

Mini-Story: Mob Mentality (MtF TG AR)

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When an aging mob boss develops Lumin's Syndrome, the condition that changes one's gender entirely, he sees an opportunity to not only be young again, but also to rule from the shadows as the new queen of crime.

Mob Mentality

In every disaster, there's an opportunity, that's what Don Lorenzo Albani thought. It had guided him his whole life and ensured that his criminal organisation always returned to power, even after an unfortunate hit, or an investigation by the feds, or turf wars with a rival that hurt the family's income. All that mattered was how you reacted to the unexpected, not in preventing it outright. It's what had allowed him to live into his nineties *and* keep his mind sharp, even if it wasn't always so fast. The family greatly respected him, treasured his intelligence and leadership, but even he knew that he could pass at any day. Arrangements had been made once to pass leadership to his son, but he had proved useless. His grandson likewise had shown little prospects and gotten himself killed during an unnecessary street fight. Whoever was going to take over when Don Lorenzo was gone would have big shoes to fill.

Or at least that was the assumption, because out of nowhere, Lorenzo's health began to improve. His raspy voice became clearer, and he could stand on his own unaided. He didn't need so many naps to make it through the day, and even his wrinkled features were improving. Some, such as his subordinate Tommy, assumed that this was one last gasp of life before demise, and Lorenzo had assumed the same.

But then Lorenzo was diagnosed with Lumin's Syndrome. At first he thought it was a myth, but his doctor had assured him the ultra-rare condition was real.

"The good thing is that you will get a whole new lease on life, sir," he said, faithful and knowing the nature of the family business - he was a member, after all. "You'll be young and healthy again. But, as I said, it also means your gender will change to that of a woman, and your mind will change too. Most Lumin's sufferers take on qualities of women they are attracted to or surround themselves with, and this can lead to unexpected results."

Lorenzo considered this. Any other don, any other member of such a patriarchal business would scorn this fate. Instead, he looked at his doctor and smiled thinly.

"In every disaster, there's an opportunity."

The changing old man's mind worked fast. The family were informed that the Don was sick, but would get better, and that for now Tommy was in charge. He was capable,

even if he wasn't a blood relative. He was also the only one in the know about what was really happening, because he helped organise for Lorenzo what came next.

Beautiful women. Intelligent women. Healthy women. Cunning women. These were what Lorenzo needed, as this is what he got. They were vetted from all across the state; the most ruthless and guile minds in the most gorgeous of bodies, stylish and classy and charismatic. *Commanding*. Lorenzo surrounded himself with them, paying them handsomely to stay at his private country estate in order to legitimise his change. It began to work, too. His Lumin's Syndrome, mostly slow at this point, began to accelerate. Soon his arthritis was gone, as was his hunched back, as was the leathery skin that had defined his past few decades. His hair began to grow back, thick and dark, and his features softened also. Across several weeks the major transformation careened his body not just towards youth and health, but femininity. It was still galling to the man, particularly when he first noticed breasts beginning to form and his own rejuvenated member suddenly slipping away, but he simply looked in the mirror, saw the androgynous figure in his or her forties staring back at him, and smiled thinly.

"In every disaster, there's an opportunity."

He spoke to the women, verbally sparred with them. One, an Isabella Rossi, was an extended relation of his own family, and it was her in particular that he took a great deal of inspiration from when it came to his bodily changes. She was sharp, and keen to rise up in the family ranks despite her sex, and she understood the nature of power like no one else.

"If only you had been a son!" he declared.

But she just smirked. "And think with my balls? No, I will be a daughter, and overcome to rise up anyway."

At this, Lorenzo was greatly amused. Was he not doing the same? His body was sliding back into its thirties, and then into its late twenties, but there it stopped. He had made sure that none of the women he had surrounded himself with were too young; he needed to be of an age that could rule respectively. Not that he was a *he* anymore: his body had transitioned to womanhood, and it was a beautiful womanhood at that. His breasts were prominent but not huge, his figure gorgeous, his face beautiful yet commanding, with a powerful glare that could practically wither her enemies. Her black curls fell down to her shoulders, but she was able to pin them up in a way that seemed more dominant. Soon her mind was altering, absorbing the knowledge the other women were being paid to give her: makeup, dresses, body language, even *seduction*. And, of course, many games of chess, discussions over power dynamics, theories on future profit in matters legal and illegal. Isabella was once again core to this, and it was she that Lorenzo asked to help her pick a new name.

Lauretta was what they chose, and the new mob queen came to like it very much. Being a woman wasn't what she had ever expected, but she was young and keen-minded again, and commanding besides. Her icy looks could freeze water, and she knew she would need that kind of presence when she returned.

Tommy had done well in her absence over the several weeks that she was gone. But there were still wrinkles to work out. Family members who had just been told the truth and didn't believe it, or worse, were absolutely disgusted by it. It was this environment that Don Lauretta Albani returned to when she strode into the family compound wearing a gorgeous blue dress, her dark hair pinned back, her gaze imperious. She strode forward, shorter than before but all the taller for her youth and cunning. A series of outburst rose from the large family table, even some of her capos were clearly disturbed by this, and even more for the new member of the entourage she brought along; the loyal Isabella Rossi.

She gestured for the family to be silent, and waited out their complaints until she banged loudly upon the table.

"I said silence! Listen to your Don!" she said. "Show some damn respect to family!"

"With respect, 'don,'" one member said. "Why should we go along with this? You may be healthy again but you're a goddamn woman now! This is a man's job. That's how this family operates. If we stray from this, it'll be a damn disaster, I tell ya."

At this, Lauretta just narrowed her eyes and smiled thinly, the same way she always had, the way that told everyone at the table that this really was Lorenzo reborn. That this new queen of crime wasn't going anywhere.

"That's a coward's concern," she said slowly. "I keep having to tell all of you, in every disaster, there's an opportunity."

The End