

Suburban Life (Thieves to Family TG AR AP)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Flightychipmunk

Four criminals have made the ultimate score, but their identities are compromised.

Thankfully, one of their members has a daytime job as a janitor, and knows a machine that can remake their DNA so that they can appear like a normal suburban family while they lay low. Of course, the one family on vacation that they can impersonate consists of a husband, trophy wife, and two very attractive college-age daughters. And all four criminals are men. There are going to have to be some changes . . .

Suburban Life

Part 1: The Heist

The Cipher Diamond was already one of the largest of its kind, cut exquisitely into an ornate and classical shape, a pointed bottom with softer fractal curves on top. But it was more than that; it was called the *Cipher* Diamond for the even more intricate carvings upon its upper service, a series of sigils and symbols which had formed an immense amount of discussion. Supposedly, the diamond had been uncovered by Enlightenment-era digging in monarchical France, and from there had passed into the possession of Bavarian nobles around the time of the creation of the Illuminati; hence its strange symbols. Were they for some greater arcane purpose? Were they alchemical formulas? Or perhaps some map to a grander philosophical truth, one kept hidden by freemasons and the Illuminati for hundreds of years? Many had pondered these mysteries across the ages.

Gallagher wasn't one of them.

For the slick-suited master schemer, all the Cipher Diamond was, was the perfect score. The ultimate score, in fact. One hundred and fifty *million*, stolen right out from under the nose of one of the most heavily secured and carefully guarded facilities in the world. The kind of prize that would be talked about for as many centuries to come as the Cipher Diamond itself.

It hadn't been easy. Gallagher had needed his whole team of regulars, and each had to keep their heads cool and wits sharp before, during, and after the expert heist. He'd managed to uncover the blueprints of the Jayfeller Vault through his connections, and had worked his brain over them repeatedly, checking for weak points, entry points, escape

points, and areas where any member of the crew could flee to in case plans went south and Options B, C, D, all the way through to G needed to be used instead.

Max, as usual, was the consummate thief. Gallagher didn't exactly like the man for a number of reasons; Max had a rat-like aspect and was too shrewd-by-half, and liked to practice his art of sleight-of-hand even when off the job, which could endanger an entire operation. He could steal a man's shirt off of his back without said man even noticing, at least so he claimed. It was a good thing that his black hair was always oily, and his face so pointed, because if he'd been handsome he would have been utterly intolerable. Fortunately for him, his skills were unmatched, and he was able to easily slip keycards off of guards and break into their homes for any other equipment needed. By the time he was done, he was able to dress Gallagher himself up like a Jayfeller Vault guard.

Then there was Percy, who was about as far from Max as you could possibly get, and from Gallagher too, if one was to take into account confidence. Percy was a small, wiry fellow with thick glasses and bright ginger hair that never behaved itself, as if he'd received an electric shock every day of his life. Had a nervous little twitch in his voice that left him repeating his words often, and some in the business called him 'Parallel Percy' or 'Two-Time Percy' for that reason. But for all his nervousness and timidity, he was no snitch, and had never once abandoned his job, and that was for one clear reason: safes. The man was obsessed with them, and was quite literally a savant when it came to cracking codes, safes, vaults, and any other security system. He had the ears of a mouse, and it was his expertise that got them into the vault itself.

Lastly, there was Frank. Gallagher liked Frank. He liked him a lot. Unlike Max's risk-taking and perversions (the man could not shut up about women, no matter how much they were repulsed by him) or Percy's ultra-obsessive focuses (how long could one truly talk about safe designs?), Frank was someone you always knew where you stood in relation to. He was their point man, their escape driver, their guy on the headset. Never in charge, of course. He was too passive for that, and he had a limp that made it impossible for him to embark on most jobs; an old injury when a security guard shot him, back when he was a more risk-taking teen. No, Gallagher made sure to always push him to the limit, or else he wouldn't naturally stretch himself. He was a slightly overweight and balding figure, and something about that secretly offended the boss. Still, long as there were orders to take, Gallagher found Frank was dependable.

This was the crew Gallagher had assembled, his regulars who had pulled numerous jobs together. No, they weren't necessarily friends, but they were, in a sense, comrades, and they did stick to the thieves' code: there was honour among thieves, and that honour had to be kept. You didn't sell out your teammates, you didn't stiff them, and you didn't pull out of a job until everyone had a clear way out. It was this last reason in particular that Gallagher was

confident that one of the greatest heists in history could be pulled off. The Cipher Diamond was only set to be in the Jayfeller Vault for several days, as part of a transit between a buyer and seller. New ownership would take it to a more secure location, so their window was tight. Each had memorised their roles, and in the end they had played them *perfectly*.

Gallagher had perfected the role of the confident guard, occupying the attention of other security members.

Max had sneaked Percy to the correct vault, whereupon the safe whiz had cracked it.

Frank kept their car ready, along with one ear on the police band and the other on the radio chatter of the guards. At the opportune time, he flooded their comms with a malfunction, switching control over to Gallagher's private network.

From there, the diamond was retrieved, given to Max, who made a crude joke about their success, and they retreated quickly.

It was not a complex operation, but had to be a *smooth* one.

Too bad the security had recently been upgraded. Too bad that Gallagher's blueprints were too old, and didn't account for the facial recognition suite. Too bad that Percy didn't spot the detection lasers when they retrieved the Cipher Diamond. And too bad that Frank's license plate was traced quickly back to an underworld dealer who broke the code and squealed.

Just a week after their astonishing heist, one that felt so simple, suddenly the four of them found their names and faces plastered all across the media. Someone with a *lot* of money and influence was dedicated to tracking them down, and Gallagher could only try to keep his heart steady as he took in the sentences they would no doubt face. An entire federal taskforce was set up to hunt them. An INTERPOL task group had been established given the European interest in the diamond. Local police were dedicating a positively ridiculous amount of resources to this, all for the clout. Their intended fences for the exorbitant diamond had all pulled out, or, as Gallagher suspected when some offers came in too readily and without an attempt to haggle, were already intent on turning them over to the feds.

It had all fallen apart. The ultimate heist. The ultimate prize. And now Gallagher was left scratching his handsome blonde hair, his manly features wincing at the realisation that it had come apart like no other job had. The four were in an abandoned warehouse, forced to share dirty mattresses and act the role of homeless men, the net continually closing in even as their location. The air was dank, the sewer system broken and infested with rats and other small critters, and paranoia filled the space between them.

"I think we're done for, I think we're done for," Percy said, his stuttering speech repeating itself. He was trying to open a can of pineapple, one that was slightly past its use-by date.

"We're not done until we're done," Gallagher said, keeping his tired voice as commanding and determined as possible. "And if we're not caught, then we're not licked, ya hear?"

"Feel pretty licked," Max muttered. "And not in the fun way. We were supposed to have so much money that I could be licked by anyone I liked!"

Gallagher twisted his face up in annoyance; Max was making a crude gesture to accompany his statement. "You will be," he said. "Rich, I mean. We all will be. We're four professionals. We pulled off the ultimate heist."

"Not an ultimate heist if we're getting fucked up our asses by the feds just days after pulling it off. Might as well stick our butts in the air and ask for the batons to slide on in at this point."

Frank interjected at this point, his voice calm, almost carefree. "Listen to the boss, Max. He's got a plan, don't you?"

Gallagher sighed. "I'm working on one."

But the truth was, he didn't have one. Not yet. It was still forming, still nascent. There were too many variables, too many obstacles in their way.

"We could always work my plan," Max said.

Gallagher grunted annoyance. "That's sci-fi bullshit."

"I'm telling you, it's not. There's a real DNA sequencer at the lab, and it can remake us. It'll be a naughty bitch to get too, but we can have a heck of a good time with it once we're there."

"Won't they know you worked there?" Percy asked, cleaning his glasses.

Max grinned. "That's just the thing. It's one of my other identities. One of the few not compromised."

That was the thing with Max. He *a/ways* had spare identities, to support all of his 'extracurricular activities.' This included wooing women (usually unsuccessfully), infiltrating various jobs for pay between jobs, or simply for the hell of it. His latest secondary job on the sly was as a janitor at a research facility. He had argued that there could always be value in stealing some high-tech equipment, not that it was their usual *modus operandi*.

"I'm telling you what I've seen and heard there. I've snuck in and *seen* how this device works. It's a goddamn DNA Sequencer. It's what they call it. One of the eggheads altered part of his own appearance with it, even made himself look like the goddamn Governor for a few minutes! They're only testing the early stages of it, but it's the ultimate new identity creator. We just need some DNA strands from who we want to turn into, and we can become them, maybe even get some memories to help us along, without losing ourselves one bit! Easy peasy!"

Percy seemed intrigued; the scrawny nerd was continually starving and by far the most nervous of the group. Frank, on the other hand, simply wanted a plan to put into action. The man operated well so long as someone else put down the tracks. He shifted off of his bad legs, which was giving him extra pain lately due to their awful hiding conditions.

"Sounds far fetched," he said.

"You gotta trust me on this, Frankie! It's the real deal. C'mon, Gallagher, what plan do you have, boss? Waste away in here and get caught? Wind up with a life sentence?"

"It won't be life," Gallagher replied, but even as he said it he knew it was the wrong set of words. It sounded defeatist. "I just don't believe this sci-fi mumbo jumbo."

Max bit his lip, thinking. "Well, have you got a better idea? Or would you actually like to try and escape, boss?"

Gallagher knew he had him there. He looked to Percy, then to Frank. Both were desperate enough to try *something* at this point. Even if Max was being nuts on this, perhaps there was something else they could gain from this venture. Perhaps even a place to stash the diamond and get it back at a later date, when the heat died down.

"Fine," he said. "Fine, we'll try this crazy plan of yours. Maybe the thing can give us different hair colours and styles, or make us unreadable in DNA or something."

The others nodded at this. It was a more believable take on what this DNA Sequencer could do. Max leapt upon the permission easily.

"Good, good! Give me two days. I'll have to figure out who we're becoming. We need the right kind of new identities, or else the guys behind the sequencer will be the first to hit the warning bell if things go belly up. We need a group of four people we can pretend to be, using their DNA samples. I think . . . yeah, I think I've got a general idea of what to look for. Frank, I'll need to borrow your expertise for a bit. Your computer expertise. Then, I can get down to business."

He rubbed his hands together, very much excited. A wicked plan was forming in Max's perverted mind. This was not just an opportunity to become a new person, he'd decided, but to have an entirely new *experience* out of life, one he had craved for the excitement. Even better, it was a way to put Gallagher in his place. The man wasn't a bad boss, but needed taking down a peg from time to time. By giving him a humorous change, it would let Gallagher know he should think twice about second-guessing Max next time.

The thief grinned, already imagining possibilities.

A new kind of change was coming.

When Frank found out what Max was thinking, he almost put a stop to it. Using their remaining computer equipment was risky, but Max had insisted on them running a search online to find a wealthy family of four who owned property in the city but wouldn't be aware of a group pretending to take their place. It needed to be the perfect cover. Frank found several such families, but Max kept shooting them down, only showing interest of a more . . . particular makeup. Namely, while Frank understood that all members had to be adults, he was also increasingly aware that Max continued to inquire further about more attractive families, especially one with attractive *women*. In the end, he had to confront Max about it. They had sequestered themselves in the upper section of the warehouse, away from Gallagher and Percy, who were planning the infiltration of the lab.

"Oh my God," Frank said. "You *want* some of us to end up in the bodies of women. Max, you absolute dog. You're going to take the role of a man and leave us as women! This is sick!"

Max screwed up his face. "No, you idiot! You'd be biologically related to me, anyway!"

"That's not a strict denial."

"It is! I don't want you all to end up as hot women, I want *me* to end up as a hot woman."

At this, Frank blinked, not quite knowing what to say. "Um . . ."

"Think about it. Who hasn't wanted to be young again? To be fit and attractive again? Frank, we're all in our forties. Gallagher is not far from fifty, and his blonde hair is getting grey at the temples. I want to be young and alive again, only better looking, and a woman to boot!"

"But - but why?"

Max rolled his eyes. "For the hell of it, that's why! Gallagher always calls me a pervert, so fine, I'm a pervert. I wanna have my own pair of tits to play with and a pussy to experiment with. It's just temporary, and who can resist it?"

"I can, that's who. Look, I gotta tell Gallagher about this-"

"Screw Gallagher. He doesn't recognise your potential. Always going on about how loyal you are, Frank, how many jobs you can do for us. You're doubling as a getaway driver, a point man, a computer expert, and a researcher. More than any of us, he uses you. It's time to turn the tables. If we can find a nice family with some lovely ladies in it, we can make *him* the young, demure, pretty thing and let *him* stew in it for a while. Someone like . . . *her!*"

He jabbed his finger at the screen of a rather beautiful redhead. Frank frowned.

"We can't do that anyway. All my searches are doing little here. This kind of information is private, but I guess . . . no."

Max seized upon this. "You know something. Spill it."

"It's just . . . there's a family I keep tabs on. They go on big vacations all the time. Very rich, very elite. Very private, too. Gated community and doesn't talk to the neighbours. I break into their house and have the run of the place when we aren't doing jobs."

Max nodded. Unlike the thief, who loved the endless thrill, Max chased comfort. He wanted to retire into wealth. It made sense that he had a secret nest.

"Go on," he said.

"Well, it's just . . . they're a family of four. And they *are* going on vacation. A big one in Hawaii for three months. Some spiritual getaway that rich folks go to. No real contact with the outside world. I'd not included them in our parameters or even mentioned them because there's only one man in this unit: Leonardo Havard. The other three are all women: his wife Veronica and their two daughters, Sabrina and Carol."

Max's eyes lit up. "And what do they look like, this family?"

Frank ran a quick search from his own files and brought up a family photo from the current year. The thief almost gasped: they were *perfect*. A handsome patriarch who embodied all the classic qualities; tall, dark, and handsome. He had an expensive dark suit, one that added to his projection of power. Then there was the beautiful blonde-haired trophy wife with perfect curves yet with a socialite's slender build. She couldn't have been older than early forties, and looked every part a prize in her blue dress. Their two daughters were just as standout. One had her mother's impressive curves and her mother's blonde hair, though it was more of a chestnut brown than his black. She wore a more showy dress that displayed her lovely cleavage, and her hourglass figure was very much on display. The other daughter had a more slender physique, like that of a model's, and was taller. She had slightly curled brunette hair and a shy smile. Where her sister was sex appeal, she was a deeply attractive demure grace. Two sides of a very enticing kind of coin.

"Holy shit," Max said. "Holy fuck. This is perfect. This family is perfect. How old are they all?"

"Uh, I'd have to look it up, but I think Leo's about forty five? Veronica is forty one. Sabrina is the blonde with big boobs; she's twenty, if I recall. Yeah, she must be, because Carol just turned nineteen, and they're only a year apart. She's the brunette, obviously."

Max licked his lips. God, he could just *imagine* all the fun he could have in that hot blonde's body. She had it all; a slim, beautiful physique but with a dynamite pair of hips and a great rack. Her face was heart-shaped, and she even had a beauty spot above her right lip, almost like a Marilyn Monroe kinda look. She was *perfect*. And so were the others.

"This is it," he said. "This is the family we're gonna become."

"That's crazy."

"Crazy for you, but not for me. Remember, I'm holding the cards here. I've got the access to the lab, and only I can work the machine. Besides, Gallagher takes advantage of

you. Don't you want to be the boss, Frank? He says you're passive, but I think you're just intimidated by him. We all are - yes, even me. But this is your chance to be the boss! To be the rich guy! Or the rich trophy wife, if you wish."

Frank narrowed his eyes. "If we're gonna do this, there's no way I'm gonna become a woman. Let Percy be Veronica. I'll be Leo, and enjoy the mansion. You can take Sabrina, since you're practically salivating her. And Gallagher, well . . ."

Max giggled like a schoolboy, rubbing his hands together again. "Gallagher can enjoy a little humiliation as cute little Carol, our beautiful little model-in-waiting. It's perfect!"

Part 2: New Identities

Frank was nervous. He'd always lusted after money, comfort, even power, but the one thing he'd never possessed was the will to triumph over others. Gallagher mistook it for passiveness, but it was more like hesitation. Caution. Too much so. Now, if Max's insane plan and mythical-sounding device worked, he could pole vault over the competition and be the real 'man of the house.' Percy, he knew, would be amenable. Max was already working on him even as they infiltrated the research facility. It was little stuff, such as warning him ahead of time that they'd have to slot into "certain roles" and that some "temporary sacrifices" would be necessary to fit the family mold. Percy had always been timid, and he nodded along at this, readying himself for what was to come. It made Frank wince a little, but in truth, he was just looking forward to being over six feet tall, handsome, and not being overweight. Having a full head of hair would be just a bonus by that point.

"Cameras deactivated?" Gallagher asked.

Frank nodded. He'd opened up a security panel and, ironically, disabled the security with it. "This is pretty rudimentary stuff. Nothing like the Cipher Diamond."

Gallagher winced. The diamond was still on his person. No way could he risk leaving it back at their dive of a warehouse, which could barely keep them safe as it was. No, he kept that sparkling relic with him at all times, rarely even letting members of his own team touch it, including Max. The ongoing tension over the manhunt for them was making them all paranoid. By this point, even he hoped that Max's plan would work.

"Through here," Max said. "Percy, we'll need you to get the door open. It's got some kind of code."

The scrawny safecracker nodded. "On it."

Gallagher kept watch while Percy got to work. Things were tense for a few minutes, but finally he got in. The door opened to a research room dominated by a central cylindrical

chamber, one large enough for a man to step into. It had a transparent lid to close it, but it almost looked like a coffin, angled horizontally as it was. A nearby control panel seemed to dictate the chamber's commands. The rest of the room was padded in an unusual way, as if protecting the outside from radiation. Frank bit his lip at that, and Percy actually shivered.

"This is safe, right?"

"Could be," Max said, grinning. He moved to the device, then gestured for Frank to approach. "The DNA, buddy. Let's sort it. *And make sure you've got it right.*"

Frank had broken into the house of the Havards and confirmed that they were definitely away, having left just two days ago. He'd carefully gone into each room and gotten DNA traces from each member - glasses, hair clippings, even some nails that Veronica had clipped but the cleaner had missed. There was a risk of things going wrong, but Max felt confident. This was a wild dream come true, and his heartbeat with excitement. Frank looked just as keen. Percy, more resigned. Gallagher, on the other hand, seemed grim.

"This better work," he said.

"Oh, it will. I'll be testing it first, boss. Don't you worry! Let me just configure this DNA strand. Okay, it's accepted. No body modifications, but obviously preserving the current brain template. It calls this a cosmetic change, ha! Some cosmetic!"

The machine whirred to life. There should have been an alarm, but Frank had disabled it, and Percy had rewired the trigger just in case. Gallagher closed the door to ensure the sound didn't care, and marvelled at the way the central cylinder lit up. Max clicked the buttons, following exactly what he had witnessed the technicians do. This wasn't his total area of expertise, but he'd managed to smuggle in a pen camera while 'cleaning' the place as a janitor, and had studied the tapes very carefully. Still, he was getting a little nervous.

"Frank, you wanna go first?"

The multi-role specialist shook his head.

"Damn, ah well. One small step for man, I suppose. See you on the other side, gents. Try not to admire my perfect cock."

He slipped out of his clothes, and the others looked away. Then, he entered the capsule. The lid closed on the timer he'd set for it, and then he simply laid back and waited for the inevitable. It didn't take long to begin.

The machine hummed, then it whirred. The three gathered around, even Gallagher's curiosity getting the better of him. He kept looking through the thick soundproof glass of the entry door just in case, but increasingly his eye was drawn to Max in the chamber. The interior had a sort of cushioning to it, but the man had his eyes closed, as if readying himself for a spa treatment.

"What the fuck are we doing here?" Gallagher whispered to himself. This whole project was insane. He was realising now just how stupid this was.

At least, that was what he thought, until suddenly the machine came fully to life, and it emitted a bright light that scanned across the cylinder, up and down its length, as if it were some kind of printer scanning a copy of paper.

Max felt it. His heart was beating like a jackhammer, but this was *exactly* the effect he'd witnessed when the scientists had changed their forms. This stuff was highly experimental, and he knew this was a big chance. But he'd always been a risk-taker, and so he began to grin like a madman. Pinpricks of light began to point and dart across his naked form. He had no way of knowing the exact science, but he could guess that they were quite literally rewriting his DNA and editing his genes in real time. It was warm and tingly, and left him giggling. He shuddered with a moan as a kind of unfamiliar pleasure rushed through him. He realised what it was as it continued; he could *just* manage to tip his head forward, chin on his sternum, to see down the length of his horizontal body.

He was getting younger.

His vitality was returning.

He was one of the oldest of the group outside of Gallagher. He'd spent forty six years on planet Earth, thieving and pickpocketing and runnings scams left and right. His energetic days were long behind him, but his mind always had new grifts churning. This was the greatest grift of all; he was getting younger!"

"Well, I'll be," Gallagher whispered, seeing this occur. "He actually was telling the truth."

"He's getting younger," Frank said.

"Yeah," Percy said. "Um, do his nipples look kinda weird to anyone?"

They were throbbing, and Max really wanted to touch them. "What the hell?" he said to himself, and so he did, uncaring of who was watching, loving the way his comrades screwed up their faces in disgust as he stimulated their growth. Pockets of fat began to develop behind them, and more subcutaneous fat developed elsewhere as well; his hips spared, the very bones changing shape, and his rear began to gain a lovely layer of fat as well, leaving it peachy but not too big.

"Mhmmm," he moaned, making the sound extra loud just to unsettle his boss. "This is perfection, boys!"

His arms began to slim down, his entire figure shortening. He folded his hands up to his face, admiring the way his nose was becoming small and button cute, just like the image of Sabrina Havard. Already his hair was tingling, flowing out from his scalp in imitation of her. The body template was exact, he could already tell, and the feelings were already growing.

"F-fuck yes! It's working!"

He heard Percy whining something from outside the box. "B-but Max, you're becoming a lady! Max, you're becoming a lady!"

He laughed, and halfway through, his voice cracked. Max laughed even harder, enjoying the way his voice was going up in octave and sweetness in real time. "I knew I would be, Percy boy! Just part of the plan!"

Gallagher grunted. "He really is a pervert."

Frank tried not to look at him, knowing the deal he'd made with Max.

"A young, healthy pervert, boss!" Max shouted over the roar of the machine. His breasts were still growing, gaining softness and weight. He began to play with them, his other hand going down to his penis which was shrinking away by the second. He curled the toes on his increasingly dainty feet, moaning like a woman in heat as the changes drew closer and closer to their conclusion. In all the wonders of the change he'd barely even noticed how his shoulders had slimmed down, but he certainly felt his lips begin to puff up and his eyebrows become more defined. His hair was now flowing outwards, long and beautiful, long enough to fall over his shoulders. It was golden and silky, with slight curls that made it even prettier from what he could see.

"Yesssss!" he cried. "Fucking A! It's happening, boys! I'm becoming a sexy young college-age chick! Go fucking me! Go - OHHH!!!"

It bloomed all at once, the final threshold of the change arriving quicker than he'd assumed it would. One moment his hand was playing with the vestigial remnant of his manhood, and then suddenly his fingers were slipping *inside* of himself as a new passage tunneled back into him. His organs shifted, a uterus blooming into existence within him, and yet his stomach flattened further, becoming trim and pretty, soft and hairless. All of his body hair fell away, barring the triangular patch between his legs. His new pussy felt utterly alien, impossible to see thanks to his confined space and the ripe C-cups on his chest, but it was damn moist and sexy, and he had his first female orgasm immediately.

"Ohhhhhh," he moaned, rubbing one hand against the glass, which now had a steamy coat.

Percy, embarrassingly, got a hard on at this. Gallagher could barely believe the sickness he was witnessing.

Max, on the other hand, just revelled in it, accepting the mental changes he'd programmed. They were the last changes to arrive, but they overlaid into his brain, the light focusing there. Like a switch being flipped, *he* became a *she*, Max's gender identity flipped immediately. The name 'Sabrina' felt synonymous with her own existence, and while she had yet to explore it, she was sure her sexuality had altered too, just as she intended it to be. Why go this far but stop short of the whole hog, after all?

The cylinder opened, and there was a *hiss* as it released some of the steam, not to mention the scent of sex into the air. By this point, the other three had all taken a polite, and rather shocked, step back. The cylinder began to clean itself immediately after Max/Sabrina emerged, and the beautiful blonde shook her hair out, a delighted smile upon her gorgeous features.

“Holy shit,” Gallagher whispered. “You weren’t yanking our chains at all.”

“Nope!” Sabrina said, placing her hands on her hips. She cocked them to one side, then stretched with her hands together upwards, sticking out her lovely chest. Percy found it very hard to disguise his boner at this point. “What do you think?”

“Why are you a girl?” Percy stammered, hunching over a little. “You’re a girl!”

“Because I thought I’d have a lot more fun as Sabrina Havard. Check out these tits!”

She cupped them, rubbing her nipples in front of the others and moaning deliberately, just to make Gallagher uncomfortable and Percy turned on. Even Frank found it hard not to get a little aroused at the sight, and had to remind himself who this was.

“Stop that!” their boss said. “Are you telling me this is some fetish job?”

“Yup! And nope. Let’s just say I chose the Havard family for the fun of getting to be a super hot young college chick. I’m gonna have *fun* with this perfect disguise. Don’t worry, there’s four members of the family. Your turn next, Gallagher. Oh, and Frank? Can you pass me the clothing you stole from the Havard house?”

Frank opened his backpack and passed over a bra, a matching black underwear, and a blue dress with a considerable dip at the front. Sabrina caught it with a grin, enjoying the way her impressive breasts wobbled - so alien, and yet so wonderful! She got dressed immediately, struggling with the bra for a while until she got the clasp just so, then slipped her boobs into the cups. By her own request, Frank had got her a push up bra, and it made her breasts look like full D’s. She grinned as she looked down at her own cleavage, full and perfectly sized without being too big. She got to appreciating the rest of her curves as she put on her blue dress, which hugged her figure expertly. She looked like a young Hollywood starlet, not a rat-faced thief anymore.

“Tell me that I’m a ten out of ten, Percy.”

Percy simply gulped. This made Sabrina laugh.

“Too shy around a pretty girl? You know, my name’s Sabrina, now.”

Gallagher lost patience at this point. “What are you trying to pull here, Max?”

“Sabrina,” she corrected, pointing at her temple. “Mental change, too. In order to make the disguises foolproof. And you should know I’m *always* playing, Gallagher. Now, are you gonna boss me around again, or are you gonna get in the chamber and go with the *only viable* plan that’s been offered up. C’mon, old man, swallow your pride. Don’t you want to feel young and healthy again? Even as a woman!?”

Part 3: And the Rest

Gallagher winced. He'd suspected something like this after Sabrina's reveal: a gender change for him as well. Something in Sabrina's tone made it sound as if she were aware that he was increasingly concerned over his age lately. He was still handsome and commanding, but in a few years he wouldn't be, and his more active years were well behind him. His knees alone during these last few cold nights at the safehouse . . .

"I'll be the man of the house," he said. "You told me there was a father-"

"Uh-uh. My plan, my details. You get to be my sister, Carol. My beautiful sister. Trust me, she's quite the looker."

Gallagher twisted up his face. "Max, you bastard-"

"It's Sabrina. And I'll take 'bitch,' thank you very much. Look, I'm happy to leave you behind. Carol can just be 'under the weather' or partying in Europe for three months. But this is the best deal you're gonna get, Gallagher. Now, do you still want to be part of this outfit, or not? I'm sure you can try to boss us around as Carol still, right?"

Gallagher fumed. This was abject humiliation. He looked to the others for support, but the silence from Frank, who had reasons to dislike Gallagher's rule, was clear. Percy shuffled on his feet.

"It won't be all bad, boss. Not all bad! But it *is* Max's plan. Uh, I mean Sabrina's. What choice do we have?"

Gallagher almost stormed out then and there. He should have, he knew. But if he did, he'd never see the millions of dollars he was owed. Max had planned this too well, and ambushed him completely.

"You promise this is goddamn temporary?" he said.

"I promise! Just a few months to lie low, and we can use the family's expertise to smuggle the Cipher diamond. Oh, and no doubt have some fun being young and sexy again."

"And female," Gallagher rasped, still angry. "Fine! Whatever! But after this, we're through professionally, you hear me? We're going our separate ways, and I don't want to see your ugly mug or this new face of yours around?"

Sabrina placed her hands on her lovely hips and made a dainty pose. "Works by me, sis. C'mon, let's get you in this chamber. Oh, by the way, there'll be some mental changes just to really make sure you know how to play the role of Carol. Just like me and Sabrina!"

Gallagher frowned again. It made sense, but he didn't like it. "I'll still think of myself as a man."

"Well, you can *try*," the woman said, biting her lip. She was enjoying this far too much.

"Whatever, then. I'll get you back for this," he said. "I'll become this 'Carol,' but if you expect me to play along and act girly just for your sake, you've got another thing coming. This is purely to lie low and get a good meal. But there better be no funny business about this Havard family."

"Nothing funny at all. They're rich, Gallagher. Rich and private."

Gallagher was still suspicious: did Sabrina have a longer game she was playing? Or was she just sincerely enjoying this far, far too much. Still, the older man began stripping down. As if to emphasise his age, his knees popped audibly, cracking in such a way that caused him some brief pain. He avoided looking at Sabrina's smug expression: he already knew that she'd be trying not to giggle with anticipation. Perhaps, at least, being changed into a young woman would make him feel youthful and alive again. That was something he could focus on.

Still, Frank said nothing, knowing what was coming next, especially as Sabrina hummed to herself and circled over to the controls. She was absolutely loving her change already, right down to her lowered centre of gravity and the way her chest still jiggled ever so slightly in her push-up bra, and even more how her hips swayed naturally. She emphasised that last feature even more just to tease poor Percy. The poor boy was utterly timid. That was okay, she had *plans* to improve him, too.

The boss of the operation got in the cylinder and lay down, pleased at least that it was clean after Sabrina's . . . self-ministrations. Part of him was nervous, but he didn't show it. He was the one in charge, he was the one who had to be slick and cool and keep the others in line, though it burned him from within to know that Max had come up with this plan, or *Sabrina* as she was now calling herself. He couldn't deny her incredible beauty, but it only added to the perversion of it all. The perversion he was about to take part in.

"This better not be permanent," he muttered again.

"Oh, calm down, you big baby."

The lid closed after Sabrina had input the settings and placed the next DNA sample - a hair - on the pad. Gallagher exhaled as the machine whirled to life, and hundreds, then thousands, of pinpricks of light began to roam across his body, infusing his DNA with copies of the sample and then editing them to match it. His entire body tingled right down to the bones, and there was a slightly pleasing element to it, one he tried to resist allowing himself to feel too much.

And then it happened.

Just like with Sabrina, the years began to melt away, as if they had never passed at all. Wrinkles ironed out, doughy parts of his fairly trim body that had still managed to sag over time now flattened entirely. Aching muscle regained its former strength, and a trimness came over him. His hair grew out from his scalp, bothering Gallagher, but it felt smoother

and silkier than it had ever been, as if suffused with unnatural vitality. He grimaced a little bit as the tingling took up residence in his member and his chest, but he knew what to expect here. He could only hope that he wouldn't become as . . . curvaceous as Sabrina.

Suddenly, they tingled yet more, and his lower portion began to shrink while the upper portion began to grow. His nipples throbbed, suddenly immensely sensitive and almost yearning to be touched. Gallagher gasped, alarmed as he tilted his head. It was really happening. He knew it would occur, but feeling it now was making it all the more *real*. His nipples had become like little pink strawberries, stiff and feminine, and their areolas were expanding. With alarm, he placed his hand down between his legs, only to feel his cock shrinking, and his testes along with it.

"Max, you bastard! I'll get you back for thisssss! Ohhhhh . . . it's happening! No one look!"

But he knew all would. He could barely even blame them. His cries grew in pitch, rising higher and higher as his form thinned. Finally, Frank had to look away for fear of appearing immediately guilty for his part in this assignment, but Sabrina drank it all in, keeping near Percy to ensure he, too, could look upon their changing boss and witness the emasculating transformation. Gallagher pushed at the glass, writhing, but it was a sealed chamber and he didn't know the abort sequence on the interior numberpad. It wouldn't do any good to him anyway: he had chosen to accept this, and there was no true reason to abort. He *had* to see this through, as shameful as it was. Shameful, and deeply *pleasurable*.

"Mhmmm . . . it's - ahhh - powerful!"

"A funny way of putting it," came Sabrina's muffled voice from outside. "I prefer *orgasmic*."

His fingers shrank, followed by his hands, and his chest hair shed as readily as it did beneath his arms and upon his limbs. His hair grew longer and longer, losing its blonde hairs and occasional greys. Soon he had a deep chestnut colour, and his brunette hair cascading down, slipping over his shoulders like curly tendrils. But he could barely pay attention to this, because his face was rippling and shifting, his features becoming ovoid and angelic. He gasped as his lips gained further fullness, and again as his cheekbones became more defined, the bones literally changing shape.

"I better not look like some s-sexy co-ed girl, Max!"

"It's Sabrina now, remember? And of course you'll be sexy - we share genes, and look at me! You'll be Carol, my beautiful little sister, though not quite the standout I am!"

"Oh God, I can't b-believe I went along with this. I can f-feel my chest . . ."

"Don't panic, Carol. You're going to be lovely! Just *cute*! Besides, this is what the plan needs to succeed. Someone had to be Carol. The Havard family has *two* daughters."

“Ohhh, I could have a-atleast been the mother, not the daughter. Make Frank or Percy-”

But Gallagher realised his mistake right then; he'd tipped his hand and revealed he'd rather sacrifice his colleagues than himself. He fumed in the chamber, looking up at Max's perverted smile as his own body continued to change. A pair of plump B-cup breasts emerged, thankfully not as large as Sabrina's, but certainly noticeable enough, and topped with lovely pink nipples. They were sensitive and yearning to be touched, but Gallagher ignored these sensations and instead tried to focus on his crotch. It melted back into his thinning body, and he could only cup it, hiding it from view as it started to vanish into nothingness. This was accompanied by further changes to his skeletal structure: his limbs shortened, his ribcage shrank to more appropriately female dimensions, and the whole of his body slimmed down so that he now possessed a slender and very pretty figure. His skin had become paler, a beautiful milky complexion with just a few spots here and there that made him look human.

“Ohhh, it's s-so sensitive!” he whined in a girlish, youthful voice, one that totally surprised himself. “And I c-can feel my b-brain! It's on fire! Damn you, Sabrina! Damn your stupid plan!”

“Hey, you agreed to this. Trust me, you'll come to love it.”

Gallagher growled, but Sabrina just shrugged as the mental changes came anyway. Gallagher's mind was rewritten. To his humiliation, his own sense of maleness simply disappeared, replaced near-instantly by a feminine identity. Worse, she felt a shiver as her gender identity was matched to a new sexuality; images of handsome young men appropriate to *her* new age and appetites.

“F-fuck you!” she cried, her voice higher than her older sister's, which had a sort of husky vibe. Wait, older sister? Why the fuck was she thinking of this traitorous bitch as her older sister?

She couldn't help herself. She needed this. She began to touch her own body, cupping her breasts and lowering her hands down to where her new pussy-

The lid opened, and Carol wasted no time. The new woman jumped out of the lid and aimed herself straight for Sabrina. Even the thief was surprised at how quickly the attack came.

“You asshole! You tricked me! Change me back!”

“Hey, calm down! You agreed to this! You knew you were going to become Carol.”

“It isn't right! I'm some slender little thing! You couldn't find a more different body if you tried!”

“You could have asked for a picture. Besides, petite suits you.”

Petite was right, because Percy and Frank were easily able to pull the new Carol off of Sabrina, who was wiping some blood off of her cheek.

"You're just making a play to lead us," Carol said, her high voice not exactly commanding in this scenario. She was pointedly trying to ignore her breasts and the absence between her thighs as she made this accusation. "*You* want to be the leader."

Sabrina grinned. To Carol's surprise, her new big sister just put one hand on her hip and flicked her hair dismissively with the other. "*DUH!* Of course I do! You're always having to be in charge, but this is *my* plan and you dismissed it for days! This is the only thing that will get us free and clear, and with the diamond. We're gonna be one big happy family, Carol, and you have to accept that. You agreed to this, so stop whining and start getting in-character like the pretty little sister you are. Like a professional. It's just a few months at most, and then we're free and clear. I'm gonna enjoy the shit out of it, personally. You should try, too."

Carol seethed. "And I just couldn't be the man of the house, could I?"

At this, Sabrina stood and adjusted her dress, which was luckily untorn. "It's high time that we recognised Frank for his efforts."

Percy let out a little 'eep.' "But what does that make me? Does that make me . . . ?"

"The wife Veronica, yes. Oh, cheer up, Percy, you'll be fine. Three of us will be the other gender, and you'll be happy to know Veronica is an attractive and powerful woman. Maybe she'll rub off on you. Frank, you're next up. Right to get in?"

Carol didn't speak, and Frank tried not to look at her as he got in the machine. It whirled up again in response to Sabrina's deft controls, and soon the figure inside was grunting and groaning as the next transformation took place, though this one was far less invasive, at least. It was, on the other hand, *empowering*. As the pinpricks of light editing Frank's genes, he had a great intake of breath at the sheer power that coursed through him. His muscles rose while his gut deflated. His scalp itched as new follicles burst forth where empty patches had formed the landscape of his skin. He clenched his fists as they became slightly hairier, with a strong businessman's grip. It was everything Frank had fantasised about becoming; a tall, strong alpha male who could speak up to someone like Gallagher and actually take charge. His chest rose, but not like the two new women, one of whom was infuriated at having to wear a dress and midriff-baring top, but instead as a result of the manly pecs that had formed. Even his member, unimpressive and perhaps only bigger than Percy's by his own imagining, extended. It gained girth as well, while his balls swelled, no longer asymmetrical and 'oddly lumpen,' as one failed date had once put it. The arousal reached him too, and it took a lot of effort not to massage his new, hardened dick. His biceps bloomed, his ass became firm, and his shoulders stretched out as if trying to push apart the metal cylinder itself.

“Yes, ha!” he cried. “I can feel it! I’m Leo! Leonardo Havard! The patriarch of the family, woo!”

He practically leapt out of the capsule when it finally opened, and embraced Sabrina, kissing her on the cheek in a fit of confidence that he certainly hadn’t possessed before. Sabrina had not lied to him; she really had given him some mental changes that made him feel on top of the world, and greatly indebted to her to boot.

“Woah, slow down there, cowboy,” she said with a smirk. “I’m technically your daughter now, remember? Which means you should totally get some clothes on, because this feels all wrong.”

He blushed terribly, and set to work getting on, appropriately enough, a professional suit. It didn’t damper his spirits too much, though. He was now over six feet tall, no longer overweight, and he had the strength of an ox. Yes, he was still in his forties, but who cared? The important thing was that he finally felt out from Gallagher’s thumb, like he had a purpose *other* than being the general ‘support guy.’

“This is fucking incredibly. Percy, you won’t regret this, trust me! The experience alone!”

“That’s the spirit!” Sabrina declared, giving him a high-five. “Carol here just needs to get with the program.”

Carol folded her arms beneath her chest and pouted, already hating that she was now the shortest of the group. Once a mighty 6’1, she was now a meagre 5’5, just a little below average for a woman, true, but it felt much shorter than that. Even Sabrina was taller than her, being 5’7 or so.

“I am going to kill you when this is over, Sabrina,” she said. “I really am.”

“That’s such a little sister thing to say! Just enjoy the feeling of boobs for now, sis. Speaking of . . . ready Percy?”

Percy gulped. He certainly didn’t *feel* ready. But then again, he’d never felt ready about anything in his life apart from when he was cracking safes and disabling security systems. Those made sense to him, more than people ever did. It was why he was so easily stepped upon in life, and why sex had almost entirely eluded him. He fidgeted with his glasses, wiping nonexistent stains from them.

“Do we have to do this? I mean, do we have to do this?” he said in his repetitious pattern. “I mean, if you’re the college-age daughters, and Frank is the father, then that means I’ll be . . . I mean, I’ll be his . . . wife.”

“Duh,” Sabrina said.

Carol fumed. “If I agreed to be the youngest daughter, then you can put up with being Veronica, Percy. God knows, maybe it’ll make everyone realise what a ridiculous plan this is.”

Sabrina groaned. "How many times do you think we can access this machine in such a short span, hmm? Carol, don't be daft, this is the best plan one could come up with."

"Just like you planned."

Sabrina blew a flirty kiss at her new 'sister.' "What can I say? I guess, deep down, I was always a bitch with weird kinks, even before I became this. But it truly is pleasurable, Percy, don't listen to stick-in-the-mud sis here. Besides, we need you to complete the plan. Imagine the fun you'll have with a house with such security. You'll be lording it over us like a true trophy wife for weeks!"

Percy still wasn't sure, but he'd always succumbed to peer pressure. If Frank just wanted some simple respect and the easy life, and therefore could be carefree when he got what he wanted, then Percy had never *known* what he wanted. He took orders not because he was afraid to not follow them, but because he couldn't imagine a life without them. Systems were what he understood, not people, and so had to place faith in the plan. In the system of thought behind it. That was the guideline that gave him purpose.

And so, nervously, he crept into the cylinder and let it shut over him. He hadn't seen what the mother would look like, but feared becoming a middle-aged figure full of plastic surgery or a fat bitty who would look ridiculous. He trembled as the machine started up.

"You can do this, you can do this, you can do this, you can do this. Oh God, Percy, you've got to do this!"

He squeezed his eyes shut as soon as the pinpricks of light started up, and didn't open them for the entire process. Instead, he simply felt the pressure build in his chest, in his rear, as well as outwards from his hips. When his middle began to push in, he squeaked, already sounding like a girl, and so there was very little transition when his voice changed initially, until he realised it now had a mature, almost sensually smokey quality to it.

"What's happening to me?" he croaked, tone turning husky and sexy. "What's happening to my body?"

"You're definitely becoming a woman," Carol mused.

"A hot one," Sabrina said. "I got the genes from somewhere, sis, and so did you."

Indeed, his chest was already pushing up, and the fleshy weights atop his ribcage were getting heavier and heavier by the second. His scrawny body began to fill out, and his short stature rose, gaining several inches in height in a way neither of the other male-to-female members of the crew had benefited from.

"It's - ohhhh - it's a lot! It's really a lot! Mhmm!"

Sabrina tried not to giggle. Leo simply looked away, keeping his distance for modesty's sake. Carol was caught between wanting to watch and indignation at her own situation, and so she instead returned to guard the door, albeit pouting in a way that made the nineteen-year-old look utterly petulant. A cute kind of petulant, at least.

In the meantime, the strange ecstasy continued to rise in Percy. He'd never experienced bodily bliss in such a manner. His penis hardened, then deflated again as it shrank back again. His thighs thickened, and his meagre body hair dissipated. But unlike the others, he was gaining a more mature woman's body. He still possessed beautiful curves, ones that were becoming more evident by the second, but his waist was a little thicker due to birthing two children, and his bust was more generous, slightly larger than even Sabrina's. He curled his toes as his rear pushed out, rounder than either of his new 'daughters'. He shivered in response to this, and to his own shame, his already low willpower utterly collapsed in the face of the pleasure. Percy began to feel his breasts, squeezing them and cupping them and pressing them together, licking his fuller lips even as his face became that of a stunning blonde woman in her very early forties. She had a celebrity look about her, the kind of face that only wealth and perfect dieting could maintain, and this made her look younger, perhaps in her mid-thirties. She felt a raw sexuality hit her. Percy had always liked women, but been intimidated by them. Now, a new confidence rose, almost an *entitlement*. She hadn't even realised that her mind had clicked over to female during her body's final perfection; she was already rubbing her new womanhood, which finished forming, tunnel and all, all while providing a lovely little orgasm to tease the bliss to come.

"Yesss! Oh, this f-feels so weird! So weird! Sabrina, I - look away! Everyone, look away! I need to - OHHHH!"

She came, rubbing her wetness, playing with her breasts, her hair now long enough to fall to the small of her back. She covered herself with her hair, shaking from the sensations her new cougar body provided. This was the state everyone saw her in as she rose from the lid like a master vampiress emerging from her coffin, glorious and naked and alluring, and yet somehow *powerful*. It took Veronica some time to even realise the feeling, for power was something that she had never experienced and only knew in others. She shivered as she stepped out of the cylinder, not from the cold but from the blissful aftermath of those brilliant sensations. Her mind was still processing her new gender identity, not to mention the way her body swayed as she walked, how her full breasts bobbed. She had magnificent curves in a body that was clearly well-maintained for its age.

"Holy shit," Leonardo said, formerly the one called Frank. "Percy, you look like Scarlett Johansson. You've got curves! You've got tits!"

Sabrina grinned. "Well, if she's Scarlett Johansson now, then I'm her back in her absolute prime."

Veronica then said something she never imagined saying, something that simply slipped from her mouth as if it were a very obvious fact to be aired. "She's still in her prime, and so am I. So am I." She gasped at her own words, and the pride with which she'd said them. She turned to look at Sabrina, who had a wicked smile on her features.

“What?” Veronica’s eldest ‘daughter’ said, putting on a feminine pose of her own. “I thought you wanted to be more confident, ‘Percy.’ Well, according to Frank - now Leo - it’s Veronica that really runs the household and keeps the pecking order. So why not let you enjoy life on the wild side?”

“You really are something, aren’t you?” Carol said, furious.

“I’d say we all are, sis. Of course, we should be civil in front of Mom and Dad, don’t you think? They wouldn’t want to see their only children right.”

Carol gritted her teeth, ready to snarl, but Leo stepped forward. “She’s right, Gallagher. Er, Carol. We need to get into character. I’ve put together dossiers for all of us to read-”

“And we should get some memories or flickers of such,” Sabrina added, “according to the scientist’s notes I ‘borrowed.’”

“-and there’s a lot to learn from their household and rooms, not to mention their media accounts, which I’ll be hacking with your help, dear.”

Veronica nodded, her mind almost passing over her friend calling her ‘dear.’ Thankfully, she still possessed Percy’s cluelessness, not to mention a dose of naivete. “Can we, um, get me some clothes? I’m naked. Rather naked.”

Leo-Frank was quick to pass her a lovely dress that was only a little more modest than what Sabrina was wearing, yet still hugged her impressive hips and motherly bust. It was a stylish black dress that was rather slimming, and came with a small jacket that added to the effect. She slipped it on with surprising ease, her muscle memory already aligned to the body she had taken on.

“Woah, that was strange.”

“This is all strange,” added Carol bitterly.

“Not for me,” Frank muttered.

“Oh, you backstabbing bastard! Of course you-”

Sabrina clapped her hands together. “Hello? We don’t have much time. I know this reorganisation will take some getting used to, what with a new boss and new bits between our legs and all kinds of fun to get up to. But we still have the Cipher Diamond, and more than that, we’ve still got our gang together. We also have *safety*, so if you’ll take my lead and-”

“You’ll take our lead,” Leo said, gesturing to himself and to the new trophy wife Veronica, who looked to him with alarm. “We’re the oldest. And we’re your father and mother now.”

“What? No I’m not!” Veronica squeaked. Her new confidence was still so against-the-grain for her.

“Please, she’s still Percy deep down!” Carol protested.

“But we have to act our parts, remember?” Leo said. “And I know the most about the family. Which means, for once, I’m taking the lead on this. At least until we get to the mansion. Then . . . you can do anything you want, because I’m going to kick back and enjoy the dream.”

At this, Sabrina seemed to accept the change in authority. “Whatever you say, ‘Dad.’ I think we’re all going to enjoy the dream.” She looked at the angry Carol and confused Veronica. “Well, eventually . . .”

She slung her new purse around her shoulder and followed her ‘parents’ out, Carol following behind. The new youngest daughter was so distracted by her new frustrations that she hadn’t even noticed that she didn’t have the Cipher Diamond anymore . . .

Part 4: Adjustment

The Havard household truly was something else. Located in a gated community, it was a veritable *mansion*, and even Carol had to admit to herself, as Leo got them inside, that this was one damn fine upgrade from their watery warehouse. The entrance room alone was vast, with impressive paintings and displays, and a double curving staircase leading up to the second floor. There was even a freakin’ *chandelier*, massive in size, hanging from the high ceiling, a display of opulence and wealth.

“Well I’ll be damned,” the young brunette said, formerly their boss and now their most junior member. “Frank, you really know how to pick them.”

“Uh, Leo now,” the tall, dark, and handsome patriarch muttered. “Mental change, and all.”

“Right, Dad. I mean, Leo. Shit.”

This caused a slight titter of amusement from Sabrina and even Veronica, though the formerly timid safecracker tried to hide her reaction by looking away. Their new dynamic was an odd one, and it was clear that they were all going to have trouble navigating it. Well, everyone but Sabrina, who took it in a strange stride.

“Mom, Dad, sis, welcome to our new home!” She did a little twirl, letting her dress flutter around her legs, and gestured to the wide open space. “And we’ve got it for three entire months, I tell you!”

Carol frowned. “What’s to say the family won’t return?”

Leo coughed. “I’ve got tabs on them that automatically update on my computer. They keep tight schedules.”

“But won’t people notice their return?”

"They've very private. Don't really socialise with people nearby at all. With Percy's - uh, with Veronica's help I've hacked their devices as well, and added some bugs that should automatically filter out any alerts to them. Even if someone *does* think something is odd, no word will reach that actual Havards, so we can easily explain the discrepancy. The same is true of any expenditures we make. We can't use all of their money, but we should be able to use a stipend."

Carol was astonished. She looked up at the man who was now technically her father. "Leo, this is . . . incredible."

"Well, you always said I was your most reliable member. Frankly, I just wanted *this*." He gestured, like Sabrina, to the wealth around them. "A place to be wealthy and carefree. So . . . I guess we can enjoy it for three months."

"But there's still the matter of fencing the diamond," Veronica said, drawing closer to her 'husband' before she realised what she was doing and pulled away a little. "We still gotta fence it."

"That's the thing," Leo continued. "As you can see, the Havards are private collectors, traders, and sellers in antique goods, artefacts, and works of art. It'll take some time, but with Veronica's help, I'm sure we can arrange a secret deal using their connections."

Sabrina winked at this. "Oh, I'll bet you wanna work with your hot new trophy wife, Daddy!"

At this, both older 'parents' blushed a deep shade of red that left Sabrina giggling. Carol smacked her 'sister' on the side of the arm, though it was weaker than she had hoped due to her reduced muscle strength.

"Leave off it!"

"Make me, sis!"

"God, enough of this. Just because you made us young doesn't mean you have to act young. Look, I'm still in charge here-"

"Sure you are," Sabrina teased.

"-and it sounds like we've got a plan forming, so everyone needs to read their dossiers and get up to date on who they are. Leo and Veronica, I'll need you to take another look at all the security systems to double-check them, just in case. Sabrina . . . don't make a mess of things. Find out what we need to be doing to keep up appearances, given our . . . new ages. I'll read up on my own 'character' and get a sense of the local neighbourhood, and if there's anything to be wary of. Got it?"

There was a slow murmur of agreement. As Gallagher, Carol was used to a more immediate reaction. Now, she could already tell that her innate magnetism had waned. She simply wasn't as convincing, being the youngest in the room, not to mention a pretty little

thing. Even Sabrina would have captured more authority, purely because of her confidence in her form and the way she showed it off. Something of Gallagher's magic was gone, and it worried Carol. When Veronica and Leo dispersed together, she simply approached Sabrina and poked her in the chest.

"Hey, that's my not-inconsiderable boob you're touching there!"

"I know you took the Cipher Diamond," Carol hissed. "I want to know why."

Sabrina actually looked surprised, but only for a moment. "I didn't take anything. You didn't lose it, did you?"

"No, someone *took* it."

At this, Sabrina cooled. "I'll look into it."

"See that you do, and see that it comes back to me."

"Will I? Should I? You're not the boss anymore, Carol. You can't just make decisions for everyone. Maybe it's time you let an older sister be the one in charge."

She walked off, swaying her hips deliberately and humming some silly tune with her slightly deeper voice. It only made Carol more infuriated. Someone had taken the diamond, and things were breaking down.

"And I'm stuck as a goddamn *girl*," she hissed to herself.

The worst part was, thanks to Sabrina's use of the mental change function, it was already starting to feel fairly natural to her.

Each of them spent the next few hours going over the information on their new selves. Well, ostensibly they did that, but the truth was the professional thieves weren't so professional as to not obsess over their new looks and take a gander at 'their' new rooms. Each found themselves in front of a separate mirror, turning and inspecting their bodies, even changing clothes to suit themselves better.

Sabrina was most eager to do this; she absorbed the information about herself very quickly, and was ecstatic to remember that she would get to go to college. She'd been hungry to actually be social with her new form. Unlike the others, who were more slow to adapt, a night hadn't even passed and she was already planning to have sex with her new body. Why not? It would be a unique opportunity to have sex as a woman, especially one as hot as this. She'd left herself bisexual just for the fun of it, too, though for Carol she'd made her purely heterosexual just like the real one, in order to make it all the funner for the former boss. And so she turned in the mirror, making sexy poses, playing with her breasts and getting all excited as she tried on increasingly sexy clothing. The DNA sequencer had worked a treat, and with each new article of clothing she put on, she felt a slight recall from

the real Sabrina; little tips and tricks for how to settle her boobs into the cups, or how to deal with a particular clasp, or even how to style her hair. The makeup cabinet provided a deep fascination for the new woman. Just how slutty and sexy could she make herself look? Oh, it was going to be a very fun three months!

Leonardo Havard, the new patriarch of this literal crime *family*, acted quite differently. Yes, he checked himself out in the mirror, and yes, he went over the dossier that he himself had written up just to remind himself, but on the whole he simply . . . relaxed. All of his life he'd dreamed of becoming rich. It was why he'd manifested so many necessary talents, to try and reach success. But the ultimate aim was to work in order to truly *live*. He wanted that carefree life, one full of pleasure and relaxation and exceedingly little work. And because Leonardo Havard made his money now exclusively through investments and the occasional art or artefact trade, the truth was . . . he didn't have to do anything at all! He could simply grin at his reflection in the mirror, ponder whether he should grow a moustache and beard like some captain of industry, and otherwise peruse the house for all its various entertainments. There was a pool, an indoor spa, an in-house cinema, even an elaborate kitchen that was begging to be filled with servants. In fact, he was already compiling a list of servants that the Havard family hadn't taken with them, ones that he could call upon. What was the point of lying low if you couldn't fly high, after all? He was now an alpha male, but the truth was, now he just wanted to be carefree and *placid*. If that meant leaving the others to do their thing, that was fine by him. Sabrina was running the show now, and that was no real issue. He'd done his part, and now he could rest on his laurels like he'd always fantasised about, and do it in a far healthier, happier, and handsomer body. Of course, he couldn't help but appreciate Percy's new appearance, more than a little . . .

Speaking of, Veronica was much more secretive than any other member. She was nervous, though not as much as she would have been as Percy. Sabrina had blessed her with greater confidence, but also a lot more daring. The real Veronica, apparently, was a woman with a taste for the finer things, and according to Frank's dossier on her, she had a reputation as a fierce woman who was the true leader of the household behind her husband's wealth. She was also, as was evident by her looks, a fantastic beauty, with perfect blonde hair and a figure that just couldn't quit. Having born two children, she was more filled out rather than slender, but the 'filled out' parts had gone to all the right areas. Her boobs were full and round and hung perfectly off of her, both totally natural, and her hips were divine. It left her with a bombshell hourglass figure, and Veronica found herself proud of it, even trying on several dresses. She couldn't stop thinking about that experience in the cylinder - was the real Veronica also a lustful type? God, she could just imagine feeling that again! Unfortunately for her, Leo was in the bedroom relaxing by the time she felt that aching need. He was . . . quite handsome. It was a distracting feeling, since as Percy she'd always

lusted after beautiful girls but never known how to approach them. Now, her thoughts were filled with Leo. In the end, it was too much. Her horny MILF body was sending signals too powerful to ignore, so she moved rapidly to a spare bedroom, locked the door after going in, and laid down on the bed. She pulled at her dress, touching herself all over and moaning in her husky, sexy voice.

“Ohhhhh, Leo,” she moaned, beginning to explore her nethers once more. “Mmhmm, yessss.”

It was an alien sensation, but so very pleasurable. She was certain the other girls would be doing the same. Her daughters. Who could blame such beauties? Yes, there was nothing wrong with this. Just like there was nothing wrong with the fact that she’d hidden the Cipher Diamond away in her purse. A diamond was a girl’s best friend, after all, and a good mother should make sure her bickering daughters didn’t do something foolish with such a valuable prize . . .

Carol, though, searched for that prize in vain. Nothing turned up, and each member denied having it. She didn’t buy their bullshit, and in the end was forced to consider that they could all be in on it. Had she fomented such distrust so easily, or was this Sabrina’s doing? In the end, she had to retreat to her own room. It was far girlier than she would have liked, though at least it was a large and stylish room with a comfortable bed. Posters and artwork of slender models and darling outfits lined the walls, and there were fashion magazines by her bedside table. She found herself drawn to them, and despite herself, began to read a couple, just to calm herself. Little memories emerged from the real Carol, and she could *feel* what it was like in previous days, weeks, months, and years, the young woman aware of her own slender, model-like beauty, and listing off future purchases for ‘Daddy’ to take care of. Outfits that would make her look even more elegant and beautiful. She bit her lip, annoyed at this, and even more annoyed at the poster of the *Fanfour* boyband on the wall. Why did she have to be straight for boys? And why did these young men have to look so handsome? Her dossier said that she was taking a Psych major at a prestigious college, and information around the room confirmed that she’d had boyfriends in the past but was currently single. It stirred . . . certain thoughts within her.

“Goddamn Sabrina,” she murmured to herself. She was frustrated and humiliated, and Gallagher sometimes had to indulge himself when he was feeling such. Carol felt no differently in her new form. She would never tell anyone what she was about to do, but she slipped her fingers down to play with herself, while raising a hand up to her lovely breasts to squeeze and touch her nipples. The new woman kept her moans quite, but still made them all the same as the pleasure flowed. When she finally came, the orgasms flowed beautifully, and she hated herself for feeling them so strongly. She would never, ever admit to doing this.

Damn Sabrina for all of this. Damn her!

The next couple of days were the settling-in period, though the mystery of the diamond hung over the group until the end of the second night. Veronica knew she had to come clean, but wanted to bask in her new feelings of confidence and daring a little longer, allowing them to hopefully win out over her former self's natural nervousness. Memories from the real Veronica were stirring in her mind as she explored the house and its expansive and rather private gardens. They were like ripples, or perhaps echoes, ones that cascaded through her mind and gave images, feelings, sensations, even portions of knowledge. They didn't override the impersonator Veronica's personality, but they did . . . attach themselves to it, and she took what she wanted, allowing herself to absorb the parts she liked.

And my, there was a lot to like.

All her life as Percy, she had been a timid and unsure figure. Percy had never truly understood people, and he had obsessed over systems instead. To crack a safe was a lot easier than cracking the human heart, or mind, or the complex array of emotions that seemed to dominate both. But Veronica, the *real* Veronica, she was a *master* of people. She *had* cracked the system, and not for nothing did the former male come to realise that it was Veronica who was the real master - or mistress - of the household, not Leonardo. The man was successful and rich, yes, but she was the Lady Macbeth spurring him on. As she moved through the halls of their generous estate, she received memories of the real Veronica egging her husband for more aggressive moves in business, for involvement in the underground art trade, for more risky investments that paid off in massive dividends. She had him curled around her finger, but it was not a relationship of pure manipulation; it was clear she deeply loved her husband, but also that she recognised a woman's power in the relationship. With the right dress, with the right sway of her hips or heavy breath or flutter of her eyelashes, she could make him do *anything* for her. And if he wanted sex in return, well, she could provide.

Like Carol, and certainly like Sabrina many times by this point, Veronica succumbed to the feelings of her new body, and more than once too. It was hard to avoid her fake husband, because the more she indulged in feeling her large breasts and caressing her womanhood, the more she found herself desiring the attention of Leo. It was a strange mix of her bodily needs, her memories of such passion (particularly up against the wall in the living room, by God!), and the fact that she was getting . . . curious. For the first time in her life, she was attractive, and she had a libido, and Leo was right *there*, perfectly relaxed and rich and carefree. Ironically, or perhaps appropriately, this was just like the real Leo.

"I could bend him around my finger," she whispered to herself as she saw him relaxing by the pool. The thought aroused her. "God, I could . . . I could really do it."

But her confidence wasn't there yet, and the Cipher Diamond was weighing heavily in her purse. She had to come clean about it; even Frank was starting to get a *little* concerned, while Carol was bouncing off the walls in anger, an amusing sight, given how slender and beautiful she was, and yet possessing Gallagher's rage. Yes, it was time to come clean.

As a family.

For this, Veronica drew upon the knowledge of her female self, the way she was able to set the right party, the right tone, the right kind of social *diplomacy*. It was amazing, and it really was like cracking a safe: one had to know the components and then just apply the right *tools* to get the job done.

In this case, the tool was a family dinner, one that she organised personally. The family usually had servants, but the thieves obviously couldn't risk having them now, but Veronica was no slouch when it came to cooking; it was a wonderful hook to manipulate her husband and reward her children. So Veronica worked to make a deeply impressive lamb shoulder roast and brought some of the family's best aged wine from the cellar. She buttered each of them up with compliments - Sabrina was most accepting of this - and convinced them that they needed a 'meeting' to sort out their plan. This appealed to Carol. The dinner, of course, was Leo's main interest. The man had been complaining about the lack of good food while they ensconced themselves away, and it was clear that he wanted to sample the rewards of the lives they had stolen. Now, along with a marvellous panna cotta dessert, he would have exactly that.

But before they could even eat, Carol was at the table, frowning. "Thank you for calling this meeting, Veronica. And thank you for the food. But really, we need to discuss the Cipher Diamond, and where-"

"Dinner first, darling," Veronica said, making Carol frown.

"Did you just call me-"

"We're keeping up appearances. I cannot be Percy, the timid safecracker. I am your *mother* right now. And business comes after the food, as is proper."

"I'm fine with that, ha!" Sabrina said, licking her lips at the food. Unlike Carol, who had dressed plainly in a blue t-shirt and jeans, Sabrina was wearing a crop top that exposed her midriff and a pair of short shorts. She was loving her form, and was already indulging in memories to help her style her makeup and her lovely golden hair. "Dig in, everyone!"

Leo grinned. "Finally, a damn good meal. We deserve this. I deserve this."

Carol eyed him suspiciously, but could see that the group was against her in this. With a sigh, she began to eat. Her stomach was, like the rest of her, much more petite now. She found that she couldn't finish her portion of lamb, despite how delicious it was.

Memories flashed of the real Carol, who made sure to carefully curate her intake of food and follow her diet strictly; she was protective of her beautiful ballerina's figure and wanted to preserve her remarkable cheekbones. It left Carol pushing away her plate when she was done.

"Dessert next!" Veronica declared, pleased at how everyone was playing their roles. Leo was even looking at her in admiration and - was that interest? Certainly, the blue dress she'd worn had a low cut, and her necklace pendant fell between her marvellous breasts. Leo had been enjoying the fruits of his success lately, but now he found himself truly taking in the beauty of his fake wife, and considering the enjoyable memories this brought to him.

"Veronica. Mom! This is amazing," Sabrina said. "Fucking A, I tell ya. I think I'm liking you like this more than when you were Percy. He never made panna cotta."

"Don't eat too much," Carol snapped. "It'll go to your thighs."

"It better go to my ass and boobs first. Wouldn't that be a treat?"

Veronica actually found herself laughing. "Now, now, you two. Settle down. God, I really am playing the role of the mother, aren't I?"

Leo was still staring at her, then blushed as she looked at him with an amused smile. She truly was . . . radiant. He was seeing a side of Percy he'd never imagined, and he was rather liking it. It was like a quiet theatre kid unleashing his energy on stage at last; Percy was adapting faster than anyone, and it was beautiful to behold.

"You really are," he finally said. "And playing it quite well, my . . . dear."

Carol frowned, and Sabrina just giggled. They were on opposite sides of the table, just like they were on opposite sides of the argument. Carol only ate a small bit of dessert, and Sabrina scoffed much of it down. Everyone was sufficiently buttered up by this point, and that meant Veronica was finally free to take care of the situation.

"Now," she said. "We can have our family meeting. Right, Leo?"

Leo was glad to be deferred to. He was the master of the house, wasn't he? He almost instinctively took Veronica's hand under the table to squeeze it, but instead squared his shoulders and assumed a more patriarchal posture.

"The Cipher Diamond is missing," he said. "That's our first-"

"Hang on, I'm in charge here," Carol said.

"Hush, Carol," Leo said. "The adults are talking."

Carol *seethed*.

"Now, once we find the diamond, we can begin discussing how we plan to adjust to our lives as the Havards, how long we plan to stay as them, when we are leaving this house and finding 'our' underground connections, and so forth."

"Perhaps, dear," Veronica said. "We could discuss the latter first, since the diamond is still missing. That was your idea, wasn't it?"

It wasn't, but Leo picked up on it anyway. Frank had always desired praise and recognition for all the damn hard work he put into their team and the multiple roles he had to take on. In this way, some subtle encouragement only aided his more Leo-like thoughts.

"Of course, I misspoke," he said. "Look, to be Frank - ha! - I'm loving this house. I'm loving relaxing by the pool, loving how I can siphon some bits of their wealth into my bank account without any of them noticing, I'm loving the food now - thanks Veronica - and the wealth. It's what we *all* deserve. But I'd also love to go outside, as I'm sure we all would."

Carol frowned. "We can't risk-"

"There's no risk. Besides, we need to be visible and seen in order to set up a buyer - I've blocked all communication to and from the real Havards anyway. And that means, I think, that we need to resume our roles. We need to play our parts."

"Which means," Veronica added, cracking the safe that was the situation, "we need to send you two back to school!"

Even Sabrina gasped at this. "What!? No way!"

Carol gaped. "You can't possibly expect us to do that? We're adults, not kids!"

"Please," Leo said. "You're in college. You're adults, and will be around adults. But you need to be seen there for a sense of normality and appearance. Besides, it will help trigger more memories and knowledge so we can fly under the radar. We may be taking on the bodies of neighbourhood reclusives, but word will trickle out to our actual social connections soon."

Carol folded her arms beneath her slim chest. She knew they had a point, but this was humiliating. Even Sabrina looked a bit annoyed. She was about to argue that this was still *her* plan, and that she should do what she wanted, but then a few little memories bloomed in her mind, pieces of Sabrina's experience that rippled into her awareness.

Parties on campus.

Hot hunky boys looking at her with interest.

Girlfriends and boyfriends and the delight of social contact.

The college scene, in all its glory and amusement.

She bit her lip, considering this. It wouldn't be the worst, would it? Sure, lectures might be a chore, but if it also meant dragging Carol out there to do her psych degree . . .

"Fine, I'll do it," she moaned. "But Carol will be there too."

"I don't see why," the younger sister said. "How can I lead the team on this if I'm doing damn psych lectures?"

"You're not the lead on this, remember, *sis*? Your plan failed, and ours will succeed. Isn't that right, *Mom? Dad?*"

Leo and Veronica exchanged a smile. It was as if they were acknowledging their old dynamic, how they had once been the outsiders of the team, the ones told what to do. Now, they were the ones in charge.

"Indeed," they said together.

"Fine, fine! But now, cough it up," Carol said. "I'll only go to college for a *short time* if someone here admits what's been done."

To the surprise of everyone, including Leo, Veronica withdrew the immense Cipher Diamond from her purse, and placed it on the table with an easy smirk.

"Here, I did it," she said.

Everyone gaped. Of all the suspects, Veronica had not been one at all. She was too . . . timid. Too shy. Too unwilling to make waves. But now Carol could see that, more than anyone, she was embracing her new self, and the dopamine rush of confidence and control that came with it.

"You," she said.

"Yes, me, daughter," Veronica replied easily. "The diamond needed to be secured away until we all knew what we were doing and had a real plan. I think we can all admit emotions were running high with our new dynamic, and it was a risk to have the diamond about in the open. I, more than anyone here, have no opportunity to smuggle it or sell it. So it was safest with me."

Carol couldn't even argue with that. "You should have told us."

"Sabrina would have taken it. Or you. Now, we know where we stand. And *Leo* can have it."

"Leo!?"

"He's the new master of the house, and he deserves the honour after doing so much for the team. And besides, his connections will sell it."

She patted his thigh under the table. Leo's member stirred, and he blushed a little. He wanted to be angry at Veronica, but how could he? He was finally being recognised and praised.

"Exactly," he said, smiling.

Even Sabrina didn't know what to say, except: "Well done, Veronica. Well done. Player recognises player. Game recognises game."

Veronica giggled a little, then stood. "Now, with all that sorted, let's finish this dessert and enjoy a relaxing evening. Tomorrow, our new lives begin."

Part 5: New Lives

The two 'sisters' couldn't have more differing views on returning to college. Veronica had already contacted the campus and alerted them to the fact that their 'away period' was now off, so there was no avoiding it. Sabrina, despite some small hesitations, was now finding herself *excited*. She'd never gone to college before, having adopted a life of thievery and crime instead. Besides, with her previous rat-like face and unattractive body type, she doubted she'd ever be particularly enticing to the opposite sex on such a campus. Now, however, she had the appearance of a busty and beautiful blonde, and who didn't love a blonde bombshell? The Scarlett Johansson comparison served her well, she thought, and so she strode onto the campus in a delightful red summer dress emphasised her curves and drew every male eye. The attention was positively *intoxicating*. Already, she had the sense that she was quite popular, and her memories confirmed it. Leo had been a great help in this regard, cracking the real Sabrina's contact list and mirroring them onto a new phone, thus allowing her to research and let in memories based on the resulting triggers. She sashayed her hips as she strode across the campus green, smiling at friends, smirking at social enemies, and generally leaning into her role as a very attractive young woman, one who knew it. The little flirty waves she gave members of the football team only heightened her ego. By God, it was good to *look* good. She'd never felt such attention or praise before!

Carol, on the other hand, was struggling beneath the weight of such attention. She was just as beautiful, albeit in a more petite and slender way, and her movements were sheer elegance despite her desire to walk more manly. Just like Sabrina, she had her male admirers, but at least her memories gave no indication that she'd . . . *known* any of them. Not in that way, at least. She was the more academic of the pair, the one concerned with knowledge, with dance, with *art*. Her sister, her memories told her, was the real flirt of the pair, the one who was here to party and have fun. No doubt that was why Max, the pervert, had chosen that body. And yet, despite herself, she felt a strange little sting in her chest whenever she noticed boys looking Sabrina's way far more than hers.

"Don't be stupid, Gallagher," she told herself, even if the name barely applied these days. "Don't let *her* thoughts become yours."

There was, thankfully, no real risk of that. The 'memories' that bubbled up were little more than associations, bits of skill, and helpful knowledge. Yes, there was the mental element of the initial change, but each of them only took in what they *wanted* to take in. The big problem was, Max was taking in as much Sabrina as she desired.

"Oh, hello there Pete! Jason, how are you? Looking hot in that shirt, I just *love* it. Kaley! It's been too long, girl! Of course I'll be at practice! You think this kind of body isn't made for cheerleading? I'm so glad to be back!"

Sabrina was like a fish through water, swimming with ease among the complex social interactions around her. Carol, by contrast, had dressed down, wearing a simple pastel blue shirt and jeans, strictly avoiding the skirt style that her real self apparently favoured. A few people gave her odd looks, perhaps because she'd avoided doing her hair beyond just settling it over her shoulders, and certainly hadn't put on any makeup. She was so distracted with toeing the line between her inner Gallagher and her outer Carol that she literally *jumped* in surprise when someone spoke beside her.

"Carol! I thought you were going away for three months?"

Carol's original reflexes kicked into gear. She turned on the spot, readying her fists and putting herself into a fighting stance. A dark-skinned woman with cute features and stylish round glasses went wide-eyed in shock.

"Woah, there! It's me, Jean!"

A piece of memory entered Carol's mind and combined with her own research from the paired copy of the real Carol's phone. This was Jean Perrett. She was Carol's best friend and friendly academic rival. They studied together and attended dance as well - in fact, they'd *met* at their dance performance class far back at an elite private high school.

"J-Jean!" Carol said nervously. "Sorry, I was . . . um . . ."

"Was that a fighting stance? You seriously looked ready to kick my ass with your tiny frame! Have you been attending self-defence classes or something?"

The excuse landed right in Carol's lovely lap. "Y-yep! You got me! It's krav maga. I only know a little, and it blends with other things. A guy - girl - has to protect herself, you know?"

"I guess," the woman said, following her stride. Carol became anxious, not wanting a follower, but Jean kept on talking. "Personally, I'd rather rely on my mace and my concealed carry. Still, can't hurt! But you're avoiding the question, best friend! Why aren't you away? Weren't you going to Fiji?"

"Hawaii," she said, putting her mental story together. "But it was a wash. A real rip. Like a private retreat version of the Fyre Festival. Mom and Dad sniffed it out immediately once we were there. It's really embarrassing, so please don't tell anyone."

"Damn, you nearly got conned!"

For once, Carol grinned. "You have *no idea*, trust me."

"Heading onto the psych lecture?"

Carol nodded. "I figure I better play my role, as it were. Sabrina certainly is."

Jean chuckled. "God, look at her. No shame at all, huh."

"None whatsoever. She's such a perv."

"Any bets on whether she's gonna sleep with the whole football team by the end of the day?"

Carol looked across the campus green and saw that Sabrina was already giggling and thrusting her chest out at several brawny men who looked like prime quarterback material. The sight frustrated her - how could Sabrina do it? And yet, Jean's comment was amusing.

"I'll take that bet," she said. "I reckon she'll do more."

Jean cackled as the pair made their way to Sabrina's first lecture. Unexpectedly, the controlling, dominant-minded Carol was going with the flow of her new position for the first time. And even more unexpectedly, she seemed to have made a friend.

After such a triumphant last few days, Veronica found her Percy self's shyness returning. That was because the house was empty, and now she was expected to go *out*. Out with the man who was, technically, her *husband*. It was only to be a simple outing, one to get a feel of their new lives, and to take a small visit to the very research lab where they'd been transformed. Frank had the utterly brilliant idea of *investing* in the lab's parent company, which would allow them much easier access and lack of surveillance for when they turned back into their previous selves. The outing would also let them start to put out feelers for trading the diamond. Of course, they couldn't sell it straight away, they'd need time for that. What they needed was to sell *something*, to get a read on their museum and curator and archive connections. Frank was still working on black market leads that the family didn't advertise so strongly.

All of this was a bit much for Veronica, and she felt herself regressing a little as she sat in her room, nervousness in her heart. She began fidgeting with her personal little lockbox, the one she used her toolkit to break open in record times just to have something to play with and distract from her nervous thoughts. God, she'd do anything to be cracking a safe right now rather than be stuck as a gorgeous trophy wife, no matter how fun playing the role had been.

"What was I thinking?" she asked herself. "I can't do this! I can't!"

"Are you ready, Veronica?" Leo's voice echoed down the hall, brassy and handsome to the ear. "Feel free to, uh, wear something rather nice if you'd like?"

Veronica bit her plump lip. She was still in a towel, and she looked down at her well-preserved, quite MILFy body. God, she really could be a Hollywood actress: she had that classic beauty, and the curves to match. She was finding it hard not to fidget with her boobs, they were so wonderfully distracting.

"I'll be out in a minute!" she said. "Or ten!"

Leo laughed heartily. He was happy to be the only male left in the family, she sensed.

“Just like a woman to take a long time to change!”

In his words came the clue to help her. She put away the little lockbox and moved to the wardrobe. She needed a good outfit. That was how Veronica did it. If you could project beauty, power, and brilliance, not to mention a touch of sensuality, then confidence would flow. She just had to lean deliberately into her Veronica-thoughts again, not her Percy-ones.

To that end, she began to dress up. Really up. Not so classy as to be out of place, but she wore a deeply expensive and stylish grey dress along with golden jewellery, including hanging diamond earrings that positively *sparkled*. She did up her hair, tying it up in an elegant bun with two tresses at the front to give a touch of spontaneity. By the time she was done and wearing her smart heels, she looked ready to take on the world.

And she felt it, too.

“There I am,” she said. “There I am. Hello Percy. Hello Veronica. What a nice mix we make. A nice mix indeed.”

It was a good enough feeling to repeat it twice, just like her old self would have.

By the end of the day, Sabrina had not, in fact, had sex. Pervert though she may be, she was still rather nervous on that score. She did, however, flirt and flirt *hard*. She leaned into her Sabrina memories occasionally, but she had more fun simply experimenting with what would work and what wouldn't, and even pulling stuff from movies that she knew was a huge turn on for her as a guy. She stuck her chest out when talking to Daniel Sampson the football quarterback, and twirled her hair in her finger while standing far too close to Andrew Tovins. Some approaches didn't work - she still got a little embarrassed thinking about her attempt at doing the 'sexy baby talk' after a man complimented her sexy outfit, but overall she was adjusting. She hadn't paid a great deal of attention to the lectures she'd attended, but the cheerleading practice had been another thing entirely. She'd *definitely* had to lean on the real Sabrina's experience for that one, but she hadn't regretted that little indulgence one bit.

“Take it from the top, Sabrina!” called her friend Lily. She was a beautiful red-haired girl who Sabrina knew to be both her ally and her rival. Theirs was a history of snipes, break ups, rivalry, and reunions, embraces, and shared victories. Sabrina, evidently, could be just as messy as Max had been, and the former man loved her for it.

“Okay, let's go. On my mark people. One, two, three . . . *Let's Go Tigers, LET'S GO!*”

It was a hidden fetish unleashed, openly and proudly. Sabrina had always been turned on by cheerleaders when she was Max, but now she *was* one, throwing out her pom-poms and being thrown into the air. Her body was so damn flexible despite her wonderful curves, and while she *desperately* needed to wear a sports bra to contain her

lovely C-cups next time, there was no other feeling like being somersaulted in the air, skirt flapping about, perfect thighs on display, ponytail whipping about, and then landing in a gloriously triumphant pose, surrounded by one's teammates. She beamed a smile at Lily, who poked her tongue back jokingly at her.

"You landed it this time, we'll see about the next."

"Sorry honey, but I'm the captain! I always kick ass. Mhmm, and appreciate some, too."

The last part was said about the rather handsome Jack Nicklebee who was walking past at that moment. That was one pert, hardened ass.

"I likey," she said to herself, licking her lips.

"Well, if you likey so much, go up and make it happen," Lily said. "Or I will."

"Please, I'm not a total slut. Am I?"

"You're a bit of a slut."

Sabrina grinned. "I guess I am. Hmm."

But she couldn't bring herself to go ahead with anything sexual, at least not yet. That was a mountain she did not yet possess the courage to climb. Soon, though.

It was something she thought about when she returned home, having had a triumphant day of feeling pretty and adored, and utterly bored during her actual English lectures. Evidently, the real Sabrina liked this stuff. Or perhaps she hated it just as much. Something did catch her interest though, and that was Carol's look when they arrived home separated. Just before they entered, Carol seemed to be answering a text from someone called Jean.

"Made a new friend already, have we?"

"Oh fuck off," Carol said, putting away her phone. "Haven't you made this bad enough for me?"

"It's so cute how petite and little you are now. And so attractive! The boys would be falling over for you if not for *moi!* Still, did I just catch you talking about Psych homework? Are you actually enjoying college, just like I suggested you would?"

Carol rolled her eyes. "Fuck off. And no, I'm not. I'm just . . . playing my role."

Evidently, they all had been, because when they entered they found Veronica on the phone, bickering with someone about deliveries of fine food and general groceries, and their 'father' on a separate phone calling up various clients about "a very special item." Both were in their own little worlds, and only when the calls finished within a minute of each other did the two turn and look at their 'daughters.'

"Well," Leo said, looking a little triumphant as he observed his youngest daughter Carol. "How did you go, *sweetie?*"

Carol huffed. "I went *fine*. I didn't love it, but I followed *the plan*."

“She totally loved it,” Sabrina teased. “She got lots of male attention.”

“Less than you did. I can’t believe how revolting you are.”

Sabrina let out a deliberately sexual moan as she made a sexy pose, hands behind her head as she cocked her hip to one side. “I don’t know, a lot of people thought I was the exact opposite of *revolting*. Magnetic, you might say.”

“Ugh,” Carol said. “Mom, Dad - fuck, I mean Veronica and Leo, how did you go?”

Veronica smiled, her confidence returning as she swept one leg over the other from her seated position. “Quite well, my dear. Quite well. A lot of running about, but I’m starting to feel a bit like my Sabrina here. A few men couldn’t keep their eyes off of me, could they, dear? Leo, I mean?”

Leo coughed and tried not to give a sheepish look. He was well aware that he had felt like a successful alpha male all day, what with such a gorgeous, stylish woman on his arms. He really did feel like he had a trophy wife, even if he’d never dare kiss her, knowing that she was Percy. The fact was, though, it was very hard not to touch her. He placed his hand on the small of his back just lightly, and she leaned against him.

“Some initial forays. We got in touch with some of our ‘usual’ connections and also made appearances. The Havards are major contributors to a local club. It might be the perfect place for an exchange. I’ll need to know more.”

Carol sighed. “So more of living like this, then?”

“We have to take it slow, dear,” Veronica said, leaning further against her ‘husband.’ “Nice and slow.”

Sabrina giggled, clearly happy. Veronica and Leo shared a warm smile that seemed almost electric, until they looked away. Carol simply sagged a little. How much longer would this be? She knew they needed to keep lying low, but like this?

God, it made her want to call up Jean and do their Psych readings together.

Or *worse*, order some new fashionable dresses online . . .

Part 6: Settling In

A week of adjustment followed, and all four were dipping further and further into their new roles. The most enthusiastic, of course, was Sabrina. She leaned on her real self’s memories *hard*, and each day learned more little tips and tricks to flirt with boys and show off her body. Little things like batting her eyelashes, breathing heavily at the right time, or simply placing her hand upon the chest of a handsome boy (Like Andrew Tovins, yum!) but only for a brief second. Even just pushing her strands of blonde hair behind her ear and then biting

her lip as she looked up at a guy; it drove them absolutely fucking wild! She could even turn them against one another: standing between Jack Ryans and Peter Wojke, she had the pair practically beating their gorilla chests to compete over her. At this point, it wasn't an odd thing to see men carrying her books for her to her lectures, or coming by just to cheer and support her cheerleading practice. God knew she was getting better at it. The dances, not the actual academic work. For *that*, she was pretty much offloading it on a few nerds like Harry Tomlinson to get it done.

"You are just, like, totally the best!" she told the cute nerd. She gave him a hug, and emphasised the press of her large chest against his, even giving him a light kiss on the cheek. "I owe you so much, Harry! A girl can really learn to like a guy like you!"

Indeed, everything was going according to plan. While her Mom and Dad did the actual work of learning how to fence the Cipher Diamond, she could simply revel in her life, trying on new outfits and going to clubs at night to party like *crazy*. Her girl body got drunk easier than a boy one, and she had to be careful with her drinks as well because of psychopaths who might try to spike it, but overall it was a fantastic experience. She could dance and let her body jiggle, wearing tight pink outfits that made her look like a hot, popular slut, and it turned her on to play this role and dance up on cute guys. Lily, her new best friend, giggled each time they caught up.

"You just can't be stopped, girl!"

"Let's just say I've got a new lease on life!"

The only problem was The Wall. One of the reasons Sabrina had been so enthusiastic to become, well, *Sabrina*, was to sleep with the hot guys. She'd stolen a great deal in her time as a thief, but now she was stealing an entire livelihood, and wanted to steal some hot sex while she was at it as well. But every time she came so damn close to actually initiating the act, something balked within her. There was a hesitation, a male piece of pride she hadn't even known she'd possessed. For God's sake, she'd made out with Andrew Tovins at *The Prude* (an ironic name, it was a real wild club) pretty damn hardcore, even moaning into his mouth as he stuck his tongue into hers. She'd felt his hands on her breasts, cupping them, threatening to spill them out of her too-low dress. They'd been in a corner booth, and Lily had pointedly decided to leave and go dancing so the two could "have some fun."

And yet, despite her own arousal, despite her pussy being on fucking *fire* with lust, she ultimately pushed him away.

"That's enough for tonight, I think."

"Really?" he'd said. "We could go back to my place, and-"

"M-maybe another time, hot stuff. I'm afraid, uh, I'm on my period."

"Well, I could do other things. You could, too."

"Not worth it," she replied, before fluttering her eyelashes. "Besides, you want me at my best, right?"

He had agreed to that, at least, and it saved her some face. But why couldn't she be the hot slut she wanted to be? Sex was *right there!* She was attracted to men like a damn moth to a flame, like a damn nympho! But some male pride remained in her, cruelly laughing that she was not quite the freak that she thought she was.

"Another night of sex?" Carol asked her when she got back home.

"No go this time," Sabrina muttered. "Still can't fucking do it. Stupid male ego. Need to obliterate it so I can get a nice big dick to slay this hot pussy."

"Ew, gross! I'm your sister, remember?"

"Eh, not like you're getting any."

It was true, Carol wasn't getting any, but Sabrina would probably be surprised at how often Carol was having to go to her room, lock it, and then touch herself wildly until she came like crazy. Despite her more petite, less bimbo-ish look, the former stoic older man was struggling to contain all this new youth and excitement. Her Carol memories and personality were helping her soak up all the knowledge and learning on campus. Hell, she was actually *getting involved* in dance, despite her initial faking sickness to avoid it. She hadn't told Sabrina yet, and certainly never would, but a small passion had ignited within her for choreography and art. There was a meticulous nature to it, a bringing of order to chaos, while still accepting the necessity of improvisation, that seemed a very familiar outlet to all her heist planning in her previous life. She had to work with others in dance, and her and Jean Perett were spending more time together, organising for a dance display at the college that she imagined she'd never actually show off, and yet still brought an odd pleasure to her. She wore tight black outfits that conformed to her pleasing body shape, and she couldn't help but notice that one particular young man, a fellow dancer named Ryan Pallaciuk, was often looking her way.

"You really have some moves," he told her after another orchestrated bout. It was just a warm up, set to *September by Earth, Wind and Fire*, but she had moved in perfect synch with Jean, unable to stop herself smiling as they shook their hips, jabbed out their fingers, rolled the forearms, and generally had a great deal of fun with it.

"Th-thanks," she replied, pushing back some strands of her lovely brunette hair without thinking. The guy was really tall, and built like a male dancer: powerful yet lithe, slender yet strong. It didn't hurt that he had a damn *terrific* jawline like she used to possess. "I've been getting a lot more into it, lately. I never thought I'd love dance, but it's . . . nice to express myself."

"I agree entirely," Ryan replied, passing her the drink bottle she was reaching for. "A lot of guys give me shit for dance, but as far as I see it, I'm still a damn ace on the baseball

team. I just also like being able to express myself, like you say. Plus, it keeps you looking nice, right?"

She blushed at that. "You think I look nice?"

"I was actually talking about myself," he said with a laugh, and this caused her to shrink with embarrassment. "But you, Carol, you look far more than nice."

She had to excuse herself after that. All these damn emotions, all this excitement kicking around in her body. She was meant to be cold and calculated, but instead butterflies were floating around in her stomach all throughout the next day. That night, she fingered herself, clutching her breasts and moaning Ryan's name until she came *explosively*. The next day, when she danced, she moved with just a little more sensual rhythm, all to gain his attention. It was just her playing her role, of course. That, at least, was how she rationalised it. And if Sabrina ever found out what she was doing, she was fairly certain she'd die on the spot, though not before murdering her older sister first.

But if Carol thought she was being subtle throughout this second week of her new life, her parents felt she was far from it. Veronica observed her two daughters when they left each morning and when they got home, and her increasingly maternal mind was beginning to understand their dynamic. Indeed, it was just like cracking a safe, only she was cracking the mechanics of *people*.

"My, my," she said, still occasionally using her two-time speak. "My, my. Honey, I rather think our youngest daughter is falling into her role more than she thinks."

Leo looked up at his wife, blinking for a moment. They were on the railing that overlooked the living room below in their fancy mansion, and Veronica was leaning over it, enjoying the sight of Carol actually *studying* for an upcoming mathematics test. But Leo hadn't really been paying attention to that: he was behind Veronica, staring at her ass in her wonderfully tight leggings.

"Sorry, what were you saying, my dear?"

She looked back and smirked at her husband. She hadn't even meant to pose like this, but his gaze had wandered to appreciate her derriere anyway. Leo was particularly easy to 'crack,' as it turned out, and she was increasingly liking it. As was he, not that the two had admitted it yet.

"Just that Carol is slipping into her role rather nicely. I won't be surprised if she ends up signing up for a modelling catalogue in a month at this rate."

Leo laughed quietly. "Don't say that to her. Gallagher was such a control freak, but now as Carol she's putting that controlling energy into her studies as a college girl. How cute. Is it strange to say I'm proud of her?"

"Not at all, dear," she said, turning and straightening his collar. "Suffice to say, we're her parents for now. Which, by the way, I've been having some thoughts about."

“Oh?”

“I was thinking about our sleeping arrangements.”

Leo nodded. It was an awkward topic. He loved being the only man on the team, and having such a hot wife on his arm at events and dinners, but he recognised that this was a lie at home. He and Veronica were sleeping separately, after all.

“I understand. Do you think our rooms are too close, being adjacent and all? I’m happy to move further down the hall to one of the spares. I would never want you to be uncomfortable, Veronica.”

Her heart fluttered, just a little. God, Frank really was handsome as Leo, and quite gentlemanly to boot. She had come to enjoy his more peaceful attitude and relaxed, leisurely nature. And, far more than that, his ability to appreciate *her*, especially when she wore the most *darling* dresses on their nights out together.

“Just the opposite actually, Leo,” she told him, moving to place her hand on her arm, the other on his chest. “I was thinking it was high time we share a bed. Just for sleeping, of course.”

Leo’s eyes widened, and then the most terrific smile crept across his features.

“Are you sure?”

“Absolutely. It’s not right, a bed so large, without my husband there. I know we’re just playing roles, but . . . I want you there.”

“God, thank fuck. I’ve been wanting that too. So damn bad.”

She kissed him lightly on the cheek, letting her lips linger there longer than they needed to be. “Just for sleeping, of course,” she said.

“Naturally,” the handsome man replied. “Just for sleeping.”

‘Just for sleeping’ didn’t last long. It felt far more natural, but occasionally the pair woke up with their bodies pressed against one another. Once, Veronica even woke with Leo spooning her smaller form, and she could feel his hard prick against her backside. His hand was on her bare breast, and she relished the feeling of it. The second he woke, he was all apologies, particularly given how erect he was. He went and had a cold shower. *She* fingered herself just to get the feelings out.

But Veronica, while still maintaining her Percy core, was gradually shedding the nervousness and anxious tics that had defined so many of her social failures as a man. She was finally feeling beautiful, and each day she astounded with new outfits and styles, ensuring that her hair was beautiful, her lovely curvaceous form displayed in a perfect

tightrope of elegant modesty and tantalising teasing, and she was becoming more and more daring in her social engagements.

She and Leo were still putting out feelers for their art contacts. The first meetings they had scheduled were with professional art curators connected to major museums, as well as some wealthy friends who adored collecting major pieces of art. One, a debonair man named Franklin, was practically eating out of the palm of Veronica's hand when they had dinner at a very fine restaurant with he and his wife. Despite his own partner being quite lovely, it was very clear that Veronica's beauty stood heads and shoulders above anyone else, probably in the whole restaurant! She was wearing a silver dress that was like something out of classic Hollywood, and had even curled her hair a little to provide the appropriate hairdo. Her dress hugged her impressive Double-D's, pushing them up on her chest but not exposing them too much. It allowed her to lean forward during moments of discussion and play with expectations a little, slowly adjusting her dress to reveal more as the night went on, all so Franklin would be more . . . amenable.

"Of course, Veronica! I'm more than happy to discuss *art*," he said, while clearly admiring her perfect physical form. "I really do want something more for my collection, lately. Something astounding. Something to show off to others, naturally. A real discussion point."

At this, Leo sighed a little, and began talking about smaller items they'd be happy to sell, and eventually the conversation moved to talk of business, pleasure, and the most wonderful summer opportunities for their children, and so forth. They couldn't sell to these people: the buyer would have to want the Cipher Diamond *discreetly*, for a personal collection rather than a public one. Still, the entire experience made Veronica over the moon, and when they left the restaurant together, she eagerly took Leo's arm.

"You were outstanding," her husband said, lowering his pace so that she could keep up with him. "I can barely believe you're Percy sometimes. Barely at all, in fact."

"I do still repeat a point," she said with a grin. "I do still repeat a point."

The pair laughed together, and she found herself pressing herself closer to him, even resting her head upon his shoulder.

"Truth be told, I feel more like Percy than ever before, and yet not him at all. Does that make sense?"

"Explain it to me, honey."

"Well, I feel like I'm approaching this whole change like my original self would, just like I would. See? There I go, being twice-talking Percy again! But it's the truth! I view all these interactions like a safe, like a series of codes to be cracked. It's all so mechanical to me."

"Sounds cold."

"It's the opposite, Leo! Truly! I know it doesn't sound like it, but being in this wonderful, curvy, *sexy* body with these memories of Veronica working people . . . it's finally given me a guide to *people*. I really like it! I'm still me, just . . . a better me. My Veronica memories just lay down the tracks of the woman I want to be."

Leo paused at that. "You want to be a woman?"

She blushed, that anxiousness beating in her heart. "I . . . you know what I mean. You can't really understand it, dear. You're a man. You didn't swap. It does all these things to hormones and the like."

At this, Leo guffawed. "I don't know about that. I feel more relaxed than ever. Leonard Havard has this kind of confidence in his demeanour that I'm choosing to adopt more each day. I spent so much of my time in this little thieving outfit of ours being jealous of Frank, frustrated at having to perform all these minor roles, under the pump from having to get everything done on time, and generally wanting to be recognised. Well, Leo *is* recognised, and so am I. Now, I can just live the life I want to. Truth be told, I don't even hate Gallagher anymore. He - *she's* - Carol now, to me. My lovely daughter. And just like you, I've *chosen* to take that view on. It's just . . ."

"Better?" she asked.

"Exactly," he replied.

They stopped beside their car. Leo looked into his new wife's eyes, and she looked up at his, appreciating the handsome features of his face. She didn't care that it was Frank behind them. In fact, she wanted it to be Frank. *She* had always appreciated all he did for their outfit, but had been too soft spoken and awkward to truly communicate it. Not anymore. And with her body as it was, with her mind as it was, she wanted to show that appreciation in a whole new way.

Slowly, as if their eyes alone had communicated the want, the pair drew their faces closer together. Veronica gave an anxious little gasp, and Leo himself was clearly unsure despite his growing confidence, because the gap in time between the beginning of their movement and the final connection between their lips was achingly long. But kiss they did, and Veronica found herself kissing again, and again, reconfiguring her lips around his several times as they began to hold one another. When they parted, a fire had been lit inside of her that could only be quenched in one way.

"Let's go home," she said

Part 7: Unexpected Pleasures

The married pair kissed with greater passion, Leo sucking on Veronica's neck and making her gasp with arousal.

"Ohhhh, Leo! Why d-did we wait so long for this?"

"I have no idea how, my dear, but I regret not doing this sooner. God, you're so fucking beautiful. So sexy."

"And you're so, so *manly*. Ohhh, I want to f-feel you! Here, on the bed!"

Only six nights of sleeping in bed together. They hadn't even made it a week. All things considered, *that* many days was a damn miracle. With his superior strength, Leo easily hoisted Veronica up into his arms, and she wrapped her still-fine legs around his waist. She didn't care about any age difference now; she was far more fit and flexible than she'd ever been, and more sexually potent as well. She pressed her chest against him, and he moved her to the wall, continuing to make out with her. He nuzzled her breasts, and she worked to remove her dress with his help; no easy feat when one was pushed up against the wall, but she managed it. With his help, her bras was off next, and the sensation of Leo instantly pressing his face into her warm, lovely breasts was utterly divine. She moaned loudly, uncaring if her children heard her - they were adult girls, and probably off partying besides. She just wanted to be passionate, and the same was true of Leo too: he was finally living the life he felt he deserved, and here was a trophy wife who was making everything alright.

"I'm so f-fucking wet," she moaned. "Take me to the bed now. I want you *inside of me*."

"As you command, my darling wife."

She giggled at this, further damp purely from being called his 'wife.' She'd never imagined marrying anybody, let alone a man, but now it was *perfect*. She felt like the ultimate MILF, a true looker, a lady who wasn't just a trophy, but a trophy winner as well. When he placed her on the bed she spread her legs automatically after removing her underwear, then stared appreciatively as Leo unbuckled his pants and removed them, followed by his shirt.

"So fucking handsome," she said. "And wow, so fucking big. So fucking big!"

"There's my two-time Percy," he said, crawling up on to the bed, on top of *her*.

She took him in her arms, gasping as he massaged her big, sensitive tits.

"There's only Veronica here right now," she replied. "And her wonderful handsome with his really big dick."

"Are you nervous?"

"Of course," she replied. "Damn well of course. But - mhmm - I need it. So fucking take me there, already!"

He did so, with her help, guiding his member in. Veronica moaned again, eyes wide and unbelieving. She was actually being penetrated. She could feel him sliding *inside of her*. And she was *loving it*. He crept in further and further, going slowly for her sake. She had to arch her back, staring up at the ceiling as she let loose a long exhalation.

“Ohhhhhhhh, keep g-going! You’re s-so big but it’s - ahhh - good! Fuck your w-wife, Leo. Make your wife fucking c-climax! Mhmm!”

Leo had never been so turned on in his life. He’d always fantasised about fucking a hot supermodel-looking lady, but never imagined the opportunity would actually come, let alone that it would be with someone he loved.

Wait, love? Was it really love? Surely it was just lust?

And yet, as he began to thrust in and out of this gorgeous, buxom blonde beauty, he found himself more connected than ever to another soul. Frank had always been concerned chiefly with himself and his own desires and frustrations, but now he found himself desperately wanting to please Veronica. Not for his own ego, but because making her happy brought him unbelievable joy.

Holy shit, he really did love her. He *loved* someone, not that he could admit it yet.

But God, he could *show it*.

He paid extra attention to her body, changing up his rhythm so that Veronica moaned and gasped with every shift. He went slow for a moment, drawing out her sensations, and rubbed her nipples and sucked on them in such a way as to heighten her bliss. He wasn’t a fool. He knew that Veronica was able to lead him to water when he wanted. He *liked* that about her. He couldn’t believe it, but he liked having a wife who could bend him around her pinky finger with a flash of cleavage and a sexy dress. It was exciting, in a way, and it allowed him to kick back on responsibility and let someone else be the secret boss.

But now in here.

Here, *he* was the master, working his wife’s body like an instrument, making her shiver with every touch, stroking her flanks and squeezing her ass as he thrust into her. Soon she was absolutely wailing, and he was beginning to quicken his pace again.

Veronica was filled again and again. Her vaginal muscles hugged the enormous cock sliding in and out of her, and soon she had wrapped her legs around her lover again, her body holding on desperately. She’d not had sex before, in truth, but she refused to believe men had it better. This was heaven, and she could feel a climax approaching.

“I’m c-close, Leo!” she cried. “I’m s-so close! You have me so close!”

“I’m close too!” he replied. “I want us to come together, Veronica. I want you to cry out. Be as loud as you want; I want to hear you *sing*.”

And she did. The moment arrived just as he finished speaking, when he rammed himself in deep once again. Her entire body shuddered, and for a few moments she lost

control of it altogether. Veronica turned her head back and cried out to the ceiling, holding onto Leo, pulling him down upon her chest so that her nipples rubbed against his muscular chest. She squeezed tight upon his dick as it throbbed within her, eagerly - *hungrily* - taking in stream after stream of his warm, sticky issue. His cum flowed into her, and she wanted *all* of it. Leo, for his part, felt his balls emptying, spilling into the beauty before him, and he threw all caution to the wind.

“I I-love you, Veronica!” he cried.

“Ohhhhhh, you - you do!?”

“Yes, I’m s-sorry if it’s too soon or wrong, but-”

She kissed him, moaning into his mouth as yet another orgasm hit her. “I I-love you too! Oh God, I fucking love you, Leo! I love this! I love us! MHMM!!”

And then she was thrashing again, and he was breathing like an animal against her. The pair rode out that pleasure for a long time. When the moment arrived when they absolutely couldn’t delay cleaning up any longer, they had a magnificent shower together afterward, and explored more of this new passion and connection.

In the morning, the pair woke with Leo once again spooning Veronica’s perfect, naked form, one hand upon her large breast, and his member hard between her firm buttocks. He began to feel her up, and she in turn began to rub her backside against him.

“Still love me?” she cooed.

He kissed between her shoulder blades. “Very much so. Want me to show you how much?”

“God, yes.”

As the days crept on, Sabrina and Carol were starting to actually unite on several issues. The first was on the matter of their ‘parents.’ Both had noticed how close Veronica and Leonardo had become over the past few days. They touched one another, kissed freely, and giggled at each other’s jokes, or sometimes for no reason at all. It was like two young giddy lovers in their first romance, and Sabrina had nearly barfed when she saw her ‘Dad’ squeezed her ‘Mom’s’ rear as he passed, thinking the girls wouldn’t notice.

“Ugh, I can’t believe them! They are totally having sex,” Sabrina noted later, when it was just her and Carol.

“Well, it’s your fault. What are they thinking?”

“I mean, I hoped they would get together. I was being utterly devious when I put this all together. But now I think of them as my parents and it’s super weird.”

Carol scoffed, trying to read her test paper. "Oh, so *now* it's super weird? You are unbelievable. And so are they! What is it going to be like when they change back?"

"Good question. Still, I suppose it's not bad. Good for them!"

Carol rolled her eyes. "What ridiculous debauchery they get up to is up to them. Can we at least agree, much as you and I hate each other, that it really is not appropriate for them to act so . . . passionate in front of us?"

At this, the pair unexpectedly giggled together.

"Agreed!" Sabrina exclaimed.

The second issue they were coming together on, much to the latter's embarrassment, was fashion and style. The third, connected to this, was *boys*. Yes, Carol had started giving in to her namesake's passion for fine clothing, especially lovely dresses and pantsuits that worked with her slender supermodel figure. She had even started styling her brown hair. In her manly youth, she had actually often put product through her hair when trawling for women at clubs, so this was less of a foreign concept than she liked to pretend to herself. Still, it was a personal kind of defeat. It wasn't exactly a compulsion, nor was it some mental sickness, she knew she was making an informed choice each time to do herself up a little. Jean had complimented her more than once on 'returning with style', and it allowed Carol to pretend that she was just keeping up appearances like a good thief sinking into a role. But, just like with her new sister, the truth was that she was enjoying it. She liked seeing her wrinkle-free face in the mirror, to know that she was no longer an aging man with popping knees and hard lines upon her face. A sense of pride was creeping in, and it was continually reinforced by the compliments she received, especially from that rather lovely Ryan.

Veronica noticed this, and occasionally teased her sister about it, though not as much as she'd initially intended; it brought her a strange happiness to see her former crusty boss actually mellowing out.

"Oh, sis! You look so cute! I mean, it's not pink, and it could be way tighter to show off your tits, but you do look very hot in it."

"Shut up," Carol replied, looking down at her loose white summer dress that flowed elegantly around her. "This is just me playing a role."

"C'mon, you can admit you like it. You'll be a man again, what's wrong with enjoying being a hot young woman? I mean, just look at yourself! You've done your makeup perfectly. I'm jealous of your foundation game!"

At this, Carol actually blushed a little, touching her cheek. "You think so? Wait, you're just mocking me. You're such an asshole."

"Well, I started with teasing you, but I mean it. You look good, Carol, seriously. I know we have our differences-"

"Because you're a Judas."

"-but don't lie and pretend we don't have more of a sisterly connection."

"Bullshit."

"Well, I feel it. I'll say it outright: I'm proud of you, sis. You're actually adapting! That's something Gallagher never would have been capable of, and yet here you are, something so much more. Besides, I hear a certain someone in your dance course is pretty into you. Is Drama Studies going to become a lot more dramatic?"

At this, Carol bit her lip, trying to look annoyed. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You forget, I talk to Jean Perrett, too. She's so smart, I get why you get along. And cute, too! Perfect dark skin."

"I'm not having sex with him."

"Who said anything about sex?"

Carol paused, realising that she had fallen into a trap. "Fine, whatever. I get . . . feelings. It's goddamn stupid. It's *her* feelings, not mine."

"They can be both, you know. I just embrace the feelings, make them my own."

"Yes, I imagine you've had sex more than a few times already. Having fun with your crazy kink, yet? Or is this not enough for you?"

Sabrina desperately wanted to say something cruel in response, another little tease and humiliation. But she could sense the strange vulnerability in Carol's voice, and decided on a different, more sincere tact.

"Actually . . . I haven't fucked anyone yet."

Carol paused. "What!?" Silence extended between them. Carol was positively shocked. "But - the rumours on campus . . ."

Sabrina scoffed. "Please, look at me! I'm a busty blonde who was already a total slut *before* a freak like me occupied a duplicate of her body. And I haven't exactly dissuaded them, since I try to wear as many things as I can to show off as much as I can. That pink crop top yesterday had me almost spilling out of it, you should have seen Jack Tollet! Hell, the real Sabrina was probably eating dick twice a day, from what I hear. Or maybe not, since rumours keep following me. Rumours, by the way, that I'd fucking *love* to make true. God, I *wish* I could climb ontop of a sexy hunk and ride some big, hard dick. It turns me on just talking about it."

Carol frowned, pursing her full lips. "Then . . . why haven't you? You went ahead on this madcap plan, and I know you, Sabrina, even if you think I don't. You didn't do this *just* to humiliate me, though you've done a fine job on that regardless. No, you *wanted* this. For whatever reason that makes no damn sense to me, especially *before* all these memories, you *wanted* to be a 'busty blonde' as you put it, and to be a sexually active one."

Sabrina took a deep breath. Her cleavage rose and fell in her tight button blouse, the top buttons undone to show her rising and falling cleavage. Carol pouted; that feeling of jealousy came over her again. Why on Earth was she jealous of her 'sister' having bigger breasts!?

"Because I'm a fucking coward," Sabrina finally said. Dramatically, she fell back on the couch, her big chest wobbling for several seconds and inciting further jealousy. The blonde raised her hands and pretending to inspect her perfect fingernails to mitigate her own shame. "I keep goddamn freezing up. I want to take that step. God, I had it pictured in my head, sis. I was gonna be sleeping my way through half the football team now, just like the rumours said! Mhmm, I want to start with Andrew, just like you want to start with sexy *Ryan*."

"Do you want me to hit you? I've done it before."

"No one wins in that except the teen boys hiding in the trees and peeking in. But seriously, it's that simple. It's like you're gonna have sex and suddenly your penis won't get it up, ya know?"

"I very much don't."

That was a lie. Carol absolutely did. As Gallagher, she'd been at an age where viagra had passed from a mere suggestion to an occasional necessity in his lovelife. She wasn't going to give Sabrina that ammo, however.

"Well, whatever. The point is that I've got a damn wet pussy and a hot guy in front of me, and I look damn hot, so it's not a problem with my looks, I think you'll agree."

"Or your ego."

"You're just as hot, you just gotta accept it. Guys slobber over you, and your big brain."

For some reason, Carol felt oddly pleased about that, but bit her lip to stop herself from smiling. "So you're freezing. It's because all of this is unnatural. I'd freeze to, only I wouldn't go that far."

"Just lemme complain, okay? You asked the question, I'm answering it. The whole thing blows. Hey, at least masturbation is nice, huh? Those multiple orgasms are pretty wild."

"I wouldn't know."

Another silence followed as Sabrina looked up at the still-sitting Carol, who now had her best poker face on. She'd always won poker back when she was Gallagher, but she didn't have the cheeks she had now, the ones that could go a very cute rosy red at the drop of a hat.

"Oh, you so have! Holy shit, of course you have! And more than once, I bet!"

"A girl never tells," Carol said. "I'm off."

"It's Saturday. Where could you be going?"

"There's a dance thing on. Gotta keep up appearances."

"Anyone I know will be there?"

"Just Jean."

Sabrina grinned. "Anybody *else*?"

Carol was looking away by this point; her poker face would be annihilated under the force of this suggest. She had a good notion that Sabrina already suspected that Ryan would be there, or perhaps even outright knew. But instead of taunting her, Sabrina just sighed happily.

"Well, good luck, sis!"

"Thanks. And . . ."

She looked back at Sabrina, wanting to hate the woman, but finding herself unable to do so. The best she could be was a little bit . . . frustrated. In a sisterly way.

"You too," she said, and again was surprised; for she actually meant it.

And then she turned to head off, grateful to be out of the house before her mother and father got too passionate again. Her heart beat excitedly; it was just a meet up of some drama students and peers for a bit of a relaxed time and drink, and she was mainly there for Jean, who was doing a spoken-word thing.

But Ryan *would* be there, so easy and calm and handsome.

Her loins tingled just at the thought of him.

A month had passed. Veronica and Leonardo were getting close, they knew it. Leo was the face of their operation, and the money. He made calls, while Veronica organised appointments. Together, they reached out to contacts in Europe and South America, and even a particular collector in Shanghai. They were also closing in on the Havard secrets: they'd recently found a slim little black book with a coded language in it, all thanks to Leo recalling some further memories. The code was in Veronica's mind, however, and they both knew it would lead to further *underworld* contacts, the kind that Gallagher could never have dreamt of, let alone them when they were Percy and Frank. But instead of drawing upon her memories, Veronica decided to deliberately crack the code herself. She was still a safecracker at heart.

"You're so fucking sexy when you're solving puzzles, my love," Leo said one night as she worked at the desk.

"And you're so fucking sexy when you distract me. You do distract me."

He chuckled. "C'mon. You've had a whole day of being the leader. Let me take charge."

"I don't feel like the bedroom right now."

“Who said anything about the bedroom? I was thinking about this wall right here.”

At this, she grinned, and instantly leapt up from her chair and embraced him. It didn't hurt that she was privately studying in her sexy red lingerie, just like she knew Leo liked it. Soon she was moaning sensual as he banged her up against the wall, thrusting his hard cock into her, and making her cum so spectacularly that she would have fallen to the ground if his powerful body wasn't supporting her up.

“Ohhhh, I love you, Leo!”

“I love you too, my darling wife!”

They'd even started saying it around their daughters. It shocked Sabrina the most: somehow, they were adapting even better than her, and this was *her* plan! And yet here they were, feeding each other food at dinner time, going off on dates that weren't even with artefact collector connections, and flirting around one another, often with the amused intent to gross out their daughters.

“Stop it, you two!” Sabrina finally cried one morning while they were all out together. It was a Saturday, and they were visiting a rather upper-class mall together. Carol and Sabrina were buying some clothes and meeting up with some friends for food, while their parents were looking to purchase some leisure items and enjoy a massage together.

“What's wrong, honey?” Leo said, kissing his wife on the cheek and then looking to his eldest daughter. “We're just trying to be good role models.”

“And you *did* organise this plan,” Veronica reminded her. “You should be proud of me! I'm more social than I ever was. I've cracked the code. Oh yes, I've cracked the code.”

Sabrina harrumphed. “Yes, sometimes a plan works *too* well. I can't believe you're having sex.”

“Don't talk about your parents having sex, dear,” Leo said, though he couldn't resist teasing his former object of rivalry a little. “Though, truth be told, it is frequent.”

“And frequently inventive, darling,” Veronica finished.

At this point, Carol was making gagging noises and imitating the motion, which caused Sabrina to groan and laugh.

“Carol's right, and that's saying something! Shoo, you two! We're getting out of here.”

They wandered away, and it left the married couple with their arms around one another's waists, watching their sisters complain and gossip together.

“Ah, they're actually getting along,” said Leo, his voice almost fatherly.

“That's another code I've cracked,” Veronica replied, her voice full of that passionate intensity she often had as Percy. “The best way to unite the chaotic variables of Sabrina and Carol, is to give them a common enemy to complain about. In this case . . .”

“Their far-too loving parents,” Leo said. “Let's get all massaged and covered in oil, shall we?”

“Especially since we’re paying for some ‘privacy’ afterwards,” Veronica exclaimed with glee.

Meanwhile, Carol was heading straight for *Gloss*. It was a high-profile fashion store, one that had numerous dress models that could be tailored exactly to one’s figure. As Gallagher, she’d dated one rich chick - well, seduced her, more like - as part of a job. She’d made off with a lot of sweet cash, but she always remembered how damn good look that chick appeared in her fancy dresses. She’d talked about this brand and their sheer expense, and now here she was, actually thinking about putting on airs like that herself.

“This one does look very lovely,” she said, referring to a gorgeous green that balanced well against her hairstyle. The material was strong but thin, and would hold against her upper half well while giving freedom around her legs. It was also resplendently made, simply and unadorned and yet clearly worth the high price. It was Carol’s memories - the real Carol’s - doing some heavy lifting here. She could draw upon her sophisticated sense of aesthetics, and once one did that, it was hard not to be drawn into that world ever further.

“Mhmm, I could dance in this,” she said, noting another that came with some fashionable culottes. It would allow her to show her lovely supermodel legs without, well, flashing someone as Sabrina would. It was tan-coloured though, and wouldn’t look good on her skin, but the light blue one was much better.

“It’s just to play a role,” she told herself again. “Just for a while.”

But nothing could stop her from smiling warmly to herself as she had herself measured for a personal delivery, and then went off to catch up with Jean for milkshakes and further shopping.

It was, in so many ways, like stealing back an exciting and frivolous youth again. The former mastermind had never had a score like that.

This had been Sabrina’s perspective from the beginning, of course. But now that the Wall had come up - the Sex Wall, as she liked to call it - she was more determined than ever. Clearly, she just wasn’t being damn *slutty* enough. Her sexy attire, her makeup, her lovely blonde hair, even her very movements and flirtations, *all* of it had to be amped up to a ludicrous level so that sex was an implacable, unchangeable eventuality that she could only embrace when the moment came. To this end, far from finding designer clothing like Carol was, and much to her amusement at that, instead she separated from her ‘sis’ in order to seek out a much lower-class establishment at the edge of the otherwise pristine mall. This was where the upper-middle class kids that wanted to rebel against their parents went, and it was here that Sabrina went to rebel against that damn vestigial male pride mired deep into her subconscious.

“Looking for anything in particular?” a storewoman asked her as she looked through the aisles of almost threateningly suggestive clothing on the walls.

Sabrina turned and gave her best cheshire grin. "Oh, absolutely. I'm looking for the sluttiest stuff you've got on offer."

And boy, did they deliver. Sabrina purchased some incredibly hot fishnet stockings, a crop top that was so short that part of her tits could be seen hanging out the bottom of them, and some daisy dukes that pulled tight against her peachy ass. She got some shirts that were practically vacuum-sealed against her tits, including one that said '*Daddy's Girl*' and another that said '*I've got NFTs: Nice Fucking Tits*' among others. Best of all, she even managed to find a cheerleader uniform that was nearly identical to her official one from campus; only *this* item had been customised to be even more revealing. She tried it on in the change room and giggled at her reflection: she looked like such a huge slut that she could imagine half the jocks on campus creaming their pants if she turned up at a party wearing something like this.

And then, like a blessing from the heavens, she received a message from Lily. Her cheerleader bestie was hosting a big campus party at the sorority next week, and a huge swathe of people were invited. Naturally, she was to be there, along with her sister.

"Oh, I am so bringing Carol to this," she murmured, barely able to stop giggling to herself. "And then, I'm gonna finally fuck like a madwoman."

The only question was, should she wear the cheerleader costume or something with the fishnets? Hmm, what would a hot footballer with a big dick like more?

It was the million-dollar question.