

Word Games (Body Part TF, Absorption)

Ashley cocked her head and leaned back on the bench, licking her lips and studying her surroundings. "Okay," she said at last. "Let's begin. ... You want to go first again?"

Mandy frowned. "Of course not! I *always* go first. And it puts me at a disadvantage, you know. *You* go first."

Around them, the busy mall bustled with shoppers, bags swinging at their sides as they rushed from one jam-packed store to the next.

"Okay, okay, okay," said Ashley, rolling her eyes. "God forbid I disadvantage you or anything." Sighing, she looked around, studying the surrounding shoppers, until her eyes settled on a woman in ripped jeans and a graphic tee, her short black hair streaked with purple highlights. "Breast," she said. And snapped her fingers.

With a pop, the black-haired woman vanished, snatched straight out of existence. Despite the impossibility of this, however, no one around her seemed to notice. Nor did anyone raise an eyebrow when, in the exact same instant, Ashley's left breast pulsed in her top and grew, stretching her bra straps a little tighter.

"Interesting choice," said Mandy. "Okay, let's see..." She sized up a slightly older man in a tailored navy suit—some kind of executive, she guessed. "Tit."

With another tiny pop, the man in the suit vanished too, leaving only a small ring of smoke in his wake. The herd of shoppers stomped straight through it, dispersing it in instants.

And in her top, her right breast grew a little larger.

"Really? 'Tit'?" asked Ashley. "Are you just going to copy me?"

"Fuck you. What else was I supposed to say for T? Whatever—hurry up, anyway. It's your turn. Unless you want to give in?"

"Screw you. Let's see..." Frowning, Ashley squinted at the crowd. Finally, after a moment of thought, her eyes settled on a younger girl in a floral sundress. "Tongue."

Pop! The girl disappeared. Ashley stuck her tongue out with a smug little grin.

Mandy rolled her eyes. "Ear," she said, flicking her gaze at a brown-haired man in Khaki shorts and a polo shirt. *Pop!* She wiggled her finger in her right one and picked out some wax.

"Hmm..." said Ashley, scanning the shoppers. "R, R, R, R..."

"What are you, a pirate? Hurry up and pick."

“Okay, okay!” She settled on a brunette in mom jeans and a croptop. “Rectum!” *Pop!* With a little gasp, she shifted on the bench, looking back over her shoulder. “*Fuck.*”

Mandy snorted. “Okay, M, huh? Well, that’s an obvious one. Mouth!” A slender man in skinny jeans and a band shirt vanished, while Mandy licked her lips and shivered in delight. “Ooo, this one must have been a talker. He feels right at home.”

“He was probably gay,” said Ashley. “Hmm, H, huh? I guess ‘hand’ is the obvious choice, but let’s go for something more creative. Heel.” A platinum blonde in yoga pants and a sports bra dropped out of the world, and in the same instant, Ashley’s left leg jerked a little.

“Oof, that’s a mean one,” said Mandy, unable to hide her amusement.

“You’re one to talk.”

“True. L, huh? Are plurals allowed?”

“I guess. What are you thinking?”

“Legs.” A young man in basketball shorts and sneakers vanished in a plume of smoke. And Mandy’s lycra shorts squeaked as her thighs grew a little thicker.

“Clever,” said Ashley, wishing she’d thought to do the same before she’d thrown her bust off balance. “Er, S, huh? Um...”

“Ticktock, ticktock.”

“Shut up. Er... Stomach.” A slightly older woman in a hijab vanished, and Ashley’s gut bulged out of her top. She looked down in horror as it rumbled.

Mandy snickered. “Nice one, idiot. And since you’ve already given me my answer, I’ll go straight ahead and say it: Hand!” A young man in baggy jeans and a hoodie vanished, plucked from the reality of the mall.

“I hope he enjoys giving handjobs,” said Ashley, bitterly. “...Because he’s going to be giving a lot of them from now on! Dick!”

A brunette with highlights and leather-jacket poofed out of existence, leaving her best friend to stroll on without a care in the world. And in the same instant, Ashley’s skirt bulged, stretched into a tent by the new organ inside it. “F-fuck!” she cried, struggling to press it down again.

“Are you implying I’m going to give *you* a handjob?” asked Mandy, eyebrow raised.

“I forgot it was my turn! I thought she’d become yours! It was a masturbation joke! Nn~!”

“Idiot. Try not to cum before I win. Kidney.” A sandy blond in cargo pants and a polo shirt found himself somewhere slightly darker than the mall’s sunny concourse.

Ashley opened her mouth to shout something invective and stopped, her brow furrowed in thought. "Shit," she said. "Shit, shit."

"Struggling to think?" said Mandy, with a smirk.

"No. Now shut the fuck up and let me."

"Of course, of course. I hope you don't mind if I grab something from your bag though?" Mandy leaned over Ashley's crotch and rummaged in her purse, rubbing her arm against Ashley's bulge as she did so. Ashley squirmed, biting her lip. "Fuck. Fuck. Okay, okay, I surrender! I surrender! Stop doing that!"

Mandy sat back with a smile. "Another victory for me," she said. "How many is that now?"

Ashley glared at her. "Fuck you. Best out of five?"

"You're on. Boob." A black-haired woman in a form-fitting dress disappeared, making Mandy's left boob a little larger and leaving her younger sister all alone in the process.

"Boob," said Ashley, instantly. Said younger sister vanished too, and Ashley's right boob grew to match her left one.

"Boob," said Mandy, tightening her eyes.

"Boob!" replied Ashley, returning her glare.

"Boob!"

"Boob!"

"Boob!"

"Boob!"

"Boob!"

"Boob!"

"Boob!"

One by one, shoppers slipped out of existence, poofed away in tiny pillars of smoke, and with each one that vanished, one of the pair's boobs became ever so slightly larger.

This went on for some time.

Finally, the two slumped back, breathing hard. A pair of exercise balls dangled from each of their chests, stretching their poor, abused tops tight. Around them, the mall was considerably quieter.

"Let's call this one a draw," said Mandy, wiping the sweat from her brow.

"Agreed," replied Ashley. "Still up for another round?"

"You're on."