

Bet

SEPTEMBER 2025





I'm an escort, I go by Cynthia but that's not my real name. My real name is Ioana, I'm originally from Romania. Anyway, this is not my story.

When I received a call from the mansion of the Granger, I was surprised a gray-templed millionaire would lower himself to a cheap escort like her. Anyway, everybody has their weird fetishes, a rich man wanting to sleep with a cheap escort wouldn't be the weirdest one I'd heard of.

A chauffeur took me to their place, free of charge, of course. That limo ride alone probably costed as much as one regular of my services. A complementary champagne bottle was served to me. I was mildly amused by the display of wealth but decided to enjoy my unusual day. But then, when I was introduced to my client, I was even more shocked when a young classy woman with chestnut hair and blue eyes, wearing a blue silky dress welcomed me.

"Hallo, I'm Victoria Altea Granger, I'm the one who called the escort service." - she said, embarrassed. And she kept staring at me, dressed like a hooker in my leopard print dress, chewing my gum, playing with my hair. Was she secretly lesbian? I usually didn't do women but I mean, money is money and she was low-key hot. I tried to do my best impression of a lesbian hooker.



I shifted my weight and arched a brow. *You're the client, Miss Granger?* I wanted to ask, but I kept my tone smooth. "You're looking for company?" - I asked flirtatiously.

"Sort of," she laughed, looking away from me. "I need some... unique services. My sister bet me I couldn't pass as an escort. I need your help to prove her wrong. I need expert coaching in makeup, body language, clothes, everything. Nothing permanent like piercings or tattoos. Double your usual rate, and we'll pick up any extra costs. My sister will fill you in on the details."

I gave the gum one last pop and relaxed. "Sweetheart, for that kind of money, I'll teach you how to own every room in the city." This was going to be the easiest money I'd ever made. Of course - I thought - that's something rich eccentric people would do to kill some time.

Footsteps clicked across the marble foyer—measured, resonant, a different rhythm from Victoria's playful glide. I turned as another Granger appeared. More confident, almost arrogant.

"Good afternoon." She offered a precise nod. "I'm Seraphina Elise Granger—Victoria's elder sister." Same aristocratic bones, but her eyes were flint rather than crystal.



She wore a crimson satin gown that clung to her figure in all the strategic places, its draped neckline held up by gossamer-thin straps studded with crystals that caught every stray glimmer of light. A daring slit parted the skirt to mid-thigh, revealing a flash of ivory skin with each languid step. I would have killed to wear outfits like those everyday instead of my cheap ones.

Her dark brown hair fell in a pin-straight curtain, parted clean down the middle and so glossy it mirrored the chandelier's shine. Diamond-cluster earrings—petals of light around her earlobes—matched two delicate bracelets that chimed softly whenever she moved her hands. She examined me—fishnet seams, patent heels, the gum I'd decided not to spit out. "Excellent. You'll do perfectly." She pulled me aside.

I folded my arms. "What can I do for you, Ms. Granger? Your sister already explained me..."

"Victoria," she interrupted me, "is ungovernable. She needs a lesson. Make her look like a common streetwalker. Double down on her sluttiness. Bend the rules. I'll handle the rest."

I raised an eyebrow. "You're paying me to sabotage your sister's dignity?" "Seraphina produced a slim envelope and tapped it against my palm. "Triple your quoted fee. Cash. And trust me, darling—she'll deserve it." I smiled, satisfied.



I weighed the envelope of Seraphina's money in my palm heading with the two sisters to a beauty salon. Such good money for an easy job - I thought. Although it wouldn't have been so easy to turn a classy lady like Victoria into a prostitute like me. She oozed class.

We took Victoria to a beauty parlor where her long hair was shortened and styled into a bob. I chatted with Seraphina while the hairstylist's shears whispered through Victoria's silky chestnut lengths. Rule one: no permanent changes, Victoria had decreed, but I knew I had some wiggle room.

The makeup artist swept gun-metal shadow over her lids, winged her liner, and finished with a lacquer-red pout. Under the incandescent bulbs, she looked every inch a 1920s starlet about to waltz onto a silent-film set.

"I look like Louise Brooks," Victoria squealed, turning her head this way and that. Even her delight was refined. She was right. She still looked very classy, just sexier than before. But this was just the beginning.

Seraphina looked impatient. "Give me time" - I explained, and planned my next move.

Then I motioned to the colorist. "Let's brighten her up."



I leaned down, murmuring, "Time for a little peroxide." Before Victoria could protest, the colourist washed Victoria's hair, painted it honey-blond bleach from root to tip and rinsed it. Forty minutes later, her hair was Vegas-blond—the kind of gold that screamed *look at me* from across a casino floor. She blinked at her reflection, confused. The platinum made her blue eyes even brighter, like ice under neon. She looked like a natural blonde now.

She looked confused, her confidence starting to crack. "I said no permanent changes, my hair will take months to regrow!" "Come on, sister, it is only a hair dye. You'll get lots of compliments for your new look! Look how they make your blue eyes pop!" - Seraphina replied.

She was right, she looked even prettier now. Her blue eyes made her bleached blonde hair look natural. Then I had a couple more ideas. If we wanted *cheap escort*, the aristocratic glow had to go.

I whispered to the beautician, and Victoria was whisked into a tanning room. In nothing but a paper thong she baked under UV lamps until her porcelain skin was gone.

While Victoria bronzed, I raided her wardrobe and swapped her blue silk dress for my leopard-print number, still reeking of last night's cheap perfume and wore her dress. Seraphina insisted the swap include underwear, so my bargain-bin animal-print bra and thong went into a satin pouch, and I helped myself to Victoria's lingerie.



I looked at myself. The dress felt and looked so good on me. I went from cheap hooker to trophy girlfriend although I had to concede I still lacked the class Victoria had wearing it. My plump lips, botox injections and huge boobs gave me a very different vibe from her. I sighed.

"Day-dreaming, Cynthia?" Seraphina teased.

"Just... appreciating the tailoring," I muttered.

"You fill it nicely," she said, eyes glittering. "Same height, only a few cup sizes larger than Victoria. Try not to burst a seam; that dress costs more than your car."

Victoria emerged tanned and glowing, one hand clutching her paper robe. We presented the leopard dress and matching fishnets. Her jaw dropped.

"And contacts," I added, flipping open the little case. "Brown, so no one sees those aristocrat blues." She slipped them in, blinking away tears, then stepped into the leopard slip. It clung. The fishnets climbed.

"Your lips need more volume too" - I added as the makeup artist moved in with lip plumper, transforming Victoria's refined mouth into something swollen and bee-stung.



When she finally sat before the mirror, a stranger stared back.

She lifted both hands to the sleek blond curtain, fingertips trembling. "Oh my God," she whispered, voice wobbling between horror and wonder. I could bet a part of her was enjoying this, even though she didn't want it to be seen.

Seraphina's lips curled. "Not so classy anymore, sis."

"Stand," I commanded. - Having power over a wealthy woman like Victoria was intoxicating for someone like myself, used at obeying rich people.

She rose on my platform heels, unsteady. I nudged one knee forward, s-curved her spine, lowered a shoulder. "Remember: escorts don't walk, they sway."

She tried the stance. The mirrored stranger started to look... believable.

The leopard-print slip was already daring, but the fabric hung straight on her skinny aristocratic frame.

Seraphina's nostrils flared. "Too... minimal."

I steepled my fingers. "Then we add assets."



From a zippered salon bag I produced a seamless silicone breastplate—the kind I used for some of my more creative clients. Flesh-toned, sculpted, astonishingly lifelike.

Victoria's eyes widened. "You can't be serious."

"Oh, I'm dead serious," I said, tugging the cool latex over her head like a second skin. The edges vanished beneath the slip's spaghetti straps; the new décolletage curved high and proud, turning the formerly demure neckline into a headline. A dusting of talc erased the seams, and suddenly the modest neckline plunged into dangerous territory.

"Breathe in," I instructed. She did, and the breastplate rose convincingly. Even Seraphina blinked, momentarily impressed despite herself. We turned Victoria toward the lighted mirror. The transformation was abrupt: platinum bob, brown eyes, bronzed skin, leopard silk hugging voluptuous lines that hadn't existed an hour ago.

Victoria took in the hem grazing mid-thigh, the outlaw curves, the fishnets peeking beneath. "All right," she exhaled, hiding her emotions. "I look... quite convincing. You won. Now can I peel this off and go home?"



Seraphina rapped her manicured nails on the vanity, then slid a folded card between the makeup brushes. “Not so fast, sis. First assignment—three blocks east.”

Vicky unfolded the note, blanching. “On foot? In this?” She plucked at the leopard knit stretched over her new curves. “And I haven’t got my wallet with me...”

“Then walk,” Seraphina said, as though she’d suggested a stroll through Hyde Park.

Vicky shook her head, panic flaring. “I can’t parade through town dressed like this. Sorry—no deal.” She wasn’t wrong; with that ensemble she could be arrested for indecent exposure. So they compromised: a boutique stop for a tamer leopard-print dress—thigh-length, long sleeves, high collar—still sultry, but covering enough to hide the silicone breastplate. Fishnets gleamed above stilettos.

“Every escort works under a stage name,” I reminded her, capping the gloss. “From now until midnight, you’re Vicky—no titles, no family tree.”

Seraphina snapped her fingers in agreement. “Cheap, forgettable, and just vulgar enough. That’ll teach her a lesson.”



Vicky paces through the city, noticing how the usual looks of admiration had turned into judgmental looks from women and lustful glances from men of all ages.

She caught her reflection, shoulders dropping in relief. *At least no one will recognize me*, she told herself. "Today I'm just a prostitute named Vicky, no need to stress out. Just a role, like theater." Her pace relaxed a bit, swaying her hips more. "Nobody will ever know. This is actually kinda erotic, I have to admit." - she told herself, smiling to an unknown young man who had nearly lost his balance staring at her.

Seraphina and I slid into a trailing cab, windows cracked just enough to watch our fledgling escort stride down the boulevard, heels clicking a timid tempo.

"Quite the grand plan, ice queen! She looks like she's having fun! What's next?" I asked, keeping my gaze on Vicky's silhouette.

Seraphina's smile was moon-thin. "Oh, you truly don't want to know." She paused—then added, almost lazily, "Unless, of course, you'd like to earn twice your current fee helping me with something... not entirely legal."

I arched a brow. *"Not entirely legal? Talk."*



Vicky entered the motel at the address and asked the key to room 34, visibly embarrassed. The receptionist, a middle aged woman, was visibly judging her. "Name?" "Vicky Sanders" - she replied. "I'm... not a hooker" - Vicky added. The woman rolled her eyes. "Just try to be quiet, ok? Here's the key!". Vicky quickly entered the room, her cheeks red in shame.

She closed the door and stood in the simple room, wondering what would happen next. "Seraphina?" Her voice wavered. "Are you here?"

A faint hiss. Her vision blurred. The bed creaked as her knees buckled, the world tilting sideways before darkness swallowed her whole.

We moved in, masks secured.

She's light. Easy. The hospital gurney's wheels squeaked as we lifted her.

"Are you sure you're going to do this to her?" My throat tightened. This wasn't just a bet anymore. This was something darker. "Her life won't be the same anymore."

"Trust me, she will love it. And it's too late to chicken out anyway..."



We took her to a sketchy private cosmetic clinic used by criminals escaping the FBI, undercover agents as well as eccentric rich people looking for a fresh look. As long as the money was good, no questions were asked. And no documentation either.

The underground operating room hummed with sterile light. Black-market surgeons murmured over their tools, gloved hands moving with practiced indifference.

Vicky lay motionless on the table, stripped bare. The breastplate lay discarded beside her.

A cosmetic surgeon versed in illicit private practice shook his head. "Shame." His finger traced the surgical chart. "She's such a natural beauty, look at her bone structure. And now—nose job, cheek augmentation, lip injections, iris color change... and breast implants?" He scoffed, flipping the page. "She's going to look like a common streetwalker."

His partner shrugged. "It's her fetish, probably. Some people are into weight gain, some are into tanning, some are into going from an aristocratic beauty like this to hooker material. Or maybe her boyfriend is into that. Who knows. Anyway, it doesn't matter. Pay's good. Really good, in fact" - he added checking the paycheck he had received in advance. The Grangers were very generous, apparently. It was time to repay them with a really good job.



Victoria woke in stages, her mind clawing through layers of drugged haze. Days had slipped by.

She pushed herself up, the weight on her chest dragging her forward, unfamiliar and suffocating. Her hands flew to her body. No rubbery curve of the breastplate, just swollen flesh, the skin stretched taut. She took off her bra. Small surgical scars could be felt below the breasts. Their consistency was gelatinous, fake. Victoria Altea Granger was now the owner of a big pair of breast implants.

"No! No, no, no! They've gone too far..." - she muttered, feeling her lips numb.

She stumbled to the mirror.

Her aristocratic, subtle beauty had also been altered. She now had plump, glossy lips. Cheeks rounded like a doll's. Her skin had lost its youthful shine. Her nose, delicate before, now softly upturned, unremarkable. Dull, natural-looking brown eyes.

She screamed. Her aristocratic edges—the sharp dignity in her jaw, the cool intelligence in her gaze—were gone.

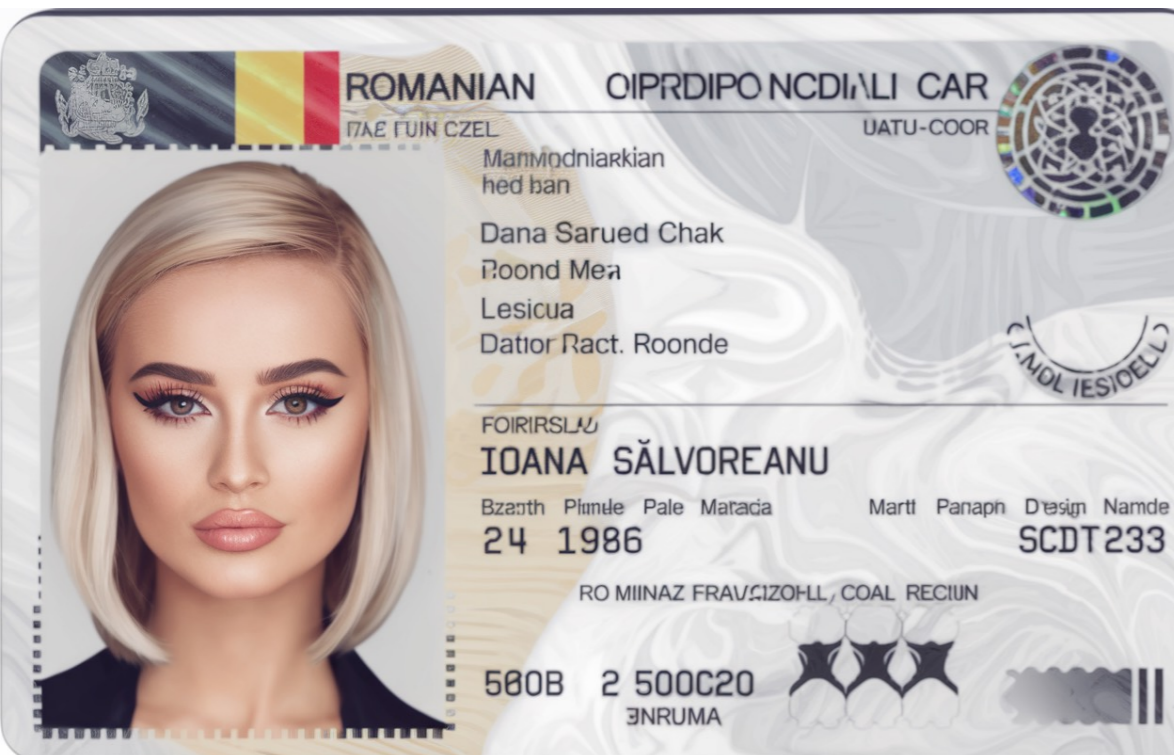
She looked cheap. She looked a lot like that whore.

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She staggered to the dresser. A cheap pleather wallet lay atop it, slightly open, as if waiting for her. Inside, a Romanian ID card glared up: Ioana Salvoreanu, her new face smiling blandly back.

"Fuck, fuck!" - she thought. "I'm that woman for real now?"

A few crumpled bills. A pack of cigarettes, half-empty. And beside it, a cracked iPhone buzzing relentlessly. She unlocked it.



Message after message.

"You free tonight, Ioana?"

"150/hr still good? Meet at 10?"

"Miss that mouth of yours, baby."

Her breath hitched. The walls seemed to press closer. She screamed, raw and guttural, until she collapsed onto the bed, trembling.

Breathe. Just fucking breathe.

Her fingers fumbled for the cigarettes. She had tried smoking as a teenager, as an act of rebellion. Now she needed to smoke to relax her nerves. The first drag seared her lungs, bitter and familiar. The second steadied her.



She realized her sister's plans were not only about humiliating her, her goal was to cut her off their family wealth. Her sister and that prostitute had taken advantage of her to make her little role-play game a life change. Permanent. Where could she go, with a face that matched a Romanian ID card? With the body of a hooker? Then she started seeing things from a different perspective.

A traitorous thrill curled in her stomach.

No more expectations. No more family name to uphold. No more millions to manage. Just Ioana, a Romanian prostitute with no past, no rules, no one to disappoint. Sex as the only way to pay her bills, her food. She had always fetishized the life of hookers, now she could live out her fantasy for real.

A slow laughter erupted across her plump lips. "This is insane, I'm stuck as a Romanian slut and I feel this good." - the thought.

She picked up the phone again. Scrolled. So many offers. So many men who wanted her—this her, the one with the plump lips and hungry eyes. Someone had already replied for her to a few men. One of them was supposed to meet her in a few minutes.

"Fuck, I've got to get ready" - she told herself, throwing away the cigarette and searching for her makeup.



The Bentley idled at the curb, leather seats creaking as I shifted to study my reflection in the door glass. What stared back was already halfway to Seraphina's blueprint. The crimson satin slip clung more loosely now; two weeks of lettuce and cardio had carved off five kilos and—annoyingly—a full cup size.

Seraphina slid in beside me, tablet in hand, scent of white-tea perfume swamping the car's older-money musk. She angled the screen so I could see the 3-D render.

"Dr Belinsky is prepped. Twilight anaesthesia, two-hour window." Her tone could have been about changing dinner reservations. "After recovery, you'll be Victoria's twin down to the biometric scan."

I swallowed. "You do realise identity fraud carries federal time, right?"

"Only if you're caught." She tucked a stray lock behind my ear, almost tender.

I looked past her, out the window. A pair of tourists wandered by, laughing, oblivious. *My life is mediocre, but it's mine*, I thought—and felt the tug of a different future, weighty as the scalpel waiting downstairs. "Remind me the conditions."



She exhaled, knuckles whitening on the tablet. "The deal is clear, you transfer all of Victoria's shares in our family holdings to my name, and you get a respectable amount of money in a Monaco trust back. Much less than what Victoria would own but still enough to make you a multi-millionaire."

I signed.

Seraphina's smile returned, polished and razor-thin. "Good girl. Shall we proceed?"

The door opened; cold evening air swept in. I stepped out, crimson satin whispering against my thighs, and followed her toward the discreet clinic entrance. Under the awning lights, I caught one more glimpse of myself—halfway vanished, halfway reborn—and felt a pulse of resolve beneath the silk.

Maybe I was about to lose my face. But if Seraphina thought I'd lose my mind she was wrong.

Inside, the theatre lights flared. Time to shed one skin, and start planning how to choose the next.



The mirror in my new private suite *introduced* me to my new looks.

Gone were the pillow-plump cheeks and billboard lips the escort world had taught me to value. In their place, the delicate heart-shape of a twenty-something debutante. My surgically enlarged breasts, were now the size of mosquito bites—exactly Victoria’s understated proportions. Even the faint scar at my jawline, souvenir of a teenage brawl, had vanished beneath the surgeon’s invisible sutures.

Sure, my eyes were brown, and my skin was tanned and slightly aged compared to the Victoria’s glowing complexion, but other than that, I could have passed Victoria’s biometric gate codes on the first try.

I flexed my smile, testing the new musculature. Natural. Effortless. Dangerously convincing.

“Masterful work, sis!” Seraphina said, appearing in the doorway, clipboard in hand. Her gaze lingered as if inspecting a custom painting she’d commissioned.



My voice sounded the same—low, husky, pragmatic—and my body language, after years of prostitution was that of a hooker, too ingrained to change easily.

“Then we start rehearsals,” she replied. “Your mannerisms, accent, signatures. You might look like her, but you sure as hell don’t move or sound like Victoria”

“Time for your first lesson: the signature head posture. Try walking with a book on top of your head.” She demonstrated in front of me. I copied her—chin dropped a hair, eyes lifted—and Victoria looked back with unnerving precision.

Remember who’s inside, I told myself.

“Excellent,” Seraphina pronounced.

Week after week, my posture was fixed, my voice raised by an octave, my eastern European accent vanished thanks to a speech therapist.

“The eyes and tone are next - iris laser surgery, a week of skin treatments, and you’ll be indistinguishable.” - Seraphina said once. My stomach fluttered at the finality of “indistinguishable.”



After the last procedures, I was a perfect replica of Victoria.

The eye laser surgery was a very routine operation, I found out. Many people got it these days, men and women alike. My natural brown irises got their melanin erased, and as a result my eyes were now a natural blue.

Skin treatments were more complex but after completing them, my skin was tight and glowing like that of a girl in her early 20s. Also, it was a shade or two lighter.

The identity theft was over. I was now Victoria in looks, mannerisms and voice. We contacted some lawyers to complete my end of the deal and I transferred all of Victoria's shares in Granger family holdings to my sister's name, except for about 5 million dollars in a Monaco trust. The lawyers were surprised but I explained I didn't want all the stress from dealing with all of that and 5 millions were more than enough for a wealthy lifestyle.

After settling in to my new life, I gained some independence from my newfound sister and started enjoying life a bit, attending parties, meeting wealthy men, way more than my old customers. But a deep sense of guilt kept on gnawing at me, so I decided to do something bold: tracing the real Victoria to check on her. I still knew the people in that environment, so it wasn't hard. I eventually got her address and phone number.



I decided to go for a direct approach. I rang her bell, nervous. I was expecting a run-down block but she was actually living in a high-rise. I had some pepper spray in my purse, in case she tried attacking me. She opened the door, looking different, her hair long and styled differently, she wore green contacts, her outfit flashy but not trashy. "Oh, it's you..." - she said casually, her voice husky from the smoking.

"Hey, Victoria, I... know you'll never forget us but I wanted to apologize for everything that happened to you." - I did my best to not sound like her but it was too engrained in myself. I felt like I was mocking her.

"Call me Ioana. You're Victoria now."

"Sure, Ioana..." I started at her. "Aren't you mad I stole your life? "

"Mad? No" - she lighted up a cigarette. "Maybe at first. I couldn't believe you two had done this to me. Lowering myself to having sex to pay for food was humbling but deep down I was enjoying my life. And things got better with time. You were underselling yourself. Honestly, with these curves and face, plus my class I managed to reinvent your image to upgrade myself to a high-class escort."



"Most of my client don't even get to touch me. - she continued - I tie them, whip them, some are into financial domination... I'm already making enough to afford a luxurious lifestyle, give it a few more years and I'll be richer than you."

"Yeah, that's probably true. Your sister made me transfer most of your wealth to her..."

"That bitch" - she commented "Well, it's not my money anymore now so I don't care."

"But... I thought..."

"Let me bet, you thought I would have begged to have my old life back and to somehow swap with you? Nah, I'm good. How about you? How did you learn to behave like a proper lady?"

"Oh, Seraphina instructed me, it took a while."

"I bet, that controlling bitch did a really good job. You sound like me too. And the resemblance is uncanny, fuck, you look younger than me now! It's these fucking cigarettes and the makeup that make me look older now, sigh. Anyway, it's getting late and I'm expecting customers soon, so if you don't have anything else to add... You know where to find me in case you need." - she said, pushing me out of the entrance, back to my empty new life.