

# The Experiments of Leonard Beigh: Peer Review

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Of the scores of buildings in Westmarsh University's campus, the Jay Rasdorf Center for Computing Sciences is perhaps Leonard Beigh's least favorite. His problem is not with the building (though the whole place *does* smell like feet) so much as with its inhabitants, who, speaking purely objectively, are a weird bunch. He's only been here five minutes and he's already seen a raccoon wearing a fedora and a cape. The gecko never comes here willingly—in fact, he prefers to spend most of his time holed up in his tiny sub-basement office underneath the Nanobiotechnology department, his home turf—but today circumstances have demanded that he brave the gauntlet of the JRCCS's hygienically challenged denizens, because the little green lizard has someone to see. He pushes his narrow glasses higher up the bridge of his long snout, cinches up his long white lab coat like it's warding off uncleanliness, and tries not to make eye contact with anyone as he navigates the corridors.

He's headed to a computer lab on the fourth floor, where orderly rows of 21" CRTs sit next to purple-grey workstations under the comforting glow of fluorescent tubes. This is the Evolutionary Algorithms lab, and the labbie currently overseeing it is a glasses-wearing weasel named Ben Bensington who occupies a position of behind-the-scenes power within the evo-algo department analogous to Leonard's status as *éminence grise* of Nanobiotechnology. He's the man Leonard's here to see, and within minutes of his arrival the weasel and the lizard are having an obviously heated discussion in gritted-teeth whispers. All of the lab regulars, a quiet and stereotypically dorky bunch, are confused. Usually Ben has people thrown out of the lab for the slightest offence—who's *this* guy?

"I can't do it, Beigh. I've got unlimited accounts for myself and a few friends. You'll just have to schlep around a USB drive like everyone else."

"Unacceptable! I have a gigabyte of space allocated to me. I couldn't even fit your undoubtedly limited genome into that. Do you even know how much a gigabyte is?"

"Yes, I know how much a gigabyte is, I'm a sixth-year computer science student. And *real* faculty don't even get that much! Full professors make do with 300 megabytes!"

"And I'm sure that's perfectly suitable for everyone in the humanities to keep their little book reports in, but I'm doing real work here, damn it!"

The weasel sighs and rolls his black eyes. Out of all the technological disciplines at Westmarsh University, rife with their own arrogant, prima-donna star students, Leonard has a celebrated reputation as the biggest jerk. But... he

could be useful. Ben has some idea of the extent of Leonard's transformative prowess, and he has problems that could be solved—and desires that could be fulfilled. The weasel smirks and his whiskers twitch. “Alright, everyone out of the lab. Private conversation time!” This is confusing to the students, and he has to shout before they stand up and file out, mostly hunched over. A tall, particularly awkward-looking iguana looks back over his shoulder at Ben like a confused puppy, breathing through his mouth. Ben has to make shooping motions with his paws to get him to leave.

Once his underlings are all gone, the weasel leans in, lowering his voice conspiratorially. “Fine. I'll get you all the space you want, if you do me a favor. I want a girl.”

“A shower and regular exercise would probably help you more than I ever could, Bensington.” Leonard is being kind of a dick here. The weasel is slim, and may not be tall, but he has an inch or two on Leonard. He also bathes on the regular and gets the occasional haircut, which is enough to definitively rank him amongst JRCCS's most desirable bachelors. But like driving the world's fastest Kia, this is an extremely limited form of success. Competition for the title includes that mouthbreathing iguana, whose nickname is “Izzy the Groper” due to his unusually large hands and a pattern of wanton disregard for personal space.

Irritated, he says “No, you prick. I want you to *make* one for me,” before returning to the hush-hush whispers. “We see things that go over the network up here, Beigh. I've got an idea of what you're up to down there in the Nanobiotechnology department. What I want...” Ben really *sotto voce* now, breathing heavy as he stares Leonard down, “. . . is for you to use your little robots on someone for me.”

The gecko shrugs. “Alright.”

“. . . really?” Ben's still leaning in like they're plotting to stab Caesar and Leonard sounds like he's agreed to give him a lift to the airport. “Just like that? Just so you don't have to use a flash drive? Wow, you really are as big a jerk as everyone says.”

“Look, Bensington, what exactly do you want? I'm not opposed to a little quid pro quo, just remember that you'll owe me. . . .”

Ben relaxes and explains his request. It seems that he has a target in mind, a certain graduate student, a canine named Kyle Moscow who resides on the opposite side of the floor. He works for the Genetic Algorithms department, which for years has been a threat to both the funding and independence of Ben's Evolutionary Algorithms department. Here the weasel launches into the subtle distinctions between genetic algorithms and evolutionary algorithms (the latter being clearly superior) and it isn't until Leonard threatens to beat him with someone's nearby bricklike 17" gaming laptop that he is persuaded to get back on track. His problem is that credible rumors are going around that the JRCCS administration is finally going to merge the two departments, and due to crafty political maneuvering by Moscow, things are looking like

the Genetic Algorithms department will be the one to absorb Evolutionary Algorithms. This is unacceptable not only for the incalculable loss to the field of computing it would be, but also for likely putting Ben out of a cushy student job and position of respect among his peers.

“I mean, the guy’s a *poodle*. He should be a girl anyway,” says Bensington with clear distaste. His end goal is to feminize Kyle Moscow to the point where not only will he have no desire to lead Genetic Algorithms in a hostile takeover of evo-algo, but in fact will be perfectly happy to be Ben’s subservient, sissified girlfriend. Ben provides Leonard with a lurid list of what he wants done to Kyle’s body that he didn’t ask for. “Implants as large as you can get, puff up his hips and his butt, maybe a nose job, but I definitely want the dick left on. . .” He’s careful to emphasize that last part, and reiterates it as he continues in this vein. Eventually Leonard stops him, holding up a knobby-fingered hand.

“Alright, Bensington, I’ve got the idea. Tell you what. This sort of thing is not ordinarily my bag; there’s a . . . gender-variant lady in my life I’m currently having enough trouble with as it is. But, I happen to have a colleague who owes me a favor, and I suspect he would be very interested in your request. I’ll set up a meeting, we’ll work out a plan, you unshackle my network space. Deal?”

Leonard’s colleague is a research fellow in Westmarsh’s medical program, a ring-tailed lemur named Jackson Overview. They know each other through membership in a certain fraternal organization—nothing so vulgar as one of those Greek letter organizations, but rather a secretive club for young gentlemen-scientists with interests in the transformative arts named the *Société des amis d’alchimie*, which has roots stretching back to 18th century Bavaria, but these days has chapters at every college big enough to have a segment of students interested in illicit mad science.

Given Leonard’s disposition, calling anyone his friend is a stretch, but they’ve collaborated several times and Leonard respects the lemur’s skills with a scalpel. Jackson is a master of seduction who, over the years, has been steadily doing his part to gradually improve Westmarsh University’s male/female ratio. He strikes up friendships with freshmen, just average guys who really have no idea how much they want to be girls, but then three or four months later there they are moping around campus in babydoll tees stretched by oversized tits and tight jeans with a decided lack of any bulging around the crotch, sniffing and running their mascara because Jackson’s gone and found *another* future girlfriend. It’s alright though—with racks like he gives them, they never have a problem finding a new guy.

The three of them could have settled this whole thing over the phone, but Ben is being a complete weener. He has insisted, out of some kind of overblown paranoia, on meeting here in this disused storage room in the sub-basement of the Polymer Studies building. It has a dirt floor because the

university never cared enough to finish it, and it is opened roughly once a year. A velveting of thick gray dust covers filmstrip projectors, laboratory glassware, and clothing racks. Only Leonard was dumb enough to come to this little powwow in person; Jackson is on speakerphone. Leonard's already given him the basic rundown of the situation.

"So, can you do it?"

Jackson's voice comes scratching in over Leonard's phone. It is difficult to hear him, but even though the connection is terrible down here the lemur's Boston accent is evident. "Of course I can *do* it, Beigh. Facial work, pack some fat into the thighs, give him breasts and a vagina, no problem—

"Hey! Wait, we're leaving the penis!" Ben hurries to exclaim.

"Right, right, forgot. No vaginoplasty." Less time he'll have to book the OR for, but one less thing he can use to train him. "But surgery *does* traditionally involve a recovery period, you know."

Ben says, "The JRCCS steering committee is meeting in three days! He has to be ready by then!"

"Then I'll need an assist from you, Beigh, if you want the results to be at all palatable. Use some of those nanotes of yours to feminize the bone structure, stitch him up faster, that sort of thing..."

"Yes. I am sure I can supply you with some appropriate *nanites*."

"Right. Just get me some neenurts." He's deliberately being an asshole here, one of his favorite pastimes. "And you're asking me, by the way, to compress *months* of carefully honed psychological technique into one night. My personal record is four days, and that was in exceptionally beneficial circumstances. If she reverts and bites your dick off, I can't be held accountable."

"I have every confidence in your abilities. Are we agreed on the plan of action?"

They are agreed. Leonard will supply a batch of nanites in liquid solution, and Ben has a plan to dose Kyle with them. They will be programmed to knock him out shortly after ingestion, so that Ben and Jackson can make the pickup, and then over the course of 6-8 hours, the nanites will feminize his internals while Jackson goes to work with his scalpel, after applying some heavy-duty hypnotic suggestions. All Leonard has to do is sit back and wait for the plan to come together.

When Leonard opens the storage room's door, he is startled and dismayed to find someone waiting for him—a white female cat, smirking with her paws on her hips.

"Leonard! Gosh, what are you doing down here? Are you up to something *naughty*?"

The flustered gecko only sputters a few disconnected syllables.

"I'm only kidding around. I don't care that you're making out with your boyfriend in a storage closet."

"For your *information*," blusters Leonard before he can help himself, "Mr. Bensington is a colleague of mine and we were merely discussing—uh—matters

of, er, interest...” (How? How does she always manage to trick him into saying *something?*)

“Spill it! I’d just love to hear about what you’re working on!”

“I could ask you the same thing, Ms. Secret Project,” he says, pointing a round-tipped finger at her in an accusatory fashion. “I’m aware of all that lab time you’re racking up. I can only imagine how you’re misusing the equipment.”

“Oh, don’t worry about that, Leonard. Doc Hagen’s signed off on everything.”

“T...the dean knows about your project?” He is momentarily taken aback. “Hmph. I don’t have time for this foolishness.” And with that the gecko stomps off towards the stairs, leaving a confused Ben to follow.

The cat is Sonia Vaarpa, the Nanobiotechnology department’s Brightest Young Undergrad—these days the phrase invariably follows her name whenever it comes up in the department’s underground hallways. She was all anyone spoke about in the whole goddamn place anymore. Sonia this, Sonia that; why Beigh, have you heard about Sonia, one of our undergraduates being published in the *Monthly Nanotech Review*, she’s got a really bright future ahead of her, that one... Everyone loved her. How could they not? People smiled at her, waved to her whenever the cat showed up, her shiny, snowy white coat visible from across the length of the department’s main hall, and she always waved and smiled back, with happy, glacially blue eyes and a trim white paw with salmon-pink pads.

She was making a name for herself. People have stopped bothering to congratulate him every time a paper from *Beigh, L.* showed up in the MNR. But she gets to be one of six co-authors on some lousy study because she helped out with an experiment and suddenly she’s Ada-freaking-Lovelace. But worst of all was this *secret project* everyone’s whispering about. Sonia’s been spending a lot of late, solitary nights in the labs, and nobody’s been able to get her to say what she’s up to. Not even Leonard, with all his authoritarian, anal-retentive control over the department’s equipment, has been able to solve the case.

She ought to be black instead of white given how unlucky she seems to be for Leonard’s carefully plotted plans. Like at the Nanobiotechnology department’s last end-of-term assembly, where a visiting professor Leonard had taken a strong dislike to had been invited to say a few words by the dean. Leonard got up and snuck backstage to check on the aerosolized nanite sprayer that was going to turn him into a gigantic penis right there in front of everyone—but the machine was totally gone, and when he got back Sonia was in his chair. There were no empty seats left, so when she graciously invited him to sit on her lap he didn’t have much of a choice. Everyone present thought it was adorable, though they didn’t know that during the entire program Sonia’s cock was up Leonard’s ass. He’s lost count of the number of his mysteriously ruined schemes that have been followed by both of them ending up back in his

office with her holding his head into a pile of ungraded exams while she plows his lizard butt with her enormous, almost ludicrously large penis—which, erm, Leonard actually added on to her without, strictly speaking, her consent, and which also happened to have been her boyfriend at the time. So they do have a bit of a history. Frankly Leonard’s getting tired of it—tired of having his plans dashed, at least. But this time the execution is all up to Ben and Jackson; he just has to sit back and wait to enjoy the freedom of unlimited space on the network. What can go wrong?

Ben’s got this all planned out with the vending machine guy. For fifty bucks, after he refills the pop machine at 10 PM, he’ll take a walk for a couple minutes before coming back around to lock it up. At 10:02, the weasel comes nervously scurrying around a corner with a doctored bottle of Squirt under his jacket, resealed and fresh from the fridge, containing not only fresh citrus flavor but thousands of Leonard Beigh’s finest custom-made nanites. It happens to be Kyle’s favorite beverage, and Ben happens to know that he buys one every night he works late. The weasel opens the front of the pop machine and hurriedly inserts his custom bottle, taking the one that was at the front of the line for himself. Stakeouts can be thirsty work. The bottle fizzes as he opens it and takes a bubbly sip—eugh, grapefruit.

Armed with refreshment, he sets up a little observation post in a nook off the fourth floor’s landing containing couches and chairs and copies of the Westmarsh Weekly, where he has a roughly clear line of sight to Kyle’s office far down the hallway. He thinks he’s being inconspicuous, but he might as well have binoculars and a pith helmet the way he’s peering through the broad leaves of a potted dieffenbachia. He’s only been there for a minute when he hears, bright and cheerful and disconcertingly close behind him: “Whatcha lookin’ at?”

The weasel jumps a mile into the air, nearly knocking over his pop, but luckily a pink-padded white paw catches the bottle before it spills. It’s that cat from the other night—the one that knew Beigh! “Well *you’re* a little jumpy.” Sonia chuckles. Then her blue eyes squint and her pink ears flatten down as she looks over in the same direction. “Something going on over there?”

“No, I’m just... looking at this plant, because... uh...”

She saves him the trouble of inventing an excuse by interrupting him: “So hey! Are you friends with Leonard? I know I saw you with him the other day.”

Ben’s a little shy around girls, especially pretty ones like Sonia, and he doesn’t quite manage to make eye contact. “No, um, we were just... working on a project together. I don’t really know him that well.”

“Oh, I see. Well, that figures. Sometimes he’s not a very nice guy. What were you working on?”

“Um. Well, uh... I’d tell you, but he kind of asked me to keep it confidential, is the thing...”

The cat giggles. “Okay, fair enough. Well, whatever it is,” says Sonia as she hands him back his Squirt, “I hope it goes *real* well for you guys!” Sonia leaves, but as she’s walking down the hallway she turns to say over her shoulder: “But I’d be careful around that Leonard, if I were you!”

Ben waits until she’s well out of sight to relax. That was a weird encounter. He was already on edge but now his hands are actually shaking a little as he cracks the seal on the bottle and takes a swig, still watching Kyle’s open doorway out of the corner of his eye.

Inside his office, Kyle Moscow quietly works his way through grading a stack of exams, bobbing his head to tinny prog rock that, at Ben’s distance, only sounds like a single quiet squeal. For an hour, Ben watches the stack of ungraded tests sink and the stack of graded ones grow, one stapled bundle at a time, while the liquid level in Kyle’s adulterated beverage goes down sip by sip. This is terribly boring for Ben, who reads through the Westmarsh Weekly three times and begins to daydream about what he’ll do with Kyle once he’s a girl. Ben’s settled on naming her Kayla, and the first order of business will be a proper haircut—Kyle may be a poodle, but the shaggy black dog does not have the stereotypical poodle cut. Or any cut at all, really. He imagines Kayla all trimmed down except for big poofy balls of fluff on her wrists, ankles, and tail. Perhaps in a string bikini, barely able to contain her boobs *or* her package. Ben, who is positively sleepy with boredom, is lost in reveries of this kind when, much later, he hears Kyle’s office door slam followed by the hollow sound of an empty pop bottle landing in a recycling bin.

Kyle walks past a moment later; Ben, peeking out over the top of his copy of the WW, does not see any indication of impending tranquilization in his adversary. Looks perfectly normal—energetic, in fact, as he jogs down the atrium stairs and out the door. Shit, what happened? Ben sluggishly rises to go check the recycling bin; the poor disappointed weasel just wants to go to bed. He looks inside the bin outside Kyle’s office and sees it is empty except for a single bottle of Squirt. Well, Leonard must have screwed up the nanites. What else could have happened? He sighs and drags his feet, almost stumbling. Actually, now he feels downright woozy. What’s going on? Even though his heart is racing he feels like he’s about to pass out. He holds onto a wall for balance and tries to take a step forward, but only slumps over into a heap on the floor.

Meanwhile, back on the ground floor, the transparent glass doors of the atrium whisper open and in saunters a tall ring-tailed lemur. It’s Jackson Overview, Mister Suave himself, the picture of sophistication in a charcoal blazer and olive turtleneck. Motherfucker’s so slick he can even pull off that blazer with the jeans he’s wearing, but that probably has a lot to do with the fact that this is \$650 bespoke denim, custom-distressed and hand-stitched for the lemur’s muscular six-foot-two frame. His bright yellow eyes scan the enormous atrium, saccading around within their deep and dark rings, alighting on some dumpy mouse chick reading a book nearby. Jackson gives her a nod

and a winning smile as he passes by. She blushes and sticks her nose back into her book. Chuckling, he ascends the central staircase with a paw in his pocket, polished shoes clacking heavily in the after-hours quiet. Fourth floor, wasn't it? He's just got a room number; Leonard didn't even tell him who this Ben person is. This late into a Friday night the building is mostly deserted, classrooms and offices dark and locked, except for pockets of activity here and there where some caffeinated group of students with nothing better to do has commandeered a lab to play complicated board games or run sci-fi marathons on projectors.

Well, he sees him as soon as he makes it to the fourth floor, some weasel boy just lying prone in the middle of the hall. Leave it to Beigh and his friends to do something with absolutely no finesse. Honestly, Leonard, way to leave him holding the bag, this Ben guy was supposed to help me get him out of here and he's nowhere to be seen, but whatever—he seems to be average height, not overweight. Jackson hauls him to his feet and steadily begins to manhandle him towards the exit.

“He's had a late night,” says Jackson by way of explanation to the mouse girl in the lobby when she curiously regards the lemur lurching towards the door with an unconscious weasel slung over his back. “Brilliant guy, burns the candle at both ends, etcetera. You know the type.” Outside, in the JRCCS's quiet, mostly empty parking lot, Jackson unceremoniously dumps Ben in the back of his convertible (a devotedly cared-for black '94 Mustang GT) and roars off to the other side of campus, where a booked operating room is waiting for them both.

When Ben regains consciousness, he finds himself on a table inside a bright circle of pure white light. Everything outside the ring of light is consigned to outlines and silhouettes while everything inside the ring is polished metal and antiseptic white, glaringly reflective. Firm leather straps on his wrists and ankles bind him quite securely and without discomfort even as he strains himself pulling on them. He knows immediately what happened—somehow he got the dosed bottle, he just has to tell this Jackson guy and they can have Leonard stop his nanites before—

“Mmmph!” Without warning, a wad of gauze has been shoved into Ben's mouth by strong paws, and he is now ineffectually trying to shout through it. A tall, handsome lemur in teal surgical scrubs comes coolly stepping up behind him.

“Good evening,” he says in a clear, velvety voice. “We both have a busy night ahead of us, so in the interests of saving time I'm going to ask you to hold your questions until after the procedure.” He wheels in a big, boxy machine sprouting hoses and masks, putting it next to Ben. Then, he adjusts something on the machine's console, then puts a mask over his muzzle and breathes deeply. His stark pupils momentarily expand inside their golden irises. “Whoo! All ready to go here!”



Ben is presently struggling against his bonds, wriggling back and forth with his shoulders up off the table—but the slender weasel is tied fast. “Mmmrph mph *mmrrrrph*,” he screams. He can feel a creeping tingle running under his fur, all over his body. He’s got to get out of here before the nanites do any permanent damage. He’s not a girl. He’d make a *terrible* girl.

Jackson shakes his head, next wheeling in a cart where two clear and wobbling ovoid blobs rest on a sterile cloth. “Don’t worry about a thing. I’m the one who has to do all the hard work.” He fastens another leather strap around the weasel’s neck, holding him down to the table, but even then he bucks up and down trying to escape. “Feisty, hmm? That’s alright. I can work with feisty.”

He pulls out a coin on a string. Yes, it is a schlocky cliché, but like all forms of stage magic, hypnosis involves a participatory act by the victim. Like the swirling black and white disc, the ol’ coin on a string is a reliable signifier, a big red flag that tells the victim to watch out for a brainwashing. And now that your attention is focused on the coin, what *aren’t* you noticing?

Well, in Ben’s case it’s something as prosaic as Jackson’s practiced hand sticking a hypo right into his upper arm containing a cocktail of sodium amytal and methoneirine with a splash of LSD—the genuine article, sourced at no small expense from a Swiss laboratory, not any of those janky Russian phenethylamines. It is, of course, extraordinarily powerful stuff. Ben’s world blackens and bubbles at the edges like bad film burning, and before the syringe is even withdrawn he is floating away. The silver edges of the bas-relief building on the back of the coin morph into the outline of the Jay Rasdorf Center for Computing Sciences and then he is inside it, experiencing the familiar climb up the stairs as he simultaneously watches the ascent from outside himself—and yet it is *not* himself. He looks like a woman now, hair up in a high ponytail. He can feel the weight of his new tits pull on his chest as he sees them jiggle, feel the cool air on his exposed thighs as he watches them swish back and forth, step to step, under his tiny plaid skirt.

He bursts onto the fourth floor, the Genetic & Evolutionary Algorithms wing. We are watching from a low vantage point at the end of the long hall, like seeing a model strut down the center of the runway. Here Ben’s overwhelming impression is of how confident and assured his female self is as she sashays forward. Flares of flashes from unseen cameras blink out of the open doors of teachers’ offices as she passes by. A PA system the building does not have clicks on, and a clear, velvety voice fills his ears: “This is what you’ve *always wanted*, a realization of your innermost dreams. . .” She is chewing gum; she blows a perfectly spherical pink bubble that pops immediately as she enters the lab, and the male gazes of two dozen-odd JRCCS undergrads all swivel around to her as she chews it back into her mouth and lasciviously licks her lips. . .

Images of himself—herself—flit by, idly preening at her workstation, legs demurely crossed in an Aeron chair while she files the nails on her paws down

with an emery board, Ben's usual hangers-on attending to her like a pharaoh queen. They ferry reference books and vending machine snacks to her, hoping for an appreciative smile from her ruby lips. She unfolds a sleek aluminum laptop in a translucent pink case; her long, painted nails clack on its keyboard for an indeterminate length of time, pages of cryptic glyphs flying by onscreen as she entertains herself by writing a cute little prime factorization algorithm in polynomial time—it runs in  $O(2^n)$  and she knows she can get it down to  $O(n \log n)$  which is *way* cuter, but suddenly she is aware of her girldick sandwiched between her crossed legs as it grows harder. Math can wait until later.

She knows, in the way knowledge is supplied for you in dreams, that it is her custom to catch the eye of one of her males, give him a slow wink from long mascara-thick lashes and lead him out of the lab with a finger under his chin to a storage closet where his mind would be blown and she would be kept satisfied for another couple of hours. She looks out over her harem. Her id has done her the kindness of replacing the more loathsome members of the evo-algo crew with stand-ins—she would never give the time of day to Izzy the Groper in real life, but here the iguana is all cleaned up into nigh presentability. She is *horny*, why deny any of them?

The weasel stands on a desk at the head of the room, hooking a paw on her shirt collar and waiting until she has the eyes of every boy in the room—and then she rips it open, sending tiny buttons zipping in every direction, under so much tension from holding back her chest that they actually ricochet off walls. The fur of her underbelly is soft white. Her exposed breasts are firm and enormous, tipped with light pink nipples, visibly erect. Her mesmerised retinue all get up and circle around, pawing at her. She raises her arms over her head and arches her back, accepting their hands all over every part of her body, her sensitive new breasts, the curve of her inner back, her ticklish bare ass underneath her skirt, the panty-wrapped package straining her cotton underwear. She throws her head back with a moan when Izzy presses his face to one tit and starts to suck.

Soon they have the weasel on all fours. Her open shirt is still draped across her back; her tits hang out and jiggle back and forth. Her skirt is still on, but her panties have long since been discarded as an inconvenience. Her own mostly unattended penis pokes out of her skirt and sticks up against her stomach. There is a cock in her face, another in her ass, and she has lost track of how many have already been in each and how many there are yet to go—she's taken at least a dozen loads in and on her, but there's still a few yet to go, she hopes, 'cause she's not *nearly* tired yet.

A cock pulls out of her mouth and quivers there in front of her face, bloated and trembling, and she closes her eyes just in time to keep the line of hot goo from landing in her eyes when it goes off. She wipes off with the back of her paw, hoping she's still got some lipstick left on, as the next guy stands there ready and waiting for her oral ministrations. At some point towards

the end of this, when the boys are mostly satisfied and the ones that aren't are off entertaining each other at the edges of the room, she realizes it is just her and one other person, the lemur she met—when? it could have been just minutes ago, or hours, or last night. His gaze, directed at her from a high-backed leather chair, is piercing—twin moons, full and bright autumn ones, eclipsed by the absolute black of his pupil, compel her to move forward. With every step she takes towards him, the familiar setting of the evo-algo lab recedes away and goes quiet, changing in steps so that for a moment the boys linger flickering in shadows, and then there is only a mahogany bedroom where a warm breeze from an open window to the deep night outside rustles diaphanous violet curtains.

And now Ben feels like he is back inside his body, after an unknown period of time spent away. There is a disjointed sensation as his brain flutters between signals from his waking body and the one from his walking dream, with added weight on the chest that shouldn't be there... Strangely, he has no ill will towards the lemur for the whole tied-down-and-hypnotized-into-a-drugged-stupor thing, which he is dimly aware may still, in actuality, be going on. All Ben can think about right now is the tall primate's chiseled body. He's gone shirtless and shoeless, wearing only those nice jeans of his. His folded arms nicely show off his biceps, and while the exact definition of his musculature may be hidden under his short coat, he is undoubtedly *built*.

Suddenly, Ben stops approaching, catching sight of his shadowed reflection in a full-length standing mirror positioned so as to reflect his line of approach. The low light and unfamiliar silhouette combine to produce in him the kind of fantastic horror you can only experience upon seeing a foreign shape move in time with your own movements in a mirror. He shrieks and does not recognize his own voice—it is too high—and the girl in the mirror opens her mouth too. The slender female weasel in the reflection, with the padded hips, and the hugely fake tits, and the half-hard cock, is *him*. He has been made over, his hair restyled, makeup added, ears pierced, and as he discovers when he reaches up to feel the silvery hoops hanging from his earlobes, his nails painted a lustrous carmine red. He's been dressed in a breezy pink nightgown sheer enough that the dividing line between white and brown in his fur is clearly visible, to say nothing of the two hard tips visible on the ends of his new breasts. His face scrunches up and he asks "I—I'm a *girl*?" in a crackling soprano. There is a satisfied smile on Jackson's devilishly handsome face.

Ben stands there bewildered, not moving when the lemur gets up and approaches him, or even when he sidles up next to him and begins examining his reflection as well, placing a paw on his far shoulder. Jackson, nodding, is evidently far more satisfied with the results than Ben, who is still standing fixed in open-mouthed shock. "You look like one to me." He is polite enough to ignore, for the time being, the clearly visible erection tenting the nightie. Ben is too surprised to resist when the lemur turns him to face her and, taking him into his arms, kisses him passionately.

He has never kissed a guy before, certainly did not intend to start tonight, and yet he is unable to do anything other than swoon as Jackson's rough tongue invades his mouth. If his powerful arms weren't there to hold him up he'd have slumped over backwards like a sack of onions, but the beefy primate can hold him up with no trouble. He finds that his arms have somehow found their way around the lemur, and his paws to loose holds on opposite shoulderblades across his broad back. He closes his eyes and does not resist the kiss or the tight embrace, cock and brand new boobs crushed up against the lemur's hard body in the lack of space between them.

Jackson's paw traces firm loops on Ben's back, massaging the weasel's tense muscles and making him even more jellylike in the lemur's arms. Then he moves the paw to Ben's butt, which is then pinched for the first time by a guy—it tickles unexpectedly, and Ben reacts by moving his hips away from the source of the pinch and thus directly into Jackson, pressing into the firm plane of his broad body—and feeling, for the first time, the rigidity of Jackson's own hard penis. He tries to pull back but is held fast, and when his eyes pop open apprehensively he is run through with the lemur's piercing golden gaze; again he is incapable of movement.

Jackson relaxes their embrace enough to sneak a paw between them, tracing a few circles around the point of sensitivity at the tip of one of Ben's huge new breasts, unfamiliar weights shifting around on his chest as he is groped, nipple radiating nervous anticipation until its newly elongated length is pinched between two fingers and he is unable to keep herself from making a shuddering moan, to the lemur's evident delight. The paw vanishes, but then there is the muted pop of an undone clasp releasing fabric under pressure and the rustle of sagging denim; Jackson has just undone his belt.

Ben looks down. Between the blue V of Jackson's fly a huge red bulge is rising, his erect penis inside silk boxers. It remains trapped by the jeans only for a second before escaping and letting the lemur's pants fall to the floor completely, the hardness rubbing well into the weasel's stomach on the way. He stands there with a grin, letting Ben stare in awe for a bit before taking his small paw and placing it on the side of the bulge. Ben does not resist at all—or move at all, though his mouth hangs slightly open. For a second Jackson thinks maybe he went too heavy on the anaesthesia and fried something, but when he moves his paw up and down the side of his cock a few times, Ben gets the idea and begins to move on his own, snapping back to reality and looking up into his face. “That's it,” says the lemur. He lets Ben get a few more strokes in before taking a step out of his heaped pants on the floor, and hooks his thumbs into the waistband of his fancy boxers to remove them entirely. With the organ now freed, Ben can get a good look at his massive dick for the first time.

It is intimidatingly large; he doesn't know for sure how big it is, only that it would put his to shame. When Jackson guides his paw back to it, he discovers that it is weighty and firm in his hand, sticking out straight at an angle only

slightly above the horizontal that resists any attempt at adjustment. Ben works it up and down at a slow, steady pace for a while, with the lemur's arm over his shoulder as they stand together. His horrified, gaping mouth has shrunk to a small slack O of fascination; every couple of seconds he looks back and forth between Jackson's penis and his face. After enjoying this for a few minutes Jackson stops her and tells her, "I want you to suck it."

Does he really want to do this? Ben knows that he isn't gay, that he doesn't suck cock, but he is starting to think of himself not as Ben but as his female counterpart from his orgiastic vision in the computer lab, and he knows that for any of it to come true he has to win the battle against himself by sucking that dick and *loving* it. The feminized weasel sinks to his knees, his cutely made-up features looking positively resolute, and stares at the fat cock jutting out into the space inches away from his snout. A tentative tonguetip appears between his glossy red lips, and it extrudes further out as his head moves forward until tongue has touched skin and Ben slowly begins to lick the lemur's dick.

The sensation is unfamiliar. It does not taste like much to him other than skin, even the spongy head, which he kisses. It feels much bigger than he thought it would, even after seeing it close up. He is confronted with the same kind of disparity in real versus perceived size he experienced the night him and a couple friends who had gotten rowdy on plastic bottle vodka tried to steal a stop sign, only to discover the things were nearly 3 feet across. Jackson's cock is not three feet long, but it is big enough to force the little weasel to open his mouth as wide as his jaw will allow before he can fit the head in, which bumps into the back of his palate and makes him reflexively gag a little. Ugh. He doesn't want Jackson to think he's a terrible cocksucker, he wants to be *good* at this, he wants to make him come, he sincerely *wants* it. . .

Jackson stands there, watching the weasel get used to working a penis with his mouth. He scratched by a tooth once or twice, but every time it happens Ben jerks back, realizing his error—more a failure of execution than intention, so Jackson doesn't say anything. Ben bobs up and down on the head of the lemur's cock long enough to make it wet and slick before getting brave enough to try taking an inch or so of the shaft in too. He realizes he's actually liking this—liking it a lot. He likes the feeling of the huge, warm organ in his mouth; he likes the taste of the fluid being intermittently deposited on the back of his tongue; he likes the low, appreciative grumble the male is making. He *likes* giving head.

But Jackson will not be satisfied with only having the two or three terminal inches of his penis tended to, no sir. He places his paw on the back of Ben's head and slowly, steadily, presses him inwards. Ben's eyes water as he tries desperately not to gag on the huge cock forcing its way down his throat; finally, when his pink nose is buried in a bramble of wiry pubic fur and his chin rests on the soft skin of Jackson's balls, he has the lemur's whole cock in his mouth. Jackson holds him there for a second, painted scarlet lips wriggling around

the circumference of his cock and making strangled gagging noises, before he releases him. Immediately Ben's head flies off of Jackson's penis while he gasps like a drowning victim and spit flows in a curtain down the shaft. He wheezes a couple times for air and then, without any encouragement from the lemur's paw, opens wide and dives back onto his pole. More. *More.*

Jackson lets the weasel go back to work on his spit-slick stick for a little bit, but then suddenly he picks him up by hooking an arm underneath his knees. Ben lets out a surprised squeal as he is tossed onto the bed among a cloud of feather pillows and sheets with threadcounts numbering in the thousands. He lands on his back with a rolling slosh—that lecherous lemur's got a waterbed, natch. His new tits jiggle up and down as he does. He notices Ben's cock is tenting his panties, dappling the blunt peak with one dark dot. He simply ignores it. At this stage in the game his trusty scalpel's usually done away with it. The big sadistic meanie even flicks the bulge a couple times; each flick makes Ben moan as sharply as if he was being spanked.

Without any overdue tenderness, Jackson grabs the girly weasel by his ankles, pulls him closer so his ass hangs slightly over the side of the bed, and spreads his legs like he's prying apart a wishbone. The panties prevent his legs from opening very far; Jackson impatiently peels them off and tosses them over his shoulder, revealing Ben's hard cock. Jackson doesn't plan on doing much with it, but he does enjoy seeing an undeniable sign of how much the remade weasel wants this. For a few seconds he rubs the undersides of their penises together—his is much larger.

Then, spreading Ben's legs further, he rubs his organ up against the weasel's ass, getting a kick out of the apprehension on his face as he looks down at where he's about to be penetrated. Jackson lines himself up and presses forward; Ben winces at the pain of entry. He's never had anything up there, and the lemur is rather well endowed. He pauses for a second, and Ben moans girlishly. But that's only the tip; when the lemur continues inserting his shaft he squeals, rising in pitch when he moves forward another inch, and by the time he's only halfway in Ben's eyes are bugging out, he's panting like a marathon runner, and Jackson decides it's wise to maybe pull out a bit and give him time to acclimate. He retracts a bit and begins slowly moving only the first couple of inches of his cock in and out.

The weasel bites his lip and twists his head around to the side, squeezing his eyes shut and trying to force himself to let more in—but it does hurt, quite a lot. On every thrust he makes a pained little feminine grunt. Jackson gets bored of all this heartwarming tenderness after a couple of minutes and decides to really start slamming it in, which elicits a long, pained cry through clenched teeth. The lemur increases his pace and bends down over the splayed weasel, holding his legs at the knees and pressing them into his chest. Ben stares up at the four-poster bed's purple canopy and tries to ignore the pain.

Soon Jackson wants to change positions. He pulls out of her entirely and her muscles, now used to his invading member, briefly spasm involuntarily

at the unexpected absence. He places a paw on Ben's shoulder and around his penis—Ben sighs at the contact, but Jackson is really using it more to steer him than pleasure him—he flips him over onto his hands and knees and hops up on the bed behind him, eagerly aligning his cock between the weasel's brown-furred haunches.

Now he feels even more feminine, more subservient; his face is mashed against a pile of pillows and presses into them with every thrust as a wobbling wave ripples through his artificial tits, their weight feeling enormous as they hang on his previously bare chest. He is unable to stop herself from producing an endless procession of strained, wordless moans. Jackson's strong paws reach up under him and grope his breasts, digging in animalistically, catching the nipples between fingers and forcing them to point in radically different directions.

Presently, Jackson appears to be winding up for the big finish, pounding the little weasel so hard he can barely keep his ass in the air. And let nobody say Jackson Overview isn't a gentleman, because while he's exerting all this effort he's also giving his lady the reach-around, though if Ben was less pre-occupied he might ask him to ease up a little, given the way he's yanking on the poor weasel's penis like he's trying to tear it off. Then Jackson loses a loud, hot barbarian yell inches from Ben's ear and presses deep and hard into his ass, concomitantly with Ben releasing a stream of come all over Jackson's paw and sheets. His wobbly knees can no longer support his and the lemur's combined weight and they collapse onto the soft surface of the bed, cock still planted solidly inside ass, for the time being. Jackson lies there panting on top of Ben; underneath him the weasel gazes off into space with unfocused eyes and a faint smile.

The next morning finds habitually early riser Leonard Beigh cutting across the well-manicured grass separating the campus's many sidewalks, on his way to the university-owned apartments where Jackson Overview's bachelor pad is located, in a carefully landscaped townhouse with a bike rack and a small artificial pond outside. He can't resist checking up on a plan and he's got an excellent feeling about this one.

Three curt raps at Jackson's door and the gecko waits, hands folded behind his long lab coat, for the lemur to let him in a few seconds later. Jackson is holding a mug and wearing an ostentatious silk smoking robe, indigo with paisley blobs traced in lighter violet, cinched loosely around his waist to expose a tuft of white chest fur. "Ah! Leonard! Come in; we were just having some breakfast." Inside are the rich smells of bacon and fresh coffee. "First off, let me tell you that you have absolutely nothing to worry about with regard to reversion. She's taken to cock like a fish to water. Perfect natural. She'll probably be trying to suck *your* dick before you can get her to that Ben nit."

"Grand."

"And this makes us square, right? No more owing you a favor?"

“Square as four right angles. So where is our subject?”

“Right here,” says Jackson with considerable self-satisfaction as they enter his kitchen, where he has fired up cast-iron pans and a waffle iron to lay out an impressive breakfast spread. Sitting there with her legs demurely crossed in stretchy yoga pants, wearing one of Jackson’s rumpled T-shirts that is far too big yet still does nothing to hide the large breasts she now has, is Ben Bensington.

Leonard’s large eyes go wide in surprise. “Ben?!”

The feminized weasel stops chewing her bite of pepper omelette, and in a disarmingly high voice and frostily unpleasant tone, says “It’s *Kayla*.”

The gecko slumps his shoulders in resignation. Damn it. There goes another plan.

Jackson steps up and begins to proudly describe his handiwork in the same didactic manner he often uses to talk about his car. “Now, the implants are double D’s, which were the biggest I figured I could go on her frame without looking *completely* disproportionate. I mean, she’s almost as small as you, Beigh. And good job on the nanites, by the way. I went transmammmary on the incision and as of a half hour ago you can’t even see a scar, and I checked rather thoroughly.”

“Jackson.”

“She was rather thin to begin with, so I didn’t really even have to do any major skeletal work. Heh, but that was a bit problematic because I wanted to pad out her butt a little, right? And there was nowhere I could take any fat *from*—because you’ve got such a perfect body, baby!” The last part was addressed to Ben/Kayla, who smiles back as she continues eating.

“*Jackson*.”

“So I’m calling people up at midnight to see who’s got something I can use. Well, luckily Lazy over in Polymer Studies—you know Lazy, right? good guy—he’s got blobs of this new heterocyclic polyimide he’s working on laying around, and he says it would work great. So he brings some over, and we basically pump it into her butt, and you know what? Works great. Next time I think I’ll get real freaky with it, fill her full of the stuff in the first place. Here, turn around, cute thing.” Kayla obligingly stands and circles in place. The weasel does have a very shapely backside.

“Jackson! That *is* Ben Bensington. Was, anyway.”

“Ah.” Jackson appraises his patient, who nods in confirmation as she continues to eat. He considers this in silence for a few seconds. “Well, no hard feelings, right?”

“Not for you, baby,” replies Kayla, with a pointed, angry stare at Leonard.

“There. No harm done. And what’s important, Leonard, is that this makes us even.”

“Even? What kind of insane bookkeeping results in this making us even? I can’t think of a way in which you *didn’t* fuck this up!”



“Look, you wanted one feminization, and that’s what you got. So I missed the target slightly. These things take resources, and effort, and *drugs*—my god, do you know how much I have to pay my friend at Psychochemie AG to sneak me a single dose—”

“I don’t *care*, you nitwit, as far as I’m concerned you now owe me *two* favors!”

“Two favors? I don’t owe you anything, you little jackass!”

They continue in this vein for a while as Kayla finishes her breakfast. At one point Leonard loudly denounces the “habitual carelessness of the entire mammalian class,” Jackson calls him an “anal-retentive techno-fascist with a Napoleon complex,” and Leonard ludicrously threatens to make the confrontation physical. After Jackson overcomes a helpless fit of laughter he says he’d pick him up and swing him around by his tail until it pops off. Before long they are re-enacting the classic slapstick routine where Leonard, arms windmilling ineffectually, is prevented from moving forward by Jackson placing a single paw on the much shorter lizard’s forehead. Around here is when Kayla decides to slip out; she blows Jackson a quick kiss as she leaves.

When Leonard next enters the JRCCS, having given the situation a week to cool off, he does not receive a warm reception from the Evolutionary Algorithms lab. The rows of quiet nerdy types at their workstations all turn in unison to look at him when he enters, and the hive-mind vibe gives Leonard the creeps. He notices Izzy the Groper has a new haircut; it is the only thing that has changed between now and when he walked in here last week. Except, of course, for Bensington.

Behind her desk at the front of the room, Kayla is leveling an impatient glare at him, folding her slender, bracelet-wearing arms under her newly enlarged chest. The weasel is wearing a smidge of mascara, a light application of lipstick, and has switched her glasses to the thick and narrow rectangular style. She swivels towards him, legs crossed under a gray cargo skirt.

“Bensington. You’re, uh, looking quite nice today.”

In only a week, Kayla has managed to master that piercingly disapproving stare that seems to be unique to women. She allows a few seconds of awkward silence to hang in the air before asking him, “What do you want?”

He looks confused, as if the answer was obvious. “More space on the network, of course.”

The weasel cocks an eyebrow. “Are you kidding me, Leonard?”

“Alright, I know our last collaboration didn’t go exactly as planned, but one can’t give up so easily. Got to get back in the saddle, right? What about Kyle and those other computery guys? Still have to deal with them, don’t you?”

“Nope. I was all worked up over nothing. The dean told us he was keeping the departments separate at the steering meeting last week.”

“Hrm. Well, surely there must be some other arrangement we can make.”

“No. I’m not working with you on anything and I’m not going to get you an unlimited account. Get out of my lab.”

“You’re mad at me,” says Leonard with some indignant astonishment.

“Of course I’m mad at you, you asshole.”

“What are you mad at *me* for? I didn’t do anything. Why, you’re the one that went and got yourself dosed. Typical irrational woman.”

To her credit, Kayla resists throwing the mouse she’s been holding with a death grip straight through Leonard’s condescending face, and instead only nods at Izzy, who has been waiting patiently for a signal. Izzy gets up, and Leonard barely has time to register the fresh scent of his deodorant as the iguana picks him up under an arm and moments later quite literally throws him out of the lab with enough velocity to make him skid on the scratchy carpet. Izzy returns inside and the lab door swings back and forth a few times before coming to rest; through the open space Leonard can see him bending down for Kayla to plant a smooch on his cheek.

Leonard sighs in resignation. Well, back to the ol’ nanite fabricator. And then, as the poor defeated lizard lies there staring at the tiles in the dropped ceiling, wondering exactly *how* things went wrong—Overview wasn’t very clear on that, and it doesn’t look like he’ll be able to get the full story out of Bensington anytime soon—he hears a perky female voice call out to him.

“Aww, what’s wrong, Leonard?”

Sonia Vaarpa comes walking over to where he lies on the floor. With her hands on her hips, the long-haired white cat stands with a leg on either side of him, so that he see directly up her skirt to the bubblegum-pink cock hanging over snowy white balls. “Something not go according to plan?”

He grumbles something dark and unintelligible by way of response.

“It’s a bitch when that happens, huh? I hate to see you mope around, so tell you what. Buy me lunch, and then we’ll go down to your office and I’ll fuck you.”

The gecko seems to consider this as he picks himself up. “I wouldn’t dream of treating an undergraduate to lunch unless they were able to competently discuss their studies.”

“I’m not telling you about my secret project.” They head for the exit; Leonard has had quite enough of the Jay Rasdorf Center for Computing Sciences for a while.

“How about a hint?”

“How about I won’t pull on your tail as much this time?” Silence as they walk in the direction of the dining hall. “Oh, so you *like* it when I do that...”