

## The Ultimate Game: Choose Your Own Adventure - Part 6

By TheSpiralledEye

*John and his friends face one final test in order to win their freedom.*

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John woke slowly, for a few blissful moments he was comfortable, snuggled up in the soft bed. Then the memories of yesterday came back to him and shame boiled inside his now flat belly. He let his eyes open to the boring white room and sighed; Nancy was still at his back, one hand resting against the fat cheek of his giant ass. The skin there seemed as though it were on fire and he hated how badly part of him wanted it to stroke across the smooth curve.

The blankets shifted and suddenly the hand was gone; safe to say Nancy was awake. Neither of them said anything though; instead they let the awkwardness fester until they had no choice.

The walls shifted, sinking down into the floor revealing the other bedroom where Portia was fast asleep, head pillowed on Stacey's huge breasts. The sound of shifting walls made her canine ears twitch and and her eyes opened and locked with John's. A moment later she was airborne, having leapt off Nancy with such speed John's eyes couldn't keep up.

"It's her fault!" Portia screamed, jolting Stacey awake as well, "And...and the drugs! It wasn't me!"

Despite everything, John felt a chuckle escape his lips, though with his new female shape it sounded more like a girlish giggle. No matter what strange changes took place, Portia was still Portia, right down to infuriating core.

*"Good morning, I trust you slept well. In fact, I know you did."*

"Fuck you!" Portia roared, "When I find you you're going to regret giving me these claws! I'll shred you like paper you asshole!"

"Calm your tits, Portia." Nancy grumbled as she pulled what remained of her underwear back on, "Yelling isn't going to help anybody."

“What, you think the fact that you’ve grown a dick means you’re in charge now or something?”

“Girls! Come on, let’s just try to get through this and have a good time.” Stacey held up her hands, “I mean, I don’t know about you two but last night was a nice little...what’s the word? Replife?”

“Reprieve.” Nancy corrected, pushing her fingers into her eyelids in frustration.

John wished he could just go back to sleep; he didn’t know what was worse, these stupid challenges or their bickering. More than anything he wished he had just ignored the invite to catch up, then he would be at home enjoying a hot breakfast and watching the morning news before work. Boring, but in the last day he’d learned just how desirable boring could be.

*“I’m glad you all had a good rest because today is your final test!”* The Game Master Announced with glee, *“If you would kindly keep walking through the maze we can get started and know whichever one of you reaches the end first, you’ll get to go free before all the others. If you can pass a personal test of course.”*

The Game Master had barely finished speaking when Portia was off, bouncing on all fours down the corridor. So much for team spirit.

“Are we going to stick together?” John asked, dreading the idea that the other girls would leave him to face this horrid place alone.

“May as well,” Stacey smiled softly, “We can make the most of it!”

John felt an odd mix of irritation and admiration for the blonde; he wished he could be so optimistic. The three of them took off after Portia, John in the lead with his long legs. There was a high pitched yelp as they turned a corner and they came face to face with that looked like giant, pink spider webs. Sticky and stretched out across the entire hallway like gum.

Portia was suspended from a strand by her hand, or rather paw. She raked her claws against the strange material and kept going, cutting it away as it stuck to her fur. John and the others shared looks before setting off after her; no point complaining when through was the only way.

The sticky substance was odd, it seemed to stick quickly to the shreds of clothing they had left, yet was easily pulled off their skin. John resisted the urge to roll his eyes; the point of this little trap was obvious. No matter how carefully they tried to squeeze between the strands they always ended up brushing against them, especially John.

By the time they all pulled themselves out the other side, their clothing was totally gone, having been pulled off entirely and now stuck in the odd pink vines. Along with Portia who was swearing and struggling along at a snail's pace. Turns out fur is closer to clothing than skin and she couldn't walk a single foot without finding herself stuck.

John snickered, not even caring that he was now stark naked. Watching Portia struggle was oddly pleasing after all her yelling and bravado. The wolf woman snarled at them, not bothering to ask for help or perhaps it was simply her pride getting in the way. Eventually she struggled her way out and glared at them all as if to say 'you say one word and I'll maul you'.

The four of them moved together, Portia a few steps ahead, always looking over her shoulder with a snarl, almost daring any of them to overtake her. John did his best not to stare at the rest of his group but it was sort of hard not to, especially when he was several feet taller. He had to admit, Stacey had probably gotten off better than all of them, her giant tits looked heavy but not ugly. And the fact that she walked with such confidence even now made them work for her.

Nancy looked a little...mismatched; with her bouncing breasts and cock and balls. John tried not to look but he couldn't help but be a little jealous. Even before his dick disappeared into his new pussy it hadn't been as big as Nancy's was now. He remembered what it felt like last night and shivered, glad at least his wetness couldn't be seen from the outside yet. The last thing he needed was Nancy knowing how hot thinking about last night made him.

Thankfully, The Game Master had given them plenty of distractions. Crawling through more tubes, jumping over hurdles and climbing ropes made John groan and think of gym class. Only now he had to do it in this giant female body. Nancy was learning first hand just how uncomfortable it could be to have a cock and balls swinging between her legs and of course Portia was rushing ahead. Her canine body gave her an athletic edge and she didn't look back. He couldn't be sure but John was sure he heard Nancy curse her out more than once as she disappeared around a corner several minutes ahead of the rest of them.

Finally, John dragged himself from a freezing pool of water, hating how hot the other two looked with their skin now pink, slick and shiny. All of their nipples were hard and he could tell from the flushed looks on both Nancy and Stacey's faces that he was looking just as hot as they were.

They rounded the corner and there it was! A large open room that had to be the maze's centre! They'd made it. Portia was standing there pacing back and forth, clearly trying to solve one final puzzle as they approached.

John looked at the floor curiously, there were four large squares divided into nine smaller ones of equal size. There was clearly a set for each of them, John's being several sizes larger so that the scale was correct. Before them was a great wall but there were no markings, nothing to give them a clue as to what the little squares were for. Experimentally, Stacey pushed at one with her foot, it lit up bright yellow but otherwise did nothing.

"They almost look like DDR mats." Stacey mused.

"What mats?" Nancey asked.

"You know, the game from old arcades. Dance Dance Revolution?"

The moment she said the words John closed his eyes and winced; he knew exactly what this challenge was.

*"Well guessed Stacey!"* The Game Master boomed, *"Let's put those wet, sexy bodies to use, eh? First one to get a score of 900,000 wins the challenge and gets to represent you all in one final gamble for your freedom."*

"That's not fair!" Portia whinged, "I was here first you said-"

*"I said whoever finishes the next set of challenges gets to go free first, after doing one final test."*

"Then what was the point of me rushing to get here first if I had to wait anyway!"

*"There was none."*

Portia's tail snapped between her legs. All four of them took their places standing in the middle of their squares and John swallowed nervously, his nakedness suddenly felt so much more...obscene. He just hoped the others would be too distracted trying to play properly to watch him flailing around like an idiot.

Upbeat music began to play just that little bit too loudly as the wall in front of them came alive. Neon arrows began to descend towards the ground and John braced himself;

He had played the game a few times before when he was a kid or drunk at a bar, but he was far from a pro.

He began to move his feet, but he quickly stumbled and missed a few steps. Stacey seemed to be in her element, adding little twists and turns as if they were all just doing this for fun. John's eyes locked onto her breasts as they bounced up and down before the sound of buzzing met his ears and he realised he'd missed four notes.

"Come on, John, you can do this," he muttered to himself, determined to improve. He started to focus on the rhythm of the music, tapping his toes and swaying his hips in time with the beat.

It felt odd, to feel his ass sway along with his hips. He wasn't used to feeling parts of himself moving without his express say so yet he could feel his ass jiggling and breasts following suit as he slowly fell into the rhythm. The Game master was cheering and humiliation flushed his system, spreading a dark pink blush across his curves. He was doing this for his freedom, he had to focus!

As the song continued, John's movements became more confident and fluid. He started to hit more of the steps, his feet moving faster and faster across the colourful arrows on the machine's platform.

He could hear Portia swearing as she struggled to keep up on her new hind legs. Her claws scraped across the tiles and more than once John saw her wobble out the corner of his eye. Once again he missed a few notes and mentally chastised himself, he needed to focus on himself if he had any chance of winning and getting his old body back.

He let the music flow into him, moving with the added curves of his body and swaying his hips from side to side, letting the extra weight in his rump and chest guide him rather than trying to control it. There was something oddly freeing about dancing naked; he could feel the water drying on his pink skin and the air brushing against his new pussy. If he focused he swore he could even feel the heavy bass of the music vibrating up his legs and into his new hole.

As the song reached its climax, John's movements became almost effortless, his body perfectly in sync with the music. He felt a sense of satisfaction wash over him as the final notes rang out, and he slammed his foot down on the final beat, watching the score appear on the screen before him.

900,321.

He panted, trying to catch his breath as he looked over to the other women's scores. Nobody else had cracked over 850,000. He'd won.

*"Well done, John. You get to see if you and your friends go free or get to do another round in my wonderful maze!"* The Game Master's voice was full of delight and John felt the platform below him jolt before what appeared to be a glass tube rose from the floor to seal him inside.

The platform moved once more and began to rapidly rise upwards towards the roof with John trapped inside.

"Good luck!" Stacey called.

"You'd better fucking win or else!" Portia growled.

Nancy simply gave him a small hopeful smile and a wave as he rose up and up until a hole opened in the ceiling and he was deposited in a brand new room. After the stark white of the maze it felt strange to see so much colour again. The room was large, one side of it fully taken up by computer screens showing various parts of the maze, only a fraction of which looked familiar. This place truly was enormous and the idea that he could be placed back inside at a random point to try it all again made John's stomach twist. Before all the screens was a chair, it spun slightly as if to suggest it had been occupied mere moments ago. John swung his head around to the other side of the room just as the glass came down and allowed him to step off the platform.

There was a large bed, large enough for even his giantess body to fit on and sitting at the foot of it was a man. It was almost anticlimactic, meeting the Gamer Master and seeing he was just an ordinary man; he was wearing a crisp long sleeved business shirt rolled up to his elbows and dress pants; his blonde hair was slicked back and he reminded John more of a banker than some sort of weird sexual fiend who kidnapped people for his own amusement. Perhaps that was how he got away with it.

"John, so lovely to see you up close in person." He purred as his eyes raked over John's giantess figure.

John felt his skin grow hot as those eyes looked over every inch of his skin, he felt more exposed than ever. Even worse, there was something about that gaze that made his folds moisten further. Perhaps the aphrodisiac was still in his system, he hoped so; the only other

option was that he was developing a shame kink and that was...troubling to say the least in this situation.

“What’s this final test then?” He tried to sound confident and not at all turned on.

“Pleasing me.” The Game Master smiled, “Without cumming.”

John’s heart started to beat faster, he hated how much he actually liked the idea of that. This man had kidnapped him! He shouldn’t be getting turned on by it! It was all those stupid little exercises; the slow removal of his clothes, the running around naked, feeling his body move to the music, it had all made him hyper aware of every inch of his aching skin and made it flushed.

“Really, after all that, just regular old sex?” John teased, “You made us go through all that just to pick one of us to play orgasm denial with?”

“Well, when you’re as rich as I am, you get sick of regular old whores pretty quickly.” The Game master shrugged, slowly unbuttoning his shirt to reveal his toned chest. “I have to say, I am glad you were picked for this one. I’ve never had a giantess before.”

As he said those words he came to stand before John, he was a tall man at six feet, but thanks to the potion John was twice that. The result being that The Game Master only just reached his hips. For a moment John considered punching him, surely he’d have enough strength to knock him out in this body but then his pussy throbbed; and he realised it was because the game master was standing close enough that his hot breath was moving across John’s folds.

“Don’t pretend you’re not at least a little bit interested.” The Game Master taunted, “I can see you getting wetter the more I talk.”

Damn him.

“This often happens, see, people like to pretend they don’t have these fetishes, even to themselves sometimes. But I can always tell, it’s a special skill of mine.”

His hand reached between John’s folds as he spoke, soft palm pressing against John’s clit.

“That’s how I know you like this.”

John wanted to reply but all that came out was a whimper, his clit was being massaged with all the deftness a full hand could give. That nub was only supposed to be touched by a single finger at a time but his giant size meant the Game Master could touch it with all of his at once.

“It’s so soft…” The Game Master groaned and John didn’t need to look down to know he was getting hard.

He had to do something, if he just stood here like an idiot letting this guy feel him up he would cum first for sure and then they would all be forced back into the maze. An idea that was actually starting to sound attractive the more the Master pleased him. It was time to damn his pride and get busy.

He rested his hands on the Master’s shoulder and began to move forward, slowly they walked back to the bed, the master stroking his clit then entire way until he stumbled backwards onto the bed.

John made quick work of his clothing, sighing in relief and regret as the man’s hand slipped out of his folds. The Master’s dick was up and hard, and John felt an odd sense of confidence begin to grow inside him. With his size this shouldn’t be a problem. He lowered his huge mouth down and began to lick his rough tongue against the length, pressing it back against the Master’s belly and revelling in the deep groan the man made. He licked, over and over again as the man began to writhe and buck his hips.

Just as John was starting to feel confident this would work the Game Master spoke.

“Don’t think you’ll get away that e-easily.” He groaned, “I’ve experienced almost e-everything before and I’ve got more fun toys for us!”

John watched as he groped for his dress pants, grabbing what appeared to be a small smartphone of some sort out of his pocket. With a few quick button presses there was a whirring sound from somewhere behind John. A moment later he felt something pushing at his folds.

“I had this dildo mounted and made just for you.” The Master grinned, “That summer I spent getting into robotics has its perks.”



John froze, tongue still pressing down on the Master's cock; he was beant over the bed, hips at a ninety degree angle; it was a simple thing for the dildo to be pushed up inside him with a mechanical whirr. He could have moved, but the feeling of being penetrated so fully and deeply for the first time was...indescribably good.

His eyes locked with the Master's; full of wild glee as John struggled to keep his own from rolling back. His inner walls were burning and stretching as the dildo was forced deeper and deeper inside him. It felt wonderful, better than anything he'd ever experienced. Was this what sex was like for women? It was good enough to make him second guess trying to change back.

Then the machine began to pump, drawing the dildo halfway out before slamming back in. John saw stars, grunting each time the tip slammed back against the deepest part of him. Without thinking his hands moved to brace himself, pushing back against the hard silicone rod as it thrust in and out of him. The Master chuckled and John realised he'd totally stopped licking, he'd gotten too absorbed in his own pleasure.

"It's okay, John." The Master cooed, "Cum for me."

John grit his teeth.

"Never."

He returned to his ministrations, letting his warm tongue lap at the man's cock and torso. He circled the cock, putting the tip of his tongue against the head and causing the game master to flop back and moan. The sound sent a shiver through him that John did his best to ignore; already he could feel that same tightness from last night building. If he didn't get the Master off soon they were all doomed.

He renewed his efforts; adding more speed and pressure; even giving the cock a good suck between his huge lips every few strokes. The Master's hands gripped the bedsheets, his teeth grinding together as sharp breaths passed through them. The man was on the edge, John could tell, just like him.

He was doing his best to hold back but his pussy wouldn't listen to him. It kept getting tighter, squeezing harder with each thrust as the machine began to speed up. His whole body was jerking with each thrust, huge breasts and giant ass jiggling and jerking with the movements of his body.

"Hnnngggg..." The Master was almost there, John began to swirl his tongue.  
"N-No...I...fu-fuuuuck!"

Something salty spurted against John's lips and he watched as the man on the bed collapsed back, breathing heavily as John licked up the last of the seed. He'd won, he'd actually won!

The elation was all he needed and John let himself go. Moaning and finally letting his eyes flutter closed as his robotic lover finished him off. He could feel something inside him, his own slickness, squirting against the dildo. It was the strongest orgasm he'd ever experienced.

The Game Master sighed, hitting a few buttons on his phone as the dildo withdrew and John's knees gave out causing him to collapse against the bed. It was over. For a few minutes there was silence as both of them bathed in the afterglow before finally the Master spoke again.

"Well done, you know you're the first one to win."

"So you'll let us go?"

The Master looked at him and smiled.