

Multidimensional
- A Weird CYOA-Turned Short Story -
By Razmagurk
= With thanks to everybody on the discord for participating! =

Our story begins, as these things often do, with me in an imminent peril entirely of my own creation.

"Ladies, please." I held up my hands in mock surrender. "Surely we can talk this over?"

It was a lame attempt at humor, I knew - talking this over was the last thing I wanted to do. But I needed to buy myself just a few more seconds.

They had me cornered on the side of the bridge. To be fair, this time I had earned it. A semi-circle of armed police women, their arms pressed forward, guns drawn and trained. I shouldn't laugh, really. I knew how serious this all was, but even as they aimed their weapons their arms were pressed together to squeeze their massive tits tight around their equally massive dicks. One was already leaking precum. It just sort of took the gravitas right out of it, you know?

"Talk?" The one I'd been thinking of as Officer Hardcock stepped forward. I'd been giving her a merry chase around the city, but it looked like our game was finally coming to an end. Her torso-length erection swung heavily with every step even as her partner, an effete blond twink, naked save his booty shorts, collar and police cap, struggled to keep his lips on her balls. "All we've been trying to do is talk! We have given you every chance to be civil! But now you want to talk? Fine." She pulled her dick away from her partner's plump lips and waved it at me, it glistened from the wet patch he had left. "Here's one last chance."

"Ah, on second thought," I took a step back. I could feel the edge behind me. My next step would be the last. "Maybe I should have you buy me a drink first."

I tried not to show the longing running through me as I watched her hefty meat shaft bob and bounce. I couldn't help it, I was biologically-wired to desire it. All the men here were, and I had a body that blended in. But I knew full well what was going to happen if I gave in to that urge. One errant slurp of compliance and I'd be flooded by that same brain-blankingly blissful chemical bath as the rest of them. I'd never be able to give it up.

Not something I was about to let happen, no matter how good it would feel. Not here, not now, not yet.

"You smarmy bitch!" Rage flashed through her eyes as I stood defiant before her. You didn't say no to gargling a girl's balls around here. I'd found that out the hard way. I might as well have spat in her face while flipping off her dog. And here she was just trying to help, I was sure. To her I was just some poor misguided boy who'd forgotten his place.

I was of course, so much more than that.

"Do you really have to get them all riled up like this every time, Porter?" came a voice in my head.

"What can I say?" - I grinned - "I'm a sucker for a dramatic exit. Are you ready?"

"Oh no, not this time. Do you have any idea how hard this is with a moving target? You're not going anywhere until I have all the safeties in place and- "

The cop took another step forward, stroking her massive hard-on with one hand as she calmly held out the other like she was trying to settle down some wild animal. The wind had turned and I could smell the damn thing. It was musky and sensual and pheromone-laced. Hell I could smell all of them, the entire crowd of policewomen, all big dicks and heavy balls and brandishing heat. My heart skipped a beat. God, I wanted it between my lips so badly. If I gave in now what would they do to me? Take me back to the station? Would they fuck the civility back into me? Turn me into a horny brain-broken sexhole like all the others? I whimpered.

"Sorry Puck." I gulped down the arousal rising in my throat. "No choice."

I looked over the edge of the bridge behind me. It was a long way down.

"Stop!" the policewoman cried. "Don't do it!" She was so close now that I swear I could already feel the heat of her dick - or maybe it was just the blood pounding through my veins. A few more moments and she'd have me. She'd have me and I'd never want to get away again.

Time was up.

"Ladies." I turned and gave a bow. "I'm sorry, it's not you, it's me. Maybe we can still be friends?"

The cop lunged, her turgid dick slicing towards me like a rapier. But she was too late.

I fell back, arms wide, as casual as if I'd been falling onto a bed. Had I mentioned I was a sucker for a dramatic exit?

The bridge fell away from me as I plunged through the air. I could see the look of surprise on the woman's face, as she held out a fruitless hand to catch me. I wondered how long they'd spend looking for my body before they realized I hadn't left one.

"Alright Puck," the words were lost even to me as the wind rushed past my ears. "Any time now."

There was a long unsure moment, then my animal brain began to panic.

"Puck?"

"You just had to do it didn't you?" His voice was distant, but I couldn't tell if that was him scrambling away from the microphone or just the all-consuming loudness of the wind. "I can't just force this, Porter! It's not ready!"

"Then make it ready!" I screamed, the water below rapidly expanding to fill my field of view. "Or I'm not going to be here when it is!"

"This is a very precise science! I can't just spin the wheel and make it go off wherever! I've got to -" he sighed and swore and I heard something crash in the background as he threw something. There was a frantic typing and then the spinning of some kind of pinwheel. "Fine! Emergency transport. But this is all on you! There's no telling where you're going to end up."

"Anywhere's better than here, Puck!"

"You say that now. Brace for travel!"

"I'm bracing, I'm bracing!" I held my hands out in front of my face in some ancient survival instinct, as though it was somehow going to catch my fall.

"5..." It was a hurried count, but it couldn't possibly be hurried fast enough.

"4..."

The water was looking awfully close.

"3..."

I closed my eyes.

"2..."

There was the crack of water and the crack of something else as well. Pain so intense that it drowned out consciousness, pain so intense that it overrode sense or propriety or time or space. It was a pain that denied who I was or where I was or any sense beyond it. Pain like an ocean in my lungs.

And honestly? Maybe that was for the best. Because it was a pain so intense that it made me forget that my last thoughts in the whole world were going to be "Damn, maybe sucking that dick wouldn't have been so bad after all."

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But, ah, well, I suppose the story doesn't quite end there, does it? No, that was just the beginning. This is where things started to get weird.

I woke up.

That alone was a big enough surprise, but it was the where I woke up that blew me away.

Long story short, I would not, should you somehow ever find yourself floating, with massive physical trauma, in the void between realities, typically advise you to spend too much time looking around.

And yet, somehow, there I was here, and that was exactly what I was doing.

Typically my time in this place was spent rushing through little whoorling tunnels with a light at the end. There was none of that this time. I was adrift, weightless, with no marker or direction or frame of reference. All I had was a pounding at the edge of my consciousness from the head injury.

No, where I was, was lost. And in a line of work like mine that was a very dangerous thing to be.

At least it was a hell of a view.

All around me drifted the impossibly vast sea that exists between the vaster seas of... well... *everything*. Everywhere I looked I could see the slowly whirling fractals of possibility twisting and diverging into ever more complicated forms.

Here and there, ropes of unrealized possibility formed little veins of light and noise as they flitted from world to world. Normally that's all I saw. The light at the end of one of those tunnels. This was...

Well, let's just say I was a little out of my depth.

Before me, much closer than the rest (in so far as that was a meaningful metric here) were two glowing points of potential. Two vast universe-sized realms simultaneously so large they consumed everything and so small they occupied a single microfine point. I reached out, one hand slender, one hand thick, but they were just out of reach.

Two universes. Two possibilities. There were a thousand types of math at play here even the least of which was lightyears beyond me. This was Puck's realm, and somehow, I'd been haplessly cast adrift.

Adrift. Was I some castaway? God, what an image. How long would I languish here? A few more flickering moments? Or an unmoving eternity?

No. I'd been searching these worlds for too long. I was so close. I was too close! I couldn't give up now.

I reached out as best I could to the nearby points and, well, to say that I swam to them would be a misnomer. There were no physics here, no newtonian forces, just a jumble of understanding, but I didn't let that stop me. I cast my intent forward nonetheless and hoped - prayed - that my friend was a high enough power to pull off another miracle.

If only I knew then what I was getting myself into, maybe I wouldn't have quite been so gung-ho.

Whatever it did, it did the trick. I couldn't tell if they were falling towards me or if I was falling towards them, but they were expanding to fill my vision faster than the rushing water or wind had.

It was too fast. All my pulling had brought them to me and now there was no way to stop them, no way to slow them down. They had momentum now, inertia. I was an angler reeling in a fish only to find I'd angered the whale.

And then before I knew what was happening, I was falling through their peripheries, through their pasts and futures, each point a world and the two overlapping like a venn-diagram as I fell ever closer into them. Entire histories and galaxies of exploding, star-like choices rushed past, darted around each other and around me, spiraling and orbiting around each other, closer and bigger and clearer in detail until - somehow the two universes overlapped.

Two worlds converging on one spot. Converging on me. It was impossible and perfect and terrifyingly-

The lack of reality snapped out of my vision. I gasped, then pulled away from the bong before me, choking.

Pain.

I crashed backwards, tripping over something heavy and spilling out onto something soft. A bed? Thing damn near broke beneath me.

"Dude!" A girl laughed. "Holy shit, what was that? Don't tell me your already down, I thought we were partying tonight, bro!"

My eyes stung, my head swum. the lingering pain of – of death? – was still sending me into an overdrive of adrenalin and panic. But the world wasn't falling - I wasn't falling. Swimming yes - the ceiling twisting overhead - but not falling.

I was somewhere. That was a big step up. But where?

My brain hurt as I struggled to rise. Moving also hurt.

"Dude?"

My vision swam once more. There was a girl looking up at me, sat cross-legged on the floor. But no that wasn't right, was it? Two images competed in my brain, one some kind of sorority girl cheerleader, the other the very definition of a stoner frat boy.

My stomach lurched. Two worlds. Two possibilities. I didn't know a lot about the science of what I did, but I knew that this, at least, was impossible.

And then something all the stranger happened

As I gawked, the effect fell away, as though reality had been caught playing dirty and was scrambling to come up with a solution. By the time my vision had settled, so had the person in front of me. Well, mostly. Reality, it seemed, had compromised. The cheerleader's body, the fratboy's dopey smile, she had his hair now, and his arms, and more beside? There was no way of knowing.

Was I seeing things?

"Puck?" I left the word hanging in the air, hoping he was still somehow in contact, that he'd had a better time of whatever was happening than I was.

"Nah bro." The girl in front of me laughed. "Damn, Piper, you must be really feeling it if your seeing fairies after just one hit. Were you pre-pre-partying on me?"

"Huh?"

"Cause if you were holding out, dude, not cool."

I looked around the room. It too seemed to swirl. A dorm room? Some kind of frat house or a sorority. Just like this girl, it was two impossible things overlapping - until I looked at it.

It was simultaneously masculine and feminine, pink and blue. It locked into place as I witnessed it, a hodgepodge of one or the other or both. Makeup and engine manuals, bras and boxers, a spare cheer uniform with a suit-jack top. The mess on the floor was arranged in strange chunks where half piles of boyishly spilled clothes met the fastidiousness of a girl's room.

"I think I'm going to be sick."

"Dude?"

The girl blinked up at me. I suppose only then did it click that I was actually in the room with this person, that any of this was real. The protocols of polite society began to fall into place. Survival and panic gave way to conformity.

"Huh? Sorry, I was just -" My voice was strange. Not my own. High and feminine.

Oh no.

I looked down at my body.

No. Not my body. Shit.

It's amazing how much of a red flag a big heaving pair of tits jutting off your chest can be. Just in case the collapsing of reality wasn't a big enough tip that something was wrong. High-level dimensional physics was just so theoretical. But these? I reached up to grab at them - oh yeah - these were real.

This wasn't the first time I'd had boobs of course, but this was way too much way too soon. My body adapted to new worlds, sure, but it took time. And this was very much not my body, even adapted to local standards. It was hard to get a proper look but just like this girl in front of me, I'd somehow ended up a melange of male and female, averaging out towards the androgynous. I was wearing an oversized band t-shirt and a plaid miniskirt. It was hard to tell more without a mirror. I needed to find one. I needed to figure out what was going on.

"Piper?"

"Sorry," I focused my eyes back on the girl. She had very pretty eyes. I couldn't tell if they were the stoners or the cheerleaders. "You know what? I think I need to get out of here. Get some fresh air, you know?"

"Fresh air?" She laughed. "Good one dude. The only fresh air you need is a hit of the good stuff!" She passed me the bong pipe, but I shook my head and brushed it away. I needed to keep my head clear.

Okay Porter, get it together. You've been in worse. Think. This girl seems to think she knows me. I'm a person to her. a person in this world. That was new. That meant there was context and history, right? Who was this Piper? I had... what? Landed in some girl's body somehow? That didn't make any sense.

And yet here I was.

So how much trouble was I in? If I wasn't me, would I even be able to leave this universe? Would Puck be able to find me? Or would his scans only see Piper?

How was I going to get out of this mess?

"Look," the girl pursed her lips. "I get it. I really do."

"What?"

"Everything that's going on. It's rough. It must be," she laughed, "if you're turning down a hit over it. And man, I understand. But look, dude." She sat down on the bed next to me and put an arm around me. "Everything's going to work out in the end, okay? I promise. I'll be right beside you the entire time. And I mean, come on, you wanted this right?"

Her hand on my shoulder was warm and soft and strong. I could feel some kind of foreign emotion rising up in the back of my throat. There was just something about this girl, about her proximity, that was sending my heart racing. I didn't know if I wanted to run away or pull up closer.

This wasn't how I did things. I knew better than this. So why was it so hard to pull away?

Some deep part of me screamed at myself to get out of there, to regroup and tackle this world on my own terms. But a much more present part of me wanted to be with her so badly, to take solace in her arms from... from... god, she was so warm.

I melted into her. Maybe it was best to lay low. This was hardly business as usual. If there was a Piper that I had to consider then maybe it made more sense to play along, right? At least for now, until I got my bearings?

"I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't be forcing you to do this." She pulled me in tighter. "If you don't want to, you just let me know, okay? We can just sit back and play video games and smoke weed all night like we always do. We don't have to go down there, we don't have to deal with... well. We'll take it at your pace, dude."

My eyes sparkled as I looked into hers.

"Or, hey, who knows?" She smirked. "Maybe we can do that other thing we always do."

My heart pounded at that. I was suddenly aware of how close her body was, how she was simultaneously powerfully masculine and yieldingly feminine - we both were. She was the yin to each of my yang and the yang to each of my yin.

I didn't make it a habit of getting too intimate with the locals. Some of the places I'd been to that could get you into a lot of trouble. I liked to think that I was outside all of that, a traveler, a tourist - looking from the outside in.

But in that moment? As her lips moved closer?

It was like I was an entirely different person. Like there was someone else inside me. Soft, surrendering. Something that took such comfort in this girl's presence. Something grateful for her touch, something that wanted more.

Oh shit. Piper. It wasn't just this girl's body I had come to inhabit, was it?

But then came the knock at the door and she pulled away.

I couldn't even identify the feelings that ran through me. Disappointment? Apprehension?

"Move it, Paula!" came the voice from the door. "Things start in five minutes."

Paula. My heart thumped. That was her name. What a name.

"Ah, well, I guess we're out of time, dude." She laughed then stood up, holding out a hand and offering it to me. "What's it going to be, Piper? Are we doing this thing or not?"

I should have run. I shouldn't have let whatever weird feelings this body had for this girl get in the way. I should have stayed focused. I should have kept on the mission.

But I didn't.

I took her hand. It was warm and comforting and whatever was out there seemed insignificant compared to that. Whatever it was, she was right. We'd face it together.

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The little speech I'd given myself would have sounded a lot more heroic if the words that greeted us as we descended down the stairs weren't "one hot assfuck, coming up!"

I struggled with what I was seeing. My head pounded as my eyes darted furiously. Everywhere I looked one reality or the other quavered for supremacy before locking down. Everywhere I looked, a more horrid tableau stitched itself together.

It was... well... the phrase 'art house porno' sprang to mind.

The two overlapping realities had diverged in regards to the architecture of the building. Splotches of one world gave way to the other like marbling as I focused on them. One world had the floorplan of a frat house in the middle of a party - cheap couches, tvs, spilled beer and a crowd of partygoers dancing; the other was what seemed to be some kind of fancy restaurant - big heavy tables and well dressed people making small talk by candle light.

Except, well - and this is where the porno bit kicks in - it wasn't food that was getting served. Well dressed diners sat and were served by apron-wearing party goers at their beck and call, serving them their cocks on trays and tits on platters regardless of their (admittedly, crisscrossed) sexual configurations.

And that wasn't all.

As I watched, one of the waiters - tall, mostly male and broad of shoulder - seemed to be growing enormous tits, big enough to spill out of his varsity jacket as he knelt down to give the woman he was serving a tit-fuck as she had ordered. Behind him a girl's pussy was transforming into a knotted cock as she prepared to plunge it into the eager ass of a man eying it like dessert.

I froze on the last step, dizzy.

What had I gotten myself into?

But the girl, Paula, was still holding my hand. She was still with me. She gave me a knowing smile.

"Greek life," she laughed. "Am I right? Come on, let's get you all settled in and aproned up. If you do a good job at tonight's party, really impress everybody, then you'll be a shoe in for a full membership position."

She squeezed my hand. I squeezed it back. Nothing about this seemed right. This was messed up even by my reality-jumping standards. But something inside me - the part of me that was Piper - didn't want to let her down. I didn't want to let her down.

We ventured out onto the floor and were almost run over by the foot traffic, as waiters and party goers and patrons all rushed past, it was almost impossible to tell who was who, everybody was a jumble of genders and dress and roles.

"Watch it newbie!" came a cry from a girl who rollerbladed past carrying a basket full of her hot nuts under her cheer skirt. "Come on Paula, keep her focused!"

"Look, we'll start off easy, okay dude?" Paula guided me over to a table in a relatively quiet corner. On one side of the table a woman sat conservatively dressed save the baseball cap upon her head. On the other side a hulking rugby lad wearing a black bikini top and suit bottoms had a series of beerpong cups set up and was aiming to take a shot. The table was split down the middle - high quality oak on one side, cheap plywood on the other.

"Oh finally." The woman uncrossed and recrossed her legs. She probably looked the most normal here, her dress neither too fancy nor too slutty, even if her tits were spilling out of it. Then she spoke again. "I think we're ready to order, right honey?" Her voice was like a trucker trying to gargle asphalt.

The rugby lad just made a toss, the ping pong ball bouncing across the table and landing square in the woman's cleavage. He fist pumped and there was a splatter of applause from the onlookers. She laughed as though he'd just said something remarkably witty.

"How is your cock tonight?" the woman turned to me, ignoring the small ball caught in the valley of her cleavage. I tried not to stare.

"My what?" I almost choked.

"Your cock, sweetie. the house special? The maître de praised it highly."

A good question. I pulled up the band of the skirt I was wearing. I still hadn't quite got a chance to see what I was packing.

"You know what? I think a round of blowjobs are in order," The woman smiled and closed the drink menu. "To start things off. And we'll see from there."

"Sure thing ma'am." Paula nodded. "Two blowjobs coming right up."

Paula pulled up the hem of her skirt to reveal the rapidly inflating dick beneath. My eyes widened and then my mouth watered as she flopped it onto the table. Where had she been hiding that? The rugby lad cooed effeminately and licked his lips.

"Piper?" Paula looked back to make sure I was following suit.

"Oh, right!"

I began to lift my skirt as well, but the woman waved me off.

"Oh no, I think I'll be receiving, thank you very much." And with that she uncrossed her legs to show the heavy python of a dick ripping at her stockings. "Off the rocks. Extra sloppy. With a shot of cum on your tits to top it all off. If you don't mind."

"Uh, of course."

I felt my knees tremble. My chest was tight. I felt my throat go dry. This wasn't right! Hadn't I just jumped dimensions to escape the prospect of sucking some ladies huge dick?

I licked at my lips. No matter how tempting the offer may have been.

I pulled at the apron, tugging to get air. The shirt beneath came free, my tits bexpanding into the air before me, perfect pillows to pop a load onto. My eyes went wide. I had certainly not had these earlier.

Was reality still so malleable? Or did people in this world just develop pornographic proportions at a moment's notice?

There was a coldness at the periphery of my awareness. A tingling. This didn't make any sense. I'd seen all kinds of weird bullshit out there, and every reality was different, but changes like this? Within a reality? Impossible.

But then another strange thing happened.

I furrowed my brow. What exactly was so impossible about tits like this? Had I not always had huge cum-pillow tits and an aching desire to get my mouth stuffed by a customer's juicy cock? And what was so strange about a cheerboy serving dick on a frat floor?

It was a struggle to keep things straight in my brain. It was as though the part of me that was Piper - however much of her I currently was - suddenly regarded this whole fucked up situation and her changed body, as perfectly ordinary.

Two conflicting images. Two conflicting realities.

And like the idiot that I was, I focused on this new one to try to figure it out, and in doing so it became all the more real.

I turned my attention back to the woman, looking up past her dick as I gave her my best customer service smile. Paula gave me a thumbs up from behind her back. A giddy rush ran down my spine, giving me the courage I needed to press over this horizon of trepidation. I wanted to please her, I wanted to impress her. And if that meant I had to suck this woman's dick? Well, I'd give them a meal they'd never forget.

And that's where I was - mouth open, tongue agape, drooling as this womanly meat promised to plug my eager hole - when he found me.

"Porter?"

I froze. The name sounded so familiar. The voice. Calling to me from somewhere in the back of my brain, through the fog. It was so hard to reach.

"Puck?" I pulled off the dick. "Puck!"

I looked up past the throbbing meat inches from my face, past the heavy breasts and the respectable dress to see the boyish face of my friend staring down from where the woman's had been but moments ago.

"Porter! It is you! Oh thank god." He was so surprised, so relieved, that he didn't even snicker at the predicament I'd found myself in. "You have no idea how happy I am to see you!"

"I was just about to say the same thing I - Wait, is that...?" His flesh, where it transitioned from the woman's, was a robotic silicone. "Is that your dimensional recovery drone? I thought it was still nowhere near ready."

"It wasn't. It's - look it's a long story. I've been trying to send it through, but I can't get the universe to lock it down. It's like no matter what I do, I'm only half there. Porter, listen, I'm burning a lot of juice to force this connection right now, okay? I don't know how long I'll have."

No sooner had he said the words than he was gone, replaced once more by the leering of my horny customer.

"Well?" She waved her pulsing stick decadently before me. "I'm waiting."

"Ah!" I blushed, ashamed to be letting this woman down - to be letting Paula down. I dove back on it, running my tongue up the hot salty shaft.

She let out a moan, then grabbed my hair tight and then -

"Porter what the hell are you doing?"

I blushed harder. There it was.

I pulled off the cock, a rivulet of drool still connecting it to my chin.

"Not a word of this to anybody." I gripped my hands around the slippery shaft and started pumping, ready to dive back on if the connection once again cut out. "We have more important things to deal with."

"You're telling me! Ah, Damn porter, stroke faster, you're good at this."

I shot him a glare.

"Right. Fuck. Down to business. Porter you dumb shit, do you have any idea how long I've been looking for you? Do you have any idea how much trouble you've caused?" He squeezed my hair in his fists.

"What? How long's it been? A few hours? A day?"

"Seven years!"

"Seven -!?"

I froze.

Of course. Time was just another dimension between realities. A few meters drift out there could have sent me off by eons. I was lucky to have been only seven.

Still, I was reeling. How much had I lost? My whole life - what little of it there was left – was entirely gone in one random jump.

It was the slap of the lady's cock across my face that brought me back to reality - what little semblance of it there was. I fell up on her dick to shut her up, taking it as deep as I could swallow the heavy thing, feeling it gorge at my throat.

"Look," Puck gasped through gritted teeth when he resumed control. "We have to get you out of here. This whole branch is unstable and you're half the reason why. Everything's going to shit, and we don't have much time."

"Because of me?"

Yes! Because you had to swing your big macho dick around and now I'm the one who has to pull you out of trouble. Because I'm cleaning up your mess again! Do you have any idea what that's been like?"

"Wait, seven years... and in all that time you never stopped looking for me, did you?"

He smiled despite himself. "Your wife would kill me. Though she's going to be so pissed when she hears where I found you. She had \$200 down on you being stuck in a rock somewhere."

"Wait, you found her?"

"Like a month after we lost you. Turns out she was the easy one."

My heart fluttered. A month? We'd been so close.

"Look, there will be time for all this later, okay? Right now lets focus on getting you home. There's a lot of bad shit going on right now - this whole world is totally unstable and if we're not quick there's a huge risk your reality matrix might be permanently compromised.

Even with the dick in my mouth I could feel the bile rising in my throat. Compromised. What a word.

"And look, we're not the only one at work here, okay? So we have to be careful they don't find you or hone in on our - ah shit!"

"oh shit!" the woman's voice echoed. Her grip intensified as she bounced my head up and down along her shaft. "I'm cumming!"

I pulled away sloppily, a loud pop ringing in my ears and a rivulet of drool and precum spilling down her shaft. Her balls tightened, her dick pulsed - rope after rope of hot jizz sprayed out all over my spacious cum-pillows.

I looked up to see Paula giving me a thumbs up.

A shiver of pride ran through me. I'd done a good job.

"A bit slow to start." The woman shrugged. "But not bad."

Paula held her hand up for a high-five. I took it.

I looked back at the woman, expecting to see Pucks face return at any moment, but no avail. Had he finally run out of power?

I was going to have to be careful. There was no telling what might happen next.

"Alright! Great job dude," Paula clapped my hand in congratulations as she pulled me to my feet. "Come on, let's see what's next."

I looked around the room, at the craziness all around me. What had Puck been saying about others at work here? That would explain a lot, but who? And why? And hell, how?

I wouldn't have to spend long wondering.

"Piper!"

The cry sent a shiver down my spine. I turned to see a girl storming towards us. At first I thought that somehow, in the entire hodgepodge of mixed up features everybody here had, she had escaped unscathed. As she got closer, however, I could see that wasn't quite true. Her features blended together, they were aesthetic, beautiful even, but there were little areas of transition and parts that didn't quite match. Besides, no girl that small had tits that big.

"Nice of you to finally show up." She thrust out her ample chest defiantly. "Looks like you ignored my advice and will be trying for a position here after all?"

"Uh," my throat was suddenly parched. "I was-"

"Shut up." She sneered. "I don't even want to hear it. Let me be clear - you won't ever be a part of this. Not if I have anything to say about it. So just give up now, okay?"

"Yeah well you don't have any say over it, do you?" Paula rolled her eyes as she stepped between us. "Come on Pam, just chill out for once."

"Oh no! It's bad enough I have to deal with one of you druggy-ass big-dicked losers." She flicked a finger at Paula's cock. "I won't have your little freak friend here dragging us down too. And I have more say over it than you think." She smirked, her hand going to her hip where what looked like a cartoon magic wand hung in an improvised holster.

"Dude, are you even listening to yourself right now?"

"Tell you what. How about a test?" Her lip curled into a twisted smirk as she turned to me. "Order up, Piper. Let's see how you handle something a little spicy, huh?" She pointed the wand out at the dancefloor where someone's dog was getting all kinds of love, then down at her crotch. One moment everything was normal and the next she had a turgid canine penis jutting out from the fly of her skinny jeans.

There was another lurch in reality. Another disparity between what Piper regarded as normal and what I did. This one I tried not to focus on, but still it boiled at the back of my brain. I turned, gawking, to Paula, but she had no reaction.

"God, I know you just love waving that thing around, but she doesn't have to fuck your ridiculous dog dick, Pam. You're not a customer."

"Yet." Her words were quick and sharp. She pointed the wand at one of the customers, then at herself. I watched as the customer took the dick out of her mouth and looked around confused. She stood, grabbed one of the aprons, and went to another table where she started taking someone else's order.

"You were saying?"

"I was saying..." Paula furrowed her brow. "Sorry Piper, I guess you heard the girl?"

"That's right." Pam turned back to me pointedly. "Time to get fucked like the bitch that you are. Let's see how you handle my cream pie, hmm? Let's see how many loads you can take before I - what?"

"N-nothing." I closed my jaw shut tight, trying for the life of me to not let on my surprise.

"And if that's not enough to drive you off? Well... she ran an appreciative hand along the wand. This is only the beginning."

I gulped.

She squinted as she looked me over carefully, gauging my expression.

"Wait, hold on..." - she raised an eyebrow - "Don't tell me you noticed that just now?"

"What do you mean?" asked Paula.

"What I mean is - tell me Piper, have you noticed anything strange lately?"

Shit.

Alarm bells went off inside my brain. Had I almost blown my cover to this girl? Get it together Porter. This was serious. I didn't know who this girl was, but the less she knew about me the better.

There was a time in my life - hell, probably less than an hour ago - where I'd have called this woman out on whatever kind of bullshit this was. When I'd seize control of the situation, find out everything I needed to know, and make a daring and dramatic escape.

But hell, 7 years? Was that really what my recklessness had bought me? It was enough to make even me reconsider. And besides, I didn't have puck to bail me out this time did I?

So what could I do?

What else could I do? I doubled down. I gave her the most innocent expression I could muster, I shook my head no, and - licking my lips - I got to work.

It wasn't the most comfortable position to fuck in, especially considering how unaccustomed I was to being on the receiving end. Still, it would have to do. I leaned back in the chair, spreading my legs to reveal the pink pussy beneath. Something about it seemed so strange. Had that always been there? But sure enough, just like my mouth and tits had been for that blowjob it was wet and willing and ready.

God, why was it so damn arousing? Why did the sight of the huge fuzzy member standing so proudly before me fill me with such excitement? Was that Piper? Or some quirk of this bizarre configuration of reality?

I think... I think I could handle it if that was the case. This and the blowjob. As long as I could blame it on anybody but myself.

Pam wagged her eyebrows as she pressed forward, the tip of her canine spear sliding slipperly against my lurid invitation.

It felt good. Fuck. Of course it felt good. What had I been expecting? Even just these hints of contact sent me gasping. I groaned, my whole body wriggling as she pressed in further. The pleasure, the pressure? Of being filled up - it was like nothing I'd ever felt before.

"Christ, Piper, focus." The girl cocked a hip and mine followed. "Who's supposed to be getting serviced here, you or me?"

"R-right!" Red faced in humiliation, though no less overwhelmed at the novel pleasure flooding through me, I pushed through the lack of focus and reciprocated the thrusting of her hips with my own, fucking back in earnest.

Despite my total lack of experience on this end of a pussy, I found the moves coming so naturally, just like they had when I'd had that dick in my mouth. More of whatever reality warping was at play here? Or did Piper have more experience than I'd anticipated?

Regardless, Pam seemed to be enjoying it and she wasn't holding back, plunging away with her doggy dick as fast as her hips would let her. I could already feel its girth swelling at the base, widening within me, tugging from the inside with each recession. She might as well have been pulling my whole uterus with it.

She was so enthused in fact that I was quite surprised to find that with barely a minute of work her balls tightened, her dick swelled, and she unleashed a hot spray deep inside me, her red balls tightening up as a second and third load joined the first. Her cock pulsed and expanding to fill me where the cum had not. God, I could feel the swollen knot of her dick tugging I wriggled my hips as close to hers as possible.

"Is that... is that it?"

I hadn't intended it as a challenge. Really, I hadn't. I was genuinely surprised. Disappointed, even. The girl had talked a big game then blew faster than a virgin at prom.

"I'm just- she panted, still mid-orgasm -" I'm just getting started."

Her grin again turned malicious as she drew the wand at her hip and pointed it out at the dance floor. One of the partygoers, huge heavy nuts being licked and fondled delicately by a girl with big tits and an even bigger beard, suddenly sighed in cessation as his balls disappeared and familiar fuzzy grey ones took their place. Already his dick was deflated as though he'd just cum.

Again, there was this discrepancy, with Piper failing to regard the truth. I didn't believe my half-lidded eyes at first. This made no sense. But there was no doubt about it, she was somehow changing reality.

And just to make sure that it was perfectly clear where all that customer's pent up, horny energy had gone, Pam's dick pulsed again inside me. Her hips began once again, her dick sloshing through my now sloppy jizz-filled pussy. Her grin became all the more malicious as she redoubled efforts.

And sure enough, riding just behind the first orgasm was a second - hard and fast - another pulse another surging blast of hot jizz spraying deep inside me, in organs I'd never before had.

And then she pointed the wand and did it again. And again and again and again. More sprays of jizz inside me, more hot sensation pounding into me with barely a chance to recover or react.

I moaned harder, gasping, screaming. And still she kept going, there came less and less time between blasts until she was finally riding a continual wave of orgasmic spray, filling me up to the brink with a fucking machine gun of cum, oh god.

My brain was reeling. This was too damn much. The only thing keeping me from exploding all over the floor was the size of her fat swollen knot locking it all in, leaving no room as her congo-line of cum threatened to send my womb bursting.

I had to act. I had to do something - anything! - caution be damned. I squirmed, I humped, I tried to dismount, to get off that big throbbing dick, but she was having none of it. At the angle I was at I couldn't even begin to get the leverage I needed.

So what else could I do?

I grabbed the wand.

Big mistake.

I grabbed the wand and I pointed it at her. I pointed it at us, with the same motion I'd seen her make.

Except, well. Nothing happened

I didn't know what I'd been expecting? Magic?

I waved it again and again and again and again just for good measure.

It was no good. Nothing had happened. I looked down desperately at the way my bulging canine cock was trapped inside her cum-swollen cunt. What was I going to do?

"Hey! Give that - Oh fuck - " she struggled to vocalize between gasps and grunts. "I knew something was off about you! Give that back, you bitch!"

She snagged the thing out of my hand, but I grabbed it back. I didn't know what it was but if she couldn't change things without it, it was for the best she didn't have it.

We fell to the floor, our bodies pressing together, wrestling as best we could with her cunt clinging adamantly to my girlish dog-dick. This shouldn't have been a problem for me. This wouldn't have been a problem for me. Impulsive action is my forte. But for Piper? Well, physical strength is not her thing.

"That's it!" With me pinned to the ground, Pam freed the wand. "You're going to regret this!"

I held my hands up in a feeble attempt to protect my face. As though it would do any good. I could see the glee in her eyes as she pointed it down at me.

And then Puck tackled her across the room.

"Porter!" His sleek robotic body struggling to keep the girl's wand from pointing at me as they wrestled in the pool of cum poring from her well-fucked cunt. "Get out of here! Whatever you two've been doing, it's torn things open enough I've been able to get back through!"

"Who the hell are you supposed to be?" the girl screamed

"Puck? That's amazing!" My sensitive red prick perked up in the air as I struggled and failed to get to my feet.

"No, you idiot! Whatever's happening is tearing everything apart. The closer you two are the worse it seems to be getting! If this doesn't get fixed soon everything is going to collapse and you're going to be stuck merged like that forever! We don't have much time."

"Whoah hold on," Paula interceded herself bodily between me and the struggle. "Do you know this crazy dude?"

I looked up into her worried eyes and gave her a look that told her it was a long story.

"Whatever." She held out a hand. "Come on, we've got to get out of here, now, while she's distracted! Shit, Pam's gonna be so pissed, man."

I could feel the wand going off. Whatever that thing was. Whatever strange power it possessed. More discrepancies flooded into my mind, more differences between what I knew was real and what Piper did.

So I ran. For what little good it would do. I took Paula's hand and we got out of there.

I could see now what Puck meant. The party, the restaurant - whatever this had all been - was rapidly losing cohesion. I could see people, many of whom were struggling to recover sexually from Pam's little ejaculation express - shifting from role to role, body part to body part, life to life. A shuffling of traits like some chaotic god testing out a new deck of cards.

What worried me most was all the fuzz around the edges.

The shifting of reality that I'd been experiencing? The overlapping of two worlds until I focused on it? It was getting worse by the second.

It was taking longer for things to settle, and things that I'd focused on, things that I thought I'd somehow 'locked in' were now different the moment I looked back. A frat boy guzzling a beer one moment, a stacked restaurant waitress guzzling a dick the next.

Reality was falling apart.

I looked back.

The changes the wand was wreaking to the party, those were the worst. The rollerblading goth girl with the big tits and the dude's head? It wasn't just two overlapping realities. It was a foam, a halo, a rippling energy like someone had turned up the burn in photoshop.

And then - ah - I saw the wand pointed at me. Except it wasn't. There was that double image. Two possibilities. One reality. The universe couldn't make up its mind.

And so it broke instead.

Part of me doubled over, stumbling forward from the weight as some frat dude's massive tits now jiggling from my chest. The other part of me stood there watching, falling away from the first as it ran.

"Piper, come on!" The people that made up Paula cried.

Piper. I could see her so clearly. No fuzz around the edges. No doubts. Her canine cock hanging low between her legs as she gained more distance on me.

And that left -

I looked down.

Shit, that left me, didn't it?

I was myself again. For better or worse. I ran a hand down my body and perhaps a little too eagerly down my pants - oh thank god - I still had my pussy.

But I wasn't quite out of the woods yet, was I?

Piper may have been a lighthouse of clarity in a sea of static, but I wasn't. I looked down at my hands to see it flickering from one permutation to another. Possibility was shifting rapidly through me. The me I was, all the mes I had ever been, all across the myriad skein of reality.

I was unraveling around the edges.

It was instinct for me at that point - trying to stare the shifting realities back into to submission, to focus on one possibility so hard that it held. It had all been so eager when I'd first woke up, but now?

I stared intently at my hand - willing it to remain the same even as the rest of me changed with each passing second. Could I control this?

But - ah - I could only concentrate on so much at a time. The moment I looked away it too began to change, just like everything else in this crazy world around me.

I almost laughed. I could focus on what of this was real? What a small consolation this was. There was so much universe and so little of me. Think, Porter, think.

I had to do something. I had to fix this.

How?

Possibility. That was what this was all about.

Could I run? Yes. Piper was proof of that - some part of who I am - who I was - literally running away. And, as strange as it was, she wasn't the only part. Every moment bred a new flickering instance of me that took that choice.

But I didn't. I wouldn't. This had to end.

And I knew just what I had to do to end it.

I turned back to face Pam and Puck, still fighting, the wand twisting my perception like some kind of gravity well.

I ran towards her. With every step another part of me turned back, but I didn't focus on any of that. I didn't allow them to manifest. Choice. Agency. Will.

Well, as much as I had in me anyway.

She was winning. Somehow. She'd gotten Puck's strength or that of someone else - there were plenty of jocks afoot - and had turned the tide. Even with our strength combined I wasn't sure we could do it. The threads of possibility before me grew ever slimmer.

But if fighting wasn't going to work. What did that leave?

Of course. In a dimension like this? With all these perverted pornographic possibilities surrounding me?

I'd have to beat her at her own game.

I almost hesitated. I had literally jumped off bridges to avoid this, and there was no Piper I could blame this time, no wand. But my friend was in trouble, and the whole world was coming undone.

"Alright Pam!" I cried, tearing open my shirt to reveal cleavage one moment and pecs the next. "Why don't you fuck someone your own size."

I ran forward, ready to tackle.

The me that I was grew unsteady with every step. Tits and ass, dick and pussy, male and female. I was losing myself, taking on the roles and bodies and parts of each individual person here - all the possible traits that the wand could have inflicted on me, sinking into my shifting form.

I kept them just long enough in the periphery of my focus before sloughing them off. I was searching. I just needed the one that would catch her eye, the one that would lead to - yes!

I slammed into her with all my force, then readjusted my focus.

And suddenly we weren't fighting. No, she rolled over, her hips slapping against mine as she thrust her cock deeper into my jiggling ass, while burying her tongue in puck's snatch, we were fucking!

"Oh - fuck!"

I groaned at the sudden sensation. I don't know what I'd been expecting but it wasn't this. Hot sensation, fullness, breath-taking, brain-blanking- ah shit!

My focus slipped and so did the world around me.

The next thing I knew I had my horse-cock buried down her throat while puck railed her from behind, reaching around to give her heavy testicles a squeeze. She swirled her tongue and things slipped once more.

And then before I knew it I was shoving my plump lips around her throbbing cock, reveling as it penetrating deep in my throat. I buried my tongue deep in her snatch.

Every pulse of pleasure sent us careening into a new configuration as I snatched feebly for the reigns of my focus.

Though we were the pivoting center of an evershifting reality, like a dance we kept together. Like a dance we were joined at the hip regardless of what form our respective junks may have taken.

I was sandwiched with her cock up my pussy and Puck bouncing against my dick. I was bent over as we took turns bouncing on her throbbing fuckstick. I was upside down with my legs spread wide. Face and pucks eye level with her cock. Furiously licking. Pumping. Gasping. Screaming.

Again and again, possibility roiled, building ever closer to climax, losing touch with my focus, slipping into the sea of churning carnal chaos.

Possibility.

"We've almost got her." Puck cried as she sucked his leaking tits.

"Oh no," she gasped, reaffirming her grip on the wand in my twat. "This isn't over yet!

She wrestled with the wand in my aching cunt, my stuffed hungry pussy - my jizz-dribbling whore hole - even as I rocked against her, even as puck ploughed her ass and buried my face in her tits.

I wasn't the only one trying to focus, it seemed, I wasn't the only one trying to lay reality to my will. She gripped the wand tighter, struggling through the pleasures we were laying into her. We were so close.

But not close enough.

I could feel her grip tighten, I could feel her aiming the thing - the thick phallic shaft pulsing within me, her leverage causing starbursts of pleasure.

What else could I do? I fought back. I wouldn't let her. I couldn't!

I squeezed with all my might, clenching my kegal muscles, clenching my pussy, calling upon all the strength that place had to offer! I bore down on it with all the force of all of the jocks and athletes present, with all the skill that a sex-restaurant full of horny frat boys and sorority cheerleaders could muster. My sensitive cunt squeezed like a vise, so tight that I saw stars!

I gave one last wrest of my hip, to tear it from her hands, right as she began to scream out in orgasm, right as that pleasure washed as well through me.

Big mistake.

I could feel the sudden jerk of motion as her pressure suddenly released. For one precious little moment I thought I'd done it.

Then came the explosion.

She hadn't slipped, she hadn't let go. It had broken clean in two.

And just like that, everything changed. I don't know what everybody else saw, what everybody else was oblivious to or aware of. Hell, I still had no idea what the fuck was going on. But as the blast spread out my vision went black with overlapping possibilities. Everything that could be done by the wand - every change, every swap, between every possible person - all came true all at once

I thought I'd been able to steer things by focusing? Ha! I'd been a little paper boat drifting down a river. And now came the ocean. Now came the storm.

Because see, I wasn't just me. I wasn't just her. We weren't just two people fucking (though god, the fucking never stopped!). We weren't just two whirling rocks along the riverbed of the real anymore. We were becoming so much more. I was becoming so much more. I was all the things that all the people here could be. All the workers, customers, bystanders, all their families and friends. I was more, even, than that. I was everybody who had ever interacted with them. I wasn't a person, not really, not any more. I was all people and all things associated with them. An infinite potential of histories swelling up and tossing me adrift. I was all the math I'd never been able to comprehend.

I was every part of this and none of this and every state in between. I was... I was...

Apotheosis.

I regarded fondly creation before me. The two twisting, broken realities that had so thornily been tangled. I looked down to the little me that was inside, oblivious and confused. In this frozen slice of actualization, I had obviously big tits and a girlish voice, screaming out in bliss as a human-bodied puck ploughed my ass raw while Pam jacked my dick onto her bare pecs, the broken wand scattered on the floor in pieces.

I smiled. It all seemed so small from here, didn't it? I looked around at the vast impossibilities of the metaphoric space between realities - the vast roads that I had once tread, like an ant upon the highway.

Home. I could see home from here. It was time to go. Time to return the little me to whence he came. Time to unsnarl these two worlds and put everything as right as I was able, like a fisherman putting away a snarled net. I knew now what I had to do.

And hey... I grinned despite myself as I reached out a hand towards the universe. Maybe I'd have a little fun along the way.

-

"Order up!" came the cry as a girl in roller blades swung past the back of the restaurant. She was whole. She was a woman. At least by this world's current standards.

At the front of the house, a gentleman was escorted to a table as a waitress came by, her junk exchanging with him as he placed his order and as he greedily began sucking the juicy cock before him.

It was, in other words, a perfectly normal scene at a perfectly normal restaurant.

And around the back of the building, Piper was wrapped in Paula's arms, their bodies joined in ecstatic carnal bliss as the weed they had been smoking lay smouldering on the ground, forgotten, beside them.

"Oh my god you two!" cried Pam, tearing off her apron as she stepped out the rear door. "Really? Again?"

"Pam!" Paula struggled to hide the weed as Piper tried to hide their indiscretion "we were just - "

"I don't want to hear it. I can't believe you started without me!" The girl crossed her arms over her manly chest as she walked over. "Whatever happened to sororal sisterhood, huh?"

"Well, if you hadn't taken so long with the last customer..."

"Well excuse me if some of us take a little pride in our work." Pam flipped off her shirt as her hands pressed to her hips.

"Ladies please," Piper laughed, holding up a hand. "Let's not fight. The important thing is we're all here now, and Pam, you have some catching up to do. Come on, let's have some fun!"

-

And somewhere else entirely, two figures stepped out of a misty portal and into a laboratory.

"I can't believe it." I couldn't stop grinning. "I'm finally home!"

"It's good to have you back." Puck grinned back, his remote operating unit shutting down as he stepped out from behind the drone's control system. "Though I'm still not quite sure how we..."

"It's fine Puck, don't worry about it. Look. I just..." I took a breath, this wasn't easy for me to say. "I'm glad you were there for me. It wasn't seven years for me but... I'm glad you never stopped looking. And I... I'm sorry for all the trouble I've caused you."

"What's this? Porter apologizing?" There was a moment of genuine emotion on his face, but then he smiled and laughed it off. "Did I rescue the wrong guy?"

"I mean it." I smiled along "Who knows what would have happened if it hadn't been you out there."

"So does this mean I've finally proven myself to you?" He raised an eyebrow. "You're going to lay off all the little pranks and torments, right? You know I have seniority over you now. "

I just looked up innocently, half pretending to have not heard him.

"Oh no - I know that look - what did you do, Porter?" Puck cried, oblivious to the different name "Fuck" now stenciled above his locker. "What did you do?"

I let out a laugh. My mind and my body were mine again, back to their proper configuration, and I was home again after all my desperate searching. Most importantly, the woman I loved was here somewhere, safe, and waiting.

If that isn't a happy ending, I don't know what was.

And so I laughed and I laughed and I laughed so hard my great big jiggling tits almost smacked me in the face.

God, it was good to have everything finally back to normal.

-

And in some other place, in the impossible vastness of endless potential, a wand sat in a box sealed away where no one would ever find it.

Well, at least until the cat gets to it.

But that, as they say is a whole other story...

The End.