

# Skin deep II - Midgame

JANUARY 2025



## SKIN DEEP

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After the disastrous leak of information surrounding Karen's bodysuit transformation, which had become a viral sensation in the news, the organization knew it needed to quickly escalate its efforts. If their enemies deciphered the secret behind the bodysuits, the organization's competitive advantage would vanish. The experimental phase was over; it was time to take a decisive step closer to securing power.

Their next target was Eleanor Hagerty, the 19-year-old daughter of Senator Roger Hagerty. The senator, a staunch conservative from Appalachia, had a significant influence in Washington. Despite his career's demands, he remained deeply rooted in his Appalachian origins, spending every summer in a family residence nestled in a remote village. This summer retreat, with its relatively low security compared to the fortified mansions of most politicians, made him an ideal target. One day, a delivery guy approached Eleanor as she was watering the plants. He had a package wrapped in colorful paper, from Mateo, a young man Eleanor had been secretly dating. Her father would have exploded with rage had he known. Mateo was Hispanic and from a working-class family, everything Senator Hagerty despised. Eleanor bit her lip. Mateo was always romantic, but this was unexpected. How had he gotten her address? This was supposed to be a secret location, hidden from the public eye. *Kinda creepy...* She unwrapped it. It was a realistic skinsuit, like those in the news. Was he crazy? This stuff was illegal! What if her father found out about this? Inside the box was a small note: "Wear this for our next date. It'll be fun!". Eleanor blushed. The disguise had an olive skin tone and a black wig. The instruction manual mentioned it was the Latina model and was a removable version of the bodysuit. "This might actually be fun" - she thought.

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Eleanor repacked the present and hid it in her luggage. Back in Washington, anticipation and curiosity got the better of her. Inside the box, she discovered that the bodysuit came with an outfit, a maid's uniform. She raised an eyebrow. "Kinky" she thought with a smirk. From a senator's daughter to a humble maid. Apparently he wanted to reverse the power dynamics between them. She eagerly slipped into the bodysuit with a thrill, donning the wig, brown contact lenses, and the maid uniform. As she adjusted the final pieces, she checked herself in the mirror. The bodysuit's details were not visible before wearing it but by now it was obvious that she looked like no random Latina. She was looking at the spitting image of Liliana, the family maid.

*"What the hell?"* Eleanor whispered, in a Oakland 2nd generation Latina accent. *Did Mateo have a crush on Liliana? And how did he manage to get a perfect replica of our maid's face?* As she adjusted the earring that came with the outfit, she heard a buzz. A voice. "Hello, Eleanor. Don't panic. My name is Mary. This isn't a kinky present from Mateo" the voice continued, calm yet menacing. "It's us. And you're going to cooperate." Eleanor's heart sank as icy fear gripped her. "Us?" "That's all you need to know for now. You will help us to retrieve the information your father hides in his safe. Only you know the combination, Eleanor. But only Liliana has access to that room." "I... I can't," she stammered, her throat tightening with panic. "Don't even think about disobeying us". Eleanor watched as her brown hands grabbed a duster and began cleaning the drawer. Her body moved on his own, without any possibility to control it. "That should be enough to convince you of the power we have over you. Now, be a good girl and you won't have any trouble, ok?" Eleanor gasped as control over her body returned. She nodded, too terrified to even think about resisting. "Is this permanent? I don't want to be stuck as a Latina maid!" - she replied, almost in tears. "Hmm, it depends on how you'll behave." "But they'll notice my disappearance! You won't get away with this!"



"We've covered that. Turn around."

Eleanor obeyed, her movements shaky. When she turned, her breath caught in her throat. Standing across the room was a perfect replica of herself. The double had her hair styled elegantly, her makeup flawless, and she was dressed in one of Eleanor's favorite date-night outfits.

"Hello, bitch." - she replied in Eleanor's voice.

"Who... who are you?"

The double rolled her eyes. "Jeez, you're such a blonde! Well, I guess I'm technically the blonde now." She smirked, giving her hair a playful flip. "Anyway, I'm Liliana, of course. Welcome to my life."

Eleanor's knees nearly buckled. "Liliana? You work with them?"

"They paid me for my cooperation. To be honest, I'd have done it for free." She stepped closer. "You have *no idea* how delicious this is going to be, little spoiled brat. After everything you've done to me, bullying, treating me like dirt..."

Eleanor shook her head, tears forming in her eyes. "I didn't..."

"Save it." Liliana waved a hand dismissively. "You don't even realize half the crap you've done. But that's fine. Now, I get to live here in luxury, wear your clothes, date your boyfriend..." She leaned in, her voice dropping to a venomous whisper. "...while you scrub floors and serve me drinks. Oh, how the tables have turned."

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Eleanor's heart raced, her mind spinning as the gravity of her situation sank in. She had been replaced, and the person now living her life was the very one she had unknowingly wronged. Liliana stepped back, her grin never faltering. "Now, be a good little maid and follow orders. You wouldn't want to make this harder on yourself... would you?" Mary's voice buzzed sharply in Eleanor's ear. "Enough small talk. Now, listen carefully. Go to your father's office as soon as he leaves. Open the safe. You know exactly where it's hidden, behind the painting. Only take the documents. Leave the jewelry. Replace them with the envelope in your pocket. It's a near-perfect replica; he won't notice the difference." With a heavy heart, the maid headed to her father's office, unnoticed by the household staff. She found the painting. Her father had told her his most treasures possessions were hidden behind the painting of a lake close to his native village. She gently lifted the painting, revealing the safe embedded in the wall. Her fingers hesitated over the keypad, trembling as she punched in the code: her baptism date. He had confessed the combination to her years ago, swearing her to secrecy. "Because you're special," he had said. Inside lay stacks of papers, glittering jewelry, and a single envelope marked *CLASSIFIED*. Eleanor swallowed hard, her hands shaking as she reached for the envelope. She placed it in her maid's apron and slid the replica in its place, carefully aligning it so that nothing looked amiss. The jewelry remained untouched, just as instructed. "Done," she whispered into the earpiece, her voice barely steady. "Release me from this now!" Mary's chuckle crackled through the device. "Not so fast, my dear. You have *one more task*." Eleanor's blood ran cold. *One more task*? The nightmare wasn't over yet. "Tomorrow, it'll be your turn to clean the senator's master bedroom," Mary's voice buzzed coldly in Eleanor's ear. "Place the microphones you'll find in the box all over his bedroom. We know he sometimes takes work phone calls there."



"I... I've never made a bed before." Eleanor confessed hesitantly.

"Right. Of course. Give me a second."

Suddenly, Eleanor felt a strange sensation ripple through her body. Her muscles twitched involuntarily, her joints stiffened, then loosened. When the sensation subsided, she gasped, her body tingling with unfamiliarity. "What... what have you done to me?"

"You now have the muscle memory of Liliana," Mary replied. "Her body language, her skills. It'll help you." Eleanor glanced down, noticing the subtle but unmistakable change in how her body carried itself. "No..." she whispered, watching in dismay as she moved with a feminine humility that had been drilled into Liliana through years of subservience. She was a senator's daughter, for fuck's sake! Mary's voice came again, calm and unbothered. "Don't fight it. You'll find it much easier to perform your tasks this way." Eleanor tried to stomp her foot in defiance, but even the motion came out as dainty and restrained. Tears blurred her vision. "Please," she choked out, "I did what you asked me to do. Now let me free! I'm not a maid!" Mary's tone sharpened. "You are *who we need you to be*, Eleanor. And you'll do exactly as instructed." Eleanor's breath hitched. She had no choice. "Good girl," Mary cooed, as if sensing Eleanor's silent surrender. "Now, rest up. Tomorrow's going to be a busy day."

The following day, Eleanor completed all her tasks with unsettling precision and grace. Her hands moved swiftly, folding sheets, tucking corners, and fluffing pillows with a skill she hadn't possessed just 24 hours ago. Her body seemed to flow effortlessly through the motions, bending and moving in a way that felt foreign yet natural. "Done," she whispered into the earpiece, her voice hollow.



“Good girl, Eleanor. I knew you’d come around. Now, get back to your duties before anyone notices. We’ll be in touch with your next instructions.”

Eleanor left the room, her head down, her movements dictated by someone else’s memories. Eleanor resolved to break free from her nightmare. Surely, if she spoke to her father directly, he would see through the disguise. No matter how they forced her to act like Liliana, he was her father—he’d recognize her.

Summoning her courage, she requested to speak with him. Surprisingly, her request was granted, and she was allotted five minutes in the afternoon. Her heart pounded as she entered his office. The senator sat at his desk, reviewing papers. He barely glanced up as she entered. Eleanor hated the way she naturally lowered her head and folded her hands in front of her, like a maid seeking approval.

“Sen. Hagerty, I am...” she began, her voice trembling. She tried to force the words out: *I am Eleanor, your daughter*. But instead, what came out was: “I am... Liliana, your maid.” *No! That’s not what I wanted to say!*

The senator smiled, his tone dismissive. “I know, Lily! What is it you need?”

Eleanor fought for control, trying to wrestle the conversation back. “I want... I want a salary increase,” she blurted out, her voice meek and subservient. *No! Stop it! That’s not what I’m here for!* She screamed internally, but her lips obeyed the script, not her mind. The senator leaned back, considering her request. “I see,” he said thoughtfully. “Well, you know we have many expenses. The reelection campaign cost me a fortune.” He paused, then added with a smirk, “But I could grant you a 5% increase—if you agree to wear that new uniform I showed you for the reelection party with my colleagues.”

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Eleanor hesitated as she looked at the uniform laid out before her. It was shockingly revealing and sexualizing. The navy-blue dress clung tightly to the torso, its white crisscross lacing emphasizing the curve of her waist. The neckline dipped lower than anything she had ever worn before, bordered with delicate ruffles that framed her exposed cleavage. The skirt flared out just enough to give it a playful, classic maid look, but it was impossibly short, leaving most of her legs exposed. What had she agreed to? Were her father and his colleagues such creeps?

She slid on the thigh-high white stockings, their lace-trimmed tops brushing against her skin as she adjusted them nervously. The final touch was the pair of sheer, lace gloves.

As Eleanor stood in front of the mirror, her reflection stunned her. The updo hairstyle and flawlessly applied makeup only heightened the effect of the uniform.

She crossed her arms over her chest, trying to cover herself. "This is ridiculous... I can't wear this!" she muttered, her cheeks burning with embarrassment.

Mary's voice crackled in her ear, sharp and unapologetic. "Oh, but you will. The senator's colleagues and friends will love it. Did you really think you could escape us? We only allowed you to talk to your dad because we hoped something good came out of it, and it did! We might even find our next target thanks to your little idea!"

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The re-election celebration was in full swing, the room filled with the laughter and chatter of influential men congratulating themselves on another term in power. If parading around in her humiliating maid uniform wasn't cringe-worthy enough, Eleanor found herself forced to endure the suffocating hypocrisy of these politicians. She listened as they clinked glasses and boasted about their policies, making promises to crack down on immigration and "secure the borders." Some even spoke about the deportation of Hispanic Americans, all while openly admiring her, their sexy Latina maid.

Among the crowd, was a young, chubby man with a round, freckled face that Eleanor recognized instantly. Joshua, her aunt's stepson. Joshua was *ogling* her with an intensity that made her skin crawl. It didn't take long for him to approach. "Hey, Lily," he said, his voice low. He reached out, his fingers brushing the hem of her skirt. "You look... really nice tonight." Eleanor stiffened, her heart pounding. "Please" she whispered, stepping back, but her movements were tentative, restrained. Joshua chuckled, leaning closer. "Aw, don't be shy. You know, I've always thought Latinas were... exotic. You're a real gem, Lily." Eleanor's stomach twisted as he continued, making thinly veiled, racially charged comments in a misguided attempt to flirt. The man she had once considered family now saw her as nothing more than a fetishized object, a caricature of her stolen identity. "Don't go running off now," he said, his tone playful but laced with entitlement. "Come on, give me a smile." The laughter and chatter of the party seemed distant, muffled by the blood pounding in Eleanor's ears. Her humiliation was complete, her stolen identity forcing her to endure the advances of someone who had once been kin.



A few days later, the new Eleanor sat comfortably in the study room, scrolling through the new app she had been given to tweak and tune the bodysuit's advanced settings. She called in her maid and smirked as she motioned her closer. "Hey, Lily," the new Eleanor said casually, "Come here. They gave me this app to fine-tune the bodysuit. It's a new feature they added to the newest generation. Pretty cool, huh?" The maid hesitated, her heart sinking as she approached. "What are you doing with it?"

"Oh, nothing much. Here, take it." The new Eleanor showed her the phone, her grin widening. "I don't think I'll need it anymore." The blonde tapped the *Language* tab, dragging the *Spanish* slider all the way over to the maid's avatar.

"Perfect. Let's test this out. Read something in Spanish," she ordered, gesturing to a nearby book on the desk.

Lily's hands trembled as she picked it up, her lips moving automatically. She began to read fluently, her voice filled with the soft cadence of a native Spanish speaker.

The new Eleanor laughed, clapping her hands. "I have no idea what you just said, which means it works haha!"

The maid set the book down, her face burning with humiliation, but the new Eleanor wasn't finished. "Oh, there's more. Let's see... *Desires*. Ah, this is interesting," the new Eleanor mused, her finger hovering over it. "Let's see... hmm. It says here my preferences are for white men. Heh, true. Yours instead are for Latino men. Haha, of course, a racist bitch like you secretly likes Latinos. Kinda boring though now, right? Why don't we flip them?"



The Latina's face drained of color. "Don't. Don't touch that," she whispered, backing away.

But the new Eleanor's grin turned wicked. "Oh, come on. What's the harm? I'll find Mateo less dull and you'll get over him, distracted as you'll be by gringos!"

"Nooo!" Lily cried, lunging forward, but it was too late. Both women froze as a strange, electric sensation coursed through their bodies. The former Eleanor's heart raced, fear flooding her mind. *Did it work? Is something wrong?* For a moment, she thought the app had glitched. Relief washed over her when she saw Mateo walk into the room. But then she blinked—and felt nothing. Mateo's smile now stirred no emotion. All she saw was a fellow Latino. A friend. A brother. She still had memories of her love for Mateo, but the attraction was gone. Meanwhile, the new Eleanor's cheeks flushed a deep crimson. Her breath hitched as her eyes locked on Mateo. "Fuck," she whispered, her voice trembling with excitement. "I get it now. He's just your type!"

To the maid's horror, a different feeling began creeping into her mind. She suddenly craved the attention of white men, an unfamiliar longing she didn't recognize but couldn't suppress. She felt a deep insecurity about her Hispanic heritage and an overwhelming desire to have children with a white man, as if it would somehow validate her existence. Memories of her family talking about "Mejorar la raza" emerged out of nowhere. The former Eleanor stood frozen, her mind spiraling into despair. "Looks like the app works perfectly," the new Eleanor purred. She let her words hang in the air for a moment before adding with mock sweetness, "I bet resisting Joshua's flirts will be difficult for you now."

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Lily's eyes widened as the words struck her. Joshua, the young, chubby, freckled stepson of her aunt who had flirted shamelessly with her at the party. The thought of him once disgusted her, but now... *No. No, no, no!* She clutched her chest as the intrusive thoughts bubbled to the surface. She could feel it, this new, unwanted pull toward him. She shook her head desperately. "What have you done to me? I... I can't stop thinking about him now!" The new Eleanor laughed, a cruel, delighted sound. "Oh, Lily, you're going to have so much fun in your new life. Don't fight it. Just let it happen."

Given the success of the senator's re-election celebration, another event was quickly arranged, a casual work drinks evening attended by the same crowd of politicians and their close associates. Eleanor found herself back in the humiliating maid outfit, serving drinks to the powerful men. Even the older senators, with their silver hair and commanding presence, made her heart race. Their power and confidence sent an unfamiliar thrill through her body, a reaction that horrified her but felt impossible to resist. But it was Joshua who drew her attention the most. She couldn't stop herself from seeking him out, glancing his way as she served drinks. She approached him with a tray, her voice soft. "Anything else you need, Sir?" she asked. Joshua's eyes lit up, emboldened by her tone. "There's a number of things you could do for me," he replied with a nervous laugh. To her horror, Eleanor felt her cheeks heat up, a blush spreading across her face. The maid giggled softly, her voice barely above a whisper. "Oh really? Well... you could stay here a little longer," she murmured, her gaze lowering shyly as she adjusted her tray. Joshua chuckled, leaning closer. "So, do you want me to stick around?" "Yeah..." she replied breathlessly, her voice trailing off. The sexual tension between them was thick, almost tangible. She hated every second of it, yet she couldn't stop herself.



Eleanor found herself leading Joshua down the hallway, her outfit sensually brushing his trousers. "I knew you were up to it haha," he said. When they entered a small guest room, Eleanor turned to face Joshua, her cheeks flushed and her breaths shallow. She hesitated for a moment, her trembling hands reaching for the ties of her maid outfit. She craved this. She craved *to be hit on by Joshua*. The thought both horrified and excited her. As she slipped out of the uniform, the fabric pooling at her feet, she revealed a matching set of red lingerie, lacy and seductive. Joshua's jaw dropped, his wide-eyed stare drinking her in. "Lily... wow. You're incredible," he stammered, his voice filled with unrestrained desire mixed with inexperience and awkwardness.

Eleanor took things in her own hands "Touch me... here", took his hands and guided him where it aroused her. Eleanor's voice dripped with need, her breath hitching as she guided Joshua's trembling hands over her body. The sensation sent shivers down her spine, and her lips parted in a soft gasp as her artificial desires overpowered her lingering rationality.

Joshua's inexperience was evident in the way his hands moved—hesitant, fumbling, but desperate to please. His cheeks burned bright red, and his voice cracked as he stammered, "L-Lily, I've never—"

Eleanor cut him off, her patience fraying under the weight of her manufactured longing. "Joshua, please," she whispered, her tone urgent and commanding. "I can't wait any longer. *Fuck me raw* or I'll lose my mind."

Shaking with pleasure, Eleanor realized life could be worth living even like that.



Meanwhile, the organization was nurturing a snake in its bosom. In order to escape detection, N8, or Karen as she had restarted to see herself, had learned to play the long game. To survive, she had to act the part, suppressing her rebellious spirit and obeying orders without question. Over time, her compliance paid off. She gained access to the organization's full database, a privilege they didn't grant lightly.

There were hundreds of active bodysuits by now. This was an operation on a massive scale, and if the organization succeeded, they could infiltrate governments, corporations, and power centers worldwide. Karen knew she had to act fast.

Eventually, something caught her attention: one of the earliest bodysuits had been deactivated. Reading the report, she discovered something even more interesting. The bodysuit had been worn by a scientist named Rolanda Goldhaber, who had been instrumental in the development of the technology, but when she became too knowledgeable about it, the organization turned on her. They forced her to fuse with a bodysuit in the early development stages and tried to rewrite her memories. But Rolanda had escaped before they could finish. Karen's heart raced as she read further. According to the reports, Rolanda had somehow managed to rid herself of the bodysuit, breaking free from the organization's control. It was unprecedented. Her location was listed as *unknown*, but the report mentioned a lab in the United States as her last known whereabouts. After that, her trail went cold. With a bit of digging, Karen discovered that the lab had recently been donated to a science foundation.

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She did some research and managed to find the name of the spokesperson: Dr. Ruth Goldstein. A good starting point.

Karen had casually planned a Tel Aviv trip as a getaway, presenting it as a chance to escape the stress of her double life. But of course, she had an ulterior motive. She had traced Dr. Ruth Goldstein's location and decided to approach her directly. An extensive search made possible by the organization's extensive database revealed that Dr. Goldstein was a woman in her 40s working for a pharmaceutical company based in Tel Aviv. She was married with two kids. Karen spotted her after having dropped her kids at school.

Ruth was a Sephardic Jewish woman in her forties, her brown skin weathered by the relentless Israeli sun. Karen didn't waste time. "Dr. Goldstein?" she called out, catching up to Ruth. Ruth paused, her eyes flickering with curiosity and guardedness. "Do you know someone named Rolanda Goldhaber?" Ruth's expression shifted for just a second, enough for Karen to notice. "An esteemed colleague," Ruth said carefully. "She disappeared too early." "So you knew her!" Karen pressed. Ruth studied Karen intently. "Why don't you come to my place for some tea?" she finally said, her tone neutral but her eyes sharp.



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A few hours later, Ruth opened the door to her apartment, inviting Karen inside. "Please, sit," Ruth said as she disappeared into the kitchen and returned pouring two cups of tea from a kettle. It was a large yet anonymous apartment, showing wealth but a distinctive lack of family photos, and cultural traditional items.

As Karen sipped her tea, she felt an unsettling itch spreading across her skin. "What's going on?" Karen panicked as she scratched at her arm. "You're wearing a bodysuit, aren't you?" Ruth said bluntly, her tone colder. "Who sent you? Are those bastards coming for me? I thought they gave up!". Ruth grabbed a revolver from a drawer. Karen shook her head frantically. "Hey, stop, let me explain! I work for them... but I want to fight them now! Please, just make this stop!" Ruth sighed, her suspicion still evident but softened slightly. She set the revolver on the table but kept her hand near it and handed Karen a pill. "Take this. It'll stop the reaction."

Karen swallowed it quickly, and within moments, the itching subsided. She looked at Ruth, her expression torn between gratitude and wariness. "What did you give me? How did you know?"

"I do the questions here," she said firmly. "Who the fuck are you?"

"My name is Karen, I was tricked into wearing a bodysuit and forced to work for them. My memory was almost completely erased too."



Ruth sighed again, sitting across from Karen. "Shit. I'm so sorry you had to go through that. I owe you an explanation," she began. "See, I'm partially responsible for all of this. I know how those bodysuits work because... I helped create them. I didn't always look like this, you see." She handed her a picture of a blonde girl at a graduation ceremony. Karen's eyes widened. "So you're Rolanda? Are you wearing a bodysuit right now?"

Ruth nodded slowly. "I am Rolanda, yes. But no, I'm not wearing a bodysuit. Not anymore."

Karen frowned in confusion. "Then how do you...?"

"When I escaped the organization, I underwent a procedure to remove the suit. It wasn't easy. It required years of research and help from someone I trusted. The process stripped me of the bodysuit, but it left me permanently changed. My body took on the ethnicity of the suit, Sephardic Jewish. But I don't mind. I see it as karma."

"Karma?".

Ruth nodded. "My grandparents were German scientists during World War II. They came to America through Operation Paperclip. I see this as a way of paying a debt for my whole family. Now we celebrate Hanukkah every year." - she added with a small, bittersweet smile. Karen sat back, stunned. "Wow, so you're really this... Jewish woman now."



"I am," Ruth said firmly.

Karen shook her head, still struggling to piece everything together. "Still, I don't get it. How did you manage to do all this research in freedom while still wearing a bodysuit? Why didn't they stop you?"

"Early bodysuits were more rudimentary... Not in terms of how realistic they were. But the range of their control over them was limited. Memory erasure was luckily not an option back then. And *their* network was also not as developed as it is now." - she added with a scoff. "To be honest, I had almost given up any hope of fighting them. I was content with my quiet, mediocre life here. But maybe, if we work together..."

Karen's jaw tightened. "Those bastards stole my life and had another woman impersonate me. I want to fight them. I need to."

Ruth nodded, her eyes glinting with determination. "We need to be careful. If you're still wearing a bodysuit, they're probably tracking your position. But maybe... just maybe, there's a way to free you too."

Karen looked at Ruth, hope flickering in her chest. For the first time in a long while, she didn't feel entirely alone.



“So you’re saying I could undergo this procedure to escape from their control too?” - Karen asked, shocked by how quickly her perspectives had changes.

“Yes,” Ruth said firmly. “I’ll need time to prepare the machines—they’ve been sitting untouched for years—but it should be possible. Based on your reaction earlier, your bodysuit behaves just like mine did. But...” She hesitated for a moment before continuing, her tone turning somber. “It comes at a price. Once the procedure is done, your body will no longer be compatible with *any* bodysuits. They won’t be able to seal onto you because the process will cause your body to produce an autoimmune response that rejects the suit completely.”

Karen’s head spun as the implications hit her. She looked down at her brown arms, running her fingers over the unfamiliar skin. “Trapped as this... brown woman forever?” she murmured, her voice trembling. Her thoughts swirled. She had just begun to recover fragments of her original identity—her name, her ethnicity, the faint outlines of who she used to be. Was she ready to give that up entirely? The organization had dangled promises in front of her like a carrot on a stick, assuring her that if she remained loyal, she’d earn a bodysuit that looked much closer to her original self. And now Ruth was offering her freedom, but at the cost of closing that door forever.

“Yes,” Ruth confirmed. “But first, you need to go. We can’t risk them getting suspicious by your behavior. I’ll get in touch with you. But first, there’s something you could do for me.”