

I tried to complain, of course.

When I went to the lab to have my readings and tests done, I explained that I'd already been outed. And while they were apologetic, they didn't offer many solutions. They explained that this experiment was more important than a bit of gossip, which is all it was at that point. Besides, she hadn't even revealed it was me. And it wasn't like they could just turn me back. Even if I gave them back the money, my body had to stabilize in this state before it was safe to repeat the process.

I was stuck.

But that didn't mean I was happy about it.

"You don't understand! This girl is going to be a problem! She told me so! And you promised I'd be anonymous!"

They gave me a polite shrug as I ranted, and as I realized something I had been blissfully unaware of it.

I hated my voice.

I *hated* it. It wasn't bad when I was talking normally. Heck, I was being soft spoken out of embarrassment most of the time, and that barely registered as anything. But when I tried to complain, I sounded like such a brat. When I raised my voice, I sounded like a whiney little princess. I couldn't even yell at them without feeling more insecure and embarrassed. They promised to look into how Kaley found out but that was it. These were scientists on the verge of massive discoveries. They weren't worried about the social life of a high strung college girl.

So I went about my days, trying to fade into the background as if I could become part of the wall. Kaley knew it was me, but she didn't let anyone else know. She would only say that she was looking into it when they asked her who it was

I wasn't sure why at first, but then I realized:

Outing me would make the 'boy turned girl' into a person. People could look at me, talk to me, see that I was cool or normal or at least not a threat. It might even stir up some empathy, which was the last thing she wanted. She didn't want to normalize me. She wanted to make the rumors as big and terrible as she could, so my reputation far outsized any attempts I could make to oppose it.

Then, she'd take the image she made of this fabled boy-girl and drop it right on my head.

It was getting worse every day, and even someone trying to avoid all socializing couldn't avoid it. The lunch table next to me would whisper about how the boy had asked the doctors for D cup breasts so they could play with them. The people in my class would gossip before the professor showed up, saying that the transformee had celebrated their new body by blowing a guy at a frat party. Some people said they still had a penis. Others said they had already started an Onlyfans. Kaley joked once that the reason she couldn't find the girl was because she was spending all her time locked inside, riding a new dildo.

As I watched her invent that new and awful rumor, she gave me the smallest glance, as if to remind me she knew. Whenever she did out me, the fact that I stayed in my dorm would have an assumption tied to it.

I wasn't sure what to do.

Then the first phone call came.

“Um...hello?” I asked in my deepest tone, which disguised my voice but didn’t really make me sound like a guy. I wasn’t sure who was calling though, so I thought it was best to be careful.

“Hey babe. What are you wearing right now?”

I raised an eyebrow at the bedroom voice on the other line. It was a guy, and from what I knew of guys (which was a lot) his other hand was in his pants.

I sat there in horror.

“Come on. Don’t say nothing. I want to hear you talk. I think it’s hot. I really do. Are you still a virgin? I mean, do you have a virgin pussy? I could help with that?”

I hung up as fast as I could, staring at my phone for a few moments. Calls continued to trickle in until I stopped answering numbers I didn’t recognize and it didn’t take me too long to figure out why.

As I went to the bathroom a week after the change, I tried to forget about everything. It used to be I could forget the world and mindlessly scroll the internet on the toilet, but being a girl had changed that. I had started out by thinking that I had nothing being my legs, but I knew that wasn’t really true. I had *something* between them, something that I didn’t entirely understand. I had read up on it as best as I could, but I usually had to stop and close out the browser when I came across something that was just too strange. I ought to have done my research before the change.

Now, it was too much to think that these strange things were a part of me.

Uterine lining.

Discharge.

Periods...

Just sitting down to pee felt humbling after so long as a man. I had something to aim before, control that meant I could stand proud and have fun with it. Now, it came out of me without any of that fun or power. There was nothing to hold, nothing to aim. I just let it go as I sat there with an embarrassed look on my face.

Then, I saw the marker.

For a good time, call the newly minted girl at this number!

It was my phone number.

I hadn't seen it because I'd been using the girl's bathrooms but this was a gender neutral space. I quickly got the soap and paper towels and tried to get rid of it, before realizing that it must not have been the only one. So I ran to the school store, bought wet wipes and began to search every dual gender bathroom on campus.

I found a dozen of them.

"I just became a girl. Want to fuck me?"

"Get blowjobs from a girl who knows what guys like...because she was one!"

"Call me for JOI! I miss having my own penis to do it with."

It was a nightmare and by the time I got to the last one, I just slid down the wall and sat there, wondering what I was going to do. Maybe I could talk to Kaley? Maybe I

could apologize or something? I couldn't go through the whole semester like this. She would out me as soon as she felt like it'd be more fun and when I had to deal with the guys on my phone coming at me in real life...

I'm not proud to admit I cried a bit. I cried a lot easier as a girl.

I trudged back to my dorm and fell into bed, letting my phone ring two or three times.

How had she gotten my number? I understood that it was no less secret than my very existence, but it still annoyed me. I had been lucky enough to assume that the rumors about uber-mean-girl Kaley Thompson were myths. You got to believe that when you were a guy.

But they were real. And I was now in her crosshairs.

KNOCK KNOCK

I sat up in bed.

KNOCK KNOCK

I decided to let it go, figuring that it couldn't be anything good. I could try talking to Kaley when she was alone and unprepared. I didn't trust letting her in with whatever plan she might have.

But then the jangle of keys made me remember: Jane was my RA.

I jumped out of bed as the doors opened and as the three girls walked into my dorm. Kaley looked around with an appraising look on her face. She had already seen me but seeing my dorm would help her get a better idea of who I was.

As the two girls on either side of her stared at me, she tssked.

"A boy's room. Should have expected that..." she mused.

“You can’t just unlock my door! You’re an RA! You’re supposed to-”

“Hush” sneered Kaley as they walked deeper into the room and closed the door behind them. The click of its close made me jump.

I was trapped in here with them.

“Why are you messing with me? I didn’t sign your petition. I’m sorry! I’ll sign it now if it’ll get you off my back.”

Kaley replied with a haughty chuckle that might have seemed hot if I was still a guy. But seeing as I was a girl, and the one being laughed at, it gave me a chill. “We’re way past that now. Seriously! I looked into you because of that but what I found out...it’s just too much fun not to mess with you.”

She stepped forward.

I stepped back.

Her two friends snickered at me.

“Right, you lost what: a foot of height? That’s all it took for you to be scared of a pretty girl?” she teased. “You really are pathetic. I mean, a hoodie in your dorm! Take it off. Let’s see the pretty girl.”

She was right. I was scared of her. But her reminder of how sad that was just ticked me off. I clenched my jaw and planted my feet, looking past them to the door. “Get out of my dorm right now. I’m just doing this for tuition. So leave me alone.”

Jane and Aida looked to each other, and jumped on me faster than I could react. They were both taller than me and quickly grabbed my arms as I tried to shout. But as they threw me onto the bed and began to take my hoodie off, Kaley stepped forward

and shoved something into my mouth. I wasn't sure what it was, but it tasted weird. And then when the familiar scent hit me, I was reminded of all my nights in, alone as a guy...

And I started to gag.

"I set up a Craigslist ad saying that you wanted soiled boxers and boy, what a turnout! The PO box was filled with them when I checked! I think that's the nastiest pair though!"

I tried to get it out as she kept the used boxers in my mouth and as my hoodie came off me. My pants came down next, undone and yanked down to my ankles as my shoes followed suit.

"Boyshorts? But you're not a boy. Not anymore. We need to buy you some panties!" she giggled as they went for my shirt. I tried to fight as hard as I could, but I hadn't felt this weak since I was a child. They easily overcame me and yanked it overhead to reveal-

"Oh, Cassie! You've been holding out on us!"

"Yeah" grinned Jane. "How do you even hide those?"

"I can't believe a he-she is making me jealous" scoffed Aida as she reared back her hand-

And slapped me right on the boob. I don't think I knew the true definition of the word 'stings' until that moment.

They took my clothes and let me go, leaving me to yank the boxers from my mouth and claw hard at my tongue.

"You should get used to that taste. It seems you have plenty of interest" said Kaley.

I was way beyond reasonable discussion. I had forgotten any plan of talking this out with her. I didn't even want to ask why, though I had no earthly idea what could motivate someone to be so cruel.

I just wanted to hit her. So I lunged.

I went to wring her neck when Jane came up behind me with a headlock. I couldn't get free and she was practically lifting me off my feet. I had never felt so weak and vulnerable in my life. I had never felt so pathetic and angry. The shame just filled me with more rage and the rage just filled me with more shame.

But neither did anything.

"You have a temper. You on your period already?" asked Kaley. "It's not very ladylike. So do us both a favor. Stop acting like you have balls. You don't. You don't even have a penis. You should start acting like what you are: a pussy."

Her friends laughed at her joke as I tried not to cry.

"I just came here to tell you that your grace period is up. Your name is going to spread across campus tonight like wildfire. So I suggest you invest in some lingerie, because the next person to knock on that door will probably be a real man."

"I have an idea on how we can help her?" said Aida, walking behind me and grabbing my boyshorts. She started to roll and bunch them up until the pantlegs were gone, and then reached back until she had fingers by either cheek...

And she lifted.

She was giving me a wedgie, lifting me up and pressing the fabric between my cheeks as it parted them and pressed on my new biology. I whimpered and writhed as

all three of them laughed and by the time she was done, I was crying and hanging from her hand in a makeshift thong.

“Good thinking. Let me help too” said Kaley as she grabbed my hoodie and looked through my things for others. She pulled open every drawer, checked every hook, ransacked my room until all my hoodies and loose tops were piled in her arms. “I’ll be taking these, I think. You have to show off the girls!”

I was blubbering now, my face a contorted mess of tears. “Why are you doing this to me?”

With those words, all the mirth left Kaley’s face, and she leaned in to whisper to me:

“You really are a boy, huh? A real girl wouldn’t have to ask. Well, I’ll leave you to your new reputation. But don’t worry...this is just the beginning.”

With that she walked out and Jane threw me into bed, following the other two and slamming the door on me.

They were right too. People kept knocking on my door that night. I didn’t answer though. I was busy realizing just how quietly a girl like me could sob into her pillow.