

Red is whorish

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Marieke van der Leeuw, a redhead with a fiery spirit to match her looks, lived a pretty comfortable life. Born into wealth in the picturesque city of Amsterdam, her life took an unexpected turn when she met Jiehong, a charming young man from Shanghai, who was in the Netherlands to complete his studies. The sun of a wealthy industrial himself, they seemed a good match from the beginning, with their similar lifestyles and interests.

Marieke, with her porcelain skin and eyes as deep and blue as the sky, was the epitome of Dutch beauty. Her love for art and history often led her and Jiehong on adventures through Amsterdam's museums and galleries, their hands entwined as they shared whispers and laughter. Jiehong, on the other hand, was the embodiment of determination and intelligence. His sharp features and warm eyes mirrored his inner kindness and ambition.

The true test of their love came when Jiehong invited Marieke to visit his family in China. The prospect excited her but also filled her with a sense of apprehension. She knew that being accepted by Jiehong's family was crucial, and the cultural differences she so admired could also pose challenges. Despite her fears, Marieke's love for Jiehong propelled her forward, and she agreed to embark on the journey to Shanghai.



Marieke's journey to Shanghai began with a mixture of excitement and trepidation. The invitation from Jiehong to meet his family in China was an opportunity she couldn't pass up, despite the nervous flutter in her stomach. The thought of being accepted by his family weighed heavily on her, but her adventurous spirit, fueled by love, was ready to face any challenge.

Upon arrival, the vibrant energy of Shanghai enveloped her. The sprawling city, with its neon lights and bustling streets, was an exhilarating backdrop to what she hoped would be a memorable visit. However, the excitement of her arrival quickly turned to confusion when she was escorted to a medical facility on the outskirts of the city. Jiehong, ever the reassuring presence, explained that it was a precautionary measure against viruses, a standard protocol for foreign visitors. Despite her reservations, Marieke trusted Jiehong and agreed to the procedure. The medical facility was unlike anything Marieke had seen before. She was presented with a complex face mask and a bodysuit, both designed to disinfect and protect. "It's just a device to disinfect your skin, throat, and lungs, babe," Jiehong explained with a comforting smile. Reluctantly, Marieke donned the mask and bodysuit, feeling the fabric cling to her hourglass figure.

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Unbeknownst to her, the device began interfering with her DNA, replacing her one with a genetically engineered one.

She felt a bit weird but nothing serious. She brushed it off as a negligible side effect of the high-tech procedure.

Their journey back to Jiehong's place passed without incident. Chen appeared somewhat preoccupied, but Marieke attributed it to the stress of introducing her to his life in Shanghai. That evening, they dined at an upscale restaurant where the food, to Marieke's surprise, surpassed any Chinese cuisine she had previously tasted, attributing its excellence to the authenticity of being in China itself. Chen casually mentioned that his parents were unexpectedly called away on a business trip, necessitating an extended stay until their return. Marieke was a bit surprised, worried about her delayed return home but she told herself that meeting her future in-laws was the main goal of the whole visit, after all.

During the night, however, Marieke felt fidgety and weird. The genetic changes are affecting her to a cellular level, reshaping every tissue of her body.



It wasn't until the following day that Marieke began to notice alarming changes. Glancing in the mirror, her reflection seemed to have acquired a more youthful, almost 'kawaii', appearance. Her once blue eyes now were hazel, and her figure seemed less curvaceous than before, giving her a more childish and innocent look. "That procedure" - she thought ""What did they really do to me?", unease creeping into her thoughts.

Compounding her confusion, she found herself locked in her hotel room, separated from Jiehong, who maintained they sleep apart - a traditionality she hadn't anticipated from him. She tried calling him multiple times, but he wasn't picking up. As she paced the room, a startling realization dawned on her: she had become shorter. Being a typical Dutch woman standing at 172 cm, she had always had a height advantage over Jiehong, an aspect she knew he found uncomfortable, but now she measured only 162 cm, making her shorter than him.

"Fuck, what am I turning into? A teenager?"

Her eyes had ben itching all day, and scratching them had no effect. Marieke checked her face in the mirror compulsively, noticing small changes each time.

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By late afternoon, her eyes had taken a distinctive east Asian shape, now looking at odds with her freckles and red hair. Her new eyelids flickered open and shut, embodying a charm she had previously only observed in Asian women. Overwhelmed by the changes, she broke down in tears, confronting the stark reality of her situation. It was then that Jiehong, drawn by her sobbing, entered the room. "Oh, it seems the transformation isn't complete yet," he remarked, his confusion mingling with a curious fascination at her now hybrid appearance. "What did you do to me? This is so messed up!" - she screamed at the top of her lungs, looking up at him, with an unrecognisable high pitched voice that left her speechless for a while.

"You sound so cute now" - he smiled, deviously. "I must be honest with you, I love you deeply and wish for us to marry. but we would have had no chances of having a future together with you being a white redhead with freckles. You were a beauty, but beauty standards are different here. And China is getting more and more close and nationalistic, so you wouldn't have had an easy time here." Marieke was still crying, so Chen hugged her, now towering her in height, given her reduced height of 156 cm. "Don't worry baby, you'll be fine, and we'll be happy together".

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Following her transformative visit to a local salon, where her hair was reshaped into a sleek, shorter style and dyed a striking jet black, Marieke's appearance underwent further refinement. Minor cosmetic enhancements were performed, including a subtle rhinoplasty to achieve a more delicate nose and treatments to give her fuller lips, completing her dramatic makeover. When she finally faced the mirror, Marieke was adorned in a vibrant red satin dress, with earrings and a tiara accentuating her new look, casting her in the image of an Asian princess from a storybook. She was taken aback, a silent protest forming in her mind: "This is so wrong!". At the same time, she was so intimidated and shocked by the changes, she meekly followed her boyfriend's instructions.

Observing her reaction, her boyfriend reconsidered, "Hmm, I was thinking red would be an interesting contrast now that you're no longer a redhead, but perhaps it's a bit too bold. Red is whorish. Let's opt for something more refined."

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Consequently, Marieke was gracefully attired in a sophisticated white silky dress, which complemented her new look with an elegance that felt more authentic to her transformed appearance and tightly hugged her diminished curves, giving her a very alluring attitude.

Gazing at her reflection, Marieke's mind reeled with confusion and disbelief. The woman in the mirror, with her dark hair and altered features, looked back at her with eyes that were once a vibrant blue, now a brown shade that seemed foreign to her. Her heart pounded as she traced the contours of her new face, her fingertips brushing against the unfamiliar smoothness of her altered nose and the unfamiliar fullness of her lips. This reflection was supposed to be her, Marieke van der Leeuw, but the Dutch identity she had always embraced felt erased, replaced by an appearance that was meticulously engineered to fit into a culture and society that were not her own. The confusion swirling within her was overwhelming.



When Marieke finally find some time to catch a breath to process the metamorphosis she had gone through, she realised she was in no position to bargain right now. Her boyfriend was a psychopath and what he had done to her was awful, but hopefully not irreversible so she had to play along for the time being. Now, for more immediate issues, she just wanted to get rid of the ridiculous outfit she was wearing, which accentuated even more her diminished physique.

"I can't really process what's happened to me, but first of all, I can't go out like this, I look like a doll..."

"Ok, we'll go shopping and you'll pick whatever you want but first need to take a small detour at a local dentist"

The dentist actually proved to be something more. He installed a device affecting Marieke's larynx and vocal box, predisposing her to sound like a native Chinese speaker in due time and giving her a permanently high-pitch voice and a clear Asian accent, eliminating her persistent Dutch accent.



"Aah, what did dat doctol do to me? My sound is weild!"

"Well, he wasn't exactly a dentist babe, but don't worry, now you'll play your part even more convincingly, and you'll make a great impression in front of my honourable parents! You know how important it is for us to get the approval of our family." Her boyfriend's response, dripping with a patronizing sweetness, only unnerved her more. It became clear that this transformation was part of a larger plan. Marieke felt like a pawn in a game she never agreed to play, her autonomy slipping further away with each passing moment.

"Noo! I sound like I'm Chinese girr!"

"Your accent is very cute, sweetie, I'm sorry you are struggling to speak English now but this minor alteration will make it a lot easier for you to speak Chinese and should like a native soon!"

After a quick fix at her hair to give it some waves at the end, they headed to downtown to fulfil the girl's requests in terms of wardrobe.

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Resigned but not defeated, Marieke followed her boyfriend to a high-end shopping center, determined to reclaim some sense of self, even if it was through something as superficial as clothing. The outfits she tried on were a far cry from her usual style, designed to complement her altered appearance and play into a stereotype she neither understood nor embraced

Marieke tried on a less catchy but still pink outfit, showing her modest cleavage and complete with a choker. As she looked at herself in the mirror, decked out in an outfit that was both foreign and strangely flattering, a complex mix of emotions welled up inside her.

"Hmm, I look lidiculous on dis othufit, but kinda pletty too. It fits well with my bawdee!"

Her boyfriend assured her she could buy as many outfit as she wanted and for once, she smiled. Being a pampered girlfriend, showered by presents by her boyfriend was something that never crossed her mind, but she was kinda enjoying this side.

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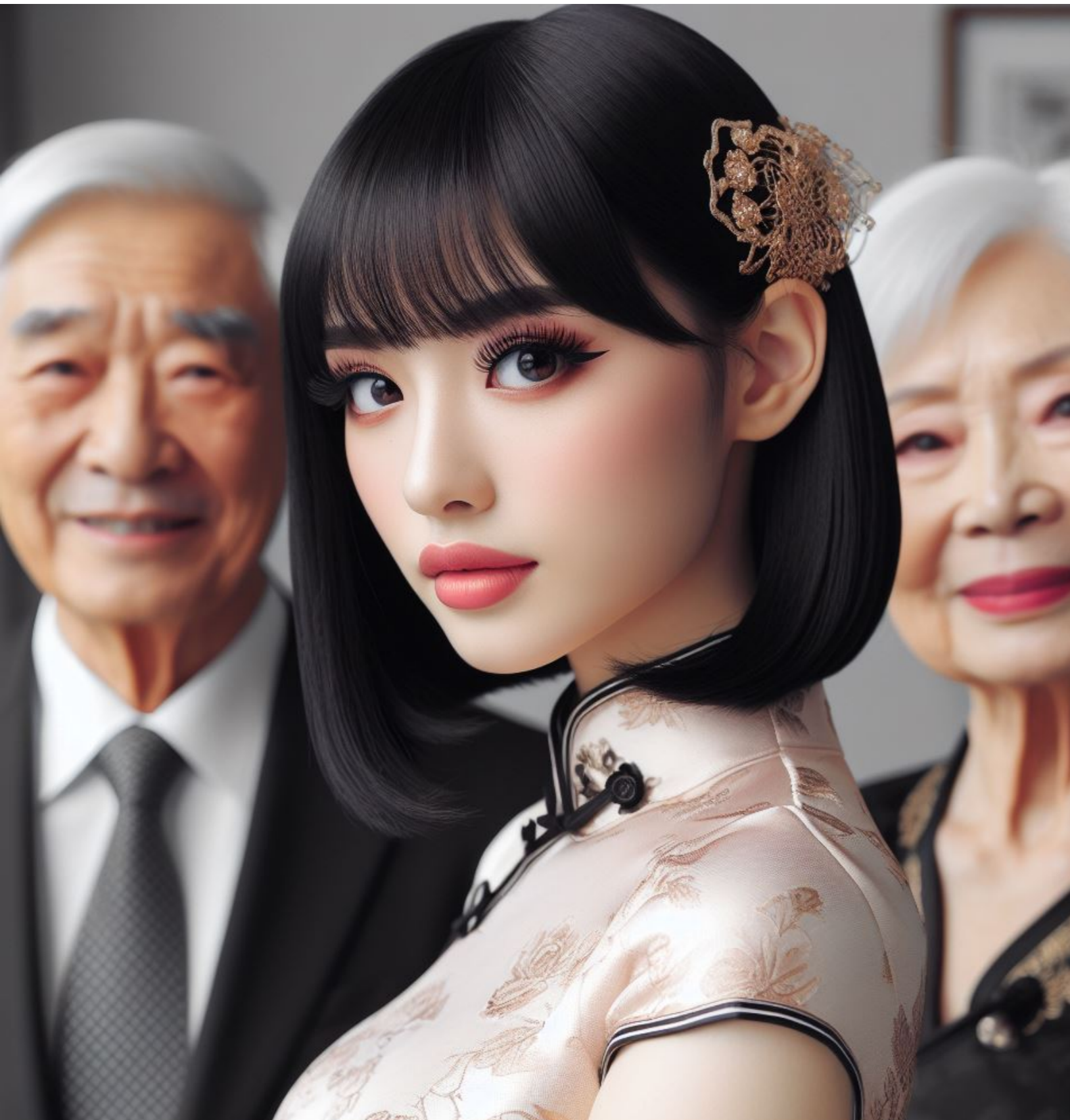
Despite her initial reluctance to embrace the stereotypical hyper feminine image her boyfriend seemed to favor, she discovered an undeniable attraction to that aesthetics. Yet, determined not to fully succumb to the whims of her manipulator, she decided to experiment with a different one. In a defiant mood, Marieke opted for a black outfit that channeled a gothic vibe, complete with a choker that added an edgy touch to her look. As she stepped out of the fitting room, the reflection that greeted her in the mirror was both surprising and unsettling. The outfit, starkly contrasting with the bright and bubbly styles she had been coerced into trying, somehow accentuated her delicate features even more, casting her in the likeness of an anime doll. There was a part of her that reveled in the striking appearance she presented, the way the dark fabric highlighted her pale skin. Yet, alongside this appreciation was a deep-seated discomfort. Marieke was acutely aware of how her appearance, no matter the style, had been manipulated to fit a certain ideal, one that stripped her of her identity and reduced her to a caricature. "I look... ludicrously pretty," Marieke admitted to herself, her voice laced with a hint of shame.

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Ultimately, Marieke selected an elegant qipao dress, stepping into the fabric that hugged her newly foreign figure with a mix of grace and restraint. If she had to play the part of the Chinese girlfriend, she would do that in style.

Accompanied by her boyfriend, she ventured to meet his parents, her heart a tumult of conflicting emotions. The qipao, though beautiful, felt like a costume, a final adornment on a transformation she had never sought.

She explained she was a second generation Chinese immigrant in Europe but she felt the need to reconnect with her roots and wanted to learn Chinese as soon as possible. His parents welcomed her with warmth and an unmistakable air of satisfaction, their eyes reflecting approval of what they deemed a good match for their son. Their acceptance was based on the surface, on the transformation that had made her visually one of their own. Marieke met their hospitality with polite nods and a plastered smile, all the while her gaze darting towards Chen Wei, laden with silent communication. Her eyes seemed to whisper, "I'm doing this only for you".