

AARON'S GIRLFRIEND

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THE DINNER

BY BEWCI

I was usually not this jittery, but this was my ride-or-die moment. My boss, Mr. Dale, was looking through my quarterly report. I have been a project manager at GM Motors for almost two years. Unfortunately, the last two quarters have been the worst. Several factors influenced it, including the post-pandemic recession and Ford's new EV launch every two months. I live in Brampton, Ontario, and I was desperate for promotion to keep up with my demanding lifestyle. I couldn't afford to lose this job. He finally broke the silence as I stood in dreadful anticipation in front of his table.

"Hmm, David!" he said as he inspected the report. "The sales have dropped by another 10%!"

"Um, Mr. Dale, we've been working on sales, but—" Mr. Dale interjected as I spoke. "David, I admire your strategic approach, but the market is saturated with automotive industries. Everyone is running to cut each other's throats. Damn Elon, everyone wants an EV nowadays. But I don't see any investment in R&D for electric cars in this report."

"Sir, with due respect, you said not to invest in," he interrupted again, "Aaron Wesley, is that your friend who works at Ford Motors?" he asked.

"He is a childhood friend. We studied together," I muttered. "Is that so? Hmm," he whispered. "I would like you to talk to Mr. Wesley and convince him to share some inside information with us."

I was taken aback by his suggestion. "Mr. Dale, that's unethical. I won't betray my friends like that." He responded, "Mr. Ashbey, your continued existence in this company depends on it." I replied swiftly in defiance, "Then so be it."

I stomped out of his office, packed my desk, and left. Well, he left me no choice. Compromising my relationship with Aaron was a deal-breaker in any circumstances whatsoever. Aaron was my best friend. We went to the same school, graduated from the same college, and even played hockey together. I am 5'9", while he is 5'5", but he was better at playing the sport than I ever did. Aaron and I played games, picked fights, pulled pranks, laughed, and lived the best moments of our lives with each other. I've ditched three chicks because they didn't like him. I couldn't care less about Mr. Dale.

It wasn't until I pressed the keys of my car in the parking lot that shit hit the fan. "Holy shit," I whispered while sitting in the driver's seat with my hands on the steering wheel, "I just did that."

Now, I had to find another job; otherwise, I would go bankrupt. While I was spending my time in solitude, my phone rang. It was Aaron. I pressed the chiming green button. "Hey!" I called with an enthusiastic tone. "Hey, Buddy, how's it going?! You busy?" he asked.

"Yeah, no. Everything's good," I blabbered. "Okay, I called you because I wanted you to come to have dinner with Britt and me tonight at The Keg Steakhouse!" he spoke with the most lively voice I've ever heard.

I sighed. It was not the best moment for me to visit an expensive restaurant. "Bro, everything's okay, right?" he asked with slight concern. I broke the awkward tension caused due to my silence and said, "Yeah, sure! I'll be there! What's the occasion?"

"Dude, I had mentioned it earlier! It's our first anniversary since Britt, and I first met!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, how could I forget that?!" My face crumpled in embarrassment. But, alas! Life had torn apart our friendship with more severity than I could imagine! I was busy with the production schedule while he was busy with his professional and love life. Life had been unfair to me and so to him. After his parents died in an accident during our final year in college, he stoked up in his books to forget his sorrows. No wonder he became the topper of our class. But it came at a cost. Focussing on his career made him negligent towards his health. The sedentary lifestyle and booze made him overweight. He was never the same guy who could make rounds on the hockey field like a champion. "So, you are coming, right? Don't worry, I'm paying the bills!" he snapped me back from my trail of thoughts.

"Is Brett okay with this? I mean, it sounds like something you should both cherish together without any third party ruining the mood." I murmured. Brett would mind. She's just one of those girls who would watch a lot of crime dramas and be suspicious of her boyfriend trying to kill her. She's too agreeable to the point that she believes life is a Disney movie. I don't hate her, but she can be too much sometimes. She loves to party and drink with her friends. I'm not that person who's too much into social gatherings. And Britt won't like me sitting across the table, spoiling the perfect romantic scene between her and her husband.

"Nah, man! She's fine! It's been a while since I met you. We're all so busy in our worlds we hardly get to sit together and talk. So you have to come," Aaron asserted. I reluctantly said yes.

"That's great!" he cheered. "We'll meet at 8?"

"Yeah, alright," I said before the conversation ended.

I turned on my red Chevrolet Malibu and dashed out of the parking lot. As much as I hated the circumstances of our visit, I needed it. So I got home, took a shower, freshened myself, and wore a casual mahogany suit for the night. I put on my Rolex and lucky shoes and walked out of my apartment. The night was young. I went back to my car and headed off towards The Keg restaurant.

It took me only ten minutes to get there. It was 19:45. I parked in front of the restaurant. Rows of cars stood alongside me. The place looked like a residential house with slanted rooftops and dull walls, except that it was one of the best-rated restaurants in the entire Ontario state. I stared at the big glowing red neon lights atop the porch roof that spelled THE KEG. I stalled for fifteen minutes until I saw Aaron and Britt enter the restaurant.

I was mortified by the beckoning interaction with Aaron and Britt. I cringed at the thought of telling them I lost my job because my boss wanted to jeopardize his job and gather insider information. I wouldn't do that to him. I walked out of the car and approached the

restaurant's entrance with steady steps. I pushed the door open and was greeted with smiling faces. "Welcome, sir," a young man in a uniform greeted me with a slight bowing of his head. I nodded with a smile and walked past him.

"Woah," I murmured. The place was beautiful. The ceiling was adorned with golden lanterns and white porcelain that reflected the light emitting from the roof and the walls. The brown and yellow colors injected a soothing warmth into the atmosphere, calming my nerves. The place was filled with people, with only a few tables vacant. Then, I saw a hand waving at me. It was Aaron. "Hah! Right on time!" he exclaimed as we clasped hands together and hugged. Britt followed suit, standing up and hugging me with a cordial smile.

We sat together around the round table. Aaron said, "I was just about to order the appetizers. Britt and I have decided. What's your choice, David?" I shuffled through the menu in front of me and said, "Um, Baked Bries?" He waved at a waiter and ordered it. "So, David, it's been a while," Britt said, "we've missed you, you know?"

"Yeah, me too." I chuckled and nodded. "How's life?" she asked as soon as I answered her first question. She hit the nail right on the head. "Um, it-it's great!" I fumbled, struggling to come up with a white lie. "Bro, you can let us know if something is bothering you," Aaron chimed in. "Nah, It's your day! We need to celebrate!" I said with fervor, excitement, and a bright smile. "Common guys, cheer up! It's nothing important!" I said, looking at Aaron's concerned look. He pressed his lips and smiled. "Yeah, okay."

Aaron had ordered Calamari, and Britt was having crispy fried cauliflowers. I couldn't help but notice that both were quite the foodies. Aaron and Britt had gained a couple of pounds. I kept my thoughts to myself, saving the mood. "So, Aaron, you still watch NHL?" I asked. "Bro, I would never stop loving that sport. Of course, I watch every match!" I was elated. I enthusiastically leaned forward to talk about the old times when we used to play hockey. Britt called in the waiter and ordered soup. I eagerly told her how Aaron used to have these tricks up his sleeve that he used to defeat the opposing team. Once, he maneuvered the puck alone like a champion and hit a goal! "Really?" Britt smiled at Aaron. I didn't stop singing praises of my friend until Britt interjected and asked, "Well, anything about Aaron that bothers you?"

"Um, yes, there is one thing," I said, gesturing with my index finger. Aaron curiously asked, "What? What did I do?!"

"We've been having this debate for like two years now, and he still won't budge from his proposition. He says that Nico Hischier deserves to be the captain of the New Jersey Devils and play in the NHL. But, on the other hand, I think he's overrated!" I shrugged my shoulders with a conniving smile.

"But he is! Goddamn it, I thought this discussion was over!" he guffawed.

"Oh, it was far from over! Remember, we bet a hundred dollars on him in the last match?! You owe me that money!" I laughed.

"I can't believe it! How did you win? He earned the title of captain!" Aaron said with wide, surprised eyes.

"Yeah, but have you seen his points? He hasn't even crossed 70!" I smirked.

"So what?!" he asked.

"Bruh, I thought you knew better. 82 points. That's what it takes to be a superstar?" I said with a sarcastic tone.

"Sure, I knew that. But that doesn't mean Nico doesn't have the potential. Remember when he played his first match and got the rookie award? If they have him as the captain, they see something in him that we can't. So that means I win the bet!" Aaron chuckled.

"Do you know who a real player is? Connor McDavid. He has scored 119 points! So your argument doesn't make any sense to me! See his potential? What about results?! The New Jersey Devil is one of the NHL's bottom-ranking teams! Nico doesn't even make a good leader!" I argued.

Britt rolled her eyes and took a sip of her soup. Aaron and I kept throwing jabs at each other while keeping our voices down as the skirmish was turning the eyes of strangers.

After a considerable time, I felt a hand tap me on the shoulder. I turned around and saw a tall, old man standing beside me. He had a crooked grin over his crumpled and scarred face.

He wore a black hat and a dark velvet coat. His hands were covered in black leather gloves, holding onto a walking stick. His pants were grey with dark stripes running down in straight lines. I got the chills as I noticed the silver skull head knob of his cane staring into my soul. "Mind if I say something?" he asked.

"Please," I said.

"You two fight like a couple," he muttered in his raspy voice.

"Sorry, what?" I was taken slightly aback by his statement. "I think you'll be a good wife to him," his voice deepened.

"What the... Agh!" I yelped out a muffled scream as the world spun in front of my eyes. Then everything went black. "Ugh... what happened... my voice!" I whispered, opening my eyes. My hazy vision focused on the person sitting across the table. "What the fuck?" I whispered in Britt's voice. It was me. The old man was standing beside me, but his eyes were now staring toward me. Not the physical body of me that I was looking at, but me. I looked down, petrified, seeing the massive gaping cleavage. Long wavy dark brown locks trickled around my face and shoulders as I looked down. I ran my fingers through a few strands and was surprised at how silky they were. My hands stroked my cheeks. So soft. The purple dress is what Britt was wearing. My heart pounded in my chest.

I looked back at the strange visitor. His grin had grown inhumanly wide. I struggled to breathe, looking at Aaron, suspended in time. Everything was still like somebody had pressed the pause button on the universe.

I turned back to look at the stranger and screamed in a feminine voice, “What did you do to me?!” I saw the reflection of my face in his eyes. My dreadful anticipation had come true. I was in Britt’s body.

The world was set back into motion. The old man had vanished. I looked towards every corner of the restaurant, yet he was nowhere to be found. Aaron talking about Nico Hischer, and I was responding back meaner, except it wasn’t me.

I could hear a piece of soothing music playing in the background, something I hadn’t noticed earlier because of the argument. I panicked, looking down at the soup sitting on the table in front of me. “Woah, stop,” Aaron said to my other self and turned towards me. “Britt, are you alright?!” I felt his hands on top of my shoulders. I looked at him with dilated eyes, panting like a mule. “Hey, Britt! I think we need to act fast!” I saw myself running off to the counter and calling an ambulance. I saw Aaron’s worried face and tried to speak, but I was so stricken with fear I could hardly make a sound. My head spun, and my vision blurred, causing me to collapse and fade to black again.

“Ugh... huh!” I woke up, looking up at a white ceiling. It wasn’t a dream. I was still in Britt’s body! I was lying on a bed with medical equipment attached to my chest and wrists, monitoring my pulse and heartbeat. Aaron was laid back on a seat beside me, deep in his slumber. “Hey, you’re awake!” David, my other self, came in. Aaron rose from sleep and looked at me with strained eyes, “Oh, I should call the doctor!”

“Dude, I’ll do it,” David said as he rushed back to the door. I looked at both of them agape. I couldn’t believe this was happening. Aaron held my hand and said, “Don’t worry. The doctors said you had a nervous breakdown. So there’s nothing to worry about.” He smiled at me to lift my mood. I nodded.

I had been asleep for the last thirteen hours. I had no idea how to find that old man and get my body back. Finally, my older self returned with the doctor, who checked the monitor screen and detached the sensors connected to my body. I stared at my old body, trying to understand the whole situation. I wondered if I was in Britt’s body, then maybe she was in mine. I raised my eyebrows at her, to which my former face expressed bemusement. Even if she was in my body, she had no idea what had happened to us. “I think this will do for now,” the doctor said, handing over a piece of paper to my friend. He turned to me and said, “Take some rest and relax. Don’t stress yourself. I’ve prescribed some medication. Take it on time.”

“Thank you, doctor,” Aaron muttered. The doctor nodded and walked out of the room. “David?” I asked with anticipation. He looked at me instantly and asked, “Yes?” There was no way Britt would answer so fast. I was convinced she had no recollection of her past. But why did I remember being myself if she didn’t? Countless questions struck my mind, making me breathless. “Hey, relax. Did you hear what the doctor said?” Aaron said, sitting beside me and taking me in his arms. “I need some water,” I whispered. “Yeah,” my former self said, pouring a glass and handing it to me. I took it and gulped it in one go.

"I have brought some fresh clothes for you. Change it while we wait outside, then we go home," Aaron said with an assuring smile. My heart fluttered looking at him. Then, flushing red, I averted my gaze away and nodded.

Finally, alone in the room, I sighed out a deep breath. I turned and lowered my legs onto the floor, sitting at the edge of the bed. I looked down at the two bumps on my chest concealed by the hospital gown, cringing at the thought of getting naked.

I saw a mirror hanging on the wall above the sink. I stood up and walked towards it. My reflection crept into the mirror in front of my eyes, sending jolts of shiver down my spine. I gulped, poking my chubby cheeks with a finger. I had to admit that Britt looked beautiful even without makeup. I reluctantly unbuttoned the few buttons in the front and pulled the gown up. I struggled as my long hair stuck in one of the buttons, making me wince in pain. After a while, I was out of the gown, completely naked.

My shoulders were half my previous size, and my traps were almost non-existent. My body had lost all edge, replaced by flabs of fat pulling my feminine curves down. I always cared for my physique by working out daily and having a good diet. Losing all my hard work instantly and feeling the hopelessness of being in a fat body almost brought me to tears. I felt ashamed and guilty about looking at my friend's wife's naked body. I walked away from the mirror and picked up the bag on the seat where Aaron had sat earlier. A pair of white lingerie and a lime frock with lilies imprinted on it waited for me.

"This is insane," I whispered, taking them out one by one and putting them on the bed. I raised the bra to my eye level and looked down at my bosoms, contemplating their massive dimensions. I had seen my exes wear them after our hookups, so I had some idea. I squirmed as I brought the soft fabric closer to my breasts and wrapped them on. They were a perfect size. I was mortified, feeling emasculated by my actions. The cups lifted my breasts as I inserted my hands into the shoulder straps. They dropped free, slamming onto my torso and jiggling intensely. "Ow!"

I blushed as my nipples puckered up from the slight discomfort and arousal. Until now, I had not felt any sexual euphoria from being in a woman's body. But now that I did, my mind kept taking me to Aaron and his cock. I had never seen him naked, except something told me I had. Maybe I had seen his bulge while we lived in the dorm or him taking a shower? We definitely compared it when we were teenagers, but it must be so much bigger now! The monitoring machine beeped, snapping me back to reality. "Oh, God! What was I thinking?!" I screamed in my thoughts in embarrassment. I pulled the cups back to their positions and struggled with the clasps in the back. Finally, after breaking a sweat for a while, I managed one hook out of three. "Ah, fuck it, that'll do."

I grabbed the panties and hopped into them. As I pulled them up, the satin fabric brushing against my soft hairless skin stirred me up. "Fuck, women have such sensitive skin!" I gasped. My fatty asscheeks gobbled in the panty line while my wide hips strained the hem of my panties. A cameltoe formed in my nethers.

“Hey, babe, you’re ready?” Aaron asked from outside the door. “Just a minute!” I responded instinctively, still processing my feminine voice.

I kept tugging at the fabric with my fingers, trying to loosen the panties. Still, it only dug deeper into my ass and vagina. I bit my lips and stifled my yelps several times as I accidentally kept pinching myself. “Jeez, this is only getting worse,” I muttered. Finally, I left my sore folds on their own and picked up the frock instead. “This would be easy, I guess.”

I unfurled the frock and put my head in, then the hands. The dress cascaded down my body quickly, spreading in volume as it reached my legs. “Oh, God, not these!” I exclaimed as I noticed the waist tie ribbons on either side of my waist. “Okay, I can do this.”

“Britt, let me in,” Aaron said, knocking. I unlocked the door, fed up from the ordeal of wearing female clothes. “What’s taking you so long?” he asked. “I’m sorry, it’s the migraine,” I made an excuse, “I can’t tie these waist ribbons.”

“You must be fatigued. I’m sorry. You could’ve called me. It’s not like I haven’t seen you naked! Let me do this,” he said, taking the ribbons in his hands. He crisscrossed them and tugged them tightly, pulling me in closer to him. I wheezed due to the pressure on my waist. It took him a couple of twists and turns to get it right, and voila! In no time at all, the waist tie had been finished!

“Okay, let’s go. The shoes are outside,” Aaron said. As I walked out, I noticed the sandals. I slipped my feet into them and followed him. I looked for my former self, but he was nowhere to be seen.

I asked Aaron, “Where is David?” He replied, “Oh, he went back home. He said he lost his job. So, I’ve told him to freshen up and meet our manager at Fords Motors. I’ll refer him.”

I was baffled. If I had dared to do this last night, maybe we would’ve never argued, and the old man in the black suit would’ve never approached me. And now, it would’ve been me preparing for the interview! But, instead, I’m here, walking down the corridor to my friend’s house as his wife! But even then, I was somewhat relieved, and a soft smile spread on my face. Maybe it wasn’t me, but at least I was financially okay until I got back my body. Britt, even though she doesn’t remember, made the right decision.

Aaron and I returned to his place in his Ford Ranger, which was a nice car. He changed his clothes, sprayed some deodorant, and handed me the pills before leaving for work. So I had the whole house to myself, presumably for the rest of the day. But I had a manhunt to do. I was out in the streets within a few minutes, booking a cab to the keg restaurant. As soon as I reached there, I asked every other person, whether it was the receptionist, waiter, or bartender if they saw a black suit old man with a skull cane. To my shock, nobody had noticed such a peculiar man. His devilish smile flashed before my eyes every time I recalled him.

“Ah, Mrs. Wesley, we’re very sorry for the bad experience you had last night,” the manager said as I walked into his office.

“Nothing to worry about. I’m fine,” I said, “But I hope you don’t mind. I need your help.”

“Yes, Mrs. Wesley, it’s the least we can do to compensate you,” he said.

“I think I saw something before I fell sick, something terrifying. And I wanted to confirm it. I noticed you have cameras installed everywhere in the hall. So if you can show me the recordings during those five minutes, I would be very grateful. It would bring me some peace of mind,” I muttered.

“I can help you. Please, follow me,” the manager assured me.

He took me to a backroom with computers and gadgets that, to my shock, I couldn’t name! I’m a university graduate who studied all this stuff thoroughly, yet I had no recollection of them! In fact, I used them a few days ago in my office!

“Mrs. Wesley, what was the time stamp?” the manager asked me. He had the PC turned on with his cursor ready to drag the timeline of the saved recording to its supposed destination.

“Um, I think it was somewhere by quarter past eight,” I murmured nervously.

“Okay,” he said, dragging the timeline to that point. So there I was, having a ridiculous discussion with my friend. And there was Britt, having her soup. She looked livid. I guess I didn’t notice that last night. The video continued for some time until I suddenly looked to my right. There was nobody there.

“What?” I muttered under my breath. I looked at Britt, and she suddenly glitched, followed by me frantically looking here and there and staring at the man, panicking. “That is odd. I’m sorry, but if this is the footage you wanted, it’s broken,” the manager said.

“It’s fine. I’ll find something else.” I said.

“I hope you find what you’re looking for, Mrs. Wesley. Let me help you out,” he said, pushing the door open like a gentleman. I walked out, accompanied by him, to the main entrance. I returned home and crashed on the couch. “Ugh, that was a waste of time,” I groaned. My tummy rumbled. Instinctively I pulled myself up and went to the kitchen. I looked for bins of snacks and found a cookie jar instead. I opened the fridge and saw energy drinks stacked on the door shelf. I picked up one and closed it.

I munched on one cookie and moaned in ecstasy. As soon as I was done eating it, I grabbed another. By the time I realized what I was doing, I had already downed five of them. My throat was dry from eating all the cookies. I plucked the opener and drank the cold drink I got from the fridge. “Mmm... this is good!” I exclaimed. I shamelessly burped once I was done with it. “I’m so fucked.” I muttered, resting my head on the couch. “I don’t know anything about Britt’s personal life, not her personal details, not even her preferences. How am I supposed to convince everyone that I’m Britt, hide my real identity, and find the person who did this to me?!” I blabbered. “Whatever happens, I must keep this a secret. Otherwise, everyone will think I’ve lost my mind and send me to the asylum.”

I spent some time thinking of ways to make myself as close to Britt as possible, and the first thing that crossed my mind was her documents. I needed to learn everything about her, even her social security number. So I searched through her bag, shelves, and wardrobe and collected everything I needed to know about her. I memorized everything I had on her. I boned up her fashion and makeup preferences, even her old photos and videos. I studied her body language from what I remembered from our interaction and what I saw. Before I knew it, Aaron was back home. He smiled, looking at the TV screen. "I'm sorry, baby. Last night was a bust, and I truly apologize for that."

"You've nothing to apologize for. I ruined it," I said, pretending to be sad. "Aww, stop brooding. Did you take your pills?" Aaron asked. "Um, yes," I lied.

"Okay, let me bring your favorite snacks from the kitchen, and then we can spend the rest of the night watching your favorite shows and movies, alright?" he said.

"No, you must be so tired. You hardly got any sleep yesterday. I'll make the bed for you while you freshen up," I said.

Aaron approached me, kissed me on the forehead, and said, "I love you. Thank you for being my partner."

I was speechless. My heart pounded in my chest while pressure in my lower abdomen brewed. I knew the familiar feeling I had earlier in the hospital. I was getting aroused by my friend. But there was also this feeling of pure bliss that was much deeper than lust. It felt like butterflies on my skin, tickling all over my body. I shivered as I smiled at him and rushed to the bedroom. He picked up a towel and walked into the bathroom. I saw the mess on the bed and gasped, slightly happy that he didn't notice it. I rushed to lift them as much as possible, shoving them into my personal wardrobe. By the time he came out, I had completed my task. The bed looked pristine and warm.

I went to the kitchen and realized I hadn't cooked anything. "Don't worry, I brought some delicious food on my way home," he said as he came in with the paper bag. I opened it and saw some juicy pork chops, sauteed vegetables, and flatbread. I gleamed with a smile. I served the food at the dining table, and we had a great time casually talking about the day. I brought up my former self and asked, "So, did David get the job?"

"Oh, yeah, absolutely nailed it. David is a seasoned project manager. Boss was quite impressed with his resume and speaking skills," Aaron said.

"Oh, that's good. So now you two friends can work under one roof, like in the old times?" I said with a cheerful smile.

"I think he's grown on you, didn't he? You have always been dismissive of him, and now you want him to work with me? Good for you. That's a good change!" Aaron cheered.

"Yikes," I thought.