

# Game Changer (Men to Anime Fighter Women TG)

By FoxFaceStories

## An Anonymous Commission

*James, Mike, and Claire are good friends about to try a supposedly 'mysterious' videogame from the 90s, one that causes all who play it to disappear. To their surprise, the rumours are true, and they find themselves catapulted into the world of Game Changer, a setting ruled by exploitative stereotypes and gratuitous jiggle physics.*

## Title Screen

"It's called Game Changer. I've been looking for it forever."

I held up the cartridge triumphantly. On its face, the words *Game Changer* were written in stylistic text made of red-blue lightning bolts. A number of character faces were displayed, all a series of stereotypes; a dark tribal woman, a perky Japanese girl, a scowling kung-fu master, and a blonde-haired army man, complete with a pair of Aviator glasses over his eyes.

"Looks old, James," Mike said, "what's so special about it?"

I scoffed. "Well, Mike, it's only the most mysterious game ever! Most gaming communities don't even believe it exists. Supposedly it also has like nine sequels but they're just as elusive. But look, it's real!"

Claire took the cartridge and inspected it. "So is it fun, or what? And when was this made, the caveman era? Look at how stereotypical all these characters are!"

I won't lie, the lack of enthusiasm wounded me. We were all in my apartment, which was plastered with anime posters, comic books, 80s movie memorabilia, and, of course, *videogame* merchandise. With me were Mike and Claire, who had been my friends ever since we were young teenagers in high school. We were in our mid-twenties now, and even though our lives were busy with jobs, studies, and other responsibilities, we always made time to catch up. We had all met at a time when our interests in pop culture, games, and sense of humour all aligned, and though we had changed since, we still had a lot of overlap, enough that we caught up often.

Mike was our leader; he had gone from early-teenage lankiness to a well-muscled man in the time I'd known him, with short brown hair that was somehow always perfectly styled. I had always been a bit jealous of James; he was tall, fit, and attractive to the

opposite sex. He wasn't a ladies man or anything, and no Brad Pitt either, but he had an easy confidence that allowed him to glide through life, and wasn't afraid to show his interests and passions, which made him approachable and likable. He liked swimming and going to the gym, only the former of which I enjoyed and *never* as an endurance sport, but he still loves to shoot the shit over videogames and talk about movies, which he had excellent taste in. He was proud of his workout regimen, though, and it showed. When someone tried to mess with us, they usually fell back when he stood over them, ready for if they started anything.

Claire, on the other hand, was our resident snarker and high intellectual: she always had something to say about the portrayal of women in media or unfair rules at school. Back then, she ended up stuck with us as her social group because she hated the constant infighting the girls' groups all took part in. I must admit, while we found her a bit whiny in our teenage years, looking back it became clear she always had a lot of passion underneath her sarcastic exterior, but was afraid to show it because she hated being the center of attention. She was brilliant, and hated show-offs. While others danced and partied, she had her sights set on being an aerospace engineer. She was convinced she would not live some 'cliche girl fantasy' that ended with her marrying a dude and 'popping out babies' as she put it, It was hard to tell how much of that was her genuinely held belief or just another example of how she was a bit of a contrarian. She had short blonde hair and a thin figure, and liked to wear t-shirts and cut jeans. She was pale-skinned due to her Irish heritage, and quite plain in her looks. It hadn't stopped me having a crush on her a few years ago; it broke my heart to learn she and Mike had briefly dated without telling me, but that had fallen apart anyway: Mike said she couldn't stand how he was always "trying to be the alpha male."

And then there's me. I'm James, the King Nerd of the group. All my life I've been shy, introverted, and found it difficult to make friends, so ever since becoming close to Mike and Claire, I've worked to keep our friendship triangle together. Ever since I was a young teen, I loved watching anime and science fiction, as well as comic books and all other manner of nerdery. I certainly helped Mike through advanced mathematics, and Claire through computer design. While Mike may be our leader, and Claire the one that keeps us grounded, I like to think I'm the glue that holds us together. I might be ginger-haired, stuck with a set of thick glasses, and getting overweight - basically, the typical image of a basement-dwelling geek - but I value my friendships, and I liked to organise bad movie nights for Mike and I to subject poor Claire to, or play co-op video games as we drank beer together and cracked dumb jokes.

"Well, are we going to play or what?" I asked.

"Count me in," Mike said, "it looks like stupid fun."

"The absolute stupidest," I boasted with a grin.

Claire rolled her eyes. "Fine. Let's do this. It's been ages since I played a good beat 'em up. Besides, I aced my exams, so I can stand a little guilty pleasure."

I inserted the cartridge, and the title screen started up in electric blue font.

*DO YOU WANT TO PLAY?*

I grabbed the old wire controller and hit enter, and passed two other controllers to my friends.

"So," Mike asked, cricking his neck in readiness, "you said this game was cursed or mysterious or something. What's the deal? Is it like *The Ring*? Do we die if we play?"

He grinned at Claire, who stuck out her tongue at him. "Can it kill Mike first?"

"Please, these muscles could withstand any punishment."

"Ugh."

"It's even spookier than *The Ring*," I said, speaking over-dramatically, "and even Mike's muscles might not help him! Or even your smarts, Claire."

"Pfft."

I leaned in, enjoying the tension. Among these two I could be confident and myself. I wouldn't dream of putting on this charade in public. "*Game Changer* has the power . . . to bring you into the game as a *player character*! Only if you win the game can you return to your own reality, and if you fail, then you are trapped in a video game world forever! MUHAHAHAHA!"

The thunderous boom from the videogame jolted my friends. It was great timing.

"Okay, now I *have* to play," Claire said, taking up her controller. Mike had the same reaction, taking up his. I clicked onto the character selection screen, and Claire furrowed her brow as a procession of stereotypical characters scrolled across the screen while lightning forked dramatically. Electronic flash music playing dramatically in accompaniment. Conveniently, all the female characters were in sexy poses.

"Like I said before, caveman era."

"It's worse than you think," I said with a smile. "*Game Changer* is rumoured to be the ultimate in so-bad-it's-good portrayals of female characters. Like, it's so backward you have to laugh."

"Ha. Ha. Ha," Claire replied, rolling her eyes dramatically. "Fine, I can get into that."

"Dibs on the hottest character then," Mike said.

"Please," Claire replied, "if I *really* have to lean into this, then I am picking the most badass-looking woman on the team."

"I said hottest, not most badass. Totally different characters."

"You're such an ass Mike."

We chuckled. I clicked on the Character Selection screen, and more lightning forked to reveal ten playable characters. Mike instantly giggled at the feast before him, at the same time as Claire groaned.

“Well,” she said, “if we’re going to get sucked into the game, it’s only fair Because I get to choose Mike’s character for him, so that when he gets sucked in with us he’ll be as far from the total gym bro he’s become as possible.”

“And I want to choose Claire’s character,” Mike said, “so she has to be as far from the high-minded snarker she’s always being.”

“You’re on!”

“You two are impossible,” I said.

It was playful banter, and we were all chuckling, because both had an utter selection of punishing characters in front of them, their body types ranged from the exaggerated to the utter grotesque, with little consideration for real world physics, or future back problems.

“What *are* these names?” Claire said. “Igor Steele? Lady Dragon? I can see why no one can get a hold of this game James, it’s a who’s-who of cultural baggage!”

“Oh! That gives me an idea!” Mike said, as he scrolled through the characters. “I know exactly who Claire has to be.” He selected a character, and Claire groaned as she was highlighted on the screen:

### “*Shankari Deva Selected*”

On screen was a brown-skinned Indian woman with a long, finely-etched nose and alluring green eyes. She wore what appeared to be a very skin-revealing sari outfit; green in colour, revealing impressive hips and leaving her midriff bare. She wore a see-through green veil over her lower face, and her hair was long and festooned with jewellery. She was slender, and she literally *belly danced* on screen as she was selected, swinging her hips from side to side and her arms snaked above her.

“Haven’t I always said you should’ve danced at our old social instead of grumbling in the corner?” Mike said.

“Oh, I am so getting you for that,” Claire said. “You want me of all people to suddenly be showy and flashy? Well, let’s find you a character who is *your* antithesis.”

It didn’t take long.

### “*Fumi Sato Selected*”

Claire grinned at her choice. The character that now appeared on her selected title was a lithe, short, Japanese woman who had obviously been designed to be as improbably cutesy and appealing to men as possible. She had a dark ponytail and wide eyes behind her glasses and button nose. She had an innocent expression, helped by her animation which involved her blushing red as she noticed she had been selected, and waving in an awkward

manner that was committee-designed to make lonely nerds swoon. And, of course, she wore a university student's button top that was positively straining to contain a set of knockers that were improbably huge, and wobbling with her every movement.

"Jokes on you," Mike said, "now I get to play a character with a nice set of titties."

"Ugh, men," Claire said. They swapped controllers, accepting their character.

"Now, who will you play James?"

"I was thinking of Igor Steele," I said, indicating the tough Soviet warrior. But before I could even select him, both Mike and Claire worked together to snatch the controller out of my hands.

"Nuh uh, if me and Claire have it bad, you get it bad too, buddy! Claire, which character looks as far from James as possible."

I cringed as they went over the choices, a conspiracy of whispers and giggles as they went through the character screen. The tension simmered, until they chose a character.

"No!" I cried, "Not her! Not Aaliyah!"

### ***"Aaliyah Selected"***

I sighed dramatically. Aaliyah appeared, giving two massive kicks and punching the air triumphantly. Claire and Mike couldn't have chosen better against my type. I was a pasty white guy with lanky-arm syndrome and confidence issues. Aaliyah was a powerful, muscly, tall, and busty black woman wearing yoga pants and a too-small purple sports bra. Her in-game lore emphasised that she was prideful of her body and had a take-charge attitude, and was more than happy to show off her impressive butt - because as far as she was concerned, she was ahead of everyone, so it was the natural place to stare.

I took the controller back, eyeing my friends, who giggled.

"Okay then, you pair of comedians. Let's start. You ready?"

They both nodded assent, taking up their controls. I clicked enter, and the screen changed, glowing brighter and brighter; so bright, in fact, that I had to shield my eyes. It almost seemed to take up my entire field of vision, and was still getting brighter. The electric guitar soundtrack grew louder, drowning out everything but my friends' exclamations of confusion. I shielded myself, falling backwards a little in my seat as my entire field of view was obscured.

"Uh, guys, something is wr -"

### ***"GET READY FOR A NEW GAME CHANGER"***

The light shot *through* me, and my entire body coarsed with electricity and fire. The screen radiated power, streams of light coursing past me as I began to be pulled impossibly towards it. The living room stretched and distorted all around me, like I was entering

hyperspace, as I was catapulted towards the screen which had grown larger than a cinema screen, larger than a mountain in my view! I was hurled towards it, screaming through the electric white noise, and out of the corner of my eyes I could see my friends somersaulting through neon space beside me; I could just make out Claire's short blonde hair and Mike's muscled form. We were all in terror as the city-sized screen loomed closer and closer, impact with it mere moments away.

And then we *passed through it*.

Everything pixelated. Colour and form and my own body broke down into the building blocks of the videogame world before streamlining once more. It felt as if my atoms were being ripped to shreds and reassembled. My limbs twisted, muscles bent, my stomach churned and my jaw remoulded. I tried to cry out, but my voice was funny, both softer and yet deeper than usual, like my very oesophagus had altered. I clenched my stomach as I rotated through the kaleidoscope madness of this strange reality, feeling my organs shift and make way for something, and I was horrified to see my skin darkening as muscles I'd never possessed pushed to the surface. My clothes altered, becoming pixelated briefly before then reforming and tightening. My chest ached, twin pressure points blooming in my chest as my nipples singed with pain, tightening and pressing against the now-pink fabric of my shrinking shirt.

I saw my two friends hurtling through the void once more, passing through dark red clouds that forked blue lightning, just like the *Game Changer* title screen. Claire was screaming endlessly, and she was changing as surely as I was. For a brief second, I caught a flash of long black hair snaking out over her blonde short cut, and brown blotches extending across her pale form. Her midriff was bare for some reason, her clothes turning green. Mike looked even stranger; he had shrunk, his facial hair dissipated, and his limbs had become slender. His jeans were rapidly shortening and becoming pleated, and his chest . . . his chest looked like it was increasingly being dominated by two round globes. He looked at me and screamed. I joined him.

Flesh continued to writhe, colour darkened, and my bones extended in audible crunches as my form changed, my hair extended, my face bubbled and shifted, my ass and hips expanded. It was too much, and the streaks of light shot faster and faster, leaving spots in my vision. Their brightness increased with every passing moment, and soon I could no longer see, only feel the unceasing changes to my own form as things got brighter and louder and louder and brighter. I threw two black pairs of hands in front of my vision.

And soon everything else went black too.

## Round One: Igor Steele

I woke, feeling strange and overwhelmed. I was on a grassy lawn, lying on my stomach. Two large areas of my chest were sore from the pressure of lying down, something I'd never quite felt before. And something else too; I felt stronger, somehow. Bigger. I groaned, and immediately realised something was wrong.

My voice. It sounded . . . womanly.

I'd never gone from asleep to awake so quickly. I shot to my feet, and I mean *shot*. It was as if one moment I was standing and the next I was practically *pushing* the Earth away from me. Two muscled, hairless, dark-skinned arms were in front of me, and even as I righted myself, my whole body seemed to jiggle. My ass, my hips, and my chest.

I was at some sort of university, though it was not like any kind I'd ever seen: tall buildings in classical style were in each direction, and I was on a grass field complete with study benches and tree shade, a number of uni students lounged comfortably, noses in their books.

"Where - where am I?" I said, and again there was shock at my voice. It was a woman's, all right, deep and powerful and queenly, and oh-so-female. And more than that, it was accented. The closest approximation I could think of was Nigerian, perhaps, though I couldn't claim to have a great deal of knowledge of African dialect. By this point, I was breathing heavily, and all the more aware of two rather heavy weights on my chest. I hesitated, not wanting to see, but unable to stop myself. I peered down.

There, where once a flat pasty-white chest had been, was now a bountiful blessing of brown breasts, easily DD-cups in size, if not more. They looked enormous from this angle, a deep and alluring line of cleavage that appeared almost incapable of remaining within the pink sports bra that held them up. In fact, with every breath, the huge melons swelled, rising like souffles and spilling just slightly over the cusp of the bra. I could feel it. I could feel *them*. They were heavy. They were female. And they were in the way of another change I could not determine. I snaked a cautious, terrified hand down, not caring about the reaction of other students. My arm jostled the - *my* - breasts as I reached down. I was wearing something like yoga pants, and I could feel them tightly containing an enormous backside. And between my legs there was . . . nothing. An absence. No, worse than an absence. I could feel an opening.

"The fuck the fuck the fuck!"

I scrambled. My lungs were light on air, and I couldn't help but hyperventilate as I ran. But running would be understating it: I *launched*. With huge, powerful strides I leapt across the park, heads turning my way and even a thumbs up appreciatively as my ass wobbled heavily. It was impossible, what I was doing: with every powerful step, I leapt well over fifteen

feet, like I was some sort of superhero. Superheroine. I gasped as I took another terrific bound through a line of bushes and at the last possible second saw a familiar-looking Indian woman in a green sari, her eyes wide, turn my way and scream.

We collided, and turned head over heels rolling together straight towards the concrete fountain. I cringed, holding up my arms to stop the oncoming collision, when suddenly I heard someone shout something in another language and my motion immediately stopped, as if I were . . . floating. I dared to open my eyes, and it was true. I was actually *floating*. I was off the ground, in a glowing transparent orb, and next to my orb was another, containing the Indian woman. We were both in shock, and we turned to see another woman with eyes glowing gold, her fingers splayed out. A woman with the most ample chest I'd ever seen, positively straining at the buttons of her shirt. I turned back to the woman in the Sari, who looked just as shocked as me, and as we connected our gaze, I realised something.

“Holy shit, Claire!?”

“What - James?”

“The fuck?”

We both turned to the top-heavy Japanese student.

“MIKE!?”

She took a step in shock, and her enormous mammaries bounced so heavily within her top I thought they would burst out of it. Her eyes panicked as her impressive set of tits caused her to overbalance and tumble forward into the fountain, ending the effect on us immediately. We fell into the water with her and were immediately doused. I spluttered up, accidentally cracking off some of the stone as I raised myself.

“Damn, this body is strong.”

Again, that booming, authoritative voice.

Claire was rising from the water. I say Claire, but the woman in front of me was not the lithe, small-chested blonde with the short haircut that I knew. This was Shankari Deva. She wore a sexy green sari that revealed her bellybutton, which was studded with a green opal. She had a long, fine nose, and emerald eyes, and her hair fell around her feet, dark and shining and perfect. She had generous C-cup breasts, and a pair of hips that were lovely to see. And she was barefoot, her every step full of strange grace and an almost dance-like movement. She shook the water free from her incredibly long hair, and each movement was supple and perfect. She rested with her hands on her hips, shifting them gradually back and forth as if in a slow belly dance.

“James, what the *frosted flake fuck* has happened to us?”

Her voice, like mine, was gorgeously accented, a heavy Indian lilt to it, and every word fell like honey from a voice that practically oozed sensuality. Just looking at her was making my nipples hard, and that was a strange experience on its own.

"I - I think we're not in my living room anymore," I said, drawing up to my full height. I blinked, realising that me - the shortest of the group - was now over a foot taller than Shankari - I mean Claire. Her green eyes looked to me in shock, but neither of us managed to say a word before a third body floated out of the fountain.

And I mean *floated*.

"Help me help me guys I've got no idea what I'm doing! *TASUKETE!*"

We were treated to an egregious upskirt panty shot of the floating woman as she blocked our view of the sun.

"Holy shit," Claire said, still undulating her hips slowly, "Mike is Fumi. He's Fumi Sato."

The Japanese video game character above shorted out her powers once more and fell. I reached my hands out in fearful reaction as she sped towards me, and was shocked when I somehow managed to not only catch her, but catch her with ease. She felt light as a feather. And very soft. Incredibly soft, in fact. Almost wobbly.

"*Baka!* Get your hands off me, you filthy *sukebe!* You pervert!"

Shit. I had caught her, and my muscled hands were groping her enormous melons by accident, anime-style. Both of them overflowed my hands, and I could feel her large nipples trying to stab holes in the fabric. I dropped her, more out of shock that this tiny, high-pitched beauty with the massive mammaries was my formerly muscled friend Mike. She hit the ground with a comedic *thunk*, and her large chest wobbled heavy in her button shirt, threatening to burst the buttons, but not quite managing.

"Owwweee!" she said in an over-the-top voice.

A small, red '1' floated up above her head.

"Fumi? I mean, Mike, are you okay?"

She stood up, staring at me and Claire, all of us disbelieving what had happened.

"James? Claire? What the hell has happened to me? Why do I have a huge pair of tits? Why am I soooo *kawaii!*" She covered her mouth in shock at the last word, and her short skirt tousled with the movement, once again flashing her panties.

"You've become Fumi Sato, dear," Claire said, moving towards him in such a way that looked like she was getting ready for bedroom action. "You look just like her, massive tits and all."

"And - and you're Shankari Deva!" I said. Mike nodded, then grimaced as this impossibly set his knockers rocking. "Look Claire, you're Indian, and you have her sari, and you can't stop dancing, just like her idle animation!"

She looked down at herself and groaned. For a moment, she tried to stop her movement, but she fell back into that resting state as if it were natural.

“*By the Gods*, this has to be a dream,” she said, before raising a perfect eyebrow at how she’d started that sentence. “And you, James, you’re a character too: you’re Aaliyah!”

I looked down at my brown breasts, and rested a hand on my incredibly generous backside. I looked over myself, and confirmed that it must be true by staring into the water of the nearby fountain.

I was gorgeous. Holy shit, I was fucking *badass*. Aaliyah looked way more impressive as a real woman than she did as a pixelated character. She had short frizzy dark hair that was almost but not quite an afro, and a set of hips that looked made for child-bearing. I turned, and the woman in the reflection’s ass bounced with the movement, firm yet enticing. Apart from her yoga pants and sports bra, her beautiful black skin was on full display, and so were her powerful muscles; just enough to enhance her beauty and power, but not so much as to look odd.

“Damn,” I said, equal parts upset and impressed.

“We’re in a video game,” Claire said. “And we’ve changed race. And accent.”

“And I have tits!” Mike said in a panic, the adorability of his voice increased by his cute accent and glasses. “Tits! Guys, they don’t stop wobbling! When I’m not doing anything I keep pressing my upper arms together and it sets them off!”

Sure enough, I discovered that I had a ‘resting animation’ also. As I admired the beauty of the other two women around me, I couldn’t help but tense my impressive biceps and feel their muscles, as well as place a hand on my hip and thrust my huge butt off a little to one side, as if showing off my impressive curves.

As I was distracted by this, Claire and Mike - Shankari and Fumi - were having another argument.

“You did this to me Claire! I’ve got these stupid big tits all because of you!”

“Oh, really, *Fumi*? Well, I’m stuck with this Indian accent and wearing this harem outfit because *you* chose this character for *me*! I can’t even stop dancing!”

She poked Fumi heavily in her left boob, and there was a visible ‘boing!’ as her enormous mounds of flesh pushed Shankari’s finger back and wobbled for several seconds.

“Don’t touch my boobs! Besides, I wasn’t the one who started this game - I’m stuck speaking *nihongo* because of Aaliyah - mean James!”

“Yeah, that’s right! What have you done to us Aaliyah - ugh! James, I mean James!”

But I was barely listening. I was paying attention to several strange things that were suddenly adding up. For one, we had just gotten out of the fountain only a few minutes ago, but none of us were remotely wet anymore. For two, when Shankari poked Fumi in her breast, another red ‘1’ floated in the air above the short woman’s head. And for three, this area seemed awfully similar to one of the fight maps on the cartridge box art.

Also, there was an incredibly muscled man with a hammer and sickle tattoo on his chest, and a robotic right arm, moving slowly towards us from across the park.

“James? Aaliyah? Can you hear us? What the hell have you done to us?”

“Uh - guys, I think we’re in trouble,” I said, taking a step back.

“Oh, thanks for that. Fucking Sherlock Holmes right here!”

“Mike, Claire, I mean it. Look!”

They both looked up, and saw the man heading straight to us. He was enormous. And he looked *angry*. A malicious smile was on his face, and his impressive moustache seemed to visibly *twitch* in excitement as he neared.

“Um, is that who I think it is?” Claire asked.

A voice boomed.

### *THREE-PLAYER MATCH*

*FUMI SATO, SHANKARI DEVA, AALIYAH VS IGORE STEELE*

*ROUND 1 - FIGHT!*

“Uh, who was that?” Claire/Shankari asked.

I gulped. “The Announcer.”

Mike/Fumi’s eyes widened, and she had to adjust her glasses. “Guys, the enormous Russian chad is bowling towards us!”

“I know! We’re in the game.”

“The what?” said Claire.

“The game! We’re in *Game Changer!* Don’t you get it? We’re playing the game! We need to beat that guy!”

We all turned to the enormous Russian, who was speeding with a manic grin towards us and shouting obscenities in his native tongue.

“CAPITALIST SCUM! TIME TO MEET SOCIALIST HAMMER!”

We shared a look once more.

“That,” Claire/Shankari said, “is terrible writing.”

The man was less than a hundred feet from us by this point, and still gaining speed.

“Fuck, what do we do?” Fumi jumped up and down, and her basketball tits flopped unrealistically, somehow still managing not to rip open her straining top.

I narrowed my eyes. There was only one thing to do. I backed in between the other two. I was aware again that somehow, despite always being the smallest of the group, I was now easily the tallest, and Mike shorter and thinner than any of us - except in two places, of course.

“We fight,” I said, my deep, queenly voice seeming to echo across the yard. I raised my fists, and readied myself.

“WHAT?”

But it was too late. Igor Steele barrelled into us, and we were sent flying dozens of feet into the air, and soaring separately to the ground. I landed, somehow, perfectly, cracking the concrete path by landing in a hero's pose, my thick thighs absorbing the impact, but not so much that I didn't notice a red '15' rise from my head and dissipate shortly afterwards.

Shankari landed further away, but seemed to take only three damage; she cartwheeled perfectly, flipping over with grace and poise, and immediately setting to dancing in serpentine motions on the spot.

“WHAT AM I DOING!?” she yelled, panicked.

Fumi, meanwhile, took *twenty* damage as she landed chest first, her stacked chest absorbing the impact and causing her to bounce onto her butt, exposing her panties once more to everybody.

“AAll! These things are frigging airbags!”

Igor smiled, beat his chest, and roared.

“THE REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN, CAPITALIST SCUM!”

“Who wrote this shit?” called Shankari, but I was distracted by the large red bars floating high up in the sky, each of them with our names on it, and a larger one with Igor Steele's.

“Shit, we have *health bars*!” I called. “We need to fight him, or we're toast!”

The other two girls looked up, and realised what I had said. Fumi gasped in that dramatic way of hers, but quickly collected herself. It was clear Mike wasn't loving how he was forced to act.

“What are our moves?” Shankari called out to me. Fumi also called out in agreement. I had to think quickly.

“Um, I've got it! Shankari - Claire - you're a summoner! You should be able to summon animals to fight for you, and teleport to get him from behind with your kicks! Fumi - I mean Mike! - you're our range controller. You can use your magic to fly, reduce our damage, and if he gets too close, hit him with your boobs!”

“My WHAT!?”

“It's a videogame, remember? Just do it! Aaliyah is the fighter. I've got to get in close and keep him distracted, so just do your things already!”

I launched forward before I could see if they agreed. My bounds were incredible, and I felt power coursing through my body as Igor grinned, throwing a fist out towards me. I smashed straight into it, taking another twenty damage. I got back up, dusted myself off in a standard animation, and launched forward again, my ass and hips jiggling impressively.

“I MUST BREAK YOU!”

“Well, that’s just damn copyright!” I spat, and launched forward once more. “Claire! I could use some back up here! Fumi, get your heads and your tits in the damn game!”

Both hurled exasperations in Hindi and Japanese, but I knew what I was doing. Claire had her smarts, Mike had his brawn, but I knew pop culture inside and out. And as wild and weird as this was, as strange as being a powerful black woman was, I could see the path to victory. Igor was a brawler type; strong and powerful up close, but slow, and his moves were telegraphed. I leapt forward, ducked low, and landed an incredible punch against his bare chest, followed by two more. He roared, rearing up to hit me once more, and I ducked to the side, my sports bra struggling to contain me as I made two further blows at his side.

“Black and beautiful, baby!”

I blinked. Well, *that* had come out of nowhere. And then I realised; it was a damn catchphrase of Aaliyah’s. But the distraction, momentary as it was, had been enough. Igor sent another meaty fist that knocked me into the air, and far above, I got a view of my health bar reducing to less than a quarter. I landed on my ass, and cursed my new programmed reality for making me literally bounce on it. Most women would kill for an ass that you could bounce a quarter off. This one you could bounce a curb off.

My health bar fell again at the landing, and was beginning to blink red. Crap, if I died in the game would I die in real life? I didn’t want to find out!

Igor strode closer, chuckling. I didn’t have enough time to create a defence.

“DASVIDANIYA, LITTLE GIRL!” he roared, and his fist shot out like a comet.

But I was already elsewhere, surrounded by golden light, even as the footpath exploded into shards of concrete. I turned to see Fumi, flying in the air, her eyes glowing gold and skirt rippling with power. And panty shots.

“*Sugoi!* I’m doing it Aaliyah!” She looked down at Igor, who looked up at anger, then amusement. Fumi cupped her H-cup boobs beneath her shirt and lifted them, causing a strange sensation between my legs. “You like these, don’t you? Come and get ‘em!”

“What the hell, Mike!?”

“It was a catchphrase! I couldn’t help but say it!”

Igor took the challenge, and leapt upwards, fist heading straight for Fumi’s chest. A flash of green raced past us however, and dove straight into him, knocking the Russian fighter to the ground. It was then that we both saw Shankari, performing a sensual belly dance, her snake-like movements controlling a very real snake made of emerald light, one that was currently evaporating Igor’s large health bar.

“Time to unlock your chakras!” she yelled, and we could both tell from her following eye roll that it was an automated line.

Igor gripped the snake and ripped it to shreds, causing Shankari to fall back. A golden orb from Fumi caught her, reducing the hit to her health bar, and as Igor launched himself again, straight towards the Japanese student, we all got to witness something special.

Out of sheer shock, out of pure new instinct, Mike/Fumi twisted her shoulders rapidly and half-turned, causing her wobbling mammaries to sway like heavy basketballs just in time to *smack Igor Steele* right in the face and send him flying back into a park tree.

“Fumi’s funbags of fury!” she declared, followed by, “holy shit, did I just smack a bad guy with my tits?”

I smirked, and leapt from the golden orb. Igor barely had a health bar left, and he looked to me with fear as the fit jogger of a woman I had become, my black muscles rippling in the sunlight, descending upon him, giving a womanly roar far more powerful than any of his. Like Fumi, I operated by instinct, leaning into the videogame nature of my new form, and instead of extending a fist, I found my legs parting to receive him. I crashed into him, my thick thighs wrapped around his waist and squeezing hard. So hard, in fact, that he gasped, trying to remove me. I simply squeezed harder, feeling the superhuman power of my female hips. Red ones, twos, and then fives streamed from above his head, and in moments the health bar was emptied.

“Ain’t got nothing on these thighs!”

### ***KNOCK OUT!***

Igor screamed, and exploded into white mist, disappearing, and leaving me victorious on the ground. I looked around, not believing what had just happened. Fumi landed on the ground, heavy chest wobbling with each step cartoonishly, and Shankari sauntered over to as well, each movement looking designed to turn on every man in a hundred foot radius.

“We did it!” I declared.

They began to dance.

No, actually, *they began to dance*, and I could tell from their faces they were not into it. Shankari raised her arms above her head and clasped her fingers together, bobbing her head as she undulated her belly. Fumi was chaotic, twisting her shoulders in girlish excitement and letting her boulders bounce where they may. And I couldn’t help but join in, punching the air, and twisting my body to show both its muscles and curves.

“Victory!” we declared as one, our various accents unrecognisable as the voices we once had. Another voice joined; the dreaded Announcer.

### ***BACK TO GAME HUB***

“By the Goddess, what now?” Shankari/Claire protested.

I had a very clear idea myself of what was happening. “Oh no, it’s not over. We’re being sent back to wait for the next match, and upgrade our characters.”

“Upgrade?” Fumi asked, hands on her chest. She had a very real and well-founded fear of what *that* particular phrase might mean for her.

There was a flash of white, a stream of light, and a cry of “Damn you James!” and suddenly, we were elsewhere.

In the game hub.

## The Hub

“Videogame characters. We’re been turned into fucking videogame characters,” Fumi said. She was scowling, and trying not to look utterly adorable in her buttoned shirt, round glasses, and pleated skirt. Her thigh-high stockings also weren’t helping matters.

“I’m sorry,” I said again.

“You should be!” snapped Shankari as she downed another glass. “I’m supposed to be blonde! I’m supposed to be white! And I’m definitely not supposed to be flirting and dancing for the enjoyment of every man in a five-mile radius. I’m meant to be an engineer, by the spirits!”

“I’m very sorry, but how could I know?”

“*Saitei da yo!*” Fumi snapped. “You *baka!* I’m meant to be a man, not have these enormous cow tits and act like a clumsy girl from a harem anime! I can’t even see my feet anymore, and these stupid boobs won’t stop moving!”

We all sat at the table, in our new and deeply attractive bodies, not knowing what to say. Fumi’s volleyball-sized breasts - or were they basketball sized? I was leaning to the latter - rested on the table as she sipped a milkshake that sat within her gargantuan cleavage. She literally couldn’t *not* have them rest on the table, if she sat further back she was too far from her food. Shankari ate rice nonchalantly, idly humming bars to a song I’d never heard before, and occasionally fussing with the trinkets in her hair. And I sat much taller than I was used to, my two ass-cheeks the size of watermelons, giving me plenty of comfortable padding.

We were in a bar, or tavern, the walls made of lacquered wood and decorated with images of champions of street fighting past. Various denizens of *Game Changer* sat at other tables, including a heavily-bruised Igor Steele, who continued to look at me and then away,

shamed at his defeat. We had been seated for over an hour, having arrived in the game hub town of *Tavington* several hours prior to that. It was a charming region, a blend of 2000s architecture and ancient medieval churches and castles, like an old European town if it was also geared entirely around an insane fighting tournament meant for the titillation of viewers everywhere.

“So, we’re stuck here,” Claire said, though it was easier to think of her as Shankari, given her beautiful brown skin, arched nose, dark eyebrows, and her revealing sari.

“I think so. The curse, I’m so sorry, I swear I didn’t realise all the online rumours were true! But how many times do I have to apologise?”

Fumi and Shankari gave me a glare.

“Another five hundred times should do it, you dumb *otaku!*” Fumi said. Shankari giggled at her fall into Japanese, and Fumi trembled in anger, setting her H-cup breasts trembling also. “What’s so funny?”

“Oh, just the thought that you were so proud of being a tall, tough guy. You were a real meathead when we were dating. Maybe having a huge rack and being short and thin and cute everywhere else will teach you something!”

“Oh sure, well at least I’m not permanently dancing! Claire the Straight A student, the girl who’s ‘not like those other girls’ - how does it feel to be showing off like you’re a party girl? Half the room can’t stop looking at you!”

It was true, we all had our admirers, but Shankari’s sensual manner, her ‘come-get-me’ voice, and the way she twisted her body to show her best features so fluidly made her the most approached. Even Igor had made a pass at her. Shankari just put her head in her hands.

“Ugh, don’t remind me, Mike. I think this strange place is affecting my mind. I had to think carefully to not call you Fumi, and . . . I think I’m starting to enjoy all the attention.”

We each shuddered. It was true. It wasn’t mind control, not even quite compulsions. Sort of just a gentle nudge. I felt a bit more assertive, more in control, and the idea of fighting again made me excited. I also couldn’t help but occasionally look at the men in the room, and thoughts of domination became a little more . . . Well, let’s just say I felt a strange urge to do things to them. And the others had expressed the same; Shankari was the show-off and flirt, much to Claire’s own distaste. Mike had it the worst, and was clearly fuming: as Fumi, she couldn’t help but move in a way that made her melons bounce dramatically, as well as acting cutesy and vulnerable and a little submissive. At that very moment she was sucking on the end of a pencil while she tried to think of ideas of what to do next, and the image made her look all the more desirable. It probably didn’t help our ability to control ourselves that there were several empty cups of ale (me), wine (Shankari), and fruity martini (Fumi) we’d been working through on our table. I belched, and it was most impressive.

“Faith and begorrah, that’s a belch, alright!”

We turned to Ciara, the bartender and serving woman of the Tavington tavern. She was a flame-haired thing in her mid-thirties with a sexy Irish-accent and a fine set of D-cups on her chest. An impressive amount of cleavage was pushed up in her traditional green serving girl dress, and she had the easy nature of someone who knew this world up and down.

Hey girls, how’s the *craic*? Would you like another top up?”

“Yes, please,” Shankari said, getting a refill. We’d won five thousand ‘coins’ from our fight with Igor, and drinks were only five apiece, so we were having more than our fill, though Fumi hadn’t quite realised she had a lot less of a stomach for spirits than Mike did. She occasionally played with her big boobs, much to the joy of the men in the room.

“So, watcha so down in the dumps for, lasses?” Ciara asked, putting down her jug. “Yer young, yer pretty as spring day, and yer just won yer first bout! You’ve grasped the four-leaf clover, I’d say!”

We sighed collectively. The stereotypical nature of Ciara was to be expected, given our own forms. Given the nature of the game world we were in. “We’re . . . not from round here,” I replied tactfully. “We’re trying to find a way to . . . escape, you could say.” I gave an easy smile to Ciara. She returned it.

“Oh, well, sorry to hear that, lasses. Speaking as an out-of-towner myself, I know a thing or two about getting used to Tavington, as well as your own craft. Used to be a prize-fighter me own self, ‘fore I got a husband and he got three kids on me!” She gave a conspiratorial wink before continuing. “So I ‘bin in yer shoes, girls, though I like me own life well enough now. But if yer really lookin’ ta get home, you’ll have to win the final round and go against Arjun Khan, the current champion.”

I knew Arjun Khan. He was the Indian millionaire industrialist and powerful prize fighter featured on the back of the game box. He was also Shankari’s canon love interest, which I pointedly did *not* tell Claire.

“So you’re saying we just need to beat this Arjun Khan, and we’ll be free?”

She nodded. “That’s the short and small of it. You’re a shoe-in, now that you’ve won yer first bout, but you want to give the next your all, so you can get your level ups, or else you’ll have not a snake’s chance against St Patrick when it comes to Khan.”

The rest of us perked our heads up.

“Wait,” I said, shifting on my large backside, “level ups?”

Ciara grinned, and I realised at that moment her function for us: she was our tutorial guide, and she knew the rules inside and out. Fumi and Shankari stared, jaws hanging, the former’s massive mammaries resting more heavily on the table, as the hot Irish serving maid told us all about the mechanics of this strange video-game world: how we could level up,

unlock new costumes (which we apparently already had just by beating Igor), use powerful combo moves with each other, and even open up our own movesets like a digital screen in front of us to memorise our best movesets. Claire and Mike - Shankari and Fumi - looked a little lost at this, but the video game nerd nestled away in this curvaceous black body was taking it all in. We had a way now to *win*.

“Did ya not know any of this?” she asked, bewildered. “Ya must really be out-of-towners. Interesting!”

We thanked her, and she returned to serving other customers, keeping a warm eye on us at all points. As did the male clientele. I smirked at one of them, unable to help from sticking my chest out, before turning to the group a little red-faced. They too were blushing, and it didn't take a detective to realise their new bodies were reacting much like mine to the strong male crowd around us.

“Let's get out of here,” I declared. “We've got five thousand coins, give or take some shots. Let's find a place to rent and I can show you how we win this.”

“We can't just run?”

I shook my head, already standing to my impressive height.

“No, the only way to get back to our real world must be to fight. I'm the videogame nerd. Between my knowledge of the game, Shakari - I mean Claire's - tactical mind, and Mike's experience in athletics, we can do this.

Shankari and Fumi looked at me, the latter especially a little shocked. I had never been the one to take charge, always standing behind Claire and Mike, but now I felt a surge of confidence that came with my authoritative, accented voice. It didn't hurt that I was well-muscled, or that I felt like my powerful thighs could crush rocks between them.

It was Shankari who nodded assent, smirking at me. I knew she couldn't help it, but goddamn it was a flirty 'come get me' look. We finished our alcohol and left, though Fumi needed a little help on her feet. Even with my super strength and Shankari summoning a large spectral ape to help me, I was impressed with the sheer weight of her bobbing bosom.

“By the will of the goddess, Fumi, those things are heavy as boulders,” Shankari declared. She smiled at a man to move out of our way, and he just about collapsed to his knees at the sight of her.

“Really?” Fumi asked, squeezing her large tits, “they feel really light to me.”

The tavern roared with approval at the sight of something as we were leaving, and as I turned back, I realised exactly what it was; my own curvy ass, two cheeks like ripened pumpkins, were giving them a show as we left.

I couldn't help myself, I gave it a deliberate shake, and the men raised their glasses in a cheer, Igor included.



We found a small hotel to book out, in a fine European style, red carpet and hanging chandeliers. It was luxurious, and far cheaper than its real world equivalent would ever be. We still had nearly 2500 coins remaining to us. The only downside was that there were only two rooms to spare, so Shankari and Fumi volunteered to share a bed. I couldn't help but giggle at that, much to Fumi's irritation; the last time they'd 'roomed', he'd had a lot more manliness between his legs. I had the feeling that Claire/Shankari was going to enjoy teasing him about that.

After getting settled in, we had time to inspect our forms. It was probably no coincidence that the bathroom and shower were in high demand from each of us; as embarrassing and utterly unbelievable as our strange new circumstances were, it was impossible not to be curious about our forms, particularly those of us who were supposed to be male. Somehow, despite that fact, Shankari was able to secure the shower first.

"Gentleman," she said, in her sensual Indian accent, "a girl always goes first, and I've been a girl the longest." She walked in without waiting for a reply, her luscious length of hair trailing at her feet, somehow never catching on anything or getting dirty.

In the meantime, Fumi and I ate, avoiding talking to one another. Of all of us, the former-Mike was the most embittered. We'd all accidentally taken on opposing roles to our usual selves: the nerdy James had become the powerful, confident Aaliyah; the intelligent but straight-laced Claire had become the showy, flirty dancer Shankari; and the athletic and masculine Mike had become fragile, front-heavy Fumi. We were all struggling with our new stereotypical roles, but his change had left him feeling especially emasculated, and it didn't help that she was just so damn cute. She was constantly posing innocently in ways that emphasised her endlessly shifting chest.

"So, do you want to talk about it?"

"*Urusai!* I don't want to talk right now."

We lapsed back into silence as Shankari emerged, wearing a white bathrobe.

"At least it covers more than the sari," she said, shrugging. It didn't stop her from wagging her hips as she moved, or the robe from hugging her hourglass figure in such a way that didn't even make sense for a bathrobe. Clearly, this world ran on horny game developer logic.

"Fumi? Want to shower?"

She glared, rose, and walked stiffly to the bathroom. I used the time she was showing to fill in Claire - the least game-knowledgeable member - on the basic mechanics I'd noticed about the world. She seemed to soak it in; while our bodies were subject to new

feelings and desires and resting states, none of us had experienced diminished intelligence or loss of reasoning. Eventually, Fumi also emerged, wearing a bathrobe as well. It trailed on the ground due to her short height - she was only 4'7. Despite her best efforts, her tremendous bosom, still a little damp and looking sexy as all hell for it, was revealed by the massive 'V' in the bathrobe, literally tenting out the material and revealing every jiggle and bounce as she moved to sit.

"Don't even say it," she declared, putting her glasses back on. "Ugh, and I can't even see without these things either!" She crossed her arms, only to realise she was resting them on a shelf of boobflesh. She adjusted her forearms under her chest, but that only had the effect of raising them up, her nipples almost slipping free of the material. A warmth in my crotch was developing by this point, and I could feel my new plumbing begin to moisten, becoming slick and needing attention.

"Gotta go," I declared, moving straight to the bathroom, not caring how much my own backside bounced. I slipped out of my pink sports bra, and there was an uncanny release at letting the 'girls' free. I removed my yoga pants, followed by my panties, and took in my form in the mirror.

"Holy, mama, I am *hot*."

I wasn't lying. My body, just like my catchphrase said, was black and beautiful. I had the face of an African empress; beautiful thick brown lips and high eyebrows, my nose wide and perfectly sculpted. My frizzy hair was both free and wild, yet sculpted to highlight my rounded cheeks. I smiled, and the woman in the mirror seemed to light up the world with it. I gazed lower over my body. My breasts were DD-cups, cantaloupes in size, but stood pert and full on my chest, tipped by dark areola that were wide and desirable. My hips were wide - wider even than Shankari's, and they led to a pair of beautifully thick thighs. Between them was exactly what I was expecting, but a sight that still disoriented me; not my male tackle, but the darker lips of my new vagina. I turned, and whistled a little under my breath. Damn, I had an ass. Definitely two watermelons, or pumpkins, or whatever large fruit you could apply; the point was, it was *big*. The kind of ass you noticed across the street, and just wanted to cop a feel of. I did so, and the feeling was sensitive and pleasurable. I couldn't help but imagine what it would be like for someone else to grab that ass. I turned again, and raised those eyebrows. I hadn't even realised, but I had a six pack! I made a couple of poses in the mirror, and gazed appreciatively at my physical form. I could understand what Mike was missing; being muscled and fit was a power trip, and somehow, it felt even better to be beautiful. As a man, I would have lusted after Aaliyah. As her, my thoughts trended towards other lusts.

I turned on the shower, and entered beneath the warm faucet. I thought of the men, and women, who stared at me in the tavern and across Tavington in general. I thought of the

way they cheered my perfect peach of an ass as I left the bar, and the way the muscles on the other male fighters made me feel like pushing them to the ground and having my way with them. As a man, I'd dreamed of being a dominant figure, but girlfriends were few and far between, and I'd never felt truly dominant. Now, I could imagine them. I could taste them.

The void between my thighs became all the more moist, and my body became heated. My large dark nipples hardened in response to my horniness, and my entire body shivered in heat. I lowered a hand down between my thighs and began to rub my new genitalia. It felt good. Electric courses of pleasure jolted through my body, and with my other hand I began to stroke my backside and breasts. They lifted and bounced, sensitive to my own touch, and I imagined they were not my hands but those of a lover.

I rubbed my crotch harder, feeling my clit, and I suppressed a moan as the pleasure increased, a low ebb of ecstasy beginning to build not just in my loins but in my belly, my hips, my chest. I continued to finger myself, my breathing increasing.

"C'mon, yeah, right there baby, right there, keep going, keep going!"

I was getting louder, but I no longer cared; the pleasure was all that mattered. I rubbed in circles around my clitoris, navigating the G-spot that was the source of my overwhelming elation. I was close. So damn close. I gripped my own breast harder, fondling my sensitive areola as my climax drew closer. Closer. Closer.

Closer.

So damn close.

So damn fucking close!

I erupted, and my entire body shuddered, my various fatty mounds wobbling as I nearly lost my balance. I arched my back, brown breasts sticking out proudly as I was forced to ride out the storm of pleasure, which came like waves through my body, overlapping so that even as one orgasm finished the next was already crashing down upon me.

"Oooooooooohhh . . . ah, ah, ah."

Finally, it ended, and the post-coital aftershocks kept me in a near-delirious state of joy for the next five minutes. It took a great exercise of will power simply to step out from the shower, and put on my own bathrobe. I breathed carefully, waited for my nipples to die down a little, checked that I wasn't too obvious otherwise.

"Let's hope they didn't notice me," I said to myself in that powerful voice.

I strode out of the room with a woman's confidence, only to see Shankari naked from the waist up, pressing her face against Fumi's massive, bare melons.

"Aahahhh, they're so big, so sensitive! So *dekkai!*"

Mike gasped, speaking more in Japanese as Claire played with him. The former blonde woman turned Indian-seductress was feeling at the former male turned buxom Japanese girl's panties, her deft hand working like something out of the Kama Sutra to bring

Fumi to climax. She felt at Fumi's breasts with her free hand, tweaking her enormous pink nipples, even as began to motorboat her. Fumi squealed, utterly dominated, half in pleasure and half in shock as I loomed into view.

"Mike! Claire! What the fuck!?"

"It's - it's not what it looks like, I - AAAHHHH!"

She cried out in such a high-pitch that I was shocked no windows shattered, and Shankari was nearly crushed between her massive mammaries as she pressed her upper arms against her body, her lover's head disappearing for tens of seconds inside the chasm of cleavage. Golden threads of light rose up from them, which somehow was the *least* strange thing on display. As soon as the climax was over, Fumi kicked Shankari back, and the pair of them blushed with embarrassment as they redressed themselves. Fumi in particular looked utterly humiliated. Neither had seen the golden light.

"I see you've been busy," I said.

"*Urusai!*"

"Yeah, that Aaliyah. We were just . . . having a little fun. Well, I guess a *lot* of fun, if those adorable funbags are taken into consideration." Shankari smirked, before regaining herself. "Ugh, sorry. She's just so damn cute now, and I think this body is hella bisexual. Plus, it's *Mike*. How could I not? Damn, it's so hard not to tease and seduce everyone. How did I get like this? I don't have sex until the tenth date, minimum!"

Mike/Fumi was already dressed by this point, and crossing her arms over, then under her chest with fury. "Don't say a word! Neither of you say one word! Let's just figure out how to turn back, so we can never speak about this again."

Shankari and I shared a look. We'd both heard those cries of ecstasy.

"Okay, look, this is affecting our minds," I said. "I'm feeling more confident as Aaliyah, Claire is feeling more . . . shall I say flirty?"

"I feel that's understating it for me, but go on, dear."

"And Mike is feeling more . . ."

"Submissive," she finished, looking glum.

"Exactly. It's not mind control. And it's not like we're compelled. It's like breathing, though. You can stop breathing, and you can control how you want to breathe consciously. But if you're not paying attention - which is most of the time - your body sets your pace. I can walk like I'm still James, talk like I'm still James, but it's easy to fall into Aaliyah. So, what I'm saying is, we're still us, okay? And if we get embarrassed over this, it's okay. Just blame this whole thing on me. But once we're back to ourselves, we won't have to worry about 'breathing' anymore, right?"

The two of them appeared to take this in. It calmed them somewhat, I could tell.

“Look, if it helps any better Fumi, while you were having your . . . fun here, I was getting myself off in the shower.”

The blank looks they gave me said everything.

“Oh, you both did that too.”

“Yeah.”

“They’re so big! How could I not play with them?”

Shankari laughed. “See? I told you!”

I made a silencing gesture, and surprisingly they both stopped.

“Let’s figure this out, okay. We have two more fights, and we’re out of here. But we need to win. Let’s open our character sheets, figure out how to level up, see the new outfit we’ve unlocked, and get ready for tomorrow. We’re up against Lady Dragon, and we should plan to kick her butt.”

The next hour was spent looking at our character screens. We could summon them at will, but much like a videogame, it was difficult to do other things when accessing them. We had all learned a level up, and it was clear that we had a number of options on where to place our stats. As a fighter, I placed my three points into Strength. As I did so, I could feel my muscles rippling with just that little more power, having visibly grown a little. Shankari, after much indecision, placed her points into Summoning. It was her shtick, after all. However, part of the feature of her character meant that for every two points she sunk into Summoning, her Charisma also increased. That manifested, apparently, as an increased number of golden trinkets around her neck, wrists, ankles, and in her hair.

Fumi was last, and she was full of wrath at her situation; Strength was locked out for her entirely. She’d been hoping to regain muscle mass, and irritatingly had to select Acrobatics instead. To her relief, at least, her breasts seemed lighter to her, though no smaller. She was able to cartwheel with ease, and the sight was something to see. I was kind of shocked to learn she had the biggest HP bar out of all of us, and Fumi pushed Shankari back on the couch when the latter joked that “those chest monsters store all the extra health!”

We all unlocked new abilities: as Aaliyah, I had gained the *Butt Stomp*, a ground pound technique where I smashed enemies into the ground with my large derriere. Shankari has gained *Hypnotic Sway*, which allowed her to dance so seductively it momentarily interrupted an enemy’s attack animation. And Fumi . . . well, Fumi had gained *Breast Boxing*, which we all chose not to comment on, lest she try it out on us in anger.

We’d also apparently unlocked a group combo power move, but had no idea how to activate it. The instructions I’d read had been pretty vague, only that it was a ‘team effort’. We tried several options and combinations with our abilities, but in the end came to nought.

That left just the strategising, and the costumes. Lady Dragon was a ranged fighter, with a powerful bow and the ability to fire dragon flames from her summoned serpents. We needed to figure out how to block her attacks and get me in close, while Fumi ran interference. Shankari already had some ideas, but our new costumes would give us greater power in some areas, and we wanted to see what we could change into.

“At least I can get out of this stupid sexy librarian outfit,” Fumi said.

We each clicked our floating menus to select our new outfits, and Fumi went white.

“No way. No way in hell. *Bangō!*”

Shankari also seemed uncertain, but I could tell she was looking beyond the surface, to the stats underneath.

“Wait, this can work.”

## Round 2: Lady Dragon

“By the Goddess, a temple of divine worship!” Shankari declared, making a small bow, her hands clasped. “Damn, this body *really* likes worshipping.”

We were indeed at the site of their new battleground; the Temple of the Stars, and we each had our new costumes ready, much to the collective embarrassment of my friends, and my own slight arousal.

Shankari and Fumi were dressed most appropriately as they ascended the steps. The firm was dressed in a bright orange monk-outfit that clung to her curves, revealing, as ever, her smooth brown midriff. Functionally, it was little more than a thick cloth wrap around her shoulders, breasts, and pelvis, leaving the rest to the open night sky. Her hair was just as long, but weaved in a complicated braid that ran the length of her back, and her arms and legs were tattooed with blue ink that was already glowing bright blue as she prepared her summoning powers.

Fumi matched her, dressed in a gorgeous red-and-white shrine maiden outfit that made her look even more adorable than ever. She blushed almost as red herself as she ascended the steps, the deep V of her costume causing her incredible bosom to bounce egregiously, permanently threatening to spill from her top but never quite managing. Her hair was longer now, tied in various traditional loops with coloured ribbons. She looked even smaller than usual thanks to the long sleeves and skirt that outpaced her limbs.

But where Fumi and Shankari walked with hesitance, I as Aaliyah walked with confidence, my impressive hips sashaying from side to side as I led the trio up the long stone steps. My costume had been titled *Date Night*, and appropriately for that title I was dressed in a tight black cocktail dress that hugged my curvy body and emphasised my best features, particularly my frankly fantastic backside. My hair had been straightened, sitting upon her shoulders, and I wore red lipstick and eyelash extensions. I was a vision, and as we ascended together to the main temple stadium, I couldn't help but relish that there was a crowd waiting: on either side of the temple chamber, hundreds of spectators whooped and cheered.

"Go girls!"

"Wooh! Aaliyah! Work it girl!"

"Dance for us Shankari! Show us those belly muscles!"

"Fumi! Fumi! Marry us Fumi!"

We each posed before the crowd, looking utterly gorgeous, and while my friends did so simply as part of their videogame pose animations, I actually got into mine, and made it my own. I tried something daring, and bent down, letting my ass stretch the fabric of my cocktail dress. I placed my hands on my thighs and, rising to my full height, moving my hands up my hips, to my waist, over the slopes of my breasts, and finally to my hair, before punching the air powerfully with my muscled arms.

The Crowd. Went. Wild.

"AGAIN!"

"Ugh," Shankari said, "you're really getting into this. I guess I can't let you show me up. Performing is, like, my one thing. *Time to open my chakras!*"

The last was clearly a catchphrase, but she smiled sensually as she said it, before launching into an elaborate dance, her serpentine movements emphasising her wonderful hips and taut belly. She raised her hands over her head in traditional poses, her legs and feet moving deftly and elegantly, and I could tell that despite her feminist beliefs she was actually *enjoying* performing for this crowd.

And then, she briefly stumbled as she eyed someone in the crowd. There was a brief 'ooooh!' of interest for the crowd, and suddenly my friend's eyes were only fixed on *one* seat in the crowd, as she stepped up her dancing even further, her belly undulating as she danced, a saucy smile upon her face.

"Shankari - I mean Claire!" Fumi spat, boobs wobbling just from her over-animated irritation, "what are you doing? Who is that?"

"I - I don't know," she said out the side of her mouth, before grabbing a spare cloth and weaving it through the air with her movements, dancing with perfection as the crowd cheered. "But . . . he's really hot. I can't explain it."

I found who she was looking at, and my jaw dropped. In a seat near the front of the rows, a powerful figure of a man stood. His skin was light olive, he had a powerful jawline, and a neat goatee. His dark hair was slicked back, and he was adorned in a well-fitting suit that nevertheless revealed a strong musculature beneath it. His eyes were magnetised to Shankari, in awe.

“Fuck,” I said, “that’s Arjun Khan! That’s the guy we fight last.”

“Oh no! He’s hot!” Shankari said, barely stopping her sensual movements.

“Shankari, stop flirting with the enemy!” Fumi said, shaking her fists. She turned to hiss at the group of young men cheering her name, one of whom fainted as her breasts bounced against one another in her open Shrine Maiden top. She spent a moment re-adjusting herself, and for just the briefest moment it looked like she was biting back a small smirk of satisfaction. But only for a moment. Shankari finished dancing, and her brown body was covered in a slick sheen of sweat that only added to her sex appeal, as if she had arisen from a post-coital dream.

“By the spirits that guide us, that was actually very fun.” She coughed into her hand, just like the old Claire. “And by that, I mean, just this once. I’m mainly here to get out of here and back to our bodies.”

I grinned, already eyeing a handsome white man in the front row who was showing me his muscled biceps. I raised my even more impressive ones and flexed, and he blew a kiss in response. I blew one back and winked.

“Sure you are, Shankari,” I said. “You can admit you like this.”

“Says the one who’s gained all the confidence. Who knew it took turning into an Amazonian black woman in a videogame to make James the go-getter.”

I looked down at her. She was right. It had only been a few days since our last fight, training and preparing for this one, but I couldn’t lie to myself: I was enjoying this world much more than my own. And I had a deep suspicion my friends were fighting their own pleasures as much as possible. Fumi in particular seemed to enjoy having her tits played with a little too much for Mike’s ego to survive much longer.

“Let’s just do this,” the short Japanese woman muttered, trying to roll up her overly-long sleeves, the ones that would never fully roll up.

Even as she said it, a silence fell upon the crowd, and an enormous screech from the heavens sounded. A great gush of flame descended in a pillar upon the stage, nearly blinding us. What followed was a great black dragon, disguised within the night sky itself, landing upon the raised dais one hundred feet ahead. Its eyes were gold, and it snorted green flame. The crowd gave an ‘ooh’ as the dragon shrunk in size, its features shifting and compacting, scales retracting until a white-skinned woman with green hair, roughly forty years or so in age and wearing a dark dress, stood in its place.

“MINE NAME BE LADY DRAGON!” she declared, and a thunderous roar was taken up by the crowd, all except by the few who still supported us girls. “AND I SHALL TEST THINE STRENGTH, WOMEN WARRIORS OF THE REALM!”

I uncovered my ears. “Damn, why are all the enemies in this world such big hams?”

Shankari shrugged, already summoning a giant snake. Fumi floated to the air, readying her ‘globes’, which she pulled from the actual globes of her chest.

“Okay, I said. We follow the plan. I take the lead, and you two listen to my calls. If Claire’s plan is right, we can do this.”

“Who made you leader?” Fumi said.

“Someone had to be,” I said, and she crossed her arms over her bosom in an irritated response. But it was too late for arguments, as the invisible Announcer was already speaking:

### “THREE-PLAYER MATCH

*FUMI SATO, SHANKARI DEVA, AALIYAH VS LADY DRAGON*

*ROUND 2 - FIGHT!”*

We launched into battle, and the crowd roared with approval.



It was an absolute curbstomp. We didn’t even need our combo move.

Well, a *butt stomp*, given I got to employ my signature move. It was a little embarrassing actually, particularly since Shankari had figured out from watching other matches that Lady Dragon’s second phase starting animation was interruptible, allowing us to throw attacks at her as she dramatically became a dragon once more. By the time she was ready to counterattack her health bar was already half way down again, and Shankari immediately used the sensual hip movements of her *Hypnotic Sway* to disrupt the dragon’s fiery roar while Fumi blasted it from on high. I managed to knock the beast from the air with a sweeping uppercut, which had that beautifully muscled man whooping as my thick thighs clenched around Lady Dragon’s draconic throat and bore her to the ground, right where Fumi was waiting. I swear, the Japanese cutie once called Mike was actually having fun using her *Breast Boxing* to impossible yet literally *punch* the dragon to death. Just like with Igor, she disappeared in an explosion of white particles, probably to appear later in the tavern with a strong tonic in hand and a bruised ego.

We had become the crowd favourites, and they cheered our names, though some cheered for some of us in particular more. I had my own segment; various cute, muscled men and women. Fumi had a parade of slim suitors in glasses and work shirts slavishly devoting themselves to her, tripping over their own words to compliment her as she tried to push them away, much to Shankari's amusement.

That amusement ended, however, when Arjun Khan approached. The crowd parted to let him through, and he stood tall, taller than even I, looming over a captivated Shankari. He bowed deeply, took her hand, and kissed it lightly. My friend, who had sworn up and down that she was a single woman until she'd earned her way to independent success, blushed a deep shade of red.

"Miss Shankari Deva, greatest dancer of my homeland, most beautiful woman in all of creation, and keener than the greatest minds of men, it is an honour to finally meet you."

Oh. Damn. I was already sensing that our new bodies were a lot more open, sexually, but this dude was making me moist, and I wasn't even the target of his affections! Shankari was stunned and spellbound, retracting her hand quickly, perhaps too quickly.

"Mister Khan, you do us all a great honour. We . . . are to fight you next."

He cracked a knuckle. "Yes, we are, and it is a crime to fight such beauty. But our fight will be legendary, like two myths come to life to conquer the heavens. And I shall win."

I pushed forward. "Is that so? Because we were kicking plenty of ass, there. And I should know, because mine ass gave plenty of 'kicks'."

Khan smirked, eyes wandering to Fumi. She was busy giving her signature to their various fans, and was furiously trying to hide from our view as one particular individual who looked rail thin and nerdy himself gained her attention.

"Hmm, yes, you did beat Lady Dragon in record time," Khan continued, his voice like honey. Or molasses. Or sex. "But I am the undisputed champion of the fight. My power level is beyond you three put together, and I intend to *win*."

I clenched my knuckles. We were surrounded by a crowd of admirers of us girls and Khan both. "Well, there's only one way to settle this, Khan. And I can promise you, it will end with you on the ground, looking up at us."

Khan sighed, and appeared to consider my words. I felt good. The blood rush from the fight had not yet ended, and I was feeling stronger than ever.

"Your fire is almost a match for Shankari's," he said, "though hers possesses an elegance you cannot hope to match. Still, you are a champion of great prowess, beauty, and, I suspect, *fertility*. And Fumi, though I can see she has her own queue of suitors, holds a captivating draw, a protective yet sensual quality that stirs desire in me. I shall make the stakes of our match interesting. We shall fight in one week, and the winner shall not only be a declared champion or championess, but gain something more."

Shankari's eyebrows raised. As did my own. Even Fumi managed to pull away from her suitor to draw close. "Ehhh? Nani? What's happening now?"

Shankari didn't reply. In fact, her hand had somehow slipped back into his. Perhaps I should have told her she was a canon love interest to him. Fuck. Wait, did that mean I had a canon love interest? And what about Fumi?

"Khan is challenging us to a bet of some kind," I said, after a pause.

"I am indeed," he continued. "I recognise outsiders from this land. I think you know what I mean."

All of us were silent. Did he somehow know? His smirk said yes.

"That's right, you are not the first to arrive here. Just ask Ciara, your favoured barmaid. Occasionally you come to us, and a rare few return. So I offer a challenge: win, and I will return you to your world, though it pains me to bid Shankari goodbye."

She chuckled awkwardly, her hips wiggling a little.

"And if we lose?" I said.

Khan grinned. It was gentlemanly, but calculated. "If you lose, you each become concubines of my harem. Beautiful additions to my women. You will be taken care of, live in luxury, and I shall worship each of you, but you will, in essence, belong to me. And Shankari," he turned to her, kissing her hand once more, "you will be my favoured concubine, above all others."

*That* was enough for her to finally pull away.

"By the Goddess, you almost had me."

"Ah, would that I could."

"*Nandayo!* The stakes are too high," Fumi cut in, shaking her fists like an anime character, causing her bosom to wobble unrealistically. Somewhere, one of her bespectacled suitors collapsed, nose bleeding from the sight. I looked Khan in his confident eyes, dark and handsome, and so sure of himself. And I looked over to the light-skinned man, who simply nodded, assured that I could win. Gosh, this body found him attractive. I thrust out my hand.

"You're on."

"What? Aaliyah - but -"

"It's the only way we can win Shankari. Fumi, don't tell me you aren't still Mike at heart, even with those huge knockers. You still like a challenge?"

Fumi grinned. It was perhaps the most honestly gleeful I'd seen her, except when she was boob punching. "*Hai!* We'll kick his ass. He can't handle the KAWAII!"

The last was a catchphrase, but she'd kept the spirit of the declaration intact. Khan took my hand, shook it. He bowed deeply one last time to Shankari, producing a fine red rose.

"I look forward to seeing your beauty on the battlefield," he said. And made his way off.



"Damn, maybe this was a mistake," I said, "we still can't even figure out our ultimate combo move!"

I was feeling more James than Aaliyah back at the tavern, and it didn't help that Khan had seemed so confident. The bruised Lady Dragon was already toasting to our fated loss. I remained in my black dress, but Shankari was back in her sari - now a red variant - and Fumi had returned to her earlier dress also, though she was complaining that the top buttons were permanently undone, revealing her chasm of upper cleavage. We were each drinking, and Ciara had joined us.

"I'm sorry lasses," she offered up, smiling gently, "I can promise yer it's not a bad life here, if you do end up getting the shite kicked out of yer."

"You didn't tell us that you were once from 'outside' Ciara."

The barmaid shrugged. "It was a lifetime ago. 'Sides, I wasn't sure yer were from 'outside' yerselves."

"Who were you before?" Shankari asked.

"A man, would you believe?"

Fumi leaned forward, heavy breasts resting on the table. I could tell she was astonished that someone could get used to life in a female body, given her own troubles.

"Aye, a man," she continued, "and not a joyful one either. My name was Robb, and I was a programmer, thirty-three years old, and lonely. Not in the best of shape; bit too much pudg around my belly. I found *Game Changer* on a lark. It had only been out a few years but no one could find a copy."

My eyes widened. Fumi and Shankari didn't catch it, but they weren't videogame nerds like me. "Wait," I said, "what year was this?"

Ciara grinned and downed a shot. Her freckled cheeks went briefly rosy in response, a little from the alcohol, a lot from sheepishness. "1995."

My jaw just about dropped. "That means . . . you've been in the game more than twenty years!"

The others looked shocked as well.

"Aye, it's been sometime. A lifetime to be Ciara, really. Plenty of time to love who I am, and this place."

Fumi spluttered. "But - but you're so *utsukushii!* Ugh, stupid *kawaii* language slips. I mean, so beautiful! So young!"

Ciara laughed, and wiggled her shoulders. She was no Fumi, but the noticeable shift in her cleavage was more than enticing. She tousled her red hair dramatically for show, before placing her hands on hips broadened from three pregnancies.

"Fumi, what a flatterer you are! It's part of the nature of this place, I think. Time runs a little differently. We're not immortal, but . . . well, how to describe it . . ."

It clicked for me. "You age like videogame characters," I said.

She clicked her fingers. "Exactly, lass! And like videogame characters - at least from my era - even when we get older, the horny developers like us to stay young and beautiful looking, *especially* us girls."

"Explains these enormous things," Fumi muttered.

"Yep! And also why yer all such stereotypes," Ciara continued, "me included, 'course. I didn't know a scant of Gaelic 'fore I ended up here. And even after getting married, and putting up with my sweet husband making me pop out three wee ones in a row, and being here for donkeys years, I'm still a sweet thing to look at, if I can say myself."

She tousled her hair and gave a flirty wink. It was a damn hot look.

"Far as I can tell," she continued, "there's a number of sequels we're all 'due' for in this place. It's not actually a video game yer trapped in. Think of the game as a portal to this world. It's another dimension where video game rules apply. But it's a real place, alright."

We took the information in. It was a lot to process. To learn that we were in another dimension, and only Khan would be able to get us back. It made the stakes of our fight even higher. But even Ciara left, her svelte bar maid's uniform clinging to her form, I couldn't help but wonder at her life. Once an ordinary nerd like me, without much in his life, transformed into a hot Irish redhead with a fiery spirit and amazing body. And now she's not only accepted living here, but actively embraced it, married to the bar owner and happily having got knocked up with three children. I touched my own stomach, imagining what it would be like to grow children of my own, knowing now that my body was capable of it. I have lived the last few days feeling better than I ever had before. From a weak, introverted, pasty nerd to a loud and proud black woman, who felt confident in her body.

"Hey, you guys," I said, venturing to voice the question that was in my mind. "If we fail against Arjun Khan-"

"We won't," Fumi said.

"But if we do. Or hypothetically, if we do . . . do you think we could end up like Ciara? You know, end up okay with it? She seems happy. Happier even than she was in our world."

Fumi leapt to her feet so fast that her own breasts bounced up to clock her in the chin. She jabbed out a finger in my direction.

“*Baka!* Do you think I’m going to be stuck as some *tsundere* big-titted girl for the rest of my life! No way!”

She turned, and left. I looked to Shankari, who was meditatively looking at her drink.

“What about you Shankari? Could you give up being Claire?”

Shankari sighed. “The question you’re asking me, is could *you* give up being James, Aaliyah.” Her dark eyes looked at me. Looked through me. “And I’m worried I know the answer. By the powers of the heavens, I think I know the answer for us *both*. Gods above, I’m meant to be the strong independent woman, but I can’t get that damn Khan out of my mind, or how good it felt to perform before that crowd.”

She stood also, her body moving slowly and sensually. She stepped forward, stood on her toes, and kissed me on the cheek. It was enough for my nipples to harden.

“I’m scared to say it, though, Aaliyah. So I’m going to grab another drink, and head out into town. I’ll see you back at the hotel. After that, we train. We *have* to win. I don’t want . . . I don’t want you to end up as a concubine for Arjun.”

She too left, and it was just me, seated tall in my figure-hugging black dress. I took a deep breath, appreciating the swell of my breasts as I did so. I was about to order another drink from Ciara, when a shadow approached from behind me. I smiled; it was the white-skinned man with the mop of brown hair from the fight with Lady Dragon. Up close, I could see his strong muscles, particularly his shoulders. Damn, I had a thing for shoulders now. And bare forearms. And confident men who could appreciate a woman stronger than him.

“So, that was some fight,” he said. He extended a hand. “I’m Dylan Lightning.”

I nearly burst out laughing, but managed just a deep chuckle. “Of course you are.” I shook his hand, my own grip even more powerful than his. “I’m Aaliyah.”

“I know. Everyone knows. You girls were a sight to see, but you above all.” He gestured his head to the bar. “Can I get you a drink?”

My eyes drink in his form, from top to bottom. I was so bisexual now. Was I really thinking about doing this? But my nipples were even stiffer, and that moistness between my legs was only growing, and needed filling.

“You certainly can Dylan,” I spoke in my honeyed, accented voice, “and then maybe you can offer me another one at your place.”

He grinned.

I spent the night fucking his brains out. It was not the way I expected to lose my virginity. But having his cock inside me as I rode my beautiful black body on his was better than I ever could have imagined it. I just about shocked Lightning comatose by the time we were finally through. I fell asleep on my back, him curled against me like a submissive woman, one hand still gripping the round flesh of my incredible ass.

## Round 3: Arjun Khan

The week of preparation that followed was awkward for all of us. I had crossed a threshold as a woman, and saw Dylan more than once. We weren't yet exclusive; I found another female fan, a pretty Chinese-American lady who wanted nothing more than Aaliyah to dominate her, and a couple of male admirers who were willing to give me a show at the same time.

But even as I took my pleasures, I could feel the irritation radiating from Fumi. She would often complain about her diminutive state, her puny size, her enormous breasts, the way her panties were shown off at every opportunity. She always had a gaggle of admirers who would crash into her, and one in particular - Jin - was the typical harem anime protagonist type who was an ordinary nice guy with a gigantic crush on the snippy big boobed *tsundere*, as she now was forced to refer to her role.

Shankari was even stranger. She would disappear for lengths of time and not tell us where she was going, and when she returned she seemed simultaneously full of joy as well as frustrated, and vague. She happily practised her dances in front of crowds, working on her summonings and techniques. She claimed the public attention soothed her, and it must be so; soon she was able to summon tigers, elephants, giant snakes, even some mythical creatures in their spectral forms. It also gained her admirers, but she never seemed particularly interested in them in the way I found my own fans, or even the irritation with which Fumi was constantly forced to push away her own.

And this status quo continued for the week, as each of us learned more of our fighting abilities and levelled up. I continued to buff my Strength, while Shankari increased her Seduction instead of Dexterity. Fumi upped her Casting, and was shocked to learn that her hair got longer as a result. As we were about to enter the final stage, we found out from Ciara each Ultimate Combo Move was unique, but always involved each other, but we were puzzled as to exactly what that was.

I felt like we were on the verge of understanding what it was, but it kept collapsing out of reach. If we had it, maybe it would give us a better chance.

We also learned our final costume unlock, which made us groan when we realised what it told us about the final arena was going to be. Fumi especially was not happy, but as before, it buffed our stats by +4, and we needed the best chance we could to win. And so it

was that we stepped a week later onto the field of battle. We should have seen it coming, really.

It was a beach.

A perfect, white sandy beach, complete with sunny summer sky and crowds of swimmers. It couldn't have felt more like beach volleyball season if it tried. Except there was in fact a beach volleyball net in place, not too far off. Several hundred spectators stood off to the side up the embankment, dressed in their swimming trunks and bikinis and summer wear. And we, well, we were 'dressed' for the occasion.

"We look ridiculous!" moaned Fumi.

"I know," Shankari agreed, "and I feel like I *should* hate it, but -"

"But we also look *spectacular*," I said with a grin.

Fumi was dressed in a simple white bikini, a red scrunchie in her hair. Her immense tits were barely contained by the white material, and it was no small bikini top either. They wobbled and trembled and bounced with the slightest motion, and given it was still an outraged Mike in there, her irritation was plenty, and only served to make her all the cuter. Jin, the individual who kept orbiting her like a moon, and she in turn him, cheered from the sidelines. He looked like an ordinary, slightly-thin Japanese man, with glasses, combed black hair, and an adoring expression. She was trying not to look at him.

Shankari was also in her element, treading barefoot upon the sand. She had unlocked the Hero Genie costume, a pink and purple garb that, as always, revealed her taut brown stomach, and exposed her demure shoulders and arms. Her harem pants billowed slightly in the wind, as did the transparent pink veil across the lower half of her face. It made her appear all the more sensual, particularly given the various bands of jewellery that jingled and jangled on her perfect figure. To top off her appearance, a single red ruby hung from a golden thread upon her forehead, dangling from a cute pink fez.

And me? Well, I was dressed in a tribal warrior's costume, a leopard skin that wrapped in a battle skirt around my thick thighs and buttocks, and a wrap that tied around my back to cover my breasts. Various white tribal tattoos marked my otherwise perfect black skin, and my hair was more like a frizzy mane that jostled on my back. I couldn't lie, I felt fantastic. Back when I was James, I never would have dreamed of being so bold, but once again I was reminded of how freeing it was to be Aaliyah.

The crowd roared and whooped and wolf-whistled with approval, as we approached the drawn battle lines upon the beach. Ciara was there, toasting an ale to our success before downing it in one go. Igor Steele and Lady Dragon were decidedly not cheering.

"We better win this," Fumi said, trying to hold her breasts in place, only for them to overwhelm the palms over hands, practically spilling over the sides. "Ugh, and that annoying Jin keeps cheering me on."

“Just tell him to go away, dear,” Shankari said, sticking her tongue out.

Fumi crossed her arms over, then under, her breasts. “I - I will. Just not yet. It’s not like I care for that *baka* anyway.”

I just grinned, halting to pose, as we had before Lady Dragon.

And then, a shadow loomed into view. The crowd fell silent as wind whipped all about them, throwing up sand and hurtling parasols into the ocean. A dark, slick helicopter flew low across the beach, halting just ahead of us, on the other end of the field. The side door of the chopper slid open, and a powerfully muscled figure *jumped* from the side, landing upon the ground with a furious *BOOOM* that briefly obscured his figure in a cloud of sand. When it cleared, there stood Arjun Khan, wearing nothing more than a set of blue swimming trunks.

“By the Goddess, the Heavens, the Stars abo-”

“Yes, yes, we get it, he’s hot,” I said, and Fumi added to my point by slapping Shankari with her right boob. She seemed to snap out of it.

“Sorry, I just - I don’t want you guys to end up as his concubines.”

“You mean all of us, right?”

She looked at me fiercely, and I could see the old Claire in there. “Yes, that’s what I said!”

“Women, women, please calm yourselves!” Khan called from the other side of the field. He threw up his dark, muscled arms to take in the crowd and the sun above. “What a glorious day this is! Are you ready to become my concubine, dear Shankari? My beautiful dancing dove? And are your friends ready too?”

“Fuck off Khan,” I bellowed, “we’re going to take you down!”

He smirked, folding his arms.

“We shall see.”

The wind whistled as the tension built. He seemed utterly calm, not even positioning himself to attack. He was our final boss, and we could only hope our unity would hold. The crowd remained silent, not even cheering. Our supporters and his were simply waiting with baited breath for the inevitable. And then, the invisible announcer spoke.

### ***“THREE-PLAYER MATCH***

***FUMI SATO, SHANKARI DEVA, AALIYAH VS ARJUN KHAN***

***ROUND 3 - FIGHT!”***

We threw ourselves forward, even as the Khan remained, unmoving. I shot ahead, bounding with all my strength to reach him, even as Shankari cast her enormous serpent spirit into being with her dance. Fumi flew overhead, giving cover fire, and I drew closer, like lightning.

Khan just smirked, extended his arms and hands outwards, taking in the sun. And then, like a titan - like a God! - he brought his hands together in a mighty clap that *detonated* a shockwave. I barely had time to throw my hands up before the storm hit, and I was launched back into Fumi. We collapsed back onto the sand, my face wedged in her cleavage as she shouted curses in Japanese at me.

“Not an impressive start, girls!” he yelled. “But fiery spirit is wanted among my women!”

I launched back into action, swinging around to deliver a roundhouse kick that simply bounced off his stomach. He gripped my legs and twirled me around, throwing me far across the field. My health bar took a hit, but my supporters rallied their cheers as I gritted my teeth and speeded back. Khan was engaging with Fumi, and still hadn't moved from his spot. She was using her “Funbags of Fury!” to hear her cry the catchphrase, her *Boxing Boobs* just managing to keep up with his blocks.

Then suddenly he reached out, faster than the speed of sound, and gripped her right breasts. Fumi cried out, and I realised it was in *pleasure*.

“This is how I will treat you, my lovely Fumi!” he declared, before gripping the other breast, lifting her up, and hurling her back so that she landed upon her own bouncy chest, reducing her health bar by a third.

“Shit, she has the most health out of all of us!” Shankari said. She surged forth her snake, dancing majestically to the crowd's approval as it wound to her sensual movements. She rode upon its mighty back as it slid forth across the sand and made a number of quick bits and lashes at Khan. This was at least an enemy that could match him; Shankari scored a glancing blow with her serpent, followed by another, and Khan laughed with joy at the rising blood of the fight.

“My Shankari! I will treat you like a queen! You truly are the most divine of all entities! A unique flower that only *I* can cull!”

And with that he finally took a step forward, and in a single cleaving motion, the serpent's head was bisected, and the spectral spirit dissipated, causing Shankari to tumble to the ground.

Already I was surging forth again, unleashing my *Butt Stomach* into his back. Khan dodged, and the bastard actually had the temerity to *pinch* my ass, causing it to wobble in midair before I landed.

“Wild Aaliyah, do you even *want* to leave? You're enjoying this as much as I am!”

The question threw me, and the split-second of confusion he caused meant that I failed to dodge his next uppercut, which sent me soaring above the battlefield, over a hundred feet high, right next to my health bar.

A health bar which was already at fifty percent. I called out to Fumi.

“FUMI! CATCH ME ON YOUR CHEST! I HAVE AN IDEA!”

The small figure on the ground nodded, running forward and sticking her shelf of flesh outwards, even as I rocketed down to her. I readied my feet, and at the moment of contact, I *sprang* off her wobbling melons, straight to Khan.

“Ya’ll ain’t man enough for this much woman!” I screamed. It was a catchphrase, but damn if it didn’t suit my badassery. My fist connected with his nose, and something crunched. For the first time, Khan staggered. I grinned as he wiped the blood from his nose

“Very impressive. But you have not even seen my second stage.” His eyes began to glow.

“Oh. Shit.”

Radiant beams of energy exploded from his person, and we all staggered back. Before I could even react, he had leapt forward, his fists pummeling my body, seemingly from every side. I tried to react, but there was no stopping him. My health bar was dropping faster than a lead weight from an air balloon. Several blasts smacked him aside for just a moment, enough for me to see my health bar was almost empty. Fumi was flying in the air to my right, holding her large breasts. She dropped them, allowing them to dramatically wobble. Fuck, it was sexy. She giggled in a high pitch and winked.

“You like these, don’t you?”

The red on her cheeks told me it was a character catchphrase, but she managed to spin further into the air to dodge his first strike, hitting him with another beam of energy. Unfortunately, he rebounded off the ground, caught her by the leg, and smashed her into the ground. Like me, her health bar was almost empty.

I staggered up, and for several long seconds we traded blows, but increasingly I was on the defensive. That was when an enormous elephant ploughed into the side of him. Shankari pointed a finger as she did a sexy twirl of her hips.

“Sari sari, can’t catch me!”

Another catchphrase, but that was a good sign. We did them when we were getting the upper hand. Unfortunately, it lasted only moments, as Khan grinned.

“I’m sorry, my sweet desert flower.”

He stomped the ground, and the earth quaked. A ripple of thunderous energy snaked towards her, knocking her aside and depleting her health bar severely; hers was far less than mine or Fumi’s. I looked around the battlefield. He still had nearly half his health, and even a single hit could end any one of us. What had I gotten us into? I looked over my

muscular female form, willing it to amaze me once more, but nothing came. Fumi managed a couple of glancing blows with her pendulous breasts, but in the end she was battered over next to me.

“*Tasukete!*” she yelled as she was smashed into the air. Once again, her breasts at least gave her some cushioning. In this weird universe, that’s evidently how they worked. I readied my fists as the Khan approached. We had lost, and he knew it. He reared back his fist, a courteous smile on his face even as he prepared to end my health bar, when suddenly:

“By the Goddess, WAIT!”

All eyes turned to Shankari, who was hurrying towards Arjun Khan. Her health bar was dangerously low, but she had her arms raised outward, showing her non-threatening status.

“Please, just let my friends go. I will go with you Arjun. I will be your concubine for life. And not unwillingly; I will show you pleasures you cannot imagine. I will dance for you each night, and accompany you on your travels upon your arm. Where once I was a strong-willed independent woman, I will let you tame me, until I am yours, body and soul. A far better prize than a concubine taken by force. You shall have me, all of me, nothing held back, if only you let my friends free.”

“Shankari!” I said, “Claire! What are you doing? You don’t want this!”

“But you do, don’t you, Shankari?” Khan said, smiling earnestly. “You know you do.”

“*Baka!* Don’t be an idiot Claire - I mean Shankari - whatever!”

Shankari looked to us as she passed. “Trust me,” she said, her voice seductive, “I know what I’m doing.”

Only we saw the wink. Holy shit, with how hot Shankari was it was easy to forget she was the smartest of all of us. *This* was why she’d put her points into seduction. I looked to Khan, who was utterly spellbound. Unmoving. But what was she planning? Nothing could bring down that much of his health bar. Shankari herself seemed to notice it; every bob of her head, wiggle of her hips, sashay of her sides, was keeping him at bay.

I stood, and so did Fumi. There had to be some solution; already the Khan’s attention was beginning to move.

“Shankari . . .” he whispered, his eyes flicking from her to me, from her to Fumi. Any moment now he would be free.

I felt the energy of my friends, and tried to draw strength from them. And I did. I mean, I literally did draw strength from them. Health depleted, on the edge of defeat, I could feel strands of connection between all three of us, like a weave of golden light. Oh God, I was an idiot! The combo move - it was so obvious! Everything about the game, and how it portrayed us women, and the stereotypes, just - ugh!

“Fumi, come here now!” I ordered. She was confused, but came to my side.  
“Shankari, get ready to jump in as soon as you have a moment. We’ll need to activate the combo quick.”

“You’ve figured it out?” Fumi asked. I looked down at her, particularly two large . . . tracts of land.

“Oh yeah, but you won’t like it. Well, you will. But you’ll pretend you won’t.”

I didn’t even give her time to reply before I shoved my whole face into her cavernous cleavage, and began to motorboat those massive melons like my life depended on them. I gripped their sides, thumbs pressing on her nipples as she groaned in shock and unexpected pleasure.

“*Nani!?* What!? OHHH!”

Golden threads of light rose from us, and out the corner of my eyes I saw Shankari realise. I began bouncing Fumi’s beatific breasts, and far from fighting it, I could see the submissive lust in her eyes as she placed a hand on my own muscular ass, clenching it tightly in a way that made me groan back. More golden lights connected to us, but we needed more. Khan was waking up.

And then a set of perfect slender hands grabbed my face and pulled it up from Fumi’s breasts. The girl continued to squeal as I played with her, but it was Shankari’s lips that met mine, her chest pressing against mine as her tongue invaded my throat, and mine danced with hers. Khan was rising, but it was too late, as the three of us gave the crowd the best show of their life, I knew we’d done it.

In this kind of game, an Ultimate Combo Power could only be unlocked with some absolutely gratuitous cheese.

“No - NOOO!” Khan yelled!

There was a blast of energy, and our health bars rocked back to full health. We each entered our final state.

Me, grown to over fifteen feet in height, a literal giant on the battlefield, stomping forward to Khan.

“*Can’t handle a woman this big!*”

Fumi, angel’s wings sprouting from her back, a halo of pure light around her head, which was crested with bright pink hair.

“*Angel powers - ACTIVATE!*”

And Shankari, a floating genie, four arms extended, weaving summonings in the dozens.

“*You wish you could have this genie!*”

There was a brief moment where we all looked upon one another, grinning despite the ridiculousness of it, and then we were upon him. Khan gave his best effort, really. He

almost got me and Fumi down to half health, but he never touched Shankari once, and even in the midst of battle I think he chose not to. He was beaten, and within just a few seconds his health bar was beeping, only one hit point remaining. He sagged to his knees, staring up at each of us.

“Well done, Champions. Take your victory. You have earned it.”

It was Shankari who did the honours. She stepped forward in a sultry manner, and planted a gentle kiss on Khan’s forehead. It was enough to deal the final damage. He dissipated into white mist.

The crowd. Went. Wild.

We launched into the air, giving no heed to all our jiggle parts, as we hugged, breasts smooshing against breasts.

“We did it!”

“Victory!”

“Now what?”

It was Shankari who’d said it. And even as we were pulled apart from one another, our various supporters wanting signatures and celebrations and interviews for the evening news and so on, we each had that question on our mind.



“There’s a portal,” Khan said, “far from here, but a short chopper ride really, that will take you back to your world.”

We were back in the tavern, serving ourselves since Ciara was so rosy red tipsy and celebrating our victory that she’d run upstairs to ‘give my hubby another sweet little thing to look forward to in nine months.’ It explained how she’d managed to have three others. Khan was back in his suit, gentlemanly and handsome, toasting to our victory. He was not, at least, a sore loser.

“It’s that simple.”

He took a drink of champagne. “That simple. Only, you can never return. That’s just how it works.”

“Are you from there?”

He shook his head. “No. But I have seen your world. It is . . . it does not have rules like here. It is too unpredictable. People hurt too easily, and there is less joy. And people are too . . . prudish.”

I looked over my form, still in my tribal warrior costume. He wasn’t wrong.

“So you chose to come back.”

“Yes, and I can never return, not that I want to. But the same is true for you. However, you have earned the right back. Shall we head there now?”

Fumi and Shankari looked to each other, then back to me.

“Let’s go home.”



The chopper ride was short, though exhilarating. The whole time, I couldn’t help but look over my beautiful black body, and realise how comfortable I was in it, in a way I never was as James. I was Aaliyah, and that gave me a strength that I wasn’t sure I’d ever get back. In fact, none of us but Arjun Khan talked much on the way over, and even he retreated to the cockpit as he sensed our silence. Fumi was fuming. She’d said goodbye to Jin, and was currently pretending her eyes were itchy, even though I could see the tears.

I found a moment to talk to Shankari, who seemed distracted.

“How are you going?”

“By the Goddess, Aaliyah, I feel like an idiot. We beat him, but this stupid Indian body is still so attracted to him. He treats me like a queen, and keeps offering me a position as his head concubine, but . . . what’s wrong with me? It almost sounds good! I’m still Claire - I was able to strategise against him, I still have my smarts, my independence, but . . .”

“But you also like being Shankari, having that seductive part of you.”

She grinned, just slightly. “I could wrap him around my finger so easily.”

“Yeah . . . I think I forgot to tell you he’s your canon love interest.”

Shankari gasps, and Fumi looked up, suddenly shocked.

“What? Really?”

“Yeah, in all the fuss I should have told you. Khan canonically ends up with Shankari. She is his head concubine. I’m pretty sure she comes back in a few of the sequels, and her eldest daughter fights alongside her.”

She shocked her head. “That . . . by the temple of heaven, that’s a lot to take in.”

Fumi, predictably, laughed all the way until we landed, her sadness momentarily forgotten. When we landed, the silence returned, and Khan helped each of us from the helicopter and we trekked together up the hill of a paradise island.

“I own it,” he said with a confident smile, “it truly is paradise. Plus, it’s good to be able to keep an eye on that.”

He indicated to the edge of the hill. It was a portal, alright. A bright, shining blue portal. On the other side, I could even see my room; the contents of the shelves, the nerdy memorabilia. All the things I’d fantasised about living, and now I was.

And I wanted to give that up?

“Well,” Khan said, “this is goodbye, my sweet Shankari. I wish I could be with you; but I respect your decision to leave. Whoever you find as your man, will be the luckiest in the world. He must treat you more precious than the rarest of diamonds.”

“Oh fuck, that was romantic,” Shankari said, shoulders sagging.

“Well, are we going?” Fumi said, scratching an itch beneath her breasts.

But I couldn't do it. I couldn't live the lie.

“No.” The group turned to me. “I'm not going,” I continued. “I'm sorry guys. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean for us to end up like this, but I know we've had some amazing fun also, and the truth is . . . I like being Aaliyah far more than being James. I'm more confident, my body is more powerful, I'm attractive, but more than that, I feel like I can take charge of my life, and be who I feel like being. That's worth a few silly butt shots and gratuitous clothing and catchphrases.”

Shankari approached, as did Mike.

“Are - are you sure?” Fumi said.

I put a hand on her diminutive shoulder. “I am. I don't have anyone on the other side. Isn't that why we became friends in the first place? None of us had anyone? Well, now I finally have a place I fully belong. The only thing . . .”

Tears began to fall down my face.

“The only thing is that I'm going to miss you guys so damn much!”

The two of them closed in on me, their arms enveloping me.

“You don't have to,” Shankari spoke, voice determined, “because I'm staying too.”

Fumi shot back, breasts bouncing. “What? Idiot! *Nani? Baka!* What are you doing!”

Even I was shocked, but Shankari simply waltzed over to Arjun Khan, and placed her hand at his back. He looked just as surprised, but still utterly pleased with this series of events. Shankari looked to him with lilted, beautiful eyes as she stroked his back.

“I can always leave another day, and besides . . . maybe I've spent too much of my life pursuing dreams without pursuing pleasure. I can always be an engineer later on. Or take up other . . . passions.”

Khan suddenly became very uncomfortable in his suit as her hand hovered lower. It was difficult not to chuckle, and I could tell Claire was still in their, utterly delighted that she had a new man to torment and tease, even if she was totally okay with letting him fuck her.

“Does this mean you shall be my first concubine? First among all?”

She placed a finger on his lips. “So long as I find you worthy of being concubine too. I haven't made up my mind yet.”

From the immense smile on his lips, I could tell he relished the challenge.

And that left just Fumi. The former athletic man was shaking, near in tears.

"I - I'm really going to miss you guys," she managed. "Stupid female hormones!" She rubbed her eyes, and I don't need to tell you what that meant for her chest and where her forearms were placed. We enclosed her in a big hug once more.

"Will you be okay?" I asked.

She nodded. "I'll figure out a way."

"Then . . . this is goodbye. Fumi. Mike."

She gripped me in a hug, not caring how our chests smooshed together, and Shankari joined in one last time. It lasted for what felt like minutes. Finally, Fumi parted from us, wiped her eyes, and turned to leave through the portal.

She made it five steps before she began to yell.

*"Shinjirarenai! No way!"*

That left us all confused, until we saw the tiny dinghy of a boat being hastily driven up to shore several hundred metres away. A small figure was piloting it; a dorky-looking young Japanese man with glasses that reflected in the sun, and hair that bristled in the breeze.

"That stupid man! What is he doing here? DAMMIT JIN! I'M UP HERE! NOT LIKE I WANT YOU OR ANYTHING! JUST SO YOU KNOW!"

Her breasts jostled as she turned to run down the hill. Her cheeks were tomato red as she caught our bemused expressions.

"It's Jin! That idiot!" She turned back and yelled. *"Saitei da yo! Always chasing me!"*

"I thought you were leaving. Or are you two . . . ?"

She crossed her arms under her breasts.

"It's - it's not like I'm into him or anything! I just need to stay a little longer so he doesn't end up in trouble. He thinks I really like him, or something. UGH!"

Shankari and I shared a look. A very knowing look. Fumi lit up further red, and barged between us, her immense bosom parting us as the small woman and her overly large chest stomped her way back down the hill.

"I think," Khan said, "she might not be entering that portal for some time."

"A long time," agreed Shankari, taking his arm and leading him back down the hill. "Enough for us to get . . . better acquainted, perhaps?"

"And perhaps to meet that special someone," I said to myself, thinking of the nights of passion I'd already had. And the nights yet to come.

We watched Fumi run down the hill, her patient Jin hugging her deeply before she pushed him away and started berating him.

"And perhaps even long enough for Fumi to realise *she actually does very much like that man.*"

I thought to the canon of *Game Changer*. Shankari the high concubine of Khan, wrapping him around her finger. Fumi the bickering housewife, filling her home with Jin's

children, but always leaving to answer the call for battle. And perhaps they would follow those paths, or perhaps they would choose their own.

But for me, I could not say. Aaliyah's fate was open ended entirely, no tracks to even choose to follow. Entirely mine to decide. I looked across the swathe of sea to the mainland, and the town of Tavington with all its wonderful gamey nonsense still waiting for me.

I followed the others down the hill.

**The End**