

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.

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"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."

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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."

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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!"

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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?"

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"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!"

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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."

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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"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."

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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.

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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.

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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!"

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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"

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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."

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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.

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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.

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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.

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"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.

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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."

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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!"

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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.