

TF DUEL

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Round 4

The war had started before breakfast.

The morning sun sliced through the blinds of their dorm room, illuminating dust dancing in the air and the silent, simmering rage that had become the new centerpiece of their decor. Felix was already dressed, pacing a furious, hip-swinging path in the small space between their beds, his borrowed compression gear from the night before already on.

“I can’t wait all day, John!” he snapped, his husky contralto voice sharp with impatience. “I want to play now. Before your class. Before my... whatever the hell I have today.”

John groaned, rolling over in bed and pulling a pillow over his head. His own body felt alien, but in a way he was getting dangerously accustomed to. The slender, yoga-toned form was light, graceful. And between his legs, the weight of his new, ball-less penis was a constant, comforting, and deeply confusing presence. “Dude, it’s eight in the morning. Let me sleep in. I was up late... celebrating.”

Felix stopped pacing and glared at him. “Celebrating? Celebrating what? That you have a dick and I’m stuck carrying around fifty pounds of extra MILF-ass and tits?” He slapped his own thigh for emphasis, the sound a solid, fleshy thud. “It’s easier for you. I feel like a goddamn parade float.”

John sat up, a lazy, infuriating smirk on his face. He swung his long legs out of bed, completely naked, and stretched, his small B-cups perking up in the morning chill. “It’s not my fault you lost, buddy.” He walked past Felix on his way to the bathroom, giving his friend’s massive, spandex-clad ass a playful, resonant smack. “Besides, you look good.”

Felix recoiled as if he’d been electrocuted, his face flushing a deep, furious crimson. “Don’t fucking touch me!”

“Alright, alright, chill,” John said, holding his hands up in mock surrender. “Fine. Let me just go jerk off one more time with this thing, and then we can play.”



“Fuck off!” Felix roared, his voice cracking with a raw, desperate frustration. “I want my cock back, you asshole! Now!”

The raw desperation in his friend’s voice finally cut through John’s smugness. He sighed, the fight draining out of him. “Alright. Fine.” He grabbed a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. “I’ve got Advanced Algorithms in an hour anyway. Might as well get this over with.” He paused, his expression turning serious. “I’m getting sick of this, man. My mom called this morning. Wished her ‘darling daughter Joyce’ a good day. It was so fucking weird.”

“Well, get used to it,” Felix growled, his eyes dark with a grim determination. “Because I am winning this round. I don’t care what it takes.”

The air in the room shifted, the playful animosity solidifying into something colder, harder. This wasn’t just a game anymore. It was a battle for their identities. They sat on the floor, the ominous black box between them, the silence thick with unspoken fears and furious ambition.

As John laid out the cards, he noticed Felix was practically vibrating with a nervous, anxious energy. It was more than just the desire to win. It was a specific, targeted panic. And then it clicked. John’s smirk returned, sharper and crueler this time.

“Oh, I get it,” he said, his voice a low, teasing drawl. “It’s today, isn’t it? Your date with Susie.”

Felix's head snapped up, a deer-in-the-headlights look on his new, feminine face. A dark blush spread across his cheeks. "Shut the fuck up."

"Don't wanna show up to your big date looking like a six-foot-tall MILF, huh?" John taunted, twisting the knife. "Wonder what she'll think of 'Felicia.'"

"Shut up and play the game," Felix hissed, his hands clenched into fists. He snatched up his hand of seven cards, his eyes scanning them frantically. A flicker of relief, almost imperceptible, crossed his face. "Yes," he whispered under his breath.

John looked at his own hand. A strange assortment of powers and curses. He had no idea how any of them could possibly help him, but the game was nothing if not unpredictable.

"My turn to draw," John announced, his hand hovering over the Goal Deck. He took a deep breath and flipped the top card. The silver text bloomed into existence.

GOAL: BE THE FIRST PLAYER TO ATTRACT THE LARGEST CROWD OF ONLOOKERS IN A PUBLIC SPACE.

(The challenge will last for one hour, beginning immediately after the final card is played.)

They stared at the card. Attract a crowd. It was subjective, open to interpretation, but the core of it was simple: become a spectacle.

"Alright," Felix said, his voice tight. "Let's do this."

They chose their first cards, the silence in the room so profound John could hear his own heartbeat. This was it. Round four.

"Turn one," John said. "On three."

They played their cards simultaneously.

Felix's card, played on himself, read: MOTHER'S ANATOMY.

John's card, played on himself, read: AMAZONIAN WARRIOR.

The transformation hit John like a freight train. His already tall, yoga-toned frame surged with a new, potent power. He grew another few inches, pushing six-foot-five. His muscles didn't just grow; they lengthened, hardened, coalescing into the powerful, yet graceful,

physique of a mythical warrior woman. His shoulders broadened, his back widened into a powerful V-taper, his legs became pillars of corded strength. He felt incredible. Powerful. And then he felt it. Or rather, the lack of it. The familiar, comforting weight of his penis was gone, the space between his legs once again a smooth, slick, hollow void.



“Goddammit!” he yelled, his new, deeper voice echoing in the room. “My dick! It’s gone again!”

Felix let out a short, sharp bark of laughter. “What did you expect, genius? You turned yourself into an Amazon. Amazons are women. They don’t have cocks.”

“It’s fine,” John growled, trying to convince himself as much as Felix. “I’m gonna win it back anyway.” He looked over at Felix, who hadn’t seemed to change at all. He still had the same powerful, curvy build. “What the hell did your card even do?”

Felix just smiled, a secretive, confident look in his eyes. He lifted the hem of his compression top slightly. His nipples, already prominent, were now larger, darker, the areolas wider. “I already have ‘Mother’s Curves,’” he explained. “I think this just... completed the set. Gave me fully functional, lactating breasts.”



John stared at him, completely baffled. “And how is that going to help you win?”

“That,” Felix said, his smile widening, “is my little secret.”

The confidence radiating from him was unnerving. John pushed it aside. “Turn two,” he announced.

This was the sabotage round. John scanned his cards, a wicked idea forming in his mind. If Felix wanted to be a mother, John would be happy to oblige him. He selected his card. Felix, after a moment’s consideration, chose his.

They played their cards.

John’s card, aimed at Felix, was simple and brutal: PREGNANCY.

Felix's card, however, was something John had never seen before: REDIRECT.

John smirked as he saw his card land. "Thought it was ironic, since you've already got the milk bar open for business," he sneered. "Plus, being pregnant will make things a little more diffi—"

He was cut off by a sudden, violent lurch deep inside his own body. A profound, internal expansion that made him gasp. He looked down in horror as his flat, Amazonian stomach began to swell. Not just swell, but balloon, the skin stretching taut, the muscles groaning under the strain as his belly erupted outwards, growing with a terrifying, supernatural speed. In the span of ten seconds, he went from having a warrior's six-pack to being visibly, undeniably, eight months pregnant. His hips widened with an audible pop, his spine arching to compensate for the sudden, immense weight. His new, larger breasts grew even fuller, heavier, tender to the touch. The sensation was a dizzying, overwhelming cocktail of violation, power, and a deeply disturbing, primal femininity.



Felix was roaring with laughter, clutching his stomach. “Oh, man, I knew that card would come in handy! I had a feeling you’d try something like that!”

“How... what...?” John stammered, his hands resting on the massive, taut globe of his own abdomen.

“It redirects the next card played against me to the person who played it,” Felix explained, wiping a tear of mirth from his eye. “Sucks to be you, mommy.”

John was seething. He was trapped in a giant, powerful, and now heavily pregnant, body. This was a disaster.

“Final turn,” he hissed, his voice trembling with a mixture of rage and panic.

He needed something to offset this. Something to give him an edge. He chose a card. Felix, looking supremely confident, chose his.

They played their final cards.

John’s card, played on himself, read: SKILLS OF A GYMNAST.

Felix’s card, played on himself, read: BIMBOFICATION.

John felt a strange lightness flow through his massive frame. A new sense of balance, of perfect proprioception. Despite the huge, cumbersome belly, he felt nimble, flexible, his body suddenly understanding the intricate physics of acrobatics.

He looked up at Felix, ready to mock whatever pathetic buff he’d given himself, and his jaw dropped. Felix’s face was... melting. Reshaping. His lips swelled into a perfect, pouty, collagen-filled heart. His eyes widened, becoming larger, more doe-like, framed by a sudden, impossible growth of thick, black lashes. His cheekbones rose, his jaw softened, his light brown hair lightening to a bright, artificial blonde and growing down to the middle of his back in a cascade of perfect, glossy waves. He was still in his own powerful, curvy body, but his face was that of a perfect, airheaded, plastic doll.



“What... what did you do to yourself?” John asked, genuinely baffled. “Was that meant for me?”

Felix opened his mouth to reply, a smug, strategic explanation ready on his new, bee-stung lips. But what came out was, “Like, this is, like, totally part of my plan?” His voice was a high, breathy, valley-girl squeak. He clapped a hand over his mouth, his eyes wide with shock. He tried again. “I am, like, a total spectacle now!” It was no use. The card hadn’t just changed his face; it had rewired his speech centers.

John just stared for a second, and then he burst out laughing. A deep, genuine, hysterical laugh that made his pregnant belly jiggle. “Oh my god! You look and sound ridiculous!”

Felix, after a moment of panic, seemed to get over it. A smug, if now slightly vacant, smirk spread across his new, plastic face. “Like, duh, you idiot,” he said, the insult completely neutered by his ditzzy new voice. “I’m, like, creating a body that will attract, like, the most attention possible. I was, like, totally inspired by you flashing your tits for vodka last round. As long as I win, I don’t get stuck like this. So, like, who cares?”

And then, the horrifying reality of the situation crashed down on John. His plan had been to

use his Amazonian strength and newfound gymnastic skills to perform incredible acrobatic feats, drawing a crowd through sheer talent. But how could that possibly compete with... this? A six-foot-tall, impossibly curvy, lactating bimbo. Maybe that 20% IQ boost came in handy for Felix... he was very quick to think of this.

“I still have the best chance,” John said, but the words sounded hollow even to his own ears.

“Like, whatever,” Felix said with a dismissive hair flip.



And then he turned and ran, his massive breasts, huge ass, and new blonde hair bouncing and jiggling in a symphony of glorious, attention-grabbing chaos.

John looked down at the Goal Card. A one-hour timer had appeared in glowing silver numbers, already counting down.

59:58... 59:57...

“Oh, fuck.”

He lumbered out of the dorm, his pregnant belly making a run feel more like a waddle, and headed for the central quad. He emerged from the building just in time to see Felix’s opening move.

Felix had planted himself in the dead center of the main lawn. With a dramatic flourish, he ripped off his compression top, freeing his enormous, milk-heavy breasts to the open air. They were magnificent, terrifying, a pair of perfect, vein-traced globes tipped with large, dark, prominent nipples. A collective gasp rippled through the students milling about the quad.

“Oh my god!” Felix wailed in his high-pitched, bimbo voice, cupping his breasts as if they were about to explode. “My titties are, like, so totally full! Can, like, somebody please help me? It, like, really hurts!”

A crowd started to form instantly. It was a bizarre mix of horny, slack-jawed frat boys, morbidly curious girls, and a few genuinely concerned-looking nursing students. Even John, from a hundred feet away, couldn’t help but stare, a horrified fascination rooting him to the spot. Felix was playing it perfectly, a damsel in the most ludicrous distress imaginable, occasionally letting one of the braver guys get a handful of his massive, lactating chest. It was humiliating. It was brilliant. It was working.



John shook himself out of his stupor. He had to compete. He found a clear patch of grass, took a deep breath, and launched himself into a handstand. The move felt effortless. His Amazonian strength and gymnastic grace made his own immense, pregnant body feel almost weightless. He transitioned to a one-armed handstand. Then, to one-armed handstand push-ups, repping them out with an ease that should have been impossible. A few people glanced over. A couple of guys whistled. Someone even tucked a dollar bill into the waistband of his shorts. But all eyes were still on the main event: the lactating bimbo having a very public, very sexy meltdown in the center of the quad.



The hour was a blur of escalating desperation. John pulled out all the stops. He did a series of flawless back handsprings, his pregnant belly a bizarre, orbiting moon. He held a perfect iron cross pose on a low-hanging tree branch, his muscles screaming, his face a mask of determination. He was a living Cirque du Soleil performance, a monument to impossible strength and grace. But his crowd never grew beyond a dozen or so appreciative onlookers.

Felix, meanwhile, had escalated his own performance to a level of pure, shameless spectacle. He'd started theatrically trying to squeeze milk from his own breasts, a few pearly drops beading on his dark nipples, sending the male half of his now-massive crowd into a collective, hormonal frenzy. He was a force of nature, a car crash of sex and absurdity that was impossible to look away from.

The final countdown appeared on the Goal Card in John's mind's eye. 10... 9... 8... He tried one last, desperate move, a full twisting layout that he stuck perfectly, but it was no use. The timer hit zero. Felix had won.

The world dissolved. They were back in the dorm room. Time reset. And Felix was back to normal. Or, his new normal. The six-foot-tall, impossibly curvy woman with the runner's legs and the 20% IQ boost.

John looked down at himself. The effects were permanent. He was a six-foot-five, pregnant, Amazonian warrior woman. The despair was a physical weight, heavier even than the child that wasn't in his womb. He'd lost his penis again. And now he was stuck like this.

Felix was gloating, a smug, triumphant grin on his face. "Looks like the bimbo strategy paid off," he said, his voice back to its normal, husky contralto. "Better luck next time, mommy."

A single black card slid from the box. Felix's prize. He snatched it up, a greedy look in his eyes. He turned it over. His face fell. "Butt +100%? Are you kidding me? This is useless!"

John let out a bitter, joyless laugh. "Serves you right, you son of a bitch."

Felix grabbed a handful of his own already substantial ass. It was toned from the runner's build, but still soft and full from the mother's curves. Another hundred percent would be... a lot. Then, a slow, wicked grin spread across his face. He remembered. The card didn't have to be used on himself. He looked at John, his eyes glinting with pure, unadulterated malice.

John saw the look. His blood ran cold. "Oh, hell no. You are not using that on me. I'm out of here." He scrambled to his feet and lumbered out of the room, his pregnant belly and massive breasts swinging with every panicked step.

Felix watched him go, a chuckle rumbling in his chest. He looked at the card in his hand. Damn, that would have been good. But he was still a little frustrated. The card is still useless to him. He slipped the card into his pocket, and hit the books for some studying to take his mind

off his current predicament looking like this.

Later, that same day

Felix glanced at the clock. 5pm. His date. With Susie. He should cancel. Showing up as a six-foot-tall, hyper-curvy woman was probably not what she was expecting. But then he remembered. Reality had already rewritten itself. In this world, he was Felicia. And Felicia had a date with Susie. And if he ever managed to change back, it would be nice to have a girlfriend waiting for him.

“Fuck it,” he said to the empty room.

He opened his wardrobe. Most of his old clothes were there, looking strange and foreign. But tucked in amongst the t-shirts and jeans were new additions. A few blouses. A couple of bras. And a row of dresses. Reality had provided. He couldn't believe he was doing this, but he pulled out a simple, black, form-fitting dress. He squeezed himself into it. It was tight, hugging every one of his new, exaggerated curves. He looked in the mirror. And he was... impressed. He looked like a fucking goddess. A powerful, intimidating, ridiculously sexy goddess. He just hoped Susie was into women.



He grabbed his phone and wallet, then paused. No pockets. Of course. With a sigh, he tucked them into his bra, the cold plastic of his phone a strange sensation against his soft, full breast, and headed out the door.

John, meanwhile, was experiencing his own personal circle of hell. He'd met up with some friends from his study group, who, of course, acted as if their six-foot-five, heavily pregnant Amazonian friend was the most normal thing in the world. They'd gone to a campus bar for trivia night.

"Sorry, Joyce," the bartender had said, giving him a pitying look. "I can't serve you. What about the baby?"

"It's not a real baby!" John had wanted to scream. But he couldn't. He just sat there, sipping

a club soda, feeling like a freak. Is it not real? he wondered, a cold dread creeping up his spine. If he was stuck like this for another month, would he... give birth? The thought was so horrifying he couldn't even finish it. He had to change back.

The only upside was the attention his new skills brought him. His friends, goaded on by a few drinks, had convinced him to show off some of his tricks. He'd done a few casual handstands and flips, and the entire bar had erupted in applause. The attention was nice. But it wasn't worth this. It wasn't worth the loss of his dick. It wasn't worth being a walking, talking, pregnant monument to his own failure.

Felix's date, on the other hand, was going surprisingly well. Susie, a cute, punk-rock girl with a sleeve of tattoos and a sharp wit, was definitely, one hundred percent, bisexual in this new reality. They sat in a corner booth of a cozy Italian restaurant, and after the initial awkwardness, Felix found himself... forgetting. Forgetting he was in a woman's body. Forgetting the game. He was just on a date with a beautiful, funny girl, and it was nice.

They went back to her place. The second the door closed, she was on him, her mouth crashing against his, her hands roaming his body, tracing the powerful curves of his back, his waist, his ass. When her hand cupped his breast, a jolt of pure, electric pleasure shot through him, and a soft, involuntary moan escaped his lips.

They stumbled to her bedroom, a trail of clothes in their wake. They fell onto the bed, kissing, touching, exploring. Susie's hand slid down his stomach, her fingers tracing the line of his toned abs, before dipping lower, into the slick wetness between his legs. Her fingers found his clit, and Felix gasped, his entire body arching as a wave of sensation, still so new, so overwhelming, washed over him.

"Whoa," Susie whispered against his neck, a surprised, impressed look on her face. "You okay? Never had sex before?" It was a joke, a flirtatious tease, but for a moment, Felix felt a pang of genuine, virginal panic. In a way, she was right.

The feeling passed as she moved lower, her mouth replacing her fingers. The sensation of being eaten out was still a mind-altering, reality-bending experience. He couldn't help it; he moaned, his hips writhing, his hands tangled in her hair.

After what felt like an eternity, she came back up, her face flushed, her eyes dark with lust. "Okay," she breathed. "I'm ready now." She rolled off him and reached into her nightstand,

pulling out a thick, black, silicone strap-on harness. “Here,” she said, handing it to him. “I want you to fuck me. Hard.”

A slow, predatory grin spread across Felix’s face. This, he could do. He strapped on the harness, the feeling of the silicone dildo pressing against his clit a strange, but not unpleasant, sensation. He turned Susie over onto her hands and knees. Her ass was nice, perky, but... a little small, if he was being honest. He reached for the bottle of lube on her nightstand, his fingers closing around it. And then he remembered. The card.

“Just getting the lube,” he said, his voice a low, husky purr. He fumbled in his bra, pulling out the small, black card. Susie was on her hands and knees, waiting, her back to him. With a trembling hand, he reached out and tapped the card to the center of her left buttock.

BUTT +100%.

The card dissolved in a shower of silver sparks. And before his very eyes, her ass began to grow. It swelled, expanded, blossomed into a perfect, massive, heart-shaped masterpiece. It was the most incredible, most beautiful, most ridiculously hot thing he had ever seen.



He didn't waste another second. He lubed up the strap-on and slid inside her, a triumphant, guttural groan tearing from his throat. The rest of the night was a blur of sweat, pleasure, and the glorious, jiggling, magnificent perfection of Susie's new ass.

Afterwards, as they lay tangled in the sheets, Susie got up to go to the bathroom. A moment later, a bloodcurdling scream echoed from the small room. Felix jumped out of bed and ran in to find her standing in front of the mirror, her hands grabbing at her own, now monumental, backside.

“What the fuck happened to me?!” she shrieked, her eyes wide with a mixture of terror and disbelief.



Felix's heart sank. He'd assumed she'd be unaware, that reality would just rewrite itself around her new body, just like it had for everyone else. But then it dawned on him. Maybe the person the card was used on was always aware.

She was freaking out. He had to calm her down. He grabbed her by the shoulders, looked her straight in the eye, and told her the truth. "It was me," he said. "I did it."

"How?" she whispered, her hands still caressing her new, impossibly large ass.

He sat her down on the edge of the bed and explained. He told her about the game, about the magical cards, about their power to reshape reality. He left out the part about him being a guy, about their entire history being a fabrication. That was a conversation for another day. Or never.

He expected her to be angry. To kick him out. But as he spoke, a strange, excited glint appeared in her eyes. She couldn't stop touching herself, a look of pure, unadulterated awe on her face.

When he was done, she was silent for a long moment. Then she looked at him, her eyes burning with an intensity that made his blood run cold.

"We have to play," she said.

Felix just stared at her, confused. "What?"

"Fuck, Felicia, we have to play!" she said, her voice a low, urgent whisper. "I have... a thing. For this. A transformation fetish."



Felix's mind reeled. What the hell had he gotten himself into?

"Please," she begged, her hands finding his. "I have to play this game."

And in that moment, looking into the eyes of this beautiful, insane, transformation-obsessed girl, Felix realized he hadn't just won a round. He'd just found a new player. And maybe, just maybe, a way to finally get his old life back.