

My Big Lesbian Wedding

For Anonymous

By TheSpiralledEye

Alex and Grant go from taunting a pair of lesbians on the street to being a pair themselves, standing at the alter on their wedding day no less!

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It was a classic idea; a summer roadtrip between semesters at college. Two best friends travelling around the states in a beat up old truck, seeing the sights, exploring the country and of course, meeting new people. Alex had really hyped it up, talking about all the exotic women they would meet and sleep with on the road, no strings attached. If he was honest with himself, it wasn't really Grant's cup of tea. He'd have preferred to stay back on campus, getting a head start on next year's curriculum but somehow his best friend had talked him into it.

They were the epitome of opposites attract; Alex being boisterous and outgoing while he was the shy, quiet guy always dragged along, always in his friends shadow. Sometimes Grant wondered if they would even be friends at all if there had been more options; but if you're stuck in a boarding house at age eleven and spend the next decade as roommates you bond for life regardless. So it was out of his hands.

As was Alex's behaviour most of the time unfortunately.

The wolf whistle made him flinch and he pulled over as Alex stuck his whole torso out the side of the car to whistle again at two women passing on the street. Grant tried to shoot them an apologetic look but he doubted they could see him from this angle.

"Hey ladies, want to give me some of that sugar?"

Gran peered over the wheel, trying to see around Alex's ass that was blocking the window. The two women were embracing, looking as though they had probably been kissing before Alex interrupted them. Fucking hell.

"Alex, quit being a creep." He hissed.

“What do you say ladies?” Alex ignored him, “Me and my friend could show you two a good time, or maybe you could show us...?”

“Fuck off, perv!” The dark haired woman sneered.

“Aw come on, we just wanna watch, right Grant?”

Grant sunk down into the driver's seat.

“Please don't bring me into this.” He whispered.

The woman's partner whispered something to her and they started to walk away; Grant breathed a sigh of relief. When they got to their motel he was going to rip Alex a new one, or at least, ask him very, very nicely to please stop doing stuff like this.

“That's okay, babe!” Alex called after them, not perturbed in the slightest, “Watching you both walk away is just as fun!”

“Oh that is it!” The dark haired woman yelled.

“Daisy, no!”

Grant leaned forward, fully expecting to see the woman charging towards Alex with his hand raised to hit him but instead all she seemed to be doing was pointing? A second later he felt as though he'd been hit by a truck. There was a swirl of light and colour, a cacophony of voices and his vision swirled. For the briefest of moments, Grant felt weightless, then all of a sudden his feet seemed to find solid ground and the world solidified once more.

Except the truck was gone, as was the street. He blinked in shock as lights blinded his vision. He blinked away the dazzling gleams and realised they were camera flashes. He gaped slightly; somehow he was standing in front of what looked like a black tie crowd; not only that but...he knew most of them. There was his cousin and all his aunts and uncles, his mother even. She was crying but smiling widely as she dabbed her eyes and directed the person next to her to take more pictures.

“Smile!” Somebody in the flashing crowd yelled jovially, “It's your wedding day ladies, you need to look at least a little happy about it!”

Wedding day?

“Ladies?”

The voice next to him sounded familiar but wrong. He turned and found a woman dressed in a long slender woman with short, stylish brown hair in a wavy bob. She was beautiful, if a little lacking in the curves department; still, way out of his league. How the hell had he ended up here, married to her?

She was looking at me with the same confusion and I realised why her voice sounded so familiar.

“Alex?” I whispered under the din of the crowd.

“Grant?!”

I watched as Alex's eyes darted about the room and I followed; we were in some sort of wedding venue, that much was obvious. The whole place was decked out in silver and pink balloons and streamers, and a banner with the names 'Alex and Bella' was stretched across the archway.

The crowd was parting, revealing a literal red carpet that led them down the aisle toward the arch itself. Grant froze as he felt Alex's hand grasp his own.

“Let's just get this over with and find somewhere private.” He whispered before pulling him forward.

Grant took a step and immediately stumbled; his shoes wobbled beneath him and he would have fallen if it weren't for Alex's hand in his own. He looked down and realised his dress had snagged on one of his heels; two things that made zero sense at all.

If Alex had been changed into a woman...no way! Grant reached up to the back of his neck and felt soft, long waves that had not been there before. There was no mirror nearby but he didn't need one to realise what had happened; they had both been changed into women. Lesbians on their wedding day no less!

The trip down the aisle was a blur before thankfully thick curtains closed behind them, effectively giving them a wall of privacy and the thick fabric cancelled out the noise.

“What the hell happened?” Grant stammered, trying to get a grip.

“I don’t know, but somebody just said my name, so if I am still Alex, you must be Bella.” Alex mused.

Grant was barely listening, they had been led to what must have been the room where they got dressed because there was a mirror. His reflection stared back; blonde curly hair, a heart shaped face and full lips open in a perfect, shocked O. Unlike Alex, he had curves in all the right places; if he wasn’t so incandescently angry right now he might have even felt a bit superior.

“How the hell did this happen?” He repeated.

“That woman I was admiring must have done something.” Alex mused, not sounding at all as annoyed as he should have been.

“Admiring?” Grant scoffed, “Is that what you call it? You were harassing her, man!”

“Nah, women love that sort of attention. I know I would if I werewell I am now so I guess I prove my own point.” He had the smuggest smile on his face and Grant was sorely tempted to punch him.

The only thing that stopped him was the inevitable flood of people asking why his new bride had a black eye; not the best look. Even if this reality was totally wrong he didn’t want to get off on the wrong foot; who knows how long he was going to have to endure this nightmare?

“Considering she did this, don't you think you're in the wrong here?” Grant seethed.

“Well...” Alex looked uncomfortable, “Maybe. What does it matter? Admitting I’m wrong won’t fix this.”

“It might!?” Grant could feel his voice rising, it was a much higher pitch than he was used to and he knew he was in danger of turning shrill if he got much more panicked.

“Doubtful, let’s go explore eh?”

Grant felt like he was about to explode. They'd just been, for lack of a better term, reality swapped and Alex was treating it like a fun novelty instead of the life shattering event that it was.

"Look, man, uh wife?" Alex smiled awkwardly, placing a soft hand on Grant's bare shoulder. "Panicking won't help us, right? Best thing we can do is play the parts and get as much info as we can. Find out who we are here and what's happening, then we might figure out how to change back?"

Alex gave his shoulder a squeeze and Grant let out a slow breath. He was right, being pissed off was only going to make things worse.

"Alright."

"Great!" Alex beamed, "Now, come on, lesbian role play, it might even be fun if you let it."

Yeah, right.

Walking back out into the crowd was tough for multiple reasons. Not only because of the inherent strangeness of the situation, but Grant couldn't help but shy away. He hated big crowds and being the centre of attention; it was one of the great things about being friends with Alex. He loved it; he was more than happy to take centre stage while Grant played shadow.

Even now though; there was little he could do. With his voluptuous figure and plunging neckline Grant felt eyes falling on him no matter how demurely he tried to stand. He was so used to squashing his shoulders in to look smaller but all that did was press his new breasts together, upping his cleavage and drawing even more eyes. In a body like this, he had no way of making himself fade into the background. It didn't help that he was so much shorter now, it made everybody feel so much more intimidating.

People he hadn't seen in years were coming up and congratulating him, as well as introducing him to a number of plus ones. He couldn't help but notice just how many people's eyes raked over his form in appreciation ; both men and women. Though most tried to be subtle about it; it was his wedding day after all. Still, Grant couldn't help but feel a little flattered. It wasn't every day people checked him out. Even if this technically wasn't his body.

“oh it’s such a dream, everything is exactly how I imagined it.” Alex gushed to some distant cousin of his, “The day I have dreamed of since I was a little girl.”

To everybody else he probably sounded sincere but the subtle side eye he gave Grant made it obvious this was their new inside joke.

“Oh yes, a girlhood dream come true.” Grant added, blushing a little, he couldn’t quite sell it like Alex.

“See,” Alex whispered in his ear a moment later, “Told you it could be fun.”

They walked through the crowd, basking in the attention. Well, Alex basked, Grant tried not to become the stereotypical blushing bride.

“There’s my favourite sister!”

He barely had a moment to prepare before a familiar face appeared from the crowd and flung her arms around him.

“Kim!” He gasped; it had been almost a year since he’d seen his sister, both of them being on opposite sides of the country and all. The realisation that she was here made him tense; that meant his father had to be around as well and they didn’t get on at the best of times; he had no idea what sort of relationship ‘Bella’ had with him. It was hard enough trying to figure out how to act around him normally, let alone like this.

“I can’t believe how long it took you to get over here.” Kim huffed with fake irritation, “I’m your favourite sister.”

“You’re my only sister.”

He winced for a moment, worried he might have just offended some mysterious new sister he’d acquired in this reality but luckily, Kim just laughed.

“Still.”

“is uh, dad here with you?” Grant asked, trying to sound casual and Kim’s face fell.

“No, sweetie...you know he wouldn't come.” She sighed, “Unless, have you guys been speaking again? Last time I talked to him he was still giving you the silent treatment because of the whole...gay thing.”

Oh.

Grant hadn't realised his relationship with his father could get much worse; at least in his real reality they were still speaking though. He took a moment and swallowed, trying to feel bad about it but honestly; knowing the man had cut ties all together gave him nothing but a feeling of relaxation. No more walking on eggshells trying to avoid a lecture of why he wasn't good enough.

“No, we haven't been talking. I guess I just thought I'd check. If he was ever going to change his mind it would be here, right?”

“Yeah.” Kim smiled sadly. “But let's not worry about him now, it's your wedding day! Where is that butch girl of yours?”

“Butch?!”

Kim winced, having obviously not realised Alex was right behind her chatting with people. She quickly leaned in to whisper in Grant's ear.

“Well she is a bit boyish.”

Grant felt like as the role of new wife, he should probably defend Alex but honestly, looking at the usually unflappable Alex look irritated was too good an opportunity to pass up.

“Did you just call me butch? I am all woman thank you.” If Grant didn't know any better he'd think Alex really was insulted.

“Sorry, it's just well, everybody looks a bit more masculine next to Bella don't they?” Kim tried awkwardly, “She got all the curves in the family I'm afraid. Oh would you look at that, my flute is empty I'd better go get some more bubbles. Excuse me.”

Just like the wind, Kim was gone. Leaving Alex scowling and Grant smirking.

“So unfair, how come you get to be ‘the hot one?’” Alex grumbled.

“It’s not like you’re ugly.”

“Yeah but...I just feel like I should have the biggest boobs. It makes sense.”

“You are taking this whole thing quite seriously all of a sudden.”

Alex pulled a face.

“Let’s just see if we can find any clues.”

“Isn’t that what we’ve been doing?”

“Sure. Well, let's do it harder.”

Grant couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow suggestively and laughed as Alex pulled another face and stormed off in disgust. It was weird, having the upper hand on him for once. He continued through the wedding party, stopping to chat here and there and keeping an eye out for anything that seemed to stick out. It all seemed perfectly normal though, outside the fact that this was his lesbian wedding.

That was the case at least, until the photographer called for photos of the wedding party. Even Alex looked a little unsure as he stepped up under an arch of flowers at Grant’s side and was instructed to place a hand on his hips.

“Sorry.” he winced.

Grant felt like all the blood in his body had migrated to his face. The photographer called for another pose, a close embrace and Grant tried very hard not to think about how he could feel his new tits crushing Alex’s.

“Alright now ladies, a kiss for the camera. I missed it during the ceremony.”

The two of them blanched looking at one another with wild panic.

“Is that necessary?” Grant asked in a much higher pitch than he intended.

“It’s your wedding.” The photographer raised an eyebrow.

The pair of them shared a look; it was weird for the couple not to kiss in at least one photograph at their own wedding. They didn’t want to arouse suspicion. A silent, unreadable look passed between them and Alex took the lead, gently holding Grant’s cheeks in his soft palms before pulling him forward into a kiss.

The photographer clicked away, forcing them to stay and take their time. Slowly moving their lips across one another’s; Grant could feel Alex’s tongue pressing at the base of his lip and it made him shiver. This felt so wrong and yet so right all at the same time. When they finally pulled away the photographer gave them a thumbs up and Grant blushed. Alex was looking at his feet; he couldn’t read his friend’s face but he could see the sheen of moisture over his lips left by his own saliva.

“Alright, now a few with the bridal party!” The photographer announced, “Where are the bridesmaids?”

Alex suddenly turned to him, a silent question in the air; who the hell would their bridesmaids be? The answer came a moment later and it took all of Grant’s self control to keep his face in check. The women from the sidewalk, the ones Alex had been yelling after, stepped up to the arch. They were in matching purple dresses, with a tiny bouquet each. Their faces set in wide, mischievous grins.

“Daisy and Leela reporting.” The woman who had pointed at them announced. “Lesbian bridesmaids for a lesbian couple, aren’t we something.”

“We are best friends though.” Leela smiled, looping her arm through Grant’s. “Right Bella.”

“O-oh yes.”

The two total strangers held themselves close as we posed for more photos; the tension in the air was palpable, not that anybody but the four of us could sense it. Maybe I missed an opportunity not going into acting; I was a lot better than I ever thought.

“Let’s get drinks.” Daisy smiled coyly as they finished up, leading the newlyweds down towards the bar before taking a sharp left out into the gardens. As soon as the door closed the act ended.

“What the hell did you do?” Grant yelled, “Where are we? What are we?”

“Well the latter is easy enough, you’re lesbians.” Daisy smirked. “Hot right? Isn’t that what you both thought?”

“Kinda.” Alex shrugged and Grant shot him a hard look.

“I was trying to stop him.” Grant whined, “Can’t you at least change me back?”

“And leave your new bride alone at the altar? I don’t think so.” Daisy shook her head. “No, I want you both to spend at least a year here, experiencing all the annoying slander you threw at us from the other side.”

“Daisy has a bit of a temper sometimes, I think it comes with the whole witch thing.” Leela shrugged, “Trust me, you’ll never convince her to turn you back early. She’s stubborn.”

Grant looked into Daisy's eyes and saw nothing but hardness and glee at their situation. Maybe it was his natural pessimism but he could tell Leela was right; there was no getting out of this. He glanced over to Alex who was doing his best to maintain a cocky smile but Grant could see right through the act; he was sure the others could too.

Idiot, he really did think he was going to be able to charm his way out of this up until now. The reality of at least a year here was starting to sink in. Grant grit his teeth and felt a strange sense of determination come over him; fuck this. He took Alex’s hand.

“Fine then, me and my new wife will look forward to seeing you on our first anniversary.” He said, jutting out his chin, “And we’re going to have a fabulous year, just you wait.”

Daisy seemed genuinely surprised for a moment before smiling.

“One year.” She nodded, taking his free hand and shaking it, “You have a deal.”