

# Getting Her Own Back (Trophy Wife Bodyswap TG)

By FoxFaceStories

## An Anonymous Commission

*Richard Berger is furious. His best friend Harrison stole their shared social media algorithm right out from under his nose, and now, years later, he's living it up with his vindictive gold-digging trophy wife-to-be, Sasha. Richard wants revenge, and a chance soon comes when a friend is willing to lend him an invention that will let him impersonate Sasha completely, and ruin his traitorous friend's life from the inside out. And maybe have some female fun in between.*

## Getting Her Own Back

### Prologue

"You're kicking me out? What the hell do you mean you're kicking me out!? I'm half of this company, damn it!"

Richard seethed, overcome with anger and confusion as he stared across the table at his best friend and fellow company creator. Harrison Archer gave an awkward 'aw shucks' look, shrugging slightly.

"I'm sorry, Richard, but it's already done. The paperwork is filed. Syndec is being sold off. You know the social media companies will go nuts on it. Our algorithm makes the Google search engine look like a thing of the past! We're revolutionising how people contact and connect to one another. Just by having the app, it can search your connections and alert you to events and reminders that you didn't even need to put in yourself!"

"I know the fucking sales pitch, Harry, I wrote the damn code!" Richard yelled. "What I'm asking is why I was not informed we were selling in the first place, or how I wasn't consulted on decisions, or why the actual fuck I'm being pushed out of my own damn company?"

Harrison gave an awkward expression, like he was sucking air and unsure how to proceed. "Look, Richard, you're a good friend, okay? You were always a good tech guy. But as a papers man, a money man, you just can't cut it. You *really* shouldn't have let me put everything in my name."

Richard's eyes went wide. "I - I didn't. You said you'd handle it."

“That’s right, I did handle it. I handled it *my* way. My name is on everything, Richard, even the rental of your desk and computer. You don’t own anything, not even your code.”

“You can’t be serious.”

Harrison smirked, and for the first time Richard realised how much the man looked like a typical Wall Street yuppie, with his slicked back brown hair, smart glasses, and high-dollar suit. He even had that self-satisfied smirk all those money guys always had. By contrast, Richard had always been a little overweight, preferring casual clothing like a t-shirt and jeans while he coded, and a passable comb to his black hair. An IT nerd, in essence. Now, those physical differences were playing out in a much more meaningful way.

“This is bullshit, Harrison!” Richard said. “I’ll take you straight to court. You can’t sell our creation - my creation! I wrote the damn thing!”

Harrison gave a ‘tsk tsk’ motion. “Sorry, Richard. It’s already done. I’ve just got to choose which offer to take up now. But it’s okay, you’ll still get your severance package. Now, you need to pack your things. We’re finished.”

The veins on Richard’s temples bulged. “You can’t do this. I built as much of this company as you. If you’re already getting paid millions what does it matter if I get half?”

Harrison shrugged. “Half doesn’t get me a private island, Richard. Best of luck next time.”

He clicked his fingers for security to escort Richard out. The betrayed man lunged at his friend, but was stopped easily by the guards as he was led out, much to the shock of the several other employees they had at their firm.

“Well, assaulting the *sole* owner of the company is enough to lose your severance pay, Richard! Not a good decision!”

Richard looked back at his betrayer, unbelieving that the man who’d given him so much support for so many years had only done so to make money off him and then stab him in the back.

“I’ll get back at you, Harrison! You hear me? I’ll get my own back!”

And then he was turfed from the building, with no idea of what to do next, or even how to achieve that goal.

Richard seethed with the same level of hate when he saw Harrison again, and just as powerless. The same was true for every time that he saw his former friend, though increasingly these sightings were over the television, or in the paper, or on the internet. The man had made several hundred million dollars through his shark-like approach to business, and his investments since had only doubled, or even *tripled* his money. Meanwhile, as the years staggered on, Richard found himself continually working low-end IT jobs, his career forever sabotaged by Harrison’s machinations. Ironically, his attempts to prove that he was the real genius behind Syndec led to a ruthless propaganda campaign in the media by

Harrison that caused Richard to effectively be prevented from ever seeing true success again. He maintained friends with the old company he'd been forced out of, and many other sympathetic software engineers and hardware creators like him, but there was only so much friends could do. And he never let go of his hatred. He stewed on that hatred for the next nineteen years, until he was fifty one years old.

## **Part 1: The Suit**

Richard Berger cringed at the way his bad knee cricked and cracked as he ascended the stairs of GenCorp. He looked to the scientist leading him, an old acquaintance of his from a rival of Syndec he had once been part of. Well, a rival that *once* existed, until Harrison's lawyers brought the company to the ground. But Tony had remained a good friend and kept in touch in the years since.

"Tony, what did you bring me up here in the middle of the night for?"

"To show you something. What we've been developing."

"I think genetic technology is a little out of my purview, Tony. I don't even do impressive coding anymore. I just do routine IT work."

The scientist looked to him with a friendly smile. He was twenty years his junior, a difference was everything. Unlike him, He had colour in his handsome dark hair, muscles on his form, and didn't look like a bus had been dropped on him. Mind, that permanently scowling look was probably more to do with his endless hatred Ricahrd had of his life circumstances than his aging.

"Because, Richard, you still have friends who remember, and others who want to get even with Harrison Archer. The rat bastard."

"I've given up on that. There's nothing that can help me."

"Oh yeah, would you give up if you saw this?"

He stopped them before a locked door at the end of the stairs, and showed him an article dated to just three days ago. It made Richard seethe all over again just to read the title.

### ***Billionaire Harrison Archer set to marry young supermodel Sasha Vasco***

*The incredibly wealthy tech genius and master investor is fifty years old, but that hasn't stopped him from finding a much younger wife in the gorgeous twenty year old Sasha Vasco. The hot blonde has made big splashes in the entertainment industry and on the catwalk, with her voluptuous figure and sultry expressions becoming*

*favourites. But an early retirement may be in order for Sasha as she retreats to Archer's private island in the Pacific for their twenty million dollar wedding ceremony.*

Richard nearly broke the phone in anger until Anthony Dieter snatched it away.

"I've met her," he said. "Drop dead gorgeous too. Apparently the tits are natural, which, woo! Right? Sadly, despite looking like a total honeypot, she's as sweet as vinegar. A real bitch, and you *know* I don't like that word. I like to stay the gentleman, but it applies here, so you know she must be a piece of work."

"She'd have to be," he said, "to end up with *him*."

"Yeah. Vain. Proud. Elitist. And check out what she has to say about us working Joes." Another article, this one older.

*Sasha Vasco refuses to apologise for comments: "working class families need to stop complaining and, like, get a second job. Most of them are just jealous of more successful people, and yeah, I include myself in that category. If more people worked their way up like I did, they'd actually be better off instead of whining all the time like spoiled children.*

"She was born to a wealthy millionaire family," Tony remarked. "She had her first horse farm when she was twelve. That's horse *farm*, not horse. But evidently, she didn't want to be a multimillionaire. She wanted to be a *billionaire*."

"I hate her already," Richard remarked. "Jesus, I've heard of trophy wives before, but that's ridiculous."

"The billionaire class are the exclusive club of an exclusive club," he remarked.

"Well, you've succeeded in making an angry old man even angrier, Tony. so you better tell me what this is all about."

"It's just behind this door," he said with a smile.

Tony accessed the data pad and it slid open, though not before an eye scan as well.

"Good security," he murmured.

"It has to be, for what I'm about to show you."

They stepped into the room, which looked like a high tech laboratory. On display was a strange suit that looked to be made of thin plastic, like surgical gloves. It was a plain grey in colour, and came with a hood.

"This," he said, "is what we're developing. What *I'm* developing. I call it the Biosuit, and it's cutting edge. Real military grade shit. If you have a genetic sample from someone and you feed it into the suit's biometrics, then all you need to do is put the suit on. The suit

will then fuse to your own genetic makeup, and literally remake your body into that individual. You'll *be* them, in body but not in mind."

"Bullshit."

The scientist chuckled. "It's true. I've tested it myself. It's still in a lot of other testing phases, but it works, Richard. And I'm still shitty at Harrison Archer for nearly fucking over my career two decades after he fucked yours. Not to mention how his litigation destroyed my marriage. I figured you'd want a shot at him, so I secretly built a couple of spares that GenCorp doesn't know about."

The impact of what he was saying hit him. He marvelled at his younger friend. "You're saying I can impersonate him, steal his life?"

"And destroy it from the inside out, if you wish. You'll need to get a genetic sample first, of course, but -"

"I'll do it," he said, possibilities of revenge reeling in his mind. "I'll use every contact I have to get in the same room as him."

"I knew you would," Tony said. "Just be aware that each suit is a one-time use thing, okay? Once it takes a code, you can remove the suit at any time, but that means its charge is shot."

He nodded. "So I better make it count." For a moment he paused, considering something. "Why not do it yourself, Tony? Why me?"

"Because GenCorp will notice one of their best missing, and it will only raise suspicion. But more than that . . . you were the first, Richard. The first victim, the first guy he fucked over, the one who's had it the worst, really. I felt it would be . . . poetic, if you were the one to do it."

"Then I better make some damn fine poetry," Richard replied.

He opened his phone, and began to make some calls while Tony explained more of the suit's features.

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Richard tried not to choke on his own fury as Harrison and Sasha approached the restaurant table he'd been waiting at. They were twenty minutes late, and it was a clear power play. Harrison had barely changed in appearance. Yes, there was a little more white in his hair, and he wasn't as trim, but wealth and surgery had done him good, unlike Richard, who had only put on further weight and struggled with diabetes. The woman on his arm, the one that was thirty years his junior, was another kind of sight altogether. Sasha Vasco was perhaps the most attractive woman he'd ever seen. She had large D-cup breasts which were threatening to spill out of her tight red dress, one which outlined her perfect hourglass figure.

She was Brazilian-American, and so her slight olive skin tone matched her gorgeously silky hair perfectly to give the impression of a sun-scorched beauty. Her eyelashes were thick and extended, and her lips full and sensual. She moved with a sway to her hips that must have been exaggerated, and she clearly relished the attention she was receiving.

“Richard, Richard, Richard,” Harrison said condescendingly, as he extended a hand. It was one of those handshakes you had to contort your positioning to take. Another power play. Richard took it anyway. “So good to see you! I can’t believe you reached out all this time to finally hand over the source code!”

Richard shrugged. “I figured it was time to settle old grudges.”

“What grudge?” Harrison laughed. “Have you met my new wife, Sasha? Of course you haven’t. Say hello to Richard, Sasha.”

She pointedly didn’t take his hand. “You were one of Harry’s old employees, right?”

“Partners,” he corrected.

Harrison chuckled as he brought the waiter over for drinks. “Not on paper!”

Richard suppressed the urge to strangle him.

“Well, that’s very . . . cute,” Sasha said. “I’m sure you must be in awe of my Harry. He’s done such amazing things.”

“I’m sure he has,” Richard said, biting his tongue.

“Harry tells me you were a bit angry at him for firing you. A bit petty, isn’t it? I mean, when you get fired isn’t that the world telling you to shape up?”

She looked pointedly over his body, clearly insulting his weight. Indeed, he had put more on in the intervening years. She chuckled at her own jibe. Richard really, *really* hated her.

“So you’re a model?” he asked after they ordered some wines.

“*The* model,” she said. “If you haven’t heard of me, you must be living under a rock. Or in a terrible apartment, no offence. I’m not *just* a model either. I’m an actress, a gameshow host, a self-help guru, and a major online influencer.”

“And the sexiest damn wife on the planet, right?” Harrison said, running a finger down her form to her ass. She grinned smugly, clearly happy to be the trophy wife on the arm of a literal billionaire. It was all clearly being thrown in Richard’s face. A final humiliation. Thankfully, the drinks arrived, and each were poured a glass of red before he could spill some red instead.

“So Richard,” Harrison said, “how is life going?”

“Yes, I would like to hear how all about it, Richard. Are you going summering?”

He cocked his head, frowning. “Summering?”

“Oh, I thought you would know,” Sasha said with an amused grin. “I just assumed you would have a summer house.”

“Well, I don’t.”

“Mhm, so sad.”

He bit his tongue. “I’m just working in IT, like I have for the last twenty years. Since you pushed me out.”

Harrison shrugged. “I had no choice. You were threatening to sue, and frankly I didn’t want to deal with it. I think we both agree it was *your* misstep there. Which you must admit, because you’ve brought the source code.”

Richard smirked as the two shared a showy lover’s moment, Sasha passing a glass to her husband, and him to her. They drank as if celebrating, before putting the glasses down. “Actually, I didn’t bring the code. Not the original. It’s the one thing I’ll always keep, and you’ll never get in your little private billionaire island museum temple to yourself. I just wanted to meet you.”

“And why is that?” Harrison said, frowning.

Richard grinned. “To tell you to go fuck yourself, old man.”

He stood, walked over and grabbed Harrison’s glass, and walked away without another word. He’d gotten what he came for.

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Anthony readied the sample, still chuckling at the story Richard had told of how the meeting had gone. Tony had shown him how to let the suit absorb the genetic element, then instructed him on how to ‘get in’, so to speak. After that, things would take care of themselves, once Tony planted the genetic sample into the suit.

“And so all I have to do is put it on?” he asked.

“Yep. Then I put the sample in, and you give it the passcode. It’s voice activated, but for obvious reasons can’t be keyed to a particular voice. In this case, the code is *Sic Semper Tyrannis*.”

He smirked. “Death to all tyrants? A little cliché, don’t you think?”

Tony shrugged. “Archer always did favour himself quite the Caesar. But don’t worry, for the suit you’re going to put on *him*, I’ve chosen a sentence that he will never even conceive of, let alone bring himself to say.”

“Oh?”

“*Richard Berger has my undying loyalty and respect, and I was wrong to betray him.*”

The two laughed just at the thought of Harrison ever saying that. Tony was right, of course; he never would.

“Okay, let’s put on this suit so I can become the world’s biggest asshole.”

“Sure. And you will *be* the world’s biggest asshole, remember. The suit will totally transform you: age, weight height, energy levels, the works. You’ll just have to - wait. Shit. There’s a problem.”

Richard sucked in a breath. “Fuck. What is it?”

Anthony gave an awkward grin. “You’ve got the wrong cup. This is a female genetic code, at least according to my readout. This one must be Sasha’s.”

It hit Richard immediately. The two lovebirds had been swapping glasses and shifting them about that he hadn’t kept up.

“Is there any trace of Harrison on there?”

“Nothing worth using. Hers is far more present.”

Richard brooded for a moment. Only Sasha’s, only Sasha’s . . .

“That’s okay though,” Anthony said, perking up. “We can plan around this. After all, Harrison has that gala coming up. It’s only a few weeks away, and there’s no doubt that he’ll have Sasha on his arm. I can get us some tickets - it’s a charity affair - and if you can’t get a sample from him I’ll be able to. And then we can - Richard?”

But Richard’s mind was already reeling with possibilities, and a rather cheeky desire to be even bolder. Bold as brass, and far more exciting and fun for it. To his friend’s clear surprise, he broke out laughing. “Oh, this is perfect! This is just fucking perfect! This is even better than I could have hoped for! What a great miscalculation.”

“Are you serious?” Tony asked. “That has to be sarcasm, right?”

But Richard was grinning ear to ear. “Not at all! This will fell two birds much more effectively. Being Harrison would have had too many risks, and besides, Sasha will be more accessible. Not to mention I can humiliate and destroy him even more effectively as his wife.”

Tony’s eyes bulged. “Have you gone insane?”

“Maybe!” Richard laughed. “But think about it, it’ll make things so much easier, and I’ll be able to use some feminine wiles to success as well. And, look, I’m not getting any younger, and neither is Harrison. How wonderful to be young and healthy again!”

Anthony spluttered. “But - but you’ll be a woman!”

Richard slapped his knee. “Even better! What man hasn’t dreamed of being on the other side. I can’t believe I didn’t think of this first, but then again, maybe it’s hard to admit until there’s no other option. I get to experience my rival’s destruction, be young again, *and* what it’s like to be a hot young doll! I bet it feels pretty *fantastic*. Oh please, Tony, don’t tell me you haven’t thought about what it’s like to feel up your own pair of boobs? Or what a woman’s orgasm is like?”

“I’ll try to contain my disgust, Richard. What the hell are you going to do with the real Sasha anyway?”



“We’ve got that extra suit copy. We can get her out of the picture. You showed me what a world class trashheap of a human being she is, right? Don’t tell me taking her down a peg wouldn’t amuse you as well, right?”

“I couldn’t possibly comment on that.”

He gave his friend a smile. “I’ll take that as a secretive yes. I’m going ahead with it! Prime the suit, and let’s make me one voluptuous young lady, primed for life in the fast lane, ha! Thanks for this, Tony. I’ll make sure you get the recognition you deserve too. And maybe a few tens of millions of dollars.”

“Make it a hundred million and we’re even, just so long as no one finds out about the suit, okay?”

“Yeah, yeah. It’s not like I’m going to advertise myself as the ‘man who became Sasha Vasco!’”

His friend was still shocked, but Richard went ahead and put on the suit, not loving how it stretched over his naked form but full of excitement nonetheless. Richard had given him some privacy thankfully, but it was still odd the way the latex material hugged his every curve, though they were not the kind of curves anyone really wanted to see. At least, not *yet*. Even his bulge was outlined against the material, and when he put the hood on, he felt he looked like something out of *Pulp Fiction* more than anything.

“Okay, put the sample in. Sasha’s sample.”

“This is crazy!” Tony exclaimed, stepping forward with uncertainty.

“You won’t think that when I have a rather impressive chest, young man.”

Tony frowned. “First, I hate it when you call me that, second, you realise I’ll be older than you when you change?”

“All the better! A youthful new existence, and not at all a bad looking one either! Go on, get the sample in.”

“Before you regret it?”

Richard gave a belly laugh. “Oh, I don’t think I’m going to regret this at all. In fact, I wish I’d thought of it sooner! Becoming an attractive woman - isn’t that every man’s curiosity? And it’ll make the plan even sweeter.”

Tony gave an exasperated sigh, and pressed the genetic material against the single tab of the suit - a yellow repository which alone stood out like a little pebble from the suit.

“Sasha Vasco, in my lab. I never thought . . .”

“It better work, I’m all excited now.”

Tony couldn’t say a thing, just threw up his hands at his older friend’s strange excitement. But Richard didn’t even feel embarrassed. Already, he was wondering how Sasha’s feminine form would feel, how sensitive it would be, how it would move. And, of

course, how those supposedly amazing multiple orgasms as he played with those tits would be like . . .

He couldn't wait, and so it came as a relief when Anthony gave the thumbs up for the voice activation. Richard took a steady breath, not wanting to lose a moment of this. But privacy was important, and the time it took for Tony to leave the room and give him some privacy felt like an eternity. Finally, he had the area to himself, and then he could say the all-important words.

*'Sic Semper Tyrannis.'*

To his astonishment, the suit went *tight*. It clung into every fold of skin, every wrinkle, conforming to every pebble of raised skin and every eyelash point at once, so that he no longer looked in the mirror like a man wearing a gimp suit, but rather a man with grey skin and a bald head. He could see through the grey material, but in an alien way even the surface of his eyes was touched by the strange fabric, which by every moment felt less and less like it was a bodysuit and more and more like it was part of him. It made him desperately aware of how old, wrinkled, and out of shape he was.

"Ohhh, this feels w-weird," he stuttered.

And then it got even weirder.

The suit melded into his skin, shifting and conforming to it. He groaned, trying to stand straight but nearly stumbling over as his fat shifted, the suit exerting a strange pressure throughout his form that he couldn't quite understand. He gasped, sucking in air, and with it came more of the material of the suit, which somehow stuck to the roof and bottom of his mouth like cling wrap. He coughed briefly, but immediately after it felt all natural, like it was part of him. But that was only the beginning.

"Ahh - ahh - ahhh - o-okay! Nnghh! S-something's happening!"

A series of pressures like dozens of hands began to massage over his body, pressing and pushing and tensing and pulling various parts of him. His gut slowly sucked in, the fat redistributing, pushing around his body to new areas. He gulped as his stomach churned, something forming to push aside his intestines within.

"Mhmm . . . ahhhh . . . f-feels p-pretty g-good actually!"

He moaned a little, savouring the strange pleasure that was building in his hard crotch and, strangle, his nipples. He lifted his arms, arms that were rapidly slimming, and gently caressed his skin as that strange flush of heat came over him.

"F-fuck! Oh G-God . . . that's - that's n-nice! Ugghhh!!"

He groaned in intermingling discomfort and pleasure as his body shape altered. His waist pulled dramatically inwards, and his thighs slimmed also. He felt his height decrease slightly, and his face began to rearrange as muscle and bone was subtly, then unsubtly, altered. It felt smoother, better cared for, and it made him jealous of women, and how

smooth and perfect their skin could be. And he was most certainly becoming female: his figure slimmed, his buttocks gained a little more firmness, and his chest became less comically broad. A greater smoothness, followed by much greater changes.

His waist kept pulling in, beyond a sensible circumference. His hips expanded, pushed outwards slowly but surely as the suit altered his genetic code. His rear end had firmness, but increasingly it was rounding out all over again, this time in a much more peach-shaped size. He struggled, contorting himself to keep track of all the strange changes: even his cock was feeling oddly numb, his testes feeling as if they were being tugged . . . *upwards*.

"It's h-happening? Sh-shit! Oh shit, it's actually happening! I'm b-becoming a woman!."

His eyes widened, and he clasped his suit-covered through as his Adam's apple shrunk. His voice had sounded almost *female*.

"I even sound *like a woman!*"

Again his voice raised another octave, this time sounding thoroughly female, and quite familiar at that. Most definitely Sasha's. But before his mind could even take that in, his nipples tingled.

"Ohhhhh . . . s-so sensitive!"

They were. Sensitive, and *growing*. Clearly outlined against the thin grey material, they blossomed, quickly developing a significant set of areolas around them. More than that, some of his fat was shifting around and up to his shift. More than a little, in fact. Quite a lot, actually.

"Ohhhh y-yeah! I knew she was b-big! Feels even bigger to me nooow!"

The image came to him at once, even as he whimpered at the sensation of his hips cracking a little wider, his legs becoming more shapely, his developing breasts a bit fuller. It was so stupid, but already he was thinking of how to pose this body when it was done. How to step out to Anthony looking like a walking wet dream, his luscious hair and light olive skin perfect upon his soon-to-be hourglass figure.

"I'm b-becoming Sasha fucking Vasco! NNGGHH!!!"

Another wave of pleasure came over him as his breasts began to surge forth. They pulled at him, becoming heavier and rounded even as his chest and shoulders became smaller and daintier. All of him was changing, and it was near impossible to keep up with it all! His waist was ridiculously slim, but his hips had fully finished expanding to provide a set of baby-makers that would entice anyone's eye. His penis shrank, and with a pleasurable gasp of bliss from Richard, it pulled up into his body entirely.

"Ohhhhh - s-surprisingly g-good!"

He cringed at its loss, or at least tried to. Yes, he was looking forward to becoming a woman, but losing one's dick was still hard to take. Well, he *thought* it would be. But the truth was, it only made him even further aroused. He lifted his arms, which continued to slim, and held his burgeoning breasts with his hands. They expanded to generous D-cups, exactly Sasha's size, and were too big to be contained in his now dainty fingers.

"Mmhm - ooohh - ahahh -MHHHMMMM!!!"

It was too much. At the moment his scalp erupted with long blonde wavy hair, his body erupted into orgasm. It was like a whole-body sneeze, the explosion of the climax causing his body to wrack, and his balance to nearly go out from under him - especially since his centre of gravity had changed. It rolled across his form, and then it continued again and again, several more orgasms smashing his new form with the power of a tidal wave, far more potent than any male orgasm had ever been to him. His high, sensual female voice cried out, and at the moment of highest ecstasy his skin tone came through, leaving him with a light olive pigmentation. At that same moment of greatest pleasure, he grinned madly. He'd made the right choice, all right. Far, far better than being dull, old Harrison. Yes, taking on this nubile, sexy Brazilian female form was exactly what he wanted.

"I want to b-be you, Sashaaaaahhhh!!!"

One final shake, a final earthquake of bliss through his form, and it was done. He was Sasha. A far cry from his flabby Richard body, and all the better for it.

He stood there, panting heavily in the lab room, clutching to the wall, his large breasts rising and falling with every breath. They looked even larger now that they were on his figure. In fact, everything looked more pronounced, from Sasha's perfect hips to her damned fine ass. But more than almost anything else, even more than the disappeared dick that he was still coming to terms with, Richard couldn't believe how *young and fantastic* he felt. It had gone off perfectly, and he'd been right to choose Sasha's form.

"Holy shit," he managed, still coming down from the high of the change. "I feel - I feel *great. More than great! I feel so light!*"

It was true. All that excess weight was gone, and he felt positively elegant. His body, his limbs, his entire being moved so freely, without the sluggishness that came from extra flab and fat. He had gone from obese (and really, he was finally being honest with himself, he had been obese) to starlet thin, though still with some sumptuous curves. Coupled with his reduced height, it was like he'd shed half his body weight! It took him a moment to even get used to that height alteration. The world seemed subtly bigger in a way that would take time getting used to. Even his steps were smaller as he brought himself closer to his reflection.

He gazed at himself in the mirror, admiring the sheer perfection of Sasha's form. Her looks were one in a million. One in a hundred million, or in a century! No evidence of the

skinsuit remained, and now even Richard's eyes were her bright blue, and his cheeks hers, even the cute dimples and beauty spot. Her body was within the fat folds that his had been riddled with - well, there was fat, but it was in all the right places - and it possessed an energy and youth to it that he had long forgotten. He felt like he could take on the world twice over!

Still amazed at his appearance, the new woman posed a few times in the mirror, first a little sexily, hugging her jiggling breasts and then placing her hands on her feminine hips, and then just testing the boundaries of her new limbs.

"This body is fucking flexible!" he marvelled as he raised one leg right up beside his head. The movement revealed his perfect pussy, but he wasn't willing to investigate *that* part of his new self just yet. No, that needed a more . . . sensual environment, perhaps. He tingled with anticipation at the thought of it, imagining fucking himself in the very epicentre of Harrison's penthouse, or his island lair. Of pleasuring his rival's wife's body right under the man's nose.

"I definitely chose the right bod," he said. "This actually feels amazing!"

He posed again, bounced on the spot, chuckled at the way his new boobs bounced. He slapped his own ass, laughed as he did so.

"I bet I never figured I'd be able to slap an ass like *this!*"

More poses, more exercises, more stretches. His heart beat rapidly, and even his ticker felt far more healthy, like the years had been wound back. And they had! By twenty years!

"I'm fucking *twenty* again," he marvelled, even enjoying the soothing tone of his female voice. Sasha really did have a sexy dulcet voice when she wasn't being a total bitch. He could see why her career had skyrocketed so damn rapidly.

"And now there's *two* of her," he said. "She won't be pleased."

The word 'pleased' brought to mind the greater concept of 'pleasure', and it was hard thought to ignore. After all, Richard had just orgasmed, and that climax had felt distinctly unmasculine, and also very, *very* nice. Just thinking about it made her nipples stiffen, a rather alien but nice feeling. Biting his lip, the former old man couldn't help but feel a little pervy.

"Ah, but I'm old and alone, and in the body of Sasha Vasco. I can have greater fun with Harrison's staff, maybe. Why bother waiting, I can enjoy it right now. Cement what a good decision this was."

He licked his plump lips, staring at the Brazilian beauty on the mirrored wall. The sexual attraction was still there, but so was the notion of something else. A deeper sense of fulfilment . . . a desire to be quite literally *filled*. He lowered a hand to the space between his

gorgeous thighs, and began to gently rub at the slowly moistening vulva there. It felt *wonderful*.

“Mhmmm . . . ohhh, women have it good.”

At least *Sasha* did. Her body was surprisingly sensitive, and her tits especially so. He rubbed them gently, caressing them with his spare hand and forearm, and delighted at the pulses of pleasure they produced. His new nipples produced the best feeling, particularly when rolled and pinched between his fingers, but it was a happy surprise to find that the undersides of *Sasha*'s breasts produced little tingles of joy. Ones that only got stronger the more he focused upon them.

“Ahh . . . ohhhh f-fuck! Yes! Ahhh - nearly th-there!”

He was getting closer, especially as he found the little nub of his new clitoris. It throbbed, utterly *aching* with need, yearning to be touched and rubbed and teased and pinched lightly. He rubbed it in a counter-clockwise fashion, all while dipping his fingers into his wet tunnel. Two fingers felt best: he inserted them and gasped. It was strange. It was wrong. No, fuck that! It was so feminine and womanly. It was *radiant*. He continued to rub harder and faster, but not too hard, not too fast. He'd been a man, and knew a man's impatience in bed compared to a woman's. He still took things slow enough to build and build the pleasure. He circled his nipples with his fingers, tracing over them and squeezing them between his fingers, sending more lances of ecstasy through his body. Even his own moaning turned him on.

The pleasure rose, building and building and *fucking building* until he was gasping like a gorgeous nymph in heart. Finally, it became all too much. His sultry voice moaned louder and louder, no longer capable of speech as the need to cum rose and rose and fucking *rose and rose* until he could take no more of it.

“I'm going to c-cum! OooohhOOHHHHH!!”

The waves of pleasure that rocked her didn't just centre in his genitals, like when he was male. No, the female orgasm - *Sasha*'s orgasm - came from everywhere. It coursed from his heaving chest, expanding from his centre, rocked through his limbs, and cascaded down his hips to his curling toes. It was stronger than the transformation, *much* stronger, and heightened by the fact that he was still playing with himself, still elevating the bliss that was yet to come. It was like being hit by a fucking freight train of pleasure, one that just *kept. On. Coming*. No, not coming. *Cumming*.

“Yes! Oh, God, yes! Fuck yes! S-s-s-soooooo Gooooood! Keep cumming! Oh God, it's still happening! I'm still fucking C-CUMMINNNNGGGG!!!”

And just when he had recovered from the overwhelming pleasure - an ecstasy heightened by the body's wonderful youth and energy, the next round of orgasms rolled

through him. It took a good few minutes of whimpering as multiple occurrences of orgasm rocked his new nubile body. It was like being hit with the best series of electric shocks ever.

Finally he collapsed, unfamiliar breasts pressing uncomfortably against the floor, his ass wobbling a little from the motion.

“Jesus, I really am twenty again. And a woman. Fucking Harrison and Sasha. This . . . this is the best moment of my life.”

He giggled like the silly woman he now was. Already, he was realising how much better the plan was if he remained as Sasha. Not to mention how fun it was going to be to play at being a woman, and enjoy seeing how the other half lived, in wealth and status *and* gender. Yes, he thought, *this is what I wanted all along, wasn't it? I can even make the revenge far sweeter. And colder. And, of course, enjoy all the pleasures of womanhood while I do it.*

Now he could break Harrison's wallet, reputation, *and* his heart.

The new woman grinned.

*She* grinned.

## **Part 2: New Life, New Wife**

Anthony still thought the whole thing insane, of course. But then, seeing the hot young supermodel Sasha Vasco emerge, proudly smiling, from the labtech room he'd just returned to, had perhaps thrown him off balance from the beginning. The sight of the busty, hourglass-figured model with the 'come get me eyes', as the scientist put it, had instantly and rather obviously given the man an erection, a fact that embarrassed both of them, though Richard perhaps found it a little amusing. Anthony tried to convince him to give it up and try some other plan.

“Nonsense! This one is far better, and this body is amazing - I can see from your trouser leg that you agree. Besides, I already told Harrison to fuck off. I'm a coder, Anthony, I know how many if-then-elses there'll be if we go a different route.”

Tony was bewildered. “But stay as Sasha?”

“Why not?” he said, gesturing at his *very* female body, which was wrapped in a rather unappealing outfit due to lack of options. “Harrison will be blinded to what I'll be doing, and besides, I feel young and fit as a fiddle.”

“But - but you're a woman! You've got tits! Big ones! I know I agreed to this, but . . .”

Richard blushed, making him look all the cuter, a fact he was well aware of. “Yeah, trust me, I know. They're pretty heavy. And I can feel your eyes on them.”

“Uh, sorry.”

He chuckled. “Don’t worry. They’re a pretty fantastic pair. Look all you like, friend. You certainly have a vantage point.”

“That’s the height differential.”

“Something I’m still getting used to. You look tall at the moment.”

“Oh? Tall, dark and handsome?”

He giggled this time. “Eh, just tall, big boy” he said, though it sounded more flirty than intended, which was not a terrible surprise. Maybe even flirting would be fun? “But hey, I’ve had fifty years as a man. Now I get to enjoy being a woman and experience some of the spark of my twenties again.”

In the end, after this back and forth, and Tony’s own clearly embarrassed attraction to Sasha Vasco’s body, the two formed the plan. Adjusted it, more like. By the end, and after a stiff drink, Richard was even openly talking about all the fun little things he could practise as a woman, from makeup to sitting down while peeing. After all, he could go back to his body any time he wants - he had control of the change - but this would allow a very unique experience. And a unique way of fucking over Harrison in a way the man would never see coming. And by the end, Tony was excited too.

“Well, I won’t lie, you’ve got her smirk and cheeky grin down already.”

“I have?” Richard marvelled.

“Oh yeah. I won’t lie, it’s *very hot*.”

“Already flirting with me.”

“Can you blame a man? But can you turn up the bitch factor?”

Richard considered this. “I’ll just have to make it very clear how much I hate ugly people like Richard Berger, and go from there.”

“That’s the spirit.”

The two continued their banter into the night, preparing Richard for the role of a lifetime. Tony seemed to enjoy gazing at the transformed man’s form, and Richard didn’t exactly mind it either. After all, he did have a fucking hot body now, and the slightly perverted old man in him relished a bit of attention. Besides, it was just another way of getting into character. Right?

And so it was that only a week later, the ‘replicant’ Sasha, as Richard thought of himself currently, made his way to the exclusive modelling agency for ‘her’ photoshoot. He’d trained with Anthony, gone over the videos and images that showed the poses she made and even interviews on how she approached photoshoots (which one had to sift through a lot of pretentiously haughty comments to find). They’d even gotten clothes for Richard to wear, pooling money for some chic outfits, not to mention some lingerie that would fit her outstanding curves. And during that time, Richard got used to his new voice, his new way of



walking that swayed his wide hips from side to side, and even basics like leg etiquette and the proper woman's walk. The makeup thing would take longer than a few days to master, but it was a start. The real challenge would be convincing others it was her.

She arrived around the block from the upscale modelling agency known as *Zirameer*. The former old man thought it looked pretentious as hell, but perhaps as an unstylish coder all his life such things simply didn't click. What was of interest was the sight of the real Sasha Vasco entering. While he wore a large coat, hat, and sunglasses to cover his form, she was proudly on display in zebra-striped dress that conformed perfectly to her curves. Carefully, he followed her, mindful of the bodyguard she had.

This would be the hard part. Anthony and Richard had gone over it many times, enough so that Richard had grown used to the other man sneaking looks down his top occasionally. It was well known that on arrival at any agency, Sasha sent her guard to wait, then spent some time getting 'into character', as she put it. Wasting other people's time, more like. That would give the all-important window, however, for Richard to sneak in.

His smaller heart beat in his chest, reminding him of how young he was now. Ordinarily he would never take such a risk, but the simple fact of possessing such youth had inculcated in him a powerful impulsive streak. Yes, his mind was still his, but the rest of his hormones, female or otherwise, had certainly made him feel much more excitable. It was, for instance, hard not to feel his body up quite often, and enjoy the smoothness of his light olive skin, now wrinkle and fat free and slightly, excitingly foreign.

"God, this is a pretty fucking great body," he said to himself. "Now time to put my bitch face on."

He adjusted himself, keeping in his coat for now but ready to reveal his much tighter dress on underneath. He particularly liked the way it hugged his hips - certainly, he got why women liked to show off their bodies. Attractive ones, anyway. He waited the requisite few minutes, then decided to take the leap. A message from Tony confirmed it.

*Think she's entered the dressing room. Can't see much else with binoculars.*

Richard chuckled. Even if the plan failed, it was worth trying. Anything was worth trying, to fuck over the man who ruined his life. And he didn't have to feel much sorry for Sasha as well: she'd recently signed on to promote a cosmetics company that was being investigated for live animal testing.

One last breath, and he stepped into *Zirameer*. A woman at the counter went to intercept him, but he removed his hat and glasses, and she halted, confused.

"What?" he said in his haughtiest Sasha voice. "I had to get something from my car. Is there a problem?"

"Oh, um, no Miss Vasco."

"Good," he said, and continued on in.

The same reaction was had from the bodyguard, but he seemed more annoyed and exasperated: "Please stay in sight, Miss Vasco. Mr Archer-"

"Knows I am free to do as I please," he said. The bodyguard just sighed, making Richard grin. Evidently, being as self-obsessed and egotistic as possible was working. "Now where was that dressing room? I get so confused because there are just so *many* modelling shoots I have to do and too many prestigious magazines to go in."

Again, a sigh, and he pointed in the general direction. With a wink, she went, creeping now to avoid being detected by Sasha. Sure enough, a rather resplendent looking door led to the dress, which had a large 'DO NOT DISTURB' sign.

"Oh, I plan to disturb," Richard said. He put his hat low over his head again, and readied the chloroform on the rag he'd brought. Crude, but effective. He opened the door, and just his luck, she was on the other side, just getting out.

"For fuck's sake, I told you that *the help* are to leave me alo-"

Her eyes went wide. His went wide. She opened her mouth to scream and before he could even *think* he was shoving the chloroform into it. Damn, Sasha's reflexes were damn good. Or maybe his had wasted away. Either way, he managed to slam the door, push her back, and then pull away the rag once she was under. His heart beat rapidly, pulse pounding as he worked quickly to undress her.

"Fuck, this is crazy. What am I doing?"

It was difficult to get the real Sasha into the other bodysuit, and he briefly panicked when someone spoke at the door.

"Sasha? Miss Vasco? Are we ready?"

"Four more minutes! I said not to disturb!" he called, and that seemed to assuage them. He finished putting the suit on the girl, and remotely activated it as Anthony had taught him. Then he said the line:

*"Richard Berger has my undying loyalty and respect, and I was wrong to betray him."*

The effect was instantaneous. Sasha's body writhed as the suit did its work, and the woman groaned and moaned. The ragged homeless man he'd taken the genetic sample off had been paid well enough, and it was doing dividends here. In just a couple of minutes, a naked man who looked like he belonged in a shelter was lying on the floor of an upper class modelling agency.

"Try to kick the poor down when you *are* poor," he said. That wonderful feeling of revenge floated through his lithe stomach. It wasn't near enough to sate his appetite to revenge upon Harrison, but it was still a good feeling. He grabbed the body, which was still murmuring in confusion, and hauled it as best he could to the cupboard. There were no cameras - of course there weren't - so he could stage this as he wanted. Except for one problem.

“Stupid girl arms and body, way too weak!”

Even weaker than his self as a fifty year old man. The one downside, really.

“Ah well, this is far enough. Time to be a prima donna.” He looked down at the sun-scorched body of the homeless man the model had become. “You know, I could get used to being you. This is actually kind of fun. Too bad you’re a terrible person.”

And with that, he took the final piece of the puzzle: the woman’s ring. The one that signified her married to Harrison Archer, and put it on. And then he began to scream and scream and scream, until his bodyguard burst in, and the commotion started.

“I’m not staying in a place that lets a homeless freak in the closet prey on me!” he cried, running from the building, even as staff tried to assure ‘Sasha’ that everything was okay, and that they were sorry and would handle it. “Take me back to my husband! You’ll be hearing from my lawyers!”

He’d done his research. *Zirameer* wasn’t exactly the most class conscious of businesses, or even remotely ethical. What really mattered, was that he was returning to see Harrison.

“I’m going to fuck you,” he said to himself as his driver took him to their penthouse. “Just not in the way you expect.”

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Richard immediately realised his mistake when he reached the incredibly lavish penthouse suite at the top of *Archer Towers*. His ‘husband’ was waiting for him, armed outstretched as he confidently moved towards Richard, veering for a kiss. Before Richard could even think of an excuse, the lecherous traitor was upon him, pressing his lips against the former male’s. He had no choice but to kiss him back, even if it made his flesh crawl.

No, worse than that. He may have been Richard Berger deep below, but he was in Sasha’s body. And Sasha’s body *liked being kissed by Harrison Archer*.

She pushed him back, cringing, and immediately realised it was the dumb course of action to take.

“What’s wrong, babe?” he said, confused.

“Oh, nothing,” he said, playing it off. “Did you hear about that awful homeless *beast* that was perving on me?”

He nodded. “Disgusting, aren’t they. I’ll drive that business into the ground, don’t you worry. It’ll be plastered over every site.”

“Good,” Richard said, maintaining that haughty voice. “He was revolting!”

Harrison placed his hand around Richard's waist, causing him to feel nauseous again. "Addicts and alcoholics like that always are, my dear. You and I are cut for finer living. Why don't we forget the model shoot for now. Would you like a drink?"

"Yes!" Richard said a little hastily. "Something red."

"You usually like white."

"Well, I feel like red today, is that a problem?"

The older man shrugged. It was weird to think of him as the 'older man.' His gaze lingered over Richard's form, particularly on his enchanting and alluringly deep line of cleavage, a result of a quite enticing push-up bra. His nipples stiffened, and he did his best to ignore it.

"Not a problem at all, my dear. We can get drunk, make love, fuck like rabbits. We've a host of appointments this week across the social calendar. Why not enjoy ourselves? After all, I want you nice and happy while you're on my arm, making me look good."

She grimaced. "Why don't we cancel them?"

"What?"

"We could go to that wonderful island we were married in. I'll make it worth your while."

It was a nauseating sentence, but he needed to separate them from the world, to keep the ruse believable. Harrison regarded him, curious.

"But this was your idea. You wanted to get to know the high life."

She scoffed, thrust her chest out a little, posing to her former friend, as much as a strain as it was to put on the show. "You're the only high life that matters, sexy. Fuck all the rest."

*That* was enough to make him smile. He walked to the penthouse bar and retrieved a nice aged bottle of red.

"'Fuck all the rest' is exactly my philosophy, my dear wife. It's what I've been practising ever since I invented the Syndec algorithm. I'd be more than happy to practice again. Especially if you make it worth my while."

Richard smiled, forced as it was. "Excellent. I can't wait. I'll go . . . freshen up."

He was halfway across the room before he was stopped by Harrison's strong hand on his dainty wrist. "Forgetting something?"

Richard turned, and saw the expectation on his expression. Hesitantly, the new woman kissed Harrison, this time a little more passionately. His stupid female body was amazingly turned on by this older man - evidently Sasha had a genuine thing for that, as much as she was obviously a gold digger. They parted.

"That's the stuff. I knew it was worth marrying a sexy young little thing like you."

He smiled, wanting to puke. Instead, she made it to the bathroom before doing so. Well, he didn't actually puke. In fact, his body was flush with an aroused heat that made him want to scream and smash glass and simply go out there and kill the bastard. But upon looking at his female reflection, his full breasts and wide hips and sexy, flirty face with its perfect oval shape, he managed to adjust himself. Breathe, and calm. Breathe, and calm.

"You can do this, Richard," he said. "You just have to become her. Actually *be* her, until the moment is right. Stop being Richard, and play your part to the full."

Richard had once been an actor, way back in college. He'd always liked theatre drama, something Harrison had mocked him for repeatedly. Even calling it 'faggy' from time to time. Indeed, the man being an absolute ass was obvious in retrospect. What he wouldn't know was that those dormant skills would be reawakened now that Richard felt young, energetic, and most of all, *enthusiastic* again. He made a sexy pose in the mirror, pulled his top down a little, even adjusted his wavy blonde hair. Then he gave a sultry little chuckle.

"Hello, Sasha," *she* said.

Yes, it was time to start being a *she*. Then when the moment came, Richard could emerge to strike.

### **Part 3: Island Affairs**

The new Sasha Vasco kept in touch with Anthony Deiter, sending him updates on her mission. The man was shocked, unbelieving what was happening and yet clearly hoping it would all work out.

*Be careful, Richard.*

*I will, don't worry. But I'm Sasha now, remember?*

*Yeah, about that. The 'other Sasha' was arrested after claiming she was, well, you.*

*Wild. Made a big racist rant against the cop that cuffed her. Him.*

*Charming. Makes me feel better about it.*

*Contact me if you need anything. And don't forget you can go back to being you if it all goes belly up.*

*I will.*

*I'm just saying enjoy the tits while they last.*

*Douchebag. And I will.*

*Haha*

But as much as their conversation was largely light, there was an undercurrent of tension there. Sasha was now heading to the heart of the beast's lair, on a private jet to a

private island in the middle of the Pacific. The very centre of Harrison Archer's power. And, just as her 'husband' would want her to, she had packed a series of damned sexy outfits to wear, including a whole range of bikinis. As revolting as her rival was, she couldn't deny a strange desire to try them on. After all, she would look very, very hot in them. She chuckled at the thought of sending a pic or two to Anthony. Deeply encrypted, of course. The idea of turning on her friend and teasing him about it was too good to resist.

Still, it didn't stop her from being quite nervous when the plane landed. The island was gorgeous, resplendent, all palm trees and beaches and a private resort with numerous pools, spas, workout centres, and many luxuries. If it wasn't owned by the man that stole everything from her, she'd even be excited to enjoy all the amenities. As it was, she planned to only enjoy, well, *some* of them.

"I'm young again, I can enjoy some nice workouts again," she said. "And this body would look great in a sports bra and gym pants."

The door was opened by the plane crew, and she exited out. In true rich people fashion, they were taking two private jets to the island, as Harrison had 'some business to clear up' in his words. It at least gave her time to get her bearings. She quickly discovered that she had free reign of the island and its pleasures, and that any question she asked, any meal she desired, any experience she wanted was provided to her. It was actually kind of exciting, but the first thing she wanted to do was take advantage of the relative privacy, and find a nice room to fuck herself silly. After all, her young, nubile body had needs, and her tits had been *aching* to be touched by someone, including herself, ever since Harrison had looked to her with arousal.

"This way, ma'am," a servant said as he took her to her room. It was immensely spacious, rich, and overlooked the sea. She asked for privacy, sat upon the bed, and took a moment to simply take it all in.

"If worst comes to worst, I can always just wait for him to die and inherit everything," she mused. She chuckled at the ridiculousness of the plan, and slowly began to undress. The room had a number of mirrors, including on the ceiling. The rich certainly *were* quite narcissistic, but it served her well here. After all, she may be Sasha Vasco now, and quite attracted to women, but her mind was more than just her new body's hormones, and so the sight of this drop dead gorgeous bombshell of a woman lying on a bed in nothing but her lacey black lingerie was enough to make her burn with arousal.

"Fuck, being turned on by yourself is actually amazing," he said. "Not to mention this."

She pulled up her legs, taking advantage of her flexibility to remove her panties easily. It made her giggle, and look wondrously upon the gift of a young, perfect female body.

It was wasted on the real Sasha, she decided. Even if she only wore it for a brief time, the former male would use it a lot more wisely. Or at least more . . . deliciously.

“Time to have a little fun, before I get to work. Isn’t that right, sexy?”

She winked at her own reflection above, and then began to feel up her own tits. As Richard, he’d never been particularly attractive, and even he had been aware that his bitterness ever since the Syndec debacle had made him pretty undateable, at least in the long-term. In his darkest moments as Richard, he’d actually just gone to a prostitute. It hadn’t felt good, even if it fulfilled a longing need, for a time. But now, *she* felt free. Not of the bitterness, but of its clawing, clamping feeling. She felt empowered, and with this busty body with his wobbling chest, bouncing ass, and swaying hips, along with its gorgeously enticing smile, she felt like she could have anyone she wanted. Even Anthony.

“Woah, that’s an odd thought.”

Not only was the man nearly twenty years her junior, but he was a friend, the one that had given him the suit for this mission. And yet even as the thought entered her head, it filled her body with a little extra excitement. She removed her bra, relishing the way her tits wobbled, and began playing with them, squeezing them together to form a veritable canyon of cleavage.

“MMhmmmm . . . Tony.”

She moaned at the thought of it. He really was, when she thought about it, quite handsome. An older man - her body still craved that, evidently - but not *too* old like Harrison was, with his dyed hair and crow’s nest eyes. Tony had kind eyes, and despite being a scientist (which *was* pretty sexy, she realised), he was also quite fit. A believer in running early in mornings, and keeping a fit upper half as well.

“Fuck, this has made me hot for guys,” she said. “I feel like back when I was a teen, all - mhmm - sexual thoughts and feelings. Unable to stop thinking about - ahhh! Ohhh! - the hot girls. Only now it’s - nngghh - the hot *guys* instead!”

She began to openly caress herself, teasing at her womanhood with far more of an expert touch than previously so. Her body longed to be filled, and so she searched the drawers next to her. Her eyes gleamed at the size of a vibrator. A very *large* vibrator.

“The things I’m willing to do now,” she said. But in truth she was licking her lips, anticipating what it would feel like. In her mind’s eye, she imagined Tony, his chiselled jaw set with an aroused grin, as he unbuckled his pants and revealed a large erection. She breathed heavily, keeping that image in mind as she closed her eyes and slowly inserted the sex toy into her passage. There was a slight resistance, and then it entered her.

She gasped, her voice high and feminine, a fact that only turned her on all the more.

“OOhhhhhh f-fuck. I’m a dirty old man.”

But that was nothing compared to when she turned it on. Being filled so completely was one thing, but when it began buzzing, it was like every nerve on her new internal passage was being stimulated. She groaned, moaned, squirmed in response to the wonderful sensations, and these feelings were only heightened as she slowly began thrusting the device in and out of her. She looked up at her reflection, and the sight of this hot young busty body pleasuring itself was immensely arousing. Still, she closed her eyes, imagining not that she was using a dildo, but that she was guiding the actual thing. Even as it hummed mechanically, causing her body to tremor, she couldn't help but picture Harrison fucking her.

"N-no! Not - mhmhm - him!"

She shook her head, unable to stop herself from masturbating with the large vibrator. Instead, she switched that vision, imagining a different man. The first that came to mind, once again, was Anthony. His dark hair, his handsome face, his powerful athletic torso. She bit her lip just imagining his cock, desiring that it be huge to match the vibrator's length and girth.

"Mhmm . . . T-Tony," she moaned. "Y-Yes! YES! F-FUCK ME TONY!!"

She had to restrain herself from being too loud just in case someone heard, but nevertheless her body was overcome with an intoxicating series of climaxes that rippled through her. She arched her back, causing her large breasts to wobble, and with one last thrust she pushed the vibrator almost all the way to her cervix, relentlessly pursuing a more powerful orgasm.

She got it, and soon she was gasping in the post-coital aftermath, the bed sheets more than a little soaked with her feminine juices. She caressed her wonderfully curvaceous supermodel body, revelling in not only it but the billionaire life she should have had all along.

"Ahhhh . . . that was something. I could - mhm - get used that. Ohhhh." She paused to slowly pull the vibrator out from her vagina, and it elicited another slight whimper as she removed it. "Okay, ahh, okay. Time to get down to business, Sasha."

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The first thing to do was to get a lay of the land, so to speak. She took a personal tour of the small island, visiting the beaches and entertainment areas and the central pavilion used for entertaining guests. Sasha knew she didn't have a great deal of time before Harrison arrived: he was set to be there the following day, and so she was quick to put her sketch of a plan into action. As the real Sasha often did, she took several videos of herself for her socials, relaxing on the beach in her bikini, talking about her latest diet as she practiced a workout in the gym, discussing her hopes and dreams for the year to come and so on, so



forth. They were always pretentious, but there was a hidden motive to the new Sasha's actions now, and not just the surprising pleasure of putting on new, sexy outfits either. No, it was important to show how out of touch Harrison Archer was, and give little hints of relationship issues that would not become fully obvious until later. As such, she gave little ambiguously nervous laughs as she joked about the island.

"I'm having, like, so much fun. Hubbie won't even let me go, but then he knows best, right! Hope he comes back soon - really missing him and feeling quite lonely!"

"Harry, honey, all my fans are wondering when you'll come here! I'm just joking, everyone. Harrison's the best. I really do love my husband. I have no choice not to, with the way he is!"

"Trapped on my own private island. It's a dream come true - it's almost *unbelievable*, right?"

And so on. Little things that fans would look deeply into, particularly as she aimed the camera at the most ludicrous of Archer's excesses, from his numerous self-portraits, to the polar bearskin rug that was most certainly not legal, and probably not real either, but that she remarked was Harrison's "greatest treasure in the room!"

But these were only little shots off the bow. Stuff that her new husband would not find out about or notice until after he touched down the following day, by which point she could control the narrative. No, these were just seeds. Her main focus was on Harrison's personal study. It was not open to her, secured by a lock, but then the real Sasha wouldn't know Harrison like Richard did. And all the way back to their initial partnership, Harrison knew that his friend's study was protected by a passcode equal to the first four digits of  $\pi$ : 3141.

"Let's see what's in here," she said to herself as she put the code in.

Only for it to blink red, and reject her.

"Huh? What the fuck? He changed it? He used it for the penthouse suite!"

But it was true, it was locked, and not even other combinations she remembered worked.

"Fuck! Harrison, you fucking asshole!"

It made her slump, but she returned to her feet quickly and moved on as she heard the approach of one of Harrison's servants moving down the hall, continuing a daily clean. She retreated back to her room, her breasts bobbing in her loose summer dress, angrily flinging mental curses at the traitor who was still finding ways to fuck her over, even twenty years on from the original betrayal.

"Goddamn asshole," she said, continuing to repeat the mantra. "I had everything hinged on that. Well, *a lot of things*." She sat back on the bed, the one the servants had already cleaned in the space of just a few hours, and sighed. "That's okay. Just one plan

among many. Got to fuck him over, big time. And there's more than just hidden secrets to pour over."

There was indeed, even though time was growing shorter than she would have liked. After all, Harrison prided himself on several things: his financial success, his reputation as a suave gentleman, and his intelligence. Richard/Sasha knew the first had been stolen, and the last was a sham. The middle one was perhaps his only true success, but she would systematically undo it. After all, he'd gone to great effort to secure the world's sexiest trophy wife. Now that she wore Sasha's body, she could make a total embarrassment of him.

"I'm fucking hot for guys now, after all, and why not be a little traditional and go straight for the pool boy?"

She grinned at the thought, and set out immediately for the pool in her skimpiest bikini, a sexy red thing that showed off all her luscious curves to the fullest degree possible. She'd noticed the man showing interest in her earlier, and it had sent a bit of a flushed heat through her system to see the way he'd checked her out. He had toned dark muscles and a fit figure, and perhaps Harrison was too egotistic to realise what an enticing look that gave to someone like Sasha. Sure, he could stand to be a bit older, but he was still tall, dark and handsome.

"Hey there," she said, sauntering towards the pool and allowing her breasts to bob in an exaggerated fashion. "Are you back at work already?"

He looked her way, and she could see the strain he was under not to check out her chest. "Y-yeah, Mrs Vasco. Mr Archer likes us to keep the place spick and span at all times."

"Mhmm," she moaned, leaning over against a pool rung so that her heavy chest dangled a little, giving him a full view of her delectable cleavage. She cocked her hip to one side. "I do like a boy who works hard."

He was visibly tenting his pants, but contorting himself to not look as such.

"Y-yes ma'am. Are you, um, swimming? I can go."

"Oh, I'm swimming alright, but I'm *so lonely* without my husband. Why don't you join me?"

The poor man looked panicked, and it almost made her feel guilty. She placed a mental note to send him a few million as thanks once she was done with him. Maybe an even ten million. She *was* rich now after all, and to her delight had found that Sasha not only didn't have a password on her laptop, but had left her bank login information on auto-fill.

"I - I shouldn't."

"Pretty please?" she begged, placing a finger on her legs and cocking her hip to the side further. His eyes were taking in her tantalising form. "I just like a nice strong man in my presence, that's all. It can be our little secret."

Perhaps if she were not Sasha fucking Vasco, the man would have refused. But instead, she was the hottest fucking thing on the planet, and his will broke down.

“Okay, but just a little swim.”

“Thanks, darling. What’s your name?”

“Um, Eric.”

“Eric, you’re the best. Come on in. I bet the water is *delicious*.”

Sasha couldn’t believe how damn good she was at this role. She’d never been sexy or attractive before, not even as a young man where she’d always been a bit chubby and nerdy looking. Now she was fit as a fiddle, with the only fat being in the places where her curves were devastatingly attractive. It also made her fucking *horny* as hell to feel so giddy. With a girlish giggle she leapt into the water and began to swim about, Eric slowly joining. It was just the two of them, so she did her best to keep her chest above water and occasionally splash him with water in a flirty way. He laughed back.

“None of my friends are going to believe me when I tell them that I went for a swim with Sasha Vasco.”

“Oh really?” she said, feeling even bolder. God, it felt magnificent to be in such a young sexy body with all its daring. She drew closer, pressing her tits together with her forearms, creating a deep line of cleavage that Eric could not ignore. “Would they believe . . . this?”

She flung her arms around him before he could realise what was happening, and kissed him deeply. He jolted a moment, and then, just as she somehow knew he would, continued to kiss her back. Soon they were making out, their tongues dancing in each others’ mouths, their hands caressing every part of one another. His shirtless torso was so wonderfully muscular. His arms were so defined. And his shoulders! Who knew that women had such a thing for shoulders? In all his years he’d never really known, but then he’d dropped out of the dating soon during his years of bitterness.

He was making up for that absence now, lowering his dainty hand to rub at Eric’s crotch, drawing it to a throbbing stiffness.

“W-we shouldn’t!”

“Mhmm, our secret, remember?”

She kissed him again, and his resistance faded.

“There’s no one else here,” she reminded him. “We can fuck wherever we want. I want your big dick inside me. I can’t stop thinking about you Eric, ever since you joined us here.”

He gave a quizzical expression. “Um, yesterday was my first day.”

It briefly got her offtrack, but she recovered quickly, giving him a sultry smile with an expression she hoped gave a ‘come fuck me’ look.

“Exactly. You created a big impression straight away.”

“But Mr Archer-”

“Let me worry about my poor, dumb hubbie. I just want you, sexy.” She drew up closer to his ear, and said the words she never thought she’d say, but her new body desperately desired to utter. “I want you *inside me*.”

It was enough to bring him over to her completely. Within moments, he was carrying her out of the pool and to the deck chairs, and helping her get out of her pesky bikini.

“Fuck, you are so sexy, especially your tits,” he breathed, and the way he gazed at her body only made her more horny for his cock.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Suck on my big tits if you like them so much.”

He instantly did exactly that. She moaned and whimpered, clutching his firm form as nibbled and licked and sucked her nipples. It was astonishingly erotic, made all the better for someone else doing it, and soon she was begging him to slip inside her. The wait for him to get the condom on properly was agonising, but once he did enter her, it was all worth it. He was big. No, he was *huge*. Her vulva stretched to accommodate him, and then he entered, sliding ever deeper in such a manner that made her groan in disbelief. *This* was what it truly felt like. *Holy shit*. He thrust, and she bucked her hips in time. He played with her tits, and while that occurred, she was surprised to realise she was not only having zero reservations having sex with a man, but was still thinking about Anthony.

He began to pump inside her, his long thick dick stretching her tunnel. It was a magnificent feeling, made all the better as she bucked her hips back, allowing him even deeper entrance into her tunnel. His balls slammed just below her opening, and the feeling made her giggle with delight.

“Y-yes! M-more! You’re so f-fucking big! Keep going!”

He did exactly that, and soon they found not only a comfortable rhythm, but a deeply erotic one. His powerful thrusts were made better by how he grasped her hips, and then took the time to lick and suck her sensitive nipples. He shifted a little, grasping one of her boobs and circling over the nipple. Soon the pleasure was rising and rising, and she knew she couldn’t take much more.

“I’m going to c-cum! Keep thrusting! Keep fuckking me! Ohhhhh - mmhm! AaAAHH!!!”

The orgasm hit her, and she went completely wide-eyed. It was like experiencing a full-factory reset, or running an Explorer restart command prompt, in her software engineer way of seeing things. One moment, she was being railed by this sexy black man, gripping his cock and moaning sensually with each thrust. The next she had gone immediately silent, borderline catatonic. Her entire lower half went briefly numb.

And then it fucking hit her like a goddamn tornado.

“Oh God, it’s coming! Oh God, oh God, oh fuck oh God oh shit OH GOD OH FUUUUUUCCK!!!”

She went to a place beyond euphoria, pleasure rippling through to the ends of her fingers and toes. She clutched onto her mate, holding on with desperation and trying not to be so overwhelmed that she lost consciousness. His cock pulsed, shooting its load into the condom, and even that stirring against her sensitive walls brought yet another orgasm crashing through.

“OH, YES! THIS IS S-SO MUCH BETTER THAN M-MASTURBATION! YOUR C-COCK IS AMAZING!”

He grunted, clearly turned on, and even managed to thrust twice more, sending her completely over the edge. She arched her back, thrusting her tits out further, and then finally collapsed, breathing heavily. The post-coital bliss rendered her feeling like the world’s most relaxed puddle. She murmured, trying to say words, trying to move, but the haze and numbness of post-sex jitter held her for what seemed like an eternity. She had been reduced to a whimpering mess, mind still reeling from the ecstasy. Thankfully, he held her. They lay together, his strong arms curled around herself, his large cock slipping out in a way that made her briefly gasp.

“Holy shit, I just fucked Sasha Vasco.”

She gave a dramatic moan, rubbing her perfect ass against his crotch.

“MMhmmm . . . yeah you did. Way better than my husband ever has. He arrived tomorrow, you know. That means we can . . . “

She let the sentence dangle, and it was obvious from his smirk as she turned to face him that he got the implication.

*That means we can fuck all night if we want to.*

And she desperately wanted just that. After all, if sex was that mind blowing as Sasha, then how good would it be once she had practised and practised?

#### **Part 4: Ring of Seduction**

It took a lot of effort to get ready for Harrison’s arrival. Sasha had been good at staying ‘in character’, at least in this newer, sluttier but nicer version of Sasha she was portraying herself as. She’d continued to upload videos that subtly pointed to Harrison as controlling, demeaning, even a little aggressive. In each, she played the card of being plausibly deniable, and it only made her chat blow up. She doubted Harrison moved in the same online circles as her counterpart, so she suspected she had a couple of days to get it all right. But while she recognised the only way to his private sanctum was in seducing the man,

it was one thing to recognise and another to accept. Her blood still boiled at the man, and her hate was perhaps even stronger, now that she had youth on her side, and the depth of feeling that came with it. She'd even gone running on the treadmill in her sports bra, and not just to entice Eric either, but to burn off some of the feeling before her 'husband' arrived.

*'You've gone insane!' Anthony texted over their encrypted chat. 'You fucked a poolboy? What's wrong with you?'*

*'Nothing at all. This body is amazing, Tony! Seriously! But it has such strong wants and needs I never realised. But I did it deliberately, to damage his reputation.'*

*'What? By making him some sort of cuckold?'*

*'Exactly! But also in setting up something more intricate. I can't talk about it online. Suffice to say, he's really, really going to pay.'*

*'Should I even ask?'*

*'No. I wouldn't. But suffice to say I think I might be able to pull it off. Maybe.'*

*'Then good luck. Is it weird to say I wish I was the poolboy right now haha?'*

She smirked, reading the message in bed. Anthony had no idea she was masturbating with her spare hand, imagining her friend fucking her. She took a deep breath, tested again.

*'Kind of wish you were too ; )'*

He didn't reply to that. Probably didn't know how. It didn't matter. Just admitting it made her climax as she rubbed her wet pussy, and afterwards she got ready for Harrison's arrival. She wore a sexy red dress that pulled tight against her figure, and a set of dark sunglasses and broad brimmed hat that was just to die for.

"I'm getting fucking good at makeup too," she said to herself, pursing her lips in the mirror. "I'd fuck me."

From old, embittered man to *this*. It was amazing to think about. It put an extra energetic spring in her step as she went to watch his plane come in, letting her hips sway in front of Eric, suggesting to him that she wasn't done with his body, not by a long shot. Still, her heart beat tremulously when Eric stepped out from the landed private jet. She clenched her fist, digging her perfect nails into the skin, steadying herself as her hated rival gave a shit-eating grin upon descent.

"Sasha, my dear! What a lovely idea this was! I was just sad I couldn't have you on my arm before the board of directors. Old James would have a fit if he saw you wearing that. The man can't keep his eyes off you."

"Who can?" she said.

He leaned forward to kiss her, and she held out a hand to stop him. "Not yet, dear."

The man grinned. "Playing hard to get? Do you have something . . . different, planned tonight?"

She seized on this excuse. “Oh, very different.”

“Wonderful, simply wonderful. Is it the poor prostitute begging for me again? Fuck if that didn’t turn your master on.”

She had to restrain herself from throwing up. There really was no bottom to Harrison’s grotesque egotism. Yet she had to smile sweetly, and worse, accept his touch as he reached out and groped her ass with his fist, far more tightly than was comfortable.

“Naughty young girl,” he grunted in his weathered voice. “I’ll have to teach you a lesson.”

And she would teach *him* a far more powerful one, if she managed to pull everything off. If she managed to uncover something from his office first. That was, if her new feminine hormones weren’t going crazy right now.

“Fuck, I feel turned on,” she said, then paused a little, realising she’d said it out loud.

Harrison put a strong arm around her itty bitty waist. “We don’t *have* to play hard to get, you know?”

She managed to calm herself. Certainly, it was just that she was more buoyant in this body, it was like all her emotions were turned up. For instead, she had to discreetly wipe away a tear when he groped her: ordinarily she could suck up and simply take the pain, but now it was something that made her feel strangely despondent and self-pitying.

“I want to,” she managed, looking him in his cruel eyes. “After all, I like how hungry it makes you . . . *master*.”

The older man shivered. “God, you make me feel so young, Sasha.”

“You *are* young, my Harry. Wealth and success makes us young, doesn’t it?”

He chuckled. “If only! But certainly, I’m doing better than that fat old rat Richard Berger. I still can’t believe he told us to go fuck ourselves, that little vermin. Do you know I gave him all he had? He was always a small fry, but thought he deserved some spare change because, what, he designed something that was listed under *my* name? If he cared so much, why not check the paperwork?”

She shook, overwhelmed with anger at his words. “Why won’t he give up the original copy of that source code, uh, thingy?” she said, trying to make herself sound a bit dumber at the last second.

He gave a dismissive wave as he indicated for the driver to open the doors to take them back to his resort. “Oh, the one little thing I know he stole. Maybe he thought it could prove he made the code and owned it. It’s just a source of pride to me, that’s all. And the little vermin stole it.”

She scoffed, putting all her hatred into the act. “Well, we don’t need to worry about that idiot anymore. After all, it’s not like he’s here with us, is he?”

Harrison chuckled, getting into the car. He ran a hand over her form, down her breasts, and onto her delectable thigh. “No, not at all. Just you and I and some disposable staff, my love. And all the fun we want.”

“More than you can imagine,” she said, trying to keep the storm of emotions inside her.

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The rest of the day was one of tension for Sasha. It was a tension of many different sources. For one, her body was damned attracted to Harrison. She doubted even the real Sasha Vasco was this randy. Instead, going from a celibate fifty one year old man to twenty year old sexually active woman was supercharging his new hormones, making his brain light up with lust. And given that this body was attracted to handsome older men, then Harrison looked pretty good, despite his repulsive nature.

For two, her game of impersonation now required much smarter plays. Whereas with the servants she could skate by on reputation, now she was constantly having to exhaust her mind pretending to know old conversations and in-jokes with a man she'd mainly hated from afar. More than once he seemed to give her a curious look as she failed to get a reference, or appeared not to know a friend. Her perennial excuse was the same: “I'm just too leisurely here, Harry. I don't care about a thing other than us now.” But such an excuse would wear thin, and she was resolved to do as much research as possible on her life, going through her own social media more extensively to keep ahead of his suspicions.

Finally, for three, there was simply the interminable fact that she had to *spend time with Harrison fucking Archer*. The man oozed the confident superior air of a rich man who was now above petty moral concerns. He ate caviar, gulped the most expensive of wines, and gleefully collected priceless bits of art that belonged in a museum where the general public could access it. His casual disregard for the workers, the way he never addressed them by name but instead said “you there, fix that up and be quick about it,” it only served to make him even more hateable. Time and money had only made him more horrible, it seemed, particularly since he treated her so possessively.

Still, she could use that. More than once she gave a clearly uneasy look in front of other staff as he clasped her arm too tightly, or pulled her along with him. Perhaps the real Sasha enjoyed such power plays, but it wasn't hard to make such things a little bit uncomfortable for them, and to sow further seeds for her increasingly daring plan. The best little idea she came up with was constantly taking her ring off and playing with it uncomfortably, even summoning a tear or two when a servant came by to offer her a drink. With her more powerful hormones it was surprisingly easier to do. She would put the ring



back on when they noticed, giggle playfully but a little uncomfortably, and then say something vague yet odd, such as “oh, I should keep it on, shouldn’t I? He always gets so angry when I take it off.”

And always, those uncomfortable stares, those little reassurances, and - usually from the women - the probing questions as to what exactly she meant. And she would reassure them . . . just. Only a little. Enough to make them more worried. Manipulative, yet. But there were lengths she was willing to go to. Besides, he continued to follow her like a vulture, rarely letting her have a moment alone. They swam together, and she went in her bikini, winking subtly to Eric even as she circled around her husband. She imagined she was a shark, and he was an unsuspecting fish. A good thing to imagine too, since she still felt damn horny for him.

Said horniness only increased throughout the day, just as his presence became more and more . . . present. They were husband and wife after all, even if it was clear she was a gold-digger up to the billionaire class. They drank fine wine, enough that made her a bit silly, and consumed rare treats for dessert. And the whole time, Harrison acted like she was a pretty gift he couldn’t wait to unwrap. And before she knew it, after they had exercised together, swam together, had lunch together, it was nighttime, and the staff had retired for now. And it was just the two of them together (plus their server), him in a fine summer shirt and shorts, and her in a sexy summer dress that barely managed to prevent her large boobs from slipping out. He eyed her hungrily, a hunger that was not sated by the fine lobster dinner they’d consumed.

“I want you,” he said. “I want you as my personal bitch.”

Fuck! Was that what passed for dirty talk between them?

“Like my master?” she managed to say.

He nodded. “Like my property. Like a statue of a gorgeous woman. Like something I *own*. You’ve been playing hard to get all day, Sasha. It’s time to show your master how much you owe him on *his* island.”

There was only the one male server, and she managed to grin, flicking her hair before subtly throwing the server a worried glance. But to Harrison it looked only like she was showing off her good looks. She pursed her lips.

“Well, master, why don’t we wait until tomorrow. I’m sure you have lots of work in your personal study, after all.”

“I do,” he said, and her hopes were briefly raised, only to be immediately dashed when she saw the supreme lust in his eye. “But that can wait until tomorrow. For now, I want to fuck my trophy wife. I want her to squeal and call my name while I cum in her. I want her to know that as beautiful and rich and gorgeous she is, that I *own* her. Don’t you want that?”

It was most definitely their form of sexy play, but clearly Harrison also meant every word. He loved to own and rule over people. Sasha sighed, realising there was no escape. She couldn't hold this moment off, and in fact needed to give in, if it meant fooling him until she could access the study. She flicked her hair again, giving him a sultry smile, and then - just to help things along - she took her wine glass and gulped the entire thing down.

Poured another.

Drank that right down too. She dipped her finger into the remnants, and slowly traced it over her plate.

"To make me more wild," she lied, forcing a smile to her luscious lips.

It was enough to make her husband grin like a madman.

"Come, my love. I think it's time I show you what a real man is like."

She went with him, controlling her breathing and her panicked thoughts. Thankfully, he didn't even remotely notice the message she'd drawn on her plate in red wine, just for the server's eyes.

*HELP*

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The unthinkable was happening. Harrison Archer was fucking her. His cock was annoyingly large - yet another thing to be bitter about for the former software coder - and the man clearly knew how to use it. She licked her lips at the sight of it, and groaned as he slid it slowly into her, gasping himself at the beginning of relief he was clearly craving. He looked younger than fifty thanks to his years of wealth and comfort, but in bed he couldn't hide all his wrinkles and aged parts. It was only too bad he'd aged as finely as his wine, because it made Sasha Vasco's body deeply attracted to him.

*I can't believe I'm doing this, she thought to herself. I just have to remember - OHHHhhhh - remember that he'd be f-fucking her anyway! I'm not g-giving him this. He already h-had it - NGNH!!!*

But she couldn't shut out all the pleasure, not when he was clearly so experienced in pleasing her. Again and again he pumped his dick into her tunnel, drawing out long enough to make her crave more, then ramming his entire length back in. She wrapped her young legs around his thick waist, and shoved her tits into face. Following his lead, they rotated positions, so that he was on his back and she was pressing against him, like a sexy caretaker administering her handsome patient. Just the thought of that roleplay made her squeal in delight.

"Oh G-God! I can't b-believe you're s-so good!"

"Can't believe? We - ahh - do this all the time, dear?"

“B-but it’s s-sooo goood!”

“That it is. Bring your tits up to me. I want to drink from my nurse.”

That was almost enough to ruin the mood, but she obliged, and soon the lapping of her tongue against her tits had her all excited all over again. He suckled from her, and somehow it was even sexier. God, even the roleplay was a little exciting now that she could feel its pleasures. She hated that she was into it, hated that she was giving such joy of the flesh to her hated traitor of an ex-friend, but even that turned her on a little. The taboo of it. Knowing she was fucking him, while planning to *fuck him* in an altogether different sense. It was enough to edge her closer to orgasm in a way even the strong, young Eric hadn’t accomplished. And so she bucked even more wildly, moaned like a whore in heat, like *his* whore, riding up and down on his cock as if her life depended on it. Her life *did* depend on it.

“S-so vigorous!” he remarked.

“I just want to fuck you over,” she gasped.

He didn’t notice the wordplay, but instead grabbed her hips, squeezed her ass firmly and painfully. She grabbed his hands in a sudden epiphany and pushed them more deeply against her olive skin, pushing his fingers into her own flesh in a way that would leave a mark. She squealed, then proceeded to buck one last time.

“OHHHHH F-FUCK!! YES! YES YES YES HARRY! I’M CUMMING!”

She wasn’t lying. She came loudly and clearly and over and again, and he came not long after. His older body seized, and she felt his warm, ropey cum shoot up inside her. It was wet and sticky and strange, and yet strangely wonderful. In her mind’s eye, it was Tony’s cum. He’d given her a brief video call earlier on their encrypted channel, and again she saw how attractive he was. It took everything not to moan his name out loud.

They collapsed, the older man feeling a bit more winded, and her marvelling at how full of energy she still was. This body truly was amazing, and it almost made her want to keep it.

Could she keep it?

“We’re going to do that a lot over the next couple of weeks,” Harrison said. “And consider that an order, my sweet.”

She nestled against him, that hot coal of anger remaining like an ember in her belly.

“I want you to keep ordering me around while we’re here,” she said. “I find it so fucking sexy.”

He smirked. “I didn’t realise you liked such exhibition.”

“I’ll wear a hot bikini while you degrade me. I want you to do it in front of the staff. Let everyone know that Sasha Vasco is not just the hottest woman on the planet, but that she’s at *your* beck and call, Harry.”

And after completing the trial by fire of a lifetime, it warmed her sizeable chest to see him fall for her request hook, line, and sinker. It almost made the follow up sex feel not as repugnant. Certainly, it failed to stop any orgasms.

## **Part 5: The Long Game**

The next week and a half were long, and tiring and anxiety-ridden, and frustratingly pleasurable for the new Sasha. It was hard to imagine going back to her old, flabby body, particularly since this one had so many more years to go on it. That BioSuit technology sure was something, and it made sense that it was being developed pretty much exclusively for military use, and even then would be a potential decade or longer away from finalisation. It meant that the world really would believe she was Sasha Vasco.

Unfortunately, it also meant that the world *really did* think she was Sasha Vasco. She had to play her part, be snobby and entitled and sexy and showy and utterly flirty and trophy-like to her husband. It was all part of playing the long game, since Harrison was oddly secretive about his study, an area that was off-limits to her. She'd even talked to other staff about it, citing stories like 'Bluebeard' and indicating concern about what might be in there. To her surprise, not even the cleaners were allowed in there. It was entirely automated, and under camera view. No one knew what was in there, but whatever it was, it *has* to be important. And so she continued being Sasha, and wearing sexy bikinis and tight dresses and allowing Harrison to fuck her whenever he felt like it, an act that she was getting used to as quite pleasurable. And just when he was getting a little tolerable, he thankfully would say something that reminded her of what a colossal fuckwit he was, such as when news of a minor economic bubble burst came on the news.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed.

She pulled herself up. She was wearing a silk nightie that barely managed to contain her breasts and was short enough to reveal her slim panties and wide hips. "What? How? I, uh, don't understand it. But won't people lose things?"

"Since when did we care about that, dear? The market always has winners and losers, and we can win even bigger this way!"

She gave an awkward expression that indicated arousal, or something. It was hard to pull off, when she was so disgusted.

"Win big, how, honey?"

There was a gleam in his eye as he looked at her, his grin almost Scrooge-like. "Housing, my dear. Always housing. In times like this, idiots who thought they could pay their

mortgages get rightfully turfed, and we pick up hundreds of acres of property, and flip it when it goes high again. Or develop it.”

“Hmmm, and why do we need all this money?”

He gave her that curious look again that told her she was getting out of character.

“I mean, it’s fun, but why? I sometimes ask myself.”

“Because life is for winners, Sasha, like us. And winners are like sharks. They eat fish, it’s just their nature.”

*Yeah, because they’re fucking hungry, you dolt. Just like the poor people you’re turfing out of homes, given you have bank connections as well!*

But she didn’t say anything like that. Instead, she was forced to endure that rising horniness, as well as his own arousal at his impending further financial success. And when he asked her to go down on him and suck his big, long cock, she was forced to do that too.

And the worst part is she liked it. She liked the *taste* of it. When she moaned Tony’s name, she was fortunate it was muffled by his big dick down her throat. Still, she swallowed every last drop.

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She grinned as she sent the photo. Only a minute later, Tony replied.

*‘SASHA? Did you mean to send this!?’*

She looked at the sexy shirtless photo she’d sent him, chuckled, then sent another.

*‘HEY OLD MAN, IT’S ME, YOUR FRIEND!’*

*‘I know, I thought I’d have a little fun. Enjoying it?’*

*‘I mean, yeah. But what’s up? Are you drunk or something?’*

*‘Just impulsive! Your fault - the suit has made me young! Plus, this is gonna sound weird, but I’ve been thinking about you.’*

A moment later, the phone actually rang. She was privately sequestered in the room, and her husband was in his mysterious study. She’d left a separate phone in a hidden spot by a lamp, hoping to catch his password on recording. In the meantime, she’d decided to update Tony. She answered his call, and the look on his face was priceless, even with the time delay. After all, she was completely naked on the bed, and her perfect tits with their proud pink nipples were on screen for him to savour.

“Holy shit! Richard, can you cover up?”

“Why don’t you cover down, sexy?”

He paused, clearly not even sure what to say. “Okay, is this serious? Are you malfunctioning or something?”

She squeezed her tits together, pulled up the camera so that her top half was even more visible. “Mhmm, no. I’m just feeling so . . . impulsive. Particularly since I have to have sex with that asshole, it makes me feel better to think about all the ways I’ve helped you. And all the ways I could . . . thank you.”

She grinned at his reaction. She didn’t need to see his body to know he had a *raging* erection. After all, she’d seen a similar face on Eric several times while her asshole ‘husband’ was busy in his private study, and she was feeling a little frisky. It was important to keep him close, not just to humiliate Harrison when the time came, but to seal the deal entirely.

“I - I have no idea how to respond to any of this. This is a joke, right?”

“No joke,” she said earnestly. “I don’t know if it’s just the body, having Sasha’s hormones, or maybe I just never examined myself closely over the last twenty years, but I’m definitely not straight at the moment. Well, I’m fucking turned on by this very appealing body, but when I look at you I don’t see a young man anymore, but a rather sexy older one.”

Tony’s eyebrows raised. “Wow. I won’t lie, that sounds very hot. And sort of wrong.”

“Doesn’t the wrongness make it more sexy?”

“It - yea.h. Fuck, man, it really does. Shit. Stop showing me your tits before I go crazy!”

She pulled up the phone to her luscious face, blew a kiss and winked.

“Lucky Harrison, right?”

“Please tell me you’re going to fuck that guy, and not in a hot way.”

“Oh, it’ll be plenty of hot, Tony. I’m pulling the trigger soon. I think he’s getting suspicious. I just need that damn passcode. If I don’t get it, the whole plan falls apart.”

Tony frowned. “What do you think is in there?”

She shrugged. “No idea. But he’s secretive about it, and all our research says this is where he keeps his most private information and items. It could well be big. Or nothing. But I want to find out.”

“Then best of luck, *Sasha*. Try not to enjoy that body too much.”

She giggled, lowering to show her cleavage again. “How could I not?”

She ended the call, but not before sending at least one more sexy image his way. She couldn’t resist, not with her lacy bra back on and pushing her enormous boobs up into a perfect set of cantaloupes. Judging from the ‘jaw dropped’ emoji he sent back, she’d hit the mark on the intended effect.

“I really could get used to this body,” she said with a smile. “Too bad it has a fucking traitor of a husband. Probably wants me all wrapped up and looking pretty all the time, like some trophy wife with powdered cheeks and -”

She halted, realising something.

“Holy shit. I know how to get past the door.”

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It was a simple solution, but one that required patience. First she had to wait for him to leave, then act as normal as she could. Harrison was starting to be a little odd around her, questioning her occasionally as if she were a different person. It annoyed her that she had to play the role of the haughty, arrogant model still, and it was tricky figuring out just how smart Sasha Vasco was meant to be, and how bubbly and submissive in other ways.

In the end, to allay his suspicions, she had to initiate the tried and true method of changing the subject via sex.

“I just don’t understand how you don’t remember last fall? You were in that green dress I like, and you told me you hated Riaz. Fucking hated him, you said.”

She shrugged awkwardly. “I guess I forgot.”

Harrison creased his eyes. “There’s something wrong with that. I swear, you’re like another goddamn person at the moment Sasha. You were watching the news this morning! The goddamn news. Who gives a fuck about tsunami drives, huh?”

And so she just planted her lips on his, and began rubbing his back, placing her shapely legs around his.

“The kind of woman who wants to throw you off balance,” she said with a smile.

And as much as fucking Harrison Archer enraged her, her body was also desperately horny for him, her tits aching to be rubbed and licked and touched. Besides, by the time he was thrusting into her from behind, her bent over the kitchen table, all conversation was forgotten. And afterwards, as she moved to “go clean myself up,” she instead visited the security door. She moved past carefully, brushed her foundation lightly against the keycode panel.

“Hopefully this’ll work,” she mused to herself.

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Harrison wanted to go out on the yacht. She knew it, because she’d been subtly seeding the idea herself. The yacht, after all, would provide the classic story. It also meant that the dominating, micro-managing man would oversee the stocking and readying of his private yacht for just the two of them, something that gave Sasha just enough time to spring the plan. At least, she hoped.

“I’ll be back in just an hour or so,” Harrison told her.

It wasn't as much as she hoped, but still she let him kiss her, and she gave him an amused smirk. "Just enough time for me to try on all the sexiest bikinis and pick the best one for you, darling."

It was enough to make him move along, striding like the alpha male he desperately thought he was. And then she moved. The first stop was Eric. She shuffled past a few servants and workers, and as always fiddled with her ring, pretended to be muttering something to herself, and adjusted her two-piece summer clothing to reveal the obvious bruises from their lovemaking. Enough to make a few even ask if she was alright.

"He - he just gets a little angry sometimes, that's all," she explained, making herself look as nervous as possible.

It seemed to work on them, particularly the women. But the true test would be the pool boy. She found Eric out by the hot tubs, working to clean them, and looking damn hot while doing so. His dark skin looked warm and inviting, but she managed to suppress her youthful horniness, and did her best to summon her new feminine hormones to put on a crying fest. The man turned, and looking a little stunned, ran to her side.

"Sasha? Are you okay? Is - is he here?"

She shook her head. "N-no. He's done by the yacht. I have to go with him. I know I do. But - I'm a little scared. He's so forceful lately, and whatever he'd hiding in that room . . ."

She left it hanging, and to her own surprise, the real Sasha's acting skills appeared to have paid off, because Eric held her, pressing his body against her. She groaned, sounding saddened, but really because his strong form against her breasts was wonderfully pleasurable.

"You shouldn't go. You should - I don't know. Split up with him or something."

"I can't! It's his island. I'll just talk with him until we get back, make up an excuse to get home. Just . . . promise me you'll do something for me. I need to get to that study and see if anything is wrong. I have to see."

"What do you need me to do?"

She kissed him on his lips. "I need you to move the camera. Use a broom. When you enter from the south corridor, you can budge it enough that I can put the code in and enter. Just keep it in place, then let it swivel back. It'll just look like a slight glitch in the programming."

He nodded. "This is crazy, but fine. Anything else?"

"Just - please promise you'll be a witness, if I ever . . . say something, about the way he treats me."

"Of course." He held her tightly. "I'm sorry it's come to this."

She kissed his shoulder, pulled apart. "And maybe can I borrow a breathing tank. Just a little one. Just in case? But for the room . . . I think I can figure out the password."



There's strange . . . bumping there. Ever since I arrived. I can't explain it. His mood changed ever since we had dinner with that man he used to work with. Richard Berger or something."

"I'll check it out, but you need to stay safe."

She shook her head. "I have to find out. Move the camera when I come round the corner in just ten minutes!"

And with that, she sauntered away, giving him a slight show as she left, moving somehow both sexily and with a sort of helpless girly run, her hands mincing at her sides. Her light olive skin was perfect, she knew, and it was easy to swing her hips and show off her Brazilian backside. And then, with that impression and plan in place, she made her way to her room. She pretended to read an airy magazine, then moved when the timer was ready. She was in her bikini still, but made sure to get out a little extra something from her bags. Several articles of clothing that she hadn't revealed yet. She stuffed them in her large purse, then made her way by the study. Eric was down the hall, and he shifted the camera before she entered its view.

Her heart pounded nervously as she looked at the keypad. Indeed, the foundation ploy had worked. So simple! She could only input so many codes before it shut down, but now it was all before her. His finger print was noticeably on three digits: 7, 4, and 2.

"Fuck. But it's a four digit code. Which one was the repeat, and in which order?"

She focused her mind, drifting from the impulsive, excited nature of her new twenty year old self, and back to her bitter, dejected, but brilliant fifty year old IT worker mind. The coder, and the programmer, and the man who knew technology, unlike Harrison. But Harrison *had* gotten started in phone development, and keypads were different back then. Could it be?

She pressed her perfect finger against the pad, and typed out the code: 7424.

It clicked green, and the door unlocked.

"No fucking way. The old text code for 'RICH'. Goddamn Harrison, I'm starting to think the only thing you're actually good at it sex. And being a colossal fuckwit."

The door slid open, and she entered, letting Eric remove his hold on the camera with the broom. She had to be quick, because the slight shifting of the door - perceptible to him but not the camera, would be his clue to adjust it again. But if anyone caught them . . .

She turned, and her jaw dropped.

"What the fuck."

If the rest of the resort was spacious and grand, then this was the Midas Vault. Numerous pieces of rich artwork dominated the space in this large, almost subterranean chamber. It was like a ruling class safe room, protected within the compound, but inhabited by great sculptures, paintings, hanging taxidermied creatures, including endangered species like the pangolin. The bastard. It was almost a message to *her*. Richard, that was. He had

been vocal about his love of the critters back in the day. But she couldn't focus on that. Not while there was a computer situated in the centre of the room on a desk, and numerous filing cabinets.

"Bingo."

She quickly took a seat. Here, Harrison's old password worked. The screen lit up, briefly showing her reflection, and it startled her. The expression she wore was all Richard Berger - determined and in her element, serious but dry-witted, savouring the challenge of programming under stress. But her body was all Sasha, in a sexy blue bikini that enhanced all her curves, showing off her flat toned stomach with its cute belly button. Her boobs heaved with her breath in a very sensual way. It was like she'd reached the perfect fusion of her new self and her old self. And it made her realise she didn't want to go back, despite her plan.

"Can't get distracted now," she said, as she began accessing his files. She poured through them as fast as she could, trying to find anything incriminating. On the desk was a photo of Harrison and Richard together, shaking hands. His own personal trophy to his greatest moment of Judas-like betrayal. She pushed it face down, kept pouring over the files. Some of them were passcode protected, others hidden away in dummy folders, still far more protected by layers of security.

But she was no trophy wife anymore. She was Richard fucking Berger, and she was peeling back those layers of security like a knife through butter, drawing upon every hack, every malicious program, every toolkit in the book. She was careful not to leave a trace of these on the computer, because what she found was big.

"Jesus, Harry. You have fingers in a lot of pies."

The receipts were all there. Every person he'd fucked over, every contract he'd bent. Like a digital archive of his won battles, except it turned out he'd lied to her all those years ago. She *had* done the paperwork. Because at the centre of this web of conspiracy, of bribes to politicians, of blackmail against private citizens, of malicious targeted action against whistle blowers, of schmoozing with foreign dictators for influence, and even of selling classified documents to fucking foreign entities, there was the receipt that was far less explosive, but one that meant the most to Sasha of all of them.

"I was in the right. He fucking scammed me!"

With a hurried action, she grabbed at the filing cabinet. It was, mercifully, not locked.

"Hardcopies. Holy fucking shit. Hardcopies."

And right at the back, the real contract. The one that wasn't a fake, but stated clearly and without deceit that Richard Berger was equal partner to Harrison Archer on the Syndec algorithm.

"Gotcha."

She took the clothing out of her bag, found a suitable spot to put them, and then got out the rope and masking tape. And then, returning to the room, she made a social media post, one set to be posted in two hours.

“If you’re hearing this, it means something terrible has happened. I’ve gotten into Harrison’s inner sanctum. I know I shouldn’t be here, but all the things he’s said, and what he’s done to that man. I have to tell someone! He’s been hurting me, and I’m - I’m - I’m afraid! I’m afraid he’s going to do something awful. Please send help.”

She wiped a tear as she began to detail the allegations.

## **Part 6: Mousetrap**

Harrison was overjoyed, his slightly aged hair waving in the breeze as the yacht took to the sea, the island now just in the distance. She was more nervous than ever, on the other hand. The die was cast, and she wasn’t certain about the final stage of her plan. It required a most dangerous step, one that couldn’t be undone. She’d asked Eric to not just displace the cameras leading to the study and out to the beach, but to *disable* them. The security on the island was minor - what possible threats were there, after all? But still, it worried her. She was relying on the sympathy of workers to believe that she was being abused, and that something was wrong. After all, she’d told Eric several times about the strange thumping in there. She’d also done a lot of hurried texting.

But everything was fine for now, at least. Harrison didn’t seem to suspect anything, and she was contorting her body in a highly suggestive and sexual manner in her tight bikini, oiling herself in a manner that was quite enjoyable to his eyes, and frankly, her own as well. Her body felt perfect, and she was increasingly enamoured with her own wide hips, and the way they felt when she applied her oil to them. She relaxed beneath the sun, her sunglasses on, trying to steady her heartbeat, particularly as Harrison took up residence beside her.

“A nice margarita, my dear?”

“Why thank you,” she said, taking it.

He gave an odd smile as she sipped it, but otherwise remained normal.

“You really do look hot in that bikini, you know. Just utterly enticing. I’m so very lucky that I get to fuck a little bunny doll like you all day. To have you as my trophy.”

She nodded in affirmation, posing herself sexily. But something was wrong. She couldn’t quite tell what, but it was. He had that look in his eyes. One that was surprisingly shark-like. It was a similar look to twenty years ago, the one frozen in her memory, when the

bastard had lied and claimed *he* was the sole owner of the company and the algorithm that Richard had truly made.

“What’s the matter dear?” she asked, taking another sip of her drink.

He shifted closer, admiring her reclined form, and ran his hand down her thigh. And then he began to clench the olive skin. Hard. Very hard. Enough that she yelped and tried to pull him back.

“Hey! That fucking hurts!”

He clenched harder, pushed her back in the recliner seat.

“I bet it does, my love. But then, are you my love, Sasha? You’ve been acting very odd lately.”

“Get your hand off of my leg, you bastard!”

He sneered, still gripping it, digging his fingers in, in such a way that it produced agony. She whimpered, tears running down her eyes. Her new emotions were getting to her, but more than that, she was experiencing for the first time the real genuine fear that young women have when intimidated by older, larger men. It wasn’t a feeling she liked at all.

“I’ll remove it when you tell me what you’re up to. Don’t think I didn’t notice those stares at the pool boy? Sasha, you *never* drink margaritas. They’re *beneath* you, remember? Or do you? Is your mask slipping? What’s going on?”

“Y-you’re - nng! - crazy!”

There was a mad gleam in his eyes. “Maybe, maybe. But I didn’t get this far in the business without being paranoid. You keep sneaking away, keep asking strange questions, putting off sex or playing hard to get, which isn’t your style. I made it very, very clear when we married that you were an object. A pretty little thing to show off. And you agreed. We’re both terrible people. We both know it! I’ve just been doing it longer. So why don’t you sing, little birdie . . .”

Another tightness of his grip, seizing her leg and causing her to howl in pain. She cried out, tried to slap him. He slapped her back against her cheek, sending her reeling backwards. It already felt like it was swelling mere moments after.

“Is it the SEC? Do they know about the Columbians? Did Senator Gaskin ask you to push me to come here? Or did you feel sorry for Richard Berger, that stupid fucker at dinner?”

“None of those things!” she cried. She tried to wrench away, and cursed her feminine weakness compared to his manly strength. He slapped her again.

“Liar! You’ve been lying this whole time. I’m starting to suspect you’re not even Sasha the way you’re -”

But suddenly Sasha erupted into laughter, tears becoming no longer fearful but amused. She cackled like a witch as he happened accidentally upon the right answer. He pulled back, confused.

“What are you doing? What are you going on about?”

She gave a malicious smile, changing her bodily stance immediately as she stood, her arm still clutch in his hand, but her pained thigh released. She changed her posture from feminine to masculine, an unnatural look given her womanly body type. But it made the rich bastard even more confused. *You have no idea*, she thought to herself, and it made her laugh all over again.

“Oh, Harrison, Harrison, Harrison. You always were short-tempered. Even when we rented that third story shithole in Denver all those years ago, and you blew a fuse at construction work across the street distracting you.”

In shock, the old man released her hand. “No. It can’t be. Richard?”

She spat in his face, and then pushed him back. He fell over, screaming, and she made a run for it. She grabbed her purse from the recliner, and as quickly as she could, limping as fast as she could, she opened the phone within it, working feverishly to turn it into a stream.

“Guys! Oh my God, I’m so fucking terrified! Harry - he’s gone nuts. I’m scared. I’m fucking scared. He hit me, he hit my cheek and he grabbed my thigh and he’s so angry and he won’t stop screaming-”

“SASHA! SAAASSHSSHAAA!!”

Right on cue, his voice screamed down the yacht as she ran along its immense size, adding to her story.

“Oh God! I’m so fucking scared! I think he’s going to kill me! I’m so sorry everyone. Please, send help! I’m scared!”

She cut the video right as she reached the other side of the yacht, right near the control cabin where its automated systems were.

“You can’t get away, Sasha! Your stupid tricks won’t help you! Did Richard put you up to this? That old fat fucker, I can believe it. Bitter his whole life, and now thinks he can take down a shark like me!? Fat lot of luck that fattie has! What is that? A video? Don’t think you can send it out. Nos signal here.”

She put on a terrified face, and it didn’t take much effort. She *was* terrified. She had no idea Harrison was capable of such horror, even after all her years of hating him. But what he didn’t know was how easy it was to install an app on your phone to reroute your signal, boosting it to a satellite network that functioned even in international waters quite easily. Because someone no doubt always did it for him. And because Richard Berger was better

with tech than he'd ever be. She checked her phone, saw that the stream had gone up, then wiped some tears dramatically. She lowered herself off the side of the yacht.

"Don't be dramatic Sasha. I just need to know who put you up to this? What you're prying into? Come back, baby. I'll forgive you."

But she was already grabbing the one other item she'd brought with her. One she'd borrowed from Eric, 'just in case' things went wrong. Certain it was there, she gave one final pleading look to Harrison.

"Don't hurt me!" she cried, and then she jumped into the water.

The water was colder than she would have liked, and she couldn't see shit for some moments. She quickly got the little goggle set and breathing apparatus out, and set it working. The oxygen tank would only hold half an hour or so of air, but it would have to be enough. She had to bank on Harrison being shit terrified enough that she was drowning that he'd keep the yacht in place.

Enough time for a long, long swim back.

And one final change of clothes that she wasn't looking forward to.

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When Harrison Archer returned, it was to an exploding set of texts, messages, and emails from friends, companies, CEOs, sycophants, allies, rivals, and government agents. Most of them concerned, no doubt, the fact that someone looked to have found the secret documents he kept on his private computer, and had leaked them to every press organisation in existence, with a number of others going to the SEC, the IRS, the FBI, and other three letter agencies that don't fuck around. Others still were about the explosive videos posted by Sasha Vasco alleging not only that he had been cheated on with the pool boy and several others, but that he had found out and was planning to kill her, and had in fact been abusive the whole time. Already, numerous staff members were being called and contacted, Eric among them, and while authorities were on their way - the nearest ones being from Hawaii - the enraged, confused, and near-catatonic billionaire had been restricted to his room by a shocked staff that had just learned that Sasha Vasco had jumped to escape Harrison, and likely drowned trying to get away from him.

The fact that Harrison had spun a fake story the second he arrived on shore, not knowing the breadcrumbs Sasha had left for him, only made their collective decision more determined. It seemed she had left a very, very strong impression on Eric, the poor man. Just as she intended, if it all worked out, she would send him a lot of money.

Of course, she wasn't exactly a *she* anymore. With the cameras disabled, she had to be quick and careful and practical when she got back to the island. Every member of staff

was glued to their screens, and perhaps she could have had a little longer in her bodysuit, but it wasn't worth the risk to be seen alive. And so, with great sadness, when she clambered up on shore, she got to the concrete steps and said the fateful words.

*"Sic Semper Tyrannis."*

And with one last look at her perfect teardrop breasts, her wide baby making hips, her gorgeously flat stomach and thin waist, and a feel of her luscious wavy hair, she bid adieu to the body that she knew she would miss for the remainder of her short remaining years.

The bodysuit re-activated, and her genetic makeup returned, with not a dash of arousal or joy to it. The suit peeled off, leaving him naked, and then it disintegrated, just as it was always going to. A one-time use, after all. Richard sighed, looked over his flabby, older body, feeling its aches and pains and aged qualities, and despaired briefly.

"Time to finish this," he said.

He made his way to the study, entered the code, and was sure to rub off his fingerprints. Closing the door, he made his way to the male clothes he'd left, and put them on. They fit, and that made him annoyed. The old flabby clothes of his old flabby self. And then the only thing left to do was to put the duct tape over his mouth, and then tie himself to the metal bar at the back of the room.

When the police finally coerced Harrison to open the door an hour later, the shock in his eyes as he beheld the 'captive' Richard Berger in his safe room, squirming and pleading for freedom, was almost as arousing as any sex.

"N-no! That's impossible! It's - how!? I don't - he's done this! He's tricked me! You have to understand officers, he must have killed Sasha! They were in it together, I'm telling you!"

It would take long explanations to seal his fate, and unmake Harrison completely. But with his entire litany of crimes exposed, and now murder and kidnapping at the top of the list, it wouldn't be hard to tell the story he'd been crafting from the very beginning. The one where stupid, cruel Sasha Vasco nevertheless curiously found a way into the study, and discovered to her shock that her husband went steps beyond what even she was capable of. A discovery that had sealed her fate.

And Harrison seemed to recognise all the pieces falling into place too. Because the last Richard saw of him for a while was the abject confusion and hatred on his face as he was led away, and other investigators came to undo Richard's bindings.

"H-how!?" he said.

Richard just gave him a subtle wink. The kind that said: *"Finally got you."*

## Epilogue: Take Two

It was perhaps the most insane year of Richard Berger's life, and that was even *after* having become a woman for nearly two weeks, and framing the death of said woman, and then pretending to be a kidnapping victim. Anthony could barely believe it, and worried constantly about their encrypted channel. In retrospect, Richard would never have done it. After all, anything that could lead back to them was damning. It had just been too hard to resist when he had been in the young, impetuous, and risk-taking body of Sasha Vasco.

Harrison Archer was, of course, quite ruined. Beyond all the sheer legal cases - civil and criminal - ongoing and related to his bribery, a number of his accounts were also frozen, and he was on the no-fly list due to being a flight-risk. This was following a failed attempt to escape. He protested his innocence, but the evidence was fairly damning, even if Sasha's body hadn't been recovered even a year down the track. In the end, he'd been found guilty as sin, and Richard's own testimony had helped seal the deal. After all, Harrison had been an absolute diagnosable narcissist, and when Richard had refused to sell him the original Syndec source code, and even told him to go fuck himself in public, something in the man had snapped. He'd abducted him, taken him to his private island with the intent of finding out where the code was. It was only Sasha's chance encounter with him that had allowed him to hack the computer and release the files, but though Sasha had briefly evaded Harrison's attention using her wiles, he was further restrained again.

Of course, that was just the story. There were holes in it, but not so many that the various staff members couldn't fill them with their own accounts. And besides, he was pretty sure he'd been hallucinating from boredom and fear.

In the end, Harrison knew he'd been bested. He just couldn't figure out how. He was a laughing stock, a murderer, a tax evader, a business criminal, and now he was much more bankrupt than he'd ever imagined. Well, since Richard took his share of the pie, in civil and criminal damages, and with the revelation that half of Syndec was always owned by him.

The loose end was Sasha. Originally, the intent had been to set her up with a better situation using Richard's newly acquired riches. She wouldn't be Sasha Vasco anymore, or a woman, but she would live well, and be unable to cause any more toxic outrage. But then the revelations about the child sweatshops she'd personally funded came out, and then the blackmailing of an abuse victim to keep them from accusing one of her celebrity friends, and so on, and so forth. Even Richard was surprised at how vile she truly was, though given her 'death', the media was tackling a minefield on how to approach the discussion. As it was, he simply had her anonymously set up with a rental and some retail work, and she'd have to manage it from there. It was more than she deserved.



And that should have been the happy ending. He and Anthony caught up many times, and had become closer friends than ever. Occasionally they talked about that rather . . . flirty exchange between them, but then they would go silent, and both would turn a bit red-cheeked and ask for another beer. Despite all that had happened, and the revenge he'd finally had, Richard felt a little empty. Revenge had been served wonderfully hot *and* cold, and he was enjoying his newfound riches. But he couldn't stop thinking, as the months passed, of just how wonderful it had been to have Sasha Vasco's sexy body. She had been so powerful, so energetic, so wonderfully young. The feeling of being such a raw sexual object had brought so much passion and joy to his life, and even the act of being fucked by a man's hard cock was something he dreamed about constantly, and even occasionally masturbated to. But it was a dream, still. Just a dream.

As soon as he woke again, any feelings of desire for men dissipated. And even the dreams went away after a time too. Slowly, Richard's old mind reasserted itself, and while he missed the pleasures of Sasha's body, the draw of women returned to him. It reaffirmed something he suspected: he'd inherited many of Sasha's desires in her body, but now that he was back in his own, he was straight as an arrow. A fine young lady would catch his attention, but a handsome man - even Tony, who he'd thought about often as Sasha - was simply another man. The most he could desire from a specimen of his own gender was the youth he still coveted and missed.

That was, until he received an unusual message from Anthony, to come see him at the lab once more. The two had become closer friends, but there was still something odd between them that neither could define. As if both wanted a further closeness that just wasn't possible, not with their now-incompatible orientations again. As if they were acting out a lie. So it was an unexpected, but not an unwelcome, invitation.

Richard turned up, and just like over a year ago, he was shuffled up the stairs to the same room, Anthony acting oddly and a little secretively, the cameras on a loop, the shadows hiding Richard's form.

"What's this all about, Tony?" Richard asked, a little exasperated by it all. "I'm a damned billionaire now, and you've got millions from me. Even Eric the pool boy does! I'm pretty sure when you're that rich and in the tech industry, dropping in to see a tech project from another company is just sightseeing."

Tony chuckled. "You're probably right. Mr Ruling Class, right here."

"Oh please, I'm too old and too nouveau riche at the same time for that bullshit. I'm just saying I'm a bit too fat and unfit to go playing cloak and dagger. So what's this all about?"

Anthony turned, accessed a wall panel of the lab. "Too old, too unfit? I was thinking . . . would you like to be neither of those things?"

Richard's interest was piqued. "Don't tell me you -"

"At great fucking risk, Richard. At great fucking risk. One last suit. It's the last one I can manage. So if you do use it, you get one use. And if you want to stay in that body, you say the phrase once, and never again. It can be the final body for the rest of your life, or just a tour. Your choice."

Richard's eyes widened, his heart beating with wondrous excitement. "Are you serious? You'd do this for me?"

Tony chuckled. "What can I say, I can't get that image of Sasha out of my mind. That call you made . . ."

But then Richard's face fell. "But I can't. She's 'dead', remember? Can't make her reappear."

"I know. I've spent a lot of time thinking about it. So I worked very, very hard on the changes I could make. I could only make minor adjustments, I'm afraid. Your cheekbones won't be as sharp, and your hair is brunette now, all natural. Your height is a little shorter, and your nose a little longer. Darker eyes, too. Small changes that will make you look *like* her, but certainly *not* her."

Richard couldn't believe it. He stammered, trying to figure out what to say.

"But - what happens to me? And what's this identity?"

"I figured you could solve that one. You've got all these fancy connections now, and no offence buddy, but you're getting on in years. And pretty old. Who's to say you don't have a secret daughter from an old relationship, or a niece or something? One who can inherit all that cash and influence?"

His mind raced. *Yes, it can certainly be done*, he thought to himself. *It can be. I can be her again.*

"Oh, and I did make your boobs Double-Ds, instead of D's. I do like them big, and frankly, I think they'll be more fun for me."

Richard locked eyes with the other man's gaze. "Oh, you'll be touching them, will you?"

"Naturally. I'm doing this for selfish reasons, you know. I don't even like you Richard. Hate you, in fact. I actually demand you get out of that terrible body before the month is up, just so I can get my hands on those amazing tits."

Richard laughed at the sarcastic tone. "Tony, you're amazing. I had no idea that you knew I wanted this so bad."

"I think we both want this, quite bad," Tony said, looking a bit sheepish. "You left quite the impression."

Richard closed his eyes. He could imagine it. The two of them on a private island of their own, him now a sexy young woman with a dynamite figure, Tony her boyfriend, perhaps

even her future husband. Yes, to be a sexy trophy wife by her *own* choice. To be wearing sexy bikinis for him, to feel his gaze upon her. To be so much younger than him, and to be turned on by that fact. To have him thrust into her as she cried out for relief. Perhaps even to bear his children, and to raise them for him, like a good wife. And to be young and wrinkle free, thin and athletic, sexy and appealing again. She could just imagine it, and all the things she wanted to do to thank her friend, her future lover, came to mind.

*Yes, that is exactly what I want.*

“Anthony,” *she* said. “I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.”

**The End**