



Her thighs and hips had grown from thin to curvy. An examination showed that even her blonde pubic hair coiled and darkened, becoming tight black curls that barely lifted off her now-brown skin.

"Doc, it was a mask—it *melted* into me! I'm not Black..." - the distressed woman tried to explain the doctor, who did not seem impressed.

Then he smiled. "Your mistake," he said, is thinking you're Melissa Whittaker."

"What? I am Melissa Whittaker!" - she replied, shocked. Then, a syringe flashed in his hand. "You're involved... in this?"



She thrashed, but he held her fast. The needle bit into her arm.

A cocktail of heroin, aphrodisiacs, and something chemical flooded her veins. Warmth spread. Her panic vanished. "There we go," the doctor crooned. "You're Shameka Jackson, you're Black. Always have been."

She giggled. "Haha, funny! Black, me?" she sighed, rolling her shoulders. "Shit, why do I feel so *good*?"

The doctor's words hit her: "Your man just texted. He's worried."

She blinked, lips tingling. "My... man?"



“Booker.” The doctor winked. “You should go back to him.”

A laugh bubbled up. “Pssh, stop, he’s not my—” Then the craving hit.

Her skin prickled at the thought of Booker’s rough hands. The scar on his neck she wanted to trace with her tongue.

“Oh God,” she moaned, thighs pressing together. “I—I need him.”

She left the doctor, smiling, and took the first bus home. She felt happy, horny and suddenly unbothered by her new skin.



The craving burned hotter with every step to Booker's apartment. By the time she pounded on his door, her breath came in shallow gasps - her new body responding in ways that terrified what little remained of Melissa.

Booker opened the door slowly, that same knowing smile twisting his scar. "Took you long enough."

"I don't... I don't know what your mask did to me," she gasped, hands already fumbling at his belt, "but I need you now, okay?" Her voice dropped to a husky whisper. "Please fuck me rough."



There was something sexy about fucking someone with this body. Something exciting and new.

His cock spreading her dark lips and revealing the sexy pink within filled her mind. She moaned out, hearing her new voice issue from between lewdly opened lips for the first time.

She *loved* it, the sound of her voice. It turned her on. So she moaned louder, and louder, until with roaring climax something *clicked* within her.

Afterward, in the heroin-and-sweat haze, she lay glowing. A name floated up. "Shameka, why that name?"



Booker traced her new curves possessively. "Shameka. Ring any bells?" She shook her head.

"Melissa's daddy killed my Shameka" he whispered. "Cops saw a Black girl with me and just... fired. I took her body with me, nobody knows she's actually dead. So I took his precious daughter and remade her into Shameka. Gave you her face. Her skin. You're officially Shameka Jackson." Melissa touched her rubbery cheek. "But I look... fake." "You're right about that." - he replied. "We can fix it though" - he said, taking Shameka with him on his convertible up the hills as the heroin haze began to thin.



Melissa's thoughts sharpened through the chemical fog. The villa emerged like a mirage. Before she could protest, Booker lifted her effortlessly and plunged her into the turquoise pool.

The water wasn't water. It clung like liquid silk, seeping into every pore. Melissa thrashed as the catalyzed solution worked its alchemy, the rubber skinsuit becoming permanently fused with her as the outer, rubbery layer deposited at the bottom of the pool as an innocuous sediment. As a side effect, her breasts inflated even further. "Fuck! Fuck! It's... real now."

"Yes," his grin widened "you look like my Shameka for real now."



She whirled on Booker, her voice trembling with rage, as her brain slowly sobered. "What the fuck, man? You ruined my life, I can't go back to my life looking like a drug lord's dead trophy girlfriend! I had nothing to do with what my father did! I'm innocent too."

"I haven't killed you, I simply gave you a new life. As my Shameka."

"Booker, this is wrong, I'm not Shameka." - she added, feeling her nipples pressing against her crop top.

"Stop resisting this, babe! You can't deny how much your body craves me!" In one smooth motion, he closed the distance, his calloused hands skimming her waist.



She recoiled, but her traitorous skin burned under his touch. "Wait, no, don't touch me... Ooh..."

"Stop fighting it," he murmured. "You feel that, don't you? How bad you want me?"

Her breath hitched. "N-no— I hate you!" Then his mouth found her neck, and a moan escaped her. "O-oh God—"

"See how good it feels when you stop fighting?"

"Give in, and you'll have a life of pleasure! Sex. Drugs. Luxury. Everything your little white-girl life never gave you. You've got no choice anyway." She trembled, caught between revulsion and the terrifying pleasure coiling in her stomach.



He slipped a heroine pill in her mouth. The heroin coursing her veins made resistance impossible.

"No choice..." - the words slipped out.

"That's right, babygirl. You're stuck like this, and hooked on drugs... and on this life." His free hand slid lower. "Might as well enjoy the ride."

"Ok, ok, you win. Ok but I'm not Shameka, Booker. I'm Melissa. I can't replace her. I'm not even sure I have what it takes."

"I believe in you. I'll help you act more like her too. And call me daddy"

"Yes... daddy!" - Shameka added, lost in his brown eyes.