

Mini-Story: Girly Girl Girl's Night (Man to Girlie BFF TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Scott and his girlfriend Nicole are at home watching TV when she puts on a dating reality show. Scoffing at first, Scott finds himself oddly intrigued by the show as it continues, not even realising that he's changing into a girly girl. Soon, he might just be trapped as Nicole's ultra-feminine BFF!

Girly Girl Girl's Night

Scott was in a huff. He *hated* reality TV, especially reality TV *dating shows*. Still, the dark-haired twenty-year old knew his attractive girlfriend Nicole was very much into it. They were getting pretty serious, catching up almost every day and had just started having sexy, which was phenomenal. She was more of a girly girl than he usually went for, but it wasn't like she was constantly wearing pink or dying her chestnut hair Barbie blonde or anything. He could stand to put up with some dating shows, he was sure.

"Ready to watch *Love in a Season?*" Nicole asked excitedly as she turned on the television.

"Yay. Wonderful. Just great," Scott said.

"Oh, come on! You might enjoy it!"

"I highly doubt it. This is total chick stuff. Let's just get this over with already."

With an exasperated sigh, Nicole found the right channel at exactly the right time.

The show began, and Scott started making his small comments.

"Oh, for God's sake, this is so overacted. All reality shows are fake like this."

"Carmine and Clementine? Are they serious?"

"Can you believe the editing on this?"

Nicole bristled at his comments. "Shush. Just watch it with me. I watch your football games with you, so give this a chance, okay?"

"Fiiiiine."

He continued to watch. As the double-episode continued, however, something strange started to happen; Scott began to actually get a little invested in the show. Just a little, of course. He started getting more excited when Carmine and Clementine interacted, rather than that bitch Giana or that attention-whore Lisa. But with his strange new investment came another change that was even stranger: his hair turned blonde.

Scott didn't realise this, however, not even as the hair grew long and descended down his back. Neither did Nicole notice this change, or the fact that his chewed fingernails

became longer and perfectly feminine, and his hands slim and dainty. His body hair disappeared, including his five o'clock shadow.

"It's not that bad, I guess," he said aloud, voice slightly higher than before. "I mean, it's still rubbish TV, but I guess the Clementine romance is pretty understandable."

"I told you!" Nicole said. "There's nothing wrong with enjoying something a bit girly."

"Please, I am *not* going to enjoy something girly. I'm the furthest thing from girly."

But then his interest increased in the following scenes; the women competing for Carmine's attention were all dressing up, and suddenly Scott found himself very interested in what they were wearing. They had such cute styles, and some of the dresses had all the right slink! And Clementine chose the perfect pink dress, he just knew it!

This caused further changes: his arms and legs shrank down, and his overall frame as well. Scott didn't even notice as his shirt turned a bright pink, his shorts changing to a cute miniskirt that was a pastel pink in colour. It made him look like a mannish Barbie, but even his face slowly started to alter, gaining a further softness that matched his increasingly female figure.

"I'm so glad she chose that dress," he mused. "Not that I care about this show or anything."

"You can admit you like it, Scott! It's a totally fun show! A girly guilty pleasure!"

"And as I said before, I'm not girly! You know, except for recognising some fashion . . . and liking the romantic chemistry."

Soon that romantic chemistry was on fire. Carmine was taking Clementine and Lisa on personal dates, trying to choose between the two girls. Scott found his heart beating heavily in his chest. Sure, Lisa was more conventionally pretty, but Clementine was his soul mate! They had such a good connection, why couldn't he just see that?

He clenched his dainty fists together, bouncing a little on the sofa as he watched. His waist pulled in, and a new organ bloomed beneath his stomach. This precipitated the slow withdrawal of his penis back into his body, followed by his testes. Scott grunted, but couldn't look away from the screen. Nearly an hour had elapsed already, and he'd barely talked recently; he was just so into this!

"Oh my God! He better not choose Lisa, seriously!"

"I know, right? Now you're getting invested!"

"Like, soooo invested! I seriously hope he chooses right, or I'll be so mad!"

Breasts pushed forward from Scott's chest, becoming small but lovely B-cups. His vagina finished forming, his labia lips and vulva replacing his entrance. He was now a *she*, and a very cute, very girly she at that. She had cute features with a button nose, a heart-shaped face, and broad blue eyes. Her lips were full and had pink glossy lipstick on them, and she even had slightly rosy cheeks as well. She tapped her bare foot on the

ground, sighing whenever Carmine looked in Clementine's direction, almost welling up with tears.

"Clementine, I must tell you something," Carmine said on the screen. "And that is . . ."

'Tune in next time on Love in a Season to find out Carmine's important words!"

Nicole groaned. "Are they for real!?"

Skyler actually screamed a little. "No! That's way too unfair! They can't drag this out another week, Nicole! I need to know what happens next or I'll seriously cry!"

Nicole laughed. "Wow, and I thought I was into this show, but you're on another level, bestie."

Skyler blinked. Something was off. Wrong, somehow. She looked down at her breasts, at her pink clothing and cute little skirt. She smacked her lips together, tasting her favourite pink lipstick. She knew she was a woman, a total girly girl even by Nicole's standards, all into fashion and boys and makeup and cheerful colours and cute animals and crying at all the big moments in any given piece of media. But . . . wasn't she meant to be a guy? She could remember being Scott, the grumpy but otherwise nice boyfriend of Nicole. Hell, she could remember having sex with the woman, though weren't they also besties now? Total girly BFFs?

"Um, Nicole?"

"Yeah, Skyler?"

"Do I look different to you?"

Nicole squinted. "You're right! I didn't even notice the pig-tails. Super cute look!"

Skyler blushed. They were a super cute look, but it was all wrong.

"But I'm meant to be a guy, right?"

"What? No way! You're literally the most feminine person I know by a long shot, Skyler. Besides, this is our *girls'* night, remember? Our girly girl girl's night?"

Skyler winced. It was. She was a girly girl, now. Somehow, watching the program had made her change into her current self, or some sort of alternate universe version of herself. A version that caught up with Nicole so they could watch reality TV romance together and then . . . paint their nails together.

"Oh God," she said. "I think I'm gonna hurl."

"Why's that?" Nicole asked. "What's going on?"

"My shirt," she said. "I wanted hot pink. But this is just pastel pink! Yuck!"

Nicole giggled. "Oh, Skyler. Never change."

Skyler could only wince awkwardly, coming to terms with her new self. "You know, I think I already have."

The End