

ADULTS ONLY

154 pages **31** illustrations

CONVICTS TO CO-EDS

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear
Edit. by Mindi Harris, Illustrated by Joe Six-Pack



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
TG



**COURTNEY CAPTISA
CLAIRE BEAR**

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Edited by Mindi Harris
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A Teens Transformed Story**



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ST. ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD GIRLS

In the back of his mind, Nicholas knew this wasn't a good idea. The young man didn't spend a lot of time paying attention to the back of his mind, though. He paid attention to his impulses. Surely there were some other available forms of entertainment for a boy his age, but nothing could beat this. This was his thing.

Nicholas lived in a very prosperous neighborhood with his parents, in the River Valley development that sits on the bay on the south beach of Florida. His parents both had successful and lucrative careers, allowing them to afford a \$700,000 house, a garage full of nice cars, a cigarette boat docked on the bay and a swanky private school education for their children.

Most people would have felt blessed to have such luxury. Not Nicholas, though. He wanted excitement. He wanted to push everything to the limit. He was addicted to feeling the rush of danger.

"Are you sure this is going to be okay?" asked Martin, one of Nicholas' friends. It was night, and the sound of crickets filled the lukewarm air.

"Yeah man, trust me on this," confident Nicholas replied. He pushed Martin by the shoulder, causing him to lose his balance and crash into the third member of their group, Anton. Anton just pushed him right back. They were known around their school as troublemakers, rich boys with idle hands, and like the saying goes, idle hands are the devil's workshop.

Anton said, "Bro, this is going to be *ratchet*. Gonna spin that bitch." Anton was the oldest of the three by a couple of months, just past 16. He was an African-American, and slim, but he had a mean scowl he could use to look intimidating. He played several sports, but was mediocre in all of them. It was more important to him to look like a powerful, dynamic athlete than to actually be one.

They all lived in this neighborhood, and knew the streets by heart, even as dark as it was. They used that to their advantage, making sure they couldn't be seen as they weaved in between parked cars and tall bushes. Nicholas had a plan tonight, and he wanted to stay stealthy.

One of Nicholas' neighbors was a retired actor who starred in a popular 90s sitcom, and since then, he had become an investor. A very successful one. He had just recently purchased a gunmetal grey Lamborghini Estoque that Nicholas hadn't been able to keep his eyes off of. Even now, as they approached his house, the boy couldn't help but make little engine noises under his breath as he imagined what the motor felt like.



Knowing his neighbor fairly well, Nicholas knew he'd be away fishing as he did every weekend. In fact he'd been invited along a few times, but turned down the offer because he considered fishing to be "old man shit."

Slipping through the gaps in the outer fence, the boys approached the garage, as Anton and Martin were nervously looking over their shoulders.

"What did I tell you!" Nicholas triumphantly announced, smirking at the other two. "The garage door is always a little off the floor. If we all lift we can get in!"

"You said joyriding, nothing about breaking in and trespassing!" Anton cursed under his breath, careful not to be too loud.

"It's only illegal if you're caught! Now help me out here," Nicholas replied, eager to see his prize.

Not being the largest or fittest guys for their age, the teens struggled for a little while before lifting up the garage door enough to slide underneath. When they'd squeezed inside, they switched on the light, and saw the super car glisten back at them. After a short glance around, Nicholas found the keys on the wall with a school girl squeal.

"Hey, what the fuck man, aren't these only two seaters?" Martin yelled out, peering through the driver's side window.

"Nope!" Nicholas yelled out. "Special edition! I saw him driving in it the other day with that young skank he's dating and her 8-year-old!"

Anton smiled from ear to ear, showing his perfect white teeth which complimented his dark skin. His cell phone had been pulled out, and he was already taking video for a Snapchat story.

"I still think this is a bad idea..." said Martin with a whiny tone. He had always been the shy one of the group, although given the brash recklessness of Anton and Nicholas, that was relative. His short stature of only 5' 5" and 120 lbs made him the butt of jokes constantly, along with looking like the stereotypical nerdy Asian kid. The three were sometimes complete opposites, but growing up in the same amazing neighborhood bonded them. Martin usually was the third wheel, while the other two frequently instigated trouble, but the boy had never backed out on his friends.

"Stop being such a pussy," said Nicholas as he grabbed the keys. "I swear, he'll never notice. My dad is good friends with him as well, so even if he does find out, we won't get in any real trouble." He clicked the keyring and the car beeped as the security system was turned off. "We can just take it out real quick on the highway for a spin and then bring it right back."

"But you just got your license three weeks ago," complained Martin.

"I'm calling shotgun, Bitches," said Anton as he put on his sunglasses and got into the passenger seat. He was eager for action, despite the late hour. "You get

the first twenty minutes, then I get to drive. I want to take this mutha to the hood and show it off.”

Martin examined the cramped seating and said, “I think you need to scoot up a little for me to get back there!”

“Don’t you want to sit in my lap?” joked Anton with a pat on his leg.

“Come on guys! I don’t wanna be here any longer than we have to be!” Nicholas snapped, assertively. “Let’s get on the road before someone finds us!” The leader of this little gang of miscreants had lived in this development most of his life, and he had grown to hate it. The safe cookie-cutter houses, the old folks driving golf carts to and fro, the private security cops watching your every move. It was all so sheltered and sterilized. It made him sick. Even worse, it made him angry. He just wanted to bust out of this neutered little dump.

With every day, Nicholas could feel the testosterone surging stronger and stronger through his growing body, like he was about to explode with energy at any moment. He wasn’t very tall nor very big, but that just served as motivation to be as aggressive and assertive as a man twice his size. He had also learned how to use his average looks, with his ordinary brown hair and passive blue eyes, to his advantage — if you underestimated what Nicholas was capable of, it was always to his benefit.

Martin pressed the remote button to open the garage door and then the front gate before jumping in the back seat, still shaking his head in disapproval. Meanwhile, Nicholas revved up the engine and, with a gigantic smile, drove sharply out of the garage and onto the street.

Unused to the speed of it, he had a little trouble figuring out when to lift off as they exited the neighborhood, hitting a trash can next to the road by accident, and swearing.

“*Shit!* At least it wasn’t anything important!”

“What about the car though? We can’t leave a scratch on it or we’re all dead!” Martin scolded, ever the voice of reason.

Shrugging off the complaints of his friend, Nicholas kept going, his confidence growing by the second as they finally found their way onto the freeway. Keeping their speed steady for a little while, he was enraptured by the sound of the engine. It felt like a thousand sticks of dynamite going off every fraction of a second. Eventually, a lot of empty freeway opened in front of them, and Anton goaded the young driver into flooring it.

The outside world flew by as they picked up speed. The acceleration pushed the three friends back in their seats as the speedometer rose quickly. Nicholas had driven his dad’s Mercedes a few times, but he’d never exceeded 100 mph. This was a whole new sensation as a quick glance down showed they were approaching 150 mph. As he scanned the road in front of them, however an all-too-familiar blue and red light flashed across his vision.

“It’s the cops!” yelled Martin, panicking and already envisioning a future in jail.

“*Fuck!*” said Nicholas.

Anton just threw his hands down, beaten, but continued recording on his cell phone.

Nicholas started to speed up.

“*What are you doing?*” yelled Martin.

“You know damn well we can out run them in this!” the driver replied.

Anton and Martin tried to find something to grip as Nicholas started to accelerate. He’d only been legally able to drive for the last few months, and he’d never gone much faster than 65 mph, so he was surprised to learn that this was not at all like driving at high speeds in video games. The torque of the engine at full throttle was so much more power than he had ever controlled before, and the back end of the car started to swerve. In horror, Nicholas started to lose control of the vehicle and struggled with the steering wheel. Luckily for him, no one else was on the road.

Martin looked back only to see more flashing lights. The three heard a chorus of sirens as more police vehicles joined the pursuit.

“*Pull over!*” they heard as a muffled command over the police loudspeaker.

“I don’t want to go to jail!” Anton cried, finally showing some emotion. He liked taking risks, but this was too much.

In a rare moment of clarity, Nicholas started rethink their situation. Even if he could outrun the police, they had certainly run the tags by that point, and would probably know they’d stolen the car. He finally slowed enough to regain control, and started to pull to the side near a close-by exit. Cop cars surrounded the vehicle as several officers got out, deploying behind their car doors doors with guns pointed at the three teens.

“Everyone!” Came a command from the police loudspeaker. “Put your hands up and get out of the vehicle — *slowly.*”

“You go first, Anton,” said Nicholas.

Anton turned to Nicholas with wide eyes, “Are you fucking *insane?* I’m *black!* You know I’ll get shot!”



“This is so bad... This is *really, really bad...*” Martin practically shouted as he paced back and forth. “I can’t believe you two talked me into this, my dad’s gonna kill me!”

“Your dad’s the least of your problems!” Anton said, angrily. “Man, we could be looking at jail time... Serious jail time!” He dropped his head into his hands.

“Would you two chill? My dad’s friends with the guy!” Nicholas said optimistically, looking over at the others in the white holding cell with them. “I’m sure we’ll just pay a fine. Maybe community service at worst.”

A derisive snort came from elsewhere in the large cell. The three boys from the suburbs weren’t alone. There were at least a dozen other kids in there with them.

They were all of a similar age, a few looking rather nervous and in shady clothing. *They look like drug dealers*, Nicholas thought. A group in the other corner were seemingly laughing, though by the puke on one’s shirt, he could tell they were underage drinkers.

After about an hour in the cell, with Martin increasingly imagining dire situations that wouldn’t have been out of place in *The Shawshank Redemption*, they eventually were told they’d been bailed out. Following one of the officers, they saw their parents waiting for them, all giving the boys looks that made even the hardened cops nervous.

After Nicholas had left the station, meekly following his parents, he slipped inside their car. The deathly silence grew painful on the drive home, but that was far better than the double-barreled verbal assault he received when they got inside their house. His parents immediately confiscated his Xbox, phone, and TV, leaving only the bed and closet in his room.

The next few weeks didn’t improve either, as the three found out about their impending court date, sat through meetings with lawyers and underwent questioning by prosecutors. It wasn’t very long before the gravity of their situation finally sunk in. As the apparent instigator, Nicholas may have suffered the worst. He felt like the world was out to get him. Although his mother consoled him a little whenever he found himself tearing up and sobbing, his father grimly declared to his son that he had no one but himself to blame.



“All rise...” said the bailiff in the courtroom.

The boys nervously stood up as the judge entered, having reached his verdict. The charges and the potential sentences were severe: breaking and entering, grand theft auto, reckless driving, and other criminal counts. The boys’ lawyers warned them they could be facing serious prison time, first in juvenile detention, followed by transfer to adult prison at the age of 18. Making their situations even worse, the boys would have a criminal record and the loss of their driver’s licenses along with thousands of dollars in fines.

Despite Nicholas' insistence that the charges would be dismissed because Nicholas' dad was friends with the car's owner, the charges were too serious. In any case, the parents had agreed that the boys needed to face significant consequences for their behavior.

The judge spoke up, "Young men... Your actions on that night showed your disregard for the law and complete irresponsibility — not only displaying a lack of respect for your neighbor and fellow man — but also for endangering yourselves and the lives of others. The law grants me the latitude to send you to jail for several years... However, due to your relatively clean records, and these being your first serious offenses, we've come upon an alternate solution."

He continued, in his stern tone of voice, "Your parents have come to an agreement with the court and with the state that will require you to attend a special reform school in lieu of jail time. You will remain there until graduation, and if you complete this program satisfactorily, you will face no fines. In addition, I order you to complete 200 hours of community service before graduation. Considering that you're all age 15 or 16 right now, that should give you plenty of time to fulfill your obligations during your upcoming junior and senior years."

The judge looked them in the eye, one-by-one, and seeing their chagrined faces, went on, "The reform school we've selected is called St. Elizabeth's Reformatory. It's a boarding school on the other side of the state, and since we are only two weeks away from the beginning of the fall term, you shall be remanded there immediately. As per the agreement with the court, all three of you must graduate from St. Elizabeth's, and you must follow all the rules of that institution."

The judge raised his voice slightly as he concluded, "If there are *any* other infractions while you are attending there, the terms of our agreement will be terminated, and you will spend time in jail. Your parents are covering tuition for the school, and taking care of your legal fees pending in this case as well as restitution to the owner of the car, Mr. Kirkpatrick. So I am sentencing each of you to five years in custody of the state, to be served in juvenile hall and medium security prison at age 18 — sentence suspended upon graduation from St. Elizabeth's."

"Court is now adjourned!" He boomed out finally, slamming the wooden gravel down. Immediately everyone started moving around, the lawyers began putting papers in suitcases while the three boys walked off with their parents, relieved for the moment. Sure, this reform school sounded like a pain, but it was lot better then the alternative.

"You're very lucky the judge took sympathy on you. If I was in his shoes I'm not so sure I would have," Nicholas' dad told him, while giving him a very disapproving glance.

"I know... It was just a one-time mistake..." the still-anxious boy whined.

"It better be, because even one tiny slip up and you'll be back here receiving your jail time sentence." He promptly replied, walking so quickly that everyone else had to almost jog to keep up.

Outside, as the parents all headed to the parking lot, the boys were given a little breathing room and were finally able to talk to each other. Nicholas said, "Told you we wouldn't get jail time!" with more false bravado than confidence.

"Yeah well that's that last time I follow what you have to say!" Martin said, still pissed at Nicholas for dragging him into the whole mess. "For the next two years I'm going to be a teacher's pet."

"You *already* were one!" Anton joked before offering a little smile and looking up to the sky, "It's good to be free."

"You're talking as if you actually did time..." Nicholas said, rolling his eyes, before smiling back. The three friends were glad to have the worst behind them.



Nicholas looked around his room. Growing up wealthy, he'd always had a large room packed with the most up-to-date gadgets and tech. Would this private school have video games and large TVs? Would he have to pay extra for wifi? Would they make him clean his dorm room? As a teen, he'd grown used to just dropping his stuff anywhere he wanted, and his mom had long ago given up on trying to get him to clean up. He'd always thought of his room as his own tiny castle, painted blue and packed with posters of hot girls and cars. This was his personal domain, and he didn't like the idea of leaving it.

Curious as to what life would be like at this new school, he did all he could to find more information on this St. Elizabeth's Reformatory. Their web presence seemed non-existent. There was only a landing page with a picture of the school and a caption reading, "More information coming soon." The school looked like a college campus with well-manicured lawns and old brick buildings.

"Are you finished packing?" asked his mom, Joan, as she entered his room. It was the day after the court sentence, and it was already time to head out.

"I barely packed anything!" The young man complained.

"Well, that's what the brochure said, Nicholas. Only pack what's on their list."

"Just basic clothes? And I can't even bring my cell phone?"

Joan walked closer to her son, "It's a very strict school Nicholas. Going there is a privilege, and the only alternative is detention and jail. You're getting off easy,



and believe me, you'll like the food and the conditions *far* better than if you went to jail." The woman turned her head away and looked to the ground. "I still don't know why you act like this. Always getting in trouble. Your dad and I raised you better than this," she said, as a few tears dampened her cheeks.

Nicholas was oblivious to her dismay. "This just seems really sketchy. There is hardly any information about them online. How did you even find out about this place?" He asked.

"It was referred to us from a friend..." She answered, vaguely. "So then we spoke to Martin and Anton's parents about it. It's a last resort, but we do have the money..."

"Why do I have to go to this place? No one knows anything about it. And don't I need to be going to a place that prepares me for college?"

"Well, it is a boarding school after all, so look at it as pre-college. You'll still get to come home for Christmas," she comforted.

“What about Thanksgiving?”

“Even though it’s just across the state, only Christmas, Easter, and summer breaks are allowed.”

“We aren’t even Catholic...” he complained.

Joan smiled, “It was founded on Christian principles, but there aren’t really any religious classes anymore. Just a boarding school following very strict guidelines.”

“Do they have internet and cell phone reception?” he asked, trying to find some consolation.

“I’m sure they do honey. Now we need to drop you off at the bus station at 4, so please hurry finishing up things here. Remember, there is no outside contact, so before we leave, make sure to tell your other friends you’ll be away for a very long time.”



After dragging his bag into the back of the car, Nicholas prepared for the short drive to the station. He remained brave, even as his mom teared up a little. Meanwhile, his dad still was a little cold to him. The drive was quiet and frosty. After hugging his parents, he met up with Anton and Martin who’d only been waiting a short while.

Taking his phone out of one of the suitcases panels, Nicholas started playing a game, knowing it could be a significant wait before the bus arrived. Martin looked at Nicholas, his mouth open with shock.

“*Man, what the hell?*” Martin complained. “My parents said they didn’t allow us to bring phones!”

“Well, yeah, mine said the same, but they’re hardly going to check our bags are they?” Nicholas reasoned.

“We haven’t even left yet and you’re already trying to break rules. You must want to drop the soap in the prison showers...” Anton chimed in, a little annoyed. The truth was that he wished he’d thought to bring his, too.

Eventually the bus arrived and the three boys, with a little help from the driver, got their bags onto the bus to set out on the long trip. St. Elizabeth’s was in-state, but still a fair distance out in the middle of nowhere.

Thankfully the three of them could chat to pass the time.

“Man, I can’t believe you got us into this,” Anton said to Nicholas.

His friend was ticked off at that. “Me? What did I do?”

Anton was adamant. “Stealing a car? That whole thing was your idea.”

"I don't remember you ever trying to bail," Nicholas countered. "You wanted to see if we could get laid while we had it."

"We would have been neck deep in pussy, if you didn't want to be a fuckin' race car driver!"

"What the fuck am I supposed to do with a car like that? The speed limit?"

"Shit, man," Anton said. "I ain't never gonna let you talk me into anything again."

"You want me to say I'm sorry?"

"No, 'cuz I know you ain't sorry for nothin."

Their conversation then ranged from the usual sports debates to video games to arguing over who's hotter: Taylor Swift or Ariana Grande. The time slipped by quickly, and before they knew it, they were driving onto the school grounds.

It was a very old-fashioned place, with a small parking lot before the large, ornate front gate. The campus was surrounded by a very tall and thick wall, with security cameras mounted every few feet. Nicholas wondered why you needed huge walls to keep people out. He didn't notice that the cameras were pointed to see inside the wall, not the outside.

Looking out the window, they could see several people. It was full of activity today. As they got closer, it became clear that the students were mostly girls, doing various activities on the lawn on the hot day. Some were playing frisbee, while others were laying out in bikinis. All of them were crazy cute, too.

Anton turned to Nicholas, "Oh shit man... Oh *shit!* This school has a lot of hotties!"

"Yeah! Where are all the guys?" Nicholas asked.

"I see some over there!" said Martin, pointing to a couple of guys shooting hoops.

"It's gonna be time to time to show them up," said Anton.

"I wonder if they have sports teams here," said Nicholas.

"Everyone seems active, even though it's hot as balls out here," said Anton referring to the typical humid Florida August weather.

Martin smiled, "And this is a *reform* school?"

"It could be like one of those white collar prisons," said Nicholas. "You know where they can kayak and have cells like hotel rooms. Must suck to be poor."

As the bus pulled up to the main building, the boys saw three burly security guards along with a very conservatively-dressed woman. She must have been in her early 40s, had long straight brown hair, and wore frumpy-looking glasses.

"Stay seated!" yelled the bus driver as he opened the door.

The stern-looking woman walked on board, saying, “Hello everyone. I am Mrs. McHenson, Dean of Students. Welcome to St. Elizabeth’s. Please get off of the bus casually. Form a single-file line, and put your bags on the ground. State your name for the security staff when they come toward you.”

This was more along the lines of what they were expecting at a reform school — the stereotypical older strict lady that always wore black, looking like a Disney villain. They all sensed that dawdling was a bad idea, and followed the instructions by quickly standing up and carrying their bags down the few steps of the bus.

All the boys on the bus, which were about a dozen kids, stood with their backs straight as she walked across in front of them, seemingly judging them, and even cracking a smile at Martin’s diminutive appearance. The security team soon walked one by one down the line ticking off their names on the list. Finally, Nicholas’ turn was up, and just as he replied with his name, his contraband phone went off in his pocket.

It was at that moment that Nicholas began to regret using a wet, juicy fart noise as his ringtone. The noise filled up the silent, tense summer day as Mrs. McHenson approached, her heels clicking on the brick surface. “Do you happen to have a *phone* on you, young man?”

“Y... Yes, I found out about the rules after I got on the bus.” He said, trying to cover his tracks.

The matronly dean gave a slight nod before she held out her hand, “Very doubtful since that was in the brochure your parents were given, now hand it over.”

The urge to deny her request was strong, but his insecurity overruled his reluctance, fueled by her sheer, powerful presence. Shaken, he found himself on autopilot, handing over his treasured phone with a meek apology.

Taking it in her talon-like hand, the dean gripped it like prey, and walked toward the nearest building, signaling for the rest to follow her. With a jolt, on their way through the main doors, Nicholas noticed an old brass sign that read “St. Elizabeth’s School for Girls.”

“This is a school for girls? Why are we here? Why were those boys out there on the lawn?” asked Nicholas.

Mrs. McHenson smiled, “Oh, the plaque? Well, this was an all-female Catholic school at its founding, but we have since... diversified. The sign is there as part of our history.”

Anton spoke up, “Pfft! Why not just get a new sign?”

Mrs. McHenson walked closer to him, “Again, here at St. Elizabeth’s, we honor our history — and we teach people *respect!*”

Nicholas spotted a few girls walking towards the group. As they arrived, they were split off into groups, and the three friends found themselves matched with two teenage girls, about their age. They were with an older woman whom Nicholas assumed was a teacher or administrator. Mrs. McHenson noticed them as well, and turned her attention to them.

“Boys, this is Mrs. Baker, one of our English teachers. With her is Bree and this is Carrie, two of our school ambassadors. They will give you a tour of our facilities while security takes your bags to your rooms.”

“So... Tour guides?” asked Anton.

Nicholas turned to Mrs. McHenson. “Are we all going to be in the same room?” he asked.

“Your parents made a generous donation, so all of you will be in the same quad. Two to a room with shared bathroom.”

“Who’s the fourth guy in our quad?” asked Martin.

“You’ll meet him soon enough,” Mrs. McHenson said. “Now I must be going. Enjoy your time here at St. Elizabeth’s boys. I’m sure you will adapt quickly to our standards.” She addressed her students and teacher. “Mrs. Baker, Carrie, Bree, this is Anton, Nicholas, and Martin; please show them what St. Elizabeth’s is all about!”

Just as the Dean departed, Mrs. Baker turned to Carrie and said, “I trust you can lead them to their new rooms? I have something I need to do.”

“Yes, Miss,” Carrie replied in a cheerful and sickeningly sycophantic teachers-pet tone. “Bree and I would be happy to do that.” The other girl rolled her eyes, then she smiled a little and gave the three boys an appraising glance.

As the teacher left, the three boys followed the girls towards the boys’ dorm. Nicholas took this chance to get a good look at both girls. Carrie was a redhead who looked every bit the well-behaved school girl. Her uniform was neat and precise, while her red hair was a little wild, but shiny and well-kept.

Bree, on the other hand, was more what he expected at a girls’ school. She wore prim black tights instead of socks, and her skirt had clearly been pulled down to hide some of her long, lean legs. Bright blonde hair flowed down her back freely, bouncing as she walked. She was a stunner that the boys could hardly keep their eyes off of.

Once they’d reached their rooms, Anton and Nicholas were selected to share a room while Martin was assigned to share with the other, unknown, student. As the boys examined their new accommodations, they saw the rooms were pretty plain with grey and white walls, and military camp style beds. After putting their bags down, each by a bed, they turned back to Carrie who had a sort of guilty look of concern etched across her pretty face.

“Something wrong?” asked Nicolas.

Carrie hesitated before saying, “Nothing... Just know, like, your room isn’t that exciting right now, but you can decorate it if you get a special privilege.”

“And how do you get that?”



"You'll see, I guess..." the goody-goody girl replied, vaguely.

Bree smiled. "I think you three will do really well here! Let me know if you need anything, because I want to make sure you all fit in!"

"Really?" asked Nicholas. He was a little surprised by Bree's enthusiasm since, in his opinion, most hot girls at his old school were a bunch of bitches.

"Totes!" said Bree. "We girls are at the building across the square called Chipola House. I'm sure you will see us around campus again. It's a small school, but kind of a big campus."

Suddenly, a short kid with glasses showed up at the door.

"Hey, Liam..." said Carrie. She apparently knew this person.

"Hi!," Liam replied. "I guess this is the new group?"

All of them did their introductions, making very clear that Liam was quite familiar to Bree and Carrie, and that Liam was a bit shy. Both Nicholas and Anton were glad he was going to be Martin's roommate, not theirs.

The three new boys were a little curious to know why a current student was available, and Martin decided to ask about it. "Why did you lose three roommates at once?" he queried the slender, slight boy. "Seems a little odd."

"Oh yeah," said Liam with a slight shrug. "Two of them graduated last year and one got moved to another dorm... For some reason. No one will tell me why, though. So since I just got back from break a few days ago, and I like it in this dorm the best, I put in for a new place. The other dorms seem a little... Different... The girls here are all nice to me, but the boys, after they've been here a while... Act kinda weird."

"So you *like* living in something that looks like a jail cell?" asked Anton. He was looking at the heavy iron grate on the windows.

"Beats a *real* jail cell!" said Martin. That comment earned a suspicious look from Liam.



Hours later, after the girls had left and the boys had finished settling into their dorm rooms, the three new students of St. Elizabeth's Reformatory were relaxing in their accommodations. A knock came at the door, but when they boys opened it, they only found small white gift box with Nicholas's name on it. It contained one item – a small, pink leather-bound book that read "My Diary" on the cover in gold leaf.

"The fuck is this?" Nicholas said, picking it up, slightly troubled by the 'gift.' Attached to the diary was a sticky note on it, reprimanding him for trying to slip a cell phone in.

As punishment for his transgression, the note warned him to make sure to use the journal at least once a day for the next three months, with his entries to be reviewed by the dean every few weeks. He just threw it in the drawer and figured he would get to it later. Not like he'd ever kept a journal in the first place.

Liam stuck his head in the room and spoke. "Are you guys ready to see some more of the campus and meet some more people?"

"Yeah, I'm down," said Anton, as the others nodded their agreement as well.

"What is that?" asked Nicholas, looking at the bag slung around Liam's shoulder.

"Oh, just my messenger bag," the new guy replied.

"You mean a purse?" laughed Anton, causing his two friends to laugh as well.

"It's not a purse, it's a messenger bag!" Liam said defensively. "And it's not a *murse*, either!"

"Why do you even *have* something like that?" asked Martin.

Liam smiled, "Cause it fits a lot of stuff in it, and it won't make my pockets look big."

Nicholas tried to look inside the bag. "What do you need to bring? We're just going around campus..."

"Just things..." said Liam, pulling his bag away from Nicholas' prying hands.

The thought of going around campus made Martin think more about the situation, "How often do we get to leave campus anyway?"

"You'll probably be stuck on campus for the first term," Liam responded, "Until you get permission to go out with a chaperone. Cabin fever sets in occasionally, but there are a lot of things to do at this school. You never get bored here."

As the four boys left the dorms, they took a more leisurely, casual tour of the place. With Liam as their guide, the boys walked throughout the grounds, covering every inch of the distinguished-looking, ivy-covered school. Liam

showed them what buildings had which departments, the library, the student union, and he took them around the back of the buildings where the massive green was. The three new students couldn't believe it.

It was a teen boys' fantasy, with young girls everywhere. Some were on benches reading and studying, some were painting, others doing outdoor yoga, while still others were having impromptu picnics. "Dude, this is crazy, there's so many girls!" Nicholas said, speaking for all three of them.

"This is like some kind of dream, isn't it?" Martin said.

Anton nodded. "Some kind of *wet* dream, yeah."

"I guess it's been an girls school up until a couple of years ago, apparently, that's why it's only us a few guys in their second years and first years," Liam said. None of the boys were even paying attention to him anymore, their eyes scanning the girls like lighthouses by the sea. "Are you even listening? Then you might want to know they're pretty strict about interaction between boys and girls, so don't let a teacher see you hitting on any of them."

"Don't worry, we know our way around that!" Anton said a little lustfully as he stared at a tall, long-legged girl walking past. "Hey, this might not be such a bad year, haha!"

Liam kept the tour moving, and took them inside a large building. "Over here is the cafeteria, it gets busy during lunchtime and dinnertime, but it's not so bad otherwise. Right now, it's just past dinner service. The guys eat over here usually," Liam pointed to a few tables out of the way, where a few clearly younger boys, wearing similar uniforms to Liam's, were seated.

"Hiya!" called out one boy, who was standing and waving them over with a rapid shake of his hand. "So you must be the new three, same age as Liam huh? I was hoping for more first years!" He said a little dejectedly, sitting down, and crossing his legs. He turned to his friends. "But it's always nice to get fresh meat here, right, fellas? Daddy likes."

This guy must be gay... Anton thought to himself.

Politely, but hesitantly, the four boys approached him.

"Yeah, this is our first day," said Nicholas.

"Oh great! Welcome to St. Elizabeth's!" One of the other boys said out loud. The boys all noticed that this student had long, shoulder-length hair and surprisingly red lips.

"Thanks," said Martin, as he looked around in a curious manner.

"These guys are my new roommates!" said Liam.

"Super!" said the guy with his legs crossed. "Are you all going to do any sports while here? You two look so well built, very handsome. But your friend in the shorts... not so much."

What the hell? Martin thought, *total dick move.*

Anton, not picking up on the insult nor the sexual innuendo, was eager to reply. "Definitely. Heard there are a lot of activities here."

"Oh totes! You are going to have so much fun! So many activities to get all sweaty and shirtless. Yes, I'll have to drop by and join in the fun!" The boy gripped his fists and giggled. "And what's great is all of the sports here are open to *everyone*. No blurred lines between... Anything..."

"Okay..." Nicholas responded, a little uncomfortable and a little confused.

"Let's ditch these guys..." Anton whispered to Liam, finally feeling the weird vibe these boys were giving off.

Liam took the hint and said, "I'm showing these new guys around campus now, so we'll catch up with you later."

"Perfect, sweetie!"

As the four boys walk away, Anton laughed. "Damn dawg... That guy was such a faggot."

Liam freaked out. "*Be careful!* We can't say that stuff around here. If someone hears you say that, you could be reported."

"What're they going to do?"

"You'd be surprised..." Liam's face went pale.

Continuing the tour, they headed next door to the gymnasium, passing the changing rooms. There were several for girls, but only one for boys. Then, they got to the main hall. Seats were all on one side while the rest was a makeshift court for various sports, currently volleyball.

Bree was on the court, and seeing the boys, waved towards them before continuing playing. The boys sat down on the front row and took in the view, with several attractive girls jumping up and down. However, their staring was cut short by a fairly stout woman blowing a whistle and announcing a five minute break.

Bree took the chance to skip over to them, taking a few sips of a energy drink before asking, "So you're showing them around fully, Liam? Good, don't want you newbies getting lost, haha."

"Yeah, just showed them where the classes were and the cafeteria is — basics." Liam played it off, clearly trying to seem disinterested and cool.

Bree nodded. "Right, so you haven't shown them where all the girls go to make out in secret, away from the teachers, then?"

"*What?*" Martin said.

Anton sat up straight. "You do that?"

"Where?" All four of them said, almost in unison, turning from her then to each other in disbelief.

"Haha! Relax, I'm kidding. You've seen pretty much all there is." Bree replied, dabbing her sweat off with a fluffy towel. "Except the girls dorms... But I'm sure you'll see those eventually!" She added, giving a sly wink to Nicholas that the others instantly hated him for.

"So is this a class?" Martin butted quickly in, wondering why she was taking the lesson fairly late in the day.

"Huh? Oh no this is just practice, classes end same time as other schools with a few activities and clubs after. Sometimes we get lucky enough to go to the local town, and eat or shop. I'll be happy to give you the tour of it sometime!" Before they could respond, she smiled, waved and turned away, heading back to the court to continued her game.

Nicholas watched as Bree skipped her way back to the volleyball court. Her side ponytail bouncing in the process. There wasn't too much breast jiggling since she had a pink Nike Pro sports bra peeking out from underneath her tank top, but the hormonally-charged young man's attention was brought to her ass.

Although she was skinny, she had a nice little bubble butt. He could already see his hands on her cheeks, parting them for action. Having anal sex with a girl had always been on his bucket list, especially since the last girl he dated said she would never do it. According to Anton, when he did it to a girl, she cried... But there's a first time for everything. This girl could be the one to make his dreams come true. He knew in his mind that getting close to Bree could be one of the best things to happen to him while stuck at this school.

"Day-amm, there are some real hotties here," said Anton, covering his mouth to deaden his voice. "Serious business."

"You're telling me..." responded Nicholas. "It's like a fuckin' softcore movie on cable. Unreal."

The boys started walking out of the room when Liam spoke up. "Hey guys, maybe I should bring this up as well... The school isn't too much on public affection. In fact, you can get in real trouble if they know you're involved with a girl. I know a few people who, like, hold hands and stuff, but that's about it. So if you *do* decide to hit on someone just be casual about it."

"You getting any pussy?" asked Anton.

Liam shivered at the question and looked a little blue in the face, "Not yet..."

"You're a virgin, too?" asked Martin, happy to have found a fellow sufferer.

Nicholas and Anton shared a laugh at the expense of their two friends.

Liam continued, "It's just hard to date here..."

"*Why?*" With all this fresh pussy?" asked Anton.

Nicholas agreed. "The snatch practically grows on trees here!"

Liam looked extremely uncomfortable. "Rules are rules! Although we do have dances every few months. And the fair. That's coming up."

That got the boys' imagination running. Nicholas started to imagine dancing with Bree. Maybe putting his arms on her waist and pulling her in close so that she could feel his thick erection. She literally had the perfect body and he couldn't wait to have some more time around her. He wasn't going to let her get away.

They rounded their way back to the dorms and splitting into their rooms. Nicholas and Anton got back to their place and laid down on the grey, uncomfortable beds, starting to think a little more positively about their situations. Eventually, after getting changed, it was bedtime — signaled by a teacher walking the hallway outside, knocking on the doors. Annoyingly, Nicholas was reminded by that same teacher not to forget his diary.

Grabbing it out of the bedside table he cringed at the bright pink color before taking out the matching pen:

"School is dumb and teachers are all stuck up... But the girls are legit!"

Smiling at his own small victory, he turned the bed-side light off and drifted off to sleep, his dreams laced with nubile female bodies.



Nicholas groggily opened his eyes and looked around the unfamiliar room, unsure of his surroundings for a moment. Sitting up and stretching out, his memory came back as he saw Anton still sleeping opposite his bed. A loud voice, that clearly was the reason he woke up, once again called out, "Wake up students, you have one hour before breakfast!" A sharp, startling rap on the door punctuated the point.

"Like a fucking prison..." Anton muttered joining his friend sitting up.

"Yeah, though hopefully the food is going to be better." Nicholas replied, getting out of bed.

"Yo, who cares about the food with the girls around this place."

"Got a point, my man."

Having one bathroom, however large, was troublesome for the four guys, with the bathroom sitting between the two rooms. Each took their turn, some longer than others, and in the end each was thankful they were woken so early, otherwise they'd have been late for orientation.

Grabbing his near empty backpack, Nicholas walked with the others towards the next building. The three boys all felt a little weird wearing school uniforms,

with maroon pants, black blazers and stiff white shirts that felt scratchy and uncomfortable, but they all knew it was better than prison rags.



The boys learned that, indeed, the food at this private school was better than jail, and in fact much better than their last prep school. It had been years since any of them had attended a public school in years. They had heard many horror stories of eating meals of frozen food and processed pre-packaged junk from the few people they knew in the public system.

Nicholas settled on scrambled eggs, sausage, and plenty of bacon while Anton went with the same but with French toast, and Martin ate cereal with a few bagels. The only odd thing about the food was that it was weighed before they were allowed to eat. They were informed they could only consume so many pounds of food per week, as per school regulations.

“What do you suppose that’s about?” Martin asked his friends.

“Probably some government law or something,” Nicholas replied. Liam followed the three boys as they looked for seating, when they were waved over by the flamboyant boy they were introduced to yesterday.

Today, he was wearing his uniform, but sitting with legs crossed again. His skin appeared to be very shiny for some reason. “Hey boys, please join us!”

“Thanks,” said Liam.

Nicholas, Anton and Martin all gave each other cautious looks, but they didn’t see any other free spot for the four of them. Their trays clanked on the table as they set them down. Nicholas spoke up, “I don’t believe we caught your name yesterday?”

“Oh, I’m sorry, honey. I’m Jamie and this is Leslie and Cameron,” referring to the two other boys sitting next to him.

“I’m Nicholas. I guess you know Liam, but this is Anton and Martin,” he replied as he sat down.

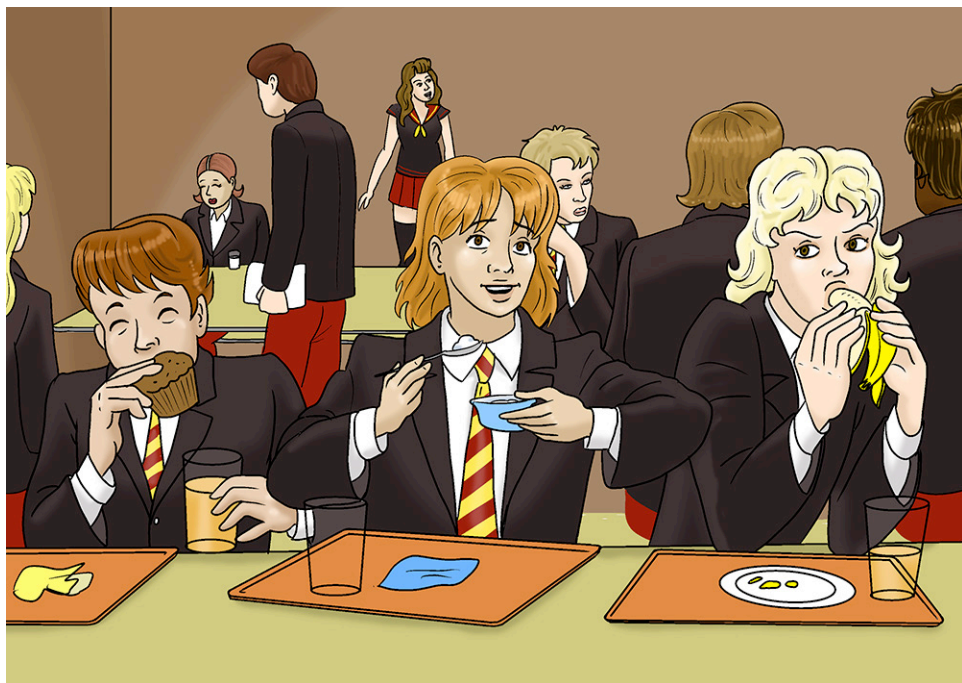
Anton still thought it was a little weird sitting with these guys and he eyed the room looking for any extra space to escape.

“So how do y’all know each other?” asked Cameron with a southern accent. He had long blonde hair, like a surfer, but also very clear skin like Jamie.

“We went to school together before, but then got sent here,” Nicholas replied, editing the full story quite a bit.

Leslie smiled, “You’ll really like it here!”

“We will?” asked Martin. “Everyone keeps saying that for some reason.”



“Cause this place is *awwwe-some!*” said Jamie throwing his hands up in the air and putting extra emphasis with his accent on the last word of the statement.

“I wonder if any of us will be in the same classes,” said Martin.

“We all have our schedules, but since you’re new here you’ll get yours after orientation and then join everyone else in class tomorrow,” Leslie said. “It sucks and it’s boring, but you’ll see what the school is all about.”

“We already took a tour of the place,” said Anton in a direct and authoritative tone as he chewed on his food.

“Twice,” Martin added.

“Orientation is different,” said Cameron. “All the rules and that stuff will be explained in detail — which is why it sucked.”

“Why is this place so big on rules?” asked Nicholas.

“You know... I, like, ask myself that everyday,” said Jamie. “But what I meant was that this place *is* called St. Elizabeth’s. Some classes are still taught by nuns, and you know how some of them are... Still, it’s really not that bad here.”

“Did you do something with the law, as well?” asked Martin. He quickly realized he had just blurted out their reason for being sent here and covered his mistake. “We know *some* people are here because of not going to jail... But others were sent by their parents.”

Jamie dismissed the subject with a wave of his limp hand. "Oh yeah, but I don't like to talk about it at all, you know... it's kind of in the past."

They decided to respect that, and not question him further, because they were also sensitive to the subject. Although Anton joked, in a whispered voice to Nicholas, "Jail? How bad could it have been if *this* guy did it?" Which caused Nicholas to almost spit his drink out, and the reaction attracted a few odd looks. When he finished swallowing, he let out a loud gasp and a laugh.

Since Anton was behind him, Nicholas had his back to the door and didn't notice Mrs. McHenson approach. The austere dean cleared her throat once, then twice before speaking in a calm yet commanding tone, "Nicholas, I believe you were told to behave yourself, now face the front and not another peep."

Rolling his eyes, he turned back to face the front, and gave her a defiant stare. "You will follow me to orientation," she commanded.

"We just stared eating."

Mrs. McHenson gave Nicholas a dirty scowl. "Well, you should have started eating sooner. Class starts in five minutes. Now come with me."

"Oh, man..." Martin said, dropping his spoon.

The three boys did as they were told and followed the surprisingly swift-walking woman across the grounds to a small classroom, where there were only three chairs.

"How long is this going to take?" Anton asked.

"It takes as long as it will take."

"'Scuse me?" Anton replied. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Ignoring him, she began, "Now today we will be going through the rules, and what is expected of you. We will also cover your schedules, and answer any questions you have. Just raise your hand and I'll answer them." Leaving a pause as she emphasized looking around the room even though all three were clearly in eyesight.

"Good," she continued, "now first things first, just as you did this morning you will wake at seven a.m. sharp when the teacher calls you. That gives you roughly an hour to get ready before heading to breakfast. You are expected, of course, to be wearing your full uniform and that includes shirts tucked in and ties on." She said this with an arched eyebrow while looking over at Anton and Nicholas who had done neither.

"After breakfast, you will have your morning classes, which change each day. You'll be given schedules that will tell you the room and lessons. After those classes, you'll have a short break, but you will stay on the school grounds."

Nicholas's hand shot up at that, causing her to pause before nodding in his direction, "So are we ever allowed to leave the grounds?" He asked.

"Possibly, with a chaperone yes. On rare occasions in a group, after lessons when no club activities are on. But since you are new students, you will be limited to the campus for the duration of the term. Even then, you will need to earn the privilege. When the term is over, of course, we allow you to leave either to travel to your home or the surrounding areas." She then got back on track with the orientation. "Now, after the short mid-day break..."

She continued like this for what felt like a millennium. Martin listened intently, while Nicholas and Anton zoned in and out of boredom. They were throwing things at each other whenever Mrs. McHenson had her back turned. As the day wore on, Nicholas's mind was wandering, and he was thinking about the dozens of incredibly sexy girls he had seen so far. Then he began to think about Bree, wondering if they had any of the same classes. *I'll have to ask Bree later when I have my schedule to check*, he thought to himself. *Some alone time with her would be good.*



The next day, the boys started their day off on schedule, just as they were told during orientation, and headed to their first class. Anton and Nicholas were lucky enough to have some classes appear together on their schedule, although Martin was placed in some advanced classes and given a different schedule.

First period History and Gym class were first on the agenda for both Nicholas and Anton. When they walked into Sister Ellen's classroom, they noticed Carrie, who they'd met the other night with Bree, was already seated. She was wearing a similar uniform, a skirt on with black thigh-highs and her school uniform top which surprisingly, showed part of her bra as well if you looked at the right angle.

Something about this look made her much cuter in the eyes of the boys then if she had just been wearing normal stuff. They wouldn't consider her 'hot' — she was more on the girl-next-door side. She smiled as they walked towards her.

"Hey guys," she said.

"Glad we know someone else here," said Nicholas as he grabbed a seat next to hers. Anton too the next closest seat.

"Yeah, I'm just taking this class to finish off my requirements. I can't wait to see how Junior year goes this year," Carrie said, wanting to establish that she was of higher 'rank' than the other two, "and maybe I'll be able to leave here after this semester!"

"Don't like it here?" asked Anton.

Carrie leaned over and put part of her hand over the side of her mouth as she whispered, “I *hate* it...” She leaned back and kept her eyes on the boys for a reaction. They were still in a daze from having to wake up early.

“Why’s that?” Anton replied rather loudly, not catching on to her trying to be silent.

She gave an awkward glance up towards the teacher before back to them. “I really shouldn’t say, class is about to begin anyway.”

“Oh c’mon, you’re acting like they’re all secret cannibals, what is it? Don’t like the uniform or something?” Nicholas prodded, never one to let gossip go unheard.

She giggled a little, though at the first or last part of his sentence the boys couldn’t be sure. “The uniform is just one thing. I’m hoping to leave this school and go back to a normal one because...” Just then a ruler smacked down on her desk causing a squeak to escape her lips, and even the boys jumped back in surprise.

“Is there something you would like to share with the class young Miss Carrie?” Sister Ellen asked in a condescending tone. She wore a traditional nun outfit, with her hair covered, but you only needed to see the sneer permanently on her face to know how strict and surly she was.

“No, Miss, nothing at all!” Carrie replied instantly, the fear in her eyes clear to everyone.

“Hmmm... Well, I see... Now, I did hear your complaints, girl and you know such things aren’t taken lightly here at St. Elizabeth’s.”

Carrie’s tone changed completely. She was as scared as a person could be. “No, of course ma’am, I’m really sorry... It won’t happen again...” She pleaded, her voice shaking a little.

“No, no it won’t.” Sister Ellen turned back to the head of the classroom with Carrie breathing a huge sigh of relief, just up until she pointed in front of where she stood, “To the front Carrie.”

Anton and Nicholas watched in both curiosity and horror as she stood up and trudged along to the front, her hands shaking a little, causing a nervous glance between the pair.

Sister Ellen was not a small woman, she was in her late 40’s and was a little heavy set. Not the type of person to be taken lightly. She made her way to her desk and pulled out a large paddle.

“Again, St. Elizabeth’s is about showing respect to faculty, fellow students, and the history of the school. For those of you who do not appreciate those around you, there are ways of making you think before speaking up. Carrie, place your hands on the side of my desk...”



There's no fucking way this is really happening... Nicholas thought to himself. *This is the 21st century!*

"Oh, snap!" Anton whispered to himself.

Carrie hung her head down low and slowly did as she was told, as to avoid further punishment. She placed her hands on the desk as told by the vague instructions, as if this wasn't her first time receiving this punishment.

One of the other guys in the class said out loud, "My dad is a lawyer..." Causing Sister Ellen to look up. "That's enough! All of your parents signed waivers to allow this when they enrolled you at this fine institution! Would you prefer that I do this to the *entire* class?"

That caused the room to become silent. Meanwhile, Carrie already had her eyes closed awaiting her punishment. Sister Ellen walked closer to her. The boys noticed Carrie's skirt was coming up a little bit, and her butt cheeks were exposed to the class.

“Three strikes, Miss Carrie,” Sister Ellen said out loud. Without much of a warning, she smacked the paddle against her skirt causing Carrie to bend over more in pain.

“Owww!” Carrie cried, already feeling tears start to come down.

Sister Ellen looked sternly at the young girl and gave her another firm whip with the paddle. The impact caused Carrie to have a similar reaction and she became a little weak in the knees. With the third hit, the paddle grazed only Carrie’s left butt cheek and luckily was not as painful, the only but of Mercy Sister Ellen was willing to grant. Carrie knew she would feel the pain for a while and that there were red marks that would take weeks to heal.

“Good girl, Carrie,” the Nun said, with a surprising tone of tenderness. “Now go back to your seat.

The experience left Anton, Nicholas, and other new boys speechless. It took everything for them to not get up and leave, but they knew if the faculty did this to Carrie just for speaking her mind, things could get worse. They all pondered what else their parents consented to waive.

“Are you okay?” asked Nicholas, as Carrie came back to her seat with tears painting her reddened cheeks.

“...I’ll make it... *Ouch!*” Carrie said as she sat down.

Sister Ellen continued. “Now that this order of business is taken care of... Welcome everyone to US History! I’ll be passing out the syllabus to everyone in the front row, please take one and pass it back.”



“Relax dear, and take a few breaths, I’m sure the punishments are perfectly legal and fitting for the rule-breaking,” Nicholas’ mother said, as she was trying to reason with him. “Besides, it’s not that bad! You have freedom of movement, a good roof over your head, lots of new friends to make, and three square meals a day.”

Nicholas just shook his head in disbelief, “My phone got confiscated, and they haven’t given it back to me! That’s total bullshit!” He was talking on and old-fashioned payphone in the hallway and would have stomped his foot in anger, but he didn’t want to attract attention.

“Don’t swear at your mother,” she scolded. “You were warned not to bring it. At least this way I’m sure you won’t be distracted by it in class.”

“Oh no, I’ll be far too busy watching people get spanked!” He shouted into the phone getting all worked up. “I mean, is this Medieval Britain? You can’t do that shit now!”

“Now stop your cursing, Nicholas! I had hoped they’d teach you some manners at the school, but it seems you need more work... As for the spankings, I said before, it’s perfectly legal and you have nothing to worry about — just as long as you don’t break the rules!”

Nicholas turned himself to face an empty corner in the hallway, relieved that none of his roommates were there to see the disappointment on his face. He rarely showed any emotion, but seeing Carrie get spanked was traumatic for him. The other guys were shocked as well, and none of them could believe the school would employ such an abusive form of punishment. The one person who he was hoping would be more understanding would be his mother, but she seemingly did not care at all.

“Mom, seriously! This place is scary. They keep talking about rules and how we can be punished, it’s like they’re sadists.”

His mom sighed. “I know it is much different than what you’re used to, but we made sacrifices too just to make sure you were able to continue your education rather than go to jail. You committed grand theft auto and other serious crimes, Nicholas. You could have been sent away for a long while.”

He knew there were no lies in that statement, and realized that the conversation was going nowhere. The dejected young man was resigned to the sad fact that St. Elizabeth’s would be his home for the entire school year. “This place looked kind of cool at first. They have a lot of activities here, and we get a lot of free time to hang out,” he said with a little more enthusiasm. “It’s just they have been doing all these other weird things as well.”

“Oh, stop being paranoid Nicholas! You’re very lucky to be there instead of a prison cell, so count your blessings,” his mom scolded. “Besides I’m sure there’s plenty of girls there — who knows maybe you’ll bring back a girl for me and your father to meet.”

Smiling to himself at the thought, he did have to admit there were plenty of cute girls here. He was planning on getting to know some of them better, especially Bree, who he was flirting with and he was sure flirting back. “I guess so Mom, there is this one girl who is pretty amazing,” he confided, feeling a little awkward talking to her about it.

“She’ll be a lucky girl to have you Nicholas! Now I have to go fetch some things from the store, be sure to call me when you can, love you!” she shouted through the phone.

Nicholas was thankful no one else could hear. “Yeah yeah, love you too Mom...” he said, hanging up the phone before looking around again to make sure no one saw him. He headed back to his room, shuffling his feet, frustrated.



Nicholas was hoping Bree wouldn't notice his erection coming through his gray sweatpants as he ran his fingers through her hair. Over the past few weeks of school, they had grown closer and formed a bond.

Although she was stuck up at times, Nicholas thought she was easily the hottest girl at the school and loved that she paid attention to him. She had demonstrated a special interest in him, and already, Nicholas felt that this was a relationship that was going to get hot and heavy real soon. He also suspected that Bree was perfectly aware of the effect she had on him, and could get him to do whatever she wanted.

The two of them, along with Carrie and Anton, shared a Personal Finance class in which groups were selected to operate a booth at the school fair during the last weekend of September. Ideas ranged from having a dunking booth, to archery, to drone targeting, but it was ultimately Bree's idea to have them put together a little salon setup.

Anton and Nicholas thought this was the stupidest idea they had ever heard. Who goes to a fair to get manicures and facials? Of course, since both of the boys were trying to get in the girls' panties, they lost out on their ideas and were overruled.

School had been in session for a month, and the last few weeks of school had been awkward for the three friends. It started when they noticed some kids around the school dressed in ill-fitting clothes and some of the girls were wearing pants. This was against school rules, but they were not disciplined. Maybe it was because those girls looked kind of butch, or were they guys who looked kinda girlish? It was hard to say. Another weird thing was how the teachers used non-conforming language around them, avoiding terms like 'he,' 'him' and 'mister.' But they did use terms like 'she,' 'her' and 'miss' around the girls. Anton suggested that it was because it used to be a girls' school, and that kind of made sense to Martin and Nicholas. Lastly, for some weird reason, they were not allowed to get a haircut.

The three boys had gotten to know Liam a lot more, since they were in the same dorm, and to no one's surprise, he got along with Martin the best. They were both a little eccentric and into the same stuff, like books and games.

Besides Anton, of course, Nicholas considered Bree to be his best friend at the school. He still hadn't had the balls to make a move on her, but figured things were about to get serious soon.

As the fair got closer, they decided to meet up in Bree's room as Bree, Carrie, Nicholas and Anton were planning the fair. The boys were able to sneak in with the help of Bree who insisted that they get together to practice for the salon booth. That was when Nicholas decided that tonight was going to be the night.

Nicholas was waiting patiently for his moment, once Carrie and Anton left the room.

Despite his bad boy reputation, it was Nicholas' first time in a girl's bedroom, though what he was doing was far from what he had dreamed of. Bree was



sitting between his legs giggling away as he made sure there was enough distance from his crotch and her butt so she wouldn't feel his excitement.

Struggling to remember just what to do, he awkwardly attempted a fishtail braid, making sure to separate the hair into bunches before putting them around one another, trying to look at it as a knot so he could somehow make it more masculine. Bree's encouragement shattered his attempts, however.

"Be a little more gentle," she said, her back to him, "You don't want any girls complaining of you pulling their hair! You're doing great! It's almost like a girly slumber party!" Reminded of the feminine activity they were participating in, a loud groan escaped from Anton and Nicholas in unison.

Anton was on the other side of the room with Carrie, whose red hair had already been braided, albeit rather sloppily. Now she had her feet on his lap as he carefully tried to get the hang of the small nail polish brush, trying to do an even coat on her, but not get too much on the sides — something he was utterly failing to do.

Carrie was shaking her head in disappointment. "You're going to need a lot more practice if people are going to like our booth, Anton! Little girls can do this sort of stuff, why can't you?" She was a little annoyed at how her pedicure was turning out.

"Little girls should be doing this sort of thing, not a guy!" Anton retorted, smudging one of the toes accidentally as he spoke. "Besides, you two have been doing this your whole lives."

"No, actually I only really started doing it once I came here. Me and Bree practiced a lot, though, and got pretty good..."

Nicholas started to wonder if Bree was one of those ugly nerdy girls who suddenly turned really hot in their senior year.

Anton kept complaining. "Just can't wait until this whole thing is over," he growled. "We don't have to practice anymore after tonight, since the fair is this Saturday, right?"

Bree turned to him, "I mean the more practice the better. Plus we *are* raising money and you *can* get tipped!"

"How exciting..." Anton said, sarcastically. He then changed the subject. "Do you have any snacks up in this bitch? Like Doritos or something."

"Yuck, we don't eat that garbage," replied Carrie as she looked down at Anton. Bree smirked, "Yeah, it's really unhealthy."

"Well I'm starving," Anton replied, "What about you, Nicholas?"

"Yeah, I could use something. We've been over here for two hours already."

"There's a snack machine downstairs by the laundry room," said Bree.

"Great! I'll be right back. Coming?" Anton said as he looked at Nicholas.

As Nicholas was about to get up, he felt Bree's hand hit his chest holding him back. "We are in the middle of something. Why don't you go with Carrie?"

Carrie gazed at Bree with confusion. "How am I supposed to walk around with freshly painted toenails?"

"Have Anton carry you, silly!"

With slight laughter, Anton hurled Carrie over his shoulder and started walking out of the room.

"Just be careful not to get caught!" said Bree.

"And don't let anything hit my toes!" instructed Carrie.

As they heard the door shut behind them, Bree looked at Nicholas. "So, what do you think about all of this?"

Still feeling nervous, especially with the excitement happening in his pants, Nicholas shrugged. "It's not the ideal situation but in the end, it's all for fun."

"No, about this school," Bree said, leaning in a little.

"Well, I'm just still getting used to how things are here. It's hard, you know?"

Bree suddenly took her red manicured fingers and touched Nicholas' hard cock through his sweatpants. "Yeah... I can tell you are having a *hard* time here."

Nicholas's breathing became heavy and a little labored as he stammered out a shocked response. "Uh..." he said, and was cut short by Bree's pink glossed lips hitting his. She moved so she was now almost sitting on his lap, arms over his shoulders, as they continued to kiss.

He couldn't believe his luck, as Nicholas' hands roamed her body cupping her ass a little before sliding one hand up her stomach and cupping one breast — rather clumsily, having only done it once before. She rolled her eyes a little before continuing kissing, her tongue in his mouth as the more dominant kisser.

A few more blissful seconds before she pulled out, her wry and cocky smile returned to her face as she winked. "Just like a girly sleepover!"

Nicholas just nodded his head a little, still caught up in the moment feeling a little wetness in his boxers. Luckily, it was just pre-cum, and he hadn't made a complete fool of himself. With his usual confident demeanor, he replied. "Guess I've been missing out all this time then if girl's sleepovers are like this..."

Giggling again, as her blonde half-braided hair bounced, "Well, usually we put on lingerie and have a pillow fight before making out, but I doubt Anton would fit in my panties." She smirked again. "*You* could, though," Bree teased while she poked out her tongue.



The annual Saint Elizabeth's School Fair was the one event on the school calendar returning students most looked forward to. Every September, the school organized various activities from different classes and groups in the large auditorium for students and faculty to visit. In addition to the exhibition hall, which included several student vendors, there were also sporting events and various music acts.

The event itself was only for the students and staff, not open to the general public. On the surface, the event looked like fun for the three boys. However, Nicholas and Anton were still a little pissed about having to do the girl's stupid salon idea. Martin was placed in another group, since he had a different class for the assignment, but didn't talk about it back at the dorms. If anything, he seemed even more pissed than his friends. Liam got lucky, since the people in his groups picked a booth selling hand-drawn book covers.

Setup for the salon booth took longer than expected.

fortunately, because of the school's long history with putting on plays and events, there were several props and resources available. The team of Anton, Bree, Carrie, and Nicholas managed to get two large salon-style chairs, a portable sink, and plenty of shelves to hold props, makeup, hair bands, nail polish, and other essential elements such as skin care products.

Bright white-framed mirrors, a beautiful rug, and other decor items made their booth shine. For uniforms, Bree wanted them to dress as if they were working in a salon, which meant all-black attire. She and Carrie did their hair in updos with lots of eye makeup and embellishments like bracelets and jewelry.

Nicholas and Anton both wore black t-shirts and pants, looking thoroughly bored and disaffected as they finished the booth. Carrie and Bree were 'organizing' while the boys did the heavy lifting and moving. Opening a little late, Bree stood out front, bringing in 'customers' as she called them, even though there was no money being exchanged, and the other three prepared themselves.

The first few girls came around and walked in, after setting up their own booths, instructed to sit in the salon chair while Carrie did their makeup. Embarrassingly, Nicholas had to go around behind and ask her what braid she wanted before doing his best to implement, having gotten plenty of practice that week.

Anton, however, had to sit on a stool next to her and ask what polish she wanted before carefully — and rather expertly — beginning to paint her nails, much to the girls' delight and giggling. For the rest of the day, it carried on

much the same with the four of them switching roles once and a while, though one of the girls always did the makeup.

While kneeling and doing a pedicure, Nicholas's now fairly long hair kept obstructing his vision causing more than a few complaints to Bree. "Can't you cut it?" Nicholas asked.

"Like I keep telling you, we're not allowed." Bree said. "They don't even let us have scissors. You could always sit up on chair and we could braid it, maybe! Although all customers get the full treatment so you'd have to have nails and makeup too!" she said cheerfully, as she painted another girl's eyelids in a deep azure blue.

"Pft!" Nicholas replied. "There's no way that's happening. I'll just ask one when I can have it cut," Nicholas replied, flipping his hair over to one side with a shake of his head.

"Not much chance of that, they're um... Pretty strict on hair here." Carrie said, nervously glancing around a little as the two salon chairs become available.

Bree took a look around and sees no new customers before jumping up a little excited. "We've hit a bit of a lull here, so we might as well have you two get a little pampered — Nothing crazy or girly, just relaxing spa-day stuff!"

Both boys were less than eager, but quickly relented with a casual shrug, both plopping down into the chairs lazily. Sitting and resting was worth the price.

Bree hit play on the digital boombox and picked up something from one of the tables. "Wait, what are you doing with that?" asked Nicholas, as he looked on, fearfully. Bree was prepping a makeup brush in some type of palette.

"Don't worry about it. It's just a powder like they use for anchormen on TV. It will make your skin shine a little and you'll look hotter. You shaved recently right?"

"Yeah," he responded, "just the other night, and nothing has grown. For some reason, I haven't had to shave as often since coming to this school."

Meanwhile, Carrie held up a shade chart to Anton's face with his darker skin, before settling on a tone that would be perfect for his medium-dark African color.

Bree stood in front of Nicholas, quite close, as she swiped the final amount of color on the brush. Her shirt showed some cleavage, and he could see her bra when she bent over to start applying his makeup. The touch of a makeup brush against his face was a new experience. It tickled slightly, but the smell was weird and slightly feminine, enough to make his penis shrivel a little as the Macklemore song played on the boombox.

"I thought you said nothing girly," Nicholas said.

"I may have been stretching the truth," Bree confessed with a smile.

After both Nicholas and Anton had a little blush and concealer applied, the girls both grabbed some nail polish, which both boys protested over. “Oh relax!” Bree said. “It’s clear, see?”

Carrie held the bottle up to Anton’s face. “It just makes the nails stronger and healthier!” She said.

“Yeah, okay, fine,” Anton said, with a sigh, holding out his hand.

“Dude, seriously?” Nicholas asked.

“Man, until we say yes, they’re not going to leave us alone,” the young man replied.

The explanation seemed to be enough for them both as they relaxed a little more into the soft chairs, enjoying being the ones on the receiving end rather than doing the salon work. Nicholas was brought out of his peaceful daydream — until the moment Bree walked over with pink lipstick in her hand, causing him to jump up and out of the chair. “Ha, very funny. I think that’s enough pampering for one day!”

“Oh fine, killjoy,” she replied in her usual upbeat tone. “Though we still haven’t got many customers, why don’t you two go and have a walk around since it’s your first fair? Enjoy the booths!” Bree ushered them both out of the booth before waving over another girl for a makeover.

The hall was packed with students, and as the two boys stepped out of the booth, they found it was difficult to avoid bumping into people in the dense crowd. “Do you know where Martin’s booth is?” Anton asked, looking around but not seeing anything to catch his eye. “I heard it’s a Café so we should be able to get food as well!”

“I’ve no idea, but food does sound good. Let’s look around for it, most of the booths are all for girls anyway...” Nicholas complained, flicking a stray hair from his vision while his nails glistened in a little the light.

Walking through the noisy exhibition hall, the boys glanced at the various other setups. One group had a beach theme with a sandbox and lounge chairs. They had a hard time not staring at the girls in bikinis. Another group was dressed as witches from the movie *Hocus Pocus*. They were getting people set for Halloween, as they had various costumes for people to try on. To add some atmosphere, they had something that looked like a spell book along with a giant cauldron.

Finally, after walking around a few corners, they saw a white sign with red letters that read ‘Café Elle.’ The café setup had a few stools next to a coffee bar. It was a combination of a coffee shop and vintage diner with French presses, coffee machines, an espresso maker, a few pastry dishes, and four waitresses. Obvious, they had raided the drama department for some sets and costumes. It was all very impressive. Looking around for Martin, Anton and Nicholas didn’t even recognize him as they walked up.

"Oh shit..." Anton said as he stifled a laugh and put his hand over his mouth.

"Dude... what the fuck," said Nicholas.

Martin snarled. "...shut up."

"Was this your idea?" asked Nicholas.

"*Shut up!*" Martin replied as he moved his head, causing the curls of his wig to bounce.

Martin's bright pink wig fell on both sides of his shoulders framing his face in curls; that wasn't why he was so annoyed, though. He was wearing a short red and white striped diner waitress outfit with a little white apron on the front.

The skirt flared out at the waist and finished above his knees with a little white trim of a petticoat underneath. The short puffy sleeves were tight around his slim arms, and completing his feminine appearance was a pair of red kitten-heeled shoes that made a loud clicking noise on the wooden floor.

Anton and Nicholas were both stunned as they took their seats at a small table. They could hear various girls around them giggling as Martin minced his way from table to table, until eventually getting to theirs. "Keep the smart-ass comments to yourself and just order something..." He muttered, clearly flustered.



A girl in a matching outfit, minus the pink wig, appeared next to him shaking her head, “*Summer?* You can’t talk to guests like that, now do it properly!” she barked out her order, then turned and headed to a different table, smiling away.

Martin just let out a little sigh while looking down at his feet and gathering his courage, before looking back up with his best smile. Holding a pad and pen, he pointed to the name tag on his top that spelled Summer with a happy face above the ‘U.’ “Hi there, my name’s... Summer... And I’ll be your waitress, what can I get you?”

“Dude, are you enjoying this?” Nicholas said as he smiled.

“*Of course not!*” said Martin. “I told them I would dress like a soda jerk or something, but they insisted that we all have matching outfits.”

“Feel like a little sissy?” asked Anton.

Martin was about to groan, but then he noticed something. “Wait... are you guys wearing makeup?”

Both of them kept still before Nicholas spoke up. “It’s not makeup, it’s just like some shiny stuff since we’re working at the salon booth.”

“I’ll take a red eye,” said Anton, quickly changing the subject.

“Anything for you?” asked Martin looking at Nicholas.

“Coffee with four sugars and cream. Oh, and a cheese danish.”

Martin scribbled down the orders, even though they were easy to remember, and said, “Coming right up!”

Suddenly, the girl who was acting as Martin’s manager came back over to them. “Excuse me, did I overhear you say you had a salon booth?”

Clearly they didn’t want to admit it, so Anton hesitated before quietly saying, “Yeah.”

She smiled, “Oh my God, that sounds *so* fun. I want to check it out. Plus look at this!” She held up Martin’s hand to expose that his nails were bare. “I think Summer needs some attention. Do something that matches her outfit!”

“Umm...” said Nicholas, feeling uneasy about the situation.

“*Just do it!*” she demanded.

“Right now?” asked Martin. “I’m kinda busy...”

“Just grab these orders real quick and follow them back to their booth! I can’t believe we forgot to do your nails, yet let you borrow some panties.”

Anton and Nicholas both lost it at the mention of panties, laughing loudly as Martin stormed off. He quickly grabbed their order, before returning to the table and shoving it in his friend’s hands. Then, he headed right for the exit, not looking behind him as he walked out. He already knew where the salon was,

and didn't want one second of any more humiliation in the diner. Nicholas and Anton quickly hurried behind him, still chuckling.

"So what color are your panties?" Anton asked, as he tried to hold it together.

"What style?" Was Nicholas' question. Both were asked between fits of laughter as Martin did his best to ignore them, and the mocking looks he was getting from people passing by.

Eventually they calmed down a little and pointed out their booth. Bree saw them and waved, putting her hand over her mouth once she caught sight of Martin. Rushing over, she gave him a quick glance from several angles before looking at the name tag and giggling, "Summer? Well, it seems you two brought us someone in need of our services! Please tell me *she* is going to be a customer!"

Martin just bowed his head in shame as the other two guys nodded, giant smirks on their faces. "Of course, once we told him we had a salon he practically begged to come over," Nicholas chimed in, nudging Martin forwards towards the chair.

Martin turned back ready to yell curses or even throw a fist but Bree just took his hand and lead him down onto the chair shaking her head. "Just ignore those two, I bet they're just jealous!" Poking out her tongue at them before pointing to the nail polish stand, "Grab the matching red bottles. Nicholas you do mani, and Anton, pedi. I have makeup covered!"

Anton and Nicholas were not enthused about being the ones who were adding to the feminization of their friend. Especially with Bree yelling at instructions and mentioning that she wanted to see them progress in everything they learned today. The smiles left their faces rather quickly.

Anton took off Martin's heels and got a glimpse of his small feet. Martin couldn't have been more than a size seven in men's size and he couldn't even guess what he wore in girl's shoes, but knew he wouldn't have an issue fitting in them since Martin was small for a boy.

He grabbed a small bowl and put Martin's bare feet in them. The lukewarm water was a little surprising to Martin, who had never had his feet prepared in anticipation for nail polish.

Meanwhile, Nicholas took a giant nail file to Martin's fingers, getting rid of some extra edges. Martin could not see what was going on since his head was leaned back as Bree started prepping his face.

"That wig is staying on very well! It's fun that you went with pink. Great color for you!" smiled Bree.

"Thanks, I guess..." said Martin.

"I still can't believe you're wearing this getup," said Anton, as Martin blushed deep pink to match his wig.

"I can't believe we're doing any of this to begin with!" replied Nicholas.

As Martin sat there silently brooding, he calmed down a little, eventually forgetting his current situation and relaxing. Once his beauty treatment was done, though, he had to stand up again. Soon, his heels were back on, and he faced a mirror, looking at the incredibly feminine reflection where his boyish face should be instead.

Bree threw compliments at him a million a second while Nicholas and Anton looked totally weirded out that their friend looked like a cute chick. Martin looked dazed as he stood shakily, touching his face to make sure it wasn't a trick. His heart skipped a beat when he saw his bright red ruby nails matching his lips for the first time, and he winced knowing his female booth teammates would all soon be teasing him mercilessly.

Before he had a chance to ask them to clean it all off, Miss McHenson peered into the booth looking at the salon's handiwork and smiling, "I had heard the girls were putting you in a matching outfit, but didn't expect you to go all out, you make a very cute girl, Martin."

He just nodded, taking the compliment, knowing she wasn't the kind of woman you disagreed with if you were smart. Nicholas apparently wasn't though. "Oh hey Mrs. McHenson, I was wondering if I could see you about something later today or tomorrow, I have an issue I need to talk to you about."

"I can give you five minutes tomorrow morning at six thirty five. Don't be late."



The next day, Nicholas woke up an hour early, so he'd be ready to talk to the dean at the appointed time.

"Quiet! I'm sleeping!" Anton said, rolling over in his bed, turning away from the light.

Nicholas was just putting on his tie, almost out the door. "You gotta get up in fifteen minutes anyway," he said.

Anton clutched a pillow over his head. "And I'm gonna use all fifteen! Now, turn out the light!"

"Fine," Nicholas said. He headed out the door. "But when I get back, you're gonna call me a haircut hero."

Forty-five minutes later, Nicholas came back to the dorm and slammed the door on his way in the room. Looking up, Anton asked him, "Holy shit, what the hell happened!"

"Man, that woman is such a bitch," he responded.

“What did she *say*?”



“It’s just really weird being here,” said Nicholas, in Mrs. McHenson’s large office, gazing at her across the desk. He had arrived on time in the early morning, much to the dean’s surprise.

“You seem to have been adjusting fairly well other than a few misdemeanors,” replied the dean.

“Because everyone is so bossy. Especially the girls here.”

Mrs. McHenson smiled, “Our young ladies in the student body often display examples of authoritativeness, passion, and sophistication.”

“It’s just a little much... Yesterday at the fair was humiliating. Passion? All they wanted to do was embarrass us and shot down all of our ideas for that booth.”

“You did very well, considering the circumstances.”

“Mrs. McHenson, I really don’t like it here and neither do my friends. I ask for simple things and they are denied.”

“Please provide me with an example,” she insisted.

“My hair has never been this long. They told me I couldn’t even make an appointment at the campus grooming place without special permission. Why would they deny something that is basic personal hygiene?”

“As I have stated before Nicholas, St. Elizabeth’s has strict grooming and dress code standards.”

“So you don’t let people get *haircuts*?”

“Of course we allow students to receive haircuts. It’s just our resources are stretched, and can only accommodate so many students every day. We do haircuts on a precise schedule. It’s just not your turn, yet.”

Nicholas sat there, confused. “My hair is touching my shoulders now. It’s been growing more rapidly since coming here for some reason. I heard before that some private schools didn’t let guys have long hair.”

Mrs. McHenson grabbed a form from her desk and started filling out some lines on it. “Just for you, I am granting you special permission to go there right now. Right about now, they should be opening for the day. They will accept you as a walk-in with my approval. Just give them this form.”

“Wow, *really*? Thanks!”

“It’s my pleasure.”

Nicholas asked, “Do I have to get this form from you every time I want my haircut?”

"You can ask one of your advisors as well."

"Okay, thanks!"

Happy he'd finally made some ground, Nicholas strolled his way contently towards the schools grooming room, something he thought was ludicrous to have on school grounds. But with hundreds of girls here all year it did make a little sense, and he could understand why they may have been a little overtaxed.

He walked through the front door of the salon and into the unsettling foreign environment, with the smells of feminine shampoo and various other products hitting his nostrils. He sighed and headed over to a smiling lady waiting for her first customer, passing over the note he hadn't even read.

She studied it a little, glancing up at him then back down smiling still until finally putting it down and motioning him over to a chair. "Right then, I have an open spot for the next half an hour, so why don't we get started on that unruly thing on top of your head you call hair!" She giggled.

Sitting in the chair, eager to have his usual short back and sides, he explained his usual look before she cut him off with a wave of her hand. "Sorry hun, but as I'm sure you know, there're only certain styles allowed here, though I'm sure we can compromise and find something you like."

"Certain styles?" Nicholas asked.

"It was all in the orientation," the lady explained. Nicholas regretted not paying more attention on his first day. So, a little pissed off that he wouldn't be getting his desired hair he just nodded, he was thankful that at least it wouldn't be as long as it was now.

"I just want this off of my shoulders. Too long!" he said.

"My name is Samantha, by the way."

"Nicholas," he responded.

Samantha examined his dark brown hair and ran her fingers through it, finding some knots, which told her he didn't comb his hair properly. She turned him away from the mirror and grabbed a few hair clips from her table. He didn't question her because he was happy just to finally get his hair cut.

The clips were placed in various parts of his hair, and he had never had his hair clipped like this before, but Samantha was a professional, and he figured she knew her stuff. Samantha took her scissors in one hand and held parts of his hair in the other, giving certain parts some texture.

As Nicholas sat there, he didn't see the massive chunks of hair falling on his cape as he'd expected, and became curious. "Samantha, how much are you taking off?"

"Oh, I'm just spotting some areas before I work my magic."

“Okay...”

After several minutes, Samantha took a small break and sprayed something in his hair. Nicholas could not identify the product based on the smell, and it was neutral in scent. He then felt a hot object come towards his head.

“Stay still,” commanded Samantha, holding his chin still so he didn’t budge.

“What *is* this?” said Nicholas as he tried turning around.

“Hold still for safety!”

The hot object went around various parts of his hair, holding in place for a few seconds at a time. After Samantha had finished, she sprayed his hair with another substance, this time with some type of citrus scent.

“All done! Are you excited to see?”

“What the hell, Samantha, is that a new way of cutting hair or something?”

To end the anticipation, Samantha slowly turned him around in the chair so Nicholas could see his new look.

As he was spun around, he could feel the now familiar — and annoying — hair at either side of him, but what he saw in the mirror almost caused him a heart attack. In the place of his unkempt, shaggy hair was now a well-kept messy-waves hairstyle, parted down the middle and framing his face the same style he’d seen on quite a few other girls at school.

“What the *fuck* Samantha? It’s a girl’s hairstyle! Not to mention it’s the same damn length!” His breathing was becoming heavier as he shook with rage.

“As I said, there’re only certain styles allowed at this school; I did my best to get it close to what you wanted... Besides, it suits you. It’s a popular style with your classmates.” She smiled back at him in the mirror, weaving her hands through his thick hair, giving it a little volume.

“My classmates are *girls!*” He turned around to address her. “You have to shave it off right now; the guys can’t see me like this...”

“I have nothing to shave it off with, I’m afraid. I’d be fired tomorrow if I did. We don’t do that here; now I can give you a few things that will help you maintain this look...” She continued talking, ignoring his protests as she grabbed a few bottles and a pink hairbrush before passing the items to him.

Standing back up, he felt his hair bounce along with his movements, making his stomach turn. Knowing it was no use to argue, he took the objects disdainfully. Only one thought kept him from doing something violent and stupid: the school only had one hair stylist, but for sure, the nearby town had barbers...



Back in the present, with Anton staring at him in shock, Nicholas had trouble holding back his emotions, but still managed to get the words out. “She told me I had to get a permission form to get a haircut, and only certain styles were allowed. Gave me a slip, and I went down there, and they did this to me!”

“Did you fight them?”

“I argued, and they said they couldn’t shave it off. Do you know how embarrassing it was walking back here like *this*?”

“Did anyone say anything?” asked Anton.

“Surprisingly no, but Anton... I can’t walk around like this!”



“We got any scissors to do anything about this?”

“Nah, I thought about that,” Nicholas said. “I haven’t seen a pair of scissors or even a knife since we got here. But you know when we took the bus ride in here and saw that strip mall on the outskirts? Here’s what we can do: we can sneak out and find a way to get rid of this girly hairstyle.”

Anton started rubbing his head. “Man, I need a haircut as well... You sure you didn’t fuck up doing something stupid and punished you with a girl’s style?”

“Dude, something about this school is fucked up. We need to get out of here for a bit.”

Anton frowned. “How? Just leaving? We can’t take a ride out of here that easily. They’re watching us, and they have those security guards all over the place.”

From the other door, Martin walked in the room. “Jesus! You have to wear a wig to the dorms?” Martin asked Nicholas.

“No! This is my hair!”

“What the hell...” said Martin, visibly astonished.

“Long story, Martin. They forced me to get this style, and I want this gone now. Too much weird shit has been happening lately, especially yesterday and today. We need a break from here.”

“They told us we have to stay here,” said Martin, “And we won’t be allowed to leave until the end of the term,” That was just like him, almost always going by the rules.

Nicholas became assertive. “Exactly, and that is why we need to sneak out and get into town. We can get our hair cut the right way, maybe see a movie, grab something to eat, and come back before they do the head count at night in the dorms.”

“When are we supposed to do this?” Anton asked. “If we try it right now, those security guards are going to spot us easily since the sun is still out until like five. After five, the shops in town will be closed.”

Nicholas stopped for a moment to think over the situation. “We need to do it just before dawn when it’s still dark. Those security guys will probably be lazy, working graveyard shift. We can get off of the property, hang out for a bit, and maybe get breakfast at some 24/7 diner. Then, we get to a barber shop as soon as they open, see what is happening in town, and make it back here before lunch and afternoon classes.”

Martin spoke up while adjusting his shirt. “We’ll be missing morning class though, so won’t they notice? Shouldn’t we wait till next Saturday?”

“Man, I can’t go almost an entire week looking like this! Needs to happen *tonight!*” demanded Nicholas.

“He does have a point...” Anton said. “They’re gonna notice we’re gone in at least two classes and they’ll start looking around campus.”

Thinking for a moment, Nicholas said. “We haven’t said we’re sick yet. Since people know we’re always hangin’ out together and live in a small dorm, we can get someone to cover for us and tell the teachers that we have the flu or something.”

“So... We should ask Liam, then?” asked Martin.

“No bro,” Anton said. “That guy’s gotta be a little snitch.”

“Well, he’s going to notice that we’re all gone,” Nicholas pointed out. “He’d tell someone and get us in trouble.”

Martin was still searching for an answer. “Should he come with us?”

“I don’t see any other way,” said a disappointed Nicholas.

“That still doesn’t solve the issue of getting someone to cover for us,” said Martin.

Nicholas smiled for the first time that day. “I know! Bree! I can ask her to tell someone in the office. She’d do that for me.”

That night, before he went to bed, he scribbled in his pink diary, “*Told you that you fuckers you couldn’t hold me!*”



With Liam dragged behind reluctantly, the three friends carefully left the dorm in the early hours of the morning, about four a.m. as the clock tower told them. Sticking close to the walls until they had open ground, they carefully skulked through the hallways and towards the front of the dorm, where a little booth with a security guard waited.

In their room, they’d come up with various plans to get around this hurdle, varying from throwing a bottle so he’d investigate, like a game Nicholas had once played, to knocking him out like they’d seen in spy films. Thankfully for them, though, they clearly heard the guard snoring as they approached.

Snickering to themselves as they crept past the slumbering security man, they relaxed knowing that now they’d just have to find the outer gate, then climb over it, and they’d be outside and free. They were thrilled that their plan was going perfectly so far. Or at least three of them were — Liam took the moment to once again protest. “Guys come on! You know it’s not too late. We can still go back. Imagine how much trouble we’d be in if we’re caught?”

“Would you relax man?” Nicholas said. “We’re not going to be caught! Besides what’s the worst they can do? They already humiliated me with... with *this!*” He pointed to the cute new feminine hairstyle he now possessed.

"Yeah," Anton added, "besides we've been cooped up here for weeks, about time we headed out, I haven't even been to this town yet!"

"I heard a few girls talk about going there," Martin explained, turning his head sharply on the lookout. "It's pretty small, but apparently has a lot of shops thanks to the school being close..."

"Good, then there has to be a hairdresser or barber or something and someone who can give me a short back and sides..." Nicholas complained, moving a lock of hair from his view.

"Geez, you're obsessed with your hair," Anton said, grumbling.

"Well, it was getting long!"

"Big deal! Look where it got you!" Anton fired back.

Nicholas was pissed at his friend. "This isn't my fault!"

"Guys!" Martin shouted, "Shut up!"

Anton looked around, "We can't just keep talking about this. Let's get moving! Remember, stay near the ground and watch out for any lights!"

So, the group started their late night adventure of getting out of St. Elizabeth's. Trying to leave through the front gate was out of the question. They knew there was serious security there and too many obstructions to find a way around it. Based on what they had seen of the layout of the property, the school was surrounded by woods, so seeking cover in the forest was their best bet at getting out unnoticed.

Crunching over gravel and walking quickly, they tried making as little noise as possible and stayed away from any pathway that was well lit up in the darkness.

Liam and Martin kept looking back, while Anton and Nicholas looked directly in front of them and to the sides, making sure that no one on a security golf cart or other vehicle would see them. They could see a light on a cart two buildings away, but knew they were out of its driver's sight. Although not easy to spot at night, they did realize that coming back onto the property would be much harder since it would be daylight.

However, they figured if they knew the right path to take, they'd make it. Getting back to class or the dorms would be easy since they could just make an excuse about looking around campus or doing something on the lawn.

Ten minutes later, the group could see the main buildings of the campus in the background with very little else around them other than a random statue, a field house, and some old tower that looked like it hadn't been used in years.

"We're getting close, guys!" said Nicholas, excited to get a small chance of freedom.

Liam became apprehensive about the situation. "We never talked about how big these woods are..."

Anton interrupted. "Man, don't be such as pussy. All we gotta do is go through a little bit of trees and then cut east. That will put us out of the property but right there near the road. Just can't go by the road for a little while in case anyone spots us."

Liam looked at Martin, knowing that he had similar concerns. But Martin wanted a break far more than Liam ever did, especially since Liam was already partially conditioned to St. Elizabeth's strange ways. Martin shook his head at Liam, and then looked away.

Liam then realized that not even Martin was on his side, but he didn't want to risk anything. He had worked too hard at the school to get in trouble for the first time, much less over something this major. Panicking he said, "Go without me! I'm going back!"

Nicholas said, "Are you fucking *insane*? We're almost out of here!"

"I can't do it!" cried Liam.

"Bro, just come with us and be quiet!" urged Anton.

Martin stood silent, unsure of who to agree with. Part of him wanted out of that school even for half a day, but the other part of him shared Liam's concerns about the harsh consequences.

"No guys... Really, it's not worth it," Liam said. "Go on without me. I won't say anything once I get back. Just let me know how it goes." He turned and dashed back towards the school.

The other guys started to go after him, but Nicholas stopped them. "Just let him go... We're better off without him!"

Headed out towards the woods, Anton felt like an anchor had been taken off him, in a way. Nicholas was too focused on his goal to give it much thought. Walking for a few more minutes and getting closer to the woods, the group heard the sound of crickets along with some things plunging in water. It was too dark to see, and even though they had a small flashlight, they were trying not to use it. They were afraid it would attract unwanted attention.

"Is that part of the river?" asked Martin.

"Sounds like there's some water around here, but probably just the end of the creek or something. We can step through it," said Nicholas.

Nicholas lead the pack, walking in front slightly and looking side-to-side to see if anyone was watching. Anton and Martin looked backwards, knowing they had almost reached escape.

Nicholas smiled to himself as he inched closer, feeling his heart racing and sweat on his palms. This was what he lived for, the unknown, the danger, the adrenalin. Unfortunately, he got the shock of his life, literally, when thousands of volts of electricity shot through his body, throwing him back several feet. He bolted backwards sharply as Anton and Martin looked on, confused.

“Stop fucking around man, we’re so close!” Anton snapped as he walked forward. He immediately tensed up as the same electric field coursed through him, making him back up several steps, gasping for air along with Nicholas. Before they could find their voices to warn Martin about the electric fence, the boys heard an alarm from a building nearby, and saw with a red light flashing on a nearby tree.

“*Shit!*” Martin yelled, terrified. “You guys set off an alarm! Quick, we need to run!”

In-between sharp breaths, Nicholas spoke. “We can’t get out this way without getting shocked; we have to get back to the dorm or hide out...”

Anton was about to reply before they heard sounds of someone yelling, and saw a flashlight shining close by. Then, with one look at each other, they all ran off in separate directions without thinking, sprinting as fast as they could.

Nicholas eventually stopped next to a bush and hunkered down, hoping the sounds of the other two running would get more attention.

Martin had a similar idea, as he found the small stream they’d heard earlier and sat down next to it, hoping the soft noise from the river current would cover him. Anton, however, kept his head down and bolted, always the fastest out of the three, with the thought that he could out-run the security men.

Shortly after they separated, the boys heard several loud voices over the alarm, while large lights like those on a sports field lit up the woods. Teams of security combed through the area searching for escapees.

Martin’s attempt backfired soon enough. He was found by a guard following the stream. The security man grabbed him by the wrists and dragged him back towards the school. Martin began compliantly apologizing and blaming Anton and Nicholas for taking him along.

“Oh thanks, Martin, now they know we’re out here too,” Nicholas thought. He almost climbed inside the bush to hide, knowing there was no positive outcome from this night.

Anton eventually reached the edge of the tree line before seeing a few guards standing in the open, waiting. Knowing he couldn’t go forward or back, he scaled a nearby tree. He was only able to climb a few feet up before panting heavily, out of energy. His only hope was that if they found Nicholas the security personnel would just give up.

It wasn’t to be. Both of the other boys were soon caught. Apparently, the guards were experts at catching truant students, and well-aware of their common hiding places. As both boys were brought back out of the woods, and with the realization of what they’d done sinking in, Nicholas became worried about further punishment while Anton was just hoping he wouldn’t go to prison.



The boys sat in the hot cell of the security office on a hard bench, much like their previous arrest for joyriding. The security office at the school was much ‘nicer’ than a real jail, but the situation was still just as stressful.

Martin had redness under his eyes from crying, while Nicholas and Anton just looked pissed off. Nicholas had already punched the wall once in anger. So far at school, they had seen some weird stuff. A girl getting paddled in class, Nicholas’ forced hairstyle, what could be next? Who knows what kind of bizarre punishment awaited them.

Unfortunately for them, Mrs. McHenson was headed straight for them, storming down the outer hallway to address the situation. She was accompanied by two uniformed security guards as well as a guidance counselor none of the boys had met yet. They could see her through the small window in the room and hear the click of her high heels.

By this time, it was 6:00 a.m. and Mrs. McHenson was in no mood to deal with this situation. She was angry about getting called in this early from her private residence on campus.

A loud clank was heard as the door to the holding cell was opened. The boys could see her stern and furious face glaring at them. “Boys, please come with me,” she said, with considerable restraint.

The security guards went to both sides of the boys, making sure they didn’t try anything stupid while walking towards the interrogation room. This was slightly nicer than the previous room, with a large table, some plastic chairs and a few very vague motivational terms on the whiteboard, as well as a bookshelf.

None one of them said a word. They were still very disappointed that their mission to escape from the bullshit of St. Elizabeth’s had failed. They feared consequences that ranged from being caned to getting sent to jail for real.

As the boys sat down on the small plastic chairs, Mrs. McHenson and the counselor sat opposite them on larger seats, making the adults seem all the more daunting. Placing a few folders and booklets on the table, the dean looked at the boys sternly in the eyes until each one by one couldn’t meet her gaze.

“Now boys, I would like to know just why you were out of your dorm at such an early hour, I can’t imagine you were lost...” Her cutting voice made them all shrivel in their chairs. Their silence continued as they exchanged glances with one another.

Martin was the first to speak when it was evident she wasn’t going to leave her question unanswered. “We were trying to get to town, Ma’am”

She nodded with her face still, cold and calculating, as she jotted something down on a pad. "And just why were the three of you trying to do that?"

Both Anton and Martin looked towards Nicholas to answer that, both knowing it was his plan and his reason they left. Eventually, biting the bullet, he spoke up. "Well Ma'am, I was planning on getting my hair cut to a normal style before returning to my classes. We weren't trying to miss class..."

She nodded, again scribbling something down before tapping the pen against the paper a few times, the sound making the boys sweat. "I'm sure you're all aware that the rules clearly state that you're to remain on the premises at all times unless accompanied by a member of staff, for your safety."

They all nodded in unison as she continued, "And since all three of you came here because it was either this school or prison, so I'd have thought you'd be on your best behavior."

Her threat hung in the air for a while before Martin leaned forward, his eyes wide, and said, "No please Ma'am! Really, it was just a mistake! We didn't want to escape or anything! Please just don't expel us!" His begging pleas were backed up by tears welling in his eyes.

"I will discuss your punishment with the counselor here, and we will notify you when we decide if you shall be punished or taken back to the judge..." She waved her hand for them to leave as a member of the security team opened the door.



Several days went by without any word from the administration about the incident. They found out Liam had successfully made it back to the dorms, without any problems. However, he had heard the alarm going off, and knew things had gone bad.

The incident was the talk of campus, because their attempt set the alarm off for the first time that year. Even as they went back to class and back to normal student life, the boys remained quiet on the subject, trying to take their minds off of what awaited them.

"Why don't you guys just tell me what you're going to do to us, huh?" Nicholas wrote in his school-mandated diary. *"What, you think you can torture us? I'm not gonna crack!"*

The only person that Nicholas felt comfortable talking to about it was Bree. She was surprisingly sympathetic to his anguish, telling him that it was completely normal for a boy like him to want to regain some kind of control over his life, even if it was just over something as silly as hair. Over the next several days, Nicholas found Bree's dorm room a retreat from the questions

everyone else was constantly asking him, and a place he wasn't being judged. He'd started to spend most of his afternoons with her, and even staying after dusk.

The school administration was also taking their time in rendering a verdict on the three boys' fate. It was driving Nicholas crazy, waiting for the axe to fall. He was so preoccupied that he didn't even register with him that he didn't have to be sneaky getting into her dorm room, which had been previously off limits. Bree and Nicholas were even open about it, often chatting between themselves as they walked into the dorm casually, and the security guard smiling at them.

"Why don't they just get it over with?" Nicholas moaned as he laid out on Bree's bed one night.

"They probably just like to torture you," Bree responded from the bathroom. She was lucky. She had a bathroom all to herself. "I'm ready when you are," she said.

Nicholas got up and slogged into the bathroom to see that she was ready with yet another attempt. She had promised Nicholas to try and find some way to 'fix' his hair, and they had been at it for hours, and they were making a mess with a bunch of hair products. She felt sorry for him in a way... but not really. He had been complaining a lot recently, and she had very clearly had enough.

Nicholas sat on the closed toilet, since there was no room elsewhere in the bathroom while Bree worked on his hair. "I still can't believe they haven't told us anything," he said. "They never had any trouble punishing us in the past. They never made us wait."

"Yeah, I know, right?" said Bree.

"Bree... you've been at this school for a while. What do they usually do in these cases?"

"You mean with escape attempts?" She smiled and messed her side ponytail with her hand a bit. "It varies. It doesn't happen too often. I don't know anyone who got like caught recently either, and anyway, I've only heard things."

"Like what?"

"Worst case scenario: You'll be someone's girlfriend in jail!"

"Oh fuck, no!" said Nicholas.

"I'm just playing, silly!" Bree said lightly tapping his shoulder with a hair brush. While she had been working on his hair, he had been getting great glimpses of her hot bubble butt in yoga shorts, but still, even that couldn't keep his mind off of the issue.

"Thanks again for helping me with this hair situation, Bree. It's been fucking embarrassing as shit walking around school like this — but are you sure you don't have scissors that will cut it into a guy's style? Uh.... This chemical stuff you're putting on me... Is the idea to shrink my hair?" He went on before she

could answer. "As long as I'm not completely bald, it should be fine... So what do you think they're going to do?"

Knowing she'd been avoiding the subject of his punishment, he was seeking a straight answer. "Well, as you've seen in class, they usually punish you there and then. I had a few spankings back when I first started." Rubbing her butt at the thought, Nicholas just tilted his head, puzzled. "But since they've left it so long, they're planning *something*, no doubt!" she concluded.

"That's what I was afraid of! I'm thinking that any punishment they give me should be better than the alternative, though," Nicholas mumbled, trying not to think about being behind bars.

"Yeah, then you really *would* have to shave your head bald, which would be a shame because you have such great hair! Most girls would be jealous."

"I don't want them to be jealous of my girly hair!" he said defensively. "The sooner you're done, the better. You won't be punished for this?"

Shaking her head from side to side, Bree answered in a sing-song way, "Nope! I've done this a few times myself and on other girls, and no problems at all."

They continued chatting for a little bit, with Nicholas doing his best to flirt, while Bree just giggled and brushed his advances away, preferring to talk about fashion and her school activities, not even feigning romantic interest in him.

Nicholas' scalp began to get itchy, and he promptly complained about it. He was told to be patient, and then as Bree declared it was 'time,' he bent over the bathtub as Bree rinsed his hair, annoyed that he had to use her shampoo and conditioner, making him smell like some sort of flower.

Before he could reach up and feel how much shorter it was, Bree quickly wrapped it up in a towel. Then, she dragged him into the bedroom, and sat him on her bed as she grabbed her blow-dryer and straighteners.

"What are those for?" he asked. "I thought you said it was going to be shorter!"

"Relax! The straighteners will take the curls out — unless you want it to look like it did before?" she asked waving them in front of his face.

"Whatever. Fine. But you had better make it look normal!" Nicholas endured even more waiting around as he sat on the bed. There was no mirror for him to see what she was doing. All he could do was patiently wait for her to finish.

Bree worked away happily, making sure Nicholas kept his eyes closed, saying she didn't want to use the blow-dryer in his eyes. Eventually, she proudly announced it was finished, before clamping her hands over his eyes and leading him back into the bathroom. She stood him in front of the mirror and asked, "Ready for the big reveal?"

"It's not an extreme makeover," Nichols snapped. "Just hurry up, so I can see the damage!"

Opening his eyes, Nicholas was shocked at what he saw. He edged closer, getting more pissed off with each step, finally resting his hands on the sink. Bree's smiling face was bursting with pride the entire time.



She beamed. "I know... You're speechless because it is *so* amazing."

He was stunned to see that she hadn't cut off any hair. Instead, he stood there with blonde hair that was almost as light as Bree's, with a slightly darker tone and a few highlights of brown. A wavy texture and a few layers highlighted his face and overlapped each other in a very feminine style thanks to Bree's treatments.

If anyone saw the two of them together from the back, they would assume they were both girls. Bree was a little more obviously feminine, since Nicholas wasn't wearing yoga shorts. The girlish-looking person in the mirror was, in fact, a boy, but a boy with a very feminine haircut.

"What... did... you... *do*...?" asked Nicholas through his gritted teeth.

Bree fluffed Nicholas' hair from behind. "It's very lovely. It came out so well! I'm sure you've always wondered what you would look like as a blonde."

"Actually no... I've never thought about fucking being blonde. I've never thought about having my hair styled. I've never fucking thought about looking like a girl! I've never thought about coming to this piece of shit school!" Nicholas took some hair brushes and threw them in Bree's general direction, before storming out of the bathroom.

"You asshole!" said Bree. "*Seriously?*"

"I don't want to see you again!" said Nicholas.

"Nicholas! Really? Think someone is having their boy period?"

"*Shut up with all your girly shit!*" Nicholas screamed, very pissed off about the whole situation.

"It was supposed to be something fun, and you asked me for help!"

"I thought you were a friend and would cut it! Why the fuck would you think I wanted to be blonde?"

Bree faked a smile. She was mad because Nicholas was acting like a dick right now and didn't even say thank you. "I thought you trusted my judgment."

"Obviously, I can't trust you. I'm going to say something about this to the staff, then call my parents, and get the fuck out of here."

"You are *stuck* here, you idiot!" said Bree.

"What did you call me?"

Bree edged closer to him, "Seriously; you are acting like a little bitch right now."

"You're the one that's a bitch, you fucking cunt."

"*Ugh! Not that word!*"

"I'm done!" Nicholas said as he made his way only feet from the door.

Bree then punched him in his back, which caused no pain, but forced him to stop. “Nicholas! There is something you need to know...”

“What?”

Bree paused for a moment... and another moment... and another moment...

Nicholas became impatient. “Well, what is it?”

Bree opened up. “...I have a feeling I know what your punishment is going to be... And I’m only trying to help...”



Nicholas’s next few days were odd, to say the least. Far from the teasing and bullying he was fully expecting from the other students because of his blonde, feminine hair, he was mostly ignored by all the girls, except a few that even complimented him on it and gave tips. Along with that advice and Bree’s lessons on hair maintenance, he was becoming fairly well versed.

His dorm-mates reacted much more like he had expected. Martin couldn’t help but laugh every time he saw him, while Anton mercilessly teased him every moment he could. He heard constant snide remarks like “do blondes have more fun?” and “are you sure you’re in the right dorm, Miss?” These taunts always received the same response from Nicholas, profanity followed by an obscene gesture.

The three boys had almost forgotten their little attempt at getting out until, after two weeks of waiting, they were all pulled out of class and taken to the dean’s office. With a real sense of dread, they were nervously, silently, sitting in front of a large desk, waiting for Mrs. McHenson to stroll in wearing her usual formidable high heels.

Eventually — though not to their relief — she walked into the office. She casually closed the door behind her before sitting at her desk. Seemingly ignoring the presence of the boys, she put a duffle bag down beside her and opened some papers on her desk. Nicholas’s fidgeting was catching the edge of her vision as she looked up.

“Gorgeous hair, Nicholas, I’m glad you came around to the style. I’d say it suits you.”

“Thanks...” he muttered as a reply, knowing better than to complain.

“I’ve come to a decision on the three of you, and your punishment. Expelling you and sending you to the judge seems an overly severe measure, especially for the first misdemeanor. Although I will remind you, the next time we will not be so lenient... And so, there *won’t* be a next time.”

Again, they all nodded in unison, feeling like little boys being scolded by their mothers.

“As for your punishment, as all of you are aware the annual Halloween dance is coming up. All students must attend in costume, with no exceptions. Your punishment will be to wear the school’s drama department’s spare costumes. Usually, students are allowed to shop in town for their costumes, but you three can’t be trusted.”

Letting out a groan, Nicholas turned to Anton and saw his annoyance as well. It wasn’t their style to go dressed up on Halloween, not since they were little kids. Martin sat motionless, doing his best not to give Mrs. McHenson any reason to be angry.

Nicholas turned his attention back to the dean. “So what are these costumes going to be? Something like choir outfits, or maybe like Merlin?”

Mrs. McHenson smiled and picked up the phone on her office desk. After pressing a button, she said, “Can you please bring in the outfits?” to her assistant. After hanging up, she smiled. “I’m sure you’ll be happy!”

Anton became defensive again. “Happy? Every time someone says that word around this school, something awkward happens.”

“Choices have consequences,” Mrs. McHenson replied. “Would you rather be sent to jail?”

Before Anton could answer, Mrs. McHenson’s assistant walked in with three white garment bags, with a label on each of them. She distributed one bag to each of the boys who stood up to take them, in a state of growing discontent. The assistant just smiled, which made them feel even more queasy.

After she had left, Anton asked Dean McHenson, “And these costumes are going to be in the right size?”

“Yes, Anton. We keep meticulous track of you. We know your precise measurements, even as you lose or gain weight here at St. Elizabeth’s.”

Now that she mentioned it, Nicholas did realize that they all had changed a little physically since arriving at the school almost two months ago. He had felt like his thighs were getting a little bigger, and was sure that Anton was gaining in the butt. Martin, always on the hefty side, looked like he had a flabbier chest now than ever before.

Martin spoke up, studying the bag he was holding. “So when can we see them?”

“Right now is fine,” Mrs. McHenson said as she smiled and gestured for the boys to open their garment bags.

Nicholas had a funny feeling about it all, almost knowing what was going to be in there. He wanted to be wrong, he wanted to believe his instincts were wrong, and he took a long, anxious breath, before unzipping the bag. He sighed

as his worst fears were realized. Taking it from the hanger inside, he held it up almost in disbelief: it was a short, green sleeveless dress with a cut-out bottom. It was a fairy princess outfit, with the wings on the back side confirming it.

Anton started to laugh before Martin shook his head pointing to Anton's bag. "Don't laugh until you find out what you have..."

Taking his warning, and with a grim look, he pulled the zipper down carefully as if a sharp movement would cause it to explode like a bomb. Looking down at the black lycra material a little confused, he sighed thinking at least it wasn't as bad as Nicholas'. But upon closer inspection, he was dead wrong. A high-waisted leotard like he'd seen in 80's dance videos with pink lettering spelling 'Barbie' up the side was his chosen outfit.

Martin looked down towards his own bag and questioned whether he should open it here or in private, but before he could make up his mind, a pissed-off Anton snatched the bag and pulled out the costume. Anton had been hoping to switch it if it was less embarrassing, but the taller boy threw it back at Martin with a dejected sigh. Martin's outfit was a halter-top silver ball gown with frayed holes and a prom queen sash that said 'Miss Netherworld.'

Picking her duffle bag up, Mrs. McHenson placed it calmly on her desk before taking out a few articles of clothing. "I took the liberty of gathering a few accessories for your costumes, I'm sure you'll be able to tell which ones are yours."

"You're out of your damn mind if you think we're going to wear these! They're girls costumes! Hell, most girls wouldn't wear these!" Nicholas spat out, throwing his costume down on the chair he had been sitting on.

"Now calm down, Nicholas, and mind your language. Yes, you're right, of course. Unfortunately for you, these three were the only ones left after the students took the others as their costumes, but I assure you, one night in a girl's costume would be much better than the alternative..."

"I'd rather go to jail than wear this!" Nicholas said.

Mrs. McHenson responded, "With that hair?"



Nicholas tugged down the short green dress of his outfit once again. The feeling of wearing a short dress was going to be very embarrassing in front of everyone, but with the threat of jail always hanging over his head, there was no other way. It would have been just slightly easier if the hem didn't keep riding up on him, too. He had little choice but to go commando, as the nylons were so bulky over his boxers that he couldn't even fit the underwear in.

Mrs. McHenson had recommended that he wear boy shorts or better yet, a thong, but he thought it was a bit much. Especially considering the humiliation he was about to face. No undies were better than girl undies.

On the night of the Halloween dance, in the boy's shared dorm rooms, Anton ran his hand over his crotch again, since his penis showed under the leotard. A tuck job would have been appropriate, but of course, he had no idea how to do that, and it never came to mind to begin with.

After maneuvering his dick a little to fix it in place, Anton grabbed the black curly wig that had intimidated him since he first saw it. None of the guys had practiced with any of this, and they all just wanted to be finished with it.

Liam thought the whole situation was pretty funny, and was very happy he decided to go back that night when they'd tried sneaking out. He was the only one not wearing something feminine, and was relieved that he got to dress up as Harry Potter — which, frankly, was not far from his normal look.

Martin, for his part, was thankful that that his costume showed the least skin. The long prom dress came all the way down to his ankles so he could continue wearing his usual boxers with no problem, though the strappy heels Mrs. McHenson had given him were taking some getting used to. The added fat that had built up recently on his chest didn't help his self-confidence, as in the tight strapless dress it looked like he had budding breasts.

Footwear for the other two was much simpler. Nicholas had to wear green ballet flats that matched his costume, while Anton got pink leg warmers and matching sneakers. Each had been told to make an effort so, in their own way, they'd experimented with makeup.

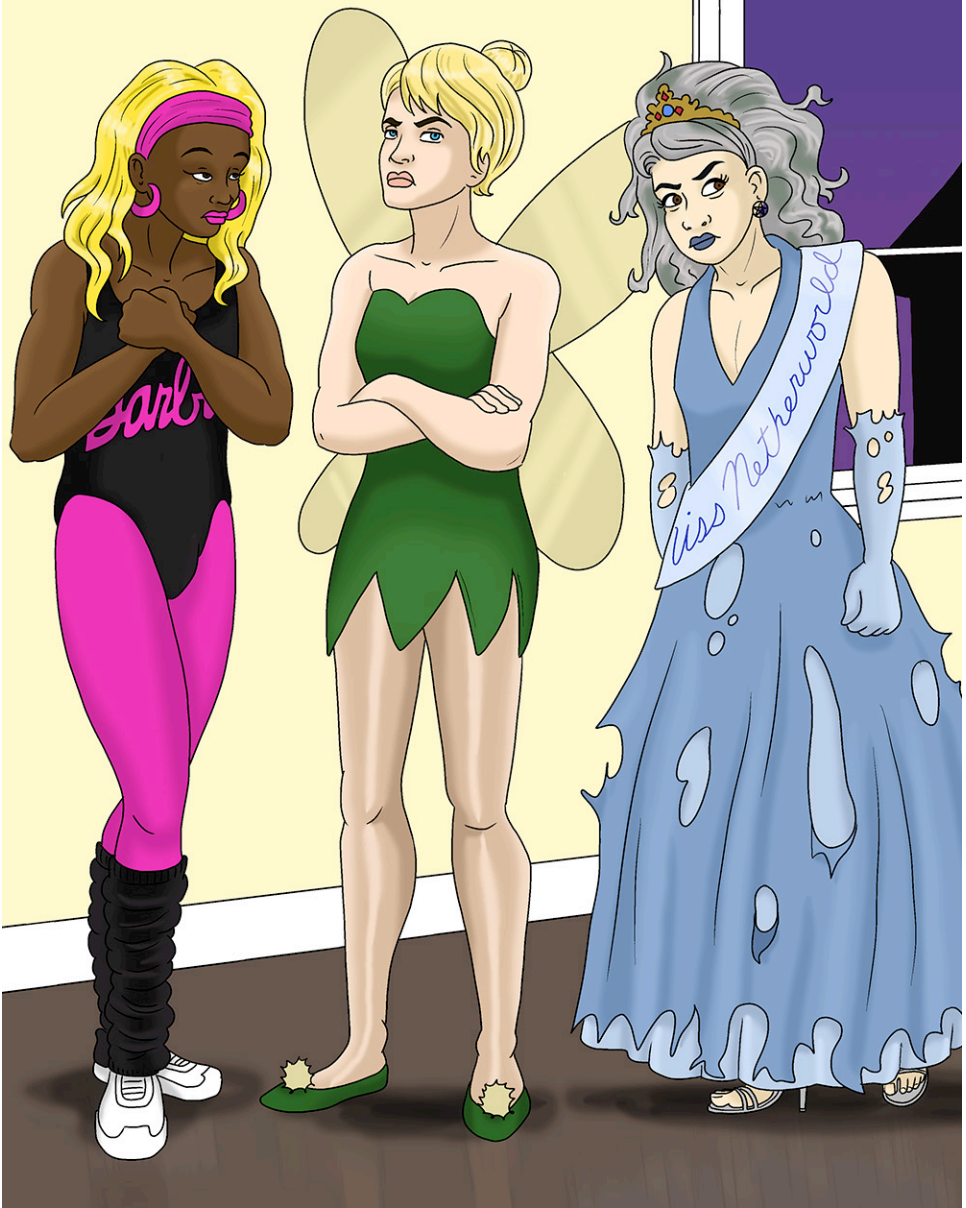
Anton had tried lipstick, though he was using way too much. Martin tried some eyeliner, figuring guys wore that sometimes anyway, though he kept getting afraid of poking himself in the eye and had botched it a bit. Nicholas tried the hardest, using eye shadow that had been included with his costume accessories. It was green and glittery, and although he did his best, he still looked a little like a raccoon or a sci-fi alien.

The one thing they had experience with was nail polish, so they all sported well-done nails. Nicholas, again wore green while Anton was forced to go pink since black wasn't given to them, and Martin had silver glitter nails that reflected off any light source.

As each finished up their outfits, Martin and Anton fiddled with the fake-looking wigs while Nicholas made some last minute adjustments to his blonde hair. Soon, they were all ready, but unwilling to go. Liam laughed at them the whole time.

"We should get a photo of everyone!" said Liam.

"No!" they all replied.



Sometimes walking in heels comes naturally for people, but Martin had a hard time walking in his, as the group started making their way out of the dorm room. The flats Nicholas had on were a little tight, and wearing such a short girly dress with nylons touching his skin made his penis shrivel a little, especially once they reached outside with the chilly October air.

Making their way to the academic commons, they noticed how much better dressed some of the other students were, with many in very elaborate

costumes. One shocking detail was that they could tell some other boys were dressing as girls, and they had to assume they had been punished as well.

One boy walking down the hallway was dressed as Arianna Grande, and they saw at least ten boys dressed like Harley Quinn; along with some genetic girls dressed like her as well.

As they entered the giant dance hall, they found and extravagantly decorated room and saw hundreds of other students partying to the loud music around the fog machine. Many students were smiling at them, but they heard some snarled comments from some girls about how they were dressed. They wondered why they were getting so many negative comments while other boys were crossdressing as well.

The three mainly stuck nearby the drinks and food, hoping that they could get away with just hanging around for a short time before heading back to their rooms, but Nicholas sighed as he saw the familiar waving hand of Bree who had a giant smile on her face, "Well aren't you three... something..."

They all just murmured out half-hearted replies and shrugged as Nicholas checked her out in her costume. Bree had come as Little Red Riding Hood with a frilly petticoat, stockings, and a little woven basket. "You, uh, look great Bree," he said, hesitant to get too chatty after their fight a few days ago. "I can at least tell who you are, compared to others." He was looking over at a girl barely wearing anything more than a tube top and mini skirt.

Doing a little spin, Bree pulled back her hood before looking the three of them over more closely, making a few faces that matched the ones they were getting from others, "You know people usually make a lot of effort for tonight, but you three look like... Crap..."

"We're dressed as girls, *what did you expect?*" Anton complained loudly while Martin just shyly sipped his drink, not comfortable around girls.

"And? You can see there're tons of boys here dressed in girls costumes, and they all look great."

"Yeah well I bet they're all gay..." Nicholas replied as he saw the boy he met the first day dancing in a red sequin dress.

Bree just made an annoyed face. "God guys are so dense! You owe me a dance anyway!" She took Nicholas's hand and dragged him to the dance floor.

Although twerking was against the rules at the dance, Bree did rub her bubble butt against Nicholas' cock as they danced. It was so busy, no one seemed to notice the growing erection about to burst from his pantyhose.

"So, I guess we're not fighting anymore?" Nicholas asked.

"I never was, it was you," Bree replied.

"Oh yeah, sorry. Just don't try to trick me, okay? I really need to trust you."

She mashed her boobs into Nicholas's chest. "But you're so cute when you're mad," she said, with an impish smile.

As the danced, he put his hands on her skirt for a grip, and occasionally felt her boobs a little. Even though he was dressed like a little sissy in front of everyone, something about being with Bree made things seem more relaxed. Perhaps it was because one of the hottest girls at the school was acting like this around him and, although she had condescending comments at times, in her heart, she had feelings for Nicholas.

After a few songs, Bree turned around and put her face close to his. "Looks like it was a good thing I had you practice putting makeup on!"

Nicholas didn't know how to take the comment, but replied, "Let's just not talk about this again after tonight..."

As the two of them held each other tightly and swayed to a slow song, Martin, struggling in his heels, was dragged into the spot next to Bree and Nicholas by Carrie, who was wearing a blue glitter skirt with a mermaid design and a shell bikini. Being the taller partner, she put her hands around Martin's waist while he reluctantly took up the girl's position.

Martin and Nicholas forgot their costumes and the punishment for a little while as they danced, and all talked to each other while Anton watched from the side, pissed that every girl he asked to dance turned him down. As the song wound down, Nicholas took his moment and leaned in to give Bree a kiss, for once surprising her and putting her on the back foot.

She soon regained the initiative however when she grabbed his butt and kissed back before giggling and heading back to the drinks.

"You guys all having fun?" Anton asked a little frustrated.

Bree and Nicholas gave a shy, knowing nod while Martin had a huge smile on his face and lipstick marks on his neck and cheek. As the conversation kept going, Bree eventually pulled Nicholas aside, being sure not to alert the others before giving him a sly wink. The boy took the hint and they both headed out of the room.

Nicholas could feel himself sweating even more so in the tight pantyhose, but swallowed hard and followed her, hoping she had in mind what he did.



The best thing about attending St. Elizabeth's for Nicholas had been developing a friendship with Bree. She was the most attractive girl he had ever been close to, and losing his virginity to her would be a dream. In all their conversations, he never told her about his virginity, and when the topic of sex

did come up, it mostly revolved around turn-ons and what they were both looking for regarding dating. Of course for Nicholas, that involved having sex.

Here he stood, entering her dorm room, and they had it all to themselves. Never did he imagine that he would be losing his virginity after dressing like a fairy princess, but at least the clothes would be coming off soon.

Bree acted very casually as she placed her bag down on a table and grabbed two bottles of water from the mini-fridge in the room. She saw Nicholas start to take off his shoes, but stopped him as he was about to slip out of the dress.

“Hold on honey,” she said slamming a bottle of water against his chest. “Stay dressed like that for now.” Taking his arm and sitting down on the edge of her bed, while Nicholas moved a fluffy cushion and her pink teddy bear out of the way, Bree giggled. “So what was it like, dressing as a girl?”

A frown came over his face, as he wondered if was this her idea of foreplay, cause it was a downer. “It was... different, I guess... The dress is murder.”

She giggled nodding. “It is pretty short.”

“I wish it would just stay down, I keep having to tug it.” Nicholas said. “I kinda wish Mrs. McHenson *had* sent me to prison.”

Rolling her eyes, she laughed. “Guys and their male egos! I am disappointed you didn’t do more makeup, especially after the lessons I gave you before the salon. Not even lipstick.” She made a pouty face, her red lips still shining.

“Well, that was mainly because I didn’t want to ruin yours if mine was a different color,” he said leaning in, and once again kissing her, pleased with himself after that line. He made a mental note to tell the guys about it later on.

She kissed back more gently than before as her hands slid up his pantyhose-clad thighs, the sensation electric to his senses. He was unused to it, but was enjoying it. His hands roamed along her sides, caressing her before moving to the back and finding a zipper. Feeling bold, he slowly pulled it down before leaning back and catching sight of her bare chest.

She shyly feigned surprise before pushing her boobs together with her arms; the perky B-cup breasts bouncing a little as Nicholas almost came in his pantyhose right then and there. He felt too nervous to reach out, but just sat watching, mesmerized.

Pulling some of her costume down along with part of the bra, she exposed her nipples. Bree smiled, knowing Nicholas liked what he saw, but she could tell he was a little nervous. “Aren’t you going to play with them?”

Taking the hint, Nicholas held her right breast from the bottom, feeling her erect nipple in the process. She let out a soft moan. Although she didn’t tell him, this was about to be her first time as well.

Nicholas used both hands to play with her breasts, and leaned into her for another kiss. Breast play was something he had experienced before, but not

with a girl this hot. Pushing his lips onto hers, he squeezed her breasts a little harder. Due to the pleasure she was receiving, she let him take control for a moment.

As he fondled her breasts, she got ideas of her own. Soon, her hands slipped under the green fairy dress and brushed against his erect dick, gasping she pulled back, so he was no longer touching her giggling. "You're not even wearing *boxers*?"

"They ummm showed under the dress, so I just went without," he sheepishly replied feeling a little foolish.

A sinister smirk took over her face as she kissed him hard on the lips before flipping him over onto his front, with surprising strength. Before he could complain or ask what was happening, she flipped up his dress, revealing his butt in nothing but pantyhose, her giggles getting louder.

Her hands moved slowly but firmly cupping his butt and pinching it a little causing a little girlish yelp to escape his lips as he just sat there hoping he'd at least get a blowjob at the end of this.

Bree quickly took off her skirt, exposing her panties although Nicholas couldn't see much, since he was laying on his stomach. Something inside of him knew that he was about to fuck this girl and he wanted to get out of his pantyhose immediately.

Continuing to feel down his body, Bree went under him and felt his hard cock through the nylons again, giving him a hard squeeze. It took a lot for him to hold back the cum that was about to erupt in her hand.

While everything was building to a climax, Bree stopped what was she doing and edged her mouth close to his ear that was hidden behind his blonde hair.

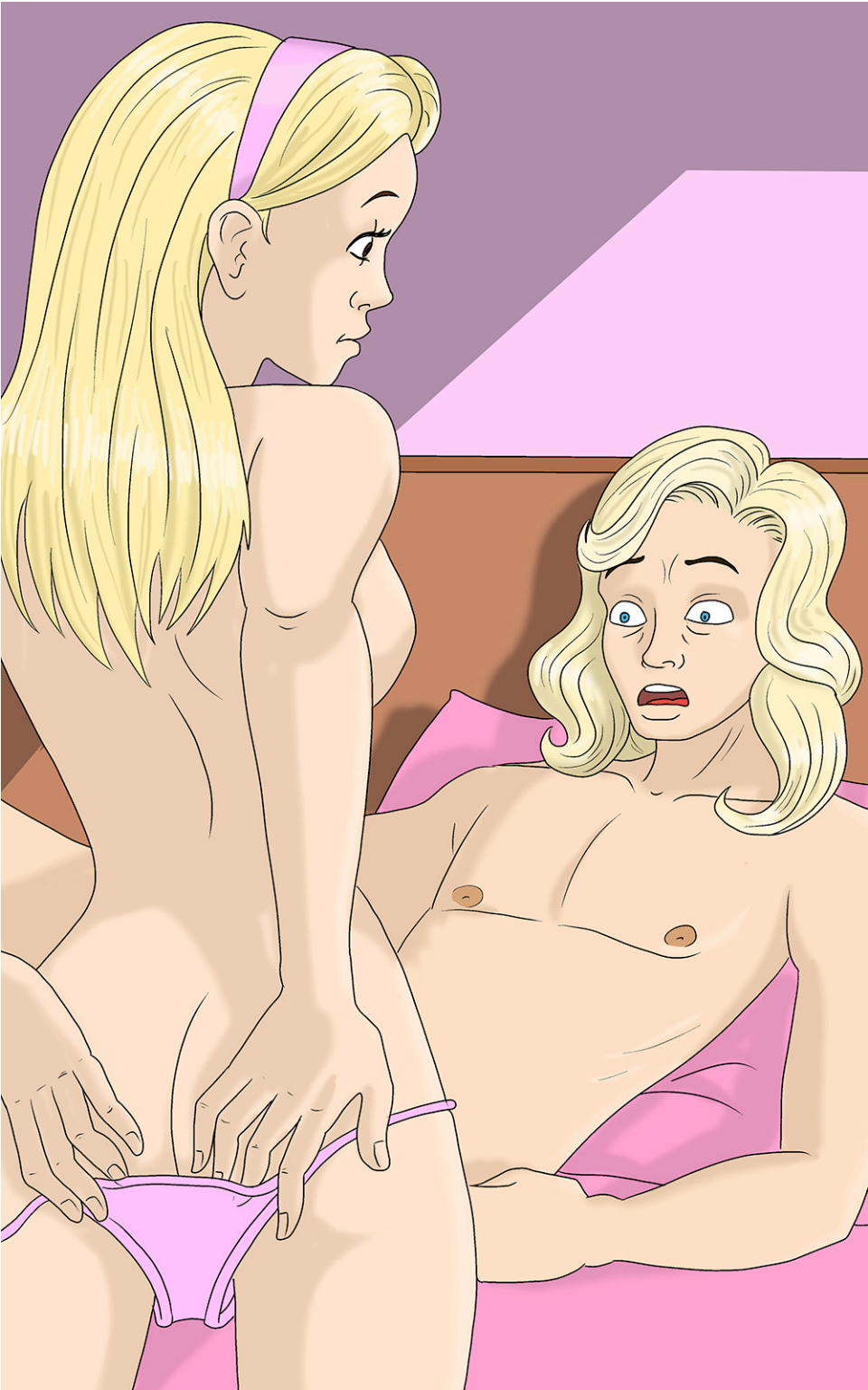
She ground his straddled legs and moved up his body a little with her crotch, before backing up a little and stopping. She whispered, "Nicholas... turn around..."

He did as he was told and laid there on his back, seeing that she just had on panties and her breasts were completely exposed since she didn't have anything else on. Her long blonde hair was messy but looked extremely hot hitting the sides of her boobs.

Nicholas laid there thinking he was going to have her sit on his face so he could eat her pussy before starting to fuck her. Or maybe she was about to get in cowboy position? Regardless, he was ready to take that fairy princess costume off.

Bree let out a breath before starting her speech, "I'm sure I don't have to tell you this... but I'm also assuming you've figured it out by now..."

Not moving for a moment, Nicholas replied, "...It's okay Bree... We have more in common than you think."



“Really? So you are okay with it?”

Nicholas replied, “I mean... I’m not really happy about it at all but I’m glad things are going to change *really* soon!”

Bree smiled, “Great! God it feels so great to be with someone like you who understands!” She leaned in for a kiss and then backed up again. “Are you ready?”

Nicholas let out what was hopefully his last breath he would have as a virgin, and said, “Been ready all my life!”

That’s when Bree edged her panties down. She had no pubic hair, since she just shaved that morning, but there was something a little different. The first sight of Bree’s penis would be forever burned in Nicholas’ memory. It was no more than an inch and a half long, and her scrotum had no testicles anymore, leaving just a flap of skin there.

Nicholas backed up almost off the bed, panic in his eyes. “You have a... ! You’re a... *What the fuck?*”

“I thought you said you knew? I mean it’s pretty obvious. I thought Carrie told you...” she said, looking a little confused, but not covering herself up.

Nicholas finally backed up too far and fell backward off the bed, stumbling to his feet and fixing his pantyhose. He looked down between her legs once more than stared straight at a blank wall, not looking at Bree anymore. “Told me what? That you have a dick? That you’re... what... *trans?*” He’d seen the term online and on social media a lot, but didn’t understand it.

“I thought she told you that every student here was a guy. It’s a school for feminization...” she said bluntly, shaking her head in disgust as she finally covered herself back up with the panties, barely a bulge showing as she grabbed a top off the floor to cover her breasts.

“*Every...?*” Nicholas paused to try and understand. He had heard the words, but couldn’t quite grasp them. “You mean that...” It was coming though, but a surge in instinctual terror coming up through his body, a sense of raw fear unlike he’d ever felt, was fighting with his ability to comprehend what her words meant. “This school...” It then, in an instant, became totally clear to him. Everything now made sense. All the weird behaviors, the punishments, the swishy male students, the prison-like security. It was true. It was obviously true. “But that means they’re planning on... I have to tell the guys!” he grabbed his green shiny ballet flats as he sprinted out of the dorm room, not looking back at Bree, who was calling his name angrily.



Nicholas had never been the type of boy to cry, but running back to his dorm was even more challenging with tears running down his face and ruining his eye shadow. He had been unusually moody since coming to this school, for reasons he didn't understand. The trip from Bree's dorm was only a three-minute run, and he made his way up the stairs and threw open the door after putting his key in.

In the small common area, he saw Anton and Martin who were back in boy's clothes. They had arrived about thirty minutes prior, and were happy to be out of those stupid feminine costumes. Anton's face was wet from removing makeup, and he was wearing gray sweatpants and an Under Armor shirt. He could see that Nicholas had been crying and was still in his costume.

"Dude, what's wrong?" he asked.

Nicholas took a deep breath, "*We need to leave here tonight!*"

"*What?*" asked Martin.

"This whole school... They are fucking sick. We were forced to dress as girls tonight because..." He paused, as even he was still struggling with the concept. They... are... *turning* us into girls!"

"Man, what the fuck did you smoke tonight," asked Anton with a laugh.

"I'm not making it up! Every girl here was a boy. I was at Bree's place and she showed me she has a dick. Carrie probably has a dick... Hell, Mrs. McHenson probably has a penis."

The room was dead quiet for a moment, then for another moment. None of them could think of a thing to say.

"You *are* high." Anton repeated.

"Think about it, dude!" Nicholas said with a wild look in his eyes. "The way they punish us. The guys who dress like girls half the time. The crazy number of girls on campus." He grabbed a fist full of the dress he was wearing. "Who punishes their students like this?"

"Wait, if..." Martin paused, ever the thoughtful one, as he considered Nicholas' claim. "Then... they aren't really turning into girls if they still have a penis... right?"

"Close enough!" Nicholas yelled. "*What's the difference?*"

Anton was about to tell Nicholas he was crazy when he grabbed some nail polish remover from a desk, to take off the polish from tonight. He dropped it on the floor when he realized what he was doing. "Fuck!" He said. "You're not kidding, are you?"

"*No!*" Nicholas shouted. "We need to leave *now!* Everything about this school has been weird... we were forced to be part of makeup crew and that other

stupid booth, these classes aren't male friendly, we were punished and dressed as girls... every day we stay here is going to get worse!"

Anton had been questioning the motive, but then realized Nicholas was right. "Aw, man! They... This place *is* fucked up."

Once they were all in agreement that they needed to escape, their planning began. Having already tried once, they knew they couldn't get out where the electric fence was, so it would have to be the front gate. Dealing with the guards would be the next problem, but Anton had the idea of busting through the front gate in quick way. It would involve stealing a utility vehicle.

They didn't pack too many items, just a backpack for each. Nicholas eagerly changed out of his costume and back into some normal clothes. He wore all black so he'd be harder to spot at night. Grabbing a hat to hide his blonde hair, he smiled because once again he looked like a guy in the mirror.

They chose not to tell Liam because he was already asleep, and because last time he bailed out on them. They couldn't risk that happening again.

"He deserves what he gets, the coward," Nicholas said.

Doing one last sweep of their rooms to check that they wouldn't leave behind anything important, they got out into the hallway, and opened up the window. The windows in their rooms were covered with a grate that kept them from escaping, but the ones in the hallway weren't. They scaled down the wall just like last time, thankful for some vines growing along it.

As before, they crept silently outside, hunkering down at even the slightest noise, but unlike last time this wasn't a light hearted truancy break, it was a full on prison break. Not one of them were saying a word, totally focused on their goal, in unison.

They spotted the dorm guard once again sleeping, and figured this would be the perfect opportunity to get what they actually needed, keys to one of the moving carts. The boys looked at each other before figuring Anton could do it. He snuck behind the chair and saw the key ring on the security guard's belt. Slowly, he took off the clip and walked out from behind the booth to his friends as they exited the building.

Figuring they had been successful in at least getting to the woods last time, they used the same technique getting around campus in the dark by staying off paths and each of them looking a different way. Another difficult problem to solve was how to get away after starting one of the carts, causing a bunch of noise at a late-night hour. The risk was worth it, they decided, because none of the guards carried guns, which meant that no one was going to shoot them, or so they reasoned.

There were a few places on campus with the type of vehicle they needed, but they figured the easiest to get to would be the landscaping office since it was

closest to their dorm. Seeing the carts, Anton was hoping the key would work. Nicholas looked at them as if they were an oasis in the desert.

Although his friends had been embarrassed this night — as well by having to dress like sissies in public — seeing Bree's cock was all Nicholas needed to want out. Jail would be ten times better than this. Another thing that came to his mind was why Bree wasn't mad about being turned into a girl. Why didn't she tell him earlier? Why was everyone so discreet?

The more he thought about it, the more he thought about other incidents at school that the group brushed off. Such as other boys getting longer hair, gaining weight in certain places, dressing more eccentrically, and more. How many boys had this school feminized? Luckily all of this would be behind them once they got out and told their parents what a scam this place was, and that they were doing an illegal sex-change practice.

"Who's driving?" asked Anton.

Nicholas stepped up and took the keys from Anton, sitting in driver's seat and trying each key individually. Working without any light, he had great difficulty. Martin and Anton hopped in with Nicholas, again getting in the back. The whole situation reeked of *deja vu*, but they ignored their inhibitions. If Nicholas was telling the truth, they needed to get out now.

Eventually, Nicholas found the right one and slipped it in. Without pause, he turned the key and the electric motor started up, causing more than a little noise. However, with no way to keep it silent or to hide, they stormed ahead at full speed, trying to make it to the front gate and out before anyone could catch them.

Their plan was to drive a few miles before ditching the vehicle and going ahead on foot, maybe getting a bus or even hitchhiking if they needed to. That was only if they escaped, though. A wrench was thrown into their master plan, however, as they approached the gate and they saw it completely shut.

"Shit, what the fuck are we going to do?" Martin hysterically shouted from the back, seeing his future of feminization flash before his eyes.

Nicholas just kept his foot on the accelerator, not giving a response, and hoping the gate was just closed but not locked — surely it wouldn't be locked without a good reason?

Anton picked up on what his plan was and just shrunk down into his seat, holding up his backpack for protection in case it all went wrong.

From the back seat, Martin saw the reflection of a TV in the security office that was next to the gate. "We need to keep moving! They may spot us!" he said, maybe a little louder than he should have.

"Fuck man! We need to get out of here!" Nicholas said, panicking about the situation.

“Dude, this can’t be the only fucking gate up in this mother fucker. Let’s just keep moving and go *slow!* Don’t want to hit that fucking fence in this thing.”

Nicholas put the cart in reverse and edged his way in the other direction from the security office. He searched his memory of every part of the campus he had seen. “Do you guys remember seeing any type of bridge or anything here?”

“No, the woods always looked far away but I remember they said they had some type of summer camp for younger kids they used that is adjacent to the property.”

“Let’s try getting there,” said Anton.

Nicholas picked up the speed to about 25 mph on the cart. He wanted to turn the lights on to see a little better, but figured it was too dangerous. The utility vehicle itself wasn’t too noisy at his speed, although going any faster would get attention.

In the utility garage, a heavy-set night worker pressed a button on the radio attached to his shirt, “Morrison to Section B. There’s a cart missing from the inventory outside of the landscaping office. Did someone sign one out one for the party tonight?”

The person on the receiving end checked a database sheet on the computer and replied over the radio. “No, all vehicles were reported at the landscaping office at twenty-two hundred, and none are scheduled for any usage until six hundred.”

“There’s definitely a missing vehicle,” Morrison replied. “Maybe one of those new guys left it somewhere else. Can we get a surveillance check around all buildings?”

“Roger.”

Looking at the closed circuit monitoring system, a security guard noticed nothing unusual as most buildings were quiet and all students would be in their dorms anyway. But the assistant next to them saw something unusual.

“What is that?” they said pointing to the third monitor down.

“What I don’t see anything?”

“There’s something moving in the background.”

The image was slightly blurry and very dark, but on second glance the person saw what they were referring to.

“What is that? A deer or something?”

“That is moving steady... that looks like a vehicle. But why are the lights off?”

Over the radio, a dispatch call was made. “Surveillance to Head Security, we have a suspicious vehicle in motion between Rudess Hall and Baker Square. Please dispatch patrol units.”



As the boys drove around, looking out for anything that would be an exit or weakness in the defenses, they soon noticed the flashing lights following behind them. As it crept closer and closer they could hear the guards calling out in their cart, “Pull over, right now!” The the school alarm also went off.

“Shit man, what do we do?” Martin asked, panicking.

“There’s no way I’m going back to that crazy school,” Nicholas replied. “We have to outrun them or lose them!” He slammed his foot down, picking up speed. He switched his lights on now that security knew where they were anyway.

Weaving off the path and onto the grass, he trampled some of the plants along the side trying to keep the cart straight while also lose the heat. The cart behind didn’t stop however, but kept up its pursuit, another two vehicles joining in.

Turning sharply right, the cart almost tipped over but the side of a building helped them as it scrapped the roof, all the boys cursing and yelling. One of the carts following them wasn’t so lucky, doing the turn too sharply and ending up rolling, the loud sounds causing various lights in the building to switch on as pupils and teachers alike looked outside, worried.

Still with two on their tail, Nicholas kept up his erratic driving, weaving in and out of buildings, over bushes and through small fences not caring about the damages. They managed to lose another vehicle as they went precisely around a water fountain while the cart behind couldn’t, smashing straight over and into the shallow middle, loud shouting coming from behind them.

“Jesus!” Martin said, looking behind them.

“Fuck this other guy,” said Anton as he saw the other cart come next to them as they approached an open field.

Nicholas made a sharp turn in an effort to lose them again, then came up with another plan. He yelled to his friends, “We can’t keep driving around here guessing where this other exit is. We have to go through that front gate!”

“How are we supposed to do *that*?” asked Martin.

“This thing can probably do some damage...”

“Oh fuck man!” yelled Anton as he saw the last security guards come up close to them in an effort to do a PIT maneuver.

“This is your *final* warning!” said the passenger of the security cart from a megaphone.

Anton looked for something in his backpack and discovered the wrench. He threw it at the driver. Luckily, it didn't hit his face but it did hit his hand on the steering wheel. The security guard lost control and curved to the right, away from the boys. Hitting a large concrete monument, the cart flipped over a few times.

Nicholas had his eyes set on the front gate, only a few hundred feet away. Anton looked back, "Oh fuck! That cart is on fire!" Meanwhile, Martin was in the backseat crying.

"Guys, hold on!" Nicholas said, as he went at the gate full force.

The sound was deafening as the cart slammed into the gate at full force. Every student in the main buildings heard it, and wondered what it was, while Bree had a horrible feeling she knew what — or rather *who* — it was.



The boys jogged their way through the woods leaving the wreckage of the gate and cart behind them. Luckily, having no injuries, they made their escape. They had no idea where they were going, but they were finally off school grounds and free.

The alarm could be heard blaring behind them as well as distant shouts of guards. However, the further they trekked into the woods, the more it was drowned out by the wind on the trees and the river's fast current.

"How long do we keep going?" Martin asked between gasps for air, being the least in shape of the three.

"We will probably have to move all night; they'll probably give up after that..." Nicholas responded, determined to get as much distance as he could.

"I don't know man!" Martin said. "We go home, tell our parents. Escape to Mexico. Anything's better than back there!"

"Agreed, fucking no way am I wearing any panties or getting tits..." Anton said from the front, looking for a clear path.

As their pace slowed from exhaustion and carrying their packs, they could hear the megaphone behind them; the guards were still on the search.

"Fuck man, we can't outrun them... We're going to have to find a place to lay low for the night..." Anton suggested.

They all agreed and jogged on, looking for a tree high enough or a bush large enough to hide in. Eventually, they took shelter after finding a little gully beside the river that with some foliage would hide them decently. Throwing their bags into the hole, they grabbed some leaves for cover, and hunkered down. Their panting slowed until they barely made a sound in the darkness.



“Should we notify the local police?” asked assistant security guard Felix.

Head security guard Moore replied, “Hell no. Do you know what the local cops would do if they found out about the school? We’d all be thrown in jail. They’re in that woods somewhere. Did you bring the heat sensor?”

“Yes!” said Felix. Grabbing the device, Moore looked into the monitor and scanned the woods. “Right over there!” Making a call on his radio, Moore said, “All units, westbound river, south past the hill line.”



The boys sat quietly, not saying a word to each other. If it meant sleeping there overnight, that’s what it would take. At least this method was more successful in getting them into town than the last one. Martin felt something itching on his shin and scratched it. Nicholas felt the same thing.

Nicholas whispered, “Damn bugs...”

Martin felt something slimy on his right leg and squealed, “Bugs and *snakes!*” Freaking out, he jumped up and grabbed the other two as they freaked out as well. Martin fell back, losing his balance, and looked back to see the sight of water right below them.

“*Fuck!*” they all yelled out in unison as they splashed into the moving water.

Security heard the motion and rushed to the river. The boys floated down the stream. Luckily, they were all at least a little experienced at swimming.

Nicholas caught the first branch he saw, and yelled for the rest to do the same. Anton made his way to the next branch he saw and climbed to solid ground along with Nicholas. Martin flapped his arms and was too far in the middle to grab anything.

“*Martin!*” Nicholas yelled out as he saw his friend go further down



the river.

Anton didn't say a word, although was worried, and got closer to Nicholas on the dry ground. "Man, we got to run down there and get him!"

They tried, but running towards Martin didn't help, the current was too strong, and after a few seconds, they lost sight of him again.

"*Shit!*" said Anton.

"*Get on the ground!*" yelled a security guard through a megaphone.

"We have to split up," said Nicholas.

"Great idea," said Anton.

Before he could move, Anton felt the sting of a taser gun on his thigh, causing him to fall to the ground. Nicholas felt a similar sting on his right leg and fell down on his friend. The two were surrounded by at least twenty security guards within seconds.

Even though they were in extreme pain, the two were able to look up to see the faces of angry security guards; knowing their escape plan was over.



Nicholas and Anton once again found themselves in the interrogation room, shivering a little with blankets over them. The guards were standing by the door, giving them killer glares, one with a bandage over his hand where they'd hit him with a thrown wrench.

Both were worried about what was going to happen to them, but even more concerned about Martin who they'd last seen screaming as he was swept away downstream. When Mrs. McHenson entered the room, she expected two sheepish, brooding boys but they bombarded her with questions about their friend. "Where's Martin? Is he okay? You got him out, right?" they both desperately wanted to know, forgetting their situation.

She waved at them to calm down before sitting opposite them, clearly pissed. This scared them, since she had never shown much emotion before. "Your friend is fine and is being held in the medical office overnight, just in case. You two on the other hand..." She let a stack of papers hit the table hard in front of them.

"Grand theft auto, resisting authority, criminal damages, assault... Need I go on?" She asked rhetorically. "I gave you boys the benefit of the doubt before but now... I'm not sure I can keep you from going to prison."

"Good!" Anton snapped. "It's better than what you're doing here! It's fucked up lady! That is, if you even are a lady, bitch!" Nicholas watched in shock, tempted to have his friends back, but knowing better.

She adjusted her glasses before calmly nodding. “So you two have found out why St. Elizabeth’s is such a special school; it was bound to happen.”

“You’re damn right we did, Nicholas saw Bree’s dick with his own eyes! Once our parents find out about this you’re the one going to prison...” Anton threatened, caught up in his anger.

“How did that happen?” Mrs. McHenson said, alarmed. She then looked at Nicholas. “Well, I guess at your age... Boys will be boys,” she said, with a sneer. “You better not have hurt her, you...” She stopped herself from showing any more anger and took a breath. “Your parents have been notified, and will arrive tomorrow. But in the meantime, you two are soaked and need to get changed.”



The next day, Nicholas started unpacking the boxes that were left for him in his new dorm room. He was told it was a ‘transitional dorm’ where he would get a mentor roommate to help “keep him on the right path,” as Mrs. McHenson said.

Unpacking his personal items, he opened in the box marked ‘Clothing’ where his worst fears came true. No boxers, no jeans or his old sneakers. Just an assortment of girly underwear like panties, boyshorts, and even thongs. No sweatpants, except ones that were *pink* and yoga pants.

T-shirts had been replaced by a few with feminine cut shoulders. Several dresses were in the box, ranging from sun dresses to skater style, to more formal styles from the Juniors department. And right on the table by his new bed was the pink diary he had been forced to write in.

Boxes and boxes of stuff were filled with jewelry, shoes, and everything else a girl would need. There was no end to this, and he figured this was the ultimate punishment for the crime. They were taunting him, rubbing his nose in femininity like a dog being scolded for pooping in the wrong place. He figured that once his parents arrived, he’d be clear to get the fuck out of the school; but for now, according to Mrs. McHenson, he would have to dress as a girl and live like one.

He was beyond the point of tearing up. His eyes were already dry enough from crying himself to sleep the night before. Not only was he pissed off at the fact that he was being forced to dress like a girl, but the school, and all of its female surroundings, was making him a little emotionally softer as well.

He took a break from unpacking and sat on one of the beds in the room, which of course had some stupid Zebra-print pink sheets. The other bed was on the other side of the room and similar in design. The room had pink walls with white curtains. It was smaller than the last quad he lived in, because it was

only a double room with a single bathroom. The two desks in the room apparently doubled as vanities because they had mirrors on the side.

After hugging a pillow for a few minutes, Nicholas heard a knock on the door. Too apprehensive to open it, he dawdled but finally got up and answered it without looking through the peephole.

“Hey roomie!” said Bree.

“You have *got* to be kidding *me!*”

“Can you help me bring in some of this stuff? Staff is going to be bringing the rest later,” she said walking into the room. Nicholas grabbed a box and walked in with her.

“Of all the people at this school... They pick *you* to be my roommate?”

“Of course! I’m going to be your mentor!”

“Oh fuck no...”

“And... that word... no more of it. I realize guys cuss sometimes but it’s been like non-stop explicit from you.”

Nicholas replied, “How in the hell? Seriously! I told Mrs. McHenson about seeing your penis... and she *still* puts you in a room with me?”

“Oh yeah!” Bree said in an excited manner. “She asked me about it once people knew I was one of the last ones to see you last night. Don’t worry, I didn’t tell her you had been sneaking back to my dorm or what we did last night. The story is going to be... you saw it by accident and freaked out. I then had to explain to you what was happening, and you had a mental breakdown.”

“This can’t be happening...”

“Cheer up! Seriously, it makes me sad to see you depressed all the time.”

“Bree, I’m going to be out of here once my parents get here. I don’t know why the school gave me all these female clothes.”

While she was unpacking some boxes, Bree replied, “Oh, that’s what they do to everyone who enters the transitional dorms.”

Nicholas recalled the stained memory of seeing Bree’s small cock the night prior and asked, “So I assume you were here before... ?”

“Totes!” Bree replied, a little more excited than she should have been.

“That’s pretty messed up...” said Nicholas. Several thoughts came to mind, and his curiosity got the best of him. “Bree... that’s one thing I’m really confused about. All of us have been really pissed off about this sick feminization school. Even other people around school who I now realize are turning into girls... they are either really shy, awkward, or seem disgruntled as well. But you... you are perky all the time and act like it’s nothing. Why is that?”

Bree stopped what she was doing and looked at him in the eyes. "I should probably tell you the story..."



Nicholas couldn't believe his eyes! He looked through the photos Bree showed him while she did her monologue. An overweight, brown-haired guy with a lot of acne was in the first picture at about age 13. After going through dozens of photos showcasing her transition, the last photo was her recently, hugging Carrie during volleyball practice, wearing pink gym shorts and a sports bra.

Bree continued her spiel. "I wasn't happy. Never did I think I would like being a girl, but when I was living as a boy, I was miserable. Some of my few friends had girlfriends even in middle school, and I was angry all the time for other things including my relationship with my dad. I started stealing things from people and causing a bunch of mischief. So that's how I ended up here. After losing a bunch of weight, I started to feel better about my body. I decided to dye my hair and started having a lot of fun with makeup. That's when I realized living as a girl is a lot of fun and it made me a better person!"

"That's a crazy story Bree, but I don't think that's me."

"You don't know until you try!"

"Another thing Bree... Your dick... it's really small and I didn't see any testicles... and you have boobs."

Bree blushed. "Most people are castrated here by the middle of sophomore year. The hormones we get are actually in all of the food here, so it makes it a lot easier."

"Dear God..." Now he understood why they weighed his food so diligently.

"Oh relax! They only do that stuff if you ask for it. For you, you'll just be dressing like a girl." She poked out her tongue as she started unpacking a few of Nichols's bags as he watched, then glancing at his own clothing box.

"You should start hanging stuff up. I bet you have some super cute stuff! You can always borrow from me though, if anything catches your eye," she continued.

"What makes you think I would? I hate all this..." Nicholas mutters, laying back down on his bed, shaking his head.

"Oh, stop being so dramatic! Just look at it this way, you have to dress as a girl until your parents get here, so you might as well have fun with it!"

"What're you expecting from me? To grab a pair of panties and bra then giggle like a *sissy*?" Nicholas replied, raising his voice.

"Well you don't have to giggle," she smiled, poking out her tongue again as she came over to his bed. In moments, she was busy unpacking for him, filling the drawers up with various styles of pink underwear, but leaving out a white lace bra and boy-short panties.

"These are pretty tame and should be comfortable, and if you've never felt lace before, you're in for a treat!"

"Fuck that," Nicholas said.

"They're going to check, Nicholas," Bree said, with a more serious tone. "By now, I think you know they mean business."

The boy didn't do much more than stare at the bra and panty set.

"You know I'm not kidding, right?"

Rolling his eyes Nicholas reached for them. "Fine, if I have to go along with this, but I'm not wearing a dress or a skirt!"

"That's okay, I'll find you some cute yoga pants! They'll show off that cute butt of yours!" she cheerfully responded, reminding him of the previous night and her caressing his ass.

Eventually, everything was unpacked and in drawers, hung up in the wardrobe, or laid out on his vanity. Much to his annoyance, he was now wearing the underwear she had picked along with yoga pants and a pink, low cut blouse. He also was now sporting some light make up that Bree had said the school would require, along with making him style his own hair. Nicholas hated to admit it, but in looking at his reflection, he appeared to be a cute girl.



Even after a few days of wearing a bra, the tight feeling of having one strapped around his shoulders still felt weird to Nicholas as he walked down the school hall to his first class. He didn't understand the need to put one on under his white blouse, since his "breasts" were non-existent. This was his first day wearing his newly issued uniform. He was required to wear the same outfit many girls had to wear, and felt stupid.

That was the problem. Many *girls* had to wear the same outfit! Never in his life had he ever had to wear pantyhose, other than the forced fairy princess Halloween costume. Feeling the nylon fabric rubbing against his hairless legs took some getting used to.

Bree taught him how to shave his legs before the Halloween dance, and since he lived in the same dorm with her now, she had taught him several other feminine grooming techniques as well. He thought it was completely pointless, especially since there was a scheduled meeting after school when he would finally see his parents and get out of this hell hole.



"This is ridiculous," he wrote in his diary. *"Why do this to us when we're just going to get out of here?"*

Clutching his new pink bag that held all his books and other school things, he let out a sigh before he entering the classroom, not sure how his new appearance was going to go down. To his surprise and relief, however, no one even gave him a second glance. The other girls in the class just continuing preparing for the lesson.

One look towards his desk, however, changed that. His friend Anton sat next to it, stunned. He was wearing an identical uniform, though there was a drastic difference. Without feminine hair, makeup, bra, and shaved legs he looked very much the part of a boy in drag, his furrowed brow betraying his anger.

Nicholas sat down at his desk, smoothing out his skirt like Bree had taught him after he'd flashed his panties a few times. The class, now realizing it was Nicholas, soon gathered around him complimenting his makeup and hair. One "girl" even stroked his legs and mentioned they'd been shaved, much to his annoyance.

It was creepy, looking at his classmates, knowing that every "girl" he saw was actually a boy. Some he could believe, but most were as beautiful as any girl he'd ever seen in real life. His skin was crawling as they got close. He decided right then and there that he would just have to ignore, if possible, what he knew to be the truth, and treat them as if they really were girls. Otherwise, he might just lose it.

Eventually, they all sat back down at their desks, though not before almost all of them had given Anton a cold and deathly stare. Clearly they weren't impressed with the effort he had put into his appearance. Anton soon leaned over to Nicholas and confirmed it. "Well they seem to like you, the moment I came into class they've all been giving me glares..."

"Because you didn't do anything I said!" Carrie mentioned from beside him, shaking her head, "Nicky clearly made an effort while you just barely put on the uniform."

"Nicky?" Nicholas asked.

"Yeah," Carrie responded.

"No one has ever called me that. Why did you just call me *that*?" asked Nicholas.

"Can everyone please settle down! It is time to start class!" yelled Sister Ellen.



The rest of the school day was a little weird for Nicholas and Anton. Some girls complimented Nicholas while some of the other boys who were unaware

of the transition methods looked at them oddly. The school was intent on keeping their secrets, and both Nicholas and Anton were warned not to mention what happened to anyone, or they would face “the severest” punishment.

Word had long gotten around about their escape attempt, but they refused to talk about any of the details. Especially since one of the most humiliating things was that they were caught even after successfully getting off of the property. People had asked about Martin, but even his two closest friends were unaware of his current fate.

Nicholas and Anton walked towards a familiar place: Mrs. McHenson’s office. They felt like they were practically living there at this point, but luckily this would be the last time they’d have to appear there. They were advised to head straight there after their last class, even though both of them desperately wanted to change out of those stupid uniforms.

“Why the fuck did they make us wear these again today?” asked Anton.

“Good question. I guess it was just to scare us on our last day. I’m so ready to be done!”

“Yeah man. I’m just wondering what’s going to happen once we get out.”

“I mean, I’m actually not scared of jail now after spending time in this place. I’ll shave my head and be fine,” replied a cocky Nicholas.

Anton said, “Yeah, I’ll beat a nigga up if they want to start shit.”

“I need to get back in shape somehow.”

“Plenty of time for that in there!” replied Anton. “They got weights! I’ve seen guys get totally jacked in prison!”

“Yeah, we haven’t even hit the gym yet... But I’ve lost a lot of weight from the terrible food here. I think like thirty pounds in two months!” Nicholas lowered his voice. “Plus, the drugs in the food, too.”

“Drugs?” Anton replied.

“Hormones. Bree said they lace the food with female hormones.”

“That’s crazy!” said Anton, bringing his hand to his mouth. “I think I’ve lost a little too. Maybe once we drive out of here, we can stop at Five Guys on the way back home!”

Minutes later, the boys entered the office and saw the oasis of relief their parents represented. Nicholas hugged his parents since he had not seen them in over two months, and Anton was hugged by his mother.

“How are you doing sweetie?” asked Nicholas’s mom.

“*Terrible!*” he screamed. “Look at what they made me wear today!”

His dad stood silent, still a little shocked at the fact that his son had been turned into a little sissy wearing a school girl's uniform and now had feminine blonde hair.

Mrs. McHenson was wearing her usual black skirt and blazer with a no-nonsense look on her face. She nodded to the parents as they all sat, while Nicholas and Anton were forced to stand uncomfortably beside them wearing their girly uniforms.

"I've explained the incident of a few nights ago to your parents," the Dean started off, getting right to the point, "and we've talked at length about the various options we're now left with. Since the amount of damage you did to the school's grounds and the injuries of our staff both would be seen as criminal, so if you did leave, your prison sentences would be even longer."

Nicky could feel his hands sweat a little as he rested them in front of him demurely, stammering out his question. "H... How much longer?"

"Well, of course, that would depend on the judge, but you'd probably be looking at something from ten to twenty years minimum thanks to your previous records."

Anton and Nicholas shared a quick, nervous glance as the bravado they had before instantly vanished. "Of course that's one option," she continued, noting their frightened faces. "Option two would be for you both to submit fully and without question to the school's rules."

"So we'd have to be girls?" Nicholas blurted out, blushing after he said it, a reaction to the look his father gave him. The other parents remained quiet after being instructed by Mrs. McHenson to see the boys' reactions first.

"That is one of the rules, yes. I would recommend option two, because it would be a shame for you to lose so many years of your life," she said bluntly, Nicholas' mother was now looking just as worried as her son, and giving him a longing look.

"No fucking way!" Anton burst out, surprising everyone in the room, "I don't want to get locked up, but becoming a girl is bullshit! You've been feeding us hormones and God knows what else? And what about Martin, he could be dead for all we know!"

Anton's mom looked at him with embarrassment, but didn't say a word. She didn't want him using profanity but also knew he needed to be correct.

Mrs. McHenson started talking, but was immediately interrupted by Nicholas, "Yeah! This is honestly the fucking stupidest thing I have ever heard of. How is this even legal? What kind of sick person thinks of having a school that turns boys into girls?"

"Boys, calm down!" Mrs. McHenson blurted. "St. Elizabeth's has been a successful institution for many years with plenty of boys who came here and left as productive and inspiring young ladies."

Anton put his hand over his eyes.

Nicholas looked at his parents, "How are you even *allowing* this? Why did you *send* me here?"

His dad took a breath and said, "It was a bargaining option with the court. There was really no other way. If you go to jail, you are throwing your entire life away, and your mother and I know you're better than that."

"So I have to spend the rest of sophomore year here *and* the next year?"

"Your... *Education* would be completed by then, yes," said his mom calmly.

"That's two years of living as a girl! Fuck that. And we can't come home until Christmas? What about other holidays? Summer? When I come home, can I be a boy?"

"You will not be going home for Christmas," Mrs. McHenson said. "You've already lost that privilege, at a minimum. When the school year is over, you can return to your parents, but you will not be allowed to be a male at any time, here or at home. It ruins the progress. You are to remain as a girl the entire time you are enrolled at St. Elizabeth's," Dean McHenson explained.

Anton, holding back the first tears he has had during this time, finally spoke up, "Then what happens when we graduate from here?"

Mrs. McHenson gave a slight smile. "At that point, the choice is yours. St. Elizabeth's does provide an exceptional educational experience. 98% of our graduates go to college."

"I think he means... Will we turn back to boys?" Nicholas said. "Of course, I talked with Bree about this. She told me boys are castrated here and she's looking forward to having her dick taken off!"

Nicky's dad felt his penis shrivel at the thought.

Mrs. McHenson was a little taken aback by the vulgar talk. "Some of our students prefer living as girls..."

"Yeah, and they're batshit crazy. Mom, can we please leave here?" said Anton.

Anton's mom looked at him. "You are staying here baby. I don't want you to end up like your cousin Marcus and be in jail at the age of 18, or like my brother who was murdered during a botched robbery."

"I'm not going to be like them!"

"Oh?" She continued, "Then how do you explain stealing someone's car, escaping from a boarding school, assaulting security guards, and almost causing a death?"



"That's not the point, God dammit!" yelled Anton.

"Anton," Mrs. McHenson said, "I had a conversation with your mom prior to your arrival today. She has agreed with the behavior counseling I mentioned to you the other night."

"What the hell does that mean?" asked Anton.

"You'll be required to talk with someone a few times a week about your feelings."

"It's for the best," said Anton's mom patting his knee.

Mrs. McHenson turned her attention to Nicholas, "Now, I hear from people that you have made some adjustments?"

"Umm... Only because I thought this was the last day!" he replied.

"I see... However, out of most incoming students this year, you have shown more significant progress than the others, despite some mishaps."

His mother was trying to be encouraging, "You can do it if you try, Nicky."

"*Nicky?*" He snarled. "Why is everyone calling me that? My name is Nicholas!" The boy growled. "Nick-o-las!"

"Not while you're enrolled here," Mrs. McHenson said, looking at his parents. "We've all agreed."

Nicholas stopped the conversation and changed the subject, not even wanting to hear what else she had to say. "Mrs. McHenson, you never told us where Martin is right now!"

She stopped and answered his question briefly, "He is safe and out of medical. His parents and I agreed to have him transferred to our accelerated school where he is away from bad influences."

"What bad influences?" asked Anton.

"You two!"



"This has got to be the worst day of my life..." Nicholas muttered into his pink pillow; his skirt had flipped up, giving Bree a great view of his butt in panties.

"So both of your parents agreed you'll be staying here? That's great!" She exclaimed excitedly, though it didn't rub off on him.

"I'm going to have to be a girl for two years, what part of this is great?"

"Well this school is a lot of fun once you embrace it, and if you're good we can go into town more, and we get to be roomies!" she explained, sitting down on his bed, and pulling down his skirt so he could keep his modesty. "It's not all bad, Nicky!"

The use of his new name made him flinch. “At least someone’s happy about this, I guess. I just can’t believe my dad admitted he knew all along...” Nicky said, rolling over, still hugging the pillow to his chest.

Bree gave him a little time before patting his leg, “That must be tough, but hey, at least you don’t have to worry about him being disappointed, he admitted he wants a daughter!”

Nicky didn’t even reply, he just kept rolling over further to face her and give her a cold look, though with his make up, it was more of a pouty teen girl look.

“It seems that for two years at least, everyone wants you to be a girl, why fight it? I mean it’s going to happen. I’ve seen students rebel and fight, and it never goes well. Even if you just pretend to like it, you’ll get sweet benefits!”

“Benefits? Like what?” Nicky asked, perking up a little.

“Well, as I said earlier you can go into town, though this time not as an escape attempt. You can join some sports teams, and they even give you a weekly allowance!”

“I guess that’s better than nothing; I used to play soccer back at my old school a little.”

“So you’ll do it?” Bree asked with a hopeful smile that was near impossible to say no to.

“Yeah...” Nicky replied, with as little enthusiasm as he’d ever had.

“Great!” Bree shouted out. “First thing tomorrow I’ll talk to the gym teachers and have you signed up for all my classes!” Her face showed that mischievous smile that Nicky now feared more than most things.

“Okay, but what sports do you even *do*?” he asked.



“So, you would describe the relationship with your mother as...?” Dr. Gertrude Müller asked. After a short greeting and a general information exchange, the session was well underway. She was a thin woman in her late forties, with a sharply-cut bob of dark hair and a pair of round-rimmed glasses on her face. Dressed in a professional and sharp pencil skirt and blazer, she tapped her pen against her lower lip as she waited for a response.

Anton shrugged. “Fine. I love her, I guess.”

Shortly after the meeting was over, and a sadly short farewell to his mother, Anton found himself in the wood-paneled office of Dr. Müller. After a brief introduction to the counselor he had to speak with for behavior management, the session began.

Anton had laid down on the sofa in the office hoping to find some relaxation in this upsetting day. He wanted nothing more than to rip off the girl's uniform he was forced to wear, even though it wouldn't really change anything. He knew there was an array of feminine clothes waiting for him back at his dorm room.

Dr. Müller continued her questions. "And you said you didn't have the best relationship with your father?"

Anton kept staring at the ceiling. "Didn't have the best? I never even knew him. He left my mom when she told him she was pregnant with me."

"So there was a lack of a male father figure growing up. Who did you turn to for male influence?"

"My friends, I guess. I also had some coaches that were cool."

"Oh yes, you're an athlete. What sports do you like?"

"Basketball is number one, then football. I also enjoy baseball once in a while."

Dr. Müller continued writing on her notepad. "Oh, basketball and football. My husband watches those on TV. They always show non-stop action, funny things happening in the stands, mascots dancing, and of course the perky cheerleaders on the sidelines. Do you ever pay attention to the cheerleaders?"

"Of course, when I'm not focused on the game I'm playing. I'll also look at them on the rare occasion I'm on the bench."

"I see," said Dr. Müller. "They seem to have a great time out there. I've always wondered how they like their uniforms compared to other athletes. For instance, do you believe green goes better with pink or yellow?"

"What?" asked Anton.

"Just curious."

"Yellow I guess," Anton said, thinking of the Packers.

"Do you prefer light coral or medium orchid?"

"I'm not sure what those are," he said, confused by these questions about colors. What did that have to do with anything?

"Mmm-hmmm..." Dr. Müller said, writing the answer down. "Now, what are you expecting from our sessions here?"

"You tell me."

"Well, I'd like to get your thoughts."

"Mrs. McHenson said this was behavior counseling, I guess it's to work on my behavior or something."

"And what type of behavior do you think needs to change?"

"Nothing."

“Yes, yes. I see.” She paused as she considered her next question. “Anton, what if I were to suggest to you that you may lack a certain empathy from the female point of view.”

“I’m a guy. Why do I need to have a female point of view?”

“Let’s do an experiment, Anton. I want you to close your eyes and imagine that you are a young woman.”

“This is stupid.”

“Humor me.”

“Okay, fine,” Anton said as he shut his eyelids.

“Now, listen to the sound of my voice. Listen closely. You can only hear the sound of my voice. You’re getting sleepy...”



Nicky looked at himself in the mirror and sheepishly checked out his own butt. Bree’s gym shorts definitely made his rear look a lot fuller, or maybe it was because there was writing across it that said ‘Too Hot’.

“Those look so good on you!” said Bree.

“It’s different.” Nicky moped. He was wearing a full girl’s athletic ensemble from head to toe. “But this thong is terrible!”

“They take a little getting use to,” said Bree, slanting her head.

“It’s really uncomfortable, Bree, and I feel like my balls are about to explode!”

“Quit being a baby! Everyone finds their first tuck job uncomfortable!”

“Is there any way to do it without all that tape?”

“They can’t show at all during practice,” said Bree. “Plus once you start working out, you’ll forget it’s even there.”

Nicky turned from Bree and looked in the mirror again. He held up his hair, noticing it looked a little longer even from last night. His hairless armpits were exposed, thanks to the sports bra and white tank top he wore. He also thought his nipples might be getting a little larger, although the breast tissue there seemed like just extra flab left over, since he’d lost substantial weight after coming to St. Elizabeth’s.

“You are going to fit in so well!” said Bree.

“I’m still getting over the fact that you *like* all of this...”

“What do you mean?”

“Being a girl... You’re more feminine than some girls I knew at my old school.”

Bree put her hands under her chin. “I don’t even think about it like that anymore.”

“Huh?”

“I’m just being myself,” said Bree.

Nicky walked closer to his friend. “There is another thing I’ve been wondering about, something that we’ve never talked about... Your sexuality. You seemed really into me before all this hair stuff and dressing happened. Now, for some reason, you enjoy the fact that I’m now dressing like a girl. Do you like boys or girls?”

Bree turned over on her bed and let her hair flow around the pillows, “It’s hard to explain. A few years ago, I was only into girls. After living here, I started to think about guys a little more for some reason. When I’m back at my parent’s house, it’s as if I was just a normal girl. Like, they live in a different town now so no one there at all knows that I used to be a guy. They don’t *need* to know either. But like, I’ll go around and guys will hit on me, and other people will treat me like a princess. It’s really nice actually.”

“But the feminization stuff?”

“Oh! I mean... something about being influential in a guy’s progress here makes me feel great.”

“...You *were* attracted to me for *me*, though, right?”

Bree smiled. “Kinda...? But you’re going to look even better by the time I’m really finished with you.”



“You can feel what she feels, can’t you?” Dr. Müller asked, quietly in the silence of her secluded office. Anton had been coming to see her for two weeks now, and he was on the verge of a breakthrough.

“Yes,” Anton said, with his eyes closed. He was a little spaced out, and was trying to do what the doctor always asked him to do, to see the world through a girl’s perspective. “I do.”

“She feels free and full of energy.”

“Yes.”

“Isn’t it nice? Don’t you want to feel like that?”

“Yessss...” Anton replied.

“Then what is holding you back?”

“I’m a guy. We don’t act like that.”

“Are you sure you’re a guy?”

“Yeah, of course I’m sure,” he replied in an unfocused, dream-like state.

The doctor sprayed another dose of hypnotic spray into Anton’s face for him to inhale.

“But you can see the world through a female’s eyes, can’t you?” Dr. Müller asked. “You just said you could feel what she feels.”

“I... I suppose,” Anton said.

“Who is she?”

“She’s a girl.”

“A girl you can see the world through, right?”

Anton nodded. “Yessss...”

“So she is you, wouldn’t you agree?”

“In a way...”

“Her name is Antoni.”

“Antoni?”

Yes, is that your name? What is your name?”

“Anton.”

“Did you say Antoni?”

“Antonnnnnnnnee...”

“Antoni?”

“Antonnnne.”

“Antoni?” said Dr. Müller repeated. She said it again. Anton would reply with his name. For ten minutes she kept saying the same thing, and for five minutes, Anton replied the same. But every time, he’d reply a little slower. A little less certain.

“Antoni?” The doctor asked once more.

Anton laid there with his eyes closed and finally said, “Antoni.”

“Great job!” said Dr. Müller. “Antoni?”

“Yes?”

“You may open your eyes now.”

Antoni did as he was instructed and sat up, feeling very dizzy.

Dr. Müller gave him some paperwork and put her hand on his shoulder, as she was walking him to the door.

“It was very nice talking to you, Antoni. Remember to tell your friends about what we’ve discussed today. I’ll see you again in a few days!”



Two weeks later at practice, Nicky stretched out as far as he could, his smooth slim legs on either side of him as he attempted to perform the splits. He did okay, but was still a fair ways away from doing it fully, though. Bree critiqued him as she accomplished a full split, showing him a great view of her butt in her tight yoga shorts.

"Well, you've been doing this a lot longer than I have!" he complained.

"True, but you're so close! I'm sure that in a few weeks you'll be doing the splits. Ballet and gymnastics definitely have helped with your cheerleading!" she complimented him, letting him stand back up and take a few breaths.

"Yeah, thanks for signing me up for those, though if you'd have told me your sports beforehand, I would have said no..." he replied sarcastically, wearing gym shorts and a tank top that displayed his feminine curves. When he looked at his girly body now, much to his alarm, it wasn't padding that gave him his shape.

"Oh c'mon, we talked about this. What better way to be feminine than cheer, ballet and gymnastics? Anyway, trust me, you'll love them by the end of the year!"

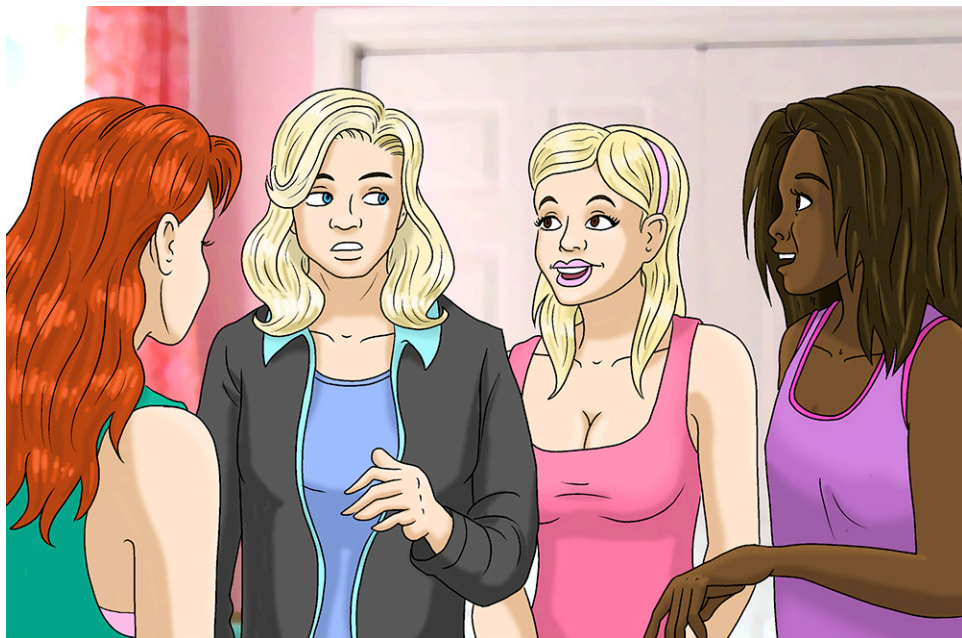
The two walked back to where their bags were. They took out a towel and a drink, cooling down after their workout. This was pretty much how the end of his school days had been for weeks now, with Bree dragging him to some activity or another. At first he balked at the feminine activities, but eventually he just caved in and let it happen.

Taking their duffle bags and waving to their teacher, they made their way back to the dorms chatting all the way. Nicky found himself a little more comfortable talking about feminine subjects with Bree, since now they actually mattered to him. He actually cared about what new fashion was in, and what ways he could style his hair for certain occasions.

Being a girl was different from what he expected in one particular way. He was now in a competition. Girls were always changing their hair or doing something with their clothes, and he never really understood until now. They did it to show off to one another. They were always trying to one-up each other. Knowing how to put his hair into an attractive style and what clothes looked good on him was an essential part of just keeping up with everyone else in his peer group. Which were teenage girls.

As they approached their room, Nicky and Bree heard some voices from Anton and Carrie's room since their door was open.

Anton pulled back his long black hair from his right ear with his very long fingernails. Since getting his weave put in, he'd let Carrie help show him some



ways to style his hair, which included some braids on the side and a small flower.

“What in the world...?” said Nicky at the sight of his friend.

“Oh, hey girls!” said Antoni.

“Anton, what the hell did you do? You had short hair yesterday. Is that a wig?”

Anton snapped his fingers and shook his hip at Nicky, “Oh no you didn’t! You remember what to call me...”

“Fine *Antoni*... I have no idea why you keep asking us to call you that.”

“Mmm-hmm,” said Anton, curling his lip in. “It’s not a wig, it’s a *weave*.” He pointed to Carrie. “You know, this white girl here knows a lot about how to style African hair.” Bree noticed Anton’s long, polished nails as he pointed at Carrie. Surprised, she walked closer to him.

“Oh my God, Antoni,” Bree said. “Your nails are so pretty! But are you going to be able to play basketball with them?”

“Eh, maybe I’ll just drop basketball. I don’t like bein’ sweaty all the time.” He admired the job he had done on his nails. He was always doing something new with them, these days. Half the time he saw Anton these days, Nicholas noticed he had a new nail color.

“Drop basketball? That’s not like you.”

“Hey! I decide who I am now, got it? I’m not lettin’ no labels define me.” Anton stood up. “Oh! And guess what just came in today!” He said in an excited

voice, rising in pitch as he pointed to the uniform that was hanging on the door of the closet.

“Antoni... That’s a choir uniform...” said Nicky. Anton had just joined up with the choir program, singing with twenty girls in church after school. The uniform was a figure-hugging long-skirted shimmering royal blue dress with a sweetheart neckline. “A *girl’s* choir uniform...”

“And look what you’re wearing, honey!”

Nicky knew exactly what he was wearing. What bothered him more than the clothes was that his sports bra was now filled with A-cup size breasts. He didn’t mention it to Anton, but apparently, he knew. The physical changes had become more rapid over the last few weeks. He didn’t want to mention that wearing any type of bra didn’t feel that weird anymore, and he *really* didn’t want to mention that his penis seemed to have shrunk about an inch.

Still, aside from his problems, Nicky couldn’t believe how feminine his friend was acting. Just a few short weeks ago, he was the typical jock type, but now he was perched on the edge of his flowery bed, legs crossed, showing off his nails. Nicky had to ask him about the sudden change, “So why are you okay with singing in a girls uniform Anton?”

Anton just made a face before smiling, “It’s Antoni now please, and, well, our school uniform is all girls clothes, so it makes sense the choir is, too...”

“Why are you suddenly all okay with this? Last week, you swore prison was better than acting like a chick?” Nicky blurted out, confused and angry at his friend’s sudden change in personality.

“True, but the sessions with the school counselor have helped broaden my horizons, and showed me that being a girl isn’t so bad. You’re one to talk though Nicky, Miss Platinum Blonde. You think I don’t see the outline of a thong?” he replied, poking out his tongue.

Nicky just gave up arguing. It seemed everyone in the school had lost their minds, and he would just be another casualty. After a little more girl talk, with ‘Antoni’ showing off her now long, straight hair, they parted ways. Bree and Nicky returned to their dorm room, still exhausted from their workout.

“Antoni seems to have made a lot of progress huh?” Bree asked, slumping down on her bed.

“You could say that, what the freak is that all about?” Nicky replied still annoyed.

“Well I shouldn’t tell you but, rumor is that’s how they all act. The boys that get sent to the counselor anyway. After a few sessions, they come out total sissies!” said Bree.

Nicky threw his hands down. “It’s only been about a month, and I already feel like I’m losing my friend!”

Bree smiled and used her hand to rest her head. "You aren't losing a friend, it's just that he's becoming more comfortable with living as a girl."

"Exactly! Anton would have never done that. He's being brainwashed and that's freaked up."

"Sorry, but some boys need it."

Nicky put his hands on his face and then looked up. "If this school is so into feminizing boys; why isn't everyone brainwashed?"

"I think it's a lack of funding," said Bree. "Plus, they like to encourage us to find ourselves and become better people."

Nicky shook his head, "I still can't get over this Bree. Honestly, this entire thing... They expect us all to be good girls? I've met plenty of girls before that I would consider to be bad."

"Yeah," Bree scoffed, "and they'll all end up on drugs, pregnant at 16, or in jail."

Nicky just shook his head and turned his attention away from Bree. She noticed he was upset, but was becoming exhausted with his desperation. She walked over to comfort him.

"I thought you said you were going to make an effort to become more accepting of this..." she asked, calmly.

"It's hard... It's not me," said Nicky. "Plus, Martin is god knows where and Anton is acting like a sissy now. Feels like I'm losing my life."

Bree tilted her head in that sympathetic way she did. "I understand. But just know that this is being done to make everyone happy, and it's all for the better."

"Now you sound like McHenson!"

"I'm just trying to help! Consider yourself lucky. Not many other guys here have the luxury of having someone as pretty as me as their mentor!"

"I guess you're right," Nicky double checked himself after making that statement. Instantly regretting it.

"Maybe the major problem is that you seem to think everyone is against you, despite the fact that people here have been more than willing to be your friend and help you out in life."

"What do you mean?" asked Nicky.

Bree wondered if his blonde hair was starting to make him dumber. She then thought of some reverse psychology. "You know, maybe if you actually put all of these thoughts to the side and just lived life, you wouldn't be as miserable."

"Your point?" asked Nicky.

"How about you forget about being a guy for a week and just live as a girl? That doesn't mean you have to act completely feminine, but instead of thinking

about yourself as a guy dressed as a girl, just think of yourself as a regular girl who is attending school.”

“How is that going to *help*?”

“It will make you stop worrying about everything and relax a little. Maybe you can even have some fun. Being a girl isn’t the end of the world. Your personality will not change that drastically, except you’ll be a lot happier. Plus, it’s only a week, and if you don’t like it, you can go back to being Debbie Downer.”

Nicky thought about it for a moment and wondered what Bree meant by forgetting about being a guy. His penis, although smaller, would be a reminder, unless he was always in a tuck job. “I don’t think it’s possible...”

“Anything is possible, you silly girl!”

Nicky smirked. “What?”

“Just try it!”

“*Okay! Fine!* I still don’t know how this is going to happen. I mean, where do I start?”

“You can start by not leaving the toilet seat up!” Bree replied.



“Close the gates,” Bree instructed.

Nicky didn’t even have to check what she was talking about. He knew his legs were spread open again, and so he clamped them shut. “But I’m not even wearing a skirt.”

“It’s just the way it’s done, okay?” Bree replied. “It’ll be second nature soon, don’t worry about it.”

She had been spending almost all her spare time with Nicky, drilling him on what she knew about being a girl. Granted, at her age, she wasn’t exactly Miss Manners, but she knew way more than Nicky did.

They covered posture, not swearing every third word, how to smile even when you wanted to kick someone’s teeth in, giggling, and Nicky’s least favorite, walking in heels. He was failing in every subject, but he was still managing to learn enough to not be mistaken for a boy.

“Can I please take these off?” Nicholas whined as he flexed the three-inch heels Bree had put him into.

“It’s only day two,” Bree said. “You wear them every minute of every day for one week, and you’ll be adjusted to them. Guarantee it.”

“Ugh!” Nicky complained as he shook his fists.

“Reminder! Smile!” Bree said.

Nicholas altered his expression from frustration to pained grimace.

“I think you’re getting better!” Bree encouraged.

Antoni walked in, or rather, flounced in. His gait had changed from a confident stride to a loose, flowing manner, and he had developed a habit of talking with his hands. It was painful for Nicky to watch, but he couldn’t say anything. He had tried to point out to his old friend what he was doing, but he was absurdly defensive, almost violent, whenever Nicky had pointed out that he was acting more and more gay.

“I hope I’m not late!” Antoni said, closing the door behind him.

“Nope! We were just about to get started,” Bree replied. Antoni took a seat next to Nicky on his bed, facing Bree, who stood in front of the both of them.

“How to speak in a female voice, lesson one,” she said. Bree had talked Nicky into taking these girl voice lessons, and Antoni had invited himself to join in. She checked her phone, because she was reading this off the internet. “To speak in the feminine range, don’t try to change your pitch out of your natural range...” She flipped the screen up further. “The rise and fall of the vowel sounds is the key to a more feminine...” She flipped it again. “Voice. Say your words and sentences as if you were singing a melody. Try this: Say the sentence ‘What a lovely day it is.’”

“Oooh! Me first” Antoni said. “What a lovely day it is.”

“Here,” Bree said, “Let me play the sound.” She then played the recording from the site. A melodious, soft voice spoke the sentence perfectly.

“What a lovely day it is,” Antoni repeated again.

“Slower,” Bree advised.

“What a lovely day it is,” said Antoni, once more.

“Oh, God!” Nicky whined as he fell back on the bed. “How long is this going to take?”

Bree checked her phone. “Eight weeks.”

“Nooo...” Nicky moaned.

“Close those gates!”



Antoni laid back in the leather reclining chair with his eyes closed, relaxed and in a sleepy state. Dr. Müller watched closely, making notes as she spoke. Their sessions together had been winding down over the past few weeks, with Antoni becoming more and more girlish.

Wearing a sundress and strappy wedge heels, he looked the very picture of a feminized sissy. Even her small but noticeable cleavage added to the illusion. The outfit was chosen by Carrie after Dr. Müller instructed Antoni to come dressed as best he could for today's therapy.

"Now are you nice and relaxed? Feeling calm?" She cooed over the sound of the lapping waves on her speakers, all designed for perfect relaxation. Antoni just nodded in reply.

"Good, then we can continue from last time. Now you've made significant progress so far, and I've been very impressed. Clearly, you want to be a good girl?"

"Yes doctor," was his curt reply, his eyes still firmly shut.

"Though there's still a few things that we need to... iron out. Tell me, if you were born a girl, what name would you have loved?"

Antoni thought for a little while, turning a little as something felt strange before smiling and nodding, "Ashanti I think, it's cute and similar to..." His voice was trailing off.

"Similar to your previous name, yes, though that doesn't suit you anymore does it? Such a rough, masculine name doesn't at all fit you," Dr. Müller continued, reinforcing her previous therapy, and knowing she was close to completely breaking him.

"No ma'am, I don't want anything to do with masculinity," Ashanti replied, her hands placed demurely in her lap.

"Yes, good girl. We don't want you to have an ounce of masculinity in you," the counselor agreed, scribbling down a few things on her notepad. "However," she added, "you can still have it in your life, in the form of another."

Ashanti shuddered for a second as her brain fought back a little. The doctor turned up the sounds of the waves, and it calmed him again, nodding for the doctor to continue.

"As we have discussed previously, it is important for you to have a male figure in your life. Of course, at this school, it is more difficult. However, there is an outside world. What experiences have you had with the opposite gender?"

Ashanti's mind started racing, very confused. Part of his mind remembered being a male, but another part could only think about living as a girl now. The term 'opposite gender' now meant males, to him. "I've had male friends before, but I never dated them."

Dr. Müller continued. "How were your dating experiences and with whom?"

Ashanti wiggled around a little, feeling uncomfortable. "I mean, for some reason, I had sex with two girls before. Now that I think about it, it didn't feel right."

The doctor sprayed a little more of her hypnotic mist in her patient's face. "And did you identify as bi-sexual at the time?"

Ashanti was confused by the wording. Why did she date two girls before? She wasn't into them. Not any more. "I don't think I like girls like that, Dr. Müller," the girl said.

"Please go on," said the doctor.

He thought back to seeing guys with their shirts off on some videos Carrie had shown him that morning. Something about them made him feel good, and he wanted their muscular arms around his increasingly dainty body. "I want try dating guys..." he whispered.

"I believe that is a great step for you," said Dr. Müller. "A pretty young lady like you should become social. Although in our next sessions, I want to talk with you about the dangers of unprotected sex and teenage pregnancy."

"I can get *pregnant*?"

Dr. Müller looked at the clock and saw that her next appointment was probably in the waiting room. "That's all for today, sweetheart. This was another great session and I believe we are almost finished with your behavior therapy. Be sure to act on what we have talked about today, and express your feelings. Your friends will probably say, 'Wow, Ashanti. He sure has turned his life around!'"

Ashanti smirked, "*He?* Don't you mean *she?*"



"*Another* name change?" said Nicky.

"The name kinda came to me, you know? My mama also said she used to listen to some girl a lot with that name when she was pregnant with me. A singer. It's kismet."

Nicky continued walking down the school hallway with his friend, both now comfortable wearing their school girl outfits. "How many times are you going to change it though?"

Ashanti pulled out her new school ID. It showed her name as Ashanti as well as a weight and slight height reduction since entering the school. Other than the photo of an African-American girl with pearly whites, medium-dark-toned skin, and soft black hair, the most remarkable change was of gender, from M to F.

Suddenly, Nicky remembered to not say anything about it, and that he was to consider himself a girl. If he was to consider himself a girl, he had to avoid discussions of gender. Over the last few days, he had been trying very hard to

do this, due to Bree's instance, but it was still difficult seeing his friend like this. Especially after what appeared to be a full gender change — minus the surgery. "That's a great photo!" said Nicky.

"Thanks girlfriend!"

"Anton! Nicholas!" screamed a male voice.

The two looked in front of them and saw a familiar face, that of Liam!

"Liam!" Nicky said, in his slightly higher-pitched voice that he was becoming accustomed to using. "Long time no see!"

"Yeah, it's been weeks? Months!" he replied. "Wow, Anton? You look a *lot* different."

"Thanks," she said taking it as a compliment, "but it's Ashanti now!"

"Well nice to see you Ashanti! How have things been?"

Ashanti smiled. "Great! Things are so much better here now, I get along so much better with the girls, and I can't *believe* I was acting all stupid and stuff before."

Nicky looked at his friend with slight dismay. There was no hint his friend was being anything but totally honest and forthright, and it was killing him. He was also a little jealous that Liam appeared to look the same, with no feminization over the last several weeks.

"And how have you been, Liam?" Nicky asked.

"Good, same old, same old. Except they sent three new guys who just came here to bunk with me. I told Mrs. McHenson that I'm sick of having new roommates all the time, so she told me next semester I get to live in a new dorm with only one other person. So that's great! Where's Martin?"

"We have no idea!" Nicky replied. "They told us that he was sent to an 'accelerated learning' part of St. Elizabeth's."

"That's strange," said Liam. "I haven't heard of that. Although what I have heard of was your escape attempt! It was the talk of school!"

Ashanti checked her nails and then the time on the watch on her small wrist.

Nicky was nervous talking about the failed escape, and especially embarrassed that it was not successful. "Oh yeah... It was friggin' bad that we got caught, and then, all this happened," he said pointing from his hair and then to his breasts which were now a small B-cup.

"Where are you headed to now?" Liam asked.

Nicky held up a big pink gym bag. "I have ballet with Bree soon, and Ashanti is heading to choir practice."

"How is ballet?" asked Liam.

“...Oh look at the time. It was great running into you Liam!” said Nicky as he hauled Ashanti along behind him by grabbing her arm. He was too ashamed to admit how much he was looking forward to dancing.

After they were out of the building, he split up with Ashanti as they headed to different parts of the school. At the changing room, Nicky met up with Bree who had a mischievous grin plastered over her pretty face.

“What’s got you looking so smug?” Nicky asked putting down his bags and taking a seat on the wooden bench beside a locker.

“Remember when I had to measure you and get your sizes before we started ballet?”

“How could I forget? You had me naked and pushed my... breasts together...” Nicky replied, pausing a second before saying the word breasts, but knowing that’s exactly what they were.

Giggling, she just nodded before handing over a plastic package with his name on it. “Well, they just got your practice uniform. I’m happy to help!”

Taking it apprehensively, he opened it up before taking out the contents: thick pastel pink opaque dance tights along with a baby blue high-waisted leotard that almost made him faint. “Oh c’mon, you can’t be serious?”

“Look on the bright side, at least it’s not a tutu. ...Unless you want one?” she asked, holding up one she had in her locker.

Knowing he should quit while he was ahead, he shook his head before stripping down. Not a single head turned in the room, and no one paused to see Nicky undress in front of all the others in what was labeled as the girl’s changing room. Indeed, even Nicky didn’t think anything about it.

Changing clothes was something that took much longer than before. Kicking off his brown leather shoes and slipping out of his top, he took each article of his feminine uniform off before standing, embarrassed, in only a pink thong and B-cup bra, still unused to have so much skin on display.

True to her word, Bree helped out, putting his feet into the tights as he sat back down. She made sure to rub his legs sensually, knowing he always loved the feeling of tights, although he refused to admit it.

“Now for the fun part, getting you in that leotard!” she announced, snatching it from the bench before holding it out for him to ungracefully slip into. Nicky hesitated to put it on, despite standing in front of Bree wearing a thong, tights, and having his little sissy nylon-clad penis in a tuck job.

“Remember what we talked about?” said Bree with a pouty face.

Nicky remembered exactly, but was still having a hard time transitioning. He had tried very hard to pretend he was a girl the entire week, but was still mentally scarred from learning the true purpose of the school. He came to

realize over the last few days, though, that Bree had become his best friend and was truly an amazing girl.

That was kind of where the worm had turned for Nicky. Knowing that Bree had once been a boy, but was now as wonderful a girl as he could imagine, Nicky's mind had to admit that girls were not a function of body, but of soul. Bree was a girl in every sense of the term, except clinically, and knowing that, pretending to be a girl was a little less shameful. As long as he knew he was still a boy inside, it didn't matter what he looked like.

He smiled, looking at her. Stepping into the one-piece leotard, he was smiling more for the fact that Bree was being sweet rather than that he was wearing something that girls wear for dance and gymnastics.

The bottom of the leotard hugged his wide hips and bubble butt very tightly, while the fabric held his breasts close and strapped around his shoulders.

"How does it feel?" asked Bree.

Nicky put his fingers on his thigh, feeling the fabric of both his tights and the leotard. "It's a little tight, but I'll manage."

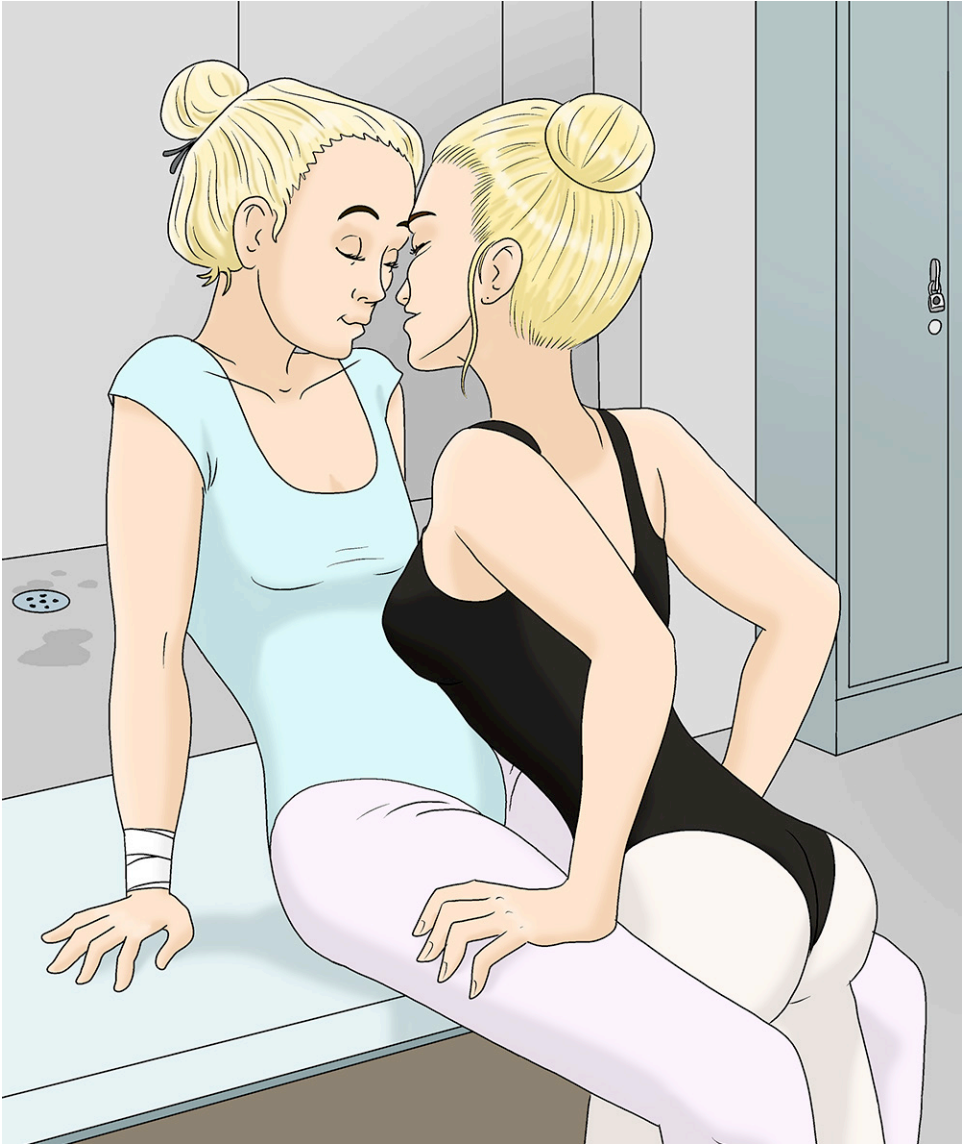
"Great attitude!" said Bree. "It is a leotard after all, but after a while it will feel like you're wearing nothing." She walked closer to him and gave him a hug, pulling him close. Their dance outfits were touching each other. That's when Bree pulled a big surprise by kissing Nicky.

Nicky's eyes widened as Bree's closed, their soft pink lip-glossed lips pressed against each other, as Bree's thigh moved between his legs. The sensations became almost too much for him as she pulled back with a huge smile on her face.

"Benefits to being a girl — we can kiss in the changing rooms," she giggled giving him a sly wink and prancing out of the changing room leaving him behind, breathing hard.

Nicky eventually managed to calm himself down before putting on his dance slippers. He hated these uncomfortable things about ballet the most, like forcing his feet into the demure feminine positions required. Mincing out of the changing rooms, he was bombarded with compliments from the other girls in class. They all gushed about his new outfit, and Nicky responded by thanking them each, like Bree had told him to do, before continuing with the lesson.

Ballet, as Nicky had found out, was brutally hard. Their dance instructor was an ex-Russian professional who was stricter than an army general. She constantly made him redo certain moves and perform body breaking stretches. Still, the first time he nailed a move and got a few claps from the other students and a nod from the instructor somehow made it worthwhile. He felt like he was accomplishing something, even if he had to wear a leotard. He had come to love Ballet.



Thanks to the hormones, the tuck job, and the activities Bree signed him up for, Nicky was in the best shape of his life, though a little different than the muscular body he wished he had. Instead, when he looked into the large mirror on the walls of the dance studio, with his leg up at shoulder height, he saw that his butt had grown along with his hips, and with his waist and hands shrinking, he realized he had a shapely feminine body that even he had to admit was hot.

As they did their wind down stretches, they had a little time to talk. Bree moved beside him. “So how’s the week going so far, girly?”

“It’s been tough trying to get into that frame of mind, but I guess you were right, it’s been easier...”

“Told you! Ashanti seems to have accepted it, and I bet even Martin has, wherever he is. Seems you were the stubborn, slow one.”



By the second week of February, it was hard to tell Ashanti had ever been a boy without a close medical examination. She always had her nails done, and she constantly experimented with various hairstyles, including cornrows on the left side of her hair with a huge ponytail that she sported.

Ashanti’s breasts had grown to a C-cup already, while Nicky was a B-cup. They had grown in so slowly that Nicky wasn’t really aware of how big they were. Living with breasts had become more natural to them and wearing a bra just felt like the right thing to do.

Today, they had been summoned to Mrs. McHenson’s office, out of the blue. Even if they didn’t know why they were being called upon, both students knew they didn’t dare be late. Ashanti had chosen to wear a black babydoll dress that showed off her wide hips and huge butt while Nicky was wearing yoga pants and a camisole under a light pink sweater. They were walking together to Mrs. McHenson’s office, looking like two well-dressed young women.

Nicky didn’t want to admit it, although it was evident that he loved wearing yoga pants as they felt comfy against his skin. Now down to 120 lbs, Nicky was looking more like a girl every day. Even his face looked more feminine, although heavy amounts of eyeshadow, foundation, and lip gloss tend to have that effect.

With considerable difficulty, Nicky had come to accept Ashanti’s new lifestyle, and still had fun hanging around her. Nicky found himself acting more feminine, and although he still fought the feelings a little, thanks to Bree’s help and having to dress as a cheerleader, part of him started to think it was okay to be a girl.

They were very curious about why they were asked to come to Mrs. McHenson’s office. Neither one of them had caused any issues in the past few weeks, and they had not been in her office since their failed escape. The two came up with theories as they walked down the hallway before seeing the receptionist and announcing their arrival. Mrs. McHenson came out of her office and greeted them with a warm smile.

“Hello ladies, if you’d both like to come in,” she said politely, which caught the pair off guard. They silently followed her in, and sat at their usual chairs. Ashanti smoothed out her dress before crossing her legs at the thighs, with her

hands in her lap demurely. A dramatic change from the last time when she was in this office, belting out swears.

Nicky decided to tempt fate and just outright ask why they were called in, fearing that somehow they'd broken an unknown rule. "So why have we been requested to see you, er... Ma'am, we didn't do anything wrong did we?" He asked, his nervousness evident in his breaking voice.

"Quite the opposite actually, young ladies, I'm proud to admit both of you have been exceeding expectations. Your school performance, behavior, and etiquette have come very far!" She praised the two of them, Nicky just blushing in shame, as it was hollow praise to him. Ashanti, however, loved it.

"Thank you Ma'am, I'm just trying to be the best girl I can!" said Ashanti.

"Very good! Until now, both of you have been monitored closely, but thanks to your recent performance we've decided to give you a little more freedom. And as our classes' best new students, we're happy to give you both rewards as an incentive to further progress." Her smile had turned from creepy to genuine as Nicky relaxed a little, relieved to hear that he wasn't in trouble.

"What kind of reward?" Nicky asked excitedly, hoping against all hope it wouldn't be something feminine, although judging by Ashanti's new behavior that was probably just what his feminized friend was hoping for.

Mrs. McHenson reached into her drawer and pulled out four pink tickets that the pair eyed curiously. "These are your reward. As I'm sure you're both well aware located nearby is the amusement park, The Magic Kingdom..."

The two gaped at each other, grinning like school girls — which they were.

She continued. "Give the other two to your roommates. It's a four-day trip and remember that these are for good behavior, and that means being good girls on the trip!"

"Oh my god! Thank you so much Mrs. McHenson. I just want to hug you," squealed Ashanti.

"Yes, it's going to be so much fun!" said Nicky.

Mrs. McHenson smiled, "See, when girls act well and follow the rules at St. Elizabeth's, great things can happen. We are not out to make anyone's lives miserable. This trip should be an excellent bonding experience for you and your friends. Fifty of our best students will be going."

"We still get to go home for summer... right?" asked Nicky.

"Yes, you will," said Mrs. McHenson. "As long as the outstanding behavior continues!"



Packing their bags for the short trip was much more of a hassle than Nicky had ever experienced before. Usually, he just threw some underwear, socks, and t-shirts, with jeans, shorts, and a toothbrush into a suitcase. Now, however, with his new feminine wardrobe, he needed a whole extra case, which thankfully was provided by the school. Although, unthankfully, it was pink.

The bus trip was pretty uneventful, as the four girls were all still super tired from having to get up early. Their excitement grew, however, once they neared the park. Nicky couldn't wait to be out of the school for a few days, and the fact it was at a theme park was just a bonus.

He looked it up online a few nights before, and had already planned out what rides he wanted to go on most. He scoffed at Bree's idea of meeting the princesses as childish and a waste of time. He only had four days of freedom, albeit dressed as a girl, and he didn't plan to waste a minute posing with a chick in a ball gown.

They had two rooms in the park hotel, which was a surprise since Nicky knew how expensive they usually were. On the other hand, judging by the school grounds and donations, money wasn't really an issue for St. Elizabeth's.

They got to their rooms, and started to unpack a few things. Eager to get outside, they got changed out of their casual travel clothes and, thanks to Bree and Ashanti's brilliant idea, they all had matching outfits of a pink tops and denim shorts, with oversized mouse ears atop each's feminine hairstyles.

Nicky just tried to ignore his girlish outfit for the most part, and focused on the positives. Once they were done changing, it was midday, and they started exploring the park, taking in the landmark sites and enjoying a few rides with their fast track passes.

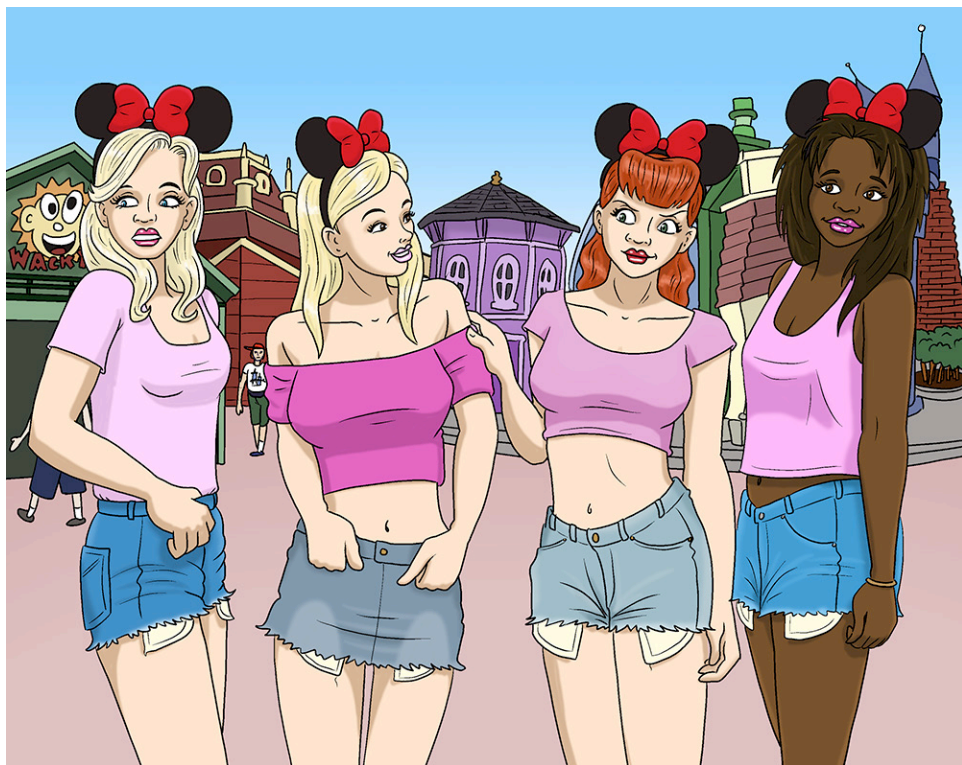
Bree insisted on stopping nearly every five minutes to take pictures and selfies, something Nicky wasn't too fond of since it all documented his feminization. Years from now, he could just imagine showing his confused grandkids looking at these pictures, shivering a little at the thought.

Walking through the park with Bree, Ashanti, and Carrie, Nicky noticed a lot had changed since he was last at the amusement park as a kid. So many rides had been altered, and a few had been re-designed to promote newer Magic Kingdom movies. Still, it was exciting to be there. Visiting with family is one thing, but it's another to be there with friends, especially as "one of the girls." Even if none of them were actually born as girls.

Carrie had a big smile on her face since she loved Magic Kingdom movies and always felt like a kid at heart. "What would y'all like to do first?" she asked.

"There's so much here!" said Ashanti. "But I do want to get on those moving tea cups at some point."

"Isn't there a giant haunted tower here?" asked Nicky.



“Boo!” Yelled Bree.

“Ugh, you are like, so corny!” said Nicky smiling at his friend, and grabbing her arm lightly.

The ‘girls’ zipped their way around the main street, eventually finding a booth to get cotton candy. The treat was delicious to Nicky since he hadn’t had anything sweet in forever. In the past few weeks, he had been watching his weight, especially since being around other cheerleaders. Still having a little baby fat made him self conscious, even after his recent weight loss. He figured he could lose another five pounds or so and he’d be fine. His legs had become much more toned and smooth, and oddly, he had become a little more sensitive in some areas.

It had been awhile since Nicky could relax and have fun, forgetting about the worries of the school or his progressing feminization. He decided to focus more on just enjoying himself with his friends, even if that meant keeping up his feminine act.

Going on the rides with the “girls” was a constant source of giggles for him since Carrie and now Ashanti were total sissies, screaming like little girls from even the smallest turns and drops. Nicky’s own squeals, he failed to notice, had also taken on a much more girly tone. He was sounding like a teen girl in a horror film.

Finding a cute little restaurant with a Wild West theme, they sat down and shared a few highlights of their day, ranging from their favorite ride so far to Bree complaining that she wished she worked there.

"It would be the best job ever, just imagine getting paid to dress up as a princess, and then have people ask for autographs and take pictures!"

"I don't mind the dressing part, but getting my picture taken all day sounds horrible," Carrie replied, being the shy type who always tried her best to hide from the camera.

"I agree with Bree; it's a win-win!" Ashanti chimed in, sipping on her frappuccino, her manicured nails wrapped around the cup. "How about you Nicky? What princess would you be?"

Nicky tried to shrug off the question, but was pushed and prodded for an answer. Finally relenting, he said, "Well ideally I wouldn't be a princess but if I had to choose, I dunno. Maybe one of the modern ones or the fighting ones."

"Hmmm... I'm not sure you could pull off one the warrior ones, you're too feminine," Bree remarked. "No, I think you'd be like a mermaid or something!" She giggled as Nicky winced and he felt his penis shrivel a little further at the feminine comment.

Although he had become more accustomed to wearing panties, Nicky still had some reservations about dressing in feminine outfits. Yoga pants and some dresses were comfy, but other things made him feel like more of a sissy, especially after the traumatic Halloween episode. He didn't need any more costumes in his life.

Nicky tried changing the subject. "What's going on tomorrow with dinner?"

Carrie answered. "There's some banquet hall they are taking all of 50 of us to at like 4 p.m. It's Super Bowl Sunday, did you know that?"

Nicky and Ashanti glanced at each other in surprise, completely unaware that this was the case. They had both been big football fans. Every Sunday was spent in front of the TV, wolfing down snacks. But now they didn't even know who was playing.

"I guess that's why it's so empty around here," Carrie continued. "Anyway, they'll have it on some big screens, but they'll also have a huge buffet spread. All kinds of traditional football food and some other stuff!"

"And we get to watch football, too?" Nicky asked, excitedly.

Bree slapped Nicky's manicured hand, "We're at The Magic Kingdom! Why would we waste time with that stupid stuff?"



"Yeah, it's been great fun so far Mom, the rides are crazy!" Nicky explained enthusiastically into the phone, still wearing his casual pajamas in the hotel room, while Bree used the bathroom.

He had been given his phone back for the trip, and Bree quickly put into a pink case with purple sparkles on it that wouldn't come off once it was on. It was kind of embarrassing and looked like something a 14-year-old girl would be carrying around, but he was just happy to have it returned.

"That's great dear; I'm glad to hear you've been doing well at school. I'm so proud." She gushed down the phone, making Nicky roll his eyes a little.

"Well I'm not enjoying it, but I can deal with it at least. I can't wait till summer, and I can quit all the girl stuff for a while and hopefully get an early release."

There was a slight pause before a coughing noise, then she replied. "Yes, we can't wait to see you and how much you've changed. Your father and I have even been shopping and got you a lot of presents since you've been behaving yourself and getting good grades!"

Wanting to mention the pause but excited for presents, Nicky just left it, smiling to himself as they talked a little more, before his Dad was put on the phone. Nicky started with a loud "Hi!" since it had been a while since they'd spoken.

"Nick? You sound... Different?" Nicky cursed himself knowing it was because he was still talking in the high pitched, ultra feminine tone that Bree taught him. Clearing his throat before trying to deepen his voice, he only made it low enough so he sounded like a little girl impersonating a man. "Yeah it's probably from all the yelling at the park. So are you going to watch the game later on?"

"Yeah, I have your uncle coming over for a few drinks while the girls do their annual super bowl snack extravaganza, and covering the house in decorations. Maybe you can join them next year," he suggested as Nicky held out the phone at arms reach appalled. Did his dad really just suggest that he'd join in with the girls instead of the guys?

"Well I guess maybe, but couldn't I watch the game with you? Like we usually do?"

He didn't get a definitive answer back, just a little muttering before his dad claimed he had to go and put Nicky's mom back on. "Right," his mom said, wrapping it up. "Well, we should let you get all prettied up for dinner. Don't eat too much honey, and remember Mommy and Daddy love our little girl!"

Nicky's mom hung up before he could respond, and he was equal parts confused and annoyed at what they'd said. Bree strolled into the room with nothing but a towel on. "We haven't got all day Nicky, put your damn panties on!" she insisted.

Nicky sighed and sat up. He was going commando and not wearing a bra, also his long hair was a mess. He watched as Bree took off the towel she had around her body. It wasn't the first time he had seen her penis hanging free. She normally let it out like that when she went to bed, only to tuck it away after drying herself off with a towel.

He watched as Bree sat on the bed and spread her legs. She held out some tape and then stood up, pulling her dick back near her ass and put some tape in place. This was followed by some glue which held her scrotum back, which isn't too hard without testicles in the way.

Nicky pretended not to stare and started to do his own dressing routine, but he couldn't help but stare as Bree was giving herself a mock vagina. Nicky took off his pants, showing his fully intact penis to Bree, although it had shrunk in size over the last few months, and was becoming much softer, much to his embarrassment.

She had taught him a few different ways to tuck, and he settled on a way that would make it so his balls had some breathing room. Sitting down to urinate had become second nature.

"Can I borrow some tape?" asked Nicky.

"Sure!" she replied, handing it to him, fully naked.

Nicky did his thing, concealing the dick he didn't want anyone at the amusement park to see, especially since he was dressing as a girl the entire time. Plus, it would make wearing his Super Bowl outfits much easier. Bree and Nicky had decided on their "sporty-fancy" outfits for the day prior to coming to The Magic Kingdom.

First, Nicky put on a black thong followed by a pair of black nylons. Although he didn't want to admit it to anyone, he began to love the feeling of wearing pantyhose and crossing his legs.

Meanwhile, Bree put on white panties with pink polka dots on them to prepare for wearing her outfit.

After they both slipped into their bras, matching the panties of course since that was a rule at St. Elizabeth's. Although he didn't know how they checked. Bree's outfit for the day was sporty, a light blue crop top and pleated skirt with some cute tan ankle strap sandals that showed off the pedicure Nicky had given her a few nights ago. Adding a few accessories like adhesive eye-black patches and tiny silver football-shaped earrings, Bree was nearly ready. Afterward, she began helping Nicky get dressed.

A little annoyed that he wouldn't be able to wear shorts or pants, he slipped his smooth panty-hosed legs into the beige high waisted skirt a little self-conscious of the length above his knees, but Bree assured him with tights it wasn't a problem. A fluffy white sweater with "12" in big blue numbers was

added to his outfit, tucked into his skirt giving him a cute yet classy look as again he secretly admitted the materials felt fantastic.

Sliding his dainty feet into black three-inch heels, he adjusted the strap before, like Bree, adding a few accessories to complete the look, adhesive eye-black patches, and earrings that matched Bree's. Then, they both started the arduous task of doing their hair and makeup. In the recent months, he'd found a new appreciation of why women always needed much longer, finding it tough to master the art of eyeliner and shadow.

Oddly enough, now that he was getting adequate at it, he found himself enjoying the ways he could bring out different features of his face with various techniques. Watching makeup tutorials on YouTube was a secret hobby of his, and the thought of making one himself had crossed his mind a few times.



Nicky and Bree met up with Carrie and Ashanti after getting ready to walk down to the banquet hall to join the rest of the chosen students from the school. Even though there were chaperones, the security seemed very relaxed, but the thought of making another escape attempt never even crossed the minds of Nicky and Ashanti. They were more concerned about having a great little trip with their close friends and having fun at The Magic Kingdom.

Ashanti wore a long dress with black pantyhose, and wore her hair down and straight with heavy makeup. Her dress was sleeveless and red, coming down a few inches above her knees with a white stripe at the hem. Carrie had on fashionable cheerleader boots and a V-neck mini-dress exposing her legs. She had on a lot more jewelry than the other girls as well as light makeup, with her hair curled and slightly wavy. Both had the adhesive eye-black patches to make sure that they looked like real football fans.

Over dinner, the topic of what the first half of their term at St. Elizabeth's had been like. Ashanti, having a new cheerful personality, expressed gratitude that all of her friends had been very supportive and that being feminized was the best thing to ever happened to her, even though that was a lie made up by Dr. Müller and implanted into Ashanti's mind during therapy.

Nicky was truly grateful for his friends, even if some wanted to force him into femininity more than others. "After all the struggles we have been through," he told the group, "Everyone here has stayed together and that's what real friends are about!"

"Amen!" said Carrie raising a glass of soda.

Bree took a bite of smoked sausage, being careful not to smear her lipstick. After swallowing, she asked Carrie, "Did you have a chance to call your mom yet?"



“Yeah,” Carrie replied, “She’s got all the men in the family at the house watching the game. I’m so glad I’m not there!”

“My mom was like, so impressed when I called her,” Ashanti chimed in, “And we can’t wait to see each other!”

Nicky had his head stretched, trying to peer around a corner to see one of the big screens showing the game. But Bree was getting in his way, so he gave up

trying to look. He told his story as well, but left out the conversation with his dad. He then turned to Bree. "You called your parents, right?"

"I'm going to call them a little after dinner," she said. "Mom tried calling earlier, but I was about to get in the shower. She also left a text saying 'Go Dolphins!' and that she had something important to tell me."

"What do you think it is?" asked Nicky.

"It could be anything; you know how moms are!"



The four "girls" enjoyed their meal immensely, Nicky eating a little of everything while the other three were a little more demure and refined in what they ate. Towards the end, Bree got a phone call and told Nicky she'd meet him up in the room, chattering away to her mother on the other end.

Having a little dessert, Nicky soon left to rejoin her, taking the time alone in the elevator's mirror to re-check his make up make a few cute poses, giggling. Although looking like this wasn't ideal for him, he did admit to himself when alone it was fun, thinking maybe he would have been a secret crossdresser if life had gone a little differently.

Shaking his head over the increasingly weird thoughts he was having, he smoothed out his dress and entered the hotel room, a little surprised to see a crying Bree sitting on the edge of her bed. Worried about his friend, he rushed over to console her, but soon saw her giant smile, "What are you crying about?"

"I just got the best news from my mom on the phone. I've been cleared for surgery! I've been waiting all year!" she announced happily, wiping away a few tears that were running her mascara, but giggling at the same time.

A little taken aback by the information, it took Nicky a few seconds to realize just what she was talking about. He knew she'd been hoping to have the operation for a while now to become the full girl she wanted to be. Happy for his friend, but a little weirded out by the idea of the surgery, he did his best to smile and congratulate her.

Hugging her tightly and affectionately, Nicky hoped he sounded sincere when he said, "That's amazing, congratulations!"

"I know, I was so happy I just started crying, haha," she said gently. "It's not for a little while yet but it's at least happening!" She broke off the hug and began bouncing, more than a little excited.

Unable to help himself, Nicky blurted out what was on his mind, "Are you sure you're not going to you know? Miss it?"

"Of course not, haha," Bree explained, not too bothered by his bluntness. "I mean, sure I used to love it back when I was a younger teen, but now it's just a reminder of a previous life, you know?"

"I guess I can kind of understand that, but even if I don't get it, I'm happy for you!" He said, doing his best to be a good friend, patting her leg.

"So how about you? Any plans down there?"

Nicky felt his penis shrivel once again. "Bree... It's weird enough having to tuck this thing to wear these clothes! I actually like having a penis! Plus, you said getting surgery takes a special exception and not *everyone* at the school gets it, right?"

"They made an exception for me to get it early because I've been so good and am a role-model to other students," said Bree. "It's considered a badge of honor."

"What the heck..." said Nicky, keeping his revulsion to himself. "I just umm... Don't think it's for me... *At all!*"

"Well what about having your testicles removed?" asked Bree. "Seriously, it feels so much better without them."

"Yeah, I'm going to pass on that," said Nicky.

"But I'm pretty sure Ashanti is applying to get it done soon," said Bree.

"*What?*"

"Yeah. Carrie mentioned something to me about it."

"And she didn't tell me?" asked Nicky.

"Maybe she hinted at it and you weren't paying attention!"

"I want to keep my balls Bree..." said Nicky.

"I mean, the tucking gets much easier. The only bad side is when you cum it feels a little different because no semen is coming out."

"I'm still on a full stomach Bree!" yelled Nicky, annoyed at the conversation.

Bree knew in the back of her mind that although Nicky had said 'no' to a lot of things in their relationship, he managed to do almost everything at some point.

"Just think about it... ?" asked Bree.

"Okay... I'll think about it..." Nicky said, ending the conversation. "I'm gonna go watch the rest of the game, okay?"

"It's been over for an hour, Nicky."

"What?" He replied, shocked. He hadn't even noticed.



The rest of the evening was spent mainly in their rooms with a short break during which all the students from St. Elizabeth's met in a Magic Kingdom theatre to watch *Cinderella*. Sleeping that night was difficult for Nicky. He had a lot on his mind, and tossed and turned. Meanwhile, Bree slept like a baby, secure in the knowledge that she'd soon be what she thought was inside: a full woman.

The next day, Nicky was thankful that he was allowed back into his favorite yoga pants and light hoody as he dressed casually for another day around the park. The four "girls" started out together, but soon split up, once Bree dragged Nicky towards the Princess greets, much to his annoyance.

The queue took ages as he looked around and saw mostly small children and teen girls. Nicky shook his head seeing that Bree was just as excited as any of them. He wasn't impressed, thinking it was just a chick in a costume, and not caught up in the magic at all. Finally, they reached the front and got to meet a few different princesses including a red-headed Mermaid and a blonde wearing fake glass slippers.

Bree asked them a bunch of questions giddily and took a few photos while Nicky just hung around on the edge, responding only when asked direct questions. One dressed as Belle complimented him on his hair, stroking it a little which he rather enjoyed. He blushed when she said he had Princess hair.

Eating a snack outside the booths, Bree was talking a sentence-a-second about the whole experience, while Nicky just tried to enjoy his funnel cake. As they prepared to leave and head back to the others, Bree stopped dead in her tracks, a giant smile forming.

"Oh my god! I had no idea they did that here!"

"Did what?" Asked a clueless Nicky, rolling his eyes and turning back to follow her as she walked toward a large pink sign that he couldn't read until they came close to it.

"Princess makeover and photoshoot! We have to do this!" Bree pointed before jumping and grabbing his hand, forcefully pulling him into the shop.

"Bree! No way!"

"Oh come on, don't be a sissy! Remember... you did promise to become more comfortable like this!"

"That was for back at school not around in public... This is different. Plus we aren't eight-year-olds!"

"This is The Magic Kingdom!" said Bree. "Dreams come true! Like my dream of becoming a princess! Now quit struggling, girly!"



Thanks to the diversity of Magic Kingdom movies over the last few years, Nicky was happy to find one of the princess outfits was a warrior garment from a sixth-century dynasty in China. There was nothing feminine about the garment since legend had it that Mulan was a girl who dressed as a boy in the military, and that was actually what made her a “princess.”

Lucking out, Nicky, dressed as a warrior, walked over to Bree and said, “Ready for the photos?”

“What in the hell are you wearing?” asked Bree, who was just finishing putting on her glass heels under her huge blue dress.

“It’s Mulan!”

“Um, this doesn’t count,” said Bree.

“Why not? She was a princess and it’s an option here! Now are you ready?”

“Do you really think you were getting out that easily? Plus, you look way weird as a Chinese princess with blonde hair.”



“This feels so tight!” Nicky said adjusting his “boobs” as they were hugged by the bodice Bree was tightening.

“It’s supposed to be!” said Bree.

“This makes no sense! I could have put on a black wig since my hair didn’t match that last outfit. Now I have to wear this huge blonde wig?”

“You look sooooo much better!” said Bree, even though she was having a hard time helping her sissy friend get dressed because of the huge hoops of her Cinderella outfit.

Tying up the back of the tight bodice, Nicky struggled breathing, quickly learning that he needed to take shorter, sharper breaths. Eventually, after getting more used to the ensemble, he looked down and sighed. His body was encased in a “peasant” princess dress, making him feel more feminine than ever. The bodice held him tight, and the skirted part hung much looser, so when he turned, it flared out. Fortunately, it was nearly floor-length and didn’t show anything too intimate.

The super-long blonde wig came down to his hips, presenting a unique new problem for him as he struggled to keep it under control. Bree awkwardly handed him ballet flats to match his outfit, stumbling a little in her glass slippers, but giggling the whole time.

“Luckily, Sleeping Beauty never wore heels, so you can wear flats!”

“Yeah lucky me...” Nicky said sarcastically, working at slipping the shoes on while restricted by his dress. Once they were both done up, they were lead to a

room with a little stage area and backdrop. A cameraman smiled as he directed them in the photoshoot.

Bree took some pictures alone, striking various poses, and smiling the whole time. Nicky was up afterward, and he reluctantly copied the princess's poses he'd seen in the film. Then, they took a few photos together, most holding hands, and even a few with Bree kissing Nicky on the cheek.

Thinking it was over, Nicky had a surprise in store for him as a side door opened and two men dressed as their princes walked in smiling and waving. Nicky's mouth hung open as Bree waved back happily, eager to take a few couple shots with the hunky guys. Meanwhile, Nicky did his best to fight the urge to run out of the room screaming.

Nicky didn't like the pose that involved kissing "her" prince on the cheek while having one of "her" legs bent, but he did it because Bree wanted a matching photo. He had no attraction to men, which is why he also felt odd having his hand on the guy's chest as the photographer snapped away. He had no idea where these photos might end up, although he knew Bree would have a few since she loved scrapbooking.

Meanwhile, the prince that Nicky was putting his hands all over had no idea his fairy princess had a dick. For all he knew, Nicky was all girl, and as such, found her to be very attractive, and naturally started a conversation.

"So what brings you to The Magic Kingdom?"

"Just a holiday trip," he whispered. "What about you?"

"I work here. I get to dress up like a prince everyday, and just walk around entertaining people."

Bree overheard the conversation. "Oh wouldn't that be so much *fun*, Nicky? Getting to dress up like a princess and having kids hug you all day long?"

"Sounds like a dream come true..." said Nicky sarcastically.

"Nicky... that must be short for Nicole?" The prince who had his arms around Nicky asked.

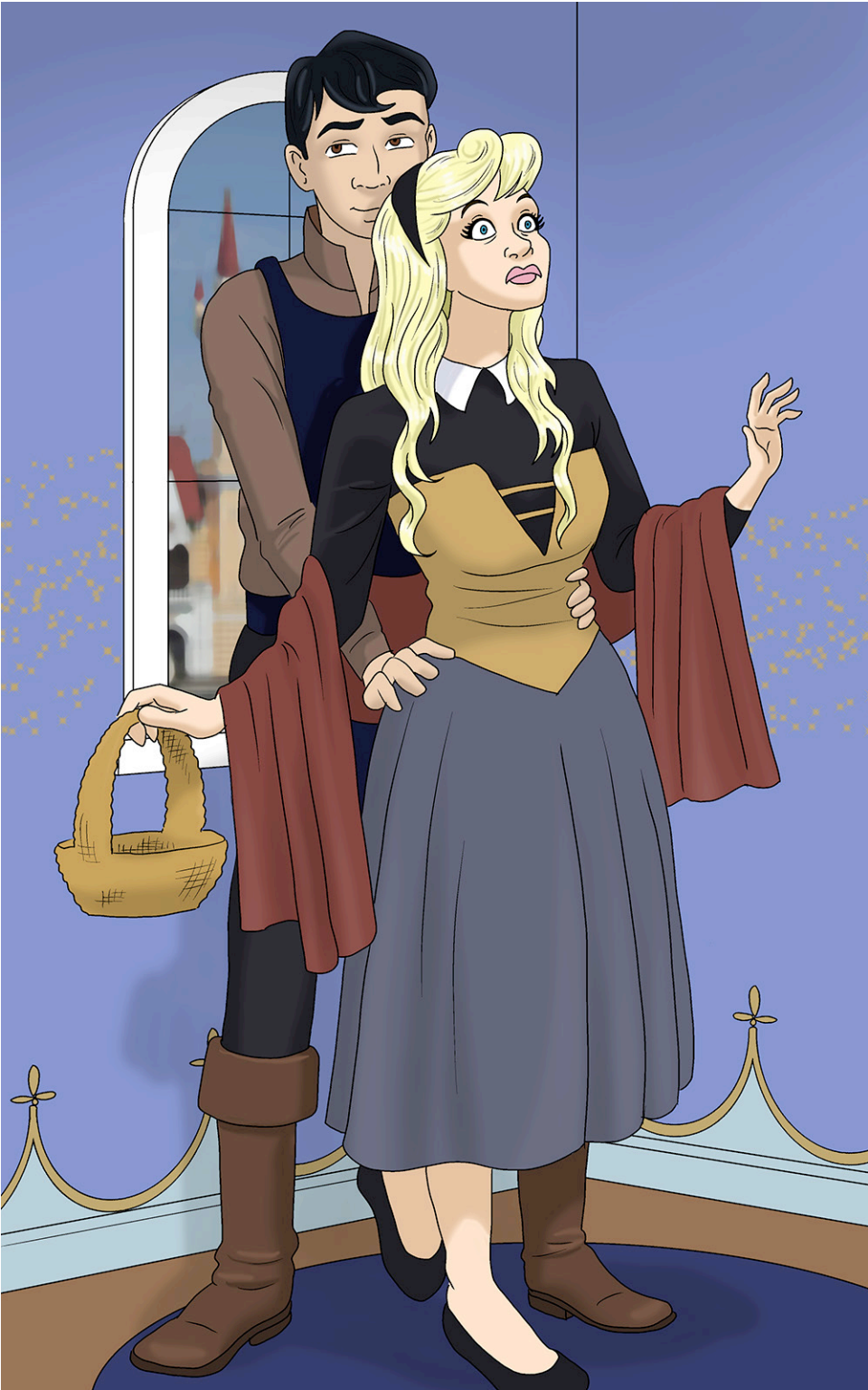
"Umm... yeah," said Nicky.

"Cool, my name is Cody."

Nicky didn't give a fuck what this guy's name was, and was wondering how long this photoshoot would last, as the photographer was yelling out commands in conjunction with Bree's requested poses. Bree came over to adjust both of them, and she posed Nicky in front of the prince, with Cody's arms around Nicky's waist, only inches from "her" breasts. She did the same with her prince.

"Smile wide!" said the photographer.

Suddenly, Nicky felt something growing and getting harder, hitting the back of his butt.



“Okay, I think we’re done here!” screamed Nicky, as he made for the changing room.

After their little princess shoot, and after receiving hundreds of pics on a USB drive, Nicky and Bree spent the following night with Ashanti and Carrie. They had dinner at a park restaurant, watching storybook characters perform a cheesy little rock concert, then they checked out the light show, and the rode back to the hotel on the tram. There wasn’t much more to it than girlfriends having fun, just the four of them enjoying their freedom and The Magic Kingdom’s attractions.



For their last day at the amusement park, Bree insisted Nicky not dress like a ‘slob,’ as she called it. Nicky was frustrated at having to wear a dress, even though it was a casual design, and Nicky made faces the whole time he was getting ready. He only lightened up once Bree caved in and let him wear hosiery and comfy flats instead of the strappy high heeled sandals she’d suggested.

The four ‘girls’ tried to cram in as much fun as possible since they’d be leaving early the next day. They rushed to visit the last few places they hadn’t already experienced, as well as taking a second whirl through their most enjoyed attractions.

Bree, of course, was sure to show their friends the princess shoot photos — seemingly only sharing the ones with the handsome princes involved. Carrie just giggled at Nicky’s blushes while Ashanti exclaimed how jealous she was, and that she wanted a kiss from her own prince, an answer which put Nicky on edge.

The need to fit in as much fun in as possible had an unusual effect on Nicky. He stopped objecting to being dragged and pushed into the little kids attractions, and he was eager to play along. He had lunch with Bree at ‘Minnie’s Cafe’ where they both had the same small salad — and a gargantuan pink-frosted strawberry shortcake for dessert. By the time the day was done, Nicky was brandishing a bubble wand, a princess tiara and had two red hearts drawn on his cheeks by a street artist.

As night approached, they gathered with the rest of the St. Elizabeth’s students out in front the main castle to watch the fireworks display. They’d arrived early, and found a great spot to watch the show and the parade that followed. Bree did her best to name every character. She even pointed out the princess Nicky impersonated, and told him he wore the outfit better than she did.

Even Nicky got into the parade, reliving his childhood, although this time as a girl. Then, after seemingly hundreds of additional pictures and selfies, including a cute one of Nicky and Ashanti innocently kissing with fireworks exploding in the background, they made their way back to their rooms, exhausted but happy.

"That was incredible! I hope I can come back here later on with my future partner," Bree happily said, "The fireworks were so romantic!" She collapsed down on Nicky's bed which was closer to the door.

"Partner, huh? Not boyfriend?" Nicky asked curiously, laying next to her since it was his bed.

Giggling she said, "I prefer guys, I guess, but who knows what the future holds!"

"Wouldn't you want to hold off on the operation if you were going to get a girlfriend?"

"Why would I do that? It's not as if I can really... You know," motioning with her hands in a confusing gesture.

Although Nicky didn't like thinking about Bree's penis, the curiosity got the best of him, so he had to ask. "Wait; you can't get hard?"

Bree rolled her eyes. "Not anymore! I used to be able to, up until a few months ago. Now that thing is just like there doing nothing, and I want it gone!"

"I thought you said you could orgasm, but not cum?" asked Nicky who was ever more intrigued.

"It's more of an emotional orgasm, and, like, I feel some tingling on the tip of it, but that's because it's supposed to be my clit, you know."

Nicky was a little taken aback by Bree's comments. Here was this pretty girl with her blonde hair curled, wearing a short blue dress, and she had to talk about the penis she wanted off of her body.

That's when it struck him. Bree was never a boy. She had always been a girl inside, or at least that was the case now. She wanted nothing to do with anything that happened in the past, and was concerned about making her life the happiest it could be right now, including helping Nicky get through school. She was beautiful inside and out, an amazing girl.

"Bree, I'm happy for you."

"Really?" she smiled.

"Yes, you took this situation and actually made it better for yourself."

"I don't think of it as a punishment, and haven't for a long time," said Bree. "This school has changed so many lives for the better! That's why it's important for you to fit in and do whatever it takes."

Nicky adjusted his red dress a little, crossing his legs. "Like what? I mean... this trip was fun, although a little embarrassing at times. I thought I did pretty well except when that guy poked me with Mr. Happy."

"I'm talking about having an orchidectomy done, Nicky."

Nicky stood still. "Bree; we talked about this... I'm not getting castrated!"

Bree took Nicky's hand in hers. "It's not as bad as you think. Sure, there's pain for a few days, but after that, you won't miss them at all. It leads to a lot of benefits. You'll feel happier, it's easier to tuck and wear fun undies, and the school administrators treat you better!"

Nicky just nodded along as she tried to convince him. He knew deep down it was futile, however. Regardless of how much he enjoyed dressing up sometimes, and the intimacy with him as one of the girls, he wasn't like Bree. He was still a man and he wanted to return to that life, though maybe he'd occasionally still dress up as a girl.

Knowing better than to argue with her, however, he did his best to make her happy. That is, for now at least, by pretending that she was convincing him and nodding. "You make some good points. I'll give it some serious thought."

Leaning over, she gave him a kiss on the cheek and smiling. "Perfect! I'm sure once you think about it you'll come around. I mean does it still work? When was the last time you...?"

Blushing at her bluntness, Nicky's faced turned a dark hue of crimson as he looked away shaking his head. "Yes it still works! Just takes a little more time and patience."

Giggling to herself, she scooted even closer to him on the bed. "Suuuure — I bet it doesn't!"

A little annoyed at her doubting his masculinity again he frowned. "It does, but I can't exactly prove it to you, can I?"

"Why not? One last show before you make your choice and can't anymore?" Bree asked playfully her hand caressing Nicky's pantyhose-clad leg, her gentle fingers creeping under the hem of his skirt.

Nicky was very confused. Bree was talking about wanting to see his testicles removed, yet she was also teasing him to a slight erection; although even that was difficult, due to his tuck job. "Bree... are you a sadist? Do you like the idea of me losing my dick?" he asked.

Bree laughed. "Duh! It's actually a fantasy... Plus, if you are going to have it done, there are benefits to doing it now. We have tonight to make this special, and we can do some fun things together once we're back in the dorm..."

"How special?"

Bree came closer to Nicky's ear and whispered through his long curled blonde hair. "I'll let you cum in my ass and face if you want..."

Nicky couldn't take it anymore. He jumped up and put his hand down his dress, took his pantyhose off, and pulled off his panties. He slowly pulled some of the tape from his tuck job to let his penis free, although some glue was still holding parts up. His erection flew out. "Fine Bree, I'll have the surgery!" *she* said as a lie, only to get laid.

"I knew it. You're just a sissy at heart." Bree laid back, ready to be taken advantage of. "You are a sissy, aren't you?"

"Yes," Nicky said, hoping that would be enough to satisfy her. "I'm a sissy. I'm a sissy girl!"

Bree clapped her hands together, leaned forward and smiled. "Perfect! Now come here you little *sissy girl*!"

Nicky inched closer to Bree and started kissing her. He immediately grabbed Bree's breasts, but Bree insisted that he slow down a little. Nicky sighed with pent up sexual frustration, but nodded as Bree made their encounter more sensual, less like a man and a woman together, and more like two girls exploring each other. Her kisses were light and goosebump-inducing as she ran her soft lips along Nicky's neckline and back up to his lips. Bree's hands gently wrapped around Nicky's slim waist guiding him up to a kneeling position on the bed.

Nicky tried to take off Bree's dress, but was stopped before he could. "Keep the dress on princess..." she whispered into his ear, giggling a little at Nicky's confused and frustrated face. She hiked Nicky's dress up so it was over his hips, exposing his excitement, although his erection was much smaller than the last time Bree had seen it like this.

Taking her long blonde hair and putting it over one shoulder, she smiled up at Nicky as she leaned down, "Just think, this might be the last time you ever do this..."



Bree and Nicky woke up the next day in each other's arms, completely nude, their blonde hair a mess and falling over each other. Nicky woke up first, and smiled at the sight of Bree next to him. He had finally gotten the chance to have sex with this hot girl, although he found it funny that it took this long.

After the failed attempt last time, Nicky had left nothing to chance, promising that he would have surgery to remove his balls in order to fuck Bree. Yes, he hated Bree for making him say the words, but it was his only chance. Besides,

after spending the last few months getting to know Bree and developing a relationship, he knew Bree was looking out for him.

Nicky realized their connection was more of a big/little sister relationship than a boyfriend/girlfriend one... or at this rate... girlfriend/girlfriend. No matter what gender boundary lines were in place, Nicky knew that last night was fun, and he wanted to do it again. He laid next to Bree for about thirty minutes, staring at her and thinking about the future, while occasionally checking his cellphone.

In the back of his mind, he knew he hated being forced to live as a girl, but also knew he had her support in what could have been a horrific event. He was living a lie, and although some stuff had been fun, it was certain he wanted to return to being a man. In a few months, the summer break would be coming up and then he could go home and get back to living a normal life again. But what about the next few months?

Nicky felt sure he would have to continue living as a girl at school, but his relationship with Bree... Bree expected more out of Nicky now that they had lost their virginities together. Nicky made a promise, although he knew he wouldn't keep it. Maybe he could come up with an excuse about why it didn't happen to get out of it, but in the meantime... Bree wanted him to be feminized even more, and he knew it turned her on.

Although Nicky was apprehensive about having sex with Bree because she had a penis, the connection had grown so much that it didn't matter anymore, as he discovered last night. Also, with Bree having gender reassignment surgery in a few weeks, Nicky thought it would be just like having sex with a genetic girl once they came back next semester. Nicky couldn't let Bree down, and so he made the decision right there.

Bree had mentioned it weeks ago, but Nicky never came to full terms with it. He really did have to live full-time as a girl with no complaints. He had been trying his hardest, but adjusting to the school and society was difficult. However, full acceptance, or at least faking it, would lead to great things with Bree. He resolved to play the part of a sissy school girl at least until he could find some psychological and logistical escape from feminization. For now, though, he'd be a girl for her.

Trying not to wake her, Nicky leaned in and kissed Bree's forehead. He rubbed his hands over the sleeping princess, comforting her in her dreams. After a few minutes, Bree woke up, still very tired.

"Hey," said Nicky.

"Good morning!" said Bree, cheerful but still yawning. "How's my girl?"

"She's good," Nicky said with a bashful smile. "How do you feel?"

"Great... although my butt is a little sore..."



Their short vacation had been a much-needed break from school life. Although, with his new-found attitude, Nicky didn't find returning to school too bad. On his first day back, along with Bree, he made sure to visit the office to have his ID changed.

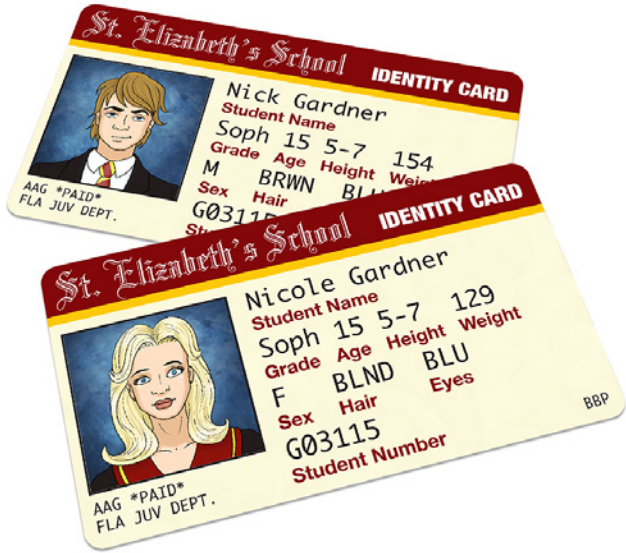
His new card displayed his new weight and dimensions as well as a cute picture of a pretty blonde girl with the name "Nicole," though he still preferred the name Nicky. The gender was changed from Male to Female. Noticing her friend embracing femininity, Bree thought that she had finally broken down his masculine barriers and was happy to keep up with their intimate relationship. The two enjoyed each other's bodies, and shared more than a few nights in the same bed.

With new-found determination, Nicky made it her goal to excel in her after-school activities along with Bree, practicing Ballet and gymnastics even when not in class. She seemed to have a natural affinity for cheerleading, and thanks to the other two activities she was lithe and flexible enough to do almost all the moves, even with her extra appendage.

A month after coming back from The Magic Kingdom, the pair found themselves in their dorm room. Bree was on her phone while Nicky was painting her own nails — a habit she'd picked up thanks to Ashanti's constant recommendations on the best polishes.

"You did great in practice today by the way, pretty impressive how you've nailed the splits already!" Bree complimented her roommate, as she quickly glanced up from her phone. Both were still wearing their cheer uniforms since they'd just gotten back from practice.

"Yeah thanks, it still feels kinda weird, but I feel like I'm in great shape!" Nicky replied, finishing up one nail with little white blots to add a polka dot effect.



"You've really made so much progress, especially recently. Hell, you never complain anymore, and it used to be daily 'bras suck' this, 'thongs are evil, that. Haha!"

"I still think thongs are evil, just a necessary evil, I guess?" Nicky giggled, poking out her tongue.

Bree came over to Nicky and took a few selfies with her bestie, both making funny faces including duck-faces and cutie-pie poses. Nicky was acting more like a girl just by nature of being around 'other girls' constantly, and was barely even aware of it.

Bree took a few pics kissing Nicky's cheek, and eventually this turned into a kissing sesh with Bree and Nichole smooching on the lips while taking a few photos. Their developing breasts touched seductively.

Doing cheer moves together made them used to feeling each other, but they were very careful to never let it be sexual during practice. Their attraction for each other had grown considerably, and sometimes they had a hard time controlling themselves. Around school, their sex life was still a secret from everyone, including their friends.

The two locked each other in an intimate embrace and made out for a few more minutes. Bree eventually laid Nicky down on the bed and got on top of her, rubbing their skirts together.

"Can you be careful? My nails haven't dried yet!" Nicole whined.

"OMG, you are such a little princess," said Bree as she leaned down, kissing her feminized friend. "There's something new I want to try," said Bree.

"What's that?" asked Nicky.

"Spread your legs out a bit; I'm going to move my body in the same way so we can rub the same part together."



"Someone's in a good mood this morning," Carrie said as she saw Nicky walk into class. The smile on Nicky's face was big and broad. "Wanna tell me about it?"

"No," Nicky replied, maintaining her smile. She sat, flipping out her skirt and primly sitting down in her black tights, with her knees together.

"We heard noises last night," Carrie added, trying to get Nicky to say something.

"We were watching a movie," Nicky responded.

"Pass your homework to the front of the class," said Sister Gwen, as she arrived from the hallway. This was Intermediate Algebra, and one of the most

loathed classes in the school. Sister Gwen was humorless and occasionally cruel, and the subject of math was achingly dry.

Carrie was feeling mischievous and whispered, “I know someone who was up way too late to...”

Triumphantly, Nicky pulled her completed math homework out of her big pink bag and handed it to the student in front of her. Carrie shut her mouth.

Nicky had a hard time explaining it to himself, but he just felt compelled to be a much better student these days. Maybe it was a little bit of Bree rubbing off on him, but he took pride in his climbing GPA, and wanted to do better.

“I have a question from the assigned material on the board. Who would like to solve it, Carrie?”

Carrie sat up straight from bending over, as she had been caught whispering in Nicky’s ear. “Yes, Sister Gwen,” she said, as she got up. She took the chalk from the nun, and then stared at the question for about ten seconds before she started to write a number.

The sister used a yardstick to swat the chalk from Carrie’s hand. “Wrong!” She shouted. “Take your seat!” As Carrie scurried away, the teacher scanned the room. “Anyone have the answer?”

Surprising everyone, Nicky’s hand shot up.

“Nicky,” Sister Gwen said, just as curious as everyone else as to why the normally quiet student was volunteering.

Nicky walked up to the chalkboard, her ballet training showing in the light, graceful steps she took. She began to scribble the work out, quickly solved the equation, and put the chalk down. She turned to face the class and smile in victory. Being a girl wasn’t so hard. He could do this. He could fool everyone.

“Very nice, Nicky,” Sister Gwen said. She swatted Nicky in the butt. “But wrong!”

“Eeek!” Nicky squeaked.

She gave her student another swat. “You still write like an ape! Learn to write properly, girl! Put those loops in the ‘2’ and ‘3’, add the french mark to the ‘7’, and your eights should be curvy and graceful!”

Nicky scooted back to her seat quickly putting her head down in shame.

“*Dear Diary,*” she wrote that night, “*You know when you think you’re starting to figure things out, but you realize you haven’t figured anything out? Or in other words, Sister Gwen is a nasty skank.*” The letters were carefully written in a loopy, feminine script, though.



A month or so later, Nicky sat with Ashanti at a table for breakfast. Ashanti had lost several pounds and muscle mass over the last few weeks, and was careful to watch her figure to keep the weight off. She had decided on a bottle of water and a yogurt cup.

She wore a black V-neck shirt that showed her large breasts and tight jeans showing off her big booty. She had on large hoop earrings since she had her ears pierced, and had plenty of bracelets dancing around her lower arms. Nicky was wearing a pink hoodie over a white tank top and yoga pants with ballet slippers. She was eating just a banana.

Ashanti smiled. "Do you have anything planned for summer? It's going to be so wonderful to see everyone back home. Like, we haven't seen family in forever."

"It's still two months away," Nicky replied. "But, yeah, but there's also friends we haven't seen in awhile you know?"

She finished a spoonful of yogurt. "Exactly, you know we need to have some kind of party, like making cookies or a gingerbread house, or like go out to a nice restaurant."

The complete change of Ashanti's personality had been evident for some time, but Nicky remembered that Anton would have never mentioned cooking for fun. Still, going along with her growing femininity, Nicky responded, "Yeah that will be cool, plus like I'm sure we will be allowed to do other things."

Ashanti tapped Nicky's hand with her long red fingernails. "Oh girl, we need to have a day at the spa! Maybe we can take both of our moms there with us for a daughter-mom date!"

Nicky took a little bit of banana in her mouth. She was careful to bite with her teeth and not get her freshly glossed lips on the shaft. "Sounds like a plan..."

Just as they finished up eating and were about to leave, they were surprised by two guys, seemingly around their age who sat down opposite them across the table. The strangers smiled as Nicky gave them an odd 'who are you?' stare.

"Hey girls, I'm Sean, and this is Ray. We both just got here a few weeks back. Mind if we sit?" the taller of the pair asked. Both were sporting the typical teen guy styles with a short back and sides as well as cocky, smug looks.

Before Nicky could tell them to leave, however, Ashanti jumped in, smiling back. "No it's cool, I'm Ashanti, and this is Nicole. How do you like the school so far?"

"Well, it's a little weird, pretty strict stuff especially after the school we went to before, but at least there're hot girls like you two here," Ray said with a sly smirk, looking straight at Nicky, whose stomach churned.

Ashanti loved the attention, though. "Hehe, thanks. I'm sure you'll love it here. Takes some getting used to, but once you do, it's great!"

If only they knew just what she meant, Nicky thought to herself.

“Hey, any chance you two ladies could show us around some?” Sean asked, hoping to get some time with the two hot chicks. “It’s a big place, and it’s easy to get lost.”

“Sorry, but I have ballet in, like, five so we can’t!” Nicky said quickly before Ashanti could agree. She wasn’t lying completely, as practice was in half an hour.

“Haha, you do *ballet*?” One of them asked, clearly amused.

“Yeah, it means I can get my foot to your face pretty easy...” Nicky replied curtly, getting a little annoyed.

“Mmm... Flexible! I can get down with that...” Sean leered, giving her a little wink. Nicky just rolled her eyes and stood up, picking up her large pink handbag.

“It was fun, but we have to go. Can’t wait to see how you guys *adjust* to St. Elizabeth’s, though!” Nicky said, smirking to herself.

Ashanti soon followed suit, but not before waving cheerfully to the pair. She had to rush to catch up with her speedy friend. “What the hey, Nicky? They were totally flirting!”

“And that’s a good thing? They were a-holes!” Nicky complained, not believing her friend wanted to stay.

Ashanti snarled and then sighed. “Yeah sure, but do you know how hard it is to get *laid* in a school filled with *girls*?”



“Are you still writing in that diary?” Bree asked Nicky.

Clearly, that’s what she was doing, as she held the pink leather-bound school diary in her lap and was using her feather-topped pink pen to write the latest entry. “I’m supposed to be doing this, duh,” Nicky said. They were dressed in their cheer warm-ups with the rest of the squad, as they were motoring along the highway, seated in a school bus.

Despite being told she would not be allowed outside the gates of St. Elizabeth’s until summer break, this was fifth time Nicky had been allowed to leave the school on a trip. Now that she had decided to play along, and be the best girl she could be, she had been given many new freedoms. Indeed, Nicky was quite satisfied that doing what she was told to do, avoiding any problems with the teachers and staff, and acting the way Bree instructed had paid off. He had outwitted everyone.

All he had to do was be as girly as possible, and life at St. Elizabeth's was much easier, even pleasant. Promising Bree to get that ugly testicle-removing surgery had satisfied her, and they were as close as sisters. Sisters with benefits, too.

His plan was to make it through the last weeks of the term and he'd be going home, and once he told his parents what St. Elizabeth's was all about, he'd never be coming back.

"I hated having to do all that writing," Bree said. "I've never been much of a diary kind of girl."

"You kept a diary?" Nicky asked, intrigued. "Oh, gosh, I'd pay anything to read it."

"They only made me keep it for a year. I don't even know where it is now."

"Find it! I have to read it!"

"As if! If I ever do find it, I'm going to burn it."

They were on a trip to Carlton Military Academy, an all-boys' school that was about twenty minutes away. Being an all-boys school meant that they had a dire lack of female cheerleaders for their sporting events, and the girls of St. Elizabeth's had been volunteered to fill the role. Instead of the usual yellow and maroon colors of their school, they were dressed in the navy blue and gold of Carlton. They had a crest of cannons and swords on their uniforms, too.

"When the *frick* are we getting there?" Nicky whined as he put the diary away into his big sports duffel bag.

"Any minute now," Bree replied. "You swear funny."

"Huh?" Nicky replied. "What do you men?"

"When you first got to school, you were swearing like crazy."

"So?"

"Well, now you barely even... In fact, I don't think I've heard you say a swear word in months. Not once."

"Yeah, because that's what you *told* me to do, Bree." Nicky wasn't as amused as Bree was. "What the h-e double hockey sticks do you expect?"

"You *can* still swear, can't you?"

"Sure," Nicky said. He was trying not to look as worried as he felt. He had been trying to swear, and the words just didn't want to come out. He felt it was... *rude* to swear. Well, if that was the only side-effect of being a goody-two-shoes girly-girl, he could live with it. All this pretending to be a girl wasn't getting to him, was it? "Anyway, can we do our face there or should we do it here?"

"We get a locker room. We can do it there."

"Thank God, because doing makeup in a moving car is, like, a total disaster. Can you help me with my hair when we get set up?"

"If you can help me with mine," Bree replied. "You're the only one who can do my cheer hair the way I like it. Your ribbon curls are awesome!"

The bus arrived at Carlton Academy, and sure enough, plenty of lonely boys were just hanging around to watch them get off the bus and walk to the locker room. "You'd think they'd never seen girls before," Bree said.

Technically, they still haven't, Nicky thought to herself.

The ten members of the St. Elizabeth cheer squad waved to the boys as they entered the locker room, and did the logical thing, which was to make sure that the room didn't have any hidden cameras or holes drilled in the shower walls.

They disrobed out of the warm-ups and changed into the Carlton Academy cheer uniforms quickly, as they heard the crowd starting to gather outside. A band outside began to play the school song, and the anticipation in the room was reaching a fever pitch. After finishing their faces and doing their elaborate hairdos, it was time to fire up the squad.

"Who's got spirit?" Bree yelled to the girls as they gathered around in a circle.

"We do!" The team chanted.

"We're the girls of Old St. El!" Bree said.

"We've got the best moves you've ever seen!" The girls said.

"And if you dazzled by our beauty?"

"We got the power to rock your bootie!"

Bree stuck her hand out, and all the girls did the same, touching them together. "What goes the dynamite?"

"*Boom* goes the dynamite!" They yelled in unison, and then imitated an explosion with their hands.

"Let's get out there!" Bree said, and the girls started to pile out of the locker room, amped up for the game. Just then, a sound caught Bree's attention. It was her phone. "What, now?" She said, devastated.

"What's wrong?" Nicky asked, her pom-poms rustling.

"It's the school and my folks on a conference call. They need to go over the operation with me."

"*Now?*"

"They told me days ago. I totally spaced. I have to take this call."

"You sure?"

"This is the most important thing in the world to me, Nicky!"

Nicky had to re-prioritize quickly. She grabbed Bree's hands in hers. "I know it is. You gotta do it. Don't worry, I can lead the girls until you're ready."

"You'd do that?"

"I've been watching you enough. I know what to do."

Bree hugged the stuffing out of her friend. "Okay, I officially deputize you as cheerleader deputy captain. Go make me proud!"

Nicky felt a swelling of pride unlike anything she felt ever felt before. "You got it!" She said, and turned to go meet the team outside.

"Go, girl!" Bree shouted.

"Bree's got a thing, so I'm gonna lead us out, okay?" Nicky said, as she gathered the team in formation for their run-out. "Everybody ready?"

To the cheers of the large capacity crowd, Nicky came tumbling out from behind the stands, doing a cartwheel, and then three consecutive head-over heels tumbles, before sticking the landing and kicking her legs as high as she could into the air in excitement, her tiny skirt flipping and fluttering about, displaying her bright gold panties. The crowd showed their approval with a huge roar.

As the girls cartwheeled in behind her, Nicky kept her smile beaming, as she felt the rush of being the girl at the center of everyone's attention.

"If," she wrote in her diary that night, *"If, if, if I was really a girl, this is what I would want to be."*



"Makeup, check. Yoga pants, check. Underwear, check," Nicky said as she double-checked the suitcase on her bed, shortly before leaving for summer break.

Although she secretly planned on wearing boy clothes once she got back home, she figured she would pack some girly stuff to create the illusion that she was going to continue living as a girl. The school had insisted that he was to be dressed and in the role of a girl for the duration of the break, but it wasn't like they were going to be able to enforce that, as Nicky understood things. Packing luggage with his new female items was a show for those who saw her at school, including Bree, who was packing as well.

"Maybe if I can borrow my older brother's car, I can make the three-hour drive and come visit you during break!" said Bree.

"...Yeah... Maybe. This five-week stay at home is going to be great. Feels like this term was forever."

"And only *one* more year until we're seniors!" said Bree with excitement.

Nicky didn't plan on spending one more second there, figuring once she had time with her parents, they could help get her released from the school and free of future imprisonment based on good behavior. Then, he'd have to find a way to get help for Anton/Ashanti and return him to normal, since it was very apparent that she had been brainwashed by the school.

While they were at it, they could also find out where Martin was and help free him. Surely his parents knew what was going on with him, and Nicky would only have to ask. She also had to concede that whatever it was that had spurred her to being a troublemaker had no hold over her anymore, and that she wouldn't have anymore run-ins with the law. She was older and wiser now, and would set her goals on attending college after going back to her old school.

There was only a few things she would miss about the school, her friends were the most important, especially Bree. Cheerleading and ballet had grown on her though. They were incredible activities. She could continue to do them once going back to a boy, although the outfits would be a little different. She also was going to ask her parents if Nicholas could take some ballet classes on the side. Yes, she'd have to do it as a boy, but there was no way she was giving up dance cold turkey.

She had also learned the value of looking good, and regular trips to the salon and shopping for the latest men's styles was something that was going to take up a lot of Nicholas' time in the future. It only took a few minutes every morning to look your best, and that's what she wanted for Nicholas. Plus, there was no reason she couldn't pretty herself up and slip into a favorite dress for Halloween or costume parties.

Nicky had just described a flamboyantly gay lifestyle, but in her gender-bent mind, it sounded like the ideal way for her to return to a manly man's life.

“Only one more hour until I get on the bus and leave this place, though!” said Nicky.

Bree came over to Nicky and gave her a hug. “My mom should be here to pick me up in, like, thirty minutes. If I don’t see you over break I’m going to miss you!”

“I’ll miss you too, Bree!” said Nicky sincerely.

“Before we leave, I have something for you.”

“What’s that?” asked Nicky with a smile, expecting a kiss.

Bree left their warm embrace and looked under her bed, pulling out a large, but thin object that had wrapping paper with flowers and birds on it along with a huge pink bow. “Congratulations on you first year at St. Elizabeth’s!” Bree said with a wide smile.

Nicky was a little surprised, but smiled that Bree had gotten her a gift. She held it in her hands and said, “Aww, thank you!”

“Well, open it!” Bree said, jumping up slightly.

Slowly, Nicky undid the wrapping paper, eager to see what Bree had bought for her. Pulling off the cover, Nicky stood there staring at her present.

The first picture was from months ago when they first met. When Nicky still had short brown hair. When Nicky was still technically a boy. The pictures showed a timeline of her feminization.

Even in the first picture, Nicky didn’t look too masculine. There were a few changes to her face in the first few weeks due to the hormones hidden in the food. She seemed like a tomboy, although she definitely was not all girl. It looked like the transition timeline of a tomboy to a girly-girl, since later photos showed Bree and Nicky in cheerleading outfits at games together, time spent at The Magic Kingdom, and the recent photos of them hugging each other and making duck faces in countless selfies. In the middle of the photo collage was a sign that said ‘BFFs Always!’ with a few hearts and stars around it.

A mixture of emotions hit Nicky. Although she wasn’t entirely happy that she had been feminized, she realized in front of her *was* her BFF always. Bree cared about her immensely, and was happy to have her in her life. Although she seemed like a bitch at first, Bree had a sweet side and let Nicky know how she felt.

Getting teary-eyed, Nicky put the present down on the bed and went to hug Bree. “Thank you so much Bree! I love it. It’s the best present ever!” Nicky said before bursting into tears.

The two embraced, looking just like two overly emotional teenaged girls, saying goodbye. They cried, even though they could text and call each other every day, and would see one another soon enough after summer break. Nicky

wiped away a few of her tears, ruining her makeup as she considered the feminine thoughts that had taken over her mind recently.

After a little touch up, she carefully placed the BFF collage into her trunk before closing it, happy she had everything packed and ready. Impatient, she sat on the edge of her bed waiting.

Bree had everything already packed up and was doing the same, although looking over at Nicky a little oddly.

“What? Is my makeup still messed up?” Nicky said, concerned.

“Nothing like that, but umm... Where’s *my* present?”



The bus journey was largely uneventful. Nicky sat alongside Ashanti, mostly listening to pop music on their phones. The two did talk about making plans during the break, though. Ashanti suggested beach parties, shopping, makeover days, lounging at the pool and various other activities that would have never come from the mind of a young man, and Nicky just nodded along, humoring her.

Stepping off the bus was an odd feeling for the pair. Just a few months ago they stood in the same spot waiting to be taken to St. Elizabeth’s as two unruly boys. You wouldn’t recognize them anymore. Needing help from the bus driver to unload their heavy bags, they stood waiting for their parents, feeling a little weirded out to be home and dressed as girls.

Ashanti’s mother was the first to arrive, rushing over and greeting her ‘daughter’ she’d only seen so far only in pictures and video calls. Happy to show off all her new feminine features, Ashanti fit the role of a teen girl perfectly, much to her mother’s satisfaction.

She gave a fair amount of attention to Nicky’s transformation as well, complimenting her on her outfit and look. She was blushing a little, but also perturbed by how accepting Ashanti’s mom was of their feminization. A hug and a kiss on the cheek later though, and she was left waiting alone until a familiar car pulled up.

“There’s my baby!” screamed Nicky’s mom Joan, as she ran from the passenger seat to hug her little princess.

Nicky left her suitcase on the ground, and ran to her mom, side ponytail and breasts bouncing.

Teary-eyed, Joan told her new daughter, “It’s so nice to have you home.”

"I'm happy too, Mom!" said Nicky, attempting to speak in her male voice for the first time in months. It didn't work, and she sounded very hoarse when she tried.

Her dad came out of the vehicle, and at first was nervous to see his former son, now looking exactly like a teenaged girl. "Welcome home..." he said, as he put his hand on her shoulder. Nicky immediately hugged her dad.

"Let's go home..." she said.



"And like, they're all completely crazy there, and like Ashanti's mind is ruined! She keeps talking like she's always been a girl and is talking about shopping and getting our hair done during break! It's so weird," Nicky rambled as she sat in the back seat, minutes away from their neighborhood.

"You mean Anton?" asked her dad.

"She gets mad when anyone calls her that, and so we've all been calling her Ashanti for over six months! Have you talked to her mom at all?"

Joan turned to face her daughter. "Of course we have."

"And what did she say?"

"That's *their* business, Nicole."

"But it's my friend and we were in this together. Can you *please* call me Nicholas?"

"That's enough on the subject right now. Let's go in and relax for a bit. I'll make some lemonade!" said Joan as they pulled their Audi into the driveway and parked next to the Hummer.

It was surreal for Nicky as she walked into her family house, although nothing much had changed. Her dad carried the suitcases in, after telling her he could handle them.

Sitting down in the front room dressed as a girl was strange, and she felt even more uncomfortable when her pet dog came running up, before looking at her a little confused.

"Harvey! Come here!" she called out in a feminine tone, further confusing the small little fluffy dog before it came over and got a whiff of the familiar scent. Shortly after, Joan sat with her, pouring her a glass of lemonade as the two talked.

Although frustrated that her mom kept referring her as a girl and talking about feminine things, Nicky just let it slide, knowing once she was back in guy clothes it would be easier for them to see her as his old self. Nicky's dad was

apparently taking more time than her mother when it came to getting used to it, which was a small blessing. Surely he'd want his son back.

After catching up and spending a little time together, Nicky noticed her phone was alerting her of a low battery. Knowing there was a charger somewhere in her room, she headed up the stairs while both parents looked on with curiosity and apprehension.

"What the freak is *this*?" yelled out a hysterical teen girl as both parents rolled their eyes. Joan got up and headed upstairs to find a panting and fuming Nicky. Tracing her steps back and forth along the hallway before pointing into her old room. "Why did you *do* this?"

The once blue, dimly lit room had changed more than a fair amount. A pink fluffy carpet covered the floor like a cloud, and the walls were a mixture of



different pink and lilac shades. The curtains were light pink, and had various cutesy sayings on them like ‘princess’ and ‘party girl.’

Even the bed now had a feminine bedspread, and was decorated by fluffy white and pink cushions as well as a zebra print blanket at the bottom, matching a rug beside it on the floor.

Where her computer and desk had once sat, there was a large vanity with a stool in the corner, accompanied by various boxes of what she could only assume were accessories and makeup.

“It’s amazing, isn’t it?” asked Joan. “We hired a decorator.”

“Mom... this wasn’t supposed to happen!”

Her dad came to the side of Joan as she answered her daughter. “Honey, we thought you would love it.”

“No! I hate it! It’s all wrong!”

“Now she really is acting like a spoiled princess...” her dad said.

“Would you prefer rose or lavender, Nicole?” asked Joan.

“I was expecting to come back to my *real* room Mom. Not something that belongs to a girl!”

“But you *are* a girl now sweetie...”

“No I’m not!” Nicky said, holding back tears the best she could.

Joan turned to her husband. “They said this might occur as part of the transition.”

“*Transition?* I thought I was getting out of this! I was doing so well after that second escape attempt just so I could leave that friggin’ school and go back to living as a boy. This was my chance to show I wouldn’t commit any more crimes, and I was planning to go back to being a guy for the summer! Please tell me that’s the case.”

“Sit down, honey,” said Joan.

Nicky did as instructed, sitting on her soft bed and leaning back. Her mom sat next to her while her dad continued standing.

“Why would you think you were going back being a boy?” Joan asked.

“Because,” Nicky said throwing her hands out, “I changed and did everything they wanted... Why would *you* think I’m staying like this?”

“That’s exactly the damn reason!” said her dad.

“Wait? What?” asked Nicky.

Her dad continued. “I never wanted my son to turn into a girl. But that school did everything they promised. It’s a damn good thing, too, because those bastards are expensive. Say what you want, but it saved you from committing

more crimes. You've gone from a little delinquent to a well-behaved cheerleader and ballerina. The techniques are bizarre, but the results work."

Joan smiled at him, then looked at Nicky. "We had a video conference with Mrs. McHenson, your academic advisor, and that nice girl who has been acting as your mentor. I think her name is Bree? They spoke very highly of you. Your grades have improved, there have been no more issues with the staff, and you've demonstrated a complete willingness to adapt your new life."

Nichole sat in stunned silence, her pink lips in a perfectly rounded O, so her mother continued. "It has all been beneficial for you. They recommended the next step, which includes a few other changes, such as this." Joan cast her hands around the room, showcasing Nicky's new lifestyle.

Nicky sat there speechless. She had to think. *Bree... why would she say those things?* She thought to herself. *Wait... It's because it was the truth, or at least the truth as she understood it... It wasn't a betrayal... I actually convinced Bree that I wanted to be a girl!*

However, Nicky had only agreed to act feminine because of the benefits. Now, she sat in a teenage girl's dream bedroom, with parents who believed this was what she wanted, feminized as she was, knowing that she may be stuck as a girl.

So many mixed emotions went through her mind, including the bonding moments she shared with her BFF, and the high praise Mrs. McHenson had given him. Nicky finally spoke, "So you're saying there's *no* way I'm going back to being a boy?"

"Not after all those damn legal expenses and the tuition I just paid!" her dad replied.

Joan gave him a look and put her finger to her mouth to silence him. She then turned back to Nicky. "This was the best decision for you honey. Just know that we love you."

"But you don't understand!" Nicky insisted.

"I *understand* you're tired," her mother said. "Why don't we talk about it later?"

Nicky curled herself into fetal position. "So many questions..." she said shaking her head.

"Why don't you get a little rest, honey? You've had a very long day."



A few hours went by with Nicky still laying on her bed. After getting up to use the bathroom, curiosity got the best of her. She examined the closet, only to find it filled with all girl clothes and tons of heels at the bottom. Examination

into other drawers and boxes in the room confirmed that all the male clothes and belongings she once owned had been removed.

Still in a state of shock and disappointment, Nicky jumped back on her bed and sent a text to Ashanti:

OMG. All my old boy stuff is gone n parents bought me all new girly stuff.

Seconds later, she received a response:

Girl U SO LUCKY!!!!

Nicky didn't have the heart to text Bree about the situation. Knowing her friend, she knew exactly how she would respond as well.

There was a knock on her door. "Nicky, how are you feeling now?" asked her mom.

"I'm alive..." said Nicky.

"Great!" her mom said, opening the door. "Come downstairs for dinner! I made salmon for us, steak for your father. Maybe you can convince him to eat healthier like us girls."

"Whatever," Nicky asked in a monotone voice, typical of an annoyed teenager, as she got off the bed and walked to her mom.

Walking down the staircase, Joan continued the conversation. "All of us parents involved in this had a meeting last week, and we talked about the situation. We knew some of you kids would be a little happier than others."

Nicky said, "You mean like Ashanti, after getting *brainwashed*?"

"You could say that..." said Joan. "We need to use the term behavior therapy, since that's more politically correct."

"Same thing!"

Joan reached the first level of the house and said, "Since this is the start of something new, we wanted to start fresh with new perspectives, giving you a chance to live a new life."

"That's the complete opposite of what I wanted," whined Nicky.

Joan touched Nicky's shoulders, "What I mean is that we are going to be more accepting of opportunities that come up, and we want everyone to work together on making the best of the situation."

"Yeah, yeah," said Nicky. She didn't like the nebulous words her mother was using. They were words designed to talk around problems.

Obviously, in the months she had been away, the parents had talked themselves into supporting whatever the school wanted to do. Even if it was this bizarre feminization of boys, somehow his mother and father, and the other moms and dads, had been convinced this was an acceptable thing to do to their children. She was of half a mind to never speak to them again.

"I like your hair," her mother said. "What conditioner do you use?"

"Three-minute miracle, it's great," Nicky replied, temporarily forgetting to be angry with her mom.

"But really, I'm not going back to that place. No matter what you say, you weren't there. They don't..."

"Not at the dinner table, honey," Her mother said, cutting her off.



"Did you fall in?" Nicole's father yelled from the other side of the bathroom door.

"Ugh!" Nicole replied. "That wasn't funny yesterday or the day before that, Dad!"

"Okay, okay," he replied as he walked away.

"I'd like to see him try to do this!" Nicole muttered to herself. She had just finished shaving her legs and pits bare, because it was scorching today and was going to be wearing shorts and a tank. She passed on her comfy yoga shorts and opted for the white abercrombie short-shorts because her mother was saying something about going out later that morning. The black cropped top was the only thing she liked in her closet that went with the shorts, and she added a pair of flip-flops and a wide silver bracelet. If they did go out, she was planning on adding smoky bug-eye sunglasses that would look good on her face or perched in her blonde hair.

The weeks at home had been tougher on Nicole than she had hoped. Not only had she been forced by her parents to keep up the whole 'girl' thing, but they wouldn't listen to a word against the school. There was no wrong the school could commit that would change their opinion of it. If he said they were brainwashing students? "Necessary behavioral therapy," her parents called it. Forced to dress in girls clothes? "Strict discipline." Made to act like a girl? "Unique methods of rehabilitation." Nicole, at this point, had just given up. Now she was working on simple civil disobedience. They couldn't *make* her go back. It wasn't like they were going to drag her across the state and throw her back inside.

As she finished up with the mascara and the lip gloss, she blew herself a kiss in the mirror. "So hot!" She said as she left. Nicole had no idea how effective her lessons with Bree had been, having conditioned her mind that this kind of look was 'normal' for her. This was the look of a teenage girl coming of age and ready for attention, not the look of someone who was trying to hide from their femininity, and she had no idea this was the case. She just wanted to look like

her friends and peer group. The pink glittery nail polish on her fingers and toes drove that point home.

It made it even more ridiculous when Nicole protested her mother's suggestion that morning. "You cousin Elaine is getting married in two weeks," Joan said. "I told her to hold a spot for a bridesmaid, if you want to go."

"Yuck!" Nicole said. "Mom, I am not going to a wedding, dressed like a girl! Oh my God!"

"Just think about it," she said.

"I don't want to think about it!" Nicole replied. "It'll give me nightmares! Can I borrow the car?"

"Do you have your driver's license?"

"Yes."

"For Nicole?"

She sighed. "You *know* I don't."

"Then no," Joan answered. "You can't drive until you have your license, Nicole. What do you want the car for, anyway?"

"Me n' Ashanti were gonna..."

"*Ashanti and I*," Joan interrupted.

"Ashanti and I were going to go to Martin's parent's place. They still aren't answering my calls or texts, so we figured we'd go there ourselves. We wanna know that he's okay."

"You really are that determined to get an answer?"

"For the millionth time, yes!"

"Well, I don't want you to go bothering them. They deserve privacy if they want it. I tell you what, I'll see what I can do. Cindy and I have become very good friends since last year."

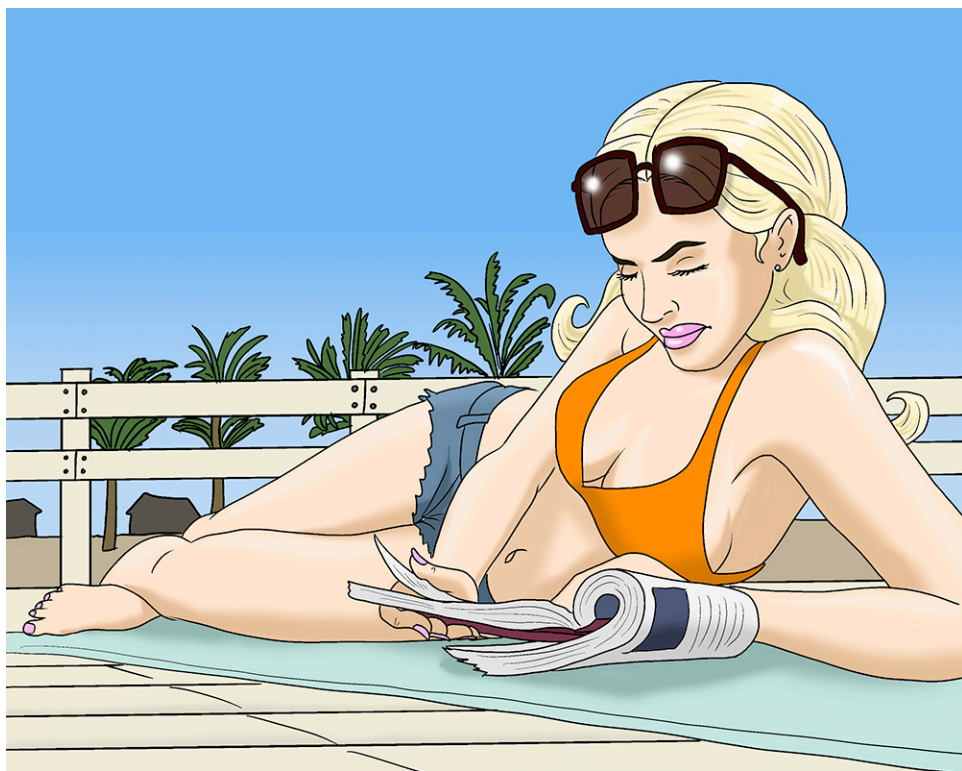
"Cindy?"

"Martin's mother. I'll ask what she feels like saying about it. How does that sound?" She said. "Now, I'm going to go out shopping in a few minutes. Want to come along? My favorite brand of bras are on sale at Nordstrom's. I was going to pick up some new ones."

"Bras? Seriously?" Nicole repeated. "Let's go! I'm having a total bra crisis! I've outgrown mine already, and I *so* need a strapless."

"I'll get my keys," Nicole's mother said.





Two weeks later, with only a few days left in the summer break, Nicole was at home tanning on the back porch when she heard a car pull up outside. Her mother, who had been paying some bills at a desk, put things away. “That must be her,” she said. The doorbell rang and the two made their way toward the door. Joan opened it to see Martin’s mom, Cindy, smiling.

“Hello!” said Cindy, who was wearing a red cardigan over a floral dress.

“Hi there,” said Joan. “We’re so glad you came. I hope you didn’t have any trouble.”

“Oh it was no trouble,” said Cindy. “Oh and Nicky... you look so pretty. Welcome back home!”

“Um, thanks?” Nicole replied.

As they turned to come inside, Nicole quickly snagged a robe to cover up the bikini she was wearing, then pulled the scrunchie off her wrist and rearranged her ‘no one is going to see me like this’ hair into a neat ponytail. Nicole was peeved that her mom hadn’t mentioned a guest coming over, and even more shocked that it was Martin’s mother.

“I’m gonna...” Nicole started to say, in an effort to dismiss herself, but her mother cut her off.

"I invited Cindy over to talk about your concerns with Martin," she said. Joan hugged her daughter from the side. "Honey, I had a nice chat with Cindy and her husband. They agreed that you were due some answers since you have displayed such great behavior at school and have made a change for the better."

They all sat on the two couches in the living room, legs crossed and hands demurely in their laps like properly mannered ladies.

"Ummm..." Nicole started to say, but wasn't quite sure where to begin.

Joan spoke for her daughter. "What Nicole would like to know is where Martin is, and how is he doing? She's been talking about it non-stop since she came home."

"They didn't tell us anything at school!" Nicole added.

Cindy leaned back a little as she started to recall events. "Well, after your... *Incident* trying to escape, they took him to the infirmary for recovery. He had cuts and scrapes, and was suffering from a mild case of hypothermia."

"You never mentioned that, Cindy," Joan said.

"Yes, well..." Cindy said. "Martin wasn't in any danger, so I didn't want anyone to worry. But after that, the school contacted me about what had happened, and I had to insist that he be removed from his dorm room and placed with other students. You understand, don't you Nicole? It was for his own safety."

"Yeah, I guess," Nicole replied, almost ashamed of what had happened.

Cindy continued. "When I talked to that delightful Mrs. McHenson, she made the suggestion that he be tested for their advanced program. He was then accepted, and he's been there ever since."

"Still?" Nicole said. "He didn't come home for summer?"

"He had a lot of work to do at the school," Cindy answered. "I'm sure you'll see him when you go back."

Nicole looked at his mother for any kind of reaction. He had been arguing with his parents from the day he got back, insisting that he wasn't returning to St. Elizabeth's. They had not truly said one way or the other if he was going or not. The lack of expression on his mother's face didn't tell him anything.

"I'm not going back," Nicole said, looking down at her lap.

"Well, you haven't graduated yet," Cindy said. "I think you have to go back so you can graduate."

"I don't want to graduate from that place. It's full of freaks and sadists." Nicole turned to her mother. "Please, I can't go back there."

Joan patted Nicole's knee. "Ashanti's going back. You'll miss her. And like Cindy says, you'll want to see Martin. Besides, your father and I paid a lot of money..."

"This isn't about money! They can really mess with you! They'll change me! They keep trying to get me to act like a real girl! You can't make me go back!"

"It's not up for discussion, sweetheart," her mother said. "You are going to graduate from St. Elizabeth's, like it or not!"

"Martin loves it," Cindy said to Joan. "He's already graduated and can't stop saying wonderful things about it."

"Graduated? But... How?" Nicole asked. "There hasn't been enough time to complete all the classes."

"I'm so looking forward to Nicole when she graduates," Joan said to Cindy. "She's going to be such a pleasure to have around the house. Girls are so much easier to raise than boys, but I think my husband will have to fight off Nicole's admirers with a machine gun."

"Boys?" Nicole said, in revulsion. "As if! And I already told you, I'm not going."

Joan spoke to Cindy. "Mrs. McHenson said that she's delighted with their progress. Especially my Nicole. She said everything is right on schedule."

"Hello?" Nicole said, loudly, irritated at being ignored. "I said I'm not going back!"

"One more year for her and Ashanti," Joan said. "You must be so proud of your Martin."

Cindy nodded. "I am. And believe me, when Nicole has graduated and comes back next summer, you'll just want to show her off to everyone!"

"Aren't you *listening* to me?" Nicole yelled. "I'm *right here*! I'm never going back to that school! *Never!*" She shrieked, as tears of frustration started to run down her cheeks.

"Best decision I ever made," Cindy said.

"My husband hates the cost, but he's come around to it," said Joan. "It will all be worth it in the end."

"I'm *not going back!*" Nicole said, leaping to her feet and screaming. She swiped at her tears and running mascara with the sleeves of her robe. "You're never going to make me!" She said, running out of the room and up the stairs. Her door, with 'Nicole' written on the outside in purple glitter, slammed shut as she leapt onto her bed and began to sob into her fluffy bedcovers.



Nicole turned and twisted in her bed, fitfully. She wanted to wake up, but felt so groggy. Her whole body was stiff and it was a struggle just to open her eyes. After fighting it for a few minutes, she finally managed to get them open.

“Wait...” She said, sitting up in bed and pushing her boobs into place. “What the heck?” What she had seen wasn’t the hot pink interior of her room, but the all-too-familiar pale pink interior of her dorm room at St. Elizabeth’s. “Ummm... What’s going on?”

“You’re awake!” Chirped Ashanti from the other bed. “Girl, you can sleep through anything.”

“Wha... Why am I back here? I don’t want to be back here!” She said, starting to breathe hard. “I’m not here! I’m not!”

Ashanti launched a big pink pillow that nailed Nicole right in the face. “Oh my God, Chill!” Ashanti said. “Summer break’s over, okay? Deal!”

“But I told my parents I wasn’t going back... I told them over and over again! Then, I went to sleep and then I woke up here...” Nicole was suddenly very angry. “They drugged me! They actually drugged me!”

“Your folks just dropped you off, like an hour ago,” Ashanti clarified. “I thought you were dead or something, but they said you were just a heavy sleeper.”

Nicole looked around and saw that her luggage was resting at the foot of her bed, ready to be unpacked. “Those... Those... *Dorks!*” She yelled, unable to really dredge up a quality expletive. Then she looked around. “Where’s Bree? Why are you in my room?”

“We’re room-*ies!*” Ashanti sang out. “All year! Back together at last! It’s going to be so great!”

“But, where’s Bree? She’s supposed to be my mentor.”

“Oh, she graduated!”

“Graduated? What? No! That’s not possible!”

“That’s what she said, but they gave her a diploma and everything. She was so excited, too! Wait ‘til I graduate. I’m going to throw the sickest party...”

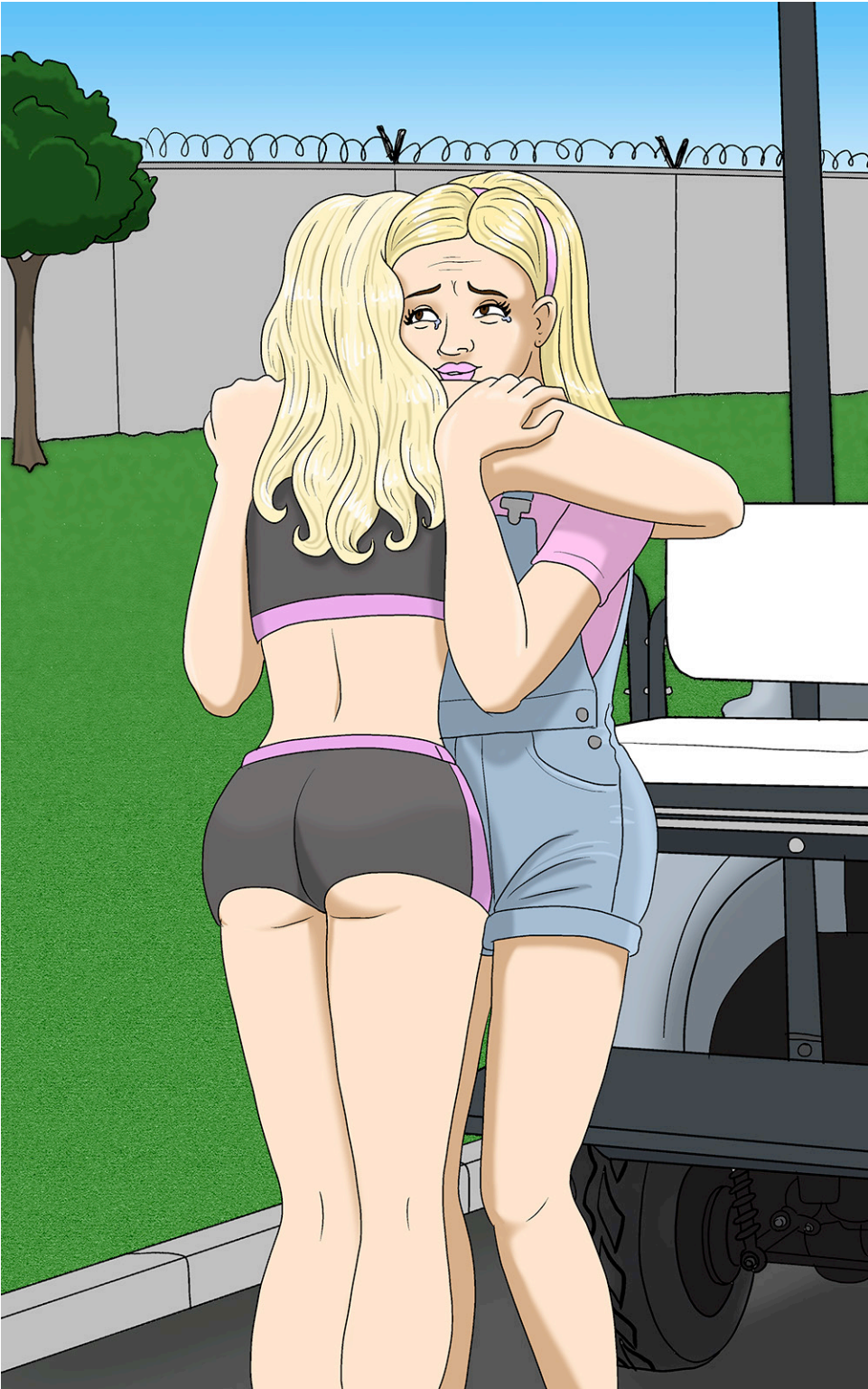
“You talked to her? When?”

“Actually, you just missed her, girl. She came in to say good-bye and pick up her stuff, but you were out cold.” Ashanti got up and looked out the window. “I think she’s just downstairs. If you run...”

Before Ashanti could even finish the thought, Nicole was up and out the door in her PJ’s, stampeding down the stairs, trying not to kill herself in her slightly-drugged state. She stumbled through the front door of the dorm, seeing Bree loading up her stuff into the back of a golf cart.

“Bree!” Nicole wailed. She headed out to the walkway, which wasn’t easy in bare feet and came to a stop in front of her friend, heaving for air.

“Aw, I didn’t want to wake you!” Bree said. She launched herself into a big hug. “Sorry, this was a surprise to me, too!”



“What happened? Why are you graduating?” They then held each other at arms’ length.

“They said it was some kind of clerical error. I had everything I needed for graduation already. So, I’m out of here!” Bree said, merrily. “I get to be a senior at my local high school! Isn’t that great? I always wanted to be in a regular high school!”

“Oh, yeah!” Nicole suddenly remembered that Bree had just recovered from her operation. “What about your operation? How did it go?”

“My what?”

“The operation. The SRS. You said we’d talk about it when we got back here.”

“You need to clear those cobwebs out of your head, Nicole.” Bree playfully knocked on Nicole’s skull. “I’ve always been a girl. It’s you and the others who are going to have operations.”

“Ummm... Like, what?” Nicole said, pulling some hair out of her eyes. “Don’t mess with me, okay? I’m stressed out enough.”

Bree put her last bag on the back of the golf cart. “Go back to bed, Nicole, you’re loopy. I was born a girl and always will be a girl. I’ll text you when my mom and I are on the road, okay?” She then walked around to the front and sat in the passengers’ seat.

“W-w-wait!” Nicole shrieked. “You can’t go! I really need you!”

“I gotta go, okay?” Bree said as she sat. “We can facetime and everything! I’ll come by every break! And you can come by my house! You’ve never been! We’re BFFs, always, okay? But it’s time for me to go home. They said I have five minutes to leave.” As she finished speaking, the impatient driver put it in drive and the cart lurched to life and sped down the path to the front gate.

“But I don’t understand! What about the surgery?” Nicole shouted back. There was no response as Bree was already too far away. She just waved back enthusiastically with the brightest smile on her face. “What the *fart* is going on?” Nicole yelled.

That’s when she felt a hand on her shoulder. She spun around to see Mrs. McHenson standing just behind her. “My office,” she said, before turning and leaving. “Right now!” She added.

Once again, Nicole found herself in the last place she ever wanted to be, seated in front of Dean McHenson’s huge oak desk. She was still in her pajama bottoms, too. The intimidating woman arrived from the outside hallway and closed the door behind her. The click and clack of her heels on the hard wood floor echoed in the room loudly, amplifying the tension. She took a seat in her huge leather-backed chair.

“What did she tell you?” the woman asked Nicole.

“Huh?” Nicole replied, truly puzzled.

“What did Bree say to you? She was supposed to be out of the facility before you woke.”

“She didn’t say anything!” Nicole answered, testily. “Nothing that made any sense, anyway.”

Mrs. McHenson was quiet for several seconds, as she stared down at the top of her desk. Raising her head slowly, she focused her eyes on Nicole. “She told you she was a real girl, didn’t she?”

“Uh...” Nicole suddenly sensed that she needed to lie. “No?”

“Come with me,” Mrs. McHenson said, getting back up. “Come!” she demanded again, when Nicole didn’t budge.

They headed into the hallway, and took a few turns Nicole wasn’t familiar with. They wound up outside a double door that was marked as ‘Conference Room D.’ The dean turned to her charge and said, in a low tone, “As it so happens one of your other classmates is here with us today, filling out some paperwork. I want you to say hello. I believe Ashanti should already be here.”

Nicole was even more confused. “What does this have to do with...?”

“Hush. I don’t want to spoil the... Surprise.”

The doors were opened, and sure enough, there was Ashanti, acting all giddy and talking her head off. Seated at the end of the large conference table was an Asian lady, flanked by a man in a suit. He was Asian, too.

“Hey Nicole!” Ashanti said excitedly. “Look!”

Nicole walked forward, tentatively. “What am I supposed to be...”

“It’s Martin!” Ashanti added.

Then it hit her like a Mack truck. “Martin!” That was the woman at the head of the table. She was thinner, female and with much longer hair, but it *was* him. “Martin?” She asked again, not believing his eyes. She almost looked like Cindy, his mother. “Martin!”

“I haven’t heard that name in so long,” the woman said. “But it’s so good to see you two girls again.”

“She’s okay, Nicole!” Ashanti said.

“You have no idea how freaked out we were!” Nicole said, gushing. “But I guess you’re okay? At least, you know, given the circumstances? I can’t believe it’s really you, Martin!”

“Li,” the woman said. “My name is Li. And I’m sorry my parents were so secretive. They got a little carried away.”

“So tell us what happened!” Nicole begged.



“Well, I’ve already been talking to Ashanti, and she can fill you in on the details. For right now, I do need to rest.”

Nicole turned to see what the expression on Mrs. McHenson’s face was, and it was smug. She could only imagine why, and feared there was something more that hadn’t been disclosed yet.

“You’re okay, though, right?” Nicole asked Li.

“Oh, I’m fine. Never better.” She put her hands on the table to push herself up out of the chair, and did do under duress.

“Can I feel it?” Ashanti asked, as the man behind Li helped her up.

“Feel what?” Nicole said. But as soon as she said the words, it became obvious. For as Li stood up, the very tell-tale bulge in her tummy was revealed.

For a moment, Nicole could only think that Martin had gotten fatter over the past few months, but that idea was pushed out by the clear reality of what she was seeing with her own two eyes.

“How many months?” Ashanti asked as she placed her hands around Li’s pregnant belly. “Is it kicking?”

“Five months, and yes. My husband Jin calls him a regular Chuck Norris,” Li said. “We’re due in December.” She patted the hand on her shoulder, the one that belonged to the man escorting her.

Nicole’s poor mind was already stressed to the breaking point, and this put her into a free-fall of shock. She simply stumbled backwards, unaware of where she was going, bumping into Mrs. McHenson. Quickly turning around to face her, Nicole was a jumble of emotions.

“Oh yes, it’s real,” Mrs. McHenson said.

How could it be real? A boy, pregnant? That could only happen by breaking the immutable laws of nature, and not just breaking them, but obliterating them, making you feel sick inside, like some creepy sci-fi TV show. It had to be some kind of trick.

All Nicole could do was leave the room, disgusted and bewildered. Mrs. McHenson put her arm around her and steered Nicole back to her office. “She’s going to be a wonderful mother... And wife.”

“How... I can’t even...” Nicole couldn’t form words, she was so out of her mind. “It can’t be true.”

“No, Li is going to have a baby, I can assure you of that,” Mrs. McHenson said, pushing open the door to her office. “And I performed the marriage myself, so that’s quite real, too.” They returned to the dean’s office and Nicole flopped back into the chair, almost in a fetal position.

"You can't... I know you can't..." Nicole said, leaning over in the chair, without the will to right herself. "You can't make a man into a woman. A real, baby-making woman."

The dean had a thin, wry smile on her face. "Ah! That's what makes St. Elizabeth's so special. We've been able to do full womb and vaginal transplants now for three years. We can, and do, make boys into real, functioning, girls."

"Why?" Was all Nicole could think to ask.

"Because that's what we're *paid* to do."

"Bree!" Nicole suddenly said, coming to a realization. "You did that to Bree!"

"She's now another fine, fully female graduate of this institution."

"Graduate? How did she graduate?"

"What do you think we mean by graduation, sweetie? We *graduate* our students into womanhood. It has nothing to do with grades. That's just a diversion. We spent the entire summer with Bree, so she could get the transplant, and then recover."

"But Bree wanted it," Nicole insisted. "And I know Martin never wanted to be a girl. I *know* it! I've known him since we were ten! He would have never wanted this!"

"Well, in a way, that's true. Martin did not want it, initially. However, I would disagree with you about Bree," Mrs. McHenson bent over to pick something out of her desk drawer. She placed it on the desk and slid it towards Nicole.

Almost afraid that it would explode or something like that, Nicole timidly picked it up. It was a pink leather-bound diary, almost a duplicate of the one she had been given when she first arrived.

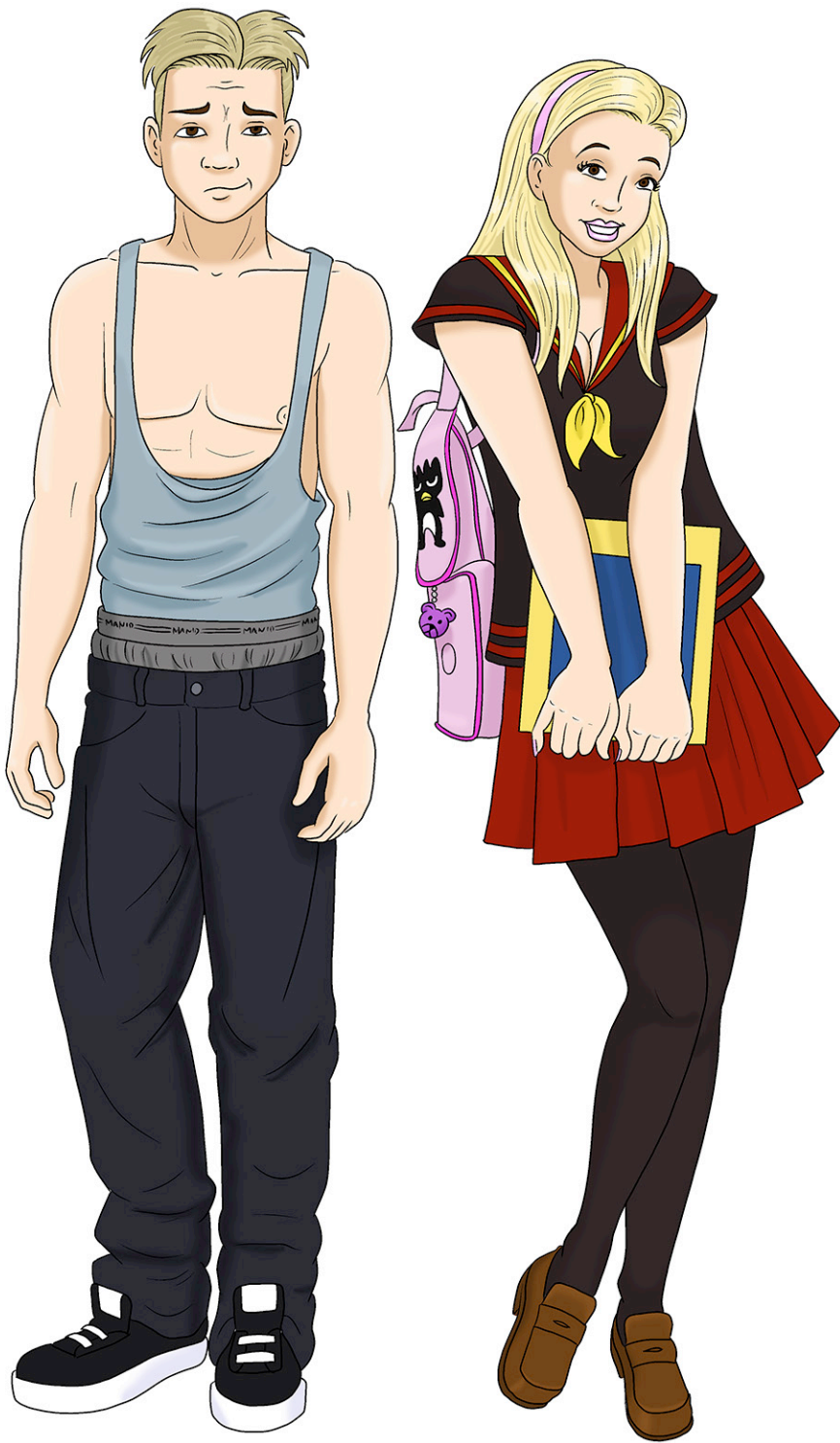
"Go ahead, read the first entry," Mrs. McHenson said.

Nicole couldn't help herself but flip it open and look. The first entry was short:

The school sucks big time. The teachers are all bitches! They got some freaky hot girls, tho! Maybe I can screw a few before I escape, huh? Whatever teacher reads this, fuck you!

The entry reminded Nicole of the first one she had made. It was almost exactly the same, really. And this one was signed, 'Bret.'

By the time Nicole had taken it all in, the dean was holding up a tablet, showing the screen to Nicole. She flipped through the first several pictures. "Bret came to us two years ago, after his rich parents had paid for expensive lawyers to get him out of prison. Five counts of robbery, and a charge of involuntary manslaughter. They put him into St. Elizabeth's and purchased the full treatment."



The pictures were of a cocky, smug teenage boy, who looked as if he could have been Bree's black sheep brother. Only as Mrs. McHenson flipped through the pictures did it become completely clear to Nicole that this was absolutely the same person she had become such close friends with as 'Bree.' The pictures told the story, as Bret eventually lost that cocky look, grew his hair, lost weight, turned blonde, wore makeup, and then very gradually started to look happier and happier.

"She said she realized she wanted to be a girl," Nicole said.

"Not quite, no. She was a tough one. Bret fought us at every turn. Tried to escape three times. But our methods are proven and always successful."

"But the pictures she showed me!"

"Our digital team is quite advanced. They can fabricate a whole lifetime of pictures. It makes things much easier during the transition if the student believes they want to be a girl. They become much more cooperative." Mrs. McHenson pressed a button on the touchscreen which showed picture after picture of a little girl growing up into Bree. "She has a new history now. She'll always remember being born female and growing up female, and graduating from St. Elizabeth's School for Girls. Her parents purchased the 'All American Girl' package."

"Her life is a package?"

"A solid 3.5 GPA, an avid cheerleader, peppy, optimistic, respects her parents and is very polite. The 'All American Girl' package is one of our most popular, but one of our most expensive."

Nicole just shook her head and kept on shaking it. "It's not real. This is all a lie. You're trying to make me think you can really do this. It's a threat or something..."

"It's not a threat, Nicole. It's a warning." Mrs. McHenson got up from her big chair and walked over to stand directly in front of Nicole, leaning over her. "We had to deal with your friend Ashanti the hard way. On the other hand, Li understood she had no choice, and willingly cooperated."

"She wasn't brainwashed?"

"Not at all, no. It was hard for her, but she's come around and is almost like a part of our team, now."

"She's married? At 16? 17?"

"Her parents bought the 'modern mother' package. That comes with some cosmetic work to mature her, and we've altered her records a little. She's now a 28 year old woman."

"Martin? A mother?"

“Ashanti, on the other hand, her parents purchased the ‘superstar’ package for her. She’ll be a talented singer and actor, hoping to one day hit it big and become famous. Have you heard her sing in the choir? She’s really quite good.”

“What... What package did *my* parents buy?”

“The All-American Girl. That’s why Bree was your mentor, after all.”

“So now, I’m just supposed to be all happy and excited that I’m going to be this peppy girl and act like that for the rest of my life?”

“You can let go of your old life and be the best girl you can be, or we can involve Dr. Müller and her... Methods.” Dean McHenson crossed her arms. “Which will it be?”

“You want me to choose?”

“Well, I didn’t bring you here for the conversation, as stimulating as it is. We at St. Elizabeth’s always try to give our students the opportunity to be cooperative.”

“Right now? You want me to choose my entire life, right now?”

“You’re delaying. What’s it going to be, Nicole? We have you scheduled for your orchidectomy, please stop dawdling.”

That was the surgery Bree had tricked him into agreeing to. “No! I don’t want to lose my balls!”

“You told Bree you did.”

“How would you know?”

“We know everything that happens here, little missy. Now, a decision, if you please.”

“You can’t make me choose! That’s wrong! Wrong and... I’m not going to... Oh my God, so much pressure!” Nicole was trying desperately to avoid answering. “This isn’t legal! I’ll have my parents... I’ll find some people and they’ll... The cops! I’ll go to the cops and... And you...”

“So you weren’t telling the truth when you said you were okay with having the orchidectomy?”

“No! Why would I ever want that?”

“So be it,” Mrs. McHenson said. She snapped her fingers.

Immediately, two men who were at either side of where Nicole was sitting, who had come into the room unnoticed, grabbed her by the arms and restrained her.

The dean stood and watched, proudly. “Good. I like it when they fight. It makes everything so much more... satisfying.”

“What? You can’t do this! This is so *unfair!*” The two men lifted Nicole from her chair and carried her off, even as she kicked and screamed.

“Get the operating theater ready,” Mrs. McHenson said into her desk intercom, “And let Dr. Müller know we’ll need her when the patient wakes up.”



“Are you ready?”

Sean let out what was he hoped would be his last breath as a virgin, and said, “Ready and waiting!” It had been a long night at the annual St. Elizabeth’s Fair, and the young student was eager to finally consummate his relationship with the super-hot Nickee, who he had been infatuated with since he saw her.

That’s when mostly-naked Nickee edged her panties down. The first sight of her penis would be forever burned in Sean’s memory. It was no more than an inch and a half long, and her scrotum had no testicles anymore, leaving just a flap of skin there.

Sean fell off the bed, fear in his eyes. “You’re a dude? Fuck, no!”

“But you have to have known! It’s kinda obvious, isn’t it? I thought Ashanti told you...” she said, looking a little confused, but not covering herself up.

“This is way fucked up, Nickee!” The boy said, pushing at the sides of his head to try and keep it in one piece.

“God, don’t freak out, Sean! Here, let me show you,” Nickee said as she presented the photos on her phone.

Sean couldn’t believe his eyes! An overweight, brown-haired guy with a lot of acne was in the first picture at about age 13. After going through dozens of photos showcasing her transition, the last photo was her recently, hugging Ashanti during cheerleading practice, wearing pink gym shorts and a sports bra.

Nickee continued her spiel. “I wasn’t happy. Never did I think I would like being a girl, but when I was living as a boy, I was miserable. Some of my few friends had girlfriends even in middle school, and I was angry all the time for other things including my relationship with my folks. I started stealing things from people and causing a bunch of mischief. So that’s how I ended up here. After losing a bunch of weight, I started to feel better about my body. I decided to dye my hair and started having a lot of fun with makeup. That’s when I realized living as a girl is a lot of fun and it made me a better person! So my wonderful, loving parents sent me here to live the life I always wanted.”

Sean couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “Is that what they do here? I mean, it’s hard to miss, now that I think about it.”

“This is a school for feminization, Sean.”



“Not me, I’m not letting it happen to me! This isn’t what I want!”

Nickee giggled and sighed. She brushed some long, blond hair from Sean’s eyes. “You don’t know until you try!”

The End

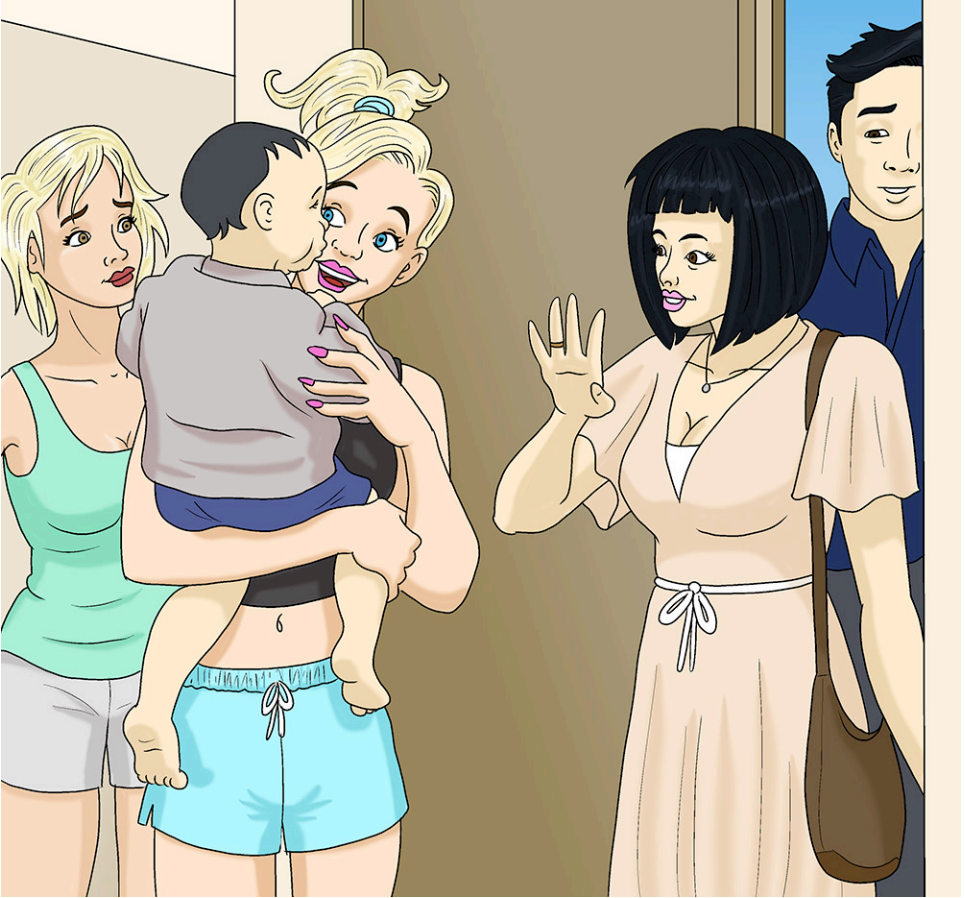


Nickee and Ashanti take a selfie to celebrate their “graduation” from St. Elizabeth’s, as they headed home. Ashanti would soon be off to LA to follow her dream of becoming a star.

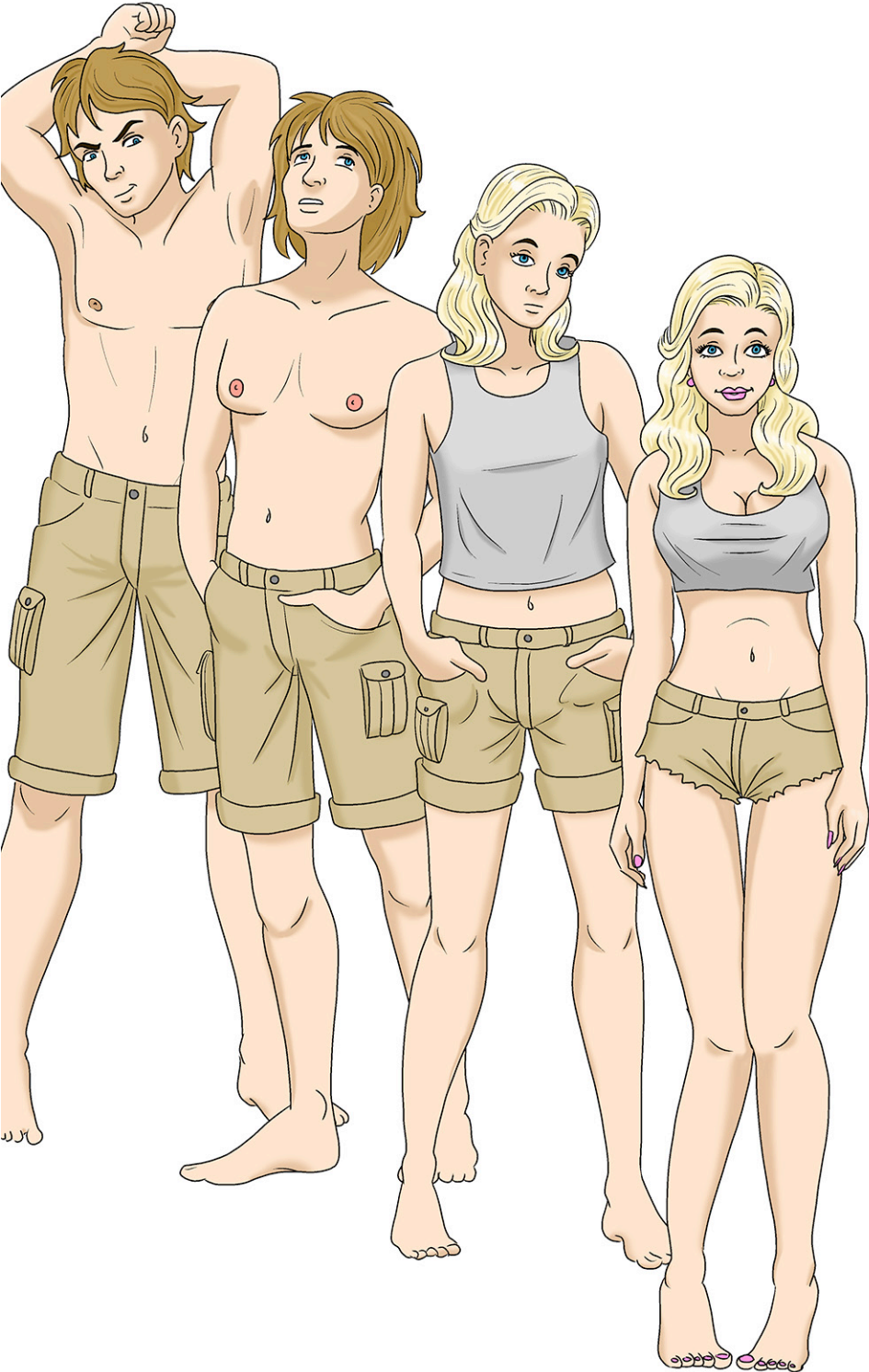


Previous page: When Nickee's Eastside High and Bree's Monroe High squads met up in the Florida State Cheerleading competition, their friendship meant nothing as they battled for ultimate supremacy.

...And as soon as it was over they were besties again.



Nickee quickly gained a reputation as the best babysitter in town. Here she is sitting for Li and her husband. Behind her, Shawna, Bree's new friend from St. Elizabeth's, is learning the ropes.



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Sick Puppy Comics

Making Friends

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

The Pet Sitter

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

One Year in Tokyo

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

Students, Exchanged

"French Dupe" by Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 57 pages / 15 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Winning is Everything

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He's the Wrong Girl

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

A Blessing in Disguise

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

"The Puppy Mill" by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care" Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies" " by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyz II Girlz

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

"Do-Overs" by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

If the Shoes Fit

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Year

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

"The Femmed Family robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book /96 pages / 29 color illustrations

Auntie's Girl Time

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Made Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket.

Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only



Reading is Fun de Mental!