

The veiled beauty

MAY 2023



Victoria, a young American woman, was finally done with her office job for the day, so she left the bounding and waited for her boyfriend Jacob, who always picked her up. Fuel was so expensive recently that they had decided to sell the other car and make it work with a single car for the two of them. Jacob arrived, a few minutes later than usual, and greeted Victoria with a kiss, explaining that he had to park a little far away because he couldn't find a single empty spot. He had also a very long and tiring day at work. As a patrol officer, he was exposed to violence and crime on a daily basis and a particularly busy day dealing with illegal migrants further increased his stress levels.

It was no wonder that when he noticed that his car was stuck behind a black Bentley, his mood only got worse. He started swearing and asked around who was the owner. A tall Arab man who had just arrived replied kindly but firmly that his driver had temporarily parked the car there to drop him for a business meeting but he would leave right away. Jacob muttered a racial slur directed at the man and pushed him away, heading for his car.

"Weren't you a bit too mean with that man, earlier" - Victoria asked him, once in the car.

"Nah, these sand n***** deserve it. I wonder how did he get so rich, by the way."

THE VEILED BEAUTY



Jacob had wronged a powerful and proud man, Ahmad, whose wrath knew no bounds. Consumed by the burning desire for revenge, Ahmad meticulously noted the man's license plate and plotted a sinister plan to teach him the hard-earned lessons of respect. Patiently waiting for the opportune moment to strike, he studied every aspect of Jacob's life, until, on a fateful day, Ahmad's henchmen executed his meticulously devised scheme. They stealthily infiltrated Jacob and Victoria's apartment, moving with the precision of trained assassins, their faces concealed by masks. With chilling precision, one of the thugs unleashed a dart from a concealed tranquilizer gun, striking Jacob's frame. The potent drug coursed through his veins, rendering him helpless and immobilised on the floor. His body betrayed him, as he couldn't do anything to stop them from methodically tying Victoria. A tight blindfold obscured her vision, plunging her into a world of darkness, while a merciless gag muffled her cries for help. With ruthless efficiency, they scooped her up and whisked her away. Hours later, the tranquilliser's grip on Jacob loosened, allowing him to regain control over his body. With every ounce of determination he could muster, he forced himself upright and dialled the emergency line, his voice wavering with desperation. Unbeknownst to Jacob, Victoria's fate had taken a treacherous detour, far from the familiar grounds of American soil. Her captors, acting on Ahmad's nefarious orders, had whisked her away to a secluded Arab Emirate, where Ahmad was a rather powerful figure.

THE VEILED BEAUTY



Victoria woke up in an unknown basement. The first thing she noticed was the unfamiliar feeling of wearing a hijab. As her fingers instinctively reached up to brush against the foreign fabric that now graced her head, she searched the room, looking for clues. Eventually, someone noticed she was awake and entered her room.

"You must be confused now, my dear." - the Arab man Jacob had previously cursed told her. She was so afraid of him she couldn't even say a single word.

"I wanted to teach your man a lesson he will never forget. What better way than turning his girlfriend in what he hates the most?"

"I... I don't know what you mean, but I'll do whatever you want, please don't hurt me!" - she said, kneeling in front of him.

"Of course you will do! First of all, we need to make you more knowledgeable and modest. It is expected that you wear a hijab when you are with strangers, as it is a symbol of modesty and adherence to Islamic principles. You will also learn to lower their gaze and avoid prolonged or inappropriate staring to maintain modesty and prevent temptation or immodest thoughts. When you will be ready, you will pronounce your shahada and you'll become a muslimah."

Victoria was so scared she followed the man's instructions without ever showing any sign of rebellion.

THE VEILED BEAUTY



During her sleep, Victoria was subject to unconscious imprinting of a submissive personality. Unbeknownst to her, a subtle imprinting took hold, weaving its influence through her thoughts and beliefs. Slowly but surely, her psyche was shaped into a state of profound submission towards men. This transformation manifested in her actions, causing her to instinctively lower her gaze when in the presence of a man. It became an automatic response, a manifestation of the deep-seated obedience ingrained within her.

In the meantime, she frequently visited a local mosque, where a scholar introduced her to the Quran. In the terrible situation in which she was, this was the only moment of peace she had, so she felt naturally very open to the teachings she was receiving. At the same time, she was forced to undergo an intense training in Arabic. Ahmad used a special drug which made her brain more malleable and receptive to learn the language. Once the medicine was in her system, Ahmad's voice seemed to penetrate her brain. After a while, it seemed that Arabic words were deeply planted into her memory, while English words seemed to be slipping away. What Victoria didn't know was that the medicine and the process weren't just meant to teach her Arabic, but were also affecting the parts of her brain that had learned English in her childhood.

When she was proficient enough to study the Quran in Arabic, she renounced her Christian faith and pronounced the shahada, then becoming a Muslim.

THE VEILED BEAUTY



One morning, as Victoria's consciousness emerged from the depths of her dreams, her eyes immediately noticed that something was off. As her vision adjusted to the ambient light, a startling revelation gripped her heart. Strands of lustrous brown hair cascaded around her face, a stark contrast from the familiar blonde hue that had characterised her reflection in the mirror countless times before. Her once vibrant golden locks were gone, replaced by a dark brown mane.

Shaken by the unexpected transformation, Victoria's gaze shifted downward, focusing on her arms. What she saw sent shockwaves through her soul, stealing the breath from her lungs. Her skin, once marked by a delicate paleness, now had a mesmerising bronzed tone, an exotic and sun-kissed hue that no white woman could ever reach, even after a long vacation in the sun. Was this a mere illusion, a trick of the lightning or had something irremediable happened to her? As she started to stand up, heading to the bathroom, she noticed how her whole body felt different. She felt heavier in some areas. She took off her night clothes and saw how her once small breasts had inexplicably expanded to an much larger size! She put on the first dress she found, afraid to be seen by chance by Ahmad in her underwear, and rushed to the bathroom.

THE VEILED BEAUTY



"What the..." - as Victoria's bewildered voice trailed off, her gaze fixated upon the mirror, her eyes widening in disbelief. A beautiful girl of Arabian descent with a hourglass figure was staring back at her, with no resemblance to her former self.

In place of her familiar blonde tresses and piercing blue eyes, cascades of black, thick strands framed a face that now emanated an undeniable Arabian allure. Deep, dark brown doe eyes, adorned with a hint of almond shape, held a depth of expression that only Middle Eastern women have. The very essence of her facial features had been irrevocably altered. High cheekbones and well-defined eyebrows, combined with a slightly altered nose shape added an extra hint of Arabian flair, harmonising with the fullness of her lips. Her once fair skin was indeed gone, replaced by a rich and warm hue, matching her darker complexion.

Her body shape had also been altered: the A-cup breasts that once adorned her chest had given way to voluptuous, silicone-enhanced D-cups, her buttocks had been filled with implants and her waist looked unnaturally thin, courtesy of surgical intervention. She looked like an Arab curvy model.

A tempest of emotions consumed her fragile soul. Victoria fought desperately to make sense of the radical transformation that had stripped her of her former self.

THE VEILED BEAUTY



Victoria was shocked at the extent of her transformation and barely spoke or ate for the whole day. She put on a more covering blue dress and stared for hours at her surgically enhanced face, hiding it with her tanned hands when she felt too overwhelmed. The dark brown eyes staring back at her were completely alien to her. She felt like her whole identity had been replaced by a stranger's, as if she inhabited someone else's body. Her face, her skin, her body were gone. Even her ethnicity had been altered, perhaps permanently.

She found a letter in her room when she came back to it. In chilling detail, the letter unveiled all the steps that made her physical transformation possible. Without being aware of it, she had been sedated for a few weeks, during which a medical team operated on her ceaselessly. Specifically tailored nanobots, able to target precise interventions at cellular level, had been released in her bloodstream, programmed to permanently increase the melanin production in her skin cells and hair follicles. She gulped. This was no ordinary tan or hair dye. Her brown skin was there to stay, and the strands of her hair, once a cascading cascade of golden locks, were now condemned to grow eternally silky and jet-black. Plastic surgery took care of the rest, including her realistic-looking silicone breasts, the butt job, a small nose job and the lip fillers. They even coated her blue eyes in dark brown pigments to make her look more genuinely middle Eastern. "As I promised you - the letter continued - I have turned you into the very thing Jacob hated the most. An Arab, and a muslim."