

The Ultimate Game: A Choose Your Own TF Adventure - Part 3

By TheSpiralledEye

John held the phial in his hand and squeezed in frustration.

“Portia, you’re acting like a child.”

“I don’t care what you think,” She crossed her arms, “I will find a way out of this mess without having to drink any of those. I refuse to be used as some rich bastard’s plaything.”

John gripped harder as his blood began to boil; today was hard enough without Portia acting like an entitled brat. If anything she had gotten even more petty and childish in the years they had been apart; she had always been a bit of a selfish person but this was getting beyond the pale. He was seriously considering force feeding the liquid down her throat when all of a sudden there was a sharp cracking sound followed by a shattering of glass and a sharp pain in his palm. He yelped, jumping back and holding up the sore hand to reveal the smashed remains of the phial. The bright coloured liquid stinging the shallow cuts on his palm left by the glass.

“Oh no! Now nobody can drink it!” Stacey gasped, “What will we do?”

“Forget that, poor John’s hand is a mess.” Nancy chided, “Here let me look.”

“It’s not so bad,” John sighed, “No glass in the wound and they are pretty shallow.

He brushed the shards away and pressed the cuts to his leg to stem the slight bleed. There was a mechanical whir and a new pedestal rose from the floor, a small bottle of what appeared to be antiseptic cream sitting atop it.

“Thanks.” John said gruffly, not really wanting to show the deluded game master any appreciation, but glad to have the item regardless.

“Not to worry,” Came the booming voice, “I foresaw such things occurring so now may be the perfect time to let you know that my potions work both via ingestion and skin contact. For a few, even the fumes are enough.”

John froze in place; his hand still slightly throbbing as the cream stung at the shallow cuts. He watched, fascinated as they closed before his very eyes; apparently that cream was more than just some common disinfectant.

“Wow!” Stacey gasped, “That was so cool! I didn’t know that was a thing!”

“It’s not.” Nancy shook her head in disbelief before turning to address the roof above, “Do you have any idea how revolutionary this cream alone is? Why the hell are you doing this instead of selling it?”

If the Game Master had his reasons, John didn’t hear them over the rushing of blood in his ears. That stretching sensation from before when his ass grew was starting again, only this time it was spreading over his entire body. It started with a tingling sensation in his fingertips; then tingling spread through his hands, then up his arms, and into his entire body. It was a strange sensation, like his body was growing in size, stretching and expanding in all directions. His boxers, the only clothing he had left, were starting to strain. Immediately his mind flashed back to when Nancy first grew her giant tits and he groaned, oh no, please not that!

The girls were staggering back as he continued to grow taller, first by a foot, then two. To add insult to injury he wasn’t even growing to suit his new inflated ass, that was continuing to swell as well! Making his new giant form just as bottom heavy as it was originally. He was almost eight feet tall now, still bent forward to keep himself from falling flat on his butt. His hips were growing too wide for the briefs to handle and finally, much to his humiliation the sound of tearing reached all their ears.

Both Nancy and Portia shrieked, covering their eyes but Stacey had no such qualms.

“It’s just a big guy,” She shrugged, “Nothing we all haven’t seen before.”

John made a mental note to ask just what the fuck she had been up to these last few years if this didn’t put her off. John swallowed, trying to hold the tattered remains over his cock and balls in an effort to have some modesty but...hang on, where were they? He had expected his manhood to grow with the rest of his body but to his utter embarrassment, it had not, in fact he couldn’t feel it at all. without thinking he dropped the rags that were once his underwear and stared down at the curly mound of hair between his legs. it looked wrong, more than that it felt wrong, because there was nothing hanging below it! The clear wall to the obstacle course descended down into the ground, sending a short but sharp breeze through the air that brushed against his inner thighs and made them shiver. He had no cock

anymore but there was certainly something there; something warm and wet that made his insides ache slightly with a strange emptiness. The breeze made a small label brush against his now enormous feet, the one from the phial.

'GIANTESS POTION'

Giant-ess, as in female giant. John's stomach roiled. No way.

"Uh...John you've got uh-"

"I know, Stacey!" He snapped, his body was still stretching unpleasantly and for once he was glad for the tall roof.

By the time the stretching sensation stopped he was almost twelve feet tall, the girls only just reached his hips. An unfortunate height to be sure.

"How am I supposed to do this challenge without my eyes open?" Portia complained, both hands still covering her eyes, "John can you stay at the back."

"Oh sure, Portia." His voice boomed, making the sarcasm even more cutting, "Anything to make *your* life easier."

To be honest though, he didn't mind waiting behind. He was naked and huge, so getting through that obstacle course was going to be difficult enough for the girls, especially Nancy and Stacey with their giant boobs. There was zero chance of him getting through it with his dignity intact, the least he could be thankful for was that the girls wouldn't be watching; except maybe Stacey who kept glancing back at him with fascination.

The first challenge was a series of tubes to be crawled through, all sprawled about like a maze. John couldn't help but notice for the girls, the main challenge would be finding their way through to the other side, whereas he was going to struggle to even fit.

"John! When I get to the other side I'll yell and you can follow my voice okay?" Stacey yelled after a few minutes.

"Alright, sounds good."

He watched through the semi translucent plastic and the girls ran and crawled their way through, Stacey running into a wall more than once as she tried to walk in one direction while looking in the other. Eventually, they all faded from sight and she yelled out for him to follow. John crawled into the first pipe and tried to follow Stacey's voice around the corner, but his broad shoulders got stuck. He wiggled, managing to just squeeze through only to have the same issue with his ass. He was forced to slide on his belly along the pipes like some sort of snake just to fit through moist areas and he was grateful when he rounded a corner to see Stacey's face surrounded by light at the end of the tunnel. So eager to be free he moved a bit too quickly, wiggling his top half out only for his giant ass cheeks to get caught. Again. He struggled and pulled to no avail and with his face burning with shame he reached out both arms.

"I did you guys to pull me out."

"You can't be serious." Portia gaped but Nancy shoved her forward and wrapped her arms around John's fingers.

"One, two, three, pull!" Nancy ordered as all three of them began to heave with all their might.

John squirmed, tightening the muscles in his butt as much as possible to try and make it more taut. After almost a minute he was beginning to worry that he was stuck for good when finally, he slid free with a gasp of relief.

"This is hands down the weird day of my life." Nancy groaned, "What's next?"

Fortunately, the next few obstacles weren't nearly so bad. A balance beam over icy water and a series of hurdles were all handled easily by them all. Except for Stacy who couldn't keep her balance and ended up soaked. John couldn't blame her really, being as top heavy as she was, at least having a giant ass lowered his centre of gravity enough that he could scooch along the beam on his butt.

The final test was the trampoline; the only way to get up the high ledge that led to the rest of the maze. With grace that John sorely envied, Portia jumped a few times before seeming to almost step out of mid air and up onto the ledge, waving at them to follow. Nancy went next, arms crossed over her chest self consciously in an effort to stop her tits from bouncing; it only partially succeeded. Stacey followed and unlike Nancy she had no such reservations. In fact, she almost seemed to be having fun. She jumped up and down giggling

as her bra struggled to keep her round tits contained. John was sure he could almost hear the hooks at the back straining to keep from snapping under the weight. He felt almost bad for watching and then almost glad for his lack of cock; surely he would be hard by now watching such a display. Stacey flailed at the top of her jump, landing heavily at the top, on her chest by the sounds of her groan. It was his turn.

Ignoring the lingering warmth between his legs from watching Stacey he stepped onto the bouncing mat. Carefully he bent his legs, with his height he wouldn't need that much lift, just one would be enough he reasoned. Turns out, when your ass alone probably weighed a tonne you didn't need to add much effort. After his first small bounce he returned to the mat, stretching it to the absolute limit before being rocketed into the air. He flailed, not caring if he was flashing the girls below, he just wanted to at least try and land with some dignity-!

He did not. He fell right onto his bubbly butt hard enough that it hurt even with all the natural padding. Stacey winced for him as he stumbled to his feet. John could feel the sting of redness on his skin as if his bare ass had been slapped. Great, even better.

"Well, that wasn't so bad." Portia shrugged, "We should keep going, looks like a standard bit of maze ahead.

"Easy for you to say." John grumbled, "Go on then, I'll bring up the rear."

Stacey giggled, eyes sliding to his backside for a second.

"You sure will."

"Stacey!" Nancy chided but the blonde just shrugged.

"What, it's true."

"Can you three stop bickering so we can get out of here?" Portia yelled over her shoulder, having the audacity to look annoyed at them, as if her little hissy fit earlier wasn't holding them up just as much.

"*You know, Portia.*" Came the booming voice of the Game Master, "*You can be a real bitch.*"

“Excuse you?” Portia sneered, “You’re not in any position to be insulting me!”

“I feel like I am in the perfect position, well done all you on completing the little obstacle course, my camera inside the tubes got some especially wonderful footage of you, John.”

John felt his ears go pink.

“But back to the topic at hand, Portia, I think it’s time your inner bitch became a bit more...physical. Don’t you?”

“What do you-ouch!”

Before any of them could blink a small hole had opened in one of the walls and a thin rod emerged, a second later there was a puff of pressurised air and Portia had a dart sticking right in the side of her thigh.

“You-! You...!” Portia was too mad to even speak, she yanked the dart out and threw it across the hall, taking a few steps toward the hole before it vanished as so many others had before it.

John watched with a mixture of horror and schadenfreude as Portia finally began to change like the rest of them had. She was struggling to stay on her feet, stumbling slightly as the limbs changed shape, bending oddly as her toes became shorter while their nails got longer. They weren’t the only thing changing either; her limbs were elongating, and fur was sprouting all over her skin. Her fingers elongated into sharp claws, and her teeth grew into fangs as her mouth turned to a muzzle. Two silver, pointed ears appeared atop her head as her human ones melted back down into her skull. Her cries of shock and horror turned to dog-like yelps as she finally lost her balance and ended up on all fours as a tail pushed it ways out just above her hips.

She was still broadly humanoid, but with a wolf-like head and paws for feet, her whole body coated in silver fur which shimmered flighty under the bright lights of the hall as she stumbled back to her feet.

“You bastard!” She growled, words descending into animalistic sound absent of any meaning for the rest of them.

“There, I think that suits you.” The Game Master said, sounding satisfied and slightly...turned on? It was hard to tell with only a voice to go off.

Portia howled in rage and John couldn't help but smirk, at least his changes were still human. Bet she was regretting not taking one for the team earlier. He was about to suggest they keep going when Stacey, with all of the tact and grace of a bull in a china shop stopped him with a squeal of delight as she ran up to Portia and actually patted her on the head.

“Aw...you're so cute! Who's a good doggy?”

It took he and Nancy a full minute and several threats from Portia to stop laughing.