

The Ultimate Game: Choose Your TF Own Adventure - Part 5

By TheSpiralledEye

John and the girls do their best to sleep but that's hard to do when you're trapped in a room with a comfy bed after being fed a bunch of aphrodisiacs...

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"I'll bunk with John."

Nancy crossed her arms beneath her ample chest and stared at the group with a look that said she was not to be questioned. Testosterone indeed. John could tell from the look on her face she was in no mood to put up with Portia's insults or Stacey's idiocy all night. Frankly, it was probably his preferred option as well. Stacey was at least nice but if he shared with her that meant throwing Nancy under the bus with her literal bitch of an ex.

"Sounds good." He crouched slightly, walking into the bedroom and nodding for Nancy to follow before another argument could break out.

As weird as it was to spend a night in this maze he had to admit he was exhausted. Today had been a serious trial and that last obstacle course was no joke. Already his eyelids felt droopy and he hadn't even hit the pillow yet.

He could already hear Portia snarling as the door closed, melting into the wall so that he and Nancy were now sealed in.

"Sorry Stacey." He sighed, "Good luck."

"She'll be fine." Nancy shrugged, "She's too dumb to get hurt by Portia's words."

John wanted to disagree but couldn't bring himself to; it was one of Stacey's biggest strengths really, everything just flowed off her like water on a duck's back. The wall opened and produced two bowls of food, soup and bread by the looks of it. John made a face and sat down on the floor, carefully cupping his bowl in one hand. This guy was clearly made of money. The least he could have done was given them something fancy.

Nancy bit into her bread with ferocity, clearly still angry from the change. He couldn't blame her, it can't have been a nice feeling having those giant tits and a dick at the same time. He couldn't help but be a little jealous though; it had only been a few hours but he already missed his own manhood.

He and Nancy ate in silence, the walls were too thick to tell but he was sure Stacey and Portia's meal would be much less quiet. More than anything John just wanted to go to bed and forget this strange day had ever happened. At least The Game Master had been kind enough to provide a large bed, big enough for his eight foot tall frame.

Nancy hesitated before lifting the blankets and sliding in.

"We're both adults here." John insisted, "We can handle sharing a bed for one night."

"Yeah." He swallowed, "It's just a bit warm that's all."

She wasn't wrong, the air did have a strange heat to it as well as that soothing sweet smell that made him feel oddly relaxed. He was so tired that he was sure sleep would come swiftly but it didn't. Instead he had to fight the urge to toss and turn; this new body was so uncomfortable all of a sudden; he was hyper aware of his exposed skin and the rags around his waist that barely covered his pussy.

He curled on his side, causing Nancy to shriek as she was bounced into the air by the mattress.

"Sorry!"

"It's fine." She said through gritted teeth, quickly turning her back to him.

"Nancy, are you angry with me? I know today has been hard but I did everything I could-"

"I know. Let's just go to sleep."

Her voice was strained and John felt his worry increase. He reached out, laying a hand over her shoulder and immediately he felt an electric current move through his body as soon as their skin made contact. Nancy clearly felt it as well as she flinched, not in pain though but something quite the opposite.

John rose himself up on his elbow and glanced over at Nancy's curled form. Oh. That was why her voice was strained; she wasn't angry, she was *hard*. The sight made his

stomach churn strangely and his new pussy started to moisten. He immediately slammed back on the mattress, laying ramrod straight on his back.

He was straight; and yes, Nancy was technically a woman but that didn't change the fact that he was feeling hot thanks to her cock. This was just...too confusing. He bit his lip and decided to do exactly what she was doing; ignoring it. At least that was the plan until the Game Master's voice echoed above them.

“Ah, I see all four of you are enjoying the amenities of your rooms.”

John resisted the urge to tell him to fuck off.

“Just so you know, I haven't turned the heating up, but there is an aerosolized aphrodisiac being constantly pumped into the room, you also imbibed some via your food. So getting any sleep without release is going to be...difficult.”

John grit his teeth.

“Fuck. You.”

The game master didn't respond, he was probably listening to a tirade in the other room. Oh well, not his problem. He was certainly capable of resisting his urges for a night or two; the last thing he wanted was to give in and know that fucker was watching somewhere. Probably recording them to add to his private collection so he could jack off.

...Man jacking off sounded really good right about now. There was nothing that could make him want to do something more than knowing he couldn't. Nancy and he curled up facing away from one another, back to back. He could feel his rotund ass pressing against her flat one, the heat from their skin easily mingling thanks to the thin clothes.

His pussy throbbed, he never realised how difficult it was to be horny as a woman. His insides were positively aching. He felt strangely empty and the knowledge that all he needed to do was lower his hand a little to thrust a finger inside him to help was...well, the thought was certainly there.

“How long...” Nancy ground out, “Can a dick stay hard? This is starting to hurt.” John really didn't want to think about her hard, delicious cock right now. He opened his mouth to answer but a whimper escaped and John felt his cheeks turning hot. That wasn't fair! He was full of drugs, it wasn't his fault he was swooning.

“John.”

“Yeah.”

“Do you mind if I...I’m sorry I just really need to get some sleep and I don’t think I’m going to be able to if I don’t.”

The logical part of his brain, the one slowly being smothered by desire, tried to make him say no.

“Go ahead.”

It failed.

John stared at the blank wall ahead of him as he felt the blankets begin to move in subtle but telling ways, tugging at his wide hips as Nancy’s ass began to bump against his own rhythmically. Her breathing took on a ragged edge and John had to bite his lip to stop from moaning; his pussy was on fire, slickness flowing freely now down onto his inner thighs no matter how tightly he squeezed his legs together.

“T-this isn't working.” Nancy groaned, “It’s good but it’s not enough.”

That lust filled voice inside John’s brain spoke for him again.

“I could help.”

His voice came out as a desperate croak and he immediately felt humiliation surge inside him but to his delight and horror, Nancy rolled over and he followed suit, so now they were laying an inch from each other’s faces.

She swallowed but said nothing, he could feel her dick pressing against his giant thigh. He only needed one hand to cover the entire length and it wasn't because it was small either. His giant hands were almost perfectly sized for her new manhood.

Slowly, he squeezed, watching Nancy’s mouth form an O as he started to slowly pump.

“Hnnng, oh, oh yeah that’s so much better.” She groaned, bucking her hips in time with his strokes.

Without thinking John reached down with his spare hand and cupped both her balls, stroking the skin between them and her length as he began to speed up. He knew somehow, somewhere The Game Master must have been watching. His eyes looked for the camera he knew must have been there but couldn't find them. He channelled his frustration into pumping faster, enjoying the way Nancy gripped his arm for support as she began to buck her hips harder and harder.

Fuck him, fuck the game master, they'd had a stressful day and he needed to get off. Nancy groaned, as he gave her new balls a small squeeze. It was the last thing she needed to tip over the edge and John felt the hot sticky spray of cum splatter across his fingers and into their sheets as Nancy bit down on her hand to keep from wailing.

"F-fuck..." She breathed, "Thank you that was...yeah. Different."

John let go, fingers twitching.

"No problem." He said huskily, "I uh, I'd ask you to return the favour but I'm a little...big."

It was true, in his giantess body even Nancy's quite large cock was not going to do a lot for him. Let alone her fingers. He was probably going to have to get himself off and just hope he did a better job on his own than she had. To his surprise though, Nancy pushed his shoulder back so he was laying on his back.

"Big isn't an issue." Nancy whispered, "Besides, I owe you."

He wanted to ask her what she meant but she was already moving down his body, under the blankets and easily tearing away the strips of cloth that had been covering his mound. He couldn't see her through the sheets but he could feel her, balanced between his gigantic legs, her hot breath against his new pussy lips.

A hand pressed against his hole and John had to bite his lip to keep from screaming. He felt her fingers sink inside him, pressing against his velvet walls with surprisingly care.

"Oh...that's...f-fuuuuuck."

A mouth came to rest at the top of his flower, Nancy tongue pressing against his huge, engorged clit. It was too much, he moaned. His mouth formed into a perfect circle as he

gasped and groaned, unable to stop the sounds from escaping. Her tongue was noble enough to circle his clit, sucking on it hard and making his legs spasm. Nancy tried to hold him in place but he was simply too large and strong so instead she nestled herself between his legs and kept going.

John felt his eyes beginning to roll back into his skull. His insides were tightening against his will, the muscles starting to spasm. Was this what orgasm felt like for women? All of sudden, the pleasure seemed to stop building, peaking in a way that left him on cloud nine for a few moments before pure ecstasy seemed to radiate out from between his legs, filling his entire body.

His mind went blank, all sounds ceased; he was in too much shock to even moan as the pleasure thrummed through him before finally ending with a heavy shudder. His pussy quivered with aftershocks and Nancy crawled back up from beneath the sheets, her face red with exertion among other things.

The two of them collapsed back into the bed, grateful that the Game Master was staying silent. With the pleasurable afterglow fading John felt embarrassment and awkwardness settle over them both like a heavy blanket. Nancy rolled over, not saying another word and John followed her suit. He could still feel that residual warmth between his legs and the wet patch in the sheets resting against his now bare ass cheek.

He could only hope Stacey and Portia had stronger wills than he and Nancy.

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“Fucking bastard! I’ll kill you! Come down here and show us your face so I can rip it off!”

Portia clawed at the walls as the Game Master’s taunts went silent. She was furious, almost feral. Perhaps it was the new wolf DNA mixing with her own but she was done playing by this bastard’s rules. She didn’t care how many drugs the man pumped into this room; she refused to make a spectacle of herself.

She turned back to face Stacey, who was always laying on the bed with that stupid, ditzy smile on her face as she stretched out. If it weren’t for the weird environment you could almost think she was on holiday somewhere for all the concern she was showing.

“Could you, for once, actually take things seriously?” Portia snarled. “How are you not bothered by this! He just admitted to drugging us! So he can watch us fuck! And you’re just...laying there?!”

“Well, worrying ‘bout it isn't gonna help.” Stacey shrugged, “Besides, sex is fun. I don't see what the big problem is. Look at us, we're barely dressed anyway and it's not like we have anything to do.”

“And you're okay with some guy spying on us?” Porta gaped, “He's probably recording so he can get off one watching!”

“It wouldn't be the first time.” Stacey giggled, Portia smacked her hand against her forehead and snarled as one of her new claws scratched the side of her face.

She hated this. She hated how good her sense of smell was right now; she could pick up the scent of the sweet aphrodisiac in the air, more than that though, she could smell Stacey and just how uh...strongly the drug was affecting her.

“C'mon Portia.” She urged, rolling over so that her giant breasts were crushed underneath her, “I know you're a lesbian remember? I know you and Nancy used to have a thing so don't pretend you're not a little bit curious.”

Portia's face went bright red.

“Not with you!” She snarled, “I...I have better taste!”

The insult didn't seem to hurt Stacey or make her back off, in fact it seemed to do the opposite. She laughed and got to her feet, placing her hands on her hips.

“Better taste? Have you seen me?”

Dammit, if there was one thing Stacey had unwavering confidence in, it was her looks.

“I meant I prefer my bedfellows to have a little more brains.” Portia added.

“Why? It's not like it helps.”

Goddammit this woman! Would nothing convince her to just go to sleep. Portia could feel her folds moistening and her libido rising but she was not about to degrade herself by sleeping with this...this...bimbo! Normally a few sharp words had anybody doing what she said but Stacey, infuriatingly, was just the right combination of stupid and stubborn.

“Well...I’m a dog anyway!” Portia tried, tail lashing between her legs, “I’ve got a damn muzzle and ears and fur!”

“I’ve had a fursona since I was thirteen.” Stacey waved her away, “Come on Portia, I’m horny, you’re horny, we both need a little relaxing after today anyway. I won’t hold it against ya.”

Before Portia could stop her Stacey had thrown her arms around her shoulder and pulled her into a tight hug. Portia found her face stuffed into the woman's enormous cleavage and she was suddenly glad for her fur, it hid the strength of her blush.

“Oh your fur is so soft!” Stacey squealed, hugging her a little tighter and stroking a hand down Portia’s hair.

Portia grit her teeth; that felt...so nice. Not that she wanted to admit it. Slowly though, as Stacey's hand began to stroke lower and lower down to the small of her back Portia felt her pride slowly being melted away by desire. If she had to get with one of them...Stacey was probably the best option. Nancy would have tried to get back together with her afterwards and John would have just made things awkward but at least Stacey was simple. If there was anybody she could trust to keep things as simple sex with no strings, it was her.

“Fine!” She growled, “But if you ever tell anybody-ah!”

She never got to finish the sentence, Stacey’s fingers were already plunging into her panties and up into her folds. Stroking back and forth around her clit in a way that made it very clear how experienced she was.

“I want to see if I can make you howl.” She giggled and Portia grit her teeth together.

“No. Way.”

“We’ll see...”

She circled slowly, torturously slowly around Portia’s clit until her legs began to shake. Her clawed toes stretched at the ground in an effort to stay still and pretend like she wasn’t on

the cusp of moaning. Portia tried to keep a look of disinterest on her face, pointed ears flat against her skull in annoyance but the longer Stacey teased the harder it was.

Despite herself she started to pant, rough tongue poking between her fangs as she breathed heavily. Stacey's other hand stroked across her furry tits, tweaking the pink nipples that poked through in the centre eliciting a high pitched whine from her throat.

"There we go." Stacey cooed, "Just let go, Portia. There's no shame in it."

She had to regain control of this situation, she couldn't let Stacey or all people control her! With trembling hands she moved towards Stacey's mount, pressing a clawed finger against the fabric and gently tearing it away, making the bimbo shudder. Portia grinned as much as her new muzzle allowed; she never realised Stacey got off on a little danger; that she could provide.

She began to copy Stacey's own movements, circling the other woman's clit with her claw and eliciting the most beautiful gasps of pleasure. Unlike her, Stacey had no qualms about moaning. Rather than putting her back in the driver's seat though, those sounds made Portia more desperate than ever. She was soaking wet now, Stacey's finger circling her hole and pushing in every few strokes only to retreat and continue teasing.

The two of them continued to finger one another, neither wanting to give in and cum before the other. Portia could feel herself losing though, her tail lashed against her inner thighs as the pleasure built. Stacey was thrusting two fingers into her now, pressing against her G-spot over and over again. Portia wanted to copy her but she didn't have the brain power to force her fingers to change position. She just kept rubbing at the bimbo's clit, harder and harder as her legs began to quake.

"F-fuck. I won't howl...I won't.."

She could feel it though, a sound, primal and bestial, building in the back of her throat. Trying to stay silent while those soft fingers rubbed circles on her G-spot was near impossible. A guttural rumble built at the back of her throat as she tried desperately to hold orgasm at bay.

"A-almost there, come on..." Stacey breathed, nipping at her new wolf ears.

It was too much. Portia threw back her head, a loud howl echoing about the stark room as she came, harder than she had in years. The day's stress converted to bliss as her legs trembled and she squirted for the first time in her life. She could hear Stacey's own moans

mingling with her howl, making an erotic sound she knew would echo in her brain for the rest of the night; perhaps the rest of her life.