


Hey, Vanessa! I didn't expect to see you here. It looks like we've chosen the same college. What a coincidence, right?

Oh, come on, babe. Why do you keep running away? I don't bite, okay? Let's grab some coffee, get to know each other. I promise we'll have a good time.


Steven? I thought I made it clear you should stop chasing me...



Fuck, I'm already sick of these guys who can't take "no" as an answer. Especially this jerk Steven. He's been hitting on me since high school and now this pain in the ass is here.

Ah, he's really a waste for such a pretty face... Had he dropped this macho act and gotten a little cuter, I'd even consider talking to him.

Wait... Now that I think about it... He's not in his hometown anymore, where his wealthy mommy and daddy wipe him every time he sweats. Well, if he wants to date me so badly, maybe I should give him what he wants... Hmm, this might actually work...



Alright, Stevie, you won... You know, I had a crush on you all this time, but I was too shy to tell you...

Yeah, and I thought... I'm going to move into the college dorm and I'm just looking for a roommate... You know I could arrange that it could be you...

'Kay, then we'll meet later to set everything up!

Really?! I mean, I had a hunch about it...

You can do that? Now that's the talking. Of course, I'm up for anything with you, babe.


The next day

\*Chuckle\* That coffee you gave him must be really strong. Are you sure he'll be fine with this prank?

Alright... But if he asks, I have nothing to do with this, okay?

Duh, of course, girl! We do this to each other aall the time. Don't be afraid to treat those bushes properly.





Huh, what the fuck?! Why do I look like a faggot? Vanessa, you told me it'll be something to help me to get into your dorm.


To trick the dean's office? Hey, what exactly are we going to do?

That's right, you look just perfect for the plan. I think this will be enough to trick the dean's office.



Umm... Sure...

I'll tell you everything later, darling. Now would you be so kind to sign these papers? You know, so we can transfer you to my dorm.


A 3D rendered scene of two women walking down a hallway. The woman on the left is wearing a pink crop top and denim shorts, carrying a striped duffel bag. The woman on the right is wearing a grey and pink long-sleeved crop top and blue jeans, carrying a blue duffel bag. Three speech bubbles are present: one on the left, one on the right, and one at the bottom left.

Who else did you want to see in the all-girls dorm, silly?

Well, about that...

I still don't understand, babe. Why do I need to look like a fruit to get into the same room with you? I thought you'd do some talking with the dean and that's all. And why are there only girls here?

Huh? But I thought it's a dorm for couples. Wait, then I can't live here, right?




What?! You signed me in as a trans student?

Because I didn't expect it to be like this... You know, I don't think it's a good idea...

Of course, honey, how else did you expect to get into the girls' dorm? Now we can live together and all you need to do is just pretend to be trans, isn't it great? Hmm... But you don't seem to be very happy.

Oh, does a little makeup and unisex clothes really hurt your male ego so much? Well, it's such a pity, I really liked you...

A 3D rendered woman with dark hair, wearing a pink tube top and denim shorts, is leaning over a light-colored wooden dresser. She is looking into an open drawer. On top of the dresser are a framed picture, a small vase with pink flowers, and a decorative box. The background is a blurred living room.

What? No, no, no... Actually, I think I can bear it... Yeah, this pretending is really no big deal for a man like me... So... Umm... Tonight is still on, right?

I even bought a lingerie set for tonight... Well, I guess it should stay in the drawer for someone else...

*\*Giggle\** Of course it is...

A few days later

So how was your first day, darling?


Oh, I forgot to tell you... You needed a female name when I signed you up. I thought Stephanie is too obvious, and Sophie was just next that came to my mind. It seems everyone will call you like that from now on.

I see, so they're giving you hormones. I'm sorry, honey, I really didn't expect them to take all this so seriously. Now calm down, it takes years to have any noticeable effect and it's perfectly reversible after you stop taking them.

Oh my god, things are really messed up, Vanessa. Every lecturer treats me as if I'm a girl and other students too! And why the hell do they call me Sophie?

Fuck, couldn't you choose something more casual? Ah, anyway, it's not the worst news. I was sent to some doctor and he gave me these injections saying they'll help me to become more feminine. Shit, I don't want to look like a girl!






It is? Whew, I was already getting worried. But still, I think we need to transfer me back, you know, to the male team.

Oh no, my parents will kill me if that happens. They spent a ton of money to get me into this college.

Wait, all year?

Oh, it doesn't work like that, honey. You can't just stop being trans all of a sudden. Judging how serious they are, we both can be not only expelled, but even charged with fraud.

Exactly... That's why I think you should stay like this until the study year is over at the very least and then we'll come up with something.



Come on, it won't be that bad. Don't you enjoy the nights we have?

So we won't let some tiny inconveniences stop us, right?

Great, then it's decided.

Of course I enjoy them...

I guess so...



By the way, I heard girls in the next room complaining that you swear all the time and act not lady-like at all. We should work on that to avoid any suspicions.

We'll talk about it later, Sophie, now let's have some fun, shall we?

Work on that?


Hey, don't call me like that!

The next day

\*Yawn\* Babe, it's Saturday, seven in the morning. What the hell am I doing here wearing this stupid outfit?

Well, did you think you'd get a fit girlfriend for nothing, Sophie? Now that you decided to be with me, I want you to share my healthy lifestyle. Besides, it will make a good warm-up for what you're going to do next.





It's not only about them, darling. I saw many other students looking at you, because you certainly act not like a man who wants to be a girl. We have to fix it asap, otherwise we're screwed up.

Next? Oh no... You know, it's enough for me that you call me Sophie. Look, I don't think those girls will tell anyone...

Ugh... Fine, fine...



Hmm... What is this?

Umm... I mean... Fucking  
shit!

I borrowed this thing from some  
guys from the tech faculty. They  
were so happy to learn that their  
development could be useful to  
someone. Come on, try to say some  
foul words.




Ouch! It zapped me!

Shit... Ouch! This is really fucked up...  
Ouch!

Exactly, because it's a shocker. It has a built-in microphone which registers your speech, and a controller which is set to punish you every time you swear and also when you use angry tone.

*\*Giggle\** You'll talk like a polite young lady in no time. And that's not all. I asked them to add a special function for you. Well, you'll see what I'm talking about somewhere around...  
Hmm... Now.




Ouch! Hey, it's zapping me for nothing! Ugh, it doesn't stop! How to stop it?! What the fuck!

What!? Are you kidding me!? There's no way...

Fine! Umm... I love being cute, submissive and girly!

You just need to say "I love being cute, submissive and girly".

Alright, then it won't stop.



What the hell was that?!  
Why did I have to say  
that?

Twenty minutes?! But  
what if someone hears me  
saying that?

But...

Uh-huh...

Because we need to get you on the  
right mindset, Sophie. These are  
essential things for a trans girl to  
think about, so you'll have to  
repeat this phrase every twenty  
minutes.

Don't worry, they'll just  
see a girl thinking out  
loud, there's nothing  
wrong about it.

I know these are drastic measures,  
darling, but they will give us the best  
results. After all, the most important  
thing for us now is not to be expelled  
from college, right?

Great, now let's work  
on the way you move  
your body.




Oh my God, Sophie! First of all, people will judge you by the way you walk... And trust me, this is a disaster.

Ugh... Everything, girl! Your back is hunched, your steps are too wide, you move like a bear that has just come out of the den.


Oh no, get off the treadmill, because it's going to take years. I have an idea how to point you into the right direction.

But what am I doing wrong?

Okay, okay, I will try to fix it.


A close-up photograph of a woman's legs from the knees down, standing on a black treadmill. She is wearing a wide, red, fabric-like band around her ankles. Her feet are in brown, strappy high-heeled sandals with a light-colored sole. The background is a blurred indoor setting, possibly a living room with a sofa and a lamp.

You've got to be kidding me! Why do I have to wear these shoes?




Because if you want to learn how to walk more gracefully there's no better option than high heels. And with the help of these bands you don't even need to worry about anything. You'll be just forced to walk the proper way, isn't it great?

Uh-huh... It's fucking... ouch... terrific.



You should be grateful that I helped you with all I could, Sophie. Now stop playing a drama queen and walk. We'll see what you say in two hours.

Are you sure all girls walk like this? I think these bands are too tight. And these heels... I'm going to fall over.



Two hours!?

Fuck... Ouch! Why did I even agree to all this?

Oh... Okay... That sounds motivating. Ouch! Ouch! I love being cute, submissive and girly!

Yes, two hours every day, girl. I think this much will be enough to make you forget that you can walk any other way.

Really? I think I need to remind you what you're working so hard for after your practice. You know I never tried to do it with my mouth...

Don't worry, sweetie, soon you'll be tottering around in your pretty heels like you were born on them. Oh, just the thought of it is making me wet.


A few days later

Hey, don't squeeze them so hard, it hurts!

But I didn't... I mean...

Oh, you'll be fine, Sophie!  
You were the one who brought this on yourself after all!






There's no excuses for you here. Not only did you stare at the other girls in the locker room, but you also couldn't control yourself from getting a hard-on and putting it on full display!

It doesn't matter, because they already think of you as some kind of pervert who pretends to be a trans girl. And now, darling, you need to prove them otherwise.

But I tell you, it happened accidentally.



Come on, put on your  
panties, Sophie!

Don't worry, we'll buy you a  
plenty of your own later. And  
I've already thrown out all of  
your ugly briefs.

There's no place for them in your  
closet, sweetie. You love wearing  
pretty girly panties and only them.  
At least that's what others should  
see, okay?

But it's panties... I  
can't... And they're not  
mine!


You what?!



That's a wrong question, Sophie. You should better ask "Do these heels look good on me?". If you want to gain the trust of girls, you should think as one of us.

Hey, are the heels really necessary?

But I can't think as a girl, I'm a man!



Shh... We don't want anyone to hear this nonsense, do we? As far as I've known, you were born as a boy, but you always wanted to be a girl, right?

Right, Sophie?!

I'm glad we've cleared everything out. I put your tucking kit and lipstick inside your purse so make sure to use them when necessary. Now go and tell the girls how much you want to become a pretty girl and that yesterday's situation was just a misunderstanding.

I-I...

Yes, yes, I always wanted to be a girl...

O-Okay...