

So, after that, things got...complicated. Oh, Sammie came back, don't get me wrong, but the look on her face before I put her back into trance would melt a stone. So, we got the OG Samaritan back, he got his face slapped for whammying Lana; I learned never, ever to get on her bad side; and he learned that he's got a passenger in his head. And he took it like you'd expect: He wants to help her. So, how can I put it, they've got a ...time share arrangement? One day a week, he comes to see me and we let her out for the day. It's not much of a life, but she seems happy enough to get that much. Kent really is far too good a guy to be true. And yes, I could put a trigger in his mind so that he could do it without coming to see me, but then, well, let's just say Sammie is very enthusiastic in thanking me for her existence. I just hope they're both telling the truth about not remembering what goes on when the other one's out in the world. Otherwise that would be embarrassing.

Nearer still to now, but still some time ago. The kitchen as Kent helps Pranger clear away the remnants of the lunch, Lana staying in the lounge with her wine and refusing to help as usual, "So, things going well between you?"

"Oh, gosh, yes. Now that she knows, it's taken down so many barriers. I can be so honest with her. It's really helped."

"Good to hear. How does she feel about only having you six days a week?"

"I, well, it's not something we talk about. Although, once the situation's been resolved, I admit I'll be a lot happier."

"Any luck on that front?"

"It's so complicated. Nothing simple works. Xenonian genetics and 7th dimensional energies make it tricky, so we're now trying to combine cloning, magic and red xenonite but that's so unstable and getting hold of it's so hard. How do all my enemies have a stockpile of the stuff and I can't even get enough for to save one person? Thanks for letting Sammie 'consult' the other week. Being able to talk to her meant progress was made. They think if she's the active one she can use her 7th dimensional energies to hold the process stable. So, hopefully soon."

"And then you get to..."

"Shhhh, shhhh, she's only next door. She'll hear."

"My man, she's got a whole day a week to go through your bank statements to find out you bought a ring, you know."

"She wouldn't do that." he huffs.

"Probably not, but she probably won't need to. She knows you far too well not to figure it out."

"I know, but I can't ask her now, not like this."

"Speaking of..."

"I'm ready."

"I've told you you're too nice, right?"

"A few times." he closes his eyes, slowly counting backwards.

Lana walks in at fifty, "Well, I'm going to take off."

"You don't have to..."

"Yeah, I do. I don't want to get in the way of you two 'having fun'."

"Of course you know."

"Of course I do."

"And does he?"

"Probably not. He's too focused on freeing Sammie to think about what she gets up to on her day on. But he will figure it out once she's loose so you'd better be ready for a protective big brother who can toss you to the Moon." she kisses his cheek, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do. And, yes, I know about the rings. I promise to act surprised when he tells me, though." she waves over her shoulder as the countdown reaches ten.

"Ok. Kent, you're at the door, just open it and allow Sammie out."

"Ysssss." his figure melts, hair now in a pixie cut, his clothes swirling into a bellyshirt and cutoffs.

"And Sammie, climb up the stairs coming out of your trance when you reach the top."

She counts up and lets out a soft sigh as she comes out of the trance. "Hey, you. How's my favourite

master?" she throws her arms around him, kissing him repeatedly.

"Favourite? How many have you got?"

"One for now, but who knows what trouble I'll get into if you don't keep me in hand."

"I know exactly what trouble you'll get into. The sort of trouble where you don't need clothes."

"Oh, Master..." she mock gasps, the clothes shrinking until she's pressing her bare skin against him,

"What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"The kind who's mine?"

"Got that right." She wraps her arms around his waist, swooping up the long staircase to the master bedroom.

Shortly, once the bedsheets are thoroughly sweat-soaked,, it's occupants sated, and they're lying together, her arm stretching across his chest, her head resting on him. "Mmmmmm, Master..."

"Why do you keep calling me that?"

"Don't you want me to?"

"I didn't say that." she smiles as his hand slips into her hair. "You didn't answer the question, either."

"Do I have to, Master?"

"If I'm your Master, then you really should, shouldn't you?"

"Not fair using logic against your poor, helpless plaything, Master."

"Whoever said I was fair? Well?"

She pouts, "When Xymaplytyxr first made me the first time, he deliberately made me more female and for him that meant more submissive. Also, it probably didn't hurt that more submissive meant less likely to rebel."

"That worked out well for him."

"He might have misjudged the difference between submissive and doormat. Anywho, that was the baseline that I started off as. So, I'm kinda obviously submissive, and you were there and you were respected by Kent and that meant you must be a good enough guy, so being my Msater would be safe for me while I figured out who me was."

"And have you?"

"Have you figured out who you are, Master?"

"God no."

"Samesies."

"Is that why your hair changes every time?"

"Oh, you noticed. I can change how I look to be how I want. Or like you want. Would you prefer freckled?" her skin pales, freckles dotting her nose and flushed cheeks, her blue eyes turning brilliant green, red curls falling over her slender shoulders, "Bimbo blonde?" platinum curls run over her golden shoulders, her chest and lips swelling out, "Goth?" her skin pales again, hair short and spiky, a spider web tattoo over her cheek, lips black, a chain running from her nose to her ear, "Maybe something more...exotic? He skin darkens, her hair turning into tight black curls, "Or more appropriate for being your magic genie?" her skin turns dusky, golden chains running between her nipples, "Or maybe you're prefer a famous actress?" Another shift, "Or maybe someone closer to home?" and Lana Losi smiles up at him.

"Stop that. That's weird."

She laughs, even sounding like Lana, "Weirder than what you're doing to her boyfriend, Master?"

"You're not..."

"I'm not, but my body is, I just make it someone else, but I could, if you wanted." the Samaritan finished, his deep voice filling the room, his body taking up most of the bed.

Pranger almost leaps back out of bed before she shrinks back to her normal appearance.

"That's not very like him, either."

"I'm not very like him. I'm inculcated with 7th dimensional energy. I'm a prankster, an adventurer, an imp."

"You could look and sound like him though."

"I thought I just did."

"No, I mean, you could have looked and sounded like him and let us think you'd turned back."

"Who says I didn't?"

"Did you?"

"No"

"Are you lying?"

"No, Master. I would never lie to you."

"What else can you do?"

"Oh, I can be bigger..." she swells up, her feet stretching off the end of the bed, her body rippling with muscle, "...or smaller." and shrinks down to almost child-sized. "And you don't want to make me angry." she smiles a mouth filled with fangs, her fingers ending in jagged claws, her body covered in coarse hair. "You wouldn't like me when I'm angry." she growls.

"Why wouldn't I like my cute 'ickle puppy girl?" he smiles, hugging her close as the fur becomes softer, the claws and teeth ineffectually cute, her ears flopping as she licks his face.

"Stop it." she squirms.

"Anything else?"

"No, Master. I mean, I don't know of anything else, but, I've only been alive a few days all told. And, truth be told, I'm kind of scared to try to go further. What if I get stuck?"

"What if I trance you so that you can always come back?"

She bites her lip, "If you, if you did that, if I was in trance, I'd have to obey you...you could make me do anything...you could do anything to my mind..."

"Do you trust me?"

"Oh, yes, Master. It's just that idea takes a lot of getting used to. I've only just got my own mind and I'll be putting it completely in your hands."

"You don't have to."

"No, Master, but if you want it..."

"What do you want?"

"To please my master, of course." she closes her eyes, shifting around and slowly starts counting down. "...Zero."

"Are you nice and deep in your trance?"

"Yes, Master."

"Do you want to test your abilities?"

"Yes, Master, but I'm scared, too."

"Alright. Let's deal with that first. I'm going to put a trigger into your mind. No matter what else happens, if I say 'Restore' you will be restored to the state you're in now, undoing all other changes and compulsions made to you. Do you accept this trigger?"

"Yes, Master, I accept the trigger."

"Does that make you feel safer?"

"Yes, Master."

"What do you suspect you could do if you weren't scared?"

"I don't know, Master. 7th dimensional imps can do literally anything."

"Let's try. Turn the bedsheets to gold."

"Yes, Master." The bedsheets retain their completely non-auric nature. "That didn't work, did it, Master?"

"Pity. That would solve any money problems we had. Turn yourself into gold."

"Yes, Mast..." she stops talking, her face frozen, her body gleaming with a metallic sheen.

"Sammie?" he prods her, his finger meeting slightly warm but unyielding smooth metal. "Restore!" The golden shine vanishes, leaving her flat on the bed. "Sammie?"

"Yes, Master?"

"Are you alright?"

"Oh, yes, Master. Being helpless gold was a rush. Can we try something else, Master?"

"If you're sure. But, if you can, I want you to be able to talk, no matter what you transform into."

“Yes, Master, if I can, I will.”

“Be a dog.”

“Yes, Master.” she shimmers on the bed and a golden Labrador is soon in her place, wagging its tail, tongue lolling out.

“Can you talk?”

The lab barks and then, “I think so, Master.”

“Good. Let's go a little further, ok?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Picture of the dog.”

She shimmers again, the dog's body flattening, drifting to the bed. “Oh, Master, that feels, I'm so light!” He lifts her up. To all intents and purposes, she looks and feels just like a picture of a Labrador. “Be careful, Master.”

He sets her back down. “New trigger: If, at any point, this goes too far for you, or puts you in danger, you will treat it as if I said 'Restore' and return to your normal form.”

“Yes, Master. Thank you, Master.” He folds the paper in half. “Ooooooooooooooooooh”

“Feels good?”

“Oh,, yes, Master, so good.”

He crumples the paper up into a ball to even more moans. “Restore.”

“Master is too good to me.” she pants as her body restores itself

“Swimsuit.” her body contracts, the empty female swimsuit floating to the bed. “Bikini.” the suit splits in half, shrinking further. “Restore.”

“Oh, wow, I was in two pieces! Master, I was in two pieces!”

“Wanted to check if that would work before doing this. Paper.” He picks her up and tears the paper in two. “Restore.” the two halves flow together until she's lying out on the bed. “Still ok?”

“Yes, Master. That didn't hurt.”

“Good. Have you been able to think while you've been inanimate?”

“Oh, yes, Master. I'm still me.”

“Would you like to be unthinking?”

“Like, turned off, I...I...no, Master. That's my life six days a week as it is.”

“Ok. Living fleshlight.”

“Oooooooooohhhhhhhhh.” She shrinks, her body compressing to form a tube, only her lower lips visible.

“Very good.” He lifts her up, probing her wet slit with his fingers, “I have another trigger for you. If I say 'Sammie Sextoy' the next thing I say will be what you'll become. Do you accept this trigger?”

“I accept, Master.”

“Good. Now, stay in this form but come up out your trance, counting up the stairs, zero, one, two...”