

BETA BLUES

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“This is bullshit! I’m supposed to be the strongest one in these parts!” Sol Badguy was upset. Perhaps it was understandable, all things considered. He had a rep for being an overpowered badass, that was something that had been unchanging over the years. He was supposed to be able to overcome every obstacle that was sent his way, let alone obstacles he’d easily bested in the past. Yet... this one little girl kept kicking his ass! He wasn’t even sure how he’d ended up in so many fights with her, but by this point it had become a matter of pride. **“How is May kicking my ass so thoroughly? Why is she even fighting me in the first place?”**

Naturally Sol didn’t know that he was a video game character or that the game series he was a main character of was on the cusp of releasing its next main entry. There had been a beta period for those who wanted to test out the new mechanics, and something had been discovered: May was both strong as hell and *extremely* annoying to fight against. He could only take out his frustrations alone in the snowy forest.

Why was she so fast? How was she flinging dolphins around everyone? It was fucking annoying! That’s how Sol felt, but surely it was something echoed by people who played him as well. Which begged the question: how was he supposed to beat her?

Sol’s player, however, had a solution of their own. On the character select screen they’d come to the conclusion of ‘if you can’t beat em, join em’, and so their cursor hovered over May’s portait.

And when they did, a familiar skull and crossbones hat suddenly became fixated on Sol’s head in place of his usual bandanna. **“The**

fuck!?” Wait... that wasn’t all!? His entire upper body was ensnared by a comforting warmth that was just a touch too tight. The cause? A familiar, bright orange hoodie that had was pressing hard against his muscular torso. It was a dead ringer for Mei’s hoodie, and if Sol had to fathom a guess the tightness around his groin was the slacks she was wearing, but these clothes seemed tailor fit for his frame as opposed to that of a small girl.

“This some kinda joke? I know I was pissed but... Hey! Is some bastard watching me!?” A combatant with the power to swap out someone’s clothing? He’d seen crazier shit anyways. Sol would have reached for his sword to look intimidating, the blade sunken into the ground behind him, but instead the bandages his fingers slid around were gripping a diameter he wasn’t familiar with. **“A DAMN ANCHOR!?”**

Was he being punked? His huge hands barely fit over the tiny grip of a weapon that had no business being a weapon. The damn thing was actually pretty heavy -- how strong was that kid!? **“Alright, that’s it. I’m not screwing around anymore!”** Sol gripped the anchor tightly and held it over his shoulder, intent on launching it deep into the forest with all of his strength. The moment he’d launched it however, something set him off balance and anchor only flew a few feet.

It was like his arm had imploded. He’d felt the tingling just as he was about to let go, and all at once the brutally defined muscles of his arm had just sunk in cartoonishly at the blink of an eye along with the size of his hand. From shock he hadn’t been able the muster the strength to launch it very far at all.

“The heck!?” Sol squeaked due to a voice crack that only seemed to linger after shouting. His torso was still perfectly broad, but the orange sleeve on the throwing arm had shrunk to hang loosely from the child-like limb that now dangled in its place, fingerless gloves that were unlike his usual pair snugly allowing grip to a tiny hand. But then he felt his second arm do the very same thing. It was like he was becoming a weird caricature of a human with a broad chest and legs with little kid arms.

Well, May wasn’t a kid these days. She just had a small frame.

Sol wasn’t having it. **“Give me my dang arms back!”** The miniaturized arms flailed around comically, the high-pitched itch to his voice still plaguing him while an obvious issue with his verbiage was laid bare. He was subconsciously avoiding cuss words, mind inserting tamer alternatives without his realizing.

“Hey! Whoa! When’d this dang sweater get so freaking tight!?” Sleeves had already shrunk to better match his waifish arms, but the material had begun to clench down unpleasantly against his torso now, clearly outlining his pectorals so they were clearly seen. The tightness only amplified as more time passed, both of his little hands trying to tug at the sweater’s bottom to pull it off. It wouldn’t budge, and it was hard to reach the bottom hem without bending over anyways since said arms were too short for the rest of his body.

So began a tug-o-war of discomfort. The orange cloth would feel too tight, then it would feel loose, then it would tighten again like a boa constrictor. This cycle went on and on, and Sol didn’t really understand it at first. After several cycles, however, his perception changed. Ever time it tightened the bulk of his muscles sunk in. It was almost as if he was being juiced, but there was no clear indication where what was being squeezed out was going to.

These muscles didn’t just shrink, they were softening. Before long the size of Sol’s torso was halved entirely, that lifetime of training more or less moot by default. Shoulders had been crunched inward along with his hips to make sure there wasn’t an imbalance, and before long the sweater had settled at a looseness that made it look a little too ill-fitting despite how tight things had been during the interim. If he’d looked comical with a maiden’s arms, he looked extra silly with a maiden’s arms and torso paired with muscular men’s legs and facial features. “**I look like a damn freak!**” Said freakishness was accentuated by the feeling of flesh rising where pectoral muscles had once been dominant. He couldn’t help but pat at them over the sweat to find... “**Boobies!?**”

He’d totally meant to say *tits*.

A gentle squeeze was enough to tell they were there, but their size was pretty much absent of confirmation with the bright orange hoodie in the way. Not that Sol was afforded much time to investigate his new assets as he suddenly dropped to one side. “**AYA!?**” It wasn’t hard to guess why. His right leg had done the same thing as his arms, suddenly deflating into a girlish size that made his standing uneven. Thankfully the second leg followed suit and he was left on even, but shorter footing.

Though the skin-tight shorts were digging into his crotch, rear, and legs. They tightened around his legs first, a build up of energy felt in his skin felt up until it suddenly released, thighs popping wide with shining flesh to the point that they lipped over the line of the skin-hugging wear with how abundant they were. Rear, once chiseled, bounced almost cartoonishly into a pair of round but tightly formed orbs to compose a maiden’s rear obscured by the low-hanging sweatshirt.

And the front? It crunched down on Sol's massive dick like water pressure crushing a can that had sunk too deep into the ocean. Most of the transformation had been painless, but this wasn't. The imprint of his dick against the black nylon could easily be seen bending and twisting as it was fed inwards into his body, eventually leaving a vacancy that was camel-toed by the tight fit of the shorts. "**No! My little boy!**"

The current status of things was Sol's big head on May's little body. She looked like someone had switched the parts out on a bobble-head, but lost in the panic of it all had been Sol's acknowledgement of his past self. Why had he been mad at May -- mad at... *herself*? No, she was Sol! But Sol Badguy didn't really have a body like this, huh?

While she waged an internal war with her memories, the last place left unchecked was quickly being checked in to the new reality hotel. His dark brown hair was already long, yet the quality was rejuvenated as youthfulness took root and the coloring lightened ever so slightly. It now hung out beneath her hat without any ponytail bindings and had fallen to frame softening facial features.

With every passing second her mug looked to better suit the voice she'd been speaking with for the last little while. Sharp jaw narrowed and smoothed, eyes fluttered wide with youthful light and elongated lashes. Her nose wrinkled as it became more petite and maiden-like, all features conforming to match a shrinking skull that didn't look so comically out of place on May's frame. Until there absolutely nothing left but May.

"**Huh? What was I doing?**" The moment the pressure from the cranium changes waned, eyes danced in confusion as she looked at her surroundings. She was in the middle of a snowy forest and had no real recollection of traveling there. The cold wind nipped at her bare legs and thighs, but at least her torso was nice and cozy!

Everything suddenly froze, including May herself.

A connection to an opponent was being established for the next match, and when time resumed... Sol Badguy erupted out of the nearby trees with his blade drawn. Well, if he want to fight...! May reached for her anchor, unaware of how things had been flipped. "**Bring it!**"

At least she'd be the one dishing the annoying mechanics instead of receiving them this time.