

# Dual Metamorphosis

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Samantha and Amber were two lovely blonde American twins on vacation together in Mexico. They both came from bad breakups and needed some bonding time with each other.

One day, however, they faced a terrifying ordeal when they were suddenly abducted and forcibly separated. Amber awoke in a dimly lit room, her heart pounding with fear. In a desperate attempt to find her beloved sister Samantha, she began to scream for help.

To her horror, a man eventually entered the room, and with trembling voice, she implored him for information about Samantha's whereabouts. The man, an unhinged scientist, tried to calm her down and assured her that Samantha was safe, under one condition: if Amber cooperated with their captors, her sister would be set free.

He ominously revealed, "We only require one subject for my research."

Fearful for her sister's safety, Amber reluctantly agreed to the scientist's terms. The scientist explained her that they intended to conduct genetic experiments on her as part of the research program of a big Pharma company that would never legally obtain permission to test their tech on humans before releasing it to the public.

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“But why us?” - Amber asked him, trembling.

“I frequently choose subjects from this region, as it's convenient with the local authorities turning a blind eye to our activities amidst the influx of oblivious foreign tourists. Plus, nobody investigates my private clinic that much.”

Amanda underwent a series of medical assessments before they recorded her profile and proceeded with the first injections.

Her hair had been darkened right down to the roots, transformed into a luscious shade of rich brown. Her once-piercing blue eyes had turned brown, and her skin had acquired a slightly darker complexion.

All in all, she still bore a striking resemblance to her former self, albeit with an added touch of exotic allure, almost as if she had embraced a newfound Latina heritage.

“The treatment is going really well” - she was told - “But now we’ll bring this to the next level!”

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In aid of her transformation, Amber underwent plastic surgery to reshape her facial features, aligning them with her new identity. Meanwhile, her DNA continued to evolve, resulting in her hair darkening to a deep shade of brown and her skin taking on an even richer tan. Gazing at her reflection in the mirror, she had to admit she was no longer the blonde girl she used to be. Instead, she now had the face, skin and hair of a pretty Hispanic girl.

As she examined her transformed self, Amanda reaffirmed her purpose, whispering, "I'm doing this for Sam. At least she'll be safe."

Subsequently, she received news that another round of surgeries was on the horizon to facilitate her body's adaptation to its new identity. Anxious, she inquired, "What new identity?"

The reply came reassuringly, "Well, we couldn't leave you looking the way you were, without any identification or means to get by. We're not monsters, you know. So, we'll be providing you with a new identity as Eva Sarmiento, a Mexican woman."

Amanda gulped.

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Desperate and worried, she pleaded, "I don't want to become a Mexican woman. Please, couldn't you give me a US passport instead?"

Regrettably, her captor responded, "Sorry, but that would definitely raise suspicion. We need to ensure that you won't pose a significant legal threat in case you decide to take legal action against us."

When Amber saw herself in the mirror for the first time after the surgeries, she realized her life would be turned upside down. A dramatic breast implant surgery transformed her small A cups into giant, fake-looking brown orbs. To make it worse, her height had been reduced from 170 cm (5 ft 7 in) to a mere 155 cm (5 ft 1 in), exaggerating her new proportions. She would now be shorter than most high school girls. To complete the change, her vocal chords were altered to give her a high-pitched voice, making her sound like an airhead all the time.

"I'm a shortstack! I'm a Latina shortstack! I... I look like a Mexican hooker!"

"Well, your looks will help you. You will work as an exotic dancer from now on! We apologize, but this will ensure that you won't be seen as a credible threat if you decide to take legal action against us. It will also help keep your surgery scars from raising suspicion, after all you're a plastic beauty, nobody would ever believe you if you told them you didn't undergo these surgeries willingly. On the bright side, you'll have a reliable source of income from your looks!"

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"No, no, this can't be happening to me, I have a respectable job in the States, I'm a teacher! This can't be my life! I'll go to the embassy, I'll..."

"Listen, the sooner you come to terms with your new reality, the better. There's no way to return to your old life. You've been transformed into a healthy young Latina with Mexican DNA and surgically enhanced looks. No DNA test or clinical records will ever indicate that your ethnicity has been altered. Furthermore, don't anticipate this technology becoming available to the general public anytime soon. We still need to conduct numerous tests, so if you try to share your story, no one will believe you! You'd be dismissed as delusional! Surely, you wouldn't want to end up in a Mexican psychiatric hospital, would you?"

"I... I guess you're right!" - Amber replied, starting to accept her fate.

"Good girl. Also, you were lucky to end up as a beautiful Latina! You could have ended up as an old Black lady, or a Indian man..."

"Can you also do that? Change gender to DNA level?"

"Well, we're working on it and our tests seem encouraging. See that pretty Asian nurse over there" - she pointed to a petite Filipina girl - "She was a German man until not long ago, a doctor!" - as the nurse noticed them, she looked down, ashamed.

Amber gulped. She knew they were dead serious about this.

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A few days later, her new job kicked off. They outfitted the young woman in a glittery dress so skimpy it left little to the imagination, complemented by scant lingerie underneath and sultry fishnet stockings. To complete her ensemble, she adorned herself with flashy jewelry.

As she sat uncomfortably in the fitting room of the club where her new career as a dancer and stripper was about to begin, she noticed a statuesque Black girl sitting closeby. Clad in attire equally as provocative, this woman's seated form still hinted at her imposing height, easily clocking in at 185 cm (6 ft 1 in).

Amber, now going by Eva, couldn't help but feel a twinge of intimidation and envy due to the other woman's impressive height.

"Hey, are you also new here?"

"Yeah, kinda" - she answered in her sultry, husky voice.

"Weird" - Amanda thought - "she doesn't have the accent of an African-American girl."

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Eva needed friends, so she tried her best to smile at her and said: "Nice to meet you, I'm... Eva", hesitating at the idea of introducing herself with her new name.

"I'm... Jada", the Ebony beauty replied, hesitating a little.

"You've got nice legs!" Eva said, with a shy smile "I wish I was tall like you!"

"Oh, thanks, I guess! I wasn't always this tall; I'm still getting used to it," Jada confessed.

"Oh my God, don't tell me you were altered by those sick heads too?"

"Yeah, you too?"

"Yep. They kidnapped me and turned me into a short Hispanic stripper. I was a tall white woman before. Not as tall as you though. Gosh, I hate what they did to me."

"Hey, I was white too, or I am... It's pretty hard to tell what I really am right now," Jada admitted.

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The two women locked eyes, both grappling to visualize the other as they once were—Eva as a white woman and Jada as someone else entirely.

Jada boasted a rich, dark brown complexion, exuding strong African features and an unabashed, sassy expression, her thin eyebrows the perfect frame.

In contrast, Eva appeared as a petite Latina, every trace of her former Caucasian self permanently erased.

Jada was the first to break the awkward silence, her voice filled with curiosity and empathy. "So, how are you coping with this? Why didn't you try to escape?"

Eva sighed, her eyes heavy with sadness. "I hate the way I look and the life they've forced me into, but I made a deal with my captors to secure my sister's release. I hope she's okay."

Jada gulped and stood up, to get a better look at Eva.

Jada couldn't help but rise from her seat to get a closer look at Eva. "Your sister?"

"Yes, we were on vacation together when we were kidnapped. I haven't seen her since that day."



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The truth hit Jada like a ton of bricks. The girl sitting across from her, now an exotic Latina stripper, was none other than her dear sister, Amber. She swallowed hard and stared down at Eva, her sultry voice trembling with emotion. "Amber, I am your sister!"

Eva gasped in astonishment. "Samantha? Oh no! They lied to me, what did they do to you?" - she cried, in her squeaky voice. If she didn't see what they had done to herself, she could never believe that the tall Black girl standing was indeed her sister Samantha.

With tears streaming down their faces, the two women embraced. The unfamiliar sight of their differing complexions and a considerable height difference made the hug slightly awkward for the transformed twins. "I can't believe I was so naive!" Eva confessed, her tears reflecting the vulnerability in her pretty brown eyes.

Jada, equally emotional, squeezed her sister in a tight hug. "They told me the same lie!". They had always felt equal but now, due to the different hormones running through their veins and the sheer difference in size, Samantha/Jada was developing a protective instinct towards the petite Latina that now was her sister.

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The Ebony girl recounted her transformation to her sister, describing how she had watched her once-blonde hair slowly turn black. She spoke of her baby blue eyes darkening to a rich brown hue and her creamy white skin taking on an irreversible, deep mocha shade. The process had frightened her to her core, as she witnessed her own body betraying herself and slowly morphing her into a woman of color.

If she still looked like a mixed version of herself at that stage, after the surgeries she bore little resemblance to her former self. Her nose had broadened, her lips had plumped into a luscious pout, and her cheekbones now proclaimed her heritage loudly. Her body was altered too, turning her into an Ebony giantess and giving her a matching low, husky voice.

The chemical changes in her body had brought about a shift in her emotions, making her feel stronger, more resolute, and sometimes angrier—conforming to the classic "angry Black woman" stereotype. Even her body scent had transformed, mirroring that of a woman of African heritage.

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After Jada finished telling her sister of how she had forcibly turned into a tall Ebony woman, Eva told her of her, similar experience. They felt a mix of shame and relief at being together, looking like that. Looking like exotic beauties, one Latina, one Black, while knowing that they were really twin sisters was a surreal experience for both. It was horrible to know what had happened to each other, but at least they weren't alone now.

The two took some time to digest what had happened to them and initially struggled to perform as strippers. At the same time, they were afraid to be separated, so they played it cool and tried their best to learn the skills required to be successful at their new profession.

It wasn't easy. The challenge lay in reconciling their sense of dignity and privacy with the flamboyant, objectifying world of the club. They grappled with the constant, invasive, attention from customers, feeling exposed and vulnerable in a way they had never experienced before. Their discomfort was palpable, their steps often slightly hesitant, their gaze frequently averting from the audience's probing eyes. There were moments of hesitation, even small breakdowns in the private confines of their apartment. Tears were shed, words of reassurance exchanged, and silent support offered as they navigated the unfamiliar territory they found themselves in. Each day, they teetered between assimilating into their new roles and maintaining a semblance of the values and principles instilled in them by their upbringing.

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After a while, Jada seemed surprisingly at ease playing the role of a sassy Black stripper. She seemed to effortlessly embody the persona of a confident and alluring Black stripper. Her body language exuded a newfound sense of self-assurance, drawing affection from the club's clientele.

One day Eva approached her, her concern evident in her expression: "Sam, I don't know if I should be saying this, but... You seem so at ease with yourself recently, have you embraced the... identity you were given or what?" Jada, now fully embodying her stage persona, responded with a touch of pride, "When you're a Black stallion like me, sass comes naturally." Eva, struggling with the shift in her sister's attitude, questioned the newfound pride: "So you're proud to be Black now? What would our family say if they saw you now, proudly shacking your black booty like that? And always showing those naked legs anywhere! Is that what you want to be?" With a playful smile, Jada deflected, teasing about Eva's envy of her legs. "Come on, babe, you know my legs are envy-worthy. But look, surgeries won't change us back. We have a choice - struggle through this or embrace it. We've got killer bodies; why not have fun with them? I've even found a way to make extra money in those private rooms."

The conversation left Eva unsettled. She grappled with the shifting dynamics between her sister's embracing of their new lives and her own reservations. The stark contrast between their old selves and the personas they now embodied was a source of inner conflict for Eva, stirring a storm of emotions within her.

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The divergence in their attitudes and the path Jada seemed to be navigating raised uncertainties for Eva, who was torn between maintaining a sense of their true identity and adapting to the persona they were forced to adopt. The conversation lingered in her mind, leaving her to ponder the choices they had and the potential consequences of their decisions.

After a while, Eva eventually found a silver lining in their new lives. She began to see the positives in their unconventional situation. She was a hot little thing, much more than the bland blonde girl she used to be. The vibrant outfits, the uninhibited lifestyle - it was a stark departure from her past, but one that offered a newfound sense of liberation.

As the sisters performed together, their connection became their strength. Despite their physical differences, they moved in perfect harmony on stage, creating a mesmerizing display of artistry. Their routines, once daunting, turned into a silent language between them. Through exchanged glances and subtle cues, they found a way to support each other amidst the glitz and chaos of the club.

Their initial hesitations melted away as they found a semblance of solace in each other's company. In their shared moments within the privacy of their apartment, they would share laughter, tears, and unspoken understanding.

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Over time, the line between their former identities and the flamboyant personas they adopted as Rosita and Mystique, their name stages, began to blur. What was initially a mask they wore on stage became an integral part of their existence. The vibrant personalities they embodied seemed to gradually consume the remnants of their old lives, fading into distant memories. The thrill of their performances, the euphoria of the spotlight, and the easiness with which they earned money began to overshadow the yearning for their previous lives. It was akin to a potent drug, numbing the ache of their past and gradually weaving an addictive comfort into their present reality.

The intoxicating rush of the club, the energy of the audience, and the allure of the lifestyle they now led gradually eroded the wistful memories of their past.

Mystique and Rosita weren't just stage names anymore; they had intertwined with Jada and Eva, with Samantha and Amber shaping a new amalgamated identity. The pleasures of their current existence, the instant gratification, and the financial freedom that came with it became an alluring addiction, drawing them deeper into the allure of their unconventional profession.

Their old lives became a distant echo, fading into the background, as they found themselves entangled in the whirlwind of their new reality. The yearning for what was once familiar dissipated, eclipsed by the immediate rewards and thrills of their current lives. It was a gradual fading, almost imperceptible, as the charm of their new personas took over, becoming an addictive elixir that consumed their desires and aspirations, one performance at a time.