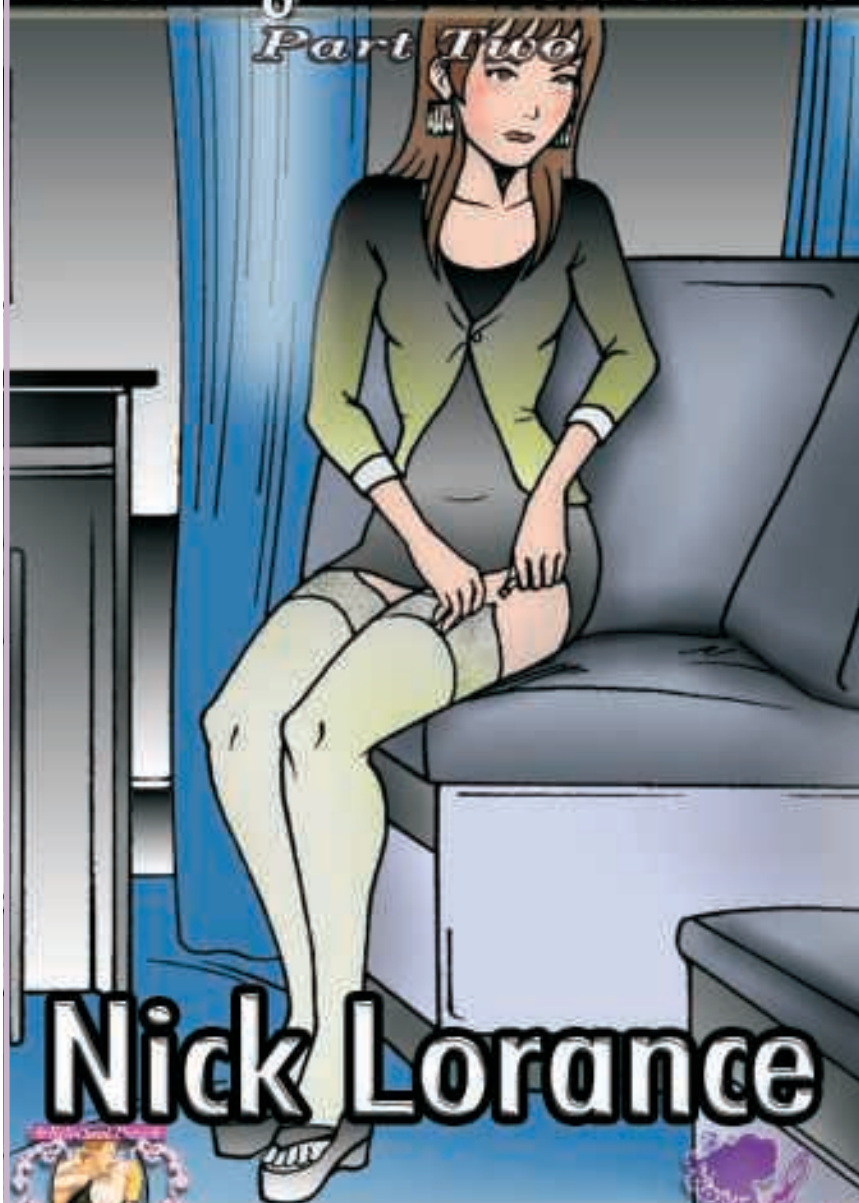


# Becoming The Perfect Student

*Part Two*



# Nick Lorance



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# **Becoming The Perfect Student part 2**

**By Nick Lorance**

## **Tatiana's torment**

The stop at the nurse's office was merely to pick up a small bottle of multivitamins to take every evening before bed, and instructions to go get a drink. Except for a couple of women setting up for lunch, it was empty when I came in. I got a glass of tea and sat waiting. I heard someone come up the steps outside, glanced back idly, then found myself doing a double take. The last time I had seen Tiger he had been just some guy in drag with a serious bad attitude. The figure that minced into the room was almost as big a change as using Quasimodo and Esmeralda as before and after pictures.

He was wearing some kind of heels that made him look like a ballet dancer that kept the foot arched a full seven inches in nylon stockings. He was wearing what they call a pencil skirt, one of those tight skirts from the Fifties where you have to take short steps because it's too tight to walk normally, and a vermilion full blouse with a froth of lace at the throat and wrists. Cuffs held his hands at his sides, and there was some kind of harness that covered his mouth and encircled his head. The nails on his fingers had been lengthened, shaped and were a light green.

He saw me, and for a moment, I knew he wished to ignore me, but the woman following him pushed him, directing him toward me. He minced toward me, his ass making smooth little circles as he approached. The woman with him pulled out a chair and Tiger reluctantly took it. He sat, a look of resignation and some discomfort on his face. I looked at what I could see of his face and realized that they must have done that permanent makeup on him.

“Excuse, please,” the Oriental woman beside him said softly. “We must go to lunch early.”

“Early?” I asked.

“Yes,” the woman replied. “The punishment is strict, and if we do not eat early, our dear Tatiyana might never get to eat . . . food.” She moved behind who I just had to call Tatiyana because there didn't seem to be any ‘Tiger’ remaining. There was a click and the face harness came away. He opened his mouth, waiting until it was clear of his mouth, before giving a sigh of relief. That was when I saw what had been in his mouth, a penis gag about an inch and a half long and about an inch around. A hose ran from it to his collar and disappeared. The woman clipped the end of the hose and pulled it off the small bayonet fitting.

He noticed what I was looking at and blushed. The Oriental girl had gone to the serving line, and he leaned toward me. "Another week of this hell," he whispered. "Thank god that . . . thing is out of my mouth, even for a few minutes."

"It doesn't look so bad, except for the heels." I commented.

He gave me a cold look. "Really. The worst part is that, and the butt plug that goes with it." He pointed at the harness.

"Hey, kids eat Blow-pops all the time." I nudged it with a finger. "That isn't even that big."

"Food soon," the Oriental girl said. She looked down, and dimpled in a smile. "Does not seem bad, yes?"

"Not really."

She looked at Tatiyana, and he gave a slow grin. "Perhaps, you see why just one cycle?" the girl asked. I shrugged. "I fix, you explain." She lifted the harness, stepping behind me.

"Wait. A cycle?"

"No more than ten to fifteen minutes." Tatiyana said softly.

I opened my mouth and the girl moved the harness into position. The small dildo slipped between my lips and I felt the harness being locked into position. "Now, we start," the Oriental woman said, and she held up a control box and clicked it. I flinched as the dildo seemed to quiver in my mouth.

I reached back but there was a small padlock. Nothing I did could budge it, and as I gasped in fear, I

felt the dildo seem to stretch and lengthen. No, not seemed to, but actually did lengthen! I looked at Tatiyana who gave a slow evil laugh. "You probably don't know it but your tongue and lips move all the time unless you concentrate on not allowing it. Think of that as some guy stuffing his dick in your mouth and just allowing your own struggles to get him hard."

I could feel it extending a little further. Was it also getting larger? I concentrated on not fidgeting, not running my tongue across my teeth or pallet. It seemed to work and I gave a sigh of relief, which I found was also a bad idea. I moaned as it slid across my tongue stud and it lengthened.

"Ever hear of a hum job? That's when a girl sucks you off and hums. Every sound you make sends vibrations through the dick. Oh, and don't bite." He must have seen something in my eyes as I considered it. "You won't like what happens when you do." He paused, then squirmed on the chair as his food was delivered. The cuffs were unlocked and he took his napkin, flipping it to open it, then laid it on his lap.

"While that is being stimulated by your tongue and lips, the butt plug is rotating and vibrating against my prostate. Making me enjoy it too," he moaned.

I found that I couldn't listen to him talk because it took concentration from stopping my mouth from moving. Every time I tried to keep track of the conversation, I would slide my tongue, or flex my lips, and that damn thing would get longer. I had a brief bit of joy as I saw Tatiyana lean forward and give another moan, but it was quenched by that damn dick growing again. It had almost reached my throat.

"And your mouth is starting to water," Tatiyana said in a conversational tone. "It's automatic, like when you put a piece of hard candy in your mouth. It acts like that is food, and automatically tries to lubri-

cate it to get it down.” I swallowed convulsively, and it lengthened again. Another half inch, and I’d be choking! I frantically clawed at the harness again but it lengthened more as if I were pushing some guy away from me and he was liking it a lot. Tatiyana moaned again, then whispered. “Please do it! It’s agony feeling that blasted thing rotating like some guy trying a new move!”

There was a brief hum, then suddenly something shot into my mouth. I don’t know what it was, something a bit acrid and sour, but it kept spurting until I was swallowing just to avoid suffocating. I don’t know how long it went on, but then the gag began to shrink again. There was a click, the Oriental girl stood, and began removing the harness.

Tatiyana looked at me as I stared back in horror. While he had been satisfied with my going through the agony, his joy was bleak. “Two weeks. 24/7 except for meals. That is repeating over and over.” Then he was silent. I had not watched him eat before, but something about it . . . He had a piece of meat on his fork, and when he put it in his mouth, he closed his teeth over the fork, only then closing his lips to pull the fork out.

“The Headmistress and Miss Sasha said I wasn’t eating in a lady-like manner,” he said after swallowing. “So every time they see me eating like a guy, they add an extra day of that.” He motioned toward the harness. “That is how a week became two.”

Jennifer came in and waved as he came toward us. He stopped looking at my companions. “Ti-”

“Jennifer! You remember Tatiyana.” I put in quickly. God alone knows what torments we both would share this time.

He nodded, repeating the name to himself. "May I?" We all nodded, and he sat. "Those heels must be murder."

I picked up the harness. "Actually Tatiyana tells me this is the worst part. Want to try?" Jennifer picked it up, then nodded. I looked up and saw Tatiyana looking back. We might never be friends, but at that moment, we were joined by the idea that someone else was on the hot seat.

Classes were on for the rest of the day and on my schedule I saw swimming at the beach was required for two hours on Sunday. I looked at my choices for swim gear and wanted to moan. I either had a bikini or a monokini. Jennifer was silent as he studied. I decided to buckle down just to avoid having feminine tan lines. We dressed in our nightgowns; again we had limited choices, baby dolls, chemises or teddies. I chose a baby doll just to avoid too many choices, and we took our vitamins before going to sleep.

*I was walking down the hall to the milking room. I opened the door, and Yolanda smiled, going to a chair. "Sit on my lap, Monique," she ordered. I came over and sat on her lap crosswise. "No, dear. Take off your panties first, and sit facing the mirror." I stood, noticing that I was in my baby doll, but obediently pulled down my panties.*

*She started as she had before, and we went into the same litany. Then she paused. "You love being a pretty girl?"*

*"Oh yeth!" I moaned, silently begging her to go on.*

*"You even want someone to play with those pretty little nipples, don't you?"*

*I paused. Her fingers danced, and I almost screamed at the sensation. "Answer me, Monique."*

*“Yeth. I want thomeone to play with thoth pretty little nippleth!”*

*She began again, playing me like a fiddle. Then the fingers of her other hand slid up, pinching my nipples. “Again. But they are your pretty little nipples,” Her hand was driving me insane. “Say it”*

*“I want thomeone to play with my pretty little nippleth!”*

*“Again.”*

*“I want thomeone to play with my pretty little nippleth!!”*

I woke up, shaking my head. I still felt tired. I stretched, and began to get dressed.

## **Milking**

A note was left for us to wear bras and panties instead of corsets for the rest of the week. Home Economics wasn't that bad, I found it easy following a simple recipe. Then math, then science where Jennifer joined me again. Finally we headed for the office. When we arrived, both Yolanda and Sasha were there.

“Ah, girls, come in.” Sasha motioned. We stepped in, closing the door. “We had a new student assigned to the school, and she has been added to our milking schedule. That means Miss Yolanda and I will milk one of you each so that Rosemary can get her turn also during the gym period.” She stood, holding her hand out to me. “Come, Monique.”

I followed her into the same room as before. Sasha motioned toward a hanger. “I would like you to remove your dress this time, please.”

“My . . . my dress?”

“That’s right. Would you like me to unzip it for you?”

“Uh . . . okay.”

I stepped out of the dress and positioned myself before the three-way mirror. I was already hard and jutting up from my panties. Sasha came around the front, looking at me. “Good.”

She came up behind me and put her arms around me, running her hands softly over my body, stroking my stomach, thighs, arms, and cupping the cups of my bra, stealing beneath to tickle my nipples. Her intoxicating perfume filled my nostrils.

“Mmmm!” she murmured into my ear. I trembled. Gently, she wrapped her hands around me.

“Do you like what you see, Monique?” she whispered.

“Yes . . .”

“What do you see?”

“I thee a pretty girl . . .” I whispered. I repeated it, stopping myself from lisping this time.

“Good. And what is she wearing?”

“A bra . . . panties . . .”

“Good. Very good . . .” Her hand began to move slowly. “Your lingerie is so pretty. Do you like wearing pretty lingerie, Monique?”

“Yeth . . .”

“Hmmm . . . You don’t sound like you really mean it.” Her hand stopped.

“Oh . . . oh yeth . . . Pleathe. I do. I love wearing pretty lingerie!” my hips began moving involuntarily.

“You love to wear pretty bras and panties, don’t you?”

“Oh yeth,” I groaned, eyes half shut, head lolling back, “Oh yeth, I love wearing pretty brath and pantieth.”

“Don’t you wish you had on a garter belt and stockings?” Her hand began to move a little faster. I moaned again, eyes closed as I visualized what she described.

“Don’t close your eyes, Monique,” she said, “I want you to look at the pretty girl in the mirror . . .”

“Okay . . . I wath . . . was just seeing the stockings.” I opened my eyes again and focused on the reflection. She IS kind of pretty, I thought . . . I’M kind of pretty, I corrected myself. Lost in the sensation, I found that the thought didn’t bother me as much as the first time.

“Good girl,” Sasha breathed, “Good. Now, what about makeup? Do you think you would like to look pretty in makeup?”

“Yeth!” I almost screamed, losing control, “Yeth!”

“And don’t you wish someone would play with your pretty little nipples I froze. Her hands stopped. “Monique . . .”

I sighed mentally. I had to survive this, and I was just making it worse. “I with thomeone to play with my pretty little nippleth.”

“Again.”

“I with thomeone to play with my pretty little nippleth!

“Again.”

“I with thomeone to play with my pretty little nippleth!” Her hand began moving and I wanted to scream, I was so close!

Her other hand slid up, and began pinching my nipples. I had only thought of it, but now the actual feeling ran through me like an avalanche my dick and nipples seemed to feed each other!

“Good. Now, one more time. Say everything again, and then you can come . . .”

“Ooooh, ooh Miss Thatha,” I gasped, “I . . . I love being a pretty girl in pretty lingerie . . . I l-love wearing brath and pants. I would love to wear a garter belt, and thstockings . . . and I know I would looking pretty in makeup, and I with thomeone to play with my pretty little nippleth!. . . Ungggh . . . UNGH!!! Oh God!”

I came, hips spasmed as more and more spurts struck the bowl. Her skilled hands pumped me until I was utterly spent, and sagged in her arms, eyes closed, mouth hanging open.

“Good,” she cooed, gently stroking my hair, kissing my neck, “What a good girl . . .” She set down the bowl, handing me a tissue. “Now dab the tip of your pretty little clittie.”

“My what?” I gasped as she squeezed. I cleaned off the tip. She stepped back, picking up the dress, and holding it for me as I straightened my panties, then got dressed.

We stepped back into Sasha's office. A few moments later the other door opened, and Yolanda brought in Jennifer. He saw me, and blushed.

"Tomorrow, ladies. Go on to your gym class." We left, running into another girl. "Ah, Rosemary, come in." He grimaced, passing us.

Gym had changed too. After putting on leotards and bodysuits, we joined the aerobics class, dancing to the music they played.

Again I had the dream, begging for someone to play with my nipples as Yolanda manipulated me this time.

So it went, Yolanda masturbated me the next day, Sasha the day after that, followed by Yolanda again; and each shared in my dreams as they had me begging for stockings, garter belts, and tits.

On the Saturday at the end of my second full week at the Academy, we showed up for our milking as usual. By now, our visits had acquired a familiar routine, and we walked in expecting more of the same.

But we were due a surprise. Only Sasha was there. "Good day, girls. We have a scheduling problem, so we will have to go to the next phase. Both of you come with me." She led us into the room Jennifer had always been in. It was identical to the one I had been in.

"Yes, now I'd like you to both remove your dresses and stand next to each other at the mirror." Puzzled, I unzipped Jennifer and she unzipped me and stepped out of them, standing side by side before the big three-way mirror. Of course I had seen Jennifer in his lingerie every night and morning, So I scarcely noticed it any more, but I found that there was some-

thing titillating about seeing my friend in his underwear in this setting. I felt myself begin to harden.

“Good,” Miss Sasha said, joining us, “Now, Jennifer. I would like YOU to milk Monique. I will observe.”

“Yes, Miss Sasha!” Jennifer whispered.

“Wait,” I said, “You mean . . . you mean you’re going to do . . . What Miss Sasha or Miss Yolanda does?”

She nodded, blushing.

“Come on, you two,” Miss Sasha interrupted, “We haven’t got all day.”

Jennifer moved behind me and put his arms around me, snuggling up and smiling at my reflection. To my surprise, I felt a tingling surge of excitement course through me. With trembling hands, I pushed my panties down, and with almost no hesitation Jennifer reached down and took me in his hand. A shiver ran up my spine at that first touch.

Stunned, I just stood there, watching our reflection.

“Monique?” Miss Sasha prompted, “You can start any time. Jennifer, don’t start until Monique speaks up.”

He surreptitiously flexed his fingers rhythmically, so little thrills of excitement continued to radiate from my groin. I moaned. It was different from the older women. They obviously had a lot of experience. But he brought an innocence that struck a cord in me.

“Monique?” Miss Sasha said again.

“Um . . . I love being a girl . . .” I began in a choked voice, and Jennifer began to move his hand immediately, “Uh . . . I love wearing pretty dresses, and lingerie . . . And I want thomeone to play with my pretty little nippleth . . .”

In spite of my confusion, I found myself falling into the familiar pattern. I realized that having my roommate perform the ‘milking’ was making me more excited and I was afraid I was going to spurt almost immediately. My legs shook and I was afraid I would collapse. I could feel a hard lump in Jennifer’s panties pressing into my ass cheeks, and I heard him moan softly in my ear. That proved to be enough.

“I l-love wearing pretty b-b-brath and . . . Oh! Oooh!” My knees started to give out, and simultaneously I came. Sasha was there, catching my seed. I groaned loudly with each spurt as Jennifer’s hand urged me to greater and greater heights of ecstasy. At last, I quieted down, and stood more surely. I turned and smiled shyly at Jennifer, who grinned back, his hand still wrapped around my dick.

“Good,” Miss Sasha said after a few moments, “Now Monique, it’s your turn to milk Jennifer.”

*I was laying in bed, looking at Jennifer. I wanted to sleep, but I kept thinking about what had happened at the end. Miss Sasha had told us that if we felt ourselves slipping into bad habits, that we should milk each other. I could still feel Jennifer’s dick in my hand, see the look on his face when he came.*

*I heard him shifting, and he rolled over, looking across the small space between our beds. Then he stood, walking over to kneel beside mine. Silently, he pulled back the covers, and I gasped as he took me in hand again. He was watching my face intently as he manipulated me to orgasm. He looked at the cum on his hands, and lifted it up to lick the cream from his fin-*

*gers. Then, looking me straight in the eye, he leaned over, and kissed me.*

## **Interlude**

Logan walked through the security control room. He had expected something out of a Sci-Fi movie, or Crystal Palace in Cheyenne Mountain. Instead it was half a dozen women watching about twenty screens each. “All of our Guardians watch only twenty screens each, and unless they have locked a screen on their monitors, those twenty change every five minutes or so. This assures that fresh eyes are watching for problems.

“Alert camera 2011,” one of the women said. As she spoke, the feed from the camera was on the main screen in front of her. Two girls were standing screaming at each other. The Guardian tapped a control, input some numbers, then hit a red key on the side of the keyboard. Both girls collapsed twitching. A moment later a pair of women in security uniforms arrived to take the girls out.

“That was a bad one, but nothing to worry about. Both of them will be punished in a way that will assure they learn better. A case in point. Bring up monitor 71.”

A girl sat in class, a harness covering her face. As they watched, her eyes closed, and she shivered. Then she swallowed. “This is one of our more efficient ways to break the girls. It looks simple. A penis gag, synchronized to a vibrating butt plug. There is also a small pouch filled with sperm, and two hoses. One runs down to a nipple attached over the head of her penis, and into the pouch. Another leads from the pouch to the gag.

“The gag is sensitive to any changes in the mouth of the wearer, and using a combination of hydraulics

and springs, it expands from one inch diameter to two, and lengthens from an inch and a half in length to almost five, long enough to fill the mouth. When it reaches full extension, which takes anywhere from six minutes to fifteen, it launches spurts of sperm into the wearer's mouth, then shrinks back down to it's at-rest configuration again.

“The butt plug is wired to read from the gag. When the gag passes two inches in length, the plug begins vibrating and massaging the girl's prostate. This makes the punishment pleasurable, causing her to orgasm, which feeds into the pouch to later be spurted into her mouth.

“So what you have is a girl sucking cock every few minutes and drinking the sperm 24 hours a day, seven days a week, with subliminal reinforcement and dream therapy convincing them they are enjoying it every second.”

“That is a lotta come. What, about half a gallon a day?”

“Actually five and a quarter gallons per week per girl being punished. But we have a village of over two hundred here, along with the entire staff to add to it.” The Headmistress smiled. “Every one of our teachers and staff were once students here, and are still functional at least for the sperm we need.”

## **Let the punishment fit the crime**

I failed two more classes, and they removed me from science and English. They replaced it with dance and housekeeping. My corset seemed to change shape and I had to have it adjusted in at the waist, and out at my chest and hips. Less than a week later, it was adjusted again. It was then that I noticed my skin had gotten softer.

Jennifer was starting to become a problem as I passed my first month in the school. Whenever he thought I was getting depressed, he'd drop to his knees and begin masturbating me. I tried to stop him, but he seemed to feel that a good orgasm would cheer me up. One day he was working on me and I came in a rush, shooting on his face. He seemed surprised and chagrined, but when he went into the bathroom to clean up, he was there a long time. I went to ask if he were all right, but was stunned to see him scooping the come from his face, and sucking the fingers clean.

That was the last time I thought of Jennifer as 'he'.

Maybe that caused it. I was frustrated that she had given in, become the girl, and I was laying there looking at her sleeping face. We always cleaned all of the eyebrow pencil from our faces every night, and slack in sleep she looked like a partially finished doll's head. I got up and went to the bathroom. As I flushed, I looked at the medicine cabinets. I opened mine, where I had the silver grey eyebrow pencil. I bent forward at the mirror, touching it to my brow and stopped. As the Grinch said, I'd got a wonderful awful idea. I opened the other medicine cabinet, and got hers, which was deep brown.

I knelt by her bed, and began. I circled her eyes, then made lines back to look like glasses. Then I made huge bushy Groucho Marx eyebrows. I had almost finished the mustache when she started to stir. I finished, then nipped back into bed, rolling over as if today I had decided to sleep in. She yawned and stretched, then I heard her pad into the bathroom. She peed, flushed, then there was a long stunned silence.

"You bitth!" I rolled over, and she was standing at the foot of the bed, glaring at me. With the drawing I had done she looked so funny that I began to laugh hysterically. She sputtered, storming to the side of

her bed where I'd dropped the pencils. "Letth thee how you like it!"

Then she landed on the bed, pinning my arms with her knees as she began to draw on me. I sputtered, trying to evade her hands, still laughing like a loon. She finally just threw them aside, and we both rolled together laughing. After cleaning up, we asked politely for new eyebrow pencils. From the humor in the Guardian's voice, I knew we'd been watched.

We were back to corsets again, mine had been replaced with a red Merry Widow that started below my nipples and ended high enough that if I didn't wear panties, I was exposed. We were looking in our armoire for clothes. I don't think she looked at me while we were dressing, so we were surprised when we turned and discovered that both had chosen one of the sailor girl school uniforms we both had. Mine was a deep blue with white trim, hers white with green trim. They had skirts that I considered almost felony cute, just covering our packages as long as we didn't walk fast.

Our manic mood continued through breakfast. I spiked her juice with Tabasco, and while I thought I had gotten away with it, I realized she'd spread some kind of salsa on my pancakes when I bit into them. She was laughing when I sputtered, and I took a handful of eggs from my plate and threw them at her.

She had just started to retaliate when the Guardian voice spoke.

"Jennifer, Monique, report to the hair salon."

"I'm sorry, ma'am." I looked up.

"We were just having some fun, ma'am. Sorry," Jennifer said.

“We know, girls but there are right ways to have fun. We’ll introduce you to one today. Get changed and go to the salon.” When we started to get dressed, we were told to wear the matching outfits from our closet, so now I was in the white and green, and she was in the blue and white.

Rita looked up as we came in. “Hello girls. It will be just a few minutes.” We sat waiting, then saw Rosemary coming out of the back room. He had lengthened and colored nails, and was wearing those extremely high heels. His hair had been done in what looked like the old B52s band girls.

I nodded at him, and he stopped, glaring. “What are you looking at?”

“I was just looking that direction, Rosemary.”

“Like hell!” He snarled. “You’re having fun watching the bitbittheth make me wear thith thhit!”

“No, I was not.”

“Lying bitth!”

“Rosemary.” Rita had come out, and was standing with her arms crossed. “Go on to your class.”

He turned, glaring at the woman. “Fuck you.”

Rita motioned, and Miyuki headed toward him. Rosemary backed away, but his fists were ready. He swung, and Miyuki caught his wrist, rolling aside as her other hand caught his elbow, and he staggered into a wall with an audible slamming sound before falling on his back. The pint-sized woman stepped over, taking two of his fingers in one hand the rest in the other, and pulled his fingers in opposite directions .

Rosemary howled in agony as the girl just stood there.

Rita walked into the backroom. "You two follow us. Miyuki, I think we need to seal that foul mouth."

Miyuki leaned forward, her face blank. "Get up and walk, or I will drag you," she warned. It was hard for Rosemary to roll over and stagger to her feet with her hand still pinned, but she succeeded, then staggered after the Oriental girl into the back. We followed, chastened by the display of artfully applied force.

There was a table with cuffs on one end for arms, and another pair anchored to the legs for the person's legs. "Monique, handcuff her left hand, please," Miyuki ordered.

I walked around, catching Rosemary's flailing arm. "You let me the fuck go or I will fucking kill all of you, bitheth!" I fought her, finally locking the cuff. It had a sliding bar that closed it firmly, but didn't need a lock and key. She kept screaming as Miyuki locked down her right hand. As we were doing that Jennifer was helping to lock down one of Rosemary's feet as Rita locked the other. They stepped back, waving us to the side.

"This will teach you girls to watch your mouths," Rita commented. She flipped up Rosemary's skirt, revealing her panty-covered ass. Then she pulled them down, revealing his dick. It was slightly larger than my own, and enclosed in a framework. Rita reached down as Rosemary continued screeching, unlocking the frame and removing it. "Straight from a cock cage to sucking a dick for a week? My, you are a glutton for punishment."

She took what looked like a condom, sliding it over the cock, then threaded a small tube that came out of it into a small metallic pouch. Then she took a longer

hose, running her hand up under the dress. Miyuki who stood at the head of the table inserted the bayonet pin at the back of a gag harness into the tube.

“Now I know you’re probably going to love this,” Rita commented as she lifted the butt plug into sight. It was like the penis gag, about three inches long with a neck near the base. She held it where Rosemary could see it.

“Keep your fucking handth off me, bitth!” he screamed, trying to struggle. Rita lubed up her finger, and Rosemary shrieked as it was slid up his ass.

“Oh stop acting like it’s painful. You’ve crapped bigger things than my finger, or this.” She waggled the plug as she used two lubricated fingers, moving them in a turning motion to spread the lubricant around. Then she removed the fingers as she poured more lube over three of them and inserted them.

“If I were a vindictive ‘bitch’ as you keep calling me, I would have stuck that in your mouth first.” Miyuki held up the harness. “Picture me sliding this in as your mouth fills, and this starts vibrating and rotating. Better, yet, let’s be vindictive.”

Rosemary started to shout, and Miyuki slapped the harness on, buckling it as Rosemary screamed. I had a horrible realization. When Tatiyana had been at lunch, this had been what she was going through.

I jumped as the butt plug flexed, lengthened, then began rolling in a circle. Then Rosemary gasped, and coughed. The plug was spinning almost like a propeller. “You should have waited. We could have warned you what happened if you bit down.” The plug gave what I could only characterize as an exhausted sigh and fell limp. Rosemary was still coughing, and gave another muffled shriek as the plug was jammed into his ass.

Rita pulled up Rosemary's panties, slapping him lightly on the butt. "We'll give you time to get used to this while we take care of the others." She flipped the skirt back down. "But in return for your demerits, you get to go to the nurse and have a little work done. When you leave her office, you're going to have a pair of tits and by the end of the week, a cute little button nose.

"Monique, stand there. Jennifer, in the chair." After what we had witnessed, neither of us even thought of resisting. Jennifer sat, and Miyuki stood in front of her.

"Open your mouth. We are going to replace your tongue stud for a while." Jennifer opened her mouth and Miyuki fig-leaved the action as she worked. "Closed, please." She motioned, and Jennifer stood. I took the chair. "Open."

I sat and opened my mouth at her request. She reached in, and seconds later there was a length of gold chain attached to a ring in my tongue stud. When I closed my mouth, it dangled from my lips, reaching down just below my lips. "Monique, call it." She held up a coin.

"Headth." She flipped it, then motioned for me to stand to the left of Jennifer.

Rita came over to us. "Please stand close together," she instructed, motioning with her hands, "and lean in so that you are cheek to cheek."

We complied. I felt Jennifer's cheek next to mine.

Rita reached up and grasped the ends of the chains. There was a small click and I felt a pull on my tongue. A second later, I realized that she had connected our tongue chains together with a locking clip. My eyes widened in surprise. But she wasn't

done. She locked a strap around my right wrist and Jennifer's left, then another at the elbow, and again at the armpit so that we were bound together as tight as Siamese twins. Miyuki used a small bottle of liquid to anoint my own lips, and another to do the same for Jennifer.

"This exercise," Rita announced, "is called tongue-chaining. It encourages caring and intimacy between partners. You will be required to stay chained together until tomorrow morning. Between now and then you are both excused classes, so I would suggest you spend it in the library." She held up a longer chain, about a foot long. "For traveling to the library and the cafeteria. I will warn you now that there will be someone to lock it on and remove it. If you try to use it at any other time, we'll take it away and you'll have to work out on your own how to move together, to accommodate each other, how to take turns allowing your partner to retract her tongue in order to give it a rest, and to prevent it getting too dry. And please be careful when moving around! Bear in mind that if one of you stumbles, the result could be . . . unpleasant." She unlocked the chains setting the travel chain in place.

I was stunned. Suddenly finding myself connected to Jennifer by our tongues was shocking, to say the least. Jennifer, on the other hand, seemed much more relaxed. She smiled at me, her eye only inches from mine.

"Thith ith pretty thtrange, huh?" she lisped, and giggled.

I didn't know what to say . . . or even if I could speak. But I wasn't allowed any time to ponder our predicament.

"Go on, girls." We hesitated, then rotated in place, and walked out.

It was hell crossing the quad. People would stop us, ask us stupid questions, and we'd do our lipping best to answer. We both sighed in relief when we reached the library. A smiling security guard removed the travel chain, then, cheek to cheek, we found books to use for our studies, and sat as close as we could to use them.

We spent hours studying. Every instant we felt the others cheek against our own. Then I tasted something. Miyuki had used some kind of lip gloss on me, and another on Jennifer. Both of us had been handed the tubes when we left. I was concentrating, pulling my tongue back when I suddenly got a surge of chocolate and mint. I pulled the tube out, I had chocolate on my lips, and from the taste she had gotten mint.

Whenever the loose part of chain was drawn into our mouths, we would taste the lip gloss mixture. We couldn't avoid it, either of us at one time or another would pull our tongues back to make sure they were moist, and often enough we found ourselves with our lips touching. We studied, or at least tried to.

Finally it was lunch time, which caused even more problems. Picture having a three-inch chain attached to your tongue, and that attached to another chain the same length in someone else's mouth. Whatever you picked ended up in their mouths as they swallowed and vice versa. Drinking was complicated because the other had to extend their tongue as you sipped your whatever. We finally finished and returned to the library.

It was nerve wracking. One moment, I would be trying to figure the recipe for a cake, then I would taste chocolate and peppermint. I'd look up, to see Jennifer looking back at me.

Dinner again was hell, then we returned to our room. Again the travel chain was gone. We sat side by side as we studied.

“What are we to do when it’s time for bed?” I asked. We may have been practicing, but extra chain didn’t help.

“I don’t know. Presumably someone will come to help with the separate long enough to change, shower, and get ready for bed,” she replied.

That was our wish, but it was not to be. Half an hour before bed, the Guardian instructed us to get ready for bed. A Security guard arrived to unlock our arms, but did nothing more as we undressed each other beyond locking them back before we bathed. I wasn’t sure how to take it. Jennifer had to wash my front and back as I did her.

It was frustrating. Jennifer was a girl in every way except for one small thing, but she acted like one as I washed her back, rubbing her front against me. We finished bathing, and both chose teddies since they could be put on without sliding over our heads. Jennifer was already hard, but I ignored it as she helped me slide the spaghetti straps up on one side.

Then to bed. Since we were still attached, we had to sleep in the same bed. We spent an hour finding a comfortable spot before either of us could sleep. That meant we were on our sides facing each other with the free arms under or between us.

I awoke, a hand on my hardness. Jennifer was right there, inches from my face. “I’m sorry,” she whispered, her bound hand driving me to distraction. “I was laying here, so close, and I had to do it. Please, Monique, play with me,” she gasped as she manipulated me.

I was in the throes of arousal, and my hand felt her. “Yes, play with it, please.” Then she kissed me.

I gave in, playing with her, her unbound hand dropping to my nipple. I gasped as she pinched it, Then she cupped the flesh beneath it. She was playing with my chest as if I had tits!

Her hand became more demanding, and I felt myself close. "Pleathe, Jennifer, thtop!"

"No." She licked my lips. "I'm tho excited. Come for me." She kissed me again, her tongue playing with my own as her hand sped up.

I gasped, coming, and she purred in delight as her own followed mine, sliming our hands. I gasped as she bent the joined arms, bringing them up between us, and she began licking them clean. "I enjoyed the tathte of you tho much, I had to have more."

"Jennifer-" She kissed me again, and I struggled as she transferred some of the come into my mouth.

She moved back, then she looked at my face, and was stricken. "I'm thorry, Monique, I'm really thorry." Then she began to sob.

I lay there for two hours as she begged me to forgive her. I wasn't in the mood.

At my request, I was moved into another room.

## **New Roommate and decisions**

My new roommate was Rebecca; a girl who had been there a month longer than I had, who was a genius at secretary skills. Unlike most of us, Rebecca had obvious tits. The housekeeping duties weren't strenuous, I was taken to the upper floors of the building and had to clean several rooms; dusting, sweeping, vacuuming, bathrooms, mopping and waxing the floors and furniture. They had also added massage.

Within two months I was able to finish a full floor of classrooms and bathrooms in a day, and was getting better.

Dance was free form, and I was supposed to try to match professionals from films I watched. I was becoming more limber, and was soon able to do a split.

Miss Sasha called me into her office. “We have a problem, Monique.” She told me. “You have behaved and do not deserve further punishment but we are not teaching you enough about cleaning here. We need to speed up your training but until you have lost some demerits, we cannot have you dressing in men’s clothing.

“What we need to do is change your dress standard, but the only way we can do so is have you learn about stockings, makeup, and heels.”

“I’d rather not, ma’am.”

Sasha sighed. “Let’s face it, Monique, you have proven to be a lackluster student, and the only skills we still have to work with are housekeeping and cooking. However while you are letter perfect in a set piece environment, you need to be in an immersed workplace environment instead. Actually cooking meals and cleaning when other people might be in the way, such as cleaning an office while the boss is working, or making a dinner where you have people walking through or raiding the refrigerator. For that you would be going to the Administration building or the boys’ barracks.

“To do those places, you have to be in a maid’s uniform, which as you know from watching the other girls getting ready in the morning, means stockings, makeup and heels. In fact it is easier to teach you to dress completely as a woman, so that is what will be done.”

“I understand that.” And as much as I hated it, I did. I had seen others who were a few months ahead of me going off to the boys’ barracks and Admin in their maid’s uniforms, and pitied them. Especially when they would also go to meals on their off shifts dressed to the nines. “It’s just . . . Miss Sasha, I may have been walking around dressed as a girl for the last three and a half months, but that doesn’t mean I liked it. I’d rather get back into boy’s clothes.”

“Once we have gotten those skills under your belt, the Headmistress can relieve some of the demerits and have you back in boy’s clothes in no time.” She sighed. “It’s not like your grades have given us many other options.”

“All right,” I agreed reluctantly. “What do I do?”

“Your other classes are suspended for the next week. You will take special classes to prepare you starting tomorrow morning. You also have to go to the Hair Salon and have your nails done.”

“Ma’am?”

“You can’t very well look the part with those nails. It isn’t punishment, it’s required for this next step.”

“Yes ma’am.” I left the office, and headed to G11, my new room. Rebecca was in class, so I was alone. I hated the only option I had, to become more like a girl to prove my worth. I knew I was a bad student, and I had expended so much effort in not trying in the past that it had caught up with me as Mom had always said. I wished I were home so she could tell me she told me so; I’d rather work in a McDonald’s than accept the option I had been given!

I went to lunch and saw Rebecca there. She waved to me as I picked up my lunch. The school dietician had suggested salads with plenty of Jell-o, which I

hated, but it was an order. I picked up a cup of tea and joined her. I told her what had been agreed to, and Rebecca looked surprised.

“I have been assigned the same but for an office environment. Stockings, make up, and heels.” She took a bite of her burger, watching me look at it in hunger. “Want some?”

“I’m not supposed to,” I told her grumpily. She set it down, cutting it in half, then cut a wedge as if it were a pie.

“I don’t think this much will hurt.”

“You’re a lifesaver.”

“You mean I have a hole in my stomach and have less than ten calories?”

I laughed in surprise. I took the wedge and ate it in three bites, then went back to my salad.

“You know, you can have meat sliced up on top of that.”

“I can? I’ve never been much for salads.”

“Just ask the Guardian, or ask the girls on the serving line to add some bacon or sliced chicken next time.”

“Thanks, I will.”

At the Salon Miyuki did a full manicure, then used extensions to make my nails about an inch long. She used a Peach color for them, then explained how to clean the varnish off and reapply the color before giving me a bag with three different colors of polish, and remover.



I spent the rest of the day studying, then dinner. The only downer was seeing Jennifer watching me in the library with sad eyes until I went back to my room.

Then showers and going to bed. My vanilla mingled with Rebecca's peach scrub making it almost like a pie in smell as I went to sleep.

The next day I was to leave my corset off, and dress in what I thought was my most attractive outfit. I finally chose a blue summer weight dress. Rebecca dressed in one of the female business suits in her armoire, and we headed down to breakfast together. We ate, then went to the Orientation room. A brunette in her early thirties was at a desk when we came in. There were three chairs with three dressers and three make up tables, and we sat and waited. A few moments later, Rosemary came in. I hadn't seen him since the hair salon, and I was shocked. He now had obvious breasts and the bone structure of his face had been made softer somehow. He now looked like a woman! He glowered at us, taking the last seat.

"You are three minutes late, Rosemary. Punctuality is important," the woman said without even looking up. Then she closed the laptop she had been working on. "My name is Miss Lacy. I am going to be teaching the orientation class for this week. This will teach you what you need to do to succeed.

"If it helps, think of this as an acting role. As much as the British had fun with men dressing up in woman's clothing, look instead at all of the men who dress and pay attention to their makeup, and are able to walk through a crowded room, drawing eyes because they are attractive as women." She stood, walking around the desk. Like Rebecca, she was wearing a business suit, thought her bolero jacket was hanging on her chair.

“This is a total immersion class, and you will dress attractively at all times except free time. It is done this way because just throwing on clothes like a slovenly little boy is a habit you must break. A woman doesn’t think that way.”

“I’ve seen enough women that do,” Rosemary snarled.

“But how many of them have important jobs, Rosemary?” Lacy asked. “Grunge is fine, if you intend to mope through life whining about how unfair it is, as you have all been doing in the past. But here you learn to make an excellent first impression. To convince someone hiring you that you are by far the best candidate.

“Look at yourselves, ladies,” she paused and looked each of us in the eyes. “You were all told to dress in your most attractive outfit. Yet of all of you, only Rebecca seems to have been paying attention. “You...” She pointed at me “ I know you have much more attractive things in your selection.” She rounded on Rosemary. “You’re all eighteen, yet you don’t know even one percent of what all girls your age should know. You also lack certain physical attributes of your genetic equivalents. We’ll fix that, beginning with the basics. I’ll teach you how to dress from the skin out, how to walk, how to sit, and how to stand. We are going to cram years of learning into this week, and I will succeed, or you will be punished.”

She paced slowly along the edge of the dais switching her gaze from face to face. If anyone had been watching, they would have seen her smile widened every time she glanced at Rosemary.

“I’ll teach you how to eat, how to put on lingerie, how to choose the right clothing for any occasion, how to apply makeup, plus many other things. If it becomes necessary, other instructors will take over

to teach you more advanced topics. When we're done with you, there will be no holes in your knowledge. In fact, your genetic contemporaries will have every reason to be jealous of your looks and your expertise in certain areas. Now," she stopped and faced them. "Do you have any questions before we begin?"

"Yes. Where's the exit from this hellhole?" asked Rosemary.

"Right here, sweetie. If there are any pressing matters down there, please take care of them now," Lacy pointed towards the entrance.

"You know what I mean!" Rosemary glowered at her. "Let's end this farce. If you think any of us will put on any of these things," she nodded to the dresser behind her with frown, "you're out of your fucking mind. Makeup? Just grow up, lady! Let us go NOW." He stood up. "Or there'll be trouble!"

Lacy walked up to Rosemary slowly and stopped a foot from the boy. Rosemary looked up at her, tensing visibly. Their eyes remained locked for several seconds. I didn't know what I should do. Supporting Rosemary seemed like the right thing, but I didn't want to draw attention to myself as I had seen it get ugly when Rosemary pushed before, and could see for myself how bad it could be just by looking at her now. I decided to wait and see how things would play out.

Lacy merely shook her head. "Rosemary, how many times have we been through this with you? You'll be able to leave when you're ready. And you'll be ready," her expression hardened, "when we decide so. It would be wise of you, to keep your temper on a short leash, if you don't want your stay here to become significantly less comfortable. Or be kept on a very short leash, literally, in the future. Now, sit down."

When Rosemary clenched his hands into fists, I was sure he would hit her. Instead he slowly sat down, his face still defiant.

“Good girl,” the smile was back on Lacy’s face. “One more thing. Swear one more time in my class, and you’ll be wearing a nice big penis gag twice the size you’ve sucked on before between those naughty lips for the rest of the day right after you go up a cup size. Have I made myself clear, sweetie?”

Rosemary’s knuckles whitened. He looked at the floor, but kept silent.

“Answer me, Rosemary.”

“Yes,” he hissed through clenched teeth.

“Good.” Lacy stepped back onto the dais and addressed us all. “Are there any other questions?”

We were silent.

“Now, we are all going to start over from the skin out. I want you to undress,” she smiled at Rosemary and I, “and select the sexiest pair of panties from the dressers behind you.”

Rosemary looked about to explode. “I told you I’m not wearing any of these clothes!” He stood up and leaned forward a little. “I’m a man! Men don’t wear panties!”

The smile evaporated from Lacy’s face.

“A man? If you need reality check, there’s a big mirror behind you and that is a woman I see. Now, undress and put on your panties.” Rosemary just glared at us, and neither of us wanted to be the first to be screamed at, so we just sat there.

“A mutiny?” A faint smile returned to Lacy’s lips. “Well girls, have it your way then. Rosemary is spending her third week in a cock cage, and spent two sucking a dildo 24/7. Whichever of you two wants to endure the same starting in less than thirty seconds, merely say so.”

Rebecca and I stood and began taking off our clothes. Rebecca stopped at her underwear at a word from Lacy, since she seemed to have picked nice underwear. Rosemary was even faster but didn’t even stand until both of us had started. He didn’t bother with the buttons, just ripping the blouse open, sending buttons flying around. I paused as he turned toward the dresser. His cock was in a cage, but was it smaller than I remembered? And while I had slightly oversized nipples he had a full-sized pair were now quite a bit larger.

“Why, I think you’ve just beaten our record, Rosemary,” Lacy smirked. “But if you damage one more piece of clothing, there will be punishment.”

I was hung up on which was more sexy. Finally I chose a crimson set with little flower patterns in scarlet and stepped into the panties. I was sure I wouldn’t fit into them; they seemed to be way too small. I pulled them up my legs cringing inwardly, wishing they were made of sandpaper so at least they would be uncomfortable. The translucent material felt like nylon on my skin, stirring up pleasant and very disturbing sensations everywhere it touched.

I pulled the panties up and to my surprise and dismay, they stretched to accommodate my hips.

The lustrous, nylon-covered flesh with the little roses was frighteningly alien and awe-inspiring at the same time. There was a slight budge I took care of by tucking.

I glanced at Rosemary. He too had finished putting on his panties. His hands hovered over the waistband as if readying to pull the garment down. Despite my best intentions, I experienced a rush of arousal looking at Rosemary's pantied hips.

"Very nice, Rebecca. You've been paying attention, I see." Rebecca lifted her head for a moment but remained silent.

"Are your panties comfortable, girls?" Lacy asked, stepping onto the dais.

"Mine are too small," complained Rosemary.

"Mine too," I agreed.

"Panties are supposed to fit your body closely, to accentuate your feminine charms. As women, you'll have to learn to give up convenience in order to look pretty and enticing. However, there are also certain advantages to female wardrobe. I'll bet the panties feel very nice on your skin, don't they?" She beamed at us. "However that little reminder of your true sex can interfere. When in doubt, we use a gaff." She opened her center desk drawer, pulling out three flat forms. "Pull your panties down to your knees, slide those little Willies in the slot provided, press it firmly to your body, and pull your panties back up."

Rosemary ignored her, opening the drawers and started scanning their contents. The revulsion on his face intensified every time he picked something up. Finally, he closed the drawer and returned to his seat.

"These will do," he pouted quietly.

"It was not a request, Rosemary." She walked over, pulling Rosemary's panties down. A moment later the cock cage was in her hand. "Put it on now, Rose-

mary.” I was having trouble getting it on. My dick was as limp as pasta, and I had to thread it in. Rebecca was done first, with me second, and we waited almost three minutes before Rosemary was done.

“Rosemary. We need to move on.”

My panties stretched even more around my butt and hips as I sat down, caressing my skin sensuously. The edge of the hole in the gaff tugged gently on the tip of my penis, making it brush against the silky lining of its hideout. It didn’t help my concentration a bit.

Lacy walked over to me. “Show me your nails, Monique.” I extended my hands, and she nodded, smiling. “You chose the wrong color panties considering your nail polish. You were given other colors?”

“Yes. Red, peach and yellow.”

“Next time, choose underwear that matches or highlights your nail color.” She returned to the center of the room.

“Next will be stockings. I’m going to show you a short recording now.” Lacy pointed towards the wide-screen TV that lowered from the ceiling.

The screen lit up after a moment, showing a red-headed woman wearing only panties facing the camera, on a white, featureless background. She cast a shadow so you could see the floor; the walls however, were invisible. Her face was totally free of makeup except for drawn-in eyebrows.

The picture faded out, then in. The camera still showed the same girl, in the same pose, with one difference; she now wore white knee socks.

In the next scene, the socks were replaced with sheer black pantyhose. After the camera had finished panning, Lacy asked us for our impressions again. I was starting to suspect where this was heading.

My suspicions were shortly confirmed. The next scene showed the girl wearing a black garter belt and black, sheer stockings with seams. As the camera panned, the source of light followed it, causing the nylon to shimmer enchantingly on the girl's long legs.

"That's why women wear stockings, ladies." Lacy made the video pause and panned her sight across our faces. "They make our legs appeal to most men, and even some women will find them irresistible. They shimmer enchantingly when we walk, they swish subtly when our legs brush against each other, they set us aglow with sexual mystery." She paused again to look at us. "I'm sure each of you looking at a sexy girl in a short skirt has wondered at one time or another what she had on her legs: stockings or pantyhose? You hoped her skirt would ride up to uncover the mystery." she smiled at us expectantly. "And if she's wearing stockings and a garter belt, it hits every sexual trigger. Am I right?"

Nobody answered. I glanced to the sides to find Rebecca and Rosemary looking sideways, avoiding Lacy's gaze.

"Good. Now that you know why, girls, you need to learn how. Our lovely Nancy will demonstrate how to put on a garter belt and stockings. Watch carefully."

Nancy! That did ring a bell. The Headmistress' secretary!

The screen came back to life showing the same white background, except this time there was a white stool beside the girl. Nancy stood with her left arm loosely at her side, right hand resting on her hip, smiling tentatively. Now I had no doubts; I was look-

ing at the woman I had seen getting screwed over the desk my first day. I had no idea why I hadn't recognized her before. I'd been probably paying too little attention to her face, concentrating on the spectacular porno scene instead. In a way, she looked like a completely different person than the girl laying on the desk and sitting behind her own after. Was it because she was almost naked? *Maybe*, I thought. But there was something else.

Nancy's voice broke my musings. "Hi," she smiled a tentative, shy smile at the camera, "my name's Nancy. I'll . . ." She glanced somewhere to the right, at something or someone located outside the camera's field of view. Whatever she saw made her bite her lower lip and look at the floor. When she lifted her head again, her smile was fuller, almost a grin, although it definitely lacked confidence. There was also a barely visible blush covering her cheeks.

"I'll show you how to put on stockings. We begin with a garter belt that matches the panties you're wearing." She lifted her hand showing a black garter belt to the camera.

Lacy explained how to put it on as Nancy modeled behind her. "If you've never put one on, the easiest approach is to lock the belt over your tummy and then turn it around into the correct position." Nancy wrapped the belt around her waist and brought the ends towards each other over her navel. She quickly locked the belt and slid it around her waist.

"After you've had some practice, you'll find it faster to lock the belt behind your back. Like this." On screen Nancy took off the belt and deftly locked it behind her back. It looked like Nancy must've had a lot of practice with garter belts.

"Now that the belt is on, we need make sure that the garters have appropriate length. They have sliders, which allow you to adjust their length. First, let's

make sure that the back garters are a little longer than the ones in front.” Nancy turned facing away from the camera and started adjusting the back garters. When she finished, they were around two inches longer than the front ones.

The picture froze and Lacy watched us. “Well, ladies, pick out your garter belts.” Of course there was one that matched the color of my panties.

“Good. Now take a closer look at your belts.”

They all looked identical except for color. Flimsy bands of lace, embroidered with a pattern matching that on the panties. The belts’ bottoms had four wide, gentle protrusions with garters attached to their peaks.

“Garter belts have eyes and hooks with several positions,” Lacy continued . “You should choose the right one for you to make sure the belt fits your waists. Make it too loose and you’ll find it very uncomfortable; it may even slide down when you sit. And this,” she grinned, “would be very embarrassing, don’t you think?”

To me, the prospect of putting the thing on was embarrassing enough. In addition, Lacy’s technical lecture was making me uneasy. She seemed to be purposefully ignoring the fact that she was talking to men, making it obvious at every occasion that to her we were “girls” or “ladies”, for whom wearing lingerie should be a perfectly natural thing.

“On the other hand, make it too tight, and it’ll ruin the look. The belt will stretch too much and contract, ending up looking like a piece of rope. And it’s the look we’re after with lingerie, isn’t it?”

“Why are you telling us all of this?” Rosemary said with a disgusted grimace. “We’re men! We won’t

spend an hour everyday in front of a mirror just to dress up!”

“Are you sure with your demerits and punishments, Rosemary?”

“Now take a look at the garters. They have sliders you will use to adjust their length like Nancy has demonstrated. The clasps at their ends attach to the tops of stockings to hold them up on your legs. In the beginning you may find it somewhat difficult to attach them, especially the ones on the back. But as they say, practice makes perfect,” her smile widened, “and you’ll get a lot of practice this next week.”

“Now, ladies, do you have any questions?”

Nobody answered.

“Great. Now, I want you to adjust the garters. Make the back ones an inch or so longer than the front ones.”

It took me a few tries to get the length I thought would be appropriate, and after a minute or so I was done. So was Rebecca. Rosemary fumbled with his garters for another few minutes looking very unhappy.

“Good,” Lacy raised her hands motioning us to stand up. “Now put on your belts, ladies. Lock them over your bellies, then twist around the way Nancy was doing it.”

I found three sets of eyes on my belt and chose the middle one. The elastic fabric stretched around my waist constricting my skin gently. ‘Too tight,’ I quickly decided and switched to the loosest position.

“Splendid, sweetie.” Lacy sent a hearty smile towards Rebecca and turned to me. “A notch tighter,



Monique, or you'll lose it and won't even notice when it's gone. "You too, Rosemary. And don't worry, it won't bite you."

A moment later Lacy nodded approvingly towards each of us in turn and told us to sit down. I couldn't help flinching at the delicate tickling of the loose garters. It felt as if four feathers brushed against my skin every time I made even a tiniest movement. It seemed my plan to pretend cooperation was paying off. Sort of, at least. I was sure I was the least viable 'girl' in the group.

"OK, now that I have the garter belt on, I'll show you how to put on the stockings," Nancy continued her demonstration. Nancy picked up a black stocking off the floor and sat down on the stool.

"These are plain hose," she raised the stocking up and stretched it. "There's no reinforced heel, no embellishments such as pattern, and no seam on it. Stockings like this are the easiest to put on, all you have to do is roll them in your hands, and then unroll them onto your legs."

Her fingers started a dexterous dance on the black gossamer, pulling it gradually up and gathering into a narrow halo suspended between her hands.

She bent down, slid her foot into the stocking, and started unrolling it up her calf.

Nancy arrived at the top of her thigh shortly after she'd finished her explanations. She picked up the front garter and pulled it down towards the stocking's top.

"It's best to clip the front garters while you're sitting." She lifted the top with her left hand and attached the garter's clasp with the other.

“At this point the front garters should have some slack,” she put her finger underneath one and lifted it up demonstrating. “When you’re sitting, the back garters should keep the stockings taut on your legs.”

“OK, let’s go through it one more time,” Nancy picked up the second stocking.

I wondered about Nancy. How did she end up here? Betrayed like me? For that matter, what about Rosemary and Rebecca? Nancy’s tense gestures, and shy, forced smiles, ruled out the possibility she was here voluntarily. So they took in real girls too?

In some way Nancy’s behavior reminded me of Jennifer at the start. She displayed the same mixture of arousal and embarrassment. The steadily deepening redness on her cheeks, glazed over eyes, and erect nipples left no doubt about the state of her libido. Everything else was indicating that the nude performance wasn’t making her happy, but arousing her at the same time. The video must have been shot some time ago. I’d met her only a few months ago, definitely after the performance. Still self-conscious, still shy.

Back on the screen, Nancy lifted her leg and began unrolling the second stocking. “Now comes the hard part,” announced Nancy getting up. “The back garters. Before you get some practice, you’ll find attaching them quite tricky. The best approach for beginners is to raise your leg,” she put her foot on the stool, “and reach down around your thigh, like this. This way, you will also know if the garters’ length is right. If you can’t reach the stocking’s top with the clasp, you’ll need to lengthen the garters.”

I blinked several times. Were her breasts slightly bigger now, or was I imagining things?

“The back garters should press into your buttocks just a bit,” she said turning her back to the camera.

Lacy suddenly spoke. "You will find that watching someone put on stockings is an erotic event to watch. Is something wrong, Rosemary? Don't believe me? Well, get friendly with your roommate tonight if you need first hand evidence."

"I don't get friendly with guys," he snarled back.

"Of course you don't, sweetie," Lacy smirked. "Now, where were we? You see, when a man sees what a woman is wearing on the outside, he imagines what she might wear beneath them. A woman wears such things to satisfy herself with being beautiful regardless of how staid or strict her outer wear is. Silk, satin, velvet, and many other fabrics used in female clothing will feel very pleasant on your skin. Actually, you'll find the sensations of lingerie and other feminine garments touching your skin to be more than very pleasant. They will be mildly arousing. Do you have any questions so far? Good. Now put on your stockings, ladies."

I sighed and turned to my dresser. There they were; sheer, nude stockings neatly laid out in the drawer above the panties, with colored ones also beneath them. I picked up the nude ones without a complaint from Lacy, laid one on the seat beside my hip, and examined the other. 'Play along, play along, play along . . .' I repeated the mantra inwardly.

It seemed to be a plain hose, as Nancy called them, with nothing fancy on it. The top was made of similar, slippery material as the hose, only thicker and nearly opaque. I noticed the only red pair in the drawer had seams. I separated the top with my fingertips and rotated the hose until its heel was pointing at my crotch. It seemed way too short and tight to fit over my leg, however I know regular knit socks stretch, so there could be no doubt the hose would turn out to be a perfect fit as well.

The next part made me curse silently several times. I tried mimicking the deft movements of Nancy's fingers, but my fingernails kept getting in the way, pushing the thin, silky fabric in directions I didn't intend. I had to do it practically in slow motion. When I finally had the hose gathered between my hands, I cursed again. To my right, Rebecca had the first stocking halfway up her leg and Rosemary was more or less at the same stage as I was, looking very pissed.

'With this color, these should be practically invisible once I put it on,' I consoled myself, resting my heel on the seat. I pointed my toes down and slid the stocking onto my foot, slowly, stretching the nylon as Nancy had shown, I began pulling it up my leg, When I finally reached the base of my thigh, I picked up the left front garter and examined it, trying to figure out how the clasp worked.

I slid the bottom part of the clasp back from the metal clip, then tried to thread the rubber button underneath the stocking's top but my nails got in the way again, forcing me to arc my fingers so the balls of them held the clips. Once the metal clip had securely trapped the button, I examined my handiwork. The garter held the stocking securely and it had the necessary slack. The second stocking ended up on my leg much faster than its twin had.

*Like hell invisible*, I thought grimly. The stockings gave my legs a mildly tanned tint which could pass for natural. Could, that is, if my legs weren't practically shining under the florescent lights. When I'd held the stockings up, nothing indicated they'd end up looking like this. Now it seemed that merely stretching the fabric made thousands of invisible mirrors materialize all over my legs, giving them a glossy, slippery gleam.

Rebecca had already finished and Rosemary was pulling on his second stocking, muttering something under his breath. Most likely cursing.

I tried attaching the back garters following Nancy's instructions, however it was a struggle with all odds set against me. Either the clasp or the slippery stocking's top kept slipping from between my fingers every time I was trying to clip the damn thing on. Again my long fingernails kept hindering my efforts. I finally got the right garter attached sighing loudly. "Now I know what made pantyhose so popular," I hissed, not realizing I was thinking aloud. I turned my attention to the remaining garter, ignoring Lacy's quiet giggle.

Rosemary finished five or so minutes after me, looking totally spent.

"Good. Follow me, girls." She led us towards the mirrored wall in the back of the room. "Now take a good look at yourselves in the mirror and tell me what you think. You first, Monique."

I stopped three feet from the mirror. Everything was in order as far as I could tell. No creases, the garters were taut, the belt seemed to sit securely on my hips. The left stocking's top was a fraction of an inch lower than the right, however it was barely visible. I looked at her questioningly. "Check all sides, Monique."

I turned, presenting my left side to the mirror. The stocking top was slightly slanted, running downwards as it encircled my thigh towards the back. On back, the left garter was half an inch longer than the right one. Also the right one wasn't running straight down, it angled slightly towards my ass. To me it looked more than acceptable. "They're fine, I guess?"

"Fine? You call them fine? I wouldn't call that fine at all," Lacy pointed at my legs. "Your left stocking's

top is skewed. The left back garter is longer than the right. The right one is slanted. A decent first try perhaps, Monique, but not nearly good enough. Go back to your bench, take off your stockings and put them back on, please. I'm sure you'll do better this time."

"Uhm . . . can't I just adjust the garters?"

"No, sweetie, I want you to start from scratch. As I said," her smile widened, "practice makes perfect. Now hurry off."

I sighed and set off towards the seat. Being treated like an adolescent girl should have made me angry, however all I felt was shame and mild arousal. I was prancing in sexy underwear in front of three women, two of whom used to be guys, taking tips in female fashions from a stranger, and following them meekly. This was getting more surreal with each passing hour.

An hour or so later Lacy was finally happy with us. I had made six round trips to the mirror. My third attempt was perfect according to her, however she had me repeat it again and again because "practice makes perfect."

Rebecca accompanied me on one or two of my trips. She even managed one or two shy, almost apologetic, smiles. A thoroughly aggravated Rosemary managed to occupy ninety-nine per cent of Lacy's attention. She stayed by him like a shadow, observing and giving detailed directions. At one point, she hiked up her skirt and had Rosemary bring his face a few inches from her butt, and demonstrated in slow motion how to clasp a back garter. I couldn't help a faint grin.

As Rosemary made her final 'god alone knows how many times' trip to the mirror, Lacy turned to look at us. "One more thing, ladies, before we proceed. You can't sit like men. No matter how sexy or smart your

clothing is, sitting slumped, with your crotch on display like a male couch potato will ruin the image we are creating. I'm sure you haven't spent the last hour getting your stockings perfect just to let that happen. We are trying to look better than the genetic women out there, not like guys in drag. So, bring your feet and knees together, please."

I sighed inwardly and complied. "Lovely. Now straighten your backs and push your chests forward, please."

"Oh, come on . . ." complained Rosemary.

"Anything wrong, Rosemary?" Lacy asked lightly, as if she had expected it.

"Uhm . . . what's the point here? It's not that those two have more than boy-boobs to show off."

I looked down at my prominently displayed chest. My chest was swollen, true, but I had fried eggs, not real tits. Boy-boobs.

"Monique, chest forward, please!" I straightened my back. "Now either rest your palms on your upper thighs or fold your hands in your laps."

I chose the latter and glanced at the others. Rebecca's palms were neatly resting upon her stockings' tops. Rosemary kept her hands folded in her lap, so that only her left middle finger was sticking out from beneath her right hand, pointing straight up. If Lacy noticed, she chose to ignore the puerile show of defiance.

Lacy grinned widely as she slowly swept her gaze across us. "Now look at yourselves. It's been less than three hours and you all look more feminine than most of the girls you used to date. And the day is far from over yet." Her smile became even wider. "From

now on you sit in a proper lady-like manner at all times, or you will be punished. I don't want to see slumped backs, and neither do the Guardians. And if I ever want see the gussets of your panties, I'll let you know. You will keep your legs together. Is that clear?"

Three yeses sounded, each with different degrees of acceptance.

"Splendid. Now back to your sexy stockings, girls. If your female partners wore any at all, I'm sure they usually put their panties on over the garters. Women do that for two reasons. Firstly, for convenience. It's much quicker to just pull the panties down when you have to use the toilet than having to unclasp your garters to take them off, and then attach them back. Secondly, it speeds up access to the privates when some man wants to have his way with you." she winked, "but that won't be your concern for quite a while yet. This convenience comes with a very serious flaw, however. It ruins the look. Garters pressed under panties look simply ugly," she twisted her face. "And because it's the look we're after with exquisite lingerie, you'll always be wearing your panties under your garters. Besides, it'll create an abundance of occasions for you to practice attaching them. Any questions?"

"None? Fine. The next part should provoke some, I expect," she paused for a short moment and continued with wicked smile.

"We've covered why we wear stockings and how we wear them. Now we'll cover when we wear them. And this part is the simplest. Every minute of every day."

She paused and looked at each of us in turn.

"You wake up and put on your stockings."

"You leave for your classes in stockings."

“You eat in stockings.”

“You use the toilet in stockings.”

“You only take them off to shower, for gym class, and to go to bed.”

Lacy paused again panning her sight across our stunned faces.

“To put it simply, you may take your stockings off for only four reasons; to shower or bathe before bed, when you are going to the beach, at gym class, and when painting your toenails. The remaining parts of every day and night you spend in them. From now on, they become a fixture in your lives. Your questions, please?”

I looked down at my legs. Even now, when I sat still, I could feel the stockings’ unmistakable touch on my flesh. Their gently restricting grip was present, making it impossible to push it to the back of my mind and ignore. When I moved my legs, walked, or just brushed them against something, they were caressing my skin, slick, taut texture shifting, stretching, and contracting over my flesh like a sensuous massage; not enough to make me hard, but certainly enough to sustain a mild arousal and draw my attention to my legs.

“It’s a joke, right? You’re just having a good time humiliating us, aren’t you?” accused Rosemary.

“Do I look like I’m joking, Rosemary?” There was no smile on Lacy’s face this time; she looked deadly serious.

“You can’t make us do that! I won’t stay day and night in these . . . things.” She pointed at her legs making disgusted face. “They . . . itch!”

“Oh yes, Rosemary.” purred. “They itch so good, don’t they?” A smile slid back onto Lacy’s lips. “Anyway, I’m afraid you have no say in this matter. Either you behave, or we’ll make you. It’s as simple as that, really.”

“But these stockings are a pain to put on. Can’t we wear ones without garters?” asked Rebecca.

“Yes, you can, however only in your dorms. You’ll find a few pairs of hold-ups in your dressers. Just don’t forget that whenever you’re out of your rooms, garters and appropriate stockings are obligatory.”

“Why make rules you can’t enforce?” I asked.

“Come on, Monique,” Rosemary chipped in. “They have this place bugged all the way to the roof. I’ll bet that every time you take a leak at least three cameras spy on you from every corner. There’s probably one in the toilet bowl too.”

“We haven’t gone that far, Rosemary. Now back to your question Monique,” looked at me. “We do spot checks throughout the day, sweetie.”

“Err . . . what? . . . how? . . .”

“We use a pattern recognition program on our computers that detect the scintilla of your stockings. All the data the cameras gather is fed into our computer systems and checked against a set of rules that apply to you specifically and is reset for any changes we require of you. From this moment on, if the program detects no stockings on your legs, it will wait exactly five minutes before checking your shower. If you are not in it, it’ll trigger an alarm. After the water stops running you have half an hour to start putting stocking back on. That’s more than enough time to towel and pamper yourselves, and put on panties and a garment with garters. If you dillydally - an

alarm. Sitting on the bed with your blankets over your legs? An alarm. Similar algorithms are used to monitor all of the rules you are required to follow. Pretty simple, isn't it?"

There was a long moment of silence while the news sank in. I suddenly became very conscious of the cameras surrounding us again, even if I couldn't see them. *Bullshit, impossible*, I thought. However the more I thought about it, the more sense it made considering things that had triggered a Guardian intervention before.

The solution Lacy described was ideal: an automated system constantly monitoring what you should be doing and saying, reacting only when necessary. Computer systems didn't sleep, ask for raises, or shirk their jobs, which cut back sharply on how many guardians they would need to monitor the school.

"So," Rosemary broke the silence, "if I take them off now and wait five minutes, what happens? The Guardian zaps me?"

"No, Rosemary. All that will happen is that we'll be notified that you've breached the rules. Then, we'll react appropriately. And as you already know from previous experience these last weeks, we prefer a more . . . hands-on approach to discipline here," she finished, flashing her teeth in a feral smile.

"So if we don't do what you say, you just spank us?"

"First of all, sit properly, Rosemary, please. You too, Monique." I hadn't even noticed that my knees had parted, my shoulders begun to stoop, and my arms were now folded over my belly. I corrected my pose wondering with grim amusement how I looked sitting the way Lacy wanted. If mom saw me sitting

like 'a good girl', wearing panties and stockings, she'd surely laugh her ass off.

"Good. Now, you have all been punished for minor infringements. Failure to adhere to the dress code from this point on is not minor. We treat breaches of the dress code extremely," she put a lot of emphasis on the word, "seriously, and punishments are appropriately serious. You might want to check your computers for the list of punishable offenses, girls, if you haven't done it yet.

"If you request access from the Guardians, they will allow you to see what punishments will be bestowed. Even you, Rosemary, cock cage, sucking harness and locked heels have just touched the fringes of the punishments that are in store for you. 'I didn't know' will not be a valid excuse."

I made a mental note to look through the school database as soon as I got a chance. I definitely wanted to avoid having a penis gag in my mouth 24/7. The other punishments they considered more strict would no doubt be even more painful and humiliating.

What I was thinking must have shown on my face."Easy there, Monique. There's no need to be paranoid. I said the data is processed by a computer system before it notifies a Guardian. It's a machine. It doesn't judge, it doesn't smirk, it has no opinion about you at all. All it does is crunch numbers. If you behave, it ignores you. If you don't, it sends us a message. There's no need to look over your shoulder, nobody is peeping on you at every moment. Do us all a favor, I mean *all* of you, and just be at ease.

"As for punishment, so far you merely have demerits, except for Rosemary. There is no reason for us to order the next step after what Rosemary had already endured if it is the first real punishment you are getting."

“If you expect us to believe any of it, you’re out of your mind.”

“Which part do you find so hard to believe, Rosemary?”

“All of them. Just come on! If you don’t keep tabs on us, what’s to stop me from just walking out the front door? You wanna tell me you don’t use those fancy widgets of yours to watch us? That’s just utter bu . . . nonsense! If you aren’t doing that, what’s to stop us?”

“That’s quite enough, Rosemary. We don’t keep tabs on you because we don’t have to. If we don’t want you to be somewhere, the restraint device in your neck will stop you. If a door will open, you’re free to pass through. Go exploring tonight and see for yourself. You want to run? Please, be my guest, indulge our security gals. Poor things are bored to death most of the time, I’m sure they’ll be very grateful for some action.

“Just before you do, make sure you have some actual plan beyond running as fast as you can. Think. Where will you run to? Front door? Have you seen any? Where will you hide? Under your bed? In a storage closet? Under a table in cafeteria? Now think again, Rosemary. Is there any need to track your every step? You’re a smart girl, I’m certain you’ll reach the right conclusion. Now about watching you. A Guardian on duty watch will probably watch you specifically for only eight to fifteen minutes every weekday. Do you think that at the end of a day they want more? Don’t flatter yourself, young lady. We’d all rather kick back and relax than watch you paint your nails or try dresses on.”

“Now, we are finished with this topic for the rest of our time together. I believe I have told you more than enough. Sleep on it, think it over. If you have anything else to ask about later today or tomorrow, we’ll

talk. After lunch, we will resume our lessons. You may put on the clothes you brought. Since you shredded your blouse, Rosemary, choose one from the armoire behind your dresser. Try to pick something that doesn't make you look like a Britney Spears video, unless your chosen occupation is slut. After lunch, meet back here."

## Heels

I was ecstatic to discover that I could have a salad with meat in it, but devastated to find that a taco salad was not on the list. I bargained until I was allowed a sort of wannabe taco salad; a bowl full of salad greens with about three tablespoons of meat, the same of re fried beans, some sour cream and a handful of corn chips. It was the first taco salad I had eaten in months.

Heaven.

We returned to the Orientation room. Where Lacy was already waiting. Rosemary was late again.

"Punctuality is important Rosemary. If you are late again, we will be punishing you. We need to proceed with our lessons, so let's be about it."

She cleared her throat and walked to the side of the screen. "I think Nancy has something interesting to show you, ladies," she said with a cryptic smile. "Enjoy."

Nancy carefully slid her left foot into high-heeled pumps. Then, she slowly lifted her right foot and slipped it into the other pump. Her knees wobbled slightly as she did that, but she didn't lose her balance even for a moment. She brought her feet together and looked down. After a short while she began walking.

The camera followed as she walked. Her steps had become shorter, almost the mincing step I remembered from Tatiyana. Her feet now looked elegant. Her ankles seemed to slim. The muscles in her calves flexed gently under the glinting sheath of black nylon. Her buttocks appeared even firmer now and rotated in a way to make a man stare at her full ass. The black garters crossing them expanded and shrank in turns, cutting deeply into the marvelously undulating marble flesh. Her hips swayed seductively. It was so intense I thought it was over too soon. I could watch those legs for an hour and wouldn't have gotten bored. I sighed and looked at Lacy, wondering what her smirk meant for us this time, except for the obvious, of course.

“Isn't she something?” Lacy asked without trying to hide the admiration in her voice. “I still find it hard to believe that less than a year ago she dressed as badly as you did when you arrived. Lucky for her we stumbled onto her and collected her. Who knows, maybe you'll even surpass her.”

“You gotta be fucking joking!” snorted Rosemary. “Forget it! You'll never see me wiggling my ass like that!”

Lacy stifled a laugh. “Oh, I'm sure I will see it, Rosemary. By the time we're done with you, you'll be doing more things than just wiggling your ass.” She looked at us. “Well, girls, back to the matters at hand. We've got a problem of understanding here, and we're going to approach it in the same manner we addressed the last one. Beginning with the 'why'.”

“A problem? What problem?” asked Rosemary.

“The problem is that we can't have you running around barefoot. We can't let you wear flat-soled shoes or tennis shoes either. Actually, it's so bad, it hurts the eyes. Luckily for you, we have a simple solution. I'm sure you can guess what it is, Rosemary.”

Lacy paused, peering at Rosemary sternly.

“What?”

“Your hands are crossed beneath your breasts, Rosemary.”

Rosemary rolled her eyes and nestled her hands in her lap.

“Well, why do women wear high heels? Simply because they make our legs look so damn irresistible. You’ve just witnessed what high heels did to Nancy’s legs. They’ll have the same effect on yours. They’ll sculpt the muscles into eye catching relief. They’ll give your butt that firm and toned shape you see on lingerie models.

“Heels affect how you walk, your steps will become shorter, more careful. Your hips will seduce and tempt without you even thinking about it. High heels will make men and some women lust after you even before they see your face and body above the waist. How many sounds are there that could be called undeniably erotic when you hear them? Ask a hundred people the question and ninety-nine of them will include the clicking of stiletto heels.”

“Take it from someone who knows. You’ll be finding new reasons to wear high heels each time you’ll see your reflection. From this day onward, you’ll stand a few inches taller in the world.”

Lacy paused and scanned their faces.

“Reach under your benches, please, and pick up your heels.”

I squatted down and looked under my bench, trying to ignore the sensation of garters sliding against my buttocks. A pair of light red three-inch stiletto

pumps stood on the floor, their thin straps invitingly open.

“Ladies. May I have your attention, please? The same rules that apply when you’re sitting, apply when you’re squatting. Or kneeling, Rebecca. Unless you want me to get some very naughty ideas as to what you offer. Knees and feet together, please.”

I closed my legs and picked up the shoes.

“Sit down, please, and take a good look at them. Sexy, aren’t they? Go on, put them on, please.”

I glanced around and considered my options. High heels or resistance? On the other hand, my submissiveness, even if only faked, had been unsettling me more and more. I had meekly put on panties months ago, and stockings just hours ago. Their caresses had been gnawing at the remnants of my masculinity for the last few hours. I could understand why Jennifer had gone over. I was feeling more delicate and weaker, softer and more fragile every moment. Beyond any doubt high heels would add a fair share to those sensations. The notion of tossing them at Lacy’s feet carried a beguiling promise of regaining what remained of my soul.

Something thudded against the floor to my right. Rosemary had thrown her pumps at Lacy.

“You wear them!”

Rosemary unclasped her garters and started to roll down her stockings unhurriedly. Lacy watched her in silence with a curious expression on her face.

“Stuff your stupid speeches down along with these,” she added, throwing the stockings and garter belt in her direction. “I hope you choke on them.”

Rosemary's panties were next to land on the dais.

"Now give me something normal to wear."

Lacy smiled. "You have to the count of ten to put your panties and stockings back on, Rosemary."

"One," said Rosemary with a derisive smirk.

"Two."

"You think I'm afraid of you?"

Lacy grinned. "You should be. Five, Ten!"

Rosemary began to panic. "Fine! I'll put everything back on!"

"You had your chance to behave, Rosemary. Now we'll make you."

Two women in Guardian security uniforms came in. They weren't large Amazon-style women. In fact, both were only a few inches taller than I. They looked over the scene, then looked to Lacy for instructions. The woman smiled. "I think the horse for her."

Rosemary backed away and I grabbed Rebecca, pulling her aside. Like the fight between Miyuki and Rosemary a few months earlier, it was over too quickly. Rosemary threw a wild punch and the woman merely caught his hand, driving it toward the floor, flipping him over. The other stepped in, her foot on Rosemary's throat.

"I know none of you has seen this, so I will explain." Lacy touched a button on her desk and a door opened on a mechanical monster. It looked like a motorcycle frame with some kind of handles at one end and foot treadles at the other. The two women dragged Rosemary to the seat on the cycle part, shov-

ing her face down and slipped a strap around her waist, tightening it down. Her hands were inserted into gloves attached to the handlebars, and her feet into the treadles on each side.

“The controls for the device are all in the control of the victim. One hand controls the forward arm’s advance and swivel, the other the speed of the vibrator portion. One foot controls the advance and swivel of the rear arm, the other the vibration. However the victim does not know which control is which without trial and error. As an example, both hands have grips, but are they set to stop if you squeeze them? Or do they go into overdrive?” She tightened another strap, this one holding Rosemary’s upper body down tight.

She stood, walking to the front of the ‘horse’. She adjusted the arm of the framework down until it was even with Rosemary’s mouth. She reached down, and came up with a dildo eight inches long. She attached it to the arm, then smiled. “Open up, Rosemary.”

He tightened his lips, and she smiled. “Gwen?”

The woman standing to his left closed her fingers over his nose, pinching it tight. For a long time, it was interesting. Rosemary’s face grew blue as he tried to hold his breath. When he opened his lips long enough to suck in a breath, the woman merely clapped her hand over his mouth as well. A few moments later Rosemary collapsed from suffocation. Lacy threaded the dildo into his mouth, running it forward a couple of inches before locking it down.

She then went to the rear arm. Another dildo, this one fifteen inches long and an inch and a half around was lubricated, then inserted into his ass again about two inches before being locked down. Then the women stood back to await Rosemary’s revival.

Rosemary came awake with a start, and screamed, though the penis stifled it. Lacy moved her stool to where Rosemary could see her.

“You were warned, Rosemary. So let’s see what fun you will have this time, eh?” she asked with a chirpy voice. “The forward armature has a restricted movement area. It will extend only two inches before your gag reflex kicks in; after all, we don’t wish you to suffocate, even accidentally. It will also withdraw only until you are sucking two inches, so you cannot pull free of it. Every time it advances and withdraws. a counter will be activated. Every fifteen strokes it will fill your mouth with semen, wherever it is on its stroke, so I suggest you swallow quickly.

“The one in your ass will run forward and back for as much as thirteen inches, more dick than John Holmes. It also has a counter, but it depends on how much of that length has been rammed into you; anywhere from ten to thirty strokes. Then it will also anoint your ass with semen to make it’s passage easier.” She smiled at Rosemary’s scream of outrage. “The controls, both by hand and by foot, will determine how much you take, both front and back. So do be careful which you adjust. This punishment will last for a minimum of one hour. You can have each end dump thirty loads if you are not careful, or only five if you work it out quickly.” She patted Rosemary’s cheek. “Do enjoy it.” Lacy hit a button. The forward armature slid forward an inch, while the rear slid forward six inches, making Rosemary scream again.

Lacy stood away “OK, the show’s over, ladies. Why aren’t you wearing your heels yet?”

I snapped out of my stupor and placed the shoes between my feet. I had forgotten all about them as I watched Rosemary’s punishment begin. My right foot slid inside the pump effortlessly, gliding on the slippery nylon covering the sole of my foot. I stooped and

reached for the strap. After a brief struggle and several inward curses again at my fingernails, I managed to get it fastened. I had to acknowledge that it did indeed look very sexy encircling my slender nylon-clad ankle. I put on the other shoe and checked on Rebecca.

Rebecca, with a concerned frown, was shuffling her feet in the new shoes. She kept twisting them to the sides, lifting her toes or heels off the floor, apparently finding the experience of having the high heels on awkward.

“Everything alright, sweetie?” Lacy asked with an amused timbre.

“No . . . these shoes are too high and . . . uncomfortable. There’s no way I’ll ever be able to walk in them,” she pointed down helplessly. “I’m sure I’m gonna fall down the moment I get up . . .”

Lacy merely smiled. “Can you swim, Rebecca?”

“What . . .? Yes . . .”

“Can you ride a bicycle?”

“Yes . . .”

“You must’ve learned to do them at some point, no? Well, let me assure you, any of those is much more difficult to learn than walking in stilettos. I found it out first hand as I’ve worn nothing but high heels since I turned nineteen. Besides, your heels are only three inches high, just perfect for first-timers. You’ll be fine, sweetie, don’t worry.”

“But . . .”

“No butts, Rebecca. How about you, Monique? Comfy?”

“I’ll probably manage,” I replied.

“Good. Well, ladies, the ‘how’ isn’t that big a problem this time, was it? Like I said, you’ll have no problems learning to walk in heels. Mastering them is another matter, but let’s not get ahead of ourselves. Step by step, as they say. And that is covered in the ‘when’.”

Lacy paused and looked at us, making sure she had our attention.

“Stockings and high heels are inseparable as Nancy demonstrated, like Siamese twins. From now on, we’ll ensure they spend a lot of quality time together on your legs. The rules are simple, girls. You wear stilettos all the time, with the same exceptions. One is during a shower or bath, the second when you paint your toes, going to and from the beach, and the last one is bedtime. So, what’s the first thing you put on after waking up? What’s the last thing you take off before going to bed? What’s the next thing you put on after stockings following a shower or bath? Well, ladies, all three questions have the same answer you can easily guess.”

“Err . . . you mean we can’t even take off these shoes in our rooms?” I asked.

“No, you can’t, sweetie. You’ll be spending every waking hour, excluding what I have already said, in stilettos.”

“Can we wear lower heels?” asked Rebecca. “These are too high.”

“I thought we had that covered, Rebecca. No lower heels. In your wardrobes, you’ll find shoes with three heel heights: three, four, and five inches. You may wear three-inch stilettos until the middle of the week; it’s more than enough to get you started. After that,

they'll be gone. From Wednesday on, you'll have to wear four or five-inch heels. The heel height will be your choice. But, if I see you wearing three-inchers all the time, we'll set up some rules to ensure you'll get the taste of the higher heels as well. Of course, if you wish you may start wearing the higher shoes anytime you want, there's no need to wait until Wednesday."

"Five inches? That's . . . impossible . . ."

"Oh, it's very possible, sweetie. You've seen girls being punished with seven-inch heels every day. Remember Nancy's last video? Did that look impossible to you?"

"But . . . she's . . ."

"She's what, Rebecca? She put on her first pair of high heels only a year ago. And now? She prances around in five-inch stilettos as if she'd been born in them. Trust me, honey, I'm a very effective teacher. Now, any other questions, girls?"

"What exactly will happen to us if we don't comply?" I asked.

"After seeing what happened to Rosemary, that is a stupid question, Monique." Lacy watched me for a long time. "There is much worse that can happen to you. We'll find a way to make you comply, even if we have to surgically shorten your Achilles tendons so it is painful to walk without them. As to the details, well, you've recently witnessed some of our methods of taming disobedient young ladies," she flashed a cheerful smile towards me, "and it's only the tip of an iceberg. If you want to find out what others are, be my guest. Actually, I'll give you a very personal sneak peek if you fail to sit properly again today."

I found myself straightening up, thrusting out my chest and returning my hands to my lap.

“Good. I want you both to stand up. Slowly, please.” I used the back of the chair to help myself stand, and held out my hand to help Rebecca who was tottering.

“You now know how to sit properly, girls. Similar rules apply when standing or walking. Feet and knees together, backs straight, chests thrusting forward. Come on, ladies.”

We didn’t fall. Neither of us had ever had high heels on our feet before. We both had to hold on to our desks standing up.

“Very good! Just like that. Now what do we do with those arms, hmm? You can keep them at your sides like you have them now. Just make sure your palms touch your thighs. Yes, like that. You may also fold them over your bellies, slightly below the navel. No interlocking fingers, Monique, one palm covers the other . . . like that. The last option is to fold you palms behind your backs. For now, we’ll stick to these three options.

“And one more thing. I don’t want to see your arms crossed over your chests. Ever. Is that clear?”

I couldn’t decide what to do with my hands. Finally, I decided that keeping arms at my sides would make me appear less docile.

Lacey touched a button, and mirrors slid down on each end of the room. “Now, I want you to walk to the mirrors and back several times, ladies, just to get you acquainted with your new shoes. First you can not make full strides like you are used to, you will over-balance and fall. The ball of your feet should land first, not heel, then toe like you are used to. Now, only

half a normal stride, begin. Remember, slowly and carefully, tiny steps. Go on, please.”

Rebecca looked very unsteady during the several first steps. She spread her arms slightly for balance and minced carefully towards the mirrors, looking at her feet. I found the experience of walking in stilettos alarming on several levels. If I tried for a normal stride, I found myself balancing on a mere quarter of a square inch forward as I lifted the opposite heel, making it like balancing on a tightrope without walking one first. Also, the taut layer of nylon clinging to the soles of my feet continuously brushed against the soft leather lining the insides of my heels. The sensuous tickling, even if unwelcome, was undeniably pleasant. In addition, I couldn't shake the feeling that the stockings made my feet slide forward and back a bit with each step, unlike regular shoes and socks. Despite the straps holding the stilettos securely on my feet, I instinctively took dainty cautious steps, mindful of each one. 'I won't be running in these,' I thought.

If I took my eyes off the floor and looked into the mirror, I had one more reason to worry. Though my walk still lacked the feminine gracefulness of Nancy's, there was nothing even remotely masculine in my body language. My lingerie and stockings shimmered and swished as I progressed across the classroom. My hips swayed while my ankles wobbled slightly with every step. My arms swung back and forth elegantly, while my palms brushed against my nylon clad thighs. Every now and then I found my hands lifting to delicately tuck a loose strand of hair behind my ear. It would be impossible to convince anyone that less than four months ago I had been a man.

So it went, both of us stumbling along in heels for the remainder of the hour. Lacey stopped us, then took us back to the room where Rosemary had been punished. From his moans as we approached, we



knew he had tried and failed to control the movements and vibrations of the armatures. The one in his ass was buried to the hilt, the one in his mouth only an inch from the same, and both were whirring like mad. Lacey touched a control and both sighed to a stop. We could hear Rosemary's broken sobs.

Lacey knelt, touching Rosemary's hip. He flinched from the touch. "We can get much worse than this, Rosemary. Now, are you willing to learn?" He tried to nod, but the movement of his head caused the gag to go that extra inch, causing him to scream.

Lacey gentled him down like a horse until he lay there, quivering, but quiescent. "Now I will remove the appliances. But I will warn you now, the next time it will be all night." Rosemary sobbed as the dildo was removed from his ass, almost sagging in relief when it pulled free with a rush of sperm. He flinched as a buttplug was inserted. 'to keep the mess down'. Then the gag was removed, and the broken hearted sobbing reached a crescendo. finally removed the waist strap, leaving him sobbing on the bench. "Go in the other room, pick up your clothing, sweetheart, and put everything back on." Lacey's voice dropped to a cold tone. "Now."

Rosemary staggered erect, then his head bowed, he headed toward where his clothes, flung in defiance, still lay, picking up panties, stockings, and shoes along the way. Rebecca and I stood there silently as he was again dressed in lingerie and stockings beneath his clothes as we were, looking down in compliance.

"The others are a bit ahead of you, but the rest of today is learning to walk. So let's be about it, ladies."

She led us down the hall from what had been our classroom to a door marked 'Gymnasium'. The spacious gym was at least large enough for a basketball court. Unlike a basketball court, however, there were

no markings on the floor. It was pitch black, reflecting light like polished vinyl. The entrance was located on the longer wall, near a corner. A silvery horizontal pole emerged from the wall near the door and encircled the gym roughly three feet above the floor. It looked like a support of some kind. Another identical support encircled the gym a foot higher. Aside from the railing, hangers, and several closed compartments on their right, the walls were featureless. Another eight steel pipes were mounted vertically between the floor and ceiling along the far wall. As in the classroom, the far wall was completely covered with mirrors.

Lacey opened one of the compartments and retrieved several items. “Welcome to your first regular class, ladies. This,” she swept her hand around, “is one of our gyms. We’ll be coming here quite frequently to practice various physical activities like dancing or walking.”

“Dancing?” I looked at the vertical pipes with wide eyes. *In these heels she’s gotta be fucking joking . . .*

“Today, as I’ve already told you, you’ll be learning how to walk in high heels here. There are three ways to walk in high heels. Funny, casual, and sexy. Funny, you already know, it requires no practice. We’ll skip casual and concentrate on the sexy way to walk.”

She handed each of us a small item resembling a question mark made of cream-colored plastic. “These are earphones, ladies. Now, put them on, please.”

I looked at the earphone suspiciously. It resembled earpieces I’d seen in movies about Secret Service agents for security work. I carefully wrapped it over my ear and pushed the ear bud into position. Then she handed us pairs of glasses. “These will mark where your steps should fall. They are like the systems used on the US Advanced Infantry Weapon

where it would instead show where you are aimed.” I snorted, putting on the hornrimmed glasses.

Lacey pressed something on the remote she held and a set of footprints appeared on the floor ahead of me. She started towards us and motioned for us to follow. “Stay on the flashing path, and maintain the stride marked.” The footprints were only outlines; an uneven triangle and a small dot. I stepped forward, and received a buzzing sound.

“Don’t worry yet. Rosemary, you’ll be on the right. Monique, in the middle. Rebecca, on the left. Now, stand inside your prints, girls.”

When I aligned my pumps with the print on the floor, a quiet, high-pitched bell tone sound came from my earpiece. She pressed something on her remote again, and the line of blue footprints rushed from where we stood towards the opposite mirrored wall. The trail turned back just in front of the steel pipes, then returned towards where we stood forming a tight loop.

“Well, girls, it should be pretty clear by now what you’re supposed to do. Go on, please, make one full walk around.”

Rosemary started first, Rebecca and I shortly after her. After the first several steps, it became obvious that I was doing something wrong. I tried to align my steps with the blue footprints, but was missing every single one. Each time my foot touched the floor, the footprint I was supposed to step into changed color to red and that low, disapproving buzzing note sounded in my earpiece.

Shortening my pace helped somewhat, I was able to hit one print out of five or six. The problem was that the footprints for both feet were located too closely to the line of my walking direction, and shorter than my usual stride. If I managed to hit a

target with my right foot, my left foot always ended up too far ahead. This resulted in another unpleasant ‘buzz’ from my earphone. Attempting to score two or more prints in succession required keeping both legs very close together. The sensations brought on by my nylon-clad limbs brushing against each other didn’t help my concentration at all. It also produced a swing in my hips that I could not control. After stumbling through two times, I gave up trying to control it and continued walking the way I was used to.

Judging by the colors of the my trail, I wasn’t doing particularly badly. We all finished our rounds at about the same time.

“Well, girls, a decent first try,” announced . “You all achieved about ten percent accuracy. That’s what most newbies make on their first attempt. The good news is that it can only get better from now on. Now, what can you change in the way you walk to score better, hmm? Any ideas?”

“I think . . .” I begun uncertainly, “that if the trails for both feet were farther apart, we’d all have done much better.”

“True, but there’s a reason for them being close together, Monique, and as you gain experience we’ll bring them even closer. Besides, that’s not what I asked. I want to know what can be changed about the way you,” there was a lot of emphasis on ‘you’, “walk, not how to make it easier for you. Anyone?”

“Uh . . . swing our hips some more?” asked Rebecca.

“Bingo!” Lacey grinned. “That’s one of the two most important things you’ll be working on. However, that swing can’t be forced; it has to be the result of the way you walk. Try to force it, and you will end up looking silly instead of sexy. That leads to the second important thing you must remember about how to

walk that line,” she pointed at the trails, “properly. You have to walk *slower*. I noticed you all shortened your strides to follow the trail. That was half of what needed to be done. The other half was to walk slower, and none of you slowed down enough.

“These two ingredients are the most important, but there are also lots of details that you’ll have to absorb. We’ll be covering them as you practice. Now, you may think that walking the way you’ll be required to is unnatural. Well, of course it is. For any woman, especially one wearing high heels, it’s perfectly normal. In time, it will become second nature for you. To place your entire foot down every step, to swing your hips. The feminine grace and charm you will learn here, will show in your walk regardless of whether you’ll be walking from your couch to the kitchen to pick up a glass of water, to hurry for a class, or even to run.”

‘Feminine grace,’ I thought. I was a boy forced to dress as a girl! Did I *want* feminine grace? I fought it out in my own head as she directed us back to Square One. I suddenly pictured myself where Rosemary had been; fifteen inches of dick shoved up my ass, four in my mouth, all dependent on me figuring out how to find equilibrium. Could I do as well as Rosemary, shoved into hell with seconds of warning?

I quailed at the very thought.

Lacey operated her remote and all my loop turned back to blue. Once everyone was back in the starting position, she motioned for us to start.

“Ninety minutes, ladies. I want to see improvements when that time is over.”

I tried walking slower this time. It helped, but only a little. I was still missing six of ten footprints. Rosemary and Rebecca weren’t much more successful. Lacey stopped us after our third round.

“You’re getting better, that’s good. Now, you won’t get any better than that unless you let your legs brush together. Stockings don’t bite, do they? Go on, but this time keep your feet closer.”

It helped, at least with turning more footprints blue. My concentration was failing under the constant assault of unwelcome sensations, but apparently keeping one’s mind sharp wasn’t required to walk properly in high heels.

Lacey took a place at the middle of the gym and observed our endeavors diligently. I followed the glowing trail looking down at my feet, too immersed in the little game of turning footsteps blue, to realize that I was doing exactly what demanded of me. With each round, I left more and more of the trail glowing blue. My now slow, measured stride made the sway of my hips manageable. After some time I stopped paying much attention to the extra points I had achieved. Twenty or so minutes later she stopped us again.

“Good. Very, very good. You’re all over seventy percent. Now, to get above eighty, girls, you need to alter your steps a little. You put too much weight on your heels. I know that’s the way you’re used to walking, but it won’t work with high-heeled shoes too well. You’ll have to change it. You have to walk on the balls of your feet. Watch me, please. When you place your foot down, your toes should touch the floor first, almost immediately followed by your stiletto. After your foot is on the ground, you transfer your weight onto the ball of your feet and take the next step. Like this.”

She walked a short distance very slowly demonstrating, every step illuminated by our glasses. “Don’t step down with your whole foot; it will make you look stiff. Look.” She indeed looked stiff now, all the grace was gone from her walk. “Now try it, please. Ignore the trail for the time being.” It was awkward, reminding me of walking on my tiptoes. Except this time, I didn’t have to worry about keeping my heels

up; stilettos did it for me. Lacey followed, observing our feet.

“Good, you’re almost there, girls. Now, try not to bend your knees that much. Watch me.” After another short demonstration, she motioned us to try again. It still felt awkward.

“Excellent. Now, please, return to your trails and continue walking like this. You’ll notice improvement in no time.”

For the first few rounds, it still felt very strange. I had to walk even slower and consciously control my legs and feet. If I stopped paying attention even for a moment, I was slipping back to my usual manner of walking. Our tormentor was cruising among us all the time watching and giving directions. “Heel first, Rosemary.” “Legs closer, Monique.” “You bend your knees too much, Rebecca.” And so on.

As time and rounds went by, I started getting used to the new way of walking. It still required conscious effort, but I was able to walk a bit faster and made practically no mistakes. With each round the number of warnings coming from my earpiece decreased. After half an hour or so, only the sharp clicking of the three pairs of stilettos could be heard in the gym. Lacey kept quiet, which most likely meant that everyone was doing well. Soon she stopped us again.

“Splendid, ladies! You’re all achieving almost perfect scores on each round. Excellent. Now, for one last change. You can’t walk looking constantly at your feet. Straighten your backs, push your chests forward, and keep your arms at your sides. If you need to look down, do so, but no more than a glance. Try to walk looking ahead from now on. Go on, please.”

Judging by the ratio of signals, I was back down to around fifty percent on my next round. Now I had to

pay attention to my feet and legs, be aware of my posture, and resist the urge to look down at the same time. It didn't help. To make things even more difficult, Rosemary and Rebecca were providing even more distractions.

'Shit, do I look like that from behind too?' I wondered. Rebecca was now a short distance ahead of me, on my left, walking in the same direction. The way she moved and looked was mesmerizing, even though it was nowhere near the grace of Nancy. The stilettos made her legs look stunning. The nylon shimmered on her calves and thighs as she walked, her hips swayed slowly. From time to time, she spread her hands to the sides for balance in a girlish manner, keeping her elbows at her sides. A long series of consecutive 'blips' made me turn back to my own pacing.

On my right, another distracting view awaited. Rosemary was walking in my direction, twenty or so feet ahead. Our eyes met as we passed each other. Rosemary almost instantaneously closed them, then looked ahead. His cheeks were still flushing deeply. I couldn't resist glancing over my shoulder after him. My eyes strayed towards his bottom, where the skirt hid his ass that I had seen being penetrated.

"Monique, watch your steps, girl!"

*Damn it, I have to stop thinking about this or I'll find out first hand how it feels.* After making a turn, I resisted the temptation to look at the others and peered straight ahead. my reflection in the distant mirror was only slightly distracting, but definitely disturbing.

Looking at my reflection still felt like watching a stranger. The feminine hourglass figure, sexy lustrous legs, silky hair bobbing up and down didn't belong to me. If not for the constant influx of alien sensations, I would have found it very easy convincing

myself that I was looking at someone else. A beautiful, timid woman walking somewhat uncertainly, but with budding feminine smoothness and elegance.

When Lacey stopped us, I was sure we'd be given some new directions to follow. To my surprise, the class was over.

"Well done, ladies," said with a warm smile. "You're improving. At this rate, you'll be walking like runway models by the end of the month. Any pains in your feet?"

Now, that she mentioned it, I become aware of pain in my calves. I nodded.

"My ankles hurt." said Rebecca.

"You'll have to endure it for a few weeks I'm afraid. As your muscles and joints get accustomed to high-heeled shoes, the pain will gradually disappear. Believe it or not, but in time you'll find it awkward to walk without stilettos on. For now, every time your feet hurt, take a look into a mirror. I'm one hundred percent sure that what you'll see will convince you that some minor discomforts are worth the look high heels will give your legs."

I groaned silently. Awkward without high heels? Insane!

"That's almost all for today, girls. However before I let you go, there are a few important things we need to talk about. Please, follow me."

Once we returned to the classroom, Lacey had us put our dresses back on, a stand in front of the mirrors.

"The last thing you'll learn today, girls, is how to curtsy. Please pinch your skirts with your right

hands a bit above the hem. Good. Now pull them hem up so that the lower part of the stocking's top is exposed."

More embarrassment. I sighed and complied.

"That's not what I had in mind, Rosemary. I want to see a glimpse of your stocking's top, not your entire panties. Monique, a little higher, please. That's it. Now lower your hems, please, and make sure your skirts look presentable, girls. Good. Practice it a few times. I want you to be able to lift your hems to the correct height without looking into the mirrors."

That was probably the easiest thing I got to practice today. Nevertheless, very embarrassing. Lifting my hem the way Lacey wanted showed not only my stocking tops, but also a garter and a bit of my crotch if I wasn't careful. By now, I felt relatively at ease around the girls, however if I was forced to do that in front of somebody I'd never met, I would probably burn to a crisp with shame.

"Excellent. Now, turn towards me, please. Let's try the whole thing. You curtsy like this."

She shifted her right foot slightly backwards and lifted her heel so that only her toes touched the floor. Then she moved her left hand slightly away from her body, and bobbed down bending her knees a little.

"Try it a few times, please."

After several attempts and a few corrections, she decided we were good.

"Now curtsy again, but this time flash your stocking tops, please."

We had to repeat this several times before she decided that we had it covered.

“Lovely, girls. That’s how proper ladies curtsy. By curtsying, you show your respect towards the person you’re addressing. From now on, anytime you say ‘thank you’ or ‘good day’ to anyone, you’ll have to curtsy. Whenever in doubt if you should curtsy, you curtsy, ladies. Is that clear?”

*Great. If flashing my garters is a sign of respect, I wonder what flashing one’s tits is supposed to mean around here.* But I was terrified that if I asked, they would have an answer.

“Now. Please, sit down, girls. It been a long first day for you and you are progressing well.” Lacey looked at us, smiling.

I was tired. My legs hurt, and my back was stiff. Taking a long hot shower would be a blessing. I could see the relief on the faces of the others.

“Now, after dinner, you are to review the clothing in your armoire, especially your lingerie. The computer has a listing of what was issued to you under the file lingerie. There’s a section that explains each piece; what type they are, what they’re made of, and how to wear them. If I tell you to change into a pair of French cut satin panties, I want you to be able to pick them from the selection in this room tomorrow. The same goes for selecting a chenille blouse or full silk skirt. If you find cramming boring, you might try involving your roommates as your lingerie models. Who knows where that will lead?” She grinned impishly.

“Second, starting this evening, you will polish your nails. The choice of color is yours, just make sure it matches your lipstick and clothing. Should you need any help, there’s a crash course on painting nails on your computer. We are not going to expect you to learn the different ways you can polish them. Again, you may also ask your roommates for help. A simple color is sufficient until later in the week. As of today you will keep your nails perfectly polished at all

times. Tomorrow morning I want to see you with painted nails. All twenty of them."

I blushed realizing I would have to paint my nails in front of Rebecca; a physical admission of my own submissiveness!

"You will also choose something flattering and attractive for tomorrow's class. If any of you come to class dressed as either of you two were," she looked at me, then at Rosemary. "We will punish you. Want another hour on the horse?" Both of us shook our heads.

"Now, let's make a brief refresher of what you've learned today. Monique. When should you wear stockings, sweetie?"

"Uh . . . at all times except for the shower, gym class, or at the beach."

"Good. You should also take them off this evening when you'll be putting nail polish on your toenails. You'll find it very difficult otherwise. When do we wear high heels, Rebecca?"

"Always, except for bed, and situations in which we're allowed to take off stockings."

"Excellent!" she smiled at the girl with approval. "Rosemary, what size heels should you wear tomorrow?"

"I should be trying for longer heels, but three-inch is still acceptable." he replied dully.

"Yes. Of course after the ballet heels you were wearing for two weeks, this should be a snap. In your case, I expect five-inch heels tomorrow.

“There’s also a fourth garment you’ll be required to wear from now on, ladies. A nightie. You’ll always put one on before going to bed. Go through your wardrobes tonight. You’ll find camisoles, baby dolls and teddies in every shape and color you could think of. Something will surely catch your eye. I suggest you consult your roommates if ever in doubt.

“Tomorrow we will be expanding your repertoire of skills you should have learned as a young woman. There will be four hours every day of practicing walking, and soon you will find that even running can be done in heels if you learn how. That is all for today.

To be concluded in part 3...