

A Princess Amongst Warriors

APRIL 2023



I'm Emily Thompson, a Christian American girl from Oklahoma. I believe in the importance of missionary work because of its potential to change people spiritually, so when I had the chance to visit Ethiopia as part of a mission trip with my Methodist church I jumped on that opportunity.

However, it turned out that our missionary work wasn't as easy as I thought. Although humanitarian assistance was desperately needed in some regions, ravaged by the Tigray war, logistical and organisational issues were preventing us from reaching out to many people in need. We decided to step up our efforts and to take contact with some local institutions.

I was chosen as part of the team to be sent to the governor of the war-torn province where our mission was operating to coordinate humanitarian efforts. The ongoing conflicts had severed basic infrastructure and locals desperately needed us. We tried to get in touch with the regional government to get some logistic support but we only got vague promises up to that point, but we hoped that meeting in person would speed things up.

I wore very covering clothes despite the hot weather because I hated putting my body on display, especially around powerful people. I wanted to be heard for what I had to say, not for how I looked.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



The governor, Berhanu Belay, was a powerful and wealthy man, yet deeply unhappy. Apparently, he had lost his daughter, Kelile, in a terrorist attack a few months before, and he couldn't accept the loss. I tried to comfort him, but he didn't pay too much attention to my words. He told me he was impressed by an uncanny resemblance between me and his daughter. I thought he was obsessed with his daughter and saw her everywhere but didn't think much of it. Anyway, he was absolutely stunned by the resemblance and immediately changed his approach towards our mission.

He told me he had to carry a few background checks on our church. If everything looked ok, we would be given substantial support from the local institutions. In the meanwhile, he suggested that I remained in the area, to speed up communication with our organisation. He offered me to stay in his mansion in the meanwhile, just nearby the regional governmental headquarters.

I was a bit surprised he wanted me to stay but I was thankful for the opportunity for our mission to do more and gladly accepted his offer.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



I would have rather helped people in need rather than spending my time living in a luxurious mansion, having scarce briefings with the governor's team and being taken out for dinner with the governor's entourage. I knew people needed my help now but I told myself this was going to help them more in the long run.

I was given his late daughter's room for the time being, as it was still empty. The walls were decorated with lots of pictures of her. I had to admit that there was a vague resemblance between us, despite our very different complexions.

As I wasn't planning a long trip, I didn't have any extra clothes, so I eventually accepted the governor's offer to borrow some of his daughter's clothes, who happened to be more or less of my same size, except for a different breast size. My only problem with that was that the girl seemed to have been a lover of low-cut dresses, crop tops and very revealing clothes I didn't feel very comfortable wearing. Still, I didn't really have a choice.

I tried a few extravagant outfits in front of a mirror, just to see how I looked and I realised I had never done anything like that. I had to admit I looked really good but this wasn't really my style and I was looking forward to being able to wear the kind of clothes I usually wore.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



The governor's office told me that my presence was required for a little bit longer so I prepared myself to spending a few days in his mansion.

As I reluctantly got more and more used to wearing low-cut dresses and exposing more of my skin, I noticed how my skin was getting darker. Not just a usual tan, my complexion looked naturally darker.

I couldn't know this, but the vaccinations he had generously offered to give me to make my extended stay in the area safer, were actually melanotan shots, a lab-made chemical commonly used for skin tanning.

The governor complimented me on my healthy tan, to which I didn't really know what to respond. I usually never tanned much, I would simply get sunburned.

During the briefings and dinners with the governor's entourage, I started being asked whether I was of partial Ethiopian ancestry. I insisted that I was a white American but they would often laugh back at me and tell me that I should be proud of being mixed.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



I tried avoiding the sun as much as I could, and I always used sun protection when outside. Still, my skin was turning brown. My body was betraying me.

One day I carefully inspected my body, only wearing the fashionable underwear of the governor's late daughter, and noticed how even the body parts that were not exposed to the sun were getting equally darker. Even my nipples looked dark brown! I started worrying and told the governor about this, and he quickly got me in touch with a doctor, who told me I was perfectly healthy but suggested to run some checks.

As I was lying down on a hospital bed, I noticed the badge of the doctor talking with the governor. It said "Plastic Surgery Clinic". Something didn't add up. I raised my head to look at the documents the two were talking about and I realised the governor was showing him some pictures of his daughter. Then everything clicked. He wanted to turn me into a replica of her. Maybe he thought I was some sort of reincarnation of her or something! I started saying a prayer as the doctor walked towards me. I jumped off the bed and was about to escape when a couple of nurses got me and injected me some sedative.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



When I woke up again, my lips were fuller, my facial features slightly more exotic and my breasts felt bigger. Everything confirmed my worst fears, this psycho wanted to turn me into his dead daughter.

"You probably hate me right now but what daughter doesn't hate her dad once in a while?" - he asked me, sitting by my hospital bed.

I gulped. "You're completely dilusional. I'm sorry for your loss, and I will pray for her soul, but I'm not your daughter! No amount of surgery will turn me into her"

"Give it some time" - he replied - "I feel some of Kelile's soul in you. All I'm doing is simply matching your body to that. Look at your face, you were already quite similar, only a few touch-ups and you look almost like her. Same for your body, only a minor breast augmentation. My daughter wasn't as flat-chested as you, she got her mum's good genes." - he added, lost in memories. "Anyway, you look almost like her now. Except for your skin, of course. But that will follow soon".

"What do you mean?" - I wasn't ready to see myself changing even more dramatically.

"You'll see!"

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



To give me some time to reflect about my recent changes, he sent me to spend a few days his private-owned resort in a small island in Zanzibar. The whole inlet was heavily guarded, so escaping was impossible.

Once on the island, they told me that a genetically-engineered cocktail of chemicals had been released in my bloodstream to increase the amount of melanin naturally produced by my body to a much higher level. That psycho wanted to make me even darker! I recalled the pictures of the real Kelele I saw, she was very dark-skinned, even for a local.

To activate the effect of the chemicals, direct sunlight was required, so I was forced to spend most of the day sunbathing outdoor. The entrance to the governor's cottage was locked. I desperately tried finding some shadow to preserve the brown skin tone that now seemed to me like the most tolerable option but the islet offered little to no shelter to the scorching Equator sun. I had chosen the most covering swimsuit I could find but the large portions of skin left uncovered received more than enough sunlight to activate the chemicals that had been entered into my bloodstream.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



I eventually gave up and fell asleep on the beach, exhausted by the emotional roller coaster of the last few days. When I woke up the sky was getting dark. It might have been the lighting but I looked much darker too. A white, low cut outfit had been left by me. It was getting chilly so I quickly put it on. The white fabric contrasted strongly with my dark brown skin. I rushed towards the cottage, which was now open and the intense artificial lighting confirmed my first impression. I had crossed the line between mixed and Black, I looked unquestionably of African ancestry. My complexion was now as dark as that of many African-American women and my facial features had a strong Eastern African vibe.

My new reality was this, I was now and for the foreseeable future a Black woman.

Once in my private apartment, I inspected my whole body. My aureolas had turned almost black, and my vagina looked much darker too. I was still a virgin and it occurred to me that my first sexual experiences would happen to me as a Black women.

The following days made my complexion even darker.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



As my skin tone approached its final complexion, less and less exposure to sunlight was required, so I was allowed to spend more time indoors in a private gym, to gain a toned physique, just like the original Kelile, who was something of a gym rat apparently.

I was given a strict diet and workout regime to follow. I had a personal trainer assisting me during my daily workouts, aimed at making my abdomen flat and my buttocks large.

My toned abdomen, combined with my perky fake breasts and my round butt made me look like a model. An Ebony model, to be precise.

A few days later, my skin color had stabilised to the very dark brown of native Ethiopian girls. Every inch of my skin except for the palms of my hands and the soles of my feet was now as dark as that of the darkest people in Africa. The forced Africanization of my body had come to an end.

One day, my "father", the governor, visited me to take a good look at his creation once I had been turned into a living copy of his late daughter.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



"What a miracle, I knew I had seen something special in you! You really look like my sweet Kelile now! Do you like your body, my dear?"

"I look so... different and dark" - I said, sounding defeated.

"We're among the darkest ones in Ethiopia my dear. Now that your melanin production has been increased, you won't need much sunlight to keep it anymore."

I gulped as I watched my permanently darkened body.

"Anyway, I know this has been difficult transition but you have to understand that this needed to be done, I could tell that her soul was trapped in that white girl body. Now it's free to express itself."

"I'm not this girl, no matter how dark my skin is, I'm still Emily" - I replied him, sobbing.

"Don't ever use that name again. You're Kelile from now on, and I'm your father. I'm sure you'll come to accept this too."

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



Back in the governor's mansion in Ethiopia, I officially started my new life as his daughter Kelile Belay. He easily got his real daughter's death certificate erased from any register, updated her ID card with my picture and fingerprints and declared Emily Thompson officially dead.

He told everybody around him that I was really his daughter Kelile and that an American cutting-edge experimental cure had managed to save her from her terrible accident. The resemblance was so strong, most people believed him and those who had some doubts would never dare to disagree with such a powerful figure. As far as the outside world was concerned, I was his daughter Kelile.

I had been forced to visit a beautician to look more glamorous, just as Kelile did. I got some shiny lip gloss, my ears were pierced to fit two large loop earrings and makeup was applied to my face.

"How do I look... uhm... dad?" - I asked, embarrassingly after the makeover.

"Excellent my dear Kelile! Get ready for a life of luxury!"

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



One day, my “dad” introduced me to Mesfin, a young Ethiopian man, as a potential partner. He was the son of one of the largest coffee producers in the country, exactly the kind of wealthy people living off poor people’s hard work I hated. I didn’t like where this was going but I was his daughter now and I had to comply with his orders.

When we went on our first date, I was determined to sound as bored and indifferent as possible, to make him lose interest in me, but he surprised me.

“So, you only speak English, huh?”

“I was educated in the US because my father decided so but I’m learning Amharic now.” - that was actually true.

“Haha sure, whatever! I know who you really are!”

“R... really? So you know I’m not really...” - I panicked.

“Yeah, you’re the white girl the governor thought was a reincarnation of his daughter. I heard the rumours. I met the real Kelile a few years ago. She was stunning, and you look like her twin sister, but I could tell you’re not her”

I felt a wave of humiliation at the idea that he knew who I really was.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



"So, who are you, really?"

"I... My name is Emily, I'm American and I came here as part of a Methodist mission to help people in need."

"Wow, that's quite a change! I know it must have been traumatic but there's nothing you can do about it now. You should enjoy life as a Sudanese socialité! I can help you navigate our world, it'll be fun! We're not savages, after all!"

"I... I don't know about this." - I had never freely talked to anybody about my transformation, and I didn't want to lose the only real human connection I had. On the other hand, I hated the idea of becoming the kind of girl the governor wanted me to be.

"Come on, if you had so much interest for our people you might as well become one of us, right?"

"I guess so..." - I said, with a smile. This guy had a charming way around him, after all.

So I reluctantly began my life as an African socialite, my new boyfriend showered me with fashion clothes and accessories and we would waste plenty of money on food and drinks in expensive restaurants.

BLACK HISTORY MONTH



One night we ended up at his place as he wanted to show me around a bit and after a few drinks we sat on his bed and he began undressing me.

I didn't want to have sex until marriage but the recent circumstances had made me lose faith in my ability to control my own destiny and my religious convictions also got a bit looser. I felt a genuine connection with Mesfin and felt like I needed to be happy at that point of my life. I let him kiss my voluptuous lips and touch my perky, dark breasts. Then he also undressed and slowly introduced me to the deepest pleasures of life. The contrast of our Black bodies on the white linen only increased the overwhelming feeling of pleasure. I could only wonder why had I waited so long before trying sex but I made sure to make up for it in the following weeks and months.

Since then our relationship became more physical but also deeper and soon we were officially engaged, to the delight of my new father. I didn't care about keeping up a facade of decency, so I started making up with Mesfin even in public, to the shock of conservative Ethiopians.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



To celebrate our engagement, we spent a few weeks on a resort in the Seychelles.

One day, as we were enjoying the sunshine on the beach, Mesfin asked me: "So, I always wondered, how did you look like before he decided to turn you into Kelile? did they have to alter your appearance a lot? I heard he was already impressed by how similar you two looked."

I looked at my dark brown, almost black skin. It was almost incredible to recall how different I used to look. At that point, I had started seeing myself as an Ethiopian woman. Mesfin helped me a lot with the language, but now we could even have full conversations in Amharic. "Well, I was quite flat chested, my lips were thinner and obviously my skin was much lighter."

"How about your hair and eyes?"

"My eyes and hair have always been dark, actually."

"Mmh, sounds sexy! I'm sure you must have been a cute white girl!"

"I don't know about that." - I said, with a shy smile. "I'm sure you like me more now!" - and kissed him.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



I knew how much he loved my Ebony body and even if it was possible I probably wouldn't revert it back for fear of losing him.

I also stopped being such a prude. Encouraged by Mesfin, I had grown accustomed to my new body and I wasn't afraid to show off my curves anymore. Men desired me and women envied me, and I liked it that way.

I still felt guilty about my new lifestyle, but enjoying life was the only way to distract myself from the traumatic experiences I had been forced to undergo.

I also started caring less and less about the poor and focusing more on how to enjoy my newfound wealth.

My father was proud of my progress and pampered me with luxury presents.

I genuinely loved Mesfin and when he proposed to me I had no doubts but to accept.

Soon we began planning the most luxurious and tacky wedding we could think of.

A PRINCESS AMONGST WARRIORS



Mesfin told me he was initially skeptical about me when he knew that I was actually a prudish white girl, but my personal development went beyond any expectations, he said, making me blush.

"You're so much fun to be around now" - he added.

"I guess you're right." - I replied laughing.

I had changed so much, and I liked my new self better than the old one, because my values had changed with me. Life is meant to be enjoyed to its fullest, without wasting time trying to nobilitate our soul. As for my new ethnicity, I didn't mind the change. Sure, back then I felt completely impotent watching my body turn into that of a young African woman, but I'm happy to be Black now. I know some people might doubt the authenticity of my blackness, but race is a social construct anyway, right? As long as people around me accept me as one of them, I'm happy.

I stood quietly in front of the mirror as my bridal party bustled around me. As I checked myself in the nearby mirror, my beauty was radiant. My skin was the color of rich, dark chocolate and it glowed with an inner radiance that seemed to come from deep within my soul. My bridal dress left little to the imagination. My hourglass figure and my brown orbs were in full display. I looked like a Black venus. I took one more deep breath, feeling the excitement building inside me, and then headed to the church, to begin my journey down the aisle.