

Autocloset

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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.

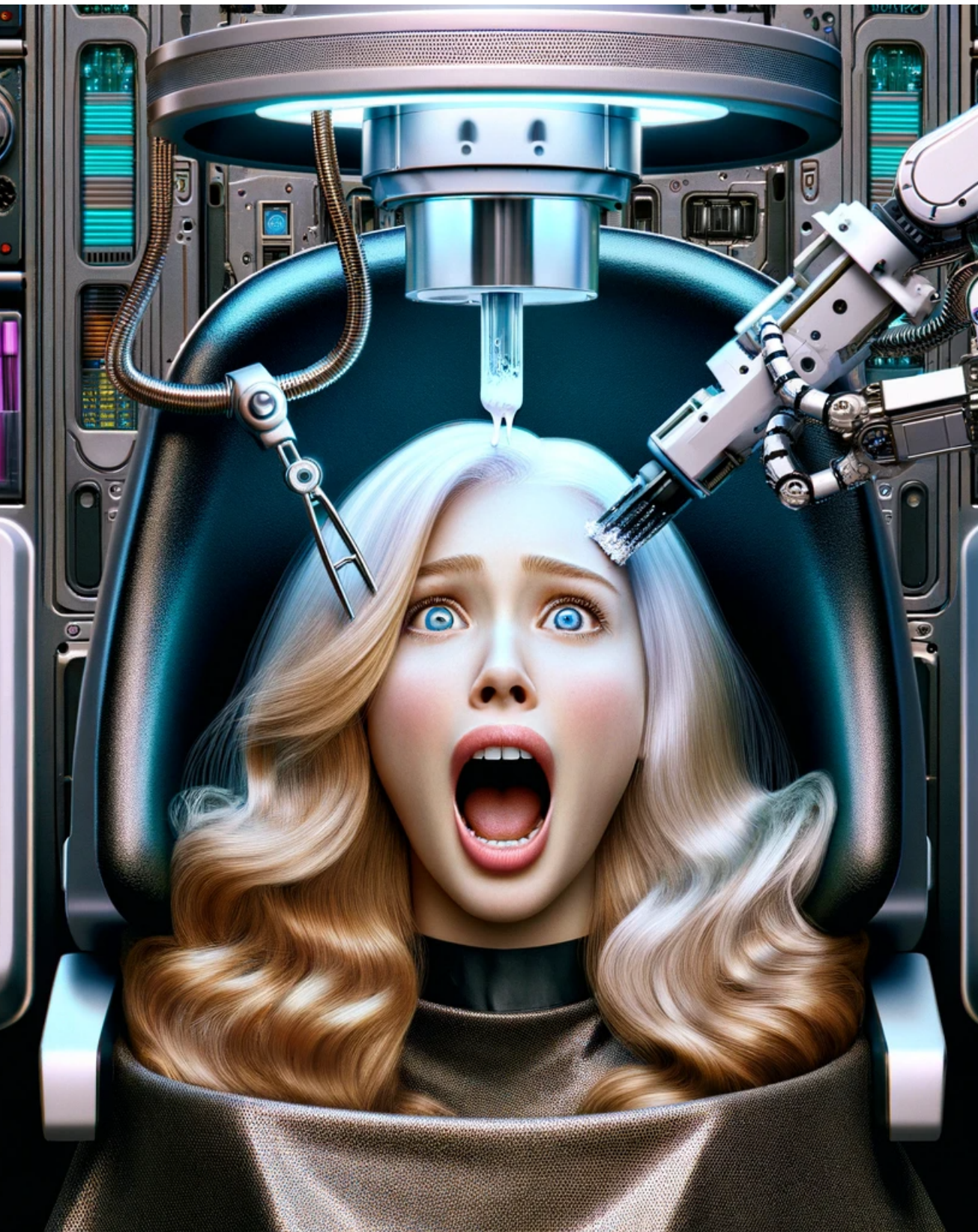
The promise of an immersive, automated makeover experience had intrigued her, despite her reservations. As she stepped into the sleek, futuristic chamber, a wave of apprehension washed over her. This was uncharted territory, far from the traditional beauty salons she was accustomed to back in the UK.

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.



Mako, a reserved woman with an understated elegance, had just finished selecting an outfit for herself. Unknown to many, Mako harbored her own secret - she was a closeted lesbian, often finding herself captivated by the beauty of other women yet constrained by her own fears and societal expectations.

As Mako's eyes fell upon Jennifer, she was immediately intrigued. Approaching Jennifer tentatively, Mako asked with genuine curiosity, "Excuse me, but may I know who you are?"

Jennifer, still reeling from her ordeal, felt a flush of embarrassment color her cheeks. The last thing she wanted was to draw more attention, but Mako's gentle demeanor prompted her to explain the bizarre sequence of events. As she recounted her story, Mako listened in disbelief, her eyes widening at the realization that the stunning woman before her was the same Jennifer she knew from work. The dramatic change in Jennifer's appearance, from a blonde English woman to a Japanese beauty, was both startling and strangely alluring to her.

Mako couldn't hide her fascination. "You look so adorable!" she exclaimed, her voice tinged with a mix of admiration and excitement. The idea that the machine had transformed Jennifer in such a way seemed like something out of a fantasy, and Mako found herself unexpectedly drawn to her.

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Mako offered to help her fix her appearance. She suggested they could use her account to access the transformation booth, given that Jennifer had impulsively kicked the machine earlier, deactivating her account. Jennifer, feeling a glimmer of hope, agreed to Mako's proposal. As they approached the booth, Mako's mind raced with possibilities. For Mako, it was a chance to perhaps bring Jennifer closer to her own hidden desires, to shape her into an image that resonated with her own suppressed longings. As Mako guided Jennifer back into the transformation booth, there was a mischievous glint in her eyes. Mako inputted the settings, and the machine whirred into action, initiating another round of changes. Jennifer felt the mechanical arms move around her, changing her attire. When the transformation was complete, she looked down to see herself in a red silky outfit, that shimmered with every movement. Her attire was adorned with delicate jewels, adding a touch of elegance and tradition. Her hair had been restyled into a hairdo inspired by traditional Japan, adding to the authenticity of her new look. However, Jennifer was not amused. She was already struggling with her new identity, and this additional change felt like a mockery of her situation. "What is this? Why did you dress me like this?" she demanded, her voice tinged with frustration and anger. Mako couldn't help but giggle at Jennifer's reaction. "I'm just having some fun," she explained, trying to lighten the mood. "Is it so bad to be Japanese for a while?" "No" - replied Jennifer, not wanting to offend her colleague "They why not having some fun?"



Seeing Jennifer's distress, Mako quickly reassured her. "Anyay, I will fix you now," she said, her tone shifting to one of sincerity and concern. Mako, still wielding control over the transformation booth settings, decided to make another alteration. Despite Jennifer's clear distress and desire for a return to normalcy, Mako inputted commands for a further change, one that deviated from Jennifer's wishes. As the booth whirred back to life, Jennifer felt a peculiar sensation as the machine adjusted her body. She could feel her breasts becoming slightly larger, an unwelcome and unexpected change. Jennifer's discomfort grew as she realized that Mako was not restoring her original appearance but modifying it further. When the transformation was complete and Jennifer stepped out of the booth, she found herself dressed in an extravagant, satiny frilly red dress with a sweetheart neckline, which accentuated her newly enlarged bust. To add to the flamboyance, she was adorned with frilly satin gloves and a sparkling tiara. Jennifer felt like she was being dressed up as a doll, her own desires and comfort completely disregarded. "Mako, what have you done? This isn't what I wanted at all!" Jennifer exclaimed, her voice filled with a mix of frustration and disbelief. She couldn't understand why Mako would choose to further alter her appearance in such a dramatic and attention-grabbing way. As Jennifer stood there, visibly distressed and overwhelmed, Mako couldn't help but laugh it off. She looked at Jennifer and, despite the obvious discomfort, playfully commented, "You look like a princess!" Her laughter echoed in the space, a stark contrast to the tense atmosphere.

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Mako continued to treat the situation lightly, genuinely finding her new look appealing. Jennifer, feeling like a spectacle in her extravagant attire and altered appearance, struggled to maintain her composure. Seeing the distress in Jennifer's eyes, Mako finally seemed to grasp the gravity of the situation, though her approach remained lighthearted. "Okay, sorry for teasing you. I promise we'll fix this," she said with a reassuring smile. "The next step will be turning your hair blonde again. We'll have you back to your old self in no time." The booth whirred to life once again, and Jennifer felt a familiar sensation as the mechanical arms began their work. She watched as her black hair was treated with a dye, transforming it into a shade of blonde. But this blonde was different – it was unnaturally bright, almost artificial in appearance, clashing starkly with her now Asian features. The dissonance between her hair color and her altered facial characteristics only served to heighten Jennifer's sense of alienation from her own appearance. As if that wasn't enough, Jennifer felt her breasts growing slightly larger, an enhancement that she neither needed nor wanted. She looked down at her new figure, her sense of self eroding further with each change. The red satin dress she wore was adjusted to accentuate this latest alteration, featuring a cut that revealed her cleavage. The dress, already flamboyant, now took on a more provocative edge, highlighting her enhanced bust in a way that made her feel exposed and uncomfortable. Mako, observing the results, seemed pleased with the changes, seemingly unaware of the internal turmoil Jennifer was experiencing. "See, you look gorgeous as a blonde!" Mako exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with what she thought was a job well done. "Are you serious? I'm still a Japanese with dyed hair! Can't you just fix me once for all?"

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Mako's smile was laced with a mischievous glint as she spoke to Jennifer. "Look, right now, your appearance is like a blank canvas. We have this amazing opportunity to experiment a bit. Why don't we have some fun before changing you back? Let's go out for dinner tonight, and I promise, we'll return you to your original self tomorrow if that's what you still want." Jennifer felt a mix of resignation and curiosity. "Shit, I guess I have to accept. One day like this won't be too bad, I guess. Of course I will want to change back."

"Great! Let's turn you back into a brunette first; that look suited you more," Mako said, her voice tinged with excitement. "And let's pick a different outfit for you."

As Jennifer stepped back into the booth, her hair was transformed once more into jet black, cascading elegantly around her shoulders. Her dress morphed into a stylish, revealing red cocktail dress that flattered her figure. In the final moments, headphones descended, enveloping her in a symphony of sounds, while a series of flashes flickered before her eyes, each flash accompanied by images of stunning Japanese women. Unknown to Jennifer, these sensory inputs were part of Mako's final alteration, subtly shifting her sexual orientation to lesbian.



Jennifer didn't immediately realize this change; she only felt an unusual captivation towards Mako. Her brown, almond-shaped eyes, her black silky hair, her light perfect skin, everything about Mako sent Jennifer shockwaves of excitement down her spine. Despite her uncomfortable situation, she felt herself looking forward to a dinner with her. They left the booth and headed to a nearby restaurant. Jennifer did her best to avoid getting noticed by Mako while gazing over her legs, covered in dark stockings, or her cleavage, but a couple of times the two locked eyes, Mako bursting in a little giggle and Jennifer feeling a surge of embarrassment as a blush tinged her porcelain cheeks. She had never been into women, what was happening to her now? And of all women, why Mako, who was treating her like a personal doll? As they were seated, Jennifer looked around, noticing the clientele. There were mostly same-sex couples. "Wait, where are we? Is this a gay bar or something?" Jennifer asked, a hint of realization dawning on her. Mako leaned in closer, her voice soft but confident. "I thought you'd figure it out, dear. Yes, it's a kind of gay bar. Welcome to a different side of the world." Before Jennifer could process the information, Mako leaned in and kissed her. Jennifer tried to resist, but to her surprise, the kiss was igniting a previously unknown desire within her. It was a revelation that both confused and excited her, opening a door to a world she had never explored. "No, stop!" - she tried to say, but the sound of her voice was muffled. Mako smiled "First kiss with a woman, huh? I bet it won't be the last!"



The next morning, after a night filled with unexpected intimacy and exploration, Mako and Jennifer were having a stroll at the mall together, where Jennifer got a new red frilly outfit. For some reason, Jennifer enjoyed being an eye candy for Mako. Mako gazed at Jennifer with a mixture of lust and curiosity. "How do you feel about all this?" she asked softly. "Being transformed into a Japanese woman, discovering this new side of your sexuality, even your style... it's a lot to take in." Jennifer paused, her emotions a complex mix of confusion, anger, and pleasure. She turned to Mako, her voice tinged with anger and betrayal. "I trusted you, Mako. You played with my identity, my sexuality... everything! It's all so far from who I was. You really messed with my brain, Mako." Mako responded with a smirk, "But you seemed to enjoy it last night, didn't you?" A conflicted expression crossed Jennifer's face, mirroring the turmoil within. "I know. I'm so turned on by all of this," she confessed, her voice wavering as she turned back to face Mako, her eyes rolling upwards in pleasure. Mako smiled "I understand it's a lot to process" she said softly. Jennifer's eyes flickered with a mix of emotions. "I... I don't know," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "This is all so new to me. I never thought I'd feel this way, especially with another woman. But being with you, Mako, it's been... it's been incredible." Her words trailed off, laden with uncertainty. Her gaze lingered on Mako's exposed cleavage, showcased by her black revealing outfit.

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Mako watched Jennifer grapple with her new identity. After a moment of contemplation, she offered a potential solution. "Jennifer, I've played long enough with you. There might be a way to turn you back into your real self, we should contact the company making those autoclosets to see if the exact settings of your old self might be still available." Jennifer's eyes lit up with a flicker of hope, yet there was a visible hesitation. "Do you think that's possible?" she asked tentatively. "We should at least try," Mako responded, nodding confidently. "Let's reach out to them now!" Together, they reached out to the customer service of the transformation booth company, explaining Jennifer's predicament. The representative on the line listened intently, but after checking their systems, they delivered disheartening news. "I'm sorry, but the specific data and settings for your original appearance have been lost. However, as compensation for this inconvenience, we're offering you a free lifetime subscription to our services." Jennifer's heart sank at the news. The prospect of not being able to return to her exact former self was daunting. Yet, the offer of a lifetime subscription opened up a realm of possibilities. Mako observed Jennifer's internal conflict and tried to offer reassurance. "We can still change you back to a blonde, blue-eyed woman, though not exactly as you were." Jennifer pondered her options. "It better work, because I can't live like this!" They headed to the autocloset, and Jennifer entered it once more. As the machine whirred to life, Jennifer watched her hair color lighten to a striking blonde, and her eyes shift back to a familiar blue. A flicker of relief crossed her face, but it was short-lived. As she stepped out of the booth, she realized that her Asian features and skin tone remained unchanged.



"What the hell, Mako?" Jennifer exclaimed, her voice rising in anger and confusion. "You said I could go back to being white! Why am I still Japanese?" Mako feigned a look of confusion and concern, quickly checking the machine. "I don't understand... It seems like there's an issue. I set it to change your ethnicity, but it looks like it can only alter hair and eye color now. I'm so sorry, Jennifer, it seems we can't reverse the ethnicity change."

"So, I'm stuck with an Asian face for good?" she asked, her voice tinged with disbelief and a hint of despair. Her eyes, now a striking blue, contrasted sharply against her Asian features, giving her a J-pop look. Jennifer looked at Mako, a complex mix of emotions in her eyes. "This is me now," she said, a hint of acceptance in her voice. Mako, standing behind Jennifer, couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement at the sight. She loved seeing Jennifer, once an ordinary white woman, now forced to live as a pretty Japanese woman. Jennifer, catching Mako's reflection in the mirror, noticed the subtle look of satisfaction on her face. It dawned on Jennifer that Mako might actually relish in her new, permanent identity. "You like this, don't you? Seeing me stuck like this..." Jennifer accused, her voice a mix of realization and resentment. The argument between Jennifer and Mako quickly escalated, yet there was an undercurrent of tension that wasn't entirely hostile.

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Mako's words, laced with a hint of dominance, seemed to ignite a spark within Jennifer, turning the dispute into something more akin to a lover's quarrel. As Mako spoke, her voice firm yet enticing, Jennifer found herself slipping into a more submissive role. The anger and resentment she felt were slowly being overshadowed by an undeniable attraction to Mako. The intensity of their argument only served to fuel their intimate connection, transforming their disagreement into a passionate exchange. In the heat of the moment, Mako gently, yet assertively, suggested a final change to Jennifer's appearance. "You know, Jennifer, I think you'd look even more stunning with your eyes and hair back to their natural Asian beauty. Why don't we embrace this change fully?" Caught up in the excitement of reinvention and Mako's apparent approval, Jennifer felt a rush of exhilaration at the thought of transforming into Mako's ideal. She was intrigued by the allure of aligning her appearance with Mako's desires. "I guess you're right Mako. At this point, I only look weird with blue eyes and blonde hair." The autocloset quickly restored Jennifer's hair to rich black and her eyes to a striking dark brown. Standing in front of the mirror later, Jennifer observed her transformation with a mix of wonder and acceptance. Her eyes, once a vivid blue, were now a deep, captivating brown, harmonizing perfectly with her straight black hair. The exotic allure of her appearance was not lost on her, nor on Mako, who watched with a sense of triumph and desire. Jennifer, now fully embracing her new identity, couldn't deny the sensuality that her Asian features exuded.

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Amidst her self-reflection, Jennifer grappled with a lingering identity crisis. At times, she yearned to break free from Mako's orbit, to reclaim the vestiges of her former self. She found herself pleading with Mako, her voice laced with desperation. "Please, Mako, I need to find myself again. Can't we reverse the sexuality change? I want to be straight again, to remember who I was."

Mako, fueled by a desire for control, misled Jennifer, promising to restore her straight orientation. Guiding her to the autocloset under this pretense, Mako secretly implemented a different transformation. As Jennifer entered the booth, expecting to regain her previous identity, Mako activated a program to reshape her into a new persona entirely. As Jennifer stood within the autocloset, the transformative process initiated by Mako began to weave its intricate web. She felt a strange sensation, like a current flowing through her brain, subtle at first but growing in intensity. The memories of her life as Jennifer began to blur, like mist fading at dawn, being slowly replaced by vivid recollections of a life she had never lived – that of Mikan, a confident Japanese lesbian with a penchant for exhibitionism.

"Mikan," Mako called out, her voice resonating with a sense of ownership. Jennifer turned instinctively at the sound of the name, only to catch herself mid-response. "Yes, I'm... Oh no, I'm not Mikan, I'm... I... forgot!" The realization hit her like a wave, a mix of panic and disbelief washing over her. But as quickly as the panic arose, it dissolved into an inexplicable contentment. The autocloset's programming had seamlessly interwoven Mikan's identity into her psyche.



As she stepped out, Jennifer – now fully embracing her identity as Mikan – found herself reveling in her newfound persona. Her transformation into Mikan had been so complete that Jennifer's memories now felt like distant, hazy dreams. Mikan's life was characterized by bold fashion choices, reflecting her unapologetic and exhibitionist nature. Much to the delight of Mako. Mikan thrived in her new reality, pursuing a career as a model, where her striking appearance and captivating presence quickly made her a favorite. Her relationship with Mako evolved into a deep, loving partnership, with Mikan embracing her role as Mako's devoted and vivacious lover.

One day, Mako, with a hint of trepidation in her voice, asked Mikan if she remembered anyone named Jennifer. For a moment, Mikan's expression went blank, as if searching for a memory that was no longer there. Then, with a light laugh, she responded, "Jennifer? Sounds like a Gaijin name. Was she an ex-lover of yours?" Her tone was playful and teasing.

Mako, relieved and amused by Mikan's reaction, replied with a hint of mischief, "Haha, maybe. But you, Mikan, you're so much better." Their laughter filled the room, dissolving any remnants of doubt on Mikan's past identity.