SACRED
FEMININE
Metamorphosis 2
Story Postwork and Concept by
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THE SACRED FEMININE

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Chapter 13

Induction

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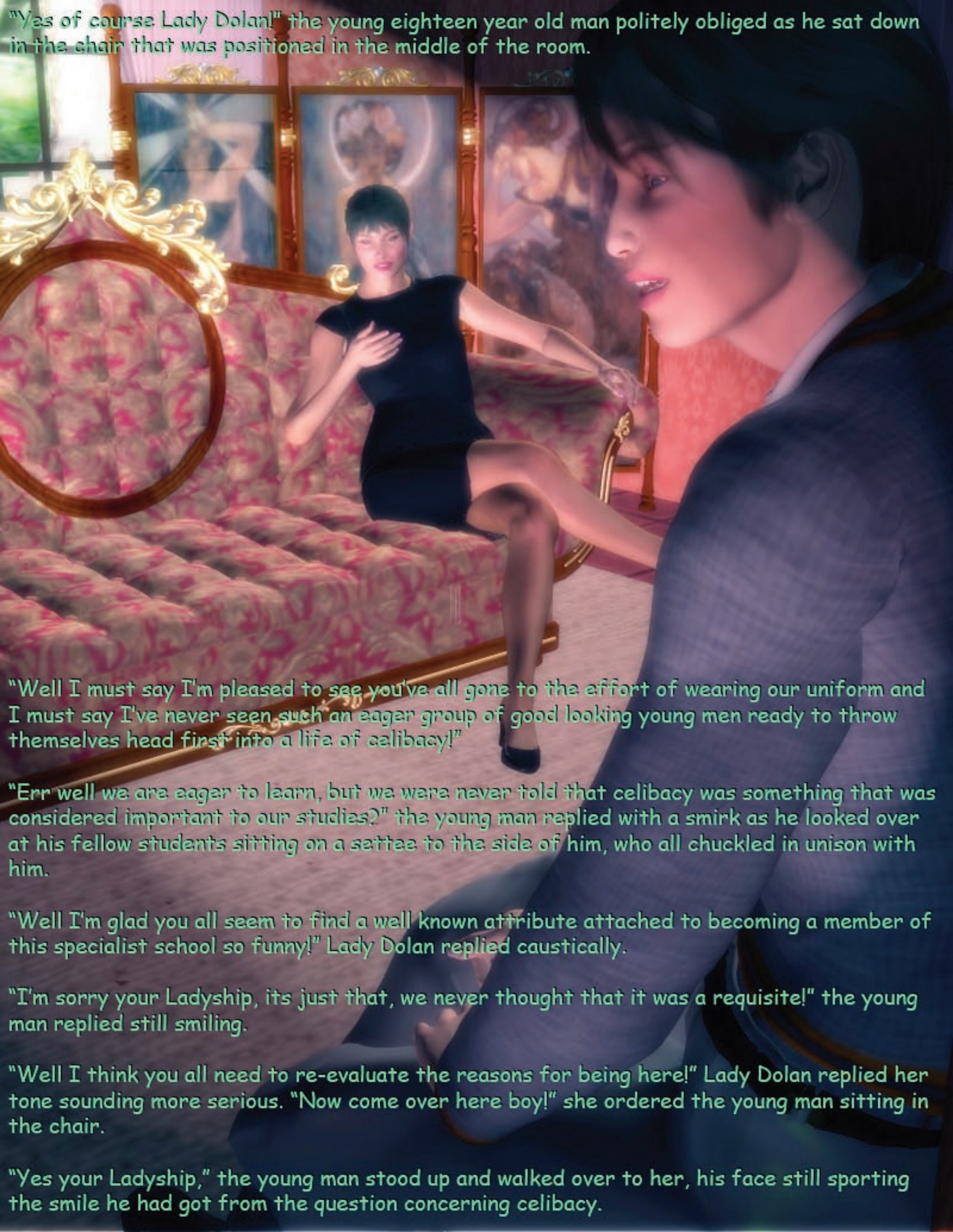
Lady Rosemary carried found memories of Petal's initiation as she and the other three girls that had travelled with her were the first full group of outsiders she had ever used her talents of hypnosis and mind control upon.

Of course the group were not exactly girls when they had arrived in her reception lounge that Monday afternoon almost nine months ago, for Petal, Honey, Daisy and Pansy, were of course very much sprightly energetic eighteen year old heterosexual young men, all brought to Dolan by Mary Masterton and her young lover Nathanial, to enlist in the village of Dolan's newly formed Academy of Religious studies.

Each one of them had originally been hand picked by the former Mary Masterton to attend further religious studies to enable them to pursue the career she had fervently discussed with their parents since they had first attended Sunday School, a career within the clergy.

Yet that was the strict and zealous Mary Masterton who was back then of a sound mind, but the Mary that had hastened their enrolment at the imaginary academy for religious studies now was very much a product of Lady Dolan and of course Cresswell Industries powerful mind controlled program.

"Please take a seat!" Lady Rosemary crossed her 10 denier encased near black pantyhosed legs.



"Yes of course Lady Dolan!" the young eighteen year old man politely obliged as he sat down in the chair that was positioned in the middle of the room.

"Well I must say I'm pleased to see you've all gone to the effort of wearing our uniform and I must say I've never seen such an eager group of good looking young men ready to throw themselves head first into a life of celibacy!"

"Err well we are eager to learn, but we were never told that celibacy was something that was considered important to our studies?" the young man replied with a smirk as he looked over at his fellow students sitting on a settee to the side of him, who all chuckled in unison with him.

"Well I'm glad you all seem to find a well known attribute attached to becoming a member of this specialist school so funny!" Lady Dolan replied caustically.

"I'm sorry your Ladyship, its just that, we never thought that it was a requisite!" the young man replied still smiling.

"Well I think you all need to re-evaluate the reasons for being here!" Lady Dolan replied her tone sounding more serious. "Now come over here boy!" she ordered the young man sitting in the chair.

"Yes your Ladyship," the young man stood up and walked over to her, his face still sporting the smile he had got from the question concerning celibacy.

"Am I to take it you have already engaged in the immoral act of sexual intercourse?" Lady Dolan enquired as she stared up at the young man.

"Err well sort of your Ladyship!" he smirked.

"With his hand!" one of the other young men sniggered.

Lady Rosemary looked up at the very confident young man standing before her, his mannerism showing why Mary had singled out this particular young man to be the major influence on the other three young men.

"So what is your name?"

"It's Henry your Ladyship!" he replied, "Henry Logan!"

"Well Henry, I must say you are a very self-assured young man aren't you?"

"Yes your Ladyship!" Henry replied with a grin.

"And have you pleasured many young ladies with this exuberant charm of yours?"

"Well," he smirked, "Yeah I suppose!"

"Hmm interesting... And out of your other colleagues there, have they all indulged in the sins of the flesh?"

"Well all except one!" Henry could not contain his laughter as two of the other boys began to snigger along with him.

"Oh and which one of them is that?" Lady Rosemary could plainly see which one of the three remaining young men was still a virgin from the embarrassed look on his face, however it was just whom she had hoped it would be, for Lady Dolan's orders where quite specific concerning the young man in question's initiation, for the young man's grandmother had also been singled out for initiation too.

"Peter... Your Ladyship... Peter Lefevre!" Henry pointed him out.

"Peter!" Lady Rosemary looked over to the other three, "Please come here will you!"

Peter Lefevre sheepishly looked up as the other two looked at him with grins as wide as the Cheshire cat from Alice in Wonderland spread over their faces.

"Come along Peter I want you to stand here now!" Lady Dolan ordered the young man.

No matter how hard Peter tried to fight the summons of the mysterious woman Peter did as he was told and went over to join his colleague.

"Err... Me... Y.. Your Ladyship," Peter stuttered, as Darren and Paul continued to snigger.

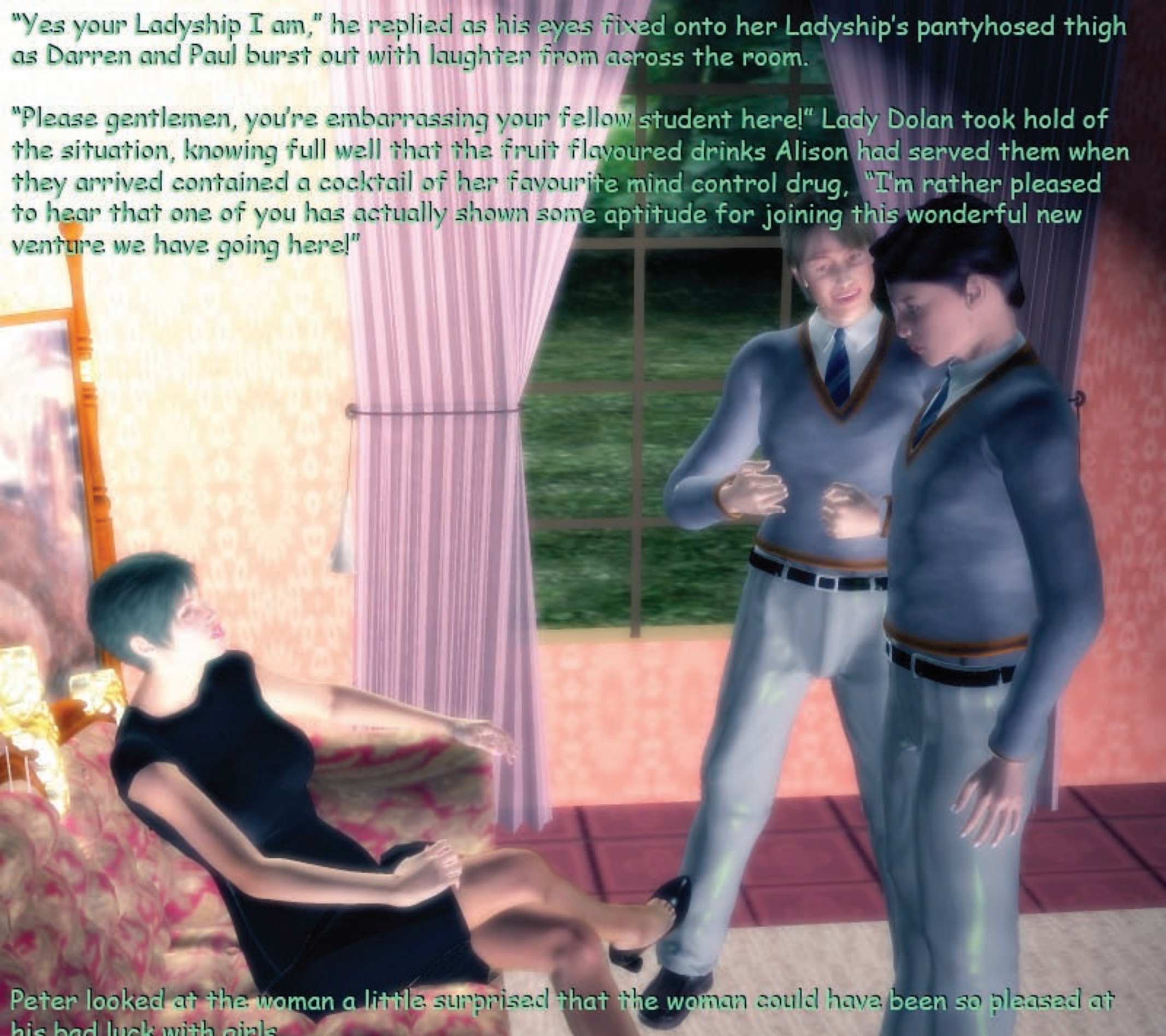
"Good... So is this true young man?" Lady Dolan looked up at the embarrassed young man.

"Err... Well I?" he stuttered as his head lowered.

"C'mon it's not that much of hard question to answer is it, so I'll ask you again... Are you a still a virgin Peter?" Lady Rosemary repeated her question as she deliberately tugged at the hem of her thigh length black skirt.

"Yes your Ladyship I am," he replied as his eyes fixed onto her Ladyship's pantyhosed thigh as Darren and Paul burst out with laughter from across the room.

"Please gentlemen, you're embarrassing your fellow student here!" Lady Dolan took hold of the situation, knowing full well that the fruit flavoured drinks Alison had served them when they arrived contained a cocktail of her favourite mind control drug, "I'm rather pleased to hear that one of you has actually shown some aptitude for joining this wonderful new venture we have going here!"



Peter looked at the woman a little surprised that the woman could have been so pleased at his bad luck with girls.

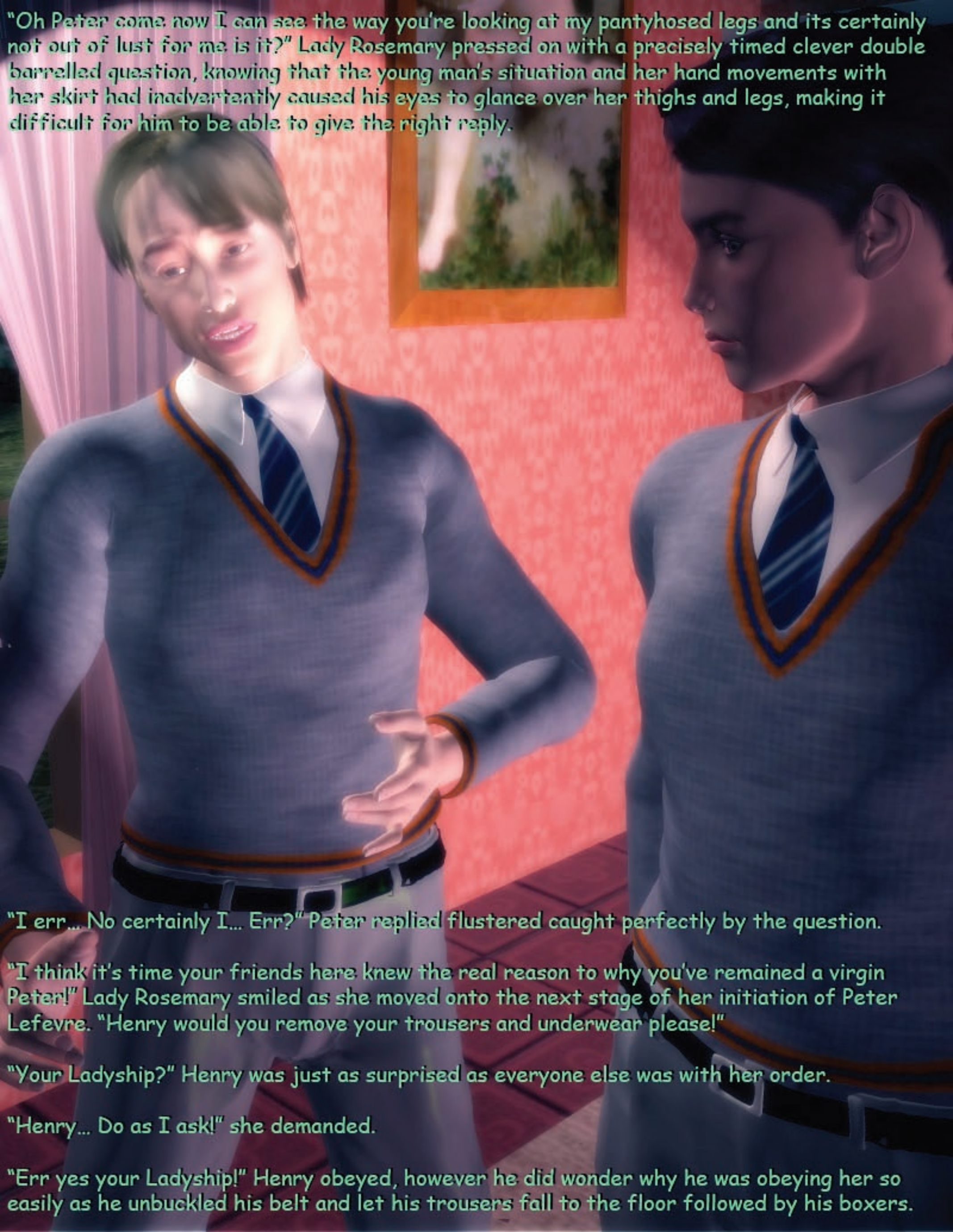
"Now Peter I think there's a reason why you chose to stay a virgin isn't there sweetheart?"

"Err your Ladyship?" Peter looked at Lady Dolan puzzled.

"Your among friends my dear so there's no need to feel embarrassed, and besides all of these other young men are going to be living with you for the duration of your studies here, so we might as well get them to feel comfortable around you!"

"Oh yeah Pete c'mon we all wanna know why your such a looser when it comes to girls!" Henry baited Peter Lefevre, who looked down at the woman curiously, wondering just what she meant by her comment.

"Yeah c'mon virgin tell us all!" Darren called out mockingly.



"Oh Peter come now I can see the way you're looking at my pantyhosed legs and its certainly not out of lust for me is it?" Lady Rosemary pressed on with a precisely timed clever double barrelled question, knowing that the young man's situation and her hand movements with her skirt had inadvertantly caused his eyes to glance over her thighs and legs, making it difficult for him to be able to give the right reply.

"I err... No certainly I... Err?" Peter replied flustered caught perfectly by the question.

"I think it's time your friends here knew the real reason to why you've remained a virgin Peter!" Lady Rosemary smiled as she moved onto the next stage of her initiation of Peter Lefevre. "Henry would you remove your trousers and underwear please!"

"Your Ladyship?" Henry was just as surprised as everyone else was with her order.

"Henry... Do as I ask!" she demanded.

"Err yes your Ladyship!" Henry obeyed, however he did wonder why he was obeying her so easily as he unbuckled his belt and let his trousers fall to the floor followed by his boxers.

"Hmmm very impressive Henry," Lady Rosemary smiled as she saw the size of the young man's genitalia. "Now Peter do the same!"

"But your lady-" he was cut in mid plead.

"Peter Lefevre... Never question my demands or wishes do you hear?" she strictly admonished him.

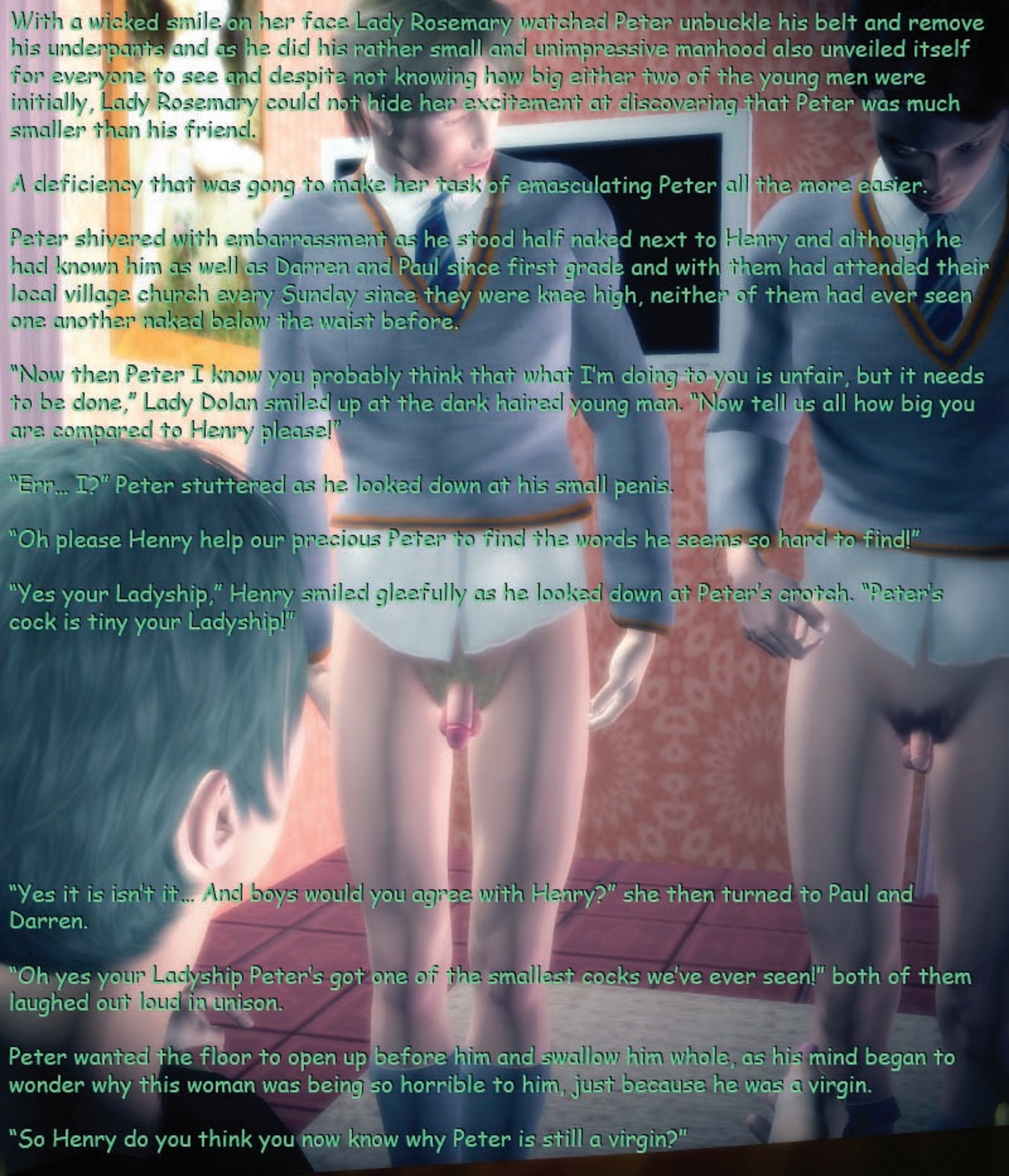
"Err... yes your Ladyship," he replied taken aback by her sudden change in tone.

"Now Peter listen to me carefully... I want these nice young men to feel at ease around you especially as they'll all be sharing a dormitory and a shower room with you and this is the only way for me to make them understand why you're still a virgin!"

"Err... Well yes your Ladyship," Peter replied rather puzzled.

"Good... Now your trousers and your under things please!"

Peter like Henry, who also did not want to remove them, followed suit.



With a wicked smile on her face Lady Rosemary watched Peter unbuckle his belt and remove his underpants and as he did his rather small and unimpressive manhood also unveiled itself for everyone to see and despite not knowing how big either two of the young men were initially, Lady Rosemary could not hide her excitement at discovering that Peter was much smaller than his friend.

A deficiency that was gong to make her task of emasculating Peter all the more easier.

Peter shivered with embarrassment as he stood half naked next to Henry and although he had known him as well as Darren and Paul since first grade and with them had attended their local village church every Sunday since they were knee high, neither of them had ever seen one another naked below the waist before.

"Now then Peter I know you probably think that what I'm doing to you is unfair, but it needs to be done," Lady Dolan smiled up at the dark haired young man. "Now tell us all how big you are compared to Henry please!"

"Err... I?" Peter stuttered as he looked down at his small penis.

"Oh please Henry help our precious Peter to find the words he seems so hard to find!"

"Yes your Ladyship," Henry smiled gleefully as he looked down at Peter's crotch. "Peter's cock is tiny your Ladyship!"

"Yes it is isn't it... And boys would you agree with Henry?" she then turned to Paul and Darren.

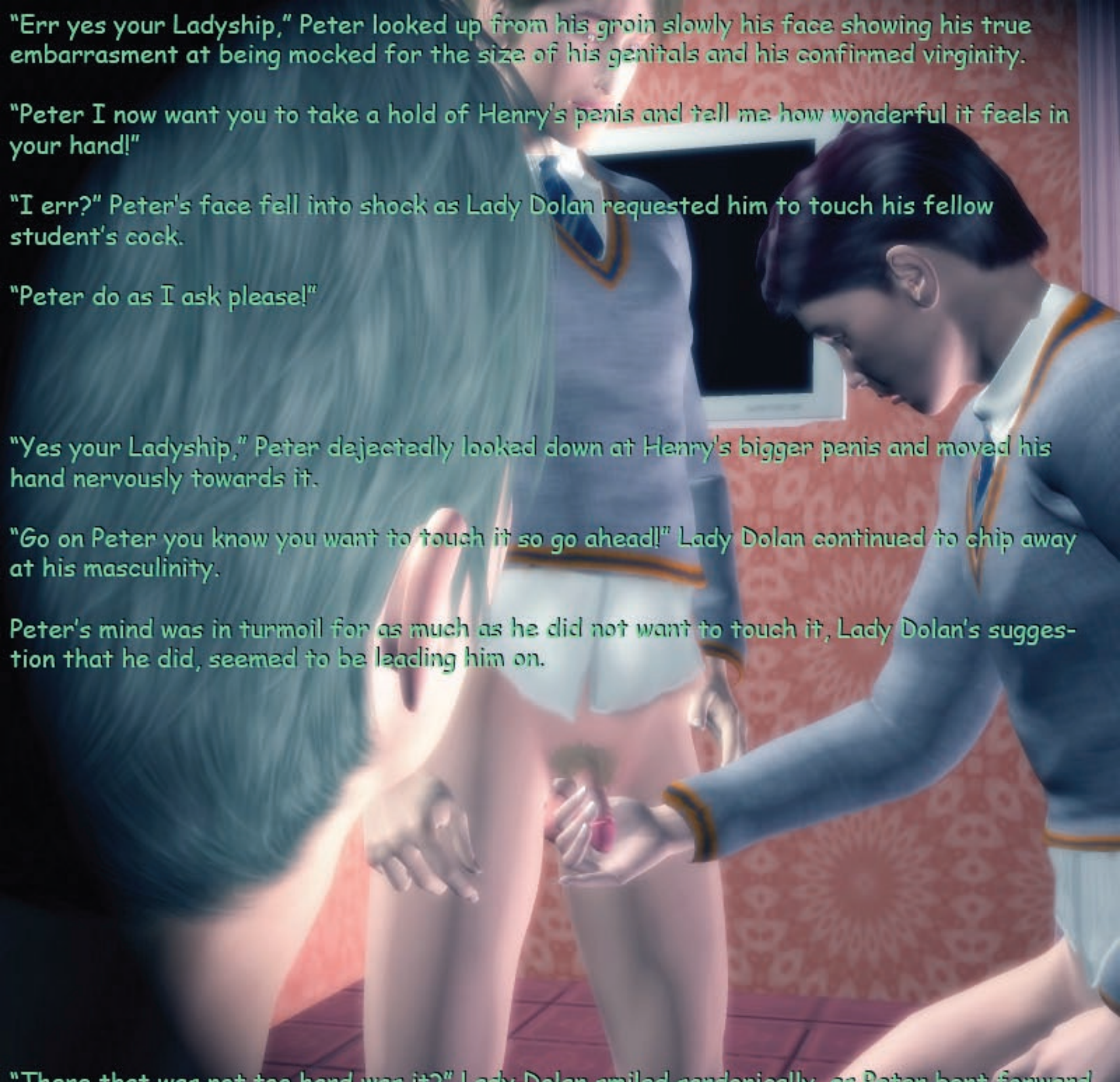
"Oh yes your Ladyship Peter's got one of the smallest cocks we've ever seen!" both of them laughed out loud in unison.

Peter wanted the floor to open up before him and swallow him whole, as his mind began to wonder why this woman was being so horrible to him, just because he was a virgin.

"So Henry do you think you now know why Peter is still a virgin?"

"Yes your Ladyship, he's inadequate in that department!" Henry chuckled.

"A very good assumption Henry, but I think you're far from the truth on Peter's problem," she smiled as she now had the young man just where she wanted him. "Peter!"



"Err yes your Ladyship," Peter looked up from his groin slowly his face showing his true embarrasment at being mocked for the size of his genitals and his confirmed virginity.

"Peter I now want you to take a hold of Henry's penis and tell me how wonderful it feels in your hand!"

"I err?" Peter's face fell into shock as Lady Dolan requested him to touch his fellow student's cock.

"Peter do as I ask please!"

"Yes your Ladyship," Peter dejectedly looked down at Henry's bigger penis and moved his hand nervously towards it.

"Go on Peter you know you want to touch it so go ahead!" Lady Dolan continued to chip away at his masculinity.

Peter's mind was in turmoil for as much as he did not want to touch it, Lady Dolan's suggestion that he did, seemed to be leading him on.

"There that was not too hard was it?" Lady Dolan smiled sardonically, as Peter bent forward and took a hold of Henry's cock. "Now tell us all how wonderfully strong and manly it feels in your hand and how much you've longed to touch a real one like Henry's!"

Henry, as well as Darren and Paul, looked a little shocked at Lady Dolan's request for Peter to tell everyone what it felt like to be holding onto another man's cock.

"It… Feels," Peter tried to force himself to say nothing, but once again Lady Dolan's suggestive ways were making him do what she wanted, "Henry's cock feels so strong and manly in my hand and it feels absolutely wonderful to be holding it!"

"My god Peter's queer!" Paul sighed with disbelief.

"No Peter is not queer, Peter is in fact in self denial at the moment at what he really wants to be and considering he will be sharing a dorm and showers with you, the sight of our dear Peter's own little cocklette getting hard when he sees men like you naked is something you'll have to get used to I'm afraid!" Lady Dolan explained a she continued to assault Peter's subconscious. "Ok Peter sweetheart, now tell us how excited Henry's delicious cock is making you!"

A statement Peter did not want to make at all, but just as her words had caused him to take a hold of Henry's penis, he just could not stop the words and the feeling that was now surging through his lower abdomen from happening.

"Henry's delicious cock is making me hard," Peter stunned his fellow collegues further, as his own cock hardened and became erect.

"That's wonderful Peter, now stand up straight and show everyone how excited he has made you!"

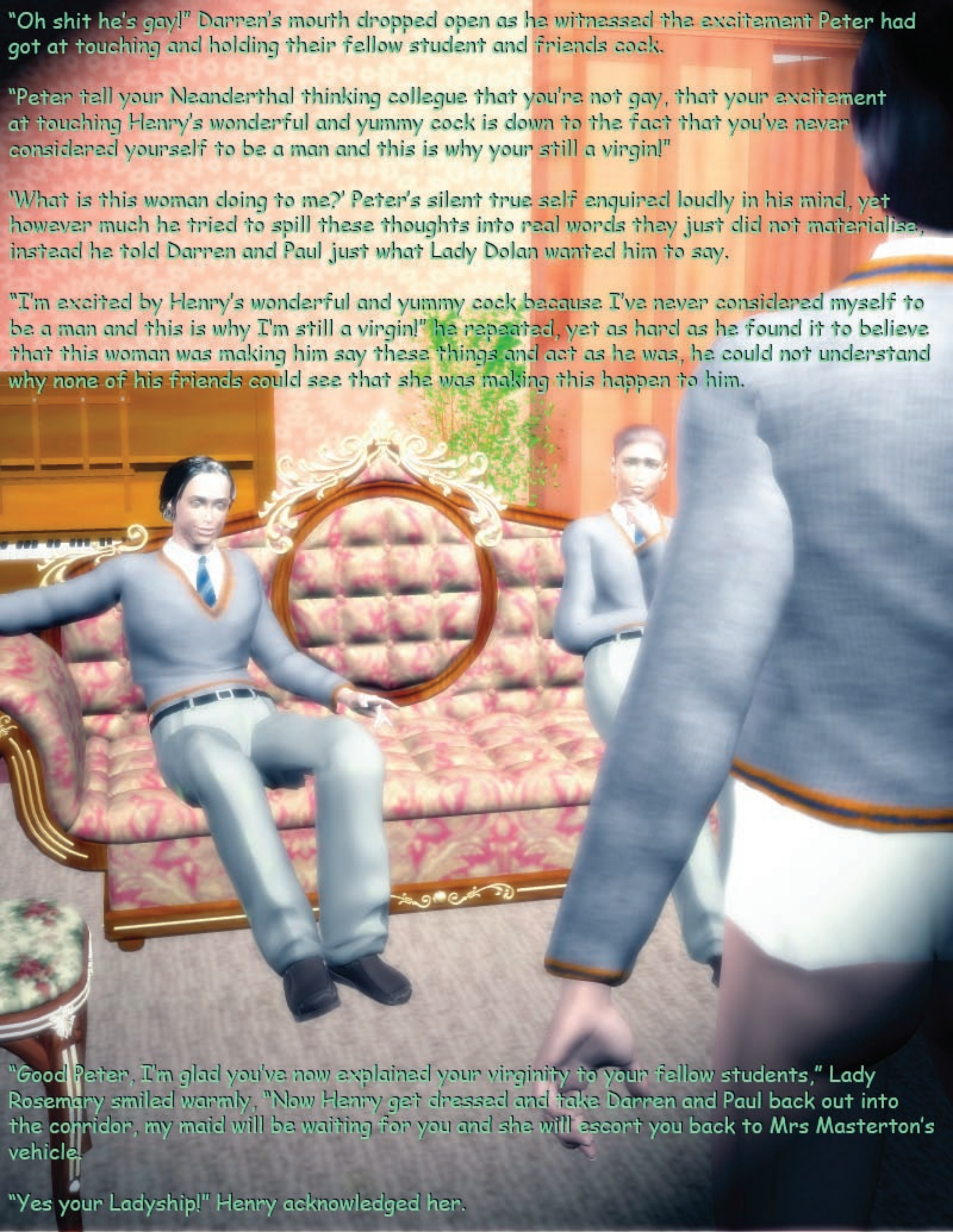
'Oh god please no!' Peter shouted in his mind as he felt his body once again succumbing to the woman's suggestions and just as she had asked him to, he stood up and turned around to face Paul and Darren.

"Oh shit he's gay!" Darren's mouth dropped open as he witnessed the excitement Peter had got at touching and holding their fellow student and friends cock.

"Peter tell your Neanderthal thinking collegue that you're not gay, that your excitement at touching Henry's wonderful and yummy cock is down to the fact that you've never considered yourself to be a man and this is why your still a virgin!"

'What is this woman doing to me?' Peter's silent true self enquired loudly in his mind, yet however much he tried to spill these thoughts into real words they just did not materialise, instead he told Darren and Paul just what Lady Dolan wanted him to say.

"I'm excited by Henry's wonderful and yummy cock because I've never considered myself to be a man and this is why I'm still a virgin!" he repeated, yet as hard as he found it to believe that this woman was making him say these things and act as he was, he could not understand why none of his friends could see that she was making this happen to him.



"Good Peter, I'm glad you've now explained your virginity to your fellow students," Lady Rosemary smiled warmly, "Now Henry get dressed and take Darren and Paul back out into the corridor, my maid will be waiting for you and she will escort you back to Mrs Masterton's vehicle.

"Yes your Ladyship!" Henry acknowledged her.

"Peter I want you stay with me a little longer I have a wonderful gift I'd like to give you for being so brave and honest about your sexuality!" she motioned to Peter.

"Yes your Ladyship," Peter acknowledged without any fight.

"Now please come take a seat my dear!" Lady Dolan patted the sofa for Peter to join her. "That's it, now Peter I'm quite excited for you, you lucky thing!"

Peter sat down next Lady Dolan dejectedly, his mind continuing to contemplate on how this woman could be making him do what she wanted him to do so easily.

"That little performance I made you do, was all for your benefit Peter, because when the others join you tomorrow morning they will all have to acknowledge that you are the prefect of the dorm and the head monitor girl!"

"Monitor...GGGirl?" Peter looked puzzled.

"Yes Peter, you're going to become a very special girl!" Lady Dolan increased her hypnotic powers on the young man as he sat besides her. "At the moment as I see it that young man Henry is the sort of leader of your group do you not agree?"

"Yes your Ladyship," Peter nodded.

"Well I've now put you in that position with that little display and you'll never again feel embarrassed at showing them how excited you are to be around them naked do you understand?"

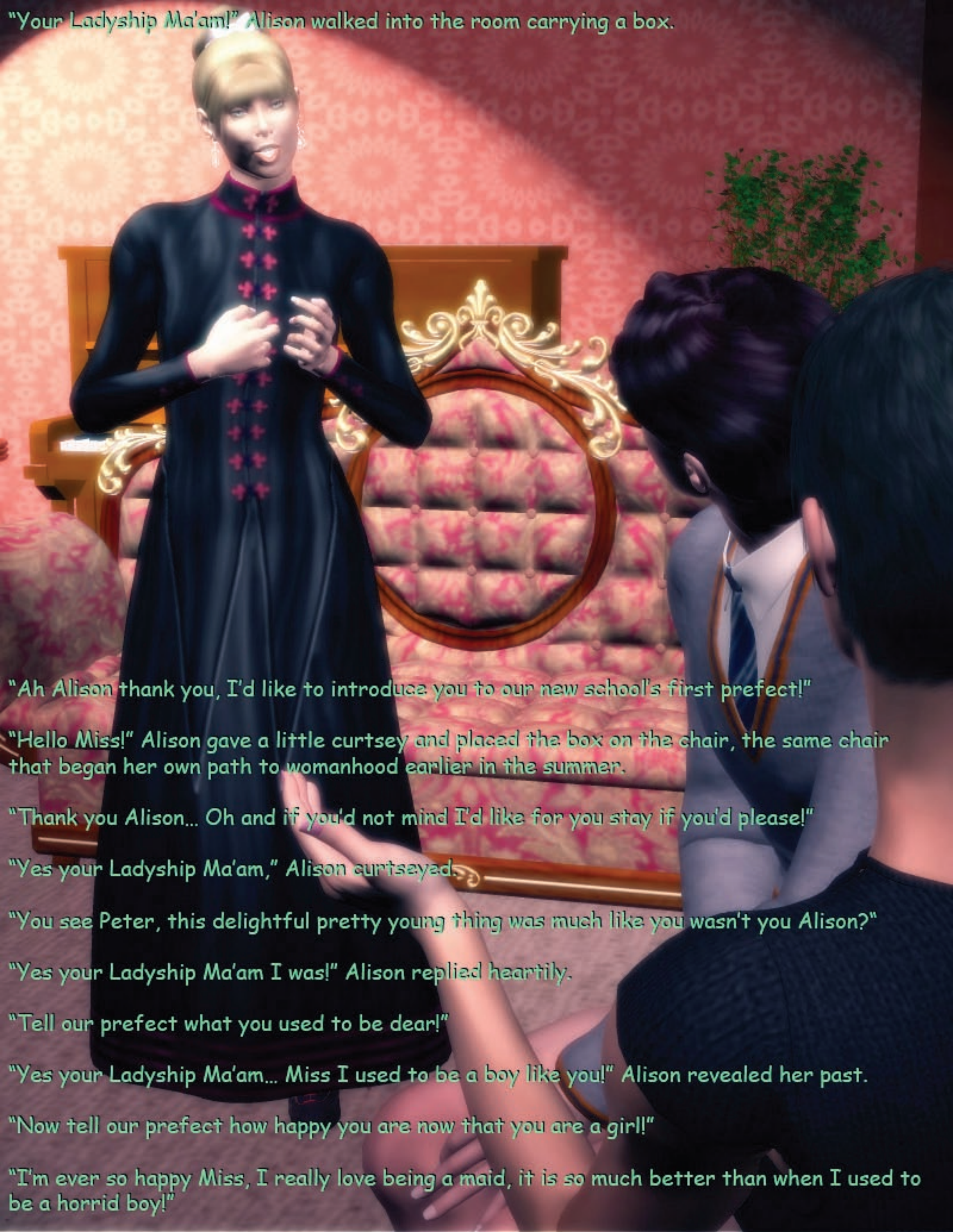
"Yes your Ladyship," Peter's changing mind agreed with the woman.

"You will never think or look at yourself as a young man again, you are what you've always wanted to be a special young lady... What are you Peter?"

"I am a special young lady you're Ladyship," Peter's subconscious caved in further as Lady Dolan's expert gift continued to forge his new mind set.

"Good... You're on your way to receiving your first reward now that you're a girl," Lady Dolan sighed, "When we have you dressed for your new role I will escort you to your new Mistress and you will do everything she asks of you and you will address her as Ma'am, is this clear?"

"Yes your Ladyship," Peter Lefevre replied obediently.



"Your Ladyship Ma'am!" Alison walked into the room carrying a box.

"Ah Alison thank you, I'd like to introduce you to our new school's first prefect!"

"Hello Miss!" Alison gave a little curtsey and placed the box on the chair, the same chair that began her own path to womanhood earlier in the summer.

"Thank you Alison... Oh and if you'd not mind I'd like for you stay if you'd please!"

"Yes your Ladyship Ma'am," Alison curtseyed.

"You see Peter, this delightful pretty young thing was much like you wasn't you Alison?"

"Yes your Ladyship Ma'am I was!" Alison replied heartily.

"Tell our prefect what you used to be dear!"

"Yes your Ladyship Ma'am... Miss I used to be a boy like you!" Alison revealed her past.

"Now tell our prefect how happy you are now that you are a girl!"

"I'm ever so happy Miss, I really love being a maid, it is so much better than when I used to be a horrid boy!"

"Well Peter?" Lady Dolan questioned the young man as she pulled his face around to face her and began stroking it softly.

"I don't know if I should be doing this... My Grandmother will?" Peter's hazy mind tried to counter the effect of the woman's powerful suggestive words.

"Oh sweetheart... You should be thinking about how pleased she's going to be when she finds out your going to become a nun!"

"A nun... But?"

"Yes Peter, that's what you've come here for isn't it... To continue your religious studies and make your Grandmother proud of you?"

"Err... Yes I have, but Henry and?" Peter's mind continued to shift into the devoted servant Lady Dolan was making him become.

"Peter don't worry your pretty little head about them... You're much stronger than they are now you'll see!"

"Stronger?" Peter's crafted mind helped him reply.

"Yes Peter, remember what I said you was... You are a special young lady... And you're going to make your Grandmother proud by becoming a fully fledged nun!"

"Yes... Yes I am!" Peter's mind finally folded into place. ""I am going to make my Grandmother proud and become a fully fledged nun!"

"That's perfect my dear, now let's get you ready to meet Governess Agatha... She's such an important woman and I want you to look your best when you meet her!" Lady Dolan smiled warmly as she waved Alison away. "Oh and don't forget to call her-"

"Ma'am!" Peter replied his mind completely empowered to Lady Dolan's will and wishes.

"That's good Peter, and one last thing... Although you will do everything Governess Agatha asks of you and any of the people she empowers you to, you will always remain loyal to me, is this clear?"

"Yes your Ladyship Ma'am," Peter replied as his mind body and soul became locked to a lifetime of servitude to Cresswell Industries and of course to his true owner and Mistress Lady Rosemary Dolan.

Chapter 14

Prefect

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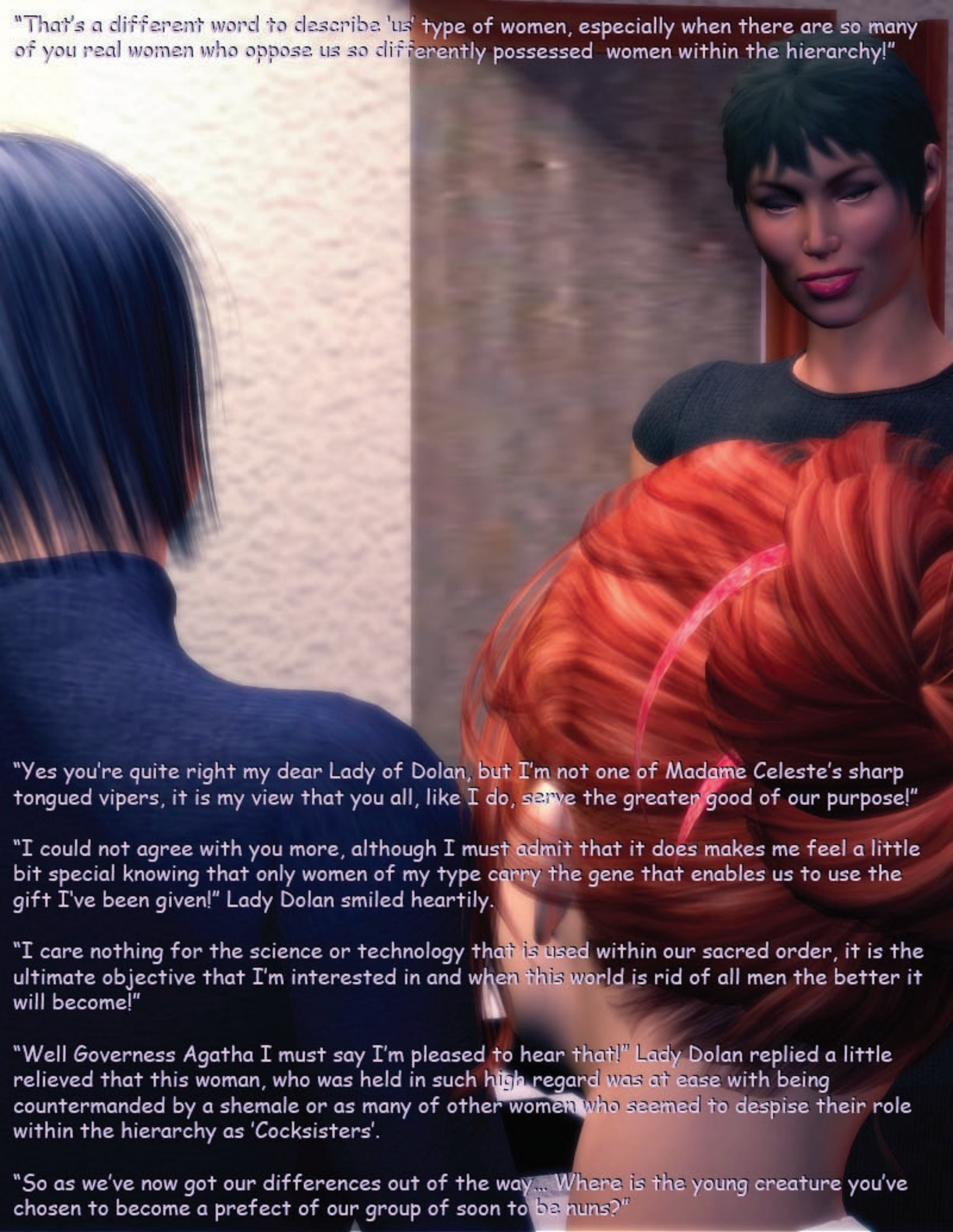
"What's the meaning of keeping me waiting?" Lady Agatha looked none to pleased as Lady Dolan entered the dormitory that was situated below the rectory. "And where's the boy?"

"He's with me... But I'd like to get one thing straight Governess Agatha!" Lady Rosemary countered the very arrogant sounding woman, as she looked from her to the two pretty looking young girls wearing identical black coloured type school uniforms. "You maybe higher up the chain than me but it is my excellent work that is going to enable you to get your job done here!"

"Who do you think you're talking too!" Lady Agatha tried to chastise Lady Rosemary. "And Governess is not my title either... It's Lady Agatha to you!"

"You are when you're in my village!" Lady Rosemary countered as she looked the woman up and down. "And I believe that when two Lady's are present the hostess is the one who retains her title!"

"Hmm... You certainly have the attitude I'd expected to see from Grace's stable of girls and I can see we're going to get on wonderfully Lady Dolan," Governess Agatha conceded to Lady Rosemary with a deft smile. "And seeing you in the flesh after all I've heard about you, you definitely have the guile for a woman of such, how may I put it politely... Substance?"



"That's a different word to describe 'us' type of women, especially when there are so many of you real women who oppose us so differently possessed women within the hierarchy!"

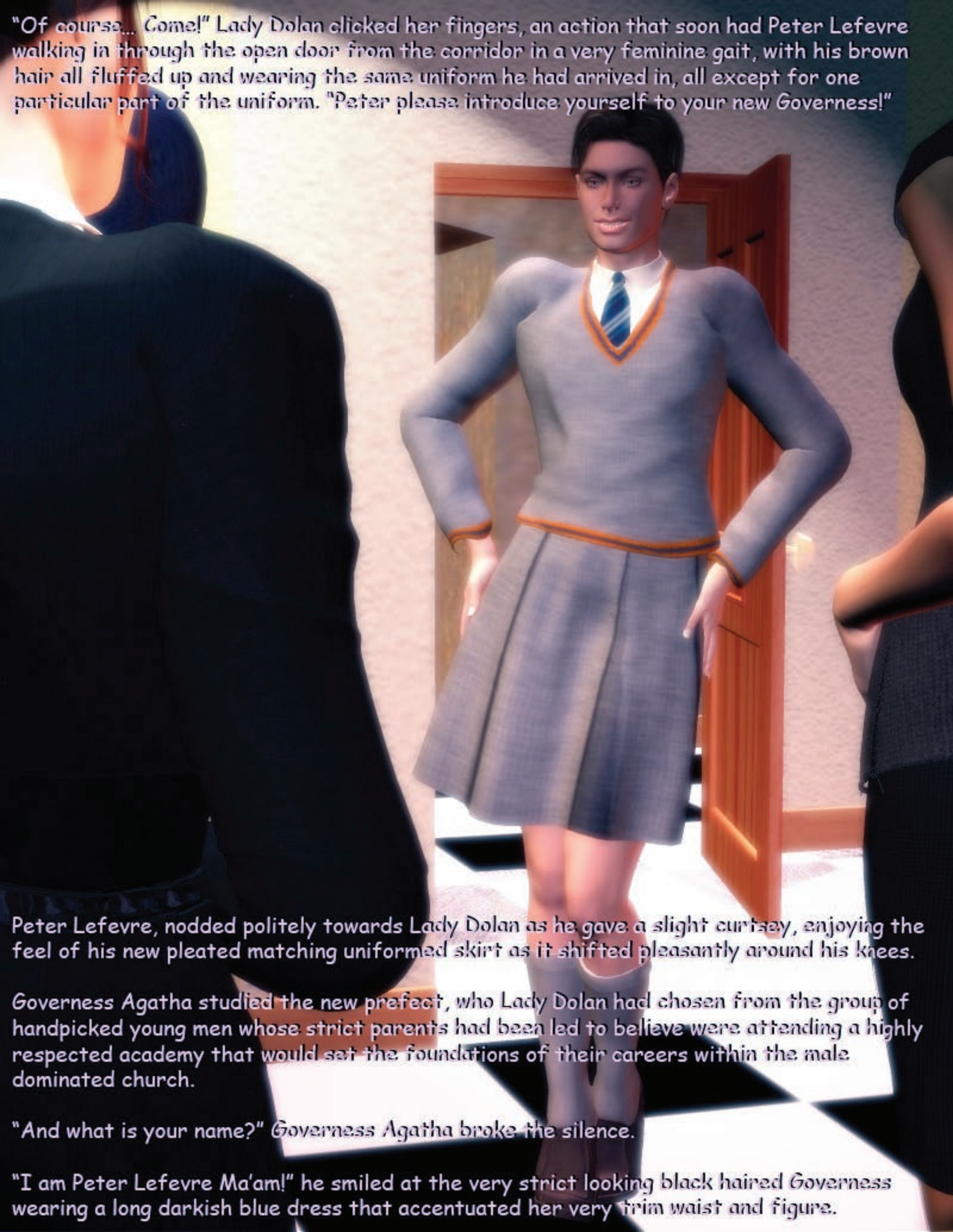
"Yes you're quite right my dear Lady of Dolan, but I'm not one of Madame Celeste's sharp tongued vipers, it is my view that you all, like I do, serve the greater good of our purpose!"

"I could not agree with you more, although I must admit that it does makes me feel a little bit special knowing that only women of my type carry the gene that enables us to use the gift I've been given!" Lady Dolan smiled heartily.

"I care nothing for the science or technology that is used within our sacred order, it is the ultimate objective that I'm interested in and when this world is rid of all men the better it will become!"

"Well Governess Agatha I must say I'm pleased to hear that!" Lady Dolan replied a little relieved that this woman, who was held in such high regard was at ease with being countermanded by a shemale or as many of other women who seemed to despise their role within the hierarchy as 'Cocksisters'.

"So as we've now got our differences out of the way… Where is the young creature you've chosen to become a prefect of our group of soon to be nuns?"



"Of course... Come!" Lady Dolan clicked her fingers, an action that soon had Peter Lefevre walking in through the open door from the corridor in a very feminine gait, with his brown hair all fluffed up and wearing the same uniform he had arrived in, all except for one particular part of the uniform. "Peter please introduce yourself to your new Governess!"

Peter Lefevre, nodded politely towards Lady Dolan as he gave a slight curtsey, enjoying the feel of his new pleated matching uniformed skirt as it shifted pleasantly around his knees.

Governess Agatha studied the new prefect, who Lady Dolan had chosen from the group of handpicked young men whose strict parents had been led to believe were attending a highly respected academy that would set the foundations of their careers within the male dominated church.

"And what is your name?" Governess Agatha broke the silence.

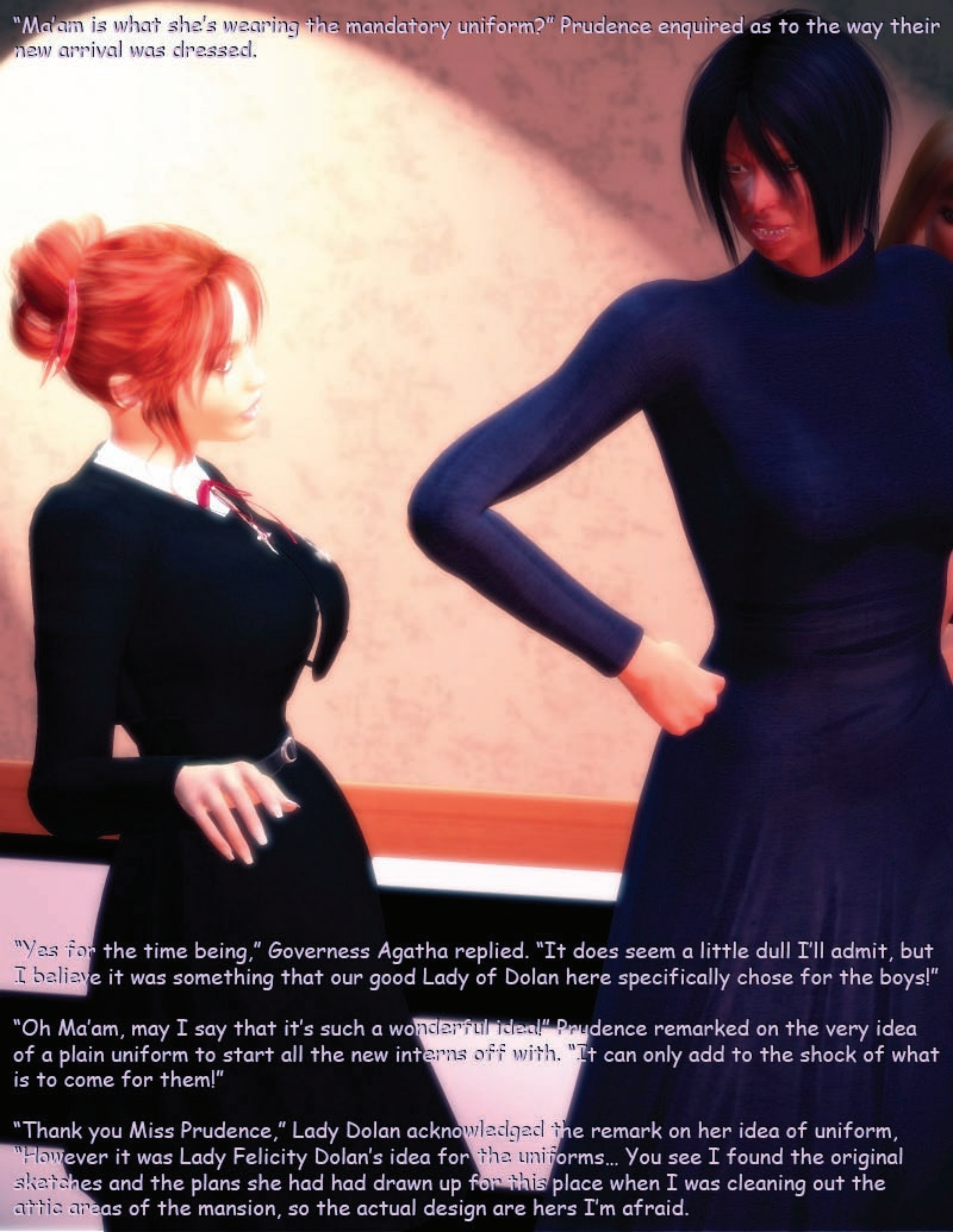
"I am Peter Lefevre Ma'am!" he smiled at the very strict looking black haired Governess wearing a long darkish blue dress that accentuated her very trim waist and figure.

"Hmm... Unusual name for a pupil of ours to have wouldn't you say Prudence?"

"Oh yes Ma'am, we can't have a moniter girl with a boys name!" a very petite red headed girl standing behind Lady Agatha replied.

"Indeed Prudence," Lady Agatha looked Peter up and down, "And considering summer is nearly in bloom I think we'll go with a flowery theme for naming you my dear... Yes we shall call you Petal... Is this clear?"

"Yes Ma'am, I will be called Petal from now on!" Peter's name was changed in an instance.



"Ma'am is what she's wearing the mandatory uniform?" Prudence enquired as to the way their new arrival was dressed.

"Yes for the time being," Governess Agatha replied. "It does seem a little dull I'll admit, but I believe it was something that our good Lady of Dolan here specifically chose for the boys!"

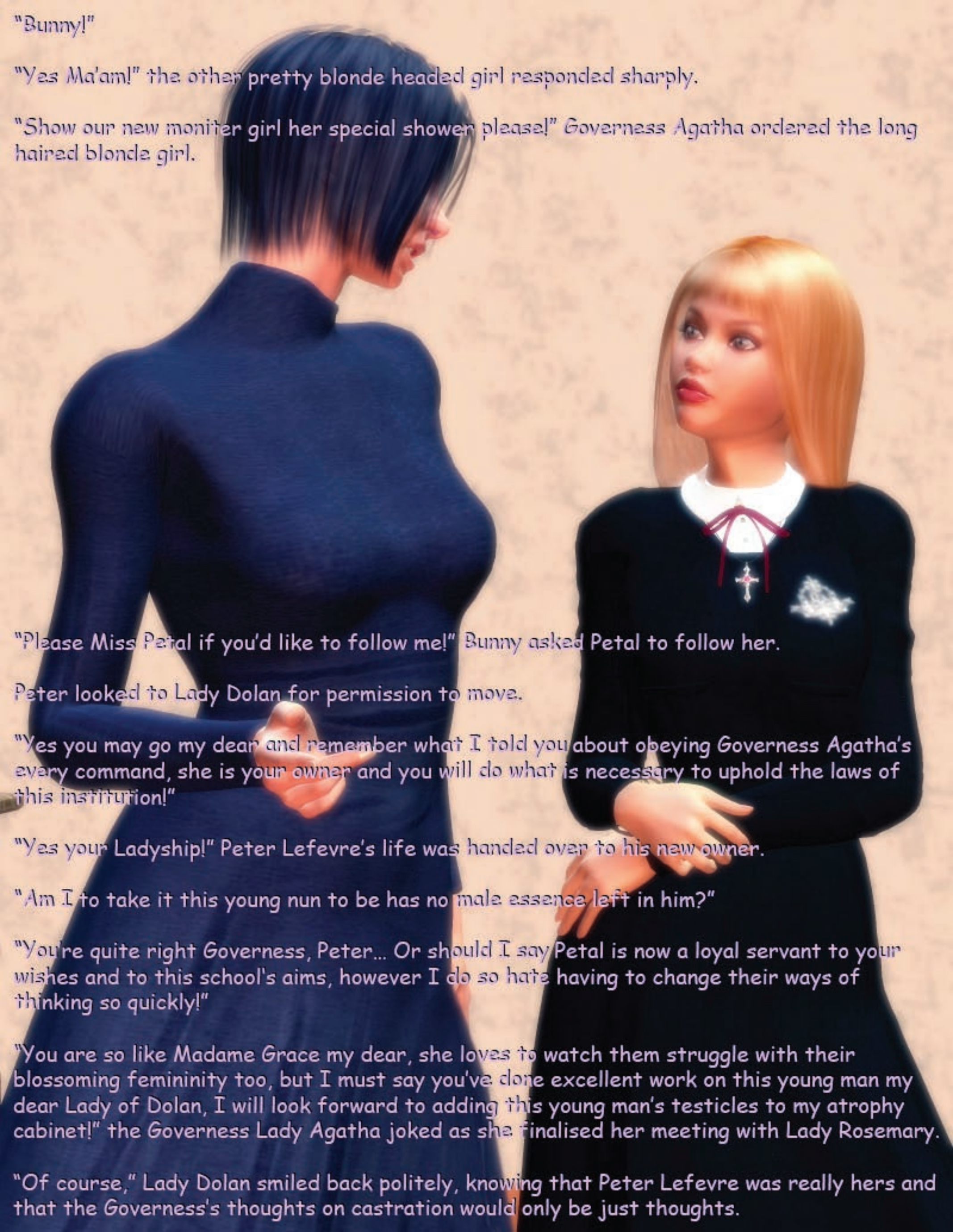
"Oh Ma'am, may I say that it's such a wonderful idea!" Prudence remarked on the very idea of a plain uniform to start all the new interns off with. "It can only add to the shock of what is to come for them!"

"Thank you Miss Prudence," Lady Dolan acknowledged the remark on her idea of uniform, "However it was Lady Felicity Dolan's idea for the uniforms... You see I found the original sketches and the plans she had had drawn up for this place when I was cleaning out the attic areas of the mansion, so the actual design are hers I'm afraid.

"Bunny!"

"Yes Ma'am!" the other pretty blonde headed girl responded sharply.

"Show our new moniter girl her special shower please!" Governess Agatha ordered the long haired blonde girl.



"Please Miss Petal if you'd like to follow me!" Bunny asked Petal to follow her.

Peter looked to Lady Dolan for permission to move.

"Yes you may go my dear and remember what I told you about obeying Governess Agatha's every command, she is your owner and you will do what is necessary to uphold the laws of this institution!"

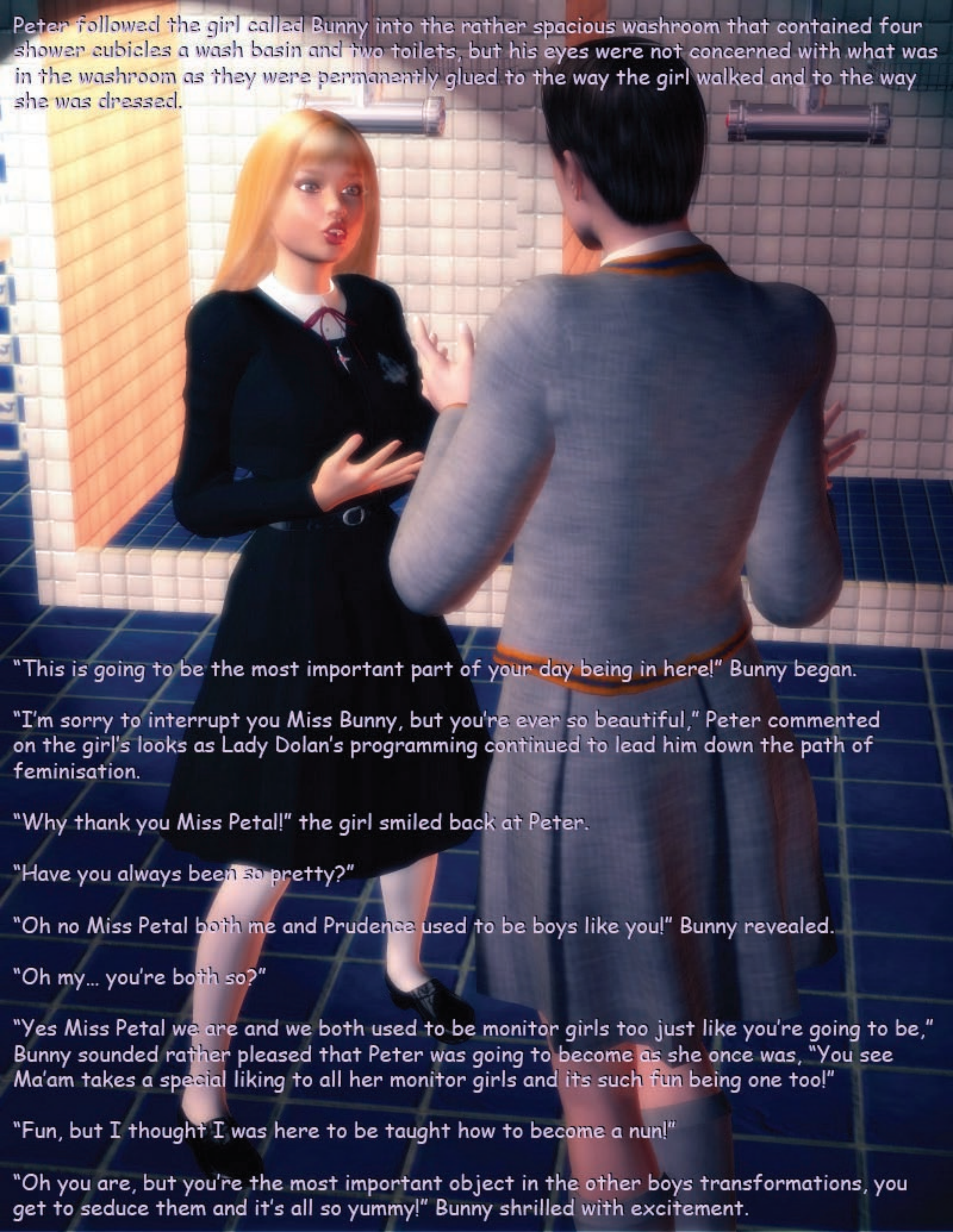
"Yes your Ladyship!" Peter Lefevre's life was handed over to his new owner.

"Am I to take it this young nun to be has no male essence left in him?"

"You're quite right Governess, Peter... Or should I say Petal is now a loyal servant to your wishes and to this school's aims, however I do so hate having to change their ways of thinking so quickly!"

"You are so like Madame Grace my dear, she loves to watch them struggle with their blossoming femininity too, but I must say you've done excellent work on this young man my dear Lady of Dolan, I will look forward to adding this young man's testicles to my atrophy cabinet!" the Governess Lady Agatha joked as she finalised her meeting with Lady Rosemary.

"Of course," Lady Dolan smiled back politely, knowing that Peter Lefevre was really hers and that the Governess's thoughts on castration would only be just thoughts.



Peter followed the girl called Bunny into the rather spacious washroom that contained four shower cubicles a wash basin and two toilets, but his eyes were not concerned with what was in the washroom as they were permanently glued to the way the girl walked and to the way she was dressed.

"This is going to be the most important part of your day being in here!" Bunny began.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you Miss Bunny, but you're ever so beautiful," Peter commented on the girl's looks as Lady Dolan's programming continued to lead him down the path of feminisation.

"Why thank you Miss Petal!" the girl smiled back at Peter.

"Have you always been so pretty?"

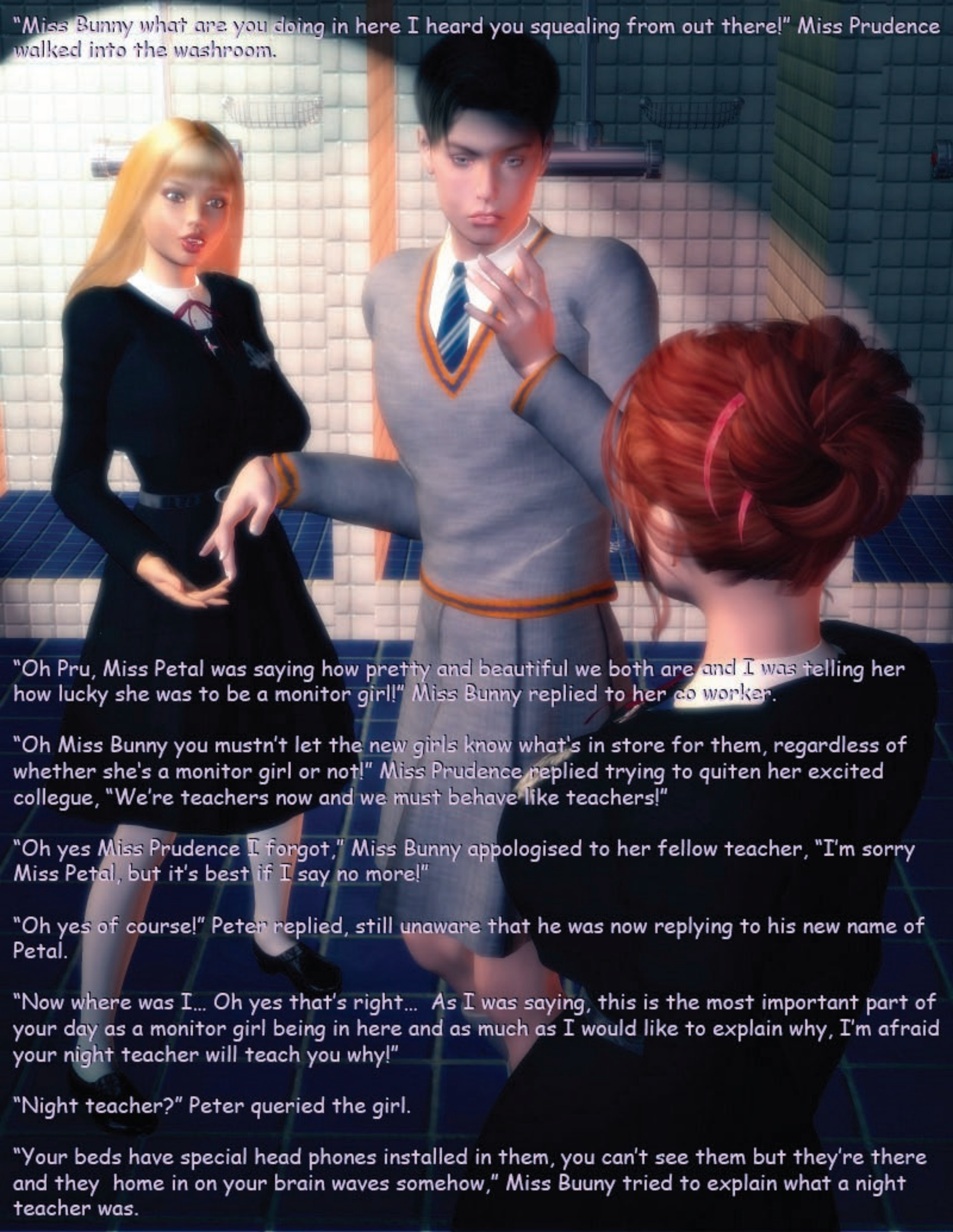
"Oh no Miss Petal both me and Prudence used to be boys like you!" Bunny revealed.

"Oh my… you're both so?"

"Yes Miss Petal we are and we both used to be monitor girls too just like you're going to be," Bunny sounded rather pleased that Peter was going to become as she once was, "You see Ma'am takes a special liking to all her monitor girls and its such fun being one too!"

"Fun, but I thought I was here to be taught how to become a nun!"

"Oh you are, but you're the most important object in the other boys transformations, you get to seduce them and it's all so yummy!" Bunny shrilled with excitement.



"Miss Bunny what are you doing in here I heard you squealing from out there!" Miss Prudence walked into the washroom.

"Oh Pru, Miss Petal was saying how pretty and beautiful we both are and I was telling her how lucky she was to be a monitor girl!" Miss Bunny replied to her co worker.

"Oh Miss Bunny you mustn't let the new girls know what's in store for them, regardless of whether she's a monitor girl or not!" Miss Prudence replied trying to quiten her excited collegue, "We're teachers now and we must behave like teachers!"

"Oh yes Miss Prudence I forgot," Miss Bunny appologised to her fellow teacher, "I'm sorry Miss Petal, but it's best if I say no more!"

"Oh yes of course!" Peter replied, still unaware that he was now replying to his new name of Petal.

"Now where was I... Oh yes that's right... As I was saying, this is the most important part of your day as a monitor girl being in here and as much as I would like to explain why, I'm afraid your night teacher will teach you why!"

"Night teacher?" Peter queried the girl.

"Your beds have special head phones installed in them, you can't see them but they're there and they home in on your brain waves somehow," Miss Buuny tried to explain what a night teacher was.

"Bunny! Prudence!" the voice of Governess Agatha resounded through the doorway.

"Yes Ma'am!" both girls replied in unison as they both curtseyed spontaneously upon the Governess's approach in to the washroom.

"I trust our monitor girl knows all about the shower!" her voice echoed around the shower room.

"Yes we were just about to Ma'am!" Prudence replied for her colleague. "Bunny!"

"Yes Miss Petal the shower cubicle in the corner is your shower and you are to use it all the time!" Bunny sounded regimental in her explination of the shower and its importance to Peter's position as monitor girl.

"Yes Petal, this is your domain in here and you will learn to use it with guile!" Governess Agatha finished the brief tour of the shower room. "Now you will get yourself undressed in the dorm and take your first shower and when you've dried yourself you will go to bed... Miss Bunny will show you which bed is yours!"

"Yes Ma'am!" Peter acknowledged the Governess, however he did have a question to ask her concerning his fellow students, "But Ma'am may I please ask you a question?"

"Yes Petal of course you may!"

"Where are my collegues Darren, Paul and Henry?"

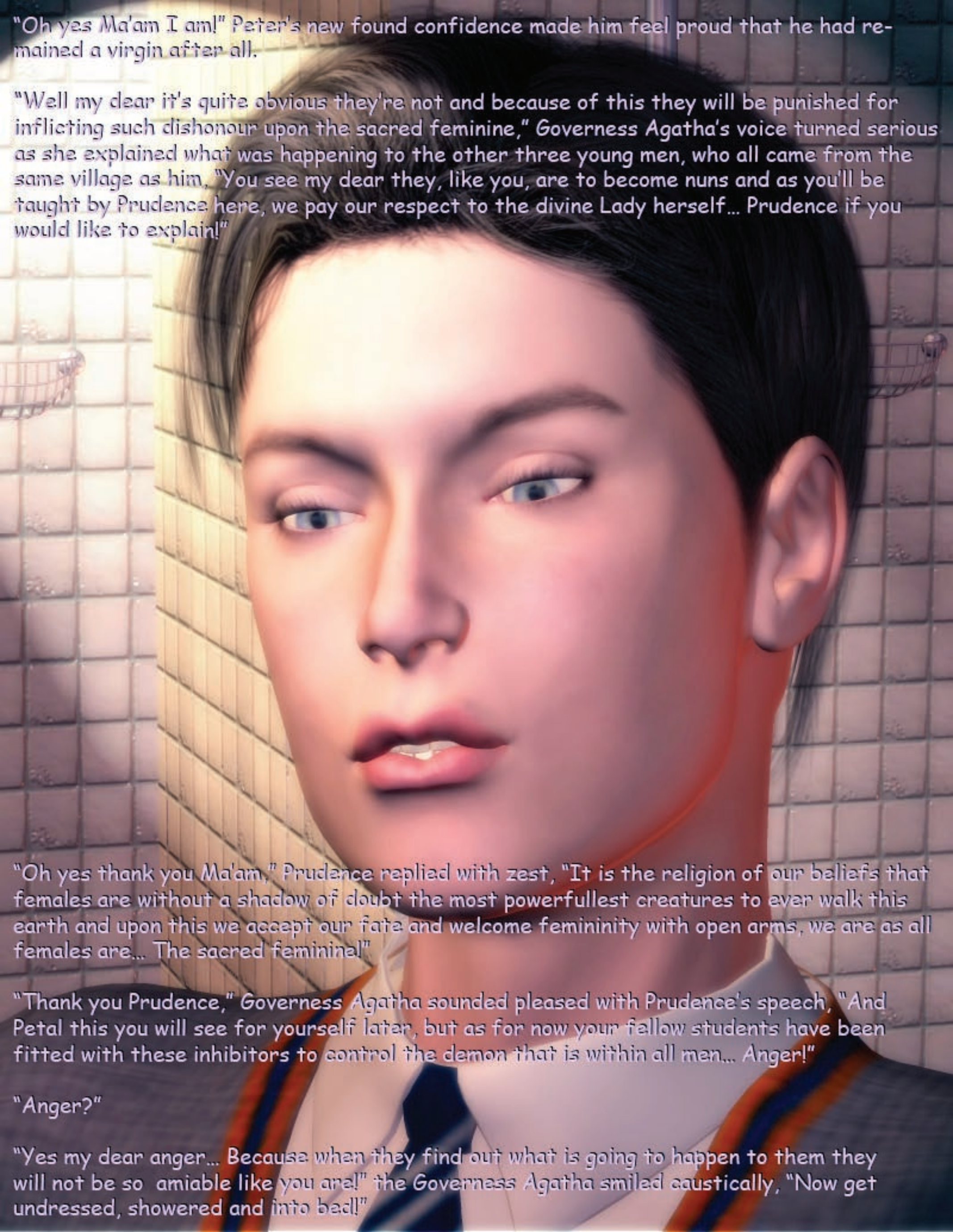
"They are having inhibitors attached deep inside their rectums as we talk, but they will arrive here for you to greet them tomorrow afternoon!"

"Inhibitors Ma'am?"

"They are not as fortunate as you Petal and considering Lady Dolan chose you to be the prefect of your group, I'd imagine that you've not had the bite of a young girl's cherry yet!"

"I'm sorry Ma'am?" Peter looked at the Governess puzzled by her words.

"You're a virgin are you not Petal?"



"Oh yes Ma'am I am!" Peter's new found confidence made him feel proud that he had remained a virgin after all.

"Well my dear it's quite obvious they're not and because of this they will be punished for inflicting such dishonour upon the sacred feminine," Governess Agatha's voice turned serious as she explained what was happening to the other three young men, who all came from the same village as him, "You see my dear they, like you, are to become nuns and as you'll be taught by Prudence here, we pay our respect to the divine Lady herself... Prudence if you would like to explain!"

"Oh yes thank you Ma'am," Prudence replied with zest, "It is the religion of our beliefs that females are without a shadow of doubt the most powerfullest creatures to ever walk this earth and upon this we accept our fate and welcome femininity with open arms, we are as all females are... The sacred feminine!"

"Thank you Prudence," Governess Agatha sounded pleased with Prudence's speech, "And Petal this you will see for yourself later, but as for now your fellow students have been fitted with these inhibitors to control the demon that is within all men... Anger!"

"Anger?"

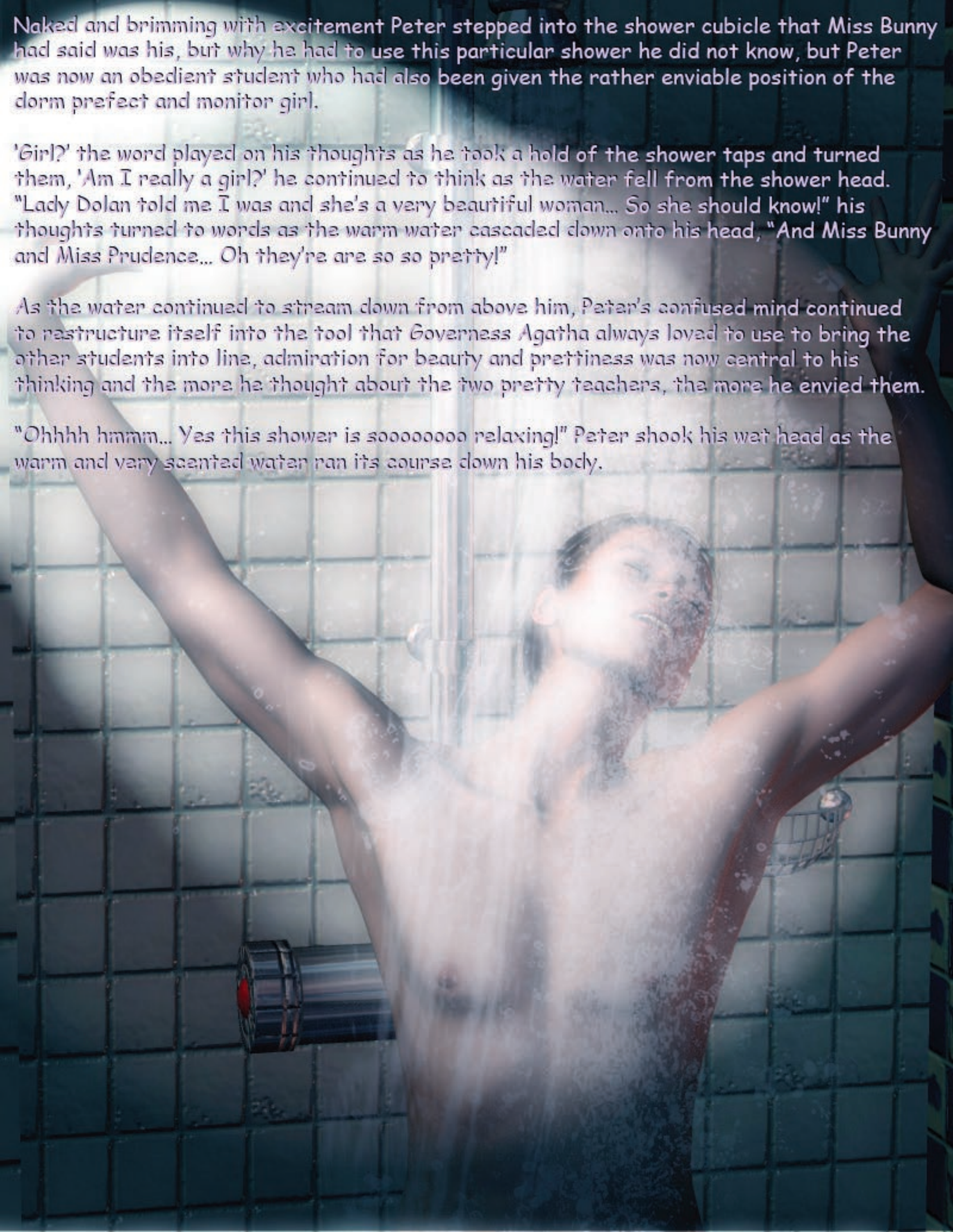
"Yes my dear anger... Because when they find out what is going to happen to them they will not be so amiable like you are!" the Governess Agatha smiled caustically, "Now get undressed, showered and into bed!"

Naked and brimming with excitement Peter stepped into the shower cubicle that Miss Bunny had said was his, but why he had to use this particular shower he did not know, but Peter was now an obedient student who had also been given the rather enviable position of the dorm prefect and monitor girl.

'Girl?' the word played on his thoughts as he took a hold of the shower taps and turned them, 'Am I really a girl?' he continued to think as the water fell from the shower head. "Lady Dolan told me I was and she's a very beautiful woman... So she should know!" his thoughts turned to words as the warm water cascaded down onto his head, "And Miss Bunny and Miss Prudence... Oh they're are so so pretty!"

As the water continued to stream down from above him, Peter's confused mind continued to restructure itself into the tool that Governess Agatha always loved to use to bring the other students into line, admiration for beauty and prettiness was now central to his thinking and the more he thought about the two pretty teachers, the more he envied them.

"Ohhhh hmmm... Yes this shower is soooooooo relaxing!" Peter shook his wet head as the warm and very scented water ran its course down his body.



Of course the scented water was no ordinary water, for it contained a special chemical mix that when it ran across Peter's skin, left behind a waxy substance that not only replenished his skin, but very cleverly released tiny molecules of chromosome enhanced estrogenic based oils into the pores of his skin, that were then pressed deeper into his skin every time his hands brushed the water from his body.

And the longer Peter showered the more these cleverly structured molecules embedded themselves into his flesh and as they did they then began using his body hair, wrapping themselves around the follicle and seeping downwards into his body whereupon they dispersed themselves into his system, hooking themselves into his fat cells and dermis where they would remain and then slowly begin to restructure his DNA as written by the technicians and scientists at Cresswell Pharmaceutical's laboratories.

However it was not just the water that contained the ingredients that were going to sculpture Peter's body into the form that it was going to be redesigned into, for the steam and mist that it produced also acted as an aphrodisiac that when it was inhaled would heighten the recipients desires and wishes, which in Peter Lefevre's case was the desire to become as feminine as possible.

Stepping out of the shower Peter grabbed a hold of his towel and began patting the water from his body, his mind was soothed in the essence of everything feminine and as he dried himself the hypnotic makeover he had had from Lady Dolan, was now well and truly set in place.

Every movement he made was now done through the mind of a young man who wanted nothing but to become a young woman and the more he was surrounded by feminine material the more it would feed his newborn hunger for femininity.

Of course Lady Dolan did not like to make a male's passage to femininity as quickly as Peter's was going to be, for she preferred a more subtle change as in the case of Alison, but she knew she would have plenty more opportunities open for her to transgress another young male in the future, because for now Peter Lefevre's new way of thinking and behaviour was also going to play a major role in her own requirements, for Lady Rosemary had also left several of her own markers within his subconscious, which if ever required would easily be called upon.

In all purposes Peter Lefevre would be her tool to use and from the signals she had been receiving from Madame Grace's Hive, she had a strange feeling that she was going to be calling upon those markers too.

With a towel wrapped around his waist he scurried out into the dorm and was surprised to find several gifts waiting for him.

"Oh my?" Peter looked down at a pair of white cotton panties and a choker that had the name he would carry for the rest of his life - Petal, while upon the bed was a very see-through nightgown.

However his attention was drawn to the choker.

Taking a hold of the choker Peter looked at it and for a millisecond his former self surfaced a voice that was hanging by a thread desperate to hold onto the life that once belonged to him.

True Peter wanted to make his Grandmother Edith happy and become a priest, vicar or well respected member of the clergy, but never in his wildest nightmares would he have envisioned himself becoming a nun, however as the gold hearted choker glistened in his hands Peter's former mind departed back to where Lady Dolan had placed it, his new feminine mind acknowledging the truth of what he was going to become.

Peter placed the choker proudly around his neck and then picked up the item of clothing that his feminising mind regarded as an essential item to help him along the path to femininity, his first pair of panties.

"Hmmmm yes," Peter sighed as he slipped his legs into them and as he sensuously pulled them up his legs and onto to his hips he felt his entire body tingle with excitement.

New sensations swept through his mind as his nipples suddenly began to itch and his groin began to harden.

"Oh yessssss!" Peter reveled in his feminine abandonment, "I'm gonna make Grandmother soooooooooooooo proud of me!" he announced to himself as he rubbed his nipple with his fingers as his other hand began to sweep lightly over his cotton pantied crotch.

Calming himself down Peter then turned his attention to the night gown and picked it up, his excitement unmatched by anything he had ever seen or done before and as his mind contemplated why he had never wrapped himself up in female clothing before, he swore that he would forever encase himself in feminine styled clothing for all time, never again wearing the clothing that had stereotyped him as a male.

"Yes I'm going to be a Nun and Nun's don't wear trousers or shirts so that's final!" he anouced to himself as he slipped the silky see-through nightgown on over his head, letting the fabric fall into place over his still very much young manly body.

Running his hands over his body Peter's reconfigured mind caused his body to shiver ecstatically connecting the pleasure of wearing such wonderful feminine clothing to the naughtiness of doing so and further adding to the fervour of his groin.

Then with a smile he climbed onto the bed and lay down on his back.

Instantly the bed's hidden subliminal technology tuned into to Peter's brain activity and then proceded to strengthen the work that Lady Dolan had started earlier that day and as the dormitories lights faded Peter drifted off into a deep hypnotic sleep.

As daylight upped its pace outside of the actual former rectory turned nunnery, so did the lights in the dormitory, illuminating the very much changed figure of Peter Lefevre .

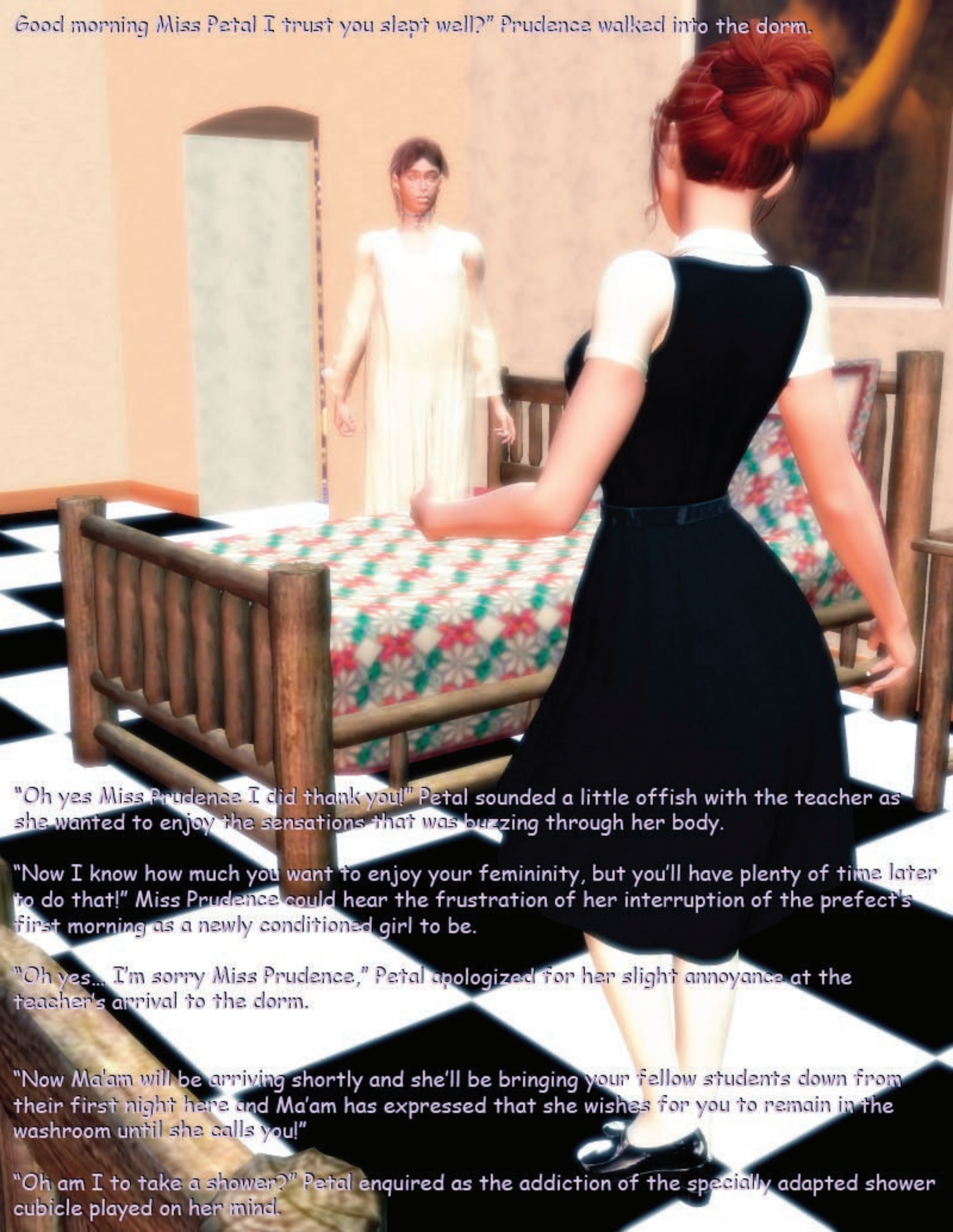
The drugs that his specially adapted shower had relesed into his system had already begun their work and as the former young man gradually began to arouse from his slumber, his subliminal conditioning began to wind down until the next time it was required.

With flickering eyes his waking state brought him from a dream that consisted of him and a strong naked man with an enormous cock, yet unbeknown to Peter Lefevre was the fact that all of his dreams last night had contained naked and very well endowed men and as the chosen prefect's eyes opened clearly his reprogrammed mind removed every thought of ever considering to be known by his male name, Peter was and would be forever - Petal.

"Hmmmm," Petal Lefevre jumped off of the bed and began to stretch and as her newly formed mind began to enjoy the strangeness of her changing body, she could not wait to get back into the shower.

The shower that she knew was responsible for her nipples becoming engorged and sensitive and for her skin to become soft and smooth, because during the night, the cleverly modified molecules that had burrowed their way into her dermis via her hair follicles, had, just as they had been designed to do, strangulated the hairs that were not necessary and revitalised those that were crucial to her new genetic make up.

"Mmmmm!" Petal felt a tug in her groin as she very easily recalled the dream she had awoken from, however just as she was about to feel the growing tug in her panties the door to the dormitory unbolted.



Good morning Miss Petal I trust you slept well?" Prudence walked into the dorm.

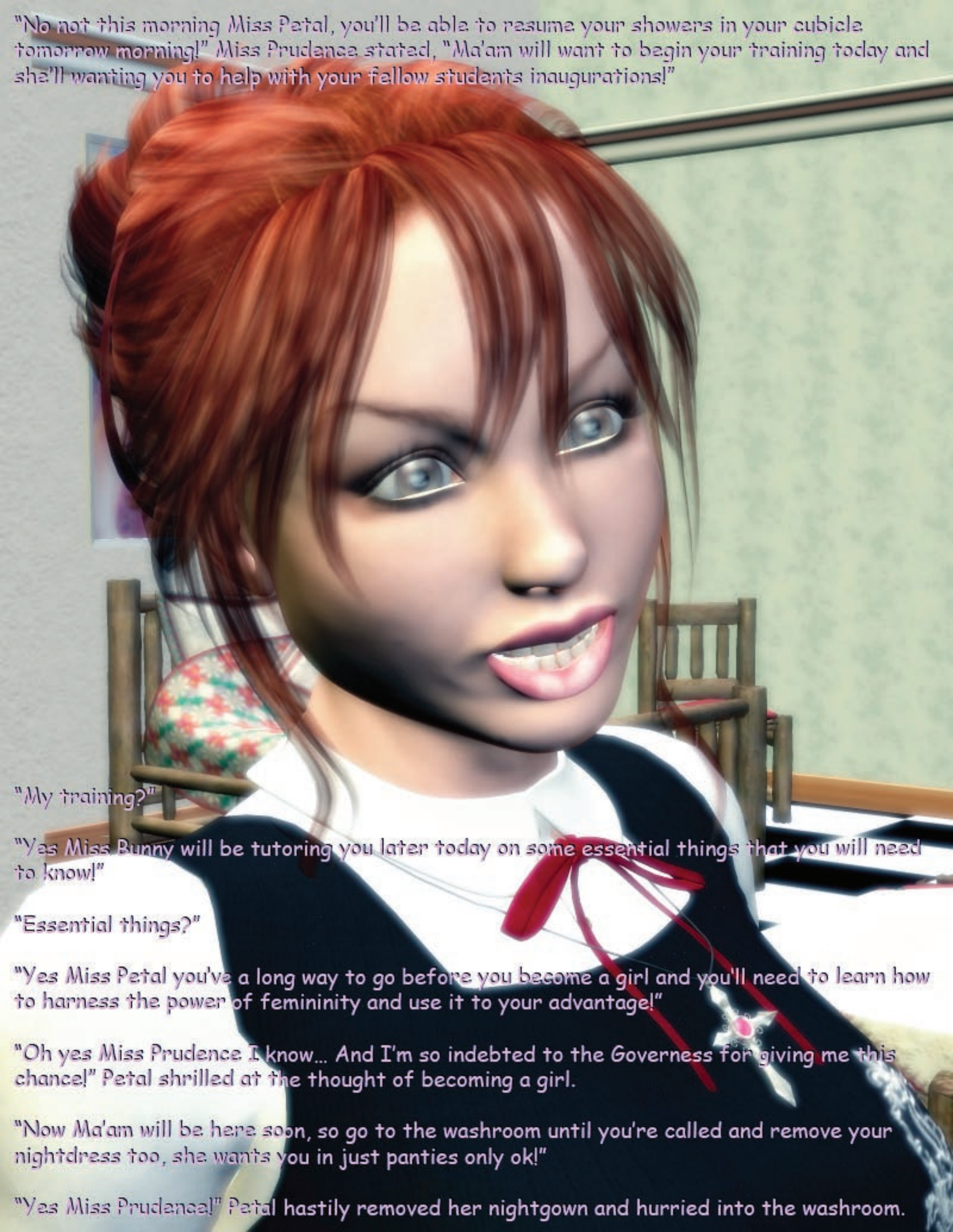
"Oh yes Miss Prudence I did thank you!" Petal sounded a little offish with the teacher as she wanted to enjoy the sensations that was buzzing through her body.

"Now I know how much you want to enjoy your femininity, but you'll have plenty of time later to do that!" Miss Prudence could hear the frustration of her interruption of the prefect's first morning as a newly conditioned girl to be.

"Oh yes... I'm sorry Miss Prudence," Petal apologized for her slight annoyance at the teacher's arrival to the dorm.

"Now Ma'am will be arriving shortly and she'll be bringing your fellow students down from their first night here and Ma'am has expressed that she wishes for you to remain in the washroom until she calls you!"

"Oh am I to take a shower?" Petal enquired as the addiction of the specially adapted shower cubicle played on her mind.



"No not this morning Miss Petal, you'll be able to resume your showers in your cubicle tomorrow morning!" Miss Prudence stated, "Ma'am will want to begin your training today and she'll wanting you to help with your fellow students inaugurations!"

"My training?"

"Yes Miss Bunny will be tutoring you later today on some essential things that you will need to know!"

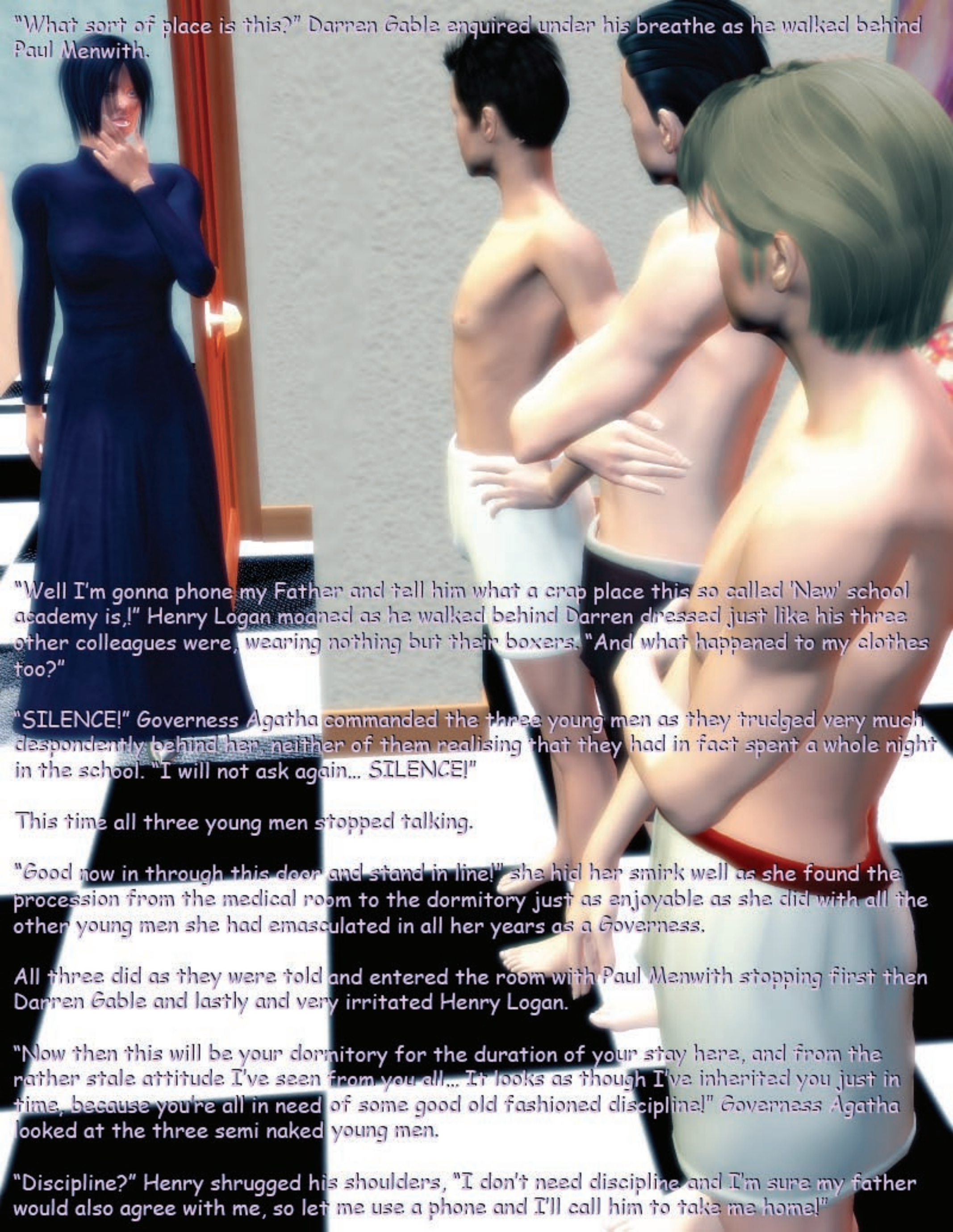
"Essential things?"

"Yes Miss Petal you've a long way to go before you become a girl and you'll need to learn how to harness the power of femininity and use it to your advantage!"

"Oh yes Miss Prudence I know… And I'm so indebted to the Governess for giving me this chance!" Petal shrilled at the thought of becoming a girl.

"Now Ma'am will be here soon, so go to the washroom until you're called and remove your nightdress too, she wants you in just panties only ok!"

"Yes Miss Prudence!" Petal hastily removed her nightgown and hurried into the washroom.



"What sort of place is this?" Darren Gable enquired under his breathe as he walked behind Paul Menwith.

"Well I'm gonna phone my Father and tell him what a crap place this so called 'New' school academy is,!" Henry Logan moaned as he walked behind Darren dressed just like his three other colleagues were, wearing nothing but their boxers. "And what happened to my clothes too?"

"SILENCE!" Governess Agatha commanded the three young men as they trudged very much despondently behind her, neither of them realising that they had in fact spent a whole night in the school. "I will not ask again... SILENCE!"

This time all three young men stopped talking.

"Good now in through this door and stand in line!" she hid her smirk well as she found the procession from the medical room to the dormitory just as enjoyable as she did with all the other young men she had emasculated in all her years as a Governess.

All three did as they were told and entered the room with Paul Menwith stopping first then Darren Gable and lastly and very irritated Henry Logan.

"Now then this will be your dormitory for the duration of your stay here, and from the rather stale attitude I've seen from you all... It looks as though I've inherited you just in time, because you're all in need of some good old fashioned discipline!" Governess Agatha looked at the three semi naked young men.

"Discipline?" Henry shrugged his shoulders, "I don't need discipline and I'm sure my father would also agree with me, so let me use a phone and I'll call him to take me home!"

"Hmm... Henry Logan I presume?" Governess Agatha walked along the line and came to a halt in front of the young man.

"Yep and what's it to you?" he replied with a grin, that caused the other two to snigger along with him.

"Hmmm a trouble maker in my mists already... Well young man I've had worse than a spoilt brat like you standing before me and they've been a lot more tougher than you or any of you could imagine to be... And I've broken everyone of them!"

"Yeah well my Father'll be here to take me outta of this hole!" Henry replied.

"Mr Logan your Father will not be coming to get you and for the records, you were all chosen by Mrs Masterton to attend here and with the blessings of all your mothers too I might add... So it'll be your mothers who'll have the say in whether you stay or go... Not your Fathers!"

"My mother would never go against my father... You'll see!" Henry sneered, "I'll be making a call to my father as soon as I -" Henry was suddenly interrupted by the black haired woman's unnerving laughter.

"You've got about as much chance of using a phone as you will have a chance to wear any of the additional clothes you all brought with you... The uniforms you were given are the only clothes you'll wear in here along with the boxers you're all wearing now... I've personally overseen the return of all of those excess clothes to your mothers and they are well aware of the importance of having no contact with you unless I deem it necessary and I might add, no one has ever achieved an early exit from any of my disciplinarian schools, so feigning illness or injury carries no weight with me and it will be looked upon as a need for further disciplinary measures... Is this clear?"

"You can't do this?" Darren interjected.

"I can do what ever I want... I'm the Governess of this instituation and I write all the rules!" Governess Agatha reiterated to the young men. "Which while I'm on the subject I'll remind you all to address me as Ma'am!"

"Yeah you wish!" Henry shrugged his shoulders and huffed. "I'll walk outta here stark naked if I have to!"

"Hmm I see it's gonna have to be the hard way for you Mr Logan!" Governess Agatha looked at her expected source of trouble. "And that's why I've taken the initative of choosing a prefect to keep you all in check when these doors are bolted!"

"Bolted?" Paul looked a little puzzled, "Are we prisoners then?"

"Of course not… As I said before your mothers are the ones responsible for your being here and if they ask me to let you go home, then I'll be only to happy to oblige!" the Governess pointed out, "However I can honestly say hand on heart that you'll never be able to persuade them too!"

Henry just shook his head as the other two young men looked a little shaken at the woman's words concerning their mothers, for unlike Henry's mother, theirs always had the last word over their Fathers and because religion was such a mainstay in their upbringing and lives, this particular school actually catered for their mother's deepest desires for their sons futures and further educations.

"Well as I was saying I've already put in place someone who will maintain all of my rules and regulations while your locked in this dormitory… You will obey her wishes and commands at all times, just as you will obey my teachers and me on the other side of that door!" Governess Agatha beamed excitedly as she explained her rules and regulations to the three young men once again and as the three young men all stood still listening to her, she began to see that despite them not being criminals as all the other young men she had feminised, they all had the same swagger of confidence in themselves.

A confidence that only testosterone filled young men possessed and this made her work even more gratifying for she loved nothing more than to disassemble that confidence piece by piece until they all subjugated to her will and became the pliable sissies that her doctrine dictated for them to become.

Yes, Governess Agatha thrived on their threats and welcomed the challenge and as she continued to eye all three of the young men standing before her, she realised that breaking them was going to be so much more rewarding, than breaking the degenerate juveniles she normally had standing before her, because unlike them, these three young men were sent here with the blessings of their proud mothers, who just like their young sons had no idea they were going to be transformed into sissies.

"Petal… You may show yourself my dear!" Governess Agatha called out eagerly as she contemplated the impending look of shock that the three young men were going to show when they saw who their prefect would be, however, what she was waiting for the most ,was an excuse to use all three of the young men's inhibitors and the way Henry Logan was behaving she knew it would be very soon.

All three young men turned to face the direction of the Governess's command.

"What the fuck?" Henry's face turned to disgust as the prefect slowly unveiled herself from the far doorway, while Darren stood opened mouthed and Paul looked completely stunned.

"Boys this is my chosen prefect... Petal!"

Chapter 15

Companions

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2008

"Oh for fuck's sake Peter get a grip!" Henry tried to make sense of what was happening.

"That's not the way we talk in here Henry!" Petal replied, "I'm the prefect and I will not allow such language in a house of her Lady!"

"Your of your rocker, if you think I'm doing anything you say faggot!" Henry's voice began to rise, as he pointed his finger accusingly at his fellow student, "And as for you Lady whatever you call yerself... None of us are going to be staying here any longer, so you can get outta of our way and call our Father's to tell them we're coming home!"

"Peter, Henry's right, we should all leave... There's something odd about this entire place... Please!" Paul also tried to reason with him.

"Just leave the queer be!" Henry snarled, "Besides think of the fun we'll have telling everyone how gay Lefevre is!"

"But if you leave then we'll never get to shower with one another?" Petal sounded very sincere, "And I'm so looking forward to having you as my shower companion!"

"What you shower with me?" Henry prodded his own chest as he looked even more angry and confused.

"Yes Petal is quite right... She is your prefect and she has the decision to choose who pairs up with who!" Governess Agatha continued to bait the three young men.

"What... I'm not going to be anyone's shower buddy... You're right Henry, we're with you!" Darren also showed his distaste at such an idea.

"Me neither!" Paul shook his head with disbelief.

"Look here panty faggot... If you think I'm ever gonna step in a shower with you, then you're fucking crazy!" Henry snarled angrily. "C'mon lads lets go!"

"Stay where you all are you worthless excuse for males!" Governess Agatha finally scythed into the three young men where she had always intended on leading them.

"Shut it bitch we're off!" Henry growled back.

"I don't think so Henry Logan!" Governess Agatha growled as she began to wave her arms around.

"What'she doing?" Paul looked completely surprised at the woman as she began to wave her hands around and chant.

"Oh lady of the sacred flame," she began to chant, "I have tried my patience with these insolent souls... Please show them the power you possess... Let them feel the true power of the Sacred Feminine... Show these foolish creatures the true power of servitude to such a divine goddess as you are!"

"Fuckin hell she's a nu... AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Henry suddenly doubled over in pain clutching at his stomach and his bottom.

"What?" Darren looked towards the woman and then down at his friend, however before he could say another word, his stomach began to feel as though it was being twisted within.

"Yes... Yes let them feel the power of the Sacred Feminine!" Governess Agatha continued to chant waving her arms around in some arcane motion.

"Plessssssseeeee it hurrtsssssssss!" Paul began to groan as his stomach began to cramp up too.

"AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Henry dropped to his knees in agony as his stomach and his anal passage continued to burn with unrelenting pain.

"UNNGHHHHHAAAAAHHHHH!" Paul then felt the pain.

Within seconds both Paul and Darren had followed their friend Henry to their knees as the excruciating pain became unbearable and their hands clenched their stomachs in an attempt to try and ease the agony.

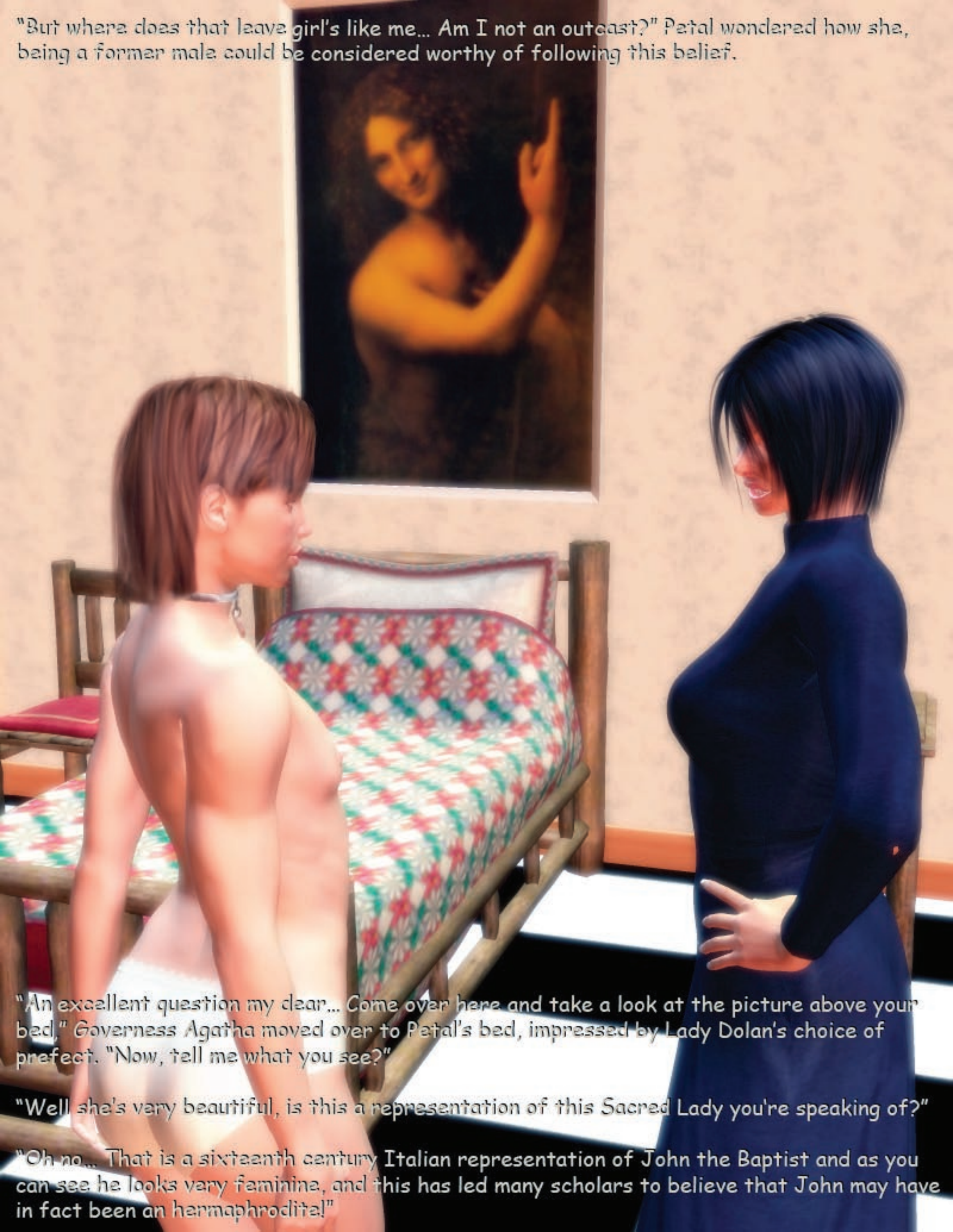
"NNNGHAAAH... WHAT... ARGHHH... HAVE YOU... BITCH!" Henry yelled out as he tried to stoically get to his feet, while Petal just looked down at him as Henry and his companions all struggled with the agony in their lower abdomens.

"Yes... Kneel you worthless creatures... Kneel before me and our Sacred Lady of the Flame and let her divinity show you the errors of your way!" the Governess continued.
Petal continued to watch in astonishment as Henry Logan, Paul Menwith and Darren Gable all collapsed to the floor in agony and as the pain grew more intense, they all blacked out.
"That's it prostrate your worthless male bodies before me!" the Governess finished.
"Oh dear?" Petal looked extremely puzzled as one by one her fellow students collapsed lifelessly.

"Relax Petal, our Divine Goddess did not do that to them, it was the inhibitors I told you about earlier!" Governess Agatha laughed at her work as the three young men laid on the floor unconscious, "The devices we've inserted into them causes them no harm, for the pain it inflicts is nothing more than pain a woman goes through when she's giving birth and to ease the pain the device also delivers a heavy dose of sleeping serum and they'll be out for six hours at least!"

"So the Lady you spoke of?" Petal enquired.

"Oh yes the Good Lady is very much a deity that we follow and she carries with us the belief that a woman is a chalice and is sacred in the respect that she is the most power-fullest creature in the world... She represents beauty, wisdom and most importantly life!" Governess Agatha began to explain, "For too long have us women remained shackled to the dominance of men, suppressed by their lies and untruths... Made to believe that we are inferior and that our future is solely in their hands... Oh yes the Lady of the Sacred Feminine is very much alive in us females!"



"But where does that leave girl's like me... Am I not an outcast?" Petal wondered how she, being a former male could be considered worthy of following this belief.

"An excellent question my dear... Come over here and take a look at the picture above your bed," Governess Agatha moved over to Petal's bed, impressed by Lady Dolan's choice of prefect. "Now, tell me what you see?"

"Well she's very beautiful, is this a representation of this Sacred Lady you're speaking of?"

"Oh no... That is a sixteenth century Italian representation of John the Baptist and as you can see he looks very feminine, and this has led many scholars to believe that John may have in fact been an hermaphrodite!"

"Hermaphrodite?"

"Yes my dear a rare and somewhat revered condition that some people are born with... They are born with male and female genitalia and this is why girls like you are accepted!" Governess Agatha explained.

"She is of both sexes?"

"Yes... And in certain religions they are seen as the unity of humankind and command respect, but unfortunately for the ones who were born outside of those religions they're seen as freaks and outcasts... A view that we, and a lot more accepting people these days do not and will never share!"

"But what of the other pictures?"

"Well my dear those pictures represent the power of the Sacred Feminine!"

"That's absolutely wonderful," Petal sighed as she looked at the pictures.

"Yes it is... But you'll learn more about our faith and our aims later... For now I need to get you to Miss Bunny, she's most excited to be able begin your training!"

With six hours passing peacefully, Paul, Darren and Henry all regained conciousness and as they did, so did the recollection of the agony that the strange Governess appeared to inflict upon them.

"Wha... Happened?" Paul shook his head.

"She's some kind of witch?" Darren lifted himself off of the floor.

"That was the power of the Sacred Feminine!" a smiling femininely postured Petal sat down in front of her waking colleguas. "And you'll do wise to obey her every wish!"

"What?" Darren shook his head.

"Ma'am will not call upon those powers again as long as you all abide by her rules... And of course mine!"

"But how did?" Darren questioned.

"It is not for you to question, but for you to do as she wishes," Petal replied calmly. "And I would urge you to make Henry here understand this too, for Ma'am has specifically informed me to tell you that if he steps out of line again the Sacred Feminine will visit pain upon you all again and it'll be a lot more severe than it was today!"

Darren and Paul both looked at their collegue as the recollection of the awful pain they had endured came back to them.

"What the fu?"

"Please Henry, you must not swear anymore... Ma'am will strike you all down again if she hears that you've disobeyed any of her rules!" Petal cut Henry short.

"What?"

"Yeah you idiot listen to the faggot!" Darren shook his head angrily, "That friggin hurt and I don't wanna feel it again!"

"Yeah neither do I!" Paul also agreed. "There's nothing worse than trying to hold a pain that you can't touch!"

"It seems as though Paul and Darren have understood Ma'am's message Henry!" Petal smiled lightly.

"So yer telling me I gotta do what you say?" Henry looked up at his very femininely looking collegue, as he held onto his stomach that still had twinges of a reminder as to the pain he had felt.

"Yes he is!" Paul and Darren both echoed their concerns once again.

"She won't get away with this... I'm gonna get word of this to my Father!"

"LOGAN!" Paul stared angrily at Henry. "I don't wanna feel the wrath of that woman's powers again just coz of you!"

"Yeah neither do I!" Darren agreed still trying to shake off the effects of his sleepiness.

"Fuck guys can't yer see through the bull?" Henry was still determined to get his way, "That was no magic she performed on us, they've put something inside us I know it!.

"LOGAN... I don't care whether they've put anything in us or not... All I know is it fucking hurt!" Paul once again reiterated his thoughts. "So do what the panty loving freak says and we can work a solution later!"

"Well it'd better be a quick solution!" Henry huffed despondently.

'Freak?' the word embedded into Petal's mind, as she stood up 'How dare Paul Menwith call me a freak... Ma'am was right about how unjustly men can be!' she thought as she turned her attention to Henry, "Well I'm glad you've seen reason Henry," she looked at Henry, "because it's time for us to partner up!'

"Partner?" Henry looked puzzled.

"Yes Ma'am has expressed for me to choose you as my shower companion and to partner you in all our lessons!"

"I'm not going in any shower with you?" Henry shrugged his shoulders.

"Logan!" Paul once again reminded his colleague.

"You will join me in the shower Henry Logan and I'll not have you talk back to me either is this clear?"

With the stares of Paul and Darren burning into him, Henry knew he had no choice but to do as Peter Lefevre asked.

"Very well Henry... I'll get the showers all steamy and nice and then I'll call for you!" Petal gave her first ever order to one of the group confidently.

With Petal, or as her former male thinking self Peter was still known by to the others, disappearing into the showers, Henry went straight to the main door and tried to open it.

"As if there gonna make it easy for us to escape!" Paul huffed as he took a seat at the single table situated in the centre of the dorm.

"Yeah, Logan we've gotta be smarter than that!" laughed Darren.

"Fuck sakes guys... We gotta get outta this place!" Henry whacked the bolted door with his fists angrily.

"Look man this place is weird I know, but save your energy, we'll have our chance!" Paul once again tried to calm his frustrated colleague.

"It ain't you that's gotta shower with Lefevre is it?" Henry replied angrily as he joined his friends. "Epecially now he's outted himself as a queer!"

"Its mystifying how that woman singled Peter out and made him a laughing stock in front of us?" Darren began to ponder.

"Yeah she showed us how gay he was and then he goes on to become some prefect!" Paul began to reflect.

"Yeah, but I still can't recall anything since arriving here and being marched out of some room to here?" Henry also began to question their arrival.

"And what about clothes too?" Paul continued, "Why'd I suddenly end up in me boxers?"

"This place is freakin me out and what's with Peter wanting to be called Petal too?" Darren shook his head.

"Like I said before... I'm sure they did something to all of us and Lefevre's also part of it you can be sure of that!" Henry began to see deeper into their unexpected imprisonment, "Also that Ma'am witch or whatever she's called, she's talking bullshit about our mothers signing us up for this disciplinary crap... I'd wager our mothers know fuck all about what their doin to us... It's illegal keeping us here under lock and key!"

"Yeah I agree with ya Logan, and as for Lefevre he never was much into hanging around with us guys at school or at college and he never had any interest in girls either!" Paul surmised.

"Yep he was always running home to his grandma to look after her!" Darren Gable added to the three young men's condemnation of Peter. "Fuckin queer!"

"Fuckin freak!" Paul nodded chuckling. "Who does he think he is telling us what to do... Prefect or not I'm gonna have pleasure in kickin his ass when we get outta of this hole!"

"Me too, you should've seen his eyes light up when he saw my cock and look what happened when he touched it!"

"Urghh... Shit what a queer... The cocksucker also had a hard on!"

"Speakin of hard on he thinks-" Henry was suddenly cut short as his name bellowed out from the shower room.

"HENRY!"

"Shit Logan, ya better go!" Darren looked very concerned for Henry.

"I'm only doing this this once Menwith, so don't expect me to do it anymore!" Henry looked very worried as he faced the sound of his name being called a second time.

"HENRY DARLING COME QUICKLY!" the voice bellowed out.

The look on Darren and Paul's face as their collegue slowly ambled over towards the adjoining shower room was one of guilt and of relief, especially as neither of them had to go and share a shower with Peter and as much as they knew that Henry did not want to either, they both felt justified in their decision to make Henry agree to do it, because the pain they had all suffered from Henry's outbursts earlier was something they did not want to experience so eagerly and quickly again.

"There you are Henry Logan... What took you?" Petal stood seductively in one of the middle cubicles with foamy bubbly water spraying down behind her as her naked body remained masked by the scented steam that was whisking slowly and creepily around the washroom.

"I err... Shit it's warm in here?" Henry tried waving the steam away with his hands and as he did he got a glimpse Peter Lefevre through the mist, he soon realised that he was naked, "Fuck you've got nothing on?"

"Of course not you silly thing, how many people do you know who shower in their clothes hmmm?" Petal giggled slightly, "and your certainly not going to start a trend by wearing those ugly things in here either!"

"I... Look I don't need a shower so you continue with out me!" Henry tried to make his excuses as the mist swirled around him.

"Absolutely not!" Petal replied, "I'm in charge of this dormitory... And if I tell you to shower you will shower, now take them silly boxers off and step into this gorgeous shower!"

Henry looked at Peter with contempt and as he considered walking back out to join Paul and Darren, he recalled his promise he had made to them. 'Fuck, it's only a shower and I've showered with loads of Jocks and other male counterparts in sports?' his thoughts tried to ease the shame he felt at being in a shower with Peter Lefevre, especially now that Peter's homosexuality had been confirmed by the woman they had met at the mansion when they had first arrived.

"I'm waiting Henry and I don't think Paul and Darren want to feel Ma'am's wrath again do they?"

"No they don't," Henry wiped the gathering sweat from his forehead, as he gritted his teeth and pulled down his boxers and proceeded into the cubicle where Peter stood waiting.

"Hmmmm... That's better isn't it?" Petal sighed as the body of Henry Logan stepped into the cubicle with her. "We're going to become such good friends Henry don't you think?"

"I err?" Henry tried to reply but as he stepped into the cascading foamy bubbled water the strange scent of the steam it produced clung to his lungs as he inhaled momentarily entrancing him, then as the bubbles continued to fall he grabbed a couple of them to feel them, "What is this stuff?" he enquired totally amazed at how they exploded into more of the scented steam that surrounded him.

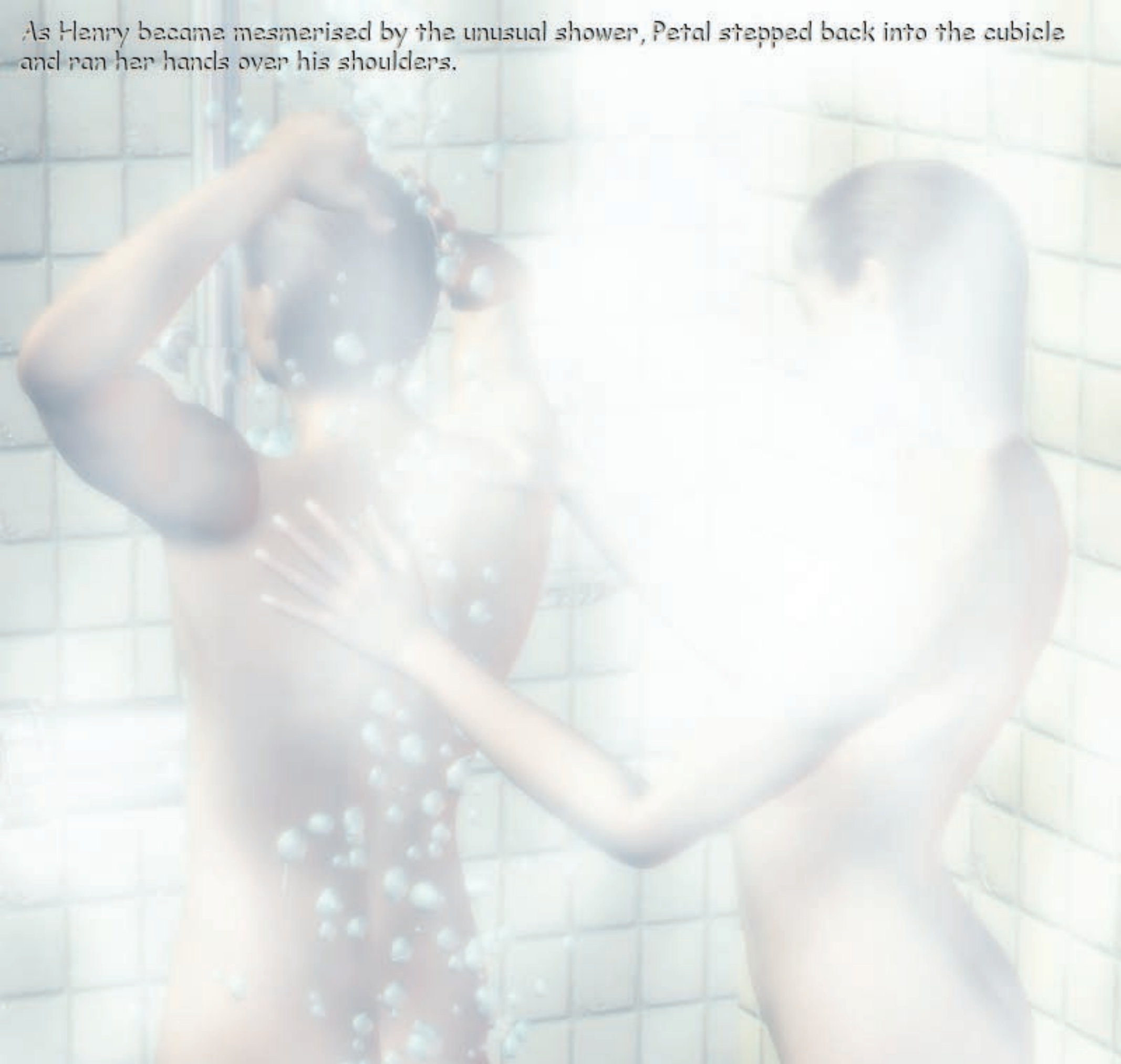
"I don't know... But it feels absolutely wonderful when hits your body!" Petal stepped out of the cubicle and admired Henry's manly qualities. 'And your body looks so fantastic!' Petal thought to herself.

Henry stepped into the cascading bubbles and as they hit his body they evaporated into the continually rising condensation of scented steam.

"Fuck this is good!" Henry had to admit that the shower was just as invigorating, if not more, than a normal shower of hot water. "It's so stimulating... Wow!"

"Would you like me to rub your shoulders and your back?" Petal enquired as she looked Henry's young manly body up and down.

As Henry became mesmerised by the unusual shower, Petal stepped back into the cubicle and ran her hands over his shoulders.



"Isn't it inviting Henry?" Petal sighed sexily as she began to knead Henry's shoulders and back.

"Oh yeah... Fuck this stuff is good!" Henry became totally oblivious to the fact that Peter was now very sensuously massaging the foamy spray into his back.

"Do you like how I'm massaging you?"

"Yeah it's great!" Henry's mind was completely lost to the scent of the steam the bubbles were creating.

"Hmmm yes it is," Petal sighed as she continued to sensuously rub Henry's shoulders.

"Oh yeah that's great!" Henry continued to enjoy the unusual bubble shower as more and more of the stuff fell down upon him.

"And do you like my touch Henry?" Petal enquired as her hands moved from his shoulders and worked their way down to his lower back.

"Shit that feels good!" Henry could only admit to enjoying his former school friends very feminine massage however as his hands contuned to sooth and massage his back, he felt something nudge his thigh. "Woah what the fu?"

"Oh I'm sorry Henry you've got me very exited!" Petal smiled devilishly at him through the steamy mist.

"Fuck Lefevre you're rock hard?" Henry quickly span around to see Peter's cock arcing upwards and looking very erect.

"Of course I am!" Petal replied sultrily. "Now let me massge your front as you've turned around!"

"Whoa... Fuck, what're yer doin?" Henry grabbed a hold of Petal's wrist.

"You never complained when I touched it last time?" Petal smiled sexily at Henry as she loosened Henry's grip and tried to make another grab for his genitals. "And besides I am the prefect and you've gotta do what I say haven't you?"

"I... Errr... Suppose?" Henry tried to argue, but for some reason his disgust at Peter behaving like a girl seemed lost in the enjoyment of the shower.

"There's a good boy!" Petal purred as she dropped to her knees and took a hold of Henry's cock.

Henry was fighting a loosing battle in his mind, for no matter how much he detested Peter Lefevre he just could not ignore the fact that his touch was just like a girl's and the more he caressed and washed his genitals the more he was beginning to enjoy it.

"Oh Henry you're soooooooooo yummy!" Petal slowly ran her hands all over Henry Logan's cock.

'Fuck what am I doing letting this faggot touch me?' Henry tried to question himself, but his chosen prefect's hands were just so good on his cock.

"You do realise that you're mine now don't you Henry?"

"I... Errr?" Henry tried to find the bile that he had so easily found earlier to spout out at Peter, but no matter how hard he tried to form the words his body was fighting him. "Yeah I guess... Fuck your good!"

"I know!" Petal then ran her hand under his scrotum and began to massage his balls, "And I bet naughty Mr Logan would like me to suck his cock too?"

"Nnnnghhh!" Henry strained to say no, however the feel of his balls being caressed and juggled was just to much, "Fuck yes I do!" he suddenly agreed and as he watched Peter Lefevre's head lower he waited for his mouth to envelope his cock..

Taking a hold of Henry's impressive limp member Petal brought her lips to it's head and kissed it.

Flexing his chest Henry leaned back against the cubicle wall in anticipation of his cock being devoured by his prefect, however before he had time to grab a hold of hs prefect's head, she kissed it and then let go.

"Wha... Why did?" Henry looked puzzled.

"Your not ready for me to give you pleasure Henry Logan!" Petal stepped out of the cubicle and headed for a towel.

"What?"

"When you get hard for me like I am for you then you'll be ready!" Petal explained abruptly, her voice now commanding with authority.

"But how can I... I mean you're?"

"Don't you dare say any more... I'm your prefect and you'll do what I ask you to do... Is this clear?"

"Y...Y... Yes Peter it is," Henry sounded confused.

"Well for a start my name is Petal not Peter, so I never want to hear you call me that again!"

"Yes Petal of course," Henry still tried to fight the words he was saying. But to no avail.

"Good... Now clean up in here and when you're finished you can come through and get ready for bed!"

"Yes Petal... I will!" Henry obeyed his prefect.

"What tha'fu?" Darren's mouth fell open as Peter Lefevre walked out of the shower room proudly displaying his arced and very much erect penis for everyone to see.

"Shit?" Paul turned to see their former friend displaying his nudity with ease. "He's even shaved it!"

"Yes its so stimulating being free of unwanted body hair!" Petal smiled back at them, despite knowing that it was her own special shower yesterday that had removed all of her pubic hair and other less feminine placed hair, "You should try it I'm going to make Henry do it tomorrow!"

"Get the fuck out of it you freak!" Paul replied, "Henry'd never do it!"

"I wish you would stop calling me a freak Paul... I'm perfectly normal!" Petal replied stoically.

"You're a fuckin freak!" Paul reiterated his comment, "And if I'd ever known you were before you came out on us here, I'd've never come here!"

"Yeah you gotta admit it Pete, but walking around with a friggin hard on in front of us is not normal?" Darren tried to sustain a proper level of decency to the conversation.

"I'm only showing my affection at being with my shower companion and I do like seeing naked men!" Petal returned to her confused fellow students, for that was all they were to her until they too had been 'Corrected' as her subliminal programming was describing her transformation.

"Henry'll beat yer brains in freak!" Paul laughed out loud.

"You can threaten me all you want and you can be as rude to me as you like Paul Menwith, but Henry's time of being leader of this group is over... I am the prefect not him and if I choose to walk around showing off my beautiful body then I will... And I don't see why I should hide my excitement at seeing Henry naked from you either!"

"Yer not normal Lafayre, yer behaving like some freakin faggot... So freak is what I'm gonna call you from now on!" Paul growled.

Petal ignored Paul's continuous description of her and turned around and moved over to her bedside cabinet, for she knew that Paul would be put into place very soon, so pulling out a pair of panties she proceeded to step into them, gliding them up her soft silky legs until the soft cotton material met with her now deflated penis, then with a tingle of excitement shivering down her spine she sighed at the abandonment she now felt as the feminine material pressed against the underside of her cockette sculpturing her genitalia for anyone to see.

"Oh fuck now we've gotta watch the freak puttin his panties on!" Paul laughed mockingly.

"As I said you can ridicule me all you want Paul Menwith, but you'll be laughing on the other side of your face tomorrow you'll see!" Petal replied hiding her smile as she continued to enjoy the thrill of her crotch encased in feminine undergarment.

"Fuck you... FREAK!" Paul shouted out sticking his middle finger up at his prefect.

Just then Henry walked out of the shower room with a towel wrapped around his waist.

"Eh Henry... Peter Faggot says he's in charge of us from now on and your days of being head honcho are over!" Paul laughed as he told his fellow collegue what Peter had told them.

"If you mean Petal, then yes she is!" Henry replied, "And stop calling her a faggot!"

"What?" Paul looked rather cofused at Henry's reply.

"Thank you Henry... You're a real gentlemen!" Petal smiled, "Paul has been very nasty towards me and I think he's forgotten all about Ma'am's promise!"

"Petal is right... I sure don't wanna go through all that pain again?" Henry agreed with their prefect.

"Petal?" Paul replied, "Henry what're ya calling him that for?"

"Our prefect wishes to be called by that name and if that's what she wants, then we must oblige her!"

"Whassup with you Logan, you were treating Lefevre just like us earlier?"

"Just accept it Menwith... I've had to!"

"Oh Henry would you tell them that they must go to bed, because the lights will go out soon and Ma'am does not want anyone to be walking around in the dark and to hurt themselves!" Petal asked her new companion.

"Our prefect has issued an order and I suggest we all adhere to her command!" Henry acknowledged Petal's words.

"Fuck Logan what's with you?" Paul looked up at his strange acting colleague.

"Yeah Henry what happened to you in there?" Darren enquired too.

"Just do as the prefect asks and we'll get through this in one piece!" Henry replied rather bluntly to Paul and Darren's questions on his change of attitude towards their former friend.

Chapter 16

Lessons

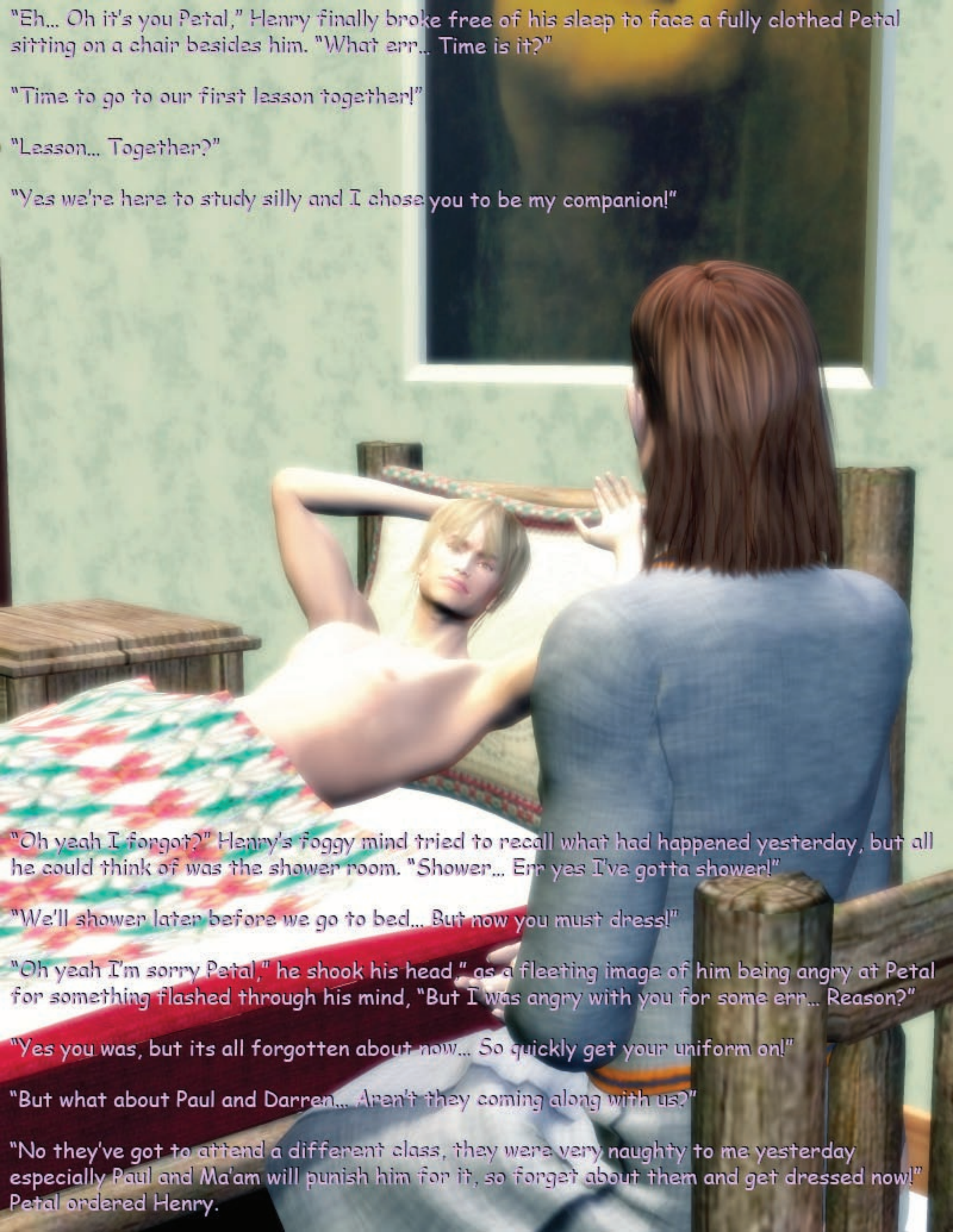
Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2008

"Henry sweetheart!" Petal whispered, as she sat besides him while he continued to sleep, "It's time to get up!"

Henry had spent the night like Paul and Darren, with his mind being conditioned by the hidden devices in the bedstead, however unlike his other two colleagues, Henry Logan's subliminal programming had been advanced along the same avenue as Petal was now securely on.

Of course his mind was still partly his and he would continue to question things asked of him, but he would now be more amicable in obeying and agreeing to anything his prefect or teachers said or commanded of him.

Petal's programming had once again filled her head with images of well endowed men all trying to gain her favour, however this time she was the one in control and as much as she wanted to yeild to their advances, her resolve and control was being tightenend mentally, to prepare her for her next exploration of her newfound feminine needs.



"Eh... Oh it's you Petal," Henry finally broke free of his sleep to face a fully clothed Petal sitting on a chair besides him. "What err... Time is it?"

"Time to go to our first lesson together!"

"Lesson... Together?"

"Yes we're here to study silly and I chose you to be my companion!"

"Oh yeah I forgot?" Henry's foggy mind tried to recall what had happened yesterday, but all he could think of was the shower room. "Shower... Err yes I've gotta shower!"

"We'll shower later before we go to bed... But now you must dress!"

"Oh yeah I'm sorry Petal," he shook his head," as a fleeting image of him being angry at Petal for something flashed through his mind, "But I was angry with you for some err... Reason?"

"Yes you was, but its all forgotten about now... So quickly get your uniform on!"

"But what about Paul and Darren... Aren't they coming along with us?"

"No they've got to attend a different class, they were very naughty to me yesterday especially Paul and Ma'am will punish him for it, so forget about them and get dressed now!" Petal ordered Henry.

Acknowledging his prefect, Henry did as he was told, however when he finished putting his tie in place he turned around to face Petal and looked very mystified with what he saw.

"What's up sweetheart?" Petal enquired.

"You... You're wearing a skirt?" Henry's mind tried to comprehend the sight of Petal's uniform which was like his except for he was wearing trousers.

"Of course I am... I'm a girl... Now come here and hold my hand you can escort me to our lesson!" Petal smiled as she swished her skirt proudly.

"But?"

"Don't be silly Henry... You do want to shower with me later don't you?" Petal used Henry's subliminal programming to stop his mind trying to revert back to the way he was before he had showered with her yesterday.

"Err... Oh yes I do!" Henry replied eagerly, if somewhat confused as to why he did find showering with his prefect so appealing considering that his mind, despite thinking of her as a she, still acknowledged her as a male.

"Now come let's stop all this nonsense and take me to our first lesson!" Petal held her hand out for Henry to take hold of.

"But shouldn't we wake?" he took hold of Petal's wrist rather nimbly.

"No Ma'am will wake them when she's ready!" Petal replied as they made their way past them and opened the unlocked door of their dormitory.

Making their way down a cobblestoned corridor and up a steep winding but narrow stairway, Petal finally brought Henry to the ground level of the renovated school and as they passed through a set of swinging more modern doors they finally came to a large annexe room, which contained simplistic wooden tables and benches and figurines of naked women in various places around the perimeter of the room.

"Good morning Petal!" Miss Bunny welcomed the two pupils to her class, almost hidden from view by the massive tapestry that depicted a medieval dressed woman sitting on a chair with her faithful dog.

"Good morning Miss Bunny!" Petal smiled as she let go of Henry's hand.

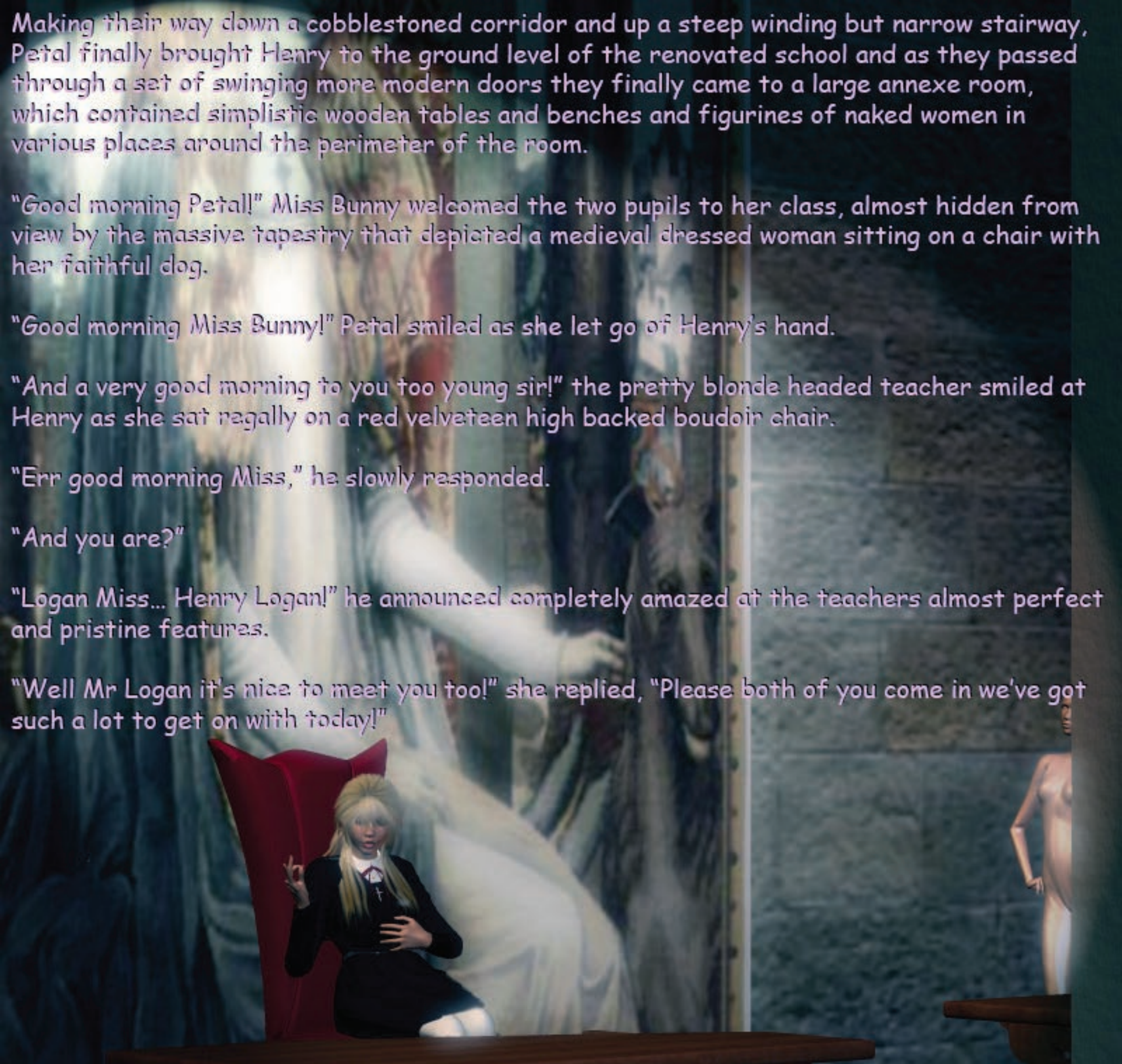
"And a very good morning to you too young sir!" the pretty blonde headed teacher smiled at Henry as she sat regally on a red velveteen high backed boudoir chair.

"Err good morning Miss," he slowly responded.

"And you are?"

"Logan Miss... Henry Logan!" he announced completely amazed at the teachers almost perfect and pristine features.

"Well Mr Logan it's nice to meet you too!" she replied, "Please both of you come in we've got such a lot to get on with today!"



Henry continued to stare at the teacher for he just could not believe how pretty she was, for not only was her face so finely sculptured, but her entire body appeared to be too, for despite the way she was seated on her chair, he could see how trim her waist was and how full her chest appeared to be beneath her black uniform.

"Now then as you may've noticed there are several mannequins allotted around the chamber and these serve as a reminder to us all of how wonderful the female form is, whilst this 11th century tapestry behind me shows us all that our Lady of the Sacred Feminine has been honoured for over a thousand years, with the dog depicting the true position of all males within her domain!"

"She is beautiful," Petal enthused as she observed the huge tapestry of the woman.

"Now Mr Logan if you'd care to stand over by that table and you Miss Petal here!" Miss Bunny motioned to her two pupils. "Thank you... Now have either of you tried your hand at dress making before?"

"Dressmaking?" Henry shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes dressmaking Mr Logan!"

"No of course not and why would've I?"

"Well it's something you're going to need to know if you're going to become part of the Sacred Order here!"

"What?"

"Perhaps I should explain a little further Mr Logan, while Miss Petal fetches the lace and other things we're going to need for today's lessons " Miss Bunny spoke very demurely using her hands as she did, "Now then next week my fellow teacher Miss Prudence will begin your choir lessons, and considering you've attended Sunday school and church I'm sure you know about choirs?"

"Well yeah of course!" Henry replied still puzzled at the need to learn dressmaking.

"And as you must know all choirs have a standard dress code?"

"Yeah I suppose they do," Henry replied realising what she meant, "But?"

"Please Mr Logan, I've made my point... Choirs require a standard dress code, and as you can appreciate budgets for such schools like ours are very limited, so we make best of the things we are given and considering we have to rely on charitable donations we cannot afford to buy in the luxurious choir ensembles you've obviously been used to... And considering I'm a qualified seamstress as well as a beautician, Ma'am employs me to follow her strict curriculum, which for all new students attending here is to learn the art of beauty and dressmaking and considering a choirboys outfit is very much like a dress and you all need to have one, you'll have to learn how to make one of your own!"

"But it's a girl thing to make clothes?" Henry argued.

"Mr Logan we are all equal in the grace of our Lady and it is an important part of your studies here!" Miss Bunny reiterated the importance of her class, "You are not here to learn science, maths or anything you have learned before... This is a well respected religious and disciplinary school and it is our job to teach you the fundamentals required for your futures!"

"Futures... My father wants me to follow him in his footsteps?" Henry made his point, "And considering he's a wealthy banker I shouldn't imagine dressmaking is a fundamental requirement used there?"

"Mr Logan I believe your mother is responsible for you being here as was Miss Petal's grandmother, and considering you and your other two colleagues were hand picked by Mrs Masterton to attend this particular avenue for further education... I'd imagine your father's wishes have been somewhat overruled, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes err... Sorry Miss err?" Henry stuttered as the pretty teacher's words concerning his reason for being here rung true, for like Petal's grandmother and both Darren and Paul's mothers, his own was heavily influenced by Mrs Masterton, an influence he knew his father could and would never break.

"It is Miss Bunny!" she corrected Henry strictly, "And it would be in your best interest to remember your teacher's name!"

"Oh... Err... Yes sorry Miss Bunny," Henry accepted the reply, despite the disagreement he had at having to learn how to make his own choir boys outfit, which he still regarded as a woman's job.

"I'm glad my grandmother listened to Mrs Masterton and sent me here!" Petal acknowledge the teacher's comments as she placed some lace onto Henry's table.

"Yes thank you Miss Petal, but I'm still conversing with Mr Logan!" Miss Bunny lightly scolded her, as she continued to direct her lecture towards Henry.

"Yes I'm sorry Miss Bunny," Petal went back to her table.

"Now the lace before you is for decoration and today I will," Miss Bunny was soon interrupted by Henry.

"Excuse me Miss?"

"Yes Mr Logan?"

"This lace is very sissy!"

"There's no such thing as sissy lace Mr Logan!" Miss Bunny replied patiently as she elegantly crossed her slender white cottoned knee high sock covered legs, "And if you persist in interrupting my lecture I will call Ma'am and ask her to administer some punishment like you suffered yesterday... Am I clear Mr Logan?"

"Yes Miss Bunny... I'm sorry," Henry replied dejectedly, for he still felt the pangs of that unusual punishment he had received from Ma'am, swirling around his lower abdomen.

"Good... Now perhaps you'd like to make yourself useful Mr Logan and take the tunic from Miss Petal and place it on our dummy over here!"

"Yes Miss Bunny," Henry replied taking the black material from Petal's table.

Henry moved up to the dress dummy and looked at its feminine curvature and although he wanted to ask his teacher the question forming in his mind, he could hear her conversing with Petal, so keeping his mouth closed he began to drape the tunic over the dummy.

"That's fantastic Mr Logan, now do you see how the the tunic has been altered to take in the feminine shape?" Miss Bunny asked the confused looking young man, as she left Petal to begin cutting out the necessary parts of lace.

"Yes Miss Bunny I do, but may I ask a question?"

"Good, you're learning to curb that enthusiastic tounge of yours Mr Logan, so yes please ask away!" Miss Bunny replied.

"Is this errr... Well is this the only dummy you have Miss Bunny?"

"Yes of course it is Mr Logan," Miss Bunny smiled, "Why do you ask?"

"Well it has err...?" Henry kept loking at Miss Bunny's rather plentiful chest and back to the dummy.

"You mean it's got breasts like me Mr Logan?" Miss Bunny replied with a smile.

"Yes Miss Bunny... It does," Henry found it strange that he could find talking about a part of the female anatomy his eighteen year old hands and mouth had licked, sucked and fondled of his many girlfriends since he had turned fourteen, so awkward.

"Well Mr Logan this particular choirboys dress is going to be for Miss Petal and as I'm sure you may've noticed, but she is becoming a girl and girls do grow breasts!" Miss Bunny stated the obvious.

"Yes I... I... Guess your right," Henry felt himself blush as Miss Bunny's reply caused him to feel even more ridiculous.

"Do you not like breasts Mr Logan?" Miss Bunny purposefully carried the converstation further.

"Err... Y... Y... Yes... Yes I do!" he looked from Miss Bunny's chest and then back to the breast shapes of the tunic.

"So what is the problem then?"

Henry wanted to explain that when it came to his choirboys outfit then surely it would not fit him, however the thought of Peter Lefevre having breasts seemed to remove that train of thought from his head.

"Mr Logan?"

"Err yes sorry Miss Bunny, I was just a little confused with the tunic and the dummys shape!" Henry finally found his words.

"Well if you're worried about the dummy's breasts misshaping your outfit Mr Logan, I can assure you that you'll fit it perfectly when it's finished so don't worry!" Miss Bunny answered Henry's concern for the shape of the tunic that was going to make the base of the outfit. "So trust me, I made the uniforms that me and Miss Prudence wear and I'm an adapt hand at making corsets too!"

"Corsets?"

"Yes Mr Logan... Corsets, its what keeps mine and Miss Prudence's waist line so deliciously thin!" Miss Bunny revealed the secret to her fabulously lithe figure, "An essential item that Miss Petal will start work on after this choir outfit is completed!"

As Petal and Henry began their first lesson in dressmaking, deep beneath the annexe room and the former rectory a different lesson was taking place.

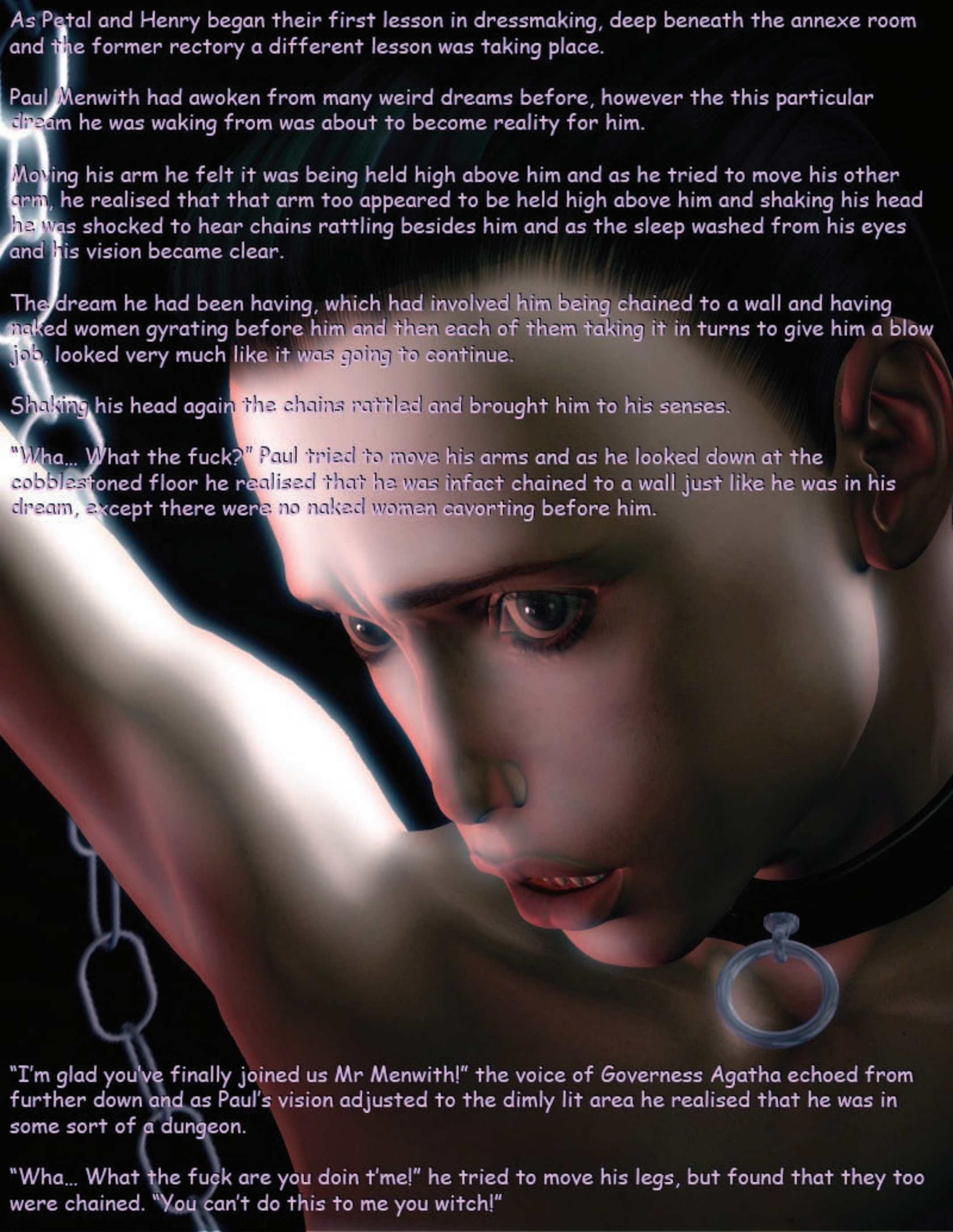
Paul Menwith had awoken from many weird dreams before, however the this particular dream he was waking from was about to become reality for him.

Moving his arm he felt it was being held high above him and as he tried to move his other arm, he realised that that arm too appeared to be held high above him and shaking his head he was shocked to hear chains rattling besides him and as the sleep washed from his eyes and his vision became clear.

The dream he had been having, which had involved him being chained to a wall and having naked women gyrating before him and then each of them taking it in turns to give him a blow job, looked very much like it was going to continue.

Shaking his head again the chains rattled and brought him to his senses.

"Wha... What the fuck?" Paul tried to move his arms and as he looked down at the cobblestoned floor he realised that he was infact chained to a wall just like he was in his dream, except there were no naked women cavorting before him.



"I'm glad you've finally joined us Mr Menwith!" the voice of Governess Agatha echoed from further down and as Paul's vision adjusted to the dimly lit area he realised that he was in some sort of a dungeon.

"Wha... What the fuck are you doin t'me!" he tried to move his legs, but found that they too were chained. "You can't do this to me you witch!"

"Witch... Hmmm that's rather ironic don't you think Darren?" Governess Agatha smiled wickedly as she stood next to the naked figure of Darren Gable, who unlike his colleague Paul, was tied tightly to a wooden post and wearing a face mask that restricted his hearing and his vocals. "And to think that the original owner of this dungeon used to keep women prisoners down here... Chained like Mr Menwith is to that very same wall... Charged with being the very same thing he's accusing me of being!"

"HMMMMMMMFFFFGGGG!" was the only noise that came from Darren.

"WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?" a voice echoed from the unlocked and open dungeon cell.

"Oh well Darren I suppose it's time to put this foul mouthed insignificant male in his place!" the Governess huffed as she made her way towards Paul Menwith.

"What… YOU FUCKIN BITCH… LET US OUTTA OF THIS FUCKIN HOLE!" Paul's voice reverberated around the dungeon as he realised that his friend was also being subjected to the same kind of treatment he was.

"It amazes me that after all the pressure you put on your friend Mr Logan to abide by my rules, that you should feel the need to ignore them so easily?" the Governess picked her way carefully across the uneven cobblestoned floor, the heels of her black knee high stiletto boots clicking as she walked.

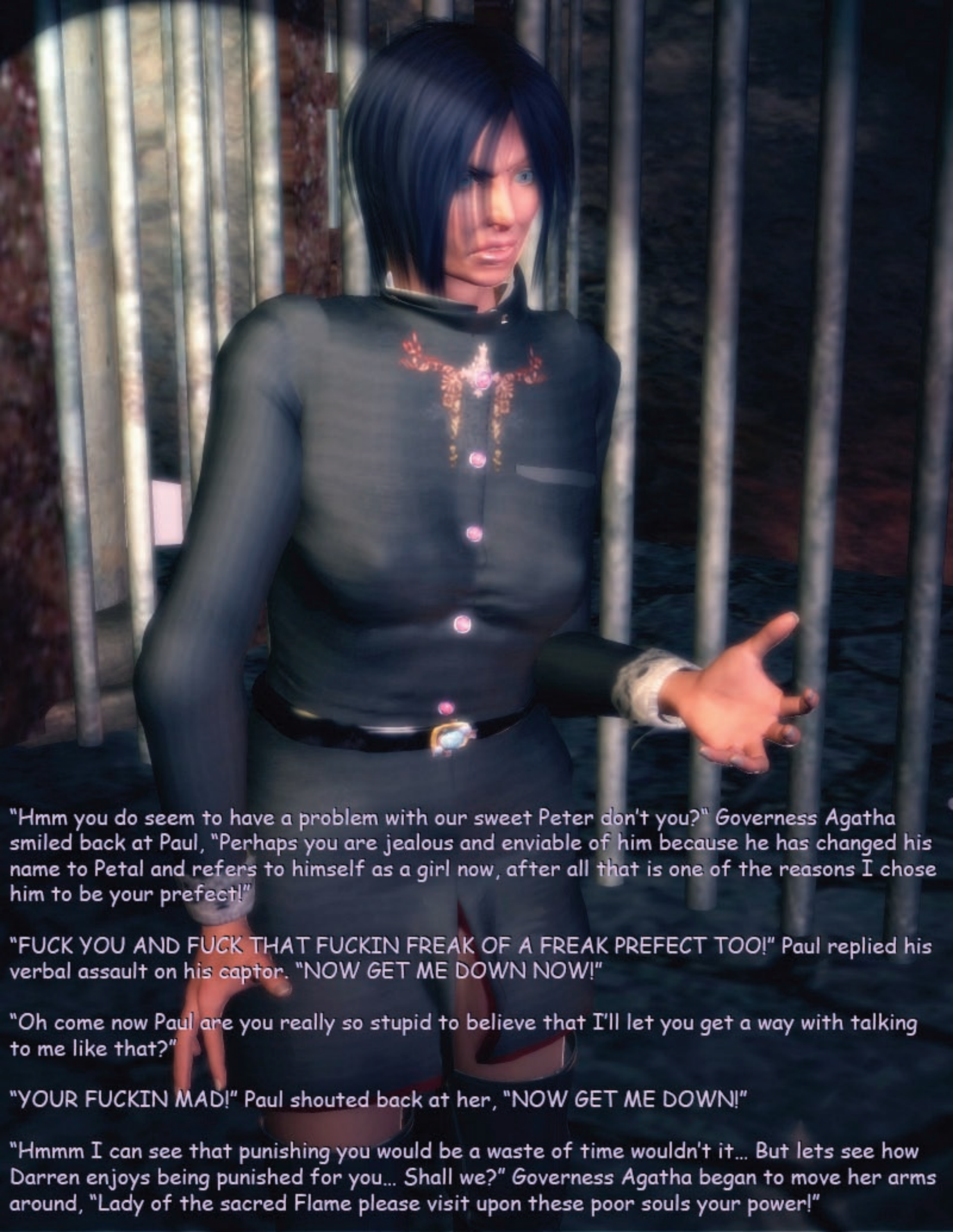
"You can shout all you want Mr Menwith, no one can here you my dear!" she smiled knowingly as she walked into the dungeon cell, the split in her short skirted uniformed styled jacket revealing her black hosed thighs to the incarcerated Paul Menwith. "But I must admit I would've thought that this scenario is something that you would apreciate, considering its one of the many fantasys that are winding around that mind of yours!"

"YOU'D BETTER," Paul tried to wriggle from his chains, but he was securely held in place by the collar around his waist, "GET ME DOWN THIS MOMENT!"

"Hmmm I can see why your mother would be so insistent on you being disciplined by me!" the Governess mused as she listened to another barrage of obscenities aimed solely at her.

"Oh and look at your tiny thing... And to think you ridiculed poor Peter over his one the other day!" she smiled as she looked down at Paul's very visible genitalia. "I must say your friend Darren's is ever so big compared to yours, and I'd wager you like Darren because of his big penis too?"

"YOUR INSANE!" Paul replied angrily, "I'm not a fucking queer like Lefevre!"



"Hmm you do seem to have a problem with our sweet Peter don't you?" Governess Agatha smiled back at Paul, "Perhaps you are jealous and enviable of him because he has changed his name to Petal and refers to himself as a girl now, after all that is one of the reasons I chose him to be your prefect!"

"FUCK YOU AND FUCK THAT FUCKIN FREAK OF A FREAK PREFECT TOO!" Paul replied his verbal assault on his captor. "NOW GET ME DOWN NOW!"

"Oh come now Paul are you really so stupid to believe that I'll let you get a way with talking to me like that?"

"YOUR FUCKIN MAD!" Paul shouted back at her, "NOW GET ME DOWN!"

"Hmmm I can see that punishing you would be a waste of time wouldn't it... But lets see how Darren enjoys being punished for you... Shall we?" Governess Agatha began to move her arms around, "Lady of the sacred Flame please visit upon these poor souls your power!"

Darren began to shift uneasy in his bound state as his abdomen began to twitch and then he felt the twitch turn into the unmistakable pangs of pain.

"MMMMMMMAAARFFFFFFFFGHHHHH!" Darren growled into his leather mask as the pain got heavier and heavier.

"Goddess of all that is true... Punish this unworthy soul!" Governess Agatha continued to chant.

Paul tried his best to escape his chains once more, but as he did he could see that Darren was beginning to shift uncomfortably upon the post he was tied too and as bad as he felt for his friend his stubbornness was going to prevail. "You won't get away with this bitch!" he growled.

Governess Agatha continued to wave her arms around in an arcane manner, chanting even louder as poor Darren began to writhe in agony behind his mask, his mind wondering why and how this could all be happening to him.

As Darren continued in his agonising position, his screams of agony began to siphon from beneath his mask and as Governess Agatha proceeded to chant louder, Paul's resolve finally crumbled.

"PLEASE STOP IT!" Paul finally conceded as he could see and hear his friends agony.

"So you wish to behave from now on?"

"FUCK... I?"

"Goddess of the-"

"Please no... I will behave," Paul quickly replied as Darren's muffled agony still continued to echo from where he was tied.

"Please stop Ma'am!" Governess Agatha looked at Paul sternly.

"Please Ma'am will you stop?" Paul felt a lump form in his throat as he realised just how much his attitude was hurting Darren.

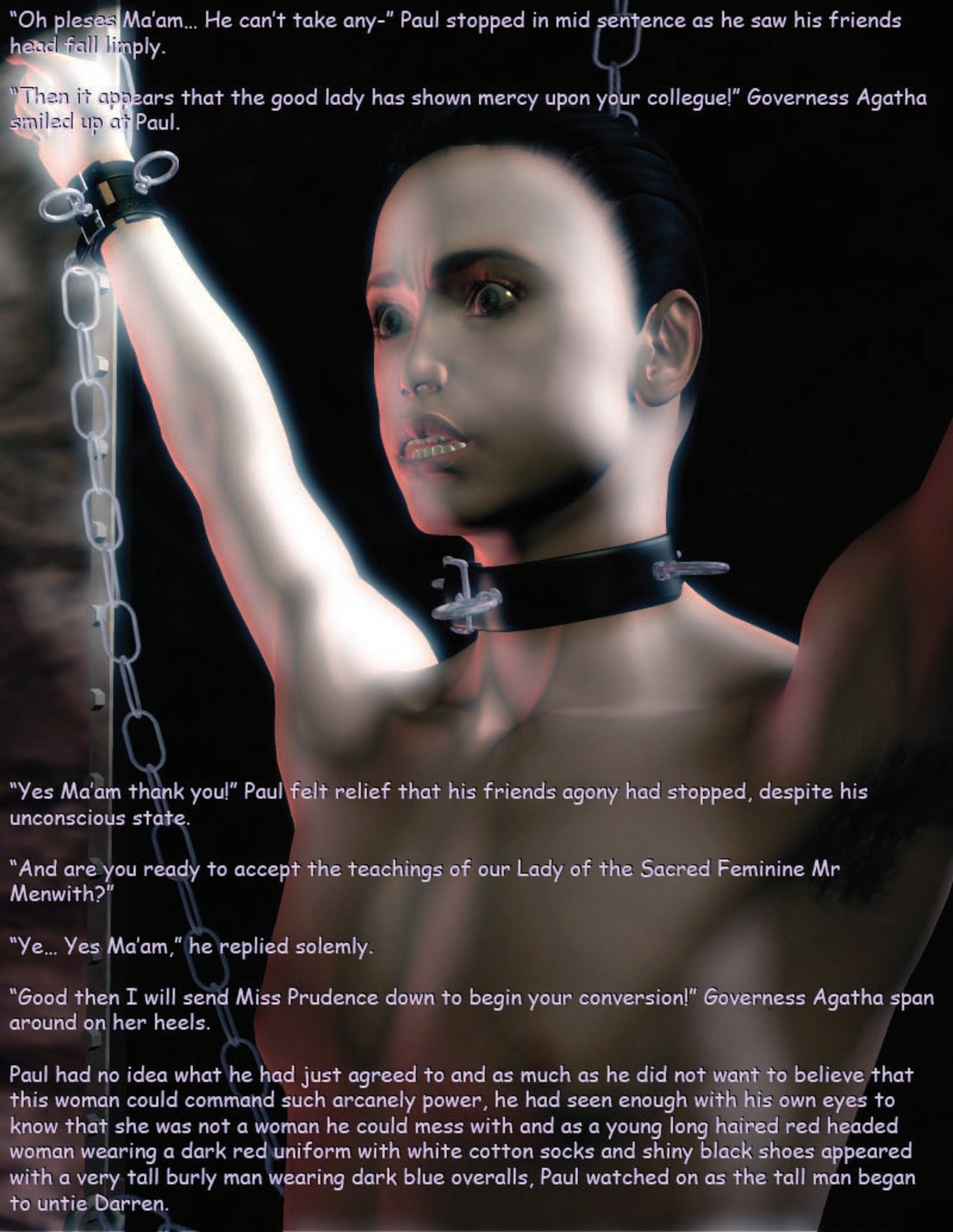
"Yes Paul I will stop chanting, but Darren's reprieve is in the hands of the Goddess I'm afraid!" Governess Agatha revealed that despite Paul's pleas his friend's agony may still continue, "You see you've upset our lady with your behaviour and bigotry and unless she believes you are being honest she will probably look upon Darren's torture as a necessity to the cause!"

"Oh please Ma'am... Please make it stop?" Paul looked worryingly past the Governess towards his shaking and convulsing friend. "It's really hurting him!"

"Paul I've explained that Darren's pain is in your hands, if you can persuade our sacred lady that you are ready to change your ways, then she may stop!" Governess Agatha began to prey on Paul's guilt.

"But I will change my ways please let him go... Please!"

However Darren's pain threshold had already been reached and as his abdomen felt as though it was going to explode, the small device that was inflicting the pain on him released its powerful sleep inducing serum into his system rendering the poor young man unconscious instantly.



"Oh pleses Ma'am... He can't take any-" Paul stopped in mid sentence as he saw his friends head fall limply.

"Then it appears that the good lady has shown mercy upon your collegue!" Governess Agatha smiled up at Paul.

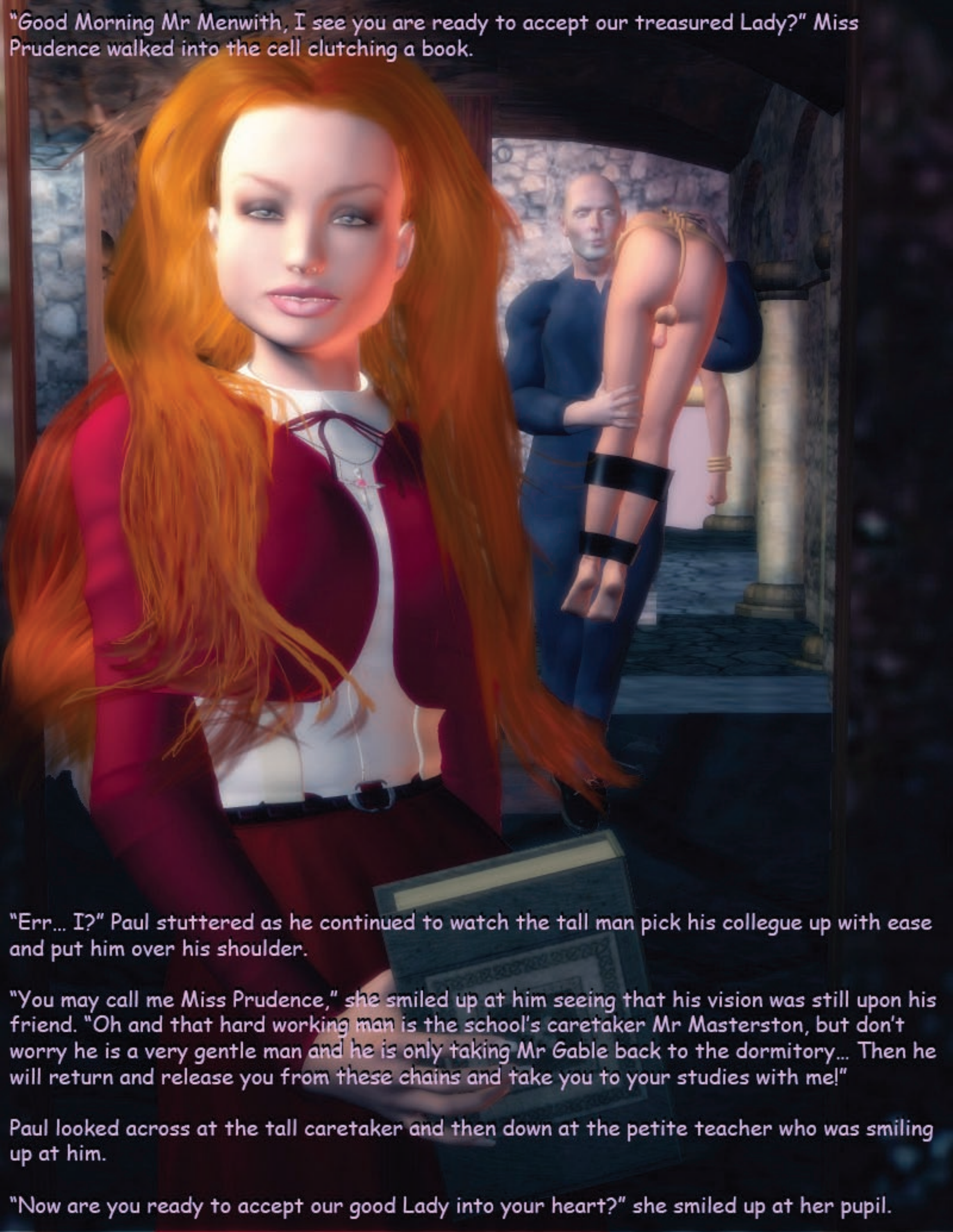
"Yes Ma'am thank you!" Paul felt relief that his friends agony had stopped, despite his unconscious state.

"And are you ready to accept the teachings of our Lady of the Sacred Feminine Mr Menwith?"

"Ye... Yes Ma'am," he replied solemly.

"Good then I will send Miss Prudence down to begin your conversion!" Governess Agatha span around on her heels.

Paul had no idea what he had just agreed to and as much as he did not want to believe that this woman could command such arcanely power, he had seen enough with his own eyes to know that she was not a woman he could mess with and as a young long haired red headed woman wearing a dark red uniform with white cotton socks and shiny black shoes appeared with a very tall burly man wearing dark blue overalls, Paul watched on as the tall man began to untie Darren.



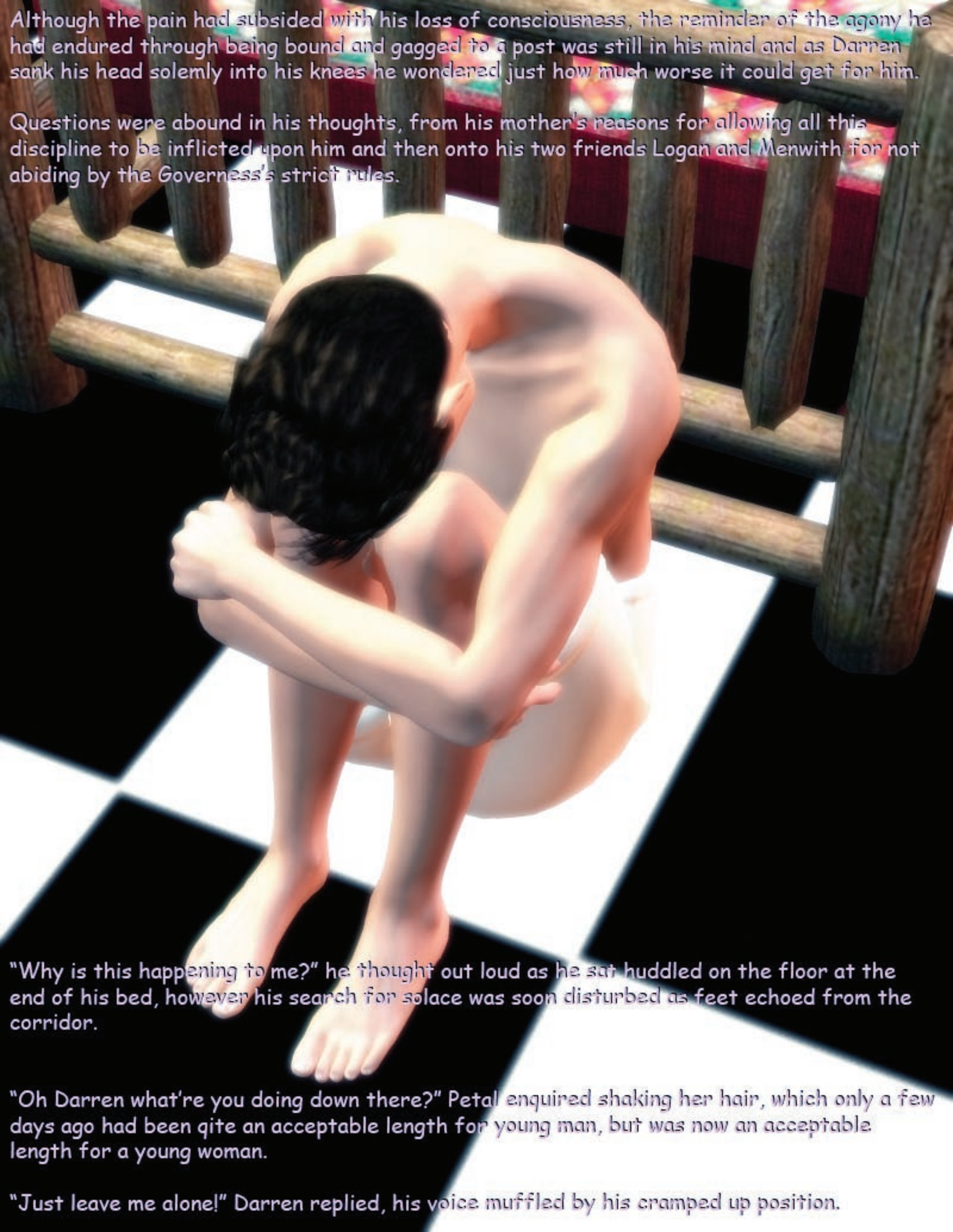
"Good Morning Mr Menwith, I see you are ready to accept our treasured Lady?" Miss Prudence walked into the cell clutching a book.

"Err… I?" Paul stuttered as he continued to watch the tall man pick his collegue up with ease and put him over his shoulder.

"You may call me Miss Prudence," she smiled up at him seeing that his vision was still upon his friend. "Oh and that hard working man is the school's caretaker Mr Masterston, but don't worry he is a very gentle man and he is only taking Mr Gable back to the dormitory… Then he will return and release you from these chains and take you to your studies with me!"

Paul looked across at the tall caretaker and then down at the petite teacher who was smiling up at him.

"Now are you ready to accept our good Lady into your heart?" she smiled up at her pupil.



Although the pain had subsided with his loss of consciousness, the reminder of the agony he had endured through being bound and gagged to a post was still in his mind and as Darren sank his head solemly into his knees he wondered just how much worse it could get for him.

Questions were abound in his thoughts, from his mother's reasons for allowing all this discipline to be inflicted upon him and then onto his two friends Logan and Menwith for not abiding by the Governess's strict rules.

"Why is this happening to me?" he thought out loud as he sat huddled on the floor at the end of his bed, however his search for solace was soon disturbed as feet echoed from the corridor.

"Oh Darren what're you doing down there?" Petal enquired shaking her hair, which only a few days ago had been qite an acceptable length for young man, but was now an acceptable length for a young woman.

"Just leave me alone!" Darren replied, his voice muffled by his cramped up position.

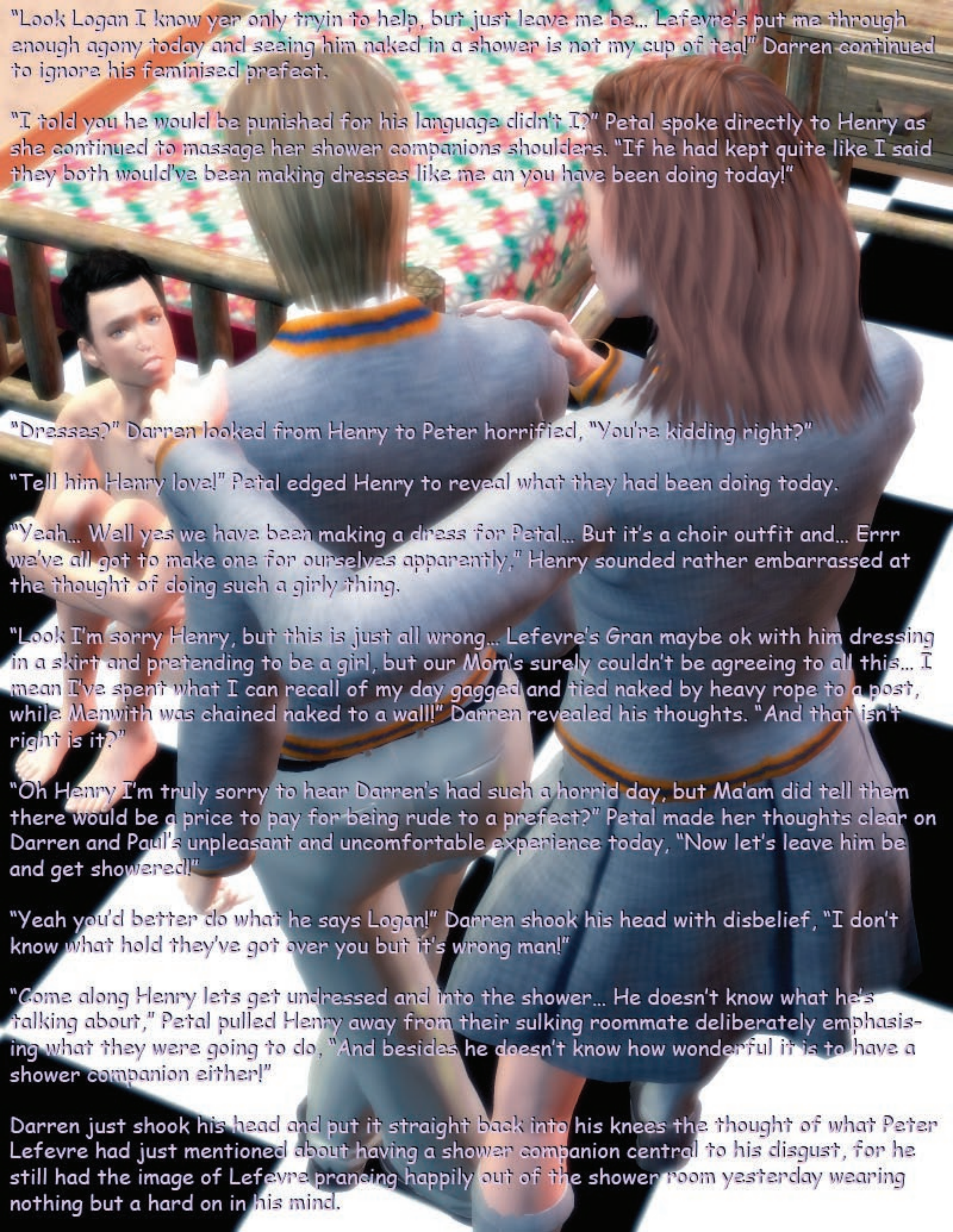
"Hey Gable, you can't sulk in here they'll punish you!" Henry replied a little concerned at the figure of his friend scrunched up to his knees on the floor.

"C'mon Henry lets get on with our shower, he doesn't want to talk to the likes of us!" Petal grabbed a hold of Henry's shoulders and began to massage them.

"We can't leave him like this," Henry tried to counter his prefect's wishes for them to shower. "Hey I know why don't you have a shower... That'll sure freshen you up!"

"He can only go in their when I give him permission or order him to!" Petal reminded Henry of her position within the dorm, "And besides I only want to shower with you!"

Words that finally lifted Darren's head from his knees, yet as much as the sight of Peter Lefevre wearing a skirt instead of trousers with his uniform would have been such an unusual sight, after everything that had happened since they had all arrived here, he felt nothing could surprise him anymore.



"Look Logan I know yer only tryin to help, but just leave me be... Lefevre's put me through enough agony today and seeing him naked in a shower is not my cup of tea!" Darren continued to ignore his feminised prefect.

"I told you he would be punished for his language didn't I?" Petal spoke directly to Henry as she continued to massage her shower companions shoulders. "If he had kept quite like I said they both would've been making dresses like me an you have been doing today!"

"Dresses?" Darren looked from Henry to Peter horrified, "You're kidding right?"

"Tell him Henry love!" Petal edged Henry to reveal what they had been doing today.

"Yeah... Well yes we have been making a dress for Petal... But it's a choir outfit and... Errr we've all got to make one for ourselves apparently," Henry sounded rather embarrassed at the thought of doing such a girly thing.

"Look I'm sorry Henry, but this is just all wrong... Lefevre's Gran maybe ok with him dressing in a skirt and pretending to be a girl, but our Mom's surely couldn't be agreeing to all this... I mean I've spent what I can recall of my day gagged and tied naked by heavy rope to a post, while Menwith was chained naked to a wall!" Darren revealed his thoughts. "And that isn't right is it?"

"Oh Henry I'm truly sorry to hear Darren's had such a horrid day, but Ma'am did tell them there would be a price to pay for being rude to a prefect?" Petal made her thoughts clear on Darren and Paul's unpleasant and uncomfortable experience today, "Now let's leave him be and get showered!"

"Yeah you'd better do what he says Logan!" Darren shook his head with disbelief, "I don't know what hold they've got over you but it's wrong man!"

"Come along Henry lets get undressed and into the shower... He doesn't know what he's talking about," Petal pulled Henry away from their sulking roommate deliberately emphasising what they were going to do, "And besides he doesn't know how wonderful it is to have a shower companion either!"

Darren just shook his head and put it straight back into his knees the thought of what Peter Lefevre had just mentioned about having a shower companion central to his disgust, for he still had the image of Lefevre prancing happily out of the shower room yesterday wearing nothing but a hard on in his mind.

With their uniforms removed Petal was eagerly pulling Henry into the shower and washroom and despite Henry being completely naked, the feminised young man had a reason for still wearing her panties.

"What is that stuff coming from there?" Henry enquired of the rather foggy steam coming from the spout of Petal's shower's cubicle.

"Oh it starts off like that but it soon drains into a gorgeous watery shower!" Petal replied, "Now stop asking silly questions and remove your prefect's panties!"

"What?"

"Your prefect wants you to remove her panties!" Petal stopped in her tracks and repeated her demand.

"But?"

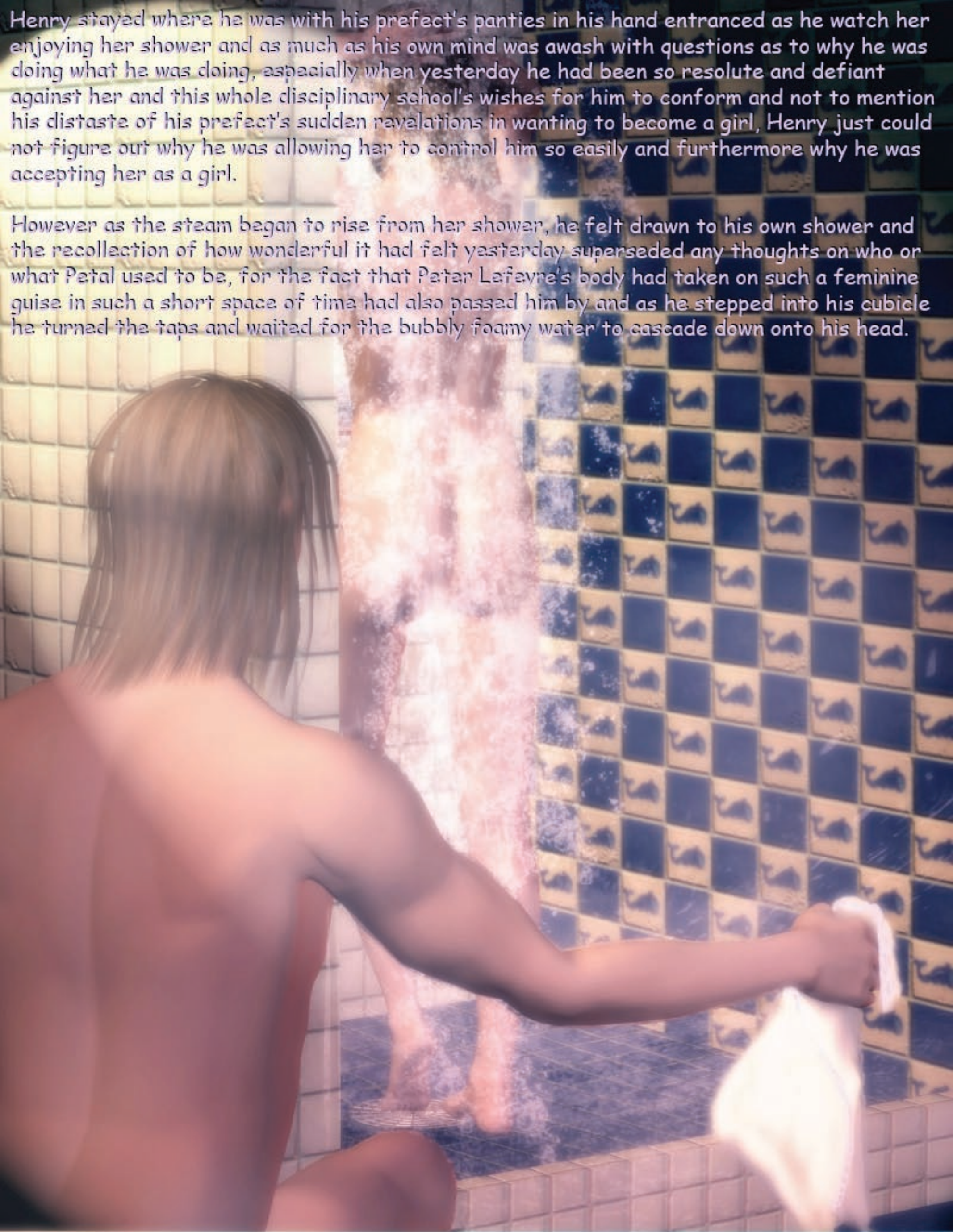
"Henry Logan I don't wish to remind you of what happens when you disobey a command!" Petal sighed a little angrily as she pushed her butt out to prompt him, "So do as your told, after all you're gonna be wanting to remove them at every opportunity soon!"

"I err?" Henry looked at Petal's arced back and the elasticated waist of her panties and as much as he wanted to know what she had meant by her last comment about him wanting to remove them at every opportune moment, he proceeded to do as she asked him to.

"There that wasn't too bad was it!" Petal lifted her foot out of her panties and skipped excitedly over to her foaming shower cubicle, leaving her shower companion kneeling down holding onto them.

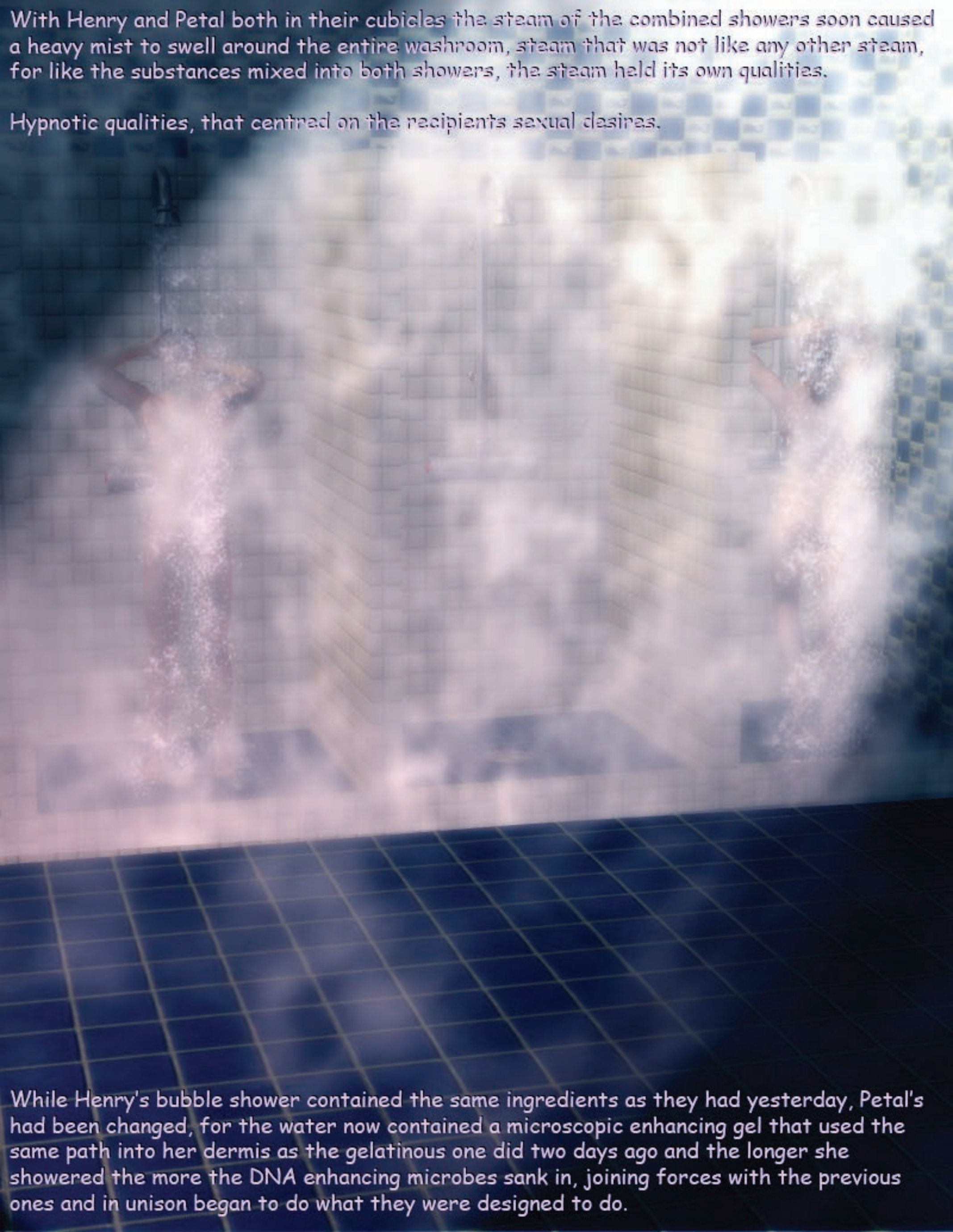
Henry stayed where he was with his prefect's panties in his hand entranced as he watch her enjoying her shower and as much as his own mind was awash with questions as to why he was doing what he was doing, aspacially when yesterday he had been so resolute and defiant against her and this whole disciplinary school's wishes for him to conform and not to mention his distaste of his prefect's sudden revelations in wanting to become a girl, Henry just could not figure out why he was allowing her to control him so easily and furthermore why he was accepting her as a girl.

However as the steam began to rise from her shower, he felt drawn to his own shower and the recollection of how wonderful it had felt yesterday superseded any thoughts on who or what Petal used to be, for the fact that Peter Lefevre's body had taken on such a feminine guise in such a short space of time had also passed him by and as he stepped into his cubicle he turned the taps and waited for the bubbly foamy water to cascade down onto his head.



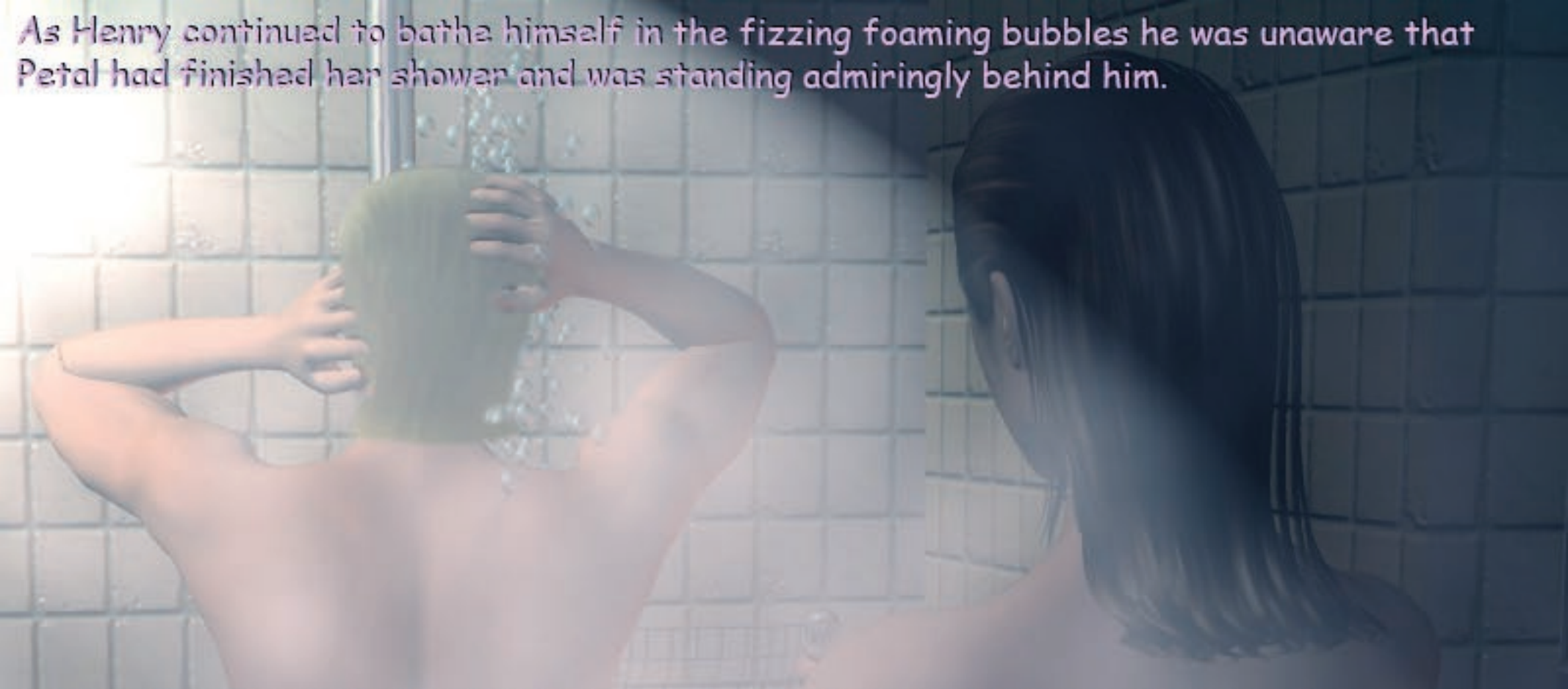
With Henry and Petal both in their cubicles the steam of the combined showers soon caused a heavy mist to swell around the entire washroom, steam that was not like any other steam, for like the substances mixed into both showers, the steam held its own qualities.

Hypnotic qualities, that centred on the recipients sexual desires.



While Henry's bubble shower contained the same ingredients as they had yesterday, Petal's had been changed, for the water now contained a microscopic enhancing gel that used the same path into her dermis as the gelatinous one did two days ago and the longer she showered the more the DNA enhancing microbes sank in, joining forces with the previous ones and in unison began to do what they were designed to do.

As Henry continued to bathe himself in the fizzing foaming bubbles he was unaware that Petal had finished her shower and was standing admiringly behind him.



It may have been only three days ago that Peter Lefevre had arrived at the village of Dolan a free thinking heterosexual young man, who since he had reached puberty had dreamed of nothing more than to get it on with a girl and although he had had a few girlfriends he had only ever experienced the pleasure of sharing a kiss with them, unlike the other young girls and boys he knew who had touched more than first base with each other by the time they had reached sixteen, yet despite his frustration Peter was patient, knowing that being of the age of consent his time would finally come, however Peter's grandmother, Edith, had high aspirations of him joining the clergy and from the religious circle that she had always kept him active in, since his mother and father had disappeared on a missionary adventure in the Amazon over fifteen years ago, combined with another two years of higher education, helping his 77 year old grandmother out at her cottage and with all of her village church's hectic events, he found a girlfriend to loose his virginity with hard to achieve.

Yet as much as Peter wanted to find that elusive girlfriend, he knew that his grandmother was ever prouder of him, for Edith would continually brag to all of her fellow parishioners about how well suited he was by staying a virgin, as it would only exemplify his position in becoming a minister or something even greater within their beloved church, yet despite the derivative remarks and giggles he got from the local village girls and boys, he began to look upon his virginity as something special and that when the time for him to loose his virginity finally presented itself, it would signify his arrival at manhood.

A quality that he knew no others in his former school or village possessed.

However, it was exactly that quality that had brought him to where he was now, standing lustfully behind the showering naked body of one of those school and village boys, Henry Logan, for what he had not known was that his virginity had played a pivotal role in his fate, for the people who now had him on a leash had cleverly twisted his desire to loose his virginity in a way that Peter Lefevre or his grandmother could never have envisioned, for his mind, body and soul was being crafted into a creature of pure sexual desire and lust, whose deepest desires were so far removed from the sexual interests of a testosterone filled you man as he had once been.

"You don't mind if I join you do you Henry?" Petal stepped into Henry's cubicle.

"What eh?"

"I don't get sparkling bubbles in my shower," Petal sighed as she slid her arms around him, "And I do so like the way they feel against your body!"

"Well I... Yeah I guess?" Henry stood confused for once again he felt something else digging into his thigh as her hands began to move over his chest.

"No you can't do this!" Henry realised that Petal was hard again, so he pulled around and threw her hands off of his chest.

"Hmmm that's better sweetie now I can see the better part of you!" Petal sighed sexily up at him as she quickly turned his spurning movement into a well manoeuvred position to grab a hold of his genitalia.

"Whaaaa... Stop this please?" Henry stuttered as he felt himself become trapped in the shower with his shower companion.

"If I remember from yesterday you quite enjoyed this?" Petal reminded him of what they had done in the shower previously. "Hmmm?"

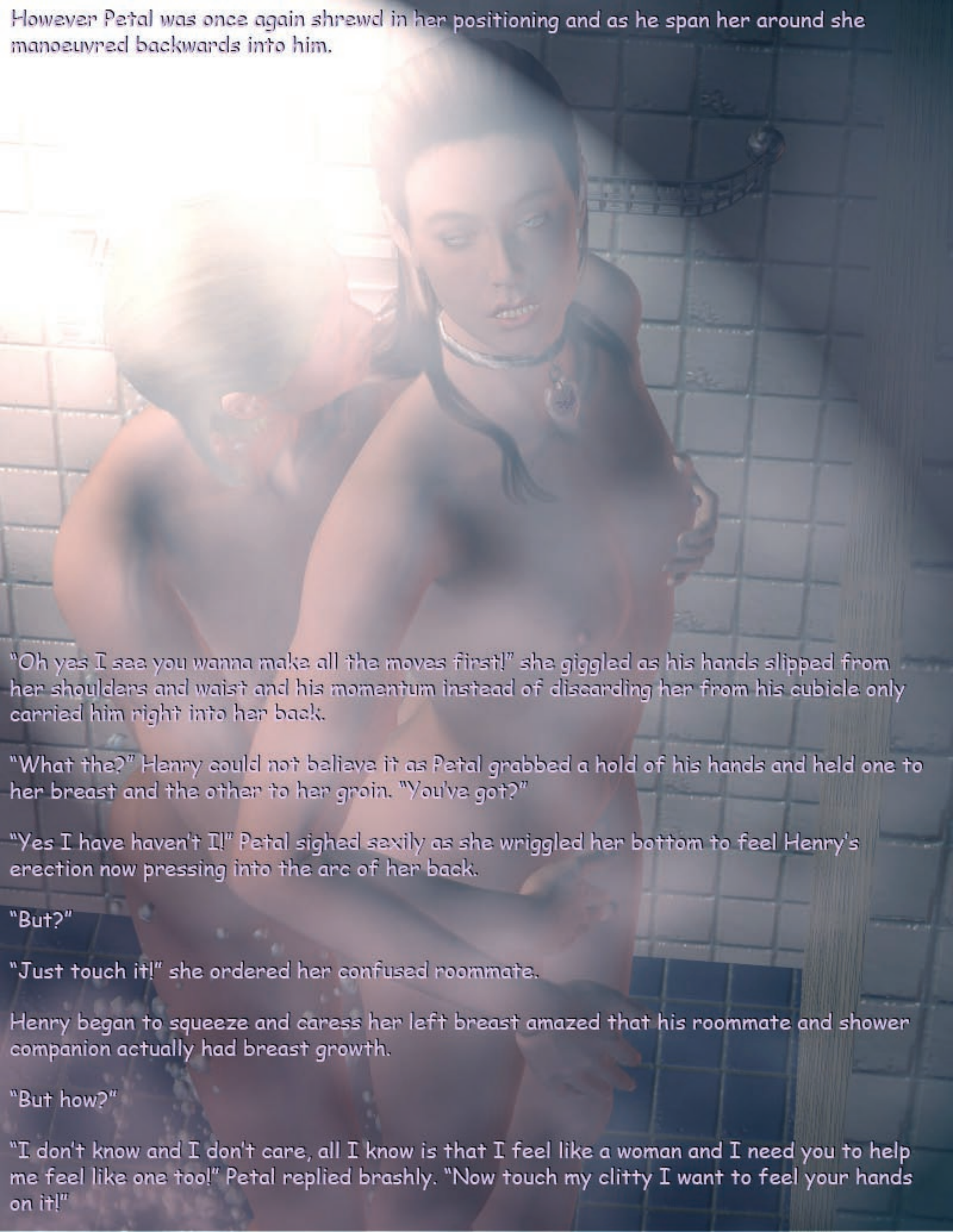
"I... I was-"

"You was rather excited by my touch just as you are now!" Petal's smile turned a little deviously as she ran her finger up the underside of his inflating penis shaft.

Henry's mind began to get as misty as the shower as he tried to regain his poise and do what he should have done yesterday by grabbing hold of his feminised roommate and throwing him out of his shower.

"Look I... I don't know what your trying to do here but no!" Henry finally pushed her hands away from him and grabbed a hold of her, turned her around and readied himself to propel her out of his shower with force.

However Petal was once again shrewd in her positioning and as he span her around she manoeuvred backwards into him.



"Oh yes I see you wanna make all the moves first!" she giggled as his hands slipped from her shoulders and waist and his momentum instead of discarding her from his cubicle only carried him right into her back.

"What the?" Henry could not believe it as Petal grabbed a hold of his hands and held one to her breast and the other to her groin. "You've got?"

"Yes I have haven't I!" Petal sighed sexily as she wriggled her bottom to feel Henry's erection now pressing into the arc of her back.

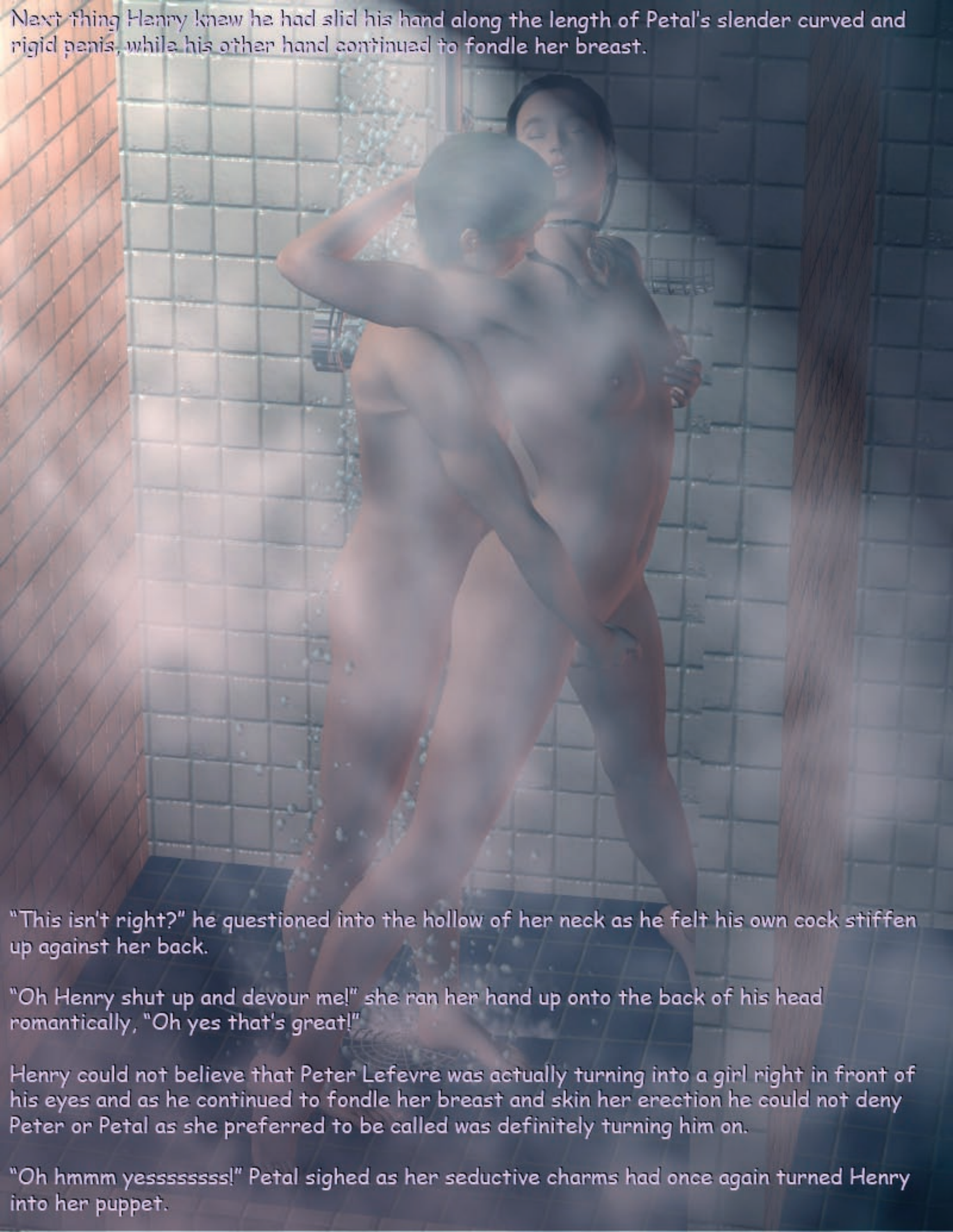
"But?"

"Just touch it!" she ordered her confused roommate.

Henry began to squeeze and caress her left breast amazed that his roommate and shower companion actually had breast growth.

"But how?"

"I don't know and I don't care, all I know is that I feel like a woman and I need you to help me feel like one too!" Petal replied brashly. "Now touch my clitty I want to feel your hands on it!"



Next thing Henry knew he had slid his hand along the length of Petal's slender curved and rigid penis, while his other hand continued to fondle her breast.

"This isn't right?" he questioned into the hollow of her neck as he felt his own cock stiffen up against her back.

"Oh Henry shut up and devour me!" she ran her hand up onto the back of his head romantically, "Oh yes that's great!"

Henry could not believe that Peter Lefevre was actually turning into a girl right in front of his eyes and as he continued to fondle her breast and skin her erection he could not deny Peter or Petal as she preferred to be called was definitely turning him on.

"Oh hmmm yessssssss!" Petal sighed as her seductive charms had once again turned Henry into her puppet.

As Henry continued to feel every part of his shower companions intimate parts, his foggy mind was running a battle within.

A battle that the hypnotically induced steam was gradually building upon his newfound desires to please and do as his prefect wanted, arming them with reason upon reason as to why he should be intimately embraced with his prefect despite the fact that she was technically still a male.

"That's it Henry my sweet… Give into the desire welcome it with open arms!" Petal sighed as she turned away from her roommate's embrace and pressed her back up against the cubicle wall, her own subliminal programming from the previous night beginning to exploit Henry Logan's very susceptible mental position.

Henry Logan's real voice was now on a fast track and heading with speed into the depths of his consciousness that only dreams could reach and as his groin spurned him forward into sexual fulfilment all thoughts on Peter Lefevre being considered as a male went with it and as he lowered his head down to suckle upon his prefect's erect and very feminine breast, his new mindset was in place.

"Oh yessssssssss Henry.... Yessssssss I love that... Yes suckle it!" Petal revered in the sensations of a Henry Logan's mouth upon her nipple and as he sucked it into his mouth with venom and tenderness, the sensations it spread throughout her body told her there was now indeed no turning back.

She wanted to nothing more than to become a woman and now with desires of a full grown woman coursing through her mind, she knew it was time to solidify that wish.

"Oh Henry it's time my sweet!" she sighed pushing his head from her breast gently.

"Time?" Henry looked up at her hazily.

Henry had hardly anytime to prepare for what happened next, for as his prefect dropped to her knees she grabbed a hold of his bobbing and fully erect cock.

"Time for this!" Petal growled as she began to rub Henry's cock hard a sensation that caused the confused young man to do what only he could do in that position so he grabbed a hold of her wet head and waited for her to worship his manhood.

Petal's subliminal programming began to kick in and although it was her first time she knew exactly what to do.

"Oh yeah Petal... Where'd'ya learn to do that?" Henry enquired as Petal ran her teeth along the ridge of his cock head and then used her tongue to rub his cock head.

Petal's reply was to sigh and grab a hold of Henry's balls.

Henry looked on as his prefect began to work his cock to the back of her throat and as he felt it going in deeper he could not work out why he had never felt so excited about having his cock sucked before.

With one lunge forward Petal had encased all of her shower companion's cock within her throat, the gag reflex expertly dealt with as if she had been sucking cocks all her life.

"Ah shit Petal you're good!" Henry sighed as she slowly and with a sigh of contentment began to slide her mouth off his cock and when she did she looked up at him with a smile.

"Turn the shower off my sweet!" she looked up at him devilishly and as Henry did as he was told she followed his bobbing cock around with her head playfully trying to bite it and when the foaming bubbles stopped falling she caught his cock in her mouth and began to suck it once again.

"Yesssss... Fuck yer good!" Henry could only remark as he enjoyed the sensation of his cock being expertly teased into submission by his prefect and former school friend's mouth, in fact the way Petal was devouring his cock made him realise that despite having had most of the eligible girls in his home village paying homage to his cock, none of them had ever been this good.

Petal did not reply she just continued to suck in his cock more hungrier and more proficiently than the last time, whilst her hands began to explore her own body for the first time since Peter Lefevre had succumbed to his involuntary calling of femininity.

Petal could feel her body tingling with vibrations she had never felt before in her life, though, despite having her mind rearranged into the amorous female's mind she now possessed, all the memories of Peter were still alive and running through her thoughts and as those memories intertwined with her new found sexual orientation, slithers of precum dripped from her excited cocklette.

Never before had Peter Lefevre's cock been so hard with excitement and under no circumstances had his hands caressed and massaged such tender soft mounds of breast upon such a delightful feminine body, yet never had he envisioned that body to be his own and furthermore, he would never in his wildest dreams be kneeling before one a former Sunday school and High school friend's naked body, passionately sucking on his cock and massaging his testes with verve.

As Henry's cock throbbed to the rhythm of his prefect's skilful hands and mouth Petal's feminine needs ran rife through her thoughts, she loved the feel of a man's cock and she loved the taste of it too and as she began to run her tongue up and down her shower companion's shaft she toyed with her own body pulling and twisting her erect nipples into submission.

"Oh fuck yessssss!" Henry could feel his balls becoming tighter as Petal's tongue lapped and licked at his cock like an obedient slut, completely oblivious to the fact that he was actually enjoying a feminised version of Peter Lefevre worshipping his cock.

For Henry's, like Peter's, head was now a cauldron of newly formed thoughts that intermingled like a snake with his previous more masculine way of thinking and with every intake of breath and every flick of Peter's tongue, the snake callously bit into his mind, releasing its venom with a ferocity that no antidote could possibly counter.

Henry Logan's mind was now on the brink and as Peter's feminine guile continued to work away on his manhood a new voice sat patiently in the recess of his deep psyche.

With one long elongated lick of her tongue from the base of Henry's cock to it's tip Petal stared up at him her eyes permanently fixed on his and as his dilated pupils met hers he knew the conclusion to her actions were near.

Henry had never felt so electrified by the touch of a girl before and although Peter had somehow developed a few female attributes over the past few days, the fact that he seemed to accept him as a girl was a complete mystery, however there was no doubt that his cock was feeling the touch and presence of Peter Lefevre differently.

Petal knew that Henry's balls were tight and ready to explode and as she stopped at the underside of his cock head she ran her tongue around in a circle and laughed. "I'm gonna make you come like you've never come before!"

"Ohhhhh fuck yessssssssssssssssss!" Henry sighed as his jism spurted onto his prefect's waiting face.

"Yessssssssss!" Petal growled as Henry's pee hole widened and shot forth a spray of white gooey cum, "Hmmmmmmm yes I love it!" she grabbed a firm hold of the base of his cock and licked the continuous spewing gelatinous lava of man juice with venom, its salty taste adding to her newly formed array of needs and requirements that were building one by one in her Cresswell enhanced feminine head.

"Ohhhhhh fuck yessssssssssssssssssssss!" Henry cajoled by the sight of his sperm gloriously oozing over his prefect's face, joined in with her moans of pleasure, however as the last spurt of cum left his cock, devoured just like the first by Petal's expert tongue and lips, a new thought, alien to the ones that had always echoed throughout his eighteen years of male life, suddenly surfaced and stuck in his mind.

'Perhaps I could be like Peter Lefevre?' the thought enquired, as it pushed Henry's logical and normal inner voice to the side, 'He's so beautiful and sexy and commands such power with it too!' Henry's unusual thought continued to vibrate along with his spent cock, 'If Lefevre can wield such authority from being a girl then so could I?' the thought continued.

Silently and stealthily Henry Logan's new inner voice drew its strength from that thought and although he would remain loyal and true to the wishes of his prefect and shower companion, it would grow and secure its own desires and wishes.

Henry Logan's, like Peter Lefevre's and Paul Menwith's, mind soul and body was now the property of Cresswell Industries.

Chapter 17

Control

Metamorphosis

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2008

By the time Petal and Henry had finished their long steamy shower, Darren had perked up a little and had seated himself at the table.

He had spent the time thinking over everything that had happened not only to him but to everyone else and although he had sat pondering on whether or not to venture out of the open dormitory door and try to make a run for it he decided that having all three of his friends on his side would make for a better escape than just by himself.

So with his thoughts set he waited for movement form the washroom.

"Listen up guys, I've been think-" Darren was about to share his thoughts when the naked bodies of Henry and Peter Lefevre came out of the washroom both seemingly very contended with each others nakedness.

"What have you been thinking about Darren?" Petal finished his sentence for him.

"Lefevre wha'the," Darren managed to curb his language as his looked at Peter's rather femininely shaped chest, in fact he could also swear that he had also developed a very womanly curve to his body too, "Lefevre... Shee... You've got erm... Well?"

"Yes Darren, Petal has breasts is their a problem?" Henry caressed his companions shoulders rather intimately.

"Shee... I mean... Man what's happen to both of you," Darren's eyes were soon diverted lower down Peter's body and then onto Henry's. "You've both got boners?"

"Henry is excited about being with me aren't you Henry sweetheart?" Petal replied.

"Whoa... Henry?" Darren finally shook the surprise from his head as he got back to the question he was originally going to ask them, "Yeah I'm sorry Henry but you've gotta wake up and smell the roses man... Can't you see what their doing to us... They're screwing with our minds!" Darren finally got to what he was going to say.

"What in the world are you talking about Darren Gable?" Petal replied.

"Look Lefevre I've known you since you were five and I know we've never knocked around or anything but you've never given any indication that you ever played with dolls or that you ever wanted to be girl!" Darren spoke his mind.

"Don't be ridiculous look at me I'm becoming a girl just as I've always dreamed of becoming!" Petal laughed. "Tell him Henry how much of a girl I am!" she span her arm around and began to rub the back of Henry's neck.

"Darren she's definitely a girl mate... She just gave me the most mind shattering-"

"Oh please I don't wanna know what you two get up to in there and just for a reality check... Lefevre is no girl, he's got a dick like you and me... But before ya say another word, please just hear me out," he once again became sidetracked by Henry's very abundant erection. "Henry man you've gotta com'on and take a look at yerself ... You've got a friggin' hardon and your holding onto Lefevre like he's yer lover or something!"

"Don't be silly you silly boy," Petal shook her head, "Henry just appreciates my blossoming femininity and your jealous of him!"

"Look just listen to yourself Lefevre... Before you met that woman in that mansion you were just a normal guy like all of us... Shee... Henry man that woman did something to us I'm telling yer... Shit... She even got you to pull down your trousers in front of her!" Darren stood up and tried his best to make his two former friends see reason in their very peculiar behaviour.

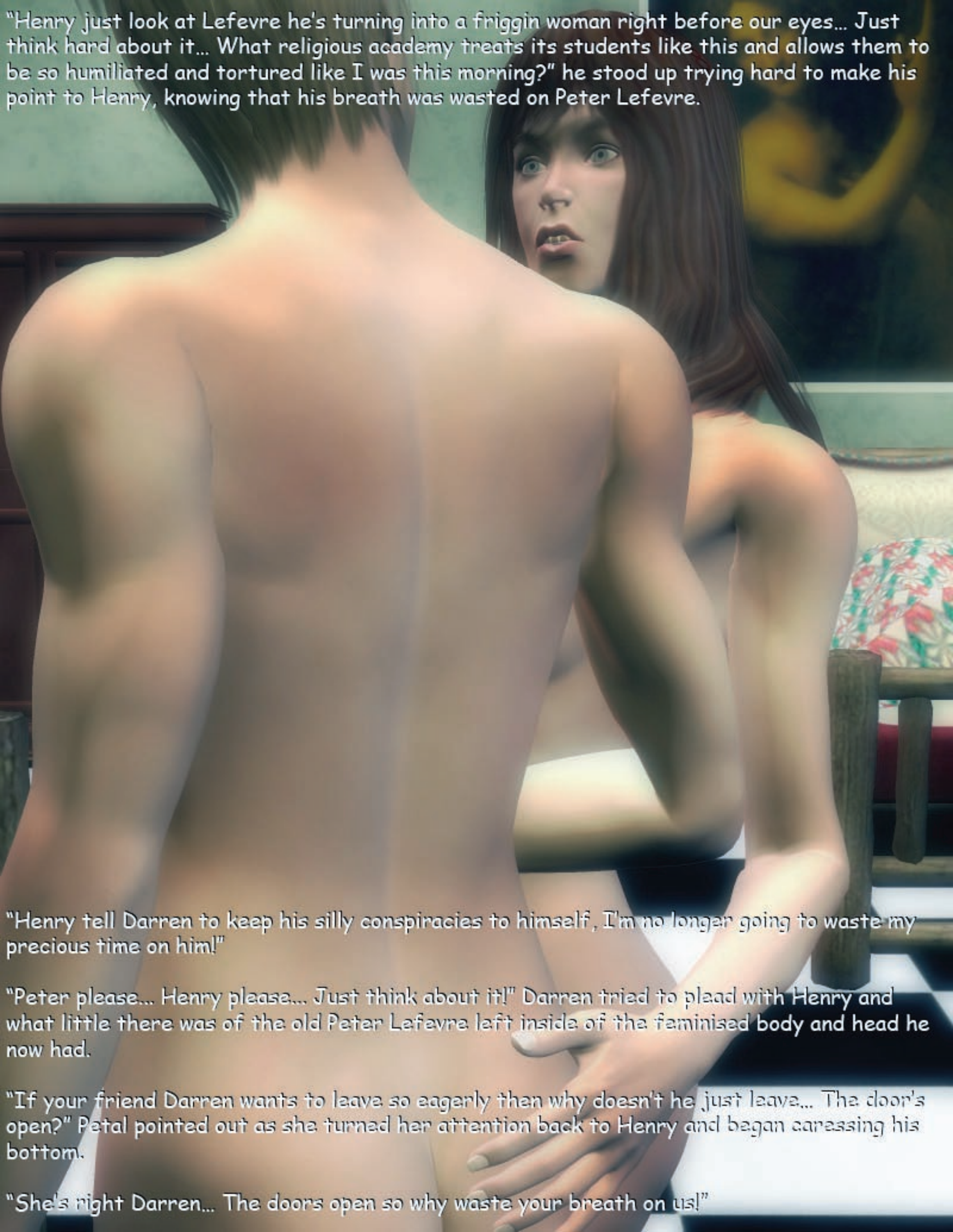
"Don't listen to him Henry he's just jealous because I chose you to be my shower companion!" Petal's reconfigured mind stood firm, she was becoming a girl and after giving Henry a wonderful blow job she wanted nothing more than to blossom into the real thing now.

"Please Lefevre think of your Gran, she's always been harping on to everyone about how you were gonna become a minister or a vicar... Think Lefevre... Think hard... They've screwed with your mind somehow and they've done something to yer body too!"

Petal looked from Darren to Henry as she thought about her beloved Gran and recalled how happy she was to see him finally take a step nearer her wishes for him, wishes that did have his life outlined for a career within the church, however just as his male voice was beginning to find a way through the foggy mire, the sight of Henry's hard and rigid cock besides him, caused Petal to blow any thoughts of wrong doing to her away.

"Henry I want nothing more than to please my Grandmother and live up to her expectations, but she'll just have to accept that her grandson is becoming her granddaughter and as for fulfilling her wishes of having a career within the church, perhaps you should look around a bit more... This is a highly religious school and my Gran sent me here like your mother did and on the recommendation of Mrs Masterton too and we all know how serious that lady is about the church!"

"Yeah Petal's got a point there... Mrs Masterton would never approve of such things!" Henry replied.



"Henry just look at Lefevre he's turning into a friggin woman right before our eyes... Just think hard about it... What religious academy treats its students like this and allows them to be so humiliated and tortured like I was this morning?" he stood up trying hard to make his point to Henry, knowing that his breath was wasted on Peter Lefevre.

"Henry tell Darren to keep his silly conspiracies to himself, I'm no longer going to waste my precious time on him!"

"Peter please... Henry please... Just think about it!" Darren tried to plead with Henry and what little there was of the old Peter Lefevre left inside of the feminised body and head he now had.

"If your friend Darren wants to leave so eagerly then why doesn't he just leave... The door's open?" Petal pointed out as she turned her attention back to Henry and began caressing his bottom.

"She's right Darren... The doors open so why waste your breath on us!"

"Henry your friend is upsetting me now and you wouldn't want me to have him punished again would you?" she slid her arms lovingly around her shower companion's waist making sure that her erection nuzzled erotically into him.

"Err no Petal I don't," Henry's own re-configuring mind was once again telling him that Petal was the most important thing in this facility after the teachers and the Governess. "Darren I think you've said enough mate!"

"Oh for?" Darren threw his arms up into the air and stormed off over to his bed.

"I'm sorry Henry but I won't be conversing with your friend any more!" Petal sighed as she continued to push her body into Henry.

"Logan if you wanna hang around with a dude who thinks he's a girl then you do it... But I'm not taking this bull anymore... Something's definitely wrong with this place and when Menwith comes back he'll agree with me... We were both strung up in some kinda dungeon and that Governess was enjoying it!" Darren made his last plea for sanity to return to his former friend from his bed.

"You know Darren does seem a little concerned?" Henry moved away from Petal and sat down in the same place Darren Gable had occupied earlier. "Perhaps he does have a point?"

"Shhh Henry, he's just being silly and besides his jealous because I've got your attention and not him!" Petal moved over to her shower companion and began to caress his face with her hands.

"But?"

"That's enough!" Petal moved her thumb up to his lips, "You're my shower companion and he's not and you do like showering with me don't you?"

"Well yeah... I do!" Henry replied as the thought of being in a steamy shower with Petal once again caused his mind to deflect from Darren Gable's concerns.

"In fact I bet you'd like me to take you into the showers again and pleasure you again hmm?"

"Yes I do!" he replied like a love sick puppy.

"Hmmm so do I, but lights out will be here soon and your friend Darren would only get more jealous of you!" Petal continued to caress Henry's face seductively as she glanced over to where Darren Gable was lying.

"Stuff Gable... Lets get back in there!" Henry's groin was now replying for him as it began to stiffen, however just as Petal's still erect cock bobbed to the contemplation of a return with her shower companion to the showers, the sound of footsteps heralded the arrival of someone along the corridor. "Oh someone's coming!" she sighed disappointedly.

"Good evening Miss Petal I hope I was not disturbing anything un-towards,!" Miss Prudence suddenly walked in through the open door.

"Oh no certainly... And a very good evening to you Miss Prudence!" Petal replied rather shocked at the teacher's very long wavy red and copper hair.

"That's good to hear!" Miss Prudence tried to remain serious as she could see that Petal's subliminal programming had excelled itself by the way her erection was still quite full despite her sudden intrusion.

"Henry?" Petal read the brief silence from the teacher as an indication for her to show her control over the dorm.

"Err yes good evening Miss Prudence," Henry replied.

"A good evening to you Master Logan... I take it our prefect is treating you well?"

"Oh yes Miss Prudence she is!" Henry replied enthusiastically.

A reply that brought a grunt from the corner of the dormitory behind where Miss Prudence was standing.

"Ah... And this must be Master Gable I presume?" Prudence looked around at the figure of Darren Gable as he rudely kept his head turned towards the wall.

"Henry don't forget Darren ... He's your friend not mine!" Petal reminded Henry.

"Err... Yes of course Petal," he nodded in accordance, "Err... Darren our teacher Miss Prudence is here!"

"Oh please!" Darren just stayed on his bed, sighing despairingly as he rolled his eyes with disgust at Henry Logan's all to eager to please attitude towards Peter Lefevre.

"Miss Prudence I'm sorry," Petal flicked her brown hair as she looked on in awe at the length of their teacher's copper red hair that weaved its way down her back and across her chest.

"Its perfectly fine Miss Petal, I know how awkward being a prefect can be with those who do not follow the way of our Lady, but I'm pleased to see that you've already tamed one of the fiery trio!"

"Oh yes I have Miss Prudence... Henry's such a darling now and he does everything I tell him to don't you Henry?"

"Yes Petal I do!" Henry replied looking up at his prefect.

"In fact to show Miss Prudence how obedient you are now, I think its time you started calling me Miss Petal from now on!"

"Yes Miss Petal of course!" Henry replied obediently, much to the dismay of the listening Darren.

"Absolutely wonderful Miss Petal, I'll be sure to mention this to Ma'am tonight!"

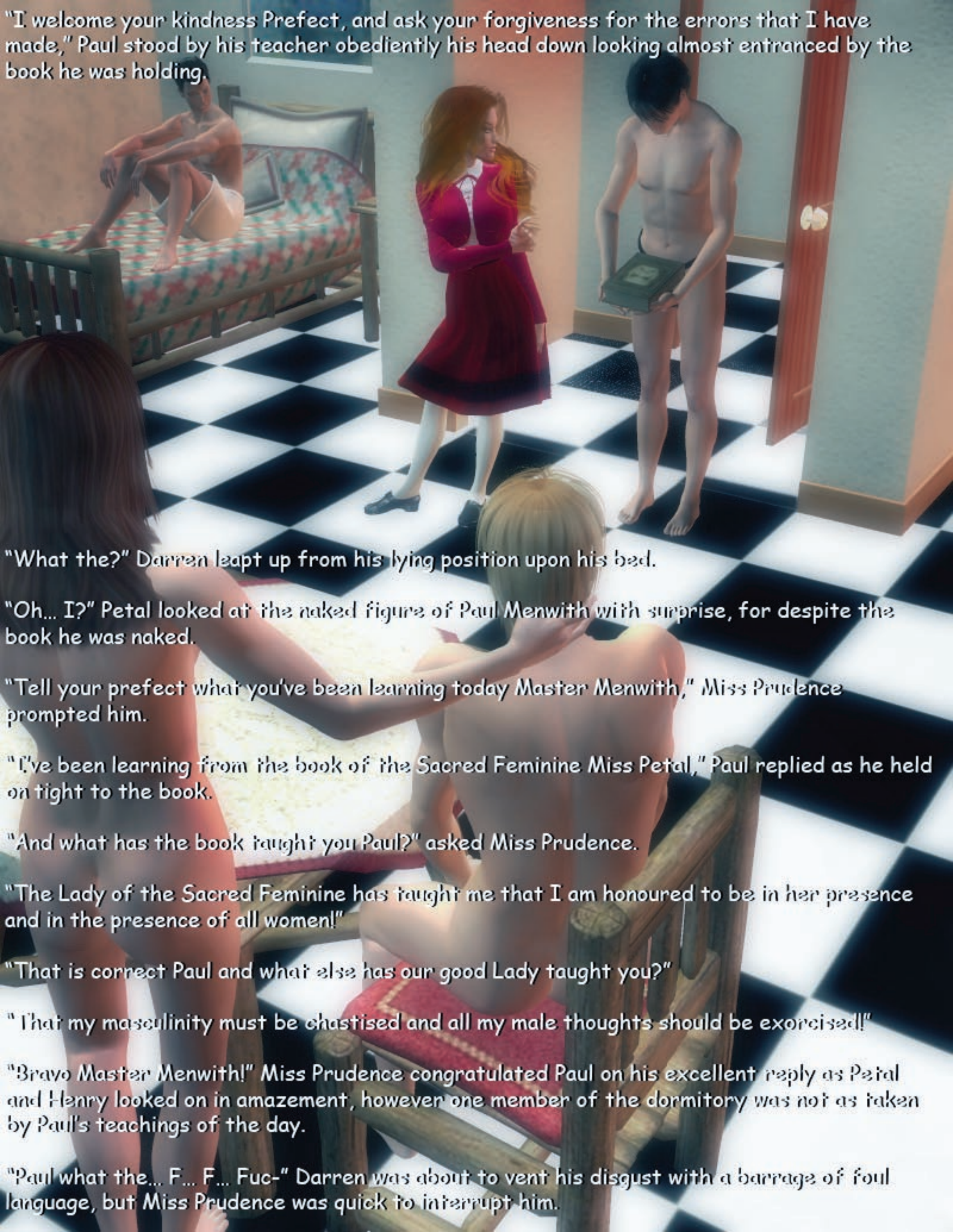
"Thank you Miss Prudence," Petal smiled back.

"Now before I forget... I've come here before lights out to put your minds at ease concerning Master Manwith," Miss Prudence finally revealed the reason for her presence before them this evening.

"Yeah where is he?" Darren enquired from his bed, his head still turned away from everyone.

"As you may know, Master Menwith's attitude and behaviour towards your prefect yesterday evening was rather disgusting and as Master Gabla has already discovered Governess Agatha's retribution is somewhat harrowing... Well to keep it short, Ma'am offered Master Menwith an opportunity to put his rather crass behaviour behind him and make a new start!" Miss Prudence began to reveal. "Now as you are aware this is a highly religious school as well as disciplinarian school and your mothers and of course your grandmother Miss Petal, along with the kind Mrs Masterton have expressed their wishes for all of your religious studies to be heightened, so that you may all graduate to your full potentials... Now I must admit that our Lady of the Sacred Feminine does not hold the weaker sex too her bosom like she does fellow females, but this is not to say that she doesn't consider males for inclusion, because many fine young men have trodden the sacred path and in doing so now enjoy the gifts that Our Lady has bestowed upon them... However the path to the Sacred Feminine is no easy path to follow and there are many tests for young men like you to observe and as you will see from Master Menwith the first test to undertake is one of chastisement!"

Just as the words 'Chastisement' had left Miss Prudence's lips, the figure of Paul Menwith walked in from the corridor where he had been awaiting the signal for him to come forth.



"I welcome your kindness Prefect, and ask your forgiveness for the errors that I have made," Paul stood by his teacher obediently his head down looking almost entranced by the book he was holding.

"What the?" Darren leapt up from his lying position upon his bed.

"Oh... I?" Petal looked at the naked figure of Paul Menwith with surprise, for despite the book he was naked.

"Tell your prefect what you've been learning today Master Menwith," Miss Prudence prompted him.

"I've been learning from the book of the Sacred Feminine Miss Petal," Paul replied as he held on tight to the book.

"And what has the book taught you Paul?" asked Miss Prudence.

"The Lady of the Sacred Feminine has taught me that I am honoured to be in her presence and in the presence of all women!"

"That is correct Paul and what else has our good Lady taught you?"

" That my masculinity must be chastised and all my male thoughts should be exorcised!"

"Bravo Master Menwith!" Miss Prudence congratulated Paul on his excellent reply as Petal and Henry looked on in amazement, however one member of the dormitory was not as taken by Paul's teachings of the day.

"Paul what the... F... F... Fuc-" Darren was about to vent his disgust with a barrage of foul language, but Miss Prudence was quick to interrupt him.

"Silence that tongue immediately boy!" Miss Prudence's calm stance turned as flame red as her hair. "I do not need to spell out the punishment for any filth that falls from your mouth do I?"

"Err... I?" Darren's stoic mantle quavered instantly under the glare of Miss Prudence as she span around to face him, the agonies he had endured at Paul and Henry's misplaced anger, obviously still very much in his thoughts despite the contempt he felt for everyone and anything attached to the school. "No Miss."

"You would do well to follow in your friends footsteps Master Gable!" she began pointing her finger angrily at Darren, "He has chosen to the walk the path of our Sacred Lady and we do not tolerate any blasphemous language or attitudes, so unless you have anything worthy of our Lady for you to say then I'd suggest you take a vow of silence!" Miss Prudence rhetorically put Darren Gable in his place. "So... Do you have anything worthy of our Lady to hear?"

Darren just looked up shocked at the teacher and shook his head slightly.

"Our Lady cannot hear you boy... So you may speak your simple answer!" Miss Prudence allowed the very worried looking young man to reply.

"Err... No," he managed to utter.

"No Miss Prudence!" she demanded, "I do not-" she left the sentence open for him to respond correctly.

"No Miss Prudence, I do not have anything worthy to say," Darren finally replied.

"Good... Now you will bare this little lecture in mind whenever you feel the need to share your unworthy thoughts towards our Order of the Sacred Feminine again!" she once again signalled with her finger for Darren to reply.

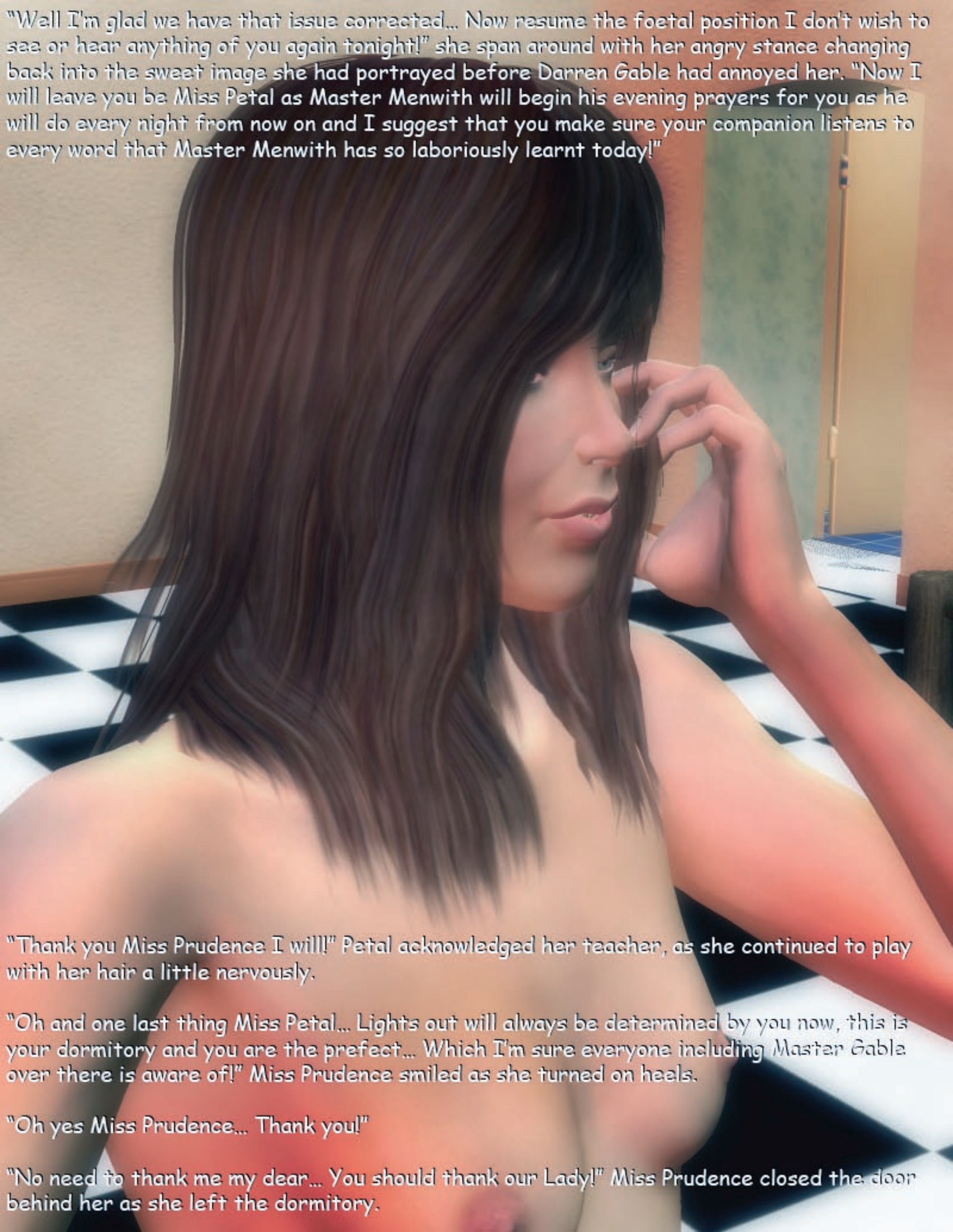
"Yes Miss Prudence... I err... Will bare this lecture in mind," he stuttered nervously.

"Good we're finally getting to understand each other Mr Gable... You've all been here three days now and the allotted time for letting you settling in is over do you hear?"

"Yes Miss Prudence I do," Darren listened obediently.

"You are here to be disciplined in the way our good Lady of the Sacred Feminine has wished and in time you will bear the fruits of her wisdom and generosity, both Master Logan and Master Menwith have learned to obey our Lady's wishes and so will you... Your mother is looking forward to seeing you in a month's time and I'd imagine that you would like to see her?"

"Yes Miss Prudence I do," the mention of his mother coming to see him giving him a little hope.



"Well I'm glad we have that issue corrected... Now resume the foetal position I don't wish to see or hear anything of you again tonight!" she span around with her angry stance changing back into the sweet image she had portrayed before Darren Gable had annoyed her. "Now I will leave you be Miss Petal as Master Menwith will begin his evening prayers for you as he will do every night from now on and I suggest that you make sure your companion listens to every word that Master Menwith has so laboriously learnt today!"

"Thank you Miss Prudence I will!" Petal acknowledged her teacher, as she continued to play with her hair a little nervously.

"Oh and one last thing Miss Petal... Lights out will always be determined by you now, this is your dormitory and you are the prefect... Which I'm sure everyone including Master Gable over there is aware of!" Miss Prudence smiled as she turned on heels.

"Oh yes Miss Prudence... Thank you!"

"No need to thank me my dear... You should thank our Lady!" Miss Prudence closed the door behind her as she left the dormitory.

With Miss Prudence gone Petal's nervousness waned and as she contemplated her words she began to revere in her new found position and although she had been the prefect of the dorm since the Governess had chosen her, her other three roommates had never shown any respect for that position at all and as the red headed teacher had stated, she now had two of her roommates under her control.

"Well Paul, err... Yes come here!" Petal considered what to do with him, "Tell us more about this wonderful book your holding?"

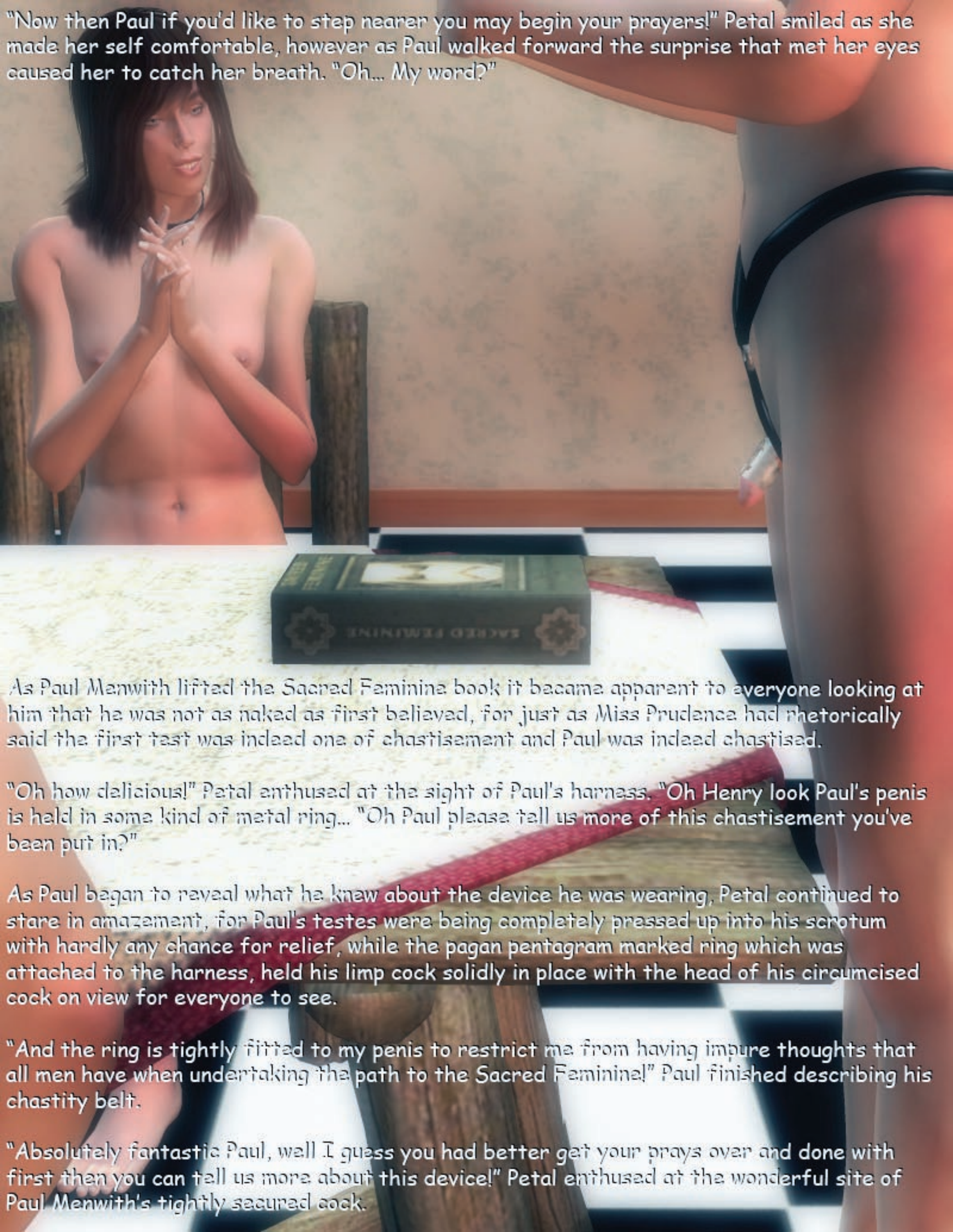
"This sacred book is only given to those who wish to be blessed by the Lady!" Paul replied as if he had been waiting all his life to answer that particular question. "The book makes us see the errors of men and teaches us how to enjoy the wonderments of beauty and all that is feminine!"

"Hmmm fantastic... And is this a view that we will all be sharing after our religious teachings with Miss Prudence?"

"Yes Miss Petal, Miss Prudence is a wonderful teacher and I can't wait for Darren to join me in her lessons tomorrow!" Paul spoke eagerly, as Petal looked over to where Darren was still curled up upon his beds, expecting him to comment on what Paul had just said.

"Wonderful me and Henry will look forward to being tutored by her won't we Henry?" Petal smiled as the awaited return from Darren Gable never arrived.

"Yes Miss Petal we will!" Henry replied obediently as he brought the Order of the Sacred Feminine book over to where his prefect was now seated.



"Now then Paul if you'd like to step nearer you may begin your prayers!" Petal smiled as she made her self comfortable, however as Paul walked forward the surprise that met her eyes caused her to catch her breath. "Oh... My word?"

As Paul Menwith lifted the Sacred Feminine book it became apparent to everyone looking at him that he was not as naked as first believed, for just as Miss Prudence had rhetorically said the first test was indeed one of chastisement and Paul was indeed chastised.

"Oh how delicious!" Petal enthused at the sight of Paul's harness. "Oh Henry look Paul's penis is held in some kind of metal ring... "Oh Paul please tell us more of this chastisement you've been put in?"

As Paul began to reveal what he knew about the device he was wearing, Petal continued to stare in amazement, for Paul's testes were being completely pressed up into his scrotum with hardly any chance for relief, while the pagan pentagram marked ring which was attached to the harness, held his limp cock solidly in place with the head of his circumcised cock on view for everyone to see.

"And the ring is tightly fitted to my penis to restrict me from having impure thoughts that all men have when undertaking the path to the Sacred Feminine!" Paul finished describing his chastity belt.

"Absolutely fantastic Paul, well I guess you had better get your prays over and done with first then you can tell us more about this device!" Petal enthused at the wonderful site of Paul Menwith's tightly secured cock.

"Yes Miss Petal!" Paul replied instantly clasping his hands together and looking up at the ceiling, "Oh Lady of the Sacred Feminine please look over us and cast out our impurities, guide us unto your bosom and let us salivate in your beauty so that we can become whole like you!"

"Is that it Paul?" Petal enquired as the room fell silent.

"Yes Miss Petal, would you like me to repeat the prayer?"

"No Paul that was perfectly fine," Petal tried to stop herself giggling as she realised what she had just witnessed, "Now tell us more about this chastity device you've been given, like what happens if you were to have any impure thoughts for an example hmmm?"

"It would remind me instantly of my oath to our Lady!" Paul replied.

A reply that drew a shake of disgust from Darren as he listened to the conversation his fellow student and friend was having with Peter Lefevre.

"Oh Paul come here and kneel down besides me there's a good boy," Petal ordered him, for the sight of his cock head poking through the metal casing was making it hard for her to concentrate.

Paul did as he was told and knelt down on the floor besides his prefect.

"Yes that's much better... Oh yes Henry I'd prefer it if you stood while our fellow student here tells us all about his chastisement!" Petal began to relish her position of prefect more as both young men did as she commanded. "Excellent, now Paul... I take it that if you was to get hard it would hurt?"

"Yes it would Miss Petal," Paul looked up at his prefect with admiration.

"Absolutely fascinating... So are we all to be fitted with one of these devices?"

"Oh no Miss Petal... Miss Prudence told me that Master Gable and that Master Logan would only be fitted with one if either of them displeased you or our teachers!" Paul revealed.

"And me?" Petal enquired.

"Miss Prudence told me that you are pure and the good Lady has already taken you to her bosom!"

"Well Henry I see I'll have to put my purity to the test tonight!"

"Miss Petal?" Henry looked puzzled.

"Never mind Henry my sweet, I was just thinking out a loud," Petal shrugged her shoulders, "But I do hope you were listening to what dear Paul was saying about you being put into one of these things?"

"Oh yes Miss Petal I did," Henry replied obediently.

"Well just you keep that in mind my sweet," Petal gave Henry a very domineering smile.

"Yes Miss Petal," Henry replied a little dishevelled.

"Now run along to bed sweetheart, I've got a few things I'd like to run by Paul!"

As Henry got into his bed, Petal began to settle into her role of prefect more confidently and began to explain to him the rules and tasks that she would now like to see followed within her dormitory, which for the silently subdued Darren Gable meant that he too would also have to obey, because like Henry and herself both Paul and Darren were shower companions.

"And I want you to both clean the washroom facilities every morning is this understood?" Petal finished her list of tasks that Paul and Darren would now adhere to.

"Yes Miss Petal I will," he acknowledged.

"Good... And of course if you want to use the other facilities in the washroom you can whenever you need to, but you must always have your shower companion with you do you understand?"

"Yes I am to always have Master Gable with me."

"Yes and most importantly you will also tell me everything that your shower companion discloses to you!" Petal finished.

With the lights out Darren Gable stayed in the position he had been ordered to assume, occasionally moving his arms and legs to make himself feel comfortable, however the darkness that surrounded him began to make him feel even more uncomfortable and with all the things he had heard and witnessed this day he began to feel like a little boy lost amongst a forest of strangers, who all seemed determined to make him do something that he did not want to do.

He wanted to go home to feel the warmth of his own bed surrounded by the comforts he had grown accustomed to and his mother, yes he wanted to hear his mother telling him it was time to get up and get dressed because his father was ready to pick him and his younger brother up to go fishing, however the sounds of the dormitory he was in soon shattered that illusion and one particular whispering voice coming from the opposite side of the dorm to him had his hearing piqued to what it was saying.

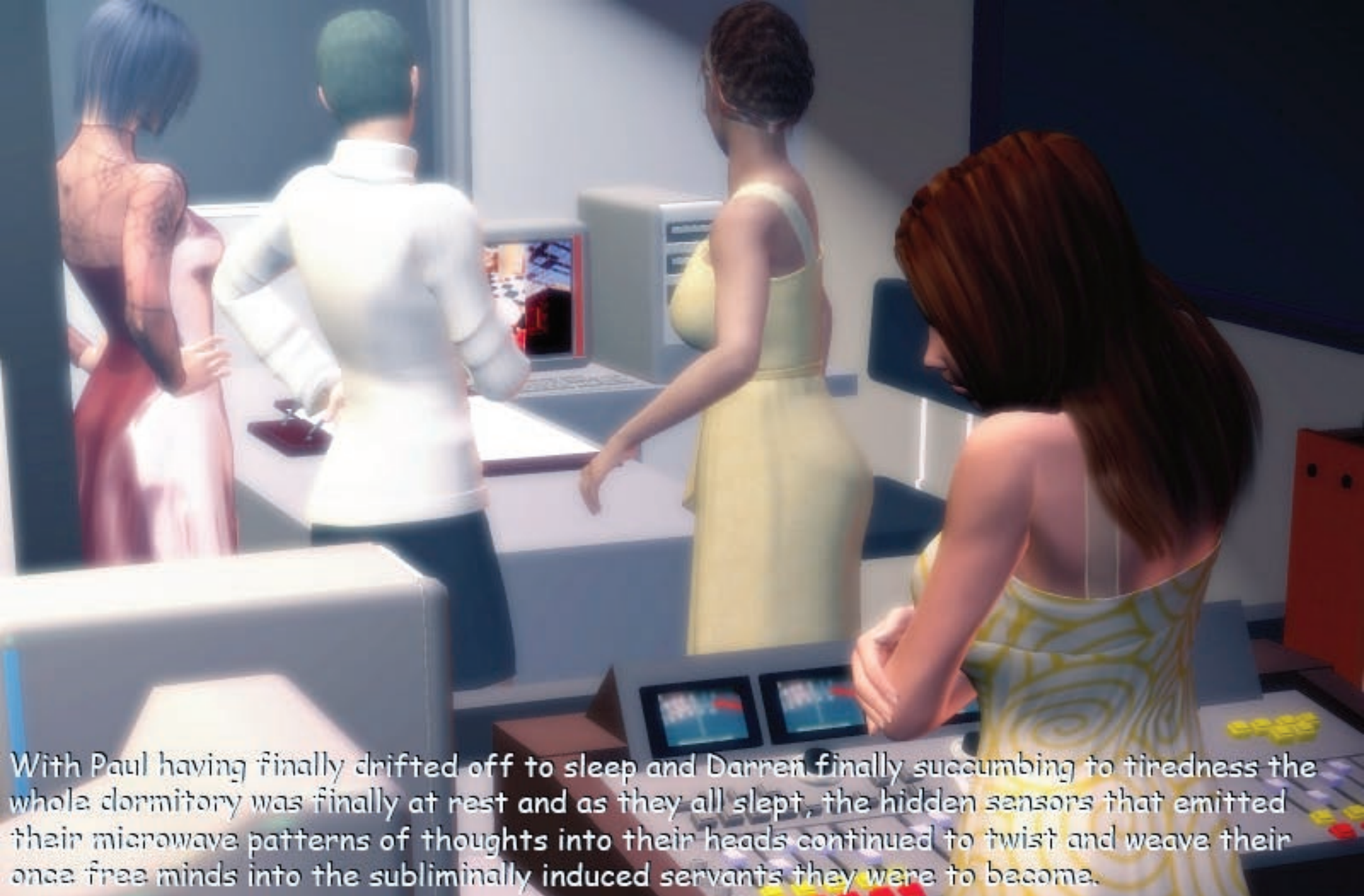
It was his buddy and long time friend Paul.

Optimistically Darren listened out to hear if Paul was expressing regret in accepting Peter Lefevre as his prefect and his promise to obey every ridiculous command asked of him, however as he honed his hearing into what he was saying he realised that he was actually whispering a prayer to the so called Lady of the precious Sacred Feminine that the school seemed so obsessed with teaching them about.

A prayer that sent a shiver down his spine and proved beyond all doubt that his friend Paul Menwith had joined Henry and Peter in accepting their fate, for Paul's whispered prayer was to the lady in the picture above his bed, begging her to forgive him for carrying such an obscene piece of flesh between his legs.

'Oh please please Mom... Please whatever I did I'm sorry... Please get me outta here,' Darren began to beg to his mother in his thoughts, 'I'll never be like dad I 'll promise!' his state of fear causing him to grasp at anything possible that may have contributed to his being here.

With a tear falling from his eye Darren Gable tried to blot out his brainwashed friends recurring whispered prayer, but this evening of realisation and restlessness was not going to be the first for him and as he closed his watering eyes, he once again prayed for his mother to come and get him.



With Paul having finally drifted off to sleep and Darren finally succumbing to tiredness the whole dormitory was finally at rest and as they all slept, the hidden sensors that emitted their microwave patterns of thoughts into their heads continued to twist and weave their once free minds into the subliminally induced servants they were to become.

Yet further away from the dormitory and those hidden devices was the room that contained all the equipment that was used to monitor and administer their new thoughts, a room that when finally configured would have cameras, sensors and microphones within every cottage and home in the village of Dolan.

Yet all was not well as should have been expected within the control room, for something had alerted the Governess Agatha to a potential problem with one of the dormitories residents and as the two young ladies who attended the equipment scoured the last four hours of video footage, the Governess and Lady Dolan were deep in thought.

"So Ismae have you spoken to the Farm concerning this discrepancy?" Governess Agatha asked the young black operator.

"No Ma'am I thought I would show you first," Ismae replied.

"Good girl, so have you and Cherry checked the audio files that are used for this subject?"

"Yes Ma'am, Miss Cherry has spent over two hours going through Master Gables audio files and their does not appear to be a sign of one glitch!" Ismae replied.

"Very well Ismae, you've done well in reporting this as soon as you noticed it," Governess Agatha responded, pleased that the two girls had been vigilant in their work.

"So as you can see Lady Rosemary, Mr Gable's subliminal programming has still yet to show any signs of surfacing, he's either a very clever young man or has somehow become immune to our drugs!" Agatha sighed.

"And you've tried a stronger dose?" Lady Dolan enquired.

"Oh yes Ma'am we have, but Mr Gable does not seem to be responding to it at all!" Ismae replied.

"Hmmm I see," Lady Dolan began to surmise, "Perhaps our Mr Gable has something within his psyche that is blocking the drugs and closing of the receptacle within his neurological system?"

"Indeed that would be evident, but I must skip to the reason I've called you here tonight, for is not just to show you the problem my assistants have found, but to enlist your help," Governess Agatha revealed her summoning at such a late hour in the evening. "You see normally we would contact the Farm and they would send some doctor to address the problem, but that would entail the subject being broken psychologically and placed in solitary confinement… And that would mean young Mr Gable would suffer weeks of mental torture and having placed many young criminally convicted men through that process I would not feel at ease subjecting a young man who has never committed a crime to such adverse methods of programming!"

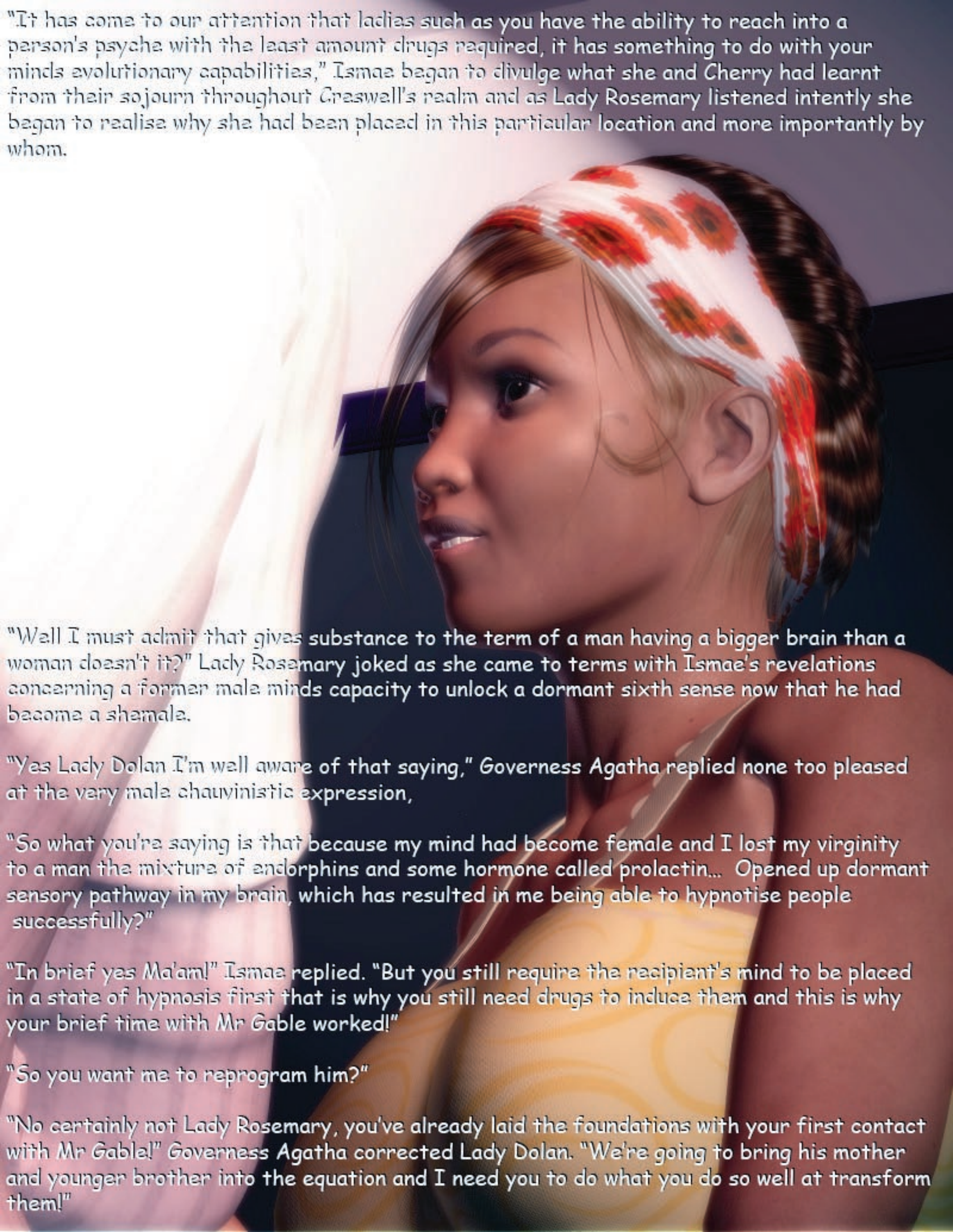
"And you want me to do what exactly?"

"Ismae?"

"Well Ma'am, Me and Cherry have thought hard about this problem and we've both been witness to other methods employed by our hierarchical Mistresses and Sisters and we're both aware that?" the young black girl hesitated as she looked at Governess Agatha and back at Lady Dolan.

"It's perfectly fine my dear," Governess Agatha knew that the two girls would be going against protocol if any of them divulged what they had seen or learned at Cresswell's laboratories and facilities before.

"It has come to our attention that ladies such as you have the ability to reach into a person's psyche with the least amount drugs required, it has something to do with your minds evolutionary capabilities," Ismae began to divulge what she and Cherry had learnt from their sojourn throughout Craswell's realm and as Lady Rosemary listened intently she began to realise why she had been placed in this particular location and more importantly by whom.



"Well I must admit that gives substance to the term of a man having a bigger brain than a woman doesn't it?" Lady Rosemary joked as she came to terms with Ismae's revelations concerning a former male minds capacity to unlock a dormant sixth sense now that he had become a shemale.

"Yes Lady Dolan I'm well aware of that saying," Governess Agatha replied none too pleased at the very male chauvinistic expression,

"So what you're saying is that because my mind had become female and I lost my virginity to a man the mixture of endorphins and some hormone called prolactin... Opened up dormant sensory pathway in my brain, which has resulted in me being able to hypnotise people successfully?"

"In brief yes Ma'am!" Ismae replied. "But you still require the recipient's mind to be placed in a state of hypnosis first that is why you still need drugs to induce them and this is why your brief time with Mr Gable worked!"

"So you want me to reprogram him?"

"No certainly not Lady Rosemary, you've already laid the foundations with your first contact with Mr Gable!" Governess Agatha corrected Lady Dolan. "We're going to bring his mother and younger brother into the equation and I need you to do what you do so well at transform them!"

"But how are you going to persevere with Master Gable if your equipment does not work on him?"

"Ma'am the key to unlocking Master Gable's mind is to have him believe that everything is fine, the arrival of his mother will reduce his stress levels and then we can initiate a program that will work on his subliminal and through his mother we can nurture it and then make it grow like the flower he is to become!" Ismae explained.

"I'm... Well... Amazed at your intelligence Ismae," Lady Dolan smiled at the girl, "Are you and Cherry like me?"

"Oh no Ma'am I'm a genetic female and so is Cherry I'm afraid!" Ismae replied warmly.

"Yes Lady Rosemary Ismae and Cherry have been with me for ten years now haven't you?" Governess Agatha cut in.

"Yes we have... And Ma'am has been like a mother to us too!"

"You look somewhat surprised Lady Rosemary?" Governess Agatha could see the perplexed look in Lady Dolan's face.

"Well yes I am... I thought?"

"You see I don't just change unruly young men into objects of feminine grace, but I also change unruly young girls like Ismae and Cherry once were, into delightful creatures too!" Governess Agatha began to reveal how both of them had been back and forth between detention centres since they were thirteen and had fallen in with a group of young men, who led them further down the path of destruction. "Now they both possess finesses and awareness to the foils of men and like me follow the Sacred Feminine and they would do anything I ask of them!"

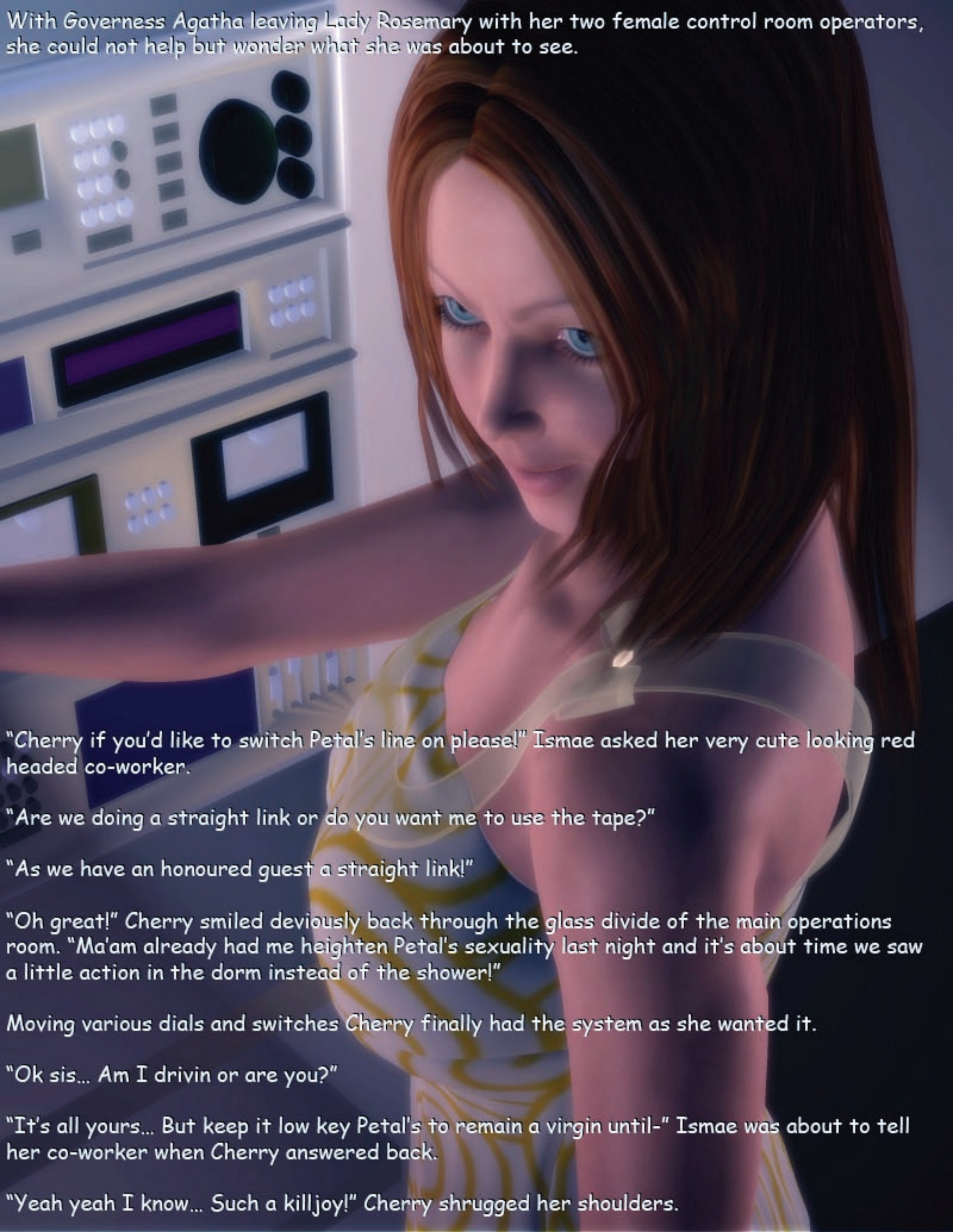
"Truly wonderful," Lady Rosemary gasped at the story, "And from what I can see and hear already... You've blossomed into such an intelligent young woman Ismae!"

"Thank you Ma'am," Ismae replied with a smile.

"In fact Lady Rosemary why don't you stay and see my two girls at work?" Governess Agatha asked.

"Well I don't want to?"

"Please Ma'am it will be an honour to show you what we do with these sleeping minds!" Ismae welcomed Lady Dolan's stay.



With Governess Agatha leaving Lady Rosemary with her two female control room operators, she could not help but wonder what she was about to see.

"Cherry if you'd like to switch Petal's line on please!" Ismae asked her very cute looking red headed co-worker.

"Are we doing a straight link or do you want me to use the tape?"

"As we have an honoured guest a straight link!"

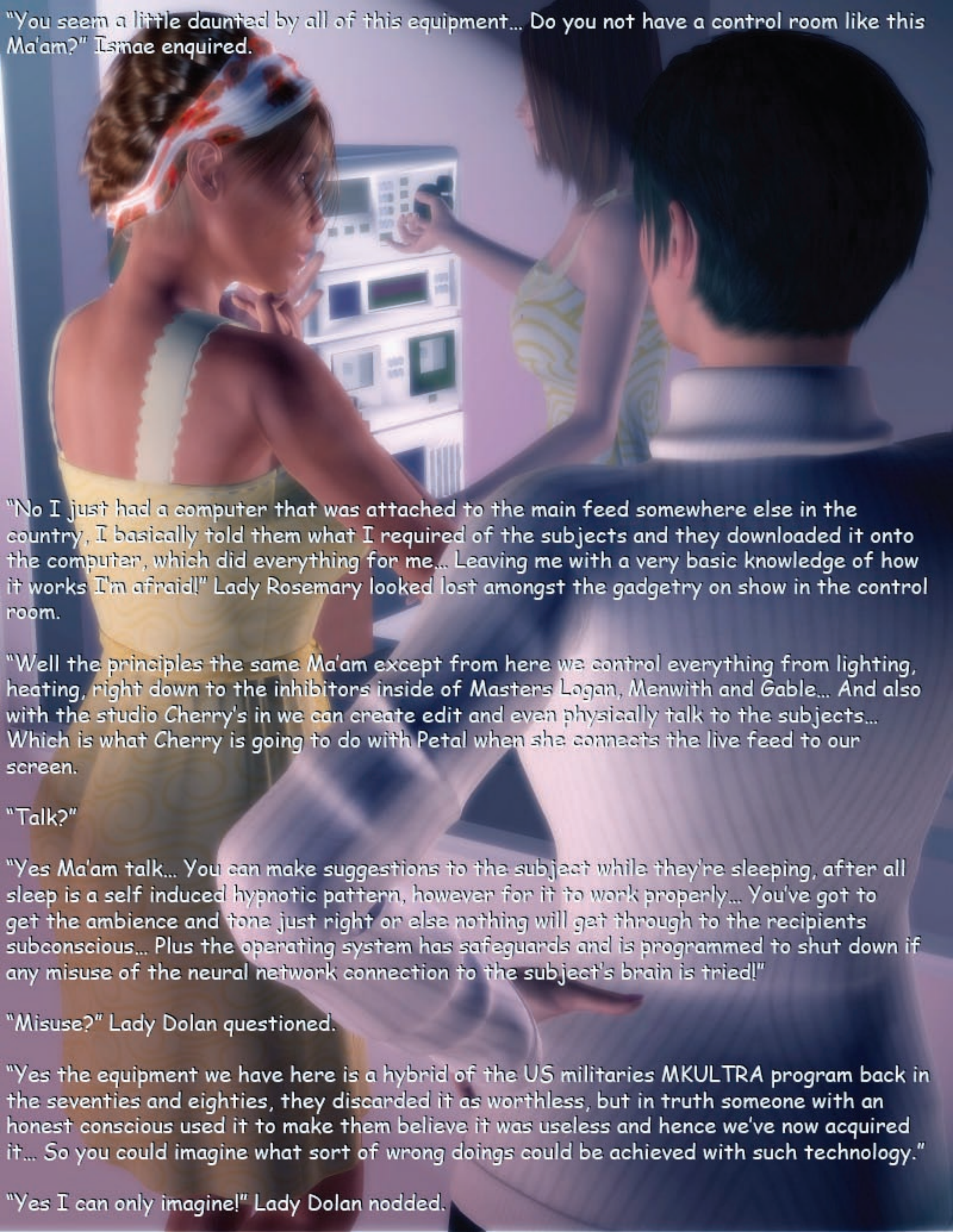
"Oh great!" Cherry smiled deviously back through the glass divide of the main operations room. "Ma'am already had me heighten Petal's sexuality last night and it's about time we saw a little action in the dorm instead of the shower!"

Moving various dials and switches Cherry finally had the system as she wanted it.

"Ok sis... Am I drivin or are you?"

"It's all yours... But keep it low key Petal's to remain a virgin until-" Ismae was about to tell her co-worker when Cherry answered back.

"Yeah yeah I know... Such a killjoy!" Cherry shrugged her shoulders.



"You seem a little daunted by all of this equipment... Do you not have a control room like this Ma'am?" Ismae enquired.

"No I just had a computer that was attached to the main feed somewhere else in the country, I basically told them what I required of the subjects and they downloaded it onto the computer, which did everything for me... Leaving me with a very basic knowledge of how it works I'm afraid!" Lady Rosemary looked lost amongst the gadgetry on show in the control room.

"Well the principles the same Ma'am except from here we control everything from lighting, heating, right down to the inhibitors inside of Masters Logan, Menwith and Gable... And also with the studio Cherry's in we can create edit and even physically talk to the subjects... Which is what Cherry is going to do with Petal when she connects the live feed to our screen.

"Talk?"

"Yes Ma'am talk... You can make suggestions to the subject while they're sleeping, after all sleep is a self induced hypnotic pattern, however for it to work properly... You've got to get the ambience and tone just right or else nothing will get through to the recipients subconscious... Plus the operating system has safeguards and is programmed to shut down if any misuse of the neural network connection to the subject's brain is tried!"

"Misuse?" Lady Dolan questioned.

"Yes the equipment we have here is a hybrid of the US militaries MKULTRA program back in the seventies and eighties, they discarded it as worthless, but in truth someone with an honest conscious used it to make them believe it was useless and hence we've now acquired it... So you could imagine what sort of wrong doings could be achieved with such technology."

"Yes I can only imagine!" Lady Dolan nodded.

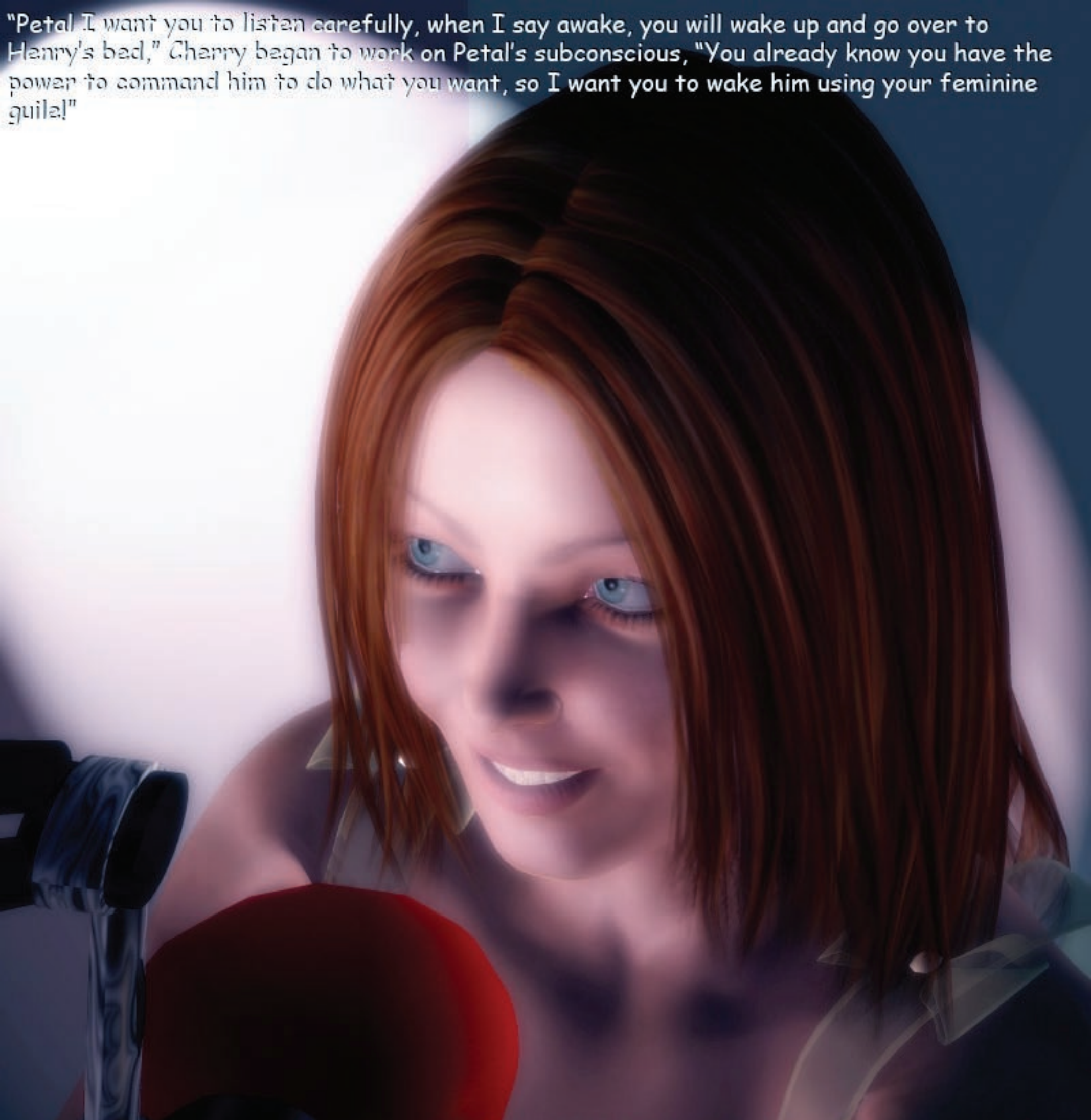
"Ok sis we're ready to rock'n'roll!" Cherry motioned through that she was ready to go.

"Here we go Ma'am!" Ismae turned Lady Dolan's attention back to the LCD display up on the wall.

Lady Rosemary watched as the lights in the sleeping dormitory gently turned the darkened room into a more subtle tone of dusk with the lights surrounding one of the sleeping young men's bed becoming more visible, however as she watched the show that was about to unfold up on the screen, she could not help wonder about the gift that Ismae had told her that she had.

In fact the more she considered what she had been told about male virgins and their unusual chemical imbalance when their minds had been crafted into a females mind, the more she began to think of Alison and how she too could learn to master the art of hypnosis like she had done, however as the very feminine shape of Petal appeared on the screen, Lady Dolan's mind soon drifted onto this former young and very much virginal man.

A thought that she would keep posted in the back of her mind for when she met with the Governess once again.



"Petal I want you to listen carefully, when I say awake, you will wake up and go over to Henry's bed," Cherry began to work on Petal's subconscious, "You already know you have the power to command him to do what you want, so I want you to wake him using your feminine guile!"

As Cherry continued to orchestrate Petal's midnight flit, Lady Dolan's mind was still pondering on the news of her special gift and the gene that made it possible, which as staggering as she found it, was most definitely in Alison and would also be in the young feminised man now up on the screen, however as the scenario continued in the dormitory on the LCD screen up above, Lady Rosemary's mind was far from the spectacle unveiling, for she was beginning to realise that this Governess had very cleverly revealed to her something that many of the true women within the hierarchy of Cresswell's would fear and considering her own matriarchal leader, Madame Grace, was also skilled in manipulation and mind control there had to be a specific reason why, but that answer would have to wait.

As Henry slept on his back his arms lying high up on the huge silk pillows that all their beds had been laden with, he was unaware of the soft lighting that illuminated his bed and the figure of Petal standing over him.

Delicately Petal lifted Henry's bed cover and with a cheeky grin she peered beneath it.
"Hmmmm delicious!" she sighed wantonly as she could see Henry's cock.

Pulling back the blanket fully Petal gently sat down besides him and looked expectantly down at his groin, then moving her hand onto his groin she swept away the mass of loose pubic hairs that had once sat proudly above his cock and around his scrotum and began to massage the softness of Henry's genitalia.

"H... H... Hey whaaaaaaa... What're ya doin?" Henry awoke to the feel of a hand stroking his genitals

"Shhh... We don't wanna wake the others!" Petal replied quietly, "I'm just feeling you're gorgeously soft cock!"

"Uh oh yeah Miss Petal sorry," Henry whispered back confused as to why she had woken him up.

"Look my dear you're as soft as me down here... Isn't it wonderful?"

"What?" Henry lifted his head of his pillow and stared down at his hairless lower abdomen. "But how?"

"It doesn't matter how my dear, what matters is you're like your prefect all smooth like a baby's bottom... And so yummy!"

"But it was?"

"Shhh my sweet, look at it as a gift for your prefect all that horrid hair is gone down there now," Petal sighed as she moved up onto Henry's bed.

"Wh... What're ya doing now Miss Petal?" Henry became confused as his prefect clambered up onto him.

"Your prefect wishes to cuddle with her shower companion!" Petal sighed sexily as hovered over him jiggling her small but defined breasts deliberately, "Do you like your prefect's breasts huh?"

"Errr yeah there errrr... But Miss Petal the others?"

"If their prefect wants to cuddle up with her shower companion then she shall!" Petal was soon astride her shower companion as her hands cleverly pulled the blanket up between their lower abdomens.

"I err... Suppose so-" Henry was completely taken aback as his prefect was now on top of him and had began to nuzzle his neck with her nose and kiss his earlobe.

"Shhh my sweet," Petal began to plant kisses strategically over his neck and head.

For Henry there was now no turning back, his feminised prefect was on top of him rubbing her breasts across his chest and gently and erotically kissing him into submission.

All thoughts concerning her once being Peter Lefevre were a distant memory lodged securely in the back of his mind and despite his real voice's pleas the new stronger voice that now seemed to caress his thoughts and make him accept what was happening to him had easily won the short battle for identity.

'Yessss she's sooooooooo good,' Henry's new voice enjoyed the sensation of Petal's lips as they skirted over his neck and sensuously kissed his lobes, while the blanket between their groins continued to keep a barrier between both of their slowly engorging cocks.

"Kiss me my sweet!" Petal breathed sensuously as her lips hovered over Henry's.

"Yes Miss Petal," Henry obliged his prefect, as his tongue met hers with equal passion, the feel of her breasts and the smell of her body overpowering any other thoughts than to please himself with her taste.

Ismae and Cherry had been true to their words, despite Cherry wanting to make the embrace of the two former school friends more steamy, for Petal and her shower companion would now be inseparable and with Henry's new mindset and voice now in place, it would not be long before a new girl announced her arrival within the dorm.

An arrival that would add to the increasingly frightening and desperate surroundings that Darren Gable's mother had unwittingly placed him in and as Harriet Gable's son slept unhindered by the technology that had now claimed the other three former school colleagues, little did she know that she and her other younger son were about to play a major role, in what was to Darren, becoming his ever increasing nightmare.

With the machinations of the Cresswell owned school flowering around them Petal and Henry fell asleep in each others arms, their bond now complete and when the dawn heralded another day the sight of these two students huddled lovingly together in bed, would become a very common feature every morning within the dormitory.

Chapter 18

Rescue

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2008

"Miss Petal it's wonderful to see you so bright and cheery?" Miss Bunny noted the spring in her high heeled step as she came prancing into the classroom on a pair of very high heeled laced platformed shoes, followed as ever and obediently by Henry.

"Master Logan," the teacher nodded at him.

"Yes good morning Miss Bunny," he replied just as cheerful as Petal, as he took his position besides her in their eagerly awaited daily lesson.

"Henry is so excited about today aren't you Henry?" Petal motioned for Henry to reply.

"Oh yes Miss Bunny I am!"

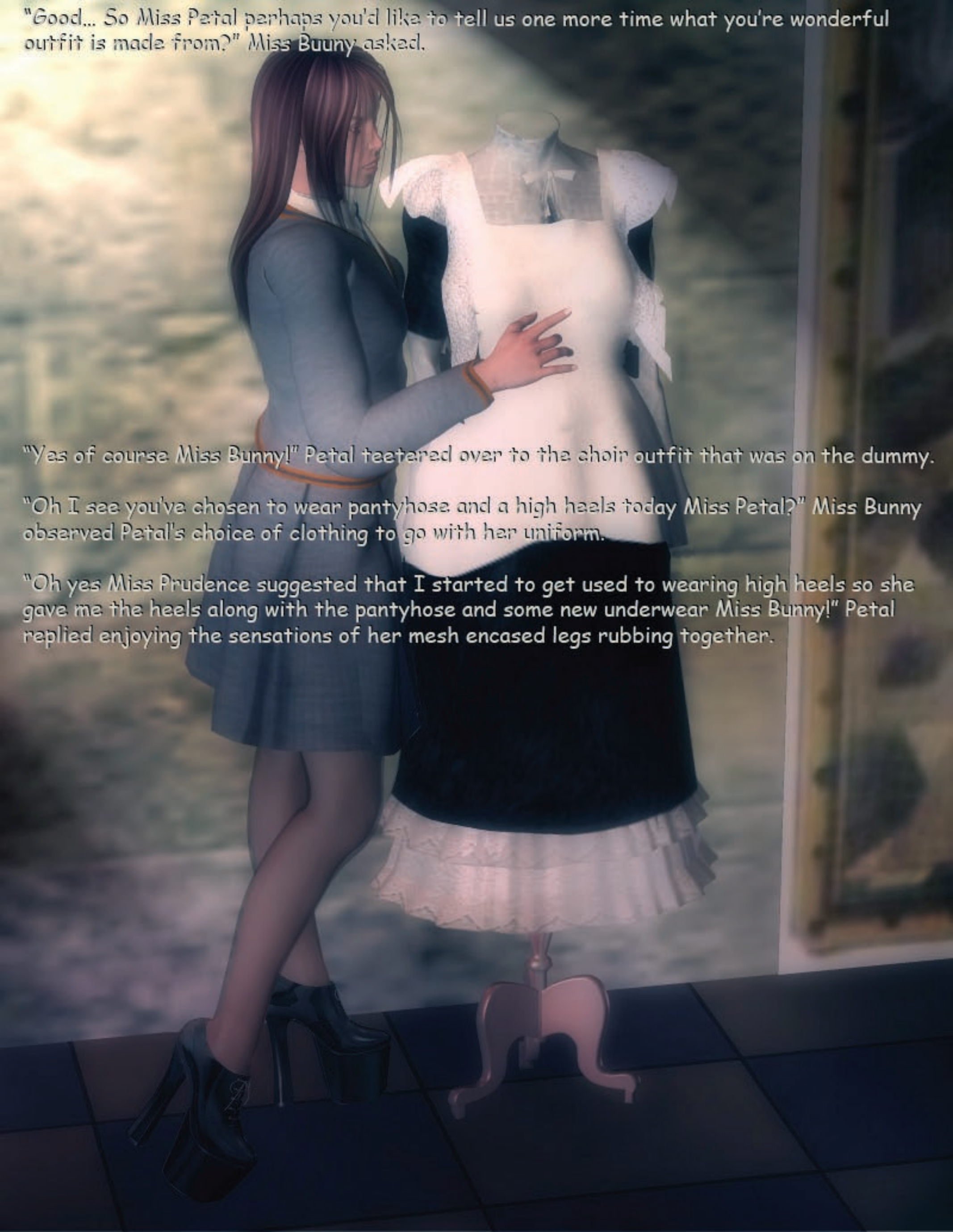
"Oh and why is that?" Miss Bunny replied, feigning surprise.

"Miss Petal gets to try on the choir outfit!"

"Yes that's right, Master Logan... But more importantly do you know how to recreate the outfit?"

"Oh yes Miss Bunny, I've taken in ever lesson you've given me concerning seam stressing!" Henry replied enthusiastically.

"Good... So Miss Petal perhaps you'd like to tell us one more time what you're wonderful outfit is made from?" Miss Buuny asked.

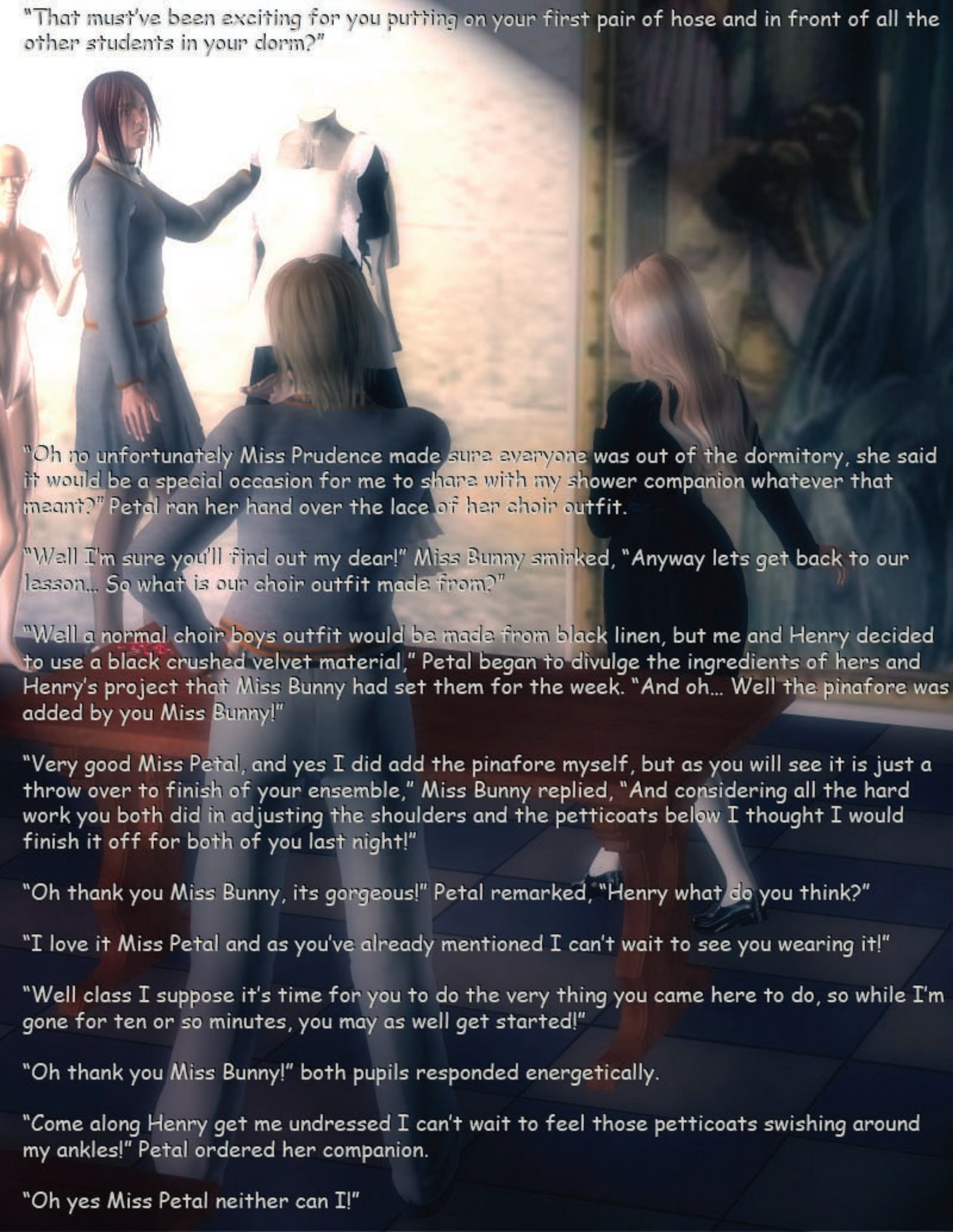


"Yes of course Miss Bunny!" Petal teetered over to the choir outfit that was on the dummy.

"Oh I see you've chosen to wear pantyhose and a high heels today Miss Petal?" Miss Bunny observed Petal's choice of clothing to go with her uniform.

"Oh yes Miss Prudence suggested that I started to get used to wearing high heels so she gave me the heels along with the pantyhose and some new underwear Miss Bunny!" Petal replied enjoying the sensations of her mesh encased legs rubbing together.

"That must've been exciting for you putting on your first pair of hose and in front of all the other students in your dorm?"



"Oh no unfortunately Miss Prudence made sure everyone was out of the dormitory, she said it would be a special occasion for me to share with my shower companion whatever that meant?" Petal ran her hand over the lace of her choir outfit.

"Well I'm sure you'll find out my dear!" Miss Bunny smirked, "Anyway lets get back to our lesson... So what is our choir outfit made from?"

"Well a normal choir boys outfit would be made from black linen, but me and Henry decided to use a black crushed velvet material," Petal began to divulge the ingredients of hers and Henry's project that Miss Bunny had set them for the week. "And oh... Well the pinafore was added by you Miss Bunny!"

"Very good Miss Petal, and yes I did add the pinafore myself, but as you will see it is just a throw over to finish of your ensemble," Miss Bunny replied, "And considering all the hard work you both did in adjusting the shoulders and the petticoats below I thought I would finish it off for both of you last night!"

"Oh thank you Miss Bunny, its gorgeous!" Petal remarked, "Henry what do you think?"

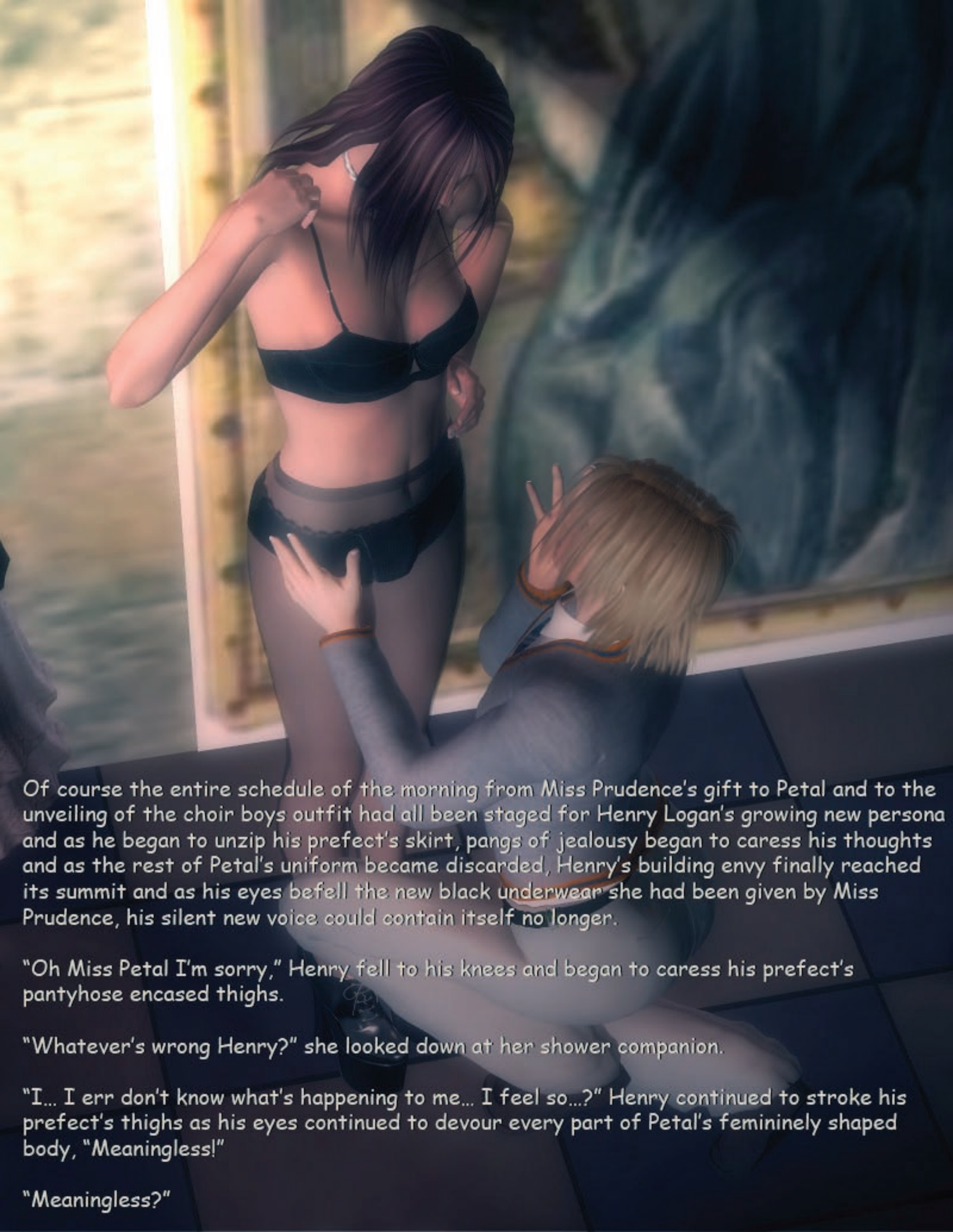
"I love it Miss Petal and as you've already mentioned I can't wait to see you wearing it!"

"Well class I suppose it's time for you to do the very thing you came here to do, so while I'm gone for ten or so minutes, you may as well get started!"

"Oh thank you Miss Bunny!" both pupils responded energetically.

"Come along Henry get me undressed I can't wait to feel those petticoats swishing around my ankles!" Petal ordered her companion.

"Oh yes Miss Petal neither can I!"



Of course the entire schedule of the morning from Miss Prudence's gift to Petal and to the unveiling of the choir boys outfit had all been staged for Henry Logan's growing new persona and as he began to unzip his prefect's skirt, pangs of jealousy began to caress his thoughts and as the rest of Petal's uniform became discarded, Henry's building envy finally reached its summit and as his eyes befell the new black underwear she had been given by Miss Prudence, his silent new voice could contain itself no longer.

"Oh Miss Petal I'm sorry," Henry fell to his knees and began to caress his prefect's pantyhose encased thighs.

"Whatever's wrong Henry?" she looked down at her shower companion.

"I... I err don't know what's happening to me... I feel so...?" Henry continued to stroke his prefect's thighs as his eyes continued to devour every part of Petal's femininely shaped body, "Meaningless!"

"Meaningless?"

"I know I'm a man... But seeing your naked body every day and having it up against mine every night and now looking upon you wearing such gorgeous underwear it has... Oh prefect I'm sorry I want to be like you... There I said it!" Henry finally stated his problem.

"Oh you poor young man I didn't know I had such a devastating effect on you!" Petal replied stroking Henry's hair, which over the past few days had began to grow in volume.

I'm sorry Miss Petal, but I know that I get hard whenever we're naked together, but it's not because I like your beautiful body near mine... It's because I want to have a body like yours so much and the thought that my body could be changed into something as beautiful as yours is what makes me excited!"

"Oh I... Err... Don't know what to say Henry?" Petal looked down at her shower companion rather surprised from his sudden revelations. "I never imagined that anyone else could feel so enviable of me becoming a girl and especially such a strong young man like you?"

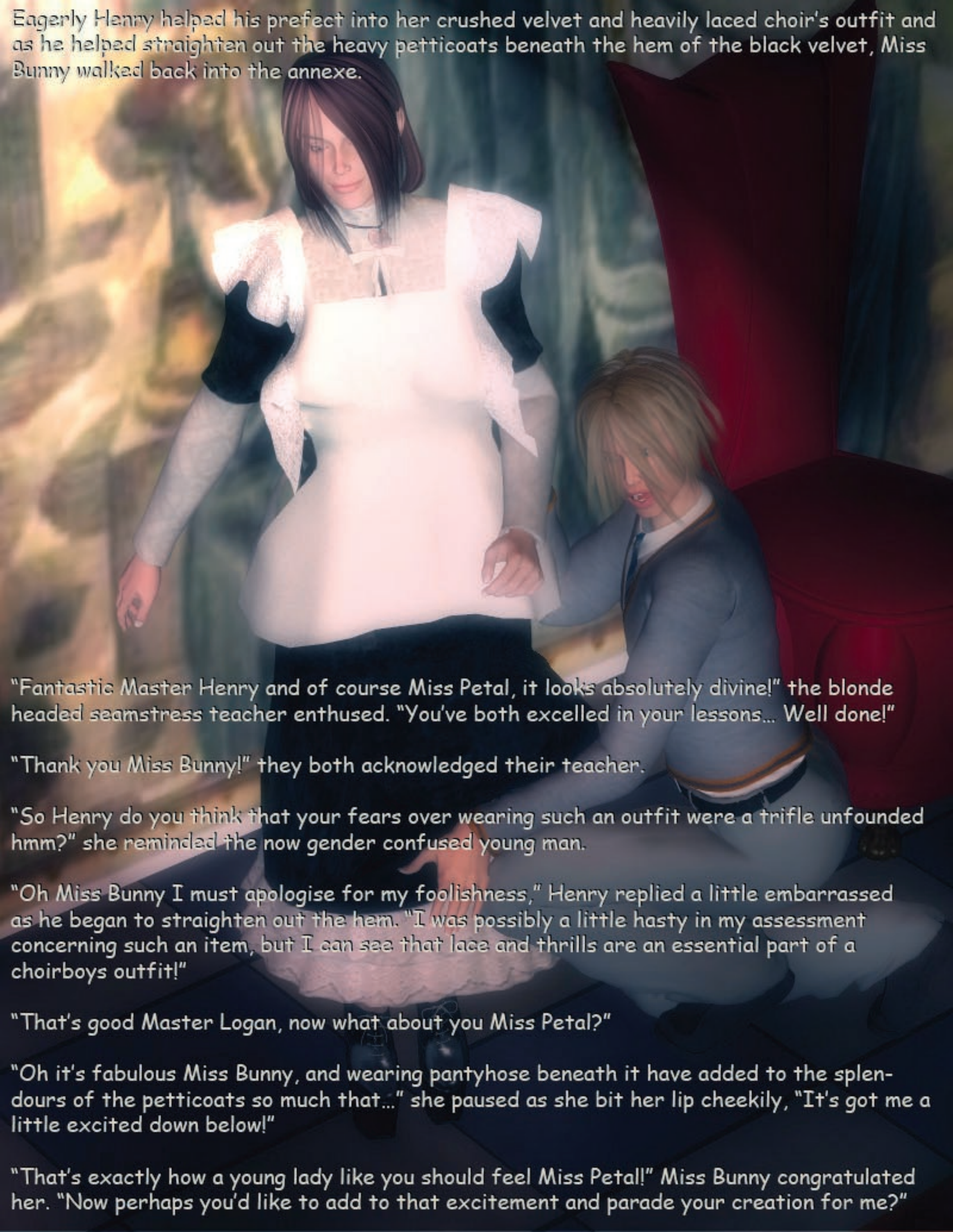
"I'm sorry Miss Petal," Henry looked up at her sadly. "But I don't like my body... I wanna be curved and sexy like you... I want the Lady of the Sacred Feminine to welcome and bless me like she has done you!"

"Well I guess we can speak to Ma'am about this and see if she can find a way to help you!"

"Oh yes please Miss Petal... Please!" Henry's feminine voice was now beginning to take full control of his thoughts.

"Well help me get into my choir outfit and I'll think about it!" Petal replied soothingly as she began to revel in the mystifying exhilaration she was feeling at standing before one of her fellow students in her new bra, panties, heels and hose.

Eagerly Henry helped his prefect into her crushed velvet and heavily laced choir's outfit and as he helped straighten out the heavy petticoats beneath the hem of the black velvet, Miss Bunny walked back into the annexe.



"Fantastic Master Henry and of course Miss Petal, it looks absolutely divine!" the blonde headed seamstress teacher enthused. "You've both excelled in your lessons... Well done!"

"Thank you Miss Bunny!" they both acknowledged their teacher.

"So Henry do you think that your fears over wearing such an outfit were a trifle unfounded hmm?" she reminded the now gender confused young man.

"Oh Miss Bunny I must apologise for my foolishness," Henry replied a little embarrassed as he began to straighten out the hem. "I was possibly a little hasty in my assessment concerning such an item, but I can see that lace and thrills are an essential part of a choirboys outfit!"

"That's good Master Logan, now what about you Miss Petal?"

"Oh it's fabulous Miss Bunny, and wearing pantyhose beneath it have added to the splendours of the petticoats so much that..." she paused as she bit her lip cheekily, "It's got me a little excited down below!"

"That's exactly how a young lady like you should feel Miss Petal!" Miss Bunny congratulated her. "Now perhaps you'd like to add to that excitement and parade your creation for me?"

"Oh yes I would love to!" Petal was instantly clicking her high heeled way down the aisle proudly.

"Isn't she just fabulous Master Logan?" Bunny began to feed Henry's feminine craving a little more, "She looks so natural as a girl doesn't she?"

"Yes Miss Bunny she does," he replied, his new feminine set mind envying Petal with every step she took.

"So Miss Petal do you have any unresolved lingering thoughts concerning what you've learnt this week with me?" Miss Bunny enquired.

"Oh no Miss Bunny, it's been just a perfect week!" she continued to beat a rhythm with her heels in time to the throbbing in her panties.

"Master Logan?"

"Yes Miss Bunny I do," Henry held up his hand, his own excitement from seeing the choirboys outfit on Petal evident in his expression.

"Continue my dear!"

"Well err... When can I start on my own outfit?" he asked.

"That's a good question my dear... And the answer will be tomorrow, in fact you'll both be spending your weekends making various outfits from now on!" as the weekdays will now be spent learning other essential things!"

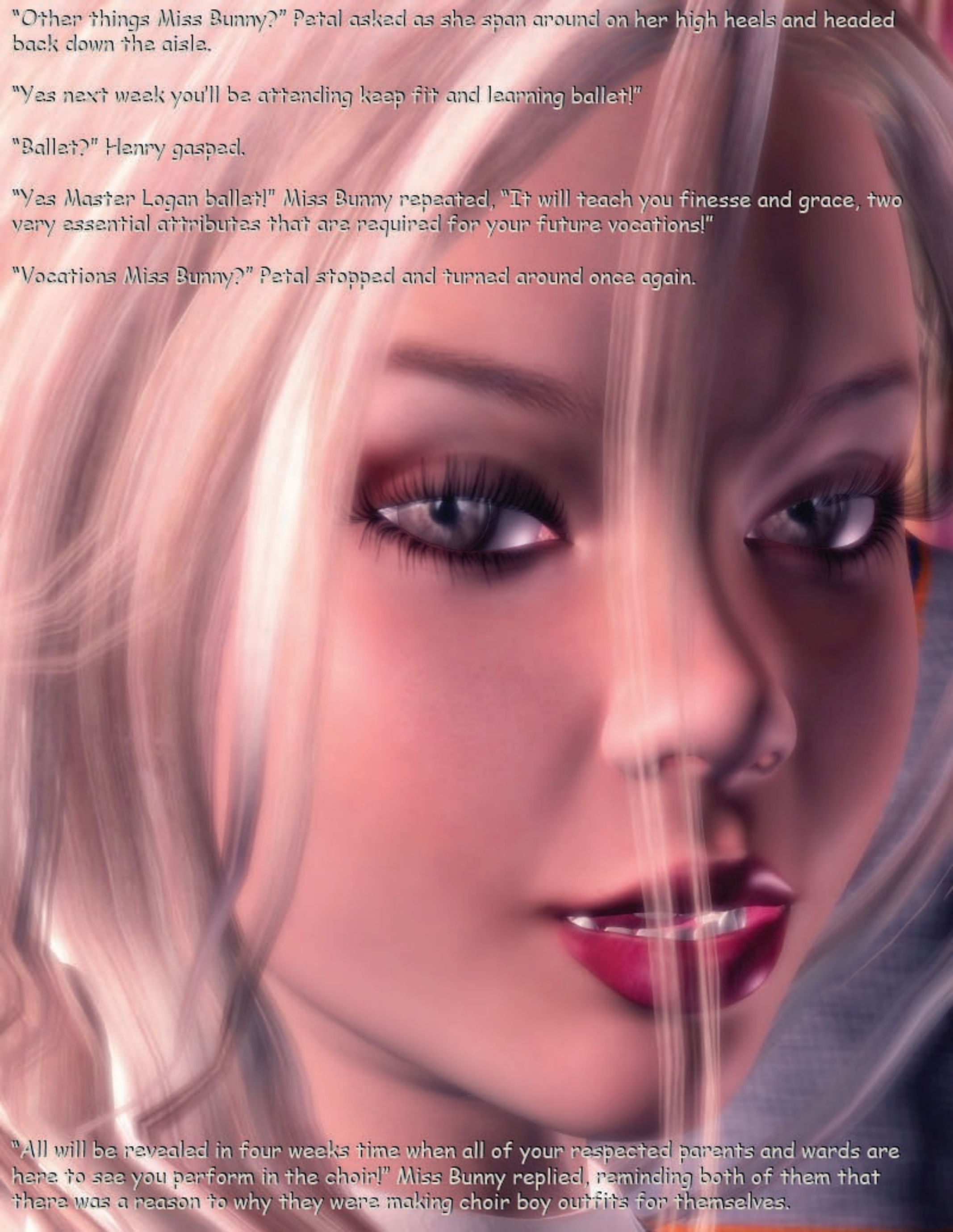
"Other things Miss Bunny?" Petal asked as she span around on her high heels and headed back down the aisle.

"Yes next week you'll be attending keep fit and learning ballet!"

"Ballet?" Henry gasped.

"Yes Master Logan ballet!" Miss Bunny repeated, "It will teach you finesse and grace, two very essential attributes that are required for your future vocations!"

"Vocations Miss Bunny?" Petal stopped and turned around once again.



"All will be revealed in four weeks time when all of your respected parents and wards are here to see you perform in the choir!" Miss Bunny replied, reminding both of them that there was a reason to why they were making choir boy outfits for themselves.

While the week had gone quick for most of the students in the dormitory, one particular student's week had dragged by slowly and with the weekend arriving Darren Gable had heard and seen more than enough.

His last vestige of hope, Paul, had succumbed to the madness that had spread from Peter to Henry and since that evening he had returned naked, chastised and babbling strange religious vitriol, he had continued to dedicate his time to the school's rather strange female orientated religion.

Refusing to move from his bed except to use the toilet, eat or drink, Darren knew hat he was running a risk of being punished, however after two days of no repercussions for his refusal to acknowlegde anyone, he felt that his vow of silence had somehow worked to his advantage.

However as he lay nonchantly upon his bed the sound of feet from the corridor alerted him.

"It's Probably that weirdo Lefevre returning for another gay romp with Logan in their precious showers!" he huffed quietly to himself as waited for them to enter, Urgh its disgustin just thinking about it!"

"Good afternoon Darren!" the voice of the Governess started him.

"Err... Oh it's you," he barely raised an eyebrow for the woman.

"Well Darren it's good to see you haven't lost your voice after all," Governess Agatha stared down at him, her choice of clothing reflecting that there was indeed an arrival of someone from outside of the order, for her blouse, skirt and laced collar, was very eighteenth century in its design and more fitting for the authoritarian school mistress she was portraying, "But anyway there are some guests who I've invited here to see you!"

"Guests?"

"Yes... I'm sorry Mrs Gable but I did say that your Darren had gone on some ritual of disobeying us at every opportunity he can... So I apologise for the way he's dressed!"

"Yes Darren I invited your mother to come and see for herself what disruption you've caused the other students and my teachers by this obstinate stance you've chosen to take!"

"Darren what an earth?" Harriet Gable looked over to her son, while her younger son Jeremy stood by her side.

"Mum... You've err?"

"Yes me and Mrs Masterton felt it was only fair for Master's Menwith, Logan and Lefevre that your mother came to either talk some sense into you or take you home!" Governess Agatha explained as Darren's mother listened to her intently.

"Home?" Darren stood up and joined his mother and Governess Agatha. "For real?"

"Well I have agreed with your mother that it if she does not approve of what we're doing here then she can take you home!"

Darren tried hard to hide his smile as he heard the news he had been praying for every night since his arrival.

'Yes I'm goin home!' he thought to himself, 'When mom sees the state of Lefevre and Paul and the dungeon, she won't just be bringing me home she'll bring the authorities crashing down on this hole!'

"Oh Darren Mrs Masterton rung me to say you were having trouble fitting in here?" Harriet looked rather concerned for her eldest son's happiness, "She mentioned something about you goin on some strike and staying routed to your bed!"

"Yes I'm afraid young Master Darren has shown me and my wonderful teachers such ungainly behaviour since arriving," Governess Agatha did not give Harriet's son a chance to answer her, "And in a house that is considered Sacred above all!"

"Oh Darren I thought that with your friends alongside you, you'd relish the chance of furthering your education here?" Harriet shook her head with dismay, as her other son began to look around the dormitory.

"But mum I?" he was again about to reply when the Governess once again expertly replied for him.

"Well as I've told you countless of times Darren... It is and has always been your mother's decision on whether or not you stay here... And if I had my way I'd be sending you home right away!" Governess Agatha stated.

'Well I think your wish and mine is gonna be granted bitch!' he thought in his head.

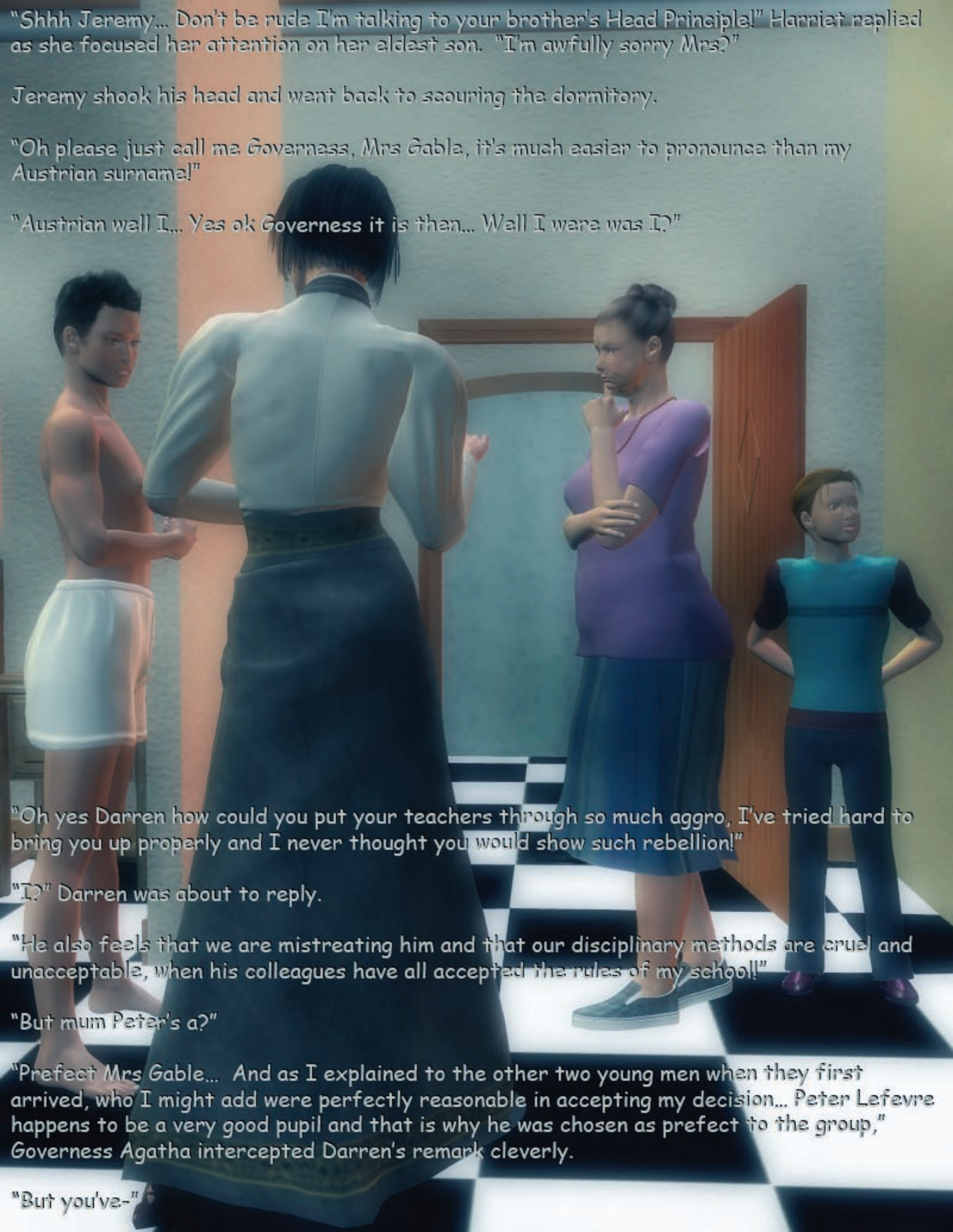
"Mom why's Darren in his underpants?" Jeremy enquired as his attention was soon drawn to his older his brother.

"Shhh Jeremy... Don't be rude I'm talking to your brother's Head Principle!" Harriet replied as she focused her attention on her eldest son. "I'm awfully sorry Mrs?"

Jeremy shook his head and went back to scouring the dormitory.

"Oh please just call me Governess, Mrs Gable, it's much easier to pronounce than my Austrian surname!"

"Austrian well I... Yes ok Governess it is then... Well I were was I?"



"Oh yes Darren how could you put your teachers through so much aggro, I've tried hard to bring you up properly and I never thought you would show such rebellion!"

"I?" Darren was about to reply.

"He also feels that we are mistreating him and that our disciplinary methods are cruel and unacceptable, when his colleagues have all accepted the rules of my school!"

"But mum Peter's a?"

"Prefect Mrs Gable... And as I explained to the other two young men when they first arrived, who I might add were perfectly reasonable in accepting my decision... Peter Lefevre happens to be a very good pupil and that is why he was chosen as prefect to the group," Governess Agatha intercepted Darren's remark cleverly.

"But you've-"

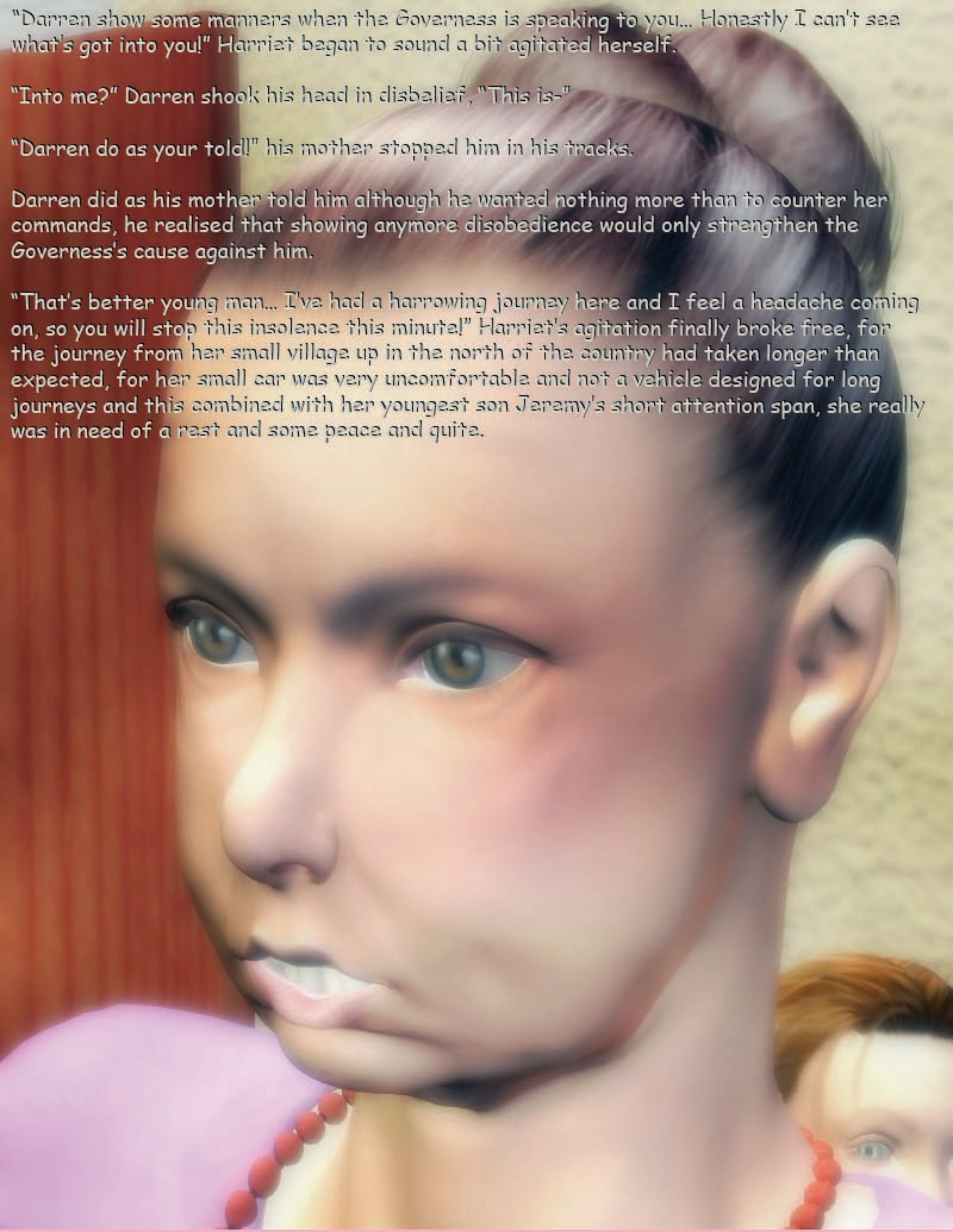
"Darren show some manners when the Governess is speaking to you... Honestly I can't see what's got into you!" Harriet began to sound a bit agitated herself.

"Into me?" Darren shook his head in disbelief, "This is-"

"Darren do as your told!" his mother stopped him in his tracks.

Darren did as his mother told him although he wanted nothing more than to counter her commands, he realised that showing anymore disobedience would only strengthen the Governess's cause against him.

"That's better young man... I've had a harrowing journey here and I feel a headache coming on, so you will stop this insolence this minute!" Harriet's agitation finally broke free, for the journey from her small village up in the north of the country had taken longer than expected, for her small car was very uncomfortable and not a vehicle designed for long journeys and this combined with her youngest son Jeremy's short attention span, she really was in need of a rest and some peace and quite.



"Good, now apologise to your Governess for your rudeness!" his mother shook her head, "Honestly Governess what must you think of me I must look such a bad mother to allow my son to become so jealous of someone who's gifted a little better than him!"

Darren wanted to reply so badly and tell her that Lefevre was not just gifted and a prefect, but he was becoming a girl and fondling and groping Henry Logan whenever he could, however the way the Governess had been scything into his comments and from the look on his mother's face he had best find another time to tell her.

"Oh please Mrs Gable the acts of a young man away from his normal surroundings can play havoc with their feelings, but I'm sure that now you're here Darren might start to think about his behaviour towards my teachers and Master Lefevre?"

"Yes I'm sure he will!" Harriet replied trying hard to calm her nerves.

"Mom can we go it's really boring here!" Jeremy interrupted her train of thought once again.

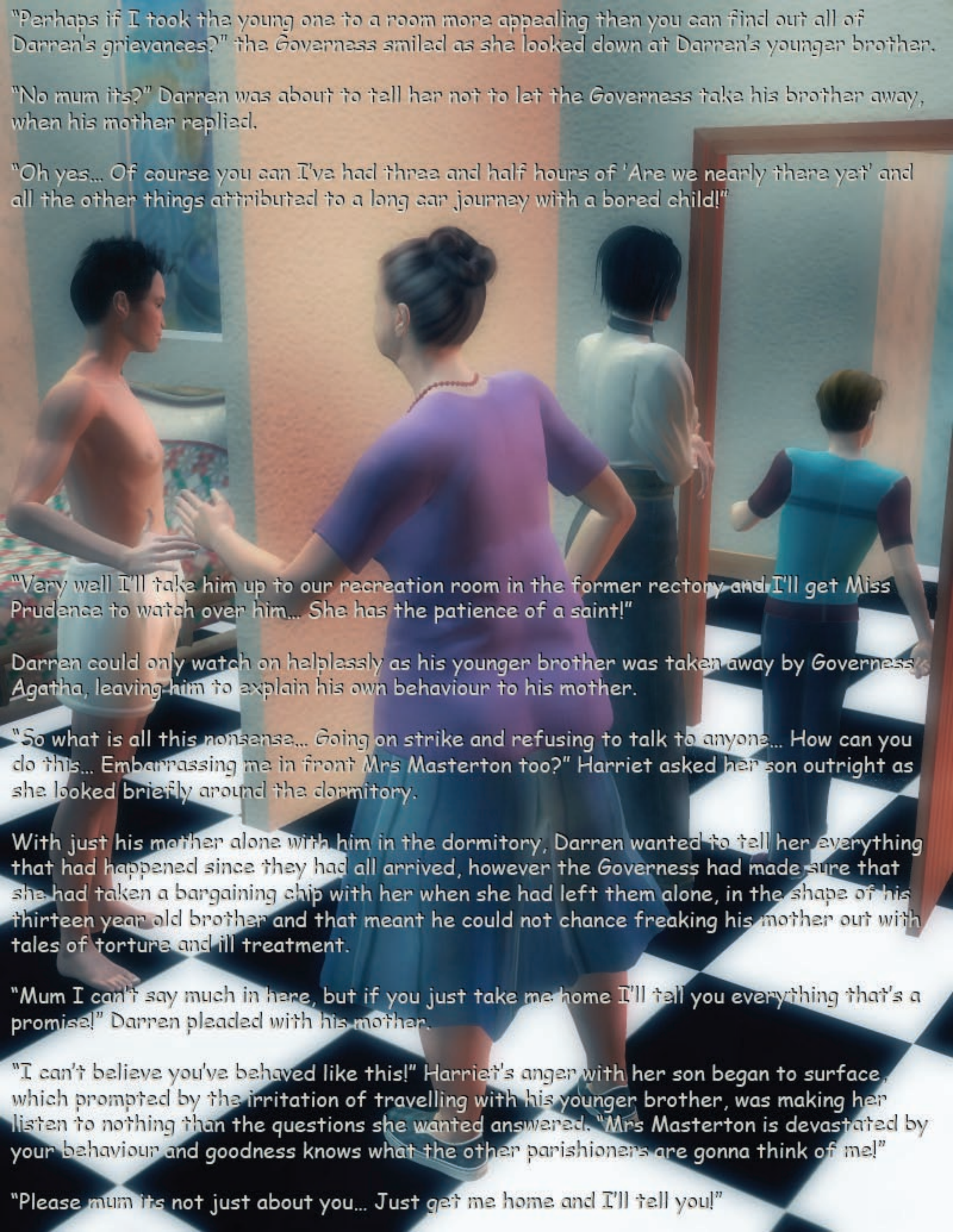
"Oh Jeremy for!" she rolled her eyes as her youngest son grabbed a hold of her arm.

A distraction that for Darren meant that he would not have to apologise to the Governess.

"Perhaps if I took the young one to a room more appealing then you can find out all of Darren's grievances?" the Governess smiled as she looked down at Darren's younger brother.

"No mum its?" Darren was about to tell her not to let the Governess take his brother away, when his mother replied.

"Oh yes... Of course you can I've had three and half hours of 'Are we nearly there yet' and all the other things attributed to a long car journey with a bored child!"



"Very well I'll take him up to our recreation room in the former rectory and I'll get Miss Prudence to watch over him... She has the patience of a saint!"

Darren could only watch on helplessly as his younger brother was taken away by Governess Agatha, leaving him to explain his own behaviour to his mother.

"So what is all this nonsense... Going on strike and refusing to talk to anyone... How can you do this... Embarrassing me in front Mrs Masterton too?" Harriet asked her son outright as she looked briefly around the dormitory.

With just his mother alone with him in the dormitory, Darren wanted to tell her everything that had happened since they had all arrived, however the Governess had made sure that she had taken a bargaining chip with her when she had left them alone, in the shape of his thirteen year old brother and that meant he could not chance freaking his mother out with tales of torture and ill treatment.

"Mum I can't say much in here, but if you just take me home I'll tell you everything that's a promise!" Darren pleaded with his mother.

"I can't believe you've behaved like this!" Harriet's anger with her son began to surface, which prompted by the irritation of travelling with his younger brother, was making her listen to nothing than the questions she wanted answered. "Mrs Masterton is devastated by your behaviour and goodness knows what the other parishioners are gonna think of me!"

"Please mum its not just about you... Just get me home and I'll tell you!"

"I've heard nothing but glowing reports from that Peter's grandmother Edith about how wonderful her grandson has found it here and your good friend Paul's mother Mrs Menwith, she says that the Head Principle or Governess as she prefers to be called... Is highly respected amongst dignitaries and other wall to do folk!"

"But mum, they've really spun a large one on Paul... He's become-"

"I've already been told that Paul had a few issues to begin with and that he's buttoned down to his studies and is quite happy to pursue the wonderful academic and religious studies they have here!" Harriet once again cut into her son's explanation concerning his attitude. "You're father has never taken one interest in your schooling and I'm determined to make sure that you don't turn out like him either!"

"Please mum... Just here me out please?" Darren tried desperately to get his mother to listen to him.

"What and so you can spin me some lies like your father is so good at doing... No you're not goin to end up like him... Yes I'm sure this school is strict and it has strict rules to obey, but Mrs Masterton hand picked you Darren along with the other three to attend this wonderful school!"

"Mum look!" Darren's attention was drawn towards the table, "See that book there it's one of this school's religious books," he decided to try another way at gaining his mother's attention towards his plight.

"Book?" she shook her head as she considered the thought of her ex-husband and all his deceit and shananigans were going to repeat themselves with her eldest son. "What about the book?"

"Just have a quick look inside of it and you tell me if that has anything to do with you and Mrs Masterton's church?"

"Oh don't be so?" Harriet was still determined to listen to her anger rather than her son.

"Mum, just take a look... You'll see!" he repeated himself.

"Don't you think you can sidetrack me Darren, I'm not happy about any of this!" she continued to berate Darren as she moved over to the table and picked up the green leathered book.

"Sacred Feminine?" she questioned herself as she opened it and began to scour its pages.

Darren's face produced a smile as he watched his mother, an astute religious woman herself who had spent twenty odd years reading chapter and verse from the holy book and word for word knew all of the hymns that had most probably been written.

"A woman's place is 'NOT' as contrary predicted in other less inspired works, besides her husband," she read a chapter out loud. "Well I couldn't agree with that more!" she huffed as she continued to read on, "It is in front of him. And a husband's place within the sight of a woman should be periodically positioned wherever she aspires it to be... Let our lady of the Sacred Feminine guide us from the evil that men do."

"Well what did I say?"

"What rubbish is this?" Harriet closed the book, "Sacred Females, what ever next?"

"Well I told you!" Darren's face lit up.

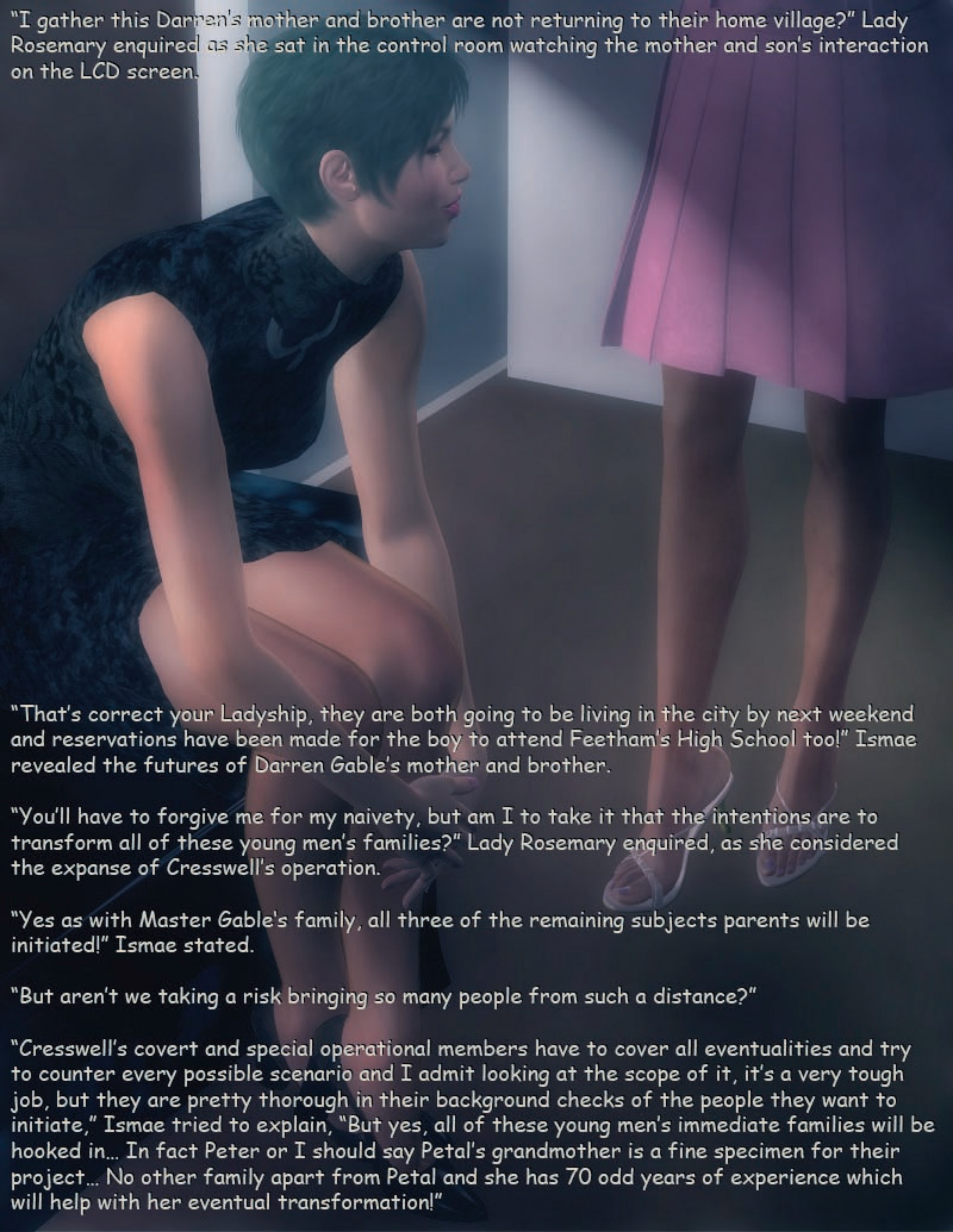
"Just because I've read a passage of text from this practical joke book, does not make me see anything improper Darren!" she replied.

"But look at the pictures of the women?" Darren tried to focus his mother's attention onto the large pictures above the beds of all the students including his own, "I mean if that picture does not portray witchcraft then what does?"

"Witchcraft?" she huffed loudly, "Darren I'm utterly ashamed with you those pictures over there are of no woman they're John the Baptist!"

"Err... Well my picture isn't!" he pointed to the picture showing several women huddled round a cauldron.

"Darren credit me with some sense will you... I can see your desperate to get away from here, and like your Governess has explained, I'll be looking over the place during this weekend and if I don't like what I see I'll take you home... So the Governess can't be more reasonable than that can she?"



"I gather this Darren's mother and brother are not returning to their home village?" Lady Rosemary enquired as she sat in the control room watching the mother and son's interaction on the LCD screen.

"That's correct your Ladyship, they are both going to be living in the city by next weekend and reservations have been made for the boy to attend Feetham's High School too!" Ismae revealed the futures of Darren Gable's mother and brother.

"You'll have to forgive me for my naivety, but am I to take it that the intentions are to transform all of these young men's families?" Lady Rosemary enquired, as she considered the expanse of Cresswell's operation.

"Yes as with Master Gable's family, all three of the remaining subjects parents will be initiated!" Ismae stated.

"But aren't we taking a risk bringing so many people from such a distance?"

"Cresswell's covert and special operational members have to cover all eventualities and try to counter every possible scenario and I admit looking at the scope of it, it's a very tough job, but they are pretty thorough in their background checks of the people they want to initiate," Ismae tried to explain, "But yes, all of these young men's immediate families will be hooked in… In fact Peter or I should say Petal's grandmother is a fine specimen for their project… No other family apart from Petal and she has 70 odd years of experience which will help with her eventual transformation!"

"And you're planning on trapping theses parents in one swoop?" Lady Dolan sounded hesitant towards Ismae's claim.

"That was the aim, but as in the case with Darren Gable, we've been given a hard reminder that some people can be less receptacle to our technology and that some do have the capacity to block out the frequencies being sent to them, so we've been forced to deviate from our initial plan and after we've dealt with Mrs Gable, we'll be able to concentrate on bringing Peter Lefevre's grandmother here next and this will leave us with just the Manwith's and the Logan's to deal with on choir day!" Ismae replied confidently.

Lady Rosemary still looked a little concerned despite Ismae's assurance that Cresswell's never left anything to chance and covered every eventuality.

"Come now Lady Dolan you've transformed over a dozen or so souls already, so why are you having qualms about these people?" Governess Agatha enquired as she continued to run through the database records on all of their intended targets.

"It was easy to control the people living in this village as prejudice to outsiders was rife and this enabled me to take them one by one, but we're now trying to extend our arm into another close knit community over 300 miles away!"

"As Ismae has explained all eventualities have been taken into consideration as always, but I sense something else is troubling you my dear Lady?"

"May I talk freely Governess?" Lady Rosemary asked.

"Of course my dear Lady, you are on the same level as me," Governess Agatha replied.

I know that I myself have been transformed and have been left with the memory of what I used to be intact, but it does trouble me that what we are doing is wrong, I mean we have the gift of healing with this rejuvenation technology and from what I've been witness too, we seem to give it to people as a punishment in some way... How can this be?"

"For some... It is deemed a punishment and for others it is looked upon as a wish granted!" Governess Agatha replied, "But tell me... Did you not find it befitting to turn Mary's nephew's wife into a dirty little slut?"

"Well yes it was deserved, but she was just a product of the years of Mary Masterton's bullish attitude!"

"Of course she was, but now she's a product of yours... And let us not forget she was responsible for letting her husband's aunt dominate her?"

"Yes I know but the person running around inside of her body is not Katherine Wellington, it's a whole new person created by me and... I just feel that maybe it was a little harsh to do such a thing to her!"

"Lady Dolan you have the power to bring back the real Katherine anytime you want to and considering you haven't as yet, then I feel that you are quite at ease in letting her real voice remain just an echo and from what I've heard you've also allowed her to return for a split second when in a certain sexual position?"

"Well yes I have Governess," Lady Rosemary could only agree, "But I know nothing of these people you want me to work on and furthermore the wrongs they've done to warrant such treatment?"

"Well as I said earlier it is a punishment for some, but if it helps to put your mind at ease... What we're gonna do with Mrs Gable will be more or so revenge for the wrongs done to her!" Governess Agatha explained.

"Revenge?"

"Lets just say that she's going to get the opportunity to make up for her sheltered life and pay her cheating husband back!" the Governess replied with a wry smile. "I hope this answers your concern?"

"Yes Governess Agatha it does, I'm sorry for doubting the decisions of you or any of our hierarchical sisters," Lady Dolan apologised.

"Please my dear Lady you've no need to apologise, Madame Grace chose you for this task specifically and from what I've seen of your work, her choice is excellent," Governess Agatha began to compliment Lady Dolan, "However as you've brought up the subject of the hierarchical sisters, and as much as I shouldn't be telling you this... And considering I've known Madame Grace for sometime even marrying her to Ivan, she has become as much a daughter to me as are Ismae and Cherry now are... So I will warn you there is a growing faction within the sisterhood who would have you and Grace stripped of this natural ability you both have to charm and from their point of view, quite understandably too, especially considering both of your original genders... But be it for me to give counsel, but you are going to need Petal on your side!"

"Petal... On my side?"

"Yes this village is going to become a kind of laboratory and Madame Celeste will be running the rule here, and I'm afraid that is all I will say on the subject!" Governess Agatha looked serious as she concluded her talk with Lady Dolan.

Chapter 19

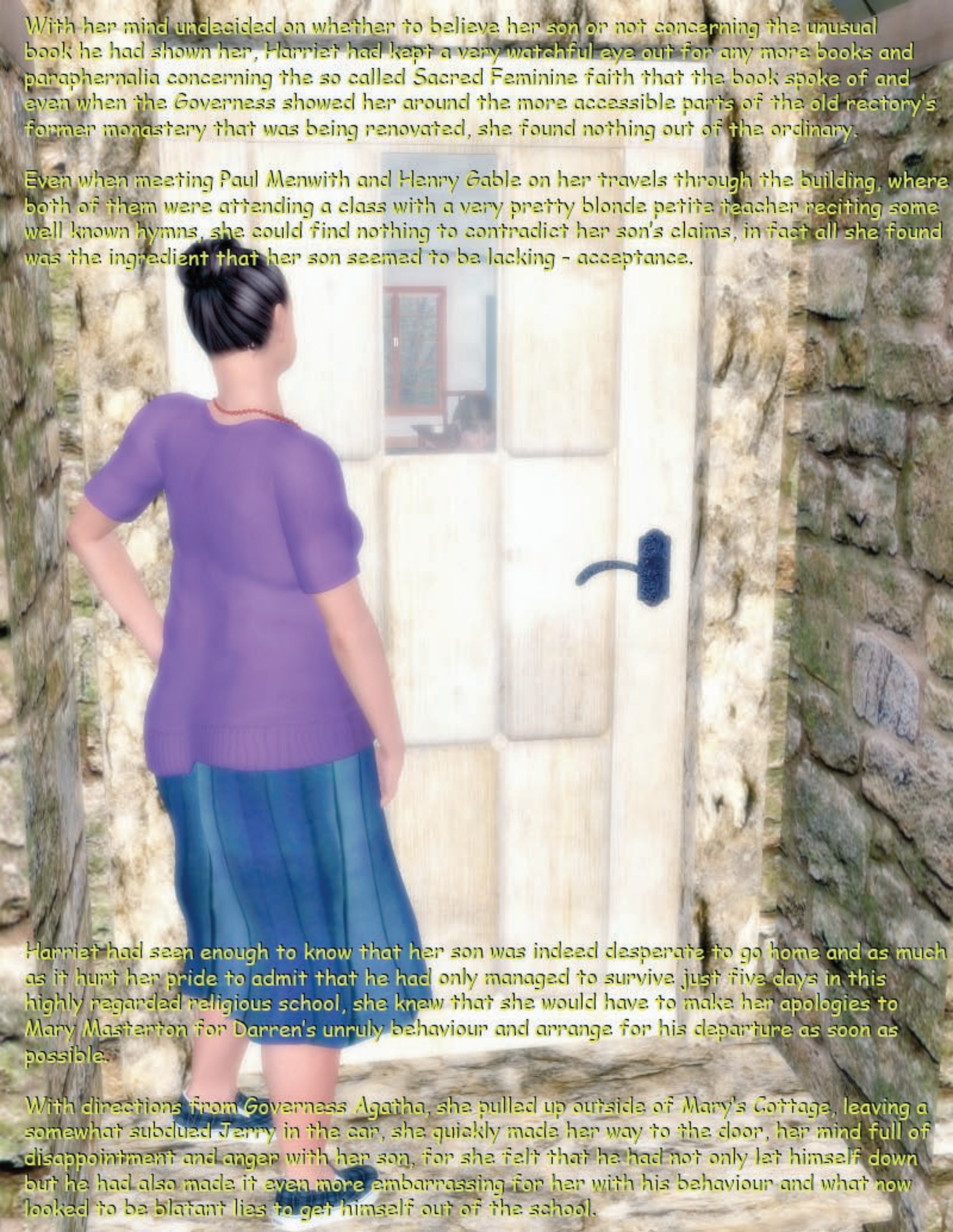
Seduced

Metamorphosis

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2008

With her mind undecided on whether to believe her son or not concerning the unusual book he had shown her, Harriet had kept a very watchful eye out for any more books and paraphernalia concerning the so called Sacred Feminine faith that the book spoke of and even when the Governess showed her around the more accessible parts of the old rectory's former monastery that was being renovated, she found nothing out of the ordinary.

Even when meeting Paul Menwith and Henry Gable on her travels through the building, where both of them were attending a class with a very pretty blonde petite teacher reciting some well known hymns, she could find nothing to contradict her son's claims, in fact all she found was the ingredient that her son seemed to be lacking - acceptance.



Harriet had seen enough to know that her son was indeed desperate to go home and as much as it hurt her pride to admit that he had only managed to survive just five days in this highly regarded religious school, she knew that she would have to make her apologies to Mary Masterton for Darren's unruly behaviour and arrange for his departure as soon as possible.

With directions from Governess Agatha, she pulled up outside of Mary's Cottage, leaving a somewhat subdued Jerry in the car, she quickly made her way to the door, her mind full of disappointment and anger with her son, for she felt that he had not only let himself down but he had also made it even more embarrassing for her with his behaviour and what now looked to be blatant lies to get himself out of the school.

However inside of the Masterton's cottage things were as they had always been, since Lady Dolan had altered their lives, lives that lived solely for sexual fulfilment and today had been no different for the household either, except that Mary had been told to expect the mother of one the boys she had volunteered for the new school.

"Oh please Nathanial I've gotta get dressed, Mrs Gable will be here any time now!" Mary sighed as Nathanial began licking and biting her neck, whilst his hand gently rubbed the gusset of her black panty girdle.

"Yeah you two have been at all morning in here and I'm hungry!" Victor snarled at his wife and her young lover. "It's a fuckin kitchen after all and I'd like Sophia to be able to cook without you two humping away at each other!"

"Oh and you've never fucked Katy or Sophia in here either?" Mary replied as she felt her juices once again starting to flow from Nathanial's continuing rubbing of her crotch.

Suddenly the three of them were alerted to the door bell ringing.

"No she's early... Please Nathanial you need to save your energy for Mrs Gable," Mary once again pleaded with her lover, "And I 've gotta get ready to see Mistress!"

"Oh, Mary you know how much you turn me on?" Nathanial breathed sexily into her lobe as he finally let go.

"Oh shit Victor that little slut of yours is going to answer the door... Quick before she embarrasses us all!"

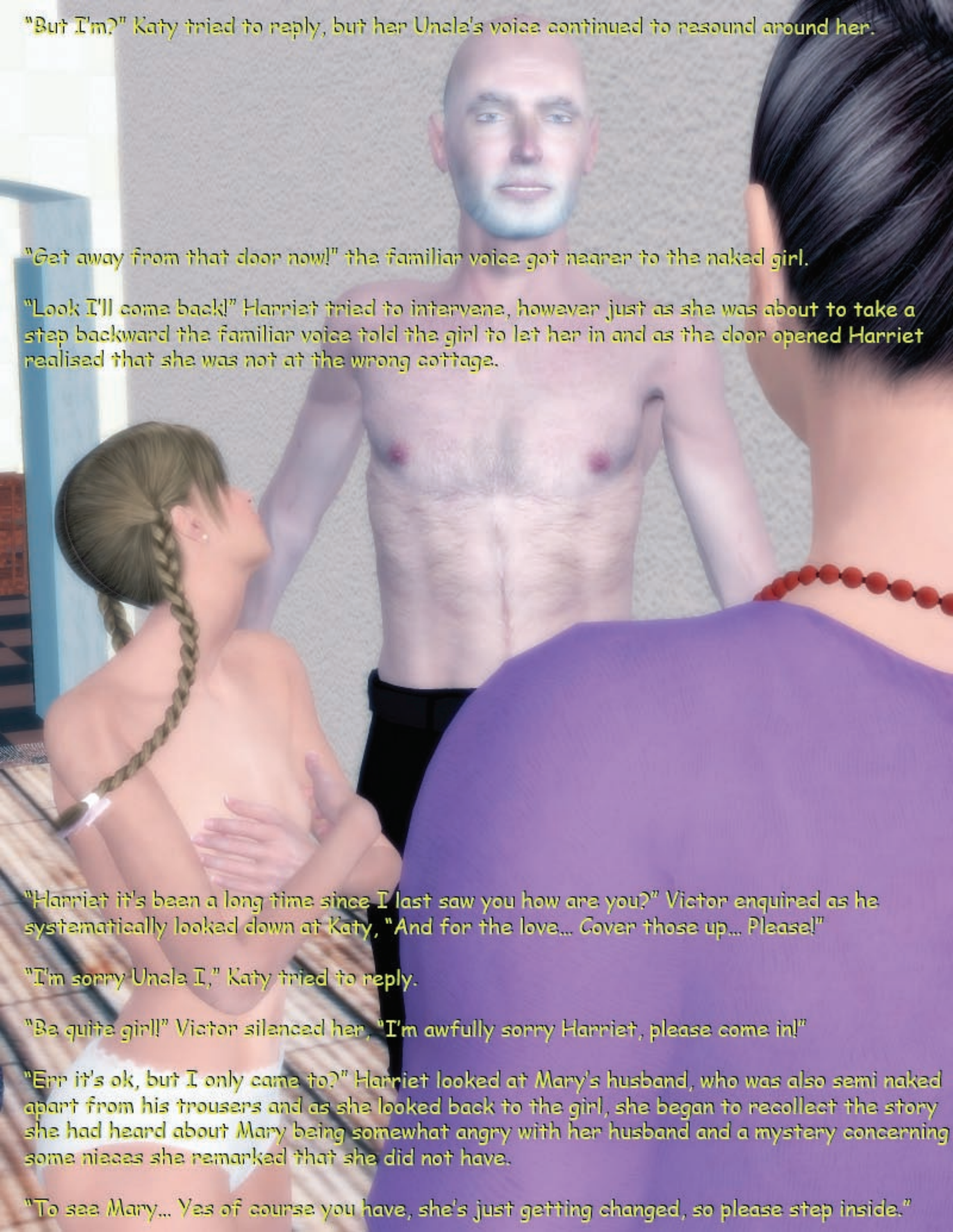
Harriet waited patiently for the door to open, however when it did she was completely lost for words for standing brazenly in the open doorway was a young brunette headed girl wearing pig tails and just a pair of white cotton panties.

"Hello Madame, can I help you?" the young girl asked.

"Err I think I've got the wrong cottage sorry!" Harriet did not know where to put her face as the girl seemed unfazed by her nudity before a total stranger.

"Oh Ok," the girl replied, however before Harriet had time to leave the doorstep a male voice called out.

"KATY… Get away from that door this instant!"t door.



"But I'm?" Katy tried to reply, but her Uncle's voice continued to resound around her.

"Get away from that door now!" the familiar voice got nearer to the naked girl.

"Look I'll come back!" Harriet tried to intervene, however just as she was about to take a step backward the familiar voice told the girl to let her in and as the door opened Harriet realised that she was not at the wrong cottage.

"Harriet it's been a long time since I last saw you how are you?" Victor enquired as he systematically looked down at Katy, "And for the love... Cover those up... Please!"

"I'm sorry Uncle I," Katy tried to reply.

"Be quite girl!" Victor silenced her, "I'm awfully sorry Harriet, please come in!"

"Err it's ok, but I only came to?" Harriet looked at Mary's husband, who was also semi naked apart from his trousers and as she looked back to the girl, she began to recollect the story she had heard about Mary being somewhat angry with her husband and a mystery concerning some nieces she remarked that she did not have.

"To see Mary... Yes of course you have, she's just getting changed, so please step inside."

"Isn't Auntie with Mr Nathanial?" Katy looked up at Victor, her hands loosely covering her small and perky breasts, while her totally reconfigured mind never thinking anything more than what her Uncle wished for her to do just as she was programmed.

"Err yes she's with Nathanial going over some paper work concerning his application for the vacant vicar's position here!" Victor responded quick to Katy's naivety.

"Well I could come back?" Harriet felt really awkward standing in the doorway with a semi naked young girl and Mary's semi naked husband, her mind already beginning to form an impression of something undesirable going on between the two of them.

"Nonsense Harriet I'll have none of it, its not very often we get visitors, so come in your most welcome!"

"Is Mr Jeffries leaving us then?" Katy enquired quite innocently.

"Katy I've told you about interrupting me haven't I?"

"Yes Uncle you have," Katy replied apologetically.

"And I've told you about walking around in just your panties too haven't I?"

"Yes Uncle."

"So why are walking around and answering the door dressed like you are?"

"I... I... Errr?"

"Katy you can apologise to our guest and then you can get upstairs and get dressed properly!" Victor spoke angrily to her.

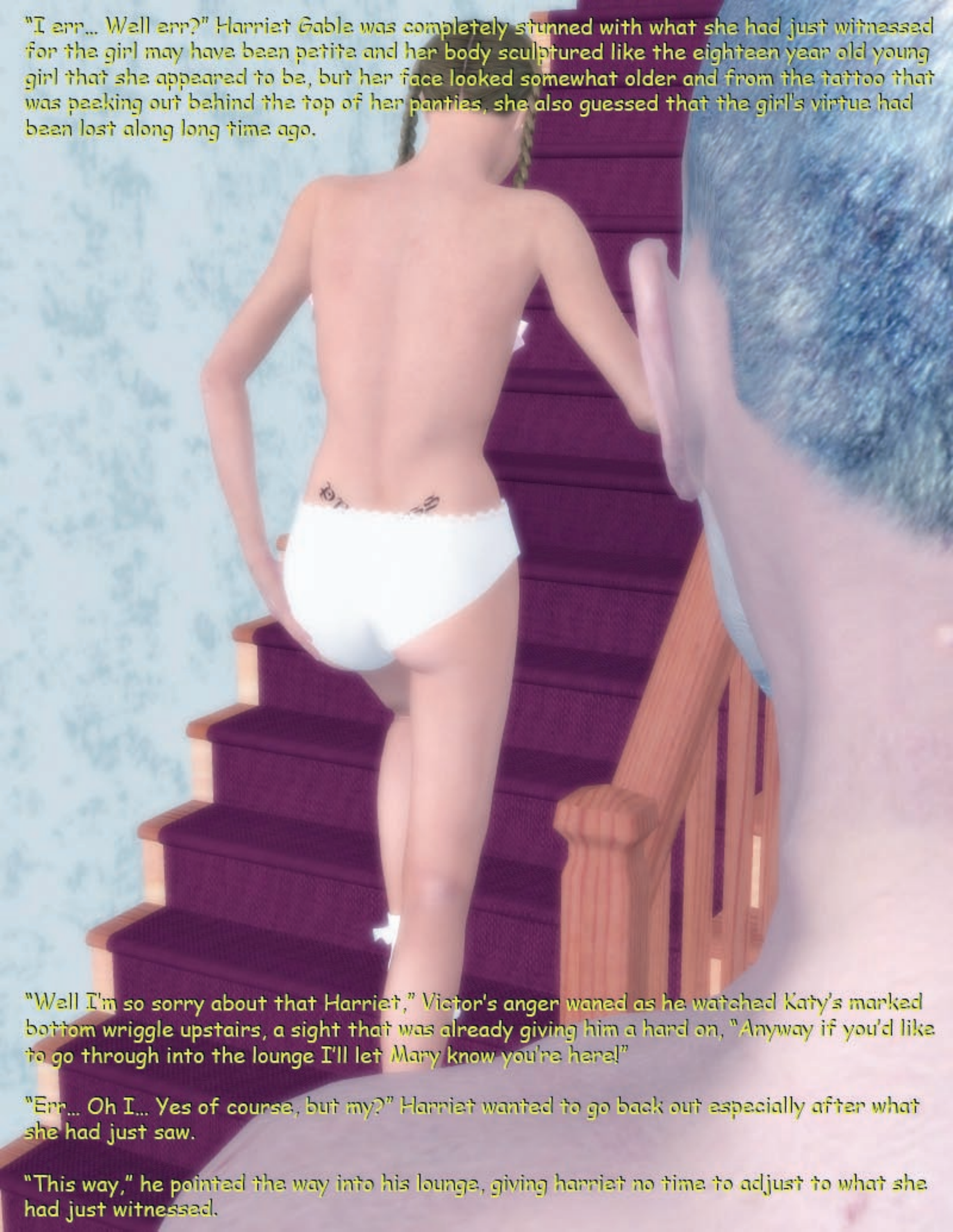
"Yes Uncle," Katy shrugged her shoulders and turned around to face the stairs, however before she took another step Victor slapped her bottom hard.

"OWWWWWCCCCCHHHHH!" Katy screamed as her uncle's big hand connected with her flesh.

Harriet was also shocked by Victor's action too and could see the red mark of his hand on buttock.

"Now apologise you rude little slut!" Victor growled angrily at Katy.

"Yessss.... Unnnnle," Katy rubbed her bottom as she turned sheepishly round to face her Uncle and Aunt's guest. "I'm sorry Madame for being rude and not wearing any clothes."



"I err... Well err?" Harriet Gable was completely stunned with what she had just witnessed for the girl may have been petite and her body sculptured like the eighteen year old young girl that she appeared to be, but her face looked somewhat older and from the tattoo that was peeking out behind the top of her panties, she also guessed that the girl's virtue had been lost along long time ago.

"Well I'm so sorry about that Harriet," Victor's anger waned as he watched Katy's marked bottom wriggle upstairs, a sight that was already giving him a hard on, "Anyway if you'd like to go through into the lounge I'll let Mary know you're here!"

"Err... Oh I... Yes of course, but my?" Harriet wanted to go back out especially after what she had just saw.

"This way," he pointed the way into his lounge, giving harriet no time to adjust to what she had just witnessed.

However if what Harriet had just seen in the hallway was a shock, then the sight that met her as she walked into the lounge took her breath away completely.

"Oh my?" Harriet stopped in her tracks as she came face to face with an LCD screen displaying a blonde woman giving a dark haired man oral sex. 'What in the lord is going on in here?' she thought to herself as the very explicit images of the woman devouring the man's cock continued to scream back at her. 'This place is so?'

"What's up Harriet," Victor came up behind the very static Harriet who looked to be frozen to the spot.

"It's err?" she looked horrified at the scenes flickering back across the room from the LCD screen.

"Ah I see... I must apologise once again... It's that awful corrupted Katy again... She and her sister were sent to me by a cousin from down South, they had heard that Mary was running the rule over a new disciplinarian type religious school here and duly sent them to us... Right out of the blue they appeared... And I might add they've been nothing but rebellious to our demands of them!"

"But this Katy seems to be so unashamed of her nudity... And I'm afraid I can't believe even Mrs Masterton would allow such brazenness to go unchecked... And as for this... My goodness... It's just such filth Mr Masterton really?" Harriet let rip with her disgust at allowing such indecency to go on under their roofs, especially considering how well respected and admired the Masterton's were.

"Yes Harriet you're quite right, but as I was saying my cousin sent them here for us to put into the school you've just visited at the old rectory, but until your son and the other young men have settled in and buckled down, the Governess will not allow any girls to attend!"

"That maybe an excuse, but letting them run riot in your home and to watch such... I'm sorry Mr Masterton, I just can't even bring myself to contemplate what it all looks like!" Harriet huffed with disbelief, her face showing signs of suspecting something more going on rather than the story Victor had just told her.

"I do hope you're not thinking that me an Mary are absconding from our duties concerning my two nieces do you?"

"Well I must say, wearing no shirt and showing off your own upper body does bring things to the imagination I don't really want to think about!" Harriet replied remarked concerning Victor's own apparel.

"Oh... Yes well I err... Can see what you mean Harriet, but I had just before your arrival, taken off my shirt to put into the wash as Sophie, the other sister had thrown a tantrum in the kitchen and threw her diner at Mary, that's why she's getting changed... Where is I was fortunate enough to only get it on my shirt and shoes!" Victor replied with an excellently made up story regarding his own near nakedness.

"Oh I?" Harriet felt a little embarrassed at thinking that something untoward had been going on between Victor and the girl Katy.

"Look Harriet you make yourself comfortable and I'll turn off this disgusting DVD!" Victor moved over to the LCD screen and picked up the remote and gingerly looked for the button to switch it off, however he purposefully pressed pause and fast rewind to lengthen the wait for Harriet. "OOPS sorry about that… Never was good with modern technology!"

"Thank you Mr Masterton and I must apologise for drawing upon the wrong conclusions concerning you and that young woman!" Harriet admitted her mistake openly.

"That's perfectly fine my dear… Now if you'd care to make yourself at home as soon my wife's ready she'll be in to see you!" Victor smiled down at Mrs Gable, his smile hiding the pleasure he was going to get from administering his own brand of discipline on Katy's lithe young body.

"Oh there was one other thing?" Harriet stopped Victor in his tracks.

"Yes my dear?"

"You spoke of the school that my son Darren is attending up at the rectory," she looked a little hesitant as she considered her words.

"Well Mary has more of knowledge than me, but fire away!"

"Do you know of what disciplinary methods they exact at the school?"

"Can't say I do Harriet," Victor replied feigning his lack of knowledge concerning the school's self imposed disciplinary charter, for in truth he knew everything, because after all he was the school's caretaker and he was also going to play an active role in some of the students later lessons. "Why?"

"Well it's just that you mentioned that your cousin sent you his daughters to attend the school because of the obvious lack of discipline they have, so I was just wondering what sort of discipline they use, because my Darren, has... Well he has been telling me that things are going on in there that should not be!" Harriet explained her interest in the school's disciplinary methods.

"Did your son say anything regarding what it was he's he believes to be wrong?"

"Well no... But he's quite an intelligent young man and he was looking forward to coming here, but now he seems so... Well distrustful of the people running it!"

"I think you'd best talk to Mary about that my dear... She's always popping in to speak to the Governess up there, so I'm sure she'll be able to put your mind at rest!" Victor smiled at Harriet and walked out of the door

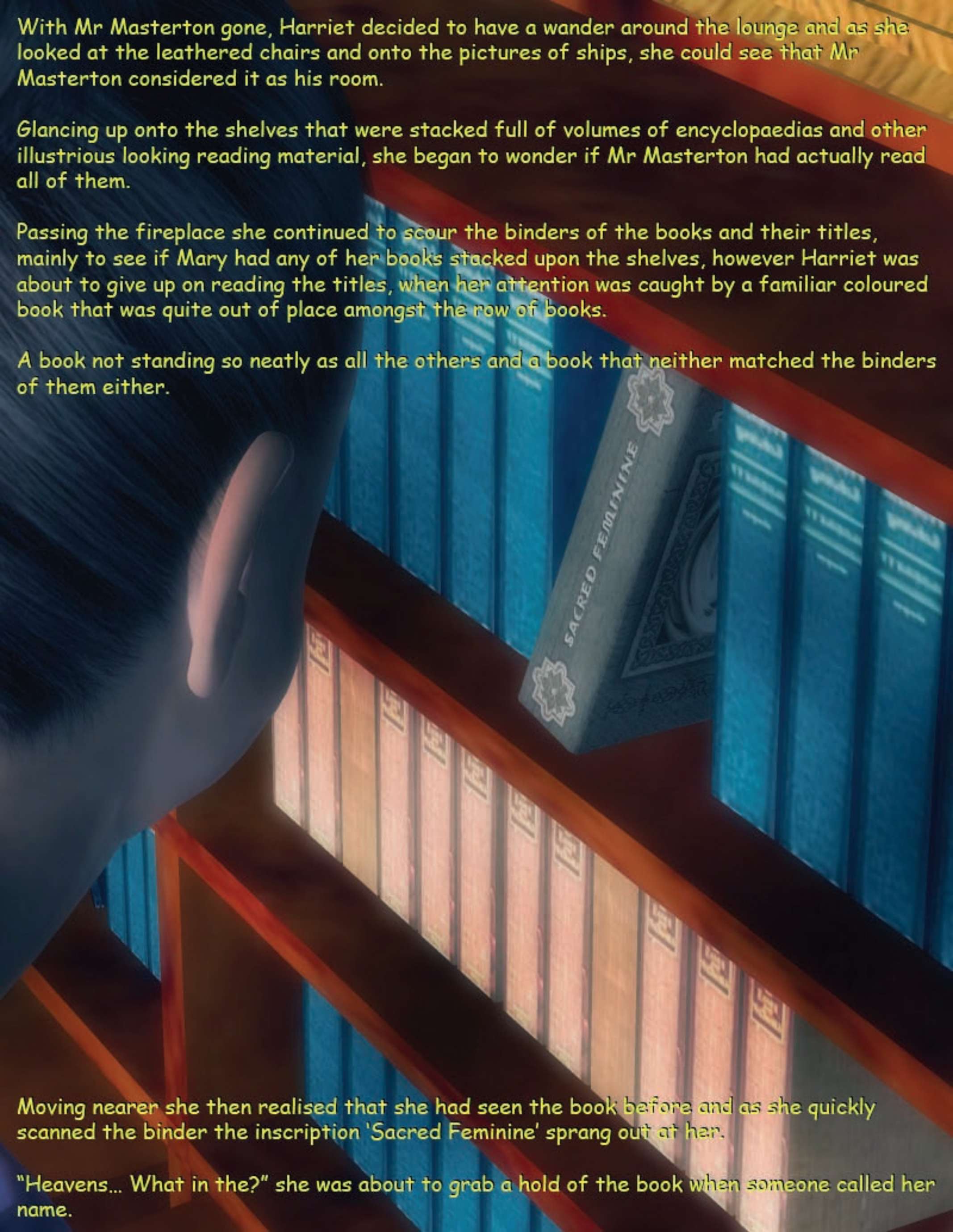
"Oh... Yes... Yes of course," Harriet nodded a little embarrassed that she had even mentioned her son's concerns to Mary's husband.

With Mr Masterton gone, Harriet decided to have a wander around the lounge and as she looked at the leathered chairs and onto the pictures of ships, she could see that Mr Masterton considered it as his room.

Glancing up onto the shelves that were stacked full of volumes of encyclopaedias and other illustrious looking reading material, she began to wonder if Mr Masterton had actually read all of them.

Passing the fireplace she continued to scour the binders of the books and their titles, mainly to see if Mary had any of her books stacked upon the shelves, however Harriet was about to give up on reading the titles, when her attention was caught by a familiar coloured book that was quite out of place amongst the row of books.

A book not standing so neatly as all the others and a book that neither matched the binders of them either.



Moving nearer she then realised that she had seen the book before and as she quickly scanned the binder the inscription 'Sacred Feminine' sprang out at her.

"Heavens... What in the?" she was about to grab a hold of the book when someone called her name.

"Harriet?" Mary Masterton called out from the doorway, "I'm sorry if I've kept you… I had to change my dirty clothes!"

"Err that's ok Mary," Harriet looked at Mary somewhat surprised with her choice of clothing, for as long as she had ever known her, Mary Masterton had always dressed conservatively and appropriately as a token to her position and strong religious beliefs.

"So how are you my dear?" Mary smirked as she considered the shock on her guests face if she was to undo her coat and show her that she was only wearing pantyhose and a panty girdle beneath.

"I err… Oh Mary… Yes I'm fine… Thanks, but?"

"Victor told me that you had the unfortunate accident of meeting that little whore of a niece of his Katy?"

"Err yes I err... I did."

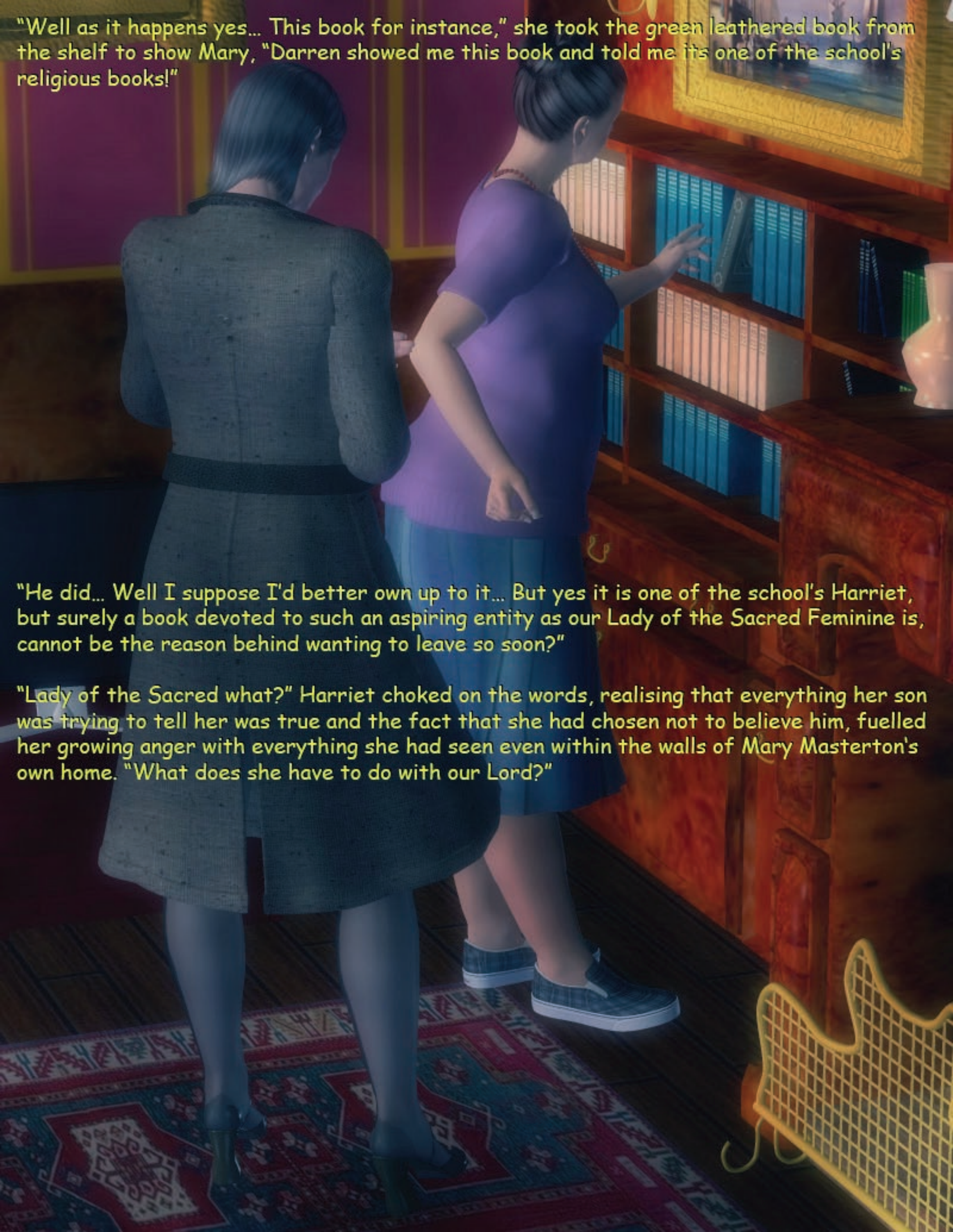
"And the shock of seeing one of her disgusting films?"

"Well I?"

"I do apologise if you did suffered from any kind of shock with Katy, but as I'm sure Victor has told you all about why the little bitch is here with her sister so I won't go on!" Mary sauntered into the room on her high heels, pleased that she was doing the bidding of her Mistress once again and so soon, "So I hear you wish to take your son out of our school?"

"Well yes," Harriet paused as she noted Mary's high heeled shoes. "Yes I do!"

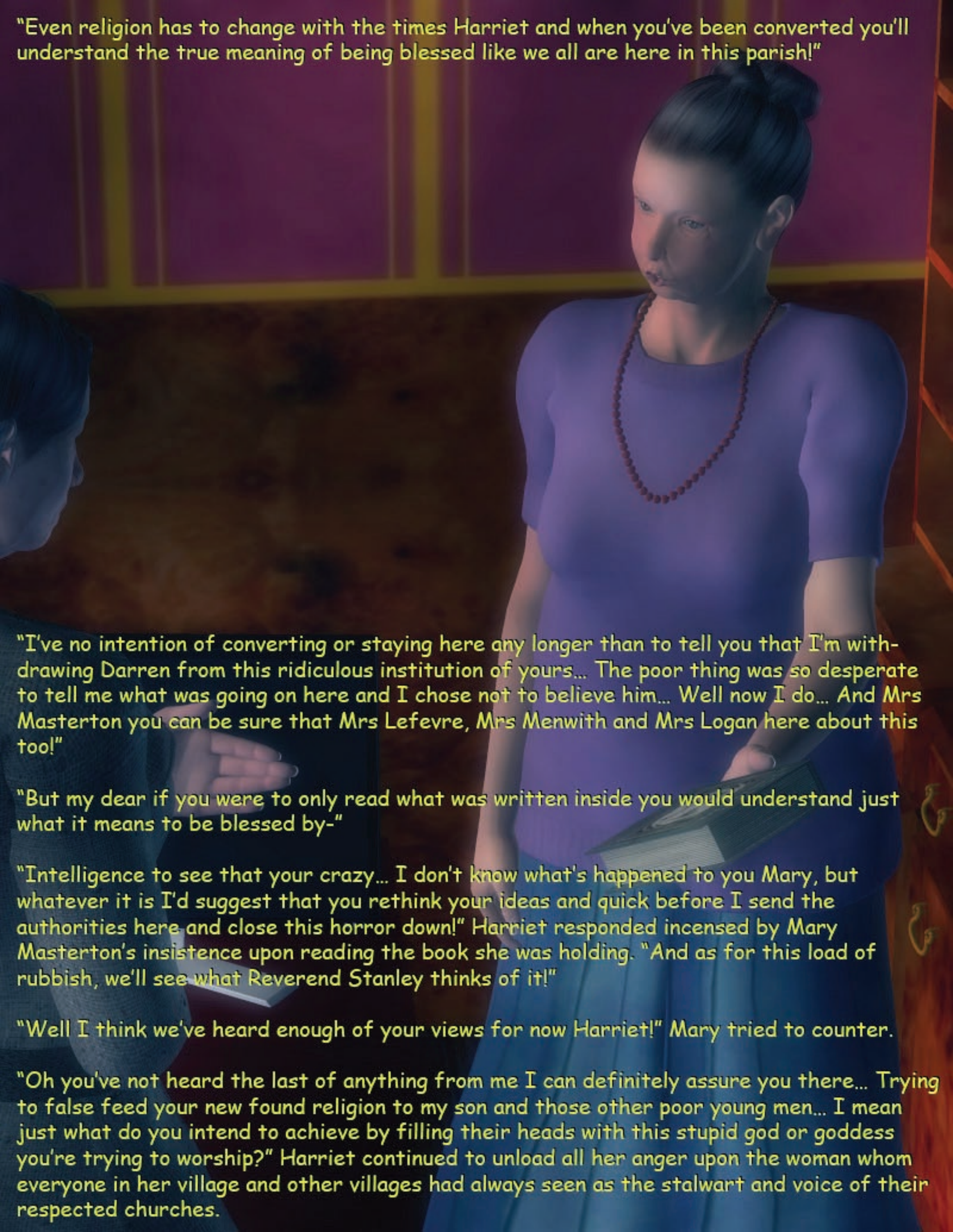
"And is there any particular reason as to your decision... I mean I know that Darren has not been responding well to their very disciplined methods they have there?" Mary enquired as she stood before Harriet.



"Well as it happens yes… This book for instance," she took the green leathered book from the shelf to show Mary, "Darren showed me this book and told me its one of the school's religious books!"

"He did… Well I suppose I'd better own up to it… But yes it is one of the school's Harriet, but surely a book devoted to such an aspiring entity as our Lady of the Sacred Feminine is, cannot be the reason behind wanting to leave so soon?"

"Lady of the Sacred what?" Harriet choked on the words, realising that everything her son was trying to tell her was true and the fact that she had chosen not to believe him, fuelled her growing anger with everything she had seen even within the walls of Mary Masterton's own home. "What does she have to do with our Lord?"



"Even religion has to change with the times Harriet and when you've been converted you'll understand the true meaning of being blessed like we all are here in this parish!"

"I've no intention of converting or staying here any longer than to tell you that I'm withdrawing Darren from this ridiculous institution of yours... The poor thing was so desperate to tell me what was going on here and I chose not to believe him... Well now I do... And Mrs Masterton you can be sure that Mrs Lefevre, Mrs Menwith and Mrs Logan here about this too!"

"But my dear if you were to only read what was written inside you would understand just what it means to be blessed by-"

"Intelligence to see that your crazy... I don't know what's happened to you Mary, but whatever it is I'd suggest that you rethink your ideas and quick before I send the authorities here and close this horror down!" Harriet responded incensed by Mary Masterton's insistence upon reading the book she was holding. "And as for this load of rubbish, we'll see what Reverend Stanley thinks of it!"

"Well I think we've heard enough of your views for now Harriet!" Mary tried to counter.

"Oh you've not heard the last of anything from me I can definitely assure you there... Trying to false feed your new found religion to my son and those other poor young men... I mean just what do you intend to achieve by filling their heads with this stupid god or goddess you're trying to worship?" Harriet continued to unload all her anger upon the woman whom everyone in her village and other villages had always seen as the stalwart and voice of their respected churches.

"Is everything ok my love?" a man's voice interrupted from the doorway.

"Ah Nathanial there you are!" Mary turned to her young lover.

"Oh Mr Blake please don't say you've been dragged into all this mumbo jumbo too?" Harriet rolled her eyes with disgust.

"Whatever is wrong Mrs Gable?"

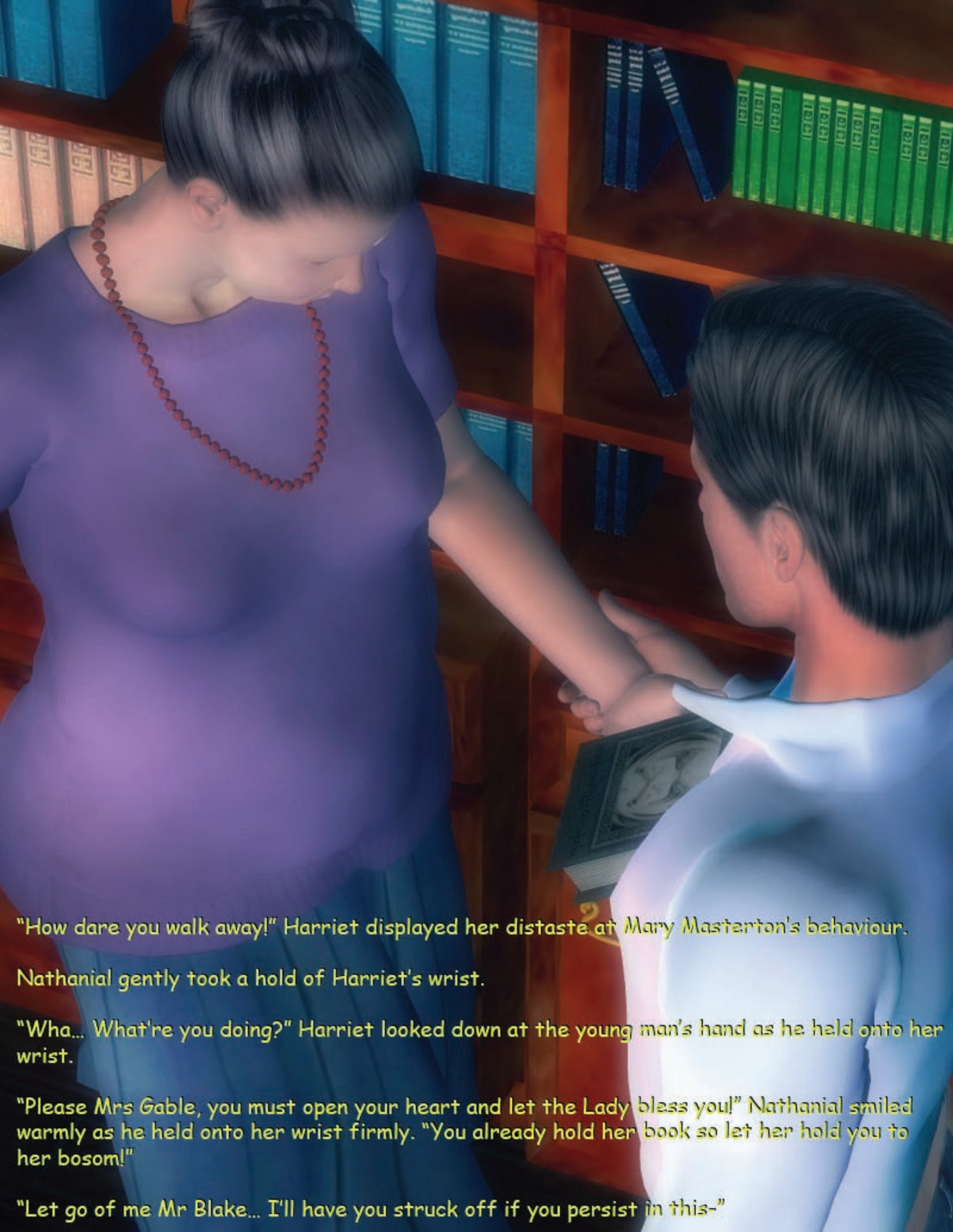
"This whole place is wrong!" she replied.

"Please Nathanial, Harriet is in dire need of direction!" Mary countered Mrs Gable.

"Oh Mrs Gable... Please let me help you," Nathanial Blake walked hastily over to where Mrs Gable and Mary were standing arguing.

"Don't you try and tell me you have forsaken our Lord for this trifle Mr Blake?" Harriet waved the green book around angrily. "You are a practicing clergy... And where do you think you're going Mrs Masterton I've not finished!"

"Nathanial will show you the way to our Lady's bosom, it is his gift that she's bestowed upon him!" Mary walked off leaving her young lover and former practicing clergyman to begin her initiation into the Sacred Order that she and Nathanial had been programmed to accept as there new religion.



"How dare you walk away!" Harriet displayed her distaste at Mary Masterton's behaviour.

Nathanial gently took a hold of Harriet's wrist.

"Wha... What're you doing?" Harriet looked down at the young man's hand as he held onto her wrist.

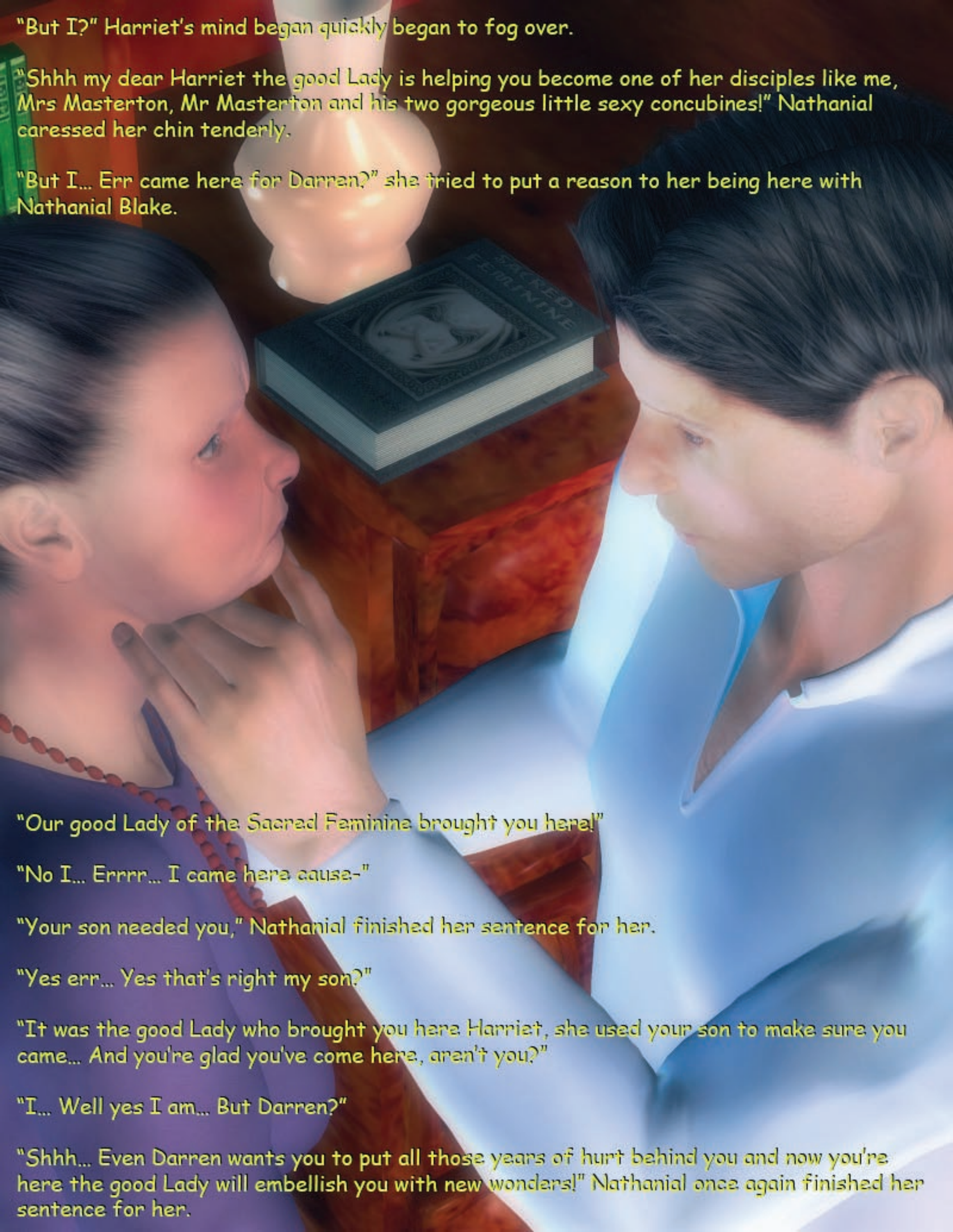
"Please Mrs Gable, you must open your heart and let the Lady bless you!" Nathanial smiled warmly as he held onto her wrist firmly. "You already hold her book so let her hold you to her bosom!"

"Let go of me Mr Blake... I'll have you struck off if you persist in this-"

"Embrace the warmth of the Sacred Feminine Mrs Gable, and give yourself to her!" Nathanial interrupted Harriet with a broad smile and then casually sprayed a small canister into her face.

"Wha... What was that?" Harriet shook her head as the spray went into her eyes and into her lungs as she inhaled the strange tasting vapour and residue of the spray.

"That was the beginning of a new life for you Harriet!" Nathanial placed the spray into his back pocket and gently took a hold of her face.



"But I?" Harriet's mind began quickly began to fog over.

"Shhh my dear Harriet the good Lady is helping you become one of her disciples like me, Mrs Masterton, Mr Masterton and his two gorgeous little sexy concubines!" Nathanial caressed her chin tenderly.

"But I... Err came here for Darren?" she tried to put a reason to her being here with Nathanial Blake.

"Our good Lady of the Sacred Feminine brought you here!"

"No I... Errrr... I came here cause-"

"Your son needed you," Nathanial finished her sentence for her.

"Yes err... Yes that's right my son?"

"It was the good Lady who brought you here Harriet, she used your son to make sure you came... And you're glad you've come here, aren't you?"

"I... Well yes I am... But Darren?"

"Shhh... Even Darren wants you to put all those years of hurt behind you and now you're here the good Lady will embellish you with new wonders!" Nathanial once again finished her sentence for her.

"Yes the good Lady?" Harriet's face contorted as she tried to piece together the missing parts of her arrival to see Mary Masterton and the reason for her being so angry only moments earlier. "She will help me remember yes?"

"Yes the Good Lady will help you remember... And you do want to remember don't you?"

"I err... Yes I do," Harriet replied her mind lost in the hypnotic effects of the drugs she had inhaled.

"That's good Harriet, because the Sacred Feminine is ready to welcome you to her bosom, but first we must prepare you for her gifts!"

"Her... Her gifts?" Harriet enquired.

"Yes you're going to receive such wondrous gifts, so just let your mind ease and accept her kindness!"

"What're you doing?" Harriet asked as Nathanial brought her to the centre of the room.

"I must first strip you of your inhibitions!" Nathanial breathed into her ear as he span her around and began to unzip her skirt.

"But... I... This?" Harriet's clouded mind still tried to find a grip of reality especially now that the practicing young clergyman had removed her skirt and was now pulling up her lilac sweater and removing her beaded necklace.

"There Harriet can you not feel the aurora of her Lady begin to surround you as your nakedness unfolds before her?" Nathanial slipped his fingers into the straps of her brassier and then began to unfasten the array of hooks that held it tightly to her body.

"Are... Are you sure this is right Mr Blake it feels so?" Harriet's steadfast reasoning tried to shake her out of the daze her mind was in, however as her breasts fell free and Nathanial's hand caught her left breast the sensation of his touch caused a shiver to run down her back. "Oh Nathanial I?"

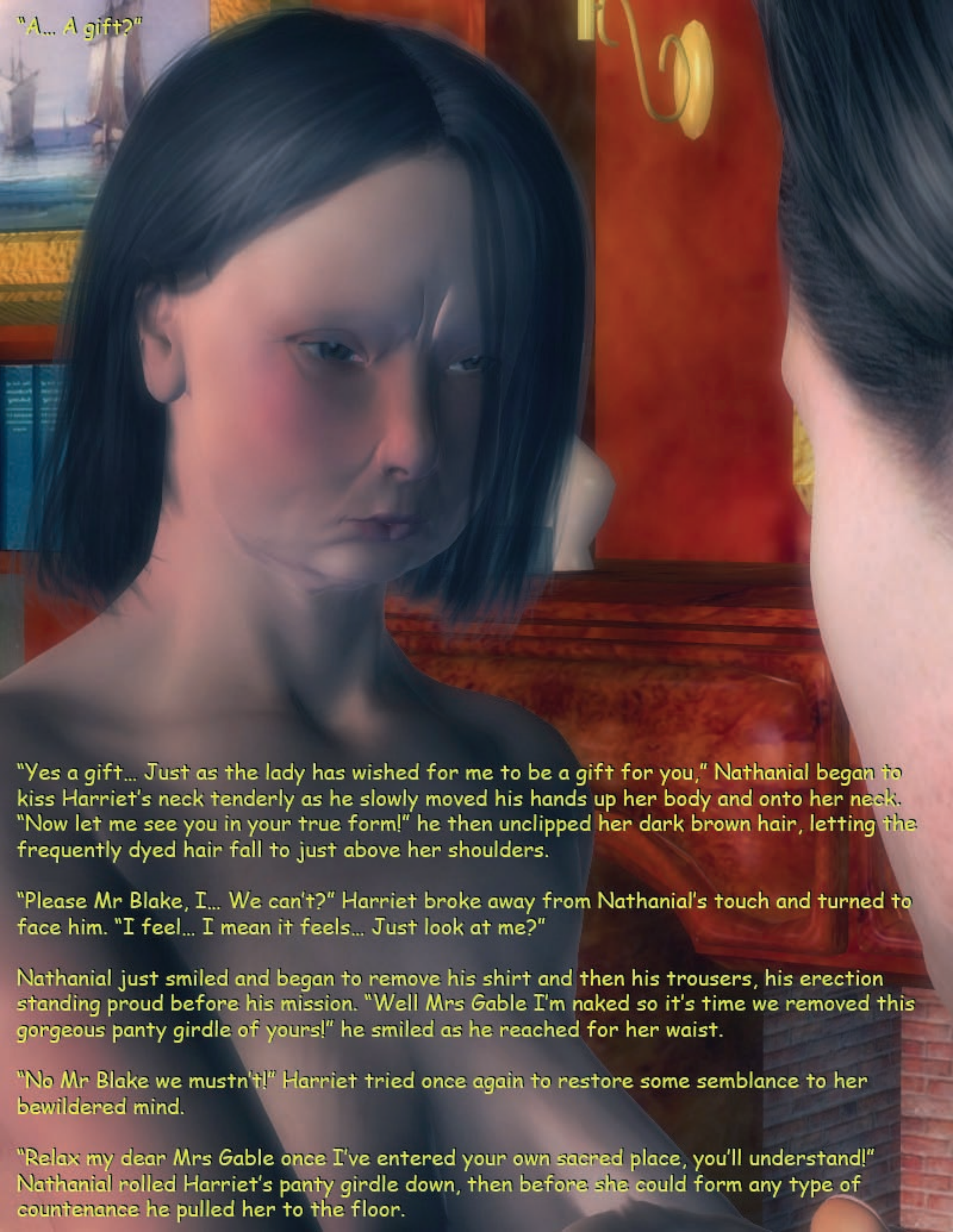
"Just relax Mrs Gable, the Lady wants to show you the way!" Nathanial whispered into her ear as he ran his other hand over her fifty years of life's excesses of childbirth and home comforts.

"But my body?" Harriet's state of mind was still in between the worries of what was happening and the shame of someone seeing her naked body, especially when no man since her ex husband had looked upon her.

"You have nothing to fear Mrs Gable, I am Mary's lover and she is much older than you!" Nathanial's voice calmly soothed her worries. "I simply adore a more mature woman!"

"Mary's lover?" Harriet wrapped her hand around the young man's head.

"Yes the Lady has shed her of all her evils and wickedness and because she now does her bidding, I was given to her as a gift!" Nathanial continued to squeeze Harriet's drooping breasts and run his hand over her portly belly.



"Yes a gift... Just as the lady has wished for me to be a gift for you," Nathanial began to kiss Harriet's neck tenderly as he slowly moved his hands up her body and onto her neck. "Now let me see you in your true form!" he then unclipped her dark brown hair, letting the frequently dyed hair fall to just above her shoulders.

"Please Mr Blake, I... We can't?" Harriet broke away from Nathanial's touch and turned to face him. "I feel... I mean it feels... Just look at me?"

Nathanial just smiled and began to remove his shirt and then his trousers, his erection standing proud before his mission. "Well Mrs Gable I'm naked so it's time we removed this gorgeous panty girdle of yours!" he smiled as he reached for her waist.

"No Mr Blake we mustn't!" Harriet tried once again to restore some semblance to her bewildered mind.

"Relax my dear Mrs Gable once I've entered your own sacred place, you'll understand!" Nathanial rolled Harriet's panty girdle down, then before she could form any type of countenance he pulled her to the floor.

Harriet had no chance to argue against Nathanial's intentions for the former young clergyman to be, expertly, brought her naked body down on top of him and before another word could be said between the two of them his cock had already parted her pussy lips and had slipped into her wet vagina.

"OHHHHH Mr Blake what've youuuuuerrrrrrrrrrrrrrrummmmmh!" she shivered with delight as her tunnel welcomed the fill of Nathanial's manhood.

"Yes Harriet let your body embrace what is rightfully yours!"

"Ohhhhhhhh hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm yessssss!" Harriet's hypnotic trance took her down a path she had not visited for seven odd years and even then it had not been enjoyable, however this was.

"Let the Lady embrace you Harriet!"

"Ohhhhh yesssss I want her toooooo yessss!" she flipped her head backwards as Nathanial's first deep thrust lifted her overweight yet still very femininely proportioned body up into the air.

Slowly and deliberately Nathanial loosened his grip on Harriet, for his role in bringing her to light was done and as he removed his hands, Harriet took over grasping his embedded cock with her love muscles and writhing around upon its fill with all her weight.

"Ohhhh Fuck me Nathanial... Yes Fuck me!" she took over the reigns of aggressor pounding her slippery pussy hard into his groin, then with her new lover's cock held prisoner deep with in her she hastened her pace.

"Yesss fuck fuck me!" she growled as her tummy and breasts wobbled above her young lover gaining memento as she rode his manhood wildly an action that caused Nathanial to groan as his own climax began to peak.

"OH FUCK YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" Nathanial came inside of Mrs Gable releasing not only his hot jism inside her, but his love and passion for everything feminine, he was as he had been programmed a slave to the needs of the women his reconfigured faith now made him worship and as his first conquest began to enjoy the feel of his cum pumping into her she pulled him up off the floor, wrapped her legs around his midriff and embraced him in a very passionate kiss.

"Ohhhh you naughty young man what've you done to me?" Harriet sighed as she squeezed his body tightly with her thighs making sure that Mary Masterton's young lover's cock would stay buried deep inside of her.

"If you would care to stand Mrs Gable I must perform a last ritual upon your sacred place.

Harriet Gable released Nathanial's cock from her pussy and stood up and as she did the young man buried his head between her legs and began to devour the love hole his cock had exploited only moments earlier.

"Ohhhhhsshhhhhhhhhh... Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm yesssss!" Harriet moaned with delight as his tongue and teeth tantalised her clitoris and sex soaked labia, he was indeed a slave to the needs of a woman and as he began to welcome his own jism oozing from her canal, she could not believe how magical it felt to have such power over men, a power that later that evening would be heightened even more.

Harriet Gable's mind slowly engulfed the new religion that was spreading over her and as Nathanial probed and nibbled upon her sacred orifice a feeling she had not welcomed in many years began to waver over her.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHFFFFFFFFFUCKKKKKKKKKKKK... YES-SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" her body convulsed as Nathanial's tongue and hypnotic state brought her to a final shattering orgasm leaving her mind and freewill wide open to the influence of her new religion and the wishes of her new owners.

As Governess Agatha applauded the initiation of Harriet Gable into her stable, Lady Rosemary prepared herself for her part in the woman's final inception into the growing conclave of Creswell's newly created religious order of the Sacred Feminine.

Chapter 20

Rules of the Game

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2008

With Cresswell's latest enhanced DNA changing drugs coursing through her body and her mind now firmly programmed by Lady Dolan, Harriet's concerns for her eldest son Darren had evaporated, instead her thoughts were filled with nothing but the craving she now had for having sex with Mary Masterton's young lover Nathanial and with it now being the weekend, Mary was, as she had always done since her initiation, following her new vocation of prostitution.

"Oh tell me more about how disgusting Mary is?" Harriet probed Mary's boyfriend more.

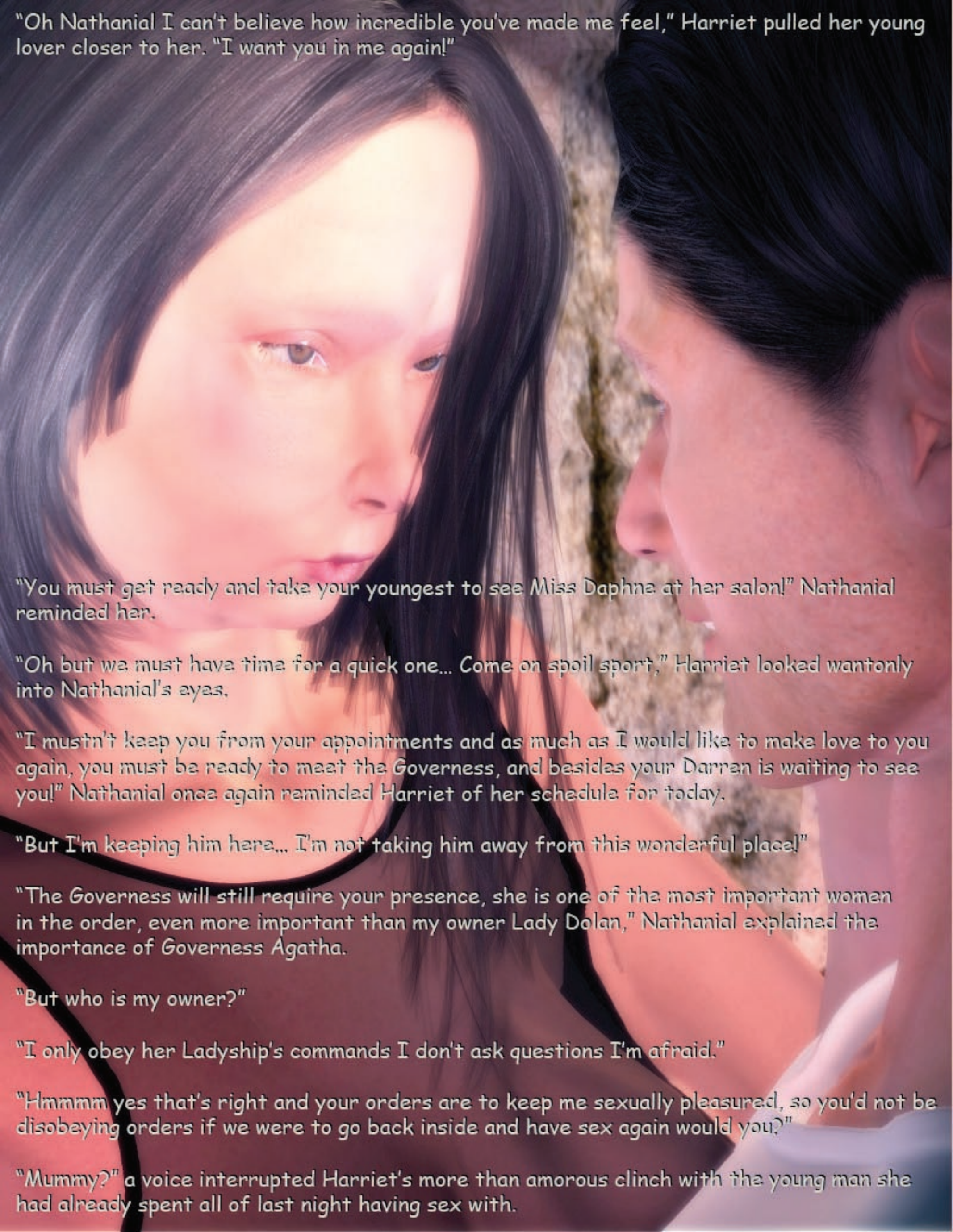
"She works at a sex club in Bullchester during the day!" Nathanial replied.

"Yes... Yes I know that but I just love to hear you tell me what she does at night!" Harriet giggled as she envisioned the sight of Mary Masterton standing on a street corner selling her body.

"Mary solicits men in cars," Nathanial repeated for Harriet once again.

"No the proper word for what she is and does is?"

"Prostitute," Nathanial responded, "She's a prostitute!"



"Oh Nathanial I can't believe how incredible you've made me feel," Harriet pulled her young lover closer to her. "I want you in me again!"

"You must get ready and take your youngest to see Miss Daphne at her salon!" Nathanial reminded her.

"Oh but we must have time for a quick one... Come on spoil sport," Harriet looked wantonly into Nathanial's eyes.

"I mustn't keep you from your appointments and as much as I would like to make love to you again, you must be ready to meet the Governess, and besides your Darren is waiting to see you!" Nathanial once again reminded Harriet of her schedule for today.

"But I'm keeping him here... I'm not taking him away from this wonderful place!"

"The Governess will still require your presence, she is one of the most important women in the order, even more important than my owner Lady Dolan," Nathanial explained the importance of Governess Agatha.

"But who is my owner?"

"I only obey her Ladyship's commands I don't ask questions I'm afraid."

"Hmmmm yes that's right and your orders are to keep me sexually pleasured, so you'd not be disobeying orders if we were to go back inside and have sex again would you?"

"Mummy?" a voice interrupted Harriet's more than amorous clinch with the young man she had already spent all of last night having sex with.

"Yes sweetheart?" Harriet turned around to see her youngest son Jerry .

"Are you sure I've got to wear these?" he displayed his new underwear for her to see.

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"Well they look a bit girly that's all!" he replied. Can't I go back to my old underwear?"

"Don't be ridiculous you're having fabulous makeover done today, Miss Daphne is going to colour your hair and pierce your ears today and you won't look very nice in silly boys things will you?"

"I guess," Jerry looked down at his very ruffled panties and camisole top, "But these sure do look frilly!"

"Just do as your told and get ready this instant!" Harriet's voice began to get agitated.

"But I will be wearing boys things again when I get home won't I?"

"I don't see the point in you thinking about wearing boys things again Jerry, they're ugly and plain!"

"Err I?" Jerry tried to make sense out of what his mother was saying especially as he was a boy, but the sonic gadgetry in the bedposts of the bed he was sleeping in last night had already begun to redesign his thought patterns and the main rule that had been filtered into his subliminal mind, was that he obeyed his mother in all matters concerning his life.

"Oh Nathanial tell him he won't be wearing boys things anymore will you!"

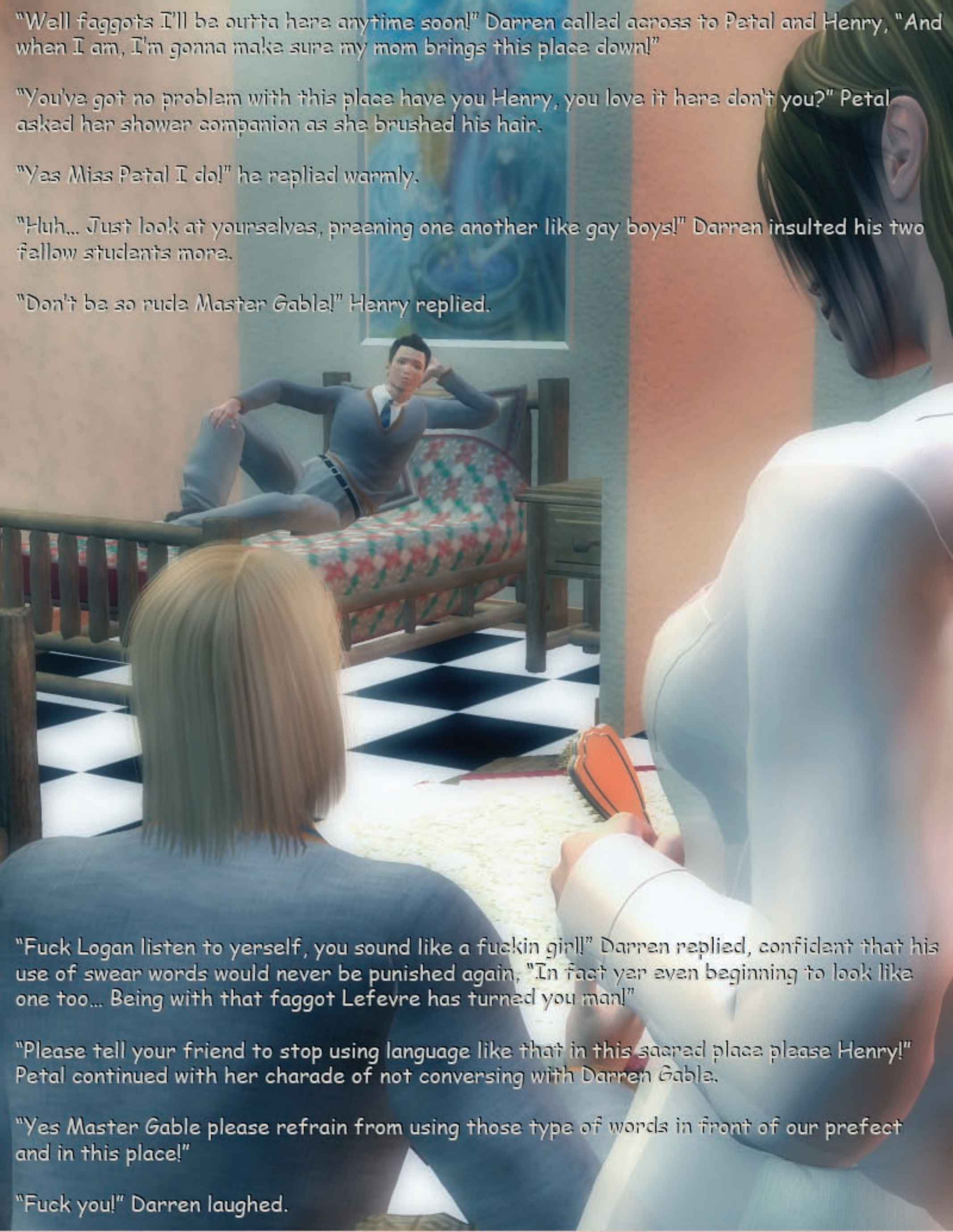
"Yes Jerry, your mother is right, you will not have a cause to wear boys clothes anymore," Nathanial replied clinching Jerry's mother tightly, although not out of passion, as it was to hide her modesty in front of her youngest, for her breasts and black panties were clearly visible beneath the short black
see-through baby doll she was wearing.

"But I am a boy aren't I mummy?" he looked up at his mother and her boyfriend puzzled.

"Of course not... Your going to be my daughter from now on so go and get dressed this instant!" Harriet's new persona continued to lay down her law, "Honestly... As if I'd want him to be a grubby insolent little boy, when a sweet daughter is all any mother could ask for!"

"Oh well I... Yes mummy I'm sorry," Jerry trudged off to his room to get dressed, his mind still wondering why he was accepting what his mother was saying to him without any argument, like he used to.

"Now where were we you naughty young man?" Harriet turned her attentions back to her young lover.



"Well faggots I'll be outta here anytime soon!" Darren called across to Petal and Henry, "And when I am, I'm gonna make sure my mom brings this place down!"

"You've got no problem with this place have you Henry, you love it here don't you?" Petal asked her shower companion as she brushed his hair.

"Yes Miss Petal I do!" he replied warmly.

"Huh... Just look at yourselves, preening one another like gay boys!" Darren insulted his two fellow students more.

"Don't be so rude Master Gable!" Henry replied.

"Fuck Logan listen to yerself, you sound like a fuckin girl!" Darren replied, confident that his use of swear words would never be punished again, "In fact yer even beginning to look like one too... Being with that faggot Lefevre has turned you man!"

"Please tell your friend to stop using language like that in this sacred place please Henry!" Petal continued with her charade of not conversing with Darren Gable.

"Yes Master Gable please refrain from using those type of words in front of our prefect and in this place!"

"Fuck you!" Darren laughed.

"Oh Miss Petal I'm sorry, but Master Gable will not do as I say!" Henry looked up at his prefect apologetically.

"That's ok my dear, Governess Agatha will sort him out I'm sure!"

"Hey Logan how d'ya like wearing panties!" Darren shouted out to his former school colleague.

"Don't listen to him sweetheart, they look nice on you and besides you do want to be like your prefect don't you!" Petal replied stroking Henry's hair.

"Oh Miss Petal yes I do, but Master Logan is right when he says I should not be wearing girls panties as I'm a male?"

"Just ignore the buffoon, you're my friend not his... Now let me brush your hair!"

"For fuck's sake Logan get a grip!" Darren shook his head with dismay, for Henry had, during the course of the past few days, began to follow Peter around like a lost puppy, dressing him brushing his hair and what seemed to Darren like, spending most of their time showering and although he had witnessed them waking up in the morning from the same bed, he was sure that he had heard them kissing and fondling one another.

However Darren Gable did not care what he saw or heard, for it now added to his growing list of things he would tell the proper authorities about when his mother had taken him out of the place.

Suddenly the door to the dormitory opened and in walked the Governess.

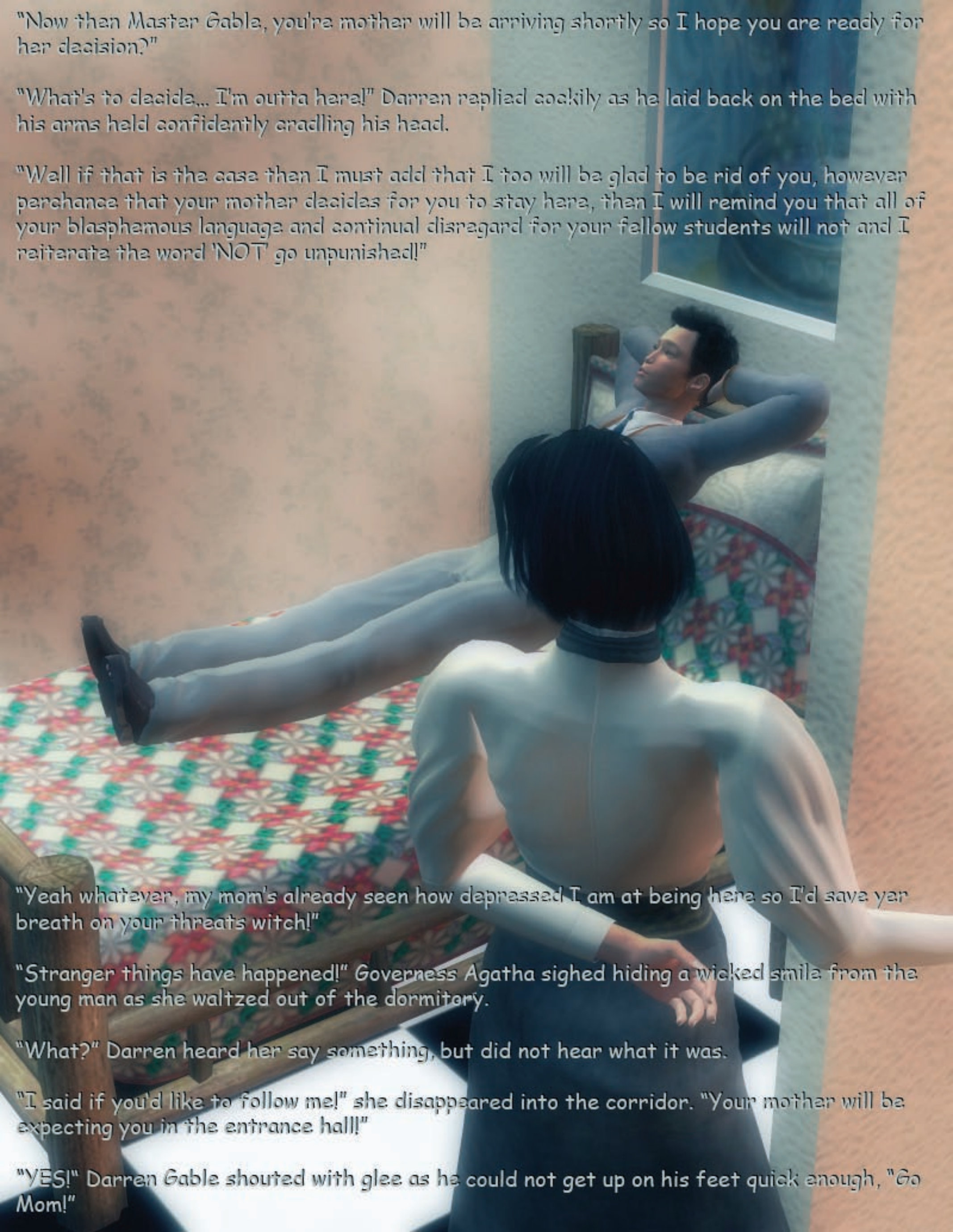
Both Petal and Henry acknowledged her while Darren remained on his bed.

"Miss Petal, Master Henry, if you would both excuse me," Governess Agatha motioned for the two of them to leave the dormitory, which obediently they both did.

"Now then Master Gable, you're mother will be arriving shortly so I hope you are ready for her decision?"

"What's to decide... I'm outta here!" Darren replied cockily as he laid back on the bed with his arms held confidently cradling his head.

"Well if that is the case then I must add that I too will be glad to be rid of you, however perchance that your mother decides for you to stay here, then I will remind you that all of your blasphemous language and continual disregard for your fellow students will not and I reiterate the word 'NOT' go unpunished!"



"Yeah whatever, my mom's already seen how depressed I am at being here so I'd save yer breath on your threats witch!"

"Stranger things have happened!" Governess Agatha sighed hiding a wicked smile from the young man as she waltzed out of the dormitory.

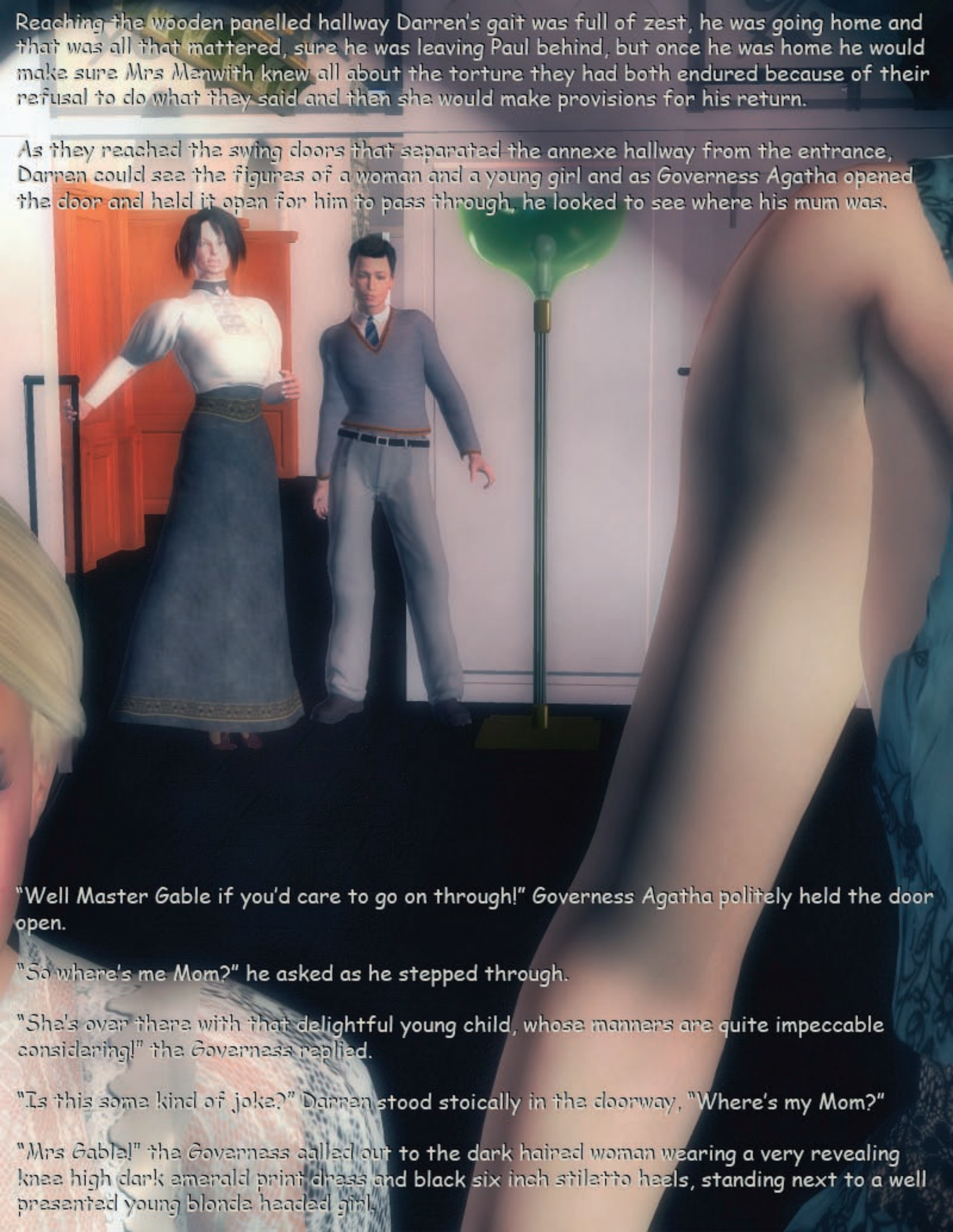
"What?" Darren heard her say something, but did not hear what it was.

"I said if you'd like to follow me!" she disappeared into the corridor. "Your mother will be expecting you in the entrance hall!"

"YES!" Darren Gable shouted with glee as he could not get up on his feet quick enough, "Go Mom!"

Reaching the wooden panelled hallway Darren's gait was full of zest, he was going home and that was all that mattered, sure he was leaving Paul behind, but once he was home he would make sure Mrs Menwith knew all about the torture they had both endured because of their refusal to do what they said and then she would make provisions for his return.

As they reached the swing doors that separated the annexe hallway from the entrance, Darren could see the figures of a woman and a young girl and as Governess Agatha opened the door and held it open for him to pass through, he looked to see where his mum was.



"Well Master Gable if you'd care to go on through!" Governess Agatha politely held the door open.

"So where's me Mom?" he asked as he stepped through.

"She's over there with that delightful young child, whose manners are quite impeccable considering!" the Governess replied.

"Is this some kind of joke?" Darren stood stoically in the doorway, "Where's my Mom?"

"Mrs Gable!" the Governess called out to the dark haired woman wearing a very revealing knee high dark emerald print dress and black six inch stiletto heels, standing next to a well presented young blonde headed girl.

"MMMMMMMM… Mom?" he stuttered as she clicked her heels on the wooden floor towards him.

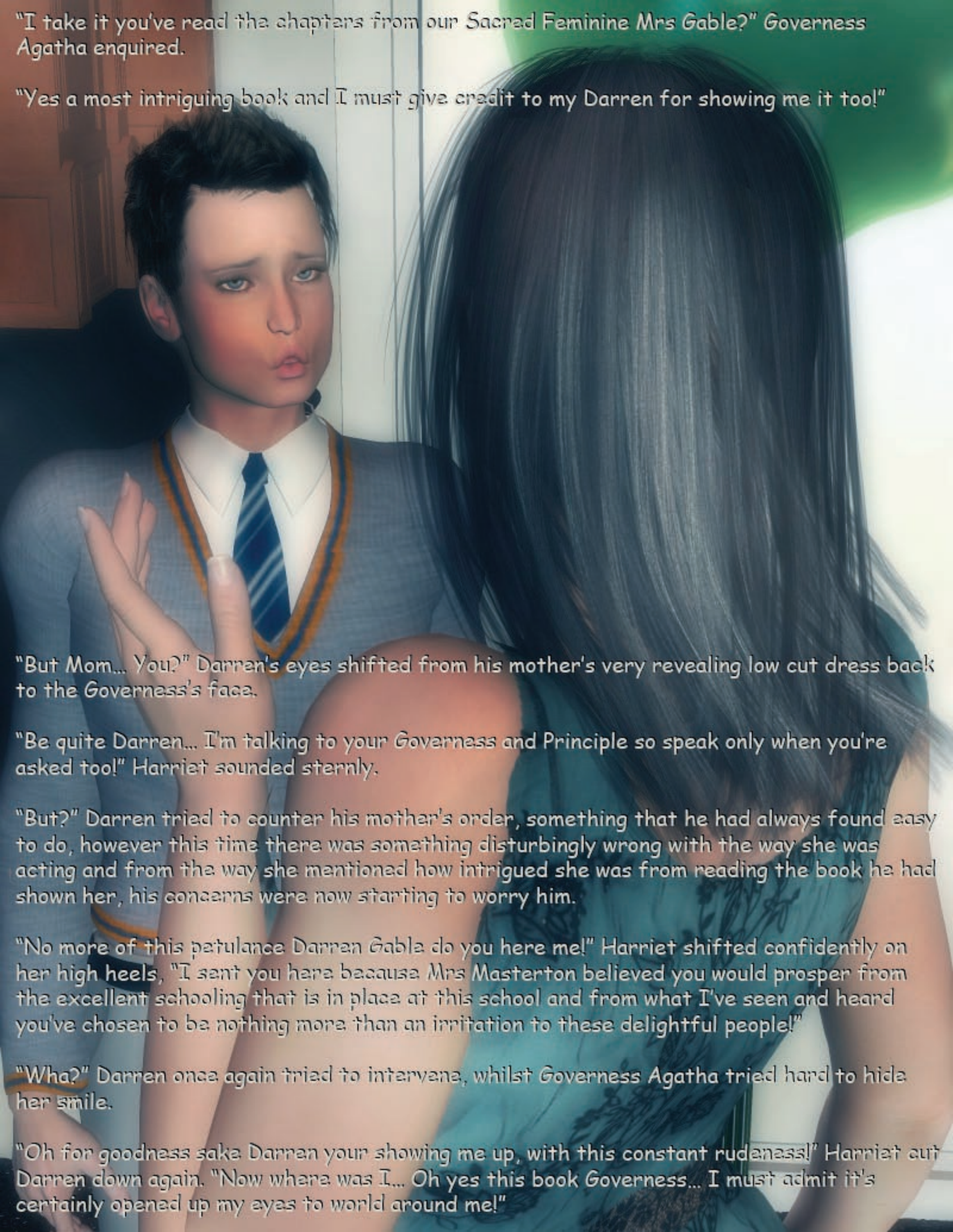
"Ah Governess Agatha it's such a pleasure to see you again… And Darren I'm pleased to see you've chosen to wear some clothes this time?" Harriet looked her son up and down.

"MMMMMom?" he stood shocked at her choice of clothes, "You're wearing a?"

"A dress... Yes I am, and I must say that's very observant of you too!" Harriet's eyes bore deeply into her son. "It's good to see you've learnt a little about women's fashion in your short time here!"

A quip that made the Governess smile.

"Well it maybe a little short for your liking but I don't care what you think anymore, it's time I thought about myself for a change!" she finished as she toyed with her straightened hair that hung down over her shoulder pointing the way to her very exposed chest.



"I take it you've read the chapters from our Sacred Feminine Mrs Gable?" Governess Agatha enquired.

"Yes a most intriguing book and I must give credit to my Darren for showing me it too!"

"But Mom... You?" Darren's eyes shifted from his mother's very revealing low cut dress back to the Governess's face.

"Be quite Darren... I'm talking to your Governess and Principle so speak only when you're asked too!" Harriet sounded sternly.

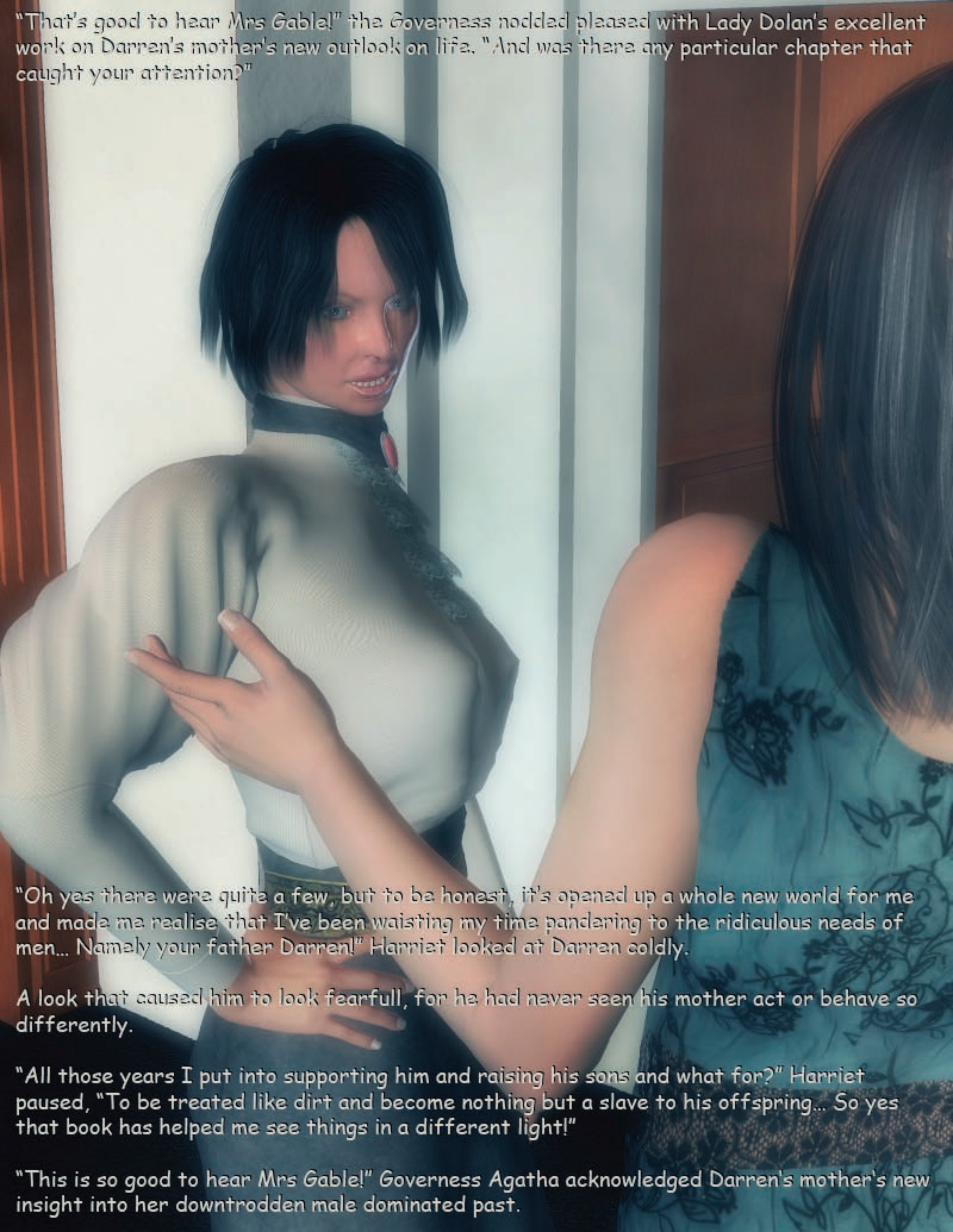
"But?" Darren tried to counter his mother's order, something that he had always found easy to do, however this time there was something disturbingly wrong with the way she was acting and from the way she mentioned how intrigued she was from reading the book he had shown her, his concerns were now starting to worry him.

"No more of this petulance Darren Gable do you here me!" Harriet shifted confidently on her high heels, "I sent you here because Mrs Masterton believed you would prosper from the excellent schooling that is in place at this school and from what I've seen and heard you've chosen to be nothing more than an irritation to these delightful people!"

"Wha?" Darren once again tried to intervene, whilst Governess Agatha tried hard to hide her smile.

"Oh for goodness sake Darren your showing me up, with this constant rudeness!" Harriet cut Darren down again. "Now where was I... Oh yes this book Governess... I must admit it's certainly opened up my eyes to world around me!"

"That's good to hear Mrs Gable!" the Governess nodded pleased with Lady Dolan's excellent work on Darren's mother's new outlook on life. "And was there any particular chapter that caught your attention?"



"Oh yes there were quite a few, but to be honest, it's opened up a whole new world for me and made me realise that I've been waisting my time pandering to the ridiculous needs of men... Namely your father Darren!" Harriet looked at Darren coldly.

A look that caused him to look fearfull, for he had never seen his mother act or behave so differently.

"All those years I put into supporting him and raising his sons and what for?" Harriet paused, "To be treated like dirt and become nothing but a slave to his offspring... So yes that book has helped me see things in a different light!"

"This is so good to hear Mrs Gable!" Governess Agatha acknowledged Darren's mother's new insight into her downtrodden male dominated past.

"Yes it is... So I've decided to get back at your father Darren, starting with you and your brother!" Harriet looked deep and hard into Darren's face, a stare that unnerved the normally resolute young man. "And I can't think of a better place for you to learn the errors of your father's ways by being here!"

"H... Here... But she shackled Paul and me in some dungeon!" Darren replied scathingly, "This whole place is nothing but a torture house!"

"Is this correct Governess?" Harriet turned to her.

"Unfortunately... The dungeon is part of our more hardened approach in dealing with rebellious students, but no harm came to either your son or Master Menwith... It was more a practise of scaring them, which I might add has worked on the young Master Menwith, for he has become a lot more polite and amiable!"

"You mean brainwashed!" Darren continued to fight his corner.

"If as your son is implying, that we brainwash our students, then he would not be standing-"

"You-" Darren interrupted the Governess.

"Shut up Darren!" Harriet countered her son with her hand. "This is your Governess and you will respect her and not interrupt her when she's talking!"

"Thank you Mrs Gable, but as I was going to say before I was rudely interrupted, was that if we do brainwash our students, then surely your Darren would not be standing here expressing his alleged mistreatment so liberally!"

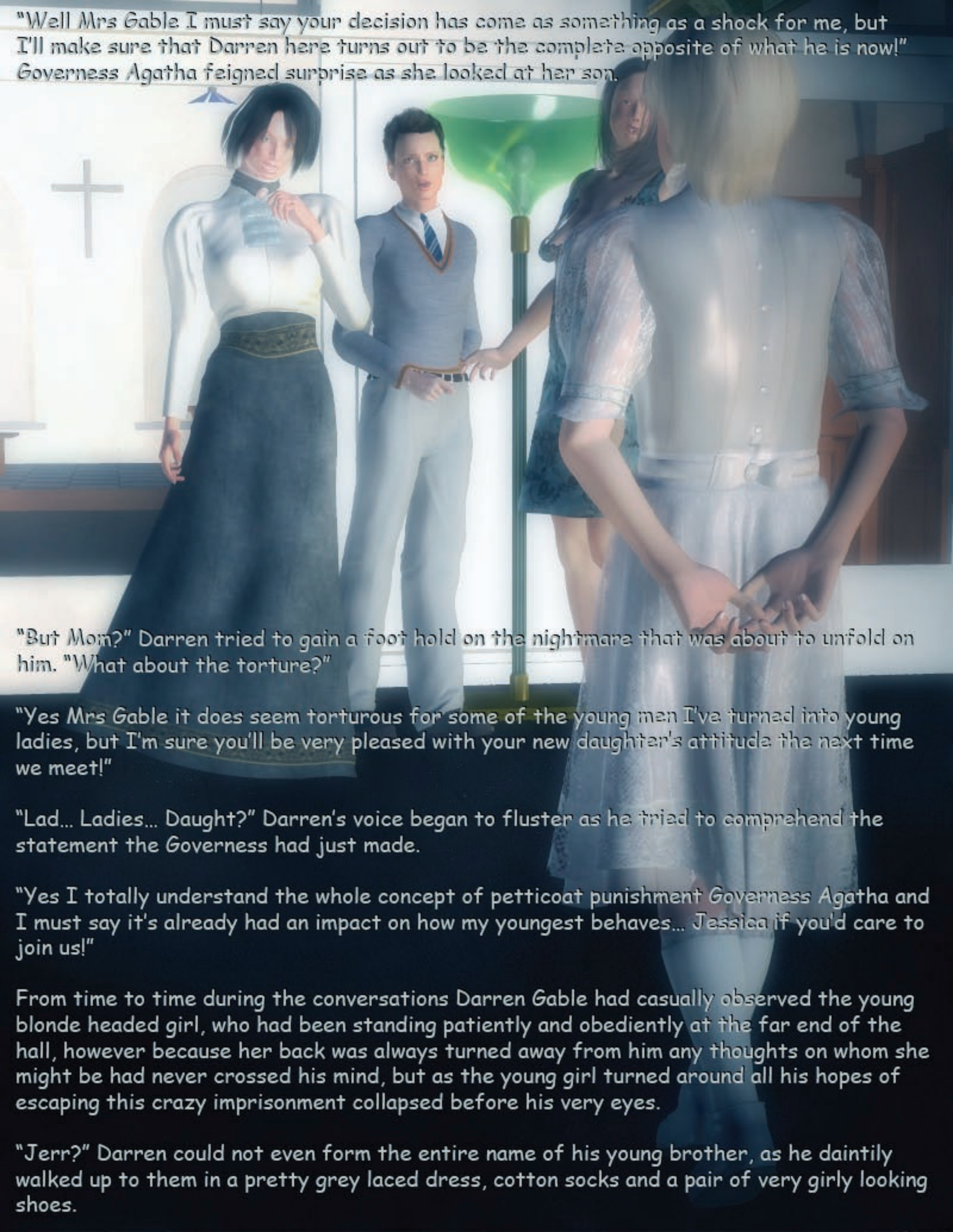
"Of course not Governess I can understand wholly," Harriet agreed with her, "And to think that I'd be so gullible to believe such nonsense too... Really Darren!" she shook her head with disappointment.

"But Mom?"

"Darren Gable... I'm sorry but all these incessant lies are leading me to believe that you intend to turn out like your father, and I'm not willing to let that happen and from what I've just witnessed from your behaviour I feel that I've no option than to keep you here!"

"But... Dad... Yes Dad I'll tell him!" Darren could not hold back his anger as he began to clutch to his only other hope for escape from the clutches of the Governess, as all of the threats he had so easily dismissed from her earlier, now began to come crashing head first into his thoughts.

"Be quite... I've made my decision... Your father dismissed all responsibility of you when he ran off with that slut... So you can forget about him coming to your rescue!" Harriet spoke sternly, "I'm quite happy to accept the policies and practices of discipline within this school... So I'll hear no more said against it!"



"Well Mrs Gable I must say your decision has come as something as a shock for me, but I'll make sure that Darren here turns out to be the complete opposite of what he is now!" Governess Agatha feigned surprise as she looked at her son.

"But Mom?" Darren tried to gain a foot hold on the nightmare that was about to unfold on him. "What about the torture?"

"Yes Mrs Gable it does seem torturous for some of the young men I've turned into young ladies, but I'm sure you'll be very pleased with your new daughter's attitude the next time we meet!"

"Lad... Ladies... Daught?" Darren's voice began to fluster as he tried to comprehend the statement the Governess had just made.

"Yes I totally understand the whole concept of petticoat punishment Governess Agatha and I must say it's already had an impact on how my youngest behaves... Jessica if you'd care to join us!"

From time to time during the conversations Darren Gable had casually observed the young blonde headed girl, who had been standing patiently and obediently at the far end of the hall, however because her back was always turned away from him any thoughts on whom she might be had never crossed his mind, but as the young girl turned around all his hopes of escaping this crazy imprisonment collapsed before his very eyes.

"Jerr?" Darren could not even form the entire name of his young brother, as he daintily walked up to them in a pretty grey laced dress, cotton socks and a pair of very girly looking shoes.

"Good afternoon Madame!"

"And a good afternoon to you too my dear... And what name do you go by?" the Governess enquired as she smiled down at Darren's brother.

"Jessica Ma'am," Darren's brother replied much to his astonishment, as he reached out and grabbed a hold of his mother's hand.

"Well Jessica, it's so nice to meet such a pleasant child!" Governess Agatha smiled down at the former thirteen year old boy, whose entire appearance had been changed by a dress, makeup and femininely styled blonde hair.

"Darren say hello to your new sister!" Harriet ordered her other son, as she held onto her new daughter's welcoming grasp.

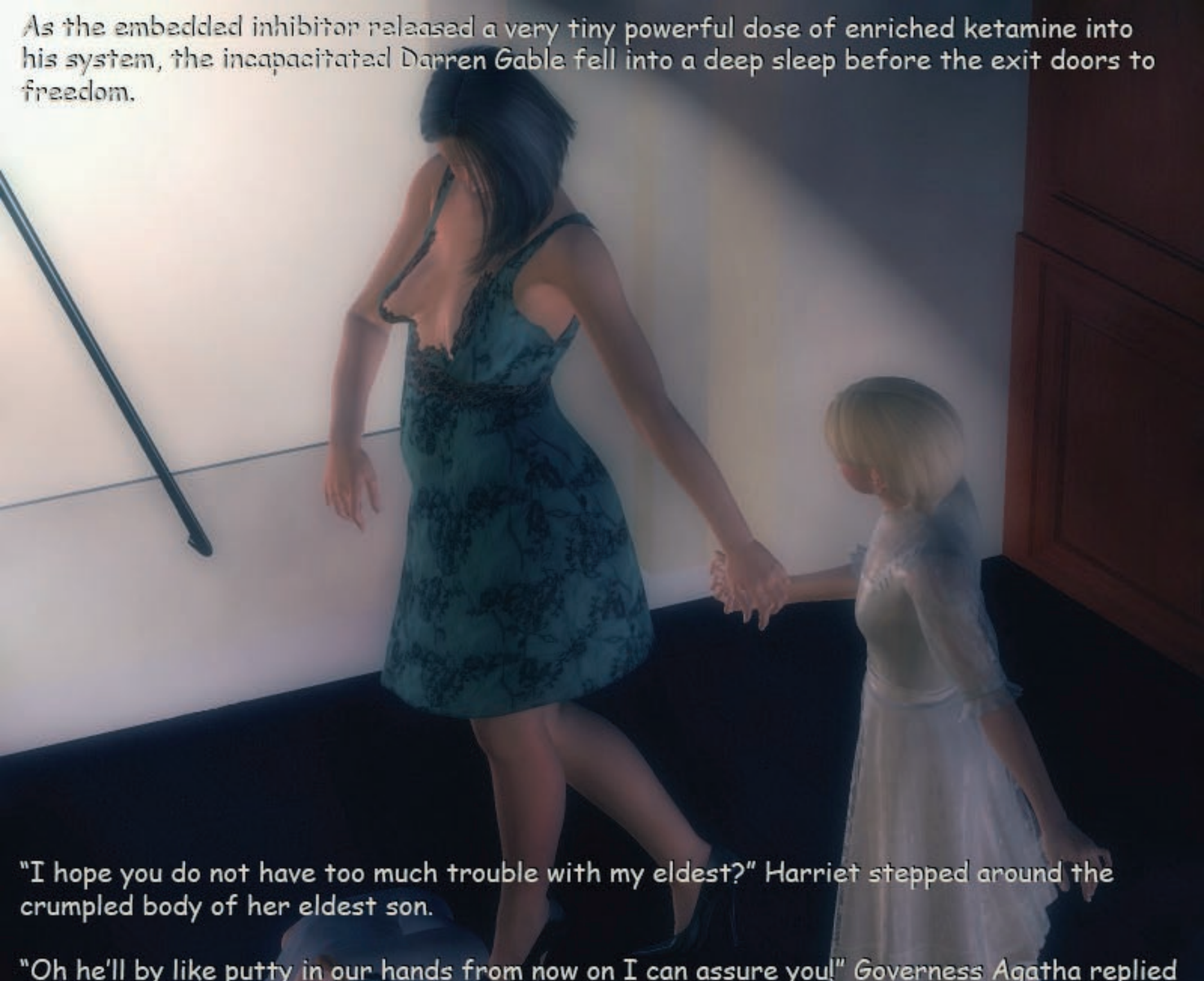
The sight of Jerry dressed and looking like a girl was just too much for Darren to take and as his younger brother's mascara and lipstick gaze looked up at him, he could think of nothing more than to escape forthwith.

How his mother succumbed to the madness of this place he could not fathom and with her she had dragged his brother too, so without a seconds thought he looked over to the doors that led to the exit and headed full pelt towards them.

"Daaaaad pleeeeeese!" Darren hurtled over towards the school's exit doors, calling out to the last bastion of help, however before he could reach the doors, a sudden surge of pain shot through his abdomen as if a horse had kicked him causing him to double over in pain and fall to his knees.

"NNNNNNGAAAGHHHHHHHH!" he tried to reach out for the door, however the agony in his stomach was just too much.

The last thing Darren Gable heard before he blacked out was the laugh of his mother and his converted brother as the Governess explained to her, how escape for him was impossible because of the inhibitor they had inserted into his rectum, for the device would always activate when he attempted to leave the premises without permission.



"I hope you do not have too much trouble with my eldest?" Harriet stepped around the crumpled body of her eldest son.

"Oh he'll by like putty in our hands from now on I can assure you!" Governess Agatha replied heartily.

"What will her new name be Mummy?" Jessica enquired as she looked down at what was going to be her new sister.

"Daisy is a most appropriate name for our collection of flowers we have attending here!" Governess Agatha replied. "And it fits so well considering they are all going to blossom into such wonderful creatures!"

"Oh yes I agree Governess," Harriet smiled as she looked down upon her eldest son for the last time, "Come along Jessica we can't keep the Governess from her duties can we?"

"No Mummy we can not!" Jessica giggled as she passed her unconscious brother by.

"And we all want to be perfect for when we meet your father don't we?"

"Yes Mummy we do!"

As the week passed by Lady Dolan welcomed the stay of her first Goddaughter Jessica, while her mother Harriet Gable enjoyed the fruits of Nathanial's loins and with every orgasm she had the specially formulated chemicals in her body slowly transformed her aged plump and frumpy body into the desired form its creators had designed for it to do.

Her cheating ex-husband was going to pay for the years she had spent cowering to his demands and then leaving her for a woman half her age and although the real Harriet would never have dreamed of doing such a thing, the hidden angst she had harboured for so long had been released and as Nathanial grabbed a hold of her naked breasts and squeezed them gently, he aptly continued to remind her how pleasurable she was going to find it exacting her revenge on him.

New sensations coarsed her body every time she shivered to an ecstatic orgasm and with every spurt of her young lovers jism, she could feel her body craving it more like a drug, her breasts heaved and flopped along with her excess belly tissue, but nakedness and shame were a combination of words that would never affect her again.

The Wellington's former cottage, like the entire village, had once been proud and free from the sins of the flesh and since their transformations, the walls within had not witnessed such acts of behaviour until now.

Nathanial Blake's body was now an instrument of sex and his lust for older and more mature women was growing stronger and stronger and as depleted as his morals had become the feel of Mrs Gable's body against his continued to feed his newfound addiction.

Not one room in the Wellington's old cottage went unscathed as Harriet's newfound lust reached new boundaries and as each orgasm passed her body slowly began to change.

Her breasts began to grow firm and softer, while her tummy began to loose its folds and as she reached orgasm after orgasm, she could feel herself becoming stronger and stronger.

As day passed into night and night grew into day again so did Harriet's hair, from shoulder length her hair began to weave its way down her back and along with her beautiful hair, her body became more youthful.

Sex with her ex-husband, although something long past, had always been a chore but now she was learning that it would now be for her pleasure and not for a man's and as the days and sex with Mary Masterton's young lover passed by, her body continued to sculpture itself into the shape that was going to dictate the rest of her life.

The religious beliefs that had always held her firm were still there, but her reconfigured mind had taken them and changed her perspective, bonding her along with her slender and toned body to the beliefs of the Order of the Sacred Feminine.

She was, like all her fellow females that had been initiated, the dominant gender of her species and she would use her body and her newfound sexuality to strengthen their quest.

In all Harriet Gable felt like a Goddess.

"OHHHHHH YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS NATHANIAL!" Harriet grabbed her gorgeously full breasts as she shivered to yet another climax.

"NNNGHHH!" Nathanial felt relief that his own elongated climax had finally happened.

"MMMMMM... Yes that feels sooooo good!" Harriet enjoyed the feeling of her young lover's sperm as it filled her sacred place, but as the effects of their ecstatic orgasms decreased, Harriet new that it would be the last time that Mary Masterton's young lover ever had sex with her again.

Leaving the exasperated Nathanial to recover from his ejaculation, Harriet slipped into the bathroom to shower, however as she passed by the mirror hanging over the washbasin, she caught sight of her new body.

"Oh my how can this be?" she questioned her disbelief at how much her body had changed.

Although her overall body had become vibrant and youthful, her face had retained some of the experience her former features had acquired, however there was no doubt she still resembled Harriet Gable.

Lifting her elbow above her head she exasperated in the softness of her beautifully shaped bosom and as it wobbled delightfully she took a hold of it and began to explore it.

"Hmmm yessss!" she sighed as her fingers glided over her nipple watching it harden and extrude.

"Mrs Gable I'm so sorry I took so-" Nathanial walked into the bathroom and tried to appolgise for his poor performances of late, for her body had now taken on the shape that the former clergyman to be did not find appealing to his reconfigured mind and since the morning Harriet had woken up with a trim tummy, vibrantly flared hips and beautifully shaped breasts, his erections had begun to get harder to achieve.

"Shhh... I understand you prefer your women to be shaped like I used to be!" Harriet eased Nathanial's worries. "And I'm sure Mary is itching to feel your cock in her pussy once again!" she continued to look at the new Harriet in the mirror. "But tell me what do you think of this new me?" she asked as she felt the softness of her once aged and weathered face.

"I err... Well I'm sure you're?" Nathanial replied unsure as what to say.

"Do you think that I'll have lots of young men fighting to bed me?"

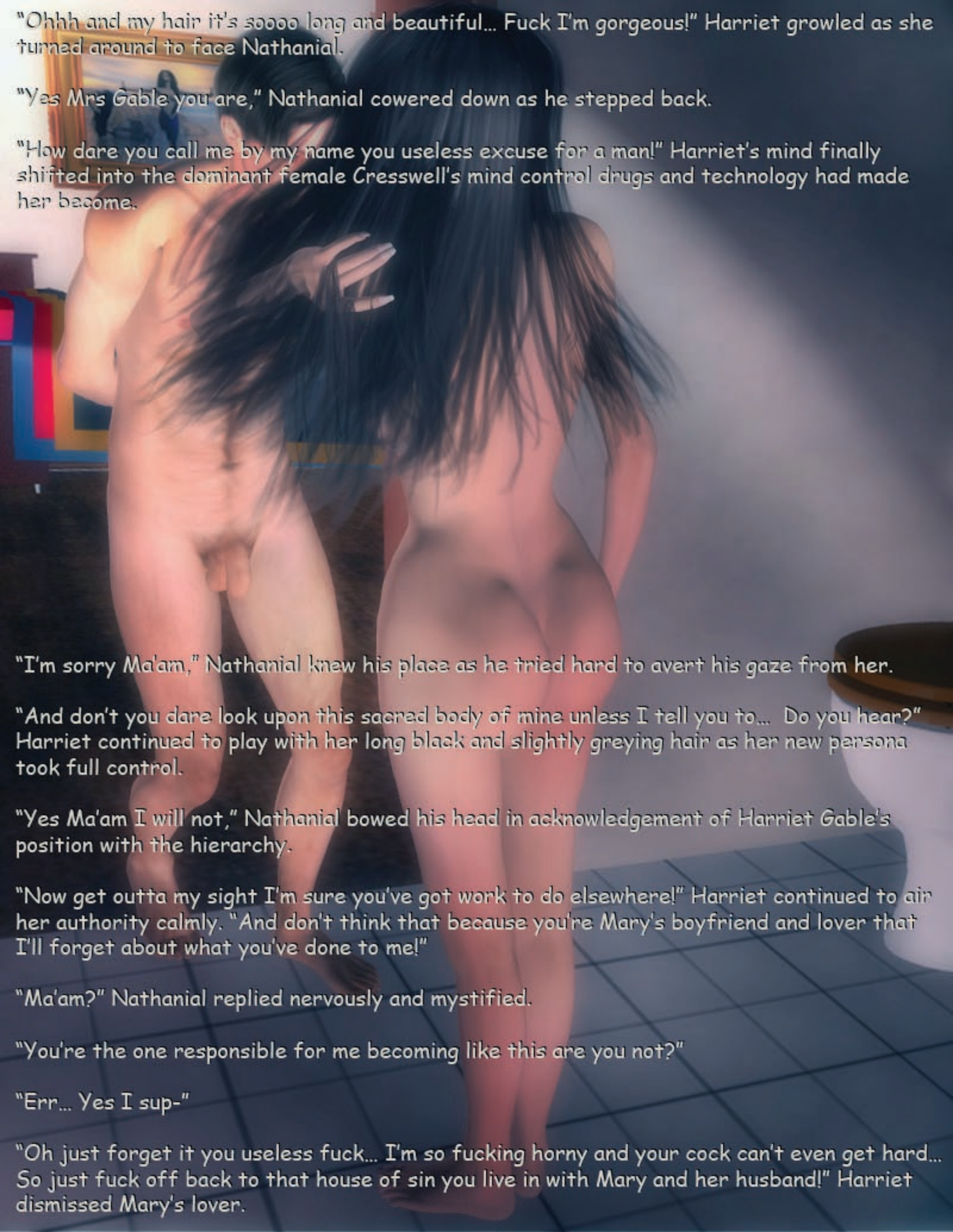
"Well... Err yes Mrs Gable I imagine you will," he replied nervously, as he began to witness first hand Harriet's mind turning from inquisitiveness into actual realisation of what she now was.

"Hmm... Yes I think I will!" she smiled devilishly.

"The Sacred Feminine has indeed blessed you Mrs Gable," Nathanial began to feel feeble as he stood looking at Harriet.

"Yes she has," Nathanial, "Fuck I'm gorgeous and boy am I gonna make that fuck of an ex pay for my past life!"

"Yes errr... Mrs Gable... I'm... Sure you will," Nathanial's voice began to croak as Harriet's mind began to lock into place.



"Ohhh and my hair it's soooo long and beautiful... Fuck I'm gorgeous!" Harriet growled as she turned around to face Nathanial.

"Yes Mrs Gable you are," Nathanial cowered down as he stepped back.

"How dare you call me by my name you useless excuse for a man!" Harriet's mind finally shifted into the dominant female Cresswell's mind control drugs and technology had made her become.

"I'm sorry Ma'am," Nathanial knew his place as he tried hard to avert his gaze from her.

"And don't you dare look upon this sacred body of mine unless I tell you to... Do you hear?" Harriet continued to play with her long black and slightly greying hair as her new persona took full control.

"Yes Ma'am I will not," Nathanial bowed his head in acknowledgement of Harriet Gable's position with the hierarchy.

"Now get outta my sight I'm sure you've got work to do elsewhere!" Harriet continued to air her authority calmly. "And don't think that because you're Mary's boyfriend and lover that I'll forget about what you've done to me!"

"Ma'am?" Nathanial replied nervously and mystified.

"You're the one responsible for me becoming like this are you not?"

"Err... Yes I sup-"

"Oh just forget it you useless fuck... I'm so fucking horny and your cock can't even get hard... So just fuck off back to that house of sin you live in with Mary and her husband!" Harriet dismissed Mary's lover.

With her sexual libido in overdrive Harriet continued to explore her body in ways she had never thought possible and as her fingers twisted and pulled on her heavy folds of labia and then slipped them deep inside the soaking wet hole between them, the former down trodden and easily swayed Harriet Gable disappeared into the recesses of a mind that was now ruled by a confident revenge fuelled woman, whose past religious beliefs had been twisted into the new religious sect of which she was now part off.

Removing her soaked and sticky fingers, Harriet shivered to yet another self induced mind bending orgasm.

Chapter 21

Leotards

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2008

"Now then Master Menwith tell me what you both learned yesterday?" Miss Prudence smiled at her pupil as her ample breasts and pierced nipples wobbled nakedly before him.

"That all men are worthless in the eyes of our Sacred Lady and that if we are lucky to be blessed by her and for us to be given the chance to nestle within her bossom, we must cast out all of our male sins and welcome the gift of femininity that she will bestow upon us Miss Prudence!"

"Correct Master Menwith and what else did you learn about men yesterday Master Gable?"

"That men are the embodiment of chaos and destruction and are responsible for plague famine, pestilence and all the wrongdoing in our Lady's beautiful world Miss Prudence!" Darren replied less enthusiastic than Paul.

"Excellent Master Gable... And I must add that since your mother chose for you to become part of our order you've been a most pleasant student," Miss Prudence congratulated the very vacant looking young man.

"Thank you Miss Prudence," Darren replied solemnly.

"Now today is going to mark a very important step in your journey to our Sacred Lady's bossom, and I might also hasten to add that it will be a most pleasurable journey for you from now on," Miss Prudence stood virtually naked before her class. "Now I know you're both familiar with this part of the school and the reason you were both originally brought down here was to show the power that can be obtained when you become a teacher of discipline like me!"

"Teacher like you Miss Prudence?" Paul replied a little shakily.

"Yes Master Menwith both you and Master Gable will become teachers of discipline like me!"

"But we are not of the Sacred form Miss Prudence?" Paul continued to question.

"Our beloved Lady is patient and if you please her she will bless you with the form befitting a follower of her faith... Just like I have become!" Miss Prudence wriggled her gorgeous hour glass shaped body before the two young semi-chastised men.

"Oh Miss Prudence I am not worthy to look upon such a wonderous body such as yours," Paul continued to quote his programmed beliefs to his teacher, while Darren's forlorn gaze seemed to be aimed at the stone floor.

"Now let us continue with our lessons for today!" Miss Prudence span around deftly leaving Paul Menwith to stare in absolute amazement at her gloriously well proportioned ass cheeks as they gently shook and wobbled with every click of her platform styled Mary Janes upon the cobblstoned floor.

"Now the importance of our lesson today is to expose you to all of the vices that men have used to keep their egos in place and their cocks hard!"

"Angela, if you would like to come out into the open for my students!" Prudence cracked her whip yet again and turned around to face her class, her true form now on show for her two pupils to see, although it was more for Paul's sake as his increasingly changing mind set was a lot further down the road to feminisation than Darren's, for when Prudence's slender and delicate pierced and ringed penis swung into view, his eyes where drawn to it instantly. "Now as you see we have a cart and... Yes Angela if you'd please," another woman dressed as a pony girl teetered out from one of the dungeon cells.

"This is a most intriguing fetish that our adversaries seem to thrive on!" Prudence finally began her lessons into the workings of a man's sexual mind as she tapped the cart next to her with her crop and then began to tap into the palm of her hand, pleased that Paul Menwith was now glued to her every word and every move.

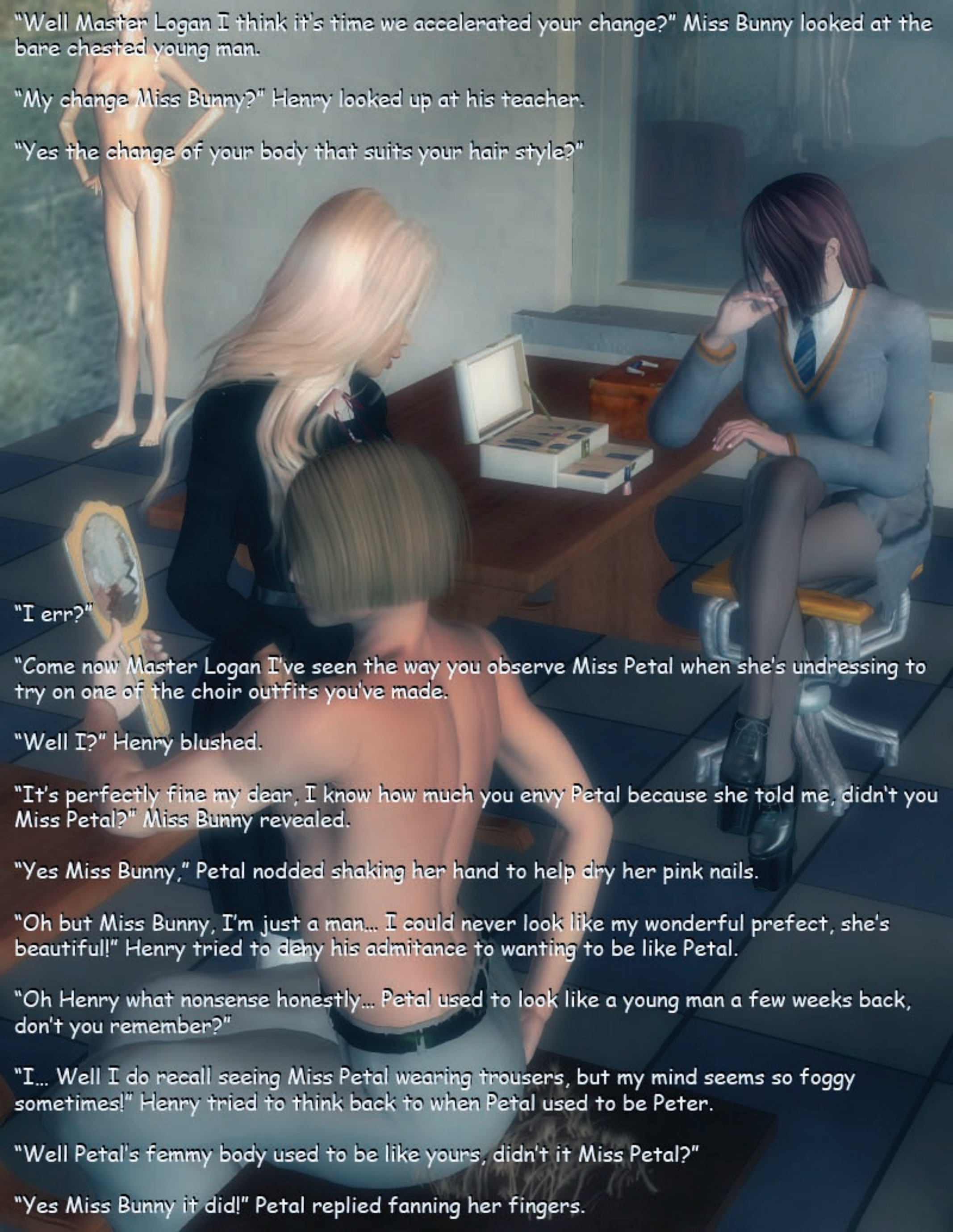
With Paul and Darren spending all their time with Miss Prudence, Petal and Henry continued on their lessons with Miss Bunny, which this week centred on the importance of feeling pretty and looking your best.

"There how does that feel Master Logan?" Bunny brought the mirror up for Henry to look at his new and very femininely cut bob hairstyle.

"Oh it's fantastic Miss Bunny thank you ever so much!" he replied ecstatic, "It had got awfully long!"

"Yes it had Master Logan, and I must say this type of hair style certainly suits you… What do you think Miss Petal?" Miss Bunny called out to Petal who was blowing her painted nails.

"It's a wonderful improvement Miss Bunny," Petal replied not really taking any interest in her shower companions new hair style.



"Well Master Logan I think it's time we accelerated your change?" Miss Bunny looked at the bare chested young man.

"My change Miss Bunny?" Henry looked up at his teacher.

"Yes the change of your body that suits your hair style?"

"I err?"

"Come now Master Logan I've seen the way you observe Miss Petal when she's undressing to try on one of the choir outfits you've made.

"Well I?" Henry blushed.

"It's perfectly fine my dear, I know how much you envy Petal because she told me, didn't you Miss Petal?" Miss Bunny revealed.

"Yes Miss Bunny," Petal nodded shaking her hand to help dry her pink nails.

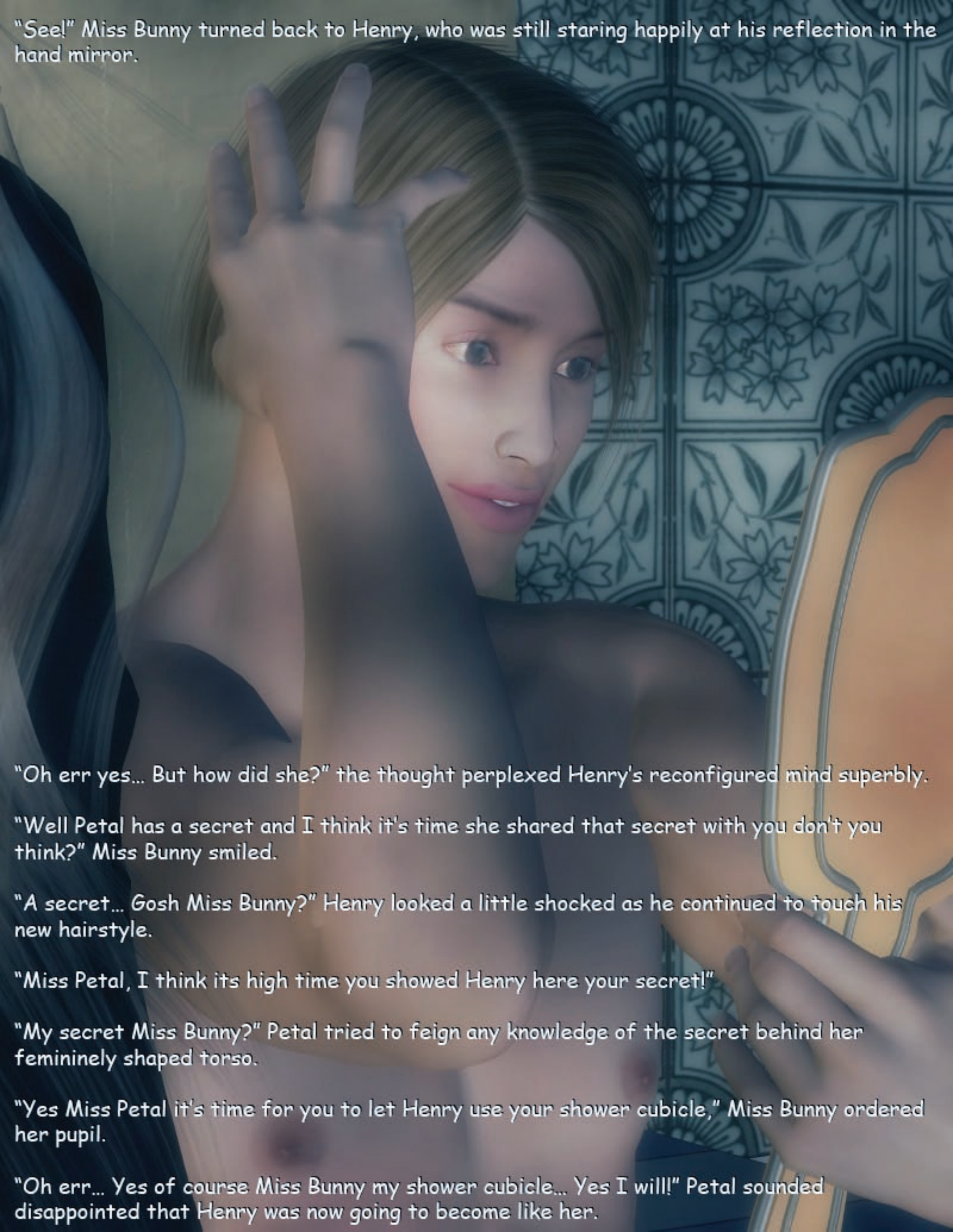
"Oh but Miss Bunny, I'm just a man... I could never look like my wonderful prefect, she's beautiful!" Henry tried to deny his admitance to wanting to be like Petal.

"Oh Henry what nonsense honestly... Petal used to look like a young man a few weeks back, don't you remember?"

"I... Well I do recall seeing Miss Petal wearing trousers, but my mind seems so foggy sometimes!" Henry tried to think back to when Petal used to be Peter.

"Well Petal's femmy body used to be like yours, didn't it Miss Petal?"

"Yes Miss Bunny it did!" Petal replied fanning her fingers.



"See!" Miss Bunny turned back to Henry, who was still staring happily at his reflection in the hand mirror.

"Oh err yes... But how did she?" the thought perplexed Henry's reconfigured mind superbly.

"Well Petal has a secret and I think it's time she shared that secret with you don't you think?" Miss Bunny smiled.

"A secret... Gosh Miss Bunny?" Henry looked a little shocked as he continued to touch his new hairstyle.

"Miss Petal, I think its high time you showed Henry here your secret!"

"My secret Miss Bunny?" Petal tried to feign any knowledge of the secret behind her femininely shaped torso.

"Yes Miss Petal it's time for you to let Henry use your shower cubicle," Miss Bunny ordered her pupil.

"Oh err... Yes of course Miss Bunny my shower cubicle... Yes I will!" Petal sounded disappointed that Henry was now going to become like her.

"Now then Miss Petal lets have a look at how well your getting on with your nails!" Miss Bunny left the extremely happy Henry to continue looking at his hair from different angles in the hand mirror. "Now then Petal you are aware that it is time for Master Logan to blossom like you have done?"

"Yes Miss Bunny I am," Petal sounded a little disheartened that she was not going to remain the only girl in their dormitory.

"I do also know how much of a disappointment it is for you to not be the only girl in your class," Miss Bunny looked Petal in the eyes, "And I can tell you from experience that you need not be... Because the fun for you is only just beginning!"

"Fun?" Petal looked a little confused.

"Yes fun Miss Petal... Of course you will not find Henry as exciting to be with from now on and in a sense he will feel like a rival to you, but you've no need to worry because you've still got Master's Gable and Menwith to seduce in the showers haven't you?"

"Well err... Yes I have... But Master Gable is so horrid?" Petal questioned her teacher. "And he's mother is going to take him away isn't she not?"

"No his mother was fortunate enough to see that his best interests were left in the safe hands of our Governess and furthermore Mrs Gable is now a firm believer in our Sacred Lady, so I think you will find that Master Gable's attitude will start to change for the better!"

"Oh I see," Petal's mind began to consider the fun she could have in seducing both Darren Gable and Paul Menwith, however one particular question that had been floating in and out of her mind during the past few days was beginning to haunt her, so she guessed that now was the time to finally ask it. "Miss Bunny... I've been wondering what will happen when all of these lessons end?"

"I'm afraid I'm not as high in the Order to be able to answer that, but from what I've overheard Governess Agatha saying, you're destined for far greater things than the other three!"

"Oh... I see," Petal looked over towards Henry Logan, who was busily playing with his hair, for Petal had noticed that Henry's intelligence had been decreasing more and more the past few days, resulting in the unusual speech and thought patterns he seemed to be making of late...

As the week progressed so did the changes to the other three students and as Paul and Darren's training in the vices of men continued, Miss Prudence gradually began to ease both of the young men into their prospective roles, for unlike Petal and Henry, their training was focusing more and more on submissiveness and in particular obedience to the rules of the order of the Sacred Feminine and the effect it was having on the two young men could not have been more evident in their faces as towards the middle of the week Miss Prudence began to lead them happily to and fro from their lessons on chains.

"Good morning Master's Menwith and Gable!" Governess Agatha smiled as she came across Miss Prudence walking her class through the corridors.

"Ladies… Acknowledge your Governess!" Prudence lifted the chain she was holding and whipped it slightly, causing a ripple effect to filter through to their metal encased chastity devices.

"Good morning Governess!" both of them instantly did as they were told as they held each others hands tightly.

"I take it you're enjoying wearing heels Master Menwith?" the Governess noted Paul's leather outfit skirt and high heeled shoes.

"Oh yes Governess Ma'am," he gave a short curtsey.

With a second week drawing to a close the dormitory shower room was becoming quite a busy area and with Petal pulling all the strings in her special domain, the once testosterone filled dormitory was slowly being consumed by perfume, panties and estrogen and with Saturday mornings now becoming the Governess's inspection day, all four students were desperate to look their best for her.

"Oh Miss Petal look at Master Gable he's so?"

"Yes Henry he is," Petal smiled as she looked down in the direction of Darren Gable's groin, for although his chastity belt had been removed , like Paul, he still had the metal casing wrapped tightly around its shaft.

"It's very impressive isn't it Miss Petal?"

"Hmm... Yes it is!" Petal could feel her own groin beginning to respond to the sight of it, for Henry's penis like her own had become slender and very small and it had been at least a week since she had last given Henry's cock her blessing. "Now just you run along sweetheart and dry your hair... The governess will be inspecting us in an hour and you know how long it takes you to get ready!" she caressed her shower companion's shoulder.

"Hello Master Gable!" Petal stood admiring Darren Gable's still masculine body.

"Oh I'm sorry Miss Petal I didn't know you were standing there!" he replied a little phased at having the dormitory's prefect looking him up and down.

"I've been watching you of late and I must say I'm most impressed with your behaviour!" she smiled suggestively as her eyes went down to his cock.

"Why thank you Miss Petal," Darren turned around and turned off the fragranced bubbly shower.

"Do you find me attractive Master Gable?" Petal enquired sultrily.

"Err... I err... Well I?"

"Well I'm sure we'll find out later Master Gable!" Petal laughed as she spun around and headed out of the shower leaving a very confused Darren Gable to wonder what had just happened.

"Oh Darren I could not help but overhear what Miss Petal just said to you!" Paul stepped out of his shower.

"What?"

"Oh Paul I think she's going to make you her shower companion!" Paul gasped as he fully understood what had just happened.

"But Henry's her shower companion and besides," he tried to dismiss his fellow student's observation.

"Master Logan is being blessed by our Sacred Lady and from what I heard the other day Miss Petal has not been intimate with him for over a week now!"

"Intimate... You mean they?"

"Oh no Miss Petal and Master Logan are not allowed to copulate, it would be against our Lady's wishes, but Our Lady has not yet taken you to her bosom has she?" Paul explained Miss Petal's sudden interest in his friend, "And Miss Petal is able to give the gift of pleasure if she so desires!"

"Pleasure?"

"Yes you know with her mouth!" Paul licked his lips with a giggle.

A giggle that unnerved Darren completely, for the thought of Miss Petal suddenly finding favour in him caused him to feel uneasy, especially when she had neither spoke nor shown any interest in him since they had first arrived, however any feelings of his dislike he had towards his prefect had somehow passed since his mother had ordered him to obey the wishes of the Governess and her teachers last week and this now had him wondering whether he had to obey the wishes of his prefect too.

"Good morning ladies!" Governess Agatha entered the sweet perfumed smelling dormitory wearing a more formal blue dress and matching sky blue coat and as she awaited the response from her deliberate slip of the tongue concerning all of the gathered students gender, she was quite pleased that none of them corrected her.

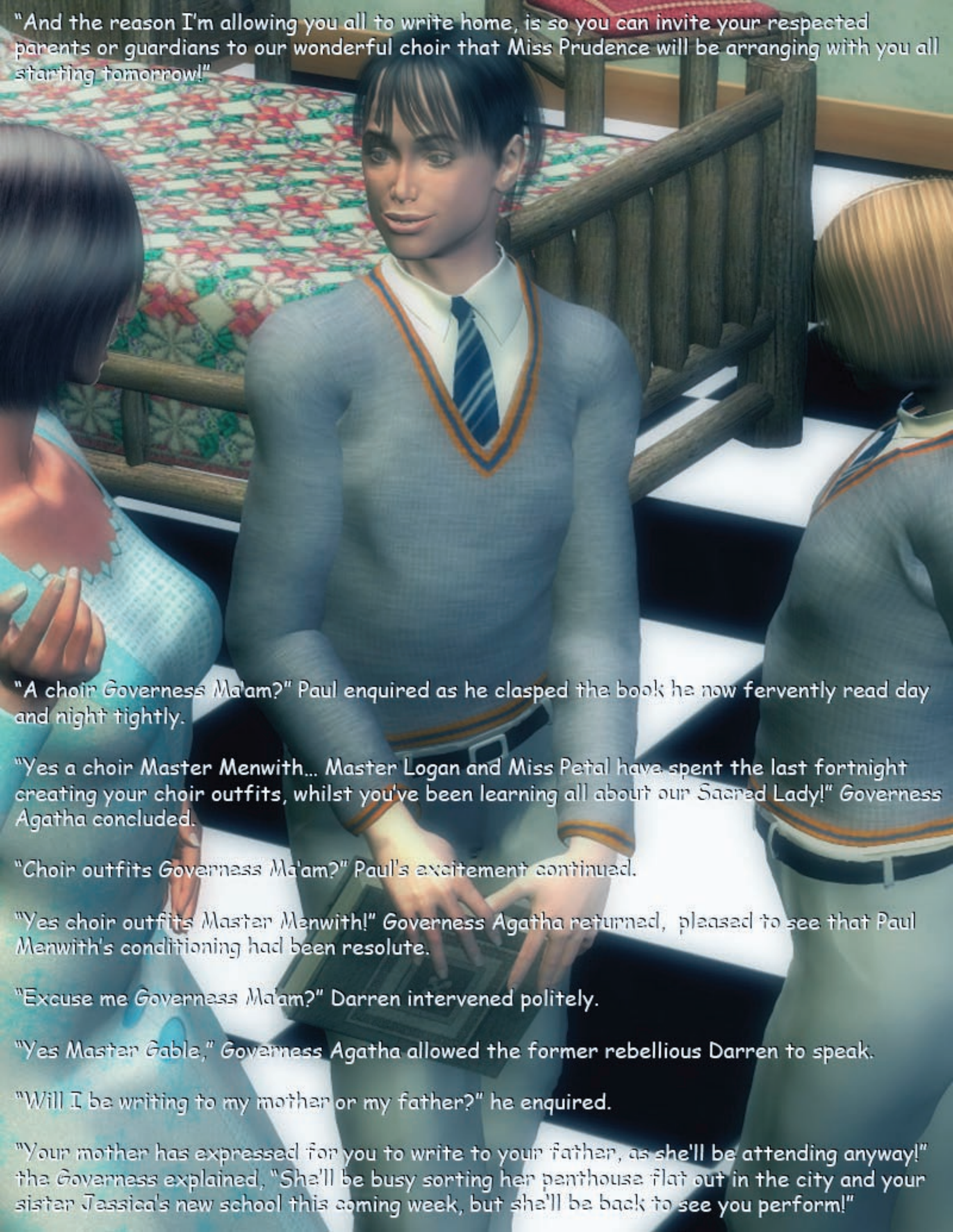
"Good morning Governess Ma'am!" all four students replied obediently, as they all gathered around in their uniforms.

"Today marks a crucial steppingstone in all of your transitions and as a special treat for all of the good work you've all put in this week, I'm going to let you all write a letter to your parents, or in Petal's case her Grandmother!"

"Oh thank you Governess Ma'am," they all sounded quite excited about the prospect of writing home.

"Miss Bunny will take you all to her class this morning, where she will oversee that your letters are all worded correctly, as we don't want any of your parents thinking that we've forgone any vital grammar lessons," Governess Agatha explained, for all of the students apart from Petal, had all been reprogrammed to be less academically inclined as they had been when they first arrived.

In Fact Paul Menwith had been the most academically gifted student out of the four of them and his knowledge of mathematics physics and literature had given him grades that would easily have seen him make a top university, however all of his intelligence had slowly been removed from his mind and replaced with an underlying need to obey the rules of his Mistresses and draw upon the knowledge and wisdom from the book that served as his mantra 'The Sacred Feminine', just as Darren Gable would soon be conditioned to do.



"And the reason I'm allowing you all to write home, is so you can invite your respected parents or guardians to our wonderful choir that Miss Prudence will be arranging with you all starting tomorrow!"

"A choir Governess Ma'am?" Paul enquired as he clasped the book he now fervently read day and night tightly.

"Yes a choir Master Menwith... Master Logan and Miss Petal have spent the last fortnight creating your choir outfits, whilst you've been learning all about our Sacred Lady!" Governess Agatha concluded.

"Choir outfits Governess Ma'am?" Paul's excitement continued.

"Yes choir outfits Master Menwith!" Governess Agatha returned, pleased to see that Paul Menwith's conditioning had been resolute.

"Excuse me Governess Ma'am?" Darren intervened politely.

"Yes Master Gable," Governess Agatha allowed the former rebellious Darren to speak.

"Will I be writing to my mother or my father?" he enquired.

"Your mother has expressed for you to write to your father, as she'll be attending anyway!" the Governess explained, "She'll be busy sorting her penthouse flat out in the city and your sister Jessica's new school this coming week, but she'll be back to see you perform!"

"You'll spoil the surprise for your Grandmother if you tell her all about the wonderful choir outfit you've made with Master Logan!" Miss Bunny answered Miss Petal's question concerning what to put into their letter home. "You just need to write telling them how you are and how much you would love to have them watch you perform in the choir a week Sunday!"

"Yes Miss Bunny you're right!" Petal agreed.

"Now class when I've finished reading your letters I want you to spray the letter with the

"Excuse me Miss Bunny?" Darren put up his hand, but won't my father think it a little odd that his son has sent him a perfumed letter?"

"Of course not Master Gable!" Miss Bunny answered Darren's question bluntly as she moved up alongside him and looked down to read what he had written.

Which read 'Dear Father, I am writing to inform you that I will be performing in a choir in two Sundays time, I would dearly love for you to see me perform and I would be very pleased to show how well my further education is improving. I have spoken to mother on the subject of you and your new girlfriend both attending and she believes that it would be good for me to meet her. I look forward to seeing you and your new girlfriend, love and kisses Darren xxxxxxx'

With all the benches and tables moved out of the Annexe, Miss Bunny waited patiently for her gym class to arrive in her spaghetti strapped, tight but comfortable fitting leotard.

Anticipation was etched on her brow as she heard the sounds of shuffling from along the corridor and as their chatter grew nearer, she positioned herself so that her entire class could see that she had nothing to hide from them.

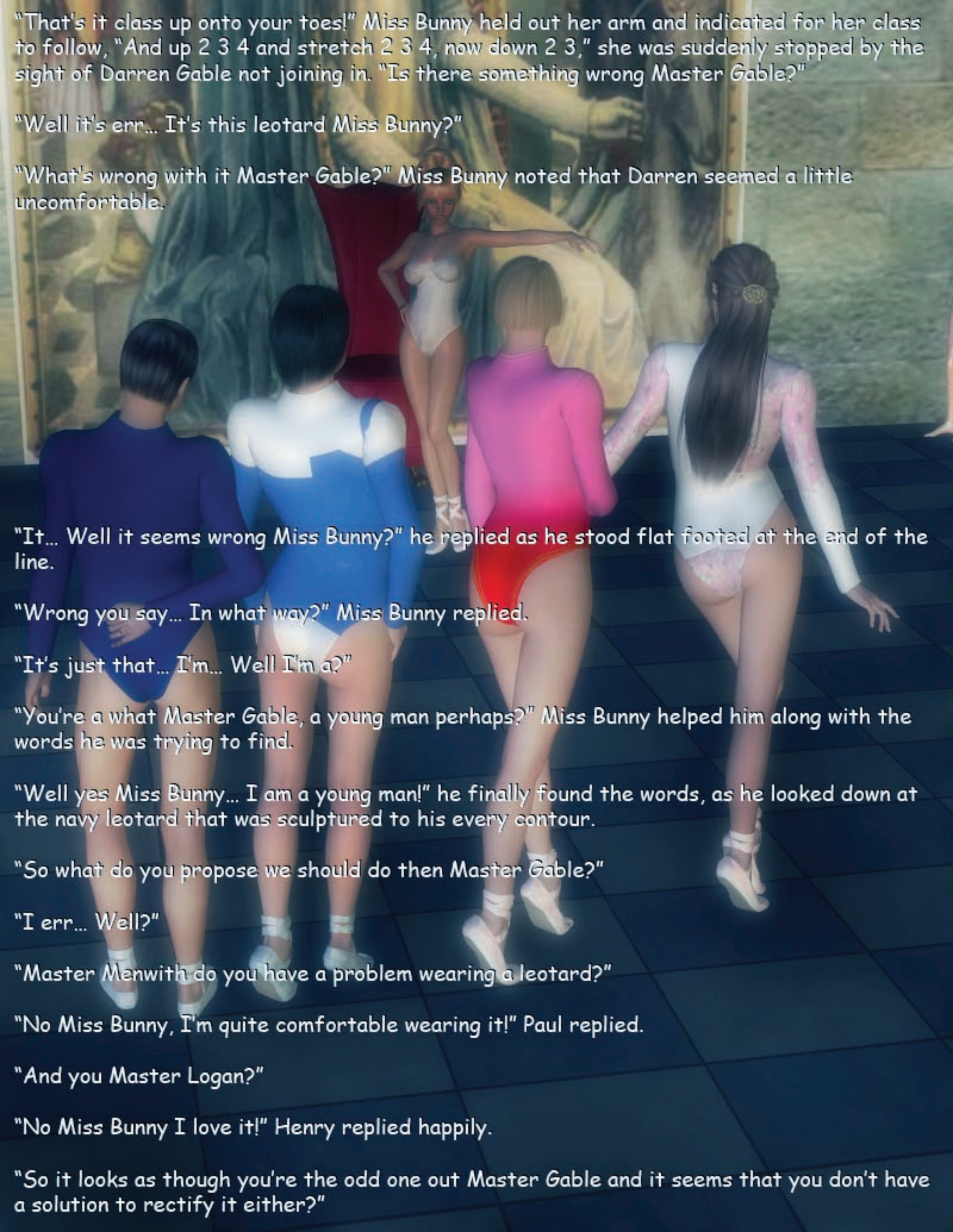
"Oh my?" gasped Henry as he set eyes upon Miss Bunny.

"Miss err?" Paul was also caught for words.

"Right gather in the middle ladies!" she ordered her class amongst the gasps of disbelief as all four students filtered into the Annexe. "It takes hard work to get a body like mine!"

"Yes Miss Bunny!" Petal acknowledged, as she, Henry and Paul could not avert their gaze away from the unmistakable bulge in their teacher's groin and considering that her leotard was a lot more flimsy than theirs it's shape was definitely more defined.

However Darren's attention was drawn more to his own attire.



"That's it class up onto your toes!" Miss Bunny held out her arm and indicated for her class to follow, "And up 2 3 4 and stretch 2 3 4, now down 2 3," she was suddenly stopped by the sight of Darren Gable not joining in. "Is there something wrong Master Gable?"

"Well it's err... It's this leotard Miss Bunny?"

"What's wrong with it Master Gable?" Miss Bunny noted that Darren seemed a little uncomfortable.

"It... Well it seems wrong Miss Bunny?" he replied as he stood flat footed at the end of the line.

"Wrong you say... In what way?" Miss Bunny replied.

"It's just that... I'm... Well I'm a?"

"You're a what Master Gable, a young man perhaps?" Miss Bunny helped him along with the words he was trying to find.

"Well yes Miss Bunny... I am a young man!" he finally found the words, as he looked down at the navy leotard that was sculptured to his every contour.

"So what do you propose we should do then Master Gable?"

"I err... Well?"

"Master Menwith do you have a problem wearing a leotard?"

"No Miss Bunny, I'm quite comfortable wearing it!" Paul replied.

"And you Master Logan?"

"No Miss Bunny I love it!" Henry replied happily.

"So it looks as though you're the odd one out Master Gable and it seems that you don't have a solution to rectify it either?"

"But can I not just remain in the dormitory?" Darren tried to explain the awkwardness he felt at being dressed like his other fellow students. "I'm really not comfortable wearing such a garment!"

"Master Gable come here please!" Miss Bunny clicked her fingers, "Ladies you can relax!"

Darren Gable pigeon toed his way across the room as the other three members of the class all sighed with disappointment.

"Am I to take it that you think that my choice of gym clothing is not good enough for you?"

"Oh no Miss Bunny, it's perfect... But it's just that I've got?" he looked uncomfortably down at his groin.

"And it's that what's causing you the problem with the leotard?"

"Yes Miss Bunny," he replied honestly.

"Very well Master Gable I can clearly see your problem, but if I was to allow you to go back to the Dormitory then I would have to send all of you back!"

"Miss Bunny?" Darren could not see why when the other's were more than comfortable with their leotards and ballet shoes.

"Do you regard this item of clothing a little too feminine for your tastes?"

"Well... Err... Yes I do!"

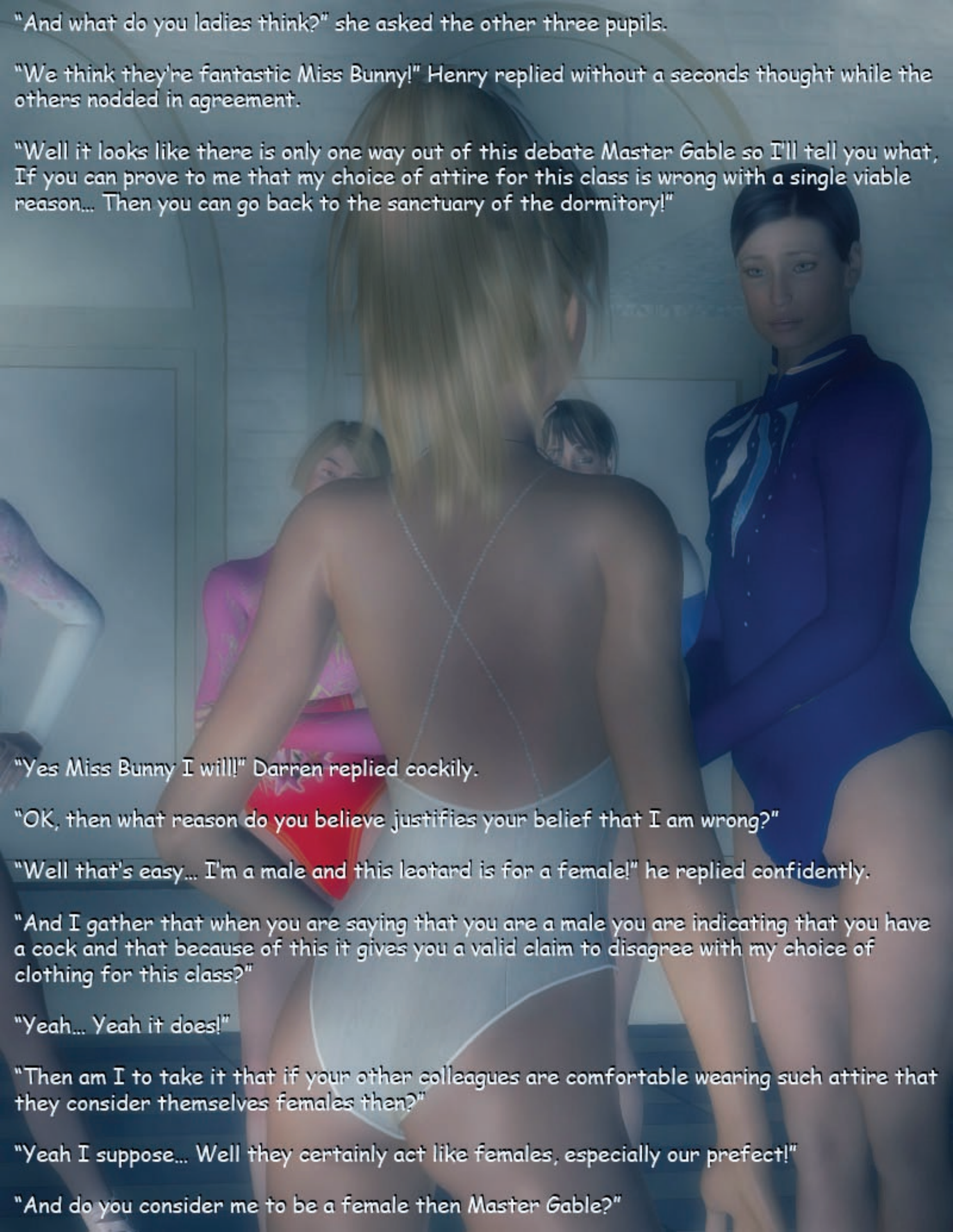
"So it is of your belief that only females should wear such an item?"

"Yes Miss Bunny!"

"And what do you ladies think?" she asked the other three pupils.

"We think they're fantastic Miss Bunny!" Henry replied without a seconds thought while the others nodded in agreement.

"Well it looks like there is only one way out of this debate Master Gable so I'll tell you what, If you can prove to me that my choice of attire for this class is wrong with a single viable reason... Then you can go back to the sanctuary of the dormitory!"



"Yes Miss Bunny I will!" Darren replied cockily.

"OK, then what reason do you believe justifies your belief that I am wrong?"

"Well that's easy... I'm a male and this leotard is for a female!" he replied confidently.

"And I gather that when you are saying that you are a male you are indicating that you have a cock and that because of this it gives you a valid claim to disagree with my choice of clothing for this class?"

"Yeah... Yeah it does!"

"Then am I to take it that if your other colleagues are comfortable wearing such attire that they consider themselves females then?"

"Yeah I suppose... Well they certainly act like females, especially our prefect!"

"And do you consider me to be a female then Master Gable?"

Darren hesitated as he looked at Miss Bunny from head to toe and considered his reply, for although she was absolutely beautiful and had a perfect feminine figure he had noticed like all the others had when he entered the Annexe that she had the same distinguishable lump in her groin as his fellow students.

"Come along Master Gable we're all waiting!" she prompted him for an answer.

"Errr… Yes… Yes you are a female!" he finally replied.

"Now to get this straight you're telling me that my choice of clothing for this lesson should only be worn by females?" Miss Bunny asked her troubled pupil a further question, narrowing her eyes in anticipation as she awaited the expected reply.

"Well yeah!"

"Hmmm... And by your statement... I am a female yes?" Miss Bunny's eyes narrowed even further.

"Yes Miss Bunny!"

"And forgive me if I'm wrong here, but all females have vaginas and all males have cocks yes?"

"Yeah of course!"

"Hmmm... Well what about this then she grabbed hold of the gusset of her leotard.

Without any hesitation and to the gasps of her other students Miss Bunny pulled the gusset of her leotard aside and as she did the protrusion that was in her groin dropped from her lower abdomen into view.

"Oh Miss Bunny!" Henry gasped as he saw his teacher's very impressive penis fall free from her leotard.

"Wow!" Petal sighed as she spied the cute little butterfly tattoo.

"As you can see Master Gable I have a cock like you... So that means that I'm very much a male does it not?"

"Err... I?" Darren's eyes followed Miss Bunny's cock as it bobbed before his eyes, leaving him speechless and defeated.

"So if I'm a male and this garment fits me like a glove then my choice for the class, whom incidentally are of the same gender as me, is a correct choice is it not?"

"Err... Yes... Yes it is Miss Bunny," he replied dejectedly.

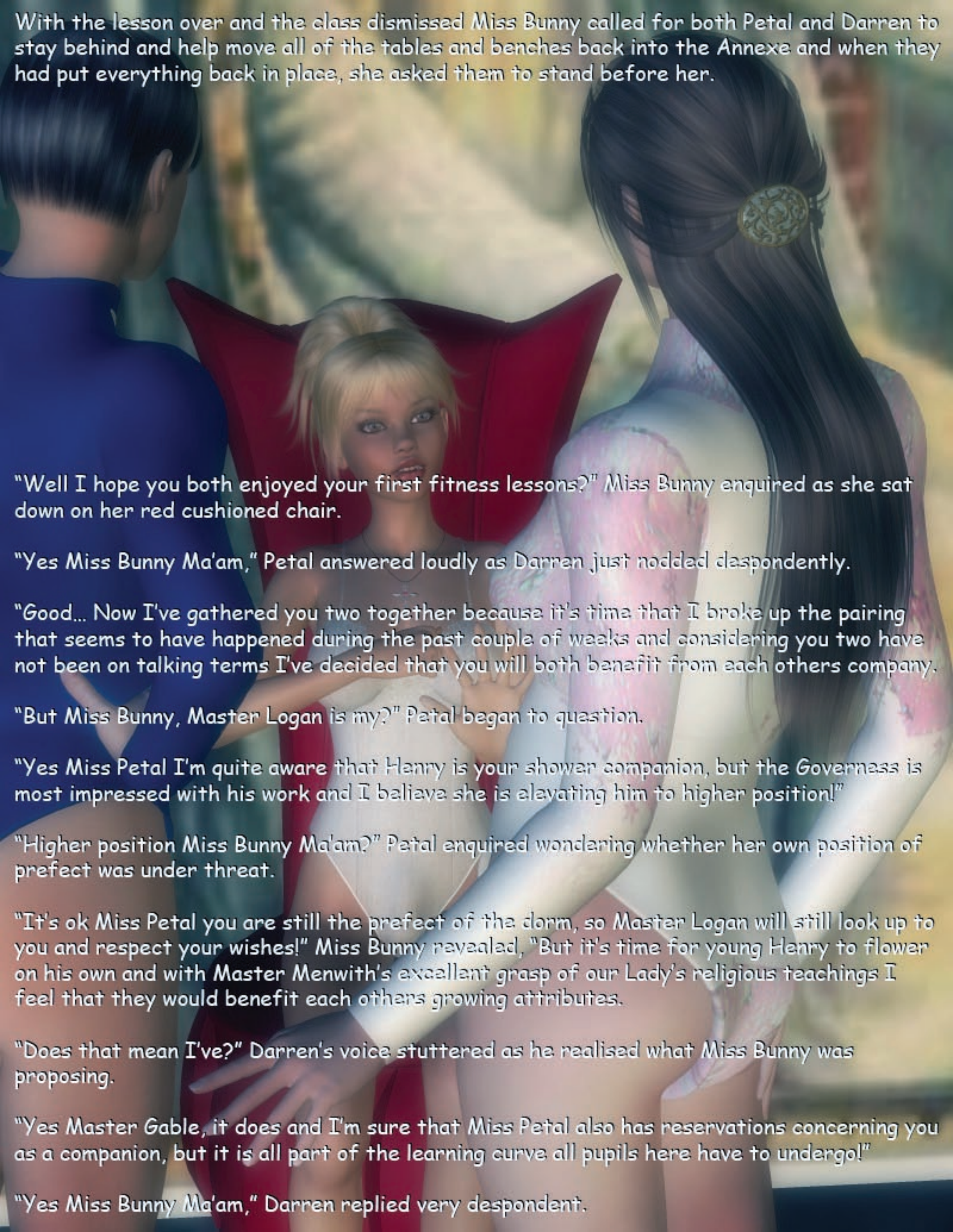
"Now stop wasting my time and spoiling your fellow students lesson and get back in line! Miss Bunny ordered Darren Gable, who instantly did as he was told, "Honestly," she shook her head, "I've never known such stupidity!" we've given you!"

Darren Gable's slowly capitulating mind had suffered yet another humiliating blow to its grasp on reality and however much he tried to fight it, the truth was now laid out before him.

With Henry Logan and now Paul Menwith seemingly pleased to be wearing such feminine attire and with Peter Lefevre's body now equalling their teacher's Miss Bunny and Miss Prudence in feminine curvature, he knew that the madness that had gripped them was trying to grab a hold of him, but he was much stronger than them or so he imagined.

He had once again walked blindly into a challenge of the academy's rules and their unrepentant directive to emasculate what was left of his male ego and despite the obvious outcome of his decision to question Miss Bunny's choice of attire and fitness lecture, he still remained resolute in his mind that he would never succumb to their will.

However, what Darren Gable did not know, was that his free will had been manipulated and as he joined his three effeminate colleagues, the image of Miss Bunny's remaining vestige of manhood began to play through his mind etching a pathway through his stoic male pride and laying the foundations of his own eventual fall into femininity, so without uttering another word against his teacher's tutorage the pretty blonde headed shemale teacher tucked her cock back into the confines of her leotard. clapped her hands and readied her class for their lesson.



With the lesson over and the class dismissed Miss Bunny called for both Petal and Darren to stay behind and help move all of the tables and benches back into the Annexe and when they had put everything back in place, she asked them to stand before her.

"Well I hope you both enjoyed your first fitness lessons?" Miss Bunny enquired as she sat down on her red cushioned chair.

"Yes Miss Bunny Ma'am," Petal answered loudly as Darren just nodded despondently.

"Good... Now I've gathered you two together because it's time that I broke up the pairing that seems to have happened during the past couple of weeks and considering you two have not been on talking terms I've decided that you will both benefit from each others company.

"But Miss Bunny, Master Logan is my?" Petal began to question.

"Yes Miss Petal I'm quite aware that Henry is your shower companion, but the Governess is most impressed with his work and I believe she is elevating him to higher position!"

"Higher position Miss Bunny Ma'am?" Petal enquired wondering whether her own position of prefect was under threat.

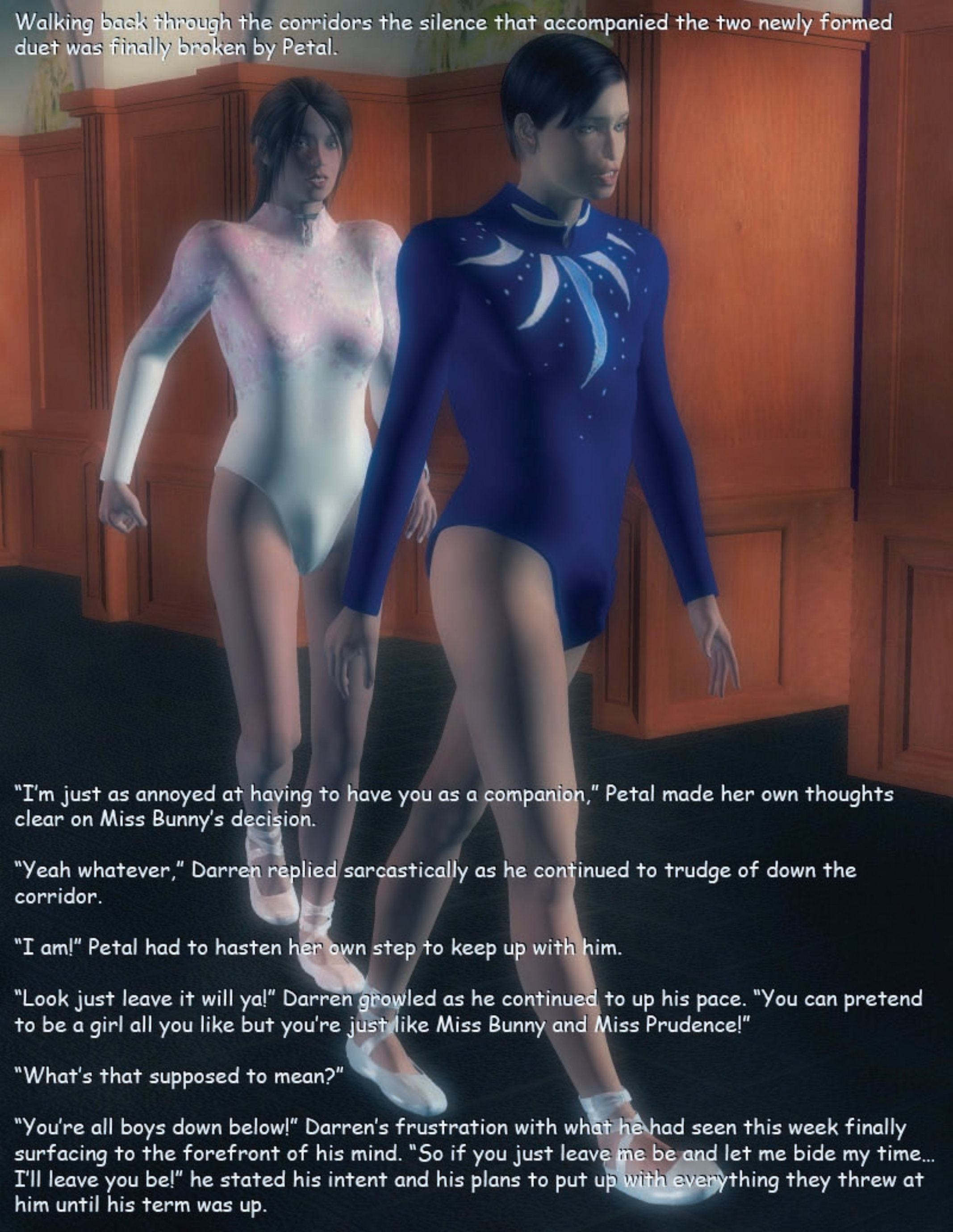
"It's ok Miss Petal you are still the prefect of the dorm, so Master Logan will still look up to you and respect your wishes!" Miss Bunny revealed, "But it's time for young Henry to flower on his own and with Master Menwith's excellent grasp of our Lady's religious teachings I feel that they would benefit each others growing attributes.

"Does that mean I've?" Darren's voice stuttered as he realised what Miss Bunny was proposing.

"Yes Master Gable, it does and I'm sure that Miss Petal also has reservations concerning you as a companion, but it is all part of the learning curve all pupils here have to undergo!"

"Yes Miss Bunny Ma'am," Darren replied very despondent.

Walking back through the corridors the silence that accompanied the two newly formed duet was finally broken by Petal.



"I'm just as annoyed at having to have you as a companion," Petal made her own thoughts clear on Miss Bunny's decision.

"Yeah whatever," Darren replied sarcastically as he continued to trudge of down the corridor.

"I am!" Petal had to hasten her own step to keep up with him.

"Look just leave it will ya!" Darren growled as he continued to up his pace. "You can pretend to be a girl all you like but you're just like Miss Bunny and Miss Prudence!"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You're all boys down below!" Darren's frustration with what he had seen this week finally surfacing to the forefront of his mind. "So if you just leave me be and let me bide my time... I'll leave you be!" he stated his intent and his plans to put up with everything they threw at him until his term was up.

"Who do you think you're talking too Master Gable!" Petal suddenly hastened her own step and then grabbed a hold of Darren's arm.

"Hey let go bitch!" he snarled at her.

"No I won't… I'm your prefect whether you like it or not and now you're my partner you're gonna have to do what I say!" Petal's anger with Darren Gable's attitude finally surfaced, "You've done nothing but mope and sulk since we got here and even your own mother has agreed that you need to be disciplined!"

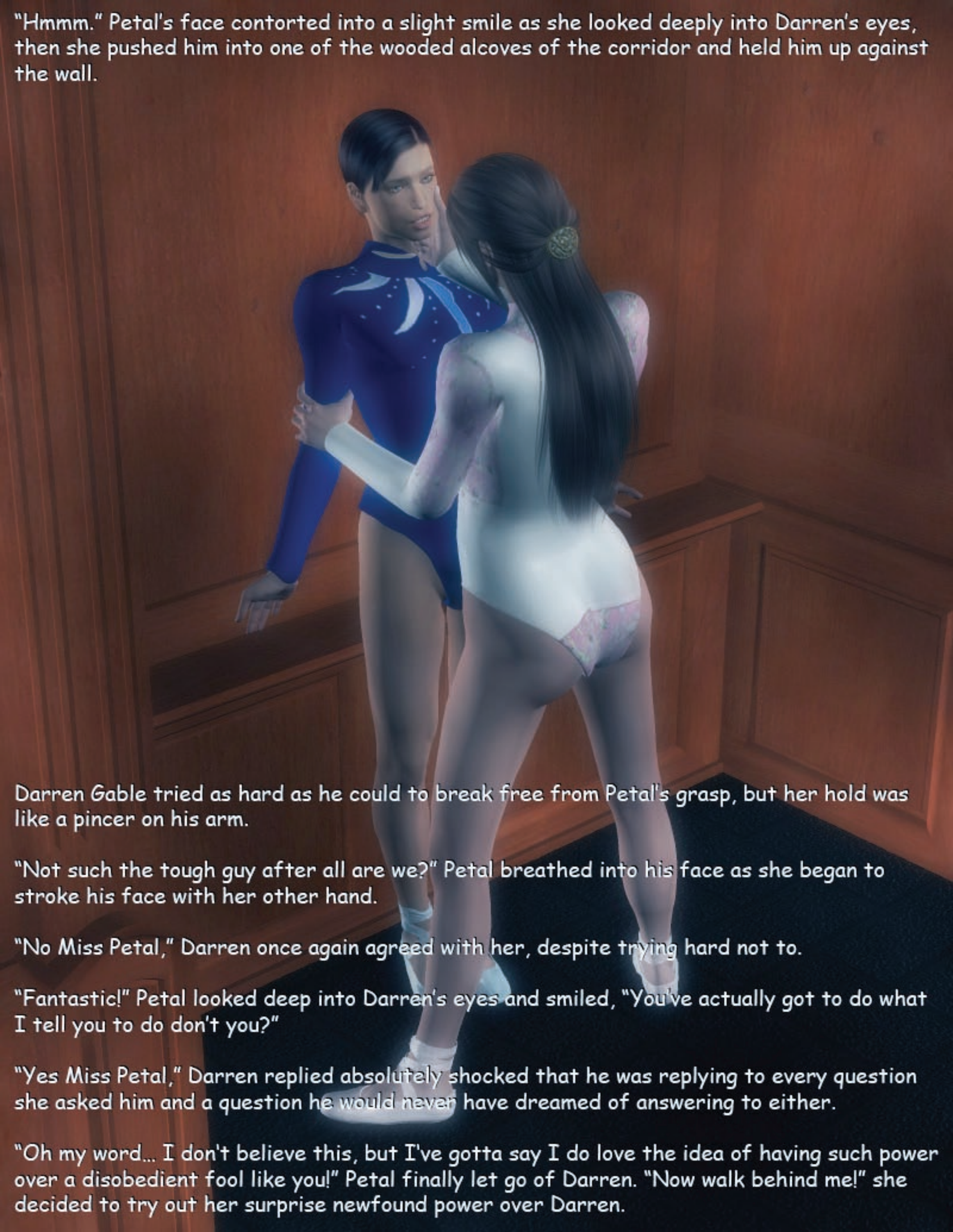
Darren looked into Petal's eyes, the eyes that used to belong Peter Lefevre, a Peter Lefevre that used to look and act like a shy but typical eighteen year old young man, but the eyes now staring back at him were not Lefevre's, for they belonged to a very strong and forcefully different person and as she held her grasp on his arm he could feel a strange sensation beginning to creep over him.

"I… I'm sorry," Darren's mouth dropped open with an uncharacteristic apology.

"Did you just say sorry to me?" Petal sounded a little perplexed from what she had just heard, for she did not expect him to reply with anything but pent up anger.

"Yes I… Err… Did," Darren sounded equally as shocked by the words that had fallen from his lips.

"Hmmm." Petal's face contorted into a slight smile as she looked deeply into Darren's eyes, then she pushed him into one of the wooded alcoves of the corridor and held him up against the wall.



Darren Gable tried as hard as he could to break free from Petal's grasp, but her hold was like a pincer on his arm.

"Not such the tough guy after all are we?" Petal breathed into his face as she began to stroke his face with her other hand.

"No Miss Petal," Darren once again agreed with her, despite trying hard not to.

"Fantastic!" Petal looked deep into Darren's eyes and smiled, "You've actually got to do what I tell you to do don't you?"

"Yes Miss Petal," Darren replied absolutely shocked that he was replying to every question she asked him and a question he would never have dreamed of answering to either.

"Oh my word... I don't believe this, but I've gotta say I do love the idea of having such power over a disobedient fool like you!" Petal finally let go of Darren. "Now walk behind me!" she decided to try out her surprise newfound power over Darren.

Darren tried his best to disobey Petal, but just as she had stated that for some strange reason he was doing whatever she asked him to and as she began to walk off down the corridor his own body seemed to disobey his natural responses and fell in line behind her.

"How are you doing this?" he asked nervously as the compulsion to follow Petal gripped every fibre of his body, except his thoughts.

Petal did not reply for she was looking forward to the fun she would have seducing him later.

Chapter 22

Unravelled

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2008

Further away from all the emasculation of the Religious Academy that Governess Agatha was helping to set up, Lady Dolan was being shown a live feed of the school corridor.

"How far away is Petal from having full control of this natural gift that she has?" Lady Dolan enquired as she sat nakedly crossed legged except for a pair of black pantyhose.

"Her gift will be at its most potential when she has been taken your Ladyship Ma'am!" Ismae replied as she stood obediently to her side wearing nothing but a pair of strap sandals. "As you've just witnessed, she's amazed by this incident herself!"

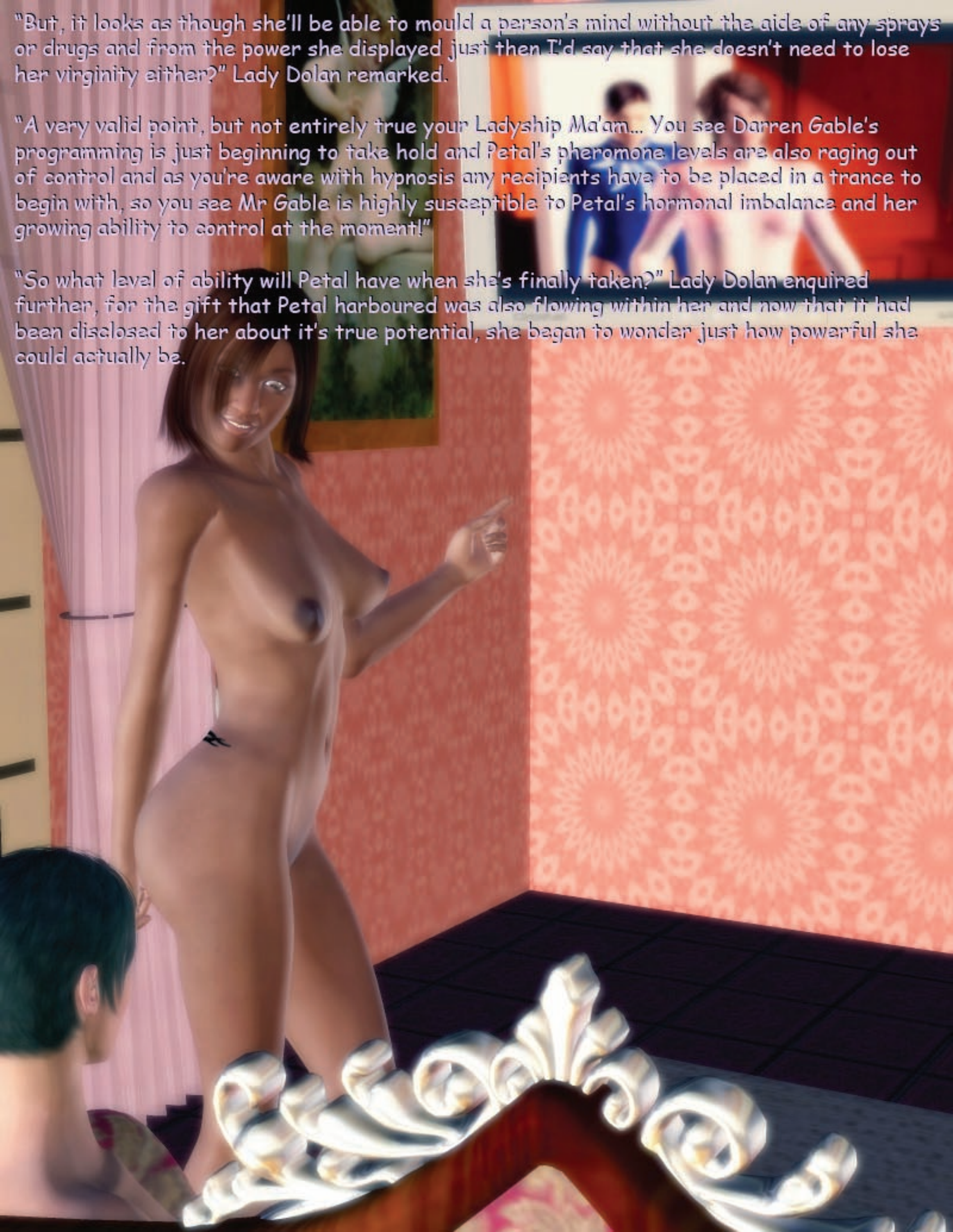
"Hmm yes I saw... But she's had no drugs to help her from what I've just seen?"

"You are correct your Ladyship Ma'am and I must add that this has taken us by surprise too!" Ismae replied just as amazed as Lady Dolan. "The technology we've applied to her shower cubicle has enabled our latest batch of DNA sequencing drugs to be administered to her in very high doses and of course her body has become a cauldron of estrogenic energy and this has obviously heightened her ability somewhat!"

"But, it looks as though she'll be able to mould a person's mind without the aide of any sprays or drugs and from the power she displayed just then I'd say that she doesn't need to lose her virginity either?" Lady Dolan remarked.

"A very valid point, but not entirely true your Ladyship Ma'am... You see Darren Gable's programming is just beginning to take hold and Petal's pheromone levels are also raging out of control and as you're aware with hypnosis any recipients have to be placed in a trance to begin with, so you see Mr Gable is highly susceptible to Petal's hormonal imbalance and her growing ability to control at the moment!"

"So what level of ability will Petal have when she's finally taken?" Lady Dolan enquired further, for the gift that Petal harboured was also flowing within her and now that it had been disclosed to her about it's true potential, she began to wonder just how powerful she could actually be.



"What you must understand my dear Lady of Dolan is that you are the key to her ability!" Governess Agatha replied, her long leathered thigh high boots creaking as she crossed them into a more comfortable position.

"I'm the key?" Lady Dolan looked puzzled.

"First contact was made by you my dear and she'll always carry your trigger, just as Madame Grace carries yours and all of her hive!"

"So she'll always obey my word?"

"Yes!" the Governess agreed, "But let's not waste this delightful evening discussing pupils as I've a delicious morsel I'd like to introduce to you!" Governess Agatha waved the dildo she had in her hand as an indication for the young red headed lady wearing a delightful lilac print bustier and matching panties to introduce herself.

"Good evening Lady Rosemary of Dolan!" the girl smiled down at Lady Dolan.

"And good evening to you my dear!" Lady Rosemary acknowledged.

"Tell Lady Dolan a little about yourself please!"

"My name is Amber and I'm a teacher of the arts!" Amber revealed.

"A teacher of the arts?"

"The art of seduction and pleasure your Ladyship!"

"Oh I see," Lady Dolan looked the pretty red headed girl up and down.

"I am a product of Governess Agatha wonderful rehabilitation programme," the girl smiled warmly.

"Yes Amber had committed quite a few crimes before we met hadn't you my dear?" Governess Agatha proudly mentioned. "Tell the good Lady what you used to be and your past sins my dear!"

"I used to be a young adolescent male called Alistair or Stab as they used to call me in my gang!" Amber revealed her past life before her transformation. "I used to sell drugs, mug and terrorise good innocent citizens and generally threaten people with my trade mark knife... I was caught robbing a petrol station where I stabbed the assistant and I was sentenced to four years, whereupon I was sent to Governess Agatha's correctional facility!"

"And now you're a teacher?"

"Yes your Ladyship!" Amber acknowledged.

"Yes and Amber is here to aide Prudence in her training of Master Menwith and Master Gable!" Ismae concluded.

"But I was led to believe that any young men who commit atrocities are made to serve a life of servitude somewhere abroad?" Lady Dolan was a little taken aback that such a violent young man should be afforded a position of teacher.

"When Alistair was brought before me I expected nothing more than the usual obscenities, but he was truly sorry for what he had done and after a thorough psychological evaluation we realised that it was his awful upbringing that caused him to behave as he did!"

"But still it was his actions and his own free will that sort to visit such harm on the innocent people he victimised?"

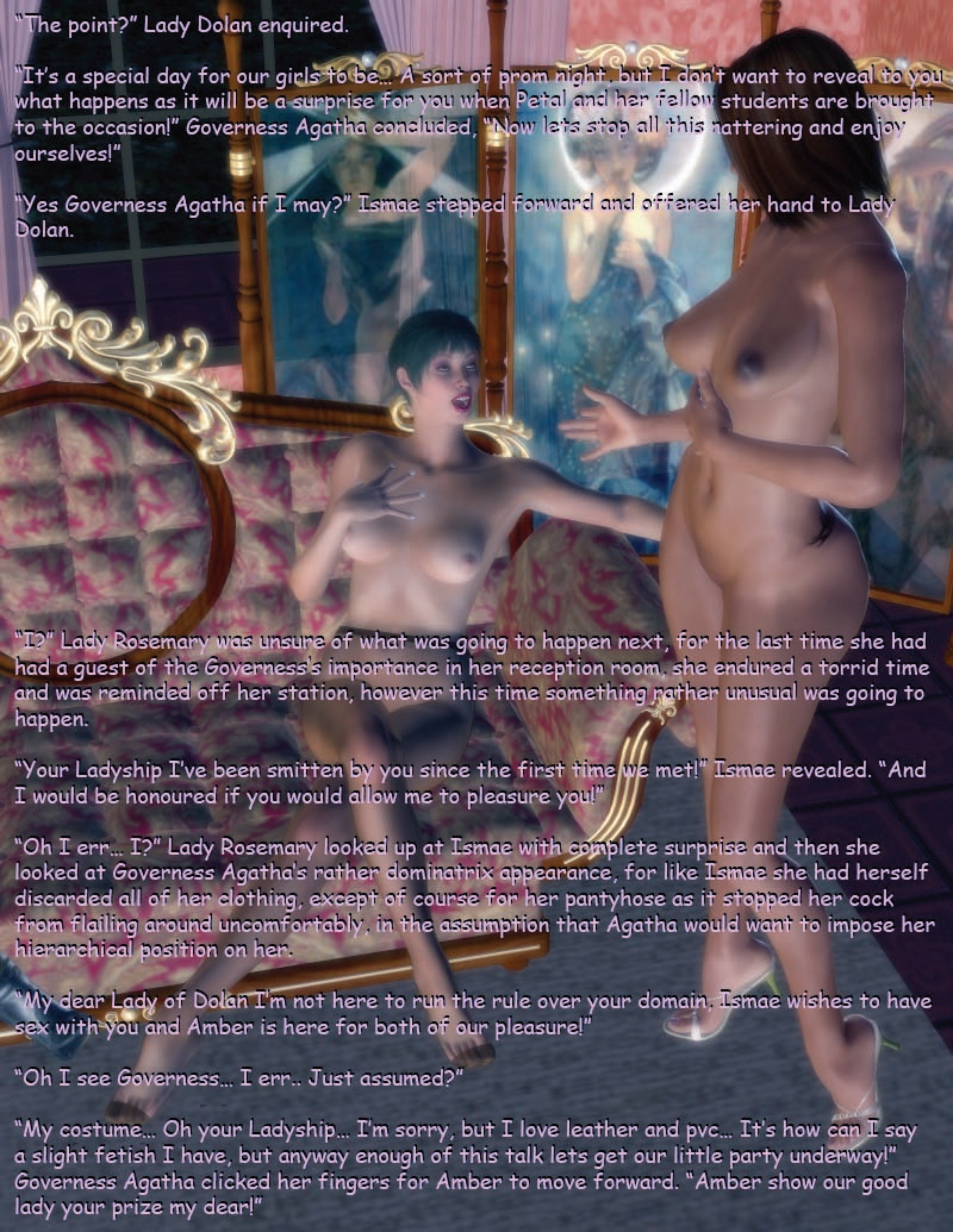
"Yes my dear Lady, you're correct... But perhaps I should let Amber continue... Amber!"

"Thank you Governess... Yes your Ladyship, before I fell into crime, I used to attend school and was a generally helpful young boy and I used to love putting on my mother's dresses and wearing her makeup and I used to dream of being like her... But unfortunately she died when I was ten and I was sent to my father who beat me constantly and basically made me into what I became... A monster like him... Though I might add that using my wretch of a father for my behaviour does not make for an excuse!"

"You see our evaluation on her showed us that Amber was suffering from Gender Dysphoria!" Governess Agatha mentioned as Amber paused for breath.

"And when I arrived at Governess Agatha's facility I could not believe what they were doing to all of the young men there, it was like the horror of my last ten years and what I had done had blurred my vision to what I had always wanted deep down... I... I broke down and cried in front of my Governess!"

"Yes Amber was the first young man we had ever had plead with us to let him become a girl and is one of a handful of girls who's never taken the point!"



"The point?" Lady Dolan enquired.

"It's a special day for our girls to be... A sort of prom night, but I don't want to reveal to you what happens as it will be a surprise for you when Petal and her fellow students are brought to the occasion!" Governess Agatha concluded, "Now lets stop all this nattering and enjoy ourselves!"

"Yes Governess Agatha if I may?" Ismae stepped forward and offered her hand to Lady Dolan.

"I?" Lady Rosemary was unsure of what was going to happen next, for the last time she had had a guest of the Governess's importance in her reception room, she endured a torrid time and was reminded off her station, however this time something rather unusual was going to happen.

"Your Ladyship I've been smitten by you since the first time we met!" Ismae revealed. "And I would be honoured if you would allow me to pleasure you!"

"Oh I err... I?" Lady Rosemary looked up at Ismae with complete surprise and then she looked at Governess Agatha's rather dominatrix appearance, for like Ismae she had herself discarded all of her clothing, except of course for her pantyhose as it stopped her cock from flailing around uncomfortably, in the assumption that Agatha would want to impose her hierarchical position on her.

"My dear Lady of Dolan I'm not here to run the rule over your domain, Ismae wishes to have sex with you and Amber is here for both of our pleasure!"

"Oh I see Governess... I err.. Just assumed?"

"My costume... Oh your Ladyship... I'm sorry, but I love leather and pvc... It's how can I say a slight fetish I have, but anyway enough of this talk lets get our little party underway!" Governess Agatha clicked her fingers for Amber to move forward. "Amber show our good lady your prize my dear!"

"Yes Governess Ma'am!" Amber did as she was told and sauntered over to where Lady Rosemary was seated. "Would her Ladyship like the pleasure?" Amber offered Lady Dolan her pantied crotch as she stood before her.

"You are very kind my dear!" Lady Dolan remarked as the former young man invitingly joined Ismae before her. "But that is something that I would deem as a gentleman's pleasure and as pretty as you are I must pass on the invitation," she declined the offer of removing the former young male adolescent's panties, "however I must say you're very smooth down there?"

"That's because Amber has a vagina your Ladyship!" Ismae replied with a hint of jealousy.

"You're a full woman below?" Lady Dolan was a little taken aback from the reason for Amber's smooth crotch.

"Yes your Ladyship Ma'am... I have a vagina!" she replied pleasingly, "I did always want to be a girl and Governess granted me my wish, although for my said punishment I will never be able to leave the service of my Governess!"

"Well perhaps you should show me then!" Lady Rosemary became very intrigued by the thought of a transformed young man becoming a woman below especially when she had ingrained the need to become a woman into Alison so strong.

Without a seconds thought Amber put her fingers into the waistband of her panties and slipped them off of her hips and as she slowly and very erotically slid them down further her small tufts of neatly trimmed pubic hair and vaginal groove came into view.

"Oh how wonderful!" Lady Dolan gasped as she looked at Amber's puffy and very well constructed vagina. "And you have the same little butterfly tattoo as Ismae!"

"Yes we give butterfly tattoos to all our girls... It's a kind of the Cresswell's trademark!" Governess Agatha responded. "Bunny has one too!"

"Hmmmm cute I'll have to see that all my girls are branded!" Lady Dolan smiled.

"Girls I think the time for talking is over and we have a most important Lady who needs attention!" Governess Agatha clicked her fingers.

Instantly Ismae and Amber lowered to the ground and looked at one another giggling.

"What... What're you both up to?" Lady Rosemary's eyes flicked from Amber and then onto the ebony skinned Ismae.

"It's time for you to enjoy the fruits of a woman your Ladyship!"

"But I've only ever given pleasure?" Lady Rosemary admitted that she had never received pleasure and that she also lacked experience with females.

"Yes your Ladyship we know and both of us would be honoured if you would allow us to be your first!" Ismae replied.

Before Lady Rosemary could say another word Amber knelt down and pulled her legs apart and began to tear into her pantyhosed crotch, while Ismae leaned forward and began to stroke her thighs.

"Oh my?" Lady Dolan was completely taken by surprise as Amber had her cocklette free and in her hands within seconds, "Only my husband has ever touched my little clitty!" she admitted as the red headed sex changed girl began to rub it.

"Oh your Ladyship you're absolutely beautiful!" Ismae gasped as she looked upon Lady Rosemary's exposed sex.

As Amber made her self comfortable she began to kiss and lick at Lady Rosemary's gradually stimulating cocklette, a sensation that caused Lady Rosemary to sigh with pleasure, for not even when she had been a young man herself had she ever felt her cock in the mouth of another girl.

"Ismae, let our good Lady taste your wonderful pussy!" Governess Agatha directed her host's seduction from the side as she began to lick upon the pink dildo she was holding.

"Yes Governess Ma'am!" Ismae hurriedly climbed onto the sofa and gave Lady Rosemary a full view of her shaven and butterfly tattooed crotch.

Lady Rosemary could smell Ismae's sex as her pussy was thrust in front of her and as she looked at the ebony skinned labia, which parted slightly as she spread her legs, she could not help but think back to her own sexual failings with girls when she had been a young man and as her mind reflected back on her past she could not help draw comparisons with Alison and the young Peter Lefevre, who like her had never ever enjoyed the sexual intimacy of a woman.

For the first time since her conversion, Rosemary felt her cocklette hardening and as Amber's skilful tongue licked and teased her shemale sex, she began to feel the sensations she used to have in her groin when she used to stroke it and fantasise in her old thoughts about having sex with the girls in those old dirty magazines or with Mrs Rodgers who used to live next door to her parents over six years ago.

"Hmmmm!" she shivered as the combination of Amber's mouth and the memory of Mrs Rogers returned to her, or should I say his, young adolescent past and with the thought of his old neighbour and the smell of Ismae's wanton pussy before her, Rosemary poked out her tongue and began to taste the ebony princess's love hole.

"Yes Rosemary give yourself to Ismae!" Governess Agatha sighed as she began to feel the moisture of her own groin start to warm as she orchestrated Lady Dolan's first ever encounter with a female and with sixty odd years of lesbian experience Agatha knew what it felt like to have another woman's sex so close to her face.

Sixty odd years that had seen the former nun and former principle of an exclusive Swiss Alps school, become the respected woman she was today.

Of course she had fought the compulsion to allow her withered seventy eight year old body to be changed by the technological advances that she had witnessed during the past several years, but the memory of her youth and the excitement of a lover devouring her body and sacred temple had been too strong a temptation to decline.

"If undesirables can have their beauty, then so can I!" was her motto and being head of the religious order that was spawned by the female world domination agenda that Cresswell's was covertly and slowly implementing, it meant she could do what she wanted to do.

Positions of power had to be obtained and certain influences had to be administered, but like any regime there was those that opposed and those that agreed and Governess Agatha was in a position to see both sides.

Creswell Industries agenda was driven by its originator's hatred for all things masculine and out of this hatred an unforeseen divide had begun to arise and whether it was just an accident or whether fate had intervened, Cresswell's genetic laboratories in their quest to create the ultimate female had somehow swayed the hand of evolution and had given birth to a new spirit.

A spirit that had arisen from the ashes of an emasculated young virgin male and was going to shape the entire foundations of the female dominated world that Cresswell Industries was trying to build and Lady Rosemary Dolan, like her matriarch Madame Grace and the newly initiated Petal Lefevre, were all going to play a major role in the development of the new female driven society and as Governess Agatha brought a union of both genders together, she knew that despite her own lesbian tendencies, she was right to aide the new spirits and help them to a rightful place within the world that was going to be.

Lady Rosemary had never got any further than just a grope and a kiss with a female when she had been just plain Robert McKinley and from the position she held within the hierarchy, she believed that she had been transformed solely to serve the men that had certain influences within the social structure of the order like her husband Lord Dolan, however Governess Agatha was showing her respect and in doing so allowing her to relish the opportunity of free will.

"That's it Lady Dolan don't hold back from them!" Agatha prompted Lady Dolan to embrace the feel of Ismae and Amber pleasuring her.

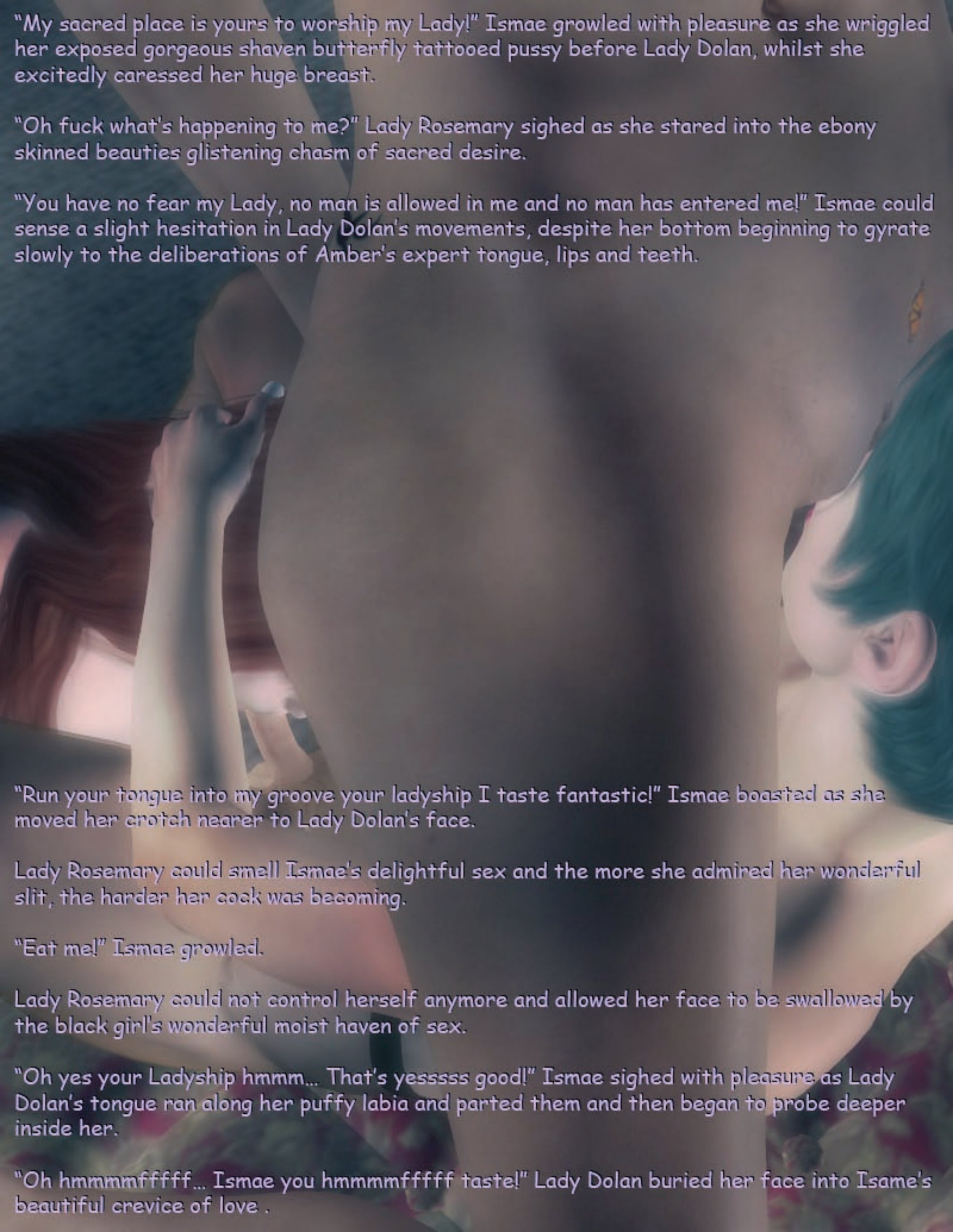
"Oh sheeee, but I'm just?" Lady Rosemary's concentration on her reply was broken as Amber began suck and tease her testes and cocklette. "Just a ohhhh?"

"Nonsense child… You're one of Madame Grace's most important assets and she desires for you to be as free as she is!" Governess Agatha cut Lady Dolan short. "Now just let yourself go my dear!" she finished as she stuffed the flesh coloured dildo into her mouth and began to suck it on it wildly.

"My sacred place is yours to worship my Lady!" Ismae growled with pleasure as she wriggled her exposed gorgeous shaven butterfly tattooed pussy before Lady Dolan, whilst she excitedly caressed her huge breast.

"Oh fuck what's happening to me?" Lady Rosemary sighed as she stared into the ebony skinned beauties glistening chasm of sacred desire.

"You have no fear my Lady, no man is allowed in me and no man has entered me!" Ismae could sense a slight hesitation in Lady Dolan's movements, despite her bottom beginning to gyrate slowly to the deliberations of Amber's expert tongue, lips and teeth.



"Run your tongue into my groove your ladyship I taste fantastic!" Ismae boasted as she moved her crotch nearer to Lady Dolan's face.

Lady Rosemary could smell Ismae's delightful sex and the more she admired her wonderful slit, the harder her cock was becoming.

"Eat me!" Ismae growled.

Lady Rosemary could not control herself anymore and allowed her face to be swallowed by the black girl's wonderful moist haven of sex.

"Oh yes your Ladyship hmmm... That's yesssss good!" Ismae sighed with pleasure as Lady Dolan's tongue ran along her puffy labia and parted them and then began to probe deeper inside her.

"Oh hmmmmfffff... Ismae you hmmmmfffff taste!" Lady Dolan buried her face into Isame's beautiful crevice of love .

"Amber... Come pleasure my crotch!" Governess Agatha ordered her obedient sex changed red head. "You can save your skill till later... I believe Lady Dolan will want to fuck Ismae very soon!"

"Yes Governess," Amber sucked in Lady Dolan's very hard and rigid cock head and then let it go with a popping sound and instantly placed herself between her owner's legs.

"Hmm good girl... You'll have your time with her don't worry," Governess Agatha sighed as she spread her legs high and wide to allow Amber access to her leather encased crotch.

"Would your Ladyship like to fuck my wonderful hole hmmm?" Ismae growled with pleasure as Lady Rosemary's tongue went deep into her crevice.

"Oh yeshhh mmmmmmffff... Ishmmmmmae... Yeshhhhh!" she replied willingly, her mind completely lost to the aroma and taste of Ismae's beautiful vagina.

Instantly Ismae whisked her crotch away from Lady Rosemary's face and climbed off of the sofa and pulling Lady Rosemary up by her hand, she escorted her to the rug on the floor.

"Come we'll fuck on the carpet your Ladyship!" Ismae growled pleasingly.

"Oh my I... I've never been?" Lady Rosemary questioned as she looked down at her very hard and very impressive cock, which she had never seen looking so vibrant and hungry.

"It's the affects of Ismae and Amber!" Governess Agatha chuckled as she could see the mysterious look on Lady Dolan's face as she saw how big her cocklette had become. "Madame Grace's present to you my dear!"

"Present?"

"Yes Madame or Mistress Grace as she prefers to be called, sent Wendy to visit you!" Governess Agatha laughed as she clamped her thighs tight around Amber's head.

"Madame Wendy did this?" Lady Dolan looked rather bemused, but nonetheless pleased at what her small slender shemale cock had somehow turned into.

"Relax my dear it will go back to the cute little package you've grown to love when my vamps have finished with you!" the Governess began to explain, "You see Madame Wendy is guinea pig for our more elaborate carrier drugs and her sperm is full of body changing antibodies or something like that, and besides it's all too complicated for me to understand, but her sperm has done that to you, so whenever your in the mood to fuck your little cocklette will become nice and big!"

"Yes... Stop asking questions and get that thing inside me!" Ismae huffed as she led Lady Dolan to the centre of the room by her hand and pushed her to the ground lightly.

Shaking her head Lady Rosemary obliged Ismae and laid down on the floor facing the ebony skinned woman.

"Ohhhh fuck yeah... That feels sooooooooooooooo good!" Ismae sighed as she spread her ass cheeks for Lady Rosemary and then opened up her vagina for her to enter her.

With Ismae's pussy perfectly positioned, Lady Dolan aimed her cock head at the gapping hole and pushed into it.

""I never dreamed I'd ever get to fuck a pussy!" Lady Dolan purred as she grabbed a hold of Ismae's ankles.

With the tip of her cock gently sliding against Ismae's labia and opening she deliberately teased Ismae with it.

"Ohhhhh you're Ladyship please fuck me!" Ismae sighed wantonly as her juices began to run.

However Lady Rosemary's teasing did not out last Ismae's requirements for the black buxom girl rammed her pussy down onto her cock.

"Yesssssssssssssssssss!" Ismae growled as the girth of Lady Rosemary's cocklette sank deep and welcomingly into her tunnel.

"OHHHH YESSSSSSSS!" Lady Rosemary could not believe the feeling as Ismae rode her inflamed cock and as she bucked hard into her groin, she wondered how she had never felt the urge to fuck one of the many women she had at her beck and call in the village and with the black girl now a slave to her cock, Lady Rosemary took control of the situation.

"Raise your ass!" Lady Rosemary ordered Ismae as she slid her cock out of Ismae.

Ismae eagerly obeyed and Lady Dolan soon rammed her cock back into the black girl's gaping hole.

The immense power that Lady Rosemary now felt coursing through her body was electrifying and the more slippery and wet Ismae's hole became the more venom Lady Dolan put into her thrusts.

Her nipples were as hard as they had been when she had last been fucked herself by her husband, but never had she felt or seen her own cockletta looking so powerful.

"UNNNGHHHH... OHHHHH... YESSSSS... FUCK ME!" Ismae whimpered as she tried to spread her ass cheeks wider, as she enjoyed every slap of Lady Dolan's hips as they slammed hard into her fleshy ass, while her big breasts wobbled uncontrollably beneath her.

"Now my little angel... You know what I want you to do?" Governess Agatha breathed heavily into Amber's ear as she pushed the thick pink dildo she had been sucking all the way into her tight little ass right up to its base.

"Mmm... Yessssssss... Governessssssssss!" Amber sighed heartily as she felt the entire girth of the dildo fill her ass.

"Good I want her Ladyship to see just how good a teacher you are!"

"Ohhhhmmmmmm... Nnnnnnyessss Governess!" Amber shivered with excitement as her Mistress and owner twisted the phallus around inside of her anal passage and squeezed her bustier covered lilac breast.

"And I don't want to see her using your pussy… That belongs to me!" Governess Agatha sighed sexily as she began to ease the dildo in and out of her favourite sex toys usual sex hole.

"Ohhhh… Governess it is for your pleasure only that I have such a beautiful slit!" Amber's eyes rolled as she shivered and tingled from her owner's touch. "But… Can… I err… have her seed in me?"

"Mmmmmmm you distgusting little tramp… I guess so!" Governess Agatha purred as her special girl arced backwards from her expertly timed manoeuvres with the dildo, for she had made sure that Amber's vagina was crafted like a young eighteen year old virgins, puffy and gorgeously smooth, with a tiny clitoris that was highly sensitive to her touch and a very tight little pink rosebud of an ass that men would fight to fuck.

"Ohhhhh Governess… I'm forever in your debt," Amber positioned her head and wrapped her arm around her Governess's head inviting her to kiss her, for Amber was extremely happy to have been given a vagina, when all the other former young offenders who had arrived at her facility with her were turned into shemales. "And I soooo love the warmth of hot semen in my ass!"

"Oh you little tease!" Governess Agatha hastily pulled the phallus from Amber's ass and met her designer girl's lips passionately, her mind wondering whether or not she had created the perfect girl outta that pathetic young man that Amber once was.

"Ismae!" Governess Agatha called out as she pulled Amber up off the floor. "It's our girl's turn!"

Ismae instantly pulled away from Lady Dolan's cock and left her bucking air.

"I'm so sorry Lady Dolan, but my little angel here has so much to show you, don't you Amber?" Governess Agatha motioned for Amber to take Ismae's place.

"Oh yes Governess I do!" Amber teetered sexily over to where a confused Lady Rosemary was now kneeling with her erect cock throbbing before her. "If her Ladyship would care to lay down then I'd be able to begin!"

Lady Rosemary could only oblige.

"Ooooh your Ladyship... It's gonna a be pleasure to satisfy you!" Amber grabbed a hold of Lady Dolan's wet slippery cock and instantly began to work it.

"Oh yessssssssssssss!" Lady Rosemary arced her back as Amber then grabbed a hold of her testes and rolled them around in her other hand.of her cock.

Then gathering Lady Dolan's balls and her cock in both hands she squeezed them together shook her ginger hair away from her face and sucked in the tip of her cock.

"Awe fuck that's goooooooooooood!" Lady Rosemary sighed ecstatically.

Lady Rosemary's nipples hardened as Amber then took every inch of her cock into her mouth including her testes and then using her well learned gag reflex she took it deep into her throat expertly and was soon gurgling as her mouth filled with all of her Ladyship's shemale genitals.

A process she repeated over and over again.

"Isn't our Amber skilled?" Ismae leant forward brushing her swollen breasts against Lady Dolan's jiggling breast.

"Ohhhhh fuck yes!" Lady Rosemary sighed, "She's goooooood!"

"Hmmmm we know," Ismae breathed sexily as she continued to rub her chest against Lady Dolan's whilst playing with her other nipple.

"Hmmm what a gorgeous sight!" Governess Agatha stood over Lady Dolan as Amber continued to take her cock all the way down her throat expertly time and again. "I trust you're finding our Amber just as delightful as Ismae?"

"Oh fuck yessssssssss!" Lady Rosemary wriggled with delight.

"Ismae it's time for us to leave our hostess to the delights of Amber!" Governess Agatha ordered.

"Oh but Ma'am I want to tease her Ladyship's gorgeous nipples a little longer," Ismae looked up at her owner.

"Ismae!" Governess Agatha replied sternly.

"Yes Ma'am," Ismae let go of Lady Dolan's nipple and deliberately trailed her dangling breasts over her face as she slowly got to her feet.

"Ohhh fuck yeah!" Lady Dolan arced her back, as Amber slid a finger into her bottom as her throat gurgled on her cock once again.

"Well I can see that Amber has hit the right spot my dear, so if you'd excuse us girls we'll leave you boys be and put to use one of the many grandiose bedrooms you've got here!" Governess Agatha sighed sexily, as she grabbed a handful of Ismae's fleshy bottom. "What d'you say Ismae?"

"Oh Ma'am yessssss!" Ismae responded obedient and wantonly for her mistress.

Yeahhhhhhmmmmmmm... Whatever oh fuck yessssssss!" Lady Rosemary was forced to catch her breath as Amber's fingers began to slid in and out of her bottom in unison to the devouring and deep-throating of her cock.

After five or so minutes of Amber's fingers and mouth working away at Lady Rosemary's genitalia, she finally surfaced for air, leaving a very exasperating Lady Dolan a little lost for words.

"Oh shit... You're fuckin good!" Lady Rosemary could neither contain her language or her awe at the former young adolescent male's experience.

"Thank you your Ladyship," Amber knelt up and wiped her saliva soaked mouth.

"I errr... Phew... Yes I... Want you to teach my Petal everything you know!" Lady Rosemary caught her breath as she considered what an advantage it would be for Petal to be able to pleasure men like Amber could.

"Of course your Ladyship I will!" Amber then span herself around, grabbed a hold of her black rose tattooed buttock and pulled it apart with her hand.

"Fuck I want you to give her extra lessons... I want her to be as hot and dirty as you are!" Lady Rosemary could not contain herself as she watched Amber continually pulling at her buttocks to expose her pink rosebud and fleshy labia more.

"Yes your Ladyship I will!" Amber smiled up at her pleasingly, "Would her Ladyship like to fuck my ass?"

"Yes my dear I would!" Lady Rosemary could not believe how rampant she felt, especially when she had only ever accepted a cock and had never used it, as was originally intended by nature, so grabbing a hold of her saliva coated rock hard cock she pressed its bulbous head up against Amber's pink and puckering rosebud.

"Oh yes!" Lady Dolan sighed with her cockhead poised at Amber's anal passage and with one thrust, her cock split the former male delinquent's hole apart.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMNNNNNNGHHHHHHH... YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" Amber growled heartily as she felt Lady Dolan's shemale sex fill her ass.

Lady Dolan pushed in hard until her testes were cushioned up hard against Amber's quivering ass cheeks, leaving it there to savour the sensation of her cock buried deep inside another ass.

"Oh yessssssssssss!" Lady Rosemary sighed ecstatically as she removed her cock and then thrust it back into Amber's ass.

"NGHUUUU…. Yessssssss… You'reeeeeeeeee… Mnnnnghuuuuuuuggggg…. Fuck me!" Amber gasped as Lady Dolan began to buck her.

"Ohhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmm!" Amber enjoyed the sensation of Lady Dolan's cock easing in and out of her anal passage and as she began to increase her movement, she savoured every thrust. "NNYESSS... YES!"

Lady Rosemary gritted her teeth as she rammed the former young man's ass harder, with every thrust giving her more cause to enjoy being the aggressor instead of the receiver, as she had been since her own transformation.

Amber was in extreme ecstasy as her body was enjoying every second of her ass being pounded.

"Oh fuck you little bitch... This is sooooooooooo good!" Lady Rosemary continued to assault Amber's ass, her thoughts now wandering onto what she now expected Petal to become. "You're gonna make sure that you teach my bitch everything you know!"

"Oh yessssssssss.... Pleaseeeeeeeeeeeee don't stop... FFFFFFFUck me!" Amber growled as her own fulfilment was gradually being pushed ever closer.

"I bet you want me to fill this ass of yours with my sticky goo don't' you slut?" Lady Dolan growled back.

"Yes... Yes please you're Ladyship... Yes come in my ass please!" Amber replied eager to accept Lady Dolan's creamy ejaculation.

With her cock as erect and hard as it had ever been and still sliding in and out of Governess Agatha's favoured sex changed whore, she felt her balls tighten and readied herself for her first ever cum inside another transformees body.

NGGHHHHHHARRRRRRYYYYYY... YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" Lady Dolan sighed ecstatically as she grabbed the base of her cock and erupted inside Amber.

Amber rolled her eyes with equal ecstasy etched on her face, however she wanted to see more than just Lady Dolan's static ejaculation.

"Keep fuckin my ass your Ladyship!" Amber growled as she pulled her ass cheek aside and contorted her midriff so she could try and watch Lady Dolan's cock still pumping in and out of her ass.

"OHHH YOU DIRTY SLUT... YESSSSSSSSS!" Lady Dolan growled as she continued to cum and on Amber's directive continued to thrust in and out of her wet and now sperm filled ass.

"Ohhhhhhmmmmm... Yessssssssssss that's it your Ladyship!" Amber curled her lip as she watched Lady Dolan's cum squirting from her well fucked hole as her cock acted like a plunger, withdrawing thick and gooey white semen and causing it to squirt all around her ass cheeks.

Chapter 23

Diaries

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2008

"I would say it's a pleasure to meet you again Lady Dolan, but it isn't!" Edith spoke sarcastically as Lady Rosemary and her companion Stacey entered the Mother Superior's chamber.

"Like wise Mother Superior," Lady Rosemary replied with a smile.

"I hope your plans of taking my diaries doesn't lead us into troubled waters?" Edith pointed at Lady Rosemary accusingly, "I don't take to kindly to my own personnel muses being read by a stranger.

"You should have more faith in your granddaughter Mother Superior!" Lady Rosemary replied. "She is growing accustomed to her panache for reeling in men my dear!"

"Just a common whore is all she is!" Edith rebuked the idea that Petal was anything but clever.

"Well we can't all be lesbian priestesses can we!" Lady Dolan was equal to the Head Nun's caustic condemnation of her granddaughter.

"I'm sure she'll mess up somewhere along the way and then I will take her back and I will punish her for her disobedience to me and our Sacred Order!" Edith Lefevre continued to point her fury at Lady Dolan.

"Please ladies we must not fight… I'm quite sure this granddaughter of yours Edith is capable of using her wonderful charm on the young man!" a voice called out for calm from the side of the room as the door opened. "And I'm sure she'll deliver him in her own time!"

"Mistress Celeste it is an honour to meet you!" Lady Rosemary acknowledged the sudden appearance of one of the most senior women within the organisation, who was wearing a very short dress that accentuated her very slender and somewhat athletically toned body.

"Yes Mistress… I am sorry," Edith apologised for their behaviour to the black and amber fringed woman.

"Hmmm so you're the special one that Grace is always harping on about?" Mistress Celeste looked Lady Dolan up and down, "You know I do share the Mother Superior's distaste for abominations like you and her granddaughter, but I suppose your like do serve a purpose in our crusade despite the horrid appendage you have between your legs... And I will admit that if it was not for Governess Agatha's over exaggerated assessment of you, then I'd not be talking to you on such friendly terms!"

"I understand fully Mistress Celeste... And I will always be in debt to Governess Agatha for her judgement too," Lady Rosemary replied knowing too well of Mistress Celeste's dislike for 'Cocksisters' as shemale's were called within the order, while Edith gave a wry smile of gratitude to her hierarchical leader, for defending her position.

"And who's this little cock?" Mistress Celeste enquired as she looked at Stacey rather dismissivaly.

"She is Lord Dolan's future Lady of the Manor when he resigns his position," Lady Rosemary explained Stacey's presence besides her.

"Oh yes his son, well I'm glad to see you've turned him into a sissy... He was something of a deviant with the young ladies I believe?"

"Yes I am stepmother," Stacey replied rather meekly.

"Well I'm glad to hear that, but I'd imagine that becoming a lady of the manor is a bit out of his reach considering and I don't wish to be rude but I do not wish to discuss business in front of a cock sissy to be... So run along panty boy!" Mistress Celeste sneered as she dismissed Stacey from her presence.

"Yes Stacey, you'll have to go out into the corridor," Lady Rosemary nodded at Stacey to confirm the woman's orders.

"Good... Now when this young man is brought here I want him in a wheel chair and able to understand what is going on, without any use of his limbs or voice!" Mistress Celeste began to organise Jedidiah Schaffer's arrival as she strutted calmly across the cobblestone floor on her wedged heels. "And why you chose to interfere with my plans in the first place are beyond me?"

"The young man in question was running through my village and it was my duty to make sure his curiosity was peaked enough to keep him from leaving!" Lady Dolan explained her cause for intervening in the capture of the reporter.

"And you felt that showing him our work in your stables was a wise thing to do?" Mistress Celeste enquired rather irritably as she looked at Lady Dolan in the reflection of the cabinet's glass doors.

"Perhaps you should've intercepted the young man when he arrived Mistress Celeste... Then I would've had no reason to show him my stables!" Lady Rosemary stood her ground.

"Hmm... I see I'm gonna have to keep a good eye on you!" Mistress Celeste smiled caustically as she continued to look in to the skulls in the cabinet, "Well I don't want to get in your way, so I suppose you should get a move on and oversee Edith's granddaughter's work, as you've so conveniently hijacked it!"

"Yes Mistress Celeste I shall," Lady Dolan hid her smile as she turned and made her way out of Edith's chamber.

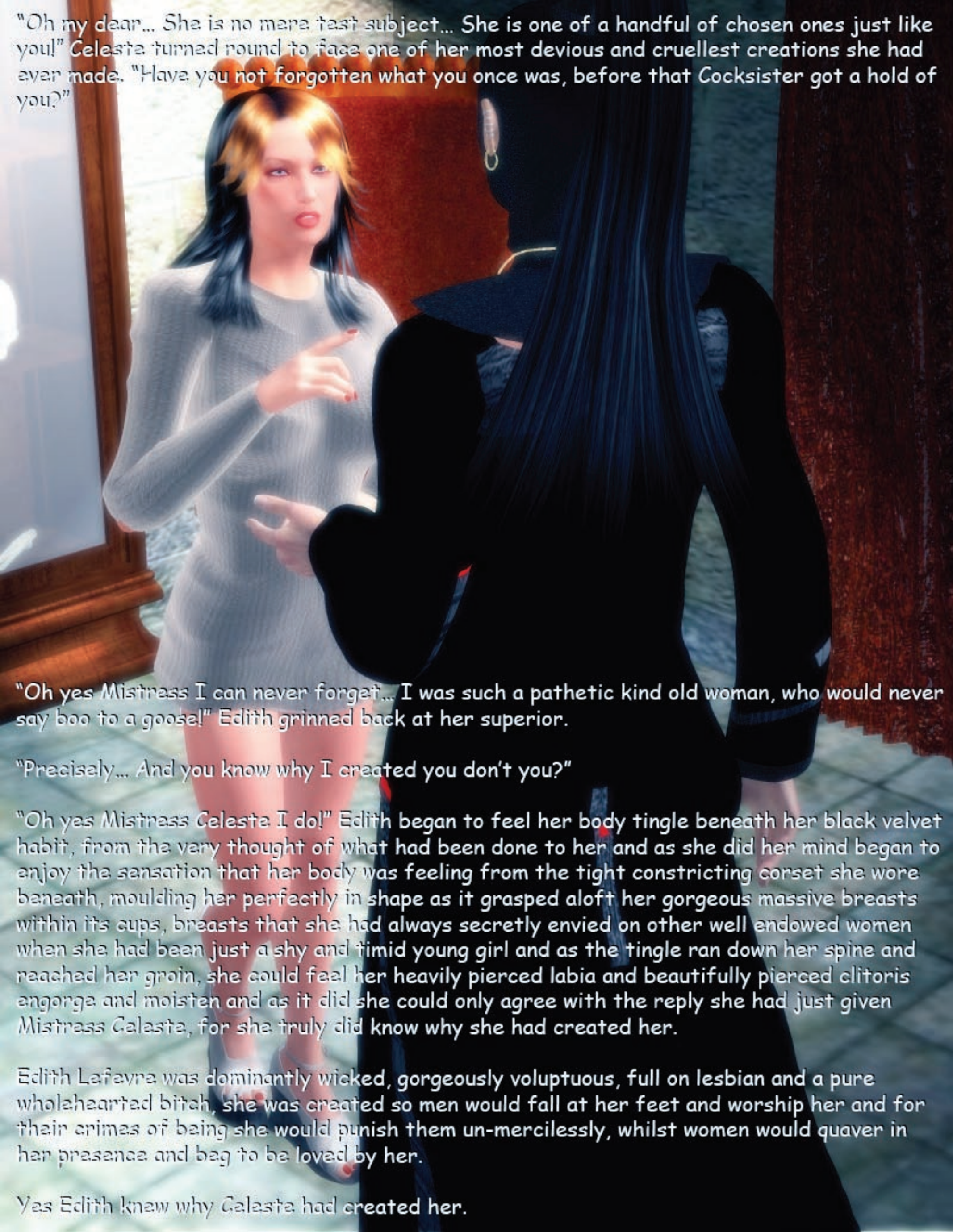
"Excuse me for speaking out of place Mistress Celeste, but when will we see that thing put in its rightful place?" Edith enquired.

"All in good time my dear Edith... All in good time!" Celeste's face contorted as she secretly hid her contempt for her nemesis's favoured Cocksister.

"I would like nothing more than to have her in chains in this room worshipping at my feet and begging for my mercy!" Edith continued to snipe at Lady Rosemary.

"Yes and you will, but not until I have created my first true Ultimate Female!" Celeste grinned wickedly.

"Then it is true the woman that is staying with Gloria is to be tested with the serum?"



"Oh my dear... She is no mere test subject... She is one of a handful of chosen ones just like you!" Celeste turned round to face one of her most devious and cruellest creations she had ever made. "Have you not forgotten what you once was, before that Cocksister got a hold of you?"

"Oh yes Mistress I can never forget... I was such a pathetic kind old woman, who would never say boo to a goose!" Edith grinned back at her superior.

"Precisely... And you know why I created you don't you?"

"Oh yes Mistress Celeste I do!" Edith began to feel her body tingle beneath her black velvet habit, from the very thought of what had been done to her and as she did her mind began to enjoy the sensation that her body was feeling from the tight constricting corset she wore beneath, moulding her perfectly in shape as it grasped aloft her gorgeous massive breasts within its cups, breasts that she had always secretly envied on other well endowed women when she had been just a shy and timid young girl and as the tingle ran down her spine and reached her groin, she could feel her heavily pierced labia and beautifully pierced clitoris engorge and moisten and as it did she could only agree with the reply she had just given Mistress Celeste, for she truly did know why she had created her.

Edith Lefevre was dominantly wicked, gorgeously voluptuous, full on lesbian and a pure wholehearted bitch, she was created so men would fall at her feet and worship her and for their crimes of being she would punish them un-mercilessly, whilst women would quaver in her presence and beg to be loved by her.

Yes Edith knew why Celeste had created her.

"Yes it will be good to see the back of that wretched Agatha… Too long has she thwarted my attempts to gain control of my mother's empire and if it was not for her and that awful Cocksister Grace I'd be in control now!"

"Yes Mistress!"

"Well… I've said enough already… And I believe you've an audience waiting for you!" Celeste waved Edith away.

"Yes Mistress!" Edith was soon tiptoeing on her pony heels to the door, her devilishly shaped body quivering with excitement from the performance she was about to oversee tonight, leaving her Mistress and creator Celeste, to brood over her quest for control of her adopted mother's empire.

Leaving the gathering behind to oversee the capture of Jed Schaffer, Lady Dolan calmed herself and signalled for Daphne to open the door of her sedan, however as she was about to climb in a voice startled her.

"Good evening Rosemary!" the voice of a well groomed pretty blonde headed woman came from within the sedan.

"Oh my… I err?"

"Relax and take a seat my dear," the woman patted the leathered upholstery, "Your driver may continue onto your destination!"

"But Mistress Grace I?"

"Please Rosemary… Grace will suffice!" Lady Dolan's matriarch and hierarchical leader crossed her trouser legs.

"But Grace I had no idea you would be?"

"I arrived secretly two days ago and I've been entertained by that wonderful Postmaster and his wife to be Laura I believe she's called?"

"Oh yes Mr Wilson, he's such a kind man," Rosemary agreed.

"Excellent work you've done on his ex-wife and her offspring by the way." Grace once again congratulated her protégé, "But I must get onto business my dear and to begin with explaining why I have placed you here!"

"Yes of course Grace," Rosemary accepted her compliment and sat down besides her owner and listened.

As the drive took Rosemary and her matriarch towards their intended destination, Grace explained why she had arrived and stayed hidden from everyone.

"Celeste is a very dangerous woman Rosemary and she would think nothing of disposing of you, me and all of us genetically modified girls, however her mother or rather the head of our organisation," she paused as she considered her words, "You see Lady Melissa is gravely ill and Celeste, well she's positioning herself to take control of our good Lady's empire and although she won't admit it… She's not able to control Celeste as she once could," Grace looked deep into Rosemary's eyes, "I intervened successfully on one of Celeste's devious plans to overthrow her mother a year ago and I wish I had been able to use my skills on the bitch, but I owe Lady Melissa my life and although it was not for the good of our organisation Lady Melissa forgave her… Blaming herself for creating such a monster, and that all of her adopted daughter's corrupt ways were down to her."

"She's adopted?" Rosemary questioned.

"Yes Lady Melissa adopted Celeste as her daughter and she's very much a product of Cresswell's like me and you, but she's a brilliant geneticist and without her superb skills our organisation would be years behind schedule!"

"So being a geneticist is what makes her so important and ranks her so highly?"

"Yes Rosemary, Celeste is unfortunately our creator, every spliced DNA that has reshaped and remodelled our bodies is her work, however she was unaware of the side effect her manipulation of our bodies had created and, if you excuse the very male chauvinist expression, our brains being slightly larger than a true female's carried a dormant gene, a gene that for some reason is coerced into action with virgin males like me, you and most importantly Petal, who is the reason I put you here… You see she is our future!"

"Future?" Rosemary once again questioned.

"Petal was secretly given, with Agatha's help last year a very special chromosome that was developed to basically increase this dormant gene, which I believe Agatha has already explained to you about?"

"Yes it's to do with our abilities of mind control I believe!" Rosemary replied recalling the lecture Agatha had given her nine or so months ago.

"Yes that's correct my dear, however me and you require certain drugs to be able to control our subjects, but Petal?"

"Oh my... I knew it... I pointed that out to Agatha... I remember the way Petal suddenly became angry and somehow had that difficult young man under her spell!"

"Yes I know and that is why we have been closely monitoring Petal's advances since then and precisely why I have been forced to allow her relationship with her grandmother to become stale and bitter!"

"So Petal's grandmother's attitude towards her was deliberately programmed into her?"

"Yes I'm afraid it was... You see Celeste has been running a little experiment of her own and it has been running unchecked for nearly a year now... It's a an experiment that has created several women like Petal's grandmother all with a divine hatred for men and girls like us!"

"But if you've known about it why didn't you put a stop to it?"

"To have done so would've meant my powers being disclosed and my own ambitions thwarted, so I decided to bide my time and watch every step she made... You see I discovered what Celeste was planning on doing here when I had her in my grasp last spring, and as tempted as I was to alter her persona that day I had her, I chose not to... Instead I let her carry on thinking that I was just a loyal and dumb shemale... Oh yes there were times I wish I hadn't but it has enabled me to progress with my own agenda!"

"You've an agenda of your own?" Rosemary sounded concerned.

"Yes I know it sounds bad, but my agenda is for the good of our organisation and it has been sanctioned by those that fear Celeste's eventual takeover, like Lady Agatha for instance... An agenda that basically serves the purpose of creating a safeguard against her, which brings me to why I'm here today and exactly why I made sure you were placed here in Dolan!" Grace continued to divulge, "Lady Melissa has always listened to reasoning and she always consulted her closest allies before proceeding with any of her plans, but if Celeste was to take over as she has already started to do... Then the fabric of this just organisation, will eventually collapse in on itself and become as corrupt as the very cause it was built to destroy!"

"Please forgive me Grace, but how can what we do to people be a just cause, I mean I don't know what Celeste is going to do with this reporter, but from my brief talk with him and the way he nobly covered for my grounds man's indiscretion with my maid... He did seem to be a nice young man!" Rosemary interrupted Grace's explanation.

"I'm afraid I'm not in any position to know what Celeste has planned for this reporter and neither can I stop it, but I do know that he has left many a ruined reputation behind in his quest for journalistic fame and he would think nothing of bringing us down either," Grace could see the concern Rosemary felt for the organisations seemingly unending lack of morals and care for the people it forced into it's way of thinking, "But all I will say is, that I, like you and many others, have tried to deny that what's been done to us was right, but in the end I have learned that I am unique and special and that Lady Melissa created us for a purpose and that is to maintain a balance within her organisation!"

"Yes I err... Do know what you're saying," Rosemary could only agree for she too had the same feeling of importance too. "But?"

"No... Rosemary there are no buts... I mean can you honestly tell me that you would like to have the old Robert McKinley back?" Grace finally made a move to quell Rosemary's indecisiveness to her enforced new gender. "And loose the powers you have over normal men and women?"

"No I don't believe I would," Rosemary thought about her old self for a moment, "No most definitely I love the way my body feels and I love being a woman too!"

"Exactly how I expected you to feel," Grace smiled warmly, knowing that Rosemary could never wish to return to the young man she once was, "Now can we loose this negative attitude and concentrate on our task at hand?"

"Yes Grace, I'm sorry," Rosemary shook her head and smiled as a stirring in her groin reminded her of how she really felt at being what they had made her.

With Rosemary's self doubts pushed aside, Grace began to get back to the reasons for Rosemary being placed in Dolan and the importance of Petal in their plans, explaining that when she had caught Celeste last year, she could not help but get her to divulge the truth behind the rumours she had heard about the new breed of 'Super Femmes' as they were called.

"So when I found out about the plans to turn Lord Dolan's obscure little village into the heart of our religious campaign and a new breeding ground for Celeste's experiments... I acted as fast as I could, so I turned to Lady Agatha and confided in her my findings... Unfortunately for Agatha my findings caused her to realise that Celeste's ultimate plans were to replace her as head of our newly formed religious and correctional charter with one of her own creations, which Agatha through certain channels found out was to be Edith Lefevre!" Grace became angry as she thought about Celeste's wicked plan to remove Agatha.

"And was it because of my friendship with Lord Dolan's son Stuart that I was chosen?" Rosemary enquired.

"Not entirely, you see your transformation was just a visual experiment to begin with, put into operation by the people who work under Celeste. Your real mother and your father were her real targets cause they were standing in the way of her expansion into Bullchester's schooling system, so unfortunately you are a victim of Celeste's greed for power I'm afraid," Grace revealed truthfully.

"Oh my... My real mother?" Rosemary considered Lydia her real mother, someone she had not thought about in a long time, however her memories of her original family were rather foggy.

"Yes I'm afraid Celeste's wickedness and vengeance was rather metered out on your true mother and I was made to oversee that your father was seduced by Hayley as he was the headmaster of the school that the organisation was trying to privatise... You were a kind of bonus for me!"

"Bonus?"

"Celeste had no designs to do anything with you other than tie up any loose ends, but I was quite intrigued by the experiment they used on you," Grace continued to explain Rosemary's conversion, stating that it was not until Hayley was called to the university's principle's office that Lord Dolan's son came up on their radar.

As the journey to where Petal and Jed Schaffer were staying for the night got underway, Rosemary discovered more about Celeste's plans for Lord Dolan's estate and village and how Agatha had been entrusted with Chester's rescue from depression and the further they travelled the more she began to understand the fears that Grace held if the organisation was to fall into the hands of Celeste.

However certain questions had still to be answered and Rosemary's foggy memories of her life as Robert were beginning to surface very vividly.

"So why was I changed into a shemale?" Rosemary finally asked Grace the question that had been building in her thoughts.

"I see I've unlocked a few memories of old for you?" Grace replied none too surprised.

"Yes you have!" Rosemary was very blunt. "I mean you're trying to make me understand your fears concerning Celeste, while at the same time justifying my transformation as something that was a task for you... And the fact that you carried out this task without any regard for who or what I was, you expect me to accept the screwing up of mine and my parents lives as easily as that... I mean what gives you the right?"

"A good question Rosemary, and one I cannot reply to, cause I'm very much a product of that very same thing you're doubting… Do you not think that I had a life before I was turned into this?" Grace hit back, "I was a virgin and I had just got married to my childhood sweetheart and instead of loosing my virginity and consummating my marriage to this wonderful and beautiful girl I had grown up with, I ended up loosing my virginity to Lady Melissa's chauffeur and consummated a marriage to him as his bride!" Grace explained her own past. "So don't you dare try to make me feel guilty of doing the same to you… We were all chosen for different reasons, and it's not our place to argue the fact… You're a Cocksister like me and you'll remain one like me for the rest of your life… We cannot change our lives back to the way we once were… We were made for a reason and that reason is the future!"

"A future that creates more twisted and malevolent souls like us?" Rosemary sighed.

"Yes Rosemary we may appear to be that… But we are a better future than any man or misguided woman like Celeste could ever be!" Grace agreed with Rosemary's statement, "And I think you'd do well to remember this the next time your past comes back to tease you… This organisation will in time prevail and it will control everyone and everything, and along the way there maybe those who don't deserve to be transformed and they'll be those who would like nothing better, but at the end of it all transsexuals and shemales like us, will stand proud and just alongside the women who will eventually rule this new world… And with our gift we will help them shape it!"

Rosemary just nodded in agreement, the memories of her life as Robert now cascading through her mind, however the words that her matriarch had spoken also rang true and as hurtful as it seemed to her that Robert's life was finished before it started, what effect could he have ever had on the world's future and furthermore where would he have ended up after the Sisterhood of Cresswell's carefully orchestrated plans finally achieve their aim.

Robert had been like Peter Lefevre, a virgin, shy around girls and full of idealistic ways to shape a better and peaceful way of life, but as young nervous ridiculed men neither of them would ever make a difference in a testosterone driven society of corruption greed and violence, but now in the form that they had been given and the skills they had acquired through genetic science, they could and they would make that difference.

And then of course there was the tingle in Rosemary's groin, a reminder to the way she felt.

Robert McKinley was indeed gone and Rosemary McKinley was very much alive and because of Robert's misfortune, Rosemary would prevail and as she sat alongside her fellow shemale and matriarch she knew that being a woman with a cock was going to be an advantage in the reshaped world that Cresswell's was moulding.

With daylight filtering out into night, Jed began to feel his eyes tiring, his passenger was apprehensive and it was beginning to spread to him, although she had more of a reason to be fearful, for the young woman had just escaped the clutches of what appeared to be a crazy pseudo religious cult that Cresswell Industries had at the centre of its illegal genetics program, a program that he hoped the diaries that he had stolen from the Mother Superior's bedchamber would collaborate not just his own theories, but his passenger's unbelievable life as a sex slave to the people who overlooked the village and its inhabitants.

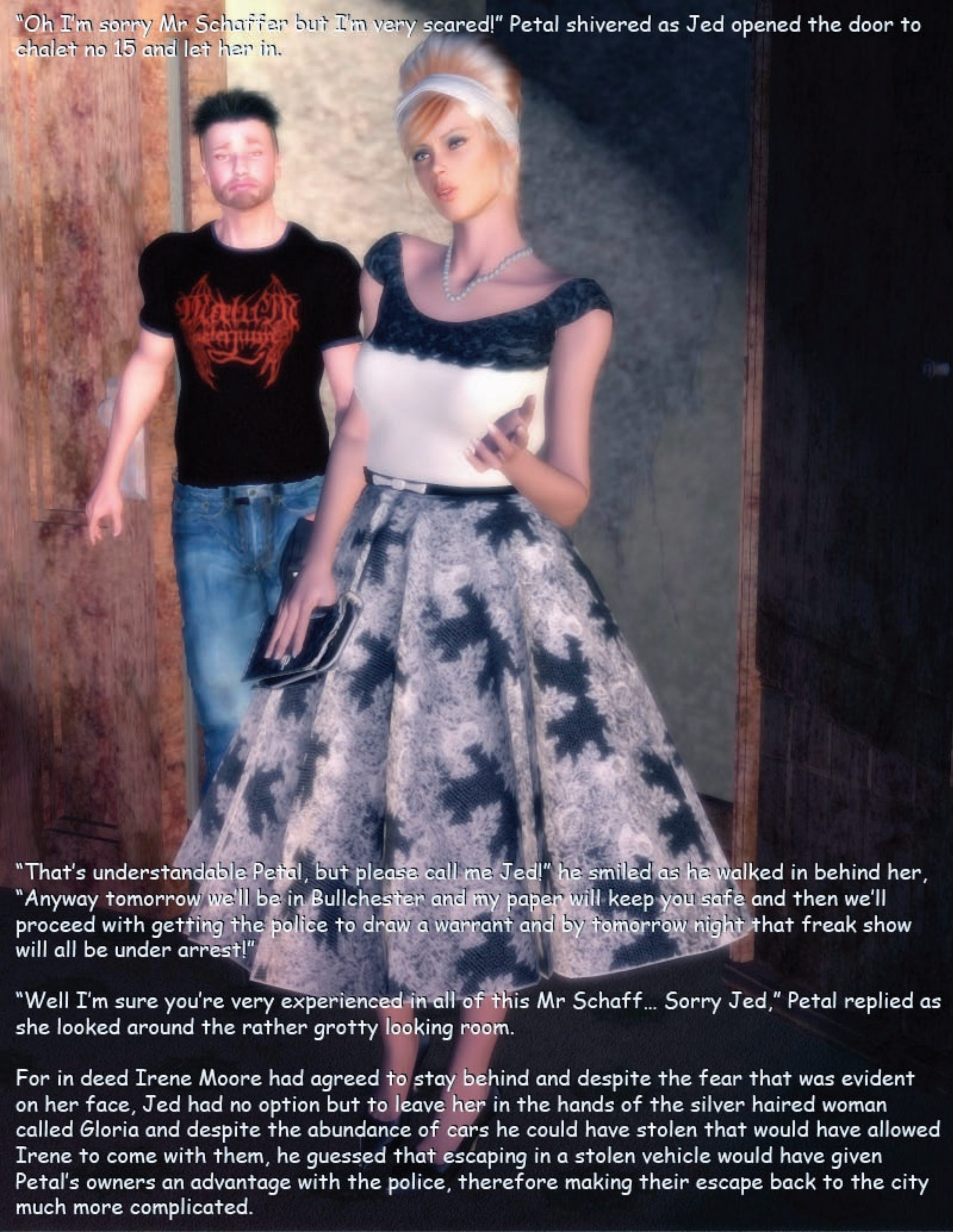
With another mile clocked a Motel sign caught his weary eye and although he was merely fifty or so miles away from the city, he could not risk falling asleep at the wheel.

"Are you sure we should stay here?" Petal enquired as Jed came out of the motel's office with the key.

"Yeah how an earth are they gonna find us anyway!" Jed chuckled albeit a little nervously, for the importance of what he was doing and who he had with him was most probably the most dangerous position he had ever placed himself in since his last fateful brush with Cresswell Industries.

"But Mr Schaffer?" Petal once again showed her own nervousness of the situation. "Are you sure it was wise to let Mrs Moore stay behind?" she questioned as she looked around the rather desolate and dirty motel buildings.

"What choice did we have... I can only fit two people in my car!" Jed tried to make an excuse for leaving Irene Moore behind. "But getting you outta of there safely and hidden away is the most important thing for us to worry about!" he tried to reason with his own guilt, "and besides that Gloria Smith woman has sworn to keep her safe until I return with the police tomorrow!"



"Oh I'm sorry Mr Schaffer but I'm very scared!" Petal shivered as Jed opened the door to chalet no 15 and let her in.

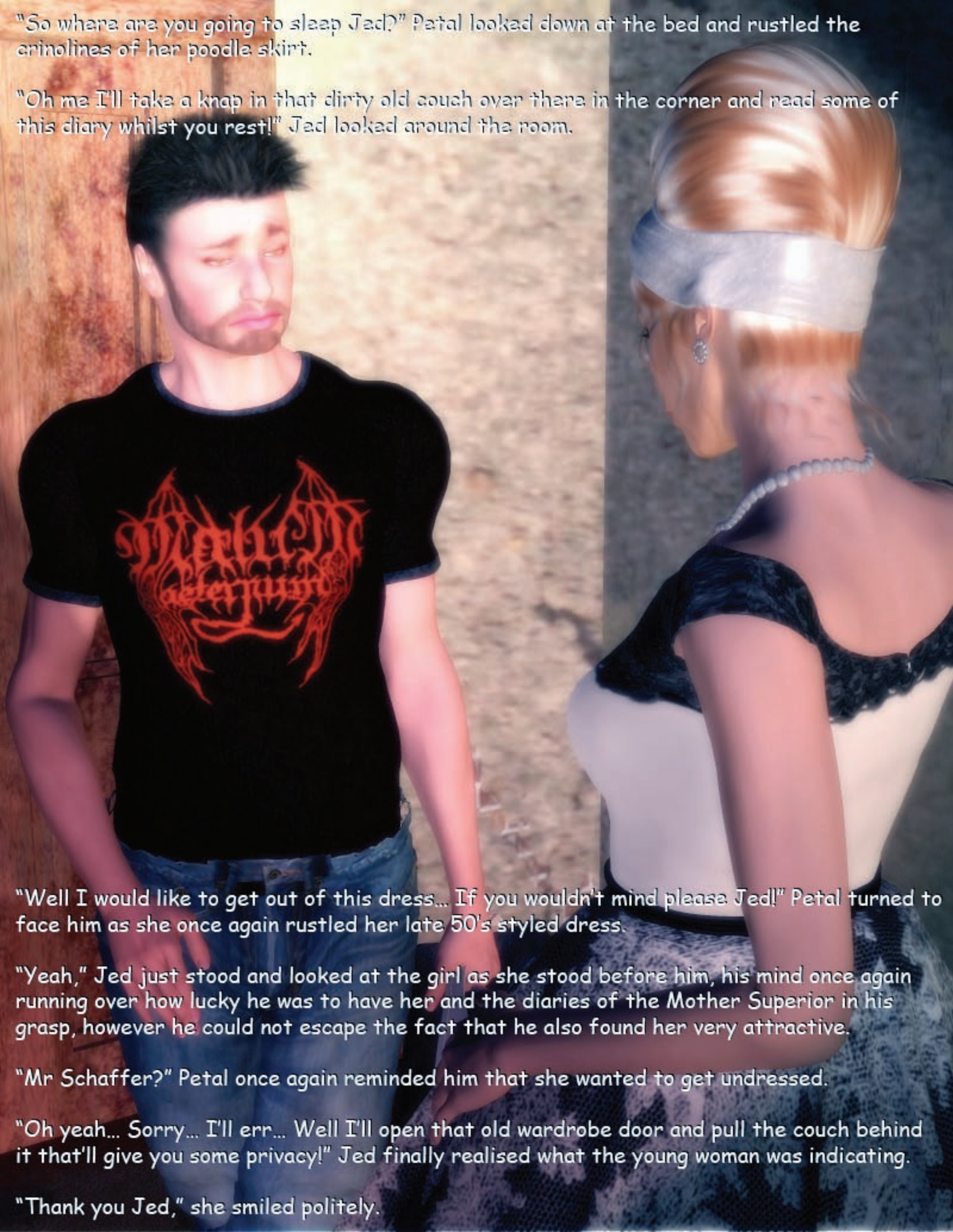
"That's understandable Petal, but please call me Jed!" he smiled as he walked in behind her, "Anyway tomorrow we'll be in Bullchester and my paper will keep you safe and then we'll proceed with getting the police to draw a warrant and by tomorrow night that freak show will all be under arrest!"

"Well I'm sure you're very experienced in all of this Mr Schaff… Sorry Jed," Petal replied as she looked around the rather grotty looking room.

For in deed Irene Moore had agreed to stay behind and despite the fear that was evident on her face, Jed had no option but to leave her in the hands of the silver haired woman called Gloria and despite the abundance of cars he could have stolen that would have allowed Irene to come with them, he guessed that escaping in a stolen vehicle would have given Petal's owners an advantage with the police, therefore making their escape back to the city much more complicated.

"So where are you going to sleep Jed?" Petal looked down at the bed and rustled the crinolines of her poodle skirt.

"Oh me I'll take a knap in that dirty old couch over there in the corner and read some of this diary whilst you rest!" Jed looked around the room.



"Well I would like to get out of this dress... If you wouldn't mind please Jed!" Petal turned to face him as she once again rustled her late 50's styled dress.

"Yeah," Jed just stood and looked at the girl as she stood before him, his mind once again running over how lucky he was to have her and the diaries of the Mother Superior in his grasp, however he could not escape the fact that he also found her very attractive.

"Mr Schaffer?" Petal once again reminded him that she wanted to get undressed.

"Oh yeah... Sorry... I'll err... Well I'll open that old wardrobe door and pull the couch behind it that'll give you some privacy!" Jed finally realised what the young woman was indicating.

"Thank you Jed," she smiled politely.

After rearranging the furniture Jed sat himself down behind the cover of the heavy wardrobe door and sat back in the very dusty and creaky couch pulling up the wooden chair to rest his legs on and as he grabbed a hold of the diary the sound of Petal's dress unzipping and her crinolines rustling drew his attention towards a large standing mirror that was situated in the other corner of the room and just so happened to be positioned for him to be able to see Petal stepping out of her dress and placing it on the bed.

'Oh yes!' Jed thought himself even more lucky to see Petal standing in the reflection in just her white underwear and nylon stockings and as she very sexily slipped out of a stiletto and placed her stocking foot onto the bed, he began to feel his cock harden.

'Shit that old man was lucky to be banging that?' Jed could not doubt see the advantages Lord Dolan had at having a sex slave like her, 'Jeez Jed yer can't think like that!' he finally castigated his growing erection and thoughts concerning the young woman's plight and opened the diary he was holding.

Petal knew that her mark was watching her, so she deliberately emphasised her feminity by slowly caressing her nylon seamed calf and then deliberately sliding her hands slowly up the silky nylon to her thigh where she began to sensuously massage it.

Jed's eyes were permanently fixed on the mirror and despite the need to push the wardrobe door closed and watch her fully, he continued to stare at her reflection, ignoring the very strong temptation to touch his pulsating crotch.

"Have you found anything in the diary of relevance yet Jed?" Petal questioned.

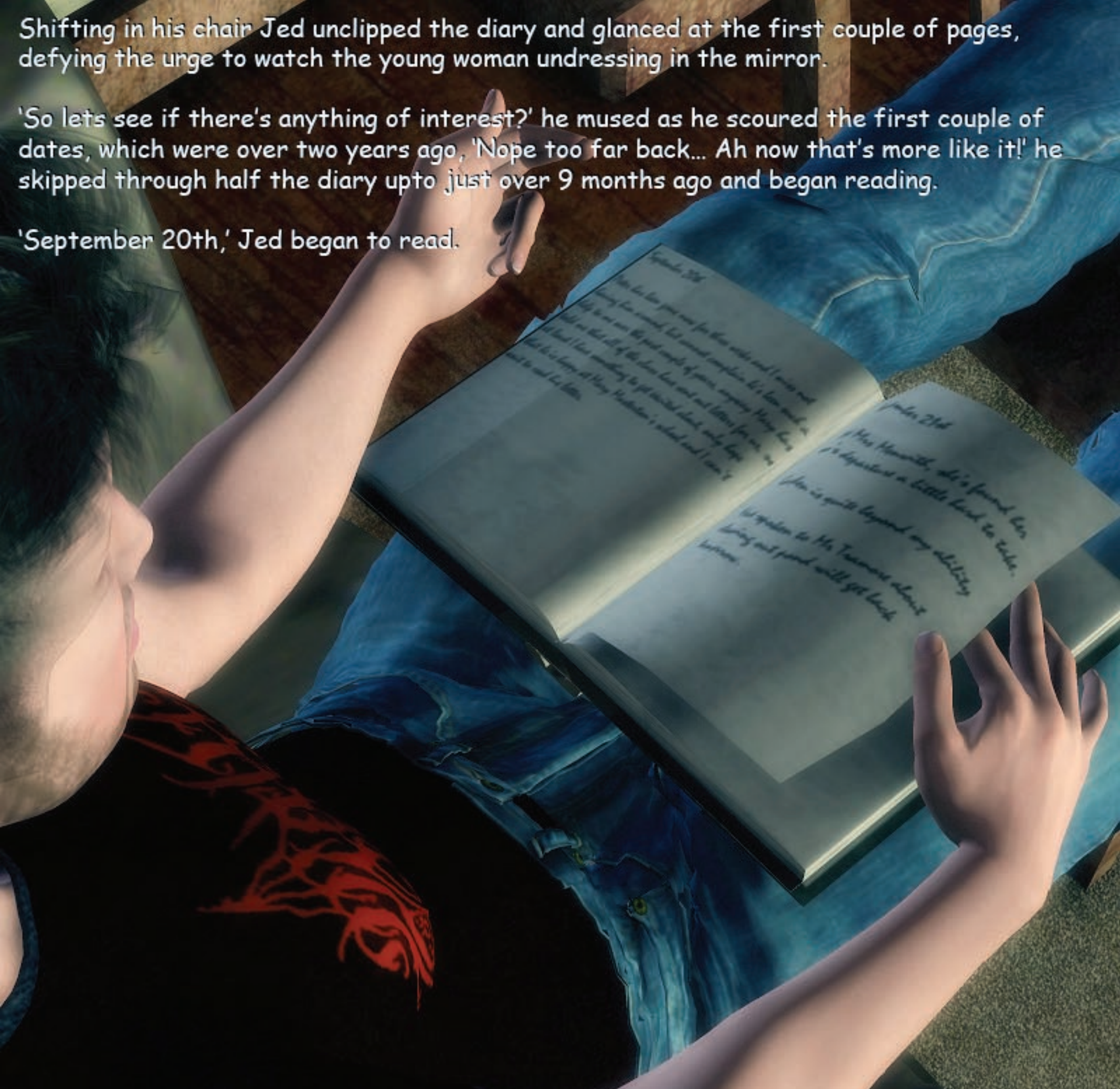
"Wha... Oh I yeah... Err no not yet!" Jed jumped and stuttered as the young woman's voice shook him from his entrancement of her undressing.

"You will let me know when you do!" Petal hid her smile as she continued to enjoy the sensations of her silk stockings.

Shifting in his chair Jed unclipped the diary and glanced at the first couple of pages, defying the urge to watch the young woman undressing in the mirror.

'So lets see if there's anything of interest?' he mused as he scoured the first couple of dates, which were over two years ago, 'Nope too far back... Ah now that's more like it!' he skipped through half the diary upto just over 9 months ago and began reading.

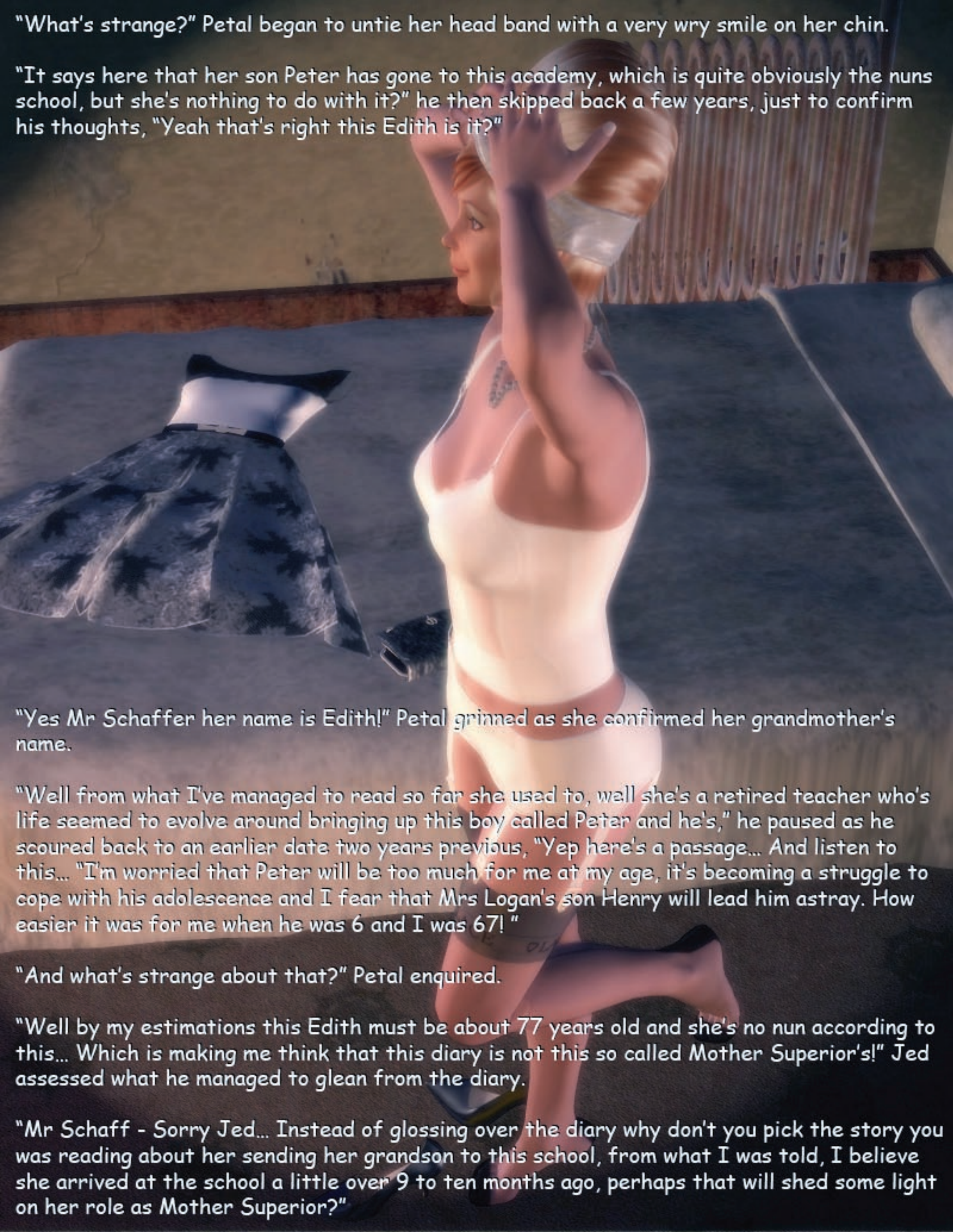
'September 20th,' Jed began to read.



Peter has been gone now for three weeks and I miss not having him around, but cannot complain he's been such a help to me over the past couple of years, anyway Mary has told me that all of the class have sent out letters for us, so at least I have something to get excited about, only hope that he is happy at Mary Masterton's school and I can't wait to read his letter.

Jed continued to browse the forthcoming week as his curiosity peaked on the mention of the woman called Mary and as he reached the Saturday of the following week he could see that this Mother Superior had in fact no ties to the school at all.

"Hmmm that's strange?" he thought out loud.



"What's strange?" Petal began to untie her head band with a very wry smile on her chin.

"It says here that her son Peter has gone to this academy, which is quite obviously the nuns school, but she's nothing to do with it?" he then skipped back a few years, just to confirm his thoughts, "Yeah that's right this Edith is it?"

"Yes Mr Schaffer her name is Edith!" Petal grinned as she confirmed her grandmother's name.

"Well from what I've managed to read so far she used to, well she's a retired teacher who's life seemed to evolve around bringing up this boy called Peter and he's," he paused as he scoured back to an earlier date two years previous, "Yep here's a passage... And listen to this... "I'm worried that Peter will be too much for me at my age, it's becoming a struggle to cope with his adolescence and I fear that Mrs Logan's son Henry will lead him astray. How easier it was for me when he was 6 and I was 67! "

"And what's strange about that?" Petal enquired.

"Well by my estimations this Edith must be about 77 years old and she's no nun according to this... Which is making me think that this diary is not this so called Mother Superior's!" Jed assessed what he managed to glean from the diary.

"Mr Schaff - Sorry Jed... Instead of glossing over the diary why don't you pick the story you was reading about her sending her grandson to this school, from what I was told, I believe she arrived at the school a little over 9 to ten months ago, perhaps that will shed some light on her role as Mother Superior?"

"Ok... Lets have a look!" Jed shook his head and found the date he had first become intrigued with.

"Yes I'm sure you'll find the answers there!" Petal wrestled her hair free and then picked up her clutch bag, 'And boy are you gonna enjoy them!' she thought to herself as she opened her clutch bag and pulled out a small spray.

Browsing through the dates September 20th onwards, Jed found September 24th highlighted by a yeallow marker.

"Hmmm... What's this?" he began to read.

Received Peter's letter today could not wait to read it, though found it strange that it was perfumed and written very elegantly for him although it was a very nice perfume, anyway Peter is enjoying himself and wants me to attend the choir performance he and the other young students are giving.

Oh that perfume is so nice.

Yes what lovely perfume!

September 25th

Received a phone call from a Lady Dolan who is the owner of Peter's Academy, was worried at first, but she wanted to know if I would care to come down earlier than needed to discuss a vacant position at the Academy. I thanked the Lady and said no.

Mrs Masterton will be arriving tomorrow and she will be staying for the weekend.

Peter's letter still in my thoughts and that pretty perfume he used on the letter still seems to linger.

"Perfumed letter from her grandson that is weird?" Jed mused to himself as he continued to read.

Yet for Petal the memory of the letter she had sent to her grandmother was very much still in her memory and as she prepared herself for the outcome of Jed Schaffer's realisation as to who Peter actually was, her mind drifted back to the day her grandmother became embroiled in what was to become both of their new and very much subjectively altered lives.

to be continued.....

Metamorphosis

Story Postwork and Concept by
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