

# Giving Her a Dressing Down

**Commissioned Anonymously**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*An arrogant college soccer star finds herself quickly humbled when her witch teammate transforms her into a uniform and shows her what it's like to be treated like an object.*

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The sun dipped behind the bleachers, casting long shadows across the soccer field as the championship game reached its final seconds. Clover grinned, she was the indomitable force on their college soccer team, and thanks to her unparalleled skills they were about to take home yet another trophy. Her eyes glittered with determination as she weaved through the opposition, the ball dancing effortlessly at her feet. It was almost too easy; if their coach hadn't insisted on having her sit the first half of the game out there was no way they would be at a tie right now. She would have dominated the opposing team from the beginning. Of course, that would rob her of this glorious moment of victory at the final second, so she could live with it.

With seconds ticking away, the score deadlocked, Clover seized the moment. The ball, an extension of her will, obeyed her every command. A swift manoeuvre left defenders stumbling in her wake. The goalpost loomed ahead like a beacon of triumph. In one glorious surge, she launched the ball into the net. Her thighs and legs burned with adrenaline and effort but she didn't let it show. The crowd erupted in cheers, their thunderous applause echoing through the stadium. Clover ran back to the centre and stood at the epicentre of adoration, arms raised, a triumphant smile etched across her face. She basked in the glory, the cheers of the crowd wrapping around her like a cocoon.

This is what the game was all about.

As her teammates rushed to celebrate, Clover made sure she was the one at the front, visible to all. She couldn't help but revel in the fact that, once again, she had proven herself the saviour of the game. Her ego swelled with each congratulatory pat on the back, her eyes glinting with arrogance. Lights flashed as cameras took photos for the local and college paper and Clover sent them all a winning smile. This was sure to get her noticed by scouts in

the audience; an invitation to the woman's professional draft was sure to be arriving any day now. This was her final year at college after all and she had only one profession in mind; international soccer champion.

She smiled widely at the cameras making sure they got her best angle and giving special attention to any professional looking people who wanted a snap. She couldn't be sure which were the scouts but she wanted any headshots handed over to coaches to look good. Her and the team made it to the edge of the field where their local reporters were waiting and Clover stood up straight; this was good practice for her days as a pro. Her smile faded though when Ming had the audacity to step in front of her. Ming, their freshman player who was the whole reason they were down in the second half. She was a lousy forward; she had no idea why their coach insisted on even letting her play. She wasn't even qualified to be their water girl, let alone a centre.

"Out of the way, pipsqueak." Clover hissed, "Don't you even think of touching my trophy."

"It's our trophy, the whole team earned it." Ming pouted and Clover couldn't help but bark with laughter.

"In your dreams, without me we never would have won." She said through clenched teeth, hiding her cruel words behind a charming smile as she waved to the crowd. "It should just have my name on it, it's bad enough you get any credit at all."

One of the reporters suddenly appeared before her, microphone in hand.

"Gina, a spectacular performance today. What was going through your mind as you scored that winning goal?"

Gina flicked her long, dyed green hair behind her shoulders and smiled confidently.

"Well, you know, it's just another day for me on the field. I saw the opportunity, and I took it. That's what sets me apart from the rest."

"Your teammates played a crucial role in setting up that play. Any thoughts on their contributions?"

Gina's smile didn't waver as she brushed off the question. Even though it was obvious she carried the team she knew how to play the game, she had to act at least a little humble or she'd be branded a 'bad sport'. A term she always hated; why was being humble considered so great anyway? As far as she was concerned, underselling your abilities just made you a liar.

"Of course, soccer is a team sport, but let's be real here. When the pressure's on, it's the stars that shine. I knew I had to step up, and I did."

There, that should be good enough. The reporter seemed satisfied and Clover moved onto the next and the next until finally it was award time. She took the trophy and held it high in the middle of her team. The crowd went wild and lover breathed deep; taking in the scene fully; this was where her life truly began, she was sure of it.

Eventually, she tore herself away from the adoration and glory to the locker room where the rest of the team were already getting undressed and showered.

"Look who finally decided to join us." Ming said sharply and Clover just rolled her eyes.

"I can't help it if they all want to see me over you, I mean, who could blame them?"

Clover giggled to herself, letting her eyes dart over the faces of her teammates. None of them said a word; she was queen bee around here and they all knew it; even the freshman. Every new player who joined the team fell in line after a few weeks when they realised that Clover was the star of this show.

All except Ming.

Unlike Clover or her teammates, who got into the college on good grades or sports scholarships, Ming got in because of how she was born. Magic was rare these days and even people with the smallest amount, like Ming, were prized by institutions. Even though all Ming could do was change the shape of objects, the university treated her like she was some special snowflake. It was probably how she got on the soccer team in the first place.

The day Clover had met her, she had instantly disliked the young Chinese woman. She was pretty enough, with a round face and dark hair, but everything else about her was average. If it wasn't for the fact she could make anything into a new soccer ball should they

need it, she would be totally unremarkable. Clearly that magic had given her an inflated sense of self worth though, because she was always making little comments like that.

“You’re never going to make it as a pro if you act this arrogant.” Ming replied curtly and Clover just laughed.

“It’s not arrogance if it’s true. I am the best player here, probably in the country and you can’t stand it.”

The others began to file out, they didn’t want to get in the middle of the fight; cowards. Clover wished they would stay and back her up, maybe then Ming would learn her place but oh well, she didn’t need them. She didn’t need anybody but herself.

“You just think you’re so great.” Ming muttered.

“I am so great.” Clover replied smugly, stepping forward to tower over the shorter woman.

She expected Ming to reply but instead she wrinkled her nose a little.

“Well, you’re still human and you stink after all that running.” Ming replied, breezing past, “You should shower, wouldn’t want to be late to the after party.”

“Please, it won’t even be a party till I am there.” Clover smiled and Ming stopped, one foot out the door.

Clover grinned; that stopped her right in her tracks. Good.

“You know what, you need a dressing down.” Ming said, her voice was oddly cold. The shadows around the room started to move in strange ways and for the first time, Clover felt her confidence dip.

There was something ominous in the way Ming was talking but she wasn’t about to let this pathetic little excuse for a witch intimidate her! Clover stood her ground but all of a sudden the sweaty collar of her uniform felt stifling, her clothes stuck to her skin in an oddly uncomfortable way and she wanted nothing more than to go have a shower and be away from this freak.

“Whatever, loser.” She scoffed, turning on her heels to move towards the showers but then-

She was frozen in space. Her muscles all seized up so that she couldn't do so much as turn her head. Clover's eyes darted wildly back and forth trying to figure out what was going on, it felt as though she'd just turned to stone! Her sweaty clothes clung to her skin so tightly it almost hurt. That made no sense, her soccer shirt and shorts were tight and form fitting but they never clung to her on all sides like this, no matter how much she sweat.

The fabric grew tighter and tighter to the point that her skin began to tug at it. No, that wasn't right, it was her skin that was changing, not the clothes. It almost felt as though her body was being drawn inside them, merging with the fabric itself.

Ming walked around so that Clover could see her; the star player's eyes wide with fear. Ming was grinning like the cat that got the cream and held up her fingers dramatically for a moment before snapping them loudly. Everything went black; but Clover knew she wasn't unconscious. She was shifting and moving; still able to feel her body as it changed form and she felt herself panicking.

Since when could Ming change people!?

Her body felt almost weightless and loose for a moment and then she felt herself begin to fall. Instead of slamming onto the cold tile floor though; Clover felt herself almost flutter down upon it softly. Her vision returned and she found herself laying on the change room floor, she tried to blink but found she couldn't. Her vision moved from side to side as normal but she couldn't feel her eyes.

Ming was towering over her, far more than she should have been. Somehow Clover was so low on the ground she would see the underside of Ming's shoes where they curled up at the toes! That...shouldn't have even been possible.

“A dressing down indeed.” Ming beamed, leaning over and reaching toward Clover. She tried to move away but found she couldn't.

In fact, she couldn't move at all, not even a twitch. She felt herself being lifted and an odd sense of dizziness washed over her. It was almost like being upside down. She could still feel all her regular body parts but they were spread out and had taken on different shapes. Ming ran her fingers over what felt like Clover's cheeks but the texture was all wrong.

It was stretching and tight, slightly elastic almost. Sort of like...her shorts. Horror dawned on Clover as Ming picked the rest of her up that she was in multiple pieces. She had been transformed, or maybe even merged with her soccer uniform! The witch must have been able to sense her abject horror because she laughed.

“Not so high and mighty now, are we?” She cackled, “What’s the matter? Don’t you like how I made you look?”

Ming held her up in front of the mirror, pressing her against her body like she was trying clothes on at a shop. Clover found her suspicions were right, she had been changed into her soccer uniform. But something was off, her sizing was wrong, far too small to fit her athletic frame. Instead, she had been tailored to fit Ming! Not only that but badly too.

There were a few fly away threads here and there and she could tell she wasn’t the cleanest either; this outfit looked ready for the wash basket after a long day’s practice. A fear deep inside Clover told her that wasn’t going to happen though. Perhaps that was for the best though; she couldn’t imagine how awful it would feel to be tossed into a washing machine and thrown around in circles of soapy water for over ten minutes.

*‘You...you made me so ugly!’*

“Well that’s your own fault for being such a stinker all the time.” Ming giggled, finding her own terrible joke funny. “Besides, I used your uniform as a base to save energy.”

*‘When everybody finds out what you’ve done you’ll pay for this!’*

“Oh?” Ming smiled cruelly, “How will they find out exactly?”

*‘I...I...Somebody will pick me up eventually!’* Clover rationalised desperately, ‘Then I will tell them!’

“Only I can hear you.” Ming replied smugly, “It doesn’t matter, you’re totally at my mercy. Frankly, it’s about time you got taken down a peg.”

Clover wished she could wrap herself around Ming’s neck; she’d never been so angry in her life! She cursed and howled in rage but Ming just smiled, holding Clover up to her body and admiring herself in the mirror before placing her down on the bench.

“You can sit here and think about this little punishment while I get ready, I don’t want to be late to the party after all.”

Was she going to leave her here all night? Or worse, did she plan on leaving her like this forever? Surely not! Even this psycho wouldn’t be that cruel? Clover considered swallowing her pride and begging for mercy but even now, she couldn’t do it. Winners did not grovel, and she was a winner. She’d find some other way out of this; she was clever after all. She was sure she was smarter than Ming, she just had to wait for the right opportunity and something would present itself, she was sure.

She steeled her mind; it was just as sharp as her soccer skills after all. She was determined and focused to beat Ming at her own age. At least she was until the other woman began to undress in front of her. She wasn’t even trying to hide herself behind a towel; she was just stripping off right there in full view.

*‘Ew, what are you doing?’*

“Having a shower before I get dressed obviously, it’s a shame my clothes might stink a bit after but at least my skin will be nice and clean.” She smiled smugly, “You don’t have to watch.”

*‘I-I’m not of course I’m not!’* Clover lied, *‘Why would I want to look at your body pipsqueak?’*

But the truth was she couldn’t take her metaphorical eyes off the other woman as she stripped. Ming was smaller in stature than Clover, less athletic looking with a generally smaller build. But as she stripped off the uniform Ming revealed smooth, light olive skin that Clover found herself unable to look away from.

She was also surprisingly busty. Clover had never minded that she was a simple C cup; she was an athlete after all, bigger boobs would just get in her way. But now watching as Ming’s ample chest was revealed she couldn’t help but feel slightly envious. Her sports bra hugged the curves tight to her chest, forming deep cleavage and forcing Clover to wonder just how big they would be if left to hang free.

She was almost glad she was in clothing form right now; as perfect as she was, even she couldn’t stop herself from flushing with arousal watching this happen in front of her. She’d never been into girls before but...well anybody stripping like that would get somebody turned on! It wasn’t her fault! Ming was probably using magic to make her hair look that silky and beautiful.

It didn't help that she had a perfect view of the shower and couldn't look away as Ming stepped under the warm, steamy spray. When she stepped out she dried herself slowly; lifting her breasts with the fluffy towel before letting them hang loose at last. They bounced and jiggled and suddenly her popularity with the men's soccer team made perfect sense.

*'No wonder you suck in goal, with those in your way.'* Clover snapped, desperate to prove she wasn't getting caught up in all this.

Ming just smirked.

"So you were watching."

Crap. How had she not thought that through? This new clothing form was messing with her head, in fact, she couldn't even tell where her head was! Ming approached with a gleeful smile, standing over Clover on the bench, still totally naked.

"Well, I'd better put on my uniform, after all, our star player insists all after parties are attended in uniform. I wonder why?" She giggled, "Maybe because she's embarrassed that she is only hot in uniform and the rest of us could outshine her otherwise."

*'That's not it at all!'* Clover lied quickly, *'It's a team party, we should look like a team!'*

"Since when do you care about teams?" Ming rolled her eyes, picking up what felt like Clover's face and running her fingers over the lining once more.

Then, much to Clover's disorientation, she lowered her to the ground. Wait, she could feel those long, smooth legs stepping into her, pulling them up her body. Her head, her face, had been turned into tight soccer shorts but Ming was pulling her on without any underwear!

*'What are you doing!?''*

"For somebody who claims to be so smart, you're not very bright are you?"

Ming just continued and Clover was forced to watch as she ascended up those legs toward Ming's pussy. She could smell it before she even reached the top; that distinct feminine smell that she convinced herself was disgusting.



Ming snapped the tight waistband around her hips and Clover was trapped; unable to move, it felt like her face was pressing into the other woman's pussy, complete with a strong sense of taste and smell. It was as if her nose and tongue were being forced against those velvet folds.

Her fabric was tight enough that it hefted Ming's ass up, turning the large cheeks taut and the woman giggled with delight.

"A perfect fit."

Clover didn't dare speak; she didn't even know what she would say. Ming didn't seem to mind, she picked up the soccer uniform shirt and pulled it over her head and Clover was immediately overwhelmed with sensations. Not only did it feel like she was upside down but it was downright disorienting to feel herself stretched and pulled like that.

It was like Ming was forcing her legs open and entering her; filling her up from the inside but with her breasts instead of her fingers or anything that one would normally use to finger somebody. Clover had never felt so full, even as she was hanging semi loosely over Ming's bare chest.

"How do we look?" Ming half asked Clover, half herself as she turned to the mirror and struck a pose.

Clover couldn't speak; she was still trying to get her head around all that she was feeling; she felt so full and as Ming moved it felt almost like having a delicate finger inside her walls, stroking her in that most intimate of places. Not to mention the taste and smell of her juices. Even after a shower they were there and it automatically made her mind go to sex.

If only she didn't feel so damp all over from the lingering sweat. No actually, that was good. It helped distract her. The last thing she wanted was Ming giving her any sort of pleasure. Delicious as it was; she was already arrogant. She refused to let on just how much this changed form was getting to her.

Desperate for a distraction from all she was feeling, Clover's vision darted about the room, landing on the mirror Ming was posing in front of. She was just finishing up her hair, putting it back into two long black, low hanging pigtails clamped with golden rings.

Clover looked at the uniform; hugging Ming in all the right places, hanging off others. She looked...so damn hot. They both did. And for once Clover hated it. She hated how good Ming looked wearing her, and how much it turned her on to think about it. If only there wasn't that lingering dampness visible on her fabric they would look perfect.

“How does it feel?” Ming teased, “being used like an object? I think being sweaty gym clothes suits you.”

Clover bit her proverbial lip; on the one hand, she didn't want Ming to know she was getting turned on by this, but she also didn't want to give her the satisfaction of thinking she was suffering. It was a no win scenario.

*'I don't care.'* Clover lied, *'Just do whatever, I don't care.'*

Ming cackled.

“You're such a bad liar.”

Ming practically skipped out of the locker room and out onto campus. The crowds had died away now as the sun began to fully set. Ming made her way to the sorority house where many members of the team lived; they always hosted the after parties due to the large space. Clover had never bothered to pledge to any societies, she thought they were vapid social clubs. She didn't have time to be getting drunk every other weekend when she had her eyes on the prize of soccer stardom.

Was Ming a member? She wasn't sure? She was beginning to realise there were a lot of things about Ming she didn't know; like the fact that she was clearly some sort of vindictive pervert for one. She seemed to take great pleasure in walking in as many ways as possible just to tease Clover. Swinging her hips far more than any normal person would, skipping, jumping and even doing a few little dances along the way. Each time her unsupported breasts bounced, Clover could feel her nipples brushing against the inside of her cloth form. It felt like having her G-spot stroked and she hated how much she loved it.

It didn't help that she had been in the middle of a dry spell sex wise; so focused on training and the championship that she hadn't had a one night stand in ages. Clover had long given up dating; no boy could stand the fact that she was better than them at sport.

By the time they reached the sorority house Clover felt like a mewling mess; she was so glad she had no mouth otherwise the moans and pants that were inevitable when experiencing this level of bliss would have given her away.

“Enjoying yourself?” Ming asked, clearly not phased if anybody saw her talking to thin air.

*'When I tell the team what you did they will be so furious.'* Clover hissed, *'You'll be kicked off the team for sure. I'll make sure they all hate you.'*

"Will you now?"

*'For sure. They follow my every lead, that's why I'm the captain. They will all follow me, they wouldn't dare cross me.'*

The more she 'spoke' the surer she became; this would be over soon and when it was she was going to make Ming's life a living hell. She'd have the whole team gang up on her until she was forced to quit. Her rage even helped cover her shame and horniness a little so she seeped herself deeper into it.

*'You're going to regret this for the rest of your days.'*

"Somehow, I don't think I will." Ming said with a smug smile before pushing open the door and calling out.

The music inside was off in an instant and the rest of the team all came running, looks of eager excitement on their faces. Clover felt a stab of irritation, seeing how keen they were all to see Ming of all people; not only that but none of them were in uniform as she requested; what was going on?

"Did you do it?"

"Is that her?"

"Oh my God please tell me you didn't chicken out!"

If she had a heart, Clover's would have started to sink.

"Yup!" Ming proclaimed proudly, "This is her."

She took hold of the hem of Clover's shirt and stretched it out; it felt like having her inner thighs stroked and stretched after a long workout.

"She's absolutely loving and hating it; it's the best!"

'That's not true!'

"She's denying it!"

All the women burst into laughter and Clover felt humiliation flow through her like a wave as the situation fully dawned on her. The entire team had known about this, more than that, they were looking forward to it. They hadn't filed out of that change room because they were scared of her, they wanted to give Ming a chance to transform her! She thought back to that moment where Ming almost walked out; had she changed her mind then? Was that last snippy comment Clover had made what sealed her fate?

"Ew, she stinks just as bad as always." Veronica snorted, trying to contain her laughter. "I can't believe you're actually wearing her!"

Was her sweat really that pungent?

"She's the MVP of smells, that's for sure." Chelsea grinned and the rest of the girl's laughed.

This was so embarrassing; how long had people been laughing about this behind her back for?

"Aw, she does make you look good though, check out those buns!" Another girl teased, slapping Ming across the butt and making her shiver.

The touch lanced pain, then pleasure through Clover and she felt horrified. The fact that being submissive was turning her on was just the worst! Not only that but all this teasing, if it didn't stop soon she was at risk of developing a fetish for humiliation and that was not something she wanted.

But it was so hard to separate the ocean of humiliation she was being tossed in with the pleasure of being filled and touched by Ming; and the other girls now. Fingers brushed over her fabric and turned Ming's skin hot beneath her. More warm juices began to flow and soak into her lining to the point where she almost felt like she was choking.

She swore she could feel those pussy juices flowing down her throat; the taste permeating every part of her. Ming was enjoying this far too much, parading about, letting

the other girls rub the shirt and pants fabric between their thumbs and forefingers; all while they continued to tease and berate her.

“Do you have any idea how long I've waited to tell you what I really think of you? You arrogant bint?”

“Bint? I was thinking of a very different word starting with B...”

“Maybe now that she knows Ming can change her at any time she might be a little nicer.”

“Or maybe she'll be worse than ever because she secretly likes being like this!” Ming giggled.

*'I do not!'*

Clover wasn't even sure if she was lying or not. All her teammates crowded around, eager to let loose all the words they had been holding back since she joined the team. Clover had never realised just how much all her fellow players despised her and her attitude. She had always assumed they looked up to her, that they admired and respected her skill but kept their distance because they didn't feel worthy of her. How wrong she was.

“How long are you going to keep her like this?” One asked Ming, who put a finger to her chin in thought.

“Hmmm, we can't keep her like this forever, people will start asking questions.” She sighed, “Shame, I think it really suits her.”

The other girls all nodded in agreement. Suddenly, Ming snapped her fingers.

“I've got it, let's take turns!”

*'W-what do you mean?'*

The girls all gathered around, eager to hear the plan and Clover felt herself filling with dread.

“I’ll turn her back now, then, every time after this when she starts getting too big for her boots, I’ll change her and somebody else can have a go wearing her for a bit, till she learns her lesson.”

The rest of the team cheered and Clover’s dread turned icy.

“Oh yeah, I can’t wait for my turn!” Chelsea cackled and Clover swivelled her vision to look at the red head, she played defence and Clover was constantly berating her for having the wrong sort of body for the sport.

Her tits were huge; they would stretch her to near oblivion if Ming made her too small! And she would, Clover just knew it.

“Oh she’s going to enjoy being in my crack.” Veronica said gleefully, giving her round butt a smack, plenty of room for her to stretch there!

All of the girls had a new, slightly different way to torture her with their bodies and Clover felt that strange mixture of arousal and humiliation build inside her. Suddenly, a tingling sensation began to spread all through her and then she was shunted forward; upside down, and human.

She tumbled to the floor in an undignified heap as the rest of the girls laughed. She was naked, on the floor, surrounded by her teammates with a naked Ming standing there gleefully. Her arousal was obvious to the whole group as her wetness soaked into the carpet. The girls jeered and Clover felt her temper beginning to rise; had she not been humiliated enough!? She opened her mouth to snap at them to shut up but Ming waved a finger back and forth.

“Uh-uh! Remember what I just said, unless you want to end up as those clothes again you’d better behave yourself.”

Clover bit her tongue but deep down she knew it was only a matter of time before she snapped and earned herself another transformation. The worst part was, part of her was looking forward to it.