

# Finding love

OCTOBER 2022



I'm Franziska, a German girl in her late 20s. I work as a lawyer in a big studio and I'm really satisfied with my career.

I've got short blonde hair and pretty blue eyes I'm very proud of but I've never let my identity revolve about my looks, I always cared more about my brain.

I was obviously pretty popular as a teenager and got married at 22 to my high school sweetheart. Unfortunately, we weren't ready for marriage and we divorced at 24, it was pretty rough being so young. Dating has been difficult since then. It took me a long time to recover from that relationship and here I am, struggling to find love again.

One Sunday afternoon, I was having a tea party with one of my closest friends, Duru, a Turkish-German girl who owned a beauty salon. We came from very different backgrounds and had very different lives, me being more focused on my career and Duru having a husband and two children, but we still were very close friends.

I opened up with her about my struggles with dating and how I felt like my life was incomplete only revolving around work, as much as I liked my career. Duru told me she understood me and that she had just what I needed.

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My friend Duru gave me a gift card for a makeover at her salon. I was a bit doubtful, I've never been a big fan of makeovers and beauty salons, I've always been more the tomboy type. Moreover, I was a bit skeptical of her Turkish-style beauty salon, I had previously seen some girls with very a heavy makeup leaving the place and always thought their idea of femininity was a bit too old-fashioned for my standards.

"You'll love it, my dear!" - she encouraged me - "We take care of everything from hair and makeup to styling. All you need is a new style and you'll find love again, we guarantee you'll get married soon!"

"Haha, that's a bit too much to offer but sure, a new style, why not?" - I replied, still skeptical but more intrigued.

"You should embrace your femininity more - Duru insisted -" Why are you keeping your hair this short? "

She had a good point, I guess. "Well, I was mourning my previous relationship and felt like I needed a change."

"It's been a few years Franzi, you might need a change again."

"You're probably right."

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The following week I took a day off work and went to the salon. "Time to pamper myself a bit" - I thought!

I noticed how all the other customers were Turkish or Arab and felt a bit uneasy as the only German girl there.

A couple of Turkish girls took care of me. Their German was correct but heavily accented. After I told them why I was there, they guaranteed me that I would be satisfied with the result and then began chatting in Turkish with each other.

They began washing my hair and soaking it in what appeared to be hair dye. I couldn't see much but I trusted them. After a long wait, they blew my hair dry and began applying extensions to it.

To my shock, when they showed my reflection in the mirror, I noticed they dyed my hair black!

"Why this dark?" - I asked

The two brunette girls felt embarrassed "Most of our customers have dark hair, we don't have hair products for blonde hair, I'm sorry." - said one of them.

I looked kinda good, I had to say, but this was really unlike me. I didn't want to embarrass my friend Duru but I made a mental note to dye my hair back to blonde within a few days.

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Then they suggested I tried on dark color contacts for my eyes to “Make my smile warmer” and told me to keep my eyes closed while the contacts settled down. I wasn’t used to wearing them so I did as they told me. I felt something stinging my lips and when I opened my eyes I had thick lips.

“Why did you that to me? How dare you inject something in my lips without asking for my permission?” - I bursted out.

I started screaming at the girls, who ran away scared. I didn’t care, I was a lawyer and I had an image to protect. What would people think of me if I showed up in the court with cock-sucking lips, let alone the long dark hair?

The girls came back with a tall, handsome man with black hair and green eyes who turned out to be Duru’s brother, Mesut. He seemed angry while walking toward me but as he got closer, his face showed a mix of awe and surprise as he got closer. He told me he was initially thinking about something different but on a second thought he was willing to offer me some sort of refund it was something that was going to change my life for the better, he said. I followed him in his office, where he offered me a cup of delicious Turkish tea. As I talked to him I felt more and more tired. I asked him for more tea to wake me up but it didn’t help, quite the opposite. A few minutes later I couldn’t keep my eyes open and collapsed on the chair where I was sitting.

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I realised something was off when I woke up. The first thing I noticed was the smell of makeup. It was extremely intense and close. As I opened my eyes, they felt heavy and I could clearly see fake eyelashes had been applied on top of mine. They were black, thick and coated in mascara. "Did they really have to tart up my face with makeup? I bet I look like a whore now." - I thought.

A strong light had been turned on in the room, my eyes weren't used to it so I had to keep them closed.

"Where am I?" - I asked, noticing the unfamiliar setting.

Mesut's voice replied "In a safe place, don't worry about that."

"The last thing I remember is discussing about a refund for what you have done to my lips, what happened next? The tea... Did you drug it?"

"I had to. But I kept my word about the refund. I will give you the greatest gift of your life. See, as soon as I saw you I felt that there was something special about you. Duru told me about your struggles with dating, I understand you, I also felt like that after my first marriage."

"Oh shit, here we go" - I thought - "a marriage proposal!"

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"Let me stop you right there, you're quite attractive but I don't even know you. Also, I don't know if you're used to do this to Turkish girls but you can't simply kidnap a woman to make her your wife. We Germans don't do that."

"Really?" - he smiled "You don't even look German!"

"What do you mean?" - then I recalled my hair dye. "Oh, the hair, well it's just a dye, I don't know what do you mean."

"Not only that. And the color contacts. And the lips. I saw the good raw material in you and had some more work done on your face. Wanna give it a look?" - he asked, handing me a mirror. A nose job! The fucker gave me a nose job to make it rounder! And my eyes looked somewhat oriental now, they had also been touched! Even my face shape had been remodelled. Eyebrows reshaping and extra lip filler completed my transformation. "You make a pretty good Turkish girl for a German!" "You're crazy" - I said with a weak voice. This was overwhelming. "You won't get away with this, I'm a lawyer and I'll make you pay for this!"

"I doubt it my dear. You're currently thousands of kilometre away from Germany, in a remote village on the Turkish coast. Duru spread fake rumours about you leaving the country for a long journey so that nobody will be looking for you."



"Duru, she's also part of this?" - I asked, sounding desperate. I realised they were serious about the whole thing.

"She wants the best for both of us and I managed to convince her that this was the best choice. Isn't it sweet, that you two could be sisters-in-law soon?"

"But... why did you have to change my appearance so much?"

"You needed a change in style, and what better than a Turkish look to embrace your femininity? You German girls might be pretty but you have a lot to learn about being feminine. I had a preference for brunettes, so it worked for both. Besides, this way you're locked out of your old life. Enough chit chat for now, you need to get ready!"

"For what?" - I asked, in vain. He left the room as an assistant I recognised from the beauty salon joined me. She swiftly slipped me out of my cocktail dress and helped me wear a white wedding dress. "Hey, stop! This is crazy!" - I said, but I was feeling too weak to fight. She adjusted the bridal dress on my back to make it tighter and then slowly untied my hair, which was now long, black and wavy, cascading on my shoulders in silky curls. I could feel it caressing shoulders, a new feeling for me. She sprayed it with jasmine fragrance and crowned it with a white tiara. I was starting to look like an Arabian princess from a fairytale.



Then she gave me long earrings to match my tiara. To complete the look, a white bridal veil partially covered my hair. I looked like a Middle Eastern bride, with no resemblance with my old self.

I was playing with my veil as Mesut came back, in a black suit. "Looking gorgeous, my dear! So, are you ready, are we doing this?"

My heart was pounding like crazy. Indeed, were we really doing this? Was I really going to start a new life as a devout housewife, forgetting about my old life and career? The thought of it was scary, but was I really happy of my life before? Maybe Duru was right after all, this is really the best option. He was so handsome, and I felt really pretty as a bride. I slowly grabbed his hand and nodded.

After a few hours we were husband and bride. I was now Feriha Kılıç, I took my husband's surname and I received a new, Turkish name. I liked the sound of it!

We had a happy honeymoon and soon afterwards I was expecting my first baby. When I met Duru, I couldn't be more grateful to her for my new life! "I told you that you were going to get married soon! You look so beautiful, my dear!"