

What Are Friends For

Drew and I sat on the black leather couch in my basement playing Mario Kart 8 on my brand new Wii U. It was hooked up to the 97" flat screen my family had bought last week. I was mercilessly beating him but that was only because I had the advantage of being able to practice. It was always kinda funny to watch him get angry every time he got in first and one of the CPUs sent a blue shell. Ever since he moved to town when we were starting kindergarten, Drew and I have been best friends. We'd always been there for each other. We were almost inseparable.

"Drew step up your game. You're makin' it far too easy for them to pass you." I said, my eyes not moving from the screen. "Shut up. How do you always manage to dodge the blue shells?" he replied. "I always save up my mushrooms. If you use them at the right time you can dodge the blue shells and I always time it just right." I said. "Zach, Drew's mom is here to pick him up." My mother called down the stairs. I paused the game and we both stood up.

Drew was only 5' 6" so he stood at my shoulders. His hair was disheveled and dirty blonde. His eyes were blue and could stare through your soul. We both raised our arms and crossed them, saying simultaneously "We'll finish this next time." Walking upstairs, I asked him "Hey how about next time we hang out at your place?" "Nah, my house is boring. Let's just come here." he replied. "Aw, c'mon. We always come here. I haven't been over your house since 4th grade." I said as we walked out the front door. As he jumped in his mom's car, Drew replied "Ok but after that we come over your house again, okay. See ya tomorrow." "See ya." I said back.

The next day we walked to his house after school. His house was kind of a fixer-upper. The siding had green stains. The front door was a blood red color. The floors all throughout the house were a ratty orange shag carpet. All the faucets leaked and so did the showers. They were obviously in the process of renovating it but I guess it had been put on the backburner for a while, deducing this from the half painted stairwell.

I followed him upstairs and down the narrow hallway to his room. I had seen his room was a few times before but we usually came to my house but I knew he had changed something in there. Mainly because a giant tube stood in the center of his room. "What is this thing?" I asked. Drew smiled but something about his smile sent shivers down my spine. "Oh, it's just my personal project. I've been working on for a few months." he said. "What did he make that's so large?" I thought to myself. "You wanna try it out? I've already tested it." he said. "What is it?" I asked again. "It's an instant shower. You step inside a laser goes over your body and removes the dirt particles on you and in your clothes. That's why that ring is there." he said gesturing to a large metallic ring at the top of the tube. "Ok, cool. I'll try it." I said as I stepped inside the tube and closed the curved glass door behind me.

The click of a lock rang out behind me and I spun to face it. The door had just been locked from the outside and I was left in darkness. "What the fuck, Drew?! This isn't funny! Unlock the door!" I yelled as I searched the walls for the doorknob. Suddenly, lights inside the tube flickered to life. All around me the walls were mirrors but it was as if they had been

sprayed on the sides so that every last centimeter was reflective. "I put mirrors in there so you can see your face when you die." Drew said over a speaker. "Die? Drew, stop jokin' around and let me out. This isn't funny!" I yelled angrily. "Oh, I'm sorry Zach but you aren't getting out of there. This isn't a joke and that's not an instant shower." Now I was really feeling scared for my life. "Drew let me out. You're joking. I know you wouldn't do this to me. We've been best friends since kindergarten." I screamed hysterically. "Oh but I would, Zach. You see, when we started going to 3rd grade, I had a crush on Melanie Rochbaugh. I always tried to get her to like me but she never noticed me because I was always with you!" he said. "Wait, Melanie Rochbaugh? The girl who had the pigtails and the fake dog? You liked her?" I asked. "Like her! You always had all the girls following you around! They always liked you. No one ever paid attention to little Drew Collins, the one who actually liked them! You never even noticed that they liked you! You were oblivious to the fact that half of our class liked you! Now get ready to die!" he screamed crazily.

A whirring began in the tube as the death machine started up. "Now that you'll be gone the ladies will all love me. I'll be leaving you here to die. Goodbye, Zach." he yelled. A door slammed and I knew that he wasn't coming back but I had to try, had to get someone's attention. I began screaming and yelling at the top of my lungs, trying to get anyone to help me.

After a few minutes of yelling and screaming, I realized that the machine was beginning to work. I slumped to my knees, every man has to know when he's been defeated. The ring at the top of the tube began its murderous descent and I just sat and let it come. I had given up. This was the end. It was over. The ring went down over my body.

"Goodbye, Drew." I said, but as I did, my voice began to change and fluctuate as if I was suddenly going through puberty again except it was more like it was going in reverse and then normally again. As the ring stopped around my ankles my body began to tingle.

Was this the end? Was this how I would die? My body felt warmer and warmer. I was going to die in this tube. Forgotten by all the people who knew me and betrayed by my best friend. I stood up to look at myself one more time and say "You have ultimately failed." However, when I looked at myself I noticed something strange.

I moved in closer to the mirrored wall surrounding me to get a better look. My eyes had changed. They looked larger and my pupils were gigantic. I messed with my reflection, trying to see if it was just a hallucination but, after a few minutes, I figured it wasn't. The skin around my eyes began to change color, becoming vermillion. I looked as if someone had thrown red dirt in my face. The vermillion skin began to grow short soft hairs that matched its hue.

These hairs began to move over my body and as it reached my lips, they became white. After they covered my body my chest, inner part of my legs, and rear were covered in white fur, everywhere else being covered in vermillion fur. I ran a hand through the fur, feeling how soft it was.

Then my body suddenly got a boost in strength, muscles growing and expanding to newer heights that I thought my body couldn't ever reach, let alone a bodybuilder. My shorts were

stretched to limit and then were pushed over it, leaving me standing there in a stretched out t-shirt, tightly hugging underwear, and my shoes. I looked behind myself. It had even toned my ass. My calves had gotten the brunt of the boost, having grown so toned it looked as if I could easily jump a two story building.

Aching and in agony, my feet felt as if they were a few sizes too big for my shoes. Looking down at them, I noticed that it seemed as if my shoes were blowing filling up, stitches creaking all the while. I tried to pull them off but they exploded into shreds of what they used to be, allowing me to see what had become of my feet. They were now gigantic, each foot only had four toes, and each toe had a short claw poking out of it.

Behind me, a large puff of a tail grew out above my recently enlarged ass, making a loud floop and forcing my waistband down. I poked at it and made it twitch. On top of my head, my ears suddenly sprung upwards, elongating as they went. Near the tips of my extremely long ears was an area where the fur had changed color, leaving me with black tips. My hair shortened and straightened out to six inches in length.

Splitting apart and rounding out, my upper lip began to combine with my nose, which became soft, pink, and triangular. My bottom lip reformed to fit my upper lip. Growing long and blunt, my front teeth went bucky. Pushing out from the rest of my face, my nose and mouth pushed outwards into a cute muzzle. I thought that was where the changes would finish but they had other plans.

Looking down at my crotch, I watched as my member began to bulge outwards, becoming fully erect. My shaft, stretching my underwear, grew to 2 ft. in length and 3 inches in girth, but the changes didn't stop there. Weighing my body down, my family jewels expanded in size, growing to 4 inches in diameter, roughly the size of a grapefruit. A thin layer of furry white skin wrapped itself around the base of my cock and I watched as my member went flaccid and began to slither into the sheath. All I could think was 'Damn this is some good underwear.'

Once all this had happened, the door unlocked itself and the ring rose back up to the ceiling. I looked at myself one more time and chuckled. 'Drew had been lying.' I thought to myself as I picked up what was left of my shorts and shoes. Walking out of Drew's house, I went out the backdoor, afraid that someone would see me in only a shirt and my underwear. I would have to get some specially tailored clothing.

Hopping fence after fence without even breaking a sweat, I made my way to my house without being seen. After carefully checking to see that neither of my parents were home, I snuck in through the basement door, and quietly made my way up to my bedroom. Quickly closing my curtains, I began searching the closet for any clothing that may fit over my bulge.

After two hours of searching, I decided that I should try looking through my dad's old clothes from before he got a personal trainer. I snuck through the house again and went into the attic. Finding my dad's old clothes, I began searching through them and found a pair of dark blue shorts that would suffice and not a moment too soon.

I heard a door opening downstairs and high heels clacking on the hardwood floors. I quickly put on the shorts just in time for my mother to come up the attic stairs. I stood completely still, hoping she wouldn't notice me. My mother reached the top of her stairs and stopped. She had her phone out and was putting something into her calendar. After she was finished with her calendar, she, unfortunately for me, looked up.

"Aauuuuugh! What are you and why are you in my house?!" she said as she picked up a broom that was lying next to the stairs. I just stood there silently, surprised by my mother's sudden anger. She stepped closer to me, saying "I asked you a question and it would be wise for you to answer it." Realizing that my voice had dropped a whole octave, I finally spoke "You could not have had worse timing, mom." "Mom?! I don't know who or what you are but I am most certainly not your mother!" she yelled. "Yes you are. Drew played a prank on me and this was the end result." I replied. My mom was suddenly confused, asking "How do you know my son's best friend?" "Mom, it's me, Zach. I am your son." I said. She stared at me for a second and said "Prove it." "Last year you walked in on me masturbating in my room. I made you promise to never tell anyone." I said. My mother slumped to the floor, letting the broom drop at her side. "What happened to you?" she asked. "Drew pulled a prank on me and it left me looking like this." I said as I walked over and helped her up. "Well he better know how to fix this or you guys are not allowed to talk to each other again." she said angrily, turning around and walking halfway down the stairs. Before she could get all the way down I asked "Wasn't there something you came up here for?" "Yes there is. Thank you for reminding me." she said as she turned around and walked back upstairs.

After calling Drew's mother, my mom took me out to get some new clothes, since none of mine would fit me right anymore. It was a long afternoon of the tailor measuring here and there. Then we went home and explained to my father what had happened.

The next day my mom took me to the tailor and picked up one of the outfits she had paid for and then drove me to school after I had gotten dressed. I was wearing some black cargo shorts that were modified to allow my tail to sit comfortably, a black T-shirt that read "This is the part where I nod and just hope what you said wasn't a question" in white lettering, and a large vermilion hoodie that had holes for my ears. I pulled the hood over my head as I walked in. My mom had dropped me off early so that only a few people would see me. I walked to the chorus room in the music hallway next to the auditorium. It felt so strange to bend my ears so they didn't touch the doorway as I walked in. I walked in front of the piano to the seats in the center of the room that were set out for the tenors and basses. Making my way through the seats, I sat down in my seat and pulled out my phone and headphones so I could listen to my music.

I must've fell asleep for a few minutes because when I awoke, slouching in my chair, my friends Lizzy, Leah, David, Austin were all standing around me. Lizzy, a junior with dirty blonde hair, spoke first. "Do you guys think this is some kind of project for a class?" she said in her alto voice. "Well I don't know, Lizzo. Maybe." her slightly chubbier twin Leah replied. "Nah, I don't think it's a project. It's too good and no one at our school is this creative." Austin, a six foot tall sophomore with chestnut brown hair, said in his nasally voice as he crossed his arms. "I think that it's a demon come to kill us all." David, a junior with long black hair and a

slight lisp, said, following it up with an evil cackle. “Of course you would think that, David.” I said, chuckling as I repositioned myself in my seat.

All four of them jumped back, David falling into a seat as he did. I pulled back my hood and said “Well I guess eventually I was gonna have to explain this to someone.” “How do you know his name?” Lizzy asked. I stretched and yawned before saying “You guys know me. Who is always one of the first five people to come into the chorus room?” “Zacheus is usually one of the first five to come in here but that would mean...” David said, trailing off into thought. “Yep. It’s me guys.” I said. They all stood there staring at me, contemplating if what I said was true. “If you’re really Zach, what did we talk about at the Creation Festival?” Leah asked. “You were depressed because you thought that your boyfriend wasn’t paying attention to you so you came to me for advice and comfort.” I said. David, Lizzy, and Austin all looked at her, awaiting her judgment. “What happened to you, Zach?” Leah asked.

After a long first period in chorus, I put my hood back on and walked down through the halls to my Effective Communications class, searching for Drew along the way. I found him standing in the spot we usually met up at before going to our next class. “Hey Drew.” I said as I walked up to him. He turned to look at me and asked “Do I know you?” “You played a prank on me yesterday so I would think you would.” I replied. “Nope still not ringing a bell. I think I would remember if I met a rabbit.” he said turning away from me. “You should at least know who I am, we went over your house yesterday.” I said.

Drew froze and I watched as a shiver went down his spine. “How...” he whispered. “Drew, are you okay?” I asked. Suddenly Drew spun around to face me and yelled “How?” as he pulled a pocket knife out of his pocket. He tackled me to the ground with the blade extended and aimed at my throat. “How are you still alive? I thought I got rid of you. Why couldn’t you just stay dead?” he said as he tried to force the knife into my heart. I held back his hand without even really trying. I forced him off of me and got back up to my feet. Drew got up and ran towards me with the knife held in a typical murderer’s pose. I turned and ran down the hallway, but he was gaining on me with some paranormal agility. I hung a left at the school lobby and ran to the office. I burst through the doors and had just enough time to lodge a chair under the door knobs.

Panting and out of breath, I stood there and watched as my best friend, Drew, suddenly became my worst enemy. He banged on the doors, screaming profanities and threats at me. The office secretary didn’t think twice about calling 911 as Drew descended into madness.

A few minutes later the first responders arrived. The police arrested Drew. As they did Drew yelled at me from the back seat. “I’ll get you for this, Zach. I’ll find a way. Just you wait.” he said. No doubt that there would be a psyche evaluation, meaning that Drew would most likely end up in a straight jacket. I was sent home early. Like it would help anyway.

A few days later I went down to the asylum to visit Drew. He had been sent there after pleading insanity at his trial. I looked into his cell. Rocking back and forth in the corner, Drew sat murmuring threats under his breath. I shed a single tear for him.

I always thought that I knew what friends were for.

Now I'm not as sure anymore,

what friends are really for.