

Get What You Deserve - Part 1

By TheSpiralledEye

Cameron likes the finer things in life; designer clothes, wine, food, expensive resort holidays, you name it. Unfortunately he is dirt poor and forced to see these luxuries only through the people he works for but then he discovers a way to turn himself into a hot woman, and decides to seduce a guy for his money and then black widow him. Things don't exactly go to plan though...

~

I moved through the penthouse ballroom, a tray balanced on my fingertips, my shoulders aching from hours of carrying drinks and hors d'oeuvres. The chandeliers overhead sparkled like diamonds, casting a warm, opulent glow over the crowd of well-dressed elites. The men wore immaculate white tie attire; I didn't even know white tie existed until a few hours ago, apparently, you can go fancier than black tie. The women floated around in dresses that probably cost more than I earned in a year.

It was a charity gala, though I doubted anyone here actually knew or cared what the charity being patronised was; I didn't. Something about the rainforest or children in the rainforest? There were pictures of orangutans and sweet looking little kids smiling in the middle of half cut down trees. So probably some combination of the two. I didn't have time to care, and the rich people around me simply didn't need to.

I weaved through the clusters of laughter and idle chatter, the scent of expensive perfume and cologne mingling in the air. They didn't notice me, of course. To them, I was just part of the backdrop, an invisible servant whose sole purpose was to ensure their glasses were never empty and their plates were always full. In their eyes I was little more than a floating tray.

I stopped near a group of women draped in silks and diamonds, their laughter tinkling like the crystal flutes they held. Each dress shimmered under the light, reflecting hues of emerald, sapphire, and ruby. I felt a pang of resentment as I watched them, their lives seemingly so effortless. They stood there, perfectly coiffed and poised, sipping champagne and sharing shallow anecdotes about vacations in the South of France or the latest couture collections.

"Caviar, ladies?" I offered, three of them plucked a cracker from my tray without even looking.

Out of spite I stood still, waiting until one of them gave me the side eye and muttered.

"Thank you."

I grit my teeth and continued away; what was even the point of giving me a name badge? What must it be like, to be one of them? To live without the constant worry of bills, to have the luxury of leisure whenever you felt like it, to be admired just for existing. They had no idea what it meant to struggle, to work until your body ached, to come home to a cramped apartment and wonder how you'd make it to the end of the month.

No, they'd been born with silver spoons in their mouths and the few who hadn't had just been fortunate enough to be born pretty. A nice smile and a good set of tits was all it took to get a rich man to dote on you, then one wedding band later your life was set.

I despised them for it. Their ease, their privilege, their ignorance. They floated through life, cushioned by wealth and status, while I busted my ass every single day just to survive. I watched as one woman, dressed in a gown that clung to her like liquid gold, tilted her head back and laughed, a sound that grated on my nerves. She didn't have to do anything but look pretty, and the world catered to her every whim.

As I turned away, I caught a glimpse of my reflection in the mirrored wall. My uniform was crisp, but I could see the exhaustion etched into my face, the lines of weariness that no amount of sleep could erase. I felt a surge of bitterness. There was nothing remarkable about me, unless you counted the extra years hard work had already added to my face. Once upon a time I'd considered trying to catch the eye of a young debutantes at these events, win her heart and win myself a ticket to the good life. But that was just for the movies, I wasn't hot enough to catch anybody's eye.

If only I'd been born a woman, then I could just slip into a revealing dress and coat my face in makeup to hide any imperfections. Then I could get myself a rich man and never have to worry again. I imagined slipping into one of those elegant gowns, my every need anticipated and met, my life a series of lavish parties and indulgent leisure.

As the night wore on, the laughter grew louder, the chatter more boisterous. The rich continued to enjoy their evening, oblivious to the world beyond their gilded bubble. And I, the invisible waiter, continued to serve, my mind churning with thoughts of what could never be. I severed a number of men in three piece suits, then made my way to the corner where a trio of women had gathered, their heads close together in conspiratorial whispers, I couldn't help but overhear their conversation.

"Have you seen him yet?" one of them asked, "Aston Burbank? Apparently, he's the most eligible bachelor in town."

"Oh, yes," a blonde responded. "He's the one who made his fortune in advanced clean energy solutions. Absolutely brilliant and devastatingly handsome, from what I hear."

"I heard he moved here from Chicago just last month," added the third woman, her dark eyes wide with excitement. "Everyone's saying he's a real catch. Can you imagine? Young, wealthy, and doing something good for the world. It's almost too good to be true. I bet he could use a lovely wife to manage all his charity engagements..."

They giggled, their voices a mix of excitement and calculated interest. It was always the same with these people, I thought. They played with people with the same enthusiasm as children playing with new toys.

I paused, trying not to let my disdain show as I served them another round of champagne. But just as I handed a glass to the blonde, she threw back a hand in laughter, hitting against my tray. The flutes wobbled and finally fell; their contents spilling all over her shimmering dress before several of them smashed against the floor.

"Oh my god!" she shrieked, drawing immediate attention. "Look what you've done!"

For a moment, I was stunned. The other women looked at me with disdain, their previous amusement forgotten.

"It was an accident," I started, my voice shaking slightly. "I didn't—"

"Security!" the blonde called out, ignoring my protests. "This waiter just ruined my dress! I bet he has no idea what it cost!"

Before I knew it the host, my boss, was beside us with a look of simpering sympathy on his face.

"This waiter spilled champagne all over me," she said, her voice trembling with feigned indignation. "I demand that he be removed."

"It wasn't my fault," I insisted, as my mouth went dry. "She—"

"Save it," my boss cut me off. "I am so sorry ma'am, of course, he shall be taken off the floor."

What? But my shift wasn't over yet! My boss grabbed my wrist and pulled me out of the room, gripping my arm so tight it hurt.

"You're done, one complaint and I won't get an event this high brow again." He hissed. "If I am lucky, I can salvage this."

I looked back at the women, now consoled by their friends, their sympathetic glances directed entirely at the blonde. I felt a mix of anger and helplessness rise within me. They were treating a stain dress like it was the end of the world.

"But my shift won't be over for another three hours..."

"It's over now. You're fired."

"What!"

My blood turned to ice in my veins. This job was crap and paid a pittance but a pittance was better than nothing.

"You can't fire me for one complaint!" I cried.

"My company, my rules and I need these people to like me if my catering company is going to survive." The man shrugged before grabbing the ID from around my neck and shoving me in the direction of security. "Escort him out please."

"But...but-!"

And just like that, I was led down the building and shoved out the side door and onto the street. They didn't even let me exit via the glamorous gilded front door of the hotel, no, instead I was standing in an alley with the rats. My hands curled into fists and I ground my teeth so hard they ached.

It wasn't fair! I hadn't even done anything wrong! Those vapid bitches were the issue, not me! I hated them, I hated them all. I peaked out from the alley and watched as a man exited the building, he was aloof, practically ignoring the two women who were trying to follow after, clearly trying to gain an invitation into his car while he waited for the valet. He barely looked at the staff as they busied themselves with his car, instead focusing on the expensive phone in his hand and granted the two women one word replies.

He didn't know how good he had it.

"Are you sure you don't want some company tonight Ashton?" One woman asked.

"No, I am fine." He replied curtly before getting into the back seat of his car as the doorman opened it. "Good night ladies."

"Oh," One of the women sighed as he drove away. "He is so mysterious."

"Rude more like it." I muttered under my breath.

I watched as the women turned back inside and heard the telltale clink of metal against cement. A small ring, a simple gold band with three tiny blue gems inlaid on it rolled across the sidewalk and bumped against my shoe. If this had happened earlier I would have returned it to the woman in hopes of getting a reward, now I knew better than that, I pocketed it instead, my mind still ruminating on Ashton.

The way those women had been talking about his green energy program I'd thought maybe he was different. One of those new rich folk who got their money because they deserved it; obviously he was just as shallow as the rest of them. He probably picked green energy development for some profitable reason.

I trudged down the dimly lit street, each step heavy with frustration and self-pity. The night's events replayed in my mind, the blonde's accusing glare, the dismissive security guards, and rage at it all gnawing at my insides.

"If I was one of those women, life would be so much easier," I muttered bitterly to myself, kicking a stray pebble down the sidewalk. "They don't have to worry about anything. Just smile and the world bends over backward for them."

Lost in my thoughts, I almost didn't notice the woman standing under a flickering street lamp ahead. She was cloaked in a flowing dark coat, her face partially obscured by shadows. When she did speak I almost jumped out of my skin.

"Did I hear you correctly?" she asked, her voice smooth and enigmatic with a hint of playfulness to it. "You wish you were a woman?"

I blinked a few times and blushed.

"Uh, yeah. Just talking to myself. It's been a rough night."

She stepped closer, her eyes never leaving mine. "You sound like someone who's trapped, yearning for a life you believe is beyond your reach."

I chuckled bitterly.

"Yeah, something like that. Not that it matters."

"Perhaps it does. Perhaps your wish can be granted." She said mysteriously.

I blinked at her.

"What do you mean?"

She tilted her head slightly, studying me. "You wish to become a woman, I can make that happen."

I was ready to laugh but there was something about the way she was speaking; this wasn't some crazy woman, she was serious.

"How could you possibly do that?"

She reached into her coat and pulled out a small, ornate vial filled with a shimmering liquid.

"This potion can transform you into a woman. You can finally be your true self."

I stared at the vial, my heart pounding. This woman, this witch, she thought I was stuck in the wrong body. She didn't realise I wanted to be a woman for all the things it could get me and no other reason.

"What's the catch?" I asked, narrowing my eyes. "I'm not going to trip balls if i take that am I?"

"No catch," she said with a faint smile. "I've decided to turn over a new leaf and use my powers to transform people who want it for a change, you're the first one. I want you to be in the body that makes you comfortable."

I hesitated, a thousand thoughts racing through my mind. I wasn't trans, but the chance to infiltrate the world of the elite, to see it from the inside, was irresistible. I could expose their hypocrisy, maybe even exact a little revenge for tonight's humiliation. Maybe even do the impossible and seduce my way into a rich man's life. For the first time my daydreams seemed like they could become reality, I could finally have the life I deserved.

"Alright," I said, my voice steadying with resolve. "I'll do it."

She handed me the vial.

"Drink this, and you shall transform into a woman."

"What will I look like, besides the obvious?"

"I don't know, this potion reacts differently with each man, it depends on your personality. You'll just have to wait and see."

Taking the vial, I uncorked it and hesitated one last time. Then, with a deep breath, I downed the shimmering liquid. It was cool and sweet, spreading warmth through my body. The woman stepped back into the darkness till all I could see was the flash of white teeth as she smiled.

"There, now you are ready. Go, and live your wish."

I was glad she decided to disappear as I felt the magic taking effect; I simply could not keep the cold smile off my face. A sense of victory washed over me as I felt my body starting to change, they were going to pay, literally, and I would have the life I deserved.

It was the strangest feeling, that warm liquid feeling settled in my stomach but then seemed to drip down into my toes. That's where the changes started, I could feel my shoes getting looser as my feet shrunk and the bottom of my pants doing the same. My leg was slimming while my upper thighs grew ever so slightly thicker.

I remembered seeing barbie dolls in storefronts as a kid and now I could feel my legs taking on that same long, slender shape. The thickness of my thighs crept upwards until they met my ass, which was growing rapidly and changing shape. Going from taut and square to round and peachy. I could feel the cheeks turning into perfectly round balls and I couldn't help but giggle delightedly at the sensation.

I twisted on the spot, feeling those cheeks moved independent of me and grinning; men loved a good ass these days and from what I could feel this was an excellent one indeed. I was going to have to wear lots of tight fitting outfits.

I was in the middle of enjoying my new curves when suddenly the air rushed from my lungs as my middle cinched. I gave a breathless laugh and felt a hand along my hourglass figure as best I could through my fitted waiter's outfit. The white blouse was feeling looser around my middle now but rapidly tighter as the change spread to my chest. I could feel my insides changing too, almost like my organs were getting used to their new place in my body as my chest began to swell.

Most men would have hated watching a pair of beautiful tits forming on their chest but not me. If anything, I was overjoyed watching them grow heavy and round. The bigger the better, even as I felt more pressure being put on my spine. They hung against my chest, supported only by the tightness of my shirt until the top button flew off into the gloom of the street and the front of the shirt loosened.

I could look down to see my cleavage now, pressed tightly together by the buttons until another flew off. I didn't wait for the rest, I unbuttoned them right there in the street, quickly sneaking into a nearby alleyway in case anybody happened along and saw a strange woman admiring her chest in the street.

I grabbed two handfuls of the soft skin and hefted them up before dropping them, smiling in delight to see my fingers were now longer and more dainty. The final changes and finishing touches were happening now. I could feel my lips tingling, my whole face actually, as all my hard edges were sanded away. My eyelids became just that little bit heavier as my eyelashes grew and they became hooded. I could feel my hair growing rapidly, taking on a honey gold sheen and coming down to brush just below my shoulders.

I turned this way and that, trying to take in my new body from every angle and enjoying the way it felt, even in these ill fitting clothes. I didn't need a mirror to know I was hot; I could *feel* it. This body was perfect; I'd be living the high life in no time. I just had to find a good opportunity to use it.

With a wide smile I redid the buttons I still had and stepped out of my too small shoes. Even walking home barefoot couldn't dampen my mood. My mind was filled with plans; ways to sneak into the next high society event and catch the eye of some man. I was so focused I didn't even notice the headlights until it was almost too late. With a shriek I jumped back, narrowly avoiding the car and tumbling backwards right onto my new ass.

"Ow." I winced.

The car pulled to a stop and the back door opened.

"I am so sorry, miss, I don't know what my driver was thinking. Are you okay?"

Driver? I looked up, ready to chew the man out for being a rich bastard who couldn't even be bothered to drive himself. Then I saw who it was; warm brown hair, an expensive suit and a chiselled jawline. It was Ashton Burbank, the richest and most eligible bachelor in town.

At once my mood changed; this had to be a sign from the universe, it approved of my plan. I put on my most shocked and helpless expression and took his hand, stumbling to my feet and wincing as I added a limp.

"Oh, my ankle..."

"Here, come to my car, I'll drive you home." Ashton offered softly, looking me up and down. His brow furrowed as he took in my appearance. "Are you alright? Your top is ripped and where are your shoes."

This was too perfect.

"Oh." I sniffled, "I was on my way home from work when I was mugged. They took everything, even my shoes. Thank goodness I was able to keep my grandmother's ring."

I held up the band I had pilfered only a few minutes earlier.

“That’s awful!” Ashton said with surprising sympathy, then again losing money is probably the only real fear he had. “Come, sit down and get warm. I’m Ashton.”

I slid into the smooth leather backseat and took in the quiet comfort of the limousine. Yes, I could certainly get used to this.

“My anime is...Dahlia.” I lied quickly.

Ashton sat about a foot away on the long seat and I knew this was my chance. Judging by the way he was looking at me this guy totally had a saviour complex, I just had to take advantage and make myself memorable.

“Thank you so much.” I breathed dramatically after giving my driver my address. “Oh, I don’t know what I am going to do about replacing my uniform and shoes now, not that it matters. I can’t work with this twisted ankle.”

“What work do you do?” Ashton asked and I made a big deal of blushing and looking ashamed.

“I’m a waitress, I really love restaurants, even if I never get to eat in them myself! I know that probably doesn’t sound very impressive to a big, rich businessman like you.”

I indicated all around the limo and Ashton had the gall to look bashful.

“I’m not that wealthy.” He muttered, the liar. “And it’s my fault you almost got hit.”

True, but I wasn’t about to tell him that.

“But you weren’t driving!” I insisted.

“Yeah, but I had my driver just drive aimlessly instead of going home. I just left this stifling party full of the dullest people you’d ever meet.” He smiled ruefully. “I didn’t want to go home, but I didn’t want to stay. If I had just sucked it up, maybe your ankle wouldn’t be hurt. But at least I can help you out with the mugging.”

It took all my self control not to sneer; he was actually complaining about the party I had been busting my ass at. He didn’t even appreciate all he had. I decided then and there

Ashton was going to be my target. I'd seduce him, take everything from him and then once it was all solidly in my name he could have a little...accident. Then his riches would be all mine and nobody could take them away.

I inched a little closer to him, just enough that our hands 'accidentally' brushed. I positioned myself so that his eyes would have no choice but to notice my cleavage and wide, dark eyes as I stared up at him.

"I am so lucky you found me, thank you so much Ashton. I'll repay you somehow."

My voice was breathy, with a little roughness to the edge like this poor, naive woman couldn't believe how lucky she was. It had the desired effect, I watched his Adam's apple bob and his eyes darted down before returning to my face.

"We're uh, we're here."

The ride was over far too quickly, but it didn't matter. I knew I would be riding like this all the time soon enough. I got out, making sure to emphasise my fake limp as I made my way toward my crappy apartment building. Ashton's car disappeared but the seed was planted, the ring sat against the leather seats in a way that Ashton couldn't help but notice. Now I just had to wait.