

## Meet Lexi

"You really should show those tits off more," Brad smirked, eyes roaming over her body. "I bet they look *amazing*."

"Fuck off," Andy growled. "Prick."

Brad chuckled. "No need to be so rude, Alexandra. It's not my fault you're a stuck-up, virgin bitch. Maybe if you actually went outside for once, you'd realise how much you're missing."

His eyes lingered on her chest, the two huge, protruding mammaries there. No matter how baggy the hoodies she wore, the cloth *always* strained around Andy's chest. An unwanted 'gift' from her mother. Genetics were a bitch like that.

Not wanting to spend another second in her pervert brother's company, Andy pushed past him – walked down the short hallway to her bedroom and slammed the door shut behind herself.

A year. One whole year since her asshole brother had moved out of the house and into a collage dorm room. And *nothing* had changed. Not only was he *more* of an asshole now than he'd been back then, but he was constantly coming home to harass her.

She'd thought – no, she'd *hoped* - that him moving out would be the end of it. That he'd be too busy with collage to visit home.

But no. Every week - every *single* week – he came home.

Mom and Dad were thrilled. Glad he didn't spend *all* of his time partying, that he actually 'cared' enough to visit.

Brad didn't care. Not about them. Not about *anything*.

The only reason he visited home was to perv on Andy, the sister he'd always had a weird, creepy fascination with.

Huffing, pushing down her agitation, Andy walked over to her bedroom desk, booted up her computer and slipped on her gaming headset. Brad would be home for hours, looking for any opportunity to creep on her. She'd give him none. Locked away in her room, as usual, she'd ignore him and everything else.

Another blank spot. A gap in her memories. She'd started playing a video game then... Nothing. Darkness. From staring at the game's title-screen a few hours ago, to right then, she couldn't recall a single thing.

It was happening more and more.

Was it related to stress? In a few weeks, Andy would be moving away from home to go live in a one-person collage dorm room. That was a big step for her. A drastic change in lifestyle. Could the stress of it be causing her black-outs?

It felt unlikely. She didn't *feel* all that stressed about the move. If anything, she was *eager* for it. Finally, she'd have her own little place. A place her shithead brother wouldn't ever be able to bother her again.

But if not stress, what *was* causing the holes in her memory?

She sighed, pushed the worry from her mind.

Moving was going to be good. Great, even. She'd have total freedom, total independence. She could – and would – spend every moment outside of lectures in her private room, enjoying every relaxing moment of her existence. If she needed food, she could order take-out and have it delivered to her. If she wanted to chat with anyone, unlikely as that may be, she could do so online. Her dorm room would be her palace, her haven from the bullshit of the outside world. No parents trying to get her to be more social or active. No pervy brother to make her life a living hell.

It was going to be amazing.

And, if the black-outs continued after she'd settled in to her new place, *then* she'd look into it.

It happened again. That wasn't unusual. The blank spots had been getting more frequent the closer it came to moving day – just a few days away now. A sign that it might be stress-related after all, though Andy was certain she didn't actually *feel* stressed out about moving.

Yet, for as common as the lost time had become, she'd never lost *this much* time before. From midday one day to morning the next day. Over seventeen hours missing total.

And the headache. Skull-throbbing, pain-laced agony.

Whenever a loud – or even quiet – noise sounded, Andy winced in pain. Her whole body felt numb and tired. Everything except her aching, screaming brain.

She'd definitely need to see a doctor once she'd moved out.

The dorm room was ready, all the paperwork and money stuff had been taken care of. With the exception of Andy's luggage – she still had to pack everything she'd need to take – she was ready to move.

Just two more days. *Then* she'd worry about the holes in her memory.

Still, she couldn't just *ignore* the discomfort she felt. The well of worry deep inside her. The whispers in the back of her mind telling her that there was something very wrong. What if she was dying? What if there was something malfunctioning in her brain that was unfixable?

So she distracted herself. Forced herself to not think about it.

And what better way to distract herself than to finally get around to packing her suitcase? That thing she'd been making excuses to put off for days now.

"Okay," Andy told herself, trying to muster up some eagerness.

That was a mistake.

Her skull throbbed with pain at the loudly-spoken word.

She groaned, pushed herself off her bed, grabbed her empty suitcase, and plodded over to her wardrobe.

Inside, stuffed into a messy, unorganized pile, were all the clothes Andy owned. Baggy hoodies, baggy trousers, long-sleeve shirts, baggy t-shirts, sweatpants, figure-concealing jackets, a whole cluster of plain bras and panties. Most of the clothes bore permanent stains and scuffs. A lot of it was old, well-worn.

Sighing softly, she grabbed a random handful of clothes, stuffed them into her suitcase, then grabbed another handful.

Not the most organised way of doing things. But so what? Not like anyone would see how much of a mess her packing was. And, even if they did, why should Andy care what they thought?

As she was shovelling more clothes haphazardly into her suitcase, however, something caught Andy's eye. Something *shiny*.

She reached into the messy pile of clothes, plucked out a glittery pink thong. A trashy, whorish thong. The type Andy would *never* wear. She didn't own anything other than plain, boring panties. Whatever *this* was, it certainly wasn't Andy's.

So what was it doing in her pile of clothes?

It was too trashy to be Mom's, and Andy hadn't had a friend sleep over in her room since before puberty – back when she'd actually *had* friends.

Had one of her brother's tramps left it behind one night, and it'd somehow ended up in Andy's laundry?

He had been gushing about having a new girlfriend lately.

Andy grimaced, threw the ugly thong into the trash-can she kept in her room for empty soda bottles and junk-food packets.

But, as she continued packing, she found more and more oddities. Miniskirts so short that prostitutes would be embarrassed to wear them, slutty halter tops and boob

tubes, a small bag filled to the brim with make-up.

The more she found, the more confused Andy got.

She didn't own any make-up, never wore the crap. Nor did she own any slutty clothing at all.

What was going on? Where had all this junk come from?

By the time her suitcase was filled, she'd found a dozen odd articles of clothing and feminine items – none of which belonged to her. Most odd of all, she found a bright blonde wig.

A wig. Stuffed away in her room, out of sight.

Why the hell did she have a wig?

Her hair was a natural brunette. Messy and unkempt, a tangled mess. And she was fine with that. The less appealing she looked to men, the better – and the cards were already stacked against her in *that* department. Stupid parents with their excellent genes and dumb good-looks. Life would be so much easier for Andy if her looks didn't instantly make men want to bone her.

Most girls would've given anything to be as naturally 'beautiful' as Andy was. Yet Andy would've given anything to be left alone, ignored.

Andy stood, odd blonde wig in hand, and stepped over to her trash-can to dispose of it.

She blacked out before she got there.

"No!" Andy half-screamed. "I don't *want* his help."

"Don't be a brat," her mother sighed. "He's your brother and he'd been living in a dorm for almost a year. Brad will help you move into your dorm room and that's final. No arguing."

Andy bit back a curse. Fought the urge to shout and scream at her mother. She didn't need her brother's help. As far as Andy was concerned, the less Brad was involved in her life, the better.

"You should be grateful," Andy's mother continued. "With how busy Brad is with school and his new girlfriend, having him take time out to help you should be something you thank him for. You know, he told me his girlfriend is moving into the dorms soon too. Maybe you should meet and get to know her. You could do with having an actual friend for once. I don't know how you..."

On and on she droned, whining about how her daughter wasn't the pretty doll she'd always wanted. Andy ignored her. Fought down the urge to scream. When her mother was finally done talking, Andy went back to her bedroom, back to playing video games and relaxing.

"This way," Brad smiled, leading the way to Andy's dorm room. He carried her luggage without complaint, didn't so much as try to peek at her chest or make any lewd comments. For once, Andy's brother was actually acting like a *brother*. "Just down this corridor."

He stopped in front of a dorm room door, set down the luggage and reached into his pocket for the key. Andy looked at the door number, double checked it with the pamphlet she'd been given.

It was the right room. Her dickhead brother wasn't playing some stupid trick on her.

The door opened and Brad stepped inside.

Andy began to follow, froze in the doorway.

The room was already decorated. It was a single-person dorm room, just like she'd applied for. But someone else had already filled it with their crap. And crap it was. Posters of nude women on the walls, discarded pizza boxes, a football on one shelf, a box of condoms on a side table.

It was a guy's room.

Her feet moved by themselves, guiding Andy into the room. She closed the door behind herself without thinking, eyes roaming the walls and shelves. Taking in the sights with confusion.

"Well Alexandra," Brad grinned. "Welcome home."

Andy blinked, a quiet dread bubbling up inside her.

Brad was holding something, a small metallic object. A remote.

She was about to ask him about it, demand answers from him. He was up to something, she could feel it. Something was very wrong. Then she saw it, one of the pictures on the wall. A photo of Brad and his new girlfriend.

A blonde girl with a familiar, if slightly more done-up, face.

It was Andy.

"Some of the nerds here," Brad said, voice sounding distant. "Made a really cool device. It lets you control other people, alter their brains. It's been real useful for getting you to come out of your shell, sis."

The blonde wig. The trashy clothes. The make-up she'd found.

"Finally, I got you to stop acting like a stuck-up bitch. Gave you the chance to actually *enjoy* life for once. It was fucking great, Alexandra. *You* were great. Hottest piece of ass at every party I took you to, and not shy about it either."

The blank spots in her memory. Her lost time.

"Man," Brad chuckled softly, happily. "I'll never forget the night I popped your cherry. You rode me like a fucking demon. That was a few weeks ago, now. Who'd have thought a stuck-up virgin like you would've known how to suck cock like a pro, love to take it in all of your holes? But you do, even if you don't remember."

It wasn't happening. This wasn't real. It *couldn't* be.

"Now that you're away from Mom and Dad, I can make the changes permanent. Since you're such a shut-in, they won't question why they never hear from you. You're gonna dye your hair blonde – no more silly wigs. And you're going to join a sorority and party like the slut I know you are. You're going to live here with me, in my room. And you're going to *love* it."

It couldn't be real...

"Well sis," Brad said, voice cool. "Any last words before I bring out the real you for good?"

Andy choked out a quiet, broken word.

"Why?"

"Because," Brad shrugged. "I can."

And then the world went black.

Lexi collapsed atop her hunk of a boyfriend, enjoying the sensation of his raw cock filling her insides. She rested her head on his chest, stared at herself in the mirror on one wall.

Bleach blonde and tanned, a Barbie doll just like Brad wanted.

In her reflection, she could just about make out the edges of her tramp-stamp. A cute flowery pattern on her lower back. A present from her amazing, perfect boyfriend. Her clothes were discarded on the floor, tube-top and miniskirt and thong. She didn't wear a bra. Why *would* she?

She could hear Brad's racing heart, his deep, heavy breathing.

Life was perfect. Amazing. Sleeping every day, partying every night. Fuck classes. Who cared about that shit?

"One year," Brad said, talking to himself. "It's our one year anniversary. I'd almost forgotten."

Lexi had forgotten. She wasn't really good at remembering things.

One year since they'd first hooked up.

The most amazing year of Lexi's life.

Brad's hand found itself on Lexi's round ass, squeezing it playfully.

"Who'd have thought," he said, chuckling softly. "That nerdy, up-tight Alexandra would've ever ended up like this."

"Alexandra?" Lexi said, a pang of worry in her voice. "Who's that?"

Was some bitch trying to steal Lexi's man?

"No-one," Brad laughed, giving Lexi's ass a meaningful slap. "Come on, I'm ready to go again. Get bouncing, slut."

Lexi smiled. She liked it when Brad used her pet name.

She pushed herself up, smiled down at her boyfriend.

And resumed her mission to milk his amazing cock dry.