Sister's Memory (Stick) 2

Tracy's purse swung from her arm like Poe's famous pendulum as she marched through the school and towards the computer lab. As she walked, boys and girls alike turned to look at her, to see the breasts bouncing in her shirt and the fat thighs threatening to split her stockings. Normally she would blow them a kiss and cock her hips at them teasingly, but today she just ignored them. She had other things on her mind, like throwing her sister to the hounds.

Reaching the lab, she kicked open the door and marched inside with all the authority of a police officer storming a drug den. "Get out!" she snapped at the sole nerd with the temerity to still be here. "Out! Out! Out!" The teacher scurried past her, whimpering like an infant. She gave him a smack on the backside as he went for good measure.

Locking the door behind her, Tracy smiled. Now for the fun stuff. IT club started in twenty minutes, and she wanted everything to be set up before they arrived. Taking a seat at one of the terminals, she rummaged in her bag and pulled out the source of today's amusement: a thin little pen drive with some very special contents. Holding it to her eyes, she gave it a cheeky wink, struggling to resist the urge to kiss the thing. Finally, she took it and slammed it into a computer, enjoying the satisfying sound of plug entering port. This done, she sat back and rubbed her hands in satisfaction. "Let's have some fun together, sis."

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Sucky squealed in delight as that now families suction sensation seized her and slurped her out of her flash drive home like an oyster out of its shell. Freed to expand, she stretched and sighed in pleasure. It felt good after so long spent cramped inside.

Giggling for no reason in particular, Sucky raised her slender hands and ran them through her long blonde locks, enjoying the way it made her brain tingle to tug them. Moving on, she swept them down her body, past her neck and over her truly enormous breasts, which she took time to fondle and squeeze as she passed, making herself shiver in suppressed ecstasy.

Leaving her boobs to jiggle on their own, Sucky planted her hands on her hips and cocked them imperiously, before moving them behind her and seizing two clumps of the enormous dumplings she called her ass. Fat spilled between her fingers; she bit her lip.

Finally, she turned her attention to her thighs, which sat flowing over the edge of her tights like two loaves of canned bread left in a hot car too long. She shivered as she squeezed them, biting her lip to keep herself from squealing. They were so close to her… she couldn't resist it any longer. Taking a deep breath, she stuck out two fingers, pulled up her incredibly short skirt, and was just about to slip them into her panties when her sister coughed, and she hurriedly snatched them out.

"Having fun?" asked Tracy, looking in on her with a smirk. She resembled a giant peering through the window of a house.

Sucky bit her lip and nodded and moaned, unable to keep herself from the good stuff any longer. Taking a deep breath, she slammed her fingers into her pussy, instantly driving a red-hot spike of pleasure into her brain. Falling back, her body trembling, Sucky screamed.

Through the haze of her pleasure, she heard her elder sister's laughing. "Great–looks like you're still a giant, stupid bimbo. I'm glad. It'll make the rest of this a loooot easier."

It took several seconds for Sucky's curiosity to overwhelm her libido. "Like, what are you planning?" she asked. "You're not going to do anything *mean* to me, are you?"

"Me, do something mean?" Tracy placed her hand over her heart as if she were truly offended. "I'm not going to do anything of the sort. On the contrary, I've going to give my stupid slut of a sister everything she wants~."

"Noooo!" cried Stacy. "You can't call Daisy a slut! She's, like, a mega-virgin."

"Not Daisy, *you*, you idiot! I'm going to give *you* what you want."

"Ooooooooh!" Sucky clapped the sides of her head as if she should have known better. "...What do *I* want?"

Her sister frowned. "Well, hopefully it's to be ravished by a thirty or so horny nerds, or you won't enjoy this at all."

"Si-mul-tae-whaaa?"

Tracy waved her hand and tossed the issue aside. "Just hold still while I work, dummy. Once I'm done, you're going to have all the fun in the world."

"Yaaaay!"

Sitting there, casually fingering herself, Sucky watched as her sister did something with the mouse. Before she knew what was happening, a little cursor had floated up to flit around her like a bee. "Hello," she said, giving it a big, dumb smile, "would you like to fuck me, Mr. Mous–? Ow!"

The cursor poked her right in the boob. Sucky squealed. As she rubbed the sore spot, however, a little menu appeared with lots of interesting options.

"Ah, here we go," said her sister. "Now, I'm just looking for 'copy'... Ahah!" *Click!*

Sucky felt a weird sensation, as if someone had just taken a photograph of her without her knowing.

"Aaaaand 'paste'." *Click!*

With a pop, a copy of Sucky appeared right beside her. The two of them turned to stare at each other in shock. "Oh my, like, Gawd," said Sucky and her copycat, "there's like two of me now!" The other Sucky said the same, albeit with a slight pause, as if she was too polite to speak at the same time as her partner.

For several moments, the two looked each other up and down, eyes roaming over breasts and settling on thighs and hips. They bit their lips; they raised their hands tentatively to touch. Leaning in, each took the short little breath that typically precedes a kiss, and then, just like that, they went in for–

"Okay, that's enough of that," said Tracy. "We've got thirty computers to fill, and I don't plan to let you wait each time just so you can do some self-exploration."

The two Sucky snatched their faces away from each other. "Awww," they protested. "But, siiiiis, we're, like, so *hot!*"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever." Tracy reached for the USB drive.

Before Sucky–the original–found herself sucked back into her more permanent home, she managed to raise a hand and graze her doppelganger's thigh. A shiver passed through them both–a tingle of orgasmic pleasure. The two of them moaned, just for an instant, and then the original Sucky was gone, leaving her copycat to masturbate furiously on her own.

*

"Aaaand… 'paste'." With a sigh of relief, Tracy sat back and looked at the clock. Ten minutes to go until the computer club arrived. Not bad–she'd done a great job. "There, all finished."

On the screen before her, Sucky and her latest copy looked at each other like they couldn't wait to start 69'ing. "Like, what's finished?" asked Sucky Prime, looking up at her with those adorably stupid eyes.

"Don't you worry your cute little head about it," said Tracy with a smirk. "After all," she added, flicking another glance at the clock. "You're going to find out sooner rather than later."

Snatching the USB stick and Sucky Prime out of the computer, Tracy ran from machine to machine, making sure each copy of her sister was minimized. She didn't want the nerds to figure things out *straight* away, after all. Where was the fun in that?

Finally, having determined everything was ready, she made her way to her door. "Have fun, sis~," she said, closing the door softly behind her.

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Squished into the tiny box of her minimized window, Sucky fingered herself sullenly, too confused to enjoy herself. What was going on? Why had Big Sis left her to rot in this yucky little computer? Why hadn't Sis stayed to play with her herself?

As Sucky struggled through these and other mysteries of the cosmos, she heard the creak of a door swinging open and looked up in concern. Someone was coming! Had Sis come back to play with her some more?

She couldn't actually see who it was, since she was crammed into her little box on the taskbar, but the more she listened, the more confident she became it wasn't her Sis. Sis didn't have quite so many feet, did she? And she was pretty big, especially compared to Sucky's current state, but Sucky was pretty sure she didn't take up multiple chairs at once.

Before she could solve this puzzle, someone slammed into the chair of her own PC with a thump. "Time for shome exshellent gaming~!" shaid–said a voice Sucky didn't recognize.

Eh?! Who–who is–?

Keys tapped; the mouse clicked. Sucky heard a sound that might have been gunfire or might have been a spaceship. What was going on? Were they using the PC for something that wasn't her?

For some reason, that made her super-kinda horny and also kinda little sad. It was so unfair! She was so pent-up, and this guy wasn't even going to pay any attention to her? Why would he be playing games when he had a horny woman sitting right in his PC?

A thought occurred to her. Maybe he didn't *know* she was here! Ooooooh, actually, that seemed, like, like a pretty good explanation. She had to let him know she was here somehow? …But how?

Oh! Maybe she could shout at him! She breathed in as deep as the box would allow her. "Hey, like, listen!"

The gunfire/spaceship sounds all but drowned her voice out, but she thought she heard a change in the clacking and the clicking. "Did I hear a fairy?" said the young man using her PC, chuckling at the very idea.

"Heeeeey!" cried Sucky again, smacking the walls of her cubicle until the entire box shook. "Pay attention to me instead! Don't you know how horny am I?"

This time, she got a real reaction. The click-clacking paused, and the gunfire stopped. When the clicking resumed, it was considerably delayed. "Double-U tee eff?" came that unfamiliar voice.

The window serving as the curtain of her box dropped, revealing a giant, pimply face. Blinking, it looked closely at her… and instantly went red in shock. "G-glaven! What is thish?!"

"Nnn~!" Sucky screwed up her eyes and moaned, unable to bear the fire in her nethers. "Like, what are you waiting for?" she demanded. "Aren't you going to have some fun with me?"

"Shome fun?" said the pimply-faced nerd, clearly stunned.

"Like, yeah!" cried Sucky, pointing at the stacks of menu after menu orbiting her body. "Come on, like fuck me with that fat fucking cursor or something! I dunno! Just pick something! I'm soooo horny!"

The nerd blinked like she couldn't quite believe what he was hearing. Finally, with a frown, he took his mouse and moved the cursor a little closer to her nethers. *Click!*

The instant before it jabbed her in the pussy, the pointer transformed into something less like an arrow head and more like a floating dildo. She squealed as it slipped inside her, hammering a giant nail of pleasure all the way through her body. "Oh yeah, it's so good." The dildo had actually phased through her panties, but she took no notice of that in the moment.

Experimentally, the nerd pulled the mouse away and stared at her in confusion. Slowly, his mouth twisted into a perverted little grin. Giggling, he moved the mouse to her boob, at which point it transformed into a hand. When he clicked, it grabbed her, striking her with an irresistible jolt of pleasure. "Nn~!"

Encouraged, the nerd clicked again and again and again and– Moving the cursor all over her body, he clicked on her pussy, her breasts, her mouth, her ass, her thighs. If any area of her body had the slightest sexual appeal, you could be certain he tested it with a stark click of his mouse.

As the nerd had his way with her, albeit somewhat indirectly, Sucky lay back and shuddered in delight as bolt after erotic bolt lanced her body from core to brain and left her trembling. "Oooh, harder!" she moaned, shivering where she lay. "Harder!"

Finally, having run out of creativity, the nerd returned the cursor to her pussy and started clicking like he was desperate to acquire cookies. Sucky screamed as the dildo slammed into her over and over and over, leaving her lying there in a pool of her own sweat and sticky juices. She'd never felt so good in her laugh.

As last, however, the nerd's confusion came to outweigh his initial lust. Sitting back, he turned his attention to his friends. "Hey, guysh, guysh, I found thish weird program on my PC! Come and take a look?"

"Is it the one with the horny schoolgirl?" asked someone else, presumably another nerd.

"Like, yeah!" cried the first.

Other nerds joined in to discuss their findings. It turned out, they found to much surprise–including Sucky's, as she'd forgotten everything prior to the last five minutes–that there was a copy of the strange new program on every computer in the lab.

Are they talking about me? thought Sucky.

A more reasonable group of people, placed in this situation, might at this point have wondered what was going on, whether they were being pranked or tricked or otherwise set up to fail in someway. The IT club was far too horny for this. Instead, they instantly set out to find fun ways to play with her.

"Look at all the sliders," cried one nerd, pointing out all the different ways they could modify her. "There's one for her boobs, one for her butt, one for her libido–aw, that one's already maxed."

"You can make her boobs bigger!" said one squirming little nerd who would later go on to win an award for creativity in character design.

A series of ooohs passed through the IT room as the rest of the club processed the implications of this. Sucky, could only wait and watch, still processing them herself. Weren't her boobs already like super-mega-big?

Whatever the, like, answer, they clearly weren't big enough. Because a few seconds later, the nerd moved the cursor to the slider, and before Sucky even knew what was going on…
Buh-woing!

Sucky squealed. Before her eyes, her boobs were exploding like a pair of fleshly balloons, straining the buttons of her tight school top as they desperately grew and grew. In seconds, her shirt was at breaking point, and she could barely move without the jiggle of her breasts sending her into a paroxysm of ecstasy. "Nn~!" she cried, throwing back her head and screwing up her eyes. "Nn~! Bigger! Bigger! Make them bigger!"

The nerd controlling her obliged. Grabbing the slider, he snapped it allll the way to the far end.

Sucky's boobs began to tremble like a pair of bombs on the verge of exploding. Looking down, she watched in faint confusion, wondering whether what was about to happen would feel good or if it would feel *really* good.

Boing!

As it happened, it felt *really*, really good. Moaning in pleasure, Sucky seized her fat, boulder-sized new boobs and squealed them like she was trying to extract their juice. Squished together, they form a fleshy canyon, like the folds of her pussy, only much, much bigger. She slammed her face into it and moaned at how good it felt.

Meanwhile, her new friend with the pimples was staring at her like a teenage boy who's just discovered you can type 'boobs' into YouTube. Looking around, he took a deep breath, as if seriously considering sticking his hands down his pants. In the end, he settled for fiddling with more sliders instead.

At his command, Sucky's already ridiculous new body underwent transformation after transformation. He pumped up her lips; he fattened her ass; he tanned her skin, and plumped her thighs till they looked like a pair of tree trunks. By the time he stopped, Sucky

could barely stand, she was so laden with fat. All she could do was sit there and moan, trembling at the pleasure of her bloated new body. The cursor didn't help things–as soon as she thought she'd regained control, she'd find it grabbing her new boobs and groping without end. "Nn~! Oh my Gawwwwd."

"Hey! Hey!" cried one of the other nerds. "You can change her clothing too!"

"No way!" cried another. "I'm going to dress her in the sluttiest outfit it's got!"

The nerd with the pimples nodded in agreement, though how he could find an outfit sluttier than Sucky's ridiculously overladen schoolgirl outfit was a question without an answer.

He did his best though. His first attempt was the ever classic bunny outfit, with fishnet stockings, a leotard that raised her swollen boobs like the world's jiggliest trophy and complete, of course, with the requisite pair of bunny ears. He used the cursor to tweak them, and for some reason she moaned each time he did.

After spanking her fluffy-tailed ass a few times, the pimply nerd soon became bored and decided to stick her in something else. This time, he settled on a cowgirl outfit. Not a female cowboy–that would have been too vanilla–but rather a milk maid with extra milk. The hem of its skimpy black dress cupped her boobs and showed them off to the world even as its extra short skirt failed to conceal even an inch of her ass. Bouncing about in her fake cow ears, enjoying the feeling of the long, whip like tail sticking out of her butt, she couldn't help but notice her nipples felt a little wet. Tugging open her top, she found they were leaking–it seemed the outfit came with some special effects.

Appropriately enough, the next outfit on the list was one labeled 'Wet T-shirt Contest'. Selecting it dressed her in exactly the manner you'd expect: her milk maid's outfit vanished, replaced by an intensely skimpy bikini that covered her swollen body with much the same efficacy as a single piece of string, and a t-shirt that stretched itself taut over her boobs, making her 'aw' as she realized it would conceal them.

Fortunately, it didn't last for long. The second she had it on, a bucketful of water dropping from the sky and struck her cold as the ocean. She squealed and covered her eyes; when she opened them again, she found herself dripping, and her t-shirt, once so opaque and white had turned gloriously see-through. Her boobs jiggled behind it. She cupped them and giggled.

The pimply nerd played around with her outfits for several minutes more, but he soon became bored and started fiddling with the other settings. Sucky, lying there in a one piece swimsuit clearly designed for a girl half her size and of considerably lower body fat, could only moan as the nerd's face lit up in delight.

"Hey! Hey guysh!" he cried, turning to his fellow geeks in glee. "Look, look! Look at this option!"

Which option? Sucky wondered, still dazed by the pleasure of her experience. Which option were they, like, talking about?

“Oh my God, no way!” cried one of the other nerds, laughing at the idea. “There’s a multiplayer option! That’s crazy! Hey, I wonder if we can make them fuck?”

A shiver passed through Sucky’s form, running all the way from her feet to her head, bouncing back and coming to a stop in her pussy, which drooled like a dog who’d smelled a steak. *Oh my Gawd, they’re going to make me, like, fuck me!* She couldn’t believe how much she wanted it.

The nerds wasted no time exploring this tantalizing new possibility. With a minute, Sucky felt a strange feeling of connection, and just like that she was sitting next to a copy of herself. They had slightly smaller boobs and were dressed like a sexy waitress, but otherwise they were transparently her in every way. “Oh my Gawd, like, hi!” she said. “What’s your name?”

The other Sucky had to think for a second.

In the meantime, the pimply nerd reappeared in the window. “What should I make them do?” he asked, spittle flying from his brace-bound gnashers.

“Make ‘em bump uglies!” cried one of the other nerds, a squeaky young man who would go on to become an award-winning marriage counselor.

The pimply nerd giggled at the thought. Seizing the mouse, he prodded Sucky’s butt with the pointer. “I wonda how you make them do it?” he asked.

When the cursor prodding her butt, Sucky found herself pushed into the air and encouraged to walk in the direction of her counterpart. The second they touched, lightning passed through her body. She screamed at the sense of overwhelming lust–she felt like matter touching antimatter… or something.

Her counterpart screamed too, of course–they were both as horny as the other. With a wild scream, she outstretched her arms, wrapped them around Sucky’s breasts and planted her lips on Sucky’s own like a lifeguard giving the world’s sloppiest mouth-to-mouth. The two moaned.

Heart pounding, pussy pouring, skin slick with the inevitable sweat of lust, Sucky fought desperately to get her own piece of the fuck-pie. Moaning, she wrapped her hands around her partners' hips and seized their ass like she intended to run away with it. Digging her fingers deep into their flesh, she released a wild moan and squeezed harder, especially as her partner started moaning with her.

Not to be outdone, the other Sucky kissed her harder, kissed her and dug her fingers hard into Sucky’s breasts, making her squeal as her thumbs caught her nipples. “Nn~!” The two of them squealed in sequence.

Outside the strange white void of Sucky’s reality, the pimply nerd and rapidly growing crowd looked in on their little love affair with a look of growing pleasure.

Inevitably, one of them asked an important question:

"How many of them can join one session?"

<div align="center">*</div>

Daisy scurried through the corridors of the school, skirt swishing with every hurried step. How could she have let this happen?

Even as she blamed herself, she turned the corner and found herself face to face with the real architect of this calamity:

"Oh hey, sis," said Tracy, as Daisy crashed face-first into her chest. "What's the hurry? Are you looking for someone?"

"What have you done with Stacy?!" cried Daisy, pulling her head out of her sister's boobs to look up at her and snarl. "I know you're the one who took her!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Tracy, her rapidly growing smile suggesting exactly the opposite. "Stacy's just having some fun with the IT club, like the big nerd she is."

"The IT club?!" Daisy wanted to squeal. The IT club were the nastiest group of perverts in the entire school! They'd set up more covert cameras in the girls' changing rooms than anyone save the coach! "How could you leave her to the IT club?!"

"Oh, relax," said Tracy, rolling her eyes. "I left them more than enough of her to share." And with one final smug smirk, she turned and pushed past her.

For a second, Daisy stood there in shock, before taking a deep breath and hurrying onward herself. If Stacy had really been left to the mercy of the IT club, she had to get there and help her before she was ruined forever.

As she ran, her bag swung at her side, feeling much heavier than normal. In her panic, she'd scrounged Stacy's lab for anything, *anything*, that might be able to help her, and while she wasn't 100% about… anything when it came to tech, she thought she'd picked a device that could turn her back. All she had to do was find her sister and use it.

The doors of the school rushed past, one after another. 66… 67.. 68… Ahah! Daisy's eyes lit up as she finally reached the IT room. Kicking open the door, she leapt inside. Nothing could have prepared her for what she found on the other side though.

"Oh! Oh! Oh yeah! Harder! Harder! Nn~! Fuck me harder, me! Oooooh!"

Daisy froze, her face red. *Wh-what's going on?*

The members of the IT stood to a man–gathered in their pimply glory–around a single screen, on which pulsed and throbbed the worst thing Daisy had ever seen in her life. It looked like her sister. And her sister. And her sister. And– There were about thirty or more

different copies of her, all barely recognizable and all so grossly entangled they could barely be told apart. Daisy almost wanted to throw up.

"Oh… hey, sis~. Is that, like, you?"

Daisy found her attention to one particular screen in the corner of the room, where a more or less normal (or at least less grossly exaggerated) version of Stacy sat looking bored.

"St-Stacy?"

"Stacy? My name's, like, Sucky."

Daisy blinked, then shook her head. "Never mind that. What's going on?"

The Stacy on the screen frowned, as if she'd never had to consider this question before. At last, she remembered. "They put all the other me's into an orgy, but they forgot to invite *me!*"

It took Daisy a moment to parse this. "Who cares about an orgy?" she cried. "Don't you want to be turned back?"

Stacy thought about this for several long seconds.

In the end, Daisy gave up and seized the mouse. Rummaging through Stacy's various sliders, she found the one marked 'Intelligence' and slid it all the way back up. As she did, some semblance of sense returned to Stacy's face–she sat up and looked around, seemingly suddenly more aware of her ridiculous circumstances.

Finally, her eyes settled on Daisy. She leapt to her feet. "Daisy!" she cried. "Daisy, you've got to get me out of here! They're using me like a… like a…" She dropped back to her knees, fingers between her legs. "Like a sex toy–turn my libido down!"

"S-sorry!" cried Daisy, hurrying to do so. "H-how can I help you though?"

Stacy swallowed. "I–I think I can turn myself back to normal, but I'll need some equipment from my lab. Do you think you can fetch it?"

A grin split Daisy's face. "You mean equipment like this?" Throwing her back onto the desk, she pushed it over and let its contents all spill out. Miscellaneous electronics spilled over the desk.

Stacy's eyes went wide. "Exactly! Okay, okay, now, just follow my instructions. You' have to put everything together *very* carefully, or this could all go really, *really* wrong…"

<p style="text-align:center">*</p>

Tracy's pencil snapped with like a bone caught in a vice. Wincing, she tossed the pieces into the trash.

Her math teacher looked at her in concern. "Tracy, is everything alright?"

"I need to use the bathroom," she asked, halfway to her feet. She was out of the classroom before her teacher could say another word.

Hurrying through the corridors in the direction of the IT room, Tracy felt the same sinking sense she always felt in her stomach when her fun was coming to an end. Daisy was going to fuck this up this for her somehow, she just knew it. She didn't know how, but she just knew.

Well, whatever the stupid brat was planning, Tracy was going to stop it. Like, she'd let her idiot sister ruin her fun.

66… 67… 68… Ah! The IT room's door stood before her, ripe with the potentiality for things to go wrong … Raising a leg, she kicked it open and stepped inside.

The first thing she noticed was the crowd of nerds gathered around a nearby monitor. This might have confused her if she weren't tall enough to see over them: the mound of squirming flesh on the screen made it more than clear her plan was still working.

The second thing she noticed was her younger sister, half-hidden in the far corner of the room, and hurriedly assembling some kind of makeshift device. Tracy hissed. *I knew the little brat had something up her sleeve!*

Resisting the urge to snarl, she marched across the room, ready to snatch the device out of her sister's hands and smash it to pieces. As she grew closer, she got a better idea of what it was: it looked a lot like a chunky barcode scanner, albeit much chunkier. Two wires protruded from it: one was attached to a heavy-duty battery; the other had been plugged into the computer's USB port.

"Okay, now just tweak that screw on the back, okay?" came Stacy–sorry, *Sucky's*–voice, a little less confident than normal but as annoying as ever. "I don't want this thing coming apart as it reassembles me! It's a really dangerous piece of tech, this micro-matter manipulator!"

Tracy frowned. *What the hell is she talking about?*

She decided she didn't care. Coming to a stop behind Daisy, she tapped her younger sister on the shoulder. "Hey, sis! What you up to?"

Daisy squealed and all but dropped the device–Tracy took the chance to snatch it out of her hands and hold it up for inspection. "Tracy! Give that back!"

"Wow! Cool toy!" said Tracy, turning the device around in amusement. "I hope you don't mind if I play with it a little." Her eyes turned to the screen, where Stacy sat white in horror. "Oh hey, sis. I didn't see you there. Having fun with your new friends?"

"Tr-Tracy! Be careful! You don't know what you're–"

"Urgh, where's the mute button?" said Tracy. "God, I forgot how whiny you are." Raising the device out of Daisy's reach, Tracy stepped back and looked down on her siblings smugly. "Anyway, lemme tell you what's gonna happen now. What I'm gonna do is: I'm gonna take this device and I'm gonna smash it into pieces, and then I'm gonna leave Sucky here to have fun with her nerdy new friends till I get bored and upload her to the internet instead. Any objecti–? OOF!"

Tracy moaned as Daisy's elbow slammed straight into her stomach.

"Get the device!" cried Stacy. "Quickly!"

Hissing, Tracy struggled to raise it high, but the pain in her gut made it difficult to stand upright. "Unn–! You little–!"

Daisy grabbed at the device; Tracy fought to hold onto it. For a second, the two of them stood locked together, each unable to gain the slightest ground.

"Let. Go!" said Tracy, gritting her teeth.

"You let go!" cried Daisy, tightening her grip.

On the computer screen, Stacy stared in horror. "Be careful! It's just a prototype–it's not designed to be used so–"

Beepbeepbeep!

Daisy and Tracy stopped fighting to stare: the device was beeping like a miniature alarm. Tracy scowled. "What the hell is–?"

A blast of green light consumed the both of them.

As Tracy shrieked in horror, she found herself slammed into her sister, who squealed as well. For a second, the two of them stood stuck together as if magnetized as a lightning bolt's worth of energy coursed through their bodies. An instant later, they found themselves sucked… slowly… slowly… towards the device's scanner.

"Turn it off!" cried Tracy. "Turn it off!"

"Sis, help!" cried Daisy. "Help us!"

Their feet met the device's head, and they found themselves slurped into it like water down a drain. The pair's screams caught off as they shot inside it, squeezed together into two thin strands of humanity, barely separable, and forced screaming through the tiniest of tunnels, until at last–

With a *zzip*, they dropped into a wide, white expanse, landing in a heap, bodies entangled. As they struggled to separate themselves, a familiar face appeared above them. "S-sis?" Said Daisy.

Pushing her sister away, Tracy leapt to her feet and spun around. No. No way. They couldn't be inside the program too!

"Hey guysh!" cried a brace-ridden voice. "Guysh, look! Look what I found on this computer. This program has three *different* girlsh!"

As the crowd of nerds approached, the sisters stepped back, hearts sinking in horror.

"Oh no," said Tracy as the cursor slid towards her.