

# Island





The small private jet soared through the clear blue sky, slicing through the fluffy clouds with ease. Inside, Lawrence lounged in his plush leather seat, his white polo neatly pressed, and blue shorts perfectly tailored. He wore an expression of mild boredom as he gazed out the window at the endless expanse of ocean below. 'God,' he thought, 'this flight is dragging on forever.'

Up in the cockpit, Stephen, a rugged man in his forties with a steely demeanor, kept his eyes on the horizon. His hands moved with practiced precision over the controls, checking the instruments. "How much longer till we land, Stephen?" Lawrence asked in a slightly annoyed tone.

"About an hour," Stephen replied curtly, not bothering to look back. His voice was steady, no-nonsense. "Relax, Lawrence. We're on schedule."

Lawrence huffed, rolling his eyes. "Relax? Maybe you could speed up this plane somehow instead of giving stupid advice? God, I hate long trips."

Stephen ignored the comment, focusing instead on the panel. He was used to dealing with spoiled brats like Lawrence—rich kids who thought the world revolved around them. 'Entitled little brat,' he thought, gripping the controls a bit tighter. But then, the plane jolted violently, and the engine sputtered. Lawrence sat up abruptly, his heart pounding. "What the hell was that?" he demanded, his voice rising in panic and all traces of his earlier boredom gone.

Stephen's eyes narrowed as he scanned the instruments. "We're losing power," he said in steady but urgent tone. "Strap in. Now."

Lawrence's face paled. "Are you kidding me? I thought you were a professional!" He fumbled with his seatbelt, panic setting in.

"I said strap in!" Stephen barked sharply. "We're going down. This isn't a joke." The plane's descent became steeper, the nose dipping towards the ocean below. Lawrence's hands gripped the armrests, his knuckles white. 'God,' he thought, 'this can't be happening. Not to me.'

Stephen fought with the controls, his experience and grit the only things keeping the plane from plummeting uncontrollably.

"Hold on!" he shouted over his shoulder, loud roar of the engines drowned out his voice. "This is gonna be rough!"

The impact was sudden and brutal. The plane hit the water with a force that knocked the air right out of Lawrence's chest, shattering windows and letting the ocean rush in. Lawrence was flung forward, his head smacking into the seat in front of him. Darkness quickly claimed him as his consciousness faded...





Stephen groaned as he slowly regained consciousness, the taste of saltwater sharp in his mouth. He blinked, his vision blurry, trying to focus his gaze. The plane was half-submerged in the water, its tail jutting out at an awkward angle. Waves lapped at the wreckage, carrying debris out into the open sea.

'Where's Lawrence?' he thought, forcing himself to focus. His muscles ached as he managed to get his seatbelt unhooked. His head throbbed, but he ignored it. Survival instincts kicked in. "Lawrence!" he called out, his voice hoarse. There was no response. Panic flickered in his chest, but he pushed it down. 'Gotta find him. Can't leave him to drown.'

He stumbled through the tilted cabin, the water sloshing around his legs. He found Lawrence slumped over, still strapped into his seat, unconscious but breathing. Stephen cursed under his breath. "Kid, wake up!" he barked, slapping Lawrence's cheek. Nothing. 'Damn it.'

With a grunt, Stephen unbuckled Lawrence and hoisted him over his shoulder. The water was rising fast, and the plane was sinking. He had no time to lose. "Hang in there," he muttered, wading through the flooded cabin. He kicked open the emergency exit and clambered out, dragging Lawrence with him.

The water was cold, biting into his skin, but Stephen kept going. 'Just gotta get us to shore. Then we figure out what the hell to do next.'

He swam towards the shore, the weight of Lawrence making it difficult to stay afloat. His muscles burned with the effort, but he refused to stop. The island loomed ahead, a small stretch of sand and trees that offered their only hope of survival.

After what felt like an eternity, Stephen's feet finally touched the sandy bottom. He staggered onto the beach, gasping for breath, and gently laid Lawrence down on the sand. He checked for a pulse. It was weak, but it was there. "Come on, kid. Don't even think about dying on me," Stephen muttered, shaking him lightly.



Lawrence's eyelids fluttered, and he let out a weak groan. "Stephen...? What... what happened?" His voice was barely more than a whisper. Stephen breathed a sigh of relief. "We crashed," Stephen said bluntly, sitting back on his heels, trying to catch his breath. "We're on some island now, and the plane's at the bottom of the ocean. You're lucky I pulled you out in time."

"An island? And... my plane what?!" Lawrence coughed and sputtered, his eyes widening with confusion and panic. "You're kidding, right?"

"Do I look like I'm kidding?" Stephen rolled his eyes, already tired of Lawrence's whining. "Focus, kid. We've got bigger problems right now than your damn plane."

Lawrence huffed indignantly, trying to look tough despite his obvious fear and confusion. "We have to get out of here. Call someone, get a rescue team or something." He winced, pushing himself up to sit, wincing at the light. Stephen snorted, shaking his head. "And how do you suppose we do that, genius? The radio's at the bottom of the ocean along with everything else." He looked out at the ocean, noting the debris floating further away. "We need to find shelter, fresh water, and food. Then we can worry about finding a way off this island."

Lawrence huffed indignantly, trying to look tough despite his obvious fear and confusion. "This is all your fault! You said everything was fine!" He glared at Stephen accusingly, like a child blaming an adult for breaking a toy. "I didn't sign up for this, you know. I'm not some damn Boy Scout like you. This isn't supposed to be my problem."

Stephen turned away, his attention back on the jungle. "Stay here," he ordered. "I'm going to scout ahead, see if there's anything useful. Don't wander off."

"Don't tell me what to do," Lawrence snapped, his frustration bubbling over. "I'm not a child, Stephen. I can take care of myself."

"Yeah, sure," Stephen muttered under his breath as he walked away, disappearing into the trees. 'Spoiled brat,' he thought, shaking his head. 'Doesn't even realize how good he's had it.'

Left alone on the beach, Lawrence sat there, seething. 'How dare he talk to me like that?' he thought angrily. 'I paid for that plane. I pay his salary. He should be treating me with respect.'



For the next few days, Stephen took the lead in ensuring their survival. He built a makeshift shelter using debris from the plane and large palm leaves he found in the jungle. Each day, he would venture into the dense foliage to gather food and look for a freshwater source, returning with whatever he could find—coconuts, wild fruits, and sometimes small fish he caught using makeshift traps he'd created.

Meanwhile, Lawrence spent most of his time lounging on the beach, complaining about the lack of comfort. "This is ridiculous, Stephen!" Lawrence would whine, sprawled out on the sand like a petulant child. "How much longer do we have to be here? I want to go home and take a hot bath!" Stephen tried to stay patient, confident that the parents of this disgraced idiot had already hired the entire Pacific fleet to find him. "We're lucky to be alive, Lawrence," he said, tired of his whining and already starting to get angry "Be thankful for what you have."

'This is insane,' Lawrence thought as he watched Stephen work. 'He acts like I owe him a damn medal or something. Maybe his ego is bruised from his little failure as a pilot.' He smirked. "Maybe the crash happened because you aren't a good enough pilot," he teased, hoping his barbs would get a reaction from him.

Stephen's patience was wearing thin. Every time Lawrence complained and made selfish comments, it took all his self-control not to lash out. 'If you were stranded alone on this island, you'd be dead within a week,' Stephen thought, his jaw clenching. 'Spoiled brat has no idea what real hardship is.' It was already the fifth day of their stay when Stephen was out foraging along the beach and stumbled upon something peculiar sticking out of the sand. It was a small, sleek remote control, half-buried and covered in seaweed. He picked it up, brushing off the debris, and examined it closely. It had no brand or markings, just a series of strange symbols on the buttons.

'What the hell is this?' he thought, turning it over in his hands. It looked out of place, almost like it didn't belong on this world at all. He pressed one of the buttons out of curiosity, but nothing happened. 'Hmm, weird thing.' he thought, slipping it into his pocket.

That evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon, Stephen sat by the fire he had built, his mind still on the mysterious remote. Lawrence, predictably, was sulking nearby, staring out at the ocean with a forlorn expression.



“Hey, Lawrence,” Stephen called, his voice steady and calm. “I found something today. Thought you might be interested.”

Lawrence barely glanced over. “Unless it’s a satellite phone or a five-star meal, I’m not interested.” Stephen pulled out the remote, holding it up for Lawrence to see. “Take a look at this. Ever seen anything like it?”

Lawrence glanced over despite his previous lack of interest and cocked an eyebrow, frowning slightly. “What is it?”

“No idea,” Stephen replied, tossing it over. “Found it on the beach. Looks like some kind of remote control, but I’ve never seen anything like it.”

Lawrence caught it clumsily, looking it over. “What, you think it’s going to summon a rescue team or something?” He laughed derisively, but his laughter died as he saw the strange symbols. “Weird,” he muttered, pressing a button.

Nothing happened.

He shrugged, tossing it back to Stephen. “Probably just some junk washed ashore. Not like it’s going to help us.”

“Yeah... sure” said Stephen, confused, putting the remote away and goes to sleep, turning the remote over in his mind.

When he woke up, as usual, earlier than Lawrence, who was sleeping on a bed of dry leaves, he noticed a strange remote that glowed a little green on his side. Stephen got up and went to inspect the remote, it seemed to have two buttons - a green one that glowed and a red one. 'Very strange' he thought, his gaze fell on the peacefully sleeping Lawrence, causing Stephen to feel a wave of disgust and annoyance. 'Lazy spoiled idiot' Stephen thought, pointing the remote at him and pressing the button that was previously glowing, which turns off. 'Why am I stuck on an island with this idiot and not with the girl of my dreams?! It would be much better!'

A faint humming noise filled the air, and Stephen’s eyes widened as he watched Lawrence’s body begin to glow. 'What the...?' he thought, staring in disbelief. The glow intensified, enveloping Lawrence entirely. And then, as quickly as it started, it was over.

Lawrence groaned, stirring awake. “What the hell was that?” he muttered groggily, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. But as he moved, Stephen noticed something different. Lawrence’s features had changed slightly—his hair was longer, his skin smoother, more delicate. His frame seemed smaller, more petite. Stephen’s heart raced. 'No way,' he thought, eyes fixed on Lawrence. 'Did that thing actually...?' He pressed the button again, and the transformation continued. Lawrence’s body shifted again, his chest expanding, his hips widening. His polo barely managed to contain the sudden growth of his breasts, which nearly exploded out of his polo, tearing the fabric in the process, and his shorts ripped apart to reveal smooth, pale skin.

Stephen’s eyes widened in shock as he watched the transformation unfold before him. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Lawrence’s body continued to shift and morph while he turned to his side. The muscles softened, and the once broad shoulders narrowed, giving way to a more delicate, feminine build. His hair grew longer, cascading down in messy blonde waves that framed a softening face. Lawrence’s features became more refined, his lips fuller, and his eyes larger and more expressive.





“What the hell is going on?” Stephen muttered under his breath, his grip tightening on the remote.

Meanwhile, Lawrence stirred, still half-asleep, feeling a strange sensation all over his body. His chest felt heavy, his clothes constricting painfully. His eyes fluttered open, and he blinked in confusion, groggy from sleep.

“Ugh... what’s... happening?” Lawrence mumbled, sitting up slowly, feeling something touch and lightly tickle his neck. He winced as he felt a sharp tearing sensation across his chest. “Ouch! What the-?”

He looked down and gasped, his eyes widening in horror as he saw the changes for himself. His polo shirt, once loose and comfortable, was now stretched taut over a pair of large, round breasts. The fabric strained, tearing slightly under the pressure, revealing smooth, pale skin of his new heavy breasts beneath.

“What the... what the hell is this?!” Lawrence shouted, his voice higher and softer than before. He scrambled to his feet, nearly stumbling as he felt the unfamiliar weight on his chest and the new sway of his hips. His hands flew to his chest, feeling the soft curves, his fingers trembling. “This-this can’t be real!”

Stephen watched, eyes wide with a mix of shock and dark curiosity, as Lawrence’s panic mounted. ‘Incredible,’ he thought, unable to tear his eyes away. ‘This remote can actually change someone’s body entirely.’

Lawrence’s breathing quickened, his hands frantically exploring his new form, trying to understand what had happened. He touched his face, his long fingers running over the soft contours of his cheeks and the full lips that felt so foreign. “No, no, no! This isn’t possible! What’s going on? Is this a dream?” He gasped, gripping his torn shirt, his fingers digging into the soft skin beneath. “Get me out of this dream! Wake up! Please!” Lawrence shook his head furiously, feeling how long hair tickled the back of his neck.



Stephen took a step forward, holding up his hands in a mock gesture of calm. "Hey, just... just relax, alright? It's not as bad as it seems." His voice was smooth, almost patronizing, as if he were talking to a child who didn't understand the world.

"Not as bad as it seems?" Lawrence snapped, his new voice still startling to his own ears. "Are you insane?! I'm... I'm damn fucking turned into a girl!" He glared at Stephen's face, then at the remote in Stephen's hand. His eyes widened, a spark of realization flashing behind the rage and panic. "You did this, didn't you? That... that remote! It did this!" Stephen smirked, unable to hide his amusement at Lawrence's outburst. "Yeah, it was the remote. Pretty neat, huh? Turns out it's not just some junk, after all."

"This isn't funny, Stephen!" Lawrence screamed in his shrill feminine voice, his panic mounting. "Change me back! Right now! I swear to God, if you don't—"

"Or what?" Stephen interrupted, taking a step forward. "You gonna sic your daddy's lawyers on me? Call your high-priced security guards and have them kick my ass for ruining your little fun vacation here?" he laughed "Besides, you look better this way." He looked at Lawrence with a smirk, his gaze roaming up and down.

"Better? Better?!? Are you out of your damn mind?! This isn't better! I'm a guy! I'm supposed to be a guy!" Lawrence tried to grab the remote out of Stephen's hand, but the larger man easily held it out of reach. "Relax. Deep breaths. Damn, you're exactly the girl I've always dreamed of, Lawrence" He let the name 'Lawrence' linger on his tongue, then shook his head as if dismissing it. "No, you're not Lawrence anymore. You're... hmmm... I think Lacey sounds like a great name for a girl like you." He paused, his grin growing wider. "What do you think? Feminine and sweet. Perfect for someone like you."

Lacey's eyes widened with horror. "Lacey? No, no, no! My name is Lawrence! I don't want some girl name!" She stumbled backward, nearly tripping over her own feet as she tried to put some distance between herself and Stephen. "This is insane! Change me back, right now!"





Stephen ignored her demands, his expression hardening. "I don't think you're in a position to make any demands, Lacey. You need me to survive here. I can provide food, water, shelter. Without me, you wouldn't last a day."

Lacey's lips curled into a sneer. "Do you know who I am, Stephen?" she hissed. "I'm Lawrence Abbott, one of the wealthiest men on the planet. Do you really think I need you for survival? I don't need you!" she spat angrily, her long blonde hair whipping around as she turned her back to him, her new curves swaying slightly as she walked away. Stephen chuckled darkly, crossing his arms over his chest. "Suit yourself, sweetheart. But remember, this isn't some vacation resort. This is survival. When you're starving and thirsty, you'll come crawling back. We'll see how well you do without my help."

'I'll show him,' she thought, teeth gritted as she marched toward the dense jungle. 'I don't need his help. I don't need anyone's help!'

As Lacey pushed through the thick foliage, her frustration only grew. She stumbled over roots, her once-strong legs now feeling weak and uncoordinated in her new form. The branches scratched at her exposed skin, her torn clothes hanging awkwardly off her new, smaller frame. Her large breasts bounced painfully with every step, the weight of them pulling her forward. She tried to ignore it, focusing instead on the task at hand: finding food and water. 'I can't believe this,' she thought, tears of frustration pricking at the corners of her eyes. 'I can't believe this is happening to me!' Lacey's new body felt unfamiliar and awkward as she stormed off down the beach. She was acutely aware of the way her hips swayed more than they ever had before, the weight of her breasts shifting uncomfortably with each step. 'God, this is humiliating,' she thought, gritting her teeth. 'When we get home, Stephen's fired. And not only that, I'll ruin his life. I'll destroy him!'



She walked for what felt like hours, the sun beating down on her bare shoulders, the heat oppressive and unrelenting. The thin fabric of her torn polo barely offered any cover, and she felt every breeze against her sensitive skin, making her shiver. 'Damn, my favorite Gucci polo', she thought, looking down at the remnants of her clothes. The once-fine fabric was ripped and torn, barely contained her new curves. Her shorts, of which there was almost nothing left, were now far too tight, digging into her hips painfully. 'Great. Just great. As if this couldn't get any worse.' Lacey stumbled over a rock, nearly falling, and cursed under her breath. 'Focus, Lawrence. Damn it, I need to find water.' she glanced around the jungle, she tried to remember everything she had ever learned about survival. 'What was that show called? The one where the guy drinks his own piss? God, please don't let it come to that.' She glanced around, hoping to spot some sign of water or fruit, anything to sustain her. But the jungle was vast, and it all looked the same.

Hours passed, and the sun began to set, casting long shadows through the trees. Lacey's stomach growled loudly, and her throat was dry from thirst. She had found nothing—no water, no food, nothing to make her situation any more bearable. Her feet ached from the uneven terrain, and her new body felt strange and foreign with every movement.

She tripped over a branch again and barely managed to keep her balance, grabbing the nearest branch. A light moan escaped her lips and she grabbed her heavy tits "Damn! Fucking things!" Her heart pounded harder as she looked around. 'God, I'm such an idiot,' she thought, hugging herself as a cold breeze swept through the trees. 'I don't even know where I am anymore. This was a stupid idea.' She hung her head low, her eyes filled with tears.

'I'm never going to survive out here on my own. I should have stayed with Stephen.' The thought filled her with a mix of rage and desperation. She didn't want to need him. She didn't want to be dependent on anyone, especially not him. But as the sun dipped below the horizon and darkness began to settle in, Lacey found herself truly alone for the first time.

The oppressive stillness of the jungle surrounded her, every rustle and distant cry of an animal amplifying her fear. 'What am I doing out here?' she thought, hugging herself tighter. Her new breasts pressed against her forearms, a constant reminder of them, her nipples hardening from the chill. She shivered, not just from the cold, but from the realization of her helplessness. She'd never felt such fear or powerlessness before.



She couldn't walk anymore and it was obvious, her whole body needed rest. She sat right there and sighed loudly. 'This is ridiculous,' she thought, blinking back tears. 'I'm Lawrence Abbott. I shouldn't be stuck on some godforsaken island, starving and lost. I should be at home, in my penthouse, or on a yacht, sipping champagne... I shouldn't be here and I especially shouldn't look like some kind of stupid bitch!' Her stomach growled loudly, reminding her that she hadn't eaten in hours. She looked around the clearing, spotting a few edible-looking plants. She wasn't sure, but they were her only hope of survival.

'Food,' she thought, scrambling over to them. She picked them eagerly, stuffing her mouth with the unfamiliar green leaves. But as she chewed, she felt a sharp, bitter taste. Her face contorted in disgust, and she spat them out, coughing violently. 'God, what even are these?' she thought, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. 'Stupid island food. All disgusting!'

Lacey tried to ignore the growing dread in her chest, but it was impossible. She curled up on the ground, pulling her knees to her chest. The night was cold, and the thin remnants of her polo offered little warmth. She wrapped her arms around herself tighter, feeling the softness of her new body press against her limbs. 'I'm not supposed to be like this,' she thought, tears rolling down her cheeks. 'I'm supposed to be a man, not... not this.'

She sobbed quietly, unable to hold back the flood of emotions. 'This is awful. I hate this island. I hate Stephen. I wish I could just go home.' She sniffled, resting her forehead against a nearby tree, trying to take comfort in the rough bark against her skin. 'I miss home. I miss my bed. I miss my maid service, and my chef, and my cars, and...and...' She closed her eyes tightly, tears streaming freely now. 'I shouldn't have left... Stephen was right. I can't do this on my own... I need him. Damn it, I hate that I need him...'

Lacey tried to sleep, but every rustle and snap of a twig made her jump. Her heart raced in her chest, and she couldn't shake the feeling that something was watching her from the shadows. 'Please, God,' she thought, closing her eyes tightly. 'Just let me get through this night.'



When morning finally came, Lacey was exhausted. She hadn't slept at all, too scared to close her eyes for more than a few minutes at a time. Her body ached from lying on the hard ground, and her stomach was a twisted knot of hunger and nausea. She sat up slowly, wincing as her muscles protested. 'I can't do this,' she thought miserably. 'I can't survive out here on my own. I need help. I need... Stephen.'

As the sun began to rise, she heard the sound of footsteps approaching. Panic surged through her, her heart racing as she looked up, expecting to see some wild animal. Instead, she saw Stephen emerging from the jungle.

"Lawrence!" he called out, his voice carrying over the rustle of leaves. "Where have you been all night? I've scoured almost this entire damn island looking for you!" he sighed, running a hand over his face. "Do you have any idea how worried I've been about-". But his words died in his throat as she, to her own surprise, found herself running toward him, her legs moving before her mind could catch up. She wanted to scream at him, to throw things at him, to tell him how much she hated him. But instead, she threw herself into his arms, hugging him tightly.

Stephen stumbled back a step, surprised by the sudden embrace. He felt Lacey's soft breasts press against his chest, their fullness and warmth startling him. Her slender arms wrapped around his back, and he could feel her body trembling against him. 'God, she's so... delicate now'. For a moment, he felt a pang of guilt, but it was quickly overshadowed by a rush of satisfaction. 'She needs me' he thought, holding her close. "It's ok now, Lacey," he murmured. "I've got you."

Lacey clung to Stephen, her face buried against his chest, feeling a strange mix of relief and shame. She could feel the strong, steady beat of his heart against her cheek. 'God,' she thought, 'why am I doing this? Why am I holding onto him like this?'

Abruptly, she pulled away, her face flushing with embarrassment. She took a step back, crossing her arms over her chest defensively. "Don't get any ideas," she snapped, her voice trembling. "I don't need you. I was just... just..."

"Just what, Lacey?" Stephen asked, his tone mocking as he raised an eyebrow. "Just scared? Just hungry? Just realizing you can't make it out here on your own?"

"Shut up," she muttered, her cheeks burning with humiliation. "I just... I don't know what I was thinking, okay? It doesn't matter."

Stephen sighed, rolling his eyes. "Let's not rehash this conversation again, Lacey." He glanced down at her tattered clothes, noting the way the torn fabric almost nothing covered her new curves. "And it looks like you're gonna need to find something else to wear. Those clothes aren't doing you any favors."