

**BALLET SCHOOL:
THE RIGHT PLACE
FOR A SISSY!**



COURTNEY CAPTISA

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Ballet School: The Right Place for a Sissy

By

Courtney Captisa

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CHAPTER ONE

Finding the Way

Brandon finds a parking spot in the Horntown Strip Mall Center. Not only is he excited about finally getting his full driver's license and having more freedom to drive around to different places by himself, but also the opportunities today may open up. It is not the most practical idea he thought of, but maybe showing some creativity may make him stand out.

For months, he has tried finding a girlfriend at school, but nothing has developed. It seems like most girls there either already have boyfriends, are stuck up, or aren't his type at all. He prefers athletic girls who are skinny but also likes some form of personality other than being a basic bitch. That's why he has had his eyes set on Amanda Fletcher. In his eyes, she is the perfect girl.

Amanda is the type of girl that everyone likes. She is active with many different activities and always has a smile on her face. Her hair is light brown in color with blonde highlights and comes down to a little past her C-cup breasts. Brandon's guess is that she is probably between 105-115 pounds. When she wears shorts he has seen that she has a very athletic figure and good thigh gap. She's a girly girl and wears dresses very often and seems to try different makeup styles every few days. She is the type of girl that all girls want to be and all guys want to be with in some way. That's the reason Brandon is taking this drastic step effort in order to get to know her.

Of course, he has tried talking to her around school, but he can't find anything other to say than "Hi, how are you" without being afraid to say anything else. Some small talk about school has happened, but Amanda's attention always seems to be taken by her many other friends and admirers. Brandon figured he needed a way to stand out.

Since cheerleading season is over, Amanda is back to practicing ballet at some dance studio in town. Brandon learned this while eavesdropping on a conversation that Amanda was having with a few girls at school. He then learned the name of the studio. After doing some research, he signed up for eight weeks of lessons. Going there for a few hours every Tuesday and Thursday night may be vigorous, but surely he will have enough time to get comfortable talking to her?

Brandon gets out of his car and walks to the front door of StageStar Dance Academy with a small duffle bag. He has the figure of a normal guy in his late-teens. Not chubby, but not super skinny thanks to his diet consisting mostly of pizza and fast food. He is 5'10" tall and 155 pounds with brown eyes and brown hair that is cut short but styled with some hair gel every morning. He has tried working out a little bit but prefers being active in sports rather than lifting weights or running.

He figures there is a 99.9% chance that he will be the only guy in the room and purposely

signed up for the same session that he knew Amanda would be in. Surely even if things don't work out, there will be some other hot girls here? He has had no interest in ballet or other forms of dance in the past and doesn't even know anyone who talks about going to recitals other than girls who are into dance and maybe their families and close friends.

Opening the door, he is greeted by a woman wearing a black blouse and large amounts of jewelry.

"Hi, can I help you?" she says as she smiles.

"Hey, I'm Brandon Montgomery. I start class tonight."

"Oh, nice to meet you! I'm Mithra and work the front desk here. Miss Oliynyk said there would be a new student joining the sessions. Where did you study dance before?"

"Nowhere..." Brandon says confidently.

"Oh! It's always nice seeing young people become interested in the art. You'll have a lot of fun here!" Mithra says with her Middle-Eastern accent. "If you can just fill out the rest of this paperwork, we will get you all set and I'll introduce you to the room!"

Brandon spends a few minutes filling out some things on the clipboard paper. He's not sure why he's filling this out even though the online application had the same information, but he follows the instructions. He's slightly nervous about this whole project. Hopefully, none of this girls will think he's gay or anything for practicing ballet, so he figures he needs to do something assertive to let his masculinity shine. Looking around the room, he sees various photos from rehearsals and past recitals. He notices there are no males at all in any of the photos, so he probably will be the only one here after all. He finishes the paperwork and takes it back to Mithra who gives it a skim.

"Thanks Brandon. Come with me!" she demands.

The two walk down a short hallway as Mithra opens the door to a practice room. The space is large, and there is a mirror which takes up an entire wall. Brandon was expecting to see a few girls in tutus, but it turns out they are all wearing tights with leotards. Most of the girls have on black ones, but there are a few with pink and maroon ones. He quickly spots Amanda in the group with one leg on some kind of pole and the other on the floor. Her hair is held up in a tight bun. The group is made out of seven girls.

A tall, skinny woman in her early 40's walks over to Brandon and Mithra.

"Hello dear. You must be Brandon!" she says with excitement.

"Yes," Brandon nods.

“I am Miss Olynk and will be your instructor. Welcome to the studio! It’s so nice to have fresh young male interested in taking ballet!” she says with her heavy Eastern-European accent while smiling.

“Thanks, I’m looking forward to it,” Brandon says while staring at Amanda.

His voice gathers the attention of the girls in the room. Some of them laugh lightly at his presence, but a few others smile and go back to their practice. There is some classical music piece playing over the speakers, but Brandon doesn’t recognize it.

“Ladies! Please meet your new dance partner Brandon!”

Amanda recognizes him and smiles. Brandon looks at her and does the same and also admires the beauty of the other girls in the room. All of them are in tip-top shape and have great youth beauty. One girl next to Amanda has great breasts that are tightly held by her leotard and a nice booty. Another girl has her hair down and has a really hot face that makes her look slightly older than she is, maybe college age. Another girl has smaller boobs but somewhat wide hips that are great for staring at since they make her booty look even more desiring.

‘I’m in the right place definitely,’ Brandon thinks to himself.

CHAPTER TWO

First Day of Practice

“Why the hell is he wearing sweat pants and a black T-shirt!” one girl whispers to another.

Sarah, who is standing next to Amanda watches as Brandon walks towards them with an evil smile on his face. She knows this look very well. It’s the type that boys have around school when she’s walking around with a skirt on. The type of look older guys have at the mall when she is with her friends. The type of look that makes her feel attractive, yet somewhat uncomfortable.

Brandon places his gym bag on a bench near the girls and then gets in line with them near the bars on the wall.

Meanwhile, Miss Olynk has a brief, off-topic conversation with Mithra while Brandon strikes up a conversation with Amanda.

“I’m glad to see you here!” he says.

Amanda smiles, “So what made you want to take up ballet?”

“Just something different...”

Sarah doesn’t buy it and says, “Do you know anything about ballet?”

Brandon responds, “No, of course not. Why do you think I’m here?!”

Sarah responds again while Amanda continues being nice by smiling, “Why ballet?”

“Why not?!” he says laughing and extending his arms as if pointing out all the attractive girls in class.

Miss Olynk turns her attention back to the class. “Brandon, do you have any burning questions for me?”

“No, I guess where do we start?”

She smiles, “Luckily you are coming here at a great time as we are just now prepping for our recital that will occur in a few weeks. We do need to get you up to speed on a few basic techniques, especially since some of these ladies have been studying the art since they were young. I need to take care of something with Mithra very quickly. Ladies, can you show our young man foot positions?”

“Yes Miss!” the girls say in unison.

Miss Olynk and Mithra leave the room, leaving Brandon in his dream world. Some of the girls completely ignore him but Amanda takes leadership.

“Have you heard of first position?”

“You mean like starters?”

“This isn’t football...” says Sarah, causing the other girls to laugh.

“Keep in mind, I know NOTHING about this,” says Brandon.

Amanda smiles, “That’s fine. Put your feet together like this... and toes out.”

Brandon follows Amanda’s movements, although finds it difficult to do. Since he doesn’t have male ballet shoes yet, he took off his running shoes and is standing there with white tube socks.

“A lot of your movement is going to come from your hips and how they align with your feet. Remember to try and keep good posture throughout all of this.”

Already, this sounds more difficult to Brandon, but if it means staring at hot girls, so be it.

Amanda starts to correct Brandon, make sure your stomach is in and shoulders are tight!

Meanwhile, Brandon’s attention are mostly on Amanda’s breasts, which look very full in her leotard. For a moment, he looks up at her shoulders but then goes down to her breasts again with his teenage vision.

Amanda takes note of this, “Why are you looking at me?! Look at yourself. That’s what this mirror is here for silly!”

“Sorry, just um... Wanted to do it right! Plus you are very hot to look at it...”

Amanda is a little taken aback by his comment but continues, “We need to test your turnout. Think of ballet as your body moving in different ways than its natural abilities.”

“Okay,” replies Brandon simply. He continues to stare at her beauty while other girls seem to ignore the conversation and continue their practice. After five minutes he is already bored with some of these moves as it seems like he is just standing with his feet in different ways but finds more pleasure in watching the girls.

Amanda continues her lecture, “So after you practice this stuff for a while; then you can do

this!” She then proceeds to place her leg straight up in the air and then does a 360-degree turn. He is impressed by her flexibility.

“Wow, that was really impressive. You have a lot of great moves and curves... especially with your butt.”

“WHAT DID YOU SAY?!!” Amanda yells.

Sarah speaks up, “I told you... ugh...”

“It was just a compliment...”

“Are you going to take this seriously?!” asks Amanda, who is now pretty pissed off.

“Yeah yeah. Umm where is the bathroom?” Brandon asks, not only because he has to piss, but because he has a slight erection as well.

“Out the door, Second door to right!” Sarah yells as well.

Brandon leaves the room and without their instructor returning yet, they talk amongst themselves.

“I can’t believe he said that!” one girl named Kate says.

“He’s going to do that the entire time...” says Sarah.

“Should we tell Miss Olynk?”

Sarah says, “I have a better idea...”

She walks over to her bag in her ballet slippers and gets out this bag with about a teaspoon of some white powder.

“What is that?” asks Amanda. It has the curiosity of the other girls as well.

Sarah smiles, “I’ve been saving it for a moment like this. I’ll explain later, but let’s just say it will help Brandon calm down a little bit on his comments and maybe help him appreciate ballet a little more.

Kate asks, “So you are going to show him how to put rosin on his shoes?”

“It’s not that...” she responds. “This is some special stuff I got from a shop...” She goes to Brandon’s gym bag which has a bottle of water attached to the side and opens it, pouring the powder in his drink.

“Can you just tell us already?”

“I don’t want anyone to overhear, but I’ll send a text about it after class!”

Suddenly, Miss Oliynk appears in the room.

“Ladies, what are you doing?”

The girls go back to their positions as Amanda says, “Oh, his gym bag just fell over, so we were just putting it back up there.”

“It took all of you to do that?”

“You know we are a team!” says Sarah.

“Anyways, where is Brandon?”

Brandon comes back in the room just as he is announced, “Right here... I just had to use the bathroom.”

“Oh wonderful,” says Miss Oliynk. “Have the girls been helping you?”

“Yeah, got some foot stuff down. What’s next? Something with bending?”

“There is much to learn to get you prepared!” says Miss Oliynk.

Sarah smiles and speaks up, “Yeah, we are excited to help you in anyway. Do you need to grab a drink before we start again?”

CHAPTER THREE

Wake Up Differently

Brandon's body is sore waking up the next day. Surely it can't be from those lame ballet moves? He considered practice yesterday to be a piece of cake, especially since he's there to get a piece of ass as well.

After practice yesterday, he came home and did his usual routine of surfing the net, playing video games, and chatting with friends. Perhaps at next ballet class, he will be able to get Amanda's number. Considering her actions yesterday, he believes that she may be into him after all.

He tosses in his sheets as his alarm clock for school reminds him of having to get out of bed for some place he doesn't want to be. At least he'll probably run into his crush again and have an excuse to talk to her this time. The part of his body that is most sore is his hips on down. The girls yesterday reminded him that it would take some training to get used to the movements that ballet has to offer and that he may experience some physical changes because of it that are beneficial, whatever that is supposed to mean.

One thing that is really bothering him is his butt. Isn't not really pain in his butt cheeks, it just feels weird, almost like it is swollen. Getting out of bed he looks in the full-length mirror that hangs from his bedroom door. His hips look a few inches wider, and his butt is filling out his boxers much more than normal. Somehow, he also looks a little shorter. Panicking, he finds a measuring tape and holds down the end of it with his big toe to confirm his suspicions. Sure enough, he is down two inches.

Part of Brandon freaks out a bit, but another part of him thinks that it may just be a side effect from starting a new hobby. He had aches and pains when joining the baseball team a few years ago and remembers the struggle.

Going to the bathroom, he looks at his face and realizes that he doesn't have to shave today. Somehow, it looks like he shaved last night since there is no stubble at all and his face is completely smooth. His hair is a little longer than normal, touching his ears a bit. He makes a mental note to call and make an appointment for a hair cut later today. Stripping out of his shirt and boxers, he notices some of his chest hair is gone as he steps into the shower. The harsh bar soap he normally uses is a little rough against his now sensitive skin. Maybe it's time to switch brands or something.

At school, things go as normal in class with no one noticing how his butt sticks out in his jeans a bit or how he is a few inches shorter. He eventually runs into Amanda, who was walking by herself which is a rarity.

“Hey Amanda! Had a great time with you last night at practice.”

She smiles, “That’s great! It’s nice to have a guy in class!”

“I’m sure it’s different.”

“Yeah, well you did great, and I can’t wait to see how you progress!”

He smiles, “Yeah, I’m excited to see you more often.”

Amanda shakes her head up and down while smiling, “I’m sure you are. Just remember that you have to practice those moves like every day in order to train your body.”

“Really? For how long?”

She says, “Maybe for like 30 minutes to an hour at least.”

“Geez, seems like it is going to be a lot of work.”

“No pain, no gain!”

“That’s true. It’s strange though because my entire lower body was sore when I woke up this morning.”

“That’s completely normal,” she says a little overly excitedly.

“Any recommendations?”

“Do squats every night. It will help with your lower body. Also be sure to practice doing some splits and other exercises to help stretch your legs a bit. There are a few barre exercises that are helpful.”

“Sounds good... you know, maybe we should get together sometime, and you can show me some stuff... What’s your number?” he says as he gets out his cell phone ready to save a new contact.

Amanda hesitates for a moment and debates the situation before finally answering, “555-555-0135.”

“Thanks, I’ll send you a text right now, so you have my number as well.”

“Okay...”

Brandon smiles, knowing he has just taken a major step in his potential relationship with this hot girl. Today she is wearing a pink cardigan over a white tank top with a necklace that hangs near the top of her boobs laying softly on her perfect skin. Part of Brandon is attracted to what she is wearing, but another part of him is wondering how cardigans may be a little comfier than the hoodie he is wearing. He ignores the thoughts and focuses his attention back on Amanda.

“Where are you headed now?”

“Just to chemistry class, you?”

“English, I can walk you there?”

“Ha, thanks but that’s okay. I’ll see you at next practice!” she says as they part ways.

Maybe she’s in a hurry, but at least he got her number. It may be the start of something special.

CHAPTER FOUR

Change Boy

Another day passed and Brandan is back at the dance studio. Interaction with his parents has been limited in the last few days with only really seeing them while walking through the house and at dinner time. They seemed not to notice the physical changes to his body or hair either. Or maybe they did and just didn't want to say anything about it. Brandan plans on visiting the barber shop tomorrow to take care of this since his hair now covers part of his eyes.

He grabs his bag and heads in the door. It's about 30 minutes before the start of class, and he is there early because Amanda said her and a few other girls would help him practice a little more to get trained since Miss Oliynyk lets them come in early if they need to use the barre or mirrors for extra practice.

"Hey!" Brandan says as he walks into the room and immediately sees Amanda with Leah and Sarah in their hot leotards and tights.

The girls give their various responses and Sarah cuts in, "Sweatpants again really?"

"What else am I suppose to wear?"

"Not that.." says Leah.

"Amanda, what do you think?" he asks looking for some backup.

She smirks, "It may be okay if you are showing up to like lift weights or something but the tighter clothing you have on for this the better. Boys wear leotards too Brandan."

Brandan is drawn to Amanda's suggestion so much that he didn't even recognize the mispronunciation of his name. "This is all I have, so it will have to do for now I guess."

Sarah gives a rare smile, "Oh it's okay. We have extra outfits here."

"I thought you said I was one of the only guys to visit this place?" says Brandan.

"Just come..." says Sarah as she walks over to a door within the dance room.

Upon opening the door, Brandan is surprised to see a very large walk-in closet. Going in the room, he sees many dance costumes which seem like the are from different ballets. The room is big enough to hold costumes, other clothing, a small bench, a big mirror, and the four teens.

Sarah says, "First, you are going to have to take off those sweatpants Brandan."

“Right in front of all of you?” he responds.

Leah smiles, “We are all family here!”

He hesitates before complying, exposing his plaid boxers.

Amanda says, “Those may have to go as well...”

Something about the tone of her voice while saying that makes Brandon semi-hard, but his erection is quickly diminished due to other hormonal imbalances taking place.

“You want me to take off my boxers?! What the hell am I going to wear?”

“These,” says Sarah tossing him a small garment. It looks like a cock piece that held something and a combination of a Speedo.

“Holy shit, that’s going to be tight and I don’t normally wear anything like this!”

“Welcome to ballet,” says Leah. “You are going to have to get used to trying on different outfits.

Brandon walks over to a certain part of the dressing closet where they at least won’t see his penis and exchanges his boxers for this man-trap type of underwear. It’s really tight; that’s no lie.

The girls try to hold back laughter as they see his penis confined in this underwear. Brandon tosses his boxers to the side bench, expecting to change back into them after class.

“There’s something else you are going to have to put on,” says Leah.

“Shorts or something?” asks Brandon.

“No, traditionally we all wear tights to class here.”

“What the fuck do I need to wear tights for? That’s some Peter Pan shit,” Brandon protests.

“They really help with movement,” says Amanda. “Plus these tights are for guys; they don’t cover feet or anything like the ones for girls do.”

“Still, why can’t I just wear shorts?”

“That’s not really team-effort,” says Leah.

“Trust me, I’m perfectly fine looking at your legs during class, but you don’t need to see me wearing tights.”

The girls feel a little disgusted by his comment and come toward him.

“Just try them on and quit being a sissy!” says Sarah.

“NO!” says Brandan.

Suddenly, the girls approach him and force him to sit on the bench. He struggles but finds it’s actually difficult to overpower three teenage girls. He finds his feet being guided through the leggings of the tights and can feel their soft nylon fabric against his skin. The girls have a hard time getting the tights around his girlish butt, but manage to fit it in with the tights hugging his hips nice and snug with enough room for his penis to be held in the nylon prison. The tights are Capri style and Brandan has never had the feeling of having something tight hug above his ankles.

After he is finished struggling, Sarah says, “See, wouldn’t it have been silly to wear boxers and tights together? You look so much cuter like this.

“Fine, can we get back into the studio room now?”

Leah says, “We aren’t done yet...”

“What else?!”

Amanda gives him a playful tap as he remains seated on the bench, “Your shirt silly...”

“What about it? It’s just an Under Armor workout shirt?”

“Which is fine if you are playing basketball or something,” says Sarah. “You need more appropriate ballet attire though which is why a leotard is best.

“Like the one you have on?!”

“Of course! Boys in ballet wear them, so it’s no big deal. They won’t be as girly as ours, but will still be close to your body and everything.

Brandan is too caught in the situation to notice that his leg hair is disappearing under his ivory tights.

“Now are you going to keep fighting us or do you want to put this on yourself?” asks Amanda who is holding the garment in her hands. Brandan can’t even make out its shape, but it looks small.

Brandon stands in the fourth position with his legs crossed and left hand in the air with his right arm extended to the side. The girls were right in that wearing tight clothing helps with the movements. Miss Oliynyk has been impressed with his progression although apprehensive about the comments he has made during class. He has commented on the girls hair and how it probably smells good which lead Sarah to suggesting that he wear a headband. Luckily Amanda had an extra one and let him borrow it which currently holds his hair back a little.

While moving his arms gracefully, Brandon asks “Amanda... do you wear a sports bra or is it just the leotard that holds your breasts up?”

She is very off put by the comment but has gotten to know him a little bit. “No sports bras here, but strapless bras occasionally. It’s not like you are sweating a lot or running.”

Brandon gets an image in his head of Amanda running with her breasts bouncing everywhere, although he doesn’t get hard thanks to his penis being tightly secured in his speedo and nylon tights. He would be lying if he denied they are very comfortable against his skin.

As class wrapped up, it slips Brandon’s mind that his old clothes are in the closet still, so gets into his car wearing the tights and leotard even though the other girls had changed into casual attire.

When he arrives home, his parents see him in this new sissy outfit, but don’t say anything. They just ask how it went and Brandon replies that the girls were nicer this time and he’s having fun there.

Suddenly, Brandon gets a text from Amanda:

Hey Brantanny, you did AMAZING TONIGHT!!! I can tell you are going to do SOO well! :)))

CHAPTER FIVE

School Sucks

Brantanny wakes up the next day still cuddling his sissy teddy bear after a series of nightmares. Waking up with long hair dangling in his face is a new sensation, so he slightly freaks out and jumps out of bed still unsure of the situation. The 6:40 a.m. alarm clock has sounded for him to get ready for school which surprises him as well since he usually waits until 7:00 a.m. to get ready for the 7:30 a.m. school session. Going to the bathroom, Brandon is greeted by a host of new products. His shower, once only sported by a wash cloth, Axe Body Wash, and Head and Shoulders shampoo is now decorated by about a dozen different bottles of soaps and shampoo along with a pink loofah. On the sink is a host of facial washes, moisturizers, and other products that he is unsure of. Looking in the mirror, he gets another glimpse of his long hair and also notices that his face has changed texture in a lot of ways.

His cheekbones are much more prominent than before, and his nose seems a little thicker, His eyelashes are more pronounced, and his lips are a little more pouty. Something inside of him says he needs to go to the doctor immediately, but another part of him decides to carry on the morning routine as usual.

Brantanny sits down on the toilet to relieve himself. Something about sitting down while urinating feels a little weird, but it some way a little natural as well. After finishing his business, he turns on the shower faucet and lathers himself in the feminine scent of strawberry soap. Covering his dick in the girly odor makes his penis shrivel a little but at the same time, seems like a daily occurrence despite only having this material from today. Brantanny splashes himself with some of the facial cleanser in the shower as well as shampooing with some girly kiwi scented shampoo. Leaving the shower, he wraps a giant towel around his chest along with another towel in his hair and heads back to his bedroom.

Rather than throwing on a pair of boxers, Brantanny opens his drawer to find a nice sized collection of panties and thongs. Something about wearing a polka dot pink thong scares him, especially since his penis won't fit in it. So he settles on a pair of pink bikini-cut panties that will hold his manhood nice and tight. The next drawer below carries jeans. although while trying them on, he finds that they are girl jeans that hug his butt nice and tight and flare at the bottom. Going to his closet, he looks for a T-shirt but then goes back to his dresser drawer and opens the top one. Upon opening it, he finds there are various bras. He is flat-chested, so why does he need to wear a bra?

The bras in there seem to be C-cup and bigger, but something tells him to wear one. He picks one that matches his sissy panties and straps it in front of him while bringing the cups up into place and puts the feminine garment on his shoulders. Never before in his life has he worn a bra, so the sensation of having on such girly clothing makes his dick shrivel a bit. Placing it even more comfortable in his little panties.

After putting on his bra, Brantanny settles on a black T-shirt he thought he use to wear. Although this time, rather than displaying a popular metal band, it displays flowers a few other girly images.

Looking in the full-length mirror now hanging from his bedroom closet, Brantanny gets a full view of his new self. In his image, is a brunette girl with a girly-cut T-shirt and jeans that really hug his body.

‘Ugh! Where is my regular stuff?!’ he shouts out loud.

“Brantanny, are you almost ready?” screams a voice from downstairs.

“Almost!” replies Brantanny. Not even realizing the new image he now displays.

He doesn’t bother with makeup that he sees on the nearby vanity. Especially since he doesn’t know how to put it on. He throws some things into his new backpack and heads downstairs.

His mom greets him with a simple breakfast. After grubbing, Brantanny gets in his car and heads to school.

There is much tension and nerves as Brantanny enters the parking lot. He’s not sure of how students and teachers will handle his new look. More importantly, how can he even get out of this matter? Upon entering the school doors, he immediately tries to find Amanda, who he finds near the front entrance near the bathrooms.

“Amanda! What the hell happened?! Look at me!”

She smiles, “Haha, you do look a little bit of a mess.”

Brantanny is confused, “Are you insane?! What about my hair?!”

“Yeah, you need to comb and style it.”

“That’s not what I meant! Amanda... I’m turning into a girl!”

Amanda sighs, “You aren’t turning into a girl, you are turning into a woman!”

“This is serious Amanda! I woke up this morning this long hair and was holding a teddy bear. My room now looks like it was meant for a princess!”

“What’s the big deal? We are getting together at my house tonight to do some extra practice right?”

The phrase hits a nerve with Brantanny. Somehow, he feels compelled do dance practice with his new friend. “I guess so...”

The rest of the day goes by as normal. Although it seems like some students and teachers are treating him a bit more nicer. Getting the long hair out of his face while leaning down proves to be a hassle, but something about its scent makes Brantanny feel happy as well, struggling off thoughts of resistance throughout the day.

Luckily while running into Amanda later that day, she gave him a hair tie off her wrist to borrow. For some odd reason, he doesn't feel the need to hit on her right now, but considers her to be a great friend.

CHAPTER SIX

Cutting Edge

“Are you sure you want to do this?” asks Brantanny’s barber.

“Yes, shave it all off...”

The shop was his first stop after getting in his car after school. Brantanny’s barber uses scissors to cut his long hair and then proceeds with a thick electronic razor to shave his head completely bald. Eliminating all of his hair helps him regain some form of masculinity. He never wanted to be bald in the first place but knows this will probably prevent further nightmares from occurring. He watches with surprising happiness as his long locks fall to the floor, eliminating any feminine hair from showing.

After finishing, Brantanny pays and says thank you. He leaves the shop and goes to the parking lot.

“What the hell?!”

Glimpsing at his car, before his eyes, he sees it change from a once unisex family vehicle appropriate for a teen’s first car to a girly red shorter car. Unsure of how to handle the situation, he enters the car and uses the key to start the ignition. To his disbelief, the car starts. Looking in the rear view mirror, he gets a glimpse of his newly shaved bald head. Hair starts growing from his scalp and slowly creeps down. He watches in horror as the shade turns from dark brown to a somewhat lighter shade. He opens his mouth, but no words come out. The hair slowly seeps down coming down to his nipples, leaving him with long feminine hair.

‘I can’t believe this!’

He contemplates going back inside, but something inside of his self-conscious tells him that it will not solve any of his feminization problems. He puts the car in reverse, and instead, heads home.

Arriving home, Brantanny notices both of his parent’s cars in the driveway. He rushes in the front door and announces, “Mom! Something is wrong!”

His mom comes rushing towards the foyer. “What is wrong honey?”

“My hair! Look at it!”

“What about it? Are you getting split ends again?”

“What do you mean?!” Brantanny asks in confusion. He is completely dumbfounded on

why his mom doesn't notice his long hair.

"It looks fine to me."

Brantanny struggles to get any words out. Here he is... having grown a few feet of hair within a night, having it shaved, and then having it magically grow back before his eyes. Why does his mom think this is entirely natural?

"Ugh! Nevermind!" Brantanny says as he storms up to his room.

Upon visiting his room, Brantanny notices that it is completely different. Long gone are the Rock band posters that once graced his way and the sports memorabilia that was on his dresser. Replaced is a jewelry stand on the dresser and several bulletin boards filled with pictures of some chick with her friends in tutus and some Pop stars showing their abs. To make matters worse, Brantanny notices a teddy bear on a pink bedspread fit for a little princess in place of his boring blue comforter which once sat on his bedspread.

Brantanny starts freaking out and becomes teary-eyed. He feels the need to call in some extra help, so decides to yell out "Mom. Dad! Come here!"

Both of his parents come from downstairs up to his room. His mom says, "What is wrong honey?"

Brantanny responds, "What happened to my room!"

"It looks much better now since you cleaned!" says his mom. "Especially without seeing your dirty clothes and bras laying on the floor."

"Why would I wear a bra?" Brantanny asks.

"That's funny," says his mom after a little chuckle with his dad.

"I can't live like this!" shouts Brantanny.

His dad says, "I think it's a good change for you princess."

"Princess?!"

"That's what I've always called you..."

An hour later, Brantanny sits in his girly bed cuddling his white teddy bear still traumatized from the events of the day. If shaving his head didn't work and his parents think he is a girl...

what will solve this matter? Maybe it's all a dream. In no way has Brantanny ever felt like he wanted to be a girl. Joining the ballet studio was only a method of getting to know pretty girls that he wanted to fuck. So why is he now turning into one of them?

He then gets a text from Amanda:

Hey, R U still coming?

Brantanny responds, *I don't feel well....*

AWW, well come and Ill make u feel better!

Something about her words makes him get out of his bed and put on a pink hoodie while grabbing a purse on the way out the door.

Having Amanda paint his nails surprisingly makes Brantanny feel better. They decided on a light purple shade for him. Another relaxing part is the fact that Amanda has been having casual conversation with him not just about school or dance. They have chatted about everything from music to places to eat in town to what their plans are after graduation, although Brantanny's plans may change along with what is happening to his body. It seems like getting closer to a girl seemed to just take not being an asshole and talking about sex all the time. Who knew?

"I saw this tutorial the other day that looks really cute. It's a smokey eyeshadow technique using a little glitter, can I practice on you?" asks Amanda.

Brantanny is hesitant, "I've never worn makeup before though and don't know how to put it on!"

Amanda smiles, "You are so cute, looks like I have a lot to teach you..."

Over the next three hours, Brantanny gets his fair dosage of feminization. He has his eyebrows plucked, lipstick applied, does some dance moves with Amanda and finally is able to do a split, and enjoys just chatting with her and watching some videos online. Something about doing these girly things just feels right, although he can't put his manicured finger on the reason why...

CHAPTER SEVEN

Schooled

No one at school has said a damn thing about Brantanny's appearance. Thanks to the makeup tips by Amanda last night, he has on some cherry lipgloss and light blue eyeshadow with a bit of black mascara. When he arrived home last night, he discovered a few dresses in his closet and the curiosity got the best of him.

This red skater dress and black boot combination isn't something he would have considered wearing a week ago, but somehow he feels cute while wearing it, especially with his hair brushed over one shoulder exposes his earrings and necklace that touches his soft body. Once again, he decided to wear a C-cup bra even though he is flat-chested.

When going through his closet, there were no remnants of male clothing. Just tons of girly shirts, cardigans, dresses, leotards, other costumes, and formal dresses. The bottom of the closet held several drawers full of yoga pants, skirts, and a rack of shoes. Luckily, he has his own ballet slippers now and packed his pink gym bag for practice after school. There were only two pairs of sweatpants in the room, both of which said PINK on the butt. Probably not appropriate to wear to dance class especially since Brantanny's growing femininity is getting the best of him.

In the hallway, Brantanny runs into Amanda and Sarah. All three of them smile as they approach each other. Sarah is surprisingly much nicer today.

"That dress looks so cute on you Brantanny!"

Brantanny smiles, "Thanks Sarah!"

Amanda speaks up, "Yeah... I like what you did with your eyes."

"I learned from the best!" smiles Brantanny.

The girls continue their walk with Brantanny down the hallway when they stop. There is a slight hesitation, but Brantanny follows Amanda and Sarah into a foreign land, the girls' bathroom.

Brantanny has never been in here before, but something about being in there doesn't feel unnatural right now. Sarah and Amanda check their makeup in the mirror, but Brantanny feels a sudden sensation in his stomach and groin area which makes him find an open stall.

He places his bag on the floor and slides his tights and panties to his ankles. Sitting on the toilet, something really feels weird.

Fortunately, what started as a feminization nightmare is finally coming to an end as the plan is reaching its peak. Over the past few days, Brantanny's chromosomes have been changing from XY to XX along with other features and factors of life. Inside of his stomach, a uterus is forming along with other parts of the female reproductive system, so he can join the girl's club of having a menstrual cycle like Amanda and Sarah. They will help him by showing him how to use maxi-pads and how to insert a tampon into the vagina he is about to gain.

Brantanny's penis, once somewhat larger than average and meant to be used to have sex with Amanda is becoming a thing of the past. It has shriveled to only about one inch over the last few days and has become very soft. Something in his memory has a difficult time imaging when the last time he actually stood up to urinate was. But after finishing this time, Brantanny grabs a piece of toilet paper and wipes away the mess that was his penis, revealing a shaved vagina.

His former manhood is flushed down the toilet becoming a piece of history that some people have already forgotten.

"Are you almost done **BRITTANY?**"

"Yeah!" **SHE** yells out from the stall. Brittany pulls up her panties, which now fit more snug without that worthless penis sitting there. The sensation of wearing tights is definitely a benefit to being a girl. She washes her hands and joins her friends in their conversation.

Sarah smiles at Brittany, "Amanda told me how well you did with practicing some moves last night."

"Yeah it was fun!" says Brittany who checks her hair in the mirror, knowing it needs a little touch-up.

Amanda smiles, "Seems like someone was born to be a ballerina!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

Recital

A few months later...

Brittany really is a natural ballerina. The other girls in class and Miss Oliynyk noticed a big improvement in her attitude following the completion of her sex change. In many ways, Brandon's transition into Brittany was beneficial to everyone. Brittany obtained a new hobby; her parents gained a loving daughter; Miss Oliynyk got a new student, and the girls at the studio gained a new BFF.

Even though he resisted the urges at first, Brittany now loves wearing dance outfits. Although getting her into tights was a literal struggle at first, she now wears them every day to practice and some pantyhose under dresses when outside of the studio. She considers herself a girly girl now and Sarah thinks she is even more feminine than she is herself by how often she wears dresses, her growing makeup skills, and Brittany's mannerisms.

A few days after the final transformation, Brittany tried on her first tutu. It was a pink outfit with rhinestones around the bodice which showed off her developed teenage breasts in a great way. The soft fluffy material of the skirt made her feel like a princess. The outfit was completed by a pair of nude tights which covered her manicured feet in her ballet slippers. Thanks to many hours of practice, moving around in a tutu isn't an issue and something about moving gracefully while wearing one brings a smile to Brittany's face.

The girls at the studio are happy with their sissy creation. Although they would like a few boys at the studio since many ballets require the roles, they don't want some asshole who is going to make rude comments and hit on them the entire time, so if it happens again Sarah will be very happy to slip something into their drink as well causing a world of femininity to come crashing down on some boy.

Right now, Brittany and her dance team are on stage performing the selected ballet in front of a few hundred people in the audience. Had she been wearing this outfit a few months ago when she had a penis, she may have died of embarrassment, but now that she is living life as a happy girl, it feels like it is a part of her.

Although she is still considered somewhat inexperienced, her role is prominent. The skirt is white with many glued jewels and patterns representing flowers. Thongs usually work better under tights, so she has that on under the panty part of the leotard. The bodice and basque are purple with the same kind of jewel design leading up to her breasts. The pattern turns into a nude color which matches her skin tone and is held by shoulder straps that feel natural against her skin just like a bra does now.

She turns herself on her toes and places her arms gracefully in the air while dancing to the music. For this performance, her hair is not in a bun, but has been curled and has certain clips in place to make it not fall in her pretty little face while dancing. Before the show, she took many selfies with the girls since they are all dolled up, wearing much more makeup than before and spending hours on their hair. Brittany has on heavy glittered eyeshadow with bright pink lipstick and some lipliner along with glitter on her face and arms.

Her parents in the audience are proud of their daughter and her willingness to take up a new hobby that has provided her with not only a new skill where she has fun, but also new loving friends. What more could a girl ask for?

The End!

We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave us a positive review!

Courtney can be reached at inyourdreamspublishing@gmail.com

Pinterest: <https://www.pinterest.com/courtneycaptisa/>

(We use Pinterest to gather ideas for characters, outfits, settings, and more. Look for the board dealing with the story and you'll see what ideas we had!)