

Fashion Victim

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

(Text in *italics* signifies a very French accent)

"MURDER ISN'T FASHION! MURDER ISN'T FASHION! MURDER ISN'T FASHION!" The chants can be heard loud and clear. A small, but lively mob is standing outside the headquarters of Miss Severe's fashion company, "Femme Fatale". Ahead of the mob, with an old, overused megaphone in hand, leading the protest is Rachel, a 23 year old Philosophy major. It's not the first time she and her fellow peers have set camp in front of the offices of this fashion tycoon, but activism is not a one-time thing.

The young girl, wearing a simple, blue sweater and a pair of jeans, her long brown hair caught in a sloppy ponytail, is the loudest out of all her activist comrades there. She doesn't care about how she might come across, neither at the annoyed looks of passersby, having to cross sidewalk, as the mob is blocking their paths, or about how loud she is being through her megaphone, to the nearby shoppers. This woman and her business have been senselessly killing animals for profit for years.

Rachel was always environmentally conscious, ever since a little kid. At college, she joined all sorts of groups, to fight for the causes she deemed just. Animal cruelty was always a big concern of Rachel's ideology. And no company seemed most evil and uncaring than "Femme Fatale". Their lines of real fur and leather clothing and accessories were massively popular on their (richer than average) clients. "Animals should be treated with respect and dignity" was the college-girl's motto and goal.

After 2 hours in the cold, a limousine approaches and stops right outside the large entrance of the tall building. A chauffeur moves to open the back door, and a slim, delicate woman walks out of the car. She has the air of 1000 queens, wearing a black, leather bodycon-type dress, down to her knees, with long sleeves over her slim arms. Over it, a big ginger red, coat, made of fox fur, reaching down to her legs, hugged her body. The back of the coat flowed behind her with her movement as the woman approached the entrance on her long, black stilettos.

Despite being a cloudy day, her eyes were covered with a pair of expensive shades. Her hair looked to be styled to each hair follicle, a stylish bob look at shoulder length, with black and white-blonde colors.

Her lips were painted with a light-red lipstick, complimenting her fur coat. The imposing woman wasn't a day older than 37.

The particularly French woman was Miss Jacqueline Severe, owner of the "Femme Fatale" company. The protesting mob, approached her, or rather tried to, as three bodyguards immediately stood between the carefree woman and Rachel. "Heartless bitch!" the young girl shouted as close as the guards allowed her, to the woman walking by her, and up the stairs to the entrance. The woman, turned to look at the pest yelling at her, only momentarily. She remembered that annoying brat, from other protests. She never paid any attention to them, but their leader had been seen so many times, she had committed that face to her memory. *"Hi sweetie, do you want me to get you a coat from inside? It's awfully cold, and they are much warmer than your dad's sweater"* she said with an obvious french accent, referring to the girl's choice of clothes.

"Fuck you...you..." Rachel was too furious to come up with a good comeback. Miss Severe didn't wait for one; she was already past the door of the company's premises.

Weeks passed, and even though she didn't need that, Rachel's encounter with Miss Severe, had only fueled her quest to put an end to this bitch's endeavors. It was a known fact amongst the activist community, that her company's tactics were shady, besides the obvious lack of morality. Numerous times had the company been accused of hunting protected species of animals, and breaking the limits of legal animal products used for clothing purposes. But every time, Miss Severe managed to walk away free. There was never enough evidence to take her down.

Besides the efforts of her activist group, Rachel conducted her own, far more private investigation in the woman's company. But she could go so far with the use of the internet. She had to really dig deeper.

Armed with courage and not much else, Rachel made her way through the night, until she reached the wire-fence surrounding the fashion factory. She pulled a pair of big cutters from a small bag. With her slim form, she didn't have to snap many wires to move through the fence. She snuck her way to the back-door. The alarm should be off at this point. The countless lock-picking YouTube videos she watched were enough for her to pick the lock and slide the door open.

Stepping inside the dark warehouse, she could hear faint roars, coming from various creatures. She flicked on the light-switch to see hundreds of animals, caged in terrible conditions. Foxes, raccoons, rabbits, panthers and leopards, even dogs and cats were locked away, just waiting for a painful death. Many of the species she saw caged were certainly protected species, like white tigers, giraffes or panda

bears, a serious violation. On another corners were alligators and snakes on little mesh boxes, used for leather. Most of these animals were surely illegally captured, as Rachel spotted dozens of illegal traps all around the fur-farm.

What shocked her most, was the second half of the giant warehouse, had thousands of cats and dogs, packed in tiny spaces. It was completely illegal to use cats and dogs for fur, never mind that many, and in such horrible conditions. But, it was easy and cheap to get these animals, and "disguise" their fur as something else, like a fox or a bear. The scam made the company millions of dollars.

Rachel snapped photos with her phone camera of everything, horrified by the sight, but at the same time thrilled to have clear evidence that could lock that bitch behind bars for many years. She left the fur-farm, her heart racing with excitement. With evidence such as these, she could close down the whole "Femme Fatale" brand, and put its hated owner in jail for 15, maybe 20 years! As she passed through the opening in the fence she had created before, a strand of her blue sweater was caught on the cut wires.

Rachel went to the police that same night, making an anonymous report and sharing her findings with the authorities. She knew it would not be safe for her to do anything publicly, these types of business don't need a lot of push to make any annoying individual disappear. Her life was in danger. But Rachel didn't care much. She was happy that she would finally see Frenchy's snob mug behind bars.

As the warrants were being prepared, the guards spotted the hole of the fence, and had alerted their employer of the break-in. After hearing it for a good 5 minutes, an angry Miss Severe reached the factory. The sun was just starting to rise. It was around 5:30 A.M. The woman would be in a bad mood for just being woken up at this hour, never mind the fact that her whole life might be turning upside down. Grossed out by the dirt staining her clothes, she made her way to where the fence had been breached. Two guards were waiting for her, worried, anticipating more curses coming from her. "*Anything?*" she simply asked, with a stern tone. They both pointed to a strand of wool, caught in one of the sticking out wires. The woman squinted, a memory of a particular sweater of the same color, coming to her mind. "*That little bitch...*" she smiled.

Rachel could not sleep much. She was just to amped up from everything to close her eyes. The break-in, the discovery, the impending arrest! She could not wait, living the T.V open just to catch the early news and hear first of that human-faced devil's arrest. She just stood in her office-chair, dressed in some cute, pink pyjama shorts and top, mindlessly browsing online and waiting. Tired and absorbed, she didn't notice her studio apartment's door being unlocked. From behind her, a gloved hand reached and smothered her, over her mouth and nose. Rachel's eyes moved up, to see a hooded woman, look down at her. The hood had three holes, two for her beautiful eyes, and one for her red lips.

Rachel tried to turn and free herself from the woman's grasp, but her swivel chair acted mostly in the invader's favor, the back rest prohibiting her from turning her body. "MMhhmm! Mmmmmmmgggg!" the girl protested, kicking her computer monitor down on the floor, in her attempts. The woman behind her, wearing an all-black, skin-tight cat suit, produced a syringe, and plunged its needle into the side of the girl's neck. "MMmmmmmmmmmm" Rachel let out a final moan, before the serum working its magic and knocking her unconscious, seconds later.

Rachel slowly opens her eyes, still dizzy from the drug's effects. She is bound on a chair, but it's not hers, rather, a very expensive wooden one. Rachel goes to get up, but she is tied securely down to the chair with rope. Her arms are bound behind the chair's back, her legs bound to each front leg, and her breasts and waist are also wrapped with coils. She is not even home anymore. She's in the middle of a huge living room. Lots of art is hanging from the walls, lots of sculptures and modern art around. The place exudes wealth. The girl is facing towards the draped windows. "Mmmhm?" unable to alert anyone, with a piece of tape over her lips, she tests her restraints strength, turning her eyes left and right. No one in sight.

She then discovers that her clothes have changed. In the place of her plain clothing, are items that she associated with Miss Severe. She wears some grey, knee-high furry boots and a black leather pair of pants. Her sexy top has snake-skin pattern. Strapped across her chest by a chain-strap, is a purse made out of actual snake skin, now hanging from the side, matching her top. She immediately feels repulsed of the fact she's wearing such clothes. She would destroy such insulting creations at the first opportunity, if she wasn't securely tied up.

"You couldn't just let me be..." she hears an impatient voice coming from behind her, a voice that sounds familiar. It's the voice of Miss Severe! As the girl feels her captor caress her cheek from behind, she raises her head to look up at her. She looks up at the woman, looking down at her with a satisfied smile.

"I would have guessed it was you, even without that horrible sweater of yours" the woman poked fun at the chair-bound girl. Rachel tried to curse at her captor, but the tape held her lips shut. "Lll mm GGGGG!" she protested, angry at the immoral woman.

"I took the liberty of dressing you...sorry for that. But we're running a little short on time" she said to the tape-gagged young woman. *"If you had spent a little more of your time shopping at a "Femme" shop, instead of wasting your time yelling at the street like a barbarian, we wouldn't have to end up in this mess"*. Rachel looked at her with pure hatred.

Another woman soon approached, wearing a black cat suit. Rachel recognized the woman's eyes, as the woman who abducted her. Her face was beautiful without the obscuring hood. On the armrest of a couch, amongst the big living room, was a change of clothing, Rachel hadn't noticed until then. It was a pair of jeans, and a top. Rachel recognized these as her clothes! "*I hoped you didn't bring anything too hideous*" Jacqueline said to her hench-woman, eyeing the clothes. "I grabbed what i could find" she replied without a care. "Can i go, now?" the darkly dressed woman, asked her employer. Miss Severe didn't even swift her gaze on her, simply waving her off.

"*What is it really, with you people and animals?*" Miss Severe asked sincerely her bound and gagged guest, as she started undressing right in front her at the same time. "*Why do you care so much, what i wanna wear?*" Rachel watched the woman strip to her underwear, before putting on her own clothes. Rachel watched in silence. Trying to argue her captor's point with moans would just make her look silly. "*Look at that, they fit perfectly! It's a good think you have as nice of a body as i do*" she complimented her captive and herself at the same time. "*But god, this is so basic!*" she exclaimed. It was the first time in ages she could be seen with such banal fashion choices. Hopefully it wouldn't last for too long, she thought. Rachel kept looking at her captor with a puzzled look.

Miss Severe clicked her fingers, and a maid came in the room, pushing a wheeled tray. She didn't seem alarmed or bothered by the sight of a restrained person in her madam's home. Jacqueline then, took a towel from the bottom self of the tray and draped it over the restrained girl's shoulders. "*Did you know i was a hairdresser, before i created my company? I was pretty good, if i may say so*" Miss Severe bragged, now in Rachel's jeans and plain t-shirt. She grabbed a hold of water spray, a comb and a pair of scissors. Not wasting much more time, she started spraying and combing the girl's hair.

"MMmmmmggg?" Rachel tried to move away, but when she felt the tip of the scissors against the soft part of her neck, she "calmed down".

snip

snip

snip

snip

A few minutes later, a considerable portion of Rachel's long, brown hair, was on the floor. Miss Severe's maid's was sweeping the hair away, not uttering a word. Rachel's hairstyle was no identical to Jacqueline's. The woman then took a white-blonde and a black hair dye, and started applying to all the right spots, just as it had been done to her hair. Rachel was starting to put the pieces together. "That woman is turning me into herself! But why?" She had gone to the police some hours ago. She hoped they would knock at Miss Severe's door at any moment. Things weren't looking good for her.

When both women had identical hairstyles, Jacqueline moved to the next stage of her plan. Rachel was getting increasingly nervous, as the woman proceeded to take what looked like a silver colored pill from the tray. She rudely pulled the tape of the girl's face. "What the fuck are you doing you crazy bAAAAAgg" her long-awaited rant was cut short by Miss Severe squeezing her cheeks with her hand, to open her mouth wide. She then threw the pill inside and promptly smothered the girl with both hands. One over her mouth and one over her nose. "*Swallow it, you little salope (French for bitch or slut)*" Jacqueline was running out of patience, as Rachel writhed silently, from the sudden oxygen deprivation. After the desired *gulp* sound, she was allowed air.

"Gaaa...*huff*...*huff*" the girl was panting. She felt the pill get wedged half-way down her throat. "What was that?" she asked both angry and now, frightened. "*Just give it a second will you?*" Miss Severe replied. Rachel could feel a tingling sensation inside her neck. "The cops will be on their way, so you better..." Rachel froze in shock. She realized that what she was hearing coming out of her mouth didn't sound like her voice. It was a bit lower in register, with a wildly different timbre, and a very thick, french accent, despite the fact that Rachel had spent her whole life in the West coast. At the course of this half sentence, her voice had gradually changed. It now sounded exactly like Jacqueline's voice!

"*What have you done to me you, sicko?*" Rachel was losing her cool exponentially quick. Her captor didn't care. "*It's a voice altering chip. It attaches to your vocal chords, and manipulates them to act like mine do*" she said very nonchalantly, despite the sci-fi levels of technology she possessed, and continued with the transformation. She picked up a bottle with a clear liquid and started massaging it all over the girl's face. "*Let me go!*" Rachel thrashed in her chair, as the strange lotion finally covered her, from ear to ear and from the top of her forehead to her chin, even on her lips and eyelids. No matter where she turned her face, the woman kept working the lotion everywhere. Finally, it was covering her entire face. The lotion felt warm on her skin, seconds after being applied.

Miss Severe then took a hold of a mask, previously sitting on the tray. It looked very realistic and malleable. Rachel couldn't see very well whose face was represented on the mask, but she had an idea. "*No...please...don't*" was all Rachel could utter, in her captor's french accent, before the grinning woman pressed it firmly against her face. "*If you move even an inch, i'll cut your throat i swear*" the older woman lined up the mask just correctly, all the while Rachel sobbed silently, her fists balled up behind her back. Every time she caused Jacqueline too much trouble by moving, the handy scissors that were pricking her neck put her in her place. Immobile and obedient.

When finished, Jacqueline had in front of her a chair-bound, weeping, clone of her, the glued permanently affixing the mask against Rachel's face. Without the right glue dissolvent, she'd have to basically rip her face off, to remove this mask. With their bodies measuring very similarly, her mask looking no different than Jacqueline's own face, and the chip/pill, altering Rachel's vocal chords, to match her captor's own, no one would be able to tell the difference between them. Miss Severe's clothes completed the picture, adding insult to injury for Rachel.

"*Please...get this thing off...*" Rachel begged. The woman laughed. She had to admit it was kind of cool, listening to her own voice be so...pathetic and pitiful. But she was bored of the girl's noisy pleas. Jacqueline took one of her old scarves and wrapped it around her mouth, turning it into an effective cleave-gag.

The fashion tycoon's maid was signaled over, bringing an oval mirror in hand. She positioned it in front of the chair-bound "Jacqueline". The young woman looked back at a reflection, which was no longer hers. Nothing of this woman in front of Rachel, reminded her of herself. The sight was particularly trippy and disturbing.

It would only get more so. With the girl's transformation out of the way, someone had to take her place. That would be Jacqueline Severe. She gulped a similar pill as the one forced down Rachel's throat. In no time, her voice had gotten slightly up in pitch, its tone and everything else matching that of the abducted girl's.

The casually dressed diva applied the same glue on her face. She didn't mind match, as she had plenty of the dissolvent with her. She couldn't risk someone pinching her mask off, though. "At least you're a cutie, i'll go get me some college boys, while you're spending your days in a cold cell" she said, before affixing the mask, with Rachel's perfectly portrayed characteristics, onto her face. Rachel, now looking indistinct from her captor, pulled and struggled at her bindings, unable to accept what Miss Severe had done.

At the police station, Rachel was glad to hear the amount of years one might receive for such a crime. But now, waiting to be charged with that same crime didn't feel good at all.

With everyone in the house gone, and the alarm's wires purposely cut beforehand, it would look like a simple breaking and entering. Jacqueline didn't mind that much, in comparison to two decades in jail. Just as she was finishing perfecting the details of the mask, there was repeated, loud knocks at the door. "POLICE, OPEN THE DOOR!" was heard from outside the house. Jacqueline, now with Rachel's clothes, face and voice, opened the door. "You're here! She was about to make a break for it, so i restrained her"

"Rachel" said to the 4 officers, ready to break the door. "Good job, kiddo" said the 40something policeman, even though Rachel was 23. They moved inside, guns still in hand, to find a moaning and struggling Jacqueline Severe, tied on a chair, in the middle of her own living room.

"Miss Severe, you're under arrest for a number of serious crimes, regarding your clothing business. Anything you say can and will be...well you can't say anything now, anyway" the cops had a good laugh, despite not following proper protocol. "MMMMmmgggmm, MMMMMMMMMNNN" the men paid little attention to Miss Severe's moans, coming from the girl transformed as her. She eyed them with wide eyes, trying to signal that something was very, very wrong! They simply got her off the chair, cuffed her wrists behind her back, and with one hand grabbing each arm, pulled her towards their vehicle. As she was being led out of her captor's home, Rachel turned to look at Miss Severe. The 37 year old college girl, stood there, hands folded on her chest, with a victorious smile. She shot Rachel a blink before the woman was lost from her sight, taken away by the policemen.

4 YEARS LATER

"Identification, please?" the female prison guard at the entrance asks politely. A woman, covered with a dark blue, satin veil, with only her seductive eyes visible through the veil, stands on the other side of the Plexiglas frame. "Yes, *of course*" she replies, handing her the I.D. card through the opening. The outline of her slim body is visible, through the soft fabric, despite it covering her body down to her ankles. "Thank you, right this way, Miss Marez" the woman points her to a narrow hall.

A man, a guard, escorts the woman through the corridors of the facility. Passing the "regular" part of the prison, they woman and the guard make their way to the psych ward of the prison, where prisoners with mental disorders and other treatable or untreatable cases are jailed.

"It's been 2 years since she was moved here from the main prison" the guard explains to the woman. "I see..." she simply nods. "Are you close with the inmate? She has never had any visitors, before" the guard attempted to small-talk. "Very close, you can say...we're the same person in many regards" the woman replied. "I'm sorry to hear that, seeing she still has 18 years to go on her sentence" the guard seemed sympathetic towards the two friends. "She appeared to have the episode, upon getting arrested. Insisting she's this college girl, Rachel, but we traced her and she was happily married in Paris" the man said, perplexed. "She's calmed down, somewhat, ever since we've transported her here. But

still, doctors can't find any diagnosis" the guard informed her. "*What a weird thing the mind is...*" the Middle Eastern-looking woman replied.

They finally reached a door, the guard fiddling with the keys, until he found the right one. Upon entering, the veil covered woman saw a small, white room, with padded walls all around. On the far end, was a restrained woman, sitting on the padded floor, wearing nothing but a straitjacket and a pair of white, prison-issued panties. The back end of her garment was chained by a 3 yard chain to a bolt on the wall behind her. She had white-blond-and-black short hair, although the color on them had faded somewhat, like it was ages since her last visit to a hairdresser. Her face had endured multiple scratch-wounds as well, caused by clawing nails.

"You have 20 minutes, if you need anything, i'll be outside" the large guard politely reminded the guest. "*Thank you, it won't take that long*" the woman ensured him, before he closed the door behind her.

A few seconds of silence were shared between the women. The guest watched the prisoner, studying her situation with interest. "*Are you here to help me?...*" the woman spoke with an exhausted tone. "*No one believes a word i say...*" she spoke with a similar french accent, looking up at the stranger standing in front of her. "*Well, i wish i could help you...*" the woman replied. The straitjacketed woman squints her eyes. There's something familiar to this woman. Her voice sounds like hers, but she can't quite make out. "*I just wanted to check up on you. See how you're doing...Rachel*" the woman said, raising the veil off her head, to reveal her face.

Rachel's eyes widened with shock. There were too identical women in the small cell, and only one of them was Jacqueline Severe. "*How dare you!...*" the woman spoke, testing for the millionth time the strength of her straitjacket. "*GUARDS...HELP...QUICKLY...SHE'S HERE!!!*" she tried alerting the guard. The soundproof cells of the psych ward didn't help her cause, but "Miss Marez" wanted to be sure. She spotted a rubber bit gag, sitting on a tiny table of the cell. It was sometimes necessary for preventing a patient from biting their tongue off. She grabbed it and shoved the bit-gag between the screaming girl's teeth, tying the elastic rubber straps behind her head. "*Be respectful, people are trying to rest here*" Severe teased the 37 year-old-looking girl. "*NNNngggg fkn bbbfff*" Rachel protested behind the gag.

"*I'm afraid i have to go now, i got a Paris plane to catch. I miss home already*" said the woman, fixing the veil once again over her head. "*Anyway, it's been great seeing you again, au revoir!*" the woman waved her fingers to the moaning, screaming woman, who by that point had gotten up, and was pointlessly trying to reach her, her naked feet sliding along the padded floor, the bolted chain behind her completely taut.

"*I'm afraid my visit must have caused her some traumatic relapse*" the woman said as she exited the door, to the guard, waiting for her, leaning against a wall of the narrow hall. "Damn, don't worry, i'll give your friend a sedative shot, she'll be fine in no time" the sincere, wholesome big man tried to comfort the veiled woman.

"*Thank you so much. Please, take good care of her*" she said, patting his shoulder and exiting the hall, her smile obstructed by the satin veil.