

Bimbo Besties, Part 1 (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Chris is a driven yet emotionally distant college student focusing on his future in architecture. But when an old flame confronts him over the fact that he saw her as nothing more than a 'valley girl bimbo' and only dated her to make her brother - his college rival - angry, he soon finds out exactly what the bimbo life entails. After all, as Chris once said, the two would be 'better off as friends.' Bimbo friends.

Bimbo Besties, Part 1

Christopher Galford grit his teeth as he focused on the design plans before him. There was something wrong with the design that he just couldn't quite figure out, and yet he knew the examiner would instantly spot. Every crevice of the blueprint needed to be perfect, every socket placement, every window, every inlet of air and consideration of both privacy and desire to allow space for public life.

"Hm, needs more interior lighting on the second floor."

That *had* to be it. The morning light would be impressive, but there was nothing to provide a little afternoon sun. He began redrawing the plan, scratching the back of his head as he concentrated. It needed to be perfect, after all. The kind of house he could only have dreamed of as a kid, growing up in a household that was constantly scraping for money, always desperate to make ends meet. The memories of having to chop the edges off of his morning toast just to avoid the mould haunted him, as did the sheer stress his mother visited upon the household when those hard months came, when the bills just piled up and up, and the power had to be turned off just to cope with it all.

This house won't have that problem, he thought, adjusting the specs again, as he considering the placement of the solar panels. *Whoever lives here will live like a king or queen, and still pay less on bills than me and Mom ever did, back when she was around.*

It was a thought that calmed and centred him. All his life, he'd dreamed of nothing more than financial security. Growing up poor and desperate, living in public housing that they still struggled to maintain, he had looked with envy at the rich mansions of suburbia beyond his neighbourhood. At least, they had seemed like mansions to a child like Chris. The fact that even bigger houses loomed elsewhere would have shocked the boy version of him into near-catatonia thanks to the utter disbelief.

So when Chris managed to gain a scholarship to a local yet prestigious university, he was adamant that he would use it to pull himself out of the financial mire that he had been born into, and left to since his mother passed away. Friendships were not important to him, and relationships were even more fleeting. Even Angelica, who he'd dated for over twelve months in his freshman year at the campus, was eventually let go. She'd been gorgeous, fun, and light-hearted. But her rich background, her wealthy family, her snobby twin brother, and her completely carefree attitude had slowly grated on him. She'd claimed he was emotionally distant, but he'd known that wasn't true. She was busy being a partygirl bimbo, while he was focusing on his future career at this prestigious college he was lucky to be going to. Besides, he'd only dated her so long because it made Emile, said twin brother, angry.

Such an asshole. I'm going to score higher than him, and win the Murlowe Architecture Award while I'm at it, too. He may have all the riches and resources, but I'm more focused than he is. I bet deep down he's as simple as his sister. He just pays good tutors to make up for what he lacks deep down, which I possess. The drive.

Chris pushed those thoughts aside. He tried not to mire in the past too much, especially on that ongoing rivalry when it wasn't relevant. Instead, he adjusted his thoughts to the future, to the specs of the house design before him, with its double-space garage, its spacious backyard, its sundeck and comfortable upper floor, its open island kitchen and expansive living room. Hell, the living room was big enough to fit his entire apartment into it.

It was his dream. *His* house. Sure, it was for an assignment. And yes, he had adjusted the design to focus on the assignment's priorities regarding sustainable living principles and natural lighting theories, but it was, in essence, the house he wanted to have. The one he was *going* to have. And he wouldn't let any Angelica or Emile or anyone distract him from that goal. He didn't care how closed off, how 'blunt' or 'tactless' he had to be, if it meant that one day he could reside in that home and call it his home.

It was the ultimate security.

My security.

Chris checked his watch. It was far too late at night to keep working. His ability to be creative and consider all the principles of design was dimming as he grew tired. He decided to give himself ten more minutes, after a short break to grab a glass of water. He had a habit of not drinking enough fluid when he was 'in the zone.'

But when he returned, something caught him off guard. He had a new message, and it was from someone he hadn't talked to in over a year.

It was from Angelica.

Why would she want to contact me? God, please don't tell me she wants me back. I mean, she's hot, but the complete lack of drive, the total naivete, the whole bimbo aesthetic .

. . . it's too much. We're from different worlds, and frankly I can't see myself being with someone that dumb now that my future career is getting closer.

Still, curiosity got the better of him, and he opened the message. Her new profile pic was quite . . . showy. Angelica was blonde, with a nice hourglass figure and nice B-cups breasts, and wavy blonde hair that fell to the small of her back. She was posing like a total partygirl: arms spread out as if cheering, one leg raised behind her, hair hanging slightly to the side with the motion. She was wearing a tight red dress that lifted her breasts nicely, and she had her blue eyes scrunched closed and her mouth wide open as she cheered. All in all, she didn't look like she'd changed much. The high heels were a nice touch, though.

Still, it did stir some nice memories for Chris. She had been quite wild in bed, and a great de-stresser before exams in that way. The woman certainly knew how to fuck, that was for sure, and her enthusiasm while riding cowgirl was something to behold. Just thinking about those old times made his member go a little hard.

And that moan. Jesus, that moan. I need to get a new girlfriend . . . after I graduate, of course. Don't have time to set up a fuckbuddy system or anything right now.

But then perhaps that was what Angelica was offering, after all, her actual message - once he finally stopped looking at her body and got around to reading the actual text - was quite cryptic, in her own Angelica sort of way. It read:

Heyyyy Chrissy! It's been, like, waaaaay 2 long since we talked, right? How r u? Emile say you an him are neck2neck for the Marlin Award or whatever its called. Best of luck, lol. Was wondrin if u were free to meet me tomorrow at mine? Emile won't be there, promise! Just want to talk about us. I no u don't want to get back 2gether but I be missing you, totes bad! Mebbe we can work out a deal we can have a lot of fun with, huh? Text me back if u want a good time, lol

Christopher couldn't help but smirk a little. "A good time, huh?" he said, chuckling. "That's not very subtle."

He checked her relationship status on several of her socials, and sure enough, she was recently single. It all made sense. He was the rebound guy. Well, more like the rebound *lay* or rebound *fuck*. However you wanted to put it, it was clear that Angelica just wanted a bit of fun like they used to have back when they were dating. Once again, those delightful moans of hers rang nostalgically in his ears. God, she was relentless. Of course, that carefree, bimbo-like relentlessness had made him tire of her, but it had been fun while it lasted. And it had also pissed off Emile.

Wait a minute, this could be perfect.

The prospect of having just a bit of sexual tension released was already good enough, but now more thoughts and plans were coming together. Even when he'd gotten sick of Angelica's valley-girlness, he'd continued to date her not just for the sex, but also because her twin brother was constantly Christopher's rival for the top marks in their architecture and design major. He had all the benefits of good living, good education, and the best help money could buy, and *still* Chris was neck and neck with him. Neither got along, and so going out with Emile's sister was a wonderful way to rub it in his rival's face.

And keep him offguard. He thought I didn't respect her, and maybe I didn't. But I know the truth. He didn't like someone with my background dating her. It threw him off his game. And now I can do that again.

With a cunning smile on his face, he began to type a reply to Angelica. Already, he looked forward to fucking her. He'd told her they were 'better off as friends' quite clearly when he'd dumped her, but fuckbuddies were a type of friend, right? And if she had any illusion about what they might become, well, that would be the fault of her dumb bimbo brain. So long as Emile was fuming once more, then not only could Chris relieve some tension, but also come out top of the class, top of the school, and top of the state with his grades, and carry the Murlow Architecture Award all the way to a job at one of the nation's best firms.

He chuckled at the thought of it, and hit *Enter* on his message:

Hey Angelica. Great to hear from you, it's been too long. Would love to catch up for some 'good times'. When would you like me to come over?

He went to bed happy, thinking of that house he wanted to have, was *going* to have, and how he was going to get there. The goal was all that mattered, nothing else. Angelica and Emile were just stepping stones to reach it. He slept very well with that philosophy in mind.

The next day, Christopher drove to Angelica's place. She lived on Hartford Avenue, the ritzy side of town that occupied a set of lovely hills that had a gorgeous view of the seaside as well as the city proper. It was a far cry from his own sad neighbourhood, which was known for its crime, its plummeting housing prices, and the fact that Old Mallory's house had to be pulled down last year because it was full of asbestos. He couldn't help but feel that twinge of resentment as he looked around at the fine living that so few people had, weighed against so many.

This better be some damn good sex, Angelica, he thought to himself. After all, even his shitty banged up Subaru was in need of service he could barely afford, not even from his nights working at the supermarket, so he was loath to drive it around too much. But there

were no bus routes that went direct from his neighbourhood to Angelica's. Why would there be? You'd have to be lost going from there to here. The wall of perfect hedgerows guarding the various stately houses was more than enough to give the impression that he didn't belong.

With a sigh, he parked a bit away from the gates to her family's house. It was a large, three story place with numerous bathrooms, a massive backyard complete with an immense pool, and enough finery to set him up for life if he ever became a professional burglar. He got out of the car, didn't even bother to lock it - who would steal it, after all? - and made his way to the gate and hit the buzzer.

'Like, hello?' came a familiar voice. It was sweet, honey-sounding. Just as he remembered it.

"It's me, Angelica," Christopher said. "Sorry I'm a little early."

'Chrissy! Not a problem! I'm soooo happy to see you. I've just totally opened the door. Come on in, girl!'

He raised an eyebrow at her words. *Why the hell is she calling me Chrissy? And she knows I hate it when she uses 'girl' like that, even if it's a term of endearment. God, she hasn't changed, I bet. Still using 'like' every other sentence as well.*

Still, he was in for a penny, in for a pound, so when the gate unclicked he walked on through, hoping at least that the rather hot looking bimbo of a former girlfriend would be wearing something sexy. Something he could help her slip out of. Certainly he'd done his best to dress to impress on his limited budget, and show off his fairly toned body. He'd even bought some product to bring his brown hair over to one side just how she liked it. *If she's anything like before, then I've got this in the bag. Well, until she starts annoying me again . . .*

Unfortunately, when he went to knock on the front door, it opened with a very unexpected individual on the other side, one that nearly took him aback until he stood his ground and clenched his fists at his sides.

"Emile Halloway," he muttered.

"Christopher Galford," Emile replied flatly.

The two stared at one another for several long moments, taking in the presence of the other. Emile looked like a typical rich boy. He was tall (though Chris was rather smug about being taller), handsome, and always wore crisp collared shirts. He had blonde hair like his sister, though it was obviously short, and a little darker. All in all, he cut quite the figure, and so it was no surprise that numerous women flocked to him, which earned him a well-deserved reputation as a ladies' man. Of course, none stuck around long. He had a habit of cutting women loose, presumably for similar reasons to Chris. But that was where the similarity between the two ended.

"What brings you to my house, Chris?" Emile said, losing the staring contest.

“I thought it was your parents’ house,” he replied. “You know, the ones that pay for everything.”

Emile narrowed his eyes. “You didn’t answer the question. Are you here to solicit help for your architectural major?”

Chris smirked. “I’m not here to see you, don’t worry. I’m doing just fine with my assignment proposal, and don’t need tutors to help me. No, I’m here to see your sister, actually.”

At that, Emile’s eyes widened again, and he was clearly caught off guard. “Angelica doesn’t want to see you.”

“Funny, she just texted me otherwise.” He showed Emile his latest message from her, which read, ‘*Are you cumming up or what?*’

The use of the word ‘cumming’ instead of ‘coming’ was more than enough to make her twin brother cringe.

“For fuck’s sake,” he said, clearly irritated. “I thought you dumped her. Broke her heart. Are you angling to get together? You already hurt my sister once.”

“I know, I know. I’ve heard the whole spiel. You said I was ‘emotionally distant and causing her harm.’”

“Well, you were, Chris. My sis is lovely, and I take care of her. She just wants to have a good time and enjoy her beauty major and there’s nothing wrong with that, but you treated her like she was an idiot.”

Chris bit back his next words, but he thought them quite clearly. *Well, she is a bit of an idiot.* Instead, he just stuck his hands in his pockets nonchalantly. “Well, you’re blocking the door. Can I go in? Or are you the dominant twin or something?”

Emile just huffed, rolling his eyes dramatically as he shifted out of the way. “Fine, if my sis wants to make another mistake then so be it. But don’t you dare crush her again, or try to make this a long-term thing. I’ve got places to be.”

“See you in class, Emmy,” Chris said as he moved into the manor. It was a nickname he knew the other man hated, but he shut the door behind him before he could reply. Emile did not move for a moment, clearly debating whether to say something back through the door or instigate an argument, but he thought better of it and walked audibly down the steps.

Chris glanced around again at the finery of the home he was entering.

“Fucking privileged,” he muttered. “But I’ll have it all some day. And I’ll *earn* it.”

He made his way up the staircase to the spacious rear veranda on the second floor, where Angelica was supposedly waiting for him. He gingerly opened the door, and was greeted to a wonderful sight: Angelica lounging on a sunchair in a flowery summer dress, her slightly-bronzed legs on display, a large pair of stylish sunglasses obscuring her blue eyes. She was just as delectable as Chris remembered her to be, her lovely curves obvious, her

B-cup breasts displayed wonderfully in the low cut of the casual dress. She twisted her head, flicked off her glasses, and *jumped* to her feet.

“Chris! Ohmigod, Chrissy! It’s soooo good to see you, hun!”

She ran to Chris before he could reply, and he barely had time to prepare himself for an embracing hug. He closed his arms around her, remembering the feel of her. The sweet, rosy smell of her. It almost made him nostalgic, until she pulled back and continued to talk.

“Like, I’m so glad you’re here, Chrissy. I didn’t know if you’d respond to my text. You were supes distant after we broke up, and I was crushed. Seriously, my heart was, like, totally crushed by that, you have no idea. I ate soooo much ice cream, and watched sooo many sad movies.”

Chris awkwardly scuffed his shoe on the ground. “Yeah, well, sorry about that. But I really meant what I said, you know. We were better off as friends . . . at least at the time. But you said you wanted to have a good time, and I thought I might come over. You look good. Really good.”

She beamed, twirling in a circle to show off her dress. “I know, right? It’s so cute I just can’t stand it! It totally suits my figure. You remember my figure, right?” She gave a knowing wink.

“Oh, I remember that very much,” Chris replied. He was beginning to feel more confident. “I’m sorry to hear your boyfriend broke up with you.”

Her expression became sober, but just for a moment. “Yeah, that sucked. He was cheating on me. He was a real asshole.” But then she broke into a huge smile, and her bright blue eyes widened to saucers. “But then, I was like, who needs a man, right? Like fish need a bicycle or whatever. I need a bestie! And because everyone always calls me a bimbo and stuff, I thought, why not have a bimbo bestie!”

Okay, weird way to put it, Chris thought, though the likelihood of imminent sex was growing in his mind. *But I guess it’s fuckbuddy time, then. At least she’s grown up and won’t cling to this delusion that I’m all in love with her or whatever. That shit was exhausting.*

“Well, I guess that’s me then, your bimbo bestie,” Chris said, straining to even say the words. “I saw your brother downstairs, by the way. I thought you said he wouldn’t be here.”

She smacked her forehead. “Ohmigod, I’m so embarrassed. I totes forgot he was staying back a little on some assignment thingy. He’s setting on winning some kind of award, I think.”

“Yeah, he may end up losing to me, though,” Chris said, feeling a little smug.

“We’ll see,” she said, and it was a weird tone in which she said it. Like she knew something Christopher didn’t. A strange kind of tone, given that he knew how much dumber she was than him.

“Well, what did you want to do?” Chris asked. He reached out with his hand and felt up her arm, teasing at the strap of her dress suggestively. “I can think of a few things, myself.”

She grinned, and it was obvious from the outline of her nipples against her dress that she was becoming more than a little aroused. “Mhmm, that sounds nice. Come on in. I want to show you something.”

“Does this something remind me of what things were like during freshman year?”

“Oh, yes,” she said, giggling as she drew him away from the veranda, and into the upstairs living room. She took his hand, and he too began to become aroused. His dick hardened, and he did little to hide his obvious erection. He wanted her, all the better to embarrass and annoy Emile, as well as to relieve his stress a bit. After all, it wasn’t like he’d fall into the role of boyfriend again. She was just too . . . blonde, to be his type.

She suddenly dropped his hand, turned, and instead of clearing away the nearby table so he could fuck her against it, or something equally provocative, she instead pulled out a scroll. An actual scroll.

“Uh, what is this?” Chris asked.

“It’s, like, a spell scroll. I’ve been learning magic. It totally comes from my Mom’s side. She’s fucking awesome.”

Chris snorted a little, trying not to laugh openly. Even for Angelica, this was pretty stupid. *Magic? Jeez, she must have skipped straight past homoeopathy and putting eggs in her vagina or whatever that crazy health guru celebrity recommended.*

“Uh, that’s nice, Angelica,” he said, trying and failing to humour her.

“You don’t believe me, do you?” she said.

“I - well, uh, no. No, sorry, I don’t.”

Her brief sad expression became joyous again. “That’s okay, because I can show you! My mother’s line go all the way back to, like, England covens and stuff. Before she and Dad left on their Europe trip, she left me this book of spells to learn, and I’ve picked them up faster than any book I’ve ever read, like it was *meant* for me, ya know? And I’ve been practising too! Readying myself for, like, the perfect spell and stuff.”

Chris paused. “The perfect spell?”

“Of course!” she said, giggling a little madly. It was mad enough to make the man feel a little concerned for his former girlfriend. “I was soooo sad when you broke up with me. It was super unfair. You said I wasn’t smart enough for you, and you were all closed off. You never wanted to relax, or do things with me, or meet my friends. You were actually pretty rude to them that one time, remember? It’s like you put up, like, this wall or whatever and didn’t let people past it, and just because I like pretty things and studying makeup and

beauty I was just kind of this doll on your arm or something, which I totes aren't. I'm my own person."

Chris didn't know how to respond. In her own way, Angelica had just been more eloquent than he'd ever heard her before. It was kind of startling. Still, he rejected the premise outright.

I wasn't withholding or anything. I just had bigger goals. It's the same reason I didn't pursue friendships. No time for that when you have to focus on the goal. When you have to succeed in the rat race above everyone else.

"I understand that, Angelica," he said soothingly. "But this magic stuff . . . it's all a bit unbelievable. Is this just because you were broken up with by Brad or whoever it was? I thought you wanted to have some 'good times' with me?"

She beamed again, and it was a slightly manic beam.

"That's right, and it's, like, time we got down to it, Chrissy. You weren't the best boyfriend, and I guess I wasn't, like the proper chick for you. But I can't stop thinking about how you said that we were 'better off as friends', and that's kind of poetic, right?"

"I mean, it's a really common saying when two people bre-"

"And so that's what I'm going to do! I'm going to make you my totes perfect bestie, and make it so you've *always* been my BFF, and that way you can understand what it's like to be sort of like me, and totally relax and have fun and stuff! It's going to be amazing!"

Christopher sighed. This was going in a very unusual direction, one that pointed towards future therapy for the ditzzy woman.

No sex is worth this, he thought to himself. He went to quietly and calmly disengage from Angelica, viewing her now less as a ditz than a complete fool who'd gone waaaay down the rabbit hole of kooky scams for bored rich girls.

That was, until she unfurled the scroll with a kind of practised ease, and began reading from it.

'Esac eht saw siht taht ytilaer ekamer. Lrig siht syawla saw eh taht os ti ekam osla dna, twah pu sserd ot deen a leef mih ekam. Meht rof toh yllaer, ekil, si dna syob sevol yllatot ohw obmib yxes, ytuc a mih ekam. Reverof dneirf tseb ym otni nam siht ekam!'

There was something weird about the words, like they were all jumbled or something, and yet still utterly Angelica's, written upon this magic paper. And it had to be magic, despite his earlier disbelief, because right before his eyes it glowed a brilliant orange hue and lit up impossibly bright, before rising from Angelica's hands, a strange wind carrying it calmly into the air and whipping golden dust all over Chris' form.

"What the fuck? It's real!?! Stop it! Angelica, cut this shit out! What the - NGH!!!"

He doubled over a little, and before he could flee in terror, he found his feet somehow magnetised to the floor. He looked up at Angelica, and to his astonishment, his former

girlfriend's eyes were glowing a powerful gold, and her fingers were emanating streams of magic that coursed not just around him but into him and *through* him. It tingled, causing strange pressures and sensations to bud through his body.

This is impossible. It can't be. Magic isn't real. But then how is this happening!?

Angelica gave no hint. She was too busy reading the scroll's contents over and over again, even as the floating paper ripped apart and shattered into tiny glowing fragments that imprinted into Christopher's skin before vanishing beneath it.

"Make him pretty!" Angelica cried, now in common English, at least that's what it sounded like to his ears.

He grunted as his facial features rearranged. It wasn't painful, but it was strange, alien. His nose shrunk, becoming button cute. His lips expanded to become full and feminine. He gasped as his eyebrows thinned, raised to become further arched, and then again as his jaw cracked, becoming rounded and giving him an oval face shape.

"What are you d-doing!?" he cried, but it was like she couldn't hear him anymore. All she could focus on with those golden glowing eyes was the spell that was impossibly changing him.

'Give him long brunette hair, shiny and silky!'

"No! Oh, n-no!"

He gripped his scalp, but he might as well have tried to fight a hurricane. His hair grew out from his head in a manner that felt all wrong, as if snakes were pouring from his skin. Not only did his chestnut brown hair extend, but its consistency became silky, and it lost any small waves and erratic curls to become perfectly straight, the kind of hair one would expect from a shampoo and conditioner commercial. The kind that had a reflective sheen to it and would be almost fun to play with, parted easily between one's fingers. Except this head of hair was on *him*, and it gained a surprising weight upon his head and neck as it lengthened all the way down to his ass, so that the great curtain of hair tapped lightly against the fabric of his jeans, just barely perceptible.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, this is crazy. I've got long hair. Angelica, snap out of this, now! You're doing something unintentional! I don't think you know what you're doing!"

But that didn't matter, because she just kept on talking. *She can't hear me.*

'Let him have a cute hourglass shape, with nice wide hips if he, well, more like she, ever wants to have lots and lots of cute babies!'

Suddenly a tension rose in his waist, in his hips, in Christopher's usually wide shoulders. He whimpered as the bones compressed and rearranged. He squirmed in discomfort, particularly as his hips began to creak wider and wider, becoming ever more womanly in shape. They pressed against the fabric of his jeans, and he quickly realised that soon either they would break, or he would. Something had to give.

This is insane! I'm turning into a - into a damn woman!

He unbuckled his pants, pausing only to give a high whine as his waist contracted suddenly, then a second time, then a third. He managed to free himself of his pants just in time for his hips to suddenly surge wider.

"Ahhhh," he sighed, almost content at the relief his sore hips felt. The relief didn't last long.

'Oh, and let him have a really cute peachy butt. Not, like, a huge one or anything. But a really cute thang that's definitely no pancake either!'

Christopher squeezed his eyes shut as the pressure spread to his backside. It grew and grew, pushing against his ass. He tried to hold it in, even as the magic dust seemed to collect into the skin there.

"N-not letting it h-happen!"

He grabbed his ass cheeks as they seemed to bubble and shift, pushing slightly outwards in a great shudder. He grit his teeth, focused, tried to visualise the body he should have had. But it was no use. This was real magic, the kind he never thought possible, and it was riding roughshod over his maleness.

"NNghh! OOhhhh!!"

He nearly jumped, and would have were it not for the magic keeping his feed in place. His ass surged out, becoming round and bouncy and perfectly peachy. It felt ridiculous on his body, but it clearly matched his newly feminine hips and was accentuated by his thin waist. He felt its soft pillowy halves, which had almost absorbed his underwear between its cheeks as if it were a thong.

'Let him be a little taller than me so I'm still the cute one, but with a set of nice hottie female legs and soft arms too. Definitely no body hair except down there, if you totes know what I mean!'

His breath came in short stabs as his limbs reformed and his spin clicked audibly, shrinking his height. He had always been proud of his 6'1 stature, but inch by inch he fell until he was a mere 5'6, an average woman's height at best. His legs became shapely, thighs thickening in a way that made him glad that he wasn't wearing his jeans currently, and all hair sucked back into his limbs, as well as upon his chest.

"Sh-shit!"

'And, like, he should obviously have a pussy. And just like mine, a really hungry one so it's not just me turned on by cute boys!'

"Fuck you!" he yelled, but she was unable to hear. "I don't want to have a pussy! You can't take my dick! You can't take - no! No! NOOO - UUGGHH!!!"

His penis scuppered back inside his body so quickly he didn't even have time to try to grab hold of it. It was like an eel darting back into its cave, and just like the eel, it left a cavernous space behind.

"NNhhnnnn!" Chris whined. His voice suddenly shot up several octaves, not stopping until it was not only feminine, but a high and sweet soprano that was as stereotypically ditzy and valley girl as they came. "T-too much! Oh f-fuuuuuuck!"

His balls retreated as well, folding inwards. Suddenly, the front of his underwear was a *lot* more empty and spacious, as a venus mound formed, complete with labial lips, a little clitoris, and a finished vulva. He could *feel* it form, his tunnel gaping open inside him, leading all the way to a new organ that pushed aside his intestines to make room.

Room for a womb. Oh God. Oh GOD NO S-STOP. IT FEELS ALL WRONG.

But he couldn't say the words, and instead that allowance went to Angelica, whose mutterings were only becoming even keener.

'What the hell, I don't care if she has, like, even bigger boobs than me! Sometimes guys can be waaaaay too eager. Maybe she can cut me some slack, lol! So let him have some big ole Double-D Degrees. Really nice ones to feel too!'

Christopher was still getting over the fact that he was technically a biological woman now, and certainly looked like one. But then his chest actually *rumbled*. The flesh actually rolled as if experiencing an earthquake, and said earthquakes were centred on his nipples. He tore off his shirt quickly, hurling it aside to see the incoming damage. He could only place his hands over his chest, cupping it as if to prevent the inevitable. Instead he had to pull his hands away as his nipples suddenly became incredibly sensitive. His whole body shivered with unwanted pleasure as his nipples dilated, dish-like areolas growing around them as they pressed out. They became more pink-like in colouration, until they were the kind of nipples he just loved to suck on.

But that was only part of the change. Next came the true result of the rumbling. The flesh rose like two souffles in the oven, spilling out over his palms. They were mere A-cups one moment, then solid B-cups, then ample C's that couldn't be hidden by his now dainty fingers. But as per Angelica's description, the change was now directed to a much more ample size. Chris watched in horror as his chest *heaved*, enlarging until he had a crop of America's best blooming from his chest. His new tits were surprisingly heavy, and easily blocked the view of his own toes below. With his hands as a makeshift bra, a lovely line of cleavage suggested the sheer fullness of his feminine bustline, the kind that he'd never felt himself but had always desired on lonely nights. Only now they were *his*. And they were *sensitive*.

I need to get rid of them, he thought erratically. I'm a full woman now! What else can she do to me?

But he was about to find out, because the golden-eyed form of Angelica wasn't yet finished.

'That's all the physical stuff, but he should, like be a she now, and have feminine protowns or whatever they're called. And she should totally go by Christina - Chrissy for short - now, it's sooo cute!'

Christina gaped. The golden flakes of magic worked their way into *her* mind, making *her* see *herself* as female. It was impossible not to. She knew, intellectually, that she was meant to be a guy, but even a focused attempt at bending her thinking in that direction yielded nothing. She was Christina Galford. And she was a woman.

How could she do this to me? she thought. *I'm a woman, dammit! I mean, I'm a woman! Goddamn it!*

Angelica continued: *'Make her like me: ditzy and, like, a bit of a valley girl bimbo, I totes admit it. And a beauty major, so we can have classes together and talk makeup and dresses! But also Chrissy should be super sweet with a totes loving heart: we've always been friends and our families are supes close and we helped her out in the past because it's totes not fair she grew up poor!'*

More mental changes. More personality rearrangement. Christina twitched, groaned, grunted and blinked as her mind was further tweaked. Strange flickers of memory that never were passed by her brain. One of her as a young girl, deciding to grow her hair out. Another of meeting Angelica when they were just five years old, and playing constantly at school together. A third flicker, and she remembered something which also never happened: the day she got excited about her boobs growing. Then the first time she went on a date. The time when Angelica bought her tickets to a girly concert with a hot boy band and they squealed in excitement in the first row.

N-no! It's not real! None of it is r-real! It's, like, totally fake or something!

Even her thoughts began to simplify. Intelligence drained out of her brain. Her architectural knowledge dissipated entirely, as if drawn through a fine sieve that parted it from the rest of her substance. It was replaced by understanding of the best lipsticks, dress colour coordination, proper heel movement, how best to move in a sexy manner, and how to deal with periods, among many other things.

'And let everyone remember Christina like that, except me and her, of course!'

A golden circle of energy radiated from Angelica, hovering in the air a moment before expanding so quickly it exploded like a great sonic boom. Then the golden magic in the air disappeared, and the ditzy spellcaster closed her eyes. When she opened them again, they were their previous bright blue, and her trance was over. She took a moment to centre herself, then looked at Christina. At her handiwork.

"Like, ohmigod, it totally worked! This is amazing! How do you feel, Chrissy?"

Christina looked down at her mostly naked body. At her big, jiggling double-D breasts. At her wide, seductive hips and peachy rear. At the long strands of chestnut brown hair that ran all the way to her bottom, and the slender hands there were currently running through those strands. She swallowed, taking it all in. Her thoughts were more sluggish than they should have been. A part of her that should not have existed was telling her to be proud of this body. She managed to clamp down on it.

“M-mirror,” she mumbled.

“Huh?”

“Like, I need to see a mirror, Angie. Like, now!”

“Oh, *Duh!* Come with me, you hottie of a BFF.”

She grabbed Christina by the hand and hauled her into the pink, fluffy room that was Angelica’s. By the dresser was a full length mirror.

“Go on, have a look. You are *soooooo* fantastic, by the way. God, I’m actually jealous, and *I* was the one to make you! I’d be all over you if I was a guy, or a lesbian or whatever. Heck, maybe we could experiment a bit!”

Slowly, cautiously, with great terror in her fast-beating heart, Christina approached the mirror. She didn’t know what to expect, especially since those new false memories seemed only to target a few childhood and teenage moments. She could remember having, like, B-cups or something.

But these titties are bigger, right? They seem bigger. Gawd, I feel dumb. Why am I thinking like this? I should be, like, super smart and all that jazz. But she’s made me a total dummy. What do architecture people even do?

She stepped in front of the mirror.

She paused.

She breathed, breasts rising and falling with each intake of air.

She beheld the woman in front of her, this sexy, long-haired, hour-glass figured, busty bimbo type with a nervous smile on her face and a strangely empty look in her eyes that spoke of a cute naivete and boundless optimism.

Oh gawd, I’m a total bimbo. She’s made me her bimbo bestie!

Angelica finally came up behind her, grinning from ear to ear. “Well, what do you think, bestie? Is it totes great or what?”

It was, and it wasn’t. It was normal, and it was abnormal. It was super sexy, and all wrong. Her head spun, trying to make sense of it all through a brain that was now nowhere near as smart as it used to be, and still overwhelmed by new knowledge and knowledge lost. She cried, tears streaming down her face. She choked on a sob.

And then, finally . . . she fainted.

The floor rushed up to greet her, but the darkness claimed her first.

Christina had a strange dream. First of all, it was strange because she was a woman, and her name was Christina. But in the dream, that was sort of normal. She wasn't very smart in the dream, but that was normal too. She dreamed that she was riding a bicycle across town. She was wearing a cute set of shorts and a crop top that totally matched her cute figure. She'd been experimenting with makeup, and was pretty happy with how her ruby red lips looked, and the eyeshadow she'd carefully applied that had a green tint to it. Her green eyes were nicely accentuated by the result, and she couldn't wait to show Angelica. She'd be soooooo pleased by the results, and they could even have fun experimenting styles on each other after Chrissy showed off her new look. She'd even managed to convince her mom to let her avoid a haircut. She was thinking of growing it out long. Some boys really liked it long, and besides, she thought it would look cute as hell, too.

She pedalled a little faster, moving up the hill towards Hartford Avenue. She felt a tinge of jealousy at the richness of so many families here. It didn't make sense to her that some people were soooooo wealthy, but others like her mom and her were super duper poor. Mr Brickens had tried to explain it in class once, but it didn't make any sense to her. Something about 'economics', but whatever that was had been lost on her. Maybe Angelica would know. She'd always been the smart one. Chrissy just got the better looks. But her bestie buddy was always looking out for her anyway.

I hope Emile is there, she thought to herself as she reached the gate of the Halloway house. He's looking extra cute since that haircut. Maybe he'll want to take me to prom.'

Christina woke slowly, strange memories of two lives filling her head. She groaned, her high, sweet voice filling the air. It took a few moments to get up, particularly since there was a set of fleshy weights upon her chest that she was both very used to, and very much not used to, depending on the right memory. Her long chestnut colour hair spilled around her as she put her head in her hands, trying to make sense of it all.

"N-no way. It - it was a dream, right?"

She pulled the hands away, now sitting upright. In her vision was now a large set of breasts pushing against the fabric of a shirt that was far too large. In fact, it was only around her improbably-sized chest that it drew tight at all, and the tightness was obvious. Her large nipples were outlined against the thin fabric.

"Like, why do I have boobies? Aren't I totally a guy?"

It took her recently bimbofied mind a few more seconds to put two and two together.

“Holy shit!” she cried, launching to her feet and setting her bosom wobbling again. She nearly overcorrected and fell forwards thanks to her altered centre of gravity, but she managed just barely to stay stable, even if it meant she stuck her rear right out like she was shaking her money maker. While she was apparently wearing lame old track pants, they did certainly cling around her rounded ass quite nicely.

“Ohmigod, ohmigod!” she cried, shaking her hands in a mincing, feminine manner as she hopped from one foot to the other. “I’m a girl! I’m, like, a total babe! I’ve got a pussy and everything!”

I’m even thinking of myself as Chrissy, she realised internally. Even though I should be Chrissy. I mean, Christina. Gawd, this fucking suuuuucks!

She began to feel her breasts beneath her shirt, cupping them. They were heavy, perfectly rounded, and wonderfully soft despite their pertness. She moaned a little as she touched them, unused to the pleasure.

“Like, this feels sooooo good! Is this what nice titties feel like all the time when you have them?”

She felt her womanhood begin to moisten, and she rubbed her thighs together a little, savouring that growing arousal as she played and teased at her nipples. It was only as she saw herself in the mirror that she realised what she was doing and gave a light squeal.

“Holy shit, I’m acting like a total horny bimbo! Pull yourself together, Chrissy! I mean, Chrissy. Ugh! Whatever!”

Her mind raced as she looked at the gorgeous valley girl hottie in the mirror. She was lacking any makeup, and was quite daggy in her obvious men’s shirt and old track pants, and her flustered expression was doing her no favours, but there was no doubting the attractiveness of the woman. Even with her slightly anarchic hair (though still impressively silky for the most part), she looked like a woman who was a total ten, and more than that, one who could go off the charts if she were to really dress herself up. Just the sight of herself made her a little more aroused, even if the arousal was more to do with what she could *do* with this body, rather than the body itself.

“Gawd, this is a total nightmare,” she managed to say, after staring far too long at herself. “I’m a hot gal, and my brain is like, super empty now. I can’t even *think* about architecture! Not at all!”

This is all, like, Angelica’s fault. She trapped me to be her bimbo bestie all because she was too dumb to realise I don’t actually like her! I just want to break up but leave things open so we could totally fuck like rabbits in the future, especially after I bested her hunky-looking brother.

Her thoughts stopped instantly, and her eyes widened. They were now a gorgeous green colour, rare and striking like her mother's had been, but her concern wasn't for what they'd become, but what that particular thought had just been. Her nipples throbbed a little, imagining Emile Halloway. His tallness, his muscles, his confident smile, his rich voice. It made her insides quiver, and her pussy became just that little bit warmer with arousal.

"ANGELICA!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. She moved out of the room, purging that horrible attraction to Emile from her mind as best she could, and only partially succeeding. "ANGELICA! WHERE ARE YOU, YOU BI-"

An instant flash of memory came over her. The time when she and Angelica had just been kids, and gone swimming at the beach together. They were both so excited to hang out, and Christina's mom had been treated so nicely by Angelica's parents, and they'd gotten to talking while the two girls played Barbie on the sand.

The flash ended, and she staggered a little, nearly losing her balance. It had seemed so real. It was real, sort of. At least, that's how the world would remember it, if she could recall Angelica's spell correctly.

"Gawd, now I'm getting new memories. It's all fake. Isn't it?"

It was getting confusing, and that made her further frustrated. After all, if she were still a man, as she was supposed to be, she'd be able to figure it out.

"ANGELICA! PLEASE, LIKE, COME OUT OR WHATEVER!!!"

There was a sudden shriek. Not a terrified kind, but one of pure *excitement*. One that Chrissy recognised well from her female memories as well as her more set-in male ones.

"Oh Gawd," she sighed, as the figure of Angelica came soaring up the stairs from the ground floor. She was squealing, clearly keen to talk to her 'best friend.'

"Yes! FINALLY! You've woken up, girl!" she screamed. Her breasts bounced in her summer dress as she ascended the steps in excited leaps. "I'm soooo keen! Show us how you look, girl! I didn't want to pry too much except to change you so you wouldn't totally freak out and go hella ballistic! How are you feeling?"

Chrissy crossed her arms beneath her breasts, feeling a little odd as she accidentally pushed them up to reveal more cleavage through the overly large neck hole of her shirt.

"How am I feeling? How am I *feeling*? You turned me into a fucking bimbo! My brain is all mixed up! I remember stuff that totally didn't happen, or at least I don't think happened. Shit, it suuucks! You suck!"

But Angelica hugged her anyway, and Chrissy was subjected to the strange sensation of having her breasts pressed against someone else's. It felt nice. Comforting. An embrace of sisterhood.

“Mhmm,” she murmured pleasantly, reaching to hug her bestie. Then she realised again that she was slipping. She shoved Angelica away just as quickly. “No! Like, get away from me!”

Angelica looked wounded, but she bounced back quickly like before. “Awww, it’s okay, Chrissy. It’ll take time getting used to, but don’t worry, you’re totally gonna love being a hot chick. Trust me, it’s the best. I mean, there’s sexism and people touching your boobs without permission and no one taking your opinion seriously and stuff, but you can also have sooo much fun, and the outfits are to die for. Not to mention all the makeup!”

Chrissy had to compose herself, especially since she was reminded of how much her body was weirdly craving that she get her face all done up.

“I don’t care about any of that!” she snapped. “I wanna have my big cock again, instead of this really horny pussy you gave me. I don’t want to have big tits, even if they are, like, really super sensitive and fun and bouncy. I want to be a man!”

But Angelica just shook her head, even wagging her finger like she was a parent telling off a child acting badly. “No way, Jose, I’m keeping you this way, at least for a time. You said we would be best as friends and this is what I’m doing. Plus, it’s, like, vengeance and whatever. You were really mean and closed off when we were dating, and you’ve been saying such mean things about my twin brother-”

“He says mean things about me!”

“And I want to protect my brother. I’m the older one by, like, ten minutes or something. I forget how much exactly. But you are always competing with him and being snobby and stuff.”

“Me? I’m the snob? He’s the snob! He’s, like, always looking down on me and stuff.”

What the ‘stuff’ was had become hard to explain. *It’s because he’s super rich and I’m not, but also he narrows his eyes and calls me by my full name and stuff like that. Why can’t I fucking summarise this? GRRRR!!*

“Well, maybe you can be on better terms with him now,” Angelica suggested. “In this new reality, I bet he has a total crush on you. And I know you’d find him hot. How cool would it be if my former boyfriend, now best friend, became my sister-in-law! EEE!! It just makes me so excited!”

But Christina was adamant. “Turn. Me. Back.”

“Not until you’ve at least tried your new life! I want you to be a total hottie until you’ve learned what being a total girl is all about first. Just enjoy being a fun, ditzy party gal like me. I’ll only turn you back if you do that. Though imagine if you didn’t want to turn back!”

Chrissy couldn’t *possibly* imagine a future where that was even remotely the case. She certainly wasn’t meant to have tits, or a pussy, or look really pretty or be thinking about

how cute a pink dress would be. *Which I totally am, which is really unfair!* She gritted her teeth.

“You definitely won’t change me back then, bestie?”

It was the closest to manipulative and cunning as she could manage given her reduced intelligence, but calling her ‘bestie’ had to do some good. But perhaps Angelica was a lot smarter than she ever gave her credit for, because she just gave a light giggle.

“Oh, Chrissy, you’re so cute! But I know you’re not my bestie *yet*, even if the memories will, like, help stuff along and stuff. No, you need time to get used to being a total cutie, and to learn how to dress! So I’m only going to change you back like I said: once you’ve had a really serious go at this. And, just to make sure you honour this agreement, you’ll have to make the most serious deal there is.”

With a look of utmost seriousness, Angelica thrust forward her hand. But it wasn’t a handshake she was after: her pinkie finger was extended. *Seriously? She wants to do a silly pinkie promise?*

Chrissy had no choice though. She extended her own pinkie and shook it, binding the deal. As she did, a quick montage of memories flashed of them giving pinkie swears all the way back to when they were just five years old. It was their *thing*. She remembered a particular time in their teens when after a terrible first day at high school, Angie had comforted her with one.

She told me that she’d pinkie swear to always be my bestie.

“Great!” Angelica exclaimed, bouncing on the spot and looking like the spoiled rich girl she kind of was, even if she’d been spoiled sweet for the most part. “Now it’s a promise, and you can’t break a promise!”

You totes can, Chrissy thought, navigating her bimbo mind with some small degree of success, *when you cross your fingers behind your back. Lol.*

“Fine, so I’m stuck as a girl. And magic is real, somehow. And I’ve got big titties. And I’m a girl!”

“You said ‘girl’ twice,” Angelica said with a giggle. “See? You totes *are* my bestie? We’re both such airheads at times, am I right?”

Chrissy managed to contain her frustration. She had to play the long game and get out of this. Even with her reduced intellect and weird current desire to bare some more skin, she could figure *that* out.

“Whatever, I didn’t ask for this,” she said, very aware of the annoying weight of her boobs on her shoulders. “What do I have to, like, do and stuff?”

Angelica seemed to think long and hard about this. She placed her finger on her chin, and looked off into some empty space. And then, just as Christina was beginning to lose patience and shout something, her eyes went wide, and she broke into the biggest grin. She

hopped from foot to foot on the spot, rotating and raising her hands above her head, as if conducting a silly dance of some kind.

“Oh, yes! It’s perfect, absolutely perfect!”

“What? What’s perfect? Spit it out, girl!”

The other woman grabbed Christina’s shoulders, and the new girl was shocked at how strong that grip felt now that her own strength had evaporated away. She hadn’t realised how fragile she now was until that moment.

“We’re going to . . . go shopping!”

She gave a high-pitched squeal that rang in Chrissy’s ears, still bouncing on her feet in excitement.

“Shopping? For, like, what?”

“Clothes, dummy! You’re too tall for my stuff, and those nice big boobies of yours won’t fit in my little B-cup bras, I’m totally jelly about them by the way, but I couldn’t resist giving you a ‘cup-full’, lol. Plus your shape is a little different down below, too. So we need to get you some panties, some bras, some cute dresses, some yoga pants - obviously, some new socks and hair ties and makeup and mascara and lipstick and foundation and a sports bras and a cocktail dress and some bikinis so we can totes go to the beach and have girly fun there and -”

“Stop, stop!” Christina interrupted. “This is, like, way too much. I’m meant to be a guy, and now you’re making me some kind of bimbo with all this stuff! I can’t even pay for it!”

But then suddenly a new memory flashed. Chrissy’s first bicycle, her first surfboard, her first trip abroad to Hawaii. At every stage, when her Mom couldn’t afford something, Angelica had stepped in and convinced her own parents to give the Galford’s a helping financial hand. After all, anything for her bestie, right?

Oh Gawd, everything’s changed. I grew up totes dependent on a bunch of rich people!

It filled her with embarrassment, knowing that Emile would see it that way too in this new magically-shifted reality. But Angelica already had her card out, and was flashing it about.

“It’s all on me, silly! Now come on, let’s go on a girl’s trip . . .”

“Oh Gawd.”

“. . . to the *MALL!*”

Christina sighed. As with several things already, she knew that she had no choice. No choice at all.

Already, Christina was finding out a few things she didn't like, or certainly didn't appreciate *having* to like, about being a woman. For one, even wearing baggy track pants and a loose shirt, men were staring at her. They were staring a *lot*. She'd tried walking 'normally' with her usual masculine gait, but her stupid feminine hips kept defaulting to shaking from side to side suggestively, a result of her new pelvic configuration and impressively wide flanks. The gait also had the effect of causing her boobs to jiggle, jostle, wobble, bounce, and bob on her chest. It was actually becoming a little painful, having no support, and made her realise just how much 'bigger' girls needed it. A category that now included herself among them.

"Everyone is, like, looking at me," she complained as they entered the mall.

"I know, isn't it the best? Watch out for the creeps though. They're probably turned on 'cause your nips are showing."

It made Chrissy want to cover them, but that would just make it all the more obvious. She tried to hunch over as best she could, but it felt wrong to do so. Already, she had a strange, unwelcome desire to show her body off. She aimed to fight it.

They continued through the mall, Chrissy feeling utterly on display despite being relatively covered up. She was vulnerable and she knew it, though she'd describe it now as 'totes fragile' due to her altered vocabulary. Just another thing to hate among many.

On the ride over, during which Angelica had driven, Chrissy had found out a lot of new things about herself by searching not through her wallet - which no longer existed - but her purse instead. Just as her mind told her, her name was now Christina Galford. Christina *Iris* Galford. Even her middle name had changed from *Evan*. Her birth date was the same, her mother was still listed as the same, and was on her phone contact list again, for some reason. A bit weird, given she was dead two years. Her photo ID showed an attractive woman with a neutral expression, but one that clearly indicated she was only not smiling because she had to have a blank face for her photo. She was listed as around 5'5, and she resided in the same place as she currently did. She also still worked at the local supermarket closest to her apartment, though apparently she was a 'deli chick' now. *Figures. But at least most things haven't changed too much*, she thought to herself. But then she looked down at her body and remembered that they had changed far, *far* too much already.

She continued to reminisce on all these changes as they approached the clothing store. It was called *Coquette's*, and it was well renowned as a rather pricey, yet very stylish and high-quality establishment.

How do I even know that? she thought. But then a mini-memory flashed of the first time Angelica had taken her here, and she knew. The memory wasn't real, she knew it. It wasn't a 'full' memory, per se. But it did give her information and context to what was happening.

"Ohmigod," she said. "You paid for my prom dress here. I looked sooo hawt."

"I did?" Angelica asked. "Wow, that's super cool of me. I bet it was dark blue. Was it dark blue? You'd look sexy in dark blue."

Christina blushed at her outburst, ashamed that she'd even described this totally wrong body as 'hawt.' But she did nod a little. "It was dark blue, with a sexy low cut to show off my boobies."

"I knew it! This is going to be soooo fun, girl. Trust me, we are gonna doll you up. You won't even remember being a boy by the time we're done. You're going down, like, the pink rabbit hole."

"That's what I'm super afraid of," said Christina, as they entered the store proper.

It was still unreal to know that not only was magic real, but that of all the people in Chrissy's life, it was freaking *Angelica Holloway* who could wield it, and apparently wield it well. It was like finding out that your best friend was suddenly a dark wizard, complete with an ominous black tower he had always lived in. And she was using all that power for *this*?

To make me into a goddamn bimbo? Complete with a yummy booty and big titties? Ugh, I can't even think about my body without, like, sexualising it or whatever. I think just like her now. NO. Not just like her. Just surface stuff. That's all!

But it didn't prevent her from following Angelica into *Coquette's*, or from greeting the staff as if she knew them personally.

"Hiya Stephanie! Hiya Janice!"

The two women gave their hellos.

"It's so good to see you, Angelica, and you, Chrissy. Shall I close down the store and let you run wild with it all, then?"

"Can you do that?" Angelica said, before stopping. "Oh, that was totally a joke, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was. But we will help you with everything you need. Was there something in particular you were looking for?"

Angelica thrust her friend forward, so that Chrissy was awkwardly standing before them in her track pants and male shirt. "Not for me, but this disaster needs rescuing! My friend Chrissy here - you know, my BFF now - she's lost everything in a fire, and we *absolutely* need to correct her wardrobe problems."

"My word!" the one called 'Janice' said, a slim older woman in her forties. "I'm so sorry to hear that."

I didn't lose anything in a fire, why does she - oh. Oh Gawd. Why did I have such a delay figuring that out? Am I even dumber than Angelica now?

"It's, um, okay," she managed to say, blushing bright red as a ripe strawberry.

“It will be soon,” Angelica continued, “once we get Chrissy here looking as cute and sexy as a hottie like her deserves. We want a heap of things for all occasions, so she can show off her body to all of the cute boys. Isn’t that right, Chrissy?”

‘Chrissy’ wanted anything but. No, that wasn’t true. A small sliver of her mind wandered, thinking of these ‘cute boys’ with their fit abs and spectacular biceps.

I wonder if Emile has nice biceps beneath those shirts he’s always wearing.

“Isn’t that right, Chrissy?”

She blushed further. “Um, yeah, I guess. Let’s just get this over with.”

“That’s the spirit!” Angelica cried, without a trace of irony in her voice. “Let’s get this woman some hot bras!”

Inwardly, the new woman groaned. *They better give me good cleavage at least.*

As Chris, the former male had never stepped foot inside a clothing store for more than the necessary half hour at most. A simple duck-in, duck-out approach that was the case for most men. The fact that he’d rarely been properly clothes shopping at all, preferring to get cheaper wears from second-hand stores at the like as part of his background-influenced frugality, made him even less experienced in such matters than the other man.

And yet here *she* was, now a woman, now with the encroaching personality of a ditzy, sexy valley girl type, spending not just one, or two, but *three* hours trying on clothing at a high-end women’s fashion store. To say it was humiliating was an understatement. The fact that the new woman was hit by a rush of dopamine every time she tried on something new and fetching only made it all the worse.

First up, naturally, were the bras and panties. Chrissy was dreading them, particularly since she’d never put on a bra in her life. In fact, her only real expertise with bras was taking them *off*. Chris had never been a big player, but he at least knew the old ‘one-handed removal of the clasp’ trick while making out with a girl, something he knew turned women on a lot, particularly Angelica. But the bras her former girlfriend-turned-bestie picked out were for her to *wear*, and that was a daunting prospect indeed.

“We’ll try some standard bras, some nice lift bras to show off that hawt cleavage, and some sports bras so we can go on runs together and keep our lovely bodies in shape, right?”

Chrissy groaned, but the truth was, her eyes were glued to some of the women’s wear that was presented to her. *I know I should hate them but Gawd I love some of the lacy black frills! And that push-up bra would make these titties totally pop.*

They were thoughts from another mind, and yet inexplicably her own. And so it was that soon she was trying them on in the change stall, standing before the mirror and gazing

at her full chest. Janice helped her, a little surprised that she didn't know how to do a bra clasp up.

"Um, I'm just not used to this type of clasp?" she said a bit weakly.

But when the first one was finally fitted, and her boobs settled in the unfamiliar cups, a surge of memories flooded over her. They were distant, more like a rapid slideshow than one particular memory. A thousand different times when she'd put on bras before, from her adolescent training bras to her teenage B-cups to the steady growth that led to her currently ample chest.

"I - oh Gawd - I think I have it from here," she said weakly. Janice nodded, gave the mandatory 'I'll just be within earshot' statement that clothing saleswomen often gave, and left Chrissy alone.

Holy shit, I know how to do bras now. And I know the best looking ones now too. She gulped, realised how deeply these changes went. I think - this is just humiliating - I think I have to try them all. They all look so good!

The sampling began, and once it started it was almost impossible to stop. Like a small snowball atop a wintry hill, once it got rolling it only gathered size and speed until it was all that Chris could really think about, even as part of her railed and cried and screamed to stop it, all to no avail.

The bras, panties, and lingerie sets were first, obviously. Chrissy found that she loved black and red, they worked well with her brunette hair and contrasted her pale skin. There was an absolutely delectable white set she did pick up though: the bra was a push-up that made her breasts two delicious globes that would be impossible for any guy *not* to drool at. Thanks to Angelica's pushing, she even picked out a sexy lingerie set, complete with garters and straps and all the things men liked to undo in the bedroom. It was black, frilly, and perhaps most dangerously of all for the new woman: crotchless.

"Just for a bit of fun!" Angelica pushed, as Chrissy tried it on and blushed deeply. "Though who knows, maybe you'll totes end up *using* it, if you know what I mean."

"N-no way," said Chrissy, who was trying not to think of exactly that purpose. Once more, images of hunky men danced in her vision, and she had to work to dispel them.

After several more sets of these were purchased, including a pink one that Chrissy was drawn to because of its bright colour, it was time for ordinary everyday wear.

"What kind of things do *you* wanna wear?" the apparent witch asked her.

"Big jackets. Covering j-jeans. Thick tops." She'd had to grind out every word between her teeth. The male part of her wanted that, but the female part seemed so much more in control in this place. Angelica seemed to sense that, because she drew closer, put her hands on Chrissy's shoulders, and gave a smug grin.

"Are you suuuuuuure, girlfriend?"

Chrissy sagged. “No, I don’t. Gawd, I want crop tops. I want tight tees. I was stuff that shows off my midriff and also cute skirts. And dresses! You’ve made me want dresses, gawd-dammit.”

Defeated, and with Angelica clearly celebrating, they moved swiftly to grab an entire swathe of articles for the new woman to change. What followed was a veritable parade of outfits, often in several pieces, which Angelica *demand*ed that Christina show off after each try on, as if she were a model on a private catwalk, and the witch was her judge. Like a scene from a romantic-comedy, when the woman was finally getting her makeover to catch the heart of the leading man, Christina trotted out in a sexy red summer dress, a pink crop top with matching skirt, a ripped denim look straight out of the nineties, a bathing suit of all things, which she’d just barely managed to pull back from being a bikini, instead opting for a one piece.

“Yes!” Angelica cried, cheering. “Don’t match pink, keep the shirt part! Ripped denim is coming back - do double-denim with the jacket!”

“I thought you, like, said not to match stuff too much?”

Angelica shook her head. “So much to learn, girl! Denim, like, *transcends* matching schemes. At least for the next season of fashion, lol. And ditch the one-piece. A girl like you needs a hot bikini to strut your stuff and show off those big double-D jugs of yours!”

Resigned, Chrissy retreated to put on the next outfit, while Angelica went and retrieved several bikinis. After okaying another few outfits, including some gym wear, some yoga pants that clung *very* tightly to her figure, and a sports bra and jogging shorts look (short shorts, naturally), it was time to try said bikinis on.

“Do I really really have to?” Chrissy whined, hating the sound of how empty-headed her voice was now.

“You don’t *have* to do anything,” Angelica said. “But I’m paying for it all, remember? And you have to *try* being a total girly girl like me before I can change you back. So rip that band-aid off, sexy, and show us your goods!”

Dismayed, and yet continually tempted to dress up, Chrissy retreated back to the stall to begin the first of several bikini try ons. *Gawd, some of these cups look very . . . small.* Indeed, that seemed partly by design, as Angelica was insistent that bikinis were a great chance to “show off dat underboob, hotstuff!”

And show it off they did, and side boob as well.

“This f-feels too revealing,” Chrissy murmured, as she tried covering her mostly-revealed body. “I don’t like how much it . . . jiggles.”

“You mean your tits?”

“I mean . . . everywhere.”

It was true. It wasn't just her boobs that bounced unsupported, her ass had a gorgeous jiggle to it too. Angelica just beamed.

"Nonsense! You look soooo hot! I'm seriously jelly, you're lucky you're my bestie! Plus it's pink, which shouldn't work for a brunette but actually kind of does. I feel like such a dummy for not realising: hot pink for blondes, but *paste/* pink for brunettes like you. It actually works really, really well."

Chrissy looked in the mirror, saw how her boobs were formed into perfect teardrop shapes, her cleavage wonderfully shown off by the bikini top. Her stomach was flat, without the muscle she'd cultivated as a hard working young man, and her hips . . . well, she wouldn't have any problems bearing children. *Not that I ever fucking plan on making cute little babies or whatever! No siree bob, mister! But . . . I guess the pastel pink does work, sorta. Gawd, this is embarrassing.*

"Okay, let's just get them all! And be done with it!" she said.

"I've changed my mind!" Angelica spat. "You should get a couple of one-pieces too!"

"What? Seriously!?"

"Yes! You looked great in that dark one, and they're sexy in their own right. Plus you can get one that *zips down the front*. Trust me, it's got, like, it's own power if it does that."

"What kind of power?" Chrissy said, briefly entranced but wondering if her new mind was missing something obvious.

Angelica chuckled. "The power to hypnotise hunky boys, obviously!"

Chrissy sagged again. *With my double-Ds and this hourglass figure, she's probably totes right about that.* She licked her lips, imagining it.

"Earth to Chrissy! You can think about washboard abs later. We're still girly shopping."

"Gawd, what could even possibly be next, Angie?"

It turned out, a lot could be next. There were, after all, still winter outfits ("how long are you, like, expecting to keep me like this? I was hoping it was just one week!") and sportswear ("I'm not becoming, like, a literal cheerleader . . . am I?") and cute hats ("Gawd, I guess it does sorta go with my green eyes"), see-through stockings ("nothing hotter than teasing a boy with tight stockings" she said before catching herself) and numerous other summer dresses, cocktail dresses, two part dresses, and dresses galore. It was humiliating, but part of that humiliation was how *good* it all felt, that delightful rush of dopamine (not that she knew what dopamine was anymore) every time she twirled her dress, or checked out her bodacious profile in the mirror with a figure-hugging cocktail dress, or adjusted her top and her boobs so that she could show what Angelica liked to call "Maximum Cleavage, capitalised and everything." Certainly, some of the dresses gave the illusion that she was

about to 'pop out' at any second, and while there was no real danger of that, she had to smother a smirk at the effect it would have.

No, no, no! I am sooooo not enjoying this, okay? No way. I refuse to, like, get turned on by the idea of turning other people on, even though that tight green dress would totally give hot dudes the biggest boners ever.

Soon a trolley was needed just to contain all the clothing that Angelica was buying for her. But they were still not done.

"What could possibly be next now?"

"Heels. High ones."

Chrissy groaned. She had good reason to. Because as strangely free as the dresses felt, or as sexy as the tight ones were, a set of luscious black heels upon her feet actually required some degree of skill walking in. With Angelica's steady help she slipped her dainty feet into a pair, and once more the catwalk was on. She tilted, managed to right herself, never overcorrected.

"This is hard!" she exclaimed.

"You'll get used to it, bestie!"

She saw herself in profile while walking past a mirror and rolled her eyes. "It's making my ass stick out in this posture. And my big titties, too!"

Angelica laughed. "That's the point, dummy! I think I may have made you, like, even ditzier than me, ha! But don't worry, you look great. You just need practice."

Another flash. Another memory that wasn't her own, and yet somehow was. In this strange new reality, Christina remembered receiving her first pair of heels from her mother. She had saved up for them secretly to surprise her daughter. Little did she know that Angelica had already bought her a couple of pairs, which she'd tried on in private to practice. But it didn't matter. Those simple, black heels of surprisingly quality were the most wonderful gift in the world to her. The fact that her mother had been secretly raising money for them made them a greater treasure than any other. She remembered crying when she outgrew them. *They're still in a box on the shelf next to my bed. Holy shit, I can remember it like it's all real. Um, is it real?*

She blinked back a tear, but only just. Then, stepping more confidently, one foot in front of the other in a fashion that made her ass sway suggestively and deliberately, she moved down the 'catwalk' that Angelica had arranged. The ditzzy witch's jaw fell in surprise.

"Like, ohmigod, you're suddenly amazing! Girl, you look like a damn model!"

Chrissy couldn't help but grin. "I kind of feel like one," she said, suppressing a blush. "I got a new memory. Why am I getting new memories? Am I gonna, like, forget the real me?"

“This could *be* the real you, but I wouldn’t worry. You won’t forget Christopher. But the new memories should help guide you. And they’re certainly guiding ‘dat ass’, bestie!”

There was no doubt about that. Adorned in a tight green cocktail dress that showed off ample cleavage and ended at the upper thigh, she was already a sight of immeasurable attraction. But now she was strutting her stuff confidently, her posture in the heels only exemplifying her impressive curves. It was a lot to take in for the former male, but part of her shivered in delight at the display she was creating. Which was why her next words were not spoken with exhaustion, but with a hint of excitement instead.

“So, what’s next?”

The answer, naturally, was makeup. Angelica paid a service - one she used often, apparently - to deliver the veritable mountains of clothing they had purchased to her house, so that they could sort through it together in the afternoon. Chrissy got to choose an outfit to wear out of the mall, however. And while her old male clothes were right there, she felt that tingle of excitement at wearing a cute white skirt with a pink tee, one that drew tight around her ample features.

“Great choice!” Angelica said. “And you’ve got nice shoes too! Way better fitting than the ones I had to lend you to get here.”

Strangely, the prospect of applying mascara, foundation, lip stick, hair care products, and so on didn’t seem so worrying to Chrissy by that point. After all, she’d already come so far. The most daunting thing, really, was the notion that she’d be the one actually applying them, but Angelica promised to help with the application.

“Until we can get you totally amazing at doing it yourself. Seriously, there’s no better feeling than doing your makeup just right. Well, except for the female orgasm, obviously!”

Chrissy bit her lip, and tried not to imagine them. The makeup visit went quicker than the clothes, perhaps because it was impossible to try all the products in a row, but in the end they also walked away with a large stack of lip sticks, powders, mascaras, polishes, eyeliners, gels, shampoos, conditioners, brushes, and so on and so forth. Some of it Chrissy didn’t even have an idea of what they were, at least until another memory came to mind of her mother teaching her.

Wow, I was a lot closer to mom in this reality. I mean, we were always close, but I sorta resented her, I guess? But I’m, like, totes tight with her as a girl.

It was enough to give her pause for thought.

They were finally done at the mall, and walked out of its centre to drive back to Angelica’s place. The witch was practically bouncing with glee at the prospect of making Chrissy her ‘fashion bestie’ on top of all the other things. It made Chrissy nervous, just how much joy Angelica was taking out of this. But it also made herself nervous, at how much fun she was also having, despite her best lingering male efforts not to.

“Hey, check out that boytoy!” Angelica said, pointing at a man walking the other way. He was young, fit, with darker skin and a confident smile on his face. He was tall, and Chrissy found herself drinking in that tallness, those muscles, that confident masculine smile. It made her heart flutter. It made her nipples tense. It made her pussy just become that little bit flushed with aroused heat. She automatically straightened her back to show off the ‘goods’, and cocked her hips a little wider as she walked. She gave him a flirty smile, and he smiled back.

“Afternoon, ladies,” he said.

“Afternoon!” they both said.

“You look nice,” Chrissy added automatically, without thinking. The man smiled wider. He clearly had places to be, but gave a flirty wink back nonetheless. Christina went bright red, turned, and walked even faster.

“Ohmigod ohmigod, why did I just say that?”

“Because you’re the best!” Angelica exclaimed, pumping her fist. “This is working out soooo much better than I could have hoped!”

They arrived back at Angelica’s stately house. Apparently she and Emile had the run of the place until their parents came back in like two months from their grand trip. It had been extended yet again, a mix of business and pleasure. It made Chrissy think of the time they’d all gone to Hawaii together, something that definitely hadn’t happened to her when she’d been Christopher.

As they entered, she couldn’t help but notice that Emile’s car was present in the spacious driveway the Hallows had. She felt that same flush again, a strange mix of frustration, anticipation, and even a little excitement and arousal.

“Huh, little bro’s back,” Angelica mused. “Maybe you’ll want to talk to him. You might find him . . . cute!”

“I think - maybe I should just leave.”

“Nonsense! I’ve already got your room set up for the night.”

“What?”

Angelica shrugged. “I figure we always had sleepovers as besties, right? And you’re renting, so who cares if you’re not there a day. Why don’t you sleep over and we can order some Chinese?”

Chrissy nodded. “F-fine. Okay. That sounds kinda nice, I guess.”

“YAY!”

She opened the door, but Christina couldn't help but look at Emile's car one more time.

No way. Anything but him. I can totes put up with being a bit of a bimbo for, like, a short time or whatever. But not getting turned on by him.

But the image of his darker blonde hair, his stoic expression, his wide shoulders, all combined to make her sigh contentedly. She hoped Angelica didn't notice, as the other girl was busy depositing the makeup.

I'll just - I'll just avoid him! Yeah, I'll keep out of his way and won't even feel these stupid silly feelings!

She moved to go to the bedroom Angelica pointed out was hers to have for the night. It could be a private sanctum, away from any flirtatiousness. Away from Emile. Unfortunately for her, in trying to avoid Emile, she ended up running straight into him. The two collided, and to her shock she ended up grabbing hold of his shirt and pulling him backwards. She tripped, toppling onto her back on the bed. Which meant that the startled Emile landed face-first right into her cleavage.

"Ohmigod! Ohmigod! I'm s-so sorry!"

"D-don't be!" Emile said in a shocked voice. He looked up at her, and quickly realised his face was resting on her breasts, and that one of his hands was accidentally planted on her soft thigh. It was intensely arousing, and her private parts moistened immediately, just as her nipples stiffened.

"I - I think you should get me off. I mean get off on me! I mean get off *of* me!"

Emile darted to his feet, nearly as red in the face as her, perhaps more so.

"I'm so, so sorry, Chrissy. Christina, I mean. I didn't realise. I saw that the guest room was open and done up, and was wondering who was staying. You are staying right?"

"Um, yeah," she said, adjusting her top. *Gawd, his face felt nice on my boobies. Stupid girly attraction!* "Angie is letting me stay. Is that, um, okay?"

"More than okay!" he exclaimed. "I mean, it's certainly fine. You know I always enjoy having you around. Angelica adores you. Are you having dinner with us too?"

"I think Angie said something about ordering Chinese," she breathed, still fighting that arousal.

"Your favourite," he said with a smile. "I'm keen. Do you mind if I join you two at the table? I don't want to, er, pry or anything. I just, uh, enjoy your company."

Holy shit, he's nervous in my presence. He's like, a total puppy! Where was this Emile before? Isn't he a big player with the ladies and stuff? Why is he so shy around me?

She didn't want to confront the immediate answer, but memories brought them anyway. In this new reality, he'd *always* been shy around her, even as a young boy. Clearly

attracted to her. Unsure how to proceed with her. As if he really, really liked her, but didn't want to step on his sister's friendship. And something else too . . .

He's like me. He doesn't want to date a bimbo, or is worried about the embarrassment of it, or how it'll affect his drive. Gawd, the tables have turned!

She realised she was staring at him blankly. "Oh, of course, you can totes join us. I'd love to have you in me. I mean, *with me.*"

It was his turn to be briefly silent. "Uh, g-great," he said. "Always great to see you, Chrissy."

He shuffled backwards, trying to conceal a rigid erection in a painfully obvious manner. He shut the door behind him, leaving Chrissy to flop onto the bed, embarrassed and aroused. *It had felt soooo good. Why has this happened to me? And now my pussy is all wet.*

It was enough to spark curiosity within her. Slowly, cautiously, but with great anticipation, she lowered her hand down between her thighs. She slipped it under the waistband of her skit and then her panties, and began to feel at her womanhood.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned in a light voice, as she began to tease at her sensitive folds, at her throbbing clitoris. It was so sensitive, and so different from possessing a manhood.

God, he's attractive. How did I never see it before?

She began to explore further. What was originally intended as just a curious feel of her new equipment was increasingly becoming an act of masturbation as she slowly rubbed her clitoris. She slipped two of her dainty fingers inside herself, and she stiffened for a moment, unused to the feeling of being penetrated, even lightly.

"Oh Gawd. F-fuck, that's how it feels?"

She continued, nurturing that pleasure. But her breasts felt neglected, and so she slipped her other hand under her top, and wedged it under her bra. It was awkward, but it let her tease her body all the more, particularly her big pink nipples, which made her become delirious with pleasure as they sent jolts of sensation down to her core.

"N-not enough," she stammered. She halted her self-ministration briefly, in order to remove her top and bra entirely, so that her perfect torso was utterly naked. Her breasts wobbled heavily on her chest, flattening just slightly as she rested on her back, and spilling a little onto her upper arms.

I always liked that look. Now I have that look. Is it weird that this is turning me on?

Either way, she was too horny to stop now. Besides, what guy hadn't imagined what a female orgasm felt like? As far as Chrissy was away, she could be the first person to ever be able to compare the two.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, continuing to masturbate. She squeezed her boobs, caressed them lightly before groping them with greater firmness. Her fingers sank into the

soft flesh, causing her to whimper. There was a slight pain as she got used to it, but even that felt nice. *Gawd, do I have, like, a total thing for being dominated or something?*

Indeed, just the thought of being dominated by a big strong man was enough to make her rub her pussy harder and faster, bringing herself to greater heights. She pinched her nipples, pulling on them and imagining a set of male lips sucking on them.

Emile's lips . . . yes. Yesssss. He's the one I've been saving myself for, the one that I've always wanted. Wait, am I seriously a virgin in this timeline? With this body!? Because I'm fucking saving myself for, like, Emile!?

But somehow the ridiculous romance of that notion increased her libido. She gasped, groaned, moaned and whimpered as she came closer and closer to climax. Her vaginal passage was stimulated further by her two fingers stroking her sensitive inner walls. It was such an alien sensation. Even the smell was odd: she was used to the sweet scent of vaginal juices turning her on, instead of being a result of being turned on. It was like a lion suddenly finding itself hungry at its own smell.

“OOhhhh! G-Gawd! I'm s-so close! Yes! Oh, yes, Emile! I want your f-face in my tits again! I want your big dick insiiiiide meeeeeee!!!”

She spread her legs at the same time, closed her eyes as well. She imagined him atop her, her former rival turned lover, thrusting his hopefully big cock right up inside her, penetrating her to her fullest, and dominating her like the submissive sexy brunette bimbo she now was.

“Yes! YES! YESSSSSS!!!”

The dam burst, and the orgasm came. She went completely silent, just *barely* managed to keep her voice down as wave after wave of unbelievable pleasure surged through her. It was overlapped by another, as she continued to stroke her clitoris, then another, until she'd experienced three full female orgasms in a row, none of them giving her any rest from the endless parade of bliss.

Finally, only after she had let loose a long, primal moan, did it let up. She collapsed, her legs going all floppy just like a woman's legs often did after fantastic sex, and she cooed deliriously, stroking her nipples idly.

“That was g-good,” she mumbled to herself. “That was g-good. Oh Gawd, that was totes good.”

It was better than she could have imagined, but still her body wanted more. It wanted Emile. The male part of her cried out in frustration at the thought of banging her architectural major rival. But her body didn't care.

Shit, she thought. I'm really in it now, aren't I?

To Be Continued . . .

Bimbo Besties, Part 2 (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Chris is a driven yet emotionally distant college student focusing on his future in architecture. But when an old flame confronts him over the fact that he saw her as nothing more than a 'valley girl bimbo' and only dated her to make her brother - his college rival - angry, he soon finds out exactly what the bimbo life entails. After all, as Chris once said, the two would be 'better off as friends.' Bimbo friends.

Bimbo Besties, Part 2

Chrissy did her best to clean herself up. What was wrong with her? Not only had she been turned into a woman but she'd masturbated as one too! And far, far worse, she'd masturbated to Emile! She was touched by a trickle of memories that flowed gently into her mind. Much as before, the memories did not override those of her old life, and they weren't so real and absolute that they overwhelmed her personality, but they did give her some context for what she'd just done . . . context she would have preferred not to experience at all.

"Oh my God, I've had a crush on him for, like, ever, haven't I?"

She recalled that in this new life and timeline, she'd always tried to pair up with Emile, even when she and Angelica were five. She loved his slightly broody personality, and the way he took things just that little bit too seriously, and she delighted in stirring him up but also trying to *open* him up. When she was just six years old, she'd told her mother, "I'm going to marry him. He's going to be my husband and I'm going to give him lots of babies!"

Her mother had just laughed. "Well, that wouldn't be the worst outcome Chrissy. So long as you make sure not to let all that new money go to your head."

"Nope, nope, nope! I'd give allllll our money to all the cute puppies and people who need it."

Another laugh. "Well, so long as you've got it all planned out, then I approve. But you have to wait until you're eighteen at a minimum."

And while it had been a child-like comment at the time, Chrissy had never lost that interest in Emile. Whenever Angelica wanted to hang, just the two of them, Chrissy would contrive reasons to drop in on Emile, or play a harmless prank on him, or tell him how cute he looked in a new outfit. Initially, he didn't appreciate this, being so self-serious, but as they grew into teenagehood his attitude seemed to slowly change. Soon, it was Emile who was

contriving excuses to see Chrissy, particularly once she blossomed into her beauty. She couldn't help but notice that his gentlemanly eyes often wandered to her chest, and when she caught him he would turn bright red and turn tail too.

But why weren't they together then? Her body yearned for him, and her mind *hated* him, or at least was trying to, but it didn't make sense.

"This body is, like, totes hot as fuck. I've got big tits, cute hair, and my hips are cray-cray. And he totally wants to fuck me, and wrong as it is I totes want to jump his bones like maaaaad. Could the magic not make a relationship or something? I don't get it!"

She searched through their interactions in her new memories, sifting through them like a detective, albeit one with a bimbofied mind that was continually distracted by how 'hawt' Emile looked in his prom dinner jacket. Back then, she'd been so, so certain that Angelica's big brother would ask her out, but instead he'd relented and taken Stacey Hewitt instead. What was up with that?

"Does he like me or not? Gah, I can't figure this shit out! How can I survive as a bimbo bestie if I can't even put, like, two and two together?"

She collapsed back on the bed, searching one last time. The almost-kiss they shared at the park that one night, the time they'd hidden in the bleachers and she'd told him that he was "like, really cool and would make a great boyfriend," only for him to thank her and skedaddle. He always pulled away, while she was too nervous to make a strong move. That, or in her new bimbo mind, it totally made sense for guys to do the proper asking out.

"Why am I, like, even thinking about this?" she huffed. "Gawd, I need a shower. A cold one before I get all hot and heavy and need to flick the bean again."

She did so, once more dealing with the nakedness of her body. Her big double-D's were a lot of fun to play with, and she got distracted for a time, cupping them, squeezing them together to form some sexy cleavage, and letting them drop and bounce. She even rocked on her heels to make them wobble continuously, an act that made her giggle like the silly woman she now was. The same action made her ass wobble. She squeezed it a little, feeling her behind. It was perfectly peachy without being too big, and it made her grin.

"So haaawwt. No wonder Emile totally wants to, like, put loads of babies in me probably."

She stopped, realising what she'd said. It wasn't the first time she'd dwelled on the fact she could literally get pregnant now, but in the wake of her new, unwanted feelings for Emile, it made that reality seem a lot more . . . real.

"What would it even feel like? I'd have a big heavy belly, and even bigger tits, and I'd have like a baby moving about and kicking in me. Gawd, I bet I'd look really sexy pregnant too."

She realised she'd been in the shower far too long, and stopped it. Her body was distracting her a lot, and she wasn't entirely sure it was just from being a new woman either. Clearly, Christina Galford liked her form, and she had a lot of fun with it.

"Which is why it's super surprising that I'm still totes a virgin."

Saving myself for Emile. Gawd, that's it, isn't it?

She gritted her teeth. "No way. Not happening. I'm not letting that happen. I'll be Chris-Chris-ugh! Myself again!"

But Emile was downstairs with Angelica, and she knew she'd have to confront him.

I'll just have to wear something supes baggy and not at all hot.

Christina immediately realised her mistake as she stepped down the stairs, boobs bouncing heavily in her cute pink crop top with its low cut. She was wearing a set of denim short shorts and pink sandals to match, and had done her hair with surprising care that came mostly naturally to her. Pigtails, naturally. With a set of golden hoop earrings in her ears and glossy pink lipstick on, she knew she looked like a dynamite cutie, particularly with her flat midriff and the tasty hint of cleavage in her pink top.

"Oh my God, Chrissy! Didn't expect another total makeover from you! You look hot as fuuuck girl!"

Chrissy's eyes went wide as she reached the bottom of the stairs. Angelica was grinning wildly from the living room, and Emile - who was seated beside her - had his jaw practically on the floor. She immediately realised what had happened.

Oh Gawd, I literally forgot about dressing baggy the moment I got excited over the clothes. My memory suuucks when I'm distracted!

But there was no going back up the stairs, so instead she blushed a deep red, fiddled with one of her cute brown pigtails, and took a seat next to Angelica.

"She looks real cute, doesn't she Emile?"

Both Chrissy and Emile struggled to even look at each other. The sexual tension in the room was palpable, not that Christina knew what the word 'palpable' meant anymore.

"You look v-very nice," Emile said. "I love the pink top."

"Thanks so much Emile!" she exclaimed, beaming. "I really like how it, like, emphasises my big boobies!"

The hell did I say that for?

Emile swallowed, clearly not sure what to say. Thankfully, the tension was broken by Angelica, who broke out into an enormous peal of laughter. "It sure does, Christina! You

were never one to hide the truth, ha! Emile, what do you think of the way it totally outlines her tits?”

Emile spluttered. “Um, they look really, uh, great. Very . . . shapely.”

Gawdamnit, even his weird awkward compliments make me feel good.

“Totes thanks,” she said. “Are we having takeaway still?”

“That’s the plan,” Angelica said. A smirk appeared on her face. “Well, Emile had other ideas of a ‘more refined option.’ That is until *someone* burned the chicken.”

Another embarrassment for Emile, but this was one Chrissy could relish, at least. Well, she *wanted* to relish it, but part of her felt bad for him. She wanted to put her hand on his shoulder - among other things - and give him some positivity. Thankfully, Angelica’s presence separated them.

“I thought I could try to impress you,” Emile said weakly, trying to avoid Christina’s gaze.

“Aww, that’s okay, Emile! I’m not a good cook either!”

“What are you talking about?” he said with a smirk. “Your cooking is the envy of everybody!”

“It is?” she said, a little shocked.

“Yeah! Sis and I are always trying those recipes you give us, but I always screw them up.”

“And I can’t match ‘em,” Angelica said, clearly knowing more of this new reality she’d created than she let on. “Especially those lovely roasts. Should have just asked you to make ours tonight, even if it’s not very host-like. I mean, it’s like a total housewife dish for a hot husband coming home, right Emile?”

Emile glared at his sister, clearly knowing she was teasing.

“I guess I had, like, no idea I was that good,” Chrissy said, whose greatest dish previously was two-minute noodles. But sure enough, some new memories bubbled of her practically being a cook good enough for a luxury homemaker.

“I must have learned it from Mom,” she realised.

“She’s a great teacher,” Emile said. “I’m very jealous of her talents. She’s certainly taught you well, Christina.”

She beamed again, though there was something a little off about what he and Angelica were saying that she couldn’t quite figure out. *Stupid bimbo brain.*

She was quickly distracted by the doorbell.

“That’ll be dinner!” Angelica said, leaping to her feet. “Let’s have Chinese!”

“Mhmm, my favourite!”

It was good to know that *some* things hadn’t changed in the transition to her new life. Angelica got them set up back in the living room, and switched on the TV. Emile groaned at

the fact that she'd put on another trashy reality romance show, and for once Chrissy wanted to agree with her old rival. Except, she was *entranced*. Even without the knowledge of previous episodes, she was immediately sucked into the world of bitchy girls slugging it out to win their chosen man over. She'd preferred action films as a man, but this was a different kind of fighting, and soon she didn't even realise she was eating. Emile chuckled at the sight, and when he was done, got up and left.

"You girls enjoy the show, then," he said. "I think I'll go study. You know, actually important stuff."

Angelica threw a pillow at him, but Chrissy just felt a little morose. He *was* doing actual important stuff. Working towards the *Murlowe Architecture Award*, something *she* should have been doing! But instead she was hypnotised by this ridiculous show, with all its pretty dresses.

"Well, I'd say this has been a successful day," Angelica said. "I had no idea in this new reality that my twin bro would be allllll over you. It's soooo cute!"

Chrissy folded her arms under her ample chest. *Gawd, I'm really showing a lot of midriff here. I'm surprised Emile didn't pop a boner. Maybe that's why he left.*

"This isn't fair, Angie," she replied. "You need to turn me back! Surely all this-"

"Nuh-uh, no way! It's been not even, like, twenty four hours. I want you to *really* experience how fun it is to be a cute, ditzzy girl! Trust me, you'll love it. And maybe *someone else too.*"

"I am not, like, fucking your brother."

Angelica giggled. "I didn't even suggest that! Is your mind going to horny places already?"

Chrissy didn't take the bait; she was still just smart enough to recognise *that*, at least. "Whatever. This is, like, only for a short time. I just don't want to be around him. It's all, like, made up. I don't have a crush on him, it's just that . . ."

"Your body is super horny for him? He's a childhood friend you had a crush on? You know, it's funny, but he's actually a little bit different now. I think you knowing him from when you were young changed him or something. He's not as much of a snob or whatever. Maybe I'm just imagining things."

"Still seems like a snob to me. He has 'actually important stuff' to do, didn't you hear?"

"Well, we can't all be architecture majors!" Angelica teased. "Some of us are just too good looking. I can't wait to see you in beauty class."

"Oh gawd. I'm going to bed. And I'm going to wake up and this will all be, like, a total nightmare."

She began walking up the steps to 'her' room.

“Oh, it’ll be a total *dream* once you accept it, sis!” Angelica teased. “Especially once you embrace that totally hot bod. Emile loves the push-up bras, by the way!”

Chrissy cursed that knowledge, and how much it already enticed her. She made her way to her room and slipped into some sleepwear that was so silky and bare that it looked more enticing than practical. And then, quicker than she could have imagined, she fell asleep.

Perhaps having an emptier mind meant the stressful thoughts just slipped away.

Chrissy got everything ready as quickly as she could the next morning. It wasn’t fun waking up on her stomach and feeling a quite sore chest, and even less fun when she realised why: she was still a woman, and quite a busty one at that, and it turns out that sleeping on your stomach when you’re a busty woman is a surefire way to make your boobs all compressed and sore. She spent a good few minutes just massaging the soreness away, then getting distracted by the wonderful sensations, and then some.

After cleaning herself up from another ‘accidental’ masturbation session - she worked very hard to keep her fantasies focused on the hot groom-to-be from TV last night instead of Emile, though he did slip in occasionally - she got dressed. Given the lovely warmth of the weather, she almost automatically put on a cute flowery red summer dress with white flowers. It came with a stylish belt that cinched at the waist to show off her hourglass figure, and it dipped low enough that any passing male’s gaze sure wouldn’t be looking at her eyes.

Gawdamned ridiculous! I can’t help but show off these girls! Angie, you suck!

Still, she grabbed her things and swept down the stairs, trying to be quiet. She snuck about trying to find her phone. Angelica had left it on the charger. It was down the hall, she realised, in the living room. She made her way past, and noticed as she did so that Emile’s door was open. By some impulsive instinct, she opened it silently, staring in, and caught sight of Emile heading to the ensuite adjacent his room. He was in his boxers, and *nothing else*. Her jaw dropped at the sight of his powerful shoulders, his impressive back muscles, his *gorgeous* forearms.

Girls have a thing for forearms? Gawd, but they are so hot!

She was practically salivating at the sight of him. It took every ounce of her remaining male pride and willpower to pull back and move down the hall, and just in time too. He turned, nearly catching her.

“Ange?” he said.

She hid by the wall, not moving, her impressive tits rising and falling with each laboured breath. After a few moments, he gave an audible sigh, and then she heard the

sound of the shower starting. *Thank fuck. I don't want him seeing me perving at his sexy back muscles. Gawd, now I'm imagining his damn pecs! I bet they're divine. Stupid girly horniness.*

She needed to get home. Unfortunately for Chrissy, Angelica was already in the living room, walking around in a cute silken bathrobe that would have had Christopher absolutely erect at the sight of her, were the former male not now totally straight for boys.

"Well, well, someone is sneaking off, I take it! Didn't want to stay for breakfast? Emile is totally just having a shower now."

"I know. He used to make fun of me for, like, getting up early in the morning to study. He preferred it in his own time, but I totally needed the edge."

"Well, you need to follow his example now. Beauty needs its rest!"

"I'm resting back at home."

She expected more resistance, but Angelica just grinned. "That's okay. I'm sure I'll see you again. We're besties, after all. Bimbo besties!"

"Gawd, please don't call us that."

"Too late! I'm soooo keen for us to hang out all the time, but you're actually right, you should deffo go home. I sent a message to your Mom when she texted this morning that you had stayed here, and she was cool with it. She assumed you'd, like, forgotten to send her a text because you were going ga-ga at Emile, which was super true, really. She's got a tracker on your phone so she wasn't too worried."

Christina fell silent. Her eyes widened. Her heart beat a little bit quicker, its beat uncertain. "Did you j-just say you texted my *Mom*?"

Angelica leapt forward, embracing Christina in a warm, loving hug. Tears welled in the former girlfriend's eyes. "I wanted to tell you earlier, but I didn't want to, like, wake you up and spring everything on you at once. And it's a total surprise, too. I didn't even mean to do this, but somehow making it so you were always a girl means your Mom is alive! I have no idea how, but she's not dead, Chrissy! She's waiting for you!"

Christina pushed Angelica back gently, looked her in the eyes, still unbelieving.

"Mom," she whispered.

She ran out of the house, out past the gate, ignoring Angelica's shouted offer of a ride. She ran as hard and fast as she could until she was out of breath, past confused onlookers and occasional wolf whistlers. And then she kept running anyway.

Christina almost jogged past her house. She was feeling exhausted, dehydrated, and cursing herself for not just grabbing a taxi. But she wasn't even sure if it was her bimbo mind

making her act so foolish, or simply the revelation that her Mom was actually alive. How could that possibly be? What had she done wrong as a man that Christopher's mother died but Christina's didn't? Sarah had always been overworked, overtired, overstressed. She was a single mother on the bottom-rung of the working class, after all. She had worked three jobs and tried to raise Christopher as best as she could, but for all her hours cleaning up other peoples' messes for a living, few people appreciated her, and Christopher himself resented their poverty and became quite cold himself. When his mother died of an early heart attack, he had been utterly distraught, blaming himself, but more than that, blaming the people she worked for who didn't care, and simply replaced her with another cleaner the next day.

And now she was, impossibly, alive.

And the house looks different too. Cleaner. Bigger. Holy shit, has she had a renovation done? How could she even afford it?

The paint job was no longer that sickly yellow that had peels around the corners, but a clean, minimalist white, just as Sarah had often said she wanted but never had time for. Eggshell. Almost cliché, really. But it did look nice, mixing with the redone red-tile roof nicely. It looked like home, something Christopher hadn't had for a long time.

"Okay, calm yourself Chrissy. Just . . . just knock. It's probably not her. It's probably all in your head or, like, something."

She knocked three times on the door. A set of footsteps approached, and with each light thud that echoed Chrissy grew ever more nervous, her heart fluttering like a leaf upon the wind.

The door opened, and the woman that greeted Christina with a smile was not Sarah Galford. Well, not the Sarah Galford *Christopher* knew. And yet . . .

"Mom!" she exclaimed, tears brimming in her eyes.

"Honey! You forgot to text me, again! By God, it's a good thing I have that tracker on your phone or I'd have died of a heart attack!"

But Chrissy barely heard the words. She leapt forward into her mother's arms, hugging her deeply, burying her face in her mother's chest. She couldn't help it: she let out a great heaving sob that continued, growing into a full blown teary cry as she shook against this woman she loved who should by all rights be in the local cemetery.

"Oh my, honey! What's wrong? I didn't mean it. I wasn't really angry, just concerned. Chrissy, honey, what happened? Did that Emile say something mean to you? I don't care how much we owe that family, I'll give him a wallop if need be."

"N-no Mom. It's just - you're here! You're alive! I have you in my life again!"

She pulled back to see her mother's confused expression, overwhelmed by her emotional state, one not helped by all the estrogen coursing through her system. Her mother gave a lopsided grin, clearly a little concerned.

“Um, honey, I didn’t go anywhere. I’ve been here this whole time, well except for when I was at work. Did you really miss me that much? I know you had to cancel movie night - well, perhaps ‘forgot to tell me you were cancelling movie night would be better - but tonight is still on as a replacement, right?”

“Of course it is!” Chrissy said, hugging her, examining her. She truly was real. And it was definitely her mother, Sarah. Same voice, same amused voice, same vague frustrations and forthrightness. Same sense of justice and fairness and protectiveness to her child. Only, she looked different. Gone were the hollow cheeks, the gaunt expression of a willowy, overworked woman. Gone were the early crow’s nest wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, and the bony, almost bird-like appearance of her arms. Now, her mother had flesh on her. She looked healthy. Christopher had often heard growing up that his mother had been quite a looker once, but she’d also had Chris when she was barely twenty, and his Dad had fucked off to God-knows-where. The years of being overworked and overstressed and over criticised by everyone around her had left Sarah looking in her mid-fifties instead of her mid-thirties when she passed.

Now, there would be no making *that* mistake. Now, it was clear how Christopher - if not quite getting the looks of the likes of Emile - was still quite a handsome man. And why Christina was damned cute and sexy: she’d inherited a bit of her mother’s good looks, even in the bust department apparently. She too was wearing a cute flowery dress, albeit one that was not quite so revealing. Her hair was not frayed and turning grey early, but long and flowing and dark, darker than Chrissy’s own hair.

“Mom, you look amazing!” she declared. “You look *hot!*”

Sarah cracked up in a laugh and rolled her eyes. “Oh Christina, you have such a way with words. But thank you. I thought I’d try on this new dress, and voila, doesn’t it look just stylish? Enough to catch a man, maybe.”

“Oh Mom, you totally deserve it,” Chrissy said automatically.

“But you didn’t answer my question. Are we still on for tonight?”

She wiped another tear away. “Of course. Of course. Can I have breakfast here? I just . . . I was at Angelica’s, and I woke up, and I found out you had texted her because I was, like, asleep and stuff. And now I just really, really want to spend time with you and hear all about you.”

“Aww, my little sweetie. Momma raised you right, if I may say so myself. Of course you can, Chrissy. You know my door is always open to you. Come on in.” She gestured, and they entered the house. It was certainly renovated, and while still humble, it was much nicer than it should ever have been. Hell, it had literally been condemned and demolished in the Christopher timeline, having fallen into disrepair after Sarah’s death.

“But what has you so spooked, darling? You don’t show up on your mother’s doorstep crying for no reason, right?”

Chrissy tried to think quickly, but that was not a skill that came easily to her anymore. So instead, she opted for a dash of truth. “I just feel really hormonal and emotional lately,” she said as she settled down on the couch.

Sarah nodded. “I’ll get you some tea. You love tea.”

“I guess.”

It turns out she really did. Coffee was out as far as her tastebuds were concerned. Sarah sat down, looked over her gorgeous daughter with a motherly concern Chrissy had so dearly missed, missed without even knowing how much she had missed it.

“Honey, I have to ask, because as much as I love you I know you can be a bit . . . flighty at times. Have you been having sex?”

“What? Mom! NO!”

“I won’t judge. You know I had you at only twenty. I’m only asking because I know you sometimes forget things, and I know you said you’re saving yourself for somebody - cough, I hope it’s that lovely Emile, cough - but if you did end up ‘indulging’ then I worry that you forgot your contraceptives. I guess what I’m asking is, are you sure it’s not pregnancy?”

Chrissy could have died and had her soul leave her body right there.

“Mom! I’ve not been fucking anybody!”

“Language, young miss! I’ll not have you swearing just because I do. On occasion.”

It was already like having her back. “S-sorry,” she said.

“Good. Well, I’m glad it’s not pregnancy. Not that you’d be a bad mother. God knows, you always loved babies as a child. And a teen. And now.”

A little surge of memories flooded through Chrissy, reminding her of all the times in this new reality when she’d played with baby dolls, cooed over babies in public, and talked to Angelica about how she wanted to have a “really, really, *really* big family. I want to bring lots of adorable babies into the world as a totally cute, loving mom!”

It was enough to make her shiver in disgust. And perhaps just a little reluctant excitement.

“Well, my eggo is not preggio. I’m just . . . hormonal.”

“Period?”

“Uh, yeah! That must, like, totally be it. I guess I’d just forgotten.”

Her mother sighed in that singsong way of hers. “Oh, my darling girl, you’d forget your own head if it weren’t sewn on. Thank goodness you’ve got that wonderful best friend of yours to look after you. We owe a lot to the Halloways. They’ve done a lot to really help us, though I like to think we’ve done quite a bit to soften them up and help them in turn over the years.”

"S-sure," Chrissy said, not sure what this was referring to, but happy to find out later. "I'm just glad to have you, Mom."

"Me too, dear. Now let's hurry up and have a nice brunch, shall we? You look absolutely exhausted, and I think you forgot your bra: you're giving me the headlights."

Chrissy blushed. Sarah always poked fun at her outfit choices in her motherly way when she was a man, and now that she was a girl, it was no different.

"I was just in a rush to see you. I really wanted to see you."

"Well, I'm glad. I don't know what I did to deserve such a loving, compassionate daughter, but I'm so enriched to have one. Mrs Dauber was ecstatic, by the way, over the amount of money you raised for that new dog shelter."

"Dog shelter?"

"The one on Bow Street. Not the one you volunteer at. I don't know how you keep all this charity work straight, Chrissy, especially with your memory, but you're making your mother proud. And the soup kitchen has also asked if you can fill-in on Saturday. I think some of the boys there like you a bit *too* much, if you ask me, but I know you'll say yes."

"Of course I will," she said automatically. Her heart bled for those poor souls that weren't lucky like they were, and didn't have a home.

I mean, I always cared before, but it's a dog-eat-dog world. Why am I suddenly, like, so down with helping people and whatever?

But it was true. Just the mention of dogs and puppies was making her imagine all those poor critters who needed rehoming, and her feelings about those humans on the streets as well - young and old, male and female, it didn't matter - nearly made her tear up.

"There's that expression. You care so much, my little honey bee. It's so easy for people growing up hard like we did to switch off and just make life a competition, but it's clear to me that you're made of sweeter stuff than that."

"I just . . . want to help them, I guess. I don't know why. It, like, doesn't make sense."

"Tell that to Emile and Angelica and the Holloway clan in general. You're the one that inspired them when you retrieved their old hound. And the one that inspired her parents to give a little more. And look how much kindness begets kindness, huh?"

She gestured to the kitchen, which was cleaner and fuller and actually in working order for once, unlike how it was when she was Christopher.

"I did all this?"

"We all did, dear. Crazy to think, huh? But enough reminiscing just because we're both on our periods - us Galford gals, always in sink, huh? Let's eat some nice bacon! And screw it, I'm going all in on the smashed avocado. Why not live a little?"

Chrissy was amazed. Her mother - the gaunt, tired version of her - would never be so spontaneous. Every penny had to be pinched to give her son a better life. It quite literally

killed her, being so frugal. She couldn't look after her own health, or visit the doctor for the warning signs. It made the current woman well up with emotion again.

"Move aside Mom," she said. "I want to cook breakfast for us. You deserve it."

Mother and daughter both beamed.

Chrissy began to piece it all together over the rest of the day, through her chats with her mom as well as texts with Angelica, and the occasional little trickles of memory that leaked into her female mind. Evidently, in this new reality Angelica and Chrissy had met when they were just five and became fast friends. They were silly, carefree, giggling girls, and as they grew up together they rubbed off on one another. Angelica introduced Chrissy to the possibility of a better life, including high fashion and beauty and even social connections, while Chrissy's own very distinct life in the working class opened up Angelica's eyes to what it was like to be a member of the working poor, especially for poor Sarah Galford slaving away. Emile too was changed by this: while Angelica was insistent her brother hadn't changed too much, she was aware that he seemed more openly sympathetic to those less fortunate, and had developed a philanthropic streak that was only half-formed previously.

This had all come about due to several factors. Sarah, as a working cleaner in one of her jobs, was hired by Angelica and Emile's parents for when they went away on some business trip with their children. Chrissy was allowed to go for part of the journey, but when they were all returned, the family was astonished at Sarah's work. What had been a sympathy pay job at first made them truly respect the single mother's work ethic, and she was hired several more times, as well as connected to other well-paying families. Soon, the Galford household didn't need three jobs to support it, just one. And Sarah was happier, healthier, and could take some time to herself when Chrissy was over at the Halloway household having fun. Once, she even swallowed her working class pride and let the Halloway's pay her part on a shared trip to the Bahamas, though she hadn't truly relaxed there, feeling so guilty about it.

Other incidences aided the ties between the families. Beyond the BFF status of Angelica and Chrissy, there was also Emile's obvious crush on her, as well as the fact that Chrissy - despite her ditzzy nature - was the one to track down their faithful family hound Bartholomew when the gate was left open by Angie. And occasionally, when Angie (and even Emile) stayed with the Galfords, they got a taste of the charity work that Chrissy was getting more and more involved with. It seemed her new girlish personality had a heavily compassionate side. She loved helping people, volunteering, and doing what she could in

any way possible. And once more, she rubbed off on the rich twins, to the point that the Halloway household started being much more openly philanthropic.

It was a lot to take in, of course, and while most of this was gleaned over that first day with her mother, it took the better part of the next week to put it all together. Perhaps it would have been quicker if she was still smart, but her ditzy brain was distracted by so much else. Beyond just her body, and her own insatiable horniness that manifested in a need to masturbate and think of cute boys at least twice a day, there was also work, and university, and her new BFF, and Emile, and, of course, her mother. She spent the first several days taking every opportunity to be with her mom, and Angelica wisely gave her space to do so, though she was obviously ecstatic about the results.

But even this marvellous, magical, impossible reunion couldn't last forever. Chrissy's new life demanded she involve herself in every part of it, if there was ever a chance of turning back. She already knew that she had new conditions for turning back - making sure her mom was still alive being the big one - but she wasn't meant to be a woman. She knew that.

Surely not. I'm, like, just living a way better life with better friends, happier family, and a more giving life as a woman. Gawdamnit! It's like a freakin' sign and stuff! No, there has to be a way to have all of this but not have big round tits and a pussy!

And so Chrissy tried to focus on the *negatives* of her new experience, in order to remind herself of just how badly Angelica had screwed her over. The alien nature of her body was still clear to her. Each morning she woke with sore boobs, being so used to sleeping on her stomach. They were a pain to manage sometimes as well. As a guy, she'd loved boobs, but now having a pair she realised how much a big chest could be annoying. For one, they were always 'active', bouncing and wobbling and jiggling on her chest. For two, they tugged on her shoulders, and the relief that came with taking off her bra at the end of the day was *ecstatic*. Lastly, others noticed. Constantly. It didn't matter what she wore, even if her boobs were fully covered, in fact! Guys still stared, and even commented. And it always made her blush and feel small.

Stupid big sexy boobies that look so damn good on my totally hot figure.

Her pussy was another matter as well. She had to learn feminine hygiene, fast. It didn't all come naturally, and Angelica relished the chance to explain concepts such as 'period panties' and the proper insertion of a tampon. A good thing too, since after just three days of being a woman, Chrissy was hit by her new monthly visitor, *hard*.

"OOhhhhhhh," she whined from the toilet, as Angelica and her mother stood outside the door, giving her positive affirmation. "This suuuuuuucks! Why do I have to put up with this!? Especially, like, so soon!"

"They come once a month, dear," her mother said, amused. "It's right on time."

“N-not for meeeee!” she whined.

“You’re doing well!” Angelica called. “Just one of the only down bits about being a woman.”

“P-please Angie, is there any way to stop it?”

“Well, you could try getting preggers. That’ll plug the hole for nine months.”

Sarah coughed. “Angelica! Don’t you dare!”

“Sorry, Miss Galford!”

Gawd, getting knocked up with a baby sounds really good right now, just to end this freakin’ pain. It’s, like, the worst cramping I’ve ever felt!

It was an ugly process, and she was horrified to learn from her mother that the Galford line indeed had what could only be called ‘heavy, crampy flow.’ Not the best of news, but in some ways that actually bolstered Chrissy, and reminded her of how much she desperately needed to have a penis between her legs again.

Of course, once her terrible period was over, it was also back to work for her, in occupation *and* study. The former wasn’t too hard. She still worked at the local supermarket, just not in the meatpacking section or the general aisles anymore. No, she was now what one would call a ‘deli chick.’ It was a little difficult, especially since the uniform was a wee bit snug, to the point where even the apron seemed to adjust to the curve of her breasts, but at least the memories of this new timeline helped her here: the various snacks, sandwiches, meats, cheeses, and mixes that people liked to order and request were quickly second-nature to her. Whereas Christopher had been barely mentally present in his job, Chrissy found herself chatting easily with customers, wishing them the best and asking about their day and having silly giggly back-and-forths with them, especially the women. It was so hard *not* to complement female customers on their makeup and hair, or to gush over mothers and their adorable newborns.

“Ohmigod! She’s just soooooo cute! I can’t help it! I *literally* can’t help it!”

This was in response to a tiny tot only three months old and sleeping in her mother’s arms, wrapped in a pick blanket.

“Thank you! Her name is Esme. She’s a gorgeous little girl.”

“I really love babies now,” she admitted, blushing a tetch. “I can’t explain it, at least not, like, in a way that makes sense. But when I see one it’s like my hormones just go crazy!”

The young mother smiled. “Well, here’s hoping that when you’re ready, you can have your own little tyke. It’ll change your world, trust me.”

For the rest of the day, it was all Chrissy could think about: that cute little baby, and others like her. She cursed herself for being so baby-crazy - she’d seen the toll motherhood had taken on Sarah up close - but seeing a little newborn just made her want to hold one of her own.

N-no! Not one of my own! Not even as the daddy. And certainly not Emile's babies, no matter how cute a baby from him and me would be!

And such a baby *would* be cute, there was no doubt about that.

But while the job wasn't too different, at least, university was another matter. Chrissy was twenty years old, in the prime of her life just as Christopher had been, and she was wasting it on a damned *beauty major*. It was absurd. It was ridiculous.

It was just a tiny, tiny, wee little bit addictive.

She had come into it with quite a lot of hostility, in fact. It wasn't like she could avoid attending the course: Angelica was absolutely adamant that Christina had to experience all parts of her new life. But the thought of attending a major designed around looking beautiful, and making others look beautiful, seemed so obviously vapid and shallow that it barely seemed worth thinking about. It was going to be a walk in the park, just one that was embarrassing and silly and ultimately worthless.

That was what she thought, at least.

It turned out quite different from what she expected. She had to learn *science*: the composition of certain dyes, makeups, skincare treatments, even types of cloth, that customers could be allergic to or that certain skin types reacted to. She had to learn *mathematics*: the right length of hair to match the right length of shirt to match the right length of skirt. The correct measurements of a given body - male or female - to be discerned at a glance, or to be accurately recorded and matched to the proper fittings. She had to learn *communications*: how to address potential customers, explain numerous styles to them, and also let them down from potentially terrible styles that they themselves falsely believed they could pull off. She had to learn *history*: what were the styles of last year? Last decade? Last century? What could be drawn on for nostalgia, for the classic look, for the future? She had to learn *religion and culture*: what was appropriate for a variety of cultural events, religious celebrations. What would work best for a wedding over an engagement party, a date night over a fancy dinner?

There was more to the course than she could have believed, and that was before they even popped up the lipstick and began applying them on themselves and each other, and experimenting with hairstyles, and then finishing this up with a mandated assignment requiring an essay on proper hair care etiquette across a range of ethnicities.

"This is insane!" she declared after a week of this. "This is, like, waaaaay too much. No beauty course should have, like, this much stuff. I thought it was all social media influencer type stuff."

Angelica giggled next to her. They were eating lunch together beneath the shade of a tree on campus. Both were dolled up nicely after a practical lesson, with Chrissy wearing

cute pink lipstick and smokey purple-pink eyeshadow to match it. It was subtle, but it was hard not to appreciate. It *did* make her look sexy.

“Oh, Chrissy! You thought it would all be bubbly and bimbo-like, huh? Well, you totes thought wrong. Thought you’re not *super* wrong, since this course is, like, the envy of the whole country. They take it super seriously because we’re, like, at the centre of so many major beauty competitions and host one of the big three pageants and the like. But you need to know your stuff, alright!”

“Gawd, it’s a lot to take in. I just want to go back to designing buildings and roofs and working towards the *MurLOW Archibarchie Award*. I can’t even, like, remember what it’s called now! Stupid bimbo brain.”

Angelica hugged her from the side, and she didn’t exactly pull away from it.

“It’ll be okay, bestie! Besides, there’s an award for the best beauty major anyway. Someone who shows a super amount of commitment to all of it!”

That made her perk up. “There is?”

“Oh yeah. And because it takes into account, like, all your extra credits, I’m sure your charity work will totes help out. It’s the *Miss Benson Beautician’s Award*.”

That sounds ridiculous, Chrissy thought. *And yet I can’t help but want it. At least it would be some kind of victory, right?*

“I’ll . . . think about it. Going for it, I mean.”

“Good!” Angelica replied, ruffling her friend’s new hairdo. “Because I’m, like, your best competition. It’ll be like a sisterly rivalry.”

“We aren’t sisters, no matter how much you want us to be.”

Angelica grinned. “We could be, if you totally end up marrying Emile and giving him loads of babies. Admit it, you totally want him to get your *eggo preggio* so that you’ll *have* to admit you love him now.”

The thought of being fucked by Emile was too intoxicating to handle. His well-built body, those perfect shoulders, those back muscles that she could cling to while he shoved his big, thick dick right up inside her . . .

“That’s it! I’m, like, getting the hell out of here!”

She jumped to her feet, causing a cyclist to nearly crash from the sight of her breasts straining the top button of her shirt, and quickly began to move away. Angelica called after her.

“You can run, but you totes can’t hide! My bro is coming for ya, bestie! It’ll be part of the fun womanly experience!”

“No way! Not happening, no matter how cute he is!”

“Ha, you admit he’s cute!”

She cursed herself. *My mouth moves faster than my super slow brain these days.*

“Just - just shut up! I’m off!”

“Where are you going? Angie called

“To the shelter! I have to volunteer some.”

All those cute puppies and kitties. At least they’ll not judge me.

It turned out that Chrissy’s deeply compassionate, charity-driven life actually afforded the former male time away from Angelica - and especially Emile. She had avoided the hot twin of her new ‘bestie’ entirely since those first few encounters, but Angelica was harder to shake off. The unlikely witch had a sixth sense for where she would be, and of course they were enrolled in the same classes now. After all, what besties wouldn’t be?

There were a few close calls, of course. She felt compelled to visit Angelica’s house a few times, especially given that the twins’ parents were still away on their own business. There was always the danger of coming across Emile and being captivated by him. In fact, she’d seen him in profile a few times, or driving back to the house, or by the window as she hurriedly left. Each time she managed to avoid him, but only barely. There were a couple of exchanged nods, or some little pleasantries, or - embarrassingly - one instance that was a total reverse of her own perving on him earlier, where this time he accidentally walked in on her in nothing but her bra and panties. He had practically zipped out of the house so fast she would have mocked him for a coward were she not so simultaneously embarrassed, and wishful that he too had been just as undressed.

Those fucking back muscles, gawdamn!

And Angelica, the absolute ditz of a witch, was still sly enough to see all of this, and comment on it when she had the opportunity.

“I could set you two up on a date!”

“Emile would really find you hot in this outfit.”

“I looooooove that hairstyle, bestie. I bet Emile would make it all messy.”

“Sorry, I didn’t hear you, bestie. I was too busy thinking of what cute babies you and my brother would make. Is that, like, weird or something?”

It is very weird, Angelica. But you have freakin’ magic, girl, so I’m not about to say it! But I totes bet our babies would be cute. And I’d still look mega hot all knocked up.

The thoughts always went on like that. Her libido was sky high, and masturbation on the regular was her only recourse. She learned from her own mother that this was the ‘Galford gal curse’, which was, in her own words “TMI Mom!”

"It's true," Sarah said with a smirk. "It's why I really need to hurry up and find myself a man, especially after Darren didn't work out. I really want you to find someone, honey, but just know that randiness runs in the family a bit. How do you think you came along?"

"Great, so I'm like descended from a horny line of young moms! Just great!"

Her mom just winked. "Well, it gave me you, and I'm not about to complain about it. Just make sure to be careful, and don't punish yourself waiting for that special someone. Even if Emile is cute."

"MOOOOM!!"

She'd forgotten how teasing her mother could be when she wasn't stressed. And now that she wasn't stressed, my did she tease.

So charity work was an escape from all of that, as well as scratching a caring itch that Christopher had certainly never quite developed. She wasn't some talented, brilliant veterinarian or anything - not with her bimbo brain - but she did have a surprising way with animals. Christopher wouldn't have been caught dead volunteering at an animal shelter, not unless it paid, but as Chrissy, she found it remarkably cathartic to spend time with each of the animals, patting them, feeding them, walking them, playing with them. After all, while they were there to be adopted, many would be waiting weeks, or God forbid longer. And it was inhumane not to treat them with the kindness and love that all living things deserved.

Plus, they're so cuuuuute, she often thought to herself. Good lil' puppies! Adorable little kitty-kats! And even the birds are soooooooo adorable when they aren't too loud!

What's more, the animals didn't judge her, or see her as some cute, ditzy bimbo to ogle or mock. She could actually relax into her form, simply petting the dogs and cats and even sometimes the little parrots, all of whom showed a surprising affection back. In fact, Foul Ron, the big black mastiff who was aged, one-eyed, and deeply suspicious of humans since being abandoned by an abusive owner, even had its heart thawed by Chrissy. It was part of the reason the former male kept returning. It was almost a challenge of her new skills as an animal lover. Each time she volunteered, she would feed him, get a little closer, and patiently await to see if he wanted petting. And while she hadn't succeeded just yet, she looked forward to the moment where he would finally let her do so.

I will succeed. It's kind of, like, totally badass, I guess. I'm not, like, some action star that I used to look up to. But slowly befriending a totes dangerous dog is super brave. I bet Angelica would be impressed. I bet Emile would be impressed.

It almost made her want to bring him along, until she snapped out of it, absorbing further memories of her long experience working with animals as a distraction.

The other charity she did was volunteering at one of the homeless shelters. She helped prepare wonderful foods for the needy of the city, and joyfully served it out. At least, she was *supposed* to be joyful, but it was hard to be given how popular she clearly was.

Chrissy couldn't work out if in her new life she was *supposed* to know so many men were ogling her, but she noticed it all the same.

"There's, like, a shorter line over there, by the way," she said cheerfully to a middle-aged man coming to receive some of her cooked stew.

"Oh, I know Chrissy," the man named Stewart replied, "but you know you're everyone's favourite here." He gave a wink and a smile as she served him his food. His gaze landed a little on her chest and figure before he sighed. "Ah, to be young again. You really lift our spirits here, Chrissy."

And that was the thing: Stewart was right, she *did* lift their spirits. The memories told her part of the story on that front. Chrissy was a bright, bubbly, all-loving and genuine figure. Sure, she was hot and cute as a button, which was no small complaint to many of the weary men and even some of the weary women, but she was like their little angel, a kind sight after a sore day. So as much as quite a few of the men she helped liked to make the occasional joke or wolf-whistle or simply compliment her on her looks, there was no malice in it. In fact, she got the real distinct sense that if she actually did land in trouble with someone, or find herself threatened, Stew and the others would practically lead an army to her defence and beat the man who abused her into a bloody pulp. She was their little angel, after all.

Gawd, I don't even know if that's a good thing or, like, a bad thing. They keep staring at my big tits but at the same time they're totally nice and super helpful, and I kind of want to hug them and hold them and tell them everything will be alright, but I can only help in small ways and hope that's enough.

It was enough to make her actually emotional, just thinking of some of the plights that the homeless went through. It churned in her mind at night, and along with the tragic cases of some of the animals she gave comfort to, was one of the few things that kept her awake and thinking, even when the rest of her mental activity was not nearly so stimulated as it had once been.

"Aww," Angelica replied when Chrissy told her of what this was like. "You're super emotional now. That's just what I'd want my bestie to be. A real carer, someone who is totes loving and gets sad and teary just at the thought of people suffering. You're such a great woman, Chrissy. Waaaaaay better than as a man."

Chrissy just had to wipe her tears away, overcome once more as her 'best friend' handed her a tissue. "This is j-just too much. Why can't I n-not care again? I n-never felt this way as a guy. Now I'm supes emotional and I j-just want everyone to be h-happy!"

They were at Angelica's house, in the living room, and it was at that moment that Emile arrived home early from study. Chrissy didn't realise he'd be home so early, but after a late night at the shelter and another morning with the animals before yet another practice session of her beautician course, she was simply too tired to make a run for it. So instead,

much to her witchy friend's delight, she was forced to remain on the couch, dabbing her eyes with a tissue, as Emile walked in.

"I'm home early, sister," he announced. "A big tiring day, but I'm definitely at the head of the course. The *Murlowe* award will be mine without a doubt. In fact, I'm even of a mind to relax a little after this latest assignment is finished and - Christina!"

"H-hi Emile," she said.

His eyes went wide. "I thought you were avoiding me."

I was, you sexy asshole. Gawd, you suck. Mhmmm . . . suck.

Her mind went back to wondering about his cock, and how big it would be. What would it feel like to -

"Are you alright, Christina?" he asked. "You look like you've been crying."

"It's the animals, brother," Angelica answered. "And the boys at the shelter. Poor Chrissy just wishes she could help them more."

Emile looked at Christina with concern. It was the kind of expression she'd never imagined she'd see on her rival back when she'd been a man, and yet now it was like seeing a different side to him. He actually dropped his bag to the ground as if it held little more than old potatoes, and moved swiftly to the couch to sit beside her. Before she could try to shift away - if her willpower was even up to such a task in his presence now - he reached a hand out and placed it on her shoulder. It was firm, and strong, and wonderfully soothing. She almost let out a little purr just at the feel of it.

"Chrissy," he said, giving the more informal nickname, "you already do so much. You and your mother both. We owe a lot to you, our whole family does, to opening our eyes to the struggles of others."

"I did?"

"Of course you did. You have such a kind heart, Chrissy, but you can't do everything. Goodness knows you already do too much, wearing yourself thin. I mean, you're neglecting university in favour of all this gallivanting about volunteering. Why don't you just relax and take some time off it, hm?"

Something struck her about the way he spoke. As if it were still slightly snobbish. Still possessed of a 'higher birth', or at least a silver spoon up his ass. It made her narrow her eyes, and shrug off his hand.

"I can't take time off. They, like, depend on me. The animals, at least. Foul Ron is so close to getting along with me. He has a good heart, deep down! And the shelter . . . the guys really like me, and the women too. And there's some children who are so fun to play with. I want to make their day."

"Awww," Angelica said. "My bestie is such a sweetie. You deserve a mango smoothie. We can go get one soon if you want.:"

Chrissy wiped another tear. "That would be n-nice."

"I'm not saying stop it altogether," Emile said. "I'm just saying you can focus on yourself. I mean, that's what really matters, in the end. You can't change the world just by being nice, as much as you are inspiring, Chrissy. You've got to learn about the wider sociological context of these matters, and recognise that systemically, some individuals - and animals - are always going to fall through the cracks, and that if we're going to do any good at all, we need to consider the wider variables inherent in -"

"Brother, this is not the time!"

His words were making Christina all confused. She got the feeling she would have once understood them, but in that moment she just felt condescended to.

"I don't know what all that, like, means, Emile. It's all super smart talk. And you're really, like, super smart. But none of that means we shouldn't help people."

"I know, I know. But not everyone should be helped, perhaps. Maybe-"

She stood. "What about the people at the shelter? They have, like, really hard lives! What about me? I'm not rich. Mom and me grew up totally poor. You guys helped, but we worked as best we could and, like, relied on food stamps and stuff."

Emile smiled, and God, it truly was a handsome smile. "Christina, you're nothing like the others. You're one in a million. One of a kind. But that's just it. You should focus on studies, maybe take some more academic courses as well. I think you'd really benefit from them, and I know you can be smart enough. But if you're always burning yourself out from volunteering you won't be as smart as you could be about all this. Especially since some of the company you keep can be a little . . . uncouth."

Angelica gasped. "Brother!"

"I'm just saying, a little mangy. The men, not the dogs."

It was a moment of sardonic humour, but from the frozen expression on his face, Emile was clearly aware that the joke had not just missed the mark, but managed to wound Christina right in the heart. Just like that, the spell he had briefly exerted over her was broken. She pulled away.

"I can't believe you'd say that. You haven't changed!"

"What?"

"I mean, like, you're a total snob and stuff. Always better than other people. C'mon Angelica, let's go get that mango smoothie!"

"Good idea," her magical bestie replied. She shot her brother a look, one that Chrissy interpreted as 'you just fucked up, twin brother. You *better* make it up.'

The two left in Angelica's car, and Chrissy had to be consoled for half the journey. She was getting teary-eyed again, and she didn't want to be.

Why the hell do I care if he's being a total stupid snob? He's always been a total snob. Why do I so desperately want to make him different? Why do I want to help him?

She couldn't answer that. Not even Angelica's magic seemed quite enough to formulate a response. For the first time, she was truly grateful to have the woman who had magically transformed her at her side. She needed a friend, even if she was still angry at her. Sometimes a woman, even a new woman, needed a shoulder to cry on.

Emile seemed to have realised he'd screwed the pooch, because he didn't show his face for another week. He sent several texts of long-winded apology to Chrissy, but she didn't respond to them. Well, she sent a few emojis that were vaguely reassuring. She got the sense that was about as mean and capable of twisting the knife as her new self could be: just a little passive aggressive and that was it.

He's just soooooo stuffy! It's like every time he is about to say the right thing, or actually be, like, a nice person, he puts his foot in his mouth!

In truth, she knew he hadn't meant to come across as he had. He became a bit of a stutterer around her, in fact, often mixing up his words and getting things wrong. And Angelica's teasing about it only made him stumble all the more.

I should be blaming her. She still hasn't told me when I'm changing back. And worse, when I ask about it, she just giggles and jokes that each time I bring it up, she adds another day. Gawd, I hope she's just joking. Because I've added a totally huge amount of days if she's not.

All she could do was sigh and ready herself for another day. Putting on a bra for her 'girls' was just a regular occurrence now, as was slipping on a pair of sexy yet comfortable panties that with their snug fit simply reminded her of the emptiness between her legs. Her morning ritual was one of preparation: the right outfit (usually pink), the right hairstyle, the right makeup, and the right attitude. The last was getting easier to muster: which meant it was harder to fight being Chrissy and enjoying herself in her feminine form. After all, with all her new hormones and new personality traits, she was constantly brimming with energy and positivity in equal measure, and that made it hard not to at least find *some* comfort in being female.

The big one, of course, was the orgasms. After a few days of abstinence and trying not to think about how men with their big cocks - especially how she imagined Emile's to be - the horniness of her busty brunette body was too much to take. And once she'd indulged a few times, she'd just decided to enjoy it. Each morning it was practically her wake up, and each evening it served as her goodnight. She would moan softly as she rubbed her wet clit,

sliding her fingers inside her passage and imagining a man thrusting into her. She tried imagining a woman from time to time, even Angelica, but it wasn't the same. There was no attraction there thanks to the unexpected witch's magic. No, she was all straight for cute boys now, and it made her cry out in ecstasy as she rubbed her nipples, imagining what it would be like for a big strong man to suck on them while he fucked her.

"Oooohhhh, yes! Yes! Suck on them! Suck on my big titties! Fuck me, and make me preggers with your babies! I want you in me, Emile! I want you!"

Those words, or at least something approaching them, was how she always ended her sessions of self-pleasure. Always, it would be Emile she carried the lustful torch for, and it was soooooo easy to imagine him on top of her, smiling and dashing, making sensitive yet dominating love to her body. God knows he loved the look of her tits when she wore her tight crop tops and tube tops. She'd even started wearing them deliberately, showing off her sexy midriff just to tease him, a small revenge for his comments. Not that he was saying much at the moment. It only made the version of him in her head all the wilder when she touched herself.

God, multiple orgasms are sooooo good. It's, like, totally not fair that dudes are just one and done. How did I stand that when I had a cock? It's so weird to think that now, if I do totally get fucked, that I'll be all penetrated while he's the penetrator. Kinda hot, though. Weird, wrong, supes fucked up. But hot as fuuuuck.

The thought made her smirk, only to bite her lip to stop herself from doing so.

No. I'm a man. I'm going to, like, go back to fucking girls. I mean, I can still totally appreciate a fine set of tits, right?

She wobbled her own for emphasis, giggling in her bed.

"At least you two are loads of fun. And you look fucking amazing in my new push-up bra. Even mom thought so, and she's constantly worried I'll, like, end up being a single mom from a young age like her."

Mentioning her mother out loud just reminded her of how crazy it was that Sarah was back in her life. Literally back from the dead. She hadn't missed seeing her mother one day over the last couple of weeks. Even if her mother treated her a little differently, perhaps a little more protectively, it was still her mom, the best version of her mom. After all, Sarah was happy and fulfilled, for the most part. She was certainly on the prowl for a man, and to her shock and unexpected delight, Chrissy and her own mother exchanged advice on catching men, with the new daughter giving Sarah feedback on the right dresses to wear, what lipstick would work best with that colour, and what restaurant would be best for a first date.

"You really are a dream, honey. What can't you do?"

"Be a man, I guess."

Her mother chuckled. "Well, that's a good thing. You're certainly more than enough woman for the boys. Except you're still waiting on that Emile."

"No way. I'm totally not going out with him."

But Sarah just laughed and started humming a tune. "We'll see," she said between hums. "You two have always had crushes on each other. You just need to hurry up and bite the bullet and see if it works. You might be surprised. I certainly won't be. He's a wonderful boy, and he can't keep his eyes off of you."

"Can't keep his eyes off my tits, you mean."

Sarah laughed once more. "Well, can you blame him! Now help me with this dress. Your mother wants her own chest to look nice. Maybe this Jared will be the one . . ."

Wow, I had no idea that Mom was ever such a player. Er, does that apply to girls? Either way, she knocks 'em dead, but the poor thing deserves true love.

It made Chrissy sigh as she looked over herself. Who could ever really love a ditzzy bimbo like her? She'd not exactly been the nicest person as Christopher, pushing everyone away and stewing in her anger. She hadn't felt that kind of bitterness ever since she'd become Christina, not even to the 'bestie' who'd done this to her. And Emile was obviously gaga for her. And yet . . .

Why does he like me? Why could he not stand the me I used to be, but likes me now? It can't just be my totally rockin' bod. There's something more.

Still, she resolved not to find out. That way lay danger.

It was a brilliant blue sky Saturday, the sun hot and the air a perfect Summer breeze. Christina had no plans - for the first time her mom wasn't free. Apparently Jared hadn't worked out, but she'd ended up drowning her sorrows with a lovely man named Brent, and they were going on a little trip for the day, just the two of them, to see if there was energy there. Chrissy hoped the best for her mom, but it left her without plans. She'd intended to just study her beautician course a little more - after all, the reading required a lot of effort these days, when fashion mags were so much more appealing - and watching some trashy reality shows.

But Angelica had other ideas. She hadn't caught up with Christina the last few days, claiming she was learning more about spells, but when Chrissy answered her knocking upon the door, it was very clear that she intended to spend the day on more frivolous fun. The cute white bikini showing off her lovely hourglass figure and nice b-cups was certainly evidence of that. She wore a pair of dark shades, and a half-transparent blouse that was completely unbuttoned, and seemed more a fashion item than anything practical or covering.

“Angelica? Why are you dressed like you’re going to the beach?”

“Wrong question, hot stuff. The real question is, why aren’t *you* dressed like you’re going to the beach? It’s high time we gave you a lesson in wearing some sexy bikinis, miss!”

Instantly, the former male went red in the cheeks. “Oh no, bad enough that you have me wearing cute pink crop tops and short skirts that show off my totally peachy butt! I don’t want to show *that* much skin! People will stare!”

“I know! I’m so jelly. You and your big double-D cups. I’m learning as much magic as I can so I can totes have the same bust size as you. It’ll be awesome. But with the weather being sooooo good, we simply *have* to go to the beach and have an awesome girly time. We need to work on your bikini tan too! It’ll go great with your hair!”

Chrissy sagged her shoulder. “There’s no fighting this, is there?”

“You can totes say no, but I think we both know that my bestie would be pretty curious about looking fine as all hell in her hot pink bikini!”

Gawd, she’s right. I would look fucking great. I bet all the cute boys would be just obsessed with me. Maybe . . . maybe just one hour at the beach. A little break from these boring readings about the history of denim fashion, ugh! So lame!

She relented, and Angelica seized upon the opportunity. She stepped inside and practically *dragged* Christina to her dresser.

“Hot. Pink. Bikini. Now!”

“Alright, fine! Gawd, *you’re* the one who made me like this, so don’t boss me around!”

“I’m not bossing. You’ll know when I’m bossing. I’m encouraging you! You’ve been such an awesome chick that I just know you’re gonna have a lot of beach fun. We just gotta get you out of that shell.”

Chrissy would rather be in one. At least that way her body would be covered. But as usual, her bimbo brain was simultaneously enticed by the notion of showing off so much skin, and letting her gorgeous hourglass figure strut itself on the beach beneath the sun. And in the end, her bimbo brain always won out.

I hope my tits don’t bounce too much, at least.

Chrissy held her chest gingerly as she tried to catch up to Angelica, who was running to the water.

“Wait for me! I can’t run in this! They bounce!”

“Good! Enjoy them while they last! Though you could always enjoy them for life, if you wanted!”

“Oh, don’t even, like, say that!”

Her breasts did indeed wobble and jiggle and bounce quite prominently in her bikini, just as her ass bounced a little. Her hot pink bikini looked astonishingly sexy on her, especially since the strings of her bikini bottoms and top were so scandalously thin. The cups were, by design, just a little too small, so that part of her tits hung out the bottom, giving the ever-glorious underboob that drove men like Christopher wild, at least back when she'd been him, and had been hot for girls.

Now, she was exactly the kind of girl every dude looked at on the beach. Her hair was silky and perfect, bouncing against her bare back. Her wide, baby-making hips swayed from side to side with each step, and her lusciously long legs strode one foot in front of the other, emphasising all the rest of her features. Occasionally, she stroked her bare midriff, feeling odd about no longer having muscle there. In the windows of the beach cafe, she could see how stacked and racked she was, with a perfect cleavage that drew the eye. With her dark sunglasses and soft skin, she looked like a damn pinup model. It was incredibly embarrassing.

It was also incredible.

Fuck, I look good. All the boys are staring, and I just can't help but like it. Stupid Angelica. I wish she hadn't made this so enjoyable!

"Hey there, I'm Todd," one muscular specimen said.

"Chrissy!" she beamed back.

"I was just admiring the view. Did you want to grab a drink with me? My treat."

"Sorry, I've got someone. Sorta. I think. But I wish you the best in finding a nice girl!"

His disappointment was obvious, and several of his buddies cracked jokes she couldn't quite hear. She did manage to catch "at least you get to watch her walk away, bro!"

It made her cringe. She knew she was giving them a show with her ass, and when she half-turned to look back at them it made her breasts jiggle in her top, revealing a bit of delectable sideboob as well.

"Ugh, men!" she exclaimed, only for Angelica to giggle. "What?"

"It's just, you used to be one, bestie! Don't tell me you're getting super into being a woman? Because that would be the best."

"Please Ange," Chrissy said, still red in the cheeks. "I'm, like, still getting used to feeling so naked out in public. I never thought I'd be in a bikini before!"

Or look soooooo killer in it.

Angelica just giggled, placing her arm around her friend's shoulder. "Well, you look good, girrrl. *We* look good. And it's gonna be a great beach day. C'mon, I'll get ya an ice cream and we can sunbake before getting in the water."

Chrissy tried not to sigh too audibly. In truth, the idea of going for a fun swim did indeed sound nice. And as much as she wanted to try to hate, or at least resent her friend,

the truth was that she was getting memories of them doing this many times before. Hell, they'd even gone to the beach in bikinis for the first time together as teens, back when Christina's chest was swelling up in leaps and bounds unexpectedly. She'd even been present when Angelica flirted with several boys, eventually dating one named Clarence who she later said was "as lame in bed as his name sounded." It seemed a little unfair to make that comment from Chrissy's perspective, but then - as her new memories informed her - she'd always been a bit over-empathetic. And with all those memories occupying her mind, even if she hadn't truly experienced them, it was enough to tip her over the edge into at least enjoying her friend's company. She couldn't deny that Angelica was a fun one to be around, that was for sure.

So for the next hour she tried to keep a positive attitude, even if she couldn't stop looking like sex on legs with her wide hips swaying upon the beach. More than a few men gawked at the pair of gorgeous girls, and Angelica loved to flirt and play it all up, even showing overt interest in one of them. But as soon as a guy so much as glanced Chrissy's way, ogling her tits or smirking in response to her overall form, Angelica was fast to shut it down.

"Sorry guys, she's not on the market, are you Chrissy?"

"Oh, uh, no. I'm single."

"Because she's totes into my twin brother, and wants him hard. So you'll just have to line up for me!"

"Angelica, that's soooo not true."

"Oh, c'mon. My dream bestie would totes be into Emile. I can see you two always giving each other gaga eyes whenever you can't avoid each other."

Chrissy just groaned, unable to truly deny it. "Let's just go sunbake."

They finished their ice creams, and Angelica stuffed one of the boy's phone numbers down her bra for safekeeping, a move that Christopher once found to be a massive turn on.

"Okay, let's get our bikini tans going then!"

It was, surprisingly, immensely relaxing. Yes, it still felt odd to be so on display, but Christina couldn't deny that as she lay back on a towel by the beach that there was almost a power to being so gorgeously feminine. Her breasts rode high and full on her chest, flattening only a little thanks to gravity's pull, and while she didn't have an attraction to such a chest anymore, a small part of her still shivered in delight as men gazed at her. A few women even looked at her in jealousy, and it gave her a small amount of smug pride. Not too much, but enough that she could relax.

"Admit it, you like being a girl."

"I, like, totally hate it."

"Ha! That was the fakest lie I've ever heard, like, ever."

“Fine,” Chrissy said, closing her eyes to the brilliant sun. “It’s not all bad, I guess. This is nice.”

“And you look great in a bikini.”

“I do look totes hot, yeah.”

“And having big boobs is really fun.”

“They’re pretty fun to play with,” she admitted, before giggling like the ditz she now was. “And the hips are pretty swell. Literally, ha!”

Angelica and her shared a laugh. “And you like the whole doing yourself up. I saw you in beauty class the other day. You were literally trying on like a million styles. I was worried I’d hit you with a spell or something accidentally, you were so into it.”

“I - okay. I was trying to colour match. And I wanted some eyeshadow experiments just in case . . .”

She stopped, but it was too late. Angelica pounced upon it.

“Just in case . . . ?”

“Um, in case of a date. It was a dumb thought, because you’ve made me such a total brain klutz, and also super horny for boys! I’m, like, touching myself every day imagining them.”

“Mhm, I bet you are. I wanted my bestie to have as much of a totally fucked up libido as I do. Fucked up in an amazing way.”

“Yeah, but it’s got me always thinking of hot dudes and cocks. And I’m trying *not* to have sex, because I’m meant to be a total dude!”

Angelica chuckled. “Or because you’re meant to be with my twin bro. Admit it, you’ve got the hots for him.”

“NNghh! Why can’t you let this go? Fine, I *do* have the hots for him. I can’t stop thinking about him. He’s handsome - he always was - but now that I’ve got a pussy and tits he treats me so much nicer. He seems *nicer*. And gentlemanly. And he’s always encouraging me, in a way he never did when I was my other self.”

“Well, your new life changed him. Changed us all. I still am totally shocked at how much it changed things. I should be waaaaaay more careful with my casting next time.”

“Duh,” Chrissy added. “And now I can’t stop thinking about him. It’s all your fault. But he’s still such a snob, and every time he gets close to me he backs out and says something so dumb even my new bimbo brain wouldn’t say it.”

“Men, who can figure them out?”

“Gawd, I wish I still could. You’ve made me such a girly girl.”

“Well, if Emile was here right now, what would you say to him?”

Chrissy imagined him on the beach in his board shorts. It was a deeply sexy image already, and for a moment she just licked her lips and savoured it.

“Chrissy, get your head out of the gutter! What would you say to him?”

“Hmm, I’d tell him to, like, get his head out of his ass and just be himself, and stop trying to be this competitive, dog-eat-dog kinda person he sometimes tries to be, one who always has to, like, prioritise being totally smart and dignified and all that stuff so he feels in control. Because . . . because that’s how I totally used to be. And it made me miserable.”

It was a revelation. She stopped speaking, internalising it all. It was true.

I closed myself off to the world. I totally made it all a ratrace because of how I grew up, and how Mom was always stressed, and I never let anyone into that shell. It all became about, like, succeeding and winning and having to be super independent. And I, like, lost compassion. I stopped caring about other people, because why would I? I had to look out for me. Is that how Emile gets?

It made a certain kind of sense. Emile didn’t grow up poor, and Chrissy had resented him for that when she’d been a man. Resented his success and wealth and all the financial aid and security he had. But he had big expectations on his shoulders. Thanks to her new memories, she knew that he’d always been ‘the smart one’ of the twins, the one destined for greatness. The one who couldn’t afford to just be a fun ditz and sleep around . . . at least not so joyfully.

I had him all wrong the whole time, and it took becoming a hawt girl of all things to, like, understand that.

“Well, you should totes tell him all that,” Angelica said, not realising how deeply in thought Chrissy was, “because he’s coming by now and I’m taking my leave.”

Christina leapt up from her towel, almost causing a wardrobe accident when her tits bounced heavily from the action. She nearly overcorrected, and to her utter embarrassment, she flew straight into Emile, whose quick reaction caught her. His hard chest pressed against her round softness, and it made her nipples go hard from arousal. His firm hands upon her shoulders nearly melted her.

“E-Emile!”

“Chrissy! Christina. Are you okay?”

“Y-yeah! I’m just - you’re here!”

She didn’t pull away from his accidental embrace, and neither did he.

“Well, looks like things are going swimmingly for you two!” Angelica teased. “And speaking of, I’m going for a swim. You two lovebirds go enjoy yourself!”

“You planned this, you sneaky sneak!” Chrissy called.

“You didn’t tell me Christina would be here,” Emile added.

“Must have slipped my mind! Oh well, you’ll just have to enjoy the rather *romantic* afternoon sun together. Anyway, buh-bye!”

She took off with a giggle straight to the water, leaving Chrissy a mix of shocked and fuming. “That - that absolute *minx!*”

Emile laughed. “God, my sister is incorrigible, isn’t she?”

“I don’t even know what that means.”

“It means you just can’t change her, but she sure does change everyone else.”

She snorted, pulling away from him, despite how nice he felt.

“What? Did I say something?”

“Yeah, but it’s . . . an inside joke, or whatever. You . . . it’s good to see you, Emile.”

“It’s good to see you too, Christina.”

“I go by Chrissy, usually.”

He nodded, a little stiff in his movements. He was straining to keep looking at her eyes, and it clearly took every ounce of willpower to do so. Chrissy couldn’t help but taunt her old rival, just a little bit. She cocked her hips to one side, pacing a slender hand upon it, the motion causing her breasts to jostle together. She grinned in a coy manner.

“You okay, Emile?”

“Fine. It’s just . . . I don’t remember the last time I saw you in a bikini. You look . . . good.”

Another taunt. He was so easy, she couldn’t resist. “Just good? Is that, like, all?”

He blushed. “Sorry. Around you all my brilliant vocabulary just sort of . . . vanishes. You look incredible, Christina. Chrissy.”

“Thought so. You should see my ass shake in this thing. I seriously feel like a pinup model, it’s *ridiculous.*”

He was trying very hard not to splutter. How had she never realised how fun it was to play with this man? Having a pair of big double-D tits certainly helped.

“Dude, you can look. They’re just tits. Awesome tits, but tits. Just have, like, ten seconds of staring.”

“Oh, I wasn’t-”

Acting on impulse, she reached out quickly and held either side of his face. She rotated his head down, and drew herself closer, so that his gaze was right at her perfect cleavage.

“Count to ten,” she said. “Like, in your head.”

There was a moment of waiting. *I can’t believe I’m doing this, but after realising all this about him . . . it feels right. Plus, it’s soooo hot.*

“Okay, okay, ten!” he said, laughing. “But I won’t lie, I stared for twenty. And I could have looked longer.”

“I knew it! Gawd, you’re so incorrigible.”

He chuckled. “Okay, that was surprisingly witty.”

Gawd, his compliments are like a drug. She placed her hands behind her back and thrust her chest out, shifted side to side in a classical pose of demure playfulness.

“Awww, thank you!”

Emile smirked, but halted when he heard a giggle. Then several more giggles. His eyes went down, and so did Chrissy’s.

Like, holy shit. He’s hung like a horse!

It was an exaggeration, but only by a bit. Emile’s member was clearly straining against his board shorts in a *massive* erection. He looked terribly embarrassed. She, on the other hand, felt terribly turned on.

I almost want to touch it. I know I shouldn’t, but Gawd, just a few strokes!

“Um, sorry Chrissy. I think I need to get into the water. Uh, right now.”

“I can totes see that! Let’s go!”

She took his hand and together they moved to the lovely ocean waves. The beach wasn’t totally full, and they found a lovely area in the water where he could quickly obscure his still-hard cock beneath the waves. The water was warm and inviting, but she still giggled a little at the splashing about. It wasn’t helped when he splashed her deliberately.

“Hey! No fair! I was helping you!”

“You caused this issue in the first place!”

“Yeah, by being super duper sexy! I can’t help it that you really, really love my boobies!”

He sighed, half-smiling, half-astonished. “I can’t believe you actually call them that.”

“Me either. It’s soooo weird, but I literally can’t help it. Blame your sister, seriously.”

She splashed him back, and laughing, he splashed her once more. Soon it was a water fight as the two circled one another, going deeper into the water until her breasts looked like gorgeous globular floatation devices upon the waterline. They were both drenched, and her dark hair clung to her back. She knew she was a vision, dripping wet, her figure perfect, and it was clear that Emile couldn’t resist her. She splashed him a couple of times more feebly, but he approached closer and closer, until finally he caught her in a mock catch of his prey. She gave a playful squeal as he lifted her easily.

And then suddenly they were kissing.

Deeply.

Passionately.

Sensually.

She moaned softly, sighing with content as his lips locked with hers. Slowly, she raised her arms and placed them over his neck, lowering one to rub his muscular shoulder and grip the muscles of his back. She gave herself over to this man, this once-hated rival, and let him hold her. Chrissy spread her legs as if she were accepting the hard rod between

his own, and wrapped her thighs around his waist. Her chest was against him, and she wanted nothing more in that moment than to keep kissing him. To feel his hardness against her softness.

To be his, as she had *always* wanted in this new female timeline.

He seemed to feel the same way, because he lowered one hand slowly down her soft back, and rested it on her ass. She moaned in his mouth, and as if taking that as permission, he adjusted her panties so that his hand slid beneath them, allowing him to grip her soft rear with his own skin. She groaned, kissing him again and again, pushing her large chest against him so that her nipples became like hard rocks, sensitive and desperately in need of being nibbled and licked and sucked upon. Keeping his hand there, he shifted the other, keeping her balanced in the water, and placed his hand on her bikini top, over the top of her left breast.

“Mhmmmmmm,” she moaned, “MMhmmmm! Mhmm!”

His large, masculine fingers were perfect, and they separated over her nipple so that it was squeezed slightly between them. It left her reeling from pulses of pure pleasure that shot down through her core, making her squirm in his arms. It was enough that she had to ‘come up for air’ and pull her lips back.

“OOhhhhh that f-feels wonderful! Like, soooooo wonderful!”

“God, I’ve been wanting to do that for so, so long, Christina. Chrissy. You have no idea. I’ve wanted you for a long time.”

“M-me too. But you always, like, pull away.”

“I was nervous. God help me, I’m still nervous! I can’t explain it. It’s like . . . ah hell.”

He kissed her again, and she returned it. Her heart fluttered, overwhelmed by how deeply erotic this man’s ministrations were upon her sensitive female body. She rubbed her hips against his crotch. No one could see what they were doing beyond making out in the water, and there was no chance of actual sex in the sea, but she could certainly imagine it well enough. But still, she pulled back again.

“N-no. You should tell me,” she said.

He hesitated. “Later? Please. My sister set this up, and it looks like she finally succeeded. I think she knows I’ve always carried a torch for you.”

“Like, she’s been wanting me to mack on your face foreverrrrr.”

He smiled, and God, it was a dashing smile. *He really is a damn good kisser. That was like the best kiss I’ve ever had and it was from a freakin’ man! With his hard cock against my flat belly!*

“Well, the bikini sent me over the edge, I think. And the conversation we had. I came across like an ass, and I’m sorry. I was just . . . I can’t even explain it. But I felt like an idiot, and I didn’t even know how to approach you again and fully say sorry.”

She grinned, pulled herself against him so that her head rested against his neck, and her bikini body bobbed against his. The water was deep for her, but he stood in it, easily tall enough. It made him feel even stronger and more protective in her eyes.

“Well, that was, like, a pretty good sorry. Maybe we can say sorry a few more times. Angelica totally wants us to have a beach date, after all?”

“That . . . is a really good idea. If, um, if you’re okay with it. I mean, with us having a proper date.”

“Of course, silly!”

She shouldn’t have been okay with it. She should have recoiled against it. Run screaming for the hills. Spat in his face for taking everything from her without even knowing it. But instead, as she stared into those piercing, caring, intelligent eyes, all she could feel was an emotion deeper than any of that.

It was love.

Pure, genuine love.

Holy shit, what am I getting myself into here?

To Be Continued . . .

Bimbo Besties, Part 3 (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Chris is a driven yet emotionally distant college student focusing on his future in architecture. But when an old flame confronts him over the fact that he saw her as nothing more than a 'valley girl bimbo' and only dated her to make her brother - his college rival - angry, he soon finds out exactly what the bimbo life entails. After all, as Chris once said, the two would be 'better off as friends.' Bimbo friends.

Bimbo Besties, Part 3

So, it was love. And not the kind of sophisticated, intelligent love with clear delineations, borders and boundaries like Christopher had imagined that he might unearth one day once he was a successful architect. No, this was the cutesy wutesey, lovey dovey, head over heels, bouncing-with-joy kind of love that infected the whole of Christina's being and made her want to squeal in a high-pitched voice from the sheer ecstasy of knowing this gorgeous man was deeply in love with her.

So she did. She squealed.

Emile cringed a little, stepping back and putting his hands to his ears.

"Okay, okay! You're excited, Christina! I'm glad! Can you not, um, shriek so loudly please?"

"Sorry," she said, going a little red in her pale cheeks. She couldn't help but grin, no matter how much her male pride wanted to fight it. This was Emile Halloway! The man who was supposed to be her rival, especially once she turned back to Christopher. She *did* want to turn back. She was certain of it. It was just . . . not something she wanted to think about right at that moment, especially with how deeply fucking attractive Emile was right before her. *His muscles, that totes hard cock that just rubbed against my belly through his boardies . . . mmhm!*

"So, what do we do on this beach date?" Emile asked.

She had to blink to get her thoughts - sluggish as they were these days - back on track. "Oh, um. I think we, like, walk along the beach and talk about life. And play beachball, duh. And we can lie back on towels and you can look at me and -"

"That sounds amazing," he said very quickly. "But can we stay in the water a bit longer?"

"Sure!" she said, beaming. "Is it because you've got a super big boner right now, or are you just happy to see me?"

Now it was *his* time to turn red. Emile went a bit flustered before finding his next words. “Christina - Chrissy - that’s not even how that joke . . . yes. I do. You, uh, have that effect on me. Especially in that bikini. You really do look quite beautiful.”

She beamed again. She held her hands behind her back and turned in the water, letting her boobs bounce in her top.

“Beautiful, huh? You sure I don’t look, like, you know, a total busty bombshell right now?”

“Oh, definitely that as well. I just . . . that’s not my usual vocabulary.”

He’s so freakin’ cute when he’s all nervous like this! It’s so easy to tease him!

In fact, it almost felt like their old rivalry dynamic, albeit one that was much more friendly. Instead of mocking him, and trying to undo him, Chrissy now felt that ribbing this man she apparently loved was just another way of showing affection, while still getting a bit of a kick out of the banter.

“Let’s go for a swim then,” she suggested. “You can race me. But if you lose, you have to totally kiss me like crazy.”

“And if I win?” he said, grinning.

“Then you have to kiss me like crazy,” she said, barely able to contain her laughter.

“Hmm, tough terms. I accept. Where to?”

She pointed. “To the little floatie that some kid must have lost. I bet I can totes reach it before you.”

“You’re on,” he said, and gave a similar challenging, competitive look that he had once given Christopher. Only this one, Chrissy knew, came with a very rock solid erection in his boardshorts that was waiting just for her.

I’m just having a bit of fun. Sure, I like, totally feel lots of love for him and want him to fuck my wet pussy and fill me with babies and - oh God! Oh shit, not that! I don’t want really cute babies in me. I just want to have, like, a bit of fun before turning back, like Angie said!

She nearly missed Emile counting down to ‘Go!’, but when she registered it she took off, throwing her all into it. A brief smattering of memories hit her mind, reminding her of all the times she and Angie had raced in the water together as kids, and how once Chrissy had been so determined that she lost her bikini top completely, her big boobs free in the water without her realising. She’d won, but some of the local cheering boys had been given quite a show, to her embarrassment. Well, she wasn’t entirely embarrassed. Just annoyed that Emile hadn’t been there. He’d been studying,

The memories ended, and she was back in the water, surging forth. The memory proved useful, however. As the water rushed past her, she nearly had one boob fall out of its pink cup, and she had to quickly adjust it. It lost her valuable time and speed, but it preserved some small sense of modesty. She continued through waves, delighting in how

freeing it was, but at the same time aware of how totally weaker she was. Not only did she lack male muscle mass, but it was clear that Chrissy was not huge into exercise outside of the occasional gym workout to keep her body - and booty - looking cute. She was not cut for long-distance anything, nor short-distance physical exertion at a high level.

Naturally, it meant that Emile was always going to win.

Except that just shy of the floatie he stopped, and allowed her to pass on through like a total gentleman.

“Oh no, I have lost,” he said, his face one of mock tragedy.

“Awwww, you’re super sweet,” she said. She kicked off against the water and held the floatie above her head triumphantly. “But I still, like, totally won by the rules. And that means I win the ultimate prize: getting to smooch the hell out of your cute face.”

She did so, passionately. With his taller height, Emile could easily stand, so she wrapped her legs around him and pressed her bosom against his chest. He supported her hips with his hands, raising her up so that for once she was looking down on him. It made the feeling all the hotter.

I’m totes kissing a guy and loving it. Gawdamnit Angelica, what have you done to me? I never want this to end but it’s so wrong!

As they parted, Emile just shook his head. “I can’t believe how long it took me to confess my feelings. I wish I’d done it a long time ago, Christina.”

“I like it when you call me Christina,” she said. “It feels so super formal. You’re so stiff and formal but it’s really hyper cute on you.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” he said.

“So, ready for a beach walk?” she suggested. It was, perhaps, a way to avoid getting so frisky with her. They couldn’t have too much PDA on the beach in full view of everyone, after all. Unfortunately *and* fortunately for Chrissy’s mixed mind, he gave a sheepish grin that was full of embarrassment.

“Well, after that kiss, I think I might need a little more time in the sea, I’m afraid.”

It was ridiculous enough that she couldn’t stop herself from giving him a giggle, followed by another kiss.

I’m just super, super glad that my wet pussy won’t be nearly so obvious. Gawd, I’m fucking aching to be all filled up, it’s maddening!

After what felt like an age - albeit a wonderful one - Emile had finally ‘cooled off’, and the two were embarking on a romantic little walk across the beach. Though not before spending ten minutes tracking down the family that had lost their floatie. Christopher never would have

bothered, and Emile was initially perplexed, but he smiled in surprise when they found the family, gave the floatie back to the girl, and evidently made her day. Only then did they start the romantic walk, and somehow starting it on that sweet note made it all the more romantic already, just from the way Emile looked at her.

On the far side of the beach were a number of beach front restaurants, and as time shifted to the middle afternoon, Chrissy was starting to wonder if that was where the date was headed as well. She held Emile's hand as they talked and laughed about old memories from her new life, but sometimes he put his hand around her soft, slim waist and she felt the powerful urge to rest her head against his shoulder. It was far too comfortable for her liking. And that just made it impossible to resist.

Why am I like this? Why is he suddenly so charming? It's like my whole life - everyone's lives - are so much better when I'm a total bimbo girly girl. Um, am I even a bimbo if I'm saving myself for him, though? Or does that make me just not a slut? Gawd, I'd know if I still had Christopher brains. Stupid, fun-loving bimbo brain.

Still, she found herself loving the company of her crush. She talked passionately - practically gushingly, in fact - about her work with animals, how much she bawled tears every time one had to be put down, but how much she deeply loved volunteering to get others proper shelter. That turned to her discussing the plight of the homeless. She didn't quite understand all the so-called 'sociological factors' that Emile talked about, though he seemed intelligent on the subject, but she was adamant on the point that people had to help other people, starting with the less fortunate. It was enough of a stance that he backed off to nicer topics, such as movies they both likes (surprise, he was actually quite the secret romantic), childhood books they shared (her memories gave her this one, she'd loved dragons as a child, albeit pink ones, and so they both loved *The Book of Many Dragons*), and even their amusing thoughts on Angelica.

"She can be so pushy!" Emile said, exasperated.

"You, like, literally have no idea."

"Trust me, she's my sister."

"No, I'm totes serious. She's, like, really pushed me in ways I cannot explain. But . . . she is my bestie. She wants what's best for me."

Gawd, she really does. Even that spell wasn't done in, like, malice or whatever.

The thought endeared her more to Angelica. The fact that in her new memories, her bimbo bestie truly was there every step of her life, helping care for the Galford family and learning about their situation from the beginning, with no judgement. It told Chrissy that Angelica truly was 'spoiled sweet' in a way that so few rich girls were. And while her brother may have had an exterior that was stoic, sometimes snobby and elitist, he truly had a kind and compassionate core.

And he had a sexy butt.

“Are you looking at my butt?” Emile asked, realising she had started walking behind him.

“Oh, totes. Sorry, I just couldn’t help myself. It’s so firm and masculine. And now that you’ve, like, finally grown a pair and asked me out and told you like me, I figure I can say stuff like that.”

Instead of, you know, ‘I hate you and you suck’ or whatever boring stuff I said as Christopher.

“Well, glad you like it,” he said. “And I have to return the compliment, because if it doesn’t sound too piggish, your behind looks incredibly -”

They were interrupted by a giggle from a pair of girls that were passing. They were clearly alpha cheerleader types, and Chrissy was reasonably certain she recognised them from college. Neither were from her makeup course, however. One was a thin, elegant woman. She vaguely remembered her from the study lounge. She was taking law or something. The other she did recognise: Diana, who was most certainly in Christopher’s architecture course. She had a vicious look in her eyes. She too was gorgeous, and like her friend was clearly quite smart. They had wealthy backgrounds, Chrissy knew.

How do I know that? How do I - oh no! They were, like, my bullies in this crazy timeline! They picked on me in the mall when I was only a teen, because they could afford designer stuff and I couldn’t!

As if to confirm that very fact, Diana gave a snooty look in her direction.

“Oh Emile, gallivanting around with Christina Galford, are you? No offence, but I thought you usually chased more . . . intellectual types.”

Chrissy automatically moved to be slightly behind Emile, clutching his shoulder. She would have barked at these girls as Christopher, but she felt so submissive and weak in this moment that it was ridiculous. Emile clenched his hands.

“What do you mean by that, Diana?” he asked unevenly.

“I think you know what I mean, Emile,” Diana continued. She sauntered forward, flicking her hair to one side. “I don’t mean to insult the so-called ‘Chrissy’ here, but let’s be honest, she’s not the brightest bulb in the house, or the sharpest tool in the shed.”

“Hey, stop being such a meanie!” Chrissy exclaimed, though her voice sounded not so sure of itself, and the insult was weak to say the least. She tried to avoid the flush of blood to her cheeks, but this damned girly body was far too eager to always look adorably embarrassed. She blamed Angelica, and Emile for clearly finding such a quality attractive, and thus dooming her with it.

The girls just laughed, and not kindly at that.

“Meanie? Are you serious? This isn’t elementary school, hun. C’mon Emile, I know she has a big pair of tits and an oversized ass, but you must be at least a little embarrassed over this. You’re the top of the class and a lock-in for the *Murlowe Award*, but here you are with this little brown-haired floozy. I mean . . . are you going through a hard time or something, or is this just a silly little fling with the public school girl?”

Gawd, I want to slap her. Not even punch her. I mean, fully just girl-fight her. Just, like, bring me the mud pit and I will wrestle her and let Emile get all hard just watching me win!

But it was Emily who stepped up, and stepped forward.

“Diana, Christina Galford is ten times the person you are, and will ever be. The same goes for your pair of giggling sidekicks here. While you care about status, she cares about people. So what if she takes beauty courses, or enjoys some reality TV? And who gives a *shit* if she went to public school? She makes me want to be a better person, and you two . . . you three barely qualify as people at all from the comments you’ve just made. Now have a good afternoon. I’m on a date with the woman I love.”

Love. Holy shit, he said it. I mean, it was totes a complete accident but he like full on just spat that out right there like a crazy person and now my heart is just beating like crazy and I’m meant to be a man who likes chicks but I’ve never felt this way before so I don’t even care if he’s a man I want him I want him I want him I want him oh God this is crazy but I want him sooooo bad!!!

Her heart beat nearly as fast as her thoughts were flying. Diana rolled her eyes.

“Well, I guess we learned the difference between wealth and class today, isn’t that right, Bianca?”

Bianca! That’s her name! Du’h!

Bianca laughed in the affirmative, and she and Diana stomped off, both trying to look like she’d won the argument. But a sneer of derision revealed how irritated Diana truly was.

“I’m so sorry about that,” Emile said as they continued forward. She took his hand and put it around her waist, curling against him as he led her to one of the public reclining beach chairs. “Diana is a horrible snob of a human being. I know I can be a bit of a snob but trust me, Diana makes me look like an amateur. What she said was cruel. Unkind. Um, are you alright?”

Chrissy burst into tears. For a moment, Emile was his nervous self around her. He looked about, as if concerned as to who would see, before he moved to comfort her.

‘Oh, um, I had no idea her words hurt you so much. Chrissy, what can I do? Chrissy? I’m sorry, I’m normally much better about this with girls, but you have this spell on me, I find it hard to be, well, sensible around you. That’s always been the case, hasn’t it?’

She giggled through the tears. “N-no, it’s not that, Emile. I’m not sad. Diana is, like, totally a queen bee bitch, and her words totally stung and stuff, but you were just so heroic standing up to me like that.”

“Well, they were women. I wasn’t going to get into a fistfight.”

“But the things you said, they j-just made me so h-happy! I can barely believe it, but I can’t fight these feelings, not when they’re so strong. You said you loved me.”

His eyebrows raised. “Uh, I did?”

She nodded eagerly, almost hungrily. She wanted to hear those words again.

“You said that you were ‘on a date with the woman I love.’ You said that about me. I was, like, totally overcome. I know you always wanted me, and I always wanted you - well, in this life, not that I can explain it - but to hear you say it, it was like an explosion in my mind and heart and body. It set me right off. I love you too, Emile. Gawd, I can’t believe I’m saying it, after everything, but I love you. I love you so much!”

She pulled his face into her chest, smothering him in her tits. It wasn’t even a sexual action - at least for her - she simply wanted to hug and hold and love this man completely, and feel the warmth of his face against her chest. It was only when he began struggling that she squeaked a realisation at how long she’d held him there, and she finally let him up for air. He took a comically large breath.

“Holy moly, I didn’t quite expect that,” he said. To her joy, he was grinning, though it was a lopsided, curious grin.

One that set off alarm bells in her brain.

“You . . . you did mean it, right?” she said. “That you love me, I mean?”

He was silent a moment, that lopsided grin plastered to his face, unmoving. Finally, it became more serious as he seemed to figure out what to say next.

“Christina, I didn’t mean to say I love you. Don’t freak out! Know that I mean it. Meant it. Probably, I guess.”

Oh. Oh no. Oh no, this is humiliating. Why did I do all that? He doesn’t love me!

“Probably?” she said, her voice a thin, pained whisper.

“No! Definitely! I think! Oh, this is so damn annoying! Christina, I’ve pined for you all my life. I do believe I definitely love you. All these years, I’ve wanted to be with you. Your compassion, your kindness, the way you’ve triumphed over so much adversity. It’s brilliant. And I won’t lie, you are deeply attractive to me. We both know that. But . . . what Diana said was cruel, and mean, and should never have been said the way it was.”

“The way it was?” she said.

He nodded. He was sweating a little, clearly trying to grasp the words that would communicate his meaning. Her heart continued to flutter, adrift and terrified of how humiliated she was about to become.

“Exactly,” he continued. “She was being a bully, and needed to be shut down. Which was why I said what I did, and perhaps used the I-word a little too quickly. Not that I don’t necessarily feel that way! But . . . well, look at it from my point of view. I’ve always been deeply attracted to you, and not just your body. When we were kids, I loved hearing your perspective on things, and seeing your enthusiasm. As teens, all that you and your mother did for our family endeared my own perspective towards the less fortunate, and that of my parents too.”

This is like, a new stuffy speech. He’s approaching some sort of crazy stuffy horizon.

“But, much as I cannot deny that I care deeply for you, am attracted to you, and yes, *want* you as my girlfriend, you must understand my perspective. I’m the top student in my architecture class, just like Diana said. I’ve got big things ahead of me in life, my father and mother are certain on this point, particularly since my sister is . . . well, she’s Angelica. I don’t think she’ll be performing anything magical.”

Emile, you have no idea. Like, none whatsoever. Not one iota, whatever that is! UGH WHY CAN’T I JUST TELL HIM, THIS IS SO FRUSTRATING!

“The point I’m making is that there’s a sort of . . . imbalance, that other people see between you and I. I have to be serious, take care of my academic future, and that means cultivating a reputation for my future business, and social circles as well. And Christina, you are such a beautiful soul, but you can also be very . . . full on. Excitable. Stereotypical, some would say, but that would not be right, because you are caring. But you are very . . .”

He petered out in the face of her silence, and her glare. She had never felt so angry as Christina before, not even when she’d first been changed.

“Very *bimbo-ish*, is totally what you meant, right?”

“No! Not that, I’m just saying that you’re-”

“A real girly girl. A total ditz. A party woman. Not ‘respectable’, right?”

“Only in the eyes of others,” he said. “Look, this is partly why I’ve always struggled to communicate how much I care for you. And yes, I do think my feelings for you are truly love, but my hesitation is about this chasm between you and I when it comes to -”

She slapped him. She didn’t even realise what she was doing until it was already done. Her hand stung from the sheer, perfect force that smacked across his face. Emile was entirely still, but his expression changed to one of utter shock. A red imprint of a hand on his right cheek was already forming. Several onlookers further away were staring at the sight, already murmuring, a couple even chuckling.

Holy shit I just slapped the dude I love! Holy shit! But he super deserved it! He - he’s basically telling me that I’m not smart enough. And it’s all Angelica’s fault anyway! How dare he!? How dare THEY!?

She stood, tears already bubbling up in her eyes, a massive dam threatening to burst.

"I c-can't believe you said you love me and then *that*," she stammered, barely able to form the words. "I c-can't believe you'd be so unkind. You are worse than Diana. I th-thought you were different. But you're the s-same Emile you've a-always been. Now I, like, see you for who you totally are!"

"Wait, Christina! I didn't mean it like that! I just - damn!"

It was too late. She turned and ran away as fast as she could. Her breasts bounced, her ass too, each jiggle reminding the world and herself that she was female. Angelica had been right: she really was experiencing everything there was to being a woman, including being let down by a man she had come to love.

Now I can finally turn back. I'll keep Mom. Hell, I'll totes even keep working at the shelters. But I won't be stuck in this body attracted to that man just because he's embarrassed I'm now a ditz. I - I can't live my life loving a man who's embarrassed to love me back.

She headed back across the beach. She was going straight home to her Mom. She needed her embrace more than anything. She'd needed it for so much longer than her Mom could possibly know.

Sarah dropped everything the moment she saw Chrissy run through the door. It was like something out of a Hallmark movie, and Chrissy *loved* Hallmark movies these days. She cried into her mother's shoulder, appreciating more than ever how much she needed this woman's presence back in her life. It took a lot of tears and sobs and breathing exercises just to be able to speak properly again, and she felt terrible that her mother was more alarmed than she should have been. Finally, after getting control of her breathing, Christina told Sarah everything as the latter got them some soothing tea and some scones - Chrissy's favourite.

"Well, I'm glad it wasn't something more serious," Sarah said. "You scared the life out of me."

"S-sorry."

"But you've always been very emotional, my bunny. Your heart is just too big for that little chest of yours."

"But my boobs are huge, Mom."

Oh, I get what she means. Gawd, my brain sometimes!

But Sarah laughed. Mothers and daughters could talk about such things. “Oh, my little dove, sometimes I wish I saw the world the same way you do. In fact, sometimes you take me there all on your own. But what I meant was that your heart has always been on your sleeve, honey. You feel big because you care big, and so when Emile acted like you were not good enough for him, it was like an earthquake split your heart right in twain.”

“In twain?”

“Means in half.”

“Oh yeah, duh.”

Duh! Gawd, I need to get my vocab back, ASAP!

“I guess you’re right,” Chrissy continued. “It’s just such, like, a dick move to act that way. He’s always liked me, well, sort of *always*, and I’ve always liked him. Angelica wants us together. And he defended me from those absolute bitches-”

“Language, honey.”

She grinned sheepishly. “Oh, yeah, sorry. That felt kinda bad to say anyway, huh. It’s just that they made fun of me for going to public school, and for being poor, but most of all for being a total klutz and a ditz, and Emile stepped up and said he loved me, actually *loved* me, Mom! Despite how he was, like, such a rival back in the day.”

Sarah raised an eyebrow. “A rival? For what? Another man’s affection?”

“Um, yeah. Not quite, but yeah I guess? A professor’s?”

Sarah’s jaw dropped, and Chrissy realised she had said something very stupid.

“Chrissy, honey, I’m gonna need you to tell me all about that -”

“No! I didn’t mean a professor. I mean a paperboy! Gah! I was just mixing up words again.”

Sarah relaxed, as did Chrissy, who laughed internally at her own ditziness. Sarah proceeded to laugh openly, and soon mother and daughter were cracking up together. It occurred to Chrissy in that moment that being a bit of a ditz mentally wasn’t such a bad thing. It could lead to funny moments like this. She wiped tears from her eyes, and eventually the pair collected themselves.

“Confront Emile,” Sarah finally said.

“What, like, really?”

“You two have been orbiting one another far, far too long for you to take this lying down, honey. The Hallowsays have done a lot for us, but we’ve also done a lot for them, grounding them back into the reality of what life is like for the majority of us, for one. And if that lesson has been missed on Emile, and he thinks that you’re not good enough purely because you’re a beauty major and not a law major, then it’s his loss, darling. But before you consider flushing him, and your connection to him, down the toilet, maybe it’s worth talking to

him one-on-one. Find out if he really meant it, or if he was being a fool. Because Emile, I think we both know, can get his hoity foot in his toity mouth from time to time.”

Chrissy giggled again. She wiped the last of her tears - the ones from crying and the ones from laughing, and leapt into her mother’s arms. She hadn’t realised how much she missed the smell of her.

I missed her as a son, but I totes need her so much now that I’m her daughter.

“Thank you, mommy,” she said sweetly.

“Any time, dear. And best of luck.”

Christopher had stormed in many different contexts on many different occasions. He had been a brooding man, bereft of a sense of joy and vivaciousness that pervaded Christina. In so many ways, it was realising how depressing that existence had been that enabled the new woman to ponder what it would be like to stay Chrissy longer. Perhaps even embrace her life for good . . . even if such thoughts were swept aside, victims of her vestigial male pride.

But God, how Christopher had been able to *storm*. She drew upon that experience the following day as she dismounted off her old bicycle and headed for the buzzer gate that led to the Hallway household.

“*Who is it?*” came a voice. It was Angelica’s. Chrissy was happy about that: she wanted to speak to Emile in person, and curse him out in her own bubbly, indignant way. And then to give him a chance to speak for himself.

“It’s me, bestie,” Chrissy said. It was without a trace of irony this time. “I’m here to see Emile.”

“*Oooh!*”

“It’s not, like, how you think. It didn’t go well. I need him to explain literally everything or I am so through, Angie. Not just with your brother, but with all of this girly girl stuff, no matter how totes fun it’s ended up being.”

There was silence on the other side of the buzzer, then the gate clicked open.

“Thank you,” she said, storming forward. She echoed her former male self, fists scrunched at her sides, a scowl on her features, her chest thrust out (though this had the opposite effect now that she was quite the busty girl. She’d even intended to wear dark, threatening colours but had forgotten that intent the second she trawled through her new purchases, the ones Angelica had gotten her, and instead now wore a cute hot pink crop top with a cream-white skirt. She even had a pink hairband in to match the colour scheme.

But I’ll look totes confident and scary in my own, sort of bimbo way, I guess.

She opened the main door, and Angelica was predictably on the other side of it. Her honey-blonde hair looked like it was being treated for curls, and her face was all alarm. She must have ran down the stairs immediately to greet her.

“Chrissy,” she said. “What’s going on? Did the date not go well yesterday?”

“It went *super*,” she replied, stern-faced as Christopher had been, “until he totally made fun of me for being a real ditz and dumbie and said I wasn’t good enough for him, even though he’d just said he was in freakin’ love with me!”

Angelica’s face froze. Then, like a scene from a nature documentary depicting a frozen waterfall melting back into a torrent with the arrival of spring, it slowly shifted to an expression of powerful, unstoppable rage.

“I’m going to, like, kill him,” she declared.

“I want to talk to him first.”

“It wasn’t meant to go this way! You two are perfect for each other!”

We really are. God, this new timeline has just sandwiched us together. Except he can be a totally pompous asshole! A cute one, but an asshole still!

“I know,” she said, a statement which clearly surprised Angelica with its frankness, “but I need to talk to him. If he’s gonna be like this and not even try to, like, understand this version of me or whatever, then I’m through. With all of this. You’ll change me back.”

It was a command, not a request, and to her surprise, the ditzzy witch nodded in agreement. “If he throws this all away, I’ll turn *him* into a bimbo just to show him!”

Chrissy giggled at the thought of that, then reconfigured her thoughts. Jokes later, confrontation now. “He’s in his room?”

“Yep. Studying. Well, I thought he was. He’s in a totes serious mood but I thought he was just putting it on for show because the date went well. Is this why you didn’t reply to all my texts?”

“Yeah. I’m heading up. Please don’t, like, eavesdrop.”

“No promises!” Angelica shouted as Chrissy ascended the staircase and headed straight for Emile’s room. She banged loudly on the door, with an anger that was a mix of feminine uproar and masculine rage. She remembered doing similarly to Emile when they were little, after he’d stolen one of her cute pink-dressed Barbies. It turned out he was just trying to fix a rip in her dress, too embarrassed to admit it. She hoped that this was the case now; that this would all be a simple misunderstanding.

The door opened, and Emile stood on the other side.

Whatever Chrissy was going to say vanished from her brain, and not just because she sucked at remembering things sometimes. No, it was because he looked *haggard*. She’d never seen him look less prim and proper. His slightly darker blonde hair was mussed up, and there were dark patches under his eyes as if from poor sleep. He was wearing

pyjamas, which was somehow the most dejected part of his appearance of all. He *never* wore pyjamas past midday. It just wasn't done. He wasn't even in a smart dress robe or something.

"Chrissy!" he said, eyes wide and a little bloodshot. "What are you doing here?"

"What do you, like, think? Can I come in?"

He looked behind him into the slight mess of his room. "We could talk in the living room or -"

"I think private is best. Like, don't you?"

He nodded at that. They both knew that Angelica, lovely as she was, was also a snoop. *And also a total witch, as it turns out!*

He led her in and she sat down on a spare computer chair while he sat on the other one. He rubbed his eyes for a moment.

"I'm sorry about yesterday," he finally said. "I was an idiot. I keep replaying what I said over and over in my mind, and I keep coming back horrified, Chrissy. I truly do."

She took this in, swallowed. *Why does he look so hot like this? Do I have a total maternal streak or what? Is this why my brain keeps gushing about babies? Because I like to care after and nurture people and stuff? Gawd, stay on topic, brain!*

"That's . . . that's like, really good to hear, Emile," she said quietly. She looked down at her chest, at her obvious femaleness. She couldn't believe that the apology she had long sought after from this man was in regards to romance, instead of their rivalry. And yet it felt much better to know it was the former. "You look pretty cute, by the way."

He smirked. "I look like a mess."

"A hot mess."

"Okay, that was actually pretty funny. Is that yours?"

"Why wouldn't it be?"

"Oh, I just assumed . . . damn, I'm doing it again. Look, Chrissy. What we talked about . . . I said everything the wrong way. I had my foot in my mouth and my mouth up my ass. I was wound into a pretzel trying to speak sense to you, but then I always have been. Something about you just turns me into knots, ever since we were kids. Angelica used to tease me about it constantly, but it's true. And I meant what I said, even if I said it at the wrong time and blurted it out without thinking. I do love you."

Oh Gawd, the heart beat is back again. I'm so lightheaded! Is he gonna kiss me? I really want him to kiss me! Christopher be damned, I want to be Chrissy so hard right now!

She leaned forward, pouting her full lips. But then Emile kept on talking. And this time he didn't just dig himself a hole, he dug himself a *tunnel*, one that went straight to China.

"But sometimes love is not enough, Christina. That's what I keep coming back to. There's such a weight of expectation on my shoulders, and there'll be expectations when I'm

a married man. There's a lot of events and social occasions and charity fairs where I'll need a woman on my arm who knows how to mingle . . . properly. And sometimes I fear that, well, you said you were a ditz the other day. You almost said it proudly. And I just think that perhaps -"

Chrissy was about to slap him again, but even that energy had left her. Instead, she was about to tear up and sob her heart out. Drown the world in sorrow. She'd opened her *fucking* heart, accepting that she was a woman now in the process, and here she was humiliated twice over.

Thankfully, the door slammed open, and Angelica was on the other side, the cavalry charging over the hill to relieve a wounded flank.

"EMILE! YOU HAVE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO, LITTLE TWIN BROTHER!"

She'd told Angie not to eavesdrop, but Chrissy could have kissed her friend then and there. In fact, it almost sounded a little hot.

"Angelica, get out of this, it's none of your business!"

"Oh, it totes is brother, more than you know. This is my bestie, and you're putting her down and denying your own frickin' love because you're super scared about how some other rich assholes will look at her! You and I are gonna have big words. Chrissy, you wait downstairs. I need to have it out with my dumbass brother here."

"Christina and I were -"

"You think we're dumb bimbos? You're dumber than a rock right now, Emmy. We're talking. Right here, right now. Chrissy? Living room. Just trust me."

She had a mischievous grin on her face, the kind that almost worried Christina. Still, the former male nodded, gave one last sorrowful, betrayed look at Emile, and left the room. Angelica slammed the door shut and the yelling began. It was enough of a fury that it made her stop tearing up, and even give a small smile.

Okay, so turning me into a bimbo gal was pretty not on, but she has really stepped up as my BFF. I don't know if I could go back, knowing I wouldn't have her like that anymore.

And so, instead of leaving, she sat in the living room, a little awkwardly, and waited to find out what would happen next.

Nearly half an hour followed, during which Christina got bored (her attention span not being what it used to be) and started watching reality shows instead. She was getting deeply, deeply invested in the latest episode of *Say Yes to the Dress* when she heard a door open and two sets of footsteps coming down the stairs. Two women were talking, and it threw her off, because Chrissy had no idea that Angelica even had another female guest in the house.

Is her Mom back or something? Does she have another bestie I don't know about?

Chrissy quickly fixed her hair and stood, adjusting her boobs in her bra - she'd been way too casual chilling back, and her pastel pink top had a few crumbs on it from the tasty cheesepuffs that had been on the kitchen table. But she stopped caring about appearances the moment this mysterious second someone appeared in view, looking supremely uncomfortable and flanked by a smug Angelica.

Who is she? She looks, like, super familiar but I can't place her.

The woman was short - even shorter than Christina herself - and had cute honey-blond hair with a couple of dirty blonde streaks through it. She was button cute, with mesmerizing eyes and sharp yet adorable features, like a baby shark's. She wore a totally amazing summer dress that was bright yellow with pink and red flowers adorning it, and a belt around its waist made sure that it clung to her figure, revealing the delightful curves of her impressive hips. She must have had a bust size nearly equal to that of Chrissy.

Wait, no. Those are even bigger than mine. Are they actual factual E-cups? It's soooooo evidence for how far I've fallen that I'm incredibly jelly over that.

The mystery woman walked in heels, just a little awkwardly in her gait, and her bust bounced with each step. She kept looking from her chest to Chrissy and back again, blushing a deep shade of red.

Seriously, I know this person. Who is she?

"Ta-da!" Angelica announced, gesturing to the busty shortstack in the cute summer dress. "What do you think?"

To her embarrassment, Christina could only say: "She's hot as fuck. But, like, who is she? Have we met?"

The woman looked down, blushing even more heavily. "Yeah, we totes have. I mean, totes have. Oh Gawd, this sucks soooooo much!"

"Go on, tell her your name," Angelica said, teasing.

"I'm Emily. I mean, I'm Emily. Angelica, this is crazy! You can't, like, do this; it's against the law or something. I think."

Angelica grinned again, but Christina only shrugged. "Was she here the whole time?"

The unlikely witch chuckled. "Uh, sure. This is Emily, my cousin."

The lie was too much. Christina knew her friend well enough to read her like a book, and no intelligence was necessary for that. In an instant, it all clicked, and then it was her turn to be embarrassed.

"Ohmigod, no way! EMILE!? You changed EMILE!?"

"Finally! Yes, I changed him into this cute little sexy shortstack of a twin. Isn't that right?"

'Emily' grumbled, trying to position herself so that she wasn't totally cute and sexy, but her body naturally seemed to pose in such ways that emphasised her delightful figure. "This is crazy. How are you doing magic? Mom was just telling fables or whatever! You've got to change me back!"

"Not until you walk a mile in Christina's shoes, my dear little *sister*. If you're going to look down on us girls who like fashion, and clothes, and shopping, and looking cute and watching reality shows and giggling and laughing and all that, well . . . you can just learn exactly what it's like to be one, and hopefully that will finally change your perspective."

"H-how long am I like this? My mind feels so weird. It's all, like, sluggish."

"Yeah, but it's also *free*. You'll see what I mean. It'll only last a week, and don't worry, it won't come with any reality changes like it did Chrissy."

Holy shit, did she just, like, say that out loud?

Angelica gave a guilty look, smiled, and then peaced out. "I'm sure you two have super lots to talk about! See you both later! And maybe we'll see Emile back in a week, a lot nicer and more open to you, Chrissy!"

Mere moments later, both Emile/Emily and Christopher/Chrissy were alone together, Angelica having left to take her car out to God-knows-where. Emily was shaking, the new woman clearly having had the surprise of her life, just as Chrissy had when she'd been changed.

She's so adorbs! But it's still Emile in there, though a supes bimbo version like me I guess. I've got to approach this delicately. Thank Gawd I'm a woman now because old me would have super sucked at this.

"Emily, I know you're really afraid right now. Trust me, it's super wild to get used to being a woman. I've, like, been there already. But at least you don't have a whole reality change and new timeline and stuff to deal with, okay?"

"New timeline? What are you, like, talking about? Why am I using the word 'like', like, all the time?"

Chrissy gave what she hoped was a kind grin. "Because you're like me now. You're a cute, ditzzy bimbo. And once you kinda get used to it, it's hard to stop being one. Trust me, I've sort of . . . come around on it."

"You - you were changed, like me? That totally makes no sense. How is my sister doing magic? Why do I have big titties, and I can't stop calling them 'titites' and 'boobies' and 'nice big ole melons' or 'the girls' despite the fact that I know they should be called breasts, and I have all these crazy emotions in my head and I'm s-starting to cry, and now I don't know what's real or not or why I don't have my big cock any more and little things make me all aroused and it's only been half an hour as a girl but I'm freaking out and I feel so, so guilty about what I said to you twice, and I'm such a monster and a failure and - and -"

Her voice fell into silence, and Chrissy knew she had to surge forward and hug this new woman, and ring her back down to earth. It was probably Angelica's plan all along. For a total airhead, she had unexpected brains between those cute ears of hers.

"Hey, I'm here, Emily," Chrissy whispered in her ear. "I'm not leaving you, okay? I don't care about what you said yesterday, at least right now. It's going to be okay. You just breathe and listen to my voice, got it?"

Emily nodded against her shoulder. "G-got it."

Instantly, a memory flashed in Christina's consciousness, one she hadn't experienced before, and yet one that seemed to tip the scales of how she truly felt about her new life, and the full extent of her relationship with Emile. It was from when they were merely five years old, and Angelica had said something cruel to Emile in the way siblings often do to each other in moments of heated anger, even loving twins. Emile had run into the forest behind their summer home, where Christina had been invited to stay for the weekend. The family fanned out to try to find him, calling his name. But somehow it was *her* that had found him, down by the babbling brook beyond the broken pine tree. He was, deep down, a sensitive soul who liked places that brought him peace. At the tender age of five, she understood that, even if not in words. He was by the stream, skipping stones, trying to work out his feelings. When he saw her, it was with such a guilty look that he burst into tears. She had rushed to him, hugged him deeply, and said those very same words: *"It's going to be okay. Just breathe and listen to my voice, okay?"*

She pulled back to stare Emily in the eyes and reassure her that it truly was going to be okay. In that moment, she could see that Emily was flashing back to that very same memory. Her eyes were wide with realisation.

"Chrissy . . . you were always there. I've been, like, such an idiot."

"Sort of," Christina admitted. "I mean, very. But I haven't been there all along. I mean, I have, but I haven't. It's really super hard to explain. If I was still my other self I'd be, like, all over it."

"Tell me," Emily said. "I need to know. I feel like my whole life is all upside down and everything. You're the only thing keeping it up right now. My sister can use magic!"

Christina smiled, hugged her love again, and took her hand. It was slender and small, like the rest of her - except for where the curves counted - and it made Chrissy feel a little electric tingle of attraction.

"Come," she said. "I'll explain everything. It'll sound totes crazy, but trust me, it's all true. All of it."

That perfect little memory - even if the events hadn't technically happened - buoyed Chrissy as she managed to tell the full tale. She could only imagine that perhaps by being affected by Angelica's magic, Emile/Emily was now able to hear the truth, whereas before Christina couldn't say a thing. So she told her tale, as much as she felt necessary, stumbling over the parts that were difficult to describe but trying nonetheless. She kept thinking of that moment when she'd comforted Emile when they'd been younger. How could she explain to the new woman that those memories were all not real, but at the same time were as real as anything? They hadn't happened for Christopher, but for Christina Galford, they absolutely had, and she refused to deny them, no matter what.

So she did her best. She talked about how she used to be Christopher, and how a hard life and the loss of her mother in that timeline had caused her to become a hard and bitter man, seeing life only as a rat race where the strongest and most obsessive could survive and thrive. A zero-sum game she had to play. She spoke of how Emile had been her rival, and in that timeline had himself been a more brooding gentleman, less sympathetic to those he viewed as his 'lessers', and lacking empathy for others outside his immediate concern. That seemed to shock the new woman, and she immediately peppered Christina with questions, shocked that the girl she loved all her life had once been her enemy, and a hated one at that. Still Christina continued, covering the chaos her life had been thrown into upon becoming female and learning that her former lover and ex-girlfriend was now shifted to the role of 'bimbo bestie.' How weird it felt to have big boobs and wide hips and a girlish personality, and a mind that was all muddled and up in the air and yet so, so wonderfully free. And how, in the end, it had proven to be more a blessing than she could imagine. Not just for giving her mother back, but also giving her an entirely new perspective on the world, one that was free of dreadful cynicism and fear. Yes, fear. Fear of others, of getting close to them. Of feeling grace and sincerity. She wasn't afraid of such things any longer.

Finally, at the end, Emily was silent.

"Are you gonna say anything?" Chrissy asked.

Still, thoughtful silence. Even turned into an adorably sexy woman with short stature and a generous bust, Emily was still utterly like Emile. Perhaps the change was less dramatic than her own because there was no reality change.

C'mon. Say something!

"This is, like, the real reality," Emily said.

"What?"

"I mean, this is the real timeline. Reality, whatever. I don't care how much you and I hated each other before, I don't remember any of it, and this reality is better. It's, like, destiny or fate, I guess. I never believed these things before, but when I remembered how you calmed me all those years ago, and you totally did it again just now . . . I guess I can't not

believe. Whatever you and I were before, surely this is the super reality. The top one. The one we're meant to be in!"

"I believe that too," Chrissy said, taking her hand. "I hated it at first, but I love it now. Wow. I *love it now*. Feels super weird to admit it. Though I'm glad you're not *staying* a bimbo like me."

Emily giggled awkwardly. "This is all so insane. Magic and timelines and big boobies that are super heavy on my chest and always bouncing and stuff."

"They look pretty hot, actually."

She blushed. *Gawd, that blush is fucking hawwwwwt.*

"How do you even get used to them?"

"You sort of don't, ha! They're very active, and mine are 'just' double-D's! But they can be lots of fun. Not that you've got loads and loads of time to enjoy 'em."

She winked at Emily, who was starting to process it all and cheer up a little. They were still holding hands, and there was something deeply intimate about the whole experience.

"It's really weird, feeling so light and airy," Emily admitted. "Like, I've suddenly got all this crazy energy, and I want to wear lots of blue to match my eyes, and also talk lots and gossip and watch reality shows. It's soooo unlike me. I'm, like, a different person."

"You're like me," Chrissy said. "That's the point, isn't it? So you can, like, understand me, and stop being such a total pompous ass every time we're about to get real close."

Emily nodded. "Yeah. Wow. I . . . I didn't mean to . . . but like, how do I even go about this? I *do* want to understand you, Chrissy. More than anything! If this means I stop locking up and making a totes fool of myself and making you sad and disappointed in me, then I'll do anything to be, like, a better person! The kind of person you deserve!"

Oh, that's supes romantic, even if he's turned into a girl. But it's also - oh my Gawwwwd - it's also the funniest opportunity ever. This is gonna be too fun!!

She did her level best to keep a straight face. It was a total failure of an effort, because she instantly broke out into a teasing giggle.

"Oh Emily, I've got so many great ideas. For the next week instead of boyfriend-girlfriend, it's *us* who are gonna be the bimbo besties. Trust me, you'll be learning soooo much about what it means to be not just a woman, but a totally hawt one too!"

Emily's surprised face only made her laugh harder.

I love him so much. But while he's a woman, I'm going to get just a little bit of revenge. She might even like it, ha!

The week that followed was an exercise in hilarity, a one week training course on how to be a sexy bimbo that was a condensed version of everything that Chrissy went through. Emily was in for a wild ride alright, especially since her short yet curvaceous figure meant that the number one thing on the list for her ‘training’ was going to a clothing store and getting fitted for all kinds of sexy clothing, including some much-needed bras to support her impressive melons. The new girl was helpless but to go along, and it was clear that Emile was still inside that pretty head, because her embarrassment was obvious. Obvious, and incredibly amusing, particularly since it was obvious that once she tried on some nice push-ups, she was desperately trying to hide her obvious pleasure at how good they looked, just as Chrissy had. To make matters even worse for the new woman, Angelica tagged along, delighted to have a twin sister to dress up and humiliate, though she was adamant that she really needed to learn a boob enhancement spell for herself: “all you former guys have, like, way bigger tits than me! Totally unfair!”

Emily did not think much of that particular ‘compliment,’ particularly as she struggled with the clasp of her E-cup bra, the cups of which her breasts were spilling over a little.

“I’ll trade you in, like, a hot second sis,” she groaned, trying to get the straps in a comfortable position. “These things are waaaaay too huge.”

“Well, maybe you’ll end up appreciating what we girls have to go through, Emmy!”

She just raised an eyebrow, sighed, and continued to fight to get the bra on. Though as much as she complained about it, Chrissy couldn’t help but notice that there was an occasional hidden smile, or expression of satisfaction, especially when she and Angelica began dressing her in full women’s clothing.

“These pants are, like, way too tight on my ass!” she exclaimed.

“We can go looser?”

“No! It’s just, um, do they look good?”

The pair of ‘helpers’ giggled, and got back to work matching those wonderfully derriere-revealing jeans with a cute loose blouse that had a plunging neckline, just for show. Emily squealed a little at her own reflection, simultaneously embarrassed and shocked by how pretty she was.

“Gawd, why is this making me so happy? I shouldn’t want to look super hot and stuff.”

“Welcome to the club, ‘bestie’,” Chrissy said. “It’s super exclusive.”

Soon the former male was deep into it, even trying on a bikini top right in front of Chrissy. It was odd, finding Emily’s body attractive. She didn’t find any other girl’s body hot, but something about knowing that it was Emile in there, learning his lesson and expanding his understanding, all while being so damn cute and sexy, just *did it* for her. She found herself biting her lip, exchanging awkward, almost lusty glances with Emily, and the other new girl returning them.

In the end, they bought a haul just for her to try for the week, and Emily - red-faced and trying not to laugh at herself - had to run back in to grab a cute camisole that, "totally just worked for me! This is so ridiculous but I need it!"

Christina and Angelica laughed. The latter nudged the former, grinning from ear to ear. "So you totally see how fun this is right now, right? Teasing a former boy with becoming a hot bimbo?"

"I'm surprised you didn't, like, do this to your brother first."

Angelica shrugged. "I totes should have. But I made the best decision everrrrr, right? Like, you never wanna go back anymore, do you?"

Christina nodded slowly. "No. I don't. Gawd, it's so weird to say out loud to you. I was soooooo angry. But after everything - getting my Mom back, living a happier life, and having a totally hot boy like your brother be into me . . . I can't go back. I don't want to. I *love* being your bimbo bestie, Angelica."

And I love you. You're the best fucking sister I never had.

She nearly only thought about it, instead of saying it. But then Angelica wrapped her in a squealing, bouncing hug, and Chrissy returned it with vivacious excitement, so that the two were making an adorable yet high-pitched scene in the mall strip.

"You're my bimbo bestie," Chrissy said.

"And, if my current-sister of a brother can get over himself with this little change, I can't *wait* for the day when you become my *actual* sister."

Christina beamed. It sounded like a dream come true.

Emily's 'adjustment' continued, and together with Christina and Angelica she slowly began to understand that just because one was a bit of an excitable ditz of a girl, doesn't make one's perspective unimportant, or even unintelligent. She was brought in as a guest to their beauty major lectures, and was shocked to learn how complicated and variable the art of makeup, fashion, haircare, and so on truly was, and when it came time for her to apply such things, it became an exercise in frustration for her.

But still Emily kept up the effort. Just like Emile, she studied hard over the course of just seven days, learning all there was about being a woman, and a particularly bimbo-ish one at that. There was no denying that her new brain was just as excitable as the other two girls, and just as predisposed to find boys hot and cute things distracting and difficult math problems not even worth bothering with, but the core of Emile was still present. S/he was true to his/her word to Chrissy: Emily would do anything to truly understand the woman she loved, and come back to manhood with a new lease on life. She took a week off from her

stressful architecture studies, forgetting the *Murlowe Award* for a time. It was a sacrifice that Christina truly appreciated: because now she was going with her to the animal shelters, and the homeless shelter, and helping volunteer with the food trucks that delivered to the elderly and infirm.

“This is actually super rewarding,” Emily said after a long day. “Like, I can’t believe you do this. It’s a lot of hard work. But I finally see what you get out of it. It feels super good to put good, um, like *vibes* I guess into the world?”

“Vibes is a great way to put it,” Chrissy said. “But don’t forget the vibes are like mirrors, or radio signals, or mail or something. They always come back. They reflect. Mirrors, then. And it makes the world a better place. Mom always said that ‘being good feels good is good,’ and I believe her.”

Emily exhaled from the long, yet rewarding day. “I’m beginning to think your Mom is, like, the smartest person to ever live. Like winning the Noble prize, kind of smart.”

“*Nobel*,” Chrissy said, overjoyed to be able to correct anyone on anything these days.

Emily went red, but didn’t stop smiling. “Well, you know what I mean.”

Ultimately, the week passed much quicker than either of them could have expected. Emily even got used to showing off her awesome boobs, though she was always a little bit astonished at how much her impressive ass swayed, or how short she was in comparison to her former self. Yey, as she confided in Christina one morning when they met up for breakfast, it actually felt nice to be kind of protected. Chrissy knew that fact well, and nestled herself against her currently-lady love on the couch as they watched another episode of *Fashion Nightmares*, a program that Emile had mocked relentlessly once, and yet now was becoming hilariously addicted to.

“Just one more episode! I can’t stand the tackiness, but I can’t look away either!”

The trio chuckled, and set another one on.

But all good things - and strange things - have to come to an end. Angelica had made clear that though the spell had gone into effect a bit after midday initially, that it would in fact terminate around 10pm on the following week.

“I’m not even gonna hint it, in case it totally goes over your head. I’ve done this so you two can go on a cute lesbian date, work out your differences . . . and then come back to the house. I’ll be going on my own super-duper-mega hot daaaaaate, so whatever happens, totally happens!”

Christina most certainly got the point.

It was 6pm when she turned up to Emily and Angelica's house. Christina had decided to go classy for once, though 'classy' for a bimbo mind like hers still meant that her elegant sequined dress was a sparkling hot pink, and that her lipstick and eyeshadow matched this vibrant colouration. And besides, the top descended to show her impressive cleavage, while her heels emphasised her lovely peachy rear, causing it to sway even more as she walked. So she was very happy with it, even if she was a bit disappointed she couldn't show off her midriff.

Emily answered the buzzer, promising to be down as soon as she could, and that Chrissy could wait in the living room. She sat and waited, and waited, and waited for nearly fifteen minutes, to the point where she was getting a little worried that they'd miss their dinner date. Maybe Emily needed help. After all, she'd only been a girl for a week, and didn't have memories to guide her, and Sarah had helped Christina fit her dress anyway. Emily didn't have any of that, and her mom was still in Europe.

But just as she was about to call out and ascend the stairs, Emily began to descend them. She was blushing as she walked down, moving carefully in heels, guided only by her new feminine instincts. She wore a light turquoise blue skirt that fell to just below her knees, and a smart matching format top that pulled tight against her bust, with little ringlets for false sleeves so that her cute shoulders were displayed. Her long hair was styled over one shoulder like an actress from the Golden Age of Hollywood, and she wore dark red lipstick on her lips, and smoky eyeshadow also. The fact that the skirt was tight enough to really emphasise her magnificent ass made Chrissy once more feel that strong arousal. It had been so strange: no other girl turned her on as far as she could tell, but Emily did. Her movements - intentional and otherwise - were absolutely hypnotic.

"Holy fuuuuuuck," she exclaimed.

"Do I look like a total disaster?" Emily asked. "I was struggling super hard with the makeup! And I nearly ripped the skirt!"

I bet you would have, with a hot ass like that, girrrr!

But she didn't say that. Instead, she embraced Emily, and kissed her lightly on the lips, so as not to stain the lipstick. "You look fucking fantastic, hot stuff. Seriously, you might make me a total lesbian."

Emily beamed. "Well, I'm *still* into girls. Just, you know, also into hot boys apparently."

"Well, you keep your eyes on me tonight, okay? We're doing dinner, then going *clubbing!*"

Emily squealed, only immediately composed herself.

"Gawd, I'm going to be sooooo embarrassed when I turn back, aren't I?"

Chrissy kissed her again, makeup be damned.

The dinner was calm, relaxing, and utterly buoyant. The two women looked incredibly lovely, and it was difficult for them to not just keep complementing one another, particularly since that electric attraction was still in the air.

Not to mention those hawt tits!

Still, it was in many ways only their second date, after the beach episode, and it was clear that the more recently feminised man was doing everything not to repeat her mistakes, but instead embrace this current side of herself in order to shed her prior biases.

“This has actually been something I, like, totally needed,” she said as their meals were taken away.

“Really?”

“Yeah. I was stressed. Mega-stressed. I didn’t even realise it. I was chasing that award like a totally crazy person, shutting out people that I thought I let in a long time ago. And I nearly let you go. I sort of totally did, and it was only you and Angelica that brought me the fuck down to earth where I needed to be. Gawd, I almost want to stay a bimbo for another week.”

“It’s pretty nice, ain’t it? Plus you get to dress yourself in cute clothing and look all pretty on dates.”

“I just wish I wasn’t so short!”

“Well, you’ll just have to turn back then! You better not go another week. I really like Emily, but I *love* Emile. I really do. And I want him back in my life with, like, a hundred and fifty percent less stuffiness.”

And his cock. God, I really fucking want his big, hard cock in me. You have no idea how much this body needs that! Hashtag bring back the dick!

“Well, I certainly feel less stuffy, and no longer embarrassed.”

“You’re literally going red just from when the waiter glances at your cleavage.”

Emily chuckled. “I don’t mean embarrassed in that way. This body totally embarrasses me, even if it is kinda hawt. Hell hawt, in fact. But I mean embarrassed by *you*. I realise now I was like projecting and stuff, and letting my own anxieties control how I wanted other people to see me, and you. It was all so, sooooo dumb. Like, I was putting how other people saw me above how happy I could be, and caring as much about dumb people’s snooty, high-class, hoity toity opinions over how much of a good, loving, kind, caring, and just wonderful person you are. The kind of person I want as my girlfriend, even if, you know,

I'm sort of a girlfriend myself right now. I guess I understand why you chose to stay like this. And why I need to accept you like this. Because you are truly, totally amazing. I'm so glad you want to be Christina."

That's it. That's what I needed to hear. Oh, it feels good to hear it.

Slowly, Christina extended her other hand to take Emily's, so that their fingers interlinked. She blinked back tears of gratitude.

"Let's get out of here," she said.

"Clubbing?"

Christina shook her head. "I wanna go clubbing with you as, like, my sexy protective boyfriend. No, I want to take you back to your place. Right now, I just want *you*."

Emily stood up so fast that her boobs nearly spilled out of her top. It only excited Christina all the more.

This . . . this is, like, heaven. Seriously.

The two women moaned as they made out. It certainly wasn't how Christina had ever imagined her first full private makeout session with Emile would go, nor certainly how she'd ever imagined anything would ever go as Christopher, particularly with his former rival. But now the two of them were on a bed in a guestroom, making out hardcore and loving the feeling their feminine bodies gave each other. Their tongues danced in one another's mouths, interlocking and parting, sliding against one another just as their bodies were. Christina had removed her dress - well, technically Emily had - and with each pant her large double-D's rose and fell like a pair of lovely hills.

"Mhmm, do you like the sexy lingerie I put on, just for you?"

"Oh, I likey," Emily said. "Though I can't believe I'm saying 'likey'."

"It does not seem like Emile at all, but you get used to that when you're a bimbo, ha! Now shut up and kiss me. And then put your hands *wherever you want them*."

Emily did just that, and Chrissy helped her out of her dress as well. She slid more elegantly than the excited Chrissy had, still possessing some of the sleekness and elegance she had as a man, and she folded the dress neatly to the side rather than throwing it as her partner had. Something about that reminder made Christina hesitate, even as the smaller woman's fingers ran over her breasts, squeezing and groping them and bringing her to ecstasy.

Oh Gawwwd, this is sooooo goooood. But - but I don't want to go any further. Am I scared? Why am I, like, hesitating right now?

Emily seemed to sense that hesitation, despite the fact that she too was whimpering in pleasure as Chrissy fondled her tits in her bra. She was in the middle of unclasping them, and when they were freed they wobbled, dangling like two perfect half spheres, those nipples just begging to be sucked upon.

"Mmhhh . . . ahhhh . . . wh-what's up? Are we stopping? Is it t-too much? Oh fuck these nipples are sensitive!"

Christina sucked on one, eliciting a further moan from her would-be boyfriend. The other woman trembled on top of her, nearly falling on Christina. She managed to lower herself and kiss her deeply instead, letting their boobs press sensually against one another.

"N-no, it's not - ahh! Like that. Around my nipple, yeah! - it's not that! I just . . . in this new life, I've been - oohhh - saving m-myself for you. All these y-years. I had an idea of h-how it would go. And this is - nngnnh - amazing! But I wanted Emile! Emily is great . . . but I wanted to s-spread my legs and have *you* come inside m-me. That's what I want. Oh G-Gawd this is good, but I don't want to g-go any further without getting that f-first!"

Emily paused. She had her lips locked over Chrissy's left nipple, and it was driving her wild.

Stop. But don't stop. Gawd, s-so much pleasure. What time even is it?

Emily answered for her. She climbed off of Christina, collapsed to her side, bosom trembling. She kissed her gently on the cheek, and then turned to check her phone.

"Can you wait fifteen minutes?" she asked, a cheeky grin on her face.

Ohhhhh . . . barely. Her face said it all. But if she was going to stay as Chrissy, then she wanted her Emile. More than anything.

"You'll need to distract me, gorgeous," she said.

"Um, how about I tell you all the ways I think you're totally amazing? And all the ways I've actually kinda ended up enjoying being a girl for a week?"

Chrissy breathed heavily, trying to ignore her body's aching needs for just fifteen minutes. "P-please. Both things."

"Okay, I can totes do this. So the first thing I always think of when I think of you is how amazingly compassionate you are. The work you do with those super cute puppies, kittens, even that crazy ferret you showed me once."

Chrissy giggled. *Okay, this might just work.*

"And how you work with people who need it. And it's like you're not just a helper, you actually make people better with your presence. You do so much charity, but you make

others, like, super charitable as well. It's just awesome. You make me want to be a better person. The other thing I love about you is your smile. Not only is it, like, super sexy with the right outfit - stupid girl brain talking - but it just lights up my world when you look at me . . .”

For fifteen straight minutes, Christina lay on her back with her eyes closed. She soaked in the compliments and praise, feeling the mantra she tried to live by in this new life: put good into the world, and it will come back. And it certainly came back in those moments, as Emily talked about everything from Chrissy's adorable giggle to her mischievous streak to how she got along so well with children (*Gawd, babies are so cute to my bimbo brain, I can't help but want them!*). She talked about her fashion style, her love of pink, her way of always throwing herself into every passion, and how she never brooded (“Ha! You never met the old me!” “I think I'm happy with this new you anyway”). Many times she gave light little protective kisses to Christina, and it made her feel so utterly loved.

Emily also talked about what she liked about being a girl, though this list was shorter, and that alone made Chrissy pretty chuffed. Still, it was adorable to hear the formerly stuffy male now speak of how, “I have to admit, but wearing pretty colours makes me *feel* pretty. Also I love how blue matches my eyes - I hope I don't forget this as a man!” and so forth. Wearing a bikini had not been a highlight, though she did admit that getting stared at by cute boys in a lusty manner had certainly endeared her a little to being a bit of a show bimbo.

“I won't, like, do that again. Certainly not as a man. But it was pretty fun just to be sexy and small and cute for one week, and not have to worry about being this perfect prim guy who is always in control. I was like a leaf just chilling in the breeze, going where life took me, though it always took me back to you, Chrissy.”

“Awww.”

Christina was still on her back, body still tingling with arousal, but eyes closed and receptive to Emily's words. She was just barely managing to ignore the hungry need between her legs, and instead take in the romance of the moment, savouring how right everything felt, when just over a month ago her life felt upside down upon becoming Angelica's 'bimbo bestie.' Instead, she'd found her place.

“What else?” she asked Emily.

Emily grunted a little, shifted position on the bed. Chrissy kept her eyes closed, waiting to imagine, to see what she was speaking of next. But no words came, only a slight guttural grunting that sounded oddly rough.

“Emily? What else do you like about being a girl? Or like about me?”

But again, silence, and more shifting upon the bed. She kept her eyes closed, waiting to hear what Emily would say.

“Emily? Are you there?”

“Christina, it’s me again.”

Her eyes shot open and she turned in bed. The voice had been deep and smooth, a man’s voice. Emile’s voice. He lay there on his side, naked, his lingerie thankfully removed as it would look quite unflattering on his figure now. His chest rippled with muscle - not the body builder kind, but the athletic kind that spoke of a clear and daily regimen of exercise. His hair was ruffled slightly, and his pose slightly comical for still being a little feminine - hand on hip and all - but it was him, undeniably him.

“How? Ten O’Clock so soon?”

He nodded, grinning. “My watch was always a bit slow.”

“Emile! Oh, Emile!”

She bounced over to him as he began to sit up, pulling him back down to the bed as she smooched him all over. She kissed him on his lips again and again, on his cheeks and forehead and chest and shoulders and neck, so much so that he laughed in a free kind of way that was almost foreign to her conception of him.

“Okay, okay! I get it, Chrissy! Calm down!”

She settled, heart still racing, hormones rising. But then she immediately returned to kissing him all over, setting him laughing again.

“I can’t - stop - I have you - back!” she said between her planted kisses. “Oh, I loved Emily, but I missed you so much, Emile! And now you’re so fucking handsome and strong and tall again.”

She pressed her body against him, making her nipples hard against the cups of her bra. She wanted his hands on them. She wanted his hands all over her.

I want him inside me. Gawd, I’m so horny to finally get fucked as a woman. I’m not even nervous anymore, I just want it soooooo baaaad!”

“I won’t lie, I missed being strong. And being able to think so clearly. Though I suppose, as I learned - ahh, was that teeth?”

She grinned at the mark on his shoulder. “Maybe?”

“As I was saying, I learned that - ahh! Again!?”

“You love it.”

“I’m trying to give a big romantic revelation here. About how I totally understand and respect you, Christina. How I’ll never let you go, and never be embarrassed by you again because there’s nothing to be embarrassed by. How I have so much to learn and - ow! Really!?”

Another mischievous grin. "What?" she asked, affecting a sexy voice as she coiled up against him. "I already know you're all redeemed and stuff. You told me as Emily. And it's soooo awesome and stuff. But now I need you to fuck me. And besides, you like the shoulder biting. I can tell."

"Nothing gets past you! But wait, isn't this the first time you've had sex as a woman? Are you sure? I know you said you didn't want to get turned back, but given that Angelica gave you such a -"

Chrissy rolled her eyes and pushed him back down on the bed, positioning herself over him so that she was straddling his hips, her gorgeous thighs on either side of him. She was giving him a damn good view and she knew it, especially as she worked the clasp of her bra and took it off, throwing it in his face so that both cups blocked his view.

"Emile. I fucking love you. I love you, like, more than I can say. I never want to go back. But if you don't get your big, hard, amazing dick inside my pussy I genuinely might scream. Got it?"

He tore off the bra, gave it a brief look of surprise, then looked at her. She had her hands on her hips and was thrusting out her chest. *This is the kind of show I fucking looooooved from Angelica. I bet he'll be supes turned on from me doing it. Hell, I'm getting turned on from looking like the ultimate hot girl.*

"Yes, ma'am," he said, astonished. "I will follow your orders."

"Good. Your first order is to, like, squeeze my big double-D tits and suck on my sensitive nipples. Think you can do that?"

"Oh no, whatever shall I do? I simply have to -"

She made the decision for him, even as she giggled at his sarcasm. She leaned over and pressed her big boobs right in his face, smothering him in her impressive cleavage. He took the hint - *finally* - and began to massage and play with her breasts, causing her to start moaning in pleasure in no short order. It was finally happening, and she couldn't be happier, especially when he began to suck on her tits, lapping at her big pink nipples with his tongue, from one side to the other.

"Ohhhhh! Y-yessss! That f-feels sooo good! Please d-don't stop! I l-love having big sensitive t-titties!"

He massaged them, pressing them together experimentally before letting them bounce. The whole time, she was very aware of the hardness of his crotch against her own wetness. She was still wearing her panties, and she wanted them off, *now*. More than that, she wanted to be under him.

I want to be totes submissive to him. I don't care if the old me would find this humiliating, I want to be humiliated! I want to be submissive! I want to let him take me like a man, and me his cute loyal future wife! Gawd, I really want to marry him, don't I?

She did, more than she could believe. As if reading her mind, or as if he truly was her perfect partner, Emile lifted her with masculine ease and turned her onto her back. With an almost primitive lust in his eye, he pulled away her panties. She cooed as he did, glad to feel so feminine.

"Mmhm, that looks tasty," she said, reaching out to stroke his large, throbbing cock as he positioned himself over her. It was hard not to hyperventilate with anxiousness and excitement as she stroked it.

"Ngnh . . . that f-feels nice. Maybe you can taste it another day, huh?"

She licked her lips. *Ohmigod, I super want to lick and suck his cock. Me! The former Christopher Galford. Gawd, I bet his cum tastes so wonderfully salty too.*

"Holy shit, I totally want to give you the best blowjob of your life right now," she moaned. "But it'll have to wait! I want you fucking my sore, aching pussy more. It's so fucking hungry for your cock!"

He leaned down and kissed her, and she once more locked her lips with his, scratching his back in her passion, and widening her legs even further. She wanted to give him the fullest possible access to her waiting womb.

"You have no idea how long I've waited for this, Christina," he said, his breath hot against her face, desire aflame in his eyes.

"I've been waiting for this moment for a long time too - ever since I fully knew how much I loved you, I saved myself as well. I wanted you to be my first."

She writhed against him, relishing how her breasts brushed against his hard, muscular chest. "I've wanted this for just a month, and for a *lifetime*," she said. "You better make it super worth it."

"If not, I'll just have to keep trying," he said, kissing her tenderly on her forehead.

And with that, he took his hard manhood and began to rub it against her sensitive folds. *Ohhhhhhh that f-feels different! Good different! 'I want this even more' kind of different!*

She reached out with her tiny hand and helped press his penishead against her entrance, and mere moments later he slid his enormous length into her. At least, it felt enormous.

"OOhhh! Yesssss! That f-feels so weird! Keep going!"

She arched her back as he slowly invaded her. Her slick walls parted, pressed wide by his inexorable advance. It was like being stabbed. It was like having a rod inserted into

her. It felt like she was being stuck upon a pole. It felt like all of those things, but it was just a brief discomfort, quickly dissipated as it gave way to pleasure. For a moment there was a little resistance, one sharp final pain to add to the rest, and then something *tore* within her. For just a moment she panicked, until she realised what it was.

Holy crap, that was totally my hymen just now. He broke my hymen! I really am a virgin in this timeline. Which means Emile is taking my virginity. Ohhhh, good! GOOD!!

“Sorry, did that hurt?” he said. “I should have warned you. You used to be a guy, you might not have known about that.”

She just shook her head. “Just keep going in. I want to focus on the pleasure. I want you to make me cry out in pleasure, Emile. My love. Fuck me!”

Emile chuckled. He was clearly turned on by her resolve, and her incredibly horniness. So was she. *Should I be getting turned on by how turned on I am? Does that even make sense? Who cares! I fucking I-love this! Ngh!*

Finally he reached his fullest extent within her. Her vaginal walls hugged his manhood, squeezing it, *milking* it for all it was worth. She bit her lip as she worked her hips, grinding against him. He withdrew, slowly, but began to push in again.

“Aahhhh - yes! This is good! Your cock feels s-so big inside me!”

“And your pussy feels so tight on my cock,” he replied. “God, you’re so t-tight. I’ll try to make this last as long as possible, but you may make that difficult.”

She could only giggle like a silly girl. “I don’t care if you don’t last like, so long as you cum inside me.”

“Fuck, you’re so hot. You’ve got me speaking like a ruffian.”

“Ruffian? Who s-speaks like that?”

“Me! I’m a hard man with a harsh tongue, and I come home each night to dominate my woman and show her a real man.”

Another giggle. “And people say I’m silly! Go on - stop stopping and start starting already!”

“Very well, my gorgeous love.”

This time, he didn’t insert himself inside her, didn’t push. He *thrusted*. It took her completely by surprise, enough so that she spread her legs. *Woah! This is the good stuff! This is what I’ve been wanting!*

Words fell away as Emile began to truly fuck her. He thrust in and out of her, ramming his manhood deep into her depths, so much so that she felt his balls slap against her skin. He kissed and nibbled at her breasts, pushing her head to one side so he could suck on her neck. It sent her into fits of ecstasy, but the pleasure had only just begun. He gripped her in

his protective arms, smothering her, dominating her. Christopher's desire for control was but a pale memory compared to Christina's desire to *be controlled*, at least in this moment. She wanted to be his, all his, and with each thrust of his hardness into her wetness, she felt more and more under his sway.

"This f-feels so f-fucking good! I love it! I I-love y-you!"

"Love - you - t-too!" he exclaimed, though it was all he could say. An animalistic, bestial power had come over him, and she was helpless to his ravishing. He pumped in and out, his pace quickening. His dick slid against her clitoris, each time eliciting groans of pleasure from the helpless former man. She bucked her hips, matching his rhythm, letting his chest slide against her sensitive tits. She cried out in her high female voice, uncaring who heard it. She let herself be wild, passionate.

She wrapped her legs around him as he seized up, knowing what was coming. He grunted, exhaled, and for just a moment the pair was frozen in a state of enduring tension.

Yes, finally! Give it to me! Cum in me! Hurry up hurry up hurry up hurry up!

Finally, Emile *released*. Christina felt his cock throb within her, and in moments it was sending stream after stream of his wet, sticky, and wonderfully warm seed straight into her waiting womb. It was enough to make her burst with arousal; enough to make her cry out in female orgasm. She'd felt them before during her many sessions of self-pleasure - hell, Emile knew them too, from when she'd so obviously masturbated on her third day - but none of that self-experimentation could possibly match up against the real feeling.

"Yes! Yes! OH YES EMILE! CUM IN ME! CUM INSIDE MY WOMB! I WANT TO HAVE YOUR BABIES! I WANT YOU TO GET ME BIG AND PREGNANT WITH ALL YOUR BABIES! I WANT IT SOOOO SOOOO BAAAAD!!! I WANT IT - AAAAIIIEEEEE!!!"

The second orgasm hit, and it was even more powerful than the first. Christina's eyes rolled into the back of her head, and for a moment it felt like she even lost consciousness. She clung to Emile's strong body like it was a life-saving raft out at sea. She wrapped her legs around him again, clinging on tight, and ensuring that not a single drop of cum could leave her: she wanted it all.

I want it all in my womb. I want it all so I can have his babies. Gawd, it's so crazy, but I want to get my eggo preggo with Emile's babies so frickin' hard! As many babies as I can make for him!

Emile grunted, a long, bear-like grunt that further emphasised his bear-like nature in bed. His hidden wild side. Or perhaps the side that could be wild, now that he had experienced the freedom of the 'other side.'

"Mmhmm! M-more! MORE!!!"

More came for the busty, lusty bimbo. Another shake of pleasure, and a third, smaller orgasm hit her. It was the perfect ending. If the second climax had been the main course, then this was the dessert: sweet and delicious and filling, but not the main affair. Simply enough to leave her ultimately satisfied, and licking her lips in bliss. She shuddered one final time, and then collapsed back, spreading her legs again. Emile collapsed against her also, breathing heavily, having expended more semen than she could ever remember expelling as Christopher.

Guess he really is better in bed as a dude than I ever was. Not that I'm jealous anymore - quite the opposite!

They lay there, him on top of her, their hearts beating as one, for a long time. Their breathing cooled, and their post-coital bliss slowly subsided, until both were wonderfully gelatinous and floppy in the aftermath of it all. After what must have been nearly five minutes, Emile went to shift himself off of her, but with a speed she didn't know she even possessed, she quickly grasped him with her slender arms, and wrapped her shapely legs around his waist.

"Uh-uh, not yet, mister!" she declared. "I don't want any of your cum getting out of me just yet."

He gave her a quizzical look. "But Christina, what if you get pregnant? I didn't even wear a condom, and I don't think you're on the pill."

She kissed him, giddy with excitement. "Dummy, didn't you hear me while you were sending me to, like, *heaven*? I *want* your babies. Gawd, now that we're together, I really frickin' want to be the mother of your children." She halted for a moment, realising that he might not feel the same way. "Um, do you - do you want that too?"

There was not a moment's hesitation. Only the breaking of his face into a broad grin that just radiated love. "My sweet Christina, I want that more than anything."

"Good!" she said, giving him a little kiss. "Because I've got a good feeling about this. Of course . . . just in case, we should totes go at it again in half an hour."

"Half an hour? You just drained me!"

"Mhmm, maybe just twenty minutes then."

"That's even less!"

"I can't help it that you're so fucking sexy. You were, like, sooooo hot when you came in me. I super loved the noises you made."

"Your noises weren't too bad either."

"Well, you'll just have to, like, make sure I make them again. And again. And maybe three more again's before I go to sleep. I've been waiting for this moment for a month, and

also a lifetime, remember? So you better make sure you dominate your gorgeous bimbo girlfriend and get her totally knocked up with your babies, because she loves you more than anything, and wants you to be happy - and horny - as all hell.”

Emile shook his head in disbelief. “What did I do to ever deserve you?”

“Thank your sister,” she said. “But before you do, *thank me in fifteen.*”

“Fifteen! Well, damn. I’m starting to feel like I can thank you in five with the way you’re turning me on.”

She just grinned. *Gawd, it feels good to be a woman.*

Emile’s prowess turned out to be no joke at all. He did indeed pleasure her several times over the next couple of hours, and when he felt utterly drained, he was more than happy to introduce her to a new pleasure she had yet experienced. After a little shower clean - a necessity when they were fucking like rabbits - and a quick change of sheets, he got Chrissy to spread her legs as she lay with her hips on the end of the bed. He positioned her thighs over his shoulders, then went to town on her sensitive vulva, licking her clitoris, and using his tongue in all sorts of inventive ways to bring her to pure ecstasy all over again. Chrissy cried out - loudly - as he ate her out, particularly when he rubbed her tingling clit counterclockwise with his tongue. It simply drove her wild. She gripped his hair, shuddering in a series of overlapping orgasms as he stimulated her beyond all measure.

“Yes! Oh Gawd, we are d-doing this again! OOHHHHHH!!!”

Needled to say, Emile had good reason to be pretty proud of his efforts. By the time it was 1:30am, they were both utterly spent. Another shower was needed, of course, but the hot water only made her feel more restful. Rather than return to separate rooms, Emile stayed with her, the naked big spoon to her naked little spoon, one of his hands cupped around her right breast, and fondling it lightly. It made her coo contentedly, savouring the knowledge that finally, *finally*, she had experienced what it was to be a woman with a man. And not just any man, but one that she now knew she loved with all her heart, stuffiness and all.

I’m never going back. How could I? Hell, dick is, like, totally better than cooch anyway. I can’t wait to wake him up with a blowjob in the morning. I’m so nervous just thinking about it, but Gawd if I don’t have the taste for it. I want to swallow too, just to turn him on all the more.

She smiled, nearly giggling at her mischievous plan. After all, she was in for a penny, why not for a pound? She pressed her hips against her partner's body, wanting to feel all of his warmth. She was in heaven, and all thoughts of being Christopher melted away.

Why be him, when everything I want is in this life?

And then, slowly, she drifted off to sleep.

Christina was woken up an hour later by footsteps and hurried breathing. Her instinct was to go back to sleep, especially since as she woke, she realised she had a wonderfully warm and comfortable arm around her that belonged to the man she loved. He was warm, and so was she, and why get up? But some other instinct impelled her to slowly shift away and get out of the bed. Carefully, she put on her nightie, which required a bit of fumbling to find. Then, after listening carefully, she determined the sound was coming from Angelica's room.

This is, like, totally a bimbo bestie instinct right now. Something's wrong. Need to figure it out.

She tiptoed out of the room and closed the door. Everything was darkness, but she felt her way further down the hall until she found a crack of light at Angelica's door. She could hear the sound now, more distinct than before.

Oh my Gawd, she's crying! My bestie is crying!

She tapped lightly on the door, opening it slowly so as not to startle the witch who was now also her best friend. Angelica was on her side in bed, clutching her knees, and crying. It was practically a fetal position, and instantly her heart went out to the other woman.

"Angelica?" she whispered. "Angie? What's wrong?"

"Go away," the other woman said. It was said in a half-sob. Christina realised she was still wearing the dress she'd had on for her 'super hot' date. Had she only just arrived home? It made sense: neither she nor Emile had heard her return, though they had been very loud in their passions.

"No," Christina said, shutting the door behind you. "I need to find out, like, what's wrong with my friend."

"It's not your concern. I just, like, wanna be left alone."

But Chrissy sat on the bed, placing her hand on her friend's back and rubbing it gently. "Well, too bad, Angie. You made me your bimbo bestie, and I literally can't not be that now. And friends look out for each other, and besties give each other a shoulder to cry on. So you tell me what's up, and I'll totes move heaven and earth to help you, sis."

Angelica gave in. She sat up, and wiped her eyes.

"Date wasn't super hot," she finally said.

"Total gross guy? Was it like one of those cat fishing things? Wait, is it fishing with a PH?"

Angie waved off that theory. "No. He was hot. Hot as fuuuuuck." She giggled sadly, wiped her eyes again. "But we didn't click. At least, I thought it was just like an energy thing or whatever, it happens. I was still hoping for a quick lay, ha! And so was he. We had a lot of sex. Gawd, it was so good. But when it was done, like literally forty minutes ago, he fucking kicked me out. Said he 'doesn't date dumb girls' and that he just wanted 'some quick pussy.'"

I will kill this man. I will totally sick Emile on him. He will be my attack dog!

It was the first truly violent thought she'd had since becoming Chrissy. It felt . . . wrong. Revenge wasn't important. Comforting her friend was.

"He's an asshole," she said instead. "Angie, you're amazing. You said it yourself before: you're not dumb, you're a ditz."

"You think so? Sometimes I just think I'm, like, this dumb weirdo who jumps around ruining people's lives. Like I ruined yours."

Christina rolled her eyes, then hugged her friend. "Angie, Angie, Angie! You didn't ruin my life, you made it super amazing. Emile and I, we're together now, just like you planned. We had a wonderful time. Many wonderfols, actually, if you totally catch my drift."

She parted from Angelica, who seemed somewhat buoyed by this.

"I just don't want to, like, alienate people and stuff. I feel like ever since I got magic I've been stuffing stuff up. I know I put on this brave front, but I had no idea how powerful it was. I need to learn it more, instead of just throwing it around."

"Probably not the worst idea, but what you did worked for me."

"You're only my friend because I made you. I'm the worst."

"That's the asshole talking. He was just a dick with opinions, and you got the bit that mattered. His loss, Angelica! Look, I'm not gonna leave you, okay? I pinkie promise that we'll always be best friends, forever?"

Just like Angelica had once made her promise as kids, now Christina pulled the reverse. She extended her pinkie to Angelica, who was now smiling a little through the tears. She hiccuped, gathered control of her breath, and then extended her own pinkie finger.

"Best friends forever," she repeated. Their fingers linked, and they shook on it, three times in total. "That's, like, totally binding now. A pinkie promise is no joke, Chrissy."

"I know," the former male beamed. "It's why I offered it."

The other woman nodded. With a deep sigh, she reached down and opened the lowest shelf of her drawer, taking what appeared to be an old tome out from it.

“The spellbook?” Chrissy asked.

“Uh-huh. I know it’s late, but I have to do this, Chrissy. I can change you back. You can be Christopher again. I can keep your mom around, even keep us as all friends, that way you can be a man again but with all the good bits and -”

Christina put her hand on Angelica’s lips and shook her head slowly. The other girl looked amazed. “Nuh-uh!” Chrissy said, complete with adamant gesticulation from her other hand. “No frickin’ way, girl. I’m staying as is.”

Angelica removed the hand on her lips. “Are you sure? Like, I can turn you back anytime I’m pretty sure, but it gets harder and more complicated and with, like, more failure changes the more time you spend as Chrissy.”

“Good,” she said, self-satisfied. “That means I can stay like this for life. Don’t give me that look of surprise, Angie, this is what you totes wanted. And now I want it to! Emile and I are together, and we’re totally in love. I have my Mom back, and you as my bestie, and frankly I love being a woman. I love my hot tits, and my cute fashion, and how men look at me. I love my beauty course, and my charity work, and I love how positive and upbeat I feel in my new life. I wouldn’t go back for, like, a kajillion dollars, if that even is a real number.”

“I think it definitely isn’t.”

There was a pause. The pair of them broke into laughter.

“Shh! Don’t wake Emile! He’s in too comfy a position to wake - I need to slip right back in there.”

“And totally slip something else right in, huh sis?” Angelica teased.

“Sister is right,” Christina declared with a smirk. “I’m gonna marry that man, Angelica. In fact, I think I’m already pregnant with his baby. Call it a woman’s intuition.”

Angelica’s jaw dropped.

Got ya. Feels good to be the one dropping revelation on you for once!

Needless to say, many squeals and hugs were had. It was a miracle Emile didn’t wake. But then again, she’d serviced him well, and was already planning to do so in the morning again, after some much-needed sleep.

Just two and a half months later, Christina and Emile were wed, and she became *Mrs* Christina Halloway. She wore a stylish modern dress that was tight on her curves and

showed a little more cleavage than was strictly necessary, which made it all the more fitting for her personality. The former male had her dark hair done up in braids and curls, all courtesy of her maid of honour, who could be none other than Angelica, of course. Fitting her love of pink, there were bands of that colour in her hair and dress, and the bridesmaids all had cute pastel pink dresses as well.

Emile, on the other hand, looked gentlemanly as all hell in his waistcoat and dark pants, his own pink tie a nod to her preferences. It made her giggle when she saw it for the first time; the kind of excited giggle someone in love makes. And there was a lot of love to go around: her mother Sarah was dabbing her eyes as she walked her daughter down the aisle, before taking her seat in the front row near Emile's own parents, who nodded approvingly. From there, the pair gave their personalised vows. His were charming and intelligent, while hers were gushing and emotional, and they made a perfect compliment to one another. Someone in his rich extended family probably rolled their eyes at Christina's nature, but she was proud to be marrying a man who - while still a bit stuffy and foot-in-mouth from time to time - was no longer embarrassed by her. The opposite, in fact: as he placed the ring on her finger he looked to her with pride and love. When they kissed, something bloomed inside her, as if this moment was always meant to happen, even way back when she was Christopher, and she just hadn't known it.

Their love was celebrated, and during the reception more than a few family members (mostly on his side), friends, and other guests all hinted at the possibility of babies down the line, something they all knew Christina was eager for. The bride and groom simply exchanged a knowing glance, Angelica grinning in the background. Only those three, and Sarah of course, knew that Chrissy was already pregnant. She'd been right: Emile had gotten her knocked up on that first night, and she was currently ten weeks along and just barely showing, though her wedding dress concealed it all very well.

It won't conceal it for long though, she thought to herself, utterly giddy. From being a man with no family to a woman growing a baby inside her. This is, like, totally the best timeline. I can't wait to get all big and feel them kick!

From the way Emile subtly passed her a secretly non-alcoholic drink, a smirk on his handsome features, she knew he was just as excited. He more than proved that several hours later when they retreated to the ritzy hotel he'd booked, and he fucked her brains out several times.

"I can't wait to see you all pregnant and perfect," he exclaimed.

“I - oohhhh! - c-can’t wait either! I want to get all big and round and beautiful! I want to be so full with your babies, Emile! I want to give you a really, really b-big family! NGHHH!!!”

Evidently, Emile agreed. It turned out that for all his stoicism and ambition, he’d always liked the idea of having many children, but just hadn’t imagined he’d end up with a woman who’d agree with that old-fashioned prospect.

Well, I’m not old-fashioned, but I really, really want to get super preggo with all his babies. I want to make him a huge happy family! The kind of family I never got to have!

It was that fantasy she kept in mind in the wedding bed. She hoped he was thinking the same.

His enthusiasm told her yes.

Graduation came, of course. Angelica and Christina were incredibly proud to receive their beauty major degrees, and Chrissy especially so since she actually managed to get a really high final grade, winning the coveted *Miss Benson’s Beautician Award*. Luckily, Angelica won the other coveted treasure: the *Hayley Harrison Hair Styler Award*. Chrissy was visibly pregnant by that point, a little over four months along, and the baby inside her belly had only just begun to kick. Naturally, that meant her hand was practically *glued* to her stomach. She loved to feel those gorgeous little kicks from both sides, and to quickly grab everyone’s hands within reach just to feel them too. Naturally, Angelica was practically shoving people aside half the time just to call ‘dibs’ on being the next in line to feel her nephew or niece. Again.

Christina couldn’t wait to become a mother, and couldn’t rightly say if she even wanted to use her degree to get a job in the future. But it was still a major accomplishment for her nonetheless. It was a statement that no matter what, even if she was a bit of a ditz now, and a total sex addict with Emile, and totally over the moon about planning lots of babies, that she could still have her independent accomplishments. It was the same reason why she refused to give up her charity work, which was only expanding with the help of her new husband’s wealth.

And with it, she thought to herself, we can make the world just that little bit better, cynics be damned! Also, I can adopt a heap of cute puppies. Who said all my babies had to be human?

And speaking of new husbands, Chrissy was crying tears of pride when Emile won, inevitably, the *Murlowe Architecture Award*. She'd had no doubt he would win, though in classic Emile fashion, he'd doubted himself a little towards the end. But she knew the other timeline, and shared with him that the only possible rival for him getting the crown was the male version of her. He believed her, but that hidden neurotic side that she'd never seen when she'd been the jealous, bitter Christopher was still present. As such, it was a relief for them all when the award was announced, and he took it with pride.

"Thanks to you!" he shouted to her in the crowd. "Thanks to my Christina!"

She laughed, embarrassed by the attention. Ever since that little taste of becoming Emily, he'd enjoyed breaking decor from time to time. One had to live a little, after all. When the ceremony was over, they embraced outside the graduation hall, and as per tradition (and against the new regulations), the trio threw their caps into the air while Sarah and Emile's parents took photos.

Angelica came over to compare awards. She was spouting about something including a shared photo, or something staged to make them look jealous for a fun pic, but Chrissy barely heard a word. She was too busy looking at Emile in his suit.

He looks, like, sooooo dreamy.

"Hey, Earth to Chrissy! Can you hear me, bestie?"

Angelica tapped her on the head lightly, and Christina blushed. "Sorry, I was just so distracted by your hot brother."

"Well, you, like, already have him, so you two can have fun when you get home! For now, let us besties get a pic - if you can avoid looking at the 'sun' over there."

They did so, grinning as they took all their pictures. Afterwards, she went back to staring and ruminating on how far she'd come.

"Mommy has a degree," Chrissy boasted to herself, cradling the slight well of her stomach. "Does that excite you?"

As if reading its mother's excitement, the baby gave a tiny little kick.

Gawd, I could get used to being pregnant forever. Seriously. I don't care if I totes get hippo feet and a sore back later. I've never felt so wonderful in my life.

Emile seemed to notice her private reverie, because after talking with some of his fellow graduates he came and held her, kissing her on the forehead.

"Excited?"

"Uh-huh."

"About the baby?"

"About *everything*," she answered sweetly. "Everything to come."

'Everything to come' turned out to be quite a lot, and more than either could have possibly expected. Just as she said she would, Angelica researched more deeply into her own magical spellcasting and spell working. Despite her clear love of magic, she made sure not to abuse her gifts anymore. Instead, despite her excitement and general carefree approach to life, she managed to steel herself when it came to focusing on magical lore.

Which was why, when Chrissy had ballooned to a full seven months pregnant, her body glowing with that round maternal look, Angelica approached her and her husband at their new mansion-like home across town, a mischievous look upon her face.

"Oh no," Emile said, "I've seen that look before. Don't tell me I've done something wrong and you're going to turn me into Emily again."

Chrissy giggled as she took her husband's arm. "I could stand to see her come back from time to time. We never did get to get our whole lesbian thing on, after all."

"That's because you stopped it!"

"No regrets either," she said sweetly, gesturing to her belly.

Angelica took a moment to duck down and hold her sister-in-law's stomach. "Heya kiddo? I'm like, stupid excited to meet you in two months. You're getting crazy big!"

Feels crazy big! Even my boobs are way bigger now! I'm a full F-cup! Not that Emile minds . . . oh me, really. They really are superb tits.

"I love it," she just said, cradling her bump lovingly. "It's a lot of work, you know, making a baby and stuff. But Emile here is the best, most supportive husband ever, even if I can't, like, go down to the animal shelter anymore, and have to kind of support it in other ways."

"Aww, you two are just too much."

Emile raised an eyebrow. Chrissy knew her husband's moods - and they could be quite moody at times - he was looking for what Angelica's ulterior motive for visiting was. "So, what's on the other foot, Angie?" he asked.

She sighed. "Ever the super inquisitive brother! You're like a police interrogator. Don't worry, I'm not giving you some big tits again, though I totes should. No, this is something else. Something *amazing*."

"Go on."

"Well, I've been doing a lot of magical tinkering, and totes getting better at it. I've even been reading old notes from Mom's line, and though they're old and smelly and handwriting is soooo hard to read, I'm learning a lot. And now, I've got a big gift to share with you. I really want to cast it! Do you trust me? "

“No,” Emile said, in that brotherly way.

“Yes! Obviously!” Chrissy said.

“Well, that’s two votes to one.”

Emile sighed. “You *can* count, right sister?”

“BFF votes count twice as much. So here goes!”

She spread her hands, waving them in the air as she recited strange, backwards-sounding words. Her eyes glazed over, glowing ethereally, and a strong wind whipped through the interior of the living room.

Oh Gawd, maybe I shouldn’t have said yes so soon! This is bringing back memories!

Angelica continued to chant, her words becoming loud, echoing emanations.

“Srehto lla yb lamron sa dessentiw eb gniriap siht fo ytuaeb dna napsefil larutannu eht dna, hsiuolf nerdlihc rieht yam. Htlaeh doog ni dnuob meht peek evol rieht fo htmraw eht yam dna, elitref yllaicepse dna eliriv, yhtlaeh dna gnuoy ni amer seidob rieht tel. Oot nerdilhch rieht dna, emitefil dednetxe yltaerg a evil srevol owt eseht tel!”

Suddenly, the glow vanished, and Angelica stopped speaking. The wind ebbed away, leaving the three of them standing there. And yet, the magic had not dissipated. Instead, Chrissy felt a strange warmth in her core, and from Emile’s astonished expression, so did he. It was like a soft, nurturing light existed inside her, yet also tethering her to the man she had fallen so deeply in love with.

I feel . . . super healthy. Fit. I - it’s impossible to describe! I barely even feel tired from all this making baby business.

“What was that?” Emile asked. “I haven’t grown a pair of breasts yet, and that definitely sounded like a new spell.”

“It was indeed!” Angelica said proudly. “And don’t worry, I totes tested it on myself first. And my new cat Stibbons.”

“You tested it on the *cat*,” Emile said flatly.

“And he’s happier than ever! And so will you two be, when I explain what I just did. You are both the super blessed recipients of, like, a life extension spell. Your aging is slowed and everything! You’ll never get any serious illness or anything, and you’ll bounce back from all but, like, the most serious injuries - so keep clear of those, m’kay? - and you’ll always stay super virile and fertile so you can make loads of babies so long as you’re together.”

“Well, holy . . . that’s a lot to take in,” Emile said.

Christina’s reaction, on the other hand, was one of much more excitement. “That’s AMAZING! Angie, you’re a friggin’ genius! This is all I could want and more!”

The two women embraced, giggling. *I’ll get to live a long happy life and have as many babies as we want . . . and as much as fun as I want, and we can use so much of our money and influence and kindness to help make our community a better place.*

It was truly amazing, and for just a moment it seemed like there wasn't any mischievousness in the bargain whatsoever. That was, until Angelica turned an amused eye upon Emile.

Oh, she's planning something, Christina thought. This better not be too crazy.

"One last thing too, Emile," she said. "You're an amazing twin brother, but sometimes I miss that brief week when you were my sister. Also, if you're going to have a long life, I can't risk you becoming all, like, pompous again. So I've decided to include a little magical insurance policy. Don't worry, I'm sure you'll both have a *lot* of fun with it each year."

Emile sighed. "Oh no."

"Oh yes, brother!"

And then she began to chant again.

Chrissy couldn't say she was displeased with the results.

Christina loved being pregnant. She never could have imagined that she would become large and gravid with life, feel it stirring and kicking within her. She adored wearing pink maternity dresses that outlined her gorgeous bump, and entertaining her horny husband with sexy lingerie that emphasised just how much bigger her already-big breasts had grown. Certainly, he loved playing with them, and she loved even more having them played with. They were so sensitive, and only getting more so the further along in her pregnancy she got. She was already starting to fantasise about making milk, and how hot it would be to have her husband drink from her.

Gawd, I've changed sooooo much. But I wouldn't change back, not ever, ever. I just love having my big sexy hubbie suck on my big pregnant tits too much!

Emile continued to grow in success, taking on work at a prestigious architecture firm in order to support their soon-to-arrive young one. Chrissy was so proud of him and how far he had come. Just to thank him, she made sure to please him nightly - and in some cases each morning - regardless of how exhausted her swollen body was. In truth, she was having a beatific pregnancy: all maternal glow and almost nothing in terms of stretch marks or tired bags beneath her eyes. Others assured her that this would change once her little girl arrived, but in truth, she suspected that Angelica's magic ensured she would have wonderful pregnancies to come.

When she went into labour though, 'easy' was not how she would describe it. Nine hours of agonising contractions made her question why she'd ever decided to remain a

woman, and especially one that allowed herself to get knocked up. She clutched her roundness, hoping against hope that the living contents of her belly could just magically arrive with little face, but Angelica's magic could only do so much: she had to go through the true trials of motherhood, straining and pushing and screaming at times as she clutched Emile's hand. He never left her side.

But finally, after a great deal of struggle (albeit a healthy birth by any standard), her firstborn arrived: little Olivia. She was purple and bruised and squalling, and yet somehow the most beautiful thing she had ever seen in the world. With an almost instinctive maternal understanding, she took her child while Emile cut the cord, and placed it against her chest. After a few awkward moments of struggle, little Olivia latched, and a thick, steady stream of her colostrum was pumped from her engorged breast.

"Mhmmm," she murmured, soothed by the sensation. Her body was sore, tired, and there was still pain, but everything was eclipsed by this moment of joy. She had done the impossible: been born a man, been transformed into a woman, and now become a mother. She nursed her child lovingly, tears in her eyes, giggling like a schoolgirl.

"Like, holy crap, I'm a mom. This is crazy, right?"

"Not crazy at all, my love," Emile said, kissing her tenderly on her forehead, as was his custom by then. "You're going to be an amazing mother." He reached out and brushed his fingers against Olivia's face, his daughter suckling peacefully now from her mother.

"What do you think?" he said.

"I think that it's all been worth it," she replied. "Totally, totes, super worth it. Every bit."

What she didn't say out loud, for fear of giving her husband a heart attack, was, *I've already, like, forgotten the pain. I literally can't wait to be knocked up with the next one!*

In the years that followed, that hope of Christina's came true again, and again, and again, and again, and so on until she and Emile had made an almost supernaturally large brood - and one that was still growing in size and number! The former male's loneliness and need to not depend on others was vanquished in the face of her new desire to make the biggest, most loving family possible. She was nearly perpetually pregnant, never seeing a single period for almost seven years straight at one point, much to her own gratification. The feeling of having life swell inside her was simply too lovely to the gorgeous trophy wife, and she loved the way Emile treated her while she was full with his children. In fact, their sex life only *improved* the bigger she got - it turned out that he had a real pregnancy kink. A good thing

too, since she derived no small pleasure from being fucked by Emile while near-full term as well.

Which was not to say that either were not magnificent parents. It was the point after all: the fetishy enjoyment of it all was just a fun side benefit. They loved their many children and always made time for them, even as they continually increased in number. With Emile's wealth, they were able to attend glowing schools and have many opportunities, but Christina never forgot her own public school past, nor her experience in poverty and in the working class. She made certain that her children experienced different customs and opportunities from all walks of life, and met people from a diverse range of backgrounds. She modelled different ways to help the community, including helping raise money at school events, charity runs (well, walks in her own pregnant case, unless she was early along), supporting children in need, and attending and sponsoring and even organising dinners, lunches, galas, and entertainments that raised money for numerous good causes. It was incredibly important to her that, given how much she had been blessed with, others should benefit also, especially the needy. The fact that Stewart and the rest were able to get back on their feet thanks to her support, and the support of others, was an important lesson to her children in the importance of helping others: each was now contributing back to society, while living in homes designed by her own husband. Naturally, Foul Ron was the family pet too, just to emphasise the point in rehabilitation. Angelica even extended his lifespan just to give him a new life. Who says an old dog can't learn new tricks?

Emile was fully behind her on this, and together the pair became prominent philanthropists who were well regarded throughout the city, and themselves the recipients of many awards (even if Chrissy's valley-girl speech meant she was the subject of some stereotypes and jokes, as well as her seemingly endless series of pregnancies. She didn't mind though: she had everything she wanted, and given her own awareness of who she'd once been, she felt as astonished as everyone else at times at her own lifestyle, and so was happy to be part of the joke). There was even a new award named after her: the *Christina Galford Good Works Award*. Originally, it had featured the last name she had taken from her husband, but after clearing it with Emile, she requested that it feature her old name: it had been the one she started her first charity work with, and it also gave further devotion to her mother, who gave her that last name and was the source of so much of her compassion. When it first became a yearly award, she blinked back tears.

Finally, I get my own reward. Just, like, in my new feminine way. Which makes it all the more wonderful.

In fact, by the time fifteen years had passed, Emile had gone from well-paid architect to the head of his own private firm with numerous skilled employees, focused on creating buildings and communities for low-income families, all with a sustainable construction and environmentally friendly design in mind. He was very proud of himself, but Chrissy was even prouder, though also more than a little smug.

"I've totally rubbed off on you," she sometimes bragged as they lay in bed together at the end of the day. Emile would just smile lovingly, caress her swollen stomach, then slowly move his hand up to her prominent, ever milk-filled chest.

"Yes, you have. But I think we've got the evidence of me rubbing off on you as well, my dear. So why don't we show just how much we've influenced each other, and . . . appreciate each other."

And always, she would be soon squealing in passion. It was a damn good thing they had ordered sound-proofing for their room. They went at it so often even after fifteen years of marriage and babies that anything short of sound-proofing would probably traumatise the kids! Plus, as Chrissy liked to joke, it was, "good practice for all the babymaking we've still got to do." She would say that even if she were swollen up with twins, which she had been, more than once.

In that fifteen years, she had gone through a whopping eighteen pregnancies, and given birth to an overwhelming twenty-one children, a result of three twin births. It was a difficult thing, raising them all (not to mention the numerous kittens and puppies she zealously took in), but ever since bringing Olivia into the world Christina's mom instincts had switched on and never been shut off. Having a number of maids, helpers, and even her own mother Sarah on hand to help was a big boon, of course. The helpers were as much family as her blood family, and many of them even came from the shelters she still volunteered at, when she could. Angelica loved her nephews and nieces, and seemed to have a relationship with each and every one of them, too. But at times her own mother was more than a little shocked.

"I just can't believe it, love," Sarah had said once, while her daughter was fully pregnant with twins and about to go into labor. She no longer minded the pain: it was a necessary ritual that led to the final bliss of holding and feeding her children.

"Can't believe what, Mom?"

"It's just - I didn't expect to become a grandmother so young! And to so many! Are you sure you're okay with having more children? I mean, you've been practically pregnant for fifteen years! Don't you want a break? How many is enough?"

For a moment, Christina took in her mother's words, briefly embarrassed by her own state. While Christopher was a past, far off life, there were still moments where she felt the influence of her old self. Mostly it was humorous, in that 'I can't believe I'm now a fun-loving airhead trophy wife getting knocked up with babies all the time, what a strange life!' sort of way. But in times like these, a tiny chip of doubt would emerge, before she inevitably overcame it.

"Mom, don't you love your nineteen grandbabies?"

"All of them," Sarah said. "Though the older ones are hardly babies anymore, given they're in middle school!"

Chrissy just laughed. "You told me that, like, all children stay babies in their mom's hearts."

"You have a much better memory than you let on."

She giggled. "Mom, I have the perfect life I want, and I love my babies, and I work hard to raise them all. You help so much, but you know I can, like, super stay on top of it. I think I'm just going to keep having as many as I can, just like you had your two babies with Rob - because you wanted them and they made your life better! You brought two beautiful things into the world. I just want to, like, do the same thing."

Sarah smiled warmly, unable to bring up a counterargument. "You know what, my daughter? You're absolutely right. And I can't wait to meet these little twin boys either! Goodness knows, my pair of younger girls are a handful! Good thing they have an amazing aunt."

It was true, Sarah eventually found love. It had been, once again, with the help of Angelica. It wasn't a love spell, thankfully, apparently love is too powerful for spells anyway, which is a good thing. However, there are certain spells that allow one to draw a 'compatible' soul to you, and this she weaved on Sarah secretly at her bestie bimbo Christina's request. For a time, none of them were sure if it had even worked, particularly as the weeks rolled by. And then, suddenly, Christina would try to make plans with her mother and find that she was unavailable. That never happened! She inquired further, did her best to be a sleuth, but because of her rather clearcut nature, in the end she basically forced the answer out of her loving mother: she was seeing a man for the first time in nearly ten years, and his name was Robert.

"It isn't serious, yet," she cautioned, but Christina could already see the light of hope in her mother's eyes. "I just want you to know I'm not replacing you in my heart, or -"

She never got to finish the sentence: Chrissy was already hugging her mother.

"So long as I get to give my big stamp of approval!" she said joyously.

Upon meeting him, she did. Robert was a medical engineer, and quite a wealthy and good looking one. He had a rugged kind of look that suited her mother's inclinations, and a relaxed and patient attitude that the sometimes-stressed Sarah needed.

He's actually pretty yummy, Christina thought to herself, bimbo and pregnancy brain combining to make her aroused. *Gawd, now I'm even perving on guys in their forties! When I get home, I'm gonna make Emile dress up in a professor-like suit and fuck me or something.*

It didn't take long for Sarah to realise she was in love, and when the time for marriage came, her own daughter was the Maid of Honour. A very pregnant maid of honour by that point, and as a result quite emotional and hormonal. She was blubbing silently with tears when Sarah and Robert kissed, and the two of them were officially made husband and wife. It was almost impossible to get through her own speech to the happy couple, and in the end Angelica and one of the other bridesmaids had to help her.

She was just as full of sobbing happiness when her mother broke the news she was pregnant . . . with twins.

"I still can't believe it," Sarah said. "My grown daughter - already pregnant with her own set of twins - is going to be giving birth around the same time as me!"

"Awww, you can hopefully meet your twin grandsons at the same time as I meet my two little twin sisters!"

Christina was nothing short of excited. Despite some brief anxiety from Sarah that she would feel jealous, or as if she were being pushed out, the truth was that as far as Chrissy was concerned, the more in the family the better. And just as they had joked about, mother and daughter indeed went into labour on the same day, in the same morning, in the presence of one another. Neither could fully believe it, but it made for a great story afterwards, and plenty of great company during the experience: they even were able to organise their health coverage for them to have adjoining rooms with a movable partition, so they could talk to one another and encourage one another. At one point, Christina found herself going through the intensely strange experience of coaching her *own mother* through birth.

So frickin' weird, but I've given birth, like, five more times than her, and she last gave birth when she was a teen over twenty years ago. Still, I can't say many daughters can claim this experience!

Poor Emile and Robert almost felt like third and fourth wheels, until both women entered the final stage of labour. With that, the partition was drawn back up, both shouted encouragement to the other, and the men were again present with their wives in private for the most important part. Robert later confessed the whole exchange had actually been a

blessing: he was terrified he'd faint, but Chrissy's breaking down of the process had helped him stay afloat in the world of consciousness. And so four new babies entered the world. Sarah was happy to leave it at that: she was in her early forties of course, but Christina was more than happy to get knocked up just a single month later. Angelica's fertility magic certainly did its, well, magic.

Not everyone was baby crazy though. Angelica, who was also aging far more slowly, was happy with the single life.

"I'll know if I ever want to, like, get married," she told her bimbo bestie, "but if I do, it'll be a long way off still. I've got a suuuuper long time, right?"

Still, she had a rotating cast of very handsome 'boy toys' that she enjoyed spending time with. She was no stranger to sexual passion and payoff, and some of these men even became family friends, though Chrissy's kids only really understood their place in 'Aunt Angie's' social circle until they were teenagers. But as much as Angelica loved getting fucked by hot hunks, her bigger focus was on her fashion career. Whereas Chrissy was happy to play the part of the philanthropic trophy wife, Angelica leveraged her beauty and skill and sense of fashion to make a budding career for herself as a successful model. She graced covers of magazines, featured on billboards, and was invited on the arm of more than one celebrity, even featuring in cute little bit parts in successful films. She had a massive following online, and used that following to funnel support for her bestie's charity causes as well.

Angelica was still, at heart, a massive softie though, and so she always spent a good chunk of the year helping out with her bestie and brother's ever-growing family. Her magic skill improved, and she became eager to pass down what she had learned to the next generation of Halloway women, which naturally meant Christina's daughters. Only Olivia, Lydia, Sabrina, and Valerie were old enough to begin learning, and it was early days yet, but the idea that they could one day weave magic to improve their own lives - and those of others - was deeply beautiful to them. Not that they would ever know their own mother's magical past. For Christina, that was to be a secret between her, her husband, and her bimbo bestie for life.

"They may figure it out on their own with enough magic skill, just warning ya!" Angelica said as they shared a drink (hot chocolate for the pregnant Chrissy) late one night.

"That's fine, my bestie. So long as they are ready to find out, then I'm totes happy with that outcome."

"You know, with so much magic ready to fly around, it might be best to come and live with you, Chrissy. I'm, like, eager to spend more time with my nieces and nephews, and

besides, I'm super good with them. Might be better to have all the magic in one place too, so people don't see us crossing paths all the time and put two and two together!"

Chrissy just laughed. "We can do a trial run. It'll be fun. Besides, Emily is around for a week soon. We could even go to the beach and have a bikini day. Us three girls."

Angelica giggled devilishly. "Oh, I'm so, so glad. I always have the week marked on my calendar."

What they were talking about, of course, was the little 'week of fun' that Angelica had promised as a mischievous insurance policy for Emile all those years ago when she'd given them their magical life extensions. Once a year in the middle of summer, for an entire week Monday to Friday, Emile found himself once more transformed into Emily, the adorable and curvaceous shortstack bimbo who would be 'Aunt Emie' to their kids. Some contrivance was always organised in order to make it work: Emile going away on a business trip supposedly, or visiting distant relations on another continent, or on a week-long men's getaway hiking and fishing (this seemed less likely, given him being fairly unenthused about both things). Still, it sufficed, and each year the children could look forward to that same week where 'Aunt Emie' visited.

For Chrissy, it was a time of amusement. After all, she could have a lot of fun teasing her feminised husband and dressing him/her up, and given it was summer, a bikini-clad trip to the beach was never out of the question. Angelica would naturally always join in on at least one of these trips, as she liked teasing her twin brother-turned-twin sister even more than Christina did, much to the new woman's embarrassment. Still, she was happy to flaunt it, and in the leadup to the inevitable change, Emile and Chrissy even made plans for what they would do once he was 'bimbofied'. He even came to look forward to the occasion, as he found it de-stressed him, allowed him to be more wild and free, and also interact with his own children in a different way that let them see a different side of him. For one, it encouraged several of their daughters to grow their hair out even longer: Emily's went right down to the top of her thighs and had a glorious silky shine to it, so it was greatly rewarding for the 'Aunt' to learn how to do the makeup and hair of her daughters in a way they were always exciting for, whereas this would usually be Chrissy's domain. Not that Chrissy's hair was shorter - she still kept it quite long - but Emie's was on another level.

And also, the lesbian sex they secretly had was always very, very fun.

So so soooooo fucking fun, Christina often found herself thinking. *And it's so funny to make my hubby cum as a woman and cry out like she does! It's the best!*

As their eldest sons and daughters grew, some of them were obviously beginning to suspect what was really going on, especially Olivia and the other potential magic users

under Angelica's tutelage, but as with Christina's own past, their mother was happy to let them learn on their own rather than spoil the fun. Emile would be Emily one week out of fifty two for the rest of his life, and that more than suited the pair of them.

Christina occasionally had her little moments of doubt, of course. Moments where she wondered how her life would be if she were smarter, a little less ditzy, and not always addicted to being pregnant all the time (it was exhausting, being a mother to nearly two dozen kids, after all). And there were moments of embarrassment: realisation that men were staring at her cleavage even during her great triumphs, or when one of her older sons or daughters expressed a low-key teenage embarrassment of what a ditz and minor sex symbol their mother was. And very rarely, when she cried out in passion while being fucked by her husband, she still blushed a little at how submissive and feminine she'd become, lacking any desire to dominate life and be in control as she had been.

But always there was Emile to comfort her, and her loving children too - yes, even the occasionally moody teen ones. And whatever embarrassments she had about her body from time to time, even the awkward moments when she'd leak milk into her top without noticing, she was ultimately proud of her body. It had given so much life into the world, and pleased her loving husband, and as Christina she had achieved more than Christopher ever would.

And besides, she thought, I could never go back to pussy anyway. I am waaaaay too addicted to Emile's big, hard cock. Gawd, I love having him thrusting inside me!

And so life went on, magical and strange and wonderful.

"Mum, that's way too much lipstick."

"Nonsense. You'll look like a cute little snack, honey! Trust me, your boyfriend is going to love it!"

Olivia rolled her eyes. She was in her own mother's image: dark brunette hair, impressive figure that was still blooming, and bright, compassionate eyes. She was also very much not used to going on dates.

"He's not my boyfriend, Mom."

"Like, not yet. That's what the makeup is totally for. So you can snag him easily!"

Olivia couldn't help but laugh. "Is that how you got Dad?"

"That, and a bit of magic."

"Are you going to tell me that story one day?"

“It’s not, like, my story to tell dear. But maybe you’ll use your own magic to figure it out.”

“I wish I could use my magic to make my boobs bigger. Lydia is two years younger than me and she’s already a size bigger! I wish I had a chest like yours.”

Chrissy smiled, hugged her daughter so that they both stared into the mirror together. “Good things come to those who wait! Besides, I’m sure in a little more time you’ll, like, size them up yourself with Aunt Angie’s teachings.”

Olivia blushed. “She won’t let me. Says I have to accept my body before I go about changing it.”

Good lesson, bestie.

“She’s right. And besides, you’re no slim chicken.”

“Spring chicken, Mom.”

“No, *slim* chicken. I don’t, like, care if it’s not a saying, any boy would be lucky to have you. And this dress makes you look great in all the right places!”

She indicated the blue dress that hugged her daughter’s curves. She was just finishing up Olivia’s hair, which she had done simply, with just a few adjustments so that it shined straight and silky.

“Th-thanks Mom. I really like Eric.”

“And he’ll like you. Now keep your lips still, honey. This’ll, like, totes knock him off his feet. Trust me - your Dad loves ruby red lipstick . . .”

There was a long pause as she dreamily thought of how sexy Emile was, and how much her hot preggo body wanted him. That was, until Olivia tapped her on the shoulder.

“Hey, Earth to Mom! Stop thinking about Dad in the presence of your daughter. Super gross.”

She just giggled. “Sorry! He’s hard not to think about sometimes! Anyway, I was saying that out of, like, all my daughters, you look the most like me, so that style would totes do super well on you.”

It truly did. Olivia gasped when she saw herself, turning from side to side and smiling brightly. Then, she turned to Christina. “How do you do it all, Mom?”

“Do what, honey?”

“All of this!? Being here for me and all our family, and running all these events, and helping out so many people. I feel like I’ve got to live up to you. You’re a superwoman - you’re even six months pregnant and running about!”

Chrissy smiled. *I can do it all because of, like, kind words like that, my love, she thought. And because it gives me so much joy.*

But instead she kneeled down - only slightly, her latest belly bump was quite big after all - and simply kissed her daughter on the cheek.

"It's easy to do when you love someone," she said. "You'll move, like, heaven and earth for them. Now, you're all finished. Eric will go totally gaga. But you also take things slow, okay?"

"Like you and Dad did?" Olivia teased.

Everyone knew that Christina had been pregnant before marriage, and had only dated Emile for two months before marrying, besides.

Okay, super low blow. But we knew each other from childhood . . . sort of.

"Well, when you know, you know," she said, hoping that would help. "But I was also, like, twenty years old. I'm thirty five now, and I've got literally zero regrets. But you can wait till you're at least eighteen before any big decisions, okay?"

"Yes, Mom," she said. "Don't worry, I won't do anything stupid. He's too nice for that anyway. We literally met at the animal shelter."

"Good," she said. "I love that you work there. You just be responsible. Your Dad would have another fit."

"Well, good thing 'Aunt Emie' is coming back soon, right? That should relax him?"

She gave a knowing look to Christina, who just winked back. "Well, you're probably right. But hurry up! I don't want you late for your date. Just a quick selfie with your mommy so I can totally cry about this later - my daughter is so grown up!"

"Mooooom."

She took a quick snap, checked it, forced her daughter to take three more, and then by that point Olivia was practically escaping out of her arms and out the door where she was being picked up, even if she didn't seem particularly upset by all the attention her mother lavished upon her, even returning a quite "love you" which her mother giddily returned.

"You have a nice night, honey!" she exclaimed.

The door had barely closed when a loud cry rang out. Little Steven needed a feed, as if by maternal instinct, her boobs began leaking into the pads of her maternity bra.

"Moom! MOOOM! STACY IS CHEATING AT OUR GAMES!"

And that would be Gavin. And Stacy, of course. Always at each other's necks, those twins. Still, she loved them, even if they could be full on. And dinner would have to be pulled out of the ovens soon. And she needed to set the table, though Emile might already be doing it. And she needed to help some of her children with their homework - they could be a bit ditzy in class, though given how much they also got from their mother, perhaps she wouldn't be too much help!

So much to do! But I guess a mother's work is never done. At least I have Kade and Abby to help in the kitchen, though that will also mean Jared and Selina will be there too, trying to 'help', the dear things. They're just, like, not quite old enough yet!

She patted her round, pregnant stomach, and felt a delightful little shifting inside where her newest baby was stirring. She smiled broadly before attending to her duties.

Never done indeed. And happily so.

After everything was settled after another huge night with their many children (thank God for hired helpers!), Chrissy made her way to the master bedroom. Emile was waiting for her, lying on his back, shirtless, reading one of his many books.

Sorry honey, but I'm gonna need you to stop reading right now. I'm mega-mega-super horny right now. My preggo hormones are WILD.

She decided to tease him first. Slowly, she removed her pregnancy blouse, unbuttoning it carefully, stretching so that the pregnant belly that turned him on so much was greatly emphasised. She shimmied off her skirt, moaning a little *too* sensuously as she did so, and she kicked her flats off, letting her dainty (not swollen yet, thankfully) feet go bare. She rubbed her big, swollen belly again, placed both hands behind her back in that pose she knew he loved, and then turned to watch him.

The book was already to the side, and he had one eyebrow raised.

"Subtle."

"I can't help it if you look sooooo hawt and sexy lying there. My preggo hormones are crazy, hubby, and only *you* can fix them."

He smirked. "You know, I'm pretty tired, Chrissy."

She knew this game well. Slowly, she unclasped her bra, letting her big, milky F-cup boobs droop a little. They were round and full and so deeply sensitive, aching not just from her endless milk production, but also her massively horny needs.

"Mhmmm," she moaned. "Please? I'm *begging* you. I need you inside me so *fucking bad, honey.*"

He loved to hear her beg. It wasn't anything manipulative: they loved to act out this little roleplay, particularly since it made him feel so powerfully dominant and her so sexily submissive.

"Convince me," he said. "I need a little waking up, first."

She got up onto the bed, peeling off her underwear so that her gravid form was totally naked. Little droplets of milk formed on the ends of her breasts - Emile would take care of that soon, she knew. She pulled back the covers, and saw that he was already naked, ready to receive her. His cock was huge and stiff, throbbing with excitement. Carefully, she angled herself, cradling her belly in one hand while she lowered herself with the other. And then, lovingly, she placed her full lips over that cock she loved to taste so much.

Emile instantly grunted. "Oh G-God, that feels good."

She tried not to smile, instead focusing on giving him an amazing blowjob. She stroked his cock, shifting to free a hand, while one of his own caressed her pregnant belly. She loved the taste of his rigid rod, especially how his whole body shivered while she did so. She took him in, deep-throating him expertly, eagerly hungry for his semen. She hoped he wouldn't blow his load yet - her pussy was more hungry than her mouth.

Thankfully, just as it seemed like he was about to reach his zenith, her husband pulled her back. "Lie on your side," he said, in a commanding voice that drove her crazy.

She did as he said, shifting her heavy weight. Emile first attended to her breasts while she continued to play with his cock in her hands. He drank deeply from her, causing her to nearly orgasm just from the release. He loved the taste of her milk, and she loved the experience of nursing and feeding her husband.

"Mmhmmm! Ohhhhhh yessss, s-so much pressure! So m-much relief! You're t-totes amazing as al-always."

He pulled back, licking a nipple just to make her whimper. "Only to be your equal," he said. He shifted again, this time going behind her, big spoon to her little spoon. She loved this position. With his help, she lifted one leg up, and he eased himself inside her from behind. It allowed him to cradle her belly and play with her tits, kiss her shoulders and neck all while thrusting deeply into her.

It's what he did at that very moment.

"MMhm! N-needed this sooooo baaaad!" she cried.

"You always do, my love. And I never, ever get tired of it, my Christina."

She moaned in agonised pleasure, overstimulated. Her ass wobbled, bounced as he took her from behind, and her vagina gripped his cock, milking it with the practice of fifteen years of sexually active marriage.

It didn't take long for either of them to cum, but as often happened, they did so together. The sound-proofed walls shook with her cries, and he grunted and groaned loudly

just as she loved. She was hit by a total of five orgasms, the last a final gasp of ecstasy that nearly sent her under into blissful unconsciousness.

It took a long time to come down from the bliss. She also, thanks to that wonderful belly, briefly became stuck and needed her gallant husband to help her up so she could go shower. He joined her, cupping her belly from behind and embracing her in that protective way she always loved after a dance of passion. They retired together back to the bed, beneath the covers. Both of them liked sleeping naked most nights, though poor Christina usually had to give in and wear her maternity bra sleepwear.

I can maybe risk it, she thought. I mean, my sexy hubby did drain me super well. But then again I'm a total milk machine these days. Better not wake up with a milky bed. It's supes not fun.

She put on the bra, resulting in a slightly disappointed look from Emile, but she more than made up for it by giving him a loving kiss and letting him caress and feel her belly for several minutes. It was a cathartic debriefing after sex, of sorts, and one they both took a lot of satisfaction in.

"The twenty second baby," Emile marvelled. "I can scarcely believe it."

"You better," she jested, "because I'm totes gonna need your help with the diapers."

"When have I ever let you down on that, my love?"

She kissed him again. "Never." There was a slight kick, and she moved her hand to where the baby was shifting.

"Oof! That was a big one. Gonna be a boy, I bet."

"You think?"

"A mother knows." Another kick, but this time she frowned slightly. Her husband immediately recognised her mood, and held her closer - her belly pressed against his.

"What's wrong, Christina?"

She gave a sheepish expression. "It's really, really stupid, but I totes want multiples again. I loved having twins. And I want to be knocked up with triplets one day suuuuper bad. I'd be all big and mega pregnant. Gawd, can you imagine quads?"

Emile laughed, almost disbelieving in his manner. "My God, quads? You'd be adding to our number of children by a factor of nearly twenty percent."

"Whatever with the number mambo jumbo. I want triplets."

"Well, they are more common the older a woman gets. And, well, to put it lightly, you are going to be younger than a normal woman for a lot longer. So there's plenty of time."

She grinned. "You think?"

“I know. Don’t worry honey, it’ll happen. And in the meantime, we’ll always have our ever expanding family.”

“Awww.”

She tried to press closely, but her belly was too big. So instead she let him reach around and snuggle her with his greater arm length. They stayed like that, ready to turn off the lights and sleep, until something once more came over Chrissy.

“Hey, Emile.”

“Yes, my love.”

“You know how you super, super love me, right?”

“Horny again?”

“Gawd, so fucking much.”

Emily sat up. To her absolute pleasure, he had a very clear hard on, one just aching to enter her all over again. Except this time, she really did want to use her mouth.

“Me too, Christina. Why don’t we have a night of extra romance, huh?”

Christina giggled, and pushed her husband onto his back, shifting her pregnant body so she could have the best access to his amazing, totally addictive cock.

“Let me give you a nice gift for all the wonderful life you’ve given me,” she said. And then slowly, she descended, licking and sucking on his member, any vestigial male pride vanished in the pleasure of the act.

I’ve got, like, the best fucking life.

Chrissy did get her triplets in the end, much to her delight. It was six years later, and it had come after three more sets of twins in a row that already had her absolutely brimming with happiness. With her triplets (identical girls, also bringing her much glee) she was immensely gravid, to the point where people wondered if she could even walk. The pregnancy was not easy, but she found it as rewarding as any pregnancy had ever been, especially because it was the same year her wonderful eldest child Olivia welcomed Christina’s first granddaughter into the world. Olivia was more than a little red-faced over this, of course: she had not planned to have children with her partner Eric, wanting to be married first. Naturally, she blamed the so-called ‘Galford Family Curse’ for this accidental blessing, though given how many more babies the two would go on to have Chrissy couldn’t help but wonder if it was more of a blessing: it had certainly enriched her own life!

And while Christina's brood continued to grow and grow, her multiple pregnancies becoming a happy routine, her other adult daughters fell 'prey' to this family curse with a wonderful eagerness. She was happy to see her family grow and grow with many grandchildren, and also for her sons to start families of their own. Each of them followed Olivia in 'blaming' their parents for the inspiration of starting families in their early twenties. Yet despite many of these being happy accidents resulting from their incredible fertility and virility, none of them seemed to mind the results (though Valerie was happily smug that she somehow got knocked up with quadruplets before Christina finally got there the following year). There was no telling how big the Halloway-Galford clan would grow, but one thing was for certain: Christina finally had the security she'd always been wanting, right from the very start.

She had a family. The best, and certainly the biggest, family in the world.

The End