

Becoming Regina - Part 4

For EB18

By TheSpiralledEye

Reggie and Gina have to make a choice, stay as Regina or separate?

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“What do you mean, they don’t want to!?”

Gabby was on her feet, hands curled into fists at her side.

“Just that, darling.” Raquel shrugged, “I don’t know how to put it more simply.”

“Stop shit stirring and tell us the truth.”

Gabby slammed her palm down on the table and Regina flinched. They wanted to say something but there was a ringing in her ears; their heart was pounding so fast they could hear the blood rushing in their ears and yet, they were frozen in place. Somehow, they couldn’t be sure exactly how, they knew Raquel wasn’t lying to get a rise out of their daughter. But still, it shocked them.

‘We do like being Regina....’

‘I prefer it to being Gina honestly, it feels more myself.’

‘Me too.’

‘But we did try to split!’

‘I know but maybe we could have tried...harder?’

A voice cut through the conversation and Regina turned to see Gabby looking at them expectantly.

“Well?”

“S-sorry what did you say?”

“I asked if it was true!” She cried, looking distraught. “You’re not changing back by choice!”

“No! Well...maybe, I don’t know!”

“You don’t *know!*?”

Raquel leaned back in her chair and sipped at a glass of wine with a smile; as if this was the greatest melodrama she’d ever watched.

“After all the guilt and heartache you’ve put me through, making me think this was all my fault?” Gabby said with tears in her eyes. “Making me come back here and deal with her? All this time you were just...lying?”

“No, no I wasn’t, I swear!” Regina got to her feet and took a step toward Gabby only to have her step back.

“Oooh, drama.” Raquel whispered, seemingly to herself.

“Shut up!” Both Regina and Gabby yelled and the older woman shrugged and said nothing, but she kept watching.

“I do love being Regina.” Regina admitted, “Gina and Reggie like being me more than they like being themselves. They barely ever separate anymore, even in my head. It’s only ever for a quick conversation here or there.”

“So you decided to pretend you were stuck.” Gabby huffed.

“No, we really did try to separate! I swear, it’s just that when Raquel said that we were causing this whole situation it sounded right.”

“Magic is mysterious.” Raquel cut in. “There are no hard and fast rules, if those two have been merging willingly long term and both subconsciously want it, the magic might be sticking to them even when their conscious minds want to separate.”

Gabby glared at her mother and she held up her hands defensively.

“Oh I’m sorry, am I still not allowed to speak?”

“You are not helping!”

“On the contrary I think I am being very helpful. You’d still be running around like a chicken with no head without my advice. Besides, I believe in being open and honest in a relationship, I am fostering that discussion.”

“We’re not in a relationship!” Gabby yelled and Regina flinched. “Or...maybe we are, fuck it, I don’t know. I need some air.”

She stormed past and out of the room despite Regina’s protests.

“I’d let her go if I were you, when Gabriella gets this angry there is no reasoning with her.”

“Gabby.” Regina corrected glumly before flopping back into their chair.

“I still think that nickname makes her seem plain but whatever, you two do you two.”

The woman went back to eating her dinner, humming a little tune to herself while Regina watched, baffled.

“How are you so calm?” They asked after a moment, “Your daughter is upset, shouldn’t you be doing something?”

“Like what?” Raquel asked with a shrug, “There is no reasoning with that girl when she’s like this, even when she is in a good mood she doesn’t want a bar of me.”

“A bar?”

“It means she doesn’t want anything to do with me.” Raquel deadpanned.

Her voice was light and playful as usual but Regina could sense hurt underneath the words. Almost like she was trying to convince herself she wasn’t bothered.

“If you want your daughter to get along with you, have you considered being less...”

“Of a massive bitch?” Raquel suggested with a wiggle of her eyebrows.

“I was going to say argumentative.”

“I prefer being upfront.” Raquel smiled. “I don’t take shit, nothing bothers me because I let it wash off like water off a duck’s back. I tried to teach Gabriella to be the same but she turned out to be oddly sensitive.”

“Gee I wonder why.”

Raquel threw back her head and laughed.

“You’ve got some balls for a lady. Normally I’d teach you a lesson.” She wiggled her fingers as if casting a spell. “But you seem good for my girl. If she won’t let me look out for her, I am glad she has you around, all three of you technically.”

She reached into her pocket and pulled out the locket, now joined again.

“I’ve increased the magic on this, it should overpower this little mental block you have.” She said simply. “Take it, and go find my girl. I don’t expect I’ll be seeing you again after this, so have fun. Take care of her.”

The airy tone of her voice changed just slightly at the end there, getting as close to sincere as Raquel was able; at least that’s what Regina suspected. With some trepidation they picked up the locket, now unsure of what they all wanted. She headed for the door and saw both hers and Gabby’s bags already sitting by the front door waiting, courtesy of the older witch no doubt. Regina paused in the doorway for a moment.

“Thank you.” She said finally, not looking back before grabbing the bags and heading outside.

There was no sign of Gabby, but the car was still in the driveway. She loaded it up and then stood on the street, trying to think of where she should look first. The mall perhaps? They cursed themselves for not asking Gabby about her life here more, maybe she would have let slip a place she used to hide away from her mother.

Lacking any better ideas Regina started walking, heading in the directions of the old mall when finally she spotted her. Gabby was sitting on the same bench where they had been only a few hours earlier, her hands were laying limp off her knees and she stared at the ground. Guilt swirled in Regina's stomach as they approached and stood next to the bench awkwardly. Gabby must have known they were standing there but didn't say anything. After a full minute of silence Regina finally spoke.

"Can I sit down?"

"...sure."

Another minute, the inch between them felt like a mile.

"I didn't realise it was me, honestly Gabby." They said finally. "Your mother fixed the necklace, made it stronger so whatever mental block I had should get bypassed, Reggie and Gina will be back."

"So why haven't you?"

Regina bit their lip.

"It didn't really occur to me." They admitted. "I'm used to this now. I wanted to come see you as me, not the pair of them."

Gabby shifted awkwardly and sighed.

"I can't stay mad at you." She sighed. "I think I am really just frustrated with myself."

"Gabby, we know this is even less your fault than we thought it was!"

"It's not that..."

“Then what is it?”

Regina reached over and placed a hand over Gabby's; it felt so good to bridge that gap. Gabby sighed deeply.

“I guess, I feel guilty for ever doing this. For messing up all our lives. I get that you're happy like this and all but I can't help but doubt...what if my magic did that? What if it brainwashed you or something?”

“Trust me, I know how I feel.” Even as they said it though, Regina wondered if they were doing the right thing. “But...maybe we spend some time as separate people again, just to be sure. Would that give you some peace of mind?”

Gabby thought for a minute then nodded.

“We need to test if my mother was lying about the locket anyway, I wouldn't put it past her to mess with it.”

Regina paused, with the locket dangling over her head.

“This isn't going to turn me into a frog or anything is it?”

“Ummm....”

“Gabby!”

“I am almost fifty percent certain she'd tell the truth about this.”

“Oh that's good then.”

The two of them giggled.

“Oh well, only one way to find out.”

Regina slipped the locket around their neck and held their breath, nothing so far.

“Okay here we go.”

She broke the heart in half and instantly, they came apart. In a quick flash, Reggie and Gina were back, standing a few feet apart.

And totally naked.

“WHAAAAT!?”

The two of them quickly moved to cover themselves as best they could. The open street had nowhere for them to hide themselves if somebody else happened along.

“My *fucking* mother.” Gabby said, obviously trying not to laugh. “She would do that, hang on.”

She quickly magicked up a pair of jeans and a short for each of them but their faces were still beet red.

“Pretty good, not as good as one of mine though.” Gina joked.

“Man this feels...weird.” Reggie moved his hips from side to side, feeling himself as a man for the first time in what felt like an age.

“Yeah.” Gina said flatly. “Well...I guess there is three of us now so...”

“We’ll find a motel, I don’t care if we need to get a triple now, I am not going back to stay with my mother.”

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It felt odd, sleeping in a motel room with three single beds. It was sort of like going on school camp again; except they were grown adults and things were way more awkward. They’d tried to get their usual banter going during the drive but things had fallen flat.

It felt weird, being the three of them again after all this time. Reggie missed the confidence boost he got being Regina; the way his hips swayed when he walked, the way his hair blew in the wind. Being male again all of a sudden felt wrong. It had really only been a few days since he was last himself but it felt like a lifetime ago.

He laid in the bed in silence, listening to the women breathing in the beds either side of him. Sleep eluded him as his thoughts raced. He had known he was more comfortable as Regina for some time now but it was only now that Raquel had forced them all to face reality that it was really weighing on him.

With a sigh he got up and crept across the room. His clothes clung to his skin and he shifted awkwardly; he only had this one outfit. Gina could wear Regina's clothes but him, not so much. He was still wearing the clothes Gabby had made for him. They were simple but the cut felt all wrong now. Far too square and...male.

The night air filled his lungs as he took a deep breath and leaned against the railing outside their room. If this was a movie he'd light up a cigarette or something but instead he just pressed his head against the cold metal and tried to quiet his racing thoughts.

"Couldn't sleep?"

Reggie almost jumped out of his skin.

"Jesus, Gina. Don't sneak up on me like that."

"Sorry." She giggled before turning serious again. "I couldn't either."

"Well, misery loves company."

Gina leaned against the railing with him.

"Are you miserable?"

"A little."

"It's a lot to take in..."

They stood in companionable silence for a few more minutes before Gina spoke again.

"Fuck it, you won't have the balls to make the first move so I will. Let's merge again."

"But we promised we'd-"

"Permanently."

Reggie blinked; his heart started to beat faster with excitement that he desperately tried to stamp down.

“I want it. You want it, hell, Gabby wants it as well even though she’s still wrestling with how that makes her feel. I say fuck it, life is too short. Let’s be happy.”

“How will we get ID, and what about our families?”

“We barely see them anyway and we can always unmerge from time to time.” Gina shrugged. “Come on, I know you want to.”

“I do.” He admitted sheepishly. “I miss our body.”

“It is dynamite, isn’t it?” Gina said wistfully. “Come on, let’s go surprise our girl.”

Gina reached out and pressed their foreheads together with a grin that mirrored Reggie’s own. For a second they stood there as the two halves of the locket joined, pulled together by some invisible force like magnets. With a click they were whole; and so was Regina.

They sighed happily, closing their eyes and just focusing on how good it felt to be back in their proper body. Yes, life was going to get complicated while they sorted out ID and such but right now they didn’t care; they were who they were supposed to be. Which just left one last thread to tidy up.

The door creaked as Regina walked in and spied Gabby’s sleeping form. How she had actually managed to fall asleep on that lumpy motel mattress Regina had no idea.

“Gabby?”

She gently shook the woman awake and she shifted. Those beautiful dark eyes opened and for a moment her expression was calm and happy with a soft smile on her face as she recognised who had woken her.

“Regina...?” All of a sudden the sleep faded and her emotion changed to one of shock. “What are you doing here?”

“We, or rather Reggie and Gina decided this is what they want.”

“Oh.”

“Gabby, I like being Regina, I want to stay this way and I want to be with you.”

Gabby’s eyes were wide.

“I mean it, I want to be your girlfriend, I want to be a she and even if you decide you can’t be with me I want to stay this way so...there.”

Gabby’s hands found Regina’s face.

“I want you,” She whispered, “more than that I love you. I just didn’t want to admit it.”

“I love you too.”

And then they were kissing. It was one of those messy make out sessions that was more passion and less technique, desperate hands petting all over in a desperate attempt to rid themselves of their clothes and be closer. Even a thin shirt felt like too much between them; Regina wanted skin on skin. She wanted to be able to prove to Gabby in her actions just how much she adored her; body and soul.

Regina pushed Gabby down onto the bed, crushing their breasts against each other and they hugged close. Their mounds pressed together and Gabby moaned into her mouth; this wasn’t just sex, this was making love.

Gabby’s hands stroked down the length of Regina’s back, cupping her supple ass before pulling it down harder against herself and causing them both to gasp. Her legs hooked around those wide hips and began to rhythmically pull them together as they made out. Though their kissing quickly devolved into gasps and moans of pleasure as their clits rubbed together.

“Ahhh, almost there-!”

“Oh God me too, oooooh...”

They shuddered against one another, cumming together fast and hard. Regina collapsed against Gabby, basking in the afterglow as Gabby continued to lazily stroke up and down her back.

“That felt lovely...if a little quick.”

Gabby giggled.

“We can always go for round two?”

Regina smirked and kissed her again.

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The next morning the pair woke exhausted, somebody was pounding on the door as Regina groggily pulled on a random shirt for the sake of dignity and opened it to see the owner.

“It’s half an hour past checkout.” He said grumpily.

“Sorry, we’ll get out as quickly as we can.” Regina yawned, “it was sort of a long night.”

“Yeah, I heard. In fact, the entire motel heard.” He muttered. “Just vacate the room in the next half hour or I’ll be charging a late fee. Oh and don’t forget your mail.”

“Mail?”

The man shoved a small package into her hands and walked away, muttering to himself about how common decency had gone out the window these days. Regina resisted the urge to stick her tongue out at him as he went.

“What’s that?” Gabby asked, already throwing things back into their suitcases.

“A package. Who would send a package to a motell room?”

“Maybe it’s drugs or something.” Gabby joked, “Maybe this is the start of our life of crime.”

Regina was getting ready to give a witty retort when she noticed who the package was addressed to. It had her name on it; *her* name. Gabby looked over her shoulder and her eyes went wide before they narrowed suspiciously.

“It has to be from my mother, she’s the only one who really knows you exist. Or at least, she’s the only one who could have sent this.”

“Should I open it?”

“I’ll stand back and be ready to change you if anything happens.” Gabby nodded seriously.

They both held their breath as Regina broke the tape and opened the small parcel; inside were...documents? Blinking in surprise Regina fished them out; a drivers licence, birth certificate, social security number...everything in her name.

And a note;

Put it to good use, look after my girl. - Raquel

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It felt surreal being here at last.

Finally, the two of them stepped through the doors into a kaleidoscope of lights and sound; they had actually made it to the final night of the concert. Thankfully Midnight Harvest had decided on a multi day show. The air crackled with energy, alive with the raw passion of music. Regina's senses were overwhelmed—the smell of sweat and beer, the heat of bodies pressed close, the cacophony of voices rising in anticipation. She took Gabby's hand and squeezed it tightly.

They pushed their way toward the stage, weaving through the crowd until they found the perfect spot. As Midnight Haven took the stage, the crowd erupted into cheers and applause. The first chords reverberated through the room, setting Regina's heart pounding in time with the music. This was their real first date and it couldn't be more perfect.

Together, they screamed the lyrics at the top of their lungs, losing themselves in the music and the moment. Sweat slicked their skin as they danced, bodies moving in perfect harmony with the pounding beat. Gabby's laughter mingled with Regina's shouts, the two of them caught up in the euphoria of the music.

For hours, they danced and sang, lost in the pulsing energy of the crowd. Every song was a masterpiece, every moment a memory to cherish forever. Regina bumped her hips against her girlfriends and pulled her into a passionate kiss between dances and the two of

them grinned wildly. And as the final song faded into the night, their voices were hoarse and their hearts full.