

Shameka

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"Oh! Uh... thank you?" Melissa forced a smile as she accepted the clumsily wrapped package. The Black man standing on her porch—Booker, he'd said—was in his 40s, massive, his arms corded with muscle, a jagged scar running down his neck. Not the kind of guy she expected to show up with a "welcome to the neighborhood" gift.

Her father, a cop, had always warned her about strangers. *Especially* in this part of town. But Booker's grin was warm, his voice surprisingly gentle as he chatted about the local diner and the best bus routes. There was something charming about him. Her fingers tightened around the package, a little curious, as she ended the chat and waved at him.



She entered her apartment and after a while curiosity had the best of her and she peeled back the paper.

Melissa's stomach lurched. "What... is this?"

It was a mask. Not an ordinary one. Silicone, espresso brown, shaped into the face of a young woman. She turned it over in her hands. A Black woman's face, eerily lifelike, the lips slightly parted as if mid-breath. The material was smooth, almost warm to the touch. High-quality. Expensive, probably. "A mask of a Black lady? What kind of present is this?" "Is this some kind of joke? Blackface is messed up. Why would he...?"



“Maybe it’s more like a message: White people are not welcome here. Who knows...”

She lifted the mask, hesitating. “I could wear it, just to see. For a party. Or... for my boyfriend. He’d lose his mind haha.”

The mask dangled from her fingers. She took a breath. She raised it to her face. Soft suction. A tiny sigh of air. As soon as she wore it, it stuck on her face. Her nose flattened and flared to match the broader bridge, her lips swelled with tingling pressure, stretched into unfamiliar fullness by the mask. The cheeks followed, swelling outward until her cheekbones nested perfectly in the mask’s pre-shaped hollows.



Her face was now round and pouty. Her expressions were limited but all in all it felt reasonably comfortable and quite realistic too, apart from the rubbery texture. "Wow, look at how full my lips are now!"- she thought. A giggle bubbled up. "This is mad."- she said, loud, noticing her consonants sounded a bit like those of a Black girl, due to her distorted nasal passages.

It was complete with veneers, and color contacts, which she applied. "Wow, this looks so good!" She turned her head, admiring the high cheekbones, the way the light caught the mask's artificial sheen. "Black girls *are* pretty... in their own way."

Her phone buzzed.



A text from Booker: "Looks good on you."

Melissa froze.

Her curtains were closed. Her door was locked. She had checked, before trying on the mask.

"How do you know?" she typed, fingers shaking.

Three dots pulsed. Then: "Doesn't matter. Try removing it now."

Her nails scraped at the edges—nothing. The rubbery edge had melted against her skin. "No no no—" She clawed at her jawline. The mask stayed. "What have you done to me?" - she typed.



She left her apartment to try and talk to Booker in person. She knew where he lived, in the condo facing her apartment.

The apartment complex loomed, a hive of peeling doors and flickering corridor lights. Neighbors stared as she ran past.

"Booker! BOOKER!" She hammered on doors.

"Hmmm please help mee" - she struggled to say.

Her phone buzzed. A reply: "I'm not home."

Back in her bathroom, the fluorescent light hummed.



The brown skin was *spreading*.
Creeping down her neck, towards her
chest, spreading like ink.

"Nooooo!" Her reflection gasped.

She screamed in a deep, husky, smoky,
unfamiliar tone. A voice that wasn't hers.
Deep. Rich. *Black*. *She grabbed her
throat*, She tried tearing at contacts that
would not budge. When she did, the
irises underneath were the same brown.
Her brown irises seemed dilating
regularly, as if they were her own
natural ones.



In the bedroom, she fumbled for clothes.

Frantic, she tore at her shirt. She could only watch in shock as a wave of pigmentation flowed across her skin. Brown crept from her throat to her collarbones, painting her torso like slow ink in water. Her nipples darkened too. She watched as her breasts grew and changed shape.

Melissa bundled herself in a wool coat, gloves, and a scarf despite the sweltering heat. She needed to see a doctor right now.



The trip was terrible. The skin suit already made her hot and sweaty, and the winter clothes didn't help. Once arrived at her general practitioner's clinic, she asked to see her doctor. The receptionist barely glanced up: "Name?"

Melissa opened her mouth. "M-Melissa Whitaker."

The receptionist frowned at her chart, then at Melissa's face. "ID?" Her gloves stuck to sweating palms. "I... lost it."

A hand clamped her shoulder. A doctor seemed to recognize her. He flashed the receptionist an apologetic shrug. "Forgot her damn wallet *again*."



As he steered her inside, Melissa disrobed, desperate to show the new doctor the truth.

But there was nothing left to reveal except for a uniform dark brown skintone, from head to toes. Her last bits of light skin had vanished under her warm clothes.

Her whole body had gained weight, too. Her breasts were different. From small, pert tits with soft pink nipples, to heavy D cups with black areolas. They hung so differently that even the tension they put on her chest felt different. Her thighs and hips had grown from skinny to toned.



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 I swear..." - 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? Who are you?" 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. "Shit, shit, why do I feel so *good*?" - she asked herself. "There we go," the doctor crooned. "You're Shameka Jackson, you're Black. Always have been."

She giggled. "Haha! Black, me? That's funny" she sighed, rolling her shoulders.

The doctor continued: "Hey, 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. He was such a stallion, that was undeniable. "Oh God," she moaned, thighs pressing together. "I—I need him."

She left the doctor, smiling as much as the mask allowed her to, 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 remained of Melissa.

Booker opened the door slowly. "Took you long enough."

"It's me, Melissa. I don't... I don't know what your mask did to me, but I don't even care." she gasped, hands already fumbling at his belt, "I need you now, okay?" Her voice dropped to a husky whisper. "Please fuck me rough." Deep down, there was something sexy about fucking someone with this body. Something exciting and new.



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. Does it ring any bells?" She shook her head.

"Melissa's daddy killed my Shameka" he whispered.



"Dad did what?" - she asked, shocked. "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."

"I'm sorry for your loss but I'm not her, plus I look so... fake. Like a rubber doll!" - she said with a giggle. "You're right about that." - he replied. "We can fix it though" - he said, taking Shameka with him on his convertible and took a road up the hills. The fresh air helped sharpening Melissa's mind through the heroin haze. The villa emerged like a mirage.



Before she could protest, Booker lifted her effortlessly and plunged her into the pool, completely sobering up her brain.

It wasn't simply water. It clung like liquid silk, seeping into every pore. Melissa could only stare as the catalyzed solution worked its alchemy, the deeper layers of the rubber skinsuit bonding with her as the outer, rubbery layer washed away with the liquid. As a side effect, her breasts inflated even further. She registered all these changes and screamed: "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, her brain completely 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 Shameka."

"Booker, this is wrong, I'm not her, I'm Melissa." - 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 drugged pill in her mouth.



The chemicals 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 can't replace her. I'm not even sure I have what it takes."

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

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



"Shameka..." she whispered to her reflection, running her free hand across her body, feeling her new curves, her new skin. A hysterical laugh escaped her newly full lips. "I'm really stuck like *her*?"

Her father's face flashed in her mind - that stern, disappointed. *What would he say now?*

"Oh God," she choked out. "They must be searching for me! But I can't show up looking like this!". Outside, Booker's voice called from the bedroom, warm and amused. "You okay in there, babygirl?" "Be right out, *daddy*." The worst part? Part of her *meant* it.



"Daddy, are you sure this is safe?"

Don't worry babygirl, just give the package to my man at the club and you'll be done. Booker's plan consisted in turning Melissa in a real drug dealer to seal her destiny.

Her stiletto heels clicked against pavement as she approached the intersection. She looked like a hooker. Two officers stood near a cruiser, their radios crackling with static that set her teeth on edge. *This was her chance.* One cop glanced up. Their eyes met. She thought she could have talked to them. Told them everything, escaped from this life.



But then she realized it would have been a dangerous move. She now looked like Shameka, she had her fingerprints and even her dental records thanks to those veneers. And she was carrying drugs, while being slightly high. Nothing good could happen to her talking to the cops.

She kept moving, hips swaying to a rhythm Booker had taught her. The officers tipped their hats as she passed.

"Evening, ma'am."

The club's bassline thrummed in her chest as she pushed through the crowd. At the VIP section, Booker's lieutenant licked his lips at her approach.



"There's my favorite little mule," he purred, taking her purse. His fingers lingered too long on hers. "Daddy's gonna be so proud. How does it feel to be a criminal, Melissa Whittaker?"

"Please don't say that name! Call me... Shameka." - she said, pissed.

"Wow, impressive, so you're embraced this lifestyle?"

"I had no choice" - the Black woman replied, lighting a cigarette.

"The boss will be happy to hear this! Welcome to the club!"



Weeks later, one ordinary Tuesday, the club's neon glow was drowned by floodlights as sirens wailed and tactical boots thundered in. Officers swept the floor and Booker's lieutenant hit the tiles in cuffs.

Shameka tried to keep her cool but she was horrified.

"I hope they won't get daddy" - was her first thought. She tried fighting those thoughts, but Stockholm syndrome was something real. She genuinely loved the man who had stolen her identity and forced her to a life of crime.



When a shepherd's nose hit her handbag, the handler's smirk said *gotcha*. Shameka babbled that she'd only taken a bump or two, they nodded but still dragged her to a police station as a "material witness", where she was treated like a real criminal. Female officers snapped commands, shoving her from fingerprint scanner to holding bench; male cops ogled and made comments on her curves. She'd once respected law enforcement, but their contempt stung deeper than Booker's threats. The door clicked shut and a broad-shouldered captain took the



"Shameka Jackson, quite the looker, I see" he said, with a smirk. "Couple of misdemeanors. Nothing headline-worthy, but it adds up."

He slid a photo across the metal table: Booker. "You've been seen with this gentleman more than once. Shameka's pulse thudded. She said nothing.

"We're not filing on you today," the captain continued, folding his hands. "But you could be the key that locks him up." She lifted her eyes. "Testify," he said, blunt. "Think about it, your chance to take down the man who's been exploiting you."



She agreed, she would testify at the process. However, when the day came, doubt crept in like smoke. On one hand, she could make Booker pay for ruining her life and forcing her to adopt the life of a low-life criminal. She pictured the headlines, the public outrage, the wave of pity that might follow. Ugh. And part of her missed the way he looked at her. Maybe she loved him. And maybe, after everything, she was too deep in this to crawl back out.

So she did the most sensible thing to do, she lied. Flat-out, clean-faced, without flinching. She saved him.



And in doing so, she shocked everyone—the judge, the prosecution, even Booker himself.

And yet, when she walked out of the court, she was confident she did the right thing. She had saved her man from the clink! Without realizing it, she had behaved exactly how Shameka would have. She felt light. Confident. Happy, even.

He'd be out soon. But first—she had some unfinished business. She talked to her lawyer and figured out how to take control of their shared possessions - namely their mansion.



The salon's bell jingled as she pushed inside, the scent of bleach and lavender thick in the air. The girl at the counter barely glanced up.

"What'll it be?"

Still shaken by how far she'd gone, how far she'd come, she walked into the salon and asked for two things:
Blonde dye.
Green contacts.

A little touch of the old self.

Just enough to remember she wasn't born this way. A last homage to Melissa. She thought about her old life while they worked on her hair. It seemed like a distant dream now.



The result was a flashier version of Shameka, with no resemblance to her old self. Of course. What did she think she would achieve?

Then she tried on a few outfits matching her new hair and found something satisfying. The day he was to be released, she sent him a limo and told him to meet her at a hotel suite to celebrate his freedom.

The hotel bar was all low lights and velvet shadows, the kind of place where people came to be seen—or to disappear. She ordered a bottle of champagne for the two of them and waited for him in the room.



She sat on the bed. The lavender latex of her strapless top gleamed under the lights, the gold trim tracing the deep plunge of her neckline. Platinum blonde bob, sharp bangs, lips the color of neon candy. She looked like a high-end Barbie doll.

Then the door opened. Booker stepped in, his face still holding the ghost of the clink. His eyes locked on her like she was the only light in the room. She didn't smile. Just tilted her head, slow, and watched him. The new hair. The whole damn *new her*. "Miss me?" she finally said.



He kissed her passionately, and started to undress. "Babe, I don't even know what..." She reached into his hand and slid a keycard.

"Shhh. We live here for now. I sold the house," she said. "Burned the papers. I want to disappear after tonight."

His thumb brushed the keycard. "Where to?" She let her lips curl, just a little. "Somewhere they don't ask questions. Maybe the Caribbeans. Just you and me, away from danger and gossip."

Booker smiled "I owe you that" - he said, before kissing her slowly.