

The Dreamcaster: Chapter 21

By: CrissieBaby

DING

The doors to the elevator parted, unveiling the chamber filled with pink orbs. Holding Jane's hand in his and lugging Master over his shoulder, Hector stepped off of the lift and casually walked down the central pathway amongst the bright pink bubbles. "A fascinating sight, no?" he said with a gleeful smile, "Inside of each orb is a magical item, some docile, but others can be quite world-shattering."

"Where do they...all come from? Did you make these?" asked Jane, who was beginning to feel a bit smaller than usual when contemplating the functions of the universe.

Hector shrugged, "Perhaps the world is not made. Perhaps nothing is made. Perhaps it simply is, has been, will always be there...a clock without a craftsman.' Alan Moore, 1987." He stared down at Jane, whose focus was locked onto his every word, "Personally, I don't care where or how these enchantments are made. Their maker has existed longer than you or I and they will still be here when we are nothing more than dust. All I do is ask for more when I need them."

"Okay, but why are they all ABDL related?" asked Jane bluntly. Looking around, it was fair to say a sizable chunk of the items contained within the bubbles were obviously intended for babies, big and small, "Does the universe have kink preference or something?"

Wiggling the shoulder with Master on it, Hector made it quite obvious who was the cause. "Oh yes, when this little she-devil took over, she went as far as to physically alter magical properties so most, if not all, circle back to diapers somehow. I'm not one to kink shame, but it's a bit much if you ask me," he said, loading Master off of his shoulder and dropping her to the hard ground with a thud, "Hey, maybe we should get her diapered up before she wakes. Give her a taste of her own medicine."

RUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMBBBBBLLLE!!!

"Or we could stop the black hole now and pamper the diaper lover later," said Jane, bending over and planting her hands and feet on the floor to prevent herself from falling over for the umpteenth time. As the rumbling came to a stop, her hand was grabbed by Hector as he rushed her past the various orbs to a central altar, leaving Master behind.

Arriving at the stone-carved altar, Hector nudged Jane forward. Waving his hand, the pink orb with the silver ring appeared in front of Jane, hovering just above the altar. "Perfect! Everything is set," he said, losing his methodical composure slightly as he spoke, "All you have to do is declare that you are relinquishing mortal ownership of this ring."

"That's it?" said Jane, a bit confused by how overly simple something so universe breaking was. Placing her hands on each side of the orb and feeling electric currents sending

chills throughout her forearms, she looked at the altar anxiously, “And what happens after that?” She turned back to Hector, who quickly concealed the devilish smile he was wearing.

Bridging his fingers together and puffing out his chest, Hector boasted, “My powers will be amplified by the ring, giving me the ability to rewrite reality as I see fit. And in exchange, you, your wife, and even that gorgeous co-worker of yours will be granted an oasis to spend the rest of your days in lavish luxury.”

RUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMBBBBBBBBBLLLLLLLLLEEEE!!!!

The lamp’s interior rattled like a bomb went off. Hector fell backward while Jane grabbed onto the altar, holding herself upright with all of her might.

Scrambling to his feet, Hector, moved to Jane’s side, placed a heavy hand on her shoulder. “We’re out of time! No more questions! If you don’t want the planet to vanish, perform the ritual!” he said, his smug attitude having fully dissipated.

“But what about everyone else?” said Jane starkly, glaring daggers into the genie’s eyes, “I want you to promise me that you’ll make the black hole disappear. That Crissie and Master and everyone else will be safe. Promise me or else we go down.”

Flabbergasted, Hector was practically pulling his hair out, inching ever closer to unrivaled cosmic power. “F-Fine, whatever! I promise! I’ll even throw in world peace for free. Are you satisfied?!”

Jane nodded shakily and turned back to the altar. Regardless of what happened, regardless of who was in charge of the universe tomorrow, this was the right thing to do. Standing up straight and speaking from her chest, Jane shouted, “I relinquish my mortal ownership of this ring.”

The pink orb suddenly began to vibrate, growing slightly larger as if it were being filled like a balloon. Moments later, the orb popped, and the ring fell onto the altar with a faint *clink!* With eyes as wide as a kid’s on Christmas morning, Hector leaned in close to the altar and slowly moved his pointer finger, cackling as he touched an enchanted item with his own hand for the first time. “Hahaha! I-I did it! I’m...a GOD!” he said, his voice deepening on the final word. Picking the ring up, he held out his left ring finger and slowly guided the ring towards it.

“Hey, Hector!”

Turning his head, Hector was suddenly met with a pink orb hurling into his face and sending him to the ground. Flickers of electric pink sparks rippled in the spot where he was hit as he convulsed on the ground. The ring slipped from his grasp and rolled across the floor and spun to a stop.

Holding the orb was Master, looking deranged with her hair tangled up and her pants still soaked. “Sorry for making a mess, fucker,” she said, letting the bubble go and allowing it to gently float away. Turning her attention to Jane, she gave her a knowing look, “Nice work stalling, Jane.”

“Thanks,” said Jane, letting the air out of her lungs for the first time in several minutes, “I

honestly didn't think I was gonna make it after you went down. I just...kept asking questions like you told me to and-

Jane's voice suddenly went silent as Master pressed her hand on top of Jane's forehead and lightly petted her hair. "You did good, for a Little, anyway," she giggled, "Now, let's get the hell out of here before Hector g-

"Gets up?!" shouted Hector only a split second before he tackled Master to the floor. Using his weight to pin her down, he head-butted her, banging her head against the stone steps of the altar. "I've waited countless millennia for my chance to join my rightful place amongst the Gods and I'm not going to let some diaper obsessed freaks take it away from me." He repeated his headbutt attack, knocking Master unconscious.

With dark purple blood dripping from his forehead, Hector turned to see Jane, quivering in fear like a small dog. His eyes turned down, spotting the ring stationed directly in between them.

Jane followed Hector's eyes, realizing this was a do-or-die moment for her. There was no chance of Master getting back up like last time. She was truly on her own. Simultaneously, both she and Hector moved as fast as they could, reaching out their arms as they dove for the ring.

Their hands clashed as they met in the middle, brawling for a few seconds as they scrambled to come up with the ring first. Pinning Jane's left arm beneath his knee, Hector climbed on top of her and held down her other arm, easily freeing him up to grab the silver ring. Holding it high, he bellowed out a villainous laugh, "HAHAHA! I got it! Looks like your little friend forgot to write you a happy ending!"

The ring suddenly glitched out of Hector's hand and into Jane's. "Looks like she didn't," she said coyly as kneed him in the balls as hard as she could, hoping that the genie had testicles. Fortunately, her attack seemed to do the trick, as his arms went weak the second she made contact.

Scurrying out from under Hector, Jane quickly slid the ring on her finger and squinted her eyes closed, wishing with all of her being for things to go back to the way they were. No magic rings or lamps. No random people coming through mystery portals. Just the quiet life she and her wife had built for each other. "I'm coming home, Sarah!"

"NO!" shouted Hector, still holding his aching crotch as he crawled for Jane's hand, only for it to vanish before he could clasp onto her. In an instant, both Jane and the silver ring had disappeared from Hector's lamp without a trace. In a fit of frustration, he screamed at the top of his lungs.

RRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMMMMBBBBBBBBBBBLLLLLLLLLE E!!!!

Toppling to the floor, Hector watched as the pink orbs began to pop and float away freely at random. In the distance, his elevator disappeared into a void of utter darkness. All around him, his world began to dissipate.

Grabbing onto Hector's leg with her limp hand, Master cackled happily, "Timelines are fragile things. And let me tell you, they hurt like a bitch when they collapse in on you." Once again, she started to laugh hysterically, closing her eyes and accepting her fate.

Hector tried to kick Master off of his leg, hoping to escape to somewhere that the void of time wouldn't get him. There was nowhere else for him to go, though. Slowly, the area around both him and Master dissolved away. "Iris!" was the only last word he could get out before his mind and body were stretched, squished, and finally, crushed by the void, doing away with the undone timeline.

TO BE CONTINUED...