

The wheel of transformation 3

MAY 2024



"Good evening, everyone! Following the phenomenal success of 'Wheel of Transformation' Seasons 1 and 2, we are excited to present yet another thrilling installment," declared the host, his smile radiating perpetual confidence.

"This season, our fortunate contestant stands to win substantial sums of money in exchange for undergoing body modifications. While she will be briefed on the theme of the modifications, the exact nature of the change will be determined by you, our audience."

"Reflecting on the ethical dilemmas faced in our first season, where a participant was transformed from a white woman into an Afro-Latina, we initially banned such drastic racial changes in Season 2. Despite this, the transformation of a young American woman into a Russian blonde was still quite radical. This year, we've removed all restrictions!"

"That's enough for an introduction. Now, please give a warm welcome to this year's contestant, selected from over a thousand hopefuls in a fiercely competitive process!"

"Daisy is a spirited young American woman, a devout Christian, studying nursing in her senior year of college. Let's give her a big round of applause as she joins us tonight!"

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As Daisy stepped into the bright spotlight on stage, the audience erupted in applause. Her blonde hair cascaded down her back, gleaming under the lights like spun gold. Her piercing blue eyes, wide with excitement, scanned the enthusiastic crowd as she offered a radiant, innocent smile. Her modest outfit spoke to her values and upbringing: a dark blue blouse buttoned neatly at the collar, tucked into a smart pair of trousers. She exuded a mix of confidence and humility, capturing the crowd's hearts with her warmth as she took the microphone.

"Daisy, are you ready to spin the 'Wheel of Transformations'?" the host asked, his voice echoing with excitement.

Daisy stood poised, her posture straight and assured, yet her demeanor conveyed a gentle sincerity. With each word she spoke, her tone was filled with optimism and gratitude, reflecting her firm Christian faith. The anticipation in the room grew palpable as the audience waited for the 'Wheel of Transformations' to spin, their collective energy fueling her resolve.

The host stepped forward, his smile broadening as he raised a hand to quiet the audience's applause. With a playful gleam in his eye, he began, "Ladies and gentlemen, it's time to reveal the theme of our first round of transformation: Fashion Style!"

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He gestured toward a screen that displayed an array of vivid images depicting various fashion trends, from high fashion to punk rock to bohemian chic. Each style was distinct and bold, promising a dramatic makeover for Daisy.

"Our team of experts is prepared to implement a sophisticated neurological procedure that will alter Daisy's taste in clothing at its very core, imprinting her brain with a new and distinctive fashion sense. She'll adopt this style so completely that it will feel like she's loved it all her life. But what will it be? Will she become a sophisticated fashionista in high fashion, embrace the dark allure of goth, or perhaps something even more adventurous like a latex addict or a lovely Lolita enthusiast? Or might she choose the elegant modesty of a hijabi woman, the rebellious spirit of a punk, or channel a retro charm with distinctive patterns and cuts from past eras?"

The screen flickered, and the crowd buzzed with excitement as it showcased each fashion style, providing the audience with glimpses of potential transformations.

"Remember, it's up to you to decide! Cast your votes now, and we'll reveal Daisy's new style in just a moment!" The host's voice rose with excitement, and the atmosphere in the venue became electric with anticipation as Daisy stood poised, her smile vanishing as worry settled on her face.

She hadn't realized how deeply previous contestants had been changed and thought it would have been selfish to worry about her appearance. Now, she realized there was so much more at stake. How could she uphold her values with a dramatically altered fashion style?

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The votes poured in, and the bars on the screen fluctuated. It quickly became apparent that the battle was between Hijab and Goth.

Daisy didn't like either option much, hoping instead for options like Fashionista or Retro to prevail, but when Goth won, she let out a breath and realized, deep down, that it was the lesser evil among the two. She would experiment with a completely new look, unchristian and grim as it might be, but at least she wouldn't appear as a Muslim.

"We have a winner! By the smallest of margins, Goth style has prevailed!" the host announced, excitement evident in his voice. "It's going to be quite a transformation for our dear Daisy, shifting from her conservative Christian wardrobe to a gothic one! And this won't be a superficial change. Our team will collaborate with top neurologists to implant new preferences directly into Daisy's brain, making it feel perfectly natural for her to dress in Goth outfits!"

Daisy gulped, her heart racing at the thought of such an invasive procedure. "I'll be strong," she commented, her resolve steeling as she looked upward. "I will pray to the Lord to grant me the strength not to succumb to this procedure and to avoid falling into the trap of a fashion style that's borderline demonic! I might dress like this for the show, but I will resist the internal changes!"

"Well, we'll see about that! The procedures will take place before the next episode, stay tuned and see you all next week!"

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The next day, Daisy was taken to a neurological hospital where an entire room was prepared for her. "What a waste of resources," she thought. "So many people are suffering and in need of real treatment! I'll remember this and make sure to donate to this hospital to compensate them!"

But soon, her mind would be filled with less noble intentions. Electrodes were carefully placed on her scalp, and a tube was connected to her bloodstream. She was shown a series of images featuring young, attractive women dressed in various outfits. When a dull and conservative outfit appeared, a small electrical signal triggered a sense of repulsion in her brain. Other outfits elicited no response. Eventually, images of women in goth attire slipped in, each one associated with a surge of dopamine in her bloodstream and electrical signals exciting her brain.

Day after day, these long sessions were repeated, gradually incorporating real photos of herself in her usual conservative attire, mixed with altered images of her wearing goth outfits. Over time, her brain was rewired to associate goth fashion with intense pleasure and excitement. Whenever she spotted girls in goth outfits on her way back to the hotel where she was staying, she found herself growing increasingly envious of their style, much to her own shock. She prayed daily to avoid being corrupted by the machines, yet soon, she couldn't help but absolutely love the goth style. She found joy in every piece of dark lace, every leather jacket, and each striking accessory she saw. Her prayers faltered in the face of her growing fascination, and the dark allure of gothic fashion crept deeper into her thoughts, filling her with an irresistible desire to embrace it fully.

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When the mental conditioning was complete, Daisy's first trip was to a beauty salon. As Daisy was led to the beauty salon, a curious mixture of trepidation and anticipation churned within her. She peppered the crew with questions on their way, her voice tinged with a nervous energy. "What exactly are we doing? How drastic will the changes be?" Her eyes searched theirs for reassurance, yet a part of her couldn't help but feel a thrill at the unknown.

Upon arriving at the salon, she was greeted by a friendly beautician named Chloe, whose warm smile offered a measure of comfort. "Don't worry, Daisy, you're in good hands. We're going to make sure you look absolutely stunning," Elena assured her as she guided her to a plush salon chair.

There, her pretty face was meticulously made up: foundation, dark lipstick, mascara, and eyeliner all combined to craft a striking new look. Her nails were lengthened with false tips, each one coated in a glossy black polish.

When the nail polish had dried up, she checked herself in the mirror, struggling to contain her excitement. She had never looked so good, so... hot! Why had she never experimented more with her style before?

"Hmm, it's not really my style," she muttered, trying to downplay her pleasure. But her eyes kept returning to her reflection, drawn to the dramatic contrast and gothic allure that was starting to take place. Her heart raced as she admired the newfound edge, secretly reveling in her rebellious new appearance.

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Daisy's next stop after the beauty salon was a piercing parlor, a place she never imagined she'd visit voluntarily. As she approached the glass door, her heart pounded in her chest, and her steps faltered. She hesitated at the threshold, contemplating turning back and escaping the ordeal. Getting piercings was a much more significant change than makeup and nail polish. Although the holes would close up on their own if she decided to remove the jewelry, seeing herself with piercings would still be a shock. Taking a deep breath, Daisy pushed open the door and stepped inside. Inside, the buzz of the piercing gun and the sight of people getting inked and pierced intensified her fears. She thought about chickening out, but then, she remembered why she was there. This was about the charity that depended on the funds she was helping to raise. It was not the time to be selfish. "I'm a bit scared," Daisy admitted, "but I'm ready. Let's do this."

Carlos, the piercer, nodded understandingly and led Daisy to a secluded section of the parlor designed to provide privacy and comfort. "You're doing something great today, not just for yourself but for others," he said, his voice calm and reassuring. "What do you say we add a little edge to match that bold spirit of yours?" Daisy took a deep breath and nodded, her heart pounding as she squeezed her eyes shut, bracing for the discomfort. Carlos meticulously prepared the equipment, his movements precise and confident. One by one, he added the adornments: multiple earrings along her earlobes and cartilage, a nose septum piercing, an additional piercing on her nostril, and a striking stud below her lip.

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Each piercing came with a sharp, brief pain—a stark reminder of the physical cost of her decision. But with each pinch, Daisy reminded herself of the purpose behind the pain. "It's for a good cause," she thought, focusing on the charity that would benefit from her participation.

When the man was done and she finally looked in the mirror, she was transfixed at the sight of her face adorned with piercings. "I'm ruined - was her first thought". The piercings sharply contrasted with her sweet, angelic face and gave her a rebel vibe. Her mental conditioning had been effective though because deep down, she somehow liked the way she looked. She admired the intricate arrangement of earrings, the edgy septum ring, and the stud below her lip. She looked so rebellious! Yet, a part of her was also scared at the big changes, wondering how her family and her church social circle would react.

"So, how does it look?"

"It's a big change for me. I would normally be horrified by the idea of piercings but I honestly don't mind it too much.

"Also, you need to change your outfit. I chose the only black, revealing blouse you had in your wardrobe, but we need something darker..."

"Oh, okay," Daisy shyly replied.

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They headed to a specialized shop where Daisy tried on a goth outfit –the first of many. The cute, very feminine black top featured crosses and cat ears, paired with a choker. The crosses, which mocked the symbol's true meaning, terrified her, but she felt compelled to try it on.

She gulped. She looked stunning. The dark outfit complemented her makeup and piercings, giving her the unmistakable appearance of a girl fully immersed in the goth aesthetic.

It was so unlike her, yet it felt so right! She almost felt a sense of attraction toward herself dressed like that–rebellious and provocative.

"This is so wrong... But I need to try on more!" she said, unable to hide how much she loved the style.

"With pleasure," the shop assistant replied, smiling broadly.

The black outfits, adorned with combinations of crosses, stars, skulls, and other symbols, bothered Daisy. On the other hand, she was enamored with the style in a way she had never felt before. She was captivated by the way it transformed her, making her look edgy and confident. The bold designs gave her a sense of rebellion she had never thought she would embrace. Despite her hesitation, the allure of this new aesthetic felt like a powerful draw she couldn't resist.

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She adorned herself with striking accessories: two oversized cross earrings that dangled dramatically against her neck and a bold cross necklace that hung prominently over her chest. Paired with a semi-transparent dress, also adorned with crosses, she exuded an outrageously provocative allure.

She turned to face the mirror, admiring the intricate patterns of the sheer fabric against her skin. Her dark eye makeup and edgy piercings only amplified her look.

"Mmh, yeah, I love this style," she finally admitted to herself, a smirk creeping onto her lips. She marveled at the way the dark, intricate patterns hugged her figure, finding herself strangely drawn to her own reflection. The allure was undeniable, and she felt a surge of lust at how striking and provocative she looked.

But as she gazed at the crosses adorning her ears, neck, and dress, a pang of guilt twisted in her stomach. She hated being drawn into a style so against her values, one she had always looked down on. For years, she'd dismissed goths, emos, and other alternative people as rebels without a cause. Now, seeing herself embody that very aesthetic felt like a betrayal of everything she believed in.

"Shit, I'm one of them now, a full-on goth" she muttered, the smirk fading as she frowned at her reflection. "This is going to be challenging to reconcile with my values."

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When she returned to the TV studio for the following episode, Daisy's new appearance was met with a mix of shock and adoration from the audience.

"Wow, that's quite a change, Daisy! How did your transformation go?" asked the host.

"The piercings and everything were a bit extreme," Daisy admitted, "and I almost wanted to stop, but then I remembered I was doing this for a good cause and went on."

"I see. Do you like your new look, Daisy?"

"I hope it's just a phase, but I kind of do. I still can't believe your machines did the trick, but I genuinely enjoy dressing as a goth." The audience erupted with a collective "Wow!"

"I have to say I'm uncomfortable wearing outfits covered in crosses, though" she continued, "it's not a symbol meant for sexy outfits, but they're on every goth outfit. I tried on one of my old outfits before coming here, and I just felt so dull."

"Well, no time to waste! The wheel must spin again!" the presenter exclaimed. "Our team has decided the next change will be more physical, although nothing too dramatic! Daisy will soon have a new natural hair color! Say goodbye to your pretty blonde locks—you will soon be a brunette, a redhead, or sport jet-black hair! And this won't be just a dye; our genetic engineering experts will ensure your natural hair color changes at the root!"

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The audience buzzed with anticipation as the presenter continued, "And the votes are in! The winning choice is... jet-black hair!"

Daisy's eyes widened with a mix of fear and excitement. The thought of her blonde hair turning jet-black was daunting, but deep down she couldn't suppress a thrill that coursed through her. A thought that matched the new fashion sense that had been implanted in her. "OMG, I'm going to rock this goth style with black hair!" she thought, a shiver of excitement running down her spine despite her apprehension.

The presenter noticed her reaction and smiled. "Daisy, are you ready to embrace your new look?"

She took a deep breath and nodded. "As ready as I'll ever be," she replied, feeling a strange blend of nervousness and exhilaration.

The genetic procedure took place over the next few days. Daisy was taken to a top-notch medical facility where genetic therapies for certain diseases were studied. As a side product, scientists had learned how to modify hair colour and other details that could prove interesting for the cosmetic surgery industry. A tailored genetic engineering cocktail was pumped into Daisy's bloodstream, designed to alter the pigmentation of her naturally blonde hair to a deep, jet black.

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The roots of her hair would never be the same again; from now on, they would grow out in a striking black. A few days later, she began noticing the dark roots contrasting with her blonde hair. Weirdly enough, that gave the impression that her hair had always been naturally black and that it had been dyed blonde.

She knew her days as a blonde were drawing to an end. It was so weird, she could never see herself as a natural brunette, she thought. Since it would obviously take months and months for her hair to grow long and black, in order to accelerate the change, her hair was dyed jet black to match its roots. She was taken to a premium hair salon, where a team of hairdressers had already prepared a pitch black liquid to be applied on her blonde hair. Daisy looked at it with a mix of fear and curiosity. The hairdresser told her to relax and began applying the dye to her hair.

As Daisy sat in the salon chair, watching the dye transform her golden locks, she felt a wave of mixed emotions, primarily unease and resentment. The stylist worked efficiently, applying the rich, dark color that contrasted sharply with her fair skin. Daisy's discomfort grew with each passing minute as she saw more of her blonde hair disappear forever under the dark dye, carefully applied by the hairdresser's brush. Her previous changes had been only superficial, albeit dramatic, but now they were really affecting her appearance. Even her pubic hair had started growing jet black recently. There was nothing wrong with having black hair of course but she would rather have stayed as a blonde. And now, with black hair, her goth look would look even more dramatic.

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On the other hand, it felt insane but also exciting in a way to see how she was being slowly morphed into somebody else, little by little, by an external audience. It was liberating, in a way. Yet, she couldn't shake the feeling of violation, as if a part of her identity had been forcibly stripped away.

When the process was complete, the hairdresser said "All done!" and Daisy could stare back at her reflection, a mix of awe and anger swirling inside her. The long, sleek jet-black hair framed her face, enhancing her new goth look and making her piercings and makeup stand out even more. Her skin never looked so pale. She could almost bet they had altered her skin pigmentation too. Changing her hair colour gave her face a completely new look. She was the stereotypical pretty goth girl. Daisy realised that people would now struggle to recognise her at a first glance.

"I can't believe this is happening," she muttered under her breath, her eyes narrowing at the sight of her transformed self. She felt a pang of resentment towards the show for pushing her into such drastic changes, and she was uneasy about how her family and friends would react to her new appearance. "It's insane how much I have changed already. This is so... Unlike me." Yet, a part of her was enjoying the way her new collar palette matched the goth aesthetics.

Despite the stylist's encouraging and cheerful comments about how great she looked, Daisy's mind was racing with conflicting thoughts. She had committed to this for a good cause, but she couldn't help feeling like she had lost a part of herself in the process. As she left the salon, her steps were heavy with the weight of her new identity, struggling to find a balance between the person she was and the image she now projected.

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When Daisy returned to the TV show, she was sporting a revealing goth outfit, her new jet-black hair cascading around her face.

"Wow, Daisy! Look at you!" the host exclaimed, barely able to contain his excitement. "How do you feel?"

Daisy took a deep breath, trying to keep her composure. "It's been... a journey," she began, her voice steady but betraying her discomfort at showing off her new rebellious look. The audience's cheers grew louder, and Daisy couldn't help but feel a swell of pride. She had never felt so noticed, so appreciated, even if it was for something she had once looked down upon.

"The black hair looks great with this style, I'm not going to lie, but it's so not... the old me! I'm still figuring out how to balance this new look with my values," she continued, glancing down at her outfit, "but I'm grateful for the support. It means a lot."

The host nodded, clearly impressed. "Well, you look amazing, and the audience agrees! Let's give Daisy another round of applause for her bravery and transformation!"

As the cheers and whistles intensified, Daisy felt a warmth spread through her. Despite her initial resistance and ongoing inner turmoil, she couldn't deny that being appreciated in this new light felt unexpectedly good. For the first time, she allowed herself a small, genuine smile, acknowledging the complex emotions swirling inside her.

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For the following episode, no further changes were planned. Instead, a group of church-goers from Daisy's own community would decide on her next transformation. Daisy felt a wave of judgment and shame wash over her. It was one thing to interact with strangers, but it was entirely different to be seen in person by friends and, more painfully, by girls who were not so friendly despite the facade of kindness typical of religious congregations. Some of these girls believed Daisy was doing this for attention and to become a star, while others were genuinely envious of her looks. As she stood before them, a bunch of boys and girls her age began commenting loudly. "Wow, Daisy, you look like a whole new person!" one exclaimed. "That outfit is so... unholy!" another chimed in, making Daisy blush as she noticed Chris, the guy she had a crush on, among them. Her thoughts raced, "What would Chris say about this? Oh my Lord, my cleavage is on display!"

The presenter interrupted the noise, "Alright everyone, here are the options for Daisy's next transformation: more piercings, tattoos, a mohawk hairstyle, or picking up smoking?"

Daisy's heart pounded. The prospect of these new changes, decided by people she knew, made her stomach churn. She saw the mix of curiosity, judgment, and envy in their eyes and felt a pang of vulnerability. She tried to stand tall, but the internal conflict was overwhelming. Her mind raced with thoughts of maintaining her dignity and faith while enduring the scrutiny and potential new changes.



After a few minutes, Chris explained, “We opted for the smoking option. Her looks have changed already too much, poor Daisy, and this was the least visible change. We are sure that Daisy's faith and strength will prevent her from becoming addicted.” Daisy didn't know how to feel about it. The idea of smoking clashed violently with her values, and the thought of becoming addicted terrified her.

Daisy was given nicotine patches of increasing dosage, the contact of the patch with her skin already making her feel violated. She felt dizzy at first, as the chemicals spread through her bloodstream, but eventually got used to it. Being closely monitored to ensure she didn't remove them, she had no choice. Then, after some time, as she had already gotten used to the pleasant rush of nicotine, they suspended the patches for a few days.

Daisy felt increasingly distracted and irritable, often fidgeting or biting her nails. She prayed for strength, but one morning, she found a package of cigarettes in her hotel room, along with a note explaining that she was experiencing withdrawal symptoms and that only a cigarette would make her feel better. The compelling urge to smoke grew stronger with each passing hour. The next day, the urge became too strong to resist. Daisy finally gave in and opened the package, but as she did, the troupe entered her hotel room, alerted by a sensor.

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"If you decide to give in, we want to capture the scene on video," they told her. She hated the idea of being recorded in such a vulnerable state, but the discomfort was too much to bear. Desperate for relief, she nodded, willing to accept any condition to ease her suffering.

"We need to give you a fitting outfit, though," they said, dressing her in a black goth ensemble with fishnet sleeves, extra nose piercings, and plenty of cross necklaces.

Finally, she was given the green light. With trembling hands, she lit her first cigarette and brought it close to her lips. Her mind screamed at her to stop, to throw it away, but the physical need overpowered her. She stared at the camera, uncertain for a second, but the smell of the lit cigarette did something to her, and her last resistance fell away. She inhaled the dense smoke and exhaled a few seconds later. A sudden wave of satisfaction and relaxation surged through her, followed by a moan of relief.

"How are you feeling, Daisy?" the host asked.

Between puffs, she replied, "Really... good. Really fucking good," she added, a rare slip in her usually polite language. "I'm so hooked to this" - she thought.

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Smoking made her feel relaxed and focused. "This isn't too bad," she thought. "Many decent people smoke; there's nothing wrong with this. I was being too strict. And I could stop if I really wanted... I guess," her confidence wavering as she recalled the way she felt going a few days without nicotine.

Her body gestures had grown more confident as she found pleasure in smoking. The outfit, the makeup, everything made her behave differently, with more rizz. She noticed how her newfound style and demeanor gave her a sense of power and allure she had never experienced before.

"I wonder if Chris likes me now. Probably I'm not his type anymore; he's always been into the innocent blonde type. I'm not like that anymore," she mused, a mix of regret and acceptance filling her thoughts.

Then, she was given the chance to meet someone from home.

The following day, she met her brother Elias in a park close to the production studios where she was staying. She couldn't help but show up in full goth gear, although she managed to minimize the amount of crosses on her outfit, limiting herself to a pair of cross earrings and a necklace.



"I'm so happy to see you," she said, hugging Elias. He could barely believe the raven-haired goth beauty he was embracing was his dear sister Daisy, her black hair cascading over his shoulder.

"Sister, look at you! This is so weird! You're dressed like one of those demonic followers! What would our parents say if they saw you like this? Thank God they never watch TV!" - he replied, cold.

"I know, don't make me think about that... But they did something to my brain. I kinda like dressing like this," she said, glancing down at the black corseted outfit she was clad in. "Also, we're raising so much money for a good cause, and we're almost done!" - she added with a smile. Her brother didn't see to share her attitude and the stress triggered her, so she immediately extracted a cigarette from her black leather purse.

"Are you smoking now?" Elias asked, shocked.

"I can't fight it. They got me hooked on it," she admitted, lighting the cigarette. The relief washed over her as she took a deep drag, exhaling slowly. She felt a mix of shame and defiance, trying to justify her actions to herself and her brother.

Elias looked at her with a mixture of concern and disbelief.



"Daisy, I don't really recognize you anymore," Elias said, his voice tinged with sadness.

"It's still me, come on! Don't be superficial!" Daisy replied, unnerved by his judgemental attitude. As they spoke, she got distracted by the sight of a young man smoking in the park, chatting with his friends while glancing lustfully at her. She loved the attention and wondered how much her life would change now.

"Ehm, I think my time is up, you should go," she said to Elias, a bit too quickly.

"Are you sure? Are you safe here?" he asked, concerned.

"Yeah, they'll pick me up soon," she reassured him.

As Elias walked away, Daisy casually approached the young man and asked for a lighter. Their conversation flowed naturally, the sexual tension evident in their voices. Daisy felt a thrill she hadn't experienced before. She was stepping outside her comfort zone, breaking away from the rigid constraints of her past self. They chatted for a bit, exchanging playful banter and stolen glances. Daisy hadn't done anything like this before, and the newness of the experience was intoxicating. Eventually, they exchanged numbers, the promise of future encounters hanging in the air as she walked back to her waiting car.



A new and slightly more confident Daisy showed up at the next episode of the TV show, holding a cigarette.

"So, how are you holding up?" the host asked.

"Not too bad," Daisy replied, her voice a little hoarse and sexy from the smoking. "You guys made me a smoker, obviously, which is something I would not have seen myself doing in a million years, but I haven't been able to resist after being exposed to nicotine. Other than that, I haven't changed that much at least!" She took a drag from her cigarette, exhaling slowly. "To be clear, the producers told me to smoke in front of the cameras. I can go on for a few hours without a cigarette!" - the audience reacted with a laughter.

"Alright, on to the next change! Since you mentioned your appearance has not changed that much, why not modify your eye color?"

"No, I like my blue eyes. They are the only unchanged part of my looks!" Daisy protested.

"I'm sorry, but our producers have spoken! The options are green, hazel, brown, and black!" the host announced with a smile. Daisy sighed, feeling the familiar pang of resistance and resignation. Her blue eyes had always been her favorite feature, a part of her that remained unchanged through all the transformations.



"And green wins by the narrowest of margins!"

Daisy was relieved she would not end up with dull dark eyes, but still, having her blue eyes changed to cat-green eyes bothered her more than she had expected. The procedure was quick and effective. Daisy was taken to a specialized clinic, where a smooth laser surgery permanently altered her eye pigmentation to a bright green. It only took a couple of minutes. As she lay back in the chair, the machine hummed quietly, and the technician worked with precision. Daisy could feel a slight tingling sensation, but there was no pain.

"The color will adjust a little over the next 24 hours," they said. "It will get a little darker."

"Okay," Daisy said, meekly accepting yet another procedure that had changed her looks beyond her control.

When she looked in the mirror, she saw a pair of vibrant, teasing cat-green eyes staring back at her. The change was striking, and despite her initial resistance, she had to admit the new color made her look even more intriguing and mysterious. The green hue contrasted sharply with her raven hair and goth attire, enhancing her overall edgy appearance. Feeling a wave of nervousness wash over her, Daisy pulled out a cigarette and lit it, inhaling deeply to calm her nerves. The familiar sensation of nicotine flooding her system helped steady her thoughts. As she exhaled a plume of smoke, she couldn't help but marvel at how different she looked—and felt.



Returning to the stage, Daisy's new cat-green eyes caught the light, sparkling with a vibrant, almost mystical quality. The audience erupted in applause and gasps of admiration, their reactions a mix of amazement and approval. Daisy tried to smile, hiding her internal conflict. She had always loved her blue eyes, the one part of her that had remained unchanged. Now, even that was gone. As the applause died down, the host turned to her. "Daisy, your new eye color is absolutely stunning! How do you feel?"

Daisy forced a confident smile. "It's a small change compared to other ones but I feel my face looks so different now with green eyes. I'm not sure I like it." She hoped her voice conveyed the strength she was struggling to find within herself.

As the applause died down, the host turned to Daisy with a knowing smile. "Daisy, I think it's important for us to take a moment and reflect on just how far you've come." He reached behind his podium and pulled out a picture. "This is a photo of you from before all the changes began."

Daisy's eyes widened as she saw the image. It was a photo of her with blonde hair, blue eyes, and dressed in modest fashion—her conservative, pre-transformation self. She was speechless. The contrast between the girl in the picture and the girl she had become was stark and overwhelming. Her old self seemed like a distant memory, almost unrecognizable. The modest, innocent appearance she once took for granted now felt like a relic of a past life. She stared at the photo, the reality of her transformation sinking in deeper than ever before.

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Daisy reflected on how much she had changed and how difficult it would be to live life as she had done before. She realised her new look called for a fresh new start in life and acted accordingly.

Over the last few weeks, Daisy had been in touch with Ryan, the guy she had met at the park while chatting over a cigarette. Their sporadic texts had evolved into longer conversations, each revealing more layers of their personalities. One day, they decided to meet again. Daisy spent hours meticulously assembling her outfit: a punk goth ensemble with a spiked collar, a spiked headpiece, and a dress adorned with crosses. Her multiple nose rings and lip piercings added a rebellious edge to her look. As she admired herself in the mirror, a rush of excitement washed over her.

When Ryan arrived, his eyes widened in appreciation. "Wow, you look incredible," he said, genuinely impressed. Daisy smiled, feeling a mix of pride and nervousness. She lit a cigarette to calm down a bit, as it had become second nature to her. Ryan leaned closer, studying her face. "Are you wearing contacts?" he asked, pointing to her striking green eyes. Daisy shook her head, a hint of amusement in her expression. "No, these are my eyes now. I told you they got changed from blue to green after the last round." Ryan's eyebrows raised in admiration. "They're amazing. I've never seen such vivid green eyes before." Daisy blushed slightly, feeling a warmth she hadn't expected. She took a drag from her cigarette and added: "Is that your way of flirting? No need to be shy, just grab be and stick your tongue in my mouth!". Shocked by her directness, Ryan froze for a second, and then did as instructed. Daisy was very pretty and loose, what more could he ask for?

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Next, back to the TV show, Daisy sported a new hairstyle with bangs. "Yeah, I did it to myself. I think I look better this way," she said, a touch of defiance in her voice.

"Wow," said the presenter, eyes wide with surprise. "It seems like you are taking charge of your own destiny!"

"Not for long, though," the presenter continued with a sly smile. "The next change is going to be quite dramatic. We are going to change your nationality to one of the following options: Finnish, Romanian, Russian, Polish, Croatian, Serbian, or Portuguese."

"What do you mean?" Daisy asked, visibly pissed. She was tired of these changes.

"We will change your native tongue and a few other things!" the presenter explained, almost too cheerfully.

"Fuck, I don't even know where half of these countries are on the map!" Daisy snapped, her frustration boiling over. Votes were filling in. The audience buzzed with anticipation as the presenter continued, "And the votes are in! The winning choice is... Russian!"

Daisy clenched her fists, her anger palpable. "This is insane. I don't even know anything about Russia!"

The presenter smiled, seemingly unfazed by Daisy's outburst. "Don't worry, Daisy. You'll adapt. This is all part of the journey to discover the new you!"

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



Daisy was taken to a high-tech facility, where she was led into a sterile, brightly lit room filled with advanced equipment. At the center of the room stood a sleek, imposing machine, equipped with goggles and numerous electrodes, which were connected to various wires that ran into a central control unit.

"Please, take a seat," a technician instructed, motioning to a reclining chair beneath the machine.

Daisy hesitated for a moment, then complied, her frustration giving way to a sense of resigned curiosity. The technician gently placed the helmet on her head, adjusting the goggles over her eyes and attaching the electrodes to her temples and scalp. Over the next few weeks, Daisy underwent a series of intense sessions. Each time, she was immersed in a sensory overload of Russian language lessons, cultural immersion exercises, and neural reprogramming. The electrodes sent gentle pulses to her brain, gradually rewiring her linguistic capabilities. As the sessions progressed, Daisy found it increasingly difficult to form coherent sentences in English. Her once-fluent speech deteriorated to a halting, broken English, filled with pauses and mispronunciations. Conversely, her proficiency in Russian blossomed.

She began to think, dream, and even react in Russian, her new native tongue. Dasha's once American features were also subtly altered to reflect her new Russian heritage. Her skin was even paler, almost porcelain-like, a result of slight genetic modifications. Her cheekbones were more pronounced, giving her a classic Slavic look.

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



As she stood in front of the camera, the presenter couldn't hide their amazement. "Dasha, you look completely different!"

"Da, I different now," she replied with a smirk, her accent thick. "I have Russian rizz, I feel good."

The presenter smiled, trying to keep up with her new demeanor. "You seem to be handling the changes very well."

Dasha shrugged, her expression impassive. "Life change, we adapt. Is way it is."

"You seem to have also picked up some new passions. Tell us about them," the presenter prompted.

"I like vodka little more now. Cigarettes too. Is good life," Dasha replied with a nonchalant wave of her hand.

Her cravings had changed indeed. On top of her cigarette habit, she now had a strong craving for alcohol, particularly vodka.

Finally, Daisy, now known as Dasha, received the grand prize: a million dollars. The presenter, with a curious smile, asked her how she planned to spend it.

"Vell, it von't be for charity," Dasha replied with a distinct Russian accent.

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



"What?" the man asked, taken aback.

"Nyet, my friends from church were jerks. Under facade, they were just arrogant idiots. I want to keep money for myself. My body and life got changed, so money is mine. And church is for weak people anyway. As " she said with a dismissive wave of her hand.

The audience gasped, but Dasha continued confidently, "I vill drop out of college and live like a diva, go to metal concerts, buy Lamborghini and enjoy life my vay. No more pretending to be something I'm not."

The presenter, still reeling from her bold statements, managed to ask, "So, what's next for you, Dasha?"

She took a long drag from her cigarette, blowing the smoke into the air before responding. "Next? I travel world, see places I never see before, maybe mother Russia. Maybe get some tattoos, maybe more piercings. Who knows? I do what I want, when I want."

The transformation was complete. The shy, modest Daisy was gone, replaced by the fierce and unapologetic Dasha Ivanova. The audience was left in stunned silence, unsure whether to admire or fear the person she had become.

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



As Dasha walked off the stage, the confident click of her heeled boots echoed, signaling the arrival of a new era in her life.

Dasha did exactly what she had promised and enjoyed a lavish life, far from her old values. She had always been more of a country girl, but she nevertheless immersed herself in the metal music scene, attending concerts and festivals, gradually developing a taste for metal music. She also travelled abroad a lot. Visiting Russia felt particularly great because she could finally express herself freely in her mother tongue.

Her appearance was provoking, always dressed in the most daring goth outfits, adorned with spikes, chains, and heavy makeup that accentuated the goth style she now loved. To complete the look, she decided to get some tattoos.

She gained a reputation not just for her bold fashion choices, but also for her behavior. A big part of her new personality revolved around looser morals and inhibitions. The once shy and modest Daisy was now known as a wild and uninhibited presence at these events. Rumors spread about her wild antics and carefree lifestyle. She was seen frequently in the company of various men, earning a reputation as something of a slut.

WHEEL OF TRANSFORMATION 3



Dasha, however, wore this label with pride, seeing it as a badge of her newfound freedom rather than a mark of shame. She reveled in the attention and the notoriety, fully embracing the persona she had been turned into.

Despite the lavish parties, expensive clothes, and constant attention, there were moments when Dasha felt a pang of guilt or a flicker of her old self trying to resurface. In these quiet moments, she would remember her former life, its tranquillity, her family, and the values she once held dear.

Obviously, she had been shunned by her conservative Christian family who couldn't stand having a goth, slutty daughter. And a Russian, at that. But those thoughts were quickly drowned out by another drink, another concert, and another night of rebellion.

Dasha had traded her past for a future she now embraced, living without the constraints that once bound her. And although she sometimes questioned the path she had taken, she was determined to live it to the fullest, no matter the cost.