

The red stone

Disclaimer: This story features transformation fetish erotica and is definitely not safe for work. So, if by some reason you are under the age of 18 and/or at work right now, I would recommend not to read this story.

Prologue

Mia

"I'll give you 20 for it," I blurted out, holding a blue designer shirt towards the cashier behind the counter.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but this is a boutique. We don't haggle here. If you can't afford it, please return the shirt and leave the shop," the cashier replied, annoyance etched across their face.

"But I really like this shirt," I muttered quietly, reluctantly handing it back.

Feeling a bit defeated, I aimlessly strolled around the mall, my mind clouded with frustration. Today was a dumpster fire – no money, just got axed from my job at a dodgy call center, and my mom shut the door on sending any more cash my way. At 5 ft 3 in, I was a petite young woman with auburn hair and, to my chagrin, small yet perky A-cup breasts. My penchant for expensive fashion was one of the reasons why I found myself with a mere \$4.30 to my name.

As I window-shopped, an unfamiliar sight caught my eye – a rundown antique shop I hadn't noticed before. Odd, considering I practically lived in this mall. "Ah, whatever. I've got nothing better to do," I thought, pushing open the creaky door.

The interior matched the shabby exterior, with dusty shelves cluttered with random antiques and an old Roma-looking woman seated at the counter.

"A customer! How wonderful! What can I do for such a lovely young lady?" the woman exclaimed.

"I'm not really looking for anything. I just stumbled upon this place. I'm not into antiques... sorry," I replied.

"Ah, but no one finds this place accidentally and without seeking something. Come closer. Let me look at you, and maybe we can figure out what brought you here."

The woman extended her hand, and after a brief hesitation, I placed mine in hers.

"You want people to respect you more, pay more attention to you. And because you're insecure about your body, you spend all your money on expensive clothing."

Before I could react, I pulled my hand away. "Hey! Are you insulting me?"

"I'm simply stating what I see. If you're uncomfortable with the truth, that's your problem. But you're in luck. I have just the thing for your dilemma."

The woman produced a long wooden box adorned with runes and writings in a language I couldn't decipher.

"I don't want to buy some useless trinket. I don't have any money, anyway," I murmured as I squinted at the intricate writing on the box.

"Who said anything about buying, young miss? I'm not selling this to you. I'm giving it to someone who can use it better than me," the old lady replied, her voice tinged with annoyance, as if insulted.

For some reason, the box seemed to call out to me. "It's free. Are you sure?" I asked, already reaching for it.

"Yes, yes, it's free. How many times do I have to repeat myself before you get it?" the old lady snapped, shoving the box into my hands.

"May it give you and your roommate what you're looking for," she added before ushering me out of the shop.

"And no take-backs!" she shouted, slamming the door shut after pushing me outside.

Confused and a bit shaken, I examined the box in my hands. 'How did she know about my roommate?' I turned around, but the shop was gone. "What the heck!" Where there was a shop moments ago, now stood a solid concrete wall.

Chapter 1

Sophie

I was in the kitchen trying and failing to make cookies, when my roommate and best friend Mia came bursting through the door.

"Hey Mia! I made some cookies want some?" I said as I walked out of the kitchen.

"Huh? Yhea sure." She answered while examining a wooden box.

"What's in the box?" I asked as I set myself next to her on the couch.

"That's the thing, I don't know yet I wanted to get home first. You won't believe me, and I might be crazy, but I think this might be magic."

"Huh? Sure it is ..." I always thought that Mia was a bit gullible, but I never thought her to believe in supernatural nonsense.

"I know it sounds crazy but there was this old crazy lady who read my fortune, or misery or whatever, then she gave me this box and just vanished."

I just gave her the skeptical eye.

"Let's just see what's inside." I sighed.

"Okay, here goes nothing!" Mia said excited. When she opened the metallic latch on the side of the box the runes briefly started to glow in a faint red light. Inside there

was a red uneven cut stone and a note. Mia took out the stone eagerly while I examined the note.

"What does it say?"

"It's mostly some gibberish runes but at the beginning it says to always read the rules first before you start 'wishing' whatever that means. But all the supposed rules are written in some foreign language."

"So, it's a wishing stone?" Mia asked.

"Apparently so." I answered my voice heavy with doubt.

"At least it is easy to test then. I wish I my breasts were three sizes larger." Nothing happened no light no genie nothing.

"Aww, its not working" Mia complained.

"Well, what did you expect? And really? for all the things to wish for you wish for bigger breasts?" I asked after we waited for a bit.

"Well not everybody is as stupidly blessed as you are misses double-E"

"It's barely double-D and why are you always complaining to me about it, it's not my fault you're so flat" I knew that for Mia her breasts have always been a sour spot, but that also made it really funny to tease her about it.

Mia jumped up angrily from the couch.

"Well, I wish you knew what it was like to not have the perfect cleavage you always wanted!"

The second Mia finished her sentence a bright red beam shot towards me and before I could react it went right in my chest.

"What the fuck did you-" suddenly I felt a warmth spread in my breasts, when I looked down they actually started pulsing slightly red. The warmth intensified and with it came a surging feeling as I saw and felt them starting to grow, my nipples dragging across the fabric of my shirt as they lifted it up. Every warm pulse growing more and more intense, the breasts kept growing already two sizes larger at least and still growing lifting my shirt up more and more until it barely covered my belly button and finally stopped. Heavy on my chest sat two volleyball sized mounds of flesh feeling very sensitive.

"It's real, its actually real magic!" Mia shouted out excitedly. A smirk came to her face as she looked at me "enjoying yourself?"

I realized I was still breathing heavily, and a deep blush came to my face. I looked towards the stone in her hands, 'it is real, magic exists, and it just gave me huge fucking knockers and almost an orgasm. God these are heavy' I shifted slightly and used my arms to support the weight better.

"Fine your right, it works. Can you please change me back now, these things are really fucking heavy... and sensitive."

“Well, I’d say you got what you deserve titty monster. How does it feel to have breasts as big as your head?” with that Mia started laughing.

“Yes, I get it I’m sorry I called you flat, now can you please make them smaller?” I begged.

“Ok, ok I get it, I wish your breast were down to just three sizes bigger than originally.”

“Thank you” I sighed before realizing what she said but before I could say anything, another red beam hit me square in the chest again, the warm pulsating feeling returned but way weaker now and again I could feel my nipples drag against the fabric of my shirt as they grew smaller and smaller until they settled on still Huge G-Cups. They were still heavy, and I still couldn’t see my feet but at least I didn’t have to support them with my arms constantly.

“You know I meant all the way back” I said more calmly than I felt. “Ok, I think we need to make some ground rules about the stone and wishing, we don’t know how it works, what all the rules are and most importantly, I don’t want to be your plaything. If we are going to be using the stone, we both get to use it.” I wasn’t sure if she was listening since she was still laughing at me.

Mia

“I wish you suddenly inherited a hundred million dollars from an aunt you never knew” Sophie said while sitting in front of me on the couch stone in hand. For the last 30 minutes she has been trying different types of wishes whilst ticking off a list in front of her. She has always been a bit of a control freak, even when we were still in grade school she was always organized and hated not being prepared. Which made it especially funny to see her completely overwhelmed by those huge breasts she had, even now she was still shifting around as if not sure how to carry her new assets and I couldn’t help but grin a little at her predicament, the best part was she couldn’t wish anything about herself, so she was completely stuck with them until I decided otherwise.

“So? Did anything happen?” she asked.

“Huh?”

“Are you rich did anything happen?”

I quickly checked my emails and my e-banking just to be greeted by the same depressing results as the last five iterations of that wish we tried.

“Nah, nothing still just 4 dollars and 32 cents to my name.”

“Yhea that’s kind of what I expected since there was no red beam. So, I guess that was everything I could think of. It seems the stone can only grant wished about the body of the person in front us.” She concluded and put the notebook and pencil aside.

"So, can we finally start experimenting for real?" I asked hopefully.

"Yes, we can start now." She sighed but I could see a glimmer of excitement in her eyes "Lets take turns wishing agreed?"

"Yes, oh my god finally!" I jumped up excited.

"And since you went first" she said while pointing at her still huge chest "it's my turn now." She had a dangerous look in her eye as she said that.

"Ok do your worst." I said while I stretched out my arms dramatically to both sides.

"Since you seem to like breasts so much, I wish you had 4 of them" as soon as she finished the sentence a red beam shot outwards and hit me straight in the stomach, directly followed by a strange warmth spreading just below my chest but as soon as it started it stopped. I turned around and lifted up my shirt and sure enough there underneath my normal almost nonexistent pair of breasts was another the exact same size and with nipples standing up proudly. I blushed before turning around again and holding out my hand.

"What? You're not even going to show them?" she asked with a big smile on her face "on the other hand two more off almost nothing still isn't much, is it."

"Ugh think of a better joke you cow and it's my turn now, isn't it? So, give me stone!"

"Fine, fine here take it I have already won anyway" she said before handing the stone back to me and leaning back on the couch. I grabbed the stone out of her hands and tried to think of a fitting way to get back at her when I suddenly remembered how we went to the Sea Life a few years back and she told me how much she hated octopuses, and just like that I felt my grin returning.

"Let's see how much you like this. I wish your arms turned into tentacles." A brief look of shock entered her eyes before the beam hit her straight in her overlarge chest and the red glow very subtly spread over her arms this time. I could watch as she looked in shock as her hands started losing definition and her fingers started melting into each other all the while her arms started getting longer and longer, her elbows and all signs of there ever being bones in her arms vanished until the glow vanished again. Coming out of Sophies shirt were two thick skin-colored tentacles, they were smooth without any suction cups and so long they almost touched her knees. With a slightly disgusted and shocked look on her face Sophie regarded her new arms, I could see twitches and a slight curling of her new arms, as if she was trying and failing to move them.

"You gave me fucking tentacles." She said slightly disbelieving "You are so going to regret this!"

"Sure, go ahead it's your turn after all" I said before putting the stone down next to me on the table "just take it and show me your wrath." The look she gave me was too much and I broke down laughing. From the corner of my eye, I saw how she almost fell back onto the couch again after standing up, then she tried to kind of swing her right tentacle onto the stone and failing miserably. After the fourth try she manage to land it directly next to it and with a complicated expression on her face she willed the tentacle to slowly close around the stone.

"God this feels so fucking weird its feels like I have a million more muscles to control then before and all of them feel completely strange to me." She eventually was able to lift the stone slightly.

"Hah! Yes, I did it, you're so getting it now and then you're changing me back!"

"Make me, what was it your said before 'I already won'? do your worst sister." I replied cocky. But instead outside wishing she put on her thinking face.

"You know your wish was kind of vague just now. You basically just said my arms should turn into tentacles, there is a lot of wiggle room in that it could have given me suction cups for example or turned my arms into 20 tentacles or something, I wonder what determines that. For example, what happens if I make a super vague wish" a slight smile came to her face "I suppose we will just have to find out don't we? I wish you would transform in a way that would leave you utterly helpless."

"Are you sure about this?" I asked but it was already to late the read beam already hit me and there was no escaping my fate.

Sophie

I watched in satisfaction as the beam hit Mia in the chest, the fact that a beam appeared meant that the wish worked the interesting part is just how it will fulfill it since I didn't really tell the gem anything, and before I could think about it to much the changes were already beginning. It started in her legs as they began to shrink and slowly lost definition becoming smaller and smaller retreating more and more into her body until there was nothing left expect smooth skin where her legs should have been.

"My legs are gone; I suppose that's what I get for basically taking your arms away. I guess this really does leave me a little bit helpless." She sighed as she tried to awkwardly stem herself up on her arms.

"Uh Mia. I don't think the changes are done yet." I said as I saw the red hue move into her arms now before they started to shrink as well. Suddenly Mia fell forward and landed with her face on the floor her arms no longer able to support herself as they grew smaller and smaller until just a smooth patch of skin remained on her shoulders as if she never had arms to begin with.

"No! no, please not my arms as well!" she tried shouting, but it was all a bit muffled since she literally had her face planted in the floor. By now Mia was nothing more than a head on torso.

"Your actually are completely helpless, talk about a wish well interpreted!" I laughed out loud. It gave me no small amount of satisfaction seeing her like that. For a second, I felt bad for her, but then I looked down at my tentacle arms and all feelings of pity and guilt vanished.

“Okay, okay I get it I’m a helpless little slug, can you at least help me sit up.” I complied while still laughing and helped her into a sitting position on the sofa. “I think I had enough for now, how about turning us back?”

“Not so smug anymore huh? Fine, I’m not really sure how you would make a wish like that though.” Sophie answered while gesturing towards her limbless torso.

“Maybe I just need to touch it and not really hold it, do you mind setting the stone next to me?” she asked and looked at me helplessly, and I won’t lie it kind of turned me on seeing her like that, completely unable to do anything without my help. But I still complied and, after some trial and error trying to get my fucking tentacles to pick it up, I sat the stone directly next to her touching the skin where her legs used to be.

“You know what would be really funny though?”

“Don’t you dare!”

“I wish you completely lost control, but not feeling, over your tentacles and, that they would constantly grope and play with your breasts.” She grinned widely as the gem started to glow, but before it could finish firing into me I was already reaching for it with my left foot and just as the beam hit me I swiped the stone away holding it under my foot, unfortunately before I could start to feel good about my maneuver the changes already started and I lost complete control over my arms as they started snaking up my shirt and started playing with my breasts. And when they did, I almost collapsed from the sudden pleasure as they squeezed and kneaded into my still huge breasts, it was like they knew exactly how to handle my breasts to get the maximum amount of pleasure out of it.

“Seriously!? And I thought you learned your Ugh-“a moan escaped my lips as I was interrupted by my left tentacle pulling hard on my left breast before it started massaging again “Why are these breasts so fucking sensitive?!”

All the while Mia was just cackling away. “Okay now I’m done. I’m sorry just couldn’t resist. Give me the stone and I’ll turn you back.”

“Yhea sure as if I would give you the st-agh, the stone again. No, I’m going in my agh room I don’t trust you not to make it any worse” I said before I started moving off to the stairs. “Befough-, before I forget I wish your breasts would grow bigger than your head and five times as sensitive. Wouldn’t want you not to ahhhgh, have pillows to sleep on, good night, Mia.” With that I went upstairs and after a bit of trying managed to open the door to my room with my chin and closed it with my ass, before I fell on my bed and was finally able to focus on these goddam tentacles without anyone watching.

Mia

Immediately after the red beam hit me, an intense warmth spread through my entire torso, pulsating more intensely by the second. The sensation of being filled grew more intense as I felt my nipples slide along the fabric of my shirt. It was at this moment that I remembered the earlier wish because it wasn’t just my usual two breasts that started growing; all four of them started to rapidly fill out my torso and my shirt. A moan escaped my lips as they kept on growing. They passed the size of

baseballs and were still rapidly gaining mass; the pressure kept mounting until suddenly I felt my weight shift as my breasts grew too heavy and pulled my body forward. With a moan, I landed on top of boobs the size of volleyballs. Finally, they stopped growing, leaving me completely pinned to the ground. Panting, I thought it was finally over as the second part of the wish came into being, and the already mounting pleasure grew and grew until finally, "AHHHH!" I came and passed out. I groaned as I woke up; my whole body felt sore, and yep, I was still just a torso with four breasts bigger than my head. They were almost as large as the beasts Sophie had earlier. 'When I get out of this, she is so fucking dead.' The loud moans and occasional shouts that came from upstairs told me that not much time could have passed if Sophie was still going strong. "I guess the only thing to do is to plot my revenge," I sighed. "God, why are these breasts so fucking sensitive? Did she have to do that too? I can't concentrate like this. I guess I will have to apologize tomorrow and beg her to turn me back..." But just as I thought all hopes of revenge were lost, a certain red stone poofed into existence in a cloud of red smoke directly in front of me, and I couldn't stop the grin from coming to my face.

PART 2

Sophie

I groaned as I started to wake up and used my hand to rub the sleep from my eyes when I felt soreness in my chest. The memories of yesterday flooded back. I didn't know I could be this happy just seeing my normal human arms, hands, and my usual double D cups. No tentacles, no overly sensitive and swollen chest—just plain old me. But, a little hidden-away part of me remembered the loss of control, her huge sensitive breasts, and especially the mesmerizing orgasms from yesterday longingly.

After I took a long shower and put on some casual yoga pants and a shirt, I made my way downstairs. What greeted me in the living room was the sleeping form of Mia, still just a head on a limbless torso sitting atop four huge breasts the size of watermelons.

"Holy shit, Mia!" When I made that last wish last night, I knew they would grow huge, but seeing it on her small frame was something else. She might be more boobs than a woman at this point. That wasn't all; below her leg stumps and some very wet panties, there was an actual puddle. How many times did she have to orgasm to build an actual fucking puddle? It was then that I remembered the second part of my wish about her breasts becoming five times more sensitive. Holy shit, she must have been cumming all night. Remembering my own probably not as sensitive breasts from last night, I felt a little bit of guilt building in my stomach.

"Urgh..." she groaned and opened her eyes; she looked confused for a moment and wiggled a bit on the spot before she seemed to remember where she was and what had happened last night.

"Morning," she said, and after a small pause where neither of us said anything, she added, "quite the night, eh?"

"I'm so sorry, Mia. I didn't know it would be so much; I just wanted a little bit of payback..."

"What are you talking about? I came like a gazillion times last night. It was amazing! Sure, maybe 'five times as sensitive' was a bit much, and it sucks that I don't have any limbs, but the orgasms were like nothing I ever experienced before."

"You enjoyed it? But ... you're more boob than a girl!"

She grinned. "Yeah, hot as fuck, am I right?" The same part of me that reminisced about my changes last night couldn't help but feel a little bit aroused when I imagined what it must have been like to be so helpless, vulnerable, and out of control of my body. I swallowed and pushed those thoughts away for now.

"Why did only I change back anyway?" I asked and recognized that sitting under her face, there was a familiar red stone. But how? I clearly remembered taking it with me to my room yesterday, and Mia sure as hell couldn't have got it herself. So, how was it possible that said stone was before me now?

"Well, I changed you back; turns out it works through doors... and floors, so maybe you would change me back in return." She said smiling, giving me her best puppy eyes. I always grew weak when she hit me with those.

"I thought you liked it," I teased her. "How did you get the stone anyhow?"

"I dunno; it just appeared kinda out of nowhere. First, I thought about transforming you more, but then you would have never changed me back, and while the orgasms were awesome, being so helpless sucked... especially because I couldn't fucking touch myself. Soooo, could you please change me back?" The stone just appeared. Does that mean it has a mind of its own? Dammit, if only the instructions were readable.

"Sophie?" Mia asked, breaking me out of my thoughts.

"Mh? Oh, yeah, I'll change you back, one second." I grabbed the stone. "I wish you were back to your normal two-armed, legged, and almost non-existent breasted self." Red light enveloped Mia, and slowly her breasts receded back into her body, and her arms and legs gradually grew back. Before long, Mia stood before me completely normal again.

"God, this feels good," she said and stretched herself. "I really need a shower and some new clothes, though. Breakfast in like half an hour?"

"Sure, take your time; it's Sunday anyway, so we have the whole day to ourselves. Eggs and Bacon?"

"Oh my god, yes please!" she shouted back, already being halfway up the stairs.

So, I went into the kitchen and made breakfast. Mia and I lived in a rather modern-looking 3-bedroom apartment with a living room connected to an open kitchen and a single flight of stairs that lead the three bedrooms upstairs. Since Mia was always tight on money, the rent fell on me more often than not; I rarely complained though she was my best friend, and since I worked at an insurance company and inherited a decent sum from my grandparents, my wallet could take it.

Half an hour later, we sat at the kitchen table devouring our breakfast. We went back and forth for a while with a bit of banter and gossiped about this and that.

"You lost another job?" I asked her.

"Yeah... I'm sorry I might not be able to make rent for a while, but I will pay you back this time, I promise!"

"Nah, don't worry about rent, just take your time. I can take care of it for a while. Those assholes from the call center just didn't know what they had with you. You were too good for them anyway, so fuck 'em."

"Aww, thank you, you're the best," she sobbed. We hugged, and I patted her sympathetically on the back. After a while, we released and went back to our breakfast.

"I don't have to work today, so how about we just take the day for ourselves and watch movies all day?" I asked after we finished breakfast.

"I'd love to Soph, but I don't think we can." She answered after a brief pause.

"Oh, I didn't know you had plans today?"

"I don't, but, well, you do."

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused. I never go out, especially not on Sundays, but then I saw the grin on her face, the same mischievous grin I had seen a thousand times before, and it sent a shiver down my spine. 'Did she have the stone?' But no, looking towards the coffee table, I saw the stone sitting there innocently.

"Oh, believe me, you do. What does the cow say again? Ah, I remember." Her grin grew even wider before she whispered, "Moo."

The moment that word left her mouth, my body froze. No red light engulfed me, yet I felt the same familiar warmth building in my chest before it started to spread throughout my whole body. Before my eyes, I saw my breasts start to swell. Even though it wasn't as intense as last time, it was way faster. In seconds, they went from Double-D to E, F, G, speeding through the alphabet as my chest exploded in size. Like an unstoppable force, they ripped apart my shirt as if it wasn't there, and, after a brief battle, flung my bra across the kitchen. Before I could fully comprehend what was happening, the warmth moved below my chest, and just as fast as my upper pair, another pair of breasts grew below, covering my whole chest with soft, wobbly titflesh.

I moved my hands to my chest, but before I could get there, the warmth intensified in my lower spine, my hands, and my head. I could only watch as my fingers fused together into two big, meaty fingers and a thumb. At the same time, it felt as if someone was pulling my ears out, away from my head. On instinct, I switched directions and moved my new hands to my ears, and what greeted me were long, floppy ears with short fur covering them.

Having finished my ears, the warmth centered on two spots on my forehead, and a moment later, two small horns sprouted. 'Horns?!? I have fucking horns!' Finally, it hit

me. I knew what was happening to me. My eyes darted to the stone, and I sprinted towards it.

I needed leverage over her, turn her into something she would hate. I expected her to follow, but she just calmly sipped her coffee and watched me. 'Wasn't she scared?' As I sprinted and my four huge breasts wobbled and bounced, I felt a whip-like appendage hit my legs.

I looked back, then down and realized, with horror, that I had a long hairy tail, with a tuft of brown hair at the end, coming out just above my butt. A fucking tail! I needed to hurry but, with my chests being bigger than watermelons and heavier than medicine balls and still fucking growing, my 'sprinting' looked more like wobbling.

I was almost at the table when, unfortunately, the warmth now intensified in my toes, and as they started to fuse and harden. I fell over and landed heavily on my breasts but, instead of pain, it sent waves of pleasure through my body. Stemming myself up on my hands, I looked towards my feet and watched as they fully turned into hoofs. I tried to stand up, but it was just too much; my breasts have grown too heavy, and the feeling of hoofs was just too unfamiliar.

I fell back down, I looked up, the stone was almost within reach! I launched towards it with all my strength, and, just barely, managed to grab it between my alien hands. 'Yes! I did it, you are so going to get it Mia!' She was still sitting there completely relaxed, grinning at me. I pointed the stone towards her and said 'I wish you were just a pile of breasts with a mouth on top,' but the only thing that came out of my mouth were moos, not realistic cow moos but my voice saying 'moo' in different lengths, multiple times. No beam, no red light just me looking desperately at the stone in my hand.

I sighed 'fuck,' "Moo," and Mia broke down laughing. My breasts finally stopped their growth; they were so heavy now that I needed both my hands to keep myself upright on the floor as they dangled below me, my nipples teased me by barely touching the ground. To my horror, the warmth didn't go away, though; it was still centered in my breasts but, instead of growing, it felt like they were filling up, like a hot liquid was being pushed into them. At the same time, my nipples lengthened into four-inch-long teats.

My breasts started growing again, but this time not from magic but by being filled. Faster and faster, they filled, the pressure rising until they were full but, to my shock, they didn't stop filling. The pressure kept rising and rising until they were almost unbearably full and tight. Hesitantly I moved a hand to my upper right teat, grabbed it carefully, and pulled.

Just like a thick scream of milk exploded from my breast, my mind exploded in ecstasy, like a tidal wave, pleasure washed every other thought away, and everything, my whole existence, focused on three things only.

Pressure.

Pulling.

Pleasure.

Over and over again, I pulled on my teats, every time one emptied, another was already full again, until finally, in a whirlwind of pleasure and moos, I came.

Exhausted, I fell forward expecting oblivion to take me, but instead, I felt the exhaustion washing off me like it was never there, my breasts already full again, demanding my attention. Shocked I looked at my chest, but as the pressure grew unbearable, I started milking myself and returned to the cycle of pressure, pulling, pleasure again, and again, and again.

Mia

‘Holy shit, that felt fucking incredible’ watching Sophie turn into, more cow than girl at this point, was fun but, the best part was watching her trying to figure out what was happening, the shock when she figured it out, and the triumphant moos she let out as she finally reached the stone, only for her triumph to turn into despair. ‘Am I enjoying this too much?’ But seeing my best friend there on the floor squirming, mooing and being completely helpless, I couldn’t help but feel good about myself.

‘Does that make me a bad person?’ I asked myself but, it’s not like I hurt her, after all, all she should be feeling right now is pleasure.

I pushed those thoughts and feelings away for now, stood up and made my way over to her, as I did, I saw her grow white and black fur, covering her entire body in classical Holstein fashion.

‘I’m sorry Soph, please don’t hate me for this but, I didn’t just wish for you to return to normal last night, I may have also wished for you to turn into a cowgirl whenever you hear someone say ‘moo’.’ I monologued as Sophie didn’t make for the best dialogue partner right now, what with her mooing and cumming constantly. “Don’t worry though, it’s not permanent; it will only last until you finished milking yourself in a few... hours.”

“Mooo!?!?” she shouted and looked up angrily but, shortly after she was already occupied with milking herself again.

“See I told you; you were preoccupied today. I didn’t expect it all to be so intense, sorry! But after your done with this we are totally even for you leaving me as a cumming breast-pillow for a night.” Now standing next to her my feet drenched in milk I crouched down and picked up a dripping stone. I couldn’t leave her with that after all, who knew what she would do to me.

Watching the growing puddle of milk in our living room I realized that I haven’t thought about cleanup. Well, nothing a quick wish couldn’t fix.

“I wish all the milk would vanish after a few minutes.” Nothing happened.

‘Oh, right all my wishes have to be made about Sophie’

“I wish you would cleanup all the milk after you turn back.” Again, nothing happened.

‘Why didn’t it work?’ I wondered, maybe all the wishes must be lewd in some way.

“Ok, I wish you would cleanup all the milk after you turn back but, in a sexy way.” This time a familiar red beam engulfed Sophie. I did feel a little bad especially after the heartfelt talk this morning but, I knew she wouldn’t be too mad, we had known each other since kindergarten and playing pranks on each other just as long, this one was just a bit more... magical.

“That solves that, sorry again Soph. I will watch some movies and catch up on some

sleep in my room. See you later, or maybe tomorrow, I'd imagine you'll be pretty exhausted after your done." With that I made my way upstairs but, before I went to my room, I hid the stone, praying that it wouldn't teleport again.

I spent the rest of the day watching some random show on Netflix, a few hours later the moos stopped, after that came a some rummaging and moaning for a while until, well into the afternoon, I heard her walking up the stairs and slam the door to her bedroom.

I laid back in my bed, I was still sore from last night and I only slept a few hours, at most. So, with my thoughts running wild imagining what 'cleaning up in a sexy way' really meant, I slowly drifted off to sleep.

PART 3

Sophie

Monday

"Nah, I don't think I will." Mia answered.

"What? Why? I can't go to work like this!"

It wasn't enough to just turn me into a cow-woman-thing, no after I finally returned to being human, I lost complete control over my body and started cleaning up all the milk... so much fucking milk, and as if that wasn't enough my body was constantly making out with the mop. With a mop! Just thinking about it send shivers down my spine, and to top it all off I still had big, floppy cow ears, I was also pretty sure that my breasts were bigger by at least a cup size.

"Because its really funny," She grinned at me "and I know you have a ton of vacation saved up anyway, just take some time off."

I glared at her, as she calmy sipped her coffee.

"Fine, but once I find that stone you will so regret this!"

"Oh, threatening me? Die you forget yesterdays wish already? How about I remind you."

"Don't you dare!"

"Moo" and just like that a shock went through my body and I knew exactly what was about to happen. I stood up and sprinted across our living room as fast as I could.

Having left my clothes along the way, and with four breasts the size volleyballs jiggling on my chests, I wobbled into the bathroom just before my feet turned to hoofs and I fell forward on my chest. Before the milk could kick in, I heaved myself upward, dragged my heavy body into the shower and sighed, at least this time I wouldn't have to make out with a mop again. And that was how I spend the second day in the row stuck in a circle of mooing, milking and orgasming.

Tuesday

"Mia! Mia!" I shouted and thumped at her bedroom door. It was still the middle of the night, but this couldn't wait.

This time I got to keep the tail, and my breasts stayed bigger again as well, being at least double-E's now.

"What!?" Her door shot open and revealed a very sleepy and grumpy looking Mia.

"Change me back, right now!" I demanded.

"Couldn't this wait till morning?" she groaned "You know what? Moo! There now you have something to keep you occupied till I wake up." and slammed the door close again.

"God Mia, why are you always like this!" I complained but the changes were already starting again, and I hurried back to the shower.

Later that day we were both sitting in the living room opposite each other. Two small horns were sticking out of my forehead, my breasts had become too big for any bra I owned, and the worst part was that below them another small pair of tits stood proudly, not more than a-cups for now, but there non the less.

"Did you honestly think that would work? You know how grumpy I get in the morning."

"Then why do you keep changing me? If you would just turn me back, or at least stop turning me again and again, I wouldn't have needed to wake you up in the first place" I complained but she just grinned at me.

"I'm sorry Soph but this is just way to fun. How about this I will stop but only as long as you start calling me Mistress, if you ever refer to me in any other way well, you know what's coming."

"Oh, fuck you! No! As if I would ever call you that!"

"Ah, it's only been a few seconds and you already fucked it up twice, but hey, you do you. Have fun mooing!"

Thursday

Standing in front of the bathroom mirror I inspected myself. I looked fucking ridiculous! On my head were two horns standing up almost 5 inches, below them were my ears used to be, were two long, droopy cow ears, but that wasn't all my nose had flattened and my whole lower face pushed into a slight muzzle. My face was probably more cow than human now. Going lower there were four melon sized breasts adorning my chest, they stood up and looked perfectly perky, not at all like what you would expect from breasts that size. They were also very heavy which meant that I had to be careful when moving less I lose my balance, which was made way more difficult by the fact that my feet had turned into full blown hoofs. It took me almost 20 minutes to get up and walk from my bed to the bathroom which was right next door. I was a freak, and the only way for me to turn back was to find the stone and make Mia wish me back to normal. Easier said than done since I used every minute I wasn't mooing or cumming, which to be fair wasn't that much lately, looking for it, but I just couldn't find it.

I made my way out of the bathroom and dreadfully looked at the staircase.

'Okay slow and steady Sophie, you got this'

Slowly I wobbled down one hoof in front of the other, on the third step I almost toppled over but managed to catch myself last second with my tits jiggling heavily on my chest. When I finally made it, I was greeted by Mia's typical stupid grin. She was sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee as if it was a morning like any other, I made my way over accompanied by my hoofs clacking noises and sat myself opposite to her.

"Good morning, Sophie" She greeted me, and I knew exactly what she wanted from me. Unfortunately for the time being I had no choice but to comply.

“Good morning ... moo-stress” I mooed, I didn’t mean to do it, but I guess that was just another perk of all this.

Meanwhile Mia was laughing her ass off at me.

“I see you finally learned your lesson” she said after a while.

“Although I did ask you to call me mistress and not...” she paused, and I froze. She wouldn’t dare, would she? But considering the state of my body I wasn’t so sure, because if she continued that sentence who knows if I would ever speak again.

“Don’t worry Soph I’m not that cruel, I knew you just couldn’t help it... On the other hand, it is kind of interesting, what’s happening to you I mean. The thing is I didn’t even wish for all this I only wished for you to turn into a cowgirl when I... well you know and now look at you, you look insane! That muzzle wasn’t even included in your temporary transformation. I wonder what will happen next, will you grow an udder maybe or will your hands go full hoof as well?” dreadfully I looked at her excited eyes. Would I grow an udder? Weren’t my four massive fucking breasts enough of an udder?

“Eh, I’m sure we will get to that eventually for now, how about you pour me another cup of coffee.” She continued and dangled her empty cup in front of my face.

Reluctantly I took the cup, stood up on shaky legs and wobbled my way over to the coffee machine.

“Don’t you think you forgot something Soph? Whenever I tell you to do something I expect a ‘Yes mistress’ or do you need another session in the bathroom before that?” Mia said, again with that same shit eating grin I knew since we were kids.

“Moo, I mean no moo-stress.” I answer back reluctantly. I just had to bear with it for now, I would get my revenge eventually. Fortunately, that revenge might come sooner than I expected because while I was waiting for the coffee machine to finish a familiar little red stone just poofed into existence right next to it. Quickly I grabbed it and looked towards Mia to see if she realized what happened, but no she was happily scrolling through her phone. ‘Oh, this will be good’ I thought to myself, but I had to play this smart less I ended up milking again. First, I had to take away her control over me. I turned away from her and whispered to the stone.

“I wish Moo-ia, I mean Mia couldn’t speak anymore.” And just like that the most beautiful red beam I think I ever saw hit her in the back and she didn’t even realize it. At first there was no visible change, so I brought her the coffee and sat down again. I almost started wondering if it didn’t work but then her lips parted and a ... nipple appeared between them. Suddenly as if awoken from an Instagram trance she moved her hands to her lips and blushed.

“Oh no-pf, shoph wha-mmhpf” She started but before she could get anywhere with her sentence a breast exploded in growth from her mouth, pushed her mouth open and completely removed her ability to form sentences.

“Mmmh mhhhh!” she tried to complain but to no avail at this point what once was her tongue was now a large tit, at least cantaloupe sized, hanging from between her lips down her face.

Yes! Finally, it was her time to suffer, her time to look and feel like a freak, my time to be in control. The rule of Sophie has begun!

Mia

How the hell had she gotten the stone?! I had so much fun messing with her that I completely forgot that the damn stone could just appear out of nowhere. Even worse was the fact that since I couldn't really talk right now all the power I had over her was useless and I was completely at her mercy, and looking at her being almost as much cow as human I didn't expect to be left of the hook with just the breast hanging from my face. So, there was only one thing to do, run. I jumped up from my chair and bolted towards the stairs, if I could only make it to my room and lock myself in maybe she would cool off and we could make a deal or wait for the stone to randomly appear before me. I made it about halfway before I was hit by another red beam. I didn't hear her wish, so I kept going as my feet started to soften and my toes melted away. I wasn't just my toes though in just a few steps all the bones in my feet had melted and were replaced by fat before they started to puff up and round out. When even my ankles melted away into soft tissue, I lost my balance and fell to the floor, at first I tried to stand up again but there was no way that whatever was left of my feet could carry me so I rolled over to a sitting position to look at the damage. Where once there were feet now there were two blobs of flesh and fat, they looked almost like... tits, but surely, she wouldn't right? Just as I thought that though two areolas started to form on them topped off by two nipples, luckily the changes seemed to stop there leaving me immobile in the weirdest way I could have ever imagined.

Laughing, occasionally interrupted my mooing, came from the kitchen as Sophie slowly wobbled her way over to me, she looked like she was still having trouble walking with hoofs since she was taking a long time for each step and she also needed to use the wall and then the couch for support. When she finally got to me, she squadded down and grinned, at least I thought she was grinning it was really hard to tell with the muzzle, but she was definitely showing teeth. God, she looked so stupid. it was so much fun to mess with her; I hadn't even known that she would keep changes every time but that just made it all the more fun. At first, I wanted to call it even and change her back but then she kept insisting and seeing her helplessly mooing and milking herself was just too much fun so in the end I just couldn't help myself.

"So, moostress don't you have anymoo to say?" She mocked me, or at least tried to but her mooing made it difficult to take her serious.

Instead of answering since well... duh I just rolled my eyes. I couldn't even moan or grumble anymore since the wish didn't just replace my tongue It replaced my entire mouth, the only thing left on my lower face was a big perky tit, complete with nipple and all, dangling from my face surrounded by two completely useless lips and nothing behind that.

Since I couldn't really answer I got my phone out and started typing into the search bar before showing it to Sophie.

'U change me back and I u?'

"Ohoho moo! We are way past that, if moo think that I moould give you the stone anytime soon moo are dead wrong." She answered "No, first it is time for smooome sweat revenge and fortunootely I had a lot of moo time to think up some great wishes."

Nervously I looked at the red stone in her hands and at the disturbingly high number of breasts on my body.

"Firstly, I wish moo that whenever Mooia tries to say moo she would orgasm instead." And just like that the next red beam hit me.

"Next I wish that the moonly thing she could wear is moo a skimpy French maid outfit which she always has to wear moo and can't ever moo it off."

I winced as the next beam hit me, seems like she really didn't like the whole mistress thing. Slowly my shirt, my pants, and even my underwear were morphed into a stereotypical French Maid outfit but with really deep cleavage that hid absolutely nothing, not that there was much to hide anyway though I had a bad feeling that might change in the near future, and a really and I mean really short skirt that just barely covered my ass and genitals. The most disturbing part though was that there was no underwear, mine just vanished completely and since I apparently couldn't wear anything else from now on I didn't think that was about to change.

"And now for the best part."

She looked like she was concentrating hard not to moo and slowly word for word she said: "I wish that you would always have to do what I tell you to, and that you must call me and always end every sentence with master or mistress. Moo if you fail or screw up in any way a random transformation will trigger decided by the moo stone." Decided by the stone?!? That couldn't be good every time we left things vague and mostly up to the stone the worst transformations came to be, but it was too late the beam already hit me right in my chest. I tried to complain but I couldn't even make a noise, wait she said I had to call her master or something, does that mean she intends to let me talk again?

Meanwhile Sophie sighed and relaxed, it seemed like it took a lot of effort not to moo.

"Mookay, now for the last moo. I wish that moo could talk again and moo that your feet mooould return to normal."

I sighed in relief as again red light engulfed me, my feet started to shrink and take form again, bones reformed and a moment later I had my old feet back. I could also feel my mouth forming again but it felt weirdly distant, and the weight didn't lift off my chin. When the light vanished, I moved my hand in front of my face and indeed I had a mouth again only I also still had a tit on my face. Instead of shrinking away and returning my face to normal, the mouth that grew replaced the nipple and areola on my new breast.

"What the fuck Sophie!?" I complained before I hurriedly added "I meant master!"

But it was already too late and a quite familiar feeling by now settled in my chest as my two regular breasts started to grow. Cub size by cup size they kept swelling pushing into the fabric of my maid outfit but, instead of ripping it apart the fabric seemed to grow with it until they finally settled as big, full, and perky double G-Cups. Even with my outfit supporting them their weight still fell heavy down my chest, these had to be at least as big as my head, yet they were still smaller than Sophies and she had four of them. Maybe the reason she was wobbling everywhere weren't the hoofs after all.

"I moo think I'm mooing to enjoy this quite a bit." Sophie said while laughing at me.

"Moo now, stand up!" she commanded as she slowly rose herself while using the couch for support.

"... yes master" I sighed as I stood up, I was a bit shaky at first with all the unfamiliar weight on me but managed to hold myself without any support which gave me the unique opportunity to smugly grin at my old friend who hadn't.

"Moo, now jump till I moo tell you to stop."

And just like that she swiped the grin right from my face, dreadfully I looked down at my cleavage, I couldn't even see my feet below my three breasts anymore.

Unfortunately there was nothing I could do Sophie had me on a leash and I didn't intend to find out what the stone would do next, so for now all I could do was to comply and wait for her to slip up or for the stone to appear before me again but, considering how long it took before Sophie found it I might be in it for quite some time.

"Yes master..." I sighed and started to jump.

PART 4

Mia

I already knew these breasts were heavy, just as I already knew that I wasn't the fittest person around. Yet, I still didn't expect that it would only take twelve jumps before I was panting and on my knees.

"Please stop, Sophie! I can't anymore," I pleaded, but was only met with a stone-cold face and an angry glare before I felt a dreadfully familiar feeling start to spread over my entire body, focused especially on my rear and butt. Only then did I realize my mistake; not only did I stop jumping without her approval, but I also called her Sophie without realizing it.

"Moo! No, this wasn't enough moo, keep jumping!" she said angrily, at the same time as I felt my rear broaden and my butt swelling, giving me a ridiculous hourglass figure and not stopping there. Unfortunately, those weren't the only changes, which I realized because my view shifted, and Sophie suddenly seemed even bigger than before. She kept on growing, or rather, I kept on shrinking. Centimeter by centimeter, I grew closer to the floor.

"No! Stop this, master! What is wrong with you, master? Sorry, I turned you into a cow, master! Is that what you want, master?" I shouted back at her as the weird feeling started to focus in my hands as well. A little bit of panic had entered my voice by now as I was still shrinking, and my butt still expanding.

"Why are moo always like this? Why moo do you always have to control moo everything! This- "she lifted the stone in front of my face "was supposed to moo be fun! For moo of us! Not just for moo!"

"I- I'm sorry, master ... you're right; I shouldn't have done that to you. Maybe I did get off on a power trip, master. It's just everything has been getting out of control in my life. I lost another job, I'm broke as heck, and I lied to my mother again because I can't manage to tell her how much of a mess I am... master. Maybe the whole stone thing, being in control got to my head a little, and now I am messing up the best thing left in my life, my best friend ... literally messing you up, master."

Finally, the changes stopped. They left me at max 3 feet tall with the most ridiculous hourglass figure of all time—a breast dangling where my mouth should be and a mouth where said breast should have its nipple and areola. To top it all off, two tentacles replaced my arms.

"Peace, master?" I finished lamely, looking up at her. I couldn't even see her eyes anymore since my perspective was blocked by her four breasts.

"Fine," she answered after a while, "mooo-aybe I overreacted a bit as well ... those orgasms were pretty insane, mooo be fair, but I only forgive moo if you change me back now."

Slowly, she squatted down to my height, her whole chest wiggling in the process, and pressed the stone to my forehead.

"Okay, master, you look really cute with those horns though, master." I sighed. "I wish master would return to her old self and that master wouldn't turn into a cow when she heard a certain word anymore either."

A red beam shot out towards Sophie and engulfed her entire body. Slowly, all her cow features started to melt away, and a minute later, she was back to the Sophie I knew. No more hoofs, horns, or gigantic udders on her chest—just plain old boring Sophie.

"Ah, finally!" she exclaimed as she jumped around a bit and hugged herself. "God, I feel so much lighter. I tell you those breasts were heavy! And no more mooing; damn that was annoying ... the orgasms were pretty great though."

"Yes, yes, master. I know you love your body and everything, but it's your turn now; change me back, master!"

"Mh, nah I don't think I will just yet."

"Then- wait, what?" I was so surprised I didn't even realize I forgot to call her master again. It was only when I felt an oh so familiar growing feeling settle between my massive boobs that it dawned on me. "Oh no, Fuck! I meant master! Please not again!" But it was already too late, and in record speed, a third breast grew between my regular ones, matching them in size. They were so large by now that they dangled below my bellybutton, which, to be fair, wasn't too far away given my current height. Even while being perky and supported by my outfit, they finished, my stupid skimpy maid outfit adjusted so that it would actually show cleavage twice.

"You see, I had to spend quite some time as a cow, so it would be only fair if you spend just as long as well- "she was teasing and indicated towards my whole body with her hand. "But since I am not that petty, I will give you an easy out; I want you to clean the entire apartment till it is sparkling. Once you're done, I will turn you back. Now, you have fun doing that, and I will catch up on some much-needed sleep!"

Sophie

"Now we can't have all that precious milk be wasted now can we!" Mia said in a thick southern accent.

"Yes, pleas milk me Mia!" my moans echoed through the barn; my udder was so full it almost hurt.

Finally, she put down her bucket beneath me and started to-

My eyes snapped open, my chest heaving as if I'd been holding my breath the whole time. Beads of sweat clung to my forehead, evidence of the vivid dream I just had.

The remnants of the dream still lingered; my moans still echoed in my bedroom but wait that wasn't just the dream; I was hearing faint moaning through the walls. Shit, Mia! Who knows what the stone did to her. Quickly I threw on shirt and sweatpants

and rushed to the living room. What greeted me was a quivering, moaning, masturbating Mia lying on the couch. One tentacle between her legs the other playing with her row of boobs she went at it as if her life depended on it.

"Oh my god! What is happening?!" I shouted at her small, still very much transformed figure.

"Can't- pleas- let me-" she muffled in between moans "Please let me cum!"

"Oh god, did the stone do this to you? I'm sorry, I should have undone that wish before I went to sleep!"

"Now!" she shouted.

"Yes right!" I breathed out and took the stone out of my pocket "I wish you could, and would cum." A red beam shot out, and as soon as it hit, she erupted in the loudest howl yet before finally relaxing.

"Thank you," she sighed. "That was really intense."

"It looked like it. What happened, anyway?" I inquired after a brief pause. The stone couldn't have done too much since she mostly resembled how she did when I went to bed. As if the stone just realized its mistake, two cat ears suddenly sprouted from her head, replacing the human ones. With a perplexed expression, she reached tentacle—with surprising control—to her head and grimaced.

"Not again, master." Everything on her jiggled and bounced as she pulled herself up and hopped down from the couch. "Can you please turn me back, master? I even finished cleaning the apartment... master."

Glancing around the apartment, I imagined what she must have looked like trying to clean everything, especially the kitchen counter since it was higher up than she was tall.

"Well, 'clean' is a bit optimistic," I teased. "But don't worry; I'm not angry anymore. I think I might have overreacted a bit anyway... sorry for that." Holding up the stone again, I said, "I wish you wouldn't have to follow my commands anymore, or call me master, or wear a maid outfit, and that the stone would stop punishing you. Next, I wish that you would return to your normal self, except for the cat ears." The red beam hit her and a lot of growing and shrinking later she was back to her old boring self, except for the cat ears of course.

"Damn it feels good to be back. Now I know how you felt when I turned you back yesterday, I feel so light, and everything isn't as gigantic anymore. It's also way less exciting though." She blushed as she lamely poked her now almost non existing chest "did you really have to leave the ears though?"

"They are cute, and I had the cow ears for four days, so this is only fair," I answered nonchalantly before I checked the clock; it was already 6 pm. "Anyway, wanna order some pizza and chill?"

A deep sigh left her lips before she agreed and went upstairs to change. Half an hour later, we were sitting at the kitchen table with the stone and pizza in front of us and a piece of paper and pen on my side.

"Okay, are we sure that we still want to use the stone after everything?" I asked while trying to keep a straight face.

"Are you kidding? Of course, I still want to! Don't get me wrong; being small sucked, but the orgasms were insane ... and turning you into an almost cow was really funny," she replied excitedly.

"Oh, thank God, I didn't know what I would have done if you said no. Not that I expected it, given that you were the more excited one anyway. And you're right, even though it sucked having to moo all the time and wobble everywhere," I blushed, "the orgasms were insane, and losing control like that... was kind of hot."

"Hah, I knew you liked it!"

"But we obviously need some rules," I continued, and after some back and forth, we came up with these four major rules:

1. One of us must always have the ability to speak, or we might get stuck.
2. No mind control.
3. We have a safe word, 'Oompa Loompa.'
4. Don't use the stone on other people.

"I think that should do it," I remarked, setting down my pen.

"Finally! Can we use the stone again now?" Mia exclaimed eagerly, grabbing the stone and strolling over to the couch.

"Yeah, why not. Are you sure, though? You were pretty messed up only like an hour ago," I asked, taking a seat beside her.

"Of course I am. You can't expect me to leave you as your normal boring self for long!"

"Right," I sighed. "Then who goes first?"

"Rock, paper, scissors?"

"Nah, just go first. For some reason, I always lose to you in rock, paper, scissors, anyway."

"That's because you are too predictable. But don't mind if I do. How about we get you back some of that bust you had? I wish your boobs would quadruple in size!" She held out the stone towards me. I half-expected a red beam to shoot out towards me, plunging me into my huge-boobed fate. However, there was no beam; instead, the stone started to smoke and vibrate so hard it shook Mia's hand.

"What the- Ah!" Mia cried out and dropped the stone to the floor. "It's hot!"

The stone kept producing more smoke, but instead of flying off towards the ceiling, it gathered into a dense ball hovering a meter above it. Suddenly, a loud crack filled the room as the stone shattered. A massive amount of smoke billowed out and gathered in the orb, which turned into a deep red. After all the smoke condensed into a basketball-sized orb, it started to spread again. Not randomly in all directions, but purposefully in five directions, taking on a humanoid shape. Slowly, the limbs gained definition; hands, feet, elbows, and even fingers formed. A tall feminine form built

itself out of the smoke until it suddenly stopped shifting, and the smoke slowly started to fade, leaving behind a thin Latina woman with long wavy black hair atop a cute, freckled face on which forehead was a small jewel in a familiar red tone. Subtle, but firm, B-cup breasts sat on her slightly too thin, very naked, 5 ft 3 in tall body. Confused she looked around before her eyes landed on us, for a second, we just looked at each other before she suddenly looked down on herself and a deep blush rushed to her face.

"Eek!" she cried out and desperately tried to cover as much of her body as she could. She looked back up to us and in a shaky voice she asked:" Hi, uh, do you guys maybe have some clothes for me ... pleas?"

Mia

"Half an hour later, Sophie and I stood in front of the couch where the new girl sat, now wearing one of my spare shirts and yoga pants.

"So, you don't remember anything?" I asked hesitantly.

"Nope, not really!" she laughed with a hand behind her head. "The first thing I remember was hearing your voices and sometimes seeing you, but it was always like looking through thick red glass, and I couldn't really move or anything. And then suddenly Bamm! here I am."

"So, you heard all of our wishes?" Sophie asked, blushing slightly.

"Oh yeah, every time you did it was like lightning rushed through my entire being," her cheeks turned red. "It was really nice..."

"Do you at least have a name?"

"I'm ... not sure, but I think Isabel feels right, so yeah, call me Isabel."

"Nice to meet you Isabel, I guess. Give us just one second," I said before I pulled Sophie over and whispered to her, "So? What do we do?"

"I don't know! Call the police maybe?"

"And tell them what? That a woman with amnesia just popped out of our magic sex stone?"

"Yeah, you're right, but we can't throw her out either. Maybe we just ask her what she wants?"

"Do you think we should let her stay a while?"

"Why are you asking me?"

"You're the one who pays rent!"

"Fine! She can stay; we have a spare room anyway."

With that, we turned around again to her eating pizza and looking around the apartment.

“So Isabel,” Sophie started, “we’re not really sure what to do but-”

“Can I please stay!” She interrupted her. “I know this sounds weird, but I feel a kind of connection to you guys, and you are literally the only people I know!”

“Uh, sure you can. That’s what we wanted to offer you anyway. I can show you your room later, and you can borrow some more of my clothes for now.”

Relief washed over her face, and she jumped forward and hugged Sophie tightly before she let go and hugged me next, but I was too stunned by the sudden embrace that I didn’t really get the chance to hug her back.

“What do you mean by connection anyway?” I asked after we settled down again, Isabel was eating what was left of our pizza.

She swallowed before answering: “Well, whenever you guys wished for something, I felt as if a bond was building between us. It’s hard to describe, and I’m not quite sure what it is either, but I think I can still grant your wishes, and if it feels even half as good as it did behind the red glass, I really want to do it again.”

“Wait, you granted our wishes? Was it also you that decided how the wishes were granted?” I asked and sat up, interested in her answer.

“Yes...” she blushed, “but I couldn’t always see how they turned out, and I couldn’t ever refuse to grant a wish.”

“Damn girl! You have some wicked taste!” I exclaimed, grinning wildly at her. “See Soph, we can still play, and you’re still in for some payback! I wish that Sophie’s breasts were as big as her head.” Isabel was the first to moan, her breathing quickened, and her hands wandered up her shirt and started playing with her breasts. The gem on her head started to glow bright before a red beam shot out of it and straight into Sophie’s chest. Sophie was the second to moan as, slowly at first but gaining in speed, Sophie’s boobs started to swell. A deep blush settled on Sophie’s face, and her shirt was brought to its limits, exposing her entire midriff. Just before it ripped apart, the growth stopped, leaving Sophie with huge volleyball-sized boobs as big as her head.

“Mia!” Sophie cried out, a jiggle going through her breasts.

“What? Someone needed to test it... and that was my turn anyway.”

“You could at least warn me first, or Isabel for that matter!” We both looked towards Isabel who just finished playing with herself.

“That was amazing,” she breathed heavily. “So much better with a body... can we do it again?”

“Okay, Okay,” Sophie sighed. “But not today; it’s getting late, and we still need to show Isabel her room. So, can you please put them back? I prefer to sleep on my belly, which is literally impossible right now.”

"Fine, I wish your boobs were their original size." I wished reluctantly.

This time there was no moan, not even a blush on Isabel's face before the next beam erupted from her forehead and hit Sophie in her breasts, which, to be fair, was an easy target. A few seconds later, Sophie was back to her boring original yet still quite big chest.

"Well, that was disappointing," Isabel said, rubbing the stone on her forehead.

"Now! Isabel, may I call you Isa? Since the ruin of all fun Sophie, wants to stop for tonight, how about I introduce you to the most legendary film series of all time about a hobbit in a hole?"

"Sure!" she answered excitedly. "What's a film, though?"

Chapter 5

Mia

Deep into the night, I realized I was the sole wakeful presence in the room. Sophie had retired to bed hours ago, and Isa lay peacefully on the couch beside me. I reached over to wake her up so I could show her to her room but stopped an inch away. I wondered if she could grant wishes unconsciously or if I could wish about her, and a brilliant idea formed.

I moved closer and whispered in her ear: "I wish your breasts would grow." A crimson light cascaded down from her forehead to her chest, where slowly two mounds started to push out against the confines of her shirt. A soft moan escaped her lips, and a hand made its way down her pants, yet her eyes stayed shut as her breasts kept rising, reaching new heights, testing the absolute limits of the borrowed shirt. For a brief moment, I thought it might hold before, with a final defiant push, the shirt was ripped apart, creating a revealing window between her breasts.

When their expansion ceased, they resembled mountains in an otherwise barren landscape. Having grown to the size of watermelons, they looked completely out of place on her small, thin, tender body.

As I watched her play with herself, a flush crept onto my face. How did she stay asleep through all that ... while masturbating? Seconds later, she settled down again, lying on her back with her boobs being held together by the remains of the shirt. Maybe I should have specified a size, but what's done is done. I shrugged and softly tried to shake her awake, but to no avail. She just groaned and turned over, or at least tried to, before her tits dragged her back.

Fed up with trying to wake her gently, I said out loud this time: "I wish you would orgasm." This time the light was softer and engulfed her entire body. Her eyes shot open before instantly rolling back into her head, her entire body starting to shake, her massive tits jiggling an unrealistic amount, moans ramping up in volume until, in a loud crescendo of pleasure, she came.

"Hey, sleepy time to get you to your room." Breathing loudly, she looked around a bit confused before her eyes settled on her breasts.

"Holy shit," she said, poking at her chest, still looking sleepy. "Did you, uh... do something to me?"

"What do you mean?"

"My tits, they're huge," she said a bit confused.

"They look the same to me," I lied, trying to hide a grin. "Actually, I wish you wouldn't realize your huge boobs until someone pointed them out to you." Red light briefly engulfed her, her eyes losing focus before she suddenly focused on me again.

"Uh, sure," she said. I stood up, and after three tries trying to stand up on her own, I helped her heave herself into a standing position, and together we started to wobble our way up the stairs.

"I feel really heavy somehow" she said after a tiring way up.

"Maybe you're just really tired," I reassured her grinning.

"You're probably right." She shrugged before yawning.

We made our way to the last door down the corridor.

"Here we are, sleep well Isa, see you tomorrow."

"You too," she answered while yawning again. She was turning around when suddenly another great idea seized my thoughts.

"Isa, wait." I called after her.

Sophie

I groaned as I stirred awake slowly, pushing myself up with my arms. Since I slept on my stomach as usual, I tried to rise, only to be met with unexpected resistance on my lower back. Confused, I moved my hands to my rear, where I was startled by finding way more than I expected.

"What the fuck?" I murmured and looked down at myself. Confused, I glanced at a giant mound pushing out my blanket. In one move, I swung away the blanket and was greeted by the most ginormous butt I had ever seen, like two soft and jiggly-looking beanbag chairs attached to my hips.

"Dammit Mia, you are so dead!" But first, I had to get up. With one heaving push, I brought myself into a kneeling position, my giant butt cheeks ballooning out behind and next to me. Holy shit! I could feel them almost to the end of my bed. Not only that, but they were weirdly soft and jiggling way more than you would expect. Steadily, I dragged myself to the edge of my bed, inch by inch. When I made it, I swung my legs out and for the first time put my weight down on my ridiculously large behind.

As the weight left the bed and fell towards the floor, dragging along the mattress's edge, a sudden surge of sensitivity and pleasure rushed through my entire body from the tip of my butt. It was so sudden and so intense that a moan escaped my lips. Utterly confused about what was happening, I looked back down, only to truly realize what had happened. Attached to my hips wasn't a huge beanbag-sized butt, but rather two soft, jiggly, beanbag-sized tits topped off by two appropriately sized nipples. For a second, I just stood there looking at them before I steeled my resolve and, having abandoned any hope for fitting clothing, slowly, step by step, wobbled my way over to the door, my butt-boobs almost dragging on the floor.

Already exhausted, I reached my bedroom door, opened it, and only got about half a step before my doorframe met my peculiarly placed breasts, neither of which was about to give in. Desperately, I tried to drag myself forward, and after almost a minute, I finally fell forward, free from the confines of my door. For a moment, I genuinely felt proud of being able to walk through a fucking door.

When I finally made it downstairs, Isabel was sitting at the kitchen table, typing away at my laptop. She wore Mia's baggy "I 'heart' New York" shirt, which wasn't looking very baggy right now, stretched beyond belief to contain a pair of huge watermelon-sized boobs—easily larger than the monsters I used to carry four of. Despite their weight, which caused them to sit heavily on the table, Isabel didn't seem to mind.

"Uh, good morning Isabel. Everything okay?" I asked hesitantly.

"Good morning to you too. Yeah, everything's great, though for some reason, all of Mia's shirts are suddenly waaaay too small. I could barely fit in this one," she answered, her eyes still glued to the screen. "This thing is insane; I think I might be able to find out who I am with this, or at least get a clue. I hope you don't mind?"

"Oh, not at all, go wild. Hey, do you perhaps know where Mia is?"

"Oh, yeah, she's in the bathroom," she said before finally looking up at me. "Holy shit! What happened to you!?"

"You don't know?"

"I remember Mia wishing something yesterday... I'm sorry, it's really hard to resist granting you guys' wishes," she answered with an honest look on her face, yet her eyes lingered a suspiciously long time on my ass, and she even blushed a little.

"Nah, it's fine; I fully blame Mia. How about you? Were those also her doing?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking genuinely confused.

"You know, your—" I gestured towards my chest while wobbling next to her "boobs."

She looked down at herself in confusion, as if looking straight through them. "What about them?"

"They're ridiculously huge!" She froze, her eyes losing focus, and after a second, she looked around confused until she saw her chest.

"EEK!" she cried out, surprised, pulling herself up and away, but she didn't account for the weight and fell backward.

"Oh my god! Are you ok?" I rushed, well, slowly wobbled over and squatted down next to her, resting my butt. The cold kitchen floor touching my nipples sent shivers down my spine.

"Yeah, I'm fine, but I don't think I can get up on my own," Isabel said, buried under many pounds of titflesh. "They were this big the whole time?... That explains why everything felt so heavy and why the shirts didn't fit."

"Yup, well, at least since this morning." I shifted my weight to sit down on my ass, which genuinely was like sitting on a beanbag chair, just a bit more sensitive. "I don't suppose you can change us back?"

She moved one hand up to her forehead, touching the stone; the other, she stretched out towards me. After a few moments of awkward silence, a faint red light traveled down her body, into her arm, and dissipated in a small red cloud the second it left her hand.

"So we need Mia to wish us back?" I sighed.

"Yup, seems like it."

"Well, I doubt she will do so voluntarily, so how about we start planning our revenge?" I grinned at her, heaved myself up, and offered her my hand.

Twenty minutes later, a freshly showered Mia emerged from the bathroom, and we were ready.

"I wish she couldn't speak." Before she could react, her lips began to morph and twist vertically, folding and thickening. Mia's nose flattened and sealed shut, merging smoothly with her wet lips to form a clit. Her teeth, gums, and tongue retracted, leaving only a soft, wet tunnel.

"Pff, pffp pff" she breathed out, attempting to say something, but only wet airy sounds escaped. Confused, her hands moved to the pussy that had replaced her mouth and nose. Her eyes widened in shock before she threw me an accusatory look.

"Woah, I thought you would just remove her mouth or something," I said, unable to take my eyes off the bizarre view.

"Oh, sorry. It just... felt right," she fidgeted. From the corner of my eye, I could see Mia poking at her new appendage with a deep blush on her face.

"It's fine; it suits her. Now, Mia, we're not even close to being done with you." I cleared my throat and continued, "Mia Richards, you are found guilty of giving me gigantic butt-boobs, poor Isabel enormous regular boobs, and, most importantly, breaking the second rule by mind-controlling Isabel to not realize her enormous bust. Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

An intense stare was the only answer I got.

"In that case, as a fair punishment and since you seem to enjoy my huge ass so much, I wish that for the rest of the day, you become a sexy, comfortable armchair."

The brightest red beam I had ever seen hit Mia square in the chest, accompanied by an intense, loud moan from Isabel.

Mia

Did she just say chair? Before I could think too much about it, though, it already started. The feeling of my flesh shifting and being reformed spread throughout my entire body as my rear slowly expanded. My knees buckled, forcing me into a 90-degree angle towards the floor before the joints melted away, leaving me stuck in a sitting position. Two new legs sprouted from my rear; the second my new backward feet hit the ground, they stopped growing, going just below the knees. My arms froze in a 90-degree angle, with my lower arms hanging parallel to my thighs; slowly, new flesh grew between my arms and thighs, creating two thick, fleshy, unmoving armrests. My hands melted away. My rear kept expanding, forcing my legs apart further, creating a rectangle hole between them. Not for long though, as my crotch started to expand forwards, new flesh knit my legs to my expanding rear, and my pussy moved farther and farther away from my torso until it settled between my knees, leaving behind a fleshy 'seat' between my 'armrests.' Overwhelmed by the strange feeling of my entire body shifting in unnatural ways, I could only look down in despair as my lower body formed a weird, fleshy human chair.

But it wasn't done; the feeling of my body being shifted didn't subside. A faint red light still covered me, intensifying in my torso. My stomach, breasts, and the region below them gurgled and swelled outwards. When they stopped, I looked eight months pregnant with four melon-sized tits laying heavily on top, everything felt firmer than normal, almost like they were filled with stuffing. A similar feeling spread through my lap or seat at this point, but as I wanted to look down, my head snapped back as my neck shrank away, locking my head in place between my shoulders. My back stiffened as the joints in my spine melted away, making me, outside of a little wiggling, completely immobile. The feeling on my lap intensified, focused on four spots; I knew that feeling, having experienced it quite a lot these last few days, it was the feeling of breasts growing. I tried to look down, but my entire view was blocked by my regular tits.

Finally, after what felt like forever, the shifting subsided, and the light dissipated. What the fuck even am I? This was so fucking weird I tried to assess what happened to me, but I couldn't see anything other than my breasts. Everything felt extremely sensitive and exposed and since I just came out of the shower I wasn't wearing anything but a towel in the first place which now was god knows where, my still wet hair was tickling my back and worst of all, I could barely move anything.

"Damn, I thought of, I don't know, a lounge chair with tits and a head maybe. Was this your idea, Isabel?" Sophie said, her eyes still focused on me, a slight smirk on her lips. Isa, who was breathing heavily and had an extremely red face, stood next to her, looking at me while playing with her giant breasts.

"Is it too much? I'm sorry I got a little carried away..." Isabel answered, her breathing slowing down, and she stopped playing with herself. Sophie started to slowly walk towards me, every step sending little earthquakes through her buttboobs. I would have probably laughed at her if I wasn't some sort of weird fucking sex-chair and still had a mouth.

"Maybe a little, but it's fine. She deserves it."

"Pff, pff, pfffp!" I tried to answer back, the sensation sending shivers down my spine. When she finally reached me, she bent down, inspecting my deformed body.

"And I think she likes it too. After all this," an electric bolt of pressure and pleasure jolted through my body, liquid gathering in both my pussies, gently dripping out, as she squeezed one of the breasts on my seat, "should feel really good," she finished with a smirk on her face.

"I'm pretty sure you know what's coming next." My eyes widened; she wouldn't. If a squeeze felt this intense, then...

"But don't worry, thanks to you, I don't think I can quite fit." She said, relief and the tiniest part of regret filling me before, "Isabel will sit on you!"

Sophie

It struck me how bizarre my life had become as I witnessed my best friend transform into a human armchair, complete with legs and feet facing all directions. In the front, between what used to be her knees was her stretched open and enlarged pussy, four big breasts served as cushions on her seat, her armrests which used to be her lower arms and upper legs now looked like huge stretched upwards thighs and a backrest consisting of her torso with her belly swollen crowned by four big honey melon sized boobs. Her head sat static and unmoving between her shoulders, now a mere display with a pussy instead of a nose and mouth. The only moving parts were her eyes and toes.

She looked utterly ridiculous but considering the constant weight I felt on my ass it was hard to feel sorry for her especially after she nearly climaxed from just a squeeze, that body must feel so weird yet also really good.

Isabel truly possessed an extraordinary imagination.

"Before you do, just to make sure, I wish that Mia would only feel pleasure, no pain." A soft red light engulfed her and disappeared just as quick.

Stepping back to make room for Isabel, I could sense her anticipation as she approached.

"Are you sure it's alright?" she asked, but judging from her intense stare, blush, and expression, she clearly wanted it.

"Sure, why wouldn't it be? Chairs are meant for sitting, after all," I grinned at Mia.

"Right, you know her better anyway." Isabel nodded and, with a mix of excitement and hesitation, turned around to sit. As soon as she did, Mia's entire body started to shiver slightly, her eyes rolling to the top of her head, and after an intense moment, both her pussies started drooling.

"And? How is it?" I asked.

"She's really soft." Isabel wiggled her butt around a little bit, doubling the amount of drool. "And it's really comfortable!" she added eagerly, a deep blush on her face. It seemed she enjoyed the experience almost as much as Mia did. After about a minute, Mia stopped shaking, the drooling slowly subsided, and awareness returned to her eyes.

Observing Mia's reactions had given me quite an idea. After telling Isabel to wait, I slowly wobbled my way upstairs, executed a tactical sideways cheek-by-cheek maneuver to enter my bedroom, and retrieved the largest vibrator. Returning downstairs was no easy feat, but with the vibrator in hand, I found Isabel standing as Mia eyed the item with widened eyes.

"Okay," I said in between heavy breaths—running around the house definitely wasn't easy right now—"I think I can give your seat a bit of a massage function. But first, I need Mia's consent for this. I wish Mia could speak again, but every time she lied, she would extend her duration as a chair for another 24 hours." Another red beam shot towards her, and her face pussy shrank back to a mouth, her clit expanding into a nose again.

"Now, before you say anything, Mia, consider if you really enjoy being a chair because that's what you will stay if you decide to wish something right now."

She looked from me to Isabel and back to me.

"Fine, I won't do anything, but I refuse to change you back. Believe me, I will get you back for this."

"Perfect. Now, Isabel, I wish this vibrator would be Mia's cock and be appropriately sized for her while still being able to vibrate."

"Sophie!"

Isabel's eyes widened, and I could swear there was a slight smirk on her face before she lifted her arm and shot a red beam at the vibrator in my hand. Plastic turned to flesh as it doubled in size, veins forming along the shaft. In seconds, the vibrator had transformed into a sizable 10-inch phallus. Mia wore a complicated expression and a beet-red face.

"Now Mia, I imagine you can guess what I'm trying to do. So, do you want me to continue?" I asked, holding up her cock.

She glared at me intensely, a hint of fury in her eyes. After almost a minute of staring, she reluctantly answered, "Yes, please..."

I couldn't help but grin.

"Now then Isabel, do you want to sit back down again?" Isabel's eyes widened as she looked from me to Mia, nodding eagerly before sitting back down, causing a moan from Mia.

I positioned myself in front of them, squatted down, and teased Mia's vagina with the tip of the cock before slowly pushing it in. Inch after inch, the moans grew louder, reaching a crescendo when I was halfway through.

"How ngh- big is that thing?!" she whimpered.

"Huge" I grinned "and we are only two thirds of the way!"

"Wha-"

Before she could finish her sentence, with one final push, I rammed the cock the rest of the way.

"Ahh-" her entire body shook on the edge of consciousness. I flicked the switch on the bottom of the cock, initiating the vibration and pushing Mia over the edge. She came hard and loud, finally passing out. I stood up, seeing Isabel looking quite dizzy, clutching the armrests. Despite Mia's unconscious state, she still vibrated from the cock inside her.

"That was amazing!" Isabel breathed excitedly. "Can we do it again?"

"Maybe later. Right now, we are kinda lacking a conscious stool to fuck to oblivion," I said.

She smirked at me, a devious look on her face. "We could wish her awake again."

"Damn, you're cold! But no, we shouldn't overdo it. But we could maybe watch some movies instead. You are in dire need of some cinema education after all."

She looked up with the biggest puppy eyes I have ever seen. "Could I sit on her while we watch?"

"Sure," I shrugged and turned off the vibrator. "That's what chairs are for, after all."

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 breasts slug.

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 titflesh, 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.

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.