

THE TRANCE

By Susan Hulbert



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

AN ADULT TV NOVEL

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THE TRANCE

By Susan Hulbert.

“Do you all realize that tonight will be almost the last time Mark will be together with us?” Alison asked as they were all seated at the big round table, waiting for the waiters to serve the first course.

“Well we can't stay here as students for ever,” Mark replied. “There's a big world out there and money to be made.”

“It's like the end of an era, and I think it's sad,” Alison persisted. “We've been friends all through. We've helped and supported each other...”

“Until now, it's time to move on,” Susan said softly. “University can't last forever, and I'm sure we'll stay in touch, and that we'll always be there for each other when we can.”

“Oh it's just sad to think we're leaving soon,” Alison wiped a tear from the corner of her eye.

“But *you're* not leaving,” Mark chided her. “You're joining the teaching staff, and even if it's only part time while you complete your post doctoral thesis, you'll still be here. You can keep us in touch.”

“I guess I can,” she said, smiling back at all her friends round the table. “Forgive me for being a sentimental fool.”

“Hey, it's only Mark that's got a job so far,” John spoke for the first time since they arrived. “Susan's still looking for something, I've had a few interviews, but no offers. We'll be around for a while yet. I've already registered for another computer course.”

“And I'm doing a business certificate, I guess I didn't tell you, Mark,” Susan added. “So although we've all finished, you're the only one leaving.”

“But I'm the one with a real job!” Mark laughed. “When I'm a success in the big city, I'll send for you all and make your fortunes.”

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The meal, perhaps last they would eat together as four friends, was served with full ceremony, and as the wine flowed, the mood of the gathering lightened as they laughed at remembered incidents. Then the lights dimmed and the cabaret was announced.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” the master of ceremonies held up his hand for the clapping to cease. “Tonight we have two acts for you. Beverly Ross is the best new singer to come from our state, and she'll be with you in about fifteen minutes, but first, our main guest tonight, Henry Marvel wants a few volunteers. Henry's the best hypnotist we've had on our stage, and we're proud to have him back here.”

The master of ceremonies returned. "Please can we have some volunteers come forward?" he asked. "Please come down now, onto the stage."

As he spoke, stage hands were placing chairs behind him, until there were about thirty or so, all facing forwards. Slowly and hesitantly, a couple of girls walked onto the stage, then they were joined by a man. A couple followed as the audience encouraged them forward. They stood on the stage, sheepish looks from some, broad smiles of confidence from others. Soon about half the chairs were filled.

"I think we need a representative there," Mark said. "I nominate Alison."

"That's my girl," Mark teased her. But Alison didn't budge. Mark then turned to John... "Come on John, do it for us."

"Okay," John replied reluctantly, standing slowly, then turning to walk onto the stage. *Why am I doing this?* he thought as he stepped into the light and sat on one of the chairs.

Soon all the chairs were filled and the whistles and cheers of the audience subsided. The auditorium lights dimmed and there remained only the spotlights illuminating the stage. The compare introduced Henry Marvel once again, then stood aside, passing him the microphone.

"Please say a big thank you to all our friends on stage," Henry asked, encouraging the audience in their applause. He turned and looked at his volunteers, speaking more softly than before. "We're just going to try a couple of things in front of our audience," he continued. "Then I'm going to select the ten of you who will be the core of our fun tonight."

The hypnotist then began his relaxation techniques with the volunteers, giving suggestions for deep breathing and for successive relaxation of their bodies, starting with their feet. When he felt the volunteers were sufficiently relaxed, he began giving suggestions. "Your arms are now light as a feather," he told them. "In fact, they are beginning to float above the arms of the chair." Some responded immediately - including John - some did not.

"Look at me!" he commanded. "Your hands are floating towards each other...slowly... until they clasp together." He made a slow sweeping motion with his hands, bringing them together, and then apart.

They all copied him. He made them do it again, then once more, talking all the time in between their actions, telling them how relaxed they were feeling now that they were used to being on the stage. Then their hands were clasped again, and he made them hold the position, this time telling them that their hands were locking together, as if sealed and welded into one. He continued making suggestions to them, alternating relaxation of the mind with the strength of the grip.

"Now as your hands clasp ever tighter," he said, his voice dropping into a lower register, "I want you to look at them. See how they are fusing into one, as if glued together, so firm it is as if they were a single unit, bound by steel bands so that they may not separate." He paused, giving time for the instructions to sink in. "As you concentrate, you may close your eyes."

He watched as his instruction took effect, walking round his subjects slowly, then his voice again. 'When I tell you to try, you will try to separate those hands, but the glue and the steel bands will prevent you, the more you try, the tighter they will become locked together. The more you try to open your hands, the more you will feel that they are bound together. You will try and try, but you will be unable to release them.' He stood back from the group, then commanded., "Try to unclasp your hands now!"

"Just look how John's straining there," Alison whispered to Mark.

"I think he's faking it," Mark scoffed. "He'll come back laughing at us for believing he was going under."

"In a moment, I shall touch your shoulder individually," Henry said. "When I do, you will struggle no more, you will relax and fall deeply into a relaxed and comfortable trance.... very comfortable.... and you will wait for my next instruction, very comfortable."

Henry continued around his group, and saw that two subjects had released their hands and were sitting quietly back in their chairs. Quietly he asked them to go back to their seats in the audience, assuring them that they were not under any hypnosis, and that they could enjoy the show. That left about fifteen people sitting on their chairs, hands still tightly clasped in front of them, but no longer struggling. He turned back to them and speaking softly, explained how their hands were still fastened together as if fixed by super glue. Again he had them look at their hands, reinforcing their sensations. He gave them suggestions of relaxation, and enjoyment in the show, then after speaking softly and rhythmically for some moments, challenged them again to release their grip if they did not want to be part of the entertainment, slipping in a suggestion that it was quite exciting to feel the control as hypnosis took them.

"Look at John now," Mark hissed across to Alison. "His face is really showing the strain as fakes it. He's good."

"I'm not so sure he's faking it," Alison said. "I think he's going with it."

"Nonsense!" Mark scoffed. "He'd never fall for that."

Then Henry was relaxing them, visibly they slumped into their chairs on the stage. He approached the first girl and gently opened her hands, telling her how relaxed and comfortable she was now.

"Are you hypnotized?" he asked her. But she did not answer.

"Now then" he asked, turning to the audience with a mischievous grin, and then turning to John. 'Do you think *you're* hypnotized?"

"No," said John.

"You feel quite normal," Henry checked. 'What about these people?' He indicated the slumped figures on the chairs. "Are they hypnotized?"

"I guess they are, but I'm not."

"See, I told you he was acting," Mark hissed again at Alison who waved for him to be silent.

“Sleep!” Henry touched John. “You are deeply hypnotized now.” The hypnotist then commanded Mark and a few others to stand and follow him back stage. The others were sent to their seats.

“I don't believe it,” Mark exclaimed. ‘He's a great actor.’”

“I wouldn't be surprised,” Alison responded. “John and the others will do anything he tells them.”

“Anything?” Mark asked.

“Well, I don't mean that literally,” Alison corrected herself. “But they'll be willing to do anything in the context of the stage show, that's for sure.”

As Beverly Ross sang and danced her way through her act, Henry was working backstage just as Alison had predicted. His group of subjects was reduced to the ten he felt would be the most malleable in his hands as the evening progressed. A signal was passed that there were just two musical numbers left. Henry acted quickly, choosing the best of his subjects, commanding them rather than instructing or persuading them.

“Hey, man,” Mark greeted John as he sat back in his place at their table. “You sure had Alison fooled there. She thought he'd put you well under.”

“Under what?” John asked innocently.

“You know, under hypnosis,” Mark aid with a wink.

“I don't know what you mean!” John replied innocently, turning his attention to the stage. “I think she's really quite good, don't you, Alison?”

The band started to play, - suddenly John stood and headed for the stage. As John reached the steps to the stage, he bounded up them and exchanged a couple of words with Henry Marvel, then suddenly the band swung into Beverly Ross's big hit number. John was dancing across the stage, just as she had done, singing the words. He pulled loose the band which held his hair back, so that it hung from his center parting, like two curtains at each side of his face, and fell almost to his shoulders. His thick hair, unfashionably long, moved as he swayed to the music.

His movements were those of Miss Ross, as he waved and danced, swaying his hips in a sensuous manner which John could never have managed on his own. His slim frame accentuated the movement which would have been ridiculous if he had been heavier.

At the end of the number, he stood to take the applause, just as the girl had done at the end of her act. The audience, sensing something more was to come, began to clap together, responding to Henry's waved encouragement to ask for more.

“You want an encore?” John shouted, his voice higher, imitating the singer's lilt. “You'll have to wait a moment, while I change.”

He waved and walked towards the back stage, then just as he was about to disappear through the curtains, he turned and blew a kiss to the audience.

“I think we can say John wasn't faking,” Alison remarked to her friends. ‘I just wonder how far he's going to go.’”

“I guess you're right,” Mark admitted. “John would have died rather than make a spectacle of himself. He *must* be well under.”

Henry played with his subject some more, then released them one by one from their trance. Finally, Henry turned to the back stage and asked if the final act was ready. Facing the audience once more he urged them to clap as the music struck up the familiar theme of the biggest Beverly Ross hit.

Into the spot light stepped John, only now he was wearing a roughly fitted dress of bright silver lurex material, heavy make up and a huge blonde wig. He balanced precariously on high heels as he tried to dance and sway as the girl would have done through the number, moving from center stage to join the backing singers, tall girls who stood higher than his five feet seven, even with the heels they had given him. He sang the words, holding the tune badly as the audience clapped and called, enjoying the spectacle. The number ended and he gushed girlishly into the microphone until Henry joined him.

“The dress is wonderful!” John enthused. “I'm sure all the girls would love to know about it.”

“Well it was designed for me by a little designer in Paris,” John continued. “I just love his work, it makes me feel so feminine, so special.”

“Sleep!” Henry commanded.

John slumped and closed his eyes, swaying slightly but appearing to be completely oblivious to all the world around him. Henry turned to the audience, and waved for them to be silent.

“I'm going to count backwards from five to one, and then you'll be released from this trance,” he said. “You'll feel wonderfully happy and relaxed, you'll have enjoyed the experience and will return in every way to being yourself. You won't go back into a trance unless you consciously consent to do so. Now, five, four, three, two, one,wide awake!”

John swayed and seemed to take a moment to realize where he was. He took a step and almost fell off his high heels. He looked down, taking in the dress and the noise from the audience. He stood there as if in shock, not knowing what to do, then Henry steered him towards the back of the stage and out of sight. The clapping subsided as the lights rose, soft music began to play and couples moved onto the small dance floor. A short while later, John appeared in normal clothing to the cheers and giggles of his friends.

John seemed rather bewildered the rest of the night, but refused to talk about what had happened to him. Early the next day, Alison called to see how John was doing.

“Hello?” John answered. His voice seemed a bit lilting and strange to Alison.

“Hey, John, I thought maybe we could get together today at the usual place...about four?”

“Yes, I suppose,” John lisped.

“You can wear your best dress!” Alison joked, feeling somewhat uncomfortable with John's odd affectation.

“Okay, very funny!” John grumbled. “I'm not going to make a career out of it you know, professional victim.”

“Hey, don't get touchy,” Alison chided gently. “It was fun, that's all.”

“Yes, okay, I guess it was,” John allowed a small smile to come to his face. “It was as if I was watching me doing all those things, enjoying it enormously, with no sense of the ridiculous.”

“How so?” Alison asked, her ear quickly picking up on his desire to talk.

“Well, it's hard to explain. It's as if I really was the person they all wanted to see. I loved it.”

“But what about the waiting to go perform?” she asked.

“That too. Henry must have had it all set up with Beverly's staff. They all fussed around me, helping me to get ready,” he paused. “It was as if I really was her. It felt natural. I'm having trouble with that.”

There was something strange about John. Whatever it was, Alison's voice didn't give any sign that she had picked up on anything unusual. “We'll expect you about four, then.”

John hung the phone back on its rest, then sat back in his chair to think through the confused emotions hanging over from his performance.

Meanwhile, Alison was flipping through her notebook looking for a telephone number. Quickly she made three calls, then, with the number she wanted, she paused to think how she should approach the conversation she was about to have. Hesitation, she decided, was not a good idea. She reached for the phone and punched in the numbers.

“So would you expect any lingering effects?” Alison went straight to the point.

“Yes a few,” Henry said. “He'll be tired, maybe a little confused as to how he went so completely into character, but it's nothing that a couple of days shouldn't cure. If he's not comfortable in two days, call me and I'll come and see him, unless you'd be more comfortable if he sees me today.”

“What would you do?”

“Put him back into trance, talk it through, remove any lingering troubling thoughts. That sort of thing. I can't be more specific, I'd have to talk to him,” Henry said.

“Sure, I know the theory,” Alison agreed. “I'll let you know if I think he needs any help.”

“That's fine,” Henry hesitated. “You said were at the university?”

She placed the receiver back on its stand and sat back to digest this new information about her friend. While there was no hypnotic research scheduled, she was interested for herself. She wondered if John could be persuaded into a little project of her own, after all any publication would be good on her schedule of achievements. One with a little bit of the sensational about it could enhance her reputation.... or perhaps not. At any rate, she decided to explore the idea for the sake of curiosity if nothing else.

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By the time Susan arrived at three, Alison had decided she wanted to explore John's susceptibility to hypnosis some more. Speaking quickly, she outlined her conversation with Henry Marvel, and described how rare a quality John possessed. It was altogether too good to miss.

"So what do you want to do?" Susan asked.

"Well as a first, I want to get him into trance," Alison said. "Then once I've got him responding to me, I want to arrange some tests, just to see how responsive a subject like John can be. For example, I could run a set of reaction tests with John as himself, the again as Beverly Ross... or whoever. Outside the military, there's little available material. I could make a name for myself with a well researched piece."

"So why are you telling me?" Susan asked.

"I want your help," Alison replied.

"Alison, this is *me* you're talking to," Susan chided. "I'm your friend, I'll help you, but I'm the one with a fashion diploma remember. I'm the one who used to do your hair and nails when I was working my way through college. I don't know what I can do."

"Just follow my lead, Susan, I have a plan..."

Right on time, John arrived and sat down with a plop.

"How are you feeling, John?" Alison asked sympathetically.

"A little out of sorts," John sighed. "Tired...and a little disoriented. I don't really understand what happened to me."

"Well, I understand the theory quite well," Alison said. "You're disconnected because your unconscious mind didn't have time to process out all the experiences. The hypnotist brought you out of trance too quickly"

"You mean there's still some unfinished business running through John's mind?" Susan chipped in. The conversation was following the plan they had quickly made before John arrived.

"Yes, that's a good way of putting it," Alison replied.

"You need to come back to my office, John."

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Back at the office, Alison sat John down and began giving him relaxation suggestions. John responded almost immediately.

"John," she said. "I'm going to put some mascara into your pocket. It is your mascara, it will feel quite natural for it to be there. In a few moments, I shall tell you to wake and behave completely normally, as if you have not been hypnotized. When I tell you to sleep, you will return to trance and go deeper than before."

"Can I come in?" Susan whispered through the door.

"Sure you can!" Alison's voice was quite normal.

Susan entered to see John slumped in the armchair, looking very relaxed.

"Is he under?" she asked.

"Yes, he's deeply in trance now. He won't hear anything we say. He won't respond to anything at all unless I tell him to," Alison said. "I think I've taken him deeper than he was last week."

"So what can we do with him?" Susan asked, a mischievous smile took over her face. "This is too good an opportunity to waste. We can have fun with this! Maybe we can turn him into a girl again."

"I know what the books say, but that's it. I've used hypnosis in the clinical sense, but nothing like Henry Marvel's stuff," Alison protested. "Even if I could do my part and get the belief in his mind, You'd never be able to get anyone else to believe he was female."

"Don't you believe it," Susan's pride was affronted. "I'm good. I do the impossible every day. I make the plainest of women look good. That's how I worked my way through college"

"But not that good," Alison laughed. "He's far too lumpy."

"Right, and you couldn't do the bit with his mind anyway," Susan challenged.

"Wait a minute, are we getting into a competition here?" Alison said.

What the hell, it'd be fun trying!" Susan giggled. "Let's do it."

"Well, I'm willing if you are, but you'll have to allow me some time to work out a technique," Alison looked serious as she spoke. "Rearranging a mind can take some preparation."

"It gives us something to work on," Susan agreed. "And it's probably the best we're going to come up with. We share expenses, and loser pays for a dinner for all three of us at the end."

"Right, it's a bet." Alison clasped Susan's hand to seal the deal. "But when will we know the bet's won or lost?"

"Let's just do it anyway," Susan said, and they shook again.

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The next week passed without any opportunity for the friends to take their plan further. They were together only briefly when Mark set off for the airport and his new job with an East Coast publisher. They all waved him off then had a coffee in the diner. Shortly thereafter, Alison, Susan and John adjourned to Alison's office.

"Sleep!" Alison said suddenly, looking directly at John.

"That's all right," Alison said. "We were just talking about our high schools. We were remembering what the girls really thought about the boys, and what they said they did, and what they really did with them. We know what they boasted about afterwards among themselves.."

"Oh sure, boasting is part of being at high school," John agreed in the strangely softer voice, now with a musical lilt to it.

He giggled a little and smiled. Alison took this as her cue and decided upon some reinforcement.

"I wonder just what the boys thought they did, don't you remember?" Alison touched his forehead again and John slumped into trance once more. "When I tell you to wake, you're going to remember your high school dates, only you'll remember them as a girl. You'll reverse the sex of everything you remember, every story you tell. It will feel natural and easy, because you're the girl of your dreams. Everything about you is girl, and you're really happy with that. If you should see anything incongruous, your mind will dismiss it. You are all girl, all girla girl named 'Jenny'... Wake!"

"I was terrified when Clay Brown put his hand around my waist and grabbed my chest," Alison joined in. "That's when I first knew boys were dangerous."

"I didn't get touched until I was sixteen," a voice which might have been John's, but was higher and softer, joined the conversation.

"How did you escape so long?" Alison asked.

"Well, I wasn't really popular at high school. It wasn't a happy time for me, I was smaller than the others, not as athletic, and I didn't have a car," The voice was husky, but feminine.

"I remember my prom dress," Susan said, changing the subject to see what reaction would follow. "It was really adult, and I was allowed to get my ears pierced."

"I remember too," Alison sensed where she wanted the conversation to go. "All black, with too much showing, and that was when I got my ears pierced for the third time. What did you wear, Jenny?"

"I was all in white," Jenny's voice took on a dreamy quality. "It was beautiful, tight at the top, but straight and smooth down into a skirt which swirled around me. I was slimmer then."

"What about jewelry, did you get anything special?" Susan asked.

"No, I've always been scared to get my ears pierced," Jenny laughed in girlish embarrassment "I still am, although I know it's probably silly."

Out of the corner of her eye, Alison saw Susan signaling. She knew at once what she meant, and reached out to touch Jenny - or rather John's forehead, and he went immediately back into trance at her command. She told him to relax and drift deeper into his trance, then turned back to Susan.

"He's asleep again," she said. "I think that was a good indication of how I can move his imagination."

"Can't you just tell him he's a girl, full time, like Henry Marvel did?" Susan asked, using a tissue to clean the mascara from his lashes as he slept.

"No, I've told you already, that's fine for a stage show, but if you want a sustained performance like we agreed, we'll have to go slowly. Changing behavior like we planned is a matter of layering suggestion upon suggestion, then as each suggestion becomes reality, we add more and take him further."

"Will you be able to bring him back?" Susan asked. "At the end of our project, I mean."

"Of course!" Alison said. "It may take a little longer than a snap of the fingers, and he'll be angry when he realizes what we've done, but overall there'll be no problem."

"Can I suggest what we do first?" Susan asked.

"Do you have an idea?" Alison looked at her, wondering what was coming.

"I think you should remove that fear of having pierced ears, do you think you can do that?"

"I guess so," Alison said slowly. "I hadn't thought of that at all, but it's a good test, let me think about this a moment."

They sat quietly, the Alison took John's hand and started to talk quietly to him. She stroked his ear lobes and got him to do the same, then she touched his hand to her earlobes where her multi pierced ears could be felt as his fingers moved across them. All the time she was building up the suggestion of his fascination to look at ear rings, to watch what the girls were wearing. She told him how good he would feel with ear rings through his ears. She told him it was a natural feeling, that he would want to have his ears pierced.

She kept talking like this for some minutes, gently implanting the suggestion deeply into his subconscious, along with suggestions that the feeling of being controlled would be exciting too, even though it was purely at the subconscious level, until she would allow him to bring it into the conscious. Finally she put him back into the state he had been in when he came. He would have no memory of being hypnotized, but would remain ready to go into trance whenever she told him to do so. John woke at her command, and continued talking about his high school experiences, this time as a boy. It was all they could do to keep up with him, so great was the shift in his attitude, his posture, even his voice had reverted to the John of old. The girls went to make tea, as a way of indicating that the evening was drawing to an end. When John left, the both slumped back in their chairs.

"That was amazing," Susan said slowly. "Do you think he'll do it?"

"I'm sure he will," Alison replied. "There were enough positive suggestions in there, and the way his smile crept through makes me think these aren't new thoughts, either. Just a hunch, but I think we're winning."

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The two conspirators watched John all through the next week, and the one after that. They were surprised to learn that they had the same thought, they were each wearing their most noticeable ear rings, and whenever he appeared, they deliberately played with them as they talked to him. When they talked about it, both had observed how his eyes were drawn to the glittering metal they wore. They saw his fingers delicately playing with his own ear lobe, and saw how distracted he looked. They were sure it was working.

"John got his ears pierced today," Susan said when she met her friend for coffee before going home.

"Wow, you mean it worked?" Alison gasped, unable to conceal her surprise.

"You didn't expect it to?" Susan asked.

"Yes, sure I did," Alison lied, not being sure just what she had expected. "I just didn't think he'd do it so soon."

"We'll have to work out what we're going to do next," Susan said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"What do you think it should be?"

"Well, let's get working on his general grooming," Susan said.

"He needs to lose weight, shave those arms and legs, and use a good depilatory regularly. We could get him to take better care of his hair and a little perfume would be nice too. Then we can work out the real big bits of this transformation scene."

"The big bits, you mean *two* big bits" Alison laughed, gestured across her chest.

"Well, maybe later, if he plays his cards right," She winked, and laughed until a tear formed, then said after wiping her eye. "Seriously, we'd better work out what we're going to do next."

"Actually, I do have an idea," Alison confided. "You know we talked about renting a cottage near Lake Maple for a couple of weeks of girl time late next month. I reckon we should do it, but let's take our new girl with us."

"Will he be ready by then, ready to be a girl full time?" Susan looked serious. "If so, I'd better be sure I can get his looks right."

"He'll be ready, I think," Alison replied. "He went a lot faster than I expected. Maybe there's something going on inside of his head we don't know about, or maybe he's just such a perfect subject for suggestion. Either way, I think he'll do it."

"Okay, you're the expert, but John's always been so straight."

“Well, I worried about it, but then I figured John's so straight, it's easy,” Alison was looking smug, pausing for effect. “So's Jennifer. It's a mirror image, like he did the other night, remember. He was able to imagine all kinds of girl memories. They sounded real to me, so I guess he'd accept the suggestion that Jennifer's as straight as he is. Anyway, we'll never know unless we try it out.”

“So he goes from being a straight guy, to being a straight girl,” Susan said slowly. “That's neat, but will he know how to do girl things with a guy?”

“Let's just slow down here,” Alison hesitated, then continued. “I don't know the answer to that, but if I create the right mind set, then I guess he'll instinctively go along with whatever happens, and keep in character. Remember, there's not to be anything too incongruous, that would make him react against the trance suggestions. It's all got to be smooth, part of a gradual transition.”

“Okay, so we can't just tell him to be a girl like Henry Marvel, so how do we do it?”

“We layer the suggestions,” Alison explained. “Each one will overlay and reinforce the one before, each will seem a natural step along the way. We get him gradually to think in the feminine, and see himself as feminine. Anything incongruous, and he'll be told to ignore it, or to give it a feminine explanation.”

“Go on, I'm not on the same page.”

“For example, he'll have to shave,” Alison said. “And he'll shave carefully and well, but although he'll be performing the physical actions of shaving, in his mind - or rather in *her* mind - it will become a cleansing and moisturizing regime, totally feminine.”

“So you block out the things that don't fit in with the new girl,” Susan said. “Does that mean he'll take to hair and make-up?”

“I don't see why not, after all, one behavior is just learned in place of another behavior. Once he accepts the explanation, and begins to see what we want him to see ...” Alison paused. “Look I don't know how to explain all this. I'll be doing a lot of intuitive stuff. I'll get the mind right, can you get him looking right?”

“I know I can,” Susan replied. “It's a challenge to get a boy to look feminine, but with John, I've got the right hair and physical stature to work with. You'll have to get him slimmer, and work on his posture, but, all considered I can do it. We'll be a devastating threesome at the lake.”

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Alison took her friend's observations quite literally. As soon as she was able, she got John on his own in a study room and touched his forehead to make him go into a trance. That done, she locked the door, and introduced suggestions of slimming, losing weight, exercise and personal hygiene. She left him deeply relaxed for a while, waiting for the new instructions to be absorbed into his subconscious.

When she judged that sufficient time had passed, she began to speak to him again. This time it was to reinforce his fascination with wearing ear rings, and to start building feminine perceptions into his self image. The idea of shaving legs, chest and arms

was introduced, as was the instruction that he would feel happier and more confident if he was wearing a really feminine perfume. Again Alison allowed him time to rest and absorb all she had said before talking softly to him again.

This time her subject was shaving. She had thought long and hard about her approach to this most masculine of routines, and figured that the best approach was head on. John had taken to suggestion easily thus far, and if he were to react adversely, she would have to try another approach. She began to overlay his routine shaving with a feminine slant. She talked about skin care and cleansing. She went on to describe the action of night and day creams on his skin, emphasizing the advantages of a good care regime.

She observed him closely as she talked, pausing if he seemed to be slightly restless in trance, introducing new suggestions when he relaxed again. She broached the subject of shaving in a matter of fact way. It would be better not to have any beard, to have it removed was desirable but in the interim, shaving was a way of preparing the face. As Jennifer, he would regard it as a necessary evil, because Jennifer wanted to wear make up.

Alison paused again, and told him to allow his trance to deepen again, and that she would remain silent whilst his subconscious mind processed all the instructions she had given. She told him that he was in hypnotic time, and that while only a few moments had passed in real time, for him time was passing at whatever speed his subconscious needed to absorb and process all it needed to. She told him that wherever an instruction seemed to conflict in his mind, he should listen to Jennifer to resolve it.

Finally, Alison sat back, feeling quite tired after the concentration of describing and building the images she wanted to place into John's mind. She looked at him, deeply in trance and relaxed now, a gentle smile across his face. She saw the movement of his eyes beneath his closed lids, slow and relaxed also, then resting as his breath remained even and slow, deep and relaxed. She knew she had come a long way as a hypnotist. She knew he would do whatever she wanted.

When she judged the time right, she began to speak again, instructing John that he would have no conscious memory of the instructions he had been given, and that whatever feelings he had afterwards, he would regard as both natural and comfortable. There would be nothing to resist, it was all just a way of being more comfortable with himself. Then she told him to wake thirty seconds after he heard her closing the door as she left the room.

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"I've booked Lake Maple," Susan said when they met for a drink at the end of the day. "It's for the three of us, we each get our own rooms, and a deck beside the lake. We're about a mile from the bright lights of the resort, with enough privacy for whatever we need to do."

"What do you need me to do?" Alison asked.

“Nothing, this is my department,” Susan said. “I’ll talk to you about the details, because some of it will need a bit of trance work, but I’m getting all the clothes, and stuff together.”

“When are you thinking of doing the makeover?” Alison asked. “Whatever I’m doing with his mind, you’ll still have to do something pretty radical.”

“I know. I was thinking of the first day there, so that he leaves here as a boy, but as far as everyone’s concerned there, he’s a girl. Can you keep him a girl for the whole three weeks we’re there?”

“If I can get him to be a girl in the way we’ve been planning, I guess the duration’s not a problem,” Alison said. “We’re talking major behavior modification here, not just a diversion on a stage for just one show. If he continues to accept suggestion like he has been doing so far, then the problem’s going to be what we do at the end of the holiday.”

“Let’s think about that when we have to,” Susan dismissed the thought. “I mean we knew when we started this, that we were doing something radical. If we worry about after, well, we might as well stop now..... if you see what I mean.”

“Forward it is,” Alison waved her hands with a flourish, “... and guess who’s just come in and seen us“

“I hear you’re off the Lake Maple,” Professor White said as he stood by their table. “I have a house there, we may bump into each other.”

“Why Professor,” Alison went coy, “I do believe you’re hoping we do.”

“It’s what all eligible bachelors hope,” he said with a smile. “After all, my favorite student has an interesting research project, I believe.”

Alison and Susan exchanged glances. What had he heard, they had not said a word to anyone.

“Henry Marvel’s a friend of mine,” he said. “He told me you’d called and asked some questions about technique. He remembered the subject quite well too, and now I know who he is. He’s been doing some different things in the last couple of weeks I hear, acting quite out of character.”

“Well I haven’t noticed,” Alison said too quickly. “I guess it’s just the stress of not being able to find a job and move on.”

“Sure it is,” Susan backed her up. “Mark’s good fortune in getting that job only made John more determined to get something good. The pressure’s showing, that’s all.”

“So that’s why he got his ears pierced?” Professor White said as if it was a real explanation. “That’s why he disappears with you two, and returns all glassy eyed.”

“Nonsense!” Alison snapped back. “He’s always had a thing for Susan, there’s nothing more to it than that.”

“And I do like being with him,” Susan added, realizing the mistake they had made in naming John. “Perhaps not for the same reasons as he wants, but we have fun together.”

“So you see there's nothing sinister, nothing going on,” Alison interjected.

“I never thought there was,” said the Professor with a smile as he turned to leave. “Perhaps I'll see you at the lake anyway.”

“What was that about?” Susan asked.

“I don't know,” Alison said. “He's not heard anything from me, or you. John's not capable of telling anyone anything about this. He's just taking a chance conversation and trying to make something out of it. He has a reputation to keep up - he's the one who gets the most girls - and he's just trying to get us as well”

“Let's hope it's just that,” Susan agreed, finishing her drink and waving for another for them both.

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While they were sitting there, John was at the mall. He wandered aimlessly round, looking in the windows, and allowing a disturbing sequence of thoughts to play themselves out in his mind. He watched the girls as he wandered, only each time his eyes strayed from their general appearance to their chests, there was that strange feeling again. Momentarily, he could feel the weight and movement in his own breasts. Several times, his hand lifted to check what was there, it was so real, but by the time his hand reached his own flat chest, the sensation had passed.

It was distracting, but after a time, he settled to enjoy it, imagining as he looked, the feel of small pert breasts, bra less and bouncing freely against his clothes. Then there were larger breasts, restrained by bras, breasts lifted into cleavage, huge ones, too heavy to be nice on lumpy figures, it didn't matter where he looked, that sensation came every time. He accepted it. He disciplined himself only to look at the girls with decent figures, looking down when he thought the sensation which followed his glance would be unpleasant. The time drifted by more pleasantly as he really began to enjoy his programming.

Then he remembered his purpose. He knew he had to get some things for someone called Jennifer, but he couldn't work out who she was, or why he was going to do her shopping. He knew he would, but the things she wanted were a little daunting for him to buy.

Shrugging his shoulders, he pushed a hand through his hair, and then smoothed it behind his ear in a natural motion that a girl would use to draw attention to herself. He saw his reflection by chance in a shop window, and repeated the gesture. He smiled to himself, Jenny would like that, he thought.

He went into the pharmacists, heart thumping because he had to buy things men didn't usually buy. He looked round, hoping to find a friendly looking assistant. There were only two, a middle aged woman, dark and severe, the other younger and vacant, with blonde hair that begged for a good hairdresser to tone down the bleach job. Jen-

nifer was thinking that, he recognized that John wouldn't have done more than notice the platinum blonde. He went up to her, once more feeling her tits jiggle against his chest in a really pleasurable sensation. He laughed inwardly as he allowed the feeling to pass, realizing that these were 'tits' not breasts. Why had that thought not hit him before?

"Please can you help me," he began. "I have to pick up a few things for ... for Jennifer and I don't know where to look."

"She give you a list?" the bleach asked him. Jennifer saw that the black lines around her eyes could have been done with more skill. John heard her thinking it, but didn't have time to wonder how. He wished he'd thought of making a list to hand to her, still it was too late now. Her tits jiggled once more on his chest, and his hand raised as if to steady them. This was weird - but fun anyway.

"No, she just wants a few things. A depilatory and a shaver for her arms and legs," John almost said chest, but something stopped him.

"Sure, I'll get a basket," the blonde said with a knowing smile. She returned shortly after with three items. "She'd better use some lady foam to shave with too, or she may get a rash. I guess she forgot to tell you that one," The knowing smile was there more prominently than before.

"Okay, there's a few more things," John was past panic now, the girl thought these things were for him. "Jennifer wants a good cleanser and moisturizer."

"I guess she'll need some eye make up remover, too," the girl smiled up at him as she bent to a display, picking out a couple of bottles.

"She didn't say," John answered, feeling a blush spread across his face. Jennifer said the blonde was showing her tits off deliberately for John as she reached into the display, too obvious, she said. John tried to force the thought away. The feelings were getting better and stronger as he learned to anticipate and control them. If he allowed his eyes to linger on her tits as he leaned forwards, their weight shifted for that moment the sensation persisted. It was pure sex.

"It's on special," the blonde said. "You take it anyway, anything else?"

"She wants a feminine perfume, one that'll make her feel good," he stammered.

"And it's a present, right?" the blonde was wearing a wide grin, looking straight into his eyes. "What does she like?"

"Just something feminine," John said. Jennifer told him not to panic, to act relaxed. Lots of guys buy their girls a perfume.

"This is a special," the blonde sprayed something onto his hand. "It's a new fragrance from France, all the rage they say."

"It's quite nice," John stammered again, hearing Jennifer say she loved it at the same time. "I'll take it."

"That's everything?" the blonde was standing with her hand on one hip, fluttering her eyelashes. *Too much mascara*, Jennifer said.