Parisian Spa

For the mind and body collection

By Maryanne Peters

I had always battled with my weight, ever since I was a small boy. I was too chubby to play sport without looking like a total failure. I guess I became a bit introverted and just stayed at home gaming, and letting my hair and my waistline grow.

But the thing is that I am not a naturally shy person. Online I was able to project myself as an interesting person. It was just that it was all a lie. It was not that it wasn’t interesting, it was that I just unattractively fat.

I decided that I needed to create an online personality that was not me, and it seemed that the best thing was to make that person the very opposite of me. What is the opposite of a shy, pale, fat boy? What about an outgoing, tanned, slim girl? The idea of it made me smile. It was a mission, and things that occupied me took my mind off my lonely existence.

All you need is a second profile on your PC with a fresh email and some photoshopped images. And when it comes to talking you need to have a credible feminine voice.

Perhaps I could have used a filter but believe it or not, there are all sorts of coaching apps online to create a feminine voice and plenty of gamers and online posters and bloggers that deceive people with a woman’s voice.

I started playing games with my new persona, and I found that “Sungirl” was more popular than my male profile. They were all guys, of course. It was not that I flirted with anybody. I am a serious gamer – in to win. But you can’t help but throw in a few suggestive things now and again to put them off their game.

I started gaming with a guy who was French and we developed a kind of partnership in a game where teams or at least pairs of players, can be an advantage. He suggested that I learn a few words of French so we could speak in a sort of code. It seemed like a good idea. He helped but the resources to learn a language online are pretty good, so I did those exercises. My online pal helped me with pronunciation and I got pretty good. Even when we were not in a game we could have including long conversations just in French. He said I was really good, and that was one of the few things that made me feel good about myself.

Suddenly the game went offline for a day and when it came back, my friend was gone. It made me understand that friends on the internet are not real. You simply had no evidence that they ever existed. Perhaps they never did? Was he somebody I just imagined for company?

I started to really worry about myself. I wanted to go outside. I dreamed about going to France and using the language I had learned, but I was a blob sitting in my room in Philly.

I decided that the real issue was my weight. If I was going to do anything it would have to start there. I needed to go on a diet and exercise. But it did not take me long to realize that I would not be able to do that on my own. I ordered an exercycle and it sat in the corner. I ordered in meals that we low calorie, low carb or low flavor, or all three. I barely touched them and had to get in some chicken and fries. I really needed to leave the house, and preferably leave the state.

Or leave the country? I don’t know how it appeared on my screen because I am generally good at blocking ads, but there it was – “Maison Chaillot” – devoted to “*beautie, mieux-être et minceur*” – appearance, well being and weight loss. Here was a place, right in front of me. All I needed to do was to find my passport, pack a small bag and get into a cab and then a plane, although the last two objectives seemed like an impossibility for me.

Still, I decided to book a week there, and to pay in advance. I booked the flights too – business class with a super-sized seat. It was all very expensive and that would be my motivation to get out of my house – if I didn’t go it would have been cash down the drain.

I received confirmation of my booking at Maison Chaillot, all in French by incorrectly (it seemed) addressing me as “Ma Cherie Laurence” – I had no idea that in France, Laurence is a women’s name and “ma Cherie” is addressing a female person. Who would know that? I was asked to answer a questionnaire so that they could understand me and formulate a spa treatment specific to me. In the form I told them (in the best French I could put together) that “*Je déteste ma vie et je veux être attirante et sociable*” - I hated my life and that I wanted to be attractive and sociable. I said that I would take any treatment they recommended.

“*Êtes-vous prêt à vous remettre entièrement entre nos mains* ?” were the words above where I was to sign - "Are you prepared to put yourself entirely in our hands?" My answer was a definite “*Oui*!” - yes!

Somehow, I steeled myself and climbed into a cab on the morning of the flight, and I hid in a corner of the business class lounge until my flight. I squeezed into the seat, and to my horror I was given one of those extensions for my seat belt. I was being stared at like I was a freak. I just had to keep saying to myself – ‘you are doing something about this. That is why you are here. You don’t want to ever be looked at this way again’. I had taken a pill so I thought that I would be able to lie back and sleep, but I couldn’t.

On arrival I went straight to Maison Chaillot. Incredibly it was quite close the center of Paris, in one of those buildings with a gate and a courtyard inside and what appeared to be cluster of buildings, one with a large garden on the other side. There were signs on each door, but the main entrance was up a wide flight of stairs. There were only a few but I was wheezing by time time I walked in.

“*Alors, mon Dieu*!” the lady in a spa uniform said. “You are Laurence!” There was a look of dismay on her face, and on the face of two other women who appeared. I could only assume that they were disgusted at the state of my body or my level of exhaustion having climbed just a few stairs or both.

“I was hoping that that you could help me find that “totally new life” that you promised,” I said. For a moment I felt that the whole thing was a huge mistake. I was tired and disappointed, and I had barely arrived.

But suddenly her expression changed. She looked at me warmly. She said – “You poor thing. We need to get you out of that body as soon as possible. We need to set you free. You have -placed yourself in our care. You want a new life. That is what we promised. That is what you shall have. Leave the bag with me. These ladies will take you to the relaxation room. We use massage and natural herbal drinks to help you to rest and recover.”

I was so fatigued that just the smell of the oils or the incense sent me to sleep, although the floral tea may also have been a factor. I don’t think that I have ever slept as soundly as I did. When I woke up the first thing that I noticed was that my body was completely hairless, although I was never a particularly hairy man. The hair on my head was wound up in a towel turban. My skin seemed to tingle in a way that it almost seemed that the fat was leaping out of my body.

I think that I have heard people say that the very best spars feel magical – well, this was how this felt. It was almost as if I could feel my body changing. In fact it was changing, but it all felt good to me.

I took a warm scented bath. It was an old-fashioned bath but it was stood upon a thick rubber base and there was a device that caused the bath to vibrate seemingly only very slightly, but I was told that this was helping to rid my body of fat. I remember that when I stepped out there was a visible scum on the surface of the water – I was impressed.

I was told that I could have something to eat before bed, but I amazed myself by telling them that I was not hungry. It seemed as if things were happening.

I could feel my body changing within a few days, and then they introduced me to a special underwear that they said could help me to lose weight. The initial garments were black and almost rigid fabric and seemed to be very tight in the waist and rather than make my rolls of blubber disappear to lift them up, particularly in front. But whatever was going on it seemed to be effective. The scales showed that I was losing weight overall, and everybody seemed particular pleased with the waistline and unconcerned with the increasingly flabby chest buttocks.

I suppose that I started to think that things were not going the way I expected when they started to style my hair. They had washed my hair and "polished" my body on my first arrival, but now after a few days of conditioning my hair the stylist started to play around with putting my hair up in a variety of feminine styles.

My first thought was that they were just playing around. I was enjoying being pampered and having somebody play with your hair seemed like part of that. I sat back and enjoyed it. It was just that the styles became increasingly more ornate.

By the time that they announced that I would be attending a formal reception and dinner at the grand banquet hall, I was wearing my hair high with pinned curls. The reception was to be "the start of my new life". They presented me with the underwear I would need to fit what I would be wearing, and some "accessories".

It would be naïve for me to say that I suddenly discovered that I would be going to the ball as Cinderella - a woman. I was being slowly pushed in that direction and had already acquired a shape that was less than masculine. It was just that I had promised to place myself in their hands, and I was curious to see whether they could deliver. Would I be satisfied with the treatment? Would there be a fairy tale ending?

It was not as if I protested, but at various stages I was concerned and said so. It seemed that whenever I did my abilities with the French language suddenly failed me. For some reason they could not understand me. Their responses I understood well enough – I committed to placing myself in their hands and they knew best. I wanted a change of life and they were delivering that. I suppose that there was a part of me that did not want the process to stop, but rather to follow it through to the end.

There was to be a reception in the main reception area of Maison Chaillot, connected to a large terrace and the garden beyond that. I was to be dressed for the occasion as a woman, from my waxed skin outwards. First I would be wearing more delicate but equally constraining corsetry in white with lace and powder blue ribbon details. Then there was a slip and petticoats to add volume to the floral dress and skirts, and I would wear white stockings an nude heels. My nails were painted, my hair put up, my eyebrows shaped, lashes extended and darkened and makeup applied by experts.

“*Ta nouvelle vie commence aujourd'hui*,” I was told – “Your new life begins today!”

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| My life could start anew. It was my decision. It seemed that I could only change if I was somebody else, and I clearly was. I was beautiful. I had lost a bit of weight to be sure, but I was still overweight. It was just that I carried it in all the right places. Cleaver use of garments and (as I later learned) hormones had reshaped my body into the form of a wonderfully soft and jiggly big girl. Could I step out into the world like this?  “*Tu ne verras jamais de fin heureuse à moins que tu ne dises le mot* « Oui!»”, I was told - You'll never see a happy ending unless you say the word - yes!  Whether they had been arranged it or not I do not care, but at the reception it seemed like every man wanted to meet me and every woman nodded in my direction in quiet admiration. Not only had I stepped into society, but I was more alive in it than I ever could have imagined.  It is too early to tell whether love is in my future, but now I am an American woman in a Paris full of French men who truly appreciate a woman with a voluptuous figure. It is the City of Love after all. How would you rate my chances?  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2024 | From Husky to BBW |