

## The Limits of the Power

“Also, der Alte sagte ‘konzentrieren Sie aufs ihre Fantasie,’ so... pfui, ist das blöd.” Dennoch Tobias schuttert seine Augen, konzentriert auf seinen Wunsch, und...

“What the hell...?” Toby looked around his living room. In the blink of an eye, everything had changed. Yet it was still so similar, and bizarrely familiar. A moment ago, he’d been surrounded by the plush burgundy motif he’d had ever since he’d scrounged up enough money to buy a living room set way back. Suddenly, however, it was faded blues. The coffee table, formerly a glass top, was wood, but it had the same empty bottle of beer on it. Nope, this was a Sam Adams. American beer? Why did he have American beer? Except his own mind instantly supplied the answer, which was somehow both obvious and inexplicable.

Because this was America.

It made no sense. None of it did. Not what the old man had said to him, not the change in décor, not the fact that he was suddenly speaking and thinking in English (a subject he’d gotten horrible marks for in school in that other life), and not the fact that he was suddenly no longer a citizen of Austria but rather of someplace called Oregon. This morning, he doubted if he could have guessed within a thousand miles where Oregon was, given a map of the continental US. Yet suddenly, he’d grown up here on the west coast, and knew it well. His former home in Klagenfurt, though... already he was struggling to recall where it was. He wasn’t entirely sure how to spell it. That wasn’t him any more, somehow. Now, in this new reality, his dad had moved the family back to the US when Tobias had still been in the womb. After his mother’s passing – his mother, who’d raised him all on her own in Salzburg – he’d done the raising instead before succumbing to the lung cancer that had once upon a time killed him over fifteen years ago only last fall.

Toby didn’t understand a bit of it. Not how this power worked, where it had come from, how he’d just transported himself halfway around the world and rewritten major portions of his life. But he understood it had worked. Or at least that it had done something. No wonder the old man had sputtered out that vague warning, if a wish totally unrelated to these changes had additionally reinvented some small portion of world history. The only way to see if it worked was to pull out his phone and check.

“Holy crap, is that still Kirsten? How the hell did American me pull *that* one off,” he muttered, observing the woman who was posing with him on the wallpaper of his phone. His new, American phone, featuring his same old Austrian ex-girlfriend, Kirsten. Sinfully hot, yet malevolently cold. Apparently now they’d met while she was here helping her company open a new American branch and they’d hit it off. Then after catching her cheating on him with her asshole gardener Matteo, he’d broken up with her

last winter. That was still the same, except he'd been standing outside a different apartment listening to them rutting behind a different closed door.

However, that hadn't been why he'd gotten out his phone. His pattern code for his phone was the same, funnily enough. There on the desktop was the app for his bank account. The password was different – no umlauts in English – but he remembered by muscle memory, tapping the keys rapidly.

*Checking Account Balance: \$10,944,049.65*

His downstairs neighbor banged on the ceiling, and his upstairs neighbor stomped on the floor. Toby didn't care. He whooped and hollered with pure joy. His wish, the fantasy he'd focused on when he'd triggered his power, had worked! It had changed all sorts of things about the world, seemingly. He had a beard now, which he belatedly realized was new, even though the face beneath it was the same. But the basic desire – to have ten million bucks in the bank – that had worked perfectly.

Well, sort of. He'd overshot it by almost a million, but... wait. A moment of browsing and calculating later, Toby chuckled at his mistake. \$10,994,049.65 in American dollars came out to an even \$10,000,000 euros. It had even deleted the paltry sum that had formerly been there, replacing it with his new fortune.

It was late in the evening here, though. Made sense, being on the opposite side of the planet. This Toby had worked a long day – same job title, same company even, only for the American parent company – and power or no, he was tired. He should have been asleep a long time ago, in fact. His eyes slid closed, and he drifted off to sleep with a smile on his face and fresh dreams brewing in his heart.

Toby quit the next morning. He went into the office in his comfiest clothes, walked right into Mr. Vogel's office and told him to go fuck himself, like he'd wanted to for years. The look on the old bastard's face had been priceless, open-jawed shock and sputtering indignation as Toby flipped him off on the way back out. He didn't even bother packing up his desk. What did he care? He had all the money he could ever need and then some.

*Two fantasies down. And that one hadn't needed another application of the power, Toby thought on his way out of the lot. So now what?*

The part of him that wanted to call up his friends from his old life was already a whisper, at most. Slipping into his new life was turning out to be weirdly easy. In fact, a surprising little had changed about his day to day. Still single, coping with the bitterness and hurt over Kirsten. His Austrian buddies seemed to have been transported to modern-day America right alongside him. Their names, like his, had been Americanized. Khurt was Curtis, Stefan was Stevie, though Christian was the same, albeit pronounced a little different. The more he pondered, the more it seemed most things were about the same, though those memories of his Austrian life were fading fast. Already yesterday was like last month, hazy and sparse in details. Last month was like ten years ago, and farther back than that was like trying to recall an unremarkable bus ride from last summer, or his sixth birthday party. But in their place were new memories of this life, as dull as the old up until yesterday.

It was pretty easy to slip into his new skin. He decided to shave the beard, go back to his clean-shaven look. The guys toasted his good fortune at their (new) usual drinking hole that night, and by the weekend, he'd bought a flashy new car, a huge new home in a posh neighborhood, and was in touch with a travel agent to set up a trip to Asia. He figured he'd already seen Europe and the US, sort of, so why not?

Money, Toby quickly learned, was incredible. Everybody who'd ever told him he couldn't buy happiness had been every bit as full of shit as he'd always thought they were. There were no anxieties about those million little things he used to worry about. When he saw or thought of something he wanted, he ordered it. Hell, food even tasted better. All things considered, that wish had turned out pretty damned good. He wasn't even tempted to use the power again as he rode the crest of that wave of good fortune.

At least, not until Curtis asked if he was going to lord it over his ex.

It had been almost six months since their breakup. After the initial sting of her infidelity, the separation had been surprisingly amicable. At least when he'd told her he was breaking up with her, she hadn't put up a fight. At all. They hadn't spoken since, and he'd never thought they would. Toby had been pretty down for a while, and as he found himself comparing each new prospect to Kirsten and coming up short, his heart wasn't mending like it should. "Of course not, man." Toby rolled his eyes, gave his buddy a soft backhand on the shoulder. "I'm over her. Have a little class."

“Really? I mean, every time we hit the bars, you’re still not looking at any girls, not talking to anybody. Hell, man, the other day Christian had to rag on you because you’d brought up Kirsten for the fourth time that night.”

“So? It pertained.” Sort of. Tangentially. Two of the four times.

“Fuck pertained, man. You’re at the top of your game. If you’re still into her, pick up the phone, see if she wants to give it another go. If you’re still pissed at her, pick up the phone anyway, have fun telling her what she missed out on.”

“She lives in Europe!” His power, for whatever reason, had not included her in the move.

“Right, because you can’t afford airfare. Shit, Toby, you could send for her via private jet.”

He didn’t give Curtis the satisfaction of seeing his well-reasoned argument had made an impact. It had, though. The more he thought about it, the more he accepted that he really did need some kind of closure. She’d cheated on him like their relationship was nothing more than a casual fling, and now, not only did he have a fortune on his hands, but he had this insane power. He at least wanted to lord it over her a little.

Except two nights later when he finally decided to act on it, he was drunk enough to take it that one extra step. Toby closed his eyes, concentrated on the wish, and braced himself for worlds to shift and collide.

This time, when his eyes opened, he was still in his same room in his apartment in Eugene. His stuff was right where he’d left it. Toby tried to think, see if his mind was having any of that fading memories effect, but if it was, he couldn’t stumble on the right topic.

Or maybe it hadn’t worked, he considered, as there was no sign of Kirsten. Damn. Had the wishes been a one-time deal? The old man hadn’t said that, had he? He tried to remember, but all that was left was nonsensical muttering in some foreign language. (His monolingualism was probably the most American thing about Toby now.) Still, the spirit of it was still there. He’d gone on and on about the hazards of using the power willy nilly, be careful, use it judiciously, etc. But he had used it, so... where the heck was Kirsten?

Soon enough, he was asleep, and the issue went unresolved. Evidently it wasn’t a surefire thing.

It didn't take long for him to realize that things had indeed changed. It wasn't until he flipped on the light in the bathroom the next morning that he realized, belatedly, that he hadn't always had a swastika tattooed on his shoulder.

"Well crud. Did I turn myself into a Nazi?" He supposed he should object more stringently, though presently, he could think of a lot of valid-seeming reasons why those filthy—

The Toby from the day before asserted that no, this was a bridge much too far, and concentrated hard on turning himself back. He even remembered to try to squeeze in some mental energy on the thing with Kirsten, too, so he hopefully didn't undo that part of things. When his eyes opened, the swastika was gone, as were those awful ideas. This time the change had happened so quickly that he could barely recall what bizarre confluence of circumstances had driven him in that direction. He looked like himself, felt like himself, was still in his same new home, and when he finally stumbled across the change a while later, he accepted vegetarianism (ovo-lacto, at least) was a small price to pay. His body was all around healthier, at least, and whether or not he'd earned any moral superiority, he felt better about himself. Cool.

Oh, and he discovered that sales tax was 2% lower, and the weekend occurred on Mondays and Tuesdays.

There was no real understanding it. Maybe the changes were the result of an intricate web of circumstances throughout human history that were nudged in infinitesimal increments toward an alternate outcome until it produced a world in which his desired outcome was a reality, but caused other events as a side effect. Chaos theory, at least insofar as he understood it from Jeff Goldblum. Or maybe it really was entirely random, ancient magic run amok, unpredictable and remorseless. Either way, he didn't intend to keep fiddling with it. He'd gotten a fortune and a healthier lifestyle out of it, and that would have to do.

It was two days after his wish before Kirsten knocked on his door. He was almost taken aback; she was easily three or four inches taller, nearly eye to eye with him, and if it was how she'd always been in this reality, his thoughts of her the past few days had evidently been muddled by his prior recollections. It was an improvement, though. Did wonders for her legs. Beyond that, her hair was longer, down to her shoulder blades, and her eyes were green instead of hazel.

"Kirsten?" It had been long enough that he'd thought she wasn't coming. Toby had been in the middle of watching *The Late Show with Jon Stewart*, already in his boxers and a plain white tee, ready for bed. Not that she hadn't seen him in less, but that had been before the breakup.

"Take off your underwear," she said in her thick Austrian accent — *tek auf yo oonduhvayeh* — and pushed past him into the apartment, shutting the door behind her. Two years in the states and she was still as bad as Schwarzenegger. But with an amazing

body, and a face he couldn't wait to kiss again. Kirsten shed her overcoat, shocking him still further with the sight of her body concealed only by a sexy black bra and matching satin panties.

"Uh, what?"

"I must need to suck your cock, Toby. You know how important it is to me, I think. Now take them off or I will take them off of you." She planted her hands on those wide, womanly hips. Were her tits bigger, or was that just the bra? The second one, he supposed. Darn. He should've lumped that in with the blowjob wish.

He supposed if the world was still a place that made sense, he ought to ask questions and demand answers, but as the erstwhile working class Austrian omnivore turned American vegetarian multimillionaire, he supposed there was no sense looking his gift horse in her mouth. No, he wanted that mouth wrapped around his cock, right where he'd wished it. Toby was naked moments later, and Kirsten stared at his crotch like it was the center of her universe. Man, that power had really done a number on her.

His ex-girlfriend followed him to the couch, sinking to her knees in front of him as he plopped his bare ass on the leather. Without a word or the least bit of fanfare, she leaned forward, mouth forming a narrow O as she readied to suck him between her lips.

When they'd been dating, in this and every reality he could remember, this was something she'd never done. Giving head wasn't going to happen, she'd said, and after a couple failures at persuading her otherwise, he'd given up and settled for what he could get. She was gorgeous, after all, and if he couldn't get a blowjob, at least he got to have sex with her.

Except so had Matthew.

"Not so fast, sweetheart," he said, stopping her inches away from his shaft with the force of his index finger pressed to her forehead. One eye on either side of it glared up at him for his audacity. "You came in here demanding I get naked. I think it's only fair you follow suit."

Her eyes narrowed, as if resentful of having her bounty delayed. But with my finger still holding her at bay, there was nothing for it. She rose gracefully to her feet, and far less gracefully shed her bra and panties.

"Shaved? That's... well, I guess not new, but new to me. Nice, though. Looks good." There was a little mole on her butt that he didn't remember either, but he wasn't about to comment on it.

"Now may I...?"

"Be my guest, baby." Toby folded his hands behind his head and grinned at her as she knelt once more, eyes fixed on his hardening manhood with a fixation that was almost unnerving. As she gave him a few slow licks, he tried to sort out past memories of their intimacy. There didn't seem to be much different from this reality and the old one. Ones? Whatever. Fairly vanilla love-making, usually missionary with him standing on

the side of the bed. She said the angle felt best that way, and he'd been eager to please so he hadn't pressed much to try other things, even other positions.

He wondered if Matthew had gotten her to try other positions. As her warm, wet mouth enveloped him for the first time, he wondered if Matthew had ever felt that, either. From the face she was making – or would be making if not for his dick splitting her lips – he doubted it.

Baseball was prominent in his mind as she went on. He meant for this to last as long as he could make it. If he'd known she was coming, he might have jerked off first for some staying power. He meant to make this last. Three years he'd dreamed of this. Two while they'd been together, and one after. Never once had she so much as hinted, not even teased that she might. Now here she was, slurping away with gusto. In fact...

"Is that good, Toby? Am I doing the blowjob right? Is this how the men like it?" she asked, watching for his response as she kissed around his shaft. Her lipstick rubbed off a little more with each pass, little red prints that matched a ring further down, closer to his base.

"You're doing great, babe. Top-notch grade A cocksucking." Toby smirked as she nodded, grateful almost, and got back to it. As she refined her technique, he gave her the occasional pointer, some of it from experience with past girlfriends who'd been more generous, others that were simply things he'd seen in porn and wanted to try out.

"More eye contact."

"Moan. Louder."

"Take it deeper."

"Leave it there and try to swallow."

"Play with yourself. No, not that much."

She complied with every request without complaint. No matter how greedy, how demanding he got, she did as he told her to. He caught an occasional glower, detected a bit of hesitation here and there. But she complied. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she tried to deep throat him, carrying with them a flood of black eye shadow, but she did it.

Toby wondered if he should feel bad. After all, he had made her do this, and she clearly had never wanted to before. But maybe she was loving it, and her frustration was simply that he wouldn't shut up and let her enjoy it. Or maybe she didn't have feelings one way or the other and his power was simply making her do it, like a cock-sucking automaton. Was that wrong? But then he remembered the cheating, the apathy on her face when he'd told her he was leaving her.

Besides, if he still felt bad about it later, he could always undo it, or make it up to her.

Or not.

It was to that thought that he suddenly came, flooding her mouth with what felt like a quart of his spunk. Rather than shy away, however, Kirsten pressed her mouth down, coughing and choking up mouthful after mouthful all over the front of herself until he finally stopped.

“That was incredible, Kirsten. Seriously the best blowjob I’ve ever had. You’re a natural. You deserve a... Say, what are you...?”

But she wasn’t answering. Kirsten crawled away from him toward the door, cum dripping down her chin and onto his carpet. She stopped by the door, fishing in the pocket of her discarded coat and coming up with a cell phone. Had it buzzed or something? But no, she only grabbed it and crawled back, cute little tits swinging away beneath her. Jesus, she wasn’t even touching him and he was already thinking about trying to score a second blowjob.

She wriggled up onto the couch beside him, and to his surprise, held up the phone at arm’s length. He could see that the camera was on, and there in its lens were the two of them, him with a flaccid dribbling cock and broad grin persisting through his confusion right next to her naked body glistening with lingering sweat and spattered cum. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue and a fresh salvo dribbled down onto her boobs. *Snap.*

“Wow, taking a souvenir? Didn’t see that... um, what are you... hey, don’t...! Kirsten!”

But she’d already sent it, a picture of her clearly wearing the evidence of her cocksucking adventures. He hadn’t been able to see to whom, only that she’d opened up a text message and delivered the photo to whoever was on the other end.

“There. It’s done.”

“Done...? Wait, where are you...?”

She was already wiping herself off with his t-shirt, then hastily putting her clothes back on. What little clothing that was, at least. “I am going back to home. That is where. Matthew will be waiting for me, I hope.”

“Matthew? You two are... I don’t understand. What happened?”

She paused after cinching the belt on her overcoat to look back at him, eyes searching, penetrating. It wasn’t clear what she was looking for, but whatever it was, she didn’t seem to find it. “Maybe you really don’t know.” Kirsten sighed. “I am sorry you had to become involved in this, if that is case. Someone – and I think you know who – kidnapped Matt. His... what is the word? Für Freiheit?”

He racked his dwindling memories. “Freiheit, hmm. Is that freedom...?”

“Ja, freedom. For his freedom, I must come here and perform the cocksucking and send them this proof.” This time there really was a buzz, and I craned my neck futilely to see what it was. “And they say they accept. Thank god. Goodbye, Toby. Und



wenn ich lerne, daß du irgendetwas damit zu tun hatte, dann werde ich deinen Schwanz abschneiden und es den Tauben füttern. Verstanden?”

“Uh, sorry, my German is pretty rusty, but– hey, wait!”

But Kirsten wasn't in the mood to translate what was clearly a threat, and Toby wasn't about to chase her outside naked. Before he could stumble outside, her car was peeling out of the lot.

*Well that was awful.*

So someone had kidnapped Matt to coerce her into blowing him? He had no memory of doing it himself, thank goodness, but still... Not exactly what he'd had in mind. Worse, the blowjob had actually been amazing. It was hard to remember it fondly now that he knew what had prompted it. Evidently he hadn't been specific enough. He'd wanted her to *want* to do it.

Hmm.

Toby spent some time fleshing out the wish this time. No more fuck-ups. This one was going to be specific. This one was going to be comprehensive. This one was definitely not going to be kidnapping and extortion. Just the return of his crazy hot ex-girlfriend to the states after developing an obsession with sucking his cock. And deciding, in conjunction with her newest ex, Matt, never to press charges over the whole kidnapping thing.

Oh, and this time to show up right away. The doorbell rang before he could even look out the peephole.

“Well hey there, Kirs—”

She was on her knees in a flash. The door was wide open for anyone in the neighborhood to see, though as she finished undoing his belt buckle and got to work on his fly, she felt the draft and shoved it closed with a heel. Good. He was in hot enough water with the homeowner association as it was over the occupancy limits – ugh, really? roommates? – but a blowjob in his doorway would really push them over the edge. Even worse than the chicken coop in the back yard. Because apparently this Toby wanted farm fresh eggs. Or something.

“Look, before we do this, I just wanted to apologize about that whole business with Matt.” Toby took a few steps back before she could get his underwear off. From the intensity of the look on her face, he had a feeling she wouldn't be in a mood to pay much attention once she got at her prize.

“With who? Oh, Max. Ja, I don't even care. Maybe I was upset at then, but now I am glad for it. If you had done what you had done, I would never have realized what I was out missing on.”

He smiled at her broken English, worse than even before. It was endearing. Almost as endearing as the way she kept crawling after him as he backed away. “You're sure? I don't want you to feel obligated.”

“*Was ist 'obligated'?*”

“Like you're being forced to.”

“Oh? Sure, you can force me to if you like, Toby.” She flopped over onto her back right there on the cold tile, opening her mouth wide and extending her tongue, rubbing her perky tits through her top. “Here, just shove it in, fuck my mouth like my pussy. I don't care.”

“Uh, I actually said I *don't* want...” Toby stopped himself. This really wasn't the time to rehash particulars. “You know, never mind. It's fine.”

He shed his underwear and stood over her. Kirsten was panting, literally panting, back arched and thighs rubbing together with unfettered desire merely from the proximity of his cock and the sight of his wrinkled ball sack dangling a few feet overhead.

“I think I want you naked first,” he said, folding his arms across his chest. The coerced blowjob from before had really been enhanced by getting to see that body of hers, no two ways about it.

Kirsten obeyed in a flash, so fast he had to interject to tell her to slow down, let him savor watching her strip. It was clear she was struggling with her zeal from the way her hands trembled as they grasped at the buttons of her blouse, plus the several times she lost herself grinding her ass against his exposed cock. First as she worked on the bra, then again as she eased down her skirt and again with her panties, the latter of which was by then soaked through with her lust.

Naked, frantic, Kirsten collapsed to her knees at her ex-ex-boyfriend's feet and caressed his abdomen entreatingly. “*Bitte schön*, Toby, oh *bitte, bitte, bitte* let me taste you!”

“And if I want another one tomorrow?”

“Then you will have it!” she insisted. “Ten, if you want. A hundred! A hundred times a hundred, as many as you'll let me give you! Just please, oh *bitte*, please let me suck this fat cock, Toby. *Mein Gott in Himmel*, I need it!”

Was the dirty talking part of it, or... wow, come to think of it, his cock really was bigger. It hadn't been small before, nor was it legendary now, but it was pretty big. Red veined with purple, almost menacing in its presence. There was a decidedly manly feeling to it, that objectively minor difference in girth and heft. It had never occurred to him to burn a wish on it and risk turning the human race into crab people or something, but it was one hell of a consequence.

It was the slightest of nods, practically imperceptible, but to her it was like an alarm had gone off. Time to wake up the cocksucking slut she now was. She licked him first, like she needed to taste him more than to pleasure him. Fine with him. Her tongue was so wet he wondered if she was drooling. In fact, Toby even swept her hair aside to see and sure enough, he could make out three softly glistening puddles on the upper curvatures of her breasts.

*Hey, now there's an idea!*

Maybe it was his newly discovered cock growth planting ideas in his head. Maybe it was a very old and lingering despondency that she hadn't been as blessed in that regard as he might have wished. Maybe it stemmed from a desire to perfect his

gorgeous, fawning, cock-worshipping ex-girlfriend. Or maybe the power had just gone a little too much to his head.

With bigger tits, she would be perfect. She'd fit right in with the rest of his roommates, the nearly two dozen servile, fawning, flawlessly gorgeous former bikini models who had given up their careers for the opportunity to compete daily for a little quality one-on-one time with his dick. Kirsten just needed the tits for it and she'd fit the mold perfectly. He heard footsteps coming down the stairs, several sets, followed by elated squeals of delight. Jennica, Anya and Charissa, if he was hearing right. Former Miss Iowa, spokesmodel for Ack Swimwear and ex-trophy-wife of the son of the guy who owns the Dallas Cowboys, respectively. Maybe he could be a nice guy and let them watch him break Kirsten in. If he felt up to it, maybe he'd let them teach her how to properly tag-team a blowjob later this evening.

But first this one little tweak. Toby concentrated, and...

*Hmm. Now what was I doing?* He looked around. His place didn't look very familiar, but maybe he was just having another foggy day. More and more of those of late. Thank goodness he had his girls on hand to take care of him, help him remember to take his pills, wash those hard-to-reach spots. Most spots, any more. Not that they ever minded. He just wished his pecker still worked proper. The poor dears deserved it, infatuated with it as they were.

Ah, the good old days... Not even those little blue pills could achieve that at this stage in his life. Damn shame. Ever since they'd solved the clean energy problem and ended all the wars, freeing up the world's great minds to mechanize the entire work force and letting all the world's newly unlimited prosperity rain down on all of humankind... Well, there wasn't much for him to fill the hours with. Not at his age.

Or... was there? One or two of the marbles rolling around upstairs seemed to think something was amiss. Hadn't he... yes, that's right. Once upon a time, he'd... hmm. Yes. Yes, there was... a power? Yes! Wait, wasn't that how he'd ended up this way? Odds and bodkins! He had to fix it!

How did it work again?

Concentration? Ugh. It was hard holding an idea in his head for long. Maybe he should write it down? No, hands shake too darned much. One of the girls could come, write it for him perhaps. He needed to get this right, or who knew what could happen. Oh, hells bells, he could hold it together for thirty little seconds. Just give the power to a younger version of himself in one of those weird alternate realities he half half-recalled, and make sure he was good and warned, too.

Toby closed his eyes, concentrated, and...