

Dolly's Dress Up

For Loud Virus

By TheSpiralledEye

Jake finds himself the unwilling star of a dress-up doll game controlled by his unwitting best friend.

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“Hey mate, the door was unlocked, so I just let myself in!”

David didn't answer his call, so with a shrug, Jake closed the door and wandered into the apartment. Odd, David was the one who invited him over to see the new gaming rig, so why wouldn't he be here? Jake looked around and noticed a green sticky note on the kitchen benchtop;

'Phone dead. Going to get gaming snacks, back in 5 - David'

Jake rolled his eyes. That was so like David, he was notoriously disorganised. It was a miracle he'd even held down a job long enough to afford the new gaming PC. Jake was actually a little jealous; the two of them had been pouring over parts for weeks, making the top-of-the-line machine. It could play anything or any resolution without lag or framerate dips. He couldn't wait to test it out!

Speaking of the rig, a flash of light caught his eye from the cracked doorway that led to David's room, and curiosity got the better of him. He pushed open the door and felt a thrill go through him; there it was! The RGB light fans were whirring away, and the screen was on. David must have already tested it out!

“Bastard, you were supposed to wait for me,” Jake muttered before looking over his shoulder.

When David said five minutes, he really meant ten, fifteen more often than not. He got distracted so easily it was anybody's guess when he would actually be back. So...there was no harm in giving the rig a go by himself, right? Yes, it was David's, but he had promised to wait until Jake got here to test it. They built it together, after all, so he had some claim to it, right? Jake didn't need to justify it to himself any more. He jumped into the seat eagerly and turned on the screen, expecting a graphical display to take his breath away instead, he saw...a flash game.

A cheap, browser-based flash game with a woman standing on a pedestal in a pink and white room, all around her little symbols and sliders while twee pop music played on a

loop. The Words 'Dolly's Dress Up' floated in big balloon letters across the top of the screen. Jake couldn't help it. He scoffed.

"Of all the games he could be playing on this thing, he's playing a dress-up game? What a loser."

He moved the mouse to close the browser when all of a sudden, David felt a static shock pass between his finger and the mouse. There was a brief moment of stillness before the screen blurred and died.

"Oh shit, please don't tell me I broke it!"

In a panic, Jake reached for the screen, gripping it with two hands only to feel a surge of electricity course through his body. His vision went white, and then, suddenly, he was elsewhere. The computer was gone from his grip, and he blinked in shock, staring down at his empty palms and only seeing a stranger's hands in their place. They were soft and almost airbrush smooth, with perfectly curved nails with little French tips.

"Wh-what?"

Jake looked down to see that it was more than just his hands that had changed. It was his entire body! He had an hourglass figure now and was dressed in only a pair of simple, frilly white panties and a matching bra. A bra that held a set of round, decently sized breasts. His mouth gaped, and he could feel the difference in shape even before he rested a fingertip to them; plump, pouty lips and a smooth jawline; he'd been turned into a woman! He was so surprised that he didn't recognise the inane music in his ears until a few seconds later. It was that same music from the game.

"Hang on...am I in 'Dolly's Dress Up'? How the hell did that happen!?"

He didn't have time to wonder as a voice echoed in the hazy world around him, a voice that sounded like David.

"Huh, guess he isn't here yet..."

"No! I'm right here! I'm stuck in the game, get me out of here!"

David didn't respond, but the game did, his pedestal started turning him left and right so suddenly that, by all rights, he should have fallen over, but instead, his feet stayed glued to the ground.

"One more round then." David's voice echoed.

"What, can't you hear me-*Hi! I'm Dolly! Can you dress me up, pretty please?*" Jake flushed, or at least he felt like he should have. He had no idea what had possessed him to say that!

Jake watched as a floating mouse hovered over some of the sliders and held one down, moving it slowly. His body rescinded instantly.

"Wah, m-my chest! Stop you, weirdo why are you making my tits so big!" He cried. He watched to smother them down, but of course, it was no use. Jake had no choice but to

stand there while his chest grew larger and larger till the slider couldn't move up any further. The little lacy bra was barely covering his modesty anymore.

Next, the mouse started to play with his hips, experimenting with making them wide, slim, and wide again. Jake could only groan as he felt his ass cheeks stretching back and forth and his thighs thickening to accommodate the extra bulk. Eventually, David seemed to settle on an hourglass shape that suited his new melon-sized tits and moved his mouse to the next set of options.

Jake cursed the mirror in front of him. Feeling his body change was bad enough, but being forced to watch it? His head buzzed oddly, and suddenly, he had a full head of long, luscious red hair. A second later, it turned jet black, then wavy, then blonde. David was flicking through hairstyles so quickly that Jake could barely keep up. Finally, David settled on pale blonde with a pink streak running down the side. The waves were gentle and perfectly curled around his heart-shaped face. Jake felt his whole body getting hot with shame. It was no use, though, no matter what he said, David didn't seem to hear. He had no choice but to let the game continue.

David selected makeup next, and Jake could feel the gloss and eyeshadow being applied to his delicate skin with each change. He could taste the faux strawberry on his lips and winced when David settled on a girly bubblegum pink shade with matching pink and silver eyeshadow and rosy cheeks.

"Thanks! I love it so much!" Jake giggled. *"Don't you think I'm cute!"*

The game made him strike a little pose and stick out his tongue. It was as if every time he thought he'd hit rock bottom the universe found more ways to embarrass him.

"Alrighty, clothing..." David muttered, *"Oh, this is perfect."*

"What's perf-argh!"

In an instant, Jake found himself in a large poodle print skirt, complete with little bejewelled bones.

"No! No, you can't dress me in this!"

"Hmmm, maybe this?"

A hot pink mini dress.

"I take it back! Put me back in the poodle skirt!"

David continued to flick through outfits, forcing Jake to wear everything from floral sun dresses to G-strings. Until finally, he settled on a pink tank top, pearls and jean mini-skirt.

"Such a cute choice! Dolly loves it!" Jake cried before moaning. *"But I don't!"*

The pedestal spun around while he was forced to strike pose after pose while David admired his handiwork, all the while never realising it was his friend he was posing. The mouse hovered over the finishing button, and Jake prayed it would return him to the real

world; he wouldn't even make fun of David for playing a game for little girls! He'd do anything to stop posing as saying stupid things like;

"I'm such a cutie pie, thanks to you!"

The mouse hovered over Jake's ass, almost as if it were patting it. What the hell was David doing? He'd finished the game. Why wasn't he switching it off or hitting the finish button? The answer to Jake's questions came a moment later when a low groan echoed out from above him and his blood turned to ice.

"Oh yeah..., fuck yes..."

"Oh my God, he's getting off on me!" He realised. "Dude! What the fu-*Thanks for dressing me up! Won't you play again?*"

"Fuck yeah, baby. I'll play with you any time! Hnnnnng!!"

Jake was about ready to die from embarrassment, he was finding out more about his mate's kinks than he ever wanted to. The mouse shuddered for a second, and then there was silence; David was coming down from the orgasm. Jake waited, watching the mouse like a hawk.

"Please hit end..." he begged, "come on..."

"Where the hell is Jake? He should be here by now..."

"I'm right here!"

"Oh well, I have more in the tank, maybe another round."

Jake watched in horror as the mouse moved to New Game, and a moment later, his outfit and body reverted back to basic. Once again, he was standing in those white panties and bra, staring at himself in the mirror.

"Hi, I'm Dolly! Can you dress me up, pretty please?"

It was going to be a long night.