

Thank you for reading Student Driver: A Hit and Run Story by The Ethical Hypnotist!

### **Author's Note:**

Thanks again to SoylentOrange for help with continuity and editing.  
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