

Wendy and Stan stared at each other.

Wendy stood above her brother... well, her sister, stunned and fascinated, wearing only a lab coat.

Stan looked dazed and woozy, still recovering from his first female orgasm, caused by his unexpected transformation. His eyes broke from Wendy, looking down with horror at his new vagina for a moment before remembering himself and pulling his pants back up with a furious blush. His eyes cleared a little, but didn't seem any less confused.

"What the fuck, Wendy?" he asked. His voice came out high and feminine, sounding noticeably different to both him and Wendy. He clapped a hand over his mouth in shock.

Wendy shook her head silently, still trying to wrap her head around the enormity of what had happened. They had changed history! And oddly, it hadn't happened instantly. Instead, a rippling heat-mirage effect had spread outward from the center of the time machine and the changes happened to Stan over the course of a minute.

But why had her trip made this change in the first place? Wendy raised a thumb to her mouth and began chewing the nail. It was a nervous tic that she used to do when she was deep in thought. She thought she had eliminated the bad habit, but, for some reason, right now chewing her thumbnail felt so natural that it barely even registered.

Wendy thought about the error that sent her twenty-one years back instead of seven. She thought about the date they had chosen, in the middle of the summer. Come to think of it... she pictured the calendar on the wall of the living room when she entered the house. July 23rd. It hadn't seemed important at the time. She thought about Stan's spring birthday. April 24th. Nine months.

"Shit," she muttered irritably, then, realizing she was still mostly naked, picked up her clothes and started dressing.

"Shit?" said Stan in his new feminine voice, scrambling to his feet on wobbly legs, still weak from his orgasm and unused to the way his new body operated. "What's shit? What's going on Wendy? What happened to me?" A whine was beginning to creep into his voice, and his hand crept unconsciously up to his chest, grasping at the odd feeling of heaviness and confinement. A bra had appeared beneath his shirt without him noticing during the confusion. It was, of course, his first experience of wearing one, let alone having tits.

Now that she was fully clothed once again, Wendy was finally able to calm down and assess things more rationally. She turned back toward Stan with a more focused, analytical eye.

There was no doubt. Stan was a woman now. His new tits weren't huge, but they were noticeable. C cup, if Wendy had to guess, about the same size as hers, which made sense. His figure was curvier as well, with wide hips and a plump, feminine ass.

But, despite the shocking sex change, there was still an unmistakable air of... Stan-ness around Wendy's sibling. He still wore glasses. Becoming a girl also hadn't cleared up the blemishes on his face. Although his blonde hair was shoulder-length now, it looked dry and poorly cared for, and his clothes were almost identical to the jeans and T-shirt he had worn to the lab as a male.

He gave off the unmistakable vibe of an unimpressive, nerdy girl-failure. He was also, just like male Stan would have, currently staring at his older sister with a plaintive, desperate expression, waiting for Wendy to save him.

The more things change, the more they stay the same.

Wendy sighed. "Well, it looks like we've had a little bad luck. It seems like I managed to land back in time on the exact date of your conception."

Stan looked confused, then his expression faded to horror. "My... conception? But that means that I could have been..." he said slowly in his strange new feminine voice.

"Erased entirely?" Wendy raised an eyebrow. "Yes. So I guess we got lucky after all, in a manner of speaking. Whatever it was that I influenced must have been minor enough to ensure that mom still got pregnant, but in a slightly different way than in the original timeline."

"B-but..." said Stan helplessly, his hands unconsciously clutching at the strange new mounds of flesh hanging from his chest, "I'm a... Now I'm..."

Wendy rolled her eyes. Stan always had been a little slow on the uptake. "A woman. Yes. For now. Why are you so upset about this? We have a time machine, idiot. We just proved that the past can be changed. We'll get you straightened out."

Stan nearly collapsed in relief, a weak smile breaking across his face. "Thank God! So... do you want to go again right away? Or do you want to take a break for water or the bathroom, or something?"

Wendy pinched her nose in frustration, tapping her foot on the metal grating of the platform. Stan must really be panicking. He wasn't thinking straight. He needed to chill out and give her a break. Didn't he realize this was as disorienting for her as it was for him? She reached out and gripped Stan's shoulder, looking into his eyes. "Stan. You know we can't do that. Even if we knew exactly when we wanted to go and how we planned to fix the timeline, which we don't, we would still need a few days to run the calculations."

"We have the numbers from tonight!" whined the female Stan, close to tears. "We can just run them again!"

"You're not thinking this through Stan. If we used the same numbers, I would arrive in the same physical space as the version of me that went back a few minutes ago, killing us both instantly. It's no good. We can fix this... but it's going to take at least a few days."

Stan groaned in despair, and Wendy could tell by the slump of his now-narrower shoulder that he already knew what she was saying was the truth. He just didn't want to believe it. "But what am I going to do?" he asked hopelessly, his soft voice breaking a little, and his big blue eyes swimming with tears. "I can't let people see me like this! It's humiliating! I was a boy yesterday... and now I have long hair and boobs!"

Wendy gave him an odd look. "I'm actually not sure that will be a problem."

Stan tilted his head, an old expression of confusion and curiosity made new by his shoulder-length hair. "What do you mean?" He asked, not able to follow where his smarter sister was going with this. At least his confusion had stopped his tears.

Wendy shrugged. She was just going off guesswork now. "I mean, in theory, this version of you has been a girl since she was born. Everyone should already know you as a woman, so it won't be surprising."

This just seemed to confuse Stan more. "But then why are we surprised by it? Why do we still remember the way that we used to be?" he asked with a befuddled expression.

"Hmmm. Good question," mused Wendy thoughtfully. "The alteration clearly affected us... physically, at least. But why do we still have the memories of ourselves from the other timeline? I'm not sure," admitted Wendy. She was tired of standing around on the platform, so she pushed out of the safety gate and made her way down the stairs to the computer, sitting in front of the console and entering a few commands to pull up the numbers and see where they went wrong. "Maybe because we were directly involved with the events that changed. Maybe because we were exposed to the energy of the time machine while the alteration happened. Or maybe I'm just wrong. But it seems unlikely that everyone on Earth keeps their memories when the timeline gets rewritten. I guess we'll have to see."

"Easy for you to say..." said Stan in a small voice, trailing after her. "If you're wrong, you won't be a laughingstock."

Wendy glanced sharply up at him, ready to retort... then the words died on her lips. Stan's eyes had welled up with tears again, and his lip was wobbling. Shit. Stan was in emotional distress. She had been working purely on logic while what Stan needed was reassurance. Wendy was no good at this kind of thing. Ironically, Stan was much better at being a supportive sibling and other emotional tasks like that.

But, even if emotional support made her uncomfortable, Wendy was no monster. Stan needed her. She rose and drew her little brother into a stiff hug, noting how odd his feminine body felt in her embrace.

"It's alright," she said, trying her best to sound reassuring. "Don't worry. Like I said, I'm going to fix this. You can always count on me."

Stan buried his face in his sister's shoulder as his chest hitched with little sobs. Was he crying because of the shocking circumstances, or because he was unfamiliar with female hormones? It was a fascinating question, but one that Wendy knew better than to pursue right now. She let Stan cry himself out while hugging him tight for a little while, and finally, the sobbing came to a halt.

Wendy pulled away and gave her brother a chance to pull himself together, swiping away his tears and snot and squaring his shoulders.

"And just think," said Wendy cheerfully, "after this week, you can accurately say you know what it's like to be a woman! That puts you above the vast majority of men. Consider it a learning experience."

Stan let out a shaky laugh. "Thanks, Wendy," he said sarcastically with a watery smile. "You can always find the silver lining." He bit his lip for a second (plumper and rosier than it had been just an hour before) and asked tentatively, with big puppy-dog eyes, "Hey... do you think maybe I can go home with you tonight? Like you said, we can't be sure if everyone else will know I'm a girl yet, and... I just... I don't want to face it right now."

Wendy didn't relish the idea of a sleepover with her little brother, even if he was her little sister now. But Stan had a point. If her guess was wrong and the entire world wasn't aware that Stan was now a girl, having him wander back to his dorm could blow their cover. She looked longingly at the computer for a moment, badly wanting to figure out how their first experiment had gone wrong... then she got up and sighed, gesturing for Stan to follow her.

"Sure. Come on, we'll head back to my place. We can start fresh on the problem in front of us tomorrow when we're better rested."

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Stan was nervous and jumping at shadows on the short walk from the lab to Wendy's apartment.

Honestly, Wendy was getting a little annoyed with him. She was sure that suddenly becoming a different sex was a shock, but at this point he was treating femininity like a hideous deformity or

something, flinching back from people in the street like he was afraid they would point and laugh.

It was a relief to make it back through the door of her apartment, where hopefully Wendy's new sister could relax for a second, away from the public view.

But as Wendy hung her keys up and shrugged off her jacket... a sense of disquiet prickled through her. She narrowed her eyes as she moved deeper into the apartment, turning on the light. Everything looked normal... almost. But tiny things felt off. Had she left that blanket crumpled on the couch earlier? Maybe... but she didn't think so. It felt like the junk mail she had hurriedly tossed on the counter looked different when she left the apartment earlier this evening, too.

As Stan moved past her and sat gingerly on her couch, Wendy shook her head, trying to dismiss the feeling of inconsistency as paranoia. But then she saw it: a cheesy-looking magnet hung on her fridge, showing a tropical island with the bright pink words "St. Lucia" across it.

There was no dismissing that. It was a physical object... one that shouldn't be there. Wendy reached out to pluck the cheap plastic souvenir off her fridge. She had never been to St. Lucia. And even if it was a gift, it certainly hadn't been hanging there when she left the apartment that afternoon.

It wasn't just Stan who had changed. It seemed there had been some minor changes in her life that had come from having a younger sister rather than a brother. Wendy closed her fist around the cheap magnet. Even if the changes were subtle in her case, it felt odd to be here in the apartment of another version of herself. Almost the same as her, but not quite.

Maybe she had judged Stan's distress a little too harshly.

Wendy clicked the magnet firmly back onto the fridge and turned to Stan. She couldn't give in to disquiet. She was the rational, decisive one here. She needed to show leadership and confidence while she got them out of this mess. "I'm going to take a shower," she said briskly. "Make yourself at home and try to relax. If you're hungry, there's some leftover Pad Thai in the fridge." She stopped herself and frowned. "At least, I think there is. Regardless, help yourself to whatever you can find."

Stan slumped back against the couch, looking exhausted. It still felt strange for Wendy to see her brother's new feminine form, so soft and curvy compared to his earlier gangly proportions. "What are we going to do, Wendy?" he asked in his new higher, softer tones, his eyes looking lost.

Wendy walked over and grabbed her younger brother firmly by the shoulder, staring right into his eyes. "Anything we want," she said, with a certainty she still felt all the way to her bones

despite their recent setback. "This is a speed bump, Stan. Trust me, I get it. But once we fix this, we can have anything we want! That's how powerful this technology is."

Stan shook his head, dropping his eyes from hers. Wendy frowned. Normally, a few confident words were enough to reassure him. "All I want is to go back to how things were," he said, with equal conviction to hers. "We proved that time travel is too dangerous tonight, Wendy. Too unpredictable. I could have been erased! I think we should fix this timeline, then really sit down and think about whether we should use this technology at all."

Wendy kept her expression carefully neutral as she said, "Sure. We'll talk through every angle and make sure we move ahead with clear vision. You have my word. Now... I'm covered in sweat and twenty-year-old dust. I'm going to hit that shower. You just rest."

As she turned away from Stan, the warm smile dropped off of her face. Stan... he had always been weak. Of course he was frightened off after one tiny setback. But that was the difference between them. Why she was a genius and he was... Stan.

She wasn't afraid to risk it all in order to succeed.

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Stan slumped back on his sister's couch, trying not to feel like a stranger in his own body.

Everything felt... unnaturally shaped. And not just the new tits that hung distractingly from his chest. There was an even more disturbing feeling of... absence between his legs. His long hair kept brushing against his neck and face in ways he wasn't used to. His hips felt completely different when he walked, and he had an overall sense of being a little weaker.

He put a hand over his eyes, trying to stop thinking about the strange sensations of his new body. His temporary body, hopefully. What if the time machine didn't work the next time they tried? What if Wendy accidentally erased his existence completely next time when she tried to fix what had happened?

Was he just doomed to be female forever?

Apparently he lost track of time while his anxious thoughts chased themselves around his head, because he heard Wendy getting out of the shower much sooner than he expected. A few minutes later she exited her bedroom, wearing a stylish pair of comfortable-looking pajamas and rubbing a towel through her stringy wet hair.

"I'm afraid you'll be on the couch tonight," said Wendy airily, as if they were just having a sleepover and Stan wasn't experiencing the weirdest thing that had ever happened to him. "I would offer to switch, but I had to sprint all over our old neighborhood tonight, and that was after my normal workout. If I sleep on the couch, I'll be stiff as a board tomorrow."

Stan stared at his sister in near disbelief. How could she always be so calm? Sure, staying cool-headed was a valuable trait for a scientist, but sometimes Wendy seemed like she was made of ice.

Wendy stared at him for a moment longer, as if waiting for him to speak. When he didn't, she shrugged. "Anyway. I found a T-shirt and some athletic shorts that are pretty unisex. They'll fit you well enough without being too... distressing, I hope."

Stan nodded, leaning forward wearily with his elbows on his knees, trying to ignore the feeling of his breasts falling softly forward. Wendy might be a cold, logical thinker, but she was still doing her best to help him. He needed to remember that. "Thanks," he said sincerely.

"Don't mention it. I left them on my bed, so you can just change straight into them once you have a shower."

Stan froze, grimacing. A shower...

"What?" asked Wendy with a frown, catching the look of discomfort on his face.

"I... I'm not sure that I'm ready to..." Stan had trouble putting his reluctance into words, but he awkwardly gestured down his body, his mouth twisting in disgust.

Insultingly, Wendy snorted, rolling her eyes. "Really?" she asked, exasperated. "You're going to be living in that body for a week, Stanley. Do you plan to go that long without showering? Without taking your pants off even once? You've seen naked girls before, I hope. Grow up."

Stanley flushed red, wanting to angrily point out that the naked girls he had seen before hadn't been *him*. But he was tired of trying to explain to his cold, logical sister why this was so upsetting to him. And... as much as he hated to admit it, she did have a point. He couldn't just hide his new body beneath clothes forever. Maybe it was better to rip that particular bandaid off.

So, in a huff, he stood and made his way to his sister's bathroom while she glared bemusedly after him.

The bathroom was still warm and steamy from the shower Wendy had just taken, the mirror fogged over and the shower head dripping. Stan closed the door behind him, with his pulse drumming in his ears.

Everything was ok. This was fine. Like Wendy had so rudely pointed out, he had seen naked women before... online at least. There were no surprises to be had under his clothes. All he needed to do was strip, take a quick shower, and get dressed again. Nothing to it.

His hands shook a little as he started to unbutton his jeans, and he was forced to pause and take a deep breath before starting again.

He couldn't tear his eyes away as the jeans peeled down his now-wider hips. This version of him had apparently decided to wear simple gray panties today, the waistband a little stretched with a few little holes here and there. The surface of the soft gray cloth looked disturbingly smooth to Stan's eyes.

He wasn't quite ready for the panties to come off yet. The memories of the mind-blowing orgasm he had just experienced in front of his sister were too fresh. He was a little worried that the sight of his... his pussy might bring those confusing feelings roaring back.

So instead he whipped off his shirt, confronting head-on the reality of the bra he was wearing... and the tits beneath. The sensation of wearing the tight supportive garment strapped to his chest was unpleasantly restrictive for someone brand new to it.

Ok. Only underwear left now. Time to bite the bullet.

It took him a second to figure out the bra clasps, awkwardly reaching up behind his back and fumbling around like the virgin guy he had been up until tonight. He was so elated to finally manage it that he was almost too distracted to think about the tits that were now hanging off his chest.

Almost.

Stan looked down at them with troubled curiosity. These weren't manboobs or some sort of fat deposits... they were honest-to-god tits. Not as large as some of the ones he had seen online, but not tiny either. They splayed softly across his chest, their pink nipples stiffening slightly beneath his fascinated gaze. He couldn't help himself, swiftly and awkwardly raising his hands to cup and heft them. He breathed in sharply as he felt the unexpectedly strong sensation from his palms on his nipples, making them grow even stiffer, pressing against his hands. Wow. It seemed like women naturally had more sensitive nipples. He supposed that made sense.

Suddenly, Stan realized that this was the first time he had ever touched a woman's naked breasts. He had managed a bit of over-the-shirt groping with Christine, but she hadn't allowed him to get any further than that in their time together. He dropped his hands away with a furious blush. Too late... even when he changed back, the fact that he had first gotten to second base with himself would remain forever.

Telling himself that the thought was stupid, but still feeling a little humiliated anyway, Stan got the rest over with, roughly yanking down his panties and ripping off the bandaid.

Beneath it lay... an absence. No penis. No balls. The very essence of his masculinity had been stripped away by the warping of the timeline. Instead, there were the tightly sealed lips of a puffy, cute little pussy.

Well, it would have been cute anyway. It seemed like, just like male Stan, this female version of him wasn't expecting anyone to see her naked anytime soon. She was a little unkempt downstairs. Stan tried not to be judgemental of his alternate self. After all, when was the last time he had groomed his pubes?

Just like with his new breasts, Stan's curiosity was nearly unbearable. A curious hand dipped slowly down, his fingers gliding over the lips of his pussy. The feeling was strange... but good strange. His heart beginning to pound powerfully in his chest, Stan slipped one finger between his lower lips, feeling just a tiny spark of that wild sexual energy that had made him orgasm so powerfully on the platform an hour ago...

ThumpThumpThump

"I forgot to tell you!" came Wendy's high, sharp voice through the door, "There are extra towels under the sink in the left cabinet!"

Stan's hand jerked away from between his legs as if he had been burned, his blush intensifying and his heart pounding. Ugh. He was in the most confusing circumstances of his entire life. Now was no time to act like a total pervert!

But was touching his own body perverted just because it was female now? The disconnect between his inner self and his body was starting to give him a headache.

In an attempt to quiet his racing thoughts, Stan stepped into the shower and tried to let the hot, steamy water carry his worries away. It didn't work. Every time the sudsy loofah glided over his newly sensitive nipples or between his thighs, he was reminded of the drastic new changes to his body.

And no matter how hard he tried to calm down, he grew hornier by the minute... not to mention more confused and anxious.

Despite the relaxing heat of the water, Stan's headache was throbbing by the time he stepped out of the shower, water dripping off of his new feminine curves. He needed to get dressed again... quickly. He would grab a towel, dry off, then head into his sister's adjoining bedroom and get into the unisex clothes she had laid out for him. Maybe then he could successfully ignore his new female body.

As he approached the sink, Stan caught a glimpse of his fuzzy, indistinct reflection in the fogged mirror. That's right... he had gotten a look at his body from his own perspective, but he hadn't seen a full image of himself as a woman so far. He reached up to rub away the condensation...

then paused, with an odd feeling of foreboding. He shook his head, trying to clear it. It almost felt like there was a... pressure building up behind his eyes. A tension that might snap at any moment. But that was silly, right? He had already seen and felt his new breasts and vagina. Why would seeing himself in the mirror be any more intense than that?

Dismissing his fears, Stan reached up and wiped away the fog on the mirror with a slender forearm. And his eyes went wide.

The sight of his feminine body and face made the pressure building in his mind burst.

Suddenly, she is five years old, wearing a pink play dress she is very proud of, having a tea party with her Barbies and Wendy, who is getting a little old for this kind of game, but is willing, for now, to play along with her little sister.

Stan blinked and leaned forward heavily, gripping the sink with shaking hands, staring at his female form as alien memories flooded his brain.

She's 10, and currently going through a deep obsession with ponies and unicorns (but... that's not right... it was dinosaurs at that time..). They are just so cute and magical and perfect. Wendy is helping her pick out some neon-bright folders featuring unicorns for the upcoming school year. She knows, with bittersweet nostalgia, that she will be mocked for the folders later that school year and her unicorn phase will come to a humiliating end.

Stan raised his hands to his temples, squeezing his eyes shut against the bizarre, conflicting memories. It felt like there were two people in her head at once.

She's 13, and she wakes up in a panic to find blood on her sheets and underwear. She gets to spend the day home from school with her mom, who gives her an awkward, but sincere and loving heart-to-heart talk about maturing and what it means to be a woman.

Stan slides down to her knees, still looking at herself in the mirror, her eyes locked on her feminine body. Feeling a spark of recognition... acceptance... identity...

She's 18, and feeling flawless and perfect in her prom dress, a perfect princess like the games she used to play as a little girl. She has always been the ugly duckling compared to her older sister, but tonight is finally her time to shine. Marco, her date, is expected to be here soon. She's not exactly attracted to him, but he's a good friend, and going with him beats going alone. Later that night, he will try to kiss her and she will awkwardly turn him down. It strains their friendship for the rest of their senior year. Her father comes into the room, oddly teary-eyed, and gives her a hug, gruffly saying how much he loves her. She doesn't understand. Her mother smiles wistfully and explains that it is hard for a man to see his little girl all grown up. And suddenly she remembers her sister's prom night a few years ago... that night her dad hadn't just been a little misty. He had bawled. And her mother had cried too. The realization that her parents had cared

more about Wendy's milestone mixes a bitter note into the lovely moment between parents and child, and she leaves for the prom in a huff.

Stan rose again, taking in the sight of her body in the mirror. It didn't look strange or alien anymore. In those memories, no one had called her Stan. They all used a different name.

"Stacy," she said wonderingly, watching her soft lips form the new name in the mirror.

When she put the bra back on a few minutes later, it no longer felt difficult... almost like she had been doing it for years.

The rest of the evening passed uneventfully. Stacy shared her revelation with Wendy about her name and memories, but both sisters were too exhausted to discuss their issues further. Less than half an hour after Stacy stepped out of the shower, they were both fast asleep.

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Wendy sighed and took a sip of her iced coffee as she sped down the highway in the bright morning sun. She didn't normally like to drink much caffeine, but after last night, she definitely needed a pick-me-up.

She had left a note for Stan without waking him up. Or... rather, she left a note for STACY without waking HER up. As odd as it was to think of her sibling that way, Wendy needed to be careful about how she talked and thought about her sister until they could get this straightened out. If her hypothesis was correct and everyone in this timeline thought of Stacy as a girl, casually mentioning her brother could raise eyebrows. Despite that, Wendy had gone into her phone and changed the "Stacy" contact to "Stan". She just felt like she would get too confused otherwise.

Stacy had obviously experienced much greater changes than she had, but Wendy had still noticed some strange changes in her own life. For one, it had been inexplicably hard to get a hold of Roger last night. Wendy had texted him while Stacy was in the shower, just looking for a conversation to take her mind off things. But he didn't respond.

He texted later, after she was asleep, so they were definitely still dating in this timeline, but he explained away his lack of contact breezily by saying his phone had died. That was fair enough; everyone made mistakes, but his cavalier attitude toward the slip-up was strange for him. Even stranger, he hadn't been downstairs waiting for Wendy when she got to the lobby this morning, despite her leaving around the time she normally did for work.

But, as strange as Roger's odd lack of deference was, it paled in comparison to what she had found in her bedside drawer...

Wendy had a fairly high libido, but she didn't always have the time or energy for sex with her boyfriend. She kept a discreet little vibrator in her nightstand for just such occasions, barely larger than a tube of lipstick.

Except... last night, when she opened the drawer and reached beneath the magazines in order to find her discreet vibrator and relieve some of the day's tension, she had instead pulled out a noticeably larger dildo with a clit stimulating attachment.

She didn't want to think about the implications of that dildo. And it hardly mattered anyway. She was already formulating plans for how to switch back to the original timeline.

But, despite her determination to fix things as soon as possible, Something was nagging at Wendy... she was a little concerned about the memory flood that Stacy had described last night; the one where she had retrieved her name. It indicated that maybe their memories of the previous timeline might be temporary.

Would they always remember that Stacy had once been Stan? Wendy couldn't be certain. She needed more data about how exactly their preserved memories worked. And, genius that she was, Wendy had worked out the perfect test subjects to discover who else might have lingering memories of the old timeline.

She sped along the highway toward home, her brain buzzing with theories, conjectures, and caffeine.

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Stacy read through the note Wendy had left her with a troubled frown. It didn't take her long.

[I've gone to our parents' house to determine if they remember you as "Stan" or "Stacy". Lay low in my apartment until I get back. There's food in the fridge and streaming services on the TV. I'll call you when I know more.]

Hanging around her sister's house all day didn't sound like a great time... but it was probably better than going out into the world and facing life as a woman. Stacy sighed deeply, grabbed the remote, and tried to settle in.

But, despite her intention to relax and watch some television, Stacy quickly grew bored. She was filled with too much nervous energy to veg out and watch television. And so, like an average younger sibling, Stacy decided to do a little snooping.

It wasn't the first time she had been in her sister's apartment, but it was the first time she was there alone, and a little light invasion of privacy sounded much more fun than a TV show right now.

There was nothing particularly interesting in Wendy's medicine cabinet, besides birth control (hardly scandalous) and tampons, which just made Stacy feel a little nervous. God, imagine if she had bad enough luck to get a period in the short time she would spend as a woman. That was a part of the feminine experience she was sure she could do without.

It wasn't until she rifled through Wendy's nightstand that she hit paydirt. She held up the slightly bulbous pink dildo in front of her eyes and, without even thinking, pressed the button on its side. The soft silicone toy came alive in her hand, buzzing with a low, pleasant hum that sent butterflies through her stomach.

Just the thought of using something like this on her new body made Stacy feel...

No. Blushing, Stacy turned off the vibrator and buried the dildo beneath the magazines where she found it. If curiously touching her own body made Stacy feel a little pervy, masturbating with a toy like that was definitely crossing the line.

Enough messing around. In fact, she should probably be using this opportunity to learn a little more about herself.

Stacy pulled out her phone, ready to snoop through her own emails and texts to learn more about her life as a girl. As she opened the screen, she saw that she had missed a text this morning. Her mouth went dry and her heart began to pound as she saw that it was from Christine. Stan's ex-girlfriend.

Shit. In this world, she had almost certainly never dated Christine. Had they still met while volunteering at the shelter? Stacy waited for another burst of strange memories, but none came. The only way to get answers to these particular questions would be to read through the texts. Stacy took a steadying breath and tapped the notification to bring them up.

[Hey girl! I missed you last night! Not snatched by a creeper while walking around on campus, I hope. Haha. Text me back, ok?]

Well... that put Stacy in an awkward position. It might be dangerous to text Christine without knowing their exact relationship, but she also couldn't let Christine think she had just disappeared. Surely a short text wouldn't hurt... Just to reassure her.

[Hi Christine. I was just working so late with Wendy that I decided to stay over at her place. Sorry to worry you!]

There, a simple, truthful response. That should clear things up. But the next text just raised more questions:

[Really? You stayed over with the wicked witch? That sounds... fun, lol. You should have texted me! You didn't forget about our fashion show, did you? I told you I have to return whatever I'm not keeping today.]

The "wicked witch"? It seemed like Stacy must not be as respectful toward her older sister as Stan had been if that was the way she talked about Wendy to Christine. As for the "fashion show", Stacy had no idea what Christine could possibly be talking about. She decided to go with a safe reply.

[Oops! It was so late by the time we finished at the lab that I honestly just crashed. Sorry that I missed the fashion show.]

Christine's text popped up swiftly.

[Hold on a sec. It's not as good as seeing the fit in person, but let me give you a quick peek right now so you can tell me what you think.]

Stacy just stared down at her phone in confusion. Was Christine saying that... Her phone buzzed again. A blurry image briefly loaded, then snapped into focus.

Stacy's eyes nearly popped out of her head. Christine had just sent her a photo from the neck down in a mirror. She was wearing a jaw-droppingly sexy set of lacy black lingerie that clung sinfully tight to her sweet, feminine curves. Stacy practically drooled as her eyes hungrily roamed the nearly-naked body of the woman she still thought of as her ex-girlfriend.

Even though they had dated for several months, Stacy had never seen Christine in this state of undress. They had "taken it slow" for the entire time they were dating, with only over-the-clothes stuff allowed during their makeout sessions.

The sensation of arousal was different in a female body. She was used to the sudden surge of blood and the feeling of insistent stiffness that came with an erection. But female arousal was slower, deeper, and more... holistic. An overwhelming welling of heat and moisture in the core of her body. A feeling of emptiness that demanded to be filled.

Stacy's mind flashed to the pink, buzzing phallus in her sister's nightstand.

With a little yelp, Stacy tossed her phone away and hid her blushing face in her hands. It was wrong to even look at the picture Christine had sent, let alone consider... other things. In a way, she was looking at the lingerie pic under false pretenses. She wasn't just the innocent gal pal that Christine was expecting her to be right now.

Across the bed, Stacy's phone lit up with another text. She stared at it longingly, feeling the unfamiliar wet heat between her legs growing stronger and stronger. She fought a brief but fierce battle with herself: morality versus libido.

Libido won, although it was close. She reached hesitantly across the bed to grab her phone again and unlocked the screen, hunger blazing in her eyes. The second photo was even better. Angelic, pure white lingerie, sheer enough to clearly show Christine's pink nipples beneath its lacy surface. Stacy bit her lower lip hard, one hand slipping down to press lightly between her legs. Damn, it felt good!

[I don't know... This is supposed to be Tucker's birthday present, you know? Whatever I wear needs to totally blow his mind. Are either of these better than what I wore for Valentine's?]

This text hit Stacy like a punch to the gut. Christine was still dating Tucker in this reality. It looked like they really were meant to be. And not only dating him, actively having sex. When she "hadn't been ready" to sleep with Stan the entire time they were dating.

But Stacy was intrigued by the mention of other lingerie... Feeling less guilty now that Christine had broken her heart all over again, she scrolled back in the text chain. Her pulse quickened as she saw picture after picture. This was far from the first time that Christine had sent her friend pictures to "judge the fit" of new underwear.

Stacy's hand was now firmly rubbing between her thighs, sending powerful tingles of sexual pleasure up her spine. She looked over at the closed drawer of her sister's nightstand.

Maybe now that she was temporarily a woman, she should get the full experience.

...You know... for science.

...

It felt strange to be back in her old neighborhood. Just yesterday, Wendy had been here twenty years ago. Naked. Seeing it this quickly back to back with her previous experience made the changes obvious. Some of the houses were freshly painted. The family that moved in next door after Mr. Wilson died had made several renovations. The little clump of woods that Wendy had hidden in yesterday, nude and panicking, didn't exist anymore. Two years ago it had been cut down to make way for another street of houses.

But despite the eerie feeling of disconnect from revisiting the modern cul-de-sac, Wendy was glad she came. Speaking to her parents rapidly confirmed her hypothesis that, for whatever reason, she and Stacy were the only ones with memories of the earlier timeline.

Her dad, as usual, greeted her at the door with a big hug, grinning ear to ear. Her mom hung back with a softer smile, but Wendy could sense the quiet pleasure radiating off of her. Even though Wendy's visit was abrupt and out of the blue, both parents had been thrilled and enthusiastic to have her over. Both of them looked older. Wendy noted that her dad's hair was

noticeably grayer than the last time she had seen him, and the crow's feet around her mother's eyes looked deeper than ever.

She realized with a guilty, sneaking feeling that the last time she had seen them in person was last summer. She had just been so busy and focused on work and school that everything else had faded into the background.

But they didn't try to make her feel bad for that. They invited her in for lunch with open arms, thrilled to see her. Wendy had always been the golden child in her parents' eyes. How could she not be, compared to Stan... or Stacy? Wendy had never gotten the impression that her parents didn't love or support her younger sibling, but there had always been an obvious favorite.

The plan had been for Wendy to subtly bring up Stacy and see how her parents reacted, but it hardly felt necessary: Stacy's feminine face beamed out of nearly every family photo in the house, and her parents weren't freaking out about why someone had photoshopped their son into a woman.

Still, since she was here, it paid to be thorough.

She pushed away her cleaned plate of pasta and said lightly, "So... have you heard from Stacy recently?" A carefully neutral statement. If her parents answered, "Who do you mean?" She could easily play it off as a misunderstanding and would know that they retained memories as well.

Her dad raised an eyebrow with a smile. "Of course. Your sister calls us every week." And now there was the tiniest bit of reproach in his eyes. Wendy winced a little from guilt, but she finally had what she needed. Her hypothesis was definitely correct: no one except her and Stacy knew about the previous timeline.

But there was one other thing that was bothering her... Wendy wanted to know as much as she could about how this version of herself differed from the original timeline. The dildo by itself was somewhat disquieting, not to mention the strangely indifferent attitude of her boyfriend. Obviously she couldn't ask her parents about either of those, but there was something else she felt like she might be able to dig up some information about.

"I was thinking about St. Lucia the other day..." she said, letting the end of her sentence trail off. It was possible that her parents might not know anything about the magnet she had found on her fridge, but there was only one way to find out. At worst, they might dismiss it as a strange non-sequitur.

Wendy's mother gave her a look of mild, pleased surprise. "Really? Me too! I don't know why we haven't done another girls' trip since then. Let's plan one!"

Then suddenly, there was a strange... pressure behind Wendy's eyes. She raised a hand to her temple, blinking in confusion. It wasn't a physical sensation... more like there was a thought struggling to break free inside her. It was like the feeling of having a word on the tip of her tongue, but a thousand times more intense.

Then with a sensation of release, the memory washed over her. The experiences of a woman who was her, but not her.

A few years back. A tropical vacation, just her, her mom, and her sister. Mom had insisted, saying they needed more bonding time.

She could feel the heat of the tropical sun on her skin. Taste ocean salt on her lips. The image of him flashed in front of her eyes. Just a boy. A shirtless, tan vision of confident masculinity. She remembered the taste of his lips... the sweaty, frantic rendezvous in his hotel room after sneaking away from her mom and sister. A passionate, taboo, filthy fuck session that had left her breathless... and guilty. She had been dating Roger at the time. Had called him that very night, with the sense of shame and guilt coiling inside her.

It had changed their relationship in subtle ways, even though Roger had never found out. Wendy struggled to assert herself with him now. The guilt lingered during their sexual encounters, making them a little less satisfying.

Wendy realized she had stopped breathing. She sucked in a deep breath that cleared away the tropical sun and clinging guilt.

Her parents were a little concerned by her sudden dazed look and air of distraction, but Wendy managed to reassure them before making a swift exit.

As she got behind the wheel and waved goodbye to her parents with a tight-lipped smile, Wendy felt more determined than ever to put things right and return to a world where things made more sense.

She already had a couple of ideas for how she could put things back the way they were, and now that felt more urgent than ever.

...

Stacy slipped off her panties, her body singing with adrenaline, feeling her rapid pulse throbbing in her painful stiff nipples and wet, ready pussy.

She lay back on her sister's bed and spread her thighs, the motion gently parting the pink, delicate lips of her new and foreign female genitalia. This body still felt odd and unnatural... but instead of something scary and bewildering, it now seemed like a fascinating new adventure. An untouched wilderness of pleasure just waiting to be explored.

Stacy looked over to where she had set her sister's pink vibrator on the smooth white sheets of the bed. She gulped as she felt another tingle of taboo arousal race up her spine, experiencing the feeling of her new pussy clenching hungrily at the sight. Should she really do this? It seemed like a big step to masturbate in this female body. Especially using her sister's sex toy. What if she hated it? What if she liked it too much? But the temptation to experience the unknown was too great to resist.

And besides, seeing Christine's innocent fashion pictures had made Stacy so horny she could barely think straight.

Stacy settled back with her head leaning against the pillows and picked up the vibrator. She ran a thoughtful thumb over the soft silicone surface, placing it on the recessed button that would start the vibration... and decided against it. That might feel a little intense right now. Maybe she should ease herself in.

Stacy opened her text chain with Christine once again using her other hand, eagerly seeking out and discovering the most revealing shots she could... shots that her ex-girlfriend from another timeline had innocently sent to her female friend, never knowing they would be used as masturbation material.

At the same time, she began to tentatively nuzzle the soft, bulbous tip of the sex toy against her lower lips, making a light squishing noise as she rubbed it slowly up and down against herself. It felt unbelievably good to tease herself this way. It wasn't like the powerful, immediate, raw pleasure of jerking off that she remembered from being a male. Instead, it caused a slow, mounting, burning heat and wetness that seemed to fill up her insides in a deeply satisfying way.

Most of the pictures of Christine truly were innocent. Shots of her enjoying a coffee. A picture of some cute jeans she bought. But there were some spicy ones as well. Stacy spent a steamy couple of minutes carefully examining some photos that were apparently from a bikini shopping trip. She pressed the dildo into her damp, heated flesh at the sight of a couple of tiny swimsuits that Christine mentioned in the texts were "too slutty to actually buy".

But what she was really searching for was whatever Christine had worn on Valentine's Day. The lingerie she claimed was even better than the gauzy pairs she was considering for Tucker's birthday. And, after some frantic scrolling and rubbing, Stacy finally found what she was searching for.

She let out a soft moan, pressing the dildo tighter than ever against her sopping pussy as she stared intently at the photo. Christine posed in a tight little pink corset with matching pink panties and thigh-high stockings. God, Christine had been right. It did look hotter than either of the other pairs of lingerie she had modeled last night. In fact, she looked so good that it made Stacy greedy for even greater pleasure just looking at it.

Biting her lip, Stacy rubbed her thumb over the recessed button on the dildo, unsure if she was ready for the intensity that might come with pressing it. But her eyes stayed focused on the sweet, sexy picture on her screen. Christine was taking the picture in a mirror, hand on her hip in a fun, mockingly sexy pose for her trusted friend. Her lips were frozen in the middle of a kissing motion.

Stacy's pussy throbbed with needy heat.

She pressed the button, a moan immediately bursting from between her lips as the low, sweet buzz of the sex toy sent arcs of sexual electricity through her. It felt so fucking good that she momentarily lost focus on the sexy photo in front of her, staring down her body past the fluff of pubic hair to watch as the vibrating toy nudged gently between the moist lips of her labia. Breathing in hard, ragged gasps, she dragged the vibrator slowly upward, sliding it deeper, parting her lips until it reached...

Stacy suddenly bucked her hips upward, her eyes bulging, her toes curling, and a breathy gasp escaping her mouth as she found the sweet, burning center of her feminine pleasure for the first time. Stan had been at least academically aware of where the clitoris was, and knew that it was important for getting girls off. But that didn't prepare Stacy for the explosion of pleasure that the vibrator caused when pressed tight against her throbbing love button.

Panting, sweating, and dripping aroused juices down onto his sister's clean sheets, Stacy wiggled and rubbed the buzzing pink sex aid over her clit with greedy intensity, letting slutty moans rip out of her without holding back. This was fucking incredible! Sexual pleasure seemed to pulse through her whole body, not just through the penis like when she used to jerk off as a boy. Curious, and with a free hand now that the phone had dropped from it, she raised a hand to cup a breast, tweaking her nipple with a thumb and forefinger.

Her moans grew louder. The pleasure coming from the toy rubbing between her legs and the hand now frantically pawing her breast seemed to harmonize, becoming more than the sum of their parts. This session had ceased to be about Christine at all. Now it was solely about her. She was the center of her own sexual world, and that felt right and natural in this moment of overwhelming pleasure.

She could feel it... she was going to cum. A second female orgasm, even stronger than the one she had last night. And she wanted it... bad. But there was one other thing that she wanted to try.

Taking a deep breath, Stacy slid the dildo just below her clit, then, slowly and carefully, began to push it inside. It was utterly different from the feeling of penetration that a penis gave. Having something pleasurable enter you... pushing inside your body... stretching... filling... it felt humbling and powerful and impossibly fucking hot. Stacy's other hand gripped hard on her breast and her back arched, her hips angling upward eagerly as the dildo slipped deeper inside, making her feel full... feel fucked for the first time.

She had forgotten about the clit stimulating attachment.

When it touched her, right where it was meant to, combining the feeling of buzzing pleasure on her clit with the stretched-full feeling and the sensation of her fingers on her nipples, she came hard, howling loud in delight, not even caring in this moment of ecstasy that Wendy might have neighbors who would be getting quite an earful right now. Right then, in that moment, it didn't matter who might be listening. Nothing mattered but the toe-curling orgasm ripping through her. It felt like there was fire in her veins. As her muscles tensed and her mind reeled, she felt full, and female, and whole.

Then she slumped back onto the now-damp bed sheets. Her sister's bedroom was filled with the sound of her harsh panting breaths and the buzz of the vibrator.

The phone next to her began to ring.

The sound made Stacy jump, startled out of her post-orgasmic glow. She reached down and scooped up the phone, answering it quickly with a guilty "H-hello?"

"Stan... I mean, Stacy. I'm on my way back, and... what's the matter with you?" Wendy asked suspiciously, her voice bristling with annoyance. "You sound like you just ran a marathon."

Stacy tried to calm her breathing, quickly saying, "I was just... uh... exercising. To see if I felt weaker now." She winced at her own weak excuse, but luckily, it seemed like Wendy was barely interested.

"Whatever. Listen, it turns out I was right. We're the only ones who remember the other timeline. But it hardly matters. I have a plan to set the world back to how it should be," said Wendy, with a grim note of determination in her voice.

Stacy sat up, unconsciously wrapping an arm around her breasts now that she was talking on the phone. "That's great!" she said immediately... then realized that she actually felt a bit more complicated about that. Being female now felt much more intriguing. Of course she wanted to go back to being a guy, but getting to experience how the other sex lived had actually been sort of fun. "So are you headed back here?" Stacy guiltily looked around at the bed, which was now wet with sweat... and other fluids.

"No, I'll meet you at the lab in thirty minutes. I want to get out of this timeline as soon as possible." There was an unexpected note of bitterness in her voice that made Stacy frown. Before, Wendy had been coldly calm and rational, not upset at all about the way the timeline had changed. Why was Wendy suddenly so passionate about this?

"Sounds good," said Stacy with relief. That would give her a chance to clean up at least a little. "See you then."

Wendy, abrupt as ever, hung up without saying goodbye. Stacy jumped out of bed immediately, stripping off the soiled sheets so she could shove them in the wash. She was curious about the plan that Wendy had come up with... even if she wasn't quite as desperate anymore to get back to their timeline as quickly as possible.

...

Wendy saw Stacy loitering outside the lab waiting for her as she approached. Her younger sibling looked a little more comfortable now, standing with her arms stuffed into the sleeves of a jacket she had borrowed from Wendy's closet and looking thoughtful. At least she wasn't cringing every time someone passed by anymore. Maybe a good night's sleep had calmed her down. Or maybe she was just getting used to being a girl. The idea made Wendy feel sour and anxious. She had just discovered that this version of her wasn't nearly as clear-headed and self-disciplined as herself. She had no desire to get used to this timeline.

Stacy perked up as she finally noticed Wendy approaching, and Wendy irritably waved for her to follow. "Come on. I know how to fix this," she said curtly, "I'll explain in the lab."

Stacy nodded and followed obediently along. Stacy's sex might have changed, but at least she still knew her place in the pecking order, thought Wendy with satisfaction.

Once they reached the lab, Wendy immediately sat at the console, pulling up the calibration program and referencing a few figures to ensure her sketched-out plan from the drive home would actually work.

Stacy tried to interrupt, but Wendy held up an imperious finger, demanding that Stacy wait until she was finished. Finally, she sighed in satisfaction and turned back to Stacy with a smug smile. "Just as I thought. I know exactly how to get us out of this mess."

Stacy leaned down to glance over Wendy's shoulder. Peering at the numbers filling the screen. "How?" she asked curiously, clearly unable to tell what Wendy had been looking at exactly.

"It's basic science," said Wendy sharply. "Experimentation allows us to adjust and refine our methods. Actually experiencing time travel gave me some ideas on how the entire system could run more smoothly. By changing a few basic assumptions in the chronological calculations, I think we can cut error rates by at least fifty percent. I have some ideas about how to build the lock-on system differently as well. It should eliminate the pesky nudity issue."

"Ok..." said Stacy slowly, straightening up and giving her sister a doubtful look. "I mean, improving the system would be great, but how does that help us now?"

"It doesn't," said Wendy smugly, "but it's certainly going to help me when I go back in time and give all the info to my past self before she invented the time machine."

Stacy bit her lip, then nodded and smiled. "So if the system is improved in the first place..."

"... Then no errors happen to begin with, and even if they do," added Wendy decisively. "I go back to the past fully clothed during the first experiment and am able to calmly deal with the situation, never altering the timeline."

"That'll work," said Stacy in an impressed tone. "When are you going to go back to?"

Wendy turned back to the console, already beginning to type in some preliminary requests for the system to start calculating. "It has to be before I started designing the program," she said distractedly, "but I don't want it to be much before then. The closer to now we can do it, the less complicated the computations will be. We can cut down the processing time even further if I just transfer directly here to the basement. Location calculations will be dead simple then." She looked up at her sister with a confident grin. "If we work around the clock, I think we can be ready to go in 48 hours."

Oddly, instead of looking overjoyed like Wendy expected, Stacy looked... conflicted. She hesitated, then opened her mouth and said, "Do you... Do you think that you might be able to hold the fort here for a while? Most of the early stages are just you inputting parameters anyway, so there won't be much for me to do."

Wendy gave her younger sibling a long, uncomprehending stare, her eyebrows lowering into a scowl. "Why?" she asked suspiciously. "What do you have to do that's so much more important than reversing this awful timeline? I'd have thought you would be desperate to get out of... all that." She gestured vaguely at her sister's new feminine form.

Stacy shrugged, a blush forming high in her cheeks. "I am! I mean, I want to go back to the other timeline just as bad as you... It's just that one of my friends texted, worried about me. If she wondered where I went, other people might too. Putting in an appearance might be a good idea."

It was a stupid idea. It didn't really matter if people got concerned about Stacy in the next few days, because the entire timeline would be wiped out after that. Wendy put a hand to her forehead, ready to argue back... then realized that she didn't actually care. Stacy wanted to go to class and act like things were normal? She could go ahead and have fun. Besides, she was actually right. Most of the first day would be taken up with Wendy giving the computer the proper inputs and setting up the calculations.

Wendy sighed and checked the time. "Whatever. Just be back here by... one pm tomorrow. I should have everything running by then, so you can take over and give me a chance to sleep."

"Got it," said Stacy firmly, already turning to head for the stairs. Wendy frowned after her for a second, then shrugged and turned back to the computer.

She couldn't say she understood what was going through Stacy's head, but nor did she particularly care.

...

Stacy walked away from the lab, feeling free and happy. She had successfully managed to secure a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity: she would be able to dip her toe in and find out what life was like as a woman. For one day at least.

First, she stopped and got dinner. She had never actually eaten any of the food her sister had told her to help herself to. She had been too... busy with other stuff. So Stacy stopped at one of her favorite places, a diner a few blocks off campus.

The waitress actually smiled at Stacy when she took her order instead of looking vaguely impatient. That was certainly an improvement. It almost felt like Stacy was a spy, infiltrating femininity in disguise. Being a guy had never been this fun and thrilling.

Tonight and tomorrow morning offered the opportunity to see how this female version of herself lived. How had being a different sex affected her life? Step one would be figuring out exactly where she was going home to: there was no guarantee that this version of herself lived in the same dorm. In fact, it seemed more likely she didn't.

So, as she finished her meal, Stacy put her small purse that had appeared after the change, pulled out her phone, and did some sleuthing.

It was easier than she feared. Her "home" location was saved in the same map application she had used as a boy, and showed a different dorm building than she lived in as Stan. The dorm key on her keyring read "409". Easy.

It turned out the unfamiliar dorm was just a few minutes away, so a short walk and elevator ride later, she stood in front of a door she had never seen before in her life. "Welcome home, Stacy," she whispered to herself as she slid the key into the lock.

Room 409 was a little larger than what she had been used to as a boy... but the reason for its size soon became clear. Stacy, it seemed, had a roommate. One side of the room had a bed with rumpled un-made sheets, with a few bras tossed on the floor near the open drawer of a dresser. Stacy could only sheepishly conclude that that was her half of the room.

The other half had a neatly made bed, a couple of photos in cute frames on the dresser, and all the sorts of feminine touches that Stacy associated with girly girls. She walked over to the framed photos and picked one up, curious if she knew her roommate back from when she was Stan, or if she would be a stranger.

Stacy's eyes widened. It was a picture of Christine posing and smiling with her mother. Stacy set down the photo quickly and put a hand over her mouth. Shit. Not only was she friends with Christine in this timeline, they were roommates! That might be a little awkward, considering the fact that Stacy had just cum her brains out masturbating to her.

Crossing the room to sit on her bed, Stacy pulled out her phone and shot her roomie a quick text.

[Hey Christine. Wondering when you are getting back tonight.]

There. Perfectly normal and neutral. Stacy felt herself getting oddly nervous. Would she be able to cloak the fact that yesterday she had been a heartbroken boy desperately attracted to Christine? That, to some extent, she still was?

As it turned out, she was given a reprieve.

[Sorry babe! We keep missing each other, don't we? I'm having a sleepover at Tucker's place tonight. Let's meet for lunch tomorrow though, k? I want to catch up!]

Stacy wasn't sure if she was relieved or disappointed she wouldn't be seeing her... well, Stan's ex-girlfriend tonight. She sank back onto her bed with a sigh, reaching over to close the open dresser drawer at the same time. As she did, she noticed a shiny black shape partially covered by a messy pile of panties.

With a thrill of anticipation in her heart, she reached inside to pull out an even bigger dildo than the one she had found in Wendy's nightstand, this one shiny and black. She stared at it in alarm, feeling its weight and girth in her hand, arousal once again beginning to well between her legs.

Hmmm... it looked like her roommate wouldn't be back tonight. And she had to do SOMETHING to keep herself occupied, right? When in Rome...

Just as she began eagerly shimmying out of the athletic shorts her sister had lent her, Stacy got a wicked idea. Feeling a wave of guilt smothered by overpowering lust, she snuck across the room to Christine's hamper and flipped it open... discovering just what she was looking for lying on top. A pair of worn panties.

With her heart pounding and her pussy getting wetter by the second, Christine scurried back to her bed and laid down, spreading her legs eagerly. She lowered the big black dildo to rub at her pussy while she raised the used panties to her nose and took a big sniff.

She knew she would feel guilty for abusing Christine's trust in such a perverted way after she climaxed, but for now, she was in heaven.

...

Wendy rapidly typed commands into the console, viciously punching the enter key after every one.

Being perfect was about making the right choice every time. Over and over again. It was an idea that Wendy lived her life by. Which was why it was so annoying that this version of her had made such a huge error. Cheating on her boyfriend while on vacation just wasn't the sort of thing that Wendy Sparx did. She didn't like this version of herself, no matter how subtle the changes were. She had to get back to the other timeline as quickly as possible.

The sound of the lab door opening shocked her out of her angry funk. Oh fuck. Stacy had locked the door on her way out, and the only other person with a key was...

Dr. Harrison appeared at the bottom of the stairs, looking suspiciously around the basement lab, his eyes locking with laser-like intensity on Wendy the instant he saw her.

"Researcher Sparx," he said curtly, striding swiftly across the laboratory. "Hard at work, I see."

Wendy swiftly minimized the program she was working on as she turned with a tight, professional smile on her face. "Guilty as charged, Director. To what do I owe the visit?"

Dr. Harrison's eyes flicked to the now-blank screen, and then back to her. "I was informed that there was a significant power draw late last night coming from the lab. Does that mean what I think it does?"

Shit. Wendy had been so caught up in the aftermath of the time travel that she had forgotten the constraints she was operating under. The alterations in the timeline hadn't changed the fact that the lab director was breathing down her neck for results.

"I performed a stress test on the equipment," said Wendy solidly, maintaining a perfect poker face.

"And the results?" prompted Dr. Harrison.

"Optimal," said Wendy flatly. "We should be ready for tests soon."

Dr. Harrison stared at her for a moment longer, his eyes slightly narrowed. Then he let out a huff. "Ok. I'll leave it at that for now. But I'll remind you that all discoveries and equipment developed in this lab are the property of the lab, Researcher Sparx. And science done in secret isn't real science at all."

Wendy felt a bead of sweat forming on her forehead. Well, if Dr. Harrison hadn't been before, he was definitely suspicious now. It also felt, oddly, like he was treating her with slightly less respect

than he normally did. She wasn't sure if that was because he was annoyed with her... or if it was the result of this fucking timeline again.

"Understood, sir," she said in a monotone. Dr. Harrison nodded curtly, took one last look around the lab, then swept back toward the stairs.

Wendy pulled up the program again the second she heard the door at the top of the stairs close. She had to work even harder now to make up for the time his visit had wasted.

She didn't want to stay here for a minute longer than was necessary.

...

Stacy woke up feeling refreshed in the morning with plenty of time to spare before class. She wasn't sure if she was just healthier than her male self, or if it was the deep rest after masturbating herself to three glorious orgasms last night, but she didn't have any of the trouble she often did waking up and getting out of bed.

She would have had plenty of time to make it to class early, but she got a little distracted.

First, she got an eyeful of the four other girls from her floor in various states of undress in the communal shower room. They all greeted her warmly, obviously on good terms, but Stacy wasn't sure where to look. The unexpectedly arousing morning shower meant that she couldn't resist another quick masturbation session with her dildo afterward. And, after that, she got a little caught up in trying on different clothes and shoes she found in her wardrobe. Her female self had a similar slouchy sense of fashion to Stan, but she still had plenty of more interesting feminine choices of clothing that she felt compelled to check out in the mirror.

So, despite waking up early, Stacy found herself late to class once again. She cursed herself as she snuck into her lecture with Professor Langstrom, assuming that he would take the opportunity to lay into her in front of the class.

And, just as she feared, as she quietly edged her way down an aisle of seats to sit down, she heard the professor's low, drawling voice call out. "Miss Sparx..." The handsome older man's cool blue eyes fixed on her, and she waited for the sneer of contempt to break across his face. But, to her shock, he simply said "... Try not to be late next time, ok?"

It seemed so out of character that Stacy wasn't even sure she had heard him correctly. Professor Langstrom had passed up a chance to ridicule her in front of the class? It was nearly unbelievable! "Yes, professor," she said numbly and sat. It wasn't a trick, Professor Langstrom simply moved on with the lesson.

A smile spread across Stacy's face. It turned out that this female version of her led a pretty great life!

...

Wendy pressed a hand hard to her forehead, trying to hold it together. It had been a while since she had pulled an all-nighter, and the combination of stress from the situation and lack of sleep was definitely getting to her.

She looked blearily at the clock. Eleven fifteen. Stacy would be here to relieve her in just a few more hours, and then she could take a nap. In the meantime, she had to focus. Otherwise who knew what errors might get introduced?

Wendy's phone began ringing, and she was so focused on the current situation that she genuinely couldn't imagine anyone except Stacy calling her right now. So without even looking, she picked up the phone and answered.

"What is it?" she snapped. "I'm a little busy right now, as I'm sure you know." It was second nature to her to take out her frustrations on her younger sibling. Taking her sharp words with good humor was one of the things Stacy was best at.

But in this case, it seemed her annoyance was misdirected. "Well, hello to you too, babe," said a smooth, mildly amused voice on the other end of the line. Wendy felt a pulse of hot embarrassment as she realized she was talking to her boyfriend. Shit! If she had noticed who was calling, she would have just screened the call.

"Roger!" she said, straightening up with a blush beginning to color her face. "Sorry! I... I thought it was Stacy calling."

"You ought to treat her a little better, you know," said Roger, lightly chiding her. "Your sister works hard to help you, and it seems like she doesn't get much out of it." Wendy frowned. Judging her decisions? Trying to push her to change her behavior? This just wasn't the way her relationship with Roger was supposed to go.

She should probably hang up on him. Even if he was upset, it hardly mattered. This version of him, this version of their relationship, would be gone completely within a day or two. But she couldn't do that. She loved Roger, even if she didn't recognize the dynamics of their relationship in this world. ... and there was also the sneaking, guilty knowledge of what this Wendy had done to him. She could suddenly understand why she had problems ordering her boyfriend around in this timeline. It was hard to throw her weight around when she felt like she owed him something.

She couldn't hang up on him. It would end up just distracting her more. "Sorry, you're right," she said with a sigh. She needed to get him off the call as soon as she could. "What's up?" she asked tersely. What she wanted to ask was 'Why are you calling me?', but she couldn't figure out how to phrase that politely.

“Nothing’s up,” said Roger patiently. “I mean, nothing besides the fact that you didn’t text me back all day. I guess I just wanted to know what was going on with you.”

Wendy squeezed her eyes shut and tried to think. In her timeline, Roger knew exactly what was going on with her. She had shared that she was working on an important project. Had this version of her shared that with her boyfriend? Her instincts said probably not. “Roger... It’s just...” She didn’t know what to say to him. Her head hurt. She was tired. Fuck this version of herself for making talking to Roger so complicated! Her relationship with him was supposed to be simple! That was why she liked it!

“I’m busy,” she finished lamely.

Roger’s silence on the other end of the phone was deafening. This was another new and unpleasant attitude from him. HER Roger would never so openly show his displeasure with his girlfriend. “...Ok,” he said finally, just barely on the wrong side of annoyed. “I get it. I’ll leave you alone then.”

“Roger, I...” Wendy gulped, annoyed to find that there was suddenly a lump in her throat. The fatigue must really be getting to her. “I’ll see you soon.”

Roger sighed, then said, a little less annoyed at the clear emotion in his girlfriend’s voice, “Yeah. I’ll see you soon, Wendy. Bye.”

Wendy set her phone down on the desk and stared at the numbers in front of her with renewed purpose.

It was time to finish this. She needed to go back to where things made sense.

...

After class, Stacy headed to get lunch with Christine, as promised.

She felt a little nervous about it. She had probably crossed a line last night. This version of Christine just considered her a platonic friend and roommate. It felt a little wrong to get off to pictures and thoughts of Christine while the poor, innocent girl didn’t even know Stacy was now attracted to her.

Stacy’s anxiety and arousal leapt even higher when she saw Christine sitting by herself in the window of the cafe. God, she looked perfect, with a cute button nose, sparkling brown eyes, and long silky brunette hair. Seeing her broke Stacy’s heart all over again. She considered chickening out and turning away... but standing her up would probably feel even scummier.

Just as she was working up the courage to enter the cafe and meet with Christine, Stacy's phone buzzed. She pulled it out instantly, worried that Wendy might need her to come in early... only to see a text from Jenna.

[Heyyyyy, mama. I'm a little blue, and I was wondering if you would be down for a... special tutoring session. ;)]

Stacy stared down at the phone with incomprehension. She scrolled up the textlog. As Stan, she had always tried to keep a professional distance between herself and the freshman she tutored. It appeared that Stacy didn't have the same hesitation. Stacy seemed like she had been extremely friendly to Jenna. There were LOTS of winky emojis.

Well, maybe this confirmed that Jenna's "flirtation" had always just been friendliness. Or did it? A "special study session" with a winky face was hard to read as innocent. It was a mystery that Stacy didn't have time to solve. Jenna would have to do without that special session, because if Stacy didn't go into the cafe right now, she wouldn't have time to.

When Stacy entered the cafe, Christine immediately caught her eye and jumped up with a smile on her face. Before Stacy could mentally prepare, she had rushed up, throwing her arms around her for a big, friendly hug.

Stacy was powerfully reminded of when she and Christine used to date, back when she was a man. Christine was a sweet, thoughtful girl who always had a kind word for everyone she met, but she had never reacted this way to seeing Stan. There had been hugs, but never ones this intense or excited. And they had been boyfriend and girlfriend! Stacy was forced to bitterly confront the fact that maybe Christine had never really been that into Stan...

But still, the tight, friendly embrace was very welcome to Stacy. She tried to calm down and not focus on how Christine's breasts pressed into hers. For some reason, she once again felt that strange mental pressure building up in her mind. The same sensation she felt before that burst of foreign memories had washed over her after the shower. She hoped that it wouldn't be as intense as the last time. The only thing more embarrassing than accidentally making puppy-dog eyes at her roommate would be going nearly catatonic from the force of new memories being inserted into her brain.

"So good to see you, Stacy!" chirped Christine with a cute little smile, gesturing for her to sit and sliding into the other side of the booth. "It feels like it's been forever!"

"Yeah," murmured Stacy with what she hoped was a casual smile. "I missed you, too." How long could it have been? A day and a half? Christine and this version of her must be really close if that felt like a long time. For some reason, every time she looked Christine in the eyes, that repressed feeling in her mind grew stronger. It was clearly building up toward some sort of burst of memories.

"So you were with Wendy since yesterday afternoon?" asked Christine, her nose crinkling with adorable incredulity. "Why? I thought you said you wanted to spend as little time as possible with her."

Wow. Had she really said that to Christine? Stan had maybe felt that way sometimes about Wendy, but he had always been much too shy to ever voice his displeasure with his older sister. Maybe that meant that Stacy was braver than Stan... or at least just cattier. "Well," said Stacy with a noncommittal shrug, "I'm working as her assistant. We have a big project, so sometimes I'm going to have to suck it up and be around her more often."

Christine nodded with a sympathetic twist of her lips, then broke into an excited smile. She leaned forward with a naughty smile and unexpectedly seized Stacy's hands in hers. "Ooh, but wait, girl. I have to tell you all about how last night went with Tucker!"

That sudden contact of skin to skin, as Christine leaned close with her excited expression, made the dam burst in Stacy's mind.

It's two years ago. She looks up from ladling soup into a homeless man's bowl to see an angel walking in the door. It's Christine, the first time that Stacy ever saw her, looking impossibly cute... impossibly hot. She has an adorable face and a smoking body built for sin. Stacy almost drops the ladle. She decides immediately that she and this new volunteer are going to get to know each other a lot better. Whatever it takes.

It's the beginning of this past school year. Christine and Stacy, now best friends, have moved in together. One step closer to Stacy's ultimate goal. Stacy decides that tonight is the night when she will push things just a bit further. Instead of the normal t-shirt and sleep pants she normally wears, Stacy strips down to her panties and bra. When Christine comments on it with a giggle, Stacy nonchalantly says that they are both girls... and it's more comfortable this way. Her heart soars and her pussy tingles with anticipation when Christine joins her a few days later, stripping down to just undies as they have a girls' night. From then on, to Stacy's delight, Christine gets more and more comfortable with her roommate seeing her body.

It's a few months after move-in, Stacy lies in bed, rubbing her pussy raw to a picture Christine sent her while shopping. By this point, Christine doesn't think anything of sending Stacy barely-clothed photos. Stacy is positive that with a little more pressure, she will be able to convince Christine to take the plunge and experiment with her a little... physically.

It's five months ago. Stacy seethes in barely concealed frustration as Christine gushes over her new boyfriend, the prick who swooped in and ruined all of Stacy's carefully laid plans. She vows to find some way to split them up, but over the following months, it becomes clear that Christine believes she has found her soulmate. The next few months are torture as Christine spends more and more time with her new man, straying further and further away from the bickering awakening that Stacy had hoped to inspire.

Stacy gasped and blinked, bewildered by the implications of her sudden flood of memories.

Stacy was a lesbian! And, more than that, she had been secretly trying to win Christine over! She had been feeling guilty for the past day over secretly being attracted to Christine while her roommate only thought they were platonic friends. But it turned out that in this timeline, Stacy had been playing the same sneaky game for months. In fact, she had engineered the situation, luring Christine into a false sense of security so she would send risque photos for Stacy to masturbate to!

It was... actually a little creepy. Stacy wasn't sure what to think. She had been attracted to Stacy's lifestyle because it had felt so much freer and happier than Stan's. But it turned out this female version of her was just as unhappy and obsessed with Christine in her own twisted way. Maybe even worse than Stan had been.

Stacy pulled her hands out of Christine's, making her roommate's face scrunch in disappointed confusion. "Stacy? What's the matter?" she asked.

"Just..." Stacy couldn't take this conversation anymore. She suddenly wasn't sure why she had wanted to experience this life so badly in the first place. "... Just feeling a little ill. I need to meet Wendy," she said lamely, turning away. "I'll see you later."

But as she pushed her way out of the cafe door, leaving a bewildered and hurt Christine behind her, she knew that it wasn't true. When she and Wendy were done, this version of Christine, and the fucked-up relationship they shared, would no longer exist.

...

The rest of the preparation for the second time travel experiment passed in a blur of hard work.

Stacy arrived just in time to relieve Wendy, who went to take a much-needed nap, then returned with two giant black coffees to help power them through a marathon session of compiling numbers and squashing errors. She crankily questioned why Stacy had washed her sheets, but Stacy was able to deflect by simply claiming she had spilled some food on them.

They were able to trade off every couple of hours, with Stacy snatching a few hours of fitful sleep at her sister's apartment in the early morning.

Both of them were exhausted when the evening of the next day rolled around, but the numbers were almost finished. Wendy worried briefly that some errors might have been introduced by their fatigue during the work, but there was no room for doubt or hesitation now. She had supervised almost the entire process this time. It would be fine.

"Ok," said Stacy wearily as the final numbers compiled. "Let's go over this one more time... what's the plan?"

"It couldn't be simpler," said Wendy, leaning back in her chair and closing her eyes for a moment. "I go back to this same lab two years and eight months ago. Just before I invented the time machine. I track myself down... which shouldn't be difficult. I practically lived in the lab at that point, so chances are good I'll appear right in front of myself. Then I simply explain some improvements to the time machine so that they can be built in from the beginning. No more errors on the first test, so everything that changed for the worse will be undone."

Stacy nodded grimly. Whatever reluctance she had before over changing the timeline back was now gone. "Sounds hard to mess up," she said with satisfaction.

"Thank you for your confidence," said Wendy acidly. She hoped that Stacy was aware that the problems with the first trip back weren't her fault.

Before the conversation could go any further, the computer let out a soft chime. Wendy straightened up and peered at the screen with interest, raking her auburn locks back from her eyes.

It was finished. In just over 48 hours, as promised, they were ready to roll with a second journey. When she looked up, Stacy was staring at her with her mouth drawn into a thin line of determination. She had no objections to the experiment this time around. They both knew that this time, it was necessary.

"Ready to go?" asked her younger sister.

"No time like the present," said Wendy, cracking her neck.

This time, as the machines spun up into a thundering roar and she climbed the stairs to the platform, Wendy didn't feel giddy with excitement. But she did feel confident. She was going to put this right... And then maybe Stacy was right. Maybe it would be a good time to assess and take stock. Her chances of altering the past to improve her finances were probably low at this point. But, to be fair, becoming the world-famous scientist who invented time travel would probably line her pockets anyway. After they returned to the previous timeline, it would be time to bring the results of the inanimate objects trials to Dr. Harrison and deal with the consequences, as much as that stung her to admit.

Stacy's voice sounded from the overhead speaker as Wendy stood on the platform, breathing deeply and psyching herself up.

"The time limit for this trip will be the maximum possible. Twenty-seven minutes and eighteen seconds, at which point you will be pulled back to origin. Commencing human trial number 2 in 5..."

"...4..."

“...3...”

This time, there could be no mistakes.

“...2...”

Wendy was perfect, and she needed to be back in a timeline where she always had been.

“...1...”

Once again, Wendy experienced her consciousness being flicked off like a light switch.

...

Wendy had tried her best to brace herself this time, but it was useless. The disorientation of suddenly flashing into existence couldn't be adjusted for. She landed hard on the bare concrete of the basement floor and immediately stumbled.

This time, there was no tree to catch herself on. Her feet tangled on a pile of something on the floor, and she fell hard, landing heavily on the cold dusty concrete. She cried out in pain and confusion at the bruising fall, then rolled over and breathed heavily, trying to pull herself together.

Once the pins-and-needles feeling receded from her brain, she was able to take stock. The room was dark... so she hadn't been lucky enough to arrive at a time when her past self was in the lab. But she was undoubtedly in the right place: she could see the dim outlines of her old lab clearly. The equipment she had been using for particle experimentation surrounded her, and probably had been the tripping hazard that brought her down.

When she had caught her breath, Wendy got to her feet, wincing at the pain of her fresh bruises, but pleased to feel there were no broken bones. She was once again naked, but this time it would provide no massive hurdle. She got up and crossed the room to the small desk Wendy had set up before the computer console had been installed. She reached beneath it and found exactly what she was looking for: her gym bag. At this time in her life, she had frequently traveled directly between the gym and the lab, so she often had an extra set of clothes on hand just in case. In minutes, Wendy was fully clothed and ready to complete her mission. But how long had it taken her to get her bearings and get dressed? She didn't have a watch or phone on her, so she couldn't check. *I have to hurry*, she thought to herself anxiously. *This may be the last chance I get to put things right.*

She had to find where her past self was as soon as humanly possible. Luckily, it shouldn't be too hard. She had spent all of her time at the lab, the gym, or her apartment back in these days.

Well, except for that conference Dr. Harrison had forced her to go to about a month before this. That had been a pain. In theory, she just had two more places to check.

She mounted the stairs two at a time and breezed out of the lab, walking quickly to make sure none of the other scientists would try to stop her for a chat. She had limited time, and couldn't spend any of it on small talk.

She pushed her way out of the door in a rush, turning down the street toward her apartment, which she assumed would be the best bet. She was hurrying so much that she didn't look where she was going, and ran straight into someone coming the other way, nearly knocking them both to the ground.

When she got over the surprise of the jarring physical contact, Wendy was even more surprised to see Stacy standing there, looking nice for once in a professional-looking blouse and dress pants.

But if Wendy was surprised, Stacy was even more shocked. Her mouth fell open in confusion, and her eyes went wide. "WENDY? What are you doing here?" she asked in a flabbergasted voice.

Wendy glanced around in a panic, worried that someone would hear Stacy's shocked response. It didn't make sense that Stacy was so bewildered... why was she so shocked to see Wendy outside the lab where she worked? But even though it was perfectly natural for her to be here, Wendy didn't want any attention drawn to herself as a time traveler. She grabbed Stacy by the arm and steered her around the corner of the building and out of sight of casual passers-by.

"What do you mean?" she hissed. "This is where I work. Where else would I be?"

Stacy gave her an odd look. "At the conference you're supposed to be attending halfway across the country. I called you like ten minutes ago! You said you were about to go into a panel."

The blood drained from Wendy's face. "Shit!" she said softly. It looked like, once again, the transfer hadn't been exact. They had missed the date they were shooting for by just a few weeks this time instead of years, but it had happened at absolutely the worst time.

Her past self was across the country. Even if Wendy could borrow Stacy's phone and call her, she would never believe that someone on the phone was really a time traveler from the future. She wouldn't even believe a video call; that sort of thing was too easy to fake nowadays. It was just far, far more likely that someone was pranking her.

"What time is it?" asked Wendy nervously around the thumbnail she was chewing.

"It's ten minutes to one. Wendy... what's going on?" asked Stacy with a disturbed look on her face.

“Be quiet for a second,” said Wendy. “Let me think.” The good news was that getting out of the lab hadn’t taken her too long. The bad news was that she had a little less than twenty minutes until she was yanked back through time. She stared into the distance, trying to force her brain to come up with some way to get the all-important knowledge to her past self. Then her eyes swung back to her confused sister. Yes... that could definitely work. If Wendy gave Stacy the ideas she had for improving the time machine and Stacy passed them along to past Wendy, then she was confident her past self would believe them. Stacy seeing her in person would at least raise the possibility that Wendy was telling the truth, and the ideas would speak for themselves.

“Come on,” said Wendy, grabbing Stacy by the arm once again. She had to hurry and explain everything to the best of her ability.

“Wendy... No! I mean... I have to go to my interview!” protested Stacy while she was being dragged along. Wendy had to restrain herself from rolling her eyes. Ah, so she had happened to land back on the same day as Stacy’s interview to become a research assistant. The one Stacy had utterly bombed. Wendy had to bite back a snarky comment that it didn’t matter if Stacy was on time or not. Instead, she lied. “It’s only going to take like ten minutes. We’ll go to the coffee shop across the street. You’ll be at the interview in no time. Dr. Harrison never starts them on time anyway.”

Reluctantly, Stacy followed after her sister, toward the coffee shop and the most important twenty-minute discussion she would ever have.

...

Fifteen minutes later, Stacy stared down at a napkin covered in tiny scrawls, detailing the basic engineering of the time machine and listing important improvements. She had been silent for the past ten, watching and listening as Wendy rapidly laid out the complex science behind the method of time travel she had discovered. When Wendy finally stopped and slid the napkin across the table, Stacy picked it up with a thoughtful look.

“So... you’re saying you’re from the future...” she said doubtfully, giving Wendy a suspicious glance.

This time, Wendy did roll her eyes. “Yes! Is that the only thing you grasped this entire discussion?” She glanced up at the clock over the counter. She was running out of time. Her leg jiggled nervously beneath the table.

“And this isn’t some prank? You’re not going to laugh at me when I ask you about it later and say that I’m gullible?”

“Jesus Christ,” said Wendy irritably, rubbing her temples with her eyes fixed on the clock. Only three minutes to go. She suddenly felt all of the draining fatigue of staying up two nights in a row with only short naps crash over her. “This is legit. You said it yourself. The present version of me is on the other side of the country! Now repeat what I told you. What do you have to do with that napkin?”

“Just give it to...you. I mean the current you,” said Stacy reluctantly, “and explain that it came from the future you.”

“Perfect,” said Wendy decisively, standing up. She was out of time. She needed to get somewhere where no one would see her disappear. She got ready to leave the shop, then turned back to her bewildered little sister, soon to be returned to her little brother. She felt a little bad; Stacy was about to go through a crushing experience of rejection at the interview.

“Hey,” she said with a fake smile, “good luck. With the interview.”

Stacy suddenly looked panicked, her eyes shooting to the clock. “Oh, Shit! I’m ten minutes late!” She squeaked.

They both rushed out of the shop together, Stacy hustling toward the lab and Wendy ducking around the corner into the alley.

Wendy had just enough time to hope fervently that everything had worked this time when her mind clicked off again.

...

This time, Stacy wasn’t shocked to see Wendy’s clothes collapse to the platform. In fact, she was less nervous overall. Wendy’s plan was well-formulated and less risky than last time: more of a correction than a major change.

After about a minute, the energy levels on the control console spiked again, indicating Wendy’s return. Stacy grabbed the towel they had prepared and approached the platform, getting ready to sling it over her naked sister.

Wendy appeared once again out of thin air, dropping to the surface of the platform and slumping to her knees. Once again ignoring the safety protocols, which hadn’t seemed to matter much last time, Stacy sprinted up and slung the towel over her shoulders. “How did it go?” She yelled out over the still-roaring machinery.

Wendy gave a limp thumbs up “A few hiccups. We were off by a couple weeks, but I think I got it done.”

“Again?” asked Stacy in frustration. She had been pretty sure that her fuckups had been what caused the timing problem on the last trip, but this time they had worked together to fix the errors. Was it some sort of problem in the program itself?

Wendy nodded wearily. “Just a few more seconds now. We should see the changes pop in...”

Stacy braced herself. If the change was anything like last time, it would be intensely sexual. Getting her penis sucking into her body like a strand of spaghetti had been one of the oddest experiences of her life, and she couldn’t imagine resprouting a cock would be any less odd-feeling. Just as she mentally steeled herself, the strange rippling started in the center of the platform, rapidly spreading outward over them.

She readied herself for the sensation of melting bones and transforming genitals... but it never came. A heat bloomed inside her, but it was far less intense than the furnace she felt last time. It felt like her body was being bathed in gentle sunlight. Her bones didn’t melt or reform, but Stacy did suddenly feel her teeth shift in her mouth with an unpleasant grinding sensation. Her hands flew up to feel that her crooked buck teeth were now pleasantly straight and even... but she had no time to marvel over that small change; further changes were already happening to her.

Her hair suddenly felt... different. She hadn’t noticed it before, because it had sort of faded into the background of her experience... but before her hair had felt sort of dry and itchy. Now it felt smooth. As her hands rose up from her mouth to probe the sensation, she pulled a strand of hair out to look at it... Only to find that her hair had become smooth, golden, and lustrous. A far cry from the frizzy mess she had before.

Stacy squeaked in alarm as she noticed her point of view was shifting upward. She thought for a second that she was growing, but when she looked down, she saw that her shoes had changed into heels. That was strange... she was sure that she hadn’t seen any at all in Stacy’s closet when she was getting dressed earlier.

Then, in between one blink and the next, the biggest change of all happened. Stacy patted her chest in shock, feeling the crisp white fabric of the lab coat that had suddenly appeared there. Wendy looked up at her from the floor, clutching the towel around herself. Unless Stacy was mistaken... did it look like her sister had a pimple on her nose? That was even stranger than the heels. Wendy had always been meticulous about her skincare.

But Wendy was too busy staring daggers at the badge clipped to Stacy’s chest to notice any changes to herself. Stacy flipped the badge on her lab coat up to get a look, and was shocked to see that it read “Senior Researcher”. That was Wendy’s title... but there was no mistake. “Stacy Sparx” was printed directly beneath it.

With a furious scowl on her face, Wendy dug through her clothes, finding her own badge. Her face went red. Stacy was able to read upside down from her position that the badge now read “Junior Researcher.”

Wendy looked up at her sister, ready for a fight... then her eyes slid over Stacy's shoulder, her mouth falling open.

Stacy turned to see what she was looking at. For some reason, hanging on the wall of the laboratory was a framed napkin behind glass, covered in tiny diagrams and scribbles in black ink. Stacy had no idea what it could be... but Wendy certainly seemed to recognize it.

"You..." said Wendy softly in a voice of smoldering rage...

"... You thieving bitch!"