

College Life (Men to College Girls TG AR)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Flightychipmunk

Liam is a middle aged inventor who has recently become nostalgic for a fun college experience he never had. Having recently created a device that can literally rewrite a person's DNA and body, he decides to have a new lease on life . . . as a gorgeous blonde college girl! His friend Tim is dragged along for the ride as the pretty and petite Tani, and together the two experience college life in a way they never did before.

College Life

Liam didn't know why he did this to himself. The middle-aged man was going over photos featuring himself and Sharon, and it only made his heart ache. It had been almost a month now, and yet the pain was still fresh. He knew he should be getting out there into the dating scene, but the only thing that really seemed to salve his moroseness was returning to his workshop and continuing his engineering and inventing. It was foolish, really. Even if his Resequencer worked, it wasn't going to serve up a relationship on a platter to him.

I know why you left me, Sharon, he mused as he looked over the photos on his phone. The progression of the relationship was clear; dates out and about, initial excitement, waning passion, idle sedentary existence and distraction. *I'm an overweight guy who always retreats to his workshop when relationship stuff gets hard, because that's easier.*

He'd never been the most capably social guy, he knew. He only had one true friend, and that was Timothy, who was literally his partner on the Resequencer project. But he'd really hoped that he and Sharon were going to work out, even as the writing was on the wall.

"I'm just so close to a big development!" he told her more than once. "If the Resequencer works, I can quit my boring tech job and actually give you the life you deserve!"

Sharon had just raised an eyebrow each time. "Every invention of yours is 'so close to a big development,' Liam. You know what your problem is? You're better at talking to all the doodads in your workshop than you are talking to real people."

The sad part was that she was right, and it had always been this way, ever since he was young. Sharon often talked about her memories of college life and how much she enjoyed the freedom, the social circles, the parties and chaos of it all, and it made Liam nostalgic for an experience he'd never had. College for him had been nothing more than study, study, study, all while his social skills withered, withered, withered.

"Ugh, what am I doing?"

He put the phone back in his pocket. Liam was forty five years old, and it wasn't like he was getting any younger.

I can't waste anymore time thinking about things I'll never, ever get to change, he thought to himself. *At least I can give the Resequencer another inspection and upgrade.*

It was the weekend, and he was spending it once again in his inventing shed. Without any children or, now, relationship in the mix, Liam had returned to his 'babies' in the shed, particularly the Resequencer. It was shaped like a circular dais, the raised platform sitting beneath a large dome from which numerous round modules protruded. To the left and right of the platform were large towers; the computing hardware of the machine. Engineering and programming were twin passions of his, but this project was particularly ambitious; theoretically, the Resequencer could store an immense database of DNA archetypes and structures, as well as stored knowledge and skills programmed from online databases, and then quite literally endow them to a human test subject. Old men could become young again. Women unhappy with their bodies could get a new one. Skills that took years to learn might be transferred in mere seconds. It could, once again *theoretically*, be the greatest invention in all of human history. But theory often butted up against practicality. And, more worrying, *legality*.

The door buzzed, the only other keycard to this place sliding against the electronic lock and turning it green. In strode a tall, muscular man with light blonde hair that contrasted against Liam's own average brown. He was in his forties as well, and past his prime of life, with grey seeping into his temples, but there was no denying that this man was an impressive specimen, standing over six feet in height and clearly quite fit. He flashed a Hollywood leading man's grin at Liam, who had turned on his chair.

"So, how are we going with it all today?" Timothy asked.

Liam sighed. "I . . . not much progress, to be honest. I was meant to check the skill transfer subroutines, but I, ah, got stuck looking at photos of Sharon."

Tim sighed, strode over, and patted his friend on the shoulder. "Hey, it'll pass, buddy. Can't have 'em all."

"I'd settle for just having one. You seem to have no trouble with the ladies."

Timothy grinned. "Well, that's because I actually leave my house once in a while. Mind you, that damn ache in my back keeps killing me, I swear. I was out with this bird in her thirties, and things were going so well and then *BLAM!* Chronic pain again like a motherfucker. I just couldn't continue."

Liam grimaced. He was often jealous of his friend's looks, his far less sedentary body, and his general charisma. But Tim's sporty exuberance and passions in earlier life - particularly in that same nostalgic college period - had come at a modern cost that was

increasingly getting him down. He tried to maintain a happy-go-lucky attitude, but the pain beneath the surface was obvious, and it wasn't just a physical pain.

"I'm sorry, Tim. I can't imagine it. Any pain I have is self-inflicted."

"Well, this is self-inflicted too. We're just getting old, man. I can't stand it. Ah, but perhaps this Resequencer of ours will fix that, and make us damn rich in the process! I've brought some new profiles for you. I, uh, was nearly caught bringing these, so I have to be careful."

Liam grimaced. "I don't want you taking any big risks for this. I mean, it's your job at the biolab at stake here."

Tim just shrugged. "Hey, we've been ride or die for a long time now, man. I protected you in college, you helped me in my study. I put in a good word for you in the tech industry, you create a whole fucking device for biological storage just so I can have something to show off at work. At this stage, I think the scales are tipped too much in your favour. Besides, me and my back have a personal stake in this."

He gestured to the Resequencer. It had been a multi-year project, mostly Liam's to start with. But in order to resequence DNA, it needed DNA sets to draw data from. This was where Timothy had come in. As a manager at Rene Biolaboratories, a company specialising in genetic sampling and research, he was primed to retrieve digitised samples of DNA. He wasn't stealing anything actually biological. Nothing would be missed. But still . . . it wasn't exactly ethical, nor legal. Both men hoped that the resulting power of the Resequencer would be more than enough to make the government forgive them, and even purchase the knowledge and power at a high price. *After* both men gave themselves better bodies, of course.

"It's very nearly finished," Liam said. "What do you have from the new datasets?"

"Entire East Asian genotypes, hair strand data, sets from across a lifespan as you requested, to help with de-aging sequencing, and a boatload of comparative male-female DNA from twins and siblings. Also, because I figure a lot of ladies will use the device for getting cheap boobjobs, I picked up comparative samples from that."

Liam chuckled. "Pervert."

"Hey, a man sees an opportunity to bring hotter ladies into the world, right?"

I won't lie, Liam thought to himself. *I've thought the same. If this works, maybe I'll not only have a body that attracts women, but the youth to start again. And the confidence.*

He kept those thoughts to himself for now, however, and instead began updating Tim on his progress. The two got to work, Tim adapting the biosets into the language of the machine, and Liam then connecting that to the programmed sequencing.

They were close. They were really, really close.

"With this machine," Liam declared. "We're going to change the world."

The crowd roared as the star player scored another touchdown. Liam was practically deafened by Tim's cheer beside him. They didn't have the best seats in the house, but the Coolidge College Eagles were trouncing the Bears from interstate, and that was all that really mattered. Still, Liam couldn't help but glance at his friend's face as he roared.

I think you miss it more than you admit, he thought. Being the star player. I know I would. Look at all the attention he receives. The adoration. God, I wish I'd gotten just a taste of that when I was back in college. Those guys and girls down there don't know how lucky they truly have it.

It was nearly half-time, and things were ramping up, but it was at that moment that Tim grabbed Liam's arm.

"Hey, I didn't just bring you here because we both love football."

"What?"

Timothy looked both ways, but there was nothing suspicious around.

"I wanted to get somewhere in public with a lot of noise. Away from the lab, just in case. Look, I'm having second guesses about this machine we're making; about what we plan to do with it. It hit me when you said that this machine would change the world. I always knew that, but I never appreciated it until now. Look, I know this is your life's work, Liam, and it's your brainchild, not mine. My contributions are pretty small compared to yours. But . . . I can't help but feel that if we make this thing public, it's not going to go well."

Liam frowned. The game was progressing, but Tim's words were far more serious than the man usually was.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I just that . . . how do you think this is really going to go? Liam, you're a goddamn *genius*, sometimes I don't think you even realise how much. Even if this machine doesn't work, and I think it will, you've helped advance the study of genetics and DNA engineering by decades. We could slowly release that information and help people around the world, but this machine . . . how do you really think the government is going to use it? How do you really think they're going to treat us when it's done? They're going to lock us in a dark room to extract all they can from it. They're going to use it for warfare, for CIA network missions. Hell, it'll probably be used to just keep the most corrupt and powerful youthful and strong forever. We could literally *kill democracy* just by letting this thing into the wrong hands. And that's to say nothing of if it went to an actual dictatorship. I have nightmares of North Korea with an *actual* immortal leader, worshipped like a God with no chance of ever being overthrown. And what about punishments? Torture? We've been obsessed with how the

Resequencer can fix people's bodies, but it could also break them. Ruin them. Make them malformed and *wrong*. Imagine *that*."

Liam's eyes were wide by this point. He knew he often had tunnel vision, but he hadn't even considered many of these variables, or at least not in such depth.

My God, it could lead to chaos too. Criminals could change their face in an afternoon. Fugitives could escape the law. Assassins never be caught.

He actually gulped, taking this all in.

"I - I had my concerns," he said, raising his voice slightly over the crowd. "But do you really think it could be that bad?"

Tim shrugged. "Maybe I'm wrong. Look, I'm not the genius here, you are. My job is mainly in managing the eggheads at the lab, not actually doing the smart stuff. You just helped me get my foot in the door there. But I think we both know that when it comes to knowing people and how they act, I've got my finger on the pulse of things. I know how power moves and flows; I've seen it down on that field there, and I've seen it in business. We do a lot of governmental contracting. I'm just saying, we've been so dead set on changing the world that we should have stopped to consider how it might be changed for the worse."

Liam knew his friend was right. He always was when it came to social matters, when it came to looking at the big picture. Liam had always been the man of minutiae, the details of programming and knowledge few others could possess. It gave him tunnel vision, but now that the lens had been widened a great weight now landed upon his shoulders.

"But we've been working on it for so long," he said. "What do we do?"

"I don't know, buddy. It's still up to you. It's your machine."

Liam thought about this. Half-time began, but his thoughts raced. Somehow, even among this crowd and beside his best and only friend, his loneliness only seemed to enhance itself.

What the hell do I do with the Resequencer then? he asked himself. *I can't just abandon it. I mean, what else is there for me? I'm an overweight forty five year old man whose best years are behind him, and those years weren't exactly great. I just have . . . this.*

Looking for relief, he turned his gaze down to the half-time celebrations below. Games like this always made him nostalgic for a better college experience than he'd actually had. Was it possible to be nostalgic for a time you never got to have? Liam wasn't sure, but it was an aching pain nonetheless. He'd not enjoyed sex or partying, no popularity or social connection. It was only by chance that he'd come across Timothy and found someone who loved fantasy football and trivia as much as he did without looking down on him for who he was. And even then, it hadn't led to the much-vaunted college life.

Maybe I could just use the Resequencer on myself. I always planned to become younger and fitter, but if I can't change the world and live in fame, then why not have the thing I missed? I could be even younger than planned, with my whole life ahead of me. I could download confidence, social skills, I could be attractive and able to hold my alcohol. I could rid myself of allergies and go through it all again, and this time do it right.

The more he thought about it, the more enticing the experience sounded in his mind. He'd planned on becoming thirty again, a version of himself that was healthier, but the Resequencer would be too powerful to waste on something like that. Why not go the whole hog?

Hell, if I wanted to, I could even become a woman.

The thought had leapt out of nowhere, likely because of the beautiful cheerleaders assembling to perform their dances. The Eagles team were closest by, and Liam couldn't help but admire them. He was no pervert, but there was no denying their passion, their youth, their athletic prowess. Nor, even from an objective standpoint, their utter beauty.

The crowd cheered them on, and the younger men around them were clearly just as enraptured in the sight of the young women vaulting over one another, aided by their male team members. They raised their pom poms, cheering for the Eagles, marching and dancing in unison in a highly choreographed and even dangerous manner. And yet they were full of poise, and they commanded the crowd with as much attention as the game itself. They weren't just popular, these women were *entrancing*, and Liam found himself as under that spell as anyone else, perhaps more so.

Look at them, he thought. They live a totally different life to you, Liam. A totally different life. They're popular, they're pretty, they get all the attention they want and probably all the sex they want as well. They don't even have to make the first move; this whole stadium is practically wanting to be with them. They have sex appeal, but they also move so . . . elegantly. What would it be like to have a body like that? To have a life like that?

Every man had thought of what it was like to be a woman from time to time, of that he had no doubt. But now Liam's thoughts were wandering even further. He wondered what it would be like to have a set of boobs of his own to play with, to put into a bra and show off a nice line of cleavage. What would it be like to have smooth thighs, a gorgeous smile, and long hair that he could style a hundred different ways? What would it be like to not just be young and healthy and fit, but to be a pioneer; to cross the gender divide in a way no one had done before; fully biologically and with all the downloaded skills to match.

It would be . . . wow, it would be something else, he thought. If Timothy is right, and we can't sell this machine for the most moral of reasons, then maybe . . . maybe I deserve to do something radical with it. It wouldn't have to be forever. It could just be a dipping of my toes. But what better way to test the Resequencer?

He looked over to Timothy, who was back to enjoying the game.

“God, those girls know how to put on a show,” he said idly.

Liam grinned, the decision becoming firmer in his mind with every passing second.

“You’re not wrong, buddy,” he said, wondering what it would be like to put on such a show himself, to vault and dance to an audience’s adoration. “You’re not wrong at all.”

Liam attended another football game a week later before he made his decision. It wasn’t even an Eagles game, but he didn’t care. Hell, he barely paid attention to the male athletes this time. It was the cheerleaders, before, during, and at the closing of the game that captured his attention. He had never readily jumped to any decision before - confidence was something he built towards, rather than something he possessed outright - but this one was becoming concrete. By the time the crowd cheered the half-time performance display, he knew in his mind what he was going to do. By the time the game ended and the women trotted out for one final celebratory routine, he was already taking mental notes, imagining *exactly* the kind of college girl he was planning on becoming. He’d even thought up a name already.

Lexi.

Simple, sweet, and more than a little sexy. Hell, it literally rhymed with ‘sexy,’ and that was just a daring bonus as far as he was concerned. When he went home, he made sure to tinker with the Resquencer, prepping it for the first full test. And he had exactly the biodata set in mind to input.

Timothy entered the inventor shed earlier than expected, likely because of the sheer excitement that had been expressed over text between the pair. It was Testing Day, when the machine would finally come online. Technically, there had already been previous tests, all along the line of development, but they had been small and temporary matters; alteration of eyebrows, brief change to hair colour, and so on. The Resequencer’s true potential had never been realised, and indeed, there had been so much testing and quality assurance on Liam’s part that it was almost too daunting to attempt.

But the time had come.

“Right, here we go!” Timothy announced as he barged into the engineering space. He was as broad and powerful as ever, and he wrapped Liam in an unexpected hug. “It’s finally fucking happening, right?”

"Indeed," Liam said, trying to work up the courage to admit his altered plan. "I've placed a sequence in the machine, and I will be the first test subject."

"Are you sure? You don't wanna risk yourself, man."

"Well, I can't risk my only friend, either. Besides, it is my invention. Would Lance Armstrong have let Buzz Aldrin on the moon first?"

He smirked, folding his arms. "Fair point. But are we going in the history books?"

Liam's expression became serious. "I thought a lot about what you said at the game, actually. A great deal over the past week. And you're right, Tim. We can't let this device fall into the wrong hands, and if it goes public, it will. It's just a matter of time. But we can use it to benefit ourselves to the cost of nobody, and enjoy the fruits of our labour."

Tim cocked his head to one side. "Interesting. I'm listening. What biopattern have you gone with? Greek God? A powerful Adonis type? I'm . . . I'm getting my mythology correct, right?"

Liam chuckled. "You are. All those months cribbing my notes in that humanities elective paid off. But yes, the biopattern is key to all of this."

"Well, would you care to enlighten me, oh wise nerd, as to what changes I can expect? I mean, I'm the observer here to an important moment, I'd like to know who's gonna come out of that chamber."

Liam tried to hold off blushing, and only barely succeeded. "I'm keeping it a surprise," he said. "You'll figure it out quickly when I step out of the machine."

"Oh?" Tim said, raising an eyebrow. "You're not usually one for surprises. Is there something more . . . secretive about this particular biopattern? Wait, is it a celebrity?"

"It's my own design," he replied, a bit sheepishly at that. "But I can't tell you anymore."

Because you won't believe me, he thought. Or worse, you'll think I'm mad. Or worst of all, you'll try to stop me from ever changing my life to such a degree. But if you don't know, friend, then I'll be able to step out and convince you. I just . . . I know I will. It'll make sense when I give myself the right confidence. If it works. God, it better work! I've put too many years into this and I don't want to be in this flabby middle-aged body any longer.

All these thoughts flew past at once, but instead of voicing them, Liam simply stood up to the dais and ignored further questions from his friend.

"I've set it to automatically cycle," he said, taking position beneath the empty dome that would stimulate his brain patterns, and between the towers of hardware that would manipulate his DNA.

"You don't want me to be able to cancel it if something goes wrong?"

"I can do that. Or I can leave the platform. Don't step on here unless you want us to fuse like a sort of human-human Brundlefly."

“Hey, a nerd reference I get. Noted. Okay, when can we expect it to b-”

The weighted sensor had already counted down, and the Resequencer suddenly whirred to life, its panels lighting up, the empty dome glistening with light as its various modules began their scans and start up trials and diagnostics. Liam focused on his breathing, trying not to look at Timothy too much, at the way the man would soon be staring in shock. It had been hard work making this particular biopattern sequence, but he kept thinking back to those luscious cheerleaders, and a sort of amalgamation of the ones he considered the most admirable, the most beautiful, the most talented all coalesced together to form this design.

And now it was starting up. It began slowly. The lights flickered in the engineering space, power drawing to the Resequencer. The dome started to spin slowly, and suddenly Liam was bathed in multicoloured hues of light that shifted and danced across his body like some kind of LED-crazed party. Effects strobed upon him, using the most advanced digital scanners and light emitters to conduct the transformation without a single needle or puncture in sight. There was nothing to drink or imbibe, nothing invasive whatsoever, just the power of the light spectrum engraving a new command code into his DNA and spreading it outwards. The light focused on his head primarily, the brain encoding and then issuing forth such commands, but the rest of the light refracted across his body in numerous ever-changing colours. Liam was not wearing his usual clothing for this test, but instead a silver costume of his own design that clung to his body, elastic and conformable. The light could easily pass through this outfit, and the emitters on the two hardware towers likewise bathed him in a complicated mutation tailored for a very specific purpose.

“Are you okay?” Timothy yelled over the machine’s noise, as it whirred and hummed with raw power.

“I’m f-fine!” Liam called back. “A little dizzy. I can f-feel my skin scrawling, like it’s - aaa - being told to act differently. My s-stomach has this pressure.”

“Should we abort?”

“No, I think it’s about to start, Tim, I’m getting this s-strange-”

The sentence would have to remain incomplete, because Liam suddenly spasmed as the programmable light overturned enough of his DNA to begin the true resequencing. He grunted slightly, trying to control his breath even as his skin rippled. The process was quick, but he still estimated it would take a couple of minutes. His body heated up, his cheeks flushed, but it was those very cheeks that first indicated the changes to come; they shrank down, losing their flab and their acne pockmarks from an unfortunate high school year.

“Dude, you’re changing!”

Oh shit, Liam thought, even as his nose began to reform, shrinking down and becoming button cute just as he'd wanted. *It's the first damn test of my machine and I can't see myself!*

"Drag the mirror over!" he called, voice cracking a little.

Timothy nodded eagerly, moving without suspicion at Liam's change of voice; presumably he was just anxious as usual, right?

But in truth, it was far more than that. Liam gasped in relief as his stomach began to deflate, years of adipose formation melting away as if it had never existed. His saggy skin pulled tight, losing the numerous wrinkles and flabs that had long defined it. Liam's eyes widened. Something was happening with them but his main focus was upon how *different* it felt to not be heavy. This was mimicked by his arms and legs, which similarly evaporated their unnecessary tissue and continued to slim down.

"Hell yeah!" Timothy cried. "Dude you look fantastic! You're already ten years younger!"

"I - I'm noticing!" Liam responded over the whirring hum of the machine. The light continued to shift in hue - yellow, blue, magenta - and it gave the entire experience a dream-like quality. Energy poured into him, the fat burned up by the light and then utilised by the machine to continue powering his changes.

God, he whispered in his own mind. *I'm g-getting younger now. I can feel the energy. I'd forgotten what it f-felt like! Ohhh, this is s-starting to get k-kinda pleasurable!*

The bliss rose, and it was matched by an increasing set of changes. He could see a brief confusion on Timothy's face as his limbs became shorter and his spine contracted. They caused brief grunts, but they were steps towards Liam's perfect body. His hair shifted, growing longer, and the alien sensation of it growing fast down past his chin and then over his shoulders was only matched by a sense of rightness. It was blonde, a gorgeous light blonde that was carefree and wavy. He instinctively began to play with it, moaning as the light began to affect his genitals and chest. His nipples throbbed, aching with the promise of future change, and he began to touch these too, uncaring that his friend was watching - hell, Timothy was practically forgotten.

"Um, dude, what's happening?"

I know he's saying something, Liam thought, feeling his butt tighten and gain a slight peachiness. *But I don't c-care. It's happening. Ohhh, man, I f-feel like a woman!*

He giggled to himself, and it was a high and lovely sound, half-feminine already. His face was continuing to shift; his lips plumped up, his eyebrows reformed, his jawline melted into a soft curve. The mirror was in place, and he thought to look in it. What he saw only heightened the ecstasy of the change: there in the reflection was a figure already more female than male. Her hips were widening, her waist contracting so that the silver bodysuit

pulled against it, showing the hourglass figure. With a coo-like noise, Liam found his shoulders pulling in. His facial hair was long-gone; he hadn't even noticed it, but any shadow had disappeared there, and the same was true of his arms and legs. He rolled up the sleeves and giggled again; completely hairless forearms led to slender fingers!

"Buddy, you look like you're becoming a woman!"

But Liam didn't answer his friend. Instead, he spread his arms out in splendour, relishing every moment of the change. Fat began to pour in behind his nipples, and they too swelled as two bumps formed on his chest. They grew and grew until an unmistakable pair of breasts erupted forth, growing until they were C-cups in size.

How do I know they're C-cups? Of course, the mental changes! They're already happening!

Liam cupped his breasts, fondling them openly and moaning in a voice that was rapidly reaching a soprano cadence. Information was flowing into his head from the dome above, and it was wondrous to feel the mind's expansion in real time. Connections formed, neurons shifted, bridges were severed and then rejoined in new and fantastic configurations.

I'm not - I'm not Liam! The thought came immediately, even as the sensitivity of those new breasts elicited further moans. I'm Lexi! I am Lexi, in mind and soon in body! I'm thinking of myself as a her already, a she, a girl, a gal, a lady! God, I feel alive! I feel confident!

The last hesitation about her display before Timothy dissipated entirely. He was a hot man, even if way too old for her - not to mention a close friend - but now she had a level of confidence in herself and her soon-to-be-finished body that she had never felt before. This realisation was accompanied by one final change in her body, and one that she was certainly no longer nervous about. Her penis and testicles began to absorb back into her body, reconfiguring into a feminine passage and pair of ovaries to accompany the just-completed womb within her. Lexi couldn't help herself; she lowered her hands to rub her venus mound through the tight silver outfit.

G-God, I'm already w-wet!

It was strange, alien, odd, and . . . *perfect.*

The sensations grew, threatening to overpower her. Lexi cocked her hip to one side, moaning deliciously in a sweet soprano voice as an orgasm drew near; her first ever female one. Tim was shouting something, but she didn't care what it was, she knew he couldn't interview with the process, not unless he wanted to be changed too.

"Ohhhh, this is the b-best decision I've ever m-made!"

The new woman clutched her right breast with one hand while pushing her finger against her clit, through the thin yet strong material. It was enough to finally send her to nirvana, and at that very moment the lights began to fade.

“Yessss! Yess! YESSSS!!!”

It was more of a performance than she expected, not that she cared much. The pleasure moved through her like a tidal wave, gushing through her entire being, writhing through every set of nerves. And not just one big explosion of ecstasy either, but a series of detonations that rocked her again and again.

M-multiple orgasms . . . this is w-worth it already.

The passion finally began to lower only as the lights finally turned off, the machine stopped whirring. In the mirror was a deeply attractive blonde woman of college age, perhaps twenty years old. She was of average height, shorter than Liam had been, but she was very toned and fit, all while maintaining a desirably petite figure. Petite, that was, except for her lovely hourglass frame and C-cup bust which jutted forward in her Resequencer subject clothing. But then again, she already knew that she was younger and healthier and sexier.

I feel it right down to my core, she thought, stepping off of the platform.

Tim was dumbstruck. “L-Liam?”

“Well?” she said, twirling around a little. She wasn’t quite used to her lowered centre of gravity, but it wouldn’t take too long to adjust, especially with further programming. “What do you think?”

“You - you’re a girl!”

She laughed, stepping closer to him. “Yeah, I’m pretty aware. The experience was . . . quite something.”

“Yeah, I heard. I, uh, saw. Dude, what the hell have you done?”

“I told you, I decided to test the limits of this thing! I’m younger, I’m thin and healthy, I’m more attractive -”

“But you’re a woman! Why are you a woman, Liam?”

She shrugged. The material was tight upon her bosom, but she could definitely feel a bit of a jiggle there. It felt rather nice, oddly enough.

“Look, when you told me we couldn’t sell this thing, I knew you were right. But I also knew then that I wanted to do something radical, to really get something new out of life with it. And I saw those cheerleaders, the way the crowd loved them, all the attention they got, and their bodies . . . and I thought, why not that for me? I mean, I’m crossing a threshold no one else has, right? Just listen to my voice! I’m going where no man has before.”

She could see that Timothy remained sceptical, so she turned and made some inputs into the machine.

“What are you doing?”

“Giving you the option now. C’mon, don’t knock it till you try it. We’re always talking about the crazy antics we’d get up to if we could go back to college and enjoy it again. Well,

you'd be enjoying it again, I'd be enjoying it for the first time. I'm planning on having a new life, at least for a little bit, Tim. I'm going to head back to college as Lexi Smalls, gorgeous blonde! And this time I'm going to have a ball; you're probably already hearing the new confidence I gave myself. And look . . . I'd love you to join me. Even just as a little test! You could be my bestie."

"Dude, that's -"

"It'd only be for a week or so. What guy hasn't wanted to see what it's like to be a sexy woman for a bit? C'mon, you're always asking me to get out of my shell and be bold, Tim. Now it's your turn; be damn bold! Try something new! This machine can give us any body and mind we want, so let's have a little fun with it!"

Tim scratched his chin, but Lexi could see that he was going to take the bait. She knew her friend, and she knew that in the end, his own curiosity would take him over the line.

"Okay, fine!" he said, laughing. "I just didn't expect this, that's all! Of course, I can't let you outdo me, Liam."

"Lexi," she said, placing one hand on her hip.

"Where's the spare silver suit? Grab one for me as I set my own bioset. I'll show you *bold*."

With a grin, she moved to grab one. Her long blonde hair bounced and swished with every movement, and it made her smile to herself. She was going to spend a long time looking in the mirror after this.

What biopattern set did he create?

It was the question on Lexi's mind as Tim stepped up into the platform and the machine whirred to life. It was astonishing to see from the outside. It had seemed to take luxuriatingly long from Lexi's perspective, but the true reality was just a couple of minutes.

"It's - ah - starting!" Timothy called. "I can f-feel it. I - ahhh - it's quite nice!"

"I told you!" Lexi said. She was still in her silver bodysuit and wanted to get out of it, but she wouldn't miss this change for the world. Before her eyes Tim began to squirm and writhe on the spot. He gasped as his features began to soften, and his blonde hair darkened and started to slide down his shoulders. Lexi's eyes widened; it was becoming even longer than her own shoulder length hair, to the point where it was sliding down Timothy's back.

"Ohhhhhh, m-my body. It's - mhmhmmh!"

Timothy began to feel himself, running his fingers over his chest as it bloomed. His bust grew in even as his hips widened and his waist narrowed, though his figure ended up much more petite than Lexi's own, more the figure of a beautiful ballerina than a

cheerleader. The years slid off of his form, and Timothy straightened his back with ease and clearly without pain, sighing with relief and rolling his shoulders.

Lexi gave a big whistle of encouragement and waved her arms in a poor imitation of a cheerleader's skill. "Woo! Go Tim! Take the road to girlhood!"

Tim's face began to darken just slightly, his eyes turning from blue to almost black. He grinned even as his lips took on a far more feminine shape.

"Oh, I'm g-going much further than that!" he announced, and Lexi wondered if there was a slight foreign accent in his voice.

Wait, did he - oh my God, he did! That sly dog isn't just changing age and sex, he's changing race as well!

Tim laughed, a delightfully sweet sound as his new voice settled in. His figure finished development, leaving his breasts at a simple B-cup and his body quite elfin and attractive. But Lexi could only marvel at the way his eyes shifted, taking on the almond shape of an Asian woman's features. His jaw had a gentle curve to it, and his eyebrows were thin and arched. His nose shortened, though it maintained a wider bridge than Lexi's. Overall, the new woman looked to be Japanese, with tan skin and demure features, and long black silky hair that went all the way down to the small of her back.

"Ohhhhhh! Mhmm! It's h-happening!" she cried. "It's - it's - *subarashii!*"

She cried out, clutching her body, even as it visibly shrank. Lexi was shocked; she never expected Timothy to make himself *shorter*, let alone *this* short! The changing woman-to-be continued to shrink and shrink, her size becoming positively diminutive even as she lost herself in the throes of orgasm. She was easily below even an average woman's height of five-six or five-five, and Lexi found herself impressively turned on at the sight of this particular change - it made her so petite and delicate!

Okay, I'm clearly still attracted to girls, she thought, drinking in the sight of this Japanese flower blooming before her. *Damn, she is fine.*

The machine whirred down, leaving Timothy gasping and heaving her body so much smaller now. She was, to Lexi's amusement, clearly only about five feet tall; Timothy really had taken up the challenge and been bold, because now she was a short, very cute Japanese girl, accent and language and all, it seemed.

"Holy shit, Tim, you really went all out!"

Tim stepped off the platform, clearly not yet used to her movements, her body still flushed with arousal. Lexi could understand; her own body was getting aroused now too.

"C-call me Tani, now," she said in a demure voice, in a rather sexily shy manner. "I programmed it to give me a new name, and language. *Konnichiwa, Lexi-san.*"

The pair of them giggled. Maybe it was just the excitement and arousal, or their newfound youth giving them energy and a carefree hold on life, but they embraced, laughing

and holding one another. Tears slid from the corners of Lexi's eyes at this marvellous release, and for the first time she felt what it was like to hug someone and feel her own boobs press against them.

"This feels weird," Tani said in that cute accent. "I'm tiny. I know I did this, but it makes me feel very *kawaii*."

"I know," Lexi whispered back, feeling her friend's hair. "It feels nice, though. You feel nice. And cute, ya shorty!"

"Mhmm . . ."

Are we . . . is there a tension in the air here?

It was a strange thought, but Lexi couldn't avoid it. They were both in cling wrap silver bodysuits, both overwhelmed with arousal, both pressed up against one another. Lexi found her hands roaming over Tani's body without thinking, and after a moment's hesitation, Tani was doing the same.

"Wh-what are we doing?" Lexi asked, still whispering in Tani's ear.

"I have no idea, Lexi," she said. "But . . . I may have set this body's libido way too high. I thought it would be fun. I - ohhhhh, that f-feels good."

Lexi had cupped her rear. It was small yet pert, fitting her more elegant figure perfectly. She drew back her face and took in Tani's, admiring her gorgeous features, her luscious eyes.

"I think I may have set mine a bit too high as well," she murmured.

Both of them stared at one another for what felt like an age. Both swallowed, hovering at the edge of decision and indecision.

"Oh, to hell with it!" Lexi suddenly announced, drawing upon her newfound confidence. She launched her face forward and kissed Tani on the lips, and after a moment of wide-eyed shock the Japanese beauty was kissing her back, and the two were running their dainty fingers over one another's forms. The passion grew, Lexi's nipples aching with need, her pussy growing damp by the moment.

"The c-couch!" she managed to say, gesturing to the comfortable couch she used for breaks from inventing. "You'll fit on there easy with how little you are!"

Tani nodded, still kissing Lexi's neck and cupping her boobs in a pleasurable manner. The pair moved there as one, still making out. Somewhere along the way they had begun unzipping one another's silver suits. Lexi sighed as her bountiful breasts were released. She had perfect pink nipples, large without being too large, and the same could be said of her boobs too. Big, but not Double-D's or anything. Perfect palm-filling C-cups, and they did indeed fill Tani's slender palms.

"Mhmm, rub my n-nipples. No, suck on them!"

Tani did as she asked, lowering herself down to nibble at Lexi's nipples and then run her tongue alongside them. She returned the favour by caressing her friend's breasts, and in this mix of pleasure the pair landed on the couch. It was a big couch, just large enough for them to collapse beside one another, Lexi hovering over the edge. They faced one another, and without a second thought both partners lowered their fingers down to one another's pussies.

"I can't b-believe we're d-doing this! Ohhhh, *sugoi!*"

"Me either, but we're d-doing it, Tani! I want to f-feel all of this, don't you?"

"*Hai!* I mean, yes! Ohhhh, mmmm!! *Kimochi ii . . .*"

Tani was wet. Lexi was wet. They both played with one another, even as they kissed and made out and sucked on one another's tits, constantly shifting slightly in position in order to maximise one another's pleasure. It didn't take long for yet another moment of bliss to arrive; Tani began to writhe and moan as Lexi played with her, but Lexi was barely able to keep up; Tani was still a much more experienced lover, and had done this in some fashion as a man. She vibrated, shoulders tensing as the inescapable moment came over her.

"Y-yes! Take me there! Take me - there! THERE!!!! RIGHT THERE TANI!!!!"

She cried out in pleasure, uncaring how high and sweet her new soprano voice was. In fact, it only made the moment *more* sexy to hear herself. The ripples of ecstasy that followed were even more powerful than during her initial transformation, stirred on by her unexpected lover. Tani's fingers were massaging her new clit, pressing that button in all the right ways so that the waves of release continually overlapped.

Lexi kissed her, thanking her in a mess of murmurs before collapsing against her. Tani giggled, and it was a lovely sound to hear.

"Liked that, didn't you?"

It was hard to believe the voice that was so sweet and demure belonged to her ultra-manly friend.

"I did. Ohhh, I did."

"Think you can return the favour?"

Lexi grinned. She kissed Tani's chest, then lowered herself back along the couch, shifting Tani's leg.

"I've always wanted to try this," she said, placing her mouth at her friend's entrance. "Give me pointers, will you?"

Tani did, and the result was spectacular. In fact, so spectacular that by the time Tani verged into her own colossal set of orgasms, she was no longer even capable of speaking English. She gripped Lexi's head with her thighs as the moment came, arching her back and going completely silent, until she let loose a long cathartic series of grunts.

When it was done, the two curled up on the couch, panting. It was only after some time that they collected themselves, and a sense of odd pride, amusement, and embarrassment came over them both.

Wow, we really just did that, Lexi thought to herself.

"Wow, we just did that," Tani said, as if she were a mindreader.

"Yeah. It was good."

"Good."

"Very good."

"Very, very good."

The pair laughed, and Tani had to wipe a tear from her cheek.

"Okay," she said. "I'm in. But only for one week. And I think I want to adjust myself again, mentally. This was fun, but no offence, I don't want you for a fuckbuddy. I like us as buddies more."

"Agreed," Lexi said, straightening her back. Her boobs jutted out. It felt nice to have a good rack. To be thin and hot and young. She wondered *who else* might appreciate her new body. "In fact, I think we should chase other prospects and fun. On campus. Remember what I suggested?"

Another embarrassed grin from Tani. Had Timothy really gone daring and made himself/herself more shy? More reserved?

"Let's do it then, Lexi," she said. "This is one madcap plan. I'll have to organise some leave for myself, first."

"I can organise my own work from home."

"We'll need new ID's as well. I can help with that. We have a bio-registrar connected to the national database. Hard to alter anything, but not hard to put a new set in."

Lexi actually shook with delight, jumping to her feet and dancing a little, her breasts and butt bouncing somewhat, her hair swishing about. She was all femininity, all excitement.

"Fuck yes!" she declared. "We're really going to do this!"

"If we can get away with it."

"We will, I can *feel* it! I've got all this new confidence and excitement! All this energy! I'm so light and young, can't you feel it, Tani?"

"Actually," the Japanese-American said. "I feel a bit more anxious than usual. I changed my personality set to outdo you. I was never really hugely academic back in the day, so I thought, why not be a super smart brainy Asian beauty, right? But, er, I think I'm a bit less bold myself now. *Baka*."

The last word was directed at herself, but Lexi just giggled and pulled her friend up from the couch, dancing with her excitedly.

“Not to worry, the Resequencer works! We can tailor everything! We can download instructions for makeup, for style, for whatever feelings and knowledge we want to have! We’re going to do it, Tani! We’re going to have the college girl life!”

Tani smirked. “Well, maybe you and I should get some college girl clothes, first of all. I’m way, way too small for all of this.”

Lexi put an elbow on her friend’s shoulder, and almost had to stoop down to do so.

“I can see that, cutie!”

It had taken another two weeks of preparation, during which Lexi had been greatly annoyed to have to go back to Liam again, all tubby and old and without energy. Already an addiction was there, a desire to go back to being a carefree female self. Timothy had taken some convincing to ‘go Tani’ again, but in the end had agreed to follow on with Lexi’s plan. She ended up looking at herself in the mirror for a long time, umming and ahing over whether to make herself just a little bit taller, before being convinced to stay her five-foot self. She was, as Lexi continued to say, wonderfully petite and pretty thanks to her height.

Besides, Lexi thought secretly to herself. I’m kinda liking being the tall one here. Not to mention I bet a lot of boys will enjoy getting things off of shelves for you. Or picking you up, ha!

They organised everything: new ID’s (they were both twenty year old college girls transferring from interstate, both with full driver’s licenses), letters of recommendation (Liam’s own expertise was necessary here), as well as new *clothing*.

The last was especially exciting for Lexi, and clearly nerve-wracking for Tani. The chance to go into town and actually put on women’s clothing? Images of dress montages from numerous films flooded through her mind, and now she would *be* in one of those montages. She was incredibly keen - she’d even downloaded mental programming to help her easily determine her own sizes - but Tani convinced her otherwise.

“You may want to go the whole enchilada on this one, but in this age we should just discreetly order our clothing online and have it shipped here pronto. Do you really want anything going wrong with our Resequencing in public? While changing?”

Lexi doubted that was a real concern; their new biopatterns were stable. But if she went too far straight away with Tani she’d go right back to being Timothy again, which would probably end this fun paired experiment and leave her in the lurch.

Besides, she thought, just getting her to accept female clothing is a good start.

In fact, as they shopped online over a shared computer, Tani gave a mischievous grin that reminded Lexi that it was still Timothy in there.

"Hmm, those pants don't look too bad, at least according to this fashion module I downloaded. It would go well with that red top. I might as well do my best to look the part of the sexiest girl in town that I am."

"Hey! Who says I'm not the hottest?"

"Please, buddy, I'm the one that pulled as a guy. I definitely have no plans to pull as a girl, but I'll definitely still be the one that *could* pull the most, by far."

Lexi rolled her eyes. *We'll see about that*, she thought to herself. She'd already changed her own programming when Tani wasn't present, allowing a stronger attraction to men. For Tani, she was suspecting that wasn't even necessary: her adorable height made guys trip over themselves to help her, and it seemed the new Japanese-American woman was starting to look a bit flustered and, Lexi believed, *attracted* to such behaviour.

In Lexi's mind there flashed images of her at a party dancing the night away, wearing a tight red cocktail dress, the envy of every girl and the prize in the eyes of every man. Of course, she'd never share that image with Tani. She was a little embarrassed of it herself. But still . . . it excited her.

Their clothing didn't take all that long to arrive, especially since they'd ordered locally. Lexi was thrilled to have a bra to wear, especially since she knew how to put one on; even muscle memory was something she could adapt to using the Resequencer. The cups of a nice new white push up lifted her breasts wonderfully, making them almost look a cup size bigger, but the even better treat was wearing some lingerie underwear that fitted her hips nicely, emphasising the smoothness between her thighs. She had bought a single summer dress, but given her body type and her own cheerleader fascination, she opted instead to wear some tight shorts and a tight lime green crop top that bared an audacious amount of midriff. The old her would have been terrified to wear this, but not her. She was all youth, all daring, all female.

"Voila!" she announced, revealing herself to Tani in the next room over at her place.

"Wow," Tani said as she adjusted her stylish sleeveless grey top. "You look hot, buddy. Like, really hot."

Lexi posed, one impressive leg out, one hand on her hip. "Looking for another bit of passion?"

Tani blushed a little, her new demureness taking over. "No. Once was . . . enough. It was just because of how turned on that machine made me. But you *do* look good."

"So do you. You've got like a sexy short Asian nerd thing going on, sans the glasses, of course."

"Well, I wasn't going to give myself bad vision, was I? This is a real trip, I'm telling you. I downloaded a ton of chess programming, as well as courses in history, the classics,

physics, mathematics. Lexi, I've become a total geek, I tell you! I even know Japanese, though it's in the backlog now."

"A shame, I missed you randomly blurting out Japanese."

"Well, it was a little *too* much. Maybe I'll bring it back if I ever get drunk, who knows? One thing's for sure, I'm a heck of a lot smarter than I was before, just like you're a lot more . . . forward."

Lexi stared down at her breasts, emphasised by her tight crop top. She giggled a little, and she hadn't even needed a behavioural model to get that college girl sound down pat.

"I sure am, 'sister.' Just like you're shorter. And I aim to show this body off. College starts up tomorrow and we're going to make an impression."

Tani bit her lip, obviously nervous. It was an amusing turn around from her Timothy self. Lexi, on the other hand, simply beamed.

And I will drag you into a nice clothing store before this is done, you sexy little pint-sized beauty. Just you wait, I'm going to make sure this eclipses all our previous college memories, good or bad!

It was like something out of a movie. Lexi arrived with Tani in tow, right to the parking lot of Coolidge College. *Man, I Feel Like A Woman* blared from Lexi's iPod, and she bounced her head to it, letting her blonde hair fly about. The sun was shining down, and there was something so picturesque about the numerous college kids roaming towards the campus, some nervous, others excited, many more gathering in social groups.

"I can't believe we're doing this," Tani said in her light accent.

"I can. We're going bold, remember? I'm glad you got the accent back, by the way. I told you that I knew you liked it."

"Like you said, I'm going bold. It's just . . . they're all so young!"

"They're adults, just like you and me. And don't pretend you weren't sleeping with girls in their twenties when you were forty. Remember, *we're* the twenty year old girls now, so none of this 'buddy' and 'dude.'"

Tani sighed. "I know, I've got the programming in here, remember?" She tapped her head. "I can even say 'like' like a true valley girl, not that I plan to. But I think having all this academia in my smartified brain is making me overthink stuff."

"Then let's make a move, *girlfriend*."

Lexi got out of the car, followed by Tani. They walked to the main greenery of the campus central, and Lexi grinned, her eyes twinkling behind her shades. She'd done her hair

up special just for this moment, a few extra waves and curls thrown in, and she sported a figure-hugging red tube top beneath a badass biker jacket. Her jeans were ripped, with large patches of her perfect pale skin showing. Naturally, her tube top also showed off her toned and athletic midriff. Tani was not quite as daring, but she was still in a stylish and expensive-looking green blouse and a dark skirt that went to just below her knees.

I think she really likes skirts, Lexi mused to herself. She'll never admit it, but this is the third time I've seen her in that one. Hmm, I need to feel that freedom more often too, I think.

But now was the time to make an entrance, and make an entrance they did. Coolidge College had many students, so it wasn't like they were the 'new kids' to anyone, but Lexi aimed to make a splash and was soon succeeding in doing so. She'd gone into the Resequencer that very morning to give her body a bit more sensuality in its movements, even when being casual, and those 'lessons' were coming in clutch right now, because her hips were swapping from side to side in a hypnotic fashion, her chest thrust out so that the tops of her breasts showed not just further prominence, but extra jiggle as well.

It had the desired effect.

One goth-attired man in black lowered his sunglasses just to see her better.

A troupe of cheerleading types whispered among themselves, either gossiping about her or perhaps noticing her fit arms and abs and wanting to recruit her.

The most generic-looking jock type Lexi had ever seen saw her heading his way, and he gave a broad grin across his equally broad features, smirking to his buddies who looked just as enticed by her appearance.

"Jesus, you've got everyone looking at you," Tani said. "Is that deliberate?"

"Hey, people are looking at you too, hot stuff. Check out the nerdy boys over there."

Sure enough, a number of pasty nerdy college students were staring slack-jawed at Tani. She blushed a little, only to smile a little their way.

"Hey there, blondie!" one of the footballer types called. He gestured to himself. "I'm Chad. Star quarterback for the Eagles. I don't recognise you; and trust me, I'd remember a hot thing like you."

Of course he's named Chad, Lexi thought with an internal sigh. And he's exactly the type that dunked on me back in college, unlike . . . ah, unlike people like that.

"That's real nice, Chet," she said, stepping aside him but keeping her ruby red lips in a knowing smirk.

"Chad," he said.

"Whatever. But this *hot thing* has a name, and she'll give it to you . . . once you've learned some manners, big boy."

She kept on walking even as his friends made fun of him, much to his embarrassment, but Lexi halted before that group of nerds that were staring at her and Tani.

“Hey there, can you handsome boys tell me where Lecture Theatre Five is?”

One stared, slack-jawed, but their leader just nudged him in the ribs. He had dark skin and smart glasses, and while obviously nerdy he looked more confident and charismatic than the rest of his group, and probably the oldest too, being around twenty or so.

“No problem,” he said, perhaps a little *too* casually, just like his eyes were a little *too* focused on Lexi’s eyes and not daring to look at her chest. “Theatre Five is in the red brick building, just over there. Can’t miss it. You taking physics?”

“I’m not, but my friend here is.”

He grinned, extending a hand. “I’m Samuel. Looks like we’ll be in the same class.”

Tani took it, and Lexi enjoyed this role reversal: it felt like *she* was being wingwoman for once, and not just that, but Tani was the nervous one!

“Ah, great,” she said weakly. “I’m Tani.”

“Awesome to meet you, Tani.”

“And I’m Lexi,” the former man added.

“Great to meet you both. We’re the Study Squad. lame name I know, but if you want to book a spot with us in the library for group study, we cover just about all the STEM subjects.”

Lexi grinned at Tani, amused once more over how short her friend was compared to her now. She rested her elbow on Tani’s shoulder, and the latter exhaled, annoyed at this.

“Well, that’s no use to me, but I’m sure Tani will love that. Catch you guys later!”

She blew a kiss as they walked away, and then immediately regretted it; even for her newfound confidence, that was too much.

“What the hell was that?” Tani asked.

“That was me introducing you to some admirers, and me spurning some unsavoury ones.”

“Yeah, next time give me a warning, ‘girlfriend.’ I’m going along with your freaky science experiment just so you can’t claim I’ve got no balls - figuratively speaking - and because it’s a bit of fun. Let’s not push it.”

Lexi stuck out her tongue. “Come on, it’s just a little fun. I’m just doing for you what you once did for me. You know how it is, college changes everything, including us!”

Tani exhaled, but her expression took on a sheepish grin. “Well, I suppose I can tick ‘being in a study group’ off of my bucket list if I join.”

“Exactly! Now let’s get this college life started. We’ll have our first lectures, then our first cafeteria meal, and *then* . . . we sign up for extra-curriculars.”

At this, Tani folded her fingers together. “And for that . . . I’ve got some plans.”

Lexi noted the advertisement for positions for the Eagles cheerleading squad, with their white and blue uniforms, and ecstatic pom poms.

"Me too," she replied. "Me too."

I may have bitten off more than I can chew, thought Lexi as she drank her coffee from the local campus cafe. She was outside in the sun, enjoying the heat on her fine skin and the wandering looks of fellow students passing by. *But then again, I'm not even a cheerleader yet and I'm already getting all the attention I want.*

She smiled to a passing man with a rather handsome face, and he smiled warmly back, waving a little weakly. It left her giggling a little, sipping from her cup as she admired his back muscles in his shirt.

God, I'd forgotten how . . . horny college life is, she thought. She looked down at her cleavage showing out of her tube top. *Not that I mind it. Or blame them. God, if I'd had a bod like this back in college, everything would have been different.*

She waved to Tani as she approached. It was so hilarious to see the former sex god of college, Timothy Andrews, now a very pretty but uncertain Asian woman. She walked with damn *style*, that was for sure, and smiled at the passing men who looked her way, but it was the kind of smile brought on nervousness.

"I got you a tea already," Lexi said as Tani sat down. "I know the new you likes them."

"Thanks," Tani said, exhaling as she sat down. "Look, I may have bitten off more than I could chew here, Lexi."

"I was just thinking the same thing, but in an exciting way! This is all so fresh and exciting. It's like when we were in college, but everyone has smartphones now. I'm pretty sure that perv over there took a photo of me."

Tani frowned. "I had one loser in my physics lecture whisper that he 'likes Asians.'"

"Ew."

"Yeah. I'm one of the only girls there, and they all tower over me, and I'm practically the only one who knows good fashion sense. And hell, I'm talking about when I was Timothy too there."

Lexi smirked. "Well, that Samuel guy was pretty cute, right?"

Tani blushed. "Yeah, and he's tall. I mean, shorter than I was, but so tall to me now, and . . . *hansamu*. Hey! I know what you're doing. You are jumping so far into this already. You're even drinking a pumpkin spice latte!"

"Well, I can't help myself," Lexi replied, all smug. "It's my new favourite, after all. Have to keep in character, and it helps when you've got reprogrammable taste buds."

Tani sipped from her tea. "It wasn't all bad, I suppose," she said when she finished. "I can't believe how smart I am now, Lexi. The Resequencer really works! I not only understood it all, I could understand it *and* take notes at the same time, *and* apply it practically. Newton, eat my ass out."

"I imagine there's more than a few men lining up for that offer."

Tani nearly spluttered out her drink, she started laughing so hard.

"How about you, Lex? How was your psych lecture?"

Lexi thought about it. She hadn't altered her intelligence; she wanted to be as smart as she always was, but to take each new challenge naturally. To that end, studying a field out of her engineering specialisation had actually been . . . daunting. She'd sat there among over a hundred over young women, all of them taking notes and occasionally asking questions, and the reading for their tutorial was already set discuss criminal deviance and the nature versus nurture elements of it. It made her *very* aware that she was entering a class that required pre-tertiary knowledge and demanded ongoing reading. To that end, she felt a bit anxious. Her initial vision was on immediately making female friends, but this had thrown a spanner into the works. And yet . . .

"I'm actually excited," she said. "It's the first time I've been challenged in something unfamiliar. I feel behind! I feel nervous! It's - Tani, it's the college life experience!"

"Wait, you're having fun with . . . not having fun?"

"I'm having fun with *uncertainty*."

"You were uncertain and anxious last time and you hated it!"

Lexi gave a dismissive gesture by flipping her hand. "I wasn't a super hot blonde babe last time. I didn't have the *confidence* to rise and overcome my anxiousness last time. And I wasn't signing up for extra-curriculars and events and activities like mad last time. *That's* the difference."

Tani leaned forward conspiratorially. Once again Lexi was taken aback by how beautiful her friend was. It was a total contrast to her previous self. Timothy, while starting to show wear and tear from age, had been a masculine giant. Tani was a graceful, almost ethereal-looking beauty, with just a hint of surviving mischievousness in her dark, thin eyes. Her hair blew in the wind like a silky black curtain, and with her outfit she looked as if she could have been the centre of a professional photoshoot.

"So, what did you sign up for, tall girl?" she said in her pleasantly accented voice.

Lexi tried not to blush. "Please, you're the short one. And, well, that's the 'biting off more than I can chew,' part, I guess. I signed up to the cheerleading squad."

"I saw that coming."

"Aaaaand one of the main social clubs. Mainly girls. It helps organise campus activities."

“Huh.”

“And also the track team. You know, I’m pretty athletic now. More than you!”

Tani scoffed, rolling her eyes. “I am aware of the role reversal. If I hadn’t dimmed the Japanese part of my brain again, I’d be hurling invectives in another language over that one. Is that all you signed up for?” Another grin, and Tani sighed. “What else?”

“Well, I couldn’t help myself. I know I’m meant to be a girly girl, and I’m having a fucking blast with it already, Tani. But . . . I did notice that there was a robotics team.”

“Oh my God.”

“Robotics are cool!”

Tani shook her head, then took another quick sip of her jasmine tea. “No, it’s not that. I’m on the robotics team as well. And, uh, the chess team. And the debate club. *Nante kottai*, I’m such a nerd now.”

But Lexi just rubbed her leg against Tani teasingly. “A goddamn sexy nerd. This is gonna be a great semester, Tani.”

“Semester? I thought we were just doing this for a week? What about my job?”

Lexi shrugged. “Well, I’m in it for a slightly longer haul. I think you should join me. We can get new jobs. We can transfer our existing funds. We’ll basically be like college girls with way more money than most. Just have a think about it.”

But Tani just sighed. “The Resequencer has scrambled your brain.”

“Maybe. Or maybe I’m finally more committed to having a fun college life than you are, *nerd*.”

At this, they both giggled. And they really *knew* how to giggle like a pair of college girlfriends, too. The Resequencer had quite a wide skillset to impart.

Lexi was, unsurprisingly, completely overwhelmed at first. Even with the aid from the Resequencer, her own fashion knowledge and ability to navigate her femaleness, there was still the actual practicality of taking on a young woman’s role, not to mention all the actual work she had to do. She hadn’t attended anything for the cheer squad yet - that was the start of next week - but she’d already met up with the robotics team. Naturally, a few of the nerd squad they had met earlier were there, and some others, too. And all of the guys had looked at Lexi with scepticism.

“What’s she doing here?” one had even said, an asshole named Richard who looked exactly like Lexi had once been back in her first college days. “We don’t need a model, lady.”

“Hey, I’m a goddamn genius when it comes to engineering!” she’d shouted right back.

“Sure, did you shake your boobs in an old professor’s face and-”

She'd almost slapped the shit out of him before Tani stepped in, eyes narrowing at Richard. She was only five feet tall and yet her gaze seemed to immolate him.

"Richard, only an idiot would think a person dumb because she's blonde. A body has nothing to do with intelligence, just the brain. And right now yours is looking pretty small."

"Please, you're no better. This isn't some diversity team. Just because you're Asian doesn't mean shit. You're just as much a vapid pretty girl as—"

"Rich, shut the fuck up before I make you shut up." It was Sam, the cute nerdy guy Tani had already met, and to their shared surprise he seriously looked like he was ready to throw down.

"Whatever," Rich had said. "I'm gonna join the other team. Enjoy the bimbos, Sam. Not like they're gonna help you win. And they're not gonna give you pussy either."

He had stomped off, and Sam had turned to face the two girls.

"Sorry about that," he said, scratching his hair. "Neither of you deserved that."

"Yeah, we didn't," Lexi said. She turned to the other nerds. "Are any of the rest of you gonna be a problem?"

There was a chorus of "No!", but Lexi half-expected that some of them wanted her to stick around because it was the closest they'd ever get to a hot girl. Well, whatever worked for now. But then she saw Tani, and she noticed something else.

Oh my God, she's blushing. She's biting her lip while looking at Sam.

"Thank you, Sam," she said. "I . . . appreciate the back up."

Oh, she has so got it bad for him. I just know it!

She decided not to tease Tani about it later. She wanted her to stay her new self for longer, and that would mean not making her too self-conscious. Besides, she needed to focus on her own self as well. She was frequently going to the library and grabbing psychology textbooks, not to mention sociology ones, as well as her legal elective. There was so much to pour through, and the temptation to download knowledge was always there, but she wanted the *authentic* experience, and that also meant the madcap race to catch up! Besides, it got her more familiar with the Coolidge College campus anyway, not to mention some of the helpful library stuff; something she knew from her previous college experience could always come in handy.

Her life as a woman was becoming more familiar to her as well. The Resequencer had done much of the mental heavy lifting, but now she was enjoying doing her hair in different styles; pigtails one day, a wavy look over the left shoulder the next, some braids the day following that, and so on. It was easy to marvel at her own hair and how luscious it was, and the same followed for the rest of her body. It had retained its high libido, and so when she returned home she found herself stripping off her clothing, diving onto the bed, and pleasuring herself to the thought of one of those cute boys with their big muscles that she'd

seen walking around campus. Already, she'd had a few show interest, but in her rush to adjust, she'd unfortunately had to postpone any love life. Besides, even with all her confidence, there was still *some* nervousness about how to go about that. For now, crying out in relief as she played with her sensitive tits and throbbing clit would have to do.

Occasionally she committed a small faux pas and needed to return to the Resequencer to guard against it; she hadn't even realised she'd been manspreading her legs (while wearing a skirt!) until a woman around her new age with olive skin sat beside her in the lecture theatre and informed her.

"Oh, shoot! I wasn't thinking!" Lexi said, going red.

"Not a problem, we've all been there," the girl replied. "I'm Gabriella, by the way. Friends call me Gabbie. I noticed you were new to this class, right?"

"Yeah. I'm a transfer. Having to do a lot to catch up."

"You should join our study group sometime. You're Lexi, aren't you? I saw that you were on the track team. It seems I've got competition."

Lexi blinked. "Oh, I hope that's a . . . good thing?"

Gabbie just grinned. "Competition is always a good thing."

"Well, in that case, I look forward to our first race, Gabriella."

But the young woman just gave her a playful pinch on the shoulder. "Hey, like I said, my friends call me Gabbie."

"Gabbie it is then."

When the lecture was over, Gabbie actually invited Lexi to join with some of her friends for lunch. Tani was meeting with the debate team, and so she did so. She was wearing a cute blue crop top and matching shorts, and she knew she looked good, but she hoped that helped a good impression rather than hindered it.

"Hey everyone!" Gabbie declared, gesturing to Lexi as they entered a hired room in the east wing. "This is Lexi! She's a transfer, but has eagerly signed up to help us organise some big stuff."

There were around fifteen others in the room, some older, some younger, but the one in charge looked to be a slightly bigger built man with dark skin and kind eyes.

"Nice to meet you, Lexi. Do you have much experience helping organising fundraisers and the like?"

"Um, not really. But I'm eager to learn! Honestly I'm happy to help out with whatever. I'm trying to do as much as I can to enjoy the college experience and put in as much as I can as well."

There were a few exchanged glances, the kind that said 'we'll take her!'

"That sounds good enough for me," he replied. "I'm Daniel. You've met Gabbie. This is Andrews - that's with an S at the end because his parents hated him - and Selina. You two should get right along."

It was a joke; Selina looked to be a cheerleading type, a brunette with a body as good looking as her own - well, *nearly* as good. But it was clear she was not happy about Lexi's introduction. Still, Lexi laughed with the others. A little healthy competition wouldn't hurt anyone. Her heart fluttered a little with nervousness, but there was no shy feeling within her, no crippling anxiety this time.

God, this is going to be awesome!

"Fine, fine, fine, one more week!"

"Yes!" Lexi declared, jabbing a fist into the air. "I knew you'd come around, Tani."

They were chilling on the main campus green. Both had now been at the college two weeks, and were settling in, in their own ways. Lexi had started her trials for cheerleading, and it had gone *aces*. For this, she definitely used some help from the Resequencer, returning to download all the possible knowledge, muscle memory, and adaptability and flexibility needed to be a champion cheerleader. She even downloaded further charisma-based modules, to really beam at the crowd effectively. Lexi knew she had to deliver big in her trials, because Selina was in charge of determining the roster, and for whatever reason hadn't taken a liking to Lexi.

"Okay, so you're a hot blonde, big deal," she said, looking over Lexi's shoulder as they prepared to trial on the football field. "Big boobs and a winning smile does not a cheerleader make. Have you ever done cheer before?"

"Of course," Lexi lied.

"Well, then you'd know it's a highly co-ordinated and *dangerous* sport. It requires teamwork, intelligence, and practicality. People can get hurt. We have to be performers and athletes and stuntmen and stuntwomen all at the same time, all while looking damn good. It's not just a place for a blonde bimbo who wants to blow the star quarterback behind the bleachers, got it?"

Lexi narrowed her eyes. She'd decided she disliked Lexi.

"*Got it*," she said, intoning the two syllables with venom. "Now, what do you want me to do, and I'll do it."

And she did. She cartwheeled with perfect. She danced in time with other members. She vaulted up into the air and did a backflip, landing in the arms of other cheerleaders before being thrown up again, flipping, and landing on her feet in a sexy pose. She'd dazzled

them all, and despite the clear dislike in Selina's eyes, the brunette had no choice but to pass her into the team.

"Just don't go thinking you're hot shit, okay?" she said. "The last thing I want on my team is someone who's just there to be a slut for the footballers."

Lexi folded her arms beneath her breasts. "Call me a slut again, and we can go behind the bleachers and work this out between us. And it *won't* be for a 'quick blow.'"

That had been enough to shut her up, at least for now. Lexi had never felt confrontation like that before, and it had been good to stand up for herself for once, and so clearly too! It was the kind of rush that had been exceeded only by the feelings of that first practice, working with the other beautiful women and athletic men to start coordinating a dance for the upcoming Eagles game of the new season. And given the camaraderie that evidently existed between the girls in their sororities and dorm lives, it also meant that Lexi had decided things needed to go a step further. Which had led to this conversation with Tani.

"What if we did more than just had another week?" she said.

"What do you mean? I'm taking this one week at a time, buddy. Er, girl. I need to correct my mental module, I keep saying 'buddy.' But I'm not going a whole semester."

"Okay, fine, but why not at least experience what you can of the semester properly? Up close?"

"What are you talking about?"

Lexi gestured to the wonders of college life all around them; the nerdy boys (including Sam, who Tani was occasionally looking at), the motley group studying Spanish, the passing throng of students and faculty.

"Look at all of this!" she declared. "Think about how much fun we're having. Think about how different and full life feels. I know you felt *glorious* eviscerating that shithead Richard in debate club."

Tani smirked, looking away. "It was just a practice bout to prepare."

"But you stomped him. Humiliated him. I'm pretty sure you gave Samuel a hard-on."

"Shut up!" She brushed a few long, silky strands of hair behind her ear, trying not to smile. "But I did like the way he and the others all lifted me up at the end. I know I'm so small now, but that moment made me glad about my size, even for a moment."

"See! That's my point: you're having fun too! I bet you're going to crush chess club. I saw you reading the manuals before, analysing all the strategies. Just like I felt awesome when I raced against Gabbie, even if she beat me by just a fraction of a second. And the same goes for our classes! It's all happening, Tani . . . which is why we should *move here*."

"What?"

"I'm serious, we should get into a sorority! It's actually not too late to find places. Think of the party life, the sisterhood, the closeness to campus life. We'd have it all, and be able to catch up more easily."

Tani closed her eyes, clearly in thought.

Please say yes, thought Lexi. *Please say yes please say yes please say yes*

"Fine," Tani said. "But only because this new me is way too eager to go along with your crazy plans."

"YES!" Lexi cried, glomping her friend in a huge hug. "You'll be my sidekick!"

"Hey, why am I a sidekick?"

Lexi grinned. "Because you're the shorter one. Sidekicks are always short."

"Ugh, don't remind me. I'm too cute, but it's too late to change my height."

"Well, I love it, and Samuel does too. I know you won't regret this, anyway. I've talked to Gabbie and Mary, they can definitely get us into their sorority. It's all in place."

"You already had this worked out. This was a trap."

"The best trap ever! And besides, you know what having to move into a new sorority means?"

Tani thought for a few seconds. Lexi saw the moment the light bulb went up. The beautiful Japanese-American smiled sheepishly.

"We finally go shopping for bigger wardrobes?"

"YES!"

She grabbed her friend in a hug. She didn't even care that the football lunkheads in the background were whistling and calling for lesbian action.

Finally, Lexi thought, as she and Tani entered Coquette's, the designer clothing store, *we're going to fab the hell up.*

She'd done pretty well with her ordered wardrobe so far. She loved her leather jacket and red tube top look, and the blue crop top was damn cute as well. But her denim shorts did not do her ass justice, and while her bras all fit, she wanted some articles that could be more comfortable, more stylish, and more . . . *daring*.

"I can't believe I agreed to this," Tani whispered as they entered the store. "You didn't reprogram the Resequencer to convince me into this, did you?"

"Please, girlfriend, this was all *you*. Besides, you were a good-looking hunk in the right clothing back in the day, why not be a stylishly exotic hottie in this one?"

"*Kuso*, you're not wrong. Hmm, I take *some* issue being called 'exotic', though."

"That was literally your word you used after you changed."

“Well, I’m living as Tani now, and I don’t like it. Not after a whole team of nerdy boys keep lusting after me because they think I’ll be all submissive and servile to them. Ugh.”

“Ugh, indeed. Sam though, he’s nicer, right?”

Tani narrowed her already narrow eyes. “Will you shut up about Sam if we start putting clothes on?”

“Only if we put *all* of them on. Don’t think you’re avoiding picking up a bikini too!”

Tani groaned, but Lexi knew her friend. The temptation was there, and she was just helping her along.

What followed was a whirlwind montage just like Lexi had been dreaming of, and even better for having Tani beside her to judge her outfits and give the ‘Yay’ or ‘Nay’ to them.

“Where to even start?” she asked, her eyes practically twinkling as she drank in the sight of all the gorgeous dresses, shorts, tops, blouses, all of it!

“I . . . I do need a dress.”

Lexi turned her head. “Wait, really?”

Tani brushed a long dark hair behind her ear, failing to meet Lexi’s gaze. “It’s like you said; we’re going all the way. I feel like the new me would wear a dress. Think nothing of it.”

“Dresses it is, then! Summery, wintery, and most importantly of all-”

“Don’t say it.”

“Cocktail party dresses!”

Lexi led the way, dragging her friend along in a total reversal of their previous male dynamic. It didn’t hurt that she was over four inches taller now, and something about that made her all the more headstrong. The two of them had their own distinct styles though, and after some initial hesitation on Tani’s part, she began looking at various dresses that fit her figure, pulling them off the rack and taking them to the change rooms. Lexi followed with her own set, and soon it was on.

“How about this one?” she asked, stepping out and pulling a Marilyn Monroe-like pose before Tani, blowing a kiss and everything.

Tani shook her head. “Yellow doesn’t suit you. It doesn’t go with your hair.”

“Hmm, maybe this one in red?”

“Now you’re talking. You’d be the kind of girl I bedded all the time back when I was a man.”

“Ha! In your dreams. That black dress, on the other hand, works perfectly with you. Undo one of the front buttons, though! Show a little cleavage!”

Tani did so, and it brought the whole look together. She gasped a little as she saw herself in the mirror.

“Wow, I do look good.”

“How are you surprised by this still?”

"I'm still getting used to it, that's all. Wow. Okay, fine, let's do just a few more."

'Just a few more' quickly turned into 'a lot more,' and not just dresses either. Lexi found herself absolutely *rocking* a short, tight pink dress, her boobs pushed up so they looked even bigger than normal, her figure barely disguised by the way it clung to her curves. But she also found a hot tied top that gave her a cowgirl look, especially when paired with a new pair of daisy dukes that would have all the guys staring at her hips swaying. This was only just the beginning, though. There were also magnificent bras, some for lounging around, others for much sexier times, and Lexi found herself particularly drawn to a red set of lingerie with tantalising frills. They clung to her comfortably, emphasising all her best features, and she just *knew* that when she *did* start trying the college dating life - and she was planning on it - that any boy would be desperate to see them on her.

How did I go so long in life without boobs? Well, I guess I technically had manboobs, but they definitely didn't feel like this, nor look so nice. God, this one really shows off my cleavage. I can practically hypnotise men if I pair this with the right dress!

Such thoughts only increased as she waltzed out before Tani in new silky blouses and light cashmere sweaters, and again when she tried on swimwear. Lexi had never worn a bikini before, and found that this was one thing she *hadn't* programmed into her. And yet, being more used to life as a woman now, she was able to adapt, scooping her C-cup breasts into the blue cups. It had crisscrossing straps that pulled her chest together nicely and minimised too much bouncing, and when she strolled out in front of Tani, the other woman gave two thumbs up.

"You're turn now, Tani!"

"I think I'll just go a one piece, actually."

"Well, it better be a good one!"

And it was. Tani may not have dived quite as enthusiastically into the shopping pond as Lexi did, but she still jumped in regardless. Where Lexi went for a slightly more 'slutty' and 'sexy' look, Tani went for a kind of supermodel elegance, wearing dark dresses that complimented her skin, or light skirts and fashionable blouses that made her appear classy.

"You know, I'm risking being teased by telling you this, but I actually feel really beautiful," she said, much to Lexi's joy. "I just feel like this top would go well with some dark mascara and maybe-"

"Some dark red lipstick, of course! Oh, that means we should get facials!"

Tani raised an eyebrow, and Lexi groaned.

"Oh, get your head out of the gutter. I meant we should get ourselves professionally done!"

Her friend made a silent prayer in Japanese to the sky. "I'm not escaping this, am I?"

"Nope! We're gonna be *the* girls on campus on Monday!"

They were, and everyone knew it. When Lexi and Tani stood before the Beta Psi Nu sorority, better known as the *Queen Bee Sorority*, they had fashioned up, big time. Tani was slightly nervous - she had been in the alpha male campus back in the day, and now she was trying out to be an alpha female. It was not only strange, but she had told Lexi that she didn't want to be second-best at this point. Man or woman, white or Asian, old or young, she was still her competitive self in many ways.

Lexi, on the other hand, felt no nervousness. Where Tani wore a gorgeous orange summer dress, she was in her new dark green blouse and white skirt, her hair in magnificent waves down her shoulders. She even had a matching green hair band that gave her a retro look, and it was also her first time in heels.

And I look damn killer in them too, she thought as she crossed her legs. She kept her face neutral, with just a tinge of hope upon it, as Abigail the sorority head finished conducting her review.

"Well, you both seem more than capable and well-suited for membership in the sorority," she mused, adjusting her glasses. "And the amount of extra-curricular activities and group involvements you're already enrolled in is impressive . . . *if* you stay the course."

"We will," Tani said.

"Absolutely," Lexi added. "I'm already on the cheerleading team. Selina knows this."

Selina arched an eyebrow in the background. She wasn't likely to support Lexi's involvement, but even she couldn't deny her strengths.

"She's . . . good," she said to Abigail. "Quite good. A bit too good, to be honest. This sorority should value teamwork. Unity."

Abigail nodded, and for a moment Lexi felt worried. She thought for sure she was a shoe-in.

"And they will," Abigail said. "Or they'll sink. Well girls, looks like you've earned a spot with Beta Psi Nu, but don't break out the champagne just yet. This is only *provisional membership* for now. You'll have some rooms, but don't unpack anything, because the only way to ensure that you graduate to *full* membership is by passing one of our necessary tests. Several tests, in fact."

Lexi and Tani grabbed hands together.

"We'll pass them," Lexi said.

Selina scoffed, but was otherwise silent.

"You better, because you can't fail one. Selina, please enlighten our provisional newcomers on what they need to achieve in order to be worthy of the Queen Bee Sorority."

Selina stood and rattled off the objectives in a mechanical fashion.

“First test: you must come number one in something important here at the college, in order to prove yourselves worthy. Second test: you must fundraise a *substantial* amount of money for the sorority coffers, in a manner of your choosing that does *not* embarrass our organisation. And number three-”

“You’ve got to organise a killer party,” Abigail said, grinning as she adjusted her loose afro. “A real hot one. The kind they’ll talk about. And given the ripples we’re already hearing about you two on campus, I imagine you just might pull it off.”

Lexi grinned, holding Tani’s hand tighter.

This is something we can do, I just know it.

The first test, naturally, was one that they were both well primed to win at. Coming in at number one at something in the college was exactly the kind of victory the Resquencer could easily afford them. Lexi and Tani both retreated back to her old inventor shed to ‘upgrade’ themselves, just a little. Tani had already made herself incredibly smart, but with the aid of the device, she made herself *brilliant*. Lexi was amused at the fact that when Tani emerged, she also looked just that little bit more beautiful as well. Her hair was longer (*longer! It was super long before!* thought Lexi) and her cheekbones just a little more defined.

“Don’t say it,” she said. “Your turn.”

Lexi stepped up into the machine after altering her own biopattern. Once more, that orgasmic sensation flooded through her, and she moaned and twisted as a few minor alterations occurred. Her legs toned up, gaining further athletic ability, and the same was true of her core muscles. Her endurance was upped, and her mental resilience also. Then, just for fun, she upped her pleasure response to sex and made her breasts just a little more sensitive. She had *plans* for that.

When she emerged, she was just as beautiful and feminine as before, but her physical reflexes and form were heightened. It was necessary in order to score a quick win, but part of her felt just a little bit bad.

“Sorry, Gabbie,” she muttered to herself. “I’ll reverse back to how I was straight after this. It’s just a trial anyway, not the real thing.”

“Are you actually feeling bad about making yourself better?” Tani asked. “I thought you dreamed of being tougher and more popular?”

“Yeah, well, there are limits. I’m going to win in the coming track races, but just one of them. Gabbie’s my first new friend at college. I’m not gonna outdo her like this. Why, are you gonna keep your smarts? How would Sam feel about that?”

Tani arched an eyebrow. "Samuel likes smart women. He thinks they're hot."

"Ah. Interesting."

"Oh, shut it. Let's go pass test one so we can get to the next one. *Some* of us actually have college work to get to."

Lexi felt like the wind itself as she ran forward. It was only the two hundred meter sprint, but it was still a recorded run before the track team started going up against other colleges. Her blonde hair was up in a ponytail and it was rather a cute look, the former man thought. But her main goal was the finish line. The craziest part was even after her latest genetic and mental augments, Gabbie was *still* keeping close to her, verging on the point of winning. Lexi had to push with everything, summoning all her strength and resolve, to just manage to cross in front of the other woman. Even then, she still only *just* succeeded.

"Holy shit, you are amazing," she told Gabbie in the aftermath, when the panting was over.

"Not so bad yourself," Gabbie replied, chuckling. "I still plan to win the rest, though."

"I have no doubt you will."

"By the way, did you notice that Stephen Calman was watching you from the sidelines? I think the male track team leader is showing a bit of interest in the leggy blonde, hm?"

Lexi looked over and saw that a rather tall, dark, and handsome young man was indeed looking at her. She licked her lips, taking in his strong shoulders and impressive forearms.

Who would have thought girls had a thing for forearms, huh?

"Wow, he's . . . hot."

"And I have it on good authority he's single. Better snatch him up before I do!"

Lexi had study to do. Her first major psych assessment was coming up, and there was a sociology one following that. She also had to plan a sorority fundraiser with Tani after she decimated the chess competition in order to meet her own first test. And yet . . .

Stephen Calman really was handsome. And tall. And he had a very manly grin.

And his eyes are trained right on me in my cute little track outfit, she thought. I bet he loves seeing my toned midriff, not to mention these legs. Ah, to hell with it! I'm sick of not indulging in romance! It's half the appeal of being a hot girl, right?

She waltzed up to him, making sure to jut out her chest a little, letting it wobble in her sports bra, and making sure to sway her hips just a little more than usual. She pushed a hair

behind her ear; the mental programming had given her that one, and she knew she had enjoyed the image as a man. Then, she closed the gap between them.

“Hey,” she said. “I noticed you watching my run.”

“I noticed you noticing me watching your run. It was quite the spectacular performance.” The man was slick. He stuck a thumb in his waistband and acted casual.

“Oh, that good huh?”

“To be Gabriella? I’d sure say so. I’m Stephen Calman, by the way.”

“Lexi,” she replied. “Lexi Jackson.”

“That’s a cool name you got there, Lexi.”

“Well, you’re pretty . . . cool.”

She blushed a little. It was a lame response, but Stephen seemed to smile broadly. “You’re not too bad yourself. Look, I tend to be forward about these things, so I’m just gonna say it. Would you like to grab a bite to eat sometime? I’d like to get to know you better.”

Lexi licked her lips. Up close, the man had a nice musk, and an even better bod than she’d thought. He was clearly straining not to look at her cleavage, mostly hidden as it was in her track top, and when she put her hands on her hips he certainly noticed. She got the distinct sense that with a little flutter of eyelashes and an exaggerated breath she could practically hypnotise this man to do anything she wanted.

“Look, Stephen,” she said. “I’m sure you’re a really nice guy. Gabbie says you are. But I’m not looking for anything dating wise at the moment.”

His face was momentarily crestfallen. “Oh, I see. I just thought, the way you walked up to me-”

She stepped forward and placed a hand rather suggestively on his chest, feeling the firm pecs there. She looked up, her mouth not all that far from his.

“But you are pretty hot, and I’m hoping to have a good, fun, carefree time. No commitments, if you understand me. So instead of taking me for a bite to eat, why don’t we skip that and you take me back to your room, and you and I can have a bit of fun together, huh?”

Slowly, Stephen’s face transitioned from disappointed to shocked to *excited*. Lexi bit her lip as he drank in the sight of her, and her of him.

“You know, I suppose that could work too.”

Lexi’s heart beat rapidly as she entered Stephen’s dorm room. She had changed into her regular clothing, but that still consisted of a tied up shirt and short shorts that showed off much of her marvellous body.

This is it, she thought to herself. Holy shit, I really just went for it. I'm doing this. Well, I suppose after over three weeks I damn well deserve to put this bod to good use. Holy fuck, this is crazy. But I'm doing it!

Stephen held the door open for her as she entered.

"Just one moment," he said, dashing to a cupboard. He removed a tie and put it around the exterior door knob of the door, then closed it. "So everyone knows not to disturb," he explained.

"Good," Lexi replied. "We wouldn't want either of us to be disturbed, would we?"

He chuckled, scratching the back of his head. "So, did you want a drink first or-"

She launched herself at him, flinging her arms around his neck and pressing her lips against his. It was, in many ways, like simply going under the waves when you hit the beach, a far preferable option to slowly wading out and taking forever to adjust to the temperature change. And it brought the fun a whole lot earlier, too.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, continuing to kiss him. She pushed her chest against his, relishing the way her nipples were already stiffening with arousal and rubbing against his pecs. His arms encircled her, and soon he was kissing back, running his hands over her. There was a gentlemanly aspect to his movements, but she was far more randy than that already.

I want to go all the way, she thought. All the way.

She moved his hands down to cup her butt, and with that permission granted, Stephen started to squeeze and grope her rear, producing all sorts of marvellous sensations throughout her body. Her tunnel was becoming moist, but she wanted more of this foreplay; it was part of being a woman after all.

"Jeez, you're not shy, are you?" Stephen said, chuckling again before kissing her neck.

"Nope! Not anymore!" she replied, sighing as he gave her a future hickey. "Now get these clothes off. I want to see all of you, and I just *know* you want to see all of me, sexy."

"Fuck yes, I do."

She giggled, then helped him remove her top, then pulled his off too. She unclasped her bra with ease, then paused. With a mischievous grin she began to tease removing it, only to keep it in place.

"Now this is just cruel."

"I'm just putting on a show!"

She flung the bra into the air, where it landed on the ceiling fan and hung there. Lexi didn't care; she was too busy loving the way Stephen looked at her nice rack, and then even more shoving it right in his face. She pulled him against her, suffocating him in her cleavage.

He raised his head and kissed her, fondling her breasts and making her nipples yearn for more of his touch.

“Ohhhhh, that’s s-so f-fucking good!” she moaned. “Let me relieve you too.”

She worked her hands quickly, unbuckling his belt and pulling his shorts down. Her eyes went wide for a moment as she beheld the huge imprint against his underwear, and then again as she pulled those down too. A rather impressively large penis flopped out, already rigid and almost *throbbing* with arousal.

“Like what you see?” Stephen joked, teasing her own waistband.

“Oh, me likey. Let’s take this to the bed already.”

They flopped onto his bed, him beneath her, and they quickly worked Lexi out of her shorts and underwear with ease. She was now naked against his nakedness, and the feeling of her own curves mashing against his hard muscle was to die for.

I haven’t had sex in so long, and never like this, she thought. What will it feel like? God, his dick is so big? Will it even fit? Only one way to find out!

It wasn’t like she was backing out. She was confident, she was young, she was sexy and athletic and horny, horny, *horny*. The new woman licked her lips, crawling on top of Stephen and making out with him, letting him squeeze her tits and even lick and suck upon them.

“Ahhhh, that’s s-so good. Didn’t expect - mmmh! Keep g-going! I want you i-in me s-soon. Do you have a c-condom?”

He nodded eagerly, almost beyond words at this point. He twisted a little, opening a drawer to remove some contraceptives. Lexi took the moment to do something daring; she reached out with her dainty hand and gripped his cock, stroking it up and down and keeping it hard for him.

Oh my God, I’m thinking about sucking it. I’m such a dirty slut, who would have thought? Maybe next time. For now, I want the whole experience.

She straddled him as he rolled back, helping him unroll the condom and teasing him the entire time by playing softly with his balls. Stephen’s breath came fast, and he smiled up at her several times.

“Jesus, you’ve done this before, I can tell.”

“Mhmm, first time.”

“You’re joking.”

Lexi shrugged. “Who cares, anyway. All that matters is that I want you to fuck my dripping pussy with your big dick. Do you think you can do that for me?”

Stephen kissed her again, squeezing her soft ass with one hand and rubbing her right nipple with the other. It was perfect, and made Lexi all the happier that she’d done extra adjustments.

God, I can really fucking feel how sensitive I've made everything, how utterly reactive this body is during sex! I swear I'm the best scientist around to make sex this unbelievably GOOOOOD!!!

"I can do that. Do you want me on you?"

She shook her head. "I want to ride you. I want you to see all of me."

He was more than okay with that, because he helped her raise her hips and adjust herself until her pussy hovered just over his cock. It looked so big that it nearly startled her, but she knew she could take it. This body was built for beauty and sex, after all.

Lexi lowered herself down.

And then she felt it.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, as his penishead pushed against her folds. They were already wet - hell, parts of her inner thighs were already wet from her raging libido - and it only got wetter as she lowered herself down, slowly taking all of him into herself.

Oh my God, he's huge. He's f-fucking huge. I'm actually fucking a guy. I'm taking a guy's dick into me and it f-feels fantastic! Oh G-God, he's b-big! He's s-stretching me and I love love love it!

Always, there had been just a little bit of male consciousness residing in Lexi. A bit of Liam, hesitating at every turn. Not anymore. In this moment, the hot buxom blonde was *all* Lexi, and she revelled in that fact as she began to gyrate her hips upon Stephen, taking in his length and then sliding back, before taking him in all the way again. It was a slow, rhythmic dance at first, punctuated by her heavenly moans and his manly grunts, and then enhanced by how he gripped her hips and then raised his hands to cup and jiggle her chest.

"Suck on them," she commanded, and she lowered herself forward. He was propped up a little against the headboard, allowing her boobs to press right into his face. Stephen didn't hesitate, licking and sucking her nipples and taking her ever closer to purest delirium.

"D-don't s-stop!" she moaned, bouncing on him faster, sliding her hips up and down his pole with ever greater enthusiasm. "I'm n-nearly there! Ohhhh, I'm n-nearly there! F-fuck, I'm c-close!"

"M-me too!" he grunted. "I want to f-fucking cum in you!"

"That's sooooo hot! Ohhhh, I want to f-feel it! I want to know I m-made you cum! Feel my big tits and cum already, Stephen!"

He gripped her breasts, thumbs on both nipples, and that combined with her last thrust down upon his hard dick was enough to finally make her orgasm. It welled up inside her until it was impossible to ignore. For a moment she silenced, her eyes clenched shut, her thighs squeezing against him as surely as her vaginal muscles were clamped down, milking his cock. And then it *exploded*. She let loose a ragged cry, her whole body shuddering until she collapsed down upon him, and even then the waves of release just. Kept. On. Coming.

Holy shit, this is better than any male orgasm, her delirious mind thought. *I can f-feel him ejaculating in me. Mhmhmm.*

It almost made her wish they'd skipped the condom, but that would have been stupid. Stephen held on to her, making a wonderful bear-like sound as he came. There must have been entire streams of semen filling up that condom, or she had just broken him, because it was clear even he was surprised by the release. It stirred on more orgasms of her own, until finally she was on him, her boobs squashed against his chest, her head rested against the crook of his shoulder, her breathing slowing.

"That was . . . energetic," Stephen finally said.

Lexi giggled and slapped him playfully on the chest. "Well, that's what you get when you have sex with one of the stars of the track team. *And* a cheerleader, too."

"I did notice a bit of flexibility."

"Mhm, I bet you did," she said, before kissing him.

"So, you're definitely not up for dating then?"

"Nope, I'm a free spirit. But you've done quite well, and I think I did too, don't you?"

"Very," he said, smiling. "Oh God, very. You drained me, girl."

That got her giggling. She traced over his slightly hairy chest with her finger, admiring said hairs and the strength beneath them.

"Well, don't go saying that. Because I was thinking you're rather comfortable right now, and I'm inclined to stay here for a bit. You know, in case your refractory period is short enough for me to enjoy."

"My what?"

She smirked. Of course, sometimes her mid-forties knowledge of physiological terms made her stand out as a college girl, just a little.

"Your ability to damn well hard for me again, I mean."

Stephen got the message. "Ah, gotcha. In that case then, stick around for half an hour."

"Half an hour?"

"I meant fifteen minutes."

"Of course you did, sexy," she said. Lexi reached down and began to stroke his member, enjoying the feel of it in her hand.

In the end, he only needed ten minutes.

Tani smashed the chess club competition. To hear her words, she 'eviscerated' it, and then immediately celebrated by going to Samuel's study group and helping crush their mathematics test preparation. Lexi could scarcely believe it.

"You, my former Timothy, are now *the* Asian nerd girl of the campus."

Tani grinned as they ate on the campus green between lectures. "Take out the 'girl' part and it'll be truer. Hell, and the 'Asian.' I'm going to be *the* nerd of the campus, period."

"And no regrets about any of this?"

"I figure it's just one semester in a different life. I've managed to secure my long service leave from my old life for a good bit of time."

Lexi pointedly did not tease her friend about this.

"Don't tease me."

"I didn't tease you!"

"You were smirking."

"I was thinking about something . . . else."

Tani arched an eyebrow. "About Stephen Calman?"

Lexi paused. "What are you . . . how did you hear about that?"

"Birds speak. Rumours travel. Also you were having sex two dorm rooms over from Chad, the asshole from the football team. And he *loves* gossip. So does Selina, and she got wind of it too."

Lexi sighed, sagging her head back and squinting up at the sun. "God, it's like being back in . . . college, I guess."

"Gotta take the good with the bad. I can't believe you actually had sex. With a man! What were you thinking?"

"I was thinking that I was horny and I wanted to get laid, and I had a hot guy in front of me. Don't pretend you don't look at dudes the same way, 'buddy.' I've seen how you look at Sam occasionally."

Tani frowned, crossing her arms. She was wearing a gorgeous summer dress for the warm weather, a white to contrast her long dark hair.

"That's just us being friends."

"Do friends often look at friends' butts?" Lexi asked.

"Change of focus. This big fundraiser. What are we doing?"

"God knows. I'm up to my frankly fantastic tits in essay preparation, and I've got a legal test next Monday. I thought about doing a fashion show or something, but I think I was just hooked on all those new dresses I've got. It's gotta be something with broad appeal."

A lightbulb moment occurred.

"Orrrr . . . something with a *broad* appeal. As in, broads. Like, women."

"Yeah, I got that part, thanks," Tani said. "But I'm worried about this new gleam in your eye. What are you thinking?"

"You'll find out."

Tani did, just a few days later when the planning came together and Lexi had already organised most of the necessities.

"Absolutely not. No way. This is ridiculous! I'll look ridiculous!"

"You'll look hot! Besides, college girls wearing bikini tops and washing cars to raise money is, like, a classic tradition. We're diving in and being bold, remember?"

"There's bold, and then there's wiping my tits against the windows of some redneck's car while he ogles me. It's not something the standout student of this school should be into."

"It's just one afternoon. And it'll raise money. We've already got a few girls into it. Hell, Selina doesn't like me and even she's going to join in."

Tani paused. "No, you're just trying to convince me now. No way would she do it."

"She will." Lexi grinned. "Because she wants Chad Peterson; the head cheerleader with the star quarterback. And he's currently with Amber Gray, or something. He's a dog."

"Not gonna sleep with him, then?"

"Please, I've got standards. But if I *do* meet a cute boy . . ."

"Fine, fine, let's do it. I'll be in my one-piece though, not a bikini top."

Lexi threw her arms around her friend and hugged her deeply. "That's okay, girlfriend, I've got more to show off anyway."

"You know, I kinda miss when you weren't brimming with all this smug pride."

So it went ahead, with the sorority's blessing, and once Lexi had convinced them it wouldn't put too many eggs on any faces. It was a bit of fun, and it would raise a lot of money, and a pledged part would go to one of the sorority's charities as well for extra measure. The universal agreement was that clothes would stay on, no funny busy (slutty, as Selina put it), and Gabriella would help oversee it. Lexi was more than happy with these conditions, even if a bit of soapy, suddy fun did sound kinda hot. When the day came, she even opted to go full American gal, wearing a slightly too small bikini top with the stars on one cup and the stripes on the other. The Resequencer had been a big help too, programming further raw sensuality into her, but also some restraint. It meant that, when the cars started to arrive, many of them from fraternities where the word had quickly spread, she was already waiting for them looking fine and divine.

"What'll it be, boys?" she purred into the car as the window rolled down.

"A good wash," one said, practically drowning his eyes in her tits. "A really, really good wash. Hot water. Very hot."

"Oh, we can give you hot alright. Tani, let's get to work."

I have to give her credit, Lexi thought as she watched her best friend get to work. *She really knows how to work it too.*

Tani indeed had gone with a one-piece, but it was a very attractive one; a tight black piece that hugged her gorgeous body, leaving her olive thighs and shoulders and arms on full display, and dipping down enough to tease some cleavage. She wasn't quite as aggressive as Lexi, who did a great job of pressing her breasts against the windows as she cleaned them, but her words were tantalising.

"Hiya boys, looking forward to a good show? We make things clean, but we're not afraid of getting dirty."

Is she upping the accent? She is definitely upping the accent, that sultry girl.

It was only the first set of customers, and already a line was forming. A few cars were honking happily, and the rabid young men were yelling out their usual come-ons. Chad was present, and Lexi couldn't help but notice that Selina, who hadn't been too interested in events, was suddenly in a rather tight black bikini.

I can't believe I'm doing this, Lexi thought.

She made her way to Chad's car, and he leered at her, making her skin crawl.

"Down boy," she said. "I'm not serving this car."

"Hey, why not? You're the one that—"

"Because we've arranged a very special performance for you. We've got a girl who's just aching to wax those wheels of yours."

She smirked, gesturing for Selina. The woman's eyes narrowed with suspicion, then something like an appreciative expression came across her features.

"Thanks," she said briefly, passing on by.

"He's all yours," Lexi said, meaning it.

Besides, she already had eyes on the olive-skinned man waiting patiently in the next car. He was very handsome, and she'd seen him around campus. An intellectual type, but one who also went to the gym. Oliver, she thought the name was.

"Well, Oliver," she said to herself, licking her lips. "I can't get too dirty, but perhaps we can organise for something further down the line."

Oliver gasped, gripping her hair but thankfully not too tightly. Lexi kept her motions, bobbing her head as she deep-throated his cock. It would have made her gag, except once again the Resequencer had come in handy, aiding her in this particular . . . skillset. It also made it quite enjoyable: there was something so fucking *hot* about taking a man's hard dick into her mouth and making him *squirm*, all while she went down on her knees. Oliver clearly had never had

such treatment before, because he was constantly reciting 'thank you's and 'holy shit's. Now, she'd finally brought him to this conclusion.

"Oh God, I can feel - if you don't want to - I'm going to cum if you need to - ahhh!!"

She didn't pull away, simply moaned and egged him on, looking up at his eyes and then rolling her own back into her head as he ejaculated into her. It came in full force, several streams of his issue, and it was warm, salty . . . tasty.

I'm actually swallowing his cum. Fuck . . . this is sooooo hot.

She'd never felt like such a slutty college girl before, and she didn't regret it for a moment. How had she gone through so much of her life as an overweight, nerdy guy? This was far better, like it was what she was meant for. Thankfully, her genius as a man had gotten her to experience the brilliance of being a woman.

By the time she'd left, she'd put a lot of serious instruction to Oliver on the arts of pleasing a woman with his mouth. He hadn't been perfect, but he'd gotten there in the end, and to thank him, she promised another go around in the future if she was ever up for it.

You are turning into such an adventurous girl, Lexi, she thought as she took a shower and grabbed a bite to eat later. She was just in the college cafeteria, knowing she had a lecture later that afternoon but not bothering to go back to the sorority. The fundraiser had been a huge success, and getting just a few extra pudding cupcakes was her 'just desserts' for it, as she saw it. Well, that and the frankly delightful sex.

And that was when she saw them.

They were hidden away in the back corner, almost eclipsed by the fronds of a decorative fern. For a moment, Lexi just thought they were studying over some food.

And then she noticed that cute, nerdy Sam was clasping the hand of Tani, and that she'd undone an extra button compared to her usual number on her stylish blouse. She was staring into his eyes like they were magnets, and when he said something she clearly giggled, biting a little lip, her cheeks in full flush.

Oh. Em. Gee. As the college girls here say it so dramatically. Tani, you sneaky, sultry minx! You're already dating him! Or at least . . . something is going on. Oh, I bet he made the first move and you were a deer in headlights and - oh!

Sam stood up, leaned over, and kissed Tani on the lips. It was a chaste, caring little kiss, and before he could pull away too far she roped him in for a second one. He ran off, presumably to one of the many tutorials he was part of, leaving Tani alone and smiling to herself, like a girl in love. She could barely stop smiling, and Lexi found she couldn't either. She shifted so that Tani couldn't see her, but kept her eyes on the beautiful Asian woman.

Tani rapped her fingers on the table in front of her, clearly jittery. She nearly jumped when Lexi sent her a text.

Hey, where u? Want to catch up and plan a big party?

Tani looked about, making sure Lexi wasn't present. Lexi made sure she wasn't able to be seen, so as not to ruin anything.

Would love to. Maybe just gimme half an hour?

"I bet you need half an hour," Lexi whispered to herself. "Just to come down from that kiss."

Lexi had just finished up with cheer practice the following day when she sat down with Tani to truly plan out this coming party. The woman was distracted, and now Lexi knew why. Of course, she was distracted herself. The cheerleading team had been formed, and she had made the cut, something which had left her ecstatic enough to shake her pom poms playfully on the field even after practice was done. She was pretty sure that rascal Harry Guyver had taken a video of her to upload, not that she minded all that much. She knew she looked fabulous.

And besides, she thought. Something about pom poms really are just fun.

"You're distracted," Tani told her.

"Me? I'm not the one drawing doodles in my notebook."

"They're physics calculations for the test next week."

"God, how many tests do you have?"

"Not enough to test my mind. You know, I never expected quite as much of a thrill as I'm getting from being so . . . academic."

Other distractions too, Lexi thought but did not voice. After all, those long hours of study were often with a particular cute, nerdy young man who was very much into Tani.

"Well, let's take a night off from being academic. This party, we need to get it organised. Show this sorority we mean business, but also make sure it doesn't go so madcap we end up with the campus police and all sorts of trouble after us."

That was the thing. A party that could have its open fun and its discreet fun, but none of that fratboy nonsense that would end in vomit, misery, or danger. Lexi had a few ideas on that front, but Tani was the true organiser now; the one who could weigh all the variables in her mind.

The short Japanese beauty put down her pen and pad, and appeared to be in deep, deep consideration. Lexi didn't interrupt her; one didn't interject when such a brilliant mind was operating, simply helped in the aftermath.

"Subarashi," Tani said. "I've got it!"

"You do?"

"It's nothing revolutionary. But this is an inauguration for us into Beta Psi Nu, right? And we need to give this party a theme. So why not . . . that?"

Lexi furrowed her brow. "I don't get it."

"We make ourselves the focus! We're both beautiful, guys look at us, and plenty of our sorority sisters are looking to make a rather sexy impression. We make this party a Beta Psi Nu special, where the pair of us get dressed up and be social and sexy, and everyone who is interested in seeing some hot girls strut their stuff can come along."

Lexi was gobsmacked. *Why the hell didn't I think of that? In fact, how the hell did Tani come up with that? This isn't like the new her after all. Unless she has someone to impress .*

. .

"You thought this up because it's a throwback to something sorority girls did for you back in the day, right?"

Tani giggled. "Guilty, as charged."

"But you're not nervous? I mean, this is a big suggestion for you. I'm happy to leap into it, but are you?"

Another blush on those perfect olive-skinned cheeks, and Tani found it hard to meet Lexi's gaze. "Let's just say I've got my other reasons."

I'll be you do, thought Lexi. She grabbed the pad and pen and pulled them across the table to her. "Okay then, let's get started on the planning. I want this off without a hitch. May the alcohol flow, but not too much. And let there be sexy cheerleading shows for all the cute boys galore!"

"I'm beginning to regret this suggestion already."

"It's okay, you can put on a hot robotics show! *Domi Arigator, Mrs Roboto.*"

Tani was silent for a moment, her gaze level.

"*Kuso.* That's a really good idea, actually."

It had taken a whole week of busy organisation, in between cheer practice, more of the track team relay prep, and a whole lot of actual academic work that almost left Lexi's brain fried (and not even from the Resequencer, as had been a risk in the early days of development. Tani had been similarly challenged, working to find ways to get the nerdier members of campus to attend the party without bringing down the vibe, doing her best alongside her not-boyfriend-but-totally-boyfriend Samuel to get the robotics and debate teams up to date on how to comport themselves at an actual social event. There had also been drinks to organise, safety checks to ensure that underage members were not going to get in trouble. This was the college life experience, so of course it was a right of achievement to get a little

tipsy while not technically being alcohol legal, but Lexi was adamant that no campus security would find anyone blackout drunk should the worst occur. With Selina and she having achieved some form of accord, she'd recruited the beautiful brunette to help ensure this outcome; that woman could pull out the claws if needed, and she now had Chad's ear to ensure a whole lot of muscle could be employed to shut down an aggravated party goer if necessary. Other entertainments had been easier to organise, and Abigail and Gabbie and the rest found the idea of a sorority celebration literally bringing Tani and Lexi into the fold a fun idea. They'd even made a makeshift catwalk, and Samuel was even allowed to visit to set up the lights. Despite teasing from some of the girls, he only had eyes on Tani, something that made her blush and try to hide the increasingly obvious relationship from Lexi.

Oh, this is just too good. They are totally gonna bang it out on the night, if they haven't already!

But all of this planning was inconsequential when weighed against The Very Most Important Thing. And that thing was obvious.

"Dresses!" Lexi announced when they waltzed into Coquette's again, this time a much more confident pair of attractive young ladies. "I just knew I'd bring you here again, Tani!"

"I already came again."

"But a repeat visit! And besides, *dresses!*"

"Well, just one dress."

But Lexi just grabbed her by the arm. "Oh no, you don't get off that easily. You may be pint-sized, but your beauty cannot be contained, and neither can mine, by a single mere dress! No, girlfriend, we're going with *backups!*"

And backups they had purchased, at least two spares for each of them to walk the catwalk for all the whistling gents and cheerings sorority gals. Tani picked up some gorgeously elegant ones, particularly a black dress that just emanated *slink*, especially with its silver starry twinkle around the hem and v-neck. Lexi, on the other hand, favoured dresses that looked all the better for how much they appeared to be ready to come straight off. A particularly tight cocktail dress in a luscious red colour was her favourite by far; who didn't like a sexy blonde bombshell in red? Especially when the fabric conformed to every part of her figure?

Oh yes, she thought to herself. This is the one. I am getting soooooo laid at this party. And after all this effort, 'laid' in this case is very, very much a plural.

Tani was nervous, Lexi could see it. The party was getting up in full swing. The main floor of Beta Psi Nu had been opened up for the delightful catwalk and for dancing, not to mention a lot of audience members to appreciate the music, the drink, and the good times about to unfold. But behind the dramatic red curtains they'd booked out from the theatre department, Lexi's best friend was shaking a little, peaking through the curtain gap and squeaking in a rather uncharacteristic manner.

"What's wrong, Tani?" Lexi asked, though she had a pretty good idea.

"N-nothing! I'm just . . . I would have loved this as a guy, from the audience's end. But doing this out there, in front of him. I mean, uh, them!?"

Lexi took her friend by the shoulders and gave her a deeply empathetic hug.

"It's okay, Tani," she whispered in her friend's ear. "I know about Sam."

"*Nani?* Y-you do?"

"Yeah, everyone does. You two aren't subtle. The sparks flying alone girl, whew! And I know he's going to love the show you put on. He's mad into you. Just like I'm mad into that Boyd Branson hunk in the back. Mhmm, I love me some aloof arty types, it seems."

Tani exhaled, parted from Lexi, and then, to the blonde's surprise, actually *smiled*.

"Then I guess, since you know, I'll just have to wear it with pride, right?"

Lexi smacked her on the butt playfully. "Go on, get out there and make your man proud!"

The music began, the cue started. An electronic dance beat that was accompanied by a number of little robots from Tani's own team wheeling out onto stage and doing a preprogrammed dance. A number of people cheered in the crowd, many of them nerds.

"And now, the first of our possible new members to Beta Psi Nu," Abigail's voice sounded from the microphone left of the stage. *"She's short and sweet. Brilliant and beautiful. She can debate you under the table and then destroy you with her robot armies, all while wearing the kind of fashionable style you wish you could pull off, it's TANI TAKEDA!"*

Tani strolled out, moving like a supermodel on the runway, her smile confident, her eyes mischievous, her gorgeous starry dress matching the sci-fi aesthetic of her stage entrance. She posed elegantly, moving like a dancer, and a great cheer erupted from girls and guys alike. A number of comments were thrown out, some of them less savoury than others thanks to the beers in hand, but the loudest whistle came from Samuel, who had barged up close as he could get to see the girl he was dating.

From behind the curtain, Lexi didn't get to see everything, but she did see all of that, and what followed: Tani blew him a kiss, and he returned it, and a further cheer went up from the crowd . . . as well as some disappointed boos from the more excitable gentlemen who clearly had designs on Tani for the night.

That's where I come in, boys, Lexi thought, her expression like the Cheshire cat's grin. Tani continued to strut her stuff, getting more into it than even Lexi thought, perhaps because of some pre-game liquid courage, but Lexi's own time was rapidly arriving. When Tani re-emerged on the other side of the curtain, giggling with relief and excitement, Lexi was already pulling the top of her dress down a little and rolling up the hem of her skirt just a fraction. She was bringing the sex appeal, that much was certain.

"Holy shit, that was amazing!" Tani said. "And you - oh my God, Lexi!"

"Not God, Goddess. And just you wait and see!"

The call came. The other cheerleading team members were in place, already flicking their pom poms left and right in motion to the new music, a ditzy pop number with quite suggestive song lyrics.

"And next, we have our other aspiring Beta Psi Nu member! She's a blonde bombshell! A cheerful cheerleader! A sexy socialiser! She's a psychologist in training who'll have you all wanting to be on that couch and under her thumb. It's LEXI SMALLS!"

She strode through, all confidence, all sexiness, all *everything*. She'd opted to remain in her red dress for this moment, her boobs wonderfully outlined in the tight bustline of the material, her toned legs perfectly displayed, her hourglass figure there for all to see. And God did she *work* it, cartwheeling in and then leaping into a somersault, and then landing in a perfect leg split that made the men practically salivate. She winked at the normally aloof Boyd, a nonverbal promise to follow up on his clear attraction to her, and then she rose with her leg strength alone, catching the pom poms that Gabbie had thrown her way and then putting on one hell of a show. She caught Selina in the background rolling her eyes, but it was in a far more playful sense this time. Even if it wasn't, Lexi didn't care. She was strutting her stuff and letting everyone admire what she already knew.

I've got the perfect body now. I'm Lexi Smalls, world, come at me! And hell, boys, why don't you and I catch up later so you can cum in me. HA!

It didn't take long for Lexi to find her suitor. Well, one might accurately call it a *pool of suitors*. She mingled from one group to the next, drinking herself tipsy and fun but stopping shy of becoming drunk. It removed any final inhibitions about her own flirtiness though; she found herself easily fluttering her eyelashes at Job Henderson, and running a hand down the chest of Harry Flint, one of the other star quarterbacks of the football team, and decidedly *not* an asshole. She loved his muscles, and told him as much. When a stray hand went out and grazed her butt, she even giggled, shifting back to press her rear against the offending male, her own hand snaking to touch his junk.

"Looks like someone's on the naughty list!" she announced, making a number of them, the offender included, laugh. But then she followed up: "I can't wait to have some very passionate sex with . . . anyone but you!"

At which point she tapped his nose with a finger and left him burning with humiliation. Lexi was in fine form, and everyone could see it. Tani was spending all her time with Samuel, clinging to him on the dance floor, and evidently loving her shorter height now that she had a cute, taller boy to hold her protectively. But Lexi could have romance later. She wanted the college life, she wanted to be a bit slutty, and that meant partying hard and flirting even harder.

"You haven't come and talked to me yet," she said when she finally approached Boyd, who was standing by himself in the corner, a beer in his hand, his expression contemplative. He had long dark hair and some studs above his right eyebrow. He looked like a poet, particularly his smart jacket, and she liked that about him.

"What makes you think I was going to talk to you at all?" he asked.

Ooooh, hard to get.

"Well, for one, you haven't been able to keep your eyes off of me, and I'm not just talking about me strutting my stuff on that catwalk. And two, / find you interesting, and I like interesting. I like it a lot. And I think you like me liking it, too. Am I wrong?"

He took a slow sip of his beer, drawing out the moment until the tension was unbearable.

"You're not wrong," he said, placing it on a nearby shelf. "I've seen you around campus. You're smarter than you look."

She put her hands on her hips, pressing her chest out. "You think I look dumb, is that it? Like a blonde bimbo."

A slight hint of rose appeared on his cheeks. "No, it's not like that. I mean . . . you hide how smart you are. I can tell. I'm good at observing things. You're a bright spark, is what I'm saying. On top of being, well, pretty damn beautiful."

This time it was *her* turn to blush. She drew closer to Boyd, to the point where he was getting quite the nice peek down her top, just as she intended.

"Beautiful, huh? You're not too bad yourself, Mister Tall, Dark, and Brooding. And since you recognise how clever I am, why don't you follow along with a little plan of mine?"

He took another sip, playing it cool as he could, though she could see through the act now. "Depends on the plan," he said casually.

"Well, the plan is . . . we go upstairs to my room and you let me fuck your brains right out of your skull. Does that sound like a good plan?"

He was *really* playing it cool, or otherwise had a level of calm that made her very turned on indeed. He took another sip.

“Yeah, that sounds like a really good plan.”

Lexi led him up the stairs, grinning from ear to ear. Her nipples were already hard, and her pussy was on fire with desire, soaking her panties it almost seemed. Her highly reactive body was eager for this man, and he was clearly losing his super cool exterior a little, because before they even got to the room he pressed her against the wall and sucked on her neck.

“Ohhhhh, that’s soooo fucking hot!”

“Let’s get to your room.”

Lexi giggled and pulled him towards it. He pressed her against it, and they kissed once more. He was a *fantastic* kisser. She had the feeling a lot of the brooding arty types were. A real Percy Blysshe Shelley kind of thing. And he was quite tall; it almost made her feel like Tani in that respect! She managed to grab the doorknob as he ravished her, and opened the door. The two of them stumbled in, kissing and moaning and clutching one another in the heat of their shared passion . . .

. . . only to wander straight into another. Lexi squeaked as she saw why Boyd had frozen up: there on her bed was Tani, her legs spread wide open as the pale, surprisingly fit-looking Samuel thrust into her. He was kissing her tender neck, one hand stroking her breast while the other supported himself. She was in the throes of absolute ecstasy, her long dark hair spilled everywhere about her, her legs wrapped around Samuel’s waist, as if milking him for everything he was worth. Her eyes were clenched shut, her mouth open as she moaned and gasped with every timed thrust into her wetness. Even with her attraction to Boyd ongoing, Lexi had to admit it was a fabulously hot sight.

Samuel noticed, however. He turned his head and went rigid for moment.

“N-no! Don’t stop! I want more! It’s soooo *kanpeki*! So perfect! Why are you - LEXI!? What are you doing here?”

“What are you doing here, this is my room?”

“Yours? I thought - oh God, this is embarrassing!”

But Lexi just giggled. “Don’t be embarrassed. This is kinda hot! But if you don’t mind, I’ll be taking your room instead. You two kids have fun!”

Samuel gave an exasperated smile. “Well, I guess that’s permission to keep going!”

Tani looked to be caught between utter embarrassment and a sheer tsunami of arousal, but the tidal wave won out as soon as Samuel began to slowly work back up a rhythm within her, thrusting slowly into her pussy, and then she was lost in it again.

“Mhmmm! K-keep going! I was s-so close!”

Lexi and Boyd were about to leave, but then another couple ran past them, straight into Tani’s room.

“Hey!” she called out, but the fun times were already beginning, and Boyd put his hand around her waist before lifting her up against the wall. He shut the door, leaving them in the same room as Tani and Samuel.

“How about we stay here?” he suggested. “And we fuck each other’s brains out?”

Lexi shivered at the line, and even more from being lifted up against the wall. This had to be her *favourite* position, even better than cowgirl. It was something only the young, the healthy, and the passionate could do, and she was all three right now, and obviously so was he.

“Let’s add some music to theirs, then,” she said, before kissing him on the lips.

Boyd worked to pull her underwear down past her thighs, and she gripped his impressive member, placing it against her entrance even as he kept her hoisted up. Her heart beat rapidly, and she used a spare hand to pull down her dress top, letting him access her breasts. He was quick to work on them, keeping her leveraged against the wall while he squeezed them together.

“Place one in your mouth. We’ll both like it.”

“You’re right. I was looking at you a lot. I wanted to do this as soon as I saw you.”

He kissed her breasts, nibbling at her nipples lightly with his teeth in a way that made her positively *squirm*. She wrapped her legs around him tighter, her hair spilling against the wall as he began to work up rhythm.

He’s so fucking hard. I want that inside me. All of it. This party is perfect!

Tani was still moaning in the room, she wasn’t even sure if her friend knew they were still there. If she did, she certainly didn’t care, because she was spreading her legs as widely as possible to receive as much of Samuel as she could, and he in turn was speeding up, thrusting deeper and deeper into her, leaving her wailing in a series of incomprehensible Japanese statements.

“I want to catch up to themmmmmhmm,” Lexi managed. “Get me there already. I’m wet and ready for you, babe.”

Boyd’s expression only changed a fraction. He pushed back his pile of dark hair and stared almost soulfully into his eyes. “Okay then,” he said. Somehow, contained within those two words was a whole lot of hidden excitement. Her heart raced in response to his stoicism. She reached down and grabbed his hard cock, enjoying the feel of it, and helped guide it into her womanhood. There was a brief, momentary resistance, but her pussy was practically dripping wet at this point, and soon he plunged into her.

“Yessssss!” she moaned.

“Yes! Yesss!” Tani added. “*Hai! Ohhhhhh, kimochi ii!*”

Her friend was close. It was undoubtedly her first time as a woman, and Lexi revelled in being there for this.

“Fuck me,” she whispered to Boyd. “Fuck me *hard*. Make me your girl tonight.”

He was silent but for his pleasurable grunted, but he gripped her ass and hips, fingers sinking into her peachy rear, and began to slide in and out of her, working her against the walls in a way that was driving the former man wild. She felt younger and freer than she ever had at this point, getting wallbanged like the sexy college girl she now was, her pussy milking his cock, gripping it for all that it was worth, while he slid against her most sensitive nerves.

“Mhmmm, yeah. K-keep going. Faster. Ohhh, yes! F-fuck me! Fuck me faster!”

Tani was moaning, lost in her own world of pleasure. From her vantage point, Lexi had a very hot view of Samuel sucking on her left breast while one hand squeezed her rear. He was getting close, she could tell, and she wanted more than anything to witness her friend cumming from female sex for the first time.

This is the hottest fucking thing I've ever done, ohhhhh my G-God! Ahhhh!

But she was getting close as well. Boyd was gripping her tightly, bouncing her up and down on his cock. She was at the point where she was holding on to him for dear life, praying for the most magnificent release, and she knew it was coming. Her breasts bounced and her ass jiggled, and everything reminded her of just how female she was, and how joyous it was to be like this.

“I’m s-so close!” she cried. “I’m gonna cum! I want you to c-cum in me. I’m on b-birth control. I want to feel you c-cum in me. C-can you do that? Mhmm!”

“I can,” he said, and with such decisiveness that it nearly made her orgasm right then and there. But she held on, kissing him on the lips passionately as her moment drew near.

Suddenly, there was an utter banshee wail of bliss erupting from the bed. Lexi opened her eyes just in time to see Tani’s entire body arch up, her hands flinging to the headboard as she seemingly lost control of herself. A stream of Japanese erupted from her mouth before she went entirely silent, her face contorted into such ecstasy that it was clear she was literally without words for a moment.

“Tani! You’re s-so perfect! I lo-OHHH!!!

Samuel came in her, and Tani’s legs seemed to *lock* onto her man, as if refusing to lose a single drop of his seed as it spilled into her. The beautiful Japanese woman smiled widely, biting her lip a little, her eyes still closed as her boyfriend emptied himself into her. Her arms shook a little from the release, and it was clear that several more orgasms were passing through her, leaving her at the mercy of her man’s touch.

“*S-sugoi! Sugoi! Mhmm!*”

Lexi watched all of this even as Boyd continued to fuck her brains out against the wall. She was just as focused on him, kissing his mouth and moaning into it each time he

rammed his impressive cock into her tight wet depths, but she was glad to have seen Tani's moment, because it got her engine running in a way she could barely believe.

Nevermind, that was the hottest damn th-thing I've ever - ahh! - seen!

And it was the catalyst for what came next: her most mindblowing orgasm yet. She turned her attention back to Boyd just in time to see something beautiful; his stoic expression giving way to an intense concentration, as if he were right on the very cusp.

"Do it!" she cried. "Cum in m-meeeeee!"

He did, releasing a bestial, bear-like sound that was way, way too hot to handle. It sent her over the edge with him, and she cried out in her high soprano voice. His balls tensed against her entrance, his hard dick throbbed within her, and she felt her own vaginal muscles clamp down on him in preparation for what was to come.

And what *came* was extraordinary. A series of powerful orgasms flowed through her, leaving her to shudder just like Tani had moments earlier. Boyd grunted again, pressing her firmly against the wall and sliding ever deeper into her just in time for him to ejaculate again and again. Streams of his semen poured into her, rushing like a torrent straight to her womb.

Holy f-fuuuuuck! If I wasn't on the pill, this hot hunk would totally be g-getting me preggers! Oh my G-God! MMhm! Ughhh!

It seemingly never ended. She gripped him with her powerful thighs, refusing to let go, and the orgasms seemed to roll on for entire *minutes*. All perspective of time was lost, and the thundering music of the party downstairs only added to the celebratory ambience.

Boyd kept her aloft in the aftermath, the two of them panting heavily, the sweat on their skin mingling erotically. She gripped his shoulders, kissed him passionately again.

"Is it just me, or are there fireworks?" she giggled.

Boyd turned his head, and she followed his gaze. Sure enough, out of the window, firecrackers were going off, no doubt lit by Chad and his crew. Samuel and Tani had disentangled from their missionary position and were watching them, though she was lying back in his arms gently, cradled like a lover. The gorgeous Japanese girl looked back at Lexi, who gave her a grin even as Boyd helped settle her down. There were no words exchanged between the pair, just the shared mischievous knowledge of all that they had experienced, all that they secretly were, and the simple perfection of this moment.

The four of them watched the fireworks in silence, the two pairs holding one another and coming down from that post-coital bliss. It was the kind of moment Lexi had always dreamed of.

And now I'm here. Now I have it all.

She couldn't keep the damn grin off her face for the rest of the night.

It was the next day. Lexi and Tani had helped their sorority sisters clean up. Selina was nowhere to be found; it seemed she and Chad had absconded at some point in the night, but Gabbie and Abigail were there to congratulate them.

"We'd give an official ceremony to fully welcome you in," Abigail said, "but it seems last night was the ceremony. Well done, you two. Though it did seem you both disappeared around the same time for an hour or two . . . hmm?"

The pair of them could only give sheepish grins, Tani blushing on her light olive skin. She brushed a silky strand of hair behind her ear and looked away.

"I was just . . . spending some time with someone I liked."

"Some rather passionate time, I imagine. And you, Lexi, watch out girl. There'll be rumours about you soon, and I hope you're okay to handle them."

Lexi placed her hands on her hips and beamed. "I can take it. I'm a free girl and I like the free life, what's wrong with that?"

Gabbie laughed at that, placing an arm around her shoulder. "That's our Lexi, alright! Sucking on the marrow of life from both ends!"

"That is a very mixed metaphor."

"I'm still hungover."

They laughed and continued to clean, and soon they were out and about on campus again. They had morning lunch together, and then it was time for Lexi to participate in a bit of cheer practice . . . though she doubted all the girls would show. Some would be nursing hangovers. Tani walked with Lexi to the field where they practised, but was briefly distracted when she got a text message. From the way she instantly smiled and started texting back, Lexi had a good notion of who was messaging her. When Tani was done, Lexi threw an amused glance Tani's way. The other girl just blushed.

"What? I like him!"

"I know you do. Really like him, huh?"

"Y-yeah, I guess I do."

Enough to stay as Tani a bit longer. Maybe the whole year?"

"I was thinking . . . longer."

"Oh, perhaps a little into next year?"

"Mhmm . . . longer than that?"

Lexi couldn't help but tease her friend. "Perhaps until we graduate?"

"Or, you know . . . longer."

She wrapped her friend in a hug, giggling like mad. "Finally! It took you long enough. You have no idea how much I've been wanting to hear you say that. We're riding this wave

for good now, girl. And we're only turning again when we both feel like it; which is whenever we both want!"

"Fine, fine, you were right! About all of this. It really is like having a whole new life, Lexi, and experiencing things I never got to have. And want to have."

At that, she bit her lip and looked around.

I bet he's coming over to sit with her while I practice the routine. God, those two are so cute together.

"You know, you had some chemistry with Boyd," Tani ventured.

"Maybe. Who knows where things will go? For now, I'm just happy to have sex with who I want, when I want, and live the life I want."

"And what happens if we stay longer than expected, and we get old?"

"Who said anything about that? We have the Resequencer. Tani, we can live any life we want."

But Tani's face became dark suddenly, and she wrung her hands together. "But . . . if Samuel is someone I want to stay with. If I really like him, and he likes me, and . . . what then? I mean, we might choose to change after graduation."

Lexi took her friend's hands in her own. "Hey now, BFF, we're in this together, and that means if you end up with someone you love - literally a college meet-cute! - then I'm sure we can rope him into it and trust him with what we know. But that's likely a couple of years away anyhow! C'mon, we're young and foolish and beautiful! We're not supposed to be thinking about the future just yet. Let's just embrace who we are!"

At that, Tani nodded, and her own bright smile returned. "You're right. I'm gonna crush in debate again."

"Exactly. And I'm gonna crush this routine, just you watch me."

She went to leave, but Tani pulled her into one final hug.

"Thank you, Lexi," she whispered.

"Hey, what are friends for?"

They parted, and Lexi ran off to get changed. There was so much adventure and silliness and sexiness yet to be had. Cute boys to date and fuck, football games to cheer, pom poms to twirl, assessments to turn in, parties to dance to, and a whole host of college peers to meet with their own fascinating lives and stories. It was all ahead of her, the college life she'd always wanted.

I can be Lexi, or Liam, or someone else entirely. And if I ever miss this kind of place, I can always have it all over again, whenever I want, as whoever I want.

She giggled all the way to the changeroom, and only she and Tani knew why.

The End