

GERRI'S GIRLS

By Gerri Becken



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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PUT YOUR MIND TO IT

By Gerri Becken

Mother had but three problems in her life:

She smoked much too much;

She had not dated or even considered dating a man since Father died ten years earlier; and,

She had a teenage son, me.

Mom, I knew, had solved her first problem by using a `subliminal self-hypnosis' tape. She had been smoking three packs a day for over five years and quit in less than a week.

She had commented upon her desire to solve her other problems just as easily.

I wished her luck. Having an adult male around the house would be nice.

Mom was not the only member of the family with problems. At age 15, I was an underdeveloped, overweight, `hood wannabe' type of teenage boy. I had felt smoking would get me accepted in gangs, so I had started several years ago. I was up to over a pack a day.

Mom didn't like me joining gangs. However, to avoid further quarreling at home, she did accept my joining a gang that was cool enough for me.

The only problem, smokers were not allowed to join the gang. So, when Mom announced that she was going to make an out-of-town `business trip and would be gone overnight, I figured it would be a perfect time to listen to her tape on how to stop smoking.

Mom had left by the time I returned from school. I went into her bedroom to grab the tape from her tape deck. I was surprised to see a couple of Playgirl magazines on her night stand.

“Why, Mom,” I said out loud. “I didn't think you had it in you; and at your age.”

Before I left, curiosity got the best of me. I grabbed the tape and the magazines, then headed off to my room. I read through the magazines, skipping most of the photo shots. There were two of the photo shots that caught my eye; they showed a real foxy chick with a guy. I paid more attention to them. I also read the fantasy stories in each issue. I didn't think girls thought such thoughts. I got more than a little `hard' reading the stories.

Armed with Mom's stop smoking tape, I now got comfortable on the bed. *"No time like the present to start."* I thought to myself. I turned off my phone, got out a blanket, took off my outer clothes to get comfortable, and picked a comfortable spot on my bed, lying down with the headphones on, I started the tape.

"Relax your body." The voice on the tape started to say. *"Slowly breathe in through your mouth and hold it for three seconds.... Now release. Feel yourself relax."*

I was starting to relax.

Mom had not told the entire truth. For the last two weeks she had been listening to a tape each night to help her become more female and more willing to have sex with a man. She was aware that she was 'a cold fish' and had tried to do almost everything to change this. As a last desperate attempt, she had bought this two hour tape.

Each morning she had become more and more feminine and less of 'a cold fish'. This weekend she was going to try to get her boss to 'make a move' on her. She hoped he would invite her to share his bed.

"I didn't like lying to Gerry," she thought, *"but, he is too young. Besides, it is a personal issue."*

She had also felt the craving for a smoke. She brought the stop smoking tape with her, placing it in the spare holder; the one for the 'sex' tape.

If her boss didn't make a move, then she would need the smoking tape.

I was totally relaxed and receptive.

"You can hear only my voice. All other sounds will not be heard. You can only hear my voice. You are floating. You are floating backwards in time. Your body is changing. You watch your body change. You are getting younger and younger. You are now a little girl. You can see yourself as a little girl. You are five years old. Repeat after my voice, "I am a five year old girl."

"I am a five year old girl."

"Repeat after me, 'I am a five year old girl and I want to grow up to be a pretty woman,'" The voice said.

"I am a five year old girl and I want to grow up to be a pretty woman," I repeated back.

"You do not want to do any of those 'boy' things. You do not want to be known as a 'Tomboy'. You only want to be a pretty girl."

"I do not want to be a 'Tomboy'. I want to be a pretty girl. I want to grow up to be a pretty woman," I repeated.

"You see yourself in a mirror. You are playing dress up in your mother's clothes. You want nothing more in the world than to grow up and become a wife and mother. You see yourself as a young girl who only wants to become a mother," The voice continued.

I only want to grow up to be a wife and mother." I repeated.

Mother and her boss, Mr. Isaac Medcalf Gabby flew to the conference meeting. The meeting was to be held in the winter capital of the world. True the ski season had not yet 'officially' started, but reports said that there was a lot of snow. Mother liked snow. She had arranged for connecting rooms.

She had bought and brought her new seductive wardrobe.

"You are floating slowly forward in time. You see your body slowly growing. You are slowly aging. You are now six years old. You get a Mommy and Baby doll. You envy your doll. You want to grow up to be a Mommy."

"I want to grow up to be a Mommy," I responded to the tape.

"Still you float slowly forward in time. You are now seven years old. You are now eight years old. You are now nine years old. You are now ten years old."

"You have received a Barbie doll for your birthday. You want to grow up to be just like the Barbie doll. You want to meet and fall in love with someone like your friend's Ken doll. You cannot wait until you start to grow into a woman. You want nothing in the world more than to become a beautiful and sexy woman."

"I cannot wait until I grow up so I can marry someone like my friend's Ken doll."

"Your friends have started to wear training bras. You want to wear a bra because it makes you more of a woman. You want to be pretty to men. You want to become a wife and mother. You want your body to become more beautiful and you want to grow up to be beautiful woman."

"I want to grow up to look like my Barbie doll. I want to grow up to be a beautiful woman." I repeated in my mind.

"You remember getting your first bra. Remember how proud you were to be growing into a woman. You remember you want nothing more than to grow into a beautiful woman. In your minds eye relive your first bra. Remember how proud you are."

An image almost formed in my mind.

Mr. Gabby checked into the hotel for both Mom and himself. "There was a problem with the rooms. We have to share a room. We will each have our own bed, but must share a room. I hope you don't mind."

"This is perfect," she thought, but said, "Well, I guess if there are no other rooms..."

"You are slowly drifting forward in time. As you do so, imagine the beautiful body that you are developing, a body to develop this more beautiful shape. As you drift forward in time your body will become more beautiful, you will become more female and more beautiful. You want men to be interested in you as a woman."

"I want men to be interested in me as a woman." I repeated trying to image how I would look as a female.

"As you slowly age, you become more beautiful. You can feel your breasts swelling as you mature. You can see your waist seeming to narrow as you mature. You can see your hips widen invitingly as you mature. You can see your legs as long and lovely as you mature. You can feel your hair grow longer as you mature. You feel, see, and sense yourself becoming more female and beautiful; and this is good. Men will be more interested in you."

"Let's change and go get some dinner, my treat, Alice," Mr. Gabby suggested. "Do you want to freshen up before we go?"

"I had better," Alice answered entering the bathroom. She worked quickly with a recently redeveloped skill to improve her looks with make-up.

"There," she observed to herself. "That is more like the woman that I want to be. I want men to be interested in me as a woman."

With a final look in the mirror she joined the man waiting for her. Tonight he would be the man she wanted to be interested in her.

"You are developing into a beautiful woman. You do not fear men. You want men to be interested in you and your body. You want to be a beautiful woman. You think you are a beautiful woman. As you think this you become a more beautiful woman. If you want it enough then it will be so. You want to be a beautiful woman and thus it will be so. You are becoming a more beautiful woman."

"Your breasts are full and firm. You are proud to have full and firm breasts. You are proud because men want you to have full and firm breasts."

"My breasts are full and firm. I am proud of my breasts because men want me to have full and firm breasts," I responded in my mind.

"Your waist is narrow, trim, and firm. You are proud to have a narrow, trim, and firm waist. You are proud because men want you to have a narrow, trim, and firm waist."

"My waist is narrow, trim, and firm. I am proud of my waist because men want me to have a narrow, trim, and firm waist."

"Your hips are round and inviting. You are proud to have round and inviting hips. You are proud because me want you to have round and inviting hips."

"My hips are round and inviting. I am proud of my hips because men want me to have round and inviting hips."

"Your legs are long, smooth, and shapely. You are proud to have long, smooth, and shapely legs. You are proud because men want you to have long, smooth, and shapely legs."

"My legs are long, smooth and shapely. I am proud of my legs because men want me to have long, smooth, and shapely legs."

“Your skin is creamy soft, silky smooth, and hair free. You are proud to have creamy soft, silky smooth and hair free skin. You are proud because men want you to have creamy soft, silky smooth, and hair free skin.”

“My skin is creamy soft, silky smooth, and hair free. I am proud of my skin because men want me to have creamy soft, silky smooth and hair free skin.”

Dinner was fine.

Isaac could not take his eyes off her. *“She has done something different with her hair,”* he thought to himself, but couldn't put a finger on how she had changed. *“She looks foxy.”*

“You are totally relaxed. If you wish you may listen to the other side of the tape. It contains soft music with subliminal messages. As you listen to the music, will your body to its new, feminine, and beautiful shape. You can see your body developing into a beautiful and sexy woman. Men want you and you want them to want you. You want to be a woman who men want. You are becoming the most beautiful and desirable woman you can.”

“If n...,” the tape clicked to the other side. Immediately soft relaxing music began to flow into my soul. My auto reverse tape deck took over reversing the tape.

A blurry image of me as a woman began to form in my mind. It slowly developed shape, blurry but still with more shape. I floated in total relaxation. I felt I was becoming more of a woman. The stories from Playgirl were still in my mind.

After dinner they went dancing.

She had not been dancing since, ... well for far too long a time. She could feel his arms around her. She relaxed knowing that she was a woman with a man who wanted her. She was proud of her body because men wanted her to have a beautiful body. As she floated in his arms, she relaxed and remembered the tape.

She felt more beautiful as she danced. She felt more desirable as she danced.

She felt more female as she danced.

The music stopped with a click.

“Relax your body.” The voice on the tape started to say. “Slowly breathe in through your mouth and hold it for three seconds..... Now release. Feel yourself relax.”

I was starting to relax more. I was totally relaxed and receptive.

“You can hear only my voice. All other sounds will not be heard. You can only hear my voice. You are floating. You are floating backwards in time. Your body is changing. You watch your body change. You are getting younger and younger. You are now a little girl. You can see your self as a little girl. You are five years old. Repeat after my voice. I am a five year old girl.”

"I am a five year old girl."

"Repeat after me, 'I am a five year old girl and I want to grow up to be a pretty woman,'" the voice said.

"I am a five year old girl and I want to grow up to be a pretty woman," I repeated back.

"You do not want to do any of those 'boy' things. You do not want to be known as a 'Tomboy'. You only want to be a pretty girl."

"I do not want to be a 'Tomboy'. I want to be a pretty girl. I want to grow up to be a pretty woman." I repeated.

"You see yourself in a mirror. You are playing dress up in your mother's clothes. You want nothing more in the world than to grow up and become a wife and mother. You see yourself as a young girl who only wants to become a mother." The voice continued.

"I only want to grow up to be a wife and mother." I repeated.

The hour was late but still the couple danced on.

He was sure that she had become more desirable to him as they danced. He felt it was his 'masculinity'.

She continued to float in his arms, totally relaxed and becoming more feminine with each dance step. Deep within her a desire was starting to develop. A desire that had been too long ignored and repressed.

Tonight it would not be ignored or repressed any longer.

"You are floating slowly forward in time. You see your body slowly growing. You are slowly aging. You are now six years old. You get a Mommy and Baby doll. You envy your doll. You want to grow up to be a Mommy."

"I want to grow up to be a Mommy." I responded to the tape.

"Still you float slowly forward in time. You are now seven years old. You are not eight years old. You are now nine years old. You are now ten years old."

"You have received a Barbie doll for your birthday. You want to grow up to be just like the Barbie doll. You want to meet and fall in love with someone like your friend's Ken doll. You cannot wait until you start to grow into a woman. You want nothing in the world more than to become a beautiful woman."

"I cannot wait until I grow up so I can marry someone like my friend's Ken doll."

"Your friends have started to wear training bras. You want to wear a bra because it makes you more of a woman. You want to be pretty to men. You want to become a wife and mother. You want your body to become more beautiful and you want to grow up to be beautiful woman."

"I want to grow up to look like my Barbie doll. I want to grow up to be a beautiful woman," I repeated in my mind.

“You remember getting your first bra. Remember how proud you were to be growing into a woman. You remember you want nothing more than to grow into a beautiful woman. In your minds eye relive your first bra. Remember how proud you are.”

An image formed in my mind.

“You are slowly drifting forward in time. As you do so imagine the beautiful body that you are developing, will your body to develop this more beautiful shape. As you will your body to become more beautiful, you will become more female and more beautiful. You want men to be interested in you as a woman.”

“I want men to be interested in me as a woman,” I repeated imagining how I would look as a female.

“As you slowly age, you become more beautiful. You can feel your breasts swelling as you mature. You can see your waist seeming to narrow as you mature. You can see your hips widen invitingly as you mature. You can see your legs as long and lovely as you mature. You can feel your hair grow longer as you mature. You feel, see, and sense yourself becoming more female and beautiful; and this is good. Men will be more interested in you.”

The time was well past midnight. The couple, almost a single person in purpose returned to their room.

“I am a beautiful woman and I want men to want me,” she thought as she nibbled his neck.

“This foxy woman just can't be Alice.” he thought. “She is far too pretty and feminine to be that drab person from the office.”

His thoughts sort of died as he felt her hand slide down the front of his pants.

“You are developing in a beautiful woman. You do not fear men. You want men to be interested in you and your body. You want to be a beautiful woman. You think you are a beautiful woman. As you think this you become a more beautiful woman. If you want it enough then it will be so. You want to be a beautiful woman and thus it will be so. You are becoming a more beautiful woman.”

“Your breasts are full and firm. You are proud to have full and firm breasts. You are proud because men want you to have full and firm breasts.”

“My breasts are full and firm. I am proud of my breasts because men want me to have full and firm breast,” I responded in my mind.

“Your waist is narrow, trim, and firm. You are proud to have a narrow, trim, and firm waist. You are proud because men want you to have a narrow, trim, and firm waist.”

“My waist is narrow, trim, and firm. I am proud of my waist because men want me to have a narrow, trim, and firm waist.”

“Your hips are round and inviting. You are proud to have round and inviting hips. You are proud because men want you to have round and inviting hips.”

“My hips are round and inviting. I am proud of my hips because men want me to have round and inviting hips.”

“Your legs are long, smooth, and shapely. You are proud to have long, smooth, and shapely legs. You are proud because men want you to have long, smooth, and shapely legs.”

“My legs are long, smooth and shapely. I am proud of my legs because men want me to have long, smooth, and shapely legs.”

“Your skin is creamy soft, silky smooth, and hair free. You are proud to have creamy soft, silky smooth and hair free skin. You are proud because men want you to have creamy soft, silky smooth, and hair free skin.”

“My skin is creamy soft, silky smooth, and hair free. I am proud of my skin because men want me to have creamy soft, silky smooth and hair free skin.”

The two of them stood in the short hall way that led to the beds. With eager and somewhat unskilled hands they undressed each other.

His hands played with her large, firm breasts. Sliding down her narrow, trim, and firm waist, they came to rest upon her round and inviting hips. He tickled the tops of her long, smooth, and shapely legs; and enjoyed the feel of her creamy soft, silky smooth, and hair free skin.

Her hands were just as active. She felt more beautiful because a man thought she was beautiful.

He grew under her gentle caress. The time was almost right.

“You are totally relaxed. If you wish you may listen to the other side of the tape. It contains soft music with subliminal messages. As you listen to the music, will your body to its new, feminine, and beautiful shape. You can see your body developing into a beautiful and sexy woman. Men want you and you want them to want you. You want to be a woman who men want. You are becoming the most beautiful and desirable woman you can.”

“If n...,” the tape clicked to the other side.

Immediately soft relaxing music began to flow into my soul.

An image of me as a woman began to form in my mind. It slowly developed more shape, incomplete but still with more shape. I floated in total relaxation. I felt I was becoming more of a woman. I began to imagine the stories in Playgirl were true; wishing they were about me.

Their two bodies were intertwined as one, they were of one mind, one purpose. Feelings, she had too long kept inside, were now in control. Her need was without bounds.

Was he man enough to satisfy her needs?

The music stopped with a click.

“Relax your body.” The voice on the tape started to say. “Slowly breathe in through your mouth and hold it for three seconds..... Now release. Feel yourself relax.”

I was starting to relax more. I was totally relaxed and receptive.

“You can hear only my voice. All other sounds will not be heard. You can only hear my voice. You are floating. You are floating backwards in time. Your body is changing. You watch your body change. You are getting younger and younger. You are now a little girl. You can see your self as a little girl. You are five years old. Repeat after my voice. I am a five year old girl.”

“I am a five year old girl.”

“Repeat after me, I am a five year old girl and I want to grow up to be a pretty woman.”

“I am a five year old girl and I want to grow up to be a pretty woman.”

“You do not want to do any of those ‘boy’ things. You do not want to be known as a ‘Tomboy’. You only want to be a pretty girl.”

“I do not want to be a ‘Tomboy’. I want to be a pretty girl. I want to grow up to be a pretty woman.” I repeated.

“You see yourself in a mirror. You are playing dress up in your mother's clothes. You want nothing more in the world than to grow up and become a wife and mother. You see yourself as a young girl who only wants to become a mother.”

“I only want to grow up to be a wife and mother.”

“You are floating slowly forward in time. You see your body slowly growing. You are slowly aging. You are now six years old. You get a Mommy and Baby doll. You envy your doll. You want to grow up to be a Mommy.”

“I want to grow up to be a Mommy.”

“Still you float slowly forward in time. You are now seven years old. You are not eight years old. You are now nine years old. You are now ten years old.”

“You have received a Barbie doll for your birthday. You want to grow up to be just like the Barbie doll. You want to meet and fall in love with someone like you friend's Ken doll. You cannot wait until you start to grow into a woman. You want nothing in the world more than to become a beautiful and sexy woman.”

“I cannot wait until I grow up so I can marry someone like my friend's Ken doll.”

“Your friends have started to wear training bras. You want to wear a bra because it makes you more of a woman. You want to be pretty to men. You want to become a wife and mother. You want your body to become more beautiful and you want to grow up to be beautiful woman.”

“I want to grow up to look like my Barbie doll. I want to grow up to be a beautiful woman.”

“You remember getting your first bra. Remember how proud you were to be growing into a woman. You remember you want nothing more than to grow into a beautiful woman. In your minds eye relive your first bra. Remember how proud you are.”

An image formed in my mind. It was the image of me as a young girl wearing a training bra.

“You are slowly drifting forward in time. As you do so imagine the beautiful body that you are developing, will your body to develop this more beautiful shape. As you will your body to become more beautiful, you will become more female and more beautiful. You want men to be interested in you as a woman.”

“I want men to be interested in me as a woman,” I repeated imaging how I would look as a female.

“As you slowly age, you become more beautiful. You can feel your breasts swelling as you mature. You can see your waist seeming to narrow as you mature. You can see your hips widen invitingly as you mature. You can see your legs as long and lovely as you mature. You can feel your hair grow longer as you mature. You feel, see, and sense yourself becoming more female and beautiful; and this is good. Men will be more interested in you.”

The night was drawing to a close. The first hints of dawn were starting to show in the East. The need had been partially fulfilled. It no longer was overpowering. It would not go away, but it would allow her to wait a while before continuing.

“You are developing in a beautiful woman. You do not fear men. You want men to be interested in you and your body. You want to be a beautiful woman. You think you are a beautiful woman. As you think this you become a more beautiful woman. If you want it enough then it will be so. You want to be a beautiful woman and thus it will be so. You are becoming a more beautiful woman.”

“Your breasts are full and firm. You are proud to have full and firm breasts. You are proud because men want you to have full and firm breasts.”

“My breasts are full and firm. I am proud of my breasts because men want me to have full and firm breast.”

“Your waist is narrow, trim, and firm. You are proud to have a narrow, trim, and firm waist. You are proud because men want you to have a narrow, trim, and firm waist.”

“My waist is narrow, trim, and firm. I am proud of my waist because men want me to have a narrow, trim, and firm waist.”

“Your hips are round and inviting. You are proud to have round and inviting hips. You are proud because men want you to have round and inviting hips.”

“My hips are round and inviting. I am proud of my hips because men want me to have round and inviting hips.”

“Your legs are long, smooth, and shapely. You are proud to have long, smooth, and shapely legs. You are proud because men want you to have long, smooth, and shapely legs.”

“My legs are long, smooth and shapely. I am proud of my legs because men want me to have long, smooth, and shapely legs.”

“Your skin is creamy soft, silky smooth, and hair free. You are proud to have creamy soft, silky smooth and hair free skin. You are proud because men want you to have creamy soft, silky smooth, and hair free skin.”

“My skin is creamy soft, silky smooth, and hair free. I am proud of my skin because men want me to have creamy soft, silky smooth and hair free skin.”

“You are totally relaxed. If you wish you may listen to the other side of the tape. It contains soft music with subliminal messages. As you listen to the music, will your body to its new, feminine, and beautiful shape. You can see your body developing into a beautiful and sexy woman. Men want you and you want them to want you. You want to be a woman who men want. You are becoming the most beautiful and desirable woman you can.”

“If n...” the tape clicked to the other side. Immediately soft relaxing music began to flow into my soul.

An image of me as a woman formed in my mind. It developed more shape, complete but still improving.

I floated in total relaxation. I was becoming more of a woman. I could almost feel the desire to be a woman growing within me; the desire to have a man make love to me.

“He must have already left for school,” Alice told Isaac. “I left a message on the machine.”

The two of them decided to stay through the week- end, ‘on business’.

Although exhausted, Isaac found it hard to keep his hands off her. She seemed so alive and sexy.

“Not now, dearest,” she cooed feeling so female, so much like a beautiful woman. “We will be late for the meeting.”

The tape continued to repeat its message. Every hour changing directions. With each cycle, I drifted deeper and deeper into the hypnotic powers of the tape. The deeper I drifted the more the tape became my reality. The more I became a woman in my mind. Was there no end to the cycle?

The meeting finished early.

The two were soon back in their room. The activities of the night (really early morning) before were repeated with more feelings and less rush. The two of them were

learning how best to please each other. It was as if they were re-forming themselves to be just for the other person.

Mr. Gabby had become dissatisfied with his life. Women no longer felt he was interesting. In his younger days he had been a hunk. He worked hard to keep the shape, but somehow the `spark' had been lost.

He had been listening to special tapes designed to improve his love life with women. The tapes were to improve his effect upon women.

The tape continued to repeat its message. Every hour changing directions. With each cycle, I drifted deeper and deeper into the hypnotic powers of the tape. The deeper I drifted the more the tape became my reality. The more I became a woman in my mind. My mind was trying to draw upon an inner power to change that which was, into that which should be. The images of the woman were clear. I saw with a clarity that few woman have, how I had grown into the woman I had become.

The two barely took time for breakfast. Alice once more called her son. There was still no answer. She left a message for her son to call her when he got a chance.

“Leave a message with the desk. Love Mom,” was the ending of her message.

The concern she felt for her child was not yet that great. Not great enough to overcome the desire to be wanted by a man.

The `Do Not Disturb' sign hung upon the door.

The tape continued to repeat its message. Every hour changing directions. With each cycle, I drifted deeper and deeper into the hypnotic powers of the tape. The hypnotic trance was so deep that the tape became my reality. I became a woman in my mind. My mind was drawing upon an inner power to change that which was, into that which should be.

The images of the woman were clear.

I was changing physically. My breasts were becoming firm and full. My waist was becoming narrow, trim, and firm. My hips were developing an inviting roundness. My legs were growing long, smooth, and shapely; replacing lost height in the body. My skin was becoming creamy smooth, silky soft, and hair free. In other ways, as well, was I becoming more of a woman, more female.

Dinner was missed.

The two had become almost one in thought, act, and needs. This could not continue for much longer. The lack of food would soon tell upon their exercises.

Breakfast was missed as well the next day. The loving and need was all consuming. They were now as if made for each other. Rest was coming more frequently now.

Dinner was missed; again. Their love making did not cause the meal to be missed. Exhaustion did. Their love was now more than just physical.

The two had become as if only one soul.

The tape continued to repeat its message. Every hour changing directions. Many days had passed without a break. With each cycle, I drifted deeper and deeper into the hypnotic powers of the tape. I could drift no deeper in the trance. I became a woman. My breasts become firm and full. My waist was become narrow, trim, and firm. My hips were developed an inviting roundness. My legs were long, smooth, and shapely; having replaced lost height in the body. My skin became creamy smooth, silky soft, and hair free. My hair cascaded about my shoulders. There seemed to be nothing more for the tape to change. Still, it continued to make me more of a woman.

The distant sound of thunder did not intrude upon my world. Only the voice, and the music, made any difference. Another sound of thunder went unheard.

“You are developing in a beautiful woman. You do not fear men. You want men to be interested in you and your body. You want to be a beautiful woman. You think you are a beautiful woman. As you think this you become a more beautiful woman. If you want it enough then it will be so. You want to be a beautiful woman and thus it will be so.....”

Failure of the tape preceded the sound of thunder by less than a second. The failure of the voice was confusing to me. My mind tried to regain the voice. I fought to find the voice.

The flash of light was almost preceded by the ear shattering blast of thunder. The air was electrified. I regained the world; but only just barely.

I was trying to regain consciousness. I was aware I was dirty and needed a shower. I shed my clothes and stumbled down the hall and into our only bathroom. The water felt good; warm and comforting. More by unconscious than conscious thought, I washed my body and hair. I used the depilatory cream on my legs and under my arms.

I was more conscious than unconscious when I got out of the shower. I wrapped the towel around me and headed to get dressed. The mirror in the bathroom was far too clouded over with steam to see anything.

I returned to my bedroom, looking out the window. The thunderstorm was dumping `buckets' of cold water.

‘A good day to curl up with a good book, or a bad man,’ I thought.

I looked around for a brush to brush my hair. I didn't see one. I went to my Mother's room and borrowed one of hers. I also borrowed her hair drier. My hair fell below my shoulder blades. It took 15 minutes to dry.

As I completed drying my hair, I noticed Mother's closet door open and saw many of her new clothes. Some of them I wouldn't mind wearing.

'Mother must be going through a 'mid-life' crisis. She is acting more like a teen-age girl than I am,' I thought holding up a blouse and looking at myself in the mirror.

The two were exhausted.

Sleep was now all that was important. Each had gained from the other, gained confidence. Neither of them were afraid to face those of the opposite sex as equals any longer.

Their dreams were both pleasant and erotic.

As I looked into the mirror, I saw a pretty face looking back at me.

"She would turn the heads of many guys. A little small, up top, but not bad," I thought.

At almost the same time I thought, *"What about Gerry. Where is he?"*

These two thoughts came crashing together. I was not the same boy who lay down to listen to a short tape. *What had happened?*

I began to notice other facts showing some of what had happened. Much more than an hour had passed. It was not morning. It was a lot closer to late evening. *What day was it? What had happened to me?*

The answer to the last question was staring me right in the face. I slowly dropped the towel and looked at my naked body. The body was not anywhere near being a center fold, but was definitely female. A feeling of satisfaction rushed through me. I had a body that men would find desirable.

Trying to be specific, I examined the new me. My weight was down. A quick trip to the bathroom scales showed that I now weighed a trim 135, down over 50 pounds. My waist was much narrower, at least down 8 inches from my old 35 inch waist. Most of my body had been reduced in size; some parts more than others. Two noticeable exceptions were upon my chest. My breasts were each a hand full; a large handful. My hand was barely able to cover one breast.

Some other exceptions were also noticeable. My hair was much longer. So too did my legs look much longer. My hips looked wider. My legs were longer, about two inches. I had also lost two inches in height, but had lost about four inches in the length of my body, making my legs look even longer.

Without getting personal, I looked female. I was afraid to get too personal. I wasn't sure what I really wanted to see, if I looked.

After a while the chill of the apartment was getting to me.

"I've got to get dressed. Can't run around naked all day, Girl," I thought to myself.

I knew that I had nothing that would fit me. I wasn't sure if my mother's clothes would. I hoped she wouldn't mind my borrowing some of her clothes. I found the drawer with panties and bras. I put on the prettiest pair of panties and a push-up bra. I looked more like a woman. It felt good.

Mother was shorter and smaller than I had been and now was. Her pants were too short in the legs. I finally decided on a plaid skirt and a short sleeved sweater top. The sweater was tight and had a deep `V' neck line. I added some nylon stockings and a found a pair of pumps with slight inch and a half heels. I looked at myself in the mirror.

Not bad, but something is missing.

Almost a quarter of an hour later, I had on some eye shadow, mascara, and lip stick. I didn't look too made-up, sort of like I remembered the other girls looking.

I still needed to figure out some things. Several days worth of soggy newspapers let me know it was now Thursday. Mother had left on Monday for an overnight trip.

What had happened to her?

I checked the answering machine. I replayed the messages.

“Beep”

“Mrs. Brumbach, this is Ms. Saver from St. George High School. It is Wednesday and your son did not come to school yesterday or today. Please call us at your earliest convince.”

“Beep”

“Hi Honey. This is Mom. Something has come up. I will not be home tonight as I had planned. Give me a call at 303-555-5544. I am in room 414.”

“Beep”

“Mrs. Brumbach, this is Ms. Saver from St. George High School. Please give me a call at your earliest convince. Your son was not at school today either.”

“Beep”

“Hi Honey, this is Mom again. Please call as soon as you can. The number is 303-555-5544, room 414. Love you.”

“Beep”

“Gerry. You had better call me soon. I am beginning to worry. Leave a message at the desk if you cannot reach me in my room. The number is 303-555-5544, room 414. Don't forget to call.”

“Beep”

“Well if Mother was worried now, just wait until I call her.” I thought to myself.
“School is going to be fun to explain as well.”

I reached for the phone to call Mother.

The late night desk clerk took a message for me to give to her. It was far too late, well after 2 a.m., to wake her.

Alice and Isaac had grown well together. Each was a much better person for what they had shared these last couple of days. And yet, this sharing was the very reason that they needed to separate. It was Isaac who put it into words.