

# AARON'S GIRLFRIEND

## Chapter 1



By Bewci

We all have that one person in our life who matters the most. Someone we could die for. For me, he was my best friend, Aaron. We were so young that I hardly remember the first time we met each other. We went to the same school and graduated from the same college. I am 6'2", while he is 5'10", yet, he was better at every sport than me. Aaron and I played games, picked fights, pulled pranks, and lived the best moments of our lives together. I've ditched three chicks because they didn't like him. I couldn't care less about my boss, Mr. Dale. Aaron and I work as sales product managers but in different automobile companies, Ford and GM motors, respectively. As competitors, Mr. Dale asked me to get insider information from Aaron. In other words, he asked me to betray my friendship with him and jeopardize his career. I packed my bag and quit my job without a second thought.

"Holy shit," I whispered, sitting in the driver's seat with my hands on the steering wheel, "I just did that." It took me fifteen minutes to calm down and register what I had done. I had to find another job to not go bankrupt. While I was contemplating in solitude, my phone rang. It was Aaron. I pressed the chiming green button. "Hey!" I called with an enthusiastic tone. "Hey, David! How's it going?! You busy?" he asked.

"Yeah, no. Everything's good," I muttered. "Okay, I wanted you to come to have dinner with Britt and me at

the Keg tonight!” he spoke with the most cheerful voice I’ve ever heard.

I sighed. It was not the best moment for me to visit an expensive restaurant. “Bro, you alright?” he asked with slight concern. I broke the awkward silence and said, “Yeah, sure! I’ll be there! What’s the occasion?”

“It’s our first anniversary since Britt and I first met!” he exclaimed.

“Oh, how could I forget that?!” My face crumpled in embarrassment. “So, you are coming, right? Don’t worry, I’m paying the bills!” he snapped me back from my trail of thoughts.

“Is Britt okay with this? It sounds too personal and intimate for me to interfere,” I murmured.

Britt would mind. She may be a brunette bombshell, but she is one of those girls who would watch a lot of crime dramas and be suspicious of her boyfriend trying to kill her. She’s too agreeable to the point that she believes life is a Disney movie. She loves to party and drink with her friends. I’m not that person who’s too much into social gatherings. And Britt won’t like me sitting across the table, spoiling the perfect romantic scene between her and her boyfriend.

“Nah, man! She’s fine! It’s been a while since I met you. We’re all so busy in our worlds we hardly get to sit together and talk. You have to come,” Aaron asserted.

“Uh, okay, fine. I’ll be there,” I reluctantly agreed.

“That's great!" he cheered. “We'll meet at 8?””

"Yeah, alright," I said before the conversation ended.

I turned on my red Chevrolet Malibu and dashed out of the parking lot. As much as I hated the circumstances of our visit, I needed it. I got home, took a shower, freshened myself, and wore a casual mahogany suit for the night. I put on my Rolex and lucky shoes and walked out of my apartment. The night was young. I went back to my car and headed off towards The Keg restaurant.

It took me only ten minutes to get there. It was 19:45. I parked in front of the restaurant. Rows of cars stood alongside me. The place looked like a residential house with slanted rooftops and dull walls, except that it was one of the best-rated restaurants in Ontario. I stared at the big glowing red neon lights atop the porch roof that spelled THE KEG in bold letters. I stalled for fifteen minutes until I saw Aaron and Britt enter the restaurant.

I was mortified by the beckoning interaction with Aaron and Britt. I cringed at the thought of telling them I lost my job, even more embarrassing would be to explain the reason behind it. I walked out of the car and slowly

approached the restaurant's entrance. I pushed the door open and was greeted with smiling faces.

"Welcome, sir," a young man in a uniform greeted me with a slight bowing of his head. I nodded with a smile and walked past him.

"Woah," I murmured. The place was beautiful. The ceiling was adorned with golden lanterns and white porcelain that reflected the light emitting from the roof and the walls. The brown and yellow injected a soothing warmth into the atmosphere, calming my nerves. The place was filled with people, with only a few tables vacant. Then, I saw a hand waving at me. It was Aaron. He looked dashing in a black and red suit with a sleek hairstyle. "Hah! Right on time!" he exclaimed as we clasped hands together and hugged me. Britt followed suit, standing up and hugging me with a cordial smile. She was in a beautiful maroon dress that dazzled under the warm light.

We sat together around the table on cushiony chairs. Aaron said, "I was just about to order the appetizers. Britt and I have decided. What would you like, David?" I shuffled through the menu in front of me and said, "Um, Baked Bries?"

He waved at a waiter and ordered it. "So, David, it's been a while," Britt said, "we've missed you, you know?"

"Yeah, me too." I chuckled and nodded. "So, how's life?" she asked. She hit the nail right on the head. "Um, it-it's great!" I fumbled, struggling to come up with a white lie.

Aaron had ordered Calamari, and Britt was having crispy fried cauliflowers. We had casual chit-chat with each other while the appetizers vanished off of our plates. "So, Aaron, you still watch NHL?" I asked. "Of course! I would never stop watching that sport!" he responded.

I was elated. I enthusiastically leaned forward to talk about the old times when we used to play hockey. Britt called in the waiter and ordered soup. I eagerly told her how Aaron used to have these tricks up his sleeve to defeat the opposing team. "Once, he carried the puck alone like a champion and hit the goal!"

"Really?" Britt smiled at Aaron. I didn't stop singing praises of my friend until Britt interjected and asked, "Well, anything about Aaron that bothers you?"

"Um, yes, there is one thing," I said, gesturing with my index finger. Aaron curiously asked, "What? What did I do?!"

"We've been having this debate for like two years now, and he still won't budge from his proposition. He says that Nico Hischier deserves to be the captain of the New Jersey Devils and play in the NHL. But, on the other

hand, I think he's overrated!" I shrugged my shoulders with a conniving smile.

"But he is! Goddamn it, I thought this discussion was over!" he guffawed.

"Oh, it was far from over! Remember, we bet a hundred dollars on him in the last match?! You owe me that money!" I laughed.

"I can't believe it! How did you win? He earned the title of captain!" Aaron said with wide, surprised eyes.

"Yeah, but have you seen his points? He hasn't even crossed 70!" I smirked.

"So what?!" he asked.

"Bruh, I thought you knew better. 82 points. That's what it takes to be a superstar?" I said with a sarcastic tone.

"Sure, I knew that. But that doesn't mean Nico doesn't have the potential. Remember when he played his first match and got the rookie award? If they have him as the captain, they see something in him that we can't. So that means I win the bet!" Aaron chuckled.

"Do you know who a real player is? Connor McDavid. He has scored 119 points! Your argument doesn't make any sense to me! See his potential? What about results?! The New Jersey Devil is one of the NHL's bottom-

ranking teams! Nico doesn't even make a good leader!" I argued.

Britt rolled her eyes and took a sip of her soup. Aaron and I kept throwing jabs at each other while keeping our voices down as the skirmish was turning the eyes of strangers. Britt ordered the main course while the conversation went on.

Lost in the debate, I felt a hand tap me on the shoulder. I turned around and saw Britt standing beside me. "Mind if I say something?" she asked.

I was taken aback by Britt's livid expression. I was so into the argument that I didn't realize she was left alone in the group. She took my silence as a yes. "What happened?" Aaron asked.

"You two fight like a couple," she muttered in a raspy voice.

"What?" I was taken slightly aback by her statement. "I think you'll be a good wife to him," her voice resonated with a vibration.

"What the... Agh!" I yelped out a muffled scream as the world spun in front of my eyes. "Agh... what's happening... ugh," I groaned, squinting my eyes from the throbbing pain in my head. My vision blurred as I tried to focus on Aaron sitting across the table. "What the fuck?" I whispered in a higher tone. Britt was



standing beside me, staring at me. I looked at her, then down at myself, petrified, seeing two orbs growing and forming massive gaping cleavage on my chest. My clothes scrunched and morphed into Britt's dress. Long wavy dark brown locks trickled around my face and shoulders as I looked down. I ran my fingers through a few strands in disbelief. "Britt! Stop this!" Somehow, I knew she was doing this to me. My hands stroked my cheeks. Every part of my body felt soft and squishy to touch. My heart pounded in my chest.

I looked back at Britt and gasped in horror. I struggled to breathe, looking at my face staring back at me with a wide grin. Everything was suspended in time. Every person was still like somebody had pressed the pause button on the universe.

I screamed, "What did you do to me?!" I saw the reflection of my face in her eyes. My dreadful anticipation had come true. I was in Britt's body.

The world was set back into motion. She had vanished. I looked towards every corner of the restaurant, yet she was nowhere to be found.

I could hear a soothing music playing in the background, something I hadn't noticed earlier because of the argument. I panicked, looking down at the soup sitting on the table in front of me. "Wow, you look gorgeous," Aaron said to me. I looked at him with dilated eyes,

panting like a mule. “Britt, are you alright?!” I felt his hands on top of my shoulders. “Hey, Britt!” I saw his worried face and tried to speak, but I was so fear-struck that I could hardly make a sound. My head spun, and my vision blurred again, causing me to collapse and fade to black...

(Part 2 coming tomorrow)