

A Bitter Pill to Swallow

For Dominik Farraro

By TheSpiralledEye

The convention hall was packed, I could feel sweat starting to form on the back of my neck from the heat and my own nerves. Rob was the same, on the outside he was cool as a cucumber but I knew him better than that; I could see the eager, hopeful glint in his eyes. The man was about to explode from excitement.

“Don’t get your hopes up.” I whispered as we made their way through the crowd. “It’s called a lucky draw for a reason, you might not get picked.”

“A man can only dream, don’t tell me you’re not feeling exactly the same way, James.”

“Yeah, but I am tempering my expectations.”

We grabbed a floor map and quickly began to scan the list of names. The annual tech convention was a place where startups and companies showed off their latest prototypes; always hoping to catch the eye of investors. These sorts of events used to just be for rich kids with too much money and time on their hands; but in the age of the internet and kickstarter though, catering to the public was also an option.

So when we saw in the paper that Metamorphic Inc had a stall set up and were doing random draws to try their new transformation pills; we had almost fallen over with excitement. Metamorphic Inc was legendary in the LGBTQ community for having developed the technology to change people’s physical bodies to that of the opposite sex. Of course it took a long time and several treatments but apparently they had cracked the code to make things happen instantly, even if it was only temporary.

One little pill and our secret fantasy of becoming a woman for a day would be ours. Neither of us were trans, at least I wasn’t. It was purely curiosity, okay curiosity and a bit of a fetish but come on? Who hadn’t wondered what it would feel like to be the opposite sex?

Eventually we found the stage with a small crowd gathered in front, the Metamorpho Inc symbol emblazoned on a banner nearby. A woman with platinum blonde curls and a bright, movie star smile was standing before a microphone, urging people to come and join in.

“Just write your name on a slip.” She instructed, “And I shall draw out five random winners! You can take the pill in private of course but we’ll give a bonus gift card to our clothing shop to anybody who transforms on stage for all of us to witness!”

Nobody seemed to be keen on that idea for obvious reasons; gift card or no.

“And if you want some proof.” She winked, “This is what I looked like an hour ago!”

She pointed to a projector screen showing a slightly balding man in his thirties with a flat nose and pudgy features. I did my best not to look jealous; it was hard to believe this cover girl before us had once been...that.

Rob and I both wrote down our names and got in line, dropping the slips into the bowl with a tiny, silent prayer of luck before rejoining the crowd. The woman on stage gave us all that movie star smile and reached into the glass bowl to draw out a name. She called out one I didn't recognise, then another and another. A lump began to form in my throat and my palms started to sweat. I knew I'd wanted this but it wasn't until now, with a chance so close, that I realised just how badly. The woman reached into the bowl again to bring out the final name and I held his breath. Next to me I could see Rob crossing his fingers.

“Robert Garland!”

I felt my jaw drop; Rob got picked!

“Wow! Thank you!” Rob practically skipped up onto the stage to collect his pill.

Bitter jealousy swirled in my gut as I forced myself to smile and clap. Rob returned to me from the stage beaming with the little pink pill balanced on his palm. I had to force myself to stay still; the desire to snatch the little miracle pill from him.

“You should go back up on stage.” I urged, “let everybody see the change happen.”

“Are you sure?” Rob shifted and his cheeks turned pink.

“Absolutely, everybody here is just eager to see the tech work after all. They're not a bunch of pervs.”

It was a lie and I knew it, judging from the look of most of the men here they were just like us; fetishists who were hoping to luck out. My envy was poisonous though; if Rob was going to get our wish come true instead of me I could at least take solace in his humiliation.

“Plus we can get you something to wear at the clothing gift shop.” I pointed out.

“I guess.” Rob demurred, suddenly seemingly nervous as he turned to face the woman. “I’ll change on stage!”

The crowd roared and my small taste of satisfaction dulled and Rob’s face brightened at the attention. I didn’t think I was hiding my jealousy very well but he was too excited to notice. I watched as my friend stepped up on stage and the Metamorphic Inc representative instructed him to strip down to his underwear.

“To avoid your clothing being damaged.” She explained.

Rob did as instructed, popped the pill and we all held our breath. For a few seconds there was nothing but a silence that slowly became awkward. Almost a full minute passed before Rob began to shift a little, as if trying to get comfortable on his feet, and I saw the transformation starting.

It was subtle, his facial features melting and shifting slightly like wax into something softer, more delicate. His lips grew pinker and full and his eyelashes seemed to get darker. The changes seemed to flow down his body from his head, shoulders sloping and his hair slowly growing out into long, dark waves.

The crowd began to murmur as the anticipation built; it was getting close to the main event. All eyes were glued to Rob’s chest, all except mine. I stayed focused on his face, I wanted to know what he was *feeling*. As his chest began to shape and fill his lips opened and a small gasp escaped; I couldn’t tell if it was pleasure or pain. I suspected the former but hoped for the latter out of pure spite.

After a while though, even I couldn’t stop my eyes from roaming over the rest of his changing body. The breaststroke which had started off small and sweet were now round melons with pert, prominent nipples. They looked like they had some weight to them and my heart ached with jealousy watching as Rob’s hands cupped them in wonder.

I’d felt a woman’s breasts before but feeling that soft flesh on your own body would be something else. Something I desperately wanted to experience.

The crowd sucked in a collective breath when Rob let out a startled cry. His eyes and ours went to the front of his briefs. Thank God he'd worn them and not boxers; it meant that we all had a front row seat watching the bulge in his trousers slowly disappear and take on a different yet distinctive mound.

Could he feel the wetness there? Was it warm? Some men even yelled out these questions and more but I forced myself to stay silent. Even if it meant biting the inside of my cheek so hard it hurt.

Rob's transformation came to an end and instead of my friend on stage it was now a busty brunette with a face flushed with delight. The woman running the draw handed over a bra and slowly helped Rob into it while we all watched gawking. She was talking again, probably spruiking the pills and how this was obvious proof they worked, but I wasn't listening. I was watching Rob skip down the stairs toward me, beaming with happiness. His breaststroke jiggled with each little jump and I couldn't take my eyes off them. I probably looked like a massive perv but I couldn't help it.

"You want her?" Chuckled the older man next to me.

"I want to be her." I admitted before I could stop myself.

"Oh my goodness, James." Rob breathed, even his voice was different. "This is incredible! Even just walking feels so different it's like...I can't find the words to describe it!"

"Try." The order came out colder than I intended, not that Rob noticed.

"Well, I can feel bits of me moving differently to the rest of me. Bouncing around, oh and not having anything hanging between my legs! It's surreal! I can feel my pussy-cat rubbing with each step. It's so...naughty, I don't know how women stand it!"

He didn't even care that people were overhearing this, or staring at this woman standing in nothing but her underwear in the middle of the convention floor.

"Maybe we should get you some clothes." I suggested.

"Oh yeah! I have that gift card to the Metamorpho Inc shop to collect!"

I thought watching Rob walk around half naked was bad but shopping with him was even worse. Apparently the whole "women spend forever shopping" thing is true no matter what

because Rob spent an hour umming and aching over different outfits. Showing off his ass in mini skirts and tight fitting jeans, then deliberating between halter tops and plunging necklines. It was a nightmare. Watching as he sighed happily, taking in the soft texture of the clothes on his fresh skin. It looked so smooth: more than once I reached out to touch before pulling back.

“Did they say when they’ll be releasing it to the public?” I asked one of the sales women, hoping I sounded more curious than desperate.

“The pills?” She replied. “Oh a long while, so expensive to make! I think they are only special orders for now, costs and arm and a leg just for a day’s worth.”

My heart sank further.

“James! There is a club around the corner!” Rob cried as he approached me in his latest outfit, scrappy heels, tight skirt and tube top. “Let’s go dance! I want to shake my new money maker before it disappears tomorrow!”

I grit my teeth.

“Sounds great.” I lied.

Rob smiled obviously, looping his arm through mine like we were damn lovers walking through the park and began to move.

I couldn’t believe I’d missed my one chance, no, I refused. Metamorphic Inc had to be doing more raffles at tech shows in other cities. I’d find out, I’d enter them all if that’s what it took.

I was going to get my hands on one of those little pink pills if it was the last thing I ever did.