*More Than Friends*

Down a small suburb where the laughter of children enjoying themselves were considered ambience and the neighbors greeted each other with smiles. One outlier to the community was the foreboding house that stood on its lonesome at the very end of the street. Flanked by tall oak showering the place in emerald amber whenever the sun was at its brightest, the place seemed to exude a tranquil aura far different from that of the rest of the neighborhood. Owned by the Carlisle Family, the group consisted of Benjamin and Bertha Carlisle alongside their one and only son; Isaac Carlisle. Most people thought of the Carlisle's in a positive light, citing them as being charitable folk with hearts of gold, treating all with equal amounts of love and respect with their adorable son being just the sweetest little boy they had ever seen.

If only they knew what truly happened behind those doors…

In truth, the smile on Isaac's face was nothing but a mask, a brittle facsimile of the actual thing he showed to no one but a special friend of his. Someone he met behind his parent's back whenever the two were out of the house for work.



A rough hewn kid from down the street. Tetch was a ruffian from an orphanage located somewhere closer to the city. Yet, he would always frequent Isaac's neighborhood after a chance encounter would turn the two estranged kids into close knit friends. Originally a rogue prankster who would spray paint on cars, plant whoopee cushions under carpets and annoy the ever living heck out of others, Tetch would throw in the curtain once he got to know this strange kid who didn't know the first thing about playing catch or football. Tetch was Isaac's escape from his closed in word and Isaac was Tetch's mentor, telling him all about the stuff he would never get to learn about in school since his orphanage was, to quote his own words; *'a pretty shiet ruddy hole'*. It was an enjoyable experience that made the hardships he suffered at home a little more bearable.

Using their angelic reputation with the community to hide their tortuous misdeeds, Isaac's parents held no love for their child with Bertha wanting a daughter, she treated Isaac like a diseased scab, flicked aside to be forgotten. And Benjamin was no different, being more of a father to hooch than he was to his biological offspring. But things weren't always this way…

Back when Isaac had still been too young to walk, his family was in the dumps. Living in a rundown flat with dwindling supplies in the pantry and little money to their name, Benjamin and Bertha worked as hard as they could to turn it all over when terrible times had befallen them right after Isaac had been born. And within such a hellish environment, stress to make ends meet and fear for tomorrow would begin to fester. And the two were ripe ingredients to sow distrust and desperation.

Even though they would end up pulling through and earning their life back, their irrational hatred of their son, who they saw as an ill omen with plans to eject him from the house once he had come of age, had taken over any love they might have had for him…and it didn't help that Benjamin was as devout a follower in some scam of a religious group whose 'Father' had branded Isaac a black sheep…it was a miracle Isaac remained the pure soul he was despite all that had been inflicted upon him.

But maybe he had Tetch to thank for it all. The boy was like the one slice of family he never truly had. A brother, a friend and most importantly, someone who wasn't blinded or swayed by his family's words and accepted him for who he was.

Every night, the broken boy would go to sleep hungry and cold on the floor of his empty bedroom, wishing that Tetch had been his brother, only for him to hesitate when he realized that his parents would probably end up tormenting him as well…but that was because Isaac was still too young to realize the truth behind it all. But it was a wish he still held close to his heart nonetheless.

And on a chilly winter's eve, a wayward being flitting through the night sky would halt on its endless journey after sensing immense pain and sorrow emanating from a single soul in the sleepy suburbs. Being highly attuned to the hearts of men both good and evil, the otherworldly creature was drawn to investigate the source of this thick miasma of negativity, coming across the seemingly innocuous boy before peering into his dreams, his mind. And what it saw it did not like, as it's flowing from shivers in righteous rage.

But its hand would be stayed as it listens to the boy's heartfelt wish; a family to love and be loved by including a dirty orphan whose glimmering heart shone brighter than most self styled righteous folk. And it was this boy that the creature saw as the best solution for all their problems….but not without some…shall we say 'minor' alterations here and there.

With Isaac's wish in mind, the being performs a curious dance around the sleeping boy as he lifts off the floor, waving its leaf like arms while swaying it's bulbous body in a mesmerizing display as particles of light and ethereal wisps begin to manifest, lighting the darkness while objects begin to shift and form from nothing. A bed for the tired child to sleep on with a nightstand next to it, bookshelves stocked with children's reading material, a desk laden with pencils and a sketchbook. Within seconds, the prison had been transformed into an ordinary room fit for a growing preschooler.

Over in another bedroom converted into storage however, something similar was taking place with most of the boxes being repurposed into weathered yet well cared for furniture that had seen equal love and use. But unlike Isaac's brand new room where it was clearly catered to the interests of a boy his age. This room sported rock band posters dotting faded pink wallpaper alongside a large wardrobe set against the far wall decked out in girl's attire like thin strapped singlets, hot shorts, sundresses etc. The outfits were as varied as the underwear was, ranging from cute cotton panties to salacious lingerie obviously kept aside for whenever the time came to woo the heart of whoever it's wearer would want to show it to.

And as a high end desktop tagged with adorable lion stickers arranges itself below a polished mahogany desk, the familiar figure of Tetch would mysteriously appear half groggy and awake stop the new king sized bed that had likewise taken up its new position right by the window.

Before he could utter a word on why the heck he had been teleported into a girl's room. The young orphan breaks out into a fit of cold sweat as he topples off the bed mid step into a crumpled heap on the floor. It was sudden, but it felt like something cold and immaterial had pricked his spine with the intent of sapping his body of all its energy. He could barely even croak as he crawled forward, unwilling to give in despite the unfamiliar surroundings and the suddenness of what he could only assume to be an attack.

As he continues his futile escape however, Tetch's body begins to lengthen and grow, signaled by scrawny limbs elongating into healthy, full arms and legs pumped with strong muscle layered over tender fat and supple flesh. Connected to a rejuvenating torso no longer looking like an emaciated mummy but that of a female bodybuilder as fleshy mounds waste no time in shredding the taut t shirt Techt had been wearing as his rapidly aging form outgrows the tiny thing, giving his newly grown set of sagging D cup breasts room to flop and drag against the floor, stimulating highly sensitive inverted nipples and alerting the boy to what was happening in the dark, jerking in fright and feeling strange extensions especially prominent in his rear and front jiggle in the wake of his sudden movement.

Terrified of all the alien sensations rocking his increasingly alien body while being completely blind to the changes. Tetch's slow belly flop soon earns himself a solid navel lined with subtle musculature pressing up against smooth skin bereft of dirt and scabs, set in the middle of broad hips framing a pulsing womb connected to a foreign void between long sexy legs tapering off into large feet tipped with dainty toes mush like how the individual digits adorning the end of his, or rather her lengthier arms bore pink polished shells. Coinciding her prepubescent face speeding through her early teens, wincing in pain as her wimpish cry deepens before escalating into an erotic moan as a long dripping tongue lols in the air between pert lips on a face that was both handsome and alluring, slant eyes half opened in a haze of exhaustion and erotic bliss while her nubile young body bucks in the throes of a sudden orgasm caused by her new nerves and organs firing up, flooding her system with female hormones and feel good chemicals to make the mental reformation of her brain that much smoother as neuron probing fingers slide insdide her heated ears before prodding at her vulnerable brain, shocking synapses and jolting her hippocampus with new memories of an entirely different life that instantly overwhelms Tetch's comparatively minute history…with the exception of one certain individual whose place in her life was rapidly gaining massive import. Going from friend to…

*‘Isaac…I need he…help…where's …my brother?’*

Instead of a few months spent getting to know him and teaching him the ropes behind backyard games. Techt now remembered much more; helping her parents around the house when she was still a young teenager, caring for her baby brother in her parent's stead, encouraging her Ma and Pa when everything seemed lost. She had been the shining star of the family, giving them hope when there was none, and being the one who spent the most time alongside Isaac even when their parents finally won out. Moving into this comfy, affordable home where they could be a proper family together. With Isaac soon about to begin his primary education, **Tanya Carlisle**, the family’s ‘newest’ and oldest child was more than ready to be by his side if the need ever arose. After so many years spent raising him as if she were his mother, the tomboy had developed a soft side to her. One she never showed others besides Isaac, the sole recipient of her unconditional love…until the day came when she would come to meet her fated lover of course.

With the bending of reality and the resultant placing of Techt into the Carlisle bloodline as their firstborn daughter, the troubles and stress of living that dark moment in Benjamin and Bertha’s lives were relieved. Giving Benjamin a level headed mind to see the lies behind the sinful hands that would lead him astray and for Bertha’s workload to never push her over the edge. As a result of that, Isaac would be raised as any normal son should be; by a family of understanding souls that bounced off of each other for support…but Tanya was the inarguable heart and glue that held them all together, a fact firmly cemented in Isaac’s mind as he curls up in bed, happier than before.

As new clothes fitting her new stature materializes over her buxom body in the form of a long sleeved yellow crop top that exposed her bountiful cleavage and incredibly short shorts that left her plump thighs and creamy tummy open to grace the subtle lick of the cool evening air, the sloppily dressed tomboy rises to her feet with a groan. Shaking her throbbing head while clasping a hand over her heated navel, she felt feverish and tired, as if she’d just run track without stopping for a water break. But more importantly, had she been sleepwalking? Why was she sprawled out on the floor outside the hallway in the dead of night? Questions that would soon be answered as a little gurgle in her throat forces her to double over alongside a sudden blow to her unsuspecting braincase; a hangover as a result of drinking a little too much during a small chat with her father and mother earlier about her future in pursuing music while balancing college life. With small traces of her past self surviving in her slang prolific speech pattern.

**“Ugh! What a pounder! Knew I shouldn’t have tried Da’s stash…”**

Stumbling further down the corridor with a hand cupped over her mouth, Tanya stops a door short of the bathroom before glancing over towards her brother’s bedroom, opening it gently without a noise before peering in to gaze upon the small, delicate profile of her baby bro fast asleep…Before another belching lurch has her quickly running to empty her bowels of everything she had eaten at dinner last night, unaware of the new life she had been planted into alongside her former friend-turned-sibling as the satisfied perpetrator gives Isaac one last glance before phasing through his windows and out into the night sky, fading away with the first rays of dawn peering over the horizon.

After that night, Isaac’s life would be hit by the occasional sense of deja vu every so often whenever he was treated well by his parents or when Tanya was there to coddle him like a mother bear while bringing him along to help out at an orphanage downtown where her presence was deeply appreciated by both the caretakers and children. It was an odd feeling that told him something was…off…with his life. But without the knowledge of a time long since erased, the periodic relapses of old traumas would soon fade for the better. Firmly believing that this life had always been the one for him. And with the bestest big sister in the world, how could it not?

*THE END*