

A Fantasy Fractured



Jenny Winters

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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“A Fantasy Fractured”

By Jenny Winters

I don't know how to explain all this. I think my brain has been comprehensively scrambled and re-assembled. Sometimes I think that I should never have agreed to Desi's experiment. I can't pretend that I've been able to get my thoughts into comprehensive order.

Now you only need to see me passing in the street to see that I'm a different person from the poor soul I was in those days. I didn't immediately appreciate it, though; now I do.

Just one look at me will tell you how successful I've become. From the toes of my designer heels to the tumble of blonde hair which turns heads as I pass, I'm every inch the successful businesswoman.

My chain of “Vanities” salons caters for the hair and nails of the best; nothing is too much trouble or costs too little for my staff to cater for every whim. I’m diversifying into jewellery soon.

So why am I telling you this? You’re probably wondering when I’m going to get to the point.

I never wanted to be a girl. I wasn’t the happiest boy in the world, but changing everything was never something I even considered. Now, here I am as feminine as any girl could be, perhaps with one exception but that’s not been a problem.

I look good, I feel good and I even smell good all the time. I’m slim and curvy and always dress in style. I can pretend to be a bit of a tramp at times; spike heels, short skirts and low tops. I love the way I can change day by day.

Naturally as the owner of “Vanities” I have to look my best all the time. I love having my makeup done, not that I can’t do it myself; I’m re-touching it all the time. I have my hair done every week and combed out every day. Sometimes I let it hang down loosely between my shoulder blades or have a special up-do. On lazy days I’ve been known to pull it back into a pony, high or low. And I’m obsessive about my nails always being a perfect shape and colour.

So that’s me but I’m not perfect. I’m a little over thirty and I’ve just settled my second divorce. Both the guys I married lacked the staying power I wanted. I started out wanting them, but they wanted my money. They wanted me to give up my girlfriends and that was never going to happen.

And it’s all because I didn’t say “no” when Desi launched an outrageous scheme. I went along with it and lost my ability to say stop.

I wish I had made notes and could present a simple and straightforward account of all this. I can't; I didn't make notes and probably wasn't allowed to think of doing so. My memories are episodic and fractured.

But, everything considered, it all turned out right in the end.

"I've been longing to meet you; I'm Desi and I think I'm your biggest fan." She held onto my hand for longer than polite and then pulled me in for a kiss on the cheek; her perfume, citrus and lavender, lingered with me as I stood back.

She was taller than I in her heels. Her deep red dress clung to every curve and every curve was in the right place. Her hair was long and chestnut, falling in waves down to her breast. Big golden hoops swung from her ears and took my eye as she toyed with her hair. Her nails were long and red and I noticed that she wore no rings.

Whilst I always knew that my titles shifted a few copies, they didn't earn enough for me to have a lifestyle like hers. How did I know? One look at her dress and her whole appearance told me that she was not only successful, but really prosperous. And a chunky Porsche keyring was dangling from the chain of her shoulder bag.

"I can't think why you wanted to meet me," I replied, not wanting to be impolite. "I write under a pseudonym and I never knew I had any fans."

"I think it's because your publisher knows me and sends me each of your new novels. I'll explain later but for now let's enjoy the party."

We walked into the crowd around the bar. Desi detached herself from me and I left her in animated conversation with a group loudly discussing something they'd read.

It had been an unexpected invitation. My publisher didn't usually invite me to any of her gatherings. I guess it was because I was quite a long way down her list of authors and I didn't have any kind of public profile.

At the time, I wrote for a niche market; you'd say that if you were kind. If you were being less kind, or more truthful, you'd say I wrote a mild form of pornography; fantasies for the gay and transvestite market, boys who want to be girls and the guys who want to be with them.

None of these titles were under my own name. I attracted no literary reviews and obviously I wasn't going to be invited onto a talk show to discuss my latest work. Much to my regret, no studio had been bidding for film rights either.

As I circulated shyly round the guests, I got to feel increasingly out of place. I felt awkward and my attempts to talk to the girls were short and unsuccessful. Clearly there were better catches out there. The guests were out of my class; girls in little black dresses and heels; beautiful makeup and good jewelry. I stored away a few images to use sometime.

My chinos didn't have a designer label and my plain shirt had seen better days. My hair was clean and hung down to my shoulders in a low pony tail. The other guys there seemed to exude wealth, or at least comfort.

I think my image was very much the poor relation or the charity case. I was edging to the door, intend-

ing to sneak away un-noticed when Desi took my hand.

“Come to my hotel room tomorrow afternoon,” she said, putting a card into my hand. “I’ve a proposition for you.”

“Can you give me a clue?” I asked, wishing I’d got away sooner.

“Tomorrow; be at the Regency at three and ask for me.”

She pecked me quickly on the cheek and walked away. I watched her hips sway on her heels and stored that image too before getting out of there as un-noticed as possible.

I parked my battered Honda in its usual place. I tried to write when I got into my one-room home, but the words wouldn’t come.

What on earth could she want of me?

Next day, I nearly didn’t keep the appointment but at the last minute I decided to go. I walked across town to save money on fuel, and arrived at the Regency a bit dishevelled. I hadn’t calculated the distance or the heat of the day.

The lobby was cool, but not as cool as the look I got from the receptionist as I approached the desk. She clearly didn’t think someone as down-at-the-heels as me should be there.

“I’ve come to see Desi,” I said lamely, realising that it sounded lame. “She didn’t give me a last name or a room number.”

“Oh you’re the guy,” she said disdainfully. “She told me to expect a weedy one with the dress sense of an apprentice hobo. I’ll call and tell her you’re here.”

I waited as she called, trying not to take offence at her description. How could I when it was pretty accurate? I didn’t take offence, I had a realistic view of myself and it wasn’t great. I was too short, too skinny, hair too long, and lacking the muscles that a real man should have.

“It’s room five-two-four.” She pointed to the elevators. “She’ll meet you at the fifth floor lobby.”

I felt her eyes following me as I waited for the car to come. Her look made it clear that I wasn’t the sort of person who usually visited the residents here.

“I’m so pleased that you came.” Desi greeted me with a swift hug. “I was so afraid that you wouldn’t.”

I said nothing as she ushered me into a large apartment with windows opening onto a roof terrace where there was a table and chairs in the spring sunshine.

“You’ll have a glass of wine,” she announced, indicating that I should sit outside.

She poured two glasses and handed one to me.

“It’s a Riesling,” she announced as if I was expected to know one wine from another. “My wine merchant tells me that it’s a superior vintage, but I don’t know if it’s that good.”

“It tastes fine to me.” I sipped delicately. “But I have no idea why you wanted me to come.”

“Let me explain.” She sat opposite me and looked at me directly. “Your publisher is my publisher too.”

“I know, but I can’t imagine that we write for the same market.” I said.

“Of course we don’t. I write romantic fiction of the most sentimental kind as well as a few more erotic ones which make the real money.” She smiled and re-filled my glass. “She’s also my friend and that’s where I came across your titles.”

“She’s not supposed to disclose what I write to anyone.”

“She said that but I pestered her until she agreed that she’d invite you to her reception and make sure that we could meet.” Desi paused. “And for better or worse, I know what you write.”

“Okay, I write for a niche market, but that doesn’t explain why you wanted to meet me.”

“I’m about to explain.” She smiled across the table. “I’ve read about everything you’ve had published; there are over sixty titles now...”

“it’s more than that.” I couldn’t help myself from butting in there.

“Whatever; I’m intrigued by the whole genre. it’s so different from anything I’ve written,” she said. “I wondered if it was all some kind of science fiction, or could boys really become girls, and get away with living a girl’s life.”

“Don’t ask me; I make stories up. I don’t pretend that they’re real or anyone’s biography.” I couldn’t help smiling there. “I’m sure a lot wish that they could.”

“Does that include meeting their Prince Charming?”

“Now you’re making fun of me. I think I’d better leave.” I put my glass down and started to stand.

“No; please don’t go.”

She half-stood and we looked at each other before I sat again.

“I wondered if the fantasies you’ve written could be extended into exploring what could be possible,” she said. “I assure you that I’ve read all your books, under all your pseudonyms.”

“Then you’ll know I’ve written in several variations of the genre.”

“You haven’t written about magic,” she said. “There’s nothing historical either, although I don’t know how you could resist crinolines and bodices.”

“And you write these things?” I asked.

“The genre is loosely referred to as “bodice rippers” and yes, I have done a few, although I find that researching all the historical detail to be a bit of a drag, if you’ll forgive the pun.”

I saw the mischief in her eye and couldn’t help laughing. “So what do you want from me?”

“I’m intrigued that you keep returning to hypnosis in your fiction.”

“It’s a juvenile obsession.” I laughed. “I read ‘Trilby’ when I was doing a school project years ago. That got me interested all its manifestations.”

“Have you ever been hypnotised?”

“Just once; it was a graduation party and I don’t think I was a good subject.”

“Have you ever thought of living out one of your fantasies?”

“They’re not really *my* fantasies. I found a niche. I realised I could write for the readers who like that niche. I’ve been a writer all my life but never sold much until I discovered this genre. It doesn’t mean that I ever saw myself living out these stories.”

“I’d like you to try.”

“I don’t think that’s sensible.”

“It may not be sensible but it could be fun for us both.”

“It would be expensive fun,” I said without thinking.

“I could cover that,” Desi replied. “I’ve got a movie deal and a lot of money from it with the option of more. I live well but I live alone and I’m getting bored.”

“Would this be a cure for your boredom?”

“In several ways it would,” she replied. “Before I was a novelist, I was a psychotherapist. I used hypnosis in my practice.”

“I guess you would.” I swallowed hard; I could guess where this was going.

“You’ve written a lot with a hypnosis theme, I thought we could try it together.”

“I don’t think I’d be a good subject,” I replied, feeling hot under the collar, wondering why I hadn’t given a simple refusal.

“I think you should let me be the judge of that.” She smiled.

I looked at her and she looked at me, waiting for me to answer. I couldn’t; my mind was racing away. I looked away from her gaze and thought hard. I could go along with it all, or I could resist it all. She was a year or three older than I but I was attracted to her. It couldn’t harm to spend some time with her. With that in mind, I framed my response.

“I’ll let you be the judge of it,” I replied cautiously. “But I need to make a living too. I’m clearly not as successful as you are. I’ve rent to pay.”

“You could move into my guest apartment across the hall,” she said. “it’s quite separate and empty right now, and it would shield you from prying eyes.”

“I couldn’t afford it, the rent must be much more than I’m paying now.”

“How about if I let you have it for the same rent?” she asked. “You could help me out when I’m short of plot, be my proofreader and do a few other things for me here.”

“it’s a good offer, but I’m not sure it’s a sensible idea.”

“Like I said, it could be fun.” She stood. “Why don’t you call me in a couple of days when you’ve had time to think it over.”

As I walked home, my mind was churning. Sure, it was silly; maybe crazy, but against my better judgement, I'd agreed to think it over.

That was going to be difficult.

Desi was right. I had used hypnosis as a theme in several of my stories. I liked the idea of a character being compelled to do things without really understanding why or having control.

I liked writing the sex scenes too; imagining what might be going through the mind of someone acting under compulsion. Their mind would be saying that they shouldn't be doing whatever, but their body would love the feeling and want more.

The more out of control they got, the deeper their compulsions would become until their conscious mind would accept things which had been implanted in their subconscious mind. Once I got there, I could bring my hero into the ultra-feminine world; my hero would become my heroine.

Of course, it was all nonsense and it couldn't really happen, nor could it? It was a scary thought.

I tried to stop thinking about it. I failed because my mind was distracted. I walked to the coffee shop; I watched the girls going by. I wasn't thinking the same way as before.

I looked at their hairstyles and their makeup; the way they walked which was so different from the way I walked. I didn't really want to, but I noticed the dresses and the shoes, the tight jeans and the low cut tops, the jewellery they wore and the different styles of makeup.

I couldn't stop these thoughts. I'd used some of them before in the things I wrote but now they seemed to be so much more real to me.

Had I made a choice already? With hindsight, I think I'd made a choice a few seconds after I'd heard the proposition.

But what had I let myself in for?

"I can't believe that you've got him interested in doing that." Naomi sat opposite Desi in their favourite restaurant. "You must tell me how it goes."

"I'll do more than that." Desi leaned across the table to pour wine for her friend. "I want your input."

"I don't know how I can help."

"You can use your imagination," Desi replied. "You're an artist. You can help me design what I'm doing with him."

"Assuming he agrees to it all, how would that work?"

"I need some ideas. What sort of girl should I create? Does she have memories of being a little girl, for example?"

"I think I know what you mean." Naomi looked thoughtful. "You're thinking of reframing his mind so that whatever you suggest relates to something he might remember."

"I hadn't thought about it like that."

"I don't think you've thought it all through."

“You’re right,” Desi laughed. “It was a spur of the moment suggestion. I’m going to be improvising as I go along.”

“My first thought is that you should give him some memories; implant some things in his mind.”

“I like the sound of that, but how?”

“Let me think.” Naomi smiled up at the waiter as their lunch was served.

The conversation shifted as they ate. Trivia and gossip; parties and the dreaded book tour which Naomi was trying to wriggle out of.

“One of my little girl memories is playing with mother’s makeup and getting in a horrible mess,” Desi confessed.

“I remember that party dress; my first. I thought I looked like a princess with all the satin and lace.”

Naomi smiled. “I got in a mess with makeup too, although I thought I looked good at the time.”

“I don’t want to create an adult baby girl.” Desi stopped and looked thoughtful. “But it’s a good idea to think about.”

“Why don’t you try to put some memories into his mind?” Naomi said. “I’m improvising here but I remember researching false memory syndromes when I was writing a couple of psychological pieces a few years ago.”

“I thought those were from recalled trauma of some kind.”

“Possibly so; but your boy hasn’t got the trauma. I’m not suggesting that he should have some created. Nice memories could be different; meaningful and lurking at the back of his mind.”

“You’ll have to explain.” Desi looked puzzled.

“Hey, I’m vamping here; I’m no expert,” Naomi replied. “Think of Jungian archetypes.”

“You’ve lost me.”

“I think archetypes are everywhere around us,” Naomi replied. “Think of the knight in shining armour or the wicked witch of the west.”

“The big bad wolf, and the beautiful princess; I think I’m getting an idea.”

“You’re remembering the fairy stories you heard as a child.”

“That’s an idea.” Desi smiled. “You’ve hit the spot. I’ll give him some childhood memories but he’s going to remember them as a little girl.”

“Promise that you’ll let me help.” Naomi took her hand. “This sounds like it could be fun.”

“It’s certainly a challenge, now all we need is for him to agree.”

Desi sounded excited when I told her that I was still considering her plan and she invited me over that same day.

“I thought we should try a simple test before we go any further,” she said.

“You want to know if you can hypnotise me,” I replied. “I don’t think that I’ll be a very good subject.”

“You don’t know me.” She smiled wickedly. “I’m a powerful practitioner of the dark arts. I have no failures on my list. I think we should start straight away before the magic of the moment is lost.”

We went into a small study off the main lounge where she drew the drapes and dimmed the lights. I sat on a comfortable chair; the sort of cuddle chair where two people could get intimate. I remember that I sort of curled into the side, if you can imagine that.

“I think you know the starting point,” she said as she lit a candle and placed it on a table to the side between us.

I can’t remember what she said, but I remember how soothing her voice sounded and how relaxed the flickering of the candle light made me feel. I listened intently, more so as time went on. I heard every word.

I don’t think I went under; in fact I’m sure she didn’t get me into any kind of trance, but the time passed so quickly there in her study. When she blew the candle flame out, I was feeling loose and floppy limbed, so great and happy.

“I don’t think I’m a good subject,” I said as I stretched. “I heard every word.”

“Don’t worry, we can try again tomorrow and the day after.” Desi took my hand. “Think how good you’ll feel when you’re my girlfriend.”

“That’s never going to happen.” I laughed but then thought that maybe she’d seen something that I hadn’t.

I didn't feel any different as I walked home, but I do remember thinking that it would be good if I could rent her guest wing. It would save me from all this walking across town.

The next day found me again meeting Desi as I got out of the elevator. She wasted no time in taking me through to the same small study and lighting the candle as I settled into the cuddle chair.

"Today is going to be different," she said. "I want you to concentrate on not following any of my suggestions. I want you to resist; think of anything else, but don't let me into your mind."

"And if I do, I'm lost forever," I joked.

She looked at me. "Something like that," she said seriously and settled in the chair opposite me.

I couldn't help but look at her. Her hair shone in the reduced light and the gold on her ears, her wrist and her fingers seemed to shout for my attention. Her lips were full and shiny, her eyes dark under heavy lashes.

I decided that looking at her and studying her features would be a good distraction. I could look and not listen. Her voice was soft and gentle as she spoke slowly, with pauses and repeated phrases. I concentrated hard on her lips, the occasional glimpse of her tongue, and the flash of her deep red nails as she touched my hand.

Then suddenly the session was over. It seemed like a few moments had passed but when I we came from the study into the lounge, I could see that the sky was darkening into dusk."



“That was a long time,” I said. “I don’t remember a thing.”

“There’s nothing to remember,” she replied. “You fell asleep and I left you to doze. You obviously needed your rest.”

It was a pleasant evening. We drank wine and shared a board of cheese and bread. It seemed to be such a natural thing to do. I can’t remember what we talked about, but I do remember that she took one of the rings from her finger and asked me to put it on.

It seemed a strange request, but I didn’t hesitate. I put it on the third finger of my left hand, the same one from which she had taken it. I held my hand out away from me.

It was a green stone surrounded by white ones glittering there on my finger. It was entrancing.

“it’s lovely,” I remember saying.

“it’s a real emerald surrounded by diamonds,” she said. “I thought it was so feminine that I couldn’t resist it when I first tried it on.”

“I can tell why you like to wear it,” I said, still looking at my hand. “it’s such a lovely design and it goes with that shade of nail colour.”

I looked at the ring for a few more moments, then tried to take it off. I twisted and pulled but it wouldn’t move.

“Let me try,” she said and took my hand.

In an instant, the ring was back on her finger. She held the hand up for me to see and again I couldn’t take my eyes off it until she spoke.

“I guess that means you were successful,” I said cautiously.

“it’s just a simple trick.” She smiled at my obvious surprise. “How do you feel about today’s session?” she asked.

“I fell asleep,” I admitted. “I’m sorry, I know I should have been paying attention and trying to resist whatever you were saying. I have no idea how you made me do that.”

“It doesn’t matter,” She replied. “It shows that you’re not too tense when you come here.”

We talked some more. I remember it got silly as she asked me to design my ideal girlfriend. Was she blonde or brunette; was she a show-off or shy. Would she be bold when it came to sex or would she be more demure?

“If I replied, it would be pure fantasy.”

“Give me a fantasy.” She smiled sweetly. “It may give me something to work with.”

“I’ve never had a great deal of success with a girlfriend,” I admitted after I’d run through a fantasy description; you know the kind of thing that guys do all the time.

“Fantasies are good. We can work on those.” She kissed me on the cheek as I set off for home.

I went to her apartment for the next five days on the run. Each time I sat there with the candle flickering. I didn’t listen, or at least I tried not to listen. I counted backwards and recited the alphabet. I

thought of a long walk by the river with the water gurgling softly beside me.

I think I did really well; I was determined that she could not hypnotise me. It was all hokum anyway. I managed to ignore her so well that I didn't remember anything more than the few words we exchanged as I settled in the chair.

"I don't think this is working," I said as Desi finished a session. "I feel relaxed, but I think I nod off to sleep rather than drifting into a trance."

"What about the ring on your finger?" she asked.

I looked down and there it was; the emerald and diamonds on the third finger of my left hand.

"it's your ring; I don't remember putting it there."

"You've been wearing it for a few days now." She smiled wickedly. "You couldn't see it until I let you."

I looked at it, then twisted it.

"You can't take it off either." Her smile broadened at my discomfort.

"I can't believe..." I started.

"You don't have to." She waved her hand. "You're comfortable with it and you love wearing it."

"But what does it mean?" I said slowly as I stopped trying to tug it off.

"I think it means that you belong to me," she said. "I think you're on your way to a fantasy realised, but if you don't want to, we can end it here."

“Do you mean that?”

She looked at me as if thinking what to say next.

“How about we take a few days off and think about things,” she replied. “I have to go to Vancouver to collaborate with the script writers for the movie they’re making there. I’ll call you and set up another session when I get back.”

“That suits me.” I was glad of the break and really wanted to change the subject. “I need to get my head down to finish my project.”

“Can I take your ring off now?” I twisted it again but it wouldn’t slip over the knuckle.

“But you don’t want to take it off.” She did something with her hand and suddenly, I didn’t want to take it off. I went to the mirror on her wall, held up my hand, and looked at it. It looked natural for me to be wearing it and I realised that I liked it and didn’t want to take it off.

This should have registered as something significant. It didn’t.

“Why am I doing this?” I asked myself, suddenly realising what I was doing.

I looked at the array of cosmetics in front of me on the desk and looked up. There instead of my computer screen was a mirror with lights around the edges. Then I saw my reflection. I was wearing full makeup, *really* full makeup.

“I’ve no idea how I did this,” I said to myself as I peered at my face.

It wasn't good, but it wasn't bad either. My eyeliner wasn't even left to right, and my brows were too heavy. The blush on my cheeks was an unflattering shade and my lipstick was drawn in such a way that my lips looked too thin.

I looked down at the desk and saw an empty plastic package, tweezers and a tube of glue. I picked them up and looked up again. I was wearing false eyelashes. I blinked a few times, watching the reflection, and felt a thrill run through me.

I sat back and took a deep breath. I looked again and the thought that this had been fun and I liked the feel of the makeup ran through me. I knew I shouldn't be having these feelings, yet I couldn't help but like them.

I knew Desi must have planted something in my mind. I wanted to be angry. I wanted to swear that I'd never let her do anything like this again.

That was then, but I didn't clean the makeup off until it was time for bed. The longer I wore it and the more times I saw my reflection, the more I was entranced by the power of makeup.

From that evening, I made up my face every evening. I wasn't good, but I was getting better and feeling really creative.

"I've got a surprise for you today." Desi hugged me as she let me in to her apartment a few days later. "You're going to dress up for today's session."

"Do I have to?" It surprised me. "That sounds just weird."

“You promised to trust me,” she replied. “Your costume is in the dressing room. Go and change.”

There were some clothes on hangars shrouded in black bags and a couple of boxes on the dresser top. One look convinced me that it was all wrong. I went back out.

“You can’t mean that I should wear that.”

“Of course I want you to wear it.” Desi smiled calmly. “it’s to create an aura. Remember, you promised.”

“But it’s a satin dress,” I protested.

“And you wear it with lace ankle socks and frilly rhumba panties,” Desi replied as if it was the most natural thing in the world for me to have.

“This is foolish though. I know I agreed to go along with all this, but surely there’s no reason for this.”

“I know what I’m doing,” Desi replied sternly.

“Okay, I’ll do it, but no pictures.”

“I agree.” Desi nodded.

You’ve no idea how foolish I felt as I took off my clothes and put on that ridiculous dress. The panties with all their frills looked just wrong and when I had the ankle socks and the white Mary-Jane shoes with their low heels, I thought I looked ridiculous.

“Are you decent?” Desi called as she came through the door, and smiled as she saw me. “That’s lovely. Now there’s a couple of other things to add and we’ll start.”

She loosened my hair from my low pony tail and combed it gently over my shoulders. The plastic jewellery looked awful; like it had come from a cheap toy shop. I got a bracelet and a necklace, clip-on earrings, and a plastic ring on my right hand.

“Now you’re ready.” Desi took my hand and pulled me towards the lounge. “Is my little girl ready for today’s session?”

I didn’t answer but sat in front of her and listened as she started the familiar relaxation. I knew what she was doing. I’d written this scenario myself, yet I relaxed easily and started to slip away. The funny thing is that I knew what I was doing; I knew what she was doing, but I couldn’t stop myself from going along with it.

I wanted to tell her about the makeup but when I tried to form the words, I couldn’t. Now I know why; it was part of her plan

“So do tell; what did you do?” Naomi asked when she called on Desi the next day.

“I got him into such a deep state so easily. I quite surprised myself.”

“Perhaps you’d got him to feel so dissociated that he wanted to get away from feelings he couldn’t understand?”

“I think that’s true,” Desi replied. “He settled so quickly, especially when I took him down.”

“There’s more you’re not telling me.”

“There’s a lot. I don’t know how I did it, but I took him into a little girl’s world. I gave him a doll to hold and told him he could only talk and think like a three-year-old girl. I thought he was going to pop out of trance, but he relaxed and accepted it easily.”

“Was it really working? He wasn’t playing you for a fool?”

“Of course not; I tested it as much as I could. When I told him that she was excited because I was going to tell her a story before bedtime, I could see from the bulge under his dress that he really was excited.”

“You’re wicked,” Naomi laughed. “Did you tell a story?”

“Little Red Riding Hood; he walked through the woods to see Granny.”

“But the wolf was there.”

“It was but then I changed the wolf into a handsome prince who could only appear to her. She didn’t see his big teeth but she saw his big...”

“You didn’t”; tell me you didn’t.” Naomi’s eyes grew wide as she anticipated the next part of the story.

“The prince let her hold it and rub it until it showed its appreciation.” Desi smiled. “It was going so well, that I made things up and kept going when he didn’t seem to object.”

“There’s still something you’re not telling me,” Naomi said.

“He was so excited that he made a mess in his panties,” Desi replied. “I wasn’t sure what to do then,

but I brought him out slowly and didn't let him come fully out until he was back in the dressing room where he could change into his own clothes."

"I bet he was mad when he found out."

"Not at all; he was really subdued, quite relaxed and spacey," Desi replied. "I don't think he was really out of trance, so I took a chance and put in the suggestion that he'd feel better if he had the hair on his legs removed. He kissed me and thanked me as he left."

"That's amazing, so what's next?"

"I'm thinking of that," Desi replied. "I'll go slowly until I discover what's really happening, but I think we're going for Cinderella next."

Naomi looked and their eyes met. They burst into laughter.

"I'm a big girl, but I've been known to lose my shoe after a good night out," Naomi admitted. "But I'm never with Prince Charming in the morning."

"What do you think of this?" I asked when I next went to Desi's apartment. "I had this silly thought that I'd too much body hair, so I've been getting laser treatment. Feel how smooth my chin is."

"Mmm, that's nice," Desi approved. "Skin care is really important."

"It was just an impulse," I confessed, feeling a blush spreading over my face. "I thought it would please you after I made a mess on that dress."

“it’s good that you’re accepting things,” Desi replied. “Although I didn’t tell you that you should do that.”

“It felt right.” I replied. “Was I anticipating a command?”

“I’m only leading you. I’m guiding some of your thoughts,” she replied, not admitting that it had been her suggestion all the time. “I’m not commanding you to do things.”

“No, it was my idea.”

“Let’s have dinner; my treat.” She stood. “I need to change my dress and then we can go to ‘Luigi’s’ on the corner.”

Twenty minutes later, she emerged from her bedroom. I gasped when I saw her. Her hair was piled up and long glittering earrings fell almost to her shoulders. She wore a blue dress, with a slight sheen, which clung tightly to her body, from scoop neck to mid-thigh. Her heels were so perilously high that I wondered how she could walk so elegantly in them.

“You’re taller than me,” I joked as she took my hand and led me to the door.

I didn’t tell her that I wished that I could dress up and look as gorgeous as she did. I didn’t tell her about the frisson of fear that came with that thought.

“You could be taller in heels,” she replied. “You should try some; I think you’d like the feelings they give.”

“For that to happen, your hypnosis would have to work and right now it’s having no effect whatever.” I’d forgotten the ring again.

I think I drifted away then. She must have planted some signal in my mind.

“You want to change your dress and do your makeup first,” she said. “it’s no fun going to dinner unless you look delicious.”

Sometime later I stood, precariously in heels too high for real walking. It seemed somehow normal.

I sprayed some perfume over my shoulder and looked at her. “I don’t know why it took so long to get ready.”

“You need to look nice.”

I looked in the mirror. There was nothing different there. “You’re wasting your time if you think you can hypnotise me.”

“You keep coming back.” She held my hand as we walked towards the restaurant.

“I enjoy being with you,” I replied. “I’m hoping to get a new novel out of all this. I’m here because I want to be. You haven’t hypnotised me to keep coming back.”

“I can always try.” She pulled open the door and stood back for me to enter ahead of her.

I stood back as she spoke to the head waiter. He looked at me as she was speaking to him, then led us to a pretty table overlooking their garden. He pulled out a chair for me to sit first and handed menus to Desi.

I sat and relaxed there. It was a much nicer place than I was used to and the prices were ones I guessed

that I couldn't afford. Desi seemed to be at home there and the staff knew her.

"You'll love this aperitif," she told me as two colourful glasses were served. "it's a favourite."

I sipped and smiled. "That's really nice." I savoured the effervescence and the tang of the alcohol.

"I'll order for us." She studied the menu and beckoned to a waiter who took the order.

I should have understood more than I did; I know that now. She was treating me like a guy might treat his girlfriend. The waiter came, looked at me, then looked away as she ordered for us both.

"Seafood and salad; it's always one of my favourite treats." I caught her eye over my plate.

"It's low calorie too," she said, raising her glass to me. "I'm not sure that the wine's low calorie though."

"You can never be too rich or too slim," I laughed. "Wallis Simpson said that and she married a king."

"She was also an incorrigible flirt," Desi replied. "Were you a flirt when you were younger?"

"No I was always a good girl," I replied, then realised what I'd said. "I didn't mean that... I meant to say that I was always a good *girl*."

I could feel panic rising as I tried to say something different but the picture in my mind was of a little girl. It was me, but I was a little girl. I started to stand. I had to get away at that moment. I couldn't believe that I'd been so stupid.

"Rest now, my pretty," Desi said softly.

As soon as I heard the words, I felt calm again, serene almost. I sat down and relaxed. I sipped my wine. I nibbled some salad. The moment had passed. Desi talked to me some more, but I didn't hear the words.

All I knew was that everything was alright.

The meal was over and Desi took the check. She held her hand to me as I stood and together we walked the short distance back to her apartment.

"You can look in the mirror now." She snapped her fingers and I felt something change again. I looked in the mirror and saw myself. My face was made-up, not heavily but enough to show that I was wearing makeup.

My hair was loosely tied back with a black silk scarf and I was dressed all in black; a tiered blouse with half-sleeves, wide black pants and black court shoes with small heels.

"How did you get me to...?" I wanted to ask, but I knew the answer. With a wave of her hand, the thought of asking anything drifted away.

"It's another dress-up day," Desi announced a couple of weeks later. "We've only had one and it seems to have helped you to relax."

"I've noticed that," I admitted. "I keep having these dreams. I can't remember them when I wake, but they're ...,"

"it's okay if you don't want to describe them."



“No, it’s not like that. They’re nice, but strangely erotic,” I admitted. “I get so excited, then when I wake, I can’t remember a thing.”

“Most people don’t remember their dreams when they wake,” Desi replied as she went to pick up a clothes bag. “We’re going to do another dress-up day today.”

“I don’t want to be a little girl again,” I said firmly.

“I promise You’ll never be that little again,” She replied. “This time you’re going to be a princess.”

“You don’t mean I have to wear that.” I protested and looked at the tiered dress she was holding up.

“Look at me and say that again.”

She took my hand. I saw her ring there on my finger and I did as she demanded, knowing that I was lost as soon as our eyes met. My thoughts seemed to melt away as she spoke to me.

I drifted into a huge desire to wear the dress. It was so pretty; layers of net, gauze and lace, in lavender and pink. The skirt fell from a tight bodice to a full floor-length. The neckline was high and the sleeves were long with wide cuffs with ribbons which trailed almost to the floor.

I remember carrying the dress and laying it gently over a chair as I threw off my clothes. Without a thought, I stripped, then dressed in plain lingerie. It didn’t seem strange as I saw myself in panties and what I now know was a little girl’s training bra. Under the skirt I wore knee-high stockings.

I padded around in my stocking feet and looked at Desi.

“Would you like to try these shoes?” she asked, holding a box with a pair of lavender blue shoes with real high heels. “You have to be careful not to fall.”

“I’ll be careful.” I heard the enthusiasm in my voice. “They’re beautiful; my first high heels.”

“You can try some makeup too.”

“Oh please, can I?” I heard myself say, and felt the excitement rising.

I remember spending ages in front of the mirror. It looked really good to me. Now I know I made a real mess, but that came later. Right then, nothing could dent the excitement.

And the day passed in a blur of fantasy and excitement.

“Come on, you’ve got to tell me what happened.” Naomi looked round Desi’s room and saw the discarded dress and heels on the floor.

“My little princess has been Cinderella today.” Desi grinned. “He doesn’t know he’s been a little girl again, but he’s been wearing that party dress.”

“So why did you chose Cinderella?”

“It’s a good fairy story and the girl is always feminine and the way I used it, she’s submissive as well.”

“Did it work?”

“I took him through the story, making him the central character of course, as the heroine. I kept him believing he was wearing rags until I let him see that

he was wearing the dress, then there was no problem in keeping him entranced.”

“But what about the glass slippers?”

“He thought the heels he was wearing were perfect. I let reality in and glass slippers would be a real hazard.”

“So did the prince come to find him?”

“Yes, he was in rags again but as soon as the prince kissed him, his rags turned into the dress again.”

“Just a kiss from the prince; that sounds tame.”

“If you insist, I’ll tell you the rest.” Desi sighed in false exasperation. “After the kiss, he could feel the prince’s excitement.”

“Does that mean what I think it means?”

“Yes of course it does. The prince had a commanding penis; don’t they all? Do you think I’d waste an opportunity like that?” Desi hesitated, waiting for Naomi’s eyes to widen in anticipation. “At the prince’s command, he took it out and handled it. I let him kiss the tip.”

“Is that all?” Naomi’s eyes widened and then she giggled.

“Okay, he thinks he likes the taste he got from licking it.”

“You are really wicked.”

“I know; isn’t it delicious though?” Desi replied. “His dreams are going to step up a gear.”

“You could be doing serious damage.”

“He agreed to this experiment and knew I was going to do all that I could to feminise him.”

“In that case, you’d better find him his own Prince Charming.”

“I want to do something different again today,” Desi said when I settled in the chair opposite her. “I’d like you to tell me how you think our time together has been.”

“Do you mean to ask if I’ve been really hypnotised?” I asked.

“Yes, I mean exactly that,” She replied. “I want to know what you remember and, more importantly, what effect I’m having on you.”

“How do you propose we do that?” I asked.

“I’m going to show you a series of pictures and I want your reaction to them,” She said, picking up a folder. “I don’t want you to think, simply give me the first impression that comes to your mind.”

She held up a picture.

“She’s pretty,” I said. “Her hair could never be that colour though; it’s so bright, it’s almost painful.”

“Good.” Desi made a note and put the picture down.

“She’s just beautiful,” I said, looking at a picture of a blonde’s head and shoulders, with makeup that made her look smoulderingly hot.

Desi made another note and held up a third picture.

“He’s dishy,” I said before I could stop myself. “I mean, he’s like he could be her boyfriend; the girl in the last picture.”

“Okay; now some more.”

“I wonder what it feels like.” The picture was of a naked girl’s breasts; round and pert; I couldn’t help myself but my hand went to feel my breast area.

Desi kept going with fashion shoots. My mind blanked for thinking and I did as she asked without hesitation. I saw hairstyles and dresses, heels and close-ups of jewellery and makeup. I seemed to be answering on autopilot.

“And now here’s the last one.” She held up a picture of an erect male penis.

“Oh, I could do something with that. Is that the prince again?” I blurted out, then realised what I’d said.

I coloured up as I realised what I was thinking too. It wasn’t a thought that I should have had.

“That’s enough for today,” Desi said. “it’s time for you to relax.”

I think that was the moment when I realised that she had hypnotised me and that I was so used to it that any thought of resistance was completely absent from my mind.

“Would you like another fairy story?” Desi asked.

“No, I mean yes, but not if I’m going to be a little girl,” I replied.

“Didn’t you like those sessions?”

“I liked the dreams that followed them but when I thought of who I was, it all went a bit blurred. I just know that I was younger than I should have been.”

“That doesn’t make sense.”

“I know you’ve got me so that I can go into trance whenever you want me to,” I confessed. “But you’ve not made me want to be a real girl yet. The fantasies you’ve given me don’t add up to that.”

“Is that a challenge I hear?” Desi laughed. “If it is, I have exactly the right scene in mind.”

“I’m not going to want to be with a guy,” I said. “I know what you’ve been doing. The memories came back to me and that’s all they are, memories that you’ve created. They’re false.”

“You’re really challenging me now.” Desi ran a fingernail under my chin. “Look at me and tell me that I can’t make you want me to take you further.”

“I don’t think you can,” I replied. “I think you should give up now.”

“Okay, you win,” Desi said, taking my hand and turning her ring on my finger. “Tell me that you don’t want to hear today’s story.”

“I really don’t want to be a little girl again,” I said, trying to sound really firm.

“What if I promised it wasn’t going to be anything like the other stories?”

All the time she was stroking my hand and looking at me intently. I knew what she was doing and I was trying so hard to resist. What's more, I knew her technique of using my resistance against me. The more I tried to resist, the deeper I drifted down when she told me to sleep.

And it happened again.

The next thing I remember was that I was sitting on her bed with my hair loose and wearing a pale pink nightdress. Then I was lying down and sleeping.

A touch on my lips and I knew it was a kiss. I reached up for another and then knew that I was being kissed by a dark and muscular man who had a scent of grass and citrus. He was wearing some kind of nightshirt which exposed a penis which was erect and tempting. He kissed me again and I reached out to touch it.

In my mind, I could see my small hands with beautiful long red nails wrapped around it, as I reached out to take it in both hands. His left hand held my head, locking our lips together as his tongue flicked into my mouth. His right hand reached down and touched my penis which was rising too.

Our two penises were held together; his hand and mine rubbed them against each other. I heard rather than understood that my breath was panting with excitement. At his guidance, I turned onto my front and knelt back, with my bum cheeks raised and my front leaning on my elbows.

I was presenting myself to him in a way that my boy self never imagined, but now this female self wanted him that way. Now I know that there was no one there and that all the images were conjured in my mind as Desi led me through the scenario.

It seemed real, especially as his penis slipped between my cheeks and started to enter my hole. I gasped at the first touch and then rocked back and forth, accepting the sharp pain as he stretched me, but wanting more.

I could feel the effort as he pushed forwards and I pushed back. Fraction by fraction, inch by inch, he went deeper and I swear that the feel of his ball sack against my cheeks was real. Then when he came inside me, it was like an explosion of pain and pleasure. I knew I shouldn't feel this but if I could have stayed like that, I would have done so for far longer than Desi allowed.

I don't remember feeling anything as he slipped out. Desi guided me through a string of thoughts and images, keeping me elated; perhaps fulfilled is a better word, until she released me.

I came to my senses lying on my back, with a sticky mess on my nightdress making it cling to my groin. I can't remember much after that until I was dressed in my own clothes and sitting in the lounge with Desi handing me a drink.

"I think you liked that," Desi said as a glowing memory suffused my consciousness.

"I have to be away for a while," Desi said some days later when we met for coffee. "My script has been accepted and I'm to meet with the editors prior to the movie starting production."

"That's a wonderful opportunity," I said. "How long are you going to be away?"

“A few days, possibly even a few weeks; I don’t know.”

“That should give me a break from all this hypnosis,” I smiled. “I’m sure your influence will fade.”

“Of course, it may not.” Desi smiled back. “But I’m sure that we’ll miss each other.”

Desi departed for Vancouver and I was left to get on with my own life. I wrote quite productively now that I was free from the obligation of going across town in the afternoons.

I thought of returning to a hypnosis theme, but couldn’t get any inspiration. Instead I wrote a little on magic and a little on supernatural themes, neither of which sat easily with me but somehow they seemed to flow.

There were a couple of changes in my life though. I didn’t relate them to anything at the time, but looking back I can see that they were somewhere in Desi’s plan. The first was my diet. I ate less and ate healthier.

I exercised more too. I walked through town, not because I had anywhere to go, but because I wanted the exercise. Weight fell off me easily and I liked the feeling of being slimmer.

I tried and tried but I couldn’t stop doing my face every evening. I knew it was a compulsion Desi had created but I didn’t ever think of stopping.

Each morning as I inspected my face to make sure that all traces had been cleaned away, I resolved not to do the same again. Each evening, that resolve disappeared.

“A girl can never be too rich or too slim.” That old quotation haunted me, but the riches didn’t come.

Desi called me to say that her stay had been extended. Apparently the producer wanted her there and the director liked her input. We talked for ages like old friends, although I can’t remember what we found to chat about.

One day, walking through town, I found myself outside a jeweller’s shop. I lingered and looked at the window display. The display of silver and gold; the precious stones all dazzled me. It was as if I couldn’t tear my eyes away.

I saw the notice there, “Painless ear piercing while you wait” and wondered how they could pierce ears if the client didn’t want to wait. On an impulse I went in and asked.

“It means you don’t have to make an appointment. I can do it for you now if you like,” the assistant said sympathetically, as if she’d heard it all before.

“I’d like that.” Much to my surprise the idea was immensely attractive and I had no hesitation in agreeing.

“You can have up to three sets for the same price as long as you buy the earrings from our display.” She indicated where I should look. “They’re all simple studs because they heal easily as long as you keep them clean.”

“Could you do three the same size?” I indicated some simple silver ball studs.

“Of course and if you buy those, you can have a pair of heavier hoops for half price so you have something to change into when they’re healed.”

Without hesitation, I agreed to buy the hoops as well and tingled with excitement as I sat in the chair waiting for her to wipe my earlobes with some antiseptic and insert the studs. I heard the clicks as my ears were pierced six times. I didn't feel a thing apart from a series of tugs at my lobe as the butterfly clips were attached to the studs.

I walked away from the shop feeling pleased with myself. I looked at my reflection in a shop window. With my hair in the usual low pony tail, the three studs on each side were clearly visible. A little thrill ran through me.

“Mummy wouldn't let me get my ears pierced when I was a little girl.” The thought came unbidden to my mind. I tried to shake it off but another picture persisted in my mind.

It was of me crying and wiping my eyes on the hem of my dress. Rationally, I knew it never happened, but right then it was so real that it hurt.

Next day when I awoke, I couldn't help but check that my earrings were still there. I looked in the mirror of my tiny bathroom. They were still there. I touched them as if I needed to do that to make sure that they were real. I cleaned them carefully and turned them as I'd been instructed.

When I saw the bigger hoops sitting on my work table, I knew I'd be trying to change a pair before I really should. I should have thought about what was happening to me, but I didn't.

I set off for my walk as had become my habit, feeling lighthearted and energised. Two girls jogged past me and I watched them draw further ahead, their fig-

ure-hugging leggings colourfully emphasising how taut their bodies looked. That was what made me think that I should start jogging too.

On my way back homewards, I stopped to look in the window of a sports shop. There was a model in the window with green, purple, and black patterned leggings, with a green figure-hugging vest with a green and black looser top draped over the arm.

I knew at once that I had to have a set like that, with some shoes to jog in.

“They’re in the ladies’ section.” The male assistant looked down his nose at me when I asked.

I ignored his looks as I followed the direction he pointed. It was a separate area of the sales floor and I easily found the leggings and the tight top.

“I’ll find out if we have one left.” Another assistant smiled as I put the leggings and vest on the counter. “These are stretch to fit, but the top comes in sizes. Do you know what size you want?”

“My size; I think its medium,” I said, receiving a look of mild curiosity.

As she went to look seek my request, I looked at the shoes. What an array there was; all colours from luminous green to bright yellow. And what a range of prices they carried, from the affordable to an out-of-this-world figure.

Once I saw the pink and white ones I was sold, despite them costing more than I’d ever paid for shoes before. I added a pair to my purchases on the counter, as well as a green headband from the counter display.

“You’re in luck.” The assistant returned and looked at my purchases with the shoes added. “These are for your girlfriend?”

“No, they’re for me,” I replied.

“So I don’t have to give you a gift receipt if she wants to change them.”

I think she realised what she’d said, or maybe she thought there was something funny about my purchases. I got a funny look as she handed back my credit card.

I felt lighthearted as I left the shop and didn’t care what she might have thought.

I jogged the next day and the one after that. The outfit and the new trainers seemed to make my steps lighter and increase my energy. I ran further and I ran faster.

I kept it up for a week and to my great joy, I lost inches off my waist and tightened my tummy muscles. My skin looked clearer and my hair was shinier and felt much fuller. Maybe it was the wind blowing through it as it bobbed loosely behind my hairband.

My nighttime routine was changing too. Instead of sitting at my keyboard for hours into the early morning, I was able to write more freely now in the daytime. I’d shower early in the evening, dry my hair, and sit around in a long T-shirt as I ate a diet meal.

Did I say I was on a strict diet? I didn’t intend it, but I was; I was losing weight steadily too.

I started playing with my hair. I watched “how to” videos and soon mastered the single and the double pigtail, then the plat and finally the French pleat. I wasn’t so good at up-dos but it absorbed my mind as I tried and tried to perfect the style.

Maybe I should have stopped to ask why I was doing this, but I didn’t. I didn’t recognise the next step on my way to femininity either.

I was writing one day, pounding out word after word on my keyboard when I suddenly stopped and looked at my fingernails. I didn’t just look; I stared and examined them. They were a bit broken, a bit ragged. I started to write again, but the sight of my nails distracted me over and over again.

Without thinking it out, I headed to the nearest mall where, without hesitation, I walked into the first nail salon that I came to.

“Can you do my nails please?” I asked the lady at the reception desk, who looked at me as if I’d come from the moon.

“You could be in luck,” she said after a moment’s hesitation. Angel has a cancellation. I’ll ask her if she can fit you in.”

I waited, feeling a little self-conscious as a few minutes passed. I saw the girls in a huddle; from the way they were looking, it was obvious that they were talking about me. Then I was shown to one of the stations at the side of the salon.

“They are a mess,” Angel said as she examined my hands. “What did you have in mind?”

“I haven’t thought,” I stuttered, feeling foolish.

“Look at the pictures on the wall,” she said, waving an elegantly manicured hand towards the illustrations. “I can do any length, any shape, and any colour you’d like. The high gloss topcoat is thrown in but the jewels are extra.”

“I don’t think I want jewels.” I blushed as I said it. “Just make them look pretty.”

I blushed again as that word came out and dared not look up at her.

“How about if I start and get them prepared?” she said. “I promise it won’t hurt. I’ll have to use some acrylic because your nails aren’t long enough to do anything and they’re a bit weak.”

“Can you make them look like they’re natural?”

“Surely the point in having your nails done is that they *don’t* look natural?” She looked up at me through her luxurious eyelashes.

“Well, don’t make them too noticeable then,” I stammered again. “I mean I want them to look nice but I have to use a keyboard as well.”

“You’ll soon get used to them, I promise.”

I took a deep breath, calmed my racing heart, and watched as she trimmed and filed, and started to work. I knew I’d possibly gone too far when she fixed some forms onto my fingers to guide where the acrylic paste was to go and be shaped.

“Francesca would like a French manicure, rounded but long and shaped gently as if they were real,” I heard myself thinking. At that moment I realised that this was something that Desi must have implanted in my mind.

Angel looked up at me once as if to ask a question but then she didn't say anything. I think I blanked out then and with, increasing excitement, I let her work.

"I couldn't do a thing with these," I gasped when she'd filed and shaped my new nails. "They're far too long."

"I thought you'd like to see what really extravagant statement nails could be like if ever you want them," she said. "Think how they'd catch the eye if they were painted in something really glittery, something fashionable to make a statement."

"I don't think I'm ready for that." I gulped, looking at them again and picturing in my mind the style she suggested; it was tempting.

"Let's do them as a longer office style?" she said. "I think it's going to be longer than you've ever worn your nails, but it's elegant, and you'll be able to type. In a French manicure they won't look out of place even on your hands and in a couple of days you'll wonder how you ever managed without them."

"They look really pretty," I said, admiring them once she'd finished and told me that I could use my hands again; it was a real surprise.

I paid and left a tip. I was conscious that all the staff was looking at my hands, trying not to make it obvious but probably wanting to see what she'd managed to do with me. I didn't care. I loved them instantly. I couldn't stop glancing at them as I walked back home.

There were so many signals that I didn't recognise. I know you're thinking that I should have understood

more but Desi was the hypnotist and it seemed that I was the willing subject.

And I could type as if my hands had always had elegant nails with a French manicure. The laptop had a flat keyboard which worked with the merest touch of the ball of my fingertip.

“I’m flying back tomorrow,” Desi called. “I can’t wait to see you and hear all your news.”

“I haven’t any news,” I replied.

“I think you’ll have a lot to tell me.” She made a kissing sound down the phone and rang off.

The day after, she called me; this time I jogged across town in my new outfit.

“Nice outfit and I love those shoes,” she said, looking me up and down. “And what made you get your ears pierced?”

“I thought it would be good,” I replied, my fingers automatically checking that I hadn’t lost an earring.

“Oh, and I love the nails. it’s good that you’re learning to take care of your appearance.”

Once again I sat in the small room, looking at the candle and listening to her. It started to go really different when she told me to open my eyes.

“Now for some surprises; You’ll stay calm and relaxed in that chair all the time, but I think there are some things hidden inside you that you want to share.”

“How did you know?” I asked, feeling pleased that the question was finally out in the open, but still confused as to what was to come.

“Let’s say that I’m your favourite friend and you want to share,” she said softly. “What name would you like me to call you?”

“Francesca,” I replied without hesitation but as I heard the word, I had a sudden feeling that my name wasn’t correct, so I tried again.

“I didn’t mean that; I meant to say that my name’s Francesca.” It sounded better this time and more natural; I was really called Francesca.

“it’s a pretty name.” Desi smiled at me. “You must be so pleased to have such a pretty name.”

As soon as she said that, I did feel proud of my name. I loved being called Francesca.

“Some people call me Frankie,” I said. “That’s usually friends who know me well.”

“Do I ever call you that?”

“Of course you do, you’re my best girlfriend.”

“What about your boyfriends; do they call you Frankie?”

“I don’t have a boyfriend at the moment,” I heard myself replying.

I hesitated and then I knew something was wrong. I wanted to correct something.

“That’s not right,” I tried again. “I’m not really called Francesca, or Frankie. I’m really called Francesca...”

It was as if I was stuck in a loop. Something wasn’t right. Maybe it was my name. I couldn’t remember any other. Then I stopped thinking about it.

“Rest now, my pretty.”

As soon as I heard those words, I knew everything was alright. I sat back and relaxed, feeling calm and serene.

“Of course, you’re Francesca.” Desi held my hand and looked into my eyes. “You’ve always been Francesca. You never had any other name.”

I don’t remember anything else about that day or that evening. I felt really good about everything.

That was the night when I started having dreams again.

I loved those dreams. They were so real, even though I couldn’t remember the details when I awoke.

The dreams were like fairy tales again but exciting and romantic. I was always the girl though. I couldn’t understand why, but I didn’t want anything to change in them. They always started the same way. I slipped out of a nightgown and dressed in the finest lingerie. My waist was always slim and my breasts were always delicious.

I’d see myself dressed so perfectly. Sometimes I was in a ball gown, or a business suit; other times I

was dressed casually, a shift dress or skirt and blouse. Once or twice I was in jeans and a leather jacket which was really figure-hugging.

My hair has always been long; sometimes dressed for the occasion and at other times it was loose and flowing. I was always made-up so perfectly too. I had generous lips and dark eyes. I had long lashes which I knew had to be false ones.

On my hands there were rings; usually an emerald like the one Desi wore and I had long painted nails. I had bangles on my left wrist, a simple necklace or maybe more than one, and always earrings; small and huge.

In these dreams there was usually a boy or a man, keeping me company. they'd take me places and we'd laugh, we'd smile together and exchange secrets.

Of course there was sex too. That surprised me at first, but then I came to expect it and wait for it. If I'm honest, I'd say I tried to "fast forward" through the dream to that part and slow the speed to make it last longer.

The men always has tight muscles and smelled of the fields and woods, fresh scents, not those manly sweats like they sometimes have. Their hands were gentle as they touched me, making me shudder with anticipation.

I'd tease them too. I think the ideas came straight from the movies. At first they were quite vanilla, but they progressed as my sleeping self became bolder and more demanding. I'd hold and then play with their penis. I don't know how I came to think of that. I'd never seen another man's penis in real life since the school changing rooms where it was always accidental.

In dreams, I went from looking to touching, and from touching to licking and sucking. I loved the feeling of being in control. I could really feel it when my dream lover pushed his penis into me. It was weird but even in my dreams I wasn't a girl; not really, although I dressed and acted as one.

I had a penis too and they pushed theirs into me through my rear cheeks and my penis responded to theirs. I'd wake sticky and wet from nighttime emissions.

I didn't think to wonder about these dreams. I enjoyed them each night as they took over once I was settled in bed and my eyes were closed.

I think I should have thought about why these dreams were visiting me every night, but I only wanted them to continue.

I thought it was all getting out of control. I soaked my false nails until they came off. I started to sort out all the other feminine things around me, but when the moment came, I didn't want to get rid of them.

"This girl mode is good" was the thought that went through my mind.

In between my own writing which seemed to be progressing quite well and my new daily jogging routine, I didn't seem to have time for much else other than my visits to Desi. I ate healthily always now and with the availability of online ordering, I didn't even have to go to the supermarket.

I was so pleased with my new slimmer image and the way my hair was so long and flowing. I liked the way my clothes clung so tightly to my body. The day I

changed my earrings was lovely. I took out the bottom pair and inserted the big hoops into the piercings. They were so much bigger and so much more noticeable too.

I lost count of my visits to Desi's apartment. It was almost daily that I would jog there. She approved of my new outfit, leggings trainers and especially my tight T-shirt and overshirt.

Always she would help me to relax. I went along with it and pretended to go into trance but really I slept through the sessions. Of course, I didn't tell her that's what I was doing, but she seemed to be happy with it all.

Then things changed.

"Sleep." It was all Desi said as soon as I sat in her kitchen. "When I tell you to wake, you can't stand up. you're fastened to the chair. No matter how you try, you cannot get up."

"That was silly," I said when she told me to wake.

"Does that mean you're not hypnotised?"

"I told you that you'd never be able to hypnotise me," I said confidently.

"So that means you can stand up."

Of course I could. I flexed my muscles, put my hands on the chair... and I couldn't stand.

"I'm kidding," I said, feeling that I wasn't really kidding. I knew I could beat this, and tried again.

“You can’t do it, no matter how you try.” Desi looked at me struggling. “Okay, you can stand now, but you can’t move your feet.”

I stood and looked at her. I swayed, but my feet wouldn’t move. It was as if they were nailed to the floor.

“But you’re not hypnotised?” she asked again.

“Of course I’m not.”

“Next time I ask, you’ll tell the truth,” she said. “Are you hypnotised now?”

“I am hypnotised and I cannot move my feet,” I heard myself replying.

“When I give my next instruction, you will tell me that you will always obey me and then do as I instruct.” She paused. “Stand rigidly to attention.”

“I will always obey,” I said and then stood to attention.

I remember thinking about it. She was giving me these commands and I was following them. She walked round me as I stood sharply and rigidly to attention.

“Good girl,” she said. “Now you can move freely and naturally but you’ll talk with a lisp. No matter how hard you try to speak properly, you’ll lisp. You won’t be able to stop yourself speaking because you know you’re going to lisp. You’ll hear yourself lisping and try to correct it. When you try to correct it, you’ll lisp again. Do you understand?”

“Yeth,” I said and heard myself. “Yeth,” I said again and then again.

“Thith ith not nithe,” I said, looking at her pleadingly.

“Is it telling you something?” She smiled.

“Yeth, I am hypnotithed,” I replied; I tried to correct myself, but guess what came out.

I lisped all through the evening. I was so self-conscious. She removed the command when I went home.

There was no mistaking her intent when I next saw her. I heard her plainly and I was in a hypnotic state within seconds.

“When I tell you to do so, you may wake,” I heard her say. “You’ll be unable to move and you’ll remain calm. You’ll discover things that will make you really happy and proud to have been under my control.”

I did as she said and woke. I knew I couldn’t move; that was unexpected. I understood at once that she’d managed to hypnotise me and to take me far deeper than I ever realised could be possible had

“Tell me your name,” she said.

“I’m... Francesca,” I replied after some hesitation. “No, that’s not my name, I’m... Francesca,” I said again.

“And are you a boy or a girl?” she asked.

“I’m a girl,” I replied without hesitation, then thought. “No, that’s not right. I’m a... girl.”

“Look in the mirror and tell me what you see,” Desi instructed me. “Think of it as a picture of someone you don’t know.”

“She’s pretty,” I said. “I think I could like her if I knew her. She’d look pretty in a dress and heels and I could take her out.”

Desi held up her hand to silence me. I don’t remember her telling me to do that, but I stopped immediately.

“Now you are going to be released from all the instructions that I have given you. You will remain unable to move and remain calm. Do you understand?”

I didn’t really understand at that moment, but I said ‘Yes’. Then it happened.

“Why am I dressed like this?” I asked, but she didn’t say anything.

My memories came flooding back all at once. I knew about the earrings, but I couldn’t move. I knew what I was wearing; how I’d been jogging in pink trainers and athletic clothes that a girl would choose. I knew I was totally under control.

I think I fainted then.

I came to my senses to find that I was sitting in the same chair. I knew what had happened but the memory wasn’t a bad one. Desi was talking to me and I was following her every word.

“You’re more of a girl with every passing day, with every passing hour and with every passing minute,” she said, watching me as I nodded and mumbled, repeating her instructions.

“You want to look like a girl and to act like a girl,” she said slowly, waiting for me to mumble again.

“You want to wear dresses and heels, makeup, nails and hair.” You don’t want to look like a boy ever again.” I repeated it, then repeated it again and again.

I think I slept then. I don’t know for how long but the thoughts went round and round in my mind when I woke.

I remember the feelings when I woke and I had a new thought and a new determination. I watched my hands as they rummaged through the bag of cosmetics on my desk. The shaped and French manicured nails seemed so natural now. I couldn’t imagine being without them.

Finding what I wanted, I started to make up my eyes. I knew it was what I did every day.

“I’m getting really good at this,” I thought as I admired my look

“You haven’t let me come to see him yet,” Naomi chided Desi at their next meeting. “I’m full of curiosity. You must have had to plan it all so carefully.”

“I didn’t have a plan,” Desi laughed. “I didn’t know what I was doing or if it was going to work, so once I got him to accept that I could hypnotise him, I had to think fast.”

“You must have worked out which steps to take, what order...”

“Not a thing,” Desi replied. “I thought about each session but he was so easy to get into trance that I let my imagination run wild. It was all mixed up; improvised and unstructured.”

“I suppose he knew what you were trying to do.”

“Yes, I think that gave him a structure and a progression which worked in his mind with some guidance from me. I can’t pretend there was any scientific basis for what I’ve done and what I’m going to do next.”

“And what are you going to do next?”

“You’ll have to wait and see.” Desi leaned back in her chair.

“It’s time for you to move into my guest apartment for a few days. You don’t have to worry; I won’t disturb you in there. Treat the place like your own home,” she said when I came round after being deep in trance.

“I’ll bring my stuff tomorrow.” I heard myself saying.

“You’ll stay here tonight and tomorrow we’ll go and collect what you need to bring,” she told me. “You won’t need to bring much.”

Dinner was ordered in and for the first time we ate together. I’m sure she was watching me the whole time. I was careful to eat tidily. I took small mouthfuls and took my time. I sipped at a glass of white wine but refused a refill.

“I’ll clear up.” Desi stood and took my hand. “Welcome to my home. You’ll love living here. Why don’t you go and make yourself comfortable and I’ll call you in the morning.”

With that, I moved into her guest wing. It was far more opulent than the flea pit I was renting. There was a big bedroom with a bathroom, a comfortable lounge, with a small galley kitchen off to the side.

There was an interconnecting door into Desi’s apartment, and a separate door to the elevators. “Good for a quick escape if it gets too heavy,” I thought, and then chided myself for thinking like that.

I showered and cleaned my face with the cleanser that I found in the cabinet. It felt good and I wondered why I hadn’t used a product like this before. As I ran my hand over my cheek, I could feel my stubble. It wasn’t much and it wasn’t visible. Although I needed to shave infrequently, I thought how much nicer my skin would feel if I didn’t have to shave ever again.

I returned to the bedroom wrapped in a towel. I hadn’t the old T-shirt I usually slept in and looked round. There were drawers and closets, cupboards and wardrobes filled. I didn’t really mean to pry but I opened them one after another.

There were dresses and blouses, jeans and jackets in the wardrobes. The cupboards held neatly folded tops and sweaters. The drawers all seemed to be full of lingerie. They were all perfumed and they all smelt heavenly

As I thought “heavenly,” I wondered where that word had come from. It wasn’t one I used but it seemed to fit.

I turned, thinking that there must be something I could wear to bed. I opened the final door and there they were: nightdresses. I saw my hand reaching out to touch them one by one. There were silks and lace, long ones and short ones.

Before I knew what I was doing, I was wearing a pale peach creation, long and flowing with gauzy sleeves and feeling that this was the ideal thing to wear to bed.

My dreams were exciting; although a minute after waking I couldn't remember a thing about them.

I knew I'd made a mess; nocturnal emissions, I think they're called.

Desi made no comment when we met in the morning. I'd brushed my hair after my morning ablutions. I'd really cleaned myself up and sponged the nightdress as best I could. The matching robe which I wore over it hid the damp patches.

On an impulse, I'd changed the lower studs in my ears for the big silver hoops. It was a new feeling again. The weight and the movement as I walked surprised me and I was very conscious of it. It seemed so natural.

"We'll go and get what you need from your apartment later," Desi said as she handed me a cup of coffee.

I dressed quickly in my jogging clothes and the pink trainers. I pulled my hair back into a pony. Somehow I felt that a high pony would look better. My hair would swing as I moved. It looked right.



At my old apartment, it didn't take long. I got my laptop and a few papers; some other bits and pieces, and pushed them into a holdall.

"You don't need to bring any of those old clothes." Desi looked through the pile, taking my agreement for granted.

I didn't mind. As I looked through everything casually, I couldn't think of anything I wanted to pack. The landlord could clear it.

I was very calm on the return journey. I don't think I had a thought in my head about leaving all my clothes behind, all the possessions I'd accumulated. I didn't think about the clothes I'd left behind either, and I didn't think that the only clothes I had were those I was now wearing.

I didn't think at all.

"I want you to sleep for me now," Desi said as soon as we arrived back in her apartment.

My mind seemed to switch off immediately. I went to the chair beside the window, sat down, and closed my eyes. It seemed natural to obey now. I heard her talking to me, but the words didn't register.

I know that sounds wrong, but that's the way it was. Desi talked, I listened, and didn't have to think about anything.

From that day, I knew I was a girl.

I don't remember much about the day that followed. I remember dressing in jeans and flat shoes, with a denim shirt. I brushed out my hair and tied it

back loosely so that my earrings were visible. I loved the big silver hoops. I thought they looked sexy.

Clearing my old apartment didn't take long and when we carried all the bags into the goodwill shop, I didn't have a single regret. Maybe I should have but you know why I wasn't thinking of that. You know why I wasn't thinking that I had no clothes in Desi's apartment and that all I was wearing had come from her wardrobe.

She gave me a magazine to read in the nail salon when she went to have her nails done. It wasn't really my thing, I thought as I leafed through the pages, but I was drawn in.

I remembered having long nails and thought how I regretted taking them off. I knew that wasn't what I felt at the time but I was learning to cope with contradictory thoughts and impressions.

I looked at the "before and after" pictures of nails and hairdos. Some were believable, both nails and hair. Some were clearly a designer's fantasy; nails which would make anything impossible, not like mine at all.

I watched as Desi's nails were stripped and rebuilt. How they could change from something so plain into the long elegant shapes drew my eyes. Maybe I should have tried mine longer and with a more delicious colour.

"Your nails look as if they could do with some care again." The technician took my hand as Desi walked across with her to the pay station. "Would you like me to tidy them up?"

"Oh, do say yes." Desi looked at me and I knew I was going to agree.

“I don’t think nails like yours would look right,” I stammered, secretly wanting to be told what to do. “Maybe you could do something less obvious.”

She smiled and beckoned me to sit at the desk.

“How about if I do a longer shape and make them look healthy?” she purred softly. “I could finish them in a more exciting shade.”

I thought that this was a great solution and watched as she worked on my hands. Desi sat beside me, chattering all the way, but I wasn’t paying attention as blobs of acrylic compound were attached and shaped over my nails from which the French manicure had been cleaned.

This was a world away from the nails I’d had before.

“You should be able to manage everything with those,” she said, finally putting down the brush after the last topcoat as my hands dried, left and right, in something like a mini-oven of light.

When she told me to, I removed my hands. My nails were much longer and elegant. I don’t think I registered the length then, but the shape looked perfect with each finger filed to a matching oval.

They were red; not a natural shade, with white tips quite unlike my French manicure. We went back to the apartment and, before I had time to think about it, I was falling into a trance again. I know it was making me so suggestible, but I didn’t have the thought that I should question anything. When Desi said she wanted to work with me on new techniques; “layering” she called it. I complied.

I drifted in and out of trance throughout the afternoon. Sometimes I was deeper and to this day I have no recollection of what was going on. At other times, I was very conscious of feelings and things to do being layered into my receptive brain.

It was mid-evening when I was allowed to wake. By then I was in an elaborate nightgown and negligée. My hair was piled on top of my head and long earrings hung from my lobes almost to my shoulders.

My eyes felt heavy and when I looked in the mirror, I saw that I was made-up, quite heavily made-up, with dark eyes and shining red lips. I knew I was wearing false eyelashes and looked at them over and over. I instantly fell in love with this new me.

I thought my sleep was dreamless until I woke with more night-time emissions staining my gown.

“Could I get lash extensions?” I asked. “They were in that magazine I saw yesterday, and I think I’d like to try them.”

“I think you’re beginning to find that being a girl could be to your liking.” Desi smiled.

“You’re so good to me. you’re treating me as if I was your daughter,” I said, although she wasn’t much different in age to me.

“No sooner said than done; I’ll make an appointment as soon as I can.”

“I don’t think you could get away without makeup any longer,” Desi said that evening.

“I think I do my eyes really nicely,” I said defensively.

“You’ve been looking at those lashes every few minutes since we got home,” Desi said. “Now it’s time you adopted the full glamour look every day.”

“I can’t get over how they make my eyes look,” I replied. “Thank you for getting them to do my makeup. I have a lot to learn before I can do it like this.”

“Do you really want to learn more?”

“Francesca wants me to,” I replied dumbly. “I know what you’ve done and I know I agreed but right now it’s feeling comfortable and I don’t understand why.”

I think that was what started me towards “Vanities”.

“I have to be away for a few days again next week,” Desi announced that evening. “My agent needs me to meet with some important people for a new project.”

“What do I do?” I asked dumbly.

Desi passed a lipstick over the table to me. I looked at it and then understood. I wasn’t allowed to speak unless I was wearing lipstick.

I didn’t try to understand but went to the mirror and applied it carefully and then returned. It was one of those test commands she used to test how I would react.

“What about me?” I asked.

“You’ll take no harm. She touched my hand gently and I knew she was right. “You can borrow any clothes you need from the outfits in your room. If you’ve nothing to do, you could play with all the cosmetics there and pretend you’re someone else.”

“Yes, I could.” I remember saying that and feeling thrilled at the prospect.

“There are lots of books and magazines in the bookcase and then there’s the internet. You can find out how to do things if you watch the experts.”

“I could use the internet,” I heard myself repeating.

“You could pretend to be my sister,” She said.

It seemed to be a good idea and one which instantly excited me. Desi was always pretty.

“You could learn to walk elegantly in heels,” she said.

That excited me too. I loved to watch girls walking in heels, with their hips swaying, the sound of them clicking over the floor, and the elegance of their ankles.

“Of course, You’ll need to dress correctly. You won’t feel good if you don’t dress properly,” she said, and paused as if waiting for me to absorb this thought.

Maybe it wasn’t a thought, but an instruction. I knew I’d have to learn how to dress properly if I wanted to look like her.

“Of course, your hair’s a different colour to mine,” she continued and I knew at once that was a flaw I

couldn't overcome. "But you can use any of the wigs in my closet too. In fact you'll love changing your looks more each time you do it. You might like to go to the salon too."

That idea slipped in with the others.

"You will love the changes you can make as a girl. You'll love being a girl more with each change and with each day." She paused. "And as the days go by, you'll find that you can use the words that a girl would use and you can allow your body language to change too."

I think I must have screwed my face at that suggestion. I think I doubted that I knew how to attempt that."

"You can watch the way girls do things on the television and on the internet. You can watch romantic movies and read romantic stories. When you do, you'll imagine how it would be to be the girl in the story."

She paused and my mind wandered, absorbing these concepts.

"You'll imagine how she feels when she's kissed. You'll imagine how she feels when she moves and if there's a romantic scene, you'll feel whatever she's feeling. If her breasts are caressed, you'll feel it. If she's kissed, you'll feel that kiss, and if she has sex, you'll feel her sensations and enjoy them. Those feelings will be the best you've ever had.

"In a few moments, I'm going to ask you to wake," she said. When I do, I want you to show me that you've accepted all these things."

I could hear my breathing and feel how comfortable I was with all these thoughts which were now *my* thoughts.

“All the things you’ve been writing about can come true,” she said. “The hero of your stories who changes from male to female is you. All the things that you’ve written that they can do are things that you can do.”

Pictures flashed across my mind then. I saw ball gowns and felt the feelings of my naked shoulders being kissed. I saw my hands; nails wrapped around a penis, enjoying the power of a woman. My breathing quickened with excitement.

Desi was silent. I guess she was letting these fantasies sink in.

“They’re things you want to do. Nothing’s going to hold you up on your journey to being the perfect girl, the perfect girlfriend, the perfect woman.”

The next day was the first from which I wore exclusively women’s clothes and shoes.

I didn’t exactly panic when the date of her departure came round. She’d been hypnotising me each day, sometimes more than once. I knew it was happening. Each time I know that something a little bit more feminine would have been slipped into my thought patterns.

It was more than exciting and I knew too that she’d made me willing and accepting a little more each time. I had no idea what was happening, or rather, I had no conscious knowledge that I was changing. It all seemed so perfectly normal.

“Maybe I need a boyfriend,” I heard myself say.

“That’s a good idea.” Desi looked shocked at my suggestion. “I didn’t expect you to say that.”

“It’s those dreamboats in the novels I’ve been reading,” I replied. “I’ve no idea what to do when you’re not here.”

“I’ve thought of that,” Desi replied. “You’re going to go into a deep trance for me later. I have a few ideas that I know you’re going to love.”

My heart lightened as I heard this. By then, I’d become so used to drifting down into trance that I couldn’t have resisted even if I’d been able to form any thought of resistance. I don’t know what instruction and thoughts Desi put into my head in that session, but she must have slipped in something to make me stop worrying.

I woke the next morning feeling so good. I quickly did my eyes before she saw me. I didn’t want to appear without some eye makeup because it was something that girls like me had to do. I remember being in my nightdress and gown as we sipped coffee together, then kissing her as she went out of the door.

I went back to my room and thought about what to wear. I chose a dark blue dress with a dramatic flower motif across the bodice. It had a high neck of course, and full sleeves with bell cuffs. Dark stockings and pale lavender lingerie set with dark blue heels would finish the outfit.

I showered quickly and dried my hair. I changed my earrings for the biggest and most obvious silver hoops and put my hair into an elaborate loose do which I’d learned from the internet. It was simple yet effective; threading the heavy long hair through one

pony tail from the top of my head. I thought it looked ever so full and sexy.

I thought carefully before doing my makeup for the day. I knew I wanted to go to the salon to get my eyelash extensions and my nails freshened, and so kept it all simple.

I was surprised at my newly acquired self-confidence as I telephoned the salon and made the appointment on Desi's account. Then after a final inspection of myself in a full-length mirror, I stepped out of the apartment and headed to the shops.

I browsed in a way that I'd never thought of before. I looked at different things now; the seams of dresses and the quality of the finishing; the softness of the material, and was it something which would soon crease or lose its shape.

I tried on a couple of dresses in the changing rooms without a shudder of angst in case I was discovered. I sat in a small café where I sipped on a latte and inspected my purchases. I saw a couple of guys checking me out too. I took it as a good sign; one of them looked really dishy.

In the salon, I was in full gushing feminine mode without having to think or consciously act the part. I think they all knew who I was and what I was but Desi must have briefed them on how to treat me.

I got back to the apartment later than I'd expected, but with a more grey ash shade in my hair, as well as extravagantly extended eyelashes and new deep red nails. They'd suggested blue instead, but something inside me kicked in. I knew I wanted longer nails in a truly deep red shade.

I had just settled down to read a new fashion magazine when Desi called. I think she used some key words on me because I don't remember all we said. I was surprised when I saw the time afterwards. She'd been on the telephone for an hour.

My appointment for the next day was to have lunch with her publisher. I never thought to ask if they were still my publisher too, even though I hadn't submitted anything for a while. Life was so busy, and I was living a fantasy.

If this was a fantasy, I was enjoying every minute.

The next morning was so different, but I didn't think it so at the time. I showered and checked that I didn't have any hairs where a girl shouldn't have hairs. I dried my hair carefully; I wanted to make it look so full as well as long. It would show off the new colour better.

I dressed carefully in a pink bra, panties and garter belt. I was careful with my nails not to catch my nude stockings as I pulled them up and fastened them to my garter tabs. The tug of those garters almost made me weep with excitement as I walked across to the wardrobe to take my blue dress from the hanger.

The dress was tight and hugged every inch and every curve of my body. Now that breast forms were second nature to me, I turned and admired the curve of my breast, thrilling to see it reflected in the mirror. My figure looked right even though it was false.

"I wonder if I'd look better if I had implants." The thought came unbidden to my mind. "What size should I be?" That thought came second.

I looked again and thought how big I could be. That would make everyone look. I rejected that thought in favour of getting a natural size for my body. If I was going to become more of a girl, I wanted it to be something approaching normal, rather than something which could only be shown off.

“I wonder how many girls have a penis.” That thought made me giggle at the naughtiness; I didn’t think it absurd.

I took time over my makeup that day. I was so careful. It was heavier around the eyes; somehow that gave me confidence. Now I know it must have been a thought implanted in Desi’s programme.

Then I was ready. I called for an Uber, gave the address where I was told to appear, and set off without a doubt. I was full of confidence and full of pride in my appearance.

There wouldn’t be another girl as stunning as I was. The thought that I didn’t know where I was going or what I was going to find when I got there didn’t impinge on my conscious mind at all.

I don’t remember much about the lunch. I think we talked a lot. I can’t think what about; I was too busy watching the waiter, how he moved and how his tight trousers bulged in the right places.

Desi had programmed it all.

“I think I’ve seen your boy,” Naomi said when she and Desi met for lunch.

“And what did you think?”

“There’s not much boy showing unless you knew where to look,” she replied. “You must have worked it all out very carefully.”

“I wish I had,” Desi snorted. “I’m doing it all by guesswork. I’d call it layering; building one suggestion on top of another. If I’m honest, I forget which ones I’ve used. He’s so receptive though; he doesn’t reject anything.”

“Surely there are some things he wouldn’t do?”

“I’m not so sure.” Desi looked thoughtful. “I have wondered how far I can take this.”

“Are you going to turn his story into a novel?”

“No one would believe it.”

“So call it science fiction,” Naomi replied. “I bet you have notes and photographs all the way.”

“I haven’t, and I’m sure if he ever wanted to put a timetable together, he’d be lost.”

There was a pause as their lunch was served and then they ate a little, letting the conversation drift away.

“Did your movie script get accepted?” Naomi asked.

“Well sort of; the good news is I got paid rather well for the options.”

“And there’s bad news?”

“They put it back into development,” Desi replied. “I don’t know if that means it’s not going anywhere.”

“Maybe you need to write up your boy?”

“Be serious; who could you get to play the hero?”

“Or heroine?” Naomi paused. “Why are you doing this?”

“I don’t know,” Desi answered. “I started thinking it might not work, then it did and I carried on.”

“And now you’ve no idea how to end it.”

“You’re right, and I have no idea how to undo all I’ve done,” Desi replied. “Sometimes I think all I did was turn a switch in his mind and that started him off. I don’t really know how much I control and how much I’ve given him permission to go whatever his imagination leads.”

“That sounds dangerous; deliciously dangerous.” Naomi winked. “You can’t abandon him.”

“I don’t think I can. Fortunately I can afford to keep going for a while.”

“Maybe you’d better find him a husband.”

“That’s not a bad idea.”

I can’t remember everything about the next days. I seemed to switch between watching the girls and thinking that I’d like to date them. Without a conscious switch, I was checking out their boyfriends and wondering what it would be like to be with them.

My fantasies switched wildly between seduction and being seduced. I should have registered that something was shifting in my mind, but it all seemed

to be part of me. I know that sounds wrong and you're probably thinking how could a guy be so stupid, but maybe I wasn't thinking as a guy.

My mind had changed subtly but the shift didn't feel wrong. The strangest thing was that I knew what was happening. It was entirely my fault too. Desi had challenged me and I had agreed to take part. She had proved herself to be far more able to control my mind than I ever could have believed.

The realisation didn't help though. I knew I wasn't really a girl, but at the same time I was acting and reacting in a more feminine mode as the days passed. It was like some kind of self-fulfilling prophesy come true. I should have resented it or fought against it but I didn't want to.

I think I'd decided that I really wanted to be a girl but wasn't sure if I could admit it, even to myself. Despite everything, I had some of my old memories and thoughts that broke through. I didn't want to be a girl, yet the more I thought about it, the more I wanted to be a girl.

I don't understand that either.

Instead, I got more adventurous. I raided the wardrobes and their stock of clothes. I studied the internet and practised more makeup ideas and hairstyles, delighting when I got it right and laughing at myself when I got it wrong. I think I tried on every pair of earrings in her jewellery case.

I didn't think of wearing anything male during those days. It seemed so natural to be as feminine as I could be.

I *was* Francesca now

“Did you miss me?” Desi arrived home a day before I was expecting her.

I ran across the room, almost tripping over my heels in my haste to hug her.

“I think you’re ready for the next phase,” she said as we walked hand-in-hand through to the kitchen.

“Is there a next phase?” I asked. “You’ve won. I’m as much of a girl as I could be. I didn’t believe you’d manage it, but I’m the living proof.”

“Does that mean you want me to un-hypnotise you; to remove all you’ve become.”

“I don’t know.” The thought didn’t lie easily in my mind; I shook my head. “You need to give me time to answer that.”

“Okay, look at me and sleep.” She said.

I couldn’t resist; I didn’t want to resist. I don’t remember anything about that session. All I remember is waking and feeling so good with myself. I was sitting in front of the vanity in my room, touching up my eyeliner and mascara, and brushing my hair through.

I tied it back with a huge clip so that it was held away from my face. It hung loosely down my back, showing the long earrings dangling from my lobes. I chose my favourite perfume, Chanel’s “Coco Mademoiselle,” and squirted it liberally under my neck, across my shoulders, and on my wrists.

“They say that perfume should be applied where you want to be kissed,” Desi said to me as we sat together.

“Does that mean it’s subliminal?” I asked. “Do you think I want you to kiss me?”

“Of course you do.” She leaned across and kissed my neck.

“You can do that again.” I was tingling from the touch of her lips, excitedly waiting for her to do it again.

That kiss became another as we gasped and panted between kisses and touches. Our clothes slipped away, dropped where we passed on our way to her big bed.

It was every bit like the dreams I had been having. We made love as two girls together. Her lips sucked my nipples and nibbled gently. I copied her and we took turns; I played with her left breast, then she played with mine. I took my turn and loved the feel of her right breast on my tongue.

When her tongue slid around mine, I thought I’d gone to heaven.

She laid back, legs open and inviting. I knew to kneel between them and to use my tongue, probing and sucking, nibbling at her labia and sucking gently. Her soft gasps and moans of delight made me want to do it more. Our legs scissored together.

I could feel my penis growing. I could feel Desi’s hands playing with it; squeezing and massaging it as my fingers sought her entry until, exhausted, we slept.

I woke alone.

It was morning. I stood and realised that the night-dress which I must have slipped on unaware, was wet and sticky. I went in search of Desi. She laughed as soon as she saw me.

“Somebody was having a good time last night.” She pointed to the obviously wet patch.

“I’m sorry...” I started.

“Don’t be sorry; you were obviously enjoying it.”

“But I didn’t... I mean, we didn’t...”

“Of course we didn’t.” She laughed again. “You were working in girl mode last night. Don’t you remember how our legs were twined together?”

“Yes, but what does that mean?”

“It’s what girls do sometimes.” She replied. “I can’t believe you didn’t know that’s what we were doing.”

“I’m confused.” I tried to think.

“Don’t be confused; it means that all those fantasies about changing through hypnosis might be taking hold in your mind. I think you’re ready to move on to the next stage.”

“There’s a next stage?”

“I’m sure there is.” She smiled at the thought. “We’ll work through a little trance work later. You’re really going to enjoy it, I promise.”

“Why am I going to enjoy it?”

“You’re going to your first formal.”

“Formal... as in...?”

“it’s a charity ball,” Desi replied. “Think of it as an opportunity to meet Prince Charming.”

“I don’t believe in fairy tales,” I said as she looked at me and I felt my mind flickering. “I think it would be wonderful if fairy tales came true.”

“That’s the best approach.” She smiled approvingly. “I’ve ordered your gown and the salon has been primed to make you look like a million dollar girl.”

“That sounds nice, but I’m poor,” I said.

“That’s all the better to find your Prince Charming.”

Several hours later and I was ready; not only was I ready but I was full of excitement. My tummy was full of butterflies fluttering. I kept on seeing a penis in my mind’s eye, then another, and another still bigger.

My gown was dark grey silk and clung tightly to my hips and breasts, both of which had been subtly padded. My heels were the highest, yet I found no difficulty in walking in them and I knew I could dance the night away.

The vestige of the boy in me scoffed at the idea, but what did he know?

I took a final look in the mirror. My makeup was really something; dark smoky eyes, long lashes, and lips that had something new. The salon had injected something. They said it was to help me with a Rus-

sian pout. I thought it made my lips look more kissable especially now that they were shining with pale pearl lipstick in a pink and peach shade.

You can tell the way my mind was working.

My nails were impossibly long. I loved them. I knew I could do most things with them on, and the things that I couldn't, well, I could get some guy to help me. I had a simple necklace, just a chain and a second one longer, with a small pendant.

And Desi's ring was on my finger. Looking at it, turning it round, gave me such a buzz of femininity.

Desi and I entered the ballroom of a local hotel. The lights were dimmed except for the band on the stage. Couples were dancing, standing, chatting and drinking. Some guys were watching. I guessed they were the predators there and I knew I was the prey; their willing prey.

I wanted to try out the new me.

"Hi, did I see you come in with Desi?" He was tall, slim and muscular, with longish dark hair and kind eyes.

"Yes, she's right here." I turned round instinctively to see Desi waving to me as she disappeared into the crowd at the bar.

"She told me to tell you that I'm Prince Charming for the evening."

"I'm delighted to meet you." Something fluttered again inside me as I took his arm and melted into him. "You can be as charming as you like."

His arm went round me as we walked towards the bar. I could feel his hand sneaking round and when we stopped walking, it slid further round to rest under my padded breast.

“I hope Desi warned...”

“She said that you were my special sort of girl. I think you can guess what that means.”

“In that case, I may be all yours,” I heard myself saying.

I don't think I was conscious of what I was intending, or where this might be leading. I think I knew full well where I wanted it to lead. My mind was rushing ahead.

I couldn't help but sneak a look down as he ordered at the bar. His trousers were tight and bulged in the right places. I turned to face him as he spoke to the waitress, letting my hand touch that bulge where it lingered just long enough for him to register my interest.

He looked at me and then suddenly kissed me on the lips. It was swift and delicious. It took me by surprise even though I wanted it. I kissed him back, longer this time and our tongues touched.

I was on fire.

I'm not sure of the madness which engulfed me. I remember holding his hand and pulling him towards the elevators. We got in and as soon as the doors closed I was kissing him again, running my hand over his bulge. I remember feeling more and more excited as I could feel his penis growing.



I don't know which floor we got out of the elevator. I guess he must have known where to go; he'd pushed the floor button. He held my hand as we walked along the corridor and opened a room.

The second the door closed, I was on him. Struggling frantically against my fingernails, I tried to open his belt, and fell to my knees waiting for his penis to be free from his clothes. He opened it for me and I managed to pull his zipper down, then his trousers and pants.

The moment it came free, I started to stroke it with both hands. The way my red nails glistened against the pale penis almost mesmerised me again.

Yes, I know I was already mesmerised, but you know what I mean; this was an extra layer. I didn't think of it this way then, but now I think it was something else. I'd crossed over from being made to behave like a girl, to wanting to do whatever girls did. If it meant what I was going to do then, so be it.

I rubbed my hands around it, almost testing how long it was and how thick and firm. I looked up at him and saw him looking down. He couldn't move, not with trousers round his ankles and his shoes still on. I was in charge.

I put my lips to the tip and ran them from side to side, wiping some lipstick onto his skin. I could feel the tension and anticipation in him. He seemed to swell a little more at the touch. I kissed the tip and then took it onto my mouth; my tongue ran around it.

I could feel him tensing even more as I took the tip into my mouth and then breathing through my nose, I took as much of the length into my mouth as I could. I felt his tip touch the back of my throat. I

wanted to gag, but breathing again, paused and held the reflex in check.

My tongue ran under his shaft, rubbing from side to side. He stiffened and then it was all over suddenly and far more quickly than I had even imagined. One spasm and then another and another; he started to shoot himself into the back of my throat.

I held my breath and stayed there. I resisted the temptation to pull back and breathe, even to give way to the gagging as he pulsed and pumped into me. As soon as I felt him weaken and then stop, I leaned back on my heels, swallowed what I could. Sadly, the rest dribbled down my chin.

I caught it in my hand. I looked up at him and saw him watching me with a slightly glazed look in his eyes. I licked him from my hand. I didn't savour the taste, but I wasn't repulsed by it.

I remember thinking that I needed to get used to it. I knew I was going to be doing it again.

"That was amazing," he gasped.

"I'm happy to have pleased you, sir." I smiled, stood and curtseyed as I said it, then looked sternly. "I hope you're going to last longer next time."

"There's a next time?" he asked with surprise in his eyes.

"Surely you didn't expect me to do that if you're not going to do something for me." I leaned into him and wrapped his arms round me, placing his hands firmly; on my rear cheeks. "A girl has needs too."

I sat on the bed and stripped off my dress, hoping that he'd take the hint. He did, although it took a moment. I watched him struggle out of his shoes and socks, his trousers and his pants. He laid his jacket carefully on a chair. He stood and looked at me.

"You look funny in your shirt, standing like that." I laughed. "You'd look better if your penis wasn't drooping."

"That's your fault," he said, taking off his shirt. "You'll have to do something about that."

"Get me a drink," I commanded sternly. "I'll give you a moment to recharge."

He went to the minibar. I heard a cork pop and then he came back handing me a glass. I looked in the mirror.

"We look funny." I giggled at the sight. "You're naked and I'm here in bra and panties watching you."

"They're very pretty and that pink colour suits you perfectly," he said, running a hand up my leg. "Don't forget the garter belt and stockings."

"I do hear that guys like that sort of thing," I replied, putting my hand over his.

We sipped from our glasses. His hand pulled out from under mine and came to my breast. I stopped him when he was about to cup it.

"You know they come off at night," I said.

“My favourite kind of girl,” he replied, leaving his hand there. “Although my other favourite is one with implants.”

“I don’t know about that.” I recoiled a little. “I haven’t thought that far ahead.”

“I think you have, you just don’t know it yet.”

“Don’t push it,” I replied.

“Think about it; life would be so much simpler if you really knew who you were.”

“Then you’d know who I was as well,” I said.

“I think I already know,” he replied, putting my hand onto his penis which was beginning to grow. “See what you can do already.”

“I hope you’re ready for this.”

I wrapped my hands around it again and started to massage it into more growth. I licked the tip and then leaned up and put one of his hands on my bum.

“You’re going to have to work hard,” I whispered, looking at him in the eye. “I really need this.”

I’ve no idea where this boldness came from. All I knew was that I wanted to feel this inside me.

“By chance, I have something to make this easier,” he said. “Good lubrication makes things much better.”

I watched as he squirted something over his penis. It soaked my hands; oily and perfumed. He reached around and turned me over and then allowed more to dribble between my cheeks.

I felt a finger intrude into my hole, then withdraw. He put more of the oil onto his hands and then two fingers went in, rotating inside me, opening the entrance.

“I know it’s going to hurt,” I said, smiling and licking my lips encouragingly. “But don’t stop, no matter how I scream.”

I turned onto my front and rested my head on my elbows with knees bent so that my rear was presented to him. I felt him pulling my oil-soaked panties out of the way and then moving behind me.

At the first touch of his penis I think I pulled back; then, realising what I’d done was another reflex, I pushed back, feeling him at my entry. I pushed back; small pushes against his penis, encouraging him to push again. It was then that I screamed. He didn’t stop. I wouldn’t have let him if he’d tried.

He pushed hard again and it hurt. I bit my lip to stop the cry which came to my throat. I breathed out, hoping it would sound like I was having pleasure. I was, but the hurt was there still. I tensed my stomach and tried to relax my rear and pushed against him. I could tell he was moving slightly inside.

I was afraid to push him out and away. I didn’t want him to feel it was too difficult, I wanted him to take me all the way. The girl inside me wanted this confirmation. He pushed and grunted. I held my breath and tried so hard not to tense anything. Inch by inch I could feel that he was getting there.

What a rush of conflicting emotions.

“Harder,” I heard myself shouting over and over as I pushed back against his forward thrusts. I know it’s a trope, but I really did.

I was sweating and panting as I could feel everything. I imagined feeling the little veins on his penis, and the ridge of his foreskin. I pictured him entering the tunnel, forcing his way through. Then suddenly there came a new feeling. It took me by surprise at first and then I understood; it was his ball sack against my cheeks. He was in and couldn't go further.

I held still for a few moments. It can't have been more than a second or two but in that moment, I knew something. I didn't know what I knew, but the feelings were tremendous. It wasn't hurting as much. I think I adjusted to him being in there.

I pushed back and wriggled my bum, savouring all the new sensations. I knew I'd crossed a threshold and there could be no going back.

I knew I was going to want to feel this again. And again.

After that, I stayed in full female mode. I couldn't think of doing anything else. I dreamed of being wanted again, and having good sex with a willing partner. It filled my thoughts and changed everything I was writing. How an experience for real changes everything I'd imagined.

My next session with Desi was a couple of days later.

"I've tried to remove all the hypnotic suggestions from your mind so that you can be a man again," Desi began. "I think this experiment has gotten out of control and you may be going places You'll regret."

"I'm not conscious of anything being taken away."

I smoothed my skirt and checked my nails as I struggled to think of what to say next.

“I think you were very brave to go along with my experiment.” she broke the silence. “I think I proved my thesis that with the right hypnotist and the right subject, these things are possible.”

“I hardly know what to think.” I was still collecting my feelings. “You say you’ve removed things but I’m still female in my mind.”

“I think we should leave this interview for a day or two. Wait and see how you feel and then think about the future.”

After that I went back to my guest apartment. I looked in the mirror and automatically checked my makeup and smoothed my hair. I tried to think about changing back from this girl in the mirror. I knew I should do it.

But I didn’t want to.

I went out on my own that night. I was careful and went to a place where I knew the people would be friendly with girls who weren’t girls and boys who weren’t always boys. Looking round and without being critical, I thought I looked one of the most convincing girls.

I didn’t have to wait long at the bar on my own. A drink appeared in front of me and the barmaid, who was quite convincing, waved an elegant finger at a man at the other end of the bar who raised his glass to me. I smiled and he started to come over.

“How could I have missed you for so long?” he said, slipping onto the stool next to mine and his hand onto my knee.

“That’s a good line,” I replied. “Do you come here to use it often?”

“I try every time I’m in town,” he replied.

“And does it work?”

“It does tonight if you’re still talking to me.” His hand crept further up my thigh, and I could feel my penis responding; it had a life of its own.

“I’m still talking to you.” I think he could see the effect his hand was having as my skirt bulged a little.

“How about if we talk a little more and maybe somewhere less crowded.” He looked down at that bulge.

“What did you have in mind?” I knew I was being reckless but right then I didn’t care.

“Maybe we could have dinner and then a stroll in the moonlight?”

Another drink appeared in front of me. He must have signalled for a refill but his hand had so distracted me that I didn’t notice.

“It’s going to get cold later,” I said.

“If that happens, I have a nice suite in the hotel across the park. it’s warm, cosy, and has a well-stocked bar.”

“Let’s do dinner first.” I smiled and licked my lips to make them shine. “I don’t want to take it too fast.”

“But do you want to take it later?” His hand reached the tip of my penis and a finger rubbed across it.

“Would I like it?” I could feel the trembling tone of my voice.

“I don’t expect complaints.”

Needless to say, we ended up in his hotel. Even with my limited experience, I could tell he was good at seduction. It was easy to go along with it all. He was slow and gentle, taking me from anticipation to silently screaming desire in a few touches.

My dress slipped away. He knelt down to unbuckle the straps of my heels and let his tongue flick the straining tip of my penis. He wrapped strong fingers around it.

“Careful; I’m so near to making a mess and embarrassing myself,” I said more sharply than I intended, but I was quite breathless by then.

“Don’t worry; I know they’re not real,” he whispered, gently removing my breast forms from my bra.

“You make that part so easy.” I snuggled into his naked shoulder, with his scent of citrus and grass, shuddering as his fingers played with my nipple.

I didn’t notice how, but his clothes fell away as fast as mine did; it was obvious that he’d done this before.

He picked me up and carried me through to the bed where, quite unceremoniously, he dropped me onto the mattress.

“Don’t go away.” He turned and went to the bedside cabinet. “We have to be safe.”

He came back with a condom and a tube. You know where the condom went. He squeezed the tube onto his hand and let me watch as he coated the condom, then he flipped me over and slathered more into the crack between my cheeks.

I felt a finger and then another working inside me. They went in so easily. They played there, working me into a frenzy of desire. His fingers came away and then back in as I knew he was working lubrication in there.

Then a different touch and a strong arm pulled me so that I was kneeling with my head down on the pillow. I knew what the next touch would be. It went in a little and my body reacted. He held still while I got myself under control as if I could really control it all.

He pushed and pulled back, slowly but incessantly. My penis stuck out like a rod as he worked. I think I screamed; I know I moaned and said things to encourage him. It was probably nonsense, but my mind was concentrated on one thing.

He pushed again and again. I lost track of time. I abandoned all thoughts and all senses except that one thing. Another sensation and I knew he was as far in as it was possible to go. I felt so full, yet so much in want of more.

We began to move in harmony, back and forth; in and out, gasping and panting as I lost control. My penis started to jerk and spray all over the bed below me, just as I felt him stiffen and pause. Then a pulse and another and I knew he was filling that condom deep inside me.

Despite the condom, I got a sensation of those pulses shooting deep inside me. It felt then as if it would last and last forever, but then inevitably it

started to fade and slip out again. I think I collapsed onto the bed in rapture and slept immediately.

I think we did it again another three times in the night.

I awoke to room service knocking on the door. I sat up in bed and caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. My hair was everywhere and my makeup was smeared everywhere.

It must have been a busy night.

"I'll hope to see you again when I come through this town," he said as he served me coffee and a muffin.

"I'd like that," I replied truthfully. "Maybe we'll meet in the same place?"

"I can make no promises," he said.

I understood what he meant. I was happy with that. I knew instinctively that I didn't want anything permanent or even anything regular. I was a new girl on the block and I had a lot to explore and even more to learn.

I dressed, knowing that my clothes were not ideal for an appearance so early in the day. I brushed out my hair so that it hung loose over my shoulders and repaired my makeup to the point where I didn't look ridiculous.

I hurried from cab to door, hoping that no one would see me.

It was a couple of hours and a shower and change of clothes before I dared to face Desi.

“I think you made a great step forward for womanhood last night.” Desi waved a finger at me. “You need to be careful.”

“I know, but you gave me this power and I couldn’t help but use it.” I know I was being over dramatic. I’m going to stay female. I don’t know if you can remove this new personality, but I don’t want you to try.”

“I *have* tried to remove it,” Desi said. “I couldn’t. I created a monster and I’ve let her loose on the world.”

“I think your monster is going to enjoy her world,” I said

So that’s how it started, this present phase of my life. In the years after that day, I started on my path. It wasn’t easy at first. We stayed firm friends; Desi let me stay in her guest apartment until I could afford one of my own.

My books sold better and I invested my savings wisely. I rented one salon and employed good staff. I knew the value of good stylists and nail technicians.

Fortunately there were a couple of girls like me who had the skills and wanted the work. I couldn’t have done it without them. One salon became two and then three and then a chain.

Did it take me? Did I settle down? I think you can guess. It was all too much of a good life.

Did I commit myself to anyone? Yes, to myself and to being the best girl I could. I had some work done. I got breasts; ones that look as natural as possible. I don't want to stand out, if you'll pardon the pun. I had my nose sculpted a little too. It was all vanity in the end.

And it was all the result of a foolish fantasy.

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