


PART 4:
THE DECISION

A woman with long, wavy red hair is standing in profile, facing a grey door. She is wearing a blue and white vertically striped, long-sleeved button-down shirt that is unbuttoned at the top and bottom, revealing her midriff. She is barefoot. Her right hand is raised, with her index finger pointing at the door, and there are small black marks above her hand indicating a knock. The door has a black handle. To the left of the door is a white wall. In the background, a room with a blue and white chevron patterned wall and a white chair is visible. There are two speech bubbles: one at the top left containing the text "Evan?" and one at the bottom left containing the text "Yeah?".

Evan?


Knock!
Knock!

Yeah?

A woman with red hair, wearing a blue, ribbed, long-sleeved dress, is standing in a doorway. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the viewer. Her right hand is raised to knock on the door. The door is white with a black handle. The room behind her has a blue and white chevron patterned wall and a white chair. The floor is light wood.

Can I come
in for a sec?

Sure...

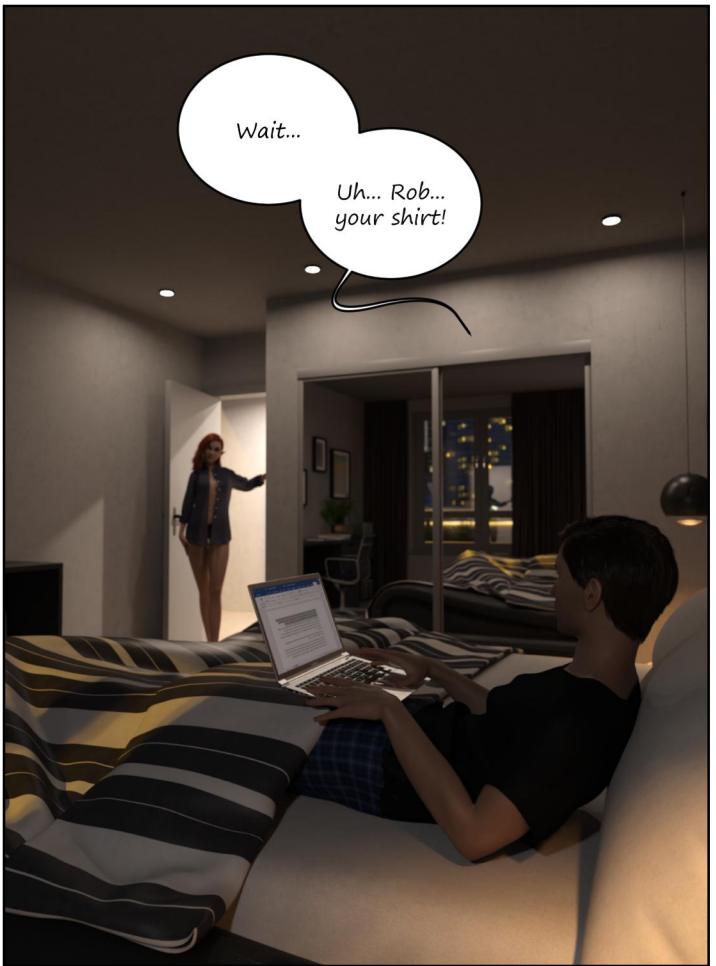



I had a
great time
tonight...

Yeah, it
was weird
at first,
but it was
a lot of fun.

Wait...

Uh... Rob...
your shirt!





You don't
like it?


No, you
look great.

But you are
also obviously up
to something



I'm that
obvious
am I?

Dude, this
isn't the first time
a girl's walked into
my room dressed
like that.



Are you sure
this is what
you want?


Is this a
memory your male
self will want to wake
up with tomorrow
morning?



I think
so...

Like, I know
that tonight I've
happily tried things
that I'd never want
to try as a guy.

That my
personality and
demeanor have
changed.



But I'm
still me in the
driver's seat.

It's like
I'm a character
in a play, acting
out their role.

Well, maybe
not a play, since
unless its improv, you
don't have much agency
since you have to
follow the script.





Okay.

It's more like
I'm playing a
character in
a game.

Like a
live action
role-playing
game!


I've always
been curious about
playing a LARP,
but it just felt like
it would be
awkward.



My character
has motivations,
preferences, and
desires.

She has
her own way
of talking and
moving..

She has
different skills,
methods, and
habits than
I do.



But I, as the player, am still in control.

I still guide my character's path and choices

It's only the details of how she walks that path or answers a choice that have changed.

So you,
as the 'player,'
have decided that
'Adeline' will utilize
her persuasion skill to
convince me into
letting her join me
in my bed?



I suppose
you could put
it like that.




But are you
as unaffected by
'Adeline's' desires
as you claim
to be?

Just because
you feel that is
the case, doesn't
make it the
case.

You know as
well as I that it's
very difficult for a
person inside of an
experiment to remain
unbiased and
objective.






*Of course I do!
Professor Jenkins
never shuts up
about it!*

*And I know
that being Adeline
is influencing my
decisions...*

*So no, I'm not
at all claiming to
be unaffected by my
transformation.*




But
there is one
more thing you
should know...



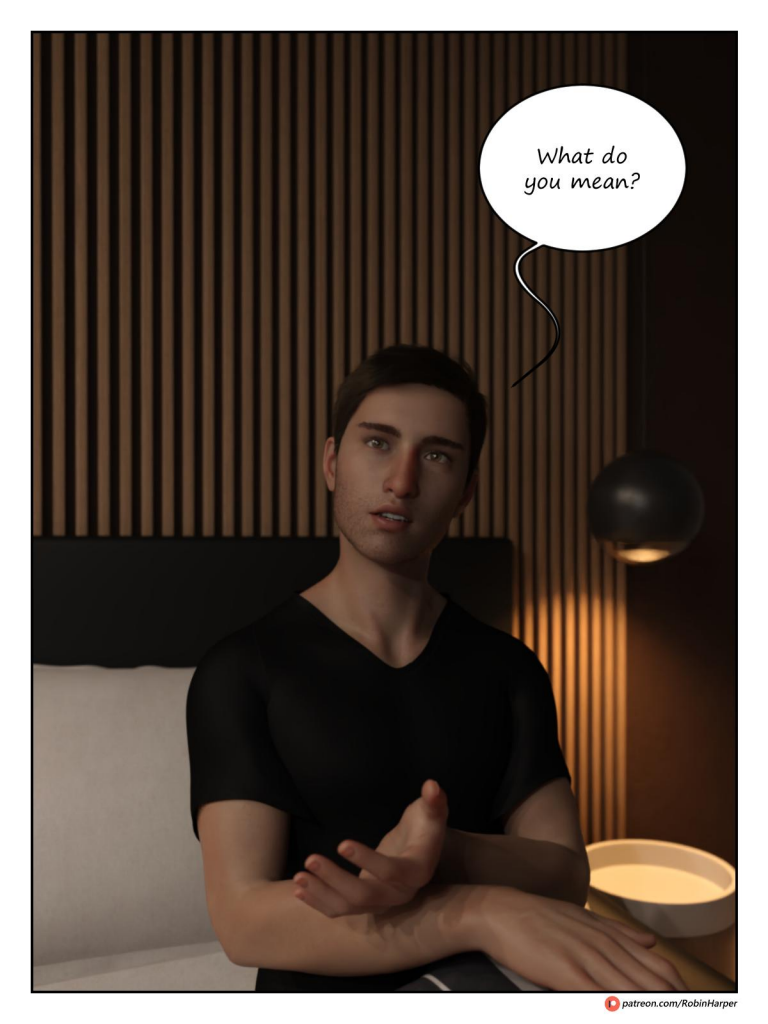
Which
is?



I... uh...



*I lied about
why I wanted to
try a berry.*



What do
you mean?

After I witnessed
Dave impossibly
transform into
a girl...

...I was
jealous.

And
I was angry
that I hadn't
been the one who
challenged Toby's
wager.

So when
Toby revealed he
had a second
berry.

I was
jubilant.

Because never
in a million years
did I expect to get
the chance to
experience being
a girl.




Wait...

Are you saying you've always wanted to be a girl?

No, not permanently or anything like that.

I've just always been curious to know what it would be like, that's all.





And having sex
with a man is part
of the essential
experience?




What?

No...
Well... Not
exactly...

When Dave asked me to help him with his bikini top, he whispered to me to not be scared to ask you to have sex with me.

But I dismissed his suggestion as just advice from a horny pervert.





Am I
curious about
what sex feels like
as a woman?

Sure.

But I do
I feel that it is an
essential part of my
experience of spending
the night in a
woman's shoes?

No. The gift
of simply being
in this body for a
few hours checks
that box.

But then the rest of tonight happened.

With the exception of our little photoshoot of course...


And on the surface, it was just like any other night that we hang out on the couch.



But frankly
tonight was
not like any
other night.

Tonight
we weren't just
two guys hanging
out together on
a couch.





Playing the
role of a girl
has changed how
I look at you.

How I...
...think about
you.

Like, look
at me!

As I guy, I
would never have
considered entering
your room wearing
an outfit like
this!



But when I
was building up
the courage to
ask you for this
favor...

While looking
in my closet for
something to
wear...

All I could
think about was
picking something
that would make you
look at me in the
same way I look
at you!




Rob, what
are you trying
to say?



I don't
know what
I'm trying
to say!






Ever since becoming Adeline my mind feels sharper.

I've grown more confident.

I even feel more articulate when I speak.

But despite
even all of those
mental improvements,
I'm still struggling to
express how I
feel!





Rob, I think it's quite clear what you feel.

Or at least what Adeline feels.

You're trying to say that this desire of yours has become about more than just sex.

Yeah...

That doesn't
weird you out
or anything
like that...

...does
it?



Truthfully,
yeah, it kind
of does.

I have to admit
that I'm not sure
how I feel about getting
intimate with my best
friend while he's taken
on the persona of a
gorgeous woman.



Would it help if you tried to think of me as Adeline and not Rob?

What, like pretend you're just a girl I invited over tonight for a date?



Yeah,
something
like that.

Ahem



Thank you
for dinner
tonight
Evan!

It was
delicious!

And thanks
for lending me
this shirt...

after I
spilled that
wine all over
my dress!



And before
you to get
the wrong idea
about me...

I have to
tell you that I've
never let things
go this far on a
first date!

But there's
this special
connection I
feel between
us, like...

Rob!



Not Rob...
Adeline!

Come on
man! Work
with me
here!

*I'm sorry,
but no amount
of role-play is going
to make me forget
that it's you beyond
those big blue
eyes.*





So you won't do it?

No, I didn't mean that, I'm just saying role-playing as someone else, isn't going to hide from either of us that you are you.

I can give you what you want, but...

I just need to know... are you truly ready for this?

My stomach
is filled with
butterflies.

I'm feeling
super nervous.


But, yes
I'm ready...





Okay, if this is what you really want, we can try.

But I'm just worried that doing it with you will make things things weird between us...



*It's too late
for that Evan,
it's already
weird.*

And I
like how it
feels!



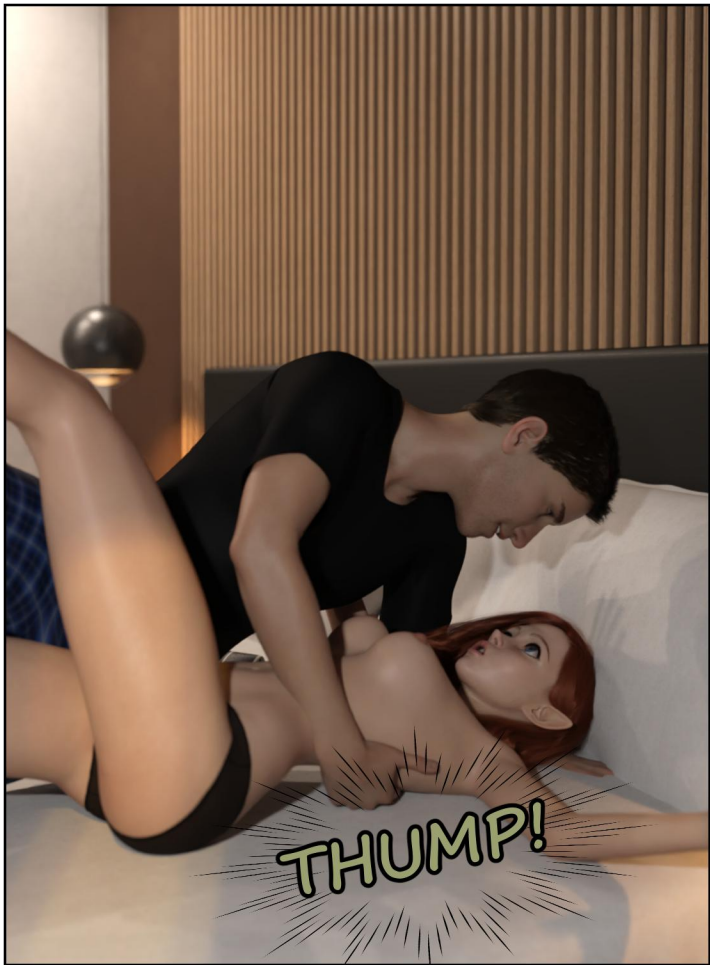
Wha...?

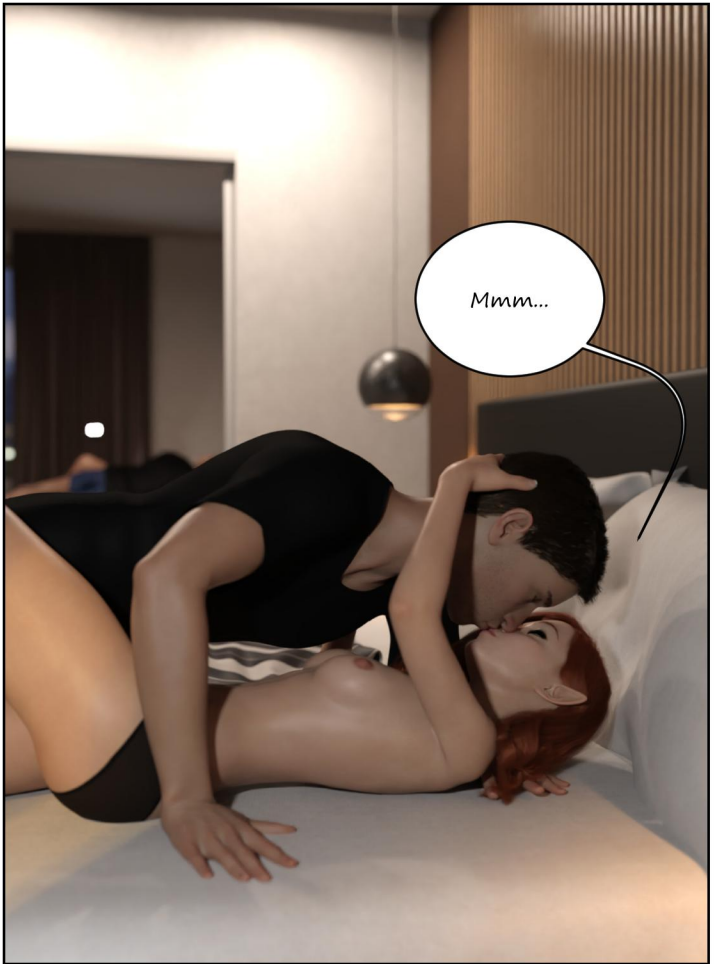





Whoa!

WHOOSH!





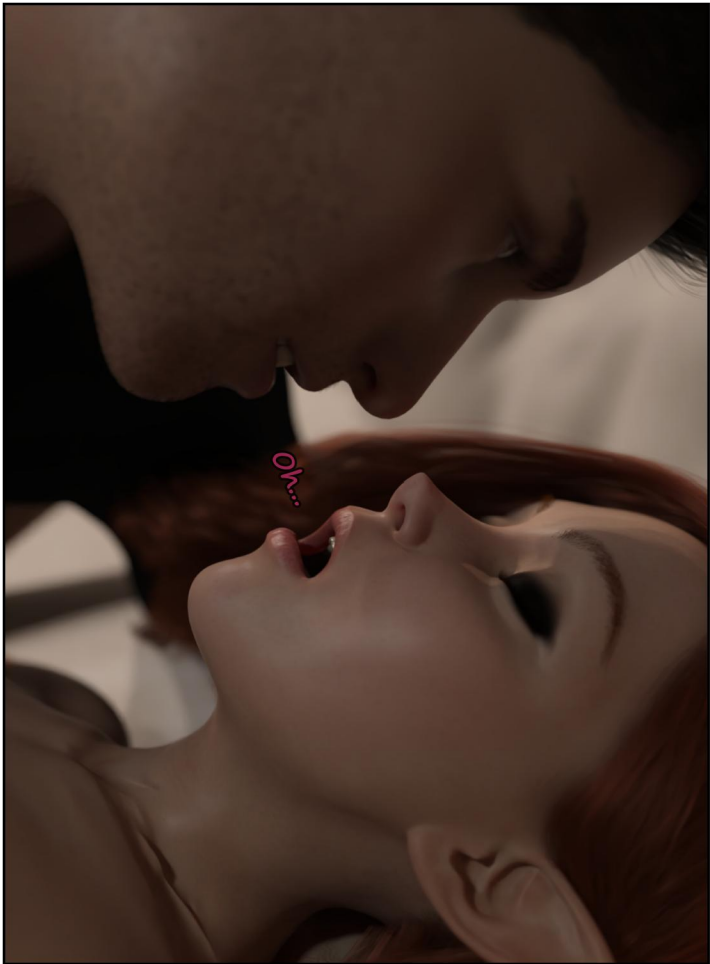
Mmm...

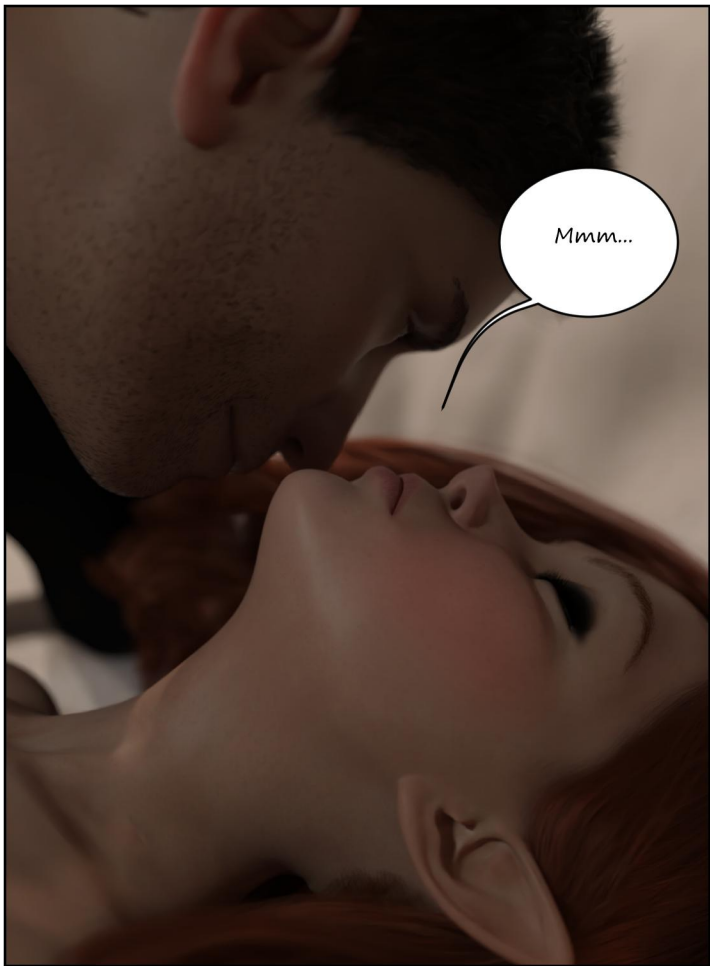


I'm jealous of
all of your old
girlfriends.

You really
are a good
kisser.







Mmm...



♥AM♥





Oh...h...

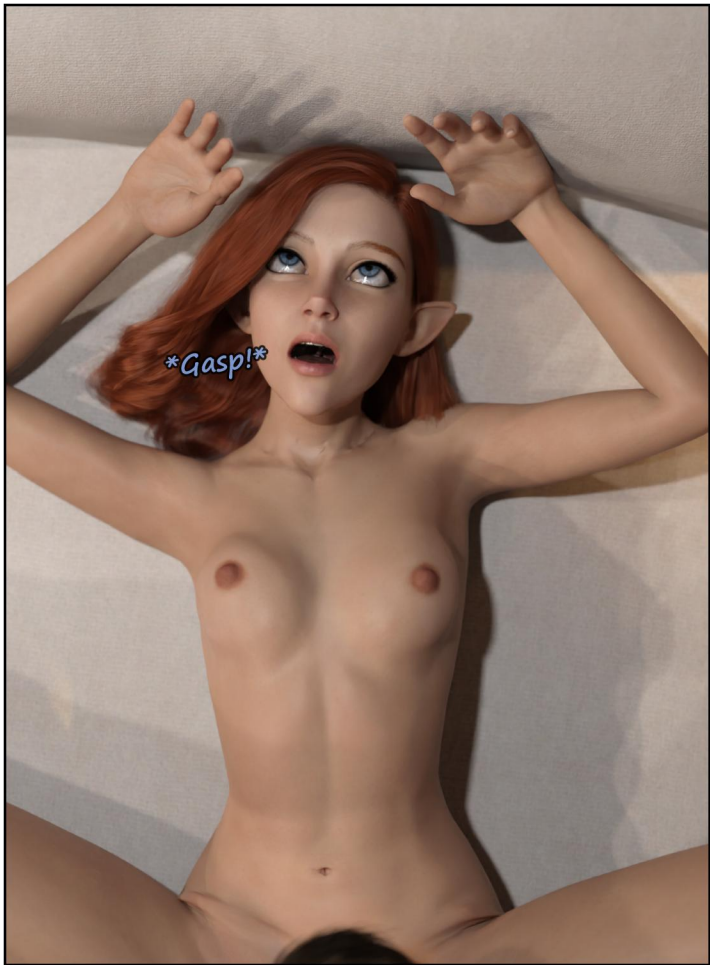




Whoop!

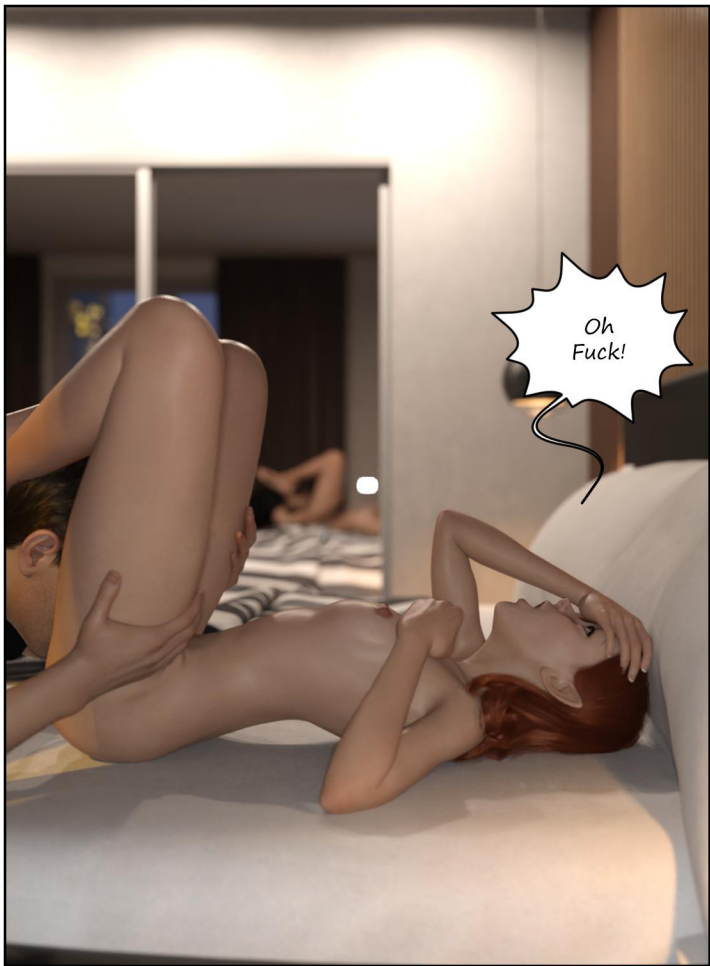
Ha ha!

Flop!






whimper







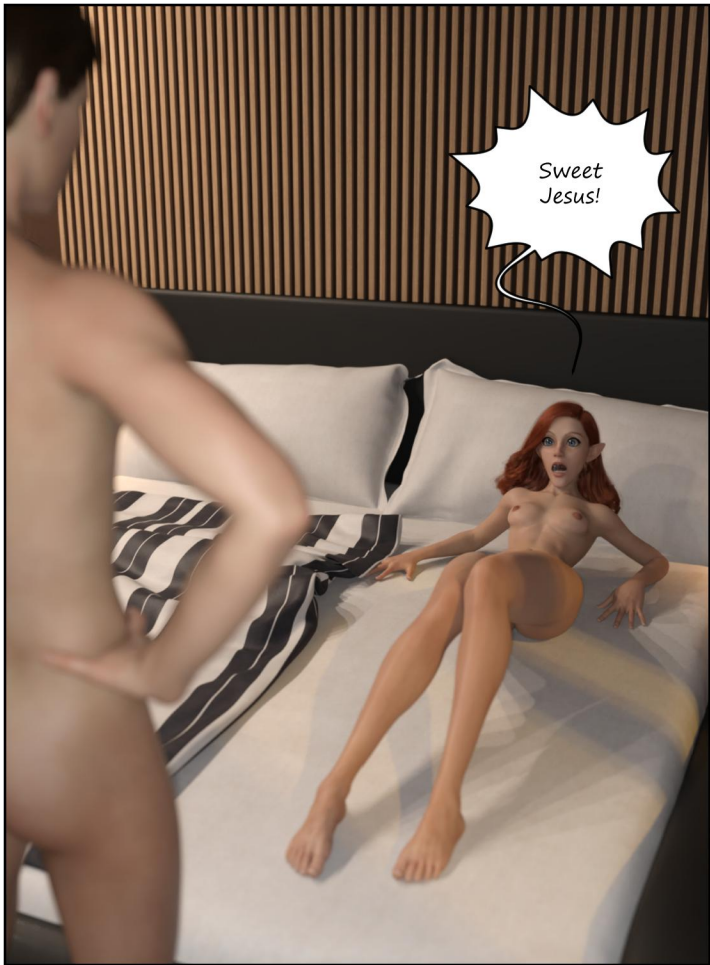
A man is shown from the back, shirtless, sitting on the edge of a bed. He is looking towards a woman who is lying on the bed, mostly obscured. The room is dimly lit with warm tones. A speech bubble originates from the man's head.

Now that
you're nice and
warmed up,

are you
ready for the
main event?

I think
so...





Sweet
Jesus!

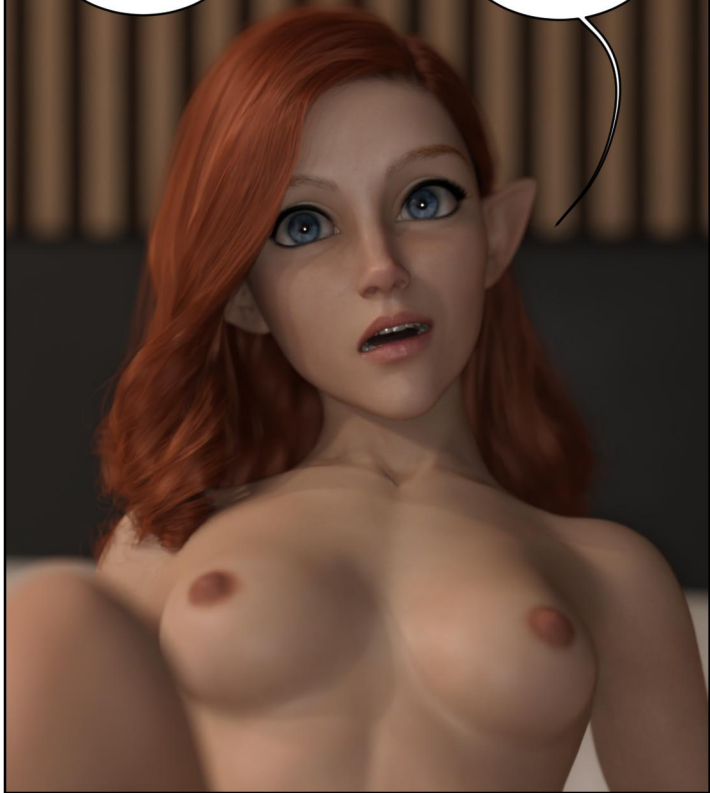
I've heard
stories...

...but
I never
imagined...



Like, not
to be rude or
anything...


...but are
you part horse
or something?



*That's far
from the rudest
thing someone's
said about it.*


*But no, I'm
pretty sure
I'm not part
horse.*






My torso is
proportionally
much smaller
than a real
woman's.

...will it
fit?



Now that's something girls do ask a lot about it.

But don't worry, your body might be tiny, but you've got giant hips, you'll be fine.



Okay, just
got to get it
into place...

Dude, that's
my butt!

I know,
but my dick is
flying blind...


You know
how hard it is
to aim this
thing!

...almost
got it...



There!

Oh!




I'll
start nice
and slow.

And
gradually
ease it
in...

I can feel
it stretching
me to my
limit!

I'm not
big enough!



It'll fit,
don't worry.

Are you
sure?

It's like a
hot poker is
pushing apart
my insides!



There.

All the way in now.

How does that feel?

Hard to describe...

It's like a feeling of being filled.

It feels good, I guess.



Good!

*Then this
should feel
even better!*









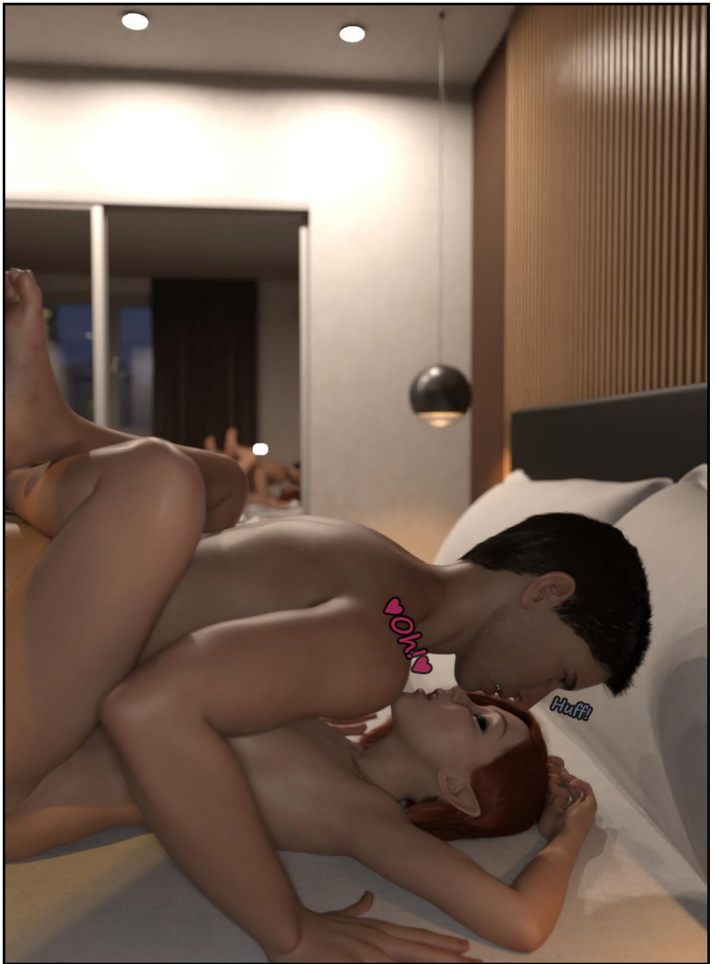


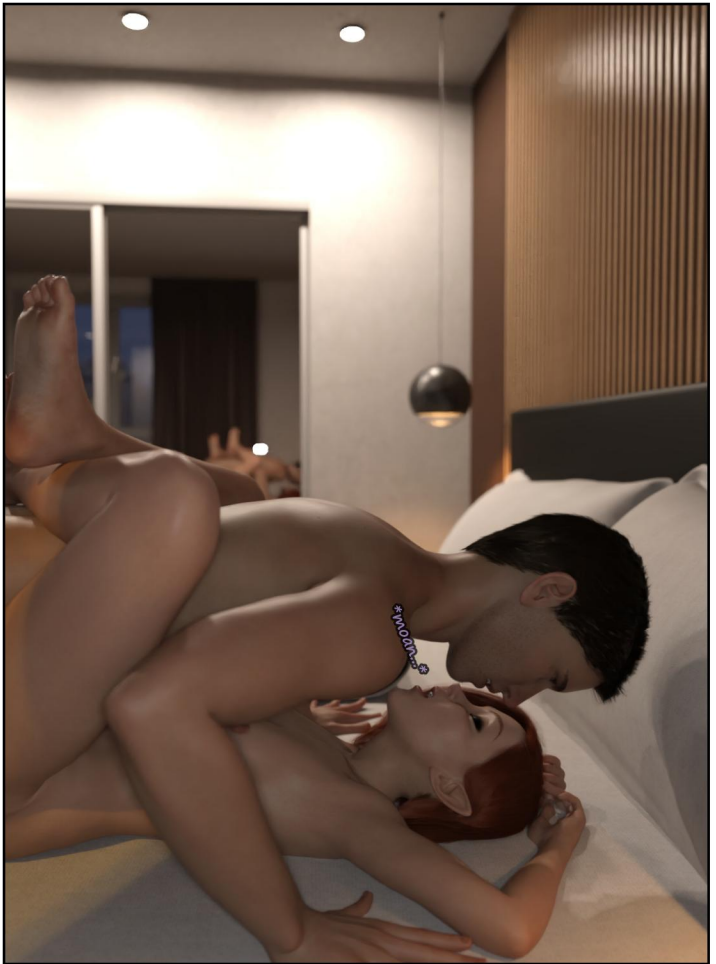


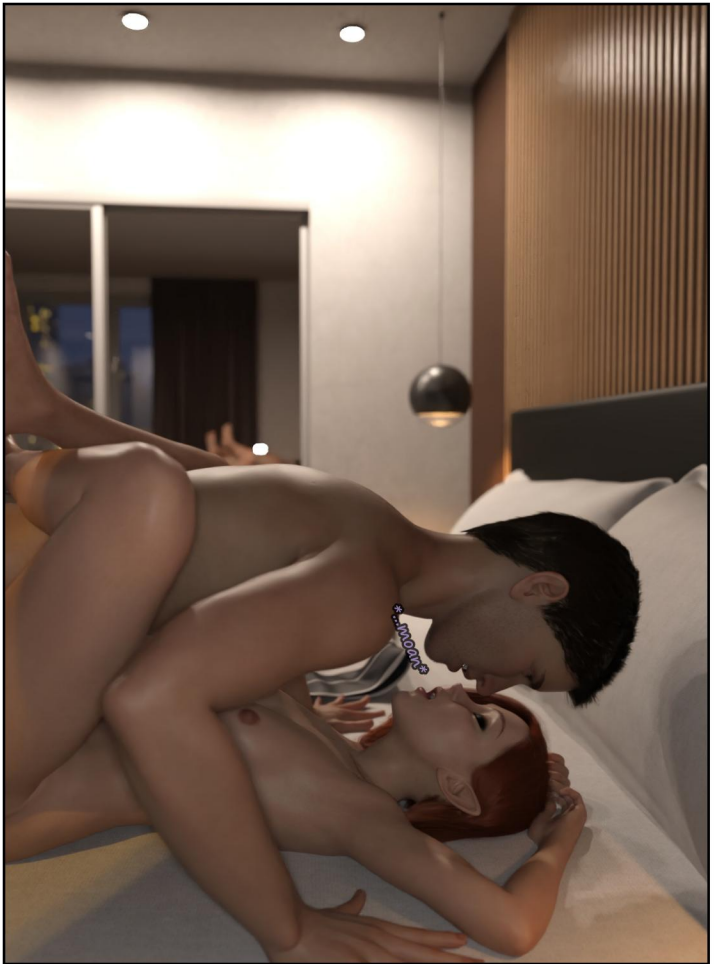












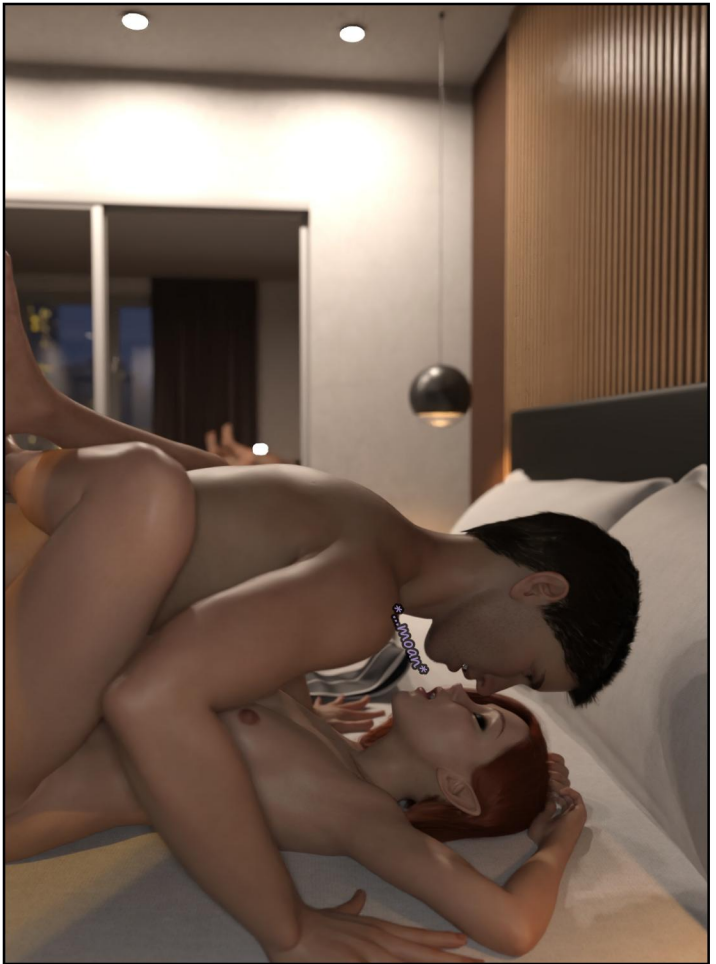








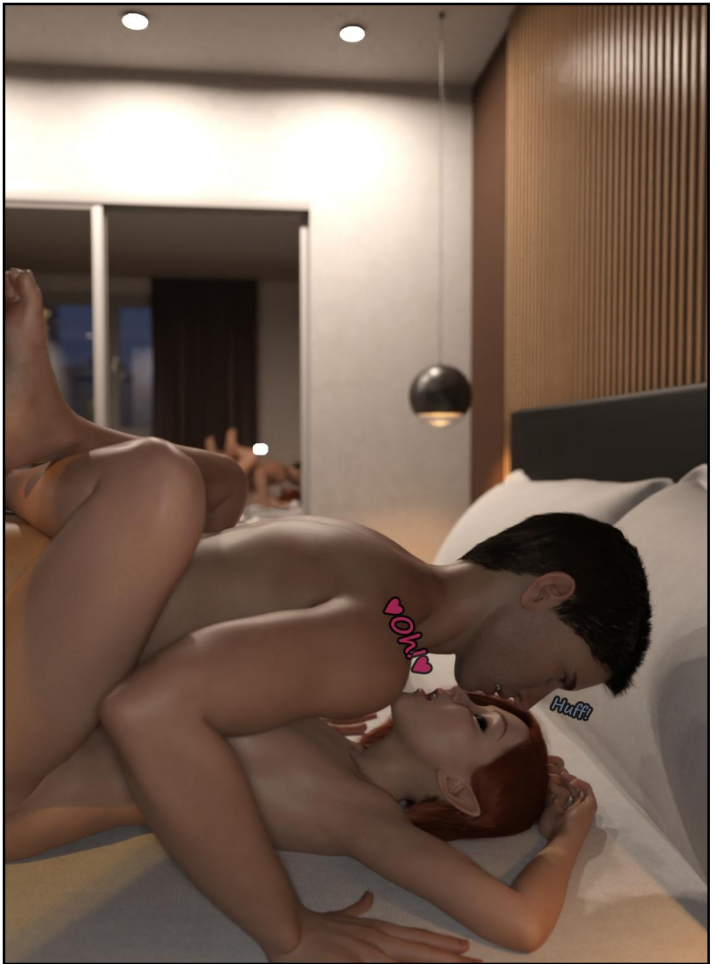




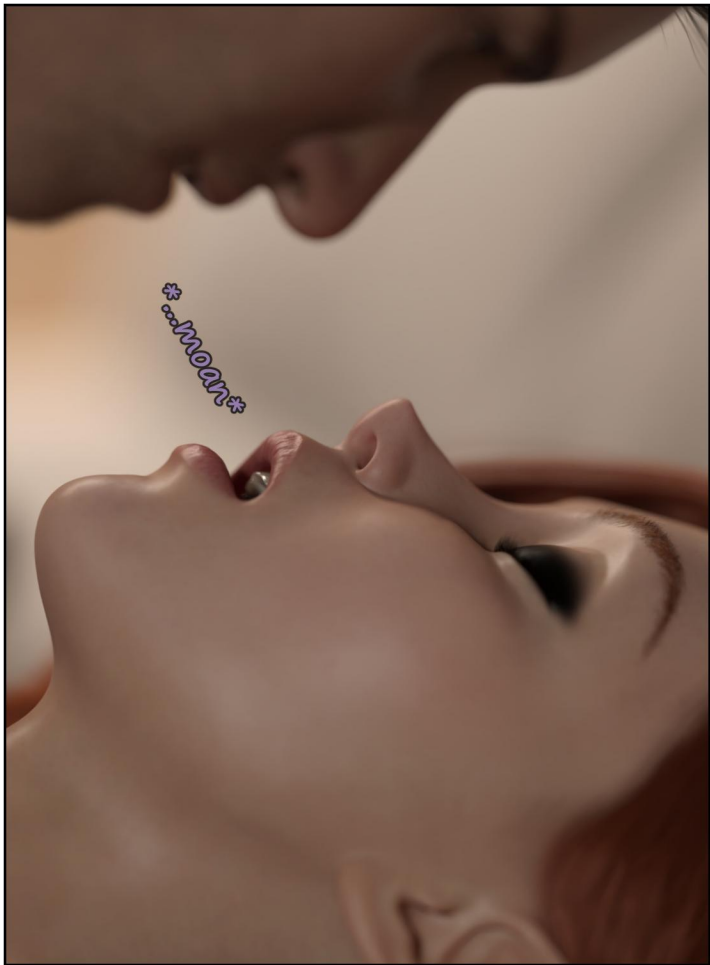






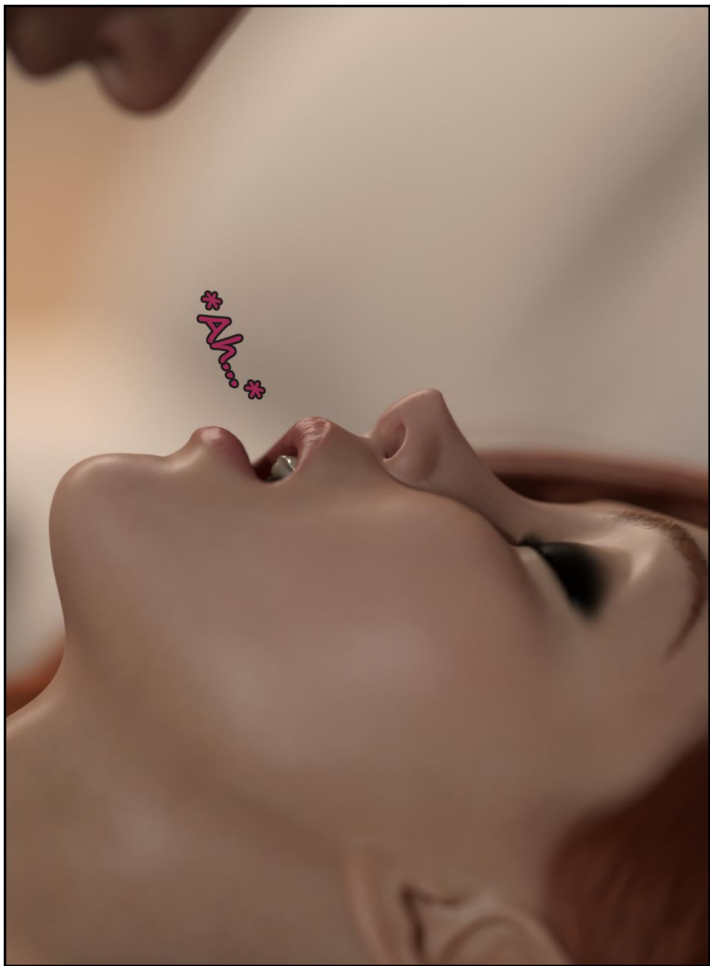


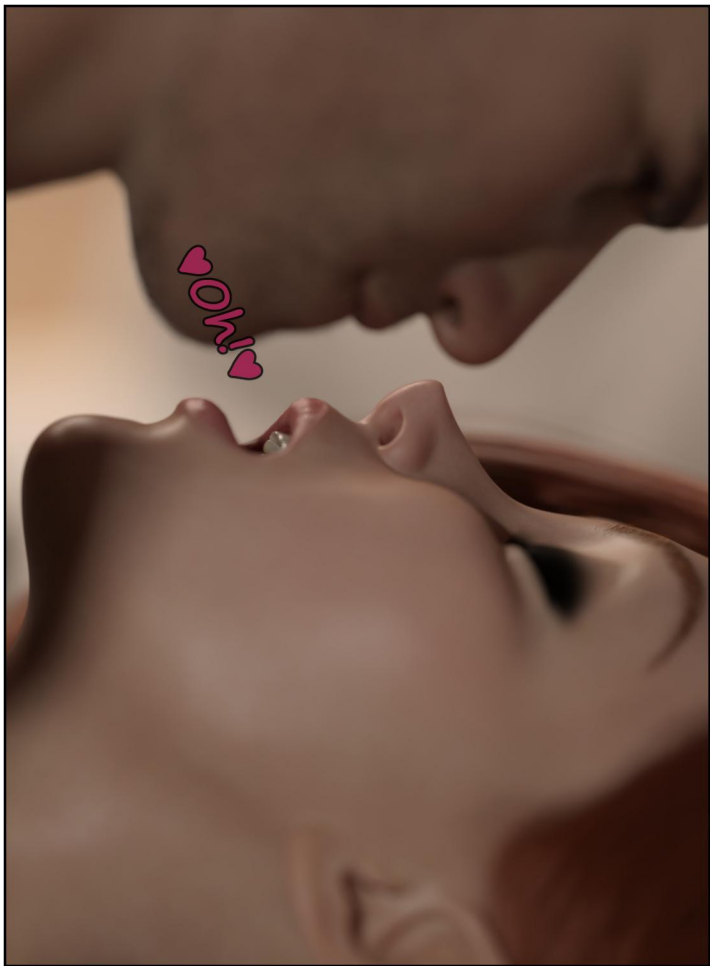






breathe







Uh...oh...

A close-up, high-angle shot of a man with dark hair and a light beard, shirtless, lying on a bed. He has a pained or frustrated expression, with his eyes closed and his mouth slightly open, showing his teeth. A woman's hands are visible on his back, performing a massage. The background is a dimly lit room with framed pictures on the wall.

Shit!




What's
wrong?

Why did
you stop?

I finished
too soon.

Didn't you
feel it?




Maybe...?
I was feeling
so much.

It was
overwhelming.

I must
have missed
it.

So is
that it
then?



Of course
not silly,

don't tell
me that's what
you've been doing
to girls.

Evan...

Yeah?


Can't get
a girlfriend,
remember?



Yeah, but you
have brought a
girl home before
right?

Sure, that
one time Julie
came over.


But we just
talked and she
didn't stay
the night.



Wait, so
you mean
that...?

This is
my first
time?

Yeah.

A man and a woman are lying in bed, embracing and kissing. The man is on top, leaning over the woman. They are both unclothed. The background shows a striped pillow and white bedding.

So you went
into this having no
idea what it feels
like to have sex
as a man?

Yeah, but...
mmm... I can say
that a girl's orgasm
is quite different
to a guy's!




The sexual experience is more than just the orgasm!

It includes embracing your lover.

Touching and exploring every inch of their body.

Kissing them, tasting their lips and their sweat!

Working their body into a state of intense and uninhibited arousal!




I'll have hook
you up with a
girl so you can tell
me the side that
has the better
experience!

Or... ah!...
you can try
taking one of
the berries...

No thanks,
I'm quite happy
enough as it is
experiencing sex
from this
side.

No offense,
but I'd rather
have a girl in
my arms than
a guy.

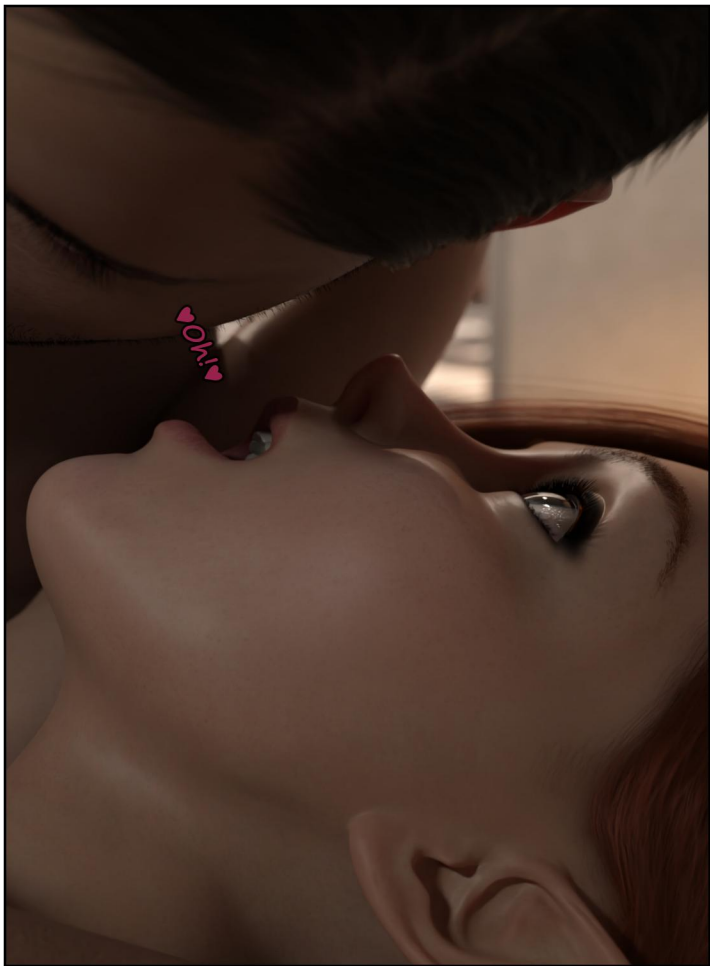




Doubly so
when the girl
is as gorgeous
as you!

Gasp!



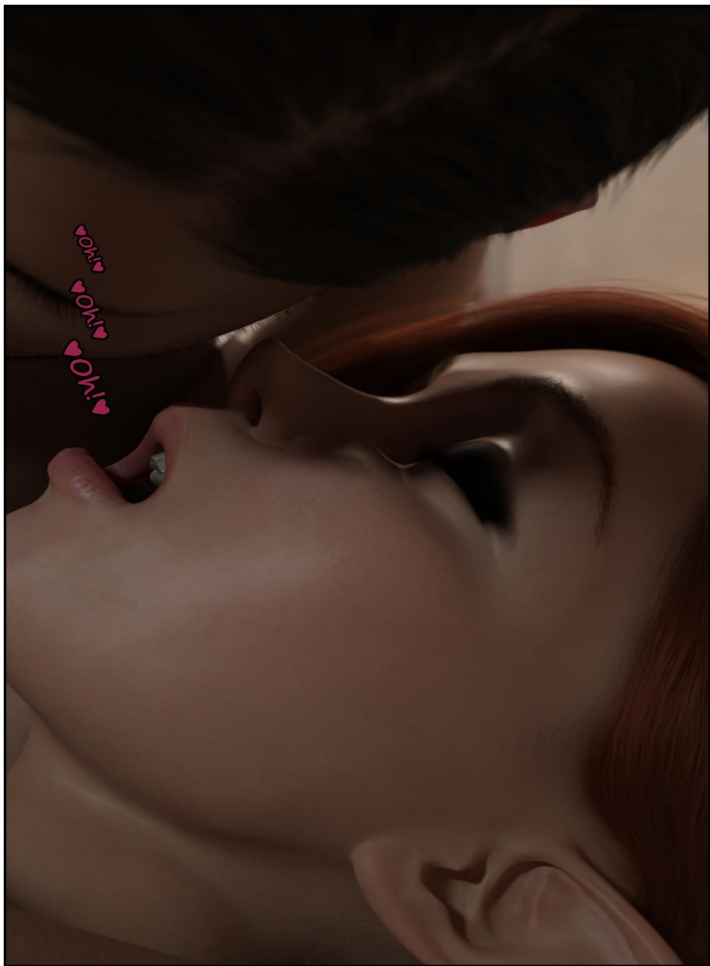


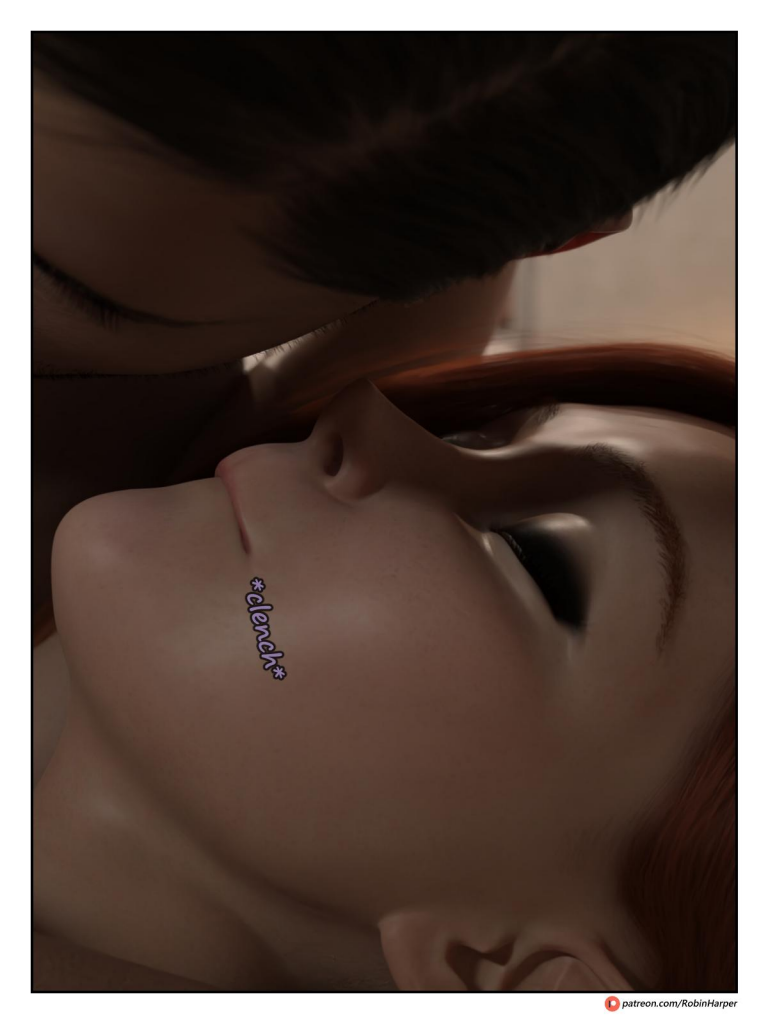


Oh Evan!

*Just keep
doing that!*







clenck



mmm...
...oh Evan...




Roll
over,


I want
to drive for
a bit.




As you
wish!

A woman with long, wavy red hair is leaning over a man who is lying on his back on a bed. She is looking down at him with a concerned expression. Her hands are resting on his chest. The man is looking up at her with a slightly open mouth, appearing to be in the middle of a conversation. The background is a dimly lit room with a white pillow and a lamp visible.

My god
Evan! I know
my hands shrunk, but
I swear your dick feels
like its the size of
a cucumber!



Like, I still
can't believe
that I can fit this
monster inside
of me!



Oh! But
it sure feels
good once it's
in there!



So good.





Oh Evan!

Having you
inside of me is
indecipherable!



I could...
...oh! ...ride your
glorious dick
all night!





Oh!


clench



I felt
it this
time!

I felt
you cum
in me!

Yeah?



You are on
the... male
pill, right?


Isn't it a bit
late for that
question?

But yeah,
I am.

That's good.

For a split-second I was worried I might get stuck like this if something like pregnancy messed up the spell.





I wouldn't
mind you being
stuck like
this.

But that's
just me being
selfish.

Don't feel
selfish, this
felt really good
for me too.



Like...


...I feel like I
could just lie on
top of you like
this forever...





Huh.

I knew
that the guy falling
asleep right away was a
stereotype, but I wasn't
expecting him to do
it to me!



So this is
it then, once
I go to sleep, I'll
change back.

Back to
being a guy,
an ordinary guy
without any
magic.






Like,
I am Adeline
right now.

A powerful
Elven Wizard able
to manipulate
magical energy
with ease.


Summoning
that fire between
my hands came much
easier to me than
I expected.

And examining
the berry's enchant-
ment on me should
be like child's play
for Adeline.



I just need
to decode the
spell, pick it apart,
and change it so that
I can keep her skills
permanently.

But how do
I start when I
can't even see the
enchantment?



Maybe it isn't
about seeing,
but feeling...

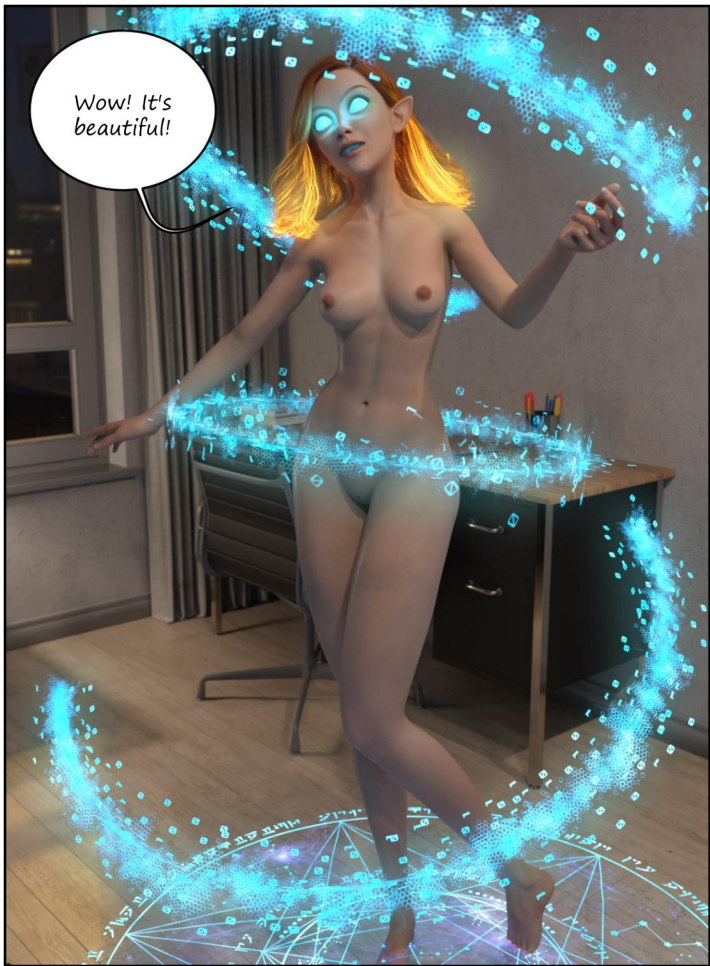
a sixth sense
that lets you
feel the energy
around you.

An energy
that surrounds us,
penetrates us, and
binds the world
together



There
it is!

Wow! It's beautiful!



Hmm...
this bit looks
promising...





But I think
this might be
a better place
to start.



There, I think I've got it all sorted.

Adeline's magical talents should now stay with me when the enchantment expires.




But what's this bit?

Well that's interesting...

Editing
this part of the
enchantment feels
dangerous.

Evan would
say that I'd never
dream of messing
with a core component
like this if I was
still myself.

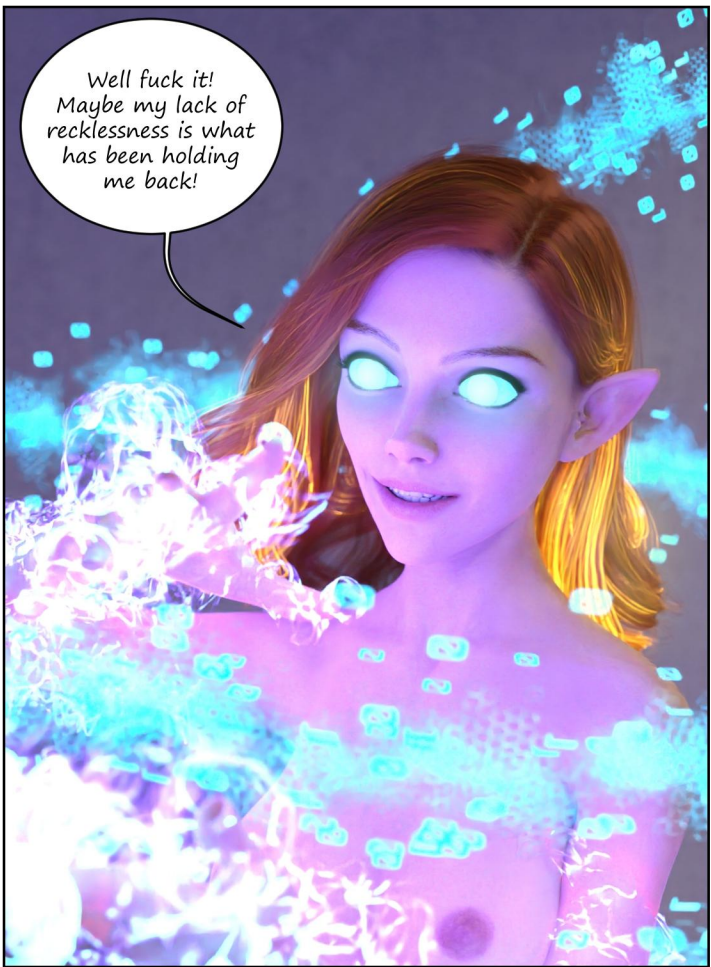
He'd say my
Adeline persona
is making me
reckless.



And is this
a change I
truly want?

If I decide later
that it was a mistake,
I don't think I'll be able
to restore what I'm
overwriting.

Well fuck it!
Maybe my lack of
recklessness is what
has been holding
me back!



Well Adeline,
it's been quite
a ride!





But it's
time to go
back being
me.

Well, a
better version
of me if those
changes work.



But even if they do, what if I've just fucked up my whole life?

