

# A Batty Situation

## **Siggy Commission for ZypherZai**

Within the confines of a cramped but homely little office space, a well dressed young man in his late twenties with heavy eyebags and a pale complexion sits alone at his desk, eyeing an expensive ornate wooden box lying before him, velvety wrapping undone and clasps unsealed. A simple hard panel of birch wood left waiting to be removed for the ultimate reveal.

Although the note with familiar handwriting on its front seemed to assure the man that it was not a dirty parcel, the grim smile on his face as he pours over the scratchy writing seemed to give off the opposite message, musing under his breath as he does so, translating the messy message into a more coherent one in his mind;

*Dear Dorson*

*Heya! It's been a long while hasn't it? Two months now? It's hard to believe it's only been that short a time and so much has happened between then and now...not sure if this'll reach you on time but if it does, happy birthday! And now onto the fun stuff I guess.*

*First off before I start; things with the lab techies have been going fine. Leroy treats me well...almost too well...and Jenkins doesn't agree with the suit's rush for project deadlines. If a treatment isn't ready or lethal, he doesn't let them have their way with it. But until they find a universal cure for all the various evolved strains of the virus...it looks like I might be here for the next year or so...*

*So to lighten the mood, I've made a...compilation of sorts...a record of the past year since we last saw each other and y'know...other stuff i'd like to keep a surprise.*

*That's about it really...they don't give me much time to myself considering all the tests and examinations they keep running down here...it'd be nice if you could visit me sometime...don't beat yourself up if you can't though, I know how stuck up they can be about protocols and all that BS.*

*Stay safe and healthy!*

*Love, Tina*

*P.S The baby bumps growing nicely so please do come by soon.*

**"Tina huh? Damn it, that can't...just what the heck have I missed? And a BABY?! I thought she'd be mad..never want to see me again!"**

Setting aside the nearly folded note with a heavy sigh along with the mild panic building in his heart, Dorson eagerly wraps his hands around the side of the box before lifting gently as a satisfactory click resounds alongside the removal of the wooden cover as it lifts away easily in his grip, allowing light to pour inside, unveiling soft cotton bedding and cold hard steel...

**"Well well...what do we have here...woah, isn't this?"**

Picking up the tiny microchip before holding it up to the light with a look of disbelief on his face, a chuckle floats out of his mouth as he carefully sets the thing down before finding a hidden surprise in the form of a peppermint chocolate bar concealed beneath the cotton, his favorite brand and flavor.

Evidently satisfied by the well-meaning gift, the man immediately pops open the wrapping, sinking his teeth into the sweet treat while popping the chip into his desktop. Preparing himself as the screen fills with overrides and security firewalls from the highly classified data chip he recognizes as Jenkin's personal hard drive.

**WELCOME USER - ACCESSING DATA LOG : ENTRY 0365 - AUTHORED**

---

Seriously Jenkins? Do I have to read all this...yeah yeah pretext or some other crap...this is just supposed to be my final log for the year right? Ahh whatever, let's just get this nonsense out of the way...

So uhh...in the later half of 2019, the world would slowly slip into the throes of a global pandemic, with governments declaring lockdowns and resource shortages caused by a harsh blow to manpower and production lines, it was a major event that rocked the world to their feet, or in this case, into a temporary hibernation.

All because of a virus that went by many names...

But as time continues to flow, research would be done, temporary treatments would be discovered and eventually; the first few vaccines capable of raising one's immunity to the deadly infection.

By the time 2022 rolled around, the world as a whole had mostly overcome the virus with it soon becoming something people looked back on with disdain. But with the threat of new, deadlier strains that still kept rearing their heads every now and then, it seemed like Covid would remain a thorn in everyone's sides for the foreseeable future.

But before the vaccines came medical trials involving animal testing amongst other things. And somewhere along the way, I would come into play, putting a stop to a certain line of the experimental drug...purely by coincidence of course.

After all, it's not like people expect to be transformed into some half-animal hybrid abomination right after being told they'd be given a vaccine...what the hell Jenkins, you'd think I ended up like some Frankenstein's monster or some other freak.

I jest of course...I'm still me, mostly. And I've never felt more alive than I do now. But what set all this in motion? What did I do or where did I go to end up in my current condition; locked away in an underground lab far away from any prying eyes? We've gotta go way back a year or two for that stuff.

It's been a year since I've been asked to keep a daily log on my current status, living conditions and whatnot. It's mostly gibberish so I'll be sending you this last log Dorson, I know you're probably still beating yourself up inside about what happened to me but...don't...I'm happy so you should be too!

Plus I've uhh...got a lil something I wanna...A-Anyway! Where were we again? Ah right, the beginning...\*ahem\*

So...during the 'dark ages' where streets once filled with people going about their lives ran cold and silent while places of leisure like malls and amusement parks became prime material for urban legends and unsettling pictures, I was just like everyone else; an average Joe among many others locked away under quarantine.

Except I wasn't aware then that one of my old buddies, a friend who's stuck with me since highschool till college had occupied a comfortable spot in some cozy university as a lecturer and researcher. And with the world in the grips of a deadly pandemic, it'd make sense they had him and his cohort put to work in order to find a cure or at the very least a vaccine.

So when I got a call from good ol' Dorson asking if I'd be interested in having a little chat with him in someplace that wasn't my tiny little apartment flat whose gray fettered walls I'd been encased in for almost a month now? Of course I said yes.

Although I should've been wary the moment a black SUV pulled up outside the building followed by men dressed in full protective gear who then proceeded to escort me downstairs. I swear my neighbors must've thought I was infected or something; eyes against peepholes, hushed whispers behind the doors, it felt weird and slightly good to be the center of attention.

After a quick ride back to the university thanks in part to the empty roads, the men had ushered me into some processing room to be cleansed of any hazard. Stripped bare and sprinkled with weird stuff that stung my nose and tickled my eyes, they gave me a new set of comfy white dressings that made me think back to a hospital gown.....not a good first impression when being sent deep into a medical facility, waiting for Dorson to arrive in a break room of sorts, just realizing I'd left my phone back home.

But my fears (and boredom) were alleviated when I saw my friend, a little older than I remembered considering the years we hadn't seen each other, come out from a door on the other side of the room.

**"Didn't keep you waiting long did I? I called your phone, left you a message, even told my guys I'd be a little late!"**

**"Well you know me...I'm a minimalist...and your guys were as cold as rocks when they brought me in, might as well have been talking to a wall! Good to see your Dorson..."**

After that 'teary' little reunion, we had a little chat about the old times, y'know? Just two friends catching up on what the other was doing while exchanging a little helping of friendly fire here and there.

Once the pleasantries were done and over with though, that serious look Dorson would put on whenever the mood got heavy crossed his face, not changing one bit since the last time I'd seen it before we parted ways; a crook of the nose, a soft scowl, furrowed brows. It was a nostalgic sight...but one that clued me in as to why he'd asked for me to join him.

As I initially suspected, he was indeed working on a vaccine with a small crew, and over the past few months, they'd been successful with animal trials, but before they moved on to us homosapiens, they wanted a testing bed, insurance in case things went wrong.

***They wanted me.***

When I asked if this was gonna backfire if my body took it the wrong way, Dorson had been quick to assure me that it was completely harmless, even showing me supposedly classified test footage of a live experiment with an ape, who seemed to take the needle as calm as a monk in meditation.

**"The worst you'll feel is a headache...maybe a tummy cramp, but rest assured the vaccine won't harm you in any way...so what do you say? You in buddy?"**

As much as the thought of being featured in the news as the man who braved clinical trials to get the vaccine out as fast as possible, I was more concerned as to why they wanted me of all people to test the thing, surely they had more capable people?

But when I brought it up to Dorson, the hesitant look on his face filled me with bad vibes before he finally divulges the truth;

His team no longer had anyone left to volunteer, unlike other more successful teams, the line of 'vaccines' Dorson and the others had produced were more akin to bowel cleaners after immediate injection had patients vomiting profusely or in worst cases, emptying their junk in the trunk...

The reason why I was here was because I was their last hope, the only one they could turn to when asking for a test subject before they resorted to more drastic measures; self experimentation. With the bigwigs not willing to help what they saw as a liability (and why the men seemed distant and cold to Dorson), of course he had to resort to personal contacts.

**"Please, I'm begging you...if you go through with this I swear I won't let you down! Compensation, medical aid! We'll provide it for you...and that bit about headaches and tummy pains...I wasn't lying about that technically...but putting that aside, we're on the verge of a breakthrough here, our most successful mix yet! If we don't get results by the week's end, they'll shut us down!"**

Seeing that look of desperation on his face had been more than enough to convince me he wasn't lying. And there was no way I'd let a good friend lose his job because his own institute wasn't willing to lend him a hand...though I guess I sorta understand when said help literally shat their pants by the end of it.

And besides, going home to resume my quarantine didn't seem like a good idea...if I was gonna shit my pants, then I'd rather do it here.

**"Oh thank you so much! You won't regret this, I swear!"**

In a way, he was right, but the pain I had to endure before arriving at greener pastures...forget it, let's just get back on track...

Shortly after my agreement, Dorson had been quick to set up accommodations along with introducing me to the team. And really, with only 3 members including Dorson, it was just a group of ragtag scientists looking to cure a deadly virus.

The first was their techie and engineer; Jenkins, an eccentric man with a heart of gold. He was invaluable when it came to matters involving the computer or anything electronic, disassembly, cleaning, upgrading, inventing. All of these were in his area of expertise, and the equipment he provided was second to none. Which made it a blessing that he'd stuck to Dorson like I had back in school.

**"A friend'a Dors' is a friend'a me! Thanks for d'help slick!"**

And in second place came Leroy, Jenkins' right hand man and assistant to Dorson's tests while their resident techie held his hands over the buttons, monitoring medical equipment etcetera. Leroy was basically a jack of all trades but a master of none, helping out wherever he could.

**"If you've got any complications after taking our little mix, feel free to voice it, not a doctor but I've got enough knowledge in here to give some first aid at least."**

It really did seem as if the university had it out for Dorson, stripping his team down to its bones...very sturdy and adaptive bones. The man was lucky, and from the way they spoke of him, it seemed he knew it as well, never taking them for granted and treating them fairly despite the stress weighing down on his shoulders as team lead.

But within those two short days, I'd made two new friends while catching up with my bestie...it felt like a dream to be there, to suddenly find myself becoming a test subject for what could very well be the best hope for a vaccine.

And before I knew it, a week had passed, marking the start of my journey to becoming the affront to mankind I am now...you still listening Dorson? This is the part I need you paying full attention to...

Rolling up my sleeves and sitting tight for that needle to plunge into my skin, Jenkins ran me over what the test vaccine was composed of to keep me occupied while Dorson and Leroy carefully administers the correct dosage into the syringe. Apparently it had a close link to Bats? And a slight mix of the original strain taken from said animal supposedly recovered from the origin point of the virus before it became Mr Worldwide...or Mrs...do viruses even have genders?

Anyway, it had animal genetic material and the virus in it coupled alongside a bevy of chemicals and scientific whatnot I can't recall... and that mix would be injected right into my meatsuit.

By the time Jenkins finished frying my brain with scientific mumbo jumbo, Dorson and Leroy had returned with syringe at the ready, prepared to administer the vaccine while Jenkins got straight to work powering up the scanners and monitors attached to cool plastic pads hooked up all across my body. If they were looking to amp up the tension, bright lights, a strong stench of antiseptics and a needle sharp syringe held up to my shoulder certainly did the trick.

**"Thank you...really, if this works, we'll all make history...and you'll be thankful you didn't say no that day!"**

Taking his reassuring hand off my shoulder, Dorson steps away to give Leroy room as he dabs an anesthetic soaked cloth against the skin before putting the sharp pin prick tip of the syringe against it, pressing down slowly

as that agonizing pain I thought I'd forgotten since college sponsored vaccinations shoots through my arm before spreading like a fire through my body.

By the time I felt like someone had launched a javelin straight through my shoulders, I was sweating buckets, stammering for water and someone to tear my clothes off. I'd never felt this way before, this didn't feel like a vaccine, it felt like someone had pumped me full of drugs, not like I ever took em but you get the point.

According to Jenkins however, this was standard routine for their vaccine; intense aching, sudden increase in body temperature, incredible discomfort. But this was more than just 'incredible discomfort'. I felt like death, instantly sapped of all my energy and will to see things through, I just wanted to take a bath and go to sleep. Everything was a blur, sounds were muffled and my internals felt like they were going to explode in a burst of flames.

Evidently Jenkins knew something was off the moment his calm laid-back voice took on an alarming tone, but by then I couldn't hear anything anymore, nor could I see past an inch from my face. Apparently I'd collapsed at that point from what Leroy told me, and the reason why my eyesight and hearing literally cut off was because my body was beginning to change, mutating under the influence of whatever was inside their vaccine.

It began with the point of entry where they'd injected the thing, my skin, according to them, 'started looking like a baby's; bright pink, soft and hairless'. But it didn't just end there, by the time Leroy had started cutting my clothes off, boney extensions were forcing their way out of my forearms all the way down to the wrists, I couldn't see shit but it felt like hell, like some butcher was flaying my bones to pieces before putting it all back together in new shapes, all while I could feel each individual speck, splinter and dust. Like I said, I couldn't see or hear anymore, but the boys said my yelling was what drew the entire campus to our location.

From there, it only got worse, with how much heat I was giving off alongside the water I was wasting from my excessive sweat, there was a cloud of hot steam radiating from my trashing body on the gurney, preventing anyone without protective gear from helping me as I laid there on the sheets, screaming and rolling in my own mess...

I don't know when or how long I lasted but the next time I could see again, I wasn't in the lab anymore, and my vision was a total mess. I saw things clearer but with a visible disturbance that radiated outward from sources of sound. Breathing, hushed whispers, stamping boots, the drop of water falling from a faulty ventilation unit. It was a disorienting sight that made distinguishing Leroy's face standing amongst a group of scientists, nurses and other men and women incredibly hard, all with looks of awe, horror and disgust on their faces. That was when I looked down at myself to realize why they seemed so afraid of me...protected behind the safety of thick hardened glass.

I had small spiked extensions radiating out from my arms with flaps of skin in between and...fur...snow white fur that covered far tender and sensitive skin all over. And my body felt strange, slimmer...agile...as light as a feather...with wires, tubes, casts and a whole other assortment of medical equipment hooked up to me, leaving me unable to move an inch and numb from a heavy dose of anesthesia. I was scared out of my life, angry for trusting Dorson...but Leroy was the first to move, rushing in despite his colleagues holding him back and making it to my bedside, holding down my numbed hands in a tender yet gingerly grip that told me he wasn't so sure if I was still myself in the alien being he had rushed up to. But still, the brave man tried to reassure me, told me everything was going to be alright and that you...Dorson, was in even deeper waters than I was.

Four days had passed since the test and when I last saw the light of the world, between that short time frame, many developments had occurred in regards to the project and what exactly had happened to me;

First off, Dorson and Jenkins were in the middle of an argument with the heads in charge as to what exactly had been done to me and the implications of the matter if it was ever leaked to the public. The only reason why Leroy was here telling me about this was because they needed someone to look after me, and seeing as Dorson and Jenkins had more of a vital role to play in the team, Leroy had volunteered to stay with me while the rest sorted things out with the management.

Secondly, I was...a peculiar case. The way the vaccine was supposed to work was applying the...sorry if I'm butchering this, way they could host the virus without ever developing symptoms...into humans. Thereby neutering the threat it posed until a permanent cure could be found in place of a vaccine.

But what this thing ended up doing was...attack me...literally! The reason why I felt so bad was because my own body started to turn against me, converted by the supercells that had developed within my blood after an unforeseen reaction. A once in a blue moon occurrence according to Leroy. But slowly transforming me into a bat-human hybrid wasn't all it was doing.

Because the donor of the genetic material had been a female bat...by the time Dorson's vaccine runs its course? I'll end up a girl as well, at first that sounded ridiculous to me, I tried to tell Leroy I could still feel my number two down below hooked up to a tube and that I still looked like a man, but when I heard the effeminate croak that escaped my mouth? I realized then that there was no running from reality, feeling slightly devastated that the closest I would ever get to feeling a woman's warmth was the plastic tube my little fella had to be stuck inside for all my business purposes...alongside what I could only assume to be a bedpan for my bum...nasty stuff.

And because my body was taking on the traits of our chiropteran friends, I had to be hooked up to these machines 24/7 until my body stabilizes, until the effects of the vaccine runs its course. Hollow bones, a weakened immune system, possible organ failure from cellular rejection, any one of these could lead to a fatality.



**"You already broke your legs right after the injection...if you hadn't fainted then...you wouldn't even be here right now...and even if you had survived, you'd be a vegetable for life! It's best to...stay out till you recover...trust me, we never wanted this!"**

I felt frustrated, angry, and sad. The usual things one would feel if they were told they had to stay strung up in bed for months on end, maybe even years. But I was an optimist, someone who never said no to a challenge. And so after collecting my thoughts while still struggling to orientate myself to my mesmerizing vision, the best I could do was lift a pinky for Leroy to swear his truth to.

Thinking back then...maybe that's why Leroy seems to try his best when it comes to matters involving me...he's a sweet boy that one, only knew him a week and there's enough trust between us for him to care! Don't get jealous though Dorson...

From there, Leroy's info dump would only prove to be true the more days flew by and the longer I remained cooped up in that quarantine room. It began with my body, where I could once sleep with my feet slightly hanging off the edges, I now had to stretch before my toes could even grace the cool metal rim of the bed frame. And the medical gown I was wheeled in with had to be changed for new ones almost every week. A constant reminder of what little time left I had as a man while I felt muscle and firm flesh vanish, leaving behind thick layers of supple fat encompassing lithe limbs that were a shadow of their former self;

My athletic pistons were replaced by short yet curvy pillars that had an ample gap between them, jackhammer arms became slender branches with gentle curves outlining their silhouette, complete with jagged extensions I now realize to be wings with webbed flaps called pa...patagium? They're pretty ticklish when touched but...I think you already know that don't you?

By the end of the first month, the doctors tending to me under Leroy's supervision had medical bandages that reminded me of pasties stuck over the nipples of my bare chest which had begun tingling over the past few days. According to him, the readouts were registering signs of activity in a certain organ that should've been dormant in a man, and if left untreated...

**"You'll uhh...feel like...jerking it...to put it lightly. Those pads will numb the feeling so the most you'll end up having to go through is just a mild shock to your nips every once in a while...for a man...you're taking this transition really well...don't like being one?"**

**"Nah...it's just...I haven't felt any reason to be mad y'know? Never had a goal to be a father...or a muscular bodybuilder...so being a girl...might be interesting? I know I should be feeling...something...but it's like my body's for no issue with this whole sex change thingy going on."**

After another little chat regarding updates of what was happening out in the greater world beyond these pale white walls. I'd learned then that you had your job saved by my 'affliction', my altered DNA; used as a basis for an actual functional vaccine proven to raise a person's chances of defense against the virus while lightening the effects if they succumbed anyway. In exchange, you got to stay.

This is where I have to pause for a sec Dorson, and tell you; that I don't feel an inch of anger for you...sure, I might've jumped the gun back then for assuming stuff but now, after all that's happened? I'm glad! Really! Your work ended up granting a vaccine to the world! Sure, some new evolved strain popped up, and the dimwits over at the University demoted you back to lecturer status, but who cares? We saved people! You, me, Leroy and Jenkins!

And after what you did to me...you'd better take responsibility! You can't just walk in, fuck me silly and leave after all...but..ah shit, I'm jumping ahead...reel it in Tina...it's just a log...Now where was I...ah right...the pasties.

Shortly after the doctors applied that, my body's transition from male to female seemed to kick into overdrive alongside an overwhelming hunger to fill myself with as much food as possible, and after a short period of rehabilitation involving simple exercises and guided help navigating with my new lanky legs and getting used to the fact that I couldn't be careless with my movement anymore considering my entire skeletal structure was now hollow, I could move on my own, eat on my own! But the doctors still didn't want to chance things, insisting I remain in bed for everything besides emergencies. Which meant I had to remain stuck with those annoying pipes stuck to my privates.

At least I could eat actual food now and not that organic slushie they've been forcing down my throat...but meat was something I had dropped from my palette in exchange for fruits and vegetables, I despised the taste of it but loves the gentle sweetness and cooling juices of the stuff I would've normally eaten for a snack or on the side.

It didn't take long for my breasts to begin growing in, they started off as nothing more than a bump on my robes, but after the second day? They had risen to become small mounds that could no longer be hidden, some part of my hormonal brain assumed they would keep growing but that was not to be. I ended up with a small but cute set of B's that didn't jiggle as much as I thought they would but those puppies were sensitive...really sensitive, the pasties needed to stay on for a full week after my new assets started producing milk but once they were off? I had to wear bras from then on, they chafed abit sure, but the relief they provided from my gown rubbing against them was heavenly.

From there, the changes would only grow more noticeable. My hair began to take on the same texture and coloration as the fur across my new body, becoming long enough to invade my vision in soft silky tufts. Although they were still black, it wouldn't be long till it became a lustrous pale white. Admittedly I felt excited for it all to grow in, wondering if this was what girls must've felt when visiting the salon or something.

But the most intense one I remember clearly was when I ended up wetting the bed one night. It should've been impossible considering my dick, no matter how small it had shrunk, was contained in a tube. Except with nothing left to hold on to, said tube had disconnected and fallen limp. Leaving my newly formed pussy free to wet the bed for the first time since I was a babe in mama's arms with my former manhood left as nothing more than a tiny thing, inert flesh that would soon become what I like to call my lil clitty...do you still remember? That night when you bit down on it? Clitty remembers...and she purrs everytime I flick it~

\*Ahem\*! A-Anyway...by the time the next month of my quarantine was up, I...

I was born a boy called Tyson...you know that, I know it, everyone who's befriended us; friends and family, know it.

But after my face lost the last traces of that scar I got in highschool defending you from a knife attack and any sense of manliness was drowned under my...'adorable' visage...well, Tyson wasn't the best name to go by anymore...



But even after I became a girl, a half human half bat hybrid, you never showed up to visit. Even after Leroy assured me it was because you were busy, this new side of my mind...it made me feel new things I've never felt before. I wasn't aware, but the doctors were quick to point out the differences between the way a man would behave and how...I've been doing so; wide set hips swaying with each step, hands clenched in a girly way whenever I stood still, putting my knees close together whenever I had to use the toilet, playing with my hair in the shower, paying extra attention to how I looked at the start of each day, pruning my fur to ensure its snow white remained untainted, eating carefully to maintain my physique that admittedly hadn't become the voluptuous babe I had envisioned...ah right...I forgot to say that was when I got moved into my own fancy bedroom, certified risk free for batgirls like me! Complete with my own wardrobe and bathroom.

I've attached a photo of how I look when I first picked the outfit for that special day; aren't I cute?

B-But uhh...to put it short and simple; I had become a full fledged female now...that was the day Tyson had become Tina, and the day you finally decided to visit...

Leroy had dropped by all excited that morning to say you were coming by, his smile...his energy...the fact that I could literally see the positivity in his voice, it made me excited too!

But what we hadn't known back then was that the sudden craving for food wasn't because of my transformation, it was in a way, but not related to gender inversion...

It was already November...and for humans? That was just the prelude to Christmas. But for bats? That was prime time for their men and women to get hot and cozy in bed, ready to rear the next generation after a strenuous session of physical exercise together...you get what I mean right?

I waited so long...ate well, washed up, changed into my cutest clothes, cleaned the room...but you never showed...at least, I thought you wouldn't...until the doors slid open at 1am, and you were there, all tired and sweaty from another long day of teaching and improving the vaccine...

I held my arms out for you, wanted to talk about all we missed in these last 2 months, but you suddenly pushed me down onto my bed, silenced my panic with a kiss...

Your big hands over my shrunken form, tearing my dress off to ravish my tender frame with an experienced touch, all while I bit, screamed and kicked...it was kinda scary I'll admit it...but it also felt good...right even, that I should let you undress me, hold me tight...before filling me up~

It seemed that our friendship together had been the catalyst that triggered a pheromone release in a gland my body had produced specifically to draw in mates. And with my estrus period at its peak and no one around to impregnate me, seeing you and the emotions that brought with it must've triggered its release...that was why you couldn't control yourself, why you feel guilty without ever knowing why, you weren't yourself that night Dorson...but I'm not mad...in fact it's left me very...eager...to see you again.

You...when they said my pheromones could only affect someone who truly held feelings for me...you aren't gay right? Really makes me think back to the years we spent together in a new light!

Putting that aside...the way you did me? Tongue pressed down my throat...warm hands on my hips...dick stuffed so deep in me I still tingle whenever I remember it...our sweaty bodies wrapped around each other, hearing...seeing our voices resonating...I know I was a man but...having sex as a girl...becoming a mother...losing my virginity to someone I know and love...

Now you see why I'm miffed at you for not visiting? Partially my fault, I know but...

Like I said in the letter; I can't leave the quarantine for another year or so...but you can. Leroy and Jenkins have been kind enough to visit while keeping me updated on how you're doing alongside what's going on outside. They don't know what you did to me that night but it's only a matter of time till they and the other scientists figure out what you've...given me~

They tell me you've been avoiding looking at anything related to me; my records, what the vaccine has done. But tonight...tonight I want you to come down here, and look me straight in the eyes! I bet you don't even know I'm Tina now!

If you don't, I'll tell Leroy you had your way with me that night...and we both know what a hothead like him will do right? So the choice is yours 'dear'~ Jenkins had to fork over his hard drive to get this message safely to you so I think he might be onto things...maybe even listening in as I tell this to you...

In all seriousness though, please, come by tonight. I've said it more than twice already, it's not your fault...and I'm sure you'd love to get a look at your wife to be right? I've grown my hair out nice and long and I think my boobs have gone up a size or two.

I guess this is where I sign off now...this is my longest log yet and I've gotta go for another scan...love you Rodson...and Happy Birthday!

## ***END LOG***

---

**"W-What the hell...was that? I'm...so that night...I didn't rape her...oh god Tina...the baby!"**

Slumping over in his seat with the half eaten chocolate bar melting into a heap on the table, Dorson's wide eyes gaze over to the clock on the wall, already about to cross well past 11pm. There was still about 20 minutes left till midnight so maybe there was still time. He didn't have enough left to process all the shocking revelations though.

All this time he'd thought he had committed a grave sin; ruining his friends body, life and then taking away his...or rather her first time by what he had assumed to be rape...

*He had to make it up to her...*

Rushing off his seat towards the doors, the excited young man bumps into a familiar face waiting right outside, curly hair bobbing above a smug face with smart glasses attached.

**"Congratulations on becomin' a father...don't forget t'invite us y'hear?"**

And with a rough slap to his cheek from the other side, Dorson comes face to face with his former assistant, looking half angered and relieved at the same time.

**"Don't you treat her badly you hear? She's a good girl...and you should be thankful she cares this much about you!"**

Rubbing his sore face with a weary smile, Dorson continues on his sprint down to the subsections of the University, holding on to the pass for Tina's room Leroy had given him, a hopeful look on his face.

Maybe this was the light at the end of his storm. While the world slowly recovers from the Covid pandemic, now it was his turn to walk out of the dark hole he'd unknowingly placed himself and his dear friend into. Already making plans for the future they would have together. It would take some getting used to, for one, he never had much interest in girls and secondly...he'd never expected to find a lover in the form of his best friend. But together...he was feeling confident they could work things through together.

A man and a batgirl...falling in love? Truly a batty situation...

**"I wonder how she'd feel about having a sibling to go with our little one...ahh but there's still housing to consider..."**

***THE END***