

## Mini-Story: Bitchy BFFs (TG AR)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Sharon and Carter are a boring middle-aged couple constantly having arguments. But when they make some rude wishes about one another and their relationship, a mysterious force grants the wishes in the worst way possible!*

### **Bitchy BFFs**

They were at it again. Sharon and Carter Reynolds were at each other's throats, yelling loudly through the living room. They were a middle-aged couple with considerations for retirement on the horizon, and yet they argued with the force of two teenagers.

"You could have told me you had your silly girlfriends coming over!" Carter yelled.

"I did! I told you a week ago that I'd be having friends over!"

"Having friends over is a lot different from another goddamn tupperware party!"

"It's a cake party, you fool!"

"What the hell is that?" he said, flabbergasted. He ran his hand through his hair, not that he had much left, and the few blond strains were increasingly lost among the grey at this point. He frowned, splotchy skin going red. "I swear, it's like you organise these big things just because you know I need my calm space."

"Calm? You call that new motorcycle you bought for no reason 'calm'?" Sharon cried, throwing up her hands. She was a short, portly woman who was constantly yo-yoing on different diets, and wore far too much product in her brunette hair, giving it a rather plastic appearance. "You've been waking me up at all hours with your mid-life crisis, but I can't have one party with my friends?"

"It's been a full work week and taxes are due! I need the time!"

"You always need time: I can never just do things!"

"You're telling me," he complained bitterly. "I work all these hours and you can't even clean the floors until friends are coming over."

"You contribute to half that mess."

"How can I, when you've got me working overtime for retirement!?"

It went on and on, the pair going around in circles. Sometimes conflict has a habit of drawing eavesdroppers, however, and this was no exception. There are forces at play in this world that few are aware of. In older times, people would call them the fae folk, while others named them mischievous spirits. They are incomprehensible to human beings, but they delight in watching moments of emotional volatility, and moreover administering an amusing form of - often disproportionate - justice to some of the individuals they are drawn to.

Such was the case now, as Sharon and Carter argued, the married couple devolving into insults as this spiritual entity witness. It waited for the perfect moment to intervene, and soon it came.

“God, I wish I was young again, and pretty again, so I could find a better man!” Sharon cried, exhausted.

“Well, I wish I was young again too, so I’d have the energy for these endless arguments!”

Sharon rolled her eyes. “Well, do you remember when we first started dating, and you said you wanted to be more than friends? I wish I’d said no, let’s stay friends!”

“Maybe you should have, because at least when I heard your bitching I could have walked away!”

“Please, you love bitching and drama as much as anyone. It’s why you’re too scared to leave me. You’re as bitchy as any woman!”

Carter laughed. “Oh, I wish that were true!”

*There.* That was the moment the entity had been waiting for, when everything fell into place. It entered the space, shimmering in the air just subtly, and spoke for the first and last time to the couple.

*“Consider your wishes granted.”*

“What!?”

“What was that, Carter?”

But there was a sudden bloom of white in their vision, and then everything had changed.

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Casey opened her eyes. Something was wrong. Very, immediately wrong. For one, she wasn’t in her house anymore, but at the local mall. For two, her body felt all strange. And for three, why was she thinking of herself as a goddamn woman?

Sharon was just as confused looking at this person in front of her. Somehow, she knew this woman was named Casey, and that she was her best friend. She couldn’t have been older than twenty years old, however, and looked like a trashy mall girl with her crop top and shorts, a look that showed off far too much of her body as far as she was concerned.

Except *she* was wearing something quite similar, and her own body was strange. Her hair was longer and silkier in quality, and her youthful strength and vitality was returned. Her breasts no longer sagged and were now perky and pleasant upon her chest. Everything was different; it was all wrong!

“Sh-Sharon,” Casey stammered. “Is that y-you?”

“Casey? I mean, Carter? Is that you?”

“Oh God!” the other woman said. “What the fuck just happened? Why am I a twenty year old girl!? Why have I got tits? Why am I wearing this tart outfit?”

Sharon realised. “The wishes we made! Something was listening. It’s - it’s changed us somehow. Look at your purse.”

Casey was horrified to have a purse - horrified by all of this, in fact - but she looked anyway. Sure enough, her name was now Casey Reynolds, and she was a twenty year old woman with gorgeous blonde hair and bright blue eyes and a pretty face, as well as a habit for dressing provocatively, it seemed. Sharon’s ID showed her to be Sharon Lindsey, her original maiden name, only she too was twenty years old, and certainly dressed more slutty than she had ever been, having grown up in a conservative household in her original life. That was evidently not the case now, because as she checked her phone it was obvious that this new reality-changed version of herself loved wearing bikinis, taking selfies, and hanging out with cute boys . . . and well as her bestie. In fact, Casey was in almost every second pic.

“C-Casey,” she said, feeling compelled to use her former husband’s new, girly name.

“What!?”

“I think - I think we’re best friends in whatever changed timeline our wishes gave us. Look!”

Casey was astonished, and embarrassed, to see all these photos not only of herself wearing very little, especially at the beach, but also all the pics of her cozying up to men, placing her hands on them, kissing them, and clearly into them. This new version of herself was clearly a serial dater and one-night stand chaser. The revelation caused another shimmer, one that further affected her mind, and Sharon’s.

“Holy shit,” Sharon said, peeking over her shoulder. “I thought I’d been turned into a total slut, but you’re, like, waaaay sluttier than I am.”

“Am not! Don’t be a bitch, Sharon!”

“Please, who’s the bitch now? You’ve got a pussy!”

“At least my pussy gets way more men than you do!”

“Are you seriously bragging about that?”

Casey put her hands on her lovely hips. “Of course not! I plan to turn back! But if we can’t, then at least it’s funny knowing that, like, I get more men than you do even though you’ve been a woman your whole life!”

“Well,” Sharon replied. “It’s easy when you’re showing that much skin and you’re some pretty blonde thing.”

“You’re not bad yourself, bestie! Wait, did I just call you bestie?”

“Of course you did. Thanks to your stupid wishes, we’re still tied at the hip, ‘hubbie.’ Only we’re not bitchy BFFs instead of married!”

“Hey, what do you mean, *my* stupid wishes!? You made those wishes as much as I did! And besides, I’m not bitchy. I’m just calling it like it is. You didn’t get your sex changed. Of course you’d be so lucky!”

Sharon rolled her eyes and huffed. “Always about luck with you, isn’t it? You’re just jealous that in this new reality, I’m way more stylish and cute!”

“Please, I get all the men!”

“Because you dress like a slut!”

“You do too!”

“Yeah, but you’re waaaaay sluttier!”

By this point, the pair were actually getting quite passionate, highlighting everything from one another’s makeup to how they were already starting to look at the cute guys in the mall to pick up. Casey should have felt more revolted by this, but part of her wanted to prove that she was still more capable than her former-wife. And besides, that endless rivalry the two had stoked for two decades of marriage translated very easily into the competitive sport of young women determined to outdo the other.

The argument continued, drawing the concern of passing mall goers. The two were now very attractive young women, and would soon discover that these new lives were permanent, just as their bond was. Sharon had got it right: they were no longer married, but would be stuck as bitchy BFFs for life: always arguing, yet never able to fully separate. Always competing for men and against one another’s outfits, and yet uniting together whenever needed, particularly against rival girls or boys who did them dirty.

The strange part would be that it was *still* healthier than their marriage.

**The End**