

Chapter 7

Sophie

At first, it was scary, losing one sense after the other, darkness encompassing me—no sight, no smell, no hearing, just nothingness so heavy it threatened to overwhelm me. The only proof of still existing was the jolts of pleasure running through me from the warm, hard apartment floor rubbing along my nipples when I shivered from the pleasure of being touched. Slowly though, it changed; instead of overwhelming, it calmed me. Every choice being taken away from me felt like a weight I didn't know I had was lifted off my shoulders—an ache so old I had forgotten it existed erased. No stimulation other than touch, just quiet, black, calming nothingness. For once in my life, there was no controlling, no decision to be made, no action to be taken; there was just existing, and it was ... nice. After some time, I suddenly started to shift again. Bones regrew, jolts popped into existence again, senses returned, and just a few seconds later, I opened my eyes again. Two big melon-sized boobs greeted me, beyond which Mia was grinning at me.

"Hey Sophie, how was being a pile of boobs? Oh, and we brought you some lunch." Mia pointed to a takeout box on the kitchen table.

I looked around confused. "Takeout, how long did you leave me like that?"

She shrugged. "Like... two hours, I think, maybe three."

"Two hours!" I exclaimed. "Wait, did I get it? Did I win?"

She lost her smile. "... you did."

Nice! I made my way over to the food, which I devoured in happy smugness.

Some seriously amazing kebab later, we were sitting in a circle in the living room again, and it was Mia's turn. She looked between Isa's and my pile before taking one of mine and reading it out loud. "Make me some lunch, you have 15 minutes!"

"Lunch?"

"Well, I wrote that before you betrayed me and got lunch without me. Shouldn't you be punished for not turning me back anyway?"

"We voted." I threw Isabel an accusatory look, but she just smiled smugly.

Let them have their fun; we will see who will be laughing in the end.

"Will you take the challenge?"

"You bet I will!" I smiled as I leaned over to Isa and whispered the wish into her ear. Red light bursts out of Isabel's hand and into Mia's chest.

"Eek!" she cried out as she surged downwards, losing almost two feet in an instant. Her breasts ballooned out, stopping only slightly short of head-size. They jiggled and wobbled unnaturally much; she tried to stop them with her hands only for them to shrink away, leaving her completely armless with smooth patches of skin on her shoulders.

I took out my phone, set a timer for fifteen minutes, and hit go. “Your time is running, Mia!” She looked up flustered, a deep blush on her face as her tits bounced around in every direction. After a few seconds of being disoriented, she ran to the kitchen and, after a lot of struggling with the fridge door, which she eventually managed to open with her feet, only to realize that she couldn’t reach higher than the freezer. After looking around desperately, she dashed to a chair, which she pushed to the fridge and climbed onto. She looked around in the fridge only to realize how empty it was. She climbed down again and pushed the chair further along the kitchen. She climbed up the chair again after which she climbed onto the kitchen. There she dragged out some bread by biting into the plastic packaging and threw it to the ground. She climbed down again and sat herself in front of the bread; she tried and failed to get it open with her feet only to get too frustrated and start to rip it open with her teeth. She turned it over and grabbed a slice of it in her mouth, stood up again, and ran over to us, spitting it out in front of me.

“There you go, time!” she proclaimed. It had barely been 3 minutes. I looked over to Isabel. “That doesn’t count, right?”

“What do you mean? Of course, this counts!” Mia butted in.

Isa eyed both of us for a second. “I’m not sure technically it does, but this barely counts as lunch...” she paused. “How about this, you get the point, Mia, but only if you also take the punishment.”

Mia gulped looking down at her reduced form. When she looked at me, all her doubt seemed to vanish. “I’ll do it,” she said determined. She wouldn’t give up that easily; this game was still on.

A red beam, Mia was back to herself, hugging herself with her arms while Isabel proclaimed her punishment. I should have been the one to do that, but she just took control of the game sometime in between challenges. Another red beam shot into Mia unannounced.

“Every day for the next week, you will lose your arms for four hours. It will not happen while you’re sleeping, and should you fall asleep, the timer will be paused.”

“Four hours?!”

“Hey, you wanted the point, didn’t you?” I teased her.

“Fine, we’ll see who’s laughing in the end, Soph.”

I discarded the piece of bread and sat back down ready to take my turn and win it all!

Mia I prayed that Sophie would pick from my pile. She hesitated a bit, eyeing Isa’s pile nervously before pivoting over and picking my top card.

“Solve three very simple math problems.” She read out loud. “Seriously Mia, first riddles, now this? You suck at math.”

“Rude... but you don’t, so take it. Or are you scared that problems that I would call simple would be too hard for you? Cementing you eternally as worse than me at math!” Judging by the defiant look she gave me, I knew I had her.

"Hah, as if! I accept the challenge, do your worst." I quickly leaned over to Isa and whispered my wish into her ear. Smirking, she lifted her hand and blasted Sophie.

Soft pale light spread over her body, focusing on her head. Blonde started to spread from her scalp down, coloring her hair a bright bleached platinum blonde. Yet when it reached her tips, it kept on growing until her hair reached down to just above her ass.

"Oh no, you didn't!" she complained, connecting the dots, but it was too late already.

As she was talking, her lips started to puff up extremely, giving her a ridiculously big permanent duck face. Pink eyeliner and glittery lip-gloss appeared on her face, spread way too thick, making her look even more trashy. Being done with her face, the light moved onto her tits, which were already massive as they were, started to fill out more and lift up. Not really growing bigger but instead filling with silicone, becoming incredibly tight and full as flesh was replaced, and her once natural huge breasts were now fake ones. Wandering down further, it grew intense in her rear as her hips and ass started to push out rapidly, culminating in Sophie having maybe the most extreme hourglass shape I had ever seen. In a final touch, the wish replaced her clothes with a slutty tube top and shorts so short they could barely be called pants anymore.

"O-M-G, Mia sweetheart, this is like, so not cool!" Sophie cried out in a peachy high bubbly voice, very far from her usual tone, while stomping her foot on the ground, which sent shivers and waves through all her mounds. Surprised, she held her hands in front of her mouth, giving me a good look at how her nails had also lengthened and been topped off with little pink bubbles.

"I think it kinda suits you. I always thought you could rock the bimbo look," I teased her.

"Really?!" She jumped up excitedly in her bubbly new way. "Do I look like totes pretty now?" Okay, maybe I overdid the mental changes a little bit...

"Sure..." Okay, maybe I overdid the mental changes a little bit. "Let's just start with your questions, okay?"

"Toats, Mia-pie," This was kind of creepy. I mean, she giggled after every sentence.

"Okay, first question, what is six times three?"

"Uh, that's easy, that's like..." She stopped and just stared for a few seconds; a little bit of drool even started to form on her lips. "Maybe like thirty or something. Why did you, like, make the question so hard, Mia-pie? You said, like, simple questions and stuff."

"Does that mean she fails?" I looked over to Isa.

"Mh, I don't know. I think this challenge might be impossible since you decided how intelligent she would become. It seems kinda rigged."

"What do you me-" I wanted to answer, but Sophie interrupted me.

"Wait, it's like totes 63, right? Yeah, I'm like super dupey smart!" She punched a fist up into the air.

"Okay, maybe you're right," I conceded with a sigh. "What do we do now?" I didn't know when it happened, but I kind of just accepted Isa as the judge of the game.

"Well, you start by turning her back, and then you get punished."

"Wait, what? Why do I get punished?"

"Your rules, remember, Sophie's boobs?"

Desperately, I tried to look for an out to this, but to no avail. With the deepest sigh, I accepted my doom, and after a wish and some transforming, a very angry Sophie was standing before me.

"I can't believe it, you turned me into a bimbo! I fucking called you Mia-pie!"

That wish really got under her skin it seemed, since she never got this angry before.

"You're right," I conceded. "I thought it would be funny, but seeing you like that was actually kinda creepy..."

"So, how do you want to punish her?" Isa cut in. I gulped. I didn't think that Sophie would get to choose, and looking at how angry she was, it couldn't be good.

After a minute of thinking and pacing about, she finally revealed the nature of my future suffering.

"I wish that whenever she lost her arms, she would also turn into just as much of a bimbo as I just did for the same duration."

"But that's so much; you only had to be... that for a few minutes!" I complained, but it was already too late as I was blasted square in my face.

"Well, get fucked." And for the first time since being turned back, she laughed ... at me.

Sophie

Maybe I overreacted a bit, but having your entire personality replaced was ... a lot. It was also probably the first transformation I didn't enjoy overall. It did give me a bit of glee, though, thinking how Mia would have to go through that for four hours, every day.

"It's my turn again, right?" I asked Isabel.

"Sure, why not?" She answered casually, as if she didn't care about the outcome of the game. Maybe she wanted to be our slave for a day. Whatever the case, I wasn't about to complain, and swiftly, being done with Mia's ideas, took a card from Isabel's pile. It read: "Double challenge! You and Mia/Sophie (whoever drew the card) will compete to be the first to cum, and you will lose. Should one of you refuse the challenge, you will autolose, and the other one will get a point!"

"I accept!" Mia cried out instantly, giving me a determined look. This was exactly what she was waiting for. If I refused here, she would have two points, and it would be her turn next, meaning if she won, she might win it all.

"I accept," I added.

“Perfect!” Isa said, an evil smirk blossoming on her face. She rubbed her hands together before lifting both and blasting Mia and me at the same time.

The light rushed through my body, focused just above my vagina, heat radiating outwards. As slowly, at first, a cock started to grow. Small at first but gaining in mass rapidly, it grew and grew...and grew. I already couldn't close my hand around it anymore as it almost reached between my boobs. Yet, while the heat rushed through me and the changes were accompanied by the usual pleasure, the cock itself felt numb, as if it wasn't mine. Shivers ran down my spine when, out of nowhere, I felt touched in a place I never had far away but incredibly intense and sensitive.

Confused, I looked over to Mia; she was sporting a member just as big as mine and was touching it, exactly where the intense feeling came from. It started to dawn on me what was happening. I slowly rubbed my hand along my cock... my cock. Holy fuck, I had a cock, producing a loud moan from Mia and confirming my theory: the cock on my body belonged to her, while hers belonged to me. Finally, the cocks stopped their growth, stopping just below my mouth and hard as a rock. Mia must have realized what was going on as well, judging by the look she gave me.

Isa stepped between, a deep blush on her face. “The rules are simple: whoever cums first loses, but let's make it a bit more interesting, shall we?” She said and blasted us both with another blast. This time, it focused on my arms and legs, which slowly lost definition and receded into my body, completely leaving me and Mia completely limbless. Isa helped Mia up to a sitting position, leaning against the coffee table.

“There we go. Well then, ready, set, go!” She waved her arm down like in a race. While Mia was still disoriented from the changes, I knew exactly what I had to do.

I eagerly took my cockhead into my mouth and began to suck instantly, producing a loud moan from Mia. I knew what was on the line; if I won this, I would win it all, so I gave it my all. I put everything I had into giving myself this blowjob, and as I did, I started to change further. My mouth and lips grew outwards, creating a long tube. At the same time, my teeth receded, and my tongue lengthened. My entire lower face was turned into the perfect tool for giving blowjobs, and I didn't hesitate to use it by taking in over half the length of my huge member. With my view permanently shifted to the ground, I couldn't see Mia anymore, but judging by her loud moaning and squirming, I imagined that I was doing pretty well.

The moaning stopped, and suddenly pleasure crushed into me like a tidal wave, flooding my entire body in intense ecstasy. My nerves grew taut like live wires; every motion of Mia became more intense than the last, building up into a mountain of pleasure threatening to crush me. I had stopped; I couldn't stop. Stopping meant losing, and I didn't get this far to lose now. With renewed vigor, I pushed through all the pressure, focused on one point on the floor, and resumed sucking with all I had.

Every agonizing second was more difficult than the last; my body begged me to give in, to let the mountain of pleasure crush me — how wonderful that orgasm would be. No! I will not give up; at some point, Mia had to cum. So, I kept going, my weird tube mouth now taking almost the entire length of the cock, my tongue wrapping around, massaging it in every way I could think of. Finally, after a last loud muffled moan coming from Mia, a fountain of salty cum exploded into my mouth, desperately with

no way to remove my mouth anymore I did the only thing possible and gulped gallon after gallon of cum down. I expected to explode but I didn't I just kept on gulping it all down and after what must have been dozens of seconds of consecutive cumming it stopped. I won; I really did it.

I relaxed, and as I did, the mountain of pleasure came crushing down on me and in the most beautiful crescendo of victorious ecstasy, I came condemning Mia to the same fate of almost drowning in cum.

When the climax subsided, and the waves of ecstasy gradually faded away, I found myself breathing heavily through my nose. I was left breathless and helpless, lying on the floor with my limbless body. As the reality of my victory sank in, a sense of triumph mixed with the strange sensations of my transformed body settled over me.

Isabel's feet appeared in my vision. "Well, it looks like we have a winner. Sophie, that was quite the blowjob. Enjoy your victory." Instead of turning us back though she walked away again and a few seconds later I heard the tv being turned on. I sighed mentally; it seemed like this was going to be a long afternoon.