

Game Changer – Part 2

For SeriousSentence

By TheSpiralledEye

When the game finally ended Josh felt like cheering; not because his team had won but because he could finally stop watching guys run around a muddy field chasing a ball. Peter was groaning in defeat but still had a huge grin on his face despite it.

“That was such a nailbiter, you may have won this round but just you wait, my team will catch up this season!”

“Yeah, whatever.” Josh shrugged; he honestly couldn’t care less right now. The game hadn’t seemed that interesting to him; probably because he had been transformed into a woman halfway through it.

How could anybody focus on a game of sports ball when they had been genderbent at the halfway point? It was perfectly natural; he was sure once this got sorted out, he’d be back to his normal self in no time. Peter at least seemed to understand and switched off the television, skipping their usual post game discussions of plays.

“We should go visit Victor.” He said with a sigh, “Hopefully he can give you a cure or tell us how long it’ll take for...this, to wear off.”

“Good idea.” Josh stood, feeling his new curves jiggle with the movement and he looked down at them with a furrowed brow.

Peter was making for the front door when Josh called out to him to wait.

“I can’t go to Victor’s like this.” He pouted, gesturing to his ill-sitting clothes, “I look awful.”

“Dude, who cares, if anything this aids your case for help.”

“Just let me look through my cupboard and see if I can find something better to wear.” Josh begged, walking right over to his bedroom while Peter blinked in disbelief.

“Dude, unless you are into some seriously weird shit, I don’t think anything you own will be much better.”

“I have some of my sisters’ old clothes from when she came to visit.” He called out, already rummaging through the back of his closet, “Just give me a minute!”

He grabbed the old backpack his sister had left last time she visited and sighed with relief to find a few different bits of clothing; this situation may have been strange but it was no excuse to go out looking like a fashion disaster! He tugged off his old jeans and boxers, trying not to enjoy the feeling of his now peach shaped ass moving as it was freed from its constraints. For a moment he stood, finger pressed to his lips in though admiring his new pussy. It really was quite pretty, his delicate pink folds surrounded by neat dark hair. Josh knew it was strange to not feel emasculated by the loss of his cock but honestly, this pussy was so pretty he couldn’t help but feel proud.

He had no underwear and besides, it would be a shame to fully cover up such a lovely pussy so he grabbed the chiffon skirt from the bag and slid it on while still commando. Josh felt a bolt of pleasure from being so naughty and it made him smile; the skirt was long and flowy, adding the extra thrill that at any moment, a strong breeze might expose his new folds to the world. Shouldn’t that make him feel anxious? Or bad in some way? Oh well.

Josh sighed in relief peeling the too tight shirt off; his large, bouncy tits now hanging in the open air for the first time. He massaged them, humming in pleasure as he kneaded at the sore, sensitive skin. His old shirt felt so rough compared to the fabric of the blouse that replaced it. The buttons were still stretched tight across his bust, but not so much that his tits couldn’t move as he walked. He grabbed the old football jersey off his forgotten mirror, tossing it to the floor so he could admire his new reflection; not great, the blouse was still far to conservative for his new taste but he did at least look presentable. The blouse did have one advantage though, the thin fabric allowed just a touch of skin to show through at its tightest points; he smiled softly, leaning forward to appreciate his cleavage. If only he had a push up bra or something he could double that little display, the idea that sounded better the more he thought about it. His nipples tented the fabric and he blushed; that was a bit embarrassing but what could he do about it? It wasn’t as if he had a bra lying around. When he walked out to join his friend Peter’s eyes just about popped out of his skull.

“Mate wha-why are you wearing a skirt?”

“Cute, isn’t it?” Josh giggled, “I dunno, it just feels right.”

He wasn’t sure why but saying that sounded so funny he just kept giggling; Peter looked disturbed and he reached out, patting him on the cheek.

“Lighten up, Peter.” He cooed, “I’m just making the best of a bad situation.”

“Okay.” Peter croaked, his cheeks turning beet red.

It was funny, Josh had never realised how cute his friend was when he blushed like that before. He felt oddly light on his feet as they walked to the car, his hips swayed gently and he kept getting distracted looking down at his long legs. More than once he stumbled which made him giggle all the more. Josh wasn’t sure what was so funny about it but he couldn’t keep the laughter at bay.

“Better let me drive.” Peter mumbled, “Somehow I don’t think you’re in the right headspace.”

“Aw, that’s so nice of you!” Josh sighed; his friend really was so sweet.

He slid into the passenger seat, grinning to himself as he bounced on his now plump ass. He felt jittery, perhaps another after effect but he just couldn’t keep still. His hands kept wandering and his feet tapping away on the floor of the car as they drove. Idly, he wondered what they looked like. He’d not bothered removing his sneakers to inspect them, only tied the laces tighter in an effort to compensate for their smaller size.

He toed one off, peeling back the sock and gasping with happiness; his foot was so dainty now, the toenails neat half moons. They would look so pretty painted; he wasn’t sure where the thought had come from but once it solidified in his brain, he couldn’t stop thinking about it. He could paint his fingernails too, shiny and pink or maybe blue, with glitter for extra accents. Peter cleared his throat awkwardly but Josh ignored him, having grabbed out his phone to look up nail art tutorials. It was only after the second cough he finally looked up to see they had stopped right in front of Victor’s house.

“Oh, sorry I just got caught up in my own head!” He tittered, “Let’s go!”

He jumped from the car only to stumble once again and realise he’d not put his shoe back on; a much more serious problem than it would be normally. He couldn’t just bend over to pick the shoe and sock off the car floor, he’d be exposing his bare pussy to the world if he did that! He could squat down but something about the action just seemed so...unlady-like, for lack of a better term. He didn’t bother getting himself properly dressed just to act in an unflattering manner!

“Peter,” He called, “Could you be a dear and grab my shoe?”

“Can’t you get it yourself?” Peter scrunched up his face uncomfortably.

“Please.” Josh pouted and batted his eyes before whispered, “I can’t bend over, I haven’t got any panties.”

The effect was immediate and Peter went bright pink much to Josh’s delight. He really did look so cute when he was flustered. He muttered something Josh couldn’t hear and grabbed the shoe and sock; Josh held out his foot with an expectant smile.

“You can’t be serious.” Peter deadpanned.

“Do you expect me to sit on the cold ground?”

Peter bit his lip and rolled up the sock, slipping it easily over Josh’s foot followed by the shoe, though it did take him a few attempts to get it tied with his fingers trembling. Josh had no idea why, it wasn’t even that cold out; though there was a pleasant breeze flowing under his skirt and brushing against his folds. Peter shot to his feet as soon as the deed was done, clearing his throat and refusing to meet Josh’s eyes.

“Thank you! But Peter, you really should go see a doctor about that cough.” Josh said, looping his arm through Peter’s, “I’d hate for you to get sick.”

He gave the man’s arm a squeeze and shivered slightly at how nice his tits felt pressed up against the firm muscle. He had to say, this new body was growing on him, it just felt so fun and free, not to mention sexy. Unfortunately, his body seemed to be having the opposite effect on Peter who tensed under his touch. At least he didn’t push him away though and they walked up to Victor’s door and knocked several times before he opened the door, red eyed and looking very relaxed.

“Pete! Wasssssup?” He slurred, “who’s the chick? Sorry, you’ve got me at a bad time, just lit up a new batch and I made it a tiiiiiiiny bit too strong.”

“Victor it’s me! Josh!” Josh exclaimed, “I tried that new purple stuff and well, this happened and it’s uh, um, oh shoot what’s the word?”

“Fucking weird?” Peter tried, finally untangling himself from Josh’s grip, “Seriously, Victor I need you to sober up and tell me what the fuck was in that stuff because Josh is getting...odd.”

Victor's eyes widened and looked him up and down, Josh blushed at the obvious attention but found he didn't actually dislike it. They were waved inside and immediately hit with the smell of weed lingering in the air, nothing like the sweet scent that had danced across his senses when the change happened though. Victor and Peter began chatting animatedly, with Victor diving into the incredibly detailed series of steps he took to make the new weed Josh had smoked. He knew he should have been interested, this was his entire identity on the line but try as he might, Josh's eyes glazed over and his mind wandered. All that science talk was just so boring, who'd have thought somebody as high as Victor could use such long and complicated words?

Instead, he shifted in his seat, distracted by a gentle tickle between his legs. The loose fabric of his skirt was brushing against his pussy, making it moisten ever so slightly. Josh had never realised just how sensitive they were. He couldn't help but day dream about what it would feel like to have a finger stroke along them, or a tongue...maybe even a cock. A yell broke him from his fantasies and Peter jumped to his feet, face red but this time with anger.

"So, what, he's just supposed to stay like this until you find a cure? That could take weeks, months! Look at him! He's a total ditz! He tripped over three times just walking to the damn car."

"I'm sure you can keep an eye on him." Victor said placatingly, "His family is all out of state and he works from home now, we're really lucky honestly."

"I can't live with a girl." Peter hissed, "Especially not when the girls is...Josh. It's too fucking weird!"

Josh felt a pang through his heart and to his surprise and shame, tears began to burn at the back of his eyes.

"D-do you not like me like this?" His voice wobbled along with his bottom lip. "I thought we were friends!"

"We are." Peter rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, "It's just...you're not acting like yourself."

"That's not my fault," Josh sniffed.

"Of course not." Victor replied, patting him on the shoulder, "I am really sorry man, I never dreamed that weed could have this effect. I swear, as soon as I am sober, I'll start working on

something to reverse it. In the meantime, just try to fight through the mental shift that's clearly taking hold, okay?"

Josh blinked back the tears and nodded. It wasn't that bad really, there were worse fates than spending a few days or weeks as a pretty girl. Like Victor said, he just had to fight off the tipsiness that seemed to be a permanent part of his brain while he was transformed. Once he had a handle on his impulse control, everything would be fine. A good night sleep to get over the shock and he'd be his usual, football loving self again, just in a slightly different body. He was sure of it.