

America's next top model

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Eva was a young American woman of Welsh and French origins dreaming to become a model. To achieve this, she joined a TV show promising a whopping 1 million \$ to the ultimate winner.

To help the contestants, several beauty specialists and even surgeons were assisting them, offering free consultations and surgeries.

Eva was a bit afraid of that but she would have done everything to get that prize.

After the preselection, which Eva passed, the contestants were offered a first consultation with the cosmetologists and surgeons before being screened by the panel.

Having already seen many of the contestants, the cosmetologists and surgeons were skeptical about Eva's chances. The girl was certainly pretty but the competition was insane and Eva's pale skin, dark eyes and hair didn't stand a chance against the other girls, she looked too plain and innocent.

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Eva's personal cosmetic surgeon was a Latina woman named Isabel. "Listen - she told Eva - you're really pretty but there are tons of hot blonde girls here who have a better chance than you. If you want to go anywhere, that pale skin has to go, we need to make you look a bit more exotic."

"But I'm a White girl!"

"You have pretty brown eyes and black hair though, we need to highlight them!"

"Ok sure! To be honest, I have always avoided getting tanned, it's not good for my skin, they told me, I wonder how I will look with a professional tanning session though."

"It's perfectly safe and in no time you'll achieve a tan you would never get with natural sunlight!"

In a few tanning sessions, Eva's skin quickly darkened, helped by some melanin drops slipped in her food by her dietician. She was amazed by the quick change in her skin colour, but this was not all.

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"There you are! Nice and tanned! Now, just a few minor changes before letting you go. Your lips should be fuller too, it's a matter of a minute!" - Isabel said, inflating the girl's lips with a special collagen filler.

"Hey, we never tawked abwut that!" - she replied, struggling to pronounce words correctly!

"It's no big deal and trust us, you look much better with those lips! Give it some time to get used to them."

"Can I see myself now? Pwease?"

The beauticians team decided it was time to introduce Eva to her new sexier self.

"Sure, we hope you'll appreciate our efforts!" - added Isabel with a grin.

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"What the hell did you do to me? I look... so different!"

"Sure, that's exactly what we had in mind! Also, the tanning beds were only needed at the beginning, then we took the liberty to inject you some nanobots releasing melanin in your blood vessels on a regular basis for a more natural result. We didn't tell you all the truth but we thought your best chance to win would be to play the race card, so to say. Women of colour are underrepresented among models, the jury might do a political statement and chose one of them this time!"

"You're crazy! I... I don't want to be a Black woman!"

"Eva, please, let's not be bigots. First of all, we gave you the appearance of a mixed woman. In any case with that prize you'll be able to hire the best aesthetic surgeons and restore your original skin tone and everything else. "

"So, is all of this reversible?" - asked a panicking Eva.

"It would be pretty expensive but yeah, professionals could do that. Why would you want to, though? You look much better like this!" - observed Isabel.

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Eva hated Isabel and was convinced the Hispanic woman was doing this to her just to have her revenge after a life of feeling inadequate compared to Eurocentric beauty standards.

When Eva finally found some time for herself, before the announcement of the candidates who made it to the following stage, she reflected on her choices.

“What did I do? I should have read the terms and conditions more carefully! Fuck, my skin looks so damn dark! And she said it won’t go away simply stopping tanning bed sessions, it’s in my blood now. And my lips! I don’t look white anymore! Was it really that easy to turn me into an exotic girl? What will my family say about this? Will my friends treat me differently? Will my fiancée Brian still like me as a brown girl? ”

When the time was up she interrupted her negative thoughts and got ready for the announcement. They better choose her with all the effort she’d put into this!

Her heart was racing when the list was announced. Was she doomed or did she have a chance at this?



"You made it to the final stage!"

Eva's thick lips opened in a sensual, broad smile. She'd made it! She was selected among the top 100 candidates who had a real shot at winning the prize!

Eva was ecstatic! Maybe this was worth the struggle. Sure, it would be embarrassing to explain this to her partner and family but it was paying off.

Isabel was happy about it but wanted to push her a little further. Eva was right about her, she was indeed envious of white women as she couldn't have a career in modelling herself due to the Eurocentric beauty standards dominating society when she was young, so she became a cosmetic surgeon instead, dreaming her revenge somehow.

When she met Eva, she complimented her and told her she had a chat with the jury about her. "The jury loved you being willing to go that far to embody a less classic white beauty but we need to do something more. This hair need to go. They thought you were straightening it instead of embracing your natural hair."

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"Crazy, that's my real hair!"

"It was to be curly, like really curly."

"Can't you curl it up then?"

"It won't look natural, we need a hair transplant!"

"But my hair..."

"You could always straighten your new hair! Sure, it would take some time and it would be needed on a daily basis but you could still have straight hair."

"I don't know, is it really necessary?"

"Come on, we don't have much time before the next round of eliminations and you will need some time to rest too!"

"Ok then, but not too curly, ok?"

While sedated, they took the liberty to slightly fix her facial features too to make her look even more exotic.

When she woke up, she immediately noticed the change in texture of her hair.

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"Is this my hair now? Shit, it's... really different. I'm not sure I like it."

"Nonsense, you look gorgeous!"

"Holy shit, it even smells so different now!"

"It smells like the girl whose hair belongs to. We also changed the perfumes you will be using to match it to your new chemistry"

Unnoticed by Eva, the nanobots were actually releasing chemicals changing her body chemistry to give her the characteristic aroma of young Black women.

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"There you are! Much more realistic now!"

"Oh wow, my face was changed further!"

"Just a tiny bit..."

"And my lips feel even fuller now!"

"Yeah, we added a few more cc's..."

"Jeez, I look fully Black now!"

"Not really, actually we were scheduling a little intervention to raise the melanin production levels in your blood vessels."

"For real? Am I not dark enough?"

"You would qualify as a light-skinned Black woman now but you know. There's lots of colourist in the Black community and we want to send a message, dark-skinned Black girls are beautiful!"

"So you're planning to make me a lot darker than now?"
- asked Eva, trembling.

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"Just a bit" - replied Isabel with a grin.

The Hispanic woman increased the nanobots's melanin dosage to maximum levels and, within a few days, Eva's skin darkened even further.

Now Eva was significantly darker than before, and a lot darker than Isabel too. Nobody was now ever going to doubt she was anything else then a girl of pure African heritage.

Seeing her final skin tone dealt a massive blow to Eva's self-image. While she could still see her new appearance as a darker, more exotic version of herself, she was now utterly unrecognisable and looked like a completely new person.

"Fuck, this is going to take some time to get used to... Not that I'll have to, I hope!" - Eva corrected herself. However, deep down Eva was beginning to perceive herself as a person of color and, when comparing herself to the other models, she was now focusing more on the few other women of colour rather than on her Caucasian colleagues.

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She kept exploring her new body.

"My whole body is Black now, even... down there! It's so weird to have a black pussy and black aureolas, they look so alien on me!"

Then her thoughts moved to her fiancée.

"How will Brian react to this? It's going to be pretty shocking, there's no questioning about that. He fell for a pale brunette girl, will he accept me as a black gal? God, I really need to win this competition at this point, winning the prize is the only chance I have to look like myself again!"

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“Even doing my makeup looks so different now! My old colour palette doesn’t work for this face!”

Eva had to go for completely different makeup colors than before as the old ones did not fit her complexion anymore. Also, clothes that used to look good on her looked off, while others that looked too slutty to her before seemed to perfectly compliment her new body. Light coloured tops that showed lots of skin seemed to look great on her due to the contrast to her skin.

The final round would begin in a few minutes, Eva was extremely nervous and had a bad feeling about it. “Oh God, I hope I’m pretty enough, am I not too dark now?”

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Eva's fears turned out to be real, as in the end she lost the top spot to a gorgeous blonde girl and didn't get the money she was hoping to win. Without enough money to reverse the surgeries, she was stuck as a pretty Black woman.

Her fiancée, who had followed her transformation on TV, was shocked beyond belief and never accepted Eva for who she was now. The same happened with her bigot family.

With her ID not matching her new looks, she couldn't even find a regular job as a waitress as no company could register her.

After a few desperate weeks, Eva run out of money and had to accept the tough reality. She ended up becoming a street prostitute in a degraded ghetto where she could afford a tiny apartment. Whenever people recognized her as the girl from the TV show and made fun of her, she told them to go f*** themselves, earning a reputation as a classic angry Black woman.