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RUINING A FRIENDSHIP

Story by Joe Six-Pack



**TRANSGENDER
TALES OF**

Transformation



J O E S I X P A C K

RUINING A FRIENDSHIP

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack
A Tales of Transformation story



2025 Edition

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RUINING A FRIENDSHIP

“So I just put my cold feet in his back and he screamed,” Sandra said, as she sipped her coffee. “I made my point. So now I get to turn the heat up when we’re in bed. All he needed was some gentle persuasion.”

I had known Sandra for years now, ever since high school, and she had no problem telling me all about her relationship stuff. In fact, she’s actually my best friend.

Some might qualify that as saying, “my best girl friend, but not my girlfriend-girlfriend.” Which I suppose is true, but let me spell it out: my best friend is female, and we are not in a relationship.

I get a little defensive about it, because everyone assumes that you can’t have a girl as your best friend, and you’re bound to eventually try to make it a romantic relationship. That’s bull. We’ve been simple good friends for ten years, and I’d hate myself if I even thought about making a move on her.

“You shouldn’t torture him, San,” I told her. “After all, he has to put up with your awful personality and pretend he loves you.”

Sandra smiled and looked up at me. “He’s not putting up with me, Bradley. I’ve got him trapped and I’m not letting him go. He’s my prisoner. A prisoner of love!” She laughed.

Sandra and Spencer had been seeing each other for about a year, and he was on the verge of moving in with her. The tricky part was that Spencer was my roommate, along with two other guys. So I was often hearing about Sandra from Spencer, and about Spencer from Sandra. Sometimes, it was hard not to feel like I was an unpaid couples counsellor.

“Is it ever going to stop raining?” Sandra asked, looking out the window of the coffee shop we were seated in.

“Yes,” I replied, “When the heat wave begins.”

“New York,” Sandra said, absently.

“New York,” I verified. “How’s work?”

“It blows,” she said, leaning back in her chair. “The whole place is madness. I thought when we merged with the Women’s Defense Fund, the Feminist Action Taskforce would be even more powerful. You know, finally we could do some good in the community. But it’s been nothing but turf wars.” She leaned forward again, and hunched between her shoulders. “Sometimes I wish I was back working for a firm, just a humble lawyer doing divorce procedures again.”

“It’ll settle eventually,” I told her.

"I know it will, but I don't know if I'll be burnt out by then." She talked directly to her cup of coffee. "I'll be a frazzled cat lady who wears slippers to work."

She was cute when she was feeling miserable about herself. "Welcome to my world," I said.

I hadn't been in a relationship for over two years now, and I knew I was getting a reputation amongst my friends for being hopeless. Most of the guys I knew based their relationships on sex first, and then sorted out the rest later on. I guess I was the opposite. I wanted to find the right girl and then see if it might go to the next level. I'm such a wimp.

"I can't believe I've sunk to your level," Sandra said, hoping to antagonize me. I'd have to say that most of the things we said to each other were designed to tick each other off. That's why we got along so well.

It was hard being a twenty-going-on-thirty year old person in a big city like New York and retain friends. I had lost a lot of people over the years, with moving and raising families in the suburbs. That was white-collar life for you. Fortunately, Sandra and I had managed to keep in touch during the times when we lived in different areas, and now that we both lived in Manhattan, we had each other to hang out with.

That's what we were doing on this drizzly afternoon, in a coffee shop, spending our lunch breaks away from our boring offices and the dreariness of work.

"So anyway, I was thinking Spencer and I might break up," Sandra said, dropping this news as if she were reporting lint on her sleeve.

"Uh..." I didn't know if she was serious. The blank expression Sandra gave told me there was more to this than just a casual remark. "And... You..."

"It's not going anywhere," she said, interrupting my stumbling. "Spencer has lost interest in me. He just hasn't said so." Sandra looked away from me, which was a sure sign she wasn't quite believing what she was saying. "It wasn't going to be a life-long thing anyway. Might as well cut it off now before it really hurts."

"So, is this the third break-up this year or the fourth? I've lost count."

"Fuck you," she said. "I'm serious."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I've completely misread the situation," I replied. "You've had long talks about your future, and spent many nights working out your relationship, and examined it all to the most minute detail, I'm sure."

Sandra didn't do much but give me a death stare back as I talked.

"This all comes from a deep feeling of displeasure with each other rather than just you pissed about something dumb."

"He doesn't reply to my fucking texts anymore!" Sandra said. "It's not dumb!"

“If I recall, you promised him that you wouldn’t be that kind of girlfriend who always demands replies to the fifty texts she sends a day.”

“And he should have known I was lying!”

“So you’re angry at him for doing what you said he could do.”

“Yes!” Sandra said. “Fuck you. Why are you taking his side?”

“Sandra,” was all I needed to say. I scratched an itch on my temple that seemed to be particularly irritating.

“I’ll give him another fucking chance,” she said, throwing her hair over her shoulder. “The shithead better be grateful.”

“Excuse me!” Said a voice from over my shoulder. “Rude!”

Sandra and I were both taken aback by the intrusion. A woman with a wide-brimmed black hat and wearing black sunglasses was scowling at us. “Such language! You should have the basic good sense not to have a lover’s spat in public!” She said.

“What?” I replied.

“I come to this coffee shop every day for some peace and quiet and a chance to relax, not to listen to two love-sick ninnies throw vile curse words back and forth! Honestly!”

I looked at Sandra, who was sharing the same expression of disbelief as I suppose I had. Who was this woman, and why didn’t she mind her own business?

“Mind my own business?” She said, clearly offended. It was odd, I was sure I asked that question only in my mind. “I never! Such incivility!”

“Listen lady, we’re not together, okay?” Sandra said, with more than the necessary amount of sass. “We’re just friends! We’re not having a tiff or anything even like that! It’s a private conversation!”

“Then you shouldn’t be so loud!” The woman shouted, loud enough in the small shop for everyone to hear. “Congratulations, you have simply ruined my afternoon!”

When I saw her get up out of her chair, I wasn’t entirely sure she was actually standing. She was hunched over, at almost the same height. Her entire body was covered by a shroud of black, which I couldn’t distinguish in any way. She might have been wearing a dress or a coat or just a bedsheet. I also couldn’t see her face, concealed by the wide brim of her hat — but I could see her chin, which showed deep wrinkles. She was as old as dirt, except for her screeching voice.

“We’re just two friends talking!” Sandra said. “You have a very low tolerance for having an afternoon ruined.”

“Friends!” The woman shouted. “Friends?” She began to search her draped clothes for something. “A friendship like yours should wither and die,” she said. She then found whatever she was looking for, which was a small fabric pouch with a twist-tie keeping its contents inside. “This so-called friendship is a nuisance! Consider this a public service!” With that, she threw the pouch down on the table in front of all of us, and a thick cloud of smoke rose from it.

“Hey!” Sandra said, somewhere. I couldn’t see anything. My first thought was something had been set on fire, but the smoke was colored purple.

“The fuck!” I shouted.

“Your friendship... Is at an end!” I heard the woman say. I wasn’t paying a lot of attention, because I was inhaling a ton of that purple smoke, and coughing violently.

I heard a thud across the table from me, and a flurry of brown hair that had to have been Sandra’s. That was the last thing I remembered before I passed out myself.



All I can say about ambulances is that they are crazy expensive. I don’t even remember actually riding in it, either. As far as I know, they could have gotten me to the emergency room in the back of a pickup truck, and charged me ambulance prices.

Sandra and I were discharged after being treated for smoke inhalation, but neither of us had any signs of breathing problems, and we both felt fine. I was embarrassed to have troubled them at the hospital, actually. That was before I saw the bill.

Sandra suggested that we should skip that particular coffee shop for the time being, a suggestion which I wholeheartedly agreed with.

Spencer picked us up and had a bunch of questions, none of which we could answer. “What, was it poison or something?” He asked.

“I don’t know. The doctors said they couldn’t find anything wrong,” Sandra said.

“Our blood work and lung biopsies are perfectly normal,” I added. “They said we should call if something changed, but that was it.”

“Freaky,” Spencer said. “But why did you both pass out?”

“Loss of oxygen?” I said, shrugging.

Spencer was skeptical. “I don’t like it. It doesn’t sound right.”

“It’s fine, sweetie,” Sandra said, patting his leg. “There’s nothing to worry about! You can’t inherit my fortune just yet.”

“Yeah, and here I was, hoping to score some of that sweet poisonous shitty attitude you’re going to leave me,” Spencer said, before getting a punch.

They made a great looking couple, Sandra and Spencer. She was a dark-haired, slender, twenty-four year old woman with a sweet smile and big earnest eyes. He was a year older, had a bold lantern-shape jaw, worked out every day and made a killing in entertainment law.

I felt like their little kid in the back seat of Spencer’s car.

We pulled up at my place, and we all got out. “I don’t want you doing anything strenuous,” Spencer told Sandra.

“Or what? You’ll teach me a lesson?” She stuck out her rear end provocatively. “Spank me, daddy,” she said. “I’ve been bad.”

“I just don’t think you should strain yourself!” He said, defensively.

“Oh, I’m going to strain myself. Oh, I think I’m straining myself now...” Sandra faked an orgasmic moan. “Oh, too late. I’ve strained myself. Now what? I guess I die.”

See, this is exactly why Sandra and I were never going to be a couple. She’s kind of a jerk when it comes to being intimate. It’s funny, sure, unless you’re the one in love with her.

We got up to the apartment and got inside. I had the lease, and three other roommates who rented rooms with me. Trent, who managed a local fitness center, and Chad, who used to work at the same place but was now in sales at a different gym were the two others I haven’t mentioned yet. The third was Spencer.

See, that’s kind of how Sandra and Spencer met. I needed roommates to pay for this expensive mid-town apartment, and Spencer was the first viable option. He, in turn, brought in a couple of guys who worked at his favorite gym — Trent and Chad.

Then, not long after Spencer moved in, he met Sandra, my best friend, and they started seeing each other. It made for a kind of awkward living situation, but having known Sandra for as long as I had, I wasn’t about to try and break her up over this. I could live with a little awkward for her sake.

“Hey, heard what happened. You guys okay?” Chad asked as we dumped our things at the door. He had come from the kitchen, and was holding a pot he was stirring with a wooden spoon. He’d discarded his suit jacket, having gotten home from his job.

“How many people did you tell?” Sandra asked Spencer.

“I... Uh...” Spencer looked guilty.

“I got an ice pack and a heat pack,” Trent said, also emerging from the kitchen. “Which do you want?”

“We’re fine!” Sandra insisted. She passed everyone and deposited herself on my sofa, turning on the TV. “Now let me watch the news.”

Everyone just headed back where they came from, sheepishly. I was left standing there, feeling a bit pissed off. “They were just trying to help.”

“They can help by leaving me alone,” Sandra said. She grabbed her phone from her pants pocket. “I need to check my messages.”

I looked around and shrugged. “I’m fine, by the way,” I said to myself as I headed for my room.



“How you feeling?” Spencer asked me as we did our evening workout. We had a discount at the gym, thanks to Trent, and it was our usual routine to work out together to burn off dinner.

“Fine,” I replied. He wasn’t really concerned about me, but about Sandra. By checking with me, he was getting info on how his girlfriend might be feeling.

“What do you mean by fine, Bradley? How fine?”

“I mean I’m fine. No problems. Nothing.”

Spencer had dropped Sandra off at her place, which had let everyone relax a little. It had been Chad’s turn to cook, and we all dined like kings on soup and “power protein” salad. That what you get when you room with three gym bros.

Well, four, I guess. They had long since converted me. Half my non-work clothes were gym clothes, and I started every morning with a green smoothie. I was in the best shape of my life, but I kind of felt like a sellout for caving in to their lifestyle. Oh well.

I had tried to move a few machines away from Spencer, but he kept following me. “If you were feeling something, and not wanting to tell me, it’s okay, dude.”

“I really am okay,” I had to say to him. “Although I am getting fatigued from having to answer this question.”

“Okay, got it.” Spencer said. He turned his head to the side and was staring at something over my shoulder.

“What’s the matter?” I asked.

“Nothing.” He was now trying even harder to look over my shoulder.

I turned around to look where he was looking. “What?” I said. “Your bag?” He was looking at his gym bag, which was sitting by itself. No one was even close to it, assuming he was worried about it being stolen.

“I thought I heard it vibrate,” Spencer said.

“You want her to text you, don’t you?”

"It's not like her to not text me. Why would she stop texting me?"

No good deed goes unpunished, they say. "I'm sure she's fine."

"I'm gonna do the treadmill," he said, letting go of the ab-machine handles. He checked my machine and frowned. "You're gonna pull an abdominal if you keep at that weight," he said. He adjusted the pin in the weights to half of where I had it. "You don't need to impress anyone. Just do your normal settings." He smiled, slapped me on the shoulder and headed to the other side of the gym.

Those were my normal settings, and I wasn't having any trouble with them. He may have been a bit more muscular than I was, but I could do about the same as he did on this machine, and he knew that. Was he flexing on me or something?

I figured he must have had a lot on his mind. Despite Sandra's constant attempts to drive him away, he was in love with her. Poor guy.



I woke up the next morning and panicked as I saw the time. I was late for work.

Of course, it was Saturday, a fact I only remembered as I was putting on my tie. Nothing worse than going through my entire morning routine than to realize it was for naught. At least the guys didn't see me.

I went back to bed, but I was too awake to fall back asleep. I put on my sweats and headed out into the living room, falling onto the couch and surfing the 80-inch TV for sports.

Everyone else was still asleep, as I had woken up about two hours before we usually got up on Saturday. In fact, the first person I saw that morning was Sandra. She came in using her key, and found me in my super-relaxed state, with a Doritos bag on my chest.

"When did this place get a door man?" Sandra asked, as she set her bag on a table. "I had to tip him just for opening the door."

"We have a doorman?" I replied, just as confused as she was. "The co-op didn't say anything about it."

Sandra headed right into the kitchen. "I'm already having one of those kinds of days," she said. She returned with a box of Captain Crunch and was eating from it. "Everything is out of sorts."

"I know what you mean," I said. "I thought today was Wednesday."

"Same here," she said, sitting down on the other side of the sofa. "What are you watching?"

I suppose I should have known the answer to that, but I didn't. "Sports," I replied. "Baseball?"

"Angels are on a huge win streak. Nothing can stop them. I'm loving them right now."

"Okay," I replied. I didn't want to have one of those boring sports conversations. "Good for them."

"I can't help but thinking this is Wednesday. I just had my Monday meeting two days ago." Sandra was looking up into the air with a screwed-up look on her face. "No, it *is* Wednesday. I know it is."

"I uh..." I was thinking about it, too. I couldn't remember doing five days of work. Just two. I was just thinking before I went to bed that I had three days left before the weekend. I flipped through the channel guide on the TV. "It says today's Saturday."

Sandra sunk down in her seat and pouted. "I know but... I swear..." She then popped back up and sat up straight. "Why did you guys get the 80-inch screen, by the way? Not that I'm complaining, but these cost like, five grand, don't they?"

"They're not that expensive..." I then had to backtrack. Just when had we bought an 80-inch TV? I looked at the remote in my hand, which was completely different than the usual one. Yet, I was using it like I was already adjusted to it. "I... I think it was one of the guys who got it. I think." I already didn't like where this was going.

Suddenly, I had that kind of revelation that people only have in dreams. This couch wasn't our couch. The TV wasn't our TV. The table I had my beer on wasn't our table. This wasn't our apartment.

"This isn't your apartment," Sandra said before I had a chance to say it. "It's not, is it?"

"San," I asked, very slowly and deliberately, "what's going on?"

I'd never seen Sandra's eyes do what they had just done. Being such a smart-ass, and a lawyer, I'd never really seen her scared before. "It's a prank, right? You roomies love to play pranks... Right?"

"The key worked for you to get in. I woke up in my bed... That's my cereal you're eating..."

"But it's a prank! It is. Has to be. A prank." Sandra was latching onto the only explanation that was within a million miles of possible. She was putting the box on the coffee table I had never seen before and slowly getting to her feet. "Maybe we should leave? We should leave."

"Hold on, hold on. If it is a prank, we're okay. We don't have to go anywhere." I picked the chips off my chest and put them aside. "It's not like the universe broke or anything. It doesn't work like that. We just have to find out what's

going on.” I stood and gave my environment a closer look. “Let’s take a look around.”

“Let’s not.”

“San, it’ll be fine.”

“So you say.”

It was the apartment I had gone to sleep in the night before, just... Nicer? We didn’t live in a pig sty or anything, but this place had much nicer furniture, a newer carpet, and the kitchen was full of expensive appliances.

“Look,” Sandra said, standing at the window. She pushed a button and the vertical blinds opened up. That was new. What was even newer was the view. It was a gorgeous view of the city skyline in the early morning. It was the kind of view you paid several million dollars to get. “I can see the whole city from here.”

“That’s not New York,” I said.

“No, it...” Sandra took a second look for herself. There were only a few skyscrapers, and a clear view of the ocean. “Bradley. What the fuck?”

I walked to the window. “It really isn’t. I don’t think it’s a prank, San.” I also noted the patio we didn’t used to have. “That’s not our hot tub, either.”

“Well, where the fuck...” Sandra grabbed her phone and opened it up.

“You checking the map?” I asked. “What’s it say?”

“Miami? What the hell? Miami?” She looked at me in disbelief. “I... What?”

I quickly checked her screen to see for myself. There it was, Miami. It was on the southeast coast of Florida. We had changed states and gone to a city which I’d never even been to before.

“No!” Sandra said. “I walked here. I took the D train! It’s New York! The D train does not go to Miami!”

“Look for yourself,” I said, staring out the window. “New York doesn’t have palm trees.”

Sandra put her face right up against the large picture windows, and held it there for a good few seconds as she seemed to be scanning the horizon, in utter disbelief.

“It’s not going to change, no matter how long you stare at it,” I told her. I turned from the window and headed to the hallway.

“Where are you going?” She asked.

“I wanna see the rest of this place. Figure out what the hell’s going on.”

“No!”

“Might as well.”

“Wait up,” Sandra said, quickly running to catch up with me.

I headed down our hallway, which looked familiar enough. On one side were two bedrooms and a bathroom. At the end was a staircase upstairs and then another two bedrooms, another bathroom and a den, which we were just using to store the crap that didn't fit in our rooms.

I took a second look in my room, and what I had said about waking up in my own room was true — to an extent. In my morning haze, I had failed to notice the breathtaking view of the coast in my window, and the expensive furniture that had replaced my own. The bed itself was worth more than my car.

My closet had almost nothing in it, just a few work suits and some workout clothes... in way more fashionable styles, of course.

In fact, the whole room looked kind of empty. It felt like a hotel room that had been slept in for a day, rather than my own lived-in place, with my touches.

It still looked nice, though.

"I need to check Spencer's room," Sandra said.

"Can we just go in there?"

"I'm his girlfriend," she explained. "I do it all the time."

We stood outside the door for a bit, silently, avoiding eye contact.

"So go in then," I said.

"I'm scared."

"Don't worry..." I began to say, but I was interrupted. Down the stairs came Trent, yawning. Also, he was nearly naked, wearing only a pair of navy-blue briefs.

"Hey guys," he said, flexing his shoulders. "Goin' to the gym?" He asked.

"Uh, no," I replied.

"Little chilly?" Sandra questioned.

"Huh?" Trent said as he walked away.

"Never mind."

Sandra waited until he turned the corner. "Was Trent using body oil?" She asked.

"Yeah, he was," I replied.

"Does he normally?"

"No," I said. "Or else I never would have rented the place to him."

I heard the front door open up, and immediately the sounds of people talking. Sandra followed me as I returned to the living area.

"Hey, babe," said a woman who wrapped her thin arms around Trent's neck, then pulled herself in for a big, wet kiss. "Missed you!"

This woman was a bona-fide knockout. She had movie-star beauty. Well, more like porn star beauty, really. I think I actually made a gulping sound when I saw her. She was dressed in a bikini top and a sheer sarong that showed off a hot pink bikini bottom. Her blond hair was slicked down rail-straight from a part down the center of her head. Her pink lips were very obviously filled, puffy like party balloons. She wore four-inch heels and walked in them like they were comfortable house socks.

Following her was another woman with black curly hair and very dark skin, and wore a similar outfit. She was thinner and taller than her friend, but had African or South American features.

“Hey Hope,” Trent replied, holding his blonde girlfriend close so their bodies were pressing together. “You going to the gym?”

“You know it, babe,” she replied. “Me an’ Yolanda just came by to go together.”

“Hey Trent,” the other woman said with a big, toothy smile. “You’re lookin’ hot.”

“You too, Yoli,” Trent replied, not afraid to show his interest in her.

“Trent’s gay,” Sandra pointed out to me.

“I guess he’s taking the day off,” I replied.

“Who are the sluts?”

“No idea.”

“Hey guys, goin’ to the gym?” Said a voice behind us. We turned to see Chad, who was trying to get through us. We parted to let him, noting that he, too, was just in a pair of briefs and glistening like a glazed ham.

“Hey, babe,” the darker-skinned woman said as she advanced towards him. “You’re totally steamy this morning,” she said, as she french-kissed him.

“Are we in a soft porn film?” I whispered to Sandra. When I looked to get her reaction, though, she was not in any kind of jovial mood. She was freaking out, on the verge of a full-blown panic attack.

“Hey guys,” said Spencer, as he entered the room. “Goin’ to the gym?” He was in a pair of oxford grey sweatpants, but just as shirtless as my other roommates.

“We’re goin’ to the gym,” Trent said, his girlfriend wrapped around him like a loose towel. “You goin’ to the gym?” He asked Spencer.

“Yeah, hey, I’m goin’ to the gym,” Spencer — or to be honest, a somewhat beefier and more handsome version of him — replied. “You guys are goin’ to the gym, right?” he asked me and Sandra.

Seeing her boyfriend in such a strange, substituted form snapped whatever grip on control Sandra had, and she ran for the front door. “Oh, God,” she said as she dashed away.

“Where are you going?” I yelled at her, as I rushed after her. She was furiously punching the elevator button in the outer hallway.

“Home!”

“We’re not in New York anymore!”

“I don’t know where! I have to go! I’m going!” She got too impatient and then went to the stairway doors and shoved it open. I would have gone after her, but I had problems, too. I didn’t know who my roommates were, I didn’t know where we lived, and I didn’t know what the ever loving fuck was going on.

“She okay?” Spencer asked.

“Just forgot something at home.” I explained.

“Okay,” he said, with a smile. Then he went back to talking to the others.

I slowly walked back to the hallway, hopeful not to attract any attention. I needed to know more about what was going on. The first thing I wanted to check was my real apartment back in NYC. My first impulse was to phone the real Spencer, but as soon as I tried that, I heard the phone ring out in the living area. Fuck.

“Sorry!” I called out. “Butt-dial!”

“Okay, bro!” Spencer yelled back.

From that, I had to assume that this uber-bro guy in my apartment had somehow stolen Spencer’s phone. This was all getting very weird. I’d seen movies and TV shows about spies being sent to fake versions of the places they lived in, surrounded by people and objects that looked like the world they were familiar with, but were ever so slightly off that the spy could tell.

But I wasn’t a spy, this wasn’t TV, and this version of my apartment was so flagrantly different that it wouldn’t have worked anyway.

I wasn’t sure at all what to try next, so I emailed the building super and asked him to check on our unit and see who was there. I made up a story about getting mugged and losing my keys. I wasn’t expecting to hear back soon, so I put my phone away.

“Hey,” the living fashion doll named Hope said to me as she walked past. “You should come with us to the gym,” she said as she headed into Trent’s room, which I guess made sense if you accepted Trent not being gay and now having a girlfriend who was hotter than the tailpipe to a ’66 Shelby Cobra. “Do you know where Trent keeps his gym bag?” She asked.

That meant I was going in. As I did, Hope reached behind her back and undid the bikini strands holding her mammoth breasts in place. The top fell to the floor, I guess, but my eyes were not really focused on that for the moment. She was incredible. Round, perky, flawless. Presumably warm and soft, too, but that wasn’t something I could verify.

“What are you doing?” I asked, wondering exactly what had prompted her to show me the meaning of life.

“Huh?” She said as her sarong came off. I quickly turned around, not wanting to look like a pervert, and to save me from my less noble impulses.

Fortunately, the bag she was looking for was right in front of me, which gave me something to do. “Here we go, I found it,” I said, loudly and deliberately. I picked it up, and needing to give this girl as much time as possible to finish whatever she was doing, I unzipped the bag and rifled through it. “Ah, yes everything seems to be here...” I said, taking as long as I could. “Yes, yes, shirt, shorts, shoes... It all seems to be in order...”

“Great, I’ll take it to him,” Hope said.

I turned around, and thankfully, yet regrettably, she was now fully dressed in a grey and pink workout outfit. I gratefully handed over the bag, and diverted my eyes again so I wasn’t outright gawking at her unbelievably tempting breasts.

“Thanks!” She said. “Um, are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” I said, looking intently at the ceiling. “Why?”

“Because you won’t look at my boobs,” Hope said. “Are you, like, having a stroke or something?”

“No, I just... I don’t want to be a pervert.”

“Oh! Okay! I guess that makes sense?” Hope didn’t look like she was used to thinking too hard — or at all, really. “You should really come to the gym with us. You need, like, a thousand more muscles.”

I was proud of my build, but compared to the underwear models who were now living with me, I guess I didn’t compare as well. “I’ll think about it,” I said, and then headed out of the room as quickly as possible.

The only thing I had really gotten out of that conversation was that this Hope girl had her clothes in fake Trent’s room, which probably meant she either lived with him or spent a lot of her time here.

I checked Chad’s room very briefly, and saw a few female garments lying around, which indicated that Yolanda — what a name — was living with Chad. So this was the new way here, I guess. That meant I had to check Spencer’s room too.

Yes, I found what I hoped not to find. A closet with dresses, drawers with panties and makeup on top of a dresser. I had to assume it was all for Spencer’s girlfriend, which was certainly not Sandra, judging by how slutty it all was. She’d never fit in any of it, nor would she even tolerate them.

I left quickly, curious as hell, but I didn’t want to get caught. The only place I could really go was back to was the living area, so I tried to look casual and nonchalant as I returned to where the roommate clones were talking.

By this time, Chad and Yolanda had moved to the large couch which was shaped in a 'C' and surrounded a round shaggy white rug. It was huge, twenty feet square, and made of suede. It was down a few steps on a lower level, and made for what some might call a conversation pit. It was a fuck pit, is what it was.

Trent walked past me and headed to his room, which left just me and Spencer. He was pulsing a blender to make a smoothie, so I decided it would be a good chance to talk.

"So, uh, Spencer," I began.

"Spence, my dude," he said. "Just Spence."

"Yeah, okay. Spence. I, uh, wanted to ask... Do you remember what you did yesterday?"

"You and I had a mondo workout, dude."

"Well, do you remember about the girl I was with earlier?"

"What girl?"

"Just a few minutes ago."

"What, you mean Sandra? What about her?"

Well, he knew who Sandra was, so that was interesting. "She had a little episode... Do you remember that?"

"Remember it? Dude, I was the one who drove you two back home! Yeah, I remember it."

"You remember what she did in the elevator?"

"Yeah, she pretended to jill off. That was pretty funny. Classic Sandra."

So he had Spencer's memories. Either he was being trained, or... I don't know who I was kidding. This wasn't a prank, or a weird spy operation or anything else. Either I was losing my mind, or I was losing my mind.

I stayed quiet and let the apparent strangers I lived with do whatever they were doing. Okay, I was mostly ogling the girls, but shortly, they dressed, exited and left, but not before asking me three more times if I was "going to the gym."

Once I was on my own, it was time to do a little more investigation.



I didn't get very far with my detective work. I had spent about an hour going through the apartment — well, I guess it was a condo now — and trying to find any hint of something irregular. There wasn't much to find. Their lives seemed to be a blank slate. No hobbies, no interests. I couldn't even figure out what these people did for a living. That was when Sandra came back.