

# Identity theft

APRIL 2024



Cynthia Rodgers, barely into her twenties and already a billionaire, stood among the wealthiest young women in America. After the tragic loss of her father, an avid aviator, she had recently inherited his multimillionaire business empire as his only daughter. Her father's life had been marked by numerous romantic entanglements, including with Cynthia's mother, yet he never married, so his empire was entirely in Cynthia's hands. The empire she now oversaw spanned financial services, real estate, and several tech ventures, all run by a seasoned cadre of professionals. Cynthia's role was largely ceremonial—signing documents, inaugurating new branches, and monitoring her overseas investments.

It was on one such trip, as she neared Dubai aboard her private jet, that her world took an unexpected turn. She was told they had to land in a different airport due to a sand storm and when they did, she was taken on an unusual van. When she realised she just got kidnapped it was too late. She panicked and got sedated. When she regained consciousness, she found herself enveloped in the sterile ambiance of a state-of-the-art medical lab. Doctors and nurses bustled around her, deeply engrossed in their tasks, paying her no heed.

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Finally who appeared to be the lead scientist, a young Black woman in her 30s, talked to her.

"Listen, comply with what we ask and you won't get hurt." Cynthia, terrified, followed her instructions.

The woman commanded Cynthia to strip and wear a tight white rubber bodysuit. She underwent a series of scans and injections that left her feeling even more vulnerable.

Cynthia finally mustered the courage to tell her "Hey, listen, I'm really rich, ok? My outfit alone was worth thousands of dollars. Reach out to my representatives, and they will wire you a million dollars for my safe return, just don't harm me, ok?"

"What you're offering is nothing compared to what we're aiming for." - the Black woman replied, with a smirk.

"What do you demand? Half of my assets?" - Cynthia asked, frightened.

With a chilling grin, the scientist clarified, "We're claiming it all - every single asset you possess, including your pretty body" - she added, staring at Cynthia's figure.

Confused and terrified, Cynthia managed to stammer, "What do you mean by this?"

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"See, I was the head of a team of scientist working on a breathtaking genetic therapy when I realised it could do much more than cure cancer. This technology allows us to alter bodies the way we like. So I thought, why being an underpaid lab rat when I could use this to my advantage? I left academic research and started this business with my colleagues. You were a perfect target. Young, pretty, rich, and lonely. Your independence was also a plus. Now we scanned your body thoroughly, registered your body features, fingerprints, irises. I'll soon transform into a perfect replica of you and take your place. That's why we kidnapped you. Well, also to get you out of the way."

Cynthia's heart sank. If that was true, they could now get rid of her. "What? You're going to steal my identity? What are you going to do to me now?"

The scientist's reply was calculated, "Well, we still need you, your knowledge will be needed, so you'll be spared. Also, we're not murderers, we have some morals. But we can't have two of us running around. We'll make sure you won't be able to reclaim your life." "No no I beg you I won't do anything, take all of my assets but don't change me!" "I'm sure you would be happy to walk away with no money, looking like yourself, but as soon as you'd have a chance you would escape and try to retake what was yours. I can't risk that."

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"Anyway, it's time. Don't resist, it's useless." Cynthia felt herself seized by automated arms and pushed in a glass tank quickly filling itself with some liquid.

"This solution is a catalyst for the nanobots. This will feel moderately uncomfortable but don't worry, that part is only temporary. The rest? Not so much..."

Trapped in the chamber, she had no choice but to grab a snorkel mask and to inhale. To her horror, she could feel her pretty, lithe body changing, the rubber bodysuit getting tighter and tighter. A surge of anger and confusion welled up within her. She could only watch her pretty, lean frame becoming voluptuous. Her thighs and hips grew from thin to curvy. Her stomach lost its flatness. She would be heavier than she was, not fat, but curvier, softer. Her thigh gap slowly disappeared, as she realised due to the unfamiliar feeling of her thick thighs touching each other. Her breasts also got bigger. Her cute, slim figure was gone, probably forever. Witnessing her transformation from a lithe woman to a curvy one was a mix of humiliation and disbelief. She touched her new curves, wondering if it was indeed her own flesh. She felt her own skin under the bodysuit. It was definitely her body.

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Meanwhile, a wave of pigmentation flowed across her skin, darkening her pale, white skin. The coloration spread slowly like watercolor from a brush. Her ginger pubic hair coiled and darkened, becoming tight black curls that barely lifted off her now-black skin. The soft pink nipples on her small, pert tits turned into black areolas topping her new heavy D cups. Her torso, arms, legs quickly followed. Then she felt her face change. Her lips growing more plump and sultry, her eyes growing deeper and darker. Cynthia could tell she would look nothing like what she had before but still had no idea her race had been changed. Her lips got wider, her face lengthened and widened. Her hair was changing too, curling and darkening.

The liquid finally began to subside, leaving the transformed Cynthia finally free to feel her new body. Without water supporting her weight, the first thing she felt an unfamiliar heaviness. Her once agile movements were now replaced with the sensual sway of newfound curves. Then she noticed a peculiar weight on her head. A quick look through the goggles revealed a kinky mass of black curls. "That can't be real!" Cynthia realised, her heart sinking, "They've turned me into a Black woman?" - the realisation of her racial transformation was a shock.

When Cynthia was released from the tank, she was given a revealing black dress, highlighting her curvy figure, and was escorted to a penthouse apartment. Then a woman, bearing Cynthia's former body and clad in a white bodysuit, entered. The woman took her place inside a sleek, modern pod.

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Humiliated at the sight of her enemy inhabiting her body, and embarrassed by her large brown orbs, she whispered, tears streaming down her face: "You're criminals, you can't get away with this."

"Listen to me Cynthia" - the blonde responded coldly - "The sooner you accept this, the better for you. You're a Black woman now and your job is to help me fit in your role."

"You turn me into a n\*\*\*a, you steal all of my money, and you expect me now you expect me to guide you in stealing my very life?" - the curvy Black woman screamed, angrily, in a hoarse voice she didn't recognise as her own.

"Shut up bitch! You've been Black for too short to earn the n-word pass! I bet for your little white ass being a curvaceous Black lady is the worst of the worst, but nothing is preventing me from turning you into an old Mexican woman, or an Indian gentleman in his 70s."

Feeling the gravity of her situation, Cynthia calmed down "Fine. I'll obey you, just please, no more changes." There were worse destinies than being a young Black woman.

"Good girl." - replied the blonde with a smile. "If you behave, one day we might even restore your looks!"

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"Still, I wonder, why choose to make me Black? Couldn't you have simply made me look like a different white woman?"

"Wow, your identity has been stolen and you're all bothered by being Black? Racist much?" - came the sardonic reply.

"Well, there's a couple of explanations. Our aim was to distance you as much as possible from who you were. Nobody is going to believe that a curvy Black woman is actually Cynthia Rodgers. The technology to accomplish this is not known outside our circle. Also, I hate how privileged white people are, so dismantling the privilege your former skin afforded felt fittingly poetic: In taking your wealth, I'm also taking your racial identity." Resignation settled over her as Cynthia replied, "I understand."

"Good. Now, down to business. You'll go by Riley Brown from this point. I've deposited \$100,000 into an account under this name for you, so you're not left wanting. What I need from you now is a complete breakdown of your life—your daily routine, colleagues, everything. I'll be assuming your life back in Dubai shortly, explaining away my absence with the sandstorm story. And remember, as much as I'm sure you hate being Black, this is your best bet now. You could be all wrinkly if you don't tell me everything I need."

The Black girl nodded and told her everything she needed.

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The fake Cynthia Rodgers quickly settled into her new life. People were alarmed at her sudden disappearance, and it would take her some time to acquire the mannerisms of the real Cynthia, but the resemblance was so perfect nobody ever doubted she was anyone else than the real Cynthia.

Thriving in the guise of a privileged, white, blonde woman, the scientist behind the facade took to her newfound status with zeal. She took a more active role in the management of her newly acquired empire, impressing everyone with her brilliance.

In contrast, the real Cynthia, now going by Riley, was forced to assist her enemy in the takeover of her own life by updating her on the people she would meet, the businesses she would manage and any relevant detail. She eventually followed the blonde back to the US, where her fake ID had no problems at customs.

Tasked with briefing the impostor about the intricate details of her own life, from personal connections to business operations, Riley became an unwilling accomplice in the hijacking of her existence. Her journey eventually led her back to the US, where, under a fabricated identity, she navigated customs without incident. Eventually, her inputs became less and less necessary and she began having her own life.



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A few months later, the impostor Cynthia located Riley in a terrace bar over the city and approached her with an air of superiority. "Go away" - the Black girl, scantily dressed, said when she recognised her.

The impostor flashed a condescending smile - "Oh, come now, that's no way to talk to me, remember we still have power over you! We could still change you further."

Cynthia groaned. "Yes ma'am, I'm sorry."

"So, I've heard you've become a whore." the blonde remarked, barely concealing her curiosity.

Cynthia sighed. "I don't want to talk about it. You've stripped me of everything, just leave me alone now."

"Well, I'm curious. Don't forget I'm a scientist at heart."

Reluctantly, Cynthia opened up. "Financial management was never my forte. There were the endless nights of attempting to forget – drinking, drugs, extravagant parties. Before I knew it, I'd blown through the funds. It took me six months. At that point, the easy way for quick cash was selling my body. Luckily, there's no lack of demand for curvy Ebony women!"

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The imposter Cynthia softened her tone, a hint of remorse in her voice. "Yeah, I know, sucks it had to be you. I have some regrets about how things turned out. It wasn't my intention for you to end up like this. Perhaps there's something I can do to help."

"Regrets? You fucked up my life!"

"Listen, what if you joined my team as a representative? Given your extensive knowledge of the business and we need to increase diversity, it turned out you guys didn't hire many minority employees."

"So, I'm reduced to a token minority hire in the empire I owned? I'd rather suck dick for 50 bucks on the streets!"

"Just give it some thought," the blonde urged.

A few days later they met again, the Black woman wearing an equally outrageous outfit.

"I've weighed my options," she admitted, humbled "and I'm willing to accept your proposal after all. I can't keep up with this life, and a job at my... your company will be better than nothing." - she explained.

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Riley Brown soon started in her new role, nothing more than a glorified secretary, where her most effective asset were her own curves, that confused male businessmen to the point they would oversee important details in the contracts they signed. Her popularity soared not just among the clientele but also within the office, and soon she earned a reputation as the office slut.

The sedentary nature of her new job, combined with her unique genetic makeup she now possessed, contributed to her gaining weight, which went all in the right places, making her even bustier. Riley was a bit embarrassed at the ridiculous proportions of her hourglass figure, but she had grown to appreciate her own curves to some extent, and would often flaunt them by wearing skimpy outfits.

Cynthia liked to stare at her, chatting with one of her closest confidants, another scientist turned into businesswoman. "I wonder what drives her more—the fear of being forcibly aged or the hope of reclaiming her original appearance? If only she knew the procedure is safe to use once only! She's stuck as a busty Black lady for the rest of her days, haha!"