

Sandy, being a doctor, took the most interest in the news. Everyone had the basic and understandable investment in their own life but she had the additional curiosity of a medical doctor, and the additional questions they might not have thought of.

Simply put: she thought it was bullshit.

She didn't believe them and she wasn't going to start without looking into it herself. For years she'd used her own scientific acumen to look into the process which had transformed them body and mind. She'd learned things that were unnecessary for her degree and invested time into learning fields entirely separate from her career path. It wasn't easy for a gurl that wanted to make up for lost time and graduate ahead of schedule, but she'd done it. She's done it to no avail.

And then, the answer just appeared, after years of saying it was impossible?

It was suspicious. And so she asked for a private meeting with the doctor who was making all these claims, before anyone else saw her. She wanted to discuss one scholar to another.

She wanted to know how she got these records of their mental changes.

The security greeted her with a nod as she walked into the laboratory, and gestured down the hall for her. The complex housing this lab was vast and one could easily get lost in its labyrinthian halls. Sandy heard from her sources that this was one of the most advanced research companies in the country, and that their lead scientist had taken a special kind of pity on the Sissy Camp gurls. She was trying to cure the damage done to them as a purely altruistic endeavor, working on it on the side as Sandy once had.

Only, she'd succeeded.

"Oh, how lovely of you to come by! I'm so glad to finally meet one of you girls!" explained the woman waiting in the office. She was well put together, with a nice tan and her dark hair up in a tight bun. She looked up at Sandy over a pair of small glasses, and with a face that had little else to betray her age. "Or is that not the preferred term?"

"The preferred term for me is 'Doctor.' That's the capacity in which I'm here" dryly explained Sandy, her own blonde locks back in a loose ponytail. She was dressed in a professional blouse and black pants, her shrunken member forming the faintest hint of a bulge in its front.

"Of course. I'm so glad you asked to come. As an intellectual, you can explain my progress to the others" explained Dr. Lestra.

"And how do you explain your progress? I've been looking into this for years and haven't found the slightest trace of evidence to our mental profiles. I assumed that the camp burned them when they realized they were going under."

"Burned them? Oh, perish the thought! They were barbaric, but they were still scientists. They kept records. They just managed to keep them hidden until now. And I understand your search but I have more resources than you do. And perhaps a bit more luck" smiled the woman. "Please, sit and we can discuss a bit more."

She gestured to the chair, which Sandy looked at with some caution. She hadn't expected such a warm reception. Maybe she had just wanted a fight. Conflict without was a lot easier than conflict within. An argument would make for a pretty good distraction from how confusing all this was.

So Sandy sat, crossing her legs in the type of utterly feminine fashion that made this all so perplexing. It was obvious that Sissy Camp had messed with their heads. They liked men, after all. In Sandy's case, she really liked them, and loved nothing more than laying in her husband's big strong arms after a long day at work. Their naked bodies, her softness and his firm form. His secure grip and her surrender to it. The pleasant sighs she would give and the look in her eyes as they looked into his and the smirk as she reached for his firm and warm manhood...

Suffice to say, Sandy liked men.

But there were other things. She carried herself like a woman. She cared about her nails. She smoothed her skirt without thinking. It had been years since she'd even thought about the concept of manspreading. Her entire being might have been altered, or perhaps it was just her own adjustment to her new body. She could never be sure.

Until now.

"I understand that this is all confusing. Your brain itself was violated. You were treated as the raw material for something beyond your control and-"

"I'm well aware" snapped Sandy, raising a hand before realizing how snippy she was being. "Just...I don't need you to reiterate it. Tell me how you learned about the mental changes and how to fix them."

"Of course. One scientist to another...let me explain."

Penny had her own appointment that day.

She had an appointment with a douche in her residence hall named Ronald McClaine, who had been annoying her for far too long. She wasn't an easy girl to vex,

since she'd had a pretty live and let live attitude since becoming a sissy. But Ron didn't seem to share that attitude. In fact, he remained aghast at the idea of a sissy being on campus, long after everyone had gotten used to it. Nevermind the fact that Penny hadn't chosen to become a sissy, and was seen by most as the victim of a government program gone rogue.

Nevermind the fact that she had slept with almost every guy worth sleeping with.

Ron kept going on about how Penny was a freak and how no one ought to tolerate her. He started a petition to remove her from the cheer squad, which no one else signed.

Worst of all: he called her ugly.

She could have dealt with a campaign of hate and harassment. But saying that she wasn't hot? That was unthinkable. That was a matter of pride. So, despite how utterly unremarkable Ronald McClaine was, she took an interest in him. She asked around, watched him from across the class and finally came to the obvious conclusion.

He was into her. He just had a lot of internalized sissy-phobia. As a punishment for that and a test to make sure she was right, she decided to give him a little visit.

KNOCK KNOCK

She stood outside his dorm wearing nothing but a blue towel and a big smile on her face.

KNOCK KNOCK

"I'm coming-"

He opened the door as his expression quickly shifted. Usually, the kind of swift shock was reserved for someone who has been physically kicked in the ribs, but the sudden shift was just as easily explainable by Penny's presence.

And the amount of leg she was showing.

"Ronald!" she clapped, with a theatrical voice reserved for bad actresses or good ones that were really trying to mess with someone. His eyes glanced to her hands, and then to the towel which they had left unattended. It wasn't on tight enough to count a slip up out...

"I heard about your petition and totally understand your confusion about me. In fact, I was about to go shower and then I remembered...I should ask you which one to use!"

He stared for a few moments until he managed to remember that there was a person in front of him, and not just an image that was making his pants tighter.

"I...what?"

"Well!" she giggled, tilting her head as flirtatiously as possible "I know you have a lot of opinions about whether I used the men's or women's room so I thought I'd ask. The girls don't seem to mind me there. They know I'm not a threat to them. My taste is a little bit more..."

She lifted her hand and pressed her tongue to the side of her cheek, miming a blowjob with such eerie accuracy that Ron could hardly stand it. He shifted on his feet, reaching into his pockets to make a 'subtle' adjustment. But Penny had been a guy once, and knew the signs when a guy was trying to manage a tent in his pants. Ron's was growing. But it wasn't there yet...

“But I knew you cared a lot about me showering with you.”

“With...with me?!” he muttered.

“Well, not *literally* with you. Unless you want me to” she winked. “But in the men’s shower area.”

She put her hands on her hips and shifted her weight, waiting to see if he managed another word. If he did, she would be mighty impressed. Some guys outgrew tugging on girl’s pigtails to get their attention, but it seemed that Ron hadn’t ever advanced from attacking girls he felt attracted to. Add in some shame and self enforced societal expectations, and Ron’s feelings had curdled into something sad and hateful.

But no amount of that could hide how excited she made him.

“I, well you’re...you’re obviously not...I think you should...um...”

“Cat got your tongue?” she giggled, looking in at his room. “Oh, is that a Star Wars poster?”

Without warning, she stepped into his room, knowing that he’d be too dumbstruck to do anything about it. She was right. He stood there frozen as her bare feet padded across his dorm and inspected all the posters and figurines he had.

She reached his desk and bent over, inspecting one of the action figures as he practically choked on his own breath behind her. She was bent over, her incredible rear on grab display as her tight towel threatened to ride up and show him the world.

“You have a great collection! I actually dressed up as Slave Leia for Halloween last year” she said, turning around in time to watch that image bloom in his mind. He stared wide eyed, as if imagining her in the costume right now...

“So what *were* you going to say? That I’m a freak? A scientific mistake?” she pouted as she walked back towards him.

“Well, you’re not a-” he tried to explain, face beet red.

“Not what? Not a real girl?” she asked, walking close until there were merely inches from face to face. “Are you gay then?”

“Am I- No!” he exclaimed.

“Well if you’re not gay and I’m not a real girl...why are you staring at me?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

He suddenly had that cute little look of a boy who’d been caught, or who’d realized he’d been caught after being far too obvious for far too long. Had Penny been this stupid as Phillip? She hoped not.

“I’m...I’m not...”

The towel dropped.

The towel dropped to the floor, but Ron’s eyes didn’t follow it. They didn’t look down as it rested at Penny’s feet, didn’t follow the motion of the rippling fabric as it moved through the air.

They stared ahead, going so wide it seemed like they might burst out of their head.

“*Oops! Silly me!*” giggled Penny in that lilting and theatrical voice. She put a scandalized hand over her mouth but otherwise did nothing, standing there in all her glory as the nerdy hater stared.

When his nose started bleeding, she couldn’t help but snicker.

“Well, you’re not into me. I came here to bend over for you but...if you’re not into me...”

She reached down and grabbed the towel, grabbing it without putting it back on. Slinging it over her shoulder, she headed back to the door.

“Wait!” he exclaimed.

But she just put her finger on his lips.

“No need to explain yourself. Different people have different tastes...” she teased, turning around so he got an unavoidable view of her pale bottom.

Then, before he could say anything, she put her towel back on and headed out.

As soon as she did get to the shower, she burst out laughing. Ron wouldn’t be a problem anymore, not that he’d been one to begin with. But hopefully this helped him realize how repressed and awful he’d been for no reason. He couldn’t deny it any longer...

Had he really gotten a nosebleed?

Penny giggled as she ran it back through her mind and as she checked her phone one last time.

It was a text from Samantha, asking her if she was going to the lab. She was going to find out for herself, and thought they should do this together. Solidarity and all that.

And just like that, all the fun of the teasing faded away, and Penny was once more faced with the conundrum:

Who was she and what was she going to be?

She shook her head and texted Samantha that she wouldn't be going, wishing her luck as the steam began to fog up the phone screen.

Then, she climbed into the shower.

Samantha walked into the lab with trepidation, wishing that someone was with her. There was so much to be confused about. What had been done to them? Could it be disentangled, or would one change take away the love she had for her husband? She was so worried, and Sandy had been no help. So she went to see for herself, finding Dr. Lestra in one of the halls.

"Samantha! So glad you're here! I've been looking forward to your visit, and have been going over your profile myself."

"You've seen it?" she asked, nerves apparent in the tone of her voice.

"Oh, I hope that's alright. It's important in my quest to undo the changes. I know you might think it's private but..."

"No, it's fine. Were the changes...extensive?"

Dr. Lestra frowned, which probably wasn't a great sign. With a hand on Samantha's shoulder, she looked down the hall. "Perhaps it's best I show you myself. I have the files."

She led Samantha deeper into the complex, looking her up and down all the time. "I'm sorry if I seem a bit nervous. I've just read so much about you. The sissy who bent the rules. The one most responsible for taking down the camp."

"It was a group effort."

“Of course. And every one of you ought to be very proud for your part in it. I had an enlightening discussion with Sandy yesterday and she seems to think very highly of you. I already had a strong opinion of you, but she really believes in what you do. Organizing the support group. Mentoring Penny...”

“I’m not a mentor” she snorted. “And Penny didn’t need me to teach her anything.”

“Of course. I’ve read her file as well.”

The pair of them made their way into a conference room which had become the impromptu intervention area. There were folders on the table, a powerpoint on the screen and all the signs that other sissies had been through long and complex meetings here.

The door closed...

With Dr. Lestra on the other side.

Before Samantha could register confusion, the lights turned out and the screen turned on. A flashing of lights immediately immobilized her, leaving the sissy staring ahead as old programming found familiar pathways to take route. The patterns of lights and colors left her in a daze, slowly doing their work to the deepest of her neurons.

Outside, the doctor smiled. She walked over to the next room and opened it to see Sandy standing naked, still and silent.

“Your friend will be joining you soon. And then we can begin to rebuild what you all destroyed.”