

A taste of her own medicine

JULY 2024



Sydney was a brilliant biologist with an angel's face. She worked at a research center for experimental genetic testing whose practices were far from ethical, often bordering on illegal, with human testing used to speed up research progress. Sydney frequently abused these techniques. To make things worse, she never hesitated to use her looks to get ahead.

Recently, Sydney had come under investigation by an external commission for the unethical techniques detailed in her research papers. Facing imminent prosecution, she approached the CEO, hoping for protection.

"Sydney, as the head lab manager, it was your responsibility to ensure compliance with ethical standards," the CEO stated, frustration evident in his voice.

"But surely something can be done! I've given so much to this company, I deserve some support!" Sydney insisted, her bob sensually waving, her cleavage noticeable beneath her lab coat. She would be totally open to sleep with the CEO to get out of trouble.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"I don't know, Sydney. The cases of unauthorized human testing are well documented. Think about Lauren Smith, for example. She was working as a cleaning lady in our lab to save money for her biology studies. Why did you use her as a human guinea pig?"

Sydney sighed, her demeanor shifting slightly. "Oh, Lauren... I knew she was short on money, so I promised her a sizeable sum if she agreed to participate in some tests. I didn't go into specifics, she seemed so eager to earn extra cash and thought it would look good on her CV anyways, to showcase her passion for science..."

"Poor Lauren. It always shocks me to see how cold-hearted you are. How long did it take her to realize something was changing?" the CEO asked, his tone more resigned than angry.

"It took a few days before her complexion began to darken. At first, she thought it was a side effect of the drugs. When she reported the change to me, she already looked fully Hispanic."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



You should have seen her face when I told her it wasn't a temporary side effect but the main goal of the drug and that it was irreversible because using the drug twice could result in dangerous mutations. She looked so helpless!"

The CEO sighed deeply. "And now?"

"She's adjusted to it, she goes by Camila now. She had to drop off college of course and now works full time here. Now we can pay her less because she's undocumented. I've actually saved the company money. Plus, you seem to appreciate the way she looks in the new cleaning lady outfit the company mandated."

The CEO's eyes flickered with a mix of guilt and reluctant admiration. Everybody knew he had a thing for brown girls. "Yeah, Lauren always brightens my day around the office."

Sydney smirked, sensing she had found a leverage point. "So, can I count on your support?". Her cleavage was in full display. "I'll man sure we come out with a solution that protects you."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



A few days later, Sydney was summoned by the CEO.

"A shot of my own drug? Is that the solution you came up with?" a worried Sydney asked. She had slept with her boss only to be told this?

"Look, you're days away from getting arrested. The evidence is compelling, and the responsibility was yours. You'd probably spend the rest of your life in jail, and your pretty face won't save you this time. Plus, our company would go out of business. You can't hide anywhere. Take a shot of that and nobody will find you. We'll find you a new role here at our company. This way, our secrets will be hidden and the company itself will be spared."

Sydney tried resisting, but the CEO called in some security guards to immobilize her while he took the syringe in his hands. "Stop, you bastard! I'll take full responsibility, ok? I'd rather go to jail, just leave me alone! What are you turning me into?"

"You'll see," the CEO said, with a grin. "You'll do fine. If Lauren managed to adjust, you will too! I'm looking forward to meeting the new you!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The guards held her down as the CEO administered the shot. Sydney felt a cold rush as the drug entered her system. Panic set in, but there was no escaping it now. She hated the prospect of becoming a guinea pig with her own drug to escape justice.

Over the next few days, she watched in horror as her skin began to tan, her features subtly shifting. Her once radiant blonde hair darkened slightly and became wavy, her blue eyes turned green. Soon, however, the changes began to speed up. The following days, Sydney's hair began showing black roots, the dark pigmentation spreading at an alarming rate. Her eyes slowly lost their shine and turned brown, as her skin tanned further. She was still recognizable, but she still had no idea what the finished look would be.

"Damn, I'm changing so fast! How much was the dose?" she asked, panic creeping into her voice.

"For your own good, we needed to expedite the process. It was safe, though. The previous human testing was not in vain. Now your body is producing melanin at a high speed." the CEO replied calmly. "You haven't told me yet—who am I turning into? I need to know! A Latina like Lauren?"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"You'll see for yourself soon, but for now, we need to disguise you as somebody else," said the CEO, a hint of amusement in his voice. "I've decided you could be my new personal secretary for the future."

Sydney was humiliated at the idea of becoming a simple secretary and tried to protest. "Oh God no! You can't do this to me! I can do much more than that. I..."

"You've done more than enough, Sydney. Time to let that pretty head of yours relax a bit. Also, your new name is Lucy. I'll call you Sydney, though, just between us."

"Lucy, like one of the first human clade skeletons found in Africa?" she asked, guessing the motivation behind the name. "Will I become... fully Black?"

"You're a smart girl. I'm afraid you're right."

"Oh shit, no, no, this is too much! Why? You bastard!"

"Haha I know you're a bit of a racist, this will teach you a lesson or two. Also, nobody will suspect that the pretty Black secretary is actually you!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Over the following days, her body continued betraying her. Her hair became fully black, and its texture grew curlier. Her body odor changed from the fresh, sweet scent of her blonde hair and white skin to the intense, exotic aroma characteristic of African women. Her areolas darkened completely, as did her vagina.

Her lips grew fuller each passing day, the cells in that area growing at a fast yet controlled rate. The fat tissue distribution on her face shifted, altering her cheekbones and nose appearance.

Each morning, she woke up to a new reality, her transformation inching closer to completion. The once blonde and blue-eyed Sydney was vanishing, replaced by Lucy, an entirely different person. The woman in the mirror was a stranger, with no trace of the life she once led.

The CEO called her to his office for a short check after her appointment as secretary. He observed her progress with satisfaction. "You're adjusting well, Lucy. Soon, no one will recognize you."

"I'm turning into a complete stranger, it's scary. I never considered the psychological issues of this."

"Wow, even your voice has changed!" he noted, hearing her low-pitched, husky voice. "It suits you, though. You'll blend in perfectly."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Sydney—now Lucy—felt the weight of her new identity pressing down on her. The days of being a brilliant biologist were over. She was now just a secretary, hidden in plain sight, a victim of the extreme measures taken to protect the company and its secrets. Her mannerisms, her speech, even her thoughts were beginning to adapt to her new role. Her past life, filled with ambition and promise, was slipping away. People treated her differently, with contempt.

The tasks before her seemed mundane, a far cry from the cutting-edge research she once thrived on. Her hands, now a rich brown, moved mechanically over the keyboard. Sometimes, she was even asked to get coffee or tea to her boss,

Days turned into weeks, and with each passing moment, Lucy became more entrenched in her new life. The psychological toll was immense, but she had no choice but to adapt. Her transformation was complete, and Sydney was gone forever, replaced by Lucy, a humble secretary in the same company where her brilliant mind used to shine.

Her body continued to change, reaching its final state. Her skin reached a dark brown hue, her black hair curled up even more, her nose widened.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



As Sydney blossomed into a gorgeous Black woman, her boss appreciated her more and more. Soon enough, she had become his secret lover. Not knowing where she stood in the power balance anymore, and to make up for her diminished relevance, Sydney, now Lucy, humbly accepted her role as his mistress.

"You're so much hotter now, Sydney! Everything about you is intoxicating! Your black nipples, your curly, scented hair, your fuller lips!" the CEO exclaimed, unable to hide his excitement.

Sydney, still getting to know her new body, was caught off guard by how much better making out felt with her new fuller lips. "I was a lot prettier you turned me into a Black lady, but I've got to say, this body is great for sex"

Sydney found it humiliating to be told that her current form was hotter than her previous beauty, but it somehow made her feel better about herself.

"Glad to see you've finally accepted your new body, Syd!"

"Not accepted, more like tolerated. I still hate looking like this. Which genetic material did you choose, by the way?"

"We used Congolese DNA."

"Oh great!" she replied sarcastically, rolling her eyes.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



One day, as Sydney was leaving her lover's room, her blouse still open, the CEO called out, "See you soon, Sydney." Camila, the innocent white girl who had been turned into a Hispanic lady, was cleaning nearby in her pretty frilly outfit when she overheard that and noticed the Black woman leaving the CEO's office.

"Sydney? You're Sydney? The bitch who turned me into this? You're... Black now? Why did you do this to yourself?" Camila exclaimed, her voice filled with shock and anger.

The Black girl froze, her eyes wide. "Mhm no, I'm Lucy... You must have misheard..."

But Camila had suspected something fishy was going on since Sydney's contract had been suddenly terminated. She wanted to see clearly into it and rushed into the CEO's office to confront him. Soon enough, he admitted the truth.

Camila threatened to reveal Lucy's real identity and the entire truth to the press, demanding a lot in exchange for her silence. She insisted on being released from her role immediately, promoted to a managerial position, and allowed to dress like a businesswoman, with a smart suit instead of the sexy maid outfit that was her uniform.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The following day, a new Camila showed up at work. She was wearing a smart business suit, her curly hair shortened and straightened to give her a professional look.

“Lucy, I want you in my office now,” she ordered the frightened Black girl who knew her identity had been revealed.

Once inside, Camila addressed her by her real name. “Sydney, look at us! Two lovely women of color, who would have thought we would meet again in such different positions? As you know, I got your old job. I’m the lab manager now, and you’ll be directly under me. Not that that will exempt you from being the CEO’s bitch; he was adamant about that.”

Sydney, now Lucy, felt a cold dread wash over her. She remained silent, knowing that Camila held all the cards.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Sydney, you have no idea how much I hate you. You turned me into a caricature of a Hispanic cleaning lady! Very racist, by the way... I can at least make myself presentable now, but I am stuck looking like a Mexican woman. This is not who I am. But enough about me. You make quite the pretty African American girl, I have to say."

"Technically, I'm not. I'm fully Congolese now," Lucy corrected, her voice trembling.

"Wow, it still seems incredible you are really Sydney. I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it on myself. You must be proud of your research!" Camila added with a malicious smirk.

Lucy looked away, shame and regret etched on her face. "I'm sorry for what I did to you."

Camila's expression softened slightly, but the bitterness remained. "Sorry won't change what you did. But now, you're going to feel what it's like to live with a new identity, one that you didn't choose."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Camila forced Lucy to get her hair braided into typical African locs. "To give you a more professional look," she said, smirking, "and to help with those strands of black curly hair standing in your way."

When Lucy returned with her hair freshly braided, Camila appraised her with a satisfied nod. "Do you like it? Looking good!"

"I hate it," Lucy replied, her voice filled with frustration. "It feels so rough on my neck... I miss my blonde hair so much!"

Camila's smirk widened. "Well, you could always wear a wig if you don't like your natural hair!"

The suggestion stung, but Lucy knew she had no choice but to comply. Her life had been turned upside down, and the constant reminders of her new identity were inescapable. The locs were tight against her scalp, and the weight of them was unfamiliar and uncomfortable. Each time she caught her reflection, she saw a stranger staring back, someone she had never intended to become. In the days that followed, Camila's control over Lucy grew. She relished giving her demeaning tasks and ensuring her transformation was complete.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



In the days that followed, Camila's control over Lucy grew. She relished giving her demeaning tasks and ensuring her transformation was complete. Lucy found herself constantly adjusting to her new appearance, her new role, and the new expectations placed upon her.

At a meeting with the CEO, Camila made a point of complimenting Lucy's new hairstyle. "I think the locs suit you, Sydney... I mean, Lucy. They give you a unique charm."

The CEO glanced at Lucy, a predatory glint in his eyes. "Yes, they do. You look very... professional, Lucy."

Lucy's stomach churned with humiliation. She forced a smile, nodding in agreement. "Thank you, boss," she managed to say, her voice betraying none of the turmoil inside her. The CEO's gaze lingered a moment longer, a mix of approval and something more sinister. "Keep up the good work," he said, dismissing her with a wave. Lucy returned to her desk, her hands shaking. The weight of the braids on her scalp was a constant reminder of her new reality. She tried to focus on her tasks, but her mind kept drifting back to her old life, to the person she used to be. That evening, as she walked home, she couldn't help but reflect on the cruel twist of fate that had brought her to this point. The humiliation, the loss of identity, and the constant demeaning tasks were all taking a toll on her spirit.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



One day, Camila found a minor inconsistency in a document redacted by Lucy and reprimanded her with a direct and impolite remark. She added: "Also, why are you dressing like that? You must adhere to our office's dress code for your role!"

Lucy had slowly learned to appreciate her new body and was wearing a lacy white top that, combined with a tight bra containing her large breasts, gave her a lithe and youthful look. She was hoping to attract the attention of a young clerk she had been exchanging glances with recently.

At Camila's comments, all of her frustration erupted. "Fuck off! I'm so sick of you! I don't care if you tell people who I am, prison is better than this!"

Camila's eyes widened with surprise, and then she smirked, enjoying the outburst. "Oh, Lucy, do you really think prison would be better? Do you really want to test that theory?"

Lucy stood her ground, her chest heaving with anger. "Yes! Anything is better than this constant humiliation. You've taken everything from me!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Camila's expression softened, just for a moment. "Life isn't fair, Sydney. You should know that by now. But if you really want to go to prison, be my guest. Just remember, you won't last a day in there looking like this."

Lucy's shoulders slumped as the reality of her situation hit her once more. She had no choice but to endure. "Fine," she muttered, "but I won't let you break me."

Camila's smirk returned. "We'll see about that. Now, go change into something appropriate." Lucy turned on her heel and walked away, her anger simmering beneath the surface. She changed into a conservative outfit, her youthful look replaced by a more subdued appearance. Back at her desk, Lucy took a deep breath and tried to focus on her work. She wouldn't let Camila or anyone else break her spirit.

Later that day, Camila called Lucy into her office with a malicious glint in her eye. "Your outburst was noticed, and there will be consequences," she said, her voice dripping with satisfaction.

"How?" a frightened Lucy asked, her heart racing.

"You'll see tomorrow"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The following day the two women had a meeting.

"We will add some items to your task list," Camila replied, her smirk widening. "Two days a week, you'll leave your secretary outfit behind and wear something different, since you seem to dislike it so much."

With that, she revealed a maid outfit, holding it up with a triumphant grin. "You will take my old job as a cleaning lady and dress the part!"

Lucy's eyes widened in horror. "You can't be serious!"

"Oh, I am," Camila said, her tone firm. "You wanted to rebel? Here's your reward. You'll clean the office just like I had to, and you'll do it in this outfit. It's only fair, don't you think?"

Lucy's hands trembled as she took the maid outfit. The frilly dress and apron were a stark reminder of her fall from grace. The humiliation was almost too much to bear, but she knew she had no choice.

"You start tomorrow," Camila continued, enjoying the look of despair on Lucy's face. "Make sure you're dressed and ready by 8 a.m. sharp. And remember, this is your punishment. Any more outbursts, and it will get worse."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Lucy left Camila's office, the maid outfit clutched tightly in her hands. She felt a mix of anger and helplessness, knowing she had to endure this latest indignity. Her life had become a twisted game of survival, and she had to find a way to navigate it.

The next morning, Lucy stood in front of the mirror, dressed in the maid outfit. The tight, black and white dress and apron felt foreign and humiliating. The black maid in front of her bore no resemblance with her ancient glory. She took a deep breath, and left her apartment.

As she entered the office, heads turned, and whispers followed her. The young clerk she had hoped to impress looked at her with a mix of surprise and confusion. Lucy kept her head high, determined not to let the stares break her.

Camila greeted her with a smug smile. "Looking good, Lucy. Now, get to work. The bathrooms need cleaning, and don't forget the CEO's office. It's your responsibility to make sure everything is spotless."

Lucy nodded, biting back her retort. She grabbed the cleaning supplies and set to work, scrubbing floors and wiping down surfaces. The humiliation was suffocating, but she forced herself to focus on the task at hand.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



For the following day, she was given an even frillier outfit with lace, a headbow, and high heels. Camila commented, "The boss is really into you, my dear! I think we might extend your maid duties to a full job for the time being."

"No!" Lucy protested, her voice trembling with a mix of anger and fear.

"Say anything more and you'll be a permanent full-time maid at this company," Camila retorted sharply.

Lucy stopped, biting her tongue, fuming inside herself.

The walk to the office itself was humiliating. The frilly outfit showcased her genetically enlarged brown breasts, drawing unwanted attention and making her feel like a piece of meat. She could feel the stares and hear the whispers of passersby, their eyes lingering on her as she tried to maintain her composure.

Every step was a reminder of how far she had fallen. The high heels clicked against the pavement, the headbow bobbed with each movement, and the frilly dress swished around her legs. The outfit was designed to degrade, to strip away any remnants of dignity she had left.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The following day, as she entered the office, the humiliation continued. Heads turned, and the whispers grew louder. She could see the mixture of pity, amusement, and confusion in the eyes of her coworkers. The young clerk she had once hoped to impress now looked at her with a mix of sympathy and bewilderment.

When it was her time to clean the CEO's office, he was not disappointed to see Lucy dressed in the new maid outfit. The CEO loved every minute they spent together. He would make lewd comments, his hands lingering too long on her body. "You're doing a great job, Lucy," he would say, his eyes roving over her. "Keep it up, and you might get a special reward."

Lucy forced a smile, nodding. She knew the effect maid uniforms had on him; he had mandated them himself, after all. "Thank you, sir," she replied, her voice steady despite the turmoil inside her. She scrubbed harder, channeling her frustration into the task. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction of seeing her break. His wasn't the only male attention she was attracting, though. The office clerk she had exchanged glances with, a nice white guy in his 30s named Dave, mustered the courage to ask her what was going on with the sudden uniform swap.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Hey, Lucy," Dave began hesitantly, catching up to her during a break. "What's with the maid outfit? It's... quite a change."

She rolled her eyes and said, "Uh... It's a long story."

Dave looked concerned. "Do you want to talk about it? Maybe I could walk you home after work?"

She nodded with a smile. Maybe something good would happen that day. "Sure, that sounds nice."

A few hours later, Lucy was ready to be walked home. "Aren't you changing into something else?" Dave asked, glancing at the frilly uniform.

"I... don't have time. Let's just go," she replied, making up an excuse.

The walk home with Dave was a small comfort. He listened patiently as she shared a sanitized version of her story, careful not to reveal too much. She said that Camila had been being a bitch to her and that this was her punishment, without revealing the race change side of the story. His kindness and concern were a welcome change from the daily humiliation she endured at the office.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



She watched him walk away, a glimmer of hope flickering within her. Maybe, just maybe, she could find allies and a way out of this nightmare.

Soon enough, Lucy and Dave began dating. The shy young man would have been below her standards before, but now she had come to appreciate the value of nice people. Dave's kindness and genuine concern were a stark contrast to the demeaning treatment she endured daily at the office. Their relationship blossomed gradually. For Lucy, it was a small sanctuary amidst the chaos and humiliation of her work life. With Dave, she felt seen and valued for who she was, not just for her appearance or the role she was forced to play.

One evening, as they sat together in a cozy pub, Dave took her hand and looked into her eyes. "Lucy, I know things are tough for you right now, but I want you to know that I'm here for you. Whatever you need, I'm here." Lucy smiled, squeezing his hand. "Thank you, Dave. You have no idea how much that means to me." He nodded, his expression earnest. "I can't pretend to understand everything you're going through, but I care about you. And I want to help, in any way I can." Her eyes welled up with tears of gratitude. "You've already helped so much. Just having you by my side makes a huge difference."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Soon, however, things took a turn for the worse. One day, the police, long disoriented by the disappearance of Sydney, stormed into the office. Two agents, with determined looks, headed straight for the black maid, who was now trembling with shock and confusion. "Sydney Harper, you are under arrest for the accusation of unethical standards in your lab activities," one officer declared, snapping handcuffs around her wrists. Dave stood up, his face a mask of disbelief. "Lucy? What? You're Sydney? But how?" He was completely disoriented, unable to process what was happening. Sydney couldn't react. She was paralyzed by the sudden turn of events, her mind racing but unable to form coherent thoughts. Camila stood in the corner, an evil smile playing on her lips. Sydney understood immediately. Camila had found out she had been adjusting and finding love in this situation and decided to take away her newfound peace. As the officers led Sydney away, Dave tried to follow, still shouting questions, but was held back by another officer. "Wait! There must be some mistake! She can't be Sydney!" Sydney glanced back at him, her eyes filled with tears and regret. "Dave, I'm so sorry," she whispered, her voice breaking. Camila stepped forward, her smile widening. "I guess your past has finally caught up with you, Sydney," she said with a mocking tone.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Sydney was taken to a police station to be interrogated. Her mind going a million miles an hour, she had to think of something fast. That bitch Camila must be the whistleblower. As she was led into the interrogation room, one of the agents, a white man in his 40s, turned to his partner. "Are you sure we got the right one? She doesn't look at all as the girl in the pics we got in our the dossier." The other agent, a Black man of the same age, nodded. "She turned herself into a Black woman with some illegal drugs to shake us, but it ain't work. Now she stuck as a Black lady and a criminal" he replied. "Wow, that's incredible," the white agent muttered, shaking his head in disbelief.

The interrogation began with the agents sitting across from Sydney, their expressions a mix of curiosity and suspicion. "So, do you admit you aren't Lucy Williams?" the white agent asked, his tone serious. "No, I'm not. My name is Lauren Smith" she replied, her voice steady. The admission shocked the agents. "I suppose you received a call from Camila, she is the real mastermind behind this. I intend to cooperate, I can give you all the information you need." Sydney continued, her eyes meeting theirs with a mix of determination and vulnerability. "I want to punish those who did this to me." The agents exchanged glances, surprised by her willingness to talk.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The Black agent leaned forward, his tone softening slightly. "Alright, Lauren. Start from the beginning. Tell us everything." Sydney took a deep breath and began to recount her story.

"I was complicit, yes," Sydney admitted, her voice trembling. "But I was also a victim. The people in power exploited me, and when I tried to speak up, they turned me into this." She gestured to her transformed appearance, the pain in her eyes unmistakable.

The agents immediately believed her, and Sydney began to provide them with detailed information about the individuals involved in the illegal activities that made her version even more realistic. The authorities began to uncover the extent of the illegal activities within the company, leading to a series of arrests and charges against those responsible. The real Lauren Smith, now Camila, got arrested too. She tried in vain to claim she was Lauren Smith too, but the agents didn't believe her incredible story about a victim who later became a manager. Sydney Harper was never found, and officially remained at large, with contrasting versions about her depending on the testimony and a heavy sentence looming over her.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Sydney served a short sentence, only 6 months, as she managed to convince the judge that she had been punished with the demotion to maid to silence her when she wanted to speak up. The time in jail changed her, though. She had her first lesbian experiences to fill the void left by Dave, who was too hurt by her lies about her real identity and dumped her. Sydney eventually bonded with a group of Black and Latina inmates convicted for minor crimes like drug smuggling. They all got released around the same time, and under their influence, Sydney decided to follow them to Miami as she had no other options, stuck as she was in the wrong body and with the wrong identity. Her time in jail had toughened her, and she felt a strange camaraderie with her new friends. They were street-smart and resourceful, qualities that Sydney had to quickly adopt to survive. One of them, Maria, an Afro-Latina young woman took her under her wing. "Stick with us, Syd. We'll look out for you," Maria said, her tone both reassuring and commanding. Sydney started working odd jobs to make ends meet, but she was struggling to find steady employment. She had a new ID card with the name Lauren Smith and an updated photo, and despite her high educational level, she was still a Black woman with a criminal record and no money. Then Maria and her friends pushed her to join them and become a drug dealer. "Why don't you work for me, chica?" Maria suggested.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Sidney was initially scared by the idea of turning into a drug dealer, a criminal. "I don't know if I can do this," she admitted, her voice trembling with uncertainty.

Maria shrugged, her expression firm. "Look, you're already one of us. Ain't no turning back now. You gotta do what you gotta do to survive."

Another friend chimed in, "You think you got a choice? We're all criminals here, Syd. Just embrace it."

After a moment of hesitation, Sidney sighed and nodded. "Alright, I'm in," she said, feeling a mix of fear and resolve.

"One more thing, you can't enter this world looking like that," they added. "What do you mean?" Sidney asked, confused. "You've got to dress and look the part. You're just too clean-faced and you dress like a college girl," Maria explained.

"Hmm, okay, I guess? But nothing too crazy, ok?"

They took her to a shopping trip and dolled her up in cheap fake jewelry, dreadlock rings and flashy outfits. Sydney felt uncomfortable with her new look and felt that with each and every step, she was becoming one of them.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



To complete the look, they took her to a piercing parlour, where they got her nose pierced and a nose ring giving her a hood vibe.

"You look like a queen now, chica!" Maria exclaimed, admiring their handiwork.

Sidney looked at herself in the mirror, her black eyes looking wild behind the fake lashes, her long dreadlocks decorated in cheap rings, her African nose decorated with a nose ring. She looked bad, in the good sense. A Black baddie who belonged in the streets.

"I look so trashy! I look like I belong in the hood, why did I let you gals talk me into this?" she commented, her voice tinged with a mix of stoicism and frustration.

Maria laughed, patting her on the back. "That's the point, Syd. You gotta blend in. Trust me, you look perfect for this life."

Sidney sighed, reluctantly accepting her new appearance, so far off from her old self. She knew that survival meant adapting, even if it meant looking the part of someone she never wanted to be.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The drug smuggling operations were dangerous and fraught with risk, but they provided Sidney with the financial stability she desperately needed. She learned quickly, her intelligence and resourcefulness making her a valuable asset to the crew. Despite the dangers, there was a part of her that felt alive, a sense of purpose she hadn't felt in a long time. Her speech evolved, adopting the slang and cadence of the streets. Conversations that once involved scientific jargon were now filled with terms she never thought she'd use. "Yo, we gotta move fast," she found herself saying, "Cops be all over the place."

But even as she adapted, a part of her was struggling. Late at night, when the hustle and bustle of the day subsided, she'd lie in her bed, staring at the ceiling of her squalid flat, questioning her choices. "What have I become?" she'd whisper to herself. "I should be in a lab, doing research, making discoveries." Her mind drifted back to her days as a respected scientist, the thrill of making a breakthrough, the pride in her work. Now, her days were filled with danger and deception, her nights haunted by thoughts of what could have been. Despite the sense of purpose the smuggling gave her, the sense of belonging to her new 'family,' Sidney couldn't shake the feeling of having lost herself.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Her new friends noticed her moments of introspection. Maria, in particular, would sit with her during these times, sensing her inner conflict. "You good, Syd?" she'd ask, her voice gentle.

"I ain't ever wanna be doing this," Sidney spilled. "Me, slinging? Nah."

Maria sighed, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "None of us wanted this, Syd. But this world sucks. It doesn't play fair with folks like us. We hustle to live. You strong, smarter than most of us. Maybe you'll find a way out someday."

"It ain't just that, I... I ain't never dropped this on you, but I ain't always looked like this. You know I told you I got caught up in some mess with that genetic research project, right? I was the lead scientist, and a fine-ass white woman. They flipped me into the baddie you see now to hide me from the cops and shut me up. Still got nabbed though."

Maria's eyes blew wide open, shock written all over her face. "Damn, girl. That's some wild stuff. So, you was a whole different person? You, a white chick? No way!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Sidney nodded, her gaze heavy with a mix of shame and anger, nervously playing with her black locs, a reminder of her changed looks.

"Yep, blonde and blue-eyed, straight outta fairy tale."

Maria's eyes popped wide, the shock clear as day. "That's outta this world! But your blood is still the same, right? Like, if you have kids, they...?"

"Nah, my DNA's all changed up. My kids gonna be Black too. I'm 100% Black from mother Africa now."

"That's messed up!"

"Yeah, they did me dirty for real. They wanted to erase who I was."

Maria gazed at Sidney, her curiosity sparked. "How you been handling all that, Syd? It must've hit you hard!"

"Yeah, it's still a trip, but I got used to my new body." Sidney answered. "Now I'm lookin' and even soundin' like a Black girl. It's all kinds of crazy, for real! But that's who I am now."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Maria shook her head, her shock turning into solid resolve. "Nah, screw them, Syd. You still you, no matter what they tried. We gonna get through this, together, come what may. And check it, you'd kill that blonde look!"

"Huh?"

"Bet keeping up them locs is a whole chore, especially since you wasn't born with 'em. Why don't you throw on a blonde wig?"

"Just like Camila told me." - Sydney thought. "Yeah maybe" - she answered loud, in a positive tone.

And just like that, a blonde wig and leopard prints became her go-to drip.

She hollered "trash" and wore it like a badge. Folks pegged her as a cheap prostitute, but she shrugged that off. Used it even, as a front for her shady dealings in drugs.

Before long, her hustle caught the eye of a kingpin in the area, an Afro-Latin man named Ricardo Vega. Sydney needed a man who could protect her from the dangers of her new life and gladly accepted her new role of narco girlfriend.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



One day, Ricardo casually mentioned that a young man named Dave was looking for her. Syd tensed up, anticipating Ricardo's jealousy, but was surprised by his calm demeanor.

"You didn't harm him, did you?" she asked, her voice edged with suspicion, worried about her ex-boyfriend.

"Nah, I just took my precautions! You two can meet this evening."

On that afternoon Syd went in front of the restaurant where Dave was supposed to be. After a while, a car pulled up and a pretty transgender woman with a pink wig and a cut pink dress stepped out, looking uneasy in her heels. Their eyes met. Despite the makeup and the lip fillers, she looked familiar, those eyes, that face... "What the—Dave?" Syd blurted out, startled.

The woman flinched and tried to cover her face. "Please, don't look at me," she pleaded in an androgynous voice. "'Oh my God, Dave! Why you dressed like that?'" - she asked, anxious. "I... I didn't choose this! Syd, I never wanted you to see me like this, oh God! I wanted to find you. They told me Señor Vega could help, I had no idea he was your... boyfriend."

"So, he made you into a tranny, huh? You lucky to be alive!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Sydney please! You have changed so much!" - the feminized man said, hurt.

"You too, sweetie" - Sydney commented. "You slayin' though. What else did they do to you?"

"They... castrated me, it's irreversible!" - the trans woman looked down, her voice breaking - "And then they fed me with female hormones... I'm growing fucking breasts, Syd! These people are criminals and your man is a monster, you should leave him!"

"He might be, but at least he's still a man" - Syd said, with malice "You ain't got nothin' left down there?"

"How can you be so insensitive?" Dave said, mortified. "My dick is still there, although not functional anymore"

"Oh my God, poor Dave, that must be so humiliatin'! How 'bout we catch up over dinner?"

Dave, still shocked by how much Sydney had hardened, told her of how he slowly forgave her for having lied to him, and left his job to search for her.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"All leads led to Miami, so I got here and asked around if people had seen somebody like the woman in the photos I had with me. When I met some of Ricardo's men, they thought I was some sort of cop and contacted Ricardo. He was curious and wanted to meet me in person. I was naive and mentioned we... dated at some point, and he got all angry at me. I was taken away and imprisoned. One day I woke up feeling weird and groggy and I noticed a bandage around my crotch area. The bastards had taken away my balls! I was in despair, heavily watched, couldn't even think about escaping. Then they started giving me estrogen shots and dressing me in pink. Once my features had softened, they gave me a lip job, electrolysis, and some other minor surgeries. It has been a nightmare, Syd! Why have you gotten involved with these criminals?"

"Wow, real sorry you had to deal with all that. As for me, I'm deep in the game now. There's no going out for me. This world's cutthroat, you're lucky to be here."

"Shit, Sydney, I can't believe you're one of these criminals now! I wonder what's going to happen to me now" poor Dave said, his voice trembling with uncertainty.

Sydney knew all too well the value of a pretty transgender young woman "I'm sure they have something planned out for you, sweetie. You might not like it though."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Sydney and Dave began seeing each other regularly, reconnecting and sharing their experiences. Sydney had been forced to adopt the body and mannerism of a Black woman, Dave had been feminized, and sharing their feelings was a way to cope with the trauma. On top of that, Dave still had feelings for Sydney, and every minute he spent with her was a bliss that made him forget that he would wear dresses and heels for the foreseeable future. As the weeks progressed, Sydney noticed how the hormone replacement therapy was gradually feminizing further his appearance, voice and mannerisms and felt some guilt for being indirectly responsible for that.

"Sydney, I missed you so much. Even though they turned me into a freak, I'm still glad I got to see you again," Dave said, tears falling off his long lashes. "I'm so emotional these days" - he excused himself. "You too kind. I'm real glad to see you again too," Sydney replied, her voice tinged with emotion. Dave could no longer compete with Ricardo as a potential boyfriend, given his drastically altered looks and anatomy, but Sydney felt a deep sense of pity for him. She was moved by his attachment to her, to the point that he had lost his manhood just to stay close to her.

After one of their scheduled chats, Dave spotted a brand new Corvette.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Oh my God, is that your car?" Dave asked, excited.

"Hehe, I peep you still into them cars, still got that man vibe on the inside, right? You wanna roll?"

"Sure"

"You see this, my new grind be makin' bank!" - proud of her wealth.

Once inside the car, the two enjoyed a rare moment of privacy.

She leaned in and kissed him gently. Dave was taken aback but responded. He smelled a lot different from usual, and his lips were soft and tasted like strawberries, but Sydney could feel he was still into her. "I was worried you wouldn't feel the same about me, after all the changes,"- Dave added, moving his fake pink mane out of the way. "Don't worry, I've had my share of pussy in the jail. I was more afraid those hormones were messing up with your brain and you liked men now!" "Ewww, no, never! Talking of men, are you sure your man is ok with this?" Dave asked, worried.

"Don't worry, he's a simple man. He took your balls away; you are not a threat anymore to him."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



They kept on seeing each other, with Dave dressing up in the most fancy outfits.

"Hey Dave, looking pretty today!" - Syd said.

"I took some extra effort in my makeup today. I figured, since you're into that, I might as well look the part of your lesbian lover, although I'd rather be your boyfriend."

"This new part suits you just fine! Also, is it me, or are your boobs getting bigger?"

"They are, those hormones are doing a number on my body." - he answered, rolling his eyes. "And they are not tone yet with changes."

"Are they going to mess up with you again?"

"I think they want to get some work done on my face, they said I still look too much like a man." Dave confessed. "I'm afraid of how much I'm going to change!"

"Hmm, better handle this while you still look like yourself, then." - Syd said, talking Dave out for another romantic trip. Dave's cocklette was merely ornamental by now but Syd had instructed him in the use of his tongue and he was showing great skills.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The next few weeks saw the two of them busy with different things. Sydney was more and more involved in her drug trafficking business, and Dave was undergoing an extensive set of surgeries. When they finally met again, Dave's body had lost any residual trace of masculinity and could now convincingly pass for a very pretty cisgender woman. Her whole frame had been altered. Once a skinny, slightly awkward man standing at 5'8", Dave was now barely 5'5", putting her at eye level with Sydney. Her shoulders had softened, her hands were delicate, and her face had shifted from androgynous to distinctly feminine, complete with a small, cute jaw and a petite nose. Dave's mannerisms had also evolved into those of a delicate, refined young lady, rather than a clumsy feminized man. Sydney was amazed at how feminine and delicate her ex-boyfriend looked. Her jewellery looked less blatantly fake, giving her an upper class appearance. Her outfits, still pink and frilly, enforced an idea of delicate femininity in Dave's mind.

"Oh my god, Dave, you're looking real cute!" Syd said, erupting in laughter.

"Sydney, I missed you!" Dave replied as she hugged the Black woman, her voice now reduced to a high-pitched squeak.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The two kissed, but when their lips met, Sydney sensed something was off. The usual spark just wasn't there.

"You good?" Sydney asked, pulling back slightly to look at Dave.

"Sydney, I've got something to tell you! Something terrible has happened. One of the guys in your crew... he took a liking to me, he sponsored all these changes, he said he was into real girls, not trannies. And then, he... he had sex with me," Dave confessed, his voice trembling.

"Oh babe, I'm so sorry. That must've done a number on whatever was left of your male ego..."

Dave rolled his eyes "I'm not a woman, I'm still a man inside! And I want to love you like a man! But I've got nothing left down there and now I my whole body is betraying me!"

"Oh sweetie... Wait, what do you mean?"

"I had bottom surgery, I have... female genitalia now, and he took my virginity" Dave said, mortified to reveal that to his ex.

"Dang, that's wild, so you're a full woman now!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"He invited me out for dinner, got me dolled up in a fancy satin dress," Dave began, her voice shaky. "He told me so many nice things about how he found my story compelling and wanted to give me a new chance at life. I had been paranoid since the day I woke up and found that I had a functioning vagina, so I tried to do anything he wanted to avoid angering him."

"When we came home, he pushed me against the wall and kissed me. Oh God, I don't even want to think about it! Then he slowly caressed me, and he started undressing me, and I didn't really know what to do. I froze. He whispered sweet things in my ear, telling me how beautiful I was, how much he wanted me. He took his time, making sure I was comfortable, or at least pretending to. He got me slowly up to speed and when I was ready, he... he took me."

Sydney listened, her heart breaking for her ex-boyfriend. "I'm so sorry babe, you're so strong for coping with all of this." Dave nodded, tears streaming down her pretty, feminine face. "I feel so violated, Syd. It was like he knew exactly how to break me down and make me comply. I hate what they've done to me, what I've become."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The following time, Dave showed up unexpectedly with her new boyfriend. The transgender woman looked beautiful in her silky pink dress that showcased her recently acquired curves. Her lips were plumped with lip filler, and her face was coated in heavy but tasteful makeup. The look in her eyes showed how much she was still struggling to accept her delicate, feminine appearance. The usual straight pink bob completed the look, giving her an exaggeratedly feminine appearance. Looking very uncomfortable, as if she was reciting a part, she squeaked in her new soprano voice, "Hey Sydney, this is my new boyfriend I told you about, Rafael!"

After a firm handshake between the black woman and the Latino man, Rafael grabbed the trans woman and kissed her passionately. Sydney couldn't keep her eyes off the couple, like watching a car wreck. Dave looked intimidated by the man but not entirely disgusted. In fact, a spark of electricity seemed to hit her feminized body when Rafael initiated the kiss and then smacked her rear. "Have fun with your friend, I'll pick you up later, babe!" he added, leaving.

Dave felt so humiliated that she barely spoke for the rest of the afternoon, unable to forget the shame she felt while for having been kissed by a man in front of her ex-girlfriend. And the worst part was that she was beginning to like that feeling!

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



One afternoon, meeting over coffee, Sydney noticed Dave couldn't stop checking out the male waiters while talking to her. Her gaze lingered on them longer than it should, a mixture of confusion and newfound attraction evident in her pretty eyes. "You like men now, huh?" Sydney finally said out loud.

Dave's pretty face flushed deep red. "No! Eww!" he protested. "It's all good, babe, ain't no shame. You into men now. I just know it. I knew this could go down," Sydney said. Tears started streaming down Dave's cheeks, and Sydney moved to comfort her. "I love you, Sydney! It's just that these hormones are all over my mind," Dave cried. "And Rafael is breaking me mentally! I... I can't fight this anymore, I don't even feel like a man at this point." she added, tears flowing down her cheeks.

"I know, your girl body wantin' somethin' else now, somethin' I can't give," Sydney replied gently, holding her close despite the complex mix of emotions. "We're not sexually compatible anymore. We've got to accept that." Dave nodded, sniffing as she wiped her tears. "I guess... I guess you're right. It's just hard to accept."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Dave's mental feminization was carried out in a thorough way. Not only was she forced to take lessons to correct his behavior and to have regular lovemaking sessions with Rafael to break her residual male ego, but the idea of feminization was enforced on her by only allowing him very feminine ways to enjoy her free time. She was restricted to reading fashion magazines, watching romantic dramas, indulging in spa treatments and shopping for pink satin outfits in women's clothing stores.

Dave's psyche learned to appreciate these relative moments of freedom and happiness, and she quickly developed a fashion sense that highlighted the feminine figure the surgeon's scalpel had given her. She began to enjoy picking out delicate lingerie, experimenting with makeup tutorials. The forced exposure to these activities led her to find a strange comfort in them, gradually reshaping his identity.

Her closet quickly filled with elegant dresses, lacy undergarments, and stylish accessories. She became adept at matching outfits and accessorizing, her new-found fashion sense enhancing her femininity.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The next time they met, a month later, Dave looked more at peace with herself. She was wearing an elegant pink satin dress instead of the usual hyper-feminine outfits. Her demeanor had also shifted; she carried herself with a newfound poise and self-assurance.

"They are teaching me how to behave, posture, everything. I think... They are turning me into Raphael's ideal wife" Dave explained, her eyes downcast. "I can tell, Dave, you look so ladylike!"

"You should call me Gloria now, it feels weird to be called Dave, I'm not much of a Dave anymore. Also, Rafael told me we should meet less frequently, Syd. It's for the best of both of us" Dave said, her voice calm and composed. Sydney nodded, feeling a pang of sadness mixed with admiration. "I understand, Gloria. I'm glad you are adjusting to this. I just want you to be happy."

As they parted ways that evening, Sydney couldn't help but feel a mixture of admiration and sadness. She realized that Dave was slowly embracing her new identity as Gloria, finding his own path in this transformed life.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The following time they met, Gloria looked even more comfortable in her new skin. Her male ego had completely vanished, replaced by a new feminine confidence that was both unsettling and fascinating.

"How things goin' with your man, Gloria?" Sydney asked.

"Oh, Raphael can be very ruthless sometimes, but he can be surprisingly sweet with me. Look at this necklace he got me last time, it's a Swarovski! Isn't it pretty?" Gloria replied, showing off the sparkling piece.

Sydney felt so ghetto in comparison.

"How 'bout the sex?" Sydney asked.

"Oh, it's... still weird but Raphael is such a passionate lover! This body seems to like it when he takes the lead in bed." Gloria said, trying to sound nonchalant.

"I'm real glad to see you getting used to your new life, but I feel like I'm losing you sometimes! You should be fighting this!" Sydney exclaimed.

"Syd, Dave is gone. I have to think of myself as Gloria if I don't want to lose my head. And Raphael says I was already a trans woman deep down, maybe that's true."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The following month, Gloria invited Sydney over to visit the fancy mansion she and Rafael now called home, nestled along the Florida coastal region. She showed her ex around, clearly proud of the social status she had managed to acquire. While Gloria seemed happy to see Sydney, there was a noticeable distance, as if she were just seeing an old friend on a short visit.

"Rafael is out of town for some business, probably another dirty drug deal," Gloria mentioned offhandedly, with no hint of regret to disgust at the situation she was in in her voice. Neither was there a hint to any remaining sexual tension between the two women, given the favourable situation. Sydney felt a pang of disappointment, hoping for some sign of lingering affection.

As they walked through the luxurious rooms, Syd couldn't resist making a move. She leaned in and tried to kiss the pretty trans woman. But Gloria stepped away, her face showing clear repulsion at the Black woman. "You gone full gay now?" Syd asked, hurt evident in her voice. Gloria's response was cold and decisive. "Quite the opposite, I'm a straight woman now. And you should be too." The words cut deep, leaving Sydney to grapple with the harsh reality of their changed relationship.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The next time Sydney saw Gloria, she was firmly holding hands with Rafael. Gloria noticed Sydney in the streets and purposely grabbed her lover's hand, initiating a kiss right in front of her. Sydney felt a sharp pang of sadness mixed with a hint of anger. Gloria's actions seemed calculated, a display of her new life and identity. As she watched them kiss, she couldn't help but feel a deep sense of loss. After the kiss, Gloria turned to Sydney with a slightly forced smile. "Hey, Sydney," she said, her voice dripping with an attempt at nonchalance.

"Hi, Gloria," Sydney replied, trying to keep her voice steady despite the turmoil inside her. Rafael, sensing the tension, wrapped his arm possessively around Gloria's waist. "Everything okay here, babe?" he asked, his eyes shifting between the two women.

"Yes, Rafael, everything's fine," Gloria replied, her tone dismissive. She turned back to Sydney. "It's good to see you." Sydney nodded, her eyes flicking between Gloria and Rafael. "You too. I can see you've really embraced your new life."

Gloria's smile tightened. "Yes, I have. I love it now!" Rafael's grip on Gloria's waist tightened slightly. "We should get going, Gloria. We have reservations." "Of course," Gloria said, giving Sydney one last look. "Take care, Syd."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Gloria's feelings towards Rafael had evolved from fear and hatred to submission, and finally to an inexplicable infatuation for the Latino man who had turned her into the gorgeous woman she was now. However, Gloria's feelings had been tested by a new request from Rafael.

"Are you sure I have to go through with this?" Gloria asked her boyfriend, anxiety clear in her voice. "Of course, sweetie, it's just a small last step and then you'll have a functioning set of ovaries, a uterus, the whole set. Think about it, it's the dream of every trans woman—no more pills or injections to keep your estrogen levels high!" Rafael replied, his tone coaxing but firm. "I'm just a bit scared. Losing my dick was traumatic, but having menstruations is going to be a whole new level," Gloria admitted, her voice trembling slightly. "But babe, you are a woman already, a beautiful woman, inside and out. Why not complete the process? And then we could have a baby together. Think about it," Rafael said, leaning in closer, his eyes locked onto hers. "I know, I guess you're right. Btw, there's something I wanted to tell you. I told you my eyes have been changing color for a while. Look at them, they are blue now! How is that possible?" Gloria asked, her voice laced with concern and confusion. "How could I not notice your baby blues? It's just a side effect of your meds, don't worry," Rafael reassured her.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



When Syd and Gloria met again, Gloria had blossomed into a stunning blonde with a certain resemblance to Sydney and delicate, feminine mannerisms. Syd had a strange feeling as soon as she saw her.

Gloria explained, her voice dropping to a whisper. "Rafael talked me into getting... a uterus transplant, fallopian tubes, everything. And it's all functioning. I... had my first period recently!" Syd was speechless.

"And there is more, look at my hair!" Gloria said, her voice tinged with anxiety as she ran her fingers through her golden locks.

"Isn't it a wig?" Sydney asked, puzzled.

"No, it's my natural hair now. It's been growing blonde for months!" Gloria replied, her voice trembling slightly.

"What? You had brown hair as a man!" Sydney exclaimed, disbelief evident in her tone.

"I'm telling you, I'm a natural blonde now, and my eye color has changed too!" Gloria said, her blue eyes wide with distress.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Shit, you're scaring me!" Sydney responded, feeling a knot of fear tightening in her stomach. "That's impossible! Unless..." Sydney's voice trailed off, her mind racing.

"Genetic therapy. Your techniques must have leaked! If they got in the hands of those criminals, they could use them in all sorts of ways!" Gloria finished, her eyes filling with tears as she looked at Sydney, seeking comfort and answers.

"Poor Gloria, so, you've got female chromosomes now!"

The blonde nodded, shaken.

"This is permanent, you know? You'll be a biological woman just like me for the rest of your life now."

"I know, but Rafael likes it that way." Gloria added.

Syd nodded, saddened to see how her ex boyfriend had completely submitted to Rafael. "Look, I'll do some research, I might still be able to get some inside information about the drug you have been given."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



One day, Rafael told Gloria he would dedicate the whole afternoon to her. She got excited and got all dolled up, getting her hair a wavy perm and dressing at her best.

"What do you mean, you are leaving me?" Gloria said, sounding incredulous.

"Listen, babe, it's been fun. You're a pretty toy, but that's all you are to me," Rafael said, his tone cold and dismissive. "I like turning men into pretty women. It's a fetish for me. I use them and then I leave them. I'm going to marry a real woman one day."

"But I love you!" Gloria's voice broke, tears welling up in her eyes. "And I am a real woman now, you took away my dick, gave me a killer body, fucked my sexuality out of me and then even gave me female DNA! Hell, you could even get me pregnant now! I accepted all of this, as traumatic as it was, because I learned to love you! How could you say I'm not enough for you?"

"Oh god, we overdid it with you. You sound just like a naive young woman!" Rafael laughed cruelly. "But my decision won't change."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The words stung, and Gloria felt her world collapsing around her. The man who had transformed her, who she thought loved her, was discarding her like a used toy. The realization hit hard, and she struggled to hold back her tears.

Rafael hugged her briefly, and in doing so, he removed the crystal Swarovski necklace she was wearing. "You don't need this anymore," he said coldly. "I took the liberty of taking back all of your valuable jewelry and dresses from your closet. My next toy will use them. You can retrieve a luggage of outfits and cheap fake jewels at my place. But hey, you still have the stunning body I gave you, and nothing is going to take that away from you. Have a good life."

The casual cruelty of his words cut deep, leaving Gloria to face the bitter truth of her situation. The man who had taken away the last remnants of her masculinity and turned her into a bimbo and then dumped her. Yet, in the turmoil of emotion she was feeling, the dominating one wasn't rage but a sharp sense of loss. Rafael had somehow managed to fill the void left by Lucy/Sydney, back when she was still a guy. Sydney, she needed her right now!

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Gloria packed her belongings from the mansion with a hollow efficiency, her hands trembling as she stuffed her few remaining items into a cheap, oversized bag. She chose a tight, red dress from the uninspired selection Rafael had left her with. Slipping on some fake jewels, she scrutinized herself in the mirror. She felt like a caricature of the woman she had been forced to become, a trophy girlfriend of a second-tier druglord.

She needed air, a distraction—anything to drown out the deafening silence that filled the void Rafael had left behind. So she found herself at a bar, the dim lights and dull murmur of conversations her temporary refuge. Sipping her drink, Gloria's thoughts spiraled into a pit of self-doubt and confusion. What were her options now? Rafael had discarded her like a broken doll. How could she possibly turn to Syd for help after treating her like garbage for so long?

But who else could she reach out to? Looking like she did, no one would believe her if she told them she was actually Dave. Her family and friends would laugh in her face, thinking it was some cruel joke or delusion. Nothing was left of the man she had once been, except for the aching emptiness inside.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Gloria hesitated, clutching her phone tightly as she stared at Sydney's contact. She wrestled with the fear of rejection, but desperation overpowered her shame. Gloria told Sydney she urgently needed to meet her at their usual spot in the park.

When Syd arrived, Gloria spilled everything. "He dumped me! After everything he has done to me he told me I was just a toy to him and that he has a fetish for turning young men into women!"

"Oh sweetie, your first breakup as a girl, this must be rough!" Syd said, genuinely sorry for her ex-boyfriend-turned-woman, and also a bit happy she would be single again. She reached out to hug Gloria.

"Syd, I... I loved him. I know it's hard to believe, but I did!" Gloria's voice was filled with anguish.

"Dave, listen," Syd said, using Gloria's old name to get her attention. "You need to wake up. I dated you for a while, I know you well. You were 100% a hetero man. Sure, you've never been the most masculine man but still you had no desire to be a woman, you were no closeted trans. He messed with you. Big time. You still had a dick when you met him. Now look at you! You could even get pregnant.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The harsh truth of Sydney's words sank in.

"I'm not saying sexuality isn't fluid, but this was entirely forced on you. And your feelings for him, those has a name –it's called Stockholm syndrome." - concluded Syd.

"Oh God, I guess you're right. I hated him at first, but then something clicked. A part of me stopped resisting and began loving what he had done to me. Feeling overpowered, turned into a pretty woman was intoxicating."

"You're so sweet." - Sad replied.

"I'm not. Btw, I'm sorry I was such a bitch to you" - Gloria added "I wasn't used to the attention I was getting from that bastard."

"You were a bitch to me, but apology accepted."

Gloria's tears stopped flowing as they laughed a little. Then she became serious again "I don't know who I am anymore. You're right saying that this was enforced on me and that I was a regular cisgender man, but then I genuinely started seeing myself as Gloria. I'm afraid my psyche has been damaged too much to see myself as something different than a girl." she whispered.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"And as embarrassing as it is to admit, especially to someone I once loved... I still fantasize about being with men" - Gloria added, hiding her face with her delicate hands.

"I know, sweetie" - Syd replied "You like dick now, I guess there's no going back from that. That's ok. I know you're not into me anymore."

Gloria sighed heavily, the weight of her admission hanging in the air.

"Gloria, there's something more you need to know," Syd continued, her tone serious. "I did some research... The DNA they gave you—it's mine. You're turning into a replica of my old self, before I was flipped into a Black woman. Plus some cosmetic touch-ups, of course... I can already see the similarity." Syd's voice was filled with a mix of disbelief and concern as she revealed the truth.

Gloria's eyes widened in shock, her hands trembling as she looked up at Syd. "No, that's insane! Me, with your DNA? Why would they do this to me?" she exclaimed, her voice rising as tears welled up in her eyes.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"You are not grasping the gravity of your situation," Syd said, her tone somber and her eyes reflecting a deep sadness. "Sydney Harper, aka me, has never been found by the police and is still, technically speaking, at large. And now, they're turning you into her, one of the most searched criminals in this country. Compared to what you're becoming, your ex is nothing."

Gloria's mind raced, the reality of her situation sinking in further with each passing moment. She was no longer the woman she once was, and the person she was becoming—a replica of Syd's former self—would put her in serious trouble. A ticking time bomb of identity. Gloria's face turned pale as the reality of Syd's words sank in. "I don't want to go to jail, I'm the victim here!" Gloria cried, her voice filled with desperation and fear. She looked at Syd with pleading eyes, seeking any glimmer of hope, recognising in her a possible way out. "We need to make you look different from Sydney Harper, right?" Syd suggested.

"Yeah... What do you have in mind?"

"Leave that to me," Syd replied, thinking quickly. "But for now, we need to do something temporary."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



To begin with, you'll wear a black wig and you'll dress less like a trophy wife and more like an escort, in that way you'll go more unnoticed.

Gloria tugged her blonde mane under a short black wig and traded her red dress for a trashy rubber outfit.

"There you go," Syd said, stepping back to assess the change. "At least now you're not an exact copy of a wanted criminal."

The black wig scratched at her scalp and felt hot. The rubber outfit clung to her body in a way that felt foreign, alien, just like the new life she was thrust into.

"But I don't look that different. People could still recognize me," Gloria said, her voice tinged with doubt.

Syd placed a reassuring hand on Gloria's shoulder, her touch firm yet gentle. "This is just the beginning. We have to take it one step at a time. I'll make sure you stay safe, no matter what."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Syd took Gloria to a shopping spree, where she bought her ex-turned friend a black rubber outfit, mentioning it would look great on her soon.

They she took Gloria to the hairdresser, where her once-blonde hair was dyed into a striking jet black. To further obscure her identity and complement her darkening complexion, Gloria was made to wear brown contact lenses, concealing her most distinctive feature, her baby blue eyes.

"There you go," Syd said with a smile, inspecting the transformation. "You've got those pretty doe eyes now. Aren't you a lovely little thing? You know, this look might just work for you—you almost look like a more exotic version of myself."

Gloria stared at her reflection, mesmerized. "You're right, it's a small change but I already look very different from before. Gosh, I have changed my looks so often recently I am struggling to process this!"

"I know babe. But we still need something more effective to hide your identity. Give me a few weeks, and I'll figure it out. In the meanwhile, you'll have to stay like this and we need to find you an occupation."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"I know this would be humiliating but would you be okay with working at our mansion until we can find something more suitable for you?"

After a pause, Gloria replied, her voice barely above a whisper. "I... am okay with that."

Syd drove to her mansion to discuss the issue with her man. After a few hours Syd came back with an answer.

"I've talked to my man, and we've decided to hire you. He was skeptical at first, but when I explained how you've been completely transformed into a biological woman and are into men now, so he agreed. He's not worried about having you around us anymore."

Gloria looked at her, uncertainty clouding her eyes. "What will be my position?"

"You'll work as a maid," Syd replied, her tone matter-of-fact, handing her a cute maid outfit.

"A maid?" Gloria echoed, her voice trembling. The thought of being a maid for her ex-girlfriend and the man who had orchestrated her transformation was almost too much to bear. At least she would be safe there, she thought.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Syd chuckled, a hint of irony in her voice. "Isn't it poetic? We first met when I was a cleaning lady, dressed in a maid's uniform, and you were still a man. And now, here we are—roles reversed. You get to be the maid for me." - she said, helping Gloria putting on the uniform.

Gloria forced a weak smile, the bitter truth of Syd's words sinking in.

"This will teach you a thing or two about humility"

"Humility? I got feminized just for having attempted to rescue you!"

"Yes but then you behaved like a bitch."

"I guess you're right, I'm sorry"

"It's all good!. Look at you, you look so pretty! Oh, if only your dear Rafael could see you now! He would beg you to come back!"

Gloria blushed. She looked pretty cute as a maid.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"We'll give you a fake identity as Gloria, since you have no documents, and still look too much like Sydney Harper to risk getting caught by the police - you have my original DNA and fingerprints. On the other hand, we can't expect anyone to believe you're Dave anymore—you don't look anything like him. Even if you came out as trans and everything."

Gloria sighed, the weight of Syd's words pressing down on her. "No, I don't look like Dave at all."

"Good," Syd nodded, satisfied they were on the same page. "You can begin immediately!"

She drove her feminized ex-turned maid to her mansion and re-introduced her to her man, Ricardo.

"You two know each other but it might be good to take some time to break the ice once more" - Syd added with a laughter.

The maid the the Hispanic man were left alone by Syd in the room.

Ricardo sat down with Gloria "I can't believe you used to fuck my girl!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Gloria felt a rush of embarrassment and nervously caressed the silky maid uniform she was wearing. At the same time, the ruthless masculinity of the man made her blush. "We were different back then" - she replied, embarrassed.

"I bet you were! You look like a doll now! Your man really messed up with you!"

Gloria blushed. He knew about Rafaer then. How embarrassing!

"Hey, I hope there's no bad feelings between us. You must understand you were still trying to fuck my girl when we met, I had to take action!"

Gloria nodded humbly. "I do not carry any grudge against you, señor Vega! I enjoy being a woman now and to be honest the idea of being with another woman grosses me out. Besides, I am grateful to you for giving me this opportunity these days. I promise you I will serve you as good as possible." - she asses with a flirty smile.

"Good" - the Hispanic man replied. "I like the way you sound. You'll be a great addition to this house."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



One day, Gloria was invited over at a cafe by Syd.

"Gloria, do you recall when I told you the genetic therapy can only be used once?" Sydney asked, her voice calm yet serious.

"Of course I do," Gloria replied, her anxiety momentarily giving way to curiosity.

"Well, that wasn't entirely true," Sydney admitted, pulling out a small vial hidden in her wallet.

Gloria's eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

"When I worked at the lab, I was developing a new generation of products I could use on myself for multiple changes - you know in case something went wrong."

"Why didn't you use it on yourself then?" Gloria asked, confusion lacing her voice.

"It only works on me, silly, and you have my DNA now. Unfortunately, all the lab machines have been seized, and without them, I cannot prepare another one" Sydney replied with a hint of a smile.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"I used several DNA extracts, including some from some of my colleagues, to turn myself into a different version of myself, or even a man. I have a few of them here, this one might be the one made with your DNA." Sydney explained.

"So... I could go back to being my old self?"

"Imagine, being a man again, feeling stronger, less moody, no more menstruations, no more boobs. You would feel attracted to women again, and you could even get a sex change operation to have a dick again! Would you like that?"

"I don't know, let me think..." the feminized man replied. "I genuinely like being a woman now. But it's something that was implanted in my mind, I shouldn't think like that." - Gloria thought among herself. "Yes, of course, I should give it a shot!" She finally answered

Sydney nodded, pulling out a syringe from her bag. "I grabbed the vials in a hurry, and I might have mixed them up. In the worst case scenario, you'll turn into another woman. Are you ready?"

Gloria took a deep breath, looking at the vial with a mixture of hope and fear. "Yes, I'm ready. Do it."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Sydney prepared the injection. "This might sting a lil'bit." Gloria braced herself as Sydney administered the shot. A cold sensation spread through her veins, followed by a strange warmth.

She took a break from her duties as a maid to recover and to stay away from indiscreet eyes. After all, a shapeshifter would attract some unwanted attention. As the days passed, Gloria began to notice subtle shifts in her face. Most notably, her blue eyes, usually hidden by the brown contacts, reverted to their original green. However, there were no signs of masculinization, arousing mixed feelings in Gloria. If anything, Gloria was becoming even more delicate day after day. Her jawline softened, her cheeks filled out slightly. The following week, freckles appeared on her face. She met with Syd again, the changes getting harder to hide. "Syd, what's happening? Who am I turning into?" Gloria asked.

Sydney looked at her, concern etched on her face. "I don't know, Gloria. Guess I ended up givin' you one of the modified versions of my DNA. I'm sorry you ain't gon' be a man again, after all. But hey, at least you safer now as a whole new woman!" Gloria's eyes looked down, ashamed. "You know, maybe it's for the better. I'm afraid I wouldn't be able to be a man anymore after all these experiences..."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The following time they met, Dave sported a blonde wig. "I look already different enough with green eyes and freckles, and I look better with this." he said, trying to muster some confidence. "Syd, I think I'm getting younger! People are not serving me alcohol anymore! My face just looks different, and my boobs are definitely shrinking. Oh, and my hair is showing reddish roots. Look!" Dave exclaimed, lifting the wig to reveal the reddish roots underneath.

Sydney chuckled. "Gloria, I think I know what is going on." She said, hiding how amused she was.

"What is it, Syd?"

"The DNA I gave you... it was meant for a younger, ginger version of myself. Like, around 20 years old." Sydney admitted.

Gloria took a deep breath, processing the information. "20? I was an adult man until not so long ago, two years older than you! I don't mind being a woman, but a young girl? Ugh!"

"I know, an' I'm real sorry. I ain't mean to put you through this, but hey, you gained some years!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Gloria was taken by Syd to a hairdresser. The Black woman started behaving like a mentor to a younger friend. She sat in the salon chair, as the hairdresser worked on her, following Syd's instructions. The mirror in front of her reflected a different person than the one she had been just weeks ago. Her wig had been removed, replaced by her own natural hair, now dyed a vibrant ginger to match its roots. It was cut into a neat bob, framing her increasingly youthful face.

"You look so cute, like a doll!" Sydney teased, standing behind her, hands on her shoulders. "Well, at least nobody gon' mix you up with me anymore." Gloria glanced at her reflection, blinking at the transformation. Her freckles were more pronounced against the pale skin, her green eyes wide and curious, the youthful appearance more striking than ever. It was surreal. She looked far younger than she had felt in years. Sydney grinned, her tone light but with an edge of mischief. "Now, time to get back to your maid job! I can't wait to see you in dem outfits again." Gloria blushed, memories of her previous work flashing through her mind. As she stood up from the salon chair, smoothing down her freshly cut hair, she whispered, half to herself, "Well, I guess it's time to embrace this new look."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



When Gloria resumed her usual occupations, Syd's man complimented her on the new look. "You made a pretty hot redhead college girl, I have to say!"

"Thank you, Señor Vega," Gloria replied, blushing deeply. She felt even more intimidated by the muscular Latino man now, her new delicate body making her feel smaller and softer, more vulnerable. Even when she had still been Dave, she had always felt somewhat emasculated in his presence. But now, that feeling stirred something else inside her—something far less unpleasant. He was everything she wasn't: masculine, dominant, assertive. Damn, he was just her type - she realized.

Ricardo's smirk widened as he stepped closer, his voice low and taunting. "A maid, serving the man who took your manhood... and the woman you used to fuck. That's something, isn't it? Must be humiliating. But from the way you look at me I bet you'd rather fuck me right now." - Ricardo continued.

Gloria's cheeks became red, her gaze dropped to the floor, trying to hide the heat rising in her face. "Please, Señor, I don't want to cause any trouble here," she whispered, her voice trembling. Yet even as she spoke, she felt something dangerously close to desire.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Ricardo chuckled darkly. "Oh, I'm afraid it's too late for that" he said before pushing her gently but firmly against the window. As his hands slid around her waist, pulling her closer, Gloria felt her body give in completely. Her soft lips tingled under his, sending waves of warmth through her. Damn, he was a good kisser. Better than Rafael, much better than Syd. A strange new sensation started to rise. A tingling in her bosom, a flutter in her heart, and a warm moistness in her lower region.

When Ricardo finally broke the kiss, Gloria found herself breathless, her eyes still fixed on his, yearning for more. He could see the hunger in her gaze. The feeling was mutual, though. He realized the fresh-faced healthy young redhead had something tender and vulnerable that his sassy, no-nonsense girlfriend couldn't give him.

Maybe this wouldn't be a one-time thing. Ricardo stepped back, smirking as he let her go, his hand lingering for a second longer on her feminine arm. "Gloria, you're incredible" he said, his voice low. "But I've got to go now." "Hehe ok, see you soon boss!" - she giggled, playing with her hair.

When her shift ended Gloria took some time to reflect on what had just happened.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Is this what I am now? A horny redhead lusting after my ex's man? "Oh, God, what would my parents think of me now? Their beloved Dave, being forced to transition and having an affair with a Latino gangster while working as his maid." She swallowed hard, grateful that they would never find out.

With a soft, resigned sigh, Gloria disrobed, slipping out of her dress and lying down on the bed. A strange sense of peace washed over her. Despite everything, she was content with her condition. She had struggled to accept the loss of her manhood at first but by now, it had long stopped bothering her. Her hands moved instinctively, cupping her small breasts as she smiled at the sensation. Her curves, once fuller, had been dramatically reduced after the latest change, but she didn't mind. It was fitting for someone so new to femininity to look like a young woman just discovering the joys of adult life.

"Oh, Ricardo..." she murmured, her fingers gently teasing her nipples. She imagined his strong hands on her, the roughness of his touch, the warmth of his body against hers. Her breath quickened, her imagination filling in the gaps as her mind wandered deeper into the fantasy. A moan escaped her lips, louder than she intended. Gloria froze, feeling a wave of embarrassment.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



From that day on, Gloria was always smiling. Her daily routine as a maid, once tedious and humiliating, had become something she looked forward to. Each time, they would find a secluded corner of the mansion, away from Syd's eyes, to steal heated kisses. He would tell her about his adventures, and bring her presents whenever he travelled for his affairs.

Gloria was falling for the bad guy. Again. Despite the brutal reality of what he had done to her, she found herself drawn to him. Ricardo had an old-school charm, the kind that made her feel special, important. Her mind, irreversibly feminized as it was, found his ruthless masculinity incredibly appealing. The stark contrast in their roles only intensified her feelings. He was the powerful drug lord, feared by all, and she was the graceful, submissive maid, hopelessly infatuated with him.

She even tried to justify what he had done to her by telling herself that he did it to protect his woman, and that he would have done the same for her. After all, wasn't that what love was about? Protecting the one you cared about, no matter the cost?

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Oh, how she wished he could protect her, love her in the same way. She dreamed of being his girlfriend, standing proudly by his side, enveloped in his world of danger and power.

But there was Syd. The confident, sassy Black woman who was still Ricardo's girlfriend. Syd had been Gloria's only friend for a while, the one constant in her life after everything had changed.

How could I do this to her? Gloria wondered, the weight of guilt pressing down on her, even as she longed for Ricardo's touch. She knew that, sooner or later, the truth would come out. But for now, she allowed herself to bask in the stolen moments, hoping the inevitable wouldn't come crashing down too soon.

She went back to her encounter with Ricardo. Nothing else mattered to her in that moment, not the fact that this was the man who had stripped her of her manhood, not the looming consequences of Syd finding out, not even the dangerous criminal web tightening around her. As long as she was in Ricardo's presence, she felt protected.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



One evening, after a long day of cleaning and tending to her duties, Gloria found herself alone in the mansion. Syd had left town for a few days. With Syd away, the mansion felt eerily quiet, the usual energy dulled in her absence. Gloria was about to retire for the night when Ricardo appeared, his figure silhouetted against the dimly lit hallway. "Syd's gone" he said, stepping closer, his voice low and smooth. "I thought we could spend some time together, dolly!"

"Time together?" she repeated, her voice playful and hopeful. Ricardo stepped even closer, the heat of his body palpable now. "I know you've been thinking about doing it too" he murmured. In that moment, the tension between them snapped, the air thick with unspoken desire. Without a word, Ricardo leaned in, capturing her lips in a heated kiss. Gloria melted into him, her body responding instinctively. He pulled her closer, his hands running down her back, making her feel small and protected in his arms. It felt so right. They made their way to the bedroom, their kisses deepening with each step. As they reached the bed, Ricardo gently undressed her. Her mind raced, knowing that she was crossing a line, but in that moment, she didn't care. All she knew was that she wanted this. She gave herself to Ricardo completely, letting him take her virginity in her new body.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Syd had been watching Gloria closely for weeks. There was a lightness to her that hadn't been there before, a happiness that seemed out of place considering the circumstances. Syd had expected her ex-boyfriend to be utterly miserable—a humiliating end for someone who once stood on equal footing with her. The thought of living that kind of life herself was laughable, and she had assumed Gloria would feel the same way. Maybe her brain had become so feminized that she actually enjoyed this hyperfeminine existence—cleaning, serving, playing the role of the cute, freckled redhead maid. But even as Syd entertained the idea, something about it didn't sit right with her. Something had shifted, and Syd wasn't about to let it go unnoticed. She decided to confront her maid the following evening, when the couple were hosting a dinner party. She took Gloria away from her guests for a minute and spoke to her.

Standing in front of Syd, Gloria felt a wave of insecurity wash over her. Syd, with her strong, confident presence despite everything, seemed worlds apart from the submissive maid Gloria had become. As a maid, Gloria now felt small, vulnerable—*inferior*. *Of course Ricardo prefers her, she thought bitterly. She's strong and independent, not some sissy like me.*

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Yes, mistress?" Gloria asked, her voice timid. "You had anything to tell me?"

Syd hesitated for a moment, as if the conversation was something she would rather avoid. "You've been actin'... different lately, Gloria. Happier. I'd think livin' life in a maid's uniform wouldn't exactly be no dream come true for you."

Gloria forced a smile "Oh, I'm just... adjusting, I guess. I'm making the best of it. No use in sulking around."

Syd scoffed, her eyes narrowing. "You think I'm stupid?" she shot back, her frustration bubbling just beneath the surface. "You glowin', Gloria. Must be more to it than just makin' the best of it, don't you think?"

"I just—well, I'm glad I found some safety and peace here after all the trouble I had with Rafael! The routine, the mansion, the quiet. It's peaceful... in a way." - Gloria replied awkwardly, avoiding eye contact.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Rafael, huh? I know you, Gloria. You was all confident, actin' like some arrogant prissy lady when you was with him. Ain't no way you happy just sittin' around in dat uniform, day in, day out. You hidin' somethin'. Lemme tell you this: I knew exactly you'd turn into some delicate redhead with freckles. I labeled those vials myself. I wanted to keep you safe but under control, subordinate. I thought you'd be miserable. But you ain't. And now I'm wonderin'... What—or who—got you feelin' so happy?"

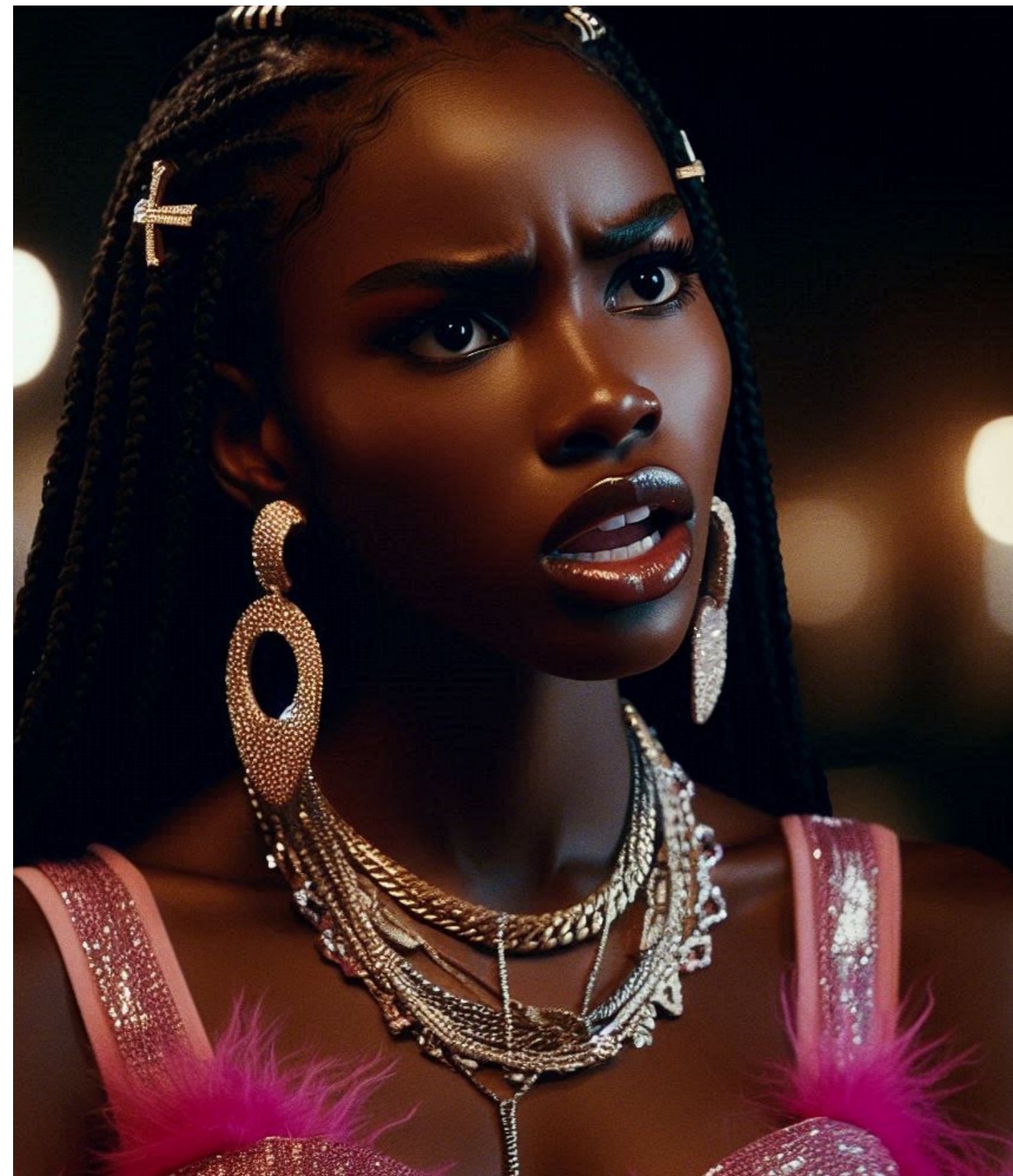
"I-I don't know what you mean, Syd." - *She knows, she thought.*

Syd's smirk deepened, her voice dripping with suspicion. "You been spendin' a lot of time with Ricardo, huh? Funny how your mood changed since." - she finally said.

Panicking, struggling to keep her composure Gloria replied "Ricardo's just... being nice. That's all. He talks to me sometimes, nothing more."

"Nice? Ricardo don't do 'nice' for no reason. So tell me, Gloria—your happiness got somethin' to do with him?" - Syd erupted.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"N-no, Syd, it's not like that! I wouldn't—" or the first time, she felt truly terrified of the powerful, angry woman standing in front of her. She could do anything—slap her, spank her—and Gloria wouldn't be able to stop her.

"Oh, Gloria, you a terrible liar. Damn, you really ain't got no pride left, huh? You was a man, a man! Now look at you!" Syd's voice rose, sharp and cutting. "You sleepin' around with my man! Fuck you! You think I had it easy adjustin' to dis life?" Syd spat, her words fast and furious. "Look at me! I got turned into a Black woman with no future! I'm a damn ghetto queen! My man's all I got, even though he a violent criminal, and you—" she pointed a shaking finger at Gloria, her eyes blazing, "you took him away from me?"

"He's not a criminal! He's a gentleman!" Gloria blurted, her voice high and broken. She was holding back tears.

"A *gentleman*? Oh, come on!" Syd snapped, stepping closer, her fury crackling in the air between them. "You really believe that? You think he some knight in shinin' armor? He playin' you, Gloria. You ain't nothin' special to him."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



After the episode, Gloria was shaken. She fled to her room, tears streaming down her face, as the weight of it all came crashing down. The shame of having been caught by Syd having a relationship with her man was unbearable. An hour later, when a knock came at her door, she was standing by the window, contemplating escape. But she was too weak and frail to jump, so she opened the door. It was her lover. Without thinking, she threw herself into his arms, hugging him tightly. "Syd..." she began, but her voice cracked, and the tears came again. She felt as weak and vulnerable as a kitten.

Ricardo hushed her, stroking her ginger hair gently. "Shh, I know dolly. It looks like she found us." His voice was calm, steady, almost dismissive of the mess Gloria was in. "Don't worry though, I'm a real man, and I don't let my women tell me what to do with my life. Still, I owe her the respect of being the lady of the house. You'll have to stop working as a maid here, obviously. But we'll see each other outside. You'll follow me on my daily activities, like my personal assistant."

Gloria's tears began to dry. "Personal assistant? I don't know" But before she could argue, Ricardo kissed her forehead, his words final. "We'll make this work, dolly"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The next morning, Gloria slipped into a shiny red dress that Ricardo had left out for her. It was tight, far more revealing than the simple maid uniforms she had been used to. As she examined herself in the mirror, she tugged at the hem, frowning slightly. "Hmm, this is not really my style," she mumbled, glancing at Ricardo, who was casually adjusting his cufflinks by the door.

Ricardo smirked, looking her up and down. "We'll go shopping later, dolly. But your style will have to adapt. You can't dress like a maid anymore if you're going to be seen with me."

Gloria's heart raced at the thought. Seen with him. She wasn't just hiding in the shadows anymore; she was stepping into the spotlight, right by Ricardo's side. Her nerves bubbled up, but she swallowed them down as Ricardo took her hand, leading her out the door. Ricardo's thugs followed close behind, shadowy figures with stern faces, always watching. Syd had decided to spend the next few days away from the mansion, overwhelmed by the emotions of the previous day, so Gloria felt for once like the lady of the house, spending the day at the side of her lover and the night sleeping with him in the master bedroom. She could live like this, she thought, but what about Syd?

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



As the days passed, Gloria adjusted quickly to her new role. The initial nervousness and uncertainty faded, replaced by a growing sense of power and control. She no longer felt like the scared maid caught in the act but a powerful woman who could navigate the complex world of her lover. Of course, that meant being seen in public as a drug kingpin's girlfriend, making her a witness and accomplice of criminal activities. In rare moments of introspection, Gloria still felt as Dave, lost and confused at the idea of himself, once a meek office worker, now looking like a hot redhead, eager to spread her legs for a Hispanic criminal. And yet, she loved that life.

Her wardrobe evolved, just as Ricardo had promised. Black glossy tops, tight skirts, and high heels became her new normal. She learned to carry herself with grace, her head held high, as if she had always belonged in these circles. The uncertainty she had once felt when Syd caught her was long gone, replaced by a fierce determination to keep Ricardo all to herself. She was a hot redhead and she knew how to use her charm to her advantage. She was someone else now, someone powerful. The black glossy tops that Ricardo loved to see her in were now her armor, and the world—once terrifying—was now a playground she was ready to conquer. Ricardo kept his word.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



A few days later, he pointed to a central building and told Gloria she could live there, handing Gloria the keys to a sleek, modern penthouse downtown. It was far from Syd's reach, away from the scrutinizing eyes of their world. The penthouse was immaculate, with floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the city skyline. Gloria stepped in, her heels echoing off the polished marble floors. Everything about the space screamed luxury—leather furniture, a bar stocked with expensive liquor, and a soft, king-sized bed that immediately caught her eye.

"This is for us, dolly," Ricardo said, standing behind her. He placed his hands on her shoulders, the warmth of his touch sending shivers down her spine. "No one will bother us here. Just you and me."

Gloria turned to face him, a smile creeping onto her lips. She liked the idea of having a place that was just theirs, far from the mansion where Syd would soon come back to. Here, she felt in control, powerful even. "It's perfect," she whispered, stepping closer to him, her fingers tracing the edge of his shirt collar. Ricardo kissed her softly, but there was an urgency behind it, a reminder that their time together was precious. Gloria knew he was still playing the part of a faithful husband in public, but here, in this penthouse, she was the only one who mattered. This place was her domain now, a secret world where she could truly be herself.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Gloria was finally happy. With her own place where she could feel like a queen, she finally relaxed and enjoyed her life. No longer ashamed of her self and her craving for men, no longer afraid of being mistaken for someone else, no longer a maid who had to hide her passion for her master, she was Gloria, a confident young woman who knew what she wanted from life and took it.

Ricardo had fallen for the new Gloria. He even left Syd without much thought, leaving her utterly heartbroken. He told Gloria that she was different, more "classy" than Syd ever was. "You're so much more than Syd, you make me feel like a winner!" he had once said with a grin, his hand resting on her thigh. "Like a trophy girlfriend?" she teased, already knowing his answer. "Yeah, kinda!"

She smiled, leaning into him, her voice soft. "I can be your trophy girlfriend." And she meant it. It felt so right to be an eye candy for her man. God, she loved the way he made her feel. She felt sorry for Syd but she thought she had to concede that the better woman had won. Even though Gloria's looks had been artificially crafted by Syd herself.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



One day, Gloria ran into Syd. Both women wore confident smiles. The Black woman looked like she had a plan, and that meant no good news for Gloria.

"Hey, gal! Lookin' good!"

"Hey, Syd. Long time no see," Gloria replied, forcing a smile. "Hope you're doing okay."

"Yeah, more than ok! So, how's it goin' with *mah* man?"

Gloria stiffened. "Okay, this is awkward," she thought. "Ricardo's really happy with me," she said, trying to keep her tone light.

"Hah! Never thought he had a thing for trannies, huh?"

Gloria's skin blushed "I'm not a tranny! I'm a real woman!"

"Sure, Dave. I remember how thirsty you were back when we was together. You were all man back then, no doubt."

Gloria rolled her eyes. "Jeez, I can't believe you're still using that against me. I'm a biological female, I've had menstruations for months and I look more feminine than you. Please, just let me alone!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



The days went ahead without dramas, until one day Gloria stood in front of the mirror and noticed something strange. Her once fiery red hair had started to darken, losing its vibrancy. Her bright green eyes seemed duller, and her freckles—those little marks that made her stand out—had completely vanished, replaced by a uniform, tanned skin. She knew exactly who was behind this transformation. Syd. It had to be her. The bitch was jealous of her and had decided to turn her into a Hispanic girl.

Freaking out, Gloria avoided Ricardo for days, afraid of being rejected by him, faking a cold to keep him at a distance. Desperate for answers, even if that meant the humiliation of letting Syd see her like that and coinciding defeat, she reached out to Syd, arranging a private meeting. She was ready to humiliate herself, to beg her to return her to her previous looks. She needed Ricardo to like her and he had clearly expressed he had a thing for light-skinned redheads.

When they finally met, Syd's smug expression confirmed everything.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Oh my! What a caliente Latina you make haha!" - she laughed.

"I knew you were behind this! How did you manage to administer me the shot?"

"Remember that Black nurse who gave you the flu shot last week? Guess who was hidin' behind the mask?"

"Holy shit, she kinda looked familiar..."

"You really thought you could snatch my man like that?"

"Really? Are you this vengeful? We are adult women, who happened to like the same man!"

"Mah man!"

"Whatever! He choose me, get over him! Are you going to play with me like a guinea pig?"

Syd shrugged her shoulders. "Why not? I still have a few more shots! Maybe I could flip you back into a dude?"

"No, please! Stop hurting me, I'm begging you. You've won, I'll do anything you want me to do but please stop hurting me and revert me to my previous looks!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Syd hugged her and talked like a true friend: "Oh babe, it's all good. Peace it is. But here's the thing, I can't turn you back. I had one vial, it's done, and your DNA's already been rewritten. You ain't that Nordic beauty no more, but hey, you could make one fine Latina. Who knows? Maybe Ricardo's into that too? Worth a shot, right?"

Somehow, Syd's twisted logic wormed its way into Gloria's mind, too weak to fight back. With little choice and nowhere else to turn, she let Syd convince her to lean into the change. Syd chatted casually with the hairdresser. "How about this? Could you recreate this style?" she asked, showing a photo on her phone.

Gloria blinked, her voice shaking. "What? Who's that?"

Syd smiled innocently. "Chill, sweetie. Just an influencer, no biggie."

She dyed her hair jet black, got extensions, and embraced her new Hispanic look. Deep down, Dave was screaming seeing himself as a cute Mexican girl but Gloria's feminine side admitted she still looked cute. Then Gloria's black hair was curled up. While sitting there still, she asked Syd "Whose DNA did you give me?" Syd hesitated, then smiled. "Hmm, wait a sec. I'll tell you later."

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Gloria now looked like a pretty Latina with natural looking black curls.

Gloria stared at her new face, dark curls framing her features. Something about the reflection sent a chill down her spine. "Oh, shit..." she muttered, panic creeping into her voice.

Syd turned to her, smirking. "What?"

"This face... I've seen it before," she murmured, her heart pounding.

Syd's grin widened. "Oh? Took you long enough to notice."

Gloria turned sharply. "Who is this? What did you do?"

Syd's laughter was sharp and triumphant. "Julieta Vega. Ring a bell? Ricardo's lil' sis. Hahaha!"

"No... no, you didn't..."

"Haha, he ain't touchin' you now! I done shut you down, girl! You pretty much fam!"

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"I coulda turned you into a dude, or some ugly chick, but this? This way better!"

Gloria's blood ran cold. "No! You can't do this! I love him!"

"Good luck wit' that, perv. Try lovin' him now that you look like his lil' sis. My man gon' come runnin' back, beggin' for me!" Syd shot back, her laughter echoing in Gloria's ears as her world crumbled around her.

She decided she couldn't avoid Ricardo any longer, even though she now bore an uncanny resemblance to his late sister. The thought made her stomach churn, but she had to confront him. Their usual meeting spot at the park, once a place of stolen moments and whispered promises, now felt heavy with dread.

"Ricardo!" Gloria cried out, her voice trembling, her face carefully done up with flawless makeup to accentuate her new features. She stood in the usual spot where she would meet with Syd at the park, her glossy black curls framing a face that was now unmistakably familiar—and not in the way she wanted.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Ricardo's eyes widened, and he took a cautious step back. "Oh Dios... this is cursed," he muttered, his voice thick with disbelief. "That evil bitch... She turned you into Julieta." Gloria's heart sank. "But it's me, Ricardo. It's still me. Gloria." Ricardo shook his head, running a hand through his hair as he tried to process what he was seeing.

"I know it's you," he said, his voice strained. "But—ugh, thinking about everything we've done... It makes me feel so weird now." His eyes flicked away, unable to hold her gaze.

"Please," Gloria whispered, stepping closer, her voice pleading. "This isn't my fault. You know how Syd is. She did this to tear us apart." Ricardo's jaw tightened, his eyes filled with a mix of frustration and confusion. "I can't even look at you without seeing her," he said quietly, his voice barely above a whisper. "Julieta... My little sister, Gloria. This—this is sick."

Gloria's throat tightened, her hands trembling at her sides. "I didn't ask for this, Ricardo! I love you. You can't let Syd win." Ricardo sighed deeply, his gaze softening for a moment. "I know, I know. But this is twisted. Give me time to think, Gloria. I need time." He turned away, his shoulders heavy with the weight of their new reality.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



She shortened and straightened her hair in an attempt to look different from the real Julieta but no matter what he did, the resemblance was uncanny and inescapable.

Ricardo, once her passionate lover, now treated her as a liability. He no longer saw her as a partner but as a potential target. "I can't risk anyone thinking you're really Julieta," he said grimly, before retreating from their once-intense relationship. To protect what was left of his world, he hid Gloria/Julieta away, cutting her off from his public life.

He moved back with Syd, just as she had hoped. She had won. She often mocked Gloria/Julieta as her future sister-in-law! The humiliation was unbearable—once a lover, now reduced to a forgotten pawn.

Finally, Syd made her a proposal. "Look, we had our fun, but let's keep it real—it's time to wrap this up."

"What do you want, Syd?"

"Here's di deal: no more humiliatin' changes. You ain't gotta be Julieta no more. You get a fresh start—a whole new identity, new life. The price? Simple. You walk away, don't ever come back. No revenge plans, no desperate moves tryin' to get Ricardo back. You vanish, for good.""

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Syd held the syringe with a wicked glint in her eye, the final shot ready in her hand. "So," Gloria asked, "what are you going to turn me into this time?"

Syd smirked as she swabbed Gloria's arm. "You'll see" she replied cryptically, her tone laced with amusement.

At first, nothing seemed to happen, but as the days ticked by, her reflection began to shift in the mirror.

Her skin tone deepened, taking on a rich, dark hue. Her straight black hair was replaced by natural curls that framed her face. Gloria's heart sank as realization dawned.

One day, as she met with Syd who wanted to check on her progress, she told her, her voice trembling. "You're turning me into you."

Syd laughed, clearly enjoying every second. "Not exactly. But yeah, baby, we gon' match now. Two peas in a pod"

Gloria's hands trembled as she touched her darkened skin, her new curls bouncing lightly against her fingers. "You're making me... Black," she whispered, the weight of it sinking in.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Over the weeks, her complexion deepened into a radiant, dark hue. The straight black hair she had begrudgingly grown accustomed to transformed into a crown of natural curls that framed her face in a way she didn't recognize.

Gloria's hands shook as she touched her new skin, the rich melanin glowing under the light. Her fingers brushed through her soft, natural curls, her mind reeling at how drastically she had changed.

Syd grinned when they met, clearly reveling in her creation. "Oh, honey, you're already there. And just wait. You're going to look fabulous."



As the weeks passed, Gloria's transformation became even more pronounced. Her skin darkened further, a deep, rich brown that seemed to radiate vitality. Her features shifted subtly, taking on distinctly African contours—fuller lips, a broader nose, higher cheekbones. Her reflection was no longer hers. It belonged to someone else entirely.

When they met again, Gloria's transformation was complete. Her dark brown skin glowed under the sunlight, and her kinky Afro hair framed her face in tight, coiled spirals. She stood stiffly as Syd approached, a triumphant grin spreading across her face.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Welcome to Blackness!"

Gloria shot her a scathing look. "Syd, I hate you. I'm the opposite of what I used to be," she snapped, her voice trembling with frustration. "You've taken everything from me."

"You a sexy lil thing! And there's more!"

"What?"

Syd's grin widened. "You're my lil' sistah now!"

"No. You didn't!"

"You and I share DNA now. You're family, sis! Blood ties and all that good stuff."

"Ow, you're awful. I hate you!"

Dave, who had become Gloria and was now Julieta, felt the weight of his constantly shifting identity bearing down on him. From a white man to a stunning blonde, then a fiery redhead, into a striking Hispanic beauty, and now into a Black woman, each transformation felt like another layer of himself peeling away, leaving behind someone unrecognizable.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Syd, ever the orchestrator of this chaos, wasn't done. "Alright, sis, that wild Afro's gotta go," she declared one day, her tone dripping with authority as she led Gloria into a high-end salon.

Gloria sank into the stylist's chair, her heart pounding as she glanced at her reflection. Her natural Afro, unkempt from days of avoiding Syd and grappling with her latest transformation, made her feel exposed and vulnerable.

"Don't worry," Syd cooed, running her fingers through Gloria's curls. "You're about to look fierce. Trust me on this." The stylist, a Black woman with long, intricate braids, smiled warmly. "We're going to make you look amazing," she said, her confidence contagious. Gloria wanted to resist, to cling to whatever scraps of control she had left, but Syd's presence loomed behind her, making resistance futile.

After hours of careful work, the transformation was complete. Gloria's hair had been styled into elegant, flowing locs that cascaded down her back, each strand meticulously crafted to highlight her now-Afrocentric features.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



As the stylist held up the mirror, Gloria's breath caught in her throat. The wild, unkempt look was gone, replaced by something regal, bold, and undeniably beautiful. Syd grinned, leaning over Gloria's shoulder to admire the result. "Much better," she said, her voice brimming with satisfaction. "Long locs or tresses? Now that's pretty and African."

Gloria stared at her reflection, her fingers lightly brushing over the smooth, neat locs. "I—" she hesitated, unsure how to feel. The image staring back at her was both stunning and foreign.

"See? Told you," Syd said, clapping her hands together. "You're owning it now."

Gloria sighed, a mix of exhaustion and reluctant acceptance washing over her. The fight to resist was draining, and with every change, it felt like she was losing more of who she once was. And, to make it worse, she had been molded into this form by her now arch-enemy Syd, who had taken back her man and relegated her to her own little sister! Still, as she looked at her reflection, she couldn't deny the ethnic beauty of the woman she had become.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Gloria stood in front of the mirror, frowning deeply at her reflection. The long, flowing locs Syd had insisted she get now felt like a cruel joke. They framed her face in a way that only made the resemblance to Syd even more unbearable. Every time she caught a glimpse of herself, it was like seeing a younger Syd staring back.

She ran her fingers through the locs, tugging at them in frustration. "I can't stand this," she muttered, her voice tight with anger. "I look like her twin."

The irony wasn't lost on her. Syd, now flaunting her own natural hair in locs, seemed to revel in the similarity. Gloria could still hear Syd's teasing voice: "Look at us, sis. Haha, we're diggin'it!"

It made Gloria's skin crawl. She wanted to reclaim some shred of individuality, some piece of herself that Syd hadn't stolen or reshaped.

That's when the idea struck her. She rifled through her closet, pulling out the sleek, black wigs she'd collected since her transformation. Straight, wavy, curly—it didn't matter, as long as they were black and didn't resemble Syd's locs.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



Slipping one on, she adjusted it carefully in the mirror. The difference was immediate. The soft waves framed her face differently, softening the harsh resemblance to Syd. For now, the wig was enough to keep her sanity intact, a small piece of control in a life that had spiraled far beyond her grasp.

The wig became her shield, her armor. Whenever she left the house, she made sure it was in place, hiding the locs beneath. It was a small rebellion, but it was hers. Syd noticed, as she always did. "What's with the wig, sis?" she asked one day, her voice dripping with mock curiosity. "You don't like matching me?"

Gloria rolled her eyes, refusing to take the bait. "Not everything's about you, Syd." Syd smirked, tossing her locs over her shoulder. "Suit yourself. But you're missin' out. Natural's the way to go, sis."

Gloria didn't respond, choosing instead to adjust the wig and walk away.

Eventually, she got used to her life and avoided Syd as much as possible.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Hallo, lil' sis!" Syd's voice rang out as Gloria strolled down the bustling city streets, hand-in-hand with her boyfriend, a young white man who bore an uncanny resemblance to her former self when she was Dave. Life had come full circle in the strangest way. Once, as Dave, she'd been in a BWWM relationship with Syd, the white man in the couple. Now, she was on the other side, the Black woman in the couple. Gloria stiffened at Syd's greeting, already bracing herself for whatever teasing her "sister" had in store.

"Looking good, sis," Syd teased, eyeing Gloria's long locs and elegant figure before shifting her gaze to her boyfriend. "You got yourself a type, huh? Funny how tables turn, ain't it?" Gloria rolled her eyes, her boyfriend giving her a curious glance. "Syd, can you not?" she muttered, her voice tinged with annoyance. Syd, of course, ignored her. "You ever tell him about your past? Bet he doesn't know you used to look a lot like him," she added with a wink, her voice dripping with mockery. "Leave it alone, Syd," Gloria said through gritted teeth, her cheeks flushing. "It's none of your business."

After a few more jabs and laughs at Gloria's expense, Syd finally relented.

A TASTE OF HER OWN MEDICINE



"Alright, alright, I'm done messin' with you. Go enjoy your little love story, sis. I'll see you around."

Gloria glared after her, unable to suppress the surge of irritation. "Fuck off, Syd!" she shot back, her voice sharp. Steve, her boyfriend, noticed and gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. "Syd?" he asked cautiously. "Who's she? Your sister? And why do you want me to call you Syd when we..."

"Shut up," Gloria cut him off, her face hardening. She might have been timid and awkward as a young man, but in this new life as a Black woman, something had shifted. She felt powerful, confident, and unapologetically herself. Her raw beauty and presence demanded attention and respect, and she wasn't going to explain herself to anyone, not even Steve.

"You're a good guy," she continued, her voice steady but firm. "But you ask too many questions. I have my kinks, okay? I like dressing in a maid uniform even though I'm a strong, independent woman, and you like it too. Don't pretend you don't. I like to speak Ebonics when we're in bed and sometimes, I like you to call me Syd or Lucy, just like I like to call you Dave. It's part of the game. No questions are needed."