

Anything Goes!

Potion of Ranma Arts!



By Cooper & Kadee & Anonymous

“What should I do with you, gorgeous?” Chris asked, taking in the big blue eyes, the thick red hair and, of course, the impressive bust of his favorite girl, straining against the top of her classic Chinese style, red silk skirt.

She stared back at him with her big, sparkling blue eyes, a crooked smile on her face.

“Feeling shy?” He said, looking around the room, then struck by inspiration, he said, “yes! I know. I’ll put you right here.”

He climbed onto his bed, touching her face with his fingertips. “Now, don’t get any funny ideas,” he cautioned as he stared at the wall above his bed. There were dozens of pictures of the same red-haired girl taped there all in different outfits and poses. “I’m just going to put you right here next to Akane.”

With that, he carefully placed the hand drawn and colored picture of Ranma ½ in his female form, slightly askew, in what was the very last open space on his wall, then stepped back and admired the Collage of Ranma. “Yes. Perfect.”

Knock. Knock. Knock.

“Who is it?” Chris called, backing away toward the door of his apartment.

“Who do you think?” Erin, his girlfriend, called back.

Chris absently pulled the door open, still studying the collage, wondering if he should adjust this picture or that, make it more perfect.

Erin pushed past him. “Let me just get this over with,” she said, seething with annoyance to see him staring at her, Ranma, again. “I’m breaking up with you.”

That snapped Chris to attention. “What? No. Why?”

“I just met someone else is all,” Erin said. “So, I didn’t want to break up over text.”

“Don’t. Don’t,” Chris said, reaching toward Erin, meaning to give her a hug. He really did like her, with her thick, black hair and big, dark eyes.

“Bye,” Erin said, heading toward the door. “You’d rather be with *her* anyway!”

The door slammed. Chris turned back to his collage, feeling sad, rejected, dejected. “I don’t want to be *with* her,” he whispered. “I want to *be* her.”

Lonely, depressed, not sure how to even feel about Erin breaking up with him, Chris went for a walk, wandering into the twisting narrow streets of the Little Asia neighborhood, lost in thought, struggling with his feelings, thinking he might drop into his favorite store, Manga Madness and see what new books might have some in.

He was almost there when he happened to glance down a narrow alleyway he’d never noticed before, at the end of which was a streetlamp which shone in the shadowy darkness of the alley directly on a narrow, red door. The sign above the door read, in Japanese, which Chris had been studying since middle-school, *Exactly What You Need: Curiosities*.

That’s an interesting name for a store, Chris thought. Maybe he would check it out someday. He took three more steps toward the manga store, when he thought he heard someone whisper, “Christopher.”

He paused. Took three steps back. Looked back down the alley at the little red door. He felt drawn toward the door, pulled as if by invisible strings. “Christopher,” he heard someone whisper again, the voice seeming to come from the end of the alley.

Hmm, Chris thought. Mysterious door at the end of a dark alley, ghostly voices, a strange energy drawing me towards it... if this were a movie, I'd be telling the main character– run! Do not open that door! You will probably find a creepy little girl with wet hair wearing a party dress.

He hesitated, shrugged, and walked down the alley. He didn't have anything else to do, and, anyway, the new books came in on Thursday. As much as he often fantasized about having some kind of magical adventure, he'd found the real world was far more mundane, and given this was a curiosity shop, he fully expected to open the door and find a bored teenager on a cellphone and a room full of useless junk.

Chris pushed the door open and peered into the dimly lit shop, shelves crowded the room, and he saw music boxes, bird cages, a mounted raven frozen in time, cawing at the sky. Far from the tourist trap junk he'd expected to find, the store interior looked like the set of a movie, right down to the shadowy mood lighting. Everything smelled like dust.

"Hello?" Chris called, making his way into the store. "Hello?"

No one answered. He saw a counter covered in crazy, Jenga stacks of dusty, leather-bound books that looked like they would topple over if there was even a small breeze. An ancient, iron cash register out of the 19th century. A bell and a sign that said, "Ring for Service."

Seeing all the old books, Chris wondered if he might score some rare, classic manga, and decided to ring the bell. "Ding."

"In one moment, be there I will," a whispery, old man's voice called from behind a beaded curtain. A moment later, a silver-haired man of Chinese descent did, in fact, walk through the curtain. Based on the room and the voice, Chris had imagined a man with a Fu Manchu mustache and a long

robe covered in moons and stars and an aura of mystery, but the man who approached him, smiling, wore a New York Yankees sweatshirt and jeans.

Chris did a double take. "I was kinda expecting...?"

"What?" The man said in a Brooklyn accent. "Not what you were expecting? Yeah, did ya like my Yoda impression? Fuhgeddaboutit it."

"I guess with the store being so weird and all..."

"Well, my wizard's robe is at the dry cleaners. Anyway, you came here for something. Wanna tell me, or should I tell you?"

"Oh. Yeah. I was wondering if you have any rare manga?"

"Wrong. Incorrect. You lose, but actually you win. This store is called, Exactly What You Need, and I have exactly what you need right here!" With a flourish, he reached under the counter, then bent over, looking around, pushing things aside. "It's down here somewhere. Give me a minute..."

Finally, the old man shouted, "Eureka!" He stood and held out a crystal bottle with a stopper. On the side, a picture of Ranma.

Chris took a step back. How could this old man know about his obsession with Ranma? "What's this?"

"Water of the Cursed Spring of the Drowned Girl," the old man said. "One splash, and, well, you know what happens. 25 bucks. A bargain!"

"25 bucks? That's a cartoon. It isn't real," Chris said.

"Money back guarantee," the man said. "If you are not completely satisfied now or in the future, just drop by and I will give you your money back, plus an authentic autographed picture of me."

"You're messing with me."

The man set the bottle on the counter, then pushed it toward Chris. "What do you have to lose? Other than your balls, of course."

“Just to see what the joke is,” Chris said, “and if this is some kind of hidden camera show, I will not sign a release...” He took 25 dollars out of his wallet and lay it on the counter.

“It’s all yours,” the old man said, smiling. “Great doing business with you.”

“How does it work?” Chris said, picking up the jar, looking at the crystal blue water inside.

“Buddy,” the old man said, amused. “You know better than anyone how it works. Splash it on, my friend, and live the dream. It’s exactly what you need.”

Chris laughed as he pulled the stopper from the bottle. “You are so full of it,” he said, then splashed himself with the water. Nothing happened. “You li— ar!” Halfway through the word liar, Chris’ voice cracked, sliding into a high-pitched, tea kettle voice. His whole body began to tingle, and he felt his shirt growing tighter and tighter against his chest. Looking down, he saw a pair of large, firm breasts straining against the fabric, even as he felt his pants straining against his swelling butt and rounding hips. “What?” Chris shrieked in that same, tiny voice, as the room seemed to grow around him, and he stared as his hands shrunk, becoming small, soft and dainty.

Hair flopped in his eyes. “What just happened?” He asked, looking up at the now much taller old man.

“Ya turned into a Ranma look-alike,” the man said, chuckling. “Nice figure by the way! Take a look.” He pointed toward an ornate, full-length mirror.

Chris cupped his breasts, felt their soft weight in his hands, felt himself touching them. They were real? He shook his head as he walked over to

the mirror, feeling a pigtail sway. He stepped in front of the mirror. A beautiful girl with big, blue eyes and red hair stared back at him, blinking. It was like he was looking at the most perfect Ranma cosplayer ever, or if Ranma had stepped off the screen and into real life.

“I’m her,” he said, staring at himself in fascination, running one of his tiny white hands through his thick, red hair. “I’m him. I’m Ranma!”

“And you look just as good going as you do coming!” The old man said, checking out Chris’ booty, waggling his eyebrows.

“Stop it!” Chris said, trying to pull his suddenly far too right t-shirt down over his plump behind. “You old pervert!”

Chapter Two

The old man did not stop perving on Chris. “I’ll give you five dollars if you show me your boobs,” the old man said.

“No way!” Chris shrieked, still staring in the mirror, struggling to believe he was that girl now, but the weight of his breasts alone was an impossible to ignore reminder that he did, indeed, now have a girl’s body. “Is it like in the show?” Chris asked, thrilled with how cute he sounded now. He turned to face the man. “Do I switch back and forth?”

“Hot water turns you into a guy. Cold water into a girl,” the guy said, and then he got a lecherous smile on his face. “Say. Perhaps I can interest you in the Ring of Steam.” He reached under his counter and rifled around again before pulling out a slender gold band with a pearl inset. He placed it on the counter. It was a pretty ring.

“Ring of Steam?”

“It’s a ring of protection that turns hot water into steam, so you can’t get splashed with hot water. It will turn to steam before it hits you and float harmlessly away.”

“That would be good,” Chris said, picking up the ring and looking it over. “How much?”

“It’s not for sale at any price,” the old man said, glancing down once more at Chris’ ample bust. “But I am willing to barter.”

“Fine,” Chris said, rolling his eyes. Of course, he would have to get stuck with this pervert wizard and have to show some stranger his boobs on his first day as a girl. He pulled up his shirt and flashed the old man, then pulled it back down. “Goodbye!” He said, stomping a foot, turning and marching out the door.

“Good coming and going,” the old man said. “Coming and going.”

Chris walked home, a bounce in his step, although his shoes were now too big and kept stepping out of them. He’d dreamt of being Ranma since he’d been a child, and it seemed like an impossible dream come true to him that now he was. Even though he was dressed in ill-fitting boy clothes, as he walked along the street, men’s heads kept turning, and he constantly caught them checking him out. They were all amazed at this beautiful red head striding down the street, and more than a few got a slap from a jealous girlfriend or wife for their loss of self-control.

Chris loved it and threw a little extra swing in his hips as he walked, his mind racing. There was sooo much to do! He needed to go shopping for bras and panties and outfits, and he would change his enrollment at school to they/them so any version of Chris that showed up would work, and he needed makeup and so so much...

None of these things struck him as in any way an inconvenience. He'd dreamt for years of having the freedom to walk into Sephora and buy some lipstick, but of all the things he just had to do now that he could live as a girl, there was one that was most important of all: he had to see what he looked like naked!

Chapter Three

The closer Chris got to home and the prospect of seeing his new body, the harder his nipples grew until by the time he got in the elevator he felt like they could cut diamonds as they thrust out against the fabric of his shirt. Even the tiniest movement seemed to send quivers through his breasts, and those hard, sensitive nipples brushing against his shirt were driving Chris insane. Just as the doors to the elevator were about to close, a guy ran into the building. "Hey! Hey!" He yelled.

As desperate as he was for some privacy, Chris put his hand out and blocked the doors from closing. They popped back open. The guy slowed down and walked into the elevator, "thanks, I—" he started to say, but then his jaw dropped open, and his eyes bulged as he looked down and saw Chris' magnificent breasts and those nipples standing at attention. "Um.... I... ah..."

Chris couldn't help himself. He shook his shoulders from side to side, arching his back, his breasts rising and swaying back and forth. "Is something wrong?" He asked in his tiny little girl voice.

The guy's head swiveled from side to side as he locked onto those nipples, and hearing Chris' voice he groaned and pulled out his phone,

finally wrenching his eyes away from Chris' boobs with a massive act of will and looking him in those big, innocent blue eyes.

"Number!" The guy shouted. "I must have your number!"

Wow, Chris thought, giggling, loving the sense of power he felt as his body drove this poor boy insane. "I don't know," Chris said, linking his hands behind his back and thrusting his chest out. "My mother told me never to talk to strangers."

The boy's face collapsed into despair, and then hope. "If I tell you my name, then I won't be a stranger," the guy said.

Chris raised an eyebrow.

"Kyle. Kyle Holt. 4F. Ask anyone. I'm not a pervert."

"Oh?" The elevator bell rang as if reached Chris' floor. Chris slipped by Kyle, letting his breasts brush against the other boy's chest. "That's too bad," he said as he exited the elevator. As the doors closed on Kyle's forlorn face, Chris put a finger to his lips and pouted. "I was hoping you were."

Giggling, loving the feeling of being so sexy and alluring and teasing a guy— of course he would be playing hard to get— Chris finally plunged into his apartment, pushing his pants and undies down off his wide, round hips and kicking them off as he ran to his mirror.

There she was again, Ranma. Him. Her. His shirt strained against his chest, but was now long on his much shorter body, hanging down past his hips. He felt a cool draft between his legs, bruising against his mound. He had to see it. Could it be real? Was he actually a girl? Pulling off his shirt, he let it drop to the floor next to his small feet.

His eyes drifted down from his thick, red hair, to his long, delicate neck and slender, rounded shoulders, then further to his full, white breasts, the

hard, pink nipples pointing slightly upward, bobbing with each of his short, panting breaths as he felt his heart racing, his head growing dizzy as if with a fever. He felt a heat growing between his legs, and a moistness and a—need to be filled. *So that's what it feels like*, he thought, fascinated. His eyes drifted further down to his taut belly, impossibly tiny waist and the sudden, dramatic flair of her soft, round hips. Finally, they landed on the triangular patch of crimson hair between his legs, and he could just glimpse the glistening lips of his vagina.

He stepped back so he could take it all in, the entirety of this pale girl, with her big, blue eyes and long, tone legs. “She’s a goddess,” he whispered and then, “I’m a goddess.”

He giggled and covered and put his hands to his cheeks. He turned to the side and his profile was amazing— the thrust of his breasts, the smallness of his waist, and then the round, firm rise of his ass. Omigod, no wonder that guy was going crazy. Turning, he now looked over his shoulder, giggling, giggling. “Is this really me?”

A sudden impulse seized hold of Chris: Pictures! He ran and grabbed his phone and started to take selfies, just snapping and snapping, checking them out and snapping some more, one pose after another... a hand on his hip, tossed sassily to the side... running a hand through his hair, making duck lips... eyes crossed... sticking his tongue out... an arm across his breasts and a surprised look on his face like he’d just been caught naked... when he got tired of standing shots, he jumped onto his bed, his whole body juggling and started shooting sexy shots of him on the bed, hugging a pillow, pouting, cupping a breast... staring at the camera with a come get me look in his eyes...

He got bolder, taking some slutty pictures that made him blush even thinking about someone seeing him like that... but no one would, he promised as he snapped and snapped and snapped...

Rolling onto his back, he started to cycle through the pictures, laughing and amazed because they were all of this really cute girl, and they were all of HIM! He kicked his legs in the air. He'd never been so happy.

Even as he cycled back through the pictures, Chris' mind turned to lingerie, lacy and mysterious and until now so clearly residing in the forbidden world of the feminine. He wanted to know what it felt like to have a bra cupping his breasts, to feel panties tight against his new sex... he craved to know how it felt to wear a baby doll, a body suit, a corset...a body sock, a garter, a bustier...

And he wanted pictures! He wanted pictures of himself all dolled up and sexy and just... Oh! He couldn't wait. He needed it. Now. Wishing he had some girl clothes to wear, he found an old sweatsuit that he could manage in if he rolled up the pant legs and pushed the too long sleeves up to his elbows, and he had a pair of flip flops that, while too big, were better than his now waaaaay oversized shoes. It would do. For now.

Chris checked his wallet, his credit card gleaming. The bill would be insane, and he absolutely could not afford what he was about to do, but he shrugged, his breasts bouncing. "A girl," he told himself as he headed out the door, "has to have her priorities." And for this girl, her priority right now was shopping. She would worry about the bills tomorrow or whatever.

Chris drove to the mall, his heart racing as he made his way to the new lingerie store at the mall, Phantom Unmentionables. He paused at the doorway, looking at a picture in one of the windows— of one of the Phantom Models in a lacy bustier. He looked inside the store, with its romantic

lighting, mannequins arrayed in such pretty lingerie, and then he strode confidently through the door knowing he was a girl now, and a pretty one, and how was it he was so lucky that all his dreams were coming true?

One of the salesgirls saw Chris and did a quick assessment. Seeing this pretty girl was wearing what she assumed was a boyfriend's tracksuit, she figured Chris was probably on the rag. The girl didn't look rich, and her boyfriend didn't have money: The track suit was seriously middle class.

"May I help you?" The girl asked. Her name tag read Anna.

"That bustier? The one in the window? I want it," Chris said as he looked around the store, lovingly caressing the pretty clothes with his eyes.

"That's a very expensive item," the girl said, not wanting to waste her time and have this girl balk when she saw the price.

"I don't care," Chris said with a wave of his little hand. "Also, I want everything."

Anna laughed. "Well, I have to respect a girl who knows what she wants." Her assessment of Chris changed as she thought— commission! "What's your size?" Anna asked.

"Size? Um, regular, I guess?"

The girl laughed.

"Is that not a size?" Chris said, confused by the girl's reaction. "Medium, maybe?"

Poor girl, Anna thought. She must not have a mother. "Let me take your measurements," she said. "It's very important to get the right fit." Moments later, Chris found himself blushing furiously as Anna wrapped her arms around his midsection, her head almost pressing against his breasts as she pulled the tape measure around him. He started giggling uncontrollably.

The other salesgirls, curious having noticed how well-endowed Chris was, watched, as did a few of the young, pretty customers. “Wow!” Anna said when she’d finished measuring Chris. “XD! And only a 20-inch waist!”

“Is that good?” Chris said, batting his eyes, not having a clue what XD meant, other than he was pretty sure it meant “big.”

“It’s amazing. You must drive all the boys crazy.”

“She’s so lucky,” he heard one of the other girls say.

“What great skin.”

“What’s her secret?”

Chris smiled proudly. All these girls thought he was pretty?

But then one sour girl mumbled, “I bet those are implants.”

Chris turned, outraged. “I’ll have you know these are completely and totally real!” He said, then threw his nose in the air.

“Girls can be so catty,” Anna said as she took Chris’ hand and led him to one of the changing room doors. She’d gotten him a bustier in his size and handed it to him. “I’ll get some other things for you while you try that on.”

Chris held up the bustier, wondering how exactly to put it on. It had a zipper on the back, so he wrapped it around his body, turning to see his back in the mirror, thinking, there’s no way I’ll ever be able to zip myself up, but then he reached back and found he was able to do it with ease, the bustier pulling tight against his ribs while lifting his soft breasts and pushing them together.

“I’m so flexible,” Chris marveled, wondering if he could do a split. He remembered that one of the advantages girl Ranma had over boy Ranma was that she was much more flexible and agile, though he was stronger. Chris turned side to side, admiring the way his bust looked, like two scoops

of perfect white, creamy ice cream. Two really generous scoops! He also loved the way the bustier hugged his body, held him. It felt like a dream.

Bras. Panties. Teddies and slips. Chris tried them on in a frenzy, walking out to model them for Anna, who gushed with praise and kept telling him how pretty he looked. Yoga pants that hugged his legs the same way the bras hugged his chest, and— omigod— his ass looked insane in them, as did his incredible thigh gap.

Anna offered him some “practical” things— plain boy shorts and “functional” bras— Chris disdained them. He wanted lace and bows; he wanted pretty and cute!

Dazed, vibrating, flush, he found himself walking through the mall, Phantom Unmentionables shopping bags dangling from his arms. He couldn't even remember how much it had all cost. He didn't care. He couldn't wait to get home and try them all on again and— wait.

There was a one-piece bathing suit in the window of a shop he was passing. Yellow, with the word “Boy” across the chest. “I need it,” Chris said to himself as he plunged into the store, obsessed with the need to SHOP!

When Chris got home, he made room in his dresser drawers, throwing all his boring and stupid tidy whities into a bottom drawer along with the rest of his old boy clothes. He might need them, still, since he could change back and forth, but they were most certainly never going to be a first choice ever again!

And then he lovingly began to remove his new bras and panties and lingerie from the shopping bags, enjoying the feeling of the soft silk, the stiff, lacy cups across the tips of his fingers as he carefully placed them, on by one, into his dresser. They were all so pretty, even just looking at them

made him feel pretty! He would try them all on again, take pictures, but first there was the last item, the one he'd grabbed into the store without even trying it on: the yellow one-piece bathing suit.

He felt the material— soft, stretchy, silky and cool to the touch. He'd so often admired girls in suits like this, wishing he could wear one, and now he could. He stepped into the suit, pulling it up, wiggling his hips side to side, the suit so tight, and he felt that feeling of being hugged, held, as the suit pulled tight against his crotch, his hips. "Oh!" He whispered as he felt the suit cup his new sex, pull tight against his vagina.

Hooking his thumbs under the shoulder straps, he pulled it up and slipped them over his shoulders, the top of the suit now hugging and holding his breasts, his body... he went to the mirror and put his hands to his cheeks, giggling. He looked so cute! He kicked a leg out and put a hand behind his head, smiling, then crossed his arms under his breasts and made a serious face, like he was super annoyed.

He giggled. Even when he tried to look angry, he looked cute. He grabbed his phone and posed some more, thrilled with the way the suit moved with his body, always with that feeling of being held, hugged, caressed... it was so much different than his baggy, male clothes, especially in this body which he was realizing needed and wanted to be held...

Seeing himself looking so pretty, so hot, Chris was overcome with the growing heat between his legs, the aching of his nipples... he stripped down, pausing to bring the bathing suit to his nose and breathe deeply of the smell of his new sex, his body trembling with need.

He climbed onto his bed, eager to explore his new sex. How did girls even do it? He wasn't sure, but he just followed his instincts, let his body

guide him. Chris lay on his front, slipping a pillow under his belly, hips in the air, another pillow under his face. He slipped his hands down his tummy, skin tingling as they slid down further and further. He gingerly let his fingers slide over his smooth, hairless mound, his vulva, his body clenching as he moaned, his fingers on either side of his woman's lips. He paused, scared, enjoying the building tension, and then he slipped his finger into his vagina.

Chris, terrified the neighbors might hear him, pushed his head into his pillow, crying out, "Unh! Unh!" as he slipped his fingers in and out, his whole body growing hot, tense with need and desire...

"Ahhhh!" He screamed as he found his clit— at least he thought it was his clit— the mere brushing of a knuckle sending a tremor of intense pleasure humming through him. The room filled with the smell of female sex— a musky, deep, primal smell that reminded Chris of the jungle. He could no longer think, no longer process as waves of pleasure overwhelmed him, a ball of heat and tension building in his belly... he needed release... he needed...

Chris screamed into his pillow as he orgasmed, his body trembling as the ball of tension in his belly seemed to explode and roll through every inch of his slender, female body.

Chris rolled onto his back, laughing, crying, stunned with joy and pleasure and release thinking, *this is supposed to be a curse?* He remembered the old man's promise: Money back if you aren't satisfied.

Well, Chris thought, cupping his breasts, squeezing them together, *I am more than satisfied!*

And he was, for about 5 minutes as he lay there, reveling in the aftershock, just enjoying the buzz, the feeling of his soft body, the plump

cushion of his butt spreading under him, the feeling of his breasts rushing and falling with each breath... And then the need came back, stronger than even before, and Chris reached down, once again touching himself in that soft, secret place, and squeezing his thighs together against his hand, moaning.... It went on all night, orgasm after orgasm and as an exhausted Chris drifted off to sleep, whispering in his tiny, little girl voice, "A boy could get used to that."

Chris slowly returned to consciousness the next morning, growing gradually aware of the feeling of his blanket rubbing against his nipples with each gentle breath. He sat up and stretched, the golden rays of the morning sun cutting across his room, from his window.

"Ummmm..." he said, running his hands through his hair as memories of his night of pleasure swam through his head. His whole body felt so relaxed. He cupped his breasts again— he still couldn't believe he had breasts, that he was a woman. The heavy, musky smell of female sex still filled their room, clung to him.

Chris decided he needed a bath. Climbing out of bed, he paused to take another glimpse of his slender, white body in the mirror, and with a smile he padded to the bathroom and turned on the water. He only wished he had some bubbles— he made a mental note to get some bubbles— As the tub filled with steaming water, Chris flicked it with his fingertips, admiring his long, slender fingers, his delicate wrist and tiny forearm. He looked down at his petite feet and pink toes. Everything about him was pretty now, cute, feminine, sexy.

His skin tingled as he climbed into the steaming bath, and he sighed with relief, lifting one long leg, watching the water sluice from his calf, and

then he ran his hands over his soft, round legs, admiring how smooth and silky they felt.

Closing his eyes, Chris lay back and sighed. He was a girl now, and it was everything he'd ever dreamed. No. More. His skin was so sensitive, even just soaking in a hot tub was— heaven. As he relaxed in the bath, he replayed the whole thing in his mind— the pervy old man, splashing the water on himself... feeling his body change... being checked out by all those guys as he walked home, that guy, Kyle, begging for his number...

Then, he thought back further, the image of Erin floating up in his memory. This had all started when Erin had broken up with him. It had seemed so bad at the time, but it had turned out to be a blessing. He smirked. *I am waaaaay prettier than her now*, he thought. *I bet she wishes she had breasts like these. I mean, she's cute enough*, he thought as he gave his breasts a quick squeeze, enjoying the feeling of their soft weight in his small hands, *but I'm a goddess*.

Laughing, his pretty little voice echoing around the bathroom, Chris felt an excitement building in him. He was starting out life as a girl, and it felt like his real life was beginning for the first time.

He didn't know what the future held, but he knew it would be good, because his future? It was female.