

The Duel

By Abe E Seedy

"So we're all agreed on the rules then?", Millie asked as she picked up her wand and gave it a few warmup swishes. "We take it in turns, and the first one to cum loses."

"Yes, and no getting rid of hands this time either", Imogen countered. "That is a trick you only get to play once."

Millie held up her hands. "It was a good trick, you have to admit. But fine, nothing that stops the other person casting. We good?"

"We're good." Imogen settled her wand down within easy reach, pausing for a moment as she settled into a comfortable kneeling position. "And even though you cheated..."

"Had a very good trick", Millie interjected.

"...you won last time", Imogen continued with a roll of her eyes, "so you get to go first."

Millie nodded, taking a moment to consider the situation. They had privacy here in their bedroom at least, which was a necessity for something this involved and intense. Even just at the start they were still sitting down naked together, so it's good they were out of view from anyone walking past on the street outside. Plus, being off the ground floor meant they had a little more distance for the noise, to stop anyone hearing anything they weren't prepared for. So loud, visually arresting, attention-getting - that was all on the table. Plus they'd laid down a tarp, just in case. It wouldn't do to damage the hardwood floors, after all.

She shook her head, getting herself back in the moment. What should she do? It should be something new. Or at least something a bit different. She loved her wife, but she didn't want to risk things becoming boring, not considering everything they had at their disposal. Yes, she was an attractive woman; tall, graceful, with an effortless elegance that belied her sometimes spectacularly filthy mind - and while she was lucky to be with someone just like that, she didn't have to *always* be that. She could be short haired and short-statured, covered in freckles or gothically pale, an amazonian beauty or literally a frog. They had the power, so they might as well be creative about enjoying it.

All of that was a fine thought, but it didn't really answer her question of what to start with. Eventually, Millie decided she might as well just get started and see where things went. She picked up the six-sided dice sitting on the table beside them, held her breath, and rolled.

"Three", she read out loud a few moments later. "Middle of the road. How wonderfully unhelpful."

Imogen shrugged. "If you want to pass, I'd be happy to take my turn instead."

"Ha ha", Millie said dryly. "I'm fine thank you. I just... hmm." Her eyes tracked downwards, and a few moments later she snapped her fingers. "Got it! Okay, try... this!"

She flourished her wand, and soon Imogen felt herself heating up. The sensation was concentrated down around her crotch, a fact that caused her to raise her eyebrow as she shifted around. "Feeling unsubtle today, are you?"

Millie merely smiled. "Well, give it a second. You might be surprised..."

Settling back into a sitting position, Imogen looked down curiously, feeling something start to happen. It was an odd sensation, as though an invisible hand was sweeping over her skin, and as it went she saw her pussy just... close over, replaced in the space of a few seconds with a patch of smooth, blank flesh.

"That... is different", Imogen said eventually. She ran her fingers over the area, finding it still sensitive, but definitely without enough to work with for her to actually get off. "And a bold choice for an opening move, considering the contest."

Setting down her wand on the side table, Millie gave a defiant expression. "I have a plan, thank you very much. I'm going for the long game."

"Your loss", she answered, leaning forward and grabbing the dice. "My turn."

If Imogen had the same trouble thinking of what to do, she didn't show it, approaching this with the same enviable confidence she brought to most things. Even now Millie had to fight not to cross her arms protectively over her chest when sitting naked in front of her, struggling not to think of herself as the shorter, rounder, plainer one of the pair, the frizzy brown fuzz on her head always feeling like it stood out unfavourably next to Imogen's flowing black hair.

"One", Imogen said, snapping Millie out of her thoughts. "Well, shit. I guess I'll have to do what I can with what I've got."

She picked up her wand and, with a flick of her wrist, pointed it right at Millie's chest. "Bang."

Millie waited, eyes a little wide as she braced herself. But... nothing happened. It was only after several seconds had passed that she realised that there was at least *something*, a distant sensation, deep in the pit of her - not stomach, but somewhere in that general area. It felt like she was increasingly full, but different from if she'd just eaten a ton of food.

Her look of confusion must have gotten through to Imogen, who said simply "egg timer", as though that was an explanation.

"You turned some part of me into an egg timer?", Millie asked incredulously.

"No", Imogen laughed, much to Millie's relief. "Oh my, no. No, I just made it so you've got an increasing amount of eggs building up inside you, and you either have to keep them all in or they're going to feel *way* too good coming out to hold back."

Millie sucked air in through her teeth, already feeling a growing pressure on the edge of her awareness. "Ah. Okay, good one. My turn next."

The next roll was a 5, which gave Millie pause. She needed to do something big with that, something flashy and different, and after another few moments of thinking she finally had a solid idea. "Here we go then", she mumbled, then added louder, "you uh, you might want to hold your breath."

Confused, Imogen did as she asked, looking quizzically at Millie as she pointed her wand at her face. Then came the flourish, and a growing sensation made it clear that it wasn't *quite* her face she had been aiming at. Her neck craned to the side, like she had a cramp in her muscle there, only instead of a feeling of tightness it was one of pressure and movement. Soon there was a gathering bulge, something that Millie found a little disconcerting to look at for the few moments while it was forming, but in blessedly quick time it had finished, and when Imogen finally remembered to exhale she was gasping for breath through two separate heads.

"Okay, damn", the original head said eventually, after a short period of simply staring. "That *is* a new one." She paused, her face screwing up a little as she concentrated. "And it's independent? I can't seem to control it."

Before Millie could answer, Imogen's other head spoke up. "You know what else is independent? These nuts!"

Imogen, the actual Imogen, turned back to face Millie, mouthing the word 'what?' with wide eyes.

"Hey, I just gave her your horniness, not your wit", she answered with a shrug. "So sue me if the innuendo isn't exactly top drawer."

"In *your* end-o", the head interjected.

"Okay well that one I've heard *you* use before, so that's not on me", Millie added.

Imogen went to wipe her hands over her face, but found that she could only move her right arm, her left arm seemingly following the commands of her other head on the left side of her body - a fact that was quickly made clear as it started rubbing enticingly against her smooth crotch. She gave Millie yet another aggrieved look.

Once again, Millie protested the silent rebuke. "You still have one hand! That's more than enough. And besides, how else is she supposed to tell you how horny you are?"

Ignoring her other head, Imogen put her hand on her chin and spoke in the most measured manner she could manage. "So, let's review. In a contest to make me cum, you first took away my genitals, and then moved all my sex drive into a completely separate head?"

Millie considered the point. "Yeah, basically."

"Once again, bold. Let's see how that works out for you."

It was a little more difficult for Imogen to make her roll, given she only had one hand to pick up the dice, but when she managed it it came out as a 6. "Ah ha", she said softly, trying to project an air of authority despite her second head constantly trying to make out with her ear. "Time for something big. You know what? I think you should stand up for this one."

Millie stood obligingly, and in turn Imogen pointed her wand at her, drawing an invisible circle around her lower body before punctuating the gesture with a definitive final stab. It didn't take long for Millie to feel the effects.

It started with her feet. They burst outwards almost comically, her toes stretching and combining to form three large claws, one of which stretched out backwards for balance. The need for that balance was made clear as the grey colouration washing up over her skin reached her knees, and with a sudden jolt they reversed, sending her stumbling as she fought to stay standing.

She barely had time to adjust to that as the energy of the change rushed upwards, hitting her waist and just ballooning outwards dramatically. There was almost an audible "fwoomph!" as bright yellow feathers sprouted from her skin, her hips expanding and reshaping to account for her greatly increased volume. A sudden fan of a tail behind her made Millie give an outright squawk, the sound making a lot more sense as she finally caught her breath and regarded herself in the mirror. Above the waist she was mostly normal, aside from a downy white fuzz on her chest and a trail of yellow feathers down the inside of her arms, but below that was a different story entirely. It was like she was a centaur, except instead of a horse she'd been merged with a chicken. Or, now that she looked at closer...

"A chocobo?", she gawped. "You made me a chocobo?"

Now it was Imogen's turn to shrug with faux innocence. "Didn't you see the FF7 remake trailer? It looked cool, so I wanted a chance to see that close up."

Millie pouted for a moment, but then eventually had a thought. "Ha, well, you messed up. Now there's way more room in me for all those eggs, so I'll be able to last much longer before I-wark!" She clapped her hands over her mouth, blushing heavily at her unintended animal outburst.

"Sure you will", Imogen said smugly. "We'll see how that works out for you. But for now, it's your turn again."

It took a little concentrated effort for Millie to bend her new body in such a way that she could reach the table with the dice on it, not to mention the complicated sensations that provoked from the ever-increasing number of eggs jostling around inside her. But she managed it eventually, shaking the dice with a single flick of her wrist and then peering over the side of her yellow feather explosion of a torso to read what is said.

"One", she read out loud. "Great."

There was a pause, the claws on her feet tapping against the floor as she considered.

"You know what, I can- wark!" She coughed, smoothed her ruffled feathers, then corrected herself. "I can *work* with that."

The process of picking up her wand was similarly involved, but once she'd accomplished that she levelled it at Imogen's eye level and gave a complicated circular movement. Then she slowly rotated her arm out to her side, dropping the wand to the ground like she was dropping a mic.

"Wow, confident", Imogen said, genuinely impressed. "You've really been on something this whole time, have...n't... you?"

Her speech slowed to a halt, her jaw working back and forth as her lips started to feel... weird. She ran her tongue around absently, then stopped as a full-body tremor ran through her.

"You wanted to know what my plan was with taking away your pussy?", Millie asked. "Well, there you go. I was planning on doing something a little more emphatic, but on the roll of a one I'll just settle for making your lips as sensitive as your pussy was."

Imogen raised a finger in the start of a comeback, but before she could say anything her other hand grabbed her firmly by the chin, her second head all but launching itself at her, locking her in an endlessly passionate makeout session.

"Does it all make sense now?", Millie added with a smirk.

Imogen didn't even try to respond. Her resistance had rapidly faded, and now she was leaning into the kiss herself, her free hand rubbing desperately at her smooth crotch.

Seeing her opportunity, Millie strutted over. "Aww, is it getting too much for you?", she purred. "Does it feel good to explore how - wark!... how *warped* your body is, to feel how different and unusual and alien all the feelings coming over you are? Letting you lean in more and more to the sensations that are so intimate and familiar, while also... also..."

Imogen's eyes had all but drifted closed by this point, but Millie wasn't far behind. Her only saving grace was that she couldn't actually reach her pussy, but by now her body was so heavy with tension that all she had to do was rub it slowly over the corner of the nearby bed to provoke all the feelings she needed.

"Feels so, wwWarrk! So mhmm! Good to... lean in and... and WARRK! Ah-uhnnnn!"

Stumbling forward, Millie's legs locked as the first egg pressed through her pussy, sending her tumbling into a feathery heap on the floor. At the same time Imogen's uncontrolled hand flailed wildly as she came too, hitting the edge of the small table they'd set up for the dice and sending it spinning through the air, almost colliding with Millie's shuddering body.

That near-accident brought them both out of the moment a lot quicker than they would have preferred, although it was hard for either of them to fully pull back when they had some independent part of their bodies still relentlessly driving them back towards climax.

"So, tie then?", Millie said stammered, in between shuddering orgasms as one egg after another made their way out of her.

Imogen pried her other head away for a moment. "Deal. I'll wash the dishes, you dry?"

"Wark", Millie answered with a nod, then they both got back to their rather more pressing concerns.