

A Fantasy Fractured



Jenny Winters

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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“A Fantasy Fractured”

By Jenny Winters

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What on earth could she want of me?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She poured two glasses and handed one to me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Does that include meeting their Prince Charming?”

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

“No; please don’t go.”

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

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

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

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

“And you write these things?” I asked.

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

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

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

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

“Have you ever been hypnotised?”

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

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

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

“I’d like you to try.”

“I don’t think that’s sensible.”

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

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

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

“Would this be a cure for your boredom?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was going to be difficult.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But what had I let myself in for?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I like the sound of that, but how?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’ve lost me.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

“it’s lovely,” I remember saying.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I looked at it, then twisted it.

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

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

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

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

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

“Do you mean that?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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