

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Julia's alarm clock buzzes in that not so charming way. She shuts it off, with an irritated hand motion, like countless times before. She'd much rather smash it against the opposite wall, but her budget does not allow for a new clock for each day. If the state of her single-room apartment is any indication, it doesn't allow for many things. All the furniture is second or third hand and the electrical appliances barely functional.

But Julia is no stranger to hardships. She never had leftover cash to spend, and luxury was a strange word to her. A single-parent family is not the ideal factor for wealth. On top of that, her mother is most of the times too sick or weak to provide for herself, let alone help her daughter. She could scrape up some cash here and there, but things have gotten far worse recently. She has been without a job for the past 8 months, searching high and low, but without any luck. Her last gig as a cocktail waitress at a rather shady club, was gradually turning a little too "pimp-y" for her tastes. Without some stable income, the girl had to count her every penny, even a night-out beer with friends could throw her off her savings. Instant ramen had become her main source of sustenance.

But today, she has an interview at a telemarketing company. She has a feeling this will turn things around. Having experience on the service industry, these jobs just need confidence and charisma. And her looks certainly won't be an obstacle. Her voice is feminine, but also deep and warm. She has little worries. She'll be great!

The young, black girl, 25 years of age, throws the sheets off of her light-ebony toned body. Her beauty shines thanks to the sunrays coming through the drapes. Her white tank top embraces her curves perfectly, from her C-cup breasts to her slim waist. A pair of matching panties adores her round, full ass. There's a trend in the media for black girls to be very "bubbly" and "twerky" in their physique, but Julia is not one of those. Her behind is tight, her belly flat like a drum and hard like a rock, her youthful breasts are standing high and proud. She always liked working out, so it wasn't hard for her to keep that look up. It's a good thing exercise is still a free activity, or she might have had trouble there, too.

Her wavy, dark hair go down to her breasts, all tangled from her sleep. She gets a brush and still with half-asleep eyes, starts untangling them. She'll need to be ready in 30 minutes, or she's gonna miss the bus to her destination. And there's not a second chance for these things. The next one comes an hour later.

Dressed in the less torn pair of jeans she could find in her closet, and a long-sleeved blouse with the bottom button missing, the girl manages to catch the bus just in time. She has managed to put on some subtle make-up and lipstick, and her worn out sneakers are the best she can do at the moment. Her last pair of heels broke last week.

The bus ride lasts 35 minutes. In the big city, you better pace yourself with these things. In the crowded bus, there's barely room for a step, but Julia has one hand on the holder, the other on her phone, not seaming to bother much with all the noise, tightness and lack of deodorant around her. She glances occasionally outside the window, watching all sorts of expensive cars, or roaring motorcycles, pass by the rusty bus with ease. The passengers there look comfortable. For them, getting to your destination however and whenever you feel like is a given.

There is 10 minute walk from the bus stop to the office building. Julia's feet move quickly. She's not late, but she doesn't want to give anyone the right to tell her off. She wishes she had some heels to go with her outfit, it would make her outfit more professional. But heels cost money, and she first needs to earn some to spend some. In any case, she hopes it won't take away from her charm.

As the girl reaches the entrance, she sees a small group, walk down the stairs, disappointed.

"What...what happened?", Julia asks a woman. "They already filled the positions", the woman informs her, frustrated. Julia is shocked, frozen in place. She didn't even get a chance. As the frowning people pass by her left and right, Julia's eyes stay locked on the top floor of the 6-story building. She reaaaally needed that gig.

With her head hanging downwards, the girl makes her sad way back to the bus station. If she knew her morning would be such a pointless punch in the gut, she'd have stayed in bed.

The ride back is no different than the initial one. The dirty old bud is still crowded and noisy, only thing different is the opposite direction. Julia is looking blankly outside the big window. Her thoughts, drift from pessimistic ones, to negative ones, and then back. She has to make sure to avoid running into her landlord, cause she still owes him two rents, and that third one is fast approaching.

As the girl's mind goes through the usual scenarios of what has come to be known as "Rent Stealth", Julia spots a strange sight, through the bus window. It's a girl, a pretty girl, around her age. She moves with the air of a celebrity along the crowded sidewalk. Her look draws the eye with ease. A yellow tube dress that perfectly hugs her waist, her chest and her rear, ending below her knees. It's made from the kind of expensive brand that Julia can only window-shop from. Her yellow dress is matched with a yellow, furry coat and a golden necklace around the woman's neck. Black stiletto heels are paired with her black handbag, completing the - obviously very meticulous - look. Her slender neck is accentuated by her hair, cut on the shorter side, and dyed a "bitch blonde" color.

Even though the stranger is wearing a pair of fashionable, mirror-styled sunglasses, Julia can't help but notice how eerily similar she looks to her. The bus has hit the brakes, as people are getting on and off the stop, so Julia can clearly see the woman, walking down the street, not further than 7-8 meters from her bus. She squints her eyes, and instinctively leans closer to the window. The resemblance is...uncanny. That woman looks JUST LIKE HER! Same height, body type, same facial features, same wavy black hair, same nose, same lips! It simply can't be! When the woman pulls down her shades, to check a pair of heels on a window, Julia sees her eyes are the same shape and have the same brown color as hers!

"O..Open the doors please!", the woman yells, stunned, as the bus doors have just closed in her face. The 50-something driver re-opens them, shaking his head at the youth's empty, cellphone-doodling, picture-taking heads.

Julia rushes out of the bus, trying not to lose sight of that mysterious woman. It's hard to lose her, with such an eye-popping dress. She is already about 10 meters away from the bus stop, her heels clicking the sidewalk with a steady, but lively pace.

Julia quickly blends in with the city-folk, roaming the busy streets. It's easy to get lost in these streams of people. She keeps her eyes locked on that yellow woman, following her not too far, not too close. She has no idea what she wants to do, yet. Until then, she'll keep a close on her. Her wealthy doppelganger, is holding a couple of shopping bags on one arm, both from equally classist stores as the one before. A small, black purse is dangling from her shoulder, with gold details on the zipper and handle. "This bitch is loaded", Julia thinks to herself.

The bus hadn't made much of its way back, so Julia still walks in the northern, rich part of town. If it wasn't for ironic, hipster kids, she'd definitely look out of place with that cheap, over worn outfit. The woman seems oblivious to her existence, making a turn at an intersection. Julia reaches that same corner, making sure to remain unnoticed, now that the crowd is thinning out. "Rent stealth, rent stealth", she reminded herself, in order to keep concentrated.

Now, they were almost alone, sharing the sidewalk. The woman in yellow suddenly turned her head sideways! Julia instinctively raised her phone up and shoved her head over it, in a silly attempt to hide in plain sight. Had the woman realized she was being followed??? People usually have that almost supernatural ability of knowing when something's wrong, when someone's after them. But Julia "stealthy" move wasn't necessary. The woman turned to face forwards again, and continued her route. Julia exhaled a deep sigh. That was close.

After about 25 minutes of tracing the woman's steps, carefully as to avoid any unwanted confrontation, the yellow-dressed, posh, young lady reached a huge, three story building. It was her home. Every house in the area had its own driveway and garage, never mind the comfortable green gardens. This was the rich section of downtown. Julia could not even imagine living in the neighborhood.

The mysterious clone of hers entered through the short door of the short, milky white, wooden fence, which surrounded her perfectly mowed lawn, then moved across the small, stone-covered pathway to her front-door. Julia observed from behind a parked Mercedes. The woman took out her keys and entered the house. "No bell-ringing", Julia noticed. This woman might be living on her own. But she couldn't be sure, yet. The woman disappeared inside her home, leaving her identical double pondering her actions.

Julia remained kneeling behind the car, facing the asphalt with a blank stare, her mind racing. She could just turn back, go home and forget this whole thing. Maybe she was over-reacting, and this woman was just a rich look-alike she came across...

NO! There had to be something else behind all this, she told herself! All the similarities, they were too great, too specific to ignore. There had to be an answer to all this. And Julia was determined to find it.

Moving stealthily around the mansion, Julia didn't need to wait long to spot an entrance point. The garage door of her doppelganger's garage wasn't completely vertical, sitting in an 80 degree angle. Someone must have paused it before it could fully close. Julia easily hopped over the 1.5 meter wooden fence, and snuck her way towards the low opening. Her heart was racing sooooo fast, her eyes shifting

left and right for any witnesses. There were none, the neighborhood was dead quiet, a huge contrast to the downtown's havoc that Julia started her journey at.

The young woman had to fall completely flat on the floor, but she slithered inside the garage. Her jeans needed a wash, anyway. She spotted two shining clean cars, a large BMW, and a sporty Porsche. "What is this place?" Julia couldn't help but wonder, as she tippy-toed towards the door leading to the rest of the house. She couldn't have guessed it that morning, but at the moment, it was a good thing she had no heels on.

The black girl turned the handle as slowly as humanly possible. She opened it just enough to create the slightest crack to peep through. A single pair of footsteps could be heard from an unknown direction. There didn't seem to be any other inhabitants in this house. Julia then spotted her "imposter" pass through her narrow field of vision, tossing her heels and bags on the floor and throwing her coat hastily on her leather couch's back. The woman let out a content sigh, with a smile. She was completely unaware of an intruder's presence.

Julia's mind was racing, as she stepped back inside the garage to avoid detection. She has soooo many questions. But how can she simply barge in and start asking. She has already illegally trespassed into this person's home. Wouldn't this identical stranger have the same burning questions she has right now? the thought crossed Julia's mind. But the young girl didn't have time to dwell on that. From the moment she saw this woman, she had this deep, carnal aversion towards her. Hatred even. Why? She couldn't tell. But she felt very threatened, by this person's mere existence. As if her own individuality, her identity, had been put into question. She might not have been aware of it, but Julia was experiencing severe stress, throughout this sudden adventure.

With Julia's eyes running all around the tidy garage, they finally stopped on a small pile of two-by-fours, probably leftovers from the rich woman's cute wooden fence. Mechanically, almost in auto-pilot, she reached over there and grabbed one.

The oblivious occupant of this huge, luxuriously decorated home, is in the kitchen, making herself some coffee. She looks at the bright sky and the tall trees surrounding her field of view, through the large window of her kitchen. This is going to be a good day, she thinks to herself. A faint, unidentified sound, coming from behind her, causes her to turn towards its direction. She never gets to see what the source of the sound was, though, as a sudden, hard thud to the back of her head, knocks her out unconscious, and she falls to the floor.

The first thing the woman felt, after the abrupt darkness she drifted into, was a sharp pain on the back of the head. It was a little bloody, on the part the two-by-four made contact, but not an emergency. The second thing was a sense of immobility, something obstructing, forbidding her movement. She was sitting on a chair in the middle of the living room. On one of her very own, finely varnished, leather seated, dining chairs.

As her eyes fluttered open, her vision still a little blurry, she realized she's bound on the chair with rope. Her hands were forced behind the back of the chair, tied at the wrists, with that same rope passing underneath the seat and tied on one of the front legs. Lots of coils went around her waist, pinning it against the back of the chair. Finally, a couple of good wraps of rope kept her ankles pinned against each of the front legs of the chair.

Julia had never bound a person before, so she made up for her lack of technique, with extra knots and an unrelenting pull on the ropes. She didn't want taking any chances of her victim escaping. The woman's blood circulation could be addressed later.

What was particularly noteworthy in her newfound state is that the woman was missing most of her clothing. Only her maroon colored panties and bra had been left on. Her yellow dress was laying on the floor, a few feet away from her. "MMMMmmggggghhh", the woman tried to complain, only to be informed of the presence of something blocking her words, something stuffed in her mouth. Its texture feels wet, chewy. It was one of the Wettex sponges Julia found on her sink. The thing was kept in its place by a silk scarf of hers, tightly tied between the woman's full lips and behind her head with a fat knot. For how delicate of a material the gag is made of, its use seemed nothing like that. Only function was important.

The woman laid eyes on her assailant, and an even greater shock awaited her when she witnessed that she looked identical to her! The young woman, dressed in worn out, cheap jeans and a basic blouse, looked panicky, pacing back and forth a few feet away from her. In her trembling hands, were the attacked woman's driver's license, along with everything else she found in her wallet. Above the date of birth, which was different by about two years to hers, the name on the driver's license read:

NAME: JARRETT, SONJA

"WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS SHIT!?!", Julia turned to ask the woman, shaking her I.D card at her, as soon as she noticed that she had gotten her senses back. "Hmmmngggfff!" the woman moaned loudly, slowly growing as anxious as Julia with the peculiar sight of her very own clone. "No.....stop this shit, don't play

games with me!!!", Julia yelled. She looked clearly desperate, and not in control of the situation. "PIIIII..llmmmmmmfffff", the girl named Sonja tried to earn her right to speak, albeit incoherently.

Julia looked at the fear in the semi-nude woman's eyes for a few seconds. She knew that she eventually had to hear her out. "Is anyone else here?" she asked, calmer after a huge sigh. The girl shook her head. "Will anyone come by anytime soon?... and DON'T fucking lie to me", Julia tried to be as imposing as her nerves allowed her. The girl shook her head once more. She was dead silent now, both from fear as well as an attempt at earning her captor's trust.

Sonja was not lying, either. Her husband, a 36 year old, ship-owner of immeasurable wealth, was on an extensive business trip to the Arab Emirates. He wouldn't be back for two weeks. The only person who could ruin their private one-on-one was the cleaning lady, but she wouldn't drop by until Saturday morning.

"Don't make as much as a hiss..." Julia warned her, pocketing the stranger's I.D card into her jeans, and producing a switch-blade knife. She always had it handy. You can never be too safe in the big city. Sonja had both her pretty, wide eyes, fixed on the blade, as Julia slowly, carefully, moved it close to her slim, beautiful neck, inches from her carotid, and pulled down the scarf/gag, letting her spit out the saliva-soaked bundle that was the sponge-cloth.

"Please...i don't know what's happening. I'm as shocked as you are!" the girl implored her captor to believe her, with the most sincere, pleading look. "BULLSHIT!" Julia hated that answer. It didn't help her solve this riddle at all. "I'm not lying...just please...untie me and we can discuss this like adults...why did you have to undress me?" Sonja asked in the middle of her speech. "Oh, i'll show you why..." Julia replied, pissed off that she was getting nowhere. In front of the chair-bound woman, she unbuttoned her jeans, then pulled them down, to show a small bean-shaped birthmark, on the inside of her upper, left thigh. It had a lighter color than the rest of her moderately dark complexion.

"Oh my god...that's the same birthmark..." Sonja was lost for words. "I know..." said a fuming Julia, already in angry disbelief from the moment she stripped the girl. Every stretch-mark, every mole, every bump and shape and color...everything was the same on their bodies. Their hair was a different color and hairstyle, but these were outsider's influences. They were both equally wavy in their shape. Their voices also sounded like a copy, a fact that both women noticed right away.

"There must be an explanation..." Sonja tried to collect her thoughts...with her arms and feet still tethered to the chair.

For the next two hours, the women exchanged a brief summary of each other's life, sharing anything that could prove vital in unraveling this mystery. The possibility of identical twins was debunked after some time, as was any notion of a sci-fi-like cloning scenario. As much as the two wanted to attribute their eerie likeness to pure coincidence, they couldn't possibly accept that. In the end, both were at a dead end.

Throughout their long "chat", Sonja would periodically ask for Julia to untie her, but the girl refused every single time. Until she decided on a course of action, she had told herself she'd keep the doppelganger safely restrained.

The sun had set, but Sonja was still right where she awoke, or rather, where Julia had put her. Both women looked exhausted, both mentally and physically. The tall ceilings of the mansion had no sound to bounce back. Until a ringtone broke the silence. It was Sonja's cellphone. Started, Julia grabbed the phone, shifting her eyes between the screen, which flashed the name "Chrissie" and her bound copycat, who had perked right up.

Julia rushed over to the tied up Sonja, and standing right behind her, smothered the woman's mouth with the other hand. "Hmmmmfff, nnnnnn", the woman struggled in place, with nowhere to go, as Julia tapped the little green button on the screen. "Hey giiiiiiirl, where you at? Are we gonna party tonight or what?", a very cheery, gum-chewing girl could be heard from the other end of the line. It sounded like she was already drinking and having fun somewhere, with a crowd audible in the background.

"Hi..." Julia replied hesitantly, her voice having the exact same tone and timbre as Chrissie's BFF. She simultaneously kept her hand over Sonja's mouth, keeping her from calling for help. She kept the bound woman's head from twisting away by pinning it against her belly. That way, Sonja had little to no leeway to get out of her grasp. "I'm not really in the mood tonight. I think i'll just stay home", Julia informed the woman. She now had propped the phone between her ear and her shoulder, in order to use both hands to better put out any of Sonja's screams for help. One hand kept her mouth shut, while the other pinched her nose tightly. No air meant no sound, but the faintest hum. Sonja was writhing like a beast in a cage, trying to scream, as well as stomp the chair on the floor, but her friend was none the wiser of her peril.

"Booooo, haha, ok buzzkill, catch you later..." Chrissie hang up the phone before Julia could reply anything back. The girl let out a sigh of relief. That could have gone very badly.

After hand-feeding her captive a sandwich she made from stuff she found in the fridge, Julia checked the woman's ropes. Her hands looked ok, nothing bruised or pale, even though the girl complained about her uncomfortable position and soreness. Julia was disturbed with herself, realizing that she didn't care much about this stranger's comfort, nor did she felt much remorse for what she had done to her. She always thought of herself as a nice person. She was generally polite, kind and thoughtful to the

people around her. Maybe too much, sometimes, for her own good. But now, she wasn't feeling apologetic. She was on a mission. A quest for the truth, if you will. She still didn't really trust this rich broad, no matter how wimpy she appeared.

Despite that, come bedtime, Julia was sympathetic enough to cover the half-naked, "chair-ridden" woman, with a blanket, keeping it wrapped around her with a couple of clothespins. Much to Sonja's muffled protests, Julia also gagged her again with the scarf, returning the same sponge-cloth to its warm, moist home for the night.

As for Julia, she slept in the woman's King-size bed. It was warm like a lover's embrace, and soft like a cloud. Still, Julia was too tense to sleep much. She felt like her life was on a cross-road, and all these different paths were flying by her eyes. And none of them seem right. What had she done? Invade a person's home and keep them hostage! Had she lost her mind? How would she get out of this?

More importantly, how would she be able to co-exist with this person? This imposter. That's how Julia saw this woman. Otherwise, it might mean that the imposter was actually her...

It was almost 3 A.M, when finally, her exhaustion allowed her to drift off.

Julia's eyes slowly open. The first thing she usually sees when she wakes up is her tiny desk, with a barely functioning laptop on it. The view was vastly different now. Everything was so clean, the colors of the bedroom, a calming cream and a warm purple, made for beautiful scenery. The sunrays were greeting the woman joyfully, through the huge windows of the first floor.

Still having slept in the same clothes as yesterday, Julia stepped in the living room to find Sonja where she had left her. Sort of. The girl's night-time struggling had caused her chair to fall over to the side, along with her. The blanket had half-slipped from her body, leaving her to sleep for the rest of the night cold, on the floor. Julia's doppelganger awoke by the pulling of her chair back into an upwards position. She moaned in her gag, groggy from a bad night's sleep. Julia didn't bother with her muffled complaints. There were already starting to become white noise to her ears.

After checking that all the windows were closed and all entry-ways were locked, Julia tried to kill some time, with breakfast and then some TV. Sonja watched her use her house, staring daggers at her. The truth was, Julia was just putting off her decision, regarding what to do with the woman she had attacked and was keeping prisoner in her own home. Things were still very tangled in her mind.

Throughout the rest of the day, Julia could not trust the girl enough to leave her ungagged, never mind untied! Sonja complained she was cold, but her identical kidnapper didn't want to risk undoing her bonds over trivial things like this. She could crank up the AC. As for soundproofing her, Julia relented to using a less gross stuffing, opting for a couple of handkerchiefs she found on the woman's drawers. She still kept them behind the girl's teeth with the same scarf.

In the afternoon, Julia left Sonja restrained by herself, taking a more relaxed tour of the house. After all, they were both barricaded inside, and you can only watch TV with a gagged flat mate for so long. Every room was prettier than the next. Julia was left speechless in every turn. The huge living room and kitchen were under three bedrooms, three more bathrooms, another lounge/playroom, and a even an indoor squash court and a hot tub/sauna room. There was also a large office/library area on the ground floor.

Julia especially stopped to marvel at the young woman's walk-in closet. It was the size of a big room, about as much as Julia's whole apartment. Julia walked among hundreds of dresses, tops, shirts, blouses, pants, shorts, skirts. Everything perfectly organized on hangers. 4 or 5 large dressers were filled with either shoes or jewelry. Julia lowered her gaze to her own, petty outfit. "If someone drops by, i have to look the part", she thought. She stripped down butt-naked, not even her own underwear remaining. She felt like the dolls in these online dress-up games. A milk chocolate, blank canvas. With so many choices!

She picked up some black lace lingerie to put on. She'd never worn such things. Immediately she felt more attractive than she had felt in years. Her own underwear wHere plain and boring, worn out and cheap. There was never a budget for these types of things.

Then she spotted, among the sea of fashion surrounding her, a gorgeous, dark green, strapless dress. Mesmerized, she reached towards it. Its cut was tight and narrow, but miraculously, Julia slipped into it effortlessly. It fitted her like a personally-tailored glove. The fact that her measurements were the exact same as Sonja's shouldn't have been a surprise. Julia removed her bra, to marvel the dress at its full beauty. Looking at herself in the full-body mirror, she was speechless. She looked amazing. Sexy. Powerful. Her self-esteem rocketing through the roof.

Julia quickly grabbed another dress, with an even snugger fit, a cream colored tube dress, with elaborate black lines moving all across it. She looked breathtaking. Julia felt like a million bucks, about as much as these items she wore cost. She felt good, "being" this person, after all the hardships she'd been through, if only for a little while. She had a sense of "inhabiting" this person, this life. She must have spent about an hour, trying on Sonja's clothes. It was so fun. In the end, she decided to pick something a little less "formal" for indoors. She went for a long-sleeved, white top with a crossing cleavage, along with a beige pair of pants that ended above her ankles. The fabric felt so smooth, caressing her skin. The girl found some beige stilettos to match, and finally put on some jewelry. Dazzling, golden earrings and a simpler, but equally pricey necklace. Seeing her assailant in her very own clothing, didn't help improve the bound and gagged Sonja's already shitty mood.

The next day came by, with Julia still unsure of what to do with the trashed up, blonde human copy of hers, located in the living room. She was relaxing on the loooong couch, wearing a pair of Sonja's grey yoga pants with pink stripes on the side and matching bra-top, eating some chips, when she heard the doorbell ring. "Fuck", she exhaled, her eyes locking wide on the front door. The doorbell startled Sonja from her sleep-deprived dozing off. "HHHHHmmmmm, PLLLLLLLLLLLLLLZZZZ, SSMMMMBBDDDDDD!", she moaned as loudly as she could, but the handkerchief packed inside her mouth did its assigned job well. "Shitshitshit..." Julia mumbled, as she rushed over towards Sonja. She picked up the chair from behind the girl, and started dragging it along the floor. The woman jerked around frantically, but remained firmly seated. With the doorbell ringing once more, Julia dragged Sonja into the nearest bathroom, locking the door behind her. She hastily opened the TV, just to add some noise to drown out any incriminating moans. Once she had "stashed" the girl, she ran towards the front door.

"Hello Miss Sonja, oh, your new haircut looks great!", Julia opened the door to see the wide smile of a tiny, middle-aged, Asian woman, with greying hair, caught in a quick bun. She wore a light blue, cleaning lady's outfit. "Hi there...eehm, haircut? Oh yes! I'm trying something new" the girl took a second to realize that with her dark, longer hair she didn't fully look the part. Listen... where you supposed to come by, today?" Julia bit her lip in a fake confusion. "Well, Miss..." the woman seemed perplexed at the question. "...Don't i always come by Saturday morning?" she replied. "Hmmmm, YES, YES YOU DO", Julia raised the volume of her voice, in an attempt to further drown Sonja's desperate attempts, faintly audible from across the room. That noisy bitch..., Julia cursed in her head.

"...But today, you can't, unfortunately...I'm catching a flight...in a few minutes...and... i'll be gone all week!" Julia managed to come up with a mediocre lie. "Oh...i see", the polite woman remained puzzled.

"Tell you what, you take the day off, and i'll tell you when i'll be needing you here, ok?" Julia informed the stunned woman with a big smile. She made sure to soften the blow, by placing a 100 dollar bill on the woman's palm, a kind courtesy of Sonja's wallet. "This is for your trouble today", the young woman explained with a wink.

Besides the initial "interrogating" discussion of the first day, Sonja was not in a particularly chatty mood. Discounting the fact that she was unable to speak for most of the time, she mostly traversed between angry and whiny, with a few breaks of pleading. That didn't stop Julia from acquiring possession of her phone, and after a short "convincing" period, granting access to it, and subsequently, all her social media, emails, and other personal info. She didn't have a clear plan devised, but if she was to impersonate this woman until she came up with one, she needed to get to know her better. To play the part.

Pictures of Miss Garrett's closest acquaintances, her post history, her chats with all kinds of people. Julia responded to a couple of texts. One from a friend, the other from a man named Hassan. She looked at the picture of a handsome, finally dressed guy with a perfectly trimmed short beard, posing with confidence in the photo. He was Sonja's husband. The message read:

Hope everything is great there. Do you know when you'll be back?

Julia replied to Hassan's message. The response was quick:

I told you sweetie. In a couple of weeks. <3

Julia typed back:

Sorry, forgot! XD

Can't wait to see you soon. Love u xxx

Julia now knew what her deadline was. She had to figure this out by then.

The next 3-4 days progressed with little drama, considering the situation. The chair had become a true home to the poor Sonja, her butt almost merging with the seat. But the girl's bodily needs ruined Julia's plans of keeping her there indefinitely. Eventually, she had to go to the toilet. With an annoyed sigh, Julia agreed to untie the woman from the chair. With the constant threat of her trusty switchblade, she rebind Sonja's ankles together, keeping her wrists tied behind her back. If she wanted to use the bathroom, Sonja would have to hop her way to it. The girl obeyed reluctantly, feeling extremely degraded. Of course, Julia would watch the girl go. She wasn't stupid to grant her a chance at freeing herself. The humiliation in Sonja's face was evident. She never hated her doppelganger more than in this moment.

Julia also realized the bound woman was starting to stink, having been without a shower for almost a week. She solved this by cleaning her on the chair, with a soapy sponge. Blondie did not like the woman's contact on her private regions, but she had no say in the matter. Julia simply pulled the girl's panties aside, to give the woman a couple of scrubs and that was it.

Their everyday routine was had developed a pattern. Sonja would be fed twice a day, take her bathroom breaks and otherwise remain gagged and tied on the chair. Clothing was out of the question, as that required her limbs to be freed, albeit momentarily.

Sometimes Julia would ungag her blonde, short-haired doppelganger, just to have someone to talk too. She was getting kind of lonely, all by herself. Sonja's first words towards her were usually curses, or annoyed, passive aggressive remarks. "This is stupid...you know you'll eventually get caught, right?" the girl would tell her, but Julia did not like hearing these words, and she often re-silenced Sonja, whenever she was in a hurtful mood.

But there were some moments of solidarity. Whether it was a show on TV both women enjoyed, or other trivial facts like how they both struggled with keeping their hair from getting frizzy, the two women started developing a small rapport. "Everything in here house is amazing. Your house, your dresses, your jewelry. How did you get so rich?" Julia asked her once. "...Well", Sonja avoided thanking her for the compliment. "This house was bought by my husband... he is a ship-owner, so he travels a lot, but makes a ton of money", she revealed, humble-bragging a bit.

"I see, well...my house is a lot smaller", Julia remarked, the vast difference in lifestyles triggering a thought in her mind. "Do you think...we are the same person? I mean, do we have the same...mind? personality?", Julia tried to find the right words to describe it. "I...i don't know", Sonja was sincere. "I know you're looking for answers, but i can't give you any. I'm as baffled as you. I just wish you'd understand that and let me go, so we can solve this", Sonja said. She looked pathetic, ready to burst into tears.

Julia felt truly sad. She didn't know what to do, or say, to console the woman. Her sorrow was quickly apprehended though by her latest thought, that was now drilling on her head like an ear-worm. "You're not unique. You are a clone. You are the same as this person". Sonja might be having the same existential crisis as her, but that didn't soften Julia's pain. In the end, one can only know what she experiences.

A week has passed, since Julia had followed a complete stranger back to her home, broken in, assaulted and kept her hostage. But was this a stranger? Was it herself, from a different dimension? Timeline? Universe? Julia was never a real fan of these science-fiction tropes, but the recent events had forced her to question her world-view, if not her very sanity.

Out of morbid curiosity, Julia was spending more and more time on Sonja's social media, learning more and more about her friends, family, her hopes and dreams. She was getting a real insight into this person, who could only sit -literally - and watch, as this woman was stealing her life from her. It only brought back to the surface hatred for her, that had somehow seized. Julia didn't know why, but it was fascinating getting under the woman's skin. She felt as if she had a window to how her life could have panned out, with a little more luck, with the right connections. She still loved her parents, she had some friends to hang out with, but this experience had forced her to look back at her own life. And she didn't like what she was seeing.

With the "down with a heavy cold" excuse, Julia had mustered to stave off any potential visits, or invites. That didn't stop her from wearing some of Sonja's most dazzling and beautiful dresses and outfits. Julia just loved the feel of being inside them. She also had chatted with Hassan on the phone a couple of times, a predicament which, while scary, was also thrilling for Julia. She had terrible luck with boyfriends in the past, and this guy seemed loving and caring in their exchanges, never mind how cute he looked in the photos.

All this time they spent together and the involvement with her life had caused Julia to softened up on her unfortunate captive. Taking care of her basic needs or requests was now a given, and Sonja was starting to be a bit more appreciative of that, even though that just might have been Stockholm Syndrome talking.

They were both relaxing on their respective spots, another quiet evening home. Julia had a game show on, and both women were mindlessly facing the TV. A couple of painful moans escaped the bound woman. She was free of any gags, Julia had approved of that, at least when she was around her. "My arms are cramping, can you please loosen the ropes up?" Sonja pleaded to Julia in a sincere, level-headed tone.

Her request sounded more thoughtful, than the desperate pleadings of the first days. She knew she was asking for something that was difficult to grant. Julia looked to her, troubled. The girl's wrists did look bruised. She hadn't gotten off these ropes for so long. Julia had tied them differently than the first day, to allow for some movement. Each wrist was tied by itself, to the bottom of the seat, albeit still behind the chair's back. "I'll untie one arm, then after a while, we'll do the other one, ok?", Julia proposed a solution. She wasn't a sadist, after all! She just didn't want to end up in jail. Sonja nodded, appearing eager to compromise in return for some relief.

Julia bent over the half-naked black girl, to undo the rope around her wrist. Sonja waited, stoically. That was until she felt her arm free, because then she quickly swung it towards the unsuspecting Julia, punching her in the face! The girl dropped on the floor, dizzy from the hit, but Sonja was right there with her, launching herself over her with a groan, trying with one free hand to reach the switchblade, that was always in the girl's pocket. Simultaneously, she shouted "HEEEEEEEELP, SOMEBODYYYYY!" with all her strength, trying to alert any random passerby.

Julia bounced back from the sudden attack, blocking the woman's second wave of punches, before pushing the chair off from her. She quickly jumped over the half-restrained woman. Even taken by surprise, she still had a huge upper hand in this fight. Sonja's recently freed arm was cruelly pulled behind the chair as well as all the way up towards her shoulder blades. "Aaaaaaaaouuuu!" the girl screamed in pain. Her escape attempt had been thwarted as quickly as it had begun.

"Are you gonna pull any of this shit again!?" Julia yelled with a bloody lip, putting more pressure on Sonja's already straining joints. "PLEAAAAAASE, NOOOOOO, STOOOOOOOP", Sonja cried out, until finally, Julia let go. The tension slowly subsided. Two indistinguishable, panting women occupied the vast room. One almost naked, restrained on a chair, down on the floor, whimpering. One sharply dressed, towering over her with a look of dominance. Julia left Sonja on the floor, going for a bath. She didn't want to deal with what she had become.

For the next couple of days, Julia didn't even wanna look at her double's direction. There was again, tension, and rage, bubbling inside the dark-haired girl. She had utterly failed to resolve this situation. She had no clue of what to do. Only thing she knew was she deeply despised this person. She went to bed every night, praying that she didn't exist. That she could just wake up the next day, and find nothing on that chair in the living room.

As for Sonja, her failed rebellion had led to her resorting back to a more passive, pitiful victim. Her long hours of almost catatonic stillness were sometimes interrupted by bursts of frantic struggling and tearful, muffled screaming. These outbursts happened irrelevant of Julia's whereabouts in the house. It was clear that both women's psychological state was spiraling from bad to worse to worst.

It's early morning, essentially dawn. It's the type of hour where the morning birds start chirping, nesting on the numerous trees around the neighborhood. Julia doesn't know the day, nor date. She has lost track recently. She stumbles into the living room, dragging her body like a zombie, dressed in one of Sonja's satin nightgown's - today it's the cyan one. She looks in terrible shape. Black circles under her eyes, which look red and wet. A bound and gagged Sonja is alerted awake by the shuffling, her equally sleepy eyes turning to face her tormentor. She doesn't try to moan or struggle, but simply looks at her. Too tired and defeated to exert anything.

Julia did not have a better night than Sonja. She has been crying all night, without much exaggeration. Julia is visibly shaking. She knows what she needs to do. The pain is too great. She HAS to end it.

She slowly walks towards the kitchen, which is not separated by any walls from the living room. Sonja watches the woman open the drawers, and take out a large, sharp, chef's knife. That causes her half-closed eyes to suddenly pop wide open. When she sees Julia slowly approach her holding said knife, involuntary cries escape her generous gag. "MMmmmmm....mmmmmmmm....mmmmgghh", each of her exhales is now audible with fear, as Julia stands a few inches away from her.

"I'm sorry...i have to...there's no other way...", the hopeless, dejected girl tries to justify herself. She looks as desperate and helpless, as the bound girl in front of her. She is holding the knife in her fist, the blade facing downwards. Sonja, in only the same maroon lingerie she had worn that dreadful day, starts pleading through her gag, while pulling violently on the ropes that keep her restrained.

"PLLLLHHHHHHGG....hh..hh.. DDDNNNTTTT...hh..hh", she begs, crying in her gag. Sonja looks up at a most disturbing sight. Her own self, standing in front of her with a knife, ready to plunge it in her heart with dead eyes, eyes that try to look past her.

Julia clutches the weapon with all her strength, her grasp shaking vigorously with intensity. With tears in her eyes, she raises it over a helpless Sonja, who screams and begs for her life, thrashing left and right, forwards and backwards, her bonds holding her there. A chaos of thoughts is screaming at Julia's mind. "Just drive that thing into her chest and it'll be all over!!!", the thought commands. She has to gather the courage, to finish this nightmare! She raises it up, ready to strike. Sonja leaves one last muffled scream, the last of her life.

CLANK...

The knife drops onto the floor with a loud, metallic sound. Sonja is drenched in sweat, eyes still wide with terror. But without any stabbing wounds. Julia's right hand is still trembling like crazy. She can't do it. As much as she wants to, she can't bring herself to take this person's life. Silent, panting, she hangs her head down, covering her face with her palms.

"Honeyyyy, i'm home", a pretty, black girl, with blonde, wavy, short hair has just stepped foot in her stunning mansion. It's almost too spacious for most people, but not her. She wears a gorgeous, blue, vertical-striped jumpsuit, hugging her waist just right, while being more airy on her legs. A pair of large hoop earrings go with her heel-sandals. She's carrying a couple of shopping bags in each hand. Nothing wild or anything. Just some heels, a dress she had her eyes on for a while now, and a cute sweater she found on her way back home.

A handsome man of middle-eastern decent, greets her from the kitchen sink, where he's preparing lunch, wearing an apron. The woman takes off her dark sunglasses and approaches him, to give him a warm, passionate kiss. "It smells amazing! Why are you always spoiling me?", she teasingly asks him with a smile. "That's how i treat my women...", he smiles back, grabbing a nice feel of his woman's ass, as he holds her in his arms. "Well i might just treat you too, later", she winks at him, biting her bottom lip, as she opens the fridge. She takes out a Tupper box, with two-day-old leftovers.

"Still feeding that stray cat? Why don't you just take it in?", the man asks. "I just like helping it, i'm not in the mood to deal with hair all over the place", she explained her logic. "Don't take too long, food will be ready soon", the man informed her.

The beautiful, young woman exits from the front door, holding the plastic container. But while one would expect her to move somewhere towards or across the street, she goes around, towards the back side of her house. There, among nothing else really, lie the metal doors of a hatch, at a 45 degree angle with the ground. They are the kind of doors that are built to lead into a basement, but without obstructing the architectural beauty of the exterior. The hatch-doors are kind of rusty, indicative of their rare usage.

The woman takes a hold of a plastic pet bowl, that's separated in the middle, for food and water. She scrapes with a spoon the mashed contents of the Tupper into one half, then opens a nearby water hose to fill up the other half. With a bit of a strain -she hasn't worked out in a while- she pulls the hatch-doors open with a creak. The cement stairs that lead down the basement are pretty lightless, but the woman knows where the switch is, and after a few dissenting steps, the old, dusty room is lit.

Useless things fill this space. Malfunctioning, gardening machines, leftover paints and tools, along with some decade-old stashed furniture and plastic-wrapped blankets and mattresses. The finely dressed woman, looking tremendously out of place in this filth, moves over to a seemingly insignificant wall of concrete blocks, with an old, wooden desk, propped against it. This section of blocks, located in the middle of the whole wall, is about 2 meters in width, and doesn't match the rest of the wall's look.

And for a good reason. That part was once about one meter further deep than the rest, forming a rectangular space of 2x1 meters. There was a drain hole there, in case of a flooding, but it's now walled off, along with that tiny bit of space.

The girl pushes the desk over to the side of the wall of cement blocks. Its absence only emphasizes the wall's ugliness. No one bothered to paint over or cover the cement bricks. The girl kneels down on the floor. Her jumpsuit might get a little dusty, but what the hell. She puts her hands on one of the blocks. It actually moves, as she pulls it outwards! It's the only one that's not fused with the others. The woman had some workers over for the biggest part of this "fix", but she concluded the last portion of the wall, herself. It wasn't that difficult.

The black girl lays the plastic tray through the hole she has created on the wall. She stands there for a couple of seconds, waiting. "Come on, i don't have all the time in the world...", she sighs. As soon as her words end, two muddy, greasy, filthy hands grab onto the tray, making it disappear inside the wall!

These hands belong to another young woman. She also used to have short, blonde hair, although the dye has gone long ago, and the -now black- hair are much longer now. She is fully naked inside that prison, a pair of – once – dark red lingerie, torn and melted from overuse, are tossed on a corner, completely useless. Thankfully some of the heating pipes pass through these walls, so she doesn't die from the cold. The woman hungrily feasts on the scraps of food, with her bare dirty hands, cupping water into her mouth. She knows if she takes too long to eat, the woman will close the hole back shut. And with the plastic tray on the wrong side of the wall, that means "no more food or water". And she needs food and water. She needs them to try to escape. Maybe. Someday.

As soon as she ends her hurried meal, the captive girl tosses the bowl through the hole. As the other, free woman bends over it to pick it up, she sees her victim, sticking her arm out trying to grab a hold of the bottom of her clothes. She also tries to stick her head out, to try to get the slightest eye-contact with her jailer, but her head never fits to poke through.

"Wait...WAIT...PLEASE.....don't go", she implores in hasty desperation. The standing woman simply pulls her pants away from the woman's grasp, not bothering to respond. "Just tell me if Hassan is ok, just tell me that! PLEAAAAAASE", the voice begs for an answer, any answer.

The clothed woman buries down feelings of human compassion. There are not many left there, if any. She is not the same person she was when she first stepped foot inside this house. A lot of things have changed since then...

She remains, cold, distant, as she pushes the cement block back in its place, sealing the helpless woman again in total darkness. "NOOOOO, LET ME ouuuuuuuut.....pleaaaaaase....don't dooo thiiiiis....." the woman's pleads slowly faint away, as the wall is sealed once more.

The delicately dressed woman dusts off her beautiful jumpsuit, then proceeds to drag the old desk back in front of the wall, perfectly obstructing the loose brick on the bottom, as well as blocking from being pushed out. She could maybe pull it inside, if not for the immovable metal hinges, bolted around the block to hold it in place. With an empty bowl in hand, she makes her way up the basement stairs. Hassan has made her hungry, in more than one ways...

If there was any light inside that tiny, cement cell, one would be able to see that the two women, while in vastly different shape, look very similar. Like identical twins. Or something even more bizarre. But the world only sees one of them.

For two is one too many.