

Hypnotherapy (Jock to Bimbo Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Nathan is fuming. Jessica, his hot girlfriend of five years, has just left him for the meathead jock Torrence who she was cheating with for the last two! And she has the gall to ask him for help quitting smoking? Well, Nathan is going to get her back. He's going to provide her with some hypnotherapy tapes that will make her deeply aroused and submissive to him. The only thing is, it turns out it's not her that needs to quit smoking, but Torrence instead. Soon Nathan's rival is about to become a whole lot more affectionate with him . . .

Hypnotherapy

I could barely believe it when Jessica's name showed up on my phone as the caller. My loving girlfriend of five years, now *ex-girlfriend* for only two months, was actually trying to reach out to me. Part of me wanted to end the call before it started. It would serve her right. Half a goddamn decade down the drain with a woman I thought was the love of my life. If she'd just dumped me, told me that we couldn't work out, maybe I wouldn't be so damn resentful. Except she went straight into the arms of Torrence Denner, the meathead jock who used to pick on me during high school. All muscle, no brains. And if that wasn't enough, when I tried to convince her not to go to him, she finally came out with the truth: she'd been cheating on me with Torrence for over two years. Practically half our goddamn relationship she'd been getting his big dick inside of her.

I hovered my thumb over the red button that read *End Call*. It was so tempting. She'd made her bed. She could lie and *fuck* in it. Just like she'd lied to me and fucked me over. And yet . . . part of me hoped. A small part. A pathetic part, I won't lie. What if she wanted me back? What if it was all a big mistake? What if she hadn't been cheating on me, and she'd just said those words to be cruel? God knows, Jessica could be mercurial. She had a temper, just like her flaming red hair. But God, I still loved her. Or maybe I just wanted her. I knew I'd never get a girlfriend as hot as her again, not with her amazing breasts and her slim body and her gorgeous lips that tasted like strawberry smoke from all those flavoured cigarettes.

"Fuck it," I said, and I hit answer before the call dialled out. I placed the phone up against my ear and decided to let her speak first. There was, understandably, a bit of a pause on her end.

"Nathan? Nate? Are you there?"

I waited for a moment, just enough to let her know that I was hesitant, and justifiably angry. "Yeah, I'm here Jess. Why are you calling me?"

"I'm sorry if this is a bad time . . ."

"It's always a bad time for me right now. Is this about us? Because if you're going to drop a bomb on me, please do it fast. I'm working on my psychotherapy PhD right now and it's a real bitch when it comes to paper work and trying to get test subjects."

"Well, it's kinda about us, and it's kinda about that, too. Look, can we meet up?"

"I don't want to see you. It'll break my heart all over again, Jess. Are you asking to get back with me or not?"

"No, I-"

"Have you broken up with Torrence? Has the steroid junkie meathead moved on?"

"No, we've actually moved in together and-"

"Then I've got no interest. Thanks for breaking my heart again. Try not to cheat on the way out."

I went to end the call, when she suddenly yelled: **"WAIT! STOP! PLEASE!"**

I sighed, then placed the phone against my ear again. "Spit it out, Jess."

"The smoking. It's becoming a problem. You always told me it was a bad addiction, and I never listened to you. But you were right. I need to quit, but nothing has been working. I've tried it all, Nate."

"It's been just two months, Jess. That's barely any time. Besides, why should I help you? You *cheated* on me, remember?"

"Because you're a good man, and you know about these things. Look, I really, really want to quit smoking, Nate. You did it. You used that hypnotherapy stuff you're so focused on."

I grit my teeth. "Yes. I did."

"I'm just asking for a bit of help here. We loved each other once, didn't we? I just want to stop smoking. You made those tapes once, right?"

"They were tailored for me," I said. "You're asking me to make whole new ones. It would cost money, Jess."

"Then please do it for me. I know we parted on bad terms, but we were great together once, right? Think of it as a parting gift. You remember how I used to make you happy, right? I used to make you happy with my lips, but you never liked my smoking. My lips would be so much better now, don't you think?"

I was about to tell her to go fuck herself and stop teasing me along; she was clearly trying to hint that she might get back with me, but Jess had always been like that; dangling sexual favours so I would buy her shoes or a new dress, or give her 'some space'; which

turned out to be space for fucking Torrence on our own goddamn *bed*. In fact, the words started forming on my lips, until an epiphany hit me.

She wanted hypnotherapy tapes.

She wanted to deal with her oral fixation.

I had the perfect opportunity here to kill two birds with one stone. Hell, *three* birds. I could get back at her *and* get her back, *and* take my revenge on Torrence Denner. I could make new hypnotherapy tapes to change her subconscious desires, to make her desire me again, and not only that, but to feel utterly submissive and aroused by me, and to be addicted to something *else* in her mouth. My dick, to be precise.

“Nathan, are you there? Nate? Please, just answer me. This would be such a big deal. I’d be so grateful.”

I gave a deliberate sigh. “Fine. But you need to take this seriously. You’ll need to follow the tapes *exactly* as my instructions provide for you, and the meditations. Remember, my PhD thesis is literally how the mind has the power to make bodily changes, even extreme ones, when the suggestion falls deep enough. I can *cure* you of your smoking addiction, but *only* if you follow the program to the letter. Got it?”

“Oh my God, Nathan! You’re the best! When can I expect them? Torrence is so keen, he’ll be so happy. For me, I mean. And obviously this will be good for you too; what a success for your PhD, right?”

“That’s the only reason I’m doing this, Jess,” I lied. “Now please hang up. I’ve got work to do, and talking to you is hard.”

“Love you, Nate!”

She hung up. Her last words taunted me; she had deployed them in that exact same tone she had used when we were going out, when she had *meant* it. I grit my teeth and clenched my fists, trying to strangle my hatred for what she’d done for me.

This was an opportunity.

I was going to get her back, but this time it would be on *my* terms. And by the time I was finished with Jessica, she’d be putty in my hands, and never even think about cheating on me. Not ever.

The tapes took time to create. It was a new science. Sure, phony hypnotism and meditative therapy techniques had been around forever. Most were forms of charlatanry, but others had genuinely beneficial aspects. Mine, however, would prove utterly revolutionary. The power of the mind unlocked to its full potential. A form of hypnotherapy that would not only end traumatic responses, devour eating disorders, and remove psychosis, but also literally

transform the body. I theorised it could even have the power to heal injuries and allow one to be more beautiful. Not just confident, but literally more beautiful. Of course, this was strictly a hypothesis. I'd used tapes on myself to end my own smoking addiction two years ago (around the time Jessica started cheating on me with Torrence, that jerkass), and in doing so had attempted to change parts of myself I didn't like. The results were partly successful only. My skin definitely cleared up, and I grew in height by a single inch. I didn't, however, gain the muscle mass I'd hoped, nor look nearly as handsome as a jock like Torrence. Still, it was revolutionary, and it began my journey to *prove* my techniques.

I worked for over two weeks on the new tapes, juggling and even falling behind in my PhD work. It became an obsession, and despite my initial goal to just leave suggestions to bring her back to me and add a submissive little flair to her mind, soon the possibilities were opening up in my mind. Jessica was a real hottie, and I loved her C-cup breasts. But now I thought to myself, why stop there? Why not the much-vaunted Double-D cups? Or E-cups? A nice pair of palm-fillers for me to grope and suck upon. I imagined her with slightly poutier lips, all the better for sucking my dick each morning, and compulsions to always dress pretty and sexy for me, and to just plain be always low-key aroused in my presence. Her addiction to having my cock as her new oral fixation would be radical, a form of replacement therapy. And perhaps, if I was really successful, I could convince her mind to convince her body to grow her ass just that little bit more. Give her some backside that could *bounce*.

Perhaps I was drunk on power, but it was more like drunk on *potential* power, because I knew deep down that there was only a chance of some of this working. My process was still a work in progress, and I had yet to iron out all the little details. Still, I worked hard recording all the tapes, ironing out all the kinks I could find, and writing down the instructions as clearly as I could, ensuring that she would listen to the tapes in the right order, twice a day in short bursts and then overnight for the longer ones. If nothing else, the thought of revenge gave me hope.

I turned up on the doorstep of her new home with that in mind. Well, more like *Torrence's* home. It was nice. Real nice. And here I was, still fucking renting. I knocked three times on the door and waited, tapping my foot a little nervously. The door opened, and there she was. My Jessica. She looked as pretty as the day I'd first met her, wearing a yellow summer dress that, combined with her wavy red hair, made her look like flame and passion personified. Her neckline was low, showing off the tops of her lovely breasts, the ones I had known so well until recently. It was hard not to wilt a little in her presence. It was also hard not to rage bitterly at her for all she had done.

"Nate!" she said, moving forward to embrace me. "Thank you so much for coming. You really are the best."

I grimaced and accepted the hug. "Hey, Jess. Nice new place."

“It’s actually Torrence’s. He lets me live here for free, though, so I guess it’s kinda ours.”

I was just grateful he wasn’t present. I lifted up the bag in my hand. “Here’s what you asked for.”

She took it carefully, winced a little at its weight. “Woah, this is a lot! Is it all tapes in here?”

“And instructions,” I said. “It’s a course that should last a couple of months, so you need to take it seriously. Follow the instructions to the letter and you’ll start seeing differences, I promise you.”

She smiled. “You’re amazing, Nate. I’ll think of some way to thank you, I promise.”

To my own shame, I actually found myself smiling back at her. God help me, I wanted her back. But this time it would be on my own terms, not hers.

Suddenly, she turned to the side and looked back into the rather expansive, much more classy house than mine. “Babe! Can you help me with this? It’s really heavy!”

To my abject horror and revulsion, a pair of heavy footsteps forewarned the arrival of Torrence Denner. He loomed into view, practically taking up the entire door frame behind. He was Caucasian like Jessica was, but with dark Brunette hair that contrasted her red. He had a square jaw, a thick frame with ultra-wide shoulders, and muscles stacked on top of all that. I almost gulped in his presence. I considered myself a pretty good looking bloke, and I worked out and all, but I definitely wasn’t up to his standards. I was just fit. He was *shredded*. The man looked like a goddamn Hollywood action star, and he was standing there in a sleeveless tee that pulled tight against his muscles, and a pair of shorts that exposed his powerful legs. I’d never felt so emasculated before, literally doing my cheating ex-girlfriend a favour while the man who had goddamn *cucked* me oversaw the proceedings.

“Sure thing, babe,” he said, before narrowing his eyes at me. “Nathan Besk. What are you doing here?”

“I’m literally delivering the tapes to help Jessica out,” I said.

“You couldn’t just mail them?”

“Babe, he’s helping us, remember?” Jess said, putting a hand on his chest. “You should be thanking him.”

He took the heavy bag and hoisted it up with one hand as if it weighed no more than a feather. “Yeah, sure, thanks mate.”

“It’s for Jessica,” I said. “Not you, Torrence.”

“Sure, if that helps you,” he said. “Owe you one, I guess. Thanks for the tapes and all.”

Nothing about his tone said he needed it, but some sort of understanding passed between him and Jessica. I had no idea what it meant, only that I didn't know something. Maybe there was a storm in heaven? I could only hope.

"You're the best, Nate," she said.

"So you keep saying. You said that while you were sleeping with him, too."

"Watch it," Torrence growled. "You did us a favour. Doesn't give you the right to talk shit to my girl."

"Oh, when was she your girl, Torrence? Did that start two months ago, or was it two years? I forget."

He moved forward, and I braced myself for the absolute beatdown I was about to be subjected to. Thankfully, and a little embarrassingly, my cheating ex came to my rescue by situating herself between us again.

"Leave it, Tor! He's helping you. Us. He's helping us. I need to get past my smoking, remember?"

"Yeah, right," he said. "Thanks for the reminder."

At that, he raised a cigarette to his lips and lit it, blowing some smoke toward my face. He instantly calmed. It seemed Jess was not the only one addicted.

"Bygones and all that shit, then," he said. "Hopefully these hypo-tapes work."

"Hypnotapes," I corrected.

"Sure. Nerd stuff. Got it."

I looked at Jess. Clearly, Torrence didn't want to be the first to walk away.

"To the letter," I repeated, referring to the instructions.

"You're incredible. Thanks for forgiving me."

"I didn't say I'd done that. You just follow them, and you'll be smoke free. Maybe I'm just doing it to save anyone else from that secondhand smoke."

I walked away still feeling bitter to my core. A kernel of hope had flowered, of course, but goddamn that had been hard. I won't lie, when I got back to my shitbox of a car, I pressed my forehead against the wheel and cried like a bitch.

Why did she have to leave me? Why did she have to rip out my goddamn heart for a meathead dickhead like *him*?

"I'll get you back," I repeated to myself. "I'll get you back, Jess, and get my revenge. You'll be sorry you hurt me. You'll be addicted to making it up to me."

I drove off, taking strength in my mission of revenge. All that was left now was the waiting game.

My instructions were exceedingly clear. Each week, Jessica would have to meet me for a psychoanalytic review. This was actually not really a necessary part of removing an addiction according to my experimental technique, but instead part of the necessary bonding experience to really get her subconscious conditioning going. Just being in my presence would activate the therapy tapes. The first week of recordings had numerous key phrases burning in them, as well as hypnotic suggestions to consciously forget they were in effect. I knew some of them by heart.

“You want to return to Nate.”

“You miss Nathan’s presence. My presence.”

“You want to show off your beautiful body, especially to me. To Nathan Besk.”

“You are appalled for cheating on me. You feel terrible for being so cruel to me.”

“You feel aroused merely by my presence. Your libido is stronger when you are with Nathan Besk.”

And so on. But in order for these effects to amplify and begin to affect her behaviour, she needed to see me semi-regularly. It also sneakily allowed me to track her progress and enjoy it, taking the necessary notes. Hell, if she was completely supplicant by the end, I could manufacture a report that showed I was able to end her addiction as part of my thesis, and conveniently just leave out the whole ‘made into my submissive, horny, loyal girlfriend’ bit entirely.

She agreed via text to meet me at the university cafe. I loved having my coffee there, and it was a nice mix of public and private, allowing some protection for me in case she had somehow cottoned on to my plan, as well as the option to still discuss her next stage of development without too many prying ears. Sure enough, she showed up wearing a lovely crop top that showed off her midriff and hugged her chest, not to mention a short skirt that revealed the legs that had once curled so lovingly around mine in bed, or gripped me while she rode me. Just the memory of it made me a little hard in my pants.

That was, until I saw that she had company. Goddamn *Torrence Denner* was with her, looming above her, easily battering people out of the way. I narrowed my eyes. I’d asked to chat to her alone. Fucking hell, was that so hard?

“I didn’t realise we’d be having company,” I said icily as she took a seat after waving me hello.

“Sorry, Nate. Torrence is, uh, really interested in your process. Besides, he’s a smoker too. It might be good for him, right?”

He was already lighting up a cigarette then passing it to her, and then another one for himself.

“She’s still smoking,” he said in his brassy tone. “I’m still smoking too.” His voice cracked a little and he winced. “Fuck, need a drink.”

“Well, I’m making a program for her, not you, Terrence. Look, this is a private interview, and-”

“And I’m going nowhere,” he said, voice cracking again. He raised his hand to get a waiter so he could order some coffee. “So say what you want to say already, little man.”

I could have terminated the interview, but I needed the subconscious effects to seep in and become clear. I coughed deliberately and consulted my notes.

“Okay, well, it’s just a little update talk to track your progress, Jess. Just a few questions, got it?”

“Got it,” they both said at the same time. That was a little weird.

“I mean, uh, you got it babe,” Terrence said.

I waited until he ordered his coffee and got his water. Bad enough that he was here and delaying everything, but did he have to dress so . . . showy? Seriously, he was wearing a tight singlet without sleeves that showed off how much more masculine he was compared to me, and it was clear that he’d even done his hair up. He stared at me as I asked my questions.

“Has your thought process changed towards cigarettes lately?”

Jess took a puff. “Not really.”

“Well, that’s expected. We’re early on. Any intrusive thoughts? Thoughts that come unbidden, of any kind?”

“Hmm, not really. I mean, I’m thinking more about how Tor has been dressing up, looking a bit more swaggerly lately. Is that a word? Swaggerly.”

I almost groaned. This was hell. “Has your libido changed?”

“The fuck!?” Torrence said.

Jess blushed. “What the hell is this, Nate?”

I sighed, keeping my voice monotonous, as if this was just an ordinary query. “This is why I didn’t want him here. It’s an ordinary side effect of hypnotherapy, which can cause hormonal changes. So, has your libido changed?”

“Uh, a little. We’ve been fucking more often in the past week, but that’s been all Torrence.”

The big man grinned. “I’ve been getting in the mood more, that’s all.”

“Well, that’s partly a sign something is happening, I guess. Any other changes?”

We went through the laundry list, and I occasionally tried to probe for other changes. She didn’t offer much though, and it was easy to get distracted while Torrence was there, making strange coughs as he tried to clear that squeak from his voice, and also the way he kept on scratching his nipples. In the end, I felt like it wasn’t working, and could only hope it was a delayed effect upon her.

“Well, keep up the therapy. Things seem in order, Jess. I’ll see you next week.”

They left Torrence's arm around my ex-girlfriend's shoulders. Christ, it was humiliating to see. What did she see in that meathead? Hell, I'd never noticed it before, but he sort of walked like a girl, wagging his hips a little and sticking his chest out. He wasn't even as muscly as I remembered. Maybe I just wasn't as intimidated by him as before.

"Shit," I said under my breath. "How's he gonna react when I take Jess back and make her mind for good?"

I hadn't thought about that part.

Another week passed. I continued my work on my PhD, and generally kept to myself. It was isolating stuff, but my mind was often distracted by thoughts of Jessica returning to me, her body even more devastatingly attractive, her mind submissive to my every desire. The thought of her apologising to me for everything and promising to make it up to me for the rest of our lives was an intoxicating one, enough so that I had to take a break from my research papers just to go, well, rub one out, to be honest.

This second week would hopefully see some proper changes. The initial subconscious phrases were just planted seeds, but now they would begin to germinate and grow stronger, taking root inside my ex's brain. The modality of their language would grow stronger, and new commands would be added in. I looked over my very private notes and took pleasure in reading what she was being subjected to each night.

"Cigarettes repulse you, but you need something to replace that tingle in your mouth."

"The taste of Nathan is better than any smoke."

"You want to please Nathan. You'll never be rude to him. You desire him."

"Your body must be more perfect. Let your breasts grow to full E-cups. You want these. You must have them."

"Revel in your femininity. Revel in being submissive to Nathan. You will dream about him. You will be aroused in his presence."

"As you were once addicted to cigarettes, soon you will be addicted to Nathan Besk's cock. To my cock. You want to wrap your lips around it and drink in what comes out."

Perhaps the language was too much. Had I gone a little too far? I hoped not, because we met once again at the cafe, with Torrence playing the part of the unwanted third wheel despite my insistence that he was not necessary.

"You couldn't keep me away from you," Torrence said, his voice strangely soft as he sat down. I winced a little at his words; was that supposed to be an insult? It sounded weirdly like a flirt, not that I planned to point that out if I wanted to keep both arms attached.

“Uh, okay,” I said. “Fine, so you’re here. Are we doing the questions?”

“Of course,” Jess said, at the same time that Torrence said, “Would love to.”

“Dude, it’s for her, not for you.”

“I know that,” he said, voice cracking again. His cheeks went a little red and he scratched at his hair, which looked longer than usual. “Just fucking hurry up already with your nerd shit, okay? My girl wants to crack her habit.”

“Damn straight,” Jess said, though she was puffing on a cigarette happily. That concerned me. She shouldn’t be *that* happy about it. Instead, Torrence was smacking his lips, not smoking himself, and looking a bit annoyed at something. Probably me.

“Okay, do you note any changes with your cigarette usage?”

“Do you feel a need to replace your reliance on cigarettes with something else?”

“Have you had any strange dreams?”

“Do you sense anything strange about your body? Perhaps some alterations like a hormonal response?”

That last question made the pair sit up a little straighter and share a glance. Torrence winced, still blushing and scratching his nipples. Dude clearly had a rash he needed to get checked or something, because his nipples were seriously swollen. Hell, it must have spread to his face or something, because he looked like he was wearing foundation or something to cover up. Or maybe Jess had finally succeeded in putting her man on a skincare routine like she’d tried with me more than once.

“Nnnnnothing like that,” Jessica said in an odd way. “But, like, would it maybe cause me to lose some muscle mass or something? If I feel some pressure in my chest would I-”

“Oh, that’s exactly what I’m talking about,” I said, feeling a bit more hopeful. Clearly it *was* working. “You might also feel some tissue growth in your hips and buttocks. I know it sounds odd, but that’s where extra tissue generally gets stored, but the hormones will balance over time, I promise you.”

“Whew,” Torrence said. “Thank fuck.”

What a weirdo. Why would he be relieved that his girlfriend’s expanding boobs and butt would go back down? Unless she was really concerned about it, but I knew Jess well; she’d fucking *love* to have a bigger tits and a bigger ass.

“Well, that concludes the questions for now,” I said. “Stick with the treatment. It’ll only work if you see it right through. If you have strange dreams or desires, it’s all byproduct. Stuff gets brought up while you’re trying to kick a habit.”

“Makes sense,” Torrence said. “You’re the nerd kid after all.” He grabbed a straw and placed it in his mouth, sucking on it a little and making a strange noise. Was that some fucking weird attempt at intimidating me? Because it just looked plain weird.

“Babe, stop it,” Jess said. “Be nice to Nathan. He’s helping us.”

“Yeah, he’s a big help,” he said. “Would be great if there weren’t all this other shit. C’mon, Jess. Let’s get out of here. I’ll see you again soon, Nate. I’m looking forward to it.”

That should have sounded intimidating. The words were clearly *meant* to be intimidating, but he said it with such a strangely earnest look and a drawl in his voice that it sounded more like he was fucking *flirting* with me.

“That jock is so weird,” I said to myself when they were gone. “It was somehow easier when he was just stuffing me in a locker in high school or beating the shit out of me walking home from the bus.”

God I hated him. But in that hate, I found I wasn’t so scared of him anymore. He didn’t even look *that* much bigger than me, not like I had first assumed. Hell, were his muscles even really that big?

I was starting to get antsy. By this point, I had expected Jessica to be fawning over me, indicating that she wanted to start again. At least that she had left Torrence! And, to be perfectly frank, I was hoping that she was going to start dressing sluttier, with her boobs at least up a full cupsize. She wasn’t at uni anymore, but I was making sure to keep tabs on her. Torrence lived in a more upscale neighbourhood than me, but I’d started a jogging route that meant I could drop by Jessica’s work at a beautician place called *Her Smile*. I knew when Jessica had her break times where I could check on her. I tried not to be, you know, a creepy stalker or anything. I just passed her and waved, or otherwise spotted her on her phone and tried to discern differences, but as far as I could tell she was still her beautiful self, albeit not getting any bustier and certainly not missing me like I’d hoped. She wasn’t even messaging *me*, which I really thought she would have been doing by now. Instead, I was getting messages from goddamn *Torrence* of all people. And weird messages at that.

‘Hey man, hope no bad feelings about stealing yo girl and everything. Gotta question to ask about Jess. Are weird dreams normal? About dudes and stuff?’

‘Totally normal,’ I wrote back, hoping he wouldn’t message me again. But instead, I got follow ups over the next few days.

‘Dude, just been thinking about u and ur hypnotherapy shit. Jess is complaining bout chest pains. Getting all swollen there. Nips on fire. Losin more muscle too. Weird hair growth but only on head - losin elsewhere. Wats up with that?’

‘Yeah, it’s to be expected. Is she no longer taking cigarettes? If so, this is just a side effect. Temporary.’

‘Cool cool. Good to know. She’s not taking many now, but feels weird. Lips kinda puffy.’

I didn't respond nearly as much as he messaged me. It was annoying as hell. He was starting to even act all chummy for fuck-knows-what reason, as if we were buddies instead of enemies. As if he hadn't stolen my girl and knowingly cheated with her. Christ, what an asshole.

At least, that's what I thought, until he sent me a strange text in response to my request to meet.

'No cafe. Park this time. By the willow tree, away from anyone. Gotta talk to you about Jess and her progress. I expect you to be there.'

The text had the undercurrent of a threat. *'Only if Jess is.'*

'She'll fucking be there, dipshit.'

That was more like the Torrence I knew. I made my way to the park the next day, off to that secluded area by the willow tree. I was early, but he rocked up not long after in a big hoodie that covered his massive form and somehow left room to spare. He had his hood up, covering his face, and his hands were in his pockets as well. He was looking around as if terrified that someone would see him. Or . . .

Oh God. Or as if he was *checking* to see if anyone was looking while he fucking murdered me.

It occurred to me at that moment that his weird messages had been him trying to suss out what I was doing to Jess. He must have been smarter than he let on, smart enough to figure out that my hypnotherapy tapes were intended to change her. Fuck, that's why she hadn't changed further; he'd put a stop to it all, and now he was about to visit some punishment on me. Fuck!

"Hey, I said Jess had to be here," I said, backing up. "If she's not here, I'm out. I don't trust you, Torrence."

"Too bad, we need to talk, mate," he replied.

"Fuck that. This is about Jess."

"No, it's about *me*. Me and you, Nathan. Nate. You like being called Nate, don't you? Should I call you Nate? *Can* I call you Nate?"

I was getting weirded out, and very worried for my safety. Hell, I was about to yell for help, but no one else was around to even hear me as far as I could tell.

"Look, you want to hurt me, right? You think I deserve this? You were the one that fucking stole my girl! You have no right to be angry! You both goddamn fucked me over, so if you think what you're doing is in any way righteous, you can cut that shit out right here. I'll go down swinging on that argument if I have to, and -"

He launched forward, and as quickly as I darted back to avoid him, he was a lot faster. Torrence seized me by the shoulders and held me in place, but to my surprise his grip was not as painful as I thought it would be, and no painful beating followed. I opened my

eyes and realised he wasn't even threatening to take a swing at me. In fact, his expression looked desperate. Pleading, even.

"Dude, you've got to fucking help me!" he cried, his voice way higher than normal, and still having that same ball squeak in it.

"What - what are you talking about?" I said.

"This smoking hypnotherapy shit, it's all weird, man. I needed to come see you. I had to. I'm so sorry I'm wearing the hoodie, but I had to hide myself. You have no idea how hard it is wearing this thing. Can I - can I please take it off?"

I had no idea where this was going, but clearly he wasn't trying to beat me up, not unless this was some super strange prank preamble to the main painful event.

"Um, yeah, sure mate. I mean, you've got clothes underneath, right?"

"Obviously, Jesus! You're such a fucking loser. I'm sorry, that's going too far. I can't be angry at you, even if you fucked up something. It's just - fuck! Take a look already and you'll see!"

He unzipped his jacket and removed it, revealing his head beneath the hoodie at the same time. I don't often gasp, I'm just not that kind of emotional person, but I let out a big one upon seeing Torrence. Everything that I had been perplexed over when it came to my little Jessica project suddenly came into sharp focus. Suddenly everything made sense. Torrence's face was softer, his lips fuller, his eyelashes longer. His brown hair was now reaching all the way past his chin, and something in his expression was softer as well. His Adam's apple was in full retreat, leaving him with a slender neck, and past the neck his shoulders had shrunk significantly, pulling in and losing muscle mass. All of him had lost muscle mass, in fact, more than was humanly possible in such a short time. But that wasn't even the biggest takeaway. The man was wearing a white workout singlet, and this had the effect of showing off the now-prominent *breasts* that were now jutting out from his chest.

Boobs.

Tits.

Jugs.

A rack.

Actual *breasts*, complete with large feminine nipples poking against the thin fabric. There was no denying their reality. They were full B-cups at the least, and would have produced cleavage if they were in a bra. Still, they were pert on his form, and oddly appropriate, strangely. This was because of how feminised the rest of him was. Torrence had a thinner waist now, and wider hips that were clearly struggling against the waistband of his pants. Those were also too big on him elsewhere, and as if to show just how much he'd changed he lifted up the left pants leg, revealing the soft calf of a woman, totally hairless and everything. Still slightly muscly, but losing that mass *fast*.

“You - *you’re* the one taking the tapes,” I stammered.

He turned bright red in the cheeks, and I couldn’t help but find it oddly cute to behold. The man was embarrassed, and it was obvious why. Hell, he was still taller than me, but in no way was he his usual six-foot-four dominating height. He was probably bang on six feet *at best*. He brushed some of his hair behind his ear, an experience that was no doubt new to him, and struggled to meet my eyes when he talked to me.

“It’s so stupid. I was fucking embarrassed, Nate. I’d been wanting to drop the cigs for ages, and I knew I had to when I got with Jess. You know, officially or whatever. She loves those strawberry ones, but the taste of so much smoke in the air . . . my old man died of lung cancer, so I knew I needed to quit that shit. But, uh, well . . .”

“You didn’t want to ask the boyfriend of the girl you were cheating with. Or had been cheating with.”

“I’d look fucking weak! I’m not weak! I mean, shit. I’m getting weaker. That’s why I’m here, mate. I had to meet up with you. I needed to s-see you. To fix this! Among other things.”

Various other connections formed in my mind. If this whole hypnotherapy tape experience had actually been for *Torrence* all along, then that meant he was also getting the mental suggestions. He was feeling a compulsion to meet me and spend time with me, and to also act more demure and submissive to me, which explained his current headspace. And judging from how he was smacking his lips together, he clearly still *wanted* a cigarette, but had held off thanks to my hypnotherapy. God, it made so much sense: no wonder he was attending the previous meeting and asking so many questions. Wait, why was he looking at my pants?

Oh shit.

He was licking his lips and looking at my *crotch*. One of the subconscious commands in the last tapeset had been for his body to become more feminine and to develop bigger boobs - check and check - but also to replace his desire for cigarettes with a desire to wrap his lips around my cock.

Fuck!

Fuck fuck FUCK!

I’d really cocked this up, and literally at that, too. I’d wanted Jessica back, not to turn Torrence into some half-woman fucking weirdo who was obsessed over me. I couldn’t imagine a bigger nightmare. But I had to play it cool; if the truth came out, then things would go way off the charts wrong.

“Y-yeah, sure mate,” I told him. “We’ll get you fixed up. The tapes were meant specifically for Jess, dude. Not for you.”

"I get that now! I thought it would work! Why the hell am I becoming a woman!? I've got tits! They bounce when I move too much! Look!"

He shook his shoulders, and sure enough his titties bounced. For some reason, that was a weirdly arousing sight to me, despite knowing who this shithead was. I cringed a little, feeling my pecker harden at the sight.

"Okay, that's more than enough!"

"And my hair keeps growing, and my voice is all feminine and shit. Jess is getting really concerned! I keep having to avoid her. My dick is shrinking, mate! What the hell have you done to me!? If you don't turn me back to how I was, I swear I'll . . . I swear I'll . . ."

A sense of power came over me. I put a hand on my hip and dared him to touch me in a violent manner. "Do what, Torrence? Hurt me? Hit me?"

Suddenly, he blushed again, and his expression was one of immediate guilt. He had squared up for a fight, but his body language changed quickly, his shoulders hunched over a little pathetically. When he looked up, his mouth was pouting, his eyes shimmering a little with tears. It was actually kinda . . . cute. Like, it made me feel protective, despite my initial disgust over what had occurred.

"I'd *never* hurt you, Nate," he said. "I - I knew I used to. But it was wrong before. I'm so sorry, mate. I'll never do that again. Please, I'm begging you. You've got to help me before Jess finds out how bad this has gotten. I'll spend as much time with you as I can. Hell, I'll move out temporarily and squat with you! I'll do everything I can. You can have, like, full access to me or whatever. I won't hide this body around you, so long as you can use your tapes to fix me up. Does that work? Fuck man, I don't know who else to turn to. I'm having all these dreams and you're in them and it's so fucking weird and wrong and - please, you've gotta help me!"

He bit his lip, still blushing. The effect was powerful. I could see not just the feminised man he was, but the utterly gorgeous, perfect woman I could make him. Could make *her*. I had planned to change him back, but now new possibilities were stirring in my mind. It was clear that Jess didn't want my hypnotherapy, but Torrence *did*. My plans were not necessarily dashed, but they would have to be *changed*. My ex was out of my reach and still fucking lying to me, but there was more than one way to skin a cat, and clearly more than one way to get revenge. Maybe instead of stealing my girlfriend back from the dickhead who had made my life miserable, I could instead make that dickhead *into* my girlfriend, and leave my ex alone and out of the picture entirely. Hell, looking at Torrence, I was only just now appreciating how utterly revolutionary and far-reaching my hypnotherapy had become. The tapes were literally changing his gender entirely. He had grown breasts and was approaching an hourglass shape, and the mental aspects were clearly in effect as well.

Yes, there were indeed possibilities here.

I gave him my broadest, most comforting smile, and then placed a hand on his shoulder, rubbing it just a little. Contact was necessary, after all.

“Of course I’ll help you, mate,” I said. “I just wish you’d told me. I’ll have to make new tapes, you realise. We’ll throw out the old ones and get you on the ones intended for a *man*, okay? But I’ll need to monitor you closely. You’ll have to move in with me at some point, perhaps at the end of the coming week.”

He could have moved in today, but I liked the idea of Jess and him experiencing a bit more tension over his changes.

“And then,” I continued. “We’ll get you back to where you were. You’ll owe me for this, Torrence. You’ll owe me big time.”

He smacked his lips again, eyeing my crotch. “Of course! I’ll owe you massive, Nate. Seriously, I will! I promise I won’t fuck you up anymore, or cheat on your girl in the future or whatever.”

“You definitely won’t,” I said a little gleefully. “Because these new tapes will do exactly the job we need for you. Trust me, you won’t have a need for a cigarette ever again after this.”

He licked his lips. God, I loved taunting him already. If I played my cards right, this could be a better revenge than I’d ever imagined, not to mention a funnier end-goal. Perhaps a sexier one, too.

“For now,” I said. “Listen to the tapes tonight. It’s a, uh, transitional thing. I’ll get you some new ones tomorrow, but tonight’s tapes are important. If you stop listening to them, the effects will continue without slowing down.”

“Sure. Fuck. This is so fucked up. You’d better be right about this.”

“Do you trust me?” I asked

He hesitated. I could tell part of him that still hated and looked down on me was warring with his need to be submissive and supplicant to me. The latter, thankfully, won out.

“I trust you,” he said. “Of course I do! Thanks so much, mate! I’d better go before anyone sees us and thinks I’m hanging out with a weak little chud, though.”

With that, he closed the distance between us, planted a kiss on my lips before I could even react. The moment lasted so briefly that I was left stunned. I realised that I hadn’t been kissed in over two months, and I’d *missed* it. But getting kissed by fucking Torrence Denner?

That was weird.

Even weirder, though, was how nice it felt.

“Why the hell did I . . . that was just a th-thank you!” he said. “It’s a Denner thing. Don’t say a fucking word about it, you hear!?”

He took off running away from me, which let me appreciate that he was starting to grow a bit of an arse, which I didn't mind seeing. I touched my lips, still shocked by the aftermath of that kiss.

"Yeah," I whispered to myself beneath my breath. "I can work with this."

Now that I finally knew what clay I was working with, I could finally make Torrence putty in my hands and sculpt him into the marble masterpiece he was always meant to be.

Okay, that was a bit of a mixed metaphor, thinking about it.

But I was just so excited! After getting over my initial shock and revulsion at getting my target wrong, I now saw this as the ultimate opportunity that it truly was. I was going to take my bully and make him my *bitch*. Literally. By the time I was through with Torrence the jock, Torrence the football legend, Torrence the muscle man, he was going to be giving me titty jobs and moaning in ecstasy as I fucked him - *her* - in her new wet and hungry pussy. The very thought excited me enough that I had to take not one but *two* breaks while making the tapes, just so I could quickly 'take care' of myself in all the excitement.

Of course, it was damn hard work. In many ways, it was a miracle that Torrence had changed so much, feminised to the degree he had, given that the tapes weren't even meant for him. I was lucky that I had, at the last second, decided to emphasise Jessica's body so much in the initial tape development, including giving her bigger boobs and a nicer ass and all that. I suspected that it was only because of that aspect of the tapes that Torrence was changing so much. It was unbelievable, in many ways; my hypnotherapy theories were finally being proven beyond my wildest dreams. A shame then, that this little side project would have to remain secret. Torrence would be mine, and Jessica would finally get her payback. But no one else would know just how far I'd gone to get what I deserved.

So I worked. I worked to the damn bone. I worked until I was falling asleep at 5am. The tape lines had to be *perfect*, enough so that Torrence would continue to change, but not halt the program. To that extent, my lines were carefully fashioned.

"Torrence, you want to listen to my voice. My voice will set you free, and you will find yourself drawn to my voice. You do not need a cigarette, not now, not ever. You just need me. Only me."

"Quit smoking. You wouldn't want your lover to taste tobacco on your lips, would you? You want your teeth to be perfect. You want to please with your smile."

"Your body is beautiful. Don't deny it. You want to see it keep changing. You have to stick to the program. You want to keep listening to these tapes. Don't panic. Don't ever panic, Torrence. You are a caterpillar in a cocoon, and soon you will emerge as a butterfly."

“Don’t fear your breasts. Embrace them. They are so sensitive. Imagine how wonderful they would be if they kept on growing? You want them to grow.”

“You don’t want muscle mass. You don’t want a big dick. You want curves. You want softness. You want your body to be like a woman’s body. You know it would please me, Torrence. You must please me. It is all you desire.”

“Whatever you do, don’t stop listening to the tapes.”

And so on. It was a carefully crafted work, and I was left wrung out and with lines beneath my eyes, but I was certain that it was my best work yet.

Now I just had to deliver it to Torrence.

When I knocked on the door to Torrence’s place, I had assumed that Jessica would not be there. She had work around this time, and I knew her schedule well. Imagine my surprise, then, when instead she opened the door with fury in her eyes.

“You fucker!” she yelled, all pretense of kindness and past love dissipated immediately.

“Hello to you too, Jess,” I said, keeping my expression neutral.

“Your tapes have fucked up my boyfriend!”

“I’m here to see him, Jess. To fix what *you* caused when you told me the tapes were for *you*. Can I come in?”

She sneered, but stood aside so I could walk through.

“You better fix him. He’s got fucking *tits* now, Nate. What the hell is up with that? Why is he looking so soft and weak now? He fucking *cried* when we watched a movie the other night. Him - Torrence - crying! I didn’t leave you for an alpha male so I could end up with another beta boy.”

Jesus, talk about showing your true colours. Mind you, Jessica had always had a wicked temper that could flare up at a moment’s notice. She was mercurial, and I realised now that I had put up with a lot because she was so gorgeous and charismatic when she wasn’t livid. The red hair, at least, suited her temperament.

“Well, it’s nice to know that all that nice talk about how things used to be was just you lying through your teeth yet again, Jess. And to think I was doing something nice for you.”

“Nice now!?” she demanded as she slammed the door shut behind us. “My man is growing boobs! His arse is swelling up, and I shouldn’t have to tell you, but his big stallion cock is, like, half the size it should be right now!”

I barely managed to restrain myself from grinning. Such good signs already.

“For God’s sake, Jess, put two and two together. I made the tapes for *you*, didn’t I? I wasn’t happy at first, but we had some good times together and I wanted to put the past behind us and leave both of us happy. You were always complaining about how you didn’t have bigger boobs, despite the fact that yours are spectacular. And you wanted a bigger arse too! So I put that in the tapes as a little side bonus. You’d finally end up with the perfect body you always wanted *and* be free of your smoking habit, and my theories on hypnotherapy would be proven. *And* I could walk away knowing you’d never bother me again.”

Jess froze. “Oh my God. Nate, I didn’t realise. You were doing that for me? That changes everything.”

Her look of surprise nearly made me fall in love with her all over again, especially when she blushed and smiled quickly after. Goddamn, I really needed another girlfriend. I guess it was a good time to make one.

“But because you gave the tapes to Torrence-”

“He’s ending up with all of that. Oh, this is all my fault. I’ll have to make it up to you, Nate. I’m so sorry. You know how emotional a girl like me can get. I was just being protective. I didn’t mean anything by it, I hope you know. Maybe after you fix up Torrence you could . . . ?”

I sighed. And there was the other shoe. She was already working me, wanting me to give her the perfect body with the tapes. Well, no point closing a door just yet.

“I’ll see if I can fix him first,” I said. “I brought him some more tapes. Ones for him alone. But he has to listen to them without you present; seeing you while he listens may cross wires, you being a woman and all.”

She groaned. “I can’t believe this. But it’ll work?”

I nodded. “It’ll get worse before it gets better though, I’ll warn you now. So don’t start breaking down my door if he keeps changing. I might have to monitor him more closely, and then slowly he’ll go back to normal.”

“Make his dick even bigger while you’re at it,” she said, giggling. “I’m just kidding. He’s in there. You’re the best, Nate. You really are.”

Yeah, right. I was *not* the best, or else I wouldn’t be conducting the most unethical experiment imaginable all in pursuit of revenge and lust. But I didn’t tell her that. Let Jessica think I was still in the palm of her hand. Soon my palms would be cupping her boyfriend’s big tits while the newly womanised Torrence rode me hard.

I opened the door to what must have been their shared bedroom. It smelled of all those crystal things that Jessica liked to put in our room back when she was with me. The place still smelled of them and reminded me of her. The room had numerous trophies of Torrence’s major sports successes, as well as some of Jessica’s ornamentations and little

flourishes, but for the most part it was definitely dominated by the man's jock nature. There was even a calendar with sexy women on it. How the hell did he get away with that? Jess had always been so aggressive with me when I'd so much as looked at a waitress serving us.

I switched my attention to Torrence himself. He was seated on the bed in a bathrobe, looking rather embarrassed. He was hunched over, and I could see that in the last few days his hair had gotten even longer. It was now threatening to touch his shoulders. He was looking away from me, but as soon as I opened my mouth he snapped to attention and stared at me with eyes wide, taking in every word.

"Torrence, I hear you're still changing."

"Nate! Thank fuck!" he cried, jumping up and moving to embrace me. I could actually feel his boobs against me. A promising sign. "I'm sorry about kissing you the other day, mate. It's, uh, just a family thing. My old ma always does it. You know how it is. I'm not a fucking gay or anything like that."

I always had a deep dislike of anyone bigoted enough to refer to someone as 'a gay.' Just another reason to enjoy changing him, I suppose. He'd be quite 'gay' by the end of this, in a sense. And yet also deeply, deeply heterosexual. Ha! The best of both worlds.

"It's okay, Torrence," I said, peeking back to make sure Jess wasn't listening. I lowered my voice anyway. "I actually enjoyed it."

"You - you did? What the actual fuck, mate?"

I smiled at him. "You can admit you enjoyed it too, if you want. But you don't have to."

He trembled a little, then looked away. "I - maybe just a little. But if you say that to anyone I'll fucking kill you, got it?"

"Would you really?"

Again, he couldn't look me in the eyes, this man who once stared me down and mocked me in front of my friends. Good.

"N-no. Of course not. I'd never . . . ugh, what the hell is going on with me!? My brain feels all fucking scrambled, man. And these fucking - these fucking *tits* are all sore. I swear they're getting bigger! And I'm losing muscle and height! I can't even fucking sleep with Jess right now. She doesn't want to do anything with me while I'm like this, but . . . I can't get it up with her, man. Shit, why am I telling you this?"

Probably because the night tape gave suggestions to be as honest as possible with me at all times, and never lie as Jess had once lied. Not that I'd tell him that.

"It's because you were on Jessica's tapes. You're not still smoking, right?"

He bit his lip after making a few little smacking sounds with them. "N-no. Of course not. I've been . . . thinking about other things in my mouth."

"Things like?"

He swallowed. "I - I can't tell you. But . . . I want to."

Torrence slumped down on the bed again. He looked like he was going to cry. I should have felt great about this, but just like with Jess, I found that I easily got sucked into sob stories. It was a good thing I was levelling up as a manipulator myself, then.

"Don't worry, you don't have to tell me, mate. But you *do* have to listen to these tapes. Follow the instructions exactly. Don't let Jess near you while you listen to them; it might make you change even more. You'll still change more, but that's just the ongoing, uh, elastic effect of it. Yeah. And maybe this weekend you should move in with me, just for a couple of weeks. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

I rubbed his shoulder just a little. My, it had gotten softer. He really was looking quite feminine. It was hard not to notice that his eyebrows were a little thicker, and yet more shapely. And those lips! Definitely fuller.

"I would," he said. "Fuck, this is so weird. I can't believe the little pissant I used to push around is actually helping me. Guess I toughened you up like you needed, Nate, huh?"

I narrowed my eyes, burying the fury in my bones down into the bottom of my stomach. I gave him a big, false smile and lowered my hand to the small of his back.

"You toughened me up alright, Torrence. Now I finally get to return the favour."

That Saturday, Torrence messaged me to say he'd turn up on my doorstep soon. The love emoji he'd included in the text was a good sign, even if he hastily corrected it. The fact that Jess was apparently angry at him for this move was also a damn good sign: it meant that he was starting to feel more loyalty to me than to her.

His knocks were almost gentle upon the door of my rental. I opened the door, fully expecting to see Torrence all covered up, but to my surprise he was in a t-shirt and shorts. His hair was now touching his shoulders, and his face looked more female than male. His breasts were obvious beneath his shirt, and was that a *bra* he was wearing? My eyes were drawn to his thinner waist and the fact that his long legs were looking more shapely, and definitely hairless. With just a little more muscle loss, they'd be a real sexy pair of lady legs, that was for sure.

"Holy shit," I said.

He blushed immediately and spoke in a soft, slightly squeaky voice. "I - I wanted to cover up but I couldn't for some fucking reason. I - I need you to see all of me."

I grinned. "Well, you look good, Torrence. Hope you don't mind, but you look damn good."

He swallowed. "I - fuck. I don't mind. I should. Shit. I guess it's because you're no competition that I don't mind."

That only made me grin wider. "Come on in. I'll give you the tour and show you the couch you'll be sleeping on. Don't worry, I'll find you more companionable arrangements. I'll need to look you over though. Are you wearing one of Jess' bras?"

He looked so embarrassed he might die. "It's just temporary. They were starting to bounce and jiggle. Fuck, this is humiliating. The bras are too big anyway."

I chuckled. He had no idea, ha! "Don't worry, *Tor*. We'll solve that problem in no time!"

He was given the tour of my admittedly not-all-that-impressive rental home. He made a few snide comments on the "downgrade" which only made me that much more adamant on changing him. The real meat came when I told him I would have to inspect the changes.

"Yeah, mate, you can see the frickin' changes right now. What else is there to inspect?"

"All of the changes, *Tor*," I said. "Don't worry, I'll be gentle."

"What, you want me to get fucking naked? I'm not putting up with that shit."

"But don't you want to make me happy?" I asked. "It would really help me if I could see all of you. Besides, you can show off here."

I was triggering all the subconscious mental commands from the tapes that I could, and after a bit of obvious internal struggle, I got the pleasure of seeing Torrence cave right in front of me.

"O-okay. But only because it'll make you happy, mate. Just a brief strip, alright?"

"Of course," I lied. I watched him remove his shirt and then struggle with his bra.

"Let me," I said, moving around behind him. I rubbed his back just a little as I unclasped it for him. This would form a very strong mental bond between the action and myself, I hoped. The fact that he made an embarrassed little coo in response only cemented that view in my mind.

His breasts were unleashed, and I was very impressed. They were nearly C-cups, to judge them. Not quite as big as Jessica's full C's, but catching up fast. His pink nipples had wide areolas now, and when he removed his pants and undies I could see that his dick was indeed smaller just from his reaction. I won't lie, I was also still surprised by the size of it; the man must have indeed been a stallion before, but now I was bigger than him. God, I finally had a bigger dick than fucking *Torrence*. This was incredible. The other changes were just as impressive; his hips had widened, taking on a female configuration, and while his form was still muscly, it was more *fit* than gym-roided. Even his pubic hair was taking on an inverted triangle shape. And his ass. I gave a little whistle without thinking as I circled him.

"Mate, what the actual fuck!?" he exclaimed.

“Sorry!” I said, realising I had perhaps gone too far. “Was just thinking of that calendar girl in your bedroom. The one in the red bikini.”

“Oh, ah, yeah. She’s a real fucking hottie, that one.”

“Would be nice to see a big pair of tits like that in person, eh? Imagine having a pair like that.”

He gulped. “Can I put my goddamn clothes back on or are you gonna be a dickhead about this?”

I let him put his clothes back on. I’d definitely overstepped a little. I had to be careful, or else the whole program might be terminated. But it was very interesting that he needed my permission to get changed again, even if he was angry at me.

Very interesting indeed.

“What’s next?” he asked when he had his bra and shirt back on, clearly humiliated by his subconscious need to no longer hide his body. “I mean, how do you fix me?”

“Same as before,” I said, passing him some headphones and gesturing for him to lie down on the couch. “You listen to the tapes.”

He nodded. “Whatever makes you happy, Nate.”

Oh, I just *loved* to hear that. Even better, when he lay down and undid the top button of his shirt, showing just a little cleavage. Already, he was embracing his breasts.

He just didn’t know it yet.

I received a number of rather emotional texts and calls from Jessica, alternating between sweet and sickly to angry and demanding. She clearly wanted Torrence back, but was also desperate for her own bodily improvements. I only occasionally replied, giving her just enough to string her along while I remade Torrence into my fantasy girlfriend. And what progress he was making!

My new hypnotherapy tapes were already having quite the effect upon my former bully. Each passing day I was able to record further physical and mental changes to the man. His biceps were shrinking, his thighs slimming and gaining some lovely subcutaneous fat. The kind of thick thighs I once saw on a Brazilian dancer on the telly. God, her legs had been hot, and now Torrence’s would be too. He complained about how big his butt was getting; it now had a noticeable peach-like quality about it that was increasingly making it hard for him to wear regular shorts. Of course, at other times I saw him look in the full-length mirror I’d installed, turning in profile and then running his hand over his ass, a sheepish grin on his features. Those features, too, were looking increasingly pretty. I aimed for beautiful, I aimed for stunning, but pretty was a good start. He had a doe-eyed look about him

sometimes, and that made me almost sympathetic to his plight, but then he'd make some crack about how "no wonder Jess came over to me, this place is way too small for two people, seriously," and then all sympathy would be lost, and it was all full steam ahead.

"These fucking tits. Damn it! They're blocking the view of my toes now. Nate, what the hell are you doing? They're too big!"

"Please, they look great," I told him. "And you're showing them off. I don't mind, so stop pretending you do. They're a great pair, and they won't be around for long. Kinda sad, isn't it?"

And then his expression would change as he cupped his full C-cups, which were bordering on D-cups after just a week and a half. They were full and ripe, and I even went so far as to pretend to have to inspect their development, cupping them myself from behind him. He was shorter than me now, and his hair was down over his shoulders, with a fresh shine in it as well. He moaned in a feminine tone as I rubbed his nipples.

"Wh-what are you d-doing?"

"Just checking to see if there's any shrinkage."

"There's n-not. I'm gonna be fucking D-cup soon, mate!"

"Well, what do you think about that?"

I pinched his nipples just a little, making him moan some more. "Just checking sensitivity here," I whispered in his ear. "But answer my question. What do you think about your breasts growing larger? What do you think about getting bigger tits?"

He struggled, panting heavily. His arse jiggled a little as he shifted his hips, and I realised he was automatically *gyrating* against me. What a minx!

"I - I like it! Fuck me, I can't stop thinking about it!" he admitted. He pulled away from me and cupped his naked tits, pushing them up. Apart from his now-tiny penis, one would have thought it was all woman by now. "These fucking things keep growing and I want them too. I'm all fucked in the head, Nate! It's those tapes! I - I want to hate you but I can't. Please tell me I don't look like a freak. Don't see me as a freak because I want these titties to be - to be bigger than Jessica's!"

Tears were pooling in his eyes. I crossed the distance he had created and held his chin gently, lifting his face.

"Tor," I said, using that pet name that he was so responsive to these days. "I promise I'll help you have whatever body you want. I want to make you perfect, just the way you were meant to be, but I can tell these changes are making you emotional, aren't they?"

He nodded, looking down. Again, I marvelled at how much smaller he was than me now. How he was also slimmer than me.

“Hey, let me be your rock, okay? I know you used to be my bully, but I’m here for you now, and you can be here for me. We can be here for each other, in fact. Why don’t I get you a tape. That’ll help, won’t it?”

He nodded meekly, and I went and prepared the next one. I was still skating on the knife’s edge, constantly pushing the boundaries further, making him more submissive and pliable. His body was so close to completion. Just a few little nudges to go, and hopefully no disasters.

“Here you go,” I said, bringing him the tape. He’d put his clothes back on; we needed new ones soon, and this tape would solve that.

“Thanks, Nate,” he said. “You’re . . . the best.”

Oh, what a delicious thing to hear. He put on the headphones and lay on the couch, and I moved to the other room to answer the latest messages I’d gotten from Jessica. I already knew what he’d be hearing after the hypnosis lulled him into semi-consciousness.

“You love your breasts now. You want them big and ripe and sensitive and bouncy, all so Nate can enjoy them. So I can squeeze and caress and suck on them. You want that so bad that it hurts.”

“You want to dress more stylishly. You look more like a woman now, so wear the prettiest and sexiest things you can. You desire to show off your cleavage. You desire to make me, Nate, turned on.”

“You’re tired of having a penis. You don’t want it. You want a wet, hungry pussy to have a penis inside of it, instead. But you only want one dick, and that’s mine, Torrence. You want Nate’s dick buried deep inside of you, thrusting in and out. The very thought of it makes you horny.”

“You’re going to be more and more feminine. You’ll walk with your hips swaying, and learn how to use makeup to make yourself look hot as hell. Doing this pleases you, because it pleases me.”

These phrases, and many more related to his future dimensions and feminine manner, continued to repeat as he lay back. I looked at the latest messages by Jessica and sighed. Once again, she was in fury mode.

‘Why is it taking so long? Torrence belongs to me! He doesn’t even like you! Why is he living with you? This is way too weird. I need to come see him already! I promise I’ll make it worth your while. I just need to see him. And you can make my tapes at the same time maybe? It’ll be a good time, I promise!’

It was a little unhinged. Usually, she stuck with just one tone per message, but this was all over the place. But then again, I’d had Torrence at my place for almost two weeks by that point. He was still fighting the changes, but each day he was becoming more addicted to them, and this latest confession was a massive stride forward.

'Jess, it'll just be another two weeks at the most. You can't come over. Delicate time right now. Breast tissue is going down. Giving me lots of research on how I can improve yours though :D'

I rolled my eyes as I sent the message. *That*, at least, should buy me some time. She was nothing if not conceited, and if I was right about her, she'd likely choose her own looks and perfect body over her own boyfriend's wellbeing.

In fact, I was counting on it.

"This is weird, mate. I'm . . . I'm fucking nervous."

I put my hand around Torrence's waist. God, it was getting small, just like his ass was getting big. And his tits! They were wonderful D-cups now, overflowing his overcrowded bras. He was wearing tight shirts that emphasised his shape, but in a great victory for my program, he had begged for me to take him shopping for new, more revealing clothes.

"I don't know why, I just . . . I need to wear something more showy."

"You shouldn't feel bad," I told him. "You have a wonderful body. You should show it off. Besides, it makes me happy."

He grinned, showing off his pearly whites. "Mate, that . . . that makes me feel a lot better. I really want to make you happy for all that you're doing for me. I keep having these dreams about us . . ."

"What kind of dreams?"

He blushed. Fuck, it was a hot look. "Just . . . kind of sexy dreams. It's so humiliating just saying it, but they felt like good dreams. I guess I just want to look better for you, that's all. While I'm still looking like a woman, that is. It's not permanent."

I let my hand hover upon the small of his back, rubbing it softly. He was looking so beautiful now, so close to completion with just a week left to go on my timeline. He was only 5'6 in height, and had the perfect shape of a lady. His voice was cracking one last time, going up to a gorgeous soprano that was as sweet as music.

"It could be," I told him. "If you want it to be. Just food for thought."

He bit his lip in a cute way as we entered the clothing store. "P-permanently?"

"Yeah," I said carefully. "I mean, you make a great woman, and you seem happier like this. Plus, I won't deny I find you attractive, Talia. Sorry, Torrence. I keep thinking of you as Talia."

Plus, I'd put it in his pretty little head with my tapes. 'Talia' gasped in a highly feminine manner.

“That’s the name I was thinking of for myself as well! This is freaky as shit, mate. Let’s . . . let’s just get me some hot as fuck clothing and we can go back.”

I was more than happy for that, because I knew that with each article, Torrence would change mentally ever more into Talia. I’d guaranteed it with the hypnotherapy tapes: the commands repeated over and over again:

“With each sexy outfit you wear, you’ll become more and more comfortable being Talia. You’ll love showing off your sexy body, and you’ll yearn to finish your change. You never want to go back to being Torrence. You don’t want a cock. You want my cock inside of you, and the best way to do that is to wear the hottest lingerie, the sluttiest crop tops, the shortest skirts, and the sexiest bikinis. And you’ll want to do that more than anything, just like you’ll want to act like a natural while wearing them.”

And he did. In the two hours that followed, Torrence fell further into his new Talia self. He was already walking with a sashay to his hips and a bounce to his divine breasts, but with each change of clothing he posed in a sultry manner, exposing his midriff or pressing his breasts together, or simply looking hot as hell while wearing a tight pink cocktail outfit that his tits were almost falling out of. He tried on bikinis, his small package no longer even discernible in the thin little red fabric. His body looked perfect, and that was the moment I stopped thinking of Torrence by his male name, or even as a man at all. To me, *she* simply became Talia, my busty, hourglass-figured dream woman. The one who flashed me an embarrassed but proud grin when she twirled in a summer dress, her breasts bouncing a little, her legs exposed by the spinning hem of the loose fabric.

“You look gorgeous!” I told her, and at this she giggled a little, pushing back some of her hair behind her air sheepishly.

“Thanks!” she said. “I never thought I’d like being called gorgeous by a man before. But . . . fuck, I can’t explain it. With you it’s so different, Nate. You’re so incredible.”

“Yeah nah, I’m just an average guy,” I said, testing the waters a little.

She sauntered towards me, her cleavage fully displayed by the unbuttoned and very low neckline of the bright yellow sundress she was wearing. Her hips swayed easily, and her breasts bounced, pushed up by the larger bra she’d fitted, the one that made her boobs *pop*.

“You’re more than an average guy, Nate. You’re - I mean, take it from a guy who used to be the bomb; you’re actually pretty damn cute. M-more than cute, actually. You’re really good looking. I mean, I keep looking at you more and more. Maybe it’s these tapes or something, mate, but . . . holy shit, you look so fucking fine it makes my nips go all tight. They’re fucking throbbing right now, mate just feel.”

Then, right there outside the changeroom, she grabbed my hand and pressed it against her breasts. I actually inhaled a little; even I was shocked by this moment, and clearly so was she. Her eyes went wide, and she made a squeaking noise as she realised

that she had willingly placed my hand over her left nipple. She let loose a low, almost sexual moan and then stepped back. I'd never seen a woman blush as much as she did at that moment.

"W-we should go. Let's just buy this shit and get out of here. This shit is just getting to my brain or something."

"Of course," I said. "Let's get back to *our* home."

She didn't call me out on my phrasing. Instead, she just looped her hand around mine and went silently with me.

It seemed that this time, I wasn't the one who had pushed too far. She had.

For the next few days, Talia barely spoke to me. I called her by both names, tried to walk back some of my treatment and act like she was a guy, but nothing seemed to work. She didn't exactly ignore me, nor did she stop using the tapes. Her body was progressing and I could tell when her boobs had swelled up yet another cup size, because she asked me to drive her back to the mall so she could get some much needed new bras. Her hair was now so long that it went down to her ass, and she was using haircare products and experimenting with makeup. She was also wearing much sexier, even sluttier clothing, though sometimes she fought against that instinct, muttering to herself in the living room. All in all, it looked like she was progressing, and yet she was so distant from me. What gave? It was becoming fucking *torture* seeing the hottest girl imaginable walking around the apartment and not having a chance with her.

"Hey Torrence, did you want to do something with me today?" I'd ask.

"N-no," she'd reply. "Shit. I - I better get back to my room."

All this while wearing a fucking tube top and booty shorts! Jesus, had I made my own hell? Was this the universe's idea of a karmic retribution? She would barely want to stay in the same space as me for long, and yet I could hear her moaning in the room I'd allowed her to use as her sleeping space, writhing and muttering and crying out as she orgasmed from her self-pleasuring.

It didn't help that Jessica was becoming more insistent. Her messages were more frequent, and I was on the verge of blocking her calls, except that this would mean she'd come and actually visit before things were completely ready. I kept trying to stall her, but I'd gone too far in suggesting how I could 'help' her, because now it was constantly in her messages.

'How long until my tapes are ready? I told you I'd owe you a lot if you gave me a bigger cup size. You just know that I'm good for it. Remember all the lovely things I did to your body? Torrence won't mind if I do them again. I'm sure you'll agree.'

Jesus, that woman knew how to manipulate me, and perhaps I would have fallen for it, were I not already neck-deep in my own manipulations. A scheme which, as it seemed, was falling apart. I'd come so fucking close to the finish line, and now for reasons beyond my understanding it was all falling apart. Talia was a goddamn smokeshow of a sheila, but I'd come up against a freaking wall. Somehow, my former bully had found a way to tease me and humiliate me worse than I could have imagined; by cockteasing me so hard that I was starting to go stir crazy.

"What did I do wrong?" I asked myself as I headed out to the campus to get back up to speed on my PhD work, which I'd fallen badly behind on. "Why am I missing?"

The next day was Saturday. I got out of bed, showered, and then dressed myself. I was feeling low, and not even my favourite cereal could cheer me up. The Talia problem was giving me a headache. What did I even do with her at this point? The only way I could get away with this is if she wanted to go along with it. With *me*.

"Maybe another kind of tape would help," I mused as the sound of the shower occurred in the background. I tried not to picture her naked form.

Except then she exited wearing nothing but a towel around her body, her breasts barely contained by it. Her thighs were bare and still slightly dripping, and her hair had been patted over but still had that lovely wet look down her back, swaying gently against her hips as she moved. She was looking at me, and her expression somehow reminded me of a cow's: at once kind of empty and at the same time intensely fascinated with what was in front of her.

"Morning, Torrence," I said, still eating my breakfast. "Sorry, I ate the last of the Special K. There's Rice Bubbles in the cupboard though. I know you like those."

She stepped slowly closer, her gaze almost mad. "I'm not hungry," she said, voice sultry as hell. "At least, not for breakfast."

"Got it. I've got some leftovers from last night in the fridge."

"I - I don't want those either. Look, mate. I - I need to talk to you. About me. About you and me. About my body. Something happened a few days ago, and also at the clothing store, and when I kissed you. It's all so fucked, and I've had to spend a few days thinking over things. I've had the tapes, but they're not turning me back. And . . . fuck me, how do I even say this?"

The doorbell rang, saving me from some awkwardness.

"Wait a moment," I said, moving to the front door. It was a big mistake though, because Jessica was on the other side, stylish and fiery, her expression one of haughty rage.

"Oh, so you are here!" she snapped. "All those excuses keep adding up, Nathan. I'm starting to think you've been promising more than you can deliver."

"Shit, Jessica. Look, this isn't a good time."

"Well, it's perfect timing for me," she said, pushing past me.

"Hey, this is my place—"

"Where's Torrence. I'm fucking taking him back. Or dumping him. I haven't decided yet. What the hell did you do with him? Torrence, get out here? We're going back to my place and - what the fuck? Who is this bitch!?"

She'd stormed into the living room where Talia was still standing, looking like she'd jumped out of the page of the world's fastest selling pinup poster, with a body that put Jessica's to shame.

"I repeat," Jess said. "Who. The. Fuck. Is. This?"

I looked from Talia to Jess and back again. Talia looked frozen on the spot, not even knowing what to say.

"I'm—"

"She's Talia," I said. "My new girlfriend. I told you that I've moved on, Jessica."

Jessica did a double-take. "*This* bitch is your new girlfriend? I don't - no fucking way."

"It's true," I said. "It's a new thing."

"And where the fuck is Torrence? He's not answering my calls or messages!"

"I can answer that," I said. But then I paused, because I really, really couldn't. In fact, my mind had gone completely blank. I'd spent so much time trying to figure out the Talia question that I was now completely unprepared for the Torrence one. "Um, he's . . ."

Jessica narrowed her eyes and placed her hands on her hips. "Where? He's *where*, Nate?"

"He's right here," said Talia.

"What?" Jess said, turning to face the woman, but I realised what she was confessing.

"It's me, Jess. I'm Torrence. Well, I was Torrence. I'm a completely different person now. The tapes changed me. He changed me."

"That's . . . that's impossible."

"I've got the same eyes, Jess. And you saw how I looked before. I was already becoming like this. Now I've got this huge fucking E-cup rack and this amazing ass and I'm a woman now. I'm Talia. I'm a frickin' bombshell who's even hotter than you now."

Jess took a step back. "I don't - what the fuck is going on here? What's happened? There's no way that Torrence is your girlfriend now, Nate."

"He's not," Talia said, her voice like honey. She bit her lip and smiled at me, and then, to my surprise, winked at me. "Not yet, anyway. You've got no idea how agonising these past days have been, Nate. I've been going fucking wild. I've been masturbating soooooo much ever since this goddamn pussy came in. It's so embarrassing, but I can't stop thinking about you. About how much I want to please you. It's torture. I tried to fight it, but I can't fight it anymore. I can't go back to you, Jess. I don't even find you hot anymore. I'm way better looking. I want Nate! I'm going to stay a woman and I'm going to be yours, Nate. I promise I'll be your most devoted mate - no, *girlfriend* - ever. I need you so fucking bad that it *hurts*, mate. That's what I was trying to say to you before this *bitch* barged in."

My jaw fell. Jessica's jaw fell. Even Talia's jaw fell, and she was the one giving the whole spiel.

"I - shit, I'm sorry, I didn't-"

But I was already grabbing her and planting my lips against hers. She moaned, cooing as I held her. Her towel fell away, exposing her perfect naked flesh, and I pulled her against me, feeling her large breasts press against my chest. My tongue snaked into hers, and she in turn sent hers into mine, and our tongues danced together as I tasted my conquest, this woman I had fashioned from my bully like Pygmalion fashioned his Galatea. Finally, I pulled back and so did she, all so we could look at one another. My cock was throbbing, hard against her, tenting my pants. She moaned again, looking down.

"I fucking need that, man. I fucking need that in my dripping pussy."

"Let's do it, then," I told her. "I've been waiting long enough for this, Talia."

She licked her lips, pulling my hands up to squeeze her tits together, which made her whimper yet again. It was only as I was about to kiss her once more that Jessica interrupted.

"What. The. Fuck."

We both looked her way. Talia blushed; no doubt some humiliation remained, which was fine by me. I, however, just grinned.

"Oh, you're still here, Jess?"

"Of course I'm still here! What the hell are you doing with my boyfriend?"

"She's *my girlfriend* now, Jess. I hope you don't mind. After all, you have a lot of experience in cheating, and since you left me for Torrence, I figured why not snatch him back and make him mine."

Her hands literally trembled with fury. "That's not - that's not *fair!!*"

"Hey, all is fair in love and war, Jess. You taught me that. Now I guess the lesson just came back around. But hey, stick around if you want. I like the idea of you watching while I plough your ex. Does that sound fun, Talia?"

She sighed dreamily as I fondled her sensitive breasts. She was already working on unbuckling my trousers with one hand while the other stroked the tent in my pants.

“Anything that makes you happy makes me happy, Nate. I just want you to fuck my sexy body. Jess can watch and be *jealous* of us.”

Instead, Jess *screamed*. “I hate you, Nate! I’m never getting with you again, not ever!”

She stormed out, but Talia and I both just cackled at that and began making out straight away again, me peeling off my shirt and throwing it up over the ceiling fan.

“As if you’d need any other girl when you’ve got such a stacked babe like me!” Talia declared.

“Fucking A,” I replied as she pulled me to the bed. We kissed again, this time the pair of us naked. She was indeed fully changed, and I could literally *smell* her arousal in the air. She must have been *damp* by this point, and as I ran my fingers through her wet hair, I was already desiring another kind of wetness.

“I’m still fucking nervous,” she said. “But I need you to fuck me. Put your dick in me and make me not nervous, man. Fuck me hard.”

She helped me put the condom on, and God it was a good thing she was there to help, because I was eager. I rolled it down my shaft only for her to begin stroking said shaft. I pushed her back onto the bed and crawled on top of her.

“S-suck my big titties! You g-gave them to me! I want you to love them!”

“I do,” I told her, licking and sucking on them with wild abandon. She writhed, moaning once more and pulling on my cock. Her legs spread wide automatically. She played with her own tits as I steadied myself to enter her. I didn’t even know how long I was going to last; she was literally my perfect woman. As if sensing this, she gasped a little.

“I d-don’t care if I cum! I just want you to! Make me a fucking woman! I never want to go back so long as I’ve got y-you, Nate!”

She was mine. All mine. And with that knowledge, I plunged my cock into her, guided by her soft hands. Immediately her wet tunnel gripped me, and I knew it was perfect. I slowly thrust all the way inside of her. She let loose a high whine of ecstasy, shaking a little.

“S-so weird! So fucking good! Ohhhhhh, play with my tits and keep going!”

I continued to thrust, picking up speed. I squeezed her breasts, I kissed her passionately, I sucked upon her neck. She in turn raked my back with her fingers and wrapped her legs tightly around me. She was beyond words by this point; Talia was simply moaning and crying out and holding on for dear life as I got closer and closer.

Until finally I could hold off no more, and neither could she. I growled like a bear as I entered her, the pleasure like an earthquake. She in turn wailed, as if the very act of pleasing me set off her own wave of orgasms.

“Yes! Yes! I’m yours! I’m all yours! I’m your Talia! I’m all yours and I’m - AAEEEEIII!”

She pulled tightly against me, and only after a long time did we both manage to come down from the high. When I pulled myself out of her she gasped, and then we held one another, her chest against mine, the pair of us clinging happily and lovingly. We remained like that for almost twenty minutes before she finally spoke.

“That was the best fucking anti-cig therapy ever,” she said.

I laughed, and she joined me.

“But now I really, really want to put something in my mouth. Something to replace that cigarette.”

“Oh?” I asked, feeling my cock begin to stir.

She licked her lips, then smacked them together. “Yeah. How about I suck you off and I can get my fix, mate?”

“That’s the best idea I’ve ever heard,” I told her.

It was a very pleasurable replacement therapy, in fact.

Talia has been sucking my cock ever since. She still gets a little embarrassed about it from time to time, but God if she isn’t addicted to blowing me. That and having me fuck her while I’m on top. Oh, and when she’s riding me. Or I’m taking her from behind. Or she’s giving me a tittyjob. Or just wearing the sexiest damn outfits possible around the house or out on the town or at the club. Basically, what I’m saying is that she is completely devoted to me now, body and soul, and though she remembers being Torrence, she never wants to give up Talia. And seeing her in a tight black dress with her big tits practically falling out, well, who would ever want her to go back to being male? Certainly not I, her loving boyfriend and master.

Of course, Jessica wasn’t too happy. I thought she would leave us alone after a few months, but her angry calls and visits and texts and cyberstalking were just endless. In the end, I finally let her wear me down. I agreed to make her the tapes she so desires. The ones that would make her have bigger tits than even Talia, and better looks to boot.

At least, that’s what I *told* her they would do. As Talia had discovered, once you start the tapes it’s practically impossible to stop them, and by that point the changes are going to happen whether you want them to or not. I imagine Jess would be quite surprised by the changes I had in mind for her, but perhaps they would be exactly what she deserved. A little sample for you:

“You have a flat chest and no ass. You’re a short, pixie-haired nerd with no figure to speak of, one who is incredibly shy and would never, ever want to get into an argument or make trouble. But as small and plain and shy as you are, you have one enduring quality that

you will never, ever break from, Jessica. You are always loyal, right to a fault. In fact, you can't imagine cheating on anyone."

The End