

Sister Switcheroo

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“We, the jury, find the defendant, Alice Tinsley, guilty of first degree grand theft, guilty of mass fraud and guilty of breaching documents of national security for unlawful purposes” the representative spoke. “I thereby sentence you to life in prison, without the possibility of parole. You are to be sent to Portway’s Maximum Security Prison, where you’ll spend the entirety of your sentence”, the judge then announced to the court with a smash of his gavel.

The pretty girl, barely an adult at 19 years of age, listened to the verdict standing up, in the orange prison jumpsuit she had become used to ever since her incarceration. There are some common reactions to hearing your freedom is taken away forever. People might burst into tears or pitiful sobs; some feel weak at the knees, while others stare into nothingness with a blank look on their faces.

Alice was not that kind of gal. She had been into a life of crime, ever since she had stolen that first chocolate bar at age 7. Upon hearing her life-dooming sentence, she made a grimace, while awkwardly scratching her long, frizzy locks of red hair with her wrist-cuffed hands. Her reaction was similar to one people would have if they learned they had to work Saturday, not having to spend the rest of their lives in a maximum security prison.

As the young, ginger girl was being escorted off the courtroom by two guards, her mother, 42-year-old Carrey, watched her from the stands in her formal suit and skirt, with a numb expression, biting her bottom lip. She looked just like an older version of her daughter, same angelic orange-red hair, same freckles on her face, same honey-colored eyes.

19 years ago, she had given birth to two beautiful, identical twins. Alice and Fiona. They were both two stunning young women, indistinguishable like drops of water. Not to their mother of course, but to everyone else.

But as bad as this sounded, Carrey clearly had a favorite amongst the two. She always felt like kindred spirits with her Alice, something that developed into a partnership and a shared life of crime. Carrey was a master scammer and an elusive forger, raking in hundreds of thousands over the years from various

“gigs”. In the past 3 years, she had brought a very willing Alice onboard, adding the young girl’s expert hacking skills to the team’s “arsenal”. The apple truly didn’t fall far from the tree. It how could it? Both women had spunky, dynamic, go-getter personalities, and an unapologetically punk way of life. Authority never agreed well with either of them. “Working” together with her daughter was the coolest, most fun thing Carrey had ever done in her life.

On the other hand, Alice’s sister, Fiona could not be more different than her twin, appearances-aside. Fiona was always kind, demure, with a wholesome, naïve smile on her face. She was the polar opposite of her sister’s rebellious spirit, a god-fearing, politely passive individual, an all-around law-abiding citizen. The turn-the-other-cheek type of person.

Alice and Carrey always found the girl’s personality blunt and boring, a big contrast to their cool, not-giving-a-fuck attitude. Fiona never wanted to hear anything about her family’s “troubled” relationship with the law. The vast differences in their moral compass and overall ideology had driven the family silently estranged, ever since Fiona got a job and moved out of her mum’s house.

Both girls had “inherited” their cougar-of-a-mother’s good genes, since both were naturally slim, both 5’8” tall, but with some noticeable curves in all the right places. Perky B-cup titties, slender waists and peach-like behinds. Their mom didn’t hold far back even at the age of 42, capable of “pulling” any guy she desired with all the right moves, perfected by women since ancient times. Her ripe, shapely body was a dream-come-true for any guy past the adolescent stage.

In contrast to Alice, who just like her mum, didn’t care if getting what she wanted required her “flaunting the goods”, Fiona rarely ever wore any dress above her calves, and any cleavage was out of the question. Shorts or tight fitting pants were also out. Fiona was a church-going “good-girl”.

Carrey knew she could have been a better mother, but as much as she’d tried throughout the years to connect with her “other” offspring, she had failed miserably. Her daughter had become barely more than an acquaintance.

Carrey found herself over the living room table. Law-books, papers and her laptop were scattered on it, as she desperately shifted through everything, searching for cases that could help Alice’s chances for a successful appeal. She didn’t find anything. Fraud alone could have gotten her say 5 or 10 years, but messing with files as sensitive (and priceless) as those the duo had stolen, constituted a heavy, federal crime. They might have earned them a few millions of dollars, but Alice and Carrey had bitten off more than they could chew. No incriminating facts had been brought against Alice’s mother, since the girl had

done most of the heavy lifting with her hacking, but this didn't make losing her "Little Rose" feel any better.

She let her head drop onto her crossed arms, exhausted and without any solution found, profoundly sad. "If only Fiona was there instead of Alice", the thought naturally, effortlessly, instinctively came to her mind, as she was reminded of "her little Rose", as she often called Alice, being damned far away from her for eternity. "Wait...!" her eyes sparked with the electricity of an idea. "That's actually not impossible..." she whispered that last thought, gears already turning.

It took less time for Carrey to convince herself of the plan, than actually devise it. Sure, this was far from the most honorable thing she could do, but Alice's life was at stake, so everything was fair-game. Fiona might not forgive them for this, but Carrey was sure she'd understand. Exchanging "her little rose" for a girl she was totally indifferent to, sounded like a great trade, despite both sharing the same blood with her.

Some of the puzzle's pieces seemed to be already in the right place. Fiona had a plain job as a cashier at a bakery, and only a few friends. Cutting ties with these loose ends, even under sudden and mysterious circumstances, wouldn't set many bells off. At least as far as the girl's job went, Alice could easily pose as her sis and offer her resignation in person. To her friends she could just say she moved out. After all, her voice was as close to Fiona's as an actual recording.

This crazy plan might just work.

"...I know you want nothing to do with her...yes.... Yes I understand you never saw eye to eye.....I... just think it would be a good idea if you came along with me to see her before they take her. You haven't seen her in a while and it'd be a good chance to patch things up.....yes, she was very afraid last time I visited her. I think your presence would calm her down..."

A big pause followed, Carrie waiting nervously over the phone. Finally she heard a big sigh from the other side of the line. "When do they take her to this prison?" Fiona asked, sounding annoyed for allowing herself to succumb to her mother's emotional manipulation.

"In 12 days, next Friday morning.....thank you Fiona.....i'm so glad you changed your mind. It's the right thing to do. I promise you won't regret it".

As soon as the click of the phone was heard, Carrie's sober, reverent expression shifted to one of released stress with a sigh equally long to that of her daughter's seconds ago. It took a good 15 minutes

of convincing. Fiona wanted nothing to do with her criminal sister, even more so that she was busted. She felt shame on her behalf. But her always cunning mother had turned her around.

“Script...dot...exe...You got it? Then underscore... i... plus... semicolon.”

Carrie scribbled down every letter, number, notation and blank her daughter whispered to her, their foreheads almost touching as they say opposite inside the stale, clinical visitation room. Carrie’s notebook was a necessary disguise for their ruse. In every visit, the two women informed each noisy guard that was looking suspiciously from the door, that these private little exchanges were heartfelt letters meant for the girl’s boyfriend. Every guard had bought it, since no prisoner was ever allowed pencils or any sharp object, it made sense that the mother should play secretary to her daughter.

The girl’s whispers had been justified as an attempt to hide personal, sensitive thoughts and feelings. This served them well, as the information the two were exchanging might prove vital in the girl’s escape plan. Carrie had filled 5 pages of that hieroglyphic stuff, accumulated over multiple visits.

“Ok...hope that’s all...” Carrie stepped back on her chair, able to speak at a normal volume again. “Yes, don’t forget my... instructions” the girl emphasized that last word. She was in the same orange jumpsuit that was given to her since her incarceration, and her wrists were handcuffed to a metal handle, jutting out of the surface of the table for this very reason. These cuffs would be the least of the pair’s concerns.

These “hieroglyphics” Carrie had in her possession were a programming code, and one aimed at a very useful function. Alice was not your average computer whiz. Not only she had created these lines of code, she remembered them all by heart. All her mother had to do now was type it in a specific program and transfer the file to her phone.

“So...is the princess coming, after all?” Alice said, with a distant, almost uncaring smirk on her face. “Yes, I’m pretty sure she is”, Carrie replied. “Don’t forget to...jazz things up, like we discussed”, Carrie reminded her daughter. “Yeah, yeah”, Alice waived to her mother to come closer again, out of any earshot. “So listen...once the head officer arrives and does all the legal “yadayada” stuff, the clock starts ticking. I have 6 more rooms past mine. With three minutes spent on each inmate, we have about 15 minutes to safely pull this off”.

Her mother nodded, reverting back to a more comfortable sitting. “The truck for the inmate transfer will arrive at about 10”. Alice concluded in a normal volume. “We’ll be here at 9”, Carrie replied just as the harsh sound of the buzzer indicated that visitation time was over.

“Thank you very much, have a great day miss!” Fiona bid farewell to another customer, an old lady leaving with a loaf of bread inside a paper bag. The bakery was running smoothly, and the young girl was such a cute sight with her apron on. She had informed that she wouldn’t complete her whole shift today. She would visit her sister, who “was sick”. She couldn’t bear tell her boss that she shared blood with a convicted criminal, with such an amoral person.

The jingle of the bell, stashed above the bakery’s front door’s indicated another entrance. Fiona recognized the woman, dressed in a gorgeous trench coat and stylish sunglasses. She had the same red hair as Fiona, same waviness to them, almost same length, reaching down to her chest. “Hello mother...” Fiona gave Carrie a formal, half-hearted greeting. She smiled, not removing her glasses inside the shop. “Good morning honey, everything ready?” she said, still keeping that exaggerated smile going. “Yes, let me get my things”, Fiona nodded, moving to the back room to leave her apron and retrieve her purse. She had the same pretty face as her sister, even down to the little details of her nose, her cheekbones, her eyes. Unlike her sister though, Fiona mostly kept her hair in a strict, modest ponytail, just like the one she had now.

“Your IDs please”, the male guard asked of the two ladies, waiting at the gates. Fiona ruffled through her purse and pulled out her identification card, handing it over to the guard after her mom had done the same. She was dressed in a beautiful, white floral dress that reached modestly down her calves. Carrie was in some sharp 4-inch red stilettos, while Fiona wore some modest 1-inch heeled, basic black shoes. The guard handed back Fiona’s card, and the gate was slid to the side so the two women could enter the holding facility’s yard.

Unlike Portway, which was the prison that Alice was destined for, this one was mostly used as a “holding place”. Most inmates here were recently sentenced cases, waiting to be sent to their actual destination. Despite all this, there were a few armed officers patrolling the yard, although mostly standing in place at this early hour.

Carrie and Fiona entered the building, the mesh, metal door slamming behind them and auto-locking. No more words than necessary were exchanged between Fiona and her mother. Carrie was rather expressionless after the initial greeting. As for Fiona, she could not be feeling more visibly out of place. Awkward and anxious, she hadn’t even thought of what she might say to her twin sister once she saw her. It went without saying, that this was the first time she was setting foot on a prison.

The two women moved through a long narrow hall, with multiple doors at both side. Cops and other personnel in formal suits were moving hastily back and forth. Transfer day was always a busy one. Fiona almost bumped into her mother, as she stopped in front of a door with the number 12D. Carrie knocked, and a few seconds later, the door was heard being unlocked from the other side, and a guard opened it. He was a black man around his 50s, with a frizzy mustache. "Visit for Alice Tinsley?" Carrie said, even though she knew she had the right room, after countless visits.

"Step right in", the guard motioned with a polite smile. He had a holstered gun as well as a baton on his belt. Fiona saw that annoying smirk she hadn't seen in quite a while, as Alice met her eyes from behind the table she was handcuffed to.

"Heeeeyyy sis! How've you been?" the fully orange-dressed girl started cracking wise before Fiona had even taken a seat near her. Her red locks were as always, left to drop on either shoulder, reaching her chest. "Hi Alice. You look...cheerful", Fiona commented, surprised at her sister's lack of sorrow. Finding many niceties to reply was a chore. Her twin sister's life sentence had done nothing to shift Fiona's opinion of her. Carrie watched silently, seating opposite Alice, while Fiona was sitting on their side.

The pointers of the old-fashioned, round clock on the wall seemed to have been messed with. They were moving so slowly. The atmosphere was thick. A few aloof exchanges about Fiona's life, served as both an ice-breaker and as some valuable information for later. But as time ticked, the awkward pauses became longer. Even the guard, standing in on the doorway, was feeling the troubled vibes of this family.

"Sooo, do you know where they're taking you?" Fiona made an attempt at empathy. "Yeah, Portway", Alice said with a sigh. "It's pretty rough, maximum security stuff, no parole, soooo I hope I make some good friends there" she said with a foxy smile.

"I'm sure you will", was her grimacing sister's double-edged response, slightly implying that Alice will fare well amongst other despicable criminals. Carrie remained pretty quiet throughout this down time, something that Fiona interpreted as grief. "For what it's worth, I'm sorry this happened to you" Fiona tried to take the high-road. Alice nodded in approval of the gesture, her mind preoccupied with something Fiona couldn't quite pick out.

Finally, two sharp knocks were heard from the other side of the holding cell's door. The guard unlocked it, and a stone-faced, brown-skinned woman entered the room, dressed in a simple, professional dark pantsuit outfit. On either side of her, followed two burly, jacked men male agents. Both were wearing sporty, dark sunglasses and a no-nonsense macho expression.

"Miss...Tinsley", the woman delayed her words to look down at the chart she had in hand. "I'm Officer Rodriguez. I'm the supervisor of your transportation mission today. I'll be reading out your sentence and your rights at the Portway Facility. This won't take more than a couple of minutes", she said. Alice shrugged in fake disregard.

As the woman begun reading the same small paragraph 10 more people would hear today, the two bulky agents approached Alice with a brown, leather muzzle gag. The gag's exterior was smooth and covered the whole bottom half of the person's face, beneath their nose. Alice's eyes locked with her mother's, and she immediately started fighting the men, as one guard held her face still and the other placed the muzzle over the young girl's face. The panel housed a rubber cylindrical protrusion on the inside, with a dented arc around its base for the teeth to "nest" in.

Alice let muffled growls and tried to kick the thrice-bigger men, with her hands uselessly cuffed. As the guards were strapping the couple of straps, one going behind Alice's head, the other through her eyes, they announced with a cold, uncaring tone. "This is standard procedure for transporting inmates to Portway Prison. Prohibition of any communication between inmates during the transportation procedure is mandatory for matters of public safety and security. Please do not resist", the guard finished the robotic announcement, as Alice was being rendered mute. Fiona watched this dehumanizing assault with a shocked expression, though saying nothing to protest it.

The girl's muffled groans and the rustling of her struggles were mixed with Miss Rodriguez' recital of legal jargon. Having read this damn thing hundreds of times in her career, this formality had made the agent so jaded enough to cut some corners; she didn't care much whether the inmate would be able to decipher much.

When the detective finished her little poem, Alice had not stopped protesting and slamming the table in her gagged state. None of the agents batted an eye. They had seen their fair share of breakdowns before a transfer. The guard escorted them out; there were more inmates to get to.

Alice did not stop thrashing around, though. On the contrary a panic seemed to be overtaking her, as she seemed to hyperventilate and jerk around in her bonds. Fiona had gotten up from her chair and moved a couple of steps back, not helping her sister, but mostly scared of her. "I think she needs a sedative shot", the polite guard approached worried, carrying a small needle in one of his chest pockets, as per protocol. "Sir, please!" Carrie intervened. "She's just a young girl, she's scared. Can we have some privacy so I can calm her down?" she implored, making her voice a tad higher, more feminine than

usual. As she stood right beside the chubby officer, she put her manicured hand on his chest, while also pressing her chest cunningly outwards, in a way she had done countless times, exposing the deep cleavage of her trench-coat. "I'm asking you as a mother..." she concluded the emotional blackmail with sad, glistening eyes. "**Sigh**...alright..." the guard shook his head, unsure of his own decision. "I'll come back with the agents for her transfer", he said and exited the door, staying outside the door.

As soon as the family was alone in the room, Carrie pressed a button on her phone. The guard was out, but security cameras still recorded the inside of the room. As soon as that button was pressed, though, the hacking code Alice had crafted not only gained access into the station's feed of every holding room, but she had programmed to actually replay a specific 20 minute cut, in a time span Alice deemed to be between her family's entrance and the agent's one. The guard supervising the footage of each security camera was seeing a conversation that had already occurred between three seated women. The bad quality of the video did not help him decipher whether the girl was gagged or not.

Carrie then swiftly took out a bobby pin she already had inside her red hair and started fidgeting with Alice's cuffs. Fiona was still recovering from Alice's apparent sudden panic attack. "What are you doing?!" she said, somehow both with a whisper and a yelp. Her mother did not reply, too busy working her magic on these cuffs, just like she had countless times before.

As soon as Alice's hands were freed, the woman reached behind her head undoing the straps of her gag. Fiona's expression had changed from shock into one of strict disapproval mixed with worry. "Are you actually trying to escape? I'm not going to jail as your accomplice" she made her intentions crystal clear with an anxious, worried voice. "Stop this or I'm alerting the guard!" she gave her mother and sister one last chance to behave. Her voice was almost trembling.

"I'm not escaping", Alice said with a mischievous smile, free of the gag, which she was now twirling in her hand like a toy. Fiona furrowed her eyebrow when she saw the predatory look her twin sister was giving her, as she moved slowly towards her. "I'll exit the gates in a leisurely stroll..." she said, zipping down her jumpsuit from neck to bellybutton, and stepping out of the oversized bodysuit. She was only in her bra and Brazilian panties now. Well, that and her black prison sneakers.

A scream formed between Fiona's vocal chords. But by the time it had travelled through her voice box and out of her mouth, a hand was there to stifle it. To Fiona's grim realization, that hand was her mother's! As she stood behind her, Carrie also gathered both her daughter's arms, locking them behind her back from the inside of her elbows.

“MMMMMMMMFFFF!!!” Fiona kicked at her approaching sister, both her slim legs swinging furiously at the air, but Alice simply pounced on her a beat later, shoving the panel gag over her face and running alongside her mom to fasten the straps. “A little quicker...” Carrie said with urgency, fighting with both her hands to keep the arm-lock on the screaming redheaded banshee.

10 minutes were left until the agents’ returned to take Alice away.

“GGGnnnnnnnnmllllmmmgggg!” Fiona had been silenced efficiently, but the duo had still much work and little time. “The dress!” Alice said as softly as her adrenaline allowed her. Carrie swiftly moved her hands from her daughter’s arms to her delicate dress, grabbing it from both sides and pulling it up to remove it. The gagged Fiona flailed to stop this, but with her dress’ flowy bottom raised over head and arms, effectively encasing her, she could only flail blindly. The struggle caused both Carrie and Fiona to fall on the floor, the older woman trying to pull the dress clean off, as it was currently stuck on Fiona’s beautiful chest. Fiona’s underwear where now also visible, a cream-colored bra and matching boring slip-panties.

Meanwhile, the guard outside was checking his phone, lightly singing to himself to pass the time. Officer Rodriguez paid no attention to him, as she and her “goons” had just finished “briefing” another inmate.

“MMMMmmggggg!!!” Fiona could only continue screaming for help as Alice grabbed the opportunity to jump on the unsuspecting girl’s tummy, straddling Fiona in reverse, facing her legs, and pinning her body down at the same time. She wasted no time trying to work the pant-legs of her very own prison jumpsuit up over her sister’s feet and then through her legs.

Her mother finally got the whole dress off her struggling daughter, who looked up to both now completely wide-eyed, in both terrified disbelief at her own family attacking her, but also a furious struggle. Carrie then pinned her offspring’s wrists down. It took all her strength, since Fiona was bucking like a wild-animal, but in the end, she could only slightly scrape her hands against the floor, but never leaving it.

Alice was being continuously bucked a couple of inches up by Fiona’s hip-thrusting, much like riding a mechanical bull, but these jerks were not strong enough to throw the twin off her sister. Alice finally got the first pant leg on, the second leg followed swiftly after. The three women were engaged in a very much feral struggle. Like two lionesses bringing a poor, unsuspecting gazelle down, one bite at a time.

7 minutes were left until Officer Rodriguez’s return. She entered the second-to-last room.

Fiona had somewhat exhausted her screaming capabilities, but her “gazelle’s” survival instinct had kicked in more than enough for her strength. Alice always won any fight or strength competition between them, but now it would take two (if not more) to get the best of her. Finally, with her mom helping “guide” each unwilling arm at a time through the orange jumpsuit’s sleeves, Fiona was dressed in her sis’ attire, the same way a kid who simply refuses to get ready for the night-out gets dressed.

Officer Rodriguez entered the last room. After that, they’d start moving prisoners to the big truck waiting out in the prison yard. 4 minutes to deadline.

The last item of clothing needed was Alice’s prison shoes. As she roughly fastened them into her struggling sister’s feet, keeping them still by painfully placing her knee right on Fiona’s ankle, Alice felt very grateful that her plain, black sneakers had Velcro straps instead of laces.

The last prisoner to be “visited” was also the first to being “escorted” through the halls of the building and staffed into the truck. A handful of more officers were waived in by the head detective, in order to start gathering all the transfers. 2 more minutes. 120 more seconds.

“Quickly, to the table...” Alice pointed. It was easier to simply drag the protesting girl on the floor than to actually pick her up and move her. And that’s what Alice and Carrie did, ignoring Fiona’s muffled desperate yells for help. The cuffs that were binding Alice to that table moments ago, were snapped on her sister’s wrists, tethering Fiona onto that same bar on the table that Alice was originally bound to. Just like nothing had changed. It was a good thing the table was screwed by all its legs to the floor, or Fiona would have taken it for a walk with all her frenzied pulling. As Carrie was wiping sweat from her forehead and trying to make herself look like she wasn’t just wrestling someone, Alice threw on her sister’s dress and hopped on her short, 1-inch heels.

“The hair!” Carrie urgently pointed to her own hair on the spot where Fiona’s scrunchie should now be, holding a ponytail. Alice’s eyes widened, she had forgot about the hairstyle. She rushed to her sister who was eyeing her with deep hatred. Her table-cuffed hands could not be raised enough to offer any obstacle to Alice, who promptly pulled the scrunchie from her twin sister’s hair and hastily fixed her hair into the same ponytail Fiona had.

Before Alice had even put her hands down and away from her head, the door swung open and the two meatheads from before stepped inside, followed by the policeman who was previously keeping an eye on the family. Officer Rodriguez was waiting right outside the door, observing. Upon seeing them approach her, Fiona tried speaking to them in a very urgent, animate tone. But the gag turned all her words to unintelligible nonsense. As soon as they put their hands on her, Fiona squealed and struggled

even more in clear desperation. “Jez, you didn’t manage to calm her down, uh?” the kind chubby guard asked Carrie, remembering the state Alice was in when he left the room.

“I couldn’t, I just can’t deal with this anymore” Carrie buried her face in her hands in an act of sorrow. The brut agents grabbed each of Fiona’s arms in their giant ape hands, uncuffing her from the table and promptly forcing her arms behind her back, locking them there with another, much thicker pair of their own handcuffs. Fiona screamed every step of the way out of the room, whilst looking first at the guards and agents, signaling to them her family with her eyes. No one got the clue.

With one agent pulling each arm, Fiona was easily pulled along to the yard, and pushed inside a truck with the backdoor open. One of the agents even threatened to taze her if she didn’t cooperate, which put some breaks to her struggling. Just like all the other inmates, the terrified damsel was pushed down on one of the benches on either side of the truck’s walls. Her ankles were chain-cuffed to the walls individually, then some leather straps were passed over her belly and chest, then a couple of more over her thighs, pinning them on the bench. Finally a steel collar already tethered on the wall was snapped around her neck.

Fiona had given all the agents the most trouble over all the inmates, even though they all shared the same bondage now. The slide door of the truck was pulled shut with a loud, metallic thud, drowning the girl’s moans that still echoed inside it. The truck immediately begun its course to Portway’s Maximum Security Prison, the last road trip these people would ever get.

A few minutes later, a young woman in a white, floral dress, her red hair caught in a modest ponytail, along with her mother, walked out to a yard now empty again of any highly trained agents or police trucks full of condemned criminals.

“Here are your IDs, ladies” the same man that had greeted Carrie and who he thought was still Fiona, said to them as they reached the gate. He then handed over the two plastic cards, one with the name Carrie Tinsley and one with the name Fiona Tinsley. “Thank you very much”, the young girl replied with a smile, taking the card in her hands.

As the large gate was closing behind them, Alice held the ID in her hand, looking at it for a long second. She then put it in her purse. Rather, a purse. She’d never seen this item until today.

She looked down at herself, at her outfit. She felt so silly in that girly sundress, her hair felt constricted by that ponytail. She pulled the annoying crunchie off, freeing her fire-red hair and shook them a couple of times to let them fall down naturally. She couldn’t wait to go home and just...be herself.