

SRU – Interrobang

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18+ Disclaimer: This story an adult work of erotic fiction. It is not meant for minors. If hardcore sexual content offends you, you've been warned. I still think you should read it and explore your feelings toward it, but you do you.

Fetish Disclaimer: (see Appendix for descriptions of acronyms) *This story includes significant elements of the following fetishes:* M/F, F/F, M/M, Oral, Anal, Fisting, Group sex, DP, TG, AG, BE/BG, WG, MMG, MPG, Lactation, Nursing, Cumflation, She-Male, Toys, TF:M2F, TF:Doll, Magic

Meet the Cast

They called themselves “The Brat Pack”, after the 1980s group from *The Breakfast Club*. A group of six socially awkward young adults who had been a tight knit group since high school, where they looked out for each other and grew very close through their formative years.

Scott grew up next door to Jennifer. Jennifer met Darlene during a summer camp where their respective parents had casually dumped them for their own, childless vacation. When high school started, Jennifer and Darlene found they shared a few classes, and Jennifer introduced Darlene to Scott. Danny, Laser, and Ryan were each lonesome souls sitting solo at the beginning of the school year.

Jennifer would would invite them to eat lunch with their burgeoning cadre, and before midterms the group had settled into a groove as a small, nerdy clique of misfits. By the end of sophomore year they had adopted the name, and the group dynamic largely remained the same. Even a few years after graduation, not much had changed.

Everyone in the group considered the Brat Pack family, and everyone respected each other in the utmost. No drama. The group consisted of four guys and two girls. None of them considered themselves 'conventionally' attractive. Each had their insecurities about their looks and their bodies, and they supported each other by bolstering one another with compliments regularly.

This created a little game where the first person would start the night with a very innocuous comment. Something like “Nice shoes, Scott.” It was then Scott’s turn to pay a compliment to someone else in the group. But it had to be a better compliment than the previous. And no sarcasm! A sarcastic comment would earn you boos and the dishonor of buying the next round of drinks. At half a dozen drinks, it was a steep price to pay.

By the end of a day, the strings of adjectives and ridiculous run-on sentences that would be strung together in pursuit of a “better” compliment would have the entire group laughing until it hurt. A simple game, and a nerdy one, that they all took to like fish to water, and it became a standard for the group.

Games worked their way into the Brat Pack’s lives as they discovered how much they enjoyed playing together. It didn't really matter what the game was. Over the next few years, the extent of everyone's social lives consisted of getting together with the Brat Pack to play games. High scores were etched into the underside of game box lids and on score sheets scattered among the boxes. It never really mattered who won, because there would always be next time, and the company was what was important.

Scott was a fair-skinned redhead who always seemed a bit too big for his frame. Far from graceful, he had a heavy, swinging gait that made him stand out. His lack of finesse was just one of the reasons why he had never been much into physical fitness.

Scott had a very strong mind behind his lumbering figure, and spent much of his alone time contemplating big questions and searching for answers when he could not come up with them. Coaches had always eyed him for his size, but sports made him feel clumsy and he always seemed to get hurt. He preferred documentaries, experimenting in the kitchen, and a good light beer.

Jennifer, or “Jen” as she was now wanting to be called, was the most outspoken of the entire group. Though she also had a problem of knowing when to filter the things coming out of her mouth. Most of the time she didn’t even

realize what she'd said until somebody repeated it back to her; at which point she would become mortified and want to run away and hide.

Jen had about as many curves as an arrow. Her skin was overly freckled, and she had thick black hair that was extremely curly. Even after cutting it to shoulder length, some days she just got frustrated and left the house without doing her hair. It would sometimes make her look a little crazy.

Laser was a foster home child with lanky build. His odd name was given to him by his birth-mother, who gave him up for adoption and never looked back. His entire childhood he was bounced from house to house because of his anger issues.

Laser had booted one foster father hard in the shin when the man had attempted to sit them down and have a serious talk about the birds & the bees. Poor kid hadn't meant to get violent, they were just extremely anxious and uncomfortable talking about sex with a stranger. Their 'fight or flight' response kicked shin, and Laser never got the talk.

Laser had numerous romantic flings over the years they had worked at their local tattoo and smoke shop, "Inked In". They had a litany of tattoos splayed across their body. They had multiple piercings at one point, too, but removed most of them after overhearing a one-night stand refer to Laser as "a freak in the streets; bleak in the sheets." That incident left an indelible scar on their psyche.

A combination of a pointy nose and mild under-bite meant Laser had never been on the receiving end of a school crush. If they weren't working or hanging with the crew, there was a good chance they were jacking off to some extreme porn. What started young as gender identity research had opened up Laser's horizons to what could be considered sexual. Curiosity kept them coming back – to see what wild, new things they might find.

The Brat Pack was the first and only true refuge that Laser ever had. As a family they kept him calm and rational. As friends they were the core of all things social for Laser. Together they also helped school the somewhat clueless kid in

the intricacies of sex, and helped make some sense of gender identities and preferences.

At that point Laser began asking to be referred to as 'they' or 'them' rather than 'he' or 'him'. Some days they felt more feminine, and others masculine. The group never gave them any shit about it, and immediately adopted the new pronouns. Laser was grateful they never made a fuss or poked any fun about it.

It was difficult enough trying to understand the fluidity of their gender identity without a knowledgeable guide. Hours upon hours of time had been spent scouring all corners of the internet for information and answers. Wondering why they couldn't be more like other people.

“Fuck wanting to be like everyone else!” is what Daria had to say about it. “And if you, for one second, think that you'd be any happier if you were like everyone else. Everyone's miserable!” Laser liked her dark sense of humor, and never forgot that line.

Darlene, now going by Daria, was a heavyset girl, and had been since before the group first got together. Her mom was Filipino, father Samoan. Both were first-generation immigrants to the United States, moving just before she was born. They felt a “white” name would help her fit in, and landed on the very country “Darlene”. It wasn't her name or her brown skin which made her stand out, however. On the flip side, she felt lonely and isolated due to her chunky appearance. She loved everything about food and was unapologetic about that fact.

Daria had learned to steel herself against the harsh comments of the world. It seemed like every day that she left the house, somebody would mention her weight or point and stare; or worse, laugh. She was no longer humiliated in public, and had taught herself to ignore mean and rude people. Instead of bottling it up until she exploded, she would talk it through with the group.

If there was a group therapist, it would have been Daria. She wasn't overly motherly, but she was the best at talking through complicated feelings. Sometimes the others shared secrets in confidence with her, looking for advice.

Her advice generally consisted of getting the person to talk through the problem themselves, followed by ice cream.

Next up we have Danny. Everyone in the group was tech savvy and adept with computers, but Danny was on another level. He was a systems programmer by day and an independent app developer by night and weekend. At least when he wasn't out goofing around with the Brat Pack.

In spite of spending so much time with the group, Danny's first few apps (an engineering calculator and a couple small games) had surprising success and were generating a fairly decent, steady revenue for him. He spent money on things that he enjoyed, but he never stretched himself thin. Well. . .not financially, anyway.

If anyone else in the group was having a tough time financially, or was between jobs, Danny would never hesitate to lend them some cash. He never bothered asking for any of it back, because he wanted to care for his family in times of need. Sometimes they paid him back. Sometimes they couldn't. That was fine. He knew that they would, gladly, if they were in a position where they could.

It was also with Danny's money that most of the Brat Pack's enormous game collection was purchased. As such, the bulk of the collection was kept Danny's house, with a few games scattered among the others' houses. Besides, he had a perfect game room for hosting and kept his fridge stocked.

Danny was the only gay one of the group, and he knew it made the other guys a little uncomfortable when he brought up anything sexual. Daria, as the only lesbian, had become his sexual confidant. They may have been referring to different body parts when talking about what turned them on, but the sentiments were the same.

Ryan was the last of the group to join. A true intellectual, he was constantly reading and trying to learn as much as he could about everything in the world around him. His Korean parents had imbued a 'do or die' work ethic in him

from as early as he could remember. Hobbies weren't a thing in his family. You worked, and you worked hard.

He rarely spoke, but when he did it was always very articulate and thought through; as though he had been writing and editing his dialog to get it perfect. Something about his silence gave him an air of wisdom, which only made his statements carry more weight.

Whenever Ryan did choose to contribute to conversation beyond chuckles and the minimum words required to play a game, everyone would hush and lean in to listen closely to what he had to say. His normal lack of speech made anything he said infinitely more interesting.

He also had a famous habit of being the ultimate fact checker. Someone would make a claim, and Ryan would answer with "Um. . .," everyone leans in, "No." Then everyone would explode with laughs and jeers as Ryan would do a quick search on his phone to refute the claim. He was practically never wrong.

Game Night

Everyone was over at Danny's house. Waiting for the entire crew to arrive, they had gathered in front of the big TV, engrossed in the expensive surround sound, picking at a charcuterie board Danny had put together. *Team America* was playing loudly. Quoting and singing along with the movie, everyone was in high spirits.

They rarely knew what they were going to play prior to game nights. Sometimes they did a random shuffle of the inventory on Danny's phone to pick. Other times it was a game that someone was reminded of that week. Or someone's favorite during their birthday week. And when the rules were deemed dumb, they would take matters into their own hands trying to 'fix' a game to make it fun. Usually this would degenerate into roaring laughter fairly quickly.

Daria was kicked back on a chaise using Danny's computer – surfing around for a new type of game that they hadn't tried yet. She was starting to get bored with the game archetypes themselves. There were only so many iterations of *Cards Against Humanity* or *Pictionary* you could play with the same people before it became a bit predictable.

She felt like game night was stagnating. She also knew that nobody wanted this special connection to fall apart because people had “grown out of it”. Daria hoped none of them would ever grow “out of it”.

“Hey guys, come check this out! I may have actually found a game we haven't tried!”, Daria suddenly exclaimed, as she motioned excitedly for everyone to have a look at the laptop screen.

The movie on the big screen was paused. The roar of action-comedy was replaced by the rustle of bodies shuffling for a better view. On the small screen, a popup had taken over the screen, with a vague description of a game product. At the bottom of the ad were bold letters stating the website's name: “SpellsRUs.com”

Center screen was a large black silhouette of a gift box, sporting a large red 'P' over the silhouette.

“What's that symbol supposed to mean?”, inquired Laser from the back.

“Interrobang.”, said Scott, hanging over the back of the couch. “It's a combination of a question mark and an exclamation. Like you're excitedly asking a question.”

“What the fuckP”, quipped Danny as he set a second tray down on the coffee table, before zipping back to the kitchen for more. He enjoyed playing host.

“Exactly!”, Scott responded.

“Well, I'm curious. Click on it!”, said Jen. Daria clicked through to the linked webpage. A large “Under Construction” image loaded, indicating the site was down.

“Aw, man!”, said Daria.

“Dammit!”, echoed Jen.

“What the fuck?”, said Danny once again as he entered with drinks.

“Really?”, Daria glared back, suddenly not so amused.

Danny pointed over her shoulder and asked “Hold up. What's that say down there?”

The din quieted as everyone leaned in for a closer look at the small text. Jennifer piped up so unexpectedly that she almost smashed her head into Laser's face. “Whoa!”, they cried out in recoil.

“That's a local address!”, Jen exclaimed.

“Wait, Isn't that the mall?”, asked Danny. Everyone looked around at each other quizzically, in case someone else just happened to know the address of the mall. Sitting on the edge of the chaise, Ryan simply said “Yeah, that's the mall.” Everyone fell silent. They looked at Ryan, then around the group.

“Last one to the car is a rotten egg!” shouted Laser from the back as they bolted for the door. Jen and Scott gave chase, laughing all the way like a group of elementary kids on a playground.

Adulthood was decidedly derided in the Brat Pack. Being able to cut loose and let your inner child out is something reserved for the closest of companions. Jen once said, “People don't act goofy in front of strangers for fear of being judged as crazy or immature and unreliable. Psssh! I look up to people who can be so openly themselves.”

Scott overtook Laser by the front door, but Jen had her arms hooked around Scott's waist from the back, keeping him from breaking away. Her sandals slid almost friction-less across the hardwood as Scott clomped along.

Daria and Ryan looked at each other, simultaneously rolled their eyes, and shook their heads. Ryan held his arm at an angle for Daria to hook her arm into. They walked toward the front door together, grinning from ear to ear. Danny brought up the rear, making a quick point of capping open drinks and covering the food.

Parking their two cars at the mall, the group once again merged to walk as a herd into the mall. "Did anyone see anything on there about where this shop is supposed to be in here?", wondered Jen. "I was here just last week and I swear I don't remember seeing it anywhere." Ryan was already busy attempting to locate an answer on his phone.

Right as they walked through the double doors, Laser said, "That it?", pointing at a small shop just opposite the atrium. "What?" Jennifer paused, confused. "That was a shoe store just like, a week ago. How did it get completely swapped out in that time?"

"Hey, these malls probably have that shit figured out by now, what with the number of stores that come and go over the years." Danny replied.

"Yeah, I guess so.", Jen acquiesced.

Crossing the threshold into the store, natural curiosity divided the group. The vast array of interesting and unusual items was overwhelming. Each person found themselves drawn to different areas of the store. Everywhere they looked, there were interesting trinkets, costumes, books, and oddities.

Wandering around the aisles of the peculiar store, any one of the group would swear that there was far more store than there appeared from the outside. The aisles seemed to extend further than should have been possible. Even the ceiling felt taller than other shops in the mall. Nobody concerned themselves with any of this, however, because there were simply far too many curious items

about. Occasionally, somebody would grab a random item and read its name or information aloud so everyone else could hear and chuckle.

Usually it was something funny sounding or sexual in nature. There was even a curtained area in the very back with overtly sexual items. Laser found themselves behind the velvet curtain after wandering down an aisle of elaborate costumes.

“Guys! Check this out!” shouted Laser, muffled by the curtain.

The group rendezvoused to look at an outrageous life-sized sex doll. It was a complete caricature of a woman, with breasts and ass cheeks the size of bean bag chairs. Nobody was sure what to think of it, so they all stood there staring, trying to make sense of who would purchase such a thing. How far on the fringe of society does a person have to be to be drawn to such a purchase?

Ryan seemed particularly uncomfortable inside the curtained area. His gaze stayed locked on the oversized doll when he wasn't looking around the rest of the group. He found something about it hypnotizing.

“Ah, there you are!”, the voice of an unknown old man pierced the thoughtful silence. “Here for the game I advertised, I take it?”, the man inquired.

Everyone snapped out of their thoughts and brightened up. Their full attention was focused on this little man, who appeared as though he both lived *and* worked in this shop. He had the appearance of a friendly tinkerer.

“Yeah! How'd you know?”, said Jen.

“I've got the last one right up at the counter over here. Didn't want it running off before the right people came by to buy it.”, said the man, ignoring Jen's question. He waved the group to follow him back to the register near the front of the store.

“Why's that?”, asked Daria from the back of the procession.

The old man waited until he had gotten himself behind the counter before answering in a hushed voice. He bent in and motioned for everyone to lean in

close. “Because magic things are not for all people. There is good magic that improves lives, and there’s bad magic, often in the name of revenge or karma. And there is plenty of magic that appears benign but winds up having unforeseen consequences.”

Everyone stood transfixed as they processed what he said. As intelligent as they all were, there was suddenly a moment during the old man’s words when the concept of magic stopped seeming like the stuff of fairy tales.

In that moment, every member of The Brat Pack was no longer skeptical that magic is real, and they all knew with certainty the game this man was selling contained some magic.

The air of excitement was palpable. The more the old man mentioned about the game, the more everyone had to have it. When the old man finished giving his sales pitch, the entire group started clamoring to grab their wallets and try to contain their excitement.

“Uh, how much is it,” asked Daria, very aware that she wasn’t carrying much cash. “I tell you what. You seem like a good bunch. Since I just opened here in the mall, foot traffic has been extremely light. I’ll give you this game, free of charge, if each of you would promise to reach out and tell at least two other people to come check out my humble shop.”

“That's it? That's all you want? Done!”, said Jen.

Amazed at their good fortune, they were wide-eyed and thankful, promising the shopkeeper they would do just that and more. The old man expressed his thanks once again, and bade them a good evening.

Walking across the atrium, everyone buzzed with excitement about the shop and about the new game. Even though they had spent what felt like an hour inside the shop, they were surprised to find that a mere six minutes had passed from the last time someone checked their phone in the atrium.

Exiting the mall, the entire group paused for a second as they seemed to have a synchronized thought. Danny remarked “Does anybody remember him saying exactly what kind of game this is, or how you play it?”

Nobody could remember a word the old man said, except for the part about their payment. The shop name, “Spells-R-Us” was burned into their memories, but not much else. The game such a generous gift, they wanted to make sure they spread a good word for the shop.

Back at Danny’s house, they congregated in the game room. They each pulled up their chairs around the large round table where they so often played cards and tabletop games, settling into their usual spots.

Someone once cracked that they were now knights of the round table, so a game was begun: While seated at the round table, you must address everyone as “Sir” or “Madame”. If you said someone’s name and forgot the title, you had to remove a piece of clothing. The rule for stripping came later, but was a staple by this point.

The stripping had started one drunken evening when somebody stated that the group had never played strip poker. This was a travesty which could not stand, as strip poker is a rite of passage into adulthood. They all had had so much fun that stripping became an essential add-on to most of their games, wherever they could shoehorn in a new rule.

The Brat Pack had pretty much all seen each other naked on various occasions. The exception being Daria, who refused to ever remove her shirt or bra. She wasn’t interested in talking about it, so they respected her wishes and left it alone. The shared assumption among friends was that she was ashamed of her heavier figure.

If anyone wasn't feeling it that night, there was no shade thrown for opting out of stripping. In that case, a compulsion to strip could be swapped for mandatory compliments for other members of the group. This often led to the

compliment game, and helped to keep anyone from feeling alienated when they weren't in the mood.

Nobody in the group ever paired off with another Brat Pack member in a romantic relationship, and the general consensus was that this was for the better. If someone had feelings for another in the group, they were expected to keep them to themselves. Nobody wanted to drive any wedges into the group.

Black Box

Jen set the black box in the center of the table as she sat down, and grabbed the lid with both hands to remove it. Imagine her surprise when the box suddenly wasn't lifting from the table. Like it was extremely heavy all of a sudden. The lid wouldn't budge, either. Both Scott and Laser offered help, but they couldn't move it a millimeter.

"What the hell?", Laser said, exasperated from the effort.

A glow began to shine from the inside of the box. The entire packaging was black, but a light could be seen that appeared to emanate from the box's center.

Removing their hands to investigate, Laser noted that the light dimmed when they let go. "Maybe everyone playing has to be touching it to start.", Laser offered. It seemed as good of an explanation for an enchanted game as any. With a shrug, the others reached in and grabbed the box by the lid.

The light emanating from the box grew with each hand that was joined, reinforcing Laser's theory. A second or two after the last hand settled, the light flared very brightly, causing everyone to recoil. Everyone was left blinking, trying to let their eyes readjust.

In the center of the table, the lid of the box had vanished. "Whoa.", said Seth. "Okay, that was intense." All eyes were on the center of the table. In unison, they slowly stood up and leaned in to peer inside.

What they saw made both Jen and Ryan gasp. Inside this box was what appeared to be a black dildo, complete with balls, that was about 8" long and of pretty average girth. Lying underneath this obscene object was a small booklet labeled "INSTRUCTIONS".

"Bahahahahaha he got us good!" roared Scott, holding a hand over his stomach for extra effect. Awkwardness hung palpable in the air as Scott's chuckles sputtered out.

Everyone stared curiously at the dildo. Had they just been punked by an old man running a trinket shop? Should they be mad? Is this for real?

Careful not to touch the sex toy, Jen snatched up the booklet, furrowed her brow, and began reading. Everyone else waited expectantly as she skimmed through the short booklet. They attempted to glean any reactions from Jen to decipher what exactly was in front of them.

"What's it say? Gotcha!?", continued Scott, still amused at the scene before them. "That's what we get for not actually buying anything, huh? I bet that guy's been laughing all night watching the security footage of us taking this bad boy off his hands!"

After a few minutes and a few page flips back and forth, Jen was ready to try and sum it up for everybody. Scott finally shut up.

"Okay, here's the game:

1. Each player must take the included dildo, and place *at least the head into their rectum*.
2. Once placed, the dildo will deliver a gameplay suppository, and provide an initial orgasm to get you started."

"Wait, wait wait wait wait. Are you telling me this is some sort of sex game, like for swingers?", Daria shot back. "Why do you all always wanna be doing sexual shit?"

"What the hell, man?! I'm not sticking anything up my ass!", cried Scott.

“Ummmm. . .” was all Ryan managed to get out, with a puzzled look and bright red cheeks. This all made him very embarrassed.

Jen held up a hand. “Hold up. I know it sounds crazy, but let me read through the rest of this. I think you might actually change your mind. No peanut gallery, please.” Eyebrows raised around the table.

Everyone’s interest was officially piqued. Pins and needles pricked the atmosphere in the room. Anxiously, they all sat intently listening to the rest of the instructions. Jen cleared her throat.

3. “From the moment the first gameplay suppository is placed, and the first player has an orgasm (provided by the game), all others who wish to play must receive their own gameplay suppository before play can commence. IMPORTANT NOTE – This game utilizes magic, so the dildo does not need cleaning after each insertion. It will remain sterile regardless. But if it makes you feel better, go for it!
4. Gameplay suppositories will bind each player to the game session and tap into the player’s innermost sexual fantasies to create their starting form. Starting forms are based on a version of the player's fantasy which the player is already comfortable sharing with the other players.
5. When all players have assumed their starting form, gameplay can begin.
6. Play starts with the last person to receive a suppository. That player must choose another player and help them to orgasm. This will cause a new modification to the player being brought to orgasm. The modified player is now 'IT' and must pass 'IT' along to another player of their choice, using their modification.
7. Modifications may be small or large, depending on the willingness of the player to release their inhibitions. The game will attempt to help players along who have difficulty sharing by lowering inhibitions.

8. 4 hours from the moment of the first suppository and orgasm, the game will end. The winner is the participant who most allows themselves to open up and explore their sexuality.
9. When the winner is presented with their prize, the game is over. NOTE – Using a suppository after the 4 hour time limit will reset the game and start from the beginning.”

“Only four hours?”, came the inevitable sarcastic joke from Daria, followed by a nervous giggle.

Nobody made eye contact for a few moments. A curiosity and a passion began to swell in each one of them. Would anyone opt out? It was by far the strangest, and most enticing game ever set upon the round table.

After a long pause, nobody made any attempt at backing out. Which made it all the more exciting.

All eyes were eventually drawn to the black dildo lying between them. Everyone was unsure of what to do next.

“Well, I guess I’ll go first, since you guys already think I’m the most sexual one here.”, said Jen, leaning to pick up the black cock.

There was no doubt about her being the most sexually active. She always boosted her self esteem by picking up guys at the end of a night at the bar. Beer goggles had become her wingman, and she shared her exploits as anecdotes with the group so that everyone could live vicariously through her.

After so long as friends, everyone felt like they knew everyone else inside and out, including their darkest secrets, with the sole exception of Daria’s issue with removing her shirt or bra. That was always off limits.

Holding the dildo in front of her at the table, Jen glanced up at everyone’s eyes on her. The thought crossed her mind to excuse herself to take care of this in the bathroom, out of sight. She also remembered that she was going to have to give someone else an orgasm pretty soon, according to the rules. Maybe she

could give someone a rub job through their clothes? That could be kind of hot. But if the goal is to BE sexual, why shouldn't she lean into it?

Feeling suddenly brave and intensely horny, she climbed up on top of the table to be on hands & knees in the center of the table. She was still fully clothed, but everyone was shocked at her forwardness. She wasn't usually one to show public displays of affection.

All minds were quickly calmed of any anxiousness, however, and they settled in to watch the show. It was as if they were at a strip club and Jen was going to perform for them on the main stage. She licked and bit her lip as her body heated up.

Start!

Jen had an animal lust blazing in her eyes. Still on hands and knees, she started gyrating her hips to an invisible beat. Leaning back on her heels, both of her hands went to the waist of her short shorts. She had a few extra pounds here and there, but somehow without curves. It never made any sense to her. She wasn't very proud of her pointy bee-stings, either. They didn't even stick out further than her stomach!

Sliding her shorts and panties together to her knees, she then shifted weight onto her feet, allowing her to continue pulling them off. Squatting, she moved the dildo head around to approach from her backside.

She first touched the head of the dildo to her pussy lips for a little lubrication. When she did, a charge of electricity shot through her body, causing her to arch her back and open her eyes wide. Her head whipped back and a high-pitched squeal leapt from her open mouth.

She doubled over forward again, giving Scott and Ryan both a clear view of her exposed private parts. She was completely bare down south, which they both found extremely sexy.

Both guys had absent-mindedly slid a hand down their pants to surreptitiously stroke their stiffies under the table. They weren't secret enough to go unnoticed, but in this moment there were bigger things happening. Daria was transfixed on Jen's contorting face; an intense blend of pleasure, excitement, bewilderment, and pure lust. If such a small touch could do that much. . .

Jen locked eyes with Daria. She began to move the dildo with purpose. She slid its length from clit to taint, rolling it to coat it with her abundantly flowing juices. Still holding her stare with Daria in front of her, Jen lined up the dildo's head at her rear entrance.

Danny popped up from his chair at Jen's side and took the opportunity to step around behind Scott and Ryan for a better view. When he noticed they were both stroking themselves under the table, his own pants got very tight very quickly.

Laser, meanwhile, couldn't decide on what was turning them on the most. Their attention was divided between the seductive, sultry stare-off at one end, and Jen's bare bottom at the other. Laser's hands worked to free their stiffening cock from the confines of skinny jeans. Their inhibitions had disappeared as fast as Jen's and all they could think about was this game and how much fun tonight was going to be.

"oooooOOOOO", came the low moan from Jen as she applied slow but steady pressure on the dildo at her tight asshole. Part of her mind wanted to ram the entire length in without a proper warm-up. She wanted to give in to her lustiest desires. Her breaths shortened as she struggled to maintain control. Slowly, she advanced the dildo.

Daria held her stare, with both hands attempting to shield the fact that the crotch of her jeans was soaked completely through. She had always gotten a bit wetter than most, but this was already shaping up to be a real waterworks. She kept having flashes of thoughts that she should be terribly ashamed of herself, but the spell of the game had already taken hold; these thoughts were wiped as soon as they formed.

Scott had become impatient with Jen's lack of penetration progress. "C'mon! The rest of us want a go!" he said, standing up from his chair. His left hand was clearly visible under his shorts, still gripping his meager meat.

In one swift motion, Scott grabbed the dildo just above Jen's hand and gave it a good shove.

Jen's eyes shot wide open at the surprise. She felt like she was being split in two by something so thick. "Stop! Stop! Shit. Phew. Wait a second, Scott!," she said harshly. Then her tone changed and she followed up playfully with "My poor ass needs to get used to something so big without a warmup!"

Jen had adjusted to the intruder by the time she had finished admonishing him, and was already back in fiery mode. Scott just gave her a wry smile back.

The dildo head had popped in past her opening, along with another couple of inches.

"Oh, you just wait until it's your turn!", she said, a bit more seductively than she intended. Scott let go of the toy and backed up, left hand never leaving his cock.

He now stood next to Danny behind Ryan, neither of whom had torn their gaze from Jen's backside, right in front of them.

Ryan had never actually seen a girl's pussy or asshole up close. Even when Jen had offered a private viewing once, the mounting anxiety had overridden his curiosity. Now, up close and personal with a pussy AND an asshole, he was fascinated.

The way they pulsed and flowed was hypnotic. The shine of Jen's juices giving everything a sexy sheen. Even the little peach fuzz hairs he could see on her ass were a turn-on.

Just after Jen had kneeled in front of him, he was hit in the face with a waft of pheromones. The intoxicating bouquet got him more excited than he could ever remember being. He didn't want to lose this moment.

Jen had been holding the dildo still since Scott's little stunt, so that just less than half was inside her. She was waiting for her body to relax. There should have been some pain as well, but if she had felt any it went away almost instantaneously.

As her thoughts turned to the spreading stretch of her asshole, her libido got another electrical shock.

“OhhhhhhhHHHHH!!!”

With a sharp cry, she slid the entire dildo balls deep into her ass. The entire length slid right in, taking everyone a bit by surprise; most of all Jen!

She let go of the toy in order to use both hands to steady herself. Her body was racked with shivering spasms. Both knees went a little wobbly.

Ryan had the look of a schoolboy sitting on the edge of his chair watching the clock intently. When would it be his time? His body and mind were abuzz with electricity. It was becoming harder to keep the energy contained.

Jen's fingers and toes were starting to tingle, and she was losing focus as a warmth emanated from her innermost core. She had finally broken eye contact with Daria and laid her cheek lay flat against the table. Dark curls scattered every which way, twitching occasionally.

Inside Jen's head, nothing else seemed to be of any consequence any more. As the wave subsided, it was like waking up. Recovering some focus and drive, she reached back to grab the veiny toy lodged there.

Jen had had one or two real cocks this size or a little larger before, so she knew how to handle herself with this one. Rotating her hips she ground against the dildo, holding the base firm against her crotch to feel its full length.

The warm sensation that had started at her core had remained, but there was presently a second, new sensation. She could feel her asshole slowly but forcefully began stretching wider, as if to take in something bigger. The only part that was left, however, were the dangling balls.

Using her hand, she felt around to find the dildo's balls exactly where she expected, so she couldn't understand what this new feeling was. It was moving further into her midsection.

Scott took his seat next to Ryan once again, with Danny remaining behind. By now the three were lost to their own lusts. Ryan and Scott had peeled their pants and underwear completely off. They eagerly stroked their cocks, eyes glued to sight before them. Danny was working on getting naked, while watching the other two beat their meat.

Laser, sitting along Jen's right side, shifted closer to Daria, to be more in front of Jen. Their hands wandered up to Jen's tiny breasts. To call them breasts was an overstatement. This poor girl was as flat as a baking sheet. Twin pencil erasers marked the only elevation change on her chest. Laser tweaked and twisted both nipples, watching Jen's reactions.

Her nipples had never given her much pleasure, being fairly desensitized. Whatever Laser was doing was working for her, though. Jen began to moan in delight. She lifted her head once again from the table to lock eyes with Daria again. Something about Daria's facial expressions was lighting her fire. The heat engulfed her.

Daria still had all of her clothes on, but had one hand massaging the front of her shirt and the other grinding her clit through her thick, wet camel toe. Everyone else in the room had been blocked out in her mind. All attention was on the ecstasy happening in front of her.

Her gropes and rubs increased with Jen's arousal. As her own hips begin to grind against her hand, all of the fat on her began to jiggle and shift in time with her hand. A small puddle was forming in the seat of her chair.

Jen realized that she couldn't remove the dildo or even pull it backward a little. She wanted to freak out for a fraction of a second. The stretching sensation at her hole continued slowly but persistently. Her extremities were losing blood flow and becoming tingly with pins and needles.

Daria was grinding against the hand between her thighs. She was lost in Jen's eyes as they expressed passion, lust, fear, and encouragement. It was working Daria's pussy to a throbbing frenzy.

Jen's continued to feel as though her ass was stretching to accommodate something thicker than the dildo. It wasn't bereft of pain, but the pain was being canceled out by incredible waves of lust. It was a good pain.

Just when she thought she would either pass out or split in two, her asshole snapped shut around the width of the dildo, and she could now clearly feel something like a sphere moving to the end of the dildo, still stuck all the way inside of her bowels.

Continuing deeper within, Jen could do nothing but try to relax so that she wouldn't pass out. After a few intense seconds, the ball reached the already bulbous head of the dildo. It felt like much longer to Jen's mind.

The ball relentlessly proceeded to stretch deep into Jen's core like she had never experienced before. It was so strong that she forgot to breathe, and her face began to turn shades of red and then almost purple.

Seeing her stop breathing, Laser grabbed her neck and turned her face toward their own.

"You can do this, sexy, now breathe!"

Jen took a monster inhale of air and felt blood returning to her light head at last. Her arms and legs were pretty close to jelly at that point. Her head and shoulders collapsed again onto the table, with her face still toward Laser. They could both feel that Jen's breasts were gaining mass. Laser returned to fondling her erect nipples, and her pleading eyes told Laser all they needed to know of how much she appreciated it.

He cocked his head sideways to match her head's angle and ran a hand through her sweaty, tangled hair. Using his index finger, he drew the hair back from being draped across her exhausted face. Hooking it around her ear, he smiled at Jen's look of tired contentment.

Jen felt another unusual sensation as she felt like the spherical object had stayed deep within her as the rest of the big black toy slid free. Jen's stretched, reddened asshole pulsed with an empty soreness. The ball-shaped suppository had made quick work of stretching her good and deep.

When the cock hit the table, it landed with a *shlop*! After a couple wobbles, it stood perfectly upright.

“Does that look bigger to either of you, Danny asked Scott and Ryan. They both cocked their heads for a better view and contemplated the question. Ryan shrugged.

“Mmmmm. Ooooh.”, Jen stirred.

Suppository delivered. It was time for its magic to go to work.

Give Her A Hand

Daria, still seated where she had started at Jen's 1 o'clock, was delicately and quietly going about removing her pants. Her shirt, bra, and thong underwear remained, hiding most of her chunk from the group. She froze when she felt Jen's gaze fall on her once again.

Everyone would agree that Daria was the most insecure member of the Brat Pack when it came to her body. She was convinced that she didn't have the discipline to stay away from food when she was depressed, and she found that depressing. A vicious cycle that felt impossible to escape.

It was obvious that Jennifer had just had a solid orgasm right there in front of them. Everybody in the room was worked up from, but, despite their best efforts, nobody else had been able to reach a climax.

Coming down from the crest, Jen began to catch her breath with a few heavy and deep inhales and exhailes. Her hair was matted to her forehead with sweat. She groaned out, “Oh my god, it feels like that cock just laid a baseball

sized egg inside me!” Nervous glances bounced around the Brat Pack. The game said they *all* had to undergo what they just witnessed with Jen.

“And I can’t wait for the rest!”, she followed, sounding rejuvenated and fired up for more. She was becoming acutely aware of a feeling of emptiness where the dildo used to be.

Relief washed over the faces of everyone still needing their own suppository. That huge dildo had really done a number on Jen, as evidenced by her gaping hole. But it sure looked like she had enjoyed every bit of it! Now she was wantonly looking for more.

“Could somebody, *ahem*, give me a hand and, *um*, fist my asshole? Please?” She had lost all control to the magic. Gradually, she was becoming more and more okay with it.

“I mean, after that thing, I’m guessing I’ll need something as big as a fist.”

Scott had been mesmerized by Jen’s pulsating, gaping red asshole.

“Love to, you dirty, dirty slut!”. He sat sideways on the edge of the table in order to reach her round, upturned ass. A heatwave of lust flashed through Jen’s body. “Ooh, yeah, I like when you talk dirty to me!”, Jen said over her shoulder seductively.

Her hair was looking lighter in color. Shifting from dark brown to walnut, and now headed into dirty blonde territory. Her weight had also shifted in a subtle way. She was sporting a new hourglass midsection, and her ass had rounded out considerably.

Starting with gentle strokes of his fingers across the hills of her rump, Scott noted how perfectly toned and smooth her skin seemed now. He was going to have to restrain himself to keep from hurting her.

“Oh my god, Jen, you filthy whore!”, Daria pitched in from across the table. She was flush in the face. Her expression was an amalgam of embarrassment,

desire, and anxiety. She was stewing in her own juices and had never been so turned on in her life.

The only sound in the room for a few minutes were the squishes and *shlucks* of Scott's fingers probing and pushing. A guttural grunt from Scott, or a staccato yelp from Jen would occasionally break the hypnotic rhythm.

It all seemed so bizarre. A group of friends who through years of knowing each other had always refrained from crossing sexual lines. All barriers had shattered the moment they had decided to play a strange game from a mysterious old man.

Thanks to the game's magic, libidos were running too high for anyone to have been able to think of anything but how turned on they were. Nothing else mattered.

Scott knew his hands were thick and meaty. He also didn't want to hurt his friend or clumsily cause some horrible medical situation that would ruin the night.

Gradually, his neuroses and inhibitions faded into the background. He watched closely as he slid his index and middle fingers around Jen's distended hole; so slick and shiny. He wanted to relish every moment and store away this memory to remember later.

It wasn't long before Jen whipped her head back around to scold Scott. "Stop fucking around and fist me already." He snapped out of his reverie. "Sorry! Hope you're ready!" He leaned in, shoving his fingers up to the last knuckle. Jen began moaning again with the stretch. "Here goes!", said Scott, pressing firmly. It wasn't quite ready to give yet, however.

Her ass was definitely growing, and was now on the larger side. Her wide hips and big ass now contrasted sharply with a thin waist and budding breasts underneath her. Jen's freckles had faded to almost nothing. Her skin was gradually tanning to a light caramel. Frizzy, messy black hair had changed to long, flowing blonde hair that almost reached her expanding butt.

Ryan's eyes were wide as he worked his hand furiously up and down his cock. He couldn't normally last so long. He understood quickly that the magic was going to keep him from cresting into an orgasm. This denial of pleasure only added to the fact that he was so turned on. The ache in his balls was unrelenting.

Right behind him, Danny was leaned against a wall, feet propping his body at an angle. His left hand's fingers traced around his balls while his right stroked his shaft.

Jen never stopped moaning back to Scott, giving in to the demands of her inner slut. "I want to fit as much of that huge hand of yours in my sopping cunt as I can. I know the magic will help me take it. It HAS to. Fuck me, I need it so bad. Please! Fill me up! Fist my gaping asshole, Scott!"

Ever so happy to oblige, Scott ramped up his efforts to fill her glistening, red hole. The lubrication left by the dildo stayed perfectly wet and slick throughout. It looked wide open, but the pressure pushing back against his hand was a testament to how tight it still was beyond the opening. He was beginning to think his hand might be too big.

Jen's hips began to grind in time with his hand's movements. With closed eyes she ground her way through one anal orgasm after the next. Scott followed the lead of her oscillations, matching his piston arm's speed and force.

"UUUUggggghhhhhUUUUggggghhhhhUUUUggggghhhhh" A steady stream of sound lurched through gritted teeth. Her body incrementally scooted backward, trying to take more of Scott's massive fist.

On the opposite side of the table, Daria had been hefting herself up on the table. She sat down and spread her chunky hips wide just in front of Jen's face. Daria's drenched panties were gone, but her shirt and bra remained.

The moment Jen opened her eyes again, Daria grabbed a thick handful of Jen's hair, and shoved her face into an airtight seal with her fat, engorged pussy. She had a day's worth of stubble around her slit. It was coarse against Jen's newly pouty lips. She didn't mind. Even if she did, Daria wasn't going to let her pull away.

Excessive amounts of pussy juice made her flower shine from one thigh to the other. More was oozing onto the table top, whenever it got past the seal of Jen's mouth. Jen found the taste to be a mixture of salty and sweet. Combined with an up-close inhalation of Daria's piquant odor, waves of sensory overload washed through Jen's brain.

The pleasure and pain of Scott's brutish fisting.

A lack of oxygen, replaced by pungent pheromones.

Gulps of saliva and girl-cum.

Her vision and hearing tunneled out. The only thing that existed in her orgasmic state was the intense pleasure that it all brought her.

There was a primitive flame in Daria's eyes.

Daria was no virgin, but she found it difficult to find other lesbians she had a connection with. She did try participating in a group experience once with a few other overweight lesbians she met online. That was fun for a fling, but Daria wanted to do the nasty with thinner, prettier girls.

Jen wasn't thin, but she was thinner than the 300lb.+ club that Daria's past partners had all hailed from. Daria found Jen's morphing body quite erotic. She couldn't believe how good Jen's skin looked! She was radiant! As Scott continued to push and retreat from behind Jen, her moans directly vibrated Daria's pussy. Between the thrusting and the vibration, Daria couldn't believe she hadn't cum yet.

Danny could see from where he was standing that the chair Daria previously occupied was practically overflowing with a puddle of her lust. He

wasn't into chicks, but that was pretty hot. She got so worked up that she left a puddle in her chair? Danny felt his own pre-cum oozing from the tip of his dick.

Laser hadn't missed that while they had been tweaking Jen's nipples, they had become stiffer and puffier. They could feel them growing within their hands, but with Jen's face down in Daria's box, he couldn't get a clear view. Jen's tits were mostly mashed into the table.

Scott stepped up onto the table to get better leverage. He pointed all of his fingers together and once again pressed more forcefully into Jen's ass. Resistance gave way, and he was amazed to feel his entire hand being swallowed by her velvety insides.

Jen slowed her oral administrations when she felt his knobby knuckles pass the threshold, stretching her even wider. Scott let out a small, excited gasp when he realized she had just taken his fist. His cock twitched and some pre-cum dribbled out. He couldn't believe he hadn't cum yet.

When Scott's entire hand sunk into her bowels, Jen gasped and raised her head to catch a deep breath and stare into Daria's crazed eyes. Scott took this as an invitation to seize control of Jen's new long blonde hair. He grabbed a fistful with his free and pulled her head back toward himself and Ryan, trying not to give her whiplash in the process.

The combo of Scott pulling her hair and ramming his pointed hand hard into her anal cavity nearly made Jen pass out. The pain and pleasure danced in harmony within her brain.

Time stood still.

Ryan's shyness was gradually chipping away. Magic helped lower the barriers, but Ryan knew somewhere deep down that he wanted the game to transform him. No longer content to just rub his member, he removed his shirt and started using his free hand to tug on his tiny nipples.

Scott's hair pull arched Jen's back toward the ceiling. Her growing chest came up off the table. Everyone but Laser was surprised to see two full and round C-cup breasts jutting from her previously flat chest. In fact, all of her body had more curves to it. The result was a deliciously thick and juicy blonde who was ready to be fucked senseless.

She had given up trying to understand or fight what was happening. Now she just wanted to enjoy it to the fullest, and be stuffed to the fullest, because it felt stupendous. Naturally, she wanted to help her friends feel the same.

Scott held Jen's head back and high while her boobs continued to expand into the large D range right before Daria and Laser's eyes. Her nubs of nipples had spread and flattened into very appealing, even circles. They complemented her flawless teardrop tits.

Daria was enthralled by the expanding flesh. It was something she'd never even thought possible before, but now found herself extremely turned on by the sight. Daria's lust-driven mind machine-gunned questions through her head.

What did it feel like as they grew? It looked like it felt good. Will they be more or less sensitive? Will they start lactating? She became temporarily obsessed with it. She couldn't help but be attracted to the expanding globes of flesh. She was taken aback by the strength of the attraction.

Laser was moving fast to lean in and get one of those nipples into their mouth. Daria leaned to her right for the other, with her other hand working feverishly at the swollen hood around her clit.

As Laser and Daria each latched on to a nipple, they were rewarded with a surge of growth. What was once a flatland, completely barren of curves, was now a glorious and fleshy set of breasts.

Daria moaned as she tried to suck as much of Jen's tit into her mouth as she could get. She had a ravenous craving. She wasn't even sure what she was craving exactly. All she knew was that it needed sating.

Player Two

While the others were being enthralled by Jen's growing chest, Ryan had quietly grabbed the discarded dildo on the table, and began to turn it over in his inexperienced hands. Danny watched curiously from the wall as Ryan explored the cock.

"Does anyone have any lube?", Ryan spoke up.

The room fell silent as everyone froze and looked at him. Scott released his grip on Jen's hair. "He did say we each had to take our own suppository to play, right?", Ryan finished matter-of-factly.

"It lubed up Jen's ass on its own. . ." Scott trailed off as he leaned down for a closer inspection of the slippery stuff coating his hand and Jen's rear.

Jen was getting excited at the prospect of further penetration from the magical toy. "Mmm, I've got some lube for ya!", she said. That was all Ryan needed to hear. He popped lightly up onto the table and with perfect aim plowed the cock straight into Jen's slick hole. Or, at least, he would have if Scott's arm wasn't occupying Jen's entire crotch.

Scott had left his arm buried deep in Jen's ass, but stopped thrusting. Ryan gave him a look that said "Do you mind?" Raising his elbow for better access to her dripping pussy, Scott forced Jen's ass further up in the air. She found being lifted by the asshole intensely erotic.

"Ohhhhhhhhh fuck YES!", she gritted through her teeth.

The length of the dildo was soon parallel to Scott's thick forearm, its head beginning to part the lips of Jen's mound. Even if the dildo wasn't going to add any magical lubrication, it looked to Ryan like there wouldn't be a supply problem.

He tried to press forward, but Jen was so full with Scott's hand that it felt futile. However, putting all of his light weight behind the dildo leaned him even closer to her holes. Closer to joy. Jen's pheromones were abundant and driving Ryan wild.

Out of sight, Jen could feel the dildo's magic help to expand her pussy enough to let the head of the dildo slide in. The fit was so tight that Ryan could have let go and it would have continued to stick out straight backward under Scott's arm.

Ryan was astonished when it went in. Without another word, Ryan looked down at the pussy clamped on the dildo, and he pushed it a little further in. After a few centimeters, he pulled back until just the head remained. The next time he pushed, there was a bit less resistance, and it slid a few more centimeters in. In and out, in and out until the base of the dildo was past Scott's elbow.

Jen's eyes rolled back as she returned to her happy place. Feeling stretched and full, being split apart. After just a few full-length strokes, Ryan pulled the entire length out and placed the sloppy wet cock straight up on the table, held up by the balls at the base and some suction.

Jen gasped at the sudden evacuation of her pussy. She was even more taken aback when it was followed by the swift removal of Scott's hand from deep within her ass. From completely full to empty, just like that. After a hard shudder and a whimper, she looked back over her shoulder at the boys with puppy dog eyes.

Their attention had turned elsewhere. The quietest member of the Brat Pack was in the spotlight. He looked focused, but excited and shaky at the same time.

Ryan was on a mission. Standing on the table just behind Jen's abused holes, he crouched his pale, naked body to lower himself over the thick head of the game dildo. He paused when the wide head was squeezed between his cheeks and pressed firmly against his puckered hole.

Closing his eyes, he shut out the world around him and tried to focus on breathing. With each long, low sigh, he sniffed in more of Jen's pheromones,

helping relax his body. Everything felt wonderful and fuzzy all over. Hands and feet grew numb as the blood rushed to his loins.

Danny thought he might actually blow his load as he watched Ryan's weight pull him gradually down the large shaft. Never once pulling it back out even a little, he slithered and shook himself down until his taint bottomed out on the fake balls. When he hit bottom, his eyes bugged wide open in shock. His entire body prickled with pins & needles. All time seemed to stop for him in that moment.

The air hung thick with sex & sweat. The room was silent save for a soft moaning that emanated from Ryan's throat.

Ryan felt the same stretching that Jen had experienced; starting at his asshole, moving inward. It was all he could do to stay focused on breathing so he wouldn't hyperventilate. Though that didn't stop him from thoroughly enjoying the stretching and full sensations.

Ryan's brain was flooded with dopamine and oxytocin. He was instantly addicted, and wanted more. He wanted to push himself as far as he could go; to feel the most exquisite pleasures that only magic could provide.

When he attempted to slide back up with the intention of slamming back down again, he found that he was stuck to the base of the dildo. Either that, or his numb limbs were in no shape to lift him off of it. *Well, nothing to do but enjoy the experience*, he thought.

His head lolled backward. Arms hung limply at his sides. The round object pressed further upward and inward. Ryan's orgasmic tension mirrored the expanding pressure.

"mmmmm. . . yeeeeessssss. . ." Sounds of ecstasy trickled from the lips of the Brat Pack's silent Korean.

Since the game had stated that changes occurred based on your fantasies, he figured Jen had always wanted blonde hair and big tits. So that's what she got. Was it so hard to imagine that the effect was related to your personal desires?

Images and ideas danced behind his eyelids. He was enthusiastic and very hopeful that he might get to live out his deepest, wildest desires.

Up until now he assumed the kind of things that *really* got him hot were impossible. Imaginary. They could never happen, because the world just doesn't work like that. Alone, it had always been more about pushing his arousal levels for stronger orgasms. He understood well that his brain was his biggest sex organ.

Suddenly he found himself in a situation where, with magic, anything was possible. Even if those things might seem weird to anyone else. All that mattered at the moment in his mind was reaching as high into the clouds as he could. Concentrating as hard as he was able, Ryan hoped to apply some focused direction to his transformation.

Ryan's eyes fluttered. His hands unconsciously drew lines across his exposed skin. It felt as though the lump had passed the halfway mark, unceasing in its march to his core. Ryan felt as full as he ever had. It was so incredibly sexy that his little inexperienced asshole could actually be taking a dildo this size. Not to mention taking the suppository. It felt enormous!

The rest of the room had faded away. The ambient sounds of the group dulled. A warm glow was beginning to form at the tip of the dildo. The head flared out to deliver the large suppository within him. It wasn't painful, just unusual. He felt quite calm and relaxed, actually. Just like Jen, his eyes rolled back, his mouth agape, and breath caught for a few moments.

The rest of the Brat Pack was silent, holding their breath with him.

When his eyes opened again, Ryan let out a low growl. Volume and pitch built steadily, his entire body beginning to shudder in intense orgasm. It built to a guttural scream as he peaked. Curiously, nothing came out of his small, hard cock.

Watching the spectacle intently, Daria returned to shoving Jen's face into her groin, gripping her by her blonde curls. Pheromones assaulted Jen's nostrils.

Daria's stubble scraped the lower half of Jen's face as she obediently tongued the fluffy folds of her lesbian friend. She absolutely loved being treated like an insatiable whore to be used for pleasure.

Laser moved around to view Jen's rear with the boys. They could swear it was fuller and rounder than before. Her skin tone also appeared to be darkening a bit further. The once-homely girl was still transforming into a sex goddess right before their eyes, with amazing curves and an insatiable lust.

Scott had become obsessed with just how wide Jen's asshole could stretch around his hand and wrist. He had pumped it so hard and fast by this point that it stayed gaped open when he pulled his hand out, and he could look down into her bowels. The red, abused hole glistened under the table's light. He felt compelled to press further. After all, Jen seemed to be enjoying it very much herself.

With her face drowning in slick flesh, held tight there by Daria's clamping thighs, Jen was in no position to complain. She simply grunted and lurched forward, pressing her entire nose, mouth, and chin completely into Daria's engorged labia.

Deprived of air, Jen was getting light headed and began to see stars. She attempted to get Daria's attention by reaching a hand up. Daria snapped out of her reverie at Jen's sudden movement, allowing Jen to come up for air. She gave Daria a very strange look that seemed to combine many different emotions: fear from suffocation, excitement from the danger, and extreme lust from the fist in her ass and hands groping her new tits.

There was also a hint of sadness and confusion in Jen's face because Daria still wouldn't share herself completely with everyone in the group. Her shirt remained covering the tits that nobody else in the group had yet witnessed. What could possibly be so embarrassing that she couldn't show those closest to her? They were all curious.

Daria's creamy fluids gathered and dripped from Jen's chin as they held eye contact. Her eyes suddenly brightened with a mischievous idea. She knew what Daria needed. She needed a suppository of her own, buried in that fat, jiggly ass of hers.

Ryan's orgasmic convulsions had calmed. Slowly his breath returned to a normal rate. He remained crouched on the table, ass engulfing the entire dildo. Starting with the pill in his guts, a hot tingle grew to permeate his insides.

Wanting to watch everyone's reaction during his change, he gathered his strength and steadied himself with palms flat on the table. Lifting his feet from the table momentarily, he spun his body weight around the big cock. Coming to a rest facing between Danny and Scott, Ryan planted his feet and reached out both hands toward the two. He motioned for both of them to come to him. Droplets of sweat shone on Ryan's forehead, a burning lust glowing in his eyes.

Danny, being gay, moved right up without hesitation. He had never really considered Ryan his type, but seeing that big dick buried in his quiet friend's ass had his blood running hot. Whatever qualms he began with had faded with the sight of his friend impaled on a dildo. Besides, he was dying to get off. It felt like he had been edging for hours already.

Scott, on the other hand, was a bit more unsure at first. He had extricated his hand from Jen, and was stroking her juices all over his thick, stubby cock. Jen's gaping, bubbly ass was still inviting, but Ryan's resolve and intensity had since stolen Scott's attention. "Come here.", said Ryan, locking eyes with him. Scott slowly obeyed, moving to the edge of the table next to Danny.

Across the table, Laser had lain down halfway on the table so that they could slide under Jen and their face could be directly beneath her expanding tits. They wanted to feel the weight of them pressing against their face. Their fingers gingerly traced the curves of Jen's skin, now a golden, tanned hue.

An erect nipple dragged up Laser's chin as Jen continued to hungrily lap at Daria's slit. The taut nub found it's way into Laser's open mouth. Clamping around the eraser-sized nipple, he sucked in and bit down playfully. Jen jumped in surprise, then rebounded by leaning even more weight into him, allowing him to compress his whole face into her growing titflesh.

Ryan wrapped his left hand around Danny's cock, right hand around Scott's. None of the trio were well-endowed, apart from Scott's girth. Any hesitations Scott had melted away the moment Ryan started stroking his dick. His hands were so small! Ryan's body gyrated as he handled the two men. His eyes darted between their expressions, occasionally closing as he would roll his head back and quiver from another anal orgasm. His hips ground against the dildo base unceasingly.

Ryan's body was on fire now. Pins and needles tickled his face. Eyelids felt heavy. Hips and ass felt tight and bloated, but not uncomfortably so. Hands and legs gradually went completely numb. His grip on both cocks went slack, unable to maintain a grip. Eyes lost focus as his jaw drooped. A lone dribble of drool formed at the corner of his mouth. Skewered on the dildo, Ryan had no control over his movements at that point.

The suppository had been dissolving and shrinking within him. He could feel waves of warmth undulating out from his core. The pincushion feeling lessened as his facial features softened to a more feminine look. His teeth straightened and became whiter. Ryan had begun the night with shoulder length, straight black hair. It began to grow and develop a wave, framing his increasingly feminine face in luscious, flowing locks.

Daria watched intently from the other end of the table as Ryan's face morphed to a new, but recognizable, woman. She ground and thrust her hips into Jen's face more fervently. Jen answered with moans in time with Daria's thrusts. Much of Jen's upper body weight was now resting on Laser below. She dug her hands under the hefty thighs of her large, lesbian friend, pinning herself.

Something primal had awoken within her. Daria's pussy was nectar from the gods. Jen's hips were still up in the air, cool air dancing across her overstretched holes. Laser mauled and groped at heavy new boobs that finally felt like they had stopped growing. Jen didn't know how big they had become, but they were heavy. The thought of being a dirty slut kept the fire in her drive. She wanted to get off, and she wanted to get other people off.

Daria certainly liked girls, and was enraptured by Ryan's new look, but Danny was finding him less attractive as his transformation progressed. So Danny decided to instead focus his attention on Scott, who looked like he was starting to break a sweat from being so worked up.

Since Ryan had ceased his handjob, Scott had turned back to Jen's airborne posterior. He hadn't seen Ryan's face changing. All thoughts had returned to shoving something into Jen. There was something inviting about Jen's face-down, ass-up position that he couldn't ignore.

Without the dildo to provide fresh lube, Scott leaned in licked all around Jen's reddened backside. It was the first time he had ever even thought of doing something so disgusting. It came second nature to him. He returned to plowing his fist, and shortly thereafter half his thick forearm into the wrecked, sloppy asshole of his friend.

Jen was a sex machine. Her mind was a swirl of pleasure, punctuated by brief stabs of pain. A couple times, Scott's lubrication would dry up, and her intestine would stick to his arm on the way out. It would cause a vibrant red prolapse and a cry from Jen.

Each time it happened, Scott would immediately bury his face in the exposed rose and eat it out for all he was worth. Jen came hard every time. She wasn't on Daria's level when it came to wetness, but gushes of she-cum had formed a noticeable puddle on the table below.

Meanwhile, Ryan was coming down from the most powerful orgasm he had ever experienced. Stars danced in his vision as he attempted to focus on something. Anything. He managed to get his legs underneath him so that he could try and support more of his weight. Moving took a lot of effort and concentration.

His hips and ass were very warm and felt like they were blowing up or expanding. The feeling was incredible, and Ryan again closed his eyes to enjoy it. He remained silent, save for a long and quiet, sensual moan.

Each of Ryan's nipples began to puff up and expand slowly outward. The rest of his chest area experienced the same prickly sensation he had felt on his face. In a matter of seconds, Ryan's chest size ballooned from flat to matching beach balls, capped with proportionate nipples. His body was beginning to resemble that of a porn star who's taken it too far in a bid for attention.

Daria and Scott both slowed their movements momentarily, enthralled by Ryan's amazing transformation into a huge-titted fucktoy. Danny just watched awestruck in amazement.

Ryan's ass continued to flare out against the table. When it had expanded wide enough, his asshole swallowed up the base of the large dildo, stretching his asshole even further than before.

A lazy, contented smile graced a young, feminine face. The pain didn't bother him, as he enjoyed the feeling of being so full and stretched. The magic was doing even more than he had hoped. If he could live in a moment forever, this one was pretty spectacular.

Essentially stuck to the table, feet front, Ryan was completely helpless to make any moves. His legs were too shaky to be much use at the moment, and his arms were no longer long enough to lift himself off the magical toy. He was the warmest popsicle ever created.

He lolled around in ecstasy, feeling the new gargantuan tits shifting and pulling him as he swayed. They looked and felt like implants, but seemed light in weight. Similarly, his big, round butt felt like he was sitting on a cushion of air.

Laser slid out from under Jen's tits and made his way over to where Danny had been. Jen could feel her nipples drop to the table with their exit. Admiring Ryan's new figure along the way, Laser paused momentarily as it appeared Ryan's transformation was settling into a final state.

Neither Jen nor Daria could believe Jen still had so much energy and gusto. She had superhuman sexual energy to go with her bountiful bod. This game's magic was strong, and they couldn't believe their luck in finding it.

Danny had pulled a chair away from the table and was content to stroke his cock and watch events play out from afar. He very much enjoyed being a voyeur.

Dollface

"Whoa!", exclaimed Scott, when Ryan opened his eyes. "Your eyes!" They had enlarged to cartoonish proportions, looking like an anime character. It was strange, but not altogether unfamiliar looking.

Ryan responded with an innocent face and a slow blink.

Laser felt suddenly overtaken by lust. He scrambled onto the table and stood behind Ryan, looking down at their impaled, inflated friend. "Pull your feet back." he instructed, hooking a forearm under each armpit. When Ryan was in a crouching position, Laser lifted and leaned forward.

The weight of Ryan's new endowments helped pull her up and off the dildo with a 'Pop!'. With spasming legs and an unfamiliar new center of gravity, Ryan's weight continued forward landing her face-first on the table. Her big boobs forced her body into a lewd position, bubbly new ass pointed back toward Laser, who had managed to fall on top of her.

Ryan's legs splayed and twitched behind her. She felt a bit sad because now she felt empty. But it was hot the way she landed, prone and exposed.

All pretenses had been lost. Her friends now knew the secret desires she had felt. It was liberating. Nobody freaked out. They all thought it was sexy. It *was* sexy. *She* was sexy. And she knew there was more in store.

Ryan's ballooned ass was as perfectly rounded as any implants Laser had ever seen. And he had seen a *lot* of porn. Her legs spread to either side split the crack for a clear view of Ryan's nethers. She was a plastic bimbo from every angle now. And it appeared she more than enjoyed it. Laser realized they were now thinking of Ryan as a "she". Did that mean they would get a chance to be an exotic fantasy, too?

They knew that Jen's deepest desire was to be a wanton slut. And that's what she became under the game's magic. She had divulged her fantasy in a game of Truth or Dare a year or so back, laughing off her embarrassment. They hadn't forgotten. 'Maybe Ryan dreams of this?', they thought.

Getting really worked up at the thought that they might get to live out a fantasy, they pulled focus back to the lusty slut in front of them. Her asshole was red and gaping. Her hips began a slow, methodical dance to lure them in.

A perfect target.

Reveling in her new-found confidence, Ryan knew the inevitable was about to happen. Laser lined up their 7-inch dick at Ryan's gaping wide asshole. His hands caressed the perfect shape of Ryan's ass and drew up to her hips. Pulling roughly toward themselves and pressing hips forward, Ryan was impaled to the hilt in one stroke. Ryan's only reply was a weak moan, down against the table.

Laser reached around Ryan's sides, cupping and fondling her lewd, ridiculous, tits. Normally they didn't care for fake, globe tits on women. But these were different. They were better because they represented what Ryan wanted. And that made it sexier.

Ryan's loosened asshole felt incredible on Laser's dick. It didn't grip cock the way a pussy did. The sphincter itself created pressure wherever it was, but the rest of their cock felt like it was being licked all over by smooth tongues.

Laser would thrust all the way in and just hold it there a few moments, grinding their hips into her ass. Then they'd pull all the way back until just the head of their cock was inside of her, tease her a little by making her wait momentarily, then slam it back home.

After a few strokes like this, Ryan seemed to be recovering from her haze. Her tiny, but forceful voice was rising in volume. "Oh yeah, fuck me Laser. Fuck me as hard as you can. Use that sloppy asshole and fill me with your hot cum. I need it!"

Given that Ryan never spoke much, Laser was surprised enough to stop humping altogether. "Ooooh, Don't stop!" came the frantic reply.

Jen finally pulled away from Daria's mound long enough to look back to the rest of the group. Her lips looked puffy and swollen, giving them a red, bee-stung look. It fit well with her tanned, stripper's body and great curves. Her eyelashes were as long as fakes. Her mascara had run down both cheeks. Everything below her eyes shone with Daria's juices. She looked every bit the dirty whore she had only ever fantasized about being.

"Holy shit, Daria! I've never seen anyone get so wet!", she said, catching her breath and her bearings. "Hand me that dildo", she said breathlessly to Scott, reaching an arm out without removing herself from between Daria's legs.

Scott reached over Ryan's body as she was being pounded against the table, and grabbed the dildo. He was close enough to see a sheen of sweat covering Ryan's back. The smell that hit his nostrils was a sweet, inviting aroma that practically gave him goosebumps.

The dildo looked just a bit bigger than he had remembered it being. Then again, there were now two knockouts being raunchy and completely uninhibited, and he was involved, so he chalked it up to a bad memory. As he handed the

black dildo over to Jen, though, it dawned on him that he was going to have to put that big thing up his own ass at some point.

With that thought, he *really* had goosebumps from the anxiety that rushed through him. He was yanked immediately back from that thought process the moment Jen snatched the toy from his hand. She had a look in her eye like she *needed* the toy, or she wasn't going to be able to get off again until she had it.

Scott was right about Jen feeling like she needed the toy, but not for use on herself. She knew that for Daria to fully appreciate and be involved in the incredible orgy that had come of this game, she needed to have her own transformation. Not a second was wasted before Jen shoved the thick shaft forcefully between Daria's puffy pussy lips. Her pussy by now was so red and swollen that it looked like she had been using a pussy pump for an hour.

Juicy Fruit

Daria was no stranger to toys, but her pussy had only ever met with smaller vibrators which she could place against her clit. Being attracted to women, she never felt an urge or craving for any kind of deep penetration. Her clit and g-spot are close to the entrance. Why bother with deeper? That was the lie she told herself, anyway.

Daria was rotund enough that manipulating any kind of penetrating toy had become difficult to impossible. This didn't stop her from being horny all the time. Over time she had convinced herself that she didn't like dildos or larger toys. The reality was that it had been so long since she had used one that she was scared of them.

After the earlier suffocation episode, Jen didn't play entirely nice with Daria. At first, she applied extremely slow but steady pressure. Daria took the dildo ever so slowly into her very wet but very swollen pussy.

Having not taken a shaft bigger than a finger in years, her cunt had remained extremely tight, but not very muscular. No matter how hard Daria's pussy tried to push back the intruder, it marched steadily onward and inward.

The stretching of her nearly-virgin walls was flooding her brain with pain signals. She expected herself to chicken out when the game declared it her turn to take such a large toy. Instead, she found that the pain signals seemed to be tapering off, being replaced by a warm, full sensation.

Daria closed her eyes and leaned back on her elbows. She didn't want to look down and see how much she had or hadn't taken. She might freak out. The dildo was so big! How was she ever going to get even the head into her virgin asshole?

The flood of endorphins she felt when the dildo bottomed out answered her question. If this magic could do the things she had witnessed with Jen and Ryan, surely it could help her to not feel the pain. Right? She wasn't into pain of any kind.

Jen was leaned against Daria's left thigh, propped by her right elbow and pillowy tits. Her left hand gripped the base of the dildo, pushing the second half its length in and back out of Daria's swollen lips. The first half remained buried within Daria's folds at all times.

After Jen had built up some speed, she leaned all her weight down onto her tits so she could use both hands. Daria had closed her eyes and wasn't paying attention to anything beyond the fireworks going off in the back of her eyelids.

With her right hand, she reached up and shoved Daria hard right in the middle of her chest. Daria's arms collapsed and she rolled backwards, shaking the table a bit. This caused her legs to kick up, exposing her ass to Jennifer for easier access.

Jen never let up with the dildo. She pounded unmercifully in and out of that sloppy, puffy pussy. "Ohmigod yes, yes, oh shit...", Daria rambled on as the cock bore into her.

With each outward pull, a fresh glob of her cum would squeeze out the bottom of her slit. It pooled around her asshole, while some oozed and sluiced down to the table to join the puddle below.

Jen slowed her pumping and used her right hand to smear the juices all over and around Daria's asshole. Daria suddenly began to beg Jen to fuck her asshole, surprising even herself. "I don't know. I need it. I mean, I'm scared, but I really need it. I need something in my ass!"

Jen aimed her fingers at the hole and slowly pressed the tip of her slimy middle finger inside. Followed closely by her pointer and ring fingers. Then the pinky. In a normal situation, this would have been way too much too fast. This was no normal situation.

Once she had the widest part of her hand, she backed out and shoved the dildo back into Daria's cunt. She immediately followed up by pressing her entire hand, covered in girl-cum, straight back into Daria's starfish without giving her a warning. It was a tight fit, but with so much magic and lube, it slid right in.

Daria, now lying flat on her back, probably didn't even have enough strength in her to sit up at the moment. Her head shot up in shock. All she could do was gasp, moan, and hold a very surprised look on her face. She didn't have enough strength to fight back, under all of her weight.

Here she was, with a large black dildo in her pussy, and Jen's hand inside her back door. Full didn't even begin to describe it. She was sure that something was going to tear and she'd ruin the evening by needing to go to the ER.

Again without warning, Jen swiftly pulled the dildo free from her snatch. It set off a course of small orgasms that had Daria feeling strangely empty. Before she could process this feeling, Jen's fist was pulled abruptly from her ass with an audible *plop!*

Daria didn't even have time to catch a breath. Before her ass even had a moment to relax and close the tiniest bit, the dildo was driven quickly into her freshly opened asshole.

Daria had never even ventured a finger up her backside before. Partly because it was tough for her to reach well enough. Mostly because she always thought of it as “icky” and a source of infections.

At first she was terrified. In short order, though, she found herself amazed at the new feeling she was experiencing. The head had popped right in and just continued to go deeper. And deeper. And deeper.

Her head was swimming. It almost felt like she had left her own body and was floating just above it. Then it stopped. She could feel the fake balls at the base, pressed up against her. Unbelievable.

Just like the others, the cock embedded itself at full length, and the suppository began to stretch her hole even further. Fat jiggled and rippled across her body as she was racked by rolling orgasms.

Despite the volume of the puddle on the chair and the sizeable puddle on the table, Daria's swollen cunt continued spewed forth more waves of juices onto the table.

“Oh, you like that, huh?” Jen said, mischievously.

Scott had wandered over to be next to Jen and Daria. Like Danny, he wanted to enjoy the view for a bit. He stood a few feet from the table, idly stroking himself as he watched Jen go hard on Daria's holes.

With the dildo firmly embedded in Daria's ass, Jen sunk her fist into the puffy red folds before her. Daria unrolled her eyes to lock gazes once more with Jen, who had a bit of a sinister look in her eyes. Daria trusted Jen, but this wasn't the Jen she normally knew. This was an animalistic, sex-crazed Jen who felt powerful shoving things into Daria.

Daria worried about getting injured. She worried about how this would affect everyone in the group. She hated that everyone had witnessed her fat

shaking all over as she came. She worried they'd never look at her the same. She worried that her asshole would never close properly again.

The worry began melting away as she continued to look into Jen's eyes. She just had to remember that she trusted her completely. And this was real-life magic! Why should she be worried? After all, look how fucking hot Jennifer was, with her hand buried in Daria's crotch.

Daria moaned and rocked her head back off the edge of the table, concentrating on the intense feeling of her ass stretching again.

The dildo seemed to be working faster now than it had with Jen and Ryan. In just a few minutes the thick ball of a suppository had exited the already-thick head.

Jen continued pressing her arm into Daria until nearly her entire forearm was plunged into her box. She could feel the suppository from inside Daria as it traveled the length of the dildo. When it didn't feel like Jen's arm could go any further, Daria began to convulse violently. She had a thick dildo buried in her ass and an arm up her cunt.

This time, instead of the normal gush of juices, so much cum squirted out that it forced Jen's hand right out and sprayed the entire table. "Woowoow! Where the hell do you keep all that?", Jen mused with a twinkle in her eye. Daria would have blushed and been extremely embarrassed if she had heard the remark, but she was cumming so hard that she had gone temporarily deaf.

Scott was standing to the side furiously stroking his dick still, but was finding no release and getting quite frustrated. He was crazy worked up, but couldn't manage to make himself blow. The pressure was becoming unbearable. Then he had an idea.

“I'm next!”, Scott said, never taking his eyes from Daria's convulsing rolls of fat. He didn't find the jiggling body sexy, but he recognized the power of the game at this point and was ready to see what it could do for him.

The dildo had been pushed out during Daria's massive orgasm. Jen held it up next to her own forearm as a comparison. After each person, it had definitely grown slightly. And now it wasn't much smaller than Jen's forearm. Scott tried to swallow his anxiety. Tough guys don't back down, and he wanted to be seen as a tough guy.

Daria's weight melted away in a surreal moment that would be burned into everyone's memory. Her hips and waist shrink into a size that could normally only be achieved with harsh corset training. Stretch marks faded to nothing.

Jen's breath caught and her eyes twinkled with happy tears as she watched the changes right before her. Her makeup was already smeared and running, so she didn't try to stop it. Daria's face thinned out, and her double chin shrank away to show a strong, but feminine jawline.

Scott, as frustrated as he was sexually, decided he was also done being frustrated with the big mystery surrounding Daria's tits. He stepped over to where he could grip Daria's shirt and large bra. He grabbed her shirt and gave her a look that said “Is this ok?” She bit her lip nervously, then gave a subtle nod yes. Once he was sure he had just clothing, and no skin, he pulled up and over her head.

He, along with a few others, had wanted to know for years why she would never let anyone see her tits. Scott wanted to see what the big deal was. Everyone did, really. The room stopped to have a peek.

What they saw were two enormous mammaries which tumbled down to her sides with the shirt gone. A dinner-plate sized areola covered the lowest part of each one, pointed at the ground. With the rolls of fat disappearing, her massive, saggy tits looked even stranger.

“Wait, you’ve been smuggling these enormous tits around for how long? And none of us knew?” said Laser, returning to grinding their dick into Ryan’s bubbly ass.

Daria's mood flipped from a nice orgasmic afterglow to utter shame and embarrassment. “I have gigantomastia, okay?”, she replied, choking back tears. “They’ll never stop growing. They’re so heavy! I’ve been saving up for a breast reduction, but that’s only a temporary fix.”

She was covering her face even as her body continued to transform and shed the pounds. Her short black hair grew in volume and shifted hue until it had become deep red, large-curl ringlets that passed her shoulders.

When her eyes opened again, they bore an emerald hue. They held an incredibly bright shine, with the light reflecting off her fresh tears. Taking stock of what had just happened to her body, her mood once again reversed itself.

She felt like she might be a few inches shorter. Her body was still very curvy, but tight. Her tits had been the last to shrink and conform to her new size, but they had come down to a comfortable DD. After hauling around her previous pair, they were a godsend.

They even had some perk to them! It was a foreign feeling after an entire life with large, saggy bags hanging from her chest. Best of all, she felt like she could move freely and more flexibly. She felt so light!

In a bit of a surprise, Daria's extremely swollen pussy remained as fat as it had started. Just like Jen, her two holes had been left wide open and empty. Unlike Jen, Daria's mound stood out pronounced from her crotch, still very red and swollen. The skin looked tight and rubbery. Just looking at it made her bite her lip.

This was the first time that Daria had ever experienced feeling empty. Her size had always been so restrictive. As a result, her self-love routine mostly consisted of rubbing the fat mound encircling her folds, holding a vibrator to her

clit, or simply grinding against a pillow. The possibilities were starting to flow, as was a fresh batch of her juices.

Level Up

Scott snatched the dildo from Jen and gave it another close look. It was definitely bigger than when he handed it to Jen. It made him quite nervous again. He'd never had anything up his backside before, let alone something so enormous. Looking it over, he wasn't sure how he was ever supposed to take such a thing. Jen could see the fear in Scott's eyes, despite his attempts to mask it and look confident.

"Here, let me help", said Jen, finally breaking away from Daria to climb off the table. She had to get up slowly at first, adjusting to her new frame and weight distribution. For the first time, everyone in the room got a good look at her perfect, teardrop breasts.

Even Danny was impressed. He was even more impressed with the fact that Scott seemed so willing to take on the large toy. He was sure that Scott would be the one to chicken out. Maybe he could help here.

"Hang on!", he shouted. Up until then, Danny had been content watching Laser ream Ryan's ass. "May I?", he asked Scott, quickly making his way over.

"Um, I guess. . .", replied Scott. He knew Danny was gay, but had never considered anything sexually with him. Scott liked to keep an open mind, and trusted his friend. Besides, Danny was surely more experienced with penetrating someone's ass than he was. With little real-world experience in sex at this point in his life, it all felt a bit uncomfortable for Scott.

"I'm gonna help, too.", said Jen, licking her lips. She finished climbing down from the table and got on her knees. She slid herself backward underneath the lip of the table. Her lovely breasts swung slightly as she leaned out and looked up at Scott. "Bend over the table," she instructed.

With her new, amazing frame, tanned skin, and smeared makeup, crouched beneath him, Jen looked like she was playing some kind of slutty office game -- hiding under a desk, waiting to dole out oral favors.

Nerves calming with help from the magic, Scott complied. He positioned himself directly in front of her, and tried to mentally prepare himself for what was next. Instead of thinking about the dildo, he was going to try and think of Jen's pouty lips wrapping around his cock. He didn't have to imagine very hard, because Jen began licking the tip of his short, thick manhood.

When she took the head into her mouth, Danny made first contact with Scott's hole. Instead of slamming the monster toy into him like Scott was expecting, Danny graciously started with a few fingers to warm him up a little. Scott was surprised to find the feeling enjoyable, so long as he was allowed to ease into it.

The combo of fingers in his ass and Jen teasing his cock helped Scott forget his worries. This wasn't so bad. In fact, it was quite enjoyable. He watched Laser giving it to Ryan at the far end of the table. He was impressed with Laser's staying power. They had found a rhythm, and neither looked ready to quit.

With Jen literally off the table, Daria was looking to put her new curves to some use. She rolled over to her hands and knees, feeling how her body didn't weigh her down like it used to. Her tits might still be considered heavy, hanging freely below her, but it was nothing at all compared to before.

She felt a new, sexy confidence as she crawled sultrily across the table toward Ryan. She found Ryan's inflated look odd but appealing, and wanted to see it up close.

Scott watched hungrily as Daria's curvaceous body swayed and slunk across the table. He had a great view of her over-sized pussy. It stuck out behind her, squeezed between her smooth, shapely thighs. It was still very shiny from her

wetness. After being fucked so well with Jen's fist, the swollen lips hadn't yet closed in completely, either, leaving a resting gape.

Ryan's face lie flat against the table, her huge tits helping to prop up her midsection. "Put her on her side here.", Daria ordered Laser. She helped Laser guide Ryan to where she wanted. Laser laid down behind Ryan and resumed pumping their dick between the beautiful ass in front of him.

Ryan's face had marks from being against the table so long. She responded to the shift sluggishly, like she was being awoken from a pleasant dream. When Daria's pointed nipple found her soft lips, she seemed to gain some energy. Her lips locked down as her tongue gave the nipple a lashing.

They had faced her away from everyone else, lying on her side near the round edge of the table. This left Ryan's large, fake-looking tits stacked vertically for Daria to tease while Ryan suckled Daria's own, newly reformed bust. Daria's skin sensitivity felt like it had increased tenfold with the transformation.

Daria was no stranger to group sex, but it had always been with other large lesbians. It was fun at the time, but not fun like *this*. A broad smile was now plastered across her face. The world was new. Troubles gone. She was surrounded by incredible friends, sporting an equally incredible, thick full figure. She was giddy with delight.

"Mmmmm. . ." A happy hum emanated from Ryan, content to nurse and be nursed.

Finally, Daria could be intimate with another girl without being ashamed of her own body. Now that she looked like a red-headed knockout with serious curves, she wanted to use every bit of her new-found seductiveness. She felt powerful.

Laser had been enjoying Ryan's backside, but felt a growing unease of feeling unfulfilled. They couldn't believe that they hadn't blown a load yet. It still felt good – no, great. But it wasn't pushing them over the crest of an orgasm. To

them, a lot of the problem had to do with their own brain failing to get fully in the game.

They had watched Jen, Ryan, and Daria go through unbelievable changes. That's what they desired now for themselves more than anything. To be changed. They could justify their need by blaming it on the magic in the air. They would have been lying to themselves. They knew deep down what they wanted. What they needed. Their cock was never going to be satisfying to these women, with their overstretched holes. They made up his mind that they were going to go next.

Scott thought he was doing really well as Danny took his time using one finger at a time to ease open Scott's asshole. He had been gentle, but persistent against Scott's tensing body. Having Jen under the table was helping, but Scott was still a bit nervous, and kept clenching.

Danny didn't mind. He intended to take his time. Since he wasn't going to have another gay partner for this game, he wanted to take advantage while he could. Plus, there was something really hot about taking a straight man's anal virginity. He felt a rush of electricity from how taboo it felt. While he worked his fingers into Scott, he could occasionally feel Jen working her hands and mouth on Scott's prick.

Laser's thrusts slowed as their attention wandered. They pulled out of Ryan and headed for the other group around the table. Ryan took the opportunity to slide over and re-position herself on the table directly in front Scott. Where Ryan had once sported a small cock, was now a very tidy looking pussy.

Scott was bent over the table, close to Ryan's sex. He just stared a moment, his brain torn between the fingers in his ass, the lips around his cock,

and the sexpot now directly in front of his face. Grabbing Scott's head, Ryan guided him to put his tongue into his newly formed, hairless pussy.

The aroma of Ryan's sweat brought Scott back to reality. He reached forward with his left hand and hooked under Ryan's leg for leverage. Then, while keeping his mouth and nose shoved into Ryan's snatch, he stuck the four fingers of his right hand straight into Ryan's loose asshole.

"Excuse me, I wasn't done with you yet!" said Daria, stepping up to stand directly over Ryan's head on the table. Bending down, she pulled Ryan's dainty arms to either side of her, pinning them to the table. First with her hands, then by kneeling over them.

Ryan didn't say a word, but her eyelashes fluttered as Daria sat her swollen, wet pussy onto Ryan's face. She really sat her weight down, grinding Ryan's sweet-looking face into her obscene crotch.

Ryan never wanted this dream to end. She couldn't get enough. Being used for pleasure brought her double the pleasure in return. Scott was gearing up to fist-fuck her ass while eating out her brand new, unused pussy. Ryan's face was practically inside Daria's mound. Her arms were pinned. Her new, giant tits constantly shifting around, reminding her of her plastic bombshell physique.

Waves of orgasm rolled from Ryan's head to toes. Her hips picked up from the table as she arched her back and ground her crotch into Scott's face. Daria lifted herself up a bit to let Ryan grab a gasp of breath. Then she returned to grinding her own needy pussy on Ryan's slimy face.

Daria used one hand to pinch her own nipples, and the other to pinch Ryan's, which stood tall atop her twin globes.

Behind Scott, Laser stood next to Danny. They watched as Danny expertly stretched Scott's virgin hole to be able to take the dildo.

"Would. . .would you mind, uh, helping me next?", Laser stammered.

Laser's neuroses were getting the better of them. They didn't want Danny to think they were gay or anything like that. Not that there would be anything wrong with it if he were. But they weren't. But they had to shove a big dildo up their ass. Did that make them gay? No. Being attracted to men would make him gay, right? But what if he liked it?

Laser needed reassurance from a friend, and all their best friends were right there with them. And they weren't about to NOT see this game through. Besides, if so many gay guys AND so many women enjoyed anal sex, it couldn't be all that bad. They might even enjoy it!

"Sure! No prob.", replied Danny, excited that he was being included. He realized that would mean the last turn was his. Meaning he would have to take the dildo at its largest. A shiver of anticipation ran down his spine.

This had been Danny's plan all along. He was the owner of a pretty large stash of large anal toys. Not that anyone else was aware of that fact. He had never had any good reason to divulge this information to anyone in the Brat Pack. Up until tonight, it had never come up, and he figured it probably never would.

None of the other guys in the group had ever brought up anal outside of talking about porn. Bringing it up with one of the girls just seemed awkward and unnecessary. He was silently sure that of everyone here, he was the best prepared for taking a large toy in his ass.

In fact, he was looking forward to it.

Just thinking about how big it might get, Danny got a little distracted and carried away with Scott. His fingers had been replaced by the rounded head of the dildo. Applying determined, hard pressure to the large cock at Scott's lubed asshole.

Scott was obviously in a bit of pain from the noises he made and how much he squirmed. He was trapped against the table's edge, with his face stuffed into Ryan's tight snatch. Jen held a tight grip around his dick. It was barely long enough to pop out the other side of her hand where she could lick it.

Danny had nearly shoved the cock all the way to the balls. The magic kicked in, and sucked it in the rest of the way. Scott's back arched, pulling away from Ryan. "Aa..aah!", Scott's face snapped from scrunched-up to wide-eyed and mouth agape. Color drained from his already pale cheeks. His cry was cut short when the final push took his breath away.

The wider suppository moved even faster this time down the length of the already large intruder. Scott wasn't even ready for the dildo's full size, but now he was expected to also handle the width of this suppository?

Everything slowed to a crawl as all eyes were on Scott.

Waiting for him to breathe again.

Waiting for a reaction from the wannabe tough guy.

Finally, with a long gasp of air, color began to return to Scott's face.

"Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod. Holy shit. Fuck. Shit."

His mind was paralyzed by shock, but his body reacted quickly with a series of long, hard pushes. It felt like he was trying to shit the dildo back out, but it wasn't going anywhere. Scott didn't understand that an anal orgasm was different from a regular orgasm.

There was too much to process in a short burst of time. Scott's normally analytic brain was being overrun with serotonin and adrenaline. All he could think about was the bright white bliss drowning out the world.

When the suppository began to dissolve within him, the pain subsided. Scott realized it had never actually felt physically uncomfortable. It's width had stretched his anus a fair deal, but it felt like having a good stretch. Since Scott wasn't very physically active, he didn't stretch very often – but that was the closest feeling he knew to compare with the feeling in his ass.

It was filling; no doubt about it. But he found something almost comforting about it. Holding still, with a pole up his ass, it added to the floating, peaceful sensation that had come over him.

Jen, only able to listen from under the table, had resumed sucking Scott's short dick as soon as he had started breathing again. There wasn't enough cock to hold and suck at the same time, so both hands were busy groping her heavy chest.

Jen's eyes bulged when she noticed Scott's scrotum expanding. Her pussy throbbed when she heard a gurgling within. She could hear the churning cum filling up his growing sac. It had her all sorts of hot and bothered.

Her hands moved to fondle and trace lines on the gurgling pouch. It finally stopped growing at about the size of a softball. Lifting up gently from below, Jen could feel the weight of the liquid inside. She ground her thighs together and felt her own liquid lubricate her thighs.

She redoubled her head bobbing. "Mm mm mm mm", Jen moaned. The volume echoed her rhythm, getting louder each time she pulled away, and muted when she touched her nose to Scott's groin.

"Mm mm mm MMM!!!"

Scott's cock was completely inside Jen's mouth when it began to grow. She had to cough and give up trying to swallow it when it got too big for her small mouth.

What Jen couldn't see above the table was how Scott had been transformed into a muscly stud. His body size hadn't changed much. But he no longer looked like he had an ounce of fat on his solid build. His jawline had sharpened up a bit, as had his brow line.

His cock had stopped at close to twice his usual size, and remained rock hard. Now it was pinned against the underside of the table he was bent over.

As with the others, Scott's post-change orgasm caused the dildo to eject from his abused asshole. Danny nearly fell over when it shot back and hit him in

the chest. It had to be nearly a foot long, approaching the thickness of a soda can.

Too Far?

“...Ho. Lee. Shit.”, said Laser, snagging the massive toy from Danny. Holding its weight, they were now officially terrified. Secretly, they had done a little bit of anal experimenting from time to time, but this was waaay out of their league. For a moment, they considered backing out.

Before they could make a decision, Scott turned and was lifting Laser right off the ground. Laser was placed on their back at the edge of the table, legs hanging down. To their right was Ryan's writhing body, with Daria still knelt over her face.

Daria was in her own world like Ryan had been earlier. She obviously wasn't interested in what the guys were doing. The squish and slosh of Ryan's face all over her puffed-up labia was like music to her ears. Her mound showed no signs of any of the swelling going down. Her pussy was permanently stuck out from her body.

She grabbed the top of the swelled area and could feel that her clit had grown to the point she could almost put her hand around it, if she pulled the hood back. That took too much effort, since she couldn't see around her tits. Instead she settled on pinching the whole top of the swelled area and vigorously shaking it back and forth.

Ryan's hair was soaked through with sweat and Daria's copious fluids. She was pleased that her tongue wasn't tiring out. She had swallowed a lot of cum, but most of it wound up sliding down off her face and into her hair.

Laser could smell the sex in the room much clearer lying down on the table. The aroma was pungent but somewhat sweet. When Scott had manhandled

them and laid them on the table, their gut reaction was to tense up and be ready for a fight. Something about that heady smell made them want to mellow out and let go. Just go with it.

Daria finally pulled herself away from her saddle to take a break and maybe help out a little. She was starting to feel selfish. Walking came with a new sensation, squeezing her mound unless she wanted to walk bow-legged. Coming around next to Scott, she lifted Laser's legs into a 'V'.

Up on the table, Ryan looked like she had just finished being the cum-bucket of a bukkake party. She was soaked from her shoulders up. Without a word, she rolled over to Laser and presented a thick, juicy looking nipple. Wetness dripped from Ryan's hair and face. She looked quite content.

Laser latched right on to Ryan's offering. Their ass was already being stretched by the toy, but they didn't want to think about it. Trying to focus on anything else, he sucked, twisted, and bit Ryan's rubbery nipple in an attempt to distract himself. Ryan loved every second of it.

There was a steady pressure against Laser's ass. It felt far too big for there to be any way it could possibly fit. Yet, as the moments passed, there seemed to be some progress.

Pulling away from Laser's hole for a second, Danny whipped around and raked the length of the cock across Daria's sopping cunt. The contact made her legs wobble, but she didn't fall down.

Danny was too worked up now to go as easy on Laser as he had initially intended. He had just fucked Scott in the ass with a big dildo and watched him morph into a hunk. The smell of sex was everywhere. And his balls were aching fiercely. He wanted to get Laser's turn over with so he could take his own.

Laser wasn't exactly a big person. For all they could tell, a stool had been placed against his ass. There was no way in hell that dildo's girth was going to fit through their pelvis, let alone their asshole!

Danny wouldn't have believed what he was seeing if he hadn't just witnessed so many other impossibilities over the last little while. He, Scott, and Daria had front row seats. Laser's hips were widening right before their eyes.

The rounded head of the large dildo began to give a little, and Danny felt his weight shift forward a bit with movement as Laser's hole gave way to the intruder. Laser could no longer concentrate on teasing Ryan's tits because everything else had been blocked out by the feeling of an enormous. . .*thing*. Spreading him open and filling him up. It was painful, and yet. . .not?

A light bulb shone in Laser's head, and it dawned on them that they really wanted it. They were enjoying the pain of the spreading. They felt energized. Laser pulled their legs from Daria's grasp and reached them back to hook their ankles around Danny's sides.

Looking directly into Danny's eyes, Laser pulled their legs tighter around Danny, forcing him closer. This also meant that Danny was pressing the dildo further forward into Laser's ass.

Danny couldn't believe it. Laser wanted this. And by the fire in his eyes, he wanted it bad. Placing the base of the dildo against himself just above his own dick, Danny's hands were freed to grab Laser's widened hips.

Laser held eye contact with Danny all the way up until they felt the dildo's balls touch their ass cheeks. They had to close their eyes at that point, for the pain was exquisite. His legs went limp and dropped from gripping Danny.

Laser never even felt the suppository moving through the shaft.

Everything had gone numb.

All activity in the room stopped as everyone worried about Laser's stillness.

Uno!

Daria watched Laser with curiosity. Their hips looked decidedly feminine now. She wasn't at all interested in their cock, but seeing such a massive toy embedded in a nice, curvy ass was enough to keep the juices running down her legs. Absentmindedly, she fondled her new, perky tits.

She *loved* her new figure. And maybe it was part of the game's magic, but she found herself wanting more. The game hadn't even *begun* yet, and look how extreme everyone already had become. A nervous, but sly smile graced her face as she drifted in a daydream of possibilities.

“Gaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!”

Laser's bellow shattered the silence and made Ryan jump clear back from him. Danny backed up quickly, expecting the dildo to slide out during the inevitable orgasm.

When the suppository began to dissolve, Laser did their best to clear their mind of any other thoughts. This seemed like a once-in-a-lifetime shot at living out a fantasy, and they didn't want to squander it.

Laser's body was racked by three consecutive waves of pleasure as his form underwent its changes. With each burst, everything altered a little bit further toward his “starting” form.

“Ugh!”

B-cup breasts popped out from his chest. Their features were softening to a more feminine lean.

“Agh!”

Their 7-inch dick grew to 9 inches. Their face contorted.

“Oooohhhhhh!”

The timbre of their exclamations rose an octave. Their breasts had grown to be about as large as Daria's, but they were topped with nipples fatter and longer than anyone had ever seen on another person.

Jen, who had remained on the ground for a unique perspective, reached up and lifted his normal-sized ballsac up from resting against the base of the dildo still lodged fully inside him. “No pussy? Huh. Didn't see that coming.”, Jen said.

Finally, and somewhat reticently, Laser let the dildo slide from their rounded, shapely ass. The friction against their asshole sent them into their first full orgasm. Ryan returned and straddled Laser's midsection. She pinched and tweaked Laser's long nipples for extra sensation, getting off on causing her friends pleasure.

Regaining some composure with a few deep breaths, Laser saw that all eyes had turned toward Danny. Standing on the ground in front of him was a black dildo that could have been used as a traffic cone.

It didn't seem to have grown any longer this time, but instead had flared in width, forming a more conical shape. The big, flared head still topped the toy, shining with lube.

“Whoa, Danny.”, remarked Jen, sidling up next to the monster toy.

He expected her to follow with an admonition of some sort. Instead, she followed with, “Now I wish I had gone last.”, making a pouty face.

“Here, do it on the table, like Ryan did.” said Scott, hoisting the heavy toy onto the hardwood. Ryan's eyes twinkled as she nodded her approval of the idea. “Whoa is right!” remarked Scott when he felt the heft of the toy.

Danny had always felt a little on the outside of the Brat Pack because of his sexuality. Now he was surrounded with naked, overtly sexualized versions of his friends, about to sit on the largest thing he had ever even considered putting in his ass. He would have been lying if he claimed that he wasn't nervous.

Trusting that the magic would keep him safe, Danny climbed atop the table and exhaled as he stepped up to the dildo, eyes never leaving it. Dipping down, he scooped a handful of Daria's wetness from the table, and slapped it into his ass-crack.

“You can never have too much lube.”, he stated, which got a chuckle from a few of the group.

Jen, Scott, and Daria had all taken seats at the table again to watch. The air hung heavy with sweat and pheromones. Nobody had anything to say. Most were jealous of Danny, having experienced the magical cock themselves. At this point they all needed more, and were anxious to get the game started properly.

There was a constant shifting around the table. After all, they all had recently distended assholes which were now pretty sensitive.

Laser signaled to Ryan to get up, then led Ryan around the table a bit. They instructed her to bend over the table, and leaned down in unison. “Now I can fuck you properly, while we both watch the show,” they whispered in her ear. Lining their newly-expanded dick with Ryan's plump backside, they took aim.

Laser waited for Danny to start sitting on the dildo before sticking their cock into Ryan's ass once more. They wanted to match Danny's movement, filling Ryan at the same pace that Danny was being filled by the toy. Ryan began to fidget, waiting for Laser's penetration.

Daria watched Danny get the head of the cock past his sphincter. Her right hand grabbed her big, swollen pussy between thumb and fore-finger, furiously trying to get off. No matter how close to release she seemed, nothing was making it crest anymore.

Looking at the dildo reminded her of how full it had made her feel. She wanted to feel full again. Another puddle was forming in Daria's new chair. She was used to sitting in wetness by now, and it didn't seem to be causing any problem. Shame was a feeling she *used* to know. The new Daria was proud as a peacock be about her sexiness.

Last Man Sitting

Jen had the four fingers of her left hand hooked into her sloppy pussy. Her other hand roamed her body. She stuck a couple fingers in her mouth, pinched her nipples, scratched her nails down her thighs. She had already figured out that she wasn't going to get off without the game, so she had settled in for edging and the long game.

Scott wasn't all that interested in watching a dude fuck himself with a toy. He swiveled his chair so he could prop his right leg on the table. He stroked his cock, now a solid 10 inches and quite thick. Watching Daria and Jen masturbating was plenty to keep him rock hard.

Rocking his hips at the edge of the chair, Scott realized he could feel his large balls swinging back and forth. Their weight caused a nice sloshing feeling, back and forth. If he timed it right, they swung a smooth, pendulous arc. No sharp jostles, just a smooth, steady pull on his scrotum.

By the time Scott looked up from his scrotal reverie, Danny had somehow managed to fit half of the toy up inside of himself. His hips were flaring as Laser's had, to help accommodate the monster. Danny had closed his eyes. He was letting his body weight pull him gradually down onto to the dildo, relishing the stretching feeling permeating his lower half.

Danny knew just how big of a toy he could take normally before it wouldn't fit past his pelvis. This was much larger, which meant it would be the biggest toy he'd ever fit. It was a badge of honor, albeit one he wouldn't be able to boast about openly. He was proud of being able to conquer big challenges.

This felt even better than usual. Everyone around the table had, somewhat unwittingly, shared their deepest fantasies in the most outward way possible – and they were all loving it. Danny may have been sitting on top of a novelty-size flared dildo in the center of the round table in his game room, but he felt like he was on top of the world. Hokey as the thought was, this game made it feel like there were no boundaries. He could really open up and be himself in front of his friends.

One hundred percent of himself. Not ninety-eight. Not ninety-nine.

A bit of drool formed at the edge of Danny's stupid smile.

"Ho. Lee. Shit.", said Laser. Danny opened his eyes and looked down. He didn't want to try bending his torso too much with such a lengthy object inside. Against all odds, he was almost sat flat on the table. All he could see of the toy were the two fake balls sticking out, and the bulge it formed in his belly.

He didn't have any time to further survey his state, however, because he felt the movement of the suppository within. With such a wide path created for the suppository, it moved and finished its job very quickly.

The only immediately obvious change to Danny, aside from his widened hips, was a bigger cock. Well, not just a bigger cock. An unexpectedly large appendage. Had its head been shaped differently, it would have looked like it belonged to a horse. Eyebrows raised around the table as it grew in front of them without getting hard. It was flaccid and still huge.

His acne cleared away, and his muscles bulked up a little, but nothing drastic. Apparently, Danny was fairly secure in the way he looked on the outside. All he wanted was to speak softly and carry a big dick.

As his complementary transformation orgasm hit, he felt the dildo's size retreating. It was a strange feeling to have something so massive then deflate within him. Before it was even done shrinking, his wide-open ass swallowed up the base and landed him flat on the table. This caused one more wave of spasms to kick through him. As the orgasms subsided, Danny rolled sideways to lay on the table and let the dildo flop from his wide ass onto the table.

A calm settled over the room for the first time since they had gotten home from the mall and opened the box. Outside of their turn with the dildo, nobody had been able to get themselves off. Not that it had stopped a single one of them rubbing their hands all over their new bodies and trying their best to hit that crest.

Jen once again took the reigns of the Brat Pack. "Okay. Now that everyone has had their suppository, the game can start!"

Laughs erupted from all at the table. "Pssh! You mean we weren't even playing the game yet?" shot back Scott with wide eyes.

Jen got up and found the instruction booklet on the table. It was a bit wet, but still readable. "Play starts once the last player has received a suppository.", continuing, "The modified player must then use their modification in some way to give another player an orgasm (also helped by the game). The orgasming player is now 'IT' and will have a new modification made to themselves, bringing them one step closer to their most sexual self."

"Most sexual self?", said Daria. "How much further can this really go?", she mused, trying to decide if she was more nervous or excited.

Laser had extricated himself from Ryan in order to better listen. "So we have no way of knowing what kind of transformations we're going to get?", looking a little flush in the face.

Jen kept reading: "Uh, Modifications may be small or large, depending on the willingness of the player to release their inhibitions. The game will attempt to help players along who have difficulty sharing. If needed, the game will encourage the lowering of inhibitions."

"Nobody expects the Spanish Inhibition!", stated Scott, sweeping a hand around the room and chuckling. "Shut up.", said Daria, rolling her eyes.

"Alright, Danny. Looks like you're up.", Scott said, still thinking his joke was pretty funny. Who cares if anyone else did?

A nervous tension suddenly filled the air as everyone realized that Danny was the only gay man in the room. Would one of the other guys allow him to bring them to orgasm? Was he comfortable enough with the girls to try something with one of them?

Feeling a new spring of energy well up within him, Danny was swift and confident in his decision. "Laser, come stick that fat cock in my empty asshole." Having had an unspoken conversation with Laser's eyes during his descent onto the toy, Danny was sure that Laser would comply.

Laser looked around the room a bit sheepishly as they stepped up once more onto the table. Would everyone see them differently, now? They were scared for their reputation, but they were also driven wild by the sight of Danny's gaping hole. Danny got onto hands and knees in the center of the table, the way Jen had at the beginning of the night.

Danny scooped another handful of Daria's love juices from the table and slathered it around his reddened ass. He could feel just how much bigger his bottom had become. It wasn't the size of his butt that turned him on so much as knowing that he could now take even the biggest toys.

Having wider hips wasn't something he had thought about wanting up until feeling the width of that dildo spreading him further than he had ever gone. Now it just seemed the natural thing to do. He wanted to experiment and to see how much he could take. What an opportunity!

Watching Laser mount Danny gave Scott an unexpected twinge of jealousy. Scott's cock was bigger than Laser's. Obviously Danny was into *bigger*. Why didn't Danny want *him* to fill him up?

Without a word, Scott hopped up on the table and moved for Danny's head. Daria and Jen looked puzzled at each other, then across to Ryan, trying to figure out what Scott was up to.

"Don't you want this big dick, too?", said Scott, lifting Danny's chin. Scott plopped his muscular self down to be sitting so that his large nutsack was just under Danny's head, which was bobbing back and forth from the force of Laser's thrusts. Scott's cock reached 9 inches straight up. Danny went cross-eyed looking up it's length.

Danny grunted as Laser picked up his pace. Looking Scott in the eye, Danny opened his mouth. Everyone else was mesmerized by the bouncing horse cock beneath Danny. It was a sight to behold. A tattooed, busty tranny was going to town on his asshole, and a body-building redhead jock was essentially face-fucking him at the other end.

Ryan's new pussy throbbed at the sight of Danny being made into Chinese finger-cuffs. She couldn't wait to have a turn at some more group sex. She absolutely loved being fucked silly.

Stolen Turn

Laser's thrusts were becoming more frantic. Their new tits flopped about, topped by their extreme nipples. They wanted to cum. But they were also worried about what else might lie in the deep recesses of their fantasies. What thoughts this game's magic might reveal. Those thoughts were intrusive enough that they couldn't seem to get to a release.

The harder Laser pounded into Danny's ass, the more of Scott's cock was forced into Danny's throat. It seemed the transformation had rendered his gag reflex inert, and his throat opened enough to swallow Scott's thick meat.

Danny soon set his sights on pressing his face to the very base of Scott's nine inches. Gurgling and moaning, his eyes watered a bit. It took some effort, pushing such a thick rod into his inexperienced throat. The magic did what it does, and molded his body to accept the entire cock. He was just about there when Scott stopped moving briefly.

"Oh my god.", said Scott, somewhat quietly. Scott's eyes grew wide. Grabbing Danny's head firmly by either side, Scott then bucked his hips in orgasm. His remaining length was rammed into Danny's mouth. Scott's heavy balls swung up and hit Danny on the underside of his chin. Scott held him tightly there as he came and came. Danny's nose was flat against Scott's musky skin.

The feeling of warm cum shooting directly into his throat was a new sensation for Danny. Thick jets of liquid kept streaming from the end of Scott's cock, powered by his softball-sized scrotum.

The lack of oxygen was making Danny light-headed, but everything came back into focus when his own orgasm finally hit him. His enormous, stiff horse-cock laid between his body and the table. When he came, his load covered his own chin, Scott's balls, and the chair behind Scott.

“Phlegh!”, Danny blurted when Scott removed his softening member from Danny's throat. Piles of cum plopped sloppily from his mouth to the table below. He felt a different fullness from before. The copious amounts of Scott's cum had filled his stomach.

“Ah, what the hell, Scott!”, came the cry from Laser, who had pulled out of Danny's ass. “I was supposed to be next!”

Scott felt a warmth at his crotch and looked down to see his balls, covered in Danny's cum, expand again to twice their previous size. Danny could hear the rushing liquid of Scott's growing scrotum as it filled with even more cum. Danny licked his cum-soaked lips. He was full to the brim, but still wanted more.

Scott's cock also grew another inch and became covered in thick, pulsing veins.

The magic did it's work not only on his body, but also his mind. Lowering his walls. Scott had never even considered himself gay or even bisexual. He'd never really tried to look at a guy for his sexiness. Considering he had just shot his load into another man's mouth, and finding Danny's cum on his balls to be quite a turn-on, there was no sense to him now in holding back.

Fondling his cum-drenched balls, Scott offered them to Laser. “Your turn it is then. Come and get it.”

Daria turned to Jen. “Ohmigod I can't wait for my turn. This is SO fucking hot.” Jen could barely pay attention. She had ridden the edge of an orgasm for

so long that she was getting tunnel-vision. The world sounded far away. She stared at Danny's and Scott's giant cocks and bit her lip.

Scott slid off the table and patted the edge, instructing Laser on where to sit. "Ryan, get over here.", he said, beckoning the Korean sex toy to join.

Laser sat at the edge of the table and laid backward, legs high. Scott positioned Ryan to set her neat little vagina on Laser's face, facing away from Scott. Scott then moved into place, with Laser's ankles resting on his shoulders, cock aimed at Laser's asshole. He didn't really care to watch Laser's own dick bounce about. He wouldn't have to, though. Scott had set up a great view of Ryan's ass and Laser's tits. He couldn't even see Laser's face between the succulent globes of ass and titties in front of him.

This was going to be fun.

Scott didn't really understand why Laser would fantasize about having a dick *and* big tits at the same time. Then again, Scott had never found himself attracted to androgyny, so perhaps it just wasn't his thing.

Why did he feel he had to understand it? Was it important that he be able to see from that point of view, or merely acknowledge that it's a valid point of view? After all, everyone's got their own tastes, even while everyone shares the same general feelings of desire. It was the same for lots of things to which people are attracted. Music. Politics. Sexual desires.

What started as confusion and a need to answer the question melted into a new and proud acceptance of his friend's look. He wasn't Laser and never would be. He may not feel the same way about having male and female sex organs, but he wasn't Laser, so he couldn't know the underlying desires. If that's what got Laser off, good for them.

Since Laser had been one of the last to take his suppository, Scott didn't have much trouble squeezing his fat cock into Laser's stretched hole. In a few strokes, he was bottoming out.

As he started moving in and out, he became acutely aware of how big and heavy his balls had grown. They were quite the pendulum, thumping up against the table with each thrust. He found the audible *thunk* arousing. At this rate, he wasn't going to be able to last very long.

Reaching around Laser's legs, Scott grabbed each of Laser's long, thick nipples in each hand. Pulling them toward himself with a crushing grip, he began to rut like an animal in heat.

Laser growled in satisfaction at Scott's rough handling of his tits, eyes rolling back in his head. Completely blind to anything but Ryan's sweet cunt riding their face, while being pumped mercilessly full of Scott's behemoth cock. Laser's body warmth gathered at their core as the cool prickles of numbness slithered up their limbs.

Ryan was using one hand to prop herself up over Laser's greedy ministrations, and the other to feel her expanded body. She locked eyes with Daria for the first time since this all began. She, the stalwart of the group with the a poor body image, was being overwhelmed with lust the same way everyone else.

“Grrrraaaahhhh!”, Scott bellowed as he plowed his full length into Laser's ass and held it there. Laser felt each powerful burst of liquid as Scott emptied his gigantic balls into Laser's abdomen. It just kept coming. Shot after shot spewed thick, ropy cum deep inside their bowels.

The thought of having so much cum inside was intoxicating. Feeling the growing pressure finally pushed Laser over the edge.

A tingle began around their taint.

“Hrrrrnnn!” Laser growled, long and steady.

Scott had clamped his big paws down around either nipple. The star that was Laser's warmth collapsed with a sharp inhale. It was ready to go supernova.

Scott remained fully within Laser throughout his lengthy climax. He had never cum for so long, and it kept flowing, albeit in smaller and smaller waves. Looking down, catching his breath, he was surprised that no cum had squirted back out onto himself.

While Scott pondered this, he watched with fascination as Laser's scrotum pull up and into their body. The depression it caused formed into a pink flower. Laser now had both a penis and vagina, with no balls in between. Scott had to admit he found it sexy. He didn't have more than a second to admire it, though. Laser's orgasm tore through his body in convulsions, squeezing and pushing Scott out, forcing him to back up.

Ryan removed herself from Laser's sopping face to have a better view. Jen had moved her chair closer, as well. Danny had once again removed himself to be a voyeur for a few minutes. His new appendage made him feel powerful, and he wanted to stroke its thickness and feel its weight a while.

Tongue Tied

"Get out of the way!" Daria had moved closer to the group, and was pulling Scott away from the edge of the table. She had seen Laser grow a new pussy, and she was determined to be the first to taste it. She wasted no time diving in. Daria wasn't exactly sure how she could manage to get herself off with it for the sake of the game, but she was sure going to try. She was ready for her next erotic transformation.

Laser's vagina wasn't producing copious amounts of fluids, but none of the others could have known that, given that Daria's mouth was slathering it with so much saliva. She gave a ravenous, wet, sloppy performance without regard for anything or anyone else. The scent of Laser's pheromones drew her thoughts far

away from everyone else in the room. Her head was swimming with erotic images.

Laser sat up on her elbows to watch herself get eaten out. She found that she began referring to herself as female within her own head, the same that she hadn't needed to adjust to Ryan's gender switch. Now that she had a pussy, she was a chick with a dick, not just a dude with boobs.

Laser locked her ankles together over Daria's back and closed her smooth thighs around Daria's ears. She stroked her own cock slowly while grinding her pelvis into Daria's hungry mouth. Daria, lost in a cavernous silence, felt the reverberations of her own moans through Laser's thighs.

The game helped things along slightly by pushing Daria into an orgasm, despite the fact that she was giving and not receiving. A thick glob of juices slid from her swollen labia, squeezed out with the quivering of her legs.

Daria's love life had been non-existent for some time. She was so self-conscious about her weight and her (previously) oversized boobs, that she never made love a priority. She settled for taking a day every week for herself. Shutting off her phone, she would pull up some lesbian porn and rub her fat pussy for as long as she could muster.

When she came while eating out Laser, it didn't stop her tongue from darting in and around the pussy in front of her. If anything, she redoubled her efforts, mashing her entire mouth against Laser's crotch.

Laser felt something thicker moving into her brand new pussy. She figured it was about time Daria started using some fingers. The pressure kept moving deeper inward, though, beyond what she anticipated.

The intruder wiggled wildly and jerked in and out at a fantastic pace. It wasn't long before Laser's cunt clamped down and sent her into another spastic orgasm.

Daria pulled away when Laser's thighs finally loosened, but she remained unexpectedly attached. Her tongue was still buried in pink, swollen snatch, despite pulling her face away a few inches. That's when she figured out what her transformation had been. In a single 'thwip!', she recoiled her new tongue, a bit surprised at how easily she could manipulate it.

“Jen! Jen! Lay down in the middle of the table, you slut!”, snapped Daria suddenly. The abruptness of her bark snapped everybody back to attention.

Jen's eyes lit up again as she scrambled across the slick, wet table to get into position. She laid down and readied herself, with a buzz of anticipation.

Daria was right on top of her, sliding into home between Jen's lifted legs. Her long tongue slithered out for all to see and was met with a gasp and a couple “Ooh”s. There must have been a foot of prehensile tongue waving about.

Daria slapped it roughly against Jen's clit. Jen jumped from the suddenness of the sting, but the rush of blood that flowed to the area overrode the pain with equal pleasure. Daria repeated the tongue-whipping, watching devilishly for Jen's reactions. She toyed with the edge of Jen's orgasm by giving her just enough to ride the height of her wave, without letting her cum.

While Daria's talented tongue thrashed and wriggled, Jen fought just to stay conscious. She had gone the longest without cumming so far, having been mostly on the sidelines since being the first to take the magic dildo. She needed this orgasm. She wasn't going to let herself black out before experiencing her climax. Not that the game would allow a participant to actually pass out. What kind of fun would that be?

Turning her head to find Ryan, Jen noted that Ryan had taken the dildo second, just after her, but also hadn't had a turn yet. Ryan was off in la-la-land, feeling up her fake tits and pawing her gash.

Jen always felt like she had the personality and confidence to be a sexy woman, but always lacked the body. Now that she had curves, the world would

be hers. Imagining herself with even bigger, juicier tits, she mashed them together. Groping with her entire hand on each nipple, she gripped and slowly tugged them up and away from herself, seeing how far they could pull from her body.

Her breath caught and silence enveloped her briefly. A solitary 'thud' of her heartbeat echoed through her body, breaking the wave of release in a wash of pleasure.

Daria was entranced at the sight of Jen's tits growing even more. She had hated her own big tits, yet was always attracted to large breasts on other women. Full, nicely-shaped breasts were a huge turn-on. Especially if they showed their weight but didn't sag. She hated the way hers used to sag. Jen's weren't saggy. They looked natural. Even if they were now too big for her frame. She was looking more and more like a big tit porn model.

Jen's tits settled partly in her armpits when her arched back settled on the cum-soaked table. Feeling their weight in the afterglow of her orgasm made her giggle and scrunch her shoulders, embarrassed at how much she was enjoying all of this.

"Mmmmm. . .", muttered Jen, as the waves eventually subsided. "Where's Ryan?"

At the mention of her name, Ryan's attention snapped toward Jen from across the table. She still held a nipple in one hand, the other hand idly fingering herself. She was practically trembling with anticipation and lust.

"You're going to have to get off with Jen's tits if you want to be IT!", Scott said to Ryan, all the while admiring Jen's new, all-natural-looking assets. He had already stolen Laser's turn, so he figured he needed to cool it and let everyone have a go.

Ryan shuffled over on the table and knelt with her jugs hanging over Jen's face. Jen wanted to reach up and latch on to a nipple, but first she wanted to

know what Ryan had in mind. She laid still. First, Ryan rolled her shoulders slowly, causing her underboob to undulate close enough to feel Jen's hot breath.

Lowering herself millimeter by millimeter, as Edgar Allen Poe's famous pendulum once did, Ryan continued to build a great deal of anticipation in the both of them. When her nipple finally grazed Jen's mouth, Ryan pressed down.

Jen took the hint and went to work fervently licking, sucking, and nipping at Ryan's unbelievable tits. Hers were probably as big now, but with a more natural teardrop shape. Ryan, it seemed, preferred the "high & tight" fake variety.

It was like a breast 69, both women gnashing and being rough on the other's boobs. Jen was in heaven with the feelings coming from her new, massive rack. With Ryan working her over left, right, and cleavage, her sensitive tits gave her her first ever tits-only orgasm. It was a bit strange to her because it didn't originate in her groin, but as it flooded through her, the spasms caused her to bite down hard on Ryan's nipple.

Ryan was already worked up. The sudden shock of pain from the bite, combined with seeing the pleasure she was able to bring Jen, caused her own powerful orgasm. The usually silent Ryan was briefly the loudest in the room. Her shrill screams of joy were interspersed with moments of trying to catch her breath.

Coming around from her post-orgasmic haze, Ryan recalled that she was in for a transformation of some sort. She wasn't sure what could possibly be in store. As far as she was concerned, she already had her dream body. A petite fuckdoll, ready to be used and abused.

"Whoa! What's happening to her skin?", said Danny, moving closer again to the table.

"She's just sweaty.", said Daria from the other end.

"Uh, I don't think so.", replied Laser, now lying on her side, head propped by her right elbow. Her other arm was reached around so she could play with her new pussy from the rear.

Danny was right. There was something different about Ryan's skin tone. It took on a sheen that made her look plastic. Not just an enhanced beauty, but made from actual plastic. She was still moving around normally, but looked like a literal sex doll.

"Is that what you wanted?", asked Scott, incredulous at the sight.

Ryan shook her head emphatically in agreement. It hadn't been something that she'd considered before, but anything that made her easier to be used for pleasure sounded fantastic to the plastic doll.

Scott caught Laser's eye. Laser looked as though she had an idea.

Rolling off the table, Laser noticed that her expanded ass now felt like it had sloshing liquid inside. She could feel it shift with every movement. She wound up next to the edge of the table, next to Scott's hulking frame.

Laser beckoned Ryan over. "So you want to be a fucktoy, eh? You want to be used? Come here." Placing a hand on Scott's shoulder, Laser said "Pick her up and sit her down on that big cock of yours, Scott."

Scott was good at following orders and did as he was told. Ryan seemed to weigh almost nothing now. Scott wasn't sure if it was his own strength, or her new-found plasticity. Either way, he had no problems whatsoever lifting and impaling the love doll's ass right to the hilt in one go. His meaty hands grasped around her small waist. There he held her, letting her feel his warm girth fully inside.

Ryan moaned a gracious approval.

Laser then guided Scott to turn toward her and she positioned the head of her own cock at Ryan's pussy. The tight little hole hadn't been penetrated yet. This was going to be one hell of a cherry-popper.

Laser pinched both of Ryan's nipples and pulled down on them as she drove her cock halfway into Ryan's cunt. She would have gone further, but Scott's height meant that his crotch was much further off the ground.

Laser and Scott built up a rhythm, sliding their cocks in and out, squeezing each others meat with their girth.

Ryan was in heaven. Nothing else mattered but the feeling of being full and fucked. She didn't have to think about anything but pleasure. There were no day-to-day worries and anxieties. No people to deal with. No bills to pay. No health troubles. Nowhere to be.

"That's so fucking hot.", said Jen, watching Ryan get railed. She moved next to Daria and reached a hand down to grab Daria's swollen lips. Daria gasped, then moaned in thanks. Her hand returned the favor, reaching over to cup Jen's mound.

Laser was first to blow this time.

When his muscles contracted in orgasm, a unique feeling came over him. The liquid he had felt in his ass cheeks was his sperm! His balls had retracted to make room for a vagina, and cum production had moved into his expanded ass.

Load after load of spunk blasted from Laser's cock. The pulsations caused Scott to go over the edge and empty his load also. Ryan was caught between two hoses, being filled with glorious cum. His stomach ballooned out to make room for all of the liquid. When Scott and Laser had finished, Ryan looked like a 9-month pregnant Asian hooker with huge, fake tits.

Scott lifted her off both cocks and laid her gently on the table. She definitely weighed more full of cum than when he first lifted her up. Gobs of cum were flowing from both of her open holes, and a thick puddle had formed where they had been standing.

Laser felt the magic take hold once again. She groped at her chest. It felt tight.

"Hrrrrnnnnngggg."

In a matter of moments, her boobs expanded until the bottoms reached her navel. Her big cock fit snugly within the cleavage of her enormous ta-tas. They hung with a natural weight.

Laser's nipples were unusual before, but now seemed even more extreme. Each one was the size of a 7-inch cock. They perched erect and proud atop squishy, puffed out domes of areola, pushing them to jut that much further out from her enormous chest.

“Dude.”, said Scott, standing right next to her.

“Wanna fuck 'em?”, came the retort, as Laser squeezed his arms together to make even more cleavage.

Scott's eyes lit up, but he never even had time to react. Before he could move, Jen was up on the table, hooking her arms under Laser's armpits. Pulling up and backward, Jen pulled Laser up onto the table, lying on her back. Her tits aimed at the sky. They were firm enough to hold most of their shape, but Laser had to keep squeezing them together to keep them from rolling to either side.

“I'll fuck your tits like you've never seen.”, said Jen, straddling one of Laser's tits. The fire was back in her eyes. Meanwhile, Daria was positioning herself between Laser's legs.

Danny approached the table again for a better view. His gigantic horse cock was turning purple from the pressure build-up, and wasn't going to be able to sit on the sidelines for much longer.

Jen held Laser's right nipple and aimed it toward her awaiting cunt. It wasn't as big as the dildo and hand she had previously taken, but its wrinkles and ridges gave it a new texture that felt nice. The extra surface area helped make Laser's nipples that much more sensitive. Small gasps came from her mouth with each drip of Jen's juices that trickled down onto her nipples and across her areola.

She slowly lowered more of her weight onto Laser's tit until neither one had to hold it in place. Jen's weight pinned the mass of titflesh between her

thighs and Laser's chest. Then she leaned forward and hungrily took the left nipple into her mouth like she was sucking a dick.

Danny had a brilliant idea. Hopping up to join, he stepped across Laser's midsection, facing the girls. Reaching backward, he grabbed Laser's cock and slid it into his well-used ass. There had been some time for it to tighten back up, so the fit felt very nice. A little bit of a stretch. Just how he liked it.

His purple, throbbing cock was then shoved into the cleavage between Laser's monstrous boobs, with Jen riding atop. The flared head popped out the other side with just enough length for Laser to get her mouth around it.

Daria didn't want to watch Laser's cock penetrating Danny's asshole right in front of her pussy-eating session, so she decided it was time for another move. Getting up, she moved to Laser's left side. She stood watching a moment as Jen forced the full length of Laser's tit in and out of her throat with impressive eagerness.

Taking a good grip of Jen's hair, Daria took control of Jen's rhythm for a bit. She alternated between a steady pumping and holding Jen down. Jen's pouty lips pressed softly into the puffy areola. All the while she was still trying to make an effort to slither her tongue across as much of the nipple as she could manage.

This went on for a few minutes, the pulsing pile of flesh grunting and grinding on each other. Daria enjoyed being a little rough with Jen. It made her feel powerful.

With a final yank, Daria plucked Jen from her pacifier, and planted a long, wet kiss on her friend. She then positioned her own throbbing mess of a cunt over the tall flesh, pulled apart her sticky lips, and sat down.

Penetration hadn't really been her thing before, but she was beginning to feel like she could get used to it. She continued to hold Jen's head hostage as she rode the nipple and made out with Jen's lush lips.

Jen continued to revel in all of the sexual attention she was receiving from all angles. She let her mind haze over, focusing only on being used and getting off.

Scott was starting to feel a bit left out, so he looked for a spot to join in. He could give Ryan even more cum and expand her belly further, but Ryan looked content and on the verge of a nap, curled up on one side of the table. Next, he considered entering Jen's backside while she rode Laser's tit. But he remembered just how stretched he had already made her poor asshole. After double-penetrating Ryan with Laser, Scott was hoping for a tighter squeeze to shove his cock into.

Daria would freak out at a penis entering her, but he figured Laser was fair game. Scott got up behind Danny, between Laser's legs. He couldn't figure out how he could angle himself in order to really get at Laser's ass or pussy.

The pile of bodies had developed an undulating rhythm, scored with moans and cries of ecstasy.

Scott was really feeling like he needed to put his dick in something. Watching Danny from behind, Scott realized that Danny had made it clear that he liked to be stretched. Sexual boundaries be damned, he thought, and he made up his mind.

Danny's head whipped around quick when he felt something probing at his backside in addition to Laser's dick. He caught eyes with Scott and saw a look of mischievousness. Danny didn't need to use his hands to keep Laser's cleavage wrapped around his cock with Jen and Daria now keeping them firmly squashed around his thick, veiny meat. So he reached backward, took a firm handful of each expanded ass cheek and spread them until he felt the stretch hit its limit.

Danny liked the playful feeling of Scott's giant cock sliding around the rim of his splayed hole. Laser's cock, meanwhile, provided a nice in-out rhythm. Scott's dick, covered in liquids, rubbed tantalizingly back and forth around the hole, probing for a gap to slip past.

After some persistent pressing, the head of Scott's dick eventually worked past Danny's sphincter. Danny was now being double-penetrated in the ass with two very large cocks. Cross that one off the bucket list.

Scott pressed further. Laser had to pause her thrusting, because it had become too tight. With Scott's strength, there was no stopping his advance. He would press in an inch or so then retreat the same amount, and repeat for a while before going another inch further.

Danny let go of his ass cheeks and planted his hand on the table for some leverage to push back. His eyes rolled back in his head as he accepted the best ass-fucking he had ever experienced. "Heavenly" was the word that floated to mind.

"UUUhhhUUUhhhUUUhhh. . .", Danny moaned in sync with Scott's thrusts. Jen probably would have enjoyed watching Danny's face as he was impaled, but Daria once again had shoved Jen's face into her pussy as Daria gyrated on the over-sized tit.

Scott's animalistic tendencies took over as he passed the point of no return. Gripping Danny's hips, he drove harder and faster. The combination of two fat cocks stretching his ass along with Laser's canyon of cleavage around his own dick became too much.

"I'm gonna bloooow!!", Danny yelled through gritted teeth.

Laser had been awash in bliss, not having to contribute much beyond lying on her back for some time. Her eyes shot open at Danny's exclamation. Instantly, she had wrapped her lips around the head of Danny's massive cock, protruding from between her tits. She caught the first mouthful of spunk, but there was far too much for her to swallow it all. Especially while under the weight of the two girls atop her chest.

As he came in torrents, Danny naturally arched his body backward. This caused his giant prick to pop from Laser's mouth and become a fountain, shooting gobs of cum over Jen, Daria, and Laser most of all.

Scott stopped pumping while Danny came, and leaned back to let Danny sit upright on both cocks. Danny was grateful for a second to breathe, but couldn't take his mind off the two fat dicks sharing his ass. There was a warmth around the ring of his stretched hole. He felt the magic activating within him, and became excited wondering how he might be transformed next.

Who's Turn Is It?

The heat from his asshole spread inward, bringing with it a new feeling. Danny could distinctly feel the ridges and veins of both cocks buried within him! Normally, there's the stretching of the hole itself, and a feeling of fullness. Now he could feel their entire length. Beyond that, he became aware of new muscles allowing him new levels of control.

Scott felt the inside of Danny's ass begin to shift. More cum pushed out around his shaft, covering his balls and Laser's entire crotch in gobs of cum. Within seconds, it felt like a synchronized pulse. It was milking his cock!

Laser felt the same milking, but she was joining Ryan in la-la-land. Covered in warm cum, with her friends fucking furiously right on top of her, she felt complete. She had found nirvana.

Scott's load was fast in arriving next, once the milking had started. He emptied his entire, over-sized balls deep into Danny's rectum. Since Laser's cock resided there too, there were gaps allowing a bunch to squirt out onto the table, mixing with Daria's existing pond.

Laser was hit with a sudden, surprise orgasm when Scott's hefty balls swung and collided with her pussy and ass. The slap started a chain reaction, causing Laser to squeeze the base of her tits tighter. That forced the entirety of her right areola to follow the nipple up into Jen's well-used cunt.

Jen, in turn, clamped her mouth around Daria's clit and smothered herself in Daria's sweet, puffy cunt. Daria held tight to the back of Jen's head as her

pussy walls contracted around the cock-size nipple buried within. Her cum flowed freely out on all sides, streaking down in every direction across the expanse of smooth skin below.

When the spasms subsided, everyone stopped to catch their breath. The only sound in the room for a minute was the heavy breathing of six people basking in the afterglow of mind-bending orgasms. Nobody shifted from their respective places for at least a full minute.

Danny could feel the large amount of hot jizz inside of him, as well as the cool trickle of it oozing from the small space between Scott and Laser's dicks. He had all but forgotten about the game. Everything had faded away. Then he felt a warmth grow from the heat at his core. A warmth that let him know it was his turn to transform again.

Finally calming down, and senses returning, Scott began to try and disentangle himself from Danny.

"Scott." Danny said between breaths, "Scott. Hold on.", holding up a hand. He sounded exhausted, but happy. "I don't think I can get myself off."

"I'm pretty sure we just took care of that for you.", Scott said, chuckling.

"Ha! I mean I feel really weak. Little help?"

Scott obliged, but not in the way Danny expected. Scott held his own dick inside Danny's ass as he slid Danny forward, up, and off Laser's twitching cock, which was draped in a glaze of semen.

He was about to lift Danny off his own member when the tingling began again in his balls. He debated for a second whether he should tell Danny.

Scott's already large cock grew once more, matching Danny's exorbitant size while still inside of him. Another loud and lengthy moan from Danny filled the room. Cum spurted noisily from Danny's hole from around Scott's pole as his girth expanded in size.

Scott's balls gurgled and inflated once again. If he stayed like this after tonight, he was going to have to walk bow-legged, or try and tuck the entire sac between his legs and have a sizable bulge under his muscular butt.

He waited until the warm pulses of transformation stopped before retracting his full length from Danny's ass. Pulling Danny's cheeks apart with large, firm palms, Scott watched in awe as inch after inch of thick meat slid from inside. Upon reaching the point where he could feel that only the head remained inside, he paused. The flared, sensitive head of his dick rubbed against the stretched wrinkles of Danny's hole.

In one final, swift motion, the triumphant swollen cock head popped free, followed by ropes of cum falling out of Danny's red, gaping ass.

Danny dropped heavily into the pool of sex juices. Twitches and shudders randomly wracked his body. His ass gaped open at least as big as a fist, a river of white oozing out. A dumbstruck look graced his face before he closed his eyes to rest – too weak to move, too content to care.

“Daria?”, asked Scott, looking around with renewed vigor that came with his latest growth. He flicked his eyes between her eyes and his hefty meat, which he now stroked slowly with a light touch. Scott figured that she seemed to be enjoying Laser's dildo-sized nipple, and that swollen flower of hers looked awfully enticing. He wondered if perhaps she had changed her mind about guys.

“You're not sticking that thing in me!”, Daria shot back. She had been lost in her own sensations, dragging her fingers through Jen's hair, rolling her hips on Laser's forever-erect nipple.

Scott's libido was kicking into high gear quickly as his energy returned. His cock was so big now that he wasn't going to be able to fuck just any hole. His eyes darted amongst his friends for a new place to park his manhood. He looked across the table at Ryan, curled up stroking her full, plastic belly. He could inflate her even more with another massive load of spunk. . . Laser might enjoy the challenge. . .

When Scott's gaze fell on Jen, he knew he didn't even have to ask. She was already on all fours, with a pussy full of flesh and a mouth full of Daria's mound. And as much as she loved being used like a slut, he just knew she would love to take his enormous cock up her backside.

He resembled a wolf as he locked in a ravenous stare at Jen's round ass. Moving slowly, he felt captivated by the beautiful sight in front of him. A shapely, smooth ass wobbling atop a massive, squashed breast, with cum all over the place. His cock was becoming almost painfully hard as testosterone and dopamine pumped through his veins.

The overhead light played off the sheen of bodily fluids which coated most her body. The jiggle of her ass was mesmerizing. Time slowed for Scott as he watched the dance of flesh. Her asshole beckoned to him. It was still red all over, but it looked like her sphincter had tightened up a little since he had mauled it with his hands earlier.

As with earlier, there was little grace in the way Jen was skewered. Scott's weight drove her forward. In turn, Daria flashed back to life in reaction. Daria seized Jen's neck with one hand, the other on the back of her head. Pulling her own shoulders back to thrust her chest forward, Daria clamped Jen's slobbering mouth onto her own nipple.

Daria's ecstasy built steadily the longer she held Jen against her chest. She had never before felt so much power over another person.

Jen's nose and mouth were smothered in flesh. Her muffled yells were vibrating Daria's erect nipple. She could feel the weight of her new breasts swinging back and forth as Scott shoved what felt like his entire arm up her ass. Jen's mind and body were torn between paying attention to the humongous intruder from behind and the lack of air up front.

The anxiety within her head drove her adrenaline levels even higher. A heady rush washed over her. In that moment she experienced something she had never felt before. The world blurred out. Nervousness melted away to a state of ataxic bliss.

Time seemed to stretch. Her mind was caught in that moment, without enough air to process. Jen's moment of clarity drew long within her mind as she attempted to hover within it. All the while, she never stopped moaning into Daria's nipple.

To Jen, Scott had only just entered her ass. To everyone else, Scott had been pounding away for a good minute or two. Jen's tits occupied the canyon of Laser's cleavage, rippling with every thrust and quiver.

Laser's right breast was being slapped on one side by a heavy set of balls, and her long, thick nipple was being compressed inside Jen's pussy. Her nipple wasn't nearly as hard as a fully turgid cock, so Laser's nipple was pinched, pulled, and stroked by Scott's manhood through the walls of Jen's pussy and ass.

A tidal wave crashed over Jen and her form went rigid.

Suddenly afraid she may have deprived her of air for too long, Daria was quick to push Jen's shoulders up and back away from her chest, scanning to make sure she was alright. Jen gasped in a long draw of air.

With the sharp intake of oxygen, Jen had another strong head rush. Simultaneously, Scott yanked his entire cock free from her bouncing ass, scared that his massive size had causing Jen's body to seize. In one swift pull, her ass was empty. The movement took her quite by surprise.

“OOOOOhhh. . .m-m-myyyyy. . .gooooooAAAAAHHH!!”

Jen's body sat straight up on Laser's nipple. She reached backward and held an open hand over her ass as she was racked with a powerful orgasm. She could feel the contractions of her insides with the palm of her hand. Her vision tunneled. Slobber spittled out at the edges of her mouth.

Jen's transformation came fast on the heels of her explosion. She must have really liked the changes she saw in Daria, because her pussy mound swelled around Laser's nipple, and outward between her thighs, until it stuck out obscenely.

All of the skin in the area looked taut and shiny, accentuated by its wetness. Her clit grew to be clearly visible between two puffy, jiggling lips. Thick girl-cum began to flow from within. It streamed down around the long nipple that inhabited her swollen vagina.

Daria's pupils dilated as she watched. She was instantly hornier when she saw Jen's pussy expand and swell. Lifting herself up off Laser's other long nipple, her own swollen mound came up to Jen's eye level.

Reaching down, Daria took Jen's chin in her hand and leaned her head back so she could look her in the face. Jen's focus lingered on Daria's pussy. "We're going to sixty-nine. You're on top, so I can feel those magnificent tits of yours dragging on my skin.", ordered Daria.

Pulling Jen away from Scott before he had a chance to try and shove his cock back in, Daria laid on her back and helped Jen maneuver. Jen's legs were wobbly as hell, so it took her a second to get herself into position over Daria.

Laser stayed splayed out spread-eagle in the middle of the table with a glowing grin plastered on her cum-drenched face. Freed from most of the weight on her chest, it felt good just to feel the rise and fall of her boobs as she took slow, relaxing breaths.

Across the table, Ryan laid on her side stroking her new womanly curves. By now her distended tummy had receded. She looked like a plastic fuckdoll with over-inflated tits feeling herself up. Her O-shaped mouth gave her a permanent, silent moan when her eyes were closed.

Danny had rolled to his side so he could watch Daria, but was still right in the middle of the wettest part of the table. He enjoyed feeling like a bukkake whore, covered in cum and feeling wisps of air up blow by his cavernous, cum-filled asshole.

Scott sat back in a chair to the side, looking worn out. As soon as his turn was over, all that energy went with it. He needed some time to recuperate.

Jen regained her sense of presence, and a sparkle was in her eye as she lowered her bulbous snatch onto Daria's face. Her knees were still shaky, so she took it slowly. Her wetness had begun to coalesce and droop toward Daria's awaiting face.

Once close enough, Daria looped her arms around Jen's legs and pulled her in close. The slick pink skin sliding across her entire face was like a dream come true. The aroma enveloped her and drove her wild.

Daria ate Jen like she was drinking from an oasis in the desert. Jen could already barely function, let alone return the favor. She was a hot mess. Muscles in and around her groin seemed to be firing randomly, her whole lower half twitching and rolling on Daria's face.

It was all she could manage to keep her upper half elevated. Daria had mentioned having Jen's tits dragged across her skin, and Jen wanted to make her happy. What little concentration she could muster was spent feeling the underside of her boobs dragging and sliding across Daria's midsection. Her nipples were almost painfully erect.

Stopping for just a second, Daria shouted "Eat it!" from beneath Jen's hips. Using her strong, thick legs, she locked ankles behind Jen's head and pulled her into her well-used flower.

"Suck my clit, bitch!"

Daria had never spoken to any of her friends that way. She wasn't rude like that. It just came out. However, Jen responded with a renewed vigor. She enjoyed being told what to do, and sometimes she even enjoyed being forced into things. She had never understood why, but it got her going.

Wrapping her succulent, dick-sucking lips around Daria's hard red clit, Jen bobbed her head as if it were a cock that needed milking. In turn, Daria's hips picked up speed and rolled in time with Jen's mouth for maximum pleasure.

Jen could feel the warmth of Scott's load in her ass oozing out. It mixed with Jen's own sweat and cum, splattering down onto Daria's face and forcing her to close her eyes.

Daria wanted to be put off and disgusted by it. A man's cum, dripping from her friend's asshole, right onto her face. Yet she found it was impossible to not find it all exciting and dirty in an erotic way. A buxom woman was face-fucking her swollen clit, her big tits were mashing into and gliding across her midsection, and she had a masterpiece of a pussy sitting on her face.

Without warning, Daria clamped her legs down hard around Jen's neck. Once again Jen was being forced to go without air for an extended period of time. Daria's generous mound and ass quivered non-stop.

At the other end, she was shoving her own mouth into Jen's sloppy mess of a cunt. Her arms were wrapped tightly around Jen's thighs allowing her to spread Jen's cheeks as much as possible. She didn't just want it anymore. She needed it. Her eyes were glued shut with the cum that flowed from the stretched asshole above her. Ears tightly sealed by meaty thighs.

"MMMMMMMM", was all the noise Daria could make as her body contorted and contracted in the throes of the best orgasm she had ever experienced. Her long, thick tongue went rigid, deep in Jen's folds. When the spasms finally calmed down, she was able to relax her limbs and flop limply on the table. Drawing in deep breaths, she wiped the copious fluids from her face and hair.

Opening her eyes again a moment later, her field of view was dominated by Jen's round ass, and Jen wasn't moving. Daria couldn't see much, but she could see Scott's massive frame leaned over by Jen's head. He looked a little concerned as he gave her a gentle jostle.

With significant effort, Jen finally raised her head from Daria's crotch. Strings of slobber and juices remained attached to her nose, lips, and chin. Her eyes were barely open. Despite looking half dead, there was a smirk on her face and a satisfied glow about her.

“You alright?”, Scott asked worriedly, lifting her lightly by the shoulders so she wouldn't continue to pin Daria down. A few chokes and gasps of air later, Jen managed to say, “Yeah. Think so. Thanks. Holy shit. I think I blacked out there for a second!”

Worried that she had hurt her friend, Daria jumped in, “Jen, I'm so sorry! Everything just locked up. . .”

“Don't worry about it, hon!”, said Jen, regaining some composure and chuckling a bit. Her hair was soaked and matted with Daria's cum, tangled from being handled so roughly, and clung to her skin. Her legs were still weak as she shuffled off of Daria, with a little help from Scott.

Daria's boobs warmed and began expanding outward with a pleasurable burn. “What?! No! I don't want big boobs again!”, she cried, lifting herself to prop her upper half up on the table. Her face showed a flash of panic.

“Correction.”, said Jen, her haze beginning to clear. “You don't want those saggy things you used to have. But you do love a nice, pert, sexy set of jugs. Don't you?”

It took the rest of the transformation to set in, but Daria realized that Jen was right. Now that she had a voluptuous body, it only made sense to top it off with a hot set of tits to grope and suckle on. After all, she loved when other girls had large tits. Why should she deny her partners the same pleasure?

“Okay, I guess you're right. I do love a nice pair.”, Daria finally conceded with a sheepish smile and a little lip bite.

Her tits had settled somewhere around a G cup, with areolas looking like two large chocolate kisses atop her creamy brown skin. They were flawless. But the game's magic wasn't done with her yet. There was a stretching feeling in her nipple. With each heartbeat another pull and a wave of dopamine.

She felt a new need arising within her breasts.

She sat up straight so that she could use both hands to investigate. Slick, shiny hands cupped her breasts from beneath, sliding smoothly from her ribcage forward until they flopped back against her rib cage. The weight of the drop was enough to pull her upper body forward. They were kind of heavy, but Daria had grown accustomed to hefty breasts over the last few years, and there was a sense of comfort and familiarity in that weight. Besides, they still weren't as heavy as her old pair, and they didn't hang nearly so low.

These were still big by anybody's standards, but they were certainly easier to hold up than what she had been carrying around for years. Her old tits made her feel like an outsider with a terrible secret. These new ones were sexy and empowering.

Closing her eyes, she dragged her fingernails lightly along the curve of her chest from where they rested just above her stomach toward her nipples. Her fingernail trail was electric on her sensitive skin.

They were made pretty sensitive after her first transformation of the game; but now, especially just after being altered again, they felt like they had been hard-wired to her brain's pleasure centers. The feelings were so new and intense. She suddenly found herself wishing she had one of those head-scratcher contraptions. The kind you move like a jellyfish. She wanted to use it on her teardrop chest. The thought sent a fresh new rush of endorphines. Mmm. That would feel *soooo good*. . .

The rest of the group watched in silent awe as Daria felt out her newest transformation. The pace of the night had been pretty frantic, so it was nice that things had slowed down a bit. The sexual energy of the room was slowly building again. Eroticism hung in the air, punctuated by a pungent mix of pheromones.

Before long, a light pressure began to build in her chest. They didn't appear to be growing, but she felt the swelling within. Daria's head faced the ceiling, lolling back and forth. Eyes still closed, she focused on these strange, new feelings.

Her meandering fingers eventually circled her puffy areola. Another wave of anticipation washed through her from head to toe. Her nipples were large! Or at least they felt that way.

A thin stream of whitish liquid seeped out as she traced first her nails, then her fingertips, all over them. The liquid dripped to the table below, where she couldn't see it. As far as she was concerned, her hands had been wet from the start of the game. She was more interested in how they *felt* than what they looked like at the moment.

“Mmmm. . .”, she purred. The warmth felt good. The pressure within continued to build ever so slowly.

The rest of the group was entranced, mouths agape at the incredibly hot display before them. This was definitely not the same Daria anymore, who was afraid to show her boobs to the group. This Daria was comfortable in her skin, and wanted more. The tension in the room grew.

Jen's hands wandered to her own new tits. Without taking an eye off of the show, she mindlessly tried to mirror Daria's movements. Watching her good friend get so worked up while touching herself in front of everyone had Jen instantly horny and ready for more. She tried to picture herself in Daria's place, feeling what she was feeling. By mirroring Daria's moves, her body's sensations helped immerse her in her the fantasy.

After lolling her head side to side, bathing in the glorious feelings, Daria lifted her chin up and forward, opening her eyes. She lifted her free nipple to her face, trying to get a better look at it. In the past, while masturbating, she often liked to hold a nipple between her teeth. She was anxious that she may have lost that ability now that her tits had changed so drastically.

Lifting it enough so that she could see, a single eyebrow raised when she spied the true size of her nipples, and noting that the pressure she was feeling was due to fact she was now lactating. “Huh.” was her first thought. Just “Huh.” A flash of unexpected joy followed when it hit her that she was feeling

comfortable with all of this. Feeling comfortable with her body. Her sexuality. Sharing it all with her best friends. No anxieties. Just raw lust and pleasure.

Here she sat, lactating from unnaturally large nipples, sitting with a super-swollen pussy, on a table slathered with the cum of her friends. What an incredible turn-on!

Daria felt like a new, powerful, and incredibly sexy woman. Sexual inhibitions were a thing of the past. New Daria had no inhibitions. Instead of the constant downer thoughts and anxieties she was used to coping with daily, her imagination was opened to a flood of delight and ecstasy.

Now she understood how Ryan and Laser had given themselves over to such radical body modifications. It was perverse, yes. But it was also undeniably erotic. Besides, they weren't hurting anyone by living out their most intimate fantasies.

In fact, she was proud of them. It took a lot of guts to allow the entire Brat Pack to see you turning into an overly-sexualized plastic doll or a bimbo with a big dick! Their strength gave her strength.

Daria had turned a corner. She was now one-hundred percent behind letting the game work its wonderful magic. With new-found vigor, she was all revved up ready for whatever. There would be no "I wish I had. . ." later on. No regrets. She was all in.

Bringing the elongated nipple to her mouth, she slithered her long, dexterous tongue up and down its length. She tickled the tip with quick flicks. The combined taste of her milk and sweat was intoxicating to say the least.

She wrapped her big, soft lips around her swelling areola without forming a seal. To her surprise, it was long enough to press into her throat if she tried. It sent a rush of blood to her chest and elicited more moans.

Her dexterous tongue danced around the nipple. The skin of her breast felt tight. Pressure continued to slowly build within. The other tit not getting all the

attention was visibly flush and swollen. It was starting to get a little uncomfortable and a bit distracting.

When the swelling pressure broke in the breast she was handling, she was bombarded with a flood of milk straight into her awaiting mouth. She managed to keep it from going up her nose, thankfully. Her cheeks bulged and her eyes rolled back with the release.

Knowing she didn't want to drink too much, her lips relaxed long enough for most of it to flow forth onto the expanse of her chest. The warm liquid spread like a white chocolate syrup on her caramel skin. The liquid dripping and running off of her curves reminded her of a sensual sponge bathing scene she had seen in a movie once.

The release of the pressure in her breast was soothing. She rinsed her skin with gush after gush of warm, sweet milk suckled from her breasts. It felt like such a primal act. A base urge that could not be suppressed.

Back and forth, she alternated. Fingers and tongue. If she focused on one nipple too long, she would forget to continue squeezing the other one. The pressure would return. She had become slave to her desires, and yet it turned her on.

A small fear crept into her mind that maybe she had gone too far. What if this was perma. . .

nnnnn. . .

The thought melted into the background. All of her focus turned to the rising feeling at her core. As it grew, so did her anticipation. So much so that she could feel herself getting shaky. Another cataclysmic orgasm was coming. All that mattered was this. Right now. Feeling this.

Almost there. . .

Laszlo was biting her bottom lip and fondling her own chest across the table. She traced swirls and circles around her soft skin, shiny with sweat. She watched

intently as Daria's face, eyes closed, progressed through a series of emotions. Anxiety. Thoughtfulness. Understanding. Acceptance. Release. Joy. Determination.

Each time Daria soaked herself in what Laser could only assume was milk, Laser would pinch and twist her own long nipples, tweaking them to maximum sensitivity. With each pinch came a flash of pain which dissipated to a sexual warmth as it traveled inward. Or she'd grab a handful of each breast and squeeze tightly. Her hips gyrated as she squeezed her thighs together.

The feeling of fresh wetness between her legs was still novel for Laser, and she wanted to revel in it for a few moments. Before long, she was looking for something to fill the growing emptiness of her pussy.

Scott was fondling his hefty nut sac with both hands as his giant prick twitched and strained without any help. His eyes darted from Jen to Daria and back again. His hands found a relaxed rhythm, sloshing his enormous balls around in a circle. The sack was so swollen full now that cum was continuously gurgling from the tip of his massive, rock hard dick.

Scott's balls never stopped producing cum, and that pressure kept him very close to the edge. The amount of cum oozing out was just enough to keep him from losing control. Scott was riding an edge longer and more intense than anything he had ever experienced before.

There was a small, nagging pain coming from his swollen member. The skin was tight and purplish. With each twitch came a brief pain from the pressure. He relished this feeling and let it contribute to his lust, but dared not touch anything but the balls. If he were to touch his cock directly, he feared he might instantly explode.

When Daria's eyes opened and connected with her friends' lustful gazes, blood rushed from her erogenous zones northward to her cheeks. With the blushing of her cheeks came a head rush. It washed over her from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. She had been in the desperate throes of trying to get off, and not quite getting there. The sudden embarrassment of how she must

have looked turned out to be just the kick she needed. It drove her over the edge.

Her world went black as her eyes rolled back. Shudders and spasms rocked her again and again, eliciting a long, guttural moan. Her pussy erupted. Pulsing and contracting, spurting even more of her cum onto the table. The shiny, swollen lips of her cunt jiggled violently with each shudder.

Jen, lying over to one side, wondered to herself if the contractions of her own, newly-swollen mound were so clearly visible when she came. That sounded hot. She reached behind her and slid her arm between her ass cheeks. She was reaching for her pussy, which was being forced behind her thighs because of its new, swollen size.

After feeling the taught skin of her pussy blindly for a bit, she slipped four fingers inside. Trying her best to prolong the pleasure, she took her time shoving her entire hand into herself from behind.

The feeling of her arm sliding across her asshole was a nice bonus. Looking backward over her shoulder, she could see her juicy, round ass enveloping her arm. It shone with a glare from the light overhead and undulated with the movement of her arm. She still couldn't believe she had curves. Her! The flat girl with no hips was now a bombshell with a booty!

Rolling her hips in a circular motion, she ground her hand against her g-spot. Her other arm propped her up, but she managed to cradle her tit so she could squeeze it and pinch a nipple.

Udder Insanity

Everyone was so focused on Daria through all of this that nobody noticed Ryan had decided to rejoin the fun. She had finished basking in the afterglow of her last turn, and now it was time for another. The mere thought of becoming something even more depraved. . .

She had hopped down from the table at the far side and made her way around behind Daria.

The light above glinted brightly off her plastic, stretched skin. Her large, expressive eyes danced with anticipation. Her tongue slid a drawn-out circle around the inflated hole where her lips used to be. It didn't appear as though she could close her mouth completely. Either that, or she was just so worked up that she was ambivalent to her slack, drooling mouth.

She somehow managed to look like Ryan and an animated version of a tit-lover's Asian sex doll at the same time. Since she rarely spoke anyway, the group had grown accustomed to reading Ryan's body language. The look on her face right then was one they hadn't yet been exposed to. There was a fire in her eyes. She looked hungry.

Popping deftly back onto the table, Ryan moved to kneel directly in front of Daria. She continued to fondle her tits as she opened her thick legs to make space. Ryan's juices flowed even more freely when she caught a fresh close-up of Daria's expanded pussy and a whiff of her enticing pheromones.

Ryan was a gamer at heart. And she remembered that this was a game, after all. The game said that the last person to be transformed had to get someone else off using their new features. So, as much as she wanted to shoot straight for the swollen and beautiful flower between Daria's thighs, she instead aimed for one of her milky tits. They were the latest transformation, and Ryan wanted another turn at a transformation..

Daria's skin looked to Ryan like buttery cookie dough, topped with chocolate nipples and dripping with milk. Ryan's own enormous tits, standing out stiff and proud like cheap implants, met Daria's midsection. Her mouth formed a perfectly circular ring around Daria's, nipple, taking it right down to the areola.

Daria expected Ryan to use her deft tongue to stroke her nipples. To her surprise, Ryan just sucked and pulled the tit backward, pinching and elongating the breast to its limit in quite a pleasurable way. Then she reversed course and mashed her face into Daria's flesh. She still squeezed slightly with her puffy lips.

But it was more to hang on than to pinch the nipple. Her hands wandered excitedly, sliding all over Daria's slick, thick curves. Again, she sucked in earnest, pulling backward and extending Daria's tits. The motion was repeated several times, creating a rhythm.

Daria wasn't sure what Ryan was doing, exactly, but it felt good! The steady rhythm helpful in getting her to her next orgasm. The steady push and pull, coupled with the release of her milk, was hypnotic and tantalizing. Each cycle added to her building peak.

Along with the flow of milk, Daria felt something new in her nipple once again. How many different feelings could one body part generate? A tugging created by Ryan's ministrations. Localized entirely at the nipple, centering at the vacuum seal created by Ryan's soft, shiny lips.

Meanwhile, her other, unattended breast had swollen to an uncomfortable level once again. Only this time she didn't want to take care of it herself. She wanted this sex doll to bring her that relief. No need to rush her, though. Daria would try to ignore the pressure for now and focus on Ryan face-fucking her chest.

Before long, Ryan's movements suddenly ceased. Startled by the sudden change, Daria's eyes snapped open. Looking down, she locked eyes with Ryan, latched onto her large, smooth breast. Her anime-like large eyes and cute, sexy face elicited a warm smile from Daria.

A mischievous twinkle flashed in Ryan's eye. Like she knew something Daria didn't.

Keeping one hand under the tit she was sucking, she pulled backward very slowly, once again stretching the large tit as far as it would go. When Daria's flesh would pull no further from her body, Ryan paused, but didn't stop. As he continued back slowly, a dark shaft emerged. It's swollen girth was now similar to a decent-sized cock. Ryan reached the end, and with an audible 'Pop!', it jiggled free. Milk slobbered slovenly from Ryan's permanent O-face, sluicing down into her shiny cleavage.

“Oh my god!” said Daria. She now had one nipple that looked more like a cow udder than a human nipple. Milk dribbled down its length through the channels of her skin. Her eyes drifted to the other nipple, beginning to turn purple atop a now very-strained breast.

Looking from her distended nipple back to Ryan, her eyes narrowed a bit.

Her voice was low and sultry. “Do the other one.” she said.

Happy to oblige, Ryan moved to the other breast. She noticed how swollen and tight the skin looked. She could see some the veins in her chest looking stressed under the immense pressure. Ryan teased Daria just a little bit more for the fun of it, starting to trace her fingers along the dark veins. Her nails dragged seductively across the taut skin.

Getting impatient, Daria grabbed the back of Ryan's head and pulled it to her nipple. She liked the way Ryan's eyebrows jumped as her head was grabbed. Once latched on, Ryan went right to work relieving Daria's distressing pressure.

A crackle of electric shocks danced around the entire surface of her tit as Ryan's mouth let out the pressure. The discoloration was fading, being replaced with pins and needles. Without even thinking, her hand had gripped her available udder and was pulling and stroking in time with Ryan's movements.

Laser slid herself over to get a better look at Daria's new addition. Her udder wasn't as long as Laser's own cock-like nipples, but they were just as thick, and looked just as appetizing. Taking up a spot next to Ryan, Laser straddled Daria's thigh and wasted no time taking Daria's nipple deep into her throat. She went at it as if it were a cock, bobbing her head back and forth on its length.

Just as Ryan was getting ready to reveal Daria's other massive nipple, she was grabbed from behind at the hips. Something thick was being placed at the entrance to her pussy.

Scott pushed slowly but steadily into Ryan's hole, watching with some admiration as it stretched to swallow his inhuman cock. His shaft was well-lubricated with all of the cum drooling from it's end and drizzling down its length.

He looked and felt like a wild buck in heat. He wanted so badly to thrust hard and deposit his pent up seed deep within Ryan. But he wanted even more to make this experience last, and to make his friends happy.

He knew it would be over at some point, and he wanted to bask in it. So he practiced great discipline in holding back the testosterone raging within him. His big, meaty hands sunk into Ryan's bubbly butt. After a few inches, he slapped her ass and pulled back so that just his head remained inside.

“Mmmmm”, they hummed in unison.

Scott started pushing slowly forward again.

Ryan didn't have to put any more effort into moving her head back and forth with Scott now setting the tempo. So she used what little strength she had in her hands to massage the tit that she feasted upon. She had taken in so much milk that her stomach was once again bloating out. Liquid could be heard sloshing with every oscillation.

Laser's wet pussy was slipping around and grinding on Daria's thigh, dragging a set of balls across her skin with it. She was still going to town on her udder, treating it as if it were a cock. Daria would always see it as a nipple, but she felt that she was gaining a better understanding for why guys thought it was hot to watch someone deepthroat their meat.

Ryan had completely latched onto Daria's second udder, and was milking it for all it was worth. Her expert, inflated lips contracted and pumped jet after jet of warm, sweet milk into her ever-expanding belly.

Daria's vision again began to tunnel as her body quaked from deep within. She had to place both of her hands behind her on the table to brace against the two lovely faces. When she did crest, it didn't feel like it came from her groin like usual. This time it went up and through her breasts, with a surge of milk stretching her areola to their limit.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes, yesyesyesyes!!”, Daria cooed atop shaking arms. The tops of her breasts shuddered violently with her orgasm, emphasizing their size.

Daria's milk was under enough pressure that Scott could actually feel its push into Ryan, as well as the vibrations of it splashing and sloshing within. It was enough to drive him over the edge whether he was ready for it or not. The floodgates opened, and his horse-sized cock pumped thick, sticky ropes of cum deep into Ryan's pussy.

Unfortunately for Scott, it hadn't been Daria's transformation that ultimately caused his orgasm. Otherwise, the next turn may have been his. Ryan, however, was already quite close to cumming from being so filled at both ends. It was the inflation that really got to her. First Daria's explosion of milk, then Scott's never-ending supply of cum.

The feeling of being stretched and noticeably growing was so hot to her. Being filled with warm milk and cum at the same time, and in such large amounts was more than she could have imagined. In the span of perhaps just sixty seconds real-time, she ballooned to the size of a woman expecting triplets. Her stomach got so big that it separated her massive, spherical tits.

As Daria's wobbly arms gave out, her long, dark nipples popped free of Ryan and Laser's mouths. She continued to shudder with aftershocks on the table, vibrating beneath Laser's grinding pussy. She, too, was riding waves of overpowering sensations.

Scott's gigantic cock remained buried in Ryan's cunt. Every time he thought the last burst of cum had passed, another would follow soon after. At the other end, when Ryan detached from Daria's tit, the weight of Scott's load pulled her down to land her on her belly. She felt like she had been skewered on a pole and injected full of a creamy filling. The feeling of being overfilled enveloped her body. She had no leverage or energy left to pull herself off of Ryan, so she was effectively immobilized and stuck until someone else helped.

But maybe she didn't want any help right away. . .

Ryan's tight, inflatable pussy-hole acted like a very effective cockring. Especially now that she had been pumped so full of cum. Having been used to a single, strong orgasm followed by mandatory recovery time his entire life, this

was a nice change of pace. He continued to feel thick wads of cum pushing forward through his enormous member.

Scott had never experienced orgasms that kept rolling from one to the next, and was quite content to let Ryan hang there limply, belly resting on the table. His prolific amounts of cum relentlessly stretching her further.

Ryan could feel the warmth of the next transformation starting from within her overstuffed belly. Daria's milk dripped freely from the "O" of her mouth. Her rotund stomach began deflating from beneath her. The stretch of inflating had been wonderful, but she hadn't considered how much of a relief it would be to deflate as well!

As her stomach returned to its previous flatness, she wondered if she was going to deflate completely like an actual inflatable doll. She imagined dangling loosely from Scott's dick, still wrapped around it. She imagined being folded neatly into a square, topped with the surprised look of her innocent-looking face.

Then the feeling of being deflated abated. She couldn't really see much past the shiny balloons attached to her chest to be sure, but she felt like she was back to the same size she was before.

What was going to happen this time?

Bang

BZZZZZZZZZ!!

Jen, Daria, and Scott all jumped when the game's dildo began to vibrate loudly on the table.

"What the fuck does that mean?", said Scott, pointing at it.

Danny lifted himself to his knees on the table, dripping with cum. His flaccid cock was still long enough to reach the table. "Four hours, it said. Remember? Look at the clock."

Everyone groggily shifted, looked, and realized that they had somehow been going at it for four full hours. Laser rolled off of Daria's thigh and flopped to the table with a sigh of pleasure. Scott removed himself from Ryan with practically no effort, allowing Ryan to collapse to the table in relief also.

“So what's supposed to happen now?”, said Scott, looking around at his cadre of transformed friends.

“Pfft! Like any of us know any more than you about how this game works!”, Jen replied. Her chuckled rippled across the tops of her teardrop breasts.

A bright flash came from the game's box across the floor, again taking everyone by surprise. “This game's got everything but subtlety!”, Laser proclaimed from flat on her back, still covered in bodily fluids. The entire Brat Pack shared a hearty laugh.

Daria got down from the table and sauntered over to the game box. The wet, sticky noises coming from between her legs as she walked were raunchy and getting her riled up again. Both of her tits were still filling with milk, making any sort of concentration difficult.

“There's a piece of paper.”, Daria said, leaning over to grab it. The weight of her swollen udders swinging down caused enough of a jolt that she clenched her knees instinctively to keep from toppling over. Everyone stared at her heart-shaped ass while she bent. Her red bulb of a pussy squeezed between her thick thighs, glistening with juices.

Picking up the blank slip of paper, lines of stylized text faded in. “Umm, let's see. It says: 'Winner – All', then 'Prize – Starting Forms'. What's that supposed to mean?”

As Daria finished the sentence, pleased moans began to erupt from the entire Brat Pack. Daria's tits, which she had just come around to finding very sexy, shrunk again to DDs. Her extended nipples reverted to their previous state, which now seemed boring by comparison. Jen's also shrank back. So did both girls' puffy labia.

Daria had to once again clench her knees to keep from falling over. This time, however, it was due to buckling legs caused by one last amazing orgasm. A river of white gushed from her retreating mound as her hips bucked powerfully.

“Well this is going to be a bit of a challenge.”, stated Danny, holding his foot-and-a-half long cock as he stepped from the table first to a chair and then the floor. Soft, it had shrunk to just under a foot. But that was still going to be interesting to walk around with.

“Okay, I get it.”, said Laser, who was back to looking like an effeminate man with tits. “We all reverted to the 'starting form' that we had right after the suppository.”

“Does it say if it's permanent?”, asked Ryan. She was still looking like an asian porn star, now with tears welling up in her eyes. This may have been a magical evening, but she wasn't ready to live life as the opposite gender quite yet.

As with most times Ryan spoke, all eyes turned her way. Then back to Daria with the paper. Looking back at the paper, Daria watched a new line of text magically appear at the bottom. “Duration - One Week”, she read.

A sigh of relief washed over Ryan, Laser, and Danny. It was still going to be an interesting week living with their changes, but at least it was just a week, right? Totally doable.

Daria was outwardly bummed that she would return to being fat after just a week. Jen and Scott both loved their new physiques, and were excited to be able to keep anything at all.

“You want some help cleaning up this mess?”, Laser offered, looking at Danny. The group stopped to survey the grand mess they had made all over the round table.

“Ah. . . Fuck it. I'll deal with it later. I don't know about you, but I'm exhausted.”, Danny replied. “Yeah, no shit!”, Jen chuckled.

The game's dildo, instructions, and winner card were all packed back in the box. Instead of putting the box on the shelves with the other games, Danny walked it over and set it in the middle of the table, right in the pool of bodily fluids. He didn't think there was much chance of the gang wanting to play anything else anytime soon.

Everyone was mostly silent while getting dressed and collecting their things. Things were starting to feel a bit awkward in the Brat Pack, it seemed.

“Sooo. . .see you all next week for game night?”, said Danny, with a wide grin on his face and sleep in his eyes.

The tension in the room melted away as they all looked round at each other and replied with a collective and enthusiastic “Yup!”

Game night came to mean something magical for the Brat Pack. Each week they would gather for a raunchy, sloppy orgy at the hands of what they had dubbed “Interrobang”.

In very little time they grew quite comfortable in their own skin and with each others' fantasies. The entire group 'winning' the game only happened that first time. The game never served up any explanations for why anyone won a game. Nor could the group decipher what criteria had to be met in order to win. In the end, it wasn't about who won, after all.

Within a few months, everyone had won at least once. A few body modifications even became permanent fixtures in their lives, thanks to the prizes given at the end of each game.

Danny's phone buzzed in his pocket. It was a text from Daria.

It read: “Re: Game night tonight. Can I bring a friend?”

His pants grew tight as his enormous cock stiffened.

Appendix

M/F – Male on Female sex

F/F – Female on Female sex

M/M – Male on male sex

M/TG – Male on Transgender

F/TG – Female on Transgender

Oral – Oral sex

Anal – Anal sex

Fisting – Insertion of an entire hand

Group sex – Sex involving 3 or more participants

DP – Double-Penetration of an orifice

TG – Transgender

AG – Ass Growth

BE/BG – Breast Expansion/Breast Growth

PG – Pussy Growth

MPG – Male Penis Growth

WG – Weight Gain

Lactation – Milk

Nursing – Drinking milk from the source

Cumflation – A large injection of sperm, causing a distension of the belly

She-Male – Someone presenting characteristics of multiple sexes

Toys – Y'know, for kids!

TF:M2F – Transformation: Male to Female

TF:Doll – Transformation: Dollification

MMG – Male Muscle Growth

Magic – “Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.” - Arthur C. Clark