

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

By Soul-Controller

"Hey Craig, did you not hear me?" Seth inquired, trying to get his transformation subject to respond to his previous statement. "You don't remember being a college sophomore or the fact that we've been friends for years? Do you have a concussion or something?"

Sitting there for a moment, Craig tried his best to think about what the other man was saying. Ever since he first stepped foot in Seth's dorm room, his mind has been struggling to wrap his head around the simple statements that Seth made about him. Although he thought this was just due to his dim-witted nature, the reality of the situation was that Seth was a jock who seemingly had an ability to alter people's bodies and reality to reflect those changes. Originally stepping foot in this dorm room, Craig had been a 34-year-old average African American man. But due to Seth's magical words, he had regressed back to 19 and gained significant muscles to turn him into a college jock.



"Oh uh, that... sort of sounds familiar," Craig said under his breath, unaware of the fact that his memories of his old life were being replaced with the memories of a 19-year-old jock who was best friends with Seth.

"Yeah, that's right bro, these college exams must be fucking with your head or something, I can't believe you'd forget something like that!"

Eliciting a deep chuckle, Craig responded to his best friend's statement. "I guess so, classes are so fucking stupid though dude," he exclaimed, gritting his teeth as he recalled the fact that he had an 8-page English essay that he still had to do for this pompous asshole named Mr. Reynolds. Although he knew that he wasn't the smartest student around (he recalled how ever since middle school he was always a student who averaged a C / C- final grade), Craig knew that Reynolds was just being a stubborn old

asshole since he was probably just jealous of how popular and hunky he was. Clearly, the man didn't have the best time in school, so he had to take it out on normal people like Craig just because being sociable and studly came innately for him.

"True, but not all of college is bad right?" Seth continued, breaking the man out of his thoughts while moving over to his mini-fridge and slowly opening it. Upon watching Seth reach into the fridge, Craig observed as the jock pulled out two cans of Guinness beer. "We can party, play sports, get wasted, and fuck absolutely anyone we want. You know what, take a beer and destress dude. You definitely look like you need it," he said, extending an arm out and offering the drink to the transforming dorm worker.

Although he reached out and took the drink from the jock, Craig couldn't fight the feeling that drinking in a dorm room was wrong. "Uh, I don't know dude, I don't want to get caught by some nosy-ass RA," he said, looking down at the can and trying to fight his intense urges to crack it open and immediately guzzle it down.

"Now c'mon man, when has the threat of getting caught ever stopped you from drinking some beer? It's in your Irish veins bro, you can't resist getting drunk!"

In response, Craig's mind began to undergo a severe transformation to replace his memories of being brought up in an African American household. With reality twisting and bending to match what Seth said about him, it didn't take long before Craig's recollection of his new life emerged. Instead of growing up in rural Alabama, the transforming man was reminded of his status as a Midwesterner that was born and raised in Michigan. Not only that, but this new life had also changed his family until he was now the descendant of some Irish immigrants that moved to the United States in hopes of a better life.

As such, the man's body began to undergo some severe revamps to match this new identity. Firstly, the man's skin color began to immediately lighten, starting from the man's feet and moving up. So as Seth patiently waited for the man's changes to become visible to him, it wasn't until the change reached his arms that he was able to witness Craig's racial change. Within a few minutes, his complexion underwent a severe transformation, growing from a rich brown shade to a nearly pale tone.

Upon finishing up this transformation, two more changes began in tandem: the shift of his facial features and the alterations for every inch of hair that covered his body. As his lips and nose grew narrower and he gained prominent dimples, there was a sudden change in the man's skull as he gained a more angular jawline that left him looking incredibly masculine. While the changing of his facial features neared its conclusion,

every follicle of hair from the man's head to toes began to shift in shade. Although Craig still maintained a curly hairstyle, the consistency and color shifted until it became a lightly curled ginger-colored head of hair. This lightening in shade continued down through the man's body as all of his body hair and facial hair lightened to turn him into a red-blooded Irish man.



Despite how his entire mind and body was altering under Seth's phrasing, Craig believed that nothing was amiss with himself. Instead, he recalled his friend's last sentence and tried his best to formulate a response. "Oh uh, you're totally right bro. I could drink you under a table with **ease**," he jeered, allowing one of his wide hands to slap the brunette on his thinner shoulders while the other hand used its fingers to finally crack open the beer can. Continuing to smirk at Seth, Craig gripped onto the beer can and took a long swig of beer, smiling as he savored the alcoholic flavor as it flowed down his throat.

"Yeah, it's no wonder why you're the biggest party animal on the entire baseball team dude," Seth responded, returning Craig's physical contact with his own slapping of the ginger's broad shoulders. But as Seth continued to chuckle and wait for the man to embrace his new identity of a baseball jock, his smile began to falter as the ginger suddenly began to hyperventilate.

Upon hearing the concept of becoming a star player on the baseball team, Craig's personality rushed back to prominence in his mind given just how far of a leap Seth had attempted to change him. Craig didn't have an athletic bone in his body, so the concept of playing professional sports in college rather than some intramural activity for fun was a literal shock to his system. But while this was shocking in and of itself, Craig was understandably in awe as he looked down at his right hand and noted the beer can that was squeezed around his now pale and ginger-haired arms. "Uh what the **fuck** is happening to me, Mr. Logue?" he cried out, immediately setting down the beer can on top of the mini-fridge and observing his now-Caucasian limbs.

Needing to act fast, Seth tried his best at attempting to get the man back under his magical suggestion. Obviously he couldn't let the dorm worker escape the room and

reveal his abilities, so Seth needed to finish the transformation as quickly as possible. “Uh Nolan, why are you calling me by my last name? We’re literally best friends, that’s why we’re rooming together. Don’t you remember meeting on the baseball team back when you were a freshman and me complimenting you on your batting average? You’re literally one of the best players on the team!”

Although in his mind Craig tried his best to remain in control and flee from this trashy dorm room, Seth’s power was too overbearing for him to prevent. No matter how many mental barriers he tried to put up to prevent the jock from completely erasing his identity, Seth was able to easily destroy them and alter the man’s mind as he saw fit. So as he felt his identity begin to lose dominance in his mind, Craig forced his eyes shut and tried to envision his family one last time before everything faded to black.

With the ginger-haired jock’s mind now completely empty, the lack of control caused his body to immediately tumble back and fall into the clothing-covered bed that he had once been sitting in. But this didn’t last for long though, as the identity of Nolan McCarthy began to quickly fill up the empty noggin. Just like Seth, Nolan was another cocky jock who loved nothing more than flaunting his muscles, flirting with any woman he met, taunting any dweeb or fag that dared to look at him longer than he liked, and being a lazy slob of a human being.

Speaking of flaunting his muscles, this became especially clear to Seth as the unconscious man’s clothing began to shift before his eyes. The tattered dress shirt that he wore faded away in seconds, leaving nothing but the man’s shirtless torso for the magically-gifted jock to ogle at. The most severe change came to his pants though as the khaki fabric shortened and changed consistency and color until they became a mesh pair of blacked athletic shorts. Continuing to look at the man’s shifting shorts though, Seth was suddenly finding himself realizing that the man was wearing no underwear as he could make out the outline of Nolan’s cock through the mesh holes.



As the new jock's mind began to finalize its transformation, the dorm room underwent a few slight moderations to better fit in with this new reality. Posters of nearly nude Playboy models quickly appeared on his wall, while the closet was filled with a slew of tank tops and other athletic wear. However, Nolan's brand new bed also found a few more sweaty clothes manifest on top of the comforter, with the odor of one of those rancid articles of clothing causing the brand new jock to finally re-awaken and sit up.

"Fuck dude, how long was I out for? I don't even remember falling asleep," Nolan grumbled as he stretched out his arms. As he went through a deep yawn, his closed eyes made him oblivious to his new roommate's poor attempt at keeping a straight face.

"Oh uh, not long at all man. We were just having some drinks until you passed out during our chat about school," Seth responded, lickling his lips in delight as he watched the ginger-haired jock finally sit up and naturally grab his half-drunk beer can off the top of the mini-fridge. Before Seth could say a single thing towards the jock, he instinctively chugged the remainder of the drink before crushing the metal can with his thick and meaty hand and tossing it across the room into a trashcan.

"Goddamn bro, that shit was good," Nolan purred, patting his stomach for a moment before abruptly stopping. Out of nowhere, the room was suddenly rocked with a loud belch as Nolan smirked to himself. Although most of his friends struggled to carry their liquor, the ginger-haired jock was infamous for being able to drink countless beers and still not feel even the slightest hint of a buzz. While he was sure that his descendants weren't happy to see that his Irish genes were so beneficial in this regard, Nolan felt no desire to really be an outstanding individual.

He was a self-proclaimed idiot, so the only reason why he was even at college at all was due to his immense talent with baseball. He was a great batter and even more impressive when it came to working the outfield, so it wasn't a shock that he was able to get a full-ride scholarship to this college despite his barely passing grades.

Upon moving back towards the bed, Nolan felt no inner desire to not be himself around his best friend and teammate Seth. As such, it was no surprise for either of them as Nolan instinctively reached his hand behind him and then underneath the waistband of his shorts as he squinted his face and began to scratch his ass.

Throughout the entire experience, Seth couldn't resist chuckling as he watched his creation behave just like he envisioned him to. Despite being a fairly athletic guy due to being on the baseball team, the brunette jock wasn't the most popular individual around.

So, when that worker came in to remove him from the dorm, Seth wasn't afraid of leaning into his family's gift of altering bodies and reality to get rid of the man while also giving himself a hunky best friend. In fact, with this new friend and roommate, new memories informed Seth about just how great Nolan was at being a wingman. With that hunky ginger jock there to help him sweet talk the various women he met at college parties, there was barely a night that went by without both of them returning to the dorm with a woman that they each eagerly fucked for several hours.

But despite their obvious attraction towards the opposite sex, Seth's status as a closeted bisexual had also altered reality to make Nolan a dumb himbo who was willing to fuck or be fucked by anyone he deemed attractive enough. In this new reality, Nolan viewed Seth as the most attractive man he had ever seen. Numerous memories of Nolan eagerly pleasuring or being pleased by Seth filled both of their minds, so much so that it didn't take long before both men were instantly sporting throbbing boners as they continued to make small talk and look at each other.

"Hey bro," Seth said with a mischievous grin, "how about you come over here and take care of your roomie?"

Upon hearing such an appealing concept, Nolan couldn't resist flashing a dopey grin before eagerly standing up and making his way over to his roommate. As Seth reached out his hands and began to rub along the ginger's ripped abs and pecs, Nolan looked down and bit his lip as he reveled in the man's touch. Although he was most certainly no fag, Nolan couldn't deny that he enjoyed spending such intimate time with Seth. Luckily, Seth said "no homo" before every time they interacted, so Nolan's conscience was cleared from any inner torment as he remained blissfully content with his status as a womanizing heterosexual.

In fact as Seth stood up and unzipped his pants, that sacred mantra was once again repeated as he allowed his underwear and pants to fall to his ankles and reveal his average-sized cock to Nolan. Before Nolan even had time to respond, Seth reached up towards the man's head and firmly gripped into the man's curly ginger locks. "Be a good boy and take care of me first," Seth sensually demanded, giving Nolan a slight wink as he pushed him down to his knees to let him immediately get to work. Although it would only take a few minutes before Seth came and shot his load down Nolan's overeager throat, the moment would feel like an eternity for Seth as he tried to savor every second. To his relief though, this wasn't all of the fun that the two of them would have though, because as soon as they cleaned up they'd be dressing up and heading out to another college party before finding some gorgeous cheerleaders for each of them to bring back

to the dorm and fuck. Then from every day after this until their graduation in the next few years, this process would continue for Seth and his brand new switch-hitter...

