



Contrary to our assumptions before beginning this series of experiments, it is now our opinion that men with old world attitudes toward women make the most successful wives and mothers.

With his transition to biological female and gradual adoption of certain female behavior patterns, particularly the kind of feminine behavior he had fetishized in women of Asian descent, the decision was made to provide Subject 7 leave to visit his family.

As previously noted, Barker comes from a value that practiced old world values, where the females were expected to become mothers and homemakers, doing their duty to have babies in service of the state. The hope is that interacting with his family, Barker will find himself pressured to do his duty and become a breeder. Barker has four sisters, all but one of whom is married. Three have already become mothers. His fourth sister, still in college since college is considered an ideal place to meet potential mates, is engaged.

Our plan began to bear fruit even before the journey, as Barker began to experience extreme anxiety regarding what clothes to wear. In his family, the females wore traditional clothes at family gatherings: skirts and dresses. More functional clothes were allowed under certain circumstances; for example, if the girls decided to do yoga together in the morning, which his sisters often chose to do, sometimes joined by their mother. Foundry, seeing a perfect chance to push Barker further into femininity, urged him to buy some dresses and other feminine clothes for the trip, assuring him he would alienate a family already unnerved by his gender change were he to show up defying family conventions.

Consequently, Barker found himself shopping with Foundry, though they did it virtually from the relative safety of their shared living quarters.

“I don’t know,” Barker said, looking at a dress style popular in the 1950s. Bioreadings indicate extreme anxiety at the thought of wearing a dress. Subject’s frayed and fading sense of masculinity rightfully felt threatened, recognizing that wearing gender specific clothes like dresses and skirts would further erode his former identity. “It seems a little.... Feminine?”

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Foundry punched him on the arm. “Ow!”

“Barksy. Dude. It’s a dress. Of course, it’s going to be feminine. There’s no such thing as a masculine dress.”

“No such thing…” Barker whispered, and his heart rate spiked. Foundry’s comment only further increased his sense of terror at the thought of what he was becoming, the message he would be sending to the world if he started wearing dresses. He’d done a search for Old World Clothes> Female, seemingly unable to consciously search for dresses, and what had popped up was an extremely feminine dress with a plunging neckline, an A-line skirt and puff sleeves. It was also pink. “Not for me,” Barker said, clearly horrified at even the thought of wearing a dress like that. He started to swipe to another dress, but Foundry grabbed his wrist.

“Try it on,” she said. “The longer you linger on the diving board, the harder the jump.”

Barker’s mouth dropped open and his eyes went wide. “That thing is ridiculous. I’d never—”

“Try it on,” Foundry repeated in a hard tone, giving his wrist a squeeze.

For a moment it seemed the old Barker might make an effort to assert himself, but instead, shifting into the persona he’d begun to adopt since becoming his own fetish, he suddenly giggled and smiled, tilting his head to the side. “Okay. Fine.” He started to get up, taking the Smart Pad with him, but Foundry pulled it from his small hands.

“I’ll take care of it, babe.”

Barker stood moved slightly away. Foundry clicked, and the virtual reality function kicked in as Barker suddenly found himself wearing the dress. Looking down he saw all the pink, his skirt rising from his slender waist, the lowcut top. “Satisfied?” Barker said, but with a sassy, feminine playfulness that dispelled any bite the words may have had.

“Not at all.” Foundry grinned. “Full accessories.” With that, Barker found a purse dangling from his fingers, while the mirror that materialized in front of him showed a cute little hat with a big flower perched on his head. The dress also now featured a floral pattern. “Eeee!” Barker squealed like a frightened mouse in what could have been the sounds of his manhood dying. “Get it off me.” He tried to throw the purse away, but since it was virtual it stayed attached to his fingers.

If anything, Barker seemed even more disgusted to be holding a purse. His face contorted and he shook his arm violently, as if he had a diseased Fuller Cyberat biting his hand.

“Just relax. It’s not even real.”

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Barker, blushing, cringing, deeply ashamed, kept glancing at himself in the mirror. At the same time, he was horrified, he was also fascinated at the sight of himself, now fully female and dressed like a movie star from the 1950s.

Foundry loved seeing Barker all dolled up and also consumed with shame, and she decided to have some fun. “Do a twirl.”

“A what?” Barker said, looking away from the offending presence of his purse.

“A twirl. Come on. Then, I’ll switch to another dress.”

“Fine,” Barker huffed, sounding just like a frustrated teen. He closed his eyes, summoning his willpower, then did a twirl, the skirt of his dress rising and floating around his thighs as he did so. It was not, we should not, a very graceful twirl. When he was done, a blushing and mortified Barker put a hand on his hip and tilted his head to the side. “Happy?”

“Yup,” Foundry said. The dress Barker had been wearing flickered and vanished, replaced by a body hugging little black dress. This time Barker found he was holding a clutch purse. “I’m going to visit my family,” Barker said, looking at himself out of the corner of his slitted eyes, “not hitting a club.”

Foundry put him through his paces as she draped him in dress after dress, then short skirts and blouses. As much as she pushed, she couldn’t convince him to wear anything too flirty— he refused to show any cleavage and his hemlines couldn’t be too high. He was able to stick to his position despite pressure from Foundry due to his honest belief that his mother would be very upset if her son showed up dressed like a hussy.

The Visit

Although we were not able to secure legal clearance to observe Miss Barker’s visit to her family, we were able to glean a great deal about the experience both from her final conversations with Foundry as well her therapy sessions with Dr. Collins, another Psyops agent.

When Barker arrived at the spaceport, he found his sisters there to pick him up. Much to his surprise, his sisters greeted him warmly, with hugs and kisses. He noticed their demeanor was totally different than it had been throughout his life. Paige, his older sister explained. “Your one of the girls now,” she said. “We all decided to welcome you to the other side of the family.”

When Barker arrived at the house, he was summoned to his father’s office, where his parents waited for him. His father avoided looking at him, instead focusing his attention primarily on his rocks glass. “Now that you’re a female, you need to understand that the

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expectations for you are the same as for your sisters,” his father said. “You’re to marry and have kids. You understand?” He took a drink, still not looking at his former son. “There is nothing more noble than motherhood, no more important task a woman can perform.” He took another sip.

Barker told Foundry he’d been surprised and unsurprised by his father’s comments. On the one hand, he was a man who had always been consistent and unshakeable in his beliefs. On the other, Barker had been hoping to get a pass based on the fact he’d been born male. He could only nod, knowing there was no point arguing with his father, though the thought of a future as a wife and mother terrified him.

“I’m glad we’ve come to an understanding,” His father said, though Barker hadn’t said a word. “Mother?”

Barker’s mother took his arm and led him from the office and down to her sewing room. She cupped his cheeks. “How do you feel?” She asked.

“Numb,” he’d answered, his voice higher and softer than his mother’s.

“You won’t have any trouble finding a man,” his mother had said. “You’re very pretty.”

Hearing his mother talk about him finding a man in the same way she might discuss him finding a pair of shoes shocked Barker. “I don’t want a man,” Barker had admitted. “I don’t want to get married and have babies.”

“It’s your duty,” his mother had said. “As a female.”

After, Barker found his sisters on the back deck sitting in a circle. They handed him a glass of white wine. His sister, Ann, frowned. “Based on that shell shocked look on your face, you got the talk.” She raised her glass. “To the nobility of motherhood!

The woman all raised their glasses and laughed. “Somehow,” Paige added, “I just don’t feel all that noble when I’m changing a dirty diaper.”

Traditionally, the Barker men smoked cigars and watched sports in the den while the women gathered in the kitchen. Barker reported feeling like he’d been demoted as he found himself relegated to the kitchen with the girls, helping them make dinner. However, with his newfound people pleasing personality, he opted to adopt a cheerful, smiley demeanor. As he and the other women prepared their meal, the conversation revolved around their kids, their boyfriends, their husbands. This is my future, Barker had thought. This is who I am going to become.

The thought of refusing his “duty” was even more unthinkable than giving in to it. He’d been raised to believe family was the most important thing, and if he didn’t do his duty as a

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female, he would be outcast. Likewise, in Barker's traditional family, a relationship with another woman was not acceptable. Upon his return to base, Barker tearfully broke up with Foundry.

Discussion

Barker resigned his position in the military. Although this would not normally be a simple matter, given it fit in with our plans for Subject it was expedited. Not feeling safe living alone as a female, he moved in with his sister, Paige. Once more submitting to the traditional female role expected of him in his family, Barker found a job working in a daycare, where he hoped to learn how to be a good mother. Paige, meanwhile, helped him learn to do his face, walk in heels and otherwise send the signals that would attract a traditional man.

Barker soon found himself the object of a great deal of male attention, and not all of it was from traditional males. Barker preferred women, but his mother had impressed upon him that his preferences didn't matter. He should select a man who could provide for him and his children. In search of such a mate, Barker began dating, and each potential mate was then screened by his mother. If the male met with his mother's approval, he was then introduced to the father, who ultimately would decide who Barker would marry. Within a year Barker had found a mate that met his family standards and accepted an engagement.

Based on the results of this experiment and somewhat counter-intuitive to prior expectations, it is now believed that men with traditional or old-world values ultimately will make better breeders and should be harvested for this purpose. The degree of a subject's masculinity is not as strong an indicator of their fitness as once thought, although we will continue to explore how we can manipulate a male's notions of toughness to help him accept the burdens of life as a wife and mother, particularly in that our plans will result in each new breeder having at least five babies during his fertile years.

End Report (Final Pictures Below)











