

Inheritance



Cooper & Kadee

Story concept and commission by

Anonymous

Special thanks to my amazing patron who commissioned this story. It is always fun for me to work on commissions! I would also like to thank them for generously offering to share this story with others.

Enjoy!

Chris closed his eyes and let the hum of the servers wash over him. It was a low-level hum, the sound of flowing information, and he could feel it in every cell of his body. He smiled as the gentle cybernetic vibrations flowed through and around him, drawing out the tension of the day, the exhaustion from his tired bones—

Wait. He opened his eyes, craning, turning his head to the side, craning his neck toward the sound he'd heard, the sound he should not have heard. Yes. There it was again. Like an off-beat drummer throwing off the whole symphony. He got up, went to the keyboard and began clacking away, running his eyes over the lines and lines of code, like a speed reader and then- "Gotcha!" He shouted triumphantly as he spotted an error in the code.

"Well, well, good thing Dr. Chris is here." He sliced the flawed code from the rest of the programming, removing it like a surgeon cutting out a cancer, and then he started typing, fixing the code, and the server room returned to the perfect, flawless humming from before. Chris would love to have stayed and listened some more, but he had a big test and needed to get to campus.

"He's good," Yohan Blithe said as he and the Giovannis watched the whole thing over the CCTV. "Maybe 1 in 1000 could identify that mistake so quickly and none that young. How old did you say he was?"

"Early," Mr. Giovanni said, exchanging a pleased glance with his wife. "He's working on his PHD at the university."

"Well, he should probably be teaching classes, not taking them." Blithe packed up his own laptop and extended his hand. "The kid's a legit genius. My work is done."

The Giovannis shook hands with Blithe and sent him on his way. "He could be the one we've been looking for," Mr. Giovanni said.

“He is,” his wife said. “I can feel it. His aura is gold; he is a good soul.”
“I’m not sure. Maybe we should leave it to one of our kids.”

Just then, the door to their office slammed open. “I tried to stop her,” Jenny North, the administrative assistant said as Ashley, the Giovanni’s daughter, stormed into the room.

“Why has my credit card been cut off, motherness?” Ashley said, holding the card out in her trembling hand. “Do you know how embarrassing that is for me?”

Hey younger sister, Jennifer, who’d stormed in behind her, now stood, arms crossed, nodding. “It’s so embarrassing.”

“We didn’t cut you off,” Mr. Giovanni, used to his daughter’s tantrums, said calmly. “But I will if you disrespect your mother.”

Ashly’s face became a mask of rage lines as she restrained herself. “Then how do you explain the fact I was declined when I tried to buy a new pair of Getchy Shoes? The whole store was laughing at me!”

“The whole store,” Jennifer repeated, nodding furiously.

“Let’s find out,” Mr. Giovanni said. A few moments later, he had a rep from the credit card company on speaker phone. “We saw some suspicious activity,” the rep explained. “At the same time, it was being used at the mall, it was also being used to buy painkillers from a Russian drug company.”

Mr. Giovanni looked at Ashley and raised an eyebrow.

“That must have been Kevin,” she said. “I might have given him the number, but he told me it was to buy me a present.”

Mr. Giovanni straightened it all out, and before she left Ashley gave him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. “Oh. I’m totally reading so many business books on, like, how to do business and stuff. I am so ready to take over the company whenever you want to retire.”

“We’ll talk about it,” Mr. Giovanni said, sending his daughters off.

“You were saying something about leaving it to one of your daughters?” Mrs. Giovanni said.

“Yeah, let’s forget I said that. You’re sure about Chris?”

“Not only am I sure he’ll take care of the company, but he’ll also take care of our daughters after we’re gone. He’s that good of a person.”

The two of them walked over to the window behind Mr. Giovanni’s desk and slipped their arms around each other’s waists. Outside, the campus of Giovanni Enterprises stretched before them: glass buildings nestled amid forested walking trails. “Let’s do it tonight,” Mr. Giovanni said.

“Let’s.”

Chapter 2

Chris slept on his stomach, snoring. He had a typical single tech-guy type of apartment, a little messy, plain, clothes strewn on the floor, an open pizza box with a couple slices of cold pizza scattered on the greasy cardboard. As he slept, the room around him began to shimmer and glow. The pizza box and cast-off clothes vanished. The walls went from brick to a soft, coral color, while his bed seemed to stretch and expand from functional to a cushiony queen-sized bed, the sheets shifting from cotton to silvery satin. The room grew bigger, the furniture shifting, changing from plain and functional cute and pretty.

The short, short, brown hair on Chris' head turned golden wheat, and then grew, pouring down over his shoulders and spreading out around his head. His body began to shift and change, and he found it hard to breath. Still asleep, he groaned and rolled onto his side, full, firm breasts blossoming on his chest as his waist slendered and his hip rounded, thrusting into the air.

As the light of the rising sun began to cut through the diaphanous curtains covering his windows, Chris slowly woke, wishing he could sleep for another 10 minutes, or an hour. He moaned, his eyes fluttering open at the soft, high-pitched sound of his voice. "What the hell?" He said, reaching one hand to his throat, shocked at the way his voice sounded: buzzy, high-pitched. He sounded like a girl.

As he'd reached toward his throat, his arm had brushed against something soft, and he'd felt his chest jiggle. He sat up, confused, hair falling across his eyes, getting in his mouth, and he felt a weight on his chest, and his nipples felt like they were floating a foot away from his ribs. He pulled his now long hair away from his face and found himself staring down at a pair of large, firm breasts that hung from his chest.

"I must be dreaming," he whispered in his new voice as he reached up and cupped his breasts, lifting them, giving them a slight squeeze. They felt real, he felt himself feeling them and— his hands? He let go of his breasts, felt them bounce slightly, and then looked at his dainty, white hands, glittering nail polish on his long, oval nails.

He shook his head, his long hair fluttering around his face, tickling his bare shoulders. "This can't be real," he thought as he looked past his breasts at his soft, round legs. He felt like he was sitting on a pillow, but when he shifted his weight to the side, he realized it was not a pillow he was feeling, but a pillowy ass.

"Am I a girl?" He said out loud, refusing to believe what he was seeing and feeling. "I can't be a girl."

His room. Still reeling from the shock of his changed body, he became aware that this was not his room. It was pretty, feminine, luxurious, huge, and his eyes were drawn to a full-length mirror. He rolled out of bed and his whole body seemed to jiggle from his breasts to his ass and even his legs. He padded across the room, breasts swaying, and went right to the mirror, desperately needing to see.

He gasped, one hand going to his cheek. A girl looked back at him, a gorgeous girl. She was pretty with big, doe eyes and plump lips, a tiny, upturned nose and a dusting of freckles that made her look both innocent and sexy at the same time. Her pretty eyes were wide with shock, slender brows raised in confusion, her mouth hanging slightly open. Chris let his eyes drift down from her face to her long, slender neck, soft, narrow shoulders and then the sudden rise of her full breasts, her plump nipples. He turned slightly, thrusting one hip out to the side, and his breasts swayed, sending chills of pleasure and excitement through this strange, new body.

Chris eyes dropped further, drinking in his tiny waist, the dramatic flair of his soft, round hips and then falling to the tiny triangle of a pair of blue green panties that hugged the soft mound between his legs. Oh, shit, Chris thought, looking at his new sex. I really am a girl.

He had long, plump legs— and his whole body was hairless, smooth, his creamy skin glowing.

He turned to the side and looked at his profile, so classically female with his breasts thrusting out, a plump, wide ass rising dramatically from the curve at the base of his spine. “I’m gorgeous,” he whispered, turning, getting a look at that ass, the dental floss from his panties sinking between his plump, jiggly ass cheeks.

He couldn’t take his eyes off himself, stunned by his own beauty. “I’m a ten,” he whispered. “An 11.”

Chris felt his cheeks growing hot as he continued to inspect his new body, his new shape. His nipples grew erect, standing proudly from his bouncy breasts, and he felt himself getting wet, hot, a completely different sensation from anything he'd known as a guy, but he knew what was happening. He was getting turned on by the sight of himself, only turned on as a woman.

Knock. Knock. "Good morning," he heard a voice call, and then one of the doors to his room began to open.

Chris squeaked and threw a slender arm across his chest, using his other hand to cover his sex. "Um. no. I'm not decent," he called, blushing.

The door continued to open, and a pair of women dressed as maids entered the room smiling. Chris screamed and backed away. "Go away!" He said, backing away, feeling shy, self-conscious, ashamed of being female, having these women see him as a beautiful girl. "I'm— I'm not dressed!"

The maids looked at him strangely. "It would be a surprise if you were dressed. We're here to help you get dressed, get ready just like every day."

"What?" Chris said, confused. "Who are you?" He asked. "Where is this? What happened to me?"

The two maids just chuckled and continued to close in on Chris.

"Someone's still half asleep," one of them said. "Let's get you in the shower and that'll wake you up." The maid took Chris' arm and began to lead him toward one of the other doors. It was open. He could see a luxurious bathroom beyond that was bigger than his old apartment. Chris held back for a moment, and the maid just laughed. "Madison!" She said. "What has gotten into you?"

“Madison?” As soon as he heard the name, it fixed itself in his mind. Madison. Yes. That was his name now. He knew that somehow. He was Madison. He also remembered, now, the names of the maids: Winnie and Elinda.

Chris found himself in the shower, steam roiling all around him as the hot water sprayed gently over his smooth flesh. The maids had helped him put his hair up under a cap to keep it from getting wet. As much as seeing his naked, gorgeous body in the mirror had shaken Chris, taking a shower in that body was now almost enough to drive him insane.

It was like a scene from a porno movie, and he was the actress. He squirted some pearly, rose scented soap into a loofa and squeezed it, soap rising into pearly foam, and then he began to rub it across his chest and then down between and then over the swell of his breasts, the suds dripping from his rock-hard nipples. “Mmmmm,” Chris hummed. His breasts were so sensitive, and the thrill of pleasure he felt as he gently rubbed the sponge across his nipples made him weak in the knees. He dragged the sponge along his taut belly, then slid it down, down down until he felt it pressing against his vulva, the lips of his vagina. He cried out in ecstasy, then immediately clamped his mouth shut, terrified the maids would hear him. He pressed the sponge a little harder between his legs.

Now, he did get weak in the knees as he looked down and watched the soapy suds washing down his long legs, felt something inside him clench and he leaned against the marble shower wall, sighing, stunned and confused, his mind struggling to process what he was feeling, experiencing, doing.

He wanted to continue to explore, to feel more of these forbidden, feminine pleasures, but he was afraid of the sounds he might make, how far it might go. The maids were just outside the door, waiting for him. He rinsed off, trying to calm himself, but it was almost impossible. Even the slightest movement, and his breasts swayed, bounded, jiggled, sending tremors of pleasure through his body, keeping him horny, his mind rattled.

He managed, toweling off, then pulling on a short, silk robe. He took a deep breath, trying to calm his rapidly beating heart. Then, adopting as bland an expression as he could, he walked tentatively out of the bathroom, feeling like a nervous fawn. The maids smirked, just briefly, when they saw him, but then hid their amusement behind professionally detached expressions. "Let's get you dressed. You don't want to be late for Sunday breakfast."

Did they know what he'd been up to, Chris wondered. He felt guilty, like he'd done something wrong, dirty. But, how could they? No, he thought. He was just being paranoid, but even as that comforting thought passed through his mind, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. His cheeks were red, he was blushing even to the tip of his little nose. He looked exactly like a horny little female.

Chapter 3

The maids led him into a huge, walk-in closet that was more like a boutique than a closet, right down to the soft, flattering lighting. He ran his fingers across a row of dresses, plucked at a diaphanous blouse as he took in the rows of heels, purses. Labels jumped out at him: Dolce and Gabbana, Dior, Hermes. The clothes were all so beautiful. "What do you feel like wearing today?" Winnie asked.

"Oh," Chris said, overwhelmed by the thought of trying to pick anything out from among all these fancy, women's clothes. "I'm fine with jeans and a t-shirt."

The maids laughed. "You're so funny. Like you'd be caught dead dressed like that in public," Winnie said.

"The paparazzi would go crazy," Elinda said. "Can you imagine the gossip?"

Chris really didn't know what to say to all that. Paparazzi? Was he famous or something? "Why don't you pick out something for me?" He asked.

"Ooooh!" Winnie and Elinda said, obviously excited. They could never afford to wear the couture clothes Madison took for granted, but the next best thing was playing dress up with her.

Chris would soon regret his decision to let them choose his outfit as he found himself wearing a black dress with a low-cut neckline that showed off an abundance of cleavage, the skirt fluttering around his knees. As he looked in the mirror, though, he couldn't help but admire just how damn good he looked in that dress. He did a little twirl, watching the way the flowing skirt swirled around his legs. He felt bubbly, cute, feminine and definitely vulnerable. He'd never worn a dress before, and he wasn't sure if he could really pull it off.

Well, might as well go for it, he decided. "What next?' He asked.

"Makeup," Melinda and Elinda answered in unison. Chris found himself sitting with his legs crossed, his hands in his lap while the girls painted his face. They'd put a cloth around his neck to make sure none of the cosmetics got on his dress. It made him feel like a movie star, sitting there while the girls painted his lips, did his eyes. They used a soft, camel hair brush to powder his cheeks and nose, then removed the cloth and dusted his breasts, sending tremors of pleasure through his body. When he looked in the mirror, he couldn't help but smile. If he'd been pretty before, now he was gorgeous, glamorous, looking like a cover girl.

As a guy, he'd pretty much just thrown on a pair of jeans and tshirt, run a hand through his hair. This was so much more time consuming, and yet, he already felt, worth it. "Do we do this every day?" He asked, turning his head slightly to the side, trying out a different smile.

The maids just laughed.

Click. Click. Click. Chris cringed self-consciously as he minced along, perched on his pumps, arms out to his sides as he tried to stay in balance. In addition to this being his first time in heels— at least the heels weren't too high— walking in his new body, with his wide hips, plump rear and the weight of his full breasts was an adventure. His long hair frequently got into his face, fell across his eyes. He was learning it helped to keep his chin up, but he still had to frequently toss his hair back or brush it back with a slender hand.

The Maids had instructed him to go to breakfast, and he'd ventured nervously from the room he'd found himself in, feeling like he was a burglar sneaking through someone's house, or rather, mansion. Having no idea where "breakfast" was happening, he just followed the smell of fresh brewed coffee, making his way through huge, marble floored rooms.

Finally, he found the breakfast "nook:" an opulent room flooded with morning light, a huge crystal chandelier hanging above a round table laid out with China and silverware. There were two girls sitting at the table who'd been leaning together talking. As soon as Chris walked in, they looked up and smiled, but the smiles did not rise to their eyes, which were hard and hating.

Chris recognized them: Jennifer and Ashley, the daughters of his boss, Mr. Giovanni. They'd been hanging around the company lately and had been in Giovanni's office one day when he'd been there checking on the computer system. Neither one had even looked at him, and he'd felt like they'd consider him a peasant. They were looking at him now.

"Morning, sis," Jennifer said.

Sis? Chris thought, trying to act like everything was normal as he made his way into the room and took a seat at the table. "Good morning," he said, and as he sat, his mind swam with new knowledge, just as it had earlier

when he'd "remembered" the names of his maids. He was Madison, little sister of Jennifer and Ashley, and daughter of the Giovannis.

The Giovanni's daughter? Chris frowned. It couldn't be possible, could it? None of this seemed possible. "What would you like this morning?" A man in a suit asked, startling Chris out of his reverie.

"What would I like?"

"For breakfast."

"Oh!" Chris said, surprised and amazed. Did these people actually just order breakfast each morning, like their house was a restaurant? How rich were they? "How about a bowl of Count Chocula and a glass of orange juice?"

"Of course," the man said, turning and departing.

"Count Chocula?" Jennifer sneered. "How can you eat that when you're already fat?"

Chris looked at her. She was skinny, like unhealthy skinny. Having not been raised as a girl, the attempted insult didn't land the way it might for a girl. "I like Count Chocula," he said. "So what?"

"All that sugar is why your skin looks so gross," Ashley sneered.

"My skin looks gross?" Chris said, shaking his head. What in the world were these crazy girls talking about? He'd seen himself, and as pretty as Jennifer and Ashley were, he knew this new body he'd found himself in was hotter. "Oh, no." Are these girls jealous? Chris wondered, then he smiled as he realized, these girls are jealous. It was weird and kind of fun, he realized, to have other girls jealous of him, especially ones who'd ignored him back when he was a guy. Yet, he wondered if there were some way he could be friends with them. He liked the idea of having sister/besties.

Ashley and Jennifer probably would have unleashed more snark, but just then—

“And how are my beautiful daughters this morning?” Mr. Giovanni called out as he and his wife walked in and took their seats. “It’s a good day for the race!” He said, as he did every morning.

“Which race?” Jennifer and Ashley said, as they did every morning.

“The human race,” Mrs. Giovanni said.

As they ate breakfast, there was the usual chitchat. Chris didn’t say much, but just munched on his cereal, trying hard just to keep his hair out of his mouth. Toward the end of breakfast, Mr. Giovanni grew serious. “Now, time for the surprise. I texted you all the address. We’re meeting in one hour. Don’t be late, and that does mean you, Madison.”

It was the first time Mr. Giovanni had directly addressed Chris, and he felt that feeling again, like he was an imposter or some kind of sneak. He’d always liked the Giovannis, and he wondered if he should, he didn’t know, tell them who he really was? It seemed almost wrong to be here in their house, having them think he was their daughter.

He didn’t have time to make much of a decision, as everyone got up and headed off in different directions. Chris decided he would just have to play along for now. Maybe this was all just some kind of dream? He got up, smoothing the skirt of his dress, and looked around uncertainly, not sure what to do, how he was supposed to get to whatever address had been mentioned. The man who’d brought him his breakfast, his name was Carlyle, Chris remembered now, appeared.

“Which car will you be taking today?” He asked.

“Which car?” Chris asked, not understanding.

“May I recommend the Allegro?” The man said. “It’s a beautiful day for a ride in your convertible.”

Chris giggled. An Allegro? Convertible? This was a sweet dream. “That would be fine,” he said. “Thank you, Carlyle.”

“I’ll have it brought around.”

Chris soon found himself with a purse slung over his shoulder, stepping carefully out the front door and into the sun. The whole thing struck him as surreal, impossible. Here he was, a young woman, wearing a dress, clicking around in his heels and there was the most amazing car he’d ever seen— a cherry red convertible Allegro, exactly the car he’d fantasized about owning someday if he ever won the lottery.



Hardly believing this was his, even in what he was sure must be a dream, he clicked the start button on his key fob, and the lights flashed, the engine rumbled to life. Oh, man, I am going to have some fun with this!

Chris drove into town, the wind tossing his long hair. As he drove down the street, he noticed everyone was looking at him. Some people even grabbed their phones and snapped pictures. He smiled, pretending not to notice, but it was so strange and fun to get all this attention.

“Hey, gorgeous!” A guy walking along the sidewalk called out. Chris grinned and waved, and the guy looked like he’d just won the lottery. Once again, Chris found himself giggling. Was this what life was like for a pretty girl? A rich pretty girl?

If so, he decided, it didn’t suck.

Chris pulled into the parking lot in front of the law office and put the top upon his convertible. The office looked like something you would expect to find in ancient Rome: all marble, tall pillars, white with veins of silver. The sign out front, the letters carved into the marble, read Royal, Prim and Scarlet. What? This was a famous law firm that was always in the news defending celebrities and politicians. There had even been a TV series inspired by them. Now, Chris was going to be meeting them, he guessed. It was all too weird.

He’d gotten to the office too early, though. He didn’t want to go in just yet, so he looked at his quilted purse. It had a gold chain, a gold clasp, and a gold label that read Chanel. He opened it now, pulled out the wallet, and opened it, looking at the driver’s license. He saw a picture of his smiling face, the one he had now with that creamy skin. Then, the details: Madison Giovanni. Sex: Female. Born: 2009. That would make him, what, 16? He wasn’t even an adult now. That kinda bothered him more than being female. He couldn’t even buy booze now. What the hell?

And yet, something told him that as rich as he was, as pretty as he was, getting booze wasn't going to be a problem. There were more pictures in there, and Chris flipped through them, feeling like in some way he was meeting himself, his family. Madison seemed like a very loving girl, with all these pictures she'd taken the time to print, to place them so carefully in her wallet, carrying them around with her. There were the Giovannis, Mr. and Mrs., shoulder to shoulder, smiling at the camera, a lake stretching behind them, and beyond that, mountains. There was Jennifer in her graduation gown and mortar board. Then, Ashley grinning, holding a first-place trophy from a dance competition. There was even a picture of the butler holding Madison when she'd been a baby, and, of course, a picture of Wags, the family dog.

There was nothing here to remind Chris of his old life. It seemed less and less possible to Chris that he was dreaming. He'd never had a dream this detailed and this long. There was one more picture, a younger looking girl he didn't recognize. She had wild, curly hair and a big smile, her teeth gleaming with braces. Who could this be?

Chris jumped as someone suddenly pounded on his window. "Hey, nerd," Jennifer called. "You coming in or what?"

"Yeah," Chris said, putting his wallet away. He opened the door and swung his legs out as if he'd been wearing dresses his whole life, then followed Jennifer into the building, once more super conscious of the way his heels clicked and echoed. He felt like he was wearing a bell.

The whole family had gathered in a conference room. The air was tense. No one was talking. What could this be about? Chris wondered. Finally, the door to the conference room opened and a tall, silver haired man in a silk, Italian suit walked in. Chris recognized him from the news: Richard Royal. "Mr. and Mrs. Giovanni," Royal said, shaking Mr. Giovanni's hand, then exchanging air kisses with the Mrs. "Girls."

“Let’s get right down to business, shall we?” Richard Royal said, spreading some papers out on the mahogany table.

“Let’s,” Mr. Giovanni said. “Girls, as you know, your mother and I plan to retire soon and enjoy our golden years without having to worry about the business. We also want to assure our legacy, while making sure each of you are taken care of. The biggest question all along has been who we would entrust with our company. Your mother and I have made a decision. Richard?”

Jennifer and Ashley each leaned forward, eyes gleaming with desire.

Wow, Chris thought. The Giovannis? Retiring? He found himself growing intrigued. Which of the girls would get the company? Jennifer? Ashley? How would the one who didn’t get it react? So much drama.

Richard sat back, looking at each of them. “First, I want to assure each of you that you will live comfortably for the rest of your lives. More than comfortably. A trust with substantial assets has been created for each one of you. The trusts will include...”

“Who gets the company?” Ashley asked.

“Tell us,” Jennifer added.

Richard smiled, an amused smile. “I can skip to that as long as your parents...”

“I’m giving the company to Madison,” Mr. Giovanni said, his voice gruff, annoyed.

“Madison?” Jennifer and Ashley objected in unison.

“Wait? Me?” Chris said.

“She’s a child... she can’t even remember her own name half the time... she eats Count Chocula!”

“Enough,” Mr. Giovanni said. He didn’t yell, but his voice was hard, and it was a tone of voice the girls had learned to yield to ever since they’d been children. Mr. Giovanni was a warm, loving father, but when he had enough, he said enough, and that was that.

Jennifer and Ashley stopped their complaining, crossed their arms and stared at Chris, their eyes burning with hate.

Chris shook his head. “Wait,” he said. “This is a mistake. You don’t know who...”

“I said enough,” Mr. Giovanni said. He and Mrs. Giovanni exchanged a glance. Chris sat back.

“Jennifer. Ashley. I love you both more than words can express. Look over the papers if you want. You’ll see. I take care of my girls. You know that. Madison, your mother and I would like to talk to you about a few things at my office.”

“I really need to tell you—”

“We’ll talk at the office,” Mr. Giovanni said. “And not before.”

Chapter 4

By the time Chris got back to his car, he had decided that he had to tell the Giovannis the truth. He would just march right into the office and tell them. It just wasn’t right for him to masquerade as this Madison and accept an inheritance that wasn’t his. He climbed behind the steering wheel, pausing to check his hair and makeup in the rearview mirror. Damn. Again, he had to admire how good he looked.

He fired up the car, the engine rumbling, put it in gear and floored it, the tires smoking as he tore out of the parking lot. The car had so much power. Way more than his old Celica. He was going to miss this car, he decided, once he owned up to the truth. He wondered if the Giovanni would let him go back to his old job? Madison, as young as she was, couldn't have his degrees. Was he going to have to start over?

Soon enough, Chris found himself walking into the reception room. Hillary, the Giovanni's personal assistant, looked up from her computer and smiled. "Hey, Madison," she said. "Or, should I start calling you boss?"

Chris looked away. Had word already started to spread? "Just Madison," he said, with a shy smile.

"Madison is here," Hillary said into the intercom on her desk. "Send her in," Mr. Giovanni answered. "You can go on in," Hillary said. "And, congratulations."

"Thanks," Chris said, knowing it wasn't right to tell her about his decision before he told Mr. and Mrs. G.

Chris walked into the office. There were flowers and balloons. The Giovanni raised glasses of champagne. "To the new CEO of Giovanni Enterprises," Mrs. Giovanni said.

"Here, here!" Mr. Giovanni said. They clinked glasses and sipped then looked at Chris, amused smiles on their faces.

Chris knew he needed to just get it out and summoning all his courage he shouted, "I'm not Madison! There's been some kind of mistake or something."

"Oh, come now," Mr. Giovanni said, the smile spreading. "You're Madison. Our daughter. Don't be silly."

“I know this is going to sound crazy,” Chris said. “I’m actually a guy. My name is Chris. I work in tech support.” He walked up to the Giovannis. “I don’t know how this happened, or why, but you have to believe me. I can’t accept this company or anything else.”

“And that, my dear, is why we chose you,” Mr. Giovanni said. “Your strength of character.”

“Wait, I don’t think you’re hearing me. I’m not Madison. I’m a guy.”

“You don’t look like a guy to me,” Mr. Giovanni said.

“Stop teasing her,” Mrs. Giovanni said, snuggling up to her husband.

“I’m so confused,” Chris said.

“You used to be Chris,” Mr. Giovanni said. “Now, you’re Madison. We’ve been looking for an heir, and as much as we love our daughters, they aren’t suited to be CEO. They wouldn’t be happy. So, we’ve been watching you since you started working here, and we could see you were the perfect choice. As to how it happened, Mother?”

“I cast a spell on you, Chris, and transformed you into a girl, and not just any girl, but Madison. I am a very powerful witch. The spell altered reality. People remember you as Madison, our daughter. The world remembers you as Madison.”

“But, why turn me into your daughter?” Chris asked, his head reeling with all the impossible things he was being told. He would have thought it was all a bunch of nonsense if not for the fact that he was a girl now.

“You know why,” Mrs. Giovanni said.

Chris took a step back. He felt like he’d been exposed, his deepest darkest secret. “You knew?” He said. “You knew I— I always wanted to be a girl.”

“We knew, and we loved you for it. Come, come, give me a hug.” Chris went to Mrs. Giovanni, and they hugged. It felt so good, so warm.

“Welcome to the family.”

Mr. Giovanni joined in, the three of them hugging. Chris realized he’d started crying, and when the hug ended, Mr. Giovanni handed him a tissue. Chris sat on the couch, dabbing his tears. “So, this is all real? It’s really happening?”

“It’s all real,” Mr. Giovanni said.

“But, I don’t know how to run a company?” Chris said.

“We’ll be around for your first year, showing you the ropes. Your mother and I will teach you. All you need to know for now is that we picked you. We believe in you to keep and build our legacy. I know you will make us proud.”

“I guess this is my life now,” Chris thought, tugging on his purse strap as he tossed hair. He slipped into the driver’s seat of his car, put his purse in the driver’s seat, checked his makeup. Fishing his lipstick out of his purse, he touched up his lips, smiled. Sitting back, he thought, now what? Not, like, what am I supposed to do with my whole life, but the much more immediate question of what should I do right now?

He wanted to celebrate, go out somewhere, have some fun, but now that the world would think he was a teenage girl, he couldn’t exactly go to a bar. Or, could he? I am rich, he thought. Maybe I could just walk right in and order a drink, flash a 100-dollar bill? The thought made him giggle. As much fun as that sounded, he wasn’t that kind of girl, he didn’t think. Maybe I should just get a smoothie and chill? He decided, though it made him a little depressed to do something so lame.

Just then, a text blooped in over his phone. “U forget?” The text read, and it came from a Lizzie. As Chris saw the name, memories of their friendship came flooding into his mind: meeting her at tumble tots, then being in dance and gymnastic classes together... birthday parties... sleepovers... sharing secrets... hanging out at the pool...

“Oh!” Chris suddenly remembered that he and Lizzie had made plans to hang out at the pool, and he was late. “OMG! OMW!” He tapped out. He gunned it, the car lurching forward as he roared off, hoping she wouldn’t be too mad.

Once Chris got home, he texted Lizzie again: Putting my suit on. BRT. Chris went upstairs. Looking around through his dresser, he found two little, tiny scraps of cloth he recognized as his bikini. Just the thought of putting them on got him excited. He’d always wondered what it felt like to wear a bikini, and with his body, he couldn’t wait to see how he looked.

First, he stopped into the pantie, feeling it pull tight against his new sex. He tied the strings tight against his soft, round hips. Then, he picked up the top, which dangled from his fingers: a long piece of string with two little triangles of cloth. How am I supposed to even put this on? He wondered, but even as he did, the magic took hold and memories of his life as Madison washed over him. He knew just how she would do it. Wrapping the top under his heavy breasts, he reached back and tied the string, marveling at his ability to tie a knot in reverse and without even looking. He was also amazed, again, that he was so flexible. Back as a guy, he didn’t think he’d have been able to even reach that far back, let alone tie a knot. Chris had always been amazed and envious of certain “girl powers” he’d observed like this— the way they could just twist their hair into a ponytail, somehow braid it into French braids. He was proud he could do all that now and then some.

With the string tied in back, Chris slipped his arms through the delicate shoulder straps, then pulled the cups over his breasts, then pulled the

straps up over his round little shoulders. He felt the weight of his breasts as the straps pulled tight against his soft flesh, and now he carefully adjusted the way the cups fit over his puppies, then reached back, pulled the string tighter and retied the backstrap until he finally felt he'd gotten it right. Hmm. The bikini top was like a bra, but sort of different, too. It didn't compress his breasts as much, didn't provide as much support, he felt, but left him feeling free, sexy and risqué— it felt like his boobs could pop right out of that little top at any moment.

Finally, time to check himself out. Chris' room came with a big, gilded, full-length mirror, and he walked over now, conscious of the way his nearly naked body jiggled from his breasts right down to his booty and inner thighs. Stepping in front of the mirror, he giggled. "Omigod." He looked so damn hot with his smooth, hairless skin, so radiant, and all his curves were banging. Looking down at his bikini bottom he clearly saw the outline of his camel toe, and he blushed with gratitude that he was a girl now. Seeing himself such a beautiful girl dressed in such a cute swimsuit, he felt himself getting turned on, his nipples growing hard. He leaned forward and touched the mirror, staring into his big, pretty eyes, then he stepped back, planted his hands on his hips and struck a pose, then another and another, like he was a supermodel on a photo shoot.

Supermodel. He needed to take some selfies. Grabbing his phone, Chris posed and smiled, snapping away, getting some really good shots of his smiling face, the rise of his soft breasts, the shadowy cleavage so deep and inviting. He was lost in the moment, snapping away when his phone buzzed with another text from Lizzie: U coming or what?

Oh, damn, Chris thought. He'd gotten so absorbed in his pictures he'd forgotten all about Lizzie. Chris soon found himself stepping outside, walking towards the massive pool. It was huge, like something you would see at a resort for 500 people, but it was all theirs. As he strutted over to the pool where Lizzie waited, he let his powerful hips sway side to side, while his breasts swung in counterpoint, straining against his tiny little top. He breathed in deep, loving the smell of chlorine.

Lizzie was stretched out next to the pool wearing a pink bikini, dark sunglasses shielding her eyes. She heard Chris coming and turned her head, peering over the tops of her glasses and in her best 1950s movie star drawl she said, "Dahlin, you broke my heaht."

Chris couldn't help but laugh. "Does that mean you forgive me?"



“For, like, the 1000th time, yes, I forgive you again for being just like my horrible parents and forgetting I even exist.” Lizzie sighed dramatically, putting the back of her hand to her forehead.

“Yes, you are so downtrodden, you only have, actually, two horses.”

“Nags,” Lizzie said, waving her hand dismissively. “I deserve so much better.”

“Don’t we all.”

Lizzie arched her back, then, thrusting her own deep, shadow valley of cleavage toward Chris. “Do you like my top?” She asked.

Chris blushed. “Um, yeah,” he said, his voice hoarse.

“Did I tell you Bradley Jones actually tried to cop a feel the other day during gym class?” Lizzie said. She’d pushed her shoulders back now and subtly shook her shoulders, sending a tremor through her breasts.

“No way,” Chris said putting his hand to his own chest, confused but a little excited. Was Lizzie coming on to him?

“Yeah. He pretended like he was trying to guard me in basketball, and he reached around and tried to grab my boobs.”

“What did you do?”

“I got away and then threw the basketball in his face. What a jerk! Meanwhile, Paul Stevens is always trying to kiss me. I mean, the nerve.” She pouted, but it was clear she liked all the male attention. Searching through Madison’s memories, Chris realized that she and Lizzie both, as two of the hottest girls in their class, were always being pestered by stupid boys. “Oh, but what’s a girl to do?” Lizzie continued. “Boys will be boys.”

Chris nodded, smiling, commiserating. "It's so true." Do I still like girls? He wondered. He'd always been attracted to girl things, to girl's lives. He'd wanted to be a girl as long as he could remember, and when he'd gotten older, he'd found girls cute, wanted to kiss them. He'd thought, though, that maybe if he was a girl, he would like boys. Now, blushing furiously, confused and excited at the chance to sit and talk to a pretty girl like Lizzie, he wondered if that was true after all.

"Boys are the worst," Lizzie said.

"So annoying," Chris agreed.

The two girls stared at each other and then they both burst out laughing, shared a quick hug. Chris lay back on the chair next to Lizzie, a sneaky smile on his face. A plane sketched its way across the sky above them, leaving behind a chalky trail. The hum of the pool filter was the only other sound on a warm, breezy day. The coconut smell of suntan lotion filled Chris' nose.

"What?" Lizzie asked. Thanks to the spell, Lizzie had known Madison forever and could read her like a book.

"What?" Chris said.

"You know."

"What?"

"You have a secret. Tell me!"

Chris could tell Lizzie was just about at the point where her playful patience with his teasing was about to turn to actual frustration and rage, so he decided to tell her his big news. "Well," he said, holding out his hand and turning it side to side, enjoying the way the sun flashed against his glossy

nails, “the reason I was late is the Giovannis surprised me today when they told me they are giving me the company.”

“No way.”

“I kid you not,” Chris said, giggling. “They are going to make me CEO, retire and I get the company.”

“Um, you’re only 16.”

“Perhaps you haven’t heard?” Chris said, deciding to do his 1950s starlet voice, pretending to take a puff from a cigarette extender. “I’m precocious.”

Lizzie sat back. “I can’t believe my best friend is about to be a girlboss. Will you still come to my Sweet 16?”

“I’m afraid I will be busy that day negotiating a deal with the King of Siam.”

“You’re going to be so stuck up.” Once more the girls stared at each other, then Lizzie stuck out her tongue. Chris stuck out his tongue. They both went cross-eyed and then once more burst into peals of laughter, their voices echoing across the pool.

Chris sighed. They were just two girls having fun. He was just a girl who wanted to have fun. And he was.

The End

