



REMEDIAL SEX-ED  
by SigmaGal

CHAPTER  
TWENTY EIGHT  
Animal I Have  
Become




CLAP

'Kay, he's  
alive...

...I don't actually  
have to clap to do  
magic, but it felt  
anti-climactic...






A man with dark, wavy hair and a brown button-down jacket over a grey t-shirt is looking down with a somber expression. He is in a prison cell, with a white bedsheet visible in the foreground and dark blue vertical bars in the background.

...Huh? Why am I back in a cell? Did you have trouble killing me?

...Who are you people?






...Urh, so, if he starts screaming, you won't panic, right?

No one will be able to hear him but us, so... Just do your thing already, kay?

I see... I hope it won't come to that.






*Hello sir. As I understand it there were no problems with your execution.*

*You have however been blessed with a second chance at life.*


*You, uh, could perhaps view this as an opportunity for redemption!*





*So you're my guardian angel hmmm?*


*Go ahead and get me out of here and we'll start with our intimate celebration.*



*That... Is the opposite of redemption I believe.*

*Though it at least makes me confident that what's to come would have Miss Andrea's approval.*





...Hurgh, what do you think your ritual is anyways?

I'm not certain, so I'll be recreating as many of the common elements as I can from the times in which I felt myself gain power.

This means I will be attempting to evoke embarrassment by transforming him into a more feminine form.






Six sparks at a hundred  
and thirty percent...

That's about two times as much as you'd  
need to transform a human into an entirely  
different human, gender included...

...But you could also save magic by  
keeping things like hair colour the same.

And, uhhh, keep in mind transmutation  
is much less efficient when making things  
bigger and stronger instead of smaller  
and weaker, but that's not what you  
have in mind, is it?



A man with long, straight black hair and light blue eyes is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a brown button-down shirt over a grey t-shirt. He is looking down and to the left, towards a white sink with a black faucet. The background is a dark, textured wall.

*It's just a lot less complicated for the universe to remove or reshape flesh than it is to create new gunk...*

*Ah, yes, I understand.*

*I don't know what you're talking about, and I dunno how you're floating like that, but...*

*You better stop messing around right now...*






And open up  
th-! Ehhh!?

Hehehe  
hehe.....

Goodness!






*Your intent to harm has been demonstrated.*

*It would be best that you become something less capable of threat.*

*...Something weaker and less dextrous.*






*You're both  
freaks! Nothing  
you say makes  
any... Huh?*

*...My hair?  
What's going  
on?*






*Of course you wouldn't understand sir. We've been talking about magic.*

*You may not believe in it, but at this moment it's what I'm using to transform you.*



A character with long black hair and a black outfit is in a cage. She has a surprised expression. There are speech bubbles around her. In the background, there is a toilet and a roll of paper. A person's hand is visible on the right side of the frame.

Arf, arf!


Arf!

What did you do to me! Huh!? I can't speak!

Don't worry. You're still mostly human. However, you've lost much of your human capabilities.

Speech for starters. Human sounds just aren't in your vocal range anymore.





Aww, puppy,  
did you fall!  
Hahaha!

Don't you know  
puppies aren't good  
at standing?

Ahahaha!

Arf!  
Aroo...





Urghh, you kinda  
are a freak...

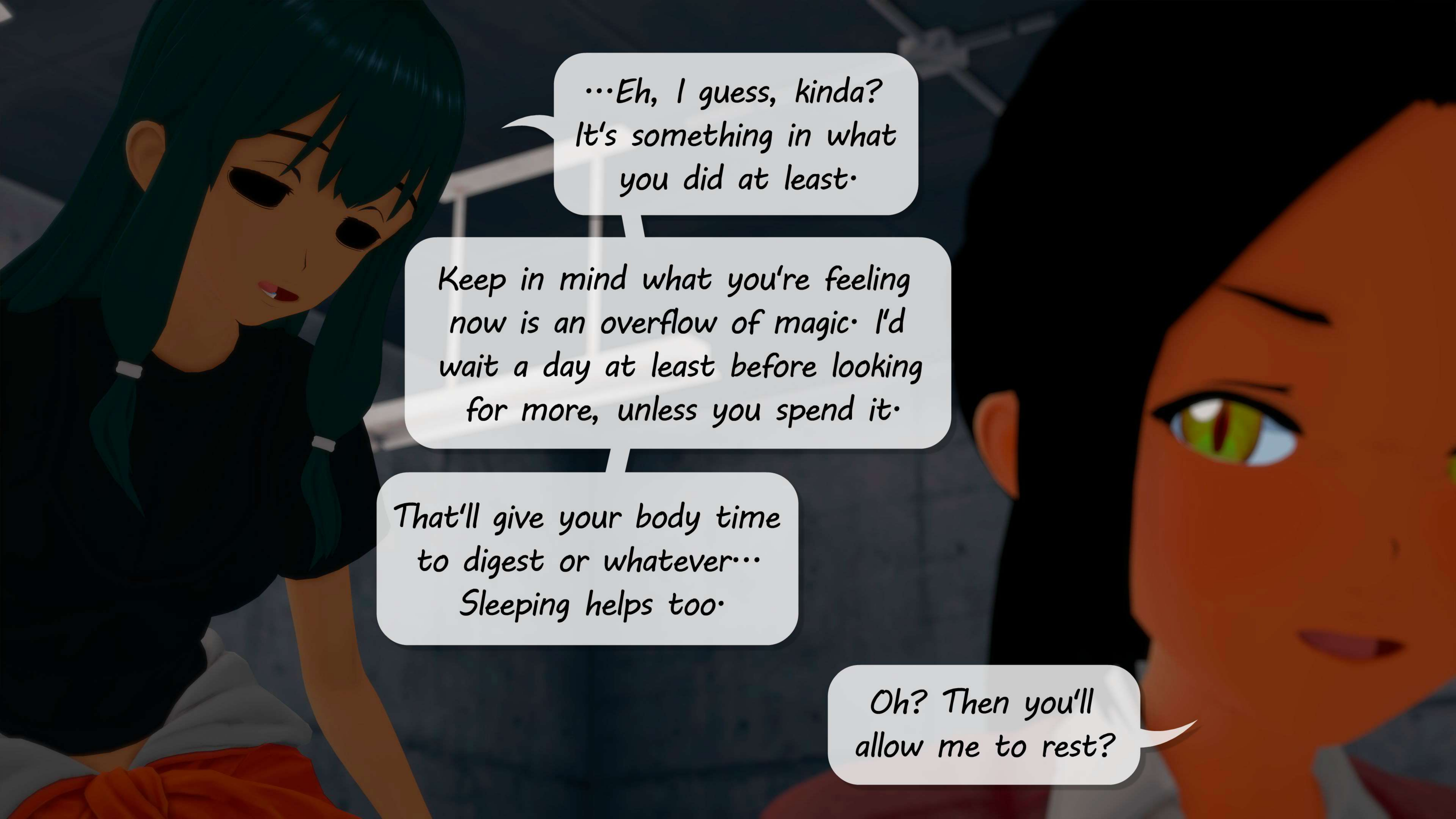
Oohhh? So  
you felt it?

Ah, apologies. Gaining  
magic seems to put me  
in a funny mood.

Yes! I feel more  
magic now than  
when I started.

I believe I've  
found my  
'ritual!'





...Eh, I guess, kinda?  
It's something in what  
you did at least.

Keep in mind what you're feeling  
now is an overflow of magic. I'd  
wait a day at least before looking  
for more, unless you spend it.

That'll give your body time  
to digest or whatever...  
Sleeping helps too.

Oh? Then you'll  
allow me to rest?






...Actually, sorry,  
nevermind that.

Truly I'm surprised  
at how helpful  
you've been. Thank  
you very much  
Miss Casper. You  
are a knowledgeable  
teacher.

Hehehe... I mean,  
really you just didn't  
know anything, so...





*I suppose we should find something to do with her.*

*...I worry I made her too strange a creature to easily give her a new home.*

*...Gurh? Uhh, it's fine. I know a place she'd, hehehe, fit in...  
Magicians keep humans as pets all the time, hehehe...*





*...You know, I've been curious as to why you've been helping me, Miss Casper.*

*Does helping others play a part in your own ritual, I wonder?*





*\*KRICK\**



Eep!








...Oh, of course, you don't know, hehehehe.

...I'll teach you one last thing you ignorant freak.

See, you can't defend yourself against magic with magic anymore than you could block a bullet with a gun.

So magic power struggles are games about information. Trying to guess what my ritual is... It's very rude. Secrets are power, Wei Jun...





*Sure, I helped you... But now, you have no secrets from me, hehehehe...*

*...You can keep the ring by the way. I'll make you pay for it later, along with the cost of your lessons, hehehehe.*


*...Wanna know about my magic? Fine. I'll tell you one thing...*



...I don't  
measure it  
in candles.







...Urrh, we're still friends though, right? 'Cause...

Ah! Ahem, ah, yes? Yes, of course!

...Yeah. I did give you that ring after all too, so...



No... Did you not hear me say you could keep it?

Y-yes! Thank you very much. I'd forgotten all about the ring! If you'd, uh, like it back I'd of course be happy to-

Ah, y-yes... I'm... Glad we can be friends Miss Casper! I'm sorry to have insulted you by accident.

...Yeah. Anyways, I'm gonna deal with the dog now, so... Bye.

...Bye?

CLAP





POP

Ah, teleportation,  
pew... I'm outside the  
school now, right?

~Wooosh!





# SATURDAY MORNING

Sigh, finally  
back...



...What was I  
supposed to be  
doing again?



*Oh! Gabe, right!  
He's picking me up  
in an hour!*

*I gotta rush  
to get ready!  
I gotta-*







*Wait! No... I promised myself I'd think of a plan to get help after last night...*

*...But there's not really a deadline on that I guess.*

*There's no reason I couldn't do that tomorrow instead...*





*The date's more  
time sensitive, so...*

*...Huh? A letter  
for me?*



"...Sorry."

...Oh, it's  
from Meg!

...Sigh. Obviously  
it's fine then...

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