

Sister's Memory (Stick) (Inanimate TF)

Hearing the crash of a distant door and the sound of running feet, Stacy sighed the sigh of the chronically interrupted and removed her goggles. Placing her beakers back in their stands and the mice back in their cage, she switched off The Device, and turned away from her work. Why did this always happen during the *important* part of the experiment?

The sound of running feet became louder with the second, the impacts ringing off the lab's metal walls and making the beakers on Stacy's work desk rattle and bounce. One of the mice squeaked in fear. Stacy glared at it until it went silent.

"Staaaaaacy!" called a voice from the doorway. "Staaaacy, I need you heeeeeelp!"

Someone slammed into the laboratory's main gate with a resounding clang. This should have been the end of it, seeing as the gate was a ten-metre tall circle of solid steel, half a meter thick, but alas it was only the opening:

Clang! Clang! Clang! "Let me iiiiin!" cried Daisy, pounding on the door with her obnoxious, childish fists. "Staaaacy! Let me in! I need your heeeeeelp!"

Sighing, Stacy strolled over and punched in the password.

The gate opened with a *schunk*. Daisy spilled into the room, her loopy blonde pigtails bouncing, and threw her arms around her older sister. "Staaaaacy, you have to heeeeeelp me! Somebody stole my hooooomework again!"

Stacy drew in a deep breath and let it out slowly, trying not to roll her eyes. "Of course they did. Now, why don't you tell me where you last had it, and when we go and look I'm sure we'll find the thief left it under a piece of paper or knocked it off the desk or something similar." Daisy was as exceptional at losing things as her older sister was at everything.

Daisy pulled away and huffed, wiping the tears from her eyes. "I didn't lose it!" she said. "I checked all around, and it was nowhere to be found! Someone *has* to have taken it."

Stacy rolled her eyes. Occam's Razor suggested otherwise. As did common sense. "Assuming a thief *did* take it, what would you like me to do, exactly?"

Daisy sniffed. "*I* don't know... You're the genius."

Stacy nodded. *That*, at least was true. Adjusting her gloves, she turned to the lab's blackboard and picked up a piece of chalk. What exactly should they do? Well, the simplest answer would be to find the USB and tape it to Daisy's wrist, but Stacy had a feeling her little sister wouldn't be mollified by that. No, a more dramatic solution was in order.

Now that she thought about it, it was quite an enticing problem. How to design a USB such that it was theft-proof? How indeed...?

Veins bulging on her forehead, Stacy approached the board and began to scribble. A sizzling sound accompanied the scraping of chalk—it seemed to emanate from her head, as if her brainpan was frying something.

Slowly, Stacy's mouth curled into a grin. "Aha!" she cried, whirling on her younger sister. "I have the perfect plan!"

Daisy backed away, a little fearful. "You—you do?"

"It's genius! Genius! Genius!" She ran a hand through her stark white hair, forcing it into spikes. "I shall construct a killing machine in the shape of a USB stick. Whenever someone dares to steal it, it shall unfurl into its true form and murderize them with its sharp and pointy bits."

Her younger sister stared at her in horror. "That's horrible!"

Stacy rolled her eyes. "Oh very well, let's see..." She turned back to the board and tapped her chin again thoughtfully. "Hmm. Hmm... Hmmm... Ahah! I've got it!" She whirled back around, a big grin on her face. "I shall construct a USB with a built-in tracking device. Then, when the thief steals it, we shall be able to perfectly determine their location..."

"That sounds a little bett—"

"...and strike it with a thermonuclear warhead! Ahahahaha!" Stacy threw back her head, raised her hands to the sky, and laughed at the ceiling.

Daisy simply frowned. "That's even worse! Can't you come up with an idea that doesn't involve violence?"

Stacy shot her a look of contempt, as if to say, 'What would be the point?'. "Very well," she said, "since you're so ungrateful, I have one last idea for solving your pernicious pseudo-problem."

Grabbing Daisy's hand, she dragged her across the room towards a gigantic raygun poised over a little glass chamber. "This is the Transmorphotator 3000. Using this incredible device, I shall transmorphotate myself into a simple USB stick, indistinguishable from any other!"

"You're going to turn yourself into a USB stick?!" Daisy's eyes went wide. "How does that even work?"

Stacy waived the question aside airily. "As if you could ever begin to understand the science involved in my device. Conservation of mass alone would take a decade to explain to you."

Daisy frowned. "Well, I think I prefer this to your other ideas. I'd much prefer to carry *you* around than a killer robot or a thermonuclear tracking device."

"Of course you would," said Stacy, flicking her hair imperiously. "I'm far more reliable. Now, let's see..." She approached the machine's console and began typing away madly. "Relative

mass ratio... Topology... Material composition... Duration... Well, you can simply return me here, so let's set it to Permanent. There, that should all be set correctly." She turned back to Daisy. "Now, to operate the device is very easy, even for someone as brain-deprived as you. Simply wait for me to enter the chamber and close the door, then push the big red button on the console... here." Taking Daisy by the arms, she steered her across the floor to the console and all but placed her finger on the button. "Please wait until I'm fully in the chamber. I don't want to become some horrific mishmash of human and USB stick."

Daisy gulped. "O-Okay."

Having made all of the necessary preparations, Stacy proceeded to bounce across the room and halfway into the chamber. "Oh," she said, looking back. "Once the process is done, insert me into the main computer. I won't be able to communicate with you unless I'm plugged into something."

Daisy nodded.

Stepping fully into the chamber, Stacy closed the door behind her with a click and gave Daisy a thumbs-up.

Daisy looked at her and gulped. "Are you sure about this?" she mouthed.

"Of course I am! Hurry up and push the button!"

With a sigh, Daisy covered her eyes and—*Boop!*--pushed.

The entire lab shook as the main reactor went into overdrive. Above Stacy's head, the Transmorphotator trembled in turn, sparks of green energy flickering around its tip, while arcs of emerald lightning struck the wall of the tube.

Hmm, she thought, watching the charge build up, *perhaps it would have been smart to test this on a mouse or something fir—Aiiiii!*

She screamed as the device's lightning struck her. It coursed through her nerves and set her brain on fire, making her judder and wail as it surged down her spine. In a flash of fire, her lab outfit vanished, instantly vaporized by the intensity of the energy. Her naked body shone, slick with sweat, in the light of the chamber.

When the lightning reached her sex, Stacy all but came. In an instant, she was burning with pleasure, red-hot and sweaty and desperate for something to sate her. It felt as if someone had taped a vibrator to her clit!

Wailing, she threw herself at the glass, pounding hard. "Daisy! Daisy, turn it off! Turn it off! Turn it oooooofff!"

Daisy looked at her in horror. "B-but I don't know *how* to," she said, face white with panic. "You didn't tell me hooooow!"

Stacy struggled to find the strength to speak. "It—it's really simple," she said, heart pounding, each breath a struggle..." you just have to push the button again—"

A fresh bolt of lightning grounded itself in her brain and coursed down her spine to turn her sex into dynamite. She moaned as it exploded, falling to her knees with an orgasmic scream. Kneeling there on the floor of the chamber, she fumbled madly with her fingers, desperate to do *anything* to relieve the pressure in her groin.

What she found made her pause, despite her lust: between her legs, her clitoris had swollen to twice its former size. Even as she watched, eyes trembling in their sockets, it swelled larger and larger, till it was a good twelve inches (the size of the average cock!). Even the gentle touch of the tube's cool air was enough to make her moan.

Heart pounding, face shiny with sweat, she raised a hand to touch it and found that her limbs were no longer obeying her. Looking left and right, she gasped to find her arms had slammed against her sides and stuck like that. "H-hey!" she cried, straining to pull them free. "Why—?"

The lightning touched her spine again, and she dropped onto her back, legs folding to touch her tailbone. Lying there, she could only stare in horror as her arms and legs turned molten and fused with her torso, while her clitoris grew larger and larger. "Aiiiii!"

Outside, Daisy flitted left and right, clearly looking for some kind of off-switch. Stacy could have screamed at her if she'd still had the strength for it.

Once her arms and legs had finished fusing with her torso, the next stage of Stacy's transformation began. All at once, the world around her started to expand. The capsule, the raygun, her sister, the lab—all swelled to giant size as she, herself, shrank.

With the growth of the world came a new kind of pressure, forcing Stacy's body into a tight new shape. She gasped as her head merged with her neck and collapsed into her torso, wailed as her clitoris flattened out and turned blocky. Her entire form followed it in turn, becoming smaller, smaller, a tightly defined cuboid. She struggled to move, and with every second it was harder.

As her outside changed, so too did her internals. She could feel things shifting around inside her, feel her nerves turning to wires and her organs to circuit boards or whatever it was that USB sticks held. (What was she, a mad *computer* scientist?)

Finally, she could shrink no more. Lying there on the floor of the chamber, reduced to maybe two inches in height and less than half of that in width, all she could do was watch as her skin finished hardening into a tough, plastic layer. Perfect to protect all the valuable information her new body could store.

Her clitoris, meanwhile, had turned a shiny silver, as it solidified into her port, her hard, silver, intensely erogenous port. She screamed inside as the air tickled it, unable to bear the sensation at all.

As her transformation finished, the energy of the raygun vanished, leaving Stacy to lie there on the floor in shock, steaming, barely able to process the experience.

Just as she thought she'd lie there forever, her sister ran up to the chamber and started pounding on the glass. *The door handle!* thought Stacy. *The door handle!*

It took Daisy almost a full minute to realize the chamber had unlocked. Seizing the handle, she wrenched the door open and choked as the vapor blasted her face.

Looming in the entrance, swollen to giant size by Stacy's shrinking, she looked to her sister's eyes like a giant about to eat her. All of a sudden, Stacy felt a tiny spark of regret.

Then Daisy picked her up. Stacy yelped inside as a shock of erotic pleasure surged through her. Why was her body so erogenous? That wasn't supposed to be part of the effect!

"St-Stacy?" said Daisy, looking her up and down with a gulp.

Idiot! I told you I wouldn't be able to talk!

It took Daisy several seconds to remember this. Holding Stacy to her chest, she hurried out of the chamber and over to the main computer, which stood imperiously in the center of the lab, looming down on all the lesser inventions like some kind of mechanical god or possibly a lifeguard.

Several minutes later, Daisy finally found a USB port. "H-here you go," she said, raising Stacy to it.

C-careful! Careful! Gently! Gently! Gen-AIII!

Her clitoris slammed into the device with a click, and Stacy screamed inside as a fresh jolt of electricity struck her. With the surge of energy came a terrible sense of suction, as if someone had stuck her headfirst into the world's most powerful vacuum. *Stooop!* she cried, as it slurped her soul out of her body. *Stoooooop!*

Things went dark, utterly dark. Stacy had expected to see some Matrix code or circuit patterns or *something*, but no, there was only blackness.

A few seconds later, she found herself somewhere white.

Opening her eyes, she gasped in shock. "I-I'm back in my body! ...Of course I'm back in my body. Where else would I have gone?" Still frowning in doubt, she looked around. She stood in a small, white cubicle barely larger than the transmorphotator's capsule. Five of the six walls were blank, while the sixth...

"St-Stacy?" Daisy's giant face filled the sixth wall, which seemed to function as a magic window back into the real world. Stacy realized she was looking through the main computer's screen.

Her mouth twitched into a smile. “Ahah. Ahahha. Ahahahahaha! It worked! It worked! It woooked!”

Daisy jumped back in shock. “St-Stacy?” she cried, white-faced. “Are you okay in there?”

“Of course I am!” cried Stacy. “Don’t I look okay?”

“You’re naked!”

“Irrelevant! My plan worked, did it not?”

“Um.” Daisy looked as if she wasn’t sure how to answer. “So, er, now you’re a USB stick...” She twiddled her fingers. “...what exactly are you going to do when someone takes you?”

Stacy opened her mouth to respond and found she didn’t have an answer. “I’ll cross that bridge when we get to it.”

*

Shortly after, Daisy pulled Stacy out of the main computer with a pop. Stacy cried out in shock as she found herself suddenly back out of the machine and into her new body. She couldn’t say it was an experience she liked—it wasn’t especially fun being inanimate.

Squeezing Stacy tight—so tight Stacy wanted to moan—Daisy held her to her chest and looked at her as if she were a stray kitten.

“So... I guess I just carry on like normal from now on, then? Right?”

Obviously! Cried Stacy, annoyed at being rendered mute. *Weren’t you listening to the plan, you imbecile?*

Unable to hear her silent complaints, Daisy wrapped her hands around her and squeezed her tight as she fled the lab. Trapped in the sweaty tightness of her sister’s palm, Stacy moaned for mercy as Daisy rushed back to her backroom. She felt like a kidnap victim, trussed up tight and trapped in the back of a van as it hurried away from the crime scene.

Finally, the bouncing and the shaking came to a stop. “Here we are,” declared Daisy, as if Stacy was an idiot who couldn’t figure that out from context clues.

Holding Stacy like a lighter, Daisy gave her a quick view of her room with its pink wallpaper and stuffed toys and posters of Buzz Aldrin.

Stacy wanted to roll her eyes in disgust. *What a child. Everyone knows Michael Collins is the real hero.*

“Um, so, here’s my laptop,” said Daisy, carrying her to her desk. “This is where my USB stick was when it was stolen.” She pointed to the USB port.

Yes, yes, I figured that much! Hurry up and stick me in so I can actually talk to you!

Receiving no reply, Daisy followed her command anyway, sticking Stacy straight into the laptop's port. Stacy screamed inside again, unable to bear her lust. Why had the process made it feel so good?

Seizing her soul, the suction caught her and ripped her out of her new body, depositing her into the little white cubicle like before. "Finally," she said, hugging her naked body in relief. "What took you so long?"

Daisy blushed, looking left and right. "Why are you naked, anyway?"

"That's not important!"

Daisy flicked another worried glance at the door. "Can't I at least put some clothes on you?"

"Hmm..." Stacy tapped her chin. "There should be a clothing feature if you—"

But Daisy was already working. Flicking her laptop's cursor to the top of the little cubicle, she clicked on an icon in the shape of a bust, which disgorged a long list of options. Far, far more options than Stacy had expected to see.

"H-hey...!" she said, reading the word 'Butt Size' and struggling not to squeal in shock. "That's not supposed to be on there! Why are there so many options?!"

"Okay," said Daisy, ignoring her sister's plight completely. "Let's see... clothing clothing clothing... Where is the clothing option? Ahah! Here it is!" She clicked and produced a secondary menu listing a hundred different styles of clothing, everything from lab coats to schoolwear and nurse outfits to bunny suits.

Stacy could only stare at them in horror. Who designed this program?!

Finally—mercifully—Daisy simply picked the lab coat option. With a pop, Stacy was back in her normal uniform. She sighed in relief. Hopefully Daisy wouldn't feel the need to get creative with her...

"There, much better," said Daisy. "Now... what do we do now?" she asked, looking concerned.

"We wait for someone to try to steal me, of course," said Stacy. "You didn't think the thief would just be waiting on your bed for you, did you?"

From the other side of the room came a snoring sound. As one, Daisy and Stacy whirled to face it.

The cover of Daisy's bed bulged, barely concealing the figure of a sleeper. As the two of them watched in shock, the person—whatever they were—turned in their sleep and snored again.

Cautiously, Daisy rose.

“W-wait!” cried Stacy. “It could be a trap! It could be—”

Ignoring her, Daisy marched across the room and gave the figure on the bed a tap.

There was an almost inaudible groan.

“Eh?” said a deeper, slightly older voice. The figure in the bed rolled over, and Stacy recognized the sight of their older sister Tracy.

“Tracy?” cried Daisy. “What are you doing in her room?”

Their older sister rubbed her eyes and ran a hand through her thick black hair. “Oh, I just came to get something...” She looked as if she might fall asleep again at any second. “I guess I dozed off.”

“What did you come to get...?”

Tracy frowned curiously for a second. Then she shrugged. “It’s not important.”

Daisy put her hands on her hips and huffed. “Why don’t you get out of my room then?”

“Okay, okay, okay!” Tracy held up her hands defensively. “I’m going! I’m going!” She paused. “Hey, what’s that you’ve got on your computer?”

Stacy froze. *No! I can’t let Tracy see me like this! Who knows what she’ll do?!*

To her credit, Daisy moved quickly. “Nothing,” she cried, leaping across the room and slamming the laptop shut. Stacy squealed as she was flung back into the body of the USB stick.

Tracy tightened her eyes and shrugged. “Okay,” she said, “whatever. See la later.” And with that, she turned and marched out of the room.

Daisy wiped her brow as she opened the laptop again. With a snap, Stacy found herself back in her digital body. “That was close. I almost let her see you.”

Stacy shivered. Being pinged from one body to another was really disorientating.

“So, what do we do now?” said Daisy.

“Weren’t you paying attention?!”

They waited.

Stacy found herself regretting her plan almost immediately. It turned out waiting meant standing around doing nothing while Daisy played games on her laptop. The tiny white cubicle offered only limited possibilities for entertainment, and Stacy certainly wasn't going to make use of them while Daisy was in the room. Besides, she had clothes on now.

The most entertaining part of the following hours was when Daisy finally remembered she had homework to do. Of course, this promptly meant remembering her genius elder sister was present too, and so the two of them spent a frustrating half an hour talking over each other as Stacy tried and failed to teach her younger sister algebra.

Finally, Daisy gave up on her homework. "I'm going to the toilet," she said, standing with a huff.

"Nobody ever learned to do algebra in the bathroom!" cried Stacy.

Daisy ignored her, marching out of the room and slamming the door behind her with a thud.

Stacy sighed. "We're never going to make any progress at this rate."

Too late, she realized Daisy had left the laptop open and running. What would happen if the thief caught her now?

It took her a second to remember the thief was just Daisy's delusion. "Tch. She's rubbing off on me. A few more hours like this and I'll be as stupid as—"

The door swung open. "Daisy! What took her so—?"

She froze, voice caught in her throat, as her elder sister Tracy walked into the room.

"Finally," said Tracy, looking from side to side and smirking in relief. "I've been waiting all day for this." Eyes settling on the laptop, she licked her lips and stepped forward, rubbing her hands like a robber in a cartoon. "Jackpot!"

If Stacy had still been a real human, she would have been sweating at this point. Unfortunately, she could only *simulate* sweating. She settled for that. *No! No! Don't let her see me!*

Tracy slammed to a stop in front of the desk, flexed her fingers like a pianist about to play, and bent over, hand aimed for Stacy's new form.

"Stop!"

Tracy froze mid-swipe. Slowly, her eyes turned to the screen. "What the...?"

Sweating, Stacy froze and tried to play it cool. *I'm just a normal computer program*, she thought, trying not to move. *I'm definitely not a simulation of your younger sister. Go away. Come on... Go away!*

Instead, Tracy squinted. “Why does Daisy have a model of Stacy on her computer?” She flicked a glance at the door to make sure no one would walk in on her and slipped into the seat with a quizzical expression. The mouse clicked as she seized it.

Internally, Stacy whimpered.

Lazily, like a pregnant bumblebee, the cursor floated across the screen and came to a stop hovering over her belly.

Click!

Stacy winced. It felt as if she’d been jabbed in the stomach. She struggled not to show her shock.

“Hmm...” Frowning, Tracy moved the cursor away. Just as she was about to select Stacy’s menu, however...

There came a creak from the hallway—the sound of the bedroom door opening.

Without wasting a second, Tracy grabbed the USB stick. Stacy screamed as she found herself snatched out of the computer and back into her new body.

Trapped in the confines of a USB in Tracy’s hands, she could only struggle for escape as her older sister hauled her out of Daisy’s bedroom and back towards her own, muttering a quick “Hey, sis,” as she passed her in the hallway.

Shuddering in suppressed lust, Stacy strained to escape. Now she felt like an *actual* kidnapping victim.

Finally, Tracy entered her own room and slammed the door behind her. “Phew,” she said, “I almost didn’t get away with it that time.” Laughing to herself, she marched towards her desk, taking care not to step on any of the broken, tortured electronics that littered the floor, and plopped her ass into her chair, kicking herself back and spinning in celebration.

“I can’t believe that brat keeps letting me get away with this. How many USB sticks have I taken now?” Holding Stacy like a trophy, she turned to the far wall, where a hundred or more USB sticks had been pinned like exotic bugs.

Grinning, she turned back to her desk, where a mess of disassembled computer parts lay scattered at random, a technological slaughterhouse. Stacy shuddered

“Now,” said Tracy, holding Stacy so close to her mouth Stacy was worried she’d kiss her. “Let’s see what *you*’ve got on you. Hopefully it’s something more interesting than math homework this time...”

She slammed her own laptop onto the desk and flicked Stacy’s end out like a knife. Grinning, she aimed her towards the port.

Waitwaitwaitwait! Not so fast! Not so fast! Not so—Nnn~! Stacy squealed in lust as her clit crashed into the laptop, and she felt that same familiar sucking slurping her soul out of her body. Within seconds, she was back in her box, trapped in the little cubicle like an albino lab rat.

In other circumstances, she might have been grateful to be returned to something like her body (especially now Daisy had clothed her). In this *particular* moment, it took all her effort to keep herself from moving. She really *really* didn't want Tracy to figure out she was the real Stacy. Who knew what she'd do with her?

Speaking of.

Staring at her, Tracy frowned. "Hey... it's that program again. ...Was it on the USB? I didn't give you permission to load..."

Scowling, she grabbed her mouse and maneuvered the cursor over to Stacy. Stacy breathed in deep and struggled to keep herself from reacting, but it's a little difficult not to when a giant arrow is whizzing past you like... an arrow.

As it came to a stop over her chest, Stacy froze. *Come on! Come on! Lose interest! Lose interest!*

Click!

The cursor jabbed her in the nipple. Despite herself, Stacy squealed.

Tracy blinked. And her mouth slowly curled into a smile. "Oh, *I* get it," she said. "It's one of *those* programs." She shook her head. "Fancy making one of these for Daisy and putting yourself in it, Stacy."

Stacy wasn't sure how to react. Wh-what did she mean?

Tracy licked her lips. Her tongue swam along the length of them, leaving a slick trail in its path, and came to a stop sticking out at a mischievous angle. She giggled. "Oh, this is way better than homework." She cracked her knuckles. "Let's see if we can have some fun."

The cursor flew straight back to Stacy's menu. She squeaked inside, unable to react, as Tracy scrolled through the hundred of options that represented Stacy's existence.

"Let's start by putting you in something nicer than that stupid lab coat," she said, grinning smugly. "God, she looks like such a dork in it."

She selected the clothing option and produced its list. Stacy struggled not to shout. *Don't pick something perverted! Don't pick something perverted! Don't pick—!*

"Oooh, this looks good. With a grin, Tracy clicked something.

Stacy struggled to stay silent as her lab coat and everything else she was wearing vanished in a puff of pixelated smoke. For a moment, she stood entirely naked; Tracy licked her lips in blatant lust at the sight of her. Stacy struggled not to cover her breasts. *Don't look at me, you freak!*

A second puff of smoke, and she was clothed again.

She daredn't move her head, so she couldn't see her body properly, but from what the quick eye flicks she allowed herself did pick up, Tracy had dressed her like your standard Catholic schoolgirl. She could see the white shirt... the skirt... All the things you'd expect.

Only... she didn't remember any of the outfits she'd worn to school showing off her side boobs!

Outside the computer, Tracy burst into laughter. "Nice, it *is* the perverted kind. Ooh, this game is pretty interesting. I'm gonna have a lot of fun with this."

Stacy, rigid as a statue, wanted to squeal. *Nononono!*

"Hmm." Tracy tapped her chin. "Let's do something about your measurements next. Stacy isn't exactly the most well-endowed member of the family."

Despite herself, Stacy scowled. *At least I'm not a fat cow like you, you bitch!* It took her a second to process what Tracy's statement actually meant. *W-wait a minute! Keep your grubby mitts away from my assets!*

Unable to hear her, Tracy navigated straight to the option labeled 'Butt'. Clicking it produced a slider which she slammed the cursor into without a pause. She giggled to herself as she moved it up, up, up...

Stacy gaped as a pressure formed in her rear. She daredn't look over her shoulder to check, but she could feel her asscheeks swelling, their tops catching her skirt as they struggled to escape. As Tracy formed the slider all the way to the end, their weight became undeniable. She couldn't ignore it even if she wanted to.

Worse than the weight was the sensitivity. Swollen into a pair of fat boulders, her asscheeks felt so erogenous she could scream. She wanted nothing more than to wrap her arms back and give them both a big squeeze, but the knowledge Tracy was watching her kept her from moving at all. Instead, she just tightened her legs and stood there sweating, desperate not to reveal herself.

In the end, Tracy left them at one notch lower than the highest possible option. "Perfect," she said, grinning smugly to herself. "Now, let's see. What about your upper half?"

Stacy squeaked.

If she'd expected Tracy to go easy on the boobs, she was wrong. Opening the slider, Tracy seized it and snapped it straight to the end without a thought.

Stacy's eyes bulged as her breasts exploded, bursting from flat to a pair of flesh balloons in an instant. The weight was immense, threatening to tear through her top and drag her to the floor. The pleasure was even worse—as her nipples rubbed into the giant cups of her bra, a thousand tiny spikes of ecstasy stabbed into her boobs and went racing to her brain. She slammed her thighs together, bit her lip, and struggled to breathe again.

“Amazing,” said Tracy, clapping her hands. “You look soooo much better than the real Stacy ever did. Let's give you some makeup to go with your new assets.” Grinning to herself, she returned to the menu.

Stacy was left to stand there and watch, frozen in fear and aflame with lust, as Tracy ruined her like she'd ruined every toy she'd ever owned. First, she plastered Stacy's face in the most ridiculous makeup possible, painting her in the most exaggerated blush and stroking her lashes with the most ridiculous mascara.

Next, she pumped Stacy's lips full of filler and daubed them in a gaudy neon pink gloss. Looking down at them, eyes wide in shock, Stacy couldn't help but feel like a duck.

Next, Tracy gave her a tan. It wasn't half as complex a process as in real life. Just a few simple clicks and Stacy was a nice, golden bronze. She couldn't help but feel like a *roasted* duck.

Finally, Tracy redid her hair. Dissatisfied with Stacy's spiky white locks, she shaved them off and replaced them with bleached-blond pigtailed. Stacy could only grit her teeth, wishing she could scream at her sister to stop.

“There,” said Tracy at least. “Now you look much better, Stacy.” She laughed. “Say, are you ever going to react? Or do I need to go into the even more perverted options?”

Stacy blinked. “You knew?!”

Tracy burst into laughter. “Well, I wasn't 100% sure, but *that's* a pretty good piece of evidence.

Stacy gaped. *Shit!*

“It was pretty obvious though,” continued Tracy. “The way you kept biting your lip and rubbing your thighs together when I played with your boobs... Yeah... It was pretty easy to tell.”

Shit! “Alright, fine!” snapped Stacy, folding her arms and huffing. “You know the truth. It doesn't matter. Because *I* know the truth too! *You're* Daisy's USB thief.”

Tracy shrugged. “Yep. You got me. So what?”

Stacy froze, finger out-stretched. “Um.”

“D’you turn yourself into a USB to catch me in the act?” She laughed. “Well, good plan, dork. At least it improved your appearance.”

Stacy’s eye twitched. Veins bulged on her head. “Don’t you ‘good plan, me’, you criminal! Return me to my lab and hand yourself over the proper authorities like a law-abiding citizen or else I’ll—”

“Nah,” said Tracy, leaning back in with a smug grin. “Nah, I don’t think I’m gonna do that. In fact, I think I’m gonna keep you right where you are...” She stroked the computer screen, making Stacy flinch back instinctively. “...And have a little fun breaking in my new plaything.”

A spasm of fear passed through Stacy’s form. What exactly was Tracy planning?
“You—you’re outrageous! You can’t keep me like this! What will Mom and Dad thin—?”

Ignoring her, Tracy grabbed the mouse and moved the cursor towards the menus again. Stacy, still ranting, didn’t have a chance to see what she’d selected.

“You’re my sister?” said Tracy, grinning like the devil. “That’s strange... we don’t seem to share a last name. Mine is Smith. But yours is...” Her fingers clacked against the keyboard. “...Poopoopants?”

“What are you talking about?” cried Stacy. “My last name is Poopoopants! Not—” She paused and frowned. “Wait.”

Tracy burst into laughter. “Wow, I can’t believe it’s that simple. Hey, let’s see if I can change your first name too...”

Stacy’s eyes went wide. “Don’t you dare, you stupid—Don’t you dare!”

Tracy hit enter. “How do you feel now, Stinky?”

Stinky Poopoopants raised her foot and brought it down in an emphatic stomp. “Stop screwing with my details! Change it back!”

Tracy stroked her chin in thought. “In retrospect, ‘Stinky Poopoopants’ is a little on the nose... Let’s see if I can come up with something more original. Hmm... Ah! I know...”

Stinky shivered as Tracy’s fingers tapped away at the keyboard.

Her sister soon came to a stop and grinned again. “Okay, how do you feel now?”

Sucky McSuckface put her hands on her hips and scowled. “That’s still not funny, Tracy. In fact, it’s even less original than the first one!”

Tracy rolled her eyes. “Whatever. You just don’t appreciate my creative genius yet. Lemme show you why I picked *that* name. ...Where’s the libido setting? Ah, here we go!”

Sucky didn't even have a chance to speak before her sex caught fire. With a scream, she dropped to her knees and stuffed her fingers between her legs, whimpering as she desperately plumbed the depths of her burning pussy.

Tracy suppressed a laugh and clicked her tongue. "Sucky!" she said, all mock offended. "Imagine playing with yourself in front of your sister like that!"

Sucky's eye twitched. "F-Fuck you...!"

"Now, now, there's no need for language like that."

Sucky drew in a deeeep breath. "Fuck you!"

Her sister shook her head in sadness. "Terrible. Terrible. Let's see if we can do something about that awful vocabulary of yours. Maybe knocking a few points off your IQ will improve it."

Sucky froze, certain her heart had stopped beating. Tracy couldn't actually lower her IQ could she? Her genius, unassailable, infinitely high IQ of 115? Sh-she couldn't! It was impossible!

"Hmm... hmm... hmm..." Tracy licked her lips and scrolled through Sucky's options, till at last she came to the variable she wanted. "Ah, here it is. Let's start with a small change." The cursor moved a few millimeters to the left.

Sucky looked from left to right, heart pounding. What had happened? Had it worked? She didn't feel any dumber, but...

"Aw hell," said Tracy. "I've never been one to dip my toes into the pool. Why don't we jump into the deep end?" She gave the mouse a quick swipe to the left.

Sucky didn't feel anything, but when she went to open her mouth and protest, she found—for the first time in her life—that she didn't know what to say. After a moment of thought, she realized this was mainly because she didn't know what had happened. She knew her big sis had been doing something with her brain, but what exactly had it been again? Something to do with her intell—intelli—with her smart stuff? Whatever it was, she'd felt pretty concerned about it. Maybe she should figure it out before—

A fresh jolt of pleasure from her pussy snapped her attention away from her brain and down to a far more important part of her anatomy. "Nn~!" She cupped a breast and moaned, slipping her fingers between her legs to explore the magical world of her pussy. Kneeling there on the floor of the cubicle, she groped and fingered herself, whimpering in ecstasy. "Nn~! It's so good."

Tracy's smile could have illuminated a stadium. "Enjoying yourself?"

Sucky bit her lip and struggled to nod her head. The motion shook her breasts—she gave another little moan.

Tracy laughed. "Let me find you something to play with, Sucky." She returned her attention to the menu, and within seconds, a thick, ribbed vibrator dropped out of the sky to land at Sucky's feet. Squealing in lust, she snatched it up and buried it in her sex with a laugh, screaming as wave after wave of utter ecstasy rolled out of her trembling pussy. Her swollen boobs shook; her bleached blonde hair flapped; her pumped-up lips made kissy motions and sucked on an invisible cock.

Leaning back, Tracy stretched her arms and smirked. "You know, I think I much prefer you like this, Sucky. I was going to turn you back once I'd had my fun, but now I think I'll keep you this way a little longer. In fact, since you're so portable..." Her finger stroked Sucky's stick, "I think I'll take you into school and let my classmates have some fun with you. I'm sure all the boys will just looove playing with you."

Through the mists of her pleasure, Sucky screed up her eyes and moaned. The thoughts of all of Tracy's classmates playing with her, teasing her, treating her body like a toy for their amusement, it made her want to—

Before she had a chance to finish that thought, her sister grabbed her USB and snatched it out of the port. Sucky screamed to find herself sucked with it, out of her sexy new body and back into her rigid old one. Her pleasure didn't fade in the slightest, of course. She sat in Tracy's hand just begging for release.

"What do you think of that, Sucky?"

Holding her to her lips, Tracy kissed her on the tip. Sucky orgasmed.