

Subject 7

Phase 3

Voice and Facial Modification to Female Ideals



Summary

Higher estrogen levels contribute to the development of feminine faces, as estrogen inhibits bone growth. Research suggests that males subconsciously select females with feminine faces as higher estrogen levels correlate highly with stronger maternal instincts.

During Phase 3, our efforts focus on providing Subject 7 with an idealized “pretty” female face. Female faces are smaller, have larger cheeks, and have smaller and less prominent brows, noses, and chins compared with male faces. Male faces tend to have chiseled features and larger bones while women’s faces tend to have softer, rounder contours.

Given subject’s scatter-brained hormonal state and the gradual nature of the changes, he remained unaware of the softening of his facial appearance. Instead, environmental feedback drew subject’s attention to the changes in his face. This report will focus on three specific incidents.

Incident One

Subject woke one morning and set about typical morning routine. When it came time for him to shave, subject lathered shaving cream in his hand and prepared to spread it on his face, but froze, staring at himself. He rinsed the lather off his hand, then reached up and touched his smooth, hairless cheek. “What the fuck?” He said, running his fingertips along his soft skin.

Barker glanced down at his breasts, then back at his face, clearly making the connection between the changes he was experiencing. Immediately, Barker sought out a local physician in nearby Waterport, a civilian town that had grown up on the fringes of the base. He made an appointment online, citing the reason for his visit as “private.” Due to

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the shortage of physicians on most off worlds, the earliest appointment was a week later. Arrangements began immediately for him to instead meet members of our team.

As planned and in keeping with efforts to assist Barker in his psychological journey to womanhood, that day a package was delivered to his door. The label indicated the box contained a prescription that had been written by Dr. Lee.

When Barker returned from duty that night, he brought the package inside and opened it, then immediately shouted, "goddamn it" and threw the box across the room, scattering colorful bras across the floor.

Later, Barker would collect the bras and stow them back in the box. Please note he did not throw them away but placed the box in a corner. The stress of running as well as running around all day left Barker suffering from aching breasts. Several days later, he submitted several searches about exercise, breast pain and the benefits of a sports bra. In addition, whatever media he chose to consume, whether television or searches on the cloud, he now received numerous ads for bras. The ads celebrated bras as fostering feelings of freedom and confidence, as well as serving as hallmarks of athleticism, all qualities our subject valued and which he increasingly came to associate with wearing a bra.

Bio-readings indicated his interest level in bras of all kinds grew substantially over the next week, with spikes in brain activity at the sight of each advertisement. Further, subliminal messages played at his domicile repeatedly urged him to wear a bra and suggested such an act would prove his courage.

At one point, he got up and went over to his box of bras, digging out a powder blue sports bra and holding it up to his chest. He blushed furiously, and his sense of shame won out over his conditioning as he tossed the bra on the back of a chair and went back to the couch, shaking his head. This incident made one thing clear: It was only a matter of time before our macho man slipped into his first bra.

Incident Two

As previously noted, Private Foundry, who had been the first to call attention to Barker's blossoming breasts, experienced an aroused reaction to the beginnings of his feminization. Several days after he'd noticed his lack of facial hair, Barker had arrived for the morning run and taken off his shirt. Despite the discomfort he experienced running without support as well as the lingering breast pain, subject had so far refused to wear any sort of stabilizing garment as he was determined to cling to masculine identity standards. Foundry, who'd grown more bold and now often teased and flirted with Barker, reached out and ran her thumb along his bottom lip.

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“Hey, Luscious Lips,” she said with a slight giggle. “Did you get lip implants?”

“What the hell are you talking about now?” Barker said. Neither he nor Foundry seemed to notice that the pitch of his voice had grown slightly higher.

“I just don’t remember you having a mouth like Tiana Gold,” Foundry said.

The model and actress Tiana Gold enjoys considerable celebrity throughout the systems and is particularly well-known for her pillowy lips. She partners with Gloss Cosmetics to produce her own line of lipsticks branded with the name “Luscious Lips.”

“Right. Whatever.” Barker shook his head and rolled his eyes. The group did their run, Barker still holding his arms close to his body, trying to minimize bounce.

When it was over, Foundry once more approached, letting her eyes dance across Barker’s face.

“Damn,” she said. “We should go out for a drink sometime.”

“A drink?” Barker looked around, raising his arms like a victorious gladiator. He placed a great deal of pride in his ability to “work” females and “wear them down.” So, the fact Foundry had asked him out after months of effort on his part was a triumph and proof of his manhood—or so he thought. She handed him her phone. “Give me your number,” she said.

Barker began to type in his number. He looked up, a smug smirk on his face. “What happened to ‘you’re not my type?’”

Foundry cupped Barker’s smooth cheek, then once more let her thumb brush against his plump, lower lip. “You are—*now*.”

Comment: In the judgement of the team, the efficacy of our subliminal messaging was clearly taking hold. Barker did not seem bothered by the fact that Foundry had taken on the traditionally masculine role, asking for the date and his number. In fact, bioreadings indicate he was slightly turned on by her asserting herself and taking command of the situation.

When Barker returned home after his shift, he immediately went to the mirror and gasped as he now recognized the changes Foundry had been referring to. His lips had grown plump. His eyes were now ringed by long, thick, curly lashes. His formerly straight nose had now grown smaller and sloped prettily, and his overall facial contours had grown more heart shaped.

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Special call out to OPS: Recognizing the opportunity to induce extra psychic dissonance in subject, OPS gave his face an instant makeover and had his image in the mirror replaced for a second by one wearing full makeup. He saw himself as Tiana Gold, with her trademark flowing purple hair and glittery lipstick and eyeshadow.

Seeing himself presenting as not only female but a glamorous female resulted in extreme anxiety. Barker began to hyperventilate, backing away from the mirror, shaking his head, then turned and ran to his bedroom, throwing himself onto his bed and pulling the covers over his head.

Incident Three

As Barker's breasts continued to develop, he'd taken to wrapping a bandage tightly around his chest in an effort to hide his bust. He'd convinced himself he still looked like a man, and that belief was about to be tested. On this day, he dropped by a local diner for dinner. As he ate, he noticed a man kept looking at him, then leaning over and talking to his friend. Barker sought to ignore the man's looks, and the man eventually got up and walked over. "I never do this," he said, "but you're so beautiful. Can I get your number?"

Barker froze, then shook his head. "I'm a guy," he said.

"Oh, hell," the other man said. "I'm so sorry. My bad." When he returned to his friend, the two laughed.

Suffering extreme anxiety, Barker asked the waitress for his check, paid and left. When he returned home, he once more stared in the mirror, shaking his head. "What the hell is happening to me?"

Later that night, Foundry called. "Hey," Barker said. His voice had now risen an octave and fell firmly in the typical female range.

"Oh," Foundry said, seeming surprised the phone had been answered by someone who sounded like a woman. "Um, can I speak to Errol?"

"This is me," Errol said. "Who did you think?" His hand went to his throat and after the call ended, he tested his voice, his confusion and duress rising as once more feedback from the outside world had forced him to confront his ever-changing biology.

The Date

Foundry called and arranged for the two of them to meet at a local bar near the base. By the time of the date, Barker's face had become 90% transformed. He looked like a woman. Additional feminine enhancements meant his cheeks stayed in a permanent

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blushed state, and his lips always looked glossy. In addition, his voice had now risen even further, with the buzzy quality normally associated with younger women.

In continuing their reversal of the traditional Old Earth roles much prized by Barker, Foundry insisted on picking him up. When he opened the door to his place, she gave him a once over and said, "Hey, gorgeous." Barker felt a small thrill, though for the first time the interaction seemed to strike him as wrong.

"Hey, I'm supposed to be the one calling you gorgeous," he said in his bright, new voice.

Hearing him speak, Foundry smiled and was clearly pleased. She put a hand on the small of his back and guided him to her convertible, opening the door for him. "Okay, seriously," Barker said, shaking his head, though he did get in the car. "Who's the guy here?"

"Oh, you're the man for sure," Foundry said, with a laugh.

Barker seemed to realize for the first time that he now had a higher voice than Foundry. He put a hand to his throat and coughed then said, "do I sound funny to you?"

Foundry, gunning the engine and spinning her wheels as she pulled away from the curb, shook her head. "No. Not at all," she shouted over the rumble of the engine.

Barker remained concerned, but dropped the issue.

When the couple arrived at the bar, the hostess greeted them with a, "Hey, ladies."

Barker was visibly shocked and embarrassed. "I'm not a lady," he said. With his pretty face and soft voice, the hostess took it for a kind of joke.

"Sorry, sluts," she said, using a more casual slang term females sometimes used to refer to each other. "You girls ready for a good time?" She grabbed a couple menus and led them into the bar. Barker started to protest again, but Foundry put an arm around his waist, leaned in close and said, "let it go."

They ate. Had drinks. Foundry even managed to drag Barker onto the dance floor. After, they went back to his place, kissing, pawing each other, pulling off each other's clothes. When Foundry pulled Barker's shirt off and saw the bandage wrapped around his chest, she immediately started to pull it off.

"Don't," Foundry said, pushing her hands away, hunching over defensively.

"Come on," Foundry said between kisses. "I just want to see."

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"Let's just make love," Barker said, leaning in for another kiss. Foundry accepted the kiss, but then yanked the bandage down off Barker's breasts while keeping one arm wrapped tightly around his waist.

"Stop," Barker squealed, struggling, but Foundry held him tight, cupping one of his breasts, squeezing while kissing him. Foundry tossed the bandage away, pushed Barker onto his back and climbed on top. He started to wrap his slender arms over his breasts, but Foundry blocked him staring down, noting his erect nipples, and then she leaned down and took one of his nipples in her mouth, sucking and nibbling.

Barker gasped with pleasure, his resistance shattering completely as he was overcome with waves of pleasure that curled his toes. Foundry began to play with his other breast while continuing to manipulate his nipple with her mouth and tongue. Barker threw his head back and dug his fingers into her shoulders, his reactions mirroring those of a female.

"I'm such a freak," he panted ashamed at what he was feeling, how he was acting, even as he found himself unable to resist.

Foundry sat up, a strand of saliva trailing from her mouth and down to his firm, swollen breast. She kept one hand on his other breast, massaging and let her eyes play across his chest. "You have nothing to be ashamed of," she said.

"I'm a guy," Barker said, though bioreadings and his facial expression suggest he was looking for assurances at this point rather than trying to assert any kind of masculinity. Barker merely felt vulnerable.

"I like you just like this," Foundry said, cupping his cheek, then leaning down and kissing him again.

Once more, evidence of the subliminal conditioning we had employed manifested itself. Though Barker did at one point role the couple over and attempt to take on the dominant position, when Foundry rolled them back over and then pinned his arms over his head, he experienced a pleasure spike nearing 10 on the Harken Index, and future struggles seemed intended to induce Foundry to dominate him, an experience which he now found erotic and pleasurable to an extreme.

After they made love, Foundry and Subject slept briefly. Foundry woke and while looking around his apartment, spotted the bra Barker had tossed on the back of a chair earlier (see Incident 1). She nodded and whispered, "I thought so." Curious, she looked inside the box and saw what she took to be Barker's clothes, which included a variety of different brassieres from practical sports bras to lacy and seductive.

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When Barker woke, she teased him and told him she wanted to see him in one of the lacy bras. Barker, predictably, declined and attempted to explain the bras were not his. Foundry teased him and flirted until he finally relented, standing still while Foundry moved into a position behind him and hooked him into his first bra.

Initially bashful and clearly ashamed, Barker eventually allowed Foundry to pressure him into striking a pose, which he chose a pose that had been subliminally implanted in his mind and came from a Tiana advertisement. Foundry then rewarded him with the best sex of his new life.

This sequence of events fused within Barker the idea that when he dressed in provocative feminine attire it would lead to erotic pleasure, thus countering his shame and resistance to wearing clothing and behaving in a manner he previously considered feminine and, therefore, inferior. He now began, and our subliminal program would re-enforce this change, to associate such clothes and actions with pleasure and power.

After their intense lovemaking, both slept for some time. When Barker woke, he pulled on a camisole-style bra, adjusted it and wore it under his t-shirt for the rest of the day as he puttered around his apartment.

Note: Foundry's role in facilitating Barker's adjustment to his new sexual identity proved invaluable. Agency should explore planting agents like her to assist future Projects as they adjust to their new lives.

Our next report will focus on the developmental changes to the rest of Barker's body as well as his evolving feminine psychological mindset.

See photos below.





Virtual makeover the "Luscious" Look.

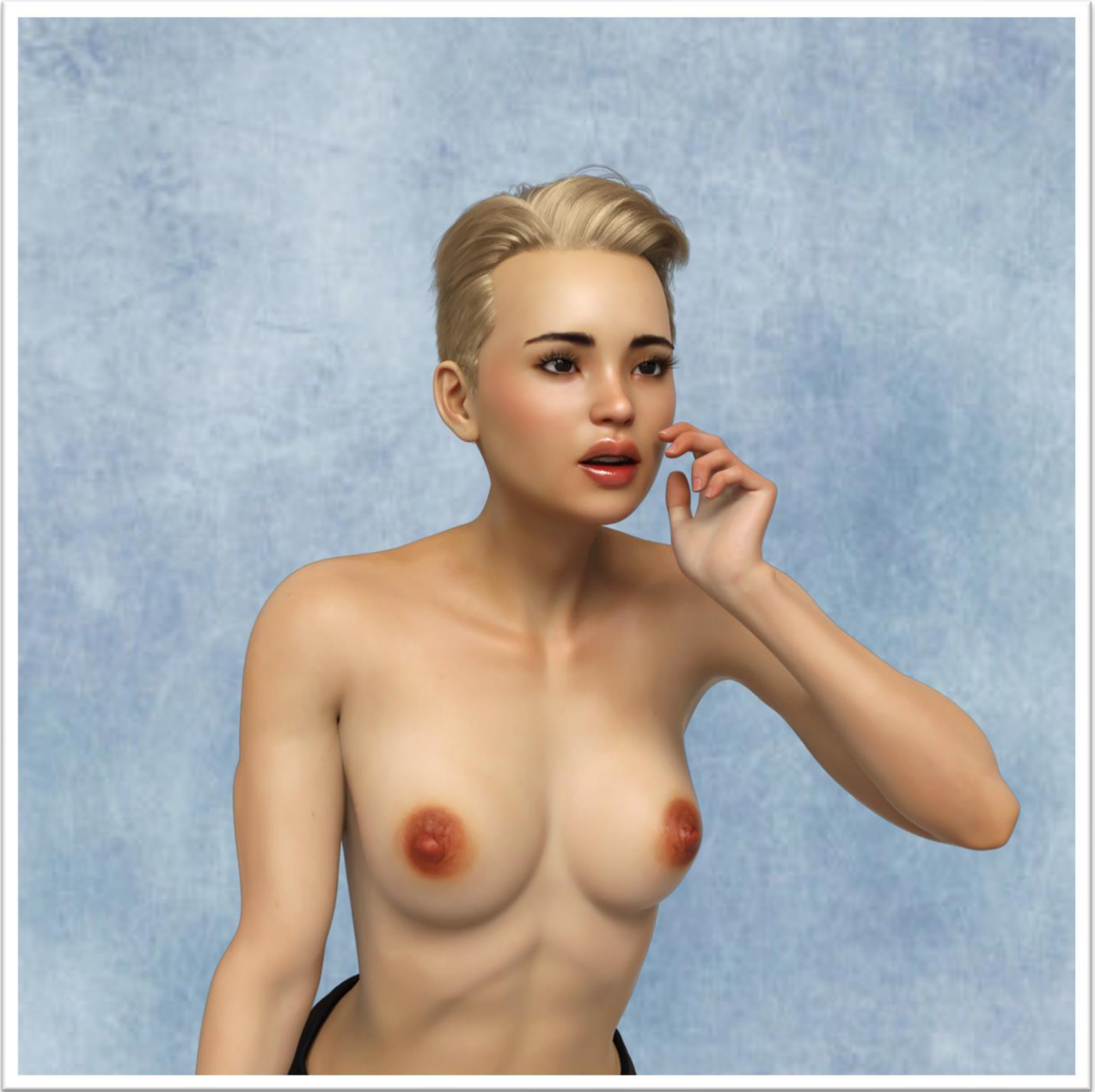


For purpose of comparison, the Tiana Promotional that served as the inspiration for Barker's virtual makeover.









Alternate Takes



This shot I didn't give him the glamour hair, but then decided to try the hair to see how I liked it and went with that one.

Alternate Tiana Luscious Ads



My original concept for the Makeup ad that inspired Barker's virtual makeover—with a different name for her cosmetics line. I was having so much fun trying to create glamorous fashion shots I made another.

