

Game Changer

For SeriousSentence

By TheSpiralledEye

Josh took a swig of his beer and leaned forward; eyes glued to the screen as the time ticked down. The Packers had mere seconds before half time and the score was equal, the kicker just made it, slamming the ball down and Josh cheered while his companion slumped in his seat.

“Just you wait,” Peter warned, “We’ll get you back in the second half.”

Josh just grinned; it was only the first game of the season and already it was proving to be one his favourites of all time. When the very first game of the season was a nailbiter, you knew you were in for a great couple of months. The NFL symbol flashed across the screen as they went to ad break and he sighed, settling back into the couch feeling relaxed and content; their pizzas would be arriving shortly and his team was off to a great start. This was the life.

“Well, we’ve got a bit of time to kill before the game starts up again, wanna light up?” Peter offered, “Should be just enough time for it to kick in when they start playing again.”

“Hells yeah.”

At first, Josh had been hesitant to smoke weed while watching games, he was sure it would ruin his concentration or make him zone out. But after a little experimentation he’d discovered a weak blunt was just the ticket to a relaxing afternoon of football. It helped them from raging at the losses or getting too hyped up at the wins. He hated to admit it, but he was a bit of a sore winner when the adrenaline got to his head.

“Victor hooked me up with this as well.” Peter grinned, holding up a second bag containing what looked like weed but with a strange purple tinge, “Said it was his latest experiment, something about really changing your perspective.”

Josh thought for a moment. He didn’t want to miss this game because he was high as a kite; Victor was a good dealer, a mate of theirs from college in fact who only dabbled in weed and shrooms, nothing hard. He trusted that it wasn’t spiked with anything too intense. The bag was small too, only containing a pinch of the substance, less than he’d used for even a weak roll normally.

“Doesn’t look like he gave you much.” Josh said, “Barely enough for even a weak one. We split it I doubt it’ll do anything.”

“Well, coin toss?” He offered, “Winner gets to try the new stuff first?”

“You’re on.”

It took them a few minutes of fumbling to even find a coin, who carried cash these days? Luckily, it seemed that couches were still a magnet for pennies and Peter fished one out from between the cushions. He flicked it on his thumb, sending it spiralling in the air before snatching and slamming it down under his palm.

“Heads!” he called.

“Tails.”

It was tails and Josh just laughed, taking the bag and sprinkling the purple powder into his paper and rolling it.

“Sorry mate, guess it isn’t just my team that’s lucky today.”

Peter just scoffed, not looking bothered at all surprisingly.

Josh took a drag and found the smoke tased vaguely sweet; he held it in his lungs for a moment before exhaling and instantly feeling that familiar wave of relaxation pass over him. It was a little stronger than he expected, but not so bad that he couldn’t concentrate on the screen as the game started back up. For a few minutes, his mind was wholly focused on the screen but after a few minutes he found it wandering, despite the tenseness of the match.

A pleasant tingle had started to spread out from his lungs to cover his entire body; it felt like the light touch of fingers tracing across his skin in a way that was almost sensual. It was hard to resist the urge to relax further back into the couch and close his eyes to fully enjoy the sensation. It was especially strong across his chest, it almost felt like his muscles were stretching, a pleasant burn not unlike what he felt after a good run.

“You okay?” Peter asked, “You’re uh, wiggling.”

“Am I?”

He hadn't noticed; that tingling was getting stronger, spreading down his back and hips causing them to shift slightly trying to get comfortable. He forced himself to still, trying to refocus on the game but finding it impossible to ignore that strange sensation. His ass almost felt as though it was, sweating. He swore he could feel it pressing up against his jeans now and that same pressure was beginning to appear at his chest as well. He looked down, noticing just how tight his shirt had become.

“Wow, this stuff is weird.” He giggled, “I think Victor put some of his shrooms in here. I am seeing some weird shit.”

Curiously, he pulled his collar out and blinked. Somehow, despite the strange swelling sensation, he hadn't expected to see tits. Round, heavy ones with deep cleavage and pretty pink nipples. Dumbfounded he pressed a finger to them, watching the soft flesh jiggle to the touch, he could feel the movement as if they were real.

“Dude, he wasn't kidding about changing perspectives.” Josh laughed, “You will not believe what I am seeing-“

“I see them too.”

Peter's voice was hushed, and in shock Josh snapped to face him. The fun of the experience suddenly drained away; he thought this was just a hallucination but if Peter was seeing it then...it was really happening.

“You've got...you've got tits.” He gaped, eyes wide, “And your hair!”

“What about my hair?”

Josh's fingers flew to his skull, and was met with a tumble of blonde waves where cropped brown hair had once been. He could feel it growing, slipping through his fingers as that tingling spread across his skull. On the periphery his awareness he heard the crowd on the tv cheering, somebody had scored; but for the first time in his life there was something more important than football. In a panic he ripped off his shirt, Peter yelling in shock and embarrassment as his bare tits were exposed. Josh grabbed them, fingers digging into the soft, warm skin trying to find some sign they were a

hallucination. If Peter's red face and the warm pleasure tingling under his fingertips was any indication though, they were very real.

A thought occurred and Josh felt the blood drain from his face. Just how far was this change going to go? If the pins and needles sensation was anything to go by, it was far from done, in fact it was getting stronger around his ass again and creeping steadily between his legs. He watched, dumbfounded, as his hips stretched before his eyes, widening to accommodate his new curves. He felt himself rise ever so slightly as his ass continued to plump and shot to his feet, twisting in an effort to see it better.

"Dude!" Peter was blushing profusely and shielding his eyes as Josh twisted and turned.

He could feel his free breasts moving, bouncing as he moved in jerky motions to try and see what was happening to his behind. He could feel it moving now too, much like his breasts and that both terrified and, weirdly enough, aroused him. He could feel that tingling all over his body, smoothing out the skin of his legs, widening his thighs, plumping his lips; and he could do nothing to stop it. The sensation burrowed between his legs, that strange stretching feeling coating his groin and causing him to almost double over. It wasn't pain but it wasn't pleasure either; in the end it didn't matter, he couldn't think straight with his skin buzzing like that.

As it dissipated, he was left with a strange emptiness that was so alien to him. The front of his jeans, in stark contrast to the back, felt empty. The space taken up by his cock mere seconds ago now bare. The temptation was there, to unzip his fly, pull down his boxers and look but he resisted. He could feel a dampness there now and he knew what he'd find. His heart began to race, both from shock and excitement at the prospect. The strange tingling was beginning to recede now, at least over most of his body, it was just his skull that continued to buzz as if it were coated with static.

Josh felt his eyes go wide as the sensation seemed to deepen, seeping deep into his skull from the skin until he swore, he could feel it inside his very mind. He felt his eyes glaze over; unable to think of anything but the pleasant fog that was descending over his thoughts. The panic dissipated, leaving only relaxation and a lingering pleasure from that wetness between his legs. In a sudden burst, the energy dissipated and a violent shiver rocked down his spine, finally ending the strange sensations for good. Josh blinked groggily, feeling slightly dizzy as he turned to face Peter in a daze.

The game was still playing on tv, accordingly to the clock they were only ten minutes into the second half. Had so little time really passed? Josh held up his hands, inspecting them with fascination and taking in every little detail; the little half moon nails, the long, dainty fingers, even the softness of each finger pad. They were so strange, it felt odd to know they were his.

"Are you...okay?" Peter asked without really looking at him.

"I think so."

Josh's palm flew to his throat, delicate fingers brushing the hollow where there had been an Adam's apple. His voice sounded so different, higher, breathier, *sexier*.

"What the hell was in that weed?" he said finally, wincing at his own voice.

"No idea but you won't catch me dead smoking it." Peter shook his head in disbelief, still not making eye contact. "Do you think perhaps you should put your shirt back on?"

Josh blushed, looking down at his new breasts; he should be feeling horrified right now, helplessly emasculated and yet he wasn't. All he could feel while looking down at those beautiful breasts was pride; how sexy they looked, how perky and firm, most girls would kill to have a rack like this one. Had the drug done something to his brain as well? It was the only explanation for how calm he was feeling right now. Reluctantly, he reached for his shirt and struggled to get it back on. The fabric was too tight, stretching across his bust in a very unflattering manner; he pouted, sad to have to hide away his body before he was done admiring it.

"This is...weird but I feel okay about it, I think?" Josh mused, "My head feels a little funny sort of like...oh what's the word, um..."

"Maybe you should sit down." Peter suggested, "I'll text Victor and tell him to get his ass over here to explain and we finish watching the game."

"The game?"

Josh had forgotten all about it.

"Yeah, this is just way too much to deal with right now." Peter said, "Let's just watch the game and pretend everything is normal for a bit while we wait for Victor to reply."

Josh just nodded dumbly; he didn't have any better ideas after all. He collapsed back onto the couch, trying to focus on the game in front of him but found his mind and eyes wandering back down to his new body. From this angle, slightly slumped back, he had a full view of his curvaceous form, if only Peter hadn't made him get dressed again, he could explore it more fully. He shook his head; he shouldn't be curious! He forced his eyes toward the tv, determined not to think about his new sexy body and instead tried to focus on the game. It had been so exciting just a short while ago so why now, after his change, did it seem so completely boring?

