



Cross Dressing: Schoolgirl Domination

by

Sabrina Jane Morton



Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

~ *By Sabrina Jen Mountford*

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*If you read all my stories and want to read more
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write excellent femdom with forced feminization and
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Forward:-

*What follows is an original work of erotic, femdom
fantasy fiction involving female domination, orgasm
denial, male chastity, ball busting, corporal
punishment and more. All of the characters and
events within are entirely fictional and any
resemblance to real life persons or places is
coincidental. These works are femdom fantasy*

fiction, and I do not condone or encourage any of the acts described in this story being attempted in real life. This material is suitable for over 18's only. All characters are over 18 and consenting.

This 25,000 word femdom novelette is heavy with forced feminization, chastity, orgasm denial, tease and denial, with a healthy dose of corporal punishment thrown in for good measure. If you like your femdom to portray a little over-the-knee spanking or the male being coerced into trying on a CB3000 for a night, then this femdom probably isn't for you. This femdom is for not for the prudish, and is not meant to be realistic, it's pure fantasy.

Incidentally if you'd like to be locked into a chastity device and live in the North London area the professional dominatrix 'Rebecca Winter; will be more than willing to accommodate you and perhaps administer you some corporal punishment, while she's at it. If you're up for it and want to experience real female domination, please see <http://www.rebeccawinter.com> and don't forget to tell her you discovered her through 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' the scenes in this story are in no way reflective of a session with Rebecca Winter. Her promotion here is purely a 'favour for a friend' and nothing more. If you want to watch some

hot femdom action in film, then I suggest visiting <http://www.femdomfilms.eu/> Enjoy the story.

~ Sabrina

Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination

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~Thorfield Academy

Thorfield Academy was a rather posh, rather well to do private school. It held the sort of traditions which tended not to be held by modern schools. Girls and boys were both taught of course – but separately. Corporal punishment was not just, ‘on the books’ but used frequently – parents and students were asked to sign a disclaimer that they consented to corporal punishment being used upon enrolment. Uniforms were of the traditional variety, and the dress code was very strict, as were all school rules, even for students who had stayed on for further education, the young adults who were studying a degree there. The degree on offer was an interesting and unusual one too. It was called the Thorfield All-Round Education Degree and was a BA qualification. The interesting thing about it, was that the school life of further education students followed the same structured school life of those who were still in higher education or lower, with a separate young men’s degree which included normal school subjects plus some male orientated ones like woodwork and automotive repair, and a female orientated subject for the girls school which substituted needlework and cookery for these topics.

Michael was eighteen, one of the younger boys in the first year of the degree qualification. He was a rather weedy young man, not broad shouldered, or muscular, in fact except for the fact he wore the male school uniform he could be easily mistaken for an under-developed school girl. He was one of the youngest in his year, but he also looked very young for his age. He wasn't good at sport and generally looked for any excuse to skip it, he was the sort of boy who went to lessons, sat alone and then spent break times sitting alone reading science fiction novels.

Michael wasn't a sociable boy at school, even the geeks and the nerds considered him, 'un-cool' and bullied him – he tended to spend his time hiding from the other boys and avoiding speaking to them for having fun made of him or worse.

Now the curious thing about Thorfield was that originally it had been a boy's school, the girl's school had opened decades later. Rather than building a separate building for the girls, the owners had elected to simply split the school down the middle, the old east wing of the school became the boys school complete with its own school yard, sports facilities, staff-room and class-rooms, while the old west wing of the school became the girls school with same facilities. The students were generally led to believe there was no passage between the two halves of the building – although there was through the visitor's entrance which was more or less in the centre of the building, and hadn't changed much since the time when it was one school, full of offices, grand foyers and administrative areas.

Occasionally, the boys would hear girlish giggling and wonder where it was coming from, and the girls would hear the boys shouting, but not be able to ascertain the source. Even sports day was segregated; the school believed firmly in segregation and in fact even tried to hire teachers who fitted in with the gender segregation in the school – though this wasn't entirely possible.

On this particular day Michael was sitting in English, at his desk, on his own. Miss Mellor was taking the lesson – a bubbly, flirtatious

teacher who oozed confidence and played off the fact that these young men found her attractive. She was in her mid-thirties, though she dressed older. Her hair in a short bob, this particular day she was wearing a black and white checked short skirt, with tights and heels, and high necked lilac blouse, with a necklace of pearls for decoration.

She could have been wearing nothing at all at this time because Michael wasn't paying attention, he was thinking about the science fiction novel he was currently reading and had more or less switched the rest of the world out.

Miss Mellor was parading around the room, swinging her hips and waving her arms about in bold gestures – he had no idea what she was talking about... He was too deep in thought. It was PE next and he'd forged a note from his mother excusing him – so he'd be able to read some more of his novel.

As he sat thinking he felt something slightly wet and soft plant itself on his cheek. Miss Mellor had leaned down and kissed him on the cheek, her red lipstick leaving its mark for all to see.

He gazed up startled, "Wha..." She smirked at him, "Ahhh... Young master Burton – glad you could join us... I thought that might get your attention." He reached up to wipe the lipstick off but she grabbed his hand, "Oh no you don't... That can stay there I think – let it dry on, I want everyone to see that I caught you drifting off."

He stammered, "I... I wasn't drifting off – I was just thinking." She leaned closer to him threateningly, her bright red lipstick inches from his face, "Just thinking eh? Not drifting off... Do you know what I was talking about?"

He screwed his face up and thought back – the last thing he remembered was her going on about the school play, "The school play?" She nodded a little surprised, "Very, good... You were listening – perhaps I won't have to give you a detention or corporal

punishment..." This brought a murmur of audible sniggers from the rest of the group and Michael went bright red. Miss Mellor leaned closer still, "Well, then seeing as you were clearly paying attention you heard my question but hadn't decided on an answer – I would like your answer now please, I take it it's a yes?"

He thought about asking her what the question was, but that glint in her eye suggested punishment would follow that admission. Instead he checked the faces of his class-mates, from all he was getting was an expectant look though – no clue as to what she'd asked him.

The pause had Miss Mellor grinning evilly, "Dear me... Maybe you weren't paying attention? Technically I should put your name down for a caning in front of the school at tomorrow's assembly, unusual for a degree student to be caned isn't it? Hmmm, perhaps I should take you over my knee here and now instead to get it out of the way? Well? Have you got an answer for me, or would you like to receive a bare bottom spanking, over my knee... In front of the class?"

Michael quivered and went redder, she looked serious... He'd seen it before too, Miss Mellor seemed unnervingly keen on spanking her students and definitely seemed to enjoy it, especially the young men were in their late teens, he could only surmise it the power and the humiliation she wielded – he wouldn't give her the satisfaction. He looked around again, then sighed, "Yes?" To which the class gave out a resounding roar of laughter.

She leaned back, "Good... It's always difficult to find a boy willing to play our female lead, especially as we're doing Romeo and Juliet this year... But I'm glad you agree that you should have the role because you are by far the most feminine boy in the school, even in the lower years... *Sigh* Michael, sometimes I look at you and think you should be next door in a gymslip and boater, learning needlecraft... Still, that's my Juliet problem solved..."

Michael burst out, "Bu..." She shrugged, cutting him off, "No buts, you're going to be Juliet in the school play and that's final. Make sure you're in the hall every lunchtime for rehearsals, and start looking for a pretty dress for your costume, or I'll choose one for you."

The class was laughing at him now, he wished he'd heard what she'd asked him – in fact what he'd missed was, "Michael Burton, wouldn't you like to play Juliet in the school play? After all, don't you think you're the most convincingly female boy in the school?" Then she'd planted the kiss on his cheek when he didn't respond.

It was PE next, the bell went and he climbed to his feet cursing himself for being trapped so easily. Every year some poor boys ended up playing girls in the school play, this year it would be him and it'd be a starring role. He thought about trying to be really bad on purpose, but gave up figuring it would lead to a caning if he wasn't careful... It wasn't even as if the school play would be a low budget, simple affair – it was usually quite lavish and a lot of effort went into the set and the costumes... He tried to put it to the back of his mind on the way to PE, thinking about his novel again, lost in his thoughts... Of course he was trying to avoid the jeers and laughter of the other boys as he walked.

~Sicknote

When he got to PE he was a little late as usual, and the PE teacher Mr. Maddox was glaring at him while his tapping his watch. Michael approached, reaching into his blazer pocket. Before he could withdraw his note Maddox rolled his eyes, "Let me guess Burton, another sick-note? Can't do PE? What a surprise... I'm sick of... Actually, I'm not... You're useless at Football, hopeless at Rugby, when you play Basketball you look more like you're trying to play netball... In fact I think that's probably your best sport, next time you're actually fit enough for PE if the day ever comes I'll send you next door and ask Miss Evans to put you in a netball skirt and see

how you fare at that? Perhaps we'll finally have found your sport...
Hmmpf!"

Unusually Thorfield made sports and physical education mandatory even for the degree students, something which Michael had always regretted, except his mother had been adamant that the Thorfield Degree was the best for him to get and that he'd been at the school all his school life, and it had done him good.

"Well, you can get in the PE store-room and tidy up and clean. You may not be well enough for football, but I'm not having you sitting there reading your book every time." Michael looked pleadingly at him, "But sir!" He held out his hand, "Give me the book, it's confiscated – you can have it back if you do a good job on the PE store-room, now get to it!"

Michael groaned audibly. He had been pushing it, lately he'd missed more PE than he'd done – perhaps he'd taken it too far. Having said that, getting changed and having people poke fun at him and throw his clothes around the room was worse... Maybe tidying up the PE store-room wouldn't be so bad.

He trotted off and opened the door to the PE store room, it was a room deep in the boys school, towards the girls school, at the end of a corridor that ran along the boys gym. Nobody went in there, all the kit they used was actually left out in the gym, or down at the pavilion by the sports field.

When he opened the door he was greeted by piles and piles of old equipment, mainly things which should have been thrown away, everything was covered in layers of dust. He methodically started emptying the large baskets out, then sorting the equipment so it was with similar things – the footballs into one, the basketballs into another. There were medicine balls and shot-puts, cricket balls and javelins, everything you could imagine. Initially it was strewn all over the place, but as he began organizing and sorting the gear he

started to find it quite therapeutic, it was a release from the daily stress of school life.

As he tidied and sorted he found himself working his way further and further back in the store room, soon he was so far back he wondered if he was actually in the girls school – then he heard it. Quietly at first, the murmur of conversation... Soft, high pitched voices, giggling... He tried to follow the sound around the room. It was coming from further back. He had to maul an old worn out pommel horse out of the way, then clamber over an old vault with the leather and foam padding partially missing. It was becoming clear that nobody had been to the very back of the store room in several years. At the very back of the store room it was fairly dark, there was a desk back there with ancient, sun-faded pictures of sports teams and a sports teacher who had long since left. It seemed like nobody had been there in over a decade the dust was so thick. The giggling was louder now, he thought he could hear...

The picture... There was a photo of a past PE teacher standing proudly with a trophy, it looked like it was from the sixties. Slowly he lifted the picture. It was very dark at the back of the store room, well the room which appeared like it might have been the old PE teachers office, now a store room. Behind the picture was circle of light, only small...

He carefully leaned over the desk and peered through, winking one eye shut. He gasped at what he saw. It was the girls changing room, and showers in the distance.

It looked like they'd just had PE, some were still in the shower, their naked bodies wet and smooth looking. These girls were well developed too, he decided it must be the year above him as they all looked at least eighteen or nineteen, they were all confident and not shy about parading around, their naked bodies on show. Michael of course was quivering at this, on the one hand thinking this teacher who had left so many years ago had been spying on them! Now of course he was, but he couldn't take his eye away... One girl was

rummaging in her bag with a towel on her head, wrapping up her hair. She pulled out a bra and started pulling it on while one of the other girls twirled a towel up and towel flicked her on the bottom causing her to squeal and the other girls to laugh...

It was too much, the long years of segregation, of so infrequently having contact with girls, to this, seeing them all their naked glory. It stirred feelings, thoughts, that had been suppressed for too long.

Michael started drooling, strange feelings awakened in his groin... Everywhere he looked there was bottom or breast, feminine curves, bras and knickers... He reached down and felt his penis had grown solid as a rock. He started to stroke it, then one of the girls seemed to catch his eye – he froze, not daring move, then she looked away.

There was laughing giggling, he looked again; watched them dress, some of them wearing sexy lacy satin underwear which he wouldn't of guessed such school girls, even degree students, at such a strict, old fashioned institution, wore under their uniforms. The girl whom he'd thought had caught his eye whispered something to another girl who vanished, but she didn't look at him again. He continued his voyeurism, finding it making him harder and harder... He started to massage his penis again, making him shiver with anticipation... Then there was a click from behind him, before he could pull away he felt himself grabbed and dragged backwards.

He tried to cry out as he was pulled away... Into the light, into the girls changing room! There'd been a door into the girls changing room, hidden by the dim light. He had four girls pulling him, in varying states of dress, there was about twenty girls surrounding him, all looking pretty cross...

The one who'd caught his eye approached, she'd now got her bra and knickers on and a towel around her head. He struggled in the grip of the girls holding him. She eyed him up and down, "Well, well... What have we got here? Spying on us? Hmmp! Pervert!"

Michael shuddered, "I... I can explain!" She was taller than him, she leaned forwards and dipped her head towards him, "There's no need to explain, I thought that old store room was out of bounds, it's a good job I spotted you... How many times have you hid in there watching us undress? Hmm?" He looked around for a friendly face, there were none. He was in an iron grip and almost in tears, "This was the first time I promise, I'm sorry! It won't happen again! Let me go!"

She chuckled, "I'd like to believe that... I doubt it somehow... And I don't think I should let you go... Hmph! Spying on us... Urgh! It's disgusting... What should we do with you I wonder?" He looked pleadingly at her, "Don't tell! Please don't tell on me! I'll do anything!"

She laughed at this, "You're in no position to barter, we'll do what we like with you, regardless of how you feel about it... Hmmmm, what to do with you..." She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then a grin grew on her face, "Oh I know... It's perfect... Girls – strip him!"

He yelped as he was pulled into a space in the middle of the changing room and they began pulling his shoes off, then his trousers, "Please! Stop!" He struggled, trying to wriggle free, but when he did more girls joined in holding him. Soon they were pulling his shirt, tie, blazer off... Then his boxer shorts.

The girls surrounded him while some spirited his clothes away, Michael standing quivering naked in the middle of the room, cupping his genitals trying to retain some modesty. He couldn't look up, instead he muttered under his breath, "Alright you've had your fun, give me my clothes back!"

The ringleader tutted softly, "Such a spoilsport... Had our fun? We haven't even started yet – pin him down."

Before he could defend himself he was grabbed, dragged to the floor and held down, several on each arm and leg, leaving him helplessly

spread-eagled on the floor. She then looked at one of the girls who was already dressed, a tall girl with simple innocent features, long dark hair, wearing a short pleated skirt, tights and low heeled shoes. "Nancy, give him a good kick in the balls to start with I think..."

She approached, the pleats of her skirt swinging to and fro rhythmically, "With pleasure... Let's just line him up properly first... Keep still." Michael struggled, as Nancy leaned down and carefully lined up his penis and testicles in such a way that she could strike them all with one good kick. She glared at him, "You're not keeping still! That's two kicks... Now KEEP STILL!" He whimpered, quivering in fear at her sharp looking, hard shoes. Then tried to wriggle free, Nancy leaned in again, "That's three kicks... How many times do you want to be kicked in the balls? Keep struggling, I'll keep counting... Now are you going to keep still for me? Good..."

He was helpless...

Every time he struggled all he succeeded in doing was messing up Nancy's careful alignment of his genitals and upping the count. He lay back submissively, feeling the many pairs of arms holding him still, "Please!" Nancy leaned closer, "Shhh, try to relax – this will be over in just a tick... Would you like something to bite down on?" One of the girls had unthreaded his leather belt from his trousers and doubled, then quadrupled it up. She leaned close to his head, her breasts hovering over his face and offered up the folded up belt to his mouth, "Open... Wider... Good... Now bite down."

The taste of the leather in his mouth was horrible. He wanted to wriggle and try to avoid the inevitable blow, but doing so would just invoke more punishment. He bit down, and felt the hard toe of Nancy's shoe gently touch his scrotum as she lined up the shot. He hoped and prayed that she'd only give him a tap. The arms gripping him gripped harder, then he watched her knee, underneath the short pleated skirt with black tights on swing back. He held his breath...

THUMP!

He squealed like a pig, tears running down his cheeks and the girls echoed a chorus of giggles at him. Nancy paused, leaning over him, "One... I'll just line you up again..." Michael spat out the leather belt, his voice shaky and broken, "Please... Please don't..." The girl who'd put the belt in his mouth picked it up and offered it up to his mouth again, "Now, now... You've got to take your punishment... Open... Open wide for me... Wider... Good... Now bite down... Any more complaints and we'll add another shot on to your sentence... Okay he's ready."

Tears were streaming down Michaels cheeks as Nancy leaned forwards and carefully realigned his genitals for the most effective kick. He felt the hard shoe just kiss his already sore scrotum, nudging one of his balls which was now aching, a deep, dull ache that sickened him to his stomach. Then the grip on his arms and legs tightened, the knee swung back and accelerated towards his groin.

THUMP!

He cried out in agony, whimpering with pain. Nancy leaned forwards, smiling warmly at him, "There... That's two... We're nearly done now – then we can move on to the rest of your punishment... Unless you start to complain of course – then it'll have to be more kicks I'm afraid... Are you going to be good for me?"

Red in the face, nodding, tears streaming down his cheeks Michael waited for the third kick. She initially skipped the careful alignment this time, he felt her hard shoe gently touch his scrotum, but even the gentle touch hurt. Nancy gave him a friendly smile, "Let's make this a good one?"

She re-aligned his genitals carefully for maximum impact, her slender hands paradoxically gentle while carefully lining up his balls and penis for the most effective kick. Then she started a practice

swing again making him whimper for mercy. The shoe just, just kissed his scrotum, then the knee swung back and shot towards him.

THUMP!

He howled in agony, whimpering softly as the girls all giggled at him. His balls felt bruised, swollen and throbbing at this point, even touching them would hurt. Nancy looked at the ringleader, the girl who'd spotted him, "Well Alice, what shall we do with him now?"

Alice walked around him spread-eagled on the floor menacingly, "Oh, I don't know... Hmmm, What to do... Hmmm, I think seeing as he's so interested in the girls changing room, we should get him changed... Into girl's clothes... Nancy – get the lost property box."

He started struggling again, but Alice leaned close this time, "Would you like ME to give you three kicks as well pervert? I'm not as gentle as Nancy... No? Didn't think so... We're going to dress you up... Then I think I'll have you over my knee... Hmmm, but before we do... I have another idea..."

Nancy had returned holding the box and raising an eyebrow, "What are you going to do Alice?" She chuckled softly, "I think he needs to learn to control his little libido a bit... Wait here." She went to her bag and pulled out a little circlet of steel with spikes on the inside and a padlock.

Nancy tilted her head into a confused look, "What's that?" Alice held it up for all to see, "This ladies... Is a Kali's Teeth bracelet. I got this for my boyfriend – he plays with himself too much too, but it was too small for him, but that won't be the case with tiddler here... We lock this onto his penis and it won't come off unless I unlock him... While it's on he can't masturbate, or get even get a simple erection without severe pain... I think it's perfect for him. Hold him still while I lock him in."

Again Michael found himself struggling, but he was held so tightly he couldn't move an inch. Alice kneeled down between his spread-eagled legs and gently placed his penis into the circle of spikes, then pulled it shut and snapped the padlock through.

Immediately he began struggling, clearly in pain as his penis tried to grow, much to the laughs of the girls holding him. "Urgh! Please, take it off, TAKE IT OFF!"

Alice shook her head, "Sorry sweetie, I think you should stay in that for a very long time... You should have thought about that before you started spying on us getting changed... We're going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget."

Nancy appeared with the lost property box. Michael was still struggling, as a new girl with a short blonde bob fished out a bra and knickers and approached menacingly. Nancy grabbed his chin, "Wow, you must really like being kicked in the balls... Now stop struggling or I'll keep kicking you in the balls until there's nothing left in that pathetic little scrotum but mush..."

She had a menacing look in her eye, he felt like she meant it – so he allowed them to dress him in the bra and knickers. Afterwards some black tights were pulled on to him, then a short, pleated grey skirt, a blouse and the girls school blazer – then a pair of girls patent leather shoes.

The girls circled him laughing and jeering, making him look down in shame. They'd even stuffed some socks down his bra to give him breasts and extenuate his embarrassment. Alice piped up, "Well, well, don't you look the 'pretty girl' I think it's time for your spanking... What's your name sweetie?" He didn't look up, "I'm not telling!"

Alice sighed deeply, "Pin him down – Nancy, line him up for another three kicks..." He stammered in a panic, "Michael, Michael Burton..." Alice chuckled, "Michael? Michelle I think then – today

you are going to be Michelle... First up – I’m going to spank you silly.”

She sat on the bench in the centre of the changing room, she was still wearing only her underwear. “Okay Michelle, over my knee or you get your balls turned to mush.”

Reluctantly he approached to a chorus of giggles, wobbling in the dainty girls shoes she helped him to lower on to his knee and pinned his arms together behind his back. Her grip was firm, her spare hand hitched his skirt up exposing his tights and knickers, then pulled them down just enough to expose his bottom. Michael wriggled a little, trying to get comfortable – made all but impossible by the steel band of spikes fixed to his penis. Alice leaned down pressing her breasts onto his back, “Keep still Michelle... You wouldn’t want me to have to start again would you? Good...”

There was pause, silence, then SMACK!

He squealed in surprise and wriggled as the stinging blow landed squarely on his buttocks. Alice whispered in his ear, “One... I’m giving you thirty for starters, if you’d like more – struggle!”

The girls forming a circle about him were giggling and whispering. Michael felt helpless, he allowed Alice to continue spanking him, each blow causing him to grunt or squeal. His balls were badly bruised and throbbing, his penis kept growing into the spikes, he was in a cacophony of pain – all the while dressed as a school girl.

The pain was bad; the worse pain was the dull throb from Nancy’s merciless kicks to his balls... He was actually a little scared they’d done some real damage down there.

The spanking continued for some time, until Alice had reached her count of thirty five, having added five on for his struggling. By the time she’d finished, Michael’s bottom was red raw and sore, and

Alice's hand was aching. Still holding him onto her knee she addressed the crowd, "Would anyone else like a go?"

The girl who'd put his belt in his mouth to bite down on stepped forwards, brandishing his unthreaded belt, "Let me try this on him!" Michael saw his belt dangling below her pleated skirt, stroking against her black tights and he shuddered, instinctively trying to wriggle free, Alice gripped him tighter, "Keep still, Jill wants to try out your belt on you!... Still! Or it's ball-busting time!" Defeated he lay still over Alice's knee as Jill began by gently stroking the belt over his tortured buttocks for a measure – then whipped it around with incredible speed and force. The clap was louder and harsher than Alice's spansks leaving a deep red line on the already glowing area of buttocks. Jill chuckled, "Hah, that was fun... Ready again?"

He grimaced in expectation as the belt fell again, faster still... She continued laying stroke after stroke on his buttocks. Soon the pain in his buttocks was as bad as the pain in his balls, red lines were criss-crossing over his bottom and tears were streaming down his cheeks while he whimpered softly. Jill's arm eventually grew tired and time was running out for the girls PE lesson. Alice loosened her grip, "Alright Michelle, I think that will do for now... Up you get."

Michael rose to his feet shakily, his balls throbbing right to his stomach, his bottom on fire and his cheeks bright red and tear stained. The girls were all giggling at him. He looked at Alice pleadingly, "Where are my clothes? Can you unlock this bracelet thingie you've locked onto me?"

Alice shook her head, "I don't think you understood... You're in the girl's school now, you're a girl now, we'll have to sort your hair out... It's long enough but we're going to have to put it into a feminine hair style so as not to rouse suspicion. Then a touch of make-up, not too much – we don't want you getting caned for 'too much make-up' in front of the whole girls school... Or do we? Hmmm... We'll think about that one... Now come and stand by the mirror – Nancy, sort

him out while I get changed, you're going to be the new girl in the class today Michelle."

Nancy, Jill and some of the other girls man-handled him over to the mirror and began work on him. He hurt from his groin to his buttocks and everywhere in between.

Walking in the girls shoes felt unfamiliar and difficult. They were a pump with a small heel, a floral pattern in the leather and a slim strap over the bridge. During his ill-treatment his boy's uniform had been whisked away and hidden.

It didn't take them long, a brushing, combing, hair clips, then a red hair band to hold his long hair in a short pony tail. Once that was done they started on the make-up. Strict school rules on make-up meant they couldn't risk going over board, so they settled with some subtle foundation, clear lipstick just to give his lips more shine and some mascara to extend and show-off his eye-lashes.

Just as they were touching up, the bell went. Alice and Nancy grabbed him by the elbows and pulled him towards the door, "Come on Michelle, we've got cookery next – then it's needlework after lunch break."

As he was mauled out of the changing rooms he whimpered to Alice through his throbbing pain, "When are you taking the spiky thing off? It really hurts!"

She put her arm around him and leaned closer, "Good... It's supposed to! I don't plan to ever take it off at the moment – if you want it off you're going to have to be really good to me... And be very obedient..."

He looked at her, "What about my lessons this afternoon?" She shrugged, "I suppose they'll think you ran off into the grounds for a skive this afternoon?"

~ Cookery Class

The girls uniform would have been really bothering Michael, but the dull, throbbing ache from his punishment in the changing rooms eclipsed everything. The fact that he was in the forbidden territory of the girls school made him feel even more vulnerable and helpless. Teachers, stern looking ladies would study him as he walked the corridors – then his black tights, pleated skirt and blouse became a shield, a shield which he hoped would successfully hide the reality from onlookers.

When they got to the cookery lesson, the teacher, a petit young woman with long blonde hair tied neatly back – was waiting for them, “And what time do you all call this? You’re all LATE!”

Alice smirked, “Sorry miss!” There were giggles, Michael, sandwiched in the middle tried to keep his head down, but the teacher noticed him and stuck her hand out, “Stop! Who are you? I don’t remember seeing you before?” Nancy stepped forwards, “This is Michelle miss, she just started today.” The teacher placed a manicured finger under Michaels chin pushing his face up until she Michael was looking up at her, straight in the eye, “Well Michelle, I am Miss Grisham, and I do not tolerate any bad behaviour, any laziness or any incompetence... And I don’t just put your name forward for punishment during assembly, I will take you over my knee here and now if you give me a breath of a reason to – are we clear?”

Shaking Michael responded, “Yes...” Miss Grisham leaned forwards, “Yes?” Michael stammered, “Y... Yes Miss Grisham.”

She studied him for a second, then satisfied waved him in. As he walked the pleated skirt flapped about his knees, the rest of the class followed and Miss Grisham closed the door. Michael was feeling surreally out of place at this point, nothing seemed real – he was supposed to be back in the boys school, having a geography lesson,

instead he was here, dressed as a schoolgirl, made-up like a girl, in severe pain starting a cookery class.

The other girls were all putting blue, pinstripe aprons on. However despite Michael looking around – he couldn't see one for him to wear. Miss Grisham was eyeing him suspiciously, eventually she approached, "Michelle, where is your apron?" He looked up sheepishly, wincing at the pain caused by his Kali's Teeth Bracelet, "I haven't been able to get one yet Miss."

Miss Grisham sighed, "Hmmmph, well make sure you get one for next week. As you're new, I'll overlook it this once and you can borrow one of the spares – forget your apron again... and I'll take you over my knee AND put you forward for punishment in assembly the next day... Are we clear?", "Yes Miss.", "Good... Now wait here, while I get you an apron."

She vanished into a cupboard at the back, she returned with what looked like a maids style apron rather than the practical ones the other girls had on – with frills all the way up the straps and around the bottom and an embroidered pink heart on the front. Miss Grisham approached and dropped the apron over Michaels head to the chuckles of Alice, Nancy and the other girls. Then she stepped behind, and pulled the frilly waist straps tighter, tighter and tied them in a nice big bow.

Michael walked nervously to a spare spot in the kitchen trying to avoid the other girls and keep his head down. Miss Grisham had walked to the front, "Shhh, quieten down girls... Now, we're going to be making the fruit cake we discussed at the end of last lesson – get your ingredients out, a mixing bowl and a wooden spoon."

Michael hadn't got any ingredients of course, he wasn't even supposed to be there. He could see the other girls busily fetching ingredients from their allocated cupboards. Miss Grisham was glaring at him, so he put his hand up, "Yes Michelle?" He lowered his hand, "Erm, Miss Grisham, I don't have an ingredients either?" She

shook her head at him now tutting softly under her breath, “My, my Michelle, we’re not off to a good start are we? Perhaps I should skip to the inevitable and take you over my knee now? Hmmph, you’ll have to borrow some off the other girls.”

Miss Grisham walked to the front of the class and began issuing instructions. Michael of course feeling very silly, dressed as a schoolgirl, wearing his frilly apron and trying to follow a fairly advanced cookery lesson having never done cookery before in his life.

The other girls were racing ahead, following the recipe with ease, whereas Michael was missing instructions, getting confused and not catching up. As Alice was passing, holding her mixing bowl she whispered in his ear, “I’d get your skates on Michelle, Miss Grisham will go spare if you don’t finish.”

He tried to quicken his pace, but as he did he made more mistakes. His cake was the last to go in the oven and it looked a sorry state even before it did. Miss Grisham took his cake tin and looked inside, then raised an eyebrow. Michael hung his head low, looking down, avoiding her gaze – of course this meant looking at his frilly apron with a heart on the front and this made his penis grow into the spikes even more – making him jitter and fidget.

“Hmmph! Michelle... This is awful... I’ve been watching you all lesson and you’re a total shambles! Have you never done cookery before?”

Michael avoided her gaze, “No Miss...”

“Hmmph, well... I think you should have said so at the start of the lesson, then I could have paired you with one of the other girls... I don’t feel like taking you over my knee right now – you can leave your apron on, instead of lunch break, you can stay in and wash everybody’s pots - I’ll be supervising you... Then I’ll put your name

down for say, hmmm, three strokes of the cane? Tomorrow mornings assembly? Yes, I think that might help you to focus.”

Alice, Nancy, Jill and the other girls were removing their aprons and leaving, chuckling at Michael, soon they were all outside, while Michael was moving about the cookery classroom gathering up pots and placing them by the large sink. Under Miss Grisham’s watchful he began dutifully washing the pots, while enduring an incredible sensory overload.

He stood at the sink, bright pink marigold’s on, washing and scrubbing. Occasionally he caught a glimpse of his feminine face in the side of one of the stainless steel pans, and it made him shudder. If he’d been one of the bigger boys in his class, they wouldn’t have gotten away with it – he’d have been spotted immediately. As it stood though, he had quite effeminate features and was slight, almost petit – so it didn’t take much stretch of the imagination to see him as a girl. Particularly when seeing him wearing a girls school uniform, and the frilly apron, with a feminine hair style and some subtle make-up. He was in a paradoxical state of mind – on the one hand hating his female attire and appearance, but on the other hand believing it was his only shield about being discovered in the girl’s school and getting into profound trouble. The girl’s school and the boy’s school were strictly out of bounds to each other for students.

Washing the pots was hard work; Miss Grisham sat at her desk watching him. Whenever he slowed down she’d call out, “Michelle, pull your finger out and get washing or I’ll add another three strokes to tomorrow’s punishment.”

He didn’t expect he’d be in the girl’s school assembly tomorrow morning – but a nagging feeling told him not to rule out the possibility. Certainly, if Alice had her way he’d probably be there somehow... And if he didn’t end up there – and it was discovered he’d spent a day masquerading as a girl – well, he’d probably have his punishment transferred and probably doubled.

Eventually the pile was going down, then it was done. Miss Grisham called out, “Good girl, now you can put them all away – then you can have lunch.” Michael dutifully put all the pots away. Miss Grisham called him over, “Come on Michelle, I’ll untie your apron and we can go for lunch – I think you will sit at the staff table this lunchtime.”

He turned his back submissively and felt her undo the bow on his apron. Then he followed Miss Grisham to the dinner hall. In some respects being forced to sit at the staff table was intimidating, particularly seeing as he was fully feminized, in the girl’s school and masquerading as a schoolgirl – but at the same time it would save him more humiliation or torment from Alice and her friends.

~ Lunch Break

Miss Grisham directed him where to sit, in between herself, and... Miss Mellor! It occurred to him that he’d never seen her or any of the female staff teachers at lunchtime... And there were a few male staff members who he didn’t recall being taught by... Another example of the school’s bizarre segregation policy?

He tried to keep his head down so as not to attract attention and eat his school dinner quickly. He’d adopted a fairly classic male seating position though. Bum planted on the seats, knees spread apart, slouched forwards.

Miss Grisham gasped at her, “Michelle! That’s no way to sit... You need to learn to sit in a more ladylike way!”

Miss Mellor turned to look at her too and shook her head in dismay, “No, that will never do... Back straight, knees together, keep your knees together.” Her hands drifted down and pulled his knees so close they were touching and held them there.

“Michelle, if we can’t teach you not to slouch and sit properly perhaps we should outfit you with a Victorian posture device?”

Michael chanced a look, his eyes were welling up a little. In some respects it might have been better at the mercy of Alice and Nancy. He tried to keep his back straight as instructed and knees together. He wanted to rush his meal but expected further criticism for that. Once finished he rose to leave and Miss Mellor grabbed him, "Aren't you forgetting something Michelle?" He looked at her, perplexed, then realised, "Sorry Miss, please may I leave the table miss?" She smiled, "Yes... Good girl..."

Michael got up and started making his way away as quickly as he could. Before he'd gotten ten feet away Miss Grisham called him back, "Michelle! Come back here this instant..." He turned and crept back slowly, "Yes Miss?"

"What did I tell you about your posture? And your deportment? It seems you've never been taught properly wherever you were before – here we take posture and deportment very seriously, even for degree students. Sit back down, wait until we finish, then I think we'll pay a visit to the head mistress."

~ The Headmistress: Posture and deportment

So, Michael didn't get to have a lunch break. When Miss Mellor and Miss Grisham had finished they had a short debate about who should take Michelle to see the head mistress, then settled on them both going.

Now Michelle was being marched in front of Miss Mellor and Miss Grisham towards the head mistresses office. He was trying to follow their advice on posture and deportment, but their continued negative comments told him that he was failing.

Eventually they were outside the heavy set oak door of the head mistresses office. Miss Mellor knocked on the door, a stern voice echoed from within, "Enter..."

Miss Grisham pushed the door open and held it while Miss Mellor ushered Michael through. The older lady sitting behind a large oak and leather desk was wearing a teachers gown, her mortar board was hanging up on a hook. She was studying a report over half-rimmed spectacles, and she continued for a few moments, leaving Michael to stand nervously between Miss Mellor and Miss Grisham.

Eventually she lowered the spectacles and left them dangling on the 'teacher string' around her neck. A plate with the crumbs remaining from a brown bread sandwich sat next to the report indicating she'd only just finished her lunch. She sighed, "Yes?"

Miss Mellor gestured towards Michael, "Mrs Whitmore – this is Michelle, she's only just joined us, in the first year of the Thorfield Degree for girls, and..." Mrs Whitmore cut her off, "I really don't have time for this – please just put her name down for tomorrow mornings assembly – how many strokes is she to receive?"

Miss Grisham spoke this time, "I've already put her down for three strokes, but this isn't about that – it appears wherever young Michelle has come from they haven't taught her basic deportment and posture and I think we should address this immediately."

Mrs Whitmore sighed deeply, "Hmmm, well – we'll see, Michelle, can you please walk up to the book case, turn around, then walk back and sit in the leather wingchair please so I can assess you."

Nervously Michael started walking, trying to emulate the way the girls at the school walked, shoulders back, knees together, chin up, heel toe... It was too much to remember, he'd remember one part of the process, but as he corrected one aspect he'd forget something else. The three women watched him critically. Turning was awkward too, and when he sat down, he sat with his knees apart, then pulled them together, but as he tried to sit up straight he forgot and let his knees drift apart.

Mrs Whitmore was NOT impressed, she was scowling at Michelle, "Dear me... I can see we're going to have to take some drastic measures with you Michelle. Miss Mellor, there's a department slip in the drawer next to the book case – fetch it please." Miss Mellor obeyed and pulled out a black, shiny material slip. Michael had never heard of a slip before – it looked like a skirt to him. Miss Mellor passed it to him, "Stand up, step in and pull it up – " He took it, feeling the soft, smooth material in his hand, and stood... He stepped in and started pulling it up, clearly it went underneath the pleated skirt, as he pulled it up though it became apparent that the hole at the bottom through which the knees went was significantly narrower than the hole for the waist. By the time he'd adjusted it and concealed it under his pleated skirt – his knees were being held together in such a way that they couldn't part by more than half a centimetre.

Mrs Whitmore rubbed her chin thoughtfully, "Hmmm, I think you would benefit from some practice at walking in heels, it'll help your department – Miss Mellor the cupboard?" Miss Mellor returned to the cupboard and produced several pairs of heels, all about three inch, but with a narrow base. After a few false tries Michael's feet were strapped into a pair which seemed a good fit.

Miss Grisham gestured towards the bookcase, "Okay Michelle, try again." He started again, struggling even more now his knees were so immobile and teetering on the narrow heels. He sat at the end, struggling, not used to being forced to keep his knees together.

Mrs Whitmore stood now and turned her back to open another cupboard at the back of the room. From it she took a bundle, that included a corset, a steel bar and something else. "You're doing better Michelle, but you're still not pulling your shoulders and head back – this should rectify that problem, stand up, take you blazer and blouse off."

Michael paused, quivering, "Please miss!" Mrs Whitmore frowned at him, "Either take your blazer and blouse off or bend over and

prepare yourself to receive twenty strokes.”

Defeated Michael stood and removed the girls blazer and blouse, facing away from them, hoping to hide the tights stuffed down his bra for breasts. Miss Grisham noticed his bra was stuffed, and pointed to it, “Michelle, there’s no need to be embarrassed, girls all develop at different rates, your breasts will develop in time. You’re what eighteen? Some girls don’t grow breasts until they’re twenty.” He looked up sheepishly, “Yes miss...”

Without warning Mrs Whitmore had walked around him, her gown flowing about her and pulled the corset around him. Miss Mellor and Miss Grisham hooked the front up and Mrs Whitmore started pulling it tighter. The corset had several effects, firstly it pulled his waist into a more feminine hour glass shape. It also forced his back straighter as it constricted him. As it was tightened he could feel the steel bar sewn in to the corset pushing his lower back forwards and pulling his shoulders back. She finished by clicking a small padlock on the eyelets so the corset couldn’t be loosened or removed.

Then she picked up the last thing, it looked like a collar, but in red silk with black lace and a little black ribbon bow at the front. Underneath the decoration it was steel however. He felt Mrs Whitmore pull it around his neck for a snug fit and fasten it – then she pulled it back so it met the bar which protruded from the corset.

“Miss Mellor, pass me those rivet pliers and two rivets please...”

He felt his neck pulled back uncomfortably by the collar then heard two clicks as it was riveted to the bar. His back was being forced into an almost arched, upright position, he couldn’t slouch his neck or shoulders, or back, even if he wanted to.

Miss Mellor and Miss Grisham helped him back on with his blouse and blazer, leaving the collar on show.

Mrs Whitmore pointed to the bookcase again, "Again please, sit in the wing chair when you get back."

So Michael started the slow walk again, the heels and corset forcing him to push his bottom out, the collar keeping his chin up, and neck and back straight. When he sat, the devices and the deportment slip forced him to sit in a ladylike way, keeping his knees together and his back and neck straight.

Mrs Whitmore watched approvingly, "Good... Good girl – that's much better... We'll leave the corset and collar on for a few days to train your back. We'll see how you've improved at the weekend – I think it's important you wear it as much as possible. I expect you to wear your heels and deportment slip every day – I'll see you tomorrow morning at assembly for your caning."

Michael slowly rose, quivering, part of him thought about protesting, admitting he was really a young man, from the other side of the school – but he couldn't quite face owning up. He was about to leave when Miss Grisham grabbed his shoulder, "Michelle, aren't you going to thank Mrs Whitmore for teaching you deportment and posture?" He turned awkwardly, almost falling over, the bar arching his back uncomfortably, "Thank you for teaching me deportment Mrs Whitmore." She raised an eyebrow, "Curtsey?" He blushed and curtseyed, "Sorry miss." She waved a hand, "Now it's time for your next lesson, off you go – don't forget to thank me for caning you tomorrow morning."

"Yes miss..."

He thought about running away, he could see where to go to leave and he started walking, his heels clicking on the hard floor of the corridor. He was halfway there, when Miss Grisham left Mrs Whitmore's office and spotted him, "Michelle! Where do you think you're going?"

He turned sheepishly, “Erm, I was ju...” She rolled her eyes at him, “Needlework is this way – Come on I’ll take you to your next lesson.”

So he was marched again, this time wearing heels, a deportment slip and posture correction device as well as his uniform. When they got to the classroom they’d already started. The youngish woman teaching the class, looked up as Miss Grisham marched him in.

~ Needlework

Miss Grisham smiled at the teacher taking the class, “Mrs Lowe? Straggler for you, this is Michelle, she’s only just started, I think she got a bit lost.”

The teacher threw back her long brown hair, and rose looking cross, “Well, well, new girl or not – I won’t tolerate tardiness... Ahhh... I see you’re receiving Mrs Whitmore’s special training on deportment and posture... Good, you won’t be the first, I’m sure you won’t be the last – though it is unusual for degree girls... While you’re here Michelle, we will turn you into a perfect girl, by force if required... Now bend over this chair and hitch your skirt up for me.”

Michael groaned, “But miss...” She glared at him, “Are you answering back to me?”, “No miss...”, “Good, then bend over, and hitch up your skirt, I haven’t got all day.”

Obediently Michael leaned over the chair and hitched his pleated skirt up, Mrs Lowe then pulled his slip down, and his tights and his knickers to a roar of laughter from the class. Mrs Lowe then took a wooden thirty centimetre ruler off her desk and lined up for a measure...

Each stroke came fast and hard, causing Michael to squeal and jump at every stroke. After a few strokes, Mrs Lowe pulled his knickers, tights and slip up, “Hmmp, I’d have given you more... But I can see you’ve already had your fair share of punishment for one

day – I trust you'll try harder tomorrow? Now sit down and pick up your sewing kit."

Michael was almost in tears by the time she'd finished, and most of the class were laughing at him. When it came to the needlework he was all fingers and thumbs and struggled to complete the basic tasks set by Mrs Lowe. In fact he was so bad Mrs Lowe said she felt she had no choice but to put his name down for three strokes of the cane in tomorrow's assembly.

Michael was wondering whether to give his real surname, or make-one up... But it seemed one of the girls had been at the registers and given him a name already as when Mrs Lowe looked at the class list she saw Michelle's name, Michelle Sissy.

When Mrs Lowe commented on the unusual surname guffaws broke out in the class. Again Michael felt like saying something, ending this farce... But Alice had his penis locked in the teeth bracelet and he'd now faked being a girl for most of the day – the trouble he'd get into now... No, his plan was simple – get through today, go home, get this thing off his penis, find a way out of the corset and collar and go back in to the boys school admitting he'd skived off the afternoon – pretend he'd run down to the woods or something...

After needlework it was afternoon break and this time he couldn't get away from Alice and Nancy, who refused to leave his company as they all walked towards the yard. Alice smirked and leaned closer to whisper in his ear, "How've you enjoyed your first day as a girl Michelle?"

He glared at her, "First and last!"

Alice rose an eyebrow, "Oh you like the teeth bracelet do you? That's fine, I'll just throw the keys away shall I?"

"It's coming off tonight whether you unlock it or not! One way or another it's coming off and I'm going back to my school tomorrow."

Alice was chuckling softly, “Good luck with that Michelle, that’s high tensile steel, with a shrouded high security padlock... I’ll tell you what, you see if you can get it off tonight, if you can, then you go back to the boys tomorrow and I’ll throw away my key... If you can’t, then I expect you to be back here, in your uniform, if you get here earlier I’ll help sort your make-up out? I’m rather looking forwards to watching you get caned tomorrow morning at assembly – I hope you don’t let me down and somehow get the KTB off...”

He scowled at her, “Why are you doing this to me?”

She shrugged, “Because I can? Because it’s fun? Because if you do manage to get free and you go back to the boys school I want you to have had such an unpleasant time you never even consider trying to spy on girls getting changed again.”,

“Hmmp! I wasn’t I was just...”

“Oh save it Michelle, we caught you red handed... You’re only remorseful because you got caught, you’re lucky we didn’t tell and get you expelled.”

He reached up to his collar, restricting his neck, forcing him to maintain good posture, “Hmmp! I’m not sure about that! I would’ve been better expelled... My knackers are still hurting from Nancy kicking them! I might not be able to have children after that...”

Alice sighed, “Well, it’s really been fun having you here today... You’ve had us in stitches... Particularly since they’ve fitted you with a posture collar! That’s priceless...”

“Hmmp! I’m glad you find it funny... I can’t bend my back, I can hardly breathe... and they’ve got me in something called a deporter slip or something, so I can’t separate my knees.” Alice looked down and laughed again, “Oh my god...A deportment slip! I hadn’t noticed that! I should have known, lots of the girls had posture training when

we were little, I had to wear a deportment slip for a term only last year... Michelle... Look maybe we've been a bit harsh on you. It had been a riot watching you hobble around trying to fit in as a girl – how about a nice surprise, Nancy have you got Michelle's surprise ready?" Nancy had been following at a distance, "Yep..."

Alice grabbed his shoulders and spun him around, "Michelle close your eyes, and open them when I say." She seemed sincere... He wondered what it could be... Secretly he thought she might give him a kiss...

When he felt his ear lobes grabbed, then jabbed with something sharp he was disappointed, "Aargh! What the..." He opened his eyes and Alice held up her make-up mirror for him to see. Immediately he saw Nancy had pierced his ears with two tiny gold loop earrings, dainty and feminine.

He reached up, Alice grabbed his hand though, "Oh no you don't... Nancy has just pierced your ears, and given you two nice little earrings. Take them out now and I throw away the keys to your KTB. If you want to be sure of being able to get out of your KTB, you can wear the earrings for one night... If you can get it off, then take the earrings out, good luck to you and we'll hope to never see you again... Otherwise... Well, otherwise – welcome to Thorfield Academy for girls Michelle!"

Michael sighed and gently felt his new earrings... He had to get the bracelet off.

Break time ended and the girls and Michael had one more period – Mathematics. This was more familiar ground to Michael and despite his heels, deportment slip, corset and posture collar he felt a little more comfortable.

As the lesson ended Nancy and Alice fell in line beside him, Nancy spoke this time, "Alice has told me about the deal... We'll let you off tonight, seeing as you're going to be busy trying to get tiddler free..."

But tomorrow, you can take my homework home and Alice's, maybe Jill's too?... Good luck with the bracelet Michelle!"

And they were gone.

Michael boarded the bus, a different one to his normal bus – again, male and female segregation. None of the girls recognised him and nobody noticed he wasn't female. He got a few knowing looks from girls at his posture collar, particularly some of the younger ones on the bus – he assumed they'd perhaps been subject to this treatment at some point in the past. He desperately wanted to slouch forwards on the coach, even to drop his chin, but the corset, vertical steel band and collar meant all he could do was sit up straight, neatly and properly with his chin held high...

As he left the bus, he found he was starting to get used to the slip, and his hips swung in a feminine gait, knees close together, small steps... Like it or not – the posture and deportment training was already working on him.

~ Homecoming

As Michael walked home from where the bus dropped him off he started dreading arriving home and the night ahead. He was uncomfortable, tired, sore... His penis was constantly pressing on the spikes, his balls felt like they'd been kicked into jelly, his back and neck ached from being forced into a good posture and his feet were starting to hurt from the sudden onset of high heels. On top of all that, he'd have to explain to his mother why her son had gone to school, then come home as a girl.

On this occasion he was actually glad his father had left before he could remember him, it would be bad enough his mother confronting him about it. As he swung his hips, heel toeing along he began crying softly.

When he saw his mother she was in the front garden weeding. She offered him a passing glance, clearly not recognizing him, then returned to her work. When he got closer she looked up again and studied him more closely. She dropped her trowel and gasped, “Michael! Why are you wearing... Michael, what happened?”

The strange thing was, through her surprise shone a modicum of happiness. As if a pleasant surprise had befallen her.

He had to bend at the hips to look down at her, “It’s a long story mother... Can I tell you inside?”, “Of course... Come on, let’s get you inside and you can tell me all about it.”

She allowed him to go first, little did he know admiring his feminine gait brought on by the deportment slip, the corset and the posture collar. Once at the kitchen table he sat down, forced to keep his knees nice and tight and to sit up straight.

His mother went to the kettle on the worktop, “Would you like a cup of tea dear?”

“Please...”

She filled the kettle, prepared the pot and set it boiling. Then she sat down next to him, “So what happened?” He thought for a moment not sure when to start, or how much to tell her... In the end he figured he had nothing to lose by telling her everything – maybe she could somehow help him out?

“It all began this morning – I’d been asked to tidy up the PE store room. The PE store room had a door into it from the girls changing room – they grabbed me, dragged me in... Then they kicked me in the balls, locked this spikey thing on to me erm, well erm, then they dressed me up in girls clothes and took me into the girls school... I did lessons in the girls school – but then Miss erm, the cookery teacher and Miss Mellor made me sit at the staff table at lunch – and they told me off for my posture and deportment so I was taken to the

head mistress, and given this deportment slip and locked into this corset and posture collar... They pierced my ears! I'm supposed to be getting caned in the girls school assembly tomorrow – but if I can get this erm, thing off my erm... Well, if I can get it off I can go back to the boy's school tomorrow... Grrrr... I can't believe I've spent the best part of day int eh bloody girls being, being a girl!"

His mother looked a little dismayed at this. She sighed deeply and made the tea, as she poured she spoke over her shoulder, "It's a pity... I rather like you like this..."

"Mum!?"

"*Sigh* I always wanted a girl... I... I wish you were really a girl..." Michael gasped, he didn't know where to look, the trouble was it was difficult to turn his head or look up or down with the posture collar on. "M..Mum... I... Aaargh! I want this stupid collar off!" His mum chuckled at this, "I don't know, you're always slouching... It might do you some good to wear it for a while."

"Hmmpf! It's not funny!" His mother passed him a cup of tea, "So what are you doing then? What's this 'thing'?"

Michael took his tea and drank some, "It's erm, it... "

"Come on, spit it out – I can't help you if you don't tell me..."

He gulped, "It's erm, called a something teeth bracelet, they um, erm, locked it onto my erm... I can't get erect or it hurts." His mother eyed him suspiciously, "Hmmm, I'd better see it..." He tried to turn away in disgust – though the collar restricted this, "Mum!" she sighed again, "Look, I can't help you unless you show me..."

He stood and lifted his skirt up, giving access to his groin. His mother gently pulled his slip down, then his tights, then knickers. His penis was still shackled in the little band of spikes. She grabbed it

and tried to work it off, but the spikes were digging in too tightly,
“Ouch!”

She looked up at him, “Why exactly did they do this to you?” He shrugged, “I don’t know...” She glared at him now, “Look, I can tell when you’re fibbing – why?”

He groaned, “Well, they accused me of spying on them through a hole in the changing room wall...”

“And were you?”

“Well, erm, no, not really, not as such I was just...”

She stood up, “Hmmp! You were in other words... Well I think you’ve gotten just what you deserve. I won’t help you to take that ‘thing’ off I think you should show girls a little more respect? Maybe spending some time as a girl will teach you to respect girls?”

“But mum!”

“To be honest Michael, I don’t think it will come off even with my help... I think your only hope is to be really nice to the girl who has the key in her safe keeping and hope you can get her to unlock you – or you go and explain everything what’s happened at the school... I take it would be quite embarrassing to that though?”

He frowned, “I can’t go to the teachers! If the boys find out about this – they’ll make my life a living hell.... Like, forever!”

His mother chuckled, “Well I guess you don’t have much choice then...”

Michael rose and stormed out of the kitchen, albeit a little awkwardly in his department skirt and posture device, “Hmmp! It’s coming off, one way or the other!”

He tried to thump up the stairs petulantly, but the deportment skirt meant he couldn't separate his knees enough to give the steps a good stamp.

When he got to his bedroom he closed the door and started to undress. It was difficult with the locked on corset and posture collar, but a relief once it was done. Simply being able to separate his knees again felt like ecstasy, not to mention being able to get out of the accursed heels. Once undressed, he removed his tights, and knickers too and looked at the ring of steel wrapped around his penis. As he couldn't bend his back or even push his chin down, he couldn't inspect it easily. In the end he had to use the full length mirror on his wardrobe door to see it. Sure enough the lock was well guarded and the keyhole tiny – even if he thought he could pick locks, it looked too tight to get a pin in, let alone something he could pick the lock with. Having given up fairly quickly on the lock he turned to the hinge, that was solid steel and seemed solid – he suspected drilling or sawing that near to his genitals would not be safe so abandoned that idea quickly as well.

As he worked he became conscious of how purple and bruised his balls were from Nancy's vicious kicking... He tried simply gently pulling the ring off, however as he pulled the spikes seemed to flex and close up, pinching tighter and tighter as well as jabbing the more he pulled. This manipulation made him start to get hard again, painfully – so he had to wait for it to subside.

For his next line of attack he peeped out of this door to see the coast was clear, then nipped into the bathroom. Resting his genitals on the sink he tried to squeeze some Vaseline into the ring to lubricate it, however he couldn't get much in and it didn't appear to do anything. Next he tried pouring soap on, using lots and lots of liquid soap – then working the device back and forth – again nothing.

He repeated these exercises several times, Vaseline, soap, other lubricants, anything that might help to slide it off – but nothing was effective. Eventually he returned to his room, and dug out his junior

hacksaw. Trying to manipulate the KTB while in his posture device and saw safely proved difficult. It took Michael several attempts to find a way to even make one stroke of the saw. Eventually he found holding the KTB hard onto his desk corner with one hand and sawing carefully with the other seemed to work. He began slowly at first, working the saw backwards and forwards, then sped up, the KTB was getting warm, but he'd soon been sawing at the padlock for several minutes and felt comfortable he'd be able to saw it off.

He sawed on, until eventually he could feel the device getting hot around his penis and he stopped. Lining up in front of the mirror he looked at the lock in amazement, his saw had barely scratched it. At best it'd scuffed the surface...

He tried again, to no extra effect, he'd soon spent the entire evening trying to get the KTB off, and even if he had managed to get it off he'd have still had to get out of the posture device... He sat on his bed, back straight and chin up due the posture device and started crying. Crying even harder because he couldn't even curl up into a ball and cry properly.

Eventually his mother popped her head around the door, "Michael I..."

"Don't come in, I'm not decent!"

She came in anyway, "I brought you a cup of tea... What's wrong? Can't get it off?"

He sighed, "No... I've tried everything, and Alice said if I didn't turn up as a girl tomorrow she'd throw away the keys! Meaning I had literally tonight to get it off..."

His mother passed him the tea and sat alongside putting her arm around him, "Shhh, it's alright... You'll have to go tomorrow and try to be really nice to Alice and see if you can get her to let you out."

“But... I’m supposed to be being caned in front of the whole girl’s school tomorrow morning at assembly!”

His mother held him tighter, “Unless you’re willing to tell the teachers, exactly what’s happened – I don’t think you have much choice...”

He had his tea and went to sleep – again made more challenging by the presence of the corset, back-bar and collar. It took a long time, eventually he cried himself to sleep.

~ It’s a new day, it’s a new dawn, it’s a new life.... For me...

The next day Michael woke uncomfortably. He’d not had a great night’s sleep at all, being forced to sleep in unfamiliar positions. He carefully slid out of bed and went through his morning routine, the toilet, face washed, teeth brushed... He tried to fix the girls hair style he’d been given the previous day with little success.

In the end, with a heavy heart he pulled his knickers and bra back on, then the black tights. He really didn’t want to put the department slip on again, but Mrs Whitmore would see he’d left it off at his caning so he felt he had no choice. He pulled it up, feeling his knees slide into the little opening, keeping them close together. Then the blouse, the pleated skirt and the blazer, finally he pulled the three inch heeled girls shoes on.

When he looked in the mirror he smirked. Surprisingly the make-up had held out well since yesterday, apart from being a bit tear stained. He adjusted the uniform to get it as neat as possible, the only thing that really let him down was the hair.

Satisfied he’d done the best he could, he ambled downstairs, grimacing from time to time at the pain in his bruised testicles and the pain of his penis fighting against its spiked confinement.

When he entered the kitchen his mother smiled warmly at him, clearly pleased to see her 'faux daughter'. "Morning dear... I've got your breakfast out..."

"Thanks mum..." He ate, he drank, it was nearly time to go, in ways he dreaded it, he thought about skipping school – but that wouldn't bring him any closer to escaping the KTB and the hated posture device, so he had to endure.

Before he left his mother stopped him, "Wait, we can't let you go like that – we'd better sort out your hair." Michael sat patiently while his mother brushed his hair, added hair clips and tied it in a short ponytail with a red ribbon tied in a bow.

As he left the house she called after him, "Good luck!", "Thanks mum..."

And that was it he was on the long journey that would inevitably end in a humiliating caning in front of the whole girls school, followed by a day as a girl... And then what? Could he get out of the KTB somehow? Or would Alice keep him locked up indefinitely?

It was the slowest bus ride he'd ever had. He could hear the other girls on the bus laughing and joking, talking about 'girlie things'. He had to fight to stifle a tear... And he racked his brains for a way to get out of this mess.

When the bus pulled up at the school, Alice, Nancy and Jill were waiting for her, Alice put her arm around Michael's shoulders as the others crowded around him, "Morning Michelle... I trust you slept well? All ready for your caning?"

He scowled at her, "No!"

She laughed at this, "Quite right... We should really sort out your make-up first shouldn't we?"

“No, I don’t want it!”

“Are you sure? After all, can you imagine what trouble you’re going to be in if it gets found out that you’re an imposter? Imagine how your old classmates and teachers will treat you when they discover you’ve been attending the girl’s school? Anyway, it’s not up for negotiation – you don’t want your keys destroyed you do as I say, and I say you’re coming to the loos so we can touch you up.”

He didn’t have a choice of course, they led him in and touched up his make-up from the previous day, again done in a subtle way to make him look feminine but perhaps as if he wasn’t wearing much if any make-up. They all commented on her pretty red ribbon in her hair. Before long the bell had gone and the girls, Michael in amongst them filed into the assembly hall.

They all sat on chairs, in rows, the teachers sitting at the sides on chairs. They sang several hymns, Mrs Whitmore gave a moral lesson – then some announcements about sports day and parents evening and other school affairs. Once this part of assembly was over she made a solemn face and took the microphone again, “It is with regret, that I have to call forwards a candidate for punishment. Canings have been down this term, but yesterday I received a petition from not one, but two members of staff for punishment, for a new student, on the first year of the girls degree no less. Michelle Sissy, could you come to the front please?”

The announcement of the name brought a murmur of sniggers. Michael didn’t move... He sat quivering, Mrs Whitmore spoke again, “Michelle Sissy, come to the front at once, or I will add another three strokes to your punishment.”

Alice and Nancy pushed Michael up, “Go on!”

Teetering on the heels, his balls throbbing his penis hurting, his back screaming in protest at the sudden onset of ‘good posture’... He walked to the front, all eyes on him. As he approached the stage he

turned and climbed the steps up onto the stage. The whole girl's school sat looking expectantly at him.

Mrs Whitmore pointed to the side of the stage, "Good girl... Now fetch a chair to bend over."

Michael turned, "Yes miss..."

Mrs Whitmore coughed, "Ahem... Where was your curtsy Michelle? I'll add one stroke for that infringement."

Michael whimpered, and turned to grab his skirt and curtsy to Mrs Whitmore, "Sorry miss..."

His heels clicked on the hard floor, the room was silent in anticipation. He grabbed one of the chairs and pulled it to the centre of the stage, hoping to hide it behind Mrs Whitmore's podium a little. She stopped him though, "At the front please Michelle, so everyone can see...."

Michael sighed and curtsied, "Yes miss."

He faced the chair towards the back of the stage. From underneath the podium Mrs Whitmore pulled a slender, bamboo – like cane with a curved handle. She flexed it between her fists a few times, "Bend over the chair now, please Michelle.", "Yes miss..."

He took up position, his back to the watching assembly, and leaned over the chair. He had to bend at the hips due to his posture device, making it even more uncomfortable. He felt Mrs Whitmore pull up his skirt and tuck the hem into the waistband, then pull down his department slip, tights and knickers in order, pulling down the knickers just enough to show his bare buttocks.

Exposed and vulnerable, he rested prone on the chair as Mrs Whitmore's heels clicked on the hard floor while she walked slowly, oh so slowly around to the other side for a better shot with her

stronger right hand. The clicking stopped, “Now Michelle, I want you to count each stroke and thank me - or they won’t count, and I shall have to administer them again.”

His voice was shaking now, he was quivering with fear, “Y..y..yes miss.” He felt the cane gently stroke his posterior as she lined up her shot – then nothing... then a swish, and a CRACK!

He squealed in pain and jumped, panting... It was so intense, he forgot to count or thank... He felt the cane stroking his buttocks again and he whimpered softly, “You forgot to count and thank Michelle, we’ll start at number one of seven again shall we?”

CRACK!

He whimpered in pain, “O..one... Thank you miss...” Tears were running down his cheeks...

CRACK! “T...two, thank you miss...” Each stroke felt like a burning rod of iron placed on his buttocks and the force lifted him up, taking his feet off the ground. He wanted it to end, he wanted mercy, he wanted to be back in the boys school, he wanted to be anywhere, anywhere but here...

CRACK! “Th...Three miss...”

He felt like was being cut in half across the buttocks. Mrs Whitmore chuckled, “You forgot to thank me Michelle! You have to show appreciation for the effort we go to teach young ladies like yourself. Now we’ll do number three once more shall we? Keep still...”

CRACK! “Urgh! Three... Thank you miss...”

“That’s better, good girl... We’re nearly half way now aren’t we?”

CRACK! “Urgh! F...Four... Th... Thank you miss.”

CRACK! “Aaargh! Five.. Thank... You... miss...”

CRACK! “Owww! S...s..six... Thank you miss.”

“Good girl... Last one now, don’t forget to thank me, then you can curtsey and return to your place.”

CRACK! “Aaaaargh! S...S... Seven... Th... Thank you miss.”

He felt Mrs Whitmore pull his knickers up to cover his red raw, bruised bottom, then his tights, then the department slip, before dropping his pleated grey skirt back down, “Good girl, you can get up now.”

He got up and curtseyed to the headmistress, “Thank you miss.” Then returned to his seat.

Assembly was wrapped up fairly quickly and it was off to the first lesson. English with a Mr Grocott. Michael was feeling rather sorry for most of the lesson. He was aching or sore all over. He was constantly feeling pain from the spikes and being locked into the posture corset and collar was taking its toll too...

Despite all this though, he began to see the benefits of the girls school. The girls had a different attitude to work he noticed, they didn’t fool around all the time trying to ‘win points’ like the boys did – they tended to be more conscientious and hard-working. More like he was actually. Most of the girls were more friendly to him than the boys were, the girls who were in different classes, who didn’t know he was really a boy – they were friendlier still. He’d had to make up his history to a degree, but they were friendly, and generally kind.... It wasn’t considered ‘uncool’ to sit and read a book at break-times, or lunch times and you weren’t expected to love sport and to only enjoy PE and games lessons. In fact the opposite was true of the girls, there was more of an expectation that you WOULDN’T like sports and games...

The unfortunate truth that was dawning on him was that in fact, he fitted in better in the girl's school. He got on better with the girls; he even didn't mind wearing the girl's uniform... He started to wish he was a girl, he started to wish he had always been a girl.

After the English lesson he decided he had to confront Alice about the KTB again. As they walked through the hall he tried to rush after her, with some difficulty in the department slip and posture collar.

She heard the patter of footsteps and turned to him, "Ahhhh... Michelle... Are you enjoying your second day as a girl?"

Rather than the usual retort he chuckled, "I am actually... I know it sounds daft – but I think I fit in better here."

She laughed out loud at this revelation, "Oh Michelle, that's really sweet... I hope you're not trying reverse psychology on me? I find it very amusing seeing you all dressed up, faking being a girl... Very amusing indeed – I think I'd like to keep you here indefinitely, wouldn't that be fun?"

He looked pleadingly at her, "Alice, can't you take the KTB off? Please? I'll do anything?"

She raised an eyebrow, "Anything? Hmmmm, I'll have to think about that one – I still don't think you've learned your lesson really... So it stays on for now. Keep being a good girl and we'll see? You can take our homework home tonight and do it for us by the way."

They split up after that, as the day wore on Michael began to feel more and more comfortable being a girl. He was convinced as well his mother had been telling the truth when she said she'd always wanted a girl – you could see it in her eyes when he came heel toeing up the path, his knees never parting by more than a centimetre.

His mother clearly enjoyed fixing his hair in the mornings...

~ Day three of my new life

The days went by faster and more comfortably. The boy's school had contacted Michael's mother who told them he was ill to avoid embarrassment. Michael's deportment and posture improved each day, and by the Friday morning he was maintaining the preferred posture and deportment with considerably more ease. He still found some of the lessons that were aimed at girls difficult. Yet he managed to earn himself less strokes of the cane, though on Wednesday he'd earned two strokes and on the Friday he received three – much to the amusement of the rest of the school.

After Friday's assembly, Mrs Whitmore called him to her office. He'd entered and curtsied to her, as was expected of him. Mrs Whitmore eyed him carefully, "Ahhh... Michelle... I've been watching you – your deportment and posture appears to be improving. I am going to unfasten your posture collar and unlock your posture corset. I still want you to maintain good neck posture, and you will wear the posture corset and deportment slip every day, but I don't think I need you to sleep in it. If I see you slouching, Then I will lock it back on immediately. You have netball practice this afternoon and I believe it's important for our girls to be involved in sport, so it's a good time to unlock you. Turn around."

Michael turned around and felt Mrs Whitmore do something at the back of his neck, the collar fell free. Immediately his head dropped forwards, but Mrs Whitmore grabbed his chin and pushed it up, "Now Michelle, I want you to carry on carrying your head and shoulders as if the collar was on, otherwise I will lock it back on to you next week, are we clear?"

Michael pulled his neck and head back, standing up straight, "Yes miss."

"Good... Now off you go."

Michael curtseyed, “Yes miss, thank you miss.” and left.

On the one hand it was a relief to have the collar off. He’d worn it for over three whole days, none-stop and he did NOT want to be locked into it again. So he tried to keep his head and shoulders held high and his neck straight. The posture corset was still forcing his back straight with its sewn in steel bar – but it was far more comfortable than having his head immobilised as well. The first lesson was history, and throughout the lesson he focused on sitting up straight and holding his head in the correct posture. Again he actually enjoyed the lesson more than he would have done in the boy’s school.

After History it was games, netball practise essentially. When he revealed he didn’t have a kit Miss Evans retrieved the lost property box and found him a t-shirt, a netball skirt and some pumps. He thought about the irony of Mr Maddox jokingly threatening to get Miss Evans to put him in a netball skirt and see how he fared at netball – that was now actually happening.

Out on the netball courts he actually again found himself enjoying the sports lesson more than he would the boy’s lesson. He played several positions exchanging bibs with the other girls each time. The competitiveness was there, but there wasn’t the aggression or the ‘mean-spiritedness’ of the boys sports lesson. The sports lesson was also a pleasant break from wearing the deportment slip and being able to spread his legs out.

After netball it was lunch time. Alice approached him, with Nancy and Jill in tow. “Hello Michelle, did you enjoy netball?”

He shrugged, “I did actually... You should try playing Rugby... Netball is a far better game...”

Nancy raised an eyebrow, “My, my, Michelle, you really are becoming quite the girl aren’t you? Did I mush those testicles to a pulp? Is there nothing left down there?”

He shrugged, "It still hurts! I reckon I can't have children anymore because of you!"

She smirked at this, "Well you needed punishing... "

He looked at Alice, "Alice, can you take the teeth bracelet thing off me? Please? I've had it on nearly all week now! You've had me attending the girl's school for the last few days now... Please? Haven't you punished me and humiliated me enough?"

Alice smiled threateningly, "Hmmm... I'll take it off you – under one condition though..."

"What conditioned?"

"I want you to agree to be our guinea pig in a little experiment."

Michael looked uncertainly at her, "What kind of experiment?"

"Hmmm,, well it probably won't work anyway, but I managed to sneak into the restricted section of the library... They've got some really fascinating books hidden away there – some of them are ancient... Anyway, I found one about magic, but old magic, not card tricks and so forth, but proper 'controlling the elements' stuff... I'd like to try a spell on you."

He laughed, "There's no such thing as magic!"

Nancy leaned in now, "So you'll do it? If magic doesn't work, you have nothing to lose do you?" He smirked, "What 'spell' exactly do you want to try?"

"A metamorphosis spell."

"You want to turn me into a frog?"

“Not a frog, I’ve found a spell for turning boys into girls... I want to see if it works.”

He laughed, “Hah! Yeah, right...” she looked at him sternly, “I wasn’t joking... If you want the Kali’s teeth bracelet taking off – you let us cast this spell on you. If you don’t think it will work, then you’ve lost nothing surely?”

He thought for a minute, he didn’t believe in magic... It couldn’t work... then a thought occurred, if it did work – did he really mind? He laughed at himself for being silly – it couldn’t work... If it did his mother would be pleased – she’d have the daughter she’d always wanted.

It couldn’t work...

He smiled at Alice, “Alright, you’ve got a deal – work or not, you can do your ‘wicca’ thing on me...”

Alice smiled evilly, “Good... Meet us in the woods after school.... It won’t take long.”

~ Rite of passage

The rest of the day flew by, Michael was pleased to be finally getting the ring of spikes removed and now that he’d had time to think about it – he was looking forwards to going back to the boy’s school. He’d never forget the week he’d spent as Michelle and it had taught him a lesson...

In some respects, he’d miss being Michelle, despite the regular canings he’d been receiving at so many assemblies and the humiliation of being dressed in female clothes and performing female activities.

When he finished and found the girls at the entrance to the woods they beckoned him to follow them. It was Alice, Nancy and Jill of

course. They led him deep, deep into the woods. Eventually they arrived at a clearing, with a large, flat, square stone in the centre of three Yew trees.

They stopped, Alice laid down her rather full looking rucksack, "This is the place." Michael shrugged, "Well, are you taking it off me then?"

Nancy stepped behind him and started pushing him gently towards the stone tablet in the centre of the three Yew's, "Not until we've got you secure... We don't want you changing your mind do we?"

He sighed, a little exasperated, "Is this really necessary?"

Jill spoke, "Yes... Now lie on the stone tablet, extend your legs towards one Yew tree each, and your hands towards the third... Good..."

The stone tablet was cold and hard and immediately he wanted something to rest his head on. As he stretched his feet out he felt them being grabbed and cuffed with something like a handcuff or shackle. Then, his hands felt the same. He wasn't truly spread-eagled, though they'd had to lower his department slip and remove one leg out of it. Once he was secure, Alice pulled his tights and knickers down, then pulled out a key on a chain and unlocked his KTB.

His penis grew into life the moment it was free, red spotted marks showed where the spikes had been penetrating. Afterwards the girls began the spell, they started by pouring a circle of salt around him, the tablet and the Yew's then lighting several candles placed at strategic points.

Everything ready, Alice took a pewter goblet out of the bag and the girls took their places, in between the Yews, so the girls and the Yew trees formed the six points of a Hebrew star. Alice had the book open, a dusty old grimoire which had a strange binding on it. It

looked ominous... If he'd seen the book before he'd have thought twice about this exercise being silly and not working.

He called up from his prone position, "I've changed my mind! I don't want to do this."

Nancy leaned over him, "Shhh, we're ready to start the ritual now... Aren't you curious? Don't you want to know if it works?"

He laughed at her, "It won't work there's no such thing as magic!"

She grinned, "We shall see... "

Alice called to her, "Nancy, take your place – it's time to start!"

Alice took the book and looked up at the sky, "Oh great Naggoth, we are but your humble servants, and we beseech thee, allow our spell to work... Great Naggoth, weave your power into our words and proclaim your greatness by making that which is, that which was... Shape the world in the image of our desires and demonstrate to us that your power is infinite and your word is power. Manifest your power in our will, great Naggoth."

She then took the goblet and a small knife and cut a nick in her thumb, trickling the blood into the cup, "Great Naggoth, accept this gift of blood and imbue it with thy power." She then spat into the cup, a long line of drool and shook the cup up. Then she did something shocking, she held the cup below her groin, hitched her skirt up and pulled her knickers down, then she pushed a trickle of urine into the cup, "Great Naggoth, take my water and mark it as your own, that you – the greatest of spirits might baptise thy humble servant and imbue them with your majestic power."

Alice then held the cup below her nether regions and began sliding her finger up and down over her labia and clitoris... It took some time, but eventually a gooey juice ran down into the cup. Alice pulled her knickers and tights up and lowered her skirt then held the

cup up, "Lord Naggoth, Master of the nine circles, take this, my essence and fortify it with your energy."

The cup was passed to Jill, who repeated the ritual word for word, then to Nancy. The cup was then handed back to Alice who held it aloft again and swirled it to mix the vile ingredients of blood, urine, saliva and female juices together. "Great Naggoth, grant us this blessing, bathe this mortal in thine power and bless him with the spirit of Gaia the Mother... Wash away his masculinity and leave him pure, the image of Gaia!"

The girls then moved on to the next gap between the Yews and as Alice held aloft the cup they chanted, "Lord Naggoth we beseech thee, grant us this blessing!" The move repeated about half a dozen times, then Alice stepped to the tablet and dipped her thumb into the cup then painted a star on Michael's forehead, saying, "I anoint thee in the name of Great, Lord Naggoth, Master of the nine circles and beseech him to grant us this blessing."

She then looked him in the eye expectantly, "Now open wide..." Michael wretched, "Urgh! I'm not drinking that!"

Alice gestured to Nancy and Jill who stepped forwards, "Subject of Naggoth's blessing, thou can drink our potion willingly and embrace Lord Naggoth's blessing or thou can be locked in thine spiked prison for eternity." Nancy held his nose, "Open up Michelle!" He tried to hold his breath, but couldn't and as he gasped Jill slid a metal funnel into his mouth, past his tongue, almost making him gag.

Alice held the cup up to tip, "Subject of Naggoth, accept this gift, that though might be shaped in the image of Gaia, by his power..."

She poured, Michael gagged, but as the foul concoction was drained from the cup the funnel was removed and a hand clamped on his mouth, Jill leaned over him smiling, "Swallow!" Nancy piped up, "We won't let you breathe again until you swallow."

He gulped and it was gone...

There was no flash of lightning, he didn't suddenly feel strange... There was nothing... Alice, Nancy and Jill stood looking around, Alice eventually sighed, "Hmmp! That was a waste of time..."

Nancy picked up the book and looked it. "Seems authentic enough... Did we follow the instructions properly?"

Alice nodded, "We did everything exactly by the book... Hmmp! Maybe it's translating it from latin?"

Nancy groaned, "I'm not going through all that again! Why did you have to translate it from Latin?"

Alice glared at her, "I thought it was the meaning that was important – words are just words!"

Michael shook his handcuffs, "Erm, excuse me? Can you let me up now please? This stone is a bit uncomfortable." Alice chuckled, "Oh Sorry Michelle... I forgot about you completely..." Nancy stepped walked over, "Hmmm, we could lock him back up and try again next week – in Latin as it's SUPPOSED to be..."

Jill started packing up, Alice got the key to the shackles, "Nah... We'll let him go I think... I did promise him – and a deal is a deal... I think he's taken his punishment fairly well..."

She unlocked him and he pulled the knickers and tights up, then threaded his leg back into the deportment slip. He thought about leaving it off – but wearing it had started to feel 'right' and besides, it'd be male clothes forever once he got home.

Alice and her friends watched him walking away, and called after him, "And don't let us catch you spying again! Or next time we WON'T let you out!"

And that was that.

He got home he explained to his mother that he'd managed to get freed, but he didn't say how... She asked him not to get changed, to spend one more night dressed as a girl for her, which he agreed to. Eventually he retired to bed and removed his female attire. He hung the girl's school uniform up on a hangar and put his pyjama's on then went to sleep.

~ All good things

Alice, Nancy and Jill were walking up to the gates the following Monday morning. A little sad that their torment had ended and that Michelle had returned to her life in the boy's school. They'd rather enjoyed chastising him, and had found his morning canings to be particularly amusing.

Michelle had got off the bus and ran after them. They heard the footsteps and turned, then gasped with surprise. Alice spoke first, "Michelle? What are you doing here? I didn't think we'd see you again... After all... ", Michelle looked deadly serious at her, "It worked... I am Michelle now... And I always will be – I am going to be attending the girls school full time from now on... But to be honest... Now I'm used to the idea... I don't mind... Thank you, being made a girl was the best thing that's ever happened to me..."

~Epilogue

It had happened late that night – sometime after midnight. Michael had been woken by pains in his bones, his chest, his groin... He'd thought it was to do with the punishment he'd received at the start of the week... Until he got out of bed and saw his breasts, now feminine and pert... His penis had vanished, as had his balls – replaced by a neat little vagina complete with labia and clitoris. His body hair had all fallen out and his features had softened. His hair was instantly thicker and softer... His waist was thinner, he was

shorter. He was a girl, looking at himself he mused that he looked like a fairly attractive petit eighteen year old girl.

He'd rushed in to tell his mother and explained what had happened. She cried with happiness and gave him a short, satin nightie to wear... He'd spend the weekend shopping for girls clothes with his mother.

They'd agreed that Michael's mother would ring the school and cancel Michael's tuition fees, sorting out the enrolling properly for her daughter, 'Michelle' and sorting it out that her surname was really Burton rather than Sissy – the whole thing was quite difficult to explain.

Michelle grew to love the girls school more and more the longer she was there. No longer was she harassed for being nerdy or weedy or bad at sport... Eventually Mrs Whitmore told her she didn't have to wear the corset or deportment slip any more – but when told Michelle simply curtsied and said, "I'll keep wearing them if it's all the same miss, I want to train my posture and deportment to be as lady-like as possible."

Mrs Whitmore approved of course. There were trials of course, Michelle had received a rude awakening when her first period happened, having to insert tampons to stem the heavy flow of blood and endure strong period pains for days at a time... It was painful, but reassuring, it meant she truly was a woman, and would one day bear children...

As for Alice, Nancy and Jill – they became best friends with Michelle, for they had freed her from a life she hated, into a life secretly longed for, a life of pure femininity...

~fin

by Sabrina

Further Information:-

To learn more about chastity belts and to read more free chastity belt fiction, please visit the web's best chastity belt resource:-

Altar Boy's Chastity Site : -

<http://www.tpe.com/~altarboy/>

(The Bonus Stories included here were originally submitted to Altar Boys site and are present there still.)

For real world practical advice on the male chastity lifestyle, please visit Sarah Jameson's <http://www.malechastityblog.com/> site. Her e-books on male chastity are fantastic, no nonsense resources and well worth buying if you are interested in pursuing this lifestyle.

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If you enjoy this story, look out for my other work.

The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

Denise and Alex had a great relationship, now it's becoming stale though and Denise wants to liven it up by engaging in some kinky fun... With her as the dominant of course. Alex isn't interested. Denise gives up the ghost and books Alex a course of 'smoking cessation' sessions with a renowned hypnotist. He's been trying to quit for years so is happy to give it a go. However his memory of the sessions is very hazy, and he finds himself more and more interested in Denise's fetishes... Whenever he starts to suspect there's more to Dr Eve's hypnosis sessions than 'smoking cessation' he finds he forgets what he's thinking about...

Contains chastity, forced femme, pegging, forced oral, sensual mind control and brain washing.

The Tormentress and the Boss.

Kevin starts a new job, finding himself surrounded by beautiful women. His troubles really start when he's caught with his trousers down – instead of the sack he gets a chastity belt. Alicia meanwhile finds a dark side of her personality awakened. Alicia and Kevin's

strange relationship develops, while neither of them knows the sinister truth about Fisher Creative and its owner, Samantha Fisher.

*Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM
: Part 1 : Captured!*

*Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM
: Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transexual.*

(Available in one package also, in this story, the protagonist is captured by a group of dominant women who sell and market BDSM equipment. He is mercilessly used to demonstrate the goods, and by the end of part two has been surgically altered to be fully feminized, but with a cruel twist.. .Will he find happiness in his captivity?

The Male Bridesmaid: Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.

Gary is addicted to Kindle Erotica, and has some fairly extreme sexual fantasies. His girlfriend Alison doesn't approve, and decides to give him, 'aversion therapy' whereby she will dish out his fantasies to him in such doses that she forces him to dislike them. The trouble is, Alison starts getting a taste for

keeping him locked up in his chastity device and wearing ladies clothing... By the time Alison and her twisted sister, bully Gary into being a bridesmaid she doesn't want to stop... All the while Gary is helpless to obey the whims of his female tormentors, because he's wearing a clever, remote controlled electric shock device in on his cock. When Alison decides to force him to orgasm against his will, she chooses to force-feed him his own semen to further his aversion therapy. When it comes to the crunch and he's offered a choice – which life will he choose?

A Sissy Story : WPC Domination : Male Chastity, Slavery, BDSM, Forced Feminization and Female Domination

Craig is caught speeding by two female police officers, when he pleads with them not to issue him with a fixed penalty he gets more than he bargained for. Handcuffed and bundled into the back of a police car he endures humiliation and pain as he is feminized, chastised and judicially caned. The torment doesn't end there though, with the sensual Anita returning from 'Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transexual.' And Dr Eve returning from 'The

Hypnotist' his punishment contains dental torture, force-feeding and eventual castration... Of course not all might be as it seems? How far did the punishment really go? How much of his ordeal was real?

A Sissy Story : Feminized For Her 'How he became a lesbian' : Male Chastity, Forced Feminization, Female Domination & Forced Transgender

During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... He is a man and she is a lesbian. They enjoy each others company so much they meet the next day anyway as friends, but as time goes on Connie begins to wish Peter was a girl. He has quite feminine features, so that night after a few glasses of wine Connie talks him into participating in an experiment, which involves being fully feminized - and locked into a Kali's Teeth Bracelet chastity device. He agrees because he finds her so attractive... Connie becomes

convinced she can turn Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...

FAQ

Q: Are you a professional dome?

A: No, I have some experience with kink, with current and former partners, but no I am NOT a pro dome.

Q: Will you lock me up and force me to wear ladies clothes?

A: No, that is for your partner to do.

Q: Please?

A: No, you could try Perry's tactic as described in 'The Beauty Spa'(Bonus story included with 'The Clinical Trial', but I can't be held responsible for the outcome.

Q: How can I get my girlfriend to lock me up and force me into lingerie?

A: I don't know, it might not be possible. Some people will never be receptive to the idea of kink. You should probably broach the subject

carefully, and honestly. Some people say writing down a list of kinky fantasies and then swapping them is a good idea.

Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?

A: Sometimes, not all the time... Kink, is a bit of fun – that's all. We play, we call it 'playing' and we have fun. I have made him go to work wearing ladies underwear on occasion, but in reality 'made' isn't true. If he didn't want to, I couldn't really make him – he's stronger than me and I don't think blackmail would work. I don't actually get that much out of knowing he's fidgeting around in my knickers, trying to adjust his bra straps and suspender belt under his work clothes – he gets a lot out of it, but it's important that he feels I've forced him to do it. Sexuality is a complicated thing.

Q: Sounds like your boyfriend is really into his kink, are you? Or do you just do it for him?

A: He's more into it than me. I do like the sense of being in control, and anything which puts me in control and makes him vulnerable turns me on. It's just a bit of fun though really.

Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?

A: No, they're just stories, not to be taken seriously – they're literally 'just a bit of fun'.

Q: Couldn't your stories encourage people to do criminal or dangerous things?

A: I hope not! If some girl decides to handcuff her boyfriend to the bed, then castrate him because she read something similar in one of my stories – that's her problem not mine. I don't actually get turned on at the thought of men being castrated in the slightest, but I know my boyfriend does, and I like to think I understand him – so I can write that scenario. Whenever I ever feel inclined to castrate a man

it tends to be because he's being egocentric, insensitive and thinking with his testosterone rather than his brain – as so many men do.

Q: So do you hate men?

A: No, I like most men, most of the time.

Q: Are any of the characters in your stories or events real or based on real?

A: Nope, sorry hun, they're all products of my twisted imagination.

Q: So there's no Samantha Burns?

A: Nope... There might be some ultra-dominant woman, with a huge stately home full of dungeons and torture equipment, who is capturing, castrating and selling men... But if there is I don't know about her personally, and I doubt there is...

Q: A lot of your stories seem to involve castration, does your boyfriend want to be castrated? Does he want gender reassignment? Do you want him to be your girlfriend?

A: Sexuality is complicated. He fantasizes about castration and being reassigned a woman, but he doesn't really want to be... The reality here should be kept very separate from the fantasy. Having your testicles removed will have a serious effect on your physiology and sexuality. The desire to be castrated will probably vanish the minute your balls have been snipped off, but it's too late then – you might as well take HRT and have breast enhancements – once it's done it's done and once it's done I don't think you can experience anything like a 'normal' orgasm again.

Q: So even if I really fantasize about it all the time, I shouldn't get castrated?

A: No, unless you feel you should always have been a woman and want gender reassignment for a deeper meaning than sexual fantasy – it would probably only make you depressed.

Q: How many of these stories are you going to write?

A: I don't know... I have a bubbling cauldron of ideas in my head, as long as I still have some ideas I'll write more. I might even try to work these short stories into a long novel and put it out as a physical book using create space or something...

Q: I love reading your material, but there isn't enough! Who else can I read for similar stories?

A: My first recommendation is to read all of 'Anne Michelle', 'Grounded in heels', 'The Writers Secret' and 'Humiliation at the office' are all excellent stories. If you've read all mine and all of Anne Michelle's and still want more – then read Sara Desmarais, I suggest you start with 'A change in our marriage' it's really excellent.

Q: What do you think of 'Fifty Shades'?

A: Haven't read it, so don't know... It's about a female submissive, I'm dominant... So unless the story, characters and plot are fantastic in the absence of any sexual content – I probably wouldn't get much from it.

Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?

A: No it's a pen name.

Q: Can you tell me more about you? Where you live, how old you are, what your real name is?

A: No, I don't want stalking. If you want to get to know me better – read more of my stories. Though in reality all that will really teach you is what a twisted imagination I have.

Q: Are your stories popular?

A: Fairly... I've had them in the top 20,000 on Kindle at times. People who buy one often buy more... I haven't had many requests for refunds – to be honest there's a pattern to the tiny number of refund requests I have had... I wonder if it's someone cheating and buying them with the full intention of requesting a refund regardless of whether they like it or not. That thing wanting to castrate men... Hmm, I can think of a circumstance where I might be tempted to agree to perform a penectomy and castration on someone...

Q: Why do you write some of these stories from the male submissive point of view?

A: My boyfriend wrote 'The Receptionist' (Included as a bonus with 'The Clinical Trial') from that point of view and that story was really my inspiration. I've started experimenting with other points of views in my later stories – I might do some more 1st person later... We'll see.

Q: Are you ever going to write about Donald Fisher making the deal with Samantha in the first place?

A: Yes! I'm still thinking about it though at the moment – when I get around to it, it should be a good one!