**Becoming Lexie**

by ForeverNakedGirl

**Becoming Lexie part 1**

Alexandra didn't really remember the accident. She remembered being in the car, she remembered hearing the screeching of tires and not knowing which direction they were coming from, and then it all felt like a dream. A spinning motion, everything moving as though underwater, and then flashes of images. The sky through broken glass. Fire all around her, but with only a feeling of cold. Strange men in uniforms shouting at each other and speaking calmly to her. She wasn't sure what they were saying; couldn't speak back. And then a long darkness swallowed her up.

---

Alexandra, Alex to her friends, was 27 years old and exactly five feet tall. She had blonde hair, a heart-shaped face, and a slight build, verging on skinny, with breasts that were quite small when she was standing and disappeared when she laid on her back. To put it simply, she was cute, but cute had never been the focus of her life. She was a graduate student, getting a PhD in Women's and Gender Studies, with an emphasis in Queer Theory. Her mind was awash in the writings of Judith Butler, Jack Halberstam, and Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, not to mention the post-structuralists like Michel Foucault upon whose work all this was built. She had come out as a lesbian when she was 18, which had some influence on her desire to explore the workings of gender and sexuality. She didn't hate men, despite the stereotypes of women in her field, she just preferred women. Sexually, and if she was honest, socially as well.

She was also an orphan, and had been for years. Her father died of a heart attack when she was a child, and her mother of cancer when she was 20. They had left her a considerable amount of money. Her education was paid for, and she received a trust fund payment every month that was more than most people her age made working full time. So she was comfortable pursuing a life in academics, even in these times when most don't regard it as much of a career path.

In fact, she'd been on the way home from the bank when the accident happened. Her family's longtime banker had assured her that a diversified portfolio made certain that, despite problems in the larger economy, her inherited fortune continued to grow, and her payments would continue far into the future. Alex was dressed casually, as she usually was, in skinny blue jeans, an untucked black shirt, and oxblood red Doc Martens. She wasn't driving particularly fast- if she'd been the type who went in for that, she wouldn't have been driving a Prius. But as the light turned green and she accelerated into the intersection, she heard the sound of screeching tires. And then the spinning, the fire, the yelling, the blackness.

---
Alex woke up slowly. She felt no pain, but she wasn't sure where she was, couldn't remember going to bed. This wasn't the most comfortable bed she'd ever been in, and she felt slightly cold. Almost immediately, she realized this was because she was naked. She felt around the edge of the bed for sheets or blankets and found none. What she did find was some sort of metal railing. Where was she? And then as her naked body moved against the bed's soft surface, something else felt wrong. She reached down between her legs and gasped. Her pubic hair was gone! Alex had never shaved or waxed in her life. She wasn't the sort of judgmental feminist that looked down on other women for doing it, but it had never appealed to her. But now here she was, naked in this strange little bed with a railing, and as smooth down there as a child! She began to panic, attempted to sit up but was too weak and fell back against the pillow. At a loss for what else to do, she called out, "Hello! Where am I? Help me! Somebody! Help me!"

Then a door opened, a light flipped on. The woman coming through the door, she realized immediately, was a nurse, and this was a hospital room. "Good morning, sweetie!" said the nurse, a pleasant looking middle aged woman. "It's good to see you awake."

"What happened?" asked Alex, trying to think back, "Was I...?" She couldn't quite remember.

"You were in a car accident," said the nurse, "A real bad one they said, but you're going to be okay."

"Oh," said Alex, still trying to remember. She looked down at her naked body, feeling a flash of embarrassment. "Um... can I have a gown or something, or at least a sheet?"

The nurse looked sympathetic, but shook her head. "I'm afraid not. It's something to do with your treatment. We need to let your skin breathe right now. The Doctor will explain everything when he gets here."

Alex was confused. She was no expert on medicine of course, but she'd definitely never heard of anyone having to stay naked after a car accident. She looked down again. "Is that why they... shaved me?"

The nurse gave a friendly chuckle. "Nobody shaved you, Hon. That's just... Well, I better leave it to the Doctor to explain. He should be here in a couple of hours. For now, how about we get you some breakfast?"

"Okay." Alex didn't know what else to say, and she did feel hungry. "How long have I been here?" It suddenly occurred to her to ask.

"Well, let's see," said the nurse thoughtfully, "You came in on a Monday, and this is a Thursday..."

"It's been three days?" asked Alex.

"Oh no, Dear," the nurse shook her head. "You didn't get here this Monday. It was last Monday. Ten days."

"I was asleep for ten days?" asked Alex in disbelief.

"Something like that," said the Nurse. "Don't worry, the Doctor will answer all your questions. You really are going to be fine. I'm going to go let some people know you're awake. Buzz me if you need anything." And with that she was out the door.

A few minutes later the door opened again, and a different nurse entered. This one was young, black, and very pretty. Alex was immediately embarrassed to be lying in bed naked with no covers, but there wasn't much she could do. She sort of half-heartedly crossed her legs, and threw an arm over her breasts. The nurse smiled. "Don't worry, you've got nothing I haven't seen before. In fact, I've been seeing yours for a week and a half; you just weren't awake to be embarrassed."

Now for the first time, Alex thought about the fact that she hadn't just been asleep for a week and a half. She'd apparently been asleep naked and uncovered, with people coming and going, taking care of her, and probably inspecting her body for whatever was wrong with it. And what was wrong with it? Despite her weakness, Alex seemed to be able to move just fine. She could feel her toes. And when she looked down at herself, she didn't see so much as a scratch or a bruise. But the first nurse had said it was a bad accident. None of this made any sense.

"I'm going to need that arm," said the pretty nurse, who was standing next to the bed and holding a blood pressure meter. Alex offered her arm, leaving her breasts uncovered. She also relaxed her legs, realizing the nurse was right that there was no point in trying to hide her body.

And hopefully when the Doctor arrived, all of her questions would be answered.

**Becoming Lexie part 2**

The nurse was still taking Alex’s blood pressure when a young red-haired man came through the door pushing a cart of breakfast trays. When he saw Alex laying there naked, he stopped short, averted his eyes, and said, “Oh I’m sorry! I can come back in a few minutes.”

Alex blushed, opening her mouth but not knowing what to say. The nurse spoke up first, “No, go ahead. She’ll be just as naked later on, and she probably needs the food.” She finished noting Alex’s blood pressure, removed the cuff, and helpfully raised the upper part of the motorized bed, so Alex could sit up for breakfast.

The man pushed the cart further into the room, looking Alex over. “Oh, I see,” he said, “You must be the girl who had the…”

“That’s right,” the nurse interrupted, “Dr. Durand’s star patient.”

Alex looked back and forth between them. “I’m sorry, what did I have?”

“Well, you had an accident, of course,” said the nurse, giving the young man a stern look, “And Dr. Durand made you better. He’ll explain more about how he did it when he gets here this morning.”

The redhead put Alex’s breakfast on the tray attached to her bed and swung it around in front of her, lifting the cover off the plate as he did so. There were scrambled eggs, toast, and ham, with orange juice and milk to drink. It was just hospital food, but as soon as Alex saw it she realized just how hungry she was. “Oh thank you,” she said, smiling up at the man.

“You’re welcome,” he said, his eyes wandering down to her little breasts, more evident now that she was sitting up. Then he caught himself and looked away, turning back toward his cart. “I have more breakfasts to deliver, but just let one of your nurses know if there’s anything else I can bring you.”

“I will, thanks,” called Alex as he went out the door. She had noticed him looking at her chest, but at the moment that was the least of her concerns. Anyway, she was already devouring her food. Meanwhile the young nurse moved toward the door as well, and then turned back to Alex.

“I’m Olivia,” she said. “I’m here for the whole morning shift, so I’ll be in to see you a few more times. And if I’m not here and you need someone, you can always hit the call button.” And she was gone, closing the door behind her.

After she finished her breakfast, Alex pushed the tray away and sat, thinking. As she looked down at her exposed body, something struck her as odd. She didn’t just seem to be lacking any signs of injury from her accident- it almost seemed as if her body was more flawless than it had ever been.

She brought her right foot up close to her torso and bent down to look at it. Her sole and her toes were softer than seemed normal, lacking calluses. And the healing blister she almost always had on her ankle from those awesome-looking but uncomfortable boots she liked to wear out… that was missing too. She examined her left foot and found the same. She also realized that her legs were perfectly smooth, lacking even the hint of stubble. She shaved them regularly in the summer, but obviously not while she was in a coma. Someone else must have… but the nurse had said nobody shaved her.

She remembered a scar she’d had since childhood, a pale jagged line just a couple of inches long near her right elbow, where she’d cut herself on a broken window and needed stitches. She brought her arm up close to her face and looked. The scar was gone! Not only that, she now realized that her arms were hairless too, lacking the barely noticeable light blonde hair they’d previously had. What was going on? Her skin… it was like it wasn’t her skin anymore, and all her hair was…

All her hair? Both hands flew to her scalp, and she finally exhaled when she was reassured that she still had hair there, at least. Although, wasn’t it longer than it should be? Her hair felt shaggy, in fact it hung over the tops of her ears, but she remembered getting it cut- buzzed on the sides as usual, longer on top- just a few days ago. Well, a few days before her coma, anyway, but that still didn’t seem enough time for it to be this long. Then, as she ran her fingers through her hair, confused, she felt something else. She explored with her fingers and realized she was right. There was a scar on her scalp, a straight line curving from just behind her right temple toward the back of her head. It seemed fresh too- it hurt when she put pressure on it.

She must have hurt her head in the accident. But that didn’t explain why it seemed to be her only wound, including ones she’d had before the accident. She laid back against the elevated bed, going over all this in her mind, trying to make sense of it but knowing she wouldn’t. And slowly, softly, Alex began to cry. This wasn’t like her – she had barely cried since her mother died – but now the tears came easily. And that was how the red-haired man found her when he came back to pick up her breakfast dishes. “Oh…” he said awkwardly, stepping toward her, “Sorry for intruding, Miss. Is there, um, anything I can do?” He stood by her bed, not sure what to do with his hands. He was trying to not behave inappropriately toward this attractive and totally exposed patient, but he did feel bad for her.

And without warning, Alex threw her arms around him in a hug, pulling him close and resting her face against his chest. She was never this affectionate toward men, even the ones she knew, but right now she just needed to feel the warmth of another person. “I don’t know what’s happening to me,” she said between sobs.

He put his arms around her, feeling the bones of her shoulder blades, the warmth of her bare skin. “Shhh,” he said, “You’re going to be okay. They’re going to make you okay.” And they stayed like that, him standing by the bed with her leaning against him, until the Doctor walked in. “Dr. Durand!” he exclaimed, suddenly ending the hug, “I was, uh, just comforting Miss Connolly.”

“I’m sure you were,” said the Doctor with a stern warmth, “And I have no doubt it’s helpful, but I do need speak to Miss Connolly privately.”

“Of course,” said the younger man. He looked back at Alex and said, “You just let the nurses know if you need anything. Otherwise I’ll see you at lunch.” And then he took the dirty dishes and left, leaving her alone with Dr. Durand.

Durand was a handsome dark-haired man in his fifties, wearing a tie and a white coat rather than hospital scrubs. He walked around to the other side of the bed, looking over Alex’s body as she wiped her eyes and nose. “How are you feeling, Alexandra?” he asked.

“Alex, please,” she answered, “I actually feel fine, Doctor. Nothing hurts, but I don’t understand why...”

“Why you’re being kept naked?” finished Doctor Durand. “I assumed that would be your biggest question at this point.”

“Yes,” said Alex, blushing, “They won’t even get me a sheet.”

“Well,” said the Doctor, “Let me say first that I’m thrilled with what a success your treatment has been. It was an experiment- a new treatment I had been developing- but it was the only real option for you. You see, when that truck hit you, the gas tank exploded. When you were brought in to the ER, you had serious burns over 80% of your body.”

“Burns?” She looked down at her flawless, bare skin. “But I’m not…”

“As I said, the treatment was a huge success. You see, I had been working with stem cells on new regenerative techniques. The ER called me when they thought my work might be your best shot. With the help of my treatment, your body was able to completely regenerate its epidermal layer.” He gestured to her body. “Your skin is unburnt, in short, because you have a whole new skin.”

It was starting to make sense now: the lack of visible injuries, the missing scar and blisters. “Is that why I don’t have, um, any hair?”

He pointed to her scalp, “Well, fortunately, we were able to grow you some hair on your head. You also have eyelashes and eyebrows, although you may find the latter are sparser than they were before.” Then he looked toward her lower body. “But yes, this is all new, of course, but it looks like you’ll be hairless from the neck down from here on. I don’t expect any regrowth.” He smiled slightly. “I don’t imagine that’s bad news, I mean for most women it wouldn’t be.”

“That’s not…” thoughts were flooding her head, but this man had saved her life, and she didn’t want to lecture him just now on gendered beauty expectations, “That’s fine, I guess. What did you say about my eyebrows?”

“Oh, have you not seen your face?” He turned and opened a drawer in the cabinet by the wall.

“My face?” Before she could wonder further, Dr. Durand handed Alex a hand mirror, which she held up and gazed into. Her eyebrows were thinner than they’d been before, and lighter in color. But with her blonde hair, that didn’t look so odd. It was other aspects of her face that caused her jaw to drop. Just as the scars and blisters were gone from her arms and legs, so were the little lines around her eyes, and the slight bags under them, that had begun to appear as she aged into her late twenties. She was only 27, and her face could not have been called old before. But it had no longer been flawlessly young either. Despite being extremely petite, it had been years since she’d been carded at a bar. Now she had the smooth, perfect face of an uncommonly lucky teenager. “I look so young! Weird.”

“Yes,” nodded the Doctor. “That’s one of the side effects of your new skin. And it should take some time before that face shows any age. Probably at least as long as it did the first time.”

“One of the side effects…” repeated Alex, still looking in the mirror. Then, she suddenly looked back at the Doctor. “Wait, you still haven’t told me why I’m naked.”

“Oh yes,” said Dr. Durand. “I’m afraid that’s the other major side effect. It should only be temporary, but your new skin is showing a tendency toward extreme inflammation when it’s covered or bound in any way. While we give it time to stabilize, we need to keep it exposed to open air.”

Alex nodded, unsure. “So by the time I get out of the hospital, I’ll be able to dress normally?”

Dr. Durand’s brow creased. “We have more tests to do, but it is our firm hope that eventually you will be able to wear clothes.”

Alex swallowed hard, her head swimming. “Eventually?”

**Becoming Lexie part 3**

Alex calmly placed the hand mirror on the table by her bed. “I promise you,” Dr. Durand was saying, “We’re doing everything we can to enable you to lead a normal life.”

A normal life requires wearing clothes, Alex was thinking, but she just nodded. Still, she was incredibly lucky, she told herself. As hard as it was to believe, she’d been horribly burned. If it hadn’t been for this doctor, she’d be horribly disfigured or dead. She might have even lost limbs. She could have been a grotesque creature in a wheelchair, if not a corpse. Instead she looked the best she had in years, and just had to go naked for a little while. Surely that was a more than fair trade?

Dr. Durand was still talking, but Alex was mostly lost in her own thoughts, when the door opened and another doctor entered. This one was an attractive brown-skinned woman in her forties, who was also wearing a white coat over nice clothes. “Dr. Samtani,” said Dr. Durand, “I’m glad you’re here. I was just about done explaining my part in Miss Connolly’s treatment. So I suppose it’s your turn.”

“Hello Alexandra,” said the new doctor with a smile. She was the first person today that didn’t seem to look at Alex’s body at all. “I’m your neurologist, Dr. Samtani.”

“Oh,” said Alex, her hand instinctively going to the scar on her scalp, “Was I… badly hurt?”

“We don’t think so,” said Dr. Samtani, “I can see now that your motor skills and speech are fine, and you obviously know who you are, so all of that is good. There was a bit of trauma to your brain, but nothing that most people can’t recover from and live perfectly normal lives. We will need to do some further tests in the next few days, though, now that you’re awake.”

The idea of brain injury was frightening, but Alex was relieved to know that it wasn’t too serious. “I’m ready whenever you are, Doctor. I’d rather not stay in this hospital for the rest of the summer.”

“That’s understandable,” said Dr. Samtani, “I’ll see what we can schedule right away. And I’m sure Dr. Durand can…” she turned to her colleague.

“Yes,” he said, “I’ll be scheduling some tests as well. Considering how alert and ready to go you seem to be today, I’d say if everything goes well, we ought to be able to have you out of here in about a week. Does that work for you, Doctor?”

“A week sounds reasonable,” replied Dr. Samtani, “If nothing unexpected and serious comes up in your tests.”

“Okay,” said Alex, “So I was unconscious for so long… we’re in… what, mid-June now?”

Dr. Samtani smiled, “That’s right. Today’s the 17th. Just out of curiosity, can you tell me the year?”

“2014,” Alex answered quickly, “Did I pass?”

“You did. I thought you would. Like I said, any brain damage you’ve had is clearly not severe at all.”

The two doctors again promised to schedule their tests soon, said friendly goodbyes to Alex, and left together. Alex was alone again. She was feeling more positive at the moment, though. She seemed to be meeting the doctors’ expectations, and she was hopefully going home in a week. Of course, a whole week in the hospital while not in a coma would be pretty boring, but at least it wasn’t longer. And anyway, it’s not like she could go home now, since she couldn’t wear any clothes. But surely in a week that problem would be solved. Alex began to wonder what would happen if it wasn’t, but quickly put that thought out of her mind.

She began thinking about the other people in her life, and wondering if they knew what had become of her. She had no family, and this being summer quite a few of her grad student friends were out of town. She wasn’t dating anyone. It had only been a few months since she’d broken up, quite messily, with Laurel, and she’d been doing her best to take time to put herself first.

But Gina, at least, must have found her by now. Gina had been her best friend since college, and at the moment was also her roommate. Alex was able to afford a nice apartment on her own, thanks to that family money, but Gina wasn’t so lucky. She’d been laid off from her teaching job a few months earlier, and Alex had offered her the spare bedroom while she figured out her next move. It wasn’t a burden on Alex at all. She loved having Gina around, and Gina was always quick to help with the cooking and cleaning.

Gina also dated women – although unlike Alex she dated men as well – but the two of them had never been involved. They’d been friends for years by the time they were both single at once, and it just seemed like a bad idea to rock the boat. They were often mistaken for a couple, just because of the amount of time they spent together. In fact, they had a beach trip to Italy planned in July – Alex hoped she’d have a clean bill of health by then. Alex was paying for everything, but Gina had something important to contribute as well, thanks to what she’d gotten from her own parents: A passable fluency in the Italian language. Her parents were immigrants, and Gina (full name Angelina Fabrizia Patrinelli) had grown up speaking Italian with them at home.

Alex was lost in thought until she drifted off to sleep – apparently even after ten days of sleep, her body wanted more. She was woken up by the red-haired man bringing her lunch. He acted more distant and awkward now – perhaps he’d been reprimanded for that hug? But she did finally learn his name: Simon. Alex turned on the TV while she ate, looking for a news channel to see if she’d missed anything in the world by sleeping for ten days. Everything outside of her life seemed much the same, however.

As she was finishing her lunch, there was a knock on the door. She didn’t know who it could be, especially since the hospital staff didn’t seem to knock, and it felt odd in that moment to be caught naked with nothing to put on or cover herself with. But there was nothing she could do about that, so she called, “Come in!” Alex was delighted to see Gina enter the room, just as Gina was grinning to see Alex awake.

“Still naked, I see,” said Gina as she hugged her. For Gina’s part, she was wearing an olive green tee shirt, blue jeans, and black sneakers, with a simple canvas shoulder bag. Her curly black hair was pulled back in a ponytail. They had both seen each other naked before, but it still felt odd to Alex, to be sitting there naked while her best friend was fully clothed. Gina explained that she had already visited several times while Alex was comatose, and that Dr. Durand had explained the reason for her nudity. “So when are you getting out of here? Have they told you?” she finally asked.

“They said about a week if all the tests go well.”

“That’s not too bad,” said Gina. “I can come visit you plenty. If you don’t mind having me here while you’re… in the altogether.” She giggled, conspicuously looking up and down Alex’s body.

“No, I’d rather have you here,” said Alex with a smile.

“I figured,” said Gina, “Anyway, you probably like showing off, now that you’re basically seventeen again.”

“Actually, that’s pretty weird. Looking younger, I mean. Will people still take me seriously as an academic?”

“Probably even more so. Once they see how smart you are, they’ll think you’re some kind of prodigy.”

Alex sighed. “It might depend on if I can wear clothes by then.” She explained how evasive the Doctor had been about when she’d be able to get dressed, and Gina did her best to reassure her friend that it would all be okay by the time she came home.

Gina pulled an armchair from the corner of the room and sat down next to Alex’s bedside. Then the two of them talked, catching up on a week’s worth of gossip about their friends, Gina’s ongoing job search, and their shared excitement about the Italy trip that now appeared to still be on. Occasionally nurses or orderlies would interrupt them with business to take care of, but Alex felt better about this whole hospital experience now that her friend was with her. When Alex’s dinner was delivered, however, Gina stood up and said that she’d better go home and get something to eat herself. She promised to return the next day, and bring some items from home and maybe some outside food.

As she was about to leave, she said, “Oh, I almost forgot! I went ahead and brought you this.” She reached in to her bag and pulled out Alex’s paperback copy of “Just Kids” by Patti Smith. Alex had been about two thirds of the way through the book before her accident, and was excited to have something to read. She thanked Gina for the book and for generally being there for her, they hugged, and Gina left.

After she’d finished her dinner, Alex picked up the Patti Smith book and opened it to her bookmarked page. Nothing seemed familiar, and she couldn’t find quite where she’d left off. Confused, she flipped back a few pages, and still recognized nothing. She thought for a long moment, and realized that although she remembered buying the book and reading more than half of it, she couldn’t actually bring to mind a single specific incident that had occurred in it. Not knowing what else to do, she turned back to the first page and started the book again.

**Becoming Lexie part 4**

The next morning, Alex was woken up by Olivia, the attractive young nurse. She was carrying a tray with a large bottle of something on it. They had a relatively normal exchange of good mornings, both doing their best to ignore Alex’s nudity, and then Olivia paused, looking the naked girl over, and said, “Okay, this may be a little weird now that you’re awake, but we have to do it.”

“Do what?” asked Alex.

Olivia gestured to the bottle. “I have to put this special lotion all over your skin, to help with the healing process.”

“Oh…” said Alex, looking down at herself and blushing, “Can’t I just do it myself? You could just do my back.”

Olivia shook her head. “For right now, the doctor wants me to do it, to make sure it’s consistent. Do you want to do it standing up or lying down?”

“Let’s do it standing. I feel like that will be a little less… weird.” Olivia lowered the bar on the right side of the hospital bed, and took Alex’s hand, helping her to her feet. Alex was still a little unsteady, but she stood without too much trouble. It felt good just to be out of the bed. Olivia pulled on a pair of latex gloves and squeezed a large amount of lotion onto her hands.

She started at Alex’s shoulders, gently smoothing the lotion over her skin. She then made her way up Alex’s neck and toward her face. Alex let out a slight nervous giggle. “Sorry honey,” said Olivia, “I know this is awkward. Close your eyes…” Alex felt Olivia’s fingertips trace her eyelids. “Okay you can open them again.” Her fingers moved around the edges of Alex’s hairline. “I can’t believe how fast your hair is growing. It’s already over your ears.”

“Yeah, it does seem fast. It was really short when I… had the accident.”

“Oh, you don’t even understand,” responded Olivia with a hint of a smirk, “You were bald three days ago. I’m pretty sure this new hair Durand gave you grows way faster than normal.”

“Oh…” said Alex, “So it’s like the opposite of the rest of my body.”

Olivia looked down. “Pretty much.” She got more lotion, and worked her hands over Alex’s shoulders and arms, one by one. When she renewed the lotion a third time, the real awkwardness couldn’t be delayed any farther. She ran her hands down Alex’s chest, massaging the lotion into Alex’s small breasts and large nipples. Alex gasped slightly, and then blushed that she’d gasped. “Sorry,” said Olivia, who looked away, trying to lower the intimacy of the moment. Alex knew Olivia was probably straight, and had no idea that Alex was not. She didn’t want to give it away and make the situation more any more uncomfortable.

“How often do we have to do this?” asked Alex as Olivia’s hands moved down to her ribcage and stomach.

“Just once a day, first thing,” replied Olivia as she added more lotion. And then, wanting to avoid an awkward buildup, she ran a hand down Alex’s pelvis and between her legs, her gloved fingers moving down Alex’s slit, and then back up again, as she worked the lotion into the bald skin of Alex’s labia. Alex, surprised by how quickly this happened, involuntarily let out a soft moan, and then turned bright red when she realized what she’d done. As Olivia worked her hands back out to the outside of Alex’s hips and thighs, she noticed the extent of the naked girl’s embarrassment. “It’s okay. People react in all sorts of embarrassing ways in the hospital. I’ve seen much worse, believe me. And you’ve been stuck here going on two weeks, so it’s not like you’ve had any men touching you.”

Not like I’ve had any men touching me ever, thought Alex, but she felt more at ease now, and relaxed considerably as Olivia applied the lotion to her legs. She then turned to face the bed so Olivia could do her back. It was a little weird when the nurse’s hands traced over every inch of her butt, but after what she’d touched already it didn’t compare. When her whole body was done, Olivia helped her back into the bed and applied the lotion to her feet. “There we go,” said the nurse, “That wasn’t so bad.” Alex had to admit to herself that it really wasn’t bad at all.

---
Although Alex had been concerned that a week in the hospital would be extremely boring, the next few days were consumed in a whirlwind of activity. Dr. Samtani was subjecting her to a wide variety of tests, from lying in giant scanning machines to asking questions about her personal life and things she’d learned in school. Some of these tests the doctor was present for, and others were simply conducted by technicians and specialists.

Meanwhile Dr. Durand’s tests were both much simpler and much weirder. She stood in rooms that were adjusted to various temperatures, and was asked how she felt. Different materials and substances were held against her skin for different lengths of time. Sometimes she was even given different garments to wear, but that just led to Alex gaining an understanding of why she was being kept naked—anytime she wore anything for more than about a minute, she felt uncomfortably hot, and after about another minute that heat turning into a searing pain that shot through her body. She could barely wait for the doctor to instruct her to take off whatever she put on, because she felt such an intense need to do it herself.

Of course, the other thing about all of these tests is that she had to move throughout what seemed like the entire hospital, all while staying totally naked. Sometimes she would be led past a waiting room full of clothed people, who stared openly at the naked girl. Of course, they all took her for a young teenager, and so most of the looks she got were just a mix of bemusement and pity. Once, when she was waiting on a CT scan, the orderly actually sat her down in the waiting room with six other patients of varying ages, all fully clothed of course. Alex blushed as she took a magazine from the table and put it over her lap, keeping an arm over her chest, but there was just no way to make this feel normal.

Gina visited her every day, hanging out with her in between her tests and sometimes waiting while she took them. They talked about their upcoming vacation to Italy, being deliberately optimistic that everything would be normal by then. At one point, Gina commented, “Of course, if you have to, you can get away with being naked on most Italian beaches. I’m just saying…”

“Let’s hope it doesn’t come to that,” was all Alex said. She had to admit, though, if she thought about it, that being naked was feeling more normal every day. And it was certainly better than the pain she felt when she tried to wear clothes. But that was inside the hospital. Out in the world, things would feel very different, and she knew clothes were going to be necessary soon.

Her only other guest that week was Morris Millington, her family’s lawyer. A buttoned-up man in his sixties who’d known Alex since she was a child, he was more embarrassed by her nudity than she was. Sitting in the chair by her bed and facing slightly away from her, he explained that he was taking action against the trucking company whose driver had hit her. “You don’t need the money, of course,” he said, “But the principle is important. Especially in light of the emotional distress that’s obviously being caused by… I mean, even if you are able to dress again soon…”

“If there’s a financial reward for the emotional distress caused by my nakedness,” said Alex with a laugh, “You should get to keep some of it yourself.”

“You bet I will,” he said, smiling, “Surely you know that lawyers don’t work for free.”

Fortunately Alex was able to avoid an equally embarrassing meeting with her accountant by talking to him on the phone. He assured her that if she needed any money beyond her usual payments to deal with her healthcare needs, assuming there was anything that her already excellent medical insurance didn’t pay for, he would be able to free up those funds. She was grateful to hear that.

---
On the fifth day there was a breakthrough in Dr. Durand’s tests. She entered the usual temperature-controlled room, and the female technician there handed her what turned out to be a string bikini. She’d never worn such a thing, preferring more modest suits, but the technician helped her put it on. Two small triangles of cloth covered her breasts, and an inverted triangle not much larger barely covered her crotch. The thong back didn’t cover her ass at all. Alex turned to the glass panel through which Dr. Durand was watching and smiled sheepishly. “Well, this isn’t much different than being naked, but it feels okay, so far, in fact… oh no…” She could feel the uncomfortable heat, starting between her legs and spreading, quickly accelerating toward that unbearable pain she’d already felt too many times. As her face twisted into a grimace, she reached for the ties at back of her top.

“Wait!” called out Dr. Durand, “Take off the bottom first.” Alex did as she was told, untying the sides of the bikini bottom and letting it fall to the floor. As soon as it was off, the discomfort began to subside. She reached again for the top but then stopped, realizing she didn’t need to. She felt fine. Durand looked at the female tech, saying, “Give her the other garment.”

Alex, feeling weird in a bikini top and nothing else, took the piece of cloth the woman offered her. She quickly realized that it was a mini skirt—pleated, lightweight, and very short, almost like a cheerleading skirt. She stepped into it and pulled it up. It was so short that to get it to come down past her crotch she had to wear it low enough that her hipbones were visible above it, and even then she wasn’t sure it covered her ass. But she adjusted it as best she could and then stood there, waiting for the pain. The pain never came. After ten minutes, Dr. Durand said, “Well, it looks like we’ve made a breakthrough. Look at you, Miss Connolly: you’re dressed.”

Alex looked down at herself, in the tiny string bikini top and ultra-micro-mini-skirt. “Well, I wouldn’t call it dressed, exactly, but it’s not naked either.”

“And that’s a step in the right direction, I’d say,” responded the doctor. “For now, though, you should go ahead and take it off.”

“Really?” asked Alex. “I don’t get to stay… sort of dressed?”

“I don’t think we want to push our luck just now,” replied Dr. Durand, and Alex removed the skimpy clothes and handed them back.

When she got back to her room, Alex went into the bathroom and looked at herself in the large mirror. She still couldn’t get used to how young she looked now—definitely more like a teenager than the woman in her late twenties she actually was. Of course, her barely-there breasts and height of five feet added to that effect, not to mentioned that she was now hairless from the neck down, apparently for good. The hair on her head was another matter. There was no doubt now that it was growing ridiculously fast. It was inches longer than it had been when she came out of her coma five days ago. In another few days it would be down to her shoulders. This all felt very weird, and the fact that she’d been stuck in the hospital all this time just added to that… or did it alleviate it? What would it be like to go out into the world, back to her apartment and her friends and her work, with her new younger face and hairless body and long super-fast-growing hair on her head? And what about clothes? She was able to keep something on today, at least for a little bit, so that part seemed to be getting better at least.

**Becoming Lexie part 5**

The next morning, just after breakfast, Dr. Samtani came to see her. Alex was sitting up in her bed, still naked and with no sheets or blankets, watching television. She no longer felt weird about people coming into the room, and had long since given up covering herself, especially in front of the doctors. “If you don’t mind turning off the television, Alexandra, I have the results of your tests.”

Alex suddenly felt a pang of nervousness as she shut off the television. “Am I okay, Doctor?” she asked, trying to sound light-hearted.

“You are definitely okay,” said Dr. Samtani, glancing down at her clipboard. “But I can’t say you are exactly the same as you were before.”

“Well, you didn’t know me before,” said Alex, but she still felt worried.

“True,” said the Doctor, “But I know a lot about the brain, and I’ve spent some time now looking at yours. You do have some damage to your frontal lobe. Nothing serious, but you may find yourself a bit more impulsive than you were before. You’re lucky that you aren’t one of those accident survivors who has to relearn how to read or write or walk. But you may find you have to relearn how to make good decisions. You may also find that you’re more vulnerable to suggestion. More likely to do what someone tells you to without questioning it.”

“I’ll have to relearn my problem with authority too, I guess,” said Alex. She was still trying to seem unconcerned, but it freaked her out to hear that her personality had been altered in ways she hadn’t even noticed yet. In ways that, she couldn’t help but feeling, made her weaker. But still, at least it wasn’t her intelligence that was affected. That was the important thing.

“There’s one more thing,” said Dr. Samtani, “There’s a section of the brain that research has found stores knowledge that you’ve gained through reading and formal education. The ‘book learning’ section, you might say. This section of your brain has a very small lesion on it.”

“That’s why I had to reread my book!” exclaimed Alex.

“Yes,” nodded the Doctor. “The lesion causes a retrograde amnesia, so the last thing you read is the first thing you lost. But from all the testing we gave you, your education prior to this summer seems entirely intact.”

“That’s good,” said Alex. “I’ve put a lot of effort and money into that education.”

Samtani smiled, “Believe me, as a neurosurgeon, I understand exactly what you mean. Now, as for the future, as long as your brain doesn’t become inflamed for any reason, the lesion shouldn’t give you any further trouble.”

Alex nodded, “How do I keep my brain from becoming inflamed?”

“Well, for one thing, avoid getting into any more car accidents or fires,” said Dr. Samtani, “But really, it’s a rare occurrence. I wouldn’t worry too much if I were you. I’ll make sure to give you a list of situations to avoid. Oh… that reminds me, there’s one more bit of bad news. Because of your frontal lobe injury and the resulting possibility of problems with impulse control and decision making, you aren’t going to be able to drive for at least a year.”

To her own surprise, Alex found herself feeling a sense of relief. After all, her last drive hadn’t gone so well. “Oh… well, I guess I can make that work somehow.” She nearly said she could just get Gina to drive her around, but she realized she should probably talk to Gina about that.

“I have no doubt that you can,” said the Doctor, flipping through the pages of the clipboard. “That’s all I have for you. We’ll have all your details typed up for you when we send you home, which it looks like will be tomorrow. I was speaking with Dr. Durand earlier, and he agreed.”

Alex smiled. “Really? That’s great. But what about… you know, clothes?”

“Dr. Durand said he’d have that worked out by tomorrow morning. He seemed very optimistic that you’ll go home dressed.”

“That’s great!” said Alex. “I can’t wait to tell Gina.”

---
Gina came to visit that afternoon, and the two of them talked about that and other things. When Gina was lamenting the continued lack of callbacks regarding her resume, Alex spoke up. “Hey, I just had an idea. This might be weird, and if you don’t want to do it, I won’t hold it against you. But it looks like I might have a few lingering after-effects when I go home, the main one being not being able to drive. What if I hired you, as like, my assistant-slash-driver? I mean, I wouldn’t lord it over you or anything. You’d still be my best friend, but I’d give you some money every week, and the free room and board, and in return I wouldn’t have to feel guilty when I ask you to drive me places… or help put on lotion… or whatever.”

“That sounds great, actually,” said Gina. “I like driving you places anyway, but getting paid for it would be even better.”

“Great!” said Alex, “I’ll talk to my accountant and work out the money side of it after I get out of here. But you can start by driving me home tomorrow.”

“Well, I was going to do that anyway. Should I bring you some clothes?”

“I guess you’d better. Dr. Durand apparently expects me to get dressed tomorrow, but he hasn’t actually talked to me about it yet.”

---
In fact, Alex didn’t see Dr. Durand until the following morning, when Gina had already arrived. He came bearing a clipboard and a small plastic bag. “Good morning, Alex,” he said with a smile. “Excited to be getting out of here today?”

“Yes,” grinned Alex, “And to get dressed… um, hopefully.”

Durand nodded. “Yes, let’s talk about that. I think I have things pretty well figured out after all your tests. Do you mind if I go over it now with your friend here, or should we discuss it privately?”

Alex and Gina exchanged a look. “Oh, go ahead,” said Alex, “I just tell her everything anyway.”

“Okay,” said the Doctor, looking down at his clipboard. “As you know, your skin has been reacting poorly to most clothing, but the problem seems centered in some areas more than others. The problem areas appear to be your shoulders and upper arms, the area around your navel, your legs down to your knees, and um…” he paused awkwardly, “the area between your genitals and your anus.”

Alex blushed, looking at Gina, whose mouth was hanging open.

“At least for right now, you should be able to dress, for at least part of the day, as long as you leave those areas free. So no shirts with sleeves, no shirts that come down to your navel or lower. No underwear or pants—I’ve afraid you’re going to have to stick to short skirts for now. I realize this may sound difficult…”

“It sounds ridiculous is what it sounds!” said Alex, “It sounds like some male fantasy of what I should wear! And… wait… what did you mean ‘for at least part of the day?’”

“Well,” Dr. Durand looked the closest to embarrassed that Alex had seen him, “For now, I have to recommend that when you’re in the privacy of your own home, you refrain from wearing clothes, like you’ve done here. Until your skin has had more time to adjust, we don’t want to overdo it. Of course, this also means that if you are wearing clothes, and you begin to feel burning or discomfort in your skin, you’ll need to disrobe as quickly as possible. Go inside, find a hiding place or whatever, and remain naked until the discomfort passes and you’re able to dress comfortably again.” He paused, giving her a serious look. “I assure you, I’m not trying to embarrass you. I just want to make sure that your recovery goes as well and as quickly as it possibly can, and hopefully soon you can dress just as you did before. But for now you need to be careful.”

Alex was near tears, trying to imagine having to spend half of every day naked, and the other half in clothes skimpier than she’d ever even considered wearing before the accident. How was she going to go back to grad school in the fall if she looked and dressed like some teenage slut? Seeing her distress, Gina took Alex’s hand and squeezed it. “You can do this, Alex,” she said, “And it’ll all be back to normal soon.”

“Your friend is right,” said Dr. Durand, “You’re obviously a very strong and determined young woman, and I know you can handle more than you think you can. I’ve typed everything I’ve told you up in a report, and put it in this folder with Dr. Samtani’s test results. I’m also giving you a prescription for the medicated lotion, which you’ll need to keep applying every morning for at least the next month. If you don’t have anyone to put in on for you, we can arrange a home nurse…”

“Oh, I can do it!” said Gina with a smile. “I saw the nurse doing it, and it seems easy enough.” Alex looked at her friend, feeling a sense of embarrassment but also comforted by the support.

“Oh good,” said the Doctor, “There are a couple more things. You need to refrain from drinking alcohol for the time being. And I also have to recommend that you stay away from men. Intercourse would be a bad idea for at least the next couple of months.” Alex and Gina both laughed at the absurdity of that comment.

Durand handed the folder to Alex, who let Gina take it and put it in the bag she’d brought with her. Gina frowned as she looked into the bag, and said, “Oh… Um, I’m afraid you won’t be able to wear the clothes I brought.” She sheepishly pulled out a pair of Alex’s jeans and a Bikini Kill tee shirt, along with a pair of black Chuck Taylors.

“The shoes will be fine, but I’m afraid the rest won’t,” said the Doctor, “But that’s okay. I brought clothes for you to wear home, Alex.” He opened the small plastic bag, and pulled out the same bikini top and pleated miniskirt that he’d had her wear in her last clothing test. He handed them to Alex.

“I can’t believe this is my life,” said Alex, looking at the tiny garments.

“The important thing is that you’re still alive, and healthy!” said Gina encouragingly. “Not to mention you look amazing! Let’s get out of this hospital so you can see the sun.”

“Okay,” said Alex. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and put on her sneakers, then stood up and put the clothes on, such as they were. Gina stood up and hugged her. Being next to her fully clothed friend in these skimpy clothes almost felt even weirder than being as naked as she’d been for the past several days. An orderly arrived with the wheelchair that every patient is required to ride out of the hospital. Alex sat down in it and fiddled with the little skirt, doing her best not to give everyone as much of a show as she had the last several times she’d moved through these hallways.

When they were outside in the heat of summer, Gina took Alex’s hand and helped her out of the chair. Excited to be out of the hospital, she followed her friend through the parking lot. Already, Alex had begun to notice people staring at her barely-covered body as she walked by them, but she supposed she’d get used to that. It looked like she’d have to.

**Becoming Lexie part 6**

Alex had a strange sense of foreboding as Gina pulled into the parking lot of their apartment building. She looked down again at the outfit Dr. Durand had given her: the pink string bikini top that barely covered her nearly-flat chest, and the pale blue pleated miniskirt, so absurdly short that she could feel the car’s upholstery against her bare butt. As she opened the car door, she tried to come up with a way to get out of the car without exposing her newly bald pussy to anyone who might be looking. In a skirt this short, though, there just wasn’t a way to avoid it. But of course, she knew she wasn’t famous and being followed by paparazzi, and anyway the parking lot wasn’t crowded, so she just slid out of the car as quickly as possible, standing up straight and tugging down on the edges of the skirt, looking around again to be sure nobody had seen the show.

As she and Gina walked up the path to the door, they passed their middle-aged next-door neighbor Ms. Steinberg. She gave Alex a dirty look as she took in her outfit, but it really wasn’t any different from the dirty looks she usually gave her. Alex supposed that in Ms. Steinberg’s worldview, there wasn’t much difference between a lesbian who dresses like a boy and one who dresses like a slut. Immorality was immorality in her old-fashioned mind, it seemed.

Gina unlocked the door and held it open for Alex, and they stepped into the kitchen. Alex was pleased but unsurprised to see that Gina had kept the place clean while she was in the hospital. “I’m so glad to be home!” exclaimed Alex as she moved from the kitchen into the living room and flopped down onto the couch.

“I know you are,” said Gina, smiling down at Alex as she followed her into the living room. “Don’t forget the doctor’s orders, though,” she added with a smirk.

Alex sighed. “Oh right, that.”

Gina smiled more broadly, pointing at Alex’s crotch. “I wouldn’t worry, what you’re wearing isn’t doing you much good anyway.” Alex looked down and blushed as she realized her skirt had come up when she laid down on the couch, and her entire slit was already visible. Without getting up, she reached down and slid the skirt off, bending her legs to do so, and then tossed it onto the coffee table. She turned onto her side to reach back and untie her bikini top, falling onto her back again as she pulled it off and put it with the skirt. The she kicked her shoes off onto the floor and relaxed again, totally naked. Gina sat down at her feet. “I know this is going to be hard to get used to,” said Gina, “But I’ll help any way I can.”

“Thanks,” said Alex. She looked thoughtful for a moment. “The first thing we’re going to have to do is get me some new clothes. I can’t just wear those same two things everywhere I go, but I’m pretty sure I can’t wear anything that’s in my closet either.”

“Yeah, I guess you can’t,” said Gina. “Do you want to go this afternoon? Maybe we could go out to dinner too, to celebrate you being out of the hospital.”

“That sounds nice,” responded Alex. “My new debit card should have come in the mail already… since my old one melted in my car or whatever.”

---
A few hours later, after some lying around and some showering, Gina and Alex prepared to leave for the mall. Gina was wearing jeans, Adidas sneakers, and a green tank top. Alex wasn’t wearing anything yet. She went through her stack of mail and found her new debit card, called the number to activate it. Then she had a thought. “Um, Gina, can you carry my card? I don’t have any pockets.”

“I guess you won’t for a while,” said Gina with a grin. “We’ll have to get you a purse while we’re out.”

Alex sighed. “I haven’t carried a purse since high school, but no pants means no pockets.” She handed Gina her debit card, adding, “I hope they don’t ask for ID.”

“Oh right, we’re going to have to get you a new one of those too. I didn’t think about that being in your car. And I guess you wouldn’t look much like your photo anymore anyway.” Gina put the debit card in her pocket and said, “You ready to go?”

“Just a second,” said Alex. She slipped her sneakers on, followed by the little skirt and the bikini top. Alex was still in disbelief that she had to go out in public in so little clothing, but she did her best to push such thoughts out of her mind. “It’s just for now,” she silently repeated to herself, “Things will be back to normal soon. Everything will be fine.”

A few minutes later they arrived at the mall, and Alex had to contend once again with the awkwardness of exiting the car. She opened the door and did her best to swing both of her legs over while keeping them together, but that only caused her skirt to ride up basically to her waist. She leapt out of the car and stood up quickly, looking around. She felt herself blushing, although there was nobody looking directly at her except for Gina, who just grinned and said, “You’ve got to get better at that, Britney Spears.”

“Shut up!” squealed Alex. “I’m still new at this.”

As they entered the mall, Alex looked at all the teenagers loitering around the entrance. The first thing she noticed was how many of them were staring at her, especially the boys. She couldn’t help but slow her stride a bit, self-conscious of how easily this insanely short skirt could billow up and show her pussy to anyone who might be looking. But then she started noticing the teenage girls, and realized most of them weren’t wearing much more than her. None of them were wearing bikini tops, but several had crop tops and halters that didn’t cover that much more. And while a few were wearing short shorts, the majority were wearing skirts no longer than hers. Of course, most of them were probably wearing underwear—in fact, some were showing off thong straps—but considering how little interest they showed in covering their bodies, she wouldn’t have been surprised if some weren’t. Alex supposed that among teenagers—the girls who actually were the age that her strange new face made her appear to be—she actually wouldn’t seem that oddly dressed or out of place. That was an oddly comforting realization.

Alex and Gina first went into one of the hip high-end clothing stores that they normally shopped in. Unfortunately, there were no clothes skimpy enough to meet Dr. Durand’s requirements. All of the shirts were too long to show the navel, and none of the skirts were that much shorter than knee-length. Also, the women working in the store kept giving Alex dirty looks. They tried another, similarly stylish shop and were met with the exact same problems. As they left the second store, Gina said, “Lex, I just don’t think the usual places are going to work.”

Alex sighed. “I hate to say it, but we need to go somewhere… younger.” She pointed to a store across the mall, which was swarming with teens. In the entrance were three female mannequins, and all of them were wearing crop tops and miniskirts, in various bright colors. The two of them crossed the mall and went in, and Alex immediately realized she was where she needed to be. The store had all sorts of super-short skirts and equally skimpy tops. Even the salesgirls were showing off their navels and legs. Alex immediately began going through the racks, piling every skirt and top that might fit her into her arms.

“You’re diving right in, huh?” said Gina with a smile.

“I might as well,” said Alex. “I never would have worn clothes like this before, but anything’s better than what I’ve got on now.” After she had found a selection of skirts and tops, she went back to the dressing room area. There was a triple mirror facing the sales floor, with three little rooms on either side. Alex was disappointed to see that the rooms didn’t have mirrors of their own.

“I’ll wait out here for when you need a second opinion,” said Gina, who took a seat on a bench next to the boyfriends of two girls who were currently changing.

Alex went into the little room and shut the door. She took off her top and skirt, and then examined the clothes she’d picked out. She first tried on a white tank top with a light grey skirt. She stepped out into the mirrored area to get a better look. As soon as she came out the door, the two boys were staring at her. She did her best to ignore them and focus on her friend. “What do you think?” she asked Gina.

“Cute,” said Gina. “If you’re comfortable with how the top looks on you, definitely get the outfit.” Not fully understanding, Alex turned toward the mirror. The skirt was perfect—longer than the one she’d come in wearing, but not long enough to be a problem. The top was simple, cropped a few inches above the navel and very tight. Alex quickly realized what Gina meant, however. The form fitting white fabric provided a perfect view of her nipples. Not just the shape, but a hint of the pink color too. Involuntarily, she glanced at the two teenage boys, who were still looking at her and grinning. Alex hurried back into the changing room.

Some of the clothes didn’t fit her at all, but most of them did. As she went in and out of the changing room, seeing herself in the mirror and seeing the way others looked at her, she found herself getting weirdly excited. She would never have chosen to dress this way, to have this hairless childlike body, to look like a teenager. And yet, she had to admit she looked pretty sexy in these clothes, and looking sexy didn’t feel so bad.

She pulled on a black miniskirt that was particularly tight, but she was pretty sure that’s how it was supposed to fit. She bent over her pile of clothes to find a black halter-top that matched it. Pulling the top on, she walked out of the changing room. Gina was looking down at her phone, but the two boys’ jaws dropped when they saw her this time. I must look amazing, thought Alex. She took several steps toward the bench and stopped. “How do I look, Gina?” she asked, striking a pose.

Gina looked horrified when she saw Alex. “Your skirt…!” she exclaimed. Alex turned toward the mirror. The top fit her perfectly. The tight black skirt, on the other hand, was riding up so high that her pussy was completely uncovered. Blushing as hard as she ever had, Alex let out a shriek as she ran back into the dressing room, hearing the boys laugh behind her. As she closed the door, she could hear Gina’s voice sounding angry, but didn’t listen to the words.

A moment later there was soft knock on the door. “You okay, babe?” came Gina’s voice. “I got rid of those little perverts. We can get out of here if you want.”

“No,” said Alex through the door. “I’m fine. Let’s finish this. That was my mistake anyway. I have to learn to be careful in such short skirts.”

“Okay,” said Gina, “I’ll be right out here.”

Although she was embarrassed, and certainly glad to be rid of those teenage voyeurs, Alex’s sense of excitement and arousal had not gone away. As she tried on her last few outfits and admired herself in the mirror, she was becoming fascinated by the idea of herself as a sexy young girl. It was something she’d avoided entirely, on purpose, when she really was a teenager, but now that she looked like one again the proposition kind of fascinated her.

Alex’s mind was in a million places at once as she took off the last skirt and top she tried on. Looking down at the mess she’d made of all these clothes, she divided them into a pile that fit, a pile she didn’t like regardless of size, and a pile she wanted to try on in a different size. She picked up the third pile of clothes and exited the dressing room, figuring Gina could help her find the other sizes. As soon as she walked out of the door, two girls who were walking toward the dressing rooms stopped short and stared at her. As she looked around, Alex noticed other people in the store were also starting to stare at her. Then Gina said, “Lex, what are you doing?”

Alex looked down, and realized that while she was dividing up the clothes she’d just tried on, she had left the bikini top and skirt she had come in wearing on the floor of the changing room. Now she was standing in front of everyone in the store, carrying a bunch of skimpy clothes in one hand, and wearing nothing but her shoes.

**Becoming Lexie part 7**

Alex shrieked, dropped the clothes she was carrying, and bolted back to the changing room. “What’s wrong with me?” she asked herself silently as she slammed the door, “Am I just not used to wearing clothes after my time in the hospital, or is there actually something wrong with my brain? Oh wait, of course there’s something wrong with my brain; the doctor warned me there was. Was it a mistake to leave home on my first day out?”

Her maelstrom of self-doubt was interrupted by the sound of Gina’s voice through the door. From her defensive tone, it sounded like she must be talking to a store manager or something. Alex leaned against the door to hear her saying, “…so sorry about that. She was in an accident recently, and she’s not quite herself.” Alex’s embarrassment grew as she heard her brain damage being offered – probably accurately – as an excuse for her behavior.

A different female voice replied, “It’s really not that big a deal, actually. Girls come in here and do that sort of thing all the time, on dares and whatnot. I just assumed that’s what it was.”

“No, I’m pretty sure that was a real accident,” replied Gina’s voice, “But I’m glad it’s not a big deal.”

“Of course not,” said the other voice, “After all, she’s just a teenager.”

“She’s just a teenager,” repeated Gina with only slight hesitation, “You’re right.”

Alex knew the lie made sense, and was easy to tell in the service of keeping them both out of trouble. She still felt humiliated though, for reasons she was trying not to dwell on. She picked up the clothes she’d arrived in, the tiny miniskirt and string bikini top, and began putting them on. As she was tying her top, Gina knocked on the door and spoke through it. “Hey Lexie. I picked up those clothes you dropped. Um… what should I do with them?”

“Those were the ones I liked, but they were too big. Can you find them all for me in one size smaller? I… really don’t want to be in this store much longer.” Dressed now, she opened the door to see Gina’s sympathetic face.

“Sure. If you want to take off, I can pay for your clothes and meet you somewhere.”

“That sounds great, actually,” said Alex. She gathered the clothes that had fit and handed them to Gina. “Get these in this size, and the others a size smaller, and don’t get them mixed up.”

Gina nodded, a pile of clothes under each arm. “Don’t worry, I’ll be careful. I wouldn’t want you to have any more wardrobe malfunctions. And I’ve already got your card. Where should I find you?”

Alex thought for a moment. “Let’s meet by the food court. I think there’s another store near there we might want to go to.”

“Sounds good,” answered Gina. “See you upstairs.”

Alex wasted no time getting out of the store, feeling the eyes and hearing the giggles of those who’d seen her accidental streak. She felt relieved when she stepped out into the mall and out of the dense crowd of teenagers that surrounded that particular store. Of course, she was still getting her share of looks, walking through the mall as scantily clad as she was.

As she walked toward the center of the mall, she realized she hadn’t quite been remembering the mall’s layout. She was thinking the food court was on this floor, but Gina had been right when she said “upstairs.” Alex sighed, looking down at her tiny micro-miniskirt, with no panties underneath it of course, and then up at the steep escalator she’d have to take to the second floor.

Well, thought Alex, this is my life now, and she stepped onto the escalator. The sides were glass, allowing for a view from the floor below, so she stood in the middle, one hand on each side. She faced forward, trying not to think about the view from behind. But then she heard the sound of laughter. Hesitantly, she looked down and saw four teenage girls riding several steps behind her. They were all looking up at her, and Alex could tell they were at the right angle to see up her skirt. Three were giggling, but the fourth looked embarrassed and annoyed by the other three.

Alex turned around and saw that the last person in front of her was stepping off the escalator. Blushing, she climbed the rest of the way as fast as she could, putting as much distance between her and the laughing teenagers as possible by the time she stepped off the escalator and hurried toward the food court.

The food court turned out to be quite crowded, but Alex didn’t really want a table anyway since she didn’t plan to eat. She found a bench at the edge and sat down, crossing her legs tightly to keep herself hidden. Hopefully Gina wouldn’t be too long, and then they could get on with their day.

Alex couldn’t help but notice who looked at her as they walked by, and how. Most of the boys and men looked at her with undisguised lust, staring at her mostly uncovered body as they passed. Most of the women looked at her with some form of derision—schoolgirl mockery from the young ones, and judgmental disapproval from the older generation. Of course, there were a few women who looked at her lustfully, and those were the looks that Alex actually enjoyed… or at least, the ones she enjoyed the most.

At first she didn’t even notice someone sitting down on the bench next to her, until the girl said, “Hey.” Alex looked to her left and took a moment to recognize the girl- she was one of the teenagers from the escalator! The only one who hadn’t been laughing at her, thankfully. She looked about fifteen, with long straight dark hair and freckles. She was wearing a black tee shirt and blue denim miniskirt.

“Oh,” said Alex, surprised, “Hi.”

“My name’s Maggie,” said the girl, “What’s your name?”

“I’m Alex.”

“Sorry about my friends,” said Maggie, “They’re bitches.”

Alex was surprised to find herself smiling. “If they’re bitches,” she asked, “Why are you friends with them?”

“Maybe I’m a bitch too,” said Maggie, “But not about the same stuff.” She looked Alex over. “I don’t think there’s anything wrong with, you know, not wearing very much.”

Alex laughed. “I’m glad somebody thinks that. I don’t have much choice about it.”

“No choice?” asked Maggie, looking fascinated, “Does somebody make you dress that way? I’d wear a lot less than this if I could get away with it.”

“It’s um…” Alex tried to decide how much to tell, “It’s a medical condition. My body’s kind of… allergic to being covered.”

“Wow.” Maggie went wide-eyed. “So you can’t even wear underwear?”

Alex blushed, wondering what was up with this girl but amused at the same time. “No, I can’t wear underwear.”

“I’m sure that’s hard, but I also think it’s kind of awesome. Let me tell you a secret…” Maggie turned all the way toward Alex, bringing her right leg up onto the bench while her left leg was still on the floor. This cause her short bluejean skirt to ride up so that when Alex looked down she could see Maggie’s pussy, as hairless as her own, beneath it. “I never wear any.”

“Oh.” Part of Alex’s brain was telling her this whole discussion was inappropriate, this girl was underage, but she was still intrigued about where all this was going, and it’s not like she was the one being forward. “Never ever?”

“Not if I can help it,” said Maggie, crossing her legs so she was covered again. “I have to fake it, or my Mom would get mad. But I put clean panties in the laundry and nobody notices.”

“Why go to the trouble?” asked Alex, “I mean, why go without? I have to, but you don’t.”

“But I like to,” said Maggie with an impish grin, “I always have. I gave up on underwear at the beginning of freshman year. I went without on a dare one day, and I liked it too much to stop. Don’t you like it better, going without?”

“I don’t know,” answered Alex, “I’m just getting used to it. It would be easier if I could wear pants, or at least a longer skirt.”

Maggie’s eyes got wide again, “Wow… you can hardly wear anything at all. I’ve never heard of that before.”

Alex nodded, “Yeah, it’s rare.”

“Hey,” said Maggie, “We should be friends. Can I have your phone number?”

“I’m, um, between phones,” said Alex.

“I’ll give you mine, then. Here.” She grabbed Alex’s left hand, took a pen from her purse, and wrote her phone number in Alex’s palm. Underneath it she scrawled “Maggie!”

Alex knew being friends with such a young girl was a bad idea, but she didn’t want to be rude. “Thanks,” was all she said.

“I gotta go,” said Maggie, “That’s my Mom over there.” She pointed and Alex saw a stern-looking woman in her thirties standing nearby. “It’s the worst, having to get a ride to and from the mall.”

“I know,” said Alex. “I have to too.”

“Nice to meet you, Alex,” said Maggie as she got up and walked away. “Text me when you get your new phone!”

Alex watched Maggie walk over to her mother, who seemed to speak sharply to her, although Alex couldn’t hear what she said. Then they walked back past her on their way to the exit and Alex just barely caught the mother’s displeased voice saying, “…want you talking to trashy girls like that,” as they went by. Alex shook her head, looking at the phone number written in the palm of her hand.

**Becoming Lexie part 8**

A few minutes later Gina showed up, carrying a large shopping bag. “Sorry that took so long,” she said, offering a hand for Alex to stand up from the bench.

“No big deal,” said Alex, taking Gina’s hand and standing. “I just needed to be out of that store, after… all that.”

“Yeah, the outside world must be a harsh adjustment after everything that happened, and… your new rules.”

“My body’s new rules, apparently, that I just have to follow. But at least I have some clothes now, slight though they may be.”

As they were walking, Gina noticed the palm of Alex’s left hand and did a double take, laughing. “Alex, did you meet a girl? On your first day out of the hospital? Who’s Maggie?”

Alex grinned and shook her head, “No, not really. I mean, I met a girl, but she’s… a girl. A kid. She just sat down next to me and started talking.”

Gina gave her an amused look. “She thought you were a kid too. I guess that’s going to be a common problem, for a while.”

Alex nodded, “At least I can display my real age by wearing mature and refined clothes… oh wait, I totally can’t.”

Gina offered a comforting side hug and gestured to the store they were approaching, another teen-centric shop offering miniskirts and tiny tops. “Speaking of which, you ready to do this?”

“Okay, but no dressing room this time.” They entered the store, and looked for more clothes that fit Alex’s new requirements. Having learned a lot at the first store about how clothes like these were sized, she was content to buy what looked like it would fit, knowing they could return or exchange anything that didn’t. They also found Alex a simple gray purse, which was a good thing, since none of the clothes she could wear now involved pockets. Less than an hour later they were mercifully done at the mall and headed back to the car.

“That was quite a shopping spree,” said Gina, hoping to drown out the sound of a group of boys whistling at Alex as they walked through the parking lot. “You got what, three weeks of outfits?”

“Maybe a little more,” said Alex, hearing the boys but ignoring them. “I don’t know how long I’ll have to dress like this, but these clothes don’t cost much… or take up much space.”

“See,” said Gina as she unlocked the car, “You keep finding more and more pluses to your situation.”

“I wouldn’t say that,” said Alex as she climbed into the car carefully to avoid flashing the whole parking lot. “Hey, how about we eat at Poster Girl? I’d like to go somewhere familiar and, you know, away from the male gaze.”

Gina smirked. “Somewhere where all the gays are female? Works for me.”

Poster Girl was a lesbian hangout, mostly a bar, but they served pub food in the daytime. Gina and Alex had never been regulars exactly, at least not in the every night sense, but it was a place they both went regularly and enjoyed. In fact, on this particular day, they knew the bartender on duty, a soft butch in her thirties named Liz, who looked startled as they walked into the dim barroom from the bright outside. “Hey Gina,” said Liz, “and Alex! Is that you?” She stared at Alex, obviously confused by her longer hair, her younger-looking face, and of course her incredibly skimpy outfit.

For a moment, Alex found herself considering pretending to be someone else, but then she said, “Yes, it’s me. I know, I look different. It’s… a long story.”

Liz smiled. “I’m just glad you’re okay, Lex. We heard about your accident. If you want to celebrate still being alive by growing your hair out and giving up clothes, I’m certainly not going to argue with that. We can never have too many half-naked femmes in here, as far as I’m concerned.”

Gina laughed, and Alex blushed. She thought about explaining to Liz, how this wasn’t her choice. But it was a lot to go into, and Liz was already so supportive, so she let it go. She did explain that she couldn’t drink for the time being, and so they were mainly there for a late lunch, and then Alex and Gina sat down at a corner booth. After a few minutes a waitress named Stacey, who they also knew but not as well, came over and took their lunch orders. As they got their food and ate, the place began to get more crowded. It was happy hour now, and some people were starting to get off work, especially those with the academic jobs that a lot of this bar’s crowd had.

Being in the corner booth, Gina and Alex were nicely out of the way, and had a nice vantage point for watching all the women arrive and mingle without being in the middle of things themselves. Still, Alex with her youthful appearance and skimpy top were getting a lot of looks. There were a few girls that Alex recognized, but nobody she knew very well. None of them seemed to recognize her, which wasn’t surprising since her face had changed a bit while her hair and style of dress had changed a lot.

Sometime later, they had both finished their food and Stacey took their plates away. Gina had ordered a second beer, and Alex was sipping on a Sprite. Then Alex noticed that two girls they knew had entered the bar. Their names were Layne and Sara. Layne was a hard woman to figure out at times. She could be a good friend and seem really sweet, but other times she came off as kind of immature and manipulative. Sara was sort of her sidekick. She seemed nice all of the time, but she was also oddly devoted to Layne. The two were never a couple, but everyone assumed they had slept together, and perhaps still did.

Layne was always easy to spot in a crowd by her retro-punk style. Her short hair was spiked and she wore thick black eyeliner. Despite the hot summer weather, she was wearing her usual black leather jacket over her red tee shirt and tight black jeans. Her jacket had spikes on one shoulder, and the lapels were covered with round buttons. Some said things like “DYKE” and “No, you can’t watch,” and others advertised bands like “The Julie Ruin” and “Bitch and the Exciting Conclusion.” It might have been kind of a clichéd look, but Layne rocked it well enough that nobody ever made fun of her for it.

Sara was unsurprisingly less distinctive looking. She was pretty in an androgynous way. Her brown hair was short but a little shaggy. Today she was wearing a tee shirt with David Bowie’s face on it and short blue jean cutoffs. She was cute, but not the type that really stood out in a lesbian bar. Of course, anyone who knew her could spot her by her proximity to Layne.

The two saw Alex and Gina, smiled and waved, and then stopped at the bar to order. Gina turned to Alex. “Are you up for hanging out a bit?” she asked, “I know it must be a long day for you, and Layne can be a lot to deal with sometimes.”

Alex smiled. “I’m okay, thanks. I’m just happy to be here, and with people I know. We can stay for a while.”

After a moment, Sara came over, still smiling. Layne was still at the bar. “Hey girls,” said Sara, “I was so happy to hear you’re okay, Alex! I didn’t expect you to see you at the bar so soon.” Sara took a seat next to Gina, across the booth from Alex.

“Well, I can’t actually drink yet,” answered Alex, “but I wanted to be somewhere I’m comfortable.”

“You look great,” said Sara, then she sort of narrowed her eyes, really studying Alex’s face, “No, for real, you look better than you did before. Am I crazy?”

“You’re not crazy,” said Gina, “She really does.”

“Yeah,” said Alex, not really sure how much to explain, “They kind of had to put me back together again.”

Just then Layne walked up to the table. “Alex!” she exclaimed, “Welcome back to the world!”

“Thanks,” said Alex, smiling up at her.

“Give me a hug!” said Layne, which took Alex by surprise. Layne, still standing, leaned over to hug the still seated Alex from above. Alex turned toward her and they both wrapped their arms around each other. Alex felt a couple of the spikes from Layne’s jacket scratch her shoulder, but not in a way that actually hurt. She could also feel the metal and plastic pins on Layne’s jacket against her mostly bare chest. “Thank god you’re alright,” said Layne softly as they embraced.

Then the moment ended and as Layne began to stand back up, Alex immediately knew something was wrong. Something somewhere was hung and pulling. “Wait…” said Alex, perhaps too quietly, and certainly too late. For a moment, she felt as if she was being pulled up out of the booth as Layne straightened back up, and then something gave with a pop and she was back in the seat. Gina and Sara both gasped before Alex and Layne realized what had happened. Then Alex looked up and recognized her now-tattered bikini top hanging from the spikes and pins of Layne’s jacket. Looking down she saw that her small breasts were now exposed to the barroom, as a part of her had already realized they must be.

“Oh god!” said Layne, “I’m so sorry!” She picked the bikini top carefully off of her jacket, but they both could already see that it was too late. The strings that tied in the back were completely torn off. Alex examined the remains with one hand as she held the other arm over her chest, shaking her head. “Here, you can wear my jacket,” said Layne, starting to take it off.

Alex sighed, tossing the destroyed top onto the table and using both hands to cover her breasts. “No,” she said with chagrin, “I can’t wear that. I… because of my accident… the reconstruction… I can’t wear anything that covers my arms or… my stomach. That’s why I was wearing that tiny top in the first place.”

“Oh no,” said Layne, sitting down next to Alex. “Maybe I can at least shield you a bit. Do you have anything you can put on?”

Gina chimed in, “We have all those clothes in the car. Hang tight for a minute, and I’ll go get you something. Or would you rather wait in the restroom?”

Alex looked over and saw how many people she would have to walk by to get to the women’s bathroom. “No,” she said, “I’ll just stay here. But don’t take too long.”

“Of course not,” said Gina. “I’ll be right back.” Sara got up to let her out of the booth, and Gina was gone.

“I feel really bad,” said Layne. “I really didn’t mean to destroy your top like that.”

“Of course you didn’t,” said Alex. “It’s not your fault I had to wear something so flimsy.”

“So you have to dress like this all the time?” asked Sara.

“Well,” said Alex, “Pretty much. Of course, when I’m not out in public I’m supposed to stay totally naked, like I was in the hospital.”

“Wait, what?” said Layne, her eyes wide.

Alex began to explain, as best she could, the nature of her situation. The experimental skin regeneration treatment, and how it was reacting badly to clothes, and how she’d been afraid she’d be stuck naked even longer. She didn’t go into the brain damage she’d also suffered, but that still left quite a bit of explanation. Both girls seemed fascinated, especially Layne, who asked further questions that Alex didn’t know all the answers to.

At least ten minutes passed, and Alex was starting to wonder what had happened to Gina with her new shirt. “Sara,” she said, “Can you see the door? Is Gina coming back in yet?”

Sara turned to look across the room. “Um… it doesn’t look like she’s made it out the door yet. Who’s that she’s talking to?”

Layne and Alex both leaned over the table to see and responded in unison. “Felicia!”

It was Felicia Thompson, Gina’s ex-girlfriend, the drama queen.

“Damn it,” said Alex, still covering her breasts with both hands, “Who knows how long I’m going to be topless while she deals with that mess.”

“I have an idea,” said Layne, “Do you trust me?”

I don’t know that I do, thought Alex, but she didn’t want to say that out loud. “Um… sure,” was what she said.

“As long as you’re not going to get up from this booth, and neither am I,” said Layne, “Your skirt could be a top.”

Alex looked down at her super-short elastic-waisted skirt, knowing she had nothing on under it. She shook her head, “No, that’s not going to work.”

Layne had an odd grin on her face, “No,” she insisted, “it totally will!” She quickly reached down with both hands to the waistband of Alex’s skirt and began pulling it upward. Shocked, Alex did her best to keep both her breasts covered with one arm while using her other hand to attempt to pull her skirt back down. For a moment Layne pulled up, Alex pulled down, and Sara watched in fascination.

And then there was a surprisingly loud sound of ripping fabric.

**Becoming Lexie part 9**

Alex’s skirt was in two pieces. A small section was in her hands, and Layne was holding the rest. It had torn all the way through from waistband to hem in two places, leaving no hope of putting it back on. Alex gasped and put a hand between her legs, her other arm still over her chest.

“Oh man, I’m sorry!” said Layne. “I didn’t mean to… I mean, I assumed you had on underwear, for one thing…”

“I can’t wear underwear!” exclaimed Alex much too loudly, causing several people to turn and look at her.

Layne gathered up the remains of Alex’s skirt and top and handed them to Sara. “Go see if you can help Gina escape from Felicia, or at least borrow her car keys,” Layne said, “Show her this to remind her how urgent her mission is.” Sara hopped up and left with the tatters of Alex’s clothes, leaving her naked in the booth with Layne.

“I can’t believe I’m sitting here in the bar naked! This is awful,” said Alex.

Layne gave her a sympathetic look. “You know, it doesn’t have to be.” She looked Alex up and down. “You’ve got a great little body, definitely nothing to be embarrassed about. And you’re in a room full of women who are inclined to appreciate it. Considering your condition, it would probably be healthier to let go and learn to be comfortable being seen. Why don’t you relax and put your hands down?”

“I can’t,” said Alex, “I’ll get kicked out of the bar, or get arrested!”

“Nonsense,” replied Layne. “Haven’t you ever been in here on Pride Day after the parade? This place totally allows naked girls.”

Just then Stacey the waitress walked by and paused to ask if they need anything. “I’ll take another PBR,” said Layne, “And could you tell Alex here that she’s not going to get kicked out for being naked? She had a little accident with her clothes, and now she’s worried about it.”

Stacey looked Alex over with a smile. “She’s right, actually. This place is eighteen and over, so there’s no rule against nudity as long as you don’t loiter naked in the parking lot. If there were a ton of naked women in here every day it might lead to trouble, but we know you, and it’s almost Pride Day, so no worries.”

“Oh,” said Alex. She paused for a long moment, looking at the waitress, and then added, “Um, can I get another Sprite?” Doing her best to conceal her hesitation, Alex stopped using her arm to cover her breasts and instead picked up her empty glass and handed it to Stacey. As the waitress smiled and left, Alex rested both her hands on the table, doing her best to sit the way she would if she had clothes on.

Layne smiled at her. “See, that’s much better. Acting embarrassed is only going to make you feel more embarrassed. I think I did you a favor.”

“By destroying my clothes?” asked Alex in disbelief.

“Well it’s not like I meant to,” asserted Layne. “But yeah, kind of. You’re obviously still adjusting to not being able to cover yourself up as much as you used to, and you have to admit this seems like the perfect therapy.”

Alex looked around, noticing how many of the bar’s patrons had begun to notice the naked girl in the back corner booth. Some smiled at her when she saw them looking, and others looked away quickly. “It’s definitely different from the way I used to be. I mean, I never considered myself ashamed of my body, but showing it off just didn’t seem to be… I don’t know… very me?”

Layne nodded. “I understand what you mean. But it seems like it’s very you now whether you like it or not, so you should adjust to the idea.”

“Well, for now anyway,” said Alex, “Hopefully I’ll be able to wear my regular clothes again before too long.”

“Oh,” said Layne, “I didn’t realize. How long does the Doctor expect this condition to last?”

Alex sighed. “He doesn’t seem to know. He’s been really vague about it.”

“I see,” said Layne with a half-hidden smile, “Has he said how long the other patients who’ve had this treatment had to wear minimal clothing?”

Alex shook her head. “That’s the thing. This was an experimental treatment. I’m literally the first person who’s had it done.”

“Oh honey,” said Layne, placing a sympathetic hand on Alex’s bare shoulder. “No wonder the Doctor was being vague. It sounds like you really shouldn’t get your hopes up about going back to your old clothes. I don’t mean to freak you out, but you should probably accept the fact that you might be stuck like this.”

“I might not, though!” exclaimed Alex, “It’s possible that the problem will go away in another week or so.”

“Well sure, it’s possible,” said Layne, “But nobody knows. It’s just as possible that it will get worse again, and you’ll end up not being able to wear anything more than pasties and a loincloth. Or not able to wear anything at all.”

Shocked at Layne’s words, Alex felt tears welling up in her eyes. “Why are you being so mean about it?” she asked, her voice breaking slighting, folding her arms over her bare chest.

Layne was totally surprised at this reaction. “I… I didn’t mean it. I’m sorry, I didn’t think about how much you’ve been through and what kind of state you must be in.” Not wanting to cause Alex any further discomfort, she shrugged off her spiked and pinned jacket, letting it fall into the seat, then she drew the tiny naked girl into a tight hug. Alex returned the hug, her anger subsiding with surprising ease. Tears were streaming down her face, however. “Sshh,” said Layne into her ear, “Sweet little Lexie, everything’s going to be alright.”

Alex was surprised to hear a nickname nobody had called her since childhood. She looked up at Layne and said, “Um... Lexie?”

Layne kept both her arms wrapped around Alex’s naked body. “I’m sorry,” she said with a strange smile. “It just came out. This is probably an awful thing to say when you’re naked, but… you seem so much like a little girl right now.”

This made Alex cry harder, resting her head again against Layne’s breasts. After a moment she said, “I didn’t say before… it’s not just my skin that’s different. I have brain damage. I don’t really know… if I know who I am anymore.”

“It’ll be okay,” said Layne. “It’s all going to be okay.” And they sat like that for a while, naked Alex huddled up against Layne, and Layne holding her tight. Alex felt comforted, even though she knew if she thought about it that Layne was the one who had upset her in the first place, and in fact the reason she was in this bar naked, but none of that seemed important in light of the positive attention and affection Layne was giving her.

A few minutes later, Sara sat down across from them. There was no sign of Alex’s ripped clothes that she’d been carrying. There was also no sign of Gina. “You two look cute like that!” she said with a smile, “I wish I had my camera.”

Alex pulled away from Layne and sat up, turning to Sara. “I’m kind of glad you don’t, actually. Where’s Gina?”

Sara shook her head. “There’s some kind of mess with Felicia, but she said she’d be right back.”

“Jesus Christ,” muttered Alex, “Doesn’t she realize I’m naked here?”

Sara grinned. “Well, at least you seem to be more comfortable than you were earlier.”

“I guess,” said Alex, “I gave in, anyway. But it’s not easy to be so exposed when everyone else is fully dressed.”

“You should be looking forward to Pride on Saturday, then,” said Layne. “There’s always at least some topless dykes around for that.”

“Not to mention all the gay dudes in thongs and stuff,” laughed Sara. Then her eyes lit up with an idea. “Oh hey! You should be on the Poster Girl float with us! Liz asked me to find a few more girls to be up there, and you’re perfect.”

“That’s a great idea!” said Layne. “We’ll both be there, and you could invite Gina too.”

Alex thought for a minute. After losing so much time in the hospital, she had forgotten that Pride was so soon. “Actually Gina always marches with the Bi Visibility Coalition, but obviously I don’t. So… yeah. That could be fun. But I am going to wear clothes.”

Sara grinned. “But not too many clothes, obviously. Anyway, it will be fun having you ride with us.”

Just then Gina arrived at the table in a rush. “I am so sorry, Alex!” She said, “But come on, we have to go right now.”

Alex realized she wasn’t carrying anything. “Gina, where are my clothes?”

“I’m really sorry, I’ll explain everything, but we have to leave in a hurry. You can get dressed in the car. Everyone in here’s already seen you now anyway.”

Alex wasn’t thrilled, but she could see that Gina was really concerned about whatever trouble Felicia was causing. “Okay,” she said, “Let’s go.” Layne got up to let her out, and Alex gave her another quick hug as she climbed out of the booth. They all said quick goodbyes, and Alex followed Gina through the bar to the door. As she moved naked through the barroom, Alex caught the attention of every woman there. Most just stared, but some made little comments or even whistled, which wasn’t the sort of thing Alex usually expected from other lesbians.

They hurried through the parking lot and jumped into Gina’s car. Pulling out of the Poster Girl parking lot, Gina told the Felicia story. And the thing was, it wasn’t even interesting to Alex. Alex had been concerned that Felicia had been threatening some sort of violent outburst, but it sounded like she was just full of the same emotional manipulation as ever. After talking Gina’s ear off drunkenly about all the emotional pain she’d endured since their breakup, Felicia had needed a bathroom break, which was when Gina had grabbed Alex and made a break for it. And for nothing more than that, Alex had been made to sit naked in a barroom full of clothed people for more than an hour, and then walk out the door naked too. She didn’t want to be unsympathetic to her friend, but she was pretty annoyed.

As she sat back in the passenger seat, still naked but for her seatbelt, an idea formed in Alex’s mind. An idea that might ease Alex’s experience of constantly being more exposed than anyone else. Something that might even bring her and Gina closer together, while at the same time subjecting Gina to a kind of poetic revenge.

**Becoming Lexie part 10**

Alex was still naked and plotting revenge when she realized that Gina was pulling into the parking lot of a drug store. “I figured we’d better get your prescription filled for that special lotion. I wouldn’t want to miss out on putting it all over you tomorrow morning.” Gina grinned.

“Oh right,” said Alex, “I forgot. Thanks for remembering.”

“That’s what you pay me for,” said Gina, still smiling, “Or you’re going to, anyway. Now, do you want to put on some clothes and come in, or just wait out here?”

“I guess I’ll wait out here,” said Alex as they pulled into a parking space.

“Okay,” Gina replied, opening the car door, “I’ll just be a minute.” And she was gone, leaving the car running.

Alex undid her seatbelt and turned around to find her shopping bags in the back seat. On her knees facing backward in the front seat and reaching back to grab the bags, she suddenly looked up and saw a young man staring at her as he walked across the parking lot. It hadn’t occurred to her that she was fully visible through the car windows. Blushing, she quickly grabbed the bags, turned, and sat down again, the two big plastic bags in her lap covering her. She looked back and saw the guy look away, grinning, as he went on toward the store.

She opened one bag and then the other, trying to decide what to put on. Most of the items had tags that really needed to be cut, though, and there weren’t any scissors in the car. She was still sitting there with the two open bags when Gina returned with her prescription. “Can’t decide what to wear?” Gina asked, “You shouldn’t worry about it. We’ll be home in five minutes, and you’re supposed to be naked there anyway.”

“I guess you’re right,” said Alex, closing the bags and tossing them into the floor at her feet. When they got back to the apartment, Alex got out of the car, carrying the two shopping bags, and walked up the path to the door wearing nothing but her shoes.

“You seem to be getting more comfortable being uncovered,” commented Gina.

“Well, Layne made a good point,” said Alex with a shrug, “She said that since my body has to be mostly uncovered or completely uncovered all the time for who knows how long, I should stop letting it be such a big deal. And anyway, this is my home, even if I’m in the public part of it right now, and there’s nobody around anyway.”

“Huh,” said Gina, “Layne made a good point… It’s been a weird day.”

Alex was exhausted after her first day out, and the two of them spent the evening lounging around the apartment, Gina clothed and Alex naked of course, watching TV and taking it easy. Alex started to doze off a bit around 10, and soon told Gina she was going to bed. Still feeling wide awake, Gina stayed up.

---

Alex woke up early, feeling rested. Even after her time in the hospital, it felt strange to come to consciousness in her own bed naked, with no sheets or blanket covering her. Gina had removed them before she even came home, leaving only the fitted sheet and pillows, as the Doctor had recommended.

She stood up and walked to her full-length mirror, taking herself in. It felt strange, and embarrassing even though she was alone, to see herself and know that it was her. On one hand, she looked the best she had in years, possibly ever. Nobody would ever guess she was in her late 20’s. In fact, with her short stature and lack of breasts, most would take her for probably fifteen at the very oldest. Of course, when she had actually been fifteen, she had suffered from acne, but now her skin was smooth and perfect. She’d also had pubic hair by then, whereas now she was completely smooth down there. For that matter, she had no hair on her arms or legs either. The hair on her head, on the other hand, was getting long and still growing at high speed. The shortest bits were down to her chin, but it was all different lengths.

Alex went to her kitchen, still naked of course, and found her scissors in a drawer. Returning to her bedroom mirror, she held them carefully and began trimming her hair. She was no expert at it, but her desire was simple enough that she achieved it. A cute little bob, chin-length all the way around. She moved to the bathroom and found her electric clippers, which she used to trim up the back. In the past she’d used them to buzz the sides of her head for a queerer look, but now, with that nasty scar on her scalp, that wasn’t an appealing option anymore. And anyway, this more femme haircut would go better with the outfits she’d bought the day before.

As she was running her hands through her hair, she noticed something dark in the palm of her left hand. As soon as she looked closer, she remembered. Almost rubbed off, but still just barely legible, was a phone number, accompanied by the name Maggie. So much had happened the day before that she’d almost forgotten the girl at the mall. But it’s not like she could call her; Maggie wasn’t even legal. But you never know, thought Alex. She went back to the bedroom, found her notebook, and copied the number down.

After that, Alex took a shower. Her own was much nicer than the one at the hospital, and it turned out to be a long one. When she got out and dried off, he had a strong urge to get dressed, and had to keep reminding herself that wasn’t an option. Even keeping a towel wrapped around her body was a bad idea, so she hung it in the bathroom and went out into the apartment naked.

She saw that it was after eight, and called Morris Millington, her lawyer. He’d asked him to check in after she was home, and anyway she had some questions to ask him about the terms of Gina’s new contract to be her employee. She explained everything to him, and he promised to draw up the papers immediately. She also had a chat with her accountant about his side of things. She was glad that her ideas were all coming to fruition.

Just after she got off the phone, Gina came into the living room, obviously just out of bed. She was wearing her usual sleeping outfit of a tank top and boxer shorts, her hair tussled. “Oh, you cut your hair!” was the first thing she said, “It looks cute!”

“Thanks,” responded Alex, “Good morning to you too.”

“We need to put on your morning lotion,” said Gina. Alex had forgotten. They found the bottle, and moved into the master bathroom to avoid making a mess on the carpet. Gina squirted some of the medicated lotion onto her hand and began applying it to Alex’s shoulders. “There’s absolutely no reason this needs to be weird,” she said with an odd smile.

“Of course not,” said Alex, “And even if it was a little weird, it wouldn’t have to be bad weird.” She arched her back as Gina rubbed the cold lotion into it.
“That might be a risky direction to take things in,” said Gina, as she began working the lotion down one arm to Alex’s fingertips. “Especially if I’m going to work for you.”

“I didn’t really mean it like that. Anyway, you’re my best friend, and we both know each other really well. I’m confident that we can handle anything that comes up.” She smiled at Gina, who was now working on her other arm. “But actually, since you bring it up, we do need to talk about your new job.”

“Sure,” said Gina, “Just let me get your face first, before you try to talk too much.” She brought the lotion up and began working it into Alex’s forehead and nose, then expanding to cover her cheeks and chin, making sure to get her whole face up to the edges of her hairline.

“Okay,” began Gina as Alex lotioned up her neck, “I talked to Morris and Sol and worked everything out. Your official title is going to be ‘caretaker.’ I think that’s a little embarrassing, personally, but apparently we can get tax breaks for that that we don’t get if you’re just my personal assistant.”

Gina nodded. “Anyway, personal assistant isn’t usually the appropriate term for someone who does this.” And having put new lotion into the palm each hand, she cupped Alex’s little breasts and began rubbing it into them.

Alex gasped involuntarily. “That’s true. Um… anyway, you’re mainly going to drive me around, and help me do medical stuff like this. You’re also sort of my… ambassador? Like if I’m out in public and start behaving oddly or whatever, because of my head injury, hopefully you’ll be able to smooth things out.”

Leaning over to rub lotion into Alex’s stomach, Gina looked up with a grin and said, “Like if you end up totally naked in a store at the mall, for example?”

Alex blushed, flashing back to yesterday. “Yeah, like that. And actually, there’s one other thing, related to that. I don’t know if you’re going to live it.”

Gina was squatting now, massaging the lotion into Alex’s thighs and reaching around to apply it to her butt. She looked up with a sincere smile. “Anything you need, hon. I promise.”

Alex sighed. “What I really need, I’ve realized, is someone who can understand me, at least a bit. It’s embarrassing to wear clothes like I had to wear yesterday, and who knows how long I’m going to have to wear them…”

Gina was getting more lotion. “I do understand, or at least I’m trying. I… um, you may want to pause a sec.” Gina gently placed her lotion-covered fingertips between Alex’s legs, carefully covering her lips and the surrounding area. She rubbed it in softly, which caused Alex’s whole body to spasm slightly and a light moan to escape her lips. “No reason this has to be weird,” Gina repeated.

“Weird or not, I definitely don’t mind it,” said Alex with a smile, “But as I was saying, I’m not doing this to be mean, but as long as what I’m wearing is restricted like this, I want you to be restricted too.”

Gina had just begun applying the lotion to Alex’s hips and legs. Now she stopped in her tracks and looked up. “Wait, you want me to dress like you have to dress?”

Alex shook her head, “No… I thought about it, but if you had to wear clothes as skimpy as mine, that would ruin that ambassador part of your job. You need to dress like an adult, even if I can’t.”

Gina went back to rubbing the lotion into Alex’s legs. “That’s true. Especially since I still have a going-on-thirty face, unlike you, so I wouldn’t look young in those clothes, I’d just look trashy.”

“Yes,” said Alex, “That too. But I do need you to share some aspect of it with me.”

Gina was down to Alex’s ankles. She gestured, and Alex sat down on the edge of the bathtub so she could do her feet. “Okay,” she said, seeming a little baffled, “What did you have in mind?”

“Well,” began Alex, watching her beautiful best friend kneel in front of her and rub lotion into her feet, “As long as I’m unable to wear normal clothes... Specifically, as long as I have to wear short skirts with no underwear, you have to wear skirts with no underwear too. They don’t have to be as short as mine, but at least above the knee. And no tights or stockings or whatever.”

“Oh,” said Gina, standing up, “So I just have to wear an above-the-knee skirt with no panties and bare legs every day?” She looked down at Alex for a long moment before adding, “Okay. Sure, if that’s what you need me to do.”

Alex stood up, grabbing the lotion bottle and putting it back on the counter. “Oh, awesome!” she smiled at Gina, almost beaming, “I wasn’t sure if you’d go for it.”

Gina shrugged, “Well, unlike you until recently, I’ve worn skirts and gone commando before. It’s not something I’d normally do on a daily basis, but I can hardly complain about it considering what you have to deal with.”

Alex suddenly hugged Gina tightly. Gina returned the hug, clapped her hand against Alex’s bare back a couple of times and said, “I love you, Alex, but maybe wait a little longer after lotion to hug people in the future. You’re still a little oily.”

**Becoming Lexie part 11**

While Gina showered and got ready for the day, Alex went through her new clothes and decided what to wear out. She chose a blue denim skirt that came to about an inch below the bottom of her ass, and a black halter top that had no back to it at all. Of course, she’d wait until Gina was ready to leave to actually put the clothes on.

Gina came out dressed in a black top and a green skirt that was a few inches above the knee. She sat down to put on her black ankle boots, and Alex could see that she was following the new rules. “Oh, you even shaved!” said Alex with the hint of a giggle.

“You like what you see?” grinned Gina, “I figured if I’m not going to be wearing panties for a while, it’s probably a good habit to get used to.” Alex pulled on her skimpy clothes and sneakers, and they went out the door.

Their first stop of the day was the bank, where Alex made a substantial withdrawal. She liked having cash on hand, instead of relying on her card. As they left, she handed Gina an envelope with ten one hundred dollar bills in it. “Consider this your advance,” she said matter-of-factly, “Since your official contract’s not ready to sign yet. Also you can by some more skirts with it. And razors.” They both laughed and Gina thanked her, slipping the money into her purse.

Next stop was the DMV, where Alex needed to get a new ID. There was barely more than a week until they were traveling to Italy, and there was a good chance Alex would need another photo ID to supplement her passport, which now looked like it belonged to her older sister.

Something seemed abnormal at the Department of Motor Vehicles from the moment they walked in. There were people milling around, most of them looking angry, but hardly anyone was actually in line. As they walked toward the counter, a particularly unhappy woman walking away from it said, “Don’t even bother girls, everything is ...ed up here today.”

They got to the counter and Alex smiled at the woman behind it and said, “Hi, my name is Alex and I need a new ID.”

“I’m sorry, Miss,” said the DMV worker, “We’ve had a security breach in our computer system, and everything’s shut down. We can’t access our records and issue any new licenses today. Probably not for the next week or so.”

“Oh,” said Alex, not sure what to say to that, “Okay, well, I guess if there’s nothing you can do…”

“Hold on…” said Gina, stepping up to the counter next to her. “We’re going on that trip a week from Saturday, and you’re going to need identification.” She turned from Alex to the DMV lady. “Look, she lost her last ID in a horrible accident. She can’t drive or drink anyway, so we’re not trying to get away with anything. All she needs is a card that has her photo and her full name on it, so people know it’s her. Isn’t there anything you can do?”

Gina put her left hand palm-down on the counter. Alex’s eyes widened when she realized the corner of a hundred dollar bill was sticking out from under Gina’s hand. The other woman was looking at it too. “Anything at all?” repeated Gina.

There was a pause, and then the woman put her hand over Gina’s, subtly taking the bill. “Since you’re in such a special situation, I think I can pull something together for you.” She put the bill under her desk with one hand while pulling out a clipboard with the other. “Fill this out,” she said as she sat the clipboard, form already on it, in front of Alex. “Make sure I’m the one you bring it back to when you’re done.”

“Thanks,” said Alex, and she and Gina moved over to the waiting area to sit down fill out the form.

“That’s the way an Italian handles things,” said Gina with a smile.

“Oh yeah, with the honesty and integrity your people are know for,” snickered Alex.

“You’ve got a lot of room to talk, Irish girl,” said Gina playfully.

They sat down and looked over the form. It was basic stuff: name, social security number, birthdate and so forth. As Alex took the attached pen and began to fill it out, she realized this was the first time she’d had to hand write anything since the accident, and it didn’t seem to be working like it used to. In fact, she had to begin the “A” that started her name three times before it came out as the right letter. And when she did write the right thing, her handwriting was still much messier than it had ever been.

“Are you okay?” asked Gina when she noticed Alex struggling, “Do you want me to write it for you?”

“No,” said Alex, suddenly embarrassed, “I’ve got it. I just need to get used to it, I guess.” Alex concentrated her hardest and finished filling out the form. Her writing stayed messy, and she had to rewrite several things that she got wrong the first time, either by crossing them out or just writing over the mistakes with darker characters. Finally, she had the entire form filled out, and Gina followed her back up to the counter where she gave it to the same woman.

The DMV employee looked over the form and said, “Okay, I think I can read most of this. You really should work on your handwriting, though.” She looked around to see if anyone else was paying attention, and then led Alex around the counter, saying, “Okay, let’s just get your photo real quick.” She stood Alex on a line on the floor and snapped a picture with the small webcam attached to a large computer, then she ushered her back out. “Here’s the thing,” she spoke mostly to Gina now, “I can’t print and laminate this for you today, because someone will notice and I’ll get in trouble. But I should be able to take care of it quietly in the next couple of days, and I’ll mail it to your address.”

“Okay,” said Gina, “but we really need it by next Friday, so we have it for our trip.”

“No problem,” said the woman with a smile, “It will definitely be done before then.”

“Thanks,” said Alex.

“Pleasure doing business with you,” said Gina. And then they were out the door.