

GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP?

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“And once again... I cannot sleep.”

Insomnia was one hell of a drug. The kind you didn't want nor ask for, but it insisted on proverbially injecting itself into your brain every so often to make *sure* that you would become utterly incapable of getting a good night's sleep. The causes were many, and it could often be difficult to nail down what caused it. Maybe the problem was dietary? Perhaps you were simply anxious? Sometimes it felt like there was absolutely no discernible explanation for it at *all*.

Unfortunately stuck in one such tragic loop of hoping to sleep and not sleeping for almost a week straight now, I was essentially at my wit's end when I crawled out of bed that Sunday night. Well, it was more like *Monday morning*, considering it was 3am. The fact that DST had come to pass the night before certainly didn't help, because it was on the border of winter and spring, which meant it was the Daylight Savings where you *lost* an hour of potential sleep. My whole internal clock was off!

“Ugh... Is there *anything* I can do to help me sleep?” My eyes were heavy and I was at wit's end. I had work to do in the morning, and being without rest *again* would make things increasingly difficult for me. But it wasn't like I hadn't tried every potential source of relief under the sun. Going for walks at night, eating certain foods, not eating at all, focusing on not thinking while lying down. Even so, I was flipping through Google on my phone for yet *another* idea as I worked my way to the kitchen.

I found a list of potential foods or drinks that might help and started cross-referencing it with what was in my fridge when I eventually arrived. But something ended up standing out, both on the list *and* in my fridge. “**Strawberry milk?**” A flavored milk with added sugary syrup didn’t *sound* like something that would normally help you sleep, and yet it was on the list. There was also a case of small bottles of it in my fridge, which stood out because I *couldn’t* remember purchasing it at all.

“I *did* order groceries late at night the other day while consulting a list like this. I guess I must have ordered it then?” That *did* make some degree of sense, but I still had some reservations about that explanation. I may have been tired while ordering, but that wouldn’t explain why I couldn’t remember putting it away *on* grocery day too. However, ultimately, I was *tired* and didn’t really care all that much about it. **“But if I have it...”**

Honestly, I was willing to try *anything*. What was the worst-case scenario? I spent *another* all-nighter? A little bit of sugar wasn’t going to make or break me there by this point. So, I fumbled with the box for a moment and eventually pulled out one of the single-serve sized bottles. Within seconds, it was *down the hatch*, and I ended up licking the excess milk moustache off of my lips. “**Mm!**” It had been a long time since I’d last had strawberry milk, and this brand tasted *extra* sweet.

It almost *perked* me up a little, which was the *opposite* effect from what I’d been hoping for.

“Wait, that’s not going to help me sleep...” Who had even put strawberry milk *on* that list!? Then again, part of my concern was the *immediate* gargling in my belly. I tended to have a bad response to milk, but *this* suddenly? That wasn’t exactly *normal*. I was justified in thinking that just seconds later, as it occurred to me that my *already* baggy outfit was getting even baggier. My pants slipped from my waist, and my belly? Still gurgling, it was the most obvious of *all*. **“H-Huh!?”**

Milk would usually just leave me gassy, and never in a million years could I have anticipated that it would make me so *sick* that I’d begin shedding pounds before my very eyes. **“W-Wait, there’s no way that could be possible!”** Okay, *true*. What was happening to me *was* impossible, but it was also *legitimately* happening. My shirt was emptying, and bringing hands to my belly saw them sink much closer to my spine than they should have considering that my tummy had been distended several inches.

It thinned further, and before long, it was... Well, it wasn’t *perfectly* trim. There was a slight paunch to it, a little tummy bump that had

become smooth and hairless without even a *trace* of the stretch marks that had plagued it before. Some of those side effects had spread across my *entire* body, though. All of my unneeded body hair? Gone – aside from my pubes. It wasn't only my belly that had thinned, either. My face, my arms, my legs, my chest... it was all much thinner, but simultaneously very *soft* and *smooth*.

“H-How is this... E-Eh!? My voice!?” It was so *high*!? It sounded like a *woman's* voice! It was so high that I wasn't actually sure if 'woman' was the correct descriptor, or if 'girl' would have been better. Either way, it belonged to a sex that wasn't the one I had been born with. And that higher voice was being communicated through a pair of lips that had swollen to be plumper and glossier.

But that wasn't *all* that was happening to my face. Its shape rounded, my nose shrunk with wrinkle of its bridge, and my eyes... *rounded*? A soft pink permeated throughout their irises, permanently altered their colors *while* the shapes of my eyelids widened and curved. This made them bigger and more expressive, while lengthening lashes made them appear all the more *feminine*.

Now, despite everything that was happening to me, I'd left the door of the fridge open. That light was the *only* light on in my dark kitchen, and the alarm on said fridge began to beep as it did when it was open for too long so that you wouldn't forget to close it. This drew my attention *back* to the fridge, but I focused on something *else*. The remaining bottles of strawberry milk on the shelf. **“Maybe I could have one more...?”**

Wait... *What*!? Should that *really* have been one of my priorities at that moment? If the intention had been to pull me away from what was happening to my body though, then it was *successful*. Aside from brushing it away when it tickled my neck and shoulders, I hardly reacted at all to my hair growing *longer*. Strands lightened to a sandy blonde in turn, but it all grew, and grew, and grew even more; until it almost reached the floor beneath me, and my messier bangs crossed between my eyes.

“YAWN!?” I had been *very* close to stealing another milk from the refrigerator when a big yawn had surfaced instead. I raised my hand to my plump lips as I did so, and with my eyes closed? I completely missed how my eyes level versus the shelf on the fridge gradually dipped. I was *shrinking*, meaning the already too-big shirt I was wearing became even *larger*, dipping to cover my thighs as *I* dipped from almost six-feet down to 5'3" instead. **“Huh? Where'd the milk go?”**

Hadn't I *just* had it in front of me? Did it get moved to a higher shelf? *Obviously*, I should have realized the truth of what had just happened,

but I seemed to be wholly incapable of doing that. I was so tired that I felt very... *groggy*? Like it was hard to think? But that wasn't *just* a side effect of my fatigue. My memories were being altered under the guess of weariness, and so things that were *plainly* different didn't strike me as unusual at all.

This included a narrowing of my waist and the eventual flaring out of my hips, giving me a silhouette that almost resembled an hourglass in shape. It was a shape that was *built* upon, as some of my body's weight seemingly returned... albeit strategically targeting specific elements of my body to make them appear much *suppler*. My *thighs* were a good example of this, as where my hips had parted them away from one another, those thighs then jiggled to life with an expansion that saw them grow closer together.

There was no looseness to their skin as they swelled, unlike before. My skin was pulled tautly around thighs that effectively jiggled into a size that mirrored my waist, and any excess was pushed into my *ass*. The curvature from my spine into my rump had flattened as my weight had previously been lost, but now that this weight *targeted* my cheeks and saw them balloon, the curvature became much more dramatic as it bloated into a supple, grabble heart-shape.

"I really shouldn't have another one, but..." Through it all, it was curious that I hadn't noticed how *stimulated* I had become. My transforming body had been a more *exciting* process than had occurred to me, and my dick being rock hard and pushing out my shirt was the only indication of that. But it became *flaccid* just as the front of my shirt began to push forward upon my chest. Bit by bit, it became little more than a nub and, ultimately, it smoothed away so that a slit could open at the base of my blonder pubes. Well, there was no denying that I was a *woman*. Not that I was even questioning it.

Strawberry milk still on my mind, I stood on my tiptoes to try and glance at the shelf that was just above my eye level. **"Whoops!?"** Only to feel my *chest* collide with the shelf directly in front of it. Weird. I should have expected that would happen. After all... My bosom had been expanding, going from utterly flat to a pair of *H-cup melons* in the time it had taken me to stand on my toes. They'd jiggled and lifted my shirt, ultimately colliding with the shelf because I had leaned in too far. **"Anchorage should know better!"**

I dropped back down and hit my tits on the lower shelf as I pulled back, looking a little embarrassed. Had I just referred to myself in the third person? But was that *really* my name? It had been something else? ...*Hadn't* it? But I couldn't think of a different name, nor could I imagine

not talking in the third person. The experience *did* briefly stun me and pull my thoughts away from the strawberry milk, though.

And that was just enough time for my shirt to lengthen into a still oversized, but now long-sleeved dress shirt. Everything else I'd been wearing that had pooled on the floor just *disappeared*, but a blue eye mask *did* appear on my forehead! It was my favorite face mask! It helped me sleep waaaaay better! But who did the shirt belong to? No one! I just liked wearing big shirts to bed!

“Hm? What was Anchorage... doing?” I gave my head a cute little tilt as I raised a baggy shirt sleeve to my face. The light of the open fridge door was still passing through that white shirt, showing off my silhouette and revealing that I was *definitely* naked underneath it. But that was okay, right!? I was just going to go to bed soon, and I preferred sleeping like that! **“Oh... YAAAAAWN! Right...! Sleepy...”** I felt like I could sleep for like a million years, but that was usually the case!



After all, I was *Anchorage*, and Anchorage didn't really have any problems sleeping. Besides! Whenever I did, I would just drink a flavored milk and then I'd fall right back asleep, which... **“Oh! Anchorage drank some milk...! That makes sense! And I wanted more...?”** I *could* see the bottle on the counter, and it was empty. I must have been so tired that I'd forgotten! But if I wanted to make sure I'd sleep for sure, then...

I greedily grabbed another bottle and chugged it down with a happy, girlish squeal, as every gulp made my boobs jiggle. What? I wasn't going to gain more weight from an extra strawberry milk! And even if I did, it would just end up going to my breasts anyways! **“Phew...”** It had only taken me seconds to finish that bottle!

“Okie... Time for sleep for real!”

But hey, at least I was going to get a good night's sleep!