

A Friend in Need

TG Caption

By Bewci

"I am not getting pranked this time, James!"

When my friend invited me on a luxurious resort vacation, I thought he was talking out of his ass. But then he sent me the memo. It was some private island resort known as the Louwes. Nevertheless, I was skeptical, so I went to his apartment.

"Yo, are you being serious?!" I exclaimed as he showed me the tickets and said he had won them in a lottery. He said the agency would pay all the expenses, and we won't be spending a dime. It sounded too good to be true, but I didn't want to lose on a fun trip because I was too pessimistic.

"There is a catch," he said.

"What?" I asked. "It's a couple trip," he answered. "What do you mean?" I asked. "It means one of us has to compromise his gender, just for the trip, of course," he responded.

"You're kidding me. Is this another elaborate prank of yours? Just say it," I muttered in disappointment. "It's not. I'm being serious," said James.

"Why did you call me? I'm not a girl, and I'm not cross-dressing for you!" I hollered. "C'mon, Walt, you know I don't have female friends," his voice trembled.

I felt pity for him but was also disgusted by his habits. He was great at computers but hardly used his skills to get a job. Instead, he spent most of his time in his basement, browsing weird shit that I could not even fathom. But I never contemplated him becoming clinically insane.

“This is crazy. I’m leaving,” I muttered. “No, Walt. You won’t,” James said, fetching a remote out of his pocket and pointing it at me. It was a black device with buttons and sliders on it. “What are you doing?” I asked.

“Don’t worry, you will love it!” he said, pressing a button. Then, a red beam flashed over me, collapsing me to the floor. I shook my head, trying to regain my balance. “Wh-What was that?!” I mumbled.

“I bought this from the dark web. It can change the gender of any person it gets locked to! Can you believe that?!” James exclaimed. “No fuckin way,” I whispered, getting up on my legs.

“The maker of this gadget took customization very seriously. So first, I’ll take my time and turn you into my dream girl, then we can sunbathe at the Louwes!” James giggled with giddy eyes.

“James, I don’t know what it is, but you must stop! Give it to me!” I lurched at him. However, I felt an error in my pace and dropped to the floor. My shoes came loose, slipping out of my feet as I raised myself back up.

I wore 11 US-size shoes, but my feet looked 7 at most. My socks were droopy, clinging to my ankle joints. My heart pounded in my chest as I pulled it down. “Oh my God,” I whispered, staring in disbelief. My bare toes were dainty and pristine. The dark spots and rough patches were gone. I rubbed my feet together, and the skin felt as soft as feathers. I raised my pants frantically and noticed my legs looked

slimmer, and the hair was gone. “What are you doing to me?!” I screamed in fear.

“Oh, they look so divine!” James spoke with delight, voraciously looking at my feet. “Ugh, you have a foot fetish!” I cringed away from him as he approached me. “Don’t kink-shame me, Walt. You will develop some yourself pretty soon,” he said with a menacing smile.

I looked down again in anticipation and noticed my legs had a darker skin tone. I gaped in horror as it crawled up, making me strip my clothes in panic. “Get it away from me!” I shouted, flailing my hands. My chubby belly tightened as all the fat wriggled underneath my skin, moving to other regions of my figure. I saw a considerable amount of it depositing into my buttocks and thighs. They made my hips look wider and plumper. I grabbed an ample amount of fat rushing underneath my chest, pushing it away, but it was futile. My hands got repelled further by the accumulating pressure underneath my nipples. They felt susceptible to touch, chafing against my palms. “Eek!” I squealed in an androgynous tone.

I noticed my fingers looked elegant, with clear nails and nourished skin. I panted hopelessly, gazing down at my growing cleavage within my embrace. My muscles atrophied, turning into a thin layer of fat under my skin. I gasped in horror, looking at myself in a mirror nearby. “James, please, turn me back!” I yelled in a feminine voice. I caught my breath, closing my mouth in shock. My Caucasian look had been replaced with brown skin and dark brown eyes. My facial feature twitched, turning more petite. I couldn’t help

but blush, looking at the gorgeous face gawking back at me. “Oh, Oh God, fuck!” I moaned, writhing in a weird cocktail of pain and pleasure as my groins sucked themselves into my abdomen. “James!” I yelled, falling into his arms.

A plethora of emotions overwhelmed me as I looked up at James. He brushed my growing dirty blonde hair back behind my ear. The voluminous locks trickled down my naked back, turning raven black. “Oh, James, what have you done?” I whispered, gulping down the throbbing anticipation in my loins. I pushed away from him and grabbed my clothes to cover my modest curves.

“C’mon Walt, or should I call you Wamika! Now you do what I say. Otherwise, you’re not turning back!” James exclaimed. I crumpled into tears and followed him silently to a nearby room. He had everything there: clothes, jewelry, makeup, and shoes. “Who paid for all of this?!” I asked in an accent. “I did. Just because I live in my basement doesn’t mean I don’t make money!” he guffawed.

“What is this accent I have?! Indian, Bangladeshi?” I bawled. “Someplace like that. I love Southeast Asian women, you know,” he said with a sly smile. I fumed with rage, but I was helpless. He was not parting himself away from the remote in his hand anytime soon. Any physical altercation would be fruitless with my dainty limbs and lack of stamina. “Fine, I’ll go as your girlfriend to the resort, but no sex,” I tried to sound assertive, but it came out feeble and meek.

“Do you really feel like you are in a position to make demands?!” James laughed out loud. “Dude, I’m your friend! Are you really going to force yourself onto me?! Are you

gay?!” I yelled at him. “Wamika baby, look at yourself. You are not a guy anymore, so it’s not gay! But fine, if you say so. No sex, as long as you don’t approach me,” he said with a sinister smile.

I took a sigh of relief. I thought I would never approach another guy for sex and chuckled at his naivety. But as I went on the trip with him, I realized being a girl came naturally to me. And along with that came female sexuality that swooned my head over every attractive man at the resort. I tread carefully against my basic instincts, yet I couldn’t help but lean into them every once in a while. Wearing scantily clad dresses at night parties and bikinis at the beach became more common as the days passed. I noticed every bulge within my proximity, and it turned me on. My heart fluttered like a gazelle whenever I looked at James. I was amazed he kept his word and never lay his hands on me, even if we slept in the same bed.

Meanwhile, I grew restless around him. Finally, my inhibitions crumbled down, and finally, I gave in to my urges on our trip's seventh and last day. I discovered new aspects of myself, like, how much I loved getting my toes sucked by my gentlemanly boyfriend, a freak under the sheets. Or how much I liked to suck him. Living life as a girl isn’t so bad after all...