

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."

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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 didn't want to be seen by Ahmad in her underwear, so she put on the first dress she found, finding it too small for her new body and rushed to the bathroom.

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“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.

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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 partially 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. 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."

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When Victoria finished reading the note, she collapsed on the bed, crying. She realised her life was ruined, as Jacob would never love her now then she embodied everything Jacob disliked.

The following day, Ahmad told her that her departure was close and took her to a shopping centre to pick up some new outfits for her new body.

Everything she tried on inevitably revealed her curvy figure. She felt like a piece of meat. "I cannot go back like this" - she finally told Ahmad in fluent Arabic - "I need to wear a Hijab."

"You have passed the test, my dear! Indeed, the most beautiful accessory a woman can wear is her modesty. You have really changed inside and deserve to be freed."

In fact, she had developed a compulsion to wear a hijab every time she went outdoor. This would be a problem in the USA, she thought.

Ahmad contacted Jacob anonymously, letting him know that his woman would be released soon if he made a donation of 50k dollars to a local mosque. Jacob considered informing the police but he knew how these things work and preferred to pay him. He would be nearly broke now, but they would be together again. Ahmad told him he would find Victoria at a certain address in a city in the East coast at noon, the following day.

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At the right day and time, nobody showed up. Jacob was already regretting having wasted his money for nothing instead of calling the police when a bus stopped right there. Some people got off, but none of them looked like Victoria. A young woman wearing a hijab, however, ran towards him and hugged him. He stared at her, without understanding what was going on.

"It is me, Victorriya! In sh'Allah I've found you! I've missed you verry much!"

"This... can't be, you don't look or sound like her!"

"Nanobots and blastic surgery did tis. Sory, my English is not so good, dhey did somethin' to my head"

"This is shocking... Why... do you dress like this, then?"

"I... I don't know vhy, I feel derty if I show my hair, it's haram..."

"Are you... Muslim now?"

Tears began falling down her beautiful face "Tis is hard to explain but... It has been a verry difficult time and... Islam kave me the strength to carry on. Blease don't judge me!"

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Still skeptical, Jacob asked her questions about intimate details of their relationships only Victoria knew, and the veiled woman answered them all with confidence, convincing Jacob it was her. He tried plotting a revenge against the man who had drastically altered his girlfriend but he quickly realised that trying to incriminate a powerful foreign citizen like Ahmad would be a nearly impossible challenge.

Victoria, once reached the luxurious hotel where Jacob had planned for the couple to celebrate being together again, took off her hijab and put on an elegant dress, courtesy of Ahmad, to highlight her hourglass figure, which had been largely unnoticed to Jacob when she was wearing the hijab. Jacob, who had finally accepted the truth that the Arab-looking woman was indeed his Victoria, had another shock when he saw her in the tight dress. The transformed blonde was a knockout. "Oh my God, you're so... curvy! Are those implants? What did that man do to you? My poor Victoria! I wish I could teach him a lesson!"

"Yes, they gave me breasts implants! It was... truly shocking!", the curvy woman said, hugging Jacob while pressing her giant breasts against Jacob and sobbing.

Jacob felt internally conflicted: he was happy to be with Victoria again, but he was shocked at the amount of body modification procedures the poor girl had undergone. Victoria now inhabited the curvaceous body of an Arab woman, who spoke a poor English with an Arabic accent, and who was a Muslim. Would they be able to make their relationship work?

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On their way back to their hometown, the transformed woman and Jacob had plenty of time to talk about their current situation. He convinced her to take her hijab off while in the car, although the poor girl felt uncomfortable.

They agreed that nobody would ever believe that the Arab-looking woman was really his blonde, American girlfriend, so they had to make up a new identity for her.

Victoria was really struggling to even pronounce her name correctly, so they reluctantly decided to chose a new name for her. This would also make it easier when presenting her to their friends. The name Samira was chosen, a fitting name for a shy girl of Saudi Arab descent. Jacob, working as a patrol guard, would be able to provide her the necessary papers, despite her lack of any ID matching her new face. As they were living together, she would be able to get a green card on the grounds of "family reunification". Officially, Jacob would have to tell people he and Victoria had split up and Samira was his new girlfriend.

The raven-haired beauty stared into the familiar American landscape, trying to imagine how her new life would be.

When they arrived at home, she sneaked in quickly to avoid being seen without her hijab by strangers and prepared herself to give Jacob a treat.

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The Arabian-looking woman was eager to show Jacob that, despite her public modesty, she could also be sensual in her new skin. She put on a set of turquoise lingerie and showed off her new body to Jacob in a seductive pose. She knew she had to reconquer his love once more if she wanted to be together with him.

Jacob felt conflicted. Never in a million years he thought he would ever date a Middle Eastern woman but this was his transformed girlfriend. Also, she was really hot. On the other hand, was he willing to date an Arab, muslim woman, with all the backlash that would come from his family and friends? He, a patrol officer regularly dealing with immigrants and aliens, dating an Arab woman?

Jacob struggled initially to regain intimacy with this woman who looked and sounded like a complete stranger. Hell, she even smelled differently! Instead of the fresh, delicate fragrance of Victoria's blond mane, Samira's raven black mane had an aromatic, alluring scent, strengthened by her choice of perfume.

Samira's mental conditioning also affected her sex life. She was now very submissive in bed, and put all of her efforts into pleasuring her man. After the initial diffidence, Jacob had to admit that Samira was kinda growing on him, despite everything.

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Victoria, now Samira struggled massively being hired for her old job as a nurse as they thought that a hijab girl would scare off elderly patients. Her poor English also didn't help. She eventually lost hope to ever find a job and accepted to become a housewife. Being nearly broke, they couldn't afford cleaners nor eating out that often, so at least she was a helpful hand for Jacob. She now spent most of her time cleaning the house and cooking, especially cous cous and other middle Eastern specialities she had learned during her captivity. For some reason, that kind of food seems so alluring to her now. They tried eating burgers once but she felt nauseated by the smell of bacon. Pork was also off-limits now. Jacob was constantly astonished discovering new difference between the woman he used to date and the new one. They seemed like two entirely different people!

They started going out in public, despite the looks they got. Living in a small city in the countryside, interracial couples still attracted attention, especially the rare sight of an Arab hijab and a white man. Eventually, Jacob introduced his new girlfriend to their old friends, who raised their eyebrows at the news that Jacob had left Victoria for this Arab girl, who was a Hijab-wearing muslim. Most of them had rather conservative ideas, as did Jacob, so the news shocked them a bit.

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The transformed girl felt humiliated at seeing how her old friends treated her differently now. They asked her lots of questions about how different her upbringing must have been, and she had no choice but making up lies. She wanted to tell them that she was the same old Victoria they all knew well, but that would have sounded ridiculous. She tried her best to integrate but being a shy Muslim girl who never drank alcohol at social outings and struggling to keep up the conversation due to her poor language skills she failed miserably and inevitably ended up sitting by Jacob, waiting for the moment when she could go home again.

Eventually, she began making friends at the local mosque. She had to travel a long distance to be able to pray in a modest building, adapted to be a mosque for the needs of the scarce Muslim community. Still, it made her feel so peaceful she visited it regularly, and eventually made friends with other women. She started watching Egyptian movies and TV shows, which were now accessible to her thanks to her knowledge of Arabic, and began feeling more and more involved with her new friends.

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The looks, the comments, the difference in lifestyle were all putting a strain on their relationship. Many times Jacob felt like leaving Samira and dating Rachel, one of his colleagues, a conservative blonde American woman. However, every time he came back home after a long day of work and found Samira in lingerie, her large brown breasts in plain sight and the aromatic scent of her dark hair filling the air in the small apartment where they lived now he changed his mind. Samira was so sensual, feminine and exotic that Rachel could never compete with her. Even if Jacob hated to admit that, he found Samira's exotic complexion and foreign accent a turn-on. No white woman could give him that sparkle. Despite her efforts to regain a proper pronunciation, she never managed to get rid of a strong Arab accent. On top of that, he still cared for his girlfriend and knew that deep down, she was still the same person and those doe brown eyes were actually the same blue eyes he had fallen in love with years earlier.

Samira was feeling equally struggling to deal with the current cultural differences between them and she had on frequent occasions wondered how easy it would be for her to marry one of the Muslim young men she sometimes met in her new circles, many of whom were struggling to find a good Muslim wife. At the same time, she was afraid of letting go the last link with her former life, Jacob, and she still loved him.