

Chapter 6

Sophie

"And that was how Mia saved me from going out with the biggest douchebag in our school," I finished as we sat at the kitchen table eating breakfast, sharing stories with Isa about our past. It had been two days since the whole 'chair' incident, and we were all back to our normal selves—well, except for the cat ears Mia still had, which I refused to remove. We left Mia transformed for the rest of the day before deciding to wish ourselves back. I almost didn't trust Mia with wishing, but in the end, I really didn't want to spend the rest of my time with beanbag-boobs attached to my behind. Since we all needed a break from the craziness of the last week and a half, we spent yesterday mostly shopping for Isabel and showing her around. The look on her face when she first tried ice cream was priceless.

"For someone as haughty as you, it was surprisingly hard to keep you away from dick."

"Mia!" I exclaimed. "I had one boyfriend in college, and even that only lasted a few months."

"I'm kidding; calm your tits," she answered before abruptly changing the subject, as she often did. "Anyway, what do you guys wanna do today? Maybe finally some wishing again?"

"It's only been a day," I said. It's insane how much she's into the transformations, considering she was furniture only 24 hours ago. "But sure, if you're up for it, Isabel?"

"Yeah, sure," she answered casually, though her eyes twinkled with excitement.

"Yes!" Mia cheered. "Okay, perfect. Since yesterday, Isa and I came up with a little game."

"Huh," I answered, wondering what a game made by those two would look like.

"Sure, let me just clean up the kitchen before we start."

"Nice! I'll grab the things we'll need," Mia said before she sprinted up the stairs.

"Uh," Isa, being the only one still sitting, shrugged and started to help me clean up.

A few minutes later, we were sitting on the couch while Mia fumbled around with a stack of cards and a pen.

"Okay, so here's how this works," she explained. "We each write challenges and tasks on these cards, each accompanied by a transformation. Then we take turns drawing a random card made by one of the other two, read the challenge, and decide if you want to take it or not. In case you do take it, you get transformed and try to complete said challenge. If you succeed, you get a point, but if you fail, you have to stay transformed till it's your turn again, and even then, you will keep an aspect of said change for at least the rest of the week."

"A week?!" I exclaimed; it was Tuesday.

"Yes, otherwise, it's not much of a punishment, is it?" She grinned mischievously. "Now, shush and let me explain. If you decide not to take a challenge, the other two get a chance to try it if they want to. The first to reach three points wins."

"What's in it for the winner?" I asked.

"Yeah, we haven't thought about that yet. Any ideas?"

"How about the losers become the winner's slaves to do with as she pleases for the whole day tomorrow?" Isabel suggested casually.

I gulped and stared at Isa for a moment.

"Now, that's what I call stakes!" Mia said excitedly, with a fist in the air. "Soph, what do you say? Are you up to becoming my slave for a while, or are you too scared?"

A bit unsure, I looked between the two maniacs next to me before I sighed. "Sure, having you do whatever I want sounds really fun."

"Perfect! Then let's get to writing challenges. Oh, and I forgot something: don't write the transformations on the cards since that would ruin the fun of deciding if you want to take a challenge or not. Oh, and the challenges obviously have to be doable; no turning someone into a vase and telling them to 'walk over there,'" she explained and threw me an accusatory look. What did I do?

We each grabbed a bunch of cards and started writing, and about an hour later, we were sitting on the couch again, ready to start.

Mia

We each rolled a die; I got a 3, Sophie a 2, and Isa won with a 6, which meant Isa went first, then me, and finally Soph. I ground my teeth as I begrudgingly moved my small stack of cards face down towards Isa. I needed to win this; having Soph as a slave, completely at my mercy, was just too good to pass up. So many ideas were already forming of what to do with her; she got off way too easy lately anyway.

Isa looked between our stack of cards before reaching towards Soph's and took the topmost card. "Do a squat," she read out loud. "...what's a squat?" I looked over to Soph, already having a good idea where this was going.

"Ah, right, let me show you," Sophie said and proceeded to do a perfect squat. "That doesn't seem too bad," Isa responded after trying it herself a few times. "Okay, I accept the challenge; hit me with your wish."

"Uh, confident. Let's see how easy you will find it in a bit since I wish your breasts would grow to be as big and heavy as you yourself are... each."

"Nice one!" I congratulated Sophie on her idea. In a hurry, Isa removed her top and bra before a deep red light moved down from her forehead, focusing and intensifying in her chest. For a moment, it seemed like nothing was happening before suddenly her chest exploded outwards in growth, reaching beachball size in seconds.

"Eek!" Isa cried out while desperately trying to catch her rapidly growing cleavage in her arms. But it was no use as they rapidly grew too heavy and big to hold up. When they were done growing, they were bigger than her entire torso, which looked especially strange given her petite frame, and forced her into a squatting position just to keep from falling over.

"Good job, you're already halfway there," Sophie teased her, an evil grin adorning her face, "now you just need to stand up again." Looking at Isa and her titanic tits that seemed almost impossible, I wondered if Soph always had a sadistic side to her since it kept showing up lately. Not that I minded, of course; the last few days had been some of the best and hottest in my life.

"You know I said possible, right?" "It is!" Sophie explained, "I lift more than that in the gym... I think." "Sure, but you are like a full foot bigger than her, and you go to the gym every other day; it's hardly fair."

While we were talking, Isa managed to push her arms beneath her tits and tried to stand up only to miserably fail before she even lifted them a little bit. "You might be right, but it's really funny," Soph said, smiling at me.

"Damn, that's why we're best friends!" we high-fived. "You're probably right, though it's a bit much; I wish your breasts would shrink to two thirds of their current size."

As her load started to lessen, Isa tried again, this time almost making it halfway before she lost her balance and fell forward, landing softly on her huge mounds of flesh. "I guess that concludes the challenge. Do you give up, Isa, and suffer the consequences?" She tried to answer, but all that came out was muffled since her face was completely buried in her tits. "Oh, new rule: if you want to give up the challenge, you can clap the floor with your hand." Sophie added, and after just another few moments, Isa did just that. A quick wish later, and Isa was back to normal.

"Holy shit, they were heavy! I didn't think I would fail the first challenge, but what can you do? So who's next?" Isa said while hugging her small B-cups.

"I think you're forgetting something; there is still the punishment, and since Soph is partially to blame for making your boobs too big, I think it's only fair that she gets to share your punishment!"

"Wait, what?" Sophie asked, suddenly alarmed, her smirk leaving her face.

"Agreed!" Isa added quickly. "Perfect since the majority agrees, as a punishment, I wish both of your guys' boobs would grow to volleyball size for the rest of the week!" Before Sophie could complain, she was already hit by the red light, and before long, with a moan, her bra exploded off her chest, signaling her big-breasted fate as both of their growths settled with tits as big as their heads.

"You just couldn't resist, could you? Why is it always huge boobs with you anyway? Can't you be a bit more original?" Sophie complained while adjusting her weight.

"You're the one who started with boobs today; what did you think 'an aspect of the change' meant?" I complained. "Anyway, it's my turn!" Eagerly I took a card off of Isa's pile and read out loud: "Don't use the words 'make me cum!' to cum for 3

minutes.” That sounded simple enough; it was only 3 minutes. How hard could it be? It was not like I could turn it down if I wanted to win. So, without thinking too much about it: “I take the challenge!”

Isa smiled at me with an excited look on her face as she lifted her hand, pointing her palm towards me, and without even needing to utter a wish, a beam shot out and hit me square in the chest, dooming me to whatever fate she had in store for me.

Curious, I looked down at myself expecting to sprout huge tits or multiple but instead nothing happened, no intense feeling, and no swelling. The only thing that felt off was a slight shifting feeling in my vagina. Confused, I lifted my shirt and sweatpants expecting to see something but instead, there was nothing, and I didn’t mean no changes. No, there was nothing. No vagina, no pubic hair, just smooth skin. I also realized that my nipples vanished as well complete with areola. Confused by what this could mean, I looked up at Isa and Sophie who tipped around on her phone.

“What the-?” I started, only to be interrupted by Soph. “Ok, timer is ready, 3 minutes starting... now!”

Suddenly, warm pleasure rushed through me like waves; it surged relentlessly, each one building upon the last until the ecstasy bordered on the unbearable. It was as if, in one moment, every nerve in my body had become a live wire, sparking with an overwhelming intensity. The pleasure, now an all-encompassing force, seemed to reach a point where it balanced on the edge of both bliss and agony, begging for release. A loud moan escaped; I didn’t know when I fell to the floor or how much time had passed. All I knew was that I needed a release, that I needed to cum, but it didn’t happen; I stayed right on the edge. Desperately, I tried to play with my tits or my vagina, only there was nothing there; there was no release from this blissful hell.

Every thought about challenges or winning was washed away by the desperate desire to cum. I needed to cum. I needed to... “Make me cum!” I cried out. A final wave of intense pleasure rushed through me, and with a loud cry, I finally came. Breathing heavily, I looked up to Isa, “How long did I make it?”

“I’m afraid you weren’t even close,” she answered, showing me the timer on Sophie’s phone, which showed that what felt like an eternity had, in reality, only been 12 seconds.

“Damn, that was intense,” I muttered. “So much for winning.” Sophie snorted, sending jiggly waves through her tits. “Big talk for someone who hasn’t completed a challenge yet,” I shot back stretching out my tongue at her.

“Watch me, but first, you get punished.”

Isa thought for a moment before she lifted her hand again and blasted me once more. “Sorry, Mia, but those are the rules,” Isa added nonchalantly with a slight smile.

The red light moved down my body, intensifying in my slowly regrowing pussy, and a few seconds later, I was the proud owner of genitals again. But not nipples; my tits stayed as silky smooth and nippleless as before.

“That’s it? No nipples for a week? Well, that’s easy.”

“Nah, the nipples are just an extra; for the rest of the week, whenever we command you to...” Isa smirked “Cum’ well, you do.”

And so I did...

Sophie

You would have thought that after spending almost every day of the last week with breasts bigger than my head, I should have gotten used to it. However, no, the heavy weight and the inability to see anything other than my bust when I look down kept feeling strange. I had to admit my oversensitive nipples dragging along my shirt as they grew, and the fact that they were perfectly perky, not at all like breasts this big should have looked, was really hot. This time, though, I would have to carry them around for an entire week. The only thing that made up for it a little was watching Mia squirming around, still overwhelmed from the last orgasm. I really couldn’t let Mia win this; imagining what we would do alone sent shivers down my spine. I just had to suck it up and play this game. Since Mia already lost a challenge, it was looking good for me; all I had to do was win the next three challenges, and I had this in the bag. I kept psyching myself up for another few seconds before I hesitantly took the topmost card of Isabel’s pile.

I read it out loud: “Travel eight meters across the apartment in less than 10 minutes.” Confused, I looked up to Isabel, but she just gave me an innocent smile. If it wasn’t from Isabel, maybe I wouldn’t be so scared, but thinking back to Mia as furniture and wondering what she might think needs 10 minutes for eight meters gave me the chills. “And? Will you take it?” Isabel challenged me.

“I accept.” It wasn’t like I had much of a choice anyway since losing wasn’t an option. I winced as the red beam hit me, dooming me to whatever fate Isabel had in store for me. The light spread through my entire body except my head; at first, it focused on my boobs which, to my surprise, started to shrink down to still very big honey melons. Next, the light focused just below them, and another set of boobs started to grow, rapidly catching up to my upper pair. The light didn’t linger, though, before they even finished growing it had already spread to my entire torso as three more pairs started growing, filling my entire front with five rows of boobs. Rapidly they caught up to my upper pair, putting significant weight on me that if it wasn’t so equally spread on my torso would have probably already been too much for me to lift. Gingerly, I touched one of the lower ones and a jolt of pleasure shot through my entire body like an electric current when I touched the nipple. Damn, these were sensitive.

For a second, I thought it might be over and gingerly tried to take a step forward only to lose control and fall on my ass. Confused, I looked down to my legs as they snapped together and started to fuse starting at the hip but moving down rapidly. When it reached my knees, they lost all definition as the joints and bones melted away, making room for one long fleshy tube. The same happened to my feet as they vanished completely in my new appendage, but it wasn’t done growing yet as it continued for at least another two feet, leaving me with a strange, completely boneless fleshy ... tail? Was she turning me into some sort of snake? But shouldn’t snakes have their spines throughout their entire body?

I wasn't done, though, because the growing feeling shifted back to just below my lowest pair of boobs, and a familiar growing feeling settled in. Oh no... Row after row of breasts grew down my entire body, all growing to match the melons up above which made the tip of the tail more boob than tail and overloaded my brain from the stimulation of dozens of pleasure points. Cautiously I tried to touch one of them, but my arms didn't respond, dreading what I might see I nervously looked to my sides where they stemmed up my body. But before I could comprehend what was happening, I dropped to my back as my arms rapidly shrank away before vanishing completely, leaving behind only smooth skin.

I tried to sit up but to no avail; it was like she didn't just remove my leg bones but also some part of my hip, so I did the only thing left to do and with one motion turned over putting my entire weight on my front... and almost fainted as the cold floor pushed into dozens of oversensitive nipples. I couldn't think clearly anymore; everything was just intense pressure on the edge of agony. "It's... too much," I breathed.

"Oh, right, forgot something." Was that Isabel? Or Mia? Or maybe it was just my imagination as I couldn't really focus or think anymore; everything was swimming. Slowly the pressure started increasing even more; it felt almost as if they were being filled with something. Confused, I looked down and tried to make sense of what was happening as the pressure kept mounting. I watched as slowly all my breasts started to lactate, but it wasn't milk; it was too thick... was that lube? All of them started to push out more and more of the lube, and my entire body and floor got coated in it, yet the pressure didn't decrease, yet somehow it became more bearable. Part of it was that the floor wasn't as cold and hard anymore, but more than that, it was almost as if the lube lessened the burden somewhat to the point where I could almost just enjoy it.

"Earth to Sophie! Earth to Sophie!" I looked forward again. Was someone calling me? It was so hard to think. I turned my head forward to where I thought the voice came from. I thought I could see Mia a few meters away, but it was as if looking through milky glass as 90% of my brain was occupied with not fainting from the intense, agonizing pleasure throughout my entire body. "This is where you have to make it! Your time starts now!" she cried, indicating to a spot a few meters away.

The challenge! I had to get there if I wanted this to end... did I, though? Now that my lube covered me completely, everything felt warm, the most intense pleasure I have ever felt coursed through my entire being. The thought of just indulging in this sensual delight sounded more delightful by each second I spent in this overstimulating bliss. Maybe I should just ... remain like this, wouldn't that be nice?

No! I can't, I need to win this! I shook my head, and some of the fogginess cleared. In a silent mantra, I kept telling myself: "I can do this! I can do this!" Slowly I lifted my rear and tail and in an aggressive motion pushed myself forward, the lube making squelching noises as I did. A tidal wave of sensitive pleasure rushed through my entire body, so intense I almost fainted again, yet I didn't. Maybe I could actually do this. I made myself ready for the next push, and as I lifted my rear again, it dawned on me what I was supposed to be—a slug. I was moving like a slug or snail would, lifting my rear and pushing down. I had been turned into a big human breastslug.

Push by push, inch by inch, I moved forward, cumming from the intensity after nearly every push. I slowly moved closer to my goal. Finally, after an eternity spent in intense sensual overload and countless orgasms, I made it. "Holy shit, she actually did it!" "Told you it was doable." Somewhere behind me, I could hear them talking, confirming my success. I wanted to say something, turn around and demand to be turned back, but before I could do any of that, exhaustion from it all came over me, and I fainted into blissful slumber.

Mia

"Why am I the one who has to clean this up?" I asked, annoyed, while wiping away the ludicrous amounts of thick lube across our living room. We decided to take a break after the last challenge since we needed to clean up, and Sophie was still unconscious anyway. I looked over to Sophie, moaning. She had been doing that since she fell asleep, still transformed since it was way funnier for her to wake up like that. Her being turned into some sort of human centipede with boobs instead of legs—a breastipede, I giggled at my own brilliant pun—and struggling through the room like that was one of the hottest things I have ever seen in my entire life. I needed to remember that one for when I'll have them both as my slaves.

"It was your idea to rock, paper, scissor," Isa answered nonchalantly while watching TV.

"How can you literally turn someone into a sex toy but not clean up a room? What kind of magic is that?"

"I could make it more exciting for you," she teased with an evil glint in her eyes.

"No..." I sighed, imagining what that would entail.

"Ngh-" Sophie groaned as she started to wake up.

"Hey there Snowwhite, had a nice dream?" I walked over and squatted next to her.

She looked around confused for a bit before her memories seemed to catch up to her. "How long was I out for, and why the heck am I still ... whatever this is?!"

"Well, you seemed to enjoy it so much we thought, why not let you stay like that for a while longer," Isa teased her.

"Change me back, now!" she demanded, yet it was hard to take her seriously like that.

By the time I came up with another way to tease her more, Isa was unfortunately already beaming her. A lot of shifting, shrinking, popping, and growing later, Sophie was back to her old self, except for the huge breasts she still carried from our first round, and that she was naked and completely covered in lube.

"Ew..." she muttered as she tried to rub off some of it. "I got to take a shower."

So, she did, and about an hour later, we were sitting in a circle on the floor in the cleaned-up living room again. Sophie had thrown on her baggiest shirt and sweatpants, and we were finally ready to continue.

Isa eagerly took a card off my pile before reading out loud: "Finish the three riddles before you finish transforming!"

"Ugh, I hate riddles..." Isa looked at me disgusted.

"Why?" Sophie asked curiously.

"They are never problems to solve and are mostly just random questions that you might know the answer to."

"Maybe you're just bad at them?" I teased, and she gave me an intense glare, which a second later turned into an evil grin as she softly whispered "cum" in my direction.

My entire body went rigid as pleasure washed through every nerve, overloading my brain with sudden, intense ecstasy, and I came...hard. Just as quickly as it came, though, it vanished again, leaving me breathing heavily on the floor while Isa giggled at me.

"Does that mean you pass it on?" Sophie asked, unimpressed by the display.

"Sure, fuck riddles!"

"Nice, that means I get to take it!"

"What, why would you get it?" I exclaimed.

"Well, since you already know the answers to the riddles, it wouldn't make sense if you got to take the challenge, right Isabel?" Isa grinned at me. "Sure."

"That's two against one, so you're overruled, and I accept the challenge!"

Karma really was a pain. "Why are you on board with this anyway, Isa? Soph is in the lead, don't you want to win?"

"Nah, not really," she answered nonchalantly. "Being a slave for a day seems kind of fun."

"Fine," I murmured. "It's more fun if you don't know what you're turning into anyway, which is kind of hard with Isa." I leaned over to Isa and told her my wish in detail, tuning down the time it takes since I can't have Soph get this right. The typical red beam hit the overconfident Sophie right in the chest, but nothing happened yet. She looked at me confused.

"Chill, give me a minute." I turned around and quickly Googled some harder riddles since Sophie is stupidly good at riddles, and I definitely cannot have her get this right.

"Ok, we start in 3...2...1...GO!" I turned around, and the second I said GO!, her body started convulsing as new boobs started to grow beneath and between the original.

"What can fill a room but takes up no space?"

“More breasts again?” multiple boobs started to grow around her chest beneath her armpits and below her neck, rapidly catching up in size to her original huge pair of tits.

Sophie was distracted by her rapidly increasing amount of tits before shaking herself out of it, putting a hand on her chin, getting in her typical thinking position, and only a few seconds later she answers: “It’s Light!”

“You’re right...” darn it. “The more you take, the more you leave behind. What are they?” I continued with the second riddle, reading it as slowly as possible as the boobs spread to her back now, slowly populating her entire torso with huge tits.

Again, she moved her hand to her chin, only for her hand to suddenly jerk away as her arms started to shrink away, losing definition and turning into just another pair of boobs hanging uselessly from her shoulders. At the same time, the same was happening to her legs, and as she watched, her feet fused away into soft tittlesh, she suddenly looked up. “It’s footprints,” she exclaimed with a tinge of panic filling her voice as her legs completely melted away into another huge pair of boobs.

“Right again,” I answered, more confident this time, seeing as Soph was almost completely just boobs from her neck down. “What is so fragile that saying its name breaks it?” Sophie looked around confused; her brain definitely overstimulated by the dozens of nipples rubbing the floor and the couch. Her nose started to widen and close, forming another nipple as her entire head started to lose structure, as her skull was melting away. “Just in case you’re wondering, you lost once you lose the ability to speak,” I told her, completely confident now that I had won as her eyes and ears melted into her head, which, at this point, was just another boob with hair on top of it.

Just as her mouth was about to melt away, though, it must have clicked for her: “It’s silence.” And just like that, Sophie was nothing more than a pile of boobs.

“Does that still count?” I looked over to Isa.

“Of course it does. You said she finished once she can’t speak anymore, and I clearly heard her say silence at the end, unless that isn’t the right answer, of course.” Isa grinned at me wickedly, knowing exactly that it was the right answer. What did I do to her? I walked over to the Soph-pile and tickled her head nipple a little, which sent waves of shivers and wobbling through her entire being.

“Is she still conscious?”

“Yup,” Isa answered. “She can’t hear, smell, or see, but she can definitely feel everything.”

“You know we could just... leave her like that?” I suggested hesitantly while playing with the nipple that used to be her nose.

“That would be against the rules, though,” a smirk formed on her face. “But I could go for a lunch break, and the rules don’t count during breaks.”

“We should at least ask her,” I twisted her nipple slightly, which sent deep shivers through the pile. “Sophie, are you okay with taking a lunch break? Just say

something if you want us to turn you back first.” Nothing happened, obviously, and I turned around, wishing her farewell.

“Wanna go out? There is this great kebab place down the street?”

“Sure,” she shrugged.

Waving at the Sophie pile, I closed the door behind us as we went to get some lunch.