

## The Ultimate Game: Choose Your Own TF Adventure - Part 4

By TheSpiralledEye

*Nancy is picked to be turned into a man, though the transformation isn't quite as thorough as she expected.*

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"You show you face you bastard!" Portia snarled, quite literally as she slashed uselessly at the walls.

She growled and stalked back and forth on her hind legs, paws silent on the floor save for the clicking of her claws. Nancy covered her mouth in shock; when they had the option for the cat features potion she knew animal transformations were on the table but this...this was something else entirely. Portia barely looked human, she looked closer to one of those anthro wolf cartoon characters from kids films, with a canine head and paws to match.

A giggle made them all pause and Nancy saw Stacey trying to cover her mouth.

"S-sorry." the blonde snickered, "It's just...maybe that's what you get for refusing to take one for the team."

Nancy bit her tongue to keep from smiling; she would never say it out loud but she agreed. Portia on the other hand growled, before huffing and turning her back on them to walk away. Nancy couldn't help but watch as her tail swayed to match the movement of her hips. She'd never been into that whole furry thing but watching Portia now...she could see the appeal. Well, she would if it was somebody who wasn't her ex-girlfriend.

She would never forgive Portia for dumping her the way she did. Choosing her rich daddy's money and respect over their relationship. But of course, she had all the spine of a doormat and never put up any sort of fight or argued, just silently faded into the background like everybody expected of her to the point where even Stacey and John seemed to forget she and Portia were ever together. She wished she could do the same sometimes honestly.

Watching her now, resisting the urge to run on all fours was quite funny though. She and Stacey shared looks and smirked as they made their way through the seemingly never ending halls of the maze. A few times they found the walls tightened, forcing them to squeeze through small gaps and poor John got stuck again. Twice.

She did her best not to laugh but with his giant body and even more enormous ass it was hard *not* to. Then her own giant breasts would end up squashed against her chest and

she would be humbled fairly quickly. Eventually they came to yet another dead end and groaned. Portia snarled, tail lashed as she skidded to a halt and went to turn around only to yelp in surprise as a new wall surged upwards from the floor to trap them in a tiny box.

For the first time Stacey actually looked frightened and clutched at Nancy's arm.

"Do you think we're going to get squashed?" She whispered, sounding scared. "That would be awful!"

"I'm not going to squash you, you silly girl." The Game Master's voice boomed, "I simply couldn't be bothered thinking of a better way to ensure my next potion got drunk by one of you."

A whirring sound alerted them to the floor opening up and yet another pedestal containing a small phial of coloured liquid appeared. This time it was Portia who snatched it up in her clawed hands and rumbled.

"Gender reverse." She growled, "I just grew a fucking *tail*. One of you gets this one."

This time she at least had a point, Nancy glanced over at John and Stacey, the former of which winced. John had always been the nicest to her and he had taken by far the most hits for their little team so far.

"It should be you or me." Nancy said to Stacey, "John's suffered enough at least for now."

"Plus if his ass gets any bigger it'll start attracting moons." Portia snickered.

"Hey, Portia? Fuck off." John said only half jokingly, giving her the finger and getting it in return.

Tension was running high and yet they both laughed afterwards, Nancy wished she could find levity in this horrid situation. Stacey was blinking her big blue eyes at her filled with fear.

"Oh Nancy." She whined, "I can't be a man, I can't! Look at me!"

Nancy sagged, Stacey was all sex appeal, she was the girliest girly girl to ever girl. As much as she loathed the idea she knew she was the logical choice. She was so shy and nebbish

anyway and on the plus side, maybe this would get rid of these stupidly big breasts that had been causing her so much trouble.

“Fine.” She sighed.

“Thanks, Nancy.” John patted her on the back and then immediately apologised when she almost fell flat on her face from the force.

Somehow, she maintained her grip on the phial despite the force and for a moment she regretted not letting it slip through her fingers. No, she wasn't like Portia, she was capable of sacrifice for the sake of others. Gritting her teeth she ripped out the stopper and pressed the phial to her lips, letting the liquid pour down her throat. It was tasteless at least and as she drained the last drop she threw the phial across the room so that it shattered against the wall. Her own little act of defiance in the face of seemingly overwhelming odds.

The walls did not descend but they all knew why. She watched as her companions intermittently glanced over at her only to turn their gaze back to the blank walls; all trying to give her privacy no doubt, but the curiosity was getting the better of them. She couldn't even blame them, after the show Portia just put on she would have done the same in their position.

Like when her breasts grew it started with a feeling of stretching. Only this time instead of her chest growing the sensation was...inside her? She felt as though something solid was bearing down, trying to push its way out of her hole and Nancy found herself gritting her teeth in an effort to stay silent. A natural instinct, one programmed into all women for millenia, was bearing down on her; the urge to push.

She fought it; she had no idea why. Deep down Nancy knew there was no keeping this change at bay but she wanted to hold it back as long as she could for the sake of her dignity. That all went out the window though as the pressure grew and a deep moan escaped her as all her core muscles involuntarily tightened. She felt the solid object moving through her, then two more points of pressure formed as she continued to push against her will.

She felt something emerge from her and her legs trembled before collapsing on the group and spreading. She needed the space. She felt her cock emerge first, pussy melting away as it moved out of her. Then her balls, swelling like little balloons behind her length. She felt her face flushing red with humiliation as a bulge formed in her pants. She wasn't even hard and yet it was obvious to any who glanced down that there was no longer a neat mound between her legs like normal women.

With one final, ragged moan she bore down and her new manhood fully emerged, balls rubbing together behind it. She gasped, quivering a little as she grew accustomed to the new sensations. It was odd, feeling an organ where one had never existed before. As she stood, she felt it move, were it not for her panties it would be hanging free and she couldn't help but be curious as to what that might feel like.

It was only as she stood and felt the bounce in her chest that she realised, to her horror, that nothing else about her body had changed.

"Wha-hang on! Why do I still have boobs?!" She cried.

"Oh I've heard of this! I've seen it on the internet a lot." Stacey gasped, "Ummmm, what's it called...?"

Nancy couldn't care less what it was called, she had a cock and a set of giant tits; she was half and half right now and had no idea how to feel about it; other than horrifically embarrassed.

"At least you can hide that with some baggy pants." Portia said snidely, tail lashing in annoyance, "At least you still look *human*."

"Believe it or not, Portia." Nancy snapped, "You don't actually have the worst lot in life all the time. In fact, I'd gladly trade places with you right about now so why don't you shut up!"

The wolf-woman blinked in shock and Stacey's jaw dropped, even Nancy felt a little taken aback. She'd never talked back to anybody, let alone somebody like Portia. It felt...good; she jutted out her chin, almost daring Portia to argue back when the Game Master's voice boomed out.

"Testosterone suits you, Nancy. I'd say I've done you a favour."

Perhaps it was the adrenaline from the change or indeed the testosterone but Nancy stayed silent, simply giving the finger to the roof in the hope that he could see it wherever he was watching. Laughter made her turn, it was John. In his giant form even the slighted giggle boomed.

"Sorry!" He cleared his throat, "I just, he's sort of right. Defiance suits you Nance."

She found herself grinning, biting back at her embarrassment. At least there was one silver lining; that and Portia's shocked face.

A different wall from the one before descended, revealing not yet another hallway, but two doors. Taking advantage of her new found confidence Nancy strode toward them, signalling for John to go to the other; one was clearly meant for him, it was twice the size of her own.

"On the count of three." She hissed, John nodded.

"One...Two...Three!"

They flung open the doors and jumped back, not knowing what to expect. Nancy blinked in surprise, a large double bed, that was all she looked over to John who looked equally confused.

"It's just a bedroom." John blinked.

Nancy ran over to him and saw exactly the same thing, the rooms were identical save for the fact that John's room had the far larger bed. The air wafting from the rooms was sweet and warm, it reminded Nancy of that old piece of advice to bake cookies before running an open house to make the area smell homey.

"You've had a long day, it's time you got some rest." The Game Master's voice said, "These rooms are safe and secure, two to a bed. Once you have decided who sleeps where, I will also provide food and water."

"We have to share beds?" Portia asked, sounding irritated at the prospect.

"Yes, though of course, there is nothing stopping you from just sleeping. However, if the mood takes you, you're welcome to become friends with benefits."

"Hell no!" Nancy yelled, no way was she sleeping with any of these guys, especially not Portia.

"Well that's your choice dear." The Game Master replied, sounding bored, "Of course, the pheromones in the air may help guide you in that direction."

“Oh, that’s why it smells so yummy in there.” Stacey said as though it were some great revelation.

John looked distinctly awkwardly, curling up with his knees against his giant chest.

“I have to sleep in this one.” He nodded to the larger room, “The bed won’t fit me in the other.”

“So I guess we just have to decide who is sleeping in John’s room then.” Nancy sighed, “Unless anybody wants to sleep on the floor out here?”

They all shared looks; wearing nothing but their provided underwear they were already cold, the idea of trying to rest on the hard floor with no blankets was not particularly appealing. John stayed silent, blushing profusely, obviously not wanting to state any preference for the sake of their pride.

“Rock, paper, scissors?” Stacey suggested.

Portia shot her a glare and Nancy resisted the urge to roll her eyes. It was as good an idea as any.

“Alright, let’s do it.”