



Feminized Hypnotic Revenge
by Crystal Summers

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Feminization Fables Vol. 3

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Chapter 1: "Todd Angers The Wrong Man"

Treat others as you would have them treat you. That's the golden rule. Todd never understood the golden rule. He thought he could treat others in any way he wished without consequence or repercussion. He would learn his mistake however, when he angered a master hypnotist and soon found himself feminized and at his wife 's mercy.

Todd Wilson was an arrogant man who believed the world revolved around him. To his mind, rules were meant for the other guy, especially when he got behind the wheel of his car. One day when he was in a particularly aggressive mood, Todd intentionally kept a small red car from merging onto the highway.

"What are you doing?! Stop that!" exclaimed Todd's wife Julie, who sat in the passenger seat. She didn't approve of Todd driving so aggressively. In fact, there were many things she didn't approve of when it came to her husband, as he'd become more aggressive and domineering over time.

"I'm not letting him get in front of me," said Todd.

"Why not? It's just one car?"

"If he wants to get on the highway, then he can merge behind me," said Todd. At this point, the other car ran out of lane and needed to stop before hitting the guard rail.

Julie glared at her husband. "Behavior like that will cost you one day." Todd rolled his eyes.

Later that afternoon, purely by chance, Todd happened upon that same car as the driver waited patiently to pull into the only open parking spot at a crowded store. Todd raced up the aisle the other way and cut the driver off, taking his spot. When the driver glared at him and stroked his goatee, Todd shrugged his shoulders and exited his car.

"Are you coming?" Todd asked his wife.

"No. I don't want to be seen with you, right now," said Julie.

"Suit yourself," he responded and he walked off. He didn't see Julie walk over to the other driver and offer an apology. Nor did he see them strike up a lengthy conversation about Todd.

When Todd finished his shopping, he returned to his car and they drove home.

As they unloaded the car, Julie pulled an envelope from one of the bags. "What's this?" she asked.

Todd looked at the envelope she was holding. He had no idea. Before he could speak, however, Julie opened the envelope and pulled out two tickets to a magic show playing this weekend. There were front row seats too. She smiled and hugged her husband.

"Thank you!" she said.

Todd had no idea where the tickets came from, but he decided to pretend he had bought them since they obviously made Julie happy. He assumed it must have been a store promotion and the cashier slipped the tickets into his bag when he wasn't looking. "I thought you might like those," Todd lied.

"What made you think of taking me to a magic show?" she asked. After all, it was unlike Todd to take her anywhere as he reserved his free time for sport and for his male friends.

"You always say I never take you anywhere, so I thought I'd prove you wrong," said Todd.

Julie rolled her eyes. When she'd first met Todd, he was much nicer, but over the years he had become arrogant and intolerant. It had put a real strain on their relationship. He'd become controlling, demanding and insulting, and it didn't surprise her in the least that he would take a dig at her even as she tried to give him credit for buying the tickets. Things needed to change.

Friday night came and Todd and Julie went to the theatre where the magic show was taking place. They were dressed appropriately, with Todd wearing a black suit and dark tie and Julie wearing a tight black gown and open-toed high heeled sandals. She looked amazing. Her shoulder-length brown hair was done in an elegant updo, her nails were perfectly manicured and her makeup was immaculate. This was a rare opportunity for her to get out and she decided to make the most of it.

The show featured Rambaldi the Magnificent, and he was quite good. His tricks were a combination of new ideas and classics, all done with some new twist. The crowd loved him.

"For my next trick, I need the help of two members of the audience," said Rambaldi. He stroked his goatee and surveyed the crowd. Then he spied Todd and Julie. "How about you two?" asked Rambaldi and he pointed to them.

Todd shook his head to say no, but Julie was already bounding out of her seat. Todd pursed his lips. "Fine," he grumbled to himself

A moment later, they were on stage.

"What are your names?" asked Rambaldi. "Todd and Julie," said Julie.

"Well, Todd... well, Julie. Have either of you ever been hypnotized before?" asked Rambaldi.

They both shook their heads.

"Excellent, I love dealing with virgins," said Rambaldi slyly, which caused the audience to laugh. As they did, Rambaldi's attractive and scantily-clad assistants brought over two chairs and directed Todd and Julie to sit down. Rambaldi then pulled out a pocket watch on a golden chain and waved it before Todd and Julie's eyes.

The watch swung back and forth

The next thing Todd remembered was Rambaldi asking the audience to give Todd and Julie a round of applause. This was unnecessary, however, as the audience was already applauding... except for those who were laughing themselves silly. Todd blushed. He had no idea what had just happened, but he didn't like being made a fool of and he resented the audience laughing at him.

"I don't know what happened, but I don't like it," whispered Todd angrily.

Julie shrugged her shoulders. "It's all for fun 'It's not to be laughed at."

She shrugged her shoulders again.

When the show ended, Todd felt compelled to go backstage, as apparently did Julie. Neither could explain why they wanted to see Rambaldi, but they did. Surprisingly, the security guard let them pass, and as they made their way to Rambaldi's dressing room, they saw the crew packing up various props. They also saw Rambaldi's assistants getting out of their skimpy costumes and into street clothes, and they saw Rambaldi's dressing room. Rambaldi sat at his mm-or removing his stage makeup.

"Come in," said Rambaldi firmly "Close the door."

Todd and Julie stepped into his dressing room and closed the door behind them. Todd wasn't quite sure why they had come to see Rambaldi, but now that they had, Todd decided to voice his displeasure at being made a fool. "Look. my wife and I don't really paper--"

Rambaldi held up his hand, cutting Todd off mid-sentence. "Do you know why I gave you the tickets that brought you here tonight?"

"What do you mean 'you gave us the tickets'?" asked Todd.

Rambaldi rose from his seat and pulled his golden watch from his pocket. He ignored Todd's question and continued his thought, "It's the same reason I chose

you out of the crowd for the hypnotism act. It's the same reason I told you to come back stage after the show."

Todd started to feel nervous. He didn't remember being told to come back stage and he didn't like the sound of any of this. It sounded like a setup to him. "What are you saying?" he demanded.

"I'm saying that it's no accident that you are here now. Do you recall cutting off a small red car twice in the day?"

Todd shrugged his shoulders. He remembered the car, but he wasn't going to admit the incident.

"That was my car," said Rambaldi tersely.

"So, I've decided to teach you a lesson."

"What kind of lesson?"

"A lesson about respect," said Rambaldi.

Todd grabbed his wife's hand. "Come on, honey, we're leaving. This guy's crazy."

Rambaldi shook his head. "You aren't going anywhere."

Todd tried to walk toward the door, but found he couldn't move his legs.

"Most people think hypnosis is fake," continued Rambaldi. "That's because they see it as a magic trick and everyone knows there's no such thing as magic, don't they? Well, I can assure you that hypnosis is not fake... not at all

Normally, Todd would have laughed this idiocy off, but the proof that Rambaldi could actually hypnotize him was that Todd was unable to move toward the door. He tried to think of away out of this fast. "Look, I'm sorry if

Rambaldi shook his head. "It's too late for apologies." He raised his pocket watch and swung it back and forth. Then he snapped his fingers and Julie's head fell to her chest. She was asleep. He now focused on Todd. "I'm going to punish you

"Punish me? How?" asked Todd nervously.

"You are an arrogant, controlling man, Todd, and I'm going to punish you in the way that is most appropriate. I'm going to let others control you for a while. I'm going to make it impossible for you to refuse any command given by your wife."

Todd's jaw dropped and a shiver ran down his spine. The idea of needing to follow the orders of his wife was incredibly emasculating. His mouth went dry.

"Wait a minute, that's not fair! You can't make me obey my wife. I'm a man, and men aren't supposed to obey women!"

Rambaldi chuckled. "Fine, we can fix that too."

Before Todd could speak, Rambaldi snapped his fingers.

Todd awoke in his bed. It was morning. The last thing he remembered was being in Rambaldi's dressing room. Or had that just been a dream? He looked over at his wife, who was still asleep. She wore a pink nightie and had removed her makeup. Her gown appeared to be hanging in the closet. If they really had been at Rambaldi's dressing room, how did they get home again and get undressed without Todd realizing it? He shook his wife to wake her up.

"Honey," he said.

"What is it?" she asked. She was still groggy.

"Did we go to a magic show last night?"

"Of course we did."

"Do you remember anything after we left Rambaldi 's dressing room?" "Whose dressing room?" she asked and she yawned.

"Rambaldi. The magician. What do you recall after we went to his dressing room?"

Julie rolled over and looked at her husband quizzically "We never went to his dressing room. We watched the show, had a good time, and then we left and came home."

Todd furrowed his brow. "Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. I would remember if we went to his dressing room."

Todd took a moment to consider this. Perhaps it had all been a dream? Dreams were often based on real events. Maybe his mind was using their trip to the magician to remind him that he did feel a tiny bit ashamed of the incident with the red car. He breathed a sigh of relief

"Well, I'm glad that's over. Time to get dressed," he said to himself and he climbed out of bed. He always slept naked.

"Make me some coffee when you're dressed," said Julie.

When Julie said this, Todd felt a strange dizzy feeling he'd never experienced before. A moment later, he decided that he would indeed make Julie some coffee as soon as he was dressed. This was highly unusual, however. For one thing, Julie never asked him to do things like make coffee. Todd had made it very clear that even though they both worked, all things domestic were her domain. For another, she never told him to do anything, she asked him to do things, because he wasn't the type to take an order. He wore the pants in this family and he had always been quite clear on that point. Yet, not only did he not object

to her giving him an order just now, he actually felt an irresistible desire to comply with her request. with her order

Todd turned white as a sheet and felt a sense of panic rise up within him. Could Rambaldi have been real? Was it possible he could no longer refuse any order given by his wife? The thought terrified him. One thing was for sure though, under no circumstances should Todd ever tell his wife about this. He couldn't risk her embracing this new power she held. He decided he needed to find Rambaldi immediately and find away to settle this

"I've got a couple places to go this morning," said Todd, trying to sound nonchalant. "I'll get your coffee first though." Then he walked over to his underwear drawer, opened it and stared at his underwear. He pursed his lips. Something seemed wrong to him, but he couldn't put his finger on what. Then something clicked inside his head. He turned to face his wife. "If you don't mind, I'm going to wear your panties today."

Julie raised an eyebrow. "You what?" she asked with a laugh.

"I'd like to wear your panties today," he said. He had no idea why he'd said this. In fact, something inside him screamed not to do this, but the rest of his mind told him to proceed.

"You want to wear my panties?" she asked dubiously.

"Uh... yes," said Todd.

They stared at each other. Confusion registered on Todd's face and amusement registered on Julie's. At no point in Todd's life had he ever shown any indication that he wanted to wear panties or any other women's clothes. It just wasn't him. Todd was macho and controlling and never showed the slightest hints of effeminacy. To the contrary, Todd disdained anything he saw in other males as evidence of effeminacy. Thus, his request was beyond bizarre.

"You don't mind, do you?" asked Todd sheepishly, a tone which also was unnatural for him.

Julie smirked. "Not all," she said. "If my sweet husband wants to wear my panties, then he's more than welcome... but, you'll have to shave your legs too because panties should not be worn with hairy legs."

"Ok," said Todd even as his mind screamed, "NO!"

Todd opened her drawer and pulled out a pair of red lace panties which he liked on her very much. He pulled those up his legs to see how they fit. They were tight and they pinched his testicles, even though they gave his penis no support. They also fit uncomfortably as they barely covered half his rear and they left the rest exposed. Even worse, they felt "wrong." He knew he should not be wearing

these and it humiliated him that he had put them on, but he couldn't take them off because his mind wouldn't allow it.

"They're snug," he said and he blushed.

"I'll bet they are," said Julie.

Todd ran his hands over the panties, examining their fit. As he did, his penis slowly grew to erection. It was too large for the panties and it popped out of the waistband. He giggled and he tried to push it back into the panties.

Julie's jaw dropped. Her husband had actually *giggled*. "You like those, huh?"

"I love them," he gushed. Then he stripped them off and went to shave his legs.

Julie laughed.

When Todd returned, his legs were hairless. He slipped on the panties and was surprised at how the soft silk and lace felt against his hairless legs. It sent a shock up his spine, which caused another erection. Julie then watched in amazement as her husband slipped on his jeans and a button-down shirt and went to make her coffee.

Chapter 2: "Feminized By His Wife"

Todd was nervous as he returned home. The theatre had been closed and it took him forever to find someone who could answer his questions. When he finally found the manager, he learned to his horror that Friday had been Rambaldi's last night at the theatre. The manager believed Rambaldi was returning in a month, but Rambaldi hadn't finalized that contract yet. The only contact information the manager had for Rambaldi was a mailbox at the post office. Thus, for at least the next month, Todd was stuck. He dreaded returning to his wife. How would he hide his new weakness?

"Get everything done?" asked Julie as Todd walked through the door.

Todd shook his head. "No, not yet.

"Well, I'm glad you're back. I have a list of chores that need to be finished."

Todd cringed. He could already feel his mind anxiously waiting for her command to start working. This was horrible.

Julie smirked. "Did you enjoy wearing my panties?"

Todd blushed. The idea of wearing panties humiliated him, and it was made all the worse that his wife knew he was wearing them. It burned in his mind what she must think of him now. He kept imagining her calling him a sissy and, bizarrely, he found that turned him on. He couldn't believe it. He couldn't even understand why he put them on in the first place. He looked at his wife and ground his teeth. "No, I did not like wearing them," he said.

Julie snickered. "Then why did you put them on?"

Todd pursed his lips. He couldn't tell her about Rambaldi because he couldn't let her know that he couldn't resist her commands, but he had no idea what else he could tell her, so he shrugged his shoulders and didn't respond.

Julie wasn't finished with him however. It amused her that her macho husband had put on her panties and she wasn't going to let him forget this. "I'll bet they felt so cute and sexy, didn't they?"

He blushed further.

"Just think of the soft silks and satins against your little penis."

Todd cringed. He was sensitive about the size of his penis and it always made him uncomfortable when she called it his "little penis."

"You can wear anything else you want from my closet," she continued.

"No, thank you," he replied coldly.

"Are you sure? You might look really cute in a tight skirt and some high heels. We could invite your friends over and you could serve them drinks as they watch basketball.

That was a horrible image for Todd. His friends would never let him hear the end of it. He also didn't like that his wife was mocking him. "You know, you're my wife. You're supposed to respect me as your husband. Mocking me isn't showing me respect," he grouched.

Julie smirked. "Was I mocking you? I'm sorry, dear. I thought you were the one who asked to wear my panties, not the other way around."

"Just drop it," he said and he walked off.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to watch TV."

"Oh no you're not. I have a list of chores for you," said Julie. She handed him a piece of paper. "These need doing before you do anything else."

He did. His mind gave him no choice.

When Todd finished with the chores, he felt hot and sweaty and unhappy. He did not at all like the idea that his wife now had the power to tell him what to do and that he felt compelled to obey. At least, he thought, she didn't know she had this power, that would make things much worse. Todd stripped off his dirty clothes, including his panties, and he went to shower. When he stepped out of the shower he selected a pair of pale pink silky panties from his wife's drawer along with a matching camisole with spaghetti straps and a delicate ivory lace trim. He slipped into a pair of mid-heeled slippers he thought might fit. They did, but just barely. These were essentially slides done with tan leather straps across his instep and a three-inch wedge heel. As he walked, they slapped against his foot and their heel bounced off the floor with a TAP, TAP, TAP sound.

As Todd examined himself in the mirror, he suddenly realized what he was wearing. "Oh man! What is wrong with me? It's got to see that magician! How am I going to get out of this? How am I going to explain this to Julie? She's never going to let me live this down!" he said nervously.

Todd walked to the closet and grabbed one of his dress shirts. He removed the cami-top and replaced it with his dress shirt. But as he went to button it, he discovered that he had put the cami-top back on instead. Two more tries resulted in the same result. It seemed he had no choice.

"How am I going to find that magician?!"

Then he had an idea. He could check the internet. Todd took a deep breath and walked to his computer room. TAP, SUP, TAP, SUP, TAP, SUP, TAP, SLAP. He sat

down and turned on his computer. He typed in Rambaldi's name and found mentions of him at many theatres. He billed himself as a master hypnotist and magical show-man. Try as he might, however, Todd could find no homepage, nor could he find a schedule to tell him where Rambaldi would appear next. He hung his head.

"Oh my God, look at you!" squealed Julie with a laugh. She was at the door.

Todd closed his eyes tightly and bit his lip.

"I thought I heard someone walking around in here in my high heels. this the new you?" she asked snidely as she surveyed her husband in her pale pink panties, her cami-top and her tan heels.

Todd looked down at his clothing. He had no explanation he could give.

"Uh," was all he said.

Julie raised an eyebrow. "What's going on, Todd?" she demanded.

"It was just a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Yeah, I thought this was one of my undershirts," he said.

Julie laughed. "No way. And how do you explain my sandals? There's no way that was a mistake!" Julie folded her arms and waited for an answer, but none was forthcoming. "Tell me the truth," she finally said.

It was like a switch flipped in Todd's head, and despite his best efforts not to say anything, he began to speak: "Rambaldi the Magnificent hypnotized me. He's making me feminize myself and he made it so I can't disobey any of your orders."

There was silence.

Todd swallowed hard. He couldn't believe he'd just told this to his wife. This was a huge mistake. He waited nervously for her response.

More silence.

Then Julie laughed. "You seriously want me to believe you've decided to start cross-dressing because some magician told you to?"

Todd blushed. "It's the truth. Why else would I wear this stupid stuff.

"Uh huh," she said doubtfully "And you can't disobey my orders, huh?"

"No, I can't."

"You do know how ridiculous this sounds, don't you?"

Todd bit his tongue. He knew this would sound insane to anyone who wasn't feeling the uncontrollable impulses he felt. He could barely believe it himself and

he was experiencing it. He could tell himself he would not follow her command or he wouldn't put on panties or whatever, he could even hear his mind screaming not do to these things, but he couldn't stop himself He just did it.

Julie suddenly smirked. "Maybe we should test this? What do you think?"

"Don't do this," he begged. His mouth went dry.

"No, no, clearly you want to do this," said Julie. "What kind of wife would I be if I denied you the chance to explore your feminine side?"

"I'd rather not," he said.

"Follow me," she commanded.

Julie led Todd to the bedroom, where she made him sit on the bed and she ordered him to cross his legs like a woman and then put his hands in his lap. She went to her drawers and her closet and she pulled out various articles of clothing. She grabbed some makeup and some jewellery as well. Then she laid it all down on the bed next to him and she grabbed a chair and sat down before him.

"If you can't disobey me, then you won't have any problems letting me dress you up, will you? After all, you claim this Rambaldi whoever-he-is wants you to turn yourself into a woman, so this should be right up your alley."

Todd bit his lip. "Honey, don't do this."

She shook her head. "I'm just giving you what you want, dear," she said in a mockingly innocent tone. "You want to prance around the house in high heels and panties and act like a sissy instead of the man I married, and I'm happy to let you do that."

"Really, I don't--"

"Not another word, Todd. Not until I say you can speak."

Todd didn't speak.

"That's better," she said. "Let's start with your nails, shall we?"

Julie picked up the red polish she had brought over from her desk and she told him to stick out his hands. To her amazement, he did, so she went to work on his nails. As his fingernails dried, she went to work on his toenails. When they were dry, she rolled stockings up his legs and attached them to a garter belt. She added a bra and a slip and then a housedress. Finally, she added a pair of high heeled sandals. None of her clothes fit that well, but that wasn't the point at the moment, the point was that he was wearing them.

"My clothes barely fit you, so we'll have to get you some of your own clothes if you develop a taste for this," said Julie with a smirk.

Todd cringed. He wanted to scream, "NEVER!" but he had been forbidden from speaking, so he couldn't open his mouth. Also, much to his horror, as she added each item of feminine clothing, he found himself wanting to wear that item. The desire was overwhelming, and he knew that if she told him right now that he could wear whatever he wanted, he would wear exactly what she had put on him. He couldn't explain this. He knew he looked ridiculous. He knew this was humiliating. He knew he didn't really want to dress like this. But whatever was in control in his mind simply told him this was the way it would be... he would wear these things from now on if he was given the choice.

"Why don't you go stand before the mirror and strike some sissy pose," said Julie.

Todd rose from the bed and reluctantly walked over to the mirror. He was dressed from head to toe in her clothes and he stood in a ridiculous pose where he placed his legs together, but let one foot balance on the toe of his high-heeled shoe with the toes turned toward the other shoe, he placed one wrist on his hip turned inside-out, and he placed his other hand at his mouth, where he sucked on his finger.

"Oh my God, you look like a sissy!" squealed Julie and she laughed hysterically. When she caught her breath again, she asked, "So what do we do with you now?"

Todd wanted to speak. He wanted to beg her to let him change back into his male clothes, but he wasn't allowed to speak. Whether or not Julie knew she had given him this order, Todd did not know, but she certainly didn't seem to be in any rush to let him speak again.

"What do we do... what do we do?" she asked herself. Then she snapped her fingers. "How about a ride somewhere? We could drive all over town and let everyone see you!"

All the colour left Todd's face. The idea of her taking him out of the house dressed this way was truly terrifying for him. He shook his head furiously.

Julie raised an eyebrow. "Cat got your tongue?"

Todd shook his head and tried to indicate that he wasn't allowed to speak.

Julie chuckled. "Interesting." Then she smiled evilly. "So shall we go for a little ride? Would you like that? Speak up if you don't want to."

Todd shook his head again.

Julie laughed. "What's that? I don't hear an objection?"

Todd shook his head even harder. He would have waved his hands too, but she had told him to remain in the sissy pose. He'd never felt so helpless in his life. He

knew that whatever humiliating thing she wanted him to do, he would do it and there was nothing he could do about any of this

"I still don't hear an objection," said Julie, "so I guess my sissy husband wants to let the world see him!" She folded her arms and chuckled.

Todd bit his lip.

Julie chuckled again when he didn't object. "I guess you really can't disobey my orders, can you?"

Todd shook his head. He was really nervous now. It was clear that a million ideas were running through Julie's head on how she could take advantage of this power that had suddenly fallen into her lap. Todd thought back on all the ways he'd abused his own power over her and he suddenly regretted his behavior. He prayed she would be merciful, but an evil grin crossed her face. She laughed. "Do you know what would be a lot of fun?" she asked ominously.

Chapter 3: "Humiliated Before His Friends"

Todd was terrified. Julie wouldn't tell him exactly what she had planned, but he knew it was going to be very, very bad for him. His first clue of just how bad this would be came when she ordered him to put on a yellow sundress, handed him a brown purse, and marched him to the car. Todd felt incredibly nervous being out of the house in women's clothes, especially because he didn't look like a woman and because the clothes didn't even fit.

They were miles away from home before she let him speak.

"Julie, listen, please!" said Todd. He decided he needed to try to explain to her that she had been brainwashed by Rambaldi. "You're not yourself."

"Really? Who am I?" she asked curiously.

"You've been hypnotized!"

Julie laughed. "Have I?"

"Yes, Rambaldi hypnotized me to follow all of your orders—"

"And to wear my clothes," she added with a laugh.

He blushed. "Yes, and to want to wear your clothes," he said in an embarrassed tone. "But he hypnotized you too! He hypnotized you to go along with this and to make it worse!"

Julie shook her head.

"It's true!" protested Todd. "I watched him hypnotize you. He put you under before he put me under."

"Why would he do that?"

"Because he wants to punish me... because he wants you to punish me! He wants you to help humiliate me and feminize me."

She laughed. "Oh, does it humiliate you to wear women's clothes? I got the impression you were enjoying it."

He glared at her. "Of course, it humiliates me!"

She placed her hand on his lap and squeezed his erection which stood up beneath his sundress. "You have a strange way of responding to humiliation," she said snidely.

"See, this is what I mean!" he said. "He's making you act this way. The old Julie never would have acted this way. She never would have humiliated her husband. It's true! The only reason you want to dress me like a woman is because you've been hypnotized to make this worse for me!"

"Todd, the only reason I'm letting you dress like a woman is because that seems to be what you want. I haven't been hypnotized at all," she said flatly.

"You have!"

"No, I haven't. That's nonsense. And if you say another word about it, then I won't let you speak again."

Todd bit his tongue. He was sure his wife had been hypnotized, but how could he explain this to her? He was just about to try to approach this from another direction when Julie pulled the car up before the salon she frequented. Todd swallowed hard.

"Come on Todderella. It's time to make you beautiful," she said and she got out of the car.

Todd didn't move.

"That's an order: come with me and agree to everything I tell you," she said.

Todd nodded his head and reluctantly stepped out of the car.

You could have heard a pin drop when Todd walked through the door of the salon. The three women who worked at the shop and the one customer already getting her hair styled all stared at Todd with their mouths open. The sight of him was simply unbelievable. Here was this person who was obviously a man, but he wore a yellow sundress; it was way too tight. He wore tan high-heeled sandals on his feet, which were clearly too small. His nails were badly painted, his legs shaved, and his face was covered in makeup. Despite all of this, there was nothing feminine about him.

"My husband needs help," said Julie to Rosie, who normally did her hair. Rosie blushed. "I can see that! So this is your husband?"

"Yes, though he's feeling a bit confused these days. Apparently, he wants to be a woman and he'd like his hair done a platinum blonde and in as feminine a cut as possible. He also needs a full body wax and then a professional mani-pedi. He'd like long nails as well.

Rosie smirked. "No problem. Have him.... er, her, take a seat."

Julie ordered Todd to take a seat and to obey the women. She then left to do some shopping. Over the next hour, Todd experienced things he never would have imagined. The women waxed his body, which proved quite painful on his chest and his crotch, though his legs were already shaved so they weren't a problem. They gave him fingernails that reached about an inch beyond his fingertips and painted those bright red with several coats of paint and an acrylic topcoat. His toenails were made red as well. His hair, which was longer than the

hair most men had, extending just below his collar but not as far as his shoulders, was dyed platinum blonde.

"So, tell me Todd," asked Rosie, "why do you want to be a woman?"

"I don't. I was hypnotized."

Each of the women burst out laughing.

"Hypnosis isn't real," said one of the women. "Everyone knows that.

Why can't you just admit you want to be a woman?"

"You know, my husband would never let me dress him as a woman, no matter what," said Rosie. "Even if you could hypnotize him, he would never agree."

"They say you can't make anyone do anything under hypnosis they wouldn't normally do," said another of the women.

Rosie laughed. She looked at Todd. "So you must really want this."

"I don't!" he protested. He was blushing a lot at this point.

"Yes you do, admit it."

Todd felt that familiar click in his brain and he found himself doing as she had ordered; he "admitted" it.

"See, don't you feel better now?" asked Rosie.

He did not. He felt entirely emasculated as these women slowly feminized him for his wife. He also felt sick that he had no idea yet what Julie had planned. All he knew was that this wasn't it.

"Ok, now we need to curl your hair," said Rosie. She placed his hair in curlers and put him under a professional blow dryer. Twenty minutes later, she brought him back to the chair he was in before and she removed the curlers. When she blushed out the curls, Todd was horrified at the change. His hair had been long, but masculine before. Now it was curly and sissy-blond. He looked like Meg Ryan in her films from the 1980s.

"Oh my God! Does this wash out?" he asked.

Rosie laughed. "No, of course not. The curls will wear out over time, but this will be your hair for at least a month.

Todd felt her words like a punch to the stomach. How could he go back to work Monday with hair like this? How could he face his friends? As he examined his hair, he also noticed that she had removed almost all of his eyebrow hairs and he now had very delicate, very feminine eyebrows. They were thin and highly arched. Overall, he looked very feminine, though he was still clearly a man. He

wanted to cry, but instead, he strangely felt his penis growing beneath his sundress. This was embarrassing.

Julie returned a few minutes later and retrieved her husband. She made him thank each of the women and curtsy as he did it. This made his erection very obvious beneath his sundress and it made the women giggle. As he left, they mocked him:

"You're very beautiful for a sissy!"

"Say hello to your boyfriend!"

"I hope you and your wife have a nice double date!"

"Come back anytime, we love sissies here."

Todd felt emasculated and embarrassed. He didn't even know what to say. As Julie drove them home, he glared at his wife. "I have never been so humiliated before in my life!"

Julie laughed. "Serves you right."

"Serves me right?! For what?"

"For the way you treat people, Todd. You mocked my cousin when you thought he was gay, which he wasn't. You mocked my sister's husband and the neighbor when they agreed to do that community play in drag to raise money for charity. You're rude to people, condescending, and domineering. Now the high heeled shoe is on the other foot and you're getting a taste of your own medicine."

Todd folded his arms and said nothing. He felt very grumpy.

When they returned home, Julie made Todd strip down to his bra and panties. She added a garter belt and some stockings. Then she grabbed a corset. "Come here," she ordered him. "Get on your knees."

Todd walked over to his wife and dropped to his knees. She walked around behind him and wrapped the corset around his chest. She yanked it hard to close it, even placing her knee into his back so she could pull it tighter. It was incredibly tight.

"I can't breathe!" said Todd.

Julie ignored him and checked to make sure it was secure. "Ok, get up."

It took Todd a moment, but he managed to stand up. Julie then took a pair of high-heeled sandals from a box. She had bought these shoes, along with some other things, while Todd was getting his hair done. They had five-inch stiletto heels and dozens of delicate straps. They fit perfectly, but Todd had no balance in them. He'd been wearing her lower-heeled sandals all day, but they hadn't prepared him for these.

"I want you to start practicing to walk. I'll show you how, then you're going to practice for the rest of the day," she said.

"What? Honey, please

"Be quiet, Todd," she said, and she showed him how to walk in heels. She showed him how to take small, delicate steps, to point his toes, to walk on the balls of his feet, to keep his legs together and everything else. She made him walk back and forth across the bedroom. He fell twice, but slowly got better.

"You're doing well enough now, that I think you got the hang of it," said Julie.

"Please don't make me wear these," he said.

She laughed. "Oh come on, a sissy like you must love wearing big sissy shoes like these. Am I right?"

Todd hated her tone and he hated the fact she was right. Something inside him wanted to wear these shoes. They called to him. They made him happy. They also humiliated him and turned him on at the same time. He hung his head and answered her question as he was required: "Yes, I love wearing them."

"I thought so," she said with a knowing smile. "I'm going to make some phone calls. I want you to practice walking up and down the hallway until I tell you to stop. Don't forget to hold your arms like a sissy, like I showed you." This meant she wanted him to place one hand on his hip, with his other arm draped before him with his wrist hanging limp at his waist. He was to exaggerate the sway of his hips, while keeping his head high and making a pouty smile. "Get to it, girl!" she said and she slapped her husband on the rear.

Todd headed to the hallway to start walking. His rear end swished as he went.

Julie went to the kitchen and made a half-dozen phone calls to arrange the surprise she had in mind for Todd. As she spoke on the phone, she could hear the constant tapping of her husband's high heels against the hardwood floors in the hallway. This made her giggle.

Todd wasn't sure what was going on, but he didn't like it. It was Sunday, the day after his adventure at the salon and Julie had laid out on the bed the rest of the items she had bought when she bought him his new heels. His feet were killing him. He'd worn these high-heeled shoes continuously for two days now and Julie had made him practice six hours straight the prior day and then three hours more after dinner. This morning, she made him dance in the shoes. His toes felt crushed, his calves screamed in agony, and his feet were beyond sore. The corset was killing him too. He still struggled to breathe and to move in the device and he felt stupid having an hourglass shape, not to mention his curly blonde hair and his feminized face mocked him every time he passed a mirror.

"What are these for?" asked Todd, as he looked over the items lying on the bed, though he knew the answer.

"These are for you, honey," she said with a laugh. She held up a pair of red fuzzy handcuffs which would go on his wrists.

Todd picked up the dark red leather corset. "Uh... this— "

"Yes, dear, it's a tighter corset."

"I really don't wan—"

Julie shrugged her shoulders. "You'll deal with it. Now get dressed."

Todd swallowed hard. He knew he didn't want to put these items on, but it wasn't really his decision because even though he told himself he didn't want to do this, his mind wasn't listening. He'd been ordered by Julie to wear this and he would, no matter how much he screamed inside his head that he wouldn't do it. He stripped down to his panties and then Julie tied the corset around him. She helped him pull the black stockings up his legs and attached them to the garter snaps on the corset. He stepped into the six-inch platform heels and added the jewellery she gave him. Finally, she cuffed his wrists together.

When he was dressed, Julie walked around him examining him and making adjustments. "Everything looks good," she said. "Now you wait here quietly until I call for you.

Todd furrowed his brow. "Wait for what?" he asked himself His question would be answered about ten minutes later.

"Oh Todd," called Julie, "come to the living room."

Todd desperately struggled not to do as she commanded. Hypnosis wasn't real, right? They can't make you do anything you don't want to do, right? He absolutely did not want to do this, ergo he could resist it. He just needed to focus. He just needed to take a deep breath and tell himself that he would not leave this room.

It was too late. He was already in the living room by the time he finished his thought. He had no ability to resist.

"Oh my God!" squealed Julie's sister.

This comment started a general commotion. As Todd scanned the room, he saw his wife, her sister and her husband, a cousin, a neighbor, two women he knew from work and their husbands, Rosie the hairdresser, and two of Julie's friends. They were all staring at him and chattering with each other so fast, so furiously, and so loudly that he couldn't make out a single word.

Julie finally tapped her glass to get everyone to stop talking.

The room grew silent.

"Todd has something he wants to say," said Julie. "Don't you, dear?"

Todd bit his lip. He had no idea what she wanted, but he had nothing to say.

Julie continued. "Go on, dear. Go ahead and apologize for how big of a jerk you've been to everyone here."

Todd blushed. In fact, his face burned with shame. He had nothing to say to these people and he certain wasn't going to apologize for anything he had ever done. At least, that's what he wanted to believe. In reality, however, he knew he would apologize. His nostrils flared. "I'm sorry to everyone that I've been such a big jerk.

The room erupted in applause.

"To make up for his conduct, Todd has agreed to dance for each of you.

Todd's jaw dropped. "I what?"

Julie giggled and swallowed the rest of her drink. "Go on, Todd. Pretend that you're a stripper and dance."

Without another word, Todd started to mimic the way he'd seen strippers dance. He ran his hands over his thighs, over his breasts, and through his hair. He gyrated. He turned slowly. He pretended to remove items of clothing. He even lowered himself onto his neighbour's lap and gave him a lap dance. Everyone cheered him on. They also whipped out their phones and took photos.

Julie rose from her chair and walked over next to her sissified husband.

"Todd has decided he wants to change his life and he wants each of you to be apart of it. Todd has asked me if he could clean each of your houses each week from now on while as a uniformed maid. Isn't that wonderful?"

Todd heard this and felt sick. As if this night wasn't horrifying enough, his wife now intended to humiliate him over and over and over! He wanted to be sick.

Julie continued. "I told him that would be a good idea, but I also told him that to do this, he would need to tum himself into a woman. He agreed and tomorrow Todd will take his first hormone shot. he's going to have huge breasts and a tiny, tiny penis!"

Todd's jaw dropped. He was too stunned to speak.

Meanwhile, without prompting, the women began to giggle and then one of them called out, "Cut it off!"

Julie shook her head. "No, I plan to leave it in place to remind him of who he was."

Todd almost passed out when he heard this. He dropped to his knees before everyone and started to beg his wife, "Please don't do this! I've learned my lesson! I swear, I won't ever be rude or domineering to anyone ever again! Please, I'll do whatever you say from now on, but please don't tum me into a woman!" The room went silent.

Then Todd heard a single voice laughing.

It wasn't from the crowd either. The crowd was dead silent and everything went dark around him except for a single light which shined on one face that sort of floated over everything. The face was fuzzy at first, but slowly came into focus. It was Rambaldi the Magnificent.

"You!" gasped Todd.

"Yes, me."

"Look, I'm so incredibly sorry, please help me. Please set me free!" begged Todd.

"They're going to tum me into a woman!"

"Do you know where you are?" asked Rambaldi.

"Yes, I'm in my living room?"

Rambaldi shook his head. "No. You're in my dressing room," said Rambaldi and he snapped his fingers. As he did, Todd could suddenly see that he was indeed in Rambaldi's dressing room. He was on his knees and he still wore the dark suit he wore that night to the theatre and he hadn't been feminized. His wife Julie stood next to him. She still wore the same black gown she had worn that night as well. She appeared to be asleep.

"What's going on? I don't understand," said Todd.

"I hypnotized you," said Rambaldi. "But rather than sending you home and letting your life play out as you've just seen, I decided to be merciful. What you've experienced was all just an illusion. It could very well happen in real life if I so choose, but I decided to let you off with a warning this time."

"You mean none of that happened?"

"None of it happened... *yet*," said Rambaldi with a laugh.

"Yes. Since the illusion seems to be enough to let you learn your lesson, I have decided that will suffice for now. But know that I have placed the programming deep inside you and your wife to make it happen. So if it tums out that you have failed to learn your lesson, then all I need to do is say the trigger word and everything you've just experienced will happen for real and there won't be a thing you can do to stop it."

Todd swallowed hard.

Rambaldi continued. "Consider yourself on parole. I have programmed your wife to send me periodic reports of your behavior and if I find that you've returned to your arrogant, aggressive, unpleasant ways, or that you've made your wife unhappy, then she will say the trigger word and you will live out what you've just experienced."

Several seconds of silence followed.

"Do you understand me?" Rambaldi finally asked.

Todd took a deep breath. He understood what this meant. He would need to be on his best behavior from now on and he would need to treat Julie very well or he might wake up and find himself feminized and humiliated. He would need to change. He gritted his teeth. He wasn't sure he could do this, but then he really didn't have a choice, did he? He took another deep breath and then nodded his head. "Yes, I understand."

Rambaldi smiled. "Good, now wait outside, I have some last minute instructions to give to your wife," he said. And as Todd reached for the door, Rambaldi added a final warning, "Remember, I will be watching and you've seen what will happen if you disobey."

Todd shuddered.

Once Todd closed the door, Julie opened her eyes. She wrapped her arms around Rambaldi and she hugged him. "Thank you so much!"

Rambaldi smiled. "Any time."

"I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't met you. Todd's not an evil man, he's just inconsiderate and selfish and it was getting out of control.

"Well, I think you'll find that he's much more considerate now."

"I hope so."

"But remember," said Rambaldi, "there isn't really any programming."

Julie smiled. "I know that.... but Todd doesn't."

The End