

At first, I was pretty intimidated by the sheer size of the building that was my new home, but after Vox gave me a little guided tour of it, it wasn't nearly as bad as I thought it was. Only the first two floors were the actual gambling hall and lounge areas, and only partly. The bottom floor was the main floor of the gambling hall. Right on the entrance was the bar on the side, and all the automatic game station thingies where you played solo. Group games were further back, and seemed to mostly involve cards and dice and stuff. It was kind of fun to watch, but Vox wanted to show me around so I tried to stay focused!

The bar was pretty big, and served food as well as drinks, from a kitchen behind it through the wall. The other side of the bar, further from the door, was the entrance back into the staff rooms, with things like laundry and storage buildings. *All* the way back in the gaming hall main floor were the back rooms. Vox said those were the lounges for the *high roller* games, whatever that meant. Private and used for special occasions, I guess?

The upper lounge was for special guests. Important people and Vox's friends, it seemed. Really super private and a good spot to talk about things that were secretive and stuff. Vox explained that a lot of people used the lounges and inn rooms simply for a private meeting, and were willing to pay a lot of coin for the security! That's where he made most of the real money, apparently. Of course, Vox had his own private lounge in the back of the upper lounge area, with the hot tub where I'd first met him.

Along the back of the upper floor was the private quarters. There was a small private medical ward set up there, and Vox's master suite. I even had a tiny little bedroom that he'd set up back there, just for me, right off the master suite! I had a real bed, and a spot to store things of my own! And a lot of clothes that he'd got me that... didn't... fit me... because I had boobs and he wasn't expecting that.

He explained a lot about what my duties were too, and why he got me. There were... A lot of my training I don't think was going to see much use. I was expecting to be serving his needs but... Meria was his *mate*. And a Jakatar. I mean, there were... stereotypes about Jakatar and their libidos probably for a reason. I don't think he needed my services there.

Instead, he was aiming for a live-in maid or butler originally. The biggest issue with Nulidia, especially in the lower levels, was security. He had his own external maids and butlers that lived off-site, but they weren't allowed into the private kitchen or bedrooms. Screening someone for security was apparently expensive, and he finally decided to get a single slave in order to get around that. I wouldn't need to be screened, and could be trusted to wait on them in the suite, and make food and stuff. ...which means I'd have to learn how to cook.

Overall, a surprisingly... easy job. I was expecting something a lot harder, but what he wanted was all fairly domestic. I wasn't... disappointed, but I was a little... It didn't feel like I was prepared for this. I swallowed uneasily, sitting on my bed and looking around my room. I didn't have any belongings so it looked a little sparse, but the bed was really comfortable. I guess I felt... lonely. I'd been sleeping with the twins for a while now. Now it was just me, though.

And horny. My body was starting to get antsy over it. Vox had checked out my neck panel and saw that I had special stuff already loaded into it. He wasn't very happy about the 'Moondust' stuff, but apparently knew where he could get a small supply for me. But... the plan was apparently to bring me up to one of the surface layers tomorrow and get me to a medical mage, then one of the Koramir branch

therapists. Something about the neighboring nations providing subsidies for medical and therapy needs here? I didn't... really know what any of that meant, other than that I'd be visiting medical people.

My paws stroked over the nightgown he got for me. Something short notice that would fit at least. I exhaled softly, then flopped over onto the bed, wondering what my life was going to be like here. He wanted me to be a boy, which seemed... Well, it was a weird thought and felt uncomfortable. But a lot of things did, actually. Like not being able to remember anything past a few weeks ago. And these strange... thoughts I got sometimes. And what happened to Atir and Callia.

I frowned. What *was* that? It still felt like something I'd done. But... I didn't do anything to them that could have caused that! I was trying to be a good girl and make them happy. It didn't make any sense. They just seemed to go crazy or something. But... at the same time, the twins were really, really quick to just abandon their father. That was also kind of crazy.

Exhaling softly, I huffed and let my ears flick back and forth. I'd have to be careful. If something I was doing was causing people to go crazy around me... But that was a problem for later me, I guess. Tired finally, I just sighed and closed my eyes, letting myself drift off to sleep.

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The fucker had ties to the Agency. He admitted it! Flickers, and blurs. Quietly sneaking along in the dark. My collar was confused as we drifted. It was supposed to stop certain things, but I was just dreaming. There wasn't anything to stop in a dream, was there?

Paperwork. My paws went over everything on the Keld's desk, reading as I went, but there was nothing there. Nothing recent, anyway. The comm system was still on. Not even password locked! A rush, and flickering of images that I couldn't remember. Business arrangements. Dealings. Inn clients. Gambling contacts and high rollers. A blacklist. Meria's fertility testing?

More rushing. Nothing. Not even the Agency symbol. Fuck! He either hid it better than anticipated, or it was older. Dealings in the past? Tired. Quiet and sleepy. Maybe for later...

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I woke up with a yawn, feeling a little fatigued but pretty good. Weird dreams faded, and I rubbed my eyes as the comm on the wall went off again. Oh! Right. I reached up and booped the button with my left paw, causing Vox's face to pop up, grinning. "Hey! Up and at 'em. We need to get you washed up and ready for a doctor's visit I got scheduled for you. You feeling okay?"

I gave a smile and nodded gently to him, which caused his grin to widen. "Good! Don't worry about any official duties yet. We've got to get your medical concerns straightened away first." Oh, I was about to be a little concerned, yeah... I nodded to that, and then switched to dressing in what I'd come here in, given it was the only thing to fit me at the moment.

Breakfast in the lounge was nice, after I'd gotten washed up in Vox's private bathing area. They didn't have anything there to clean my rear with, but I made do with just my paws. Though he'd shown no interest in me at all like that so far...

After breakfast, Vox and Meria both got dressed alongside me and we headed out, with four guards alongside. It turns out, Nulidia actually did have a tram system, which moved between the layers.

Unlike a lot of the buildings around it, it was actually pretty well maintained. Though I suppose it was kind of essential, so people probably prioritized keeping it running and everything.

We took an entire car for ourselves, with several shadier looking guys leaving quickly after we got on with the armed guards. Four big, armored, heavily-armed Vulkus were kinda scary, yeah! It was a short trip, though, riding up through all five layers and to the topmost one. My eyes widened as sunlight shined down from above me, and a much colder wind danced over my fur. Vox tucked the coat around me a bit tighter, then gave me a nod before we exited the tram again.

It was like a completely different city up here! Snow, for one, plus... everything was amazingly clean and fancy-looking. There were a significantly larger number of guards, plus the people walking around looked a lot better presented. It felt... calmer up here. Gentler and safer. The street we were walking on was well maintained, and everything looked new and shiny. The advertisements were also a lot less shiny, actually, with signs and stuff instead of the bright lights they used. Maybe because it's above-ground here?

We walked for several blocks after leaving the tram, navigating through quite the crowd of people. The guards kept them distant from us on all sides though, and soon we reached what looked like a big clinic of sorts. My ears perked up as Voxet and Meria went inside. I hesitated, but she turned and gave me a grin, gesturing me in with them. "Relax, Sweetie. We're going to get you checked up and make sure you're healthy, okay?" Exhaling, I smiled again, giving her a nod before taking her paw and following her inside.

It was a segmented waiting room once we got in through the main doors, looking like different seating areas were for different spots in the clinic. Vox seemed to know where he was going though, and Meria and I followed him while the guards waited in the front lounge. Unlike some of the others waiting, it seemed like we were expected, and a nurse peeked out to spot us from one of the side doors, then waved us in as we got close.

"Voxet! Good to see you again. This is the new slave?"

He gave her a smile and nodded. "Yup. In dire need of some help, I suspect. Medical exam first, I assume?"

The all-white Vulkus female nodded, looking her clipboard over before gesturing to the right. "Indeed. Examination room three. The medical mage is almost done with her current exam and will be right with you."

We were escorted inside a smaller room, with a flat medical mattress slightly raised off the floor, a cabinet and sink setup, and a whole lot of medical equipment hanging from the walls and ceiling. The nurse got me up and onto the mattress, while Vox and Meria sat down in a couple chairs on the side of the room. A spike of nervousness went through me as the nurse left, but Vox gave a nod and smile.

"This is a very reputable clinic. I've taken people here before for treatments. You don't have to worry at all. Though really, we do need to figure out a name for you. I just... don't know much about Inaga names. Meria?" He looked to the right at that, towards the Jakatar, who exhaled softly and shook her head.

“I mean, they tend towards simpler names with two syllables, but traditional names? No idea. For a boy, right?” Right, they... wanted me to be a boy. I was unsure about that, honestly.

Vox sighed and nodded, then looked back to me afterwards. The door opened, however, with the briefest of knocks prior, and a different Vulkus female entered. She was in a traditional Vulkus medical mage outfit, with sleeved blouse and rather neutral tunic skirting, all in white of course with the very recognizable green plus symbol on both shoulders. Her fur was a darker brown, with tan to her muzzle and chest at least, as well as her paws. Soft green eyes looked me over, and she grinned as she did.

“Ah, a new girl, Vox? She looks a lot better off than the last one you brought in at least... Though looks can be deceiving. My name is Kydasali, but you can just call me Kyda.” Oh? She directed the last bit towards me, crouching down to meet my level.

Vox coughed lightly at that. “He, and they really can be.”

The Vulkus gave a slow blink at that, before wincing. “Oh. I’m starting to see. Well, alright then. How do you feel about taking your clothes off?” She gave a softer smile to me at that, but I just tilted my head to her. How did I... feel about it? Was... she asking me to take my clothes off?

I assumed that was a yes, and just started undoing my dress. She perked, then gave a chuckle instead. “I take that as a no problem?”

Meria sighed at that. “He can’t... talk or write. Plus, we’re pretty sure he was... trained as a sex slave.”

The medical mage sighed at that, but nodded, watching as I slid my dress off, then pulled my panties down and off too, leaving me completely naked on the mattress. Her eyes traced over me before slowly nodding to herself again, then holding her paws up. Magic was always neat to watch, and I saw her weave medical scanners into both of her paws before sitting down at the bottom of the bed, next to me. One went against my chest... briefly, before she gave a yelp and backed up again slightly, watching the magic on it flickering and warping in her paw. Eh?!

“Well, uh... that was odd. I wonder if there’s something in his chest that’s interfering with the scanner? I’ll try from the back.” Vox frowned but nodded, then watched as she went behind me instead.

Peeking over my shoulder curiously, I watched her place the scanner on my back without issue, then dismiss and form a new one in the paw that got weirded out. “Well, it works back there. Must be something in his chest then. His vitals are amazing, though.”

The other scanner was used to do sweeps of me, one limb at a time. “Hmm... He’s definitely got a high concentration of Moondust going. That’ll have to be detoxed. There’s also a ton of female hormones in his system, but they’re all artificial. More than likely implanted glands.” They were fake? A frown grew slowly as I tried to process that.

Kyda continued, however. “Extensive bone modification pretty much everywhere. In line with the feminization. He definitely used to be male. Even the facial bones have been modified...” She lowered the scanner from my cheek, and I frowned. I... used to be male? For absolutely sure? No, she... She was a medical mage. I used to be a male. That felt... It made me feel sick, though...

“Lower abdomen is a mess. Testicles have been removed, and several glands have been chemically sterilized. He’s got anal augmentations too. Baculum has been artificially shrunk. Going to guess his

penis used to be considerably larger, based on the scale to range of the rest of his bone shifting.” My... penis? I looked down at the pouch on my groin and frowned, swallowing the tension in my throat. I didn’t... know what to think now.

She moved upwards again though. “Breast tissue was grown via hormone manipulation and applied regeneratives. Nipples are actually augments and grafted. I can still see a bit of the scar tissue from installation. Not a professional job...” But... how had I ended up like this then? I didn’t remember...

Vox sighed, but Kyda suddenly frowned, leaning up and running the scan right over the side of my temple for a moment. “Uh... huh. Are you aware that his eyes are fake? They’re enchanted biotics on glass. Also, the receptors in his nose and tongue are completely destroyed.” His eyes widened at that, as did my own. Wait, what?! My eyes were... fake? How did you fake eyes? And what about the receptors...?

“Oh Gods... What did they *do* to you? Fuck... How much of this is... reversable?” Vox looked to the mage at that, and she gave a sigh.

“To be honest... pretty much everything. The breasts and nipples are easy. The bone shifts can... mostly be undone by going in reverse, although some hip, rear, and thigh growth might be permanent now. Facial shift is easy though, too. We have targeted regeneratives that can handle the nose and tongue, respectively. Trickier bits are going to be the eyes, colon, and testicles...” Huh. My ears perked as I... actually followed along pretty good. It made sense so far... Though, why it made sense, I didn’t know.

Vox frowned, however. “Trickier?”

She shook her head. “The eyes can’t be grown easily outside of a host. We’d have to remove his fake eyes, place an organic, alchemically-constructed substitute in, and then dose him with targeted regeneratives until the nerves all re-attached properly. We’d do one eye at a time, and it would take about a week each, probably. His vision would be hampered in the meantime.” Oh... I didn’t like the thought of being... blind. For some reason, it sent prickling tingles down my back, and I gave a shiver, swallowing again.

“The testicles and everything involved with them *can* be grown separately from the body, but reattaching them is a complicated procedure and going to leave him quite sore for a while, and having to wear a cradle harness. Penis size increases are also going to leave him pretty sore.” She gestured to my pouch with that, then frowned, looking behind me as well. “As for the anal augmentation... almost nobody tries to reverse those and for good reason. The entire colon would have to be replaced, and that’s another thing we can’t grow outside of the body. The only choice there would be to redirect solid wastes while the colon itself is healing. It would be a long process, though.”

Voxet sighed at that and nodded. “I see. What about the thing in the chest?” Oh, right. She perked at that, then frowned as she examined me there again, looking under my breasts, then between them. She edged the scanner closer, slowly, then frowned as it started to go weird on her again the closer she got.

“That’s... very odd. The back scanner isn’t picking up anything there at all, but from the front, it completely scrambles the magic. I almost want to say its an enchantment, but... I’m not seeing any magic on him at all. Though he *does* have a sizable mana pool, I should warn. He’s definitely a mage, and probably a pretty strong one.” Eh?! I was a mage?! Whoa! That was awesome!

Vox perked at that, then looked to my collar instead, surprised. “Oh, right, he does have a mana suppressor on it. Is... it really necessary to have one? I mean, the collar already stops him from inflicting bodily harm on anyone, and most violence except for self-defense and defense of me, doesn't it?”

The medical mage nodded to that. “Yes, collars are hard enchanted with that. Mostly, mana suppression is done in order to prevent escape attempts instead against slaves that aren't trusted. Black collars especially because they're *usually* criminals. This though...” Hmm?

She trailed off, then looked to Vox at that, who sighed and rubbed at his temples. “I requested a legally obtained slave. But so much has gone wrong in what I requested compared to what I got... I suppose I should get the collar checked. It's only right.”

Kyda nodded again to that. “*Technically* Nulidia has no collar registration policy. But the second you took him outside of Nulidia's borders or attempted to sell him to a third, external party, the collar would be checked automatically regardless. I... I'm obligated to heavily suggest investigating it yourself right now instead.” He nodded again, and Meria gave a concerned look to the mage.

“Would we... get in trouble if his collar was fake?” My collar could be... fake? What was an *illegal* slave then, in this case?

Kyda shook her head, however. “No. Given the nature of Nulidia, that much would be waived. Obviously, we'd heavily recommend freeing him if so, but... we cannot legally tell you to do so while you're inside the neutral zone. We're here to help people and make sure everyone's safe, regardless. We're not enforcers or guards.”

Vox sighed, but nodded again. “No, I understand all of that. And I agree. Can you scan the collar here then? A lot of things also depends on how the appointment with the mind mage goes, too. Some of these bigger reversions, I'd like to get his permission on.” My... permission? But I was his slave. I wasn't supposed to... decide things like that. Atir had explained it all to me!

Smiling, Kyda nodded at that again. “Understandable. They're the ones that do the collar scans, actually. Is there anything you definitely want to line up to get started first, though?”

He hesitated at that, but Meria gave his paw a squeeze, then nod. “I think... the eyes, tongue, and nose should definitely be repaired at the very least. Boy or girl.” That Vox nodded to, before relaxing again.

“Yeah, that... well the tongue and nose are pretty easy fixes, anyway... Let's start there.”

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The mind mage was right next door, so we didn't have to go too far at all after they got the tissue sample from me. Of course, that came with a few more added fun surprises. At least for them. They found out that I wasn't using fur dye for one, and that this seemed to be my natural fur color. For two, they quickly discovered the fun hissy regeneration thing after Kyda took the needle from my arm. That caused quite a burst of excitement too! Just like when Callia had first discovered it.

Callia... I wondered what had happened to Atir and her, and the twins. I really did miss them. I really wished I could communicate. Vox might know more about what happened to them, anyway. But I didn't have much time to consider it, as we went for the mind mage appointment instead. They'd sent

my information over there already, and the nurse, a nice Illan female, was already waiting to invite us inside. They were less busy than the clinic had been!

As we were heading back towards the therapy room, the door opened ahead of time, revealing a male Jakatar talking to a female Vulkus, clearly on her way out. Ah! My ears perked as I took in the actual antlers coming off his head, just in front of the long and floppy ears! Right, males had more than just the stubs! I was almost so distracted that I didn't take note of the Vulkus, as she slowed, walking past us.

Her fur was almost entirely black, reminding me of Atir and Callia, except she had a sort of ash gray chest and belly, as well as paw patterns. I knew because at least her tummy was visible through the black, leather armor she wore. What gave me pause though was the twin daggers at her back, locked tight in sheaths, and the array of equipment she seemed to have tucked all over herself. Was she... a patient of the... mind mage?

Her silver eyes were locked sharply to me as she approached, and I froze, ears lowering a little at the sheer... intensity she was staring at me with. Even Vox paused and frowned towards her. She paused walking at that, and suddenly her expression shifted into a slight smile. "Sorry. Just never seen an Inaga with such a pretty white coat."

Vox relaxed a bit at that and smiled back to her, and just like that, she passed us and moved on down the hall. That was... Huh. Vox continued on, but I paused and looked behind us, only to frown and flatten my ears back as she was nowhere to be seen. Uh... Scary! I scampered after Vox instead, heading inside the room and past the Jakatar.

The room was a lot more organic feeling, with soft chairs to sit at and a homey sort of feel to it. Only Vox and I were allowed in this far, and Meria waited in the lounge. I sat on the couch, and Vox waited in one of the armchairs, until the male Jakatar walked back in, following us.

He gave us both a warm smile, then looked me over with dark blue eyes. His dress was more casual and relaxed too, with a simple short-sleeved tunic top and casual tunic skirt with shorts. The darker browns matched well with his tan and white fur colors. "Hello! I'm Myrik. It's nice to meet you both. I've heard a lot about you, Voxet."

Vox grinned at that and shook his paw before nodding. "Hopefully all good! Nice to meet you as well. I'm hoping you can help, anyway... I'm... still working to try to get Remi to you, too." Remi?

The Jakatar chuckled and held a paw up at that. "Let her come at her own time. Let's focus on this one for now. Mmm." He looked his clipboard over at that, then slowly nodded. "No name. Male to female transition and heavily augmented. More than likely trained as a sex slave. Inability to speak or write."

Vox sighed there. "That last one's... hard. He's not easy to have a conversation with, obviously."

Myrik smiled and nodded there. "There might be a way. Though if you wanted a model to take home, I'm afraid we'd have to charge you for it. They're complicated, and expensive to produce." Huh?

Vox perked at that, ears flicking lightly. "Oh? I'd gladly pay for something if it meant being able to talk to him. What are we looking at?"

Giving a nod, Myrik turned in his chair and looked into a box that was on the side table. It had been here before we were, and admittedly, I was curious. "I had them deliver one to the room when I heard the issues. Here, try this on."

He withdrew what looked to be a choker of sorts, only clearly mechanical, and had several crystals and metal blocks on it. He leaned forward, and I leaned over, letting him clip it around my neck rather gently, just above my collar. Eh? It pulsed a moment later, displaying a projected illusion screen in front of me suddenly, with 'initializing' displayed on it.

"Oh? What's the function of this?" Vox tilted his head while looking at it, until the screen flickered away again, and I blinked, frowning.

Myrik gave a chuckle and leaned back in his chair again. "It might take a bit of practice, but you can 'push' your words into the device around your neck. It subtly reads outgoing surface thoughts released directly at it through ambient inclusion field, and will display the words as text next to his head. We normally use these with mute patients." Whoa, neat!

"Push the words...?" Vox looked confused at that.

But... it was like I already knew how to do it. It just... I pushed my thoughts forward and the words just flickered onto the screen to my left. "Like this?" Vox's eyes widened at that, and Myrik looked startled instead.

"My! You... You're a very fast learner. I hadn't even taught you how to do it yet! Impressive!" I perked, and smiled at the praise, tail swishing behind me again, and he chuckled. "Well, this opens up a wide array of things we can do! First of all, do you remember your name?"

I frowned at that, then slowly shook my head. "No, Atir told me my name was 'Bitch' when I woke up. That's all anyone there called me." Myrik's muzzle scrunched at that, but suddenly, Vox visibly spasmed.

"They had *Atir and Callia* training you?! What the fuck?! That fucking asshole lied right to my face!" My eyes widened at the sudden outburst, before my ears lowered and I shrunk a little. But... Vox wasn't angry at *me* by the sounds of it.

Myrik held his paw up abruptly, though. "Please, Voxet. Calm down. I take it you know the name?"

Vox stewed for a moment, eyes seething with rage before taking several deep breaths, then nodding. "Yes, I do. Atir, and his sister, Callia, are complete *monsters*. They don't train slaves so much as they go out of their way to *break* them to try to instill extreme behaviors and habits. I... haven't heard about anything they've been up to for years now though... If they were involved with him..." ...monsters? But they were... really nice to me. They...

Myrik frowned, then slowly nodded. "It unfortunately all matches up. This syndrome with the fur is rare, but extreme levels of stress and shock can cause this. Usually only in patches, though. I can't even *fathom* what it would take to cause a full-body shift like this. That said, I think it might be wise for me to do a bit of mental investigations into him, if that's okay with you both."

Vox sighed and nodded, then looked to me. My ears lifted a little, then I slowly nodded too. So long as... nobody was angry at *me*. Myrik gave me a warm smile, then his eyes started to glow a soft navy-



blue shade. He locked his gaze on me, then paused for a long moment, before slowly frowning. Huh? “That’s... This is very odd. There’s... nothing at all.”

“Nothing?” Vox frowned towards him, but the mage looked... disturbed more than anything.

“Nothing. I can’t... I can’t even detect his mind here. Obviously, it is, but there’s no mental signature even, let alone activity. I can’t pick up anything...” Uh... was that bad? That sounded bad, and asked exactly that.

Myrik sighed, then slowly shook his head. “No, it’s... abnormal for sure. I’ve only heard of cases like this where a person is trained to block such things, or has an enchantment against mind manipulation. But there’s no enchantments or magic on you at all, and... I don’t think you’re blocking me at the very least.”

My ears lowered a bit at that, and I quickly shook my head. “I wouldn’t even know how!” He smiled, however, and held his paw up.

“Relax. I believe you. You’ve already given dozens of visible body cues that are very, very tough to fake, that are in line with that. Instead... I want to think it might have something to do with the chest anomaly the clinic picked up. There’s definitely something going on with you that’s a bit of an enigma.” I didn’t know what to think about that, but he relaxed backwards again instead, and shrugged.

“While it complicates matters, clearly you can communicate with us, so I can attempt to investigate things without delving into your mind directly. How far back do you remember?” He lifted his clipboard to take notes at that, while I ‘talked’ back using the device.

My memory barely went back a moon and a half. But I wasn’t sure, even of that. I’d lost a lot of time here and there to spottiness. Atir, Callia, and the twins had largely been nice to me, or so I thought. My first memory was with Atir explaining everything. Then my training to be a sex slave with the twins. My inability to talk or write, or react normally to pain. The strange regeneration, and even the incident before I’d left, with everyone seemingly going crazy. I just sort of rambled, attempting to piece things together in the order I recalled them.

Vox looked... more than a little concerned by the time Myrik was done grilling me on my memory, but the mage nodded slowly, finishing writing things down on his clipboard. “Well, there’s no physical damage to his mind at all. That would have caused interference between the soul’s memory and the body’s, which can obviously differ sometimes. Ruling that out, we’re looking at post-traumatic retrograde transient amnesia. An event, or prior damage perhaps, that caused such a mental shock that the mind is forced to blank out the memories.” Uh... what? Vox and I both frowned at that, but Myrik sighed and shook his head.

“Normally, such cases are called transient for a reason. They’re short term. A shock or injury can induce them but it usually doesn’t last much more than a few hours. A day at most. The fact that this has been going on for at least forty-five days is... bad. We might have to bring in a soul specialist next.” I swallowed uneasily, and Vox’s right paw clenched against the armrest.

“There’s no way... Neither Atir nor Callia are mind mages, obviously. There’s some serious regulations on mind magic for this reason...” What were they... talking about?

Sighing again, Myrik gave a nod. "Self-taught potentially aside, all the symptoms are here. I don't know how they did it, but there's a chance this boy is suffering from complete memory regression. They... erased everything. The fact that his fur is like this... I suspect it wasn't a pleasant process that they used to do so, either. Removing the senses too... You can see why this is looking pretty bad, Voxet." I couldn't... I didn't remember anything before... But they were super nice to me! It didn't make sense! Why would they do that?!

Vox gave a shiver, tails hanging low now and completely still. "...fuck. The collar?"

Myrik nodded and stood, then walked over to his desk in the corner before pulling a sort of boxish device out of one of the drawers. It had a bunch of dials on it and two prongs out the front, and what looked like a crystal screen. He leaned down under my chin and pushed the prongs right up against the front of my collar, until the device made a beeping noise.

I blinked once, uncertain now, but just watching the Jakatar curiously as he sat down again, then frowned, looking over the display. "The identification on the collar is blank, and there's no registration number. No crime recorded at all. The collar's definitely unsanctioned." Eh?

Vox's head fell back against the chair, and he gave a low groan. "Fuck..."

I frowned, looking to Myrik instead. "What does that mean...?"

He gave a sigh before explaining. "It means that you're not supposed to be a slave. You were never charged with any crime, and aren't part of the justice system. Instead, someone captured you from somewhere, kidnapped you, illegally put a collar on you, somehow erased your memories, modified you extensively against your will, and then sold you to Voxet." His voice was level and even as he summarized it all for me, and I started to shiver lightly. This was bad!

Voxet gave a low sigh, then looked back to both of us after. "This... What now? Is there a way to get his memories back? To help him in any way?"

Myrik took a long moment to look my way again, then back down at his notes. "This... I'm going to need time with him to see. I'm not going to lie to you. This is looking bad. If it does turn out that this is the type of retrograde amnesia we're looking at, I'm going to be obligated to report this back to Koramir. This is going to become an international concern at that point... Putting someone through ego death is a capital offence, as you know. That's not even starting to cover the illegal access of highly regulated magical techniques, as well."

Slowly, Vox nodded at that. "I know. I fully intend on making sure he regularly sees you. But can you... help him?" Ego death...? As in... my personality? Is that what happened to me?

"Yes. I believe I can. Even if this turns out to be... as bad as a forced ego death, I believe I can work towards undoing it. Sanctioned ego death as a last-resort punishment is more complete, but even in those cases, echoes of memories can sometimes resurface. I don't... know anything about unsanctioned uses of it, but if it was done in an experimental, incomplete way... Partial memory recovery will probably be possible, at the very least. We'll need to investigate what's blocking it, but now I'm starting to suspect something as potent as True Alchemy, perhaps. If that's the case, I'm going to have to put out some feelers for better equipment. Until then, traditional therapy will have to suffice."

I took that as meaning I'd be coming back here frequently. Vox nodded to him at that. "Agreed. I... Can we come once a week at least? This has made me more than a little nervous..." I hadn't really seen Vox 'upset' by anything until now, I noticed.

Myrik smiled at that and nodded. "Of course, Voxet. Hopefully this turns out to be something far simpler to fix and heal from. Until I know for sure, this will of course be confidential. Just keep him safe, of course. I... For now, I suggest keeping things stable and familiar. Focus on the health concerns. As for those..." He looked to me at that, and my ears raised slowly. My head was spinning. Today had only given me *more* questions and complicated thoughts that I wasn't used to.

Of course, the biggest one had yet to be fielded against me. Myrik smiled softly my way, then nodded. "So, the first and biggest question, are you more comfortable with being a boy, or a girl at the moment?" Oh... Oh dear... That was... I swallowed, then slowly closed my eyes. That was a *really hard* question...

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I lay on my back, relaxing now on the couch in Vox's room. He and Meria were both on the bed, relaxing and looking my way. Slowly, I was taking little sniffs of the air, and wondering at the new smells registering all over in my mind. I... remembered so many scents! But it was amazing to experience them all again. But... I didn't recognize my own. Distinctly, I smelled weird to myself. After they gave me my sense of smell and taste back, that's... It was what decided it for me.

I smelled female. And the return of that scent came with a surprising amount of dysphoria. But being a boy also felt dysphoric. It wasn't how I felt I was supposed to smell, but I liked it all the same. I didn't... I used to be a male, and I think that I... would have wanted to be one still. So I made the decision for my past self, instead. It didn't feel like he was 'me', but... It's what he would have wanted, it felt like. So, I'd let them know that, and they started working on reverting me. Of course, first would be the detoxing...

Vox was happy with my choice first and foremost. "Honestly, I would have accepted either choice you made, but I'm glad you decided, yourself. It wasn't a choice that should be left to me, that's for sure..." Meria nodded in agreement, and I relaxed, rotating to face them again.

"I... thank you, Vox. Meria. For helping me so much so far. I don't... I'm not sure I deserve it. Everything is so confusing and I don't know what to think..." My head was whirling even as I said it. He gave a smile and nod to me at that, then a more understanding look as I slid up and touched my left breast with my paw. They felt... weird now. Like they shouldn't be on my body, but I liked them regardless. What were these feelings?! I was conflicted. There was the distinct sensation now from what I perceived as my 'old' self, and what my 'new' self liked. Was it right to make the decision based on the old me? They'd 'dated' the bone shifts, and placed it as just shy of nine moons ago. Was that... around when they'd captured me? I was... kind of curious to know who I used to be, admittedly. But curiosity didn't shake the sensation that I... enjoyed being a girl.

My other paw reached up and touched at my neck, shivering there as I felt only the communication choker there now. My collar... Vox had removed it entirely before we left the clinic. They'd carefully helped me with some mana suppressants, but even taking those before it was removed, the sheer *flood* of energy bubbling up to the surface was... intense. I was pretty sure I could have used my eyes as

lanterns for a while there! A very pretty sort of azure blue glow. Old me was indeed a mage, even though I had only the most basic understanding of how to use magic myself.

That same blue danced over my paw before I withdrew it, and Vox smiled my way, shaking his head. “There was no way I was keeping you as a slave after finding out all that, X. You *do* deserve it, though. I’m going to make sure you get feeling better, okay? And you can stay here as long as you’d like. I’ve nothing against paying you for being a servant, instead. Consider it a job, while you focus on getting back on your paws?” X. It was just a placeholder name, until hopefully I could remember my own. I’d struggled trying to remember but... nothing. Out of all the empty data the translator on my neck had spit out, ‘X’, capitalized, was the only thing legible. So, we went with that.

I frowned at that. “What about... what you said about security?” I wasn’t a slave now, was I? Even that thought felt weird...

He gave a chuckle at that, then shrugged, sitting back up again. Still entirely naked. He seemed to have as little issue with being nude as I did. Tch. Girl or boy, I still admittedly found the male form... appealing. Though I also found the female form appealing too. Was that... something they changed in me too, somehow? Or was I always like that? “Eh, Xora will be pissed about it, but you *came* here as a slave. You’ll be living in-house with us and only going out with our guards until this gets sorted, so... Really, I trust you, X.”

I flushed a little at that, but gave a shy smile and nod. “Mmm, thank you, Vox. I... think I will. Besides, learning to cook might be fun.” I snickered after that, then coughed. That weird sensation again. My voice sounded high and feminine, which caused conflicting sensations of liking it and disliking it at the same time.

Meria grinned and nodded to that. “Of course, it is! I’ll teach you everything I know! Plus, I’m sure the kitchen staff will be happy to teach you too on slow days. Once you’re feeling better, anyway.” Tch. Right...

I’d been delaying it, and sighed afterwards, looking down at the bottle of pills resting on the couch next to me. Twice a day, until I got better or died trying. I really hoped the alchemist was joking when he said that. Detoxifying capsules. Meria giggled as she watched. “Might as well get started, X. The faster you do, the faster it will be over.” True. It was going to be agony enough to go through three full cycles of it. But apparently there was *that much* Moondust in my system.

I gave another sigh, then nodded to myself, picking up the bottle. One pill rested heavily in my paw for a moment, before I tipped my head back and swallowed it in one toss. Vox had already stood and passed a glass of water to me instead, which I downed half of before flopping over onto my back and wiggling there, as nude as the rest of them. Not like we had clothing that would fit me properly yet, anyway. Meria was going to go get some tomorrow for me to wear until next week, when I got my chest worked on...

“And it begins. Don’t worry. Remi was in the same boat as you and she made it through. Actually, you should meet her. I’ll see if she’s around tomorrow.” Vox nodded at that, and I perked my ears curiously his way.

“Remi...?”