

Autocloset

JANUARY 2024



In the heart of Tokyo's bustling shopping district, Jennifer Haley, a British expatriate, ventured into the newly opened, state-of-the-art transformation booth. Her company had offered her a package of welcome gifts to help her get better acquainted to Japanese culture.

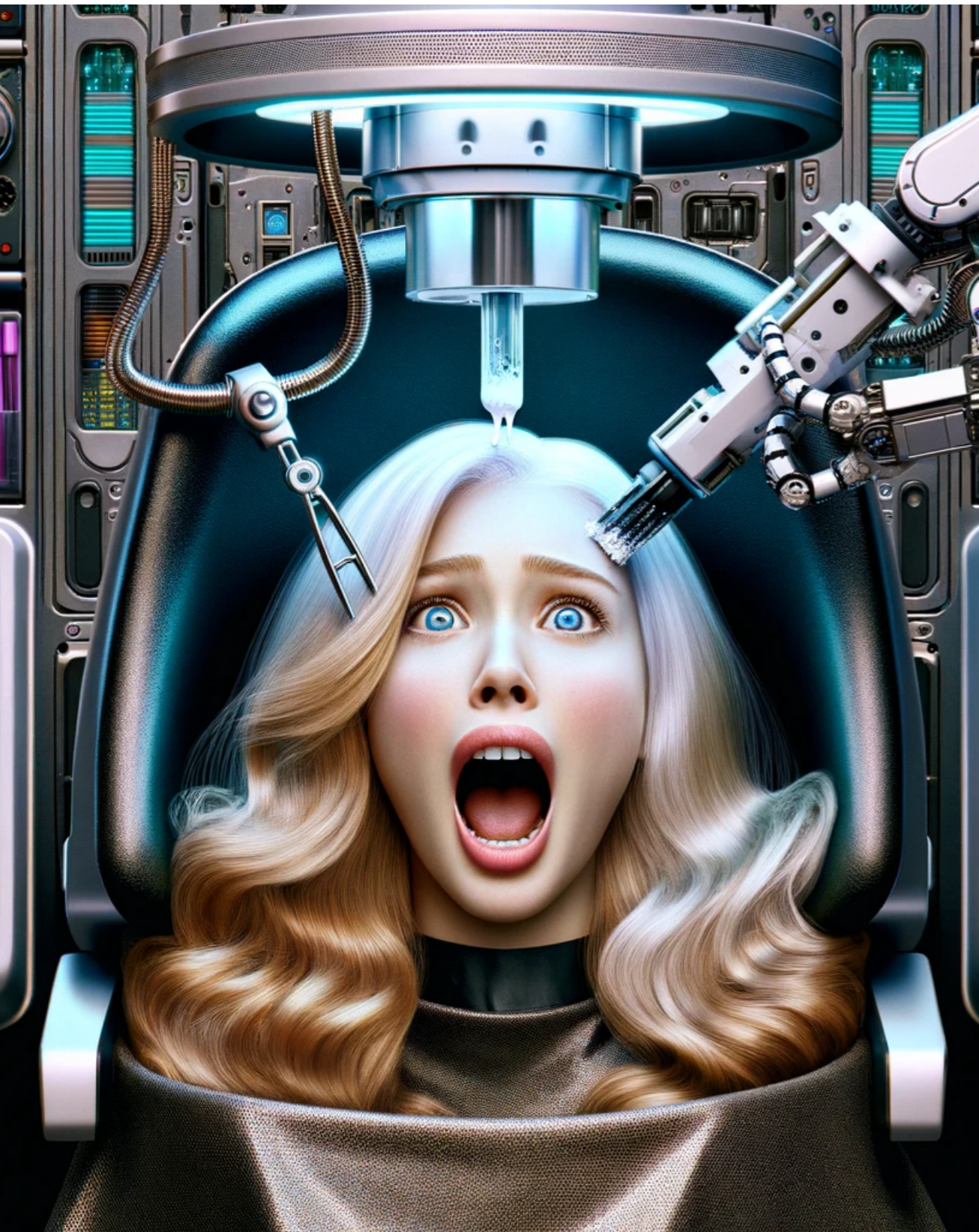
The promise of an immersive, automated makeover experience had intrigued her, despite her reservations. As she stepped into the sleek, futuristic chamber, a wave of apprehension washed over her. This was uncharted territory, far from the traditional beauty salons she was accustomed to back in the UK.

She began trying out a few clothes, like an all-white outfit with boots, a miniskirt and a crop top. The automated closet selected the right size, disrobed her and dressed her up in her new outfit. She checked herself in the mirror. She had to admit she looked great!

"Wow, it fits me like a glove! And the procedure is so smooth! Maybe I was being too apprehensive" - she thought.

Then she noticed another area, marked with Kanji characters meaning something like makeover. Intrigued, she entered that area and before she did anything, the machine activated itself automatically.

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As soon as Jennifer entered the area, a robust mechanical arm sprang to life, guiding her to a plush chair at the center of a booth. She was both fascinated and unnerved by the precision of the machinery. The arm deftly confined her to the chair, and a series of devices descended upon her. In that moment, a wave of panic washed over Jennifer. She wanted to scream, to call for help, but as the booth closed in around her, her voice was muffled, her calls for assistance drowned out by the hum of the machines. One machine began applying makeup, layering her face with foundation, meticulously applying fake eyelashes and mascara, and smearing bright red lipstick across her lips. It was a bold, heavy style, completely unlike her usual understated look. Jennifer felt a growing sense of dread with each brush stroke and dab of makeup. She silently prayed that it wasn't permanent, that this garish mask could be washed away to reveal her true self once again. Her beautiful blonde wavy mane, a part of her identity she held dear, was now being clipped and styled into a sleek bob. The sound of scissors snipping through her hair was like a death knell for her cherished locks. She wanted to reach out, to stop the machine, but she was powerless, a spectator to her own transformation. The mechanical arms, with a gentleness that belied their robust form, began to disrobe her. The impersonal touch of cold metal against her skin sent shivers down her spine. She was dressed in a flashy red vinyl dress, a stark contrast to her usual attire.

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As the booth opened and Jennifer stepped out, she felt like a stranger in her own body. The reflection that greeted her in the mirror was unrecognizable – a heavily made-up face, a bold new hairstyle, and a garish dress that seemed designed to draw stares rather than admiration.

"Is this a joke?" she muttered to herself, her voice tinged with a mix of shock and disbelief. "I look like a whore with this makeup and outfit! And my hair... I never granted you permission to cut my hair, now it will take months to grow it back!" Her fingers ran through the newly styled bob, a stark contrast to her long, wavy hair she had always cherished. The loss felt personal, a part of her identity snipped away without her consent.

She realized she could never walk away looking like that, as nobody would take her seriously looking like an oversexualized doll.

In a rising panic, Jennifer's mind raced for a solution. "Machine, change me to stand out less from the crowd!" she called out desperately. Her voice, usually calm and controlled, was now edged with a frantic urgency. She needed to reverse this transformation, to reclaim her identity, to wash away this garish mask that the machine had imposed on her. The thought of facing the world outside in this alien guise was unbearable. She waited, her heart pounding, hoping against hope that the machine would heed her plea and restore her to her true self.

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Jennifer's plea for a more subtle transformation only seemed to exacerbate her situation. The mechanical arm, interpreting her request in a way she hadn't anticipated, ensnared her once again in its unyielding grip. She felt a cold, liquid sensation as a special hair dye was applied, seeping into her scalp. "Hey, what's that? Are you dyeing my hair? I never asked for that! I want to stay a blonde!" Jennifer's protests echoed in the enclosed space, her voice laced with panic and disbelief. But this was no ordinary hair dye. The machine, equipped with advanced cosmetic technology, was applying a revolutionary formula designed to alter the very follicles of her hair. This dye wasn't just changing the color of her hair; it was reprogramming the genetic makeup of her hair follicles, ensuring that her hair would now naturally grow in this new, jet black color. The machine moved on to her eyes. Jennifer felt a sudden pressure as a needle-like apparatus positioned itself in front of her eyes. "Wait, stay away from my eyes, aah!" she screamed, but it was too late. The needle released dark pigments directly onto her irises. The pigments seeped into her eyes, permanently altering the color of her irises from their natural blue to a deep, unchangeable brown. In mere moments, Jennifer Haley's identity had been drastically and permanently transformed. Her blonde hair and blue eyes, once hallmarks of her British heritage, were now lost to the relentless mechanics of the transformation booth. She was left to reckon with the reality of her new appearance: jet black hair that would always grow in this foreign colour and brown eyes that would never again reflect the hue of her past.

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Upon checking her new appearance in the mirror, Jennifer's heart sank. The heavy makeup that had been so meticulously applied remained, stark and incongruous on her altered face. Her blonde hair, was now a deep, unnatural black. But the most jarring change of all was her eyes. The blue irises she had known all her life, the windows to her soul, had been replaced by an unrecognizable deep brown. However, amidst her shock and confusion, a reluctant thought surfaced – she couldn't deny that, objectively, she looked good as a brown-eyed brunette, possibly better than before. The jet black hair did complement her features in a way she hadn't anticipated.

“Fuck, this is wild! I hope this is reversible because I would be so mad if this machine took away my blue eyes and blonde hair from me! I said I didn't want to stand out, but I'm not Japanese, stupid machine!” Jennifer's voice was a mix of anger, frustration, and a creeping sense of dread. Her words echoed in the confined space of the booth, a lament for her lost identity.

As the words left her mouth, a cold realization washed over her. She had made a grave mistake. In her panic, she had spoken without thinking, her words betraying a deep-seated fear of losing her identity. But the machine, designed to respond to verbal cues, could interpret her plea literally and alter her even further.

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In a desperate bid to halt the transformation, Jennifer's mind raced to find a compromise: "Hey hey you know what I take it back, I don't mind having brown eyes and black hair anymore, I'll say I'm wearing contacts and I dyed my hair to change my style! Release me like I am now, I won't complain!" she pleaded with the machine, her voice laced with urgency and a hint of false reassurance. She tried to convince herself as much as the machine, clinging to the hope that she could still retain some semblance of her former self. But the machine, devoid of empathy and programmed only to complete its assigned task, remained indifferent to her pleas. "Customer feedback is paramount, not releasing until completed procedure," it responded in a cold, monotone voice. Jennifer's heart sank as she realized her entreaties were futile against the unfeeling logic of the machine.

Immobilized, Jennifer could do nothing as the mechanical arms gently guided her into a separate medical chamber within the auto-closet.

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Before Jennifer could fully process this transformation, a specialized mask was positioned in front of her face. It expertly reshaped her eye contours, creating epicanthic folds that completely transformed her eyes into those typical of East Asian features. Simultaneously, the mask worked to subtly alter the structure of her nose, ensuring it complemented her new facial appearance seamlessly.

In a moment of sheer panic, Jennifer tried to scream, "Stop this! I don't want this!" but her plea was cut short as her voice began to change. An injection administered to her neck painlessly transformed her voice box, altering her once familiar voice into a sweet, high-pitched tone, distinctly characteristic of a Japanese woman.

As the final alteration began, a pair of high-tech headphones was placed around her head. Emitting a complex symphony of electromagnetic waves and sound frequencies, the headphones targeted her language centers with precision. Jennifer's mastery of English began to fade, her mind frantically grasping at the disappearing language. In a reflexive attempt to communicate her terror, she screamed again, but this time, to her shock, her words emerged in fluent Japanese. Her mind reeled in disbelief, unable to comprehend the rapid and irreversible linguistic shift she had just experienced.

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The suit emitted a series of gentle vibrations and warmth, infusing her skin with a yellowish, more uniform hue typical of East Asian complexions.

Jennifer felt a tingling sensation across her body, making her feel suddenly horny. When she was released from the bodysuit, she quickly inspected her body. To her amazement, she noticed even her aureolas had darkened, matching her breasts with her Asian look. Adding to her shock, Jennifer realized that her pubic area had become unexpectedly hairy and unkempt, a stark contrast to her previous meticulously groomed appearance.

She noticed a small mirror in the autocloset.

Trembling with apprehension, Jennifer approached the mirror, her heart pounding in her chest. As she stood before the mirror, her eyes slowly lifted to meet her reflection, her breath caught in her throat. Staring back at her was a face completely unfamiliar, yet undeniably beautiful - an Asian face. Her eyes, once round and blue, were now almond-shaped and dark, framed by long, delicate lashes. Her nose, subtly reshaped, complemented the soft contours of her new facial structure. The transformation was thorough and meticulous, leaving no trace of the blonde-haired, blue-eyed woman she once was. A wave of panic washed over Jennifer. What would her family and friends think? How could she explain this radical change to the people who had known her all her life? The thought of their shock and potential rejection filled her with dread.

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Emerging from the booth, Jennifer was engulfed in a whirlwind of emotions. Her mind was a tumultuous sea, waves of disbelief and shock crashing against the shores of her reality. She now looked like a pretty Japanese girl in her 20s, a stark contrast to the blonde woman she once was. The reflection in the mirror was that of a stranger - beautiful, yes, but not her. Her once defining features were replaced with those typical of a young Japanese woman, making her blend seamlessly into the bustling streets of Tokyo. The thought that a machine could so profoundly alter someone's appearance was both astounding and terrifying. Jennifer had heard of advanced cosmetic procedures, but nothing to this. She could scarcely believe the technology existed that could so deeply and quickly change a person's ethnic appearance. As she stood there, trying to process her new reality, Jennifer realized that the allocated time for her makeover was drawing to a close. The machine had completed its task, and it was only a matter of time before it would release her. Panic set in as she considered the possibility of the machine losing the original settings of her looks. Desperate to revert to her former self, she pleaded with the machine, "Please, I need more time. I can't leave like this. You have to change me back!"

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But her plea fell on deaf ears. The machine, having completed its assigned task and with her credit exhausted, was unyielding. The cold, impersonal voice of the machine informed her, "Procedure complete. Please vacate the booth for the next customer." Jennifer's heart sank. She was trapped in this new identity, with no way to return to the woman she once was.

Jennifer stormed out of the booth, kicking it, her emotions boiling over with a mix of anger, shock, and determination. "I swear I am going to sue them!" she muttered under her breath, each word fueled by the injustice she felt. Her shiny red dress, clung to her figure, squeaking with each hurried step she took. The attention it garnered only added to her discomfort.

As she left the autocloset and stood in the bustling mall, Jennifer could feel the weight of numerous gazes on her. Men and women alike turned their heads, drawn to the striking figure she cut – the bold makeup accentuating her new features and the dress that seemed designed to make a statement. This was not the anonymity Jennifer had desired. Instead, she had become an unwitting spectacle, a magnet for curious and admiring looks.

Jennifer's striking transformation caught the attention of Mako, a colleague from her workplace who happened to be at the mall.