

Just Another One of The Sisters

Siggy Commission for ProbablySomebody

Jordan was an average man with a simplistic mindset; do well in studies and live a well off life in the future. A stickler for rules and the iron law that one's parents should always be respected, his life from a small child in preschool to an adolescent teen in high school had been without incident, always doing well in class, always doing well to keep out of sight and mind from anything that might get him involved with bullies and other rowdy troublemakers. The first in line for class assembly and going home straight after the bells rang, while he did entertain small talk from other classmates here and there, he never truly did make any friends. Even his weekends were spent indoors or running track and field at the local stadium.

As a result of that borderline antisocial lifestyle, Jordan's only true comrades were his parents, who had an inkling that their son was isolating himself from the greater world beyond under the perceived notion that he'd mess up and disappoint them in some way or another. While they liked the studious and upstanding young man he was becoming, they knew things couldn't go on like this for much longer.

And so, on the week before he was set to move out for the men's dorms at a far off prestigious college that was the next and penultimate stage of his life before he hit the world as a free adult, his parents had made him swear to liven up a little, make friends and be his own man.

"You don't have to keep thinking about us in the decisions you make alright son? You're far past the age to worry whether mommy or daddy will get mad at you!"

With unanimous agreement from his mother, Jordan saw no reason to refuse, realizing to some extent that they were right. Although some part of him loved the reclusive lifestyle, the newly awakened mentality to buck up and make connections was slowly creeping in, plaguing him that night until he fell asleep next to the luggage he had prepared for his next three years on campus.

The next few days after were a blur; leaving home, attending the orientation programme, ice breaker sessions etcetera etcetera. Everything a standard college student would see and do on their first few days. And then came the momentous occasion when everyone would find out who their roommates would be if they ended up having to share one in the dorms.

And just as luck would have it, Jordan would find himself lumped in with a jock of a man with an outgoing personality called Ruben, installing himself as the batch's most energetic and friendly. A polar opposite to Jordan's quiet demeanor.

Suspiciously enough, the man had strung Jordan along to be recruited as the newest members of the boys fraternity club. Unsure of what to say or do, Jordan had simply gone along with it despite the residual mental fortitude telling him to say no, reminding himself that he wasn't just some wary kid anymore.

Unbeknownst to them however, a shady individual had their eyes locked on them from under a nearby tree. More particularly, they were focused on Jordan more so than Ruben, eyeing him with interest before narrowing in disdain at the frat house they vanished into.

"Now what could a goody two shoes like him be doing in that masturbatory hog pen they call a frat house..."

Standing at an above average height, the stranger's pleasant silhouette was framed by a long head of chestnut brown hair whose silken locks framed the inquisitive face of a young woman while extending down the front of her shoulders in twin pairs, diverting the eye over an unbuttoned navy blue blazer beneath which sprouts a buoyant chest clad in a flowery singlet that was the envy of many a girl. And just below that was a skin tight pencil skirt hugging her narrow waistline perfectly without a crease, highlighting her amazing figure even more with lengthy pillars extending down beneath them, tapering off into dainty feet clad in polished blue heels to match her top.

If it weren't for the student ID card poking out the back of her rear pocket, it would've been easy to mistake her for a well dressed lecturer doing her rounds around campus.

Despite the presence of such an outstanding individual whose presence was just as strong however, no one seemed to bat an eye as they strode by, ignoring the young student like she was a ghost even as she begins to move, heels clacking against the pavement while leaves crunching underfoot going unnoticed until she was right in front of the door leading into the two story building her quarry had entered a few seconds earlier.

Pressing her smooth palm against the door as if to open it, the young lady simply phases through the thick oak as if it weren't there at all, sending ripples through the wood in her wake as she vanishes from sight.

"Jesus...boys will be boys...would it kill to at least air the front hall for more than a minute..."

Muttering under her breath with a wrinkled up nose, the uninvited guests stops to take a brief exploratory look of the spacious interior of the frat house that reeked of sweaty bodies and unwashed clothes before continuing on her way, following the invisible trace left behind until eventually turning the corner to find Jordan sitting blank faced next to the pompous jock he had come in with, in the middle of a conversation with two other familiar faces; Fred and Ian, the third year and his junior understudy in charge of running every single community event and gatherings their rowdy frat boys partook in on a weekly basis.

And judging by that bewildered look on the naive young man's face compared to his buddy's nasty grin, they were probably setting him up for yet another of their ridiculous 'initiation rituals' that really was just a way for them to paint sexual harassment in more...socially acceptable terms...

But unlike the others who came before him, she could sense the potential this first year boy held as her eyes gaze over him, sensing mild discomfort, a smidge of disgust and a tiny tail of fear.

'Almost like a kid...who's never heard a naughty word before in his life...aren't you a curious one...'

Turning tail before heading outside, a decision is made within the girl's mind as a mischievous smile splits her lips, wasting no time in preparing the necessary gifts needed for a ceremony of her own...

'What the hell have I gotten myself into...I knew I should've stayed away from all this!'

Stealing, if he wanted to officially join the fraternity as a new member alongside Reuben, who had already snuck off elsewhere without warning, he would have to take an item unnoticed from within the girls sorority building on the other side of campus.

Easier said than done if you were someone with a heavy guilty conscience after years of not having to make any such decisions from his lack of a social life. No late night binges with friends, no secret outings to the mall without permission...But here he now was, at the first considerable crossroad of his life he had to make his own choices on where to go next, unsure of the consequences behind them.

What if they called him out for being a coward and started picking on him if he refused? Could he hope to pluck an item from his own personal belongings and pass it off as his bounty? How would he even begin trying to sneak into a place populated at all hours of the day? All these questions and others bubbled within Jordan's mind, clicking his tongue as he stood alone on the steps leading down and out of the frat house.

"So much for making friends..."

But right before Jordan can proceed to think himself into a deeper hole, the sound of heels clacking incessantly against the floor disturbs his focus, raising his head as shiny blue heels invade his vision, stunning him into momentary silence as his eyes come upon a striking beauty of a woman, dressed up in prim yet fashionable attire with an enchanting smile on her face framed by gorgeous brown hair the shade of caramel with a sparkly necklace hanging around her slim neck.

And in her arms she held a neatly folded stack of clothes consisting of what looked like a baggy blue jacket with an encompassing hoodie, form fitting workout shorts and a pristine white cap. Had she found them somewhere and thought to return them to the frat thinking it was from one of their own?



"Umm hi? Can I...help you with something?"

Giggling mischievously before doing a swift lap around the stunned Jordan whose mild blush only intensifies upon the scent of pleasant lavender left in her wake, the mystery woman comes to a stop before handing the clothes over to the stupefied man.

"You look like you could use a hand! You're a newbie right? Here to join the frat boys? If you're not sure where to start, that there's a secret ticket; makes you unnoticeable to all but the keenest of eyes!"

The first thought to come to Jordan's mind was questioning her sanity, glancing back and forth between the girl's outstretched finger and the clothes now held in his arms before finally returning his gaze to her dead serious face still locked in that unwavering bright smile of hers.

"A-Are you...serious? You...in the first place, why even give me a surefire method of breaking into the girls sorority? And what makes you so sure this'll eve-"

"-oh shush, don't you trust in a lady's words? All you have to know is that by wearing these special clothes, the girls won't even bat an eye even with a boy like you wandering about! And if you take my offer...there's a lil something on the second floor you can nab for the boys that won't be noticed...*

With a soft finger silencing any protest, the soft spoken Jordan, flustered at this first, close up encounter with a member of the opposite sex, backpedals as the energetic lady playfully flicks her finger upward, prodding the sensitive part of his nose to momentarily blind him.

"Ow! What was that...for...what the heck?"

Recovering quickly, Jordan's sentence dies off into disbelief as worried eyes scan his environment, moving to check behind pillars, trees even under benches. But his strange acquaintance had vanished just as suddenly as she had appeared, leaving not a trace of her existence behind besides the clothes still held in Jordan's hands.

Despite the doubts and questions rolling around inside his head, Jordan sighs as he inspects the bright blue jacket and comfortable cotton pants, even if they didn't work, these would certainly serve well as spare clothes to keep around. Either these were convincing fakes or that girl had just dumped some high quality stuff on him for free.

"Ah well...can't hurt to at least try...lessons don't begin until next week anyway."

Heading back to his room to get changed, Jordan sighs upon opening the door to an empty room, still no sight of Ruben anywhere at all ever since he snuck away after being told of the initiation.

Laying out all three pieces of the outfit the girl had given him, Jordan mutters upon the realization that there was a lack of a proper top included. Wondering if he should risk wearing one of his own before giving in to the idea of modesty as he tosses in a singlet. Better to stay comfortable than have some uncomfortable fabric chafing against his torso...and not to forget some proper underwear of course.

'With pants this tight...I'd be stupid to go out without something to hide it behind...'

Unbeknownst to the naive young man however, these clothes were laced with something. Not poison or anything trivial like that. Something arcane...old...out of this world...and the trigger for their activation was none other than the warm flesh of Jordan's body...

Slapping the tight leggings around his waist before working on the jacket, Jordan remains oblivious to the startling sight of his own flesh beginning to ripple and worm like a mass of worms contained by skin, repositioning themselves alongside his skeletal structure as pelvis bones push outward ever so slightly alongside lengthening leg bones as firm meat softens into delicate, plump fat that sidles in alongside streamlined layers of muscle that, while reduced in strength, were more than enough to power its owner through a 4 kilometer jog without stopping. All while his hairy legs lose wiry strands as they pluck themselves free before fading in ethereal clumps of blue powder, leaving behind curvy calves connected to firm, slappable thighs radiating a strong feminine allure...

By the time Jordan was done sliding his arms into the warm, comfy sleeves, his lower half had changed just enough to lend him an androgynous appearance, and with his girlish face remaining unchanged despite the passing of puberty, it all came together to lend him the perfect disguise needed to infiltrate the sorority. As long as no one notices the slight bulge between his legs, he should be fine...hopefully.

'Ah right...almost forgot the cap!'

Bending over to snatch the thing off the bed, the magical clothing takes the opportunity to work on Jordan's gaunt ass, inserting the excess mass sapped from muscle into his rear end, converting the hardened clumps into



gelatinous fat that all adds up into a rotund bubble butt that wasn't too large but just enough to add some nice curvature from all sides, complementing wide set hips and a tightened waistline that led up to a still shifting chest with a sexy, toned navel right in the middle of it all, wrapped up in creamy smooth skin that gave Jordan the appearance of a porcelain statue that could break with the slightest force. The athletic bodybuilder physique he was nurturing a distant memory compared to this.

'These clothes...they might just be able to help me get through this!'

Giving himself a once over in the mirror, the oblivious man checks his pockets for his belongings before heading out the door with a renewed pep in his step, unaware of some of the boys casting lecherous glances his way as their eyes stayed glued to what they presumed was a girl's ass and the hypnotic sway of hips they couldn't help but fantasize getting their hands on until he vanishes from view, heading downstairs and right out the door.

And as two passerby's gossip amongst each other, the room Jordan had just left begins to change, becoming a single occupied room as the nameplate on the door flickers like a digital glitch before leaving one name behind...

"The hell're you? Gay? That's Jordan you're drooling over!"

"Jordan? Damn...I thought the man was more muscular than he was a literal fat ass! Didn't we just see him get dragged into the frat house?*

"Frat house? Why're we even talking about that?"

"Huh? B-But didn't you...wait...what were we even discussing again? Could've sworn I just saw someone...leave that room over there?*

"Ehh it's probably just Ruben...lucky bastard's got a room all t'imself!"

Stopping right outside the busy lane leading to the sorority building, Jordan heaves a heavy breath before adjusting the white cap to cover just a little more of his face just in case he had to get up close with any of the many girls hanging in and around the entrance with the many juniors already getting to know their seniors making things much more hectic. Deciding to put the hoodie to good use as he hesitantly slides it over a softer head of hair that goes unnoticed, even as silken strands of oak begin to plaster themselves to a slick brow above sleek narrow eyes.

"Breath in Jordan...you can do this...just get it, grab something, and get out!"

Clenching fists that were midway through becoming slender digits tipped with polished pink shells, Jordan takes a shaky step forward before another...and another, nervous steps taking him slowly through the horde of girls standing between him and that open door just down the path.

"Jordi? Is that you? You're looking a little shaky there...aren't you supposed to be asleep? Your cold isn't going away if you're walking around dressed like that!"

Jumping abit as sharp fingers probe through the sides of his jacket against unusually sensitive skin, Jordan slowly turns around, keeping his cool despite the fear that he had been discovered,.meekly nodding his head before words begin to spill from his mouth; what he thought to be an incoherent babble, a sorry excuse.

"Ughh...y-yeah! I was just on my way back from the...m-mess! Plus, this stuff helps me sweat out the sickness y'know?"

After a moment of awkward silence between him and the skeptical first year student he remembered as Nicole from orientation, the auburn haired girl shrugs her shoulders before landing a few hefty pat's on his shoulder.

"If you say so...just remember to get some rest alright? You should get Lydia to help you y'know?"

"I-It's fine, not like I can't do something simple like...getting a drink! Besides, Lydia's busy so I don't want to bother her...thanks Nicole..."

Parting ways before rushing up the front steps into the sorority building, Jordan turns a corner before finding an empty room to slip into; silently closing the doors to what looked to be a storage room before heaving a heavy sigh of relief, wiping the sweat off his brow with the back of his hand while a previously absent sag to his chest makes itself known, slowly growing larger and firm over time with each haggard breath.

"God...I thought she'd find out for sure!"

If he wasn't so out of breath, the man might've realized how he'd easily brushed aside the use of an effeminate version of his name while ad libbing an excuse for this Lydia person on the fly, unaware of a budding history of having met and seen this person influencing his words flowering within the back of his mind.

And from the twitching bulge between his legs and the resultant warmth radiating from a heated tummy as internal changes kick in, 'He' might be a very misleading term to use right now as Jordan slips the hoodie off his head, letting loose hair that was already long enough to pool down and around his shoulders in soft tufts, draping over and sticking to a girly face that had only grown more feminine since heading off from the dorms; complete with fuller, gloss pink lips and a cute button nose between wide curious eyes housing brown pearls that were of the same hue as his hair.

Moving on from his brief rest, Jordan remains blissfully unaware of the absence of his manhood, no longer run injif uncomfortably down between his legs where the puffy outlines of a pudgy cameltoe were being finalized as the plump lips of a pussy lie cradled in the soft embrace of cotton panties that had been formed from the men's underwear previously slung around Jordan's hips, his formerly proud and erect pecker left as nothing more than a tiny nub of nerves twitching inside a blanket of moist pink flesh above a slightly damp slit, framed by the pleasant thighs of a sporty young gal in her prime.

"What did she say again...second floor...but...which room?"

Glancing around the long corridor, Jordan finds himself unsure of what to do as he slowly begins exploring the length of the right side, moving silently while eyeing the nameplates over each one; Maddie, Roxanne, Susan...the names went on and on...all with sounds of habitation echoing from somewhere behind the thick oak.

"Damn it...should've been more clear with her direct...eh?"

Until his eyes come upon two familiar names; Lydia and Jordi. Putting his ears up against the door, he could hear not a sound coming from the other end, but testing the handle, he was disappointed to find it locked before a sudden thought crossed his mind, eyes widening slowly in a mix of both fear and resolution while reaching for his back pocket, wincing at the touch of a softer behind before digging into the pocket he was aiming for, trembling fingers wrapping around the cold steel of a key.

'No...that's not possible...it can't be!'

Sliding it into the keyhole and twisting gingerly to the side, a stifled gasp in the voice of a girl escapes his lips as the door slowly creaks open after a satisfying click, revealing the very clean and girly interior of a spacious room fit for two...

"But...where's the second BED?!"

With his voice elevating into a startled yell by the sudden emergence of a pair of hands from behind the door, Jordan finds himself being pulled inside the room previously thought unoccupied, coming face to face with a familiar individual as her boisterous laughter bounces around the room with the door slammed shut once more by her agile feet.

"Hahah! You totally scream like a girl! Took you long enough Jordi, I was waiting for you ever since I peeped you coming in from the front, nice tact there handling Nicole!"

"W-Wait! You're that girl who handed me the clothes! And J-Jordi?! What do you mean by that? Were you spying on me?!"

"Woah~ Easy there girl, I know you've got a lot of questions but settle down first why don't you...it'll also help you get...'caught up' on the situation~ Now stop moving and lemme do the honors!"

"W-W-Hey! Get off me-eyaah! That tickles! S-Stop!"



Despite the way she worded it, the girl from earlier who had handed Jordan the clothes takes a step forward before grabbing ahold of the baggy jacket, tugging up hard while ignoring the man's panicked whiny protests, struggling to tear the thing off with how sweaty and clinging the material now was. But with a little bit of effort and persistence, the suffocating jacket comes free alongside the hat, knocked off amidst the pairs panicked flailing and furious murmurs, sounding like two girls having an argument...which wasn't too much of an incorrect assessment to make when the jacket finally comes loose to reveal a sweat soaked short cut singlet exposing plenty of flesh, beneath which laid a hefty bosom rivaling that of the triumphant girl standing with her prize in hand before promptly discarding the thing and taking ahold of Jordan's shoulders, shoving the undeniably feminized man before the full body mirror leaning against the wall, silencing her protests as she freezes on the spot, hand held high in the air while the other laid strapped over her massive breasts squeezed right against her chest. Blushing furiously at the sight of her drastically altered self with incredulous eyes unsure of where to even look....she looked almost like...

"Like the gift Jordi? I made special care to bring out your mother's side of the family tree when your male side already looked that good~"

She should've been panicking, kicking and screaming at the very least, but Jordan, or rather Jordi, stood frozen with her partner's arms still rubbing suggestively against her petite shoulders. Unsure of what to even say as that social awkwardness returns to her once more, slowing down her awareness as the full might of her current situation falls upon her alongside something else, making it harder to say something, anything. All while the girl she now knew to be Lydia begins to grow concerned, feeling Jordi's shoulders grow limp in her grip as her body falls to the side, barely able to hear Lydia's panicked shouts as her head hits the floor alongside something else clattering to the floor, falling loose from her back pocket before rolling to a stop by her face, plastic clear surface doused in condensation from her arid breaths hiding the new details printed beneath it from view.

With her vision growing dark, the most she could make out were her personal details; all of it besides two things remaining unchanged. Her name and sex, altered to reflect her new position in life just before Lydia turns her over, cradling her limp body sweating buckets back to bed, running an incredibly high fever spurred on by panic, going unnoticed after the adrenaline pumped into her from the clandestine mission to sneak into the sorority.

With reality being bent to make way for Jordi, a 19 year old female student taking a course for a degree in Law. Her orientation week had also been changed to reflect the sudden change.

Instead of being sent on a pointless errand in a bid to join the boy's fraternity, Jordi had spent the last few days cooped up inside her room because of a flu, and because she was feeling mildly better, had decided to go get some food at the mess hall dressed in her usual sporty attire.

And in today's weather where the heat was searing and the cold was bone chilling? That was an easy recipe for a resurgence...

So it was no surprise when said fever fully kicked back into gear while Jordan was still coming to grips with being transformed into Jordi without her knowing, allowing for the sickness to regain its iron grip over her mind and body. She felt like shit; wanting to vomit, losing strength to a terrible ache in her limbs, struggling to stay awake with a terrible pounding in her head as if a miniature conga line of jumps was doing the rounds inside. And her vision was so lopsided and triple layered that she could barely see and feel Lydia holding her hands over her stomach before muttering something incoherent in a language she had never heard before, filling her vision with green before it all begins to fade, feeling like an invisible hand had pulled her consciousness to the dark comforts of sleep...

Before being kicked back out as a sudden burst of air shoots into her dried lungs, spasming in bed while hacking and coughing violently much to Lydia's relief.

"Thank god...what was up with you back there? You were running a fever and never told me?!"

"Ack! Gahak! I...Wh...What even is all this? I...listened to you...put on your clothes...snuck in...and t-the sickness...now I'm a girl?! What did you do to me?"

"Alright alright hold your horses...no need to spout the same questions again...first things first...take a look at this! I think that'll be enough to explain what's happened to you~"

Crawling over to fetch the discarded ID and key while giving the recovered Jordi a good show of her behind, the excited eccentric hands her the items, sitting back down by the bedside with an eager look on her face as her unwitting bedmate begins to inspect her altered ID card with a mild look of shock on her face.

"Jordi Wells...age...19...female...Law student...my face...you've..."

"...made you a bona fide girl? You got it!"

So many questions were on her mind, but at the forefront of it all was the realization that she felt little to no panic at all despite the literal sex change and implied alterations to reality itself.

"And if you're wondering why you're not taking this a little harder...think back a little...to...let's say, right before leaving for college!"

Doing as asked, her mind replays the events leading up to before she had arrived here, realizing she could recall two sets of separate yet identical memories within her mind. On one hand, the pep talk she has received was more or less the same, but on the other, the things she packed alongside the two rooms she stood in that rang close to heart were different. As were her previous memories as her mind went further beyond.

Instead of receiving a toy jet model for her 7th birthday, it was a playhouse doll set. Instead of making small talk with boys and helping others with homework, it was rejecting confessions. And alongside the confusion and mild fear she once felt about pubic hair growing in, there was fear and terror at the memory of waking up with a large red stain on her bed...

Fast forwarding to current times, and her new introductory phase into college fills her mind. While it was mostly the same, she had been on the girls side of things while remaining bedridden because of the fever her roommate had miraculously cured her of...but all that didn't answer the ultimate question as she turned to look at the smug brunette; why had Lydia seen fit to transform her into a girl in the first place?

"I see that look on your face...and sure...I could've told you about it right off the bat but...where would the fun in that be?"

"Umm...yeah...I guess you could say that...why me? And...are you a...witch?"

"Well...you actually weren't on my list of options, I had planned to just alter the arrangements so I ended up with a decent roomie...until you came along...and yes, I know a lil bit of magic so I guess you could call me a witch."

Rising from her seat before moving to fetch a bottle of water from the nightstand and tossing it over to an attentive Jordi, Lydia resumes her tale, leaning against the wall with a wistful look on her face.

"Normally magic rings strong in girls of pure upbringing with equally strong spirit...but you...you were giving off enough energy for a boy! And I've been watching you, peeking at your memories...and letting you lose your way to those doors over at the frat house? That sounded like an absolute waste to me...plus it was killing two birds with one stone...and now here we are Jordi..."

Pushing off the wall before leaping onto the bed with her knees between Jordi's long supple legs, Lydia leans in close with their bodies pressed up close together, forcing a gentle sigh to escape her stunned roommate's lips as her hands find purchase along Jordi's exposed hips, ravishing them with gentle rubs but stopping right before their lips could connect, leaving her flushed and embarrassed at all the new, yet familiar feelings running through her body.

"I'm not totally unreasonable...not like that jerk Ruben who set you up with his buddies in the frat...so I'll give you an offer Jordan...if you're not comfortable with this, I can undo everything, and you'll walk out of here not remembering a single thing...but!"

Unbeknownst to Jordi, Lydia's fingers had crept up her torso and under her singlet before suddenly tightening around her newly erect nipples, tweaking the one over her right breast with a giggle as the the awestruck girl contorts in pleasure, arching her slender spine in ecstasy as her tongue leaps out in the air alongside a throaty moan that leaves both women heated and ready for more.

"If you're okay with this...I'll be the bestest friend you've ever known~ Your first and only friend even...so what do you say? Are you in, or out...honestly, I'd love to have you Jordi...you're just my type...but if not...I can understand if you want Jordan to take the reins...don't leave me hanging dear, I'll have you know I memorized that whole play before you got here!"

Sighing in disbelief, Jordi turns her focus from Lydia to her surroundings, catching sight of her luggage and belongings alongside the flowery attire of girls sportswear hanging in the wardrobe she now remembered as hers. If her life was more or less the same as before...and, if Lydia could be trusted in saying that she had the potential to become a magic practitioner like her...maybe...

"Maybe...maybe I'll give it a try...a day or two...it can't be tha-abnnmff~"

Interrupted midway through voicing her final decision as Lydia leans in for a sudden kiss while nudging her knees against Jordi's crotch, the brown haired girl gives in as her clawing hands relax before wrapping awkwardly around Lydia's shoulders, giving in to her passionate kiss before it ends just as abruptly as it began, leaving a string of honey dangling between their lips and the steam of burning love hanging around their faces...except the self processed witch seemed about ready to lose herself to her more bestial urges as her grip begins to tighten around Jordi's supple body, strong hands beginning to shred her singlet while sliding off pants, and the poor animal that was Jordi senses the danger too late, struggling to slide out of her shadow in renewed panic.

"Two days? Oh sweet Jordi~ It won't even take me an hour to get you hooked! Now...stop moving and...let me have at you~"

"W-Wait, Lydia no! Stop! Kyaa!?"

Shoving her off the bed in her lustful haze to get at her, Lydia giggles before removing her hands from Jordi's body, casting another, much stronger spell uncaring of her sole audience member that sends a blue pulse of energy washing over the room, cladding both women in new, positively girlish clothes free of sweat, saliva and juices before conjuring an aromatic cup of tea in midair that lands perfectly in Jordi's outstretched hand. Lydia now clad in a woolen form fitting dress with cutouts for her shoulders and Jordi in rather normal casual wear with a very...non discrete cutout that exposes her top with a generous view of her cleavage. Leaving her slack jawed as she glances back at Lydia with a mild look of disbelief and disappointment.

"W-What? But I thought-"

"-I was gonna make love to you? Without even getting to know each other? Jordi Jordi Jordi~ you naughty girl...like I said, I'm not unreasonable...and while I did peek through your mind...I want to hear what you have to say from those sweet little lips of yours...oh and before I forget...meet Chowder!"

A brief burst of blue light was the only warning Jordi would get before a massive fur ball smashes into her side, slobbering wet tongue exploring her face alongside very eager panting from a mixed breed dog with floppy ears and a lustrous coat of fur colored the same as its presumed owners hair.

"Hahah! That tickles...good boy...there there...oh?!"

"What about me huh? Chowder's taking all the attention and you've only just met!"

Caught between two hugs with hands and paws grabbing at her ticklish spots, Jordi was barely able to hold on to her drink, about to let the precious drink slip free before Chowder the dog parts from his owner, evidently happy from the lolling of its tongue and the vague smile on his leathery lips. Leaving Lydia struggling to hang on before Jordi helps her up, letting her slide back tummy first onto the bed in a more stable position, laughing like a kid all the way through.



But after the initial shock from the sudden flip in her life had faded away and with a gentle hand held over Lydia's own, Jordi was beginning to feel comfortable once more. Unlike Ruben, Lydia's energy seemed...genuine, not one of a pompous individual hiding sinister intentions. And although she would've

preferred a frontal approach, she understood the girls need for privacy. Maybe being a girl might not be so bad after all? And if she got to learn magic...heck, why would she ever say no?

“Hey...Lydia?”

“Hmm? What is it, girl?”

“T...T-Thanks...for this...I-I...Gosh this is hard!”

“Heheh~ Relax alright? We’ll make a proper woman with a backbone out of you yet...but for now...why don’t we start with some story telling? You go first!”

“O-Oh...well...let’s see...ah! There was this one time in...”

With the setting of the blazing afternoon sun heralding the arrival of nightfall, the fraternity would see no new members joining that day. But the girls sorority would happily welcome their newest sister with open arms and familial love...although said celebratory mood was ruined by her coming down with illness, Lydia’s spunky roommate would bounce back soon enough, joining them that night for dinner over the table filled with laughter and friendly banter...

THE END