

Nurse Higgins

By Cheryl Lynn

Rachel Higgins was a mature fifty-three years old with graying chestnut hair. As a surgical nurse, while more than competent, looked down upon by the demi-god doctors. As a novice, she expected such “better than thou treatment” but it didn’t stop. When Rachel became experienced, the surgeons let her do the close-ups. She still didn’t get the respect or credit she deserved. Over time and a few disastrous relationships, she came to detest males. In her forties, Rachel entered a few lesbian affairs which ended badly. She found them more rewarding than heterosexual sex but still lacking. Rachel was sick and tired of not being in total control. She was always a control freak and at fifty-three had enough of dealing with other people’s shit. She retired after thirty years but found life after a full-time job boring.

Rachel spent most of her retirement days alone in her small condominium. Most of her day time spent perusing the internet. Initially she checked out sites related to her profession but moved on. She was becoming lonely and began searching adult sites. Those didn’t prove interesting and moved on to more exotic places. One site that piqued her curiosity was Petticoated.com. Rachel had some exposure to crossdressers while working in the ER. It never crossed her mind that it could be used as a corrective behavior on overbearing men. The ones she met at the hospital had all voluntarily dressed as women.

“Hot damn, forcing men to dress and behave as girls would be a real kick in the ass. Put’em in their proper place for sure. After reading those letters and Aunty Helga’s commentary, I think I would like to see what’s it like to dominate such a person. I’ve always wondered what it would feel like to have total control over someone’s life. Oh well, I doubt I’ll have a chance. Most of those letters are probably fiction anyway,” she thought.

One day as she was checking out Craigslist, she paused at one ad. Rachel was initially looking for a part time nursing job. She didn’t need the money, she wanted an excuse to get out of the house.

“Wanted, full time nanny to monitor and control my errant step-son, Corey while I’m at work. My business requires frequent travel and will give full legal authority to his nanny. His nanny will have total control to do what she thinks necessary. I’ve grounded him for the summer for his delinquent behavior. He is not violent, just lazy and disrespectful teenager.

Applicant must have excellent references, college graduate and no criminal background. Generous wage and benefits for the right person. Contact me at 555-785-0028.”

“Umm, sounds interesting. Wasn’t looking for full time work or being a nanny but having full legal authority over some bratty kid. Now, that could be something worth considering,” she thought.

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Two weeks later, Rachel was wearing her black wool blend straight skirt and white starched, men’s tailored cotton blouse. Her hair was styled in a bun at the back of her head and only wore minimal makeup. It was the look of a stern, confident older woman Rachel wanted to project when she went to interview. She was meeting with Mrs.

Agatha Brightwhite at her home. It was not an imposing house but in a very exclusive area on a half-acre of tree covered land. She was the widowed step-mother of Corey and placed the ad. She was also CEO of Brightwhite Industries, a specialty clothing manufacturer.

"I'm not entirely sure about this but I just have to check it out. Probably going to be a waste of time but you never know," she thought pressing the doorbell.

A dignified looking woman greeted Rachel. Agatha was several years younger wearing a designer gray colored pants suit. She was in full makeup and her ginger hair hung in gentle waves touching her shoulders.

"You must be Rachel Higgins, my nine o'clock. Please come in Miss. Higgins. I'm Agatha Brightwhite but please call me Agatha," she greeted.

As she stepped over the threshold Rachel saw what appeared to be a boy, about fourteen years old heading for the stairs. He had a bag of chips in one hand and a soda in the other. He had light brown hair tied off in a low ponytail and wearing pajama bottoms and tee shirt.

"Corey, wait up a minute. I have someone I want you to meet," Agatha yelled out.

Corey turned and looked at them but did not come closer. "Another one? Aggie, I don't have time for this shit. You know I don't want no damn nanny," he spat and continued up the stairs.

"I guess you can tell why I need someone to handle him. He has never liked me and since his father's passing grown worse. I've tried everything but it's no use. This past semester he was kicked out of boarding school. That was my last hope of correcting his behavior. I can't wait for him to turn eighteen next year so I can kick his sorry butt out of the house. Right now, I'm desperate and willing to consider any option. That is if you're still interested," Agatha stated.

"You said Corey is seventeen? He looks so much younger," Rachel responded.

"That's one of his problems. A major case of the Napoleon complex. He's always mistaken for being so much younger and smaller than kids his age. To compensate, he's acting all super macho and being a bully. One of the reasons he was expelled last month. He got caught beating up a ninth grader. Come, we'll talk over coffee in the kitchen," she replied.

Over the course of the next two hours Rachel discussed what she planned to do if given full authority over Corey. While she didn't go into the details and somewhat evasive, it was enough to get Agatha's attention. She was intrigued by the idea of putting her step-son in petticoats.

"Rachel, I'm impressed and never would have thought of Corey spending some time in petticoats. A novel idea indeed and will certainly keep him grounded for the summer. He's snuck out of the house several times already. Nothing else has worked and I will consider your concept. I still have a few interviews to make but will let you know by the end of the week," Agatha said concluding the meeting.

"That went well. I think I impressed her and she'll hire me. I didn't say just how far I plan to take this project but so far so good. Just accepting the idea of petticoat punishment is enough for now. If I told her everything, she probably would have rejected me. Although in the end, she'll approve of my corrective measures," Rachel thought getting into her car.

True to her word, Agatha called at week end to inform Rachel she had the job. "Rachel,

none of the other applicants had as good qualifications as you presented nor the imaginative discipline measures. I'd like you to move in full time beginning this coming Monday morning. I'll have all the necessary paperwork ready by then. I've already set you up to get whatever clothing needs you have for Corey from my company. You have my plant manager's email so you can get started whenever. She has his measurements. I can't wait to see that brat in a cute dress," Agatha said.

"Thank you, Agatha. I'm looking forward to the opportunity. I would appreciate it if you don't tell him what we have planned. I just need to get a few things together and I can be there first thing Monday," Rachel responded happily.

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Monday morning Rachel was met at the door by a pretty Honduran twenty something girl wearing a brown nylon maid's uniform. Her hair was in a tidy bun and wearing minimal day time makeup. Her English was near fluent and seemed happy to see Rachel. She introduced herself as Ezzy, short for Esmeralda.

"I so glad you come take care of Corey. He make my life miserable. He is antipatico (horrid) to me. Maybe now I can get my work done," she said leading Rachel to Agatha's home office.

"I see you've met Ezzy and she seems to like you. Can't blame her, Corey is constantly trying to get into her panties. I sure hope your plan resolves that issue as well. She's very good and comes in three days a week. I would hate to lose her. Rachel have a seat and we'll get this paper work finished. Friday, I must leave for Italy then on to Paris. Hopefully it will only be for four maybe five weeks. As you requested, I haven't said anything to Corey other than you are his new nanny. Once we finish here, I'll have Ezzy show you to your room," Agatha said warmly.

"When she said total control, Agatha wasn't kidding. Power of Attorney including medical over Corey. Plus, I get full medical coverage under her company and other benefits. The pay is poor but hell I don't really need it," she thought as Ezzy led her to her room.

The room wasn't that large but nicely furnished with its own in suite bath. By the time she unpacked it was late morning. "Guess it's time to get dressed in my uniform and meet my charge," Rachel mumbled opening the zipper on the garment bag.

What she took out was one of her old nurse's uniforms. It had been altered to fit her more mature figure but still pristine white. The uniform dated back to her early years as a nurse. Heavily starched white A-line just below the knee three-quarter length winged sleeves with a flare skirt. The high collar was crisp and pointed. The only adornment was her nurse's pin. Opaque white hose and white gum soled leather shoes completed the uniform. She debated a few minutes about wearing the traditional white cap, then put it on as well.

"I look imposing and authoritative wearing this and will make a good first impression. I need to establish my dominance over him my first priority. I'll use the rest of this week to do that then start training him. That's better done without Agatha being around," she mused gazing into the full-length mirror.

Rachel stood at Corey's shut door. There was a sign tacked on it that read, "Keep the Fuck Out."

"Oh my, that will never do," she thought tearing it off the door.

Without further hesitation opened the door and entered Corey's sanctuary. She was greeted by, "What the fuck! Get the hell out of my room bitch!"

Corey was sitting in a black bean bag cushion playing a video game, wearing plaid boxers and ratty undershirt. Rachel moved swiftly, grabbed him by the ear and yanked him to his feet. Having to deal with unruly, sometimes violent patients, she had learned martial arts. Specifically, the Chinese art of Dim Mak which attacks the body's pressure points causing crippling pain or death.

With Corey on his feet, Rachel jabbed her fingers behind his collar bone, pressing down hard. He fell to his knees screaming in pain, tears flowing down his cheeks. Next, she grabbed his hand twisted it and pressed her thumb into the base of the V between thumb and forefinger. Again, he howled in agony.

Easing the pressure Rachel waited a moment letting Corey recuperate. "Now that I have your attention Corey, let me introduce myself. I am your nanny but since you object to that, you may call me Nurse Higgins. From this point forward you will do whatever I tell you promptly or suffer the consequences. The first thing you are going to do is forget every cuss word you know. If I hear you say one, you will have your mouth washed out with soap. Stop that blubbering, get up and go to the bathroom. You have an appointment with a bar of soap," she calmly stated.

By the time Corey left the bathroom his mental state could best be described by the term used in the first Iraqi war, shock and awe. First, he was shocked by how a mere woman could so easily inflict so much pain. Then amazed at how quickly she had taken total control over him. He might be small for his age but was proud that he could dish it out and take a punishment. Then this woman in a matter of minutes had him humiliated, in severe pain and crying like a baby. The headmaster at his school had given him ten swats of the paddle without a tear shed.

Back in the bedroom, Rachel applied pressure under his collar bone forcing him to his knees. As fresh tears formed, she released her hold. "That was just a reminder of what I can do. From now on you will show everyone respect. It's yes Ma'am or Sir to anyone, old or younger understand. You will only speak when asked a question or raise your hand for permission to speak. You will do whatever I tell you promptly, obediently and happily. Those are your basic rules. Forget and pay the consequences. Now, get cleaned up, get neatly dressed and meet me in the kitchen in thirty minutes. You may say, yes Nurse Higgins," she instructed.

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Agatha was in the kitchen preparing lunch when Rachel walked in. "I haven't seen a nurse wearing that in ages," she gasped.

"It's one of my old ones. I kept several to remind me how sexist those times were. However, I think wearing this demands more respect. As Corey finds it so difficult to have a nanny, I decided he needs a nurse. Everyone knows a nurse is trained to care and treat the infirm. Wearing this uniform reinforces that I'm a nurse and in charge of his care. To his unconscious mind therefore he must be sick or infirm. At least that is what I'm hoping and more submissive to my demands," she responded.

"Maybe but he's shown no respect for anyone that I know of. Stubborn as a mule and mean spirited. It's going to take more than a uniform to get his attention much less paying any attention," Agatha replied with a chuckle.

"He'll be down shortly and I think you will be pleased. I have my methods to get attention," Rachel answered with a smirk.

Later when Corey entered, Agatha was surprised to see him wearing clean jeans and pull over shirt. He was even wearing socks and shoes. The only time she had seen him in something other than pajama bottoms and ratty tee was when he came home

from boarding school.

She was astonished when he said, "Good morning Ma'am."

"Good morning. We are about to have lunch and if you want to join us, have a seat," she answered. "Wow! He's dressed neatly, has suddenly developed manners and even sitting down to have lunch. Usually he just grabs some junk food and goes back to his room without saying a word. I don't know what Rachel has done but it's a miracle. I can see from his expression he hates doing that but I like it. If she can make such a big change in just a couple of hours, I wonder what he'll be like wearing dresses?" she thought.

Throughout lunch Rachel constantly barked out orders about his table manners. "Sit up straight, elbows off the table, take smaller portions and don't gulp it down. Chew your food at least ten times before swallowing."

Agatha was very impressed seeing Corey actually doing what he was told without a single cuss word or argument. After the meal Agatha raised an eyebrow when Rachel went to the cupboard and removed a bib apron and rubber gloves. Her unasked question was ignored as Rachel took Corey's arm and led him out the room.

They stopped off at her room where she retrieved a small blue suitcase then to his. There she told him to strip. He looked at her blankly for a moment as what she said sank in.

"What? With you still in the room," he blurted.

Looking at him sternly warned, "What did I tell you about raising your hand before speaking? I'll let it slide this time but don't ever do that again. I said strip, off with all your clothing now! You don't have anything I haven't seen many times before."

Slowly he began pulling the shirt over his head. Then seeing the look of impatience on her face quicken his pace. Soon he was standing naked with his hands covering his genitals and blushing beet red.

"Put those hands by your sides and turn around for me," she snapped.

"How tall are you?" she asked.

"Five..five foot seven," he answered.

"Ha! Now tell me the truth and if I catch you in another lie you'll be severely punished," she scoffed.

"Five six an..and a half," he mumbled.

"Weight?" was her next question.

"Ab..about one fifty-five," he answered.

"You should be ashamed weighing that much. It's way over what you should weigh and unhealthy. I'll design a new healthier diet. You'll also begin an exercise routine as well," Rachel stated making a notation in a small notebook.

"Alright, into the bathroom. I'm going to teach you a new hygiene routine," she said picking up the suitcase. Inside the case were numerous feminine bathing and hair care products.

They were in the bathroom for two hours with Corey blushing the entire time as Rachel taught him. At one point, she jabbed a knuckle into his ribs bringing pained tears when he complained. She was having him perform an enema which would become a twice daily practice. No more race tracks in his underpants she insisted. Before the bath, she used a powerful depilatory to remove any hair below the chin line. While that

was working, she showed him how to prepare a bubble bath using fragrant bath beads and oils. Making it worse Rachel with loofah in hand, scrubbed him like a baby. It was his protests then that earned him another painful poke in the ribs. Another insult to his manhood was being covered in a floral scented body lotion afterwards. The final insult was Rachel standing behind him brushing his teeth. Finished, Rachel wrapped the towel around his chest then placed a hand towel turban style covering his long hair.

“You will do this every morning, shampooing your hair every third day. Before you go to bed you will take another bath. I will supervise until I’m assured you are doing everything I have shown you,” Rachel said.

She had him sit at his computer desk, removed the towel from his head and plugged in a blow dryer. Using a round bristle brush began drying his hair. When Rachel was finished, Corey’s hair reached his just past his shoulders with lots of volume, slightly tucked under.

“That’s all for now but next week we’re going to the salon for a style I’m sure he’ll hate. The clothing I ordered at Agatha’s company should be here by Thursday. So, Agatha will have the satisfaction of seeing him in dresses before she leaves. She’s a bit naive thinking I’m only going have him wear a dress though. I have far more planned for Corey,” Rachel thought then said, “Okay, get dressed.”

“What the hell just happened?” Corey thought when Rachel left. “I’m almost a grown man and she’s treating like a little kid. I hated that enema thing and bubble bath. I reek of flowers now and she expects me to do this every day? Bull shit! It’s all BS but if I don’t she’ll kick my ass. Somehow I’ve got to talk Aggie out of this.”

Later he caught Agatha in the hallway. “Aggie, you have to stop this nonsense! he blurted. “I’m too old for a babysitter and she’s crazy. She’s treating me like a damn baby. I won’t stand for it. You have to get rid of her now!”

“Corey! Have you forgotten your manners already? Your behavior has gotten you grounded for the summer and I must leave Friday. There is no way on God’s green earth I’m leaving you here alone. Rachel, as far as I’m concerned, has my total approval. I don’t care if you like it or not. You’ve been a big spoiled baby all your life and I’ve had it with you. From how you acted during lunch, her methods seem like miracles to me, so forget it. She will have complete control once I leave. So get used to it.”

At eight o’clock Monday night Rachel was back at Corey’s room. She didn’t bother to knock, barging in. Corey was lying in bed, right hand wrapped around his penis pumping while looking at his laptop. Seeing her, gasped, shut the lid on his computer and shoved it down to cover his groin.

“What the fuck! Don’t you know how to knock?” he yelled. His anger overcoming his embarrassment.

He screamed in pain as Rachel jabbed two fingers just under his ear into the base of the jaw bone pressing inward. As tears flooded down, she grabbed the laptop and opened it. Glancing at the screen noted it was a hardcore porn video then shut it. Tossing it on to the bed, grabbed a pressure point on his arm and pulled him from the bed. Again, screaming in pain taken to the bathroom where his mouth was thoroughly washed with soap. Foam and bits of soap went down his throat making his stomach reel in rebellion. She left him kneeling over the commode and prepared a bubble bath. While the tub was filling with floral scented bubbles, Rachel prepared Corey’s enema. She didn’t say a word until they were back in his bedroom.

“I can do this anytime anywhere. You will do as I say, when I say it and with a smile.

As far as that disgusting habit of yours, we'll take care of that soon enough. Until then, I'm taking your computer. Get to bed before I get angrier," she stated.

"I think for a first day things went very well. Catching him masturbating was unexpected and had to be extremely humiliating for Corey. I just hope Agatha's plant manager can come through with that clothing order by Thursday. Other than demonstrate my dominance, there isn't much more I can do until then," she mused leaving his room.

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Tuesday Rachel went shopping with Agatha's credit card. Her first stop was a furniture store. She wanted the daintiest most feminine furniture for Corey's room. She settled on a French Provincial style in white with gold piping. Rachel smiled broadly knowing how much he would hate it especially the bed. It was a full size with spindle posts and pale lavender chiffon canopy drapery. It would be delivered Thursday morning. Her next stop was an anchor store at the mall. There she purchased linens and all the extras any girly-girl would die for. Again, she arranged for all the items to be delivered Thursday.

That afternoon she explained to Agatha what she had done, leaving out the specifics. "Agatha, I need you to get Corey out of the house on Thursday. I need this to be a big surprise for him when you get back. If he's here when everything arrives, he's bound to make a huge fuss and bolt. You can imagine what a boy, still in male attire would do seeing all that femmie clothing and furniture. If it were me, I run like hell," she said.

The clothing arrived Thursday afternoon by special courier. There were many boxes and plastic garment bags. Using the excuse that she would be gone for a long time, Agatha had taken Corey out for the day.

"Corey you've been so well behaved this week. I want to show you how much I appreciate the change. I know you're grounded but today will be the only exception. I need to do some last-minute shopping at the mall. While I do that, you can go to the arcade and play games with your friends. Then we can have lunch and if you behave, take in a movie," she said.

"To get out of the house and away from her, Aggie could have asked me to go to see a ballet or opera program," he thought. "Yes Ma'am. I promise to behave," he answered.

The furniture and department store purchases were delivered earlier. The old furniture taken away. Besides the new bed was a pink scrolled wrought iron and glass topped vanity table with three lighted mirrors. Making good use of the two men that delivered the clothing, she had them take everything to Corey's room. As a box was emptied, the contents replaced with his boy clothing. When the men left taking filled boxes and garment bags, all that indicated "boy" was gone from the room. Not only all his clothing but posters, books, CD's and any item boyish in nature. All had been replaced with items only a girly-girl would love.

"I can't wait to see the look on Corey's face when he enters his new room," she thought with a satisfied smile.

Agatha was to her surprise enjoying being out with Corey. He was polite and didn't talk unless required. After just a few days under Rachel's supervision, he seemed a completely different person. Still she could see anger in his eyes.

"Today I was tempted to call off his pending punishment but I can see it won't last. If I stop now and let Rachel go, he'll be right back to his mean spirited self," she thought calling to find out if it was okay to return home.

Rachel had just finished spraying the room with a heady floral perfume when Corey entered. He froze, one foot just off the ground as both the sight and smell of his room shocked him to the very core.

Quickly regaining his senses, he mumbled shaking his head, "I must be in the wrong room."

He turned to leave but Agatha was blocking his exit. Looking over his shoulder was also astonished at how much the room had changed.

"This is your room Corey, just fixed and tidied up a bit," Agatha said grabbing his shoulders and turning him to face back into the room.

"Aggie! You can't be serious! This is a girl's room. I won't stay in here," he gasped.

"It's just not the room Corey," Rachel said walking over to him. "This is just the tip of the iceberg. Wait until you see all your beautiful new clothing. So why don't you go ahead and strip while I put together a nice outfit for you. Agatha, would you mind leaving us alone. Corey wants to surprise you with his new look."

"No...no way..I'm not, ahhhhhh," he screamed in pain falling to his knees as Rachel pressed her fingers into a very sensitive spot.

"I would have thought you had learned by now what happens when you defy me," she said pressing harder. "Now tell me you can't wait to wear your new pretty clothing."

"Yes, an...anything....anything you want," he gasped.

"That's not what I asked you to say. Tell me you can't wait to wear your new pretty clothing," she demanded.

"Ahhhhhhh, please, yes, I can't wait to...to..ahhhh..to wear..my pretty new clothing," he wheezed in severe pain.

"Good, now strip," she said releasing the pressure.

"That woman is sadistic. I've never been in that much pain. Now she wants me to wear something I'm sure going to hate. Guess from what she's done to my room, something girly. I hate her and Aggie! They're both crazy. I have no choice now but to go along with this shit until I can run away or something. I'm going to look like a damn fool in a friggin dress," Corey thought beginning to undress.

"He thinks he's just going to have to wear a dress maybe Agatha too but I have so much more planned than dressing him like a girly-girl," Rachel thought as she selected his lingerie.

"I love purples and lavenders. With his complexion, Corey will look lovely in these," she mumbled selecting a matched set of full cut sheer purple nylon panties and satin gel padded up lift bra. Opening another drawer, took out a lavender satin with purple floral lace decorated under bust boned corset. The six garter straps were hemmed in eyelet purple lace with the metal tabs covered in small purple bows. A purple nylon camisole with two inches of floral lace trim on the bodice and matching half-slip along with a pair of white opaque stockings completed her selections.

Corey had the look of a deer staring into oncoming headlights as Rachel spread the lingerie on his bed. "She can't be serious! I thought I was supposed to wear just a dress. I'm so screwed," he thought dreading the idea.

Corey had his hands braced near the top of the bed post as Rachel pulled the laces tighter and tighter. His groans of pain ignored as she placed her knee into the small of his back and gave a final tug. The corset had taken a good three inches off his waist.

"I...I....can....can't breathe," Corey gasped.

"Take small slow breaths and use your diaphragm. You'll get used to it shortly," she instructed.

The corset had pushed his flabby chest into small A-cup sized man boobs. With the bra on, the gel inserts created B-cup breasts and noticeable cleavage. Bending was almost impossible so Rachel helped him step into the half-slip and nylons.

As he sat on the bed trying to catch his breath, Rachel went to the closet and retrieved his dress, three lavender net crinolines and a pair of purple strappy two-inch wedge sandals. The amethyst satin party dress had bell sleeves, rounded neckline with a fitted bodice and knee length flare skirt. The skirt had three overlapping ruffled layers hemmed in lavender floral lace. A thin purple satin ribbon ran through the center of the lace with purple bows spaced five inches apart. Corey shuddered as she held it open for him to step into.

"First she puts me into this horrid corset and now some little girls dress. She's making me look like a drag queen," he thought.

While the shoes only had a two-inch heel, Corey felt like doing a face plant as he took his first steps. Leaning back, he almost over corrected but Rachel steadied him.

"When walking in heels you need to place your toe down first while keeping your back straight, chin up, chest out and move from the hips. Keep the elbows in and take short steps, one foot slightly ahead of the other," she instructed.

Satisfied he was steady on his feet, Rachel led him over to the vanity. There she parted his hair down the middle and across the forehead. In short order, she had created pleated pig tails tied off with lavender satin bows.

"I can't wait to have his thick hair styled and dyed with a professional makeover. Something really femmie but we'll get that done once Agatha has left tomorrow. Right now I want her to see Corey, the boy, wearing a dress," she thought.

"Get up. Now that you will be wearing dresses or skirts all the time, you need to learn to perform a curtsy. You will curtsy every time you enter or leave an occupied room or when meeting or leaving someone. First you grab between your thumb and finger the hems of your skirt, raise your arms until the hems of your petticoats or slip is showing, place your left foot behind your right then dip with your eyes looking at the floor. Like this," she said then demonstrated the move.

After fifteen minutes of practice Corey was close to collapse. His restricted breathing and aching legs made each succeeding dip painful. When he thought he could take no more, Rachel told him to stop. All he wanted to do was sit down, get those awful shoes off and rub his calves. Seeing the vanity bench, plopped down with a sigh.

"That is not the way to properly sit while wearing a dress. Now stand up, brush your hands behind your bottom, smoothing out the skirt then slowly lower yourself onto the bench," she barked.

Again Corey was near collapse when she called a halt. "That's enough for now but we'll practice this and much more over the coming days. Come along, I think we have kept Agatha waiting long enough," she stated.

"What's with all this 'we' stuff? I'm the one having to do all this shit. Aggie is going to laugh her ass off when she sees me. I hope that will be enough for her to stop all this nonsense," he thought following Rachel out of the room.

When they arrived in the living room the expected laughter wasn't heard. Instead

Agatha sat on the sofa with a shocked expression which quickly turned into a broad ear to ear smile.

“Rachel you’re a magician. You actually turned that pig’s ear into a silk purse. Give me a spin Corey,” she said twirling her hand.

Corey was standing, unmoving in humiliation until Rachel poked him in the ribs. Remembering what he was told, dipped into a curtsy, said, “Yes ma’am” and slowly turned.

“A curtsy. You got him to curtsy? How perfectly lovely. I could get used to seeing such manners. Rachel, I don’t know how you did it in so short of time but I love it,” Agatha squealed like a school girl.

“It’s just a matter of applied reinforcement Agatha. I think by the time you return from your European trip, you will be more than pleased with Corey’s behavior,” she replied.

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Corey’s nightmare filled dreams were dissolved as the lights came on in his room and Rachel entered. “Out of bed, we have to get ready to take Agatha to the airport,” she instructed.

Bleary eyed he looked at the alarm clock. “Four o’clock? Why so early?” he mumbled.

“Her plane leaves at six and you need time to prepare for the day. Come on, into the bathroom,” Rachel stated.

He groaned in pain as he tried to sit up. Corey was still wearing the panties, corset and bra under a lime green layered nylon and chiffon baby doll nightie.

“This corset is killing me. Please take it off,” he begged.

“As soon as your bubble bath is ready. Hurry up, we don’t have all day,” she snapped handing him the matching sheer negligee.

“Here we go with that ‘we’ shit again,” he thought stepping in a pair of pink furry slippers.

Finished with another humiliating bathing routine, it was time to get dressed. “At least I get to wear my boy clothing. There’s no way they can take me out in public looking like I did yesterday. I’ll get away then,” he thought returning to his room.

As he waited in only the sheer negligee Rachel selected his clothing. Thankfully he didn’t see her take out a new corset but dismayed by what she did take out of the dresser. Bright scarlet panty girdle, matching satin balconet bra from the lingerie drawers. A pair of white short shorts with three-inch inseam and cuffed flared hems along with a black crop top. The top, a soft jersey knit fell from a rounded neckline into short bell sleeves and cropped bodice. It tied off in a floppy bow just below the breasts. A pair of bright white Keds were taken from the closet.

“It’s going to be a warm summer day and we have shopping to do,” she said handing him the girdle and bra.

For a moment he examined the girdle. It looked several sizes too small, stretchy with a bright satin diamond panel on the front. He brought up his gaze to see Rachel motioning for him to hurry up. He had his doubts but stepped into the girdle and pulled it up his legs. Corey was surprised that it fit but pulled somewhat painfully at his testicles.

“That won’t do,” Rachel said seeing the outline of his trapped penis. She reached in and pushed his penis down while tucking his testicles back up inside his body as

Corey groaned.

“There that’s much better. Nice and flat. Make sure you always do that. If I must do it, I won’t be so gentle next time,” she said with a grin.

“That smarted. She said that was gentle then I don’t want to find out how painful that could be,” he thought sliding his arms into the bra straps.

Dressed she had Corey seated at the vanity. There she took out the pleated pig tails and brushed it. The pleating had been tight and his hair retained a fair amount of waves. Rachel left it hanging to his shoulders, pinning a large black satin bow in the back. This time she decided to use some makeup, eyeliner, mascara and glossy coral lipstick. When Corey looked into the full-length mirror was surprised to see a fairly pretty teenage girl looking back.

“I shouldn’t look this good. I hardly recognize myself. I can still see me but crud, I wish I looked like a clown. Maybe then they would stop all this,” he thought then raised his hand.

“You may speak Corey,” she acknowledged his raised hand. “He’s learning,” she thought with a thin smile.

“You’re not really planning on taking me out like this are you?” he had to ask and very afraid of the answer.

“But of course. How would it look when we go to the beauty salon to get your hair femininely styled or shopping with you wearing boy’s clothing? This way, if you keep your mouth shut and smile everyone will think you’re the girly-girl you appear to be. Your voice with training will sound like a woman’s but for now we’ll pretend you have a bad case of laryngitis. It will also explain why I’m with you,” she replied handing him a black shoulder purse.

As he followed Rachel out of the room checked the contents of the purse. Corey saw some makeup, tissues, ivory compact and a lilac with sunflower imprinted wallet. Seeing two tampons, quickly closed the purse.

“Why is she doing this to me? It’s humiliating enough to be wearing all this girly stuff but tampons too. Plus she’s taking me to a beauty salon then shopping where everyone is going to laugh their butts off. I can’t run away like I planned either. Wouldn’t last ten minutes on the streets looking like this. She knows more ways to inflect pain than I can count, so resistance impossible. Just have to bide my time until I can escape all this madness,” he thought.

“Oh my! Rachel you keep performing miracles. I was impressed yesterday but this morning you have outdone yourself. I had a step-son wearing a dress then and a pretty step-daughter today. If you have accomplished so much this soon; then, I might have a well-mannered step-son after all. Pity I must rush off today. Oh well, guess we best be off,” Agatha exclaimed.

To Be Continued...

NURSE HIGGINS

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Corey was scared as they entered the beauty salon that he would soon be laughed at. He was surprised when no one gave him a second look. Even the receptionist accepted him for the girl Corey seemed to be. He was led with Rachel following to his stylist, Katherine. There, Rachel explained the laryngitis for Corey's silence. Then taking Katherine off to the side told her what Corey wanted done.

"Corey wants her hair a light strawberry blond and her brows waxed into nice feminine arches. As far as the style goes, she's a bit into the retro look. A bouffant upturned pageboy. Do you do ear piercings? Great, that will save us from making another stop. She wants them triple pierced," Rachel stated.

When Katherine went to get the dye, Rachel whispered, "Corey remember no matter what, don't say a word. Your stylist thinks everything she is going to do is what you want, so keep smiling or else," she instructed poking him in a sensitive spot. "That's just a little reminder," she added.

"I don't know what she told the stylist but from what she just said, I will hate it. That poke hurt but not as bad of what she'll do if I don't keep a stupid smile on my face," he thought.

When they left the salon, Corey was near tears. He had to bite his tongue when Katherine pierced his ears to keep from objecting. The hairdo was even worse. It was something he hadn't seen any girls wearing and in such a feminine color. It had been hard sitting still while a woman applied half-inch extensions on his finger nails, shaped them into rounded ovals then varnished them in scarlet gel enamel.

"Nurse Rachel sure did a number on me in there. Thankfully nothing permanent. I can take out the keepers and cut my nails but this dye job won't come out with shampoo anytime soon. I knew I was going to hate it and I do. It makes me look more like a girl. I hate all this," he thought.

Pulling into a parking space in front of a prosthetics shop, Corey was curious why there. He raised his hand to ask the question but she ignored it.

"Corey what I told you at the salon holds true here. Smile and don't say anything or else. As a girl you are lacking two essential body parts. We're getting you those now," she said as they got out of the car.

"Missing body parts? Oh shit, she's getting me breasts," Corey guessed.

At least the technician didn't embarrass him but she had to know he was a guy in drag. She professionally matched his skin tone to a set of C-cup, gel filled life like breasts. At Rachel's suggestion, surgical glue was used to fasten them to his chest. With the balconette bra on they looked humongous to his eyes. The weight on his chest very noticeable and irritating.

"Those were very expensive but worth it. They have the weight and feel of real beasts. All that's needed is a touch of makeup around the edges and no one would guess they're falsies. Using that surgical glue should keep them firmly attached for at least three months. Why the tears Corey? I would think any boy your age would love to have a pair of pretty breasts to play with whenever they want," she said with a giggle.

The next stop was at the mall. "You know the drill Corey. We're going to the MAC cosmetics counter where you will get a makeover. Tell her you want a day time look and finish with a date night look. You will pay close attention to everything the cosmetologist tells you. I also expect a much happier smile than that fixed one you are using. I doubt you want to feel the punishment I have planned should you fail to perform," Rachel instructed.

“Makeup? Day time, date night? What the. I don’t want a date night anything. Guess I should have expected this and she’s right. I don’t want any more of her punishments. From the way they hurt you’d think they would leave marks but they don’t. Even if I managed to escape all this, no one would believe I was forced. I thought about calling Child Services and claiming child abuse but can’t after today. No marks and me smiling like a crazy jackass. No one would believe I was being forced,” he thought with a shiver.

Leaving the makeup counter Corey was smiling happily but on the inside crying. The cosmetologist had begun with a day time look then finished with a date night look, carefully explaining why, what and how. He purchased everything recommended. The saleswoman was surprised by that as few people bought every item including accessories. It hadn’t taken her long to figure out this customer was a guy. Still the commission was fantastic, so didn’t say anything throwing in some perfume and tutorial DVD into the very large makeup case.

Looking into the mirror when she finished, Corey was amazed and horrified by what she had done. Using contouring the cosmetologist made his nose look smaller, his chin less square and lips pouty pillows aching to be kissed. She had even made his small Adam’s apple disappear.

“Oh my gawd! I don’t recognize myself anymore. I look...look like a real girl. A girl I would want to date. No way I should look like this but I do,” he thought.

“I’m amazed at how good Corey looks as a girl. His mannerisms are off but still everyone seems to be accepting him as a her. I’m a bit disappointed though. I think I would enjoy it more if he didn’t pass so easily. It would be more humiliating for him but knowing how much he hates what I’m doing fun enough,” she thought as they left the store.

“Corey, it’s getting late and I’m hungry. We’ll stop at the food court and get a couple of salads for lunch,” she said moving in that direction.

“More exposure looking like this. I’m mentally wiped right now from all the stress and what’s happened. All I want is to go home and take off this makeup,” he thought walking beside her.

“Can’t we just go home? This makeup case is very heavy,” he had to ask.

“Nonsense, it’s not that far and I’m famished,” she replied. “When we get there, find us a table and I’ll pick up lunch.”

“Lunch, avocado and chicken salad with a bottle water. Some lunch and I hope our last stop,” he thought as they finished eating.

“We better make a pit stop in the lady’s before we go to the drug store,” she said getting up.

“Pit stop? Lady’s? She’s taking me into the girl’s restroom. That has to be illegal but looking like this, I certainly can’t go into the men’s,” he thought.

Rachel grabbed a cart and headed straight over to the feminine hygiene aisle. “He can’t safely use prepared douches but I’ll see if they have one with just rose water. Need some tampons and pads too. Maybe one of those pink bulb syringes. Making him use all this will be very humiliating. Besides it should have a negative effect on his ego. Using a tampon after a good cleansing is bound to destroy the macho man he thinks he is. I’ll give him Agatha’s credit card and have him check out too,” she thought with a bright smile.

Carol was blushing as they left the drug store carrying two large bags. Rachel had the makeup case and headed back to the car. Beside the hygiene supplies, there were bottles of gel nail polish, a pink leatherette nail kit, cotton balls, several teen girl magazines and pink diary.

The Shoe Palace was a few shops down from the drug store and their next foray into femininity for Corey. There a salesman measured his feet and broke out in a broad smile when Rachel told him what shoes Corey wanted. It was a big order from wedges, pumps, strappy sandals to ankle boots none with less than a three-inch heel. The only shoes without a heel were the kate spade bethie faux furry bunny slippers. Corey had to try most of them on which caused him to cringe. Each time the salesman put a new shoe on would run his hand up and down Corey's calf.

"We're headed to the car. I can't take any more stress today especially after that check out guy and shoe dude kept ogling me. They made me feel like I was going to be their next meal. I know I look like a girl but they made my skin crawl," Corey thought.

"Corey don't put your makeup case in the car. The heat will ruin it. We have more shopping to do. It shouldn't take all that long then we can call it a day," Rachel said when they reached the car.

"More shopping? Please Nurse Rachel no more. I'm exhausted and my nerves are shot," he exclaimed.

"You need some clothing when you do your exercises. The dance wear shop will have what we need there. Once we get you fitted for some nice leotards and ballet slippers we'll leave," she answered.

"That was embarrassing and I hope she doesn't plan on me taking ballet lessons," he thought on leaving Dance World. "Putting on a dancer's gaffe then modeling that purple leotard out in the store where everyone could see me. Then she had to put that stupid lavender tutu on me. I thought I was gonna die from embarrassment. At least we're going home now. I can't wait to get all this gunk off my face and out of this gaffe."

Once all the purchases were properly put away in his room, Corey raised his hand as required when in the house. "Nurse Rachel can I get this gunk off my face and take off the gaffe. It really is..is bothering me down...down there," he asked.

"It's may I, not can I and you may remove your makeup not the gaffe. You'll be wearing that gaffe all the time until I say otherwise. What you are going to do is sit at your vanity, put that makeup DVD into your player and practice your makeup skills. When I return in a few hours, that face had better look just like it is now. Also, I will have you remove the makeup and put it back on while I watch," she stated then left.

Back in her room Rachel took Corey's lap top. It was still on so she didn't need his password. The night she caught him masturbating while looking at a porn site, she had removed every sex site and several other sites. The next day after doing some digging discovered a small memo book that contained his passwords. His e-mail account, his social media and porn site accounts were deleted. Rachel created transgender profiles in new social media accounts, added gay sites and new e-mail for him. Today she was going to use it to make on-line purchases. An hour or so later, she set administrative restrictions and powered down.

"That was fun and can't wait for all those goodies to arrive," she thought heading back to Corey's room.

##

Three days later Rachel put the strong sedative, Propofol, into Corey's iced tea. He was nodding his head before finishing lunch and she helped him to his room. There she stripped him from the waist down. Picking up the first item she had ordered, smiled broadly.

"Corey is going to positively hate this," she thought holding up the item.

It was a flesh toned thong like rubber with wire boning chastity device. The locking device in the back was a small round ratchet mechanism. Once the metal hook was inserted, a special key was used to close, tighten and lock it on. The front of the chastity had two slightly raised bumps giving the impression of a woman's camel toe. On the inside was a Chinese Puzzle like tube that would hold the penis down and two small bumps. Those bumps would make sure the testicles stayed up inside the wearers body. Attached and in panties, it would look like a female's genitalia. Being made of inert material, the chastity could be worn for long periods of time.

Once Rachel put it on a sleeping Corey, she removed an implant syringe with slow release estrogen and progesterone. The recommended dose was two rods but she inserted four into his inner thigh. Another syringe and vial were taken from her medical bag. The syringe had a small thin needle which she stuck into the vial of milky fluid. Taking her time began inserting the fluid into his lips and cheeks giving them a much fuller look. After redressing Corey, she placed ear buds on and hit repeat play then left the sleeping boy humming a happy tune.

"Those hypnosis recordings came highly recommended. They're supposed to change his mind set but seeing is believing," she thought as she began uploading pictures and texts on Corey's new social media sites. A lot of those pictures were of his new clothing with commentary about how much he loved wearing them.

One of the pictures was a white satin bra with small floral imprint. The caption Rachel added said, "My first bra. Oh, how wonderful to finally get to wear one. I've dreamed of getting a real bra since I was little."

Another photo was of Corey's enhanced chest with the caption, "Finally I have my very own breasts. They're not real yet but someday I desperately want my very own."

The final photo was of Corey dressed to go to the salon with the caption, "I can't wait to get my first makeover and girly hair style. I think I look so cute in this outfit."

##

Corey slept for nearly twelve hours. Only the aching need to relieve himself forced his eyes open. Groggy, he didn't feel the earbuds fall out of his ears as he sat up rubbing his eyes. He got out of bed and staggered into the bathroom then pulled down his panties. Using his hands to brace himself against the wall, relaxed his bladder. Feeling the warm wetness running down his legs became fully aware. Looking down, twin mounds filled most of his vision but saw what Rachel had done. He screamed as he turned and plopped down on the cold enamel of the commode. His hands reaching down trying to get whatever that thing was between his legs off.

"Damn boobs! I can't see shit with them in the way. What did she do to me? I can't even get my fingers under this thing to pull it down," he thought frantically.

Rachel heard the scream and smiled broadly. "He's up and sounds like he discovered what I did. He should be happy I settled on using a chastity device instead of what I had originally thought. I was going to do an orchiectomy and stitch his penis permanently back between his legs. I'll give him a few minutes before I go see him. Shouldn't take him long to figure out he can't get it off," she thought.

Corey giving up momentarily on removing the device decided to try something else. From a drawer in the counter, took out a pair of scissors but while sharp barely dented the rubber. Giving up on that, he stepped into the shower, grabbed the bottle of body wash and squeezed as much as he could around the edges. As he started to turn on the water remembered to put on the flower decorated bathing cap. Rachel had warned him of dire consequences if he got his hair wet. Again, his efforts to remove the device left him frustrated and afraid.

“I didn’t think that woman could do any more to totally humiliate me. Now she has me all tucked up where I can’t even feel myself down there. I can probably get these darn tits off but this thing not without help. She’s a lunatic and no telling what she is capable of doing. Aggie doesn’t like me all that much but I don’t think she would go along with what she’s doing to me,” he thought.

He was drying himself off when Rachel entered with an angry look in her eyes. “What is all that screaming about? What the...did you urinate all over the floor? Get a towel and wipe that up this instant. When you’re finished meet me in your room. Later you can mop this floor and clean up what other mess you made,” she stormed.

“Wha...what did yo...you do to me?” he asked quivering.

“Remember when I caught you masturbating while watching that filth on your lap top? That is a rubber steel wire reinforced chastity device and can only be removed by a special key. Rubber is inert, perforated to allow your skin to breathe and doesn’t have to come off for hygiene purposes. It allows you to perform your bodily functions but you will have to sit all the time now so get used to it. It’s not coming off any time soon. Get busy wiping that urine up and meet me in your room,” she stated.

Rachel put on a white plastic bib apron and tied it behind her back. Next, she rummaged through his drawers until she found a white leather two-inch-wide leather belt with gold buckle. Giving it a few swings, sat in his computer chair. She didn’t have long to wait.

Stepping into his room Corey stopped. “Unless you would like something a bit more painful, get across my lap,” she demanded.

Corey couldn’t remember the last time he had been spanked but did remember what she was capable of. Swallowing, he walked over and draped himself across her lap. The belt hurt but it damaged his ego more than his backside. He could justify his reaction caused by her hitting a pressure point as still manly but draped over a lap and getting spanked certainly wasn’t manly. Rachel over her nursing career, had spent some time on the psych ward and knew how this punishment worked on adult men. Being treated like a little kid, hurt their egos more than the actual spanking. She didn’t hit him hard but left him behind a light pink before telling him to get up.

She handed him a pair of lime green, semi-transparent nylon full cut briefs with a white floral lace appliqué on the front. “I’m fairly sure that spanking hurt his ego more than his rump. When he sees how his groin looks wearing these panties, I’m sure that ego will be deflated,” she thought guiding him to the mirror.

Rachel had a hard time suppressing her laughter and smile seeing his reaction. With the panties on, Corey gasped, his knees going weak seeing what appeared to be a woman’s vagina outlined by the panties. He had never seen one in real life but plenty in his porn sites.

“Oh my gawd! I look like I have a pussy down there,” he gasped.

“Yes, it does and will make your panties and tight shorts look so much better. With

those natural looking breasts, you can now pass easily as a girl in just your undies,” she said almost gloating.

“But I’m not a girl. I’m a man,” he wheezed.

“You’re not a girl nor are you a man. You are a sissy Corey and that’s what you will be for the foreseeable future,” she stated. “Now tell me who you are! Tell me!” she shouted.

“I...I...I’m a...a...sis....sissy,” he whispered, cringing, not daring to challenge what his own eyes saw.

“Good, now that we have that settled let’s get you dressed,” she replied. “Hands up high on the bed post.”

Rachel and Corey both grunted at the same time as the emerald green with black lace frills corset was pulled closed at the back. Rachel from the exertion and Corey from the pain. It was an under bust satin corset with steel spring boning spaced about an inch apart. The corset pulled in his waist a good four inches and crushed his torso. It left him gasping for breath.

“Breathe from your diaphragm not your chest. You’ll be wearing a corset from now on, so get used to it,” she said then added, “You don’t see many real corsets today. Modern women don’t seem to care about their figures like they used to. The corsets you find today in specialty stores don’t have real boning or narrowed waists like this one which is necessary for figure training. I had your step-mother’s company make several for you in different sized waists. In time, we’ll have that waist down to twenty-four maybe twenty-inches. Oh by the way, to help your corsets do their work, you’re going on a strict diet,” she stated.

“Twenty-four or twenty inches? I’m a thirty-two and she’s looking at twenty-four? Diet? Just when I think she can’t do any more she comes up with another one,” he thought.

As Corey stood trying to catch his breath, Rachel went to the dresser, removed a pair of hose and lime green lace embellished half-slip. From the closet, selected a wool blend straight skirt and shell blouse with colorful floral embroidered bodice.

With Corey in just his lingerie, she had him sit at the vanity, remove then reapply his “Date Night” makeup. It wasn’t perfect by a long shot but good enough for his limited experience.

“Not bad,” she said. “You still need a lot of practice especially on your eyes. If you concentrate and practice two hours daily, I expect perfection and less than an hour to apply it.”

“Yes Nurse Higgins,” he answered. “Within a week? It took me almost half an hour just to get my eyeshadow done,” he thought.

“I’m glad we understand one another Cory. Now get dressed, wear those four-inch black wedges and meet me in the living room. You need to learn how to manage in skirts and heels,” she said then left.

The rest of the afternoon and into early evening Cory learned to walk heel-n-toe, how to sit smoothing skirt and keeping knees pressed together and stoop like a lady. The lessons over, he was mentally and physically exhausted but not allowed any respite. His next lesson was meal preparation wearing a yellow organza frilly bib apron.

By the time they finally sat for supper, Corey could barely keep his eyes open. The small chicken salad, two saltines and large glass of water did little to ease his hunger.

While it wasn't quite eight, he more than happily agreed to go to bed once he had placed the dishes into the washer.

His hopes of just getting into bed and sleep to forget the nightmare of his day, evaporated. Rachel spent over an hour overseeing his new night time beauty ritual. A ritual that included removing makeup, putting curlers into his hair after brushing one hundred strokes, applying night time beauty mask etc. He groaned as Rachel said the corset and bra would not be removed. As the silky sky-blue nylon and chiffon baby doll slipped over his head, had a hard time keeping his eyes open. He had never been this exhausted before and sleep was claiming him. Corey barely heard what Nurse Higgins said as he slid under the covers.

"Corey, you've had a hard day. I'm putting some soothing music on for you that will help you sleep," she said putting the earbuds in place.

The sounds of a gentle rain filled his ears as sleep overtook him. The soft whispering voice accompanying the rain heard but unnoticed.

"You are a sissy neither boy nor girl. You are a sissy neither boy nor girl. You love soft nylons, silks and chiffons. You love all things feminine. You love all things feminine. You are a sissy neither boy nor girl. You love being a sissy. You are a sissy neither boy nor girl. You love being a sissy. You are a sissy neither boy nor girl. You love all things feminine," repeated over and over.

##

While Corey slept Rachel decided to print out a daily schedule for him to strictly follow. It was important that he quickly get into a set routine to make it an unthought habit. A habit that would in time become so ingrained, it would be difficult to reverse.

Daily Schedule

5:30 Arise, do necessities then dress in appropriate exercise clothing: Leotard, tights, tutu, arm and leg warmers, ballet slippers.

6:00 Exercise one hour. 1/2-hour aerobics, 1/2-hour calisthenics: lunges, squats and crunches.

7:00 Complete morning beauty cleansing routine

8:00 Dress appropriately for the day including makeup.

9:00 Breakfast

9:30 Mannerisms, deportment and decorum lessons

12:00 Lunch preparation/clean up

1:00 Voice lessons

2:00 Makeup lessons

4:00 Mannerisms, deportment and decorum lessons

6:00 Supper preparation

8:00 Night time beauty regimen

9:00 Lights out

"That should do for now. No woman would exercise wearing a tutu but it will wreak havoc on his male psyche. Right now I'll just require him to perform a morning cleansing douche. Later, I'll introduce him to having a monthly period and using tampons. That should end any thoughts that he is still manly. Depending on his

improvement, I'll make changes as we go along," she thought taking the paper from the printer with a satisfied smile.

##

"She can't be serious. This...this schedule has more lessons than my schools did. I'm going to hate it but like, I can't do anything about it. If I don't do what she demands, can really hurt me. I can't run. Not like this and I have no place to run to in any case. Hell! I can't even scream or curse. Gawd, I wish Aggie would get back soon. She'll stop all this. She can't hate me that much. I swear I'll do anything she says. I'll behave and do my chores, anything if she stops this," he thought stepping into his luminescent purple and lavender stripe leotard.

"She wants me to exercise out on the patio! If anybody sees me like this I'll just croak on the spot. I can't believe she has me wearing this stupid pink net tutu. I look like such a fairy," he thought as stepped out onto the patio promptly at 6:00 a.m.

By 7:00 Corey was more than happy to submerge himself in the hot foamy floral scented bath. "I hate taking a bath but I think it's gonna be the only good time I'm going to have. The vanilla candles she makes me light while I bath isn't too bad either. My muscles ache like crazy especially my butt and thighs. Ahhhhh, a little better," he thought leaning his head back against the tub, taking a whiff of scented air, closing his eyes. He was almost asleep when the timer went off telling it was time to get out of the tub.

"I still hurt but not nearly as bad. Wish I could have just laid there awhile longer," he thought removing the plastic flowered shower cap.

When he re-entered his room, Rachel was waiting. A black satin with pink lace decoration corset held in her hands.

This time she had Corey pull on his nude stockings before lacing him tightly into the corset. Fastening the tabs from the corset to his hosiery took his breath away. With his lingerie on, Corey did his makeup as best he could. Like the last time, it was amateur work but showing improvement.

Rachel dressed him in a long-sleeved pale pink chiffon blouse with ruffled jabot tie, a black satin pencil skirt and black three-inch patent leather open toed pumps. She thought about using some dangling earrings but his ears needed to heal. Rachel settled on a pearl necklace, four gold bangles for his right wrist and a couple of delicate rings on four fingers. Handing him a pale pink leatherette hand purse told him it was time for lessons.

After two and a half hours of mannerisms, deportment and decorum lessons wearing three-inch spike heels left Corey's leg muscles and feet in agony. He was more than happy to sit for a meager lunch of tuna salad and rice cakes. He didn't object when told to sit back at the table and begin his voice lessons.

For those lessons he was given a recording machine with earbuds and microphone. For the next hour he listened to a woman's voice in a high tenor speaking. He had to repeat what was said in the same tonal and resonance. The lesson on how to speak femininely, gave instructions on how to tighten the vocal cords and other means to heighten his natural voice. The lesson explained that the timbre and tone were keys to speaking correctly. Once he had mastered those elements, another voice lesson would instruct Corey in the proper common place words and phrases women use daily. The descriptive adjectives he would learn were those no boy or man used frequently or at all.

With the voice lessons over, he spent the next two hours practicing makeup application and skin care. Then back to the dreaded mannerisms class for the next two hours. Corey was relieved to start under Rachel's guidance in preparing supper and finally getting something to eat. Rachel's mandatory diet and corset limited his calorie intake and constantly hungry. By 9 he was again exhausted physically and mentally sliding into bed.

In the mornings, Corey began the day a little more exhausted, a little more giving in to Rachel's demands. As the week progressed doing many of the tasks became easier. In his conscious mind, Corey believed everything she had done to him were temporary. He also believed once Aggie came home she would stop Rachel. He would be Corey again, a very contrite Corey but back to his male self. He envisioned getting great pleasure physically kicking her fat butt out the door. More than anything else though, he wanted out of his chastity. Unable to relieve his frustrations and erotic fantasies, was becoming more and more difficult to bare. Yet, in his subconscious, there was a growing happiness over what was happening. Corey was beginning to believe that being a sissy had advantages. Advantages like taking a scented bubble bath, being able to wear colorful and sensual clothing and how makeup made him look so much prettier. By the end of the second week, many of those subconscious thoughts were seeping into his conscious ones.

##

Rachel was relaxing in her pewter colored silk pajamas with a glass of red wine at her side. "It's been two weeks now and Corey has made significant progress. His feminine behavior and voice are becoming more natural, his waist line three inches smaller while his butt rounder, firmer. Agatha told me yesterday she would probably be home in two weeks. Good news as it gives me an extra week to work my magic. I'm not sure how well those sissy tapes are working but according to the instructions, time to use the next one. Supposedly, he should be thinking that being a sissy isn't all that bad by now. The second promises to reinforce that desire and make him more submissive. Well, we'll see. In any case it's time to modify his schedule," she thought opening the Word program.

Daily Schedule

5:30 Arise, do daily necessities then dress in appropriate exercise clothing.

6:00 Begin exercises

7:00 Complete morning cleansing routine. First five days, experience first menstrual cycle. Repeat after twenty-eight days.

8:00 Dress in appropriate clothing for the day including full makeup.

9:00 Prepare breakfast

10:00 Fashion and clothing coordination

12:00 Prepare lunch

1:00 Voice lessons

2:00 Practice makeup and hair styles for various occasions

4:00 Mannerisms, flirting, deportment and decorum practice

6:00 Prepare supper

7:30 Begin filling in diary, using feminine script

8:00 Night time beauty regimen

9:00Read romance novel

9:30Lights out

“I got rid of all his porn pin ups but I think it’s time to reintroduce some new ones. Tomorrow while he’s exercising, I’ll tack that poster of Justin on the wall beside the bed and that muscle bound black weight lifter with his bulging speedo on the one facing his bed. Which reminds me, I must restock his CD’s and DVD’s to what teenaged girls go nuts over. If all goes well this week, I’ll have him start watching You Tube but only girly-girl features next week. Guess I better get over to that site and see what I can find for him to be emulating,” she thought.

##

When Corey read his new schedule he was shocked. “You’ve got to be kidding me! Menstrual cycle? What the.....I hope that doesn’t mean what I think it does. That’s just so gross and what’s this about a diary and reading those yucky novels? I never thought I would miss Aggie so much. She better get home soon,” he thought in dismay.

During his morning cleansing routine his worst fears materialized. Rachel had given him the pink bulb syringe instead of the red enema bag. The big difference between the two were first the color then the nozzle. The syringe had a large flaring ridged nozzle instead of the small white plastic one. When he was instructed on how to use it, blushed furiously as he pumped it in, rotating it, partially removed then plunged back in repeatedly.

What was mortifying about this douche, was his manhood tried to erect. Adding to his humiliation was placing the pink tampon tube up his hole and inserting it. Rachel hadn’t stopped there. She used a burgundy food coloring to the water to give the used tampon some realistic coloring. She was more than pleased with herself seeing his expression as he wrapped the used one in tissue before discarding it.

“This is so gross! I can’t believe I tried to get an erection using that thing and now this. No real man would ever allow this without a fight or at least some strong resistance. What did I do? I cried! Just like a sissy little girl. Maybe I’m really that. I certainly don’t feel anything like a man,” his mind wailed seeing the used tampon.

After his morning cleansing, Rachel laced him in another corset. This one a powder pink satin with rose colored floral lace trim and smaller waist. By the time she had laced it, both were huffing and puffing.

As Corey was putting on his makeup, Rachel selected his clothing for the day. Pink double layered chiffon pantaloons with white lace over lapping ruffles on the legs, white knee highs and pink up-lift satin bra. Three lavender net nylon yoked petticoats and powder pink tea dress were selected. The dress had a sweetheart neckline, fitted satin bodice with bell short sleeves and tiered chiffon full skirt. A pair of pink patent leather pointed toed pumps with three-inch spiked heel would complete his dressing.

“Way over the top for daytime wear but oh so swishy. Adding that white organza tea apron when he prepares breakfast will make it perfect. I’ll have him keep it on while we go through his lessons today. Corey will hate it but it will reinforce what those tapes are telling him,” she thought.

Corey hated everything Rachel demanded of him, most notably the chastity, corset and hygiene requirements. However as the days went by, wasn’t bothered so much by some of his training. Deportment, applying makeup and speaking were becoming habitual; therefore, he didn’t have to give it much thought. Not having to think about

what he was doing made his life easier to bare.

The new lessons, especially the menstrual cycle were destroying what little masculinity he had left. When Rachel gave him several pages of diary entries he had to make, he broke down in tears and refused. That resulted in a painful reminder of what she could do simply by touching a certain spot. Each diary entry beginning from the day Agatha left up to today made it look like Corey thoroughly loved what was happening. Again he protested learning how to flirt resulting in another painful poke.

“I’m not gay and I hate how I dress and look. I don’t like those posters she’s put up in my room either. Way too gross especially that body builder. Why is she doing this to me? I’m still a guy even if my package is hidden but I’m looking and acting more like a girl every day. I’m becoming a freak, neither man nor girl. Making matters worse she’s making it appear like I want this. She showed me my social network entries and with this fake diary, even I’m beginning to believe it was all my idea. If Aggie sees them, I don’t think I can make her believe I was forced. I’m so upset. I’m crying again. My nerves are shot. I’ve never cried so much and it’s getting to the point where I’m sick most mornings. Don’t know if that’s from stress or that diet she has me on. I hope Aggie gets home soon or I might be stuck like this,” he thought that evening as he went to bed.

##

After a week under his new daily schedule, Rachel made some changes. First, she cut his makeup lessons to one hour. From 3 to 4, Corey watched You Tube. Specially those sites of teenaged girls interacting. Rachel stayed with him during that time to ensure he paid close attention to every detail. From how they spoke, subject matter and especially how they reacted. He was made to participate, reluctantly at first; then, more energetically after a few painful encouragements.

The second was to change his mannerisms lessons to concentrate more on interpersonal girl/boy relationships. He was required to read various tutorials on the internet and teen girl magazines. They included things like “How to keep your boyfriend satisfied and save your virginity,” “What boys really want,” and “The art of seduction.”

“I don’t mind when those girls talk about makeup, music and fashions but dating boys sends chills down my spine. She makes me act like I’m as love sick as those girls. Worse are those things she’s making me read about relationships and how much I want a boyfriend in my diary. Makes my skin crawl to do that. I’m not gay! I want to fight this but I’m such a wuss! Every time I think of resisting, I just break out in tears and do what she says. What’s wrong with me? I’ve been in fights and never cried, no matter how much it hurt. Just look at me now. Maybe I’m what she says I am. I’m beginning to like how I look in makeup and a pretty dress, though I’ll only admit that to myself,” he thought shivering.

By then end of the two weeks Rachel was more than satisfied. “Corey has come a long way in just four weeks. He has learned to dress and apply makeup like any teenaged girl. Oh, I still have to lace him but his fashion sense is getting better every day. His mannerisms and voice are very passable as well. Agatha said he had a stubborn streak but between my encouragements and those tapes pretty much a thing of the past. I still see hate in his eyes but not so often now. He’s resisting less and less with each passing day with the exception of learning dating skills. It’s time I took him out for some field practice. The food court at the mall should make a nice setting for him to look at boys from a different perspective. This next tape hopefully will begin to erase that particular problem.”

“Agatha will be back at the end of this week. I think between the pictures, my concocted social media and his diary, she’ll believe he actually enjoys all that I did. Of course I’m going to have to convince Corey not to contradict that. He believes it’s only for the summer. I’ve let him continue to believe that. I’ll just have to persuade him that if he doesn’t behave like the Miss. Prissy he’s become when she gets home, his punishment will last much longer,” she thought

NURSE HIGGINS

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

Ezzy was sitting at the kitchen table taking a short coffee break when Rachel grabbed a cup and sat opposite. “Ezzy you’ve seen the changes in Corey and I would like to know what you’re thinking,” Rachel said.

“Oh Miss. Rachel es muy buena! He hasn’t bothered me at all. I can get my work done now without hem pestering me. No more he try look up my dress or touch me. I like very much,” she responded.

***“That’s what I needed to hear. If she likes what I’ve done then Agatha will probably like it too,”* she thought then asked, “Ezzy, how would you like to help me with Corey?”**

“I’m not sure how I could help but I will try,” Ezzy replied curiously.

“I was thinking that you could train him. Like, make him your junior maid. I’ll give you full authority including any punishment you think deserving. I’m asking because it would be good for him to learn a work ethic. He’s been a lazy good for nothing most of his life. Learning how to work hard and be proud of doing a good job would be beneficial.”

“A maid? Hehehehee,” she giggled at the idea. “Miss. Rachel I like eet. Ezzy will teach real good.”

“Fine. It’s settled then. He’ll start when you come back day after tomorrow,” Rachel replied smiling broadly. *“Agatha will be home then and I can’t wait to see the look on her face when she sees him. In a maid’s uniform and cleaning house, that should be a real hoot,”* she thought.

##

Agatha was anxious to get home. Rachel had sent her updates on what was happening to Corey. *“I can’t wait to see what’s she’s accomplished with my own two eyes. Pictures maybe worth a thousand words but seeing is believing,”* she thought getting into the airport limo.

Meanwhile, Rachel had laced Corey into his yellow satin corset and selected his clothing for the day. Yellow nylon with brown lace detailed full cut panties and matching up-lift bra, full pale-yellow brown lace frilled bodice slip, ecru support hose and brown A-line maid’s uniform. Brown three-inch stacked heeled pumps, white nurse styled cap with brown trim and white apron with brown boarder completed his dressing.

Watching the changing expressions on Corey’s face as each item was put on, brought

a big smile to her face. *“Oh he positively hates this. When I told him he was going to be Ezzy’s maid trainee, I thought I was going to have to hit him on a nerve. Guess he’s learned not to argue with me, though I could tell he wanted to. This is so much fun,”* she thought.

“Alright, that uniform suits you. Get your makeup on and style your hair into a bun at the back just like Ezzy does. You’ll be working for her when she comes to clean the house. I’ve given her authority to punish you if you don’t do your best and learn from her. Put your hand down. You have no say in this. There is no need for discussion unless you’d like to be punished. Hurry up, Ezzy will be here shortly,” Rachel stated then left the room.

With her gone, Corey tossed the cap down on his vanity, tears seeping from his eyes. *“Maid! Isn’t torturing me by making me look and act like a stupid girl enough? Now she wants me to be a..a maid? She’s totally lost it. I’m not some servant! Gawd, I’m crying again just like a silly girl. What’s wrong with me and why can’t I man up to fight her? She’s evil and knows how to really hurt me. Aggie, please get home and stop this,”* he thought.

It was early afternoon when Agatha walked into the house. She not only dropped her suitcases to the floor but her mouth almost as much. There was Corey wearing yellow rubber gloves scrubbing the kitchen tile. Ezzy was standing nearby. Seeing Agatha, she ran over to her.

“Miss. Agatha, here let me get those for you,” she said reaching for the suitcases.

“Is...Is that Corey?” Agatha asked not quite believing her eyes.

“Si, yes Senora,” she answered then looking over to where Corey was kneeling, barked, **“How rude of you not to greet our Mistress. Get up you lazy girl and show proper respect to Donna Agatha.”**

Blushing furiously, he stood, daintily took hold of his skirt and dipped into a curtsy. **“Wel...welcome ho..home Agg...err..Mistress,”** he stammered blushing harder.

Earlier Corey had made a sarcastic comment answering Ezzy. Putting up with his belligerent attitude and now this derisive comment put her over the edge. She was surprisingly strong, had him bent at the waist and pounding his backside with a metal dustpan. It didn’t hurt that much but when she shifted to his upper thighs stung like the dickens. Her surprise assault and resulting pain had him in tears and deeply humiliated by what she had done. For the next hour she taught him the proper place for a novice maid.

“You nothing! You’re a trainee maid! Everyone else in this household, including me, is above you. You will be respectful, you will curtsy when meeting or leaving, you will always say ‘Yes, Mistress or No, Mistress. Is that clear!” she screamed and slapped his face letting her anger get the better of her.

“Wow! What’s gotten into her! That hurt. I’m crying again. Guess I lost more than my balls when she put this dang chastity on. It’s horrible having to be a girl and now a...a servant? Surely Aggie will save me. She just has too!” he thought at the time.

Now, after performing a rudimentary curtsy, looking at Agatha’s face was scared. What he saw was laughter. She was laughing so hard, she had tears in her eyes.

“Oh my, how the mighty have fallen,” she gasped. **“I certainly didn’t expect this. Corey looking like a repentant girl and actually doing something constructive for a change. Oh my goodness. How lovely.”**

Hearing that, Corey's hopes of escape imploded, making him tremble and shake. He grabbed onto the kitchen table to steady himself, tears flowing begged, "Plea....please Aggie...please sto...stop this. I..I swear..swear I'll do wha...whatever you want. Just..just plea...please stop this. I...I can...can't take anymore."

For a moment Agatha felt sorry for him then remembered all the hell he had put her through for the past two years. *"He looks like a kicked puppy but right now but I'm thinking it won't last long if I agree. It's only been a few weeks, no, it's better if Rachel continues for the time being,"* she thought.

"Corey," she began but Ezzy interrupted.

"Please Miss. Agatha pardon me but I call her Angelica now. Corey is no proper name for a maid," Ezzy said nervously as she didn't know how Agatha would react.

"Little angel? How ironic? Angelica is a sweet name and I like it though I doubt there is much angel in his nature yet. Still having to answer to that name might help change his attitude," Agatha thought then said, "Angelica, is fine Ezzy. Where is Rachel?"

"Right here Agatha," Rachel said from the doorway. She had been observing and listening shortly after Agatha's arrival. "I think Angelica is an appropriate name. I'm sure by the end of summer she will be a perfect little angel."

"Maybe not a perfect angel but definitely an obedient submissive one by then. Sorry I didn't think of giving him a more feminine name but Ezzy did good. Angelica, he'll hate that but accept it just like all the rest," she thought.

"Nooooooo, she's not going to help me. I'm doomed! Aggie thinks it's funny even. Angelica! She wants me to be some stupid girl named Angelica. I don't know if I can survive all this by the end of summer. It's getting harder and harder to resist them. Now that I can't count on Aggie to help, I'm stuck like this. Summer's end seems so far away. I've got to hold on," he thought.

"Rachel, I can't wait to hear all the details of how you changed this miserable excuse into such a delightful darling. Let's go to my office. Ezzy, when you get the chance please bring some tea then take my bags to my room and unpack for me," Agatha said leaving the room.

Nurse Higgins glossed over much of what she had done to change Corey's attitude. She did mention getting the prosthetic breasts but not the chastity. She did mention her initial surprise at Corey's apparent enjoyment during their shopping trip. Rachel quickly went on to explain that Corey was loving his so-called punishment. To prove her point, showed Agatha the diary and Face Book entries

"In summary Agatha, I think this is not turning out to be a punishment. Yes, he will protest, possibly loudly now that you are home but nothing more than a pretense. Basically, Ezzy and I are strangers so he doesn't feel threatened by us. Whereas you're family, who's known him as male and it's humiliating for you to see him like this. He doesn't want you to view him as a freak or sissy, so he's going to deny how much he likes it. My advice is to just ignore any protests and observe. Once he gets used to you being around, will relax and let his true self show."

"Well, I never," Agatha began then paused. "He's been such a macho pig I never would have thought he was covering up those kinds of desires. This diary and those Face Book entries though sure sound convincing. I guess they explain a lot about his behavior too. Oh well, if it's what he wants I don't have any objections to you following through. Let's see what happens by the time school starts again."

Corey spent a restless night tossing and turning. It had been a very exhausting day

both mentally and physically for him. First, the humiliation of becoming Ezzy's maid and wearing that demeaning uniform. Then Aggie returning and seeing him on hands and knees scrubbing the floor. All his hopes had been pinned on Aggie's sympathy and ending his torture. Instead, to his mortification, laughed. The hopelessness of his situation made his tired mind more receptive to the subliminal messages.

"You love wearing feminine clothing, the colorful and sensual feel of them, everything about them make you excited. You love wearing makeup, it makes you look and feel beautiful. You want to be beautiful. Being beautiful and wearing sensuous clothing give you confidence and acceptance."

"You are neither man nor woman, you're a sissy. You love being a sissy and looking beautiful. It is what you've always wanted to be. Sissie's obey their superiors. Obeying is so much easier than having to make decisions. Obey, obey your superiors and find peace. You love being a sissy and find peace by obeying."

##

Over the next month Rachel kept Corey on his schedule except for those three days leaning to be a maid. She had taken him back to the salon for a touch-up and body wax. When it came time for his monthly visitor, made sure he followed proper hygiene. Rachel noted that Angelica as he was now referred to, was becoming more compliant. There was less hesitancy when it came to dressing and applying makeup. He was answering automatically to "Angelica" and seemed more accepting of his situation. His voice, mannerisms and poise were definitely feminine.

She was more pleased at how his body was transforming. The combination of hormones, exercises and figure training were yielding good results. His waist was twenty-four inches, the hips thirty-three and his weight down to one twenty-two. His skin was smooth, evenly toned and showed no trace of beard. His complaints of morning nausea ceased but he mentioned that his chest was itching. When she measured across his prosthetic breasts noticed an added half inch.

"Time to modify his schedule again and change those subliminal messages. Thankfully Agatha has another lengthy trip scheduled. She seems to believe what I want her to but keeping me from doing what I want. Keeps telling him it's only for the summer the few times he complained. While few, his complaining is giving her doubts. I can't have that. It's essential to my plans that she absolutely believes that he wants to be a girl. I need to check that hypnosis site out and see if they have a program to insure Agatha believes that," she thought.

A week later Rachel approached Agatha. "Agatha you're leaving tomorrow for Paris. You were complaining about the long flight time and layover, so I got this for you. I wasn't sure what kind of music you like but I think you will enjoy this. I was told by the salesman it's very relaxing," she said handing her an MP3 player.

"Rachel, you shouldn't have but thank you so much. I was planning on getting one of these but never had the time," Agatha replied.

"My pleasure Agatha. Why don't you listen to it now so you can tell me if you like it? There's still time to change the mix," she suggested.

Later that day Rachel was sitting at her computer. "Making Corey, I mean Angelica, watch and participate in those You Tube broadcasts has helped. Still, it's not the same as real life. It's time for him to meet other girls his age. Let's see what I can find, maybe some kind of all girl group class....emmm...Yoga..at the YWCA. Here's an ad for a new class starting this coming Monday. Bingo!"

As Rachel was at her computer, Agatha was listening to her MP3. *“Umm, easy classical, not what I’m use to but it’s relaxing,”* she thought.

What she didn’t notice was a soft voice repeating, *“His macho antics were a cover for his feminine feelings. Under all that rough exterior lies a soft obedient girly-girl. Letting him expresses his true desires are what you have always wanted. Your life is so much better with an obedient girly-girl. You love what he is becoming. You love listening to this music.”*

##

Corey was nervous as he stood in the back row of about 20 girls. The girls ranged from middle aged to teenagers. All were dressed similarly to what he had on. A green tribal patterned stretch Jersey with a peach finish pair of Capri pants and X-strapped stretch Jersey with built-in shelf bra in an aqua green garden pattern. His blue mat laid out on the floor in front of him. He wore minimum makeup and his hair up in a high ponytail. Corey glanced at the two girls standing beside him. They were about his age and seemed friendly but he was a guy, in the YWCA and fearful of discovery.

“I can’t believe I’m standing here with a bunch of girls in the YWCA. If they even get the idea I’m a guy, I’m so dead. Nurse Higgins told me a hundred times to just act naturally and remember my lessons. Easier said than done. I wish this class would hurry up and start so I don’t have to talk anymore,” he thought.

Forty-five minutes later Corey was drenched in sweat, laying on his back bemoaning all the aches and pains. It had been a strenuous workout stretching muscles he didn’t know he had. The image of the young girl who had been to his right stretched out a hand.

“Here, Angelica. Let me help you up. You can’t lay there or your muscles will cramp making it worse. Believe me, I know. Come on, you need to keep moving,” she said smiling.

With a groan, he took the offered hand and managed to stand. “Errr..thanks Donna.”

“No prob. Come walk with me and Jill to the refreshment stand. A fruit smoothie will help. The first time I took this class, I felt like someone had beaten me with a stick,” she replied with a giggle.

“All I want is to get out of here but if I don’t go with them it would be insulting. I’m stuck in this class two days a week for the next six weeks and I don’t want them mad at me. They think I’m a real girl and have to make sure they continue thinking that,” he thought rolling up his mat and following them out of the room.

He was half way through with his strawberry banana smoothie when Rachel arrived. Corey was almost happy to see her as the conversation was getting uncomfortable. The girls were now talking about their boyfriends and asking about his experiences.

“Angelica, I was expecting to see you in the lobby but it’s nice to see you’ve made some friends,” she said taking a seat.

“Why did you give them our address and phone number? It took everything I had to keep them from discovering my secret as it was,” Corey complained as they left.

“They’re nice girls and mentioned that they were going to the mall on Saturday. It will do you a world of good to spend some more time with them. You can learn a lot about being a young woman from them. So when either Donna or Jill call to invite you to go with them, you will accept, understand!” Rachel stated.

“I don’t want to learn how to be a young woman much less any of this she’s making

me do,” he thought then said, “But I’m grounded for the summer. I’m not supposed to go out of the house.”

“Corey was not allowed out of the house. Agatha didn’t say anything about Angelica not going out,” Rachel replied sharply. “So, I recommend you get back to studying those You Tube sites and reading your magazines.”

“By the time I’m through with you, it won’t only be girl friends you’ll be going out with,” she thought.

“She’s right, as much as I don’t want to, I’d better do that. Spending time with real girls at the Y is one thing but shopping with them another. Nurse Higgins isn’t going to back down either. She’ll make me go and I just have to pass no matter how much it scares me,” he thought going to his room.

##

Saturday morning Corey waited nervously in his room. The girls were coming to pick him up for a trip to the mall. He was checking out his reflection for any possible mistake that would reveal his secret. The outfit Rachel had picked out for him to wear bothered him. Tight white short-shorts with a pleated front and upturned cuffs, neon pink translucent halter necked mid-rift blouse tied in a pert bow just below the breast line revealed way too much skin. The vague outline of his red satin bra could be seen under the blouse. A feminine crotch noticeable between his tan panty hosed thighs. Pink patent leather three-inch wedge heels and matching hobo bag complemented his outfit.

“Even without my corset, I look too much like a real girl and this outfit doesn’t help. Shows way too much skin but Nurse Higgins says it will be easier to try on clothes. I’m not sure how I feel about that. For some reason I want to but I really shouldn’t. I think if I didn’t have to wear a corset all the time, I would love wearing pretty clothes. I’m even beginning to like seeing myself in the mirror. I must admit I do look like a pretty girl. I guess if I must dress and act this way, it’s way better than being ugly. I’m not looking forward to spending an entire day with Donna and Jill. Looking like a girl is one thing but under all this, I’m still me,” he thought.

“Angelica, the girls are here,” Agatha said standing in the doorway. “Just look at him preening in front of the mirror. Rachel hit the nail on the head when she said this wasn’t the punishment we thought it would be. In a way I’m sorry to have to leave tomorrow. I’ve really enjoyed these pasts several weeks now that Angelica has revealed herself. He’s obviously enjoying what we’ve done. I’m beginning to wonder if Corey can revert back once school starts,” she thought.

“Please, Agg...err..Miss,” he began but Ezzy’s training kicked in. “Do I have too? Can’t you tell them I’m sick or something?”

“Of course not, Angelica. They’re nice girls and it will do you a world of good to get out of the house. Spending time with other girls your age is very important in your development into a well-rounded young lady. Besides, shopping for that oh so perfect dress or special something is always a delight. More so when you do it with friends. Just remember to keep a big smile on your face and enjoy it. Now come along. You don’t want to keep them waiting,” Agatha responded.

“Well-rounded young lady? I don’t want to be that and despite this chastity, I couldn’t be a lady even if I wanted. The only thing I can be is neither male nor female like this. I’m just a sissy in any case. My nerves are shot as it is. Spending an entire day surrounded by girls will be mentally exhausting. I’ve watched You Tube until I’m bleary eyed and read dozens of magazines, I just hope it’s enough to get me through

today,” he thought grabbing his pink purse.

The trip to the mall did prove to be exhausting but more physical than mental. Corey’s studies made his conversations about fashions, makeup and entertainment come easy. It was the topic while seated at the food court that created the mental strain. Having to pick out a cute looking young man and discuss the potential relationship took all his concentration. Girls his age were boy crazy and he did his best to be like Donna and Jill. Despite all that Angelica had an enjoyable day and made two BFF’s. He also discovered that without the corset, loved trying on women’s clothing and the different looks they gave him.

Several occasions during the day were surprisingly enjoyable. One of the first stops was at the makeup counter. There the girls had make overs, getting a glamour date night look. What the cosmetologist did to heighten his best features while minimizing the bad, left him speechless.

“I’m really beautiful,” he thought surprised at the outcome. “I shouldn’t look this good but I love it. I’ve got to remember how she did this. Oh my, I shouldn’t like this at all but for some reason I do love how I look.”

One dress made him shiver in delight. It was a red and white polka dotted viscose short sleeved A-line maxi with a V-neckline. As the full skirt flowed around his nyloned legs, sent delicious waves of pleasure running up his spine. The compliments from his friends only added to his enjoyment. For a few moments he completely forgot about his situation. It wasn’t until Donna commented on how great he would look wearing it on the first day of school, reality hit. Jill’s comment about how he would be beating off the boys with a baseball bat, didn’t escape his attention either. That one sent a shiver of disgust running up his spine. He didn’t like boys the way she was inferring.

“Oh my gawd, school. Just six more weeks and this will be over. I almost forgot about that. So why am I not feeling happy about it? Am I beginning to like all this? Certainly not boys but I admit I like how I look right now,” he thought.

It was late afternoon when they decided to call it a day. Corey had made several purchases, cosmetics, the polka dotted dress and a pair of red patent leather open toed pumps with four-inch pencil heels. Against his better judgement Donna and Jill had insisted on Angelica buying those heels.

“Angelica, you simply have to get these heels. They’re a perfect match for that dress,” Donna stated.

“Yeah, we insist. Those pencil heels are to die for, really Angelica,” Jill added.

“I can’t believe they talked me into buying these heels. They are going to be a royal pain wearing them for any length of time. I should have said no but they insisted and I couldn’t refuse. I’ve never had trouble telling someone to go to hell before but they seemed so happy for me. I just couldn’t say no and it’s not like I’m going to actually wear that dress or these shoes again,” he thought.

As far as not wearing them again, Corey was mistaken. As soon as he got home both Agatha and Rachel insisted he put it on. Dressed and tottering on the heels, he was made to parade around the room like a model. Both Agatha and Rachel took numerous photos and gushed how pretty he looked.

“Angelica with that makeup and outfit you’re absolutely stunning,” Agatha commented. Then much to his embarrassment added, “You’re going to make some boy very happy to take you out.”

“I’m not dating any boy!” he retorted blushing at the idea.

"I wouldn't be so hasty Angelica. Pretty girls like you always catch a young man's fancy," Rachel commented.

That night as Corey slept the sleep of pure exhaustion, listened to the new hypnosis recording. "You are neither male nor female. You are a sissy. You love being a sissy and getting to wear sexy feminine clothing. You love wearing makeup and how beautiful you look. You want men to notice how good you look. Breasts. You want real breasts so men will notice. You desire with all your heart to have some man's attention. Dating men makes you feel special. Having real breasts will make dates special. A man makes you feel more beautiful and desirable. You want to date men. You crave their attention and desires. Breasts. You want your own breasts to get a man's attention. Men are the reason you love to wear feminine clothing, wearing makeup and have real breasts. You are a sissy and all sissies adore men. Sissies are desperate to have their own beasts. You obey your superiors. You find peace obeying. As a sissy all women and men are your superiors. Obey, obey is your mantra."

##

"It's been almost three months now and I need to change a few things. Corey's come a long way. Better than I hoped. His waist is down to twenty inches, his hips thirty-four and surprisingly his chest added another inch to thirty-four. Without the prosthetic breasts that would make him a natural A-cup. I think it's time for a bit of surgical enhancement. All I need is a sterile field and a few odds and ends. It's a simple out-patient procedure. With Agatha gone for a while should be no problem. I have everything I need, so might as well get on with it," Rachel mused.

That afternoon as Corey was reading the latest edition of "Seventeen," Rachel handed him a glass of iced tea. She had already prepped the kitchen table creating the sterile field and draped it with green surgical sheets. Once Corey passed out from the drugged tea, she stripped off his clothing and put on her surgical greens. With him laid on the table, removed the artificial breasts.

"As I expected, nice youthful pear-shaped breasts, maybe not quite a full A. The nipples not as pronounced as I would like but I can fix that," she thought.

Five hours later, Rachel maneuvered Corey into a wheelchair and took him to his room. She was very pleased with herself and what she had accomplished. Corey had C-cup breasts encased in a white long-line bra. His face had also been altered using Restylane, a cosmetic gel to enhance his cheeks and lips. Rachel injected it to create pencil eraser sized nipples, though that wasn't an approved use.

"My years working in surgery made this procedure easy. I'm a better doctor than those high and mighty ones at the hospital. Treated me like some idiot only good enough to clean up after them. I'll keep Corey lightly sedated for a couple of days. Give everything a chance to heal," she thought. "He'll notice what I did to his face right away but maybe not his boobies. Those prosthetics had the weight and feel of his real ones. He'll hate it but I think those hypno tapes will make him accept the changes. That really doesn't matter to me. What matters is how accepting Agatha will be when she sees his face. If she puts up a fuss I'm in serious trouble. However, I'm not that worried. Between that diary, social media pages and the MP3 I gave her, she should welcome the changes."

Two days later Corey was surprised when Nurse Higgins woke him. Normally his alarm went off. Another surprise when she told him instead of doing his exercises, she wanted him to practice applying a glamour makeup look.

“Weird but I’m not going to complain. My chest hurts a little and my face feels puffy,” he thought grabbing his negligee.

The first thing Corey did entering the bathroom was check out his reflection. “What the? My...my lips look more like pillows than lips and my cheeks are swollen too. Must be an allergic reaction but I don’t know what too. I wasn’t stung by a bee or anything. Nurse Higgins can probably help me if it is,” he gasped.

While in his bubble bath noticed that his prosthetic breasts seemed to have more feeling but didn’t give it much thought. He was too preoccupied figuring out what caused his allergic reaction. It wasn’t until he was patting his chest dry, that he paused, shocked by the sensitivity coming from his nipples.

“What the heck?” he gasped bringing his hands up to cup what he realized weren’t artificial but real breasts. ***“Nooooooooooo,”*** he wailed slumping to the tiled floor.

“I see you’ve discovered what I did Angelica,” Rachel said from the doorway. ***“You know that it’s for the best and should thank me. Just think how much prettier your face will be once you apply makeup and the boys....will love playing with your boobies. Get up and finish your routine. I can’t wait to see how beautiful you will look in glamour makeup.”***

Corey’s head was spinning as Rachel left the room. “I hate this I think; yet, I can’t wait to put on my makeup to see what I look like now. I want to be pretty. She gave me real titties too. I think I’ve always wanted my own but that can’t be right. I’m a guy and shouldn’t have boobs. I like how I looked with my falsies. With real ones I can wear sexier clothes. Some low-cut tops will make me prettier too. Being a pretty girl is so much better than being an ugly one. Boys don’t like ugly girls either. Now why did I just think that? I don’t care what boys think, do I?”

Part Four

By Cheryl Lynn

Corey missed two weeks of yoga classes while his new breasts healed. He was slightly nervous as he entered the class. He hoped Donna and Jill wouldn’t go ballistic when they saw his face. The swellings in his cheeks and lips had gone down some but still noticeable changes. He had talked to them while he rested but this would be his first face to face meeting.

“Hay girlfriend,” Donna greeted with a large smile. ***“Hope you’re feeling bet...oh my gawd! Your face? What did you do?”***

“Jus...just some enhancements...errr...my...my guardian thought it a good idea. Yo..you hate it don..don’t you?” he stammered close to tears.

“Oh, no, you look fantastic,” Donna replied giving Corey a girlie hug.

“Yeah Angelica you look fab. I just wish my mother would let me get some enhancements. It was hard enough just getting her to let me get a belly ring,” Jill added cupping her small breasts.

“Come on, tell us all about it. Did it hurt?” Donna asked.

“They like what Nurse Higgins did. That’s a relief. I didn’t want them to think I was a freak,” Corey thought as he unrolled the yoga mat.

There wasn’t much he could say and happy when the class started. The workout was

strenuous after laying off for two weeks. Having to do the Dhanurasana pose which is performed in the prone position then bending the body into a “U” shape while grasping the ankles was difficult. Having to then move into the Chakrasana pose almost ended him. The Chakrasana pose required him to bend over backwards with his outstretched hands touching the floor. Thankfully that pose ended the session and he collapsed on his back moaning softly.

Donna had to help a panting Corey stand. “I think I might have hurt myself on that last one. I’m certainly going to feel it later on,” he gasped.

“Yeah, but I bet your boyfriend will like it,” Jill snickered.

“Jill!” Donna exclaimed then broke out in giggles.

“Come on. I was just teasing and it’s not like you haven’t tried some of our poses with your precious Bobby. Let’s get a fruit smoothie,” Jill replied laughing.

Rachel intentionally arrived early at the Y to pick up Corey and waited for him in the lounge. She did it for two reasons. First to see the girl’s reaction to the facial adjustments and secondly to move her plans along. Rachel wanted to know what school and grade the girls were in. The fall semester would be starting in a few weeks and Angelica needed to be registered. Rachel wasn’t going to tell Corey just yet but Angelica was here to stay.

She had already arranged to get the necessary documents to make Angelica “bono fide.” Using the power of attorney Agatha had given her, Rachel legally changed Corey’s name to Angelica Maria. When that came through applied for a new Social Security card. The only other documents needed were a doctor’s declaration that Corey was a pre-op transsexual and physical education exemption. That proved to be a bit difficult but they were coming via express mail. Rachel used some information she had on a certain doctor that would get him in serious legal trouble if exposed. When she approached the doctor, he had reluctantly agreed.

Corey was uncomfortable with Rachel sitting and chatting with Donna and Jill. “*Why is she here so early and all this talk of school? She’s up to something. In another week my punishment will be over so why? She’s not the kind of person who would want to make friends with girls my age,*” he thought.

“St. Michaels, you say. Oh, how wonderful! Angelica will be going there as well. She is so afraid of attending a new school and not having any friends. Knowing that you’re attending as well takes a load of worries off my mind,” Rachel said enthusiastically while squeezing Corey between thumb and forefinger.

“*Go ahead and say something wrong and you’re going to be in so much pain,*” Rachel thought staring daggers at Corey.

“*What? No! I can’t go to that school. Ahhhh, that hurts. From that look and what she’s doing, I can’t say anything but agree. Oh, I hope she’s just pulling my chain. She can’t be serious. My punishment is over in a week,*” he thought shocked at the idea.

The expression on Angelica’s face was taken as pleasant surprise by the girls. They reciprocated by squealing in pleasure and saying how happy they were. All Corey could do was stand up and accept the girlish hugs and air kisses. It took most of his willpower to maintain a smile. He wanted to cry and tears did form.

“*Why am I crying when I should be screaming no way,*” he thought.

##

With Agatha off on another extended business trip, Rachel was in total control again. Getting Angelica enrolled in St. Michaels wouldn't be a problem. Corey could be the problem and Rachel had the solution. For the next two days she allowed Angelica to wear only his boy clothing. No soft sensual lingerie, no makeup or bathing routine. If the hypnosis CD's had worked their magic, Corey would be begging to go to St. Michaels.

"Finally, I have my own clothing and shoes back. I've waited all summer for this but nothing feels or fits right. I look horrible without my face and hair done too. My body is different now. I have real boobs, a round ass and trim waist. I look like a girl wearing her big brother's stuff. My body won't let me be me again and I really miss wearing my pretty lingerie and looking beautiful," he said posing in front of the mirror.

"Nurse Higgins said she could deflate my boobies but then I would look so ugly. I don't want to be ugly. I love my lingerie and wearing makeup...an...and I really don't want to be me again. I was such a loser. I love being Angelica. I've got to make her let me be Angelica again," he ruefully thought.

Rachel nodded her head in satisfaction when Corey asked if he could continue as Angelica. "*I wasn't positive those hypnosis CD's worked but now I'm sure and can amp it up,*" she thought then said, "Okay, just remember it was your choice. Now go to your room and make yourself presentable Angelica."

As soon as Corey left the room, Rachel pumper her fist into the air, "*Got him! Now I just have to get him enrolled. I hope those documents and a sympathetic ear, St. Michaels will accept him as transgender. If they agree, then I have to contact Dr. Angel. Need to change that chastity with something more realistic,*" she thought.

Later Rachel added a new CD for Corey to listen to as he slept. Putting in the earbuds and turning on the repeat function and taking his nightly sleeping pill had become a habit, requiring no thought. Initially Nurse Higgins had given him a sleeping pill but recently changed it for a psychotropic drug. This drug made Corey more susceptible to the subliminal messages.

"You are neither male nor female but a sissy girly-girl who loves looking beautiful. You love pretty clothing and fine lingerie. You can't stand to leave your room without full makeup and hair styled. You love being a sissy girly-girl. As a sissy girly-girl, you get very ill if you don't look your best. You must look you best so no one thinks you're ugly. You desperately want to attract boys. Boys are the reason you want to be pretty. Boys don't like ugly people. You want to be pretty. You need to be pretty to get a boy."

"As a sissy girly-girl you must obey your elders. When you hear an elder say 'Listen to me' you must obey. Obeying your elders makes your life happy. If they are happy you will be happy. Obey. Obey. Obey," kept repeating as he slept.

The next day Rachel was in Sister Maria's office. She was the principal of St. Michaels, a Catholic school with both male and female students. Sister Maria was in her mid-fifties and a vocal member of her liberal sisterhood. She was especially concerned over social issues and as such inclined to agree to Angelica's enrollment. Sister Maria still had a big concern despite the doctor's declaration Corey was chemically neutered. Seeing a photograph of him wearing the chastity devise gave her the necessary assurances. Angelica would be allowed to enroll as a female student.

School would be starting next week and Rachel made the call as soon as she left St. Michaels. The day of their visit to Dr. Angel's clinic, she gave Corey a Librium to calm him down.

"Angelica, I know you want that chastity off and Listen to me, I'll do it. However, since

you are enrolled as a girl we're going to have to make some adjustments. You can't afford for someone to discover your little secret. So, you are going to have an operation to hide those little bits. No, it's not permanent but absolutely necessary. Listen to me, it's for your own good, you will be pretty and you want this," she told him.

"Gosh, I wanted this darn thing off since forever but surgery? Not permanent she said. I don't know about that. Still I'm going as Angelica. I didn't really want to do that either, I think. If I have to be Angelica I want to be pretty and not ugly. Nurse Higgins is right. I guess I don't have any choice," he thought.

After several hours Corey left the clinic slightly sore and lightly sedated. The chastity was removed which made him happy. He wasn't so sure how much he liked what the doctor did. His penis and balls were useless from being confined and the hormones but they were the last vestige of Corey remaining. Now he had a very realistic camel's toe with puffy lips between his legs. He had been castrated, his penis tucked back and the folds of the scrotum used to create an illusion of a pussy.

##

Monday was registration day for female attendees at St. Michaels with classes starting on that next Monday. The guys were due to register after lunch. While a liberal school, Sister Maria insisted there being some segregation of the sexes. Boys and girls shared the same classes but sat on opposite sides of the room.

Nurse Higgins dropped him off at the gymnasium. "Since it was your decision to remain Angelica, I expect you to behave like the girly-girl you pretend to be. I scheduled your core classes for you, most remedial based on your transcript. You have a choice of two electives. You will sign up for Home Economics and that's not up for debate. You can pick the other but no shop or other manly activity. Call me when you're finished and I'll pick you up," she informed him.

It wasn't until Corey was standing in the que to get registered that something clicked. *"What am I doing here? I shouldn't even be here much less signing up as a junior. I should be at my old school, a senior and wearing jeans and hoodie like I always did. Not wearing a skirt and blouse. My punishment was over. I could have manned up and demanded to have this chastity removed. Instead I look just like a girl down there. I might have looked a freak but I would be me again. What's wrong with me? Why can't I stop all this?"* he thought beginning to tear up.

As he was getting a tissue from his purse to blot his eyes, Donna and Jill rushed up to him. Like Angelica, wearing the school uniform of green tartan pleated skirt, white short-sleeved cotton blouse with a emerald green silk bow tie.

"Hay girlfriend, looks like you're stuck in the newbie line. Jill and I pre-registered and all we need is to get our books. We'll stay with you and see if we can have as many classes together as we can. What electives have you decided on?" Donna said in a rush.

"Uhhh, just one, Home Economics. Miss. Higgins thought it necessary but I was thinking compute science for my other one," he answered.

"Not a nerd course Angelica? No, please join us in band," Jill piped up.

"Band? I don't know how to play anything other than my CD," Corey answered with a giggle.

"No, silly, we're standard bearers, you know flag wavers in the band. We get to go to all the games and march with the band. We wear these really sexy outfits and do

different routines depending on the music. Plus, we get to meet a lot of great looking guys. Come on, say you'll do it," Donna added excitedly.

"I don't want to wear a sexy outfit or strut in a public display but if I don't agree, they'll be disappointed. Going to this school, I need all the help I can get and can't afford to do that," he thought then replied, "Yeah, sure, I can do that."

Registered, Corey stood in front of the green screen as his school ID picture was taken. ID in hand he followed Jill and Donna to the book store. He was a bit disturbed seeing the capital "F" in the sex bracket on his ID.

"They registered me as a female but I'm not but then again, I'm not a male either. Guess they don't have a designation for a sissy like me," he thought shaking his head.

While waiting in line to get their books, he was introduced to Becky, Dora and Joan. They were all close friends of Jill and Donna. Becky was short, plump with black page boy styled hair. Joan was a red head with a freckled face and Dora a pretty olive-skinned Greek with a big friendly smile.

The conversation that followed was animated with Angelica holding her own. Checking out their class schedules, he had at least one of the girls in all his classes except Home Economics. While they didn't tease him for taking that "Grandma" course, he could tell they thought it odd. Corey was relieved when it was his turn to get his books. The girls were friendly and accepted Angelica as one of them but it was stressful. Now all he had to do was find his locker, stow his books and call Nurse Higgins.

"Look Angelica do you have any plans now? Jill and I are headed to the mall to check out more of the back to school sales. You want to join us?" Donna asked.

"Miss Higgins said to call her when I finished but I can ask," he replied. *"I'd rather be with the girls than under Nurse Higgins' thumb. I hope she agrees,"* he thought.

When Rachel got the call, she was of two minds. She wanted him home to help Ezzy. Scrubbing toilets intensified his submissiveness. Then having to do more girlish things with his friends would further intensify their bonding. Rachel needed the girls to encourage his socializing; especially with boys.

"Okay, but I want you home by 3:00," she agreed.

As they were leaving the school Donna saw her boyfriend in the parking lot with some of his friends. They were waiting for their turn to register. Taking the lead, Donna led them over to the group.

"I just need to see Bobby for a sec. We have a date tonight," she explained.

Corey hadn't been around any boys since his punishment and lagged behind but had to stay with his friends. *"Gawd, I don't want to be around any boys like this but I don't have a choice,"* he thought.

Corey watched as Donna rushed up to Bobby, slung her arms around his neck and kissed him. Jill also followed suite, giving David a similar kiss. Corey was surprised by feeling a bit jealous.

"I'm as pretty as they are but I don't have a boyfriend. Why did I just think that? I don't want a boyfriend, do I?" he thought.

Angelica was introduced to the boys. It was a bit nerve wracking but unconsciously glanced at each boy's crotch as they talked. *"I wonder what it would be like to.....Oh....."* he didn't finish the thought.

The first day of school is always hectic but this one was a bit more for Corey. Socializing with girls was one thing but now he had to do it with boys on a daily basis. Girls were much harder to fool than boys but girls weren't a sexual threat. He could safely strip down to his panties around girls as the shape of his chastity formed a girlish camel's toe. With real breasts and hard learned lessons, he had been accepted as female by his peers. However, boys would mentally strip him naked with lust filled eyes.

That fact brought home a whole new set of concerns; like potential rape and sexual harassment. These feminine vulnerabilities were talked about with his friends. It was a new aspect to his life he hadn't worried about in the past. Yet the idea of having a sexual affair with a boy didn't seem that repugnant. As the days went by, Corey's curiosity about sucking a cock grew stronger. He had never been a homophobe, figuring if they left him alone didn't care what they did. Now, for unfathomable reasons, had an attraction to their cocks. For the time being Corey was able to curtail that desire.

His last class of the day was band. When he told Nurse Higgins about it, had hoped she would make him drop it. As a standard bearer, he would have to spend a lot of extra curricula time practicing and going to games. Something he wasn't thrilled to do especially wearing a sexy uniform. Unfortunately, she encouraged it.

"Angelica that class will be perfect for you. Being popular during this stage in your life is important. Your friends Donna and Jill would be so disappointed if you didn't. Besides it will give you other girls to emulate and learn from. No, I insist you join the band," she had said.

He was standing with the other girls getting measured and fitted for their uniforms. The uniform was like a woman's full cut, high thigh swimming suit. It was a bright sequin covered magenta with a large white "M" embroidered on the bodice. A bright white billowing satin blouse and a short box pleated white bridal satin skirt completed the basic uniform. In addition, there were red patent leather boots and white gloves.

"Donna was right about these uniforms. If I was me again I'd think they were sexy. I shouldn't do this but I like being sexy. Crazy but I do. I don't want to be thought of as ugly. That's why I asked Nurse Higgins to stay Angelica isn't it? I want to be pretty," he thought checking out his reflection.

##

"You are a sissy girly-girl. You love wearing pretty clothes with makeup and hair styled at all times. You need to be pretty. You hate looking ugly. You are a sissy girly-girl who wants to be a real girl. You love all things real girls love. Real girls love men. Men don't like ugly girls. You need a man's attention. If a man likes you; then, you know you are pretty. Men will like you even more if you suck their cocks. Pretty girls love sucking cocks. So, you love sucking cocks," echoed in his mind as he slept.

This hypnosis CD had been repeating over and over for the past three weeks. With each passing day Corey's sleep became less agitated and more accepting. He also began closely watching how his girlfriends acted and reacted when dealing with boys. As the days went by what resistance he had about dating a boy became less and less. It was just too important to him now to be like them. To be thought of as pretty and sucking a boy's cock was becoming stronger by the day.

So, when Jill approached him about having a double date he agreed. It was with a boy named Jim and a close friend of her boyfriend Eddy. Both Donna and Jill had been concerned as Angelica kept turning boys down. When they asked why, he told them he

wasn't comfortable being alone with a boy. That's when Jill came up with her idea of a double date. When Corey mentioned the pending date to Nurse Higgins, she smiled broadly.

"It's about time you had a date Angelica. I was beginning to think you were an ugly duckling for not dating. Of course I approve of you going out with this young man," she said.

"She thought I was ugly? I don't want to be ugly," flashed through his mind when she said that.

"Thank you Nurse Higgins. I'm going to be dating now. I don't want you to think I'm an ugly duckling," he replied.

"That's good Angelica. Dating boys means they like you and think you're pretty," she answered. *"Those CD's are working better than I thought. Just wish I could be a fly on the wall to see if he follows through with the programming,"* she thought.

The date was after the Friday night football game. Donna, Jill and Angelica would be meeting their dates after the game and going to the school dance afterward. Angelica was hoping to change out of his sexy standard bearer uniform into something more modest but that didn't happen. Both cheerleaders and flag wavers were expected to wear their uniforms to the dance. The staff thought it would help student's moral if the team lost. If they won, so much the better for school spirit.

Corey was standing in front of the mirror in the girl's locker room freshening his makeup. He had marched out with the rest of the band during the game carrying his magenta colored flag. It felt like every eye in the stadium was focused on him. It had made him nervous but managed to following along without screwing up the half time show. After St. Michaels had won the game, Corey's stress levels didn't go down but grew. Now he was going to his first school dance with a blind date. A blind date with a boy.

"I'm so nervous and scared. I've got a date with a boy! A boy I don't even know. What's gotten into me? I remember being nervous going out on a date but then it was with a girl. I've never done this before. Not with another boy. My hand is shaking so much I can barely get my lipstick on. I shouldn't be dating any boy but I want to be pretty. Boys don't date ugly sissy girls, so I have to make sure he likes me," he thought putting the lipstick into his purse.

Looking around the locker room eased his tension somewhat. *"At least I look as pretty as the other girls or I think I do. Nurse Higgins says if I can get boys to date me then I'll know for sure I'm pretty. I hope Jim likes me. I've seen him at school and guess he's nice enough. Still I've never dated a boy before and this is all new to me. Oh well, here goes nothing. Jill and Donna are ready. I hope I don't do something stupid when I meet my date tonight."*

Jim stood a good head taller than Angelica with sandy brown hair and about average compared to the other boys his age. First dates are usually a bit awkward and this was no different. After a few dances Corey's fear of rejection evaporated. Instead he was more concerned over Jim's roving hands. It was a totally new experience having another boy holding him close and feeling hands rubbing his back and once cupping his ass. The last dance was a slow one when Jim gave Angelica a tongue twisting kiss. Earlier he had kissed her neck and earlobes which sent shivers up Corey's spine. He wasn't sure if those shivers were of pleasure or distaste.

"Oh my, my first real kiss with another boy! I shouldn't like it but I did. He must think I'm pretty. I think I'm blushing and my heart is pounding. Do real girls feel this way

when they kiss a boy?" Corey thought as they walked back to the table.

"I saw you kissing Jim. I heard he was a good kisser. Was he?" Donna asked as they were freshening up prior to leaving the dance.

"Oh, you saw," Angelica said blushing.

"Guess he is considering how much you're blushing," Jill interjected.

"I don't know. That was my first kiss with a boy," Angelica replied blushing harder.

"What? Get outta here. Your first, really?" Donna replied shocked.

"Well how did you like it? My first kiss made my toes curl," Jill responded.

"Yeah, I liked it. I liked it a lot. He thinks I'm pretty," Angelica answered as they went to rejoin their dates. *"He's taking me home. I wonder if he thinks I'm pretty enough to park somewhere first? If he does, I'll make sure he likes me,"* Corey thought.

Getting into Jim's car, Angelica made sure to slide over next to him and placed a hand on his thigh. *"It's a good thing I watched all those You Tube features and read those articles Nurse Higgins gave me. I really want Jim to think I'm pretty and will ask me out again. Don't know why exactly but I need him to think I'm pretty,"* he thought.

Half way home, Jim pulled into a dark tree lined side street. There he pulled Angelica close and began playing a game of tongue tag. As his hands roamed over Angelica's body, tingling sensations ran up and down Corey's body.

***"Oh my gawd! He thinks I'm pretty. I'm tingling all over and I can tell he really, really likes me. He's hard as a rock. I shouldn't want this but I have to make sure he thinks I'm pretty,"* Angelica thought pulling down Jim's zipper.**

***"Come on you can do this. No one has done this for me and I'm not sure if I can do it right. Jill told me all boys like it no matter how good you are. Just don't scrape your teeth on it and swallow she said. Oh well here goes nothing,"* crossed his mind as he pulled the foreskin back.**

Angelica was disappointed when Jim didn't kiss her goodnight at the door. *"I hope I didn't do something wrong. He turned his head when I tried to kiss him goodnight,"* he thought going inside.

Nurse Higgins wanted to know everything that had happened. Corey now that the date was over only wanted to brush his teeth and go to bed but told her everything.

"That's a good sissy girl. You did the right thing. Don't worry about him not kissing you at the door. Most boys don't kiss after you do that. I'll see if I can find you someone who won't mind kissing after since it bothers you so much," she replied with a broad smile.

***"Everything is moving as I hoped. Between those CD's and hormones, I have him right where I want him. Just need to add that new CD and set him up with Jerome,"* she thought.**

##

"You are neither male nor female. You are a sissy who loves wearing pretty clothing with makeup and hair styled. As a sissy you must be pretty all the time. You love being with a boy. You love sucking cock. Being with a boy and sucking his cock will make you pretty in the eyes of others. You obey your elders. You will obey an elder who says 'Listen to Me.' Obeying makes your life easier."

"Being pretty is not enough for a sissy like you. You want to be beautiful. You have to be seen as beautiful. To be beautiful you have to feel beautiful. To feel beautiful, you

need to be intimate with a boy. Having a cock in your boi-pussy will make you beautiful. You desperately want to be beautiful. You desperately want a cock in you boi-pussy so you can be beautiful," began repeating as he slept. At first his sleep was agitated and restless but over time calmed.

After so many months under Nurse Higgins control, taking her psychotropic drug at bedtime and hormones, Corey's mind was accepting his feminine fate. Most of what Corey had been forgotten now as Angelica blossomed. Still in the recesses of his mind was aware and hated the changes.

Over the course of the Fall semester, Angelica's confidence as a pretty sissy girly-boy grew. He was fully accepted by the other girls and comfortable being around them. He occasionally dated, mostly double dates with Jim and one of his girlfriends. There was still enough of Corey to resist going steady but Angelica was growing stronger. By November there was a growing itch in Angelica to take a more intimate role when dating. The only thing holding Angelica back was the fear of discovery. No one at school had seen her totally naked but getting intimate could change that. What if he tried to enter or even finger her pretend pussy was a real concern. A concern he mentioned to Nurse Higgins.

"Angelica, I understand your need to be beautiful. Being beautiful does require some intimacy with a male. Considering your limitations, I understand your concern. However, I have a solution. Do you really want to be considered beautiful? Yes, well then, I know a young man who is looking for a girly-boi just like you. His name is Jerome Kurtus. He's three years older than you and attending nursing school. He did me a big favor some years ago, so this is my chance to repay him. Listen to me when I tell you that you will like him a lot. I'll call and see if he's free for Friday," she had said with a broad smile.

"Another blind date. Jim is okay but he was all hands the last time. I can't take a chance on him discovering my secret. Nurse Higgins said I would like this Jerome and he's looking for someone like me. Not sure exactly what she means by that but...I do want to be beautiful, don't I?" he thought.

Friday night Angelica spent considerable time deciding on what to wear. Now that football season was over, marching as a standard bearer was over. They still did a choreographed routine during home basketball games without the flags. This Friday was an away game so didn't need to wear the uniform.

Jerome was taking her out for pizza and a movie. A casual date but that all important first date made deciding on the oh so perfect outfit difficult. Finally she decided on a matching set of royal purple high thigh cut nylon panties, gleaming satin push-up bra, embroidered lace embellished garter belt and ebony nylons. A white mid-thigh pleated skater skirt and purple angora long sleeved turtle necked sweater for outer wear. A pair of purple patent leather ankle boots with a three-inch spike heel completed her selections. Five-inch purple hoops decorated the ears and several delicate rings on her fingers were chosen as accessories.

"I hope he likes me. He seemed nice when I talked to him about our date tonight. I'm so nervous though. Nurse Higgins said he knew my secret but liked boys like me," she thought applying another coat of MAC's Violetta semi-lustrous violet purple lipstick.

Jerome was six foot and had a slender build with thick black hair tied off in a short low ponytail. He was wearing tight jeans and white dress shirt with a gray woolen pull-over vest. Angelica thought he had a cute smile. As her eyes drifted down to his crotch, her smile got bigger.

“Oh my gosh, that’s impressive,” she thought blushing slightly.

What was left of Corey groaned in dismay, “Why did I do that? More importantly, why can’t I stop this? I’m not gay!”

As the date progressed Angelica acted like any boy obsessed teenage girl. He was charming, opened doors for her and did all the things young girls like in a boyfriend. When Jerome said he thought she was beautiful as they left the pizza shop, Angelica’s heart fluttered. By the time they reached the movie theater, she was in full girl mode. Corey pushed so far back into her memory he ceased to exist. All that mattered now was getting Jerome’s impressive dick in her mouth. The movie barely started, they were in a back row, near the middle when Angelica reached over and began unzipping his jeans.

“It’s huge! Must be eight inches and so thick. I shouldn’t do this on a first date but I can’t help myself. It’s like a compulsion I have no control over. Guess I’m just a cock addict and can’t wait to get that juicy lollypop to suck on. Jim was okay but nowhere this big,” she thought sliding to her knees.

Velvet hot skin filled her mouth as her tongue worked its magic. Just as she was really getting into it, Jerome lifted her up. “Oh dear, I hope I didn’t do something wrong?” flashed through her mind.

“Baby you’re so hot and beautiful. I just have to pop that boi-pussy. Come on sit on my lap,” he gasped.

“He...he said I was hot and beautiful and he wants to do me. Right here in the theater, oh my. I’m glad Nurse Higgins suggested I douche and lube,” Angelica mused pulling her panties to the side.

It was a good thing they decided to watch an action movie. As the mushroom head pierced Angelica’s sphincter, she screamed just as a machine gun let loose. As the sounds of battle filled the theater in all its surround sound glory, Angelica bounced happily up and down on Jerome’s lap. It was painful as all get out but knowing she was truly beautiful made it worth it.

“I might not be either male or female but I’m beautiful, I love my pretty clothes and makeup. I love being Angelica!” kept running through her mind.

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Rachel finished packing. “My job here is done. Agatha loves the way Corey turned out. Well, she’s concerned about Angelica’s sexual awakening but overall satisfied. Jarome is happy and my debt to him is paid. I had a great time and sorry it’s over so soon but there are others I can pursue. This has been too much fun to stop now,” she thought.

The End...