

# THE CARNAL LABYRINTH

*A trait swapping story by JohnManTD*

Chapter 2 (rounds 4-5) is available tonight on my website! Check it out at [johnmantd.com](http://johnmantd.com)

## Round 1

The last greasy slice of pizza had been conquered, its box joining the graveyard of its brethren on Caleb's coffee table. The apartment was steeped in the comfortable fug of a Friday night winding down, the ghost of cheap beer, the low thrum of the city outside the window, and the silent scroll of credits on a television no one was watching. It was a familiar ritual, a languid state of being for a group of friends orbiting their charismatic sun.

Caleb, the host and the sun in question, surveyed his domain from a worn leather armchair. He had a natural gravitational pull, a confidence that made people want to be near him. On the loveseat, Marcus and Aria were practically a single organism, a testament to a relationship still in its honeymoon phase. His arm, sculpted by relentless hours in the gym, was a possessive shield around her; her head was tucked into the crook of his neck, her soft curves a stark contrast to his disciplined hardness. Across the room, sprawled on a pile of cushions, was Iris. All sharp angles and even sharper wit, she watched the couple with an expression of cynical amusement that didn't quite mask a flicker of something else. Her eyes would drift from Aria's modest but perfectly shaped B-cups, which pressed so pleasingly against Marcus's chest, to her own stubbornly flat front, and she would take a long, slow sip of her beer. In the corner, almost blending into the shadows of the main sofa, was Owen. He was the quiet observer, the group's steady, unassuming anchor, content to listen and absorb the social currents without ever needing to make waves of his own.

"Well," Caleb announced, his voice slicing through the quiet lethargy. He clapped his hands together with a theatrical flair that made everyone look up. "The cinematic portion of our evening has concluded. I, for one, am not yet ready to succumb to the sweet embrace of sobriety and sleep."

Marcus chuckled, the vibration of his chest a low rumble against Aria's ear. "What'd you have in mind, C? I don't think we have the energy for another round of Cards Against Humanity. My soul can only take so much depravity in one night."

“Oh, ye of little faith,” Caleb said, a sly grin spreading across his face. He leaned down beside his chair and hefted a heavy, ornate wooden box onto the coffee table. It landed with a solid, resonant thud that seemed too heavy for its size. It wasn’t cardboard; it was dark, aged wood, intricately carved with writhing, faceless figures that seemed to squirm and shift in the apartment’s dim, moody lighting. There was no brand name, only a single, stylized word burned into the lid in an archaic script: Labyrinthus.

“Found this in that bizarre little esoteric shop downtown,” Caleb explained, running his fingers over the carvings. “The one run by that old guy who looks like he might actually be a lich. He called it ‘a game of consequence and revelation.’”

Iris snorted. “Sounds like a high-end STD. What is it, kinky Monopoly?”

“Even better,” Caleb said, his eyes gleaming with a familiar, mischievous light. He unlatched two heavy bronze clasps and swung the lid open.

The inside was lined with faded red velvet, worn smooth in places. In the center lay a circular game board, a spiraling path of colored tiles, vibrant red, deep blue, unsettling purple, and a calming green, that coiled towards a black, obsidian-like stone in the middle. Five small, heavy pewter tokens in the shapes of mythological creatures sat in fitted hollows: a gryphon, a dragon, a kraken, a phoenix, and a chimera. Four decks of cards, their backs matching the tile colors, were nestled in their own compartments.

Aria sat up, instinctively pulling away from the box. “Caleb, that thing is... creepy.” She pointed a hesitant finger. “Those little carved people... Is it just me, or does that one look like it’s doing Owen’s weird slouchy-sit thing?”

Owen immediately sat up straighter, looking unnerved. She was right. The tiny, writhing wooden figure bore an uncanny resemblance to his own posture.

“It’s thematic!” Caleb countered, though even he shot the box a quick, uncertain glance. “It’s supposed to be spooky. Come on, it’ll be a laugh.”

“I don’t know,” Aria said, her voice small. “It feels... wrong.”

“It’s just a game, babe,” Marcus said, squeezing her shoulder reassuringly, though his eyes were fixed on the box with a new wariness.

Iris, ever the agent of chaos, snatched up the blue deck, her skepticism a tangible shield. “Let’s just see the rules. If it’s too lame, we can use the board as a serving tray.” She unfurled the small, vellum scroll from the lid. “‘The Carnal Labyrinth,’” she read aloud. “‘A journey through the flesh and the psyche. The game must be played. The Labyrinth holds you ‘til the end is made.’” She scoffed, but her eyes lingered on the words. “Roll the dice, move your piece, land on a color, draw a card. Red is ‘Metamorphosis,’ a trait swap. Blue is ‘Ascension,’ an enhancement. Purple is ‘Subversion,’ a mind-alter. Green is ‘Stratagem,’ a utility card. First to the center wins.” She tossed the scroll back. “Sounds like a ridiculously over-produced D&D rip-off. I’m in. Dibs on the dragon.”

One by one, the others relented, their curiosity winning out over their apprehension. It was just another of Caleb’s weird finds, after all. Another story to tell on Monday. Caleb took the gryphon, Marcus the chimera, Aria hesitantly claimed the phoenix, and Owen, the quiet kraken. They arranged their pieces on the starting tile, the air thick with a strange mixture of forced levity and genuine unease.

“Host’s privilege,” Caleb declared, picking up the two dice. They felt like polished bone, heavy and cool and unnervingly organic in his hand. He rattled them and let them fly. They clattered across the board with a sound that was too loud, too sharp for the small space, landing on a five. His gryphon token slid forward of its own accord, landing smoothly on a blue tile.

A single blue card ejected itself from its deck with a soft, precise schlick. Caleb picked it up, a smirk playing on his lips as he read the elegant, looping script aloud.

***“The tongue is a tool, a key, or a blade,  
With words rightly chosen, your will is obeyed.”***

He chuckled. “Power of persuasion. Alright, I’ll play along.” He turned his gaze to Owen, affecting a kingly tone. “Owen, my loyal subject, your king is parched. Fetch me another beer from the fridge.”

Owen blinked. A brief, foggy look passed through his eyes, so fleeting they almost missed it. “Sure, man,” he said, standing up without a moment’s hesitation and heading to the kitchen.

Iris and Marcus laughed. “Wow, he’s really committing to the bit,” Marcus said.

Caleb felt a strange, electric hum in his chest, a thrum of command fulfilled that felt far too

real. He dismissed it as the beer and the weird ambiance. Owen returned and handed him the cold bottle, then sat back down.

“That was weird,” Aria said quietly to Marcus. “He didn’t even ask what kind.”

Owen overheard her and shrugged, looking a bit confused himself. “I just... grabbed one.

Felt right.”

The explanation hung in the air, not quite satisfying anyone. Caleb, feeling that strange thrum of power again, decided to test it more subtly. He glanced at the pizza boxes still cluttering the table. “This mess is starting to bug me,” he commented to the room at large. “I wish someone would clear these empty boxes.” His eyes flickered towards Marcus.

Marcus, who was settled comfortably with his arm back around Aria, suddenly felt an inexplicable itch, a sense of misaligned purpose. He frowned, then, to his own immense confusion, he found himself getting up. He started stacking the boxes, his movements automatic. Halfway through, he stopped, looking down at his hands as if they belonged to someone else. “Why am I doing this?” he muttered, shaking his head as if to clear a fog. He abruptly dropped the boxes back on the table and sat down, a deeply unsettled look on his face. “I think I’m more tired than I thought.”

The incident passed, but the uncanny atmosphere in the room had thickened. Something was off.

“My turn,” Iris said, breaking the tension and snatching the dice. She rolled a seven, and her dragon glided over the tiles to land on a fiery red. The Metamorphosis deck spat out a card.

Iris’s eyes danced as she read it.

***“The greenest of monsters that lives in the soul,  
Now grants you the power to make yourself whole.  
Covet a feature, a part, or a trait,  
And trade it with one who has sealed their own fate.”***

“Envy,” Iris mused. “Swap one physical trait with anyone here. You guys, this is a seriously kinky game.” She laughed, but there was a genuine, greedy light in her eyes. She looked across the table, her gaze landing squarely on Aria’s chest. “Okay, joke’s on you, game. I’ve always

wanted to know what it's like." Her voice was light, teasing, but the desire behind it was a tangible thing. "Aria, honey, I'm borrowing the girls."

Aria laughed nervously. "Oh, sure, take them for a spin."

Marcus wrapped his arm tighter around her. "Careful, Iris. Those are my favorite chew toys."

It was a joke. They were all joking.

Until Iris gasped, a sharp, ragged intake of breath.

It started as a warmth, a sudden, inexplicable heat spreading across her chest like a blush.

Her black t-shirt, usually hanging loose, grew taut against her skin. She looked down in disbelief as two soft mounds blossomed against the fabric, rising with a steady, relentless swell. It wasn't an instant transformation; it was a becoming, an unfolding of flesh that she felt in exquisite, tingling detail. She felt a weight she'd never known, a satisfying heft that pulled at her frame, making her sit up straighter, her spine arching to accommodate the new reality.

Her hands came up, tentative at first, then greedy, cupping the new flesh. They were perfect. Full, round B-cups, crowned with nipples that were already hardening against the cotton of her shirt from the sheer shock of their own existence.

Across from her, Aria cried out, a sharp, wounded sound. She felt a sudden, hollowing cold, a phantom ache where a familiar weight had always been. It felt like a part of her soul had been scooped out. Her bra, once snug, was now a hollow mockery, its cups empty save for the faintest swell of flesh. Her hands flew to her chest, pressing against the void, feeling nothing but ribs and the frantic thumping of her own heart.

The room went dead silent. The low hum of the refrigerator in the kitchen was the only sound.

"What... what the fuck?" Marcus breathed, his eyes wide, darting from Aria's now-flat chest to Iris's suddenly bountiful one. He could see the outline of her new, hard nipples pushing against her shirt. A confusing, traitorous jolt of appreciation went through him.

Iris was in a trance, her face a mask of pure, unadulterated awe. "I... I have boobs," she whispered, her voice cracking. She squeezed them, a delirious giggle escaping her lips. "They're real."

"They're MINE!" Aria shrieked, tears welling in her eyes. "Give them back! What did you do?"

Owen's face was ashen. He scrambled to his feet, knocking over his beer bottle. "Nope. Fuck this. I'm out." He bolted for the front door, yanking on the handle. It didn't budge. He threw his shoulder against it. It was like hitting a wall of solid steel. Panic flared in his eyes. "It's locked! It won't open!" He fumbled for his phone, his thumb swiping frantically at the screen. "No signal! There's no signal!" His voice was rising to a hysterical pitch. He grabbed a heavy floor lamp from the corner, hefting it like a battering ram. "I'm breaking the window!"

"Owen, don't!" Caleb yelled, but it was too late. With a desperate roar, Owen swung the lamp. It connected with the large pane of glass overlooking the street with a sickening crunch. The lamp itself shattered, the metal base buckling, the shade tearing, but the window remained utterly pristine. Not a crack. Not a scratch. The sound of the ruined lamp clattering to the floor echoed the shattering of their denial.

The magic wasn't just in the box. It was the room. It was the whole apartment. They were in a cage.

"Look," Iris said, her voice small. Her trance was broken, replaced by a dawning horror. She pointed at the game board.

In the empty slot where Iris's red card had been, a new one had appeared, stark white against the velvet. She picked it up with a trembling hand and read it.

***"The doors have been sealed, the windows are fast,  
The game has begun, its shadow is cast.***

***There's no turning back, no escape from your plight,  
The Labyrinth holds you 'til the winner's in sight."***

A heavy, profound silence fell over them. This wasn't a joke. This wasn't a kinky roleplaying game. This was real. Magic was real, and it had locked them in Caleb's apartment to play with their bodies and minds for its own inscrutable amusement.

Aria was openly sobbing now, curled into a ball on the loveseat. Marcus was white-knuckled, his jaw tight with helpless fury. Owen had slid down the wall, his head in his hands, muttering to himself.

The group mind frantically tried to find a way out. "The box," Marcus snarled, lunging for it. "Let's just close the fucking box." He slammed the heavy lid down, but it wouldn't latch. It was like trying to force two repelling magnets together. It hovered an inch above the base, refusing to seal. They tried covering it with a blanket, turning it upside down. Nothing worked. The game was open. The game was active.

It was in this moment of peak desperation that Caleb asserted himself. His voice, laced with the magic of his newfound power, cut through their panic. "Hey! Everyone! Look at me." They did. "Panicking isn't helping. Smashing things isn't helping. There's only one rule that matters right now: 'The Labyrinth holds you 'til the end is made.' That's our only way out. We have to finish the game." His words weren't just sensible; they felt like an undeniable truth, a calm, clear path through the terror.

To cement his control, and to satisfy a burgeoning, dark curiosity, he turned to Iris. She was still staring at her new assets with a mixture of wonder and terror. "Iris," he said, his voice smooth and low, a velvet command. "You wanted them. Show us how much you appreciate your new gift."

"Don't you dare, man!" Marcus yelled, taking a step forward. "That's my girlfriend's boobs!"

Caleb didn't even look at him. His persuasive gaze remained locked on Iris. The command slid into her mind like a key into a lock. Her fear receded, replaced by a warm, pleasing desire to comply. A small, knowing smile bloomed on her face. "Okay," she whispered. Her hands went to the hem of her t-shirt and she pulled it up, baring her new breasts for them all to see.

They were magnificent. Perfectly shaped, with pale, rosy areolas and nipples that were pebble-hard. They were Aria's breasts, but on Iris's slender frame, they seemed more pronounced, more dramatic. After a long moment where no one dared to breathe, she slowly lowered her shirt, her entire demeanor shifted, unsure why she just did that. She was no longer just a victim of the game; she was a participant who had just won her first prize.

It was Marcus's turn. He glared at Caleb, then at the box, then at Iris's chest. He snatched the dice, his movements jerky with anger. "Fine," he growled. "Let's get this fucking nightmare over with." He threw the dice with enough force to crack a normal table. A six. His chimera token moved onto a purple Subversion tile. The card slid out. He ripped it from the slot and read it through gritted teeth.

***“The mask that you wear, the thoughts that you hide,  
Are now on display for the world to decide.  
No filter, no falsehood, no sweet little lie,  
Your innermost mind is now open to spy.”***

“Forced Honesty,” Caleb murmured, a flicker of interest in his eyes. This could be fun.

Marcus’s face was a thundercloud. His first unfiltered thought burst out of him, aimed directly at Caleb. “I honestly think you’re a power-tripping asshole and you’re enjoying this way too much.”

The direct accusation hung in the air, the first real schism in their group dynamic. Caleb merely arched an eyebrow, unfazed.

Aria looked up at him, her eyes red and pleading. “Marcus... do you... do you really think my... you know... is it okay that I’m flat now?”

He wanted to lie. He wanted to tell her she was beautiful no matter what. But the words that came out were not his own. “No. I hate it. You look like a little kid.” The words were like stones, heavy and cruel. He turned to Iris, and the rest of the truth spilled out, unstoppable.

“Honestly, Iris looks incredibly sexy with your tits. They look even better on her.” The moment the words were out, he looked horrified. “Aria, baby, I didn’t mean that! I can’t help it!”

Aria’s face crumpled. It was a unique and devastating kind of agony.

Iris, however, was feeling bold. Her new body, combined with Caleb’s intoxicating command, had filled her with a thrilling new confidence. She leaned forward, bouncing her new assets. “What exactly were you thinking when you saw them on me, Marcus? Tell me.”

He groaned, squeezing his eyes shut as if that could stop the words. It couldn’t. “I was imagining,” he forced out, each word a torment, “running my tongue around your nipple and feeling it get hard in my mouth. I was thinking about how perfectly they’d fit in my hands.”

The confession was a dagger to Aria. Owen looked away, deeply uncomfortable. Caleb looked fascinated. Marcus, for his part, looked like he wanted the floor to swallow him whole. He tried to fight it, to force out an apology, but the magical compulsion was like a hand clamped over his throat, only letting the truth escape.



It was Aria's turn. She refused, crossing her arms over her empty chest. "No. I'm not playing anymore."

It wasn't Caleb's persuasion that worked this time. It was Marcus, his face pale with fear, his voice raw with the unflinching honesty of his curse. "Aria, please. You have to. I am honestly, bone-deep terrified that we will die in this room if you don't roll those dice."

His raw terror, so undeniable and true, finally broke her. "Fine," she snarled, grabbing the dice. She rolled an eight. A purple tile. A target card. She snatched it up and a shocking, vengeful smile transformed her face as she read the rhyme.

***"The curve of a breast, the swell of a tit,  
For this sacred obsession, you'll now be deemed fit.  
The sight of a nipple, the line of a cleavage,  
Will grant you a pleasure beyond all belief."***

"Breast obsession," Aria announced, her voice dripping with venom. She turned her burning gaze on Iris. "You wanted my boobs so badly? Fine. Now you can enjoy them the way a guy would." She pointed a trembling finger. "I choose Iris."

Iris's eyes went wide for a second, and then something shifted behind them. The world, which had been a collection of shapes and colors, sharpened its focus onto one glorious subject. It wasn't analytical; it was primal. And when she looked down at her own chest... oh, god. It was paradise.

The weight, the softness, the way they responded to the slightest movement, it was intoxicating. A jolt of pure, undiluted lust, the kind she'd only ever seen in magazines, shot straight through her. Her brain was rewired. She cupped them, her own touch sending shivers through her body.

"Whoa," she breathed, her voice husky. "You guys... you have no idea." She looked at her own breasts with the appreciative, slightly doozy grin of a teenager who just saw his first Playboy. "These are... epic." She readjusted her posture, not out of any complex analysis, but with a simple, instinctual need to make her new cleavage deeper, more defined. "God, I could just stare at these all day." Her cynical wit was gone, replaced by a simple, powerful, and deeply unsettling appreciation for the female form, primarily her own.

Finally, it was Owen's turn. He looked around at his friends... a silver-tongued host, a breast-obsessed girl with stolen boobs, a man cursed with honesty, and a vengeful, flattened woman. He felt a pang of jealousy. As terrified as he was, a part of him wanted in on the magic. He rolled the dice. A three. A green Stratagem tile.

He read the card, and his face fell with disappointment.

***"A shared experience, a tangled thread,  
What happens to one, touches two instead.  
For one round of turns, a link will be forged,  
Your fate and the one to your left will be merged."***

"That's it?" Owen said, dejected. "For the next round, any card affects the reader and the person to their left?"

The group went silent as they processed the horrifying implications. Aria looked at Marcus, then at Owen, who was sitting to her left. Her fate was now tied to a man who couldn't stop blurting out hurtful truths. Marcus looked at Iris, realizing with a jolt that any enhancement she gave herself would also be forced upon him. They mapped it out in their heads: Caleb would affect Iris, Iris would affect Marcus, Marcus would affect Aria, and Aria would affect Owen. The game had just become exponentially more dangerous.

Caleb, sitting to Owen's left, clapped him on the shoulder. "Don't worry, buddy. Now we're in this together." His smile was predatory. He clearly saw this not as a risk, but as an opportunity to double the effects of any card he might draw for himself. The first round was over. The board glowed faintly, waiting.

## **Round 2**

A palpable sense of dread settled over the room as the full weight of Owen's card was understood. They sat in a strained silence, the chain of consequences a tangible thing connecting them. Aria was visibly trembling; any change to Marcus, the man who had just emotionally flayed her, would now cascade directly onto her. Owen looked at Aria with a new, shared sense of vulnerability; her turn was now his own personal Russian roulette.

Caleb, cool and collected, tried to frame it positively. "Look at it this way," he said, his

persuasive voice smoothing the tense air, a calming balm on their raw nerves. “It’s a team-building exercise. We have to think strategically.”

Marcus’s honest retort was immediate and sharp, cutting right through the magical influence. “The only thing it’s building is my desire to smash this fucking box and your smug face along with it.” The direct conflict between them flared, hot and undisguised.

Ignoring him, Caleb scooped up the dice. “My turn.”

He rolled a nine. His gryphon landed on a red Metamorphosis tile. He read the card, and his confident expression faltered, his face paling.

***“The pillar and stones, or the pearl in the shell,  
The body re-forms to a new clientele.***

***Choose one of the opposite gender you see,  
And trade the foundation of your biology.”***

“Genital remodeling,” he choked out. “I have to... swap genitals with a woman.”

Aria and Iris both recoiled. “What? No! Fuck no!” Aria yelled, scrambling back on the loveseat.

Marcus was on his feet. “You are not touching her, Caleb!”

Caleb held up his hands, his mind racing, his gaze flickering between the two women. His voice, when it came, was a masterpiece of cold, persuasive logic. “It has to be one of you. Iris has been through enough With her new... obsession? You inflicted that onto her Aria.” She was ready to scream at him, she was the victim, not the breast-obsessed Iris playing with her stolen tits! But as Caleb’s words hit Aria, the persuasion kicked in. His words painted him as considerate while boxing them into his desired outcome. The magic did the rest. Marcus and Aria still looked furious, but the fight went out of them, replaced by a grim, resentful compliance. Aria slumped back, defeated. “Fine,” she hissed.

The sensation was indescribable. For Caleb, it was a sudden, bizarre hollowness, a retraction, an inversion. The familiar weight and form between his legs vanished, dissolving into an intricate, hidden warmth and a startling new sensitivity. He reached a hand down, his fingers tentatively exploring the alien landscape of soft folds and a tiny, hard nub that sent a jolt of pure shock through his system.

For Aria, it was an invasion. A burgeoning, stretching pressure from within, a feeling of being filled and expanded from the inside out. Something pushed its way out of her, hot and insistent, forming into a shape that was utterly, fundamentally wrong. A thick, fleshy shaft and heavy, pendulous sacs settled between her thighs, a blatant, masculine presence that felt like a brand. She stared down at the significant bulge now tenting the front of her jeans and let out a strangled sob.

“You gave my girlfriend a penis,” Marcus said, his voice flat with disbelief. His truth curse added its own cruel flourish. “Now, with that flat chest, she’s basically a boy. A really hot boy with a fantastic ass, but a boy.” His eyes widened in horror at his own unfiltered commentary.

Aria flinched as if struck. But before she could retort, Iris let out a sharp yelp.

“Wait... what the hell?” she gasped. All eyes snapped to her. She had a hand pressed between her own legs, a look of profound shock on her face. “Oh my god. It feels... different.” She probed herself with a newfound curiosity. “Aria, did yours feel like this? It’s like... there’s a welcome mat out. It’s so much more... open.”

They had forgotten the Twinning Effect. The change had cascaded from Caleb to Iris.

Aria finally broke. All the pain, the violation, the fear of the last hour erupted from her. “ARE YOU KIDDING ME?” she screamed, launching herself off the couch towards Iris. “You have my boobs AND MY PUSSY? I have NOTHING!”

Caleb’s persuasion slammed into her like a physical force. “Aria! Calm down!” Marcus, also caught in the wave, grabbed her arm. She struggled for a moment, then the magic took hold, and she collapsed back onto the loveseat, shaking with rage but immobilized. She was a prisoner in her own body, a stranger to herself, and the game had just handed the last remnants of her female form to the person who’d started her torment.

It was Iris’s turn. Still high on her breast obsession and now possessing a fascinating new genital configuration, she gleefully rolled the dice. A blue Ascension tile. Self-enhancement. There was no question what she would pick.

***“That which you cherish, you wish to make grand,  
A mountain of flesh to hold in your hand.”***

“More!” she squealed, her eyes alight with feverish joy. “I want bigger boobs!”

She watched in rapture as her chest, already a full B-cup, began to swell once more. The growth was more pronounced this time. The fabric of her shirt strained, the seams groaning in protest as she pushed past a C-cup into the territory of a full, heavy D-cup. They were magnificent, two perfect, heavy globes that spilled from her cupped hands, their weight a deeply satisfying anchor on her frame. Not the biggest in the world, honestly quite normal on some women, but on her small frame, they seemed huge.

Her obsessive narration accompanied the growth, a purring monologue of appreciation. “Oh, yes. See that? The way they curve now? That’s a proper line. So much more... declarative.” She jiggled them, a moan escaping her lips. “And the weight... it feels so... sexy.”

The Twinning Effect was still active. Marcus, sitting to Iris’s left, felt a horrifying warmth spread across his own chest. His pectoral muscles, the product of years of hard work, softened and swelled with alarming speed. His shirt grew tight, then unbearably so, as two breasts erupted from his torso, identical in their absurd grandeur to Iris’s.

“Oh, you have got to be fucking kidding me,” he roared, grabbing at the pendulous mounds of flesh. They were heavy, sensitive, and utterly ridiculous on his masculine frame. He could feel the soft, unfamiliar texture of the breast tissue, the way it jiggled when he moved, the undeniable sensitivity of the nipples now pressing against his shirt.

He clutched them, his face a mask of horror. But the honesty curse betrayed him. “Oh god, they’re so sensitive,” he groaned, his voice cracking. “Why does that feel... kinda good? This is the most humiliating, confusing thing I’ve ever felt.” Owen and Caleb stared, a mixture of pity and morbid fascination. Aria looked at her boyfriend, a man who once embodied masculine strength, now cupping a pair of breasts, and felt a profound sense of dislocation, as if her entire world were a funhouse mirror.

It was his turn. He wanted nothing more than to undo what had happened, but he drew a blue Ascension card. Target. He looked at Aria, at her tear-streaked face and the utter despair in her eyes. He had to do something for her.

***“A perfect rear, a bountiful curve,  
A foundation of beauty that serves to unnerve.”***

"It's a bubble butt," he said softly. "Aria... I'm giving it to you."

"What?" she snapped. "Because a big ass is going to fix the fact that I have a dick and you have tits bigger than mine?" But as she spoke, the magic took hold. A deep, pleasant warmth pooled in her lower back. Her glutes plumped, her hips widened, pushing against the denim of her jeans with delightful pressure. She stood up, twisting to look over her shoulder. The change was dramatic. She had a perfect, shelf-like ass that curved beautifully, giving her an impossibly dramatic hourglass figure. She ran a hand over it, feeling the firm, generous flesh. A small, genuine smile finally touched her lips.

"Okay," she admitted. "Okay, this isn't... terrible."

The Twinning Effect hit Owen, who was sitting to Aria's left. He yelped as his own backside plumped out, filling his jeans to a comical degree. "Are you kidding me?!" he shouted, standing up and twisting to see the new, curvaceous rear he now possessed. He wobbled slightly, unused to the new center of gravity. It was the first major physical change for him, and it was mortifying.

Iris smirked. "Owen," she said, eyeing his new posterior critically, "feeling ok there buddy?" Owen just glared at her, his hands resting awkwardly on his new, rounded hips.

Aria's turn. She rolled, landing on another blue Ascension tile. Self. The card read:

***"The blood runs hot, the skin starts to flush,  
A baseline of ardor, a feverish rush."***

"Libido increased by 400%," she read, her voice flat. Then the magic hit her. It was like being struck by lightning. A white-hot, coiling inferno of pure lust ignited in her groin. Her new penis, which had been lying semi-flaccid, sprang to life, straining against her jeans with painful intensity. She gasped, her legs trembling.

She couldn't speak. She clamped her thighs together, her breathing ragged, a sheen of sweat instantly appearing on her brow. Her internal monologue, once her own, became a torrent of graphic, unwanted sexual thoughts. It was a mental violation as profound as any of the physical ones, a prison of lust inside her own skull.

And next to her, Owen whimpered. The Twinning Effect slammed into him just as hard.

Already humiliated by his new ass, the libido boost was too much for his quiet nature. He leaped to his feet, unable to sit still, a choked sound in his throat. He started pacing the apartment like a caged tiger, running a hand through his hair, his body coiled like a spring. He kept shooting desperate, hungry glances at Iris, her huge tits she keeps groping, and his own significant erection was impossible to hide beneath his jeans.

It was his turn. The last turn of the round, the last turn of the twinning curse. He rolled, his hand shaking. A red Metamorphosis tile. Self.

***“The sculptor’s hand, the potter’s caress,  
Your sinew and muscle, I’ll now repossess.”***

“Swap musculature,” Owen read, a predatory grin spreading across his face. He was a cocktail of humiliation and overwhelming lust; his inhibitions were shot. He looked at Marcus, at the powerful frame hidden beneath a ridiculous set of breasts. He was no longer the quiet observer. He wanted power. He wanted agency. “I’m swapping with Marcus.”

Marcus cried out as he felt his last vestige of masculine identity, his strength, drain away.

His defined biceps and rock-hard abs softened, melting into an average, almost doughy physique. All his years of work, gone in an instant.

Owen, meanwhile, felt power surge through him. His limbs thickened, his shoulders broadened. Lean muscle coiled under his skin, turning him from the group’s quiet anchor into a ripped Adonis. He stood up, flexing a bicep, feeling the incredible, satisfying tightness. He was a powerhouse of muscle, with a bubble butt and a raging libido.

He didn’t hesitate. He walked directly over to Aria, who was practically vibrating with her own need. He stood before her, a mountain of magically-acquired muscle. He flexed his new bicep right in front of her face. “How’s this?” Aria couldn’t take it, she was so fucking horny. Marcus was about to jump in, but then Owen noticed Aria’s erection and realized this wasn’t going to work. Frustratingly, he left, and Marcus breathed a sigh of relief. Round two was over.

### **Round 3**

Caleb, ever the master of ceremonies, saw the power dynamics shifting away from him and knew he had to reclaim the narrative. Owen’s silent, muscular presence was a direct challenge

to his authority, an unspoken declaration that charisma was no longer the most potent weapon in the room. He needed a spectacle, a distraction, a reminder to them all of who was truly pulling the strings. He grabbed the polished bone dice, his knuckles white.

“My turn,” he announced, his voice a smooth, confident balm that did little to soothe the ragged nerves of his audience. He rolled a seven. His gryphon token slid onto a purple Subversion tile. A target card. A perfect, beautiful opportunity. He plucked it from its slot, a slow, predatory smile spreading across his face as he read the rhyme aloud.

***“The world is a stage, and you, the main feature,  
You’ll yearn to be seen, you shameless new creature.”***

“Exhibitionist,” he stated, his eyes locking onto Iris. He didn’t even need to say her name.

The target was obvious. He framed his choice not as an act of lecherous desire, but as a benevolent gift. “Iris,” he began, his voice dripping with persuasive magic, “you’ve been blessed with a form that demands admiration. It’s a crime to keep such artistry hidden. This isn’t a curse; it’s a spotlight. A chance to fully embrace the magnificent creature you’ve become.”

Iris’s eyes, which had narrowed in suspicion, widened with a dawning, ecstatic understanding. The magic of the card washed through her, but it was Caleb’s words that gave it shape. He was right. Why hide? What was the point of possessing such glorious, D-cup perfection if no one could worship it? The last vestiges of her societal conditioning, the faint, nagging voice that told her to cover up, were utterly incinerated in a wave of warm, delicious narcissism. This wasn’t just a lack of shame; it was an active, undeniable compulsion to perform.

“He’s right,” she purred, her voice dropping to a husky, theatrical register. She stood up, not with a sudden movement, but with the slow, deliberate grace of a dancer taking her mark. “Art should be shared.”

Her hands went to the hem of her shirt, but she didn’t just pull it off. She hooked her thumbs under it and dragged it up her torso with agonizing slowness, the fabric catching on the hard points of her nipples, outlining them for a tantalizing moment before finally clearing her magnificent chest. The D-cups, heavy and lush on her slender frame, settled with a soft jiggle that seemed to echo in the silent room.

Aria made a noise of pure pain, a choked sob, and turned her face into the arm of the loveseat.



This was a performance starring her stolen body parts. Every move Iris made was a fresh violation.

Marcus couldn't look away. His honesty curse ripped the words from his throat, a low, agonized groan. "Oh, God. The way she's moving... she knows. She knows exactly how good she looks... how perfect they are. I hate this. I hate that I can't stop watching." Each word was a fresh betrayal to Aria, a fresh torment for himself.

Iris, hearing him, smiled. The feedback was intoxicating. She unzipped her jeans and, with a stripper's practiced ease, shimmied them down her hips. She kicked them aside. Her fingers toyed with the waistband of her panties, her eyes meeting each of theirs in turn, holding their gaze, daring them to look away. She slid the flimsy fabric down, revealing the soft patch of hair and the alien form of Aria's vagina nestled between her legs. She was completely naked, and completely in her element.

She began a slow, deliberate tour of her new form, using the living room as her stage. She stretched one arm up, arching her back to thrust her chest forward, making the muscles at the base of her breasts contract. "See?" she murmured, addressing the room as if they were paying patrons at a gallery. "The weight is perfect. It creates such a lovely, natural slope." She ran a hand down her flat stomach and between her legs, her fingers dancing around the foreign anatomy. "And this... this is a masterpiece of delicate architecture. So intricate." She turned her back to them, bending over slightly to give them a perfect view of her

heart-shaped ass. "Every curve tells a story." Her performance was enthralling and deeply, profoundly unnerving. She wasn't just naked; she was lecturing them on the sublime beauty of their own stolen and reshuffled biology.

Finally, it was her turn. She sauntered over to the board, her magnificent breasts swaying with a hypnotic rhythm, and picked up the dice. She rolled a four, landing on a green Stratagem tile. A card slid out.

***"A trick up your sleeve, a twist in the tale,  
To send a new fate down a different trail."***

"Redirect a card," she announced with a flourish. Her eyes scanned the room, a clear threat in their depths. "Oh, a weapon," she purred, her voice a velvet caress. "Insurance. For a girl like

me.” She held the small, stiff card between two fingers, displaying it to them all. “This little beauty,” she continued, her gaze lingering on Caleb, then Owen, “means that one of you is going to get exactly what you think you’re giving to someone else. It means I’m no longer a victim in this little peep show.”

With a slow, impossibly sensual motion, she brought the card to her chest. She pushed her breasts together, creating a deep, shadowed valley of cleavage, and tucked the card securely between them. “A girl needs to keep her secrets close to her heart,” she whispered, patting the spot. The gesture was a declaration of war. She was armed, dangerous, and utterly unpredictable. No one dared to breathe.

The dice passed to Marcus. He looked like a man being led to the gallows. He rolled a three.

Another blue Ascension card. Self. He read the words with a dead, hollowed-out voice.

***“The marathon runner, the unending force,  
Your passion will follow a limitless course.”***

“Increased sexual stamina,” he said, and then he started to laugh. It wasn’t a sound of humor. It was a raw, broken, hysterical noise that was more terrifying than Aria’s screams. His honesty curse took the laugh and twisted it into a monologue of pure despair.

“Perfect!” he choked out, tears streaming down his face as he gestured wildly at his own body. “Just perfect! Give the soft, weak guy with tits the ability to fuck for three days straight! It’s not just ironic, it’s... it’s poetry! It’s the game’s masterpiece! It takes away my strength, my dick, my entire fucking identity, and replaces it with this!” He slapped one of his D-cups, the impact making a soft, fleshy sound that caused him to flinch. “This is the punchline to a joke that stopped being funny the second that box was opened. The game isn’t just changing us. It’s writing a fucking tragedy, and I’m the sad, useless clown with the great tits and the engine of a porn star in a body that couldn’t win a fight with a toddler.” He looked at Aria, his eyes a bottomless pit of pain. “I would give anything, anything, to have the strength to actually use this with you.”

His confession, so raw and vulnerable, hung in the air, a testament to the game’s exquisite cruelty. Aria looked at him, her own anger momentarily eclipsed by a wave of profound pity for the broken man her boyfriend had become.

It was her turn. Her hand trembled as she rolled the dice, praying for something, anything, that wasn't a curse. She landed on blue. Self.

***“The font of all life, a nourishing stream,  
Fulfilling a primal, maternal dream.”***

“Lactating... nipples?” she read, her voice a faint, disbelieving whisper. The change was immediate and grotesque. The small, pale areolas on her flat, boyish chest darkened to a deep brown and tripled in size, standing out like stark targets. The nipples themselves puckered and elongated, becoming thick, rubbery nubs that would have looked more at home on a prized dairy cow. A single, pearlescent drop of white fluid welled up at the tip of her right nipple, then her left. The droplets clung there for a moment before tracing slow, ticklish paths down her skin, leaving damp trails in their wake. It was the final, absurd insult. A symbol of motherhood and femininity grafted onto a body that had been stripped of both.

She stared down at the damp spots spreading on her shirt, a hysterical giggle bubbling in her throat. This was it. This was the point where reality had become so warped it was almost funny.

But Iris didn't see the humor. She saw a new biological function to obsess over. She glided over to Aria, her own nakedness forgotten, her eyes wide with a lecherous, inquisitive gleam. “Whoa, a new feature!” she said, her voice filled with the crass enthusiasm of a guy discovering a hidden channel on late-night cable. “Do they work on command? Can you, like, shoot ‘em? I bet they taste sweet. Can I have a taste?” She leaned in close, her tongue darting out to lick her lips, her face just inches from Aria's chest.

Something inside Aria, something that had been beaten down and violated and tormented for hours, finally snapped. This was a line. This was a boundary that even the Labyrinth hadn't forced her to cross. “GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME!” she roared, and with a surge of adrenaline, she shoved Iris with all her might. It wasn't a small push. It was a powerful, desperate heave that sent the naked, surprised Iris stumbling backward, tripping over her own feet and landing hard on her ass on the floor. It was the first time Aria had truly fought back, a spark of her old fire refusing to be extinguished.

The shock of the physical confrontation stunned the room into silence. Owen, who had been watching the entire exchange with a predator's patience, finally saw his opening. It was his

turn.

He scooped up the dice. He was a powerhouse of muscle, his body thrumming with the memory of magical lust. He looked at Aria, huddled on the couch, trying to cover the absurd evidence of her latest transformation. He saw her pain. Then he looked at Iris, sprawled on the floor, momentarily stunned but already recovering, her eyes starting to burn with a fresh wave of need. He could be a hero. He could be a hedonist. He could be both.

He rolled. Red. Metamorphosis. Target.

***“The burden of passion, the fever of need,  
Upon another, you’ll now plant this seed.”***

“Swap any trait,” he said, his voice a low, deliberate growl. His gaze shifted to Iris, and his lip curled into a smirk. “Iris. This libido thing is killing me, and I can’t fuck Aria. She’s got a dick and is with marcus... so...” His choice was obvious. “I’m swapping Aria’s libido with Iris.”

The effect was instantaneous and seismic.

For Aria, it was like a fever breaking. The roaring, agonizing fire in her blood was simply... gone. Extinguished. The blessed silence that replaced it was so profound, so peaceful, that she sagged against the cushions, tears of pure, unadulterated relief streaming down her face. She was free. At least, from that.

For Iris, it was the apocalypse. Her existing exhibitionism and breast obsession were drenched in the rocket fuel of Aria’s 400% magical libido. It was a cataclysm of sensation. Her mind, her thoughts, her entire consciousness were utterly erased, replaced by a singular, world-ending tsunami of pure, physical need. Her body arched off the floor. A guttural howl, devoid of language or reason, tore from her throat. She clawed at her own skin, at the floor, her eyes rolling back in her head until only the whites were visible. She was no longer a person. She was a creature of singular, all-consuming, unsatisfied hunger.

## **The Break**

The sound of Iris’s animalistic wail shattered the last remnants of the game’s twisted fun.

This wasn’t a kinky adventure anymore. This was a horror show. The sight of her on the floor...

beautiful, naked, and completely lost to a magical torment of pure lust, was a breaking point.

Caleb's face was ashen. His carefully constructed facade of control crumbled into dust.

"Okay..." he stammered, his voice thin and reedy. "Okay, let's... let's take a break. Ten minutes. Everybody just... breathe."

The group didn't need to be told twice. They splintered, fleeing the oppressive atmosphere of the living room like shrapnel from an explosion.

Marcus scrambled over to Aria, his movements clumsy in his weakened body. He didn't know what to say, his curse would only make it worse, so he just held out a hand. She took it, her fingers gripping his with surprising strength. He helped her to her feet and guided her towards the relative sanctuary of Caleb's bedroom, closing the door firmly behind them.

The room was dark, save for the sliver of light from the hallway under the door. For a long moment, they just stood there, the silence a welcome respite. Aria finally let go of his hand and walked over to the full-length mirror on the closet door. She stared at her reflection, at this stranger looking back at her. The boyish chest with its absurdly maternal nipples. The powerful swell of her new ass. The undeniable bulge of her penis straining the fabric of her jeans. She reached down and touched it through the denim, a clinical, detached curiosity in her eyes.

"Look at me," she whispered, her voice devoid of emotion. "What am I?"

Marcus came up behind her, his own reflection a cruel parody. The soft, doughy torso, the heavy D-cups that made him look top-heavy and weak. He couldn't bring himself to lie. "I don't know," his cursed voice admitted, raw with pain. "I look at you, and I see... strength. And I look at myself, and I see... a joke."

He reached out, not to her, but to his own chest, his fingers tentatively tracing the curve of one of his breasts. He felt the sensitive skin, the unfamiliar weight. A wave of self-loathing washed over him. Aria watched him in the mirror, and a flicker of something—pity, empathy, a strange new kind of connection—passed through her. She turned around and, without a word, reached out and placed her hand flat against his chest, right over his breast. His breath hitched. It wasn't a sexual touch. It was a gesture of acknowledgment. A shared moment of being lost in a foreign body.

“They gave you what they took from me,” she said softly. Her hand moved, her thumb brushing over his nipple through his shirt. He gasped, a jolt of unwanted, sensitive pleasure shooting through him. His own nipples hardened instantly.

“Don’t,” he pleaded, his voice cracking.

She ignored him, her eyes locked on his. She was exploring. “Is this what it feels like?” she asked, her voice quiet. “This sensitivity?” She squeezed gently, and his knees nearly buckled. He was completely at her mercy, his body betraying him with every touch from her strong, calloused hands. In that dark room, their roles were utterly reversed. She was the one with the power, the strength, the phallus. He was the one who was soft, sensitive, and receptive. They couldn’t have sex, not in any way they recognized, but in that moment of shared, painful exploration, they were more intimate than they had been all night.

Meanwhile, back in the living room, Owen stared down at Iris, moaning in the corner as she groped her own breasts. And looking at her, a perfect goddess consumed by a fire only he truly understood how to fight, he felt a surge of possessive, protective power. His libido had made up its mind.

He knelt beside her, his new muscles bunching. “Iris,” he whispered, his voice a low growl.

Her head snapped toward the sound, her eyes unfocused, pupils blown wide with pure, animal need. She crawled towards him, whimpering, grabbing at his leg, her nails digging into his jeans.

“Please...” she begged, the single word a condensation of all her magical agony.

He slid his powerful arms under her, one beneath her knees, the other supporting her back, and lifted her as if she weighed nothing. She immediately wrapped her arms around his neck, her legs around his waist, and began grinding against him, her desperate movements a frantic attempt to create any kind of friction, any kind of relief.

He carried her down the short hall to the guest room, kicked the door shut behind them, and laid her on the bed. The moment her back hit the mattress, she was arching, moaning, clawing at the sheets. He let his rock hard cock free, and he jumped her.

He pinned her wrists above her head with one hand, his strength easily overpowering her

frantic struggles. With his other hand, he explored the body he'd coveted all night. He took her breasts, kneading the heavy, D-cup flesh, rolling the hard nipples between his fingers. Each touch sent a fresh wave of ecstasy through her, her moans escalating into short, sharp screams. He moved lower, his hand mapping the curve of her stomach, finally dipping between her legs to find the slick, hot core of her stolen anatomy.

She was beyond ready, beyond wet. She was a torrent. He plunged his fingers inside her, and she screamed, a sound of pure, unadulterated release. He didn't stop. He moved with a brutal, single-minded efficiency, his fingers working her with a rhythm designed to push her over the edge again and again. He was the only thing in her universe, the only source of the friction her body so desperately craved. She came, and came again, her mind splintering into a million pieces of white-hot light, each orgasm a temporary reprieve before the insatiable magical need surged back. Thanks to Caleb's earlier persuasion to make him calm down and be patient, he had his incredible libido under control in a way that she didn't. But even this was pushing him over the edge. And as he finally moved between her legs, positioning his own thick erection at her entrance, he knew this was only the beginning.

Caleb was left alone in the living room. The king in his empty, silent kingdom. The muffled sounds from the guest room were a stark reminder of how completely he had lost control of the situation. He was no longer the charismatic host orchestrating a weird party game. He was a prisoner, just like the others, and the pieces on the board were no longer listening to him.

He walked over to the Labyrinthus box, staring down at the glowing, spiraling path. His reflection was distorted on the polished black stone in the center. He saw a man with a woman's genitals, a man whose power of words was proving increasingly useless against the raw, primal forces the game was unleashing. Owen was a physical threat. Iris was a magical one. Marcus and Aria were a volatile, emotional bomb waiting to go off.

He felt a tremor of genuine fear, cold and sharp. But beneath it, something else stirred. A dark, thrilling excitement. He had brought this chaos into being. He had watched his friends be broken down and remade into new, fascinating, erotic creatures. The sounds from the guest room, Iris's desperate cries of pleasure, Owen's guttural grunts of effort, sent a hot, shameful shiver through him.

He was terrified. He was trapped. And a small, dark part of his soul had never felt more alive. He looked from the board to the closed bedroom door, then to the guest room door, a

calculating gleam returning to his eyes. The game was far from over.

With that, he put his hand in his pants and felt his new equipment for the first time, exploring it with curiosity and excitement.

*To be continued...*