

# The Ultimate Game: Choose Your Own TF Adventure - Dark Finale

**By TheSpiralledEye**

“Yes of course I will let you go.” The Game Master smiled but something about it put John on edge.

Something was wrong with his tone of voice, he didn't sound upset at having lost at all and if there was anything John was sure about with this man, it was that he hated to lose. The Game Master walked over to the bedside table and pulled out a luxurious looking silk robe and threw it over his shoulders, trying it loosely around his waist enough to cover his dignity.

“Off you go then.” He said, waving John away, “You want to leave, so you're free to do so.”

He pointed over to a doorway and the stone in John's stomach grew three sizes.

“What about the others?” He asked slowly. “They get to go as well.”

“Of course.” The Game Master hit a button on his remote and that circle in the centre of the floor disappeared, a few minutes later the platform returned with Nancy, Portia and Stacey in tow all looking nervous.

“Congratulations!” The Game Master grinned, “John succeeded, you're all free to go.”

Once again he pointed to the door at the side of the bedroom and the gravity of the situation seemed to dawn on John. He turned to face his friends, watching the looks of realisation cross all their faces, except Stacey, who was clearly just trying to copy everybody else because she was clearly missing something.

“You're not going to change us back?!” Portia exploded, “We can't go walking around like...like this!”

“That was not part of the deal.” The Game Master shrugged, “John won your freedom, changing you back to the way you were was never part of the bargain.”

“It was inferred!” Stacey argued.

“Implied.” Nancy corrected, “And she’s right, we can’t stay like this! I have a dick and boobs for God’s sake I look like a freak!”

“Oh poor you.” Portia snarled, “I have a fucking tail! A goddamn tail, Nancy!”

John watched the Game Master’s eyes light up with utter glee at their bickering; was there anything this fucker didn’t get off on? John’s pussy quivered, remembering how good it had felt being fucked by that dildo while sucking him off; he hated himself for how much he wanted to do it again even after everything this monster had put them through.

“Well, you are always welcome to stay.” The Game Master offered with a gracious bow, “My laboratory is open to you, as well as all the substances I used to make my fun little phials. I am sure four people as...”

His eyes passed over Stacey.

“Three people as clever as you could figure out how to reverse your changes.”

“I’m a businesswoman!” Portia screeched, “I don’t know anything about chemistry or science or any of that and you know it!”

“Do I?”

“I’ll kill you!”

She leapt, claws at the ready but the Game Master didn’t seem bothered at all. In fact he smirked. A moment later Portia stopped in her tracks, claws an inch from his face. She looked like she was struggling to move, a look of frustration and confusion on her canine face.

“Did you really think I would give you claws and teeth like that without some safety precautions?” He laughed, “My little potions have a secondary effect, a tiny microchip that

attaches itself to your insides. It sends electronic signals to your bodies and chemicals into your brain and prevents you from harming me in any way.”

John swore under his breath, of course he had some sort of back up plan. Was that why he still felt attracted to him even now? Those chemicals, did they make them hornier? Could they affect them in other ways?

This had been his goal all along, to keep them here as his sex pets. Well, John was determined not to let that happen. He would do exactly as the Game Master suggested, he'd find a cure and then they would all leave and leave this wonderful, uh, terrible, place behind them.

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John watched the screen with diligent focus. Which was a lot harder than it seemed considering the absolute racket coming from the The Masters Room next door. Portia was howling, even louder than usual which wasn't unexpected really considering she was in heat.

The first time Portia discovered she had heats now it had been a nightmare. They'd had to put up with a horny, angry Portia for three days before she finally gave in and let Stacey eat her out. After that first orgasm it was anybody's game and when her second heat rolled around she didn't hesitate to go straight to the Game Master for a good fucking.

While he was glad to not have her hovering over his shoulder, critiquing everything he did her noses were quite irritating.

“I never would have guessed she was a screamer.” Nancy sighed, “Before all this I mean, at least when I go to the Master's room I don't make it everybody else's business.”

It had been months since they finished the maze and the group were still nowhere near close to finding a cure for their various conditions. Stacey hadn't even tried; pretty quickly deciding she liked being an even bustier version of herself and only ever returned to the maze to visit.

Frankly, John was happy for her. There was no way somebody as dumb as Stacey could have helped with the cures anyway. The rest of them though. Couldn't exactly just walk out onto the street without attracting attention. Especially not Portia and himself.

Nancy at least could go out occasionally so long as she wore a long skirt that hit her bulge, but she really only did so to go and get food. Preferring instead to spend her time back in the labs with John or with the Master.

He was addictive; John hated how much he wanted him constantly. He was sure it was the result of that chip, but the memories of just how good it felt to be fucked by him didn't help. With his giant body the Master could hit his entire hand up into his velvet passage and make John see stars.

He knew for a fact the man was a master at all things seduction, once he'd managed to convince Nancy to let him give her a hand job she'd been totally at his mercy. More than once John had found himself secretly watching as she tried to get herself off, sometimes for over an hour, before giving up and letting the Master do it. They were all in his thrall and what's worse, they liked it.

At first they had spent every waking hour working in the lab trying to make cures for their condition but slowly, as the Master continued to pleasure them, their efforts were getting slower. It had been subconscious at first, then John started to realise what was happening. Every time he imagined going back to his tiny male body he felt...wrong. He knew he would never experience anything like the bliss he did in this one, especially not while in the Master's hands. His wonderful, dexterous hands that knew just how to touch him...

John swallowed; realising he'd drifted off again just as the door to the Master's bedroom slammed open and Portia wobbled in before collapsing onto one of the tables with a high pitched whine.

"Why can't I stop myself?" She moaned, "Fuck me, I already want to go back in there."

"Just focus on working." John replied unhelpfully, trying to ignore the wetness slowly forming between his legs.

It had been weeks since he was last in the Master's room. He promised himself it would be the last time, for real. He had abstained for so long but hearing Portia's howls of pleasure had reawakened his desire; or perhaps the Master was just stimulating him through the chip, he could never be sure.

"I hate how weak he makes me." Portia continued with a shiver, "He calls me his good girl, he pats my head like a dog and I ju-just cum. He strokes his fingers across m-my hair and...and I just...fuck...oh fuck! Master!"

She was on her feet in seconds, running back to his room whimpering under her breath. John could see slickness dripping down her furry inner thighs and he tried to swallow again but found he was out of saliva.

“She really is his loyal dog now.” Nancy mused.

“We all are.” John replied with a groan.

“Not me.” Nancy responded proudly, “Unlike you all, I make him my bitch. Who’d have thought he has a submissive side, eh?”

John couldn’t imagine the Master being submissive but considering how domineering Nancy was these days it wasn’t surprising. After years of being a meek woman, having a cock had done wonders for her confidence. John was sure she hadn’t done any serious work on her cure in months though she always insisted the opposite.

He was sure secretly she loved having a cock, all that testosterone had gone to her head and while the Master still strung her along, he could believe that in Nancy’s mind she was in charge.

He shook his head, trying to remove the fog of horny thoughts. He needed to stop imagining his friends and the Master fucking or he was going to give in and do it himself. Portia was moaning again, making sounds that were downright pornographic and John squeezed his thighs together with a whine. He was so turned on, maybe if he just got himself off he could think clearly.

He stood up, fully intending to walk down to the rooms the Master had gifted them to use while they stayed but instead he found himself overwhelmed by a wave of desire. The Master had to be stimulating the chip, it was the only explanation. Leaning over the benchtop he tried to slow his racing heart; he just had to get to his room and masturbate if he could just do that-

“Need a hand?”

John sucked in a breath, feeling something that was very much not a hand pressing against his backside as Nancy’s hands cupped his hips. He should say no, try to keep his dignity and tact; but where was the fun in that? He nodded helplessly and let Nancy thrust into him.

