

*My roommates suddenly became my girlfriends.*

**My roommates suddenly became  
my girlfriends.**

**They keep telling I could be one too**

**Charlotte Thomas**

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## **Chapter 1.**

### **My roommate is suddenly a girl.**

August 3rd, 2073, Antarctica City, TR, Earth.

Gordon was a happy man. He had great friends, many of whom were his roommates. He was popular, even if it always put him uneasy. Likewise, he was even talented and pretty good in University, Antarctica City University was one of the best in computer technologies in the world.

He didn't need a job, the Antarctica Republic had a Universal Basic Income. Yeah, attending University while on UBI was tough but with his four roommates they could afford a pretty big place close to the monorail. Direct line to the city centre and University.

So when he woke up on that morning of August he was happy, he was ready for a great day of summer holiday, maybe a bit of gaming on the latest MMO, or some board games with his roommates. They'd laugh, they'd drink, and they'd talk about how they'd really liked to be girls. Basic roommate stuff right?

This was with this high morale that he stood up and started his morning routine.

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He was happy, freshly showered and shaved, and he was hungry. Gordon entered the open-space living-room and kitchen and started fixing himself some PB&J sandwiches for breakfast.

Finally, he looked at his living room and saw three of his roommates talking with a girl he didn't know. He looked, he stared. And finally he recognised her, well not *her* in particular,

but he could swear she looked like one of his roommate, this girl must be his roommate's sister or cousin.

She was tall. Around 175 centimetres if he was going to guess, with long straight black hair, a cute face, close enough to his roommate's that he could see a lot of him on her face, she had long legs and wide hips. All around she was beautiful. Were he more self-confident he would have asked her out on a date.

He blushed as he saw her smirk. She noticed him staring and checking her out. He gulped and with a wavering voice he asked "Huuuh... do we... know each other are you G-"

"My name is Gloria" she blurted, stopping him from speaking the name of his roommate, it was odd to him, why this girl wouldn't let him speak the name of her brother? "And we... kinda know each other."

Gordon tilted his head trying to remember where he could have seen a girl like her. She was really cute, with sparkling blue eyes. He was positive he would have remembered her had they already met. "Were we in the same class in elementary school or something?" he asked, laughing awkwardly.

The girl—Gloria—bit her lip, it was amazing on her face, lighting up in the mood lighting of Antarctica's long night. "Yes actually we were". Gordon sighed of relief, that was where he recognised her from. He still wanted to know if she was his roommate's sister.

Before he could ask though, Gloria looked at the three other boys in the room and one of them — Gordon's childhood best friend — cleared his throat. "Right. Gloria here is our roommate." He said flatly.

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Gordon had a puzzled look on his face “Is she G-” he looked at the stare on Gloria’s face and gulped “Is she... our roommate’s sister?”.

The boy to Gloria’s left actually facepalmed loudly. “No you don’t follow she’s our roommate. She’s not her own sister”.

Gordon arched an eyebrow. “Okay. How did... that happened?” He asked sceptically.

Gloria giggled, and she seemed confused about it before giggling again out of sheer possibility. She was allowed to giggle. Finally, after rounds of uncontrolled giggling she dried her tears of happiness and calmed her voice. “Magic.” She said with a wry smile.

“How? Even the AR’s Tech Mages are far from being able to change a human being so completely, and I am not aware a better way for magical transition exist” He said still doubting. He then blushed “Not that I know a lot about magical transition.”.

Gloria tilted her head and stared with a puzzled look to her three other Roommates, one of them shrugged, and it seemed to satisfy her. She straightened, shrugged, and admitted how she transitioned. “I sent an email.” She said in a monotonous voice.

Gordon looked at the four bo— people, in front of him and sighed. “How can you transition with an email?” he asked, doubt audible in his voice.

One of his roommates chuckled and looked at him, “Gordon, you ever tried reading the news?”. The university student shook his head. “Figured, you would have seen the big magical news, someone powerful is out there, listening to wishes for a magical transformation, on emails of all things. Usually trans people though.”

“So you just send an email, to an unknown powerful magical user, and just hope for a magical transition? Isn’t it a bit suspicious? Why are they this powerful? There are rules on magic, and every magi-theories out there show it is impossible for someone to be this powerful on their own. Isn’t that... weird. You know? Like it’s suspicious.” He said, rambling a bit. He was very sceptical, but he had a tendency to ramble in these situations.

All of his roommates looked at each others, shrugged, and Gloria said “Yeah basically.”

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## **Chapter 2.**

### **Of course all my roommates followed.**

August 4th, 2073.

Gordon woke up on Friday morning, he could hear the light sound of the monorails outside his window. The gentle breeze of the summer temperature under his dome.

Antarctic City was kind of weird. Why? Because it was a giant city in the middle of the biggest desert of the world, and it was a frozen desert. When the scientist came and immigrated to Antarctica after the Massacre. They came with their different knowledge, and the small frozen community that was a kiwi base at the time became a camp, then civil engineers created the first dome when the world geopolitics calmed down.

Then of course, magic arrived, even weak at it was at first — especially now compared to this mystery magic user. Companies came with big ideas and scientist had crazy dreams. Sky Towers were built, first a half kilometre tall. Then a kilometre, and in the modern days the biggest Sky Towers were around five kilometres in height. They were piercing the clouds, full cities, with malls and laboratories inside close to housing.

The government of the Antarctica Republic made sure everyone had access to the Sky Towers. In fact Gordon and his four roommates had been renting a flat in the big Sky Towers. Before moving to the smaller community where they lived nowadays, it was farther out from the University, but with the monorails they could be in the campus under twenty minutes in peak hours.

Speaking of roommates, he had to check on his.

Of course all my roommates followed.

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Not unlike the day before he finished his morning routine and went to the living room to make himself a grilled cheese for breakfast. He yawned and went — still half asleep — in the open-concept room.

He heard giggling. Right, Gloria, but he started to be very suspicious when he heard multiple giggling voices. Surely not? His roommates wouldn't all follow Gloria right?

He entered the room and looked at the big sofa, and Gordon had to stop himself from rolling his eyes. His roommates all followed Gloria's example, and sure enough there were three new girls on the sofa, all murmuring, and giggling.

He raised an eyebrow and cleared his throat. "I see you all followed Gloria's example". The girls looked at him and laughed. Gloria smiled broadly, almost like she was looking at a prey. "Yessss. Wouldn't you like to follow us, you really just have to send an email and poof the day after you're the best version of yourself. It's really easy, and you could become a girl and join the sistership." She said wiggling her eyebrows.

Gordon blushed, and shook his head very fast. "No, I'm quite happy as I am, thank you, but can you do the introductions please?" He looked unsure of himself, he didn't want to say their old name, and they looked like they had new names anyway.

"Sure." Gloria smirked, "This is Julia". She said pointing to a petite blond, she couldn't be a hair over five feet tall. He could see the familiar structure on her face, and he was surprised — even if in hindsight he shouldn't have been — when he recognised his former tallest roommate. She had deep emerald eyes and was pretty skinny.

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Gloria continued to introduce the others in the end his roommates were all girls, Gloria, Julia, Amy, and Kammy. They looked happy, and they all told him he could join them. He had no desire of being a girl, it sounded... Scary. Navigating the clothes, the potential stares — even if modern society was better about sexism. The feelings, all of this sounded so scary. He was comfortable as a guy. Clothes were utilitarian and easy to buy, stares were non-existent, he knew he was a handsome guy; but he shuddered at the thought.

He was happy and comfortable.

But he also was curious. So research about this mystery girl was required.

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A quick — four hours — browse through what the World Wide Web had become in the early '70s, by which Gordon meant a lot. He studied the history of the internet and how it evolved to the current mess that is the modern Web. Back on track, he searched and sifted through dozens of pages of testimony, hundreds of blurry photos, thousands of Reddit posts, and more.

And he found nothing.

No — that wasn't quite right — he found some things. He was positive the mystery magic user was a woman, he saw one picture which wasn't too much of a blurry mess even if it admittedly was from afar, and she looked in her early to mid-twenties.

Of course, she would be older right now, the photo was back from '64. Almost nine years prior to the day actually, every image which should have contained the young witch was blurry or unreadable, or from very far, and most of the time; a combination of those factors.

It was very frustrating to deal with to say the least.

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He also discovered she used to live in Western Europe, maybe New Paris? Perhaps not, Europe was a big place after all, not everyone was in towers packed like sardines in a flat in New Paris. Which now that he thought about it was a bit hypocritical of him to say given his former living arrangements in the Sky Towers of Antarctica City.

He was unable to track her after that. The final piece of quote-unquote “evidence” he found out there was a shaky video of someone in a region near Lake Superior of a woman suddenly appearing out of nowhere. The video was incredibly grainy and from very far though. And it seemed impossible, he could understand and maybe even accept transformation powers — he did see how different his roommates are after all — but teleportation was a stretch too far. The best mages in the world never managed to teleport something bigger than an apple on more than a dozen paces. Teleporting a whole human being; herself; in the middle of the Province of Canada from Goddess knew where seemed like a stretch too far.

He did find some stories of so-called “miracles” happening before the entire thing with the email started, which; by the way; he tracked down and started happening back in March. These “miracles” are some stories by trans people — why trans people? — dating back to ‘65. There were a couple dozen stories spanning from the mid ‘60s to the early ‘70s. Whoever was that witch — the word mage did not fit for such a powerful being — she decided to be a lot less subtle about it.

There were speculation online of course, on the site like Reddit, Tumblr, or Instagram. The social media giants survived the unification of the world, albeit not without being massively restructured. These speculations went from a government plan to help, to full-on conspiracy theory about aliens invading the world and brainwashing people by offering magical transitions.

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As if he mentally scoffed. Why would aliens offer trans magical care if their business was to invade? Accepting the fact that aliens did exist and somehow wanted to invade Earth. Which was a far fetch idea to say the least. They tried to defend this quote-unquote “theory” with the military spending of the Terran Republic which went into constructing an inner-solar system Space Navy.

He needed proofs, he needed ideas.

He needed to talk to his roommates.

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## **Chapter 3.**

### **They all want to date me now**

August 5th, 2073, Antarctica City.

Unlike the prior two days, Gordon slept in on the morning of the fifth. So much, in fact, that his roommates, who were now four girls as he could remember, were unknowingly to him, a bit nervous. They didn't know if they pushed him too far away the day before, they could all see plain as day that he needed help, he just wouldn't accept it.

Somewhere around 1300, Gordon managed to—if a little groggily—leave his bed and collapsed in the living room sofa, where his four roommates were ushering and murmuring things. He didn't care less about that though, he was tired. He had to fight nightmares and demons all night, like his depression was back in full force and the medication didn't help.

Finally, after an hour of lazing on the sofa, one of the girls, Amy, a beautiful redhead, mid-height around 168 to 170 cm (or 5'6 to 5'7 for those still using old American units), she was lithe and toned, and he had to admit, absolutely gorgeous, granted all four of them were gorgeous so that wasn't exactly a surprise. Well, Amy decided to take the bull by its horn and to directly talk to him.

“Gordon?” she asked, concern audible in her voice “You should really talk to someone I can see you’re not doing well, and you know me, I’m not the best when it comes to situational awareness,” she giggled.

Gordon did like the giggle, it was husky but feminine, and attractive, he knew his roommates liked him romantically, even

before they huh transitioned. And right now he had to admit he was interested in them back, they were stunning, funny, and all that jazz, so why did he feel like shit? He knew he wasn't ugly, he was even handsome, if you followed society's petty rules of beauty. But whenever he tried to imagine himself with them, it did not work, something was fundamentally wrong with himself.

Amy really was concerned with his lack of answers so she came back to murmuring with the other girls, and they made a plan, they would email the magical user, asking for their help with him, not to transform him directly but maybe to... talk to him?

*To: transform@magic, From: amy.kimley@acu.tr*

*Subject: Can you talk to our friend?*

*Dear mysterious magic user, mage?, well whatever, our friend, our roommate, well Gordon Mel from ACU, they aren't feeling okay, and would not ask for help, we know you don't change people without their consent. We aren't asking for that anyway, we would like you to talk to him,*

*I don't know how could you do that, with weird magic powers , but it would be very helpful for someone to knock some sense into their skull.*

*We aren't the best suited for that, we are all dating each other, and they know we like him romantically, can you help or send someone who can?*

*Thanks, Amy K.*

Amy looked at her girlfriends, and they all nodded, so they sent the email, and went on their way for the remainder of the day, trying not to disturb their friend too much.

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Gordon woke up from his nap with a fright, he had a bad dream, and a bad feeling. Sure enough when he looked around him, he saw a very unfamiliar background, gone were the blue sky, and the concrete jungle of Earth, he was sitting on a couch, in the middle of rocky planet with two moons and a giant gas planet in the sky.

He tried not to panic, he was obviously dreaming, lucid dreaming, it was rare, but it did happen, he tried to change his surroundings like in his other lucid dreams, but it didn't work.

Finally, after five minutes of effort he was about to give up when a female voice said "It wouldn't work, you aren't dreaming." He tried to locate where the voice had come from, but it seemed to be everywhere or was it his head? Finally, a familiar shape materialised in front of him, and he was confronted with the woman he saw in his online digging effort, only she was the same apparent age as it was ten years ago, she looked like a woman in her mid-twenties, when she should be in her mid-thirties. He gasped when he realised that if she could do that he had no idea how old she was, was she even human?

The woman smiled, "Don't worry, I am human, well human-ish. And I'm in my thirties. Complicated magic stuff, don't bother trying to understand. Now, your friends were very concerned about you and when I looked into it, I had to admit I was as well, you are something else Gordon, honestly your life could be a story. She giggled. He was about to ask her who was she when she smiled once more, "You can call me C, you are safe, we are on a planet called Reu-2AB about twenty light years from Earth. I teleported us here after I took a peek on you. Don't worry the atmosphere is breathable."

Gordon almost fainted from the sheer dump of information he received. He was twenty light years from Earth? She teleported them twenty freaking light years away from Earth? How the hell

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did she do that, and if she can do that, what can she do. He did not realise when he started hyperventilating and when the woman started patting his back. I should have brought Olivia, she's better at this than I am. The woman, C, murmured to herself, even if Gordon was able to hear her. He managed to calm down and just asked "Why?"

The mysterious magic user flew a few metres away and sat on a chair, an old chair, and she put on a sad smile "You know why, don't you?". Gordon shook his head. "I don't transform people without their consent, but I am offering it, I can transform you to reflect your self-image, a temporary spell, just to see if it fits, if there are any problems I swear I'll dispel it and never bother you again, please, take this offer." Clara pleaded to the young "man".

Gordon gulped and nodded.

An hour later she accepted herself.

Her name was Alicia.

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## **Epilogue: Alicia**

“You were pretty hands-on with this one Hon,” Olivia said where she and Clara were cuddling in their couch in Canada.

“She needed help, by the sound of her roommates’ email it was desperate, and when I peeked into her surface thoughts it was a mess, she could have hurt herself.” Clara protested, a chicken wing in her hand and waving at the bad movie from their childhood.

“I know Clara, just you know if you do this with every trans girl, man, or enby on Earth you will never have time for yourself, or your wife for that matter.” Olivia gently chided her.

“Right, you’re right dear, how can I make it up for you?” she grinned

“A back-rub and we’ll call it a day, and remember, I don’t like you teleporting across the galaxy!” She said rubbing her wife’s shoulders.

“Yeah yeah; I know, you’ll never forgive me for when I almost opened a portal to the hedonistic hell, but I’ll maintain that it would have been fine, Hades is a pretty chill dude.” she grinned  
Olivia just rolled her eyes as her wife started rubbing her back.

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“Alicia! Come on!” Amy called to her girlfriend, well one of them anyway.

“Coming! Coming!” Alicia called from where the girl was, she was neither tall nor small, at around 165 cm tall or about 5’4 to 5’5. She was much happier though.

In the end she never told anyone of her visit of the strange planet, she knew people would be very scared to know a human being could teleport herself all across the known galaxy. And that was nothing compared to what her parents could do from what she told her. They seemed pretty scary for a couple of twenty-year old looking seventy-something lesbian. Well one of them was an enby. Anyway when she came back to Earth, she came out to her roommate.

They all talked about actually talking. And they admitted their romantic feelings.

A polycule of five living together was a bit rough, Life on basic was rough, But in the end she was happy.

**THE END**