

Party Girl (Redhead Party Girl TG AR)

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A commission for aabcehm

Peter Mathers is a librarian in his forties who is revisiting his old university for an cross-organisation archival project. Hit with nostalgia and longing for his old university life, and the knowledge that he missed out on the parties and socialising so many others enjoyed, he makes a wish that things could have gone differently. To his surprise, he suddenly finds himself as a sexy young redhead of college age named Ashley, one who is about to truly experience a 'different' college life.

Party Girl

Even the air smelled the same. Peter often found that about the nature of scents: they could evoke far greater memory than even sight. And here it was true: as much as Averdale University had changed, with several of its buildings torn down and replaced with newer constructions, that fresh scent in the air had not changed. It smelled of fresh lawn clippings, of crisp paper printing, of far too much coffee.

And, of course, youth.

“Ah, memories,” the man said. Peter Mathers was a forty-five year old man, tall and a bit too lean, with smart glasses and hair that was just starting to go grey at the temples. He tended towards a smart yet nerdy grey tweed jacket with a navy blue button shirt and tan pants. All in all, he looked to be exactly what he was: a librarian. A damned good one at that. He was coming to Averdale University on the request of the institute, to give a lecture on the importance of unifying and maintaining archival systems of research in the digital age, as well as meet with some of the library staff personally and make recommendations on how to link their archives digitally in a large shared project with other universities. It was something he had once been passionate about, but now had reached the point of going through the motions. He'd already danced this dance with five other universities already. But he was still keen. After all, this was *his* old school. The place of so many memories.

“There's the old fountain, and there's where Mr Bunker's office used to be. And there, of course, was where all the students congregated in their study groups, laughing and joking and stressing about exams.”

He chuckled at the thought of it. He'd attended a couple, but had never really stuck around. Peter had been much too insular, and his comfort zone had been the same place as his eventual ambitions: the library. The one that he was heading towards.

“There you are, my old haunting ground.”

He smiled at several students passing, including an attractive couple in their mid-twenties or so. Fashion had changed in the twenty-plus years since he'd been at college. Certainly, the women were a lot more happy to bare their midriffs, and for men the beards were back, apparently. But the same social circles seemed to persist around him as he walked through the thoroughfare during the break between lectures: the jocks, the cheerleader types, the fashion girls, the punk types, the engineer squad, the frats and sorority types, and the nerdy little subcultures that thrived along the edges. It gave him a deep well of nostalgia to draw from, but he couldn't help but frown a little at the realisation that he'd never been a part of any of these, despite being able to fit into several. Not the highly attractive or sports ones, for sure, but the geeks, the architects, the philosophising history students, the passionate literary kids. He shared a lot of their same loves at their ages, but his perpetual shyness back then had prevented him from getting outside his comfort zone.

"*C'est la vie,*" he thought to himself, before heading into the library. It smelled familiar, the rich paper and abundance of older texts still preserved despite some of the changes. This was the place he'd spent most of his time, to the sad abandonment of a social life. It was a problem that persisted even now. Despite some relationships, he'd never managed to maintain anything long-term, and was more often single than not. For him, perhaps it was the sex. The act was enjoyable, yes, but he'd never gone in for the one night stand life that dominated modern relationships. He'd always felt it was something special, something that was best shared between two people who were meant to be together. A romanticised view, he knew, no doubt spurred on by the romance fiction he'd read over the years.

Get it out of your head, he thought. *You've got a lecture to give, and a team to meet.*

Peter's brain practically turned off while he droned on the lecture. He sounded less enthusiastic than he wanted to be. Afterwards he met with the archivist and librarian team of the university, and shared resources with them to unify their systems with other educational institutions, to better learning for students and yada yada yada. Once more his brain turned off, and as welcoming as the staff were, he got the sense that he quickly soured them a little.

In truth, the memories that Averdale brought back to him were starting to make him feel more emotional than his stoic self usually got. He wasn't an excitable person by nature, often quite reserved and stoic. So when he left the meeting in the early afternoon, he decided to just take a wander with his visitor pass around the college, taking in the sights and sounds and feeling that longing to go back and do things a bit differently. To actually be social and meet people and go to the parties and have that first sexual experience.

"I wish I could go back and experience everything differently," he said to himself.

It was an offhand wish, but one with a depth of feeling and desire to it. And something nearby must have heard his wish, some old and powerful force, because

suddenly a little golden orb of light flickered into existence before him. Peter's eyes went wide at the sight of the supernatural sight.

"What the -"

But he had little time to even take it in. Because suddenly it glowed so brightly he couldn't see a thing.

"Is this some prank? What's going o-"

And then everything turned to white. He felt as if he were floating in a void, blind and deaf. A dozen strange pressures and feelings of growth came over him. He gasped silently as his chest seemed to expand, wobbling with motion. His hips expanded, his manhood felt like it was disappearing, and something emptying between his thighs. He tried to yell for help, even as his shoulders pulled in, his hair spooled out in an alien manner, and his entire body softened. But he couldn't do a thing.

Just as quickly as the brightness had come, it disappeared. For what felt like a long time, he was in darkness. He wasn't even sure if he was awake.

"Ash! Hey, Ash? You're spacing out there, girl!

Ash opened her eyes, and immediately realised something was wrong. For one, she was thinking of herself as a 'she.' For two, she was thinking of herself as Ash. Ashley Jones. A name that should have had no significance to her whatsoever. And three, her body was all wrong. She could feel that too.

"Hey, Ash? You right there?"

Ash clutched her head, moaned a little. Her voice was all wrong: it was light and soft and very clearly feminine, just like her mental pronouns.

"Sorry, what's happened? Who-who are you?"

The figure slowly came into view. It was a pretty blonde girl with light makeup and bright blue eyes. She couldn't have been older than twenty or twenty one.

"Jeez, you really did stay out too long in the sun, didn't you? That's what you get for checking out Sean Aubrey even though he's totally into Jacinda."

Ash groaned, taking in more of her surroundings. She was still at Averdale, and it was still the early afternoon. But then she looked down, and gasped. A set of ripe womanly breasts were very noticeable in a short red crop top. She couldn't even see her stomach, but could feel it was openly on display. A small gust of wind stirred her shorts, revealing them not to be shorts at all, but a *skirt*.

"Holy shit, I've got tits!" she exclaimed in her new soprano voice.

"Uh, *yeah*. Duh. No need to brag, Ash. I wish I had big double-D's like yours!"

Ash shook her head, trying to figure out what was going on. Several strands of long, vibrant red hair fell in front of her vision, causing her eyes to go wide.

What the hell? I'm a woman! How is this possible? Did I hit my head? Am I in a coma or something? Or did that strange orb respond to that wish . . . but it couldn't be!

She stood, swaying a little uncertainly and feeling her impressive bust jostle a little in what could only be a well-fitted bra. Without even meaning to, she cocked her wide hip to one side and planted a dainty hand on it, posing a little.

"Oh man, I *definitely* got heatstroke," she said. "Do you have some water?"

What? I didn't mean to say that!

But it was like another persona had taken over. The one called Ashley Jones. The blonde woman passed her a water bottle, and she drank from it. Her mind raced, overwhelmed by shock.

"Thanks Barb," she said, somehow knowing the other woman's name. "You're the best."

"You're sure you're okay, gal pal?"

"Oh yeah, I just need to get back inside. You mind walking me to the sorority?"

"Uh, *no way do I mind*. You think I'm going to let my BFF go alone when she just collapsed? We're getting you hydrated. No way can we let you go absent at the party tonight!"

Peter briefly wrested control back from the Ashley persona. "Um, party? What - what party?"

"Yeah, we're definitely getting some water in you. Especially since Darren *needs* to see you in that sexy get up! We're gonna get waaaaasted!"

She began taking Ash across the forum of the university, towards the dorm houses where the fraternities and sororities were located. Ashley's male half couldn't believe it. All of a sudden she was a woman, and judging from the reflection in the mirrored surfaces of the buildings she passed, she was a damned attractive one to boot!

"I just need to go to the men's room for a moment," she said.

"Uh, I know you have a reputation and all, but I wouldn't be giving any blowies out while you're still a bit overheated."

Damn it. I'm already making mistakes. Surely this has to be temporary, right?

"N-no. I meant the girl's room. Don't worry, I'll be right back Barb."

She scurried to a toilet block that she knew was nearby, and sure enough it was still there, though the surrounding buildings had changed.

"Okay, okay," she muttered to herself after checking that the stalls were all empty. "I haven't gone back in time, at least. But I'm a woman. Holy shit, I'm a woman. And I've got this other personality in my head."

She has a name, you know.

“AGH!”

She cried out loud, then managed to control herself.

“Am I - do I have two personalities now?”

Sort of. I'm the part of you that just wants to have fun, girl. You made a wish, and now I'm here. A sexy fun party girl who'll do all the things you never did, and give you experience you wished you'd had!

“That sounds like another personality.”

I'm not. I'm like you thought before, a persona. Think of me as like part of your brain containing all your secret desires and unconscious wishes and curiosities, given form thanks to a major change.

Ash balled her little fists. “That sounds like a different personality.”

The difference is that I've been part of you since university. I'm literally you, Peter. The part your wish set free. Don't worry, if all goes well I'll absorb right back into you, and we'll be one again. But first you need to figure things out.

“Figure what out!?! This is insane!”

She was so agitated she was practically bouncing on the spot, her large double-D's bouncing in her crop top and making her shoulders hurt a little.

I have no idea! I know as much as you do. But I tell you what, I really feel like checking myself out in the mirror right now. Can you shift to the right a bit. Oh, actually, I'll do it.

The Peter part of Ash lost control of the wheel as his other persona took over. Her body stepped over to the bathroom mirror, and Ash couldn't help but gasp at her reflection.

“Holy shit, I'm drop dead gorgeous.”

She understood in that moment what the party girl persona meant about them being the same, because in that very moment there was no split. The new woman's entire mind was preoccupied with her surprising loveliness, as if their two personas were now joined as one, however briefly.

The reaction was not unjustified. Ashley Jones was a beautiful twenty-one year old woman with vibrant, slightly wavy red hair that went down a little past her shoulders. Her face was model-beautiful, with defined cheekbones and feminine eyebrows, and a set of grey-blue eyes that had a sharpness to them. An intelligence. Her nose was button cute, and she got the feeling that depending on her mood and expression, she could go from sexy and flirty to adorable and innocent in a flash, or simply just an attractive kind of casual mischievousness.

But her body was the real killer. Her breasts were full and perfect. Double-D's for sure - she somehow *knew* this. Her figure was a sexy hourglass also, with long legs that were

mostly bare, and slim shoulders as well. She was tall for a woman, being around 5'8, but certainly shorter than the 6'2 she'd enjoyed as a man. Turning to the side, she could even see that her ass matched her wide hips: it was peachy and perfect, the skirt somehow managing to contour to her rear curves in a way that would be a magnet to any boy's attention.

"Mhmm, boys," she said, until she realised *what* she'd just said.

Don't be ashamed of it! Hot hunky boys are soooo fun. God, don't you just want to get pounded by one with a big dick?

"N-no!" she declared. And yet, even as she said it, the image of her lying on her back, being fucked by a well-muscled frat bro, made her bite her lip in arousal. Her nipples hardened, and there was a slight tingling in her new womanhood. Without even thinking, she lowered her hand between her legs, under her skirt and panties, and felt her moist slit.

"Holy shit, I have a vagina," she said.

One that feels good to the touch. C'mon. There's no one else here. Let's take this body for a little self-spin. I'll lead the way. Build up your confidence.

Again, a loss of control to the party girl persona. The Peter-Ash was helpless to the girly-Ash as they found a stall and locked it behind them. Then, thinking of more of those same images of being fucked by hot dudes, she began to rub her wet clit. At the same time she groped her big soft tits, moaning at the feeling of her nipples, which were unbelievably sensitive.

"Oh G-God! Yeahhhh! Mmhmm!!!"

She moaned, and both personas were involved in that act, as the pleasure built and built. Ash had never experienced anything like it as a man, particularly how her entire tunnel tensed, desiring to be filled.

Don't worry. We'll find a guy to fill us! We're not a dumb bimbo slut or anything. We've still got our mind. But we've certainly got a libido!

Ash bit her lip, tried to avoid climaxing, but she might as well have tried to fight the ocean. A tidal wave of pleasure crashed over her, and she clutched the stall, shaking as she imagined a big hard cock sliding into her depths and thrusting again and again and again.

"OOHHHHHHH!!!"

When she was finished, her face smiled.

Oh yeah, that was fun. Let's go see our BFF. I'll take the lead. You take notes.

The former male, former librarian was pushed on to the sorority thanks to her party girl persona's lead. It was infuriating, because as much as she tried to separate the two of them

completely, they did indeed share a strong mental tether. After all, both of them were now thinking in the female pronoun, and both of them were feeling more than a little turned on by the young men that passed their way.

“Mhmn, there’s a good looking one,” she said idly, a result of the party persona’s influence.

“Calm down, girl,” Barb laughed. “You’ll have your fun tonight! Not that you’ll need any luck with it, with the way you swing those hips.”

That was another thing. While the party persona was in control, she made sure to move Ash’s body in a way that was basically a walking advertisement for womanhood. She might as well have been wearing a ‘Come Fuck Me’ sign, particularly with how she sashayed her perfect hips from side to side, and thrust her chest out. Her bare midriff was just the cherry on the icing of the cake.

This is humiliating, Ash thought, trapped under the other persona’s control.

No it isn’t, came the reply. You’re enjoying it. Check out this total hottie.

They passed a tall gym nut-looking man with olive skin and short black hair. He gave her a grin, his gaze wandering over her form. She felt flustered in his presence, desiring nothing more than to feel his body against hers. She also somehow knew this was George Peterson, a sports science student.

Goddamn it. Give me back control. You’re making me hot for all these dudes!

That’s both of us! the persona replied. You feel this way too. I’m just giving them the show you secretly want to. I’m a part of you, remember!

Can I cut that part off?

But the persona stopped its mental communication, instead talking with Barbara instead. The best friend that Ash apparently had was studying psychology, but to Ash’s own shock, she was studying to be . . . an archivist. It made her feel at least a little relieved that she was still sort of the same person.

But just like the wish she’d made as Peter, she quickly found that she really did have a different life. Numerous girls and boys, popular and unpopular, attractive and not, male and female, waved to her and stopped for quick chats.

“Hey Ash! Will you be at the party tonight?”

“Um, totally. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Good to see you Ash. The chess club is on tomorrow if you still want to join for a guest game.”

“Guest game? I’ll join for the season! You guys need some estrogen on that team.”

“Ash! Ash! The cheer squad is still being decided, did you want your name reserved?”

“Hmmm, maybe not this year. I’ve got too many other extra-curriculars. But all the best, Beth!”

And so on. It was as if in this strange new life as a gorgeous redhead, she had the confidence and desire to be a social butterfly, and had indeed become the most colourful and attractive and well-liked bug on campus. Sure, numerous guys checked out her form - and she in turn checked out theirs, much to her other persona’s satisfaction - but it was clear that her popularity was genuine. Enhanced by her killer body, but genuine nonetheless.

It was almost a disappointment when she was taken into the sorority: Alpha Alpha Zeta, apparently. Barb served her some ice cold water and kept her company while she internalised the fact that thanks to one errant wish, she was now stuck as a twenty-one year old college redhead.

“This is so weird,” she muttered, only to stop. The persona had given up control, evidently.

“What is?” Barb asked.

“Oh, uh. Just everything. Lots going on.”

“Oh please, you’ll be fine, Ash. I mean, you’re killing it at your studies! You just need some fun action tonight to take your mind off of everything.”

Again, that image of being held by a man, having her big breasts fondled by his manly hands, leapt into her mind. It was hard not to think about.

See? We’re totally into guys now.

“Shut up.”

Barb’s eyebrows raised. “What?”

“Oh, not you, uh, BFF. I’m just talking to myself. Feeling all wrong at the moment. You wouldn’t understand.”

But Barb was nothing if not relentlessly positive. “That may be so, girlfriend. But I can always cheer *you* up, because I *know* the solution.”

For a moment, Ashley’s heart leapt. Could it be that Barb really knew how to turn her back?

“You - you can help me?” she said. The party girl persona sniggered a little, knowing something she didn’t.

“Oh yeah, of course gal pal! I’m gonna help you find the perfect outfit to attract boys like flies to honey tonight!”

Ash exhaled, swallowed. The party persona took control in order to respond.

“Holy shit, you’re right, Barb. That’s the perfect idea. You’re the best. We’ll play wingwoman to one another and snag some hot dick tonight!”

“Exactly! Alpha Alpha Zeta sisters never let a girl down when she’s trying to score!”

The two embraced, and Ash was hit with two realisations. The first was that despite being quite attractive, her breasts literally smushing against Ash's body, Barb's form was doing nothing for her. She was now straight for boys. The other, perhaps equally disturbing epiphany was that while she would never admit it, she was feeling a strange excitement at the prospect of dressing up.

"Oh God," she said, taking back momentary control.

I know, isn't this the best!?

It didn't take Ashley long to get tipsy at the party. It was at an adjacent fraternity known for its muscled athletes, and she felt like she was being pursued by a whole pack of them. She should have been horrified, and kind of was, but her body insisted on being irresistibly attracted to them. She was wearing a sexy two piece outfit that consisted of tight denim short shorts and a cut off sleeveless blouse with little tassels that hung over her belly. It was a sort of cowgirl look, and she had her hair free, shifting over her bare shoulders occasionally when she moved. She had the top buttons undone, and with her pushup bra it was almost impossible for half the guys to even look her in the eyes, a fact that was making her horny as hell, no matter how much she wanted to be otherwise.

C'mon, just give in! We're popular as fuck, and young again! Can't you feel the energy!

It was true. Being newly twenty-four years younger had left her feeling fit as a fiddle, and mighty limber too. But all that energy was seemingly expressing itself at this party as pure horniness. The music, the atmosphere, the drinking and flirting and social groups, it was everything she wished she'd been able to experience when she'd been Peter, but now she was fearing exactly how the night would end.

So she drank.

And drank.

And drank a little more.

She thought she could handle it. Peter had enjoyed a good stiff drink, after all. Except she hadn't taken into consideration that not only was her body not as experienced with alcohol, being only freshly legal to drink it at twenty one, but that she was also smaller, and thus more vulnerable to its effects. The result was a woman who was a tipsy social butterfly, flitting from one group to another on either floor, laughing and giggling with Barb and Jacinda and Beth and the other girls, while also chatting with the many, many hot boys who approached her.

God, I shouldn't be doing this. I should get out of here! I need to find a way to turn back already!

But instead, her party girl persona was in full control. A mix of her drunkenness, her social nervousness, and being in the other persona's natural environment meant that Peter-Ash actually *allowed* them to take control. The results were clear pretty quickly. Suddenly, she was chatting with everyone, telling funny jokes, asking others how they were, and of course, dancing to the music with the others on the front lawn, singing the eighties lyrics with her sexy voice.

"Ma-ma-ma-ma-ma-MY SHARONA!"

She danced, letting her impressive chest wobble as she put on a show for the men. Samuel Vicks blew a kiss her way and she caught it, swallowing it down before running her hands over her chest as she continued dancing. The impressive stud of a man, who was a member of the fraternity, drew closer. The party girl persona breathed deeply, heart fluttering, but regular Ash was intoxicated by the sight of him too. Tipsy and excited, she felt that warmth again. That need to get off.

Only this time, masturbation wouldn't do.

Don't worry, you're going to enjoy this, the persona thought.

Wait! What are you doing?

Exactly what you wished for, remember? Showing you what you were missing all this time. Trust me, you're going to love it. I know it because I am you.

"Hey, Ash, you're looking gorgeous," Samuel said. "Really fucking hot."

"Awww, you're s-so sweet!" she said, hiccuping a little. "You think this outfit works?"

"Fuck yeah, it does. Your tits looked fucking amazing."

She bushed, both personas feeling attracted to this man. Peter-Ash didn't want to. He was ogling her chest, and clearly showed little interest in anything but her body. But nevertheless, her loins were on fire with lust.

"Why don't you take me to a place where you can look at them a little closer?" the persona made her body say. "I bet we could have some f-fun together."

Samuel grinned. "Hell yeah. Let's go fuck. I want to suck on those big tits."

"Hurry up and find us a room then! I'm horny as hell!"

It didn't take him long. The persona flooded their body with joy as Samuel found them a room and took her to the bed. They began making out immediately, lips interlocking, her collapsing into his strong arms.

"You're so fucking hot. I want to fuck your fucking brains out."

The words were crude. Revolting. Basic. Ashley couldn't be wanting to fuck a man less. The only problem was, her other persona and body in general disagreed, and were taking her along for the ride. She couldn't even beg mentally to stop, she was so caught up

in a whirlwind of lust. And so soon they were peeling each other's clothes off, the party girl Ash moaning sensually as he began to fondle her bare tits.

"Mmhhh, feel them, baby! I've wanted a cock in me all day! I hope yours is really big!"

It was. My, it was big.

There's no way I can take that!

Oh, but you want to, don't you? Let's just see how we go. I bet we're going to be addicted to this!

The alpha male of a man shifted them so that she was on her back, and he looming over her. He was clearly ready, and so was she. She spread her legs automatically, and with her slender hand guided him in. For a moment she froze, both personas experiencing what it was like to be penetrated for the first time. But while Peter-Ash was still coming to grips with it, her other persona moaned long and high.

"OOHhhhhh yesssss! All the way in! Keep going! I'm on birth control, don't worry! I want you to f-fuck me raw!"

"You're just the hottest, Ash. You're such a sexy slut."

"Hey, not a slut!" the persona said. "Just a needy girl."

"Whatever. Let's do this."

They did. He thrust in and out of her, making the new woman cry out in pleasure. It was a totally alien feeling, not only having a large stiff rod inside of her, but having it pumping, thrusting within her, her sensitive walls gripping to it!

"Mhmm - this - issss - s-soooo goooood!" she cried. She gripped him with her thighs, and he continued to thrust over and over. After what felt like minutes of pleasure, her orgasm arrived. She raked her hands down his back as he unleashed a torrent of semen within her. She shuddered, going briefly silent, her large breasts wobbling. He took the opportunity to motorboat her, and it only made the pleasure all the greater.

Finally, the waves of orgasms ended, and Samuel withdrew, lying on his own back beside her.

"Goddamn, you are one hot chick, Ashley Jones."

Oh God, I just let myself be fucked by a man. I just had a man finish inside me!

I know, came the mental whisper of her party girl self. Wasn't it amazing? Soon, you won't even want to be a man again!

Ash regained control, the former man lying there, eyes wide, taking in all that had happened in less than twelve hours. With each breath, her big boobs rose and fell on her chest, parted slightly and spilling onto her upper arms due to gravity's pull.

"This is me," she said, swallowing.

She had a feeling it was just the beginning.

It was several months later, and Ashley had given up on changing back. There were no clues, no signs, no bright lights, and no results to more than a few attempts to wish herself back, no matter how earnest they were. Instead, she was unhappily stuck as a gorgeous redhead sexpot, re-experiencing her own original degree but altered for the digital age.

In the months that had passed she had become more accustomed to her beautiful body. Certainly, the act of managing a pair of cantaloupe-sized breasts was a hard task at first, the same for many feminine qualities such as the styling of her hair and makeup, her fashion sense, and various womanly expectations ranging from how to sit properly to how to manage relationships with men and women in this new arrangement. It almost made her glad to fall back on 'Partygirl Ash' as she thought of her other persona. And when the unexpected happened, and her painful period arrived, she actually *was* grateful, even genuinely thanking her other self for taking the lead and showing her how to deal with tampons and pantyliners and the like.

No problem. I'm you after all. We'll come together once you've figured it all out.

But 'figuring it all out' was something she was far away from succeeding at. After sleeping with that obnoxious meathead Samuel, who'd proceeded to try to seduce her again with his proud muscles more than once, Ashley lived in low-level terror of the next time she would sleep with a guy. And she *would* sleep with them, as she had many, many times over just the three months of her new existence. Partygirl Ash always took control, pushing her to flirt and joke and show off her hot bod to the guys, especially at parties, and the end result would always be her moaning in her sweet voice as she was fucked, often in a variety of positions. She couldn't even completely blame her other self. The truth was that with her orientation flipped, and her body so young and horny, she herself was always overcome with pleasure during the act, never wanting it to end.

Until it did, and she was left with regret.

Not again, she'd think.

Sorry, we're just so horny! But didn't you just love getting taken from behind. We should totally give a blowjob next time.

Fuck no, please! Just one week without having sex with hot dudes.

Please, we'd start begging for it if we went even three days without!

Partygirl Ash wasn't wrong. And the sex was good. Amazing really. But Ashley still had a lot of Peter in her. And one of the things she still believed was that sex felt emptier without genuine affection from both parties. It didn't have to be lovey dovey, but something

that tethered them together. This view was strong enough that it was starting to affect her more partygirl persona. Barb noticed

“You’ve been so mopey these last few weeks, gal pal!” she remarked. Jacinda and Beth said the same, and even some of the guys she had brief flings with made comments.

“Was I not good?” David Horace asked. “You’re normally so, I don’t know, peppy after we have sex. Are you just having a bad week?”

She had no good answer for them. How could she even explain her bizarre situation? The only person she could talk to was herself.

C’mon, lighten up! You’re telling me you don’t like the sparkly bits on the white dress? Is it too short? Admit it, it looks hot as. Makes our boobs look even bigger too.

It’s not that. The dress is nice. It actually feels kind of nice. But it’s just another night of having sex. I want to feel more than that. If I have to be a woman, I want a connection.

Her other self gave a sigh as she looked at their reflection in the dressing room mirror. “Yeah, I know. I’m starting to feel it too, damn it. This whole ‘actually being two personas of the same person’ thing is less fun these days. You’re rubbing off on me as much as I am on you. Nerd.”

That made Ash giggle. Indeed, for as much as she was stuck as a flirty, sex-hungry hottie, she was also possessed of all her original intelligence, thank God. She was a whiz in chess club, getting straight A’s in all her subjects, which required a lot of work, and she was still able to relax and read in the college library when she wasn’t socialising constantly.

It was in that exact setting, unfortunately, when she was disturbed yet again by a handsome man. She could feel his eyes lingering on her. She was wearing a casual denim jacket and low cut top, and with her tight jeans it did little to hide her figure. Her hair was full and lush, and she’d done her own makeup without Partygirl Ash’s help that morning, and ended up looking damn good with her subtle eyeshadow. But as much as she was resigned to another night of being fucked silly, she didn’t appreciate having her library sanctum disturbed.

“Nice book,” the man said, looming behind her. She got the sense he might be looking at her top, but when she spun her head, she saw that he really was looking at her book. *Les Miserables*.

“You a fan?” she said. Partygirl Ash remained dormant, watching but clearly attracted to this guy. After all, he was quite handsome. Athletic without being a total jock. Sharp eyes, like her own, but with frizzy black hair in cute cornrows. His skin was mid-tone brown, and he looked like he knew skincare, unlike some of the boys who had little pimples and blemishes everywhere. He was wearing a casual hoodie, but carried himself confidently. His face reminded her of a photo she’d seen of a handsome young politician. He almost gave off that vibe himself.

"I'm not the biggest Hugo guy, but I adored *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Hard to go back to seeing the cartoon once you know the ending of that one."

She chuckled. It was a dark joke, but not an unfunny one, for those in the know.

"So French literature isn't your thing?"

He shrugged. "Too happy."

She raised an eyebrow. "Oh, *too* happy? What speaks to your taste then?"

"Latin postcolonialism," he replied with a grin. "Give me some Isabel Allende any day. Of course, Gabriel Garcia Marquez is a little overrated, but -"

"You did *not* just call Garcia Marquez overrated."

"I have planted my flag and I shall keep it there."

"But *Love in the Time of Cholera!*"

He laughed. "Okay, I admit, I have not read that one-"

"Thus rendering your opinion invalid."

"-but I though *One Hundred Years of Solitude* was waaaay too long. And in need of paragraphs, dear God. I mean, my family goes back to South America, but reading that novel made me never want to return!"

"I'm pretty sure that's a theme of the novel. But I'll give you that one on structural reasons, I guess."

She smiled, and felt Partygirl Ash wanting to smile too. To flirt. Strangely, she had that same impulse herself.

"I'm Ashley," she said.

He extended hand. "Parker. I'm new here. I kind of came to the library because meeting everyone made me a little nervous."

"Oh, well you picked the right person to bother. I know everyone, apparently."

"I can see why."

She raised an eyebrow. "Oh? And why is that?"

The answer was obvious: 'because you're goddamn hot, that's why.' It's what Samuel Vicks would have said. But instead Parker gestured to her book again.

"Because you read such happy books. Everyone loves someone who reads happy books, right?"

She laughed. "So, what, you don't know people because you're into Latin American literature."

He gestured at himself. "Look at me. It's the *only* possible explanation."

She appreciated his form for a moment, lingering her gaze just a little too long on his figure. Even through the hoodie, she could see that he was a very fit individual.

"Hey now," he said, "my eyes are up here."

"Woah, that's usually my line!"

He chuckled, perhaps even blushed a little judging from how he looked away and covered his cheek for a moment. “Hey, this might sound a little forward, but did you want to grab a coffee sometime? I’m new here, and I figure if I’m with a really popular person like you, my social cred will go up, and soon everyone can shower me with copies of *Like Water for Chocolate* and *Don Quixote*.”

“*Don Quixote* was Spanish.”

“What can I say? I’m versatile. One of the many interesting layers that people will get to know about me when they see me next to you, being all cool.”

“Oh, I’m cool, am I?”

“You’re rocking the denim jacket look like it’s nineteen ninety five while reading *Les Miserables*. So yeah, I’d say you’re cool.”

Oh my God. We have to fuck him. Right now! There’s a closet upstairs!

Shut up. He’s . . . different.

On that, we can agree, Ash.

“Okay,” she said, “coffee tomorrow. Midday, at the *Well Roast*?”

He shook her hand, and she admired its firm, masculine grip. “Tomorrow it is. Awesome meeting you Ash.”

He’d done so, so well. But as he left, his eyes just briefly fell on her cleavage. She caught him, and he gave an embarrassed look before walking off.

“He, he was actually pretty cute,” she admitted. Her heart fluttered a little.

Fuck yeah, he was. Let’s hit that.

“Oh, shut up. He just seems like a cool person. A friend who isn’t a member of the sorority. I could use one of those.”

The coffee date was nice enough that it turned into a regular thing. Parker was doing a major in engineering, and quickly revealed himself as even more widely read and intelligent than she’d assumed. He’d moved to the university to pursue its higher class course, and aimed to work in aerospace engineering, one of the most difficult and highest paid types of his prospective career. It became a subject of discussion as they continued to meet.

“Oh, I know it sounds all fancy, but it isn’t rocket science,” he said. There was a long pause, during which she realised what he’d just said and gave him a sarcastic glare.

“Wait, that’s right!” he exclaimed. “It totally is! It’s rocket science!”

“You make me wish I was a neurosurgeon just so I can tell you it’s not brain surgery.”

“Yes, but alas, you are merely to be a professional archivist and expert on storing, digitising, and creating web connections for renowned antiquities. Why, a garbageman could do your job!”

She stuck out her tongue at him, letting Partygirl Ash do just a little bit of flirting. It was too tempting not to, after all.

“Watch it. You compare me to a garbageman again and I’ll show you what trashy looks like.”

“I’m sorry, but I am weirdly turned on by that sentence.”

The other persona giggled as she retreated back into Ash’s mind, leaving the woman to deal with the flirty mess she’d made. “Ugh, I didn’t mean it *that* way, I - let’s just drink our coffees. I’ve got chess club coming up anyway.”

“What a coincidence. I joined yesterday.”

“Stalker.”

“I swear I’m not *intentionally* stalking you. I actually like chess. I reckon I could beat you at it!”

He couldn’t. Not by a long shot. As much as Ash had to contend with her flirty persona, and her own body’s increasing desire to jump Parker’s bones, she still had her old self in there, and was able to resist. More than that, she had the experience of over twenty years of playing computer chess to draw upon from her old life, and so she was easily the ranking champion of the school, having even gone and fucked the chess leader of the rival state university the previous month. To say that Parker had no chance would be a kind understatement.

“Okay, okay! I surrender!” he said.

“We have literally just started,” she chuckled.

“I’m just tempering expectations so that when I lose in seven moves instead of three, I feel gloriously victorious.”

They were still playing even after the club was over for the day. No longer surrounded by more serious nerds, she felt that draw again, the arousal grow in her body for this man.

Not giving in.

I can! Volunteer as tribute! I’ll give in for you!

No. You wanted me to figure things out, well I’m doing that. You may take control when we go partying, or with the sorority girls, but this guy has enough of my old interests that I can actually have some power here.

He’s still hot as hell though.

I am very aware.

As predicted, she dominated, and Parker valiantly surrendered.

“Another?” he asked.

“I have to ask before we play,” she said. “Why do you want to keep playing? What are we hanging out for? Are you interested in me or something.”

He looked at her a while before responding. “I am, yeah.”

She sighed. Partygirl Ash rose, taking over, ready to flirt like hell and practically drag this man into bed with her. She’d only had sex three times in the two weeks she’d known him, and those instances were with the jockish types that had failed to fully satisfy her beyond the basic bodily need. But then he continued speaking.

“I mean, I’d be crazy not to, right? You’re beautiful. I actually think you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever met. But you’re also damn smart, and funny, and even though I can’t keep up with how sometimes you’re flirty, and sometimes you’re cold, I just love spending time with you. You’re cool, in a word. And it’s okay if you don’t feel the same way about me, because if you don’t, then what do I have? I’ve got an awesome friend who can whip my ass at chess, and whose ass I can whip at foosball.”

“Foosball?”

He smirked. “It’s a noble sport. But also poker. I’m damn good at poker.”

Ash retreated. She needed to think. The words he’d said had a strange effect on her. They left her feeling warm, flustered. Her ability to parry and discuss and debate and stir and laugh was temporarily disarmed, like she was Peter again. She let flirty Partygirl Ash take over. Better to rip off the bandaid, fuck him, and send him on his way.

“Hey, there’s a party tomorrow night,” she said.

“Oh?”

“You should -”

Yeah, yeah, take me there. Have some fun with me there. I know the routine by now.

“-go as my date for the night. Not anything wild, just some fun company. Friends, like you say.”

Ash couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Her other person was acting with *restraint*? Despite being horny as hell for this man? She performed the mental equivalent of a spit take.

“That’d be real nice. Do you want me to pick you up?”

“Thanks. We’ll organise via text. But for now, I might just go do some reading.”

“I hope I didn’t offend-”

“Not at all, big guy. You stay back and read up on how to beat me in a thousand years. I’ll even let you play black next time.”

“Oh, har har.”

As they left the building to head back to the sorority, Ash marvelled. “What was all that about? You’re meant to be the side of me that’s all in on being a total slut!”

First of all, not a slut. Just a smart girl with a very healthy appetite. And secondly, I thought we might try things your way, particularly after all the effort you've gone to in keeping control around him. We both find him hot, but you seem hesitant. So who not a little date?

Ash sighed. "He is pretty good looking. I know I should be trying to be my old self, but . . ."

She looked down at her voluptuous form, appreciating the sight of her bouncing breasts as they jostled in her DD-cup bra.

But you're this now too.

"Yeah. I guess we're both rubbing off on one another."

Well, it took a little convincing. I mean, you somehow kept wresting control from me when I wanted to go outside, have drinks with the girls, and go out with Hank again. But it seems this could be fun. Besides, the last few weeks have been soooo jaded for me. I want to enjoy sex again.

"I am not having sex with him."

Ash was nervous as all hell. Despite her assurances to herself that she was not having sex, she was certainly dressed up sexily. She'd entrusted the duty of finding a cute dress to wear over to Partygirl Ash, who practically was chomping at the bit to take over anyway. The end result was a totally cute pink dress that wouldn't have looked out of place at a prom. It had a sparkling bust that lifted her breasts, making them look more like impressive E-cups, with a deep curve of cleavage that was just hypnotic even to her own eyes. A slightly darker green satin belly pulled in just below her chest, emphasising them further, while also revealing her trim waist. It then led down to a cute pink skirt and flounce that stopped a three or so inches shy of her knees, revealing her wonderfully shapely thighs. To top it off, she wore five-inch red heels, and had styled her hair in thick waves that poured a little over her shoulders, making her appear almost like a classic beauty from the seventies. Albeit with hair that was not quite so large! Sparkling blue eyeshadow and some eyelash extensions completed the look, along with some toned lipstick.

"I feel like I let you go overboard."

You like it. Hell, you love it. We've never dressed up this good for a dude before.

"I don't use the word 'dude.' And that's what I'm afraid of. I mean, do I actually have feelings for Parker? We've only known each other for a month or so."

But you want to do something special for this montheversary. Despite technically not dating.

She blushed, grateful that none of her sorority sisters were nearby. "I just want it to be memorable. We have a lot in common, and he's really sweet."

And good looking.

"Yeah. Really fucking good looking. But not another gym bro type either. Sick of those."

Even Tyler Hobbins?

"He called me Queen of the Blowjobs! I mean, sure, I apparently give *amazing* blowjobs now, but I still have enough dignity from my previous life to not appreciate the so-called 'compliment.'"

His dick was definitely worth sucking though.

"Mhmm, I wonder what Parker's - no! I'm not thinking about that. I just want - I just want to show him a good time. It doesn't have to mean sex. I just want to show him that he'd made me happy again, and that I enjoy spending time with him, and that he's funny, and kind, and - oh fuck. I think I really *do* want to officially go out with him, don't I?"

Obviously. This is why you still need me. At least I know how to actually get with the guys you want to fuck.

"It's not like that, it's just . . ."

She looked at herself in the mirror, at the gorgeous, full-breasted redhead in the sexy and pretty pink dress. Underneath, she was wearing her favourite black lingerie. Yes, she had a favourite now, after four months of being a woman. She smiled earnestly, feeling her heart flutter in anticipation of the night to come. The last month of knowing Parker had made her feel so . . . different. And not in a bad way.

"I'm just getting a hopeful feeling, for once," she said. "It's like since the first time since I changed, I actually feel truly happy about being Ashley. I can't explain it. I just . . . do. And I think he's a big part of it. And maybe even you a little, too."

Ready to make peace with your old life and your new? Between me and you?

"Almost," she said. "I've just got one last thing to 'figure' out."

Well, I'll be there tonight, but I'm not going to take control. The training wheels are off, Ash. This one's all on you.

She took a single, meaningful breath, letting her boobs rise and fall dramatically in the mirror.

"I'm ready," she said.

Parker's jaw dropped when he came to pick her up. Sure, it was really just a short walk to a nearby frat, but it was the gentlemanly thing to do, as he'd put it. She couldn't help but blush,

feeling a little guilty as she twirled her dress from side to side. She was well aware how her boobs looked, their perfect curvature making them like perfect teardrops in shape.

“Do you like?” she said, a little sheepish.

“Oh, I like. I like very much.”

“Good. Because you look pretty good too.”

He wore a white button shirt with thin navy stripes, and casual yet smart jeans. His clothes fit him well, showing off those delectable muscles.

“Well, I thought I better do my best to impress on this ‘not date’ of ours.”

“Let’s just call it an actual date,” she said.

From the look on his face, he was deeply pleased at this development, as were both of her personas. She took his arm, and he led her out the door to the party.

“So, that dress.”

“Yeah?”

“Well, since this is an actual date now,” Parker said, “I was wondering if I could, you know, compliment it.”

She thrust out of her chest, walked with a little more sauciness so that her hip swayed into his. “Go on, compliment it.”

“It’s obviously a good dress. Fine make. Lacking a bit of durability. As an engineer I’d give it, oh, three out of ten.”

She gave him a teasing punch on the arm. “And in terms of aesthetic?”

“Oh, this one goes to eleven.”

“A *Spinal Tap* reference?” she said, giggling. “You’re a man after my own heart.”

“That’s the idea,” he said jokingly, but there was an edge of hope there that did indeed warm her chest. She continued to feel that warmth as they talked and flirted lightly. Partygirl Ash remained in the backseat, only occasionally making recommendations.

Giggle when he talks. It doesn’t matter if it’s not funny, it’s a thing girls do!

She followed the advice, and used it as an excuse to hold closer to his arm as they arrived at the party. Soon they were among friends, many of them ones she’d introduced Parker to. Barb was there, dancing up already on some guys, and some of her old flames were there, looking a bit disappointed that not only was she with a man, but apparently on her first actual date in a while. Normally, of course, Partygirl Ash had her just turn up and go hunting for whatever sexual prospect she felt like.

Instead, she continued to spend the night with Parker, doing the rounds and introducing him to anyone he hadn’t met, including some of her ex-lays.

“Hey Matthew, this is Parker.”

“Oh, is he your friend?”

“Boyfriend,” she corrected quickly. “We’re, well, we’re going steady, I guess.”

“Oh we are, are we?” Parker said, a bit surprised.

“I told you, it’s a date. That means we’re going steady.”

“Do I get a choice in this?”

She gestured to her hourglass figure in the gorgeous pink dress. “Would you like to say no?”

He gazed over at her, and she revelled in that gaze. “Uh, I retract my point. Absolutely, I am her boyfriend.”

Matthew put his hand on Parker’s shoulder. “Dude, well done. You have no idea how many guys in this room hate you right now.”

He walked off, leaving Parker obviously a little confused. “What did he mean by that?”

Partygirl Ash came to the rescue while regular Ash panicked. “Oh, I’ve slept with like every guy here.”

“Oh. Oh.”

“Don’t take it personally. You’re the first I’ve ever wanted to date, okay? You’re the first I’ve actually wanted as a boyfriend. You know, to hang out with beyond sex.”

He seemed to internalise that for a moment as the other persona relinquished her control. But her heart fell a little as a small pallor was cast over their date by this. He rallied, giving a smile, but it was clear something about her casual relation of this had disturbed him, or at least confused him.

“Sorry, I knew you had a repu - well, I mean that people said things. I’m just taking a moment to get used to all of this. It’s not the first thing people think of when it comes to a first date.”

No, I am not losing him. He’s like the one good thing about this new me. Well, the one thing that gives me hope of embracing this life.

Then what are you waiting for girl? Be the party girl!

I can’t do that! You take over!

No! I’m done with the training wheels, remember? It’s time for you to shine. Use everything I’ve shown you and taught you. Bring me back into the fold. I believe in you. I believe in us.

She reached out and grabbed a passing drink, swallowing it down quickly. A bit of liquid courage helped her in her old life before a nervous lecture. She could certainly use it now. She took Parker’s hand and pulled him away.

“Where are we going?”

“I’m going to show you what I mean. I’m going to dance with you.”

“You’ve not danced with other guys before?”

“Not like this,” she said, and it was true. She pulled him against her, giving him a delightful look at her cleavage. She threw a look at Barb, who practically understood her request psychically. Her wing woman ran to the iPod shuffle, and found a romantic set of tracks that were right out of the eighties. First up? *Crazy for You* by Madonna.

“Nice beat,” Parker said. “Didn’t figure you for an eighties girl.”

“There’s a lot of things you don’t know about me, but I’d like you to learn some of them. Now put your hands around me.”

He did so. She shivered in response to his touch, in a way she didn’t with other men. As the track sounded and the vocals began, they started to dance together. To her amusement, the previously perfect Parker revealed his one weakness: the poor man had two left feet. But she led him, pressing her body against his, directing him, letting him feel her form as they joined others on the dance floor. But while they were just two among many, from her perspective it was just he and her. She’d spent so much time fighting this new life as Ashley Jones, warring with her partygirl persona, but now that she was taking charge with this sweet, funny man, she found herself finally giving way to it. Going with the grain, instead of against it.

And it felt wonderful.

She held his strong arms, let him twirl her as the next track began, the more upbeat tempo of the appropriately titled *Uptown Girl*. Barb went to change it to something more romantic but Ash gestured otherwise to her. They were having fun, being energetic and silly and building now just her confidence, but his. And it was then that Partygirl Ash returned in the back of her mind.

Dance with a bit more step. The more your boobs jiggle, the more he’ll be all over you. And let your hips go wild. Your ass is an ass-et!

Thanks for the help, Ash thought back. She realised she actually meant it, because not long after, Parker was sputtering a little at the sight of her tits nearly coming free of the dress.

“I know,” she laughed, adjusting herself before placing her arms over his shoulders again. “They’re big.”

“I’ll say.”

“Double-D’s.”

“I’d guessed.”

“So why all the interest?” she teased.

“Purely academic. You know, aerodynamics, gravitational pull, all that.”

“Well, I can tell you they *certainly* have a pull, right on my shoulder blades.”

“That’d be annoying.”

“I thought so,” she said, forming another epiphany. “But you know what? They’re *growing* on me.”

He took a moment, then almost tripped on his own feet. “Oh, that was terrible!”

“I told you, I’m a nerd at heart! You could say I’ve been one since before Ashley Jones was even around.”

The next track started, and to both their joy it was *Dancing in the Moonlight*. They shifted, becoming more energetic, but also pulling closer. She began singing the lines to him, and he joined in. Soon their mouths were close, close enough that she could just imagine kissing his lips. Her heart beat rapidly, and in desperation she drew upon Partygirl Ash to take over for her, to take that willing next step.

But the other persona was nowhere to be found. Dormant, or perhaps gone.

And she had to take the step herself.

The song ended, and several other couples embraced, kissed, or ran off to drink more beer and girly drinks. But Ashley and Parker remained, her breathing heavily, looking up at him, wanting to make the first move. Parker leaned forward ahead of her, however, and went to kiss her.

She halted him with her hand upon his lips.

“No, I’m sorry,” she said.

For just a moment, disappointment was obvious upon his features. “Is it because of before? I was an ass. I shouldn’t have judged you. And I believe you when you say that with me it’s different, because -”

“Stop Parker, just stop. You don’t understand.” She met his eyes exactly. “I have to be the one to do this.”

And with that, she grabbed him, pulling him by his shoulders into the deepest, longest, and most passionate kiss she’d ever given in either of her lives. After a moment’s confusion, Parker reciprocated, and the two stood there, making out in the centre of the dance floor, their tongues dancing in one another’s mouths. It was only when they had to come up for air that they finally parted.

“Holy shit,” Parker said. “That was something.”

But her thoughts were already going elsewhere. Her breasts yearned to be touched, and her pussy was wet with need. She wanted this man, and not just for sex. She wanted *him*. All of him.

“Let’s get out of here,” she said.

They returned to her room. Men weren't allowed in the sorority, but they could make an exception for just one night. Her body was on fire, and so she giggled as she led him upstairs. The place was empty - all the Alpha Alpha Zeta girls were at the party - and so they had it to themselves. She swayed her ass as she climbed the stairs ahead of him.

"Like what you see?" she teased.

"I think we've more than established that I very much like what I see, Ash. You're the sexiest woman I've ever met. Scratch that: you're the most *wonderful* woman I've ever met."

"Awww," she said. "That's sweet."

She turned, ushering him then slamming the door shut. She placed her hands on her perfect hips and smiled. "But I'm not looking for sweet right now. I can't wait anymore, Parker. I want my new boyfriend *inside me*."

He looked at her like she was a goddess, and it made her nearly forget her shorter height, his awe and appreciation was so clear.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

Again they kissed, their makeout even more passionate than before. She climbed on top of him, hungry and horny and overwhelmed with her desire to feel this man's cock within her. It wasn't like all the other times, where it was just her party girl lust. No, there was something more. Something that wanted to burst out of her but she was afraid to say it. So instead she kissed him, kissed his lips and neck, and then as he removed his shirt, his muscular chest as well.

"Get this dress off me!" she begged. "I want you to feel all of me."

"Goddamn, I want that too!" he exclaimed. He helped her remove it, and she giggled at how her big breasts bounced as she shimmied out of it. She was left standing in her sexy black lingerie, which she kept on a little longer as she sat on his lap, facing towards him.

"Feel them, I know you want to," she breathed in his ear. She could feel his hard cock in his underwear, so she lowered her hands down to begin teasing him at the same time as he planted his large hands over her tits. With pride, she realised his hands were still small compared to her prodigious bustline, but they did the work professionally anyway: she moaned in delight as he caressed her nipples through the material, and felt the sensitive undersides of her boobs.

"Mhmm . . . that's g-good! More of that p-please!"

He surprised her then, expertly undoing her bra with one hand so that her breasts were totally freed. He grinned at her shocked face.

"Hey, I've had sex a bit too."

"Oohhh, then show me how you do it, big boy."

"Well, I find girls like it when I do this."

He placid his lips on her left nipple and ran his tongue along it. She shivered, whimpering in delight at the sensations it produced.

“Mmhhh - ahhh! I th-think they w-weren’t lying. I find guys like it when I do th-this!”

She grabbed his cock firmly through his underwear, and began to stroke it fully. Judging from his pleasurable grunts, he did indeed enjoy it.

“Oh G-God!” he gasped. “Your s-so fucking perfect, Ash. I’m so lucky.”

“Me too. More than I think I knew. Now let’s stop playing and just *fuck one another already.*”

Her statement must have awoken something in him, because he grabbed her and moved her further onto the bed so that she was on her back. With a primal savagery that just *did things* to her, he pulled her panties from her legs with quick ease, then removed his own. His cock was massive. Not the biggest she’d had, but certainly not small, and she wanted it more than any other dick in the world.

“Get inside me,” she begged.

He did exactly that, mounting her like he was her alpha male, and she his queen. His cock parted her sex, sliding deep into her womanly tunnel, causing her to cry out in budding ecstasy.

“Y-yesssss! Yesssss! Oh God, why did I wait so long for th-this!”

Because you needed to come to terms with this, Partygirl Ash mentally communicated to her.

Wait, Partygirl me? You’re still - ahhh - here?

J-just for a little. Wow, we are getting p-pleasure overload - nngh! - aren’t we? But yeah, just back for a bit. I’m becoming fully part of you again, Ash. You’ve figured it all out. You don’t need me anymore, and we can bring out the best part of each other as Ashley from now on. You keep - f-fuck! That’s is one good lover - you keep going with this man. I think he’s a k-keeper! Seeya round, Ash.

And with that, the other persona dissipated, melting back into Ashley’s consciousness so that they were one. The best parts of Peter and Ashley, of the man she had been and the woman she was finally embracing as her new self.

Thank you, she thought.

Then the pleasure returned as Parker thrust deep into her once more. She spread her thighs further apart, welcoming him, granting him even greater access. He sucked and licked her nipples, squeezed her perfect breasts. Then, even as the pleasure mounted, she pushed him to the side.

“I want to ride you,” she said.

She lowered herself on his cock, and began to buck her hips back and forth to match his own movements. She lowered herself, rubbing her tits against his chest and kissing him

deeply. They were locked in that kiss as the pleasure mounted, rising and rising until neither could ignore it.

“Oh God! I’m going to c-cum, Parker! I want you to cum in me! I want it! I’ve never wanted it s-so badly before!”

“Fuck, me either!” he gasped, gripping her boobs as he bucked one last time. “You’re incredible, Ash!”

“You too, Parker. I - I love you!”

He locked eyes with her just seconds from orgasm. Even in the throes of pleasure, he had time to smile.

“I love you too, Ash!”

“Yes! YES! I love you! I LOVE - OOOHHHH!!!”

They came together, emotionally, spiritually, and certainly physically. Warm jets of his seed flooded into her, and she collapsed against him, holding on for dear life and squeezing her thighs against his hips so nothing of him could escape her. It was only after minutes of post-coital, post-orgasmic pleasure had passed that she managed to raise her head. She was all Ashley now, nerd and partygirl both. She felt complete.

“Did you mean it?” Parker exhaled. “About loving me?”

She brushed his hair, giggled lightly, kissed him deeply.

“Did that feel loving?” she asked.

“Oh yeah.”

“Then yeah, I love you. Let’s lie here together and just love one another. And maybe in half an hour, I can show you just how much loving I have in me.”

The night was spent with a whole lot of loving indeed.

And many nights afterwards, for the woman who had finally embraced her new life.

Ashley often looked back on that night as one of the best of her life. There were others, of course. The day Parker had proposed to her, just two years later. And a year after that, when they tied the knot and she became Mrs Ashley Phillips. There was the Hawaii honeymoon of course, that was a lovely memory. And when she had surprised her husband in bed with the little pregnancy test with its two faint little blue lines. If she asked Parker, his favourite days would probably be the births of their two children, Abigail and Peter, the latter obviously named for a life she had now moved past, but occasionally liked to think of. They were still young, but she loved them more than she could adequately expressed, despite literally working at a prestigious educational institute. The moment they had entered her arms she

knew that her life was better than any Peter's could have been, even if the hours of labour had been not only excruciating, but difficult to confront for a former man.

But that night, when she finally united both halves of herself, would forever remain special in her heart. Not for the sex, or even the expression of love, though they were exultant moments. It was the crossing of the threshold that mattered most to her. The second in which she finally stepped off the edge and let go of Peter, and embraced Ashley. From there, all other happiness flowed.

It was why, to Parker's perpetual confusion, it wasn't her wedding dress on display in their room's glass case, but that pretty pink dress. To him, it was a wonderful memory. To her, it was so much more. And she made sure to bring it out for him on every anniversary of that day, all while playing some corny romance eighties hits.

After all, she was still a partygirl at heart.

The End