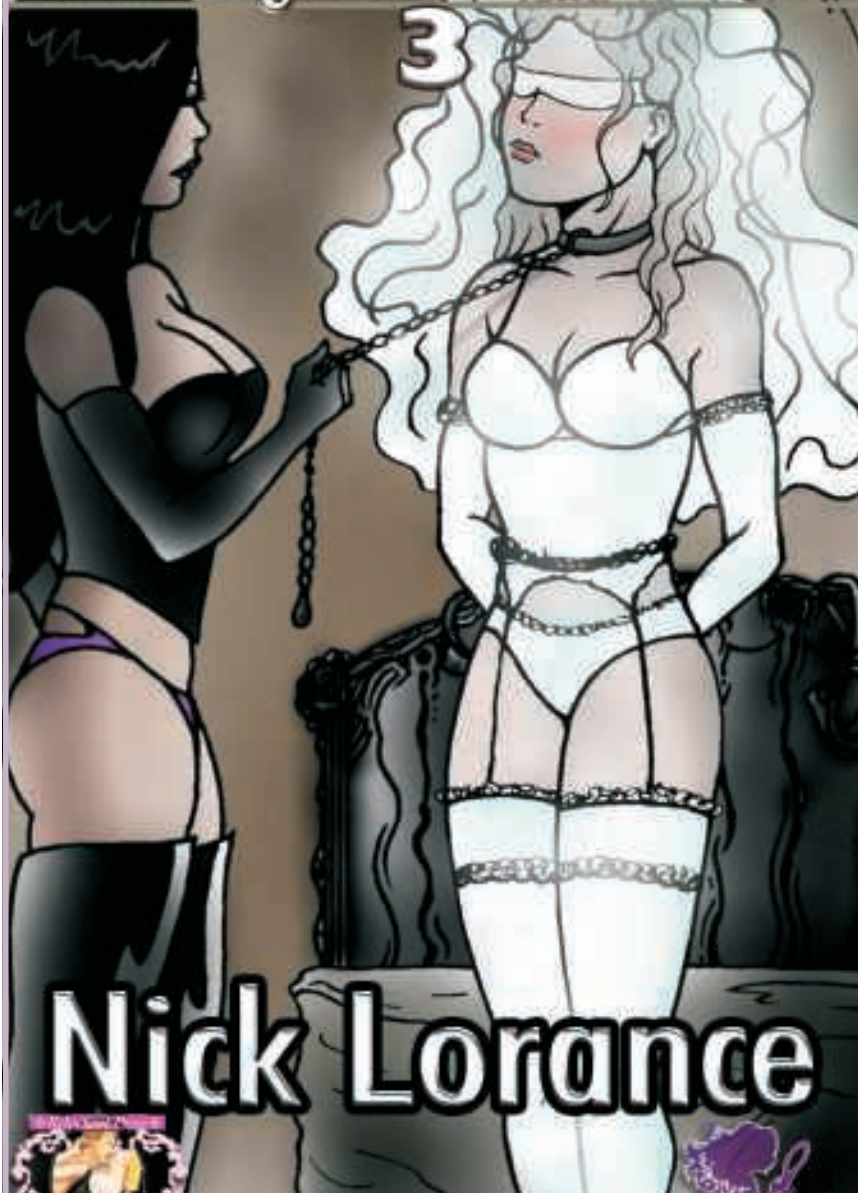


# Becoming The Perfect Student

3



## Nick Lorange



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

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# **Becoming The Perfect Student**

## **Part 3**

**By Nick Lorance**

### **The perils of a good massage**

We returned to our room. There were a few minutes before dinner, and I opened my armoire hesitantly. There were no business suit clothing in my selection. But there were skirts and blouses, and even dresses. But I wouldn't be caught dead in that red number!

Rebecca had gone immediately to the computer, and was busy looking through the outerwear. Then she stood and went to her armoire. "I only have one other suit," she sighed. "What can I wear for Saturday?"

“What can I wear for tomorrow?” I replied. Rebecca looked them over, then chose the same damn red sheath. “No way this side of hell,” I said.

“Oh come on. Put it on and look at yourself in the mirror.”

I took it, stripped to my underwear, and pulled the dress on. It was a smooth tight sheath that ended just above the knees, with a high collar and partial sleeves in a ruby red. Rebecca fussed around me as I pulled it on, closing the zipper on the right side under my arm to complete it. I stood in front of the mirror, one foot in advance of the other. When did I start standing like a girl? Then I gaped.

In Dance class one of the video representations we were to learn was Shakira’s Whenever Wherever, and I suddenly remembered the second verse;

Lucky that my lips not only mumble

They spill kisses like a fountain

Lucky that my breasts are small and humble

So you don’t confuse them with mountains

All this time I had been worried about my chest, when I should have been paying attention to my ever-widening ass as well. In that video the first thing anyone watching her body moves would notice is that full ass on Shakira, and mine was almost as big now. In fact, if they had dressed me in the same outfit Shakira wore in it, I would look like her sister. “God, what’s happening to me?”

“Pardon?”

I pointed a quivering hand at my image. “My body wasn’t like that when I got here! I didn’t have even boy-boobies, and never had an ass like that!”

“Don’t worry about that.”

I wanted to scream at her. Damn it, in just under four months I had gone from a guy to that bimbo I was looking at now! Didn’t she realize what was happening?

She saw my face, and touched my cheek. “You can see the nurse later or tomorrow, maybe she will know what’s happening. I said not to worry because until you do that, nothing can be done. Now look,” She went back to pure business. “Will Lacey say that isn’t sexy?”

“Sexy! If I’m in red pumps to match, I’d need a stick to beat the horny bastards off!”

“Then she will not complain.”

I looked at her askance. Why should I give a fuck what Lacey thought? Then I looked at her more closely. “How long have you been here, Rebecca?”

She considered. “This next week, I will have been here six months.”

Unlike Jennifer, I had never thought of Rebecca as a boy. She was too smooth, too centered to be a boy. But what would I look like in two more months? Hell, in three months Rosemary had gone from a loud-mouth boy to a stone fox with tits three times the size of what I had grown!

“Rebecca.” I pulled her down on the bed, leaning toward her to whisper. “What if they’re making us girls?”

She looked at me for a long moment, then laughed. “Why would they do that, Monique? There are a lot of girls in the world, why would they need to make them?”

“Think about it.” I held her close. I didn’t know if they could hear me or not, but I had to try! “Think. When you arrived, did you look like you do now?”

“Of course not.” She replied. “I was . . .” She looked confused. “I was . . .”

“Monique, you are disturbing Rebecca. Please stop or you will be punished.” The Guardian ordered from the air.

I leaned back. “Sorry, Rebecca.”

She shook her head, then smiled. “For what, Monique?” She ran her hand along the cloth of the dress.

“You should wear this tomorrow.”

“Fine.” I stood. “But tonight, can I go back to the skirt and blouse I had on?”

“Sure.” She helped my strip off the dress and I was back in the blouse and skirt I had been wearing before. I spent several minutes going through our ‘lessons’ for the night. Then, I insisted on seeing the nurse before dinner.

The nurse was disturbed by my tale of growing ass and titties. She took samples of my blood and promised to let me know what was happening in a few days. But I was already sure of what was going on.

Dinner was somber. I had a chef salad with plenty of sliced lunch meat and dressing. Rebecca had a hamburger and cut me a wedge of it. I eagerly scarfed the burger segment; it made the salad more palatable.

We returned to the room and went through the lessons. I discovered the difference between chenille and silk, and between satin and terry cloth. Then we

stripped off our stockings. Rebecca suggested a fire engine red to go with the dress. I allowed it, then helped with the teal she used for her own.

I took my shower, toweling dry as I cleared the bathroom for her. I was laying face down on my bed, totally despondent when she came out, patting herself down. "You look tense, Monique."

I grunted. Despondent was too sedate a term for what I was sure was happening. Then a pair of hands dropped to my neck, and I almost purred in enjoyment as they moved. I had heard about massage; suddenly I was living it. Her hands found every knot, and I felt them vanish beneath her hands.

As she moved down my back, I was whimpering. I had heard that massage was sensual but I had never realized how sensual it could be. Her fingers seemed to find every erogenous zone in my body and bring it to full life. They ran over my ass and I didn't give a damn that it was round and sweetly packed. As she began on my thighs, I found that I was hard for the first time in weeks. They ran down and began to stretch my calves out, and I arched in pleasure.

"Roll overs" she instructed, and I did as I was told. My erection was reaching toward the ceiling as she began at my ankles and worked her way upward. Her hands grazed around my tummy, then I gasped as she wrapped one around my erection. "Oh you poor thing. You're in need."

"What-" I gasped as her hand moved, driving me to distraction. I clawed the bedspread as she gently manipulated me.

"Please . . ."

"Please what?" Her mouth dropped to my ear. "Please stop? Please let me come? Please suck me?"

As she asked, her hand moved. "Answer me, Monique."

I whimpered and she took it for acceptance. I felt her mouth close on my tip and almost screamed as she began to suck me. My hands wanted to clamp on her head, to ram myself down her throat. But I couldn't do it. My fingers ran along her cheeks, caressing rather than forcing as she slid me deeper into her mouth. I gasped in desperation as she drove me further, making me writhe as her tongue ran across me.

"Oh, god!" I felt it deep in me, an orgasm like none I had ever felt as she swallowed all I put out. Still I writhed, wanting her to go on, to put her own dick in my mouth . . .

Where had that come from? I wasn't a faggot cocksucker! I was a guy! I pushed her away, rolling over to face the wall. She tried to ask what was wrong, but I waved at her to leave me alone. Finally I got to sleep. But I dreamed . . .

*She was sucking me, my hands on her face, moaning as I spent in her mouth. Rebecca leaned up. Licking a line of sperm that had run down her face, then knelt over me. She was erect, a slim spear of flesh she rubbed with her hand.*

*"Turn about is fair play, Monique." She leaned forward, the tip brushing my mouth. "Come on, Monique, suck me."* I suddenly woke up. It was hell getting back to sleep.

### **A New Me**

I got up the next morning after only a few hours of sleep. I felt like shit. Rebecca was able to get me into that goddamned red dress and heels to match. I walked into the orientation room looking like an ad for Come Fuck Me Dot Com. Lacey merely nodded;

Rosemary helped by showing up in something so frumpy I wondered whose closet he raided.

Lacey looked up. "One."

"This is better than yesterday!"

"Two."

"Damn it, I don't want to sink into being a bitch,!"

"Three."

"Please for the love of god!"

"Four."

"All right!" Rosemary ripped the tacky dress off, turning to his closet. He chose a dress not unlike my own and begged Rebecca to help him dress in it. He hung his head, sitting silently. Lacey paused in her count, looking over his selection. The dress looked good, but the nails matched the other outfit.

"You may resist. Rosemary. You may rebel. We don't expect you will give up your masculinity without a fight. But in the end, you will lose. Or win, depending on one's perspective. Like every single girl who heard this speech before you, remember that in the end, we will win. Like them, you will have no choice but to accept that the only way out of here has to be walked in lingerie, a dress, and with perfect makeup. Stilettos clicking, hips swaying, breasts bouncing. Happy smile, although optional, will be welcome." She looked at Rebecca and I.

"Today you learn about makeup, ladies. Don't concern yourselves with the rest of the cosmetics for now. I know that the abundance of them may look overwhelming, but you'll learn to use them all in due time. Today, we'll only make a brief introduction to

makeup. For the first time, today, Nancy will demonstrate why."

The picture showed Nancy reclining on a couch, wearing only black stockings, garter belt, and high heels. The camera zoomed in slowly until her lovely face filled the entire screen. She smiled lightly and slowly batted her lashes several times, then closed her eyes. Her full lips parted to let out her tongue. She circled it lazily over her, lips coating them with saliva.

A white shaft with rounded tip appeared in the lower left corner of the screen and started advancing towards Nancy's lips. It was ice cream. It stopped when its tip was less than an inch from Nancy's mouth.

She puckered her lips and leaned towards the tip. The slow, affectionate kiss that followed left her lips coated with white translucent film. Then they parted to let out her tongue. It sneaked underneath the shaft and reached an inch farther along the ice cream. With her eyes still closed lazily, Nancy started running the tip of her tongue along the underside of the shaft.

I didn't even notice that I'd stopped breathing. Each time Nancy's head moved forward, the ice cream penetrated a bit further into her mouth. Finally, she pressed her tongue flatly against the underside of the shaft and wrapped her lips around it. She opened her eyes a little and started sliding her lips down the shaft, very, very slowly. The thawing white cream was gradually building up under her lips.

When most of the shaft was inside her mouth, she reversed. Equally slowly, her lips retraced their path and she let the ice cream out of her mouth. Her lus-

cious lips, now glistening with the mix of saliva and thawed white cream, parted again, forming an O.

Nancy stuck out her tongue and rested its tip on her upper lip. It slithered lazily around, licking off the ice cream covering her lips. When there was nothing left, she closed her eyes and retraced her tongue back inside her mouth. With a contented smile she swallowed. The picture faded out.

“Good. Now let’s see the same scene again, but with some alterations. Ladies, your attention, please.”

By alterations she must’ve meant makeup. The moment the camera began zooming in, it became clear that the only change was the makeup Nancy wore now. Her cheeks were covered like an innocent flushing teenager. Her made-up eyes appeared twice as big as they used to. I had no idea how she had achieved that effect, but it brought one thing to mind - an anime girl from a Hentai movie sucking a prick.

However, it wasn’t eyes or cheeks that drew my attention. Nancy’s lips sparkled with a vivid crimson gloss that was as bright as the beacon from a lighthouse. Soon her tongue started on its trip around them. The film of saliva left in its wake made Nancy’s lips practically shine. While I was trying to figure out if the makeup made her appear sluttier or more innocent, the ice cream started its slow advance.

Nancy’s delicate tongue licking underneath and the innocence of her looks contrasted starkly with its phallic shape. As her lips closed around it, vivid crimson created a contrast against pure white.

With every inch the rod made forward, the slick white ice cream gathered over her lips causing, them to lose more and more of their glossy shine.

In the end her tongue came to the rescue, licking the white covering off. ‘How did they force her to do that?’ I wondered as the picture faded out.

“Good. Now let’s talk about why women wear makeup. I’m sure you’ve heard people say that beautiful women don’t need makeup. Maybe you even think so yourselves. Well, I’m sure that Nancy has just proved this statement wrong. Expertly applied makeup can turn an ugly duckling into a beauty. A beauty can turn herself into whatever she wishes.”

“The ‘how’ in case of makeup is no simple thing. It will take a lot of time to learn and even more to master. The first baby step you will take in just a moment. The next one, when you’re ready. Any questions, girls?”

I had a lot, though most of them didn’t seem wise to ask. For example, did they really think that forcing me to wear stockings, high heels, lingerie, makeup, and whatever else they had planned would truly turn me into a woman? If so, they weren’t as smart as they appeared. Everything I had endured so far only served to strengthen my resolve to resist. I had finally realize that these people wouldn’t stop after turning me into a woman. They wanted me not only to accept it, but revel in it.

“No questions then? Fine.” She approached Rebecca’s vanity table and picked something up.

“Lipstick,” she said, presenting the silvery tube. “This is usually the last article of makeup applied. But it’s not a finishing touch. It’s the most important article. Why? Because it’s the most visible. Think about the last scene. Where did your eyes spend the most time? Admiring Nancy’s eyes? Her cute nose? Her clear complexion? Her soft silky hair? I don’t think so. Nancy turned her lips into an invitation for a kiss . . . or something more. A promise of ecstasy. A

magnet for your attention. Don't get the wrong idea that she did that just for the video. Her lips look like that at all times. And so will yours."

Lacey handed the lipstick tube over to Rebecca and returned to the dais.

"When you went through the hair salon the first time, they created a 3D virtual view of your face as you were when you arrived. Your vanity mirrors have built in computer screens that will show you the various tutorials of this segment of your training. Please touch the corner of your mirror to bring up the interface."

I touched the mirror's surface and a table with several items appeared just above my hand. The blue framing and letters of the list contained only three items: 'Face', 'Eyes', and 'Lips'. Below the frame, several buttons resembling those on any video player remote were projected. Symbols identified the first four as 'Play', 'Fast Forward', 'Reverse', and 'Stop'. The purpose of the last three buttons wasn't clear.

"Are you familiar with these controls, ladies?"

"What do the last three buttons do?" I asked.

"The one with arrow pointing down slows down playback. The more times you press it, the slower it will be. The one with arrow pointing up speeds playback up. The last one invokes the step-by-step mode. I'll explain it later. Now, please, choose 'Lips'.

"Applying lipstick is usually a four-step process, girls, as the first four items on your lists indicate. Some of them can be omitted at times. For example, when you use a glossy lipstick you could decide not to apply a lip gloss. It all depends on the effect you're going for. However for now, don't concern yourselves

with that. As you gain experience it will become clear what can be left out and when.”

Choose ‘Foundation’, please, and watch the tutorial. I’m sure you’ll recognize our model.”

I nearly jumped in shock after pressing the play button. A three-dimensional image of Nancy’s head with roughly two-thirds of her neck appeared in front of the mirror on the right hand side. The resolution of the life-like image was astounding. Every detail was there – the flawless texture of her skin, the cute wrinkles on her velvety lips, the emerald irises of her eyes. Pixels, if there were any, were too small to see.

I rose from the chair and looked between the hologram and the mirror. I found Nancy’s auburn hair flowing down her head all the way to where her neck ended. I had been certain that holography hadn’t yet left university labs. What I was looking at meant that I wasn’t as up-to-date with technology as I had thought.

I looked at my vanity table. With all the cosmetics, it reminded me of the kitchen where I had been learning to cook with scores of spice bottles with only the contents to distinguish them.

I brought the finger to my lips, and hesitated. If I did this, I would be submitting even more. Then I felt my finger touch my lips as if instructed. The cream felt cold and oily on my lips, as I tried not to think that I was actually preparing for lipstick.

Not surprisingly every time I did something wrong during any of the subsequent steps, I had to start from scratch just like with the stockings and garter belt. Lacey said it was intentional, to ensure we got plenty of practice. I now understood why she hadn’t wanted us to use the foundation. If we had to apply

everything from scratch every time something went wrong, we would never finish.

After my fourth attempt at each of the steps, the mouth smiled and a green check mark replaced the 'X'. Rebecca had finished a minute or so ago. We both had to wait for Rosemary.

"You're doing great, girls. Now, please, touch the green check to move on to the next part."

Ten or so minutes later, I was done. The result was far from perfect to me, however the hologram gave me a thumbs up. The sight of my plump-looking lips covered in red gave me chills. This wasn't what I'd expected. I was certain I'd end up looking like a twelve-year-old painting her face with mama's makeup. What I was staring at looked . . . sexy. I fought an urge to wipe the red color off my lips. Instead, I looked at that copy of my face, both curious and worried.

"Well, ladies, I'm positively shocked," Lacey finally announced with a warm smile. "It looks like all of you have natural talent for makeup. Keep this up and we'll be done in no time. Now start the tutorial on lip color, please."

"Perfect, aren't they? That's how yours will look in a short while. First, however, a few words of advice. You are just shown you one way to apply lipstick, girls. There are also others. You may use the stick to apply color directly to your lips. This method, however, requires experience, as one wrong move can leave you with a sticky mess that's time-consuming to fix. But since this is the only practical method to refresh your lipstick, we will drill it extensively. Yet another way to apply color is a sponge applicator. It doesn't differ much from working with a lip brush. Once you master all these methods, you'll be able to handle anything life throws at you."

“Two important things, girls,” Lacy said once everyone had the proper colored lipstick applied. “Do not rush this part. If you make a mistake, you’ll have to start from scratch, so work slowly and carefully. What’s even more important, don’t overdo it. I’m sure you’re all eager to look as pretty as Nancy, but keep in mind that a lumpy mess won’t look pretty on your lips. It’s much easier to add more lipstick in the neglected spots than to remove the excess. Now make those lips really pretty again for me.”

The lipstick felt like a moist and sticky layer of wax. Each time I opened my mouth, my lips stuck to each other briefly before parting. All I could taste was lipstick from the repeated rubbing. I tried swallowing, but it only made matters worse. The only thing I could smell was lipstick. A meal might help me get rid of the taste. I doubted there was anything I could do about the smell, except for wiping the lipstick off, and after all this effort I wasn’t about to do that.

However, all those indignities weren’t what troubled me the most. My endeavor was far from perfect, and looking at what I was doing, I was having more trouble coping every minute. Such lips didn’t belong on me. Yet I couldn’t resist looking at myself.

“By the way you look into your mirrors, I can see that you like what you see. It feels good to be pretty, doesn’t it?” I looked up guiltily. How long had I been staring at my own lips?

For the first time since this hell ride had begun, I had to pay attention to my face. My skin was flawless and delicate. Even without makeup, my eyes appeared to be staring with frightened, childlike innocence. The delicate, arching brows and curving lashes highlighted the feminine charm of my face even more. Like seeing myself in the mirror walking,

there was nothing remaining of the boy I was, only this girl staring back at me.

“Please, sit properly, girls,” asked beaming. “The way you look makes me wish we had more time today for makeup. You’re starting to look like proper young ladies. Beautiful and seductive. Way to go, girls. Now. There’s one very important thing you need to do after you’ve finished making yourselves up. Anyone?”

I had no idea what she wanted this time. Rebecca apparently neither. Rosemary, even if she knew, which was doubtful, was unable to talk.

“You pack your lipstick and lipgloss from the table. I’m sure you’ve noticed the purse on your dressers. You’ll find much bigger collections of them in your wardrobes. That’s where your lipstick and gloss have to go after you’re done. Every time. You don’t need to pack brushes, only tubes will be useful. As I said, you’ll rarely find time to touch up with a brush out there. Now, please find neutral gloss in a tube and pack it along with the lipstick you used. The small folder cases you’ve seen inside your purses are hand mirrors, girls. Like lipstick and gloss, you need to carry them with you at all times. There will be situations where excusing yourselves to a restroom won’t be possible and your makeup will need refreshing. That’s where your hand mirrors come in. Never leave your room without one. Is that understood, ladies?”

We nodded.

“Good. There’s one last thing on makeup we need to cover before moving on. And that’s of course ‘When’. Any guesses?”

“Uh . . .” Rebecca began shyly after a long moment of silence. “Like high heels?”

“I’m afraid not, honey. More like stockings.”

She turned to everyone. “You are required to wear makeup at all times, ladies. Shower or bath are the only exceptions from the rule. You wake up made-up. You spend the day made-up. Before going to bed, you will clean your entire face. Day makeup and evening makeup differ significantly. Tonight you will only change your lipstick.”

“Now ladies, we use the remover to remove all your lipstick before applying a new one. In the evening, lipliner and gloss are optional; you may use lipstick alone. After you’re done, keep the tube nearby. There are various activities women perform at night that wreak havoc on their lipstick. It’s always handy to have a tube nearby. Let’s work on good habits from Day One.

“We’ll cover other differences between morning and evening makeup as we introduce new cosmetics. For now, it’s only lipstick you have to remember about, and I’m sure it will be easy to remember. That pleasant velvety feeling on your lips is quite hard to ignore, isn’t it? Any questions, girls?”

I sighed.

The rest of the day was spent as the first, walking back and forth. It was becoming easier. Then back to our rooms, looking through our armoire to find something to wear for the next day. Rebecca tried to give me a massage, and I asked her to leave me alone. She looked surprised and a little hurt.

So it went for the rest of the week; the first part of the day learning about another part of makeup, then the afternoons walking. The only break was Saturday when Rebecca and I went to the beach. We swam, then lay in the sun. Rebecca lay on her back, rubbing lotion into her front. I watched her do it, then took the bottle from her hand and rubbed it into my own skin. We lay there, then she took the bottle. She

started to try to rub it into her back, but after watching her struggle, I took the bottle and applied it for her.

She lay there beneath my hands and I found knots of muscles beneath her skin. Instinctively I began massaging her instead. She flinched when I began, but soon lay purring beneath my onslaught. It was satisfying in a way I couldn't explain; making someone feel better with just a touch. I realized that her giving me sexual relief had been because I had gotten aroused when she did this.

Later she rubbed oil into my back, and I felt myself getting hard again. I was reacting to her as a woman, not another boy.

After dinner we studied, then showered. As I lay on my bed, I felt her hands massaging me. I could feel my traitorous flesh getting hard again. She slapped my butt lightly, and I rolled over. Her hands moved slower, tweaking my nipples to draw a gasp from me. "Ah, so you did like that." She clasped my cock in her hand, slowly rubbing me. Then I felt her mouth close on me again.

"Rebecca."

"I want to do it, Monique. You don't have to do it for me." She looked a little sad as she said that. "It's all right."

It felt good, too good. She suckled, nibbled, licking my balls delicately before taking me entirely into her mouth. I looked down and she was watching my face, demanding that I come. I held her cheeks, hips rising as I did. She looked into my eyes, swallowing all of it. Then she stood and went to her bed.

I watched her for several minutes, then walked over. She lay waiting patiently, sighing as my hands

dropped to her shoulders. I gave her as good a massage as she had given me. I swatted her butt, and she rolled over. Her cock was a little smaller than my own, and painfully erect. Yet she merely lay back, quiescent. I began at her neck, massaging down her arms, then down her chest. After massaging the flesh beneath her breast, I pinched her nipples, her hands coming up to hold my fingers tightly to them as she moaned.

“Oh, so you’re one of those.”

“One of what?” she asked suspiciously.

I pointed at the erect nipples. “You get nipple hard-ons!”

She laughed, pinching mine again. I squealed, then pinned her down to tickle her. She laughed and pleaded for me to stop. I did, and we lay laughing together for a long moment. She watched me with a smile on her face that became a slight pleading look. I lowered my face, taking her nipple into my mouth. She hissed, hugging me to her as I suckled. After a moment, she lifted my head, sliding it to the other nipple. Her hand slid down and began playing with me, making my cock rise again. I reached down and captured hers.

I rolled her on her back instead. “Just this once I will,” I told her. “Because you did it for me. But I beg you, do not do it again, because I can’t reciprocate. Promise me.” Rebecca looked at me for a long moment, then nodded. I looked into her eyes, then lowered my head and took a cock in my mouth for the first time.

### **Maid duties**

After the week of heels, stockings, and makeup, I was judged sufficiently prepared to work as a maid. I also found myself with another roommate. When I asked, I was told that since we had different career paths, Rebecca for Personal Assistant, mine for Domestic, we were each assigned to someone on the same path as a mentor.

Carol was an irreverent person that I liked almost immediately. I was changing clothes when she came in from her shift. She closed the door, stood hip-shot, and grinned. “Slowly, girl, slowly. What’s the rush? It’s not Christmas, ya know.”

I blushed and she laughed with delight. “Oh you are going to be so much fun.” I pulled up the dress, then squealed when she grabbed my ass with both hands. “Oh! Such a big round ass! Just watching you is going to get me hard!”

“Stop it.” I just stood there as her hands squeezed my butt cheeks.

“Oh, you want to play with it instead?” She caught my hands, dragged them down, then used her hands to make me squeeze my own ass instead. “There, satisfied?”

“I didn’t want to be a maid. I just want to get out of this damn school and go on with my life.”

She sighed. “Face it girlfriend. This is your life. But it doesn’t mean it can’t be fun.” She squeezed again. “Like watching a newbie blush when you play with their ass.” She dropped to her knees, kissing each cheek of my panties. “There, I kissed it all better. So remember, if you say ‘kiss my ass’, I just might do it.” Then she stood, sashaying to the desk where she took the chair, watching me.

I played up to her, stripping off the dress, then looking over my shoulder. She winked at me. “Well?”

“Good grades in pole dancing from what I can see.” She opened the drawer, pulling out a packet of small cigars. She offered me one and I shook my head. She lit up, blowing smoke toward the ceiling.

“Are we allowed to smoke?”

“We ain’t in Kansas anymore, Toto. Americans are all hung up about smoking, but in the rest of the world, they accept it.” She turned the smoke. “Try it. Just don’t inhale.” I sucked up some smoke. It had a nice cherry flavor to it. “If you want, we can share these.” She looked me up and down. “New maid service. You’ll do.”

“What do you mean?”

“You’ll look sexy in the uniforms, and that’s the most important thing. Oh there are matronly maids, but they don’t teach them here. All of ours are like you and me. Sweet, sexy, and dressed to thrill.”

“I don’t want to thrill, and when I thought I’d look sexy, it was when I wanted to lift weights and have rippling muscles.”

“Too bad, so sad.”

“I don’t even know why they’re making me dress like this. If I’m good enough, I’ll be back in pants in a heartbeat.”

She laughed. “Dream on, sugar. Once you’ve gotten to this stage, you never go back. I’ve been here almost a year now and I was always hoping I’d get back into pants.” She fluffed her tits. “Instead I misbehaved and got implants. I’d have to get them cut out

to even try to go back.” She stood, bending over. “And that’s not to going to make this ass any smaller.”

“So I was right. They’re making us into girls. But why?”

She stood, walking over closer. “Because there’s a demand for girls with a little something extra. A big enough demand to fund this godforsaken place. We’re just the more recent ‘students’ to qualify.”

I collapsed into the chair. I started to cry. “I don’t want to be a girl, damn it!”

“Hey, hey, sugar. Don’t let one of the boy students see you cry like that. It turns some of them on.”

“Boy students?”

“Sure. We can’t be all girls, ya know. There’s a market for hot studs to bone some limp-dicked bastard’s wife while they watch too.”

“You mean.” I looked up. “You mean I could have stayed a boy if I had just studied more?”

“No way, kiddo. You’ve seen the boys they have that remained boys. Most are husky and eloquent. Some are bi, or will be when they leave, so they’ll look like professional swimmers with well-defined muscles, but are willing to go either way. The others are so obviously faggots that they fall to their knees at the drop of a zipper. But they were excellent students when they were tested. You, however, weren’t Joe Jock and had worse grades, so you ended up as a maid. Just be glad they didn’t make you a slut instead.”

“You mean it could get worse?” I asked in horror.

“Oh yeah, girlfriend. Fight them enough and you’ll find yourself bent over with a dick in your ass faster

than saying 'I was only kidding!'. She looked sad. "You'll see a maid as in 'made to be fucked' before too long. They're the problem children who resisted too much, but have skills beyond on-the-job training." She put out the cigar. "Come on, let's go to dinner."

I found a dress that was casual but still looked good, and we went. My new room was M7, and I was told that the rooms were marked by service level. G meant, obviously, girl, for new students that had not been categorized yet. M was for maid. There were also A and S designations which I was told meant Assistant like Rebecca was now, or Slut. Slut was a designation I had never seen, and Carol told me a slut was as the word said, someone just for sex, and nothing else.

I saw both Rebecca and Jennifer in the mess hall and waved at them, but Carol caught my hand. "We're supposed to avoid fraternization." She told me. "It isn't like you can't be friends, but you're supposed to be learning your skills, not theirs."

The uniforms were in my armoire the next morning. They were in several colors; yellow, pink, blue, red, white and traditional black. They were all French Maid style; miniskirted, scoop-necked with ruffled flounces and additional ruffles on the matching panties. There were also hats, seamed stockings collars with little bow ties as chokers and heels in matching or complementing colors. I was instructed to take the uniforms from the left at all times so I was wearing something different every day, but was wearing a matching uniform with everyone else.

The first three weeks I was assigned to a floor in the admin building. That was easy; dusting, sweeping, and occasionally getting drinks and snacks for the admin personnel. One night a week I would also

be there scrubbing, then waxing the floors on my knees. I became pretty good, I think.

Both Jennifer and Rebecca had been assigned there as typists for staff members. I found it out when Candace, the Director of Maid Service for Admin, sent me with tea to different offices. Both Jennifer and Rebecca seemed to be fitting in well.

After that I was assigned instead to the boy's dorm, where the only occupants were the boys and the male staff members. Let's face it, the boys were pigs. I had to pick up clothes from the floor and deliver the dirty laundry to the laundry room where one maid every week would be washing and drying them, ironing their shirts, and putting them on hangers or folding them for return, which I had to do as well. Usually the boys were in classes, but sometimes they would wander through.

Some were nice and polite, but there's always that one asshole who would leer or make suggestive comments. I ignored them as best I could. I pictured what they saw; some woman walking by, her butt swaying, heels clicking. The neckline of the uniform with the merry widow corset also gave them a good look at creamy goodness almost bursting out of the top. Inwardly I was a little amused by it. I could see one of these guys trying to get into the pants of one of the 'maids' and being shocked by what we were hiding in them.

On our duty days we had almost no classes. One was gym, and the dance teacher had gone from belly dancing and segued into an exercise regimen called Pole Dancer 101. If it sounds like exotic dancer training, you're right. We used the same kind of props that a stripper might use from pasties to Come Fuck Me pumps, to the stripper pole, gyrating to the music as

we made pivot turns, and locked our legs around it to hump it.

If you were only watching, it was a trip, but I didn't like it when I was the one being watched. The one thing they were always giggling me on was my expression. I was just exercising, not trying to entice. But at that same time, I was starting to get good. I was one of the first to throw my legs up, lock my ankles, and swing from the pole upside down. The teacher said if I could at least have a look of enjoyment, I'd max out the class.

I didn't care. It was a gym class, I couldn't see why it was something I should be enjoying.

When it came to my 'maid' persona, I remembered a science fiction movie named *Galaxina*. The main character, played by Dorothy Stratten, minced around in a costume not unlike our uniforms, but with a blank expression most of the time. I fostered that look. I was cool and unapproachable.

Another thing that happened was long, considering looks from the boys in the dorm or the few men on staff. At least twice a week the boys' dorm would have full-on dinners as if we lived in a manor house. As a maid, of course I would be picked sometimes to serve at them. By the end of the first month of maid service, I knew exactly how many knives, forks and spoons were needed for what the upper crust considered a 'proper' meal, and how to arrange them.

I learned how to serve from the left, and remove from the right; to make sure the glasses, whether wine or water, were topped off. How to carve the meat just right, thin slices for beef or pork, thick for mutton, carve away from the bone, across the grain to make it easier to chew, use the knife to prop the portion from below with the carving fork pinning it down to transfer it to a plate cleanly. I later discovered that



these dinners were actually classes for the boys and young men on that side of the school. As I was being trained to serve them, they were learning how to act during them.

Once a week we had a class where we learned to mix drinks on request, and every week we ended up making some of them for guys in the dorm. I wasn't the only 'girl' to get flurries of drink requests. Holding a tray with a drink on it in offering meant the guy could look down my bosom almost to my knees; a number of the boys would even go through the computer to find drinks they had not tried just to have me mince in, deliver it, and stay bent over long enough for them to accept it.

A favorite trick was for one to order a drink and another to merely sit in an adjoining seat so that when you bent to serve, he would be looking up the skirt. It became a game of sorts where as the server you had to spot the one who was going to look up your skirt, and find a way to serve the drink where he did not get a glance. I found one way was to come up from behind the wing-backed chairs they used.

By my third week I had settled in, but there were bobbles. We maids had one weekend day off intentionally so we could go to the beach; still required for us. But we also served one weekend day. I was in that third week, picking up clothes and consigning it to the laundry chute. I had almost done the entire floor, but there were two rooms remaining. I breezed through the first, sending the laundry down the chute, then went to the last.

There was a noise, and I was trying to figure out what it was as I gathered discarded clothing on the floor. Just as I recognized it as the shower, the noise died. I spun to leave, and the bathroom door opened.

A young man stood there, rubbing his hair, with the entire front of his body exposed.

He saw me, then gave me a lazy grin. "Hello."

"Hello, sir." I clutched the dirty clothing to my front. "Sorry for the intrusion." I turned to escape.

"Please, wait." I froze, looking at him. He was ignoring the fact that I could see every inch of his front as he dried himself. "It would be better if you took the towel as well."

"Yes, sir," I said glibly. He watched my face as he dried himself. I was like a fly in amber as he finished, then walked over, still exposed, to add the towel to my arms.

As I stood there like a deer in the headlights. I noticed something. "Sir, is your left shoulder hurting you?"

He looked toward the arm in question. "Yes. I think I strained it in racquetball a couple of hours ago."

I set the laundry down. "Sir, please, lay on the bed."

"Excuse me?"

"Part of my duties is to deal with injuries, sir. Please."

He smiled at me, then lay down. I was used to seeing both men and now, thanks to this damn school, women laying naked before me. But something in my training saw the injury. I knelt over his ass, leaning forward to begin massaging his shoulder. He lay there, just letting me manipulate him. As I felt his shoulder was feeling better, I moved further south, working on the muscles above his waist. He lay there, merely letting me manipulate his muscles as I mas-

saged every knot from the muscles I faced. I was working on his calves, and he hadn't complained. I slapped him on the butt. "Turn over," I ordered.

He turned over, and my breath caught. I had been massaging my roommates for over three months now, but this was the first real man-dick I had been presented with. I began massaging his calves, but ahead of me was something I had never expected to confront. Compared to all of the 'girls' I had dealt with, this was a monster at least eight inches long, and almost three inches around. Still I concentrated on the massage.

I reached his hips, and decided enough was enough. "There, sir. I will-"

"You'd leave me like this?" He motioned toward that straining member.

I was caught. The massage regimen assumed I would at least reduce his swelling by hand but only because every 'girl' I had massaged would complain if I didn't, and when we massaged each other in the massage class it was obligatory. I reached out and my hand closed over it. It was long enough I could have used both hands, but that was a little too much for me. He sighed as I gently began jacking him off. If I just thought of Rebecca, or Carol, I could do this. Of course I pictured Rebecca sucking me off with that demanding look, or the break in her voice when she had said it was all right if I didn't 'do' her, so I just concentrated on Carol.

It wasn't that bad if I thought that way. Of course none of the girls had such a furry crotch, or hair running up their stomachs and chest. As much as it sounds gay, I focused just on what was in my hand. It was moving a little from the beating of his heart and even seemed to have grown since I took hold.

“You could . . .” I looked up. He was watching me. Instead of continuing, his hand came up, brushing my cheek, then sliding to the back of my head. Or at least tried. I moved sitting up more while keeping my hand moving now faster.

“I don’t . . . do that,” I whispered.

“Ever?”

“Ever.” I paused in my motions. “If you persist, sir, you can finish this yourself.”

He looked at me for a long moment, then his hands clasped behind his head. “Okay.”

I sighed in relief and finished what I had started. When he came, it was a surprise. The girls came, but it was a few discrete spurts. But he came so hard, it sprayed halfway across the bed. I took the towel and cleaned it up. But somewhere in my mind I felt an urge to lean forward and lick it up. Was this what Jennifer had felt when I caught her licking up my sperm?

I finished his chest, patting him on the bicep as I stood. “Will there be anything else, sir?”

“No, thank you.” He stood and began to dress. I got the hell out of there.

At the end of the evening, I was heading toward the door out when I was stopped by Lola, the Head Maid in the Boy’s dorm. “Monique, come into my office, please.”

I curtsayed and followed her. She closed the door before taking her desk. She was an attractive woman in her thirties, just like every other teacher except for the half-dozen men who taught in the Boy’s section of the school. Her uniform was more of the British type

instead of French, meaning the skirt was longer with a full bodice.

“I see you helped Howard with his sprain.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“But when he suggested . . . more, you refused.”

“Ma’am,” I sighed. “I may be dressed in women’s clothes, but that doesn’t make me a woman.”

“Such . . . harsh language, Monique. You are being trained to deal with every need of your future employer. Every. Need. That includes taking him in your mouth.”

Lola looked at me. “When our representative came to talk with your mother, she recorded what she believed to be incidents in the past year or so when you did exactly that, but hid the memory as too worrisome for you.”

“Elizabeth said that? Elizabeth is out of her fucking mind!”

Lola sighed. “Perhaps. We need to be sure. I will call Elizabeth, and have her meet you in the nurse’s office.”

### **Interlude**

“Well this explains a lot, but it doesn’t explain how you convince some boy to suck a dick, or take it up the ass,” Logan commented.

“Crudely put sir, but you are correct,” the headmistress commented.

“No offense meant.”

“None taken.” But from her tone, Logan knew he had overstepped. “You are partially correct that we would have to work hard to force some boy to accept sexual favors willingly. Until the late 80s our technique was brute force or hypnotic. Both work, however we found a new way thanks to psychotherapy.

“In the late 80s or early 90s psychotherapists created the theory of recovered memory therapy. You see, they came up with the theory that really horrible memories, violent deaths, physical and sexual abuse, would be repressed by the patient. Early in the 1990s they would use hypnotherapy to bring these memories out. However, there was a problem. If you begin the process assuming that such exists, you can accidentally create a memory that is not real, but to the person is as real as if they had lived it. This is called False Memory Syndrome, and followed on the heels of recovered memory.

“In fact, the only way to prove such a contention to a court is to use the same process that brought out the supposed repressed memory, using something patently impossible, like having you remember being a dog, and all you have done is really created yet another false memory. Done properly, we could create a memory in your own mind that at one time you dressed in girl’s clothes and willingly engaged in sexual congress with other men, and it would be as real as any memory in your mind at this moment.

“So when they realize that we are guiding them into this, and begin to seriously resist, we undercut that resistance by giving them fake memories of having willingly accepted this previously. That all they are doing in reality is returning to that previous time.”

“So they resist what they think is a perversion . . .”

“And then we help them ‘remember’ that they had engaged in it earlier, and even enjoyed it.”

### **Undercutting**

Considering everything that was happening, I was more and more sure that they were making us into wannabe girls. As much as it was supposed to be punishment, I had spent almost six months dressed in girl’s clothes, with no end in sight. If Carol was correct, they had been working on this from the minute I stood in front of the Headmistress.

Well, I was going to get out of here. At the moment, I didn’t care if it was, as Clint Eastwood said in a movie, sitting up or draped over the saddle. I didn’t care as long as I got away.

The Nurse was in, and motioned me to a seat. “Tea?”

“No.”

She tut-tutted. “Mere politeness should carry further than that, Monique.” A girl I didn’t know in a maid’s costume came in. “Tea for both of us.” The nurse directed.

“I don’t want any f-”

“We know you are distraught, Monique, and your language to Lola was ignored. But if you really wish me to punish you, I shall. Come, drink your tea.”

I snarled, accepted the cup, and sipped it. “Where is Elizabeth?”

“She will be here momentarily. She had to get your file. Please, relax, finish your tea.”

Unwillingly I drank it down, leaning back. Elizabeth breezed in. My file had grown to almost half an

inch thick, and she was reading part of it as she came into the room. “Sorry I am late, Monique. I hear you are having problems with your training.”

I set down the cup. “Since I didn’t want to go to this school, don’t want to be a girl, and don’t want to suck some guy’s dick, oh yeah, I’m having problems with it.”

“Well, let’s see about getting by these minor problems.”

I was feeling a bit dazed. “Minor problems, she says.”

“When I stayed with you and your mother, we had two hypnosis sessions. From your background, I believe this is solvable.”

I was looking at her, but having trouble concentrating. “We did not!”

“Yes, we did.” She took a pendant from her jacket pocket. “Just watch this, please.”

“No.” Yet my eyes were fascinated by the swinging medallion. “I . . . won’t . . .”

“You are falling into a deep sleep.”

“No . . . I’m . . .”

### **Misdirection**

As Monique’s eyes closed, Elizabeth put away the pendant. Versed was such a useful tool. “Monique, you remember that I had two sessions with you.”

“Sessions,” the young girlie-boi repeated.

“Yes. Your mother was there for the first, about how you and your friends were rebelling against everything.”

“Yes . . . ‘gainst everything . . .”

“But we, you and I, decided you needed one more. Something about what your friends had done to you.”

“Friends . . . made me . . . uncomfortable . . . painted my face with magic markers while I was drunk . . . Made me beg for an hour . . .”

Excellent. No matter how good a friend someone was, there were always times when they did something that bothered you. Elizabeth knew that from her own personal experience. She could work with this. “But that’s only how you remember it now, Monique. This is what really happened . . .”

### **Self betrayal**

*Come awake*, a voice seemed to say. I opened my eyes. Elizabeth was sitting there, an empty teacup sitting beside her. The Nurse was standing to the side, looking at me with a pitying expression. They both sighed with relief. “That was a bad one,” The Nurse said.

“But she had to remember it, otherwise she will never mature.”

“What are you talking about?”

“We brought one of your repressed memories back. As I had thought, it made this school a perfect fit.”

“Are you out of your mind?” I hissed. “Dressing up in women’s clothing, expecting me to suck some guy’s dick-”

“Like your friends did to you?” She interrupted. I froze. “Dressing you up in a negligee, making you suck a cock while the others came on your face.” I shook my head. “Four months before we met. You and your friends had shoplifted some whiskey from a major store. You all got drunk, and you passed out. One of their friends, a girl named Lillian talked them into it . . .”

I remembered it. Jack Danials had just released a Whiskey they called the Devil’s Cut. While whiskey is sealed in water tight barrels for aging, even the best made wooden barrels are only mostly airtight. Some of the alcohol evaporates right through the seals, which is why you could smell whiskey as you walked through a distillery or through the storage area for the barrels aging to perfection. That escaped smell is called the Angels’ Due, as if the angels just had to have a taste.

But so did the Devil. A portion of that whiskey filled the pores of the barrel staves, and was trapped when they tapped the barrel to bottle it. That part was called the Devil’s Cut. That had been it for centuries, but some smart guy wondered if they could get that remaining whiskey out to sell. So they created a press that would crush the dried wood fibers of the staves. Out poured a strong, sharp, smokey whiskey they had started bottling just this year under that name.

We had planned like a special ops team to grab a few bottles. It came down to our usual ploy. Mitch and Danny would make the snatch while I kept the store’s shoplifting watchdogs occupied. We had decided to go out through the back entrance to do it, so I came in, did my ‘trolling for stuff’ while they walked in, grabbed a couple of bottles each, then out the back to where Roy was waiting. It was almost always that way. I was the sweet innocent idiot who pre-

tended to steal, Mitch and Danny were fast. Since he was the one with a car, Roy was our driver.

After being stopped on my way out, having stolen nothing, I walked a couple of blocks, and Roy picked me up. We went to Roy's place—again he was the only one not living at home—where we cracked the first bottle. Lillian showed up and did her usual, which was to get us riled up. I think she was dating Roy . . . or maybe it was Mitch. I tried to remember her, but she was just this girl with big hair, and an attitude to me.

I passed out around the third bottle. Then . . .

I heard them talking, but I couldn't bring myself to wake up. Then something hit my face, a pungent salty liquid. It ran down across my lips, and I licked it. A natural reaction. Take some liquid and drip it on a sleeping person's lips. It was a standard ploy used with poisons among the ninja. They will lick it, and if they like it, will search for more.

Something about the liquid made me lick hoping for more.

*"Oh God, guys, he's waking up,"* came the first, rather nervous voice, belonging, I now realized, to my friend Danny, *"Guys, let's leave it, this is really gay."*

*"You can go if you want,"* came back the second voice, more aggressively, Roy, as I could now tell; he was always claiming to be our leader, not that anyone cared. *"But we're having too much fun with our little slut."* His voice was becoming more and more animated as he said this, his breaths increasingly rapid until I felt more liquid squirting into my face.

Something brushed my face; like a baby instinctively latching onto their mother's nipple, I began to lick, then nurse on it. It slid deeper and I was suck-

ling like a calf. My so-called friends kept going on about their newfound slut, and 'her' reacting like one.

*"Oh yeah, the bitch is loving it,"* Lillian replied. She always bothered me, and I opened my eyes. The first thing I saw was Mitch's naked crotch, and his dick stuck in my mouth. I had been blowing him instinctively. I found myself unwittingly with an erect dick in my moist mouth. It made me both embarrassed and angry. I spat the cock out and turned my attention on the guys.

We fought, oh, how we fought! The fuckers had dressed me in one of Lillian's negligees, came on my face like some Bukkakke slut in an Anime. They stuffed Mitch's dick in my mouth and used their cell phones to take God alone knows how many pictures!

I wanted to rip them apart, but it was like the kid when you played Keep Away with their stuff. I'd charge one of them and another would hold up his phone with yet another picture of me sucking Mitch, or my boner with Lillian's hand on it. Of course without nail polish, it could have been one of the guys doing me. I screamed at them that it was worse than rape. Lillian laughed saying you can't scream rape when you're too busy sucking some guy off.

I finally slammed into the bathroom, washed up, and got dressed. They tried to get me to stay, tried to convince me it was just a joke, even showed me their phones where they deleted every picture as I watched. But I stormed out and didn't talk to them for a week. But I could never admit what really upset me.

I had liked it. If I had stayed in that dreamlike haze a few more minutes, I would have found myself spit-roasted between two of them, begging them to fuck me and come in my mouth!

Lillian never showed up again, so the guys finally got me to hang with them again . . .

I stared at Elizabeth in horror. I could almost taste their cum. God, except for Danny, I didn't even know *whose* cum I had eaten! "They . . ."

"Yes, they raped you. But you know you would have done it willingly if they had used the right way to convince you. You would have lain there and let them fuck you as well. That is why we knew the School was perfect for you."

"No . . ." I stared at her, and again I flashed to Mitch shoving himself in my mouth. Part of me even now wished they had done it, fucked me until I screamed for more. Begged them all to come in my ass, in my mouth, drown me in it!

"I can see this is distressing you," Elizabeth said. Probably the most obvious statement ever made. "Go on to your room. We're taking you off maid duty for the next week. There's a class you need to take when your head is straight, so you have the next two days off."

"Thank you." I staggered to my feet, and went to my room. Carol found me crying helplessly an hour or so later.

### **Interlude**

"That didn't make sense!" Mistress Cami, the nurse commented. "You just took his own memories and tweaked them."

"The beauty of repressed memories," Elizabeth commented. "The human mind craves order; it will create it from the mind without extra support. That is the reason eyewitness testimony is ignored if it isn't substantiated by other means. There is a class they

teach cops where a man bursts into a room and shoots someone, then flees. Instead of being allowed to pursue, the students are ordered to record exactly what they saw. Then the reports are dissected, and even among policemen they see discrepancies; if the person had a weapon, what color hair, etc.

“She filled it in. Lillian; who didn’t exist before we added her, the entire sex act, all created by us, then fleshed out in her own mind. She remembers what we created, not reality.” She opened the drawer, taking out the flesh-colored dildo. “And this gave her the full tactile response.”

### **Coming to Grips**

I spent the next two days in a haze. Every time I would get it out of my head, I found myself back in the memory. I dreamed of it continuing, of me waking up as Roy shoved himself into my ass.

Sometimes the dream ended there. Other times, like a nightmare, I found myself humping against both of them, desperate to feel their sperm shooting into my ass and mouth. I ate very little, and then only primarily because Carol had been given the days off as well to help me.

I still had a panic attack in the serving line the first time she did convince me to eat. Before I had come to the school I ate salads when Mom served them, which was whenever she was on a diet. With most rabbit food I agreed with a writer named Glen Cook who said it didn’t take any brains to attack and subdue a turnip. So my salad with sliced grilled chicken arrived, and I started to grab some dressing; really only a masochist eats salad naked. But I saw the creamy liquid. A few moments later, I came back to myself. I had dropped the tray, screaming, falling on my ass and backed into a corner, sliding into it desperately. Carol was holding a paper bag to my face,

ordering me to breath into it. I was breathing as if I'd run the 440, and only her hands clamped over mine held the bag to my face.

I wasn't sure if I'd ever liked Ranch dressing before, but the creamy texture reminded me of something else that would have been creamy in my mouth. I was freaking out because that might be why I had chosen Ranch. My mind was desperately trying to remember if I had ever eaten salad with dressing on it, and could only come up with some hazy recollections of the last two months or so before I had ended up here. Then I had eaten Ranch, or some other creamy dressing, just like I had been here eating salad. Was it because part of my mind had yearned for something else creamy to gulp down? I wasn't sure and the thought that it might have been for that reason had caused me to panic.

Once she had me closer to coherent, she directed me to a table, and delivered a salad with no dressing. Then she had returned with little tubs of half a dozen oil and vinegar dressings. I tried a bit of salad with each, and finally settled on a raspberry vinaigrette. She went back for a larger portion of it, and I was able to eat. But I was terrified by what I might have been wanting instead.

The same thing happened in the morning because a lot of omelets included sour cream. I ended up with just scrambled eggs fried into what might have been considered an omelet without the addition of sour cream or melted cheese.

So I survived. Of course when I figured out what my new class was, I was even more despondent.

### **Cock Sucking 101**

On the third day, I saw a note attached to my armoire. I was to dress in the maid uniform of the day

and report to room number 17. I dressed in the Sunflower uniform, with amber stockings, sunglow nail polish, lemon chiffon eye shadow, and gold heels. Carol assured I looked correct down to the seams in my stockings, then we went to breakfast. I had an omelet with chorizo (no sour cream), then headed to the class.

I walked in, surprised that the room had girls in maid uniform, but also some in what looked like business attire. There were even some in outfits more aimed at clubbing. In fact with over a dozen, there were more than I had seen in any class.

An older woman in a suit walked in, leaning against her desk, facing us. She motioned, and a girl came in with a box. She began going around the classroom and placing something on each desk. When she came to me, she plopped an object in front of me, and I gazed at it horrified.

I could swear it had been modeled on- It looked like Mitch's! Several of the others had picked theirs up and were examining them curiously.

"No way," I said. "You can dress me up in drag, make me clean like a stereotypical maid, even make it my duty to jack off some horn dog, but I am not sucking a dick!"

"We shall see, Monique. After all, I am not forcing you to stroke your little friend." I looked down. I was holding the dildo and unconsciously stroking it as if masturbating. I set it down as far away as possible as the class giggled.

"Ladies, I am Mistress Maria, and this class is officially called Level One Oral Pleasuring, or as a lot of girls have called it, Cocksucking 101, and this," she said, holding up one of the rubber organs, "this we call a 'dildo'. To you however, it is just Dick. As you

can see, it's a model of the male penis. Now, it attaches to the desk like this . . ." she demonstrated, placing it on the holder attached to one of the desks. One by one, the others attached their own.

"Good. Now, let's talk about arousal for a few minutes. Where does arousal happen? Anyone?"

We looked at each other for a few moments, then one student near the front raised her hand. "In the . . . the penis, ma'am?"

"Anyone else have any other ideas?"

"In the . . . guts?" said another.

"Down here?" She gestured to her stomach.

"Monique?" she turned to me. "Do you have an idea where sexual arousal happens?"

I reflected for a few moments about how, when I would look at myself in the mirror, especially on those occasions when I thought I looked 'hot', my cock would sometimes harden of its own accord. The eyes? I wondered. "Um . . . in the mind, ma'am?"

"Absolutely correct!" she said, giving my an approving smile. "In here." She pointed to her head. "This is where all sexual arousal begins. Therefore, as much as sex is physical, sex is very much a mental phenomenon, and it involves all of the senses, not just touch. Not just the genitals and not just in the other erogenous zones, although they are also important, of course. For now, though, I want to emphasize the other senses, such as the sense of sight, and the imagination. Something that can be very important to the overall experience of arousal, something that you will need to be very expert in, when it comes time for you to arouse your lover . . . which is an essential part of your role as a feminine girlie-boi."

I was vaguely surprised by this. In all our time, it was the first time any of the teachers had referred to us as anything other than 'girls', or 'ladies'. It was also the first time that any teacher had admitted this was intentional.

“Unlike a number of girls you see around the campus, none of you have breasts beyond say a B cup, and that is why I called you girlie-bois. You were attractive from the start, all we had to do is bring that female side to the fore. Breasts are a lot of fun and a lot of real men your age have fantasies of the woman so huge she can barely walk without falling over. But you didn't need them. After all, more than a mouthful is a waste.” She walked around the room.

“Now, how can you use sight to arouse, or ‘turn on’ your partner? One way is by dressing in an alluring way, wearing sexy, feminine clothes. Whether you know it or not, all of your training has been aimed at making you all creatures of male fantasy. You have all been through the classes on makeup, on dressing from the skin out as attractively as possible. So you can look at any classmate and have a good idea exactly what she is wearing beneath her outerwear. But let us look at that outerwear. As an example, Monique, Wendy, come up here beside my desk for a moment.”

We both stood and came forward. Wendy was in business attire with a tight jacket over a cream blouse.

“Look at their clothes.” she prompted. “The clothes you take off can be just as important as what you wear beneath them! Always remember that. A pretty, feminine dress with, perhaps, a plunging neckline, or a skirt with high side-slits, a short skirt with frilly panties, can set the stage, and build anticipation for

more to be revealed, when you're finally alone in the bedroom . . . It's all about building expectation.

“Now the final touch. The attitude. What your face and posture tells the onlooker. Look closer at Wendy. See how she is standing closed in, trying to be self-effacing. Just the meek and mild office girl who doesn't see herself as attractive. Yet to male eyes she is like a gazelle on the veldt to a prowling lion; a fine meal if you can catch her. They think, ‘she is so sweet. If you come on to her she will resist’. Oh not a lot, mind. But she will try to convince you that she isn't worth the effort. But once you have her on her knees, with your cock in her mouth . . .”

She walked around me. “Monique is even more alluring. Maids have always been part of young men's fantasies, but Monique does this to perfection. Look at that platinum blonde hair. Even back in a braid it draws the eye. That cold look on her face. She is a domestic Ice Maiden. Yet every man knows that once you thaw her out, she will burn with a fire like an incendiary device. She would have that look as he fucks her mouth at first, still looking up at him, eyes distant, daring him to prove himself man enough to conquer her. And they will try. Sit down, girls.

“All of you exude such ambiance in your own way. You are prey for the men who will hire you and their associates. Prey to be stalked and taken. So the amount of flight and resistance is up to you, but you will submit.

“Now class, let's return to our dildos and try some more exercises.” She then proceeded to give us a hands, er, lips and tongue-on tutorial, about everything you could do with your mouth to satisfy an erection. Finally the words I dreaded. “So I would like you all to lick the dildo in front of you as I have just done.”

I stared at the upthrust member. I couldn't imagine liking it even when I remembered my pleasure at sucking off Mitch. But then, I also wouldn't have imagined kissing Jennifer, either. And, if I was honest with myself now, I had to admit that I had kind of liked kissing her. It had made me hard enough for what followed, and sometimes I still dreamed about that first sexual act with her. I even remembered the lackluster effort I had put into sucking Rebecca off.

But, no time to reflect now. Mistress Maria was talking.

"Next," she was saying, "run your tongue very lightly all over, the sides, the top . . . then return to the tip. You can run your tongue across the urethra very gently, just a couple of times. Remember that it's very sensitive. Now, while you're doing this, you'll be able to tell how much your lover is enjoying it. If he is getting harder, or it is twitching occasionally you know that you're doing things he likes. So, after you've built up his anticipation for a while, you can run your tongue firmly all the way down the ridge on the underside, here, and all the way back up. That feels really good, it's very exciting when it happens suddenly, after some very light tonguing. Finally, take as much of it in your mouth as you can, and suck. Curl your lips over your teeth, like this, to avoid having your teeth accidentally make contact, which can be quite uncomfortable. Move your mouth up and down, like this . . . Alright? Keep your forefinger and thumb around the base, and if possible, try to keep your nails in view.

"This part of your training is the main reason you now all have tongue studs," she said, pointing to her mouth, "Used properly, your tongue stud can greatly enhance the sensations you are giving to your partner. Run the little ball on your tongue along the ridge . . . here. Run it around the rim, like so . . .

“They also really like it if you look up at them, while you have it in your mouth . . . like this. It makes them feel superior, that they are mastering you, though that is not really true. Because when you are sucking him, *you* are in charge. You decide how fast, what you concentrate on, even how long it will last. They like it a lot if you make a little bit of noise, the occasional moan or sigh . . . something to indicate that you’re getting aroused too. They really like the idea that you are becoming turned on by sucking them. Also, you can use your free hand to stroke their stomach, or their testicles, or even reach up and play with their nipples, if that is something they like.” She paused and looked around the room.

“So, those are just a few tips. Does anyone have any questions? No? Alright then, let’s practice what we’ve learned up to this point.”

As it happened, Mistress Maria was at that moment standing almost next to my desk, so I didn’t have a lot of time to ponder what I was about to do. Wendy, at the desk to my right, had already bent forward and was licking away industriously, running her tongue all around and up and down the rubber shaft, her hand curled around the base.

*Okay*, I thought, *here goes*. I bent down and began doing what Wendy was doing. The dildo tasted rubbery, it had a faint chemically taste of disinfectant, which disappeared after a few moments. I licked all around the tip, then up and down the shaft, as Mistress Maria had demonstrated. Then took it in my mouth, thinking, *If I do this to a boy, doesn’t that make me gay? Or does it make me a girl?* Mistress Maria kept saying that it’s what all ‘girl-bois’ are supposed to know how to do. We spent, were spending, a lot of time practicing. Are we supposed to get our jobs and then . . . do this? I didn’t know what to think as I

continued to suck and lick at the false penis attached to the desk in front of me.

“Very good, girls. Now, I suppose some of you, perhaps most of you, know what happens when a penis is stimulated. Eventually, the boy has an orgasm, and semen comes out. Are you all familiar with this? Yes? Good. Now, of course, the whole point of the stimulation, stroking, licking and sucking, is to bring your partner to orgasm. So, what do you do when that happens? You can swallow it. That is the preferred option. Why? Because your partner likes it!

“Okay, so you’re pleasuring your partner with your mouth. It may well take longer for him to reach orgasm in this way than by other methods. It may take so long that you get tired, or your jaw starts to ache or, if you’re kneeling before him without a cushion, your knees might get sore. Of course, it is your duty to pleasure your partner, so really, you just have to accept these little hardships, but there are some tricks you can do to speed things along a bit.

“For example, you can play with his balls using your free hand, while you are sucking. Or, you can take the little finger of the hand holding the base, and put it down between his balls, just here,” she showed us. “And tickle this spot. This can be very stimulating . . . You can use your hand that’s holding the base to stroke the penis as well, just let it follow the movements of your lips . . . up and down. That will speed things up considerably. And you can use your tongue stud in various ways to increase sensation as well. Last, you can merely hum. That sets off a vibration he will feel, as if your mouth has become a vibrator surrounding him.

“Of course, as you practice this, you will find out for yourself what works best with each partner, and gradually you will develop your own techniques and

your own style. But, for now, let's just practice the basics some more."

For an hour it was silent as each of us merely licked or sucked the dildos. Some of the girls were really getting into it, moaning, eyes looking forward as if up the person's stomach, fondling the testicles.

"Now this is the end of the class, so you all deserve your reward for such diligent effort. Just below the ball sack is a tiny button. Press it now."

I had just found it when I heard a squeal of surprise. To my left, a girl in a maid's uniform had pulled back and white fluid was shooting out of her dildo, spraying on her face. I heard others also squealing, though I also heard some merely gulping. Then I felt the button drop, and suddenly it was *my* mouth being filled.

I jerked back, and suddenly I was back in the memory with cum hitting my face as I lay there half asleep. I wanted to run from the room screaming even as my tongue ran out as it had then, tasting it. Even as I verified it was not really cum, I blushed furiously at the idea that I had not only sucked this fake cock, but done it not only willingly but publicly.

"Now some of you ended up with all of that on your face. Some men enjoy it as much as they enjoy filling your mouth and watching you swallow. But never, ever, let it go to waste. Do not spit it out, do not just wipe it off. Use your fingers to bring it to your mouth and eat it all." She looked at those like me who had been spattered and while I felt myself sinking deeper into depression, I did as instructed.

"Now take these with you. There are two classes a day with me for the rest of the week and you will learn to sit as you are now sucking, lay on your back as another girl slides it into your mouth, even kneel and

suck it at various levels.”She pointed at a series of poles along the wall. Each had attachments for ‘Dick’ at about crotch level. In front of them there was another piece of wood with an attachment so that we would have to kneel and bend over to suck it. “The only way to finish this course is to show true aptitude as a cocksucker and take the final exam where it will be real cocks in your mouth. If you have spare time between classes, you can suck on these, even try dribbling chocolate or whipped cream on them to improve the flavor.

“Behind me on the desk are bottles with nozzles for refilling the reservoir. You will fill it every time you have drained it; every two orgasms or so. From here on, we will also activate the built-in functions so you will know when you have done it right. If you have not done it right by the end of the week, we will take steps. Class dismissed.”

### **Help from a friend**

All I really had for classes was cooking, where I was merely polishing the skills I had learned, Massage, and Dance. And of course twice-a-day cocksucking now. Cooking was right after my first Oral class. It was for the more advanced students so we were learning to make more exotic dishes, sort of like jam sessions with food. So I concentrated of a full Russian meal.

Then it was lunch time. Carol waved, got her tray and joined me. “What do you think of your first class?”

“That I don’t want to be a woman, or a maid, or a ‘girlie-boi’, or a cocksucker.”

“Who said we had a choice?” she asked. “When I came here no one told me I had any choices.”

“Doesn’t that bother you?”

“Used to.” Carol sipped her milk. “But if you don’t at least try to accept, they can get worse. Look, here you are either an office lady, a maid/housekeeper, or a slut; and I don’t need to tell you their duties. But even among the Sluts they have different branches, some that are trained for pain and bondage. Do you want to spend the rest of your life being tortured by someone?” She shook her head. “Not me, sugar. Face it, we’re slaves. We’re not going to get jobs, some guy is going to buy us to add to his household staff or office.”

“Think of your old roommate Rebecca. Picture her at a desk after hours, her boss standing in front of her fucking her face before bending her over the desk. He has the fun of a piece at the office, one that will never want to get married or get pregnant. Or you or I, being told to ‘take care’ of the newest houseguest.”

“I don’t want to think about it. They’re not even pretending anymore! We have to get out of here!”

“We can’t. I tried my first week. I got caught in the grid they have set up for almost an hour because no one had tried in so long, they felt the students needed proof of what they claimed. So while I lay there in agony, they brought all of them out to see me, boys and girls.”

“The boys are slaves too?”

She chuckled. “A rich guy might want some big stud to fuck their wives when they can’t. And the sissy boys they have over there, they’re so you can have a swishing little faggot to fuck if you can’t get a girl; or one of us.”

I finished my salad. “Then what am I to do?”

“Learn to suck like they want.”

“I’d rather die.”

“You won’t die,” she predicted. “They will switch you from Maid service to Slut service and you won’t have a choice.” She leaned forward, grabbing my hand. “When you were with Howard, you were given a choice. The boys, they are not allowed to force us. If you had been a slut, he could have forced you.”

She motioned toward a nearby table. Rosemary was in a black maid’s uniform unlike the yellow of today. “She has been assigned as a slut, since she still resists. You know how the punishment harness works? One of the dildos in the mouth, the other in the ass?”

“She’s being punished like that again?”

“Worse. There is a ring gag over her mouth with the dildo through it. If someone wants to fuck her mouth, they just pull it out, and put their cock in instead. She can’t bite them, only suck. The same with the one in her ass. The boys know what color should be worn today, and they will use her as they will.”

I pictured that proud person forced to suck man after man, to be fucked by anyone in the mood. No, I did not want to end up like that. “Where did the Headmistress find so many evil bitches?”

Carol looked around, then leaned toward me. “Haven’t you noticed something odd about our teachers?”

I looked at her confused. “Every one of them is naturally seductive, dress as they want us to dress, willing to show you how to do what they are teaching you? Think of Miss Marielle who teaches massage. That first class where she chooses a girl and does ev-

everything we're supposed to, right down to handjob and sucking them off. Where in the world have you ever seen such perfect specimens of how to be submissive, perfect role models for us?

"Remember the old Hair Club for Men commercials? 'I'm not only the spokesman, I'm also a client'." She nodded her head. "The teachers are all graduates of this hell. For some reason they were considered the perfect examples, and they kept them here to train the next generation."

I thought of all of them, even the Headmistress. Was that a strap on she had used on Nancy? Or . . . "Even the nurse and Elizabeth?"

"Sure. If I were running a place like this, I'd have someone who could go out and check out new prospects, someone who knows the signs; what a gambler would call a 'tell' to know who would be best. To give you hormones disguised as vitamins so you grow nice little titties and a fine ass. Think! Every teacher we have acts as if everything they are teaching us is *normal*. What kind of lunatic would accept this regimen?"

I went through my classes in a blur. A couple of the girls in the massage class had been in the Oral class, and I saw them practicing on the girls they massaged.

Then the second Oral class of the day. The chairs had been pulled into the center of the room, and we were to attach our dildos to slots in the walls. They started about where a six-foot tall man would be down to where we would have to get on hands and knees. They even had attachment points on the chairs so that we could kneel before them. As the hour progressed, a lot of the girls were getting into it, moaning like, I hate to say it, bitches in heat as they licked and sucked. I just kept at it.



Afterward, I returned to my room and dressed for dinner. I saw Rosemary walking in obvious pain. Her face was tear-streaked, her mascara and eye shadow running down her cheeks. After that I wasn't hungry. Carol was in the room changing. "I saw Rosemary," I told her.

"We maids talked before our shift ended. By our count she was fucked eighteen times, and sucked off twenty."

"There aren't that many boys there!"

"They are young, dumb, and full of cum. So that means multiple times." She turned, wearing only her panties. "How was your second class?"

"What do you think? I did it, but still can't get into it."

"You just need to practice. Here, get in the shower, and I'll rub you down."

"How is that going to teach me how to suck a cock?"

"I'll do you; then if you want, you can do me." She saw my expression. "Aw, come on, girlfriend. I have to practice some times too."

With trepidation, I showered, wrapping a towel around me. Carol had gotten out the massage oil, and had me lay down. She started at my shoulders, and rubbed me until I was limp. "Roll over, baby girl."

I did, and again as always, I was erect. Carol leaned forward and I hissed as she took me in her mouth. She was much more experienced than Rebecca had been, and she showed me exactly what to do by example. I wanted to grab her head, to ram it in, but resisted. There was a sagging in the bed and

suddenly I saw her own penis above me. As I gasped, she slipped it down to touch my lips. I opened my mouth, suckling on her.

“That’s right, girlfriend. Do like I do.” As she flicked her piercing over the ridge of my cock, I repeated it. Every time she shifted to another technique, I did the same to our mutual pleasure. I moaned, and she did as well. I realized how much fun a humjob would be at that moment.

“Oh god, I’m going to come!” I gasped.

“I know, and I’m going to swallow.” she replied, then began sliding up and down my length frantically. I followed suit. Her hips began to buck. Then just as I reached my orgasm, I felt her spurt into my mouth. I swallowed, hands holding her hips to keep her in my mouth. We were both gasping, tongues sliding around now sensitive members.

Carol turned around, cuddling to my side. “See what I mean, baby?”

“I don’t think so.” She sat up looking at me harshly. “We’ll have to practice every chance we get.”

“Oh you . . .” She rolled atop me, tickling me until I begged her to stop.

### **Final lesson**

By the end of the week, with Carol’s hands and lips on practicing, I was improving. Others had been taken from the classroom before me and on the day before the week ended, Maria asked me to follow her. She took me from the room, then across to the boys’ dorm. Instead of going in through the door, we went in through a side door. This led to a hall that ended in a booth.

“The confessional.” Maria said. “Where you get on your knees and prove your worth.” She knelt and reached to the walls one by one, opening a small panel set at about waist level. “Now, we wait.”

I watched in fascination as a young brown cock invaded our booth through the hole. Maria smiled at me and stroked it for a few seconds. It was uncircumcised and smelled amazingly delicious.

I watched in awe as Maria sucked it into her mouth. Maria used her mouth to push the skin back over the head and was rewarded with a nice purple knob, all sticky for my mouth.

Maria pulled her lips off the juicy cock reluctantly. “It’s time now. Take the head into your mouth and make this man happy!”

I shook my head no. Maria just smiled and pushed my head toward the strange cock. “You know you want it . . . every girl wants a cock in her mouth!”

I nodded, my eyes bulging at the big Hispanic cock filling my mouth.

“Now press against that vein with your tongue while you suck him until he starts to throb in your mouth . . . Feel it?”

I nodded, my mouth engulfing the cock.

“Isn’t it amazing how you can make a man’s cock react like that?”

I nodded and continued to suck.

“The thing you have to learn is that the man always thinks he’s in charge . . . let him think that. But when you’ve got his cock in your mouth, just remember that you’re really the one in charge. You can use your mouth to make him cum quickly, or to make it

last. If you've got a nice tasting one, you might like sucking; make it last a while . . .take your mouth off it and lick his cock a bit or lick his balls for awhile. When he does finally cum, your reward will be even greater."

"And if his cock isn't turning you on, then just keep the pressure on and quicken the pace. Make him cum quickly so that you can move on to the next cock which will hopefully be better."

"But once you've been presented a cock to suck, always suck it and make it cum. It's your duty after all to accept the dick of any real man, unlike you and me. And always swallow his cum like a good girl!"

Maria watched. I began to tremble as the cock in my mouth started to spasm. I could hear the guy on the other side of the partition grunt and put his full weight against it. He was going to- I gagged as my mouth was pumped full of hot sperm. "Swallow it all, honey! That's a good girl! Swallow your treat . . .you've earned it!"

I leaned back as the softening tool pulled back out of the wall. Maria turned me around and there was another cock jutting through the hole on the other side.

"That's it, Monique. You've turned on another man! Go ahead and do your duty! Suck his dick!"

I leaned over and took this cock into my mouth. It was big and fat - circumcised and a good 9 inches. It wasn't even fully erect yet!

"Make it hard!"

I put my hand around the cock and licked the entire shaft, then took the head into my mouth and started to use my tongue and cheeks on it. It got big-

ger and harder and soon I had to move back, taking less in my mouth. I tickled the man's balls and the cock spurted quickly into my mouth.

Another cock, this one larger than the one I had just sucked, was thrust in. "This one is just long enough to deep throat. Suck it. When it reaches the end of your mouth, swallow. If you do it often enough, it will slip into your throat and you'll be deep throating in no time." I did as instructed, and I felt him slide into my throat. I could feel him spasming, then felt him come down my throat. The next I was instructed to finish off fast. My mouth slammed down on him, forcing him to come quickly.

I sucked every cock presented to me like a good little whore.

It's one thing to suck a girlie-boi cock, like I had done with Carol and Rebecca. It's another to kneel there sucking all comers.

Whether I wanted to admit it, I was a cocksucker now.

I went back on Maid rotation and when offered a cock, I sucked it, which happened a lot since they somehow knew I would. After a month, it just became routine; have some guy ask me sweetly to suck him off. I could put a name to every dick I had sucked during that last day of oral training now.

### **Carol's story**

Carol was pretty upbeat usually, but she and a few other maids had been told to stay late. I

had headed back to the room alone. I fell asleep early, but awoke to find her crying.

"Carol."

“Dominique graduated last night.”

I remembered her. They would do that silly air kiss thing. I had been told she had arrived less than a month before Carol had, and she had been moved to another room when I became Carol’s roommate.

“Well then she’s out of here.”

“No, you don’t get the point. For the normal graduates, you have to *ask* to be graduated; it’s the final step where you really are what they have made us. You have to beg them to let you move on. She’s never even given a hint that they had broken her that badly.” She clutched to me. “I wish I’d never come here.”

“Hey, like you said, it’s not like they gave us any choices. Your parents kicked you to the curb like mine?”

“No. My parents are dead. They died when I was six. I was raised for eleven years in an orphanage.”

“That’s not so bad.”

She gave a small hysterical laugh. “An orphanage is a prison for kids whose only crime is that maybe their parents are dead, or didn’t love them enough. Where you have as much say in the matter as an convict or,” she waved at the room, “as little as we have had here.

“As much as the Right to Lifers say it, if you can’t handle having a child, there isn’t always someone ready to take over that responsibility. Oh sure, if you’re a baby or toddler, everyone wants to adopt you. It’s so easy to claim it’s your natural child, or a sister’s kid you are raising, that kind of thing. But if you’re more than six or seven years old, most people don’t want you. Like the old saw about buying a used

car; that all you're doing is dealing with someone else's problem. That's what we were, someone else's mistake. So it's the foster home system.

"Most of them are all right, but there are some that shouldn't be allowed to have a dog, let alone a child. People who think of you as a steady source of money from the state so you end up being a slave in everything but name. That think a kid from an orphanage needs 'discipline' and think you, not being their flesh and blood kid, means they can punish you as if you are an animal. There's even the rare child molester.

"The system works, but not well. You see, they expect to return you to your parents eventually, so they can't allow any other emotional attachments. Even those of us with no other family just get treated the same. You end up with a family for only about a year before they have to shift you somewhere else. After that's happened a couple of times, suddenly you start thinking it's your fault."

"Then you have the incorrigible kids. You don't get the nice people that often because you're a monster that will explode in everyone's mind. Oh you do sometimes, and it's like being locked in a room your entire life, but for that year, you get to see the sun. It makes going back in the cage even worse. At least you think it is the worst.

"But then you get bigger and they no longer bother, especially with the incorrigibles. You end up in the home all the time. I was like that by the age of eleven. It was because I beat one son of a bitch with a frying pan when he tried to rape me. He claimed I had just attacked him," she laughed a sound right on the edge of frantic. "Of course who do you believe? The fine upstanding not-yet-caught child molester? Or the 'incorrigible' kid?"

“So I found out the orphanage all the time wasn’t any better. In there were the kids that had stopped being cute, that had been beaten until they would scream if you shouted ‘Boo’ or touched them. That had decided to hurt anyone that did try to touch them. Kids that were predators because that was what they had learned from the system. There’s no one to protect you, because the system is overburdened.

“The worst were the ones that were totally submissive, that would suck you off at the drop of a zipper, or come to your bed begging you to fuck them. After being forced often enough, some come to believe that it’s all their fault. So they. . .” She buried her head against my shoulder, then whispered, “By fifteen that was me.” I held her tightly, making the kinds of nonsense noises everyone seems to make when you try to comfort someone. “Then a month before I turned eighteen I was snatched off the street and woke up here. That’s why what’s happening usually doesn’t bother me that much. Been there, done that; didn’t bother getting the T-shirt.

“But Dominique was why I have been strong this past year. She was always able to take it and let it just roll off her back like rain on an umbrella. Now . . . Now I’m terrified. I’m thinking that pretty soon I’m going to ask them to graduate me!” She wiped her eyes, then leaned toward me.

“But do you know the worst?” I shook my head. “The worst is that all those years of wanting to have a happy family and be loved? It didn’t happen until I ended up here. And soon some man will use me like a girl, and I will accept that it is the only kind of love I deserve.”

I hugged her all night as we slept.

## **First Anal**

A couple of weeks later I came to my room to find Carol humping a dildo attached to the chair. She was still in full maid uniform with only her panties removed to allow access to her full ass. "Carol, what are you doing with my dildo?"

She whimpered, leaning up. "Come around front, baby." I did and she kissed me hungrily as she continued to post on her latex lover. "It's mine. I went through the same class you did."

"But to . . ." I couldn't say it. "That's gross!"

"Don't knock it if you haven't tried it. Dominique and I found out it could be fun if done right." She stood, letting the length of the dildo slide free. She kissed me again. "Come on."

"What?"

"Time you tried it."

Against my protesting, she drew me into the bathroom. She pulled out the enema bag and filled it with warm water. Her routine every day was to take an enema every morning before she dressed. She lubed up the tip, then turned me around.

"What are you. . . Yaah!" She slid the nozzle up my ass, and flicked off the clamp. "Carol, stop it!" She merely pushed me down on the toilet, then dropped to her knees and began sucking me off as the water started to fill my colon like a balloon. "Please, it's . . . uncomfortable, Carol. What's gotten into you?"

"Rico got into me about an hour ago. He was the first real guy to fuck me," she replied, hand still manipulating as she licked me.

"He fucked you?"

"Oh yeah, and he's good!"

“So he bones you and you think I should learn how good it is?”

“Yeah. I’ve been wanting to fuck that ass of yours for the last month. When he fucked me, it was heaven and I find I want it even more since he stopped.” She went all the way down. The flow from the bag was making me feel bloated at the same time she was driving me crazy with her mouth. She pulled out the nozzle, letting me drain into the toilet, then repeated it. Through it all, she kept tormenting me with her mouth. I finally drained out the second time. “You’re ready.”

She drew me back into the bedroom, shoving me down on my back. She ripped off my panties, straddled my head, then dropped down. Pulling my legs behind her arms as she began to suck me off. It felt too good to resist. She moved her legs until I took them under my arms as I sucked her. She pulled away. “Now this is going to feel strange, but good. Just wish the rules would let me use ‘Dick’ on you.”

“Why not?”

“When you get fucked for the first time, it’s going to be a real one. Now, here it comes.”

“What do you. . . Yaah!” As I started to ask, I felt her lubricated index finger slide up my ass. “Stop it!” I tried to shove deeper in her mouth to get away but she bit down on my scrotum. I froze in place screaming as her finger jammed in to the web of her hand.

“Having enough lubrication is the first thing to remember,” she told me, “Then to find just the right spot . . .” As she said that, her finger rubbed my prostate and I stiffened and moaned. “Yeah, right there. Feel good, baby?” I nodded, my mouth was full.

After a few moments the finger slid out, then returned with another instead. I found myself humping back into them as I sucked. I was moaning around her flesh as they left, and now there were three fingers. It was uncomfortable, but every slide of her tightened fingers slid across my prostate to drive me further. I hung between pain and intense pleasure as they brushed my prostate, then there was only the pleasure. She began to slide them in and out, the release then return of pressure on the prostate making me realize I was sucking her desperately.

“This is your cue to use Dick on me.” Carol said, then returned to sucking me. But that delightful probing had stopped. “Now, you bitch.”

I engulfed her, sucking frantically. She began sliding it in and out, and my fingers found her dildo. I rammed it in her. Her legs tried to straighten, slamming into my armpits as she humped against it desperately. She was moaning, the sound caused vibrations that sent me over the edge.

Finally my body couldn't take anymore. I fell limp against her. She slid it from me, licking me gently.

“Feel good, baby?”

“

Oh god, yes.” I whispered.

“The dildo is good, but a real one is better.” But when she said it, I began to bawl.

She cuddled with me as I cried. “I don't want to be a maid! I don't want to have some guy think he can get me to suck him off or let him fuck me! I want to go home!”

“We can never go back to what we were, baby. And we can never leave this hell until we accept our fate.” She hugged me. “We can only accept and go on. And we can’t go on until we accept.”

“Never.” I whispered

*That night I dreamed that she was fucking me with that dildo instead of her fingers, with me on top in the 69. Then it came out of my ass, and something was sliding into me that made her fingers feel small. I lifted my head, turning to look back. Matthew was behind me, it was him inside me!*

I woke up screaming.

### **Graduation: Forced Slut**

We had fallen into a routine together. Get dressed, work as maids, then at night she would suck me, or I her, ending in a 69 as we sucked and fucked her with the dildo and me with the fingers. Sometimes one of us would serve the dinners at the men’s dorm and I could tell when whenever one of the guys had fucked Carol because she would come home jazzed and throw herself down and beg me to fuck her.

Her’s was as small as mine, and while I hate saying it, the dildo was more fun. She began referring to both mine and hers as clits, or clitty-cocks, upsetting me one evening by commenting that a ‘real’ man wouldn’t have such a useless thing between his legs; only a little sissy girlie-boi would be satisfied with such a possession.

But a week or so later, I referred to hers as a clit when I begged to suck it. Somehow my mind was being altered to accept more and more of what was being done to me.

While I might have bent over and let her fuck me with her fingers, or have me seated on a chair backwards, or 69, I refused to ride her cowgirl style or lay on my back as she fucked me with them. I had fixated desperately on denial. If I were kneeling dog style as she ran it into me or in a 69, it wasn't me willingly accepting it, it was still me being forced. I knew somehow that if I rode her, or lay there looking into her face as I was fucked, it would be the final admission that I was no longer a man; that I was a woman, a bitch, a whore, willingly accepting that my place in life was to be the receptacle of some man's seed.

I was leaving work when Miss Lola called me back. "You are going to witness a Slut graduation tonight."

"I am? Why me?"

"Witnesses are always chosen from those who spent the most time around the graduate. You get to see the next step before you move on."

I felt terror, though it didn't show in my face or voice. "Does that mean I am being reassigned as a Slut?"

"Good heavens, no. You are coming along nicely, and there is no reason for us to punish you like that. Every witness spent more time with the graduate than other students did, that's all." She lifted a watch on a chain around her neck. "Stay in uniform after dinner. Then go to the admin offices. Tell whomever you meet that you are a witness, they will direct you from there."

I returned to my room, and told Carol. She waved it off. "We all get to see or be part of at least four graduations, unless we were assigned as Sluts. Well, that is unless we are Forced Sluts. There are some that really get into the sexual training and they are Willing Sluts.

“Four?”

“Yes. The first you will see a Forced Slut being graduated. That I think is more on the order of a warning. ‘This could be you if you don’t behave’ kinda thing. The second is usually when one of the Studs graduates. Then you witness either a Willing Slut, a Secretary or Maid. Some times more than one; sometime a friend graduates before one of the guys.” She paused, looking sad.

“And the fourth?”

“Your own graduation. In both the boy’s and your own, you are a willing participant.”

I considered this with dawning horror. “So the boy-” She held up her hand.

“A boy can only graduate when he can successfully seduce you into willing sex; full willing sex. You must be convinced by him to allow him into your mouth and ass.”

“Well sucking them off is already willing, or at least they have to ask.”

“It’s more than that. Think of it like a date. He has to have you pleased enough with him that when he has you in the bedroom alone, you will either initiate it, or at least not complain as he begins. You remember all of your fantasies about getting into some girl’s pants? He has to act them out, and succeed.”

While I was giving willing blow jobs, it wasn’t like I was enjoying it. As for getting fucked, they would have had to chain me up and make me bend over, except for Carol. Oh, there had been boys who had suggested it, but my refusal was accepted graciously. None of these guys needed to be taught that no

meant no; though as I remembered, Rosemary had never been given the chance to say no.

“So a Forced Slut . . . That’s like what Rosemary went through that day?”

“Yes. But they witness every time another Forced Slut is graduated. They know what will happen when they graduate. For them it is a chance to decide to accept their status and become Willing Sluts. Or go on and graduate as a Forced one.”

“How do they work out when a slut graduates?”

“Most of the Willing ones would be graduating after about the same amount of time as you have been here. With the Forced . . . It primarily depends on how soon after training began that they became Forced. It’s like some girls like sex, but some absolutely love sex and others have to be forced, so their training time would be shorter. They go through not only the Slut version of the Oral class both of us go through, but an Anal one as well.”

“So they just strap them into the machine and fuck them until they comply?”

“Just as our teachers are old graduates, they also have men that graduated from the boy’s classes. Or maybe those that get off on forcing themselves on girlie-bois and couldn’t graduate. I know from asking that unlike our oral class when we met ‘Dick’,” she pointed at the drawer that held our dildos, “the Forced Slut class starts off with the real thing, and they are punished when they don’t swallow.

Sometimes the ‘instructors’ will just pinch their noses closed and stay in their mouths until they faint or swallow. You learned Deep throat with Dick, they learn it with some guy ramming it down whether they

like it or not. I think that is what Robert is doing now.”

We both remembered Robert. He had been loud and obnoxious to the Maids, though perfectly proper when the other boys could see him. He had been the oldest of the boys or men still here, almost 21 by his own claims. Instead of accepting that no meant no, he thought it meant ‘persuade me a little more’.

Up until about a month before he had been the terror of every maid, and a special terror to new maids or girls being punished. He was always the first to get to them, and boasted about how many cherries he had broken, both oral or anal.

When it came to girls undergoing punishment, he enjoyed humiliating them, making a girl take him in either hole with witnesses, boasting about how sweet the ‘cherry bitch’ was as he would come in that orifice. Then suddenly he was gone. The number of men in the dorm fluctuated between 17 and 22, so most of us, unless we had been his target before, didn’t even notice he was gone.

Dinner was quiet. I was allowed full meals again, so I luxuriated in pot roast and mashed potatoes. I drank tea with it. Then it was time. I headed across the quad to the Admin building. A Maid at the door curtsied and pointed.

It was down into a basement where what looked like a gladiatorial arena greeted me. The room below was large with columns. A bed sat in the center of the room, with a large throne-like chair beyond it. I recognized Rebecca in the audience, but no one else. Seven of the witnesses were wearing the punishment harnesses, and they stood in dread of what they were going to witness. A bell tolled and a group of figures in robes walked in, surrounding the bed. The Headmistress walked out into the center, looking up at us.

“Some girls refuse to learn, but even they have a place. One of those comes before you now to go on into that world beyond.” She clapped her hands. Two men came in, dragging a struggling figure between them. As they reached the bed, I recognized Rosemary!

Despite her resistance, they were able to shackle her on her hands and knees on the bed. Still she fought back against the restraints. “One has chosen this girl to be his new toy. To leave, she must undergo one last punishment.”

Rosemary struggled, shaking her head, trying to speak around her penis gag. The headmistress glared at her coldly, then clapped again. The men, eighteen of them, stripped off their robes though they were masked. Then from the side stalked another robed figure. He sat on the throne, then opened his robe, and I heard others gasp as I did. You’ve probably heard the term ‘hung like a horse’. It was the first time I saw a human being that matched it. His penis was at least sixteen inches long and as big around as a baseball bat.

One of the men pulled her penis gag out, and she tried to beg him not to do it, but he shoved himself into her mouth. As he did, another man pulled a huge butt plug out of her, and began to fuck her. One by one they finished in whatever orifice they were in, and were replaced until all of them had done what they wanted. Through it all, the man on the throne merely sat watching.

Finally, Rosemary slimed with juices and collapsing from the onslaught, four of them unshackled her, lifting her, still protesting, to slide her down on that monster cock. He whispered something and she shook her head wearily. He lifted a small object and pressed it to her thigh. She spasmed and wailed at

the touch, then he spoke to her again. Wearily, she began pushing herself up with her shaking legs, willingly assisting in her abuse, riding him in a final humiliation.

I was thankful when it was over. Somehow I made it back to the room, and collapsed crying as Carol held me.

### **Interlude**

“That explains them accepting that they might have given someone a blow job.” Logan commented. “But how do you convince them to accept a good rutting?”

The Headmistress smiled. “More programming.” She motioned and they went into a room where a woman was softly saying over and over that it is good to listen and obey. She motioned him to silence and moved out of the room. “Whenever we need to reinforce something, we add to the programming.

“Let us take for example the first time they allow a man to fuck them. For our willing girls, we need to convince them that they have done this of their own will. So first, we implant an order to do what they are told. It can be resisted but without being able to verbalize that resistance, that resistance will falter if the command is repeated. So we eliminate the ability to verbally resist. We implant a suggestion that if they think of resisting, the words they need to use will just vanish from their memory. So the word ‘no’ is suddenly merely a sound without meaning, as is any foreign language variant of it they might know.

“Think about it. You want to say no, and suddenly the word is not in your memory, and any word or combinations of words that can convey the same meaning also vanish when you begin to utter them.

“There are usually one or more other things that block someone from considering anal sex. One is the initial pain of the insertion, so part of this programming makes them compare other major pains like toothaches. Unless the man is huge, or just rams it in, these are minor; so we have them think, ‘this is not as bad as that’.

“But we want them to enjoy being fucked. So we again link pleasures but make this seem greater than any sensation they have ever felt. Every stroke across their prostate reinforces this.”

Logan’s eyes tightened as he considered what she said. “You know, after we’re finished with our business, I’d like to discuss this mind control thing you have going. It could make you a rich woman.”

“Of course. After our lunch of existential monasticism.”

At the last words, his eyes grew blank. She sighed. It was her own vanity really. It had been over a decade since the process had been created and she had realized the danger to society if it were ever discovered by any powerful man or organization. The ability to literally rewrite someone’s will. She understood why all of the villains in James Bond movies told the hero everything he hadn’t already figured out; it was the desire for someone you consider an intellectual equal to appreciate what you have done. Even if you had to kill them afterward. Or deleting the information thanks to a night’s sleep where your mind is altered to forget one specific thing.

“You will forget every comment about altering the mind of my products. I have discussed merely the older methods of psychological adjustments you already know. Rabelais.” His eyes cleared. “So, how does leg of lamb sound?”

“Excellent.” he replied

### **Graduation: Willing Slut**

A week later, I was told that I would witness another graduation. I must have looked terrified, because Miss Lola merely patted my hand. “One of your friends is graduating as a Willing Slut. She asked that you be witness to her going on into the world.”

“She did? Who?”

Lola ticked her finger back and forth as a gentle admonition. “Just know that you had an impact on her life, and this is her thanks to you. The dress code is the same as the last graduation you witnessed. Run along.”

I spent my dinner wondering who. I didn’t know about Tatyana, so who else? Jennifer? Rebecca? I thought with horror, Carol? Who else had I interacted with enough that they would ask me to be there as witness? Finally it was time and I went to the admin building.

It was in the same room but the lighting was not as ominous and the shackles had been removed from the bed. There were a pair of straps at the head of the bed but they were mere loops that you could put your hands in. It was up to you to hold on rather than being trapped. There were only four witnesses, three I recognized. Then the Headmistress came out followed by the same robed men, though the man I thought of as Monster Fuck was not among them. She looked at us. “One of your sisters has been chosen to go into the world. Since she has embraced her life here willingly, we allow her the choice a Forced Slut does not get. She will choose those who honor her with their attention.” She clapped her hands.

A girlie-boi was led out, wearing what would have been appropriate as lingerie for a bride, with a veil covering her face. The woman leading her had her on a leash, and she passed the leash to the Headmistress. She reached up, lifting the veil. It was Jennifer, blindfolded. I had not spoken to Jennifer since I changed roommates; first because I was angry at her, though that hadn't been for long; I merely realized that whatever programming they were doing with all of us had worked better on her rather than on me. Then I had been designated as a Maid and the social order kept us from mingling. Now it looked like I would never get the chance to speak with her ever again.

“You know what you must say, my dear. Tell us what you will be doing.”

Jennifer looked up. I knew from the lights glaring down that she could not see us even without a blindfold, but she spoke as if she could. “I wish to become a woman to put aside girlie-boi things and take on the responsibilities and privileges of women. I submit myself willing to the headmistress and to my new master. My will is your will. My body, your body. My soul, your soul.”

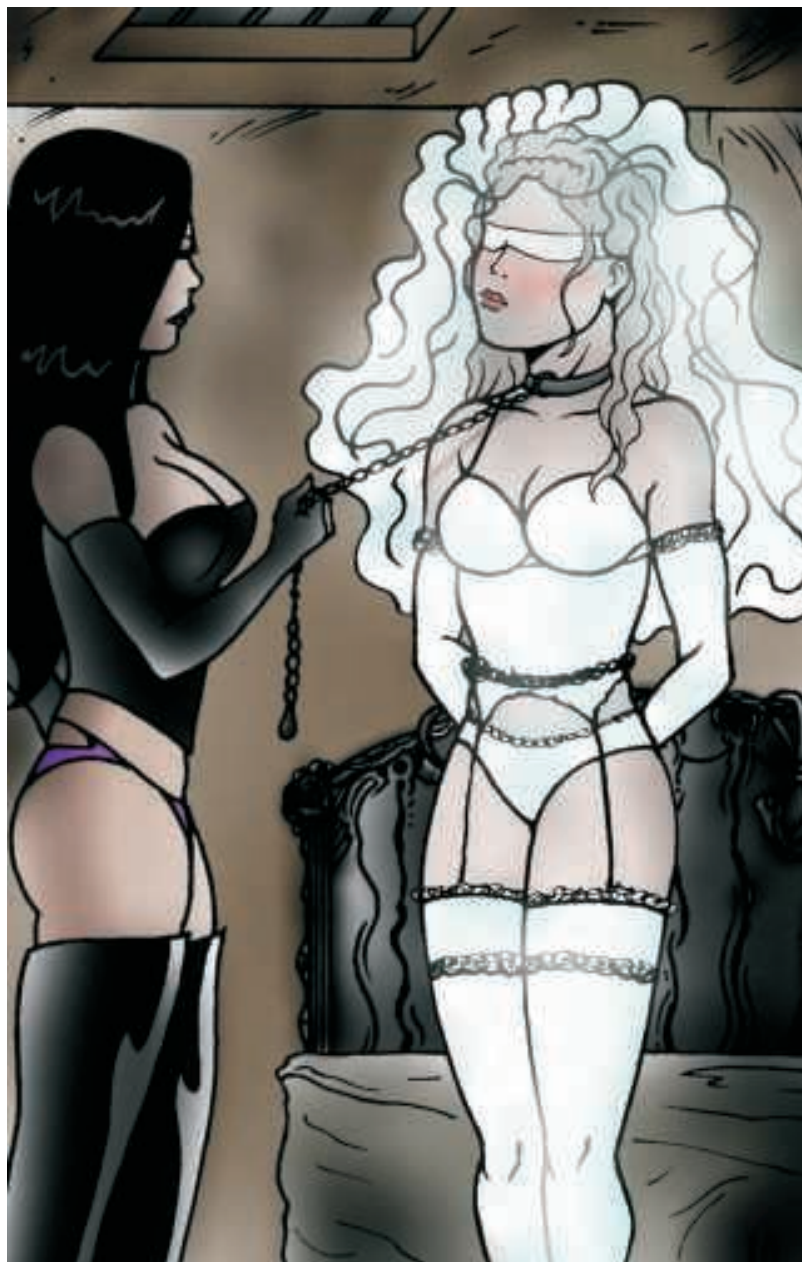
“Then realize your dream,” the headmistress said. “And prove your soul and mind are no longer in any way masculine.”

“I do so willingly,” Jennifer said.

She removed his blindfold and Jennifer blinked from the bright light.

She climbed onto the bed and while on her hands and knees, raised her ass into the air, presenting it for penetration.

“Who have you chosen, Jennifer?”



“Michael, I beg of you to take my virginity and fill my pussy. And Rico, fill my stomach with your delicious seed to speed me on my way,” she recited and closed her eyes. knowing that it wouldn’t take long for her command to be fulfilled.

Two of the men moved from the walls surrounding her, and both stripped. I recognized Michael, a big blond man who laughed easily and set everyone at ease. He climbed onto the bed behind her and, surprisingly, took a moment to run his hands over Jennifer’s body, squeezing her nipples, pinching her earlobes, handling her buttocks with his big meaty hands.

Jennifer merely closed her eyes and gasped softly at the feel of such manly hands on her feminized flesh. We could see her petite clittie grow even harder. The headmistress handed Michael a bottle of lubrication, saying: “Have fun but don’t damage the poor girl. This is her big night.”

“Yes Miss,” he said, then slathered on the lube, tickled her rosebud with his oily finger, then slipped one in, and then two.

Jennifer moaned, No doubt she hadn’t expected it to feel that good to be penetrated. To be adored. This Michael certainly seemed to know what he was doing. After all, sex is what he was trained to do.

“Rico, take your place.” He did so. Jennifer opened her eyes, then looked up at him. “After he is inside me, please.” He merely nodded.

Michael leaned over and spoke into her ear: “You are incredibly sexy. I can’t wait to fuck you. Are you ready for my cock?”

Desire must have rendered her mute. She nodded.

“Then get ready,” he said. “I’m going to fuck you good and hard and then cum in your tight little pussy.”

I saw him place the tip of it against her rosebud, then pushing. In it went, slowly, slowly, deeper, deeper, until his hips met hers. He pulled back and slid it back in, slowly. She moaned loudly and the crowd sighed in pleasure.

Rico moved forward, her eyes opened as if startled, then she sucked him in, the movements of all three as if it had been choreographed. They fucked her slowly and lovingly at first, then they began moving faster and faster.

As they moved on to their orgasms, I suddenly realized why this part of the training being forced on us was done. I remembered the boy Jennifer had been, how we had been just trying to obey instructions as one by one, every trapping of our sex was replaced. This last ritual was to murder off that last bit of our masculine identity. Once sexual pleasure is linked to being fucked, a sissy can no longer go back to being fully male. They are forever imprinted with the mind of a cock hungry whore, helped along with hormones and whatever psychological programming they were doing against our wills.

This was to impress upon us the only means of escape they would allow us. To become what these sadistic bitches wanted us to be.

## **Graduation; Stud**

During the next week, Wendy also graduated. Fundamentally it was the same as Jennifer’s; she got to choose those she mated with and she only chose one. But her actions showed she was enjoying every bit of what occurred. Those I knew were rapidly dis-

appearing; soon I would be here with no one to support me. I worked for two days in the Admin building. Rebecca was now the Headmistress's secretary.

Then back to the Dorm. I was serving dinner, pouring wine at the end, when one of the elders, Mark, tapped his glass. He stood. I had seen this four or five times before. One of the men was graduating.

"Brothers, Rico will be graduating tomorrow night." The others cheered him, slapping him on the back. "As you all know, and you girls all know, the graduating man must woo one of the girls. Rico, choose your maiden."

I realized that of the girls there, I had been the only one to refuse anal sex. As I realized this, Rico stood. "I choose Monique." They cheered again.

"I would ask to passed over," I said softly.

"You know we do not compel you to offer your body, Monique." Mark told me gently. "He must woo you as a lover and gain the prize. This you cannot refuse until that time."

I bowed my head, and went back to serving. I poured more for Rico, and he raised it in salute to me before drinking.

I have never been more terrified in my life.

## **The Tender Trap**

The next evening, I looked at myself in the mirror. In my own mind I was a boy trying to stay afloat in a sea of feminine dress, yet you could never have told from my face that I had ever been a boy. The strapless little black dress hugged my curves like a second skin to fall to mid-thigh. I was wearing four-inch

heels with sheer black stockings. I looked like I going off to be fucked. Which was exactly what Rico was planning.

Carol kept up a monologue to keep me from being frightened. I knew that until the dinner was over, I must participate. But in my heart I held the thought that I could just say no and walk back untouched. It was all I had to hope for.

Finally I crossed the quad to the Dorm. Rico met me at the door, an attentive date. He gave me a single rose. Then he held up his arm to escort me. I put my hand on it as he led me to a small dining room. A pair of maids arrived and began to serve. The food was good, but it might as well have been sand and ash to my mouth. The wine was heady and I drank a bit too much.

He was well-spoken, asking me about my home, how I had come to be here. He knew I was a boy of course, so I did not hold back. He commiserated about my friends using me and touched my hand in a gentle extension of sympathy. I had not had anyone show such care for me, and I accepted it gratefully.

Once the meal was done, he stood and held out his hand. I stood as well, and he moved to a radio, turning on some slow dance music. He took me in my arms and gently he danced me around the room. I felt so small and fragile beside him, and part of me liked the idea that he was holding me of all people. *No. You're giving up too easily. You have to fight it.* Then he tilted my head as we danced. "I am going to kiss you."

I started to say no, but it was as if I saw the word, then it was gone. I wondered what had happened, then he repeated it. He leaned forward, and I did not resist as he kissed me. He probed my lips, then leaned back. "You are going to kiss me back."

Neg- suddenly that word was gone as well. Oh my god, what was happening?

“You will kiss me back. With pleasure.”

Wait, he cannot compel. But when he leaned forward, I found myself rising on my tip toes. As his tongue slid across my lips, I found them opening, his tongue now probing my mouth. My arms came up to hold him close as our tongues dueled, and I found myself panting into his mouth as he pulled back.

“Come. We’re going to the bedroom.”

I pulled back against his hand. Don- again I remembered smoke. How could I tell him not- again I saw the words but how to understand them? I was unable to even say it! He pulled, telling me again, and I walked with him. Inside I was wailing. I . . . wished he would choose another woman to be with.

There was a bed of course, and he led me to it. He turned me like a dancer, and I was in his arms again. “Kiss me.” Somehow it was easier this time. As if the ice had been broken and it was easier to fall in. He caught at the top of my dress, pulling it down. *Please*, I begged silently, *Find another, please!*

He then drew the other side and my dress dropped below my nipples. Before I could say anything, he leaned forward, suckling the left one. We over in our rooms had done this; while you knew the body was a boy’s, the idea that even a boy’s nipple was an erogenous zone made us all willing to suckle. His mouth was slightly more demanding but my nipples clearly liked it. He lifted my hands to his head and I found myself holding him to me as he sucked, licked and bit. I moaned and he stood away from me.

His hands dropped to my waist, then ran down the outside of my hips. I wanted to pull away, to say

something! But it was as if I were frozen. His fingers reached the hem, then lifted, revealing my garter belt and panties. I had been told to wear my panties outside of the garters, and that meant he merely caught the waist of them and dragged them down my thighs to puddle around my feet. He moved me so I daintily stepped from them, and he turned me, hands rising to pinch my nipples, as he hugged me from behind. He had reduced my dress to a wide belt with everything he wanted exposed. I could feel his erection pushing against my back just above waist level. He turned me around and took my hands, placing them on his belt.

Here I was on firmer ground. A blow job no longer meant anything to me; I'd given him a blow job often enough. If I did it right, that would be the end of it. I unbuckled the belt, pulling his pants open, then down his legs, dropping to my knees as I did. He was wearing briefs and I caught the waistband, pulling them down. He might be larger than I was now, but he was still only average in size. I caught him and started to bring it to my mouth, but his hands caught my shoulders.

“On the bed on your hands and knees.”

I wanted to say, if I could remember the words, ‘Please, Rico I would rather this was being done to another’. But all I said was, “Please Rico.” From my tone, I was hard-pressed to tell if I meant it as a plea for release, or for him to continue.

“On the bed on your hands and knees.” Again when he repeated, I found myself unable to resist. I moved to the bed. Climbing on it, I stayed in that position, quivering as if I were freezing.

Then his finger probed my hole. I gasped and tensed up. The finger probed deeper, in and out, deeper and deeper. It was not unpleasant, just

strange. I kept shifting my midriff, but Rico kept fingering me gently. “Don’t get tense, baby. It will hurt if you tighten up.” The same thing Carol had told me time and again when I felt pain if she used ‘Dick’.

Then he removed his finger, poured some more cold liquid down the crack of my ass. Then the finger was back—with a friend. Two fingers were a little uncomfortable as his were larger than Carol’s and I tried to move away from the probing. Rico put his free hand on my hip, more to reassure than to hold me still, and continued to slide them in until I felt the web of his palm. As they pumped in and out, the feeling of tightness disappeared and I relaxed, letting him do his thing. If I weren’t about to get fucked by a real dick, I might have even enjoyed it.

After a while he repeated the procedure, this time with three fingers. This time it did hurt some and I tried to get up but Rico shushed me and told me to relax and it would be all right. I desperately tried to relax as he said but the discomfort made it impossible. I thought about how impossibly crazy this whole situation was.

“Good girl,” Rico whispered, removing his fingers. I had been so wrapped up in my own thoughts that I hadn’t noticed how my hole had stretched to accommodate them. I felt empty and actually missed the feeling of being full.

Behind me, Rico was fumbling with something. When I looked over my shoulder, I saw he was lubing himself up.

Fear coursed through me and instinctively clenched up. Seeing my reaction, Rico made reassuring noises and returned his fingers, loosening me up again. As he was doing this, I kept quiet. I was unable to tell him that I was unwilling.

After God-knows-how-long, Rico withdrew his fingers and positioned himself behind me.

Then I felt it.

I instinctively tensed up again but thanks to his recent manipulations, I had been sufficiently loosened and he slowly pushed into me despite my resistance. His dick felt cold and I later found out this was because he had lubed it up. I thought they had lied to me. While I was looking away, Monster Fuck had come in and was shoving that baseball bat of a Dick into me. He pushed until I thought I was going to be split in half, then he stopped with just the head inside my sphincter. I thought I had never felt anything so agonizing but part of my mind was comparing it to a toothache, or dropping a heavy weight on my foot. Compared to that, it was not so bad.

“C’mon, you silly girl,” he cooed. “Relax.”

It took an effort of will but I released, thinking of taking a shit. He didn’t move for a minute or so, staying completely still, letting me adjust to his manhood. Then he slowly continued to push.

*Oh god, oh god, oh god, why did I think he was average? Long Dong Silver was smaller than this!*

I whimpered a little to myself and stuck my arms out, digging my fingers into the material of the comforter. He continued to push, entering and filling me. I wanted to scream and tried to squirm forward but it was no use.

*Wait! Praise God, he’s pulling out. I wasn’t worth his attention, he’s- Oh god, he’s pushing back in! I can’t take any more! Any second he’s going to come straight up my throat!*

At that point he slid over my prostate and I felt a jolt of pleasure, greater than any I had with 'Dick'. I moaned, whimpering. He stopped at that point and I felt his pubic hair tickling my butt cheeks. He was in me, his whole dick up my ass.

Experimentally I clenched my buttocks. *Maybe if it hurt him . . .*

"That's nice," he whispered into my ear, and I immediately unclenched. If I was going to be fucked, I wasn't going to make it any more enjoyable for him.

Rico, however, had plans to make it enjoyable for me. Firstly, he reached underneath me and felt my little clittie which was rock hard.

"You're a woman now," he teased gently, sliding both arms around me and holding my breasts tight. "And from the feel of things below, you love it."

I closed my eyes at his observation but I knew it was true. I could feel it waving and slapping into my own thighs.

Rico kissed my neck and nibbled my ear for a while and I shuddered as his tongue caressed the lobe of my ear. The feelings were so pleasurable that I almost forgot the dick up my ass.

First he began to withdraw until only half his cock was in me, then he pushed back in. Every stroke slid across my prostate and I saw flashes of light from the pleasure. In, out, in, out. It was a slow constant motion and I tried to keep my mind off of what was happening. The problem was that he was speeding up and it was beginning to feel nice. When he clipped it again, it felt wonderful!

The main problem was that as he thrust into me again and again, I was beginning to experience some-

thing new. Small tremors of ecstasy like I'd never felt before rippled through my body and I found myself closing my eyes and sighing in satisfaction.

I found that I was pushing back to meet his thrusts so he could get deeper and I felt a deep shame. They were right, I would enjoy a fucking; I was a natural pussy. My cheeks burnt and tears welled in my eyes. I briefly resolved not to enjoy being fucked and stopped, but unconsciously started thrusting back almost immediately.

“Good, isn't it?” Rico whispered. Even unwilling, I almost nodded in agreement.

Then he withdrew completely from of me. I couldn't suppress a moan of disappoint and blushed even more because it was obvious he had heard me.

“Roll over,” he ordered.

This I did not want to do. If I lay down facing him, seeing his face above me as he fucked me, I would no longer be a man. I might as well be a woman for real! But he said it again, and I rolled over. He swatted my ass, then leaned up.

Then Rico grabbed my legs and placed them on his shoulders. I felt a shiver of excitement. Seeing my legs in stockings over his shoulders emphasized my female role in this coupling. As he leaned forward, doubling me over, he positioned his cock at my hole again and I found myself squirming forward to meet it.

“Beg me to fuck you,” he ordered, holding me down, his dick just touching, just tantalizing.

I shook my head, but at the same time my body was betraying me as I felt my hips trying to meet his meat.

“Beg,” he said, thrusting forward for a second but not penetrating.

I shook my head and he thrust into me, causing me to gasp with pleasure. This position allowed him to fuck me deeper and when he did, something happened. Something even more wonderful than before. I needed more and it was plain he could see it in my face. He stopped and looked at me expectantly.

I had no choice.

“Fuck me,” I whispered, aware of an edge of desperation in my voice.

He smiled and thrust forward again and again, hitting that magic spot within. Pleasure rippled through me again and I opened my mouth in a silent gasp of ecstasy. This was like an amazing drug and I knew that each thrust was destroying what little manhood I still possessed. And I found I didn’t care. I had been right; if I were fucked this way, I was no better than a woman accepting her lover’s seed.

Seeing me with my mouth open, Rico lowered his and kissed me hard, his tongue exploring my mouth. Caught up in the moment, I wrapped my arms around him and kissed back, whimpering into his mouth with his thrusts.

Then he ended the kiss and increased the speed and power of his strokes.

“Fuck me. Fuck me. Oh God, Rico!” I screamed, holding tight. The whole time he just stared down at me as he pumped away.

Then it happened. I felt warmth spread through me and seconds later an orgasmic sensation that was far beyond whatever Carol had drawn from me surging up and through me like a tidal wave. My clittie ex-

ploded, pumping semen all over my dress. The shuddering of my body caused my ass to contract around him which in turn made Rico cum. I felt the sensation of warm cum filling me, and this time it was real!

Then he slumped onto me, gasping.

I wrapped my arms around him and held him gently.

We rested cuddling, then he rolled atop me and I accept him willingly, even joyously. Then we slept.

The next morning I awoke him by sucking him to hardness, then mounted him like a cowgirl, riding his staff of pleasure to my own. I returned to our dorm room with my dress stained by my own cum as well as his. Carol gently washed me down, and I slept for a full day.

Two weeks later, Carol, my last friend, graduated. A young Oriental girl named Yi Yu replaced her. I found myself in Carol's role, introducing this young girl to the pleasures of combined oral and anal sex.

## **Interlude**

After lunch, the headmistress left Logan with the catalog; every girl, no matter how long she had been here, was listed. Anyone not in their last quarter of training were marked as such, so if they wanted a specific girl, they might have to wait as much as six months. When she came back he touched a photo.

"This one."

"She will be ready the morning after next."

## My Own Graduation

The headmistress blindfolded and leashed me, the collar tight around my neck.

“I’m so proud of you,” she whispered into my ear. “Ready?” I nodded. I allowed her to lead me. There is a trick to walking on a lead; if it is too tight, move toward the person leading you. If you feel it is too loose, slow your pace just a trifle. I followed her perfectly.

Then she dropped the leash, a silent command to stop.

“You know what you must say, my dear. Tell us what you will be doing.”

I looked up. Even blind I knew I was looking at Rebecca and Yi Yu. “I wish to become a woman to put aside girlie-boi things and take on the responsibilities and privileges of women. I submit myself willing to the headmistress and to my new master. My will is your will . . .

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