

Pandora

Cresswell Industries Publications

Beauty & Health

**Makeup to get
you noticed**

**Picture Exclusive with
Pandora herself**

Tips on that model look

Exclusive Features:

Eve gets her Man

**How to wash that 'Man'
right out of your hair!**



CAMPUS

Robert McKinley could not have been more relieved than he had at finally reaching his dormitory wing and room.

Sweat rushed off of his brow as he recalled the embarrassment he had felt on the train journey, but no matter how hard he tried to wipe it from his thoughts he just could not get the incident out of his head.

Throwing his holdall onto his bed which was left of the two beds in the small room, he decided it was time he had a shower, however as he began to undo his trousers the image of that man on the train's crotch came into view.

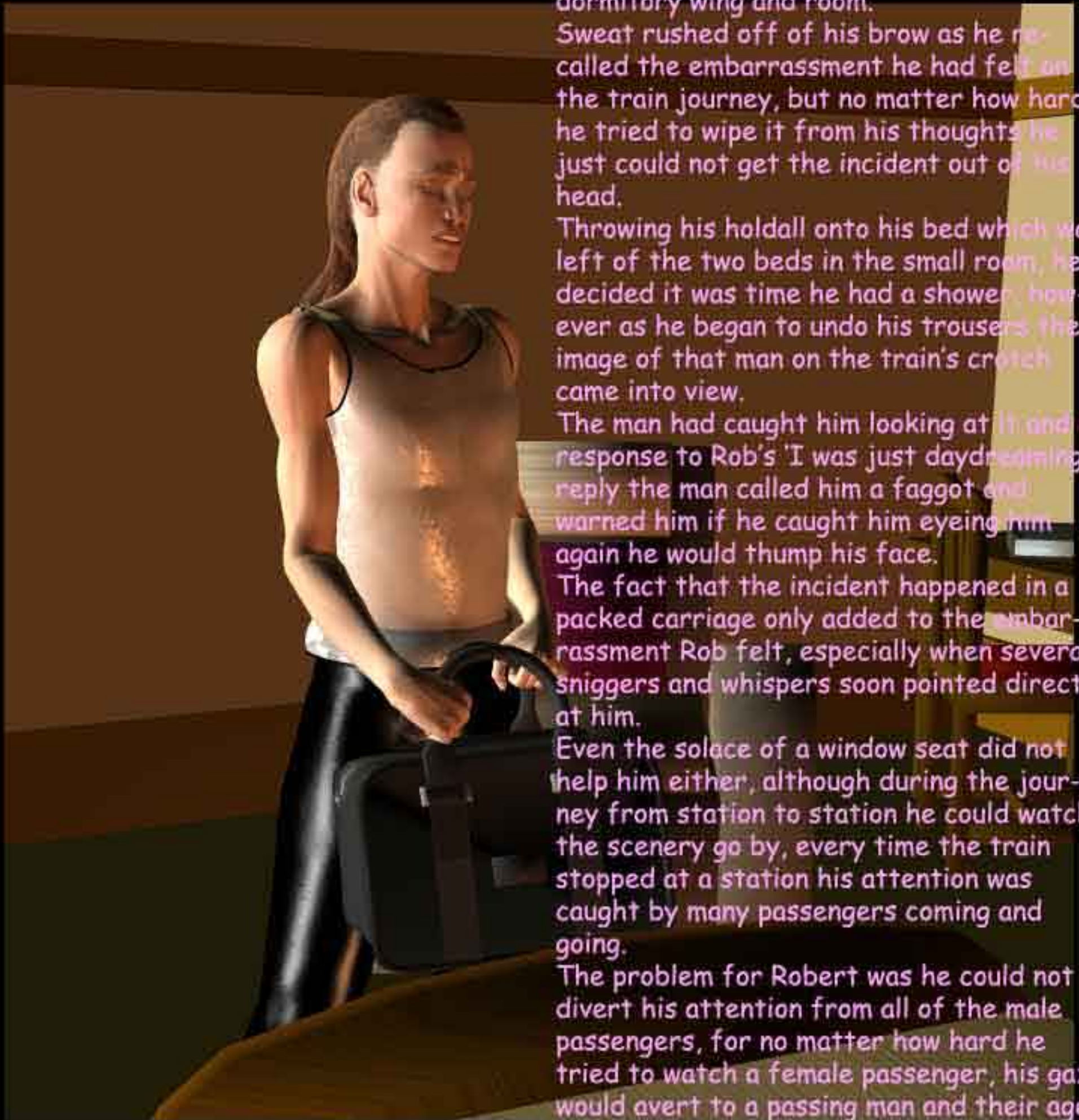
The man had caught him looking at it and in response to Rob's 'I was just daydreaming!' reply the man called him a faggot and warned him if he caught him eyeing him again he would thump his face.

The fact that the incident happened in a packed carriage only added to the embarrassment Rob felt, especially when several sniggers and whispers soon pointed directly at him.

Even the solace of a window seat did not help him either, although during the journey from station to station he could watch the scenery go by, every time the train stopped at a station his attention was caught by many passengers coming and going.

The problem for Robert was he could not divert his attention from all of the male passengers, for no matter how hard he tried to watch a female passenger, his gaze would avert to a passing man and their age did not seem to stop him.

He could feel the occupants who all witnessed his trance like stare at the man's crotch, watching him and with every station stop, he felt the man's confirmation on his sexuality gradually increase.



Postwork Art & Story

by Keshara

With his clothes all strewn around the floor he turned on the shower and as he did the voice of two women calling him a dirty little faggot resonated in his head.

Untying his dirty and unwashed brown hair he was about to step into the warm flow of water, when another unfamiliar thought entered his mind, there was no soap and considering he had not bathed or showered in over month, his next thought of action was completely uncharacteristic of him.

He had to find some soap.

Going back to his bag he opened it and was amazed to find beneath his unused boxer shorts, socks and other clothing a large parcel with an envelope attached to it. Grabbing hold of the envelope he opened it.

The letter smelt of perfume, his father's girlfriend and future stepmother's perfume. Shaking off the rather encapsulating odour he began to read the letter.

'Dear Robert, enclosed you will find a parcel, inside you will find some items that you will need when you shower and if you go to the bottom of your holdall you will find something I believe you have never had cause to use before.'

Diving into the bottom of his holdall he unearthed a hair dryer.

"You bet your life I've never used one!" he laughed as he looked at the object

'Inside the parcel apart from some items to make you smell more pleasant, you will find some magazines. You will no doubt laugh at them when you see them, but I believe you will thank me when I next see you.'

When you have read the first of the magazines you will feel compelled to try out some of the things you have read in them and when you have finished reading it you will ring this number toll-free 100 696969.

pto



Upon calling this number you will receive another parcel the very next day.

Your father sends his love and I will look forward to seeing you in the near future.

Yours truly,

Your beloved Stepmother to be

Hayley Anne.

"Fuck you bitch!" Rob screwed the letter up and tossed it into the corner of his room. However intrigue as to what exactly the magazines were got the better of him and soon he was tearing the parcel open.

Once again the smell of his future stepmother's perfume filled his nostrils as he opened the parcel and unveiled a brush set, shampoo and assortment of shower gels all branded by Pandora's Parlour a subsidiary of Cresswell Beauty Products. However it was the sight of the first magazine that made him laugh for it was a girls magazine all about hair care and how to style your hair and keep it the way you want.



"What the fuck?" was all he could say as he ventured to the next magazine for it was a girl's beauty magazine called 'Pandora'.



The steam of the shower suddenly brought Robert back to his senses as he tossed the magazines to one side and grabbed a hold of the shampoo and shower gel and thrust himself into the hot cascading water.

The steam was dense and as he inadvertently began to rub the shower gel into a lather and began to rub it all over his body, his mind reflected back to the incident he had on the train.



The man was about thirty and was wearing a rather tight pair of jeans and as he asked Robert if it was all right to put his case in the rack above him, Robert recalled his answer to the man's crotch staring him in the face.himself into the hot cascading water.

"Yes Honey!" he replied.

Shaking his head he squirmed at the very thought of actually replying as he did, though nonetheless he did.

"I did... I fucking did!" his thoughts erupted into a full vocal outburst.

With the lather on his body washing away, his thoughts were so engrossed at his embarrassing reply towards that man on the train, he did not realise that he was actually using the shampoo.

Suddenly he realised what he was doing and dropped the shampoo on the floor.

"Fuck what's going on with me... I just washed my fucking hair with fucking shampoo!" he burst out, as his thoughts recalled his wager with his roommate and several others of his fraternity.

They had put a wager on who would last the longer at not washing or cutting their hair.

Stepping out of the shower his nostrils caught the smell of his dad's girlfriend's perfume again, it had somehow appeared to have spread from beyond the parcel.

Instantly he thought about throwing the parcel and its contents into the waste chute on the dorm's corridor, however as he turned to grab a towel he noticed that his nipples had begun to get itchy.

Drying himself he ignored the strange sensations in his nipples, but as he began to wipe his genitals the image of the man's very large bulging crotch came into his head and further more it increased the itchiness of his nipples.

Shaking his head to ward off anymore images of the man on the train, his shoulder length hair wrapped around his face.

Wet strands of hair made him realise just how long his hair had got since he had last had it hanging free. Grabbing the towel he began to dry his hair, however the towel, which incidentally Robert realised was the only one left in the room was thoroughly soaked.

Thoughts of letting it dry by itself entered his head, however Robert's nerves were now playing a role in his actions and the slightest thing of annoyance was beginning to edge its way into every move he made.

Deciding that having his long hair dripping wet for so long was gonna be too frustrating, he grabbed a hold of the hair dryer.

Moving to the far side of the room he opened up the dusty unused dresser mirror and sat down on the chair which since he had been a student at the campus had been used as beer table.

Considering neither he nor 'Stu' his roommate had ever needed to use the mirror it was covered in dust and was going a faded speckled golden rust around the framework and as for the dresser that too was completely covered in old newspapers and other rubbish.

Finding a socket near by Rob plugged the hair dryer in.

'Whoosh' the hair dryer sprung into action and as the hot air blew across Rob's face and onto his hair he began to wonder how he could have lived in such obvious squalor.

After half an hour Rob's hair was a shiny drape of clean long brown hair and as he touched it he had not realised how long it had grown, for it was actually past his shoulders.

Realising he was still naked he went over to the holdall and pulled out some boxers and a T-shirt and pulled them on. Luckily for him any effects of the material on his nipples subsided, so pleased that he had finally got himself together he decided to crash out on his bed.

Yet as he lay on his bed the image of that man's crotch came back into his thoughts. "Fuck this!" he thought as tried to place the image into the back of his mind. "I know I'll catch up on next term's papers!" he thought aloud to himself, sliding off of the bed, however as he went over to the cupboard that contained all of his and Stuart's past and future work, he caught a glimpse of his shiny brown hair.

It was tangled.

Intrigued by the knots in his hair he tried to pull them apart with his fingers, but out the corner of his eye he could see the discarded parcel and on top of it was the hair-brush.

"It won't hurt!" he surmised as he picked it up and sat down in front of the faded mirror and began to untangle it.

The friction of the brush as it glided through his hair caused his skin to tingle with excitement and as every comb of the brush brushed out a tangle, his nipples once again began to itch.

Rob sat staring at his hair as comb after comb caused it to shine more spectacularly and for some reason a fairy tale of a girl who brushed her hair a thousand times a night before she went to bed, crossed his mind.

He even began to picture that girl sitting in front of her mirror in some castle brushing and brushing her hair until it was a golden blonde.

Suddenly a familiar tugging in his groin brought him from that scenario.

"What the?" he suddenly realised what he had been doing, however as he looked at his hair he could not help think how beautiful it now looked all clean and brushed.

Looking at his clock he realised that it was still only four in the afternoon and considering he had not eaten since breakfast he decided that it was time that he ate.

So opening the holdall, he looked through it to find some clothes, however all he found was two vitamin drinks that his future stepmother labelled for him to drink today and the other one tomorrow.

"Fuck that... I'm going down to the canteen!" he decided ignoring the drinks, however moving over to what resembled a wardrobe he realised that he had thrown away all of his clothes, because his mother always stocked him up when he went home.

"I'll wear me old ones!" he decided as he went into the bathroom, because he was used to wearing dirty clothes anyway.

Unfortunately they were not just dirty they were completely soaked, for in his haste to shower he had taken them off in the cubicle and had left them on the floor. Defeated he slumped back onto his bed, he knew that he would have to wait until they had dried before he ventured anywhere outside of the dorm.

Boredom crept in as his fingers began to toy with his hair, but along with that boredom he felt his stomach rumble and noise of it compelled him do the only thing left to do and that was to drink his father's lover's vitamin supplement.

The taste of the drink was familiar and he recognised it as the same concoction she had given him the day before, however this time he could not argue, he needed something in his stomach and the drink was more than adequate.

In fact he could not believe how full the drink made him, for as soon as he had finished it his hunger pains dispersed.

The next hour saw boredom at its fullest, his eagerness to study had dwindled and no matter how hard he tried to focus his mind on why he had returned to his dorm two weeks before schedule, all he could think about was how smooth and soft his hair felt. Once again the discarded parcel caught his attention and before he knew it he had picked it up and was going over the cover of the magazine.

Some pretty blonde haired model he had never seen before advertising a great new hair product that brought all the vitality and vitamins a long hard day at the office took away.

Turning the page he recognised the product as the same stuff he had used on his hair and before he knew it he was muttering to himself how correct the model was in her assumptions at the products boasting.

The next two pages began to explain how top models had their hair styled at expensive salons and how much it cost them to keep it looking so vibrant and colourful.

While at the end of the article it gave a tips and tricks chart on how to get that same beauty queen look as the stars for less than the price of the magazine itself.

Without a thought to how long he had been reading the magazine, Rob realised that he had read it from start to finish and as he kept touching his soft shiny hair he began to wonder what it would look like a different colour.

Shaking his head he wondered what on earth he was thinking about, so glancing at the time he decided that enough was enough and his time should be spent studying. So moving back over to the cupboard he began pulling out his coursework, however as he did a whole stash of paperwork came away and fell on to the floor.

"Damn!" he huffed as he began to clear it all up and stack it back into the cupboard neatly, however he did not stop there.

Looking around the room he could not help wondering how disgusting it was.

Tying his hair into a ponytail, he opened the door and hastily rushed out onto the dormitory corridor coming upon a cupboard door he opened it and began to pull out various items of cleaning stuff.

The next three hours Rob spent cleaning the entire room, even the shower room and toilet was subject to a clean, but when he came to the old mirrored dresser, Rob made sure that he cleaned that thoroughly.

Placing all of the cleaning equipment back into the cupboard, he went back to the room, washed his hands and with a sigh of exhaustion sat down on the chair by the dresser. Looking back at his reflection in the mirror Rob untied his hair, then leaning across he picked up the parcel and took out the hairbrush set, which apart from a comb and hairbrush also had rollers and clips.

Instantly his mind drifted to the magazine and one of the articles that explained how a girl could style her hair over night while she slept using rollers.

Picking up the magazine he quickly found the article and began to copy the instructions. An hour later his hair was completely covered in rollers.

An hour later his hair was completely covered in rollers.

Glancing at the clock he decided it was time for him to go to bed, however as he stood up he knocked the magazine on to the floor, it fell open at a page that began to peek his curiosity.

It had fallen open to an illustrated story concerning a young girl falling in love. So deciding to find out just exactly what young teenage girls found so interesting in such stories he sat on the bed and began to read it.

In fact the magazine had loads of stories of girl meets boy, girl and boy fall in love and get married, but as he reached the centre of the magazine, there was a piece of paper with some writing on it.

Taking a hold of the paper he glanced at the clock.

Time had gone by quickly and it was nearly 23:00 hours and as he grappled with the idea of going out into the corridor and calling the number, he guessed that it was too late, however as he turned the paper over he realised there was more writing on it.

24 hours tollfree

Eagerly he made his way out into the corridor.

Normally, even at this hour of the night Rob would expect to see a fellow student meandering along the corridor, however today, he hoped that he was the only one on this floor back in campus.

Reaching the phone he nervously dialled the number, his eyes darting around him, hoping that none of his fellow fraternity saw him in a T-shirt, boxers and curlers.

A distorted dialling tone rang in his ear and just as his eyes moved from left to right along the corridor, someone picked up the phone.

WASH THAT MAN RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HAIR



A loud knock on the door brought Robert from his sleep.

'Bang... Bang' the door rapped again.

"Whoah... Hold on!" Robert called out to the intrusion.

"There's a parcel for a Robert McKinley!" a voice from the corridor called back.

"I'm... Err not?" Rob looked around for some clothes, for he had gone to sleep with no clothes on at all.

"It's Ok Buddy... Now I know yer'in I'll leave it out here!" the voice replied.

"Yeah... Yeah of course!" Robert answered as he searched for his T-shirt and boxers.

"I nearly gave up knockin thought they'd got it wrong... But it's not unusual for some of yer t'stay ere over the break I spose!" the voice continued from the other side of the door.

"Err... Yeah studying... Yeah that's right!" Robert replied as he caught sight of his naked body in the mirror on the dresser.

"Don't know what ya got in it buddy, but it's a biggun!" the voice suddenly began to trail off down the corridor.

"Yeah... Thanks!" Rob shouted out to the security guard or cleaner who had dropped the parcel of to him.

Rob knew that he was not the only student staying behind over the Easter holidays, but he knew that he was the only one on this dorm. Yet as the thought of whom else had decided to hang back at Uni to catch up on studying, his eyes averted to his head.

"My word?" he looked confused as he saw the array of curlers in his hair, however his mind soon moved back onto the parcel waiting for him.

Opening the door slowly he looked to see if the person who had dropped it off had gone and when he was sure the coast was clear he opened the door fully and looked down at the massive parcel.

Bending down he tried to pick it up, but for some reason it felt far too heavy for him so instead he just dragged the huge box into his room.

The box was addressed to him directly and without anymore thought as to who had sent it to him he opened it and when he did he came upon a letter addressed to him and six more parcels numbered from 1 to 6 and all of them in different sizes.

Once again the familiar smell of his father's girlfriend's perfume hit his nostrils as he opened the letter, however this time the smell did not remind him of how angry he was at his parent's divorce, instead it brought a vision of his hands admiring the pantyhose he had found.

Once again that image was followed by the image of light lilac toenails peering through the mesh.

Shaking his head he moved onto the letter.

Welcome to Pandora's Parlour, we are glad you have chose to accept our offer and believe me you will be pleased with the outcome. In the words of our other valued customers this offer is
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

You are probably wondering why the parcel has six numbered packages?

Well it's simple.

WE GUARANTEE you will become another **SATISFIED** customer in **SIX DAYS!**

Each parcel is for each day of our journey together!

But what if you are not satisfied, you ask?

Simple we will give you your money back!

No questions asked!

The fact that Robert had not even paid for the parcel did not occur to him, it only had him wondering what it was they guaranteed.

Just then a chill went through his body and he decided that he should put on his old clothing and considering they were most probably dry after spending the entire night on the radiator, it was his only option.

However the package marked number one was just too tempting for him to leave till later.

Opening the package he came across another note on some Pandora's Parlour headed paper, another magazine and a another parcel this time covered in pink wrapping.

WE GUARANTEE that after trying out Pandora's **SIX STEP** approach, you'll be glad that you.....

"Yeah whatever!" Robert skipped most of the message and found the part that was of interest to him.



'... so remember, to follow Pandora's guideline in the magazine provided and you'll be glad you asked for Pandora's help!'

Once again intrigue won the day and Robert opened the large pink packaging. The heavy smell of his future step mother's perfume swept his nostrils once again as he opened it, however unlike before he now found the smell quite appealing.

A set of light pink towels stared back at him as he opened the lid.

Shrugging his shoulders he then took out a silky light lilac dressing gown, but when he removed that he came across an assortment of beauty care treatments for hair and several other fragrance of shower gels amongst other strange items he had never seen before.

"Skin care lotion and body cream!" he laughed as he looked at them.

Then turning back to the magazine, which once again had the model from the other magazine, he had read last night on it, he opened it and began to read the introduction to the magazine.

The model's name was Pandora and she once again welcomed the reader to an insight into how she kept herself so young and pretty.

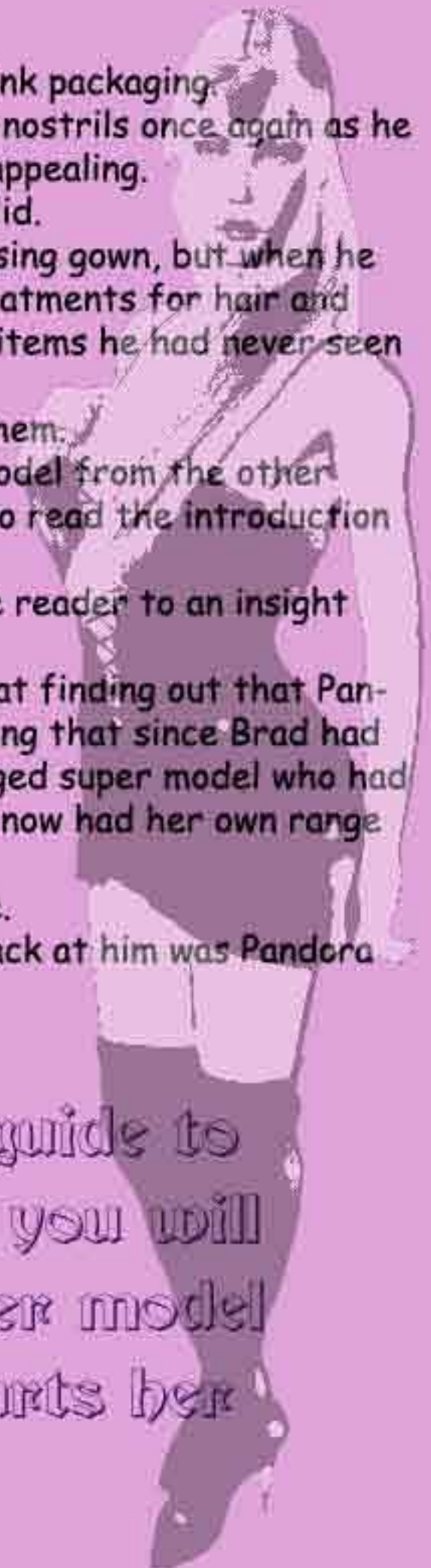
Although Robert know knew who the model was his amazement at finding out that Pandora used to be a six-foot man called Brad stunned him. Revealing that since Brad had used the six-step guide himself, he had become a sexy long legged super model who had strutted herself on the most famous catwalks in the world and now had her own range of cosmetics.

"Yeah alright!" he shrugged his shoulders as he turned the page.

However the next page caused Robert to freeze, for staring back at him was Pandora without any makeup on and her hair in curlers just like him.

'Now you have learned my guide to putting your hair in curlers, you will know that this is how a super model like me always ends and starts her day!'

Shaking his head Robert wondered what in hell he was doing and more so how he came to be sitting in front of a mirror admiring his unravelling hair.



"What am I doing?" he looked at his hair as it bounced with shiny waves. "I'm gonna wash that out!" he stated appalled at how he could even have had the urge to do such a thing. "And this stupid Pandora thing... I don't recall ordering it!"
Deciding that he would have another shower to get rid of his very girly looking wavy hair, he did not realise that he was also taking into the shower with him most of the gels and body creams he had unwrapped earlier.



Sweet smelling fragrances hit his senses as he wallowed in the spray of the water and as his hands glided over his nipples the tingling he had felt in them yesterday returned.

Sensuously he rubbed his nipples and then he pulled on them and instantly the image of two long nailed fingers painted light lilac pulling on two very elongated soft pinkish nipples came into his thoughts. Then his mind pictured those same fingers leaving those nipples and moving erotically down his naked body and onto a semi-erect cock, wrapping themselves around it and bringing it to a full erection.



Suddenly Robert realised that he was acting out just what his imagination was doing and brought his hand away from his erect penis.

Shaking off his embarrassment he then began to apply the two bottles of body cream he had found beneath the towels and dressing gown and before he knew it he had smothered the cream into every crevice of his body below his shoulders.

Amazement struck him as he watched all his body hair fall away with the water, then making sure that he had removed any lingering cream on his hands he began to pay attention to his hair.

After half an hour, Robert appeared from the shower room wearing the light pink dressing gown and his hair wrapped firmly in a pink towel, then placing himself in front of the mirror he picked up the magazine and began the first of today's lessons.



Pulling the towel away from his head he let his long hair fall down, then taking hold of a comb he combed any tangles that were left in his hair out and when he done that he began to roll his hair back into the rollers once again.

Content that his hair was now more properly rolled than what it was this morning, he sat on his bed and continued with the magazine, never once wondering why on earth he was doing what he was doing.

After finishing a feature on how to manage a supermodel's hair, the next article explained how he could use the time waiting for his hair to dry by turning his attention to the body creams in the package.

Without any thought as to what he was doing Robert was rubbing moisturiser onto his hairless body and legs, once again paying a lot of attention to the growing strangeness of his nipples. Once again he found them tingling and hardening to his touch and in doing so he could feel his groin also responding to his touch.

An image of long brown nipples came to him and for a fleeting moment he wished that he did have them, however the image also caressed his groin into a more alert state.

Rob's soft hands were now rubbing his hairless genitals and as he glided his fingers over his semi-erect penis and pink testes he could not help wondering how fabulous he felt.

Feminine thoughts flowed through his mind as laid himself comfortably onto the bed and with one hand working his aroused nipples the other was now wrapped around his cock and slowly but surely bringing it to a full erection.

Rob's mind was wandering in and out of his situation and a little voice tried to assert some organisation to his actions, but the feeling of his soft and smooth legs gliding over one another, his nipples tingling with a playful sensation and his other hand coaxing his cock. The voice could not get through.

Suddenly the image of that man who had called him a queer on the train came into his thoughts, but instead of making him shudder with disgust, he was picturing a pair of elegantly tapered light lilac nailed fingers caressing the man's crotch.

Then they were undoing the trousers slowly and sensuously until his huge cock was out in the open and when it was, those same hands playing and stroking the cock to an enormous erection.

Faster and faster the elegant hand skinned the shaft of the cock until without warning the head of the penis erupted all over those fingers.

Instantly Robert's ejaculation brought him to his senses.

"What the?" he quickly stopped any of his release going over the bed.

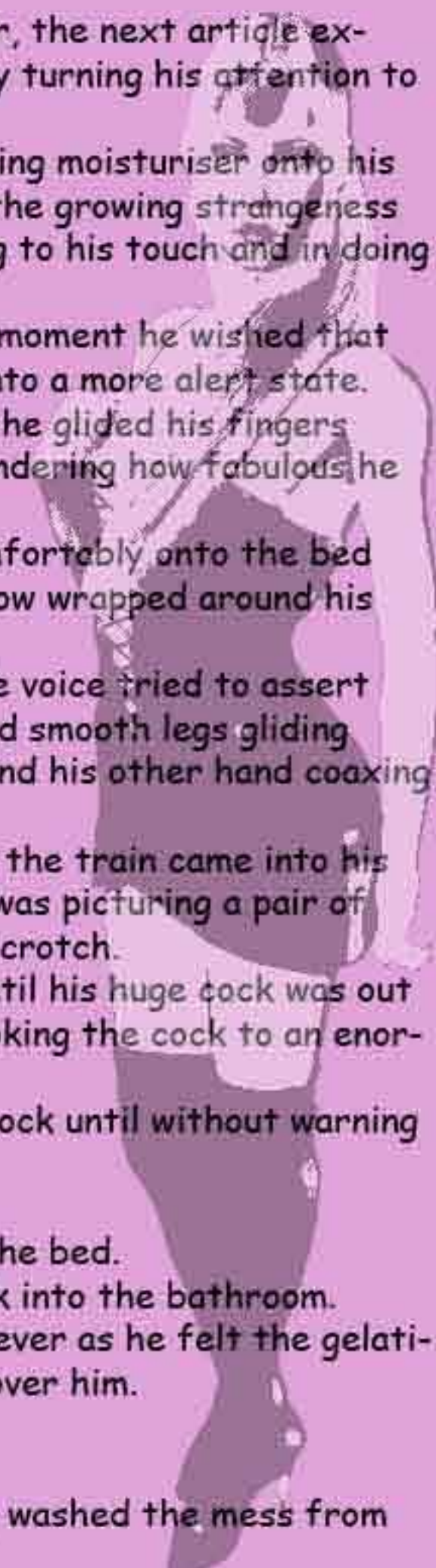
Grabbing hold of a tissue he wiped himself clean and went back into the bathroom.

"What am I doing?" he wondered as he turned the tap on, however as he felt the gelatinous goo of his jism on his fingers a strange compulsion came over him.

A voice inside his mind was telling him to taste it.

Shaking his head he managed to fight off the urge and quickly washed the mess from his fingers.

Moving back into the room, he realised that the clothes he put on the radiator yesterday, had gone and when he opened up his holdall he could not help noticing that his spare boxers and socks had gone too.



"Oh the rollers?" his confused mind lead him back to the dresser.

One by one he released the rollers as silkily his hair bounced in an array of gorgeous waves.

The strange feeling in his nipples returned once again as he ran his hands gently through his curled locks, but this time he welcomed the feeling as a feel of normality, for his hair looked absolutely wonderful.

Searching through the bottles of hair care products he found some hair spray and began to spray it all over his head.

"That should do!" he turned one way and then the other as his shiny vibrant curled haired swayed from left to right. "Now I can get on with cleaning the rest of this room!"

With his lilac-pink dressing gown wrapped firmly around his naked body he tiptoed back down the corridor to the cupboard that contained all the cleaning material.

Images of fellow students all staring at him dressed as he was and with his hair flowing so girlishly behind him, excited him further and as he reached the cupboard he found it hard to keep his erection from poking out of his gown.

"Oh my... This is just so thrilling!" he giggled to himself. "Oh if Stuart could see me dressed like this he'd have a complete shock!"

Hunger had not been part of his concern all day, but as evening drew in, his stomach began to grumble and luckily he remembered he still had another one of Hayley's vitamin drinks to see him through.

Finishing the contents of the drink he began to wonder how he could have treated the poor the woman with such contempt, after all she was only trying to help his father through his mother's infidelity.

In fact he also began to wonder how he could've been so rude to her happiness at his father proposing to her too.

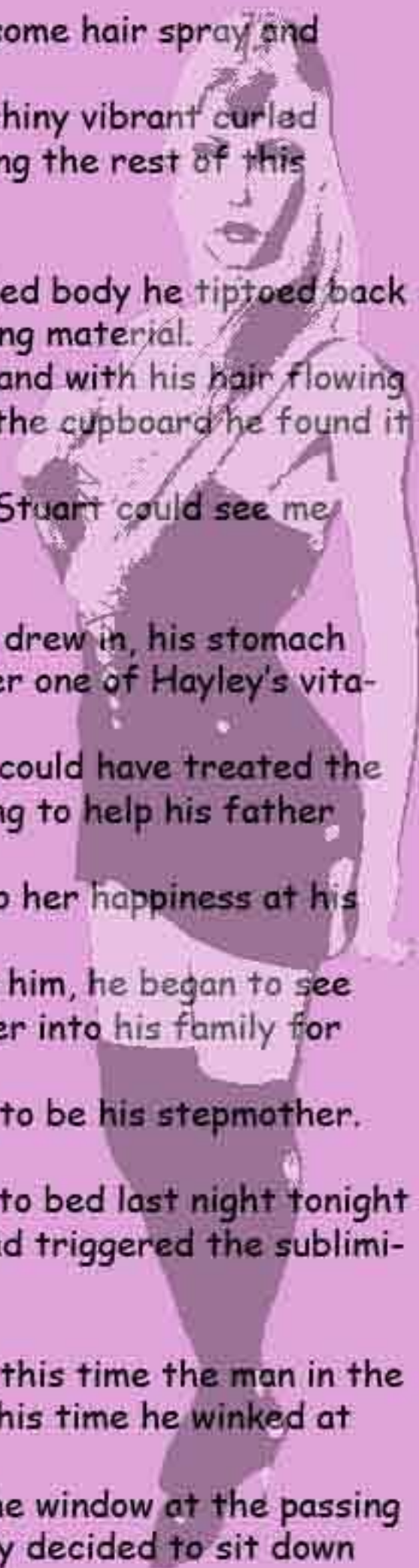
Grabbing hold of the romantic story magazine Hayley had given him, he began to see Hayley in a different light, no more did he see her as an intruder into his family for now he saw her as a welcome friend and confidant.

In fact he was beginning to accept the fact that she was going to be his stepmother.

Although Rob had no recollection of how and when he had gone to bed last night tonight would be different for the phone call he had made last night had triggered the subliminal messages his CD system back at home had put there.

The train once again was the main scene of his dream, however this time the man in the tight fitting jeans did not take offence to Robert's reply, for this time he winked at him.

Robert blushed as he crossed his silky legs and looked out of the window at the passing scenery, however the scenery soon changed as the man suddenly decided to sit down next to him.



Rob's heart began to flutter as the very handsome man then placed his hand on Rob's knee and as he did Rob noticed that his silky legs were covered in a flesh toned colour mesh that ran from under a lilac paisley wrap around skirt.
"Oh my goodness!" he sighed as he realised he was wearing a skirt.



Then the man took hold of his hand and brought it up to his mouth and kissed it.
"You have beautiful nails my dear!" the man smiled at him.
Just then the dream was shattered as the train came to a sudden halt

Rob woke in a sweat.

"What the?" he sat up, wondering just what his dream was.

However as he did sit up his long curled hair wrapped around his naked shoulders and as they did, his thoughts suddenly went to Pandora's tips, he should have put his hair in curlers, for now he would have to wash his hair once again.

Going to the shower room he perched himself on the toilet and began to pee and as he felt the relief of emptying his bladder he felt the unusual tingling and itchiness in his nipples once again.

"Hmmm... They seem puffy today?" he quizzed himself as he touched them.

Flushing the toilet he turned on the shower and grabbed a hold of all the hair care and body wash bottles and repeated the same process he had done yesterday.



After placing his hair in curlers, he soon began to feel excited at opening the next package and unlike yesterday he was completely thrilled at what was inside, for apart from another two bottles of vitamin drinks there was a professional nail care kit, along with some waxing lotion.

Beneath this was another two packages, one with a pink ribbon and the other with a lilac one.

Last of all was the magazine with Pandora's smiling face blowing a kiss entitled 'Day Two - How to maintain your nails and achieve that Beauty Queen smile!'

"Wow!" Rob brought his hand up to his chest, as he saw how beautiful Pandora had made herself. "I never would have believed a man could look so glamorous!"

Two days ago the thought of even washing his hair would have seemed completely out of character for Robert McKinley.



Yet today as he sat in front of the dresser mirror, his hair meticulously covered in curlers his body smooth and smelling of feminine fragrances, he could only shrill at the thought of himself gradually becoming like the model in the magazine.

The next hour or so Rob worked on his nails smoothing and filing them, then he worked on his toe nails making sure that all the things Pandora did he copied to the full, then with his nails buffed and shiny Pandora told him to remove his curlers.

Once again the feel of his bouncy curled hair invigorated him, he wanted to show it off, he wanted so desperately for some one to make a comment on it, but Pandora was now telling him that it was time to undo the pink package.

Bottles of Mascara, makeup and nail varnishes a plenty stared back at him as the article then told him to place his feminine items neatly across his table or dresser if he was a lucky enough girl to have one.



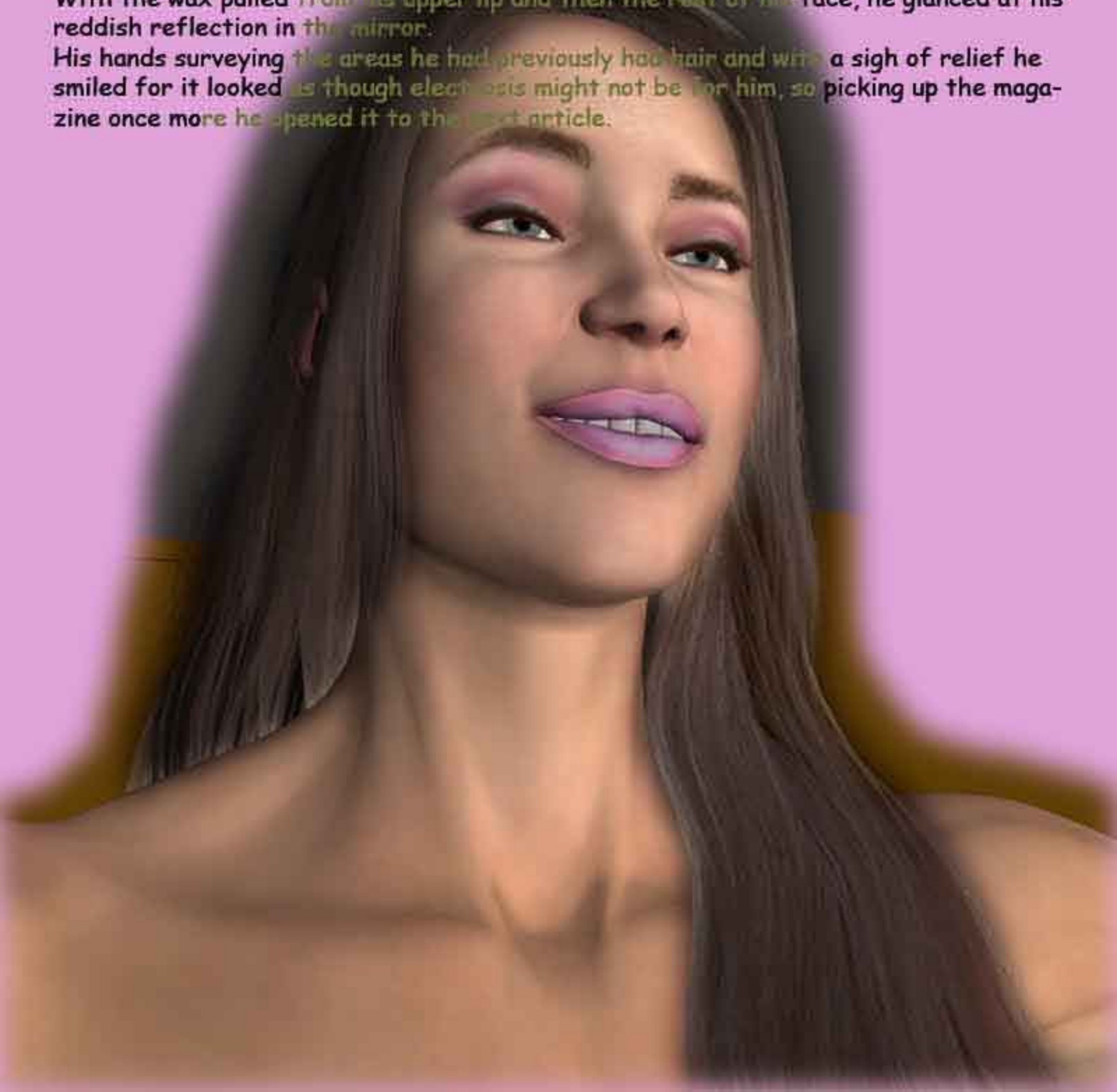
Over and over again Pandora explained the rudimentary basics at applying makeup and then removing it at night or morning if the case need be, however he could not ignore the first lesson, removing unwanted soft facial hair.

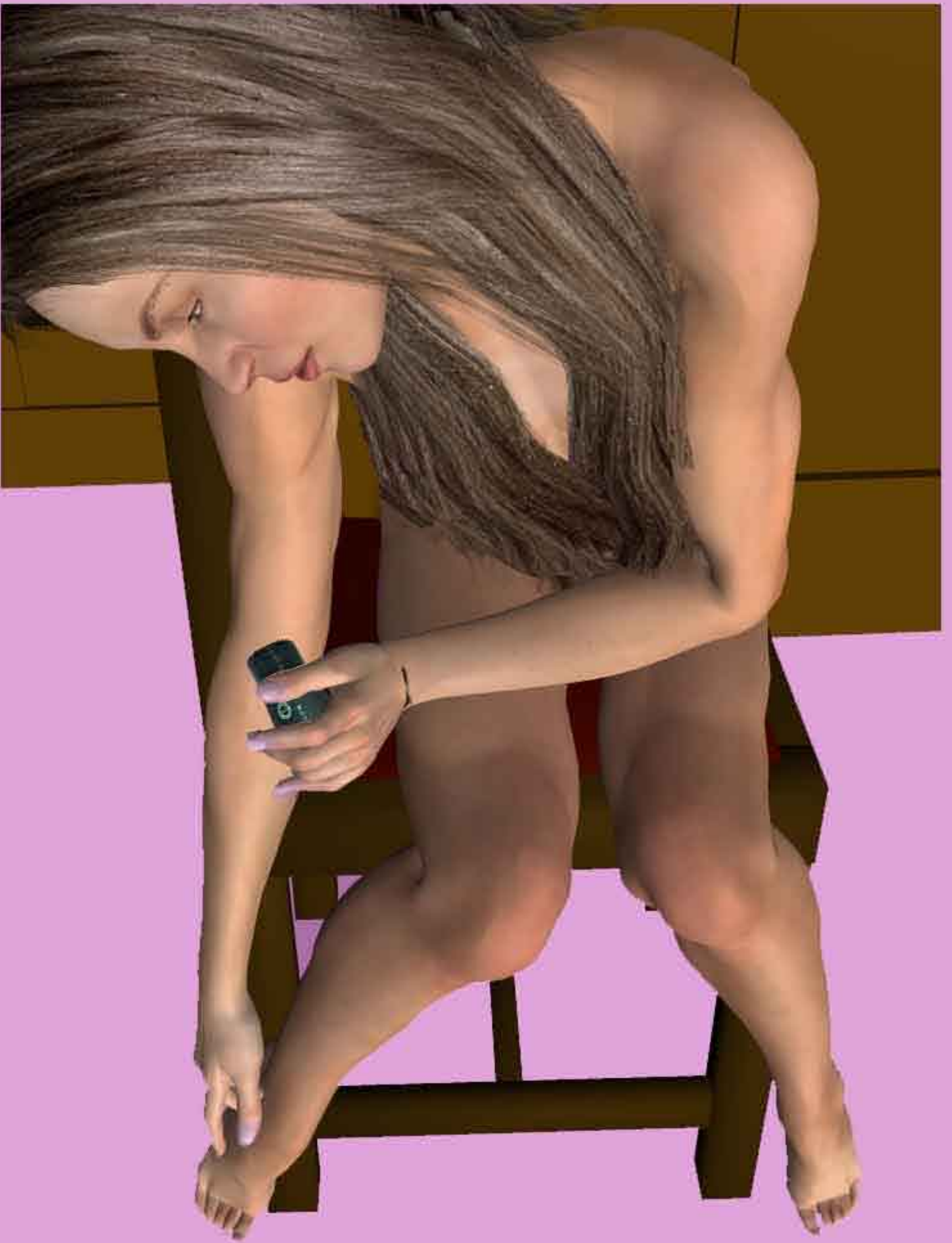
Rob read the article twice as it explained to him that if he was unlucky enough to have hard facial hair then the waxing treatment would not work and at some stage he would have to the hair removed using a different and sometimes very uncomfortable treatment known as electrolysis.

Following the instructions carefully he nervously tugged at the corner of the wax and with a very quick tug the wax was replaced by a very sharp burning sensation.

With the wax pulled from his upper lip and then the rest of his face, he glanced at his reddish reflection in the mirror.

His hands surveying the areas he had previously had hair and with a sigh of relief he smiled for it looked as though electrolysis might not be for him, so picking up the magazine once more he opened it to the next article.





'How to prepare your face for that important date!'

It was well into the evening when Rob finally felt at ease applying mascara, foundation, eye shadow, blusher and lip-gloss.

"Oh yes!" Rob puckered his light pink glossy lips and blew himself a kiss.

Standing up he waltzed across the room letting his hair sway from side to side, his mind set on nothing more than feeling absolutely beautiful.

Once again he considered opening his door and venturing out into the corridor in the hope that another stay behind student caught a glimpse of him, however a voice in his head warned him that that was impossible, for girls were not allowed in his dormitory let alone fraternity.

Excitement was still on his agenda though, for he was now ready to open the lilac package, however Pandora had told him that he must read the last article before he did.

Being a good girl, Rob did as he was told and read what it said.

**'You are now at an important stage of
your development sweetheart, so the
next few items will fuse your need to
be as glamorous as Pandora, even as
you read this your body is flowing
with feminine desire.'**

**A feminine desire to be...
Not just to be like Pandora...**

But to be your own girl!

Two days ago you were just another lost male with no identity.

Tonight when you open the lilac package you will discover your new identity...

And that little girl that has been locked away inside you since you were stereo-cast into that male world when you were born...

Will be released forever!

One last thought for you to decide before you open Pandora's box fully... You can say no and we will refund all your money no questions asked!

Just call us on the number you rang the other day!

Rob hesitated as he took in everything the article explained. He could phone the number and return to be the scruffy unclean lazy young man he had become, wasting his parents money on his slow and uninteresting days at University or he could open the lilac box and become something more exciting.

For one tiny second the voice that was Robert McKinley tried in vain to regain some stability to the madness that now had him looking like a girl, it wanted to cut his hair off and scrub all the ridiculous cosmetics now plastered over his face. But Robert was not in control of his decisions anymore, Pandora the glamorous super-model from the magazine was.

Frantically Rob tore into the lilac package and when he opened it he could not help but give a girlish shrill of delight.

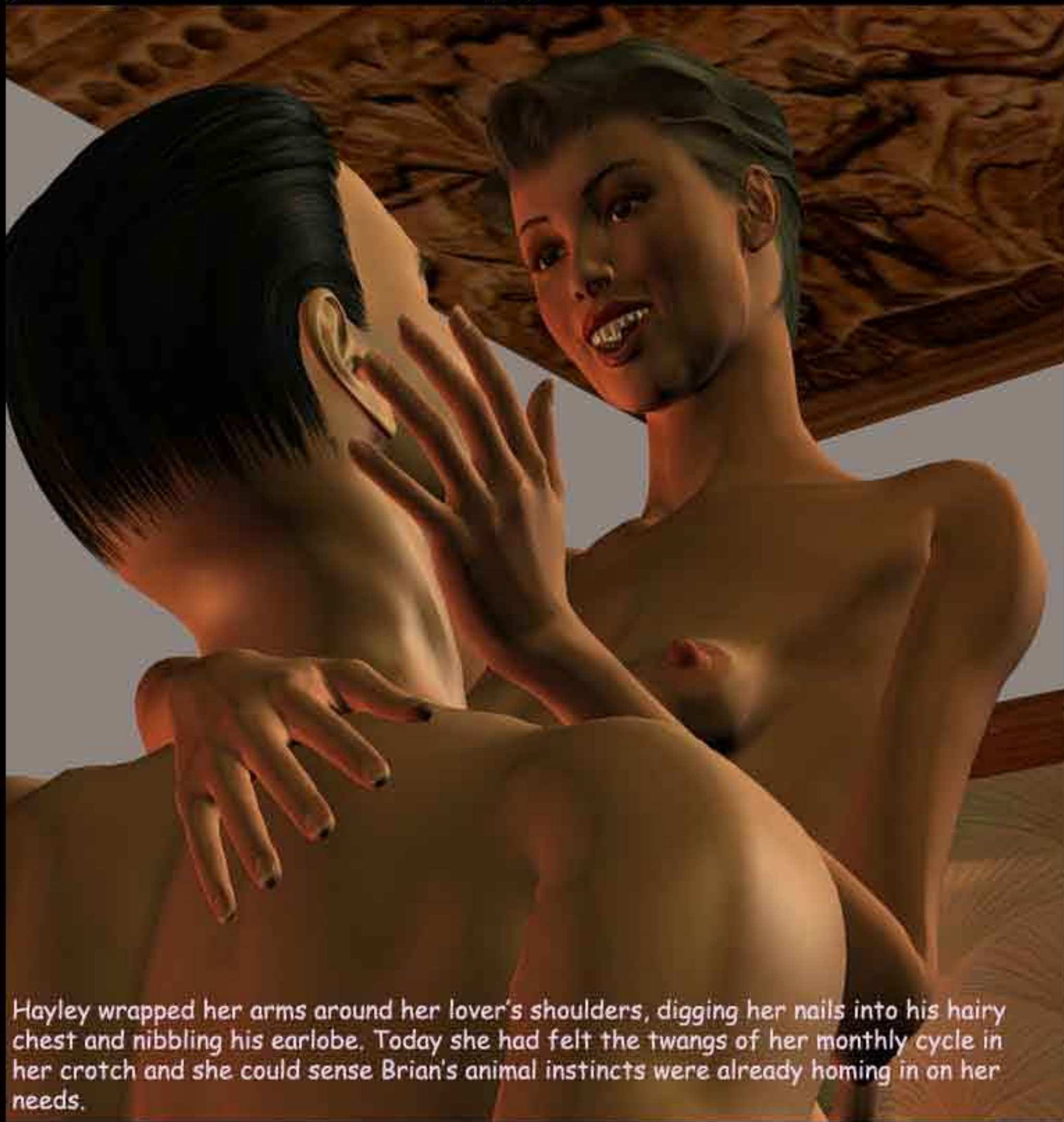
Staring at him was a purple-lilac peignoir and on top of them were loads of false nails.

"Oh Pandora thank you!" he dove into the box and pulled out the baby doll, however before he could go to bed, he still had one more lesson to learn tonight.

To do his nails!



Meanwhile back at the Hive



Hayley wrapped her arms around her lover's shoulders, digging her nails into his hairy chest and nibbling his earlobe. Today she had felt the twangs of her monthly cycle in her crotch and she could sense Brian's animal instincts were already homing in on her needs.

She was literally going to become a bitch on heat for the next three days and she knew that Brian would be there to keep her under lock and key. However her thoughts were not entirely on her coming change, for her mind was wondering when it would be the best time to let her husband to be know that his son Robert was about to become his daughter.



"Brian... Sweetheart!" she pulled her fingers away from rubbing his tiny male nipples and held his face.

"Yes my dear?" he looked up from Hayley's little breasts to her face lovingly.

"What do you think of the name Rosemary?"

"Rosemary?" he replied a little puzzled.

"For Robert sweetheart... I mean we won't be able to call him Robert when he comes home wearing makeup and dresses can we?" Hayley smiled as she sank her bottom down onto her lover's cock

"I suppose so?" Brian tried to find some reason to disagree with her.

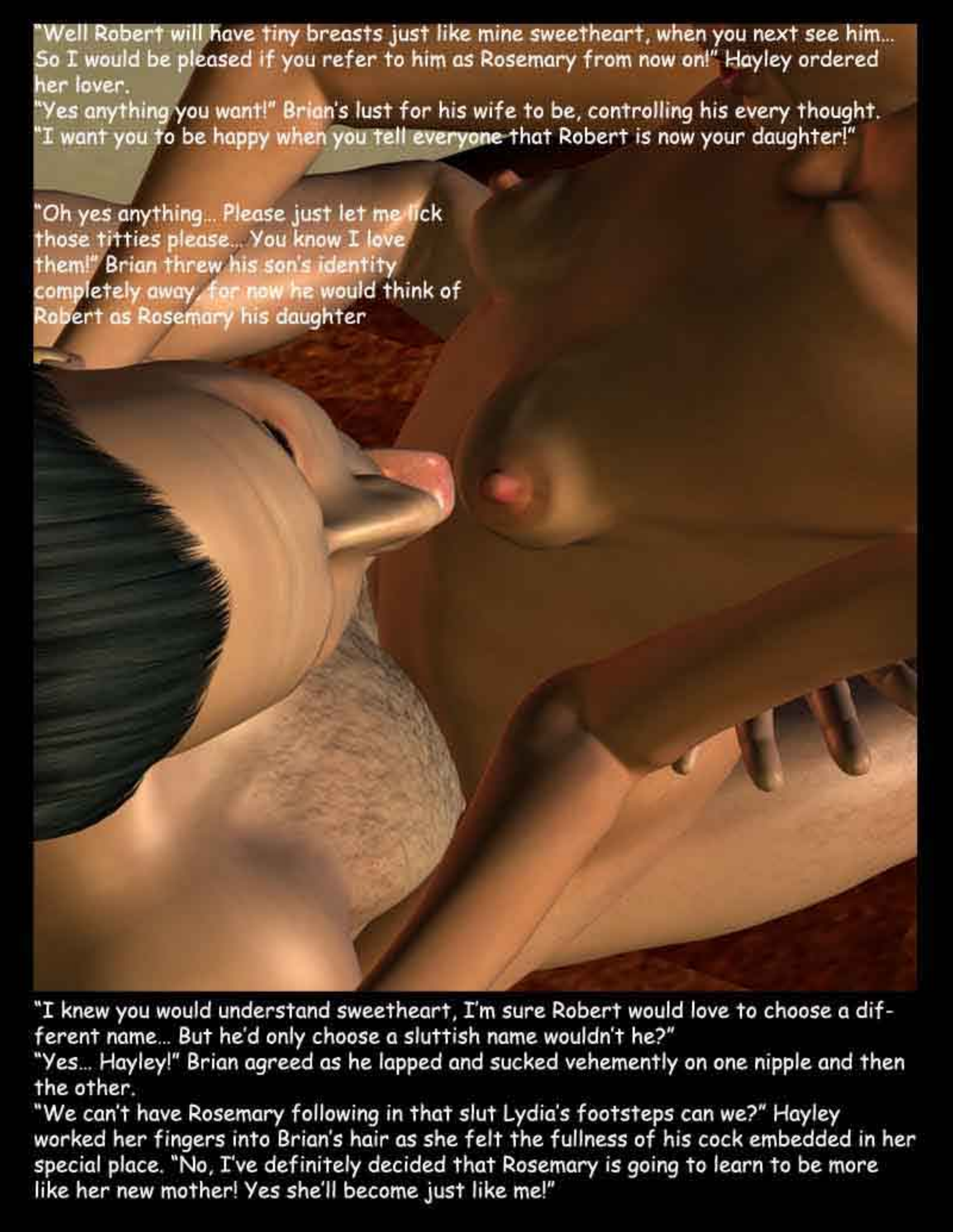
"Now you know he's my responsibility now don't you?"

"Yes dear... He is," Brian succumbed to the feel of his manhood sliding into his her special place, rather than his need to disagree with her.

"And you wouldn't want me to remove your cock from my little shemale hole would you?" she stroked his face as her nipples began to enlarge.



"OH YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" he gasped with pleasure as his tongue tried to connect with her elongated nipples.



"Well Robert will have tiny breasts just like mine sweetheart, when you next see him... So I would be pleased if you refer to him as Rosemary from now on!" Hayley ordered her lover.

"Yes anything you want!" Brian's lust for his wife to be, controlling his every thought. "I want you to be happy when you tell everyone that Robert is now your daughter!"

"Oh yes anything... Please just let me lick those titties please... You know I love them!" Brian threw his son's identity completely away for now he would think of Robert as Rosemary his daughter

"I knew you would understand sweetheart, I'm sure Robert would love to choose a different name... But he'd only choose a sluttish name wouldn't he?"

"Yes... Hayley!" Brian agreed as he lapped and sucked vehemently on one nipple and then the other.

"We can't have Rosemary following in that slut Lydia's footsteps can we?" Hayley worked her fingers into Brian's hair as she felt the fullness of his cock embedded in her special place. "No, I've definitely decided that Rosemary is going to learn to be more like her new mother! Yes she'll become just like me!"

END OF CHAPTER TWO



Postwork Art & Story

by Keshara

Demeanour

and how to strut like a queen!



Art: Postwork
and Story by
Koslora

Pandora

DEMEANOR

Once again his dreams centred on the man's tightly constricted crotch, his lilac painted nails were desperately trying to undo the man's fly and unbuckle the top button, but just as the waistband loosened, Robert awoke.

"Oh damn!" Robert sighed as he yawned with pleasure, his extended nails were all over his own erect crotch while his other painted hand pulled and tweaked his nipples.

"Why does that dream never let me go any further?" he continued to explore his new body.

His nostrils filled with the smell of pure femininity and as his hands came into contact with the baby doll he had slept in, his desire to be even more feminine increased.

The perfume may have been the same as his mother's to be, but it was now a smell he associated with himself.

Stretching his hands up into the air he admired the work he had done on his nails.

He had followed Pandora's every step and when he had finally glued the extensions onto his nails he wondered how he could have never ever wanted anything else than to be sat in front of a mirror painting his nails.

A shiver of pure delight coursed his body and his cock bobbed as he contemplated the coming day of sitting down at his favourite table.

He also wondered how he could ever have possibly been interested in such silly things as lessons and listening to lecturers, when all he really wanted to be was pretty and beautiful.

Flicking his long nails over his penis he briefly imagined it to be the man on the train's however as he stood up and the baby doll fell over the top of his cock, he wondered why he had never indulged in wearing feminine night wear before.

Postwork Art & Story

by Keshara



The sensations that coursed through his body as the baby doll teased his new and very evident sexual preference were so strong his heart began to flutter at the thought of how lucky he was to be able to wear such delightful things.

Going back to the dresser he huffed and began to unwind the rollers from his hair and with it all unrolled and hanging down, he proceeded to brush it, however the image of the man on the train kept reappearing in his thoughts and as it did his cock continued to harden.

Trying his best to ignore his hard-on he turned his attention to the array of makeup removing solutions sprawled out on the dresser and with a huff proceeded to wipe all of the hard work he had created last night away

Once again the image of the strange man on the train came back and began to invigorate his groin and before long he was running his hand over the tip of its head and it was not long before his scrotum was ready to climax. With a large sigh Robert released once again into his clasped smoothed thighs.

"Oh this is no good... I'll have to shower all over again!" he spoke out aloud standing up and wiping the spent jism on his fingers over his buttocks.

If the rapidly feminising Robert had hoped that his cock would have gone limp, he was wrong, because as he began to remove the purple baby doll the sensuous material struck another chord in his changing mind.

Catching his breath he removed the garment and held it to his face the fabric increasing the rigidity of his cock, and as he enjoyed both sensations he discarded the night clothing and skipped to the shower room pulling the shower head into place.

As the water cascaded down his body naughty thoughts once again caressed his mind as he imagined the man in the shower with him, his hands exploring his puffy little breasts and nipples and then venturing further to find his naughty bit dangling so soft and pink between his legs.

As the steam rose so did Robert's tempo on his hairless crotch, his long nails excitedly skimming the tip of its head and then kneading his sac.

With one almighty shrill of girlish pleasure Robert erupted into his hands.

"Oh you naughty boy!" he bit his lip as he eased the rest of the contents of his release from his penis out to meet the downpour of the hot water.



Towelling himself dry he revelled in the feminine fragrance his soft body was now covered in and as he lifted his leg and began to apply moisturiser to his legs he gasped with amazement at the smoothness of them.

"I wonder what pleasures await you today?" Rob sat down excitedly as he casually sat down before his mirror, enjoying the sexually charged twitching of his penis nestled in his lap.

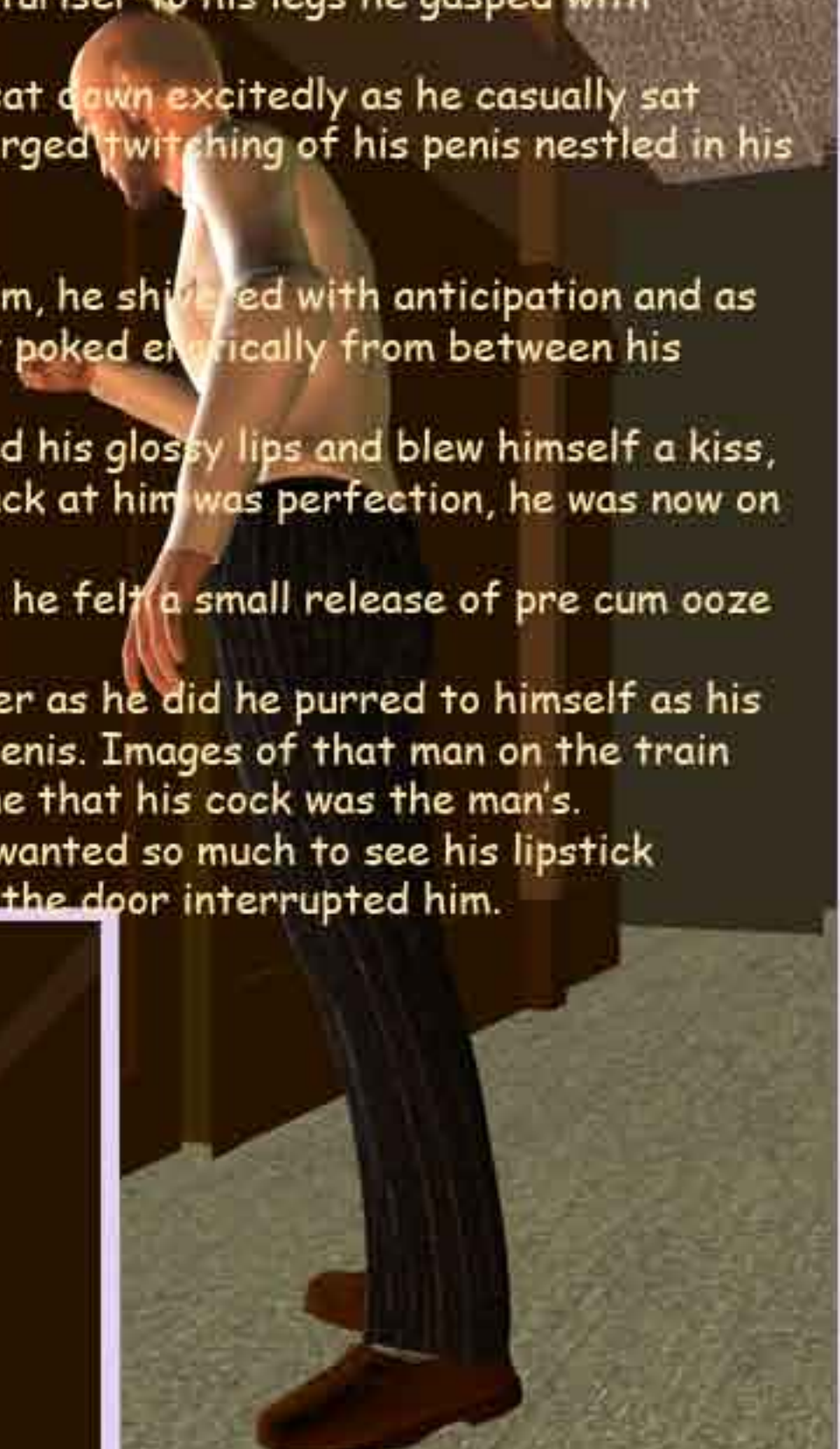
Glancing at the row of cosmetics neatly before him, he shivered with anticipation and as he picked up the mascara his penis hardened as it poked erotically from between his clenched legs.

After an hour of careful application, Rob puckered his glossy lips and blew himself a kiss, he looked and felt beautiful, the image staring back at him was perfection, he was now on equal turns with Pandora.

And as the Pandora reflection stared back at him he felt a small release of pre cum ooze from his cock.

Instantly he grabbed a tissue and wiped it however as he did he purred to himself as his transformed mind took in the sight of his erect penis. Images of that man on the train flashed back to him and slowly he began to imagine that his cock was the man's.

He wanted to taste it, to feel it in his mouth, he wanted so much to see his lipstick smothered all over it, however a sudden knock at the door interrupted him.



"Mr McKinley!" a male voice combined with the next knock.

"Err... Yes?" Rob froze as he let go of his now rock hard penis.

"It's Mr Wilmot here, I was just wondering if you was alright... Only we haven't seen anything of you since your return?"

"Oh... I'm fine!" Rob croaked nervously, however as he glanced upon his image in the mirror his lips

suddenly released another word. "Darling!"

"Sorry?" Mr Wilmot replied from the other side.

"Oh... We're just fine!" the reflection of Robert's female persona answered with a giggle.

"Oh... I see... Are you sure because there are only a few of you here and I've seen all the others at the canteen and well considering you have not been down to the canteen... I thought I'd better check everything was OK?"





Robert stood up and moved over to the door, his erection at his fullest as his mind deduced whether or not to open the door and let this man see how beautiful he was.

"Everything is just wonderful thank you!" Robert began to stroke his cock as he tried to picture what Mr Wilmot looked like, for he had bumped into him on various occasions over the years, but had never until today had cause to talk to him.

"Oh well if you say so I'll leave you be!" the voice replied.

"Yes my mother stocked me with plenty of food thank you!" Robert blew the door a kiss as he teased the tip of his wet cock with a long painted fingernail.

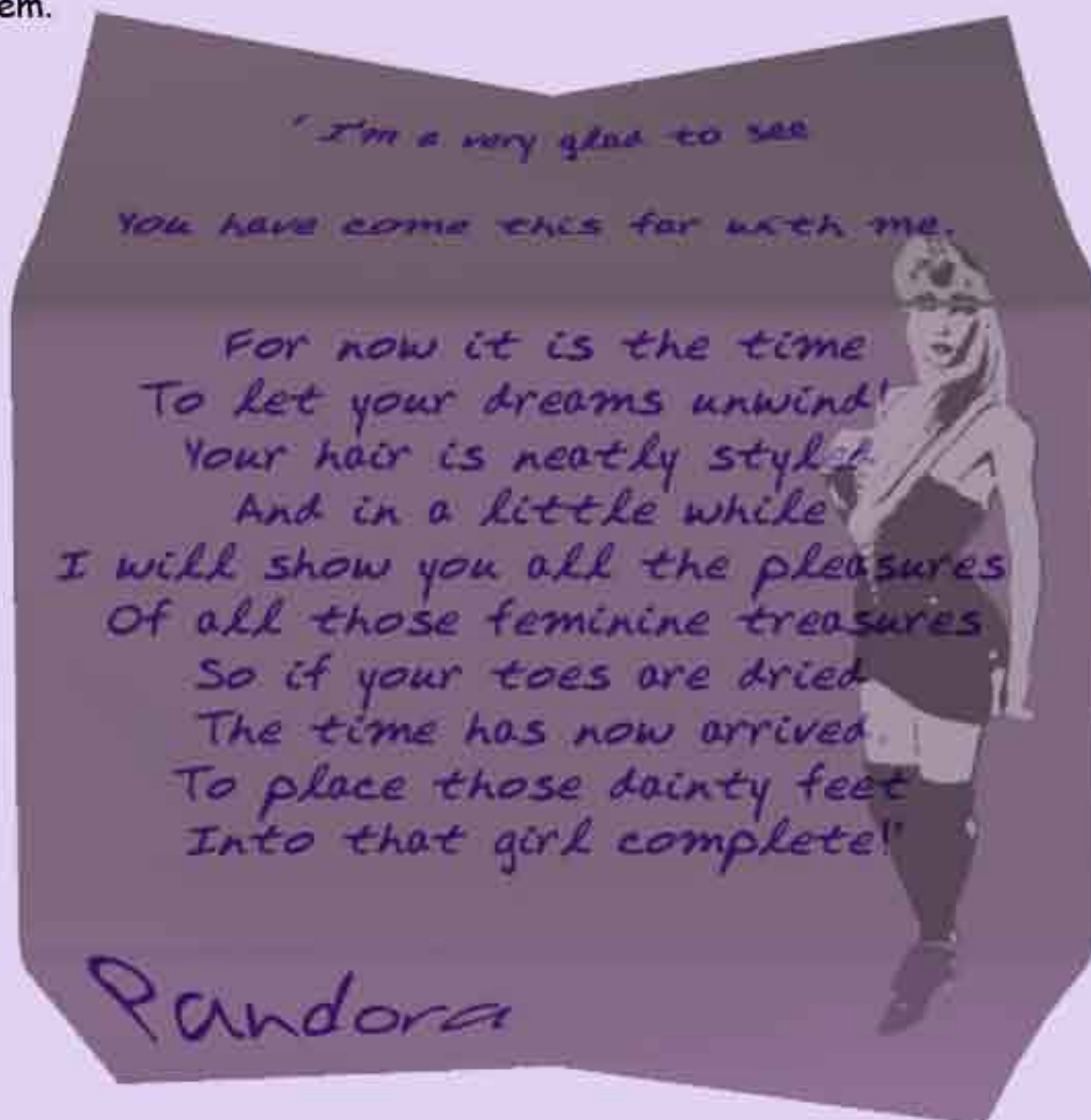
"Right... That's Ok then... Well I gather your busy studying... So I'll leave you be then Mr McKinley!" the voice trailed from the door as Mr Wilmot walked away.



Standing up he moved over to his roommate's bed and looked down at the next package that had an envelope attached to it with the words 'Pandora Step 3' written on lipstick lip image and like all the other packages this one was a lilac shade too.

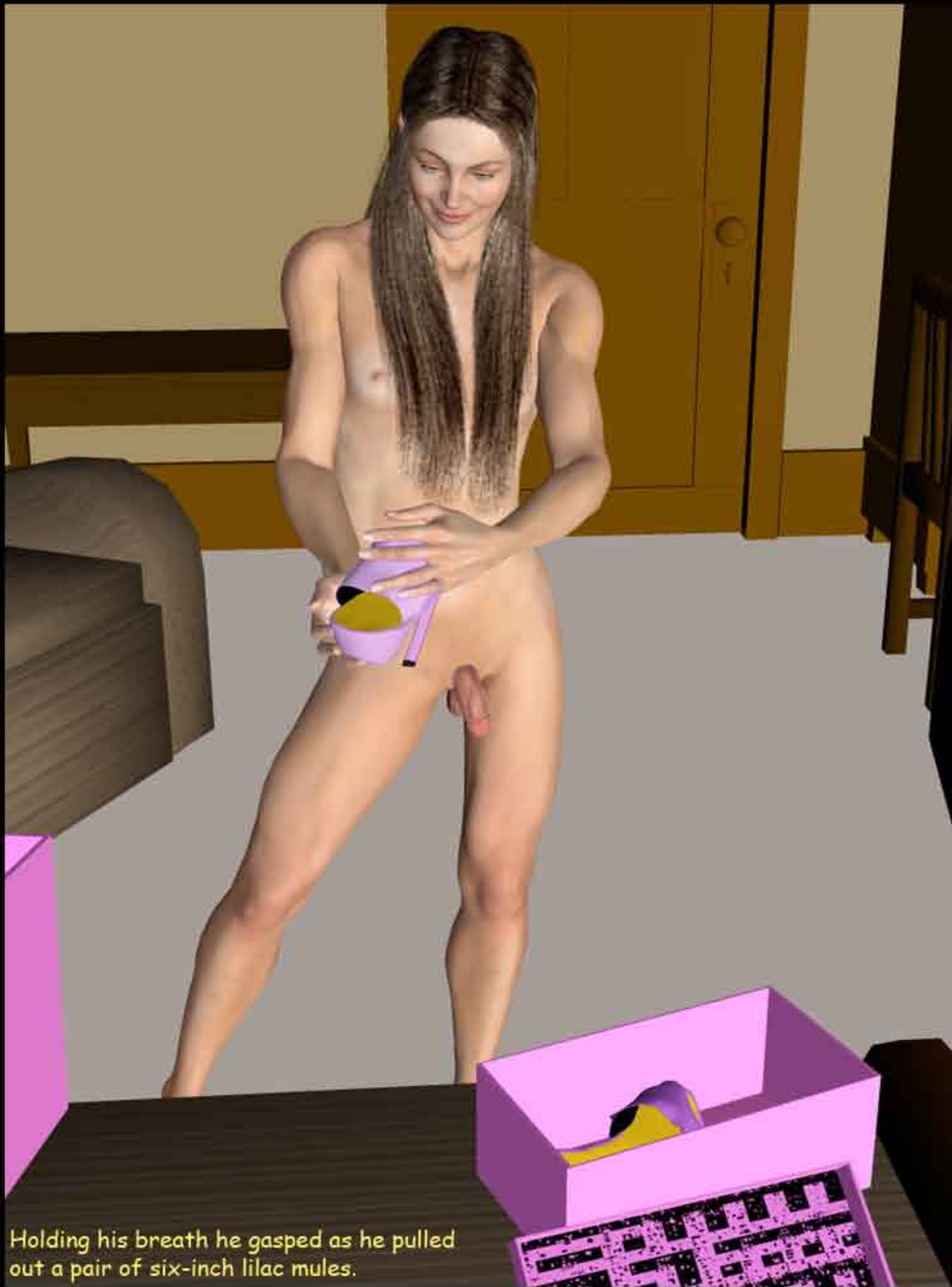


Opening the envelope Robert read the message, however this time it was more like a rhyme or poem.



Hurriedly Robert opened the package.
Various assortments of pantyhose and perfumes stared up at him and as he sifted
through them he came across another lilac box





Holding his breath he gasped as he pulled out a pair of six-inch lilac mules.

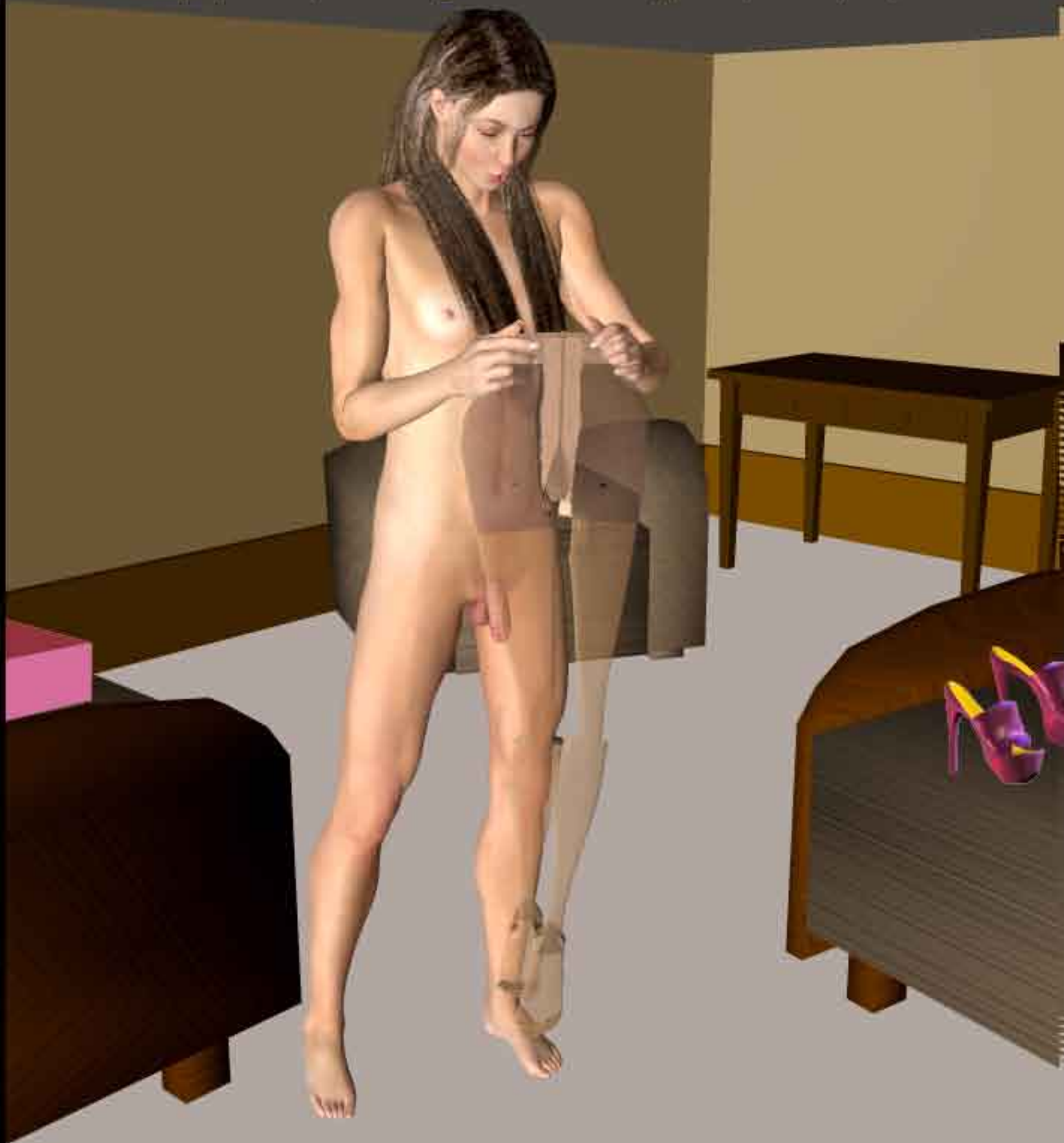
Removing all of the items from the box, Rob was surprised to find another supplement type magazine entitled.....



Grabbing hold of the magazine he turned the page to find a step by step guide on how to enjoy the sensations of putting your feet into a pair of pantyhose, causing his vision to cross back to the packs he received.

Each pair was a light flesh toned colour and instantly Rob's mind went back to the sensation he had got when he placed his hand into his stepmother's pantyhose back home. In fact he realised that ever since he had, he had really wanted nothing more than to see his toes inside them, pretty lilac coloured toes peeking out through the mesh.

"Oh Pandora... Hayley thank you!" he sighed as he unwrapped a pair of pantyhose.



Taking them out of the package he ran the material up against his face and shivered, he felt so excited at the thought of owning such a feminine garment and as he put his hands into them, he felt his cock growing rather rapidly.

Taking hold of the magazine he glanced at the pictures of Pandora putting her pantyhose on and lo and behold there was a picture of Pandora in the same dilemma as he was. Her long nailed fingers rolling the pantyhose carefully up into a kind of doughnut ready for her to step into and with a pink hairless hand on just like him. However the article explained how girls like them always had this problem and that with time their bodies would grow used to wearing such items of feminine wile. Robert did what Pandora told him and slipped his pretty lilac toes into the mesh. Shivers of pure ecstasy ran through his body as his toes and then his foot and his ankle became immersed in the soft sensuous material.



Then slowly and very erotically he slid the pantyhose up his soft glistening legs until finally Robert pulled the pantyhose up over his throbbing erection and onto his hips. The sight of himself dressed so feminine and with an erection did not bother him for the article explained that some men liked their girls dressed just the way he was now. Glancing over to his mirror, he looked just like Pandora did, with his hair splayed down across his shoulders caressing his nipples, his face perfectly painted and his nails painted so elegantly, despite being false, he now felt every inch a Pandora.

"Oh mother... Hmmmmmmm... I feel soooooooooooooo... Delicious!" he sighed as he puckered up his lips and blew himself a kiss. Then turning his attention back to the magazine it showed him what was next.

Rob's cock was in turmoil, pre cum was sticking to his pantyhose with every throb and the more he saw his image the more he wanted wrap his hands around his cock and bring it to fulfilment.



However, his cock's throbbing wish would soon be fulfilled.

Sliding his toes into the six-inch high lilac mules Robert shakily stood up and as he did a huge shivering orgasm flowed completely through his body and instantly his cock erupted.

Rob fell pleasurably to the bed writhing in complete abandonment and as his face became entwined with in his long hair, his fingers went straight to his tingling and very erect nipples.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... Mmmmmmm... Yes-ssssssssssssss... Oh Pandora... Hayley... Ohhhhhh... Mmmm... I love you!" he wallowed in another wave of sheer pleasure.

As his trapped penis shot forth-another glob of sperm onto his meshed lower abdomen, Robert McKinley fainted and as his prettily made up eyes closed on the world, the mind that was once Robert's shifted completely.

New wishes and needs raced through his mind erasing everything that had once been Robert McKinley's being.

Every thing he had learned since he could remember was erased and re-organised as the drugs that were in the vitamin drinks finally did what Cresswell Industries Technicians had intended them to do.

Robert's mind completely melded as nerve endings that had once carried his male ego and logic were severed, he now knew nothing of what he had learned at school let alone at University

Algebra, science, history and sports were all foreign words to him now, the only interests he had were now purely centred on becoming what he wanted most - To become as femininely pliable as he could be, to do what only a woman could do.

Waking from his dream, Robert awoke to the feel of his sperm covered pantyhose.

"Oh dear me?" Robert felt himself blush as he felt how damp his stomach was.

Standing up Robert unrolled his pantyhose and went straight to the shower-room where upon he washed them and hung them up to dry.

Washing his body down he picked up another pair of pantyhose and put them on with all the confidence of a person that had been wearing pantyhose for a good few years.

"Look at this place... Whatever would Mother say if she saw it?" he tutted as he placed both his hands onto his hips.

The next hour or so saw Robert tidying the room completely, this time he missed nothing, however as he pulled his fellow room mates bed aside to clean underneath it. He came upon some of Stuart's dirty clothes.

"I'll have to get these cleaned before he returns!" he surmised to himself, however as he picked them up, an unusual odor hit his nostrils, a musky smell.

It was Stuart's boxers, lifting them up Robert took in the smell once again

Suddenly his mind reflected on his dream of the stranger on the train and how he had removed the stranger's penis from a pair of boxers and had tried to suck on it.

"What am I thinking!" Rob screwed the boxers up with the other smelly clothes and took them into the shower room where upon he began to wash them.

With everything looking tidy and Stuart's clothes washed and hanging on the radiator, Rob perched himself back in front of his mirror and began to reapply his makeup and when he had done that he sat upon his bed and picked up the magazine.

'Demeanour and how to strut like a queen!'

Excitedly Rob followed the instructions with the first lesson explaining how to walk in his new heels with the help of books balancing on his head. Robert knew he had seen some books stashed away in the cupboard and quickly went to work emulating the pictures of Pandora.

Taking hold of the books that only two days ago were his course work and also very understandable to him, the writing on their covers now appeared foreign and very confusing to him, so without a second's thought he guessed that they too belonged to his room mate Stuart.

With evening drawing in, Robert had learned how to sit with his legs crossed tightly, how to walk with his hands and fingers pointing delicately as he swayed on his heels and how to bend down to pick things up of the floor like a lady.

Placing the magazine on top of all the others he began to brush his hair for the full half hour he had been taught in the first magazine he had read, then he rolled his shiny hair up in the rollers removed all his makeup.

His mind wondering how Pandora's instructions would have looked if he had not had long hair to start with. Then with his makeup removed he considered how fortunate he was at not having to shave as regularly as his roommate did too and how Pandora's lesson in waxing had been more than worthwhile.

Removing his pantyhose he slipped into his lilac baby doll and jumped excitedly into his bed, wondering what wonders would be revealed tomorrow.



End Of Chapter Three



Postwork, Art & Story
by
Keshara

Still to come
in
Pandora's
Reflection
~Panties and Prejudices~

10 denier pantyhose

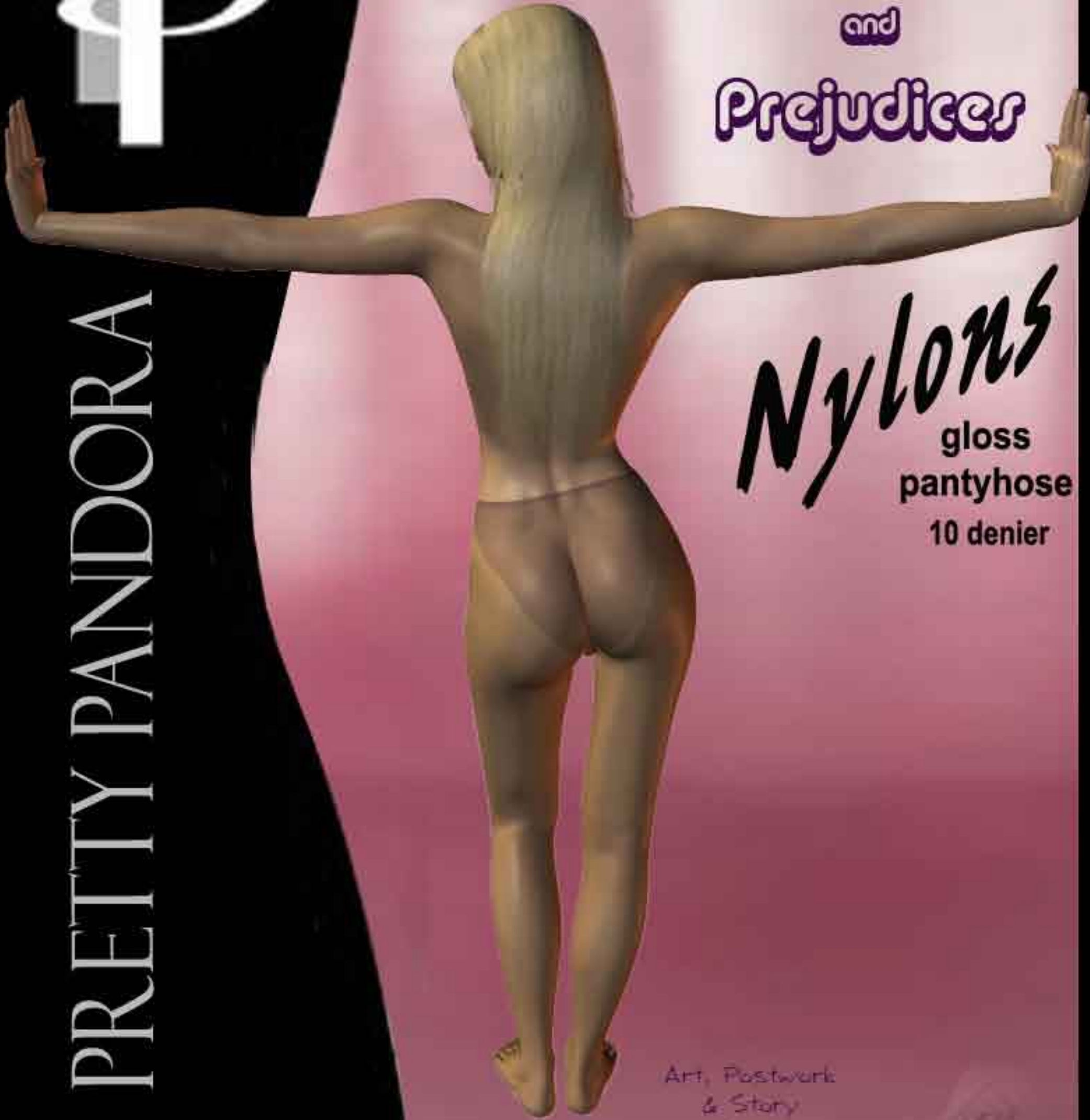
**Panties
and
Prejudices**

Nylons
gloss
pantyhose
10 denier

Art, Postwork
& Story
by
Keshara



PRETTY PANDORA



Excitement was running through Robert's mind as he wondered what would be revealed to him in today's package and after showering, styling his hair applying his makeup and rolling on his pantyhose, he was soon ready to find out.

Once again a pink package and a lilac one stared up at him.

The instructions where to open the pink one first and to leave the lilac one until the evening.

Opening the package he pulled out a douching kit and a smaller magazine with Pandora explaining how important it was for a girl like him to keep himself clean and a step by step guide on how to clean himself.

Robert's first attempt to push the hose up his bottom was a complete failure but, his growing femininity was pushing him further forward and a little voice was telling him that if he was to be like Pandora, he had to do what she did to.

After a couple of tries Robert finally succeeded in pushing the hose into his bottom then filling his bowels with warm water. The pressure building in his abdomen as his stomach began to bulge slightly made him want to go to the toilet, but Pandora had warned him this would happen and explained how it would be worth the wait even if it was a little uncomfortable.

Relief was not too far away as the time to empty his bowels came and with a swishing squirt he emptied the water from his bowels.

However Pandora had not finished there, for she emphasised just how important it was for a girl like Robert was to be clean and feel perfectly comfortable with idea of doing it. So after a half an hour rest Robert repeated the procedure once more and when he had done that, he did it over and over again until he was satisfied with his ability at doing such a thing.

By the evening Robert's anal passage was very sore and as he picked up the lilac package and began to hope that his bottom would grow used to being douched three to four times a day.

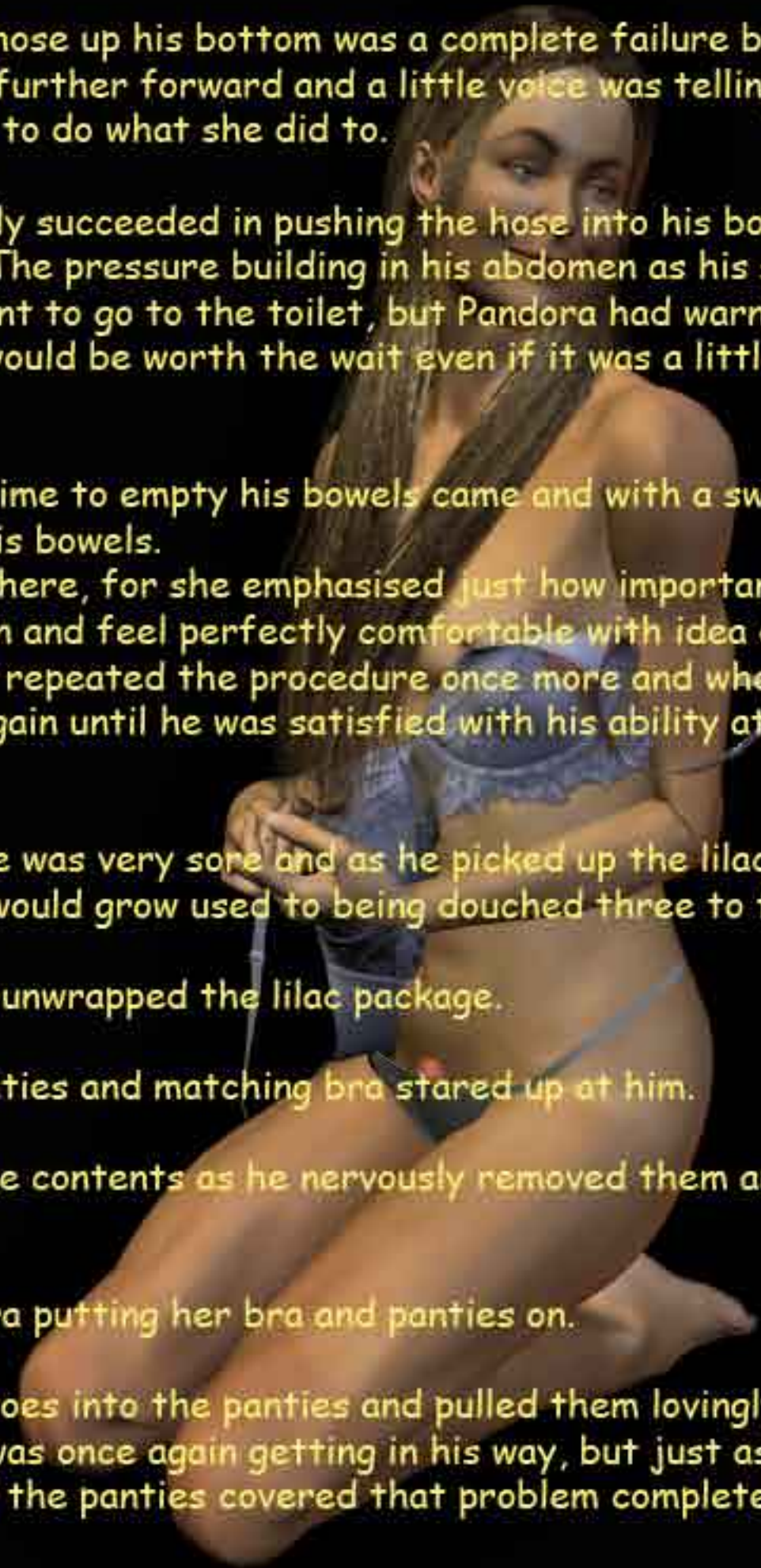
Drinking his vitamin drink he finally unwrapped the lilac package.

A beautiful pair of lilac thonged panties and matching bra stared up at him.

"Oh! My!" Robert's mind engulfed the contents as he nervously removed them and held them to his face.

Hastily he found the page of Pandora putting her bra and panties on.

Eagerly Robert slipped his painted toes into the panties and pulled them lovingly up his legs, however his growing erection was once again getting in his way, but just as Pandora pointed out the high style design of the panties covered that problem completely.





Gasping with pleasure he knelt on the floor and with a huge sigh of anticipation he picked up the matching bra.

Glancing down at the picture of Pandora with hers, although her chest was carrying quite a bit more flesh than his, plus her aureoles were a lot bigger and her nipples a lot longer, Rob wrapped the garment around his lower rib cage as she did.

Then clasping the single eyelet he pulled the bra around to face him.

"Oh my?" Robert sighed as he took in the full awareness of just how far his femininity had come, although he was nowhere near as big as Pandora he could see that he definitely had the shape of two little mounds growing in the same place.

Eagerly he slipped his arms into the straps and pulled the cups of the bra up onto his two swelling mounds of girly flesh, cooing excitedly as he watched the tightness of the garment push his fleshy breast tissue up.

New pleasures enthralled his feminine mind as the soft padding of the cups connected with his puffy looking nipples causing them to harden which in turn caused a very erotic tingling sensation to sweep through his body.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Pandora... Hayley!" he squealed as he looked at his small but very feminine breast tissue, which in turn hardened the erection in his panties even more. Then he glanced at his reflection in the mirror.

Three days ago Robert McKinley had glared into the mirror and saw the image of a scruffy unkempt young man, but today a beautiful and very alluring and very sexy looking young woman was staring back.

Cresswell Industries latest feminisation product looked to be another success and Robert McKinley would be remembered as their first ever solo test subject, despite chance having thrown him their way.

His predicament had been ideal, his parents had fallen under Cresswell's wing and it was natural progression that he would follow too, but the challenge of him being far away from their eyes was just what Cresswell's wanted.

He was out of the way of any onlookers who may have interrupted the delicate state of mind the music system had put him in, but best of all was his situation of being alone on a campus surrounded by other males.

Despite the subliminal programming of the music system placing his mind into acceptance, it was carefully recorded message and specially designed print of the magazines that had brought him to the halfway stage, moulding his stubborn male mind completely into that of a passively submissive female.

Hayley knew what was happening to her future daughter and had shown much concern over her being in such a place out of reach and out of the safety of Lady Melissa's people.

However Celeste had expressed how important it was for Robert's changing sexuality to be surrounded by other males and reassured her that after the sixth stage, they would be within easy reach of Robert, should the inevitable happen.

Hayley was desperate to see what her intended daughter now looked like, she knew that his scruffy long hair was ideal for Celeste's programme and the fact that he would be alone in his dormitory for ten days was an added bonus.

Although she found the idea of Robert's roommate Stuart being the first person to see Robert's new look very exciting, she hoped that his reaction was not too drastic.

Hayley knew the whole point of his change was for him to be discovered and the programng he was under going was preparing him for such a calamity, but she could not help feeling a little concerned for his safety.

After all Robert was going to be discovered in the middle of a building surrounded by many other male students and some of them might not view his new appearance so humorous.

Robert woke up on day six with a big smile on his face, his dreams had grown more strange and more erotic and they no longer centred on the man he had met on the train with the huge bulge in his jeans.

Each dream was with a different man and in a different situation and despite his obvious enjoyment with them they always seemed to leave him feeling frustrated for every dream was now finishing before he could actually perform any actions on the men or to him.

Slipping his soft legs out of the bed he slid his painted toes into his six-inch mules and revelled in the freedom his soft hairless sex now had beneath the lilac babydoll he wore.

Pandora had told him how wonderful it was to go to bed without panties, for panties were for the day and for your special man.

Yet Robert wondered what Pandora meant by special man, for that was all the article said. Glancing over at his mirror he minced over to it and looked at his reflection.

His hair was a mess and his makeup was all over his face and instantly he reflected back on yesterday's rather saucy day.

Four magazines of well hung males ran rampantly through his thoughts and for a moment he wondered whether he should just pick them up and get excited all over again, but then he remembered how his balls had ached after his almost ceaseless day of masturbation.

Then he found the two silicone phalluses he had naughtily learnt how to insert into his love passage, as Pandora had called it the day before yesterday.

Sighing and with his nipples tingling with excitement he knew that he would have to freshen up once more before he could open his final package and complete the last stage of his journey into becoming a beauty queen like Pandora.

Smiling he waded through his dangling array of flesh coloured pantyhose all left to dry during the night in the shower room, for they too reminded him of the past two rather erection fuelled days he had just had.

Then turning on the shower he grabbed a hold of all of the toiletries he had now got so used to using when he showered and once again revelled in his femininity as all those familiar fragrances came back to caress his senses.

Once more his cock responded and his puffy nipples replied in unison as his hands washed them erotically, his mind beginning to imagine a man standing at the door watching him shower.

Then his mind thought about the great sensation he had got when he had worked those dildos into his love passage and began to move them in and out and as he did he began to wonder what it would feel like to have a real cock inside there instead.

Robert was hard once again and skilfully he worked his cock to another blistering release.

Pandora had taught him lots of new tricks with his hands and his fingers, but they were all for his own pleasure and as he rubbed his very prominent erect nipples he could not help wondering why he had never felt like he did before.



Drying himself he looked forward to doing his hair, nails and makeup yet again and as he swayed his hips and sat crossed legged in front of his mirror he began to dry his long hair.

The time he spent drying and styling his hair, applying his makeup and painting his nails his favourite shade of light lilac, he knew that his panties would be dry and ready for another hot and thrilled full day of imprisoning his cock within their gusset.

Shivers of desire caressed his body as he slipped his toes into the panties and pulled them onto his hips and when he combined them with the bra, he could not help wondering what it would be like to actually fill those precious cups with real girlie flesh.

With his cock beating a rhythm in the gusset of his panties he wondered how he had managed to put his feet into his pantyhose and then into his slippers without coming as he had done every other time he put them on.

Tearing through the wrapping he was faced with the contents of his last package, which contained five more packages all wrapped in lilac paper. Attached to the top package was another message from Pandora.

'We've finally reached the end
And with Pandora as your friend
The life you used to lead
must be forgotten

That boy once you inside
Has withered shrunk and died
And the girl you wish to be will
start to blossom

With one more day to go
And we're sure you want to know?
Just what a girl like you must do
to get her man

So repeat what you have learned
And when your love returns
He'll fall in love and take you
by the hand'

Pandora



"Wow!" Robert smiled as he read the rhyme, "Goodness! I am a boy... Well was a boy... And geez... I do love being so feminine...But who is this man who I'm supposed to be waiting for?"

Placing the message to one side Robert un-wrapped the first of the three gifts he had left.



The first gift was a matching lilac negligee and another purple baby doll, much the same design as his other one, the second gift was a dozen or so matching bra and panties some in purple and some in his favourite colour lilac.

The third contained another bundle of flesh coloured branded 'Pretty Pandora' branded nylon pantyhose a bottle of Pandora's perfume lipstick and a blonde hair dye kit, however beneath this was a mobile phone with a message attached to it

'Switch me on and call the number on the screen!'

Turning the phone on Robert did as he was told,

The phone buzzed until a voice answered the call, a female voice answered.



Compadres

Stuart Dolan whistled nonchalantly as he scuffed the heels of his trainers on the new tweeded carpet corridor floor, hoping that his rubber heels would leave marks upon it.



His tune may have been out of key, but his mood was not for he could not wait to get back into University life.

Late nights, jokes, drugs and beer, 'What a life style!' was his motto and all at the expense of his wealthy father, who would berate him if he knew how he was treating his money.

The Easter period break was for Stuart and all his 'Compadres' as he liked to call his friends, nothing more than an inconvenience, sure he had scored with several of the 'Surf girls' who hung out on the beach near his father's private holiday home.

But he missed his Compadres.



Smiling he thought about the disgust on his dad's face when he saw his scruffy appearance and the smile soon fell into a chuckle when he recalled the look on his face when he caught him in bed with two of the Surf girls.

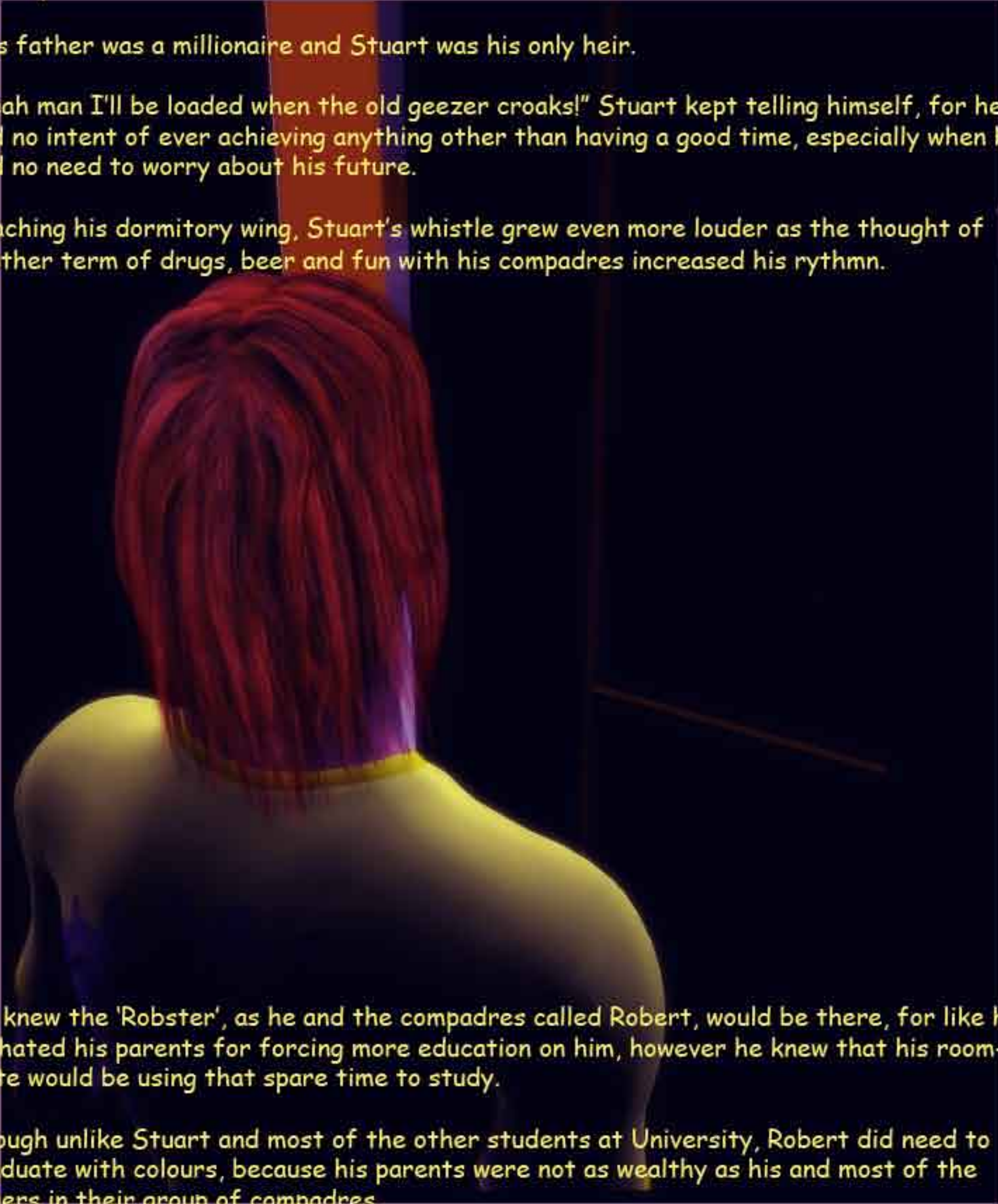
His reply to his father's horrified response of "Chillout Pops... You was young once!" was still etched in his memory.

Sure his father hounded the girls out of the property and ranted and raved about how his mother would turn in her grave, but what did Stuart care, his father was somewhere near seventy and even held a title of a lord.

His father was a millionaire and Stuart was his only heir.

"Yeah man I'll be loaded when the old geezer croaks!" Stuart kept telling himself, for he had no intent of ever achieving anything other than having a good time, especially when he had no need to worry about his future.

Reaching his dormitory wing, Stuart's whistle grew even more louder as the thought of another term of drugs, beer and fun with his compadres increased his rhythm.



He knew the 'Robster', as he and the compadres called Robert, would be there, for like him he hated his parents for forcing more education on him, however he knew that his roommate would be using that spare time to study.

Though unlike Stuart and most of the other students at University, Robert did need to graduate with colours, because his parents were not as wealthy as his and most of the others in their group of compadres.

Turning the knob of the door Robert entered his dorm room, however as he did he was surprised to find the room in near darkness.

Pushing the door wide open he tried to find the light switch when the smell of perfume hit nostrils.



"Robster! You got some chick in here?" he called out to the darkness. "Fuck it man the Prince'll throw yer out... Ya know the rules!"

Silence met his call as he thumbed to find the switch and as he moved into the room further he finally found it, however the light did not go on.



Suddenly the door closed behind him and Stuart was aware of someone standing besides him.

Yet the fragrance of that person did not cause him any fear, as it began to target his mind sensuously.



"Wow... What has the Robster been up to?" he moved over to the longhaired beauty standing against the wall with her gorgeous leg perched forward, something Stuart could not take his eyes off of as it poked through her negligee.

In fact Rob's eyes were now moving beyond her leg as they took him onto her babydoll.

"Err... Where's the Robster?" he grinned as he moved in on the stunning looking blonde beauty standing provocatively before him, her perfume forming a cloud in his senses.

"Waiting for you lover boy!" the beauty's puckering lips opened in a very soft and sexy tone.

"Wow... Where'd the Robster get you from?" Stuart decided it was time to turn on the charm, for despite his scruffy appearance he always seemed to be able to talk a girl's panties off and considering he had spent most of his Easter break screwing those Surf girls, he guessed he might as well finish off with Rob's girlfriend, after all she was making all the moves.

"Oh he's been hiding me!" the girl replied very softly as she sexually puckered her lips.

The girl's perfume was almost intoxicating and Stuart could have sworn it was calling him, so moving in closer he put his hand on the girl's knee and ran his hand up her pantyhosed thigh.

"And I thought I'd been the only one fucking my way through Easter!" Stuart gave the girl his big come on smile. "You know the Robster should be more careful what he leaves lying around... Especially when I'm about!"

The girl smiled back and moved her leg inwards catching his wandering hand and placing it on the silky waist of her baby doll.

With his hand on her waist Stuart looked up into the girl's face. "Hey babe you look familiar!" he looked over her features, as his eyes had now adjusted to the bluish haze of the heavily curtained room.

"You don't say!" the girl replied in her softly spoken tone with a smile.

"Yeah I never forget a face?" he mused over the blonde's face, her eyes looking very familiar, despite the makeup.

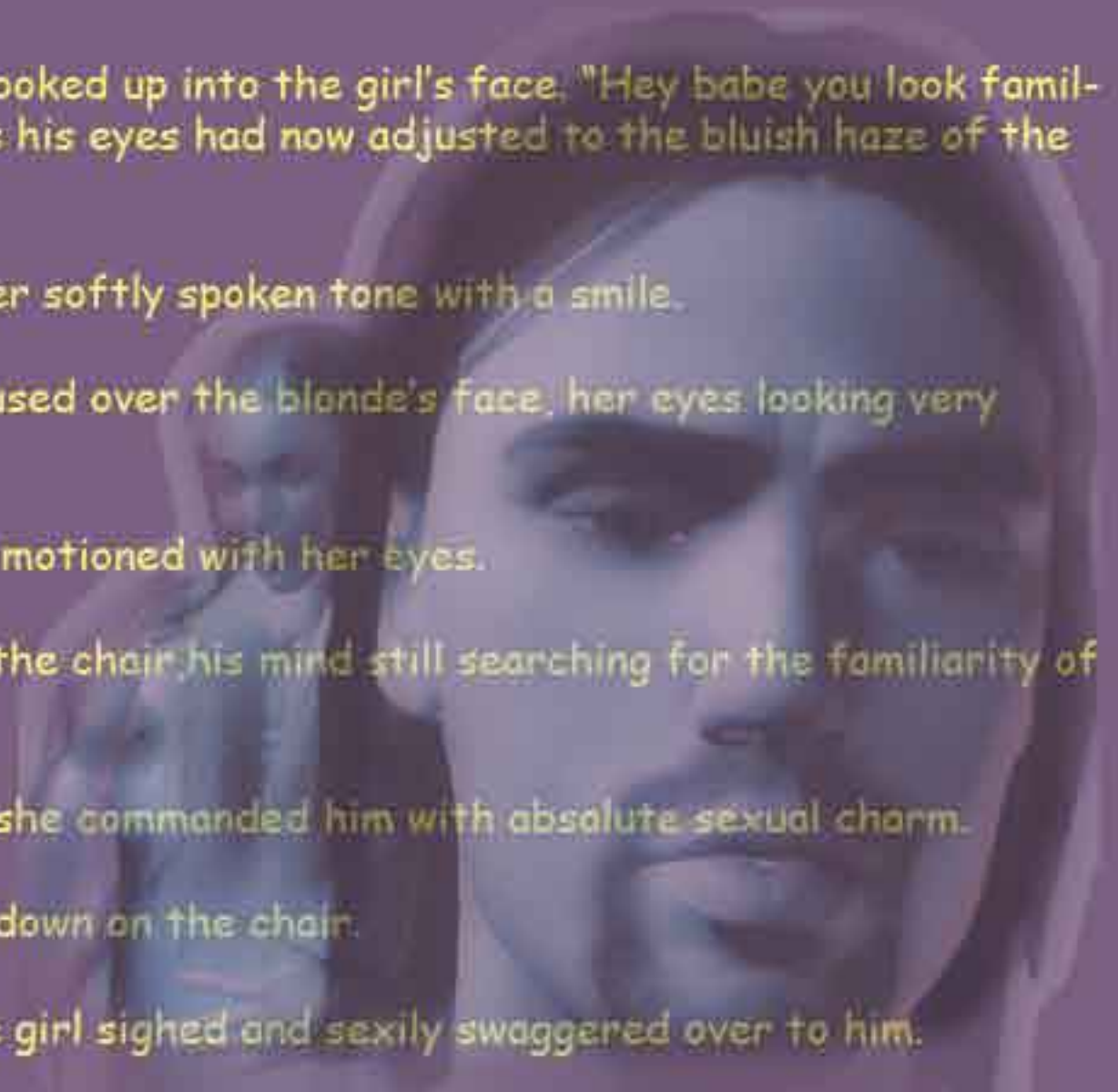
"Go fetch the chair handsome!" she motioned with her eyes.

"Uhh... Oh?" Stuart turned to face the chair, his mind still searching for the familiarity of the girl's features.

"Bring the chair over here and sit!" she commanded him with absolute sexual charm.

Stuart did as he was asked and sat down on the chair.

"Hmmm... Yes I like what I see!" the girl sighed and sexily swaggered over to him.



Stuart felt his groin tighten as the girl sauntered over to him and with every step closer he felt that he knew her.

"It's gonna a be long hard year!" the girl giggled and smiled at him as she hovered over him.

"I do know you?" Stuart began.



"SHHHHH" the girl silenced him as she placed her finger on his lips and then straddled him on the chair.

Stuart's hands wrapped around her midriff and the fragrance and feel of her on his lap caused his manhood to harden further, but his mind was still locked in a battle over the familiarity of the girl.

He knew he had seen her before and as he stared into her eyes closer it finally hit him.

"R...R...Robssssterrr?" he stuttered, instantly trying to withdraw his hands and push his room-mate off of him.

"I can't believe it took you so long!" the girl laughed as she sprayed some liquid into his face.



"Fuck you man... What'd'ya do... Take some fuckin' weirdo pills or sumfing!" Stuart tried to spit the liquid from his mouth. "And what the fuck was that you sprayed me with?"

"You could say I've taken something lover boy!" Rob replied as he pinned his roommate to the chair with his weight, "And the spray... Well you shouldn't trouble yourself over that!"

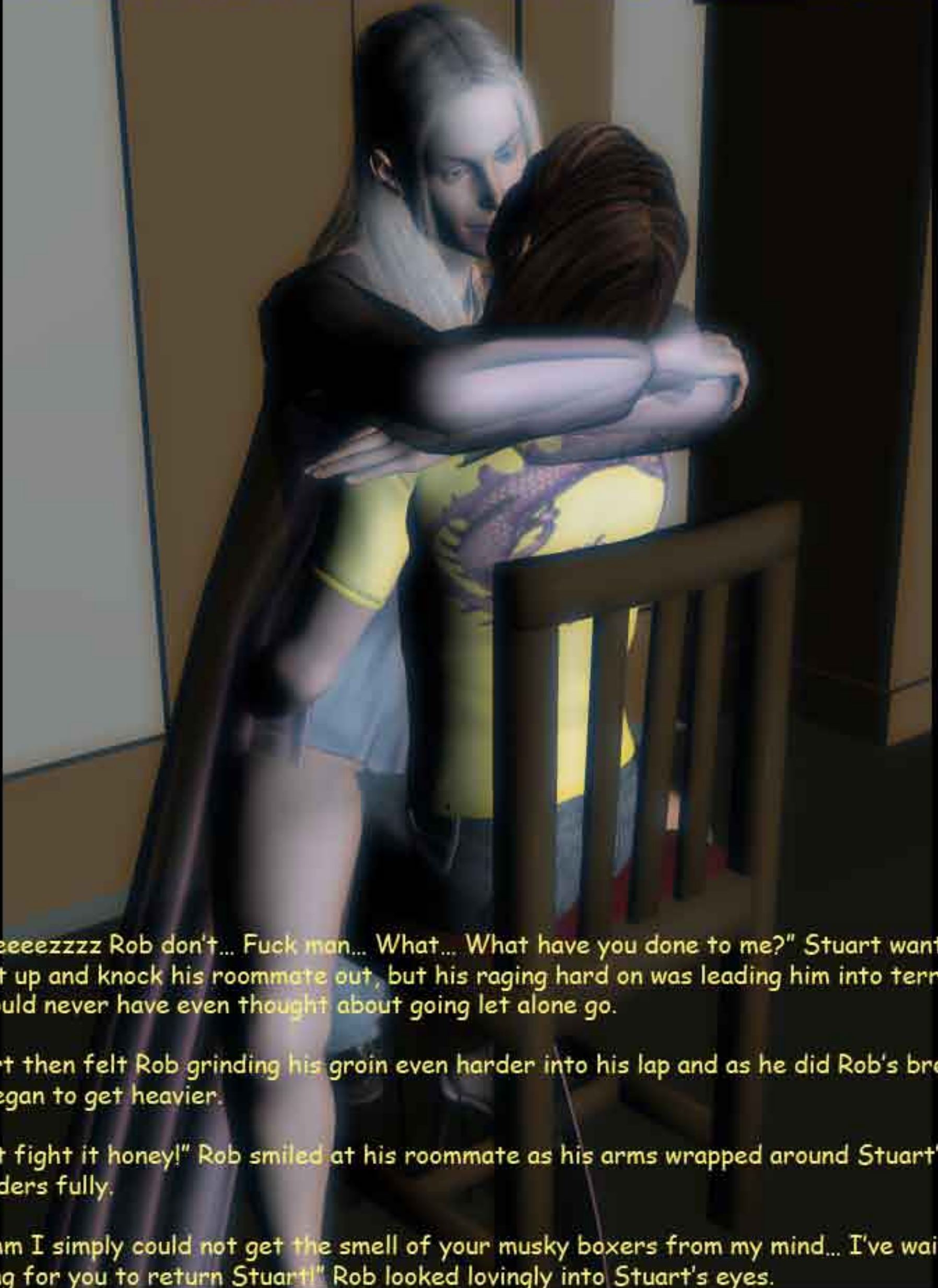
Stuart wanted to fight the urge building up in his groin and guessed that the spray was responsible for his sudden urge in finding his roommate so horny.

The next thing Stuart knew, Robert was rubbing his own groin against his groin.

"Fuck Rob... Wwwwwhhattttt yer doin?" Stuart tried desperately to fight the feelings he had in his groin, especially when it was his roommate dressed as a girl.



"If you remember... You've told all of us so many stories of your ventures with all those girls, I thought it was time for me to find out what was so great about you!" Rob then moved his hands up to Stuart's neck and began to rub the base of his neck sensuously.



"Pleeeeeezzzz Rob don't... Fuck man... What... What have you done to me?" Stuart wanted to get up and knock his roommate out, but his raging hard on was leading him into territory he would never have even thought about going let alone go.

Stuart then felt Rob grinding his groin even harder into his lap and as he did Rob's breathing began to get heavier.

"Don't fight it honey!" Rob smiled at his roommate as his arms wrapped around Stuart's shoulders fully.

"Hmmm I simply could not get the smell of your musky boxers from my mind... I've waited so long for you to return Stuart!" Rob looked lovingly into Stuart's eyes.

Stuart fought furiously with his compulsions he wanted to beat the living daylights out of his roommate, but his body was responding to his look and his touch.

"Rob... Pleeeeeeeasssssssse don't do this!" Stuart begged his roommate as he continued to try and defeat his body's strange reactions.

"I'm in control of you now... So stop whining and enjoy it!" Rob then moved his face up to Stuart's.

Stuart could see Rob's expertly applied make up and as his roommate's lips drew nearer his he wanted to scream rape, however as Rob's glossy lips touched his, he could do nothing more than concede to the power of his feminised roommate.

Stuart's mind was in turmoil as his tongue locked with Rob's and he shared an erotic kiss with his very feminised roommate, he also could not help but admire how soft and silky Rob's hair was and how sexy he actually looked.

He then began to wonder what the other compadres would say if they saw both of them enjoying a very steamy kiss.

"I hope you're not going to treat me like you do all those other bitches you fuck?" Rob sighed withdrawing his lips and tongue from Stuart's mouth.



"What?" Stuart replied rather puzzled at everything that had just happened.

"You've gotta look after me in here, especially as I'm going to keep your bed warm every night!"

Stuart wanted to unleash a volley of abuse at his roommate's sudden show of faggotry, but his/her perfume was just so intoxicating it seemed to be placing his judgements and disgust further from his thoughts with each inhalation of the scent.

In fact the feeling once again growing in his groin was telling him that what had just happened was not going to be a one off.

"Ohhh if only the other boys could see how hard I get you?" Rob replied with a sexy smile.

Just then a mobile phone beeped and interrupted them.

"Oh that's mine!" Rob very effeminately gestured as he stood up on his heels and minced over to the dresser.

Stuart could do nothing but take in the full horror of what had become of Rob as he watched his former roommate move over to the dresser that was stocked full of girlish items.

With long blonde hair and a body as smooth as silk, the way he now carried himself any drag queen would have been dead jealous of him, for there was absolutely nothing left of the old scruffy Rob he remembered so well.

Stuart shook his head once more hoping to shake of the strange fascination he now had over his buddy.

What had happened to his roommate and in such a short space of time, yet more importantly how could he himself allow Rob to kiss him with his mouth.

Nevertheless however much Rob did look and act like a girl the one thing that Stuart could not mistake was the very obvious bulge in Rob's lilac panties.

"Oh... It's for you sweetheart!" Rob turned and smiled at Stuart.

"For me?" he looked up at his stunning looking roommate. "But It's not mine?"

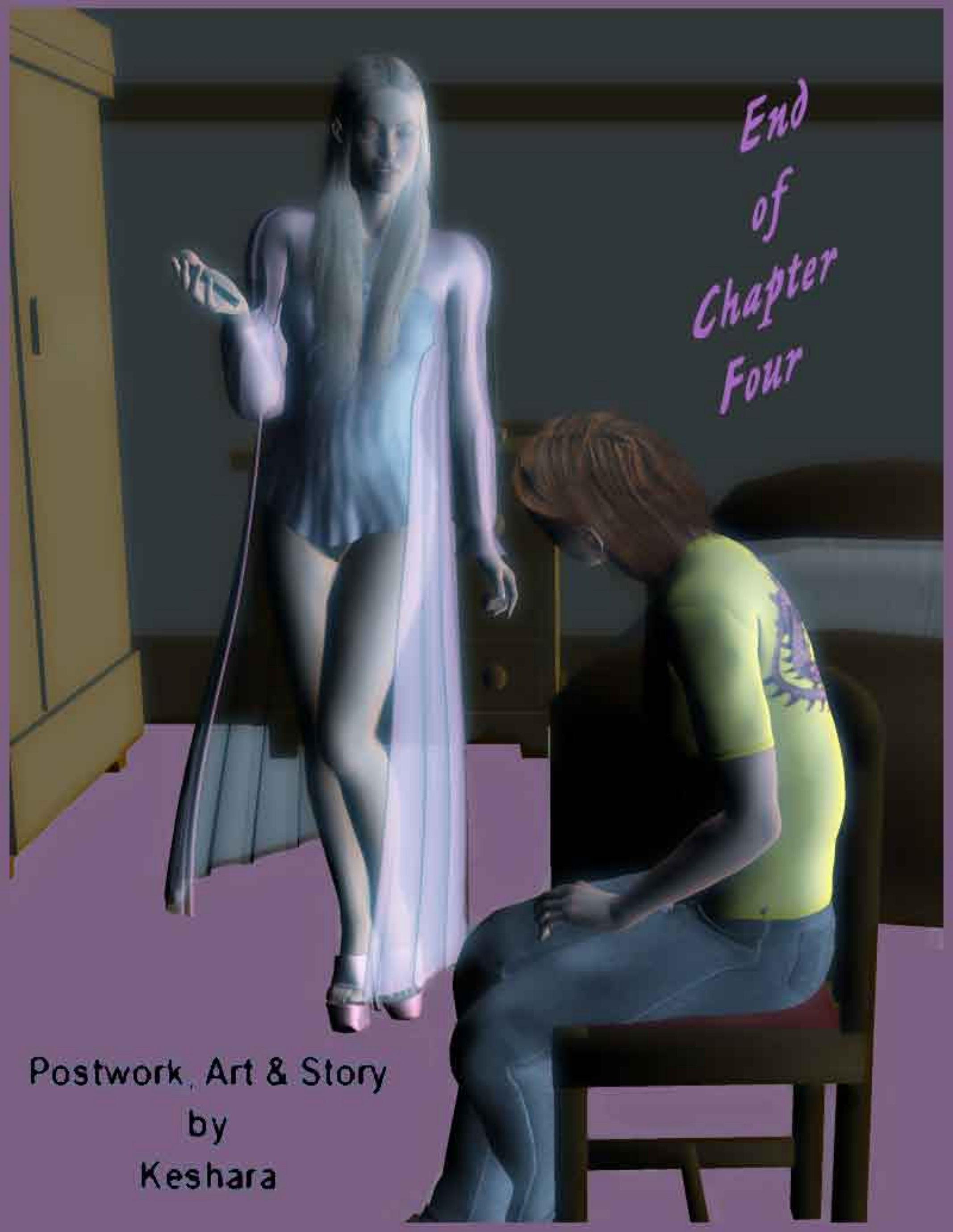
Rob handed Stuart the mobile phone and giggled as he watched his completely stunned roommate answer the call stand up, walk over to the bed and then fall into a trance.

Stuart's mind was now logged onto the Cresswell reprogramming facility.



*End
of
Chapter
Four*

Postwork, Art & Story
by
Keshara



Discovery on Campus



Postwork, Art & Story
by
Keshara

Stuart woke with a smile on his face, his head was full of the dream he had just woken from, he had once again been down on the beach and had successfully chatted up two of the of the surf girls.

Then after a short trip under the boardwalk, he had begun to enjoy the feeling of both girls sucking his cock.

It was this image and the sound of water running which finally brought him from his slumber.

Turning round to face the shower room he could hear the water running and see its steam billowing from the opening and it was with the sound of movement from within the steam, Stuart remembered he was not alone.

Just then a very shapely figure emerged from the steamy doorway, a familiar figure .

"Come on sleepy... You don't want to miss your first lesson!" Rob smiled down at Stuart.

"Oh I've got plenty of time!" Stuart replied his eyes observing the figure of what used to be Robert McKinley. "And besides its hard to draw my attention away from you!"

"Really?" Rob replied moving away from the steam, making sure that his hair was completely draped across his chest.

Stuart's eyes widened as he watched his fellow roommate draw nearer, for despite his long hair covering his puffy breast tissue, his two nipples poked through erotically, aching to be teased and nibbled by him and when his eyes lowered onto Rob's small soft pink hairless cock and balls, his own penis flared with excitement.

"Come here!" Stuart threw back his sheets and exposed his hardening cock.

"You'll be late for your first lesson you naughty boy!" Rob once again reminded him as he moved closer to him, his own eyes firmly on Stuart's engorged sex.

Stuart did not care if he was late all he wanted to do was kiss his feminised roommate's body all over and enjoy Rob's hands and mouth working on his own sex.

"Ooooh Stuart you know I can't resist you when you lay like that!" Rob climbed on top of his roommate lowering his own crotch down onto his roommate's face, while taking Stuart's eight-inch throbbing cock into his mouth.

After fifteen minutes of furious cock sucking both Rob and Stuart exploded in a wave of pleasure as they both came in each other's mouths.

"Go on lover boy you've got to get to your lesson... I'll still be here and my little treasure will be waiting for you!" Rob kissed Stuart's forehead. "And besides I need all the time I have to make myself pretty for you when you do return!"

Stuart bent down and nuzzled Rob's saliva and sperm soaked little treasure with his nose, tenderly planting a kiss on the leaking tip of it, however before his thoughts soon brought him to another erection a short tap on his head reminded him that it was indeed time to move.

Rob watched his roommate turned lover arise and walk towards the shower.

Although Stuart was smaller than him, his back was always broader and he carried more muscle than him, however the new mindset of Rob also found Stuart's small bottom and muscular thighs ever so appealing, in fact Rob wondered how he had never seen such obvious manliness in Stuart before today.

It may have only been two days since Stuart had returned, but in those two days Rob had seduced him and changed his physical appearance completely.

Gone was the long hair he had also prided himself on, for now it was short and tidy, the campus barber had also been surprised when he wandered in and demanded for his scruffy long locks to be hacked.

Rob had also removed every hair from his body too, but decided he liked Stuart's trimmed beard enough for him to keep it.

Pulling up a pressed pair of trousers that Rob had ironed for him while he had been showering, he straightened out his tie and turned to face his adoring audience.

"Oh you look great!" Rob sauntered up to him and pressed his lips to Stuart's.

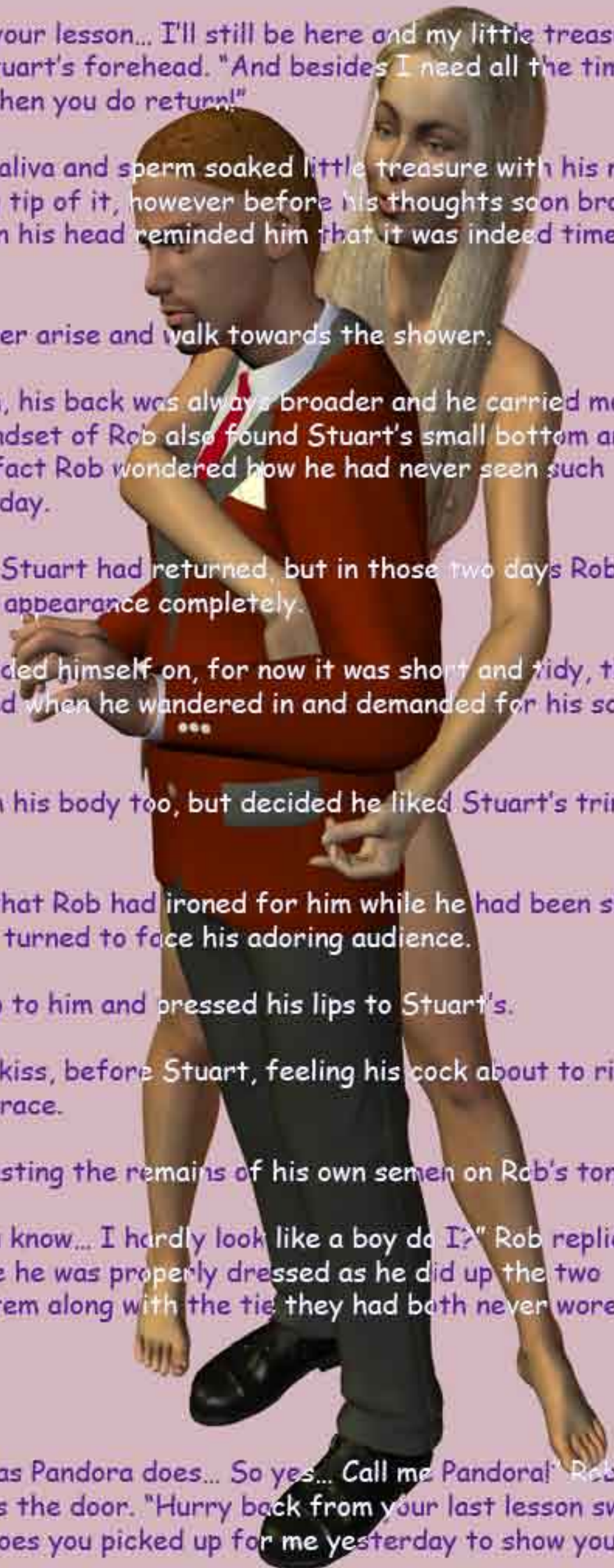
Both roommates engaged in a French kiss, before Stuart, feeling his cock about to rise yet again, broke their passionate embrace.

"I've gotta go Rob!" he pulled away, tasting the remains of his own semen on Rob's tongue.

"You'll have to stop calling me Rob you know... I hardly look like a boy do I?" Rob replied adjusting Stuart's tie and making sure he was properly dressed as he did up the two buttons of his University jacket, an item along with the tie they had both never wore since their first day at the place.

"So what do I call you then?"

"Call me Pandora... Yes I look as good as Pandora does... So yes... Call me Pandora!" Rob kissed Stuart and pushed him towards the door. "Hurry back from your last lesson sweet-heart, I've got that nice dress and shoes you picked up for me yesterday to show you!"



Stuart's new look completely stunned the other compadres and also had the tutors in confusion, for none of them recognised the clean-shaven shorthaired smartly dressed student.

Lecture after lecture Stuart rode the ridicule heaped on him and to make things worse the other members of the compadres kept asking him where his roommate and fellow compadre was.

"Dunno haven't seem him!" he shrugged every time he was asked.

Lunchtime was spent sitting alone in the canteen listening to the sneers and jibes about his smart appearance, with most of them putting it down to his father finally taking the upper hand with him.

However as he was finishing off his meal one of the senior teachers approached him.

"Ah Mr Dolan, what a pleasant surprise to see you finally knuckling down to what University is really all about!" the teacher stopped by his side.

Stuart looked up and saw Deputy Principle Fuller.



"Err... Yeah... Yes Mr Fuller Sir... It is!" he replied caught rather off guard.

"Perhaps you could help me with a question concerning your roommate Mr Dolan?"

"Err... Robster... I mean Robert?"

"Yes Mr McKinley!"

"Well err... What about him?" Stuart replied shakily.

"I seem to have his name missing from the register this morning and considering he's been on Campus for ten or so days I must say I've become a little concerned about him?" Mr Fuller reasoned. "I sent Mr Wilmot along to find out how he was a week back and neither he or any of the other teachers have seen him!"

"Well he's been trying to catch up on last terms papers... He's very much behind I believe!" Stuart quickly filled in for his Roommate.

"He can't be that far behind surely?"

"Well he was trying to shake of a heavy bout of the flu when I arrived... So I'd imagine he's still feeling bad!" Stuart continued the cover story for Rob.

"Perhaps I should send Nurse Wilson along to see him?" the Deputy Principle suggested out loud.

"Err... I'll ask him tonight when I see him... But he does get very grumpy when you try to help him out!" Stuart tried to counter Mr Fuller's suggestion. "I'll make sure that he calls for the Nurse if he is that bad Mr Fuller Sir!"

Stuart watched the Deputy Principle walk away hoping that his reply was good enough to keep him from their room, however the thought of Rob alone in the room started to conjure all sorts of images in his head.

Especially when he knew that Rob was spending the day making himself look absolutely stunning just for him, so shaking off his hard on, Stuart went back to lectures.

Luckily for Stuart and Rob, Mr Fuller's concern for Rob's absence was soon forgotten as a more serious problem surrounding a betting scam in another faculty on Campus diverted his attention.

Stuart walked back excitedly from his last lesson with an added skip in his walk, while his cock kept throbbing in his boxers constantly reminding him of what was waiting for him back in his room.



Catching his breath and making sure none of the other neighbouring students might have been looking he opened the door and walked in.

"Hi Lover Boy!" Rob minced up to him and locked his glossy pink lips against Stuart's.

"Fuck it Rob... I mean Pandora Mr err?" Stuart thought about telling Rob about the Deputy Principle's concern for him, however as soon as he caught sight of his roommate's very sexy blue dress and heels, his groin took control of his thoughts once again. "Fuck it Pandora you look so horny!"

Rob moved away from Stuart and gave him a very sexy twirl that finished with a very erotic finger-sucking pose.



Stuart's cock could not take the strain any longer and before Rob had time to remove his finger, Stuart's hands were wrapped around his waist and he was turned around.

"Oh Pandora you smell so gorgeous!" Stuart inhaled on Rob's shiny blonde hair.

"I hope the thought of little ole'me staying in this room prettying myself for you kept your peeny on edge all day?" Rob's own fingers were soon pawing away at Stuart's very engorged groin.

"You bet it did!" Stuart pushed his cock forward against Rob's dress.

"Well I'd better soothe that problem this instant!" Rob sighed as he unzipped the back of his dress and proudly enjoyed the glance his lover gave as his puffy breasts unveiled themselves from the falling material.

"I'm gonna lick every inch of you!" Stuart leant down and suckled on one of Rob's nipples. "Yes it seems a shame that I'm to stay a virgin until my stepmother gives me permission!" Rob sighed.

"I don't care I just love the taste of your sex and that will do me!" Stuart lifted his head from his lover's nipples and locked lips with Rob's again.

"I've never felt this way about anyone before... And for a boy dressed as a girl too!" Stuart pulled away from their kiss tasting Rob's glossy lipstick with his tongue.

"Well I guess I'd better do the only honourable thing and thank you for it!" Rob gave Stuart a very sexy smile and dropped to his knees.



10 DAYS LATER



Deputy principle Fuller stood by the window staring out across the grounds of the Campus, his mind still shocked from his discovery this morning.

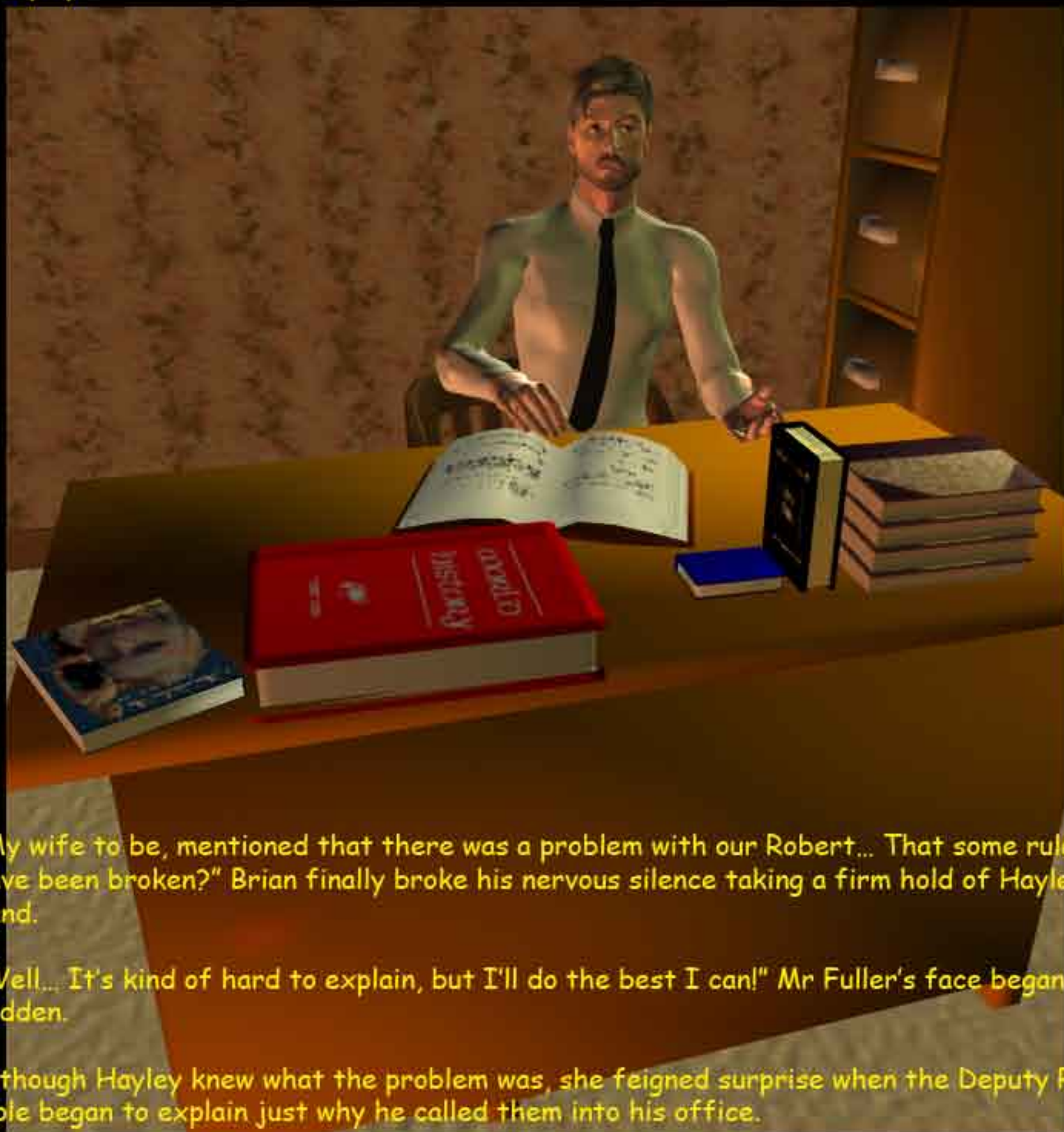
Several hours had passed since he put his call into the parents of the two young men involved and since then he had still had not come up with any certain way of explaining the embarrassing predicament he now found himself in.

"Good afternoon Mr And Mrs McKinley I'm Deputy Fuller," the deputy principle of the University welcomed them.



"It's good to see you Mr Fuller!" Hayley shook Mr Fuller's hand daintily.

"Err... Well I don't know where to start?" Mr Fuller's face contorted as he began to feel uneasy at divulging the problem that had caused Robert's parents to be summoned to abruptly.



"My wife to be, mentioned that there was a problem with our Robert... That some rules have been broken?" Brian finally broke his nervous silence taking a firm hold of Hayley's hand.

"Well... It's kind of hard to explain, but I'll do the best I can!" Mr Fuller's face began to redden.

Although Hayley knew what the problem was, she feigned surprise when the Deputy Principle began to explain just why he called them into his office.

"I won't beat about bush... But I'm regretful to inform the two of you that I must forthwith expel your son along with his room-mate and friend Stuart Dolan from this University!"

"But... Why?" Brian's mouth fell open.

"Sweetheart perhaps it would be best if Mr Fuller told me in confidence!" Hayley rubbed Brian's sweating hand.

"Err... But Robert?" Brian looked confused as his lover's words once again triggered his own hidden submissive reactions, which in turn made it hard for him to string a proper sentence together.



"Brian, look at you... You're in no fit state to accept the things Mr Fuller wants to divulge to us!" Hayley took complete control of Brian's sudden hesitancy.

"Well I... suppose your right!" Brian replied confused with worry.

"I'm sorry Mr Fuller, if you'd like to excuse Robert's father, he has had such an awful past month... His ex wife left him a broken man and well I don't really want to go into the whole story... But he has become very dependent on me!" Hayley explained Brian's sudden show of nerves.

"Oh I see, well if I get my secretary to fetch Mr McKinley a cup of tea, then I'll take you to Robert and explain why I've got to expel him!" Mr Fuller pressed his intercom and ordered his secretary to make Mr McKinley as comfortable as possible.

Walking along the corridor that led to Robert's dormitory and room, Hayley was somewhat surprised to see quite a large crowd of students all gathered outside of his room.

"Right! I've asked you lot four times now... So please could you all disperse and go back to your lectures!" Mr Fuller shouted to the gathering crowd.



"But we want to see the pretty boy!" two students sniggered as Mr Fuller motioned to the two security guards outside the door to break the crowd up.

"Yeah fucking faggots!" another boy yelled out at the closed door.

"I'm sorry Miss?" Mr Fuller apologised for the unruly behaviour of the students.

"Miss Robinson, please... And I've heard worse believe me Mr Fuller!" Hayley smiled back, desperately waiting to see the results of Cresswell's latest test subject.

"Well before I open the door, I'll have to explain the rule of this campus," Mr Fuller's face became very serious. "It is forbidden for any student to have girls on the campus and even more serious when they try to keep them hidden in their rooms!"

"Oh... And Robert has been hiding a girl in his room?" Hayley tried to look surprised at the Deputy Principle's explanation.



"Well I suppose you could say that, but it was more Mr Dolan keeping a girl hidden in his room!"

"I'm sorry?" Hayley finally had to show some puzzlement with Mr Fuller's problem.

"Perhaps you should take a look!" Mr Fuller offered Hayley the door as he made sure that the security guards had cleared all of the onlookers from any view of what was behind the closed door.



Hayley walked into the room and found it hard to hide her smile, but when she heard the door close behind and Mr Fuller breathing rather rapidly behind her, she knew that she had to feign shock.

"Oh... My goodness!" Hayley held her hands up to her mouth, more to hide her grin than anything else.

Sitting on a bed was a male student, who Hayley discerned as Robert's roommate, and a beautiful looking blonde headed girl, which she knew to be Robert, both of them sitting cuddled together hand in hand.



"I'm sorry Miss Robinson, but we can't condone this sort of sordid thing at this University.

"Robert!" Hayley acted with authority. "What will your father say when he sees you dressed like that?"

"I... Err?" Robert turned and looked up into Stuart's eyes. "I don't care what he thinks!"

"Oh Mr Fuller I'm so sorry, what can I say?" Hayley acted embarrassed.

"We love each other!" the young man suddenly spoke for both of them.

"Nonsense!" Hayley replied cutting Robert's roommate short.

"Mr Fuller I fully understand the implications of what you have unearthed... But I feel that we will have to speak again in private.



"Robert pack your things this minute... I've no idea what I'm going to say to your father... And as for you young man I cannot believe that you could encourage Robert to dress the way he has?"

Robert's subliminal training was geared to respond to anything Hayley asked of him and when he heard the words that he was going home he started to cry.

"But Hayley... I like it here?" he began to sob.

Stuart tried to console his roommate, but Hayley reprimanded him instantly.



"Mr Fuller I hope that this boy's father has also been informed?" Hayley asked rather sternly.

"Oh of course Miss Robinson... He has further to travel so will not arrive until tomorrow!" Mr Fuller explained.

"Well it's only fair!" she folded her arms, raising her eyebrow at the rather stunned clean-shaven roommate of Robert's.

Mr Fuller made sure that both the blonde headed Robert, dressed in a pink bra, matching panties, pantyhose and heels, along with Stuart, were escorted safely from their room to a more secure private office that was well out of the way of any of the other students inquisitive eyes.

Whilst Mr Fuller used his nearby office to finalise Robert's expulsion from the University.

"Mr Fuller... I know that you'll have to file a report about this incident, but would it be possible for you to put your report on hold until Mr McKinley has come to terms himself with what has happened?"

"Well I really should have Mr McKinley present and I do have to file my report to the Head Principle and the Governing board of the University!" Mr Fuller rubbed his chin with his hand, his own mind still trying to come to terms with what he had seen with his own eyes.

"Please Mr Fuller... My husband to be... Well he's been through so much these past months, especially with the sordid scandal concerning his ex wife!" Hayley demurely crossed her legs as she looked deep into Mr Fuller's eyes.

"Well I'm aware of the problems Robert and his father have been through, but it is still no excuse for what he and his roommate have been up to!" Mr Fuller was still disgusted by the very image that met him as he walked through their door.

"If you tell me everything that happened... I will relay all of the details to Robert's father when the time is right... It will really ease his agony if he believes that his son was being expelled for something else rather than what you saw!" Hayley tried to win the Deputy Principle over with her sincerity and concern for Robert's father.

"Well I suppose I'm looking at this problem from a different perspective Miss Robinson... It was very much a shock what I witnessed, so you must accept my feelings towards this situation, for I stand resolutely by my decision to enact such harsh discipline on Robert and the other student - Mr Dolan!"



"Oh yes Mr Fuller... I do understand... But you must realise that Robert took his mother and father's break-up rather badly. You see I feel as much to blame about what's happened here, for I did know about Robert's transvestite tendencies... But I thought it was just his way of dealing with his parents spilt up!"



"So you knew at all about Robert dressing up as girl?" Mr Fuller enquired.

"Well I found a few items of female clothing in his rucksack when I was packing some socks and things into it... And considering they were newly purchased I was wondering who he was going to give them to... Plus I did find other items of female clothing hidden away in his cupboard!" Hayley began to paint a picture of a Robert that did not exist. "I did think to tell Brian but he has had such a hard time of it lately I rather hoped that Robert would conceal his secret from everyone!"

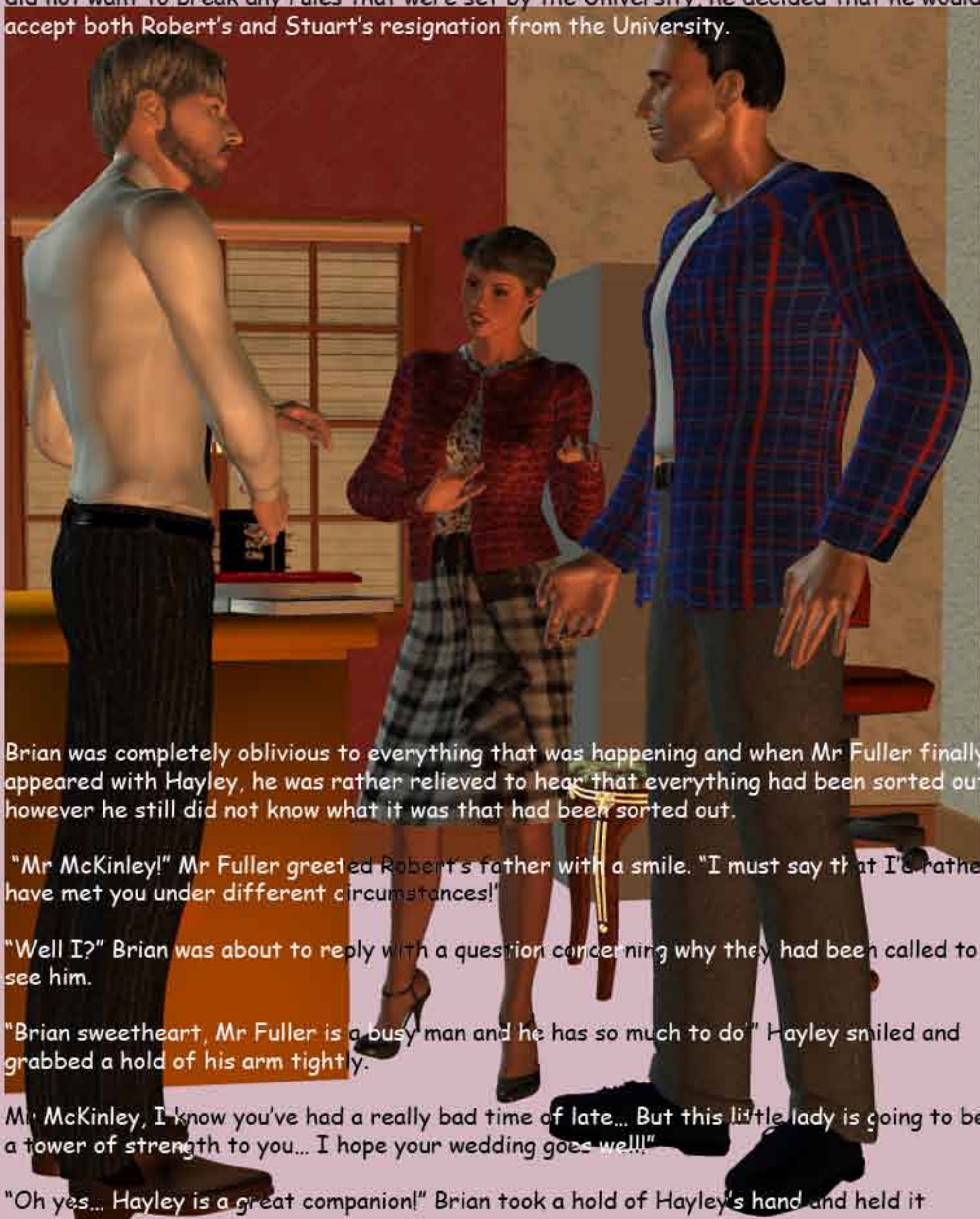
"So what exactly are you asking me to consider?"

"I was hoping that you would accept Robert's resignation on medical grounds?" Hayley smiled rather demurely.

"And what about Stuart?"

"I'm sure that his father would appreciate not having his good name being tarnished, after all we are not entirely sure that Robert and Stuart were not already involved in one another before all of this!"

Mr Fuller spent the next hour or so contemplating his actions with Hayley and although he did not want to break any rules that were set by the University, he decided that he would accept both Robert's and Stuart's resignation from the University.



Brian was completely oblivious to everything that was happening and when Mr Fuller finally appeared with Hayley, he was rather relieved to hear that everything had been sorted out, however he still did not know what it was that had been sorted out.

"Mr McKinley!" Mr Fuller greeted Robert's father with a smile. "I must say that I'd rather have met you under different circumstances!"

"Well I?" Brian was about to reply with a question concerning why they had been called to see him.

"Brian sweetheart, Mr Fuller is a busy man and he has so much to do" Hayley smiled and grabbed a hold of his arm tightly.

Mr. McKinley, I know you've had a really bad time of late... But this little lady is going to be a tower of strength to you... I hope your wedding goes well!"

"Oh yes... Hayley is a great companion!" Brian took a hold of Hayley's hand and held it tightly, his mind telling him that he'd be completely lost without her.

"Brian would you be a dear and go and warm the car up...I will go and collect Robert and I will of course explain to the other young man of our agreement Mr Fuller... So thank you very much for your understanding!" Hayley delicately shook Mr Fuller's hand.

"It's been such a pleasure meeting you Miss Robinson!" Mr Fuller smiled back.

Mr Fuller escorted Hayley the short distance to the office where both students were being kept and opened the door for her.

"I will fetch a coat for Robert to wear when he leaves!" Mr Fuller looked nervously away from the sight of one of his male students looking to him like a drag queen.

As the door closed, Robert's eyes lit up as he saw his future mother on her own. "Hayley!" he stood up and femininely sauntered up to her.

"Look at you... You look like a tramp!" Hayley reprimanded Robert for the way he was dressed.

"Now then who's this young man?"

"Oh Hayley... This is Stuart, we used to be just roommates and friends, but... Well these past days we've become," Robert rolled his heavily mascara lashed eyes in a 'well you know' look.

"Well Stuart it's nice to meet you and I hope you've been looking after my daughter?"

"Oh yes Mrs McKinley!" Stuart stood up and held out his hand.

"I'm not Rosemary's... Well Robert's father's wife as yet but we are going to tie the knot in the late summer," Hayley shook the young man's hand. "But more importantly I've arranged with Mr Fuller for you to be escorted back too your room so you can collect all of Rose... Sorry Robert's things and bring them back here!"

"Oh yes certainly Miss!" Stuart very politely nodded.

"Now then... Do you know what has happened?"

"Err... Well Mr Fuller shouted something at me about keeping a female in the room and breaking some rules?" Stuart replied bemused.



"Well I don't know how far you two have taken this little affair, but Mr Fuller was going to have you both expelled!"

"Oh no... My father will go crazy!" Stuart's eyes began to well up.

"Well I have spoken to Mr Fuller and he has agreed to explain the problem as his concern for your sudden resignation from the University!"

"Resignation?" Stuart's face turned to horror. "My father has spent so much in keeping me here!"

"Well that's the excuse you will have to tell him... Unless you wish for Mr Fuller to explain to him that you have been caught performing sexual acts with another student?"

"Oh... I... But?"

"Stuart... Mr Fuller caught you and my future step son, well daughter in a certain compromise!" Hayley stroked the young man's head as his eyes began to stream.

"You know it's as much of shock to me to find that my future stepson has become my future stepdaughter you know!" Hayley looked over to Robert who was also beginning to cry.

"But what will I do... I mean my father wanted me to become something important like a lawyer or something?" Stuart Dolan began to sob as he placed his head in hands.

"Grab a hold of yourself boy!" Hayley spoke sternly this time. "You will tell him straight and bravely that you were just not good enough to become what he wanted you to be!"

"Yes Mrs McKinley!" Stuart grabbed a hold of his self and dried his eyes.

"Good that's better... You showed resolution when looking after Robert as he finished his transition, so you will find it again!" Hayley softened as she continued with the script that she herself had been programmed to use by Cresswell's people. "Now... When Mr Fuller gets back you will go with him and fetch everything that belongs to Robert... Forget your own stuff that is not important... Do you understand, and if anyone questions you, you'll tell them to mind their own business!"



With Robert's new preferred choice of underwear hidden beneath a thick coat, Hayley smuggled his feminised frame out of the University and into the waiting car.

Robert's face was a picture of sadness as he stared out of the window and did not share in Hayley's joy at leaving the place behind them, for Pandora had opened more than just a new wardrobe, it had led him to a path he had never thought possible - Love.

Hayley knew that her future stepson, come stepdaughter was distraught over leaving his/her first true love to his own fate and she did feel sorry for the young man, but Robert's change was more important than some rich boy's education.

She also guessed that Cresswell's would no doubt have set up some contingency plan to deal with the situation, for Mr Fuller had divulged how important the young man's father's contribution to the University was, especially considering that he was a Lord and a multi-millionaire.

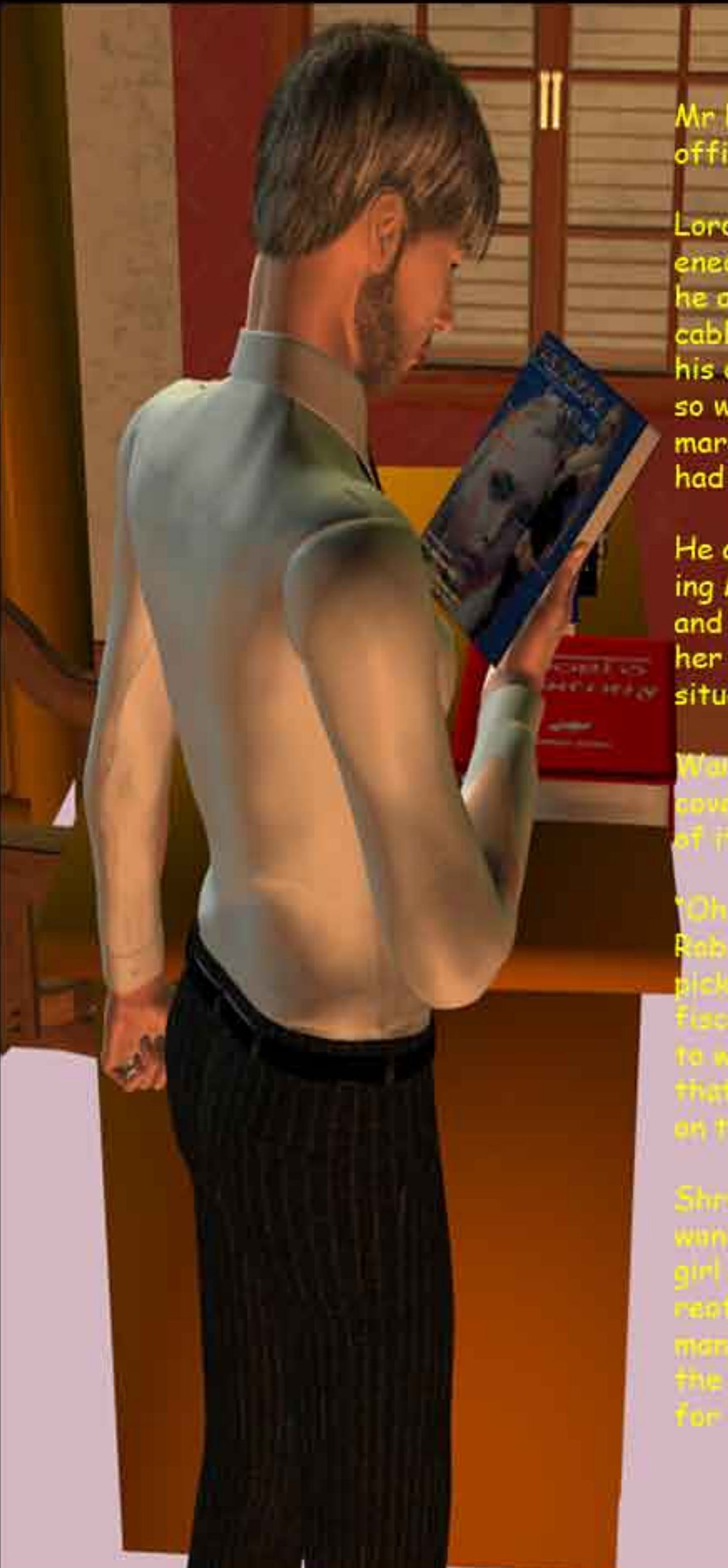
'Yes,' she sighed quietly to herself, 'Cresswell's will no doubt be adding the influential Lord Dolan to their cause!'



Passing through the main gates and out of the complex Hayley's mind soon focused on her own tasks at hand, for she was now firmly in control of her own family and more importantly she still had a task to complete with Robert, for he had to be sculptured from the blonde headed airhead Pandora had programmed him to be, into the primly organised woman Hayley had become herself.

Moving away from the Campus, Brian began to form some sort of conversation with his strangely attired son, however Hayley expertly made an excuse for Robert, pretending that he was very tired and upset at letting his father down.

Brian of course could do nothing more than accept that his only son had chosen to drop out of University and in his already reprogrammed mind he knew that Hayley had tried her best to get him to stay.



Mr Fuller closed the door of his office and gave a huge sigh of relief.

Lord Dolan had looked very disheartened at his son's decision to leave, but he accepted his son's resignation amicably and had still continued to pledge his donations towards the University, so what had started out as a nightmare for the deputy head principle had in the end gone smoothly.

He also could not help get the charming Miss Robinson from his thoughts and in some way felt very indebted to her at persuading him to deal with the situation the way he had finally done.

Wandering over to his desk a blue covered magazine lying on the corner of it caught his attention.

"Oh, I forgot to hand this back to Robert," Mr Fuller huffed as he picked it up, he had originally confiscated from Robert when he began to wave it in front of him explaining that he only wanted to be like the girl on the cover.

Shrugging his shoulders Mr Fuller wondered what rubbish a woman or a girl could find of interest in such stereotypical rubbish including a young man like Robert McKinley, so turning the first page he decided to find out for himself.

THE END

Art
Story
&
Postwork
by
Keshara

A
Cresswell Industries
Publication
2006

Pandora

XXXXXXXXXX





Paul Wilmot climbed the stairs and after several minutes reached Ben Fuller's penthouse flat

Knock Knock Knock

Ben sounded pretty weird, he must've come down with some throat infection sure hope he's up for the cricket match on Saturday

Just coming Paul

Ben I've gotta warn ya...Old Potts's on the war path!





Slowly the door opened and Paul Wilmot could see that the Deputy Head's flat was in semi darkness



It's a bit glum in there
ain't it.....
Are you OK Ben?

I'm fine

crrreeeeeee

The door opened fully and Paul could feel the mustiness of the room sliding past him out into the corridor as he entered the darkened room

Whoa! Ben it's stifling in here
and from the smell of it looks as if
he's pulled that barmaid he's always
harping on about.....
Lucky sod!

The room suddenly illuminated with light blinding Paul completely.



Stewth Ben that light nearly blinded me!

Paul Wilmot was completely taken aback at his work colleagues expensive and luxurious penthouse apartment.



Shit!.....
Now I can see
how much a
Deputy Head makes
in a year!

WOW!
Nice place Ben
I'm err... very impressed
I'd never be able to afford
a place like this!

However his surprise was yet to come!

So anyway...
How are you Potts has
been going crazy...
Says you ain't been answering
his.....?!



I feel absolutely fantastic...!



F...F...FUCK...!!!

THE END



Loverboy!!!!

Postwork, Art & Story
by
Keshara