



Changing Priorities
- A Short -
By Razmagurk

So the first sign that something was wrong was when I woke up with boobs.

I remembered... swirling memories. Hateful judgments. I remembered anger and doubt and regret. I remembered a bottle and dark thoughts. And then there was someone offering a way out.

And then... I woke up.

With boobs.

I was panting, hot and sticky with arousal and sweat. Some lurid dream was still reluctant to give up its hold. My whole body was on fire.

The weight on my chest shifted dreamlike as I rose to sit on the edge of the dorm-room single bed.

I know, I know, 'guy wakes up as girl and grabs boobs' has been done. It's cliché. And hey, there was a whole female body alongside those boobs that was probably just as important. But at that moment all I could focus on were those enormous breasts. You'd have done the same if you were in my situation.

Hell, with how big these things seemed, you'd have been staring even if you weren't.

So yes, my first instinct was to reach up and cop a feel, to grope and squeeze the naked things. I was still half asleep, still dreaming. Still male. I found myself gasping and moaning as I fondled those big, ripe, strawberry nipples.

But then - with a pinch - I awoke.

"What the fuck!?" I lifted one and let it drop. It wobbled perkily. The other one got in on it like a pendulum. I could *feel* every little stretch.

And then it really hit me.

I had not, for the record, had tits the night before.

I sprang up from my bed and ran to the mirror on the back of the door. Through the mottled morning light, it soon became apparent these tits were the least of my problems.

"Oh fuck."

I was beautiful.

The me staring back was a knock-out. A sexy party girl with a flirty fun look on her face, naked save a strange green amulet hanging on a silver chain around her neck. The golden light accentuated her soft

curves and the wavy brown hair cascading down her back. The boobs, which had seemed so huge from the first-person view, were only on the modest side of large, but they were well shaped and perky.

For context. I wasn't some bimbo. I wasn't some kind of sex doll. I wasn't porn come to life. Not yet anyway. That would come later. But, ah, I'm getting ahead of myself.

What I was, was *hot*.

I should have felt horror. I should have panicked and screamed or, hell, at the very least I should have been downright horny seeing a girl playing with her body like that. But there was none of that. What there was, was something I hadn't felt about my appearance since I was a kid.

Pride.

I was a girl, and, shit, I looked great!

Well no, I looked like shit. Bags under the eyes, hair a mess, obvious signs of dehydration. Now that the surprise and horny hormonal flush had begun to fade. My head was thrumming. I squinted, eyes struggling. What the hell had I been doing last night? What had happened?

I had been a guy, that much I was sure of. I remembered... shit, I'd gotten a C on an important project. Seeing that one little letter was like being struck by lightning. After all that work. All those all-nighters. I couldn't afford a C. My entire academic career was suddenly in the toilet. I'd floundered. I'd broken down. I'd never really drunk before, but last night...

My whole life had been falling apart. All because I'd pushed too hard, because I'd burned myself out at both ends, and paid the price.

But now?

I let out something halfway between a laugh and a giggle. God, it all felt so stupid. I'd been freaking out because I'd almost failed a test? Who does that?

But it had been me. I */had/* done that. I'd been downright suicidal, and now...

Now it just felt so unimportant.

I screwed my face up and rubbed the bridge of my nose, and the girl in the mirror did the same. Where was the aspirin? Shit, where was I? It was my room alright, but it looked like it had been run over by a glitter truck.

Everywhere I looked, there were girlish touches. Accessories and makeup and pretty clothes. My stuff had been put away neatly instead of strewn around. Everything looked and smelled nice. There were even posters of cute boys where I'd had sexy anime girls before.

Oh, boy. My gaze caught on the shirtless Abercrombie hunk.

That funny feeling started to return. Parts of me stiffening as other parts grew moist. Warmth flushed through me. I wondered... I wondered what he would think of me. Would he like what he saw?

And then my phone buzzed.

I panicked.

I was a nerd, okay? I was antisocial. I was the sort of person who would rather die than talk to someone on the phone, especially in a situation like this.

And then the phone buzzed again, terror flooding through me again. But this wasn't the terror of some socially awkward loser, no. This was the terror of someone who didn't want to miss something important.

I grabbed the phone like a life raft. It had a pink, glittery case that matched my nails. It struck me how downright cute it was. A cute phone for a cute girl.

It was me. I was the cute girl.

And on the screen was a message from someone named Dawn.

"Omg girl that party last night! Dylan, you are wild. Just wanted to make sure you got home okay and that you weren't sleeping through class again! I've got your back girl. Shame I won't be seeing you at tonight's! I hear Daren's going to be there."

The message was punctuated by incoherent strings of emojis.

My heart thumped. A party? Daren?

"Hell yeah, girl!" My fingers moved on their own. "Thanks for the wakeup! Gonna miss you, bae. Can't wait for practice tomorrow."

I'd hit Send before I realized what I was doing. I jumped back. Why had I said that!?

But of course I'd said that. What was I going to do, just leave her hanging?

What the hell was wrong with me?

I mean - I gave another look down at my body - besides the obvious.

Okay, think. I was a rational person. There had to be some explanation for why I was a girl, and a sexy one at that. Why I was acting like a whole different person. I ran an experimental hand up along my body. I looked back up at the poster and bit my lip. A hand slid across my flesh, experimenting, exploring.

It was so strange. In all my years I'd never been */attractive/* before. That sent another roil through me. Anger. How could I have lived like that? It was unfair - unjust!

I'd always been unpopular, weird, nerdy. A lump rose in my throat. God, it felt like such a punishment to imagine that now. How had I lived like that? And I'd been proud of it too! I'd always revelled in my isolation. Like it somehow made me better than everybody else because I didn't fall for society's tricks.

And it had almost killed me.

I took a shaky breath.

I took another look at the phone. Pictures and texts. Friends I didn't recognize. Carefully curated selfies. Text message conversations and jokes. I had to stop myself from responding to them all. It was like resisting the urge to check over my notes after getting back from class.

And then... there, at the beginning of her camera gallery. My mother and this girl posing like mother and daughter. In the real version of the photo I'd been rolling my eyes at my mom's attempt to bond.

If I focused, I could almost remember these photos. I could almost remember being there. Recollections on the tip of my tongue. Hours spent playing with filters and lights and Photoshop.

So what, this girl was me? Some weird alternate universe version of me?

Whoever she was, she looked so happy.

She hadn't let school drive her into a spiral. She'd laughed and smiled and looked so damn good. Everything that had been so painfully important to me last night, she didn't care one bit about. She had her priorities straight.

Priorities.

The word echoed over in my brain. Something from last night, just out of reach. I looked down at the medallion around my neck. "Prioritas" it said, around the edge.

The necklace. Shit. I put a hand to my head. The memories struck like lightning.

Rain. Cold, wet. An old woman on the side of the road. I was in a dark cloud, a spiralling mental state. I was furious and feeble. I'd saved her from that car. She was offering solutions. If my focus, my priorities, had ruined my life, then she'd give me something to change them.

I could become the person I'd be if I had my priorities all different. I could be whatever kind of a person those priorities needed.

Well shit. I furrowed my brow. That explained the boobs.

I had looked from the old woman and around us both were all those smiling happy partying people stumbling drunk through the rain, and in my moment of self pity I had envied them. How keen that desire had been, to throw it all away, to want to want to be popular instead of smart.

I hadn't expected it to really work.

Popular. I'd wanted to be popular. I'd wanted to be the me who prioritized that. To be as far from the me that fucked up all my academic dreams.

My phone buzzed again.

I leapt to it, leg raised almost prancing in a girlish gait. Muscle memory I didn't know I had. Some guy named Marco was chatting me up. My heart swelled. This I had to handle carefully.

All kinds of texts were coming in. People I'd never met, people I'd been afraid of, now all friends and well wishers.

I thumbed my fingers over the amulet's inscription as I composed a response. I had to –

Hold on, was I seriously playing with my phone after discovering I had a magic amulet? The hell? I should have wanted to see what it was capable of, right? I should have been fascinated, curious. I'd discovered magic, real magic!

Where did I start? I had to call Danny. I had to tell him all about -

But - ah - my train of thought came to a screeching halt. I was going to be late for class. There was a disconnect there in my mind. I still had plenty of time, why was I worrying?

But fuck, I was a girl! I couldn't go to class like this, could I?

I looked back in the mirror and frowned. I mean, not with my hair like this. Not without washing up and makeup and -

I shook my head.

No, I had meant I couldn't go out as a */girl/*. That's what I had meant, right? That's where this anxiety was coming from? But uhg - I pouted - I couldn't go out looking like I'd just rolled out of bed.

But not going to class would be even worse. Not going to class would mean no one would see me at all.

Wait, shit, that's what bothered me?

I let out a sigh. This thing really had fucked me up, hadn't it?

I looked at the amulet. Had I really wanted this?

Well, I sure as hell hadn't wanted to be a girl! I put my hands on my hips and rolled my eyes. But then, I guess girls were so much more popular than boys, weren't they? So much prettier, so much more social, so much freer!

Plus, reminder, I was */hot/*.

I let out a giggle.

Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

But -uhg - I looked back in the mirror. No one wants to see a girl with bags under her eyes. I had to fix my hair and do my makeup and get ready! I had a reputation to maintain.

Twenty minutes later I'd gotten my makeup looking the way I wanted. I didn't know how, but my body and mind both seemed to know more about it than I did. The more I'd focused on it the more memories seemed to come to the fore, learning from my mother, practising every day. I was apparently a total expert.

But that was the easy part. I could only put it off for so long - I had to decide.

Did I wear the peach skirt with the white blouse or the skinny jeans with the crop top? They both looked amazing.

It took another twenty minutes past that before I was clicking my wedge heels down the sidewalk. I'd decided that the skirt was more me, and it was going to be warm today after all. Besides, I liked the way it made my butt look.

Because wow, I looked good. And looking good meant I felt good. I'd never cared about this before but - I let out a carefree giggle - this was actually a ton of fun! Heads literally turned to follow me as I went past. You can't ask for better than that.

And sure, in the end, I was fifteen minutes late as I stepped into class, but come on, it couldn't have been helped. I expected a part of my subconscious to roil - I'd never been late for anything before in my life - but if that was the price of looking good? For all those appreciative stares as I made my way so effortlessly across the quad? It was worth it.

Professor Allen didn't miss a beat as I stepped into the lecture theater, even as he completely lost the class's focus. The nebbish man was going on about something I'm sure I would have normally found very important. Now though, what really mattered was that everybody was looking.

Oh yeah, glad I'd gone with the skirt.

Wow, no wonder I'd needed to look good. I'd always seen stares as judgmental, tried to make myself as small as possible. But these? There was no negativity in them. They liked what they saw.

It felt... *good*. I let out a little breath. Like when I'd aced a test. No wonder I cared so much about this.

I smiled and I strutted over to take my seat - at least, I still hoped it was my seat - next to my friend Danny.

"Always making an entrance." Danny next to me rolled his eyes. "What's the matter, couldn't decide what to wear?"

I blushed, but he was right.

"Danny, oh my god, you're not going to believe what happened-"

"Do you mind?" he sneered as he turned back to the lecture.

All that joy within me suddenly evaporated. He had barely given me a glance except in anger. I'd never seen him so cold.

My heart pounded, but I couldn't tell if it was this betrayal from a friend, or if it was the pain of little miss popular getting rejected.

Either way, I hated it. I fumed. Who the hell did he think he was, bringing that kind of attitude to me? After all we've been through! The one person I could have trusted with this, and he was treating me like he didn't even know me.

Oh shit.

He didn't.

Nerdy Danny and this popular me had never become friends. Why would they? Shit, that hurt.

I took a mental step back and turned to look at him. It was like I was looking at him from the outside for the first time. My nerdy friend. Going down the same path I had. The same academic spiral. He'd been the same kind of grade obsessed nerd, sabotaging his life for his academics. When even was the last time we'd hung out?

He looked exhausted. Pasty skin, messed up hair. It was like he didn't even care how he looked. Had he always been this bad? How long until he hit rock bottom too? Before he burned out? Would he be so lucky to find an escape like I had?

The fuming emotion within me reached a conclusion. I felt bad for him. As much because of what could happen as because of the unenviable position he was in. I crossed my arms over my chest and sighed. I wished that I could save him. I wished he could see things my way. I wished he could get his priorities straight, like me.

The amulet around my neck glowed.

"Because I mean," he said, his expression softening, "we've all been there, am I right?" He elbowed me teasingly. "Damn, girl, you look great!"

Oh crap.

"D-Danny?"

His expression wasn't the only thing softening. His entire face grew feminine, his entire body shifted into girlishness as he reached up to stretch.

"What?" She smiled coyly. "Do I have something in my teeth?"

"Y-you've got boobs!"

I don't know why that was what I kept latching on to. Were girls just as tit obsessed as boys, or was it some innate part of my psychology?

But come on, look at them! The twin mounds seemed to defy gravity beneath that cream halter. It was a body built for attention and dressed to show it off. Nothing too slutty, though those shorts were certainly a little more daring than what I'd have gone for. But on her, with her long smooth legs? It worked.

"Mm, right?" She slid an arm under her bust. "You were right. I should be wearing push-ups more often. With all the attention I'm getting I feel like I've gone up a complete cup size."

And then she giggled.

All the worry and stress and sleepless nights that had been on her face were all replaced by what I can only imagine was a newfound appreciation for boys and makeup and clothes. A newfound desire to be popular and liked. And here she had the body to make that dream come true.

Just like me.

"Dyl?" She raised an eyebrow as she caught me staring at her chest. "I mean, I know they're nice and all, but are you okay? Don't tell me there was more to our making out yesterday than just showing off? I mean I don't care either way, but I always thought you were a straight shooter."

"Making out?" My blush returned in force.

"You do remember last night, right? Or were you already totally smashed by that point? Come on Dyl, you know you get gay when you get drunk. Making out with your friends is like, your number one party trick. Mmm," she licked her lips and stuck out her tongue. "Not that I mind. Are you coming tonight? Maybe I'll get to taste some more."

"Tonight?"

"Yeah," The girl seemed to have sensed my hesitation. "Come on, everybody'll be there. You gotta show me again how you did that thing with that disappearing beer bottle. Besides, I hear Daren's going."

My heart thumped. Daren would be there? The ghosts of memories played in my brain. Who was Daren?

"Girls!" came a stern voice from the front of the class, chastising. The professor had a hand on his hip. "You two evidently have more important things to discuss, but there are some who are trying to learn. Either be quiet or leave my classroom."

"Sorry!" Danny called back.

My cheeks burned as everybody laughed. Maybe not all attention was the good kind.

I felt hurt, but not for the reasons I'd have expected. Once there was a time when a professor's approval meant the world to me, but I guess I wasn't his prize student any more. What I was, was embarrassed in

front of everybody, even if only a bit. It felt like getting an answer wrong on a test, like I was angry at myself for the fuck up.

I glared down at Prof Allen.

I wished he'd lighten up a little. That he knew how it felt. He was always so... stern.

The amulet glowed again.

Oh, come on!

Down at the front the professor undid a button to present even more of her cleavage. She let her wavy blonde hair down and shook it out.

"Now," she giggled. "Where was I?"

Her hips swayed as she went back to her lecture, her lecture style going from dry and serious to weirdly erotic.

Wait, shit.

"Danny? Does Prof Allen seem any different to you?"

"Huh?" She turned her gaze from the professor's well accentuated boobs. "Yeah, I think she did something with her hair? It's super cute."

Fuck, okay.

"So if I said I may have just turned her into a science bimbo with my magic medallion, you'd say...?"

"I'd say someone beat you to it." She laughed. "I don't know how someone so smart could come across so air headed, but she really does put in the effort. I'm not complaining." she waggled her eyebrows appreciatively. "If the woman wants to wiggle her ass as she goes over the finer points of cellular taxonomy, more power to her."

Well - I sighed - so much for telling Danny.

Okay, fuck. I had a magic amulet. I could change people. Sometimes a little too easily. Now what? I was already hot, I was already popular. What more could I want?

But even with the change in tone, class was a struggle. It wasn't that I didn't understand what she was saying. It was just that suddenly I had other priorities. It was more important to me right now that I tried to figure out this party.

"So, are you coming tonight or not? Lambda cube's big house party. Everybody's going to be there."

“Actually,” I brushed a hair out of my face. “I think I may be a little partied out?” It was hard to say - something guy-me would have said. It wasn’t true. But I needed time to think, to figure things out, right?

“What? Come on girl, don’t you know your own social calendar? It’s party season! All those sorority bitches acting all snooty, we gotta show ‘em what us cheerleaders can do.”

“Cheerleaders?”

Of course I was a cheerleader. Memories of gymnastic routines and big games danced ephemerally in my brain.

“Yes, and we have practice tomorrow, I know, but that’s never kept us from a party, has it?”

I pictured myself standing in front of a roaring crowd. Woof. Okay, yeah. I could see that. The mornings would suck but the attention? That was worth working for. That, I could get excited about.

Wait no, shit. What was I thinking! I didn’t want to go to cheer practise. I didn’t want to be a cheerleader. I didn’t want to be popular. I was an ugly nerd! A guy!

It hadn’t even been a day and I was already so caught up in everything. I should be using the medallion to change back. My life hadn’t been bad, even if I was burning myself out.

I should have */wanted/* to go back.

But being smart again? Being a guy again? It just seemed so unimportant. Such a low priority. Did I really want to give up all this for that?

Even just the notion of being what I had been, being that broken, unpopular, ugly thing? It was downright painful. Even if that had been my life. Especially because it had been my life!

Old me would have wanted to turn me back, but this me? Didn’t she get a say?

I thought about this party. All those people staring at me. Their full undivided attention. The fox-like grins of cute college boys, the jealous stares of all the other girls.

I let out a soft breath. What harm could it be to spend a few days like this, right? I was popular. I was hot. I’d never wanted those things before in my life, but now that I had them...

“I’m in.”

“Yes!” Danny cheered. “Party of the lifetime! “

“Girls!” the professor giggled again. “Save it for cheer practice!”

“Sorry! “

Everybody laughed. This time I smiled at the attention.

Danny and I both put a little extra wiggle in our walks as we left the lecture theater. Some of the other students were chomping at the bit to talk to us, but we handled it with the calm social grace of the absolute queens we were.

At least, until I saw Daren.

Oh wow, Daren.

That Daren.

I barely even recognized him, to be honest. He'd always been this imposing force in my life. A bully and a tormentor. But through these eyes? He was downright cute. All his wolfish features made him look more like a puppy dog than a predator.

My heart raced like it had when I'd woken up. Some part of my brain was thinking about using the amulet for revenge, to turn him into someone who prioritized putting themselves in humiliating sexual positions. But I shook those thoughts from my head before the necklace picked up on them. No, that would be a waste of a good boy.

"Hi Dylan." He smiled.

Oh wow. That smile! At me. Had he always looked so good? My heart thumped. "H-hi!" I tried to play it casual, but fuck, oh god, how did I look? I resisted the urge to check a mirror. My whole body was on the verge of swooning, feminine biological responses I'd never felt before.

Even with my newfound social skills, I was absolutely floundering. Hell, they were making it worse. I had to impress him! I had to make him like me! It meant so fucking much to me.

"Did I hear you're going to that party tonight?" he asked.

Dumbstruck, I nodded.

"Sick!" He laughed. "Me too. I guess I'll see you there?" He held up a hand for a high five. His arms may as well have been tree trunks.

I just wanted to curl up in those big strong arms of his and live there forever. I returned the gesture and he ran off to join some friends, laughing.

I had to take a moment to cool down.

"Ooh girl" Danny laughed. "You got it bad." She elbowed me teasingly. "Looks like you got a date with Daren at least. And it only took - how long have you been swooning over that guy?"

"Date?" My blush intensified.

"Okay, fine, not a date. You going exclusive? Stop the presses. But at least you know there'll be some eye candy, am I right?"

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The rest of the day passed in something of a blur.

There was a time in my life when all I'd have been focused on was that amulet. I was a nerd, after all. The idea of magic was like something out of my favorite books.

I should have wanted to rush home and play with it. I should have wanted to take it out and see what it could do, to carefully deduce its powers and limitations as I took meticulous notes and observations.

But this was not that time in my life. Those wants weren't driving me any more.

All I could think about was the here and now. Tonight's party, and all of the things I had to do before then.

There were so many people to talk to, so many things I had to do. I had made it look so effortless.

I was a girl. Cute, sexy, fun. I found myself loving every minute of it. The way the wind caught my skirt as it twirled, the way I felt so soft and small, yet full of all the feminine strength years of cheerleading had developed. I so effortlessly flirted and laughed and joked. I wanted everybody to like me, and I had all the tools to make it happen.

The more I lost myself in the role, the more effortless it became, the more I forgot I'd been anything else. Why would I want anything else?

I took a silly selfie with some friends over by the founder's statue, laughing as I posted it to social media. I'd never seen my numbers go up so fast.

But... apprehension tugged at the peripheral of my vision - could they have gone up faster?

It was actually a lot more work than I expected. My whole life I'd looked down on this sort of person because, well, nerd. But it was a lot more involved than I'd realized. Turns out that just because it wasn't academic, just because it wasn't science, didn't mean handling a complex web of relationships wasn't complicated.

But, wow, it was satisfying! Like reading a good book. And speaking of books, I stopped outside the library and stared. I'd gone from the loser inside to the sort of who looked down on all those losers. Did they not realize what they were missing? Books were so... so...

I stopped. I pouted.

I guess female me wasn't much for fantasy literature. Or anything that wasn't a style blog.

Wow.

I shook my head. It was hardly important. Why did that seem to cut so deep?

I'd loved those books so much. They'd been such a huge part of me. My fortress away from the world.

Not that this me needed them.

I wavered. Lord help me, for the first time since this morning, I seriously wavered. I looked down at the amulet then up at the library.

Did I really want to be this sort of person?

But no. I shook my head. I let the revulsion at the alternative wash over me. That life had brought me to the brink of ruin. I could never go back. I'd never need to go back.

I had the medallion. I could have whatever I wanted, right?

And tonight? Tonight, I partied.

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Of course, some things are easier said than done. There was one burning question I had to answer first.

Did I wear the slinky black off-the-shoulder with the split hem, or the salmon minidress with the cinched waist? One showed off my boobs, the other my legs. They were daring choices, granted. I'd be giving the boys an eyeful either way, even if the black one really showed off my bust.

Accessories, hair, jewelry. There were so many options. And I looked so good - felt so good - in all of them.

If I wore the black with the amulet, I could really draw attention to my chest, but would that be too much? I wanted to be sexy, but not slutty. Well, not */too/* slutty. I wanted to give the boys a show but I wanted them to work for it too.

I never thought I'd spend so much time staring at a naked girl and be more concerned with what she could be putting on instead of what she was taking off.

I thought back to the way Daren had looked at me after class. To that grin of his. I bit my lip as the endorphins flooded my brain, as my body began to heat up.

Was Daren one of those guys who liked boobs? Trick question, responded the man in me. All guys liked boobs. Would he like my boobs?

But no. I'd go with the salmon. If I adjusted the top, it was enough cleavage to be daring without going full on whore-mode. Still sexy, but I'd be Me instead of just some slut. I grinned and gave a twirl. I couldn't wait for him to get a load of me.

Danny came over not long after. We helped each other with our hair and makeup. I thought the lashes were a bit much, but Danny kept insisting I needed to impress. She had on a much louder dress, in royal blue. Honestly, it was a bit flashy even by my standards, but I couldn't deny she wasn't absolutely killing it with those gladiator-style boots.

“Ready?” she grinned as we stood in front of the mirror.

“As I’ll ever be.”

I took a deep breath and tried to remind myself that this was just a party. That I was supposed to be having fun; but it was like the pressure before a test. I just couldn’t shake it.

Honestly, I wasn’t even worried for the right reasons. If I’d known I’d be leaving that party a jizz-slick slut? Well, let’s just say that would have given me something to really worry about.

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My nerves only got worse on the way over, even as we stood outside the frat house door. There was a pressure in the back of my head, this hyper awareness of any fault on my part. What if I fucked up? Did I have something in my teeth? Should I have worn the black dress after all?

But as soon as we walked through those doors, it all stopped.

It was like stepping onto stage and walking into a spotlight. Everybody turned to look. I grinned. All that worry had given way to confidence. It was like getting the test and finding you’d studied all the right things. The two of us strutted in, radiant. This was our element! This was our night!

And the party was already in full swing.

We jumped in. We ate it up. Everybody was smiling, The boys especially. Wow, there were so many boys here! The girls weren’t happy with the competition, but even they couldn’t deny we looked good.

Isn’t that funny? Us two former boys were the best-looking girls there.

We shone like a light. Everybody wanted to be with us, everybody wanted to be near us, hell I was pretty sure a good number of these people wanted to */be/* us. People crowded around, to listen in and laugh and joke. We took the attention and returned it in kind, dollop by dollop. A few small words, a knowing laugh, never stopping or staying but always saying just the right thing. We built that good energy as we moved and mingled and flirted and celebrated... well, whatever this party was to celebrate.

I was handed a drink basically as soon as I walked in. And because of all the suitors and well-wishers, my cup never ran empty.

Nerd-me didn’t normally drink, but I guess party-me did. And boy did she ever. I let out a loud “whoool!” as I threw back the first of many cups. Everybody around me joined in.

And so it didn’t take long, between the buzz of alcohol and the buzz of attention, for my brain and my inhibitions began to melt.

Did I use the medallion? Well, maybe a few times. I couldn’t deny it was a hell of a party favor. One creepy guy was now a twink femboy, jealous of the girls he’d been tormenting and drooling over all the boys. One especially homophobic girl, who had sneered when Danny and I had been making out for

those frat boys, now had a newfound obsession with sniffing girls' panties, and one of the frat boys who had gotten way too smashed was now wearing a skimpy bikini as everybody did body shots off him.

A bit of fun, sure, but by and large I did my best to help people, to get the shy to be bold, to help people out of their shells, to help everybody be their best self.

Or at least, their self best suited to this party.

And as the night - and the drinks - went on, I began to lose myself in the revelry. The medallion stopped mattering, the individuals stopped mattering, what mattered were the stares, the attention!

It was a high I couldn't get any other way. An addiction I had to feed. My blood burned like the best fire.

I threw myself out onto the dance floor. Heart pounding. I was alive in a way I never knew possible.

I had never danced before. Never known how, never tried. But now? I poured myself eagerly into increasingly sexy dances, as Danny and I ground our hot drunk flesh up against each other and anybody else who decided to get close.

And then I saw through the crowd a familiar face, and I knew what I had to do.

Daren.

I swayed through the crowd with all my feminine graces. I was seductive, powerful, confident. With a flirtatious expression that could make knees weak, that anybody at that party would kill to have directed at them.

I wanted him to see me, to recognize my femininity, my need, my aching horny want! I wanted him to like what he saw, I wanted him to like *me*.

And he didn't see any of it.

Because he was making out with Dakota Daniels.

The world screeched to a halt. I gripped my fist. Blood pounded in my ears.

She'd worn the black dress! Of course she had, that slut! And her big fat cow boobs looked so fucking good in it, didn't they? As they mashed into Daren's hard, masculine chest, as she pushed up against his washboard abs, as she ran a hand along his muscular back.

I felt like I'd been shot. Pain streaked through my heart, a sharp edge of jealousy stabbing into the most vulnerable parts of my soul. It was stupid I know; we weren't an item or anything, but he was just... I thought we...

"Oh shit," said Danny, silent witness to the whole thing.

"Daren!" I ran up, furious. "What the fuck?"

“What?” It took him a moment to get his bearings. “Uh, hey Dylan! How’s it going?” He looked over at me, then back at Dakota. His grin faltered.

“Do you mind?” Dakota said, pressing herself deeper against him. “We were sort of in the middle of something.”

Shit. Where had this girl come from? How could I compete with *that*? Fuck, get it together. I had to do this! I couldn’t let this bitch nab the one boy I actually cared about.

“Daren,” I began, trying and failing to regain my composure. “I thought we were...”

“What, you thought you were an item?” the girl snarked. “Because you’ve flirted a few times in science class? Listen, he needs more than that. He needs someone who’s going to commit, not play games.”

“Hey now,” Daren failed to deescalate the situation. “There’s no call for that. We’re all friends here, right?”

“Games?” My ire built. “Just because you let something grow at its own pace sometimes, doesn’t mean you’re playing games!”

“Oh, well, you’d know all about that, wouldn’t you?” Dakota sneered. “You’ve got half of campus wrapped around your finger. Using them to aggrandize yourself. What did you think was going to happen here? You had every chance to take your move and you didn’t, so I did. You’re too slow.”

“Girls, come on.” Daren tried again, but we both shot him down with a glare.

I needed to say something. I needed to turn this tide of conversation. I needed to dig deep into the well of my newfound social grace.

But seeing them together, it was like all my grace had left me in a wave of jealousy.

There was nothing there.

“Daren-?” I floundered, only barely hiding the hitch in my voice.

“Sorry, Dylan.” He turned back to Dakota. “We’ll talk some other time, okay?”

Everybody was staring. And this time I wasn’t loving it. This time their stares burned.

Tears flooded the corners of my eyes.

I wanted to die. I wanted to drown. I wanted to become small.

An agonizing crash of emotion swelled up inside me. I had no idea rejection could hurt so badly. So hot, so raw. Dark thoughts began to bubble at the edges of my mind. Darker than I’d like. I had to act. I had to do something, anything!

And I’d thought failing that test had been bad.

What good was being popular if I couldn't get the guy I wanted?

I turned. I stormed off with what little strength I had left. I had to keep from breaking down in front of everybody

"Dylan!" Danny called out after me.

I ran.

I found myself out on the patio. Alone, save some frat boy puking on the lawn. Danny was still navigating her way through the crowd. My blood roiled. I wanted to fall into my friend's arms and break down and cry, but I couldn't. I couldn't screw up my mascara. I couldn't let people see I was weak. My popularity was too important. I had to keep it all inside.

And fuck, I hated it. I hated myself. I didn't want to be this person any more. I wanted to escape.

And - shit - I had just the way to do it.

"Fine." I sniffled. "That slut wants to play dirty? Let's play dirty."

I clutched the medallion in my hand.

I was going to change my own priorities. Again. Between the alcohol and the turbulent emotions it was so hard to focus on what I wanted.

I wanted to beat that slut at her own game. I wanted to be the person who everybody in the room wanted to fuck. I wanted to hook up with Daren.

But it was so hard to think. Mostly I didn't want to */hurt/* anymore. I didn't want to care about my reputation or the pain it could bring.

And then the medallion glowed, and the whole world went sideways.

"Oh!" I blinked in surprise. My senses had sharpened. The cold of the night air teased at my exposed skin. I'd sobered up considerably and there was a salty taste on my lips. "Wow."

I let out a breath.

All the heat - the emotion - of the moment had passed. Just like that.

This great big dramatic moment suddenly just felt so... */mundane/*. Had I really been so upset about one guy? Had I really given up so easy? My previous thought process suddenly seemed so strange. What was the point of being popular if you couldn't get laid?

I laughed. A big deep laugh that ended in a giggle. My voice was husky and seductive. I sounded like a sex phone operator or a hentai voice actress.

And damn - I looked down - it seemed I had the body to match.

I know, I know, it's cliché. But once again, the first thing I noticed was the boobs.

"Holy shit!" My hands shot up to grab at my cleavage. "Look at these tits!"

Wow, I thought I'd had boobs before, but these were on a whole other level. These were more than just boobs, these were some serious fucking mommy milkers. Some substantial fucking fuckpillows. And they were just the beginning. I spun around, raising one foot behind me daintily as I tried to take it all in. My exaggerated hour-glass figure, my dirty-blond hair, my perfect peach of an ass, my long sexy legs.

I was dressed to show off, to boot. Beneath the form-fitting pink dress a strapless push-up bra strained to support the load as it presented my jugs for all to see. My clothing had gone from decoration to advertisement. Had I really thought those dress options earlier were too bold? Oh no no no, they weren't nearly bold enough!

This dress! I slid a hand downwards. It was slutty in all the best ways, and the body within looked tailor made to fill it out.

"Girl!" Danny laughed, stepping out onto the deck alongside me. "What are you doing out here?"

I blinked.

Whatever had happened to me had evidently happened to my friend as well. Christ, her tits were barely restrained by the thin strap of pink fabric masquerading as a halter-top. The outlines of her bra-less nipples were obvious for all to see. Even her hair was up with red ribbons in salacious messy pigtailed.

The old me would have done a double take. The current me, however, just smiled. How else was she supposed to look? She was just as pornographic as I was, and I loved it.

Was my earlier attempt to make Danny's priorities align with mine still in effect? Or had the 'me' that I was now, done this retroactively? I shook my head. It didn't matter.

"I was just, uh-" I looked down at the medallion and smiled. It had done the trick, I felt great. "I was just catching my breath."

"Well don't spend too long," she teased. "You are missing all the dick! I totally just had Marco pound my ass in the toilet while smooching his girlfriend's pussy. Holy shit, you were right, he's huge!"

"Mm," I smirked. I knew I should be mortified by what she was saying, but it felt so good to hear. Like, here was a girl who really got me, here was a girl who had her shit straight, here was a girl just as horny and as slutty as I was. What would I do without her?

I could still feel the pleasant buzz of the party, but there was so much more. A hunger. Now that she mentioned it, a big dick did sound real good right about now. Or some pussy to munch. I wasn't choosy.

Actually, that was a good point. I looked around confused. Why didn't I have a dick inside me right now? Why wasn't I going down on some cute sorority girl? That's what parties were for, weren't they?

"Come here." I pulled Danny in close, my tongue tracing a path along her freshly painted lips. My nipples hardened into hers as we pressed bodily together. A small cheer rose from inside as some of the frat boys looked on.

"What's that for?" she simpered, then smiled.

"Thanks for coming looking." I gave her one last smooch.

Even with my priorities changed again Danny seemed to be on my page, and I was on hers.

And fuck, I was */horny/*.

I'd been worked up as a girl before, sure. When I'd woken up this morning, when I'd been with Daren, even out on the dance floor. A drizzle of heat, of damp eagerness. But now I was wading waist deep in want. Now it was un-ignorable.

We stepped back inside, a wolf-whistle going up from the guys. To say that all eyes were on us would be an understatement. The least of them were undressing us with their eyes, the bolder flagrantly fucking us with them. We were the stuff of wet dreams and fantasies. Hell, I half expected one or two of the guys two whip their dicks out right then and there. God, wouldn't that just be so hot?

The girls, on the other hand, well. It was hypocritical of me, I knew - the keening jealousy I'd felt so earlier came vividly to mind - but yet, their envious stares just filled me all the more with excitement. Those not lusting over us themselves that is.

No one was interested in my personality. No one cared about the real me, just the slut they saw. And you know what? I didn't care one bit. Wasn't that wonderful? Wasn't that freeing?

I didn't care what they thought of me, as long I got a chance to get with those boys.

And wow. Can I just talk about boys for a minute? How had I never noticed how hot they were? The party was full of everything from hunky frat boys to soulful scholars, sexy nerds to clean-shaven footballers, and everything in between. Muscled, handsome, smiling and flexing, all so eager to party. It was like at any moment they'd all just take off their shirts. My mind was all too eager to fill in the blanks. The tents in their pants. Those barely contained, mouth-watering, well-hung bulges.

I sighed wistfully.

And all of them were leering at me. Wanting me. As though they could sense my arousal, my raging pink pussy dribbling like a faucet in my little thong panties.

If I took off my top, I wondered if I could get them to jack off on my titties? The image was so vivid it made me shiver.

Was this the me I now was? I had no idea it would be so... *intense*. Like nothing else mattered but these *boys*.

I gripped the amulet. A naughty smile crossed my lips. You know what? Maybe this party could use a little sexing up. It wasn't fair if Danny and I were the only ones having some real fun, was it?

I began to work my magic.

A nerdy girl let her hair down and started flashing her now head-sized tits to a group of nearby boys. A formerly straight footballer was now trying to break his record for the number of guys he could make out with. One of the snobbier bitches now found herself eager to be the centre of as big a bukkake as she could.

So many people with all their hangups, letting it all go. Some may have objected, but I was doing them a favor, really! And hey, if I left the world all the sexier, so be it.

I let out a breath, my legs rubbing together. I had no idea turning people into sluts could be so hot!

Needless to say, by the time I'd gotten back out on the dance floor, the party was really starting to get wild.

There was no coyness in my dancing this time. I invited all those around me to touch, to explore. Warm hands on hot flesh, and other, warmer things still. Some warm, some wet. This was the attention I'd been craving. Bumping and grinding quickly turning to humping. Hot guys and girls all around me.

Some deep part of me was still me enough to realize that this was all very wrong on some level. That this hadn't been what I'd wanted. But that didn't seem important right now. What was important was how horny I was. How horny I was getting all these people.

After all, I was a girl, and I was sexy, and slutty, and *everybody* knew it. What could possibly be wrong with that?

Then I saw him again.

Daren.

Fuck, he somehow looked even hotter now, if such a thing were possible.

That bitch had pulled him off into a far corner. Things had progressed beyond just making out, her hands now beneath his shirt, his fly already unbuttoned. Did she really think she could hide him from me?

"Oh gosh," I put on my best sex-kitten voice as I strode over to him, hips swaying, legs brushing with each step of my six-inch heels. If my gait was any tighter I'd feel it grinding against my oversensitive clit. "How silly of me." I giggled playfully. "I didn't see you standing there, Daren. You're looking real good."

"Uh, thanks" He blushed. He was cute when he blushed, fuck. Even this sexy horny slutty me felt a twinge of that crush.

"Can't you see we're busy, skank?" Dakota gave me a glare as I approached, but she was unable to hold Daren's attention. Not when I was there. This time she was on the defensive.

“Aw, too busy to come dance with me?” I gave a theatrical pout. “And here I heard you really know how to use that body. I wanted to see just how good.”

Now he was staring at my tits. Oh god, it was so cute the way he struggled not to. But damn, he liked what he saw. I leaned in to give him a better view. I wanted him to see every inch of me.

“Uh.” Daren leaned back, breaking their closeness. “Maybe... maybe that would be nice.”

“Darren, what?” she fumed. Now she was on the other end, struggling to come up with something clever to say. “Weren’t we just starting to get to know each other?” The girl tried to divert his attention back to her, but a boy wants what boy wants.

“I also want to get to know you Daren,” I made my voice extra husky. “For so long. I want to know every inch of you.”

“Really?”

“Mhmm,” I nodded “I mean, I hear it can be so hard at times. But I thought I just had to see for myself.” I giggled.

I did have to give it to Daren, he took my advances in stride. Lesser men would have been rendered speechless.

“Well,” he smirked flirtatiously, “that much is true, there’s a lot of me to get to know. I’m – wow. I’m sorry Dakota, maybe we should uh, maybe we should take a rain check?”

But all he got was a slap across the face as she stormed off.

Sorry skank, I smirked, you live by the sword, you die by the sword.

But then my expression fell. Because of course, as good as it was to win, I knew how that felt. I heard her whimper as she’d pulled away from him. I could see her heart breaking.

And come on, I wasn’t that cruel.

Besides, I had just the thing to take the pain away.

I reached down and clutched the amulet.

I could have turned her into a slut like me, sure, but this girl clearly wanted more of a connection than that. I’d taken Daren from her, the least I could do was give her something to replace that. I looked out over the party and a wicked grin crossed my face. Why should I be the only one hooking up tonight?

I mean, casual encounters were great, but sometimes you just needed someone to go home with.

So I closed my eyes and I focused, and I turned her into Danny’s dream girl. It was the least I could do to pay her back. Dakota’s body shifted, her hair going fire-red and growing long, thighs thickening, her

already significant breasts lifting and becoming naturally perky. Her skirt was riding up shorter and shorter, until finally an enormous tent made itself known from the bulging panties beneath her skirt.

Uh. Wait, shit, did she just grow a dick?

“There you are!” Danny ran over. I’d never seen her so happy. “Kota, baby, oh my god, come on, I’ve got the lacrosse team half naked and I want your cock in me as I suck them off - oh Dyls, you don’t mind, do you? I mean,” she gave me a wink as she sized up Daren. “From the looks of it, you have your own lacrosse team to nail down.” She gave me a wink.

“Go,” I laughed, and squeezed Danny’s arm. “I’ll see you later. We can go over every last detail.”

“Ooh! I can’t wait. Come on!” Danny grabbed Dakota by the arm and dragged her off, the two holding hands and giggling like the horny slutty school girls they were.

And just like that, the battle was over.

I grinned over at Daren. It was time to claim my prize.

“What’s say we take this upstairs, huh?” I purred, “I think this dress is maybe just a little too tight for me to dance in it. Maybe you could... help me out?”

His smile grew. Fuck, what a smile. What a boy! It was like lightning in my heart.

We rushed upstairs, me giving him a preview of what lay beneath my skirt as he followed me to the bedrooms.

The room was a mess, but we made do. Books and notes strewn all about. Nerd stuff. Student stuff. It reminded me of my own room from once upon a time. Right now though, the only thing I wanted to be studying Daren’s every inch and bulge.

You can probably imagine what happened next.

The me who cared about being popular would have drawn it out, I was sure, she would have kissed and been tender and wanted him to worship her every inch. There would have been romance and passion.

But fuck, we were both way too horny for that. The flirting was over. We had needs.

We pressed together on the inside of the door, barely restrained lust in our eyes as we clung together. The heat of two bodies, the eager horny anticipation moments. This was my favorite part.

His shirt came off. Now it was my turn to grin. This was also my favorite part.

Then we fell upon each other in a flurry of tongues and lips. Okay, maybe they were all my favorite part.

“Ooh,” I moaned softly. His hands, my hands. He was strong and handsome and just look at that smile!

My dress came off, my tits jiggling free in the cold air, and god, he ate me up. He knew my every desire. I wanted to be manhandled, I wanted to be touched. I wanted to be *fucked*. It was the same desire as before, the same need to be seen, or to study, but now directed at this beautiful sweet sexy *man*.

And wow, what a man.

I pulled his pants down, his fat dick springing up like everything my fantasies had promised. Strong, sweet and well hung. He was a keeper.

He noticed my reaction. His smugness was not undeserved. I couldn't wait to take that thing inside me. I couldn't wait to feel every inch of him stuffing my sopping creamy cunt.

So I didn't.

I reached out to touch it, to squeeze it, then guided it to its new home.

And then one hip thrust later, I was complete.

"Oh my god." I was seeing stars. I was seeing sparks. I had tears at the edge of my vision it was so good. A girl like me got around, sure, and I had dildos that were bigger (though I couldn't quite recall them in that moment) but this was flesh and blood.

And then we started fucking in earnest.

It was vigorous and it was strong. He had the strength to lift me up bodily, to pin me to the walls and flip me around, to put me in whichever position he wanted. And there were oh so many it seems he wanted to try, his cock never leaving my pussy for even a second.

He was grunting in time with my cries as we hit our rhythm, as we both built up to something grand, something transcendent. God, I needed more. I needed more!

"Harder!" I mewled. "Fuck me harder!"

I gasped and I squirmed, his strong hands clutching me tight.

I was singing. I was blissed out. It was the dance floor but better.

But like the addict I was, it wasn't enough.

Oh no.

I needed... I needed more. Don't get me wrong - his dick was good, so goddamn good, everything I'd dreamed about. And yes, I was horny out of my goddamn mind. But it wasn't enough.

I wanted it to be hotter, higher, sexier. The slut that I was wanted to take things further and further.

Some small part of me knew this was dangerous. A hunger which could never be satiated.

But fuck - I had just the way to do it.

The naughtiness of it made me grin. What a horribly slutty idea.

I grabbed the amulet, as it bounced between my naked tits. A manic plan between thrusts. I'd turn myself into a jizz-stained mess. The sort of person made for fucking, who thinks of nothing besides getting covered in cum, a giggling cum-drunk bimbo slut.

Fuck - I let out a cry of exaltation - that was so fucking hot! I was going to get fucked down so good.

The medallion around my neck glowed as the idea turned over in my brain.

And then - ah - I stopped thinking altogether.

"Oh fu-u-uck!" I screamed, a tidal wave of need slamming into me – all my carnal wants, now so hard to articulate.

All I knew was my holes demanded to be stuffed, like nothing else mattered. An oh-so eager hand shot down to fill my cunt as that fat dick pulled out of it, leaving behind its sweet juicy load.

I mewled in appreciation. I had a hot, creamy cum-soaked cunt. That's how I knew I was doing a good job.

But then - I whimpered - I didn't have any cock in me, and that was bad.

Luckily, I wouldn't have to wait long.

I giggled as the next guy's cock pumped in me, using the first's cum as lube as he stretched my cunt for all it was worth, as his hips pounded up against my clit.

I looked around at all the boys around me, lining up. It didn't matter if they were big or hung or sexy, they were *boys*. They had cocks, they had that delicious cum. That's what mattered. Girls as well with strap-ons - fuck, the girls were so hot too! - all eager to fuck.

And there was a gasping near me. A feminine carnal moan not my own. I looked up to see Danny sitting across from me on the bed, the sexiest girl of all, her face a pornographic caricature. She was getting pounded as well.

We locked eyes amidst the fucking and giggled. I reached out to snag her tongue with my lips.

We started mashing our tits together as more and more men dumped their loads into us.

One after the other they ran a train on us. Dakota working her own big swinging dick as she acted as a conductor. Bigger than any of the guys.

"This was like, such a good idea!" Danny giggled and grunted as she fingered my fat nipples with her long slutty nails, pressing ours together and rubbing at the sensitive nubs.

I wanted to speak, I wanted to tell her how I felt, I wanted to express my mutual support for my fuck friend, but all that came out was a long moan and a scream and a giggle of my own.

It was so hard to think, so hard to speak, so hard to articulate, or do anything besides, well, be fucked.

Man after man, a whole train, giving me exactly what I needed, exactly what I wanted, taking me to the stars in ways I couldn't find the words for. All I knew was that it felt good.

But - ah- I struggled to speak. Struggled to tell them how I wanted it, how to fuck my ass, beyond just squealing in delight when they got it right.

You know, I was beginning to think they didn't respect me.

Not that it bothered me that much. I clung to Danny all the harder. I was glad I had her.

Somehow, if not for her, even with this forest of guys around me, I think I would have started to get lonely. Something sour in the back of my mind.

Who would I be when all this dick ran out?

"Fuck!"

I screamed out as Daren took another turn. He was the best fuck of all. His hard body, his harder dick, filling me up just right. I arched my back as he turned me around, as he lifted me up bodily and held me as our hips danced.

He slammed me into a bookshelf - and everything seemed to screech to a halt.

Somewhere in the plateau of that pleasure, my boobs had knocked down an old paper back novel. I blinked. It had a wizard on it.

I knew this book! I had known it. A favorite from my childhood, but ah - that was a lifetime ago, two or three lifetimes ago.

Now I could barely read the cover.

Reading seemed so insignificant now. It was something smart girls did. I was just a piece of meat. Reading didn't get girls laid. Reading didn't get girls cum. That- that was what this me cared about.

The ghosts of memories fluttered through my head. Frustrated teachers and dropping out of school to suck dick. They didn't understand, they didn't know how hard it was for me, how turned on everything got me, how wet I got, how I couldn't get through a day without six or seven dicks in me, ideally at a time.

But I had been smart once, hadn't I? It had been so important at the time.

"Am I like, smart?"

“Huh?” Daren grunted with a laugh. “Sure sweetheart, whatever you say.”

Anger roiled. I was being serious.

Was this the sort of person I wanted to be?

The thought struck me mostly because it was any thought at all. The only train at the station. Nothing to distract, nothing to compete. Well, apart from the pounding my pussy was taking.

Not that I wanted to give up the sex. Oh god, that was the last thing I wanted. But I’d had like... agency, respect, dignity.

I frowned. Those things barely seemed to matter now, but I had cared once, hadn’t I?

But no. No. I couldn’t go back. I’d changed it for a reason.

I’d been smart and it had hurt me. I’d been popular and it had hurt me. Now I’d been slutty and I was quickly realizing that being fuck meat wasn’t all it was cracked up to be either.

Each time I’d been so focused on one thing, everything else had fallen by the way side.

But I didn’t want to give up what I was! Being a good fuckslut was like, the highest priority in my brain right now.

But what if I didn’t have to?

In that moment, I may not have been smart, but I was smart enough to realize that intelligence, popularity, sex, none of these things... were making me truly happy.

Not that - fuck! I screamed out in bliss as Daren switched from my pussy to my ass - not that it didn’t feel stupid good. Like, really fucking good, holy shit.

That’s what I wanted. My brain locked on to it. That’s what should be my focus. Not any particular thing, but to be focused on my own happiness, my own well-being.

But like - while still totally getting laid, of course.

I let out another moan. A giggly grin bubbled to my face.

I bottomed out deep around that cock, smiling dreamily at Daren as he gave me his cum, at all those boys gathered there for me. It had been fun. Getting constantly laid was pretty fucking good, and really fucking hot, but I needed to get my priorities straight.

I held the amulet. I tried to focus my bimbo brain. It was so hard to make the connection. Could I – could I really do this?

I wanted to be happy. I wanted to prioritize my own well being and finding a balance in my life. While still like, having tons of super hot sex, of course!

I struggled to make it work.

And then Daren came one final load deep inside my asshole. My eyes rolled back in pleasure, and the necklace was the furthest thing from my mind.

-

I walked swiftly between classes. Cute guys giving me grins as I passed, and me returning them in kind.

"Oh my god," Danny giggled, elbowing me around her cheer bag. "I can't believe you're so fresh after practice. I don't know how you do it."

"Mm, I slept good last night," I shrugged, "what can I say?" The motion had sent my ample cleavage bouncing.

"I bet you did." She laughed. "With all those guys you had sharing your bed. What was that, a new personal record?"

"I apologize for nothing." I stuck out my tongue. "Hey you go on ahead, okay? I'm going to go see if that cutie over there wants a blowjob in the toilets real quick."

"You slut." She giggled. "You didn't get enough last night?"

"Hey, I've been good! I went over my notes. I worked my butt off in practice. I even called and let my family know I was doing alright. Why not reward myself with a little red meat, huh?"

"Alright, but don't take too long! We've gotta meet Dakota and Daren at the museum later and you know how long it takes you to get ready. This double date was your idea, don't forget."

"Oh, right," I laughed. "Can't wait!"

I gave a wave as I ran off after that hunk.

Sure, there was a lot to do if I wanted to keep on top of everything. I wasn't as popular as I once was, nor as smart, nor as slutty. But I was happy. No academic burnout, no social devastation, no lack of agency. I could focus on being the best me I could be without setting my life on fire to do it.

Was I still a girl? Sure - I took a moment to appreciate the way the wind caught my skirt. But at this point? I wouldn't have it any other way.

And you know what?

It was good to finally have my priorities straight.

Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go see a guy about a blowjob...

The End.