

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

A GIRL NOW!



"How could I have allowed them to make me into such a girly girl?" Randal cried as he compared his reflection with how he looked only a year earlier.

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A GIRL NOW

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**CONTEMPORARY TV
FICTION**

Volume 61

A GIRL NOW

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(Yeah, that one!)

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QUOTE BOARD

**“From 18 to 35, a girl needs good looks,
after that she needs cash! Something that never goes out of
fashion.”**

A GIRL NOW

By Mindy

Chapter-1 - Set-Up

“What does Susan sees in that loser?” Claire Maddox lamented to her fiancée, Chief of Police Paul Murphy as her daughter left on a date with Randal Jackson. “That bum can’t even hold a job. She could find someone with a better future, like his brother, Craig.”

“The Assistant District Attorney who has aspirations of running for D.A. when Joe Edwards retires at the end of this term?”

“Now that’s a young man with a successful future. I would love to send that loser, Randal, to the Gunderson Academy to get him out of the way so that Susan could find someone with a future.”

“Gunderson Academy?” Paul mused. “I read a report about that place being under investigation. No one is willing to go undercover to investigate, so the investigation was terminated.”

“What if Randal agreed to go undercover?” Claire asked as a sinister smile crept across her face.

“Not possible. He applied for the force a while back and was rejected because at 5’ 4”, he is an inch shy of the minimum height requirements.”

“As chief, you can waive that stipulation. You could accept him on the force if he went undercover and got the evidence.”

“I suppose so. I’ll check with the D.A. and see if he wants to approach the investigation from that angle.”

The next day after Chief Murphy presented his plan, D.A. Edwards rubbed his chin, “That’s an interesting angle, Paul.

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Will the young man agree to such humiliation to get the evidence we need?"

"He might if his brother asks him, and if we don't tell him too much."

"Craig may very well agree. What better way for him to kick off his campaign for D.A. than to make a major conviction? Nothing like the publicity of a big case to bring in the votes."

"You want me to attend this school where they make boys wear dresses and act like girls?" Randal gasped in disbelief when Craig spelled out the sinister plot. "Are you crazy?"

"What's the big deal about wearing dresses for six months or so? If you are successful at gathering the evidence, you'll be on the force with a brilliant future ahead of you. What's to lose?"

"You want me to go undercover and get the goods on them. I will become an undercover detective after this place is busted wide open?"

"That's the deal they are offering," replied Craig.

"Let me see if I have this straight. Judges, prosecutors, high-ranking police officials, and other prominent people run this place. They sentence young men who commit crimes against women to this academy. In addition, certain parents force their wayward sons into this program?"

"Yes, but to do this, you must pretend to be sixteen years old. As a minor, you need someone to pretend to be your guardian, someone who will appear to forcibly enroll you in the program for an offense we will dream up. Susan's mother, Mrs. Maddox, has agreed to fill this role."

"Claire Maddox? How did that bitch get involved?"

"She's Chief Murphy's fiancée. He recruited her."

"She always has an ulterior motive," Randall mused, "but I'll give it a try. It's hard to believe, but if it is real, these

people must be stopped. Besides, it's the only way I'll ever get a real job. I can marry Susan when the assignment is over and I become a full-fledged detective."

"Great, Randal!" Craig smiled. "Won't it be great for the Jackson brothers to be working together?"

Chapter-2 - Assignment Starts

Four days later, after a tearful goodbye with Susan, Randal sat in the back seat of Mrs. Maddox's limousine, dressed like a sixteen-year old boy. As hard as Randal tried, Susan couldn't understand how he could leave her for six months and why he couldn't tell her where he was going. He failed to convince her that he was sworn not to reveal his mission. Susan left with hurt written on her face. His claim that things would be different when he returned didn't convince her or cure his heartache.

Mrs. Maddox broke the silence of the ride by placing a hand on Randal's leg and stating, "When this is over, I hope you and I will be much closer than we have been in the past. This is best for everyone."

Randal assumed Mrs. Maddox agreed that when the assignment ended and he became a detective, she would consent to him marrying Susan. "Thank you, Mrs. Maddox," he replied, "I would do anything to be worthy in your eyes."

"Okay, let's review last minute details," Mrs. Maddox continued while patting the leather briefcase on her lap. "These legal documents state that you are my stepson. I am your legal guardian with complete control of your affairs, thus in the future, you will address me as mother at all times!"

"I'll try to remember."

"It was necessary for your assignment and the punishment scheme we cooked up to get you enrolled in this special training academy. Your cover will be blown if you don't follow the script exactly, so you must approach this assignment as if your life depended on it."

"Yes, mother," Randal gulped.

"Ah, we have arrived," Mrs. Maddox broke Randal's thoughts. "Now remember, from this minute forward, you are my rebellious sixteen-year old stepson. You had best play the roll to the hilt if you know what is good for you."

Randal nodded as he gazed at a rather large estate surrounded by a tall stonewall with coiled zip wire on top. He was relieved that no one could sneak in and see him while he was on these grounds. He didn't want anyone to know he was wearing dresses.

The limousine pulled up to a large iron gate and Mrs. Maddox spoke into a small speaker. "Hello, this is Claire Maddox and her stepson, Randal. We have an appointment with Mrs. Gunderson."

The gate slowly opened and the limousine proceeded along a tree-lined driveway towards an older looking stone building. When the car stopped, a woman of forty dressed in a plain gray dress, greeted them, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Maddox. Mrs. Gunderson is waiting in her office. This must be our newest charge."

Randal was shocked when Mrs. Gunderson and Claire Maddox hugged and exchanged pleasantries as if they were long lost friends. Somehow Claire and this Mrs. Gunderson were acquainted, but how? Could his future mother-in-law be involved with the people he was sent to infiltrate and investigate? If so, how would Susan react if he were a key player in her arrest and conviction?

"So this is your delinquent stepson," Mrs. Gunderson stated after the two women were seated and Randal was left standing to the side.

"Yes, Anita, his father was killed a few years back and I became his guardian, but I haven't been able to control his rowdy behavior. I was at my wits end when I remembered what your academy does with unruly boys. I pray you can do something to bring him under control. You are my last resort before sending him to juvenile detention."

"This academy exists because your problem is not uncommon. I assure you that Randal will be a changed person when he is returned to you in six months. We have yet to fail to reach the goals that parents, courts, or guardian's request. Currently, we have seven boys in various states of training. Over a hundred students have graduated from this academy, and all of them left here with the desired results. I'm sure you'll agree that we have made significant progress toward achieving the goals you have in mind for him when you return in a month."

"I hope you're right," Claire sighed as she handed a large folder to Mrs. Gunderson. Randal was shocked at the thickness of the package. Giving him a tight hug, Claire said, "Mind your manners for Mrs. Gunderson. I'll return to see you in a month."

As if on queue, Randal went into his planned act. "Mom, please! Take me back home! I don't want to stay in this stupid place and wear dresses! Let's get out of here!"

Before Claire could respond, Mrs. Gunderson stepped between her and Randal and said, "I suggest you leave before you have second thoughts about Randal's training. Don't worry, he is in good hands."

With a smirk of "gotcha", Claire went to the door, glanced back at Randal, and said in a sarcastic tone, "Now be a good boy, Rachel Marie, and do everything they tell you. Before you know it, six months will be over and you will return to me a well-behaved young person. Ta-Ta!"

"Welcome to Gunderson Academy," Mrs. Gunderson stated when they were alone. "You may not want to wear dresses and learn to be a demure and obedient young lady, but don't even think of trying to escape. The walls and razor wire you noticed when you arrived are to keep students in, not other people out! Miss Grace will take you to your room and make your appearance more presentable while I go over the documents your stepmother left. I will fill you in on more details of your training when we meet again. You will always address the staff as Ma'am, Madame, or by their formal

name, which in my case is Mrs. Gunderson. Grace Anderson is the woman with the firm grip on your arm. She prefers to be called Miss Grace. She will be your teacher, tutor, and caretaker for the immediate future. You must do exactly as she says or be severely punished. Is that perfectly clear?"

He only stared at her, so she turned to Miss Grace and said, "Return him here at four o'clock."

Without a word, Randal was forcibly guided from Mrs. Gunderson's office. He smiled at the way Mrs. Gunderson treated him as a second-class person. "Do your worst, lady, because in six months you and your little establishment will be history. Then we will see who is the prisoner!"

Chapter 3 -A Girl's Life

Miss Grace, with a strong grasp still on Randal's arm, led him into a room she announced would be his during his stay. It was very girlish with thick carpet, walls an off-white pinkish hue, a feminine vanity, a large walk-in closet, and a door covered with a floor to ceiling mirror. A small couch and coffee table were off to the side. He noticed an odd bar that reminded him of a trapeze bar used in gymnastics hanging from the ceiling. His girlish training must include some sort of gymnastics.

"Remove your clothes so we can get you properly dressed. Mrs. Gunderson hates tardiness. I'd hate to see you punished on your first day," Miss Grace sternly said.

"Here? Now?" Randal questioned.

"Yes! I have seen many naked boys and I have yet to be impressed. Hurry up and get undressed while I prepare your bath."

"What's wrong with a shower?"

"Do you know why you are at Gunderson Academy?"

"My stepmother says I'm too wild. I'm here to change my behavior," Randal used the words he had rehearsed.

"One of the things we teach you is to take luxurious baths instead of simple showers!" Randal chuckled as he stripped his clothes except his underwear. How could taking baths alter his behavior? "I said strip and that means everything!" Miss Grace scolded after returning from the bathroom.

Randal blushed as he lowered his jockey shorts exposing his maleness to this woman he had just met. When he was completely naked, she guided him to the bathroom with a firm grasp of his arm. On the far wall was a large sunken bathtub full of bubbles. "A bubble bath? Get real! Bubble baths are for girls and sissies!" he scoffed in a shocked tone in order to keep up his charade.

"Do as you are told. Everything will be explained when you meet with Mrs. Gunderson."

Randal slowly sank into the bubbles, somewhat glad that they shielded his exposed manhood. The water reeked of oily lotions. After fifteen or twenty minutes of soaking, Miss Grace returned and over his objections proceeded to shampoo his hair. The shampoo had a strong, strange chemical odor. When finished, she patted him dry with a large fluffy pink towel and led him back into his bedroom.

"What happened to my clothes?" Randal asked.

"Be patient! Mrs. Gunderson will explain everything," Miss Grace said as she produced a clothes bag and shoebox. While you are here, we will provide appropriate clothing."

Randal gasped when she opened the clothes bag and withdrew a pair of white nylon panties with lace at the waist. He knew he would have to wear a dress, but nobody said anything about *panties*, especially not on the first day! "You can't expect me to wear *those!*" he said while pointing at the offending garment.

"Panties are part of your training. Put them on!"

Any red-blooded man or boy would refuse to wear such an exclusively feminine garment, so he objected, "No! I won't do it! I won't!"

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Without batting an eye, Miss Grace grabbed him, pulled him across her lap, and began spanking him with a wood hairbrush. He was aghast as he squirmed on her lap. He lifted weights and worked out regularly. How could this woman handle him like a child? Finally, in pain and desperation, he screeched, "Okay! Okay! I'll wear those stupid panties!"

"All right, but be forewarned that all disobedience will be met with a repeat performance."

With an eye on his tormentor, Randal carefully stepped into the panties. As he pulled them up to his waist, their soft caress caused a tingle to run through his body. After putting on a girl's plain white silk blouse, he discovered that the buttons were on the opposite side from his male shirts. He hesitated when she handed him a dark blue pleated mid-thigh length skirt, but he stepped into it when she raised the hairbrush. "It fastens on the left," she advised.

When it was secure at his waist, she indicated a pair of white silk socks and shiny patent leather slip-on shoes with slightly pointed toes. With Randal sitting on a stool in front of the vanity, she brushed his ear length light brown hair into his normal male style. Looking in the mirror, he looked ridiculous with his hairy muscular arms in this outfit only a girl or a faggot would wear. "Okay, let's see Mrs. Gunderson," Miss Grace grabbed his arm and guided him from the room.

"Welcome my academy, Rachel Marie," Mrs. Gunderson greeted as he sat in front of her large desk.

"The name is Randal."

"Not anymore," Mrs. Gunderson stated as she leafed through the papers Mrs. Maddox left. "Ah, here it is," she continued as she handed him a legal document. Randal stared in shock at an official name change document. A court had processed it to legally change his name from Randal John Jackson to Rachel Marie Maddox.

"This can't be! That's a girl's name! I'll be ruined when I leave here. Furthermore, I assume by the way that I am

dressed that you plan to turn me into a faggot. Well, it won't work! After I leave this place, I will return to court and get my name changed back."

"Wrong on all points, Rachel Marie," Mrs. Gunderson placed undue emphasis on the name Marie. "Do you know why you are here?"

Randal slowly replied, "My stepmother said I was unruly, but she didn't say anything about sissy clothes!"

"The documents your stepmother left with us say that you tried to have sex with your stepsister, Susan."

"That's a lie!" Randal spat back. Things were spinning out of control. The name change to Rachel Marie was planned in advance, but not *legally*. They never discussed his middle name change to Marie or the attempted rape of the girl he planned to marry!

"Not likely," Mrs. Gunderson continued in a stern voice. "I have affidavits from Mrs. Maddox, Susan, and the live-in maid, a Miss June Addison who says you groped her a few times, but she was afraid to report you. As you see, Rachel Marie, I have indisputable proof of the type of boy you are. It's guys like you that we really enjoy having enrolled at my academy"

"I didn't force myself on Susan or grope the maid! I went drinking with the guys at the local park, and I agreed to store some stash under my bed. What's wrong with that?"

"Let me tell you what your future holds. This used to be an elite girl's school with twenty-five girls enrolled at a time. It had everything a sophisticated girl needed, including a complete indoor exercise room, beauty salon, and a fully staffed medical facility. Enrollment dropped, forcing the school to close. Some well-placed individuals bought the school, but instead of girls, we now only enroll boys."

"Do you make them all wear dresses like faggots?"

"You are dressed as a proper young lady, not as a faggot, as you called it. You must follow the instructions of the staff

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without hesitation. Bad behavior is severely punished. Miss Grace will return you to your room where I suggest you get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow will be very trying."

Back in his room, Miss Grace informed him that his dinner would be along shortly, and then locked the door behind her. Randal spied several books on the coffee table. He felt like puking when he saw titles like, 'Needle Point For Beginners' and 'Knitting Primer One', all pure sissy activities.

"Your evening meal, Rachel Marie," Miss Grace carefully set a tray on the coffee table. "You will find your nightwear hanging in the closet. I suggest that you retire for the evening after your meal. We provided you with reading material," she pointed to the books.

"Excuse me, Miss Grace," he used what he thought was a proper tone, hoping to make Miss Grace his ally. "This can't be my dinner. There are only a couple of pieces of dry toast and a glass of water."

"Our dietitian will create a diet for you. You will be on a strict diet until you lose your surplus pounds. Take the pills next to the plate. I must witness you taking them"

Randal assumed the pills were a vitamin supplement to make up for his reduced calorie intake as he swallowed them. He quickly downed his merger fare and drank the water knowing his stomach would be growling all night.

Miss Grace left with the tray, again locking him in. He quickly got rid of his hated skirt, blouse, and panties, and went to the closet for his nightwear. He was shocked to find a flimsy babydoll nightie and matching panties! Knowing they might be watching, he hesitantly put it on and crawled into bed. He wished his room contained a television set. Six months without news or sports would be hell. His eyes felt heavy and he quickly fell asleep.

Chapter-4 - Phase 1, Learning a New Life

The next morning, Randal stared at the bubble bath that hid his manhood from Miss Grace's eyes. To his chagrin, the water had a strong smell of perfume. Miss Grace directed him to wash his hair with a foul smelling shampoo. The bath over, he stood embarrassingly naked while Miss Grace instructed, "Rachel Marie, you will pat yourself dry with this towel."

"Please call me Randal in my room. Rachel Marie sounds so girlish, so sissy like," Randal pleaded.

"You heard Mrs. Gunderson. Rachel Marie is your official name and you had best get used to it. Besides, your new name is more appropriate for your new appearance."

"How will I appear?"

"Slip on these panties and this robe and you'll find out," Miss Grace held a pair of white nylon panties like he was forced to wear the day before. A chill crawled over his body as he stepped into the girlish garment and slipped on a short white silk robe. After stepping into white bath slippers, Miss Grace led him into the halls of the Gunderson Academy with his hair wet and uncombed.

Randal stopped in his tracks when he entered beauty salon. Miss Grace tugged him forward as his eyes fearfully roamed the room. "Good Morning, Miss Grace," a plump elderly woman greeted them. "Is this Rachel Marie?" When she received a nod, she added, "He is cuter than Mrs. Gunderson described. My name is Paula Watson. I run the beauty salon. We will see quite a bit of each other, so call me Ms. Paula. Let's see what we can do with your hair."

Randal dreaded that his training was starting, and he probably would leave sporting a girlish hairdo. He was glad that this place was windowless so nobody could see him in this girl's sanctuary. Randal sat in awe as Ms. Paula carefully trimmed his hair to one length all around before observing, "Rachel Marie, your hair lacks body and fullness, and is far too short for what is planned. Special chemicals in your shampoo will speed your hair growth and make it thick and

full-bodied. In a few days, you will notice that your hair is growing at an alarming rate. You require once a week visits for a trim. I cut your bangs high, but in a week they will hang in your eyes." Randal stared at his girlish looking hairstyle in the mirror and cringed at his feminine appearance.

"Now for the most embarrassing part for new girls," Ms. Paula said. "You may be nervous of what I might see, but please undress and lie face down on that table." Randal blushed as he removed his slippers, robe, and girlish panties. As he laid face on the table, Ms. Paula rubbed a pasty lotion into his body, turned him several times, and wiped him down with warm towels. The process was very relaxing.

Randal was not surprised to see his body completely devoid of hair except for his head; however, he kept his undercover charade as he exclaimed in a shocked voice, "My hair! What happened to my body hair?"

"We have hygiene requirements and body hair is so unbecoming. You will receive that treatment once a week until it is not longer required," Ms. Paula advised.

As Ms. Paula wiped more creams and lotions on his face, he had to ask, "What do you mean by 'until they are no longer needed'?"

"The treatments kill your hair and make you smooth as a newborn baby. No more shaving your face every morning."

"How long before my hair returns?" Randal gasped.

"I'm afraid never."

"How long before my body hair is killed off?"

"Six weeks or so," Ms. Paula replied, as he got dressed.

Miss Grace led him to the nurse's office where he was introduced to Mrs. Dana Adams, the Academy's resident dietician and nurse. She took his height and weight much like his own doctor, except that these readings were fed to a screen he couldn't see. The nurse took his blood pressure and several blood samples.

"Rachel Marie, you are the most muscle bound person ever enrolled here," Mrs. Adams started. "After I check your blood, I will develop the diet and an exercise program to meet your stepmother's goals."

Randal's head was spinning as he was led to his room. In the next twenty-six weeks, the hair on his head would grow considerably, and he would lose all of his body hair. How could he explain to Susan how he became totally hairless? Maybe Mrs. Maddox would deliver a message to his brother that he didn't sign up to be devoid of body hair forever!

Miss Grace removed a hanger containing the outfit she expected him to wear. "You can't be serious! You expect me to wear that?" Randal spat. She held before him a complete sissy outfit dripping with lace and satin.

"Rachel Marie, hold your tongue! You will wear this outfit even if I must get other staff to help me dress you. Remember what Mrs. Gunderson said about bad behavior extending your stay? You do want to leave here as fast as possible?"

Randal lowered his head, "I'll look like a sissy in that outfit with my girlish hairstyle and hairless legs!"

"Our training is meant to make you a docile well-behaved person. The clothes help us to reach that goal. Place your hands in the loops dangling from that bar."

Randal placed his hands in the loops, and Miss Grace pressed a button on a remote control. He was slowly raised to the point where his toes barely touched the floor. "No! Please no! Not a corset!" he screamed as Miss Grace approached with the dreaded garment!

"Rachel Marie, it's time to teach you a lesson about complaining about your training," Miss Grace said as she produced a wooden paddle. Randal tried with all his might to break free from his hanging position as Miss Grace moved behind him and stated, "I can't easily wash your mouth out with soap in your current condition, but a good spanking will make the same point."

After a dozen swats, Randal was pleading for her to stop as his posterior burned. A dozen swats later, he was reduced to slobbering tears as he apologized and pleaded with her to stop. Without drying his eyes, Miss Grace wrapped the corset about his waist and tugged on the laces. "Please stop, Miss Grace," Randal pleaded. "You are cutting me in half."

"Rachel Marie, one would think you really are a sissy girl the way you cry," Miss Grace taunted as she measured his waist. "I reduced your natural twenty-nine-inch waist by only three inches, but we will go smaller as your training progresses." She knotted off the corset laces so Randal would be unable to undo them. She then rolled white nylons up his legs and attached them to the garter tabs hanging from the corset. Randal felt complete shame as a strange tingle ran through his body at the feeling of the sheer nylon on his hairless legs.

To his surprise, Miss Grace produced a small pouch. "Don't be too alarmed, but this may be both painful and embarrassing. However, it is necessary so your clothes have the proper fit and appearance."

Randal wanted to scream a few choice swear words as he gritted his teeth and asked, "What are you doing to my privates with that ice pack?"

"Surely you notice how your little buddy shrinks into a tight package when swimming in a cold pool. We must reduce its size for the next procedure," Miss Grace stated as she held the ice pack on his manhood. She pulled the pouch up his legs, and Randal thought he would die of shame as Miss Grace pushed his prized manhood into his body and gave the garment a tight yank, causing him great pain! As she attached this shameful garment, she advised, "Now, you'll be perfectly flat in front and will not show a tattletale bulge when you are dressed. This garment will force you to sit to relieve yourself like a proper girl, as standing at a urinal is now impossible."



"The corset must be very snug to give you the lovely shape your 'mother' desires," Ms Grace grunted as she pulled the strings ever tighter.

"I...I can't breathe," Randal gasped, sure that he would soon faint from lack of air.

Randal shook in dismay as Miss Grace approached with a pair of the frilliest, lace trimmed, pale yellow panties he had ever seen. He cringed in humiliation as she threaded them over his feet and into place.

He didn't know whether to be sad or happy as she lowered him to his feet and the corset tightened about his waist. "Miss Grace!" he moaned, "I thought the corset was tight before, but now I am being squeezed in half. Please, loosen the laces just a bit."

"Rachel Marie, breathe from your chest and relax to reduce the pressure. Trust me, you'll crave to wear your corsets after a few months." How could anyone crave the tight pressure and pain of a corset? He hoped his waist didn't have this new shape when he left this place.

Raising his arms in resignation, Miss Grace fitted him with a white satin camisole. Extending his arms in defeat, he felt a chill envelope his body as she pulled an attractive, yet very feminine, bright yellow sundress over his head. The hem fell to only mid-calf, and he noted that the waistband would never close without his tight corset.

Struggling to sit on the stool with his back held straight and upright due to the corset, he sighed as Miss Grace fitted him with highly polished girl shoes with a strap over the top of his instep. They seemed a size too small. "How do you like the new you, Rachel Marie?" Miss Grace asked, as he took in the full effect in the large mirror.

Tears slowly rolled down his cheeks. "I look like a total sissy! These clothes are cramping my body, and I can hardly move!"

"Your nipped waist makes you look almost perfect," Miss Grace placed her hands on his trim waist. "Notice the absence of an unsightly bulge in front. This is one of many feminine outfits you will wear during your training."

"Please don't tease me," he blushed.

"I'm not teasing. Now, let's work on today's lesson, sitting properly. You will learn to sit with your knees firmly pressed

together, your ankles interlocked, and hands carefully placed in your lap."

For the rest of the day, Randal tried to follow Miss Grace's instructions. He found out later that with his privates tucked into the special pouch, he had no choice but to sit to pee just like a girl! In addition, with his waist crushed by the corset, he could barely finish a small sandwich for lunch and again for dinner.

He thought there would be relief from his torturous corset when Miss Grace announced that they were done for the day, and she had him slip into the same babydoll nightie from the night before. With his nerves and mind totally exhausted, he fell asleep easily, still wearing his painful stays.

Randal was bored silly by the end of the second day. Standing, sitting, and interlocking his ankles and legs, with hands carefully folded in his lap were repeated over and over. Every action was to be ingrained until it became a natural reaction. He realized that he would have a lot of traits to unlearn when his assignment was over. At noon, several new pills joined the ones he was already taking. He was resigned to take them without question.

His cramped feet hurt less by the end of the week, but he groaned when Miss Grace announced that his corset would be tightened another inch. The only relief from its constant pressure was when he bathed. Also, he noticed that his bangs grew at such a rapid rate that they now hung to his eyes. The binding clothes, constant lessons, Miss Grace threatening to use her paddle if he made the smallest mistake, and the sparse diet totally exhausted him. Sneaking out of his room to investigate had to wait until he had more energy.

A couple of times, he heard the chatter and giggles of young girls in the hall. He had to find a way to contact them to get their stories if he was going to bust this place.

At the start of the second week, Ms. Paula again trimmed his bangs high on his forehead and left the rest to grow freely. She gave him the dreaded hair removal treatment, saying he would be completely hairless in another month.

Mrs. Adams weighed him, measured his height, and took a fresh blood sample, commenting that everything was proceeding on schedule. He was losing muscle mass from the lack of exercise and his restrictive diet. He would have to go to the gym when he left this place to avoid being a ninety-eight-pound weakling.

One morning, Miss Grace said, "Rachel Marie, you have done well, but you must learn to walk like a girl." She stretched a string across the floor and advised, "Walk across the room placing each foot on the string. When you get to the end, turn around and retrace your steps."

With pleading eyes, Randal walked the string with his skirt swaying to and fro. "No, no, Rachel Marie, you aren't walking a tightrope. You must let things flow. Rotate your hips freely with your forearms at waist level, and keep your elbows close to your body. Now do it again."

Randal walked the length of the string, but struggled to achieve the desired results. "Miss Grace, I can't do as you request in these restrictive clothes. What's wrong with the way I currently walk? If anybody sees me in these clothes, they will think I am a stupid sissy!"

"Rachel Marie, not only must you look like a girl, you must move like one as well. There must be no mistake what your training has achieved. Now, try again."

Randal's mind raced as he again walked the length of the string. He didn't want to walk the way Miss Grace was ingraining into his psyche. He would have to hide for months to relearn everything when he left this place. This wasn't going nearly the way he had planned.

"Rachel Marie, rotate your hips, let your arms flow, and take shorter steps," Miss Grace instructed, slapping her hand with her paddle.

"I'm doing the best I can, Miss Grace. My hips just won't rotate in this restrictive corset," Randal pleaded, not wanting to feel the burn of the paddle on his panties.

"In that event, we have other ways to accelerate the process," Miss Grace stated, pulling an odd looking pair of flesh colored shorts from a drawer. "Put this on under your skirt." Miss Grace watched while Randal stepped into what he thought was a woman's girdle. He quickly sensed that it was padded to give him girlish looking hips, and he was alarmed that the rear pads felt weighted.

"Now, try again," Miss Grace instructed, "We have more uncomfortable and embarrassing ways to help you learn if you resist, so I suggest you get with the program." He desperately tried to roll his hips as Miss Grace suggested, as he felt the new weights on his rear sway from side to side.

"Not bad, Rachel Marie, now return to me. This time let your arms flow from their elbows. Relax your wrists. Swing your hips more and feel the weight shift with each step. Put your weight on your toes and keep your elbows close to your body."

The lessons continued all morning. Tears welled up in Randal's eyes at the sight he presented with his exaggerated walk and sissy clothes. When he asked to go to the bathroom and broke into his old stride, twenty blows from Miss Grace's paddle made him glad he wasn't doing sitting lessons. By the end of the day, he was totally exhausted from the constant struggle to get his stride right.

The next day, Randal again wore the hated weighted panty girdle, but instead of a skirt, Miss Grace handed him a pair of light blue tights and a matching leotard. "Mrs. Adams has developed an exercise program for you," Miss Grace said.

Despite his wishes, Randal soon wore the leotard, leg warmers, and special tennis shoes. A blue band wrapped about his head held his lengthening hair from his eyes. He gasped at his image in his large mirror. With his nipped waist, padded hips, and leotard, he looked much like the girls he used to ogle at the gym.

As he walked to the exercise room, Miss Grace followed behind with constant comments to correct his walk. Upon

entering the exercise room, Randal asked, "Where are the weight training equipment and stair machines?"

With a smile, Miss Grace explained, "Rachel Marie, you must lose, not add muscles! Girls are weak, delicate, and pretty things for the enjoyment of strong men and boys. You'll do stretching exercises to loosen your joints and enhance your feminine comportment, not lift weights to make you strong and burly. I'll also teach you to slow dance while taking the submissive girl's role. Now bend down and pick up this hankie."

"I don't think that's possible while wearing this corset."

"Try!" instructed Miss Grace.

Randal slowly bent at the waist until the corset restricted his motion and he could bend no farther. "Typical male method, Rachel Marie. Try again keeping your back straight and bend your knees."

Randal tried, getting within inches of the hankie before he could go no lower. "We have lots to do," Miss Grace mused as she directed him to a large padded mat. Once he was prone, she pulled and stretched his legs in every conceivable direction. He groaned as she forced his legs to bend at the knee until his foot was against his rear end. He screamed as she forced his legs into the split position. She tortured him for the next hour until he felt his legs were being pulled from their sockets. Randal was never so relieved as when she finished and he could jiggle away as he had been taught.

His walking instructions continued until he collapsed from exhaustion and pain. By the end of his first week of exercise, Randal was able to bend at his knees and fetch a hankie from the floor. She told him that this is how cute girls pick things from the floor, thus how he would do it too.

During Randal's third week at the Gunderson Academy, his bangs were trimmed, body hair treated, and weight measured. Miss Grace taught him to curtsy, and soon he was proficient at lightly grasping his skirt hem, placing his right foot behind his left, and dipping a polite curtsy. He cringed

when told that he was expected to lid his eyes and dip a charming curtsey whenever he greeted or departed from the presence of a staff member or an older person. All week long, he practiced sitting, walking, and curtseying to the point he felt like puking from the repetition.

During Randal's fourth week, when Ms. Paula finished with his hair and he started to rise, she stated, "Not so fast, cutie. We must trim and shape those nails."

To his chagrin, Ms. Paula filed his fingernails into ovals and buffed them until they glistened. He was relieved when no nail polish was applied, as he had feared. Still, he was sure his hands looked very girlish. Trimming and buffing his nails was another humiliating reminder of his girlish feminine status.

Back in his room, he sat at his vanity decked out in his sissy dress with a pen and notebook before him. Miss Grace said, "Rachel Marie, this week I'll teach you penmanship and a different way to pronounce your words. Your notebook contains tracing paper and under it, various words, starting with your name. Trace the flowing script paying special attention to the cute little heart over the 'i' in Marie. You will copy that page exactly."

Randal sighed as his sparkling nails reflected the light as he ran the pen over the paper. Page after page was added to the outline of his new name until his hand cramped.

After lunch, Miss Grace installed a portable CD player on his vanity and instructed, "Rachel Marie, as a girl, you must speak with a different inflection to your words. You must add more adjectives to your sentences and end them differently. You currently end sentences by lowering your voice at the last word. Now you will emphasize certain words. For example, you would describe your clothes as, 'My dress looks smart', but your new way to describe it will be, 'Oh, isn't my dress just precious?' You'll play this CD and repeat the sentences exactly as you hear them."

Randal was dumbfounded when he heard a girl's voice on the CD say, "I just love my cute lace panties. Aren't they

lovely?" He choked and turned bright red at repeating that phrase. Slapping her paddle against the vanity top, Miss Grace asked, "Shall we try again?"

Again, the little girl's lisping voice said, 'I just love my cute lace panties. Aren't they lovely?' Randal struggled to spit out the words, but when Miss Grace slowly tapped her paddle, he repeated with his face burning bright red, "I just love my cute lace panties. Aren't they lovely?"

Next the girl said, 'Isn't my dress just adorable?' Randal saw the paddle in Miss Grace's hand and spat "Isn't my dress just adorable?"

Randal's face burned in shame as he repeated phrases like, 'Mommy, your outfit today is just so sweet' 'Wearing silk and lace is absolutely delicious' 'Don't my silk hose make my legs look so dainty?' 'Mommy, look at that cute skirt' 'It's just too scrumptious! Can I please have it?' 'Don't you think my new nails make my hands look simply delicate?' 'Aren't my skirt and blouse just darling?' 'The feel of silk against my skin is *so* luscious' 'Thank you for buying me these delightful panties! They're so precious!'

When the CD completed its first cycle, Miss Grace pushed the stop button and stated, "Now, Rachel Marie, put real effort into your task this time. Remember to raise your voice slightly and follow the voice inflections."

Randal gave a touch more emphasis to the words the girl spoke, his face red from embarrassment at the phrases and how he was expected to speak them. By the end of the evening, he was copying the little girl's voice almost perfectly. By the end of the week, he meekly sat, walked, wrote, curtsied, spoke, and looked like the simpering girl his training was ingraining into his behavior.

Chapter-5, Visit 1, Exposed in Skirts

At the beginning of week five as Ms. Paula trimmed his bangs, Randal noticed that his fast growing hair was down on his neck. He was just getting used to the pressure of his

crushing stays when Miss Grace laced his corset an inch tighter. His blouse was sheerer than usual, as he could see the outline of his nylon camisole. It had lace around the collar and ruffles down the front. With it, he wore a pink and white plaid kilt with tiny pleats, matching vest, hair bow, lacy nylon blouse, and two-inch heels.

"All set, Rachel Marie?" Miss Grace asked as she grasped his hand like one would a child. Randal was on pins and needles as he was led to Mrs. Gunderson's office to meet Claire Maddox. Would she ridicule him when she saw him in his pretty pink outfit? Still, this didn't dampen his desire for a private conversation with her.

"Well, Rachel Marie, what would your friends say if they saw you now?" Mrs. Gunderson smiled as she observed his polite curtsy. "With our ice treatments and confining garments, you can't release that pathetic little thing to cause trouble. Would your stepsister still be afraid of you like she was when you tried to rape her?" Ms. Gunderson asked. "You made great progress during your first month. Do you enjoy your training, your tight corset and clothes, and that your little buddy is tucked away where your hands can get to it only while you bathe?"

"Mrs. Gunderson, ma'am, I want to leave as soon as possible," Randal replied.

"The decision is yours. You must be on your best behavior and execute all your training perfectly. Any deviation from your lessons will be punished severely and your time here will be extended. Do you want that?"

"No, ma'am."

"Good, stand here while we take a few pictures to show your progress," Mrs. Gunderson instructed waving to a corner of her large office. Randal blushed as he assumed several embarrassing poses, including one where he executed a deep curtsy. He was fearful of what Claire Maddox would say when she saw him in his sissy attire with his now ingrained prissy behavior."

"Is that you, Randal?" Claire gasped when she entered Mrs. Gunderson's office and saw the feminized man she remembered as being so macho.

Mrs. Gunderson, quickly corrected Mrs. Maddox by saying, "Please refer to him as Rachel Marie or you might break his training regimen."

Miss Grace scolded, "Rachel Marie, what do we do when we meet guests?"

Randal's face was as red as a fire truck as he grasped the hem of his skirt, dipped into his practiced curtsey, and said, "Good morning, Mother."

"Please be seated, Mrs. Maddox," Mrs. Gunderson stated motioning to a chair in front of her desk. As Miss Grace sat in another chair, she indicated a wooden chair and said, "Rachel Marie, please sit here."

Randal slowly walked to the appointed chair, his face red with shame as Claire Maddox gawked at his elbows held close to his body, wrists turned out slightly, and lower arms swinging freely. He swore the weights in his padded panty gained an extra ten pounds as his rear end shifted from side to side with each sissy step. He carefully sat, pulled his feet back under his chair, and interlocked his ankles. He folded his hands, placed them in his lap, and lowered his eyes to not make eye contact.

"Rachel Marie has made a lot of progress in his training, but he was rebellious at times and had to be punished," Mrs. Gunderson stated. "However, another five months of intensive training will crush his rebelliousness. I assure you that he will be a dainty and well-behaved girl when he leaves."

"I'm sure you are right, Mrs. Gunderson," Mrs. Maddox smiled. "He's already totally cute in his precious pink and white skirt outfit."

"It's not a skirt, it's a kilt!" Randal countered in an effort to salve his rapidly diminishing masculine ego.

"A kilt?" Mrs. Maddox mused. "That's interesting because the kilts I've seen fasten in front and sport a Sporrán that fastens at the back. I've wondered what Scots wear beneath their manly kilts. Please raise the hem and show me."

Shame and despair flowed over Randal at lifting his skirt before his future mother-in-law. Seeing his hesitation, Mrs. Gunderson snapped, "Obey your stepmother this instant, Rachel Marie! She has every right to know what you wear under your girlish skirts." His face burned bright as he hesitantly lifted his skirt to reveal a pink nylon slip with a band of lace at the hem. "Higher!" Mrs. Gunderson insisted.

Swallowing the last remnants of his masculine pride, Randal raised his skirt and slip to reveal pink nylon panties with lace at the waist and leg openings. Realizing the full extent of his forced feminization, Claire smiled at Randal's silky feminine undies. "No self-respecting Scot would be caught dead wearing a pink plaid kilt, not to mention lacy nylon underwear," she declared. "You *are* wearing a girl's skirt and undies, admit it!"

With a bright blush, Randal hesitantly admitted, "Yes, Mother. I'm wearing a girl's skirt, slip, and panties."

After that, Mrs. Gunderson gave a brief overview of Randal's training to date, including the corsets, clothes, and their crushing effect on his male physique. She asked if Claire noticed how flat the front of his skirt fit as she explained how his male parts were constrained in a special garment behind his silky panties. She explained his lessons in sitting, walking, styling his hair, and curtsying. He wanted to run when she added that he was developing new penmanship and revised speech patterns.

"His hair is so long, yet it doesn't look like a wig."

"Rachel Marie washes his hair every day with a special shampoo and takes a series of special pills to promote rapid hair growth. That is his real hair."

"He used to take pride on how much he developed his arms and upper chest by weight lifting, but he seems to have lost a lot of weight."

"Yes, Rachel Marie has lost a fair amount of weight. He is on a very strict and closely monitored diet. He gets a special exercise routine designed to loosen his body. We never allow our students to build muscles, just muscle memory of how to walk and such. Our exercises are designed to promote weakness and helplessness. When he leaves here, he will be so helpless and docile that he will never be able to force himself on a girl again!"

"How much smaller is his waist?"

"Rachel Marie's natural waist was twenty-nine inches, but Miss Grace reports that she can easily lace his corsets down to twenty-six inches. For special occasions like this, twenty-four inches is achieved with extra effort!"

"May I speak freely with Rachel Marie?" Claire asked.

"Absolutely, we never isolate a child from his mother."

With a smirk on her face, Claire turned toward Randal and asked, "Rachel Marie, how do you like your outfit? You look so sweet in it."

Randal searched with pleading eyes for Miss Grace who moved her hand to the paddle. With a sigh, Randal slowly spoke, "Mother, my outfit is *charming*, don't you agree?" Randal gushed, knowing that he would be severely spanked if he didn't answer as expected.

"Yes, Rachel Marie, dear, it is," Claire Maddox said. "Do you like the feel of silk and nylon against your skin?"

Randal lowered his eyes and a fresh blush appeared. "The touch of silk and nylon is a new and different sensation," Randal sighed just above a whisper. Struggling to form his words and knowing Miss Grace was following his every syllable, he added, "But it feels *delightful*!"

As Randal blushed in shame, Mrs. Gunderson said, "I understand that you want to have a private talk with Rachel Marie. Tell my secretary when you are finished."

"Mrs. Gunderson says you spend all day playing with your hair or practicing walking and speaking like a girl," Claire stated when the two were alone. "What gives?"

"They make me wear these sissy clothes and do all those prissy things!" he snarled. "In fact, they keep me so busy learning to be a girl, I haven't had time to investigate them. Craig can't prosecute if I don't get the goods on them."

"I'll convey your concerns to Craig," Claire agreed. "Oh, Susan has asked me about your whereabouts."

"Don't tell her where I am or what these people are doing to me. Please!"

When Claire told Mrs. Gunderson that she was finished, Miss Grace returned to escort him back to his room. As she led him away, she scolded, "Rachel Marie, aren't you forgetting something? Remember your training when entering and exiting a room?"

With a red face, Randal turned towards Claire, dipped a polite curtsy, and meekly stated, "Thank you for visiting me today, Mother. It was most enjoyable!"

Randal was given the remainder of the day to relax his shattered nerves. As he primly sat on his couch in the expected manner, he reflected on the days' events and hoped against hope that Claire wouldn't show those embarrassing pictures of him to Susan.

"Well, Mr. Future District Attorney," Claire smiled as she reported to Craig. "Everything with your brother is going according to plan. Look at these photos and see for yourself how feminine he appears after only one month. I told you these people are good. Remember that they have been bringing boisterous males under control for years, and believe me, you haven't seen anything yet!"

Chapter-6, Phase 2, A Hair Raising Month

"Good morning, my cute little Rachel Marie," Ms. Paula greeted when Randal entered the salon the next morning. "We didn't trim your bangs much yesterday to keep them slightly longer to match your lengthening hair. Remove your dress and slip into this smock, sweetie."

Randal leaned back as Ms. Paula combed a sweet smelling solution through his hair. She pulled over a little cart with rows and rows of hair curlers neatly arranged by size. "Don't be alarmed, Rachel Marie, you will look just darling with a tight curly perm. It will give your hair body. I'll teach you how to take care of your new feminine style."

Ms. Paula wrapped his damp hair onto extremely large rollers, pinning each in place. Having to learn to roll his hair sent a shiver down his spine and a stirring in his panties. He blushed at being turned on at having his hair in rollers.

After Ms. Paula finished rolling his hair, she carefully lowered a hooded hair dryer over his head. Randal was alarmed that he was unable to move his head from side to side in the dryer. Ms. Paula filed his ever-lengthening nails into ovals and buffed them to a sparkling shine. A bell sounded, and Ms. Paula announced him dry. He stared in fascination as she removed each curler and his hair sprang against his head, almost holding the same shape as the curlers. When his hair was combed out, it almost fell in ringlets about his head. She fluffed his longer bangs and curled them slightly to the side. "Well, Rachel Marie, honey, do you like your new style?"

Randal was dumbfounded that he had allowed her to give him a girl's hairstyle without putting up a fight! As he stared at his image, Miss Grace startled him when she said, "Rachel Marie! Ms. Paula asked you a question."

In a confused voice that spoke before he could think, he said, "It's absolutely adorable." Realizing what he had said, he stammered, "It's OK, I guess."

The winks and smiles between Ms. Paula and Ms. Grace didn't escape him as he thought, 'Oh crap, they think I like this sissy stuff. I just responded like those sissy phrases they make me learn!'

Back in his room, Miss Grace said, "You look very nice with your new hairstyle, but we must correct your demeanor. You sit too loosely with your knees apart, and you spread your legs when you bend to retrieve items from the floor. You will learn to do everything with your knees firmly together as a natural act. Now get into your exercise leotard."

After donning his leotard and tights, she handed him a pale blue mid-thigh length pleated skirt and instructed him put it on. "I love your new look, Rachel Marie!" she gushed. "You really are cute in that outfit with your curly new hairstyle. When you execute your routines, you must be very careful, as this outfit requires you to keep your knees together and your head erect. Otherwise, your hair will fall into your face and your panties will be on display." She then began his rigorous exercise routine.

Later, back in his room, she laid out a pair of lavender nylon panties, a matching slip, a purple silk dress, beige nylons, and two-inch heels. "See how your new heels exaggerate your hip sway as you walk?" she asked as he walked the string stretched along the floor. "Your wiggle is almost natural now!" Randal didn't need Miss Grace to tell him that. Walking to and from exercise class, he felt the sway of the little bags in his padded girdle.

"We must make another change to the way you carry yourself. You will allow your hands to be more expressive. Walk towards me holding your hands above your waist as you walk. Keep your elbows close to your waist, turn your palms down, and loosen your wrists. Let your hands bounce slightly as you walk."

If Randal thought he moved like a little sissy before, this was over the top! The pressure of wearing dresses and these new actions made him lash out, "No! I won't do this! I look

and act enough like a sissy already. I'm not going to flounce and bounce around with my arms and hands waving like a wounded bird! I've had enough of this sissy crap to last a lifetime!"

Miss Grace was expecting this outburst. Rebellion was part of the training and humiliation process. "Rachel Marie, you will be severely punished for this outburst!"

Randal's diet reduced his muscle mass, hence Miss Grace was now the stronger of the two. She easily dragged him to the lacing bar, forced his hands into the loops, and raised it. She removed his skirt and applied several deft strokes of her paddle to his exposed panties. When she finally stopped, he was sobbing and pleading for mercy. He was so relieved when she stopped that he didn't complain when she tightened his corset another full inch. She dressed him as before except she added a stiff neck collar. Finally, lowered to the floor, his rebellion was totally crushed.

He looked on in silent confusion as Miss Grace fitted tight stiff gloves that slightly spread his fingers to his hands. The purpose of the odd looking metal hoops sewn into the tops of each glove became apparent when she hooked a large rubber band from each hoop to his neck collar. He tried lowering his hands below his waist, but the rubber bands quickly snapped them back.

Miss Grace finally spoke, "Rachel Marie, I am shocked by your outburst! I thought you were resigned to your fate as directed by your stepmother. Your outburst will be reported to Mrs. Gunderson!"

He replied in a subdued, "I promise not to misbehave again. Please don't report me to Mrs. Gunderson."

"I have no choice. I can either help you or force you to reach the desired results. You notice that when you are out of your corset, your waist holds its narrower shape on its own? You feel the neck corset stretching your neck? Because of your outburst, you will wear it all the time. In the end, you will love having a slim swan like neck to match the rest of you!"



"You must learn to daintily hold your hands away from your body with limp wrists, place one foot directly in front of the other, and naturally sway your lovely hips when walking," Ms Grace instructed.

Tears ran down Randal's cheeks as he started again with his new walking exercises under Miss Grace's watchful eyes. With his stiff neck corset, he could barely see his wrists bouncing on the end of the rubber tethers. When he requested to use the bathroom, his wrists weren't freed so he had a difficult time lifting his skirt and lowering his panties.

That afternoon, Randal sat at his vanity, his rear still smarting from the morning spanking when Miss Grace announced, "Rachel Marie, we continue your revised speech lessons with the use of your hands while speaking. Have you noticed how expressive prissy girls are with their hands while talking?"

"Uh, yes..." Randal stammered, not understanding where she was leading him.

"They move their hands about, clasp them together, and point and wave their fingers about. You'll soon be speaking the same way," she clucked as she turned on the CD player. "Let's start."

Randal again heard the little girl's voice on the CD. "Isn't my new sissy outfit with its skirt just too sweet?"

Not sure what to do, he waved his hands around and said, "Isn't my new sissy outfit with its kilt just too sweet?"

Miss Grace hit the stop button and said, "Rachel Marie, keep you elbows close to your body just like you do when walking, but roll your wrists. Your hands don't have to stay below your wrists. Let your mind drift and use your hands to accent your words. You can even use one of your hands to flip the ends of your hair or hook your hair over your ear. As you let things flow, you will learn to speak in a singsong pattern. Pretend you are using your hands and wrists to direct an orchestra that matches your musical speech pattern. I know it's confusing at first, but everything will come together and soon be a natural part of your speech."

Again, Miss Grace pushed the play button and the little girl's voice said, "I just love my new curly hairstyle. It makes me feel so feminine!"

Randal lidded his eyes slightly and repeated, "I just love my new curly hairstyle. It makes me feel so feminine!"

"Better, Rachel Marie. Use your hands to spice up your words," Miss Grace purred as the voice from the speakers said, "Mommy, will you tighten my corset, please? The tighter it is, the more delicate I feel!"

Randal repeated the words, placing his left hand on his tight waist and flipping his right hand out. "Great, Rachel Marie! You'll get the hang of this yet," Miss Grace praised.

As the CD droned on the rest of the afternoon, Randal tried to forget his shame. He wanted to rebel, but after his earlier spanking, what choice did he have other than to repeat the embarrassing phrases?

"Oh pooh, my favorite student, the darling little Rachel Marie has been a bad girl, I see," Ms. Paula commented when she surprised Randal upon entering his room. She placed two large bags on Randal's vanity saying, "Not to worry, sweetie. I have permission to remove those tethers and gloves."

As she unpacked bottles, jars, spray cans, several sets of different size hair rollers, several brushes, and a couple of combs, Ms. Paula continued, "Rachel Marie, I bet before you came here you were attracted to girls with perfectly coiffure hair instead of those who brushed their hair wildly and dash out the door, right?"

"I never really thought about it, but I guess so," Randal replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Simple, Rachel Marie. I saw the look on your face at your reflection in curlers, and how mesmerized you were when your style was finished. You know what you have?"

"No! What?"

"A curler fetish!"

"A curler fetish? That's absolutely ridiculous!"

"I think you were turned on by your image in the mirror, but don't worry, it's nothing to cause shame. I have a fetish to teach males to place perfect rows of curlers in their hair and create feminine styles. Now, sit at your vanity and face the mirror."

Randal was glad to be rid of the gloves and rubber bands though he still wore the neck corset. His face red, he gasped, "You aren't going to give me a girl's hairstyle are you?"

"No, I'm going to teach to take care of your new feminine style and your quickly growing and thickening mane of luscious hair. Before you get yourself all up in a tizzy, just think of what you will be able to share with a future mate. You will find that an important part of a sensual relationship. You will start by giving your tresses one hundred strokes before we put it up. Brush it slowly and carefully until it shines and is soft to the touch." He sat spellbound as he ran the brush through his thickening hair. In a carnal way, he was disappointed that his hair probably never would be curlier than it was earlier.

Ms. Paula instructed Randal to wet his hair and comb it through his locks. She had him repeat the process using a setting lotion. Using a comb, she separated a section of hair and rolled it around a large curler. To his amazement, she handed him the comb saying, "Your turn!"

Randal struggled while Ms. Paula gave tips and encouragement while he tried to get the first curler in place, but he couldn't get it nearly as neat and straight as the one she had done. She handed him a second roller. With arms aching from holding them over his head, he collapsed in frustration when he realized that he couldn't perform this simple task no matter how hard he tried.

"Not bad for a first try, Rachel Marie," Ms. Paula praised. "Remember that I have been doing this a long time. You will learn to get it right. Sit back and watch me in the mirror," Ms. Paula continued as she removed the rollers Randal had tried to place at the center of his head. With highly skilled hands, she quickly covered his head in large rollers. "There!"

she exclaimed while fastening a hair net over his curler filled head. "I'll be by first thing in the morning to help you remove the curlers and show you how to brush out your hair."

"Wait, Ms. Paula!" he called out with alarm. "Aren't you going to take the curlers out of my hair before you leave?"

"Rachel Marie, your hair must stay in curlers until it dries."

"But! But! Can we dry my hair now and comb it out tonight?"

"My sweet and naive Rachel Marie! Do you see a hairdryer in your room? We must let your darling curls air-dry. Besides, if we style your hair tonight, you will ruin it in your sleep. I'll return in the morning to help you remove them."

"What about that stuff? Why are you leaving it here?"

"The *stuff* is yours. You will use it on your hair every day and take it with you when you leave," she exited and locked the door behind her.

"They expect me to sleep in these damn curlers!" Randal seethed as he wiggled to the mirror to look at his head. He again felt stirrings in the confines of his restraint garment as he saw his image in his lace blouse, plaid kilt, knee socks, and two-inch heels. "I look like a young girl," he groaned as he lightly touched his curlers."

Miss Grace quietly entered his room, and he almost jumped out of his skin when she scolded, "Rachel Marie, don't mess with your rollers! You might ruin Ms. Paula's work. Sit down. We have more to do this evening."

Randal sat down, but not before being scolded again, "Your hands and arms, Rachel Marie! I must remind Ms. Paula to put you back in your tethers and special gloves when she leaves until you can remember how you are expected to walk." The gloves and rubber bands again secured, she picked up a book lying on the coffee table, and said "Girls must learn hobbies to pass the time. Read this book, 'Needlepoint For Beginners'. I will return with your first project."

Randal had dismissed those books, but now he was expected learn the girlish task of needlepoint! He was more astonished when she returned with a large basket and a piece of cloth stretched tightly on a wooden frame. He saw a pattern around the edges, but the large letters traced at the center, *'Mommy, Thank You For Making Me A Sissy Girl. Love, Rachel Marie'* froze him.

Before he could ask, Miss Grace broke out a needle and thread commenting, "You will finish this project by the end of the month and present it as a gift to your stepmother during her next visit. If you finish on time, Mrs. Gunderson said your stay at our unique academy might be shortened."

Miss Grace removed his tethers, helped him disrobe, and carefully draped his silky babydoll nightie over his curler filled head. She suggested that he start reading the book and working on his project. She would answer any questions in the morning and provide tips on his new sissy hobby. How ridiculous he must look as he sat on the couch reading the needlepoint book. He was wearing a girl's nightie, giant curlers and a net in his hair while sitting primly as he tried to learn a new girlish activity!

Randal tossed and turned that night, trying to get comfortable. Sleeping in curlers and the neck corset wasn't easy. He understood now why modern girls use blow-dried styles that didn't require sleeping in curlers.

Ms. Paula arrived bright and early the next morning to help a very tired Randal with his hair. When she finished, his style was much the same as the day before. Again with the gloves and tethers, he continued his training on how to use his hands. His exercise program was changed to three days a week to allow time to work on his needlepoint project so he could finish it by the next visit.

By mid-week, Randal's bangs were into his eyes. He had to brush them out of his eyes or blow them away so he could concentrate on his needlepoint project.



Learning to embroider was one of the many feminine tasks he was expected to master. Randal became more and more confused as feminine thoughts and mannerisms were forcing him to forget the masculine traits of a lifetime.

After complaining about this problem, a curling iron was added to his assortment of hair care items. Ms. Paula showed him how to curl his bangs to keep them out of his eyes just like a girl would do!

No matter how hard he pleaded, the tethers were never removed except for bathing, when he changed clothes, for hair care lessons, and while sleeping. Mrs. Adams, the academy nurse, loved to chastise him about his new sissy gait. He was determined to finish his needlepoint on time. He didn't complain, no matter how many times he stuck his fingers with the needle. By the end of the week, he could roll his lengthening hair almost as well as Ms. Paula, and he was growing accustomed to the gloves and tethers. He still hated them, but he was getting used to them.

Chapter-7, Visit 2, A Change Of Plans

With his hair still in curlers, Miss Grace instructed Randal to put on a pair of silky nylon panties dripping with lace and a matching slip as she helped him get ready for his second visit with Mrs. Maddox. She had him step into three crinoline petticoats with billowing skirts. When she draped his dress, a white 'Alice in Wonderland' style embossed with pink, yellow, and red flowers over his head, it fit perfectly over his petticoats. With an effort at bending in his tight corset, he put on white turn down socks and his normal strap shoes with two-inch heels.

"Doesn't our girl look pretty this morning?" gushed Ms. Paula, who entered to brush out his hair. "I see you polished your nails last night like I instructed. We'll select a matching lipstick after I finish styling your hair."

"Please, Ms. Paula, I don't want to meet Claire, uh ... Mother looking like this! Even though I won't be wearing my tethers, I can't help walking with my limp wrists flopping about like a total sissy!"

"Don't worry, precious. I'm sure your stepmother will simply adore you in your pretty dress."

"Enough complaints!" Miss Grace scolded. "Hurry and get ready or I'll warm your pretty panties with the strap!"

Randal entered Miss Gunderson's office with his unfettered hands and wrists flopping about in front of him in a sissy manner, and his wide skirt swirling about his smooth thighs. Dropping a polite curtsy, he lidded his eyes and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Gunderson."

Good morning, Rachel Marie," she greeted. "My don't you look pretty. Is that a new dress?"

Blushing brightly while dipping another curtsy, he sighed just above a whisper, "Thank you, and yes, this is the first time I've worn this dress."

"I see you have been naughty because you are wearing your neck corset. Let's take some photographs before we meet your stepmother."

"Please, Mrs. Gunderson, I don't want Mother to see me like this!" Randal pleaded, using his hands for emphasis without thinking. "She will tease and ridicule me for being such a sissy!"

"Nonsense, Rachel Marie! I'm sure she'll appreciate your progress at becoming the prissy girl she requested. Just wait and see."

"Good morning, Mother," Randal greeted Claire with a polite curtsy when she joined him and Mrs. Gunderson.

"Good morning, Rachel Marie," she smiled. "My, don't you look pretty in that juvenile dress with your lipstick, eyeliner, and nail polish!"

"Thank you, Mother," Randal blushed as he dipped another curtsy.

"Are you wearing pretty panties like you were during my last visit?"

"Yes, Mother," he blushed a deeper red. "I have to wear panties under my dresses and skirts at all times." Turning to another embarrassing topic he sighed, "Please permit me to

present you this example of my needlepoint. I worked very hard to have it ready for you today."

"Why, thank you, Rachel Marie!" Claire gushed as she read the words *'Mommy, Thank You For Making Me A Sissy Girl. Love, Rachel Marie'*. "I'll treasure it always!"

After giving Claire an overview of Randal's training, Mrs. Gunderson left the pair alone. "The city is spending a fortune on your tuition," Mrs. Maddox scolded when they were alone. "According to Mrs. Gunderson, you have totally forgotten why you are here! All you do is sit around, primp, roll your hair, and practice walking like a girl!"

"You're mistaken if you think I enjoy this!" Randal insisted, using his limp hands to make his point. "My beard and all my body hair have been permanently removed. I'm as skinny as a rail because they literally starve me to death, my waist has taken on a feminine shape because of these damnable corsets they force on me, and I've lost all the muscles I worked so hard to build! I'll be a ninety-eight pound weakling and none of my clothes will fit when I leave this place! What kind of job will I be able to get looking like this?"

"How do you expect to keep your muscles if all you do is sit around doing needlepoint and flitting about like a sissy?"

"I had to do that needlepoint project to keep from lengthening my stay in this place, and they ingrained the way I walk and talk into my mind. I'm severely spanked if I deviate even slightly from the way I'm taught. Look at my skin color. It's almost white from lack of sun exposure, and I don't know if I am the only person here or if there are a hundred other students. I can't carry out my assignment, so you must get me out of here now!"

"I can't do that," Claire replied. "Heads will roll if an audit shows that the city spent this much money on a crime and made no arrests. You'll have to stay here and find a way to get the evidence we need."

"I guess you're right," he sighed. "How is Susan?"

"She's coping."



Holding his frilly dress delicately between his thin fingers, Randal dipped into a deep curtsy. "Hello, Mother," he shyly greeted. "Please take me away from this horrid place."

"Now, Rachel Marie, you know this training is for your own good," Claire Maddox reprimanded.

"Could you get a message to her that I love her and that I will be home soon?"

"I'm not sure that's a good idea just now. You see, she's started dating a young attorney who came by the house with Chief Murphy."

"Oh no!" he sobbed as tears filled his eyes at the thought of Susan dating another man in his absence. "That's all the more reason for me to get out of here!"

"Then, get the evidence we need. I'll be back in a month, and I expect to see progress, and I mean something more than a needlepoint project!"

After Randal finished an early dinner, Miss Grace returned to help him disrobe. She instructed him not to bother rolling his hair. She produced a long pink nylon nightgown and helped him slip it on. She then propped his head up in his bed with some pillows, and handed him a book on hairstyles to read before he fell asleep. Randal didn't sleep very well that night as his legs kept getting tangled up in the skirt of his long silky gown.

Chapter 8: More Learning To Be A Girl

The next morning, Randal was lying on what appeared to be a women's examination table. His feet were up in stirrups, with his legs spread wide as Mrs. Adams tried to calm him, "Rachel Marie, it is very important that you not move. I want to place the cover perfectly straight over your privates. If I fail the first time, it's not a pleasant task to remove it and try again. I gave you a shot to deaden the area, but you may still feel some discomfort," she continued.

"Please don't do this awful thing to me, Mrs. Adams," Randal pleaded.

"Don't worry, Rachel Marie, we aren't cutting anything off, just covering it up," she explained. "Out of sight, out of mind, and all that, you know."

From Randal's prone position on the table, he couldn't see what Mrs. Adams was doing, but he felt tugging deep within his groin as she poked and prodded. Finally, she proclaimed, "All done! Lie still for a while to make sure everything adheres properly. Would you like to see your new sex?"

Her comment confused him. He was still a guy. They were just attaching a cover so he couldn't get at his maleness. What did that have to do with his sex? Still, he nodded in the affirmative. Mrs. Adams positioned a small hand mirror between his legs. Randal raised his head and peered into the mirror. He thought that they would affix a jock strap device over his maleness. He definitely did not see what he expected. Eyes wide as saucers, he gasped, "What have you done?"

"We made you look like a girl down there, Rachel Marie," Mrs. Adams smiled. "Trust me, short of surgery, you now have the best facsimile of female sex organs available. I'm surprised by your reaction. Carefully pat it dry with tissue after you go to the toilet. Failure to do so will cause it to emit a very unladylike foul odor."

"What did you do?" he gasped again.

"Your male equipment was pushed into your body. There was not room to create depth, so penetration is out. I believe every guy who forces himself on a vulnerable girl should face the same experience, but that isn't possible for you. I inserted a catheter that redirects your urine. For the next few days, go immediately if you feel the slightest urge. After your muscles will be retrained, and everything should return to normal!"

Randal looked up at the ceiling thinking, 'Normal? How can she call what she did *normal*?' Even so, he could not dispute that he now looked like a girl between his legs. They had fitted him with a vagina, a hairy little bush with a set of vertical lips no different looking than Susan's!

"Lie there for a few minutes while the adhesive cures," Mrs. Adams continued. "I need to use the rest room. I literally wet my panties every time I do this procedure. The look on my patient's face when they see their new equipment for the first time is priceless," Mrs. Adams gaily laughed.

The dull throbbing in Randal's groin was replaced half an hour later by wracking pain through his waist when Miss Grace placed her knee on the center of his back for leverage as she tugged on the laces of his new pink corset. "Please stop, Miss Grace. This time you really are cutting me two," Randal pleaded as he let out a low groan.

"I must get you to twenty inches by the end of the month. The tightest I have ever laced you is twenty-three inches," she grunted giving one last tug. "There! That will get you to twenty-two inches, but there'll be hell to pay to get you semi comfortable at twenty inches in just four weeks."

Randal stood in the center of his room with his sides burning and barely able to breathe, and almost panicked when Miss Grace approached with a bra. Following her instructions, he extended his arms forward so she could thread the straps over his arms. After fastening it behind him, she filled the cups with small gel sacs. Randal looked at the girlish protrusions on his chest, and asked, "Miss Grace, how big are they?"

"An A+. What is it with you first time girls? Do you want to be stacked like some centerfold? Give it time!"

"I don't want to be big, Miss Grace!" he exclaimed. "I was just curious. They look huge, and I won't wear girl's clothes ever again when my time here is over."

Facing Randal with a studious expression, Miss Grace observed, "Rachel Marie, I have seen how you react to the feel of silky fabrics caressing your body. I have watched you mesmerized at having your hair in curlers. I'll bet you won't be able to give up your frillies and will choose a life of silk, satin, lace, and nylon when you leave."

"You're on," he snapped back. He couldn't wait to get back into pants and unlearn all his feminine training when this assignment was over. He paused for a second, felt the snugness of the bra about his chest, and wondered how a pair of pants and a cotton shirt would feel.

Dressed in just his panties, bra, corset, a silky translucent silk robe, and slippers, Randal was greeted at the salon by the very effervescent Ms. Paula, who gushed, "It's my favorite student, Rachel Marie! Hop in the chair, and let's get started."

Randal did as directed and soon was getting a luxurious shampoo. After Ms. Paula rubbed a towel through his hair, she worked a foul smelling paste into it. As the dryer baked his head, she separated his toes with cotton and gave him a pedicure. He tried to wiggle his toes as he gazed at his light pink toenails. He wasn't surprised when his lengthening fingernails were given the same light pink color. His nails now made his fingers look longer and slenderer.

He tensed when Ms. Paula approached with a mechanical devise resembling a gun. Until now, everything they had done to him could be unlearned, unglued, weight gained, or weight trained out of his body, but now he was to be branded as a girl. Ms. Paula positioned the device to his ear and he received not only the expected once per ear, but twice. He had two holes in each ear to grow closed when he left!

After being half toasted by the hairdryer, Ms. Paula announced, "Let's work on that cute face while your luscious curls cool. The first part will be a bit painful, but we girls must make sacrifices for our beauty." Randal didn't know which was more painful, the plucking of his brows or her referring to his face as *cute*. It was the same male face he had a couple of months ago, and he always thought of it as handsome, not cute!

Taking tubes and brushes, Ms. Paula explained, "Sixteen-year old girls don't wear a lot of makeup, just a touch of mascara, eyeliner, a slight application of blush, and a moderate amount of lipstick." For the first time, Randal saw an advantage to having his age reduced to sixteen. Still, the taste of lipstick and how slick his lips felt as he rubbed them together felt weird.

A chill enveloped Randal's body as Ms. Paula combed and brushed his hair. He wasn't getting the same childish hairstyle he had been wearing. Seeming to take forever, she

fussed with her comb, more hair spray, and lots of bobby pins, before announcing, "Done! Let's get my little princess dressed so she can see how yummy she has become!"

Miss Grace fed silky taupe nylons up his legs, and helped him slip on white three-inch open toe sandals. When he rose, his pink toenails were in full view, and he could easily navigate on his new heels. Standing as Miss Grace directed, he lifted his arms as she guided a white slip with a lace tiered hem over his shoulders to settle at mid-thigh, far shorter than his usual skirts. He stepped into his dress and shivered as its luxurious silk lining gently caressed his nylon-covered body.

Miss Grace whispered in his ear, "My favorite part is when I slowly pull the zipper up to incase a male in his first dress appropriate for his age. Mrs. Gunderson has a motto for our total male punishment. 'Once In, Never Out!'"

"What does that mean?"

"Once we put a student in a dress appropriate for his age, he will seldom be out of them. Desires acquired here will force him to wear dresses all his life. You would be amazed at how many boys leave here as real girls. It's called an off campus field trip when they leave to be permanently altered!"

"Forced or at their request?" Randal nervously asked.

"Both," Miss Grace replied. "Most leave for a month for minor facial changes to make them look more feminine prior to the main event. With your natural cuteness, you have no need to worry about that!"

Randal blushed. People were always calling his face cute and darling. They would say that he should have been a girl! As Miss Grace fixed a clasp at the top of his dress, Randal thought, 'It's sick to alter a normal guy's face to look more feminine and surgically change him into a girl against his wishes! These people must be stopped, and I'm the perfect person in the perfect place for the task.'

Miss Grace interrupted his thoughts, "Almost ready, dear, just a few last minute details." She inserted gold keepers into his ears and fastened a gold bracelet with dangling charms on

his right wrist. He was overjoyed when she fastened a girl's watch on his left wrist. She liberally sprayed him with a feminine perfume, and then holding his left arm, she led him to a full-length mirror.

"Oh my!" he gasped. Thankfully, Miss Grace held his arm because his nylon-encased legs almost buckled at his image that was a girl wearing a mid-thigh length green dress, nylons, and high-heels! The dress carefully adhered to her shapely hips and narrow waist up to a white mock bib that featured a row of ruffles around the edge and a series of fake pink buttons down the center. Two pert breasts held it from her body, making her look like an ideal teenage beauty.

More shocking was the image above the rounded collar. Two gold balls in each of her pierced ears accented a cherub looking face. Her quivering red lips couldn't decide whether to smile or cry. High arched brows made her eyes appear round and expansive. Dark lashes fluttered just below full bangs, and a hint of blush accented her full cheeks. The crowning glory was her auburn tresses pulled into a bun at the crown of her head and topped by a wide white lace ribbon.

The girl's slender hands were tipped with bright red nails as she reached up and touched her soft styled hair. Frustration covered her face, and she emitted a sigh as strong sexual feelings surged through her body. The sigh of nylon covered thighs rubbing together as if searching for sexual release added to her confusion. Realizing there would be no relief, she again sighed, "Oh my!"

The spell was broken when Miss Grace said, "For a moment, I thought Rachel Marie was about to experience her first female orgasm. I love to watch a new girl's reaction when she sees her new image for the first time. I especially like her frustration when she realizes that she can no longer stroke her little member to climax. It is especially gratifying to watch those boys who tried to take advantage of girls realize that sexual release is impossible. . They are right on the edge, but they can't attain satisfaction."

Randal finally came out of his sexually aroused state, and suddenly realized, "You dyed my hair red!"

"The color is so you, Rachel Marie. Sweet and innocent looking as you were meant to be," Ms. Paula waved a bottle before him. "However, your brown roots will start to show in a few days because of your rapid hair growth."

"Rachel Marie, we have a special gift all new girls get from Mrs. Gunderson," Miss Grace beamed as she carefully fastened a small gold locket about his neck and closed the clasp in back. "Open your new locket."

Randal was afraid to push the catch to open it and reveal what was inside. He felt sickly as he opened the catch and saw his high school graduation picture from two years earlier. What a contrast between that photo and the image in the mirror! He was strong and handsome back then, but now he appeared to be a slender, dainty, fragile, honest to God sixteen-year old girl. He asked for a drink of water, but he again felt repulsed after taking a few sips and seeing red stains from his lipstick on the cup.

Much to his relief, Miss Grace stated, "I must return Rachel Marie to her room and let her rest." Before he could move, she handed him a white purse with a long shoulder strap. "This is now yours, Missy. You must carry it wherever you go, as it is part of your training!"

Randal slowly followed Grace back to his room with his new purse slung over his shoulder and resting on his right hip. She gushed about how pretty he was as a teenage girl. He merely gritted his teeth. He wanted to scream 'Have your fun humiliating me in dresses, but we'll see who gets the ultimate humiliation when you are behind bars!'

Randal never got the much-needed rest to settle his frayed nerves. He wrestled with thoughts bubbling to the surface that suggested that he should have been a girl, and he was much too cute to be a boy or a man. His many trips to the full-length mirror reinforced these thoughts. He was amazed at how much like a real girl he now appeared.



"How could I have allowed them to make me into such a girly girl?" Randal cried as he compared his reflection with how he looked only a year earlier. "I simply must find a way to return to looking like a man or Susan will never marry me."

His new red hair captivated him. It was so different from his normal mousy brown color. He wanted to touch the lacquered bun at the top of his head. His hair rising from the nape of his neck held a special fascination. It was so different from his old male hairstyle.

Randal even threw his new purse over his shoulder, placed one hand on his hip, and vamped a few times before the mirror. He carried on a conversation with the mirror, saying things like, "Hello, my name is Rachel Marie. I am new in town. Could you recommend a great hair salon?" He was disappointed at how his male voice spoiled his image. What bothered him more was that he really was a twenty-year old guy, yet his reflection was that of a near perfect sixteen-year old girl.

Several times, he cursed that his maleness was locked behind the fake female form between his legs. He wished he could sneak into the bathroom and masturbate. He was frustrated that his image as a girl turned him on! He sighed at the locket photo of how he looked before arriving at this sissy academy. He went back to the mirror for another look, then away, then back. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get enough of that image.

Just as Mrs. Adams warned, he twice ran to the bathroom barely in time to do his duty. It was so weird to blot his now feminine vulva dry. He marveled at how it blended in with his skin color and was undetectable except for its rubbery feel. How he wished he could pull it back and grab his manhood for much needed sexual relief.

Early that evening, Ms. Paula paid Randal a visit. "Rachel Marie, are you rested? We have so much to do tonight. You must wash your hair every night to remove the hairspray. We can experiment with many different hairstyles now that you are a sweet innocent girl. I must teach you how to remove your makeup and apply beauty creams to your face and hands to maintain a smooth peaches and cream complexion. Let's get you into your nightie so we can get started."

Randal, still in a daze from the day's events, was soon in his nightgown and robe shampooing and conditioning his long auburn locks in the bathroom sink. The lessons began as he stood in front of the sink with a towel wrapped around his wet hair. She showed him how to use one cream to remove makeup and another to moisturize his skin. She instructed him to roll his hair on rollers much smaller than the huge ones he was used to. What type of hairstyle would these new rollers create in the morning?

Ms. Paula instructed Randal to remove his earrings, rinse them in alcohol, and reinsert them, so that his ears healed correctly with no infection. She helped him load his empty purse with tissues, lipstick, blush for his cheeks, a comb, a hairbrush, and a small compact with a mirror so he could check his makeup at any time.

Randal remembered how Susan constantly reached for her compact to check her face and hair. He cringed at having to do likewise. A chill swept up his spine that they would probably expect him to check his lipstick and make sure it always was perfect! Ms. Paula, instructed him to massage in a sweet smelling hand cream.

He felt like a greased pig when she finally tucked him into bed. She gave him a kiss good night and wished him sweet dreams. As Randal drifted off, he thought that sleeping in small rollers might be easy, until he rolled over onto his breast forms!

The next morning, Miss Grace tugged all slack from a white corset. "Please, not that infernal neck corset again!" he pleaded as the white garment was placed about his neck.

"This is a refresher course to make sure you hold your head proudly erect. The tethers will assure that you keep your hands high when you walk. I'll give you a crash course in handling skirts, how to walk, sit, and stand," Miss Grace stated as she approached Randal with a full stiff taffeta petticoat. "Later, I'll teach you to handle long skirts when stepping up or down, including navigating everything from a simple street curb to a full flight of stairs. You'll probably

think the clothes are old fashioned, but nothing like a billowing dress supported by crisp petticoats to teach a boy how to sit correctly in a dress."

Randal was spellbound as he stepped into the billowing garment and she adjusted it at his waist. The hem fell to his knees and made a crackling noise with his every movement. A charming white dress followed the petticoat. Catching his image in the mirror, he was happy that its high lace trimmed collar almost hid his stiff neck corset. The skirt had multiple rows of lace circling its hem, with dozens of pale pink bows strategically placed in the lace. With his head proudly erect, he could barely glance down and see that in this billowing skirt, supported by the petticoat, he could not see his feet. Miss Grace placed white three-inch pumps on the floor, held his arm, and directed him to step into them. He was amazed at how easily he guided his feet into the shoes while blinded by the full skirt.

When Ms. Paula entered the room, she gushed, "Good morning, my little angel. Oh my, all in virgin white this morning. You look like a perfect little angel in that flattering dress. Shall we fix your hair and makeup, honey?"

Miss Grace instructed Randal how to smooth his dress with his hands before he sat at his vanity. He was frustrated as the dress seemed to take on a life of its own. No matter how he tried, he couldn't get the petticoats to stay down as they rustled musically around him.

"Well, sweetie, today we'll do something different with your hair," Ms Paula smiled. "You'll have a new style every day this week. We'll repeat them next week with you doing the styling. I have to give you a crash course for both your hair and makeup because we don't want you looking like a clown when you join the others. Pay close attention."

Again, Randal felt a surge of excitement as Ms. Paula worked on his hair. With each step, she gave a detailed verbal description of what she was doing. "Today, my sweet, I will show you back combing," Ms. Paula grabbed a comb.

Randal studied each move Ms. Paula made with the comb and brushes, knowing that in a week he would have to repeat the process. He was amazed at how quickly she brushed his hair into a style popular in the sixties. His reddish locks were ratted behind his bangs and poofed out from the sides. The ends were curled into a classic flip that touched his shoulders.

"Now, dear," Ms. Paula handed him a can of hairspray. "Hold your left hand at eye level to protect your eyes as you spray your hair. Move the can quickly. Change hands and do the other side. One last touch and we'll be done," she beamed as she clipped a small white bow in his hair.

"Isn't this style a bit dated?" Randal asked using a hand mirror to examine the back of his hair.

"Yes it is, honey, but I am teaching you back combing so you can style your hair in many different ways. I'll return to give you makeup lessons. We'll dispense with it until then."

Miss Grace completed Randal's outfit with delicate wrist length white gloves and white shoulder bag before directing him to his full-length mirror to take in the full effect of his dress and hairstyle.

As Randal peered into the mirror at his image, he swirled his hips from side to side to set the petticoats in motion. Despite himself, he gushed, "Oh, Miss Grace, this dress is just too sweet!" Realizing that he used girlish verbiage, he lowered his head in shame, whispering, "I'm sorry!"

Miss Grace, with a look of victory, asked, "Sorry for what, Rachel Marie? You look like a girl, and with your speech lessons, you speak almost like a girl."

Randal was so confused as tears started to build in the corners of his eyes. One minute, he was an undercover detective on a mission to destroy this place with his male pride and determination in control. Next, the feel of silk, satin, and lace seemed to overpower him. He felt as though Rachel Marie, the person they were training him to be, was taking over. Everything about her was becoming natural. He had to be careful. Before, he had worried that he would leave

looking and acting like a little sissy faggot, but now he feared he might leave looking and acting like the cute girl reflected from the mirror!

Miss Grace had him review his lessons. He used his white-gloved fingers to daintily grasp his crisp white dress and practice curtsies. He had thought the act was purely for humiliation, but he now knew it was completely feminine. Handling the full petticoats was a chore, and he struggled to smooth his dress under him as he sat. Once seated, folding his gloved hands demurely in his lap felt completely foreign. Walking practice was almost too much to endure, as with each step, his weighted hip pads shifted wildly and put his dress and petticoats in motion. The rustling of taffeta was distracting as he tried to organize his thoughts.

Seated at his vanity, gloves removed, he was alone with Ms. Paula as she started his makeup lessons. He repeatedly poked himself in the eye while trying to apply mascara to his lashes. Ms. Paula said, "Rachel Marie, I am sorry if I got carried away in my enthusiasm. Part is a front I'm required to carry out to keep my job, but most of it is you. Don't hate me if I get carried away with my comments about how sweet you look as a girl. You are different than the other students. Something is going on inside you."

Randal said, "You are different than the others too. They get their jollies from humiliating or punishing me. Why are you here? With your talents, you should be working in a beauty salon, probably a salon that caters to little girls."

"I was a salon beautician before I met Mrs. Gunderson twelve years ago when she was a client. Yes, my specialty was young girls, but why I'm here would bore you to death."

Randal sensed that she might give him added knowledge about Mrs. Gunderson said, "I need a friend. Miss Grace will never be anybody's friend. I'll continue to practice poking my eyes out while you bore me to death. Please?"

Over the next thirty minutes, Randal learned how Ms Paula's husband died and they never had kids. She missed him dearly and never remarried. With no life insurance and

low wages and meager tips as a beautician, she struggled to make ends meet. Mrs. Gunderson was impressed by how she charmed her young clients. She recruited Ms. Paula to work at this special school at a substantial wage increase. Ms. Paula admitted that she was secretly thrilled when she gave her first unruly boy his first girl's hairdo, then he blossomed into a young lady and began to act like the little girls who visited her at the salon. Some cried when she did their hair for the first time, but eventually, most of them learned to enjoy her talents.

She grew to hate the forced feminization of boys, but she couldn't find another job that paid half what she made here. She was a prisoner like the boys in dresses. Certain students came wanting to be girls, and she enjoyed working with and treating them like the daughters she wished she had. She was saving money to start her own hair salon. She wanted to again work with real little girls, but she was afraid her dream might never come true.

Randal realized he might have stumbled onto an ally. He gave her a big hug and gushed, "Ms. Paula, treat me like your daughter while I am here."

"Oh, Rachel Marie," Ms. Paula sniffed, "I knew there was something special about you!"

Randal decided to play along with the charade to see if Ms Paula could help in his investigation. He gushed, "Oh, thank you for being so understanding. This is so new."

"I know, precious, but, I am here if you need somebody to talk to," Ms. Paula winked before giving him another hug.

After lunch, a wooden box with two steps up one side and two steps down the other was placed in Randal's room. With white gloves back on, he had to walk up one side and down the other while holding his skirt in his fingers and while not being able to see his feet.

The task really became difficult the next day when he wore a heavy velvet jumper with a long straight skirt over a satin blouse with billowing sleeves. The skirt was too long to

walk across a level floor without tripping unless he held it up. Navigating those simple steps had to be performed carefully and gracefully to avoid falling.

One morning as Randal sat under the hair dryer, Miss Grace sneaked in with a digital camera. As the flash went off, she cried out, "Surprise! We'll save this image for your stepmother to add to her growing collection," she chuckled as she exited with the damaging photo.

Each morning when Ms. Paula came for his daily hair and makeup instructions, they would nickname the days. They had 'Flipped Out Monday', 'Ponytail Tuesday', 'Pageboy Wednesday', 'Braided Thursday', 'Hot Bun Friday', 'Pigtail Saturday', and 'Straight Sunday'. They would make sure Randal's hair was easy to do and wouldn't get in his eyes during exercise class. They experimented with headbands and neatly folded scarves to hold his hair in place. Various hair clips were added or removed. As a result, he progressed beyond a rank amateur at styling his hair. He would feel stirrings in his loins as he viewed his image in the full-length mirror. The only thing that spoiled his secret thrill was the rate at which his brown roots appeared from his rapidly growing hair. By the end of the phase, his hair almost looked ridiculous with three inches of brown hair at his roots, followed by reddish tresses that flowed past his shoulders.

Randal went so far as to test Ms. Paula to make sure he could trust her to help with his investigation. He asked Ms. Paula to sneak him a newspaper. "Here you go, Rachel Marie," Ms. Paula handed him the paper. "Make sure to hide it. I would be fired if they found out I gave that to you!"

Randal was shocked to see his brother's name on the front page. "Look, Ms. Paula, a story about my brother."

The article said that Conservative Craig Jackson would announce his candidacy for the vacant District Attorney's office. He would run on a platform of high moral standards. He planned to crack down on porn shops and gay bathhouses, and press the city council to pass ordinances banning same sex marriages. Randal folded the paper back and handed it to Ms.

Paula, "I changed my mind about wanting to read the paper. I don't want to get you in trouble."

The next words were music to Randal's ears, "That's very sweet of you, Rachel Marie. I hope your brother wins. The retiring D.A. is responsible for sending boys here."

Randal replied, "I thought the students are here by choice or because of their parents. Are you sure the D.A. sends people too?"

"I'm sure of it! The old D.A. and Mrs. Gunderson are connected. They have a way to get parents to sign contracts that require their boys to serve out their sentences here. It is too late by the time they find out what is really happening. No parent would transfer his feminized son to a regular prison. He wouldn't last five minutes! Some mothers support our program when they learn their law breaking sons could leave as girls, but the fathers are devastated!"

"Why haven't any parents sued the city? Why haven't newspapers done a story? It would be a huge scandal!"

"It's simple, Rachel Marie. What father would admit that he was stupid enough to sign documents that turned his son into a girl? The publicity would ruin the family and their son. The D.A.'s office has all the legal angles covered!"

"Maybe you're right," Randal finished, thinking what luck to have a story about his brother that spurred Ms. Paula to reveal so much information. He went to bed knowing he could trust Ms. Paula and that his investigation would accelerate when he joined the others.

Chapter-9, Visit 3, That's My Stepson?

"Today is my visitation day with my stepmother, Ms. Paula. What are you planning to do with my hair this morning?" Randal asked while sitting in the salon chair holding a lock of his hair in front of him. "It looks so terrible with this awful two-toned look!"

"Anything you want, sweetie," Ms. Paula replied.

"I would like to wear my hair in the long, straight, elegant style we tried last Sunday."

"Why, Rachel Marie, you are becoming a vain young lady worried about your appearance at such an early age. You confirm my suspicions that there is a charming girl just dying to get out. I think you are still holding back!" Randal blushed at Ms. Paula's comments. "Oh, Rachel Marie, that style is perfect. You'll wow them in that dress!"

An hour and a half later, Randal's locks were dyed brilliant red and styled as he requested. When Mrs. Adams saw him, she commented, "My, my, Rachel Marie, I love your hairstyle. Is this the red you're choosing?"

Randal was caught up in his appearance with his new hairstyle and dress, and didn't understand the impact of his answer when he stammered, "I guess so."

Later that morning, he stood beside Mrs. Gunderson's desk wearing a dark green pleated miniskirt. His silk high neck blouse with a row of lace down either side of its pearl buttons were exposed by an open green blazer that matched his skirt. The jelled sacks in his bra tented his blouse and jacket in the appropriate places, taupe nylons encased his slender legs, and his feet were perched on white three-inch pumps that matched his shoulder bag. His face was tastefully done up with just a light touch of blush and coral lipstick that matched his fingernails, even though they were almost hidden by the long billowing, lacy cuffs of his blouse. His hair was styled in the requested straight style, giving him an innocent schoolgirl look.

This was the first time Randal had been seen by Mrs. Maddox in his new teenage appearance. Nevertheless, she expected him to look like a girl, so he wasn't embarrassed.

Mrs. Maddox and Mrs. Gunderson reviewed his progress report. "Rachel Marie doesn't have to wear the neck corset again. She has met all the qualifications set forth at your last visit. Her waist is tightly corseted at twenty inches. She has taken her revised lessons with a marked improvement. Not one instructor has reported the slightest misbehavior on her

part. They all agree that Rachel Marie was ill suited to be a boy based on her prior bad behavior and verbal outbursts. I will give you a few minutes to discuss things in private," Mrs. Gunderson concluded as she made her exit.

"I must say that you look very nice in your schoolgirl uniform with that short skirt and flowing red hair," Claire observed when they were alone.

"The last time we met, you said my kilt was really a skirt, and my hair looked girlish. Beyond a few holes in my ears, a padded bra, heavier makeup, and longer hair, what is different?"

"Okay, maybe not all that much," she lied. "Wasn't something added...down there?" she pointed at his groin.

"Something was glued on, and it was nothing like I expected. I was in complete shock and took time to get used to. However, I don't think about it anymore. The importance of the assignment outweighs that, doesn't it?"

"Do you have any progress to report?"

"I have befriended Ms. Paula Watson who runs the beauty salon. When I get with the other girls, I'll have unsupervised time to snoop around the office."

"You should be congratulated for your progress toward our mutual goal," Claire beamed. "When I left last time, I thought that this assignment wouldn't work, but this proves otherwise. If you left now, we could go to a fancy restaurant and celebrate a job well done. However, there is still much to do, so let's call Mrs. Gunderson back and get on with it."

"I'm happy that you are pleased with our efforts, Mrs. Maddox," Mrs. Gunderson smiled upon her return. "We have an injection to administer to Rachel Marie's vocal cords that will give almost instant results at raising her voice to a feminine range. After a few days to heal, she will join the other girls as you have requested!"

Randal realized that everything they done could be removed. The holes in his ears would heal shut, a trip to a

barbershop would restore his hair to a mannish length, a high protein diet and weight lifting would restore his weight and muscle mass. Now they would be altering his vocal cords so he sounded like a girl! Could that be corrected? If they had an injection to raise his voice, was there one to lower it as well?

Mrs. Gunderson continued, "That concludes our business today, Mrs. Maddox. I hope we have just as glowing report when you visit next month."

As Claire rose, Randal asked, "How is Susan? Have you told her about me?"

"No. Do you want me to show her the pictures of you getting your hair done or in your cute schoolgirl uniform?"

"Oh, no! Please don't!"

"That's why I haven't told her. I doubt if she would be interested anyway since she's gotten serious about that young attorney."

"How could she forget me so soon?" Randal sobbed as Claire walked past him with a devious smile. He thought she and he were about the same height, but he could barely see over her shoulder. Her heels were at least an inch higher than his, but they shouldn't make that much difference! He stood confused as Claire made a hastily exit before he could finish his required curtsy. He knew he had lost a lot of weight and his reflection looked very skinny. Could he have shrunk in height as well?

Back in his room, he noticed that Miss Grace seemed the same height to him as before. Yet, didn't she wear high heels in the past? Noticing that she was wearing flats, he asked, "Miss Grace, do I appear smaller to you?"

"Rachel Marie, of course you are smaller. You have lost a lot of weight. In only three months, you are in a corset that closes at twenty inches. That is a nine-inch reduction in your waist. Of course you are smaller!"

"No, Miss Grace, I mean shorter. Have I shrunk?"

"Rachel Marie, what an imagination you have developed as a sixteen-year old girl! You're not a blonde! How could you shrink? That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!"

Randal spent most of the day peering at his image. His face and hair were a powerful aphrodisiac. Being a redhead only added to his erotic image. How would he deal with his fast growing brown roots when he joined the others?

He couldn't wait until he saw his newfound confidant, Ms. Paula. She would tell him the truth even if he couldn't trust anyone else. The rest was a crazy conspiracy to train young boys to be girls using lies and half-truths. 'Well,' he thought just before his eyes closed, 'I'm halfway through my assignment. With luck, I'll get the goods on these wicked bitches and end this madness.'

The next morning as he peered at his image, Miss Grace observed, "Rachel Marie, I can tell that you are secretly thrilled to be a girl. I see the look on your face when you style your hair and primp at your vanity. Admit it, you enjoy dressing and looking like a girl."

Randal blushed deeply as he stuttered, "There are certain things about being a girl that I never experienced before."

"I am sure some of them are sexually charged, especially since that troublemaker in your panties has been hid away."

"What do you think of these photographs?" Claire asked Craig the next day.

Craig gasped, "Randal could never look so feminine or young. Are you sure this is him?"

"How many times do I have to correct you? Randal is now Rachel Marie and is to be referred to as *her* or *she*."

After a few minutes of silence, he sighed, "If I hadn't seen the evidence with my own eyes, I never would have believed such things were possible. I still find it hard to believe." Looking at the photos again, he whispered, "I would believe you if you had told me this was someone other than Randal!"

"Mrs. Gunderson is the best at what she does. I assume you are ready to begin the next part of our plan?"

Craig stared at the photos again and nodded. He couldn't get the image of Randal looking like a pretty sixteen-year old girl out of his mind. It was mind boggling that his brother could be so changed in only three months. The people who were doing this to young boys and men definitely had to be stopped!

Chapter-10, Phase 4, A Week of Changes

The next morning, Randal was lying on that infernal examination table in the nurse's office. Even with the false vulva, he considered himself completely nude. Wearing it had become second nature. He was confused at the request to strip completely including his crushingly tight corset. They were just doing something to his voice, weren't they?

"Would you like to watch the process or be put to sleep, Rachel Marie?" Mrs. Adams asked.

"Awake, Mrs. Adams," Randal replied.

"Good! I'll give you something to relax you, and we'll get started. When this is over, you'll need a few days bed rest," Mrs. Adams stated as she injected a needle in Randal's arm.

As Mrs. Adams examined charts, Randal hazed over with a blissful feeling. In his fogged mind, he thought it strange when Miss Grace started strapping him to the table. She placed wide bands over his forehead, then another to his shoulders just below his neck, and finally one over his stomach. She raised the leg stirrups they had used when they put that false cover on him, and tightly strapped his legs at the calf and thigh. He wondered why he had to be so immobile to receive an injection in his throat.

Mrs. Adams approached him with a needle. "Rachel Marie, you will be speechless for the next few days while your vocal cords adjust."

She swabbed his neck with a pad and injected the fluid that would give him a girl's voice. Next he heard a cart being wheeled next to him. He rolled his eyes toward the cart, and through the haze, saw a group syringes lying in neat rows. His fogged mind struggled to understand why the first set was labeled *flaming redhead*. Mrs. Adams directed Miss Grace to the top of his head, and her fingers separated his hair close to his bangs. "What are they doing?" he wondered as a needle barely entered his skin.

The process was repeated many times all over his head before Mrs. Adams said, "All done, sweetie. No more ugly brown roots to ruin your sweet innocent look!"

No brown roots? Mrs. Gunderson said she had state of the art medical treatments at her disposal. Had they injected his scalp with a serum to make his hair grow in red? Randal squirmed in his straps as he tried to yell for them to stop, but no sound came from his mouth. In panic, he rolled his eyes to see more syringes on the cart. His eyes shot wide as he saw two rows. One had the letters A+ down the side, and the other was marked with the numbers 33.

The table below his rear fell away and he watched in horror as Mrs. Adams took the first of the syringes marked 33. He felt a cold swab being applied to his posterior, and he realized that she was injecting something into his rear that would give him a girlish butt and hips. It wasn't long before the process was repeated around his nipples using the syringes marked A+. If Randal had a voice he would have screamed, "I don't want to be a girl!"

"There, there, Rachel Marie, calm down," Miss Grace giggled as she wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Everything will be fine."

Randal tried to roll his eyes so he could see his chest. He was relieved to see there was no swelling, and he swore never to swallow another pill in this place, ever! At least they hadn't injected him with some miracle drug with instant results.

Randal's relief was short lived, as Mrs. Adams attached four stands to the side of the table and hung IV drip bags to

each. "She'll be a bit hippy for a girl her size, Grace." He felt a swab on his right hip and assumed she was attaching an IV.

The process was repeated on his other hip. Randal silently screamed as an IV needle was inserted where his once proud muscle bound pectoral muscles used to rest. Mrs. Adams turned each of the drips on, and he watched in horror as the liquid flowed through the tubes to his body.

"She has seen all there is to see, Grace," Mrs. Adams broke the silence.

"I know, Joan, but I like to watch the panic in his eyes as the liquid enters his body, and he feels its warmth invade his psyche. He can only guess at the final result."

Randal felt gentle warmth invade his chest and then his hips. Mrs. Adams leaned over, peered into his panic filled face, and said, "Rachel Marie, I am going to put you to sleep now. You will be out for most of the next three days. The IV drips are a highly concentrated solution that rapidly adds fatty tissue in the areas where you were injected. It is called 'Instant Girl'. Over the next forty-eight to sixty hours, it will re-contour the shape of your body to that your guardian requested. Be thankful that you won't have to wear those heavy hips pads or gel sacks ever again."

After Mrs. Adams inserted a needle into his arm, she advised, "When you awaken, Rachel Marie, go easy on your voice for the first few hours. If you strain it too much, it will move to higher and higher octaves. We don't want you sounding like Minnie Mouse, do we?" she cackled.

As Randal drifted off, a sheet was placed over his nakedness and he was wheeled out of the room. His last thought before totally dropping off was, 'I'll get even with you bitches if I wake up with the body and voice of a girl! I'll get revenge, some way, somehow, on everybody involved!'

Randal tried several times to come out of his foggy drugged state. Finally, he heard a distant voice remark, "She's coming around. Get the nurse."

Miss Grace lifted his head and placed a straw in a glass before him saying, "Take a few sips of water, Rachel Marie. If you want to drift back to sleep, let your body take control. You've been through a lot in these last three days. Just relax."

Randal didn't want to go back to sleep! He wanted to know what had happened to him, but all he could do was whisper, "Where am I? What happened to me?" His eyes shot open wide at the sound of his whisper. It wasn't his voice! It was too high pitched!

"Take a few more sips of water, Rachel Marie. You are back in your room," Miss Grace instructed. "Rest a bit. The nurse will be here shortly."

As he regained his senses, he looked towards his chest. The blanket came to the top of his shoulders, and he could barely make out the top of a white nylon shirt. Slowly raising his hand, he wasn't sure if he wanted to touch the area that protruded slightly from his chest. He had seen this view before when he wore his gel sacks, and he wondered, "Could this have been a bad dream? Did they really give me the pert breasts of a girl?" Before he could place his hand on his chest, Mrs. Adams came into the room. He wanted to run in fear from this evil woman.

"Good afternoon, Rachel Marie. Did you have a nice sleep?" she asked as if everything were normal. Quickly taking his pulse and announcing it normal, she asked Miss Grace to prop him up with an extra pillow as she inserted a stethoscope in her ears. Miss Grace helped Randal lean forward so she could place an extra pillow behind his back. He felt a slight shifting weight across his chest, and he knew and wasn't wearing gel sacks. Miss Grace carefully brushed his long hair over his shoulder and undid the top of his gown, and he felt cool air come in contact with his chest.

Mrs. Adams carefully placed the cold stethoscope on his chest and announced, "Perfect," as she took her hands and massaged the cones on his chest. Randal drew a deep breath at her touch to his new girlish flesh. She said, "Rachel Marie, there must have been latent muscle mass from your weight

lifting. We were giving you A+ cup breasts that you could have worked out with if you ever decided not to be a girl. Your new B-cup breasts will more closely match the plump hips and rear we gave you. Grace, I suggest you let her rest for a bit before she starts walking. Please keep her speech to a minimum for the next few hours. Remember that she is scheduled to join with the other girls in four days."

Randal was taken aback that Mrs. Adams could be so cold and clinical after what she had done to his body. Miss Grace raised his nightgown and tied it behind his neck. He felt his resolve building to carry out his assignment, no matter the cost! He had thought his life went up in smoke when he couldn't get on the police force, but now the life he expected to live just went up in flames. He would have to start over as a sixteen-year old girl unless he could change his body back to that of a normal male!

"Rachel Marie, please lie back, close your eyes, and get some sleep. You had a traumatic experience. We will try to talk after you rest," Miss Grace said as he drifted off to sleep.

Later that day, Randal awoke again, but this time he was wide-awake. He searched the room, and saw Miss Grace sitting on the couch reading a paperback novel. Randal's throat felt dry. He wanted more water as he said, "Excuse me...!" He froze in mid-sentence at the girlish sound that spilled from his lips. He cleared his throat and tried again only this time a little louder, "Excuse me...!" Again, he froze at the girlish sound that filled the air around him.

Miss Grace went to his bedside, saying, "Sorry, I got wrapped up in that love story. What do you need, sweetie?"

Not wanting to hear his altered voice, Randal merely whispered, "Water."

Miss Grace took the glass nearby and helped him drink from the straw, "Not so fast," she cautioned as he drank.

Again, Randal whispered, "More."

Miss Grace refilled the glass part way before helping him with the straw. Again she cautioned, "Drink slower." As she

watched him empty the glass, she said, "I have just the thing. I'll be right back."

A few minutes later, she returned with a cup of shaved ice and placed a few slivers to his lips with instructions to suck on them. Minutes passed before she asked whether he wanted more. Not wanting to hear his new voice, he just nodded his head. The ice was refreshing and the chill in his throat helped awaken him.

Miss Grace asked, "More ice, maybe a few sips of water?" Randal shook his head no. "Ah, the silent type," she responded. "I'll go back to my reading, but with as much water as you drank, let me know when you need to use the bathroom."

Randal closed his eyes, hoping he would wake up from this nightmare. Miss Grace was acting nice, too nice! He felt an urge build in his bladder, and he whispered, "Excuse me, Miss Grace, but I need to use the restroom!"

"She can talk," Miss Grace said moving to his bedside and pulling back the covers. "Take my arm. You will be weak for a couple of days."

Randal carefully arose from the bed, and grabbed Miss Grace's arm. As he did, he felt the new flesh on his chest slightly shift. As she escorted him to the bathroom, he walked as he had been taught, and he knew the weight shifting behind him wasn't the weighted pads. It was he!

As he sat down on the toilet, he couldn't help but notice the cushion effect his reshaped rear provided. Pulling his silky nightgown higher, he saw what he expected, his excess flesh pushing out to the sides and covering the toilet seat. If it were any relief, he was pleased to find his cover still in place. At least, they had only added flesh, not removed any!

He felt a series of muscle spasms in his lower back as Miss Grace escorted him into his room. He moaned as he put his free hand to his lower back, "Something is wrong with my back! It hurts!"

"That is to be expected, Rachel Marie. You have been heavily corseted for three months, night and day. Your back muscles are weak from lack of use. Would you like me to lace you into your corset?"

Randal sighed at how weak his back muscles had become. He sighed, "No, not yet!"

"I know how to cheer you, Rachel Marie," Miss Grace replied as she guided him to the vanity chair. She pulled a long yellow nightgown set from his closet, complete with panties and a negligee and said, "Lets get you out of that yucky hospital gown and into something more feminine!"

He held his head erect, so as not to look down at his chest and let her remove the hospital gown and put the ultra-feminine nightwear on him. He thought that maybe he shouldn't have been so agreeable as he felt the silky nylon panties on his rear.

He knew he had made a grievous error as the gown slithered down his body. The bodice had a wide collar that wanted to slip off his slender shoulders. It was very low cut in front so he could feel the soft nylon brush against the flesh protruding from his chest. After helping him into the matching negligee, he got back in bed, and she propped him into a sitting position with pillows. Since the covers were only pulled up to his waist and the negligee had no buttons, his chest was virtually exposed in the gown. He glanced down at his lap and saw the exposed tops of his new breasts and the valley that separated them. He watched in fascination as they rose and fell slightly with each breath.

"Who are these people? In three months they have changed me from a strong, virile weightlifter to a helpless, petite, feminine appearing weakling! I have to get the evidence and get out of here before I end up a woman!"

Miss Grace got him more ice when he requested, spoon fed him Jell-O for lunch, and seemed concerned for his comfort. She even allowed him to keep his talking to a minimum as he

was still shocked by the sound of his new voice. After twenty years of hearing the same voice, it was strange to hear a high girl's pitch when he spoke.

He thought of his hair and a chance to see Ms. Paula. "Oh, my little butterfly needs help," Ms. Paula gushed as she held a lock of his red hair. "Not to worry, dear. I'll get this back in shape in no time."

Feeling slightly stronger, he was guided to the bathroom so Ms. Paula could shampoo and condition his hair. On the return trip, he noticed that his walk was exactly like the walk taught by Miss Grace. The gown slid over his silky panties as his buttocks swayed from side to side. He felt the muscle spasms in his lower back as before until he was seated at his vanity with Ms. Paula running a comb through his damp hair.

"Well, Rachel Marie, do you speak?" Ms. Paula asked. "We used to carry on conversations like two gossiping hens when I did your hair. Cat got your tongue?"

Randal wanted to scream at the top of his lungs, 'Look what those bitches did to me!' but with Miss Grace hovering nearby, he meekly said, "I'm sorry, Ms. Paula. I'm still woozy from events of the last few days."

"Darling, what a lovely voice. It is so *you!*" Miss Paula gushed. "What style would my sweetheart like this morning?"

"I don't know. Maybe something simple," Randal replied, gazing into the vanity mirror. There should be brown roots showing from three days of rapid hair growth, but there were none. The scalp injections had changed his hair color to match the reddish hue Ms. Paula had given. Could it be changed back with other injections? If they can do it one color, why not the other? They slimmed his waist and made him lose his muscle mass. Surely there are treatments to repair the flesh on his chest, hips, and rear.

"Penny for your thoughts, Rachel Marie," Ms. Paula broke his thought pattern.

"I was just daydreaming, Ms. Paula," he replied.

"I have the perfect style for you for your first day as a girl. It took padding to make you appear girlish when you wore pads, but tomorrow when you look in the mirror, Rachel Marie, you will be almost a girl," Ms. Paula said with a wink.

As Randal fell asleep, he discovered that lying on his chest was an entirely different experience from wearing those stiff pads. He felt a new resolve to get the evidence on these people. There had to be a way out of this fix, and he was determined to find it.

Chapter-11, Phase 4, Meeting the Girls

The next morning, Randal awoke refreshed until he felt the flesh on his chest shift, reminding him that he wasn't waking from a bad dream. Today when he dressed as a girl, there would be no pads to create girlish contours. Everything would be a true girlish outline he could no longer remove!

"Good Morning, Rachel Marie," Miss Grace greeted as she entered his room. "Ready to get back in the swing of things?"

Randal groaned, knowing that shortly his now plump derriere would be in the 'swing of things' when he walked! Taking a bath was a whole new experience. As he leaned back in the tub, the flesh he refused to touch floated near the surface and poked pink nipples through the scented bubbles.

Once corseted to his very tight twenty inches, Randal felt comfort from its grip. Didn't Miss Grace mention that once he had worn a corset for a while, he would never be without one? At least the muscle spasms in his lower back ended.

"Is something wrong, Rachel Marie?" Miss Grace asked. "Most guys who come here wanting to be girls can't keep their hands off their new bodies, yet you act as though your additions are repulsive."

"I thought I would just be wearing dresses when I came here," he sniffed. "I didn't know all this would happen."

"Don't take it so hard," Miss Grace cooed placing a hand on his shoulder. "You will feel differently once the sensation of

a silk lined bra caresses your new breasts and our special double layered satin panties slide over your cute fanny."

Randal did feel differently just as Miss Grace predicted. The white silk lined bra embraced his new breasts with cool softness. As the bra warmed to his body heat, his breasts felt as though warm gentle hands were constantly fondling them. The matching silk double-layered panties flowed almost naughtily over his now prominent bottom like someone rubbing a silk scarf across his flesh. To his distress, these sensations caused a slight surge behind his latex cover.

Not surprisingly, he felt soft and vulnerable as he adorned sheer nylon stockings, white three-inch heels, an above the knee length nylon slip, and a simple light blue open collar sleeveless sheath dress. With each step, the multi layers of silk, satin, and nylon caressed his body, touching thousands of nerve endings. He almost swooned from the sensations these clothes sent through his modified body. He was glad when Ms. Paula arrived to help with his hair and distract his mind from the new sensations on the verge of overpowering him.

"Well my precious little butterfly has emerged for her cocoon and appears ready to fly this morning," Ms. Paula said after greeted him. "Lets do something with that delightful hair. A beautiful girl like you should never look disheveled."

As she removed his curlers, he watched in awe as Ms. Paula's deft fingers quickly styled his totally red hair. She back combed the top, parted the back, and gathered the two sections into high, slightly spiraled angel wings just behind his pierced ears. He thought that she selected this style to match his many silk layers because he could feel his hair shift and brush his bare shoulders every time he moved his head.

Still remaining silent, Randal rose and carefully walked to the full-length mirror because he didn't want to set his body in motion and initiate the thrills again. In the past, he knew he looked like a girl, but if a few things were removed, he could be a guy again. However the image today brought home a new reality. His arms and shoulders looked slight and delicate in his sleeveless dress. The projections that tented his

dress were no longer simple gel sacks that he could remove. His own flesh caused the twin protrusions now. The dress waist was not as form fitting as some he had worn in the past, but it loosely followed the contour of his cinched mid-section.

As he turned sideways before the mirror, he saw how his dress flared over his wide hips and derriere. He knew he couldn't lift his skirt and remove a padded girdle. This time, his own fleshy hips and rear flared his skirt.

The image was of a girl on the hippy side with reddish hair in a cute teen style and a light touch of makeup. She was possibly off to a casual event, not out to play with friends in a simple top, slacks, and skimmers. Whereas Randal looked like a girl before, now he *was* that young girl. Would he have looked like this at sixteen if he had been born a girl? Was he a twenty-year old police officer wannabe, or was he really a sixteen-year old girl?

Miss Grace broke the silence, asking, "Well, Miss Rachel?"

"What?" Randal replied in his girlish voice.

"What's it like to *be* a girl completely for the first time?"

"Oh, Miss Grace, it's so different!" Randal gushed while glancing at Ms. Paula and back at Ms. Grace. What would she tell Mrs. Gunderson?

"Different? How so?" Miss Grace asked.

Fumbling for words, Randal continued, "I could take everything off, get a haircut, and unlearn my new actions." He twisted one of his pigtails. "I can't do that anymore?"

"Why not?" Miss Grace shot back.

"I could be a guy again?"

"What makes you think returning to being a guy isn't possible? I heard that Mrs. Gunderson was asked to open a new academy to do the reverse of this one. They will train and transform girls into guys. Why a girl would want to be a guy, or a parent would want their daughter to be a boy is beyond me. You would never want to be a boy again, would you, Rachel Marie?"

Randal didn't know whether this was a test setup by that evil Mrs. Gunderson. Not wanting to blow his cover, he answered, "Heavens no, I want to be a girl!"

"You are still weak from your stay in bed over the last few days. You must return to your training if you want to join the others by Monday. You want to be a girl, and I will do my best to satisfy your request!"

Randal wanted to give Ms. Paula a hug. He placed his hands and arms around her and softly said, "Thanks for being here, Ms. Paula. Please do my hair special Monday before I join the others."

"Of course, Rachel Marie," Ms. Paula responded. "Our girl has come into full bloom. She is worried about how she will look in front of other girls. The competition between them keeps me busy!"

Randal spent the rest of the day practicing his walking, sitting, and speech lessons with many breaks to rest. He was becoming accustomed to his new voice and gave up trying to stay silent. He couldn't stay silent for months!

Finally, he broached, "Miss Grace, do you ever stay in contact with your former students?"

"I keep in contact with many of my former charges. There is something about you that is different, but I haven't quite put my finger on it yet. I know you made the right decision to become a girl, but at other times, it is almost like you had an ulterior motive to become a girl. I sense that when this is over, you might want to become a guy again. I saw your expression when I mentioned the other Academy. I saw a spark of hope in your eyes to go there and undo what has been done here. Questioning your decision to become a girl is a normal reaction for students like you. It is hard to believe that you acted the way you did before you came here. Normally disobedient boys still have a rebellious and forceful nature. I haven't seen a hint of that from you. You do make such a cute girl. Before you consider changing back, try living as a girl for a few years. You might find a better life than the one you had before."

Randal blushed. Being called cute was so hard to get used to. Was Miss Grace baiting him to reveal his goals when he left this place? Would she report to Mrs. Gunderson?

It was early Monday morning, the day he was to finally meet the other students. This was why he was on this stupid assignment. He could now start it. He wasn't sure what his brother and Mrs. Maddox planned. Maybe his suspicions that they were conspiring to trap him in skirts were unfounded!

"Good morning, my adorable little Rachel Marie," Ms. Paula started with her gushy greetings. "Today you meet the other girls. You are wearing the schoolgirl outfit you wore the last time you were here. Want me to fix your hair the same way? Set your purse on the counter and lets get started."

"Yes, Ms. Paula, I wanted my hair done exactly like last time. It was enchanting and alluring! I don't know what the others look like; however, I want them to see me as all girl."

"Rachel Marie, you have always been all girl to me!"

Randal blushed, and asked, "Ms. Paula, what do the others look like? Why are they here?"

"I am sorry, Rachel Marie, I can't tell you that. It's against Academy policy. Most are different than you in a lot of ways, and a few are just like you in a lot ways."

As she finished working on his long red hair, Mrs. Gunderson strolled into the salon, "Rachel Marie, you are dressed the same as when I last saw you, but your clothes probably feel quite different."

"Yes, ma'am," he blushed.

"Nurse Adams is to be congratulated. Such a sweet voice from such a lovely girl," she mocked. "I'm glad you like the feel of silk and satin against your body. Isn't that what you want?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied fearful of what she had done and could do to him yet.

"Yes, ma'am what, Rachel Marie?" she lightly patted his cheek.

"I just want to be a girl, ma'am," he hated her cold fingers on his cheek.

"Did Rachel Marie get what she wants?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm very happy with the results," he blushed bright red. He wanted to scream at her for doing this to him.

"I like happy students, Rachel Marie. Ms. Paula is about finished. I am happy that bastards like you end up as happy girls. I also enjoy introducing people like you to the other students. You have been shielded from them, but now you will meet seven other students. They will know what you used to be and you will know what they were. They will look and act differently than you expect. All are much better persons than when they came here. Shall we go?" Mrs. Gunderson finished with a wide smile.

Randal realized that he would be exposed to these other students. Would Mrs. Gunderson reveal his true identity to them or would she just introduce him as a new student? Would he be the only one to look like a real girl?

Mrs. Gunderson reached down and took his hand firmly, reminding him, "Remember when you were in high school, Rachel Marie. Didn't you and your friends label certain girls prissy and stuck-up with their perfect clothes, perfect hair, and perfect lives? That is how others might think of you when they first see your *Little Miss Perfect* everything. Here we are! Remember to behave like the simpering little Miss you have become or I will personally punish you harshly."

Randal held his breath wishing that he were back in the solitude of his room as Mrs. Gunderson opened the door. His eyes widened as he looked about the large room. Sitting at a large oval table were seven chatting teenage girls and an older 'woman'.

Chapter-11, Breakfast by Tiffany

"Good morning, girls," Mrs. Gunderson announced as a hush fell over the room. "A new student is joining you today. Meet Miss Rachel Marie Maddox."

In complete unison, the group at the table answered, "Good morning, Mrs. Gunderson. Good morning, Rachel Marie."

Randal was dumbfounded by the apparent femininity of the group that he knew were boys. Not one looked the slightest bit masculine in their neat dresses, makeup, and femininely styled hair. A couple of them were prettier than Susan!

"Introduce yourselves to Rachel Marie during breakfast. I will introduce Rachel Marie to you. Before he came here, his name was Randal John Jackson, and he was desperately in need of discipline. Like most of you, he rebelled early in his training. However, after three months, he has fallen in love with the crush of his corsets and the sensuous feel of silk, satin, and lace against his skin. He was sent here for trying to force himself on his stepsister. Of course, he is wearing a cover like all of you except for Christina. Rachel Marie, you are to report here at eight-thirty every morning unless otherwise directed. Some of you have little sisters waiting for your return home. Now is a good time to practice by acting like a big sister to Rachel Marie. Good day, ladies."

Again, they all erupted in unison, "Good day, Mrs. Gunderson!"

Randal tried to keep his feminine gait to a minimum as he walked to the empty seat at the table. Carefully smoothing his pleated skirt to prevent wrinkles, he neatly folded his hands in his lap. He shyly blushed since they all knew his real name and the false story of why he was here.

After a moment of silence, a man, somewhat out of place amongst the boys brusquely said, "Welcome to *Gunderson's Girls*, Rachel Marie. My name is Nolan, but these bitches call me Nancy and insist that I wear dresses, silky feminine

undies, and makeup. The last thing I remember before waking up at this place is enjoying a drink my wife fixed and watching television while she and her boss, Judge Harris, sat at the kitchen table preparing for a big trial he was presiding over. Karen giggled and the Judge chuckled a few times, but I didn't give it much thought."

Randal was astonished! Nolan had curly dark brunette hair that flowed past his double pierced ears that sported gold studs and large hoops. He was wearing a frilly blouse and a tight knee length skirt. His face was obviously masculine with sharp angles softened by tasteful makeup. His long oval nails were polished to match his medium red lipstick. He showed no sign of beard growth, and his eyebrows were plucked to smooth feminine lines.

"I don't know what's going on or why. I've been here for five months, and look at what they've done to me!" he exclaimed as tears of frustration welled up in his eyes. "They hardly feed me, and those awful pills have softened my skin and melted my muscle tone. I bet I've lost over twenty pounds in this hellhole even with the added weight from my breasts and larger derriere. On top of that, they make me practice raising my voice to a feminine register, and my tight skirts and high heels force me to walk with a feminine wiggle."

"Nobody explained why you are here?" Randal gasped.

"Only that I'm here by court order. I'm severely punished when I ask for details. I suspect Judge Harris had me sent here so he could be with my wife, but I can't believe Karen would agree to such drastic measures. I'll keep silent until I find a way to escape and go to the authorities!"

Randal's heart skipped a beat! How could he tell Nolan that the authorities had found him, and that his salvation sat just across the table? Maybe Nolan could help with his investigation. Maybe they could work together to escape this awful prison.

A *girl* to Randal's left chimed in with a giggle, "Nancy honey, if you don't watch your mouth and behavior, it will be snip, snip for you. Rachel Marie, my name is Christina

McKinley, Chrissie for short. I finally have the correct plumbing. I must tell you my story, even though I hate it. I was born Christopher, and I am so glad Mom found this Academy. It's heaven to me, and I'm so happy knowing I'll leave here as her loving daughter. Don't mind Nancy. He's a rotten spoilsport who doesn't know what he's missing, although he might find out if he keeps complaining."

Randal was bewildered as he listened to Christina's story. She was a looker with long flowing curls of rich auburn hair, obvious B+ breasts, and medium hips. She was a guy who wanted to be a girl and had been surgically altered to become one. Christina gave him a little smile and batted her long mascara laden lashes.

A girl with impossibly long, straight, rich blonde hair, and nice mature breasts said, "My name is Scott Dobbs, Lisa in this awful place. I'm being forced to dress as a girl against my wishes. Like Nancy says, this place is not all peaches and cream like Christina makes it sound. Long story short, my best friend and next-door neighbor, Ron, admitted to being gay. The guys at school teased him mercilessly, but I stuck up for him whenever I could. One day, a couple of them were beating the living tar out of him on our front lawn, and I went to his rescue. When I picked him up, bloody and battered, to take him to the hospital, he put his arms around my neck, gave me a hug, kissed me on the cheek, and said, 'I love you, Scott Dobbs'. To my sorrow, Dad heard Ron's words and saw the hug and kiss. Knowing Ron was gay, he concluded that the two of us were lovers. No matter how hard I tried to convince him that we were just friends, he wouldn't believe me. He didn't want me to disgrace the family by taking a gay lover, so with the blessing of Ron's parents, he sent me here to become the girl in the relationship. The only way I will be allowed to leave this awful place is to agree to dress as a woman full time and marry Ron. Be careful because these people are devious! I wanted to go to college, get married, and have kids. Now, I'm told I have to marry my best friend and become a housewife. Dad and Mrs. Gunderson won't allow me to leave until I accept Ron's marriage proposal and wear his engagement ring."



'Could all these girls, and especially this ditsy blonde waitress, really be guys?' Randal pondered as each told him their story. 'How could ordinary guys become such gorgeous girls?'

Randal gasped. "What does Ron think about that?"

"He loves the way I look in dresses and can't wait until we are married! He says no one will suspect him of being gay if he has a sexy wife that goes about in low cut tops that show lots of cleavage and short skirts that bare long trim legs. Even worse, my genital cover was permanently attached, and the only way I can achieve sexual release is by inserting an erect male organ. Can you imagine me, a heterosexual male, wearing a sexy see-through nightgown or sitting with my skirt high on my thighs to seduce a man, even if that man is my husband?"

Randal was troubled by Lisa's story, but he was distracted when an attractive girl pushed a food cart into the room. She was wearing a cheap pink nylon waitress uniform with a tight mid-thigh length skirt that showed the lacy hem of her slip as she minced about in pink four-inch pumps. Her platinum blonde hair swept upward, and her makeup, bright red lipstick, and matching nail polish were over-done. Openly chewing gum, she announced, "Breakfast is served."

She saw Randal, and observed, "What a cute schoolgirl uniform. I thought I was the only one required to wear a uniform in this place."

"Tiffany Banks, meet Rachel Marie Maddox," Christina chimed. "Tell your story while you serve, Tiffany dear."

Tiffany placed an egg with a half piece of toast in front of Randal. "Real food!" he thought excitedly.

"Not much to tell," Tiffany said popping his gum. "My name was Ted Davis. I used to tease Babs, my older sister, about dressing and behaving like a tramp and for sneaking boys into her room for sex. I told our parents and they threatened to throw her out of the house. Dad said if she continued her slutty ways, all she would amount to would be a ditzzy waitress at some greasy spoon coffee shop. I teased her endlessly about that, but then, our parents were killed. The family fortune went into a trust fund to be managed by Babs. She was also named as my legal guardian until I turn twenty-one. I went berserk in front of the lawyers and screamed

about somebody with the morals of a bimbo waitress not having enough brains to manage all that money."

"Next thing I know, I'm here learning to be that bimbo waitress! Babs used some of the family money to purchase a truck stop with a coffee shop out on the interstate. She has a job waiting tables lined up for me when I get out of here. In order to get bigger tips, I'll have to smile, giggle, and wiggle my rear end when horny truck drivers reach up under my short skirt and caress my buns through my silky panties. Can you imagine anything more humiliating?"

Not much," Randal admitted.

"Maddox?" Tiffany mused. "That name sounds familiar. I think my sister has business dealings with someone named Maddox." He bumped against the table, causing a run in his sheer nylon stocking. "Damn!" he spat as he lifted his short skirt to look. "Do you know how much nylons cost and how easily they run? I have to hurry and change. I'll have hell to pay if any of Gunderson's Goons sees me with torn nylons!"

Randal was dumfounded as he ate his egg and sipped his orange juice. Tiffany was the epitome of a ditzy blonde. The others, Roxanne, Judith, and Laura, told their story while he ate. Except for Christina, none wanted to become girls and were being forced to attend the academy! Except for Nancy, they were all unmistakably feminine, and even he held promise of blossoming into a lovely woman. Most of the *girls* were in their late teens to early twenties, while Nancy was in his late twenties, early thirties.

"Mrs. Gunderson often embellishes the truth, so what is your real story, and why you are here, Rachel Marie?" Christina asked when everyone had told his story.

Should he make up a phony story or could he trust these *guys* enough to tell his real story? What if they squealed? What would Mrs. Gunderson do if she knew he was a spy trying to gather evidence to close her bizarre operation and send her to jail? Still, he needed more information and these people were his greatest hope of getting it.

Throwing caution to the wind, Randal revealed that he was twenty years old and that his apparent age had been reduced to sixteen by Mrs. Gunderson. He told his story finishing by telling that his pretend stepmother was really the mother of the girl he planned to marry once he got out of this place and became a detective. "When I leave here I have lots of habits to unlearn and fifty pounds to gain back. They injected me with chemicals, and now I have curves where there weren't any before. My hair used to be light brown, but Ms. Paula dyed it red. Ms. Adams changed my pigment so it now grows in this color."

When Randal finished, Christina jumped for glee saying, "The new formula works. Look what it did to Rachel Marie! Maybe they'll let me try it. Look at his bone structure. He is simply delicate! He has been given the new decalcification formula I heard rumors about. This means I can shed my male bone structure and become petite! The mere thought of having a girl's tiny body makes my panties moist!"

"I hope that new formula won't add more curves to my body!" Lisa quipped. "My ass and boobs are large enough as they are!"

Being older and wiser than the others, Nancy reasoned, "What would happen to us if Rachel Marie and his friends close this place down?"

"For starters, we would get out of here, and I wouldn't have to wear dresses and marry Ron!" Lisa quipped.

Nancy replied, "Total exposure, that's what! Our stories would be on the six o'clock news, and we would be called to testify in court. I don't want my buddies to know I've been forced to dress and act like a chick. I want to put an end to this, but Rachel Marie, have you considered that if you bust this place, you will have to testify?"

"Yes, but that was before I was changed so drastically," Randal sighed. "I wouldn't be here today if I had! Now, please explain what decalcification is?"

"Most older woman take supplements to keep their bones from deteriorating," Christina explained. "That is called re-calcification of the bone structure. The reverse is decalcification that shrinks the bone structure. We could be put on a regimen to reduce our size."

Lisa cautioned, "Chrissie aside, I want out of here and out of marrying Ron, so lets get back to Rachel Marie's story. I'll bet it was his brother who sent Tiffany here. Mrs. Maddox is probably in on it too! Tiffany said his sister had business dealings with a Mrs. Maddox. Rachel Marie, this sounds like a scheme to get you out of the way, and if I'm right, you're in a position to lose more than any of us."

Just then a door opened, and the much-hated Miss Grace entered. "Ok, *ladies*," she commanded, "Enough chit chat. Time to get to class, but freshen your lipstick and check your hair first. Christina, please escort our new *girl* to class."

Randal's mind was dizzy as he tried to sort out all he had heard. Quickly, seven former boys and one former man dug into their purses and pulled out lipstick tubes and small compacts. They carefully repaired lipstick damage from eating, and then used brushes and combs to make sure their hair was perfect.

End of book 1 of 2

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