

Sexy Reality Warping Science - Part 2

For Ultradebude

By TheSpiralledEye

Clark and Bella are two scientists who come across a strange artefact during one of their research trips. After discovering it allows them to bend reality and change them, body and mind, at will they discover there is a lot more to life than stuffy laboratories. When they discover they can travel between realities though, things don't quite go their way when alternate versions of themselves get their hands on the device.

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“Bah, what idiots!” Bambi threw her blonde hair over her shoulder dismissively, “I can totally fix this, help me find a pad and paper.”

Krystal, who was already settled into her new name surprisingly fast thanks to the magic of the artefact, began rummaging around in search of anything to write on. She found plenty of clothes, a veritable forest of bras and underwear and no less than thirty different tubes of lipstick scattered about the various surfaces of the apartment, but no pencil or pen. Something told her Krystal and Bambi were not the academic types.

“I don't think we're gonna find anything.” She pouted.

“Whatevs, I found my phone!” Bambi grinned, “That'll work, now I just gotta remember those symbols and we can build our own version of the artefact! You remember what it looked like, right?”

“Yeah sure.” Krystal nodded, “It was round with lots of dials, how hard could that be to make, and she was the one who made it's special power source.

She eventually located a bright pink phone case on the floor and picked it up, intuitively knowing the unlock code. She opened up the until now unused notepad app and started writing.

“Reality Device Plans”

She stared at the screen for a moment; she had made that battery but how again? Something about acids reacting together in a disc? No, that didn't sound right, batteries made electricity right? Electricity came from lightning and shit, no acid. But something was niggling in the back of her brain to tell her they did? Krystal was getting a headache looking at the little cursor blinking on her screen.

She turned to ask Bambi how she was going when she heard a strange sound; like glittering bells. Bambi was sat, huddled over her phone flicking her finger across the screen in time to the sound of artificial music.

“What are ya doing?”

“Huh wha?” Bambi dropped the phone and blushed deeply, “Sorry I got distracted and I realised there was this game on my phone called Bead Basher and decided to have a go...ya know, to see if it helped me think any clearer.”

“Did it?”

“Nah.” She sighed, “A lot has happened today, we just need a fresh start tomorrow.”

“Totally.” Krystal was honestly keen for any excuse not to open up that notepad app, it made her feel dumb and she hated feeling dumb.

Both of them looked around absentmindedly, not really sure what to do next. Krystal got to her feet and shrugged.

“Well, if we are gonna stay here a bit, why don't we get familiar?”

“Yeah, good idea.” Bambi nodded, “I guess, I am happy and all that they let us keep our old memories but they like, could have at least given us the new ones for this life as well so we knew what the hell was up, y'know?”

“I dunno, having two sets of memories in my head sounds hard to work out.” Krystal pouted, her head was thumping just thinking about it.

A ping went off and Krystal looked down at her phone and felt her heart clench. A reminder simply entitled ‘work’ was flashing on her screen. Bambi's phone began to do the same and

they exchanged looks; they had no idea what their job was! Krystal thought for a moment, she had felt a sense of familiarity when they first arrived, perhaps Other Clark had intended to give them the memories of this place, but his inexperience with the artefact had tripped him up.

He thought, hard and long before it finally popped back into what was left of his mind. Modelling! They were models, both looking for their big break! How could he have forgotten!

“Omigosh, Bambi, we are totally late!” He babbled, reaching for the closest handbag and throwing his phone inside, “I think I can remember the way to our job, sorta. We’d better get going!”

“Work?” Bambi screwed up her nose, it had been forever since they’d been forced to work.

“Look, I don’t like it either but do you wanna be a streetwalker? We got rent to pay now!” Krystal argued, “C’mon let’s get going, move that fabulous ass of yours!”

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Krystal couldn’t help but feel a little excited, walking up the glittering sky scrapper where they both apparently worked. It was so glamorous, even their mountain top lab couldn’t compare. The floor was polished marble that clicked against her heels as she walked and everywhere she looked were people just as gorgeous as she.

Despite that though, she could still feel eyes on her as she walked; the sensual sway of her hips seemed to effortlessly draw people in and she had to hold back a smug smile. If she had to live this life for a while before they rebuild the artefact...well she could live with it.

“Bambi! Krystal! There you are!” A man with the whitest teeth she had ever seen smiled at them. “Come on, they need you in photography room B, the marketing fella is getting agitated.”

“Of course...which way?” Krystal asked and the man rolled his eyes with a fond smile, as if that was exactly what he expected her to say.

“Come on, I’ll take you. Again.”

He grabbed them by the wrists and tugged them through the halls and into an elevator which took them up to yet another floor. This one was less open but when he opened the door to the photography room Krystal realised it was no less impressive.

A photoshoot made to look like a beach was set up, with real golden sand covering the floor. Fake palm trees blew in the wind created by giant fans and water lapped at the fake ocean edge thanks to a small wave machine and pool. Honestly, wouldn't it be easier to just go to a real beach?

“Quick quick! Into the make-up chairs!” The photographer clapped. “We are already behind!”

Krystal and Bambi were shuffled to the side of the room and sat in folding chairs where two women began to slather makeup all over their faces. Krystal had to admit, it felt quite nice, almost pampering really. She watched with fascination at her reflection as it was transformed. She always had a beautiful face, with thick lips and high cheekbones, but the make up seemed to bring out every single one of her best features and make them look twice as good.

Each of them were handed a beautiful bikini made of shimmering, almost holographic material. Krystal's a deep shade of red that flowed into pinks and silvers while his was a deep blue that sparkled with turquoise highlights.

Taking a deep breath, Krystal stepped onto the set, feeling the warm sand beneath her bare feet. Her eyes widened with awe and wonder as she beheld the meticulously crafted scene. The artificial beach seemed so real, as if she had been transported to an exotic tropical paradise. The gentle breeze brushed against her face, and she could almost taste the saltiness of the imaginary ocean. Perhaps there really was no need to go to a real back after all when the experience felt so authentic in the studio.

“About time.”

The voice was deep and droll, coming from a man with slicked back hair who wasn't looking up from his phone.

“My company needs this ad campaign to go well, the new line of swimwear isn't going to sell itself.”

Krystal felt a flutter in her chest; there was something cool about the man, something...enigmatic that drew her in. She found herself desperately wishing he would look

up from his screen and notice her. The tense photographer approached Krystal and Bambi with a tight smile.

"Krystal, Bambi, my dears, this is your moment to shine," he said swiftly. "Just relax, be yourself, and let the magic happen. I have heard great things about you, if you really are naturals I want to see it."

As the shoot commenced, Kate started off tentatively, her body moving with caution as she adjusted to the demands of the camera. However, as the minutes passed, Bambi began to find her rhythm. Krystal watched as she effortlessly pushed out her ass, in such a way that it could almost be accidental, like the photographer had caught her reaching down to pick up a beach ball. It didn't feel stiff or unnatural at all, in fact it was downright sexy. Krystal took a deep breath and let go of her inhibitions, allowing her natural grace and beauty to take over.

As the shoot continued Krystal started to hear whispers, appreciative ones. The executives and other business people stopped typing on their phones and started watching them and Krystal felt heat bloom in her lower stomach knowing they were the centre of attention. Their eyes and attention only fuelled her confidence, allowing her true sexual essence to shine through. She started to experiment with different poses, letting her body flow gracefully and her eyes sparkle with genuine joy.

As the session progressed, Kate's nervousness was replaced by a sense of exhilaration. She twirled and danced on the imaginary shoreline, her laughter filling the studio. The photographer stopped directing them all together and let them go wild. Bambi giggled with her and for a few moments Krystal actually felt as though she were just a woman, enjoying a fun day at the beach with her friend. She said a chaste kiss to Bambi's cheek and the flash of the camera went wild.

They frolicked in the fake ocean, laid in the faux sand and leaned up against the palm trees letting the wind blow their hair around their shoulders with looks of wistful happiness on their faces.

With every click of the camera, Krystal's energy and enthusiasm grew. She became one with the set, fully immersing herself in the atmosphere that had been created for her and Bambi. She was almost disappointed when they finally announced they were out of storage space on the camera.

"Fabulous!" The photographer beamed, "Utterly fabulous! Well worth the wait, you two are naturals all right."

Krystal basked under his praise. She wasn't used to getting so much attention.

“He’s not kidding.”

It was the man with the dark hair who made Krystal’s heart flutter before, “Darren Wright.”

He held out his hand and Krystal took it eagerly, feeling the warmth of his grip warm her from the inside out. She was forced to quash a small spike of jealousy when he did the same for Bambi.

“You two are perfect for this campaign.” He beamed, “I’ll have some words to the big guys in corporate but if I can get you both to model the full line I know we will all profit. How about a dinner meeting with my manager tonight. All on us, of course.”

“Oh that sounds totally amazeballs.” Bambi grinned, “Where?”

“How about the Skyrise Restaurant?” Darren suggested, “I’ll send a car to pick you up.”

“Sounds...enticing.” Krystal responded, trying to sound intelligent, something she had never struggled with as Clark.

Darren gave her a warm, slightly flirtatious smile that almost made Krystal swoon before they exchanged numbers. It was only after he was gone she felt safe to give a little squeal of excitement; this life was turning out to be a lot more fun than she’d first thought!

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“Wow, Bambi, this Skyrise place is super fancy!” Krystal breathed as she looked at the website, “Black tie, it’s got a dress code and everythin’, do we even have anything that we can wear?”

“Course we do, look at this place! We have more clothes than a damn mall!”

“But they don’t seem...appropriate for Skyrise.” Krystal pouted, picking up the bright red mini dress, “I want Darren to like me-I mean us. After all, if we want to be rich again we have to land this job.”

“You just want Darren to liiiiike you.” Bambi teased, flopping herself over Krystal’s back so that her breasts squashed against her neck. “You have a crush. We’ve been in this reality like, one day and you’re falling in love! With ya wife right next to ya!”

“Well you don’t seem to be bothered.” Krystal gave her a playful smack away/

“You know me. I love watching you squirm.”

The two women both stuck their tongue out at the same time and descended into a fit of giggles. Krystal forced herself to stop, trying to remain serious. This life was fun, she would give Other Clark that but it was still a fake life. Deep down she was Clark still, she was sure. It was just that he was a bit buried under all the boobs and hair right now. Once she got her hands on the artefact, or a recreation, she wouldn’t hesitate to turn back again, she was sure.

“He’s rich, baby.” She said matter-of-factly, we need money to build our own version of the artefact. Once we remember how.”

“Oh yeah.” Bambi sighed, “The artefact. I’d better get back to trying to write my notes on that.”

“Good idea, I’ll try and find us something to wear.” Krystal announced, secretly glad to have the more fun task to complete.

Though she couldn’t help but notice the sound of music and bells coming from the other room where Bambi was supposedly ‘working’. She spent several hours carefully cultivating their outfits for maximum sex appeal, for the sake of looking good as models, not because she wanted Darren to like her or anything. That would just be a happy secondary effect, if at all. She couldn’t care less.

Krystal found herself drawn to the more girly options she found, granted,. There wasn’t much in the way of other choice but still; pinks and pastels seemed to draw her in far more than the plain, dark colours she had worn as a man. Had she really been happy just wearing button up shirts and tight pants to show off her package? When there was so much more variety out there?

She picked up a beautiful, deep rose pink dress that fell to the floor and felt her jaw drop. It was gorgeous; the slit in the side allowed for her long legs to show through and the

tight fabric would hug her ass and show off her cleavage nicely. The plunging neckline and open back showed off plenty of skin too. Darren wouldn't know what hit him.

For Bambi he selected something to contrast himself; a silky green number with silver trim in the shape of leaves. It really suited her forest-y name too! Plus with their two contrasting colour schemes they were sure to stand out in the best possible way! She felt her heart swell with pride; she was pretty good at this all things considered. Perhaps she would even visit this reality again when she was Clark once more.

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Krystal's heart raced with excitement as she stepped out of the elevator and into the opulent establishment, but a wave of unease washed over her as she realised just how out of place she felt. The outfits she had been so proud of mere moments before suddenly felt completely wrong in this sea of classy women; all in dark navy dresses or elegant black numbers. Their bright colours felt like an assault on the eyes compared to them; not to mention the decor.

The entrance of Skyrise was adorned with grand chandeliers, casting a soft, warm glow on the polished marble floors. The walls were adorned with exquisite artwork, and the air was filled with the delicate aroma of fine cuisine. The restaurant was at the top of one of the tallest skyscrapers in the city and every outer wall was a floor to ceiling window that showed the glittering cityscape below. When the car had come to pick them up Krystal had felt confident, now she felt like a sore thumb.

Bambi looped her arm through hers as they made her way to the hostess stand. She didn't seem nervous at all, in fact, she hadn't been phased at all since they got here.

"How can you be so calm?" Krystal whispered, "This job and the money it brings could be our ticket home."

"I guess I hadn't thought of it that much." Bambi blinked innocently, Krystal was starting to get the real impression she didn't think much at all anymore.

The hostess greeted them with a warm smile and led the pair to a table near the centre of the restaurant. The sound of hushed conversations and clinking silverware echoed in her ears as she sat down, her eyes scanning the room for Darren. She spotted him across the room, his magnetic presence drawing her attention like a moth to a flame. He was sitting with a slightly older gentleman with silver fox style hair and bright blue eyes. She felt Bambi grip her hand tightly for a moment as she let out a soft 'oh'.

As Darren approached, his charismatic smile widening, Katie's heart skipped a beat. She reminded herself to stay composed, not letting her feelings show. She had to focus on the job after all, that was why she was here, to get a big job, earn lots of money and rebuild the artefact so she and Bambi could go back to being Clark and Bella again.

“So glad you could join us, Henry, these are the two stunning women from the photos I showed you.”

Henry, the silverfox, raised an eyebrow at the pair and Krystal felt Bambi stiffen slightly next to her.

“You two certainly are...eye-catching.” He said somberly, looking them up and down.

Krystal felt herself flush, but swallowed the embarrassment; she was beautiful! So was Bambi! Who did this guy think he was giving them such a backhanded compliment?

“We like to stand out, y'know?” She said with her most charming smile, “Isn't that what ya want in ya ads? Or do you prefer models who look like everybody else in the room?”

Darren blinked in shock and looked at Henry nervously. The older man leaned back in his chair and appeared to think for a moment before throwing back his head and laughing.

“You've got some guts on you girl, too right you are. Sit down, sit down!”

Bambi couldn't obey fast enough, sliding into the seat opposite Henry with the most obviously moony look Krystal had ever seen. She extended her long arm across the table and offered it to the silver fox, who kissed it. Krystal felt a stab of jealousy watching Bambi's face flush deeply; she looked tickled pink. Krystal wanted to remind her that she was still her wife in another reality but then Darren cleared his throat and leaned over to smile at her and the thought went completely out of her mind.

“That was the bravest thing I have ever seen, Henry never gets talked back to.” He chuckled, “Well done.”

“Just cause I ain't the sharpest fork in the drawer don't mean I can't tell when somebody is insulting me.”

Krystal cringed, she was sure that sentence wasn't right but fuck her if she could figure out why. Darren actually chuckled, but in a well meaning way. If she didn't know better Krystal might have suspected he found her crass attitude charming.

"Let's pick some food and wine, eh?" Henry suggested.

"I looooooove wine." Bambi sighed, "I am sure you have tried so many more than me though, Henry."

"Don't get him started-" Darren winced.

"Good wine is a wonderful topic before dinner, have you tried this rose here? Very mellow, with a hint of sweetness, not like others of its kind..."

And with that he was off, Bambi hanging on every word. Krystal opened the menu and immediately felt lost. This was written in English, right? Yet she only recognised every other word. The menu bewildered her with its intricate descriptions of dishes she had never encountered before.

What the hell was an amuse-bouche? How was the confit salmon different from the salmon roast? Krystal struggled; she was sure her old Clark self would know these words, he knew three languages for crying out loud, five if you count that silly one from the sci-fi show she could no longer remember. Now she could barely understand English!

"Anything catch your eye?" Darren asked.

"Besides you-ah I mean up no not yet!" Krystal stammered before sighing, "I don't understand anything on here."

"That's okay." Darren said, his voice having gotten slightly deeper all of a sudden. "Why don't I order for you?"

"Oh that would be such a relief, thank you."

Henry took care of wine while Darren ordered their meals. It was actually a bit of relief, letting them take care of everything and being looked after. They chatted about the job but after only a few minutes it was very clear they had already won both the men over entirely;

the collection photoshoot was theirs. Which left nothing to do but enjoy one another's company. Something that was all too easy to do.

Krystal felt her unease disappear as she and Darren talked. She had been so self-conscious that her scientific mind had been taken from her but as Darren wined and dined her she began to miss it less and less. It felt nice to have somebody else take charge a bit and not have to think all the time. Plus, just listening to his deep, dulcet voice was pleasurable in itself.

They were just ordering dessert when Bambi grabbed her hand.

“We’ve just got to go to the ladies room, don’t we Krystal.”

“Oh, yeah.”

She tried to hide her disappointment; Darren had just been telling her about a necklace that would be perfect for the next shoot. But some new instinct, a woman code if you will, told him that you always went to the bathroom in pairs and who was he to fight it?

“Krystal, you know I love you but...could I go home with Henry tonight?” Bambi begged, hands clenched against her chest, “Pretty please, he’s like sooooo hot and I just...really want him.”

Krystal swallowed.

“Come on, we’re barely even husband and wife in these bodies anyway and I know you want Darren just as much as I want Henry.”

“N-no I don’t.” Krystal lied just a little too quickly.

“Oh come on, let’s have some fun.” Bambi grinned, “We can swap notes tomorrow.”

That did sound fun and Darren was really hot. Hot enough that she could now acknowledge the subtle warmth that had been building between her legs all night. He seemed to like her too.

“Alright.” She whispered with an excited giggle, “Why the hell not.”

They weren't staying here anyway, right? One little fling couldn't hurt. Bambi squealed, hugging her tight so that their curves squashed against one another and Krystal's breasts nearly fell out of her low cut dress.

"Let's go get some D." Bambi grinned, "Good luck, partner."

"You too."

Her heart was thumping in her chest as she made her way back to the table. She had spent the better part of the day trying to deny her own attraction to Darren but now that she could face it openly it flared into full blown lust. She thought she had experienced everything thanks to the artefact but the act of being a woman actively pursuing and being persuaded by a man was totally different. With Bella, even when they had traded genders, she never had to worry about whether or not her partner was going to accept her. Now she had all the thrills of new love and seduction that Bella could never have given her.

Krystal took a deep sip of her wine and let the slightly warm alcohol give her confidence. She leaned over the table, letting her breasts rest against it and push up slightly; delighting in watching Darren's eyes dance. They flicked between her chest and her face and she could see his internal struggle.

"S'okay, ya can look." She drawled, "I get 'em out so people can see 'em'."

"You're...very forward." Darren said appreciatively.

"I find it's tha' best way to be." Krystal smiled, "If ya want something why hide it?"

She reached her leg under the table and rested her knee against his own before slowly stroking her leg with her foot. She felt his leg stiffen then relax, he didn't push her away. They continued to talk, their conversation full of double entendre and sparks until finally, Henry stood.

"Bambi and I are leaving." He said simply, "Darren, I am sure you can help Miss. Krystal find her way home."

"Or to your home." Bambi giggled with a wink.

“Don’t be crass, my dear.” Henry chuckled.

“You love it.”

“I do.”

Things seemed to be going well on her end if something else. Bambi was gazing at the older man as if he’d hung the moon. This was sort of exciting; all the elicited fun of cheating without actually hurting anybody; Krystal couldn’t believe they hadn’t thought to try this earlier!

“Shall I call my car around?” Darren offered and Krystal nodded enthusiastically, heart racing when she saw just how expensive their dishes were and how her man paid without a second thought.

Hot and rich. This was shaping up to be a fabulous first day as a bimbo if she did say so herself, she couldn’t even bring herself to be irritated at Other Clark anymore. If he had done this as some sort of ironic punishment it had backfired spectacularly.

There was no wasting time, as soon as they had slid into the back of Darren’s private car he was pressing up against her; insistent yet not pushy. There was a gentleness to his motions; as if he were asking permission and would back off as soon as she gave a sign; a sign Krystal had no intent of giving. Quite the opposite.

She returned his advances with none of the demureness he was expecting, rather, she climbed right into his lap, straddling him and squeezing his body between her thighs.

“Like ah said.” She whispered, “I don’t see any point in pretend’n I don’t want something.”

“A trait we share.” Darren said roughly before surging forward to press their lips together at last.

Krystal gave a deep moan; Darren was such a different kisser compared to Bambi. He was firmer; yet less insistent. He let his lips curve to her own, letting her take the lead before suddenly asserting control and melting away again. There was a give and take here, a battle for dominance and it lit a fire inside Krystal’s chest and made her heart race. Darren’s driver cleared his throat awkwardly and the man gave him a wave to go.

“Home.” Darren ordered breathlessly between kisses, “My penthouse.”

“How fancy.”

They dove back together and Krystal undulated her body against his, alternating pressing her hips into the growing bulge between his legs and crushing her breasts against his chest. She felt wild, almost out of control; she no longer had the artefact to change the situation to her liking; it was thrilling!

Darren's hands easily slipped into the open back of her dress and left warm tingling trails on her skin as they stroked up and down. Krystal had never realised how sensitive and sensual her back was, that long curve of spine seemed to fascinate Darren and bring her no shortage of pleasure. She pulled back slightly, allowing him to move his hands to her chest and squeeze at her H cup breasts.

A soft moan escaped her as hands finally touched the sensitive skin there. She and Bambi had been so preoccupied since arriving they hadn't even played with them themselves. Something she was glad for now as it made the touch all the sweeter. His fingers swirled across his skin, their touch feather light after the initial squeeze and the light touch started to make Krystal's skin tingle all over. She pressed herself forward, desperate for more fiction.

Just as it looked like he was about to indulge her, thumbs lightly pressed against her nipples...the driver cleared his throat again.

“Sir...we are here.” He said awkwardly, “And have been for some time.”

Krystal hadn't even noticed the car had stopped moving. Darren gave her a wry grin and a chaste kiss to the cheek before grabbing her hips and gently lifting her off.

“Shall we?”

“Oh God yes!” She shuddered, already missing the feel of his body pressed against hers.

Darren led her through the lobby to his private elevator and swiped the card, leading her inside and pressing her against the mirror surface the moment the doors slid closed. Krystal could not describe the noise that escaped her; it was halfway between a moan and a wail. It was a sound of pure pleasure and she wanted nothing more than to make it again as Darren kissed and sucked at her neck.

She felt his teeth scrape against the skin and her whole body quivered in response. Sparks of electricity seemed to fly between them and she did not hesitate to wrap her legs around his and pull him closer. The elevator dinged and she groaned in frustration; would these interruptions never end?

“Patience, my darling.” Darren teased, giving her ear lobe a nip before leading her inside.

Normally, she would have been impressed by the sheer opulence of this single man's penthouse; the fine art, the fancy furniture etc. But right now all Krystal cared about were what surfaced they could use to fuck.

The warmth between her legs had fanned to a flame and Krystal was sure she could feel her clit bulging between her legs. With each step she took she felt her velvet folds rubbing together, sending sparks flying through her body and adding to her own arousal. Darren seemed to be leading them to a bedroom but she simply could not wait that long.

Krystal tugged on his wrist forcing him to turn around where she grabbed the lapels of his dinner jacket and smashed their lips back together. He groaned and Krystal swallowed down the sound like it was water. She gripped his jacket tight before finally letting go and hurried undoing the buttons on his shirt. It was hard to do without looking but she was not about to stop kissing him any time soon.

After a few minutes of fumbling it was finally done and with one smooth motion she pressed her palms against Darren's chest before sliding them up to his shoulders and pushing the shirt and jacket off. It left him topless and her feeling far too clothed.

“Fuck the bedroom.” He growled, “Here is fine.”

“Bedrooms are overrated I say.” Krystal grinned, pushing him back towards the sofa.

Darren returned the favour, slipping his fingers to her halterneck and flicking the light knot undone so that the top of the dress fell away with a flutter. Her breasts were open and exposed; of course she had felt no need for a bra. Despite what she had heard, Krystal liked the feeling of her heavy breasts against her chest. She didn't want any support; that would only diminish how much they moved and where was the fun in that?

Darren certainly seemed to appreciate it as he dove for them, planting a kiss right on her nipple before sucking hard. That sound, that wonderful wild sound escaped Krystal once more as a bolt of pure pleasure made her see white. Her knees went weak but luckily, her

new man was there to catch her; half dragging her to the couch where she once again settled in his lap.

Darren was fully hard now, she pressed her palm to the bulge in his pants and groaned with want. Her fingers trembled undoing his fly as he continued to suckle and kiss at her supple tits; it made concentrating on freeing his length nearly impossible but eventually she managed it.

When she did she pulled back and let her jaw drop. As Clark, she had been well endowed but this...this was something else. Darren was not only long but thick; just looking at him in the dim light of the room made her shiver. How on Earth would she even fit so much cock inside her?

“Like what you see, darling?” Darren teased, giving himself a quick stroke.

“Oh yes.” She shivered, “Now move that hand so I can ride you.”

Darren groaned, doing exactly as she ordered and eagerly Krystal rose herself up above the ramrod straight manhood. She could feel the head pressing at her hole and quivered. She took a moment to savour this for she knew she was about to experience something that would blow all the other sex she'd ever had out of the water.

Moment captured forever in her mind the anticipation became too much and with one solid motion Krystal sank down on the cock. The force knocked the air from her lungs and caused her mouth to drop open; she could feel every inch of that giant cock inside her, stretching her to the absolute limit. It was almost painful and yet that seemed to only make things better.

She watched with the utmost pleasure as Darren's eyes rolled back in his head for a moment as he let out a satisfied moan. His hands gripped her hips tight before sliding around to cup her ass and kneading the sensitive skin there. The sign was clear; it was time to ride.

With more effort that she would have thought necessary Krystal rose herself up, feeling that cock pressing against her inner walls as she went. Then, when only the head remained inside her and she felt almost painfully empty she sank down once more before repeating the motion again, and again.

Soon she was rising fast and hard, unable to control herself or the speed. It simply felt too good; her mind was empty but for the pleasure that Darren's cock was bringing her. She could feel her breasts bouncing with the movement; right in his face and Darren's eyes were wide with lust as he watched her.

“Uuuuh...uhhhh...yeah...just...like that!” She ground out as he started to meet her thrusts, bucking up into her.

She could feel him pressing against the deepest part of her with each and every push of his hips and her G spot was almost constantly being teased. She continued to bounce, rolling her hips each time she descended so that her clit pressed into the rough hair at Darren’s crotch. It was Heaven; feeling herself penetrated so deeply, she couldn’t help but wail as the pressure began to build.

Higher and higher, her pussy began to tighten around the cock, squeezing around it impossible tight. The pleasure built and built until finally she opened her mouth in a silent cry as it all came crashing down atop her. Her whole body shivered, rhythmically pulsating around Darren’s manhood and pulling him over the edge with her. They writhed against one another, hands roaming in jerky movements as they both rode out the high until finally they stilled.

Krystal shuddered, collapsing against him as she struggled to catch her breath. Darren’s fingers traced up and down the length of her spine as his cock softened inside her. Idly she wondered if Bambi’s night was going as well as hers.

“That was...incredible as far as first dates go.” Darren whispered, burying his face in her neck.

“So this was a date?” Krystal teased, giving him one final squeeze before dismounting, enjoying the way he shuddered as she did so.

“I hope so.” Darren grinned, “I certainly want to see you again, outside of working with you on the swim suits.”

“Well I accept.” Krystal smiled, “Now...shall we actually go to your bedroom?”

“Tired?”

“Not in the slightest.”

~

Before either of them knew it, a week had passed. A week of photoshoots, wonderful dates and absolutely no progress on recreating the artefact. Bambi and Krystal lounged by the pool in Henry's mansion, enjoying the party going on around them.

"Henry is a doll." Bambi sighed, "I know it's weird, us being...husband and wife secretly but I dunno, I sort of love being his trophy wife, getting trotted out and decked up in all the best outfits for his friends. I could get used to it."

Krystal looked over at Darren in his tight swimming shorts, discussing business with a few other men over by the pool table.

"Yeah." She sighed happily.

"I realised...with them as our partners money won't be a problem anymore." Bambi played with the straw in her cocktail, "If we wanted to...we could take another trip, find the artefact again."

"Yeah we could." Krystal nodded. "If we wanted to."

The two shared a look and Bambi smiled.

"If."

Epilogue - 1 Year Later...

It's truly a historic day! For the first time in history two Nobel prizes have been won by the same couple within the same year! Clark and Bella Hunter, the husband and wife stars of the science world, wowed everybody last night as they took not only the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for their development of a natural food enzyme which had the potential to double crop yields; but also the Medical Prize for their anti-aging cream! While the latter may sound like some sort of make up product it is far from simple cosmetics, the cream uses active enzymes to literally de-age cells in the skin and just looking at the couple you can see they can vouch for its effects first hand! What is next for this super star science couple? The community waits with bated breath!

Bella put down the article with a wide smile; yet another accolade to add to their ever growing wall of achievements. Thanks to the artefact stolen from their alternate selves their lives had become a dream. Funding, fame, it all came naturally. Thanks to the artifact's powers neither of them needed sleep, nor food anymore and were able to spend all of their time working on their endeavours.

Getting samples, research grants or the best equipment was as simple as a thought and a turn of the dial. And to think, their other selves had simply been using it for sex! Of course, Clark and Bella had both given themselves a little makeover, but nothing on the same level as their doppelgangers. Any time Bella started to feel guilty for what they had done, she looked at the wall which was now dedicated to their achievements; trophies, news articles, certificates. Yes, it had been well worth it.

“Do you ever think about them?” She asked out of the blue as she carefully stuck the latest article on the wall.

“Who?” Clark questioned, without looking up from his desk.

“Our other selves.” Bella answered, “Do you think we should...check on them?”

Clark slid back and let out a deep breath.

“Sometimes. But they are probably fine, it’s not like the world we left them in was particularly bad. They were gorgeous models, I am sure they made something of themselves.”

“Yes but, what if they didn’t?” Bella said quietly, “Don’t you think we should pop over there and just make sure? I know they abused the artifact's power but I still don’t want them to be suffering.”

“What if they steal the artefact from us?” Clark asked seriously, “What if we get stuck in that world without a way back here?”

Bella bit her lip; it was risky that was for sure.

“We have to do it.” She said finally, “It’s only right, look at all the good we have done. We can’t let this be a dark mark on our record, even if we’re the only ones who will ever know about it.”

“You’re too nice, you know that?” Clark smiled, reaching for the artefact that always sat on his desk. “Let’s go.”

With a grateful smile Bella joined him and placed her hands on the dial, letting Clark turn them as her eyes were momentarily dazzled by the flash of light. When her vision cleared she felt her jaw drop; this couldn’t be right!

They were standing in the middle of a glamorous penthouse apartment overlooking the city. The walls were hung with fine art interspersed with some of the tackiest statues Bella had ever seen. Where was the messy apartment? More importantly, where were the two dumb bimbos they’d left there.

“Are you sure this is the right reality?” She whispered, Clark nodded.

“Do you think perhaps they got their hands on another artefact?”

“No way, you made them way too stupid for that.” Bella argued, glancing around, they had to be here somewhere.

“Can I help you?”

They both turned to see a man with slicked back dark hair glaring at them, one hand on what Bella assumed to be his security remote.

“How did you get up here?”

“We...ummmm.” Bella’s mouth felt dry, she hadn’t been expecting this.

Suddenly, a familiar face rounded the same corner the man had appeared from. Krystal, the former Clark. She was wearing a black mini dress and her blonde hair now reached her ass, contrary to what Bella expected she smiled widely and waved.

“Bella! Clark! Ah’m so happy to see ya both! Calm down darling, these are ma friends.”

“You let them in?”

“Oh yeah.” She lied breezily, “Did ah forget to tell ya they were comin’? Sorry you know me, mind like a sieve.”

She giggled and the man rolled his eyes with a fond smile.

“Come sit down, I have so much to tell ya both!”

Bewildered, Bella sat down on the nearest couch with Clark who was gripping the artefact so hard his knuckles were white.

“Don’t worry, I ain’t gonna take it.” Krystal whispered just a little too loud, “Darlin’ can we have some space.”

The man raised an eyebrow before shrugging and heading back into the room they had both come from.

“Darren, my husband.” Krystal said, as if that explained anything.

“Husband?!” Clark gaped, “B-but what about Bella...Bambi?”

“Oh she's got one too, nabbed an old Silver fox named Henry who showers her with affection and shopping sprees. It's fab.” Krystal said dreamily, “Oh you should have seen the wedding, Darren was such a darling, he let me wear the sexiest wedding dress, Variety called it a scandal! Can you believe it? It was a riot.”

“B-but what about you and your....wife?” Bella whispered.

“Oh we have an agreement.” Krystal shrugged, “Still the bestest of friends don't worry, she's coming over tonight. And we still get to have our fun, nothing gets our husbands hotter than watching their wives make out. Oh...thank you Clark these bodies are AUH-MAZE-ING!”

Bella just gaped, she could hardly believe this horny, dumb, trophy wife before her was really an alternate version of her husband. Just how much had Clark changed in that dial turn? Or maybe it was just an after effect of that version of Clark becoming such a horndog beforehand? They would never know.

“So you’re happy?” Bella said awkwardly, Krystal nodded enthusiastically. So much so that her breasts jiggled with the movement.

“Totally. This is waaaaaay more fun than being a scientist lemme tell you.” She sighed dreamily, “Darren takes care of everything, I don’t have to lift a finger to think about anythin’ it just gets done! Plus, I get to model and it is so much fun! I did my first playboy shoot the other week and-”

She broke off into a high pitched squeal.

“It was so hot! Darren and I went at it twice in the car on the way home. Have you ever ridden Clark in a moving car, Bella? It’s incredible, especially if the road is bumpy…”

Was she for real? Did this woman think about anything but sex and looking sexy anymore? Bella almost felt sorry for her, or at least she would have if Krystal didn’t look so blissfully happy. It was hard to feel sorry for somebody who was so clearly loving life.

“Oh. Ma. Gawd. Is that Bella and Clark?!”

Bambi jumped out of the elevator and bounced on her toes.

“It is! Hiya guys! Long time no see!”

Bella looked at her alternate self, in strappy high heels and a silver dress that looked one burst stitch away from falling off entirely. It was like looking in the world’s strangest fun house mirror. The busty blonde ran up and hugged her tight; just like Krystal, there wasn’t a single hint of any animosity.

“So glad you guys dropped by!”

“I think they were worried ‘bout us.” Krystal said and Bambi went ‘awwww’.

“We’re super happy here. My husband is so rich and lets me buy whatever I want to stay pretty.” Bambi said dreamily, “It’s the best, after our first night together I tore up the notes I had on the artefact, this is peak. We ain’t leaving.”

“Weren’t those notes on your phone?” Krystal teased.

“I meant metaphorically I tore them up.”

“Meta what?”

“I learned it on Oprah.” Bambi said proudly, “Good innit?”

Clark was forced to clear his throat and both bimbos jumped; clearly they had forgotten Bella and Clark were even here. They both blushed.

“Anyway.” Krystal continued, “You don’t need to worry ya pretty little heads about us. We ain’t coming for the artefact, you guys can use it to do whatever.”

“Well, that’s great.” Clark said, giving Bella an impatient look. “I guess we’ll get going then.”

“You could always stay and play.” Bambi winked, laughing as they both leaned backwards. “Prudes.”

Bella had to resist the urge to stick her tongue out but she refused to stoop to their childish level. She and Clark said their goodbyes and prepared the artefact, the two bimbos waved happily as they disappeared in a flash and emerged back in their lab.

Bella looked up at their wall of accomplishments, reminding herself just what good she had done. And yet, a little voice in the back of her mind couldn’t help but wonder who, out of the two couples, ended up with the better lot in life.

“Bah, what idiots!” Bambi threw her blonde hair over her shoulder dismissively, “I can totally fix this, help me find a pad and paper.”

Krystal, who was already settled into her new name surprisingly fast thanks to the magic of the artefact, began rummaging around in search of anything to write on. She found plenty of clothes, a veritable forest of bras and underwear and no less than thirty different tubes of lipstick scattered about the various surfaces of the apartment, but no pencil or pen. Something told her Krystal and Bambi were not the academic types.

“I don’t think we’re gonna find anything.” She pouted.

“Whatevs, I found my phone!” Bambi grinned, “That’ll work, now I just gotta remember those symbols and we can build our own version of the artefact! You remember what it looked like, right?”

“Yeah sure.” Krystal nodded, “It was round with lots of dials, how hard could that be to make, and she was the one who made it’s special power source.

She eventually located a bright pink phone case on the floor and picked it up, intuitively knowing the unlock code. She opened up the until now unused notepad app and started writing.

“Reality Device Plans”

She stared at the screen for a moment; she had made that battery but how again? Something about acids reacting together in a disc? No, that didn't sound right, batteries made electricity right? Electricity came from lightning and shit, no acid. But something was niggling in the back of her brain to tell her they did? Krystal was getting a headache looking at the little cursor blinking on her screen.

She turned to ask Bambi how she was going when she heard a strange sound; like glittering bells. Bambi was sat, huddled over her phone flicking her finger across the screen in time to the sound of artificial music.

“What are ya doing?”

“Huh wha?” Bambi dropped the phone and blushed deeply, “Sorry I got distracted and I realised there was this game on my phone called Bead Basher and decided to have a go...ya know, to see if it helped me think any clearer.”

“Did it?”

“Nah.” She sighed, “A lot has happened today, we just need a fresh start tomorrow.”

“Totally.” Krystal was honestly keen for any excuse not to open up that notepad app, it made her feel dumb and she hated feeling dumb.

Both of them looked around absentmindedly, not really sure what to do next. Krystal got to her feet and shrugged.

“Well, if we are gonna stay here a bit, why don’t we get familiar?”

“Yeah, good idea.” Bambi nodded, “I guess, I am happy and all that they let us keep our old memories but they like, could have at least given us the new ones for this life as well so we knew what the hell was up, y’know?”

“I dunno, having two sets of memories in my head sounds hard to work out.” Krystal pouted, her head was thumping just thinking about it.

A ping went off and Krystal looked down at her phone and felt her heart clench. A reminder simply entitled ‘work’ was flashing on her screen. Bambi’s phone began to do the same and they exchanged looks; they had no idea what their job was! Krystal thought for a moment, she had felt a sense of familiarity when they first arrived, perhaps Other Clark had intended to give them the memories of this place, but his inexperience with the artefact had tripped him up.

He thought, hard and long before it finally popped back into what was left of his mind. Modelling! They were models, both looking for their big break! How could he have forgotten!

“Omigosh, Bambi, we are totally late!” He babbled, reaching for the closest handbag and throwing his phone inside, “I think I can remember the way to our job, sorta. We’d better get going!”

“Work?” Bambi screwed up her nose, it had been forever since they’d been forced to work.

“Look, I don’t like it either but do you wanna be a streetwalker? We got rent to pay now!” Krystal argued, “C’mon let’s get going, move that fabulous ass of yours!”

~

Krystal couldn’t help but feel a little excited, walking up the glittering sky scrapper where they both apparently worked. It was so glamorous, even their mountain top lab couldn’t compare. The floor was polished marble that clicked against her heels as she walked and everywhere she looked were people just as gorgeous as she.

Despite that though, she could still feel eyes on her as she walked; the sensual sway of her hips seemed to effortlessly draw people in and she had to hold back a smug smile. If she had to live this life for a while before they rebuild the artefact...well she could live with it.

“Bambi! Krystal! There you are!” A man with the whitest teeth she had ever seen smiled at them. “Come on, they need you in photography room B, the marketing fella is getting agitated.”

“Of course...which way?” Krystal asked and the man rolled his eyes with a fond smile, as if that was exactly what he expected her to say.

“Come on, I’ll take you. Again.”

He grabbed them by the wrists and tugged them through the halls and into an elevator which took them up to yet another floor. This one was less open but when he opened the door to the photography room Krystal realised it was no less impressive.

A photoshoot made to look like a beach was set up, with real golden sand covering the floor. Fake palm trees blew in the wind created by giant fans and water lapped at the fake ocean edge thanks to a small wave machine and pool. Honestly, wouldn't it be easier to just go to a real beach?

“Quick quick! Into the make-up chairs!” The photographer clapped. “We are already behind!”

Krystal and Bambi were shuffled to the side of the room and sat in folding chairs where two women began to slather makeup all over their faces. Krystal had to admit, it felt quite nice, almost pampering really. She watched with fascination at her reflection as it was transformed. She always had a beautiful face, with thick lips and high cheekbones, but the make up seemed to bring out every single one of her best features and make them look twice as good.

Each of them were handed a beautiful bikini made of shimmering, almost holographic material. Krystal’s a deep shade of red that flowed into pinks and silvers while his was a deep blue that sparkled with turquoise highlights.

Taking a deep breath, Krystal stepped onto the set, feeling the warm sand beneath her bare feet. Her eyes widened with awe and wonder as she beheld the meticulously crafted scene. The artificial beach seemed so real, as if she had been transported to an exotic tropical paradise. The gentle breeze brushed against her face, and she could almost

taste the saltiness of the imaginary ocean. Perhaps there really was no need to go to a real beach after all when the experience felt so authentic in the studio.

“About time.”

The voice was deep and droll, coming from a man with slicked back hair who wasn't looking up from his phone.

“My company needs this ad campaign to go well, the new line of swimwear isn't going to sell itself.”

Krystal felt a flutter in her chest; there was something cool about the man, something...enigmatic that drew her in. She found herself desperately wishing he would look up from his screen and notice her. The tense photographer approached Krystal and Bambi with a tight smile.

"Krystal, Bambi, my dears, this is your moment to shine," he said swiftly. "Just relax, be yourself, and let the magic happen. I have heard great things about you, if you really are naturals I want to see it."

As the shoot commenced, Kate started off tentatively, her body moving with caution as she adjusted to the demands of the camera. However, as the minutes passed, Bambi began to find her rhythm. Krystal watched as she effortlessly pushed out her ass, in such a way that it could almost be accidental, like the photographer had caught her reaching down to pick up a beach ball. It didn't feel stiff or unnatural at all, in fact it was downright sexy. Krystal took a deep breath and let go of her inhibitions, allowing her natural grace and beauty to take over.

As the shoot continued Krystal started to hear whispers, appreciative ones. The executives and other business people stopped typing on their phones and started watching them and Krystal felt heat bloom in her lower stomach knowing they were the centre of attention. Their eyes and attention only fuelled her confidence, allowing her true sexual essence to shine through. She started to experiment with different poses, letting her body flow gracefully and her eyes sparkle with genuine joy.

As the session progressed, Kate's nervousness was replaced by a sense of exhilaration. She twirled and danced on the imaginary shoreline, her laughter filling the studio. The photographer stopped directing them all together and let them go wild. Bambi giggled with her and for a few moments Krystal actually felt as though she were just a

woman, enjoying a fun day at the beach with her friend. She said a chaste kiss to Bambi's cheek and the flash of the camera went wild.

They frolicked in the fake ocean, laid in the faux sand and leaned up against the palm trees letting the wind blow their hair around their shoulders with looks of wistful happiness on their faces.

With every click of the camera, Krystal's energy and enthusiasm grew. She became one with the set, fully immersing herself in the atmosphere that had been created for her and Bambi. She was almost disappointed when they finally announced they were out of storage space on the camera.

"Fabulous!" The photographer beamed, "Utterly fabulous! Well worth the wait, you two are naturals all right."

Krystal basked under his praise. She wasn't used to getting so much attention.

"He's not kidding."

It was the man with the dark hair who made Krystal's heart flutter before, "Darren Wright."

He held out his hand and Krystal took it eagerly, feeling the warmth of his grip warm her from the inside out. She was forced to quash a small spike of jealousy when he did the same for Bambi.

"You two are perfect for this campaign." He beamed, "I'll have some words to the big guys in corporate but if I can get you both to model the full line I know we will all profit. How about a dinner meeting with my manager tonight. All on us, of course."

"Oh that sounds totally amazeballs." Bambi grinned, "Where?"

"How about the Skyrise Restaurant?" Darren suggested, "I'll send a car to pick you up."

"Sounds...enticing." Krystal responded, trying to sound intelligent, something she had never struggled with as Clark.

Darren gave her a warm, slightly flirtatious smile that almost made Krystal swoon before they exchanged numbers. It was only after he was gone she felt safe to give a little squeal of excitement; this life was turning out to be a lot more fun than she'd first thought!

~

"Wow, Bambi, this Skyrise place is super fancy!" Krystal breathed as she looked at the website, "Black die, it's got a dress code and everythin', do we even have anything that we can wear?"

"Course we do, look at this place! We have more clothes than a damn mall!"

"But they don't seem...appropriate for Skyrise." Krystal pouted, picking up the bright red mini dress, "I want Darren to like me-I mean us. After all, if we want to be rich again we have to land this job."

"You just want Darren to liiiiike you." Bambi teased, flopping herself over Krystal's back so that her breasts squashed against her neck. "You have a crush. We've been in this reality like, one day and you're falling in love! With ya wife right next to ya!"

"Well you don't seem to be bothered." Krystal gave her a playful smack away/

"You know me. I love watching you squirm."

The two women both stuck their tongue out at the same time and descended into a fit of giggles. Krystal forced herself to stop, trying to remain serious. This life was fun, she would give Other Clark that but it was still a fake life. Deep down she was Clark still, she was sure. It was just that he was a bit buried under all the boobs and hair right now. Once she got her hands on the artefact, or a recreation, she wouldn't hesitate to turn back again, she was sure.

"He's rich, baby." She said matter-of-factly, we need money to build our own version of the artefact. Once we remember how."

"Oh yeah." Bambi sighed, "The artefact. I'd better get back to trying to write my notes on that."

“Good idea, I’ll try and find us something to wear.” Krystal announced, secretly glad to have the more fun task to complete.

Though she couldn’t help but notice the sound of music and bells coming from the other room where Bambi was supposedly ‘working’. She spent several hours carefully cultivating their outfits for maximum sex appeal, for the sake of looking good as models, not because she wanted Darren to like her or anything. That would just be a happy secondary effect, if at all. She couldn’t care less.

Krystal found herself drawn to the more girly options she found, granted,. There wasn’t much in the way of other choice but still; pinks and pastels seemed to draw her in far more than the plain, dark colours she had worn as a man. Had she really been happy just wearing button up shirts and tight pants to show off her package? When there was so much more variety out there?

She picked up a beautiful, deep rose pink dress that fell to the floor and felt her jaw drop. It was gorgeous; the slit in the side allowed for her long legs to show through and the tight fabric would hug her ass and show off her cleavage nicely. The plunging neckline and open back showed off plenty of skin too. Darren wouldn’t know what hit him.

For Bambi he selected something to contrast himself; a silky green number with silver trim in the shape of leaves. It really suited her forest-y name too! Plus with their two contrasting colour schemes they were sure to stand out in the best possible way! She felt her heart swell with pride; she was pretty good at this all things considered. Perhaps she would even visit this reality again when she was Clark once more.

~

Krystal’s heart raced with excitement as she stepped out of the elevator and into the opulent establishment, but a wave of unease washed over her as she realised just how out of place she felt. The outfits she had been so proud of mere moments before suddenly felt completely wrong in this sea of classy women; all in dark navy dresses or elegant black numbers. Their bright colours felt like an assault on the eyes compared to them; not to mention the decor.

The entrance of Skyrise was adorned with grand chandeliers, casting a soft, warm glow on the polished marble floors. The walls were adorned with exquisite artwork, and the air was filled with the delicate aroma of fine cuisine. The restaurant was at the top of one of the tallest skyscrapers in the city and every outer wall was a floor to ceiling window that showed the glittering cityscape below. When the car had come to pick them up Krystal had felt confident, now she felt like a sore thumb.

Bambi looped her arm through hers as they made her way to the hostess stand. She didn't seem nervous at all, in fact, she hadn't been phased at all since they got here.

“How can you be so calm?” Krystal whispered, “This job and the money it brings could be our ticket home.”

“I guess I hadn't thought of it that much.” Bambi blinked innocently, Krystal was starting to get the real impression she didn't think much at all anymore.

The hostess greeted them with a warm smile and led the pair to a table near the centre of the restaurant. The sound of hushed conversations and clinking silverware echoed in her ears as she sat down, her eyes scanning the room for Darren. She spotted him across the room, his magnetic presence drawing her attention like a moth to a flame. He was sitting with a slightly older gentleman with silver fox style hair and bright blue eyes. She felt Bambi grip her hand tightly for a moment as she let out a soft 'oh'.

As Darren approached, his charismatic smile widening, Katie's heart skipped a beat. She reminded herself to stay composed, not letting her feelings show. She had to focus on the job after all, that was why she was here, to get a big job, earn lots of money and rebuild the artefact so she and Bambi could go back to being Clark and Bella again.

“So glad you could join us, Henry, these are the two stunning women from the photos I showed you.”

Henry, the silverfox, raised an eyebrow at the pair and Krystal felt Bambi stiffen slightly next to her.

“You two certainly are...eye-catching.” He said somberly, looking them up and down.

Krystal felt herself flush, but swallowed the embarrassment; she was beautiful! So was Bambi! Who did this guy think he was giving them such a backhanded compliment?

“We like to stand out, y'know?” She said with her most charming smile, “Isn't that what ya want in ya ads? Or do you prefer models who look like everybody else in the room?”

Darren blinked in shock and looked at Henry nervously. The older man leaned back in his chair and appeared to think for a moment before throwing back his head and laughing.

“You’ve got some guts on you girl, too right you are. Sit down, sit down!”

Bambi couldn't obey fast enough, sliding into the seat opposite Henry with the most obviously moony look Krystal had ever seen. She extended her long arm across the table and offered it to the silver fox, who kissed it. Krystal felt a stab of jealousy watching Bambi's face flush deeply; she looked tickled pink. Krystal wanted to remind her that she was still her wife in another reality but then Darren cleared his throat and leaned over to smile at her and the thought went completely out of her mind.

“That was the bravest thing I have ever seen, Henry never gets talked back to.” He chuckled, “Well done.”

“Just cause I ain't the sharpest fork in the drawer don't mean I can't tell when somebody is insulting me.”

Krystal cringed, she was sure that sentence wasn't right but fuck her if she could figure out why. Darren actually chuckled, but in a well meaning way. If she didn't know better Krystal might have suspected he found her crass attitude charming.

“Let's pick some food and wine, eh?” Henry suggested.

“I looooooove wine.” Bambi sighed, “I am sure you have tried so many more than me though, Henry.”

“Don't get him started-” Darren winced.

“Good wine is a wonderful topic before dinner, have you tried this rose here? Very mellow, with a hint of sweetness, not like others of its kind...”

And with that he was off, Bambi hanging on every word. Krystal opened the menu and immediately felt lost. This was written in English, right? Yet she only recognised every other word. The menu bewildered her with its intricate descriptions of dishes she had never encountered before.

What the hell was an amuse-bouche? How was the confit salmon different from the salmon roast? Krystal struggled; she was sure her old Clark self would know these words, he knew three languages for crying out loud, five if you count that silly one from the sci-fi show she could no longer remember. Now she could barely understand English!

“Anything catch your eye?” Darren asked.

“Besides you-ah I mean up no not yet!” Krystal stammered before sighing, “I don’t understand anything on here.”

“That’s okay.” Darren said, his voice having gotten slightly deeper all of a sudden. “Why don’t I order for you?”

“Oh that would be such a relief, thank you.”

Henry took care of wine while Darren ordered their meals. It was actually a bit of relief, letting them take care of everything and being looked after. They chatted about the job but after only a few minutes it was very clear they had already won both the men over entirely; the collection photoshoot was theirs. Which left nothing to do but enjoy one another's company. Something that was all too easy to do.

Krystal felt her unease disappear as she and Darren talked. She had been so self conscious that her scientific mind had been taken from her but as Darren wined and dined her she began to miss it less and less. It felt nice to have somebody else take charge a bit and not have to think all the time. Plus, just listening to his deep, dulcet voice was pleasurable in itself.

They were just ordering dessert when Bambi grabbed her hand.

“We’ve just got to go to the ladies room, don’t we Krystal.”

“Oh, yeah.”

She tried to hide her disappointment; Darren had just been telling her about a necklace that would be perfect for the next shoot. But some new instinct, a woman code if you will, told him that you always went to the bathroom in pairs and who was he to fight it?

“Krystal, you know I love you but...could I go home with Henry tonight?” Bambi begged, hands clenched against her chest, “Pretty please, he’s like sooooo hot and I just...really want him.”

Krystal swallowed.

“Come on, we’re barely even husband and wife in these bodies anyway and I know you want Darren just as much as I want Henry.”

“N-no I don’t.” Krystal lied just a little too quickly.

“Oh come on, let’s have some fun.” Bambi grinned, “We can swap notes tomorrow.”

That did sound fun and Darren was really hot. Hot enough that she could now acknowledge the subtle warmth that had been building between her legs all night. He seemed to like her too.

“Alright.” She whispered with an excited giggle, “Why the hell not.”

They weren’t staying here anyway, right? One little fling couldn’t hurt. Bambi squealed, hugging her tight so that their curves squashed against one another and Krystal’s breasts nearly fell out of her low cut dress.

“Let’s go get some D.” Bambi grinned, “Good luck, partner.”

“You too.”

Her heart was thumping in her chest as she made her way back to the table. She had spent the better part of the day trying to deny her own attraction to Darren but now that she could face it openly it flared into full blown lust. She thought she had experienced everything thanks to the artefact but the act of being a woman actively pursuing and being persuaded by a man was totally different. With Bella, even when they had traded genders, she never had to worry about whether or not her partner was going to accept her. Now she had all the thrills of new love and seduction that Bella could never have given her.

Krystal took a deep sip of her wine and let the slightly warm alcohol give her confidence. She leaned over the table, letting her breasts rest against it and push up slightly; delighting in watching Darren’s eyes dance. They flicked between her chest and her face and she could see his internal struggle.

“S’okay, ya can look.” She drawled, “I get ‘em out so people can see ‘em’.”

“You’re...very forward.” Darren said appreciatively.

“I find it's tha' best way to be.” Krystal smiled, “If ya want something why hide it?”

She reached her leg under the table and rested her knee against his own before slowly stroking her leg with her foot. She felt his leg stiffen then relax, he didn't push her away. They continued to talk, their conversation full of double entendre and sparks until finally, Henry stood.

“Bambi and I are leaving.” He said simply, “Darren, I am sure you can help Miss. Krystal find her way home.”

“Or to your home.” Bambi giggled with a wink.

“Don't be crass, my dear.” Henry chuckled.

“You love it.”

“I do.”

Things seemed to be going well on her end if something else. Bambi was gazing at the older man as if he'd hung the moon. This was sort of exciting; all the elicit fun of cheating without actually hurting anybody; Krystal couldn't believe they hadn't thought to try this earlier!

“Shall I call my car around?” Darren offered and Krystal nodded enthusiastically, heart racing when she saw just how expensive their dishes were and how her man paid without a second thought.

Hot and rich. This was shaping up to be a fabulous first day as a bimbo if she did say so herself, she couldn't even bring herself to be irritated at Other Clark anymore. If he had done this as some sort of ironic punishment it had backfired spectacularly.

There was no wasting time, as soon as they had slid into the back of Darren's private car he was pressing up against her; insistent yet not pushy. There was a gentleness to his motions; as if he were asking permission and would back off as soon as she gave a sign; a sign Krystal had no intent of giving. Quite the opposite.

She returned his advances with none of the demureness he was expecting, rather, she climbed right into his lap, straddling him and squeezing his body between her thighs.

“Like ah said.” She whispered, “I don’t see any point in pretend’n I don’t want something.”

“A trait we share.” Darren said roughly before surging forward to press their lips together at last.

Krystal gave a deep moan; Darren was such a different kisser compared to Bambi. He was firmer; yet less insistent. He let his lips curve to her own, letting her take the lead before suddenly asserting control and melting away again. There was a give and take here, a battle for dominance and it lit a fire inside Krystal’s chest and made her heart race. Darren’s driver cleared his throat awkwardly and the man gave him a wave to go.

“Home.” Darren ordered breathlessly between kisses, “My penthouse.”

“How fancy.”

They dove back together and Krystal undulated her body against his, alternating pressing her hips into the growing bulge between his legs and crushing her breasts against his chest. She felt wild, almost out of control; she no longer had the artefact to change the situation to her liking; it was thrilling!

Darren’s hands easily slipped into the open back of her dress and left warm tingling trails on her skin as they stroked up and down. Krystal had never realised how sensitive and sensual her back was, that long curve of spine seemed to fascinate Darren and bring her no shortage of pleasure. She pulled back slightly, allowing him to move his hands to her chest and squeeze at her H cup breasts.

A soft moan escaped her as hands finally touched the sensitive skin there. She and Bambi had been so preoccupied since arriving they hadn’t even played with them themselves. Something she was glad for now as it made the touch all the sweeter. His fingers swirled across his skin, their touch feather light after the initial squeeze and the light touch started to make Krystal’s skin tingle all over. She pressed herself forward, desperate for more fiction.

Just as it looked like he was about to indulge her, thumbs lightly pressed against her nipples...the driver cleared his throat again.

“Sir...we are here.” He said awkwardly, “And have been for some time.”

Krystal hadn't even noticed the car had stopped moving. Darren gave her a wry grin and a chaste kiss to the cheek before grabbing her hips and gently lifting her off.

“Shall we?”

“Oh God yes!” She shuddered, already missing the feel of his body pressed against hers.

Darren led her through the lobby to his private elevator and swiped the card, leading her inside and pressing her against the mirror surface the moment the doors slid closed. Krystal could not describe the noise that escaped her; it was halfway between a moan and a wail. It was a sound of pure pleasure and she wanted nothing more than to make it again as Darren kissed and sucked at her neck.

She felt his teeth scrape against the skin and her whole body quivered in response. Sparks of electricity seemed to fly between them and she did not hesitate to wrap her legs around his and pull him closer. The elevator dinged and she groaned in frustration; would these interruptions never end?

“Patience, my darling.” Darren teased, giving her ear lobe a nip before leading her inside.

Normally, she would have been impressed by the sheer opulence of this single man's penthouse; the fine art, the fancy furniture etc. But right now all Krystal cared about were what surfaced they could use to fuck.

The warmth between her legs had fanned to a flame and Krystal was sure she could feel her clit bulging between her legs. With each step she took she felt her velvet folds rubbing together, sending sparks flying through her body and adding to her own arousal. Darren seemed to be leading them to a bedroom but she simply could not wait that long.

Krystal tugged on his wrist forcing him to turn around where she grabbed the lapels of his dinner jacket and smashed their lips back together. He groaned and Krystal swallowed down the sound like it was water. She gripped his jacket tight before finally letting go and hurried undoing the buttons on his shirt. It was hard to do without looking but she was not about to stop kissing him any time soon.

After a few minutes of fumbling it was finally done and with one smooth motion she pressed her palms against Darren's chest before sliding them up to his shoulders and pushing the shirt and jacket off. It left him topless and her feeling far too clothed.

“Fuck the bedroom.” He growled, “Here is fine.”

“Bedrooms are overrated I say.” Krystal grinned, pushing him back towards the sofa.

Darren returned the favour, slipping his fingers to her halterneck and flicking the light knot undone so that the top of the dress fell away with a flutter. Her breasts were open and exposed; of course she had felt no need for a bra. Despite what she had heard, Krystal liked the feeling of her heavy breasts against her chest. She didn't want any support; that would only diminish how much they moved and where was the fun in that?

Darren certainly seemed to appreciate it as he dove for them, planting a kiss right on her nipple before sucking hard. That sound, that wonderful wild sound escaped Krystal once more as a bolt of pure pleasure made her see white. Her knees went weak but luckily, her new man was there to catch her; half dragging her to the couch where she once again settled in his lap.

Darren was fully hard now, she pressed her palm to the bulge in his pants and groaned with want. Her fingers trembled undoing his fly as he continued to suckle and kiss at her supple tits; it made concentrating on freeing his length nearly impossible but eventually she managed it.

When she did she pulled back and let her jaw drop. As Clark, she had been well endowed but this...this was something else. Darren was not only long but thick; just looking at him in the dim light of the room made her shiver. How on Earth would she even fit so much cock inside her?

“Like what you see, darling?” Darren teased, giving himself a quick stroke.

“Oh yes.” She shivered, “Now move that hand so I can ride you.”

Darren groaned, doing exactly as she ordered and eagerly Krystal rose herself up above the ramrod straight manhood. She could feel the head pressing at her hole and quivered. She took a moment to savour this for she knew she was about to experience something that would blow all the other sex she'd ever had out of the water.

Moment captured forever in her mind the anticipation became too much and with one solid motion Krystal sank down on the cock. The force knocked the air from her lungs and caused her mouth to drop open; she could feel every inch of that giant cock inside her, stretching her to the absolute limit. It was almost painful and yet that seemed to only make things better.

She watched with the utmost pleasure as Darren's eyes rolled back in his head for a moment as he let out a satisfied moan. His hands gripped her hips tight before sliding around to cup her ass and kneading the sensitive skin there. The sign was clear; it was time to ride.

With more effort than she would have thought necessary Krystal rose herself up, feeling that cock pressing against her inner walls as she went. Then, when only the head remained inside her and she felt almost painfully empty she sank down once more before repeating the motion again, and again.

Soon she was rising fast and hard, unable to control herself or the speed. It simply felt too good; her mind was empty but for the pleasure that Darren's cock was bringing her. She could feel her breasts bouncing with the movement; right in his face and Darren's eyes were wide with lust as he watched her.

"Uuuuh...uhhhh...yeah...just...like that!" She ground out as he started to meet her thrusts, bucking up into her.

She could feel him pressing against the deepest part of her with each and every push of his hips and her G spot was almost constantly being teased. She continued to bounce, rolling her hips each time she descended so that her clit pressed into the rough hair at Darren's crotch. It was Heaven; feeling herself penetrated so deeply, she couldn't help but wail as the pressure began to build.

Higher and higher, her pussy began to tighten around the cock, squeezing around it impossible tight. The pleasure built and built until finally she opened her mouth in a silent cry as it all came crashing down atop her. Her whole body shivered, rhythmically pulsating around Darren's manhood and pulling him over the edge with her. They writhed against one another, hands roaming in jerky movements as they both rode out the high until finally they stilled.

Krystal shuddered, collapsing against him as she struggled to catch her breath. Darren's fingers traced up and down the length of her spine as his cock softened inside her. Idly she wondered if Bambi's night was going as well as hers.

"That was...incredible as far as first dates go." Darren whispered, burying his face in her neck.

"So this was a date?" Krystal teased, giving him one final squeeze before dismounting, enjoying the way he shuddered as she did so.

“I hope so.” Darren grinned, “I certainly want to see you again, outside of working with you on the swim suits.”

“Well I accept.” Krystal smiled, “Now...shall we actually go to your bedroom?”

“Tired?”

“Not in the slightest.”

~

Before either of them knew it, a week had passed. A week of photoshoots, wonderful dates and absolutely no progress on recreating the artefact. Bambi and Krystal lounged by the pool in Henry’s mansion, enjoying the party going on around them.

“Henry is a doll.” Bambi sighed, “I know it’s weird, us being...husband and wife secretly but I dunno, I sort of love being his trophy wife, getting trotted out and decked up in all the best outfits for his friends. I could get used to it.”

Krystal looked over at Darren in his tight swimming shorts, discussing business with a few other men over by the pool table.

“Yeah.” She sighed happily.

“I realised...with them as our partners money won’t be a problem anymore.” Bambi played with the straw in her cocktail, “If we wanted to...we could take another trip, find the artefact again.”

“Yeah we could.” Krystal nodded. “If we wanted to.”

The two shared a look and Bambi smiled.

“If.”

Epilogue - 1 Year Later...

It's truly a historic day! For the first time in history two Nobel prizes have been won by the same couple within the same year! Clark and Bella Hunter, the husband and wife stars of the science world, wowed everybody last night as they took not only the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for their development of a natural food enzyme which had the potential to double crop yields; but also the Medical Prize for their anti-aging cream! While the latter may sound like some sort of make up product it is far from simple cosmetics, the cream uses active enzymes to literally de-age cells in the skin and just looking at the couple you can see they can vouch for its effects first hand! What is next for this super star science couple? The community waits with bated breath!

Bella put down the article with a wide smile; yet another accolade to add to their ever growing wall of achievements. Thanks to the artefact stolen from their alternate selves their lives had become a dream. Funding, fame, it all came naturally. Thanks to the artifact's powers neither of them needed sleep, nor food anymore and were able to spend all of their time working on their endeavours.

Getting samples, research grants or the best equipment was as simple as a thought and a turn of the dial. And to think, their other selves had simply been using it for sex! Of course, Clark and Bella had both given themselves a little makeover, but nothing on the same level as their doppelgangers. Any time Bella started to feel guilty for what they had done, she looked at the wall which was now dedicated to their achievements; trophies, news articles, certificates. Yes, it had been well worth it.

"Do you ever think about them?" She asked out of the blue as she carefully stuck the latest article on the wall.

"Who?" Clark questioned, without looking up from his desk.

"Our other selves." Bella answered, "Do you think we should...check on them?"

Clark slid back and let out a deep breath.

"Sometimes. But they are probably fine, it's not like the world we left them in was particularly bad. They were gorgeous models, I am sure they made something of themselves."

“Yes but, what if they didn’t?” Bella said quietly, “Don’t you think we should pop over there and just make sure? I know they abused the artifact's power but I still don’t want them to be suffering.”

“What if they steal the artefact from us?” Clark asked seriously, “What if we get stuck in that world without a way back here?”

Bella bit her lip; it was risky that was for sure.

“We have to do it.” She said finally, “It’s only right, look at all the good we have done. We can’t let this be a dark mark on our record, even if we’re the only ones who will ever know about it.”

“You’re too nice, you know that?” Clark smiled, reaching for the artefact that always sat on his desk. “Let’s go.”

With a grateful smile Bella joined him and placed her hands on the dial, letting Clark turn them as her eyes were momentarily dazzled by the flash of light. When her vision cleared she felt her jaw drop; this couldn’t be right!

They were standing in the middle of a glamorous penthouse apartment overlooking the city. The walls were hung with fine art interspersed with some of the tackiest statues Bella had ever seen. Where was the messy apartment? More importantly, where were the two dumb bimbos they’d left there.

“Are you sure this is the right reality?” She whispered, Clark nodded.

“Do you think perhaps they got their hands on another artefact?”

“No way, you made them way too stupid for that.” Bella argued, glancing around, they had to be here somewhere.

“Can I help you?”

They both turned to see a man with slicked back dark hair glaring at them, one hand on what Bella assumed to be his security remote.

“How did you get up here?”

“We...ummmm.” Bella’s mouth felt dry, she hadn’t been expecting this.

Suddenly, a familiar face rounded the same corner the man had appeared from. Krystal, the former Clark. She was wearing a black mini dress and her blonde hair now reached her ass, contrary to what Bella expected she smiled widely and waved.

“Bella! Clark! Ah’m so happy to see ya both! Calm down darling, these are ma friends.”

“You let them in?”

“Oh yeah.” She lied breezily, “Did ah forget to tell ya they were comin’? Sorry you know me, mind like a sieve.”

She giggled and the man rolled his eyes with a fond smile.

“Come sit down, I have so much to tell ya both!”

Bewildered, Bella sat down on the nearest couch with Clark who was gripping the artefact so hard his knuckles were white.

“Don’t worry, I ain’t gonna take it.” Krystal whispered just a little too loud, “Darlin’ can we have some space.”

The man raised an eyebrow before shrugging and heading back into the room they had both come from.

“Darren, my husband.” Krystal said, as if that explained anything.

“Husband?!” Clark gaped, “B-but what about Bella...Bambi?”

“Oh she’s got one too, nabbed an old Silver fox named Henry who showers her with affection and shopping sprees. It’s fab.” Krystal said dreamily, “Oh you should have seen the wedding, Darren was such a darling, he let me wear the sexiest wedding dress, Variety called it a scandal! Can you believe it? It was a riot.”

“B-but what about you and your....wife?” Bella whispered.

“Oh we have an agreement.” Krystal shrugged, “Still the bestest of friends don't worry, she's coming over tonight. And we still get to have our fun, nothing gets our husbands hotter than watching their wives make out. Oh...thank you Clark these bodies are AUH-MAZE-ING!”

Bella just gaped, she could hardly believe this horny, dumb, trophy wife before her was really an alternate version of her husband. Just how much had Clark changed in that dial turn? Or maybe it was just an after effect of that version of Clark becoming such a horndog beforehand? They would never know.

“So you're happy?” Bella said awkwardly, Krystal nodded enthusiastically. So much so that her breasts jiggled with the movement.

“Totally. This is waaaaaay more fun than being a scientist lemme tell you.” She sighed dreamily, “Darren takes care of everything, I don't have to lift a finger to think about anythin' it just gets done! Plus, I get to model and it is so much fun! I did my first playboy shoot the other week and-”

She broke off into a high pitched squeal.

“It was so hot! Darren and I went at it twice in the car on the way home. Have you ever ridden Clark in a moving car, Bella? It's incredible, especially if the road is bumpy...”

Was she for real? Did this woman think about anything but sex and looking sexy anymore? Bella almost felt sorry for her, or at least she would have if Krystal didn't look so blissfully happy. It was hard to feel sorry for somebody who was so clearly loving life.

“Oh. Ma. Gawd. Is that Bella and Clark?!”

Bambi jumped out of the elevator and bounced on her toes.

“It is! Hiya guys! Long time no see!”

Bella looked at her alternate self, in strappy high heels and a silver dress that looked one burst stitch away from falling off entirely. It was like looking in the world's strangest fun house

mirror. The busty blonde ran up and hugged her tight; just like Krystal, there wasn't a single hint of any animosity.

"So glad you guys dropped by!"

"I think they were worried 'bout us." Krystal said and Bambi went 'awwww'.

"We're super happy here. My husband is so rich and lets me buy whatever I want to stay pretty." Bambi said dreamily, "It's the best, after our first night together I tore up the notes I had on the artefact, this is peak. We ain't leaving."

"Weren't those notes on your phone?" Krystal teased.

"I meant metaphorically I tore them up."

"Meta what?"

"I learned it on Oprah." Bambi said proudly, "Good innit?"

Clark was forced to clear his throat and both bimbos jumped; clearly they had forgotten Bella and Clark were even here. They both blushed.

"Anyway." Krystal continued, "You don't need to worry ya pretty little heads about us. We ain't coming for the artefact, you guys can use it to do whatever."

"Well, that's great." Clark said, giving Bella an impatient look. "I guess we'll get going then."

"You could always stay and play." Bambi winked, laughing as they both leaned backwards. "Prudes."

Bella had to resist the urge to stick her tongue out but she refused to stoop to their childish level. She and Clark said their goodbyes and prepared the artefact, the two bimbos waved happily as they disappeared in a flash and emerged back in their lab.

Bella looked up at their wall of accomplishments, reminding herself just what good she had done. And yet, a little voice in the back of her mind couldn't help but wonder who, out of the two couples, ended up with the better lot in life.

