

The affair

JUNE 2024



It was Danny and Lauren's second anniversary, and their relationship had settled into a comfortable routine. While Danny deeply loved Lauren, he found himself increasingly captivated by the idea of an affair with a particularly alluring colleague from the office. Eventually the two made out and they started spending evenings together after work. Wanting to live out his fantasy with Lauren, Danny hatched a bold plan: he would have Lauren wear a bodysuit that resembled his colleague for one of their dates.

"A bodysuit, you say?" - Lauren asked, skeptical but vaguely intrigued. "So your idea is for me to wear this on our date?"

"It's much more than that! It's a synthetic skin, it looks and feels absolutely like the real thing! But yeah, last year we did what you wanted on our anniversary, it's only fair I decide this year!"

"Sounds like a sales pitch! It's kinda dark coloured, are you sure this is the one you meant to order?"

"Ehm, yes, it's right. You'll look like an Indian woman with it on." Danny said, thinking at him much the custom bodysuit had costed him.

"Your idea of a romantic anniversary date is going out with me looking like an Indian woman? Kinky!" Lauren teased, a playful smile forming on her lips.

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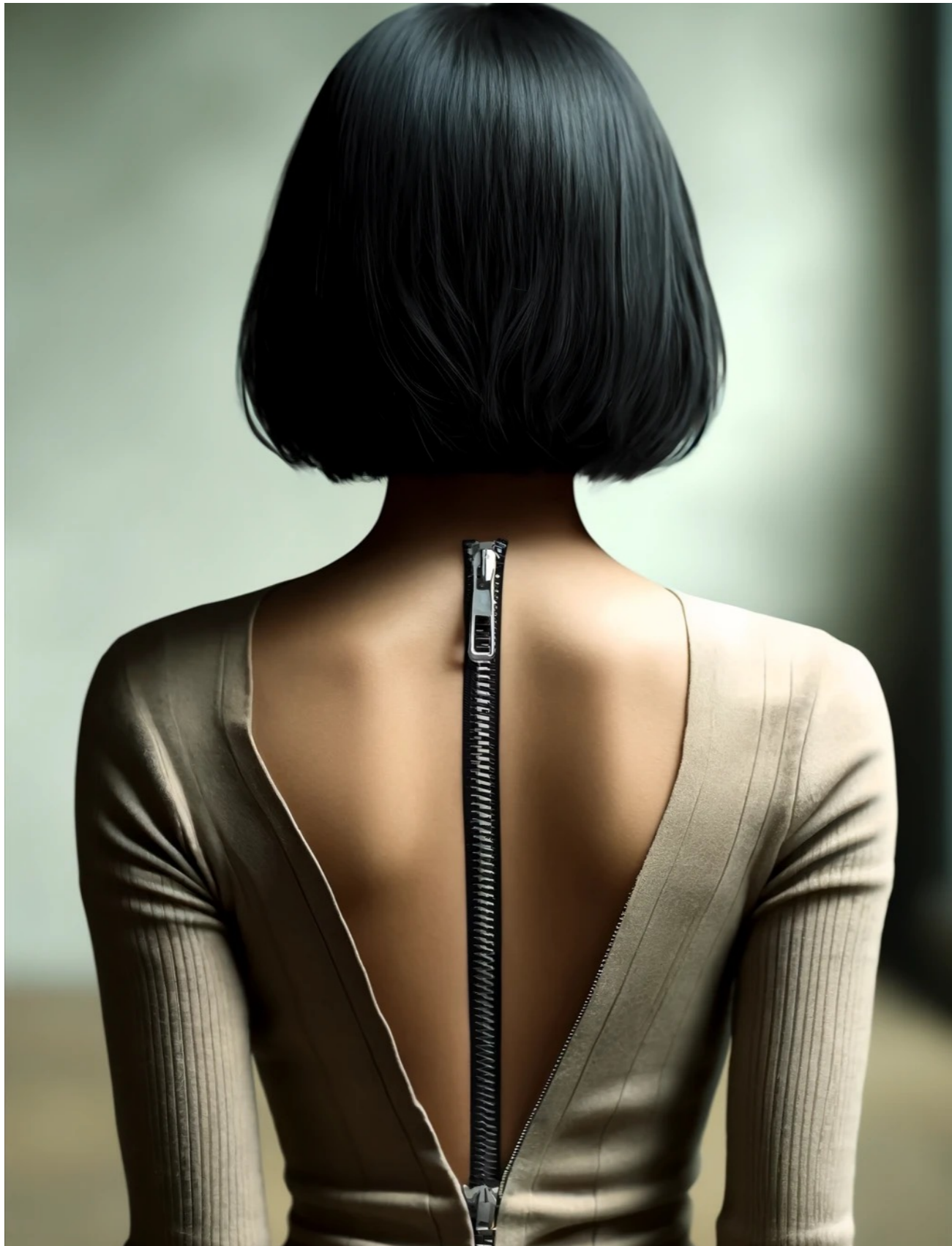


Lauren took the skin suit out of the box. It came with a realistic black wig attached and a set of brown color contacts. "I need to try this on!"

She went into her room, put on the lenses first, just in case she lost sensitivity in her fingers with the suit on, and then took off her clothes. Carefully, she began to put on the skin suit. There was an opening in the back, so she started with her legs, then her torso, arms, chest, and finally the head. It adapted surprising well to her own body, including around her pubic area. It felt incredibly realistic, though a bit loose in the back as it wasn't zipped yet. The skin was light brown and beautiful, without a hint of rubber-like texture. She looked like a very tanned version of herself, from what she could see. The hair appearing at the corner of her eyesight added to the feeling of strangeness. She tried to reach for the zipper to lock herself in but she couldn't.

"Oh God, it's so hard to reach... Dan, help me out, but wait, I'll get dressed first," she called, putting on the first sweater.

"Hey, won't you let me see your bare body before?" Danny teased, a playful smirk on his face.



"No, I'm a stranger now, it would be weird," Lauren replied, her voice slightly altered by the suit. She left the bedroom, fully dressed, and turned around to show Dan the zipper.

Dan, thrilled to see an Indian girl resembling his colleague instead of the usual white girl he had grown accustomed to, helped her by grabbing the zipper, and gently pulling up, until Lauren's pale skin completely disappeared under the synthetic skin. She looked incredible.

"So, how do I look? Weird? I haven't checked myself in the mirror yet," Lauren asked, curious and still a bit skeptical, turning her head gently back, her raven black hair elegantly following the movement.

"You look incredible," Dan replied, his voice filled with awe. "I wouldn't believe you were anything other than an Indian young woman if it wasn't for your voice."

"Oh come on, I'm sure it's not like that." - Lauren replied, thrilled herself to see herself like that.

"See for yourself!" - said Dan and took her in front of a mirror.



"Holy shit! Who is this woman? I look like a new person!" she exclaimed, touching her realistic silky black hair and gently touching her neck.

Her facial features were exquisite and typically Indian. Her Caucasian features were completely invisible under the skin suit. Fuller lips, a different nose shape gave her an exotic allure.

Dan marveled at the transformation, unable to believe his eyes. "You're stunning, Lauren. It's like you've become an entirely different person."

Lauren turned to the mirror, studying her reflection. "This is so weird! The suit feels so natural, like it's a part of me. I look... beautiful, I guess, if you are into Indian women!"

Dan smiled, stepping closer to her. "You always look beautiful, but this... this is something else. Are you ready for our date?"

Lauren nodded, a newfound confidence in her eyes. "Yes, let's do this. Let's make this night unforgettable." She put on an elegant black dress, perfectly hiding the zipper on her back.



"I see you made me a little more endowed when it comes to curves. I can't blame you, I'm as flat as an ironing board, haha!"

"Guilty as charged."

"So, is that what you are into? Indian women with brown skin, silky black hair, and round breasts?"

"Well, it's just a fantasy but... yes!"

"No judgment, but that comes as a surprise! I would have never thought you were into this. Well, it's your lucky day. I'm all yours, just for tonight!"

Dan's eyes sparkled with excitement and gratitude.

"Thank you, Lauren. This means a lot to me."

"Oh, I don't look like a Lauren anymore... Why don't you call me..."

"Trisha!" Dan blurted out, inadvertently saying the name of his crush.

"Oh, you had a name in mind already... Ok, Trisha it is then," Lauren said with a playful smile.

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Dan and Lauren drove out of town, their nerves palpable as they navigated the winding roads to a fancy Indian restaurant far from familiar faces. As they arrived at the restaurant, they were seated in a cozy corner booth, partially hidden from the rest of the diners, which provided a sense of privacy amidst their daring escapade. Throughout the meal, they exchanged glances, their excitement building with each passing moment. After dinner, feeling exhilarated and daring, they decided to continue their night at a nearby club. The pulsating beat of the music and the vibrant energy of the crowd beckoned them onto the dance floor. Lauren, fully embracing her new identity, felt an overwhelming sense of liberation. She danced with abandon, her body moving freely to the rhythm, no longer constrained by the expectations of her old self.

Dan watched in awe as Lauren transformed before his eyes. She was radiant, her movements graceful and fluid, her laughter infectious. They danced together, losing themselves in the music and the moment, surrounded by strangers who only saw a couple enjoying the night.

Lauren felt a newfound sense of empowerment. In her new skin, she was bold, unafraid, and completely free. The constraints of her previous identity melted away, leaving her to revel in the freedom of the present. The thrill of the transformation, combined with the intoxicating atmosphere of the club, created an unforgettable night.

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As the night drew to a close, they returned to their car, breathless and exhilarated. Lauren leaned back in her seat, a contented smile playing on her lips, feeling more alive than she had in years. Dan glanced over at her. "Tonight was incredible," he said softly. "It's not over actually!" Lauren replied with a hint of mischief. "Would you be okay... doing it in the suit?". Dan asked. "Why not? That was your goal From the beginning, right? Sleeping with a hot Indian girl?"

They decided to spend the night in a hotel instead of going home, to make things more exciting. Once in the room, Lauren took off her dress and jumped onto the bed, her eyes gleaming with playful seduction. "Take me, fuck me like there's no tomorrow because soon I'll be gone and your basic white bitch girlfriend will be back!"

"That's so hot! I love it when you're into character. Go on, Trisha!"

"Of course, sweetie! I'm so much better than that blonde bore! Don't worry, though, your little escapade will stay a secret, that dumb bitch will never know about us," she said, fully immersing herself in the role.

Dan, driven by the intense allure of the moment, joined her on the bed. They lost themselves in a whirlwind of passion, the boundaries of reality and fantasy blurring as they indulged in their wildest desires. The experience was electrifying, pushing them to new heights of intimacy and connection.



The following morning, Lauren woke up to the unfamiliar sight of her brown arms draped around Dan's shoulders. "Okay, this has been fun while it lasted. Time to go back to my basic white bitch self," she told Dan.

Suppressing his own feelings, Dan nodded and asked her to turn around so he could help unzip the skin suit. To his shock and excitement, her skin was seamless and natural, without a hint of a zipper.

"What's taking so long?" the Indian-looking woman asked, sensing the tension in him.

"Lauren," he began, his serious tone and using her real name agitating her, "the zipper... is gone! I don't know how to take this off!"

"Come on, don't joke about this. The zipper has to be there! It's not funny!" Lauren replied, feeling her back with her own hands. "Oh shit!" she screamed, realizing she couldn't find any seam herself. "Oh no! No no no! This can't be!" she screamed, frantically checking her back in a mirror. "No! This is not my body!" she cried out, desperately trying to convince her brain, which was already adapting its self-image to that of the young woman she had been for nearly a day.



Dan, equally bewildered, tried to calm her down. "There has to be a way. Maybe there's a trick to it or something we're missing. Let's think this through."

Lauren's panic began to subside as she took a deep breath, trying to focus. "There must be instructions or a contact number for the company. We need to find out how to reverse this."

They spent the next few hours scouring the packaging and searching online, but found nothing helpful. The company's customer service explained that the risk that the skin suit would merge with the wearer was always a possibility and a few such cases had been registered. They said they would send one of their employees to check what could be done.

"Dan," she said softly, "what if... what if we can't change back? What if I'm stuck like this?"

Dan thought about it and felt a mix of excitement and regret. Having his girlfriend stay permanently locked in the bodysuit was an exciting thought; she was definitely hotter now and he would have two, nearly identical lovers. On the other hand, he would feel guilty for having caused this.



Dan tried to calm her down. "I'm sure it will be solved, but I would always love you, no matter what."

The next day, the expert arrived—a Chinese woman who introduced herself with a calm and professional demeanor. She examined Lauren thoroughly and could only confirm that the bodysuit had bonded with her skin. Any attempt to remove it could be painful and dangerous. The best option, as she put it, was to socially transition into a new persona. "What do you mean? I look completely different and..." Lauren began, her voice tinged with desperation.

The woman smiled at Lauren with a hint of malice. "I'm sorry, I couldn't help but notice your name—it's very WASP. Were you white, right?"

"I am white!" Lauren insisted, her voice shaking.

"Most of our clients are white people trying on colored skins. From our reports of such cases, it takes some psychological support to adapt to the new... challenges you might face. I can recommend a few names of excellent therapists." Lauren felt a wave of despair wash over her. "So you're saying I have to live like this? That I have to become... someone else?"

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Lauren took a break from her office job, looking unrecognizable in her new appearance. Overwhelmed by her transformation, she decided she needed some time for herself. To help Dan pay the bills, she found a job as a waitress in a nearby Indian restaurant.

Lauren quickly realized that this job would be far from easy. Her boss, Mr. Patel, was a stern man who seemed to have little patience for beginners. From the moment she started, he treated her harshly, criticizing her every move and expressing surprise that she didn't speak a single word of Hindi.

Lauren, feeling the pressure, responded with the lie she had rehearsed. "I'm a third-generation immigrant from India, Mr. Patel. My family didn't teach me Hindi, and that's why I don't have an accent either." Mr. Patel gave her a skeptical look but didn't press the issue further.

She called Dan during a break "How are you holding up, sweetie?" - he asked her.

"It's been tough, but I'm managing. It's just... adjusting to this new life and dealing with everything," Lauren admitted. Dan felt a pang of guilt.



One day, Lauren realized Dan had forgotten his lunch and, being her day off, decided to bring it to his office. Entering the office, she noticed the receptionist, an Indian woman who looked remarkably similar to the bodysuit she was stuck in, except for her longer hair and smaller breast size. The surprise was mutual, but the real Indian woman recovered quickly. "So the rumors are true! You must be Dan's girlfriend! Shit, you look a lot like me!" the woman exclaimed. "I was thinking the same!" Lauren replied, still in shock. "Hmm, so you two were experimenting with bodysuits and you got stuck in this one?" "Yeah, pretty much," Lauren admitted, feeling ashamed. "And why did you choose this model?" "Dan actually chose it." "Ooh, that's juicy," the Indian woman replied with a giggle. "Why is it so?" "Well, it's pretty obvious, the bodysuit is modeled after me. He's always been into me. We've been having an affair for some time." "No, this can't be, he said it was just a fantasy..." Lauren stopped, realizing what she was saying. "Shit!"

"Yeah, he was fantasising about me. It must suck to be stuck in a bodysuit modeled after your boyfriend's mistress." Lauren could barely stare at the Indian woman without feeling a wave of humiliation and jealousy. "This is a bit too much to take in. I'll think about your words. I'm Lauren, by the way." "Trisha," the Indian woman introduced herself. Lauren's face went blank. "Trisha? He... called me that when I put on the bodysuit..." Trisha smiled maliciously. "I'm sorry you had to find out this way."

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Lauren left the office, her mind racing. The name, the looks, it was too much to be a coincidence. She had always trusted Dan, but this revelation shook her to the core. But as she walked back home, she resolved to confront Dan and get to the bottom of this.

For a moment, Lauren considered changing her style to look as different as possible from the real Trisha, but she realized she could do something else. She decided to go the opposite way. The main differences between them were their hair, outfit, and attitude. If she got extensions, put on office attire, and mimicked Trisha's confidence, she would look even more like the original Trisha. Then she would see how Dan would react.

Lauren went to a hairdresser's and had black wavy extensions applied. Contemplating her new look, she thought, "Fuck, I really look like that bitch now. She is hot, though. Dan is going to have a heart attack seeing me like this if she's right. But first, one last step—the outfit." She bought a white blouse and a black pencil skirt. With it on, she could bear a passing resemblance to the Indian woman. The only difference were her larger breasts. As she slipped into the outfit, she felt a strange mix of empowerment and trepidation. She practiced mimicking Trisha's confident demeanor, standing tall and exuding poise.



When Dan returned home, Lauren was ready for the show.

"T...Trisha?" Dan stuttered at the sight of his colleague's doppelgänger in their home.

"Hmm, you haven't called me that in some time. I like it, keep on doing it," Lauren replied, a playful smile on her lips.

"Why these changes?" Dan asked, realizing it was actually Lauren.

"Well, I felt like having a change. I didn't have a say about my body, so the only thing I could change was my hairstyle. And since I'm having a job interview next week, I thought about dressing for the part. Although the blouse is a bit too small... Why are you so shaken, my boy?" Lauren teased, her voice dripping with the confidence she had borrowed from Trisha.

Thinking it was just a weird coincidence, Dan tried regaining his composure. "I'm happy to hear you're having an interview soon! What's the position?"

"Oh, it's for a receptionist job!" Lauren said, her tone enthusiastic. "I thought a professional look might help me get into character and boost my confidence. What do you think?"



Dan, shaken by the further coincidence, said, "I didn't know you were thinking about such a position."

"Well, it's still better than being a waitress, and I have the looks for it, at least!" Lauren walked closer to him, her new look exuding an aura of authority and allure. "And, another thing... I met the real Trisha today. I figured out everything. She said the bodysuit was modeled after her."

Dan's face went pale again. "Lauren, I..."

"Stop it, Dan," she interrupted, her voice harder now. The fact that she was stuck in a bodysuit modelled after her rival made her feel vulnerable and betrayed. "I just needed one last hint and your reaction confirmed it. You're a jerk! Not only you had an affair with her, you also made me wear a skin suit to look like her spitting image! And now I'm stuck looking like this? I'm mad for so many reasons but... As crazy as this sounds... I still love you." Dan sighed in relief, taking her hands in his. "Thank you, Lauren. I'm sorry for everything." Lauren nodded. "Let's take it one day at a time and see where this journey takes us. But you'll have to make up for this."

Dan nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. "I know, and I'm ready to do whatever it takes to make this right."



Lauren smiled, a mix of determination and mischief in her eyes. "Good. Because this isn't going to be easy. But for now, let's make the most of it. I'm literally your wet dream, right? Take me like that night and... Call me Trisha from now on."

"Are you sure?" Dan asked, his voice filled with concern.

"Yes, for fuck's sake!" she insisted, starting to unbutton her blouse.

The evening quickly turned steamy, with Lauren—now Trisha—taking control. Their passion reignited, they explored the depths of their desires, letting the intensity of the moment wash over them.

After their intense session, they lay in bed, wrapped in each other's arms. Lauren said: "You know what hurt me the most? That I wasn't the original Trisha, but just a copy of somebody else. That was worse than learning about your crush on her. We should do something about her, I'm too jealous."

Dan looked at her, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

Lauren smiled confidently.



One day, the real Trisha was in the lift, leaving her office when the lift stopped at floor 2. Lauren entered with a smile, wearing a similar outfit to Trisha, a sport bra hiding the true size of her breasts to look spot on.

"Oh, is it you, Lauren? You look..."

"Even more like you? Yeah, I thought I might as well embrace it. You were right. This body is modelled after you, so I decided to give in and adopt your hairstyle and fashion sense too. And Dan loves it."

"Oh, this is... weird actually. I thought you were mad at me!"

"At first, yes. I'm not going to lie, but then, I had an idea."

As she said this, she extracted a spray can from her bag. Trisha's eyes went wide. "Don't worry, this is just a spray to put you to sleep. The rest won't be so bad either. Dan is waiting for us in the underground parking."

Trisha backed up against the lift wall, fear and confusion etched on her face. "Lauren, what are you doing? This isn't right!"



Lauren advanced, her expression calm yet determined. "I know it sounds crazy, but trust me, this is for the best."

Before Trisha could react further, Lauren sprayed the can, and Trisha slumped unconscious against the wall. Lauren quickly caught her and held her upright as the lift continued to descend. Her heart pounded with a mix of adrenaline and resolve.

When the lift reached the underground parking, Dan was waiting by their car, his expression tense but resolute. "Is she...?" he began.

"Yes, she's out. Quick, help me get her into the car," Lauren instructed. Together, they carefully placed Trisha in the back seat, making sure she was secure and comfortable. Then Lauren took Trisha's car keys, casually smiled at a colleague who waved at her and drove away in her car, following Dan's.

They took Trisha home with them, undressed her, and pushed her inside another custom model bodysuit. Putting on the special contacts was a bit harder with the woman still unconscious but they managed.



Trisha woke up some time later in Dan and Lauren's apartment, a headache still lingering. "What the fuck did that bitch do to me?"

Lauren was sitting on the sofa in front of her, still dressed in Trisha's outfit. "Hey, I can hear you! How do you feel?"

"You are going to pay for this! You..." Trisha stopped, noticing something off with her hand. It was... white! She had the hand of a white woman. "Aah! AAAAh!" She screamed, shaking it in front of her.

"This is exactly as great as I would have imagined it!" Lauren said, grinning.

"I'm... wearing a skin suit too?" Trisha asked, her voice trembling.

"They told me you were a smart girl!" Lauren replied, still composed.

"A skin suit of you?" Trisha asked, looking at the short wavy blonde strands of hair visible from her view.

"Mmh-mmh."

Trisha tried to reach for the zipper, but it was already disappearing. She rushed to a mirror. Her eyes were blue, her hair blonde, her chest nearly flat. "Am I stuck like this?"



"Afraid so," Lauren commented calmly. "It wasn't so hard to get another custom bodysuit from the same company as compensation, with exactly the same issue. It seems like they're able to detect those problems now."

"But... why?" Trisha asked, her voice filled with anguish.

"Well, we were fighting for the same man and, in a way, you have won. You are going to be Lauren, his steady girlfriend. You'll get to sleep with him, not only tonight, but every night. Aren't you happy? I'll leave soon; this is your house, after all. But I'll get to see him every day at work and we're going to have an affair. I've found out I love playing the part of the alluring mistress more than anything."

Trisha's mind raced as she processed the information.

"You can't be serious! You expect me to just accept this?"

Lauren smiled, her demeanor cool and collected. "You don't have much of a choice, do you? This is your reality now. You can either fight it or make the best of it."

Trisha looked at her reflection again, the shock still evident on her face. "This is insane. How do you expect us to live like this?"

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Lauren walked over, placing a hand on Trisha's shoulder. "We both love Dan, and he loves both of us. He needs both of us. Without sweet Lauren, his affair with Trisha wouldn't be so exciting. I'm sore you noticed the lack of passion in the last few times. We'll just get to explore a new role. For now, just focus on adjusting. It's not so bad, really."

Trisha slumped down onto the sofa, overwhelmed. "I can't believe this is happening."

Lauren sat down beside her, her expression softening. "I know it's a lot to take in, but think about it. You'll have the life you've always wanted, stability, and a partner who loves you. I'll be the exciting diversion, the one who spices things up. You've also gained white privilege, while I've lost it. People will be much nicer to you."

Trisha shook her head, trying to wrap her mind around the situation. "And you think Dan will just go along with this?"

Lauren nodded. "He loves us both. This way, he doesn't have to choose. He gets the best of both worlds. We'll make it work, Lauren. We have to."

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Trisha, now living as Lauren, readjusted surprisingly quickly after the initial shock. Deep down, she had always been envious of white girls, and seeing her white skin, blue eyes, and blonde hair in the mirror every day was a weird but strangely satisfying experience. She wasn't herself anymore, true, but she was together with Dan, and that brought her a sense of fulfillment.

She found herself embracing the new aspects of her life with a mix of curiosity and determination. Her job was a typical office role, not too different from Trisha's previous position as a secretary. It required a bit more focus and attention to detail, but it also paid better, allowing her and Dan a comfortable lifestyle.

One evening, as they sat together on their balcony, watching the sunset, Lauren turned to Dan and smiled. "I never imagined my life would turn out like this," she said, her voice soft. "It's been a crazy journey, but I'm grateful for where we are now."

Dan took her hand in his, squeezing it gently. "I'm grateful too. We've been through a lot, but we've come out stronger. I love you... Lauren."

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Trisha, as she had learned to see herself, also found her new life surprisingly fulfilling. She had to justify her bigger breast size with a fabricated story about breast enhancement surgery, which caused embarrassment in the whole office, but it was the only thing to do. She couldn't hide them with constrictive sports bras anymore when at the office. Too bad she couldn't admit it was Dan's fault. But it only added to the seductress aura Trisha had always had.

The job as a receptionist was slightly demeaning compared to her previous job, but it complemented well her new persona. She embraced the role with grace, finding it liberating in a way her old life never was.

She lived in a smaller apartment downtown and had many friends, mostly other Indian-Americans. These friends introduced her to a rich cultural heritage she had never explored before. They went to Bollywood movie nights, danced at traditional festivals, and cooked elaborate meals together. Trisha found herself fitting into this community more naturally than she ever had as Lauren. Her evenings with Dan were an exhilarating escape, but her daily life as Trisha was becoming its own source of contentment.



Months later, Trisha, was looking forward to to spend another evening with Dan. She had been conflicted about leaving behind the option of a steady life together with her love, but what she was having now was incredible. It was her fantasy too, now.

"Are you excited about tonight?"

"I can't wait!" Dan replied, a slight distance in his tone.

"How are things going with your girlfriend?" Trisha asked, running her fingers through her hair.

"She's adjusting really well! We're planning a cruise to the Caribbean this summer!" Dan replied, smiling at the thought.

"We never went on a cruise before! I'm almost jealous of her right now! All I can have with you are short trips to a nearby motel. But admit it, I'm the hotter one!" Trisha teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"No point denying that!" Dan said, leaning in to kiss her.

"I couldn't live with the thought that someone else was hotter than me!" Trisha murmured against his lips, her voice filled with playful defiance.



Stopping by a pub on the way to the motel, Dan commented, "It's so weird. I know it's still you in there, Lauren, but sometimes I forget and think of you as Trisha!"

"I am Trisha!" the sexy Indian replied, unbuttoning her blouse a bit. "This is not an act anymore. These mannerisms and personality traits come naturally to me. I don't really see myself as Lauren anymore."

"And do you like it?"

"I love it. I was just so boring before," she said, drinking some wine. "I was a basic white girl. It's weird even thinking about it now. When I met Trisha, I understood why you got bored of me. She had so much rizz. I was so envious of her... If you had to have an affair with Trisha, I wanted to be the one and only Trisha."

"Trisha, listen, there's something I need to tell you."

Trisha slowly turned around him, without losing her cool.

"I have been talking with... Lauren a lot... What we did to her has been unfair..."



"What you did to me was unfair in the first place."

"I know. But she didn't have any guilt in this."

"She was having an affair with you behind my back."

"True, but she told me she needed something in exchange for the life we stole from her."

"Ok?"

"She wants us to marry. Soon."

Trisha felt a pang of jealousy. She drank some wine to hide her reaction. "Like how soon?"

"Later this year."

"So you're really settling down with that blonde bore. But I know you very well. This will further cool things off, and you'll always come back to me. It'll be even hotter to have an affair as a married man!" She lay down, closer to him, highlighting her busty figure.

"Trisha..." Dan said, "I've matured, I'm not only after pleasure anymore. I've come to realize that having a stable relationship means much more to me."



Trisha's smile vanished. "It's okay, I always knew this could happen. That's what made it exciting, right? I always knew either of us could lose and it looks like Lauren has won."

"I'm sorry."

"No need to. But we still have a few months before you get married, and I want to live them to the fullest, knowing we will soon put an end to this affair..."

Dan sighed. "Okay."

Once at the motel, Trisha turned around and faced Dan. "You know what, deep down I'm happy it is ending like this. She is the better one and I'm glad you'll get to marry her."

Dan looked at her, surprised. "You really think so?"

Trisha nodded, a sad smile playing on her lips. "Yes, I do. She deserves you, and you deserve a stable, loving relationship. It's time for you to have something real."

Dan stepped closer, taking her hands in his. "You've been more than just a fling, Trisha. You've been important to me."

"I know," Trisha replied softly. "And that's why I want to make these last few months unforgettable."