

TF DUEL

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Round 3

The stale air of the dorm room was thick with a silence that was louder than any argument. It had been hours since their last explosive confrontation, hours filled with separate, solitary dinners and the cold, hard weight of their new realities. Felix had stormed off to the gym, a desperate attempt to reclaim some semblance of his old self, only to find the familiar act of lifting weights utterly alien and demoralizing. The sleek, powerful runner's build he now possessed was efficient, but it lacked the raw, upper-body strength he was used to. He felt weak. He felt... ornamental.

He was the first to break the silence, his voice a raw, ragged edge of fury. "You have it easy, you know that?" he spat, pacing back and forth on his side of the room. John looked up from his textbook, his expression one of weary annoyance.

"Easy?" John repeated, his voice dripping with disbelief. "How the hell do you figure that?"

"I had an upgrade!" Felix yelled, gesturing wildly at his own body. "I was stronger, I was getting more attention from girls, and I was fine with it! Now look at me! I'm a fucking marathon runner who can't bench press her own body weight! I have a vagina, John! A goddamn vagina!"

John slammed his book shut. "You were perfectly happy to leave me as a muscle-bound freak woman for the rest of my life! I'm the one who was stuck with a goodman pussy first. Don't you dare act like the victim here!"

"Oh, please," Felix sneered, his new, feminine face contorting into an ugly, masculine scowl. "It looked like you were enjoying it earlier. 'My body is actually kind of hot,' you said. 'Having big tits was kind of fun.' Don't pretend you weren't getting off on it."

"I wasn't getting off on it!" John shot back, his face flushing. "I was trying to make the best of a shitty situation! A situation you put me in! I wasn't having a complete meltdown like you are right now!"

The argument raged, a familiar storm of accusations and recriminations, until they both ran

out of steam, slumping into their respective chairs, the anger replaced by a shared, suffocating exhaustion. The game had broken them, reshaped them, and set them against each other in a way nothing else ever had.

After a long, tense silence, John spoke, his voice quiet, analytical. "So... are you gay in this new reality?"

Felix's head snapped up, a look of pure, unadulterated offense on his face. "What? No! I'm not fucking gay, dude."

John chuckled, a dry, humorless sound. "You're a girl who's into girls, Felix. That makes you gay."

The realization dawned on Felix's face, a slow-motion car crash of confusion and dawning horror. He opened his mouth, then closed it. The logic was inescapable. "Oh. Shit. Okay... yeah. I guess... I guess I'm a lesbian." The words tasted like ash in his mouth.

"Yeah, it's weird," John continued, a thoughtful frown on his face. "I was chatting some of the guys from my study group. They treated me like I've always been Joyce. No questions asked. One of them even asked how my 'thing' with Cindy went last week." He looked at Felix, his eyes wide with the sheer, mind-bending implications. "I think I still fucked Cindy. But I did it as a girl. I'm still trying to figure out if reality is actually altered, or if it just changed everyone's memories of us."

"Is there a difference?" Felix asked, his voice a low, hollow whisper.

The question hung in the air, unanswerable and terrifying. Felix stood up, his movements stiff, deliberate. He walked over to his desk, picked up the matte black box of TF Duel, and threw it down on the floor between them. It landed with a soft, ominous thud.

"You're going down, buddy," he said, his voice a low, dangerous growl. "This means war."

John met his gaze, a cold, competitive fire igniting in his own eyes. "Bring it on... Felicia."

The name landed like a physical blow. Felix flinched. "Don't call me that!"

"Felicia," John repeated, a cruel smirk on his face. "That's what your new ID says, isn't it?"

Felix's eyes narrowed into slits. "Fine, Joyce," he retorted, the name dripping with venom. "Let's play."

They dealt the cards with an angry, violent energy, the slap of the black cardboard against the floor punctuating the tense silence. The stakes had never been higher. This wasn't about winning a prize anymore. This was about revenge. It was about survival.

It was Felix's turn to draw the Goal Card. He snatched it from the top of the deck and slammed it down between them. The familiar silver light flared, and the elegant, merciless text bloomed into existence.

GOAL: BE THE FIRST TO WIN A QUARTER-MILE RUN.

Below the main goal, two additional rules shimmered into view:

The race must take place on a regulation 400-meter Olympic track.

Both players must begin at the exact same time from a designated starting line.

A slow, triumphant grin spread across Felix's face. He looked down at his own body... the powerful, sprinter's legs, the lean, efficient torso, and then at John's slender, graceful, yoga-toned form. "Oh, hell yeah," he chuckled, the sound a low, confident rumble. "I'm already built for this. You don't stand a chance."

"We'll see about that after our three turns, idiot," John grumbled, though a flicker of genuine concern crossed his features.

Felix's confidence wavered for a fraction of a second. He'd forgotten about the cards. The game could give, and the game could take away. "Fine. When we're done here, we head to the track on campus. I don't think there are any practices tonight."

"Agreed," John said. "But let's give ourselves an hour after the card phase to prepare. Get our gear, warm up, whatever."

"Deal."

They both picked up their seven Effect Cards. For the first time, there was no trash talk, no idle chatter. The room was dead silent, filled only with the sound of their own breathing and the frantic, furious calculations running through their minds. They understood the game now. They understood the stakes. This was a chess match played with flesh and bone, and every move mattered.

"Turn one," Felix said, his voice a low, steady command. "Affect yourself. On three."

He counted down, his eyes locked on John's. On "three," they both slapped a card down.

John's card read: HEIGHT +5 INCHES.

Felix's card read: IQ +20%.

Felix felt a change that was far more subtle, but no less profound. It was a cool, clean hum in the back of his skull, a sensation like a dusty, cluttered room suddenly being put in perfect order. Thoughts seemed to form faster, clearer. Connections he might have missed before now seemed obvious. It wasn't a personality change; he didn't suddenly feel the urge to quote Shakespeare or solve complex algorithms. His mind was just... faster. More efficient. The world seemed a little sharper, a little brighter. It was nice.

At the same time, John felt the familiar, jarring sensation of his skeleton stretching, his bones elongating with a series of sickening, internal pops. He shot up, his head nearly brushing the ceiling of the dorm room. He was now a towering six-foot-three woman.

John was still admiring his new, statuesque height in the reflection of the dark window. "Why the hell did you play an IQ card?" he asked, a hint of genuine confusion in his voice.

"There were no gender swap cards in my hand, so I couldn't turn back to my male self," Felix explained. "And my body is already optimized for this challenge. I figured I should choose an enhancement that would be beneficial if I lose. A permanent 20% IQ boost? I'll take that."

John was impressed, though he tried not to show it. "Smart move. Literally."

"Your height makes sense," Felix conceded, his newly enhanced brain already analyzing the physics of the situation. "Longer legs, bigger strides. But it won't be enough to overcome my runners-build advantage. You should have seen me on the treadmill earlier today. I felt like I could run forever! My pace was insane."

"Okay, shut up and let's do turn two," John snapped, his own confidence clearly rattled.

They studied their remaining cards, the tension in the room ratcheting up another notch. This was the sabotage round. This was where the real damage would be done.

"Three!" Felix called out.

They played their cards simultaneously.

John's card, aimed at Felix, read: MOTHER'S CURVES.

Felix's card, aimed at John, read: AGE +10 YEARS.

John felt it first, a deep, weary ache settling into his bones. The vibrant energy of his nineteen-year-old body evaporated, replaced by a subtle, but undeniable, fatigue. A faint twinge in his left knee, a stiffness in his lower back that definitely wasn't there a moment ago. He was thirty-one. Still young, but no longer in his physical prime. "Dude, what the fuck?!" he groaned. "Am I a mature-aged student now? This sucks!"

But Felix wasn't listening. He was staring down at his own body in pure, unadulterated horror. The lean, efficient lines of his runner's build were being warped, softened, inflated. His breasts, already a handful, exploded outwards, swelling into a pair of heavy, pendulous orbs that strained against the fabric of his t-shirt. His waist, while still toned, lost its sharp definition as a soft layer of flesh settled over his abs. His hips flared out dramatically, and his ass and thighs expanded, ballooning with a thick, soft, yet powerful curvaceousness. He still had the powerful legs of a sprinter, but they were now encased in the thick, voluptuous flesh of a MILF. He was a paradox: a world-class athlete's engine trapped in the chassis of a fertility goddess.

He grabbed his new, massive breasts, his face a mask of furious disbelief. "You bastard!"

John let out a cruel, triumphant laugh. "Good luck running with those! I may be a little older, but a thirty-one-year-old yoga body is still a hell of a lot more efficient than... that! Those things are going to be bouncing all over the place! And look at all that extra weight you're carrying!"

The final turn. They each selected a card with a vicious, predatory focus.

"Last one," Felix growled. "On three."

They slapped their final cards down.

John's card, pointed at Felix, was a masterstroke of psychological warfare: FEMININE GAIT +100%.

Felix's card, a piece of pure, chaotic spite aimed at John, read: CAN ONLY WEAR DRESSES.

John just stared at the card, confused. "What does that even—?" He was cut off as he felt a

strange, shimmering sensation ripple over his body. His t-shirt and shorts seemed to melt and flow together, the fabric reweaving itself at a molecular level. In the span of a second, he was no longer wearing his gym clothes. He was wearing a tight, floor-length, black evening gown. “What the fuck?!” he shrieked, clawing at the restrictive fabric.

Felix burst out laughing, a hysterical, cathartic sound. John managed to wriggle out of the dress, and it pooled at his feet. “Thank god,” he breathed, standing there naked.

“Stop staring, you creep,” he snapped at Felix, who was still gawking. He grabbed his grey t-shirt from his bed and pulled it on.

But before he could even reach for a pair of shorts, the shirt began to morph, the hemline dropping, the fabric shifting, until he was once again wearing a long, grey t-shirt dress. He was cursed.

“You may be fitter than me,” Felix crowed, his victory palpable, “but at least I can actually move freely. Good luck running a race in a ball gown.” He stood up, a smug, triumphant look on his face. “See you at the track in an hour, buddy.”

He took a step towards the door. And that’s when John’s curse hit him. His hips swayed. Dramatically. It wasn’t a choice; it was an involuntary, programmed movement. He tried to take another, more masculine step, but his body wouldn’t obey. His hips swung from side to side in a perfect, exaggerated, head-turning sashay.

John’s defeated expression was replaced by a slow, spreading grin. “What was that?”

Felix’s face went pale. He tried to jog on the spot. It was a disaster. His feet moved in a dainty, mincing motion, his hips swinging wildly, his new, massive breasts flying in every direction, his huge ass jiggling with a life of its own. It was the least efficient, most comically feminine run imaginable.

John burst out laughing, a deep, genuine belly laugh that filled the room. “Sure thing, loser,” he gasped, wiping a tear from his eye. “See you at the track.”

John didn’t waste a second. He stormed out of the dorm, the long grey t-shirt dress swishing awkwardly around his knees, and headed straight for the campus mall. He needed a solution, and he needed it fast.

He walked into a Target, grabbed a simple cotton sundress off a rack, and headed for the

fitting rooms. He pulled it on. It remained a sundress. His theory was correct. The curse only transformed clothes that weren't dresses. As long as he put on a dress willingly, he was fine. But a sundress wasn't going to work. The loose fabric would get in his way, trip him up. He needed something athletic.

He stepped out of the fitting room, his eyes scanning the mall. And then he saw it. Across the concourse, its minimalist logo a beacon of hope: Lululemon. And in the window, on a sleek, headless mannequin, was what looked like a workout dress.

He practically ran across the mall, his improvised dress flapping around his long legs. Inside, he found it. A tennis dress. Of course. It was perfect. A short, pleated white skirt attached to a form-fitting, sleeveless top, with built-in shorts underneath for modesty and support. He grabbed one in his size and tried it on. It fit like a second skin, hugging his tall, slender, yoga-toned frame in all the right places. He looked in the mirror. For a thirty-one-year-old woman cursed to wear dresses, he looked... kinda good.

"Can I just leave this on?" he asked the cashier, throwing his credit card on the counter. She nodded, and he walked out of the store, the lightweight, technical fabric of the tennis dress a promise of the victory to come. Time to win a race.

Felix, meanwhile, was on his own desperate mission. He walked—or rather, sashayed—across campus, his every step a humiliating, hip-swinging ordeal. He needed support. He needed compression. He needed clothes that could contain the chaotic, bouncing flesh he was now saddled with. He needed Sydney.

Sydney was a girl from his Econ class, a curvy, confident knockout he'd been casually sleeping with for the past few months. He had no idea what their relationship was in this new, rewritten reality, but he was desperate enough to find out. He knocked on her dorm room door, his heart pounding.

She opened it, a welcoming smirk on her face. "Hey, girl," she said, her eyes raking over his new, voluptuous form. "Always down for a fuck, but I've got to study for this midterm tonight. Sorry, hun."

Felix's brain short-circuited. Okay. So, in this reality, he and Sydney were still sleeping together. And Sydney was apparently bisexual. Or he was just a very convincing girl. This game was a fucking mind-fuck.

“Uh, actually,” he stammered, feeling deeply awkward. “I was wondering if I could... borrow some clothes?”

Sydney’s smirk widened into a grin. “Oh, sure thing. Just try to return them this time, okay?” She winked, turning to rummage through her dresser. This time? So, he’d borrowed clothes from her before in this reality. The game didn’t just change bodies; it created entire histories to support them.

Sydney pulled out a high-impact sports bra and a pair of compression leggings. “Like I told you last time, mine aren’t as big as yours, so it’s gonna be a tight fit, but hopefully this helps.” She handed them to him. “What’s the occasion, anyway? Got a hot date?”

Felix started changing right there in front of her, a lifetime of male modesty completely irrelevant now. He squeezed his massive breasts into the sports bra, the fabric straining to contain them, and pulled on the leggings, which fit his powerful, curvy legs perfectly. “Oh, uh, John and I are having a race.”

Sydney paused, a confused look on her face. “John?”

Felix’s blood ran cold. He’d messed up. “Uh, I mean... Joyce,” he corrected himself hastily.

“Ohhh, Joyce!” Sydney said, her expression clearing. “Damn, she’s fit. I know you’re a runner, but you’re carrying some serious weight there, girl.” She gave one of his tightly-contained breasts a playful, familiar squeeze. Felix felt a hot blush creep up his neck. “Good luck,” Sydney said, oblivious to his internal crisis. “And hit me up this weekend. We can celebrate... or commiserate.”

Felix mumbled a thank you and fled, his new, tightly-compressed body feeling slightly more manageable as he sashayed his way to the track.

They met under the harsh, white glare of the stadium lights. John, in his pristine white tennis dress, looked like a professional athlete. Felix, in his borrowed, too-tight compression gear, looked like he was about to burst at the seams.

“Nice dress,” Felix sneered, trying to sound more confident than he felt.

“Nice walk,” John retorted with a smirk.

They took their places at the starting line, the painted white stripe a stark dividing line

between victory and defeat. They looked at each other, the animosity, the fear, the sheer, desperate need to win, burning in their eyes.

“On three,” John said. “One... two... THREE!”

They exploded from the blocks. For the first fifty meters, they were surprisingly close. John’s long strides ate up the track, his tall, athletic body moving with a graceful efficiency. But Felix’s runner’s build was still a powerful engine. He pumped his arms, drove his powerful legs... and his hips swung from side to side like a pendulum. His feminine gait was a catastrophic handicap, wasting energy, destroying his form. And with every powerful stride, his massive chest and ass jiggled and bounced, a chaotic, dead-weight anchor he couldn’t escape.

By the first turn, John had pulled ahead. By the back straight, he was leaving Felix in the dust. John crossed the finish line a full ten seconds ahead of him, not even out of breath. He hadn’t even had to push himself.

Before he could even turn around to gloat, the world dissolved. The familiar, lurching sensation of being pulled through reality hit them, and they were back in the dorm room. The clock was reset. They were back in the clothes they’d started in. And John was back in his female body, the slender, permanent yoga build he’d won in the last round.

He jumped up and down, a triumphant whoop echoing in the small room. “YES! I FUCKING WON!”

Felix was on his knees, staring down at his own body. The game was over, the effects were permanent. He was stuck. A six-foot-tall, incredibly curvy woman with a mind that was 20% faster than it should be. His life was a joke.

“Rematch,” he growled, his voice hoarse with misery. “Right now.” “Hey, hey, hold on, buddy,” John said, a smug grin plastered across his face. “Round’s not over. I still have a prize to collect.”

A single black card slid from the game box. John snatched it up, his eyes wide with a desperate, fervent hope. He turned it over. And then he screamed, a pure, joyous, triumphant sound.

6-INCH LONG PENIS.

“YES! YES! YES!” he yelled, and without a moment’s hesitation, he tapped the card to his groin. It dissolved in a shower of silver sparks. He felt a profound, wonderful, familiar shift between his legs. The slick, hollow emptiness of his vagina sealed itself shut, and from it, a thick, substantial length of flesh sprouted into existence. He fumbled with the drawstring on his shorts, his hands diving inside. It was there. It was real. And it was... bigger. Definitely bigger than his old one. The only odd thing was the distinct lack of testicles. Just a smooth, uninterrupted shaft.

He looked over at Felix, who was staring at him with a look of pure, defeated misery. “I’m still a chick,” John said, his voice laced with an almost giddy relief, “but at least I’ve got a dick to play with again.” He zipped up his shorts and headed for the door.

“Hey! Where are you going?!” Felix yelled. “Let’s play another round!”

“Fuck no,” John called back over his shoulder. “I’m going to go enjoy this penis. You’re on for another round tomorrow, though.” The door slammed shut behind him, leaving Felix alone in his new, permanent, personal hell.

He stood up, his movements slow, numb. He stripped off his clothes and stood in front of the full-length mirror. The woman staring back at him was... well... a full-blown woman. The large, slightly defined legs. The curve of the waist. And above it, a pair of enormous round breasts. His ass was the same, a huge, high, shelf-like curve that was both athletic and obscenely voluptuous. He looked like a milf who’d picked up running for a few years. And as he stared, as he took in the sheer, overwhelming femininity of his new form, he felt a strange, unfamiliar twitch deep in his groin.

He looked down. His pussy was slick. Wet. What the fuck? Was this what arousal felt like for a girl? A slow, involuntary heat that just... happened? His hand moved with a will of its own, his fingers brushing against the exquisitely sensitive nub of his clit. A jolt, a sharp, electric shock of pure, unadulterated pleasure, shot through him.

He stumbled to his bed and lay down, his mind a chaotic whirl of disgust and a terrifying, undeniable curiosity. His hand drifted back down. He explored, his touch hesitant at first, then more confident. He cupped his heavy breasts, pinching his nipples, and a low, involuntary moan escaped his lips. The sensation was incredible. He slid a finger down, through the slick wetness, and found the small, tight opening. He hesitated for a heartbeat, and then, he pushed inside.

The feeling was... indescribable. A sense of fullness, of being stretched, of a pleasure so deep and internal it was almost overwhelming. He gasped, his back arching off the bed. He moved his finger, slowly at first, then faster, a rhythm taking over his body, his hips beginning to writhe, his other hand finding a breast, squeezing, a chorus of alien, feminine moans filling the room. The pleasure built, and built, a tidal wave of sensation that erased every rational thought, until it crashed over him, a shattering, full-body orgasm that left him boneless, gasping, his entire body convulsing.

He lay there for a long time afterwards, staring at the ceiling, wondering how his life had gone so completely, irrevocably, off the rails. He reached for his wallet, pulling out his ID. The woman in the photo stared back at him, a faint, mocking smirk on her lips. Felicia.

John is going to pay for this.

Meanwhile, John had arrived at his destination. Faye's dorm. Faye was a cute, sharp-witted girl from his CS tutorial. They'd hooked up once, about a month ago, after a drunken party. He was praying that that particular thread of reality hadn't been erased by the game.

He knocked. The door opened, and Faye stood there, a pen tucked behind her ear, a flirtatious smile on her face. "Hey, Joyce."

It had worked.

"Hey," he said, his voice a little shaky. "You busy?"

"Just studying," she said, her eyes dropping for a fraction of a second to his crotch before meeting his gaze again, her lip caught between her teeth.

"Mind if we... study together?" he asked, a confident smirk spreading across his face.

"Of course," she whispered, pulling him inside and kicking the door shut behind him.

Their mouths crashed together, a frantic, hungry kiss. Her hands were immediately on him, stripping off his t-shirt, her fingers tracing the lean, toned lines of his yoga-sculpted stomach. His own hands were in her hair, pulling her closer, deepening the kiss. He felt the soft press of his B-cup breasts against hers, and the sensation was so new, so intoxicatingly hot, it sent a jolt straight to his new groin. He was instantly, painfully, hard.

Faye's hands slid down, cupping his ass, a feeling so foreign he almost jumped. Then her

hand moved around to the front, her fingers wrapping around the thick, hard length of his new penis. “God,” she breathed against his lips. “You’re the hottest girl on campus. I love this thing.”

“Glad you approve,” he smirked, as she dropped to her knees.

She took him in her mouth, her tongue and lips working a magic that was both familiar and brand new. The sensations were the same, but the context was completely different. He was a girl, getting head from another girl. The thought was so fucking hot it almost made him come right there.

He pulled her up, leading her to the bed. They tumbled onto the sheets, a tangle of limbs and desperate, hungry mouths. She climbed on top of him, her knees on either side of his hips, and slowly, deliciously, lowered herself onto his cock. He watched his own penis disappear inside her, watched her face as she took him, and it was the most surreal, most erotic thing he had ever experienced.

She rode him with a slow, grinding rhythm, her hands braced on his chest, her head thrown back, a string of breathless moans escaping her lips. He reached up, cupping his own breasts, the soft, sensitive flesh a new, wonderful discovery. He switched positions, pushing her onto her back, his body slotting into hers in the familiar missionary position, but now it was his new wider hips tight and toned, his chest that was soft. He fucked her with a deep, powerful rhythm, their bodies slick with sweat, the sound of their pleasure filling the small room. He pulled out, flipped her over, and entered her from behind, his hands gripping her hips, his dick sliding in and out of her with a perfect, wet friction.

He could feel the orgasm building, a tight, coiling heat deep in his gut. He slammed into her, faster, harder, a series of guttural, masculine grunts tearing from his feminine throat. He came with a deep, shuddering convulsion, his whole body locking up, the pleasure so intense it was almost painful. But nothing came out. Not a drop.

He collapsed onto her back, breathing heavily. Faye giggled beneath him. “That’s the best part,” she said, her voice a little breathless. “All the fun, none of the pregnancy scares.”

They cleaned up, a comfortable, post-coital silence between them. He got dressed, his mind still reeling.

“See you around, Joyce,” Faye said with a wink as he headed for the door.

He walked back to his dorm under the cool, starry sky, a strange, confusing mixture of emotions swirling inside him. Being Joyce wasn't ideal. It was a nightmare. But if he was going to be stuck like this for now, he figured he may as well embrace it.