

## **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.*

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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.”

*Gawdammit, 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.

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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.

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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 Hallaway 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.

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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 Hallaway household having fun. Once, she even swallowed her working class pride and let the Hallaway'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 *Murrow 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.*

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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.

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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.

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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.*

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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 . . .**