

The Hijab diaries - 2

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Anja was a spirited and idealistic liberal arts student with striking blonde hair and bright blue eyes who developed a crush on her friend Osama, a determined medical student from a Muslim background.

Despite the whispers about the unlikely pairing of a vivacious, non religious blonde and a Muslim Arab guy, they developed a connection and found understanding in each other's company, their bond deepening with each shared moment. After a few months, Anja's feelings developed further, yearning for more than friendship.

The blonde, more outgoing and affectionate, often flirted with Osama, who kept his feelings guarded, wary of the cultural rifts that lay between them, despite the fact that he was also developing feelings for Anja.

One day, driven by a bold impulse, Anja sought to breach the silence about their growing attraction. "Have you ever thought, you know, we could be more than friends?" she ventured, her voice a mix of hope and hesitation.



Osama, taken aback, met her gaze with a depth of emotion he had seldom shown. "I like you very much, but we're so different, my family... And you see, if you want to be my girlfriend, you need to meet my beauty standards."

"Am I not pretty enough for you?" - Anja asked with a flirtatious smile, her pretty blue eyes getting lost in his brown eyes.

"Oh you are, more than enough." Osama answered, lowering his glance. "That's the problem. Your beauty should be less apparent."

Surprised and intrigued, Anja pondered his words. "Oh, I see... But how?" - she asked him, charmed by the young man and his unusual demands. Instead of trying to look more beautiful than normal, he was asking her to make her beauty less apparent.

"Hmm, I have some ideas, but it would be a long journey..."

"Let's do this! Do whatever you want to me, I want to be yours"



Following suggestions by Osama, Anja tried on a unique pair of colour contact lenses, designed for extended wear, which camouflaged her naturally blue eyes turning them brown.

"Oh my God, what have you done to my eyes, they were so pretty!" she lamented, checking her reflection.

"You look lovely, my dear. Those eyes are much more welcoming. - Osama reassured her, his voice gentle yet firm. - Moreover, your blue eyes might draw too much attention. You'll blend in more with brown eyes."

"If you say so... But it's just that—I look so... average! And my blonde hair, it just seems out of place now," Anja expressed, her frustration evident.

"Hmm, you know what, you're right about that! We're going to do something about your hair next."

Anja's heart skipped a beat. "Really?" she asked, the word barely escaping her lips.

"Yeah, your long blonde hair has to go!" Osama said, recognizing the need for a more transformative alteration.



Anja's heart raced. Was she going to get a buzz cut or something? It was one of her hidden, unconfessable fantasies. No, that didn't sound like Osama. Maybe just a bit shorter, she thought.

Osama guided her to a salon known to her sister, staffed by Muslim women who understood the delicate balance of modesty and style. He suggested a significant change—a pixie cut to replace Anja's flowing locks. The blonde had to accept. As the strands of blonde hair fell to the floor, Anja's heart raced in the anticipation of her new look.

Finally, the Muslim girl turned the chair around and allowed Anja to see her new reflection.

Looking into the mirror afterward, Anja hardly recognized herself. "I look so different with short hair... So... Mature!" she remarked, her voice a mix of surprise and shock.

Osama chuckled. "Haha, true, you've got a Lady D sort of vibe now!" he said. "Not really my thing, actually! We're going to change that right now."



Osama talked with the hair stylist in Arabic and as a result her pixie cut was dyed a deep, rich dark brown. The reflection that stared back at her from the mirror was a stranger's—gone was the blonde, blue-eyed Anja, replaced by a brunette with brown eyes. She didn't look bad but her unique look had been washed away, leaving a less feminine, more androgynous appearance in its wake.

"I... look like a different person! Do you really prefer me this way?" Anja asked, searching Osama's face for clues. Her voice carried a tinge of vulnerability, a silent plea for reassurance amid the whirlwind of changes she was undergoing.

"You are evolving into a much better match for me! You're still beautiful, but in a more low-key tone" Osama responded with a smile, his words intended as encouragement. "And this might prepare you for the next step."

In the days following her drastic haircut, Anja found herself swimming against a current of disapproval from her friends. Their reactions, ranging from surprise to outright criticism, weighed heavily on her.



Both friends and family members criticised the drastic makeover and the attention she once garnered from men had significantly diminished, but knowing Osama appreciated her transformation made it worthwhile. She spent nearly all of her free time with Osama and was happy with that. Her wardrobe mirroring this shift as she opted for less revealing clothing.

Then, the day arrived when Osama believed Anja was ready for a pivotal step in their relationship. "Anja, my love, today our love faces its toughest test. After this, it's all smooth sailing," he said, his voice laced with a mixture of anticipation and solemnity.

"I'm ready," Anja affirmed, her voice steady yet her heart racing with a mix of anxiety and resolve.

"Follow me," Osama instructed, leading her to his apartment. There, his sister awaited with a beautifully crafted white hijab dress.

"Oh no no no! I'm not doing this." - she instinctively reacted. Anja's heart leaped at the sight, a mixture of fear and apprehension swirling within her. She had anticipated this moment, yet part of her wished she'd never have to come to terms with such a significant transition.



"Come on! As you know, I am Muslim, and if we are to marry, embracing Islam would be a path I'd hope for you," Osama began, his tone gentle yet earnest. "I cannot order you to alter your personal beliefs solely for my sake, though I wish for you to find your way to Allah's grace. What I do ask of you, however, is to step away from Western fashion and to adopt the modesty Muslim attire offers."

This was more than a change of wardrobe; it was a new way of life, a change too big for Anja. "This is a big step for me. A bit too much, I think. I'll try it on, though," she responded, her voice loaded with uncertainty.

Anja, feeling a mixture of curiosity and trepidation, asked Osama's sister to help her into the white dress. As she slipped into it, her familiar silhouette blurred into the fabric's modesty, her skin shielded from view and her entire personality vanished behind a curtain. She hated it. Also, it was really tight around her neck, so she struggled a bit to put it on. "This feels too constrictive" - she said, and asked Osama's sister to try a different model. She had multiple outfits there, so she quickly produced another one.



As Anja tried on the new garment, she found it less restricting, allowing her a breath of relief. The fabric flowed more freely, although her new attire felt equally alien to her. She couldn't believe she was about to be dressed in a hijab.

"So, how does it feel?" - the Arab girl asked her, Osama awaiting her feedback too.

Searching for the words to express her conflicted feelings, Anja said "Much better, the fabric is really soft, quite comfortable actually" - Anja admitted.

The siblings exchanged a knowing smile, sensing her gradual openness to a previously unthinkable step. Anja cringed at how the two were conspiring against her. "But it's so covering and alien to me... This looks so... unlike me, it's hard to describe. Is the hijab really necessary?" - Anja continued, scared at how quickly things were moving.

"I'm afraid so, my dear, it's the main thing. Why don't you try it on? At this point, you're almost in full Muslim clothing!"

Anja tried to object but Osama and his sister were pushy. With a gentle touch, his sister fashioned a turban-style hijab around Anja's head, complementing the ensemble with a pair of gloves and a wide, ornate belt that cinched her waist.



Anja's heart was racing when she looked at the woman reflected back at her from the mirror. She, a modern, disinhibited western girl, dressed in Islamic fashion! Absolutely unthinkable! And the feeling of her head being entirely covered was so constricting, although oddly comforting. "You look wonderful, my love!" - Osama exclaimed, his voice brimming with genuine admiration for the first time.

"This is so... extreme! Is this how you want me to dress, at all times? What would people think of me? My friends, my family?" Anja asked, her voice tinged with uncertainty.

Osama, understanding the depth of Anja's concerns, responded with a mix of empathy and conviction. "I know it's a big step, but yes, you will be required to cover yourself at all times, except when we're together at home." His voice was warm and genuine yet commanding, and Anja felt for a moment like she could accept this in order to be with him, but it was clearly a step too far.

"This is... a bit too much! I've already changed so much for you..." - she said, on the verge of tears. "I'm afraid we weren't supposed to be!"

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Anja tried returning to her old life, trying to forget Osama. Unfortunately the color contacts proved impossible to remove, so she was stuck with doe brown eyes for the foreseeable future. It was a massive blow to her self esteem, without her blue eyes she felt like she couldn't recover her lost beauty. Doubtful about returning to her long, blonde hair and still shaken by her experiences, Anja embraced a more defiant look. She kept her hair dark and cropped it short, styling herself as a modern rebel with a series of bold piercings.

Her resolve, however, faltered one day in the lecture hall. There was Osama, unmistakably charming as always, engaged in lively conversation with a beautifully dressed hijab-wearing girl. The scene was painfully familiar—his warm smile, the attentive way he listened, all reflections of the moments he once shared with Anja. The sight struck a sharp chord of jealousy and regret within her. She saw what she might have become, what she had pushed away. Compelled by a tumultuous mix of emotions, Anja approached Osama as soon as the girl left. "I've reconsidered everything," she confessed, her eyes searching his for any sign of the warmth they once held. "I'll do anything to get back what we had." Osama looked back at her, a hint of the old spark in his eyes. Yet, his response held a challenge, "Well, you'll have to win me over again then! And this new style of yours isn't certainly helping..."



Anja began where she had left. She took off all piercings and walked into a shop catering to Muslim women, feeling out of place yet determined.

"I'm not a Muslim," Anja began, addressing a kindly looking young woman adjusting scarves on a display. "So, I could really use some help." The woman turned to her with a smile. "Happy to help, dear. So, how come you want to wear a hijab? Is this a prank, or?" Her tone was gentle, tinged with curiosity. "Oh no, it's pretty serious. It's for my man... Well, for a man," Anja replied, a hint of nervousness in her voice. The woman's expression softened further, understanding flickering in her eyes. "Ooh, I see, you must really like this man. Then let's pick something really special for you. How about an elegant, satin hijab? Let's try this one on!" she suggested, pulling down a soft, dove-gray satin hijab from the shelf. With expert hands, the woman helped Anja drape the hijab, showing her how to pin it securely while allowing the fabric to frame her face gracefully. Anja looked at herself in the mirror, feeling the weight and smoothness of the satin against her skin, the style transforming her appearance and somehow softening her features. The familiar sense of alienation crept in, reminiscent of her initial experiences wearing the hijab. This time, however, Anja's resolve was firmer.



Encouraged by the supportive presence of the hijab lady, Anja found herself selecting several more outfits. Each piece was chosen with care, considering not just the style but also how each made her feel—closer to the image she hoped would win Osama's heart back. She left the store with bags heavier and a heart filled with a complex blend of hope and apprehension, her steps echoing the new path she was tentatively treading.

The following day, she took a deep breath, put on the hijab and abaya dress and stepped onto the campus, instantly becoming the center of attention. Initially she just looked like just another Muslim student, but when her friends recognised her, they freaked out. Her appearance was a stark contrast to the Anja everyone had known—a former blonde who had boldly embraced a defiant look with short, brown hair and now emerged as a hijabi girl. Anja knew she owed her peers some form of explanation, even if she herself was still reconciling with the rapid changes in her identity. To some, she vaguely spoke of a newfound closeness to the Islamic community, catalyzed by recent flare-ups in the Palestinian conflict, which had moved her deeply. To others, she described her choice as a reflection of a new faith she had embraced.



The following day, adorned in a tight black hijab dress that highlighted her elegant figure, she spotted Osama across the campus courtyard. Her heart skipped a beat as she adjusted her hijab slightly, gathering courage before approaching him. The soft fabric of the hijab brushed against her cheeks as she walked towards him, her presence drawing curious glances from passing students.

"Osama," Anja called out gently, causing him to turn. His expression shifted from surprise to intrigue upon seeing her transformation. "Wow, you look... different," he remarked cautiously, his eyes scanning her new attire.

"I am different," Anja replied, her voice tinged with a mix of determination and vulnerability. "I changed for you, I... miss you!"- she added, her cheeks warming under the hijab. Osama listened, his brow furrowed slightly as he processed her words. "So, are you wearing this everyday?" "Yes, I'm fully committed. I don't care if people think I have been radicalised or shit like that!". "I'm impressed. Let's grab a bite. I know a Lebanese place nearby. We can talk more there."

They chatted amicably, until they reached the restaurant, where the scent of freshly baked pita and spices filled the air. They found a cozy corner, and Osama ordered for them both.



When the food arrived, he encouraged her to try a double portion of their dish. "It's delicious, you'll need the energy if you're planning to keep up with all these changes," he joked, but there was a hint of seriousness in his voice. "A bit more weight might suit you," he added.

Anja chuckled, a bit self-conscious "Wait... Do you want me to gain weight? For real?" "Think of it as part of the challenge," Osama replied smoothly. "It's about showing how far you're willing to go. I imagine my ideal woman as a brunette, browned-eyed who embraces Muslim fashion and carries a bit more... let's say, presence". She felt a tingling sensation over her all over her body. The idea of physically transforming herself for Osama, of molding into his ideal, deeply excited her. "I... understand. I've always paid attention to my figure, this is going to take some effort..." - she replied, staring at the large amount of food in front of her. She began to eat, initially savoring the rich, unfamiliar flavors, but as she continued, she felt increasingly full. "Ouch, my belt is really tight now!" "Come on, you'll look beautiful!" Anja blushed and slowly finished the food. Despite the physical discomfort, she felt strangely happy.

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As Anja committed herself to the changes Osama had suggested, she adopted a high-calorie diet, a stark departure from her previous eating habits. The new diet slowly began to reshape her figure into something closer to the desired hourglass. As she gained weight, her breasts and hips naturally filled out, intensifying her feminine silhouette. To maintain her waist's slender appearance amidst her growing curves, Anja committed to a rigorous exercise routine. Additionally, she carefully selected undergarments that accentuated her new body shape. Under her abaya, Anja began wearing a corset that cinched her waist, enhancing the natural curve of her hips and the newfound fullness of her chest. These adjustments, although uncomfortable at times, proved effective, sculpting her body into the form that Osama admired. Anja's emotions were mixed. Each glance in the mirror now revealed a beautiful, curvy Hijab woman with brown eyes. Although she enjoyed her newfound sexiness and the feeling of the fabrics moving differently around her changing shape, she had to admit that the combined effect of her new body type and the hijab dress aged her by several years. She had changed so much already, the cosmetic changes and the clothes were still superficial changes, but changing her whole body structure changed everything, included her movements.



One day Anja confronted Osama: "Osama, we have grown so close, and I've done everything you've asked of me! Most of my old friends avoid me now because they think I have been radicalised by you. It's humiliating for me. I've even gained 30 pounds, so my old clothes don't fit anymore. Can we be together now?"

"I love you more with every passing day! You're definitely wife material now, you need just some cultural improvements. Also, you should be more familiar with my culture. There are volunteering opportunities with the Muslim women at the local mosque—I think you should join them. They can teach you Arabic recipes and other useful skills. Also, from now on, you should avoid alcohol and non-halal food. It wouldn't be a good look for the muslim community to see a hijab woman, visibly Muslim, to disrespect the key life rules of Islam. I think it would benefit you a lot!"

"So, you're saying you want me to..."

"Live as a Muslim. I'm not talking about converting, but embracing the lifestyle would be good for you. Also, regarding your old wardrobe, why don't you consider donating it?"



Anja reluctantly complied with Osama's suggestion and parted with her old wardrobe, an act that left her with mixed emotions. To comfort herself, she bought new hijab dresses, for her ever-evolving figure. Her body had filled out, even her arms and legs had grown thicker now, giving her a milf look Osama seemed to appreciate.

Anja began shopping exclusively at Halal food stores, completely abstained from alcohol, and even shifted her music preferences away from pop to traditional Arab music that felt more in line with her new lifestyle. Initially, these changes felt restrictive, a challenging adjustment to her daily habits. However, over time, she found that having fewer choices reduced her stress, allowing her to settle into her new routines more comfortably.

As time passed, Anja grew also more accustomed to wearing a hijab almost full-time. She had also learned to pick outfits that complemented her new curvy body and did her makeup in a bold, dramatic style that compensated the modesty of the outfit, although that style, combined with her brown eyes and a new lip filler, gave her a more middle eastern look. Despite the conservative nature of her attire, Anja found ways to feel both sexy and confident, maintaining her sense of self-worth and identity.



One quiet afternoon, after the hustle and bustle of the volunteering activities had subsided, Anja found herself standing outside the local mosque. She had been raised Christian, albeit not devoutly so, and had never felt a strong pull toward religious practice. However, now living outwardly as a Muslim, a spark of curiosity ignited within her to experience the mosque from the inside. She slipped into a covering black abaya, removed her shoes and quietly entered the mosque. Inside, she lowered herself onto her knees upon the soft carpet. The silence of the mosque enveloped her. Sitting there, alone with her thoughts, Anja felt a wave of peace wash over her. She forgot about all the stress from her daily life, her studies, the sting of rejection from her former social circles who couldn't understand her dramatic transformation.

Then a part of her fought back. What was she doing here, really? Prostrated in a mosque, praying while dressed as a Muslim woman—was this truly who she was becoming? Scared to think about what internal changes had happened to her to push her to pray in a mosque, she stood up, slowed by her curvy figure, and glanced around nervously, hoping no one had witnessed her private moment of reflection and turmoil.



"How is it possible that I am actually enjoying this lifestyle?" - she asked herself? "Am I even doing this for Osama or do I actually like this? Why don't I miss my old lifestyle, my clothes, my usual drinks? Should I just accept that I'm changing? And why did it feel so good, so right to pray in a Mosque, was it even praying?"

These questions remained unanswered, swirling in her mind, but she felt too shy to discuss these profound changes with Osama. She feared opening up about the depth of her transformation might expose vulnerabilities she wasn't ready to confront.

One day, driven by a powerful need to feel that tranquility again, she returned to the mosque at prayer time. This time, she donned a covering niqab she had picked up from her favorite shop out of curiosity. Hidden beneath the niqab, she was anonymous, indistinguishable from the other women. She learned the proper sequences and movements. As she moved in unison with the other women, a profound sense of connection washed over her— and she felt a chilling sense of supernatural looking at so many women praying together, echoing centuries-old rituals set in the Arabian Peninsula.

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That day something crashed inside her. It was as if a dam within her had burst, unleashing a flood of new emotions and convictions that reshaped her daily life. Her academic pursuits began to take a backseat as she found herself increasingly drawn into deep conversations with the Muslim women at her volunteering events, and she began attending regular prayers at the mosque.

"Habibi, I've heard that you've been visiting the mosque regularly. It's a tight-knit community, and a pretty new Muslimah like yourself would certainly stand out. I don't know why you wanted to keep it secret but I decided to talk about it."

"I'm sorry, honey," Anja replied, her voice tinged with a mix of relief and nervousness. "I wasn't ready to talk about it, but I was going to..."

"Well, if you like praying in a Mosque, I need to make sure that you have a proper foundation in what you're exploring. Here's your first Quran," he said, handing her a beautifully bound copy. "I encourage you to read it carefully. Also, I'll enroll you in Arabic and Islamic studies classes."



Anja found herself increasingly at peace with following Osama's guidance. It brought her a sense of comfort and simplicity she hadn't realized she was seeking. With his encouragement, she decided to take a break from college to immerse herself fully in her Quranic studies, which brought her a profound sense of tranquility and purpose.

She made changes to her appearance that aligned more closely with her new focus; she stopped wearing makeup to the mosque and opted for a simple black abaya to hide her curves, although the lip fillers she'd gotten earlier left her with permanently plumped lips.

She had always been an excellent student, and this was no difference. Her literacy and ability to grasp new concepts quickly distinguished her from many other converts in her Islamic studies class, who often came from diverse backgrounds with varying levels of education, so she quickly became recognized as one of the most promising students. She found beauty in the concept that her worth was defined not by career success or social popularity but by the quality of her soul and her commitment to being a good Muslim.



The newfound understanding helped dissolve any previous misconceptions she had about Islam being oppressive towards women. Embracing a supportive role for her man felt right to her; it was a role that now resonated deeply with her values and beliefs.

At that point, she was a Muslim in all but name: she dressed according to Islamic guidelines, adhered to a Halal diet, engaged in regular prayer, and now was getting more knowledgeable in Islamic studies than born-Muslims. The logical next step, pronouncing the Shahada—the Islamic declaration of faith felt natural to her at that point. It felt odd to continue living as she was without making it official. Surrounded by Osama and the Imam, Anja confidently recited the Shahada, formally embracing Islam as her faith. The moment was profound but not marked by fear or nervousness; instead, it felt like the natural evolution of what she had become over the last few months.

Upon her conversion, Anja was pushed to choose a new name to symbolize her new identity. Osama suggested the name "Noor," meaning "light" in Arabic, as a reflection of her radiant and fair complexion.



Finally, after months of subtle and less subtle encouragements, Osama contemplated the results of his work: Anja has morphed into Noor, a beautiful curvy Muslim woman who was ready to embrace her role as a traditional Muslim wife. Nobody could say they were a bad match now!

When Osama proposed marriage, Noor's affirmation was resolute. She said yes with a conviction that echoed the depth of her transformation. They began planning their Nikah, the Muslim wedding ceremony.

Given that Noor had no Muslim relatives, all the guests for the wedding would be from Osama's side, including his family and friends. Noor's social circle was limited to a few Muslim women she had met through volunteering. Traditionally, a bride's male guardian, or wali, would give her away, but Noor had no such figure in her life due to her lack of a Muslim background.

Before proceeding with the wedding, Noor decided it was important to reconnect with her roots. She planned a visit to her family in the American countryside. This visit was not just a farewell to her past but also an opportunity to introduce her family to the woman she had become—Noor.



Arriving at her family's doorstep, she took a deep breath before ringing the bell, preparing herself for the range of reactions her transformed appearance might evoke.

"Mum, dad, brother, don't freak out please. It's me, uh, Anja!" she announced as soon as the door opened.

"Who is that?" her dad asked, peering through the doorway.

"It's Anja's voice..." her brother recognized.

"OMG, you look so different!" her mother exclaimed. Despite her initial shock, she enveloped Noor in a warm embrace, signaling acceptance regardless of her appearance. Her family, though liberal and not given to Islamophobia, held progressive views about women's liberation and roles in modern society. Therefore, seeing Noor embrace such a conservative lifestyle was startling. They struggled to reconcile the vibrant, free-spirited Anja they knew with the devout Muslim woman before them. The news of her impending marriage to a Muslim man and her name change to Noor only deepened their bewilderment. "It's still me, just a halal version" Noor explained "I've found peace in Islam and have chosen to live my life within this culture. It's a decision that has brought me a lot of joy and serenity."



Noor's wedding day arrived, marked by a blend of traditional Islamic rituals and a deep sense of personal commitment. The ceremony, known as a Nikah, was held in the local mosque. The atmosphere was filled with the gentle hum of recitations from the Quran, setting a reverent tone for the event.

Osama stood at the front of the mosque, dressed in a crisp, white thobe that signified purity and respect for the occasion. Noor, adorned in an elegant abaya decorated with pearls, was a vision of the commitment she was about to make. Her attire was modest yet regal, befitting the solemnity of her transition into married life.

As the Imam began the ceremony, he spoke of the duties and blessings of marriage within Islam, emphasizing partnership, mutual respect, and love as the foundations of a successful union. Noor and Osama listened intently, their hearts committed to the path they were about to embark upon together. Following the Nikah, a reception was held at a nearby community hall where Osama's family and friends, along with the few close friends Noor had made within the community, came together to celebrate. The air was filled with the sounds of laughter and music, an expression of joy for the new life Noor and Osama were starting together.