

FAMILY FEUD – PT. 1

By Bewci

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"Greg, Get me the click rates and conversion reports on the latest Cadillac," David said to his colleague. It was a busy November for David. He was a project manager at a marketing agency, overseeing the websites of one of their biggest clients, GM motors. He lived in Burlington, Canada, with his wife Alysa, a certified vet technician, and his eighteen-month-old daughter Jade.

David was a 5'9" tall, 31-year-old white man with an average build. He lived a hectic life with lots of stress, yet he always helped others in their need and acted cordially to everyone around him. However, the sleepless hours took a toll on his hairline at the front. He didn't like it, but he had a thick skin to accept the criticisms and the comments he got because of his looks. David graduated from Yale University, one of the most reputed institutions, as he was an intelligent kid since childhood. He was not athletic, so he had been slightly overweight for years, but nothing too critical.

David went to his office and sighed, taking a moment for himself. Soon, he was back at work, shuffling pages and inspecting the numbers. Meanwhile, his phone rang. It was his wife, Alysa.

"Hey," David answered the call. "Hey, mom called," Alysa sighed, taking a deep breath, "she's inviting us this Thanksgiving for a family meal in the afternoon."

David's face tensed up, listening to his wife. It had been a while since he visited his in-law's house. Not because of his wife's parents but his sister-in-law, Erica Lang. If there was anyone David was not friendly towards, it was her.

Erica was a 5'4, 35, white woman with shoulder-length dirty blonde hair and glasses sitting on top of her snub nose. She was obese, with vast proportions of fat sticking out of the tight clothes that she loved to wear. She lived in St. Mary, Ontario, with her husband and 5-year-old daughter, while her parents lived in Woodham, a few miles away. David was not fond of her at all. She was the opposite of her sister, Alysa. Even though Alysa was younger, she was more reasonable and wise with her relationships and money. However, Erica was not.

Erica loved to wear tight skirts and dresses, accentuating her gigantic curves. She was fickle and agreeable to people. Unfortunately, Erica was not the brightest bulb in the town, which made her get into trouble many times. She was constantly on her phone most of her waking hours, talking to her friends and updating her status on Instagram.

When the pandemic hit, one of her friends, Sam, sent her a bunch of conspiracy theories on her Whatsapp, making her hysterical. She bought a hundred toilet paper rolls, spending all her monthly income! A few months later, she called David, asking for financial help, as the lockdown led to hard times for her family. David, being himself, gave her eight hundred dollars despite being under a tight budget and Alysa's protests. Next month they learned she had spent all the money buying a Gucci purse and a branded makeup kit! This incident led one thing to another and ensued bitter turmoil between the two families, permanently scarring the relationship. Erica outright refused to return the money, but eventually, she did send the money back upon her mother's

persuasion. However, the damage was done, and they refused to ever meet and see each other at any event.

"Hmm, I see," David muttered. "It's been two years. I think we should go," said Alysa, "you are not the person who holds a grudge."

"I know I shouldn't," David sighed. "Then don't. I'm sure she wants to apologize too. Let's give her a chance," said Alysa.

"Okay, we will go. But we won't stay," David said. "Agreed," Alysa replied.

David returned home in his Ford after finishing his shift. He parked the car in his garage and went upstairs to his wife and baby on the sofa. "Oh, is it 9 already?" Alysa said, looking at her watch. "I took an early leave," David responded.

"Come here." Alysa proffered a hand. David leaned on the sofa beside her, taking her into his embrace. "I hope everything goes well."

"Don't worry. I know my sister. She's cumbersome, but she's not evil. She'll come around. It's past eight. Are you going to have something?" asked Alysa.

"Oh, I thought you would never ask! I'm famished," said David, smiling.

"I'll heat it for you. I made some rice and mushrooms," said Alysa. "Sounds delicious."

Alysa put their daughter in the crib and went to the kitchen. David spent some time appreciating his sleeping beauty

before following the enticing aroma of flavors emanating from the kitchen.

"Thanksgiving is in a few days," David snickered, "Your mom did dirty, catching us off guard like that?"

"She wants the best for us, both of her daughters," said Alysa. "No, I totally get it. I'm just saying," said David.

David and Alysa sat at the dining table for supper and enjoyed the quiet time. Soon, they were back in the bedroom, checking on their daughter and going to sleep.

David woke up the following day and prepared to go to work. He gave Alysa some cash to buy presents for Thanksgiving, as well as a whole Turkey. David spent the rest of the day at his office, promoting cars and signing papers. He submitted an application for tomorrow's leave as it was mandatory. Finally, he returned home at the usual time and followed his routine to sleep. Soon, Thursday had arrived.

"So, you won't even ask what's in the boxes?" Alysa said, entering her seat in the car with Jade in her arms. David looked back at the stacked boxes of gifts and said, "I trust your instincts. They're definitely good. And they're not for me, so I don't mind not knowing what's in them," he said.

"Jeez, you're sassy today!" Alysa giggled. "Alright," David smiled and turned on the engine. They were soon on the highway, driving to Woodham, Ontario. The day was cool and sunny, perfect for traveling. David's in-laws lived a few hours away in the country, so traveling was a pleasant experience. Finally, they were at their destination.

David looked at the old barn that stood firm despite last year's hurricane. He looked at the beautiful garden, wooden roof, and walls that reminded him of his good times with everyone before things went sour. Finally, he took a deep breath and approached the front door. Alysa pressed the bell, and soon after that, the door opened. It was David's father-in-law, Roder Coddington.

Mr. Roder Coddington was one of the most resourceful and skilled guys David had ever met. He was in his early 60s, yet he looked charming with that grey hair and beard. He always knew how to put everyone in a good mood with his dad jokes and sarcasm. Mr. Coddington was wise and trusted around the town of Woodham.

"So, you kids finally made it!" Roder heartily chuckled. "Oh!" Mrs. Coddington strutted past him in tears to hug her daughter. David pressed his lips, smiling at the heart-warming scene, which soon turned pale as he saw Erica and her husband sitting at the table inside the living room. She looked at David with the same disdain as he looked at her, but given their circumstances, he decided to break the eye contact and walked in.

"Hey," Alysa called, giving him two presents and pointing her eyes at her sister. "Seriously?" David whispered, taking the gift in his hands.

David walked up to them and said, "Okay, um, I know we had our differences in the past. We both said mean things to each other, and I don't want that to define us. So, forget and forgive?" David asked, proffering the gift towards Erica and Kyle, her husband.

Kyle and Erica looked at each other for a moment. "Okay." Erica nodded, turning her head towards David with a smile. "I didn't want my Thanksgiving to suck, so I'm glad we could come to terms with it!" She took the gifts out of David's hand and put them on the table. "Let's take a selfie to mark this moment!" She turned over with the phone stretched out as far as possible with her hand, capturing everyone behind her, along with David. David was shocked yet somewhat relieved that things went smoother than he anticipated. He posed, standing with a weird smile on his face.

Erica dug into the gifts as soon as she was done posting the selfie in her long line of stories on Instagram. Peeling the wrappers aside, she revealed a silver bangle encased in glass. "Oh, wow! It's gorgeous!" she gasped in surprise. Erica went through Kyle's present, too, revealing a watch.

David looked at Alysa with a slight twinge of disappointment in his eyes. She had clearly spent a lot of money on the presents. Alysa veered off her gaze, giving gifts to her parents. "Oh, I forgot Turkey in the trunk! Honey, the keys?" Alysa asked.

"Don't worry, I'll get it," said David. He went to his car and brought roasted Turkey to the dining table. "Aww, it wasn't necessary. Your presence is all that matters to me!" Angela, David's mother-in-law, said.

"I brought a present for Alysa too!" Erica said, taking out a box from her bag. "Oh, Thank you!" Alysa said, accepting the gift. She uncovered it, revealing Prada's heels. "Oh my goodness, they must have been expensive!" Alysa said, shocked.

"Oh, don't worry about it," she said, shaking her hand. David noticed Kyle's expressions, inferring that even he didn't know about it. "I don't have gifts to share, but I cooked something special for all of you!" Angela announced. "And I have roasted the best Thanksgiving Turkey you ever had!" said Roder. "We'll see about that," David said as they chuckled.

Angela and her daughter Alysa went to the kitchen to bring the pots and pans, carrying the food. At the same time, Erica was busy texting her friends. David scoffed, looking at her, and walked in, lending a hand of help to his wife.

Kyle noticed her wife being disrespectful, but he stayed silent because of his experience. Even if Kyle was her husband, Erica had the pants in the house. She has been arguing and dominating her husband ever since she got married. However, Kyle loved her, so he never grew the backbone to come back at her.

Nevertheless, the meal was served. Angela had cooked a big and juicy Turkey with stuffed vegetables. She had also prepared a tub of green bean casserole and crispy bread. She walked in a second time holding a baking dish filled with stuffing mix! The whole family was delighted. Erica was busy taking another picture of the food and posting it on her social media. Angela scolded her and prompted everyone to hold hands and pray. David held hands with Alysa on the right and Erica on the left, closing their eyes to pray. "Thank You, God, for the food we are about to eat, for those who are here to share these blessings, for the generosity of our hosts that make this possible. Bless those who are here, those in our

hearts, and those who are not as fortunate on this day.
Amen."

"That was beautiful," Angela whispered, "Okay." She nodded, and we started taking scoops off of the dishes. David took a bite of the casserole and hummed in bliss. "Oh, this is delicious," he muttered. Everyone praised Angela and Alysa, guffawing over whose Turkey was better. As time passed and conversations continued, David put his guard down against Erica and Kyle. "So, Kyle, how's work at the factory?" he asked.

"It's going great! We're ahead of schedule," Kyle said. "You should come to take a hunting ride to St. Mary with me sometime. It's only a few miles from Woodham."

"Yeah, I know. And I would love that," said David. "Oh, I forgot!" Roder entered the other room with an expensive red wine bottle. "Cheers to that!" Kyle said, raising his empty glass.

Roder opened the bottle with a pop sound and served it to everyone. Within a few minutes, the plates and glasses were empty. Everyone was filled and content with their great time at the table. "That was the best meal I had all year round," said Kyle. "I have it every day," said Roder, chuckling. "I wish I could cook as good as you, mom," said Alysa. Angela smiled in appreciation and said, "Thank you. You should visit more often, and maybe I can teach you some recipes." Alysa responded, "That would be great."

"Okay, time to clean the dishes," Angela said. "Ugh, mom can I skip this?" said Erica, "I'm too full to move a finger!"

David looked at Kyle, expecting him to say something, but he was quiet as usual. So, he decided to speak up, "Erica, as you know, it's been a custom for centuries. It is a basic courtesy you can show to your parents as a sign of gratitude."

"Um, okay, but I am the guest here, and I don't think I am liable to clean," Erica smirked. David boiled in anger for how rude she was. He composed himself and said, "Are you sure about that? Everyone here will clean their dish, and you'll sit there scrolling on the phone?"

Erica stood up from her seat and said, "Well, are you coaxing me because I'm a woman? That I'm supposed to do the cleaning?!"

David was livid at his sister-in-law. Angela's face crumpled as she saw the relationships strain again in front of her eyes. "Well, I should have never expected anything better from you," whispered David.

"What?! What did you say?!" Erica broke into a hysteria. The serene environment of the dining room was soon spoiled with bashings and cuss words. Kyle threw his hands at David within a few minutes, followed by a fistfight between the two. Angela broke into tears and walked away to her bedroom. Alysa and Roder tried to stop the mess. At the same time, Erica glared at David with spiteful eyes, inciting her husband to hit harder. Alysa went over and slapped her sister in the face, roaring at her to stop the mess she had caused. Finally, Kyle stopped upon Erica's bidding, and both parties backed off.

"Honey, let's go," Alysa said, dragging her husband to the car. Roder followed them and whimpered in sorrow. "I'm sorry," he murmured. David approached him and said, "No, I'm sorry for ruining such a beautiful day. I should go." David was bruised on his face and had cuts on his arms, but he was alright. He and Alysa sat in the car before she hugged her father and drove off.

David didn't stop for a moment, driving straight home. Alysa muffled her sobs as she didn't expect things to worsen. "I'm sorry. I should have just said no and hung up the call," she muttered. "No, you can't do that to yourself. It's not your fault that your sister is, well, you know what," David said, fuming hot breath. "Let me see," Alysa said, observing the injuries on David. She went to the cabinet in their bathroom and took out the first aid box. She ushered David to the sofa and cleaned the wounds before putting some ointment on them. "It's been a long day. You should take some rest." It was half past nine, and both were exhausted from the traveling and the debacle. So, David and Alysa went to sleep early that night.

"Ugh," David woke up in the middle of the night. His robust pulsating headache stirred him to sit up and wince in pain. "Did I get hit too hard?" he thought. His drowsy eyes could hardly focus on anything in the dark. "I need some water," he groaned. His hands searched for the lamp switch but couldn't find it. Finally, he decided to walk out of the room, but as he moved into the hallway, he sensed something strange. The door was brown in color. His feet felt the floor was made of wooden panels. The curtains were all drawn, so everything was still too hard to see, yet he knew it was not his house.

David's heart beat faster as his mind raced for an explanation. His legs stumbled upon furniture placed in different spots than his own.

Meanwhile, his headache was getting worse. "Wha-what's happening? Where am I?" he fumbled, holding onto the wall, taking slow steps, letting it lead him through the strange space. He wished he would reach a kitchen to drink some water. But luckily enough, he got his fingers on a switch instead. He clicked it, and the room lit up. It took David a while to open his straining eyes, but as his vision got more apparent, he realized where he was. He had been to this place once before, two years ago, to be precise. It was Erica and Kyle's house.

"What am I doing here?" David whispered. He looked around like a gazelle, panicking about his situation. Sweat trickled down his forehead as he wished it was some kind of nightmare. But everything felt too real to be a dream. "Agh!" David felt a strong jolt of pain in his head that coursed down throughout his body. He fell down on his knees. He tried to call his wife's name, but all that came out of his mouth was air. Waves of goosebumps ran over him while his body was paralyzed in fear and pain, writhing involuntarily on the cold floor.

He tried to scream for help with all his might, but it was futile. A wave of cold breeze moved the curtains, letting some moonlight in for a few moments. He looked down at his hands resting on the floor. They looked feminine. They were thick yet supple and hairless, and the nails were

painted a dark hue! David yelped like a dog, barely able to cry for help as his body started buzzing with weird sensations.

David's hands scrunched inward along with his shoulders while his pelvis cracked and spread wider. David felt the pressure weighing on his knees and hands increase. He looked down and saw his shirt droop with blobs of fat, stretching his skin and filling it. His eyes widened with horror as he screamed in silence. His pants felt tighter, urging him to raise a hand and touch them. He pushed back off the floor and sat upright on his knees, feeling the cushiony buttocks press against the soles of his feet. He pressed into the plushy flesh, digging his fingers deep into them. He looked down and saw his ballooning stomach along with two undulating orbs with gaping cleavage stretching his shirt to its brim. Long strands of hair crawled down his vision flowing down past his shoulders. He ran his fingers through the silky strands in despair, noticing they were dirty blonde. His dreadful anticipation was coming true. He was somehow turning into Erica Lang!

David's back arched while his buttocks grew to enormous proportions. The clothes draped on his body loosened up, turning soft and silky. He looked down in shock as he found himself wearing pink female nightwear. His hefty big breasts rose and sunk down as David gasped for air. David could feel the changes crawling up on his face, making his lips plump, eyelashes long, and cheekbones higher. His face twitched, changing structure and becoming the visage of Erica.

"A-Ack!" David's voice broke up in a higher tone, resembling Erica's. "Alysa!" David grabbed his throat in disbelief. Then,

just as he thought the nightmare was over, he felt another influx push his bosoms to new horizons, jutting out his nipples to enormous size. Meanwhile, his groins get sucked in by a phantom tension inside his abdomen. David grunts and gasps as he feels his manhood wriggling inside his body, turning into a womb. He is mortified as he slides his hands down, brushing his fingers against the puffy nether. "Ugh," David cringes and yanks away his hands, quickly realizing it is his sister-in-law's vagina. "What the fuck!"

"Erica? What are you doing out here?" asked Kyle, rubbing his eyes as he woke up from his slumber. "H-Hey, Kyle, it's me! D-Da-E-Erica!" David blabbered.

"What? Of course, it's you! Are you sleepwalking?" asked Kyle, bemused.

"Huh-I don't know," murmured David, standing up on his dainty feet. "Kyle, I-I want some water."

"I got you," Kyle went to the kitchen to fetch some water. After a while, he returned and offered his wife the drink. David took the glass and looked at the reflection of his face in the water. His heart pounded in fear as he saw Erica's face in it. He took a few sips and put the glass on the table beside the couch.

"Let's go take some rest," Kyle yawned, proffering a hand to Erica.

David looked at him as he instinctively took his hand and walked with him to the bedroom. David gulped in absolute terror as he was going to sleep with another man, his

brother-in-law, as his sister-in-law! David was shocked that even if he tried to say his real name, he couldn't speak it. As if some invisible force held his tongue and rolled it to its will. David cautiously slipped under the blanket, avoiding any physical contact. He turned his back to Kyle, trying to sleep and wake up into reality. "Why couldn't I say my name to Kyle?! Why couldn't I tell him?!" echoed in David's mind, making him restless.

"I was punching this redneck to a pulp today, and now I am sleeping beside him as his wife?! What the fuck?!" David's mind screamed. As David's mind wandered for answers, it only asked more questions. "If I am in Erica's body, is she in my body?! Did she go through the transformation like I did?! Oh my God, Alysa!" David felt overwhelming sadness, crumbling him down to tears. He muffled his sobs with the blanket. "Why am I crying?!" David didn't realize when he fell into a deep slumber, exhausted from the overthinking.

"Erica! Wake up!" Kyle's voice echoed in David's ears. "Uh," David groaned as his drowsy eyes struggled to open. "It's half past eight! You'll miss your day at the office!"

"Oh!" David gasped, looking at himself. He turned to Kyle and tried to tell him the truth. But his mouth didn't buzz a sound. "What?" Kyle asked. David whispered, "Nothing."

"Okay, I need to go to the factory. I'll have breakfast on the way," said Kyle.

David stared at him in disbelief and nodded after a while. Kyle could sense something was off about his wife. However, he was getting late and hardly had time to ponder it. He got

in his pickup truck and went off on the dirt road. David sighed, getting out of his bed and looking for a phone. David found Erica's phone in her wardrobe cabinet. His eyes darted towards the mirror, making him startle at her voluptuous sister-in-law staring back at him. David quickly walked away from the mirror and took a deep breath in relief as the phone was fingerprint enabled. He unlocked it fast, went through the contacts looking for Alysa, and then pressed the call button. The phone rang a few times before David heard an automated voice saying the recipient was busy. He tried it again and listened to the computer speak; the phone had been switched off or out of network. "No, Alysa! She must be thinking it's Erica calling. She is angry with her sister after the last day's incident. Dammit!" David thought.

"Oh my God, I need to pee!" David whispered, looking down at himself. He could hardly see anything past his enormous tits and belly. David tentatively walked towards the bathroom and opened the door. The urge compelled him to sit on the toilet, but he could hardly relax. Finally, the instincts took over him, releasing the stream of yellow fluid out of his urethra. "Oh, it feels so close! Oh no! It's trickling down to my asshole!" David cringed, but he couldn't hold back until it was over. Finally, done with the bowel movements, he flushed the toilet and hopped into the shower.

"Oh my goodness, I can't believe I am doing this!" David muttered as he stripped the night dress and turned on the shower. Cold drizzling water sprayed over his body, making him jolt and shiver. David squealed in Erica's voice, palming his face as he noticed the water heater turned off. The cold

shower perked up his body's sensitivity, making his nipples erect. David gasped for air while he lathered himself as much as his hands could reach around his body. "Oh, God, she needs to go on a hunger strike!" David whispered under heavy breaths as he was exhausted, trying to reach his back. He looked at his flabby arms and crumpled his face in disgust. "I can't live like this!"

David's mind kept drifting to the shower head hanging beside him. Memories of Erica spending time in the shower using it to pleasure herself overwhelmed his mind. "Oh no, no, no. I'm not doing that. Nope. Sure, she did that, but it doesn't mean I have to. I just need to shower and get out, probably take a bus to Burlington, and then I can explain everything to Alysa!"

David turned on the shower head and started washing the soap off his body. As his hands lowered, the compulsion to press it against his nether grew beyond imagination. David gulped as his feeble mind struggled to fight his feminine instincts. The jet of water titillated every part of his body, making him lose control of himself. "Okay, maybe a little, ah!" David gasped as the spray hit him in the right spots, making his knees shake.

"Oh... Oh... Mmm," David moaned shamelessly as he lost all senses to the primal urges coursing through his body. The pleasurable waves were anything unlike he had ever felt as a man. They were intense and long-lasting, making him numb to critical thinking. The pressure built inside his womb as the jet of water dug deeper into his constantly vibrating pussy. "Ah... Why it feels so good?!" David moaned as the peak hit

him like a train and ran him over and over with subsequent smaller peaks, lasting almost a couple of minutes each.

“Fuck, what was I thinking?!” David groaned in disgust as he came back to his senses. “What do I need to do to get out of this?!” his mind screamed. He scurried out of the shower and wrapped a towel over his naked body. His teeth rattled as he spent a lot of time in the cold water without even realizing it. “I think I am cursed!” David cried. “Maybe I acted too harshly on her, and now God is punishing me for it!”

David was on the bed brooding about his situation when his phone rang. It was “Mr. Delmore” calling. David had no idea who this person was, but he picked it up. “Hello?” David called. “Mrs. Lang, may I know why you are not in your office seat yet? The office opens at nine. You know that right?” a rough manly voice said on the other end of the line.

“Uh, um, I’ll be right there in fifteen minutes, sir,” David spoke instinctively. “Hmm, you better be. Otherwise, I’ll write about your negligence to the higher officer. I’ve noticed how much time you spend on that phone of yours. I can’t throw a blind eye at you anymore,” the man asserted.

David assumed him to be the in-charge of the building permit department where Erica worked. So he put down the call and hurried to Erica’s wardrobe. His hands picked up the tightest skirts on their own that David couldn’t fathom wearing in his current body. But he had hardly any time to whine about his reflexes.

David picked up the peach bra and panties on the top of Erica’s collections. Then he fetched a light blue shirt with

frilled edges and a tight white skirt. “Okay, if my hands can pick clothes for themselves, I guess they can wear me, too,” David whispered, smirking. Then, to his surprise, his anticipation came true, as his fingers knew how to place the hooks, cup his breasts, and place the hem of his panties to avoid chafing. “Holy shit, this is wild!”

David had no idea how to react, but he was getting turned on by the bulging out cleavage that he could gawk at any time he wanted. He donned the shirt, buttoned it down, and then pulled the skirt up his legs. David struggled with the hook in the waist, using all his strength to put it in. The dress constricted his movements, which made him feel vulnerable in his new clothes.

David looked at the clock in the bedroom. There were still seven minutes to reach the office. He picked up the phone and rushed to wear heels. As soon as he was done, he headed out, locking the main door. David walked up to an uber standing nearby and paid him extra cash to reach the building permit office as fast as possible. Upon reaching the destination, he looked at his phone screen. One minute left.

David walked out of the car and hurried towards the office with wobbling steps. He was nervous about getting scolded by some middle-aged man for Erica’s undoing. “Ah, shit,” David muttered under his exhausted breaths, stepping on the slippery tiles. “C’mon, David, you can do it,” he whispered. Five steps in, David crashed his fat ass on the floor. “Agh!” he shouted. Everybody in the office turned their heads towards him. A man in dark brown pants and a white shirt walked up to David, towering over him.

“Good morning, Mrs. Lang. Right on time!” he proffered his hand at David.

(Part 2 coming soon)