

## Chapter 1 - First Day

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“Nggggh...”

A small figure rustles underneath a thick layer of blankets on a bed in a small, but modest bedroom. The room is cluttered with various trash, such as water bottles, juice bottles, various junk food, and crumpled sheets of paper containing random scribbles. The bedroom is also furnished with a desk, and on it is an alarm clock, a laptop, a stack of notebooks, a lone, unopened journal, and an empty mug with a tea bag still inside. Finally, near the desk is a shelf and a body-length mirror.

The small figure makes its way out of the mountain of bedding, and reaches for the alarm clock which reads 11:40 am.

“Oof... it’s almost noon already?” they groaned in dismay, in a soft, high pitched voice. They then walk to the door, saying, “Oh well, I guess I gotta get myself some food-”

They stop to look at themselves in the mirror, and see a lithe, feminine figure that of a 12 or 13-year-old with long, lush light brown hair, complemented with a soft, youthful face. The round, wide eyes had chocolate irises and black, shiny pupils complemented with thin eyebrows. Their nose was small and their lips tiny. Below the shoulders is a small but growing bust. Their arms, hands, and legs were thin, smooth, and delicate, as if they were silk. The whole body was covered in a gray, baggy shirt that hangs past the elbows but just above the knees.

“No way...” they say in confusion and excitement as they look at themselves more closely. “Is this... really me?” They run their fingers through the soft locks, and immediately felt a sense of euphoric bliss that they never experienced before. They then examined the rest of their body all over, until they heard the bedroom door open.

“Jamie!” an older girl says from behind the door. She had a physique that was appropriate for a 20-year-old woman. She had dark brown hair tied up in a bun, with brown eyes that complemented her sisterly look. She was wearing a simple red blouse and a modest skirt, laid over by a white lab coat.

“Jamie, it’s about noontime already, so why don’t you get up and-” She is cut short by the sight of their sibling innocently feeling their body in the mirror, and admiring the changes.

They looked at their sister in a mix of surprise and embarrassment. “J-Jaiden! I was just, um... checking myself?”

Without a word, Jaiden checks her sibling from head to toe, taking note of the changes in a tablet computer she was carrying inside her coat. “Yep, looks like everything’s going great! You sure got a lot cuter though, you look like a middle schooler...”

They look in bewilderment as Jaiden makes her way to the mug on the table. She picks it up, and remarks, “It seems that my formulation worked better than I thought...”

It didn’t take long for them to put two and two together and realize that their sister drugged them to turn into a girl. “Wha-what was that you put in my tea last night?” they demanded.

“It’s an experimental drug of mine. I decided the test subject should be you, since I have no one else willing to try...” Jaiden answered.

“But... why? What do you think you’re doing with that?”

“You’ve been a lock-up for three years now! You don’t even go outside for a simple neighborhood walk! That’s why I created this medicine to show you what it would be like to...”

Thoughts ran into the newly-transformed girl’s mind as their sister was rambling. “No way... My younger sister... did this for me? Jennifer, a locked-up and closeted loser, given a second chance at life? This feels like a dream! Now I can do what I always wanted to do: be the girl I always wanted to be! I wanna try on some girl clothes, make some friends, get a girlfriend, and-”

Jennifer’s train of thought was interrupted by Jaiden catching her daydreaming. “Jaime? Were you listening to me at all?”

“Y-y-yes! S-so, um... Where were we?”

“What I’m saying is, this is just an experiment for this new drug we’re testing. We’ll give it 5 years, and if you didn’t like it, then I can turn you back to normal.”

“Um... right! Yeah... 5 years... I don’t mind...”

“Anyway, I got brunch for you at the kitchen table. You haven’t eaten properly in like, forever! And after eating, can you please clean your room? It looks like a petri dish in there!”

“S-sure thing! I’ll clean it up later!” Jennifer replied. “I must not let her know about this, though,” she muttered underneath her breath.

Jennifer made her way downstairs to the kitchen and dined on what is possibly the first great meal she had in a while. Sure, it was just a simple meal of leftover chicken and other veggies, but it was enough to satisfy her. Maybe it’s because she’s been living off of junk food for months or that her new body makes the food taste better, but whatever the case, she’s enjoying every second of it.

After a great brunch, Jennifer went back to her bedroom and cleaned up three years’ worth of garbage, all while musing about what her new life will be like. Three hours later, the room was tidy, and she opened up the blank journal she was saving. With a pen in her left hand, Jennifer began to document her new life as a girl.