

ICE-REAPER

(Bring out the real you)



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“Ice Reaper... Bring out the real you?” Walter muttered the name on the packet. “Yes, the real Walter that I knew six months ago! You need to forget about Jessica and live for yourself!” Tony exclaimed, “Give it to me. Let me put it in your freezer.”

Tony took the ice cube packet and put it in Walter’s refrigerator. He returned to the couch and said, “You remember the cold showers we used to take? That’s what you need right now, but much better!” he continued, “The company that I work for has launched this new product. Ice Reaper. It kills your old slobby, procrastinating self and rejuvenates your body and mind like a cold shower. You don’t have to take a bath with it. You can just use the ice cubes by rubbing it on your skin. The cubes are laden with vital elements that will literally change you! The weight you gained in the last six months will be gone in a few weeks! The depression will vanish in a few days! It will fix you, for sure.”

“Can it fix my broken heart? Erase my memories?!” Walter asked, his lips trembling while his eyes brimmed. Tony sighed and replied, “To be honest, I can’t say. But it will help you to stop killing yourself over it and choose what you want in your life.”

Walter sat in silence. “Just try it once, alright? If you don’t like it, then it’s fine,” said Tony. Walter nodded and whispered, “Okay.”

Walter went to the refrigerator that night to fetch a water bottle and saw the ice cubes in the freezer. He looked at them for a few seconds and decided to try them. Walter opened the packet and saw 12 ice cubes arranged in a plastic tray. He bent

the tray and pushed two cubes onto his palm. A shiver passed through his hand down to his spine. A tingling sensation buzzed under the skin that was in direct contact with the ice cubes. He pressed them on his cheeks and closed his eyes in relief. It felt like a weight on his shoulders had been lifted. He went to bed with two more cubes that night.

Walter woke up with a cheerful smile on his face. He had never felt so good in a long time. He called his friend Tony and thanked him for the ice cubes. Tony was glad and sent a box delivered to him the next day.

Walter started to live his life again. He decided to work from home, giving himself ample time to work on himself. He set up a small gym in the garage and made sure to eat healthy. After a week of using one tray of ice reaper per day, Walter noticed visible changes to his skin. They were smooth and hairless, devoid of any scars. Walter was a bit worried because it seemed permanent, but he didn't pay too much attention as the benefits outweighed some loss of body hair that people spend thousands of dollars to get rid of anyway.

Another week passed and Walter saw some stark changes in the mirror. His face had become more sculpted. His body had lost a ton of weight, even more so than he expected. His limbs were slender and his shoulders never looked so dainty before. His tummy was flat, waist smaller than his hips.

"Tony, I think I am having some side effects with the product," said Walter on the phone.

"What side-effects?" asked Tony.

"I know it sounds crazy, but I think it's making my body more feminine!" Walter stuttered as he couldn't believe it either.

"What? Cold showers boost testosterone, not reduce them! I think the weight loss is playing tricks on what you see in the mirror. Do you feel good?" asked Tony.

"Um, yes, but the hair lo," Walter got interrupted by Tony, "Are you still worried or even care about Jessica?" asked Tony.

"No, I don't." murmured Walter. "Good, then you should keep using the ice cubes. It's not harmful, I swear," said Tony.

"I, uh, it's good for weight loss and my skin looks flawless, but I don't know," muttered Walter. Tony assured him, "Maybe I'll come over tomorrow? Don't stop the regimen, okay?"

"Yeah, alright," said Walter and they cut the call.

Walter couldn't help but think about Tony, his friend, who cared for him so much. He had a warmth about him that Walter didn't feel for anyone else. That night, Walter had a tripping erotic dream. He couldn't make out the details when he woke up, except that there was something hard poking in his throat. He was embarrassed to explore that train of thought so he moved on with his daily chores to forget them.

Walter went into the bathroom and noticed in the mirror that his dark brown hair had grown a few inches till his shoulders. "What the—Oh!" Walter exclaimed, noticing the higher tone and pitch coming out of his throat. He stripped off with his underwear intact, and his jaw dropped to the floor. His nipples and the surrounding areola had puffed up into two protruding buttons, supple and sensitive to touch. Walter looked at

himself in the mirror and couldn't deny that he had the remarkable silhouette of a woman. His hips had grown wider and his thighs had become plumper. His butt cheeks looked more toned with a raised curve.

The bell rang and Walter rushed, putting his clothes back on to answer the door. It was Tony. "Oh wow, you look so much better!" Tony exclaimed. Walter felt a streak of happiness as he got complimented for his looks. But then he confronted him, "Look good? I look like a girl! Listen to my voice! What was in that ice?!"

"Calm down, Walter. Yes, I know you look like a girl. But I didn't know what else to do. You were killing yourself. I work at FemCo industries and I have come across countless men like you who ruin their lives over these obsession of women. Our company has helped so many get over their sexual desire and be a more productive force in the society. I did it for your own good," said Tony.

Walter was speechless for a few moments. "How is this legally possible?! How is this possible anyway?! The only solution you guys see for lonely men is to castrate them?!" Walter bawled.

"That's a strong word. And a wrong one. We don't castrate men. They still have their sexual organ and desire. But it's altered to a female one, so their perception and obsession is vastly decreased. Female sexuality is hypergamous, so they don't obsess over every random man they meet. It's much better for a functional society," said Tony.

"This is crazy!" screamed Walter.

“You may think that way, but soon, you won’t,” whispered Tony as he clutched Walter’s arm and jabbed a needle. “What the fuck?!” Walter tried to pull away but he could hardly budge from the strong grip. “This will help you progress from now on. I suggest you use the ice cubes on your erogenous zones, because I like my girlfriend feral on bed,” muttered Tony as a sly smile spread over his face.

Walter’s eyes dulled down while Tony’s suggestion echoed in his mind. Waves of euphoria struck him over and over again, urging him to follow the lingering thoughts. Walter spent weeks in a constant state of high libido. Not until then had he noticed that he couldn’t orgasm, and his penis had reduced to a tiny nub under his pants. His sacs were almost empty with no presence of testicles. Walter pressed the ice cubes onto his crotch, moaning and biting his lips in a frenzy. He spent hours every day, rubbing them onto his undulating nipples and breasts. His hips spread further, hair cascaded down to his waist, and his face settled with the gorgeous contours of peak femininity. His voice rested at soprano, emitting sweet mumbles through his plump red lips.

A part of Walter screamed in desperation for what he was doing to himself, but the ice touching his skin numbed all logic. He had no self-control. The day came when Walter’s skin between his legs finally parted, causing him to shove the ice cube into him along with two of his fingers. The pent-up lust came crashing down, weeks’ worth of orgasmic peak breaking his mind. Walter writhed on the floor for hours, his mind and body begging for Tony.

Tony didn't waste a moment as soon as Walter called him with a sultry tone. She didn't care anymore. Her voluptuous figure yearned to be filled and she couldn't think of anyone else except Tony. Their bodies clashed as soon as she opened the door and saw Tony standing outside. Their tongues wrestled each other, hands stripping each other naked.

Tony lifted his friend in the air as she crossed her legs around his waist and mounted her onto his standing erect cock. Long howls of pleasure escaped Walter's lips as she experienced a man's member for the first time. As her body descended, her inner walls clenching and stretching against the hot rod made her swoon in fervour. Her D cup breasts jiggled in Tony's face while he thrust deep into her quivering pussy. He bit her hardened nipples and sucked on them, quickening his pace over time. Passionate moans and grunts echoed throughout the apartment and the living room reeked off sweat and cum.

After their intense love-making session, Walter never looked back on his life. She changed her name to Julie, something that would never remind her of her past. She continued to work from home, freelancing her skills while also taking care of Tony's household. She had a healthy relationship with her boyfriend who took care of her needs in the day as well as the night. She still used the ice cubes daily which kept her body youthful and toned for a long time. They married after one year and had seven kids over the span of fifteen years. Three athletic boys and four gorgeous girls that everyone envied them for in the neighbourhood. Julie lived to be a loyal wife, a loving mother, and a wise grandmother.

One morning the old couple were sipping tea, basking under the cool sunlight, when Julie broke into tears. Her feeble voice said to Tony, "Thank you. Thank you for saving my life. I was going to take sleeping pills that night. You liberated me and gifted me the most beautiful gift I could ever receive."

"Of course, honey. I loved you as a friend, and I love you as my wife. I would do anything to save you from others, or even yourself," murmured Tony. They kissed while their grandkids snooped and giggled in the corner.
