

Creating Regina

For Eb18

By TheSpiralledEye

Reggie and Gina hate each other; in fact they can barely be in the same room together. If it weren't for their mutual friendship with Gabby they would likely have torn one another to shreds by this point. Sick of her two besties fighting Gabby decides to take it upon herself to make them understand each other. Merging them together into her new friend Regina. Now the two enemies must learn to exist as a single person and maybe even become friends along the way.

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“Reginald?”

The barista behind the counter called out his name and he gave a small, awkward wave before stepping forward. He watched as her eyes darted up and down his body, nose scrunching up ever so slightly in disappointment. Reggie took the tray of coffee, almost spilling it when their fingers brushed and blushing profusely. The woman of course had already moved on.

It was something he was used to; the ivy covered walls of the prestigious university was one of the few places being saddled with a name like Reginald made it sound like he belonged. Unfortunately, when people read his name on a class register or dorm listing they always imagined some high class, old money young man with a charming smile and perfectly coiffed hair.

When confronted with the reality; that he was just a slightly pudgy, average guy in jeans and a graphic tee, they were always disappointed. It was why he'd been going by Reggie ever since he was a child.

It used to bother him, the derision, the judgement; he briefly considered trying to become what everybody imagined a Reginald should be but ultimately decided against it. He may not look like some old money tosser, but he was smart and once he finished his degree he'd be making enough money that he could wear whatever he wanted and not be judged. At a certain pay grade you stop being a weirdo and start being an eccentric; the latter of which people seemed to like a lot more.

Even if that wasn't the case though, he had no desire for fake friends and drama. He looked down at the whip cream covered monstrosity next to his own coffee on the tray. No, he didn't need a huge circle of friends, he already had one and she was enough.

With a soft smile he set off toward Gabby's dorm. He had heard the announcement over the university radio station this morning; his best friend had won two premium tickets to the upcoming music festival in the neighbouring city. It was a thing they had always dreamed of doing but between classes, food and other expenses they had never saved up enough to have a proper good time there. Now that she'd won tickets that covered not just entry but a hotel room, limo and all expenses paid, their dream was finally going to come true.

Reggie hadn't been able to get her on the phone yet but he was sure she would be taking him. They'd been best friends for years now and they had the same taste in music; there simply wasn't another option! At least, that was his thought until he reached Gabby's dorm.

Reggie felt his good mood turn sour the moment he turned into the hallway. There before Gabby's door, arm raised to knock, was Gina. She turned as he approached and made a face like that of the barista before flicking her dyed green hair over her shoulder with a huff.

"I didn't know you had plans with Gabby today." She said slowly, "I was having such a nice day too."

"The feeling's mutual." Reggie said coldly, "Well, as you can see, I only have two drinks here so I guess three's company. Maybe come back tomorrow."

"You're so right, three is company." Gina smirked, reaching forward and grabbing the whip cream covered coffee with a smile and taking a sip.

Reggie gapped, so shocked he couldn't even stop her from taking the cardboard tray with his own drink.

"Well, guess you'd better get going!"

"You've got some nerve you bitch." Reggie curled his hands into fists, if he wasn't against hitting women on principle, he'd have smacked her. "I paid for those!"

“Yeah well, you wasted your money, Gina hates caramel. So do I, actually.” She made a face and placed the drink back in its holder, “We’re very alike that way, why she made an exception for you I will never know.”

“You’re the one who makes no sense, why Gabby insists on being friends with such a rude, abrasive asshole I will never know.”

“Oooh, abrasive, we’re bringing out the five dollar words today?”

“The fact that you think abrasive is a five dollar word just proves you are too dumb to even be going here.” Reggie’s eyes dropped to her ample chest, “I bet those rumours that you slept your way in are true.”

“You little-”

“Guys, come on, we talked about this.”

Both of them swung around to see Gabby’s door opened and their friend standing there looking tired and irritated.

“I’m going to get a noise complaint if you guys start screaming every time you’re here together.”

“We weren’t screaming,” Reggie blushed, “Just having a heated discussion.”

“You were yelling.” Gina whispered, giving him a nudge with her elbow.

“No you were!”

“Guys, please!”

They both blushed and fell silent. Gina rubbed her temple and ran her fingers through her long dark hair.

“Come in then.” She said eventually, “I can guess what you are both here for.”

Reggie walked in first, shooting Gina a look over his shoulder as he took his usual seat at Gabby's desk while her other friend jumped onto the bed sending the clothes folded there onto the floor. He scoffed but Gabby didn't seem to mind, plopping herself down next to her.

"I bought coffee," Reggie started, "But unfortunately somebody took yours, I am so sorry Gabby."

"It had caramel pumps in it." Gina said defensively, "I know how much you hate that."

"I wouldn't say I hate it," Gabby tried, obviously trying to please them both, "It's just not my favourite."

Reggie filed that away for later, Gabby loved sweet things, perhaps next time he would add butterscotch.

"Coffee or not, I came here hoping to chat about the music festival." He tried, switching lanes and staunchly ignoring Gina.

"What a coincidence, so did I." She smiled, "As a massive fan of punk rock myself and knowing that there are going to be some Ramone cover bands playing I just know Gabby is planning on taking me."

Gabby groaned, head in her hands.

"Gina, quit it. You're upsetting her."

"Me? You're the one who came over here with pretty coffee all ready to butter her up so she'd take you instead!"

"Please." Gabby sighed, "I can't deal with this right now."

Reggie felt a stab of guilt; he knew Gabby hated it when they fought but he just couldn't help himself. Gina was one of those people who made themselves impossible to ignore. Always inserting herself in a conversation or feeling compelled to give her opinion when nobody asked for it. Not only that but she was an eyesore with her dyed hair and alternative clothes. Personally, Reggie thought she looked like a Hot Topic from 2007 exploded all over a person; I mean, who still wears fishnets and torn crop tops in this day and age?

“Look, it’s Gabby’s choice.” Said Reggie, sitting up straight.

He would show Gina what it meant to have at least a little class; he could be the bigger person. Besides, it was obvious. While Gina dressed like a punk rocker he was the one actually passionate about music; surely Gabby would remember all the CDs and MP3s he’d shared with her over the years.

“Of course it is.” Gina replied haughtily, “I know that, you’re the one who turned up here out of the blue assuming she’d take you.”

“Oh like you didn’t?”

“I called.”

“So did I! She was busy and I didn’t want to spam her, I bet you just kept dialling until she was forced to pick up. I’m just more considerate.”

“Considerate? You don’t even know her favourite flavour of coffee!”

“That. Is. IT!”

Reggie and Gina flinched as Gabby suddenly got to her feet, her usually beautiful face twisted into one of fury.

“I am sick and tired of you two bickering! Is it so hard to just get along for the sake of a mutual friend?”

“It is when she is such an ass.” Reggie muttered, Gina stuck her tongue out at him.

Gabby ground her teeth for a moment before closing her eyes.

“Fuck it.”

A second later she had grabbed hold of both their shoulders and before Reggie could ask what was going on he felt himself flung across the room. No, that wasn’t quite right; he felt as though he’d been kicked in the chest but he wasn’t actually moving. The world seemed to

melt around him, swirling into a cacophony of colours and shapes that made him feel nauseated. He squeezed his eyes closed to keep from being sick and realised, to his shock, that he couldn't feel his body; he was totally numb!

Then, just as quickly as the numbness had come, it began to fade, the world stopped spinning and the numb feeling began to recede. Gabby was standing before him, a slightly superior smile on her face before sitting herself back down on the bed.

“There, perhaps this will teach you two to get along.”

Reggie wanted to take a moment to think on those words, wondering what on Earth she was talking about but then, against his own will, his lips moved.

“What do you mean?” He asked, blinking in shock at the sound of his own voice.

That wasn't his deep tone, it was something higher, more feminine. Almost like Gina but without that irritating whine that seemed to accompany her every word. The numbness had fully receded now and Reggie realised something was wrong. His body didn't feel right at all and there was a strange pressure in his head, almost as though something was pressed up against his mind.

‘What the fuck?’

That was Gina's voice! Coming from inside his head!

“Gabby what the hell is going on? Why Do I sound like tha-woah!”

Reggie stumbled, his legs felt longer, no wait, shorter, than usual and they were totally the wrong shape! His feet felt too small, but that couldn't be right because his shoes still fit. He blinked down at them and gaped; dainty, bright blue painted nails in strappy heels. *Gina's heels.*

Was he in Gina's body? No, that couldn't be right, as his hands flew to his sides he could feel extra bulk there. Gina had no ass, it was one of his favourite things to tease her about; he knew how much it bothered her to be so top heavy. This body had an ass, oh boy did it have an ass.

The curve of it was gentle, the hour glass figure giving it a peachy, pert look despite its size. For a moment a feeling of utter pride in the beautiful butt filled him before logic

crashed down once more. He was a man, he should have a pretty, peachy butt! Why were his hips not square and solid anymore!

“This is...wow my ass is amazing! Thank you Gabby! Wait, no, what am I saying I-Gina? Reggie?”

The words were flowing out of his mouth faster than he could think. No, that wasn't right either, it wasn't that he was thinking fast; he had two sets of thoughts running at the same time! They were flowing over the top of one another, making it hard to concentrate and focus on the task at hand. Namely figuring out what exactly had happened to his body!

Hands rushed to his chest, finding the space far more filled out than usual. There was his favourite graphic tee, Aperture labs logo right on the front but now it was stretched to the point of no return. In shock his hands grabbed great handfuls of his breasts, half expecting them to disappear like an illusion. Instead his fingers met soft skin.

“Quit touching my boobs you perv! What are you talking about these are mine I mean, what no I'm a dude I don't have...they're mine! So why can I feel your hands? This is so confusing!”

He was talking to himself, but it didn't feel like that. Every few seconds that pressure against his own mind would push forward and his body would no longer be under his control. He fought to keep his hands on his chest while the other presence tried to force them away. Nothing about this made sense, he was wearing Gina's heels but his shirt and again, why the hell was his figure so fabulous? Weird! He meant weird, not fabulous, what the hell was wrong with him?

“I'll be here when you stop freaking out.” Gabby sighed, laying back on the bed and pulling out her phone, Reggie gaped at her.

He wanted to ask how the hell she was being so calm when he was obviously having some sort of random mental break but instead his mouth stayed shut. His new body turned and ran for the mirror in the bathroom and he came face to face with a stranger; not himself, and not Gina either.

He was looking at himself, and yet not. He knew instinctively that this woman in the mirror with the blue green eyes and black hair with green highlights was him and yet at the same time he knew that couldn't possibly be right.

“Is that...us?”

His own voice asked, he could feel his own confusion mixing with that of the other presence in his mind; Gina. Somehow they were one person. They were wearing his jeans and shirt but her shoes and make up. Reggie forced himself to blink; They certainly looked more like Gina, with the dyed hair and the fact that they were female but he could see elements of himself there; the strong cheekbones, the dark eyelashes. The latter of which always bothered him but now on this body made him look all the more striking.

Slowly he lifted a hand to his hair, relieved to feel the same smooth, softness he was used to. AT least until he reached those green highlights. The nails felt odd against his scalp; too hard thanks to the layer of polish across them and yet, it felt...right. Or perhaps it felt right to the other mind in here with him.

‘Reginald?’

‘Gina?’

There was a pause before they both cried out in tandem.

“What the fuck!”

They rushed back to the room where Gabby was reclining on her bed, a look of bored contempt on her face.

“Gabby! What-how? Ah! Just let me speak asshole, no you let me speak!”

Gabby threw back her head and laughed, wiping away a tear.

“Sorry, it’s just, you guys sound pretty ridiculous trying to talk at the same time.”

“How did this happen?” Reggie ground out, managing to force himself into the driver seat so to speak.

“I’m a witch.” Gabby said with all the same gravitas as somebody saying they were a Virgo. “Normally, I keep it hidden but you two forced my hand.”

“A witch? Since when?”

He wouldn't believe it for a second if the evidence wasn't right in front of him. Unfortunately Gina managed to wrestle control and soon his body was talking again.

“You have Magic? Why wouldn't you tell me, I mean, magic is so cool! Why don't you use it all the time!?”

Gabby scoffed.

“A hot Latina who is also a witch? I get fetishised enough thank you. The last thing I need is all those occult obsessed weirdo's hitting up my DMs. No, I keep it a secret and only use magic for the most dire of circumstances.”

“Like merging us together?”

Gabby nodded.

“You were both right about one thing,” She said somewhat sadly, “I wanted to take you both to the festival but even if I could somehow get another ticket, you would have both made me miserable by fighting the whole time. So I've decided to give you both an ultimatum. The show is in a week, you have that week to learn how to get along in this new combined body and then we can all go and have a good time, afterwards, I'll change you back.”

Reggie felt his heart sink. A week in this womanly body? With Gina in his head twenty four seven? That sounded like actual torture and judging by the thoughts washing over him from his new head mate, she wasn't too thrilled with the idea either.

“Regardless, I'm not changing you back till the week is up. You two are adults, now learn to behave like one!”

“Gabby, hun you can't do this!”

His body bent over, knees pressing together as his arms formed a steeple under his chin. The pose was pathetic, whiny; he hated it yet Gina was in full control and no matter how hard he tried he couldn't force himself to the forefront.

"I can't be with him like this for a week, I...I can't have somebody in my head for that long. Do you have any idea how awful that is?"

Reggie could feel Gina's irritation, her embarrassment and yet there was something else present too...fear? As soon as he noticed it seemed to disappear in a wave of other emotions but he couldn't help wondering what exactly had Gina so spooked. Besides the obvious.

"Well maybe you should have made more of an effort before." Gabby shrugged, "Now if you don't mind, I have a term paper to write. Good luck Reggie, Gina...Regina. There we go, you two were made for this."

Just like that she was shoving them out into the hall, slamming the door closed and leaving the newly born Regina alone.

"We should go back to my place," They sighed, immediately trying to walk in two directions at once and smacking into a wall. "Ow! Fuck, no, *my* place not yours!"

'We're in a woman's body, my place is better.' Gina argued mentally, 'Look at us right now, that shirt is hideous enough but it's three cup sizes too small! We need to get dressed properly and by the looks of it, nothing of yours is going to fit.'

'I am not wearing leather shirts and whatever other rubbish you have in your room.'

'You think I want you to see my room, assbat? This is the smart thing to do. You're always going on about how intelligent you are, be logical!'

Reggie felt his jaw begin to ache from clenching his teeth; he hated that she had a point.

'Fine.'

They started to walk; Reggie letting Gina take the lead. Not having to expend any mental energy to move was certainly an odd experience; it was like being a passenger in his own body. That didn't mean he was numb again though; on the contrary he was feeling a little too much.

Their hips swayed from side to side, making their ass bounce with each step. He could feel the edge brushing against his thick thighs through the tight jeans. He managed to turn his head down to look at it and felt blood rush to their cheeks.

‘Can't you walk a little less...suggestively?’

‘This is how I walk, there is nothing suggestive about it!’

‘Why are you making our ass wiggle like that! Everybody is going to stare.’

‘That’s just what butts do, idiot. Hips move and well, in case you haven’t noticed our butt is attached to them.’

Reggie took over without another word, determined to put her in her place but the moment he took a step he realised just what Gina had been talking about. It didn't matter how straight he stepped or how small he made his strides, his hips naturally sashayed from side to side, taking his ass along for the ride. With burning red cheeks he regressed back down again, feeling Gina smirk as she took over.

He could feel her pride in their new ass, now making the effort to wiggle her hips just a little more than they naturally would. He could feel her enjoyment flooding through him; she was actually enjoying feeling their butt bounce up and down like a damn balloon. Reggie felt like he was going to die of embarrassment.

When they got to Gina’s dorm things only got worse as she insisted on taking the stairs for ‘exercise’. Each step she skipped up not only made their butt bounce but their new chest as well. Gina had always been...gifted, in that regard. As much as Reggie hated her, he was still a red blooded male and had stolen a peak now and then. Feeling them move against his chest as she hopped up each stair made him equal parts shameful and aroused.

‘I knew you looked at my chest, you perv.’

‘Wha, how did you know I was...oh.’

‘Yeah, I can hear your thoughts too. Not loving it, perv.’

‘Hey! You're the one who wears shirts so low cut your tits are practically falling out. You can't blame guys for staring when you put them on display like that.’

'Are you seriously victim blaming me right now?'

'Victim blaming-are you for real? So I looked at your chest once or twice, big deal. You're not a victim.'

"Ouch!"

They'd gotten so busy mentally arguing Gina had stopped paying attention and they'd walked right past her dorm room and into the wall at the end of the hallway. Behind them somebody snickered; obviously thinking they were coming from some all night party drunk. Humiliation swamped Reggie as Gina blushed, fumbling with her keys and quickly getting inside her room and collapsing back against the door.

"I didn't think you had any shame." He teased, standing up and taking control, "Good to know you have at least some self awareness."

He stretched, feeling his new spine crack before taking in his surroundings. Gabby's dorm at first, seemed to be exactly what he expected; a mess. Clothes were strewn all over the furniture and floor, textbooks and magazines littered every surface and Reggie felt his lips curl in disgust.

The walls were adorned with an eclectic mix of posters featuring iconic punk bands and rebellious artwork. Dim, multi-colored string lights hang haphazardly across the room, casting a warm and moody glow, mostly because half the bulbs seemed to be either broken or flickering. Then he noticed something else, A vintage turntable sat on a makeshift wooden shelf, surrounded by a collection of vinyl records.

With wide eyes he approached, carefully reaching out a hand to touch them when he froze and Gina spoke up.

"You break those, I break you."

"I didn't realise you actually listened to music, let alone vintage records."

"The Ramones sound a thousand times better with the original scratch and wear of a record." Gina replied staunchly, "Not that you'd know anything about it, you're all tech and cleaned up MP3s."

For the first time, Reggie bit his tongue or perhaps she bit it for him, it was hard to tell. He'd always sort of assumed Gina was a punk rocker in aesthetic only, she never talked about music other than how hot the musicians were but here was the physical proof that he'd been wrong about that. These were real, vintage records, not the recreations that were becoming popular these days, and they were immaculately cared for in stark contrast to the rest of the room. These had probably cost Gina a small fortune.

"If you're done admitting you're a judgemental ass can we please go get changed? My boobs feel like they are being crushed in this stupid shirt."

And any sort of respect she had earned in him evaporated.

"Fine, but can you get a bit more creative? You can only use the word 'ass' so many times before it starts feeling stale. If you're going to insult me, at least put some brain power into it."

"How about 'pretentious ass'?"

He rolled his eyes, groaning as Gina tried to take control and they ended up halfway back in his skull on accident. Now that she had pointed it out he could feel the press of his too tight shirt. He shifted slightly, mourning the loss of his favourite shirt as they made their way to her bedroom.

There was a twin sized bed, and even more clothing scattered about and a desk covered in the biggest pile of sketchbooks Reggie had ever seen. Graffiti markers and pencil shavings were everywhere and Reggie felt his own cheeks begin to warm as Gina grew embarrassed. They were all STEM majors, yet her room looks more like something out of an art studio.

"Wow, look what I found." He said dramatically, flinging open the wardrobe, "It's called a cupboard, it's a place you can put things like say, clothes."

"I have a system." Gina scoffed, taking over and rummaging around for a minute before pulling out a number of items that Reggie was sure would clash.

Their hands moved to the hem of his shirt before freezing.

"This feels wrong, let me close our eyes." Gina demanded.

“What? How are we supposed to-”

“I said close our eyes!”

His eyelids slammed closed of their own accord and he felt himself being puppeteered once more. His graphic tee was pulled off after a few seconds of struggling and he once again felt his breasts bounce as the tight fabric pulled them up before dropping them back down against his bare chest once more.

A hand groped blindly for the bra and he could feel Gina’s frustrations.

“For fucks sake.” He muttered, opening their eyes and grabbing the bra three feet away, “This is my body too I can’t...perv on myself.”

‘This still feels wrong. The last person I want to see me naked is you.’

“Don’t flatter yourself.” Reggie sniped, looking down at his new chest with interest,

His skin was a tonal mix between his more pasty white and Gina’s admittedly more healthy glow. Pale, but not sickly, save for his nipples which were a beautiful rosy pink. The sight would have aroused him if they weren’t well, his own. He focused on the task at hand awkwardly trying to get the hooks done up behind his back before Gina took over and did it for them.

She then reached for a white tank top patterned with a Monochrome skull and rose, even before putting it on Reggie could see how low the cut would be.

‘Do we really have to wear that?’

‘What’s wrong with it?’

‘It’s so...revealing.’

‘What’s wrong with flaunting what you got?’

‘...I don’t even know where to begin with how bad your grammar was there.’

‘I’m putting the shirt on.’

'Oh no you're not!'

If there were a fly on the wall watching they probably looked quite comical. Body jerking about both trying to put on and remove the singlet until finally Reggie gave in and Gina pulled it over their head with a satisfied smirk.

“There, was that so bad?” She sighed, “The jeans are still a little tight though...that’s new.”

'Yeah well, not used to having any junk in the trunk are you, flat-butt?'

Gina made them roll their eyes but Reggie was surprised to feel a flash of genuine hurt pass through him from the woman. She showed no outward sign that the words had stung and yet they had and it made him feel...odd. He wanted to hurt her, obviously, that's why he insulted her but there was something raw about the flash of pain that made him feel instantly guilty. He never realised just how much of a sore spot her figure was. He almost felt compelled to apologise.

“You could.” She said aloud and his guilt was instantly swallowed by irritation.

'Get out of my head.'

“Would if I could, hun.”

Without another word Gina pulled the jeans off with a sigh of relief and picked up a black skirt. Reggie winced at the shiny leather material but decided the fight wasn't worth it. It felt so strange, feeling the open air against his crotch, especially now that he had a pussy instead of a cock. The stiff fabric scraped against his skin and inner thighs as Gina pulled it into place and he couldn't help but give his hips an experimental wiggle. The skirt rested so lightly against his skin it almost felt like he was wearing nothing but the waistband.

Suddenly they were moving, Gina ripped the jacket off her full length mirror and stood before it, instantly turning to view her new rear in the reflection. The skirt flared out much further in the back than it normally would have on her body and Reggie could feel her genuine joy at seeing it.

“God I look good.” She sighed, “Even you have to admit it.”

Reggie found himself thrust into control and immediately blushed seeing himself in such a suggestive pose with his ass stuck out. He stood up straight but of course that did nothing to hide his new curves.

‘Oh go on, have some fun, dude. We look great.’

“Looks are not that important.” Reggie scoffed, “There are far more important things people could worry about.”

‘But it’s nice to look attractive, come on, don’t give me that ‘I don’t care what I look like’ crap. Everybody cares about their appearance a little, there is nothing wrong with liking your own reflection.’

Yeah well, that was easier for her to say. She was a cute girl with a big rack, everybody thought she looked good. Amusement floated through his thoughts and his cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red realising she had just heard everything, including him admitting she was hot.

With a sigh he turned back to the mirror; once again faced with his new transformed reflection. Loathe as he was to agree with Gina on anything she did have a point; they were stunning. Never in his life had Reggie felt like the most attractive person in a room, even when he was alone. It had always been Gabby who was the hot one; he faded into the background and most of the time that was how he liked it.

He took pride in the confused looks people sometimes gave him when he and Gabby hung out in public. He could tell they were wondering how such a drab person could possibly have grabbed her attention.

‘Yeah, I wonder that myself.’ Gina said slyly, he could somehow hear the grin in her voice.

“It’s called having a good personality.” Reggie said smugly, “And personal depth. Now, in this body I have that *and* beauty.”

‘Do my ears deceive me, was that you taking some pride in being a hot woman? Where is your masculinity?’

Reggie gave a frustrated scoff.

“Why do you do that? Every single fucking time I think we might actually get along for five seconds you needle me. I swear you’re trying to pick a fight.”

‘Yeah, cause most of the time I am.’

“That’s childish. Do you get off on pissing me off or something?”

‘No I just want you to go away and leave Gabby and I alone.’

“Well the feeling’s mutual.”

Reggie could feel irritation bubbling on both sides but also sadness and...guilt? Part of him was tempted to ask her to explain but he knew it was pointless, even he was getting tired of arguing now. Perhaps this was how Gabby felt every time they fought. He flopped back onto the bed with a sigh; what else were they supposed to do? He felt homesick for his own dorm; with its neatly made bed and mini fridge full of cup ramen but something told him Gina was in no hurry to go there.

Lacking any better ideas he let their eyes fall closed; both of them were exhausted and perhaps a nap might make everything better. They had one week to learn how to get along for the sake of the concert and more importantly, Gabby. Judging by how roughly things had started though, Reggie doubted anything about the process was going to go smoothly.

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Gina groaned. There was something nudging at her, not physically but mentally; forcing the fog of sleep away when she very much wanted to keep it. She rolled over and snuggled deeply into the blankets, wincing slightly as she accidentally crushed her breasts into the mattress.

‘Come on! Wake us up!’

Gina groaned again, groggily opening a single eye to spy the alarm clock on her bedside table; 7:30am blinked at her in vibrant red. She closed her eyes again.

“It’s early.” She muttered, “It’s not like we have to go to class, can’t we sleep in?”

'Normally I am awake an hour before now.'

“Doing what exactly? You don’t spend that time making yourself presentable, that’s for damn sure.”

She giggled a little, feeling Reggie stew in the back of their mind only for the sound to abruptly cut off as he seized control. Forcing them to sit up in bed and shrug off the warm blankets.

“It’s time we sorted out a plan.” He announced, “Neither of us can go to class like this.”

'More importantly, what are we going to say to our family and friends? I don’t tend to just disappear off the face of the Earth at the drop of a hat.'

A sense of unease rippled through them, followed by embarrassment and Gina felt a grin form on their face as Reggie regressed again.

“Nobody is going to miss you are they?” She snickered, “Outside of Gabby and class do you actually leave your dorm?”

'...Shut up. At least dealing with this will be easy for me.'

Gina pouted, that jab didn’t feel as satisfying as they usually did. A small amount of guilt swirled in her stomach but she quickly extinguished it; Reggie was an ass, he deserved it. At least he didn't seem to be bothered by it as he surged in control once more and clapped his hands together.

“What we need is a proper plan. We’ll log into your computer and send off sick notices so we can be excused from class and then you can do whatever the hell you want to explain to your multitude of friends and fans why you’re gone.”

'Fine, but no snooping through my laptop files. Got it?'

“Gina, come on. Focus. And we should get some breakfast.”

'Oh, no need for that, let's just get on with the emailing.'

"Nonsense." Reggie said, stubbornly holding Gina back from taking control as she made his way to her little kitchenette. "We can't concentrate on an empty stomach."

Gina felt her heart begin to beat faster, it had been months since she ate breakfast. Did she even have any breakfast foods? She tried to take control but Reggie wasn't letting it happen, perhaps that jab had lit a fire in him after all. He flung open the cupboards and started rifling through them and Gina suddenly felt self conscious.

"Health bars, Jell-o, Quinoa, kale chips...do you have any normal food? Cornflakes maybe?"

'There is some raisin bran I think, maybe.'

"What do you normally have for breakfast?"

'Nothing, I usually wait till lunch.'

Reggie paused, face screwing up in confusion. Gina felt a sense of dread washing over her, she could practically hear the gears turning in his head and she would have done anything to stop them.

"That's not healthy."

'Yeah well...I put on weight easily.'

Reggie actually laughed, the bastard.

"You? You're a twig, especially in the ass department."

Gina felt her anger surge and suddenly she was in control. She crossed her arms over her chest and crushed them against her breasts.

"In case you hadn't noticed, my tits are huge, if they get much heavier any chance of people taking me seriously goes out the window. So no breakfast, got it?"

She slammed all the cupboards closed and stomped over to her laptop, very much wishing she could input her password without Reggie seeing. She opened up all her social media and began typing updates, how she wasn't feeling well and how everybody needed to stay away for a few days. Immediately the love began pouring in and she ignored it; none of those people were really her friends if she was honest. They just thought she was hot; Gabby was the only person who was ever sincere with her.

'How about some fruit?'

"What about it?"

'To eat, Gina. We have to eat something.'

"I'm not hungry." She lied.

'Well I am. Come on, a banana, you're not going to get fat if you eat a single banana.'

"...fine."

It was only when she was halfway through eating it that she realised how soft Reggie's voice had been in her ear. He actually sounded...concerned? No, that couldn't be right. That asshole never cared about anybody but himself. She was sure he was just simpering after Gabby and the second he actually grew some balls and told her, that would be it. Gabby would reject him and he'd go off on some incel style tirade trying to ruin her life all because he felt entitled to her attention. Gina felt her blood boiling just thinking about it.

She was so angry in fact she didn't even realise she'd eaten two bananas until Reggie made her stand up to go put the peels in the bin.

"Great, now I am going to get fat." She scoffed, dropping the peels into the bin only to be wheeled around suddenly by Reggie taking over.

"Two bananas won't make you fat, seriously. For a woman who claims to hate being judged for her body you sure do worry about it a lot."

"Well, at least I can look good. It took you getting magically combined with somebody to actually look halfway decent."

“At least I have brains.”

“I am a STEM student too!”

Their argument went on, each of them wresting control of the body from the other, forcing them to walk back and forth across the room until finally, Gina felt herself shunted to the back once more but unable to resurface.

“We are having a shower.” Reggie announced, “I feel gross.”

‘No way! I don’t want you seeing me naked any more than you have to.’

“This is our body. As in not just solely yours, just because we ended up female doesn’t make it any less mine. I say we are having a shower, so we’re having a shower.”

‘Oh what, I suppose you have final say over what we do now because...?’

“Because I say so.”

‘Wow, so mature.’

“Do not lecture me on maturity you-ugh can we please stop pacing!”

Their body stilled, finally, with both of them fighting over control it was getting exhausting. It didn’t matter who was in control, they could both feel their feet getting sore. What’s more, they could both feel the film of grime across their skin. Even Gina had to admit a shower felt nice.

‘Alright, a shower, but no ogling.’

“You can’t blame me for being curious about what we look like now.”

‘...Fine. Me too. But if I sense even a tiny bit of arousal, I’m shutting our eyes.’

Together they managed to make their way to the bathroom without getting whiplash. The room was just as chaotic as the rest of Gina’s apartment, with bottles of nail polish and tubes

of lipstick taking up what little bench space there was. Gina could feel Reggie's distaste seeing all the various makeup and hair care products.

"How much money do you waste on this junk?"

"It's not junk, you'll be singing a different tune soon enough."

~

Reggie tried not to feel awkward as he let Gina strip them down; it just seemed like the more...gentlemanly thing to do. While he was right, this was his body just as much as hers, it did still feel a bit weird taking clothes off a female body. Instead he mentally sneered at all the rubbish Gina spent her money on; it made sense for women to want make up and stupidly expensive 'self care' products; that is what society had trained them to want from birth after all. Even Gabby had a small collection but the key word there was small. Gabby at least was vapid like Gina, she didn't spend hundreds, maybe even thousands of dollars of different coloured balms and polishes. She had some taste. He could see Gina's irritation at his thoughts but didn't rise to the challenge; unlike her, he was capable of being the bigger person.

That and the fact that they were currently naked was quite distracting. He was glad Gina was in control right now or he wouldn't be able to help himself from shivering. The air in the room suddenly felt far too cold and gooseflesh was making their skin tight, including their nipples. Gina didn't even seem to notice which told him that must have been at least semi-normal.

She was staunchly looking forward, he could almost feel her daring him to take control and look down at their naked body just so she could chastise him for it. Little did she know just feeling this body was distraction enough for him. Reggie wasn't used to having so many parts that moved independent of his thoughts. When they took a step toward the shower he could feel the heft of his ass moving, his thighs along with it. Not to mention the same bounce in his breasts. Without the clothes to hold the extra appendages in place they seemed to have a mind of their own.

"You get used to it." Gabby spoke after a moment, "The movement I mean, though I have to admit the ass stuff is new to me."

Reggie had to hold back a quip at that; her flat ass had always been a favourite of his to make fun off. A stab of irritation from Gina; guess he didn't hold back enough after all. She

yanked the water on and jumped under the spray, gasping and stamping her feet as the cold water washed over them.

“Fuck that’s cold.” She hissed, sighing in relief a moment later when the hot water finally kicked in.

‘You know you can just...let the shower run till it heats up.’ Reggie deadpanned.

“...I know that.”

A bubble of laughter escaped their lips as Reggie briefly surfaced.

“Oh my God, seriously?”

“Shut up!”

She reasserted herself and dunked their head back under the spray, effectively silencing him as the sensation of water soaking their head took his attention away. Hair washing was a practical thing for Reggie; he’d dunk his head under the spray, run his fingers through with some soap, rinse and be done with it. In this body though, Reggie realised for the first time just how wonderful the experience could be.

Gina raked their fingers through their hand, slowly combing through the silky soft shampoo through their long locks. It felt wonderful, especially compared to the bar soap he usually used.

“You know bar soap is bad for your hair, right?” Gina said smugly, “Everybody knows that.”

‘Touche, cold shower girl.’

They rinsed the bubbles from their long locks and Reggie sourced the feeling of them flowering down the curves of their body. He could feel the rivers of steamy water flowing down the gentle slope of his shoulders, running around his inner thighs and even down the cleft of their ass. It felt wonderful; not even in a sexual way but just beautifully relaxing. No wonder women took forever in the shower each morning; if it felt like this for him each day, he would as well!

Gina seemed to have fallen into a rhythm and Reggie was in no hurry to stop her. He savoured each moment as she ran her hands over her body, soaping up the skin and letting the water wash all the sweat and grime away. Even the razor she took to their legs felt nicer than what he was used to. All that talk about women's razors being better really was true. He was feeling so warm and relaxed he was almost sad when she finally turned off the water and stepped out of the shower; skin now with a pinkish tinge and steam wafting off it.

As she reached for a towel Reggie felt her hesitate, a momentarily flush of embarrassment before she hurried began to rub them down. There was no avoiding looking now and Reggie was treated to a full show as she dried off their chest, pushing up their breasts and even wiggling her hips slightly in order to dry their ass. He could see their nipples perk up once more, this time however it had nothing to do with the cold.

“Seriously?”

‘I’m still a man, Gina. Fucking hell, just give me a break.’

To his surprise she just laughed and shook their head before heading back to the bedroom to pick out something for them to wear. Her eyes scanned the cupboard once more and Reggie longed for a simple graphic tee and jeans.

“How about we take turns?” Gina suggested as she slipped on a pair of panties. “If we are going to be stuck like this for a few days we can at least try to make it bearable. I’ll pick an outfit today and then you can choose tomorrow.”

‘That’s...remarkably mature of you, Gina.’

“You’re acting like that’s a surprise. Besides, it’s not like you can put us in anything too terrible with just my wardrobe to choose from.”

With that she began gathering her choices; a black and white striped long sleeve shirt with a band t-shirt over the top. Black leggings, a red leather skirt and knee high boots with silver buckles. The shirt was the closest thing Reggie had to feeling comfortable; the graphic on the front at least felt a little familiar even if he had no idea who the band was.

“I’m sorry, you want to go to the music festival with Gabby and you don’t even know who the Ramones are?”

'I'm guessing they're not modern.'

“They are classic, Reggie. Like, some of the foundational members of punk rock. I can't believe you have the gall to judge me for my taste in music when you don't even know who the Ramones are.”

'Just because you know an old band I don't doesn't make you a real music fan.'

“No, the collection of vintage records in the other room does.” Gina giggled, Reggie would have bit his tongue if he could; she had a point. “Come on, let me show you what you've been missing out on!”

Before he could protest they were in the living room and Gina was carefully removing a record from its preserved cardboard sleeve. Reggie didn't dare try to stop her or protest; he may not get on with Gina but he wouldn't wish damage on those records no matter who owned them. Gently she placed down the needle and after a few moments of quiet spinning the sound of guitar and sharp bass met his ears.

The beat was instant and rough; his mind was instantly filled with grainy music video footage and other such relics he associated with music from the 70s. Gina began to tap their foot before hopping back and forth slightly as she swayed their hips.

“Twenty, Twenty, Twenty-four hours to goooo!” She sang along, “I wanna be sedated, nothin' to do, nowhere to go-oh!”

Within a few seconds she was full on dancing, not just bouncing on her toes but full on punching the air and jumping up on the couch. Reggie surged forward, immediately putting a stop to the show with a deep blush.

“Okay, I'll admit it, this slaps but is the dancing really necessary?”

'What else are you supposed to do when listening to music this good?'

“Not flail around like an idiot?” He suggested, sitting them down on the couch, “When I listen to music I just focus on the poetry of the words.”

'The poetry of the-holy shit do you even know how pretentious you sound?'

Reggie replayed the sentence in his mind and blushed.

“Point taken but what I mean is, I like listening to the lyrics, music is a lot more than just random sounds to move to.”

‘I know that.’ Gina said, he could practically feel the mental eye roll, *‘but you know what else music is good for?’*

“What?”

‘Headbanging!’

Before he could stop her they were on their feet again, Gina howling the chorus along with the record player as she whipped her head back and forth, sending their perfect hair flying into a mess of tangles that covered their eyes. Reggie’s first instinct was to take control again but then he started to feel it; the surge of pure elation and joy washing over him from Gina. She was having the time of her life right now and the feeling was intoxicating, spreading even. He couldn’t help but get swept up in it; enjoying the sensation of his ass bouncing and her chest swaying as she thrust in back and forth.

This wasn't pretty dancing; not the sort that women did in clubs when they were really just trying to look sexy for any men who happened to be watching. This was almost violent, with punches, kicks and mid-air guitar solos as they jumped off the couch. Reggie hadn't felt this sort of free, excitement since he was a kid! The song finished and Gina finally stopped, lifting the needle while their chest heaved as she struggled to catch their breath.

“Oh man, I needed that.” She sighed, sounding relieved and indeed, he could feel a sense of tension leaving her that he hadn't even properly registered was there, “Alright, let's finish getting ready; that little dance break was very much needed. If only to give you a taste of what *real* music is.”

Reggie’s brain took a few moments to catch up with her words, still awash in excitement from the music.

‘What do you mean finish? We’re dressed.’

“Yeah, and now we have to do our hair, makeup and jewellery.”

'Is that really necessary? It's not like we're trying to impress anybody.'

"Believe it or not, Reggie, sometimes, in fact almost all the times, women dress up because they enjoy looking good for themselves. Not because they want to attract you like a damn peacock."

Reggie felt his hackles rise.

'Actually, it's male peacocks who have the fancy feathers to attract a mate.'

"Well, you'd make a pretty shit peacock."

For some reason, that insult hurt a lot more than it should have. Gina got to work, starting with a series of creams and powders which seemed to all look the same to him.

"Thank god our complexion isn't that different or we would be in for a world of pain."

'How many shades of concealer can there possibly be?'

"I'm going to pretend you didn't say that."

Reggie grumbled, mentally at least and settled into the passenger seat. Gina was clearly determined to do this and it wasn't as if they had anywhere to be. So he watched, bored at first but then slowly he felt his interest peaked. Slowly but surely he could see the differences made the way a flick of mascara added a bit of darkness and depth to their lashes; how a brush of bronzer brought out the cheekbones. He even started to somewhat enjoy the experience, the glide of gloss against his lips, staining them a desaturated red felt surprisingly luxurious.

When she was done he didn't feel as though his face had been caked but rather, refined. Gina even let him take control again to get a closer look, turning their face this way and that.

'Good, huh?'

"Yeah, I'll give you this one."

'Want nail polish?'

“...Sure.”

She gave an excited squeal and began lifting various tiny pots of glittery liquid up to her eyes to study. Reggie was already regretting this but wasn't about to go back on his word. The silver polish felt icy on the tips of his fingers but he did have to admit, it was quite impressive to watch.

“Want to try?”

‘Sure, how hard could it be?’

Really, really hard, turned out to be the answer. Gina made it look so simple, yet the moment he was in control of that tiny brush it refused to obey him. The polish spread onto his skin and cuticles and when he tried to fix it, all he managed was to make it worse. One hand looked like a five year old had tried to paint it, while Gina's were silky smooth and perfect. Inside their mind she was cackling like a hyena.

‘Yeah okay, this is a wash, grab the polish remover and let me do it.’

Reggie retreated once more, a little embarrassed as Gina fixed the mess that was their left hand.

‘Well, what did you expect? It's not like I've ever had to do it before.’

“You thought it was going to be easy, didn't you?”

‘...You set me up to look like an idiot!’

“Worked like a charm.” She giggled, “Oh come on Reggie, don't sulk. It's not like anybody but me will ever know. Well, maybe Gabby.”

Reggie tried to be irritated but frankly, after almost half a day of constant bickering he just didn't have it in him to be bothered. It was a pretty harmless prank, one he could get her back on without much hassle if he wanted to.

“There!”

She held up their hands to the light, watching the slight shimmer across the silver polish. Reggie had to admit, they looked good, it wasn't a feeling he was used to.

"Now then, what shall we do?"

It was a good question; they had both called in sick to their respective jobs, classes were obviously not an option right now and Gabby wouldn't be available until she was finished with her own. They couldn't even watch the lectures they were missing until they got uploaded to the university server later today so for now they were simply...existing for the first time as Regina. All dressed up and nowhere to go.

"Well, how about we go to my dorm?" Reggie suggested taking over once more, "Living here while we're like this obviously makes sense, you have the clothes that fit and walking in and out of the men's dorms constantly will probably draw people's attention. That being said, I want my stuff."

'Fair, I'm just glad we can stay in my room, not yours. The last thing I want is your stink invading me all the time.'

"I do not stink!"

'Do so.'

"Shut up and tell me where your dorm key is."

He grabbed the key and Gina's phone from the nightstand heading for the door only to hear a thunk and jingle as he reached for the door. The key and phone fell to the ground when he slid them against his skirt.

'Careful!'

"Why the hell do you not have pockets?"

'...Is that a trick question?'

"No! Obviously not!"

'Wow, tell me you're a virgin without telling you're a virgin...women's clothing doesn't tend to do pockets asshole. Why do you think we have to buy purses?'

Reggie grumbled, grabbing one of the bags with spaghetti strap ties and gathering the keys and phone into it. That was just bloody stupid.

"Can we change into jeans at least? So I don't have to carry this around."

'Sorry, the only pockets on my jeans are fake.'

That made him stop in his tracks.

"Wait, seriously? Fake pockets? What's the point of that?"

'You tell me dude, welcome to life as a woman, where the pockets are fake and half the tops ever made seem to think bra straps don't exist.'

It seemed this was a sore spot for Gina because as they walked out the hall she continued complaining about it. Honestly, Reggie couldn't blame her; he couldn't remember ever buying a pair of pants without pockets before, let alone fake ones. If they had enough fabric to make fake pockets surely they could just make some real ones.

He was glad she was occupied though, it meant he could enjoy being in control for an extended period of time. He still wasn't fully used to the way this new body moved. His arms seemed to swing more than he was used to and no matter how hard he tried his hips seemed to sway from side to side, taking his ass with them. It didn't feel...unpleasant. If he was honest with himself.

What was unpleasant was the stares. Did people think they were being subtle? At first he was worried there was something they hadn't noticed, some obvious give away that they were two people in the same body but then he followed the eyes that looked upon him and realised they were all focused on the same place; his chest.

The shirt and long sleeve combo meant they weren't even showing any cleavage but that didn't seem to matter. When you have a chest bigger than a double D on campus, people are going to look. He felt his lips slowly pressing into a thin line as a man wolf whistled him; he moved to quicken his pace as Gina raged inside him, desperate to turn around.

'Go let me thump him! He'll think twice before doing that again to any woman!'

"Just let it go." He hissed under his breath, "I don't want to make a scene."

It was getting harder to walk, Gina was trying her hardest to make them turn around, making their gait awkward enough that people were starting to stare at his legs instead of his chest.

"Gina please," he whispered. "People are looking."

'...Fine.'

He breathed a sigh of relief as she retreated back; the last thing he wanted was for this identity to cause a problem. If campus security got called, what would they say? Regina had no student ID, no ID at all really, they'd be chucked out and on the security alert list faster than they could count. Then what?

'Assholes.' Gina grumbled, "I fucking hate people like that.'

"Well...maybe if you dressed a little more conservatively people wouldn't stare so much."

'I dress how I like! We haven't even got our tits out right now, why are you blaming me for their actions?'

He blinked; he'd never really thought about it like that before. Thankfully, he didn't need to for much longer as they finally reached his dorms. They passed nobody in the halls as most of his cohort were currently in class or like him, solitary. He turned the lock in the door and breathed a sigh of relief; finally, after all the cacophony of yesterday, something familiar.

~

Gina was still boiling in her indignant rage from the wolf whistle, so much so that she didn't even register they were finally at their destination till the key was in the lock.

Her eyes scanned the room, taking in the minimalist decor. The walls bare, save for a single periodic table poster and what appeared to be some new DDR band she had never heard of. Both were perfectly in the centre of their respective wall, held up by four tiny dots of tack. They almost looked too neat, like a stock image of a room some dusty old agent put up to try and give a drab area a bit of personality.

The desk against the far wall stood as the centrepiece of Reggie's study area. Textbooks on calculus, physics, and computer science were neatly stacked beside his laptop, indicating his dedication to his STEM studies. A few scientific journals and magazines were stacked neatly nearby; the whole place was so pinpoint neat it seemed almost fake.

Gina's attention then turned to the small bookshelf tucked in one corner. It held a collection of novels and non-fiction books, a blend of science-related titles and contemporary literature. Each book looked well worn too, several of them had little sticky tabs poking out from between the pages. For all his talk, Reggie's intellectualism wasn't just for show. He actually read each and every one of these, multiple times by the looks of it. At least they added a little bit of personality to the room.

"This is more like it." Reggie sighed, "A bit of order. Ah, my baby!"

He rushed forward, picking up a sleek looking laptop and running their fingers over it with affection.

'Did you just call that computer your baby?' Gina snickered.

"I'll have you know, this a top of the line laptop, not only that it has my entire music library on it. All ten thousand songs, meticulously organised."

'No Ramones though.'

"Not yet."

'Aha! I converted you!' She cheered.

"You did no such thing." Reggie replied though she felt his lips quirk slightly, "The music was quality, you being the one to show me had nothing to do with it. Now, let me pack a bag."

He moved into the bedroom which was just as colourful and characterful as the living room, which was to say, barely. The bed was neatly made, with a simple yet comfortable-looking duvet. Grey, tucked in at all edges army style. He flung open the wardrobe to reveal piles of neatly organised clothes. Though why he bothered Gina couldn't tell; from what she could

see all he had were jeans and shirts, a few jackets and a whole two pairs of shoes. A pair of boots and a pair of sneakers.

“I don’t need anything else.” He shrugged, sensing her thoughts.

‘Those shoes are black, what if you want to wear those navy jeans there?’

“...then I wear the black shoes?”

‘Jesus Christ.’

Reggie just rolled their eyes; apparently wearing black and navy was some great social faux pas. He did his best to think really, really hard about how much he could not care about such things and laughed, giggled more accurately, when he felt Gina’s burn of irritation.

‘Like it or not, looking presentable is important.’

“Is that what you do? Look presentable?”

‘I look good. There is no shame in looking good, just because you don’t know how you like to pretend you don’t care that you look like a total slob all the time.’

“T-that’s not true. I just care what’s inside more.”

‘Oh really? If that’s true, why is your only friend the gorgeous Gabby? Why don’t you go talk to those guys who sit at the back of our lectures in hoodies that never wear deodorant?’

Reggie couldn’t help it, he recoiled. Everybody hated those guys; they stank and made it their business to correct every single problem somebody answered even the slightest bit wrong when called on by the professor.

“They’re creeps.”

‘You don’t even know them.’

“And you do?”

'Yes actually, they are a lot like you, just worse. They don't know how to make themselves look nice, so everybody avoids them, so they push up their glasses and pretend like people are scared of how smart they are. Sound familiar?'

Reggie felt his cheeks start to burn; he'd always said that. His smarts kept people away and they did...didn't they? But...nobody avoided those guys at the back of class because of their smarts, it was just that they were jerks and stank to high heaven. He couldn't possibly share anything in common with them. Right?

It didn't matter, he put it out of his mind; realising he had been standing in front of the wardrobe for a good five minutes conversing with the voice in his head. He started grabbing his favourite shirts and jeans, carefully folding them into his usual class backpack along with all his notes and textbooks. It was a squeeze but eventually he managed to get everything, even if he did have to squeeze his advanced mathematics book into his laptop bag.

'Do you really need all that?'

"We can't go falling behind. We're going to spend the next few days studying."

'The hell we are.'

"How are you even passing this course if you never study?"

'Of course I study but I have this thing called a work life balance.'

"Well that's great for you!"

He threw up his hands and sat down at his desk, shifting slightly in his seat and enjoying how comfortable it was with his new ass cushioning the desk chair. He'd had the swivel chair since the beginning of high school so the cushioning in the seat had long since been squashed into oblivion. He'd not bothered to replace it, the slight discomfort kept him alert and focused on his work but now thanks to their fabulous new ass it felt just as comfy as it did when it was new.

"We spent all night at your place, can we spend some time here before I have to go back to the chaos that is the mess of your room?"

'...I guess.'

Reggie breathed a sigh of relief and opened his laptop; it was hard to relax with Gina right there in the back of his mind but at least he could try and relax. He opened up the music software and began walking Gina through it all; his organisation system, the hundreds of albums, even the custom mixing software he'd been playing around with. To her credit, he could feel her interest though it didn't last long.

'Could I get a word in edgeways here?'

"Have I been talking that long?"

'Thirty minutes.'

"Oops."

"It's...whatever I am used to it."

Reggie felt his brow furrow.

"What do you mean by that?"

'Just that you talk a lot without realising you're steamrolling over everybody else. Gabby doesn't mind, she says she likes listening to you get passionate about things but for me it's a little...boring, being talked at all the time.'

Reggie felt like he was learning a lot about himself the last twenty four hours. He wasn't sure he liked it.

"Well...did you want to take control and download some Ramones?"

'Hell yeah!'

Before he knew it Gina had downloaded and perfectly sorted several albums worth of Ramones music into his library and he couldn't help but feel a little impressed. Most people, even Gabby, found his intricate filing system confusing and needlessly detailed but Gina

picked it up instantly. She hit play on 'I wanna get Sedated' and that same heavy guitar began blaring from the laptops speakers.

It didn't sound right though. There was something too...smooth about it. He missed the slight scratch of the needle, the little imperfections in the music that made it feel so much more authentic. Gina wasn't even tapping her foot to the beat. Gina leaned them back in the chair, stretching out their chest and feeling their spine pop satisfyingly.

"Want to go back to mine and listen to this properly?"

'Absolutely.'

~

Despite his willingness to return Reggie couldn't help but groan when confronted with the mess that was Gina's dorm room.

"Please can I clean this up? You can just sit in the back of our head and watch."

'I don't want you going through my stuff.'

"How do you even know where your stuff is?" He threw up his arms before grabbing a bra hanging from the corner of the fridge, "Your stuff is everywhere!"

'I have a system.'

"Oh really? Where's...your calculator?"

'Um....on the desk, obviously.'

Reggie raised their eyebrow and drew the calculator out from behind the toaster, giggling when he felt their cheeks start to heat. He continued to chuckle as she grumbled but did not stop him from gathering all the loose items around the room into a pile. It was almost therapeutic, sorting the clothing into piles of clean and mostly dirty. The books were sorted, the clothing folded, he even managed to clear space on the crowded benchtop by sorting all the nail polish into a spare drawer that had been used to store socks for some reason.

He hummed under his breath, letting his instincts take over as they did something familiar. It was only when he was straightening Gina's sketch books that he realised he

hadn't had to ask where anything belonged, he sort of just knew. Not only that but he couldn't feel Gina, not in the usual way. She was still there, just smaller, as was he.

“Are we...mixing?” They said, “I think we are!”

With shock Reggie felt himself separate and suddenly they were two distinct minds again.

‘That was...weird.’ Gina whispered.

“Very weird, useful though, nice not having to talk to myself.”

‘Yeah, I guess we can try it again.’

They tried but it seemed to be like falling asleep; the harder you try the more impossible it seemed. Gina chucked down the books in frustration.

‘They go in the desk!’

“It would make more sense on the side table.”

‘Just...let me!’

Reggie threw up his hands and let his mind be shunted back while Gina took over. At least she was cleaning, the place was already starting to look better. If he was going to stay in her room he was glad it wasn't going to stay a sty. When they were finally done they collapsed back on the couch with a sigh, the sun was shining through the window brightly and suddenly there was a knock at the door.

“Hey, how are you both doing?”

“Gabby!”

They fell tits over ass as they both tried to stay in control to get to the door, Reggie tried his best but Gina forced him back and finally flung open the door to see a bewildered looking Gabby.

“Are you okay? I heard a thump.”

“I’m fi-not fine, Gabby you have to change us back he-she is a nightmare the-hey I am talking! No, I am! Fuck off!”

“I bought lunch.” Gabby said calmly, walking past them as they continued to switch back and forth word to word. “I figured you both like pizza, so that would be a safe bet.”

Their stomach growled and the pair of them paused.

“Truce?”

‘For pizza.’

Reggie let Gina be in control, so glad to be eating something more substantial than a banana. The melted cheese tasted like pure ambrosia.

“So how are you coping? Getting along? Learning anything?”

Reggie felt Gina thinking on it, both their minds filling with memories of their little arguments but also that moment of togetherness when they melded totally.

“We hate it.” They said together, “Please just change us back and take me to the concert.”

“Who’s ‘me’?” Gabby laughed warmly and Reggie pouted.

After a moment he felt something warm on their bare knee and looked up to see Gabby’s hand resting there. It felt soft and warmth spread through his entire body, especially between his legs.

“I care about you both.” She said seriously, “I just want you to try and learn to get along. Please? For me?”

How was he supposed to say no to that? Gina even seemed moved, ignoring his burst of arousal and filling him with a warm sense of loyalty.

“Alright,” they sighed together. “We’ll try.”

~

Regina woke with a sigh, she'd forgotten to put a glass of water next to her bed before she went to sleep. That meant she was now faced with a dilemma; get up and lose the comfortable warmth that could only be achieved after hours of cosy sleep or get up to deal with her increasingly dry throat. It was odd, she always remembered to grab a glass of water before bed. Why would she forget now?

No wait, she didn't get a dry throat ever why would she-no huh?

"Wha-uh Regi? Gina? What'ack!"

They broke into a dry cough as they both oddly separated.

"That was...weird." Reggie croaked, pushing them out of bed to head for the bathroom.

'Really weird.' Gina agreed.

It had been as if they were one person again; Reggie hadn't felt like he'd disappeared but he also hadn't been present either. Then again, neither had Gina. At the same time, it had certainly been easier, not having to constantly talk and battle with another force in his mind. Reggie downed the water and they both sighed in relief.

"Dry throat your thing?"

'Afraid so.'

"It's...fine. We'll put water next to the bed tonight."

'Thanks.'

The two of them fell back into a routine, breakfast, teeth, shower. Reggie was just stripping off his pyjamas when he realised what he was doing. His tits were resting bare against his chest and his stomach began to twist as he noticed it.

'Seriously?'

“I’m still a dude!”

‘It’s your own body!’

“Not really...” He shrugged, “Besides, it’s been...a while.”

Reggie wasn’t sure how but he swore he could feel Gina crossing her arms in disapproval within their mind.

‘Just how often do you tug your own cord.’

“Don’t say it like that.”

‘Answer the question.’

“Every day if you must know, which is totally normal for a guy my age!”

He jumped in the shower and waited for the water to heat up before letting the water flow down his body. It was just as lovely as the last time but with that latent arousal still swirling in his stomach it felt even better. The water pours down his inner thighs, stroking across his warm folds and making them both shiver.

‘Want to know a secret?’

Why the fuck would she whisper something like that in his mind now of all times?

“Sure.” He swallowed, desperate for a distraction.

‘I get off pretty much every day too.’

Playful laughter echoed through their mind as Reggie conjured images of Gina in bed, spread naked with her fingers between her legs. He didn’t want to but...well, his mind wasn’t entirely his own right now.

His fingers gripped the bar of soap hard and began to lather. What started as an excuse to get clean soon became just a reason to touch himself through. He dropped the bar entirely, pressing his soapy fingers into the soft skin at his stomach, sides and finally breasts.

His hands massaged into his ass cheeks, the movement made his chest stick out and he felt his nipples turning hard despite the heat of the steam.

“We could?”

‘Together?’

“Yeah.”

Reggie felt his mind melding into Gina’s as they finally agreed once more and their new, combined mind remerged. Regina gave a huff of excitement, letting the water coat her fingers to wash away the last of the soap before moving them toward her crotch. Bracing one hand against the steamy shower glass and leaned over and spread her legs as much as the small space allowed.

She could feel the thrill of anticipation from both sides of her personality; Reggie’s curiosity as to what it felt to be a woman touching herself, and Gina’s anticipation as she knew exactly what it felt like. It was such an odd sensation, to both know and not know something at the same time.

Head swimming with arousal she finally pushed a finger between her velvet folds and shuddered. With a soft gasp she began rubbing circles around her clit, letting the pleasure make her almost dizzy.

“Oooooohhhh...Yeah...up a little-ah!”

She experimented, stroking up and down, circling her hole, pressing her thumb against her clit at the same time. It was so intricate, it seemed like each second that past she found a new way to touch herself and the pleasure it elicited was slightly different. She combined strokes, speeding up and slowing down, marvelling at the way her breathing would hitch and pause against her own will.

“Fuck! Oh fuck...”

The water was starting to grow cold but she didn’t care. Her finger began to slide back and forth with increasing speeds, this time though she wasn't able to slow down. Her hole was burning but the idea of sticking something inside made her shiver; it would be too much for her first time. She pressed a second finger between her folds, rubbing her clit harder and harder as her inner muscles began to coil and tighten.

“Yes! Yes...j-just there, keep g-going I...I...Reg-Gina fuck!!”

She came hard, a small dribble of pussy juice sliding down her inner thigh before the now cold water washed the evidence away. She gasped for breath, still leaning against the wet glass and limply reaching for the taps to stop the torrent. She felt her two personalities separate once more; gently this time.

“That was...nice.” Gina said after a moment, stepping out and grabbing a towel to stop their shivering.

‘Yeah...’ Reggie replied, she could feel his humiliation.

“Seriously dude, I don’t mind. People get all funny about this sort of thing but everybody does it. No matter what they say. We can’t help it if we just so happen to share a body right now.”

‘That’s strangely cool of you.’

“Strangely?” She giggled, “I am very cool all the time, thank you.”

‘Look, we’re getting on well right now so I might just let that slide.’

Gina gave a bark of laughter and then switched positions, letting Reggie take control to pick an outfit for the day. He spent some time looking over the options before getting dressed in a simple skirt and singlet top. Reggie was halfway through slipping a pair of bangles on before he’d even realise how weird that was. It didn’t really feel that weird though; they caught the light in the most beautiful way and he felt himself smiling.

‘You’re developing a real sense of style, I never thought I’d see the day.’

He just snorted.

“So, what’s the plan for today anyway? Class isn’t exactly the option.”

They both thought for a moment and were rudely interrupted by their stomach growling.

“How about we go out for breakfast?” Reggie suggested, “It would be nice to get out and about.”

‘Yeah! There is this great little cafe Gabby and I go to sometimes, it’s called Little Beans. Let’s go there!’

“Lead the way.”

It felt odd, working in tandem like this. In only a little bit of time they had gotten used to seamlessly switching back and forth. Reggie settled into the back of their mind and let Gina take control, gathering things in their purse and heading out the door. Their body was still slightly warm, the residual pleasure of their first ever orgasm keeping their folds sensitive and they rubbed together as they walked. He couldn’t help noticing it and after a few minutes, when it became apparent Gina wasn’t about to tease him for it, Reggie even let himself enjoy it. The morning sun beamed down on them, warming their hair and skin and a smile split across their face, Reggie wasn’t sure which one of them did it. The picturesque morning was shattered all of a sudden when harsh words met their ears.

“C’mon, stay a little longer.”

“I said no, I want to go home.”

Reggie stepped back in control, stopping them dead in their tracks and turning to see the commotion. There was a woman leaving one of the men’s dorms, she had her arms wrapped around her nervously and the guy was leaning over her with a lecherous smile.

“I let you crash at my place, the least you could do is repay me.”

“Thank you, but I really don’t feel like it, Jayden.”

“You felt like it last night.”

“That was then, this is now.”

Reggie felt his blood boil, his anger only increasing when he felt a sense of resignation in Gina; she was used to this sort of treatment evidently. Reggie thought for a moment, a strange idea floated into his mind from Gina’s and he found himself moving.

“Hey! There you are!” He called, running right up to the woman and looping their arms though hers. “I thought we were meeting for breakfast ages ago.”

The woman’s eyes flashed with appreciation and she returned a hug.

“Yes, sorry I was just explaining that to Jayden.”

Reggie gave the man a harsh look.

“Yeah, well...bye then.” Jayden grumbled going back inside and both Reggie, Gina and their new companion sighed in relief.

“Thanks, I’m Skye.” The woman introduced, “He was so sweet last night but this morning...yeah, guess sober him isn’t as friendly.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Reggie smiled, “Girl code.”

It was, he wasn’t sure why he suddenly knew about it but he was glad. They walked together until they reached the edge of campus, where Jayden wouldn’t be able to see.

“I’ll be getting home, thanks again.” Skye called, giving them a wave before heading in the opposite direction.

“That was really nice of you.” Gina said as she took control once more, “Where was that when that asshole was catcalling us yesterday?”

‘It’s different when it’s somebody else.’

Reggie felt a sense of pensiveness descend over Gina as they walked, slowing her pace slightly.

“I didn’t realise you were so self conscious.”

Normally such a comment would have had his hackles rising but he could tell she didn’t mean it as an insult. Gina was genuinely surprised.

'Well...yeah. I guess it must be hard for somebody like you to understand.'

“Somebody like me? What’s that supposed to mean?”

'Well you're...y'know. Hot and popular.'

She actually snorted in laughter; Reggie could feel her disbelief flow through him and all of a sudden he realised how stupid he'd just sounded. After spending so much time merging with her he'd felt her doubts and fears as keenly as his own. The two of them lapsed into silence as their minds began to merge again, this time without meaning to.

As Regina, she could understand them both. How Gina lashed out in frustration when most people only saw her for her body. How Reggie was scared to put any effort in because if people still rejected him what was the point. It was odd, being two people at once but as she walked, following Gina's instincts, she felt the two of them slowly beginning to understand one another.

Finally, she arrived at Little Beans and the smell of coffee and pancake mix greeted her nose as she walked inside and sat at a table. She scanned the menu, automatically skipping over the peanut pancakes that were Gina's favourite. Reggie was allergic and she really didn't want to find out if that meant she was as well.

After a small wait, a plate loaded with strawberry cream waffles was placed in front of her and Regina felt both sides of her sing. This was way more calories than Gina would ever allow herself to eat and far too girly for Reggie. Yet they both longed for it, she could tell. She placed the spoon in her mouth and sighed with happiness; this was perfect.

“Man, I wish I could satisfy a woman the way those waffles apparently can.”

The voice was teasing, not at all serious. Regina turned to see a man she recognised from one of Gina's classes, Chase, sitting in the booth behind her. His eyes sparkled as he raised his coffee mug in greeting.

“Sorry it's just that you're moaning quite loudly.”

Her cheeks immediately burned.

“Was I? I hadn't noticed.”

“Well...sort of hard for me not to.” Chase said without any real malice, “If they’re that good I might have to get them myself next time.”

“I cannot recommend them enough.”

Regina found herself giggling. Chase was handsome; very handsome. In a way that made her a little wet between the folds. Flustered she turned back to finish her breakfast, her two sides threatening to split as she got more hot under the collar. She excused herself, making sure not to give into temptation and turn back to continue flirting with him. Two steps outside she felt herself come apart.

“What was that?” Reggie hissed, half irritated, half curious.

‘Look, you’re a dude, you get turned on by girls. Well, girls get turned on too!’

Reggie snickered.

‘Shut up, you ass.’ Gina said fondly, ‘Girls are allowed to have hormones y’know.’

“I know, I know.” He sighed, “Believe me.”

Without meaning to his mind wandered; thinking back on all the days and nights he’d spent with Gabby trying not to get flustered. Wanting nothing more than to tell her how beautiful he thought she was without it being ‘weird’. About the time she’d shown off her new bikini at the beach and he’d been forced to sit in the freezing ocean for almost an hour, insisting he was too hot to get out, just to hide his boner. He winced, both physically and metaphorically as he realised Gina was likely privy to all these thoughts.

It was a realisation that would have filled him with horror even a few days ago but at this stage what was the point? She’d probably figured it out ages ago.

‘I knew you liked her.’

“Yeah, I figured you did.”

‘...That’s why I didn’t like you.’

His hand froze on the doorknob to Gina's apartment. He could feel Gina's emotions swirling around his own.

"You're in love with her too?"

'Obviously.'

They lapsed into silence again as Reggie shuffled inside. Their thoughts were melting together, stopping the need for words. They were both coming to the same conclusions; only one of them could win in the end. That had been easy when they saw one another as the enemy but now they couldn't help but feel slightly bitter sweet about it. They were hardly best friends but Reggie could tell that, given more time, he and Gina could really be close. Gina could even see a world where all three of them got along but...if they both wanted Gabby where did that leave them?

Neither of them would give up Gabby for the other, no matter how close they became as friends. And neither could stand by and let her pick another third option. In the end, it was pushed aside, like so many problems. They could deal with it later.

~

Time passed oddly fast. Now that they had the rhythm of becoming Regina down Reggie and Gina found themselves taking control less and less. It was just less effort to merge into one being. Not only that, but it was also somewhat fun discovering who this new third personality of theirs was.

Reggie's favourite colour was blue, Gina's red, so Regina's was purple. That sort of thing followed but there were wholly new parts that seemed to have formed out of thin air. Regina was obsessed with strawberries; not just the fruit but the flavour. When either Reggie or Gina were in control of the body, it was just another fruit but when they were Regina it was practically a way of life. Something that made them all giggle from time to time.

"You know." Reggie said as he carefully applied their make up. "I think we're getting pretty good at this."

'I know right?'

"I think we can actually go to the musical festival as Regina. That way we both get to enjoy it and be with Gabby."

They were yet to talk about the elephant in the room when it came to Gabby. They both knew deep down it was something they would have to face eventually but the tentative peace they had found as Regina was too good to threaten. At least not yet. Once Gabby separated them again they could go back to arguing. Perhaps.

Reggie put down the mascara and stared into the mirror.

'What is it?'

"I was just thinking, after the music festival we're probably going back to our separate lives."

He felt Gina's confliction swirl.

'Yeah, which is good I mean, that's what we want.'

"Totes."

'...Did you just say totes?'

"I will pay you actual real money to never tell anybody."

Regina laughed.

~

The day had finally come, or rather, evening. The sun was setting and despite being up since dawn, showing, getting ready and preparing they were still at a loss as to what to wear.

"Let me go all out. This is a music festival, we can get really punk!"

'I don't want to be 'that girl' who went totally overboard!'

"Come oooooooooon. We have to pick something and if you have your way we'll show up in all black."

'It's a classic!'

“It’s boring! Here just...let me show you a few more options.”

Gina got them down on all fours and drew out a box from beneath the bed, opening it up to reveal several shirts and skirts that looked like they had been custom made. The art and sketch books scattered across her desk suddenly made a lot more sense.

‘You made these?’

“Yeah, Not the sewing or anything but the designs.” Gina blushed, “How about we let Regina pick? That way we are both happy, besides I figure we will spend most of tonight as her anyway.”

‘That seems fair.’

They focused, easily melting together and forming Regina once more. She surveyed her collection of clothes, pushing aside the more casual options for a mix of Gina's vintage finds and DIY creations. The energy in the room was electric as Regina's eyes lit up with excitement; this was her first real time getting to show her personality on her skin.

Immediately she started rummaging through her clothes, pulling out a faded band t-shirt with frayed edges. She held it up to her chest, feeling a surge of nostalgia from Gina. This had been the shirt she wore to her first ever concert. It was long faded and far too worn to wear again but she kept it regardless. Gently, she folded it and continued to search before coming across a striped singlet T patterned in black and hot pink. Gina had altered it with little silver heart decals on the sides. It was the perfect foundation for her punk rock look.

Her inner Reggie was drawn to a pair of ripped black jeans, admiring the rebellious vibe they exuded. While it looked great, Regina felt like she wanted to explore other options. She wanted something more...feminine.

Next, she spotted a plaid skirt hanging on a hanger. It was patterned with the same black and pink and if paired with the shirt they would match perfectly. Without hesitation she slipped them both on along with a set of fishnets for good measure. Regina looked at herself in the mirror, appreciating the rebellious yet feminine aesthetic, but something still didn't feel quite right.

Then she saw them, the heavy black boots with the silver buckles. Snapping them into place felt right and as she stood up to admire her own reflection she felt a thrill pass through her. She looked fabulous! A few minutes later and her make up was done, her lips dark and her eyes smokey; she was about to knock Gabby's socks off.

She felt her nipples harden slightly at the thought. Gina and Reggie's shared attraction to their friend combined within her. She felt her heart thump against her ribcage. Perhaps...now that she had the best of both of them something could actually happen.

A knock at the door broke her from her reverie and she ran to open it. There was Gabby, somehow looking even more stunning than usual in a red party dress and big golden hoop earrings.

"Oh my gosh you look amazing!" The words were out before she could stop them, words Reggie had longed to be able to say.

"Thanks! You too!" Gabby hugged her and Regina felt her skin heat at the touch.

Gabby linked her arm through Regina's and they walked down to the front of the dorms where a sleek black limo was waiting. Regina squealed with excitement, it looked so fancy. She couldn't believe their luck, Gabby winning those tickets was the best thing to ever happen.

They slid into the backseat where two glasses of champagne were waiting and Regina eagerly gulped hers down only to choke on the bubbles while Gabby laughed.

"I think champagne is a bit too fancy for the likes of us." She giggled, despite the fact she looked like an absolute natural sipping the golden liquid from her own glass.

"Once we get to the festival I am sure it'll be all plastic cups and vodka." Regina nodded, taking a second, smaller sip.

"You two seem to be getting on well." Gabby noticed with a smile.

"You two? Oh Gina and Reggie, yeah!" Regina grinned, "It's weird, I am sort of...both of them right now."

"Really?" Gabby put down her glass as the car began to move, her eyes wide with fascination.

She listened with rapt attention as Regina explained her new state of being; how Reggie and Gina sometimes took turns but ultimately enjoyed merging together mentally to create a whole new person.

“So do you have their memories?”

“Yeah, but if they separate, that separates as well, it’s sort of hard to explain.” Regina giggled, she had just noticed how close they were sitting, their legs were touching and now that she’d noticed she couldn’t seem to un-notice.

They were so absorbed in their conversation neither of them noticed the limo had stopped until the car door opened and the driver cleared his throat. With a blush they climbed out and were immediately handed their all access passes on golden lanyards.

The women exchanged wide grins of excitement as the driver motioned them forward. Skipping the line felt exhilarating; Regina could see the other concert goers watching them jealously as they walked through the gates without having to wait for even a second and headed straight into the walled off concert area.

They stepped inside and were immediately swept up in the atmosphere. Regina and Gabby were instantly engulfed in a whirlwind of sights and sounds. Stages loomed in the distance, adorned with mesmerising light displays and massive screens that showcased breathtaking visuals. Gabby turned and grinned at Regina and the two took a moment to stop and sequel in pure excitement. The festival had two smaller stages as well as the main one and they couldn’t decide where to go first. The tantalising aroma of street food enticed them, and they couldn’t resist stopping for a quick bite.

"Corn dogs, or nachos?" Gabby asked with a knowing smile and Regina rolled her eyes, those were each Gina and Reggie's favourite snacks respectively.

"Why not both?" She shrugged, "I don't need to watch my weight."

Gabby laughed, handing over her all access pass to the stall owner and being gifted a plate of nachos and two corn dogs in return. They ate as they walked and Regina pulled out the festival program from her bag, her eyes scanning the list of bands and set times.

"Oh my gosh, Gabby, look at all the options! How will we pick, a bunch of them are performing at the same time" she exclaimed, her voice filled with excitement.

"Let's take turns, who do you want to see first?"

Regina bit her lip, deep in thought.

"The Ramones cover band."

"Me too!"

"Ha! We are so in sync." Regina laughed, letting her hand linger on Gabby's just that little bit too long to be a casual touch.

She watched as Gabby's eyes dipped to where her hand was resting, then back up on her face. Her eyes were shining in the evening light and Regina swallowed nervously before looping her arm through her friends.

"Come on! They are starting soon, we don't want to miss it!"

Regina felt her two halves begin to war with one another.

'We can't flirt with her!'

"Why not? We both want it!"

'What if it goes terrible?'

'What if it goes great? You've been pining over her for years, why not just let us take the plunge together?'

'Well who gets her when we split then?'

'Why don't we let Gabby decide? Since y'know, she should probably get a say.'

"That's not what I meant and you know it.'

"Regina?"

Regina snapped back to herself and realised she'd been staring off into space.

"Sorry! Let's get going."

They made their way to the side stage where the cover band was playing just in time for them to start. The music was so loud it almost hurt Regina's ears, she could feel the vibration from the giant speaker in her bones; it was incredible. The band tossed glow sticks into the crowd and soon they were jumping and waving them like mad.

After the second song Gabby turned to her and began to dance and Regina let the infectious rhythm of the music move her body in turn. They moved against one another, what started as innocent dancing turned into something more without either of them realising. Regina began to press her chest to Gabby's moaning a little as she felt a hardness that could only be the other woman's nipples.

Gabby's hand reached around her waist and pulled her close and perhaps it was just her imagination but Regina was sure she could feel something warm pressing against her own mound through their clothing.

Reggie was flustered, Gina high on the experience; Regina was both. There was no denying it now, Gabby was flirting with her, with *them*. A song came to a crescendo, the crowd went wild and Gabby's lips found hers. It was like fireworks. Regina felt her whole body get hot as a sudden explosion of passion went off inside her.

'Oh fuck, she tastes even better than I thought.'

Her mind was so in the moment she couldn't even tell which one of them the thought came from. Gabby pulled away and Regina stared at her; the stars were out now, barely visible thanks to all the flashing lights and pyrotechnics from the stage. Gabby reached for her hand and took it, threading their fingers together.

"Want to take a break?"

The implication was clear; after all their talk of loving music there was one thing both halves of Regina loved and wanted more.

"Fuck yeah."

Giggling and full of nervous, excited energy the pair ran through the crowd, ducking and weaving, even occasionally dancing to the beat until the sea of people began to thin. The festival was walled off, so their spaces for privacy were finite but that didn't matter. With a deft hand Gabby undid one of the tarps covering the scaffold holding up a set of bleachers for the main stage and the two of them crawled inside.

It was like being in a tent, the whole area bathed in purple light as it filtered in from outside. Regina didn't hesitate, the moment they were back on their feet she was crushing herself against Gabby, holding her up against one of the wooden boards of the scaffold.

"We've waited so long for this." She whispered between kisses, "So damn long."

"I couldn't decide." Gabby moaned, reaching around to cup her ass, "I wanted you both."

"Is that why you combined us, really?" Regina smiled teasingly, moving to nip at the shell of Gabby's ear. "So you could have your cake and eat it too?"

"N-no...ah! Ahhhh, well...maybe not entirely..." Gabby was holding her butt so tightly now, gripping it for dear life. "M-maybe it was in the back of my head. I really did want you two to get ah ahhh along though."

Regina couldn't help but chuckle and pressed her lips to the hollow of Gabby's shoulder.

"Mission success." She murmured before sucking hard enough to leave a light pink mark and make Gabby positively wail.

'I always suspected she was a screamer.'

'Let's make her do that again.'

Regina slipped her hands into Gabby's dress and let her fingers cup the sides of her naked breasts before pulling the top half of the outfit down entirely. She took a moment just to drink in the sight before her; Gabby's breasts were perfect. Her dark skin and nipples bathed in the purple light were the sexiest thing she had ever seen and she knew both sides of her would be memorising the image for lonely nights in the future.

A second later Gabby's own hands were on her chest, slipping under the shirt to squeeze and play.

"N-no fair." Regina sighed, leaning into the touch, "I haven't t-touched you yet."

"Hurry up then."

She needed no further encouragement. She grabbed great handfuls of the supple flesh and revelled in the sound of Gabby's moans. The sound alone made her pussy clench; she wondered if it was possible to cum just from listening to her. One day she would have to find out but for now, she was not about to pass up being touched by the woman of her dreams.

Hands began moving again, fast and jerky as they removed clothing between hard kisses and gasped breaths. The music outside hid their tryst but Regina couldn't deny that there was an illicit thrill that came from doing this in public. Like any moment they could be discovered in their own little purple paradise.

Gabby's fingers slowly parted her folds as her skirt fell to the ground and Regina saw stars.

'Oh God, I have imagined this so many times.'

Did she say that out loud as well? It was hard to tell, Reggie and Gina were swimming in and out of control, each in ecstasy as Gabby continued to touch. It took more effort than she would have cared to admit to make her own hands move. She slipped them between Gabby's legs and pressed her thumb to her clit. Her new partner rewarded her with a breathy gasp that made her knees weak.

As good as it felt to have Gabby fingering her, Regina was determined not to give in. She needed to make her cum first; Reggie's masculine pride shone through and his need to be a gentleman overrode her own lust. She pressed her finger up into Gabby's wet passage, twisting them against her velvet walls and eliciting more delicious sounds. Sounds she swallowed down with more kisses as she forced her tongue to dance with Gabby's. In no time she added a second, then a third finger; pumping them in and out with expert precision. Gina knew exactly where to aim to hit Gabby's G-spot.

"Ahhhhh...ooooh yeah, j-just there-ah!"

Gabby's hands were shaking as they pushed up into her own passage. She was trying to keep pace with Regina's own thrusts but it was clear lust was overriding everything. Her fingers started and stopped and shook with more intensity as she got closer. Regina loved it, it made her so damn wet.

Her own passage began to pulse and tighten and she had to bite down on her lip to try and hold back long enough.

"Cum for me Gabby, I was to h-hear you scream."

Gabby tossed her head back, raven hair flying as her mouth opened and the most gorgeous sound Regina had ever heard came from her lips. It was half wail, half scream, all pleasure. She felt Gabby's pussy squeeze around her fingers tight and that in tandem with the sound of her pushed Regina over the edge.

Her whole body shuddered, squirting juices over Gabby's fingers as her pussy pulsed and she writhed. Pushing their breasts together so that the nipples dug into the soft skin. Regina shuddered, collapsing against Gabby as they both slowly bathed in the afterglow. Outside the muffled music played and the two gazed at one another.

"You're perfect." Gabby whispered, "My two best friends in one package."

Regina beamed; she had never been happier and neither had either of her halves.

~

Reggie threw down the pencil and sighed in relief; another assignment finally completed. His phone buzzed for the third time in as many minutes and he chuckled to himself, knowing who it was before even looking at the ID.

Gina: Dude, it's Friday night, where are you?

Gina: Come ooooooon

Gina: Reginald I swear to God if you make us late for date night again I will kill you.

Reggie rolled his eyes fondly.

Reggie: Gina, there is still half an hour till we're supposed to meet Gabby.

Gina: No harm in being early.

Reggie: Coming.

Gina: You will be soon.

He snorted, not bothering to answer. He grabbed his coat and went on his way, heart already fluttering. His life had taken a wonderful turn since the music festival. The moment he and Gina unfused had been...eye opening. They had gone back to Gabby's dorm for the night as Regina and made love until the sun rose. When she separated the two of them they only had to share a single look before asking her to meld them once more.

It had taken time to perfect their little relationship. Reggie and Gina still needed to exist as individuals after all. But going back to normal life after getting used to sharing his

mind had been hard. They'd made up for it by texting basically constantly. Something they expected to make Gabby jealous but instead made her all the more thrilled. She finally had what she had always wanted; her two best friends getting along. Not only that but she could date them both at the same time.

Every Friday they would meet up and become Regina again, sometimes just for the night, sometimes for the entire weekend. Reggie was eagerly awaiting the summer trip they had planned to road trip across the country. That way he and Gina could stay fused the entire time.

Reggie picked up two smoothies on the way and hurried over to the women's dorms. He didn't bother to knock when he got to Gina's dorm, she'd given him a key weeks ago. He found her, as always sitting over her desk with her cloth pens in hand, hunched over a design.

"Brought you a smoothie." He laid it down on the table, "Finished yet?"

"Almost. It's for the next date night."

"Oh?" Reggie looked over the piles of outfits laid out over the bed and floor. "Which one of these will we be wearing tonight?"

"You pick." She waved a hand at home, "I am stuck between the blue one and the orange."

"Blue." He replied without hesitation, "blue brings out our eyes."

She nodded in agreement, putting one final stroke on the shirt design and holding it up for him to see. It was still rough but Reggie could make out a psychedelic swirl of purple hearts and he smirked; the inspiration was clear.

"Gabby'll love it."

"Don't blab! I want to see her reaction when it's finished without spoilers."

"My lips are sealed."

He gathered up the outfit and carefully folded it into their preferred overnight bag and hoisted it over his shoulder.

“Shall we?”

Gina took a sip of the smoothie. Strawberry flavour.

“Aren't you going to have yours?”

“Nah, this is for Gabby, I'll have some of ours in a bit.”

“If I don't finish it first.” Gina said daringly.

Reggie narrowed his eyes.

“You wouldn't dare.”

Gina just laughed and they made their way over to Gabby's room, walking in lock step the whole way without even realising. Gabby constantly teased them about being in perfect sync all the time now, even without being merged. They knocked at the same time and Gabby opened the door with a wide smile.

“Hey guys!” She threw an arm around each of them. “Ready to be Regina?”

With matching smiles they answered in tandem.

“Born ready.”

