

In order to foster subject's successful re-engineering, psych-ops agents have replaced key professionals the subject interacts with on a regular basis. "Dr. Lee" and "Nurse Wayne" are among those agents. Due to regular rotation in the military ranks, this is unlikely to raise suspicion.



Report: Subject 7's initial visit to Dr. Cheryl Lee. Based on video surveillance.

Barker followed Nurse Wayne into the treatment room. Wayne possessed wide, maternal hips and a plump rear, both of which qualities our profile suggested Barker admired in a female. Her nurse's scrubs showed off her rear end. Barker did not fail to notice, allowing his eyes to linger. Wayne, as instructed, put extra swing in her hips, then arched her back, thrusting her hips back as she pretended to reach up to adjust her hair. "I like to keep my buns tight," she said, giggling.

When a woman becomes aroused, blood rushes to her breasts resulting in the nipples becoming erect. In addition, breast size typically increases from between 15 and 25% (Sern, 2023). Miss Barker is no exception. His genetic design ensures that his breasts will increase in size consistently in the 25% range whenever he gets aroused.

Our research shows that Barker frequently experiences flirtatious behavior from women, so Nurse Wayne's performance did not elicit suspicion. Barker merely enjoyed the view and felt a surge of masculine pride in the way he affected her. As he enjoyed the view, however, he frowned as his breasts and nipples began to swell, resulting in dramatic tenting of his sweatshirt. His former state of glee merged with shame and confusion. He crossed his arms over his chest.

Bioreadings indicate the feeling of his arms pressing against his nipples sent a shiver of pleasure down his spine.

"Change into this gown," the nurse said, handing him a pale, pink paper gown. "The doctor will be in soon."

"Uh, maybe you have something a little less fruity?" Barker said.

"Babe," the girl said, touching him gently on the arm. "We're all out of boy gowns, but don't worry. I'm sure you'll look sexy as hell." Wayne had been instructed to talk to Barker as if he were a traditional female and she was a man coming onto him.

Barker's face showed confusion and his bio-readings indicated a continued state of anxiety and arousal. He grunted in response to Wayne's comment.

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As soon as the girl left, Barker tossed the gown on the floor and climbed onto the examination table. As he waited, he cupped his breasts and gave them a squeeze, closing his eyes and then shaking his head in frustration. “Come on, man,” he mumbled. “Have some self-control.”

After letting him wait a good ten minutes, Dr. Lee strode into the room. Barker immediately gave her a once over and smiled. Sensors indicated immediate arousal at the sight of her. Dr. Lee had been chosen to exploit Barker’s known fetish. Barker seemed to have rapidly returned to a state of denial regarding his increasingly female gendered biological responses, which can be attributed to his previously identified “scatter-brained” mental state.

“Well, hello, beautiful,” Barker said, lifting his chin as he raised his eyes from Lee’s body and met her eyes.

Dr. Lee smiled back. “Hey, Stud,” she said, smiling and tilting her head slightly to the side. “I see you didn’t put on your gown.”

“No. I didn’t. You have a problem with that?”

Lee pretended to be intrigued. “I outrank you,” she said, but her voice was playful, flirty. “I could order you to put it on.”

“And what if I refused?”

“Well, then,” Lee said, letting her voice get hoarse as she stepped closer to Barker, “I’d just have to punish you.”

“I bet you—ah!”

Lee had put her hand on his chest and squeezed his perky little breast. Barker flinched and pulled away, defensively wrapping his arms across his chest.

“Oh, wow. I am so sorry!” Lee said. “I didn’t realize you were transitioning.”

“Transitioning? What? No. Hell no,” Barker said. “This isn’t—that’s why I’m here.” He took a deep breath. “There’s something wrong with me.” He leaned forward and whispered. “I’m growing tits.”

Lee raised an eyebrow. “Breasts. Interesting. Okay. I can tell this is very embarrassing for you, but I’m going to have to give you a breast examination. Often when a man pops out his own pair of puppies, it’s a sign of cancer. I’ll need to check you for any lumps.” Lee had determined that using informal terms for Barker’s breasts would unnerve him. Her casual and arguably demeaning comments were intentional.

“I’m not planning on keeping them, anyway,” Barker said. “Maybe we can just make an appointment for you to vacuum these things off me.”

Lee laughed. “It doesn’t quite work that way, doll. Now, off with the shirt.”

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Barker put on a blank face, grabbed his sweatshirt and pulled it over his head, his swollen breasts rising and then bobbling back down with a bounce as he lowered his arms. "Let me know if this hurts," Dr. Lee had said as she moved closer, reaching out slowly, slowly, slowly, letting the tension build. In the video, Barker's face scrunches up, his brow line dropping lower and lower, his mouth bending into a deeper and deeper frown... then, finally, Lee placed her palm on his breast, lifted and squeezed.

Barker hissed.

"Does this hurt?" Lee asked, now maintaining a tone of clinical detachment as she started to kneed the soft flesh.

"No," Barker said. "Your hands are cold." They *were* cold and felt even colder than they would have to an average woman. His breasts were highly sensitive. That wasn't all, though. He didn't tell her what was really disturbing him: when she squeezed his tit, it felt like— boom. He'd played with himself quite a bit, but this was the first time he'd had someone else touch one of his tits. It was thrilling, shocking, confusing and frightening, but Barker found himself focused on only one thing: trying to keep himself from getting a boner as her touch curled his toes.

As female pleasure overwhelmed his psyche, subject blushed intensely. His cheeks and the tip of his nose turned pink.

Lee ran a nail around one of Barker's erect nipples, then cupped both breasts, lifted and squeezed then together. "Any pain now?"

Barker squeezed his knees together and put a hand over his surging erection. "None," he whispered, his voice cracked slightly.

"Everything okay?" Lee asked, pretending she didn't realize what was going on with him and his boner. "You seem distraught. You're sure this doesn't hurt?"

"Not in the slightest," Barker groaned.

"That's good," Lee said, now letting her fingertips dance along the sides of his breasts and then the under boob. "Do you have sensations all over your breasts, or are they localized to your nipple area?"

Barker clearly found the answer to that question awkward, as he looked away and almost whispered, "All over." Lee continued to caress and tease his breasts, in no way performing a breast exam. Barker gasped as he felt waves of feminine pleasure assaulting him.

"Hm...," Lee said, pausing. She allowed a slight tone of concern to sneak into her voice. Barker didn't miss it.

"Something wrong?"

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"I'm not sure. I need a second pair of hands on your melons." Lee, keeping her hands on Barker's boobs, used her implant to activate the intercom. "Nurse Wayne. Report."

Barker's mouth dropped open. He looked terrified. Another female was about to see his twin shames. Wayne, who'd been waiting just outside as planned, came into the room, letting her eyes drop to Barker's breasts. She nodded slightly, the way a man will when he appreciates the view. "Yes, doctor?"

"I am concerned about Sargeant Barker's left breast, particularly his areole. Feel him up and let me know if you concur."

"Feel me up?" Barker said, increasingly annoyed at the doctor's degrading manner.

"With pleasure," Wayne said, grabbing Barker's breast, squeezing, then flicking his nipple all while Lee continued to caress his right breast. In addition, each of the women made a point to rub her breasts against his body as she fondled him. As Wayne played with Barker's tit, she made small, appreciate noises much more appropriate to the bedroom than the examination room. "Wow. These feel great. What a great rack."

Barker had closed his eyes, straining with all his willpower to keep from ejaculating into his pants right there in the doctor's office. Lost in an erotic haze, he began to lick his upper lip with his tongue, an act much more common to female than males. Lee and Wayne exchanged smiles.

Wayne removed her hands.

"Your opinion?" Lee asked, also removing her hands.

Barker gasped with relief.

"A perfect pair of peaches," Wayne said. "I didn't feel anything that concerned me."

"Nothing?" Lee said, now cupping his left breast with both hands. "Barker, does this feel good?"

"Not at all," Barker, who'd thought the exam was over, lied. "It doesn't hurt, but it doesn't feel good."

"What about this?" Lee asked, now rolling his nipple between her finger and thumb.

Barker closed his eyes. "Are you just about done??"

"Just about," Lee said. "Tell me if *this* hurts."

"If what hurts?" Barker said, then screeched as Lee took his nipple between two of her long, hard nails and pinched. Hard. "Okay! That's all," Barker said, pulling away and throwing his arms defensively across his breasts, but keeping his legs crossed, trying to hide his boner. "I'm done."

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Lee didn't react to his breaking off the exam. It was expected. "The good news is you don't have cancer," Lee said. "The bad new-- Oh! It's lunch time. Nurse Wayne, take some blood as well as Barker's measurements." She headed toward the door.

"Wait, so that's it?" Barker said.

"I won't be able to determine anything definitive until we get your blood tests back from the lab, babe."

"How long will that take?"

"A couple of weeks."

"Weeks? I can't wait that long. I want answers and I want them now. What if this is something serious? What the hell am I supposed to do with these—" he cupped his hands under his breasts—"in the meantime?"

Lee went cold. "I don't care for your tone, Sargeant. Here are your answers. 1) It's nothing serious. What you are experiencing is no different from what is experienced by the average 12-year-old girl. If little girls can handle growing breasts, so can you. As for—"

"But I'm not—"

"Do not interrupt me when I am speaking." Lee had taken on the voice and stance of command, suddenly every bit the colonel.

Barker bristled and was clearly about to say something, but he stopped himself. Nodded. "Yes, sir."

"As for what you're supposed to do with them in the meantime, I suggest a training bra."

Barker's jaw dropped open. He couldn't believe the audacity of this **girl** telling him to wear a bra, but he didn't say anything. He just glowered and waited.

Dr. Lee smiled. "See you in a few weeks. Be good, babe." With that she walked out.

Nurse Wayne took blood samples, then retrieved a small electronic device from a drawer off to the side. "What's that?" Barker asked as she activated the device and a line of pale green light rose up and down his torso.

"I'm measuring your bust," Wayne said, then made a "hmmm" sound. "Wow. You're almost a B cup."

"Can I put my shirt back on now?" Barker said, his aroused state dwindling, though he was more confused and anxious than ever. "And why are you measuring my—" Barker couldn't think of a better word that seemed more manly. "—my bust?"

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“Because the doctor told me to,” Wayne said. She put the machine away. “Look, I know this must be a little awkward for you and all, and it’s got to sound strange to a *man*, but with your rack, you really should consider a bra.”

“I’m not wearing a bra,” Wayne said, pulling on his sweatshirt.

Wayne looked pointedly at the tenting. “Suit yourself.”

Dr. Lee

I provided the subject with a variety of pleasurable sensations through his newly developing breasts. In addition, I began to work on his psyche, suggesting his experience typical for a young female while also beginning to normalize the idea of subject wearing a bra.

Subject experiences extreme pleasure when fondled. He has rapidly entered a confused state where his newly forming female mechanisms of sexual arousal, i.e. manipulation of the breast and nipple is associated and intertwined with his familiar signs of male arousal, i.e. erection of the penis.

Subject appears to be making rapid progress toward submersion into domain of female sexuality. I will increase subject’s dosage of aphrodisiacs by .05 milligrams in order to intensify that shift in her psychological development.

See photos on the following pages.





