

# FROM HEADLINES TO HAIRLINES

JULY 2023



Lois Lane, once the esteemed "Ace reporter" for the Daily Planet, finds herself facing the darkest chapter of her career. A daring stunt to uncover the truth behind a story backfires, revealing her gross misinterpretation of evidence and tarnishing her reputation. The consequences are severe as she is swiftly fired, leaving her without the credentials she needs to secure a new job.

With her career in shambles and her credibility shattered, Lois is unable to secure employment in the field she once excelled in. The weight of her mistakes weighs heavily, even haunting her interactions with former colleagues at the Daily Planet who fear being associated with her downfall and therefore completely avoid any contact with her. Now tainted by the stain of her occupational karma, Lois faces an uphill battle to rebuild her life. The harsh reality of her situation forces her out of her apartment, leaving her with nothing but the cold metal confines of her car. She spends restless nights, huddled in the parking complex that had once been her home, a stark reminder of her fallen status.

Eventually, Lois is driven from her parking spot by an observant cop, nudging her closer to a complex of salons and section 8-style housing. It is here that Lois stumbles upon the stark proximity of poverty and her previous life of privilege. Only a few blocks away from her neighbourhood begins the "ghetto" part of town.

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Trusting her own ability to go undercover for stories on the streets, Lois devises a plan to secure a job in the ghetto, not only to get a job but also to write a groundbreaking report to shed light on the struggles of the marginalized and regain her fame.

Lois walks into Mama Marie's Magick House of Hair, unknowingly stepping into a world infused with Voodoo magic. Mama Marie, the immortal Voodoo Queen of New Orleans, asks her: "So, you tryna find a gig up in here?", while sensing Lois's hidden motives and past transgressions during the job interview, where Lois is shamelessly begging for a job. Pretending to be willing to help her, she offers Lois a job answering phones. Lois quickly accepts, without knowing that the woman's life is fed by transforming innocent women like Lois into the types of "sluts and hoes" that many expect to find in the ghetto.

As Lois settles into her role answering phones, sometimes helping around with haircare treatments, she confronts the stark reality of the ghetto speak and sexually crude demeanor that permeate her surroundings. Her coworkers' loud manner and explicit language become a daily challenge she has to navigate. Yet, she perseveres, excelling in her tasks, all the while unaware of the sinister plans that swirled around her.

One of Lois's coworkers discovers her living situation, realizing that Lois sleeps in her car. Concerned for her well-being, she shares this information with Mama Marie, who sees an opportunity to force Lois further down the path she desires.

## FROM HEADLINES TO HAIRLINES

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Marie encourages Lois to move into a small nearby apartment managed by T.D., her son. Although skeptical of T.D.'s demeanor and leering gaze, Lois reluctantly accepts the offer. The walls seem to be closing in on her, leaving her with limited options. With a mix of trepidation and hope, Lois finds herself taking up residence in the apartment, uncertain of the trials and transformations that lie ahead.

Sensing Lois's vulnerability and desperate need for a fresh start, Marie decides to offer her a gesture of goodwill, disguised as a gift to "lift her spirits." With her enchanting voice wrapped in the melodic tones of Ebonics, Marie extends an invitation for Lois to undergo a free makeover. Under the guise of sisterhood, Marie assures Lois that this makeover would not only enhance her appearance but also empower her to embrace her newfound life in the ghetto. The Voodoo Queen's hands move with precision, her touch imbued with ancient secrets as she works her magic on Lois's hair. Strands of red hair are replaced, strand by strand, with lustrous black waves, permanently altering Lois's once-familiar appearance. As the makeover nears its completion, Marie's voice resonates with a mix of pride and satisfaction. She admires her handiwork, before turning around her spinning chair and allowing the transformed girl to realise what her powers had done to her.

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Lois stood before the mirror, her heart pounding in her chest as she braced herself for the sight that awaited her. As her eyes met her reflection, a gasp escaped her lips, mingling with a rush of conflicting emotions.

Gone was the familiar face of the "Ace reporter" she once knew. In her place stood a transformed woman, her features completely remodelled by the powerful magic woven by Mama Marie's skilled hands. Her once-blonde hair was now a rich mane of kinky black locks. The transformation ran deeper than just her hair; her skin had taken on a deeper, richer hue, reflecting the beauty and strength of her new identity. Dark, captivating eyes gazed back at her. Lois took a moment to process the reality of her metamorphosis. When she spoke, her voice resonated in the ebonics vernacular she had once sought to study. The words flowed effortlessly from her lips: "What 'as ya doesne ta me? Mah skin! Mah face! Even mah voice! I'm a ebony gal like ya!"

"My magic powers did dahs ta ya, sweet child. I need ta take da essence of ya whahte bitches a' ta replace dem wahth ghetta gahrns ta fuel mah immortal soul."

"You evahl biatch! I'm nah ebony gahrn, I'm Loahs Lane for fuck's sake!" - the transformed woman screamed, in her new voice.

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“Enough of dahs, I thahnk ya would be a fly match for mah son TJ now. You would make a great wahfey!”

As Mama Marie spoke of her son TJ's interest in Lois, a mix of excitement and disgust washed over her. She couldn't help but feel horrified about the idea of a romantic connection with TJ, the son of the woman who turned her into a ghetto whore! But Mama Marie's powers didn't stop at a physical level, she could do wonders to her victims's emotional triggers. In a heartbeat, everything that made TJ look repulsive to Lois Lane made her wet almost instantly. His demeanour, his style, his ghetto slang were a huge turn-on for the poor woman, who couldn't understand why her body was reacting like that to a ghetto Black guy. She had never been into Black men before, while now she seemed to have a literal fetish for them. To make things worse, the idea itself of becoming part of Mama Marie's big family warmed her heart in a way that made no sense given what the witch had done to her. Noticing the facial expressions of the transformed girl, Mama Marie told her “Nah poahnt resisting, bahtch. You mahght as well gahve up. You're one of us now!”

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Lois Lane, now Leena found the advances of TJ irresistible since Mama Marie messed up her emotional triggers. Despite her residual pride, Leena's attempts to resist proved futile, much to the amusement of the old witch who couldn't help but chuckle at the unfolding drama, until Leena eventually succumbed to the advances of TJ, betrayed by her own body, and slept with him in her squalid flat. The Voodoo Queen's magic had not only transformed her appearance but also reshaped her desires, leaving her yearning for TJ's company. Since then, Leena completely gave up resisting the new urges she had been cursed with.

She would always work the full day as a hair stylist at Mama Marie, ask her to fix her hair to look prettier, and then have a night of steaming hot sex with TJ, in exchange for a cheaper rent. As the days turned into weeks, they discovered they had a similar taste in many regards. Leena was pleasantly surprised at how much her taste had changed since Mama Marie had messed with her soul. She found herself drawn to the same food, music, and movies as TJ. Fried chicken replaced Japanese food as her favorite, while afrobeats and rap took center stage over jazz and classical music. Even Black Panther movies, which she used to hate, eventually became her favourites.

With every passing day, Leena's identity as Lois Lane faded further into the past, to the point that she hated the very idea of having been a white woman in the past and would get mad every time TJ made a reference to that.