

Mike's Vendetta

A TG Story

By Bewci

It was a typical Wednesday evening at Joe's Bar, the dimly lit room was filled with the familiar chatter of patrons. Among them were two men, Tom and Mike, sitting at a small table in the corner. Tom, a middle-aged man with a thick beard and tired eyes, was nursing his beer while Mike, a younger man with a clean-shaven face and a friendly smile, listened intently.

Tom: "I can't take it anymore, man. This finasteride medication is ruining my life."

Mike: "What's wrong, Tom? You've been on edge lately."

Tom: "It's this medication, it's supposed to help with my hair loss, but it's causing all sorts of side effects. Erectile dysfunction, mood swings, it's like I'm a different person."

Mike: "That's tough, Tom. I'm sorry you're going through this."

Tom: "I just don't know what to do. I've talked to my doctor but they just tell me to keep taking it. I feel like I'm trapped."

Mike: "I might know someone who can help. Let me make a call and see what I can do."

The next day, Mike met Tom at the bar again and handed him a small brown bottle of pills.

Mike: "Here, take these. My friend swears by them, says they'll help with the side effects of that medication you're on."

Tom: "Really? You think these will work?"

Mike: "I can't guarantee anything, but it's worth a shot."

Tom: "Thanks, Mike. I really appreciate it."

Mike: "No problem, Tom. That's what friends are for."

Tom took the pills, and after a few days, he noticed a significant improvement in his mood and his symptoms of erectile dysfunction. He was grateful for Mike's help, and it was a relief to finally have a solution to his problems. However, as Tom continued to take the pills, he began to notice some strange changes in his body. His once toned muscles started to melt away, replaced by a softer, curvier figure. His beard, which had been a source of pride for him, was now patchy and thin. His once coarse body hair was now barely there. His hair loss, which had been a constant concern for him, not only vanished, but his hair also grew more voluminous and long at a rapid rate, cascading down his shoulders in a week. He felt as if he was losing his identity and he couldn't understand what was happening to him.

He was livid and decided to confront Mike. He went to Mike's house and knocked on the door.

Tom: "Mike, you have some explaining to do."

Mike: "Tom, what's going on? You look upset."

Tom: "Upset? I'm beyond upset, Mike. Look at me! These pills you gave me, they're changing my body! I'm losing muscle mass, my beard and body hair are falling off, and my body is becoming curvy.! And on top of that, my hair is growing like crazy!"

Mike: "I'm sorry, Tom. I had no idea this would happen. I'll do everything I can to find out what's in those pills and try to fix this."

Tom: "It's too late for that, Mike. I feel like my masculinity is being taken away from me. I trusted you, and you did this to me."

Mike: "Tom, please try to understand. I didn't mean to hurt you; I was just trying to help."

Tom: "Help? You call this help? You have no idea what you've done to me. I can never go back to who I was before."

Mike: "I understand how you feel, Tom. But please give me a chance to make it right. Please, come inside. Let's talk about it."

Tom: "Fine."

Once inside, Mike gestured towards the couch and Tom sat down, still fuming with anger.

Mike: "Can I get you something to drink? Water? Juice?"

Tom: "Just water, please."

Mike: "Sure thing."

Mike walked over to the kitchen and poured a glass of water, bringing it back to Tom.

Mike: "Here you go."

Tom: "Thanks."

Mike took a seat next to Tom and looked at him with a serious expression.

Mike: "Tom, I understand how you feel. I can't imagine what you're going through right now. But please know that I never intended for this to happen. I was just trying to help."

Tom: "Help? You call this help? You have no idea what you've done to me. I can never go back to who I was before."

Mike: "I know that it's difficult, but please try to understand. I never meant to hurt you. Let me help you figure this out, we'll find a solution together."

Tom: "I don't know, Mike. I don't know if I can trust you again."

Mike: "I understand that, Tom. But I promise you, I will do everything in my power to make things right."

Tom: "I hope you're telling the truth."

Mike: "I am. Let's take this one step at a time and figure this out together."

Tom took a sip of water and thought about what Mike had said. He knew deep down that Mike was his best friend and he would do anything to help him, but he couldn't shake off the feeling of betrayal.

Mike: "Hey Tom, let's watch a movie together, like the old times? I think it will take your mind off things."

Tom: "Sure, I could use a distraction."

Mike: "Great, I'll grab some snacks from the kitchen. Why don't you put the movie on in the meantime?"

Tom walked over to the DVD player and noticed that the CD that Mike had given him had nothing written on it except the number 523. He shrugged it off and put it on, thinking it was just a mislabelled disc.

As the movie started playing, bright flashes of indiscernible images ran in front of his eyes, making him feel disoriented

and disassociated. His mind felt like it was in a hazy fog, and he couldn't focus on anything. He was in a hypnotic state.

Mike walked back in the room with a devilish grin on his face.

Mike: "Tom, I'm glad you're enjoying the movie. From now on, I want you to come to my house every day and watch it every day."

Tom: "Okay, I will do that. Whatever you say, Mike."

Mike: "I want you to keep taking those pills. They will help you to be a better person, trust me."

Tom: "Yes... I will."

Tom's eyes glazed over as he spoke, his mind completely under the control of the hypnotic state he was in. He couldn't understand why he was agreeing to Mike's demands, but he couldn't resist. He felt like a puppet controlled by an invisible force.

Mike: "Good, I'm glad you understand. I'll see you tomorrow then."

Tom: "Yes, tomorrow."

Tom left Mike's house, feeling confused and disoriented, unable to shake off the hypnotic state he was in. He knew

deep down that something was not right but he couldn't put his finger on it. He felt compelled to follow Mike's instructions and come back every day.

Over the next few days, Tom abided by Mike's demands, coming to his house daily and watching the movie after taking a glass of water. As his eyes stayed fixated on the screen, the images seemed to get clearer every passing day. Soon, the changes in Tom's body were too prominent to raise suspicion of his neighbours and at his workplace. Mike suggested he should move in to his house and stay indoors. Tom agreed.

Tom's metamorphosis brought in some drastic changes in his body. His soft mounds grew to be DD cup breasts and his big round ass cheeks touched new horizons every other day. His masculine face didn't just turn soft, but also beautiful, melting away the rugged bony features. His cock, while still able to get a boner, lost the precious jewels hanging underneath it. They shrunk into nothingness, neutering Tom's masculinity forever. In contrast his blossoming femininity was accentuated by the long hair cascading past his back to brush against his tail bone.

Mike awarded Tom's loyalty with gifts that contained makeup kits, high heels, dresses and lingerie. Tom had got more than he bargained for. The physical changes diverted

his sexuality, shifting his curiosity towards men. The images flashing before his eyes were discernible enough to understand. They were images of big veiny cocks with subliminal messages on them. Tom couldn't help but drool while he brimmed with tears from the constant staring. "Cock... sucking... so good," his plump lips mumbled under his breath. Mike enjoyed looking at how much of a slut Tom had turned out to be. "Wow, Tom, or should I call you, Tammy. I think it's time to give you the ultimate reward!"

(Part 2 coming soon)