

Game Changer – Part 3

For SeriousSentence

By TheSpiralledEye

The next few days were awkward to say the least. Josh tried his best to make Peter feel comfortable around him but no matter how hard he tried to be perky and optimistic, his friend seemed determined to stay surly. He was trying so hard to be normal, he even tried to play FIFA and managed to get Peter to agree to a game only to ruin it. His fingers just didn't move fast enough on the controller anymore, he kept forgetting if it was X to pass or circle and Peter won every game without much competition at all. He pouted; the game was just too confusing! Logically he knew he used to play all the time but now he found trying to remember which players did what, how the game worked and the mechanics all too confusing. Peter put down the controller with a sigh, stating it was no fun to play with him anymore.

"It's just too easy to beat you now."

"I'm trying though!" he cried, "It's these thumbs, I just can't move them fast enough. Like, y'know?"

He did not. They tried Modern Warfare and Call of Duty before Josh decided he was swearing off games all together. He was just no good at them and all the shooting was so repetitive and boring, how had he spent entire days playing these in the past? But he needed to get good again if he ever wanted Pete to hang out and be mates, so Josh dug through their old games, trying every one with limited success, until he dusted off an old dust covered case. Dance Dance Revolution. It had been a gag gift from Victor a few years ago, thrown in a box after one drunken stupid night of trying it.

Pop music had always grated on his but now Josh found himself humming along as he listened to the tracks and copied the moves on screen. Getting up and moving felt way better than sitting on that couch with his fingers curled around a controller. He shook his hips just like the woman on screen, enjoying the bounce of his ass as he jumped from move to move; it felt so freeing! Why did they not play this all the time?

"What the hell is that noise?" Peter asked before his jaw dropped at the sight of Josh thrusting toward the screen.

"Hey! Welcome back!" He greeted with a wide grin, "Come dance with me, this is actually really fun!"

“Uh, no thanks.” Peter blushed, looking everywhere but Josh which sent a stab of disappointment through him. “So, the next game of the season starts in fifteen, I came out to ask if you wanted to watch it.”

Josh thought for a moment; he really didn't want to watch football again but he did want Peter to spend time with him, so he nodded. That at least, seemed to brighten his friend's mood. Josh happily popped popcorn and gathered drinks before settling on the couch, legs tucked underneath him mermaid style. Peter made a funny face at that but said nothing.

The game started and Peter's eyes were glued to the screen, Josh tried to pay attention but it was just so *boring*. Men ran back and forth, bouncing a ball around the field and yelling, with the crowd and Peter going wild at seemingly random intervals. Josh would much rather be playing the dancing game; he had just gotten up to a really catchy song. Without thinking he started to hum it to himself only to be shushed by Peter. Josh pouted and crossed his arms; so rude!

He had been working so hard to be nice to Peter, to make him feel better about his new body but his roommate was the one rebuffing everything. Would it be so hard for him to acknowledge that maybe this was a bit harder on Josh than him? Men, they were so self-centred. Josh waited patiently for Peter to realise something was wrong, he even added a few little sighs here and there but they went unnoticed; his friend far more interested in the men on the screen.

Josh felt rage twist in his gut; he *hated* being ignored! He snatched up the remote and flicked the screen off and stood up, hands on his hips.

“Are you seriously going to ignore me?”

“Ignore—we were watching the game!” Peter complained.

“No, you were watching the game! Anybody with eyes could tell I was annoyed, why were you not saying anything?”

“Oh my god,” Peter groaned, flopping back into the couch, “Would you stop acting like such a...a girl?”

“Uh, I dunno if you noticed, honey, but I am one right now?” Josh raised his eyebrows, “You're the one who's making it weird.”

“Me? You are acting like a complete bimbo! Dancing games? Hating football, you're a totally different person!” Peter still had his face covered, this lack of eye contact was really starting to eat at Josh, it was rude and not just that, it hurt.

“So what, you wont even look at me?”

“Dude, do you have any idea how weird this is for me?”

“*For you?*”

“My best mate has been turned into a total babe and I have to walk around knowing there is a hot chick right there and-“

“You think I’m hot?”

An awkward silence stretched between them, Josh watched as Peter’s face went from shocked pale, to pink, to beet red. He hit behind his hands and groaned.

“Yes, okay?” He admitted, “You’re fucking hot but you’re also my best mate it’s so fucking wrong to be attracted to you.”

On some level, Josh knew he was right; it would be strange. Yet, for some reason he could not put his finger on, it did not bother him, quite the contrary, the idea that Peter thought he was sexy was...a turn on. Josh slid onto the couch, close enough that their shoulders and legs touched, Peter frozen on the spot. Josh wasn’t sure what was happening, he was acting on some new instinct.

“I don’t mind if you find me hot.” Josh whispered, “Have you...done anything about it?”

The idea that Peter touched himself while imagining Josh’s hot new bimbo body sent a thrill through him. Warmth began to bloom between his legs and he found himself rubbing them together slightly as he watched his friend’s shocked face.

“Would it bother you if I had?” He asked finally, his voice taking on a huskier tone.

Finally, Peter actually looked at him, properly looked and Josh felt himself flush with pleasure watching those eyes roam over his breasts and long legs. This was so wrong, if it wasn’t for that weed, he would never be doing this in a million years but...he was so turned on all of a sudden. Besides, he was a woman right now so it wasn’t gay to mess around with his male roommate, right? Josh shook his head, eyes drawn to Peter’s lips, how had he never noticed how handsome his friend

was before now? He couldn't resist; Josh pressed their lips together and was delighted when Peter groaned and responded, running his tongue along Josh's plump lips.

"I have a thing," Peter admitted between kisses, "For ditzzy girls."

Josh almost laughed; all this time he thought Peter was being surly when he acted perky and clumsily tried to help when really, he'd just been trying to hide how turned on he was. Knowing that he had been unintentionally teasing his friend so blatantly made Josh feel strangely empowered; he'd never had much sex appeal before but now, he was basically sex on legs.

He loved how sensitive this new body was, it felt so good to press his heavy tits up against Peter's smooth chest. He shivered, feeling his nipples turn hard and squash between their bodies; they felt so much better compared to his old ones. Awkwardly he managed to climb into Peter's lap, already there was a bulge in his jeans that Josh found incredibly enticing. He rubbed himself against it, shivering at the delicious sensations the movement caused. His pussy was getting wetter and what started as a subtle ache was almost turning painful. He felt empty, a desperate need to be filled was slowly taking over his mind; and he knew exactly what he wanted to be filled with. Josh reached for Peter's belt buckle with trembling hands only to be stopped.

"What are you doing? We-we should stop this?"

"Why?" Josh whined, "You want me, don't you?"

He rolled his hips for emphasis, feeling that cock twitch beneath the fabric. Peter groaned; Josh could sense his resolved crumbling. If Josh was honest, the inherent naughtiness of the situation was only driving him forwards; he wanted to really feel everything this body had to offer. Evidently, he wasn't the only one because this time when he reached for Peter's belt, the man let him undo it. Josh moved his kisses to Peter's neck, partly because he found the taste of his skin fascinating but also because he could more easily look down.

It was odd, looking at a cock from the outside and finding it not only beautiful but desirable. It was only natural though, Josh assured himself, he was a woman right now, a very horny woman, so of course a cock looked appetising. Part of him desperately wanted to get down on his knees and taste it too but the burn between his legs was growing too much to ignore. He shimmied his skirt up, revealing his bare pussy and Peter swallowed.

"You're not wearing any...?"

"I don't have any that fit."

“You’ve been going commando for *days*?”

Peter’s voice was strained and Josh felt his cock go ramrod straight against his thigh.

“If it turns you on so much, I’ll never wear underwear again.” He giggled, taking the warm length in his hand and slowly stroking just the way he knew felt best.

Peter’s head fell back against the couch, hips bucking slightly up into Josh’s hand as he continued to pump; Josh drank in the sounds he made, each one sending a bolt of pleasure through him that pooled between his legs. He could feel juices dripping out of him, staining Peter’s trousers and the ache became too much to bear. He swiftly removed Peter’s pants entirely, unable to resist touching his lips to the tip of the man’s cock as he did so.

Before he could be tempted to start sucking though he rose back up, climbing back into the man’s lap and positioning himself above that hard length. He could feel the tip brushing against his new entrance; this was so wrong, but he could not stop himself.

He sank down in one solid motion, sheathing Peter fully in his tight, wet passage. Both of them shuddered, a breathy, almost pornographic moan escaping Josh’s mouth. It felt so good to be full; his inner walls stretched and burned pleasantly. It was a kind of gratification that could not be replicated. Following his new instincts, he began to roll his hips, feeling that cock brush against his inner walls and tease even more wetness out. It was overwhelming, just being penetrated this deeply, they began to move in tandem and Josh lost himself to the sensations. He could barely think let alone speak; moans and pleading half words were all that could make it past his lips.

Then Peter began to buck up into him, slamming against his G-spot and Josh felt something inside him begin to build.

“Oh, right there! Please again!”

Peter acquiesced, thrusting fast and hard up into the tight passage; Josh held tight to his shoulders, revelling in the pleasure and the solid muscle beneath his hands.

“Fu-I’m cumming, oh don’t stop!”

A wave of bliss passed over him, Josh had never experienced any orgasm like it. His whole body seemed to tighten and release against his will, his pussy pulsing and Peter’s name on his lips. Just as it was coming to an end Peter shuddered and there was a wet splash against Josh’s inner walls. The knowledge that he had just been pumped full of seed by a guy as hot as Peter made him wail, another small orgasm rocking him until finally they both stilled.

Josh collapsed against Peter, both of them breathing heavily; a now softening cock still twitching deep inside him.

“That was...”

“Yeah.”

Josh could feel the awkwardness threatening to settle over them again, not that their minds were at least semi clear of lust. He bit his lip, tightening his hold on his new man, now that he'd tasted Peter, he never wanted to let him go. He raised his lips to his friend's ear and whispered.

“I wonder if Victor has any more of that weed?”