

# ASMR'D (Man to Lesbian Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for Pikaweed

*Jacob is having trouble sleeping and calming his frantic mind. When a woman on campus recommends an ASMR playlist she created, he decides to give it a try. Little does he know that her soothing voice is slowly changing him into exactly the kind of gal she desires . . .*

## ASMR'D

Jacob was frantic. Nothing was working. Nothing. Sleep was still a nightmare, only worse, because at least having a nightmare meant that one was getting sleep to begin with, and his days were filled with a low-lying level of anxiousness he simply couldn't explain. Perhaps it was simply stress-related: he was behind on a number of assignments. Perhaps it was caused by something social: he didn't have many friends on campus, and he certainly didn't want to talk to his family again, ever. Hell, maybe *that* was the cause, some kind of underlying childhood panic-inducing treatment?

It didn't matter what it was, in the end, so much as the effect it was having on him. He was only twenty years old and majoring in psychology, but he felt completely unable to function with how he was feeling. Everyday he looked in the mirror and saw a shadow looking back at him: his brown hair was frayed and almost patchy, his eyes had blue bags beneath them, and his formerly fit figure was looking lanky, perhaps even *bony*. Something had to give, but he couldn't afford therapy. So it all came to a head when his professor snapped at him during a lecture.

"Something the matter, Mr Donovan?"

He jolted. He hadn't been sleeping, but God, he'd been so. Damn. Close.

"S-sorry!" he mumbled. "I was just . . . trying to sleep . . ."

A number of people chuckled, and he turned red with embarrassment, that anxious tightening in his chest only increasing. When he made to leave at the end of the lecture, however, a girl approached him. Her name was Carol, and he recognised her as one of the whizzes in the class, the kind who had a real future. She was cute too, with a kind of alternative look with her tattoo sleeve and pale pink streaks in her blonde hair. She adjusted her glasses as she spoke to him.

"Hey, I saw you before in class. Jacob, right?"

"Y-yeah," he said. "Sorry about that, Carol. I was just falling asleep. Trying to, at least."

"You look like you haven't slept in weeks."

“I - it’s just something I’m dealing with.”

“No offence, but you don’t look like you’re dealing with it. You look like I did before I discovered how to deal with my panic attacks and anxiety. Have you tried ASMR?”

Jacob frowned. “No. I thought it was just a sexual thing?”

She chuckled. “Everyone thinks that, but no. You listen to a calm voice and it lulls you to calmness, even sleep. Here.” She passed him a USB. “I make it for a living. It makes good money too. Try it, and see how it turns out.”

Jacob accepted it, a little confused, but later that night, when he was struggling to sleep, he thought, *what the hell?*, and transferred the file to his phone, then played it.

*‘You’re listening to the ASMRtist Carol Cheyenne. Listen to my voice and find your relaxation point. I’m going to talk nice and slow, and keep my tone even and calm. Today, I’m going to talk about makeup. You don’t need to care about makeup, though. I just want you to hear my tone and let it seep into your skin . . .’*

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“So, it worked?” Carol said, grinning.

“It did!” Jacob exclaimed. “I couldn’t believe it. I even went out and bought makeup afterwards. Maybe there’s a hypnotic effect or something, I don’t know. It’s weird, but I slept, right? I feel so much better.”

Carol smirked. “Still a little anxious, though?”

“Y-yeah. And sleep still isn’t perfect.”

The woman nodded. “How about I make a special playlist, just for you? Think of it as an opportunity for me to perfect my craft. I’ve got some ideas of what you might like to listen to.”

Jacob was eager, and accepted the offer. That night, he was buzzed by Carol, having exchanged numbers and social media info with her. She had a new playlist, one made just for him. Only a few videos existed so far, but the first’s title was interesting to him:

*A Nice Kind of Face*

Intrigued, he hit play, and listened to the voice as it settled in his soul, calming him.

*‘Hey there Jacob, this ASMR tape is just for you. Listen to the calming tune and hear my voice. Today, I’ll be talking about the kind of face I like in someone. You don’t need to care about this, just relax in the audio-sensory sensation of it all. The kind of face I like has full lips, and cute, youthful cheeks with nice dimples. A heart-shaped face is best . . .’*

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"I can see it's definitely working," Carol said, looking at Jacob's face.

Jacob nodded eagerly. He was wearing lipstick now. He didn't know why, it just felt better that way. Besides, now that he was getting healthier, his lips were also fuller now, and the makeup looked much better on them. His face was filling in more now that he was getting sleep, and it had left him looking healthy but surprisingly feminine. Even his voice was a little higher.

"I can't thank you enough," Jacob said. "I feel so much happier already."

"I should be thanking you. This is my big psychology project. I'm hoping to make it my PhD focus one day. 'ASMR induced transformation.' And I think it's already working!"

"I feel like that's definitely the case," Jacob said, smiling, his teeth now perfect, his nose button cute.

"Oh, trust me, you've got no idea. Let's get that playlist updated for you. If you listen to it during the day, it'll help with that anxiety, too."

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Over the next few days, Jacob continued to listen to the playlist when he wanted to go to sleep, but he also listened to it whenever he could while awake as well: on the bus to university, when he was out for a jog, when he was getting nervous about his upcoming psych assessment. The new titles and subjects of Carol's work was getting increasingly specific, too.

*Being athletic is good for the soul*

*A flexible frame is a healthy frame*

*Style is everything*

*Embrace your feminine side*

*Curves and curves and curves*

With each tape, Jacob's body slowly changed. He was vaguely aware of this, but like a man in a hypnotic state or heavily inebriated, *knowing* something was distinct from *realising* it. He frowned when he saw that his leg and arm hair was retreating, and again when his chest hair was gone as well. His nipples were starting to swell after listening to *Curves and curves and curves*, but strangely that was his favourite playlist, so instead of being alarmed, he simply popped the headphones in on his way to university, and played it all over again. It seemed right, in a way, to hear Carol talk about the ideal body.

*"The perfect body I'd like to see, and I imagine you'd like to have, is one that has all the right curves. I'm pretty petite myself. Athletic, but petite, but the girl I'd like to see would have curves in all the right places. A nice peachy rear, some wide, childbearing hips. Oh, and who can forget a pair of breasts that are practically divine. Rounded and full and pert.*

*Double-D's or bigger. The kind of cleavage you'd just like to dive into. I want you to imagine that now as I speak, and let that calm sense of ownership come over you: this could be your body. But now everything should be big: an itty bitty waist would compliment your hourglass figure well, wouldn't you say?"*

By the time Jacob had to pull the headphones out and get off the bus, his body was already slowly changing, a slight jiggle happening upon his chest. He winced a little.

"Must be putting on weight. God, I wish these were breasts." He paused. "Why did I just say that?"

But he wasn't too embarrassed by the statement either, because who wouldn't want the perfect kind of body? And weren't a nice, pert pair of round breasts the kind of thing a perfect body would have?

Some people stared at him. A few acquaintances, if not friends, even pointed out his changes.

"Dude," Erickson, a peer in the psych class, said to him. "No offence, but are you trans or something? You are looking seriously femme lately?"

"He's not wrong," Sabrina said, a girl who wouldn't have looked his way at all previously. "I had no idea you could look so stylish. Seriously, you are pulling that look off, honey!"

Jacob just grinned and blushed. "Oh, no, I'm definitely still a man! I'm just listening to some ASMR by Carol, and feeling a lot healthier. I guess it's just made me look a little bit different, is all."

There was a murmur that passed through them:

"Carol's project?"

"The ASMR thing?"

"Holy shit, do you think she actually did it?"

"I thought she was a crackpot?"

But when Jacob tried to push and figure out what they were talking about, the group hushed up.

"Sorry," Erickson said. "Carol's the professor's pet student. She's seriously brilliant, and there's no way I'll piss off either of them. Loose lips sink ships. Let's just say she's got a damn crazy experiment going, and I think it's having serious results."

Jacob was curious, but they parted from him, and before he could pursue the thought further Carol came up from behind and surprised him with an arm around his shoulder. His shoulders were a lot less wide now, and he himself was shorter. That part made no sense to the changing man, but he was oddly unsuspecting of it.

"Well now! If it isn't my favourite fellow psych student. Jacob, you look amazing! Dare I say, even verging on sexy!"

Jacob blushed very hard, particularly with how rosy his cheeks were now. He brushed some of his brunette hair behind his ear - had it always been so long? - and turned to face her.

"I feel so much better. These guys said you're running some kind of big experiment?"

"The best one, and nearly completed too. Hey, I've got you my last tape in the playlist. It's called *The Perfect Girlfriend*. Wanna listen to it later? It's my best yet, and I promise it will change your life."

Jacob, who was finding himself more and more attracted to Carol, and even more submissive to her whims and requests, was more than happy to acquiesce to this.

"Absolutely, Carol! You know I'd do anything for you!"

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Jacob lay down in bed, putting on his sleep headphones in order to hear Carol's voice even more intimately. The tape was long, but he was now in a total state of calm.

*"My perfect girlfriend would have all the curves I talked about, not to mention hair that fell nearly to her shoulders. She'd be a brunette, of course, with gorgeous dark almond eyes. Her chest would be, as I've said, Double-D's or larger, all natural. She'd have a swing in her step, and would love being athletic. She'd be submissive to me, but dominate me in bed whenever I asked. And, of course, she'd have a perfect pussy. All natural. And it would be very sensitive. Oh, we'd have such fun together, both of us as women. Don't you think, Jacob? Or would you rather have a pretty name, like Aurora?"*

"Aurora," Jacob said, his voice rising in octave even as he slept. "Such a pretty name . . ."

He slowly fell to sleep, but this was a longer ASMR track than usual. It went for *hours*, reiterating the same points over and again.

The changes to his body.

The changes to *her* mind.

Jacob dreamed such wonderful images, sighing as he was transformed in reality, those changes mimicked by his change in perspective. He could see Carol in his dreams, drawing him closer, changing him as he approached, making him *perfect*. Jacob wanted to be perfect.

*She* wanted to be perfect.

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Aurora travelled on the bus to university. Her clothes didn't exactly fit right, and she was lacking a good bra, which was a shame given her need for support. A serious need for support, actually. A few of the male passengers were looking at her with clear interest, and she simply had to ignore them. Not that she could blame them: she knew she was utterly beautiful, a body that was as voluptuous as it was fit and healthy, her eyes dark and entrancing. But it wasn't them she was interested in.

It wasn't hard to find Carol. She was on the campus green area, pacing back and forth, the normally confident woman looking somewhat anxious, almost as if worried her experiment hadn't worked. Aurora smirked, adjusted her new hair one last time, then strode towards Carol, making sure to let her hips sway with each movement, just like the playlist had programmed into her.

"Carol, there you are!"

Carol was startled. "Jacob! My God, I didn't recognise you!"

The new woman folded her arms. "I think you'll find it's Aurora now. You know, after I woke up from that last playlist, I realised the craziest thing: I think you turned me female."

Carol gulped. "Um, yes. I might have omitted that part. The experiment doesn't work if I don't. I just had to catalogue-"

"A woman who is basically tailor perfect for you," Aurora continued, still smirking.

Now Carol was the one getting flushed and embarrassed. "Well, yes, perhaps I did get a little, uh, personal with the experiment. I thought about what changes I could induce and my mind went a little, um . . . dirty."

Aurora stepped forward, a hand on her perfect hip and thrusting out her chest a little.

"I don't know, I don't feel dirty at all. In fact, I feel great. I'd say it looks like you succeeded in your experiment, even though you told me nothing. I guess you owe me big time for that, huh?"

Carol stammered. "Yes! Yes, of course! I didn't plan to keep you like this, of course. Now that it's proven to work, we can hopefully induce a reversal and-"

Aurora put up a hand. "Oh no, I'm keeping this hot bod. No, I'd say you owe me a new wardrobe. Maybe a nice dress or two. Oh, and one other thing."

Carol nodded eagerly. "Of course. Anything to make this all work out smoothly." She was obviously trying not to look too closely at Aurora's luscious form. "What do you need?"

Aurora enjoyed the attention the other woman was giving her. God, she could get used to this: she wasn't feeling panicked or anxious one bit.

"The company of your voice again, of course. But this time with the real thing. Say, on a date?"

**The End**