

The Changers



Annie Warren

A "Spectrum" Novel



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The Changers

By Annie Warren

Customizing Your Husband

You want to customize your husband, right? I figured as much or you wouldn't be reading this. Let me tell you how I did it. You can take your lead from this if you want or try it your own way.

The principal tool I used was hypnosis. It's not for everyone and is possibly fraught with difficulties, if not dangers, but it worked for me. Let me tell you how I did it and, of course, what the result was.

First off, don't expect to make drastic changes overnight.

The key to success with most attempts at hypnosis is patience, Time is both a friend as your strength increases and a foe in that you will have to have patience. Let it work for you!

The word is that hypnosis will not make anyone do what they do not want to do, all you have to do is convince him he really wants to change. As I said, that takes time and patience, for it must be done in steps!

To start with, you must convince him to let you use hypnosis in the first place. To do this, you should take your excuse from his personal habits. If he smokes, then promise to “break” him of the habit. If he’s overweight, tell him it will enforce his diet. You must find the excuse for “light” hypnosis then use it to YOUR advantage while making him think that it is for him. By the time he is wise, should that ever happen, it will be too late. .

To illustrate this I’ll use a case study, Marvin my husband, though you might want to argue that last fact.

Now, from the very beginning, don’t get me wrong! I love Marvin very much. I did when I married him and I still do although the nature of our love has changed, as you shall see. He was a man with a slight build and an overly macho attitude.

One of the things that he did was smoke and therein was my point of leverage. He smoked and wanted to give it up, and believe me, I also wanted him to give it up.

I had done my homework studying hypnosis and decided to use it to conquer this habit. It took a bit of doing and assuring that he would not do anything that he did not want to do when under hypnosis. And so, with this hope, he let me put him under in the first light trance.

What do you do in your first trance? Ask him to be your slave? Ask him to give all his worldly goods to you? No. If you do this you will never get any of what you want and will almost assuredly lose all or most of that which you now have, including your husband or boy friend.

A light trance is a starting point. Do some traveling in time; go back in his history. Be sure he wants to tell you these things. Build in him a confident image in your taking him into (and out of) a trance. And, while you are at it, probe to find out how he formed his habit or trait in the first place. Do nothing to alter the state. After you bring him out, explain it was an exploratory probe. An important point to remember!

If you got him into the trance in the first place, don't wait too long before the next trance to probe more about how he started and what it was like. Among other things, if all goes well, he will go into the second trance more easily.

Now you start.

One of the things that you want to work for is depth of trance. The deeper it goes, the more you can do and the safer it will be from your standpoint. Be sure to do your homework, however, on getting your trance started and on how to break it.

In his second trance, go for more depth. Do not immediately go for, nor expect, great depth; but go with what you get. You will need a medium depth to get started on what you want and to get him to go the way "he wants."

Also, take his "cure" slowly lest you lose the basis for using hypnosis.

Marvin smoked, as I said. In the first session I found out that he picked up the habit in high school. His friends smoked and his parents smoked. He was drawn into it by his friends. When I pulled him out of it, I told him what I had found. He said it was true, but he had never really thought of it. What did it have to do with curing him?

Nothing. I was just loosening him up and probing him; the cure would have to wait and take time. I had to explain to him that the method works, but it would take a while. It is not a sudden cure!

As I continued to take him into trances, I found that he went under more easily with each ensuing session and that I could slowly deepen them. I explained to him that it would take a deeper trance to get to the root of the problem. You can carefully probe his life in these trances. When he begins to give information that comes with reluctance, you are achieving depth and can start with slight modifications and with post-hypnotic suggestions.

Be careful to go slowly.

I knew from casual probing in conversations (not in trances) what he did not easily talk about. When I got this information out of him in a trance, I had to tell him to forget that I had asked him and what he had told me.

Be careful to cover these tracks!

At this time I placed my first post-hypnotic suggestion. It was simple. He now liked soft clothing and did not like harshness against his skin. This started altering his preferences.

Do not go for more than this at the start.

But when you do it, make sure that some of your softer clothes, nylons, satins, crepes, etc. are available to his touch.

It will go better if they are available where he can try them on when you are not there. Only watch where you put them and how they were folded or placed to see if he does. If he doesn't, then put the suggestion in again.

You should get some nylon underwear for him, say one male T-shirt and one pair of male shorts. The set I got for Marvin had pictures of macho men on the packages.

My excuse was that they looked more comfortable. He bit and was solidly hooked once he'd tried them on.

While you are bending this part of his mind, you should work on his habit. Don't clear it up ahead of time. Cause it to abate but not ease. Again, be sure to keep him "straight" before leaving the trance; cover your tracks by telling him to forget these female specific directions. I told Marvin to cut back on smoking. Then I told him not to quit but to forget that I told him this. When he cannot readily recall what you did tell him, then you are getting home free. After several sessions, Marvin became this way.

I could have pulled some good ones, but if it shook up his trance, I would have lost the opportunity.

After I put in the post-hypnotic suggestions about softness, I added it to his clothing in general and told him to ask me for more nylon clothing. I put it in a suggestion connected with the topic of apples.

Sure enough, when I mentioned making an apple pie, he chimed in with the suggestion that I get him more of the soft nylon underwear.

I joked with him that he could wear some of mine, as it was just as soft.

He laughed a bit and let it pass. I knew I was on my way. Before his processing he would have scoffed and used several kinds of off-color names with colorful adjectives thrown in to boot. The bending had begun!

Well, to help him with his new found desires, I got him more nylon underwear, replacing his old cotton ones with it. I even got him some nylon shirts. There are no nylon pants for men, so that had to wait.

I did note that he did not wear any of his wool pants. I asked him why and he replied that they were too scratchy and uncomfortable. Of course, I agreed with him, not letting the internal smile show. And, of course, since he did not wear them, we simply got rid of them to Goodwill.

Be careful you don't over do here. If you put in an "agony" to wear, then he may be drawn to seek medical aid. It won't necessarily stop things unless the medicos find out about your activities. Then they could make it outright complicated for you! You could lose all you had gained and more. It is important to build it as a preference. The one thing you do not want to have is any external interference.

As the trances deepened I went to other variants.

For example, I had him want to try different sexual positions. Once the desire was there, it was not

hard for him to “want” the bottom, passive, position with me on the top where I got the most pleasure.

Also about this time, you want to start him on the body modifications. You can do it by obtaining two things: hormone pills and pharmacy labels. You put the pills into a bottle and put a label on it saying “vitamin supplement” with a two times daily dosage. You must be careful, however, that the command for him to be (and having for a while been) taking them does not come before or after the pills show up. If you time it correctly, you will not have to even mention the pills to him outside of the trance as he will have “been taking” them for a while already and won’t know the difference.

So now Marvin was on his way.

He was on the hormones and sex for me was better than ever! I knew that it would be a while before the hormones had an effect that would decrease his sex drive. I was enjoying the good life. His macho drive was definitely down.

Subtle changes were brought about by commands, the making of which was always “erased” before I broke the trance. This is a phase of the whole trance business that you cannot afford to forget or the game may be up.

By now you should have the trance so well controlled that you can drop him into a deep trance with a phrase or a set of words?

I wouldn’t recommend a single word since it could come up at an awkward time or place. I used the phrase “Margie is ready” to drop him. To begin with, we knew no one with the name “Margie”. If we met

one, then I'd have to change the phrase and OK a new name.

You can also prolong the periods of hypnosis now to include hours or days if you want to get him into weekend excursions. This kind of trance is commonly called "walking trance," because he will appear to be "normal," awake, and on his own steam. They can include what you want to (with due careful consideration). Be careful to have him remember selectively what he did. You do not want to have the weekend to be a total void in his memory.

Why should I say that the memory should be selective?

Well, now is the time that you can start bending him to your ultimate goal of wearing dresses, lingerie and high heels, of providing you with a soft living and, ultimately, of him being your housewife. You can get him into heels and hose during these weekends. It is good to get him used to heels before he really knows what is going on.

Also, teach him on these junkets how to do housework. Have him remember the work and how magnanimous he was to help you with it. Do *not* have him remember what he was wearing, especially if he does the work completely dressed as a woman. Of course, if he "wants to," you could let him wear what he wants while doing this work. Give him the chance to do so BEFORE dropping him into a trance. If you are successful in making him a transvestite in his path of training, so much the better.

If at this time, without a trance, he opts to wear a dress, lingerie, the works, then you are home free!

Just remember to be somewhat (but not TOO) surprised.

Notice that all of these things were done by Marvin in a trance.

Your ultimate goal is to have him want to do it on his own without being in a trance.

To start this you can begin replacing his shorts with panties, giving him the message that there is nothing wrong with him wearing them. Be careful, though; it took Marvin several tries before he really accepted this step. Start with plain panties, just a pair or two until he wears them with ease. Then you can move to more replacements and of a more feminine nature with lace inserts, overlays, etc.

Don't leap into these things. I got him into this step a month after starting him on hormones.

If you want to have him as a housewife, he will have to give up his job. Of course, if he makes lots of money and you are too used to it, then it is probably better not to have started this process in the first place.

But to continue, in some of the deep trances you should start giving him the idea that he is dissatisfied with his work and that the work you do together (i.e. housework, for you do have to do it with him to alleviate suspicion) is more what he wants to do. To see if it is working, watch how he takes to housework while NOT in a trance.

Oh yes. By now you should have broken him of his habit. If it was dietary, so much the better; if it was not, you now put a dietary trend into it. He must become slender, if he was not already so. As

the hormones redistribute the fat of his body, you want to make sure that most of it comes from his waist.

By now, he should no longer have his “problem,” but you are now becoming more and more firmly in control.

If you want him to keep his job or if his job requires staying home to work there, then you can just turn him into a transvestite. A transvestite is a man who gets satisfaction, often some form of sexual satisfaction but not necessarily so, from cross dressing. This means dressing in women’s clothes. But that was a different trip. One that Marvin was not to take. I wanted total control. That is why I had him on the diet to thin him and the hormones to fatten him selectively at the hips. butt and breasts.

Back to Marvin.

At this time I had him in the position that I wanted him in. His breasts were rapidly growing just as his waist was diminishing and his hips were widening. As his form changed, so did his mental attitude. By now the macho image was a thing of the past. I could drop him into a deep trance at will. He was very proficient in walking on high heels. I had had him cultivating long hair for over a year. The hormones had helped here as his hair was now quite long and growing faster and thicker than before, although his body hair had dropped to almost nothing!

As yet I had not removed his body hair, nor had I made him use makeup. True, he did look a bit incongruous with body hair and his developing female figure, but I got him to go to an electrologist and his beard was steadily becoming a thing of the past. It

did not take much logic to convince him how nice it would be to never have to shave again.

It is hard to tell when to make the final change-over. It can be done only when he is ready. His attitudes toward work have to be at the breaking point. Breast development must not be too large or too small. Above all, he has to be softened to the point of being almost feminine. Then you can make the big trip.

To do this, you must have a notary lined up who will not be shocked and who will go along with your plan. This is necessary for notarizing documents that will seal your husband's fate. His electrolysis should be relatively well on its way, if not complete. Of course if he had a heavy beard, then the time factor will not allow this as the hormones will long since have grown full blown, heavy breasts by the time electrolysis is complete. So you have to make a balanced decision.

Put him in a heavy walking trance where his eyes are open so that no one will suspect that he is in a trance (nor suspect that he is a he and not a she), take him to a beauty parlor and have them give him the works.

I do mean the *whole* works!

He should get permanent, plasticized, sculpted nails, a full facial, plucked eyebrows, permalashes, double or triple pierced ears, hair dye and permanent curl to his hair, maybe with bangs if you want.

I'll have to describe what happened to Margie.

Early in the morning he arose and put on panties. At this point I stopped him cold with a walking

trance. I then had him shave all of his body hair. He then dressed completely as a woman. This time, I put moderate makeup on him and pinned his hair to give it a bit of shape.

I had already made all the arrangements necessary, so all we had to do was leave and watch the time.

At the parlor he was given the works as I had pre-arranged. His hair was a light brown and so it turned out a bright auburn with a beautiful (and very permanent) curl. The fingernails were long and a bright red that matched his lipstick. You wouldn't know he was in a trance, he acted so naturally and so femininely. The two sets of earrings they had inserted into his newly pierced ears were very pretty and set off the whole feminine image to a 'T.' His eyebrows had been plucked to fine arches that made his face look the epitome of feminine beauty. There was nothing about him that indicated anything but "woman."

We went to a public restaurant where I casually brought him out of his trance, telling him what to expect and where he was.

He was somewhat surprised, to say the least, and wanted to know just what was going on.

I explained to him that he had been on such a feminine kick that I just had to see how far he wanted to go. By giving him this chance, I had found out. We had an appointment later that could have been broken but now would not have to be since he had shown his true colors. I had to take him to the women's rest room to let him see how much of "her" he now was. He was upset but not to the point of

falling apart. I had instilled enough in him that he was only mildly upset.

But the best was not what happened here but at the appointment.

Margie was nervous as she left the restaurant with me. She moved smoothly and femininely on her high heels, never questioning why or how. She had a provocative sway to her hips that I had carefully instilled in her through the trance.

The notary was waiting and, in spite of my preparing him for what to expect, was somewhat set back by Margie's appearance as she knew who and what Margie was.

But we had a good session, nonetheless. At first Margie was not willing to sign anything until she was reminded of just what he looked like and how much of that was permanent. Once he started signing, there was no stopping and he ended up putting himself totally under my control. I did not have to do much more from then on, just "refresher" trances on a periodic basis to keep my control of him active.

He has now become Margie permanently, Margie my housewife. He keeps house better than I ever did.

One of these days, I may just give him a suggestion to want to wear pants again, but such an action is not in the near future. Besides, I'd have to go out and buy some, a needless expense!

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Improvements Incorporated

By Annie Warren

I never saw the advertisement until it was too late, *way* too late, but when Diana saw it, she clipped it. At the time I was off again at another of my conventions. She had complained again (as she always did) that I was never home and that she could not leave her work to come with me. She made more money than I did and was actually the real breadwinner as far as we two were concerned.

In our city the laws were a bit strong in terms of who had more power between the husband and the wife (strongly weighted towards the husband). Since I was away so often, she, as my wife, was disadvantaged. Then, on a fit of insight on her part, and perhaps 'outsight' on mine, I granted her full power of attorney over my signature so that she could act in full stead for me in all matters when I was absent. That slip of paper was to form the basis of my downfall.

Well, as I said, she saw this advertisement somewhere and clipped it. It read as follows:

Improvements Incorporated

*Are you dissatisfied with your mate? Is there room for improvement? Call **Improvements Incorporated** for a no obligation appointment to try and resolve the problem. Our methods uniquely examine and correct many deviations in the physical and psychological by the most modern techniques. Call us and See!*

I think she saw it in some male magazine or other, although I don't really know how she came to

be reading such a magazine in the first place. Well, she clipped it and, long before my return, she called and made an appointment through a rather hesitant receptionist.

At the appointment she learned why there was such a hesitancy. The receptionist thought that she might be a dyke lesbian who wanted her lover more femmed; it had happened before. The ad that she had clipped, however, was pointed towards men for treatment of their wives in very specific ways.

When they learned that it was for me, a man, they explained that they only took contracts from men since they could legally sign for their wives. They went on to explain the many processes possibly included to show her why it was that way and why it had to be legally binding so that they could do their “services.”

When she pressed them and said that she wanted to sign me up for the fullest course possible, they were stopped cold since no woman had ever made *that* kind of request of them before.

Then, as a clincher in the opening of serious negotiations, she produced the power of attorney I had given her. They immediately perked up since that would be a fat contract for them.

Their legal counselor was then called in and, after examining the document and the contract that Diana wanted to take out, explained that there were several loopholes. They were relatively minor and that if Diana really wanted me to go through the process, it would be possible, although he did not see why any woman would want that, since the process in many ways was irreversible and would cause drastic changes.

The end of it was that, using her power of attorney, she took out a full contact, slated to start some time after my return.

To seal it, she immediately set about to clear up the loopholes their attorney had mentioned, plus some further twists of her own. It was going to make a huge dent in her savings, but she closed the whole thing prior to my return.

When I returned, I never suspected a thing. She was as warm as ever.

Little did I know that that was to be my last trip out of town for a long time. In retrospect I recall that she was a bit cool in bed, not as I would have expected (or hoped).

What I did not know was that in my absence she had sex, not with men, but with some of her girlfriends. This, too, was a result of her decision and preparation after making the contract with Improvements Incorporated.

Things went fairly well the first day and the second. On the third, however, I mentioned another impending conference. All went as usual, the normal screaming and such, but it was as I expected.

The next morning, however, I did not feel too well. In fact I felt quite ill. She was all patronizing and helpful. I felt the night before had been totally forgotten. She packed me up and drove me down to her doctor's office, or so I was told.

The doctor prescribed some sort of treatment that Diana had heard of and highly recommended but which I had never heard of.

Meanwhile I was miserable and so, when some forms were pushed under my nose, some sorts of releases, I signed, not fully realizing just what it was that I was releasing.

Once the form was signed, Diana bent down to me and kissed me, rubbing the stubble on my cheek (since I had not shaved that morning), a curious thing to do. Then she whispered very sensuously into my ear, knowing that it would excite me sexually by the way she did it, “Oh darling, I can’t wait to see you after the cure!”

All I could do was to reply, ‘Ye... yes, let’s get on with it! I feel miserable!’

The doctor came over with a syringe and gave me a shot, thus starting the whole process.

The shot did not knock me out although I almost wish it had. I became very euphoric and at the same time seemed to lose the ability to move and motivate myself. But even as these feelings were coming over me, I heard Diana and the doctor discuss the start of the process, including some of the surgical changes that would be done.

I wanted to get up and go when I heard the discussion that was going on but was unable to. I was cognizant but merely a bag of bones. I still don’t know how I remembered any of it after what I went through.

‘Tell me, Doctor, how long will the process take? When will I get my husband back?’

“Well, Diana, he will have to go through a long series of operations. You you *did* ask for the full treatment! They will take time to heal. Some are quick

and easy like the ears while others will take more time such as the nose, chest, waist and hips. You're sure you want to go through with it?"

"Oh yes, I do! I've been told of the psychological changes that can be done, too, and I'm tired of him always being away. This should put a stop to his running all over the country leaving me alone. Besides, I always did want a wife."

The further discussion was more or less lost to my memory.

I think that I purposely suppressed it. Besides, it only outlined what I'll be telling you later. I'm sure that I was not supposed to remember any of these things. There were sessions in which drugs and other methods suppressed reference to them but most of it seemed to tenaciously hang on.

However, back to the doctor's office.

When Diana was through with her discussion, a nurse was called in and I was transferred to a low bed on wheels, like they have in ambulances, for that is exactly what it was.

I was then wheeled out and transferred into an ambulance. Where it drove, I do not know. Also, I don't know why I was not put under.

Maybe what they used was not appropriate for my system. Well, we finally arrived and I was transferred into some sort of a building. It must have been a clinic or such for it was all white and clean and smelled of antiseptic.

My clothing had been left at the doctor's office where he had requested me to strip to be examined

so I was wheeled directly into what was to be my room for a long time.

Almost immediately a nurse came in and clipped a plastic identification bracelet around my wrist, yet another sign that I was indeed in a hospital. What was I supposed to have that I should be in a hospital? I wasn't feeling too good but, on the other hand, I had felt worse in my days. Under the influence of the drug they had given me, I felt the badness but just didn't care all that much.

At least they had pretty nurses here, pretty and well-built!

The next day they started in on me. By then the shot that I had been given the first day plus the daily addition were in full effect. I had no voice or voluntary action. They could have done anything that they wanted to with me... and they did!

A nurse, as shapely as the others and resembling them in other ways, came in with a machine. Using an electrolysis probe none too gently, she started on the right side of my face and worked over to the left side before leaving. She worked rapidly and efficiently. Once she had done the whole circuit, she went for my eyebrows and worked on them. She even worked over some of the sparse hair on my chest.

Through it all, I wanted to say "STOP!" but the word could never form in my stupor. The part of me that rebelled at this removal of hair could not rise above the part that was just a drugged observer watching what was going on. I didn't mind the removal of the beard, but why the chest? And what did she do with my eyebrows?