

# Anything Goes!

Potion of Ranma Arts!



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Chris could not remember a single morning when he'd ever woken up feeling *this* good. Actually, he couldn't remember a single day he'd woken up feeling good at all. His habit had always been to drag out of bed, groaning and wishing that some way, somehow, he could get another hour of sleep. Or two or three.

Today, though, his first day AP— after potion— he snapped awake and sat up, stretching, a big smile on his face as he felt his breasts rise with the motion, his nipples brushing against the soft fabric of his new nightie. Chris loved the feeling of his breasts, the weight, the way they swayed, and he wiggled his shoulders as he giggled and looked at the alarm clock, which read 5:58. He'd actually set it for 6 am, and as he hopped out of bed, he tapped the OFF button then did a little twirl as he padded off to the bathroom, his booty jiggling with every step. He paused to look in the mirror. Yup. There she was staring back at him— the beautiful red-haired girl.

“Hi, me!” He sang out in his pretty voice, making a peace sign.

Pushing down his panties, he lifted his nightie and sat down to tinkle, his knees together, while he thought about his big morning plans- he was going to go for a run!

Let it be known that Chris had never run. He had thought about running. He had even once bought a pair of shoes to go running. He had never gone running. Instead, he'd assessed his tired, aching body and determined that it would be better if he started running – tomorrow.

Today, though, he felt different. He felt vibrant, alive, full of energy. He not only wanted to run, he needed to run. As soon as he was done in the bathroom, Chris wiggled into a pair of leggings, loving the way they hugged his legs, clung to his new sex. It was like they massaged him every time he

moved. Next, he pulled one of his new sports bras on, zipping up the front, feeling his breasts rise and really get smooshed against his ribcage. As big as his boobs were, he would need the support. Chris checked himself out in the mirror, throwing one hip out to the side, planting a little fist on it as tossing his head.

He looked hot as hell. He knew. Everything about him was gorgeous now from his startling curves to his big, bright eyes and radiant skin, his thick red hair. His body was a perfect study in the contrasts and contradictions of the female form— small shoulders, swelling breasts. Narrow waist, wide hips. Flat tummy, plump rear. He could stare at himself all day, but he wouldn't. It was time to run.

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“Wow,” Chris thought as he ran along Campus Drive. “So, this is what morning feels like.” It was, actually, quite— nice. The air was cool and seemed extra fresh, the sun bright and yet soft, and birds chirping their happy songs. “I can't believe I've been skipping this.”

Even with his sports bra and leggings, Chris could feel his body quiver with each step, his booty shaking, breasts bouncing. Even his inner thighs seemed to jiggle as he ran. He found it helped if he kept his arms tight against the sides of his boobs as he ran to keep them a little more in place. Meanwhile, Chris wasn't the only one who noticed how his body jiggled. The men he passed couldn't help but stare, their heads bobbing up and down as they watched Chris boobs bounce, and then snapping around as he passed them to take in that big, juicy behind.

The bolder guy met Chris' eyes and said, “hey” or “gooooood morning” and cars driving by constantly honked. “Morning people are so friendly,”

Chris thought as he smiled and ran, not fully realizing yet the effect he had on men.

A cab driver found Chris so distracting he actually swerved right into a fire hydrant, knocking it over, sending a blast of water spraying into the air. “Omigod,” Chris called. “Are you okay?”

The cabbie smiled blissfully, feeling like this vision of loveliness had been sent by God, himself. He didn’t even care that he'd smashed his cab. It had been worth it. “I am in heaven.”

“Oh, good!” Chris said, giggling and continuing his run.

It wasn’t just men who noticed Chris. The women he passed checked him out, too, as women do, and gave him appreciative glances. This girl, whoever she was, had it all going on. Chris saw a young mother running toward him, pushing a baby in a carriage. As she saw Chris her eyes lit up and she said, “You’re so pretty!”

“Thanks!” Chris said as he ran past her. “You, too!”

Her baby, laying back blissfully in the carriage, saw Chris and smiled and gurgled. Even babies were smitten by the sight of him,

When Chris got home, he stripped out of his running clothes and jumped into a steaming shower. The water felt so good against his smooth, hairless skin. He could swear his skin was more sensitive now. It seemed alive to every touch in a way his male skin just wasn’t. As the steam swirled around him, he lathered up with his new vanilla and coconut body wash, and as he rubbed it across his breasts he sighed and squeezed his legs together. It felt so good. He couldn’t help himself.

He slipped his hands under his breasts and lifted them, running his soapy fingers along the round, underside of the soft weight, then let them

slip up and over the curve and over his nipples, which were growing hard. “Unh.” Even the soft sound of his own moans was sensual, sweet, arousing. Chris was fascinated and amazed by his female body, the sensations, the way it moved. He shifted his attention, sliding his hands down to palm his ass, feeling it ripple as he lifted his ass cheeks, then pulled his hands away, letting it bouncy and jiggle.

He could linger in the shower all day just exploring, playing with his new skin and his fun, bouncy parts, but he had plans, and besides, there would be plenty of time later for— fun. For now, he finished showering, gave his breasts one last big squeeze, and continued with his day.

## Chapter 2

The Mall. Oh. how Chris loved the mall now that he was a girl! Sun pouring in from the glass ceiling, gentle music flowing along the wide, marble floored corridors. The stores! The people! The fashions!

Back before he found the potion and was able to become a girl, Chis had associated the mall mostly with discomfort. He’d walked by the clothing stores, the women’s clothing stores, drooling at the sight of a skirt, or a pretty blouse in the window, aching with the desire to go into the store and try it on, but he couldn’t. It wasn’t his world. He didn’t have the body for it, anyway.

But now? Chis caught his reflection in the mirror— the proud swell of his firm breasts, the swerve at the arch of his back and then the rise of his plump, round booty. He had the body for it. He admired the round shape of his long, strong legs in a pair of black leggings that hugged his thighs and

his new sex. He felt like he belonged here at the mall. As a pretty young woman, this was his space, his world, his universe.

Yesterday, he'd focused on lingerie and, though he'd picked up some leggings at Victoria's Secret, he hadn't even thought much about tops. This morning he'd taken a pair of scissors to his Futaba t-shirt and cut out the collar, so it hung off one slender, round shoulder, showing off a bright, pink bra strap, Flashdance style. Then, he'd cut off the sleeves to let the world see his pretty little arms. It worked. He looked cute.

Of course, he thought, putting his hands behind his head and arching his back, admiring his shape in the mirror, I'd look cute in a burlap bag!

As confident as he felt, his good vibes were only enhanced by the probing eyes of the boys he passed. They gawked at his bust, craned to check out his ass. Chris figured one of the nearby schools must have had a holiday or maybe a teacher planning day.

When Chris looked at the guys, most of them looked away, intimidated by his looks. *They know I'm out of their league*, thrilled and giggling internally, loving it but also kind of feeling for them. One boy, though, the tallest one in the group with sharply defined cheekbones and a full head of brazenly spiked hair, stared right back at him, looking him right in the eyes. The hard, hungry look in his eyes sent a little quiver down Chris' spine, and he stared right back, smiling, raising one slender eyebrow.

"I wonder what school she goes to?" The guy said to his friends.

Chris turned on his heels and sauntered off, putting an extra swing in his hips, amused. He wondered what the guy would think if he knew Chris was a college girl? *It would probably just make him want me even more*, Chris thought, excited by the idea that this guy wanted him, needed him. It made him feel so powerful.

He wasn't surprised the guy thought he was in high school. He had a woman's body, but a teen-girl face. He looked young— from the neck up.

Chris moved on, gazing longingly at all the pretty clothes and shoes displayed in the store windows. He would, he had no doubt, come back to visit these stores later, but, first, he had come here on a mission and to fulfill a life-long dream. There was one store, one store to rule them all, and Chris had wanted to shop there since— forever. Other people might dream of riding a gondola down the canals of Venice, climbing Mount Everest or taking the Lord of the Rings tour in New Zealand.

Chris did not long to visit those places. Well, maybe Venice and New Zealand looked amazing, but more than any place in the world he longed to explore the crowded clothes racks of— yes. Here he was. Chris stared up at the sign above the door, the distinctive block lettering. He'd arrived: Hot Topic. All his life, he'd wanted to shop here.

His mouth dropped open as he gazed at the sign in the story window: BOGO. It was time to shop.

Chris stepped across the threshold, a blast of cool air greeting him as he dove in, fluttering from rack to rack, plucking at this and that— skirts, blouses, dresses, rompers, sweaters... he wanted them all! The salesgirls greeted him with smiles. There were some skinny, teen girls in the store, and he caught them checking him out, admiring his full, womanly figure, wishing they had a body like him.

*Guys want me and girls want to be me*, Chris realized as he plucked a pair of checkered shorts from the rack. Yes, he thought, draping them over his arm as he continued to shop. *I need to try this*. The distressed Wanda Maximoff t-top? Yes. Sailor Moon halter top? *Of course*. Soon, his arms were straining to hold all the outfits he wanted to try on.

“She’s got the fever,” Hailey, one of the salesgirls said to her associate, Winnie. They’d seen it before, a girl in the grip of shopper mania. Chris showed all the signs— blushing cheeks, pupils as big as saucers, a crazed smile plastered permanently on his lips. They were good at assessing customers, and they’d both already decided Chris was a buyer and not just a looker.

Chris twirled and dresses and skirts swirled for the next hour as Chris tried on outfit after outfit, sashaying out from the dressing curtain like a model on a catwalk. It’s been stated; everything looked great on him, so it was a matter of separating what looked great from the *I can’t live without these fashions*.

A couple of the teen-age girls lingered, amazed at this beautiful girl, especially how she moved, smiled. Finally, when Chris came out in a flirty little skater dress, they couldn’t resist. “Can we take a picture with you?” They asked.

“Of course,” Chris said, giggling as they all put their arms around each other and the clerk from the store snapped their pictures.

When Chris finally felt like he had enough clothes, not that any girl can ever really have enough clothes, he faced what seemed like an impossible task. “How can I carry all that?” Chris said in a breathy voice, putting his hand to his chest as he looked over the rows of bags.

“We can have it delivered to your apartment,” the girl said. “If you prefer?”

“Oh, that would be so sweet of you,” Chris said, relieved. Chris had planned to do a little more shopping. He had found an adorable pair of Mary Jane’s at HT, and there were a few more he might go back for, but he needed shoes, and he just couldn’t make up his mind without trying on a



few dozen pairs everywhere else. Plus, he had no jewelry to speak of. There was so much to do. Chris' plans became derailed, however, when he saw his former girlfriend, Erin, walking in the mall holding hands with some tall, hunky chunk of man.

*Erin.* He slit his eyes. Okay, yes, he'd decided that her breaking up with him was a good thing since it had led him to the magic shop and the potion, but he resented her anyway. And, yes, as he looked her over, he reaffirmed his belief that he was now far prettier than her with better skin, glossier hair, better boobs— everything.

Maybe he had no reason to hate her, but he didn't care. I hate her! He thought to himself, clenching his fists. *I hate, hate, hate, hate, hate her!* Which is when he realized she and her guy were heading towards the Starbucks kiosk down the hall. Chris smiled to himself and tossed his hair. It was time for some payback.

Chris quickened his step until he managed to get slightly ahead of the oblivious couple. He pulled out his phone and pretended to be distracted. Then, he matched their speed and chose an angle to make sure they arrived at the entrance to the line at exactly the same time, so that they almost bumped into each other, all three of them stopping suddenly to avoid a collision. Chris looked up from his phone acting all surprised, eyes wide, mouth slightly open. "Omigod," he said, making his voice higher and breathier. "I'm so sorry." He hooked a strand of hair behind his ear and tilted his head slightly to the side.

The guy smiled at Chris and let his eyes roam over Chris's face and body. It was clear he liked what he saw.

Erin slit her eyes and frowned.

"You can go ahead," the guy said.

“Really?” Chris said in that same, breathy voice.

“Yeah, no problem.”

“You’re such a gentleman,” Chris said, then graced the boy with a big smile and a giggle as he pranced in front of he and Erin, putting an extra swing to his hips. The guy was cute, with a square jaw, dimples and the most amazing green eyes. Erin had done well for herself.

Shelves smothered in mugs and bags of coffee stood along the velvet ropes that led to the registers. Chris plucked at a long strand of his hair and bent forward at the waist as he pretended to look over the mugs, giving the guy a very choice view of his ass. His skintight leggings left nothing to the imagination, and glancing out of the corner of his eyes, Chris caught the guy checking him out.

“Unh!” Erin huffed. She was clearly annoyed at his flirty behavior and the effect it was having on her guy, and Chris was loving it.

Chris gave his ass a little wiggle. “There are so many cute things here,” he said, as if to himself. He picked up two of the mugs at random, then turned to face Erin and her boyfriend. Throwing his shoulders back and his chest out, he held the mugs to either side of his breasts and gave his shoulders a little shake, causing his boobs to jiggle. “Which one do you think is cuter?”

The guy’s mouth dropped open. “Unh... um... well...” he said as his eyes darted back and forth between Chris’ perfect breasts. “I... uh...”

Erin stared up at him, her fury growing. It was obvious she couldn’t believe he was checking out this other girl while she stood right there.

“Next,” the barista called.

Chris put the mugs back on the shelf, once more bending at the waist, sticking his ass out. "I just can't decide," he said, then turned and walked up to the register, once more letting his hips sway.

"Jerk!" Erin finally said as she hit her boyfriend on the arm.

Chris couldn't help but giggle. He went to the register and stood, legs spread, put both hands on the counter. He arched his back, once more tilting his hips to thrust his ass out like a gilded invitation. Erin's boyfriend groaned, and he heard Erin give him another slap. Meanwhile, the guy at the register looked like a cartoon, his eyes bulging out of his head as he stood there, shocked by this sex bomb of a beauty. He was young, fighting a losing battle against the army of pimples marching across his face. "Can I help you?" He said, voice cracking.

Chris decided to give the boy a memory and put one finger in his mouth and then dragged it across his plump, bottom lip, coating it in glossy saliva. "I'm sure you can," he said, giving the boy a wink. "I'd like a vanilla Frappuccino, please," he said, "extra *frothy*." As he finished making his order, he bent one leg at the knee until his heel touched his ass.

Erin's boyfriend groaned again.

"You take your eyes off her ass right now," Erin hissed. "Or I'm leaving!"

"Sorry, babe, sorry," the guy said. Chris could see him out of the corner of his eye, and he giggled again as he saw the guy actually had to turn his back to Chris to stop himself from gawking.

Chris glanced over his shoulder and met Erin's scalding stare. He smiled and shrugged, gave her a wink. Erin clenched her fists and slit her eyes. Chris turned away, laughing. *I win*, he thought with a toss of his hair. *Ha ha!*

A few hours later after trying on so many pretty shoes and making a start on both his shoe and jewelry collection, Chris left the mall thinking,

“I’m going to need a bigger apartment.” He had one more errand to run before heading home. There was something he needed to satisfy his curiosity. Something he needed very, very badly.

Simply walking down the sidewalk once more served as an affirmation. The whole world had become a mirror constantly confirming his beauty. Guys looking. Girls looking. The funny thing was, Chris hadn’t really even had the supplies to get really cute yet!

“Excuse me,” a man said, stepping in front of Chris. “I never do this, but you are so stunning I just had to talk to you. I would love to get your number. My name’s Gerrard.” He had his phone in his hand. Chris giggled and looked up to check the guy out. Tall. Good hair. Stubble. He wore a suit and Chris caught a glimpse of a gold Rolex on his wrist. Money.

“Sure,” Chris said with a flirty giggle, tapping his number into the guy’s phone. “Don’t wait two days to call me, though. I don’t like to be kept waiting.”

It was another gorgeous day in the city, a brisk, cool breeze tossed Chris’ long hair. He found himself on Cobbler’s Row, a twisty, winding road in one of the oldest parts of the city known for its collection of mysterious and alluring sex shops.

The window shopping here was a bit different from at the mall. Lots of leather and spikes. But that was not what Chris had come for. Chris walked along the shadowy sidewalks, face lit by the glowing neon signs in all the windows, eyes sparkling as he tried to decide which store to try. He’d know it when he saw it, and— yes. There it was. The sign was neon, blue and pink, and it was in Japanese: 工口

The translation in English was Erotic, and in the window was a flatscreen with the image of a pink and white cartoon bunny getting it doggy style. Chris' hand went to his throat, and he headed into the shop. Unlike the typical door chime, in this store as he entered he heard a recording of a woman moan.

Chris' eyes were drawn immediately to the dildos. There was a long glass shelf full of them, and on top of the shelf a bunch of what looked like rubber penises in all different colors and sizes stood at attention, thrusting into the air.

Jessica, the clerk, looked up from her sketch pad, where she's been working on character designs for a new Hentai she was working on. *Well, hello,* she thought, drinking in this fine ass girl who'd come into her store. The girl, long red hair, excellent tits, and strong legs, had gone right to the dildos, and she was covering her mouth, blushing as she looked them over, a slightly intimidated look on her pretty face as she examined a particularly huge cock, marketed as the The Hammer. She was obviously not familiar with the merchandise. Could she be a virgin?

Jessica felt herself getting a little hot and thirsty, moist down below. There was something about this girl. It wasn't just how hot she was or that alluringly innocent vibe, but the way she moved. A certain something. Jessica's gaydar pinged. Loud. She was sure this girl was into girls, though the red-haired beauty might not know it.

Yet.

Jessica was the kind of girl who knew what she wanted and went after what she wanted, and she wanted Chris.

Chris stared in fascination at the dildos. He reached out and just gave one of them a little push with the tip of his index finger, giggling as it

wobbled back and forth and then popped back into a stiff, upright position. He was so fascinated with the sight of these dildos, with their thick veins and plump ball sacks, he didn't even sense the girl approaching until he felt a soft hand on his arm. "See anything you like?" A slightly hoarse, sexy voice asked.

"Oh, I—" The words froze in Chris' mouth as he turned to look at the girl. Pale white skin, almost like a vampire. Jet black hair shaved on the left, a tall, thick wave tumbling over the right, tipped with lime green dye. Her big, green eyes sparkled. A gold loop in her plump red lips glittered. Chris' heart skipped a beat. "You—?"

Jessica smiled and raised an eyebrow, letting her eyes play across Chris's lovely face, enjoying how she rattled this girl, thinking, *I knew it*. Chris kept looking. The girl wore a black, steampunk corset with buckles and straps that lifted what to his eyes looked like a perfect pair of milky breasts, while showing off her small, round shoulders and lithe arms. Skull earrings shone in the lobes of her cute little ears.

"My name's Jessica," the girl said, stepping in so their bodies almost touched. "And you are?"

*In love*, Chris thought, and then he whispered, "Chris" while hooking his hair behind his ear.

"This is your first time, isn't it, *Chris*?" Jessica said.

"First time?" Chris said, eyes wide, confused.

*Oh, my God*, Jessica thought, feeling her lady boner stiffening. She's so naive! It turned her on so much to think of taking this young girl, teaching her, introducing her to a world of pleasure she could not yet even imagine. "Shopping for sex toys."

“Oh.” Chris did a little knee bend. “Yeah? Sorry?” Part of him wanted to ask Jessica out, be like the guy who hit on him on the street and just ask for her number, he had to get to know her. He had to. Another part of him, though, felt much more interested in waiting for her to make the first move. He could see she was into him, and he had already discovered the thrill of being pursued.

Jessica picked up a striped, red and white dildo and held it in front of her, pointing it at Chris and lifting it, as if it were her own phallus. “This one might be good for you, for your first time,” she said. “Not too big, not too small.” She gripped the tip of the phallus and squeezed, the muscles on her hand and wrist flexing, the sight making Chris weak in the knees.

Chris reached a finger toward the tip of the dildo, hand trembling slightly. “Go head,” Jessica said, “touch it.” *She’s so cute.*

Chris touched the dildo with the tip of his finger, immediately pulling his hand back with a giggle. It felt rubbery. “You think this one would be good?”

“I said it might be good— for your first time.” Jessica smiled. “But if you really want to get off?” She opened the glass case and took out a long, sleek glistening white dildo with a slight curve. It didn’t have any veins of anything, but was all smooth, hard plastic. “The On’nanoko Tengoku. It means—”

“Girl heaven,” Chris said.

“You know Japanese?” Jessica said, impressed. Chris only got more fascinating the more she got to know her.

“I do,” Chris said, pleased he’d impressed Jessica.

“This pretty thing is well named,” Jessica said. “It will take you to heaven.” She flipped a switch, and the dildo began to vibrate.

“I’ll take it,” Chris said, voice hoarse.

Jessica put her hand on the small of Chris's back and guided him to the register. "You won't be disappointed."

Chris paid, fiddling with his hair while Jessica rang up the purchase, then put it into a discreet, black bag. He started to worry. Had he gotten the signals wrong? Wasn't she going to ask him for his number?

"Thanks for your business," Jessica said, tilting her head to the side. She loved being a tease.

"Okay," Chris said, crestfallen. "Well, I guess that's it?"

"No. We're not done," Jessica said.

"Oh?" Chris said, looking back over his shoulder.

"Nope. Here's what's going to happen. You're going to give me your number. I'm going to call, and then you're going to make yourself really pretty for me, and I'm going to take you out and show you a very good time."

Chris giggled and put a hand to his cheek. "You're very confident."

"Yes, I am."

Chris had already been feeling horny, and the breathy meeting with Jessica had driven him into a frenzy. He hurried home, immediately stripped out of his t-shirt, pushed his leggings and chrome panties down, kicking them off his feet, and then climbed onto his bed, clutching Girl Heaven, heart fluttering. He propped himself up against the headboard and a pile of pillows, and then he spread his knees.

Closing his eyes, he pictured Jessica naked, that pale skin, their bodies entwined, they kissed, pressing soft lips together, their thighs, their breasts...

As the scene played out in Chris' mind, he ran the dildo along the soft flesh of his inner thigh, quivering with pleasure as the tip dimpled his skin.



He used the tip to trace the outer lips of his smooth, hairless vagina, felt something inside him clench as he spread his knees further apart. Dildo gripped firmly in his left hand, he cupped his breast with his right and squeezed while slipping the tip of Girl Heaven between his wet vaginal lips.

“Oh!” Chris’ eyes popped open as a surge of pleasure shot through his body, curling his toes. He pulled Girl Heaven out, shocked and even a little scared at how good it felt, but his body had needs that couldn’t be denied, and taking a deep breath he began to tease his nipple with his thumb, his hair falling across his face as he once more gently slipped Girl Heaven inside him, this time deeper... Oh!” and then deeper... Oh! Oh!” and then Chris answered an instinct that rose from deep inside him and began to slide Girl Heaven in and back, in and back... “Oh, shit! Oh, shit!”

Chris’ nipples were hard as diamonds, and with each thrust of Girl Heaven he pushed his hip forward... deeper... he wanted her deeper inside him...

In his mind he imagined Jessica slipping her fingers into him, kissing him on the neck, the breasts... the tension in Chris’ body built and built, sparks into embers into fire and a blazing inferno... “Unh! Unh!” Chris panted. He was so close. He needed to cum so badly.

He flipped the switch with his thumb as he pushed Girl Heaven deeper inside him. It began to throb, sending little tremors that shook him, and he cried out, “Yes! Yes! YES!” as he felt it happen, that delicious supernova of ecstatic euphoria that burst from his belly and flared out to every single cell in his soft body... an orgasm, better than all the rest...

Chris threw his head back and collapsed, laying there, legs spread, throbbing with satisfaction as he put his hand to his smooth cheek and now whispered, “heaven.”

When he'd finally recovered, Chris floated on a cloud to the bathroom and began to fill the tub with steaming water. He glanced at his finger to make sure he wore his ring. He didn't want to turn back into a boy. Not now. Maybe not ever. He was a girl, he realized. He'd always been a girl. He poured some of the bubble bath he'd bought into the water, and as the tub filled with crystalline bubbles and the smell of coconut and vanilla filled the bathroom, Chris went and got himself a glass of wine.

He lay back in the bath, a smile playing across his lips as he soaked, sipping his wine, thinking back on his session with Girl Heaven, giggling. Setting his wine aside, he lifted one long, smooth leg and ran his soapy fingers along the soft flesh, the bubbles running along his skin, tickling. It was divine, being a girl. Delight. Delicious.

He lay back, resting his head against the back of the tub, twisting a strand of hair around his finger as he thought of Jessica, and what it would be like to make love with her, the two of them so beautiful, so soft, so pretty.