

Mesmerising Blonde



Jessica Matthews

A "New Woman" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Mesmerising Blonde

By Jessica Matthews.

Blondes come in all shapes and sizes.

There's the svelte and the sexy, the sinuous and the slinky,

There are big ones and small, curvaceous, and lumpy.

There are blondes who can attract a glimpse and others that need a long stare.

There are blondes that can make you swerve when you should be concentrating on the traffic, and blondes who radiate danger.

The one crossing the street that afternoon was flashing hazard signals as she walked.

It was midday, but she could have dressed like that at midnight and still have looked dangerous.

She had curves where there should be curves, and more hair than was decent for a girl. It shone corn

and silk in the air as she walked. It moved as she did, as if following her obediently.

This was a blonde who could stop traffic; cause an accident at fifty paces; and make the holiest think impure thoughts.

She walked into the office, pushed the half open door, and sat in front of the desk.

Harry watched. The low-cut top left very little to the imagination. This was a blonde that blondes might dream about becoming when they grow up.

‘I need some help.’ I said.

My voice was gruff and masculine. It didn’t match anything he was seeing.

Harry’s mouth opened and remained frozen as he looked again, trying to make a little sense.

‘I know what you’re thinking.’ I said; the voice as gruff as before. ‘It’s not my fault.’

‘I wasn’t thinking.’ Harry coughed. ‘I was letting my eyes do that.’

‘I can tell.’ I replied. ‘But your eyes can deceive you.’

Harry looked at me hard and shook his head slowly. ‘Are you for real?’

‘My reality may be a bit beyond yours.’ I said. ‘I’m for real. Want to touch?’ I saw his eyes light up and realised I’d said the wrong thing. ‘I mean, I am exactly what you see.’

‘And what might that be?’

‘That’s the problem.’ I confessed. ‘I don’t know any more. What do you think I am?’

‘Okay, you want to play a guessing game.’ Harry shifted in his chair and lit a cigarette.

I pulled a face and he stubbed it out it back into an ashtray where it smouldered and stank in the tiny office. I stood up, picked up the ashtray, opened the window and threw it out. He watched, but made no move to stop me.

‘I’d say you’re one handful of a woman.’ Harry held my gaze as he spoke. ‘You’re opinionated and confident. You’re used to getting all your own way.’ He paused to think a little more. ‘You’re someone’s trophy wife, and you’re...’

‘Wife?’ I asked. ‘I hadn’t thought of that.’

‘I’m playing observant.’ Harry said. ‘That wedding set on your finger must have cost more than I earned in the last decade or two.’

I looked at my left hand, holding the fingers out to admire; rings and diamonds, perfect manicure, darkest red nails like claws. ‘Yes, you could be right.’

‘You don’t know?’

‘I think I’m a widow.’ I said suddenly certain of something, but maybe not.

‘You’re not sure?’

I thought about it. ‘I am sure.’

‘What else are you sure about?’ Harry grumbled.

‘I don’t remember anything before this morning.’ I replied honestly.

‘So why do you sound like a truck driver who’s smoked a lifetime of full strength.’

‘I don’t know that either.’ I replied.

‘You can’t really remember anything at all?’ Harry asked. ‘Let’s do a simple question. How did you know to come here?’

‘That’s easy.’ I remembered that far back. ‘I was walking along, and someone pointed the way to your office.’

‘Walking where?’

‘Just down the road, about two blocks.’ I said. ‘I called in a lawyer’s office I passed a couple of blocks down. I asked for a detective office and they sent me here.’

‘But I still don’t understand how you got to this area.’ Harry said. ‘You’re not making sense.’

‘None of it makes sense to me either.’

‘So why do you need a detective.’

‘I need to find out who I am, Harry.’ I said. ‘I woke up this morning. I was at home, and everything seemed normal. Then it wasn’t.’

‘So you know where you live?’

‘Of course.’ I pulled a face. ‘That’s a stupid question.’

‘Forgive me.’ Harry grimaced. ‘I’m a detective. I don’t do existential questions, just facts.’

‘I mean, I don’t know who I was before today.’ I felt stupid as I said it. ‘I know where I live; I know what car I drive; I know my husband is dead; I know I have money. That’s all I know.’

‘Isn’t that enough.’ Harry was getting bored. ‘I mean, you’re young and beautiful. There’s a lot of world out there for a merry widow.’

‘It’s not enough Harry.’ I paused. I knew I would shock him. ‘I want to know why I’m such a bimbo and why I have a....’

I couldn’t say it. I have a penis. I know girls don’t usually have those, but both me and my late husband had them. It puzzled me.

The door opened.

‘There you are.’ Sophia hurried over and took my hand. ‘I was so worried. We need to get you home.’

She touched my cheeks and forehead, pulling me close and whispering in my ear. I could feel myself relaxing. I couldn’t remember why I’d been in such a panic.

‘Thanks Harry.’ I shook his hand. ‘You were really kind.’

I could tell he was wondering how my voice had changed so radically. I knew I sounded like I looked again. I allowed Sophia to steer me out side and into her silver Lexus.

* * * * *

I don’t know how to tell this story. Trouble is, I can’t remember most of it. I made a few notes when memory allowed. Now.... maybe it’s complete, maybe not.

I scribbled notes when the sketches from my memory formed.

I’ve tried to put them in sequence. Maybe I got it right, but maybe some still sits out of sequence.

I thought it would help me; help me to get someone to make sense of it all, but then what do I know.

Now, maybe I don't care what happened any more. You can think about it. Decide what I should do next.

I think I'm going to let it all ride.....

* * * * *

'Welcome to the class everyone. This is the first session of Psychology 201, more commonly known as the class you take if you want to become a charlatan.'

The class laughed, a little nervous, a little polite. Brian Cooper had the reputation of running a great class, but he was severe in the mark he would award at the end of the term.

'We're here to study basic hypnosis. Clearly you all want to learn something here, and maybe you all have your own reasons. We'll explore those later. Naturally you want to know if I can do what it says in the prospectus, and so we have three volunteers. Would you step up please?'

Two guys and a girl walked nervously to the centre of the room. I was apprehensive, but I needed the money, and so took a deep breath and tried to calm myself.

'Now please introduce yourself and tell the class your experience of hypnosis, and why you're here this evening. Perhaps we can be old fashioned and ask the lady to go first.'

'My name is Ginny.' The thin blonde started hesitantly. 'I'm an economics major in my final year. I'm here because I saw the notice saying that you wanted subjects, and the fee appealed to me. I know nothing about hypnosis other than what the comic books and film shows.'

‘Thank you, Ginny,’ Brian said. ‘Now as you’ve never been hypnotised before, you get to decide if I hypnotise you quickly or slowly.’

‘You mean I get a choice.’ Ginny giggled a little nervously.

‘You do, Ginny.’ Brian leaned in closer to her and swayed slightly, holding her gaze. ‘Quickly or slowly.’ He repeated, ‘Quickly or slowly.’

‘I guess,’ Ginny watched him intently, hesitant and looking confused. ‘Quickly.’

‘Sleep.’ Brian touched her forehead.

The effect was instantaneous. Her head slumped forwards as her eyes closed. She leaned backwards as Brian guided her back into a chair, whispering in her ear as he did so. She slumped back, oblivious to the room and everyone in it.

‘And you, sir.’ Brian turned to the nervous looking guy with the short hair standing bemused as he watched the girl on the chair behind him. ‘Tell us a little about yourself.’

‘I’m Alan.’ He said. ‘I’m an economics major along with Ginny. She saw the notice and asked me to come along with her. I guess I need the money too.’

There was a ripple of laughter from the audience as he stood, self-consciously grinning in his embarrassment. Brian shared a conspiratorial sigh with the class.

‘And have you any previous experience of hypnosis.’ Brian asked, standing quite close to him, waving his arms towards the audience as he spoke. Please tell us what you know.’

‘I saw Wonder Woman get hypnotised.’ He said. ‘I guess that’s it.’

‘Wonder Woman.’

Brian repeated it again as if exasperated, nodding to the class as they laughed nervously.

‘And was she hypnotised quickly or slowly. Quickly or slowly; quickly or slowly.’

‘I guess....’ He started, as Brian touched his forehead, and held him as he too slumped back into the waiting chair.

Brian whispered to him as he sat, and then left him slumped there, turning his attention to me, the thin boy with the long hair, who was standing at the side of the stage laughing with the audience at the sudden demonstration. Brian stood in front of me; looking intensely but saying nothing. His gaze seemed to grow stronger as everything else in the room faded.

‘Sleep.’

I felt my head slump, and then he smiled reassuringly, as he leaned to whisper into my ear. I felt him gently massaging the back of my neck. What he said, I cannot remember.

It was a feeling that even now I can’t explain. I felt fearful, yet I loved it at once. It was comfortable, and exciting at the same time. I knew what was happening, and yet, I felt compelled to accept it all. I allowed myself to be guided into the waiting chair. Brian whispered into my ear as he sent me spinning further and further into trance; deep down into trance.

I was conscious of watching and listening to it all, yet at the same time, it was as if I was an observer. I know that I can’t describe all the feelings as they flickered through the fringes of my thought. That’s what it was though, just at the fringe. I loved the feelings, it was so incredible, and beyond anything I could ever explain.

‘So that’s it class.’ Brian announced. ‘That’s all you need to know. Any questions?’

He stood theatrically back and divided his gaze between the students in the auditorium and the three figures slumped at the back of the room. He stood in a theatrical pose and waited.

‘You want to know more.’ He asked rhetorically.

‘Yes’ came a voice from the back.

‘Okay, we shall try a few tricks. Our volunteers signed an agreement before they came here this evening. They agreed that they consented, and I told them that they could pop out of trance if they were asked to do anything that made them uncomfortable.’

He walked to the back of the chairs and placed a hand on my shoulder. He did the same to Alan. ‘From now on, I am only talking to you if I am touching your shoulder.’ He repeated, squeezing each of our shoulders for emphasis. ‘When I allow you to wake, you’ll find you are sitting next to the most attractive person you’ve ever seen. You’ll be alone in the room. You’ll see that this person is giving you a big come on with every glance and every gesture. You’ll respond; the only rule is you can’t take off any clothes and no touching below the waist.’

Brian turned towards the audience, taking his hands from their shoulders. He grinned wickedly towards them. ‘Wake.’

Brian stood back as I blinked and looked round. I saw this wonderful person looking back at me, and suddenly realised that I was getting a real ‘come on’ look back. Our eyes met and our gazes seemed to lock. I knew somewhere that there were other people around, but they disappeared from my mind. Alan appeared unaware of anyone else in the room. Si-

lently his posture shifted, and mine did too. They moved together and slowly began to kiss.

Somehow, I knew it was someone called Alan, but that didn't register as anything special. It was wonderful to feel this person responding to me, as I slipped into them.

Brian turned his back and addressed the audience as we began heavy petting, everyone could see that this was serious stuff.

'So the first principle is clear.' He said. 'Never ask your subject to do something that they would never do in real life. You may come up against moral scruples, and some inbuilt defence mechanism. Careful phrasing and a clear build up of the scenario is important, for example, the instruction here was simply to see the other person.'

He turned briefly and watched as the boys arms intertwined as they gazed into each other's eyes and kissed again. Then he turned to Ginny and put his hand on her shoulder. She looked up at him. 'I think I popped out of trance.' She said. 'I don't know how you did that.' She nodded towards the boys.

He looked at her, holding her gaze. She began to giggle and once he saw that, he touched her forehead again. She slumped in her chair again, eyes closed and deeply relaxed. He touched her shoulder and whispered in her ear.

'Okay.' Brian said. 'That's today's demonstration. No matter how secure you may feel your trance to be, your subject may surprise you. Ginny came out of trance entirely on her own. The subconscious mind is always working, and maybe she wanted to watch as well as participate.'

Brian continued to talk, describing the theory of trance formation and deepening. All the time Alan and I were entwined behind him. It was weird. I knew

what I was doing; well sort of. I felt totally oblivious to the rest of the room until he touched us, and placed us back into a relaxed position.

Holding Ginny's shoulder, he stood behind her. 'Whatever question you are asked, you will answer fully and truthfully.' He instructed. 'You will hear your words forming, but the only sound that you can make is a woof noise, like a dog barking. The more you try to speak, the more you will say woof, and nothing else. The harder you try, the easier it will become to say woof over and over again.'

'You have no idea what sex you are.' He told Alan. 'You know that there are two sexes, but you cannot decide which you are. No matter how you try to decide, you will find that you cannot.'

'And you cannot speak at all.' He told me; I think he realised that he hadn't asked my name.

He spent a few moments more deepening and reinforcing his instructions, and then told us to wake. He invited the students to question us closely, and stood to the side, smiling to himself as Ginny woofed, Alan struggled with the difficulties of sex, and I remained mute.

It all seemed so natural. I laughed at Ginny woofing away as if it was the most natural thing to do. I watched Alan struggling to decide if he was a boy or a girl. He could work out all the characteristics of boys and girls, but taking the logic and applying it, seemed beyond him. It was so funny.

I laughed along, but silently. When I was asked a question, I answered it. I knew my lips were moving. I knew there was no sound coming out, but somehow, it didn't matter. I was convinced that I was answering to the best of my ability.

After a decent interval, he decided to end the demonstration. We were released, and he told us to lose

all our memories of the session. I knew that I had no memory of it, and yet there was a memory remaining, and I knew I loved it.

Brian Cooper stood as the students took their leave. I made to join them on the way out as a few came to ask questions. He gestured for me to come and stand by him, and I did so.

'You're dangerous.' A dark haired girl touched his shoulder. 'Do you give private lessons, and can I borrow one of your subjects.'

I remember her smile, self assured and a little arrogant. Brian must have put me under again, because I found myself crouching at her feet. I liked her hand and woofed contentedly. I knew what he'd done to me when I was allowed to wake up, and couldn't meet her eye.

I went home feeling elated and full of wonder. It was creepy, but I knew I wanted to do it again.

* * * * *

I arrived back in a daze. I could remember some of the things that happened. It was far more than I expected when I volunteered, but then, when you need then money, choices are limited. A few days later, I went to the briefing meeting for the next demonstrations.

'Thanks.' Brian had said. 'I thought you were really good the other night, and I'd like to offer you some regular employment as a subject in this class. I know you students always need the money.'

'I'm broke all the time.' I confessed. 'I can't quite remember what you made me do, but I have the impression that I was kissing someone.'