

# Fertility project



My name is Barbara Lawson, an American expat living in Japan. I've fallen in love with this country, though sometimes, the cultural adjustments can be challenging. Recently, I found myself on a journey from Tokyo to Kyoto, comfortably seated in a women-only carriage. Among the passengers, I stood out as the only Caucasian woman, a fact that had become increasingly apparent with the noticeable decline in expat numbers in recent months. I was wondering why was that phenomenon happening, when unexpectedly a ticket checker approached me. Despite my valid ticket, he requested that I follow him. A bit anxious, I obliged. Standing up, I couldn't help but notice a few glances directed at me. It's true that as a cute, blonde, busty woman in Japan, I often attracted attention, sometimes admiring, sometimes curious. I felt a bit at unease at the whole situation.

I followed the man into a room that bore an unsettling resemblance to a medical examination room. I sat down. A series of questions followed, mundane at first, but each one seemed to probe deeper, making me increasingly uncomfortable. The man eventually offered me a glass of water, and as I drank, a sudden wave of dizziness overwhelmed me. I didn't completely lose my consciousness but I felt weak and unable to oppose myself to the will of these people.

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My vision blurred, and a cold sweat broke out on my forehead. I stumbled towards a medical bed in the corner, my heart pounding in my chest. The room spun around me, and I felt a chilling sense of vulnerability as a nurse appeared, her expression unreadable. She undressed me and assisted me into a tight, warm and wet bodysuit. The fabric clung to my body, in a way that made me feel uncomfortable. What was the purpose of this? Why was I being treated like a patient, or worse, a specimen?

Then came the needles. With each injection, a strange heat spread through my body, intensifying my fear. Then, I glimpsed my reflection in a mirror above. My blue eyes were darkening, transforming into a deep brown, and my blonde hair was visibly darkening from the roots and becoming jet black. I was horrified. The nurse approached with a mask hooked to a network of tubes. Her face, previously expressionless, now twisted into a sinister grin, sending a chill down my spine. With trembling lips and wide, fearful eyes, I let out a muffled, high-pitched scream, a desperate plea muffled by the impending mask. But it was too late. The mask descended over my face, cutting off my vision, enveloping me in darkness. The last thing I felt was the cold touch of the mask against my skin and the hiss of whatever gas or substance it was set to administer.

Although unconscious I felt something happening to my body and face. It was as if everything was refolding itself. Then I woke up.

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I was in a hospital bed. I recalled the train, the nurse, my face changing. Frantically, I sat up, my eyes darting around for a mirror, but there were none. I stared at my hands. My skin, once a familiar shade, now had an odd yellowish tinge. Or was it just the lighting? Any why was I so flat-chested now? Panic rose in my throat as I pulled at my hair, expecting the familiar feel of my long blonde locks. Instead, my fingers met shorter, straighter strands. Lifting a strand to my eyes, I gasped. It was jet black, a deep, natural black that suggested no trace of dye. I wasn't a blonde anymore. A nurse noticed me and quietly talked to me. Her words were in Japanese, a language I had become familiar with during my time in Japan, but never mastered to perfection. "It's ok young lady, the operation went well. You must be confused now but everything will be clear soon. Let me call in the doctor for you." – she said, while handing me a mirror. The reflection staring back at me was shocking, confirming my gravest fears. I was looking at the face of a young Japanese woman, around 20 years old. My western features had vanished, replaced by distinctly Asian eyes, a narrower face, and softer jawline. My alien, slanted, brown eyes looked into themselves in the mirror. There was no trace of the Barbara Lawson I knew. I erupted in a high-pitched scream – even my voice had been altered, I sounded like a teenager!

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I then scanned the rest of my body, noting further drastic changes. My physique had slimmed down considerably; the curves that had once defined my figure, particularly my breasts, were significantly reduced, making me look more petite and delicate. Even my height seemed to have diminished. A Japanese man entered the room, his soothing voice trying to calm me down as he was applying electrodes on my head.

“This is a big change, I know, but the Japanese government had made increasing fertility rates a priority. You were a good candidate, you’re smart, speak Japanese, too bad you were a gaijin!”

“So you made me Asian? This is crazy! You can’t do this against my will, I will sue you!” – I screamed, my unfamiliar high-pitched voice sounding nothing like intimidating.

The man smiled and continued, unimpressed: “In order to facilitate the adaptation to your new role, your brain will now be rewired. Can you even remember your old name by now?”

“Mio...” – my brown eyes went wide open. I could remember was that I was a white woman, yet the only name I could associate myself with was Mio Nakamira. And I couldn’t even recall my true facial features! I tried detaching the electrodes but I was tied to the bed so I could only watch as they slowly eradicated most of my real memories and knowledge, replacing them with those expected from a 20 years old Japanese woman, and altered my language skills, replacing most of my English skills with Japanese.

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After the brainwashing I felt nothing like myself. I could barely speak English, I had forgotten my name and nationality, I couldn't even recall how I used to look like! I probably had coloured eyes and light hair, but that's a stereotype, not all gaijin look like that.

One day, walking downtown where I used to hang out I bumped into a young blonde man, whose face rang a bell in my overwritten memories. My heart sank. He was my boyfriend! I mustered my courage and spoke to him in my best English.

"Lyan, you have to tlast-o me, I'm-o youl gilflend-o! They did-o sis to me, it's-o a special ploglum fo lethility-o! Oh God no, don't-o lun away!"

He was starting to run away, freaked out by the weird Japanese girl I was now, when I grabbed him.

"I tell you, Lyan! I can balery speak-o English-o now! I don't know how did they do sis to me but-o I can only think-o in Japanese and-o translate-o into english-o wold."

He looked uncertain, then ran away, freaked out.

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Still recovering from the shock of seeing my now ex, motivated by my new, higher sex drive, I began dating Japanese men, it was much easier given my language skills. Moreover, I liked them. Apparently they had rewired me to give me a preference for Japanese men. However, even though I recognized a newfound appreciation for their aesthetic, something was not clicking.

I had been checking Japanese girls since the mental alterations I had undergone, but at first I thought I was simply comparing myself to them. My life had already turned upside down by those psychos giving me a Japanese body, I wasn't ready to accept that my sexuality had also been messed up. It was a gradual realization, one that dawned on me during a conversation with a charming Japanese woman at a local bar. The connection was instant and undeniable. This attraction went beyond mere aesthetics; it was emotional, physical, and deeply personal. It became clear that my transformation had affected aspects of my sexuality as well. I realized I did have an Asian fetish now, but for Japanese girls. Now that I had been turned into one of them, the idea of making out with them, licking her dark aureolas and comparing their body with mine was a massive turn-on. For some imponderable messup of their tech, I had gone from being a hetero white woman to a Japanese lesbian.

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Coming to terms with my new identity and sexuality took some time, but I eventually stopped struggling and gave up holding on to my old self. With each passing day, the memories of my former self grew dimmer, details of my past life fading like distant echoes. After all, if I couldn't even remember any detail of the person I used to be, I might as well enjoy life as Mio.

The realization that I was now a lesbian brought with it a mix of emotions. Initially, it was jarring, a stark departure from the life I had known. But as I embraced my new identity as Mio, I also began to see the humor in my situation. The fact that those responsible for my transformation had inadvertently steered me away from contributing to Japan's fertility rate seemed like a twist of poetic justice.

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Several months had passed since my transformation, and life as Mio had become a beautiful tapestry of experiences, woven with new relationships, discoveries, and a deep sense of self-acceptance. Among the most cherished of these experiences was my relationship with Haruka, a woman who had become the center of my world.

Haruka, with her gentle smile and perceptive eyes, had a spirit that seemed to dance with life. She was everything I had never known I needed. We met at a small art exhibition in Kyoto, and our connection was immediate. She saw me for who I was, beyond the layers of my transformation, and accepted me unconditionally. As our relationship flourished, we both knew that we wanted to spend our lives together. However, the reality of our situation was that Japan, our home, did not recognize same-sex marriage. Undeterred, we decided to celebrate our love in a place where it could be fully honored and legal.

We chose Hawaii for our wedding, a destination that resonated with both of us for its breathtaking beauty and the spirit of 'Aloha' – a deep sense of love, peace, and compassion. It was the perfect backdrop for the beginning of our lifelong journey together.

Unknown to them, representatives of the mysterious project that had transformed Mio watched from a distance, their plans for her to assimilate and contribute to Japan's population dynamics thwarted. Initially, they had harbored frustrations and disappointment over Mio's unexpected turn of life, especially her orientation which steered her away from their intended goals. But as time passed, they reluctantly accepted the unpredictability of their experiment and gradually ceased their surveillance, shifting their focus to other subjects.