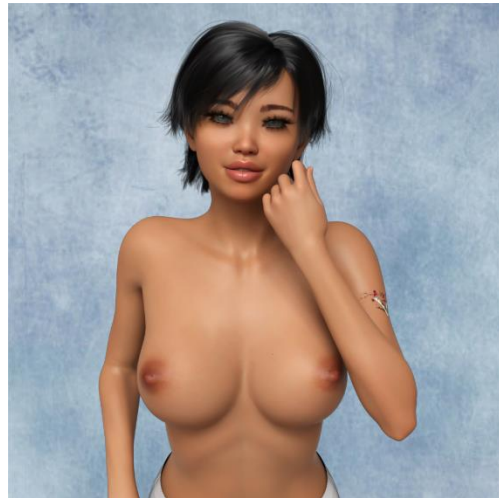


Subject 7

Phase 4

Final transition and re-integration into society as breeder.

Subject has begun to spend hours looking at his reflection, as well as taking and studying selfies. His feelings as he studies his new face include attraction, pride, shame and disbelief. This fascination with his appearance reflects a development stage typically experienced by adolescents. Barker is beginning to identify with his pretty, feminine face.



Once subject began wearing bras around the house, his girlfriend, Kim Foundry, was able to convince him he should wear one during physical training. Subliminal messages had conditioned subject to see bras as representing athleticism, independence, confidence and comfort. As his breasts blossomed, he'd experienced growing breast pain after runs, so the perceived advantages now outweighed the embarrassment. Though Foundry, who took great pleasure in subject's feminization, attempted to convince Barker to run in just a bra, he settled in the end on wearing one of her tops over his bra. Surprisingly, he chose to wear a pair of her short shorts. This may reflect the scatter-brained state of confusion instilled in Barker from the outset of the experiment.

Staff Sergeant Reggie Balls, who had previously mocked subject for his "bitch tits" had become concerned as he observed the feminization of subject. Memories of the gender wars made him and members of his unit nervous. When he'd reported Barker's condition, he'd been partially briefed on the situation and recruited to engage in some psychodrama to help Barker with his transition.

When Barker arrived in his little shorts, bra and off the shoulder crop top, Balls looked him up and down and said, "You running with the girls now, Barker?" Barker blushed and looked away. Barker had grown sufficiently feminine he now avoided conflict.

As predicted, his girlfriend, Foundry, who'd taken on the protective, masculine role in their relationship, stepped between Barker and Balls. "Yeah," she said. "He's running with the girls. You got a problem with that?"

Balls nodded and smiled. "Not at all, private," he said. "You ladies carry on."

Subject 7

“By the way,” Foundry said, feeling extra protective, “it’s a violation of policy to misgendered subordinates or to subject them to ridicule due to their gender identity.”

Balls turned back to regard her, then looked at Barker who was standing behind them, hip out to the side, one hand to his cheek, eyes wide. “You’re lucky you have such a bad ass buddy,” he said to Barker. Then, he went about his own warm-up.

Barker’s pleasure centers lit up as the incident played out, and as soon as it was over, he clung to Foundry’s arm and said, “thanks.” Foundry bopped him on the nose and said, “anytime, beautiful.” Once more, Barker’s brain lit up.

Foundry and Barker ran together, Barker running just slightly behind Foundry. He glowed and mentioned several times how grateful he was she’d talked him into wearing a bra.

Personality Changes

Our psyops fed Barker a relentless stream of subliminal messaging instilling in him a more feminine personality. In addition, as we had hoped, our decision to make him look like an Asian female had worked on his psyche. Barker had long fetishized Asian women as sweet and submissive. Consequently, as he saw himself becoming an Asian female, he began to become his own stereotype, especially in his relationship with Foundry, constantly smiling, giggling, and avoiding confrontation and conflict.

The Drunk Night

Foundry continues to prove a valuable albeit unwitting resource. She once more invited Barker out, and this time after getting him drunk, she walked him around old town and talked him into getting his ears pierced and then getting two tattoos—one on the small of his back in the position often referred to as a “tramp stamp.” Both tattoos were of designs most would consider feminine. On his left arm he got a crane flying next to a branch of pink cherry blossoms. On the small of his back, a butterfly. After he’d gotten his tattoos, Foundry took Barker back to her place and rewarded him for his “open-mindedness” with a marathon love making session. After, an exhausted Barker passed out.

In the morning, a groggy and hung over Barker stumbled to the bathroom, sat down and took a pee. He no longer had the ability to pee standing up, but in his scatter-brained state of denial had not fully confronted the fact he now possessed a vagina. After he’d wiped himself, Barker washed his hands and splashed water onto his face. Looking in the mirror, he saw the studs in his ears sparkle. His mouth dropped open and his eyes went wide as he began to remember what he’d done the night before. He looked at his arm and saw the cheery blossoms, then turned his back to the mirror and twisted until he saw his tramp stamp. “Fuck,” he gasped. “Fuck... fuck... fuck...”

Subject 7

Barker began to hyperventilate, cry and suffer an all-around mental breakdown. Hearing Barker's sobs, Foundry woke and came to see what was wrong. Gasping and sobbing, he whispered, "I can't believe you talked me into getting a tramp stamp."

Foundry took him in her arms and hushed him, promising him that "I love your tattoo. It's so hot. Your so hot." Gradually, Barker stopped weeping, and by the time he started to make breakfast for the two of them, the pleasure centers in his brain began to light up. It is our opinion that pride at pleasing his girlfriend had supplanted his earlier shame.

Revelation of new status as female

As previously reported, Barker had scheduled an appointment with a civilian doctor in the local port town seeking a second opinion. We attempted to have this doctor replaced with more operatives, but he refused citing his dedication to patient care and integrity. Heartwarming as it was to find someone with integrity, this forced us to a change of plans. Subject received a call and text informing him his appointment was rescheduled for a date after his next appointment with our people.

When Barker arrived, Dr. Lee and Nurse Wayne showered him with the sort of praise usually reserved for women. "You're so pretty," Dr. Lee gushed. "Your skin is radiant!" Nurse Wayne added. Barker, now acting the part, giggled and, making his voice higher, let his hands flutter around his body. "Oh, stop!" He said.

"You're voice!" Dr. Lee said, pretending to be shocked. "You sound like a girl."

Barker's smile grew wider, and he giggled, putting his hands to his cheeks. "I know, right?"

"Go with Nurse Wayne. I'll be in to see you in a few minutes, sweetie."

"Thank you, doctor," he said with a little wave. Wayne took his hand, leading him as if he were a child. As he walked away, Dr. Lee whistled. Barker giggled.

Nurse Wayne performed a series of scans, then left. Barker sat on the examination table, legs crossed at the knee. Despite his calm demeanor, bio-readings showed growing anxiety, and he began to twist his hair around his fingers. Dr. Lee entered, patted him on the knee and said, "I have good news." Nurse Wayne entered, standing behind Lee.

"Oh?" Barker said, raising one slender eyebrow.

"You're not dying." She picked up her clicker and an image from one of the scans appeared on the screen. "Do you recognize that?" She asked.

Barker put a hand to his chest and looked at the image which clearly showed a womb, ovaries, fallopian tubes. "Um, is it the female reproductive system?"

Subject 7

“It’s your female reproductive system,” Lee said, still patting him on the knee.

Bio-readings indicated anger and panic flooding Barker’s brain, but in a testament to his conditioning, he struggled and managed to maintain an exterior sense of bright, happy femininity. “My system?” He asked, his smile growing bigger. “But, I’m not a female?” He looked down and away, blushing.

Of course, Barker had been aware that he looked more and more like a female with each day. Our speculation is that he had not considered the possibility he had been given his own womb, a change to internal organs that shattered his sense of masculinity. Note Barker expressed the words “I’m not a female” as a question. This may have been female uptalk, but we believe it revealed his deeply conflicted sense of identity.

“Babe, you’re female from the top of your head to the tips of your toes,” Lee said, now cupping his cheek. “It probably comes as a shock, but glass half full: you’re hot as hell, sister. There is no reason you can’t have an amazing life.”

“Guys are going to be all over you,” Nurse Wayne said.

“And you’ll get to wear cute clothes,” Lee said. “You’re going to love being a girl.”

“Except for your periods,” Nurse Wayne said, patting him on the shoulder. “Those are pretty annoying.”

“Periods?” Barker’s eyes went wide. “Me?”

“It’s nothing to worry your pretty little head about. I’ll give you some free tampons to take home,” Lee said. “You’ll be fine.”

Barker stared at the image of his womb, his ovaries. He crossed his legs tighter, gestured toward his breasts with his dainty hands. “Can you undo this?”

“I’m afraid not,” Lee said. “It’s the nanobots. They’ve integrated themselves into your body, ingraining themselves in your DNA, which has been changed from XY to XX. They are programmed to bioscape you into a female perpetually.”

“What does that mean?” Barker asked in a whisper. “I don’t understand.”

“Even if you got a boob job, for example, the nanobots would immediately begin rebuilding your bust.” Lee shrugged. “And, since they have integrated themselves with your DNA, if any attempt is made to remove the nanos from your body, well, that would be fatal.”

Barker looked stunned. “So, that’s it? I’m a female now? Nothing can be done?” His voice broke on that last part, and our scanners showed intense turmoil in his brain and through his whole body. “I can’t—I can’t live like this. It’s too horrible.”

Subject 7

“Oh, don’t say it like that,” Lee said, pretending to be hurt by the comment. “I’m a girl, and it’s kind of insulting to hear you talk about being female like it’s a death sentence.”

“Right?” Wayne said, faking outrage. “Rude.”

Barker’s newly feminine personality shrunk away in the face of their criticism. He forced a smile. “You’re right. I’m – I’m lucky I get to be a girl.”

“That’s the spirit,” Lee said, playfully chucking him on the chin. “Girl power, babe. Girl power.”

Barker forced himself to smile and raised one of his tiny fists and whispered, “Girl power.”

Pictures Below.





