

Helping A Friend

A short story by Henry Cavanaugh

Carl had seen Tiffany heartbroken numerous times before but this time things really did feel different. On the surface she looked fine - there had barely even been any tears when he'd visited her the day after the latest breakup - but there was something lingering beneath that left Carl deeply concerned.

As her self-appointed (and perhaps occasionally overbearing) Gay Best Friend, he willingly made Tiffany's lovelife and wellbeing partially his responsibility. While he hadn't actually set her up with Max, she had seemed happy during the nine month duration of their relationship and he had been encouraging of their partnership. Now he had a serious amount of egg on his face, all because Max didn't know how to keep his cock in his pants! What a typical dudebro. Carl himself had dated a number like them in the past; they were often the worst in the bedroom too! Any guy who made the gym a major part of their personality wasn't worth it in his oh-so-humble opinion.



Having received a text message from Tiffany that was less of a request for his companionship and more of a demand, Carl had quickly gotten himself dressed up in a stylish outfit and then into the back of an Uber. Tiffany had said very little other than that she had a bottle of wine that she wanted to crack open and that she wanted to hear how his week had been. That second part was definitely a total lie - Carl loved Tiffany but he was well aware that she was a self-centered individual. She pretended to listen to him (and was often convincing) but it was a minor miracle if Tiffany ever remembered the name of the latest guy that Carl was texting. Still, she was well connected and had no qualms about throwing her wealth around so it wasn't as if he wasn't getting anything out of their friendship. He could tolerate a little self-centeredness when it got him into some of the most exclusive parties in the city and chatting with guys who would otherwise be out of reach for him.

The expectation that Tiffany would use their wine-fuelled evening to rant about douchebag Max and his cheating ways was initially correct but then things took a turn for the bizarre. Tiffany explained that she had a highly important request and Carl was

absolutely the only person she trusted to see it through. Such cryptic suggestions were quick to arouse the young gay man's interest but when he pried for further details, Tiffany refused to indulge him until he promised that he wouldn't call her crazy or give her any pitying looks. "You're not about to ask me to kill Max, are you?" Carl replied, unable to hide the grin from his face. Tiffany briefly smiled in response but the expression didn't quite meet her eyes. "Fine, I promise. What is it you need?"

Reaching into her handbag, Tiffany searched inside for a few moments before producing a small ring box and opening it up. Carl's eyes bulged as he stared at the item within: a golden band with a small circular emerald set upon it. It looked incredibly expensive but also somewhat gaudy; definitely not the kind of thing that Tiffany would ever be seen wearing. "This is a ring of possession," she declared, her voice steady and serious despite the outlandish claim. "I want you to wear it, possess this guy I've been trying to get with and then... then I want you to have sex with me."

Wine burst forth from Carl's mouth as he listened to his friend. "You want me to *what?!?*" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, still recovering from his unexpected spit take. "Possess a guy? Have sex with you?!" Carl seriously couldn't believe that those were words that had left his lips. Despite his earlier promises, he was already looking at Tiffany like she'd grown a second head. There was no way she was actually being serious, was there? "Do I need to remind you how very *homo* I am, Miss Tiffany?! Tits and pussy don't exactly get my guy parts going!"

Tiffany pursed her lips for a moment in a look of frustration. "Stop being so dramatic and hear me out," she said somewhat coolly, "I'm not wrong about this ring. I've used it myself." She bristled and shook her head. "Forget it, maybe you're not the sort of friend that I thought you were."

Even though he knew that her comment was fishing for a reaction out of him, Carl fell for it hook, line and sinker. "Excuse you, I'm *totally* your best friend," he insisted, "That just doesn't change the fact that I'm one-hundred percent gay and even in another man's body, I don't see how we're going to be compatible." He didn't mention that back in his formative years he'd had a recurring fantasy of being somebody else, a fantasy that was born out of his closeted self-loathing and often featured him living as one of his high school bullies. After coming out and making peace with his sexuality, Carl had left those fantasies in the past - or at least he thought he had...

"You adopt the sexuality of the person you're possessing," Tiffany countered, her lips ever so slowly spreading into a smirk. "Trust me, I tried it out for myself to make sure."

"Wait wait *wait*, you possessed a lesbian? Tiffany, why I never--"

“No, I possessed a *straight guy*,” Carl’s BFF interjected. “Max, to be specific. After he cheated I wanted to see what the big deal with his new girl was so I used this ring, slipped into him and... well, I had no issue getting it up for her!” Of all the explanations that Tiffany could have given, this one felt particularly unexpected. Carl’s mind spun as he tried to picture it all in his head - Tiffany’s petite body sinking into Max’s muscular frame and then her taking some skanky hoe into Max’s bedroom to have her way with. It was almost too much! Had he knocked his head at some point in the journey over? Was this some wild coma dream?

Tiffany used Carl’s stunned silence as permission to further elaborate on her unconventional request of him: “Anyway, there’s this guy I keep seeing at my gym, Zach. Very basic white boy vibes but he’s got a great body and a sexy voice. He must be wrong in the head though because he’s barely looked at me twice and keeps chasing this redheaded loser chick. Whatever. He’d look great with me and I need you to show him just how much fun we could have together. One fuck, Carl, that’s all I’m asking for.”

As she spoke, Tiffany pulled up Zach’s Instagram page and held her phone out for Carl to inspect the man’s latest posts. His profile described him as a fitness influencer and his content was exactly what Carl expected from such an individual: an endless scroll of shirtless, flexing thirst traps! He definitely understood what his friend meant when she described Zach as giving “basic white boy vibes” but Carl didn’t totally hate that. The other man’s round face and prominent cheeks gave him an oddly adorable appearance upon a very solidly built body. He was exactly the type of guy that Carl would try his luck at should he show up on Grindr, but it would be for a one night thing rather than anything long term.



The idea that Tiffany wanted him to effectively manipulate Zach into a relationship with her played upon Carl’s moral compass but the more photos he looked through, the more he began to realize that his mind had already been made up. If what Tiffany was saying was true, it would be a once in a lifetime opportunity not just to occupy a muscular body but also one of a white man! Was he really going to let such a unique possibility pass him by?

“So... let’s say I agree,” Carl started slowly, “How does it happen? Do I just put the ring on and *bam*, I’m in his body?” Even though he was desperately trying to keep himself

from getting too excited, the thought of curling Zach's large arms and prompting his biceps to bulge had caused the young gay man's heart rate to elevate.

"Not quite that simple. You wear the ring and then have to make physical contact with him," Tiffany explained in a perfectly neutral voice as if she was discussing something as mundane as her grocery order. "Luckily for us, I know what bar he's going to be at tonight. I'll distract him, you get behind him and then... he's *ours*." A shiver ran down Carl's spine. Was he really going to go through with this? *Of course you are, you'd be a dumbass to let this pass you by!*

No less than half an hour later, Carl was following Tiffany into a fancy bar with a jaw-dropping twenty dollar entrance fee. They quickly scouted Zach with a group of guys, all of whom looked like they'd been juicing for the past five years. Zach had squeezed his muscles into a long-sleeved dark gray tee and a pair of tight-fitting jeans that were matched with some branded sneakers that Carl was pretty sure he'd seen being advertised at a cost of eight-hundred dollars.

Considering Zach was surrounded by people who could potentially be witnesses to the attempted possession, they had to wait for him to leave the group and it was a full twenty minutes before that happened. After getting the orders from each of his friends, Zach left the table and approached the bar, giving Tiffany the green light to approach. Carl hung back a little, watching impatiently as his friend ensured that the muscular white man was as distracted as could be. As he slipped the ring onto his finger, a shiver ran down Carl's spine and as he looked down at himself he realized that his body had lost its solid quality and he now appeared somewhat opaque!

Knowing that the moment was at hand, Carl charged forward and placed his ring-bearing hand down onto Zach's bulky shoulder. The other man's body tensed, prompting him to go as still as a statue, while Carl endured a sensation unlike anything he'd ever experienced before. He felt like a tiny speck of dust being sucked up by a vacuum for a brief few moments before being slammed into a concrete wall. His vision wavered for a few seconds and then when it finally returned he discovered that he was now face to face with Tiffany. His friend wore a hopeful expression on her pretty face as she cautiously whispered Carl's name. Seeing this uncharacteristic vulnerability from his usually ice cold friend, he couldn't help but have a little fun at her expense.

"Carl? My name's *Zach*," he exclaimed in response, surprising himself with the deep bass that emerged from his new lips. "God, it's like chicks never listen to me! Too busy staring at these giant muscles, huh?" To accentuate his point, Carl raised an arm and flexed his bicep enough to cause the fabric of his shirt some serious strain, while also offering Tiffany a grin as he did so. His friend's face had been flooded with panic for a

brief moment before relaxing into one of relief when 'Zach' started to show off a little too aggressively. "Yeah, yeah, it's me. It worked! I'm sorry for doubting you, Tiff."

Upon this confirmation, Tiffany reached out and placed her hands upon his pecs, giving them a not-so-subtle squeeze as she did so. "Ugh, his body is so *hot*," she purred, her voice gaining a sultry element that Carl had never thought he'd ever be on the end of. Much to his surprise, there was a stirring in his crotch and the front of his pants started to feel a little tighter. *So she was right about that too*, he realized, *I'm straight. That's so many shades of wild... but weirdly hot too?* He was suddenly incredibly aware of just how close Tiffany was to him and the body he currently occupied was definitely rather pleased by this, if the growing length in his pants was anything to go by! He cast his eyes up and down Tiffany, taking in the beautiful delicate features of her face and the curves of her chest and hips, all features that he had never thought twice about in the past. Now they were nothing short of highlights and a surprising but thoroughly arousing thought entered the formerly gay man's mind: *How hot will she look when that dress is on the bedroom floor?*

"You wanna get outta here, babe?" the temporary Zach growled, leaning in close to Tiffany's ear as he spoke. The proximity of their bodies allowed him to take note of how she shivered in delight. It was a scenario that Carl had never himself experienced from this perspective, not just because under usual circumstances he would never dream of chatting up a woman but rather because he was usually adopting a submissive role to other more dominant men. That was the position he was most comfortable in but at that very moment Carl was fascinated by the concept of taking control and giving into the more traditional behaviors of a straight man. His hands had found their way to Tiffany's waist, with one moving even further to the curve of her ass which he then squeezed and in doing so, brought the woman flush against his muscular body.

"Absolutely I do," Tiffany responded, her voice emerging as little more than a desperate moan. Knowing that she was completely wrapped around his finger, Carl led her out of the bar (throwing a wink back at the table of guys Zach had been with who were now all hooting and hollering after him) and out into the street. Minutes later, they were squeezed into the back of the cab, with their lips meeting in what had to be the most passionate kiss Carl had experienced in recent memory. Their obvious horniness garnered a few whispered grumbles of distaste from their driver but the beautiful twenty-somethings didn't advance any further than a couple instances of over the clothes groping and Carl made sure to tip generously upon their exit.

Once they were back at Tiffany's condo, all bets were off. Carl felt like *he* was the one who had been possessed because he was moving entirely on the instincts of a heterosexual man, being guided by Zach's past experiences. Bizarrely he found himself experiencing flashes of the other man's memories as his hands traveled the distance of

Tiffany's body, recalling the countless women that Zach had bedded over the past several years. *No wonder Tiffany never managed to pin him down*, Carl mused as he came to the understanding that the gym bro's preferences were for one-night affairs rather than the long-term relationship that Tiffany was clearly seeking.

The pair had completely shed their clothes by the time they finally made it to the bedroom and Carl's earlier expectations were well and truly met: Tiffany's naked body was a vision of divine beauty. Every inch of her looked like it had been personally crafted by Aphrodite herself and her alluring nature had brought Carl's borrowed cock to rock hard status. A brief glance down confirmed that Zach was actually slightly smaller than Carl's own cock but the white jock certainly wasn't doing bad for himself with a girthy seven inches and a pair of balls packed with virile seed.

After guiding his friend-turned-lover onto the bed, a rational thought broke through the lust-fuelled haze that was otherwise dominating his mind. "Wait, I gotta get a condom," he growled in slight irritation, already beginning to untangle himself from Tiffany's slender limbs. Much to his surprise though, the woman wrapped her hands around his neck and forced him back down into a hungry kiss. The action was enough to force the thought out of Carl's mind entirely and he gave back into the heat of the moment, kissing back with equal fire and grinding his hard cock against Tiffany's thigh.

Mere moments later, Carl was thrusting his manhood between the folds of a vagina for the first time in his life. The tightness around his shaft prompted further growls of arousal to escape his lips that formed a perfect harmony with Tiffany's higher pitched moans of ecstasy. Keeping one strong hand on Tiffany's hip, Carl used the other to reach up and grab at one of her breasts, relishing in the unfamiliar body part under his palm. Despite knowing that he was technically in the process of losing his straight virginity, Carl felt like it was far from his first time. Zach's body was moving with the skill of an adult film star and the noises he was eliciting from Tiffany all but confirmed that it wasn't just his newfound ego suggesting as such.

For the next two hours Carl and Tiffany took turns exploring each other's bodies and by the time they both collapsed back onto the mattress, totally spent and all but begging for sleep, they had each climaxed multiple times. It was single handedly the hottest experience of Carl's life as he'd been able to show off a dominant streak that he'd never even imagined that he could be capable of. The feeling of Tiffany's lips kissing and worshipping each of his muscles had been an incomparable sensation, one that he simply couldn't get enough of.

The pair didn't rise from the bed the next morning until the sun was well above them in the sky and most others were already out and enjoying the day. They said very little as they showered separately and made breakfast plans but once each of them was nursing



their morning coffee, Tiffany finally broached the topic they'd both been avoiding: "You can jump out of his body at any time, you know. He'll remember everything you did as him but think that he was the one in control. Considering how great last night was... well, he won't want it to be a one time thing."

"Yeah, I could do that," Carl mumbled, shrugging one of Zach's broad shoulders in the process. "Or I could just... not. I'm feeling pretty comfortable in here right now." Tiffany gaped at the man across from her, her expression loaded with shock and confusion. "Last night was pretty awesome, right? You can't deny it. I fucked you real good!" A deep guffaw burst forth from his lips as he scratched an itch in his armpit. "I never

knew how good it would feel to be so strong... or how great pussy would taste." This latest remark prompted Tiffany's face to twist into a look of alarm and she glanced around to make sure nobody else in the cafe had overheard him.

"Carl, don't talk like that!" she hissed, leaning across the table towards him, "I think it's time you got out of Zach's body already. You don't really want to be some basic straight white boy, do you? He's exactly the kind of guy you've always told me that you hate!"

Although Tiffany was absolutely right in suggesting that he was acting like the exact type of guy who had always turned his stomach, Carl simply couldn't help but embrace these new behaviors. The thought of leaving Zach's body and going back to being a skinny gay guy simply didn't feel right to him. Sure, it was odd to look down and see a completely different skin tone but it was equally bizarre to take in the pillowy pecs and the hard abs underneath, both of which he'd very quickly grown to appreciate. Maybe being a basic white bro wouldn't be a bad existence for him!

"Nah babe, you aren't getting rid of me so easily," he replied finally, his lips spreading into a smirk as he spoke. "There's still so much I wanna do before I even think about giving this body up! I gotta get to the gym for one - I feel like I could bench press a truck!" During the previous night he had discovered that he had the ability to tense the muscles of his pecs individually and cause them to bounce which he did once again at that moment. To his delight, Tiffany's gaze was instantly fixated on his chest, although this only lasted a brief moment before she seemed to remember that she was supposed to be irritated.

“I’ve created a monster,” she whispered under her breath, knowing that the man across from her was far too distracted by his own muscles to pay her any attention. She was already beginning to mourn the gay best friend who had seen her through so many breakups over the years. She’d had no idea that Zach’s psyche would be so strong that he’d be able to dominate and corrupt Carl. When she had possessed Max she had discovered that he was so weak-willed and empty-headed that she retained a complete sense of self; clearly the same could not be said in this circumstance. The Carl she knew was gone, replaced by an entirely new beast that mimicked Zach as much on the inside as it did on the outside.



With no way to force her friend out of Zach’s body, Tiffany was forced to go along with his desires and hope that he got bored of living the straight gym bro lifestyle soon. Unfortunately that didn’t end up being the case as twelve months later Carl still hadn’t reemerged from within Zach’s flesh, leaving Tiffany without her best friend - and after a tumultuous two month relationship, without her dream boyfriend too! The new Zach turned out to be just as much of a cheat as Max had been and was totally unapologetic about his behavior!

To make matters worse, just a short while after the breakup Tiffany discovered that she was carrying the new Zach’s child. She’d always wanted to be a mother one day but she’d dreamed that it would happen with a loving husband by her side, not as a single woman emerging from a relationship with a self-absorbed douchebag. More than anything Tiffany wished that she could express her despair to her gay best friend, the one person who had always given her the best advice, but Carl was long gone. All that was left behind was the father of Tiffany’s child and he seemed totally uninterested in having anything more to do with her or their offspring...