

The Baseball Team's Newest Switch-Hitter (Part I)

By Soul-Controller

Throughout his many years of working in residence life at the University of Kentucky, Craig never hated anything more than being sent to handle rowdy students by his superiors. As a fairly non-confrontational and chill guy who stood at a modest 5'7", it was safe to say that the 34-year-old black man couldn't seem intimidating no matter how hard he tried. No matter how hard he tried to drill this fact into his superior though, it seemed to not matter in the slightest as Craig found himself traveling throughout the dorm to handle the issue of Seth Logue.

As one of the most valuable players at the university's baseball team, Seth had been able to get away with nearly every possible violation in the dorms. Given the fact that the university didn't want to jeopardize losing a star player and tanking their currently-undefeated season, the university just continued to issue countless threat-less warnings to the pitcher without so much as a slight slap on the wrist. But after getting wasted the previous night to the point of drunkenly causing a ruckus and barging into another student's room and destroying their property, the university found themselves forced to finally dish out some rightly deserved punishment.

Upon talking to countless university higher-ups, the hall director of the dorm decided that the best fit would be to kick the student out of his housing and shift him into some temporary apartments that the university owned for the time being. As such, Craig was directed to go confront the jock and help him pack a bag before leading him towards the new lodging he had been given. So as the man made his way up the stairs and stood outside Seth's door, Craig attempted to calm his anxious heart as he finally knocked a few times.

Hearing some shuffling on the other side of the door, Craig waited patiently as the door finally was opened and his nose and eyes were immediately bombarded with the sight and smells of a messy college student. Not only was Seth standing there shirtless in the doorway, but he also had a joint between his lips that he took a deep inhale of. Doing his best to ignore the man's indecency, Craig found himself just taking note of how the



room smelled of sweat and weed. Looking past the jock and into his room, this wasn't surprising as he noticed just how cluttered the dorm room was. Clothes were strewn about on the floor along with takeout bags and half-eaten pizza boxes, causing the man to physically cringe at just how old and disgusting the slices looked. Before his eyes could wander further though, Craig's attention was regained by the jock as he was hit with a one-two punch of weed smoke to the face and dialogue directed towards him.

"What the hell do you want?" Seth dryly said, looking the man up and down another time before taking another hit of his joint and leaning against the open door frame.

"Uh, I-, I work for the dorm here. I regret to inform you that after what you did last night, the university has been forced to finally take action," Craig said, trying his best to keep his composure and seem somewhat stern despite noticing Seth's narrowed eyes. "Due to your actions, the university has opted to remove you from your dorm room and move you into a nearby university property until we can find a new permanent living situation for you. So I'm here to help you pack a bag and take you to this new location," he continued, deciding to take a break and allow the baseball player to comprehend everything he was saying.

Somewhat shockingly, Seth didn't put up much of a fight. Instead, he turned to his side and motioned for the man to come into his room. As Craig made his way into the room, he found himself once again bombarded with another puff of smoke that covered his entire head for a moment. Due to his annoyance about enduring this for multiple instances, the modest man attempted to stand his ground and enforce his superiority. "You know that's not allowed on campus or in the dorm rooms, correct? Put that out immediately, we need to focus on moving you out of here," he said, which elicited a slight chuckle from Seth.

"Alright sir," he said, his tone clearly exhibiting some light snark as he closed the front door.

Although Craig immediately made his way over towards the closet to help the jock begin packing his belongings, his eyes remained narrowed and transfixed on the still-lit joint in Seth's hand. To his relief, Craig wasn't forced to repeat his demand for him to put it out as Seth moved over towards a ceramic bowl on his bedside table and quickly pressed the joint down on it to stifle the flame.

With that issue now handled, Craig directed his attention back towards the man's closet as he began to speak once more. "Alright Seth, c'mon over here and let's get some

clothes picked out for you to take to your new place. We'll get some workers here at the dorm to help pack up your remaining items and bring them to that new location."

Despite his attempt at being nice to the jock, Craig found that Seth was unresponsive towards his plea of getting assistance picking out some clothes. Instead, he just stood there with his arms crossed and a dopey grin on his face. "Seth, what are you doing? Are you going to help me start packing your stuff or not? I'm not the most stylish person, so you better help me out here or I don't think you'll enjoy the selections I make," he continued, adding a slight chuckle to try and prevent the student from interpreting that last sentence as some sort of threat. Given the fact that he was standing there in a patterned dress shirt and a pair of older khaki pants, he assumed that Seth had already picked up on the fact that he wasn't stylish in the least.

After a moment of prolonged eye contact, the jock finally began to break his silence and respond to the worker's words. "You know, you really need to chill out bro," he said, not even attempting to hide the judgy tone in his voice. "I'll help you do all of that shit, but just like, take a second and relax for a bit."

Although Craig was eager to get out of this gross dorm room, Seth's words had seemingly made an impact on the man as he realized that he was right. Countless students and even co-workers had called him rather stuffy and focused more on beating deadlines rather than just taking his time, so the man couldn't deny that there was some validity in terms of what Seth had said. As such, the man couldn't help but nod his head at the jock, turning away from the closet and moving back towards the middle of the room.

"Yeah, I suppose you're right. It would be nice to take a break for once," Craig said, his voice trailing off as he mentally envisioned taking a nice nap or just reading a nice book next to the fireplace in his apartment.

"Now that's the spirit bro," Seth exclaimed, chuckling as he made his way towards Craig and quickly patted him on the shoulder. "Go on and take a seat on that other bed," he said, extending his hand outwards towards the bed in question. "Even though I'm paying for a single dorm room, I've been stuck with this stupid spare bed all semester since no one from the dorm will come move it out for me."

Upon moving aside some of the discarded clothes that were piling up on the bed, Craig finally took a seat and found himself staring directly across from Seth. For several minutes, the two of them just found themselves staring at each other, with Craig mainly

just focusing on slowing his breathing and just taking a moment to relax while Seth observed the older man with an inquisitive look on his face.

As Craig finally calmed himself down to the point where there was a wide smile emerging on his face, Seth finally decided to break his silence. "You know, I never noticed this before, but you're like... quite buff and tall dude. You must have been one hell of an athlete when you were in college!"

Due to hearing such a crazy thing, Craig couldn't help but chuckle at the concept of him being an athlete. Growing up, he was too shy and small to do any sports, instead opting to do after-school clubs for his extracurriculars. While remaining lost in thought regarding his past, Craig was seemingly oblivious to the fact that Seth's words had initiated a transformation for himself. As he sat on the edge of the bed across from Seth, the man paid no attention to the fact that he was growing eye-level to the baseball jock due to his height increasing several inches until he was an exact 6'0" tall.

Upon finishing up this shift in height, the dorm worker's body continued to change as he suddenly found himself losing over 40 lbs of flab to make the man become rail-thin. However, due to what Seth had said, this wasn't the final stop on the man's bodily transformation as his form began to suddenly bulk up with muscle. His twig arms began to quickly thicken, shifting into an intimidating pair of biceps and thicker forearms that had him beginning to tear the sleeves of his dress shirt. After this, his flat chest began to plump up by the second, with more and more muscle being pumped into the sad-looking chest until he had a nice pair of pecs. Although they certainly weren't at the size to rival those of the biggest bodybuilders, their manifestation was quite apparent as the size caused his shirt to tighten to the point where his nipples were protruding out of the fabric. Continuing down his body, Craig's flat stomach quickly gained a light six-pack to complete his upper torso's transformation into that of an athletic individual.

As he sat there, the sudden inflation of Craig's ass cheeks caused his vision to once again shift a few inches higher as a perky bubble butt was the first indication of his lower body's transformation. With haste, his legs were the next things to transform, with his thighs bulking up with muscle while the man's calves grew much more firm and prominent to finish up his transformation into a jock.

"So, tell me more about the sports you played?" Seth asked, leaning back in his bed with a smirk as he watched the dorm worker break out of his trance.

Although Craig was feeling more relief now that his memories had been changed to match his new buff physique, the man was still adamant about getting this whole

endeavor over with so he can return to his office and just relax. As such, he wasn't interested in entertaining Seth's inquiries. "Eh, that's not important right now. I'm here to do my job, and that is to help you move out of this dorm room. So let's get back on our feet and get to work," he said, his voice no longer wavering.

"Bro, what the hell are you going on about? You don't have a job, you're a student here just like me..."

As Craig tried to comprehend what the jock had just said, he was oblivious to the fact that his 34 year old body was quickly deaging. Wrinkles faded away, the beginning stages of a receding hairline were quickly repaired, and the man suddenly began to feel a lot more energetic as a result. Despite this, he was still unwilling to believe such a thing. "Uh, that's not true... I should be 34," he stammered, which elicited a chuckle from Seth.



"No dude, you're a college sophomore. You don't remember us being paired together so I could help you adapt to college living back in freshman year? Sure I'm only a year older, but I think I did a pretty good job helping you adapt," he said with a smirk, knowing that his phrasing would only help the man further embrace his identity as a 19-year-old jock. But as he sat there looking at what he had created so far, Seth knew that he was just getting started...