

# Becoming The Perfect Student



## Nick Lorance



A "Young Adult Tv" Novel



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# Becoming The Perfect Student

By Nick Lorange

## The Applicant

I looked toward the register, where the old man was standing. He had looked up when I came in, pretty much ignoring me, but as I wandered the store, he started watching. I walked with my hands behind my back, looking at the candy aisle, the chip aisle, the nuts and jerky aisle.

All good stuff to shoplift. If I *meant* to shoplift.

The chime on the door went off, Mitch and Danny had come in, headed toward the back of Aisle One, where there were 12-packs of beer. I thrust my hand into my pocket, walking fast toward the door. The old man turned back, saw me walking nonchalantly toward the door. “Stop, thief!”

I kept walking. I was past him as he charged around the counter to chase me. Mitch and Danny grabbed a 12-pack each, and turned toward the door as I walked out and turned left. Great, we'd have beer tonight!

I was three paces from the door when the old man grabbed me. "Turn out your pocket!"

I turned, looking at him mildly. "You may think I have shoplifted, sir. But unless I attempt to flee, you have no right to grab me. Legally, you're committing an assault and I can sue you for that."

He let me go. "Turn out your pocket."

I pulled my hand out, drawing the pocket out to show . . . nothing.

I had him cold. I would have felt victorious if Danny hadn't shouted, "Run, Brian!"

I started to bolt, but he grabbed me again. He may have been old, but he was strong. He dragged me in, keeping a grip on my shirt near the neck. He dialed the police. I sighed. *Danny, you stupid fuck!*

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Jessica Mackenzie sighed as she opened the door, pointing Brian toward his room. She had just returned from the police station. When she had heard what happened, she had numbly pulled a twenty, the last twenty, from her wallet. The store owner had agreed to drop the charges but she had finally reached her wits' end.

Ever since her husband James died, Brian had gotten more and more out of control. He had skipped

so much school in the last year and a half that she was worried that he might not even graduate, though it didn't bother him! Having struggled to earn a GED because she failed to graduate, she knew what he faced first hand. But like any kid, he assumed he was smarter than his mother.

She poured a cup of tea, sitting at the desk where her desk top computer sat. She was just glad he hadn't sunk so low as to steal from her. Yet. She brought up her email. Maybe she had gotten an answer back about work.

PROBLEMS WITH YOUR SON? PERHAPS WE CAN HELP

She stared at the email, then looked at the time. It had been sent just as she was leaving the police station. With trepidation, she clicked the email, and read it. Yes, this might help Brian to learn to be more responsible. She brought up the reply screen, and began to type.

## **The Island**

The woman at the desk read the file before her, making a notation, then set it in the outbox. A grandfather clock ticking in the corner was the only sound. There was a hesitant knock, the door opened a little. "Ma'am, the new evaluation requests." The woman at the desk held up her hand, the girl who had spoken walked across the room to hand her the files. She didn't move furtively, or scurry to complete the task in a hurry; both were grounds for punishment. She moved with a stately glide instead.

"Tea, please."

“Yes, Headmistress.” The girl curtseyed, and hurried out, returning with a silver tea service. She poured, dropped two cubes of sugar into the tea, stirred it, then set the cup on the desk. “Will there be anything else, Headmistress?”

“That will be all. Nancy. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Headmistress.” Another curtsey, and she left the room.

The headmistress allowed a small smile, then opened the first file. Brian MacKenzie, seventeen years old. Eighteen in . . . one month. She remembered the mother’s plaintive reply. Yes, this one would do well.

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“Really, Jessica, it’s for the best,” Elizabeth Stanhope said. She was a beautiful woman in a designer suit with the air of the perfect secretary.

Jessica MacKenzie sat, hands clasped tightly. She had answered the e-mail, but hadn’t expected such a quick, personal, response. Then two days later Elizabeth had called, suggesting a quiet dinner meeting. Jessica hadn’t been sure at first what they were offering but the restaurant was a quiet top end place. Frankly if she had been entering it normally, it would have been as a waitress.

Elizabeth was smart, spoke eloquently, and identified herself as a Psychological Nurse Practitioner assigned as an evaluator for the Academy. The brochure was from Le Brouillard prep school, and she thought even if they could make any changes in her son, she’d never be able to afford it.

Elizabeth had waved off such foolish concerns. “The General started this school not long after the Second World War because of the shocking attitudes of the young in France then. Their youth went through the same sort of ‘I am most important’ phase at that time; he knew his country would fall from grace if nothing was done. His will left his family fortune to build and fund the Academy. There is no cost to you, because we are paid from the other end.”

Elizabeth pointed at the brochure of clean cut young men walking through the halls of a school, running on a track, studying in classrooms, swimming on a beach that looked like some tropical resort.

“We are located in the South Pacific because there are several small islands in the region still owned by France and the property values are much lower than Europe or America. Which also gives us facilities beyond even the most prestigious college there.

“Our students are immersed in a full regimen of study both professional and physical training beyond what any other school can offer. You see, the youth of today think they are ready for anything, and the first thing we teach them is that it isn’t true. Unlike a mainland college anywhere else, the only way they can leave is by swimming several hundred kilometers.

“Having them unable to flee, we can convince them to study and learn, because all privileges are linked to study. If they refuse we can limit their diet to bland foods with no access to sweets. Entertainment is what we allow, not what they want. Alcohol is prohibited for any under age and delinquency is punished firmly. We even have a small boot camp-like portion at the start. The first thing we do, as would, say, the Army, is break them away from the attitudes that are holding them back from excelling. That period is only

long enough to let them know that they are not as tough, nor as smart, as they think they are.

“Once that is done, they are evaluated for what remedial schooling is needed, and put through not only that but the equivalent of a trade school aimed at their strengths. By the end of the first year, you would be surprised by the difference. We have companies around the world and top business men in those companies that use our facility as their exclusive hiring ground.”

It sounded wonderful and the fruity red wine they drank with their meal made Jessica more relaxed. She agreed to allow Elizabeth to meet and speak with Brian, and thought that would probably be the end of it.

But a week later, Elizabeth again took her to dinner. Going through a concise and very accurate appraisal of the attitudes her son displayed, the younger woman had ended with an offer to take him to the Academy starting that very weekend. But now Jessica was having second thoughts about the arrangements. She would go out, and they would pick him up while she was gone. His things would be packed and out within hours. “We have found that when a child is taken away by us, they resist and cling to their parent like preschool children going to school for the first time. They believe that if they can re-invoke that young child attitude, that you will relent. It is easier on both of you this way.”

“I’m not sure, Elizabeth,” Jessica said softly. “I feel like I’m betraying him somehow.”

Elizabeth sighed. “Jessica, in the last week you and I have studied the conversations I have had with Brian. He is argumentative, so sure of his rectitude. He is the perfect exemplar of what they call the X

Generation; why should he exert himself when the world will give him what he wants in life unasked?" Her hand rested gently on the older woman's. "We both know that isn't true. Life gives you nothing you do not work for, or earn because you failed to work. Unless you are willing to be a criminal, all his attitude will get him is a place on the street, or in jail; because not even the food service industry would put up with it for any length of time.

"Our school was founded with that in mind. Our students are forced into an environment where they must strive or fail miserably; and let me tell you, we have yet to have a failure. But the first step is to remove them from the old environment."

"You think I-"

"Nonsense," Elizabeth corrected her. "When a child goes bad, a good parent always wonders what *they* did wrong. But a parent is not the only outside source affecting them. There are friends, the stupidity of the schools where they accept social promotion to keep a failing student with their classmates to the child's detriment. Entertainment from television to movies, to music that reinforces their bad habits, even advertising! We take these problem students away from all that; make them stand on their own. Instead of letting them drift, we make them swim."

"But if I explain . . ."

"Explain what? That Brian is a self-centered jerk that has been taught by society that he is perfect only because of where he was born?" Elizabeth asked. "That society has taught him one thing and the world will teach him something else again when he actually enters the marketplace? That society places the onus of his failure not where it belongs, on his own unwillingness to succeed, but on your shoulders, Eliza-

beth. And that society is wrong.” Elizabeth touched the woman’s hand again.

“Let him go, Jessica. Let him sink or swim on his own merit. We will make him see the truth, and force him to grow up.”

Jessica sighed, nodding. “So what do I do?”

Elizabeth pulled out the contract. “As his legal guardian, you sign here.”

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I awoke confused. I could hear the howl of jet engines ahead of me. I opened my eyes and looked at the blank metal wall ahead of me. There was a doorway and an alcove that looked like a workspace for a stewardess.

How had I come to be here? Mom had brought some young woman named Elizabeth home one night. She was attractive but seemed a bit cold. For a week she had almost lived with us; at the house before I even left for school, hanging around me constantly, and every time we met during that week she had asked questions. I wasn’t sure what the hell was going on; maybe the state paid for live-in shrinks or something, because if we weren’t talking, she was watching me.

The last day she told mom I would ‘do nicely’, whatever the hell that meant.

Mom was so dumb. She never noticed that I had been slipping drinks from the liquor cabinet for over a year. Just watch whatever bottle she was drinking from and slip a shot out of it. She took a shot of Scotch. When she left to go to the store, I got a shot of

it, took it to my room, and chugged it. That was the last thing I remembered.

There was a roaring in my ears. I was sitting in an airline-style couch and cuffs like they use for prisoners in transit bound my hands and feet. But it wasn't any kind of jet I had ever seen before. Ahead of me on the left I could see out a port where four jet engines howled. The water looked awful close though. I could feel some kind of flat linked necklace on my neck.

"Awake, I see." My head turned, and Elizabeth smiled down at me. "Thirsty?" I nodded. She went to the alcove, returning with a can and a clear plastic cup. The juice was something I had never tasted, tart and refreshing. "Almost there."

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"The Island," Elizabeth replied.

"Why are we so low?"

"Because this is not a plane. It is an ekranoplan; a Wing in Ground Effect aircraft." She motioned. "One hundred meters long, top speed of four hundred knots, flying only seventy feet above the water. The Soviets built them for rapid deployment of troops. It would carry a battalion of assault troops and all their gear over a thousand kilometers distance." She sat in the lounge chair beside me. "But today, just us and some cargo."

"Why am I here?" I asked.

She merely smiled, then looked up as the engine note changed. "We're almost there." She stood, walking forward as the vehicle slowed. The water approached, then the hull slapped into it. The ship slid along like a pat of butter on a hot skillet, turning to

face toward an island. I only saw part of it. The ship settled, rolling as the waves slapped it. I stared as the trees drew closer, then climbed as the ship went up the ramp.

The scenery turned as the craft moved forward and I watched the trees. A man came down from the flight deck, unlocking the clip that anchored me in my seat. I wanted to growl. The man snatched me up onto my feet, slipping a leash through the handcuffs. Elizabeth came down, and the man handed her the leash. She nodded.

“Walk,” Elizabeth ordered. I wanted to resist but I saw the leash and the innocuous box attached to it. I followed her out of the ship onto the pad. A limo pulled up and Elizabeth dragged me into the vehicle. We sat waiting as the limo took us deeper. The island was lush and beautiful. The two villages we went through were peopled by black people. This meant we were in the Melanesian islands; New Guinea and those near it. Or the Caribbean.

The limo stopped at a mansion and I was dragged out. It looked like any mansion from the Deep South of America to those owned by the despots of South America. Two maids in blue uniforms met us. “Take him to preparation. I have to report.”

“At once, Mistress.” The blonde one took the leash. “If you will follow me please?” she said.

“Now wait a-” My diatribe ended as the woman tapped the button. The necklace I had noticed shocked me, the blast of electric energy dropping me to my knees.

“All students will obey direction from any school personnel on the pain of punishment,” the blonde re-

cited. "Now get up and walk or we will give you further punishment."

I staggered to my feet and the women escorted me into the building. They took me down into what had to be a basement. There the two flankers unlocked my manacles, anchoring my arms, then my legs, to the wall.

The girls went to a closet, opening it. "School uniform," one commented.

Her associate looked at me. "For how long?" Then she drew down a uniform. "We will release your bonds and you will dress in this uniform. If you do not, you will be punished. But first . . ." She got a small device that looked like a gun, turning my head. "This will sting a bit." Then she set it against the back of my neck.

Sting, my ass! It hurt like someone had shoved an icpick through my neck!

Then they worked together each unlocking the manacles on one side. "There. Get dressed, please."

I looked at the woman holding the device, then looked at the clothing. No big; it was a shirt and pants, like any private school uniform. Her eyes tightened, her thumb hovering over that damn button. I picked them up, dressing. They didn't look away, they didn't giggle. They just watched me like a pair of vultures staking out a staggering donkey. I was supplied socks and loafers, then stood.

"You can remove the necklace, Beth," the blonde said. The brunette walked around behind me, and I felt it come loose. She walked past me, putting the necklace in a jewelry box. They were freeing me. Inwardly I snarled. I wasn't above hitting a girl!

“Come with us, please.”

“I’m-” Again the button. I felt like someone had set every nerve in my body on fire! I screamed, finding myself on my knees.

“The needle that was injected into your neck is a smaller version of the necklace, but it doesn’t shock you. Instead it transmits energy directly into your nerves. Quite painful as you can see. Now, stand up and come with us, please.”

I stood. It wasn’t over

## More Puzzles

The halls were quiet. I didn’t see anyone else as we walked up to the third floor of the building. There was some noise, the sound of a keyboard in one office, a bit of classical music from another, but on the whole it was still except for the click of their heels. They came to a door marked HEADMISTRESS and took me inside. The office was small with a door in the west wall, a desk before the north-facing window with a phone, a top end computer, and some folders stacked neatly beside it; only there was no one there. The girls led me to a chair beside a coffee table.

“The Headmistress will be with you shortly. You may read a magazine, but do not leave the office,” the brunette told me. They turned and I watched their tight little asses in their short frilly skirts mince over to the door, and out, leaving me alone.

I waited 30 seconds, then stood. I ignored the other door. This was obviously a receptionist’s office, so opening the other door might put me face to face with this ‘headmistress’. I tried the door I had entered by, but it wouldn’t open. All right. I walked across to the

window and looked out over the jungle a few hundred yards away. It resisted my attempts to open it. So, no escape. Yet.

I flipped through the folders. There were ten; four with girl's names, six with men's names . . . One had my name. I opened it.

I read with growing shock. It read like a combined school record/police report/psych evaluation. I didn't have enough time to read it obviously, only skimmed it. But the last paragraphs of the psych portion I read:

*"The subject is a perfect example of the American X Generation: Raised in relative affluence compared to the rest of the world, he is of the belief that he needs only relax for everything to come to him, something even the most gifted on the planet anywhere else know is not true. As such he is, in my opinion, an excellent project to work with. Now on to our primary objective; where he would work best.*

*"I will take them in order of their least likelihood of success:*

*"I think he would be a failure if placed in Category Four; while he is polite, erudite and personable, all key necessities for Category Four, it is also the one where the minimum of mental orientation is used, except for Category Four B, where it would not matter. But even there, he would still have all of his previous proclivities, and would eventually be able to weasel his way out of the situation with financial loss to the client.*

*"Category Three is out because he would need to effect a major change in his view of the world and buckle down to serious study to succeed. If he did, he could make a successful transition to that Category. However having dealt with him daily for a week, I think it is*

*unlikely that he could succeed in that attempt. He is too stubborn to accept that it is him at fault, and would resist any attempt to repair his own deficiencies.*

*“Category Two is possible in situations where movement is straightened to almost lock-down levels. There are clients interested in such acquisitions, however any who obtained him would have to be warned that the processing might not be complete, and he might attempt to make a break for it. Again there are clients well-placed to forestall this, however we try to deliver a perfectly compliant product, and I believe he would be substandard in this, though I have been proven wrong before.*

*“This leaves only Category One, our original purpose. The mental orientation is the most extreme under that regimen, and straightened conditions the norm. The clients expect their acquisitions to be resistant and seem to revel in it. He will be perfect there.”*

I didn't understand. While it was nice someone thought me 'polite, erudite and personable', what did they mean by 'mental orientation'? Or 'straitened'?

There was a noise. It sounded like a moan of discomfort. I looked up but I was still alone. I heard it again, then some muffled words. It came from the other door. I walked over, leaning into it.

“Please, Headmistress. Don't-” Another moan. “I beg you, please, no!”

“Come, come, Nancy. You know the rules. And the punishment for breaking them,” another voice replied. Then there was a grunting sound mixed with keening. I bent down. The door had an old fashioned knob with a keyhole, and I knelt, looking through it.

There was a girl in a full-length dress bent forward, her hands clutching the edge of the desk she was bent over. Her skirt had been flipped up and an older woman in a full dress stood behind her, pressed close. "It's almost in," the older woman said, shoving forward with her hips. Nancy rocked forward, still whining and pleading, yet her hands stayed locked on the desk.

"It hurts," Nancy whined, her red hair in a tight bun moved as she shook her head in denial. "It's burning! Please, stop!"

"No, Nancy. You deserve this." Their hips met, and the woman rolled her hips. "Admit it. You would not keep making such stupid mistakes if you didn't want this."

"No, it was an accident!" Nancy pleaded. "I-"

"You want to get fucked. Admit it." The woman stood, pressing her hips forward. "So tight," she whispered, then she pulled back, her strap-on sliding inch-by-inch out of the pleading girl, then slammed forward, driving her into the desk with another grunt. "Admit it!" The woman began a rapid series of thrusts, each driving the girl forward.

"No," Nancy whined. "I don't like this." Yet her hands stayed on the desk edge. She moaned at each thrust, groaning as the shaft withdrew, only to slam forward again.

"Yes, you do," the woman contradicted. "Twice a week I find myself fucking you. If you didn't want this, you would stop making mistakes!" Every word was punctuated by a thrust. She stopped, the tip of the strap-on, a very realistic one from what I could see, barely in. Nancy growled, then pushed with her

arms to slide it in deeper. The woman chuckled, then slammed it home.

“To paraphrase Neil Simon, your lips say no, no. But there’s yes, yes in your panties.” She began driving the strap-on hard into the girl.

“Getting an eyeful?” a voice asked right beside my ear. My head snapped around to see Elizabeth’s face inches away. She chuckled evilly. “Punishment is supposed to be private. Sit down and leave them to it.”

I moved to the chair I had been sitting in. Elizabeth watched me go, still bent at the waist where she had been standing. Then she stood, going to the desk. “What are you doing?”

“Checking the surveillance cameras.” She replied. “There are cameras in every room of the facility. Including this one.” She watched silently for several minutes. “Naughty, naughty. I count three demerits and you’re not even registered!” She tapped a few keys, then walked around the desk. She leaned against it, and fixed that smile on me. We could both hear the girl in the next room moaning, then screaming, for the woman to fuck her harder for another fifteen minutes. Then silence. A short time later, the door opened. Nancy stopped, then blushed furiously in seeing she had an audience. She walked to the desk, primly sat, then tapped her mouse, and entered her password.

She tapped a few keys, then looked at me with fury and despair as she blushed again. Her phone beeped, and she answered. Then she hung up, shuffling through the files. “Mackenzie, come with me, please.” She stood again, walking back to the door, and opened it. I followed. Once I had stepped through, she walked to the desk, handed over the file

to the woman behind the desk, then walked past me to leave, closing the door.

I walked over, my hand on the back of a chair. I started to sit, but the woman's voice cut through the silence. "I did not give you leave to sit."

## **Rules and Demerits**

She read the file, making me stand there as she did. Usually this is a ploy; 'Look how important I am compared to you'. But I had a horrible feeling that she somehow controlled my life.

"Did you have fun watching?" she asked, setting the file aside. "Please sit."

I did. She sighed. "I see you will need to be taught manners. When someone offers you a chair, you say thank you. When someone makes a comment, or asks you a question as I did, you reply to it." She waved a hand. "The sequence would not be important but I offered you a chair and you made no comment. I spoke of your gross insult to Nancy and myself by acting as a Peeping Tom and you said nothing. You also read your file without permission. Rudeness is punishable by demerits; in this case one each.

"You also made an attempt to find an escape route. Of course you are new, and as such, are like a child raised by wolves. I will let that slide this one time. However the very acts of reading your file and watching as I disciplined Nancy will not be so easily ignored. You have earned three demerits and they stand. I will explain your own punishment in a few moments.

"We have rules, and they are set in stone. One, you will obey instructions from any school personnel.

Two, you will earn grades equal to an 85 percentile total in every class. Physical education is not counted unless you violate the rules. For every class where you fail to earn at least 85% during a week, you will earn an additional demerit to a possible penalty of seven per week. I will warn you, the record for failure and resistance was nine and that student was severely punished.

“After hours before bed should be spent studying for your classes unless you are above average. There are no free days or night unless announced or posted. Failure to use your time wisely can lead to additional demerits.

“Demerits are applied immediately at the end of the day they occur, and remain until the next Friday. That means as it is Wednesday, the demerit falls off not in two days, but Friday next. Also, demerits are accumulative. If you have demerits that would fall off on the next Friday, and you incur an additional demerit, they all must wait until the last demerit would expire, and at that time the number that would have fallen off earlier are removed.

“You are used to what is called a ‘bell curve’ where so many of each class falls into the usual grades, A through F, but we use no bell curve here. We expect what your schools call a B minus in every class. It is sink or swim, and I suggest you learn to swim or drown. There are no other options.

“If you earn enough demerits, you are sent to what is called our intermediate school. If this occurs, all previous demerits are held until you return to the primary school. There you will concentrate on classes you are already failing; but be warned that you can succeed in them and fail in the others, for when you return to the first school you must still maintain 85% in them even with your absence. The

only elective classes are the ones we will select. You have slightly less than two weeks before your eighteenth birthday and less than two months to bring yourself up to that grade point average in every subject. If you have not, we will transfer you to the secondary trade and service school.”

She closed the file. “Rude behavior to any student, teacher or myself is punishable by demerits starting now. Refusing to accept punishment is cause for additional demerits and further punishment. I tell you this because now is when you may ask questions. If you use intemperate language, you will earn further demerits. Now, are there any questions, comments, concerns?”

I didn’t speak for several seconds. That last statement was obviously because kids in my position had run their mouths before and it was a not too subtle hint that I would have a hammer drop me if I ran off at the mouth now. “Why did I end up here?”

“You have been a waste of space since your father died three years ago. While your mother only realized this in that last eighteen months, you have pushed the envelope every minute. She has been unable to rein you in, partially because your father had been the disciplinarian. Since you started this self-destructive course she has lost two jobs when she had to leave early to bail you out of problems. If you need to do something like that, some jobs give you a bad reference, meaning that it is harder to find the next job. You have spent almost two years costing her money and time she can not afford to waste.

“You came to our attention with your last stunt. It was pure luck that you have never been caught shoplifting before and the manager felt sorry for your mother. If that had not been the case, you would be

even now in jail; within a month some convict would be bending you over as his new bitch.

“Elizabeth was sent to make a determination whether the programs at this academy would be efficacious in turning you into a valuable member of society. She judged that with proper discipline, this was possible.

“She offered that we could take over responsibility for you to your mother and have you brought back to reality. Your mother agreed and signed the paperwork. In return for her agreement she is being assisted in getting another job, and will be on her feet in no time.”

“So she sold me out to get herself out of a jam.”

“That is Demerit Four,” the Headmistress replied. “The ‘jam’ she was in is of your making. Your self-centered arrogance put her in that ‘jam’, and her feeling that as a good parent she had to support your folly compounded it. She was being punished for your failures in her own mind. The Academy gave her a way free from it. So your success or failure from this point on will only punish you.”

“What kind of Academy is this?”

“Primarily it is a school to teach you to become a useful member of society. The difference between a regular school and ours is we decide from your efforts to succeed where your place in that society will be. We determine your required skills for placement and where you do not yet have them, we assure that you gain training in them. Once you have graduated, you will go on to work or service very important people elsewhere.”

“And if I resist or fail?”

She gave me a smile that would have looked better on a tiger. “Oh, you may resist; others have. But resistance leads both to punishment and further demerits. You have tasted one form of punishment already. I warn you there are much worse in store if needed. You will learn, and submit in all things. As for failure, this Academy has existed for over sixty years, and we have never had a failure.

“Anything else? No? Then step back into Nancy’s office. Elizabeth will take you to your dormitory room. Inform her that it will be G14.” She held up her hand to stop me from moving. “Here I will correct you before you earn another demerit. When given an instruction by school personnel, you will say ‘yes, ma’am’, or in my case, ‘yes Headmistress’. You will also always ask permission to leave, and if you have further questions, you will ask permission before asking it.”

“Yes, Headmistress. May I go?” I parroted.

Again the smile, this one almost gentle. “In US military laws they have a crime called ‘silent insolence’. Showing contempt by your attitude. We use that here also. If you want to feel contempt, do not show it unless you also want to feel a measure of pain, or additional demerits. You may go.”

“Yes, Headmistress.” When she said nothing else, I stood. She said nothing as I walked toward the door and through it.

Elizabeth looked up as I left the office. “Just let it flow, Nancy.” The girl shook her head.

“I can’t. I don’t want to change more than I have.” She looked up, tears in her eyes. “Please! Can’t we stop this?”

“No, we can’t. You are making the change, and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Remember, resistance is futile.” Elizabeth stood. “Now go on with your work, Nancy. I have to bring our new student to his room. And that room is?” She looked at me.

“G 14.”

“And another demerit for an insolent remark I see. Come along.”

I looked at the woebegone girl at the desk. She looked up at me, and I saw something I didn’t expect.

Pity.

Instead of leaving the way we came, Elizabeth led me to the rear door. “The front leads to the native villages. The school is this way.”

## **One year later: Explanations**

The Headmistress stood as the financier entered. “Mister Logan, it’s good to meet you.” Logan, a husky man in an English-cut suit walked across, smiling widely as he held the woman’s hand.

“Charmed, madam.” His accent was the broad half-cockney of New South Wales, Australia.

“Our service has been explained to you, sir?”

“Yes, Lord Wescott explained the service you supply.”

“Did he explain the procedure?”

“Only that you would explain it better than he could.”

“Ah.” She returned to her seat as the door opened, Rebecca rolled in a cart bringing a tea service.

The girl poured the Headmistress’ tea, then poured for Logan. “Sugar, sir?” she asked, tongs in hand.

“Three lumps, with milk and lemon.”

Rebecca prepared the cup, then delivered it. “Will that be all, Headmistress?”

“For the moment, Rebecca.” The girl gave them a curtsey, then left. The Headmistress waited until the door had closed. She sipped her tea. “If you want proof of our wares, you have seen it.” She motioned toward the door. “Rebecca is a product of our Category Three-A procedure.”

“Category 3-A?” he asked.

“Yes.” She sipped, sighing. Earl Grey, wonderful. “We supply several different servants, and we have labeled them by their service potential. They are Studs or Sissy-bois, for men who want to watch their wives being serviced by young men trained in that art, or boys they can bend over if that is their kink. That is Category Four, our most recent addition.

“The Category Four A young man can be passed off as say a chauffeur or gardener, whose real primary function is as a sex toy. There is no differentiation between whether he is to be a woman’s sex toy, or bought by a man for such a service if that man is a bottom that needs an occasional top. You would be surprised by how many leaders of business or government crave to submit occasionally. The Category 4 B male can look like anything from a weightlifter to a stereotypical gay man according to tastes, but he is a submissive who will sit beneath your desk and suck you all day while you work, or bend over that

desk at your command. If your kink is to force yourself on the servant, you can select category 4 B, where we leave just a little bit of resistance you have to overcome. They are natural submissives who will resist until you dominate them using main strength, or perhaps bondage and a little sadism, such as a spanking.

“Then we have Category Three, an officer worker, whether as man, Three B, or an office lady, Three A. The sexual distinction depends on the customer. Do you need an accountant, personal assistant, secretary, or receptionist? The new employee would be the gender you specified, and ready to do the duty you have specified with the addition of sexual content. We have Category B servants working for Colombian Drug Lords, Triads across half of China, and assisting Arab sheiks and oil millionaires. We also have Category A women doing important work for some of the same peoples, both with the additional duties of personal service for the owner.

“Except for Asia, men are denigrated or ostracized if they prefer men to women, but we deliver women in every way, except for two. That little bit of useless flesh that has no use, and willing to perform as ordered on demand, plus unable to get pregnant.

“Think of a loyal employee of either sex you can aim like a guided missile at someone you need to suborn, or only satisfy, and your Category Three will do as you command. These will have some resistance still, but it will be on the order of a girl or man who is embarrassed by your advances, but will submit and by the end be joyous in that submission.

“Then there is Category Two, both A and B. For B, you have again chauffeur or gardener, without additional duties, or perhaps a butler or major domo? We even have eunuchs requested upon occasion. Some-

one who can manage your house or harem perfectly without soiling them. Or perhaps a maid or cook, a woman or sissy-boi mincing about in a sexy outfit who will serve your guests and household in every other way as well. The females and sissies will be embarrassed, but submit willingly if you or a guest demands a service.

“Finally there is Category One, a girl who is there just to be your sex slave, and hang on your arm like a trophy wife. A slut who will fulfill any fantasy on command.” She smiled slightly. “Or will resist just enough to make it pleasurable. Of course the biggest problem you might have going through another service is the chance of pregnancy in your new toy.

“That is why all of our girls are made from boys. We will create one fully functional as a woman upon request, but we would suggest if you want a fully functional woman, that you contact another service and have one spayed if necessary.”

“I understand that. However my business precludes me using another agency.” Logan replied. “So how does this training work?”

The Headmistress smiled.

### **Today: Demerits assigned for the first Week**

The door led to what looked like a tropical paradise. There were five other buildings with what might have been called a quadrangle between them. From where we stood, I could see students crossing that garden-like enclosure. There were a number of female students, in fact quite a number.

“No dawdling,” Elizabeth said, pointing at the first building on the right. The dorm is there.” We went down the steps, and across the quad. As we got

closer, I got a better look at the ‘girls’, and my pace slowed. “What did I say about no dawdling?” Elizabeth warned.

“I am sorry. May I make a comment?” Elizabeth nodded. “That’s not a girl,” I said pointing. The person was a little taller than myself, wearing Mary Janes with short socks, a pair of tight hot pants that looked painted on, and a pale green blouse. As he turned his head, I could see hoop earrings as well. He held his books at his side, but occasionally he would lift them up as if holding them to a nonexistent bosom, notice that he had, and lower them to his side again.

Elizabeth looked at the person, then gave me a slight smile. “Oh really. What was your first clue?”

“I’m not stupid.”

“You wouldn’t know it from the way you court more demerits,” she said coolly. “That student has between six and eight demerits to work through. If you do not pick up the pace, you will earn additional demerits before you even get to your room, at which point that,” She jerked her chin to point with it, “might well be you. One other thing, it is rude to point, and next time you do, it will be an additional demerit.”

“Okay, fine.”

“That is demerit five. I am a staff member, and you have been rude to me.”

I started to tell her where to stuff it, but I could tell by her eyes she was ready to lower the boom on me already. “I apologize, ma’am.”



She stepped closer, her voice dropping to a whisper. “I would dearly love to play poker with you, young man. Your face shows what you are thinking as if you were shouting it. Remember that silent insolence will be punished. This is your last warning in that regard.” She gestured. “On to the dorm.”

We walked on in silence. Ominously, a lot of those ‘girlie’ boys were headed into that building as well. Elizabeth went up the stairs to the second floor, and down a hall to a door marked 14. She knocked, then opened the door when there was no reply. “Your door does not lock. No one would steal anything, and if you gain further demerits this week, your clothing options will change, so housekeeping has to be able to get in to make the changes.” She led me to an armoire, and after sliding in a small plate marked BRIAN into a slot, opened it.

I was dismayed to see hangers with blouses on one side, then some hangers with girl-cut shorts, skorts, and hot pants like the person outside wore.

“May I ask where my clothes are, Ma’am?”

“You’re looking at them. You have five demerits, and you start dressing today under them. For the first we have to go into the bathroom.” She pointed, and I walked into it. It was a full bath with tub and shower, and two mirrored medicine cabinets. One had a small array of nail polish below it.

“There are two students per room.” She pointed at the nail polish. “This cabinet belongs to your roommate. Always ask the roommate before using any of the items in this cabinet. Otherwise you earn a demerit.” She opened the other one, and pulled out a large bottle of some kind of pink ointment and bathing cap. “Strip down and take a shower. Once you are done, step out of the shower, put on the bathing cap

making sure all of your hair is under it, and apply this to all of your body with the exception of your head. Do apply it on your face in front of your ears, on your cheeks, around your lips down to your chin, and down to your throat.”

“May I ask-”

“It is demerit one; that all body hair is to be removed. This is a strong depilatory chemical. It takes five minutes to work properly, but be careful. If you put it on your head it will render you bald for six weeks. Around your pubis . . .” Elizabeth gave a feral grin. “Male exotic dancers shave there, so you’ll fit right in. I will step outside while you do this.

“But if you refuse, I can call a couple of our staff to force you to use it. In that case you will receive two more demerits, if you are lucky. If not, we can take you over to our electrolysis section and they will remove every hair permanently. That will take several very painful days and your demerits will still be there when you return to this room.” She reached into a pocket and pulled out one of the control boxes.

“Now I know you are thinking, have thought, or eventually will think that you can take this away from one of us. I would like you to try now before your shower so you will not be punished for it.” She held out her hand with the box sitting on her palm. I reached out, my hand a few inches from hers, but she didn’t move. I touched the box, and my fingers leaped back as I felt a warning tickle from the implant in my neck. She gave a gentle smile. “One second after you grab it, the remote automatically punishes you for thirty seconds. As long as I have this, I can strike you down anywhere on the island. The only possible escape is through the main house and then to the docks. Or at the beach where you are allowed to swim.

“However ten meters from the front door of the main house are a series of buried sensors that will activate your implant and leave you writhing until someone bothers to come down and pull you out of the area of effect. One student who was good with locks was able to escape the dorm, pick the locks, and get to the sensor grid. He did it in the middle of the night where we only have one staff member on security, and that person had fallen asleep. It took over 20 minutes from the alarm, which only sounds in the security room, to when the staff member was able to drag him back. You have suffered a few seconds of what it can do; every new student finds that out very quickly. Picture twenty minutes of it.” She gave me a cold look as if shoving a cattle prod up someone’s ass would be fun. “There are even worse punishments if necessary.

“At the beach you will notice that at the ends of the cove there are mangrove swamps, other sensors are placed from the fence line that ends in the swamp to the surf line. Because of possible shark attacks, we have a net from the swamp on each end and out from the beach 100 meters. There are sensors mounted on the top of that net, and if you try there, you could drown. You are only allowed on the beach when there is a lifeguard, and they are staff members who can reach the fence without being hurt. Using the beach is a privilege that can be revoked at any time.

“Now get undressed and shower. Remember that every room in the complex is monitored, so someone will be watching you. If you dawdle, you get another demerit.” She turned on her heel. “Remember your balls too.”

“What?”

“All the hair except for your head. That includes between your cheeks and those delicate dangly

things. The observer will call when you finish smearing the lotion, and I will knock when you should get back into the shower, or when my reinforcements arrive.” She raised a hand in admonition. “Remember! I will inspect how you did before you get dressed. If necessary, I will stand here personally watching as you do it again.” She closed the door.

I stripped, blushing at the idea that I was being watched. I set the shower temperature, and climbed in. There were bottles of shampoo, conditioner, bath gel, and a sponge like you see attached to bath gel at stores. Each was marked with my name. The shampoo smelled of lilacs, as did the conditioner. I had to read the directions on the conditioner, I had never used it before. Once my hair was done, I picked up the bath gel. It smelled like lilacs too. I knew that before long I would be heartily sick of that smell.

I stepped out of the shower onto the mat. I was dreading this, but the threat of more demerits just because I was slow bothered me more. I opened the bottle, nose wrinkling at the chemical stench. I began spreading it on as instructed, and blushed furiously as I slid one hand down between my cheeks and around my balls. After a moment, it began to sting, and I wanted to wash it off right that instant. Instead of rinsing off, I stood there gritting my teeth as the sting grew until I was sure my skin would wash off with the hair! I heard a knock, and sighed as the stinging washed away. From my lips to my toes, I was hairless except for my head.

I was relieved when I shut down the shower and stepped out to dry off. I had barely finished when Elizabeth stepped in. I covered my crotch, and she shook her head. “Wrap the towel under your arms and around your body.” I did so, and it was only as she approached that I realized it was how a woman would wrap the towel. She began examining my body

starting at my wrists, running her hands over smooth legs, then making me turn as she examined back and crotch. She nodded, then gestured for me to follow.

She took me to the armoire, grabbing the towel and ripping it away. “The second demerit is that you have to wear Mary Janes and short socks.” She set the shoes on the bed. “The third is that you have to wear panties and bra.”

“No fucking way!” I shouted.

“Demerit six. My, you are piling them up today.” She went to the armoire, taking out a training bra and panties. “Again, we can do this the easy way or the hard way.” She held up the two garments, waving them back and forth as if trying to entice a cat. “The usual Demerit Seven is to be forced to wear a corset. It is also the punishment for refusing to wear these. The primary difference is that if you start wearing it now without the original demerit seven, we go a few steps further.

“You see, a corset is designed to accentuate the figure; in fact the first ones were made for men to give them a more attractive masculine line in dress clothes. Designed for women, it flattens the tummy while causing the hips and bust to be more prominent. A man in a corset has a bust, even if it is only an A cup. It can be tightened just enough to make your waist slimmer, but if we go to corsets today, we will reduce your waist by a minimum of five inches, from the 29 inch you are now to 24. It will also be a punishment corset without the clips in the front that allow it to be removed for sleep.

“This corset will be put on you, tightened down as I have specified and locked on. You will wear it every minute of every day until you relent, at which point

your demerits will again begin to be counted. However consider that if I call in my helpers, you will be sentenced to wear it until tomorrow afternoon even if you beg us just to punish you for resisting.

“You have to the count of five. I will also warn you that from this point on, if you resist further, the count will reduce by one each time until we merely automatically punish you. At that point you will find your tight little butt plugged, and your fanny reddened in a public bare assed spanking on the quad.” She looked at me. “Five, four-” I snatched the clothes from her. It wasn’t too bad putting on the panties but I had never put on a bra and fumbled like anyone would. Elizabeth finally took pity on me, having me put it on backwards to clip it, then spinning it around to slide my arms into the straps.

“Leave the shoes and socks for the moment as I explain the next two demerits. Demerit Four is that until they fall off, you will wear female-cut shorts, hot pants, or skorts. Now to look proper, you must tuck your little willie back between your thighs, so no one sees it. If any school personnel can walk by you and see it poking out in front you will have another demerit, they will make you adjust yourself properly in front of any witnesses, or if it is punishment, they will put it in a locked gaff and tie it back.

“You will notice that while you have three choices, there are only five pieces in your closet, and as you wear one each day, another will be added in sequence to what is remaining. Two female shorts, two hot pants, one skort at the moment.” She took down the skort, a pair of shorts with what might have been taken for a micro miniskirt attached. “So the next one added tomorrow would be another skort or whatever you wear but from that point it will balance what is still in your closet. Figure with nine days to go, you must wear three shorts, three skorts, and three hot

pants. We will not demand that you wear them in any sequence, but by the end of this first punishment period, you will wear all three.”

She ran her hands over the blouses inside the closet. “For the Fifth Demerit you must wear blouses rather than shirts.” She took one out, the buttons obviously opposite of men’s clothes. The colors were all either white or pastels. “This one I think.” She set it on the bed by the shoes. “Now Demerit Six, which you just earned a moment ago.” There was a knock, and she walked to the door where a silent girl held what looked like some of gun. Elizabeth took it, but left the door open.

“The sixth is that you will have your ears pierced and wear earrings until the punishment is completed.” She shook the gun in warning. “If you resist, we can use earrings that lock on and will choose what kind of earrings you will wear. Picture walking around for the next week with four-inch hoops or dangling earrings that brush your shoulders rather than the simple gold studs that you could be wearing instead. Now, sit in that chair.” Elizabeth pointed.

I sat and she walked over. Using alcohol, she cleaned my right earlobe, then bent over me. “This will sting, but it will be no worse than a nurse taking a blood sample with a small needle, over in an instant.” I was going to ask when I felt something clamp my earlobe and a brief sting. She handed me a simple gold stud with an onyx cap. A moment later there were two of them in my hand, with a hole in each ear. She directed me to stand and I inserted them myself. “Good,” she said. “Every evening you will use this alcohol to clean the piercings so they don’t get infected. Now get dressed.”

She leaned against the closed door and watched me intently. I turned back to the armoire. I took down

a pair of shorts and started to put them on, but she stopped me. “Always put the blouse on first to make it easier to tuck in, and you *will* tuck in your blouse every time.” I followed her instructions, and finally stood there barefooted. She nodded, and I put on the socks and shoes.

Elizabeth stood, walking around behind me, turning me to face the mirror on the inside of the door. I looked like a fag. “There, all ready to greet the world. What do you think?”

I considered saying something intemperate, but I wasn’t in the mood to learn about corsets, not even one for punishment. “I think I’m going to be glad when the week is over.”

### **One year later: Explanations**

“The training is actually simple. Long before they arrive, we have determined loosely which program they are going to be through. When they arrive, we immediately begin working at breaking their spirit. Let us leave out Category Four because they are merely boys that have to be tweaked into Stud or Sissy. What I am about to tell you is for ‘girls’ and sissies of Category One to Three.” Logan nodded.

“We start with getting them used to being dressed as girls and extending that training as time progresses. While they enter the program thinking it is merely a short-term punishment, once we get them into female clothes, they will never come back to a boy’s life.

“As we do, we make our final determinations between the categories, though any fem who has excelled at Category Three or Two can be transferred to Category One at a word if a client takes a look at her and wants her broken-in properly. At the same time

we're using subliminal messages to tweak their personalities." She leaned forward, handing him an earphone. "This is what they hear in their first week."

He heard a soft female voice whispering 'If I don't listen, they will punish me. If I resist, they will hurt me. It isn't that bad, really, it's just embarrassing to be dressed as a girl. But I can handle it'. He cocked his head, handing it back. "Just hearing that works?"

The Headmistress laughed. "Of course not. If I merely played that over the loud speakers over and over audibly, they'd fight back that much harder. But this is done on the subliminal level. As an example..." She touched a button on a panel to her side, held it down for ten seconds, then released it. When he looked at her curiously, she adjusted the rheostat on the same panel, and hit the button again.

"I really don't like tea, I prefer a good cigar or..." She released the button. "You just heard that twice, once transmitted audibly, and once subliminal. The thing to remember is that a subliminal message bypasses all of your normal methods of resistance. You can't decide to fight it because you don't even know you have a fight on your hands. Their subliminal is repeated every few seconds all day as they walk about to classes, while in classes, at meals, in bed, constantly. If there is still resistance, we can use the addition of Versed.

"Versed is a hypnotic drug that can allow us to force imprint commands, though we cannot use it that often due to the fact that their body will build up a resistance to the drug. As much as it is believed that you cannot force someone to do anything with hypnosis, it isn't true. All you need to do is work it a step at a time until they do what you want. Let's take the scenario everyone knows.

“You hypnotize the person, hand them a gun, point at someone and say, ‘kill him’. What happens is that unless he is willing to kill without compunction, you’re left with someone who is breaking out of your control. Instead you give them a low-level feeling of dread, they are in danger, the police can do nothing, they can’t run, they will have to defend themselves. Then you mark the man you want dead, and tell them that the person is the cause of their fear, someone that will kill them without a thought, and if they want to live, they must strike first. By the end you have an innocent man murdering someone else.”

“You talk a good game, but who has that kind of time?”

“Sir, with the proper preparations, we’re talking perhaps two hours, maybe less.”

He looked confused. “Then why are you taking what is it, months to turn a boy into a simpering little girl ready to be a man’s plaything?”

She laughed in delight. “Oh sir, you’re confusing the two situations. What I described is like a quick and dirty rigged assassination. The subject only has to pull the trigger once, on command. That would be like picking some boy off the street, hypnotizing him, convincing him he’s really a girl, and having him suck you off two hours later. But it would break down, typically within minutes or hours, though it could take weeks. We would be poor suppliers if your new acquisition started fighting back during the act, or reported you later.”

### **Today: A tour of the grounds**

Elizabeth clapped her hands. "We timed that well. It's lunch time. Come on." I was hesitant, but she gave me a minatory glance and I followed. I didn't feel right. The shorts had a narrow waist and flaring legs that came only halfway down my thighs. The shoes were patent leather and I was just glad she hadn't mentioned shining them. The blouse hid the bra at least. We walked out into the bright sunlight, and she pointed. "That is the cafeteria. Come along."

A bell went off and suddenly dozens of students were coming from the school buildings, headed for the cafeteria. There were guys in school uniforms like I had worn briefly, but most of them were dressed as I was. By watching, I could see which ones were wearing corsets. Some of them really looked like girls because I couldn't see even the bulge I had, though none of them wore makeup or dresses.

The tables were small, only large enough for perhaps four. Elizabeth led me to the serving line. The servers were natives, all smiling women and men who served us silently. The meal looked good; lamb chops, scalloped potatoes, green beans, jello and fruit salad. We carried our trays to a table, unloading them, and sat to eat. The students chatted between themselves, but it was as if they were just friends meeting over a meal like any school.

"You're lucky since you don't have a class schedule yet. You have the rest of the day off, so I can show you around." She looked at me, as I watched the people on the serving line. "I should warn you that the natives are very loyal. We pay them every week what the average citizen of their nation makes in a month. We also have a catalog where they can buy anything an American would want to buy and we charge them only what it costs, no delivery, no additional charges.

So while they speak English and will help you in any other way, they know the students are not allowed contact with the outside world. They will report you and the punishment can be extreme.” She patted her lips. “Done?” I finished, and we bussed our own dishes.

We walked. The beach was as inviting as the ones you see in pictures of tropical islands, though seeing ‘girls’ in bikinis soured it for me. She showed just the exteriors of the school buildings, giving me a map of the classrooms themselves. “This section of the school only has thirty-five students at present. We have two other intermediate schools; one for problem students and another for advanced students.” The gym was large enough for a basketball game, but it was set for volleyball instead. The dozen or so students were dressed in what looked like girls’ gym clothes. I grimaced.

“Get that look off your face before you earn another demerit,” Elizabeth hissed. “If we’re making you walk around in bra, panties, girl shorts and Mary Janes, why would we let you put on boys’ gym clothes?”

I suddenly had an awful thought. “May I ask a question?”

“Yes.”

“Does that mean we have to wear women’s bathing suits too?”

“Of course.”

“Shit.”

“Which brings you to seven demerits.” Elizabeth motioned. “Come on, we’re going to put you in a corset.”

“Please, Elizabeth, I’m sorry. I’ll try to do better, but please, no corset.” I clasped my hands as if praying.

“Oh, very well. But there are no more warnings. At this point I can be punished as easily as you. So the next time you get that look or open your mouth, it will be two demerits.”

“I promise to try to do better.”

She just shook her head.

We came back to the school as the classes ended for the day. Elizabeth led me back to my room; we had barely closed the door when it opened again. The boy who came in froze in the doorway, looking first at the two of us, then at the number on the door.

“Are you in the right room?” he asked hesitantly. I took in the blue jean skort with a pale blue blouse and dangling earrings. Actually he looked pretty good for a guy in drag.

“Yes, this is the right room.” Elizabeth stood. “This is Brian. He’s your new roommate.”

“So Mike isn’t coming back?”

“Mike has gone to the intermediate school since he can’t learn to behave,” Elizabeth commented.

“Please introduce yourselves.”

“I’m Brian.” I held out my hand.

The guy looked at it, then shook hands with me. “I’m Keith.”



Keith will take over explaining from this point. Remember, you can accept what we teach you, or be

punished. Good day.” Elizabeth walked out, and we were alone.

### **Explaining the ropes**

As the door clicked shut I turned to him. “What a bi-” He was waving frantically and shushing me. “What?”

“Remember they warned you; all of the rooms are monitored! I don’t know how many of the rooms they can monitor in any one given hour, but think. It may just be me, but if I had a new student who might gain some demerits because he thinks he can get away with saying something, which room would you be watching?”

I nodded in sudden understanding. “So you can explain?”

He sat and I could tell from the painfully straight back that he was wearing a corset. “I feel like they should make me a staff member; I’ve given this speech four times now.” He sighed. “Back in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, they used to use what was called petticoat punishment. Two centuries earlier all of what I am wearing now, and beyond; corsets, stockings, high heels, were originally made for men, not women. A man wore a corset so he looked slim, he’d wear stockings so women would look at his legs. Since men rode horses by straddling them, they had heels so they could use the stirrups. Men would also wear high heels at parties so the women would see how shapely their legs were. But they got away from that style of clothes for men, and it became women’s wear.

“The problem was that boys will be boys. A lot of families didn’t have constant male role models, so the boys would misbehave. The mothers, without a father to punish the child, would make the boys dress like girls. They would make them behave like girls; be girls, until they learned to behave.”

He motioned at the way we were dressed. “Can you see either of us getting in someone’s face without feeling embarrassed? Pushing another guy, fighting him? It would look like an Emo boy getting in a Jock’s face, wanting to get beaten up to anyone watching.

“The way it was explained to me, the more we act like boys, the more they will make us dress like girls. If we are loud, they’ll make us talk softly. If we get aggressive, they will make us learn to knit and sew. If we act like boys in other ways, they will make us learn anything a girl might have learned. They will keep this up as long as we misbehave. A boy pushes the limits, a girl learns them, and abides by them. A boy will argue, a girl will obey.

“As any teacher will tell you, girls mature faster than boys. They’re just making us grow up. So the more we act like girls, the more they will be willing to teach us how to be proper boys again.”

It sounded insane to me, but I was caught in the middle of this asylum, so I kept my mouth shut. Kevin pulled out his class books and began studying intensely. I leaned back, and watched him. I noticed the same reactions I had seen with the guy I had seen when I first arrived. His hand would come up, brush his shaggy hair back behind his ear, pause, he would flush, then a few moments later do it again.

A couple of hours later there was a gentle tone from the loudspeaker over the door, and he closed the book. “Dinner.”

We walked down the stairs and he explained the usual week. Five days of classes, two days off, or at least without classes because we were expected to study on those days too. But we could take time off by going to the beach. "I'm not sure I want to," I told him. "Having to wear a girl's bathing suit would just make me feel more uncomfortable."

"It's not that bad. You can wear a one-piece instead of a bikini."

"Not interested."

Dinner was a salad bar and on the steam line there was roast beef, mashed potatoes, corn, and chocolate cake. We sat and Kevin explained the class structure. There were three different sections of classes inside the buildings. The first was the building we would be going to, with eight hours of classes divided into before and after lunch. The teachers also worked in Buildings I and S, where the other thirty odd students went to their classes.

"If you have too many demerits, you go to the Intermediate school and have classes in building I." He considered, chewing a mouthful of beef. "I haven't met anyone who was sent to I, except before they were sent. It's like a black hole where everyone disappears. The ones in S are near the end of their terms, and the teaching is accelerated, that much I do know."

He motioned without pointing toward four boys at another table. Unlike us, they were in boys clothes, one even in proper gym shorts and tank top. "Those are from the advanced school. They are allowed to dress as boys, and don't get punished as often as we do." I noticed that they were all paying attention to a boy I would have defined once as an Emo boy. He was

eating in dainty little bite and when another boy spoke to him, he would look down as if embarrassed.

“Why is that one acting like he should be in girl’s clothes?”

Kevin looked at the boy. “I have no idea. Some of the boys in the advanced classes are like him.” He considered. “Maybe he had to go too far dressed as a girl when he was in our stage.” His eyes widened, then he turned suddenly, trying to hide a smile. “Oh, he’s in for it now.”

“What, who?”

“Well, staring is impolite, and can earn you demerits. But if you look over your shoulder at the table two over . . .”

I turned slightly and when I saw the boy I snapped back to look at my plate, trying to keep from laughing out loud. The boy was in clothes like ours and he had that stiff posture of a corset. But his hair was cut in a page-boy style with feathery bangs in an obviously tinted red and he had drawn-on eyebrows. He was scowling around the room as if he expected someone to point and laugh any second.

“That’s Tommy Felcher. He uses the nickname Tiger, and thinks he’s a bad ass.” Kevin leaned toward me conspiratorially. “That’s the next demerit after a corset. You’ll notice that all of us younger boys have slightly longer hair than is normal, right?” I nodded. “Well if they do your hair, they cut it in a girl’s style.” He grinned. “And if they’re in a really bad mood, they will dye it like they did his. Or give him little Shirley Temple curls.” He motioned, and now I noticed almost a dozen other guys with styled hair. “But I think they went overboard on him.”

I bit my hand, restraining the laughter until I felt it would not come out. “What did he do?”

“He was just being himself, probably.” I did laugh at that. “Come on, back to studying.”

We cleared our table, and Kevin walked toward the trash can and the window that led to the scullery area. As we passed, I saw Tommy’s leg shoot out. Kevin squawked as he went face down on the floor.

“Clumsy today,” Tommy commented.

“You tripped him.” I accused.

Tommy focused on me and stood. He was a few inches taller than I was, “Prove it.”

I smiled, motioning to have him come closer. He moved toward me. I leaned into him as if to whisper, and kneed him in the crotch, hard. He gasped, going down, and I pushed him so that he ended up in his chair. “You fucker, you kneed me!”

“Prove it.”

“Motherfucker!”

A voice came out of midair. Three demerits, Tommy. Go to your room.”

“This motherfucker kicked me in the balls!”

“You tripped Kevin and have used intemperate language three times. Four demerits. We counted Brian’s retaliation as acceptable. Go to your room or you will gain further demerits.” He snarled and stormed out.

I leaned down and grabbed Kevin's hand. I helped him up, and he looked after his tormenter. "Fucker."

The voice spoke again. "One demerit, Kevin. Go to the hair salon. As a salutary lesson, you will accompany him, Brian."

"Do I have to?"

"Brian, you must learn to be obedient. This is your only warning from us. Now accompany Kevin to the hair salon."

I shrugged and we walked across the campus. "I had to go with Michael when he got his hair done. It's like they tease you with what can happen, then it does because you get nervous and make a mistake. I knew it could happen and I would almost bet they made sure to make Tommy's hair like that just to get me to slip up when he heard you laughing." He waved a hand before I could protest. "Think about it; they put you in my room, so we'd go to dinner together. That means I would see him and since it would make me want to laugh, I would have to tell my roommate." He grinned. "Though kicking him in the balls was something I wanted to do myself."

We went up the steps to the salon and walked in. A girl was standing by a chair already. Obviously they had told her. "Have a seat, Kevin," she instructed. "Brian, you can sit over there and use the panel. Shakira will help you. If you slip up, you can see what you'll look like."

I took a seat at the computer with trepidation. Shakira was a woman about twenty-five years old with long straight black hair. She swung a ring-shaped device that looked like a panoramic X-ray machine down, and tapped a button. "Sit still, please."

I started to turn but she caught my chin, turning my face front firmly. “This is a 3-D imager; very high definition. But if you turn your head, the picture is skewed and has to be done again.” She tapped the mouse button. “Three, two, one.” There was a flash and I shook my head. She leaned over, her breasts pressing into my side, typing one handed. Then a three-dimensional copy of my head came up.

“Good capture.” She rotated the ring back and down behind the chair. Then she clicked the command and the head rotated so I could see both front and back exchanging. “This was developed by the Academy for use with our students. But we have been doing some patent investigating. By this time next year, this system will be in all of the premier hair care facilities world-wide. Think of some woman deciding ‘that style would look good’ and getting a chance to see it without a single strand of hair cut! You see once we cut the hair, we’d have to wait for it to grow back before we could try something else. With this...” She tapped another command. A small image like a shaver appeared. She ran it up the back of the image, and I was bald in a one-inch strip.

I looked at her in alarm, and she hit another key, and the hair was back. “You see? You can try a hair-style and if you don’t like it, you can make it go back to normal. So what I am doing is setting it to follow along with what Belle is doing with Kevin’s hair.” She shrugged. “A style that looks good on him might not look good on you. Your chin is narrower than his and your eyes are spaced a bit more widely. So when she is done with him, we’ll check the results and see what changes might have to be made for you in the future.”

“I’m not going to end up here as a customer,” I vowed.

Shakira smiled. “Kevin said the same thing late last week when I did the capture of his face.” She turned to the computer, entered some commands, and Kevin’s face and head appeared. The hair on the CG image had a layered cut dropping almost to his shoulders, parted in the middle. “When Belle is done, that is what Kevin is going to look like.

“Now what you are going to do is watch Kevin’s progress, and watch your own progress here as that work is translated over to your image.” She shifted back to my own image again.

As Belle took him to the sink to wash his hair, I realized what Shakira meant. I saw the hair of my image also sprout bubbles as Belle washed, rinsed, repeated, then used conditioner. The hair of my image became lank strands. Then Belle took a pair of scissors, and began to work. As she trimmed his hair, my own also vanished. I could look at the progress with his own hairdo, then look back and see it duplicated on my own phantom head. Belle took strips of aluminum foil, then began to work tinting his hair, and my own followed. Then she removed the strips and brushed out the finished product on both his head and my own CG image. The new ‘do’ didn’t look quite right on me. My face didn’t fit it.

Shakira leaned over, looking at my face for a long moment. “Yours would need something to accentuate your face instead of his.” She made some corrections. “Now that would look good.”

I stared at the new me. Instead of a straight line fall, the ‘do’ she had created for me swept forward like the wings of a bird, the tips of the wings accentuated my chin, making my eyes look like something from an elvish legend. The sweep of the hair drew the eye first to my mouth, then to my eyes, making it a bewitching picture.

“And I think platinum blonde.” Now it looked like I was a stewardess from that old movie, *The Fifth Element*, except the hair on the image was parted in the middle.

Then suddenly one of my eyebrows vanished. I looked at Kevin. Belle had shaved his eyebrow, then laid a strip of impregnated paper over the stubble. He shrieked as she ripped what was left of his eyebrow off.

“Oh Kevin, that was nothing.” She used another strip to clear the last of his other brow. I looked at the CG again. Now a narrow line was being drawn to replace the hair of my brow. It looked like me, but more like a girl.

Belle put down the eyebrow pencil, then turned the chair. Kevin was transformed as my picture had been. The layered cut made his face look longer, but at the same time framed it in softness. His mouth quivered and a tear ran down his cheek.

“Behave or that will be you.” Belle commented pointing past me at the CG model.

“I’ll behave.”

She nodded at my reply. “You can go back to your room.”

I walked silently beside Kevin, who just looked at the sidewalk as we went. I knew he was crying but he wasn’t letting me see it. I felt that trying to comfort him might bother him more. We got back to the room, and he silently began to study again. I watched him as again he had those moments of moving his hair behind his ear.

“You’re making me uncomfortable.”

“Sorry.”

“If you have any questions, ask them.”

“First, what’s with the girly shampoo and body wash?”

“They’re trying to train us to obey. So they make us use girly stuff.”

“Well, I know they must have something other than lilac.”

“Of course they do. It’s just that if you don’t have a preference in your file for, say, scented soap or shampoo, they go for something generic, usually floral.”

“Are you allowed to ask for something else?”

Kevin lifted his pencil, pondering the question as he turned around, unconsciously flipping his head to get his hair out of his face. “I don’t think any one has tried, honestly.”

“So I can just look up and ask and they can answer?”

“Exactly,” the same voice that had consigned Kevin to the hair salon replied.

I jumped a bit at that. “Are you watching me specifically?” I asked.

“No. We have a computer system that monitors the systems for trigger words, like ‘girly,’” the voice replied dryly. I started guiltily and the voice chuckled. “Don’t worry. If you’re commenting without referring to another student, we don’t punish you usually. “So you don’t like Lilac?”

“Not really.”

“You can change out your bathroom accessories to suit. Would you prefer another floral scent? Or a fruit perhaps?”

I hadn't expected it to be this easy. “Some spice instead?”

“We don't have many bath scrubs in spices. All we have for that is vanilla.”

“That would be better than lilac, at least.”

“Very well. It will be changed out within the hour.”

“Thank you.”

We waited in companionable silence. Kevin began studying again, then turned. “There's something else. Just say it and be damned!”

I hesitated. “I noticed with another student, and now with you. You're irritated by your hair, constantly pulling it behind your ear. The other tended to act like a girl with school books, hugging them to his chest, then lowering them to the way a boy would carry them.”

Kevin shook his head angrily, turning back to his work. “I don't know what you're talking about,” he declaimed flatly. “They're punishing me, and I have to deal with it. If I don't listen, they will punish me. If I resist, they will hurt me. It isn't that bad, really, it's just embarrassing to be dressed as a girl. But I can handle it,” he snarled. Yet again, his hand reached up, pulling his hair behind his ear.

There was a knock, and a couple of the native girls came in, delivering the replacement supplies. I

watched as Kevin again and again pulled his hair back. There was a tone, and Kevin looked up. “We are to shower every night. Go ahead and go first.”

I went in and noticed my shower supplies were already there. I showered, washing my hair, and finally the lilac stench was gone. I dried off, wrapping the towel around my waist, and went back into the bedroom. Kevin closed his books and entered the bathroom. I looked in the armoire and found a pair of women’s silk lounging pajamas. I dressed in them, folded down the sheets, and climbed into bed.

A few moments later, Kevin came out. His hair was dry, thanks to a shower cap, I surmised. His pajamas were like the ones I had one but while mine were powder blue, his were violet. He moved in a cloud of Apricot, subtly seductive. He blushed as he noticed my eyes on him, sliding into bed. Then he reached for the light. “Goodnight.” And we were plunged into darkness.

I laid back, pulling the covers up. I was dressed in women’s pajamas, laying mere feet from another boy dressed as I was, not understanding anything that had been happening. I rolled on my side. This was a nightmare. *If I don’t listen, they will punish me. If I resist, they will hurt me. It isn’t that bad, really, it’s just embarrassing to be dressed as a girl. But I can handle it.*

It wasn’t until much later I realized my thoughts had echoed his statement to me.

### **Interlude**

In the control room, the officer in charge noted when Brian’s EKG dropped to sleep. The sensors had been originally designed for hospitals, but worked well here. She made a note of when he finally slept

and the system automatically noted when his brain-waves dropped to REM sleep. It would record all night, down to when he began to wake up. All was important for the training he would be undertaking.

### **School days**

I woke up as I always did. Most guys my age sleep until the alarm, but I never did. I did well with about six hours. Kevin was still out of the world. I sat up, stretching. Actually the silk of the pajamas felt good. That I might get used to.

There was a ruby-red skort and a rose blouse, and I chose them. I considered ignoring the rule about bras and panties, but I already had enough demerits without adding to them this soon so I found a matching scarlet set.

I was already dressed when the alarm went off and Kevin began to stir. He stretched as I had, as if enjoying the feeling, then blushed when he saw I was already dressed. He climbed from the bed and dressed. His corset had clips in the front, so it didn't take long to put it on. Then he chose matching clothes as I had, a violet set of underwear, without a bra since the corset was worn in its stead. Then came a lavender blouse with a lilac pair of hot pants. As he fluffed and brushed his hair, I noticed that from the back he was almost a girl, just a prepubescent one.

We left the room for breakfast together. Sometime during the night a set of books had been delivered with my name on a Post It note stuck to the top one, and we walked as slightly differently colored book-ends.

There was a full breakfast line and both of us chose our own favorites. I had ham and sausage with scrambled eggs; he had bacon and corned beef hash

with eggs over easy. Both of us had hash browns and toast, though I liked rye bread and he liked wheat. We both had juice and milk to wash it down, and tea to follow.

Then my first day began. Our class schedules were the same, so Kevin and I spent a lot of time together. From what he told me there were two different classes, with the same students in each, and we went through them in the same mindless haze you'd expect in high school.

That was the start of my first week. I kept up as best I could, but I found that I wasn't up to the level they expected. I was fumbling along in just about every class, even with Kevin helping and tutoring, I was slipping. I also began acting oddly, though I only noticed it as I acted. I had begun to walk more slowly, almost strutting. I would catch myself fluffing my hair in the mirror, or hugging my school books like a girl. The first time I found myself pushing my hair back behind my ear, I panicked and Kevin had to calm me down. But by the end of the week I was merely doing it and just accepting that I was. After all, I was trying to be obedient. I grew to enjoy the feel of satin or silk on my ass, the feel of the softer fabric of the blouse after the rougher cloth of a shirt, even the glide of the bra across my chest when I walked.

I tried, God knows I tried, but the next Wednesday when we were given our grades, I was stunned. Four classes failed. I walked back toward the room. Kevin was just as depressed; he'd failed two, which meant that on demerits we were equal. Two native women were packing our stuff when we arrived. They motioned for us to follow as they led us across the quad to a chain link gate. It opened and Kevin shivered in fear as we walked on.

“The Intermediate School,” he whispered in a voice that betrayed true horror. “We’re so fucked.”

### **One year later: Explanations**

“But getting them to obey isn’t enough, so after the first day, while the obedience subliminal is run, we add other commands. Nothing major in the first week, but the student begins to become more feminine in mannerisms.” The Headmistress showed a student striding across the Quad. The stride fought with the clothing, which was a skort and blouse. “Day one. After eight hours of obedience repetition, this was added.” She hit a button on her console.

‘I have to get there, but I’m not in a hurry, I should relax just a little.’, then ‘my hair keeps falling in my face. I had better push it back’. Then ‘I am failing my class, what am I to do? I really need a hug, but there is no one here. I’ll just have to hug myself’.

With each statement, the following shots of the same student showed differences. With the first the stride became a slower, less impatient, walking pace. With the second, his hand began toying with his hair as if to assure it had not fallen in front of his face. Then with the last, the boy was hugging his books to his chest.

“As I said, we never let them regress to being boys again. They might improve their grades, learn to cook, learn to clean efficiently, but once they have progressed to the Seventh demerit, to being corseted, they are going to continue as girls. Their hair is given a feminine style and associative training begins.

“Psychologists coined the term Aversion Therapy for things you use to break people of bad habits and it is not unlike training a puppy. A puppy makes a mess on the floor, you rub his nose in it and spank

him while repeating ‘no, bad dog!’ and it associates the mess and the words with being punished. You also do associative training which is teaching them to do what you want at the same time, taking it outside and when it does its business outside, you pet him and praise him. The puppy learns by association, that it does not do its business inside because it will be punished, but outside is good. In humans you have potty training where you teach the child to stop messing in a diaper, and instead use the toilet without, of course, rubbing their nose in it. Like coating the nails with something that tastes bad to stop them from biting them, or giving an alcoholic Antabuse which will cause him to vomit at the slightest taste of alcohol.

“Associative training is the plus side of aversion therapy. Human like to do things that feel good, so we make sexual acts that would be considered homosexual feel good. Having someone else masturbate you, using butt plugs long enough to massage the prostate gland, and vibrators that stimulate it even more. That is the reason homosexuals enjoy being taken anally; it isn’t just because you need to have a hole to fill. They also learn to return that feeling to others, which breaks down the aversion taught by society to sexual touching in the boys, or crying.

“This stage takes about a week; we can find enough excuses to have them go through it. At every step of the way, they are made to recite over and over how good it feels to be dressed this way, that it isn’t wrong to enjoy how they are dressed and being stimulated by someone else, reinforcing that they are dressed like girls, are supposed to act like girls, and if that is true, they might as well enjoy being girls.

“Last at this point, we use their own dreams to reinforce the training. We introduce melatonin into their diet by having it prescribed by our resident

nurse. Melatonin is a naturally occurring compound in the human body. It helps not only with getting to sleep, but also with what are called lucid dreams. You know how sometimes you have dreams where it's almost real? You can taste what your eating, smell it?" He nodded. "Well psychologists have discovered that it is only a small step from a *lucid* dream to a *directed* one.

"Again you might have experienced this before; you're in a dream, and for some reason it isn't satisfying. So you change it consciously to something you would enjoy. But dreams are your conscious mind going over what your subconscious mind has been dealing with all day. With our girls, this means the subconscious implantation we have done starts being written into the conscious memories. Lets say we have had what we call a mutual milking; two of our girls have masturbated each other. We direct the dream away from what actually happened in a new direction reinforced by more subliminal implants.

"In reality, one girl stands in front of the other, facing a mirror, watching as she is being brought to release by the other student's hand, and reciting how much they like being girls more than boys. Once the one girl is done, they switch places and repeat it. But in the dream, you have them facing each other, looking into each other's face as they both work to bring the other to release. You have them hugging each other, even kissing each other, their hands and minds bringing them to wish for it to continue. When they find their consummation, the dream ends with cuddling and more kissing.

"Melatonin has the advantage that, unlike Versed, there is no danger of overdose, toxicity, or resistance. So we can repeat this every night, altering it slightly. Say, having them in their room and feeling the urge to play with their roommate, with both of them shar-

ing the dream, the roommate replying in kind so they are laid down, playing with each other, kissing, coming, all in a dream.

“Then, two hours before they normally get up, which we have timed down to the minute by observation during the first week, we administer Versed, in an aerosol form on the last day of that week if needed. The subliminals repeat how much they enjoyed it, and wouldn’t they like to try it for real?”

She laughed, leaning forward. “And it never fails that, soon enough, they do.”

## **Becoming Monique**

Beyond being in another school, there wasn’t much of a change to the eye at first. The students were wearing dresses or skirt and blouse combinations instead of shorts. Some were wearing stockings, and I promised myself I would not sink that low. We had barely dropped our books when we were called to the Administrator’s office. She was named Miss Sasha, and she informed us of our new punishments. I was worried from the moment we met her. She was a statuesque woman in her early thirties with full breasts and blonde hair in a long fall down her back. She stood, walking around us, and I pictured a lioness surveying her next meal. Her first words made me even more sure as she reduced us to children.

Since my math grades were so low, she had decided to have me transferred to what they call ‘bone-head’ math, just enough to be able to balance my own checkbook if I ever got out of here. History, she had decided, was useless to me since I didn’t even seem to try. She transferred me to Home Economics so I could learn to cook something beyond hamburg-

ers and hot dogs. But English and science were still required.

Kevin's classes had changed also, though his weak subjects were English and History, so he was going to learn to cook right alongside me, and had Sewing added to his schedule.

We were also informed again that while in intermediate school we were unable to get rid of our demerits until we had gotten the new subjects up to par while raising the grades in the other two. Except for intemperate language or resistance, we could gain no more demerits, and instead would be punished in other ways. I was told that after being corseted, both of us would first change into dresses or skirts like the others, then after the nurse's office, I would have my hair styled. We would also be assigned female names.

"Wait, ma'am," I said when I heard this. "You're going to assign us a woman's name?"

"Yes," Sasha replied. "Since earlier attempts to have you behave have failed, we're going to carry it a step further. From this moment on, you will be assigned a name. Using anything else in conversation will be punished. Referring to another student by a male name or calling one 'he' is also punished. The names are chosen specifically because there is no male equivalent. If we let one of you use Jessica for example, it would not take long to notice that Jesse is short for Jessica."

She looked at Kevin. "We have assigned you the name Jennifer, and you," she turned to me, "have been assigned Monique."

Against the urge to obey, I felt my own resistance rise. "Ma'am, I would rather not become more of a girl

than I already am. Being called by a woman's name and answering to it, is too much."

She gave me a smile that let me know she had expected at least one of us to voice our resistance to the added punishment. "If only one of you had arrived today, I would not do this, but since you are both the same distance along in your punishment, I am forced to punish both of you for that show of resistance. For the next week, instead of gym class, you will be milked to drain away all of that male aggression you still harbor. If you still wish to resist, look for Tatyana, who you both no doubt remember as 'Tiger'. She is suffering the punishment that follows milking because she spent the first three days here repeating both that nickname and her old name over and over before she went to bed. In punishment we found another use for her mouth for a week; I think you will find her punishment... enlightening. Dismissed."

The instant we left the office, I turned to Kevin. "I'm sorry Ke-" He slapped his hand over my mouth.

"Please, for the love of god, don't even think it!" he hissed. He leaned back, sighing. "Until this is over, I am Jennifer. Don't even think of that other name. Because if you think it, you will say it, and..." He looked down, then up, unshed tears in his eyes. "I don't want to be punished more because of it. I don't know how much more I can take!"

I wasn't sure what to do. If we really had been girls, I would have probably hugged him. "All right." I set my hand on his shoulder. "I promise not to even think it."

He gave me a grateful smile, and we went to our room. There was another woman waiting. "I am Miss Diane. I am going to adjust your corset to fit, Monique." She opened a box, and pulled out the flat

panels and lacing. She ordered me to strip with all of the tact you might expect from a nurse and, blushing furiously, I obeyed. She allowed me to keep my panties but had me remove the bra. "It would just be in the way."

She showed me the clips on the front, then opened them and had me hold the reconnected panels against my chest as she began tightening the lacing from bottom to top. Once it was close enough that it wasn't going to fall off, she had me go into the bathroom. There were connections in the ceiling and floor with a bar anchored to it like a stripper pole. I stood there, holding the bar as she began really tightening it down. Again she started at the bottom and I wanted to whine as the corset compressed my stomach, working upward like a vice.

"Keep breathing slowly," she instructed as I began to gasp as it moved up my torso. "You'll get used to it."

"Can't... breathe," I moaned as she passed the midway mark, and she merely tightened it even more.

"Don't be such a baby," she replied. "Almost done."

I leaned into the bar, it was the only thing keeping me standing. I could breathe but if I tried for a deep breath, my lungs wouldn't expand enough. "There. Take a look." Diane held a mirror up in front of my face, and turned it so the larger mirror over the sink was reflected in it.

The first thing I noticed was what looked like a girl's petite rounded ass. Her waist was at least three inches smaller, then the corset curved sinuously upward making the upper body almost as wide as the bottom. Then I realized with horror, this wasn't some



girl. My own face was looking over her shoulder! I turned like someone in a horror movie to face the monster that is going to kill them, and noticed that with the corset on, I had tits! Not enormous hooters, mind you, but obvious breasts swelling up in the cups of the top.

“Do not adjust the fit without the assistance of a school employee,” Diane was saying. “If it becomes loose or too uncomfortable, the staff members can adjust it for you but this is punishment, so you’ll just have to deal with it. If it starts coming loose, it can be tightened more as needed. If we notice that it is loose and you didn’t tell us or because you have adjusted the lacing, you will be locked in a punishment corset that you will have to wear every minute except when taking a bath.” Diane looked it over one last time. “There, you can get dressed now.”

I wanted to hide, I wanted to sink into the ground and be gone. I started to hurry but after a few steps, I found the boning of the corset digging into my chest and thighs and my lungs were burning. I’d have to walk slowly so that I wouldn’t hyperventilate and pass out. I made it to the armoire and looked at my selection. All of the skirts were minis starting at just a couple of inches above the knee, though two were micro minis that would barely cover my ass and crotch when standing. The blouses were pretty much what I had been wearing for a week now but some were so sheer that you could see my corset through them. There were half a dozen dresses, but all were minis and a couple looked tight enough that I was sure they wouldn’t fit.

I picked a blouse and skirt that matched and dressed. Putting on the shoes and knee socks was hard; I had to sit down and fold a leg over to put them on. I found that only a masochist would refuse to stand tall because every time I slouched even a little,

the boning dug in. During it all Kevin just sat there, knees together, hands on his lap, waiting patiently. Dressed in a sleek little black dress, with his hair cut the way it was, sitting just so, it was hard to think of him as a boy.

The nurse's office was down on the first floor; all I had to do was get a blood sample taken. "Your diet has been odd the last few days, we're checking for vitamin deficiencies. Come by when instructed and I will have a vitamin series ready for you," Nurse Tiffany, yet another attractive older woman, instructed.

We went downstairs and across to the hair salon. It was strange, as if this school was only a duplicate of the other; the buildings looked the same. I later found that even the class rooms were duplicates of the ones I had been in at the 'regular' school.

The first difference was that Belle and Shakira hadn't come inside with us. Instead there was a tall redhead named Rita and a petite Japanese girl named Miyuki. Kevin was sat down in the chair I had been in before, and Miyuki took a 3D shot of his hands as I sat in the chair. "Shakira's design looked good," Rita told me as she put the bib and apron on me. "But your natural hair color just won't do."

"Please, just cut it and have done," I whispered.

"Oh no, young lady. This is a chance to show my art." She opened a drawer and brought out short lengths of hair in different colors. It reminded me of those palettes of carpet squares, or paint chips.

"Your skin tone is dark enough that your face would just disappear into your hair with that brown you have, like you were wearing camouflage. A hair style should accentuate, not hide. Once it's longer, we can try a new color." The strips with the hair at-

tached were held against my face. She had chosen only three basic colors, reds like her own, coal black like Miss Sasha's and blonds down to a pure white. She chose the ash blond and began to work.

Washing, rubbing in conditioner, then she began cutting. She stopped after a moment, then began using some horrible smelling chemicals with those ubiquitous strips of foil as I just sat there and took it. Now I knew why women take so long at a beauty shop. I wished I could just go in, kick back, and get a proper cut instead. It seemed to take hours spent with those damn strips, drying, fluffing. Then she went back to cutting. She had turned me so I was watching as Miyuki used different colors on a palette wheel to change the color of Kevin's nails in the image, then she made a note before going on to making them longer, more rounded, and fuller.

"There, done." Rita turned me around and I stared for a long time. It was the winglike design Shakira had shown me only a few days earlier but instead of my own brown, it was a white like warm ice. Only my brows were in contrast and I dreaded what I knew would happen next. She trimmed my brows down until they were stubble then, using the waxing gear, ripped them away. Instead of the black pencil Belle had used, Rita used one in a pale white that matched the hair as she drew on new more expressive brows.

"You'll have to redo the brows every morning and after a bath," she told me, her lips pursed as she finished the last one. "Extra punishment if you don't." She leaned forward and whispered in my ear. "They have a tattoo parlor here and they can give you a full permanent makeup job if you resist. A word of advice; every punishment they have when you disobey from here on is worse than submitting."

Then she stood away, all business again. “You’re done. Almost time for gym.”

“We don’t get gym class this week,” I muttered. “I opened my big mouth to Miss Sasha.”

She gave me a little smile. “Oh milking isn’t that bad. It can be worse.” Rita checked the computer beside the mirror and turned. “Bring her over here, Miyuki. We have a couple of specials.” As Miyuki led Kevin over, Rita bent, and began strapping down my arm.

“What?” She already had one down, and as much as I flailed, she was able to pin down the other before I even knew what was happening. I heard a gasp of pain and looked to Kevin. I didn’t know how she was doing it, but Miyuki had one hand pinned back using just her thumb and Kevin was on his knees in agony.

“A little help, please,” she said. Her voice wasn’t even straining. Rita walked over and Miyuki used that painful bind to force Kevin up and into the chair. If he even tried to fight, Miyuki would merely add a touch more pressure. Soon he was also strapped down.

“Demerit Eight is to have your tongue pierced, ladies,” Rita told us. Miyuki had brought out a metal framework that attached to the back of the chair and mounted it behind Kevin’s head. That framework was for steel arms that extended around his head almost to his chin. She pressed them in, locking them in place one by one. During it all, Kevin was screaming and pleading as the arms slipped between his lips. Miyuki adjusted them with a thumb screw, forcing his mouth open.

“Dentists used these before full anesthesia was possible,” Rita explained as Kevin’s pleas became in-

coherent gurgling. “It stops you from biting him as he works, and if used correctly, can totally immobilize the jaw.” She picked up something that looked like the piercing gun they had used on my ears, but set at a right angle. Miyuki had picked up a pair of forceps and a small spray bottle. Kevin was still struggling.

“If you don’t behave, this will be done without the topical anesthetic,” Rita warned. She waited for a moment, then sighed, the gun coming up. Kevin screamed as it snapped. Miyuki had picked up a short bar with a ball at each end, unscrewing one of them as Rita stood away, taking the gun over to replace the head, dropping the used one into a dish full of alcohol. Behind her Miyuki had caught the end of Kevin’s tongue with the forceps as she threaded the bar through the bleeding hole. With his jaw pinned, he had to submit as she screwed the detached ball back on. Now she released the arms jamming his jaw open and Kevin sat there gasping and crying as the appliance was moved to my chair’s head.

A few moments later my mouth was jammed open and Miyuki snagged my tongue as Rita came over.

“Is it going to be hard or easy for you, young lady?”

I didn’t resist and Rita set down the gun and picked up the spray bottle. The chemical tasted vile but a couple of minutes after it had been used, I could no longer feel the pinch of the forceps. Rita bent over and I felt only a pinch as it snapped. There was the taste of blood in my mouth as Miyuki threaded the bar through my own tongue.

“There.” Rita removed the appliance, handing me a bag with a bottle, then handed another to Kevin as they unstrapped us. “That is a mixture of oral anesthetic and antiseptic to promote healing. It should take only a couple of days if you use this whenever it

starts to hurt. If you get a bad taste in your mouth, contact the school nurse since that might mean the piercing has become infected.

“You might have problems talking for a few days, you have to get used to the piercing so you might lisp like a little girl until you are. Just talk slowly and enunciate. You’re both done, so go on to your milking.”

## **Indoctrination and milking**

I asked a girl inside where we should go. After giggling at my lisping question, we were directed back to Miss Sasha’s office. Another woman sat at the desk instead. This one was a blond with a figure almost as full as Miss Sasha’s. She looked up, then at the clock. “On time, I see. Jennifer, go in there until I come for you.” She pointed at a door to the side. Kevin looked at me, then meekly obeyed. She motioned to another door. “Through there, Monique.”

I scowled at the use of the name, but decided not to make an issue of it. Maybe I was learning. With trepidation, I opened the door. I don’t know what I expected; a surgically sterile room with a milking machine that would suck me dry like a vampire maybe. But it was just a small, softly-lit room with a couple of comfortable-looking sofas and chairs; a dressing table with makeup mirror, desk, and in one corner, a huge three-way mirror with a table and bowl on it. The woman came around me, crossing her arms as she looked me up and down.

“My name is Miss Yolande. I’m sure we’re going to be good friends, Monique, and I just know you’ll come to look forward to our little visits.” She removed her suit jacket, revealing a sheer blouse covering acres of creamy goodness in a black bra. She smiled

and extended her well-manicured hand to me and I shook it diffidently, not sure what to expect. I was struck unexpectedly by a feeling of shyness in her presence, and while I wanted to resist being called by that name, I swallowed instead of snapping back.

“I know you are a new student. How did you become a student?”

“What’<sup>h</sup> to tell?” I retorted glumly, upset at the lisp. I concentrated. “My mom thold me off like a prize cow, and I ended up here.”

“And how do you like the school so far?”

“I hate it.”

She merely nodded. “Well Monique, I daresay you will change your mind. I believe this is your first milking?”

I concentrated on speaking slowly. “I guess. I don’t know what you mean by it.”

“You are here in this section of the complex because you are still showing signs of over-amped aggression. While this is something you must merely deal with in boys, you are being submerged into femininity intentionally to wean you away from those reactions. You see, boys are aggressive because of their testosterone build-up, and we must relieve that pressure to convince you to become more compliant.

“If it continues, you might even become like the postal worker who killed his fellow employees, or walk into a McDonald’s with an AK47 to kill everyone there. We cannot assure our clients of faithful, obedient workers if there is the slightest chance that you might snap under that pressure. This is the first stage in breaking you free from the past. We give you

a female name and use it so you become accustomed to using it yourself. Then we relieve the pressure in a pleasurable manner that reinforces what we will be teaching you from this point on.

“Come over to the mirror and we’ll get started. We can get better acquainted later. There will be plenty of time in the next week.”

I hesitated. “What’s going to happen?”

“Nothing bad, I promise you,” she replied, her hand extended. “Come.”

I walked over to the mirror and stood before it. She came up behind me, her hands resting gently on my shoulders.

“Now Monique,” she whispered into my ear, “Lift up your skirt and lower your panties, please.”

“What?”

“Lift up your skirt,” she repeated, “Here, let me help you.” She reached down and pulled the hem at the front of my skirt up to my waist. “Now, pull your panties down until they are at your knees.”

I was growing alarmed, and just stood there.

She sighed. “Come on, Monique,” she said a bit more sharply, “Do as you are told. Pull

down your panties.” In the mirror I could see her shaking her head. “We can always do this the hard way if you want.”

Hesitantly, I reached down and, with shaking hands, dragged my panties down as instructed.

“Good!” she purred in my ear, “Now...”

She put her arms around me, hugging me into her so I could feel her breasts shove into my back as she reached down. I gasped as her hand closed on my dick. Her hand had some sort of oil or lubrication on it. It felt warm and slippery as her fingers gently danced over the head as she pulled the foreskin back.

It was shocking how fast I was hard. I'd had friends surreptitiously talk about circles jerks and mutual masturbation and suddenly realized why it was so exciting; it isn't you just choking the chicken as it were. Someone else is doing it for you, and Yolande seemed to know exactly what would trip my trigger. All I was aware of were her breasts pressing against my back, the intoxicating scent of her perfume, her hand making me surge forward like a bridle on a horse. My heart was hammering and I moaned as she moved her hand over it, now holding firmly.

She began to move her hand, ever so slowly. “Now we begin.” What I thought frantically, you didn't begin when you grabbed it? “Tell me, what do you see in the mirror, Monique?” she whispered.

I gulped. What did I see? I saw myself with some stone fox half again my age playing with me like a toy! This was when I suddenly realized why some people get off watching themselves in a mirror. Hell, I was sold! But somehow I knew that was not what she she was asking.

“What do you see?” she repeated, her breath rustling softly in my ear.

“I thee... see... me. And you,” I gasped.

“No, Monique, that isn’t what I am asking. It is after all a mirror, and mirrors simply reflect what is there. Think as if it were not a mirror. If someone who did not know you and I were watching from there.” If it had been possible, I would have gotten even harder. “What would you see if you were that person? Do you see a pretty girl?” asked Miss Yolande softly.

Did I see what? I was hopelessly confused. It wasn’t a girl in the mirror. It was *me*. Dressed in skirt and blouse, panties falling down now around my ankles, with her playing with...

Her hand stopped, still gripping me firmly. “Answer me. Do you see a pretty girl, Monique?”

I stared at my reflection in a daze. Sure if it wasn’t me, I’d think it was a girl, and I had to admit, kinda pretty.

“Would you like me to stop?” she whispered, “Tell me, do you see a pretty girl in the mirror?”

“Yeth,” I whispered.

“Good,” she cooed. Her hand began moving, she was showing me things I could have done if I had been as experienced, “Very good. Now, is the pretty girl wearing a pretty little skirt and a cute blouse?”

I whimpered. I was quivering; only her arm around my chest held me on my feet. My heart was hammering like I’d run the fifty, and from what she was doing, I’d probably be doing the hundred next!

Her hand stopped again, poised. “Is she wearing a pretty outfit?”

“Yeth.” By concentrating, I could stop the lisp but it wasn’t a time for concentration. My hips were moving involuntarily but she must have done this a thousand times because she merely tightened her grip, keeping me from just using her hand to continue. “Yes,” I repeated, hissing in my need.

“Good!” she said softly, smiling, “Do you like being a pretty girl?”

All of my attention focused on the slowly moving hand, which stopped yet again. “Do you? Do you like being a pretty girl?”

I nodded, begging her with my eyes. She merely watched me.

“Say it, Monique,” she whispered directly into my ear, her breasts pressing my back, “Say that you like being a pretty girl in a pretty little outfit.” Her hand moved slowly, languorously.

I swallowed, whimpering.

“Come on, Monique. It’s alright. Say it.”

“Oooh. Oh yeth, Mith Yolande,” I whispered. When she didn’t continue, I spoke louder, “I like being a pretty girl!” Right then I would have admitted to a hundred axe murders to get that hand to move.

“Pleathe,” I begged. “Let me come, pleathe, Mith Yolande.”

“Not quite yet, dear,” she murmured, “First, tell me that you LOVE being a pretty girl, and wearing pretty clothes.”

“Oh G-God.”

“Say it,” she whispered, “Say it and I’ll keep going.”

“Ooh, I love being a pretty girl and wearing pretty clotheth!” I cried. My hands reached back and I held onto her hips to keep from falling to my knees.

“Good girl. Now, say it again. Make me believe it.”

“Oh God...”

“Once more.”

“Oh God!” I gasped, then almost shouted. “I love being a pretty girl! I love wearing pretty clotheth!”

“One last time...”

“I love being a pretty girl! I love wearing pretty clotheth!”

“Good, Monique,” she said softly, “Very, very good.” With that, her hand began to work faster and faster.

“Oh! Oh! Ohhh!” My hips worked spasmodically and suddenly I came with gut wrenching force, shooting out and splashing into the small bowl I had noticed on the table. I spurted again and again, groaning loudly with each thrust of my hips. My come pooled in the bowl like melted ice cream, splashing against the container before running down into a shallow lake.

My hips slowed, she gently squeezed the last drops from the tip, then reached for a box of tissues and dabbed up the errant droplets that still clung there. Then she released me. “Now, my dear, pull up your panties and rearrange your skirt.” I did as instructed, and she moved away from me to set the bowl down on another table.

“That was very good, Monique,” she said, smiling and stroking my cheek, “You did very well for your first time.” She took my hand, and led me back to the office.

“Thank you, Monique,” Miss Yolande said, “Now; I believe you have an appointment with the nurse?”

“What about, uh, Jennifer?”

“Oh, she will be along once I am done with her. Just go to the cafeteria and get a drink and she will join you there.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

***To be continued...***